

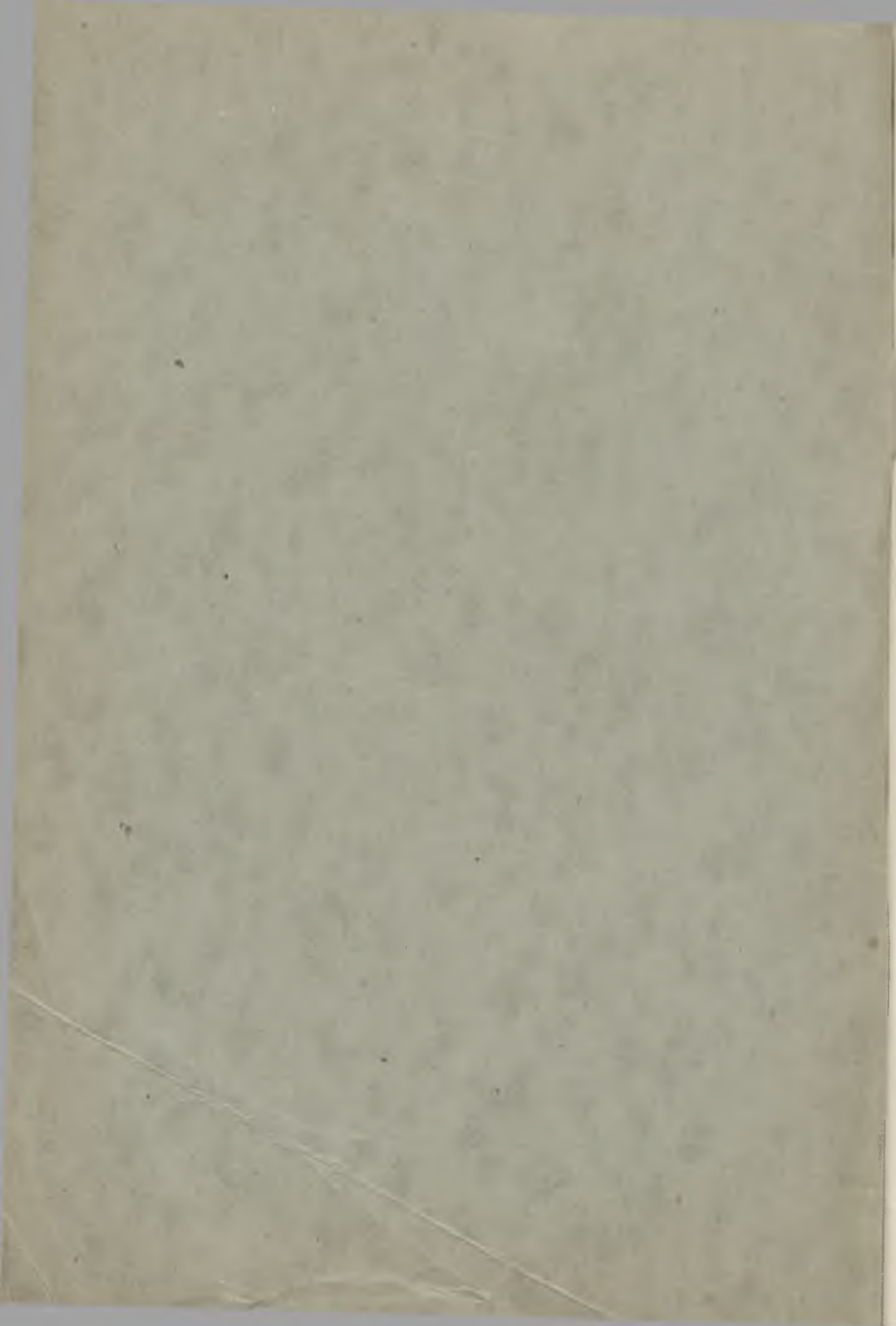
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Winter
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JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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TITLE-PAGE BLOCK AND ILLUSTRATION

by

Gerald Robinson

The illustration on page 6 appears by courtesy of the
Newcastle Journal and North Mail.

EDITORIAL

Let the heads fall The authors of *Semantica* 2000 have not added a sub-title to their article, but in conversation they have referred to it as "an appeal for the unity of knowledge." They visualise the fabric of organised learning as cracking through and leaving the field clear for the application of intelligence. But they are timid, not for themselves, for we see how they do not shrink from the highest responsibility, but for us—it is Leeds University they're writing about, and they've had to date the era of sanity as 2000 A.D., and even then, bring about its advent by a natural cataclysm.

Can we depend on a fortuitous destruction as predicted by Mr. Hill and Mr. Evens? Better to forestall it, which will mean trouble for some of us when we come up against the machine—there is a lurking body, large and impersonal, though it can be too easily assumed that a don or a department is a piece of reactionary machinery. We sneer at forms and at "proper channels," until we visit the Fees Section, where we find that they have us thoroughly documented—so thoroughly that they hand over great sums of money or assure us the fee for taking exams is paid. No, the system works well, and it is worked mainly for us. What we challenge, and, by proxy, actively, is the cause to which this effort is misapplied, and our doubts are not confined to the undergraduate body of the University.

The theory of this has been met in our pages before. We are not calling now for leaders but for martyrs. A man who cuts all his lectures (but goes to other departments); who reads essays to his tutor on work that has not been set, that lies well outside his syllabus; who spends the whole of the Lent Term absent from Leeds, reading efficiently for his degree in the British Museum, would probably be qualified for a degree better than his contemporaries'. But he wouldn't be allowed to take it. And it is *obvious* that he will have benefited from his course of action because he will have been working for himself, and that his failure to be awarded letters to follow his name will not be a failure.

Alas, such a martyr might be found at the Home of Lost Causes, but not in the Union here. And he who cannot lead even a minor revolt has no business to preach it.

But there is one thing we have it in our power to reform for our own good and for the University's. We can put an end to the farce of compulsory lectures. There should not be a hard-and-fast rule to cover so many subjects—in some, lectures are essential : in others, five-sixths might not apply to those who attend them, who need to take some aspect of the course and work on that alone. And, my word, it's salutary to the lecturers to see how many they can draw when the rows before them are no longer filled by command from on high. A corollary of this is : make lectures optional and students can step back far enough to see that lectures can be helpful, and not merely useful. Here, too, is a chance of bridging the gulfs between faculties. It's bad form to quote the older Universities, but that's what happens there—people simply go to the best lectures and don't avoid stepping out from their own inevitably restricted courses. It happens here at Leeds when we have the public lectures. Fred Hoyle was crowded out, and not by the scientists and philosophers alone. It could happen all the time—the name draw wouldn't be there, but the tip as to what's worth hearing would go round the University. Ask the average student what he thinks of the extra-mural department and he'll most likely disparage the amateur, the part-time scholar. But the amateur goes for what interests him : the student sticks to what helps him. Which is the more suited to a *full* life ?

We are assured of the compliance of some departments : others stay firmly with the book of rules. We suggest an intensification of one or two of the factors that caused us to use earlier the word "farce"—the signing in of our friends who haven't got up, and the inclusion of names the records office won't recognise. More ideal, but less easy to bring about, would be to pass the sheet, of whatever type, round and back to the lecturer unsullied. Over to you, and long live Olaf B. Dossier.

Lithuanica Opposite Gerald Robinson's *Virgin and Child*, which was printed inside the front cover of the Christmas *Gryphon*, appeared a short poem—"Tonight is lying on hay The Prince from Heaven," and we've been asked where it came from.

It wasn't a pleasant winter we were having in 1946 in England, and in Germany it was worse, for there the real hunger which England has not known, but which never leaves the world, had come back after ravaging much of Europe. At a D.P. camp the people waiting there had prepared a Christmas entertainment, and the exiles from Eastern Europe sang their carols. It's one of those that you read—it comes from Lithuania and the translation was made in the camp for the English people who ran it. We printed it just as it was cast into our alien language.

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★



*"I think he's
a white thing
that sort of floats around and says Oooh."*

Gerald Robinson

WILD WOODBINE

Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage

BURNT NORTON.

OUR TOWN GREW UP in a hurry. First of all there was hardly any of it at all, and then there was a bit more, and then we suddenly got the Tractor Factory and the Aircraft Works and there was so much of us that we were due for Planning Into A New Town. But this is now, which isn't very interesting. Let's look back into the past. The tiles fly off the roofs into the sky, the walls are taken down brick by brick, the semi-detached residents are unmarried and scattered, so that only the drains and the foundations are dug in fields muddy with the feet of speculative builders.

The displaced cow souls down at us from a nearby hoarding to acquaint us with the virtues of "Milko," which strengthens the young and comforts the old.

Which is, perhaps, the reason it was decided that we needed an Old Folks Home wherein those heavy with years might pursue a graceful and dignified retirement. A site was selected for this according to the best principles of ribbon development, at a corner of the main road, between the Cemetery and the Steam Laundry, and the red-brick building which seems to draw its architectural spirit from its immediate neighbours was duly erected. This was set in a pleasant garden divided into rectangular plots, for the garden is best to be square, in which the residents were privileged to tend Brussels sprouts for the benefit of the municipality. However, the principles overshot the practice, because although the garden was square the corner was not square, so true ribbon development could not take place, and between the chicken-wire fence and the pave-

ment there remained a triangular plot defiantly bearing a fine hawthorn hedge, a wedge-shaped bank of earth, a lost acre with the power to swerve the tautest measuring tape. And the exact theodolite perched every side of it in vain.

Raining, and the whole place was a sea of mud ; but when the graceful and drowsy scents of Indian Summer hung among the bindweed growing up the chicken-wire, the earthen floor to the corridor behind the hedge turned to a silvery powder, to be scuffed with bare feet. Sands of Time to scoop up a great lump on the top of a grubby foot and let it slide off like quicksilver, the last few grains seeking a passage between the toes. It was here that we first ate hawthorn leaves and called it bread and cheese, and performed such trials of strength as determining who could relieve himself over the greatest distance, and it was here that we first tasted the aromatic joys of the Wild Woodbine.

"When I get my Chippolata Down-Draught Racing Car I'm going to scorch around in it at a hundred—no, two hundred—with a big cigar crunched in my teeth."

"Garn, these are better than cigars any old day. Look, it tells you on the packet, 'Winner of the Grand Diploma of Honour Highest Award at the Antwerp International Exhibition 1885.'"

"My Dad says they're made with swatted labour, and no self-respectable working man would be seen dead with one."

I don't know what it was caused "behind The Hedge" to take on a character of gangsters' hideout, family vault, and social club. Perhaps it was because it was a spot that had not been developed out of its natural state, because in the minds of the planners it did not exist—holes in the map look through to nowhere—and we were able to accept it as a *real* place in a very flimsy and jerry-built world: the only place in Our Town that looked lived-in.

"I bet someone died here once in olden days."

"Yes, and all this muck is ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

"I think he was murdered. There's all sorts of murders that never gets found out."

"And his ghost walks along here at midnight. A garstly skelington with staring eyes, clanking his old chain and groaning."

"I don't think he's like that. I think he's a white thing that sort of floats around and says Oooh."

Divided into two camps: the clankers and the floaters, and the clankers won. However, there could be no thought of ghosts while brittle, transparent dragonflies flickered in the foliage, and fragile Tiger Moths hovered overhead in the summery air before touching-down at the nearby airfield; and old age pensioners drowsy after naps wandered among their scarlet rows of runner beans and saw perhaps a little of the world held at a suitable distance by wire netting thick with bindweed already covered with fluted blossoms as delicate as porcelain.

"If we spread some bits of old china and broken glass round here then when he walks over it he'll smash it up and we can see where he goes to."

"Yes, but he might walk round it. For fear of getting a splinter stuck in his bones. They can see even in the dark because they're all sort of lit up inside. Like that dead fish we found."

"I've got a thing on my knife for getting things out of horses' hooves."

"Better not risk it. What we want to do is to string some black cotton about the place like they use for keeping the birds off. Then when he tramps about the place he'll bust it, and even if he's got eyes like searchlights he won't be able to see it."

This plan was put into effect, and for a mile around work-baskets were relieved of their reels of black cotton, which was threaded between the fence and the hedge. To the cartesian coordinates of chicken-wire we added a third dimension, in

the hope of catching a fourth. And next morning every strand was broken.

I think holy dread is the best way of describing our reaction to this discovery: of course we were proud to have discovered a real ghost, but the problem then was what to do with him, or perhaps what he was going to do with us.

"Perhaps everything will be all right if we exercise him a bit. Like they did to the old jackdaw."

Our ideas on how to do this were a bit sketchy, but we knew that it was necessary to burn candles. And we all rang our bike bells in solemn unison and sang a hymn to the tune of "O Why Are We Waiting." When the hymn was finished and the crowd had dispersed we spread some more cotton to see if the ceremony had worked, and left for school. We did not expect anything to have happened by lunch time, but sure enough once again every thread was broken, except for a few right at the end which were being methodically snapped by a small boy who was much too absorbed in his work to notice our approach. Boy, a miserable creature whom the Lord had created in wrath, a wretched child in a large cloth cap which almost succeeded in concealing a pair of dark shifty eyes set deep in his head.

"Punch his head in."

"No, let's plead with him."

But we somehow realised the difficulty of putting into words the deep psychic experience in which we had been privileged to participate, so we decided to spread the cotton once again and come back early in the morning before anybody could have interfered with it. It is said that da Vinci took very great care that all the dimensions in his pictures should exhibit a divine harmony, but with black cotton *we* defined the spatial relationships between hedge and fence so thoroughly that even a bluebottle would have found the passage difficult. Next morning we met again, a grey gathering, having sneaked out before breakfast, and while a chill damp air breathed among the hawthorn spikes we saw how an early frost had

silvered each thread, taut and intact, while tiny facets of ice were scintillating in the interstices of chicken-wire. The ringing ground beneath our feet was frozen hard as logic, and a clatter of frozen milk-bottles on a passing cart served as accompaniment for the words we could not say. We turned our way to our separate homes, walking each down his separate shining pavement with the grass verges steaming, but blind to all the beauty that glistened from every leaf and lamp post.

The despair that had settled on us like a black cloud may have been partially due to the fact that we had not yet breakfasted on that misty morning, but even after the meal our spirits never completely recovered until we learned later, too late, that a ghost could float through a brick wall without difficulty, and indeed seemed to prefer this method of egress to the more usual channels. And only a ghost could have passed behind our hedge without disturbing the cotton.

"... so the old hedge *must* be haunted after all. It stands to reason."

And the time for complete disillusion was again postponed. Postponed, not precluded, for no myth could evade ultimate extinction while bricklayers were busying themselves in the Elysian Fields; and Witchwood was being systematically felled for scaffolding poles; and the Wild Woodbine, that secretly smouldering herb to be reverently passed from hand to hand, degenerated into a grubby half-used packet sifting its contents into the lining of a forgotten pocket.



*Donald Hill and Tim Evens***SEMANTICA, 2000 A.D.**

B: I can hardly believe they lived such different lives from ours : it's like having a grandfather who was born and bred on Mars and who is able to talk about his distant relatives with more than common realism. Tell me more about it.

A: According to Hill, it was one of those perfect blue days in early summer, and both he and Evens were sitting examinations in what were then called "finals." Neither remembers very much about it, but both agree that the moment of disintegration seemed to take minutes, though it could only have been a matter of seconds. The environ slowly but inevitably collapsed : fractures suddenly and almost gracefully appeared in the curved blue bowl of the sky : then pain and dust, choking dust which blotted out the light and most of the air.

B: And it all happened here on this spot, in this place where we now live, on this hill which overlooks that clear ribbon of water ?

A: Just so. I cannot remember the name they had for the area—you will find it anyway in the Foundation Book—Woodlands or Landhouse Lane, or something like that. The man who had originally named the road was undoubtedly the same sort of humorist who went round local governmentally and named what they used to call "slum areas" with such names as Paradise Mount and Mount Pleasant. From any point of disadvantage in the Lane you could see factory chimneys, soot and gasometers.

B: What are they ?

A: It would take too long to explain, and it won't do you any good until you get to Semantic Three. Where was I ? Oh yes, I was talking about the disintegration. Eventually the dust began to settle. The "settling" actually took weeks, and the scene which finally appeared, Evens says, was

reminiscent of Gobi-land. But on what was probably still the first day, enough light filtered through for one to be able to make a rough guess at nearby objects. In this new penumbral world they met, on the Livingstone principle, whilst they were clambering over the fractured heart of Lodge.

B: He had been the architect ?

A: Yes, and all that remains of his work is that small piece of Doric column which is kept in the glass case in the library of Co-ordinator Four : Hill presented him with it on his thirty-fifth birthday.

When they met, Evens' first words were to the effect that one ought to be thankful for mercies both large and small, and that one undoubted mercy was that he would not now have to complete his philology paper.

B: Philology ?

A: It now forms part of the work of Co-ordinator Two : you'll meet him in your second year. I'll try to give you some idea of what he does, in a moment ; but do try to be patient : I can't describe the implications of a different world in two minutes.

Suddenly they realised that with luck they might be able to do something with the Idea, so, after a little calculating they made for the place where the Vice-Chancellor's office had been. No—don't ask me about him : he was a sort of Chief Semantician. While they were climbing across the broken rock they stumbled over a man. Hill turned him over on his face. A faint voice said, " I'm Sadler's." " Sadler's ? " said Hill majestically, " you'll saddle us with no more of your out of date text books," (thus making the first, albeit poor, pun of the new age) ; and with that they promptly did him in.

B: You mean they killed him ?

A: Yes. It was for the sake of the Idea, you see, and in any case such an act was in the spirit of the times. Well, when they reached the Vice-Chancellor's office, they found that their luck really held, so Evens went off to look for a horse. It was not such an impossible task as you might think, for the blast

had left small pockets of safety here and there, though much of the country had been devastated. He returned soon, with the beast which had belonged to the local rag and bone merchant.

B: I don't understand.

A: It doesn't matter. All that remained to be done was soon accomplished. Evens clothed himself in the Vice-Chancellor's robes of office, mounted the animal, was handed the University Mace, and moved off slowly in the direction of London. He returned after two years. It had apparently been a frightful job trying to find the Minister of Education, but it takes a good deal to discourage Evens, and he eventually found him in his headquarters, a marquee on the north bank of the Thames. A Charter was prepared in a matter of hours, and then he began the return journey.

B: So as a result of that we now have all this.

A: That is so.

B: But to go back for a moment, what were you saying about philology?

A: It is by no means easy to explain. Before what we call disintegration day, much of the Semansphere was split up into various segments, imperfectly carved and haphazardly polished, which overlapped at some points and did not even touch at others. Attempts were made on odd occasions to make things a little better. In what is now the Hall of Technology, there used to be several segments, two of which were labelled "biology" and "chemistry." People became very conscious of the space between these two segments, but instead of being able to join the two they were compelled to create another segment which they called "biochemistry": this was something, but not enough. But it will be more readily understood in your own activities. You are doing Semantic One?

B: Yes.

A: Well, your activity used to be found in several segments: for example, English language, English literature, philosophy, logic, modern languages, mathematics and music.

B: Good God.

A: Take, for example, any of the problems raised in translation. Translation, like many other activities, is mainly concerned with thought-feeling structures. Before the disintegration there used to be two schools of thought, one of which held that translation is successful, the other that it is not. We have now settled this problem, so that to-day for example there exist two novels which have a few similarities and a large number of differences; Proust's *A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu* and Scott Moncrieff's *Remembrance Of Things Past*. At one time people thought you could successfully translate a poem out of one language into another without spilling too much in the process, so that, for example, *vin* could be turned into "wine."

B: Impossible.

A: Precisely: They did not seem to realise that words cannot stand as individuals: they carry a context. To the Frenchman, *vin* is something he drinks every day, and amongst other things there is something *tea cum coffee* about it. The English word "wine" has a context of an entirely different order, connected with the fact that nowadays it is a luxury; it has (in several senses) a celebration element; and it has rich and somewhat royal literary associations. You could write a book about the word.

B: And is it true that they used to translate Chaucer into modern English?

A: Yes, and what a joke it must have been. Why, it used to be an examination exercise.

B: Examination exercise?

A: They are things you don't do. Broadly speaking they took the place of the book you write in your final year. At the end of each year, apparently, one went into a room without any books of reference, and wrote down answers to questions one found there.

B: But a question properly formulated may be the result of several years' work.

A: They were not the same sort of questions. Whereas now we place all the emphasis on question, then it was mostly put on the answer.

B: If I understand you at all, examinations were what we would call memory tests?

A: No, they were a good deal more than that, though the element of memory would preponderate in some segments. You could work out ideas during the year and use them in the examination, if you got the chance, and quite often one did, if we may take Evens' word for it. But the whole scheme is now so vastly different. You, in your final year, will be asked to write a book, in which you will be expected to quote your authorities in acknowledgements and be asked to define your original contribution. This contribution may take the form of a genuine step forward, or it may be a balanced and explanatory resumé of developments up to the present day. Which of these two forms it takes is immaterial. And of course there will be confidential reports from four Co-ordinators.

B: Yes. But of the various segments you mentioned, which one contained poetry?

A: It was part of English literature. If you sort out the segments you find that they can be ranged between two extremes. There is mathematics—all thought; and music—all feeling. It was when Hill was working with Evens on the question of music-meaning relations, that a vague glimmer of the Idea was seen. Take the definition you get in *Semantic One* of cradle-of-civilisation, that is, Yeats' Byzantium. The last line, you remember is,

That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

The word "gong" is onomatopoeic, so much so that not only in the line do you get the sound of the gong, you also get its exact pitch and position in the scale. If, in the course of the next few hundred years, the word "gong" becomes "ging" (we have shifted for the moment into the old realm of philology) that line will almost cease to become poetry. Now, onomatopoeia was not really dealt with either in philology or literature,

except accidentally : it fell between two segment divisions. Take the Old English word "sweord," modern English "sword." Neither the philologist nor the littérateur would have called the word onomatopoeic at all, but it is all the difference between the broadsword with its characteristic sweep-without-end, and the later cut and thrust which halted in the man's body : it is a comment on life.

B: People trained in such a way would miss much of the significance of, say, Vaughan Williams' fifth symphony?

A: They would, certainly, if they failed to connect it with one of the Alleluia hymns ; and the last movement, which is almost entirely a rhythmic variation giving a definable range of feeling-meanings, would totally escape their comprehension.

B: The world, it seems, owes much to those two Coordinators.

A: Hill and Evens ? It certainly does. The irony of it all is that recent digging has brought to light their examination papers, which they had nearly completed, from even a cursory glance at which it looks as though they would certainly have ploughed.

B: Ploughed ?

A: It was a figure of speech in those days . . .

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K. Rachel Makinson

TO AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER

Had we but world enough, and time,
 Withholding judgment were no crime.
 We would sit down, and think which way
 To organise man's social day.
 Thou in Athenian modes shouldst find
 A world of wisdom, and my mind
 To Asia should be opened wide.
 We'd try Confucius as a guide,
 And you should, if you pleased, withhold
 Your judgment till the sun grew cold.
 Our planned and perfect State should grow
 Vaster than star-groups, and more slow.
 An hundred years should go to try
 The Welfare State and Anarchy ;
 Two hundred to give Gandhi test,
 But thirty thousand to the rest ;
 An age at least to every mode,
 And finally we'd choose The Good.
 For certainly we need a state
 That's chosen at a sober rate.

But at my back I always hear
 War's witless missiles whistling near,
 And yonder all before us lie
 Deserts where all mankind may die.
 Thy caution would no more be found,
 Nor, in that shattered waste, would sound
 My call to act, then, who would see
 Your fine impartiality ?
 What use is caution, if all must
 Be turned to radioactive dust ?
 O, Death's a fine unbiased state,
 But Judgment Day comes rather late.

Now therefore, while the living blood
Runs through thy veins in vital flood,
And while thy willing soul is free
To act, as well as think and see,
Now let us choose the road we'll take,
And, like a surgeon, who must make
His choice before his patient die,
What we have chosen, let us try.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our courage up into one ball,
And tear our future with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life ;
So, though we have no guarantee
Of life, at least a chance we see.



Fiona Garrood

BRIEF CANDLE

“**W**E SHALL GO BACK TO KINROSS, at the New Year, Catriona, we shall!”

And Duncan's black eyes glowed in his dark face, for all the world as if he were seeing a great vision.

But perhaps I had better explain first that we are Duncan and Catriona Kinross, brother and sister, and living until a few months ago, at Kinross Castle. Our mother and father died a short time past and the Castle went of course to our elder brother Robert. That's how it should be, do I hear you say? Aye, it would be too, if Robert loved Kinross as we do, but he's a strange man, with all kinds of ideas which he learnt when he was away in England. What does he do when the Castle is his but set to and turn it into some kind of a “guest house” for all sorts of English people with plenty of money, a very few brains and no souls, to come and enjoy a holiday in a “Genuine Scottish Atmosphere.”

Och, we protested of course, indeed Duncan flew into one of those violent passions which make him look so like that other Black Duncan who—but that will come later.

Finally we went away with a grand display of Celtic fury and wounded pride, determined that if the man would wreak havoc we should not torture ourselves by remaining to watch.

But of course it was impossible to keep away for long. In the dark winter evenings we sat by the fire, remembering and longing. Duncan disturbed me considerably, for he never spoke—just sat there with anger burning in his fierce dark eyes. So much the greater my surprise when he looked up at me and said: “We shall go back to Kinross at New Year, Catriona, we shall! Don't ask me why, but I know it.”

And so it came about that we arrived at Kinross Castle, like all the other guests for the New Year. Robert met us in

the Hall, his manner distrustful and with an expression something akin to fear on his face. But he said nothing.

The party was as bad as we had expected. There were ten of them, all English and all milling round the old hall in their borrowed kilts, laughing just a little too loudly. I shuddered inwardly and would have turned to go, but something in Duncan's tense expression stopped me—a look of hardly suppressed excitement and expectation.

As the evening wore on, he did not volunteer any information and I knew better than to question him, in his present mood. What was troubling him I could not tell until, quite suddenly someone said to Robert: "Mr. Kinross, you seem to have absolutely everything here, but I suppose you'll be telling us there's a ghost as well?"

A Ghost! Robert's reply was lost as I realised the whole situation—Duncan's need to come here: the disturbing expression on his face: everything—and as I looked at him he nodded and smiled faintly, and I knew that I was right.

Here I feel a little further explanation is necessary. You remember perhaps that earlier I mentioned that Duncan in a passion reminded me of a certain Black Duncan? Well, in the early 1700's the Laird of Kinross had been one Duncan, called the Black because of his very dark complexion and strange sullen eyes. Now as a family we have always tended to be fair or red-haired, so when two hundred years later there came into the world another Kinross with hair as black as a flue-brush it seemed only in the nature of things that he should be named Duncan, and almost as naturally that his sister was Catriona, as Black Duncan's sister had been. In the hall at Kinross you must know, hangs a huge chandelier, a gift from His Gracious Majesty King Charles II to the Laird, for his loyal support during his exile. The disaster occurred as Duncan and Catriona were giving a New Year's Party, when, standing in the hall to receive their guests, the chandelier had fallen, killing them both instantly.

It was returned to its place later, the broken glass being replaced, for the Kinrosses are too proud of this reward of their

loyalty to let it go, but ever since, the ghosts of these two have returned from time to time—if the family was in need of help. So you see, our ghosts were a fine pair, and no trouble as I suppose other people's are !

When I eventually calmed myself and turned my attention to the conversation again, Robert had evidently been telling them the tale.

“ Wouldn't it be jolly if the ghost came to-night ? ”

It was that daft woman hawering again. The rest of them seemed to think it a fine idea, though they pretended to be terrified. And, since “ atmosphere ” was what they were paying for, someone would be playing ghosts before the night was out, if I wasn't much mistaken.

At about five minutes to twelve we all trooped outside to see in the New Year. Everything had to be done properly, you understand, because they thought it such a “ quaint ” idea !

We stood outside in the snow for an appreciable time, waiting for the bell in the clock-tower to chime—but it didn't. I stole a glance at my watch—it said past twelve. I looked involuntarily at the tower. A faint light, like that shed by an old-fashioned lantern, appeared at each of the tiny windows in turn—as if someone were coming down the stone staircase carrying a lamp. A pressure on my arm told me that Duncan had seen it too, though no one else showed any sign of having done so.

Just at that moment through the open door we all saw the lights dim to leave only the great central chandelier, and two shadowy figures, glowing mysteriously, came down the staircase. Everyone realised, of course, that it was a joke, but our nerves were so disturbed that we failed to appreciate it. Then, the squeals of pretended fright were hushed, as real fear came upon the crowd. The two pretended ghosts were forgotten—our gaze was fixed above their heads where the great chandelier hung as always—and hung not still. It began to swing, first gently, and then in an ever-widening sweep. “ The wind's getting up,” I told myself, and then realised that the night was

as calm as ever it had been. Our two ghosts stared up for a moment, fascinated, then, dropping their fancy drapery, shot out of the front door and into the thick of our group.

The tension was broken, but there was no further interest in the New Year! Believe it or not, they one and all packed up and went to the village for the night. They wouldn't stay an instant longer, they said—they'd always heard these Scottish places were so "quaint."

With a look of incomprehension which admitted total defeat, Robert followed, in an effort to placate them, and Duncan and I watched them, shaking with laughter, till our sides nearly split. As we turned toward the house again, we looked up and saw the faint light pass from window to window up the tower stair again. When it reached the top the bell began slowly to toll midnight—and my watch showed a quarter past the hour.

Duncan and I smiled happily at each other as we walked inside.

"We're home for the New Year," he said, with a wicked smile.

As we stood in the hall and silently raised our glasses, we fancied we heard a rustle of silk, a murmur :

"To Duncan and Catriona!"

and, surely, the clink of old glass. Or perhaps it was only the chandelier.



Michael Youle-White

THE BOOK OF EGOISM

THAT DELIGHTFUL HISTORIAN and gossip, Giraldus Cambrensis, relates how he visited Bishop, later Archbishop, Baldwin, and found him seated next to a gaunt old man huddled in the white robes of a Cistercian abbot. As the young man approached, the abbot leant forward, murmuring, "and can such beauty die?"—"a brief discourse," says Giraldus, "not without efficacy in touching my heart. And indeed," he continues, charmingly, "I was a young man of extraordinary charm." Sir Willoughby Patterne ("he has a leg") will remain for many readers of Meredith the most attractive, noble type of egoist: "For very love of self himself he slew." But Sir Willoughby's soul-destroying, "continual devotion of the self-absorbed," as Auden has described it, little resembles the mellow, autobiographical egoism of "Gir. Camb." with the historical pathos of "I *was* a young man." Demonstrably, such beauty could die. The splendid Earl of Dorset, lover of Zuleika Dobson (both great egoists), and his rather less illustrious successor, in the detective fiction, Lord Peter Wimsey—noble, handsome and literate—all, despite their great powers, wither and die: *les dieux s'en vont*. The present writer takes considerable pride in having served for a brief space of time in Lord Peter Wimsey's regiment, The Rifle Brigade: egoism? The turn that the modern sciences have taken forces research-students to live in themselves, like oysters in their shells, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Mass-production processes convert machine-minders into egoists by failing to provide employment of sufficient interest to "take the workmen out of themselves." Some public notices in certain popular restaurants would seem to encourage the ethical notion that one's personal welfare is the foundation of morality: self help! But a uniformed and ineluctable cashier at the pay-desk reminds us that liberty has its price.

The present writer is egotistical enough to prefer those restaurants where silver gleams on chaste white linen and to sit down is to be obsequiously served. "If other people," said Whistler, "will talk, then there can be no conversation,"—echoing Sir Max's witty water-colour of Samuel Taylor Coleridge table-talking. Pascal reminds us of a melancholy fact when he writes : *C'est en vain, ô hommes, que vous cherchez dans vous-mêmes le remède à vos misères*. If this be so, it would bring a measure of sanity back to our generation if more individuals would think centrifugally instead of centripetally. Maeterlinck, a creature of gentle intuitions, provided a clue to centrifugal thinking in "The Treasure of the Humble." The distinction between egoist and egotist is nice, but not difficult to grasp. The gentleman who placed a notice in his carriage-way urging motorists to drive slowly on approaching his residence, was an egotist : the one who did not exhibit a notice but expected motorists to slow down when nearing the house, was an egoist. *De te, fabula !*



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Robinetta Armfelt

THE BUGLE

ALL THE BEARS HAVE GONE NOW from the caves at Les Eyzies. The last one was shot two years ago when it lumbered down into the village and was found eating sausages in the *charcuterie*. Yet even now the road between the old sandstone cliffs, with their shaggy fringe of sere grey juniper scrub, is an awe-inspiring place for strangers.

The English girl gazed apprehensively at the vacant, echoing holes in the cliff-face. They had hardly changed since the days of their Cromagnon inhabitants, save that the valley had sunk, and dwelling-caves which were once on ground level were now fifty feet up, accessible only to rabbits and sand-pipers. The green slopes at the foot of the rocks were covered with cowslips, and the girl stopped to pick them; not because she wanted the flowers—for it was a dull afternoon, and they had closed their yellow petals—but because they were familiar transitory things, and had nothing to do with the sullen prehistoric atmosphere.

Heavy raindrops began to fall, and the damp cowslips drooped in limp tassels as if sulking. The girl dropped them on the grassy verge and walked unwillingly towards the nearest shelter, a rickety wooden shed leaning against the firm stone wall of an isolated cottage. She was not the only shelterer: among the rusty tools and bicycles were crouched two village boys in blue cotton jeans and ragged jackets, their dusty black hair cropped close to the head, en brosse.

The bigger of the two stood up. His grubby face had the look of a tired, suspicious adult rather than a child, and his sallow skin was drawn too tightly over his delicate cheekbones. "You are the English girl who speaks French like a German," he said, solemnly. The girl was startled. "And how do the others speak?" she asked, in careful French. "Like Spanish cows," he replied, "and where are they now, the others?"

How is it that you are alone ? ” “ They’ve gone to La Mouthe to look at some worn-out cave paintings which I had no desire to see.” This made both boys laugh. “ In the summer,” said the elder one, “ When the rich Americans come, I am a guide at La Mouthe. Look, I will show you.” He seized a potato hoe and indicated the gaping wooden wall with a fine flourish. “ Attention ! Tenez ! ” he cried, “ Voici un bison. Voilà la tête, voilà le dos, et voilà la patte derrière ! ” “ Et l’oeil, Jean-Claude ? Et le museau ? ” shouted the smaller boy, and in his excitement he prodded his friend so violently that they both lost their balance and came down with a clatter among the bicycles. “ Fat pig, Pierre ! ” remarked Jean-Claude, placidly, but the small boy gave a shriek of anguish. “ The bugle, Jean-Claude, you are sitting on the bugle ! ” Jean-Claude scabbled behind him and brought out a ragged bundle. He unwrapped it reverently : a battered brass bugle, a little longer than average, and obviously very old. He spat on it and polished it lovingly on his coat-sleeve ; then, putting it to his mouth, blew a shattering blast which ricocheted among the echoing cliffs and brought down flakes of rust from the corrugated iron roof.

There was a small window in the cottage wall, covered with flapping sack-cloth. From behind it came the muffled voice of an angry old woman : “ Be quiet, can’t you ! The baby is sick, and is sleeping.” For a moment they sat in guilty silence, while the rain drummed down on the tinny roof. “ Where did you get the bugle ? ” asked the girl, in a whisper. “ It belonged to my father before the Germans got him. He was in the Resistance, you know. Then my brother had it. He was in the caves for two years, in hiding, before the liberation. You see,” he said proudly, “ in this district we delivered ourselves before the Allies came. We had a fight down there by the Vézère bridge.” Here his face became luminous with a strange elation, and he began to talk rapidly in the soft, pattering words of the local patois. The girl made no attempt to understand it, but sat there, hugging her knees, while Jean-Claude talked—talked with his voice and his eyes and his head and his hands. Pierre was listening with the enthralled, almost devotional attention

of one who listens to an ancient and beloved saga. He clutched the dented bugle in his arms and rocked slightly.

Dusk was falling, and the steely rain still hissed down outside. The boys' faces became dim and shadowed; began to lose themselves in the blurred gloom. Suddenly Jean-Claude leapt to his feet and snatched the bugle from Pierre. Once again the harsh eerie sound was buffeted back by the hills, but this time it was a vibrant shout of triumph. Jean-Claude sank back against the wall. The light had gone out of him now, and he was utterly tired. The bugle lay discarded at his feet.

In the doorway appeared an old woman, gibbering with fury. Startled at the sight of the foreign girl, she stood for a moment looking at them in silence. From behind the sacking window came the thin wail of a sickly baby. Once more the old woman's face crumpled into rage; and picking up the bugle, she hit it as hard as she could against the stone wall so that it bent almost in two. The girl looked at it, horrified. Jean-Claude walked slowly through the door, pushing the old woman gently out of the way as if he had hardly noticed her. Pierre picked up the broken bugle and stuffed it carefully under his jacket; then, seeing the girl's face, changed his mind and pushed it into her hands. "You must not worry for him," he said, "He had said all he wanted to say. It does not matter now."



John Gardner

STUDY IN THREE DIGITS

REALLY THIS IS ALL A MATTER OF permutation and palpitation. Honestly, I've never seen anything like it.

Just a voice in my ear saying, "The world's greatest dividend, my dear sir, one hundred and two thousand pounds for a penny," and me thinking "Twenty-four and a half million per cent.—how pleased Queen Elizabeth had been when Sir Francis (only he wasn't Sir Francis until after he had rendered his account) brought her five thousand four hundred per cent."

I picked up the gin-and-italian offered me and swallowed it rapidly, thinking what I could do with a dividend like that, when the voice broke in again : "Oh yes, I went straight along to get myself a medical check-up—no point being wealthy if you're ill—and I found out you have to be polite to these doctors since they seem to do you some wonderful service, though I've never seen quite what was wonderful about it. After all, vets do much the same for animals, don't ask so many damfool questions and want less money ; still, there you are, you have to be civil with doctors. Not like poets, of course—I've got two working for me now—an epic of my life they're writing. The words they're putting down ! Why, you'd think they were Ethel M. Dell and Ruby M. Ayres rolled up together. I'm a romantic figure, I am ; learned too, a string of degrees—honorary you know, none of this book-learning for me—as long as your arm. Of course I got a title as well, after what they called a decent interval from the time I gave the money for the new jail. Had my name put on the seats in the public library—I wanted it on every public seat in town, but they wouldn't have it, said it was profane or unhygienic or something."

I was collecting my thoughts, half assimilating this pecuniary peroration, half remembering something about '*I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed : Down is too hard . . .*'

"That's my coat-of-arms on the car over there"—and in his eagerness to impress showered 'Isotta Fraschini' upon me—"the very carriage that Isotta's produced for Mussolini, bullet-proof glass, bomb-proof doors, a supercharged twelve-cylinder engine . . ."

Ah yes, that was it—'*and then mine oval room Filled with such pictures as Tiberius took*' and something about '*my glasses Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse And multiply the figures, as I walk Naked between my succubae.*'

"Had my crest on all the car doors and a flag on the radiator, but I thought that was too much like a tourist so I pulled it off. Had the arms looked up for me by the college of heralds—whole ruddy lot of fuzzy-faced old stiffnecks blowing their bugles for me. The bloke who eventually wrote to me said he'd traced me back to a cleaner of the King's chamber in 1273, and he said he had the backing of the Pope himself in personally guaranteeing direct descent from Adam."

"Ah," I thought, "it becomes clearer"—'*my baths, like pits To fall into; from whence we will come forth And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.*'

"Cost me a pile of cash, that did—but I always was of an enquiring mind, and you might just as well give these bookworms a few pence to buy a pint with."

'*. . . My flatterers Shall be the pure and gravest of divines That I can get for money. My mere fools, Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets The same that writ so subtly of the fart, Whom I will entertain still for that subject.*'

"Yes, and I've had my portrait painted twice—once by Sir Alfred, with me sitting on a whacking big horse in a red suit holding a copy of the 'Tailor and Cutter,' and the other by Pistachio, but I didn't go much for that—bit too modern and pre-stressed-concrete-like. Still, he charged me four times as much as Sir Alfred, so it must be good. And I've travelled too—I have seen all there is to see, and paid cash for it. I've eaten the best food in the world, though I did find the Italians too oily, and the Indians a bit too hot and spicy;

but I have meals flown over straight from Paris every day."

'My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells, Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies. The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels, Boiled in the spirit of sol, and dissolved pearl . . .'

"Look at this suit, eighty pounds they charged me—of course it's the best you can get; hand stitched, hand woven, hand cut—personal service is what I like. Fits me to a tee; shows off my shoulders, narrows my waist, flatters my legs. Had a fur coat with cloth outside, astrakhan collar—the very latest speciality . . ."

' . . . My shirts I'll have of taffeta sarsnet, soft and light As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment, It shall be such as might provoke the Persian, Were he to teach the world riot anew. My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed With gums of paradise, and eastern air . . .'

"Of course, I've no need to worry about money any more, I put my mind to higher things—the philosopher's stone? no!—no need to be philosophical with fifty thousand lying in the bank!"



*John Stables***FIELD-PATH : EVENING**

A simple meadow path
Ending the field's steep slope
Rising and turning 'neath the friendly trees,
To a green færyland.
Mysterious yet familiar
Like a Christmas parcel or as one sometimes sees
A moonlit picture on the bedroom wall
When all the house is still.

Come then, untie the string
That holds harsh reasoning
A cover to the beauty of the time ;
Venture your foot upon th'enchanted way
While now the dying day
Sinks slowly ruminating in the dark'ning fields
And all the earth is still.

Now let your mind ride slowly down the meadow
Like a knight of legend,
Seeking far his fortune,
In the tall alleys of some woodland green ;
Follow now the winding path,
Not with feet but fancy-free,
To a far færyland, where poets have never been.

Leslie Newton

INSCRIPTION

I wrote her name upon the snow
Like any love-lorn fool ;
While yet the rising sun was low
It melted in a pool.

I wrote her name upon a tree
In letters large and round ;
A woodman came and laughed at me
And felled it to the ground.

I wrote her name upon a stone
That stood above the quay ;
Some children found it all alone
And rolled it in the sea.

Upon the sand I tried my art,
It vanished with the tide ;
I wrote her name upon my heart,
They called it suicide.



Anthony Wise

AFTERNOON SUNSHINE

HE HAD CHOSEN THE 'BUS because it was empty, quite empty. And the regular service 'bus standing in front was packed.

"What sheep people are," he thought. "Anything the least bit out of the ordinary and they shy. They are prepared to ignore this empty 'bus and pack themselves into the other because it already has passengers."

But he was thankful for these sheep, for it was a hot day, and alone, he could adjust the window with no qualms of conscience. And he could create an aura of self about him and be content in it without the intrusion of any other being. And he wanted time to think about her. As he had come up, she, the conductress, had been standing by the door waiting in the shadow of the 'bus. He had looked into her face and her eyes had said, "Come, enter. You and I are to journey together this afternoon." And he had climbed into the 'bus and had placed himself at the front, one seat behind the driver's cab. He sat waiting now, mildly expectant.

Two drivers came round the corner and stood talking by the cab of the 'bus in front. One was square and beefy, the other slight, weasel-faced with glasses. Both wore the buff cotton-drill driving coats issued by the Company for the summer months. Both wore their shirts with open necks. The beefy one's shirt was green and silky with a zip-fastener at the neck. He had pulled his shirt collar out over the top of the collar of his overall. The weasel-faced one pulled open the door of his cab and climbed up. His 'bus started with a whine. The cab door slammed and the 'bus moved off with its round-faced, staring load.

The beefy driver came up to his cab, pulled open the door and heaved himself into his seat. He slammed the cab door and pressed the starter. The engine throbbed, was slotted into gear and the 'bus droned out of the station.

He settled himself contentedly in his seat behind the cab and looked idly out of the window. The brightness of the hot afternoon sunshine made him squint slightly. The white light gave the streets a look of abject desolation. He wondered vaguely and disinterestedly how long it would be before the 'bus would stop and disturb his quiet with a fellow passenger.

The conductress had come up to him. He held up the ten-shilling note and apologised, defensively.

"I'm sorry, but I really have nothing less."

She took the note and smiled. It was not the harsh smile of teeth and jaws but a gentle, little smile of the lips and eyes. A little, tender smile. He looked at her eyes and saw that they were deep and brown.

"That's alryght, I think I c'n manage it."

Her voice was gentle, soothing, giving the dialect life and real meaning. Her eyes and voice were warm and soft and kind. Suddenly he longed to talk to her, to sit with her, to see her smile again, to hear her voice, softly, softly.

"There we are," she said, and handed him his change and ticket.

"Thank you very much."

"'Salryght."

She turned and walked back down the gangway to her seat at the back.

He put the ticket in his wallet, and half-rising from his seat, slid the change from his palm into his back pocket.

He opened the sliding ventilator window a little wider. The air rushed over his face and moved his hair briskly. It was pleasant. Already they were out of the town. The last link of the suburb fell away behind and the 'bus sang happily between the speeding, sun-raked hedge-rows.

The driver was a big man. He was capless and red-necked and had rolled his sleeves up to the elbow. The upper part of his body obscured part of the window separating his cab from the 'bus interior. Round the edges of this bulk mechanical details of the driving cab were visible. The trembling gear-lever, the small red cylinder of the foam extinguisher, the little metal slides and screws which would hold the wind-screen open. And

through the wind-screen the travelling hedges, the dry verges and the hot sky ahead were all moving dimly and lazily in the sunlight. Now and then the shadow of a tree would fall across the 'bus and race swiftly down its length, dappling the interior with a brief flurry of geometrical coolness. The fat tyres sang thickly and contentedly as the gravel chips flew.

That part of the window which the driver's back obscured formed a sort of mirror. In this he could see reflected almost the entire interior of the 'bus. He looked at his own reflection and then over the seats to her reflection, sitting on the little side-seat over the wheel-box.

She was looking at him. How close she seemed. Had he stood up and stretched forward his arm he could have encompassed them both in a single span. She was looking straight into his eyes, and as he stared back he felt that deep union of the eyes, and his stomach cried with love and desire. Almost as if she had sensed the same intimacy and had grown suddenly embarrassed, she broke her gaze and stared out of the window.

He pulled out his handkerchief and gently blew his nose. His handkerchief was crisp and white, and he examined the damp patches idly before returning it to his pocket. As he eased his back from the back of the seat he could feel the stickiness of his shirt. A dribble of sweat ran down the hollow of his spine to be absorbed by the waist-band of his trousers. He gazed out of the window.

The speeding hedges, the copses, the trees were heavy in full foliage. A little summer wind hardly disturbed even the smallest leaves. The corn fields stood brazen and motionless in the sunshine. In the pastures, cattle had sought the shade of overgrown hawthorn hedges and stood dreamily cuddling and flicking away the hovering flies. In the middle of a field beneath a heavy-boughed beech, two horses stood nose to tail, each switching the face of his neighbour as if by mutual agreement. A mutuality of heavy fruitfulness had enthralled the atmosphere. The hand of Man was everywhere in abeyance. A sweet and natural order prevailed wherein Man had no part, and in his absence his works and devices renounced his authority and

returned to a former state. Thus it was that fences seemed live and sap-filled once again ; that stone barns and byres and even houses seemed to need no more relevance in terms of human habitation than do the cliffs and crags of the moors. Even the single bright strand of barbed-wire running along the roadside hedge seemed in harmony with the elm to which it was stapled.

A thick, rough hawthorn hedge protected a stretch of rough pasture from a wild, brambled birch copse. He turned his head to gaze at this junction of tame and wild, and as he did so, a cock pheasant stepped from the hedge like a blaze of trumpets. It stood quite still, splendid, head erect, long, bottle-green tail feathers curving away to the ground. The vital arrogance of living. The stiff tufted field, that magnificent brazen bird and he himself shared for one brief moment the same glorious sunshine. The rapture of this sublime privilege awed him, and then suddenly he flushed with happiness.

She was looking at him again. How brown her eyes were. How penetrating ; how knowing. His stomach rocked as a child sits on its heels and rocks a doll, crooning, soothing. She had rolled the sleeves of her buff, cotton-drill overall up to her elbows. The bare right arm curled in her lap, asleep. The left lay along the back of the seat, the hand drooping, without will, moving as the motion of the 'bus dictated. She looked very comfortable. The soft-contoured undulations of her body bathed in a warm relaxed contentment. But her eyes were staring deeply into his.

His heart raced pattering and excited, thumping high in his chest. Why had he not sat on the back seat so that by now he would have spoken to her ? But with just the two of them in the 'bus, to approach her now would be a little more embarrassing. He would rise quietly from his seat, walk down the 'bus, sit on the seat opposite and with his elbows on his knees, lean forward and gently explain to her. Yes ! that's what he would do, and she, with her dark knowing eyes would immediately understand.

But God ! Suppose that on seeing him leave his seat she should move to ring the bell to let him off at the next stop. The shouted apologies ! The withering humiliation ! No, that

could not be the way. That's it ! He must turn round and beckon to her. She would come up to him expecting some query about his ticket or the time-table, and then he would tell her. He would need to explain so very little for she would understand. He would suggest that they should leave the 'bus at the next stop and walk up one of the sandy lanes running away from the main road, over the springy, crackly, copse floor and out into the sun-drenched fields beyond, to give themselves wholly to the pulsating afternoon. And she would agree, and would leave her bag and chromium-plated machine and leather number-disc on the seat, and they would walk away from the stained high-road through the copse, along the dappled sandy track, slowly and rapturously, arm about waist, drinking sunshine.

It would be so easy ! They would stand together at the door as the 'bus drew near the next stopping place. Then he would ring the bell once and the 'bus would stop. She would then step out, and, poised on the step, he would ring the bell twice and jump clear as the 'bus drew away again. Then they would be alone with the afternoon.

But the 'bus had stopped. Turning round in his seat he saw three women climb up the steps and find seats, two together and one apart. He turned round. She had come up the 'bus now, and was serving the woman who had sat opposite him on the other side of the gangway. As she stood there, bracing herself against his seat, working the machine and fishing for change in her leather bag, he knew that she knew of his thoughts. But though they were so close, neither spoke.

She was back in her seat now. He could see her looking out of the window again, her face somehow a little sadder. The chatter of the two women in some seat behind him was quite audible, but their words passed dimly through his mind like little fish through coral, filmy and unreal. The sunshine seemed less bright now ; the hedgerows more disciplined and formal, the copses more aloof.

The 'bus stopped again. She reached down and helped three children on to the 'bus, gently, carefully.

"Come on, love. Careful. That's it. There we are !"

Two heavy women followed the children. They nodded and smiled appreciatively to the conductress and hustling the children a little, sat down beside them.

The women were fat, their jolly faces red and shining from exertion and the heat. Their vast, corseted bodies sat stiffly on the seat. Their eyes stared rather vacantly and through their fixed smiles came little breathless sentences. They occasionally arranged a child or quietly scolded another with the same smiling faces. A tiny black purse was produced with two little silver knobs on the opening side. Two thick, mottled fingers probed in it for the fare.

She took the fares of the two women, and as she turned, one of the children spoke to her. The two women smiled in plump approval, looking from her to the child then back again. He could not hear the child's question, but could hear her replies as the child tripped on, gaining confidence. And he could see the entire reflected scene.

"What love? Didjer? Well, I betcher lyked that! Did 'e love? Oh, an' you laffed didjer? And then what 'appened? Oh, an' what didjer Daddy say ter that? Aye, ashud ju' think 'e did. . . ."

He heard her replies, but it was the infinite tenderness which he saw in her face as she addressed the child that almost compelled him to cry out. For such tenderness he would have given his life.

The sprawling suburbs were suddenly upon them. With stop after stop the 'bus grew crowded, so that only occasionally did he glimpse her face as she moved between the two rows of faces. The 'bus stopped at a black, grimy street-end and the two fat women shuffled down the 'bus and off, leading the three children.

Trams rattled past and the 'bus ceased to be an independent unit, becoming merely a fragment of that great congested mass of a city's traffic. Yet in spite of the noise and thrusting bustle outside which penetrated the 'bus interior and demanded attention; in spite of this, the afternoon had had an effect on the streets, the black churches and the rows and rows and rows of interminable terraces. Limp washing hung lethargically

between the rows on sagging lines. Scruffy dogs with lolling tongues sought refuge from the heat in broken, grimy courts. A fat woman with bobbing breasts, wretched with the heat, her head lumpy and unsightly in curlers and net, slipped her way across the street in blouse and skirt to the corner shop. The door was pushed open with a "ting!" audible even in the 'bus. A white paper bag blew up from the 'bus wheels, drifted gently, scurried in the wake of a tram and rolled up the pavement on the far side of the road.

The 'bus halted at the traffic lights and stood rhythmically throbbing. He gazed absently out at the sunny street, at the big road junction with traffic drawn up opposite behind the lights like horses at a starting gate. He saw anxious pedestrians swooping, trotting, shambling across in front with sidelong, half-suspicious glances at the menacing vehicles. And he saw quite distinctly the driver of the tram opposite standing motionless on his platform yet attentive at his brass control handles.

The brief moment seemed like a temporary reprieve. He knew that another two minutes would bring them to the 'bus station, and that the journey would end with slow-standing, gently-rolling dullness of hot, thick bodies as the 'bus emptied. And he desperately wanted to tell her not that he would like to see her again, but simply that he had thought about her this afternoon. Why had such moments to pass? He thought of the cock pheasant stepping from the hedge and felt the dread, cold tears running down behind his eyes.

The 'bus trembled and moved slowly forward. Lighter traffic surged past. A tram-bell clanged and as the 'bus eased into the curb he rose mechanically with the rest of the passengers. He stood with bowed shoulders waiting, his hands supporting his weight on seat backs. Slowly he moved down in the shuffling crowd to the door.

She had gone. Desperately he craned his neck so that he could peer under the luggage rack through the window. Through an idle crowd of people he saw her. She was walking slowly across the pavement to the office, her bag at her side, her machine and ticket box under one arm, her free arm hanging

loosely. By the time he reached the door she was already dropping down the steps. When he stepped from the 'bus she had turned the corner and had gone.

He stood for a moment on the pavement edge, desolate and sick. The sun was hot down one side of his face and in his hair. He pushed one hand into his pocket and fingered his handkerchief. Then he stepped off the pavement, paused for a car, and made his way across the road and slowly up a quiet, dusty, cobbled back street, watching his shoe-toes. Across the top of the street the traffic was passing, busy and important. Somewhere a tram-bell clanged.

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Charles Kingham

THE BROTHERTON COLLECTION

ON THE GALLERY FLOOR of the Brotherton Library, opposite the main entrance, but on a landing standing a little way back from the gallery promenade, the earnest seeker after knowledge, rarity or antiquity can find swing doors with, above them, the words "Brotherton Collection." Those doors are open for public ingress between 2-30 and 4 p.m. daily, except for Saturdays, during term, and the trouble taken in climbing the stairs to enter is more than amply repaid, once inside. For beyond those doors are housed, according to the report of the Brotherton Collection Committee for the session 1950-1951, an estimated 23,726 books; 15,927 pamphlets; 585 manuscripts; 4,106 deeds; 31,555 letters and 25 maps. What the report modestly refrains from stating is that these form a collection not merely interesting, but in some ways unique.

In the last two issues of *The Gryphon*, some pages have been given to a controversy about the architecture of the Parkinson Building and the Brotherton Library, and the internal decoration and organisation of both, but even the most captious critic of the library would find little to carp at in either the structure or the contents of the room housing the Collection. It is a pleasant, almost cosy, room, with a gallery; the colour of the bookcases, display showcases, and panelling is slightly darker than that of those in the main library. The columns supporting the gallery are panelled in the same colour—that is, one would presume that they are panelled, but they might in fact be solid wooden ones; but whichever they are, they are pleasantly unobtrusive. So is the lighting, which is very far from causing any of the rage engendered by the lanterns of the larger library, the shades here being of plain, flat glass. The whole room, in fact, is designed to draw attention away from the furnishings and focus it on the books.

These are all kept in locked glass-fronted cases, arranged alphabetically, except for special collections, and for MS. books and early printed books (*i.e.*, those printed before 1500), which latter are arranged roughly chronologically. Some few of the most valuable books, including all four Shakespeare Folios, are not visible, being kept under even more secure lock and key. But all the rest can be seen, and they include a great many rarities. The most part of the collection is of interest principally to those who indulge in that debilitating study, "Eng. Lit.", but all Arts students will find something to take the eye. Unfortunately, scientists will find little meant specifically for them, and can only gratify a taste for antiquity or beauty of printing and binding; but there are books old enough and beautiful enough to satisfy anyone.

The oldest book of all is a manuscript—a copy of Bede's "Expositio super septem epistolas canonicas," dated 1100 or perhaps a little earlier. There are other MSS. with dates ranging from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries; among fifteenth-century ones is a most delicately and beautifully executed "Book of Hours," illuminated in a style which will send mediaevalists, and indeed all who appreciate simple and direct expressiveness in art, into raptures—it was made in 1420 for the reigning French House of Valois. There are many charters and deeds; those relating to St. Andrew's Priory at Marrick date from 1170 to the end of the fifteenth century. Among the early printed books is one from Caxton's press "The Chastising of God's Children," 1491—and there is a wealth of fine copies of the early humanists and philosophers, among them Augustine, St. Bernard, Duns Scotus, Dante, Petrarch and others, and of course the great classical writers and the Fathers of the Church. A very fine edition of Plutarch's "Lives," by Ulrich Han, who began printing in Rome in 1467, can also be seen, and so can many early works on astrology and astronomy.

This is beginning, however, to sound like a mere catalogue, and it would need far more space than I am allowed to list every item of interest. Ranged round the room are display showcases—rather like those in the main library, but at a more

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convenient height—and in them are, this term, first or early editions of books and pamphlets written by Milton and his contemporaries—Dryden, Prynne, Waller and others. These displays are changed each term or thereabouts; so go this term, or next term, or the term following—there will be something of interest. Look, too, at the collections of works by and on Byron, Shelley, Swinburne and others; at the almost unique collection of Brontë material; at the fine Scott collection. And don't miss, while you are there, the collection of books and manuscripts, formed by the late Alf Mattison, on the history of the Labour Party. In addition to this wealth is the real strength of the Collection—nineteenth-century books in English literature. Besides the books, there are a great many letters, including the whole of the correspondence of Sir Edmund Gosse from such people as Henry James, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Hardy, Lord Haldane, Lord Balfour, and many others. “Here's richness,” indeed!

The late Lord Brotherton, whose private library this Collection was, did many things for the University, but this was perhaps of all his gifts the most generous. He left in addition an endowment to enable the Collection to be increased, and provided for a Committee to manage the whole. He desired that access should be given to all properly accredited readers, permission being first obtained from the librarian. No books may, of course, be borrowed, but readers may use, in the library, books from the Collection. All in all, we may say that the Collection is becoming something for the University to be proud of, more especially as it is only some twenty-five years old, and may become even more notable as time goes on and the generosity of later benefactors is kept up.

Tim Evens

HERE'S LIME IN THIS SACK

KING HENRY IV, Part I: by William Shakespeare.
Theatre Group production, Nov. 26th — Dec. 1st,
1951.

MR. DERRICK METCALFE'S vigorous production of this play was always stimulating even where originality was shown in the wrong places. The unusual interpretation of *Hotspur*—and therefore to some extent of the characters around him—at least provoked one to consider how this part *should* be played. Throughout the play the comic aspects were emphasized, and, given Mr. Metcalfe's interpretation the production must be considered a success. It was well-rehearsed, and in respect of "business" rather over-produced. The play was given without cuts and the pace was rapid. Even so, despite slick scene-changing, it ran for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. If this, and the generally slower rate of the second half seemed tiresome, the fault is as much Shakespeare's as Mr. Metcalfe's. The play is one of an historical sequence and has neither a shapely beginning nor a tidy end, and as a work of dramatic art must, on its own, always remain unsatisfactory. It is part of a pageant of history, and this production was generally successful in its presentation of that pageantry. Maurice de Sausmarez' sober semi-abstract décor set off the heraldry and costumes well. The stage, with its "apron" addition, was well-used. Grouping was good and so was the lighting. If the latter was too strong to lend conviction to the robbery scene it was a fault in the right direction.

This was the second Shakespeare play to be done here this year without enough care for its poetry. It is often forgotten that although Shakespeare's characters may speak poetry they are not necessarily poetic characters. Mr. Metcalfe seemed to fall into the opposite error of forgetting that non-poetic

characters, or those not in a poetic mood, can speak poetry. Few of the actors who had verse to speak in this play brought out the full excellence of their lines even when that excellence was one of rant. It was not that one could not hear, but that the finer qualities of voice were sacrificed to volume, speed and gesture. The small faults that show badly were neglected. Words like "Bolingbroke" and "zounds" should have had a standard pronunciation. Pointless variation lessens the dramatic illusion by reminding us of the actors as people with different habits of speech. We do not of course quarrel with a well-sustained dialect such as that used here by *Hotspur*, but we think that Theatre Group producers should place more emphasis on voice production and enunciation for those who have not already an aptitude for stage speaking. In this production the *Falstaff* scenes—mostly prose—were set in the right key and came off fairly well, much being made of Shakespeare's wealth of bawdy punning. But the historical scenes were played throughout at too high a pitch, as if the producer was punning too—on history and hysteria.

It may be granted that *King Henry* had a guilty conscience, and that the *Percy* family, *père et fils*, might have seen something nasty in the woodshed to warrant the note of frenzy apparent in all three characters, especially the last. But we are sure that *Hotspur* was not meant by his creator to be quite such a twitching bundle of sensibilities—though Mr. Metcalfe claims support from the text. Malcolm Rogers sustained the exacting interpretation and gave a performance which brought out all the humour Shakespeare intended and put in some that he did not. This *Harry Percy* could not convince us in the first part of the play of being capable of showing any skill as a soldier, nor did either he or *Hal* in their leisurely duel at the end. (None of the fighting in the battle-scenes was convincing even by the standards of stage-warfare.) One wondered why *King Henry* should wish his son to emulate this *Hotspur*. For if he was made to be too choleric—to use the terminology of the humours—John Linstrum's *Prince Hal* was too phlegmatic, and much too conscious of his high destiny to be a convincing companion to the Eastcheap rogues. His moods of hauteur

If seven men



... with seven tongues,
Talked on till all was blue,
Could they give all the reasons why
Guinness is good for you?

"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
"But that it's good is true."



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With acknowledgments to Lewis Carroll, Sir John Tenniel, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd., and, of course, Guinness.

came close to petulance because of a pouty expression and some unpleasantly jerky movements. But on the whole *Prince Hal* came over handsomely, in more than one sense. It was a pity, by the way, that in the later scenes he wore a dingy green cloak that appeared to have strayed into the age of chivalry from that of camouflage.

Frederick May was not convincing as a care-burdened *King Henry*. The pistol-shots which effectively if inexplicably opened the play set him off on an unsatisfying race through his lines and in a mood of nervous irritation presumably desired by the producer. But his actions and appearance were too young—in his interview with *Hal* he seemed more like an elder brother than a father. There was a selfconsciousness about his movements which kept one more sensible of the actor than of the king, and which surprised one in so experienced a player. His facial expression of emotions was particularly unconvincing. Perhaps he was miscast and felt himself to be so? Here as elsewhere in the play it was often hard for the critic to know who was at fault—actor or producer.

During the closing scenes we felt that we were having too much of a good thing in Richard Courtney's *Falstaff*. *Falstaff* the complete buffoon is a permissible interpretation but Shakespeare intended his joyful creation to be—pardon the phrase—a more completely rounded personality. We were given funny *Jack Falstaff*, bawdy *Jack Falstaff*, old *Jack Falstaff*, sprightly *Jack Falstaff*, but too few glimpses of pathetic *Jack Falstaff*, of *Falstaff* the gentleman who has gone almost but not wholly to the bad. Had we seen more of this side of his nature the playing-to-the-gallery *Jack Falstaff* might not have palled on us as he did in the battle-scenes. In which he was far too nonchalant. Though not wholly a coward, would the man who ran away at Gadshill have strolled quite so coolly about a battlefield, and wouldn't he have worn a helmet? But we will not quibble. *Sir John* in the tavern scenes was good, and put out the most infectious dirty laugh we have yet heard in the Riley-Smith. May Richard Courtney sometime play *Falstaff* in Part II, with more pathos, and less paunch-patting.

Of the large cast the two parts most beautifully and consistently played were those of Brian Lees as *Worcester* and Peter Goodrham as *Bardolph*. The latter was delightful in voice and action, a parfit gentle Knight of the Burning Lamp. *Worcester* was a good foil to *Hotspur* and Brian Lees was one of the few players who gave full value to their poetry. Anthony Lane as *Vernon*, and Robert Neilson as *Douglas*, were others. Raymond Gentle's *Poins* was a classy hanger-on to *Hal*, convincing in everything except his laughter. Neil Morley needed more intensity than he gave to "damned *Glendower*."

This play offers little scope to actresses. Mavis Mellor as *Mortimer's* Welsh wife, was sweet to see and hear but could have done with a little more of that loving ardour which Joan Oldfield's bewitching *Lady Percy* was made to have too much of. *Mistress Quickly* was hampered by inadequate make-up, and June Crowther is not yet experienced enough to produce the fullness of voice that the part demands. Consideration of these players and of the other minor parts played by women indicates that Theatre Group has now much feminine talent to draw upon, not to say charm.

We hope that the amateurish bungling of seating arrangements, especially on the first night, will prove to have been an isolated lapse from Theatre Group's tradition of good business organisation.

This is the second successive Christmas production to be a pot-boiler. We close with the monition that this must not become a tradition or we shall be failing in the true function of a university theatre group; which is to present worthwhile plays rarely seen on professional or amateur stages. There is always the risk—avoided in this production—of playing down to school audiences and to box-office standards in general. We hope Theatre Group will not thus allow itself to slip from its hardily-won traditions of dramatic enterprise.

John Boorman

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER

APPARENTLY LEEDS IS THE ONLY PLACE in the world, with the possible exception of Madrid, where any consistent effort is made to revive the plays of Spain's "Golden Age." For some years Theatre Group has joined forces with the Spanish Society in an effort to remedy the appalling neglect into which the works of Lope de Vega and his successors have fallen. For Spain, in the seventeenth century, showed in all the arts the colour and contrast of drama, and even the Catholic Church could not fail to express itself in ceremonies, sermons and devotional writings of a highly dramatic character. When, therefore, the Church and the stage came together in the creation of a play, the result was the intense expression of a tormented epoch. The Spaniard has always been a realist in religious matters, and it is only where the powers of good and evil are recognised as tangible presences that a Christian theatre can flourish, converting the abstractions of theology into the flesh and blood of authentic drama.

El Condenado por desconfiado (to be presented at the end of February in the Riley-Smith Theatre, under the title of "The Saint and the Sinner") is characteristic of an age of intense conflict between the interests of God and those of the world. It is a religious play, the work of Tirso de Molina, Provincial of the Order of the Merced and a friar from the age of twelve. It was unhesitatingly licensed by the Inquisition. Yet the spectator is advised to banish from his mind any preconceived notions to which these facts may lead him. "The Saint and the Sinner" is a work of savage irony, violent and tumultuous in action and rich in sardonic humour.

Superficially it is easy to explain why this play is so remote from the platitudes of the cloister and the sacristy. Spanish actors and playwrights fell into disrepute at the end of the sixteenth century through the supposed obscenity of their performances. Faced with a threat of closure from the Church,

the actor-managers countered with a flood of plays on religious subjects, into which they introduced a vigorous plot, lavish scenic effects and frequently a love-interest : it is easy to see why plays which dealt with the doings of sinners who do not repent until the last part of the last act became very popular.

But "The Saint and the Sinner" is much more than an adventure story with a moral. It is a study of the role of man's free will in the determination of his ultimate destiny, and it is based on a subtle and original investigation of the nature of sin. Against the background of the extreme religious exaltation of the period it is not surprising to find that the characters of "The Saint and the Sinner" do in fact sin in the grand manner. The vast catalogue of offences which Enrico deliberately accumulates is not merely due to the part he plays in the parable. Madrid in the seventeenth century was thought worse than Sodom and Gomorrah, and it can be proved that the villains of the day did in reality vie with each other in crimes, blasphemies and sacrilege of all descriptions. There was a merchant of Salamanca who had such bad luck at cards (like Enrico) that he despaired, believed that God had rejected him, and bought a *Summa Peccatorum* in order to go through the entire number of sins known to the Church. The conduct of Enrico is understandable when he is seen as the obverse of an age of Faith.

Yet Tirso is not really interested in the externals of sin. His concern is to differentiate between two types of sinner, and then to explore the possibilities of good which may exist in the most evil heart. On the one hand Enrico sins by instinct and with gusto. A fundamentally unhappy man, he seems to be seeking for a fulfilment which is for ever escaping his grasp. He is nothing more than a child at odds with life, a coward who wants to persuade himself and others that he is a hero : fame means more to him than life itself. When he comes to discover that there is a captivity which is more precious than the wildest excesses of liberty, when at the end he sees himself for what he really is and becomes meek and childlike, then it is time for God to strike at his heart, and he is saved.

Paulo, on the other hand, sins in the intellect. He proudly supposed that the only temptations which mattered were those of the flesh, and when he falls a victim to intellectual sin he is taken unawares and cannot recognise his error. Enrico sins through an evil nature, but Paulo sins consciously and with the full consent of the will.

When this conception of the dual nature of sin is grasped, it becomes easy to understand Enrico's momentary lapses into virtue. Audiences have grown too used to the posturings of the stage villain, but Tirso, with his experience of the confessional, knew better. He saw that a hidden virtue may triumph in the end, while the most dangerous sins are hardly recognised until it is too late.

Can such a play be understood in an age where sins are disguised as repressions and religion is on the decline? George Sand thought highly of it, because she found, beneath the conventions imposed on the play by an author anxious to save his skin from the Inquisition, the signs of revolt against the tyranny of a superstitious Church; but such an interpretation, attractive as it may seem, cannot be reconciled with the text. We must accept it as Tirso wrote it.

Only the intensity of Tirso's faith can explain the extraordinary tragic irony which binds together his vision of the invisible and the visible worlds. The paradox of a God who is perfectly just and perfectly merciful dominates the action. Paulo has done everything to ensure his safe passage to the next world, and his fall is the direct consequence of his piety. Enrico defies God for all he is worth and yet can hardly prevent himself from being saved.

Moreover the characters which Tirso has created to illustrate his bitter, yet consoling parable, are uncommonly interesting. This is due, not only to the participation in their lives of forces greater than themselves, but also to the fact that he has been able to show men in transition, living in time, subject to the laws of growth and decay, and contrasted with that Eternity which presides over their tangled destinies. All the main characters exist in an eternal as well as a temporal dimension.

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The irrational Enrico, evil and beautiful as a serpent or a tiger, wins through, while the logical Paulo is left to ponder on the weight of an evil destiny which, at first a figment of his imagination, becomes a reality of his own making, and consumes and destroys him as effectively in this life as do the fires of Hell in the next.

Finally we must mention Pedrisco, who stands at the centre of the action. His innocent foolishness makes him a very poor hermit, but when he follows Paulo into a life of crime this same innocence allows him to float when his friend must sink to perdition. Indeed, his simplicity is such that God can speak through him in a last desperate effort to save Paulo's soul, while his grotesque humour throws Paulo's early fanaticism into relief. Modern audiences may be shocked to find in this play one of the most comic scenes in all Spanish drama; but without it they could hardly have the whole Pedrisco, and without Pedrisco much of the pathos and irony of the action would be lacking.

As is to be expected with Tirso de Molina, the construction of "The Saint and the Sinner" is impeccable. The extreme complexity of the subject is handled with perfect clarity, and the climaxes are placed with infallible skill. Even the remote and allegorical presentation of the Good Shepherd heightens the tension of the drama: without him the action would lack its deepest significance. The dramatist has succeeded in making his characters live as individuals, while they derive a higher vitality from the complex network of human and divine relationships in which they are involved. For great plays do not deal with men and women as isolated phenomena—they deal with the links that bind them together and the antagonisms which force them apart. In "The Saint and the Sinner" Tirso de Molina has found an almost perfect theme on which to base his investigation of these patterns of relationship, and by introducing God as a third party Who is no less redoubtable because He is invisible, he has succeeded in the creation of the most original and the most profound triangular situation in all drama.

THE SUBMERGED VILLAGE AND OTHER POEMS,

by JAMES KIRKUP. Oxford University Press, 7/6.

THIS VOLUME CONSISTS for the most part of poems written since the publication of Mr. Kirkup's first collection in 1948. It contains a long poem, "The Last Man," and a number of shorter poems remarkable for their variety of subject matter.

Imagery can be used in a great many ways; Mr. Kirkup is familiar with most of them and exploits them with considerable ingenuity. He is a master of the combining and transposing of different types of images as in these passages from "The Ship" and "The Submerged Village" respectively.

"With its spread sails wide
as its narrow shadow-shoulders,
the sunlit tree, up to its neck
in earth, stands like a leaf-shrouded mast
upon the pointed ship of long,
bright grasses, the shape,
anchored in the centre of the field,
the plough's sweeping current must divide for."

"... With dumb yawns the gloomy fishes glide, and flash
like flocks of silent starlings through the trees too full
of tears for weeping..."

The result of such complexities, and there are many less restrained examples, is that the poems are not always easy. This, of course, is not in itself an objection. But if the poet is difficult he must at the same time be tantalizing or we lose heart in the attempt to unravel what must surely be meant for more than music. We need a lively surface to attract us to the deeper meaning. The danger, of course, is that we may be content with the superficial attractions but even this is better than that we should stop reading. Mr. Kirkup is seldom tantalizing. There are contrasts of ideas which should be striking but somehow fail to shock one into awareness, usually, I think, because of some weakness in the choice of words. On the other hand, Mr. Kirkup's anxiety to communicate sense, though not necessarily *literal* sense, leads him to neglect

the sound. In this respect my first quotation is more characteristic than my second. Mr. Kirkup gives the impression of being intrigued, rather than excited, by his ideas, and then of being intrigued by the method of expressing them. In consequence I too often found myself neither excited nor intrigued; it was all too cool and damp, insufficiently worked, perhaps, or recollected in too much tranquillity. So Mr. Kirkup is most successful when he is most simple and direct. For music and sensitivity I recommend "Meeting with a Stranger" and "Narcissus"; for pleasant irony and a texture reminiscent of that of Donne, "The Photographic Mirror"; and for the vivid conveying of an atmosphere or an idea, some of the poems inspired by paintings.

The writing of poems "after" particular paintings is dangerous because the reader who is familiar with the paintings is likely to have formed his own interpretations and associations and so to regard poems about them as superfluous extensions. Besides, such a poem may be an interpretation, a description or a wholly new object which simply uses the picture as a source in the way that other poems use natural objects, and it is usually difficult to tell, from the poem alone, which is intended. Yet these different intentions demand different attitudes from the reader. Mr. Kirkup has six poems inspired by specific pictures or by the general quality of a painter's work, poems which I take to be describing and interpreting and which meet with varying success. He sees, though he fails, I think, to convey or achieve either the fantasy and wonder of Marc Chagall or the decision and ethereal clarity of Giovanni di Paolo. On the other hand, "A Company of Fools" is among the most satisfying poems in the book, perhaps because Cecil Collins is a literary painter whose thought can, in some measure, be translated into words. Mr. Kirkup deals admirably with the dominant idea of the "Fool" who, because of his great innocence and deep understanding and sensibility, is rejected by, and rejects, the sophisticated world of politics, science and hollow convention.

This touches the kernel of Mr. Kirkup's "message." It asserts the importance and validity of the artist's individual

vision—and he undoubtedly has an artist's eye and mind. If the reader fails to see things as Mr. Kirkup asks him to this may be the fault of the poet's technique or, on the other hand, of the reader's refusal to take sufficient trouble. But without resorting to conventional ideas or techniques Mr. Kirkup might issue the striking challenge or sound the beguiling music which would encourage us to take this trouble.

P.A.

★ ★ ★

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Both groups and individuals are welcome: organised parties are arranged for climbers, but groups can make their own arrangements if they wish. Nailed boots are essential. The centres are open from Easter until September. Fuller details are given in the illustrated booklet "Summer Holidays". You may also be interested in Holidays Abroad—the booklets "Holidays Abroad" and "Holidays Abroad off the Beaten Track" will help you. Write for these booklets to Dept. DJ.

THE HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP

142 GREAT NORTH WAY, HENDON, LONDON, N.W.4

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