Book Reviews

FRED HOYLE. *Ossian's Ride.* (Heinemann, 1959, 15*s.*).

Mr Hoyle's second ' scientific romance ' is an exciting narrative that at times recalls the work of John Buchan. Less science-fictional than ' The Black Cloud ', and more of an adventure novel, it tells of the sudden rise in the early 1970's of a rather sinister and fabulously powerful industrial organisation in Southern Ireland, centred in that part of Co. Kerry where Ossian once rode. All efforts by Intelligence to penetrate the mystery fail; until Thomas Sherwood a brilliant young Cambridge graduate is sent to investigate. The book is in the form of a report by Sherwood on his activities. Such literary devices as this are usually irritating but here it is less so than usual, and the power of the dénouement is accentuated rather than diminished by its use.

This is an exciting story skilfully told and in an original setting. I cannot see that anyone would not enjoy reading it.

C. A.

J. B. BEER. *Coleridge the Visionary.* (Chatto & Windus, 1959, 30*s.*).

The kernel of this book is a study of the salient imagery in three poems of Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner, Christabel, Kubla Khan.* This occupies chapters V to VIII. I to IV discuss Coleridge's major intellectual interests—for example, mythology, mysticism, metaphysics. IX assesses his achievement. In the preliminary discussion we are introduced to certain myths and symbols that fascinated Coleridge, such as the lost Shechinah, Isis and Osiris, Cain, the Serpent, and this discussion prepares the way for interpretation of the imagery in the three poems.

Dr Beer is doing something different from J. L. Lowes in *The Road to Xanadu.* Lowes examined Coleridge's reading only for the poetical material it contained. Dr Beer argues that Coleridge did not read books simply to get ideas for his poetry, but in pursuit of his major interests. Lowes assumed that the images Coleridge came across in his reading were stored up in his subconscious without any organizing principle. Dr Beer argues that in most cases there was a conscious organizing principle, related to his major interests. Thus Dr Beer's book is an attempt to get inside Coleridge's mind and expound his poems vicariously from the point of view of their author. To do this he has steeped himself in Coleridge's own writings, published and unpublished, and in much of Coleridge's own reading. Whereas Lowes sometimes ridiculed Coleridge's interests, Dr Beer to a certain extent shares them himself and can expound Coleridge's thought with sympathy and understanding. Not that he is uncritical, but he suspends criticism during his exposition and only expresses it in the last chapter —forcibly enough; for example:" Coleridge's philosophy as a whole..... consisted of a long series of attempts to impose theories on an experience which refused to fit them, and his vision of himself as an inspired genius was a pitiful delusion." (p. 279). None the less, Coleridge, he maintains, is important for his attempt to bridge the gap between " Reason and Imagination ". If the book's general argument is accepted, it follows that this attempt reached a climax in 1797, Coleridge's twenty-fifth year, the

year in which the three poems were composed: " the *annus mirabilis* is the centre not only of his poetry, but of his thought. During this brief period, the creative ecstasy which he enjoyed embraced his thinking as well as his emotions " (p. 41).

Dr Beer sees all three poems as variations on a single theme—the fall of man. 1. The Mariner's killing of the Albatross is an image of the fall; his blessing of the water-snakes ' unaware ' an image of reconciliation; his vision in the middle of Part V a vivid, though transient, experience of redemption, which causes him on returning to ' his native country ' (i.e. to himself) to feel a sense of separation from everyday experience. 2. Christabel and Geraldine, the dove and the serpent, image the disharmony of fallen man. Although the poem is unfinished, some kind of reconciliation is foreshadowed by Christabel's unconscious taking of Geraldine's evil into her own nature. (A reconciliation, perhaps, also implied in the Gospel injunction " Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves "?) 3. Kubla Khan images fallen man trying to regain the happiness of paradise. His failure to do so is apparent in the menacing images of the second stanza. But the third stanza (" The shadow . . . . . caves of ice ") harmonizes the first two, and " in the last stanza, there is a vision of paradise regained: of man revisited by that absolute genius which corresponds to his original, unfallen state " (p. 267.)

This account would not be complete without a specimen of the kind of argument Dr Beer uses to support his thesis. To the question " What does the sun symbolize in *The Ancient Mariner* ? " he replies by quoting four of Coleridge's verses from elsewhere

> Whene'er the mist, that stands 'twixt God and thee
> Defecates to a pure transparency,
> That intercepts no light and adds no stain—
> There Reason is, and then begins her reign!

and comments " The Sun remains unchanging as a symbol of the divine Glory. Psychologically, it is the divine Reason in mankind, which the unenlightened understanding of the guilty experiences only in the heat and wrath of conscience. When, in the ' vision ', therefore, the Mariner sees it in its true glory, it is because in that brief period, his understanding is transfigured. In the act of seeing the true sun, it partakes of its qualities, and becomes Reason " (p. 168).

Though not all his arguments are as persuasive as this—occasionally they are over-involved or too tenuous—as a whole his thesis carries conviction, and he makes it certain, or at least highly probable, that Coleridge himself thought of the inner meaning of the poems in these terms.

It will be seen that Dr Beer is concerned with interpretation, not literary criticism. But he sometimes passes over the vague boundary between the two in order to make a critical judgement. One of the most interesting of these judgements concerns *Christabel*. " I am inclined to think " he writes, " that Coleridge had set himself an insoluble problem in the poem as we have it. He had, in fact, raised the problem which is involved as soon as we ask how innocence can ever redeem experience. The problem is not peculiar to Coleridge: it runs through the whole of Victorian literature, and remains unsolved " (p. 195). Despite this he puts the poetry of *Christabel* in the same class as that of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*. I cannot help feeling that he is wrong here. *Christabel* has dated badly. Sir Leoline, Geraldine and Bard Bracy are characters as phoney as their names, and too often in the poem one gets a whiff of bogus Gothic:

> Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
> Me, even me, a maid forlorn.

However, even if true, this does not affect the cogency of Dr Beer's exposition. He has written a very remarkable book. Has any previous interpreter penetrated quite so far into Coleridge's labyrinthine mind ?

A. G. L.

Johniana

THE following extract is reprinted from the review, in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 13 February 1959, of an Exhibition of Cambridge Calligraphy, held in the University Library in the Spring of 1959:—

> Official letters, written by the University or colleges to the King or the Chancellor of the University, were the subject of especial care; and in them a series of Cambridge scribes brought to perfection the " ceremonial," or pointed, italic hand. Richard Croke, Fellow of St John's, wrote a decent humanistic hand in the earliest exhibit, a letter to Henry VIII dated 1 February, 1526, but by ten years later the University's letters were written by a scribe, perhaps Ascham, in a nobly regular black official script which persisted, with certain refinements, for the rest of the century. To Sir John Cheke, Fellow of St John's and later Provost of King's, must go the credit for the introduction of several improvements to the traditional italic script. Cheke had original ideas on Greek pronunciation and spelling reform, and his influential role in sponsoring certain new features in handwriting is quite in character. Among many examples of his hand exhibited is a long inscription in the copy of Hesychius's *Dictionarium*, 1521, which he gave to his favourite pupil, Roger Ascham. It is likely enough that Ascham owed his own splendid handwriting to his master's example. In 1544 Ascham claimed that for twelve years he had been employed as the writer of official letters for the University, and he in turn influenced a third Johnian, Bartholomew Dodington, Professor of Greek. Dodington wrote an exquisite ceremonial hand, one of the most remarkable features of which, in Mr Fairbank's view, was its consistency over a long period (1562-1590).

Book Reviews

COLIN BERTRAM. *Adam's Brood (Hopes and Fears of a Biologist).* (Peter Davies, 1959, 21*s.*)

Most people are unconcerned about population trends and food resources. Mankind's future is consequently imperilled. So the author's purpose is to create concern and understanding, especially among potential leaders. His easy-running exposition, with many forceful passages, brings neither substantial new information nor much critical appraisal. But its vivid insistence on matters of deep human feeling, will at the least catch the attention of the general reader. Any who have given thought to the issue will find plenty to quarrel with.

In the optimally populated world of the author's vision and even in our present over-crowdedness, living things and their environments offer the highest aesthetic and intellectual satisfactions. These satisfactions may be drawn, however, only through biological education which is no less imperative for a comprehension of the food and population problem. Intriguing recollections from the author's travels in polar regions, the Arabian coasts and the Antipodes come into his ample dissertation on the pleasures biological knowledge can bring. Enmeshed in dissections of enjoyment, however, they tend to lose effect.

Apart from the gross menace of population increase there are the horrors of local over-crowding. " I can see no density-dependent influence for good that might foster, educate or encourage the inhabitants of cities as they grow from 10,000 to 1 million or even to 10 millions ". All the force and feeling with which this is urged are no doubt needed if people and governments are to be stirred. An examination of principles for coping with these excessive concentrations might have been expected from a scientific writer.

The discussion on food is a foundational weakness. Some of its miscellaneous notes are scarcely relevant, others doubtfully accurate. Its great failing lies in the unattested central declaration: " the best calculations available suggest that over two-thirds of all the people in the world suffer from a diet which is inadequate in quality or quantity or both and that the deficiency is clinically observable in the individual ". Here again, perhaps, public conscience cannot be stirred by authenticated fact alone. But in this gruesome issue greater scientific certitude has now become a pressing need. Apart from a number of special types, clinical signs of " undernourishment " are very difficult to define: so, too, are minimal and optimal food needs, especially in the case of amount and kind of protein. Food standards have been proposed for some large tropical communities which, with the greatest possible agricultural improvement, would be far, far beyond the resources of their land and climate. This book would have had much more scientific weight if the nature and seriousness of our present deficiencies of nutritional knowledge had been competently explained.

War, disease, starvation on the one hand and on the other expanding production of food will play their parts, but only in contraception is the author able to find any hope of averting global calamity. In using this agency unflinching selectiveness must be assured. Though " well meaning

equalitarianism run mad " is evident in the holding back of the able by the weak in schools and universities, men, like any animal species, are born unequal.

Fewer people in the world would, therefore, be but a part solution: " each generation must provide the finest children—those genetically with the best potentialities ". Admittedly " precision " in detecting potentialities would not be possible, but a few generations of selective breeding would unquestionably elevate a nation's quality. At this point the author would have done well to re-examine the genetic consequences of selective artificial insemination of dairy cows.

Selective breeding is imaginatively conceived. One normally born child to each marriage and after that A.I.D. births, the D-stud possibly being picked by popular election—that is one vision of a better world. But as livestock show, controlled breeding is tricky and in this case popular choice might be misguided (an earlier passage warns us that " in large degree most people are by no means rational ").

No one will regard the speculative extremes the author allows himself in dealing with contraception as merely imaginative play. They show the appalling degree of sacrifice of personal freedom which, to him, may be required to save the world from yet worse horrors.

Readers of whatsoever view, or with no view, on world food and population will be moved by this book to interest, to annoyance or to further pondering. For by its energetic thrusts and the assortment of minor positions dealt with on the way to the main objective, it effectively accomplishes its intention to stir up thought. As he was writing, the author must have asked himself what would happen if China, decided for (or against) birth control. Since then the rulers of its 700 million people (+ 34,000 a day) have decided that more power through more people is to be preferred to higher standards of living and that the increasing number can be fed: and a Peking Professor has, reportedly, been dismissed for having argued that China's over-population is an obstacle to progress.

F. L. E.

Demi-Paradise. By JASPER ROOTHAM. London, 1960, Chatto and Windus. pp. 208, 1 plate. 18*s*.

Cyril Rootham came up to St John's in 1894 and after a brief period as organist of Christ Church, Hampstead, and St Asaph Cathedral, returned to College in 1901 as organist. Seven years later he married Rosamund Lucas who survived him and is still with us as the dear friend of so many Johnians past and present. Their only child Jasper was born in 1910 and still lives near Cambridge although now he is one of the four officials in the Bank of England described as ' Advisers to the Governors '.

In *Demi-Paradise,* we learn first of Jasper's childhood in Cambridge, his schooldays at Tonbridge, his days back in Cambridge as an undergraduate in his father's old College, and his travels abroad as schoolboy and undergraduate. In 1933 we find him taking the decision as to his adult career: ' academic life, which offered, seemed too easy and too pleasant ', apparently his training and background caused him ' to look askance at politics ', and he funked ' the profession of literature which was my Everest '. He entered the Home Civil Service and in seven years saw service in the Ministry of Agriculture, the Colonial Office, the Treasury, and No. 10 Downing Street. Because he believed, when war broke out, that to fight was right, and his conscience told him ' that whatever the rules said, an unattached bachelor in excellent physical health, however reserved his occupation,was natural cannon fodder ', he resigned from the Civil Service and joined the Army. Of some part of that career which ended with Colonel Rootham

in the Army of Occupation in Berlin he has given us an account in his *Miss Fire,* which was a chronicle of the British Mission to Mihailovich in 1943-4. We end this present book with Rootham and his wife standing at the end of the war in the snow on the top of Moel Siabod: this story rests fifteen years ago.

To write one's autobiography is always an exercise in deception. One must deceive the readers because there are things in one's life too precious, too sacred, too vulgar, too scandalous, to write about. One must also deceive oneself, and create the *persona* one believes in, one wishes to believe in, and hopes the public sees and believes, rather than write about the self which only the sympathetic and maybe loving observer knows, and oneself perhaps never. By these commonly applied and cruel tests Jasper Rootham emerges well. He acknowledges the public deception by self-imposed limits: there is nothing intensely personal in this book—not even what we look for at once, a clearly etched portrait of his father—and, as he says more than once, " in accordance with the general rule of this book, no name of a living person finds a place." This, very naturally, deprives us of a great deal, although it may well make the author's passage through the Clubs and Colleges and promotion-lobbies of the world easier in the years to come. One has to choose the right moment when to write honestly about one's contemporaries, and many wisely leave it until they are dead.

But it would seem that Rootham has included himself in this rule of not writing about living persons. What we are given is his *persona.* Of his own sincerity we can never be in any doubt, even if his passion in life for England and the English seems often too establishment-wise to bear, and if some of his moralisings and generalisations (e.g. ' Life is the practice of the possible ', (p.123); ' There is evil and there is good, there is suffering and there is joy, but happiness, meaning the secure possession of good, is an illusion ', (p.207); ' life is an exceedingly worthwhile kind of mixture between a crusade and a surprise packet ', (p.11) still remain embarrassing even if read, silently, alone. The *persona* is that of a middle-class Englishman, Tonbridge and St John's, the Civil Service, the Bank of England, and the Army, who approves strongly of classical studies, believes ' that religion is not bogus ', and that England is the best place on earth—that it is, in fact, ' this other Eden '. As Sir James Grigg says in his preface to the book ' how very unfashionable ': but how Dr Thomas Arnold would have re-echoed Grigg's phrase " and how refreshing!".

The *persona* does not do justice to the subject and fortunately, the real self peeps out often—in Rootham's sensuous love of hot baths after a rugger match, in his deeply appreciative and perceptive delight in music (Bach ' the greatest man who ever lived '. and Carl Nielsen ' the equal and possibly even the superior of Sibelius '), his picture of bachelor London before the war, and his many amusing anecdotes like that of meeting fifty Red Indians ' in full feathers and war paint, with tomahawks dangling from their belts ' on Hamburg Station platform. Jasper Rootham should not really have funked the profession of literature, and indeed with two books to his name he cannot really say that he has done so. In creative imaginative writing his real self may emerge in more sympathetic and accurate portraiture than the conscious portrait given us in this book.

Any book of fiction or record about a man in his late forties is uninteresting unless it describes at least one of the major crises of that man's life. It would appear to an outsider that one of the great problems of life which Rootham had to deal with was what to do when war broke out. He skates far too easily over his decision to leave the Civil Service and join the Army, and here the character painting is very blurred. Those men of Rootham's generation and mine who were forced in 1939-40 to decide whether to

continue as civilians or join the Armed Forces had much then, and now, to think about. A great deal of the work in the Armed Forces was indistinguishable from that in the Civil Service: I suspect that the pick of the Open Civil Service Examination were not, and are not, in the best interests of the nation, ' natural cannon fodder '. Rootham does far less than justice to this change in his career, and seems to have forgotten, what he believed before and is re-iterating in 1960, namely, that the Civil Service " is just as much one of the services of the Crown as the armed forces—the only difference between it and them being that it is necessarily on active service all the time, whether in peace or war " (p.155). Perhaps here we see the ambivalence of the whole book—the dichotomy of *persona* and self. What may have happened in 1940 is that the self was identified with the *persona:* the curiously difficult writing of the last few pages suggests that this identification is not now complete, and that the man of approaching fifty is looking back with too conscious a sentiment to his youth and upbringing. Eden, and demi-paradise, are where and when and what we make them.

GLYN DANIEL

Foundations. The report of a Committee [under the chairmanship of H. J. G. COLLIS] appointed by the Council of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools. (I.A.P.S., 1959, 2*s.*)

The British type of preparatory boarding school is an educational form unique in character, though the conception of that character presented by authorities such as Alec Waugh, Nigel Molesworth (assisted by Ronald Searle) and the regrettable T.V. series of an alumnus of this University, is even less representative of the 500 or more schools belonging to the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools than is the Rugby of Tom Brown's Schooldays of the present day public school.

The intimate, family, atmosphere of the preparatory school, small in size as it is, the friendly interest in boys as individuals and the ethical and social training undertaken, which are possible only when boys are living the greater part of their lives at school, are wholly admirable features. The academic curriculum, dictated by the requirements of the Public Schools Common Entrance Examination, is an ambitious one with its addition of Latin, French, Algebra and Geometry to the usual primary subjects, and general standards of teaching, aided by the advantage of small classes and supervised preparation, have improved with the rising level of salary scales and, consequently, of the academic qualifications of staff.

" Preparatory ," it is natural to ask, " to what ?" And herein lies a problem, for whereas almost all their pupils once went on to the public schools of their parents' choice, nowadays an increasing proportion cannot do so, owing to the big increase which has taken place in the preparatory school population since the war, through the extension of places for day-boys, unmatched by a corresponding increase in the capacity or number of the schools to which they are traditionally preparatory, and which, taking advantage of this situation, have been progressively raising their entrance standards. For an increasing number of preparatory school boys therefore transfer to maintained secondary schools can be the only answer, and it is not going to be easy for such boys to get a place in a grammar or technical school at 13, even if they are really suited to such forms of secondary education.

Add to this the willingness of many parents to meet the costs of 3 or 4, but not of 9 or 10 years' independent school fees and the rising educational and material standards of the County Schools, and the need for a re-appraisal

of the position of the preparatory schools in the general education system of the Country becomes apparent.

The variation in the age of transfer from the primary to the secondary stage under the two educational systems, the one independent and the other maintained by County and Ministry grants, is a further complication, at present resolved only at University level. How to make it easier for boys from maintained schools to transfer to independent preparatory and public schools, and for boys from preparatory schools to enter secondary grammar or technical schools, on the basis of present methods of selection, has for some time been exercising the minds of the Public Schools' Headmasters' Conference and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools (I.A.P.S.).

In " Foundations ", published recently, an I.A.P.S. Committee under the Chairmanship of an old Johnian, H. J. G. Collis, Chairman of the Association, has endeavoured to provide some answer to this difficulty so far as the preparatory schools are concerned, and at the same time, as its main object, to set out the outlines of the ideal curriculum, uncircumscribed by considerations of the present public schools' entrance examination, for boys of 8 to 13, the normal preparatory school age range.

In doing so they would appear to have been more successful in fulfilling the latter than the former of their dual terms of reference, since apart from a recommendation for postponing a start on Latin until the second year level at about 9½ plus, and dropping it altogether in the case of those who appear unlikely to benefit from it (a policy which is in any case arguable in its own right), the curriculum suggested for the age range 8 to 11 remains considerably different from that of the maintained primary schools, and a boy transferred to a preparatory school would still find himself at nearly as much of an initial disadvantage as he is at present. To achieve complete ease of cross-transfer at 11 plus, assuming neither type of school would accept the other's curriculum, the only solution would be a compromise far nearer the middle of the road than the curriculum the authors of "Foundations" have devised. At present the curricula of the maintained junior and the independent school are vastly different. The former is chiefly concerned with the subjects on which selection for secondary grammar, technical or modern schools at 11 plus is based, namely Language (English) and Arithmetic, and the latter almost entirely with the curriculum of the Common Entrance Examination, taken at 12/13, which includes also papers in Latin, French, Algebra and Geometry. Scripture, History, Geography, and in most schools some Art, Craft, Music and Physical Education may be taken as being common to both, except that the preparatory school boy is being prepared to take a Common Entrance paper on the Geography of the whole world, a Scripture paper on the whole of the Bible and a History paper on the whole of English history from 55 B.C. to the present, with little or no choice of questions. In the Procrustean bed devised by the Common Entrance Board of Examiners must be crammed, or stretched to fit, every boy whose parents place him in a preparatory school with the intention of his proceeding to a public school.

It is not surprising therefore that the main conclusion of the authors of "Foundations"', in their search for the ideal curriculum for the preparatory school, takes the form of a revolt against the present form of the Common Entrance Examination, which, especially since it is becoming more fiercely competitive as their pass mark is progressively raised by the public schools, is tending to turn the preparatory schools into " crammers " and to strangle the initiative and adventurousness which are the very stuff of education.

The broad terms of their definition of the curriculum to be aimed at are sound and progressive, without being revolutionary: the fostering of in-

tellectual curiosity of a broader and more leisurely nature than is dictated by the present examination syllabus; encouragement of boys to explore, to collect facts for themselves and develop their own powers of reasoning; and their more thorough training in the facility of expressing their own conclusions clearly, both orally and on paper. While acknowledging that it would defeat its own purposes by attempting to draw up a detailed curriculum, and that every school would have to provide its own interpretation of this philosophy of education in the light of its own circumstances, resources and staff, " Foundations " goes on to make its main recommendations. These are summarised as

a) A later start in Latin, and this subject only to be persisted with in the case of boys capable of benefiting from it. (French, however, to be started at 8).

b) The introduction of some elementary Science, with safeguards against a runaway reaction or any idea of early specialisation.

(c) More emphasis on English, at the expense of the traditional main subjects, Maths and Languages; also on Geography and Physical Education.

d) Fuller attention to cultural interests, especially music.

e) Greater flexibility in programmes, to fit the needs of differing boys, and the inclusion of occasional lessons on general subjects like Architecture, Heraldry, Meteorology, Surveying, Local Government, World Affairs and domestic repairs.

f) More integration between different subjects, and more correlation of English, Latin and French grammar and tense names.

In the sections on the teaching of individual subjects many sound ideas and useful suggestions are advanced, and although, as always happens when specialists are given their head, the problem of getting the quart of their recommendations into the pint pot of available teaching time limits the practicability of their full adoption, this part of the Report provides a fund of useful advice for those whose job it is to teach in preparatory schools.

" Foundations " has been well received by the educational Press and by the Headmasters' Conference. The extent to which its recommendations will be adopted by preparatory schools must, however, depend to a considerable extent *on* the Headmasters' Conference schools, since they will still call the principal tune by their entrance requirements. How far such adoption can facilitate more transferability between independent and maintained schools time alone can show. The transition would still remain difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's Junior School at 11 plus, but with present trends these would appear unlikely to prove as numerous as those going from the preparatory to the appropriate maintained secondary schools, for whom there would seem to be no real problem.

G. F. DARK

Book Reviews

GLYN DANIEL. *The Megalith Builders of Western Europe.* (London, 1958, Hutchinson and Co., pp. 142, 8 plates, 25 text figs., 18*s*.)

"Once as Patrick was travelling in the plains of the son of Erc, namely in Dichuil and Erchuil, he beheld therein a huge grave, to wit, a hundred and twenty feet in length. The brethren asking 'ut suscitaretur', Patrick then brought to life the dead man who was biding in the grave and asked tidings of him, namely, when and how [he got there], and of what race and what name he was. He answered Patrick, saying, 'I am Cass, son of Glass, and I was the swineherd of Lugar, King of Imata, and Macc Con's soldiery slew me in the reign of Coirpre Niafer. A hundred years I have been here today'. Patrick baptised him and he went again to his grave". (Life of St Patrick).

The Saint was a shrewd man. The questions he asked are precisely those which a modern archaeologist must ask—although the latter, with more science but perhaps less faith, would bewilder the poor corpse by addressing him in those weighty technical terms which cost Dr Daniel some twenty pages of explanation. Patrick was fortunate, too, in obtaining such unambiguous answers to his questions. More recent students have fared less well, and during the past fifty years, the problem of megalithic monuments has grown more complicated as our knowledge has increased.

No general study of the question has appeared in English since 1912 when T. E. Peet published his "Rough Stone Monuments and their Builders". The time has come to pause again and to consider for a moment what has been achieved during the intervening period, and to wonder what direction future researches should take.

This is what Dr Daniel's book sets out to do. It is not primarily a work of research—although much scholarship has gone into it—but is intended rather as "a short summary of some of the facts and ideas about megaliths in western Europe".

The first section of the book describes the different types of megalithic monument and explains the various classifications which scholars have applied to them. The next four chapters consider in greater detail the collective tombs of Northern Europe and Iberia, the Western Mediterranean, France, and the British Isles. In each of these chapters Dr Daniel begins by describing the tombs and their contents, then summarises the views held by other writers before finally revealing his own preference.

It is in this part of the book that the expert will find most to criticise. The work first appeared in 1958, and in the past two years, new evidence has been accumulating. For example, few scholars, and Dr Daniel least of all, would still maintain the low dating given in this book to the British Neolithic cultures.

In a book of this length, compression is unavoidable—contrast, for instance, the 220 pages of argument in the same author's recent work on the French tombs with the meagre 16 pages allowed to him in this little book. In presenting a general outline, Dr Daniel is forced to state his conclusions baldly because the full intricacy of the argument is beyond the scope of his book. Many experts will disagree with him on points of detail, but this book is for the non-specialist as well, and he will welcome the uncluttered treatment of the subject.

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable section is the last one which contains Dr Daniel's own personal credo. The regional studies provide the groundwork for his analysis of the whole question of the arrival and diffusion of megalithic tombs in Western Europe.

It has been recognised for a long time that a family relationship exists between the regional groups of megalithic tombs in Europe. The tombs are all communal ossuaries, and share so many features of construction that Fergusson, in 1872, could write, "the style of architecture to which these monuments belong is a style, like Gothic, Grecian, Egyptian, Buddhist or any other". Peet in 1902 thought that the style was carried to different parts of the world "by a single race in an immense migration or series of migrations". Today the idea of a "megalithic race" is out of favour. Hyper-diffusionist theories are regarded with suspicion, and the part played by the native peoples is more fully realised. The problem is now considered in terms of stimulus and response, the stimulus coming from the more advanced cultures of the Aegean and Near East.

Dr Daniel's conclusions may be briefly summarised. Collective-tomb burial was practised in the Aegean in the third millennium, in contexts earlier than can be proved for collective burial in artificial tombs elsewhere in the Mediterranean and European world. From this area the burial rite diffused throughout the West. Most of the early Aegean tombs were artificial caves cut into the rock, whereas in the West the tombs were made of large stones and stood on the ground surface. The author argues that the transformation from rock-cut to megalithic tomb architecture was made independently in Malta, Southern France and Iberia. In each of these areas the development followed slightly different lines. In turn, these groups acted as secondary foci, responsible for the spread of the burial rite and tomb-type to the more distant parts of Europe where further local development took place. Due credit is given to the ingenuity of the various native European peoples, but Dr Daniel stresses that the ultimate inspiration was Aegean and Eastern.

It is a pity that there was not space in this book for a more detailed consideration of this Aegean material, perhaps at the expense of the detailed classification of monuments (some of which, like stone circles, menhirs, and henges, do not reappear in the chapters of discussion).

The value of this short book lies in its attempt to interpret the problem as a whole. Of necessity, detailed arguments have been simplified—although not distorted—and the worth of the book depends on the validity of its general conclusions. Dr Daniel has put forward his interpretation: the onus is now on other scholars to prove him wrong if they can. Two years after the writing of this book, no challenger has yet stepped forward.

W. M. B.

N. R. Hanson. *Patterns of Discovery*. (Cambridge University Press, 1958, 30*s*.)

The rapid growth of scientific knowledge and the power of the "scientific method" have provided much stimulation for philosophers interested in the nature of learning and knowledge, and its relation to language. Such studies have used what may be called "philosophical" methods of analysis and investigation in the consideration of such concepts as fact, and hypothesis, and their integration into the corpus of scientific knowledge. For the most part the emphasis in this work has been on determining how these concepts are used, or their relationships once they have been formulated; little attention has been paid to the difficulties of discovering or inventing these hypotheses. This problem of discovery is one that can be investigated either with an emphasis on the mechanism that produces the hypotheses,

when, for want of a name, it might be called physiology or psychology, or with an emphasis in the products, i.e. the theories or hypotheses, when it is usually called philosophy. Hanson's book uses this second method to make some interesting suggestions on the limitations that make scientific discovery so slow a process.

The first part of the book is a useful account of the usage of such terms as fact, theory, causality, and their relation to observation and language. Like the rest of the book it is informative, instructive and simply and clearly written. It contains two extremely good essays, one on Galileo's contribution to the laws of motion, and another on Kepler's work on the orbit of Mars. These two accounts show how much science can be learnt from a study of the history of a concept, and that there is no clear-cut distinction between "History" and "Philosophy" of science. This part of the book acts as a preparation for the discussion of the present status of "microphysics" and a consideration of the nature of the discoveries that have been made in this field. It is in this second part that Hanson shows how much discovery is limited by the creation of new concepts and not entirely by experimental techniques or present theory. One attraction of Hanson's suggestions is that they apply equally well to such subjects as genetics or the discovery of bacteria. In each field some new concept was created, that was not contained in the language and experience of the time; one can feel the same sympathy for Mendel or Pasteur, as Hanson's book arouses for Kepler and Galileo.

This book can be recommended for anyone who wants to understand something of the nature of scientific research; for philosophers who want to analyse science, and for anyone who wants to improve an elementary knowledge of physics, the style is refreshingly simple, and in many places is a reminder of Hanson's style of lecturing, particularly in one passage describing the possible conversation between two philosophers:—

"The resultant discussion might run:
'Yes, they do.'
'No, they don't.'
'Yes, they do!'
'No, they don't!.....'"
Though this is not the argument of the book!

M. G. P.

George Maxcy and Aubrey Silberston. *The Motor Industry*. (Allen and Unwin, 1959, 25*s*.)

Mr Silberston and his collaborator have given us a book which is likely not only to become a standard work in its field but also to serve as a model for other industry studies. A very large amount of information is compactly and readably presented and analysed in such a way as to cast light on the subjects that economists are interested in: demand, costs, competition, distribution, finance, and profits.

The central part of the book is that which deals with the structure of costs in the industry and the nature of competition in it. It is shown that, contrary to common belief, overheads are not a particularly high proportion of costs in the motor industry. This helps to explain the absence of any intense short-period price competition, since the gain achieved by working nearer to full capacity would not be enough to compensate for the reduction in profit margins that a price-cut would involve. The authors provide an interesting analysis of the reasons why the dominant form of competition between motor manufacturers is "price-model" competition, meaning by this a state of affairs in which the manufacturer's aim is usually to produce a better-selling model than his rivals at a price within the range accepted

as appropriate for that class of car. Less frequently, he may decide to launch into an entirely new price-quality range. The theoretical tools used by the authors to analyse these problems of cost and competition are mostly of the traditional type, and might be criticised by some as too static; but their use is vindicated by the convincing answers they yield to the questions at issue.

One of the difficulties experienced by the authors in drawing inferences about likely future developments in the British motor industry was that the period they covered (up to the middle of 1957) included only a comparatively small number of post-war years in which trading conditions were in any sense normal. The early post-war years were dominated by extreme scarcity conditions, and the experience of the inter-war period, though by no means irrelevant, is now too remote to provide a firm basis for predictions. Since the book was written, there has been an increase in car sales far larger than the authors (in company with other informed opinion at that time) forecast. This has been followed by a severe falling off, so that we are as much in the dark as ever about the rate of expansion that the industry will be able to maintain. It seems plain that its growth will be rapid, but it also seems likely that this growth will be punctuated by substantial fluctuations, even if the economy as a whole is reasonably stable. It remains to be seen what effect this will have on prices and on the structure of competition in the industry.

R. C. O. M.

P. Vergili Maronis Aeneidos liber quintus edited with a commentary by R. D. Williams, Oxford, 1960.

This edition is a neat and careful piece of work, based on good sense and wide learning. Mr Williams has collected for the benefit of students of Virgil a body of information on Aeneid 5, on Virgil's style, language and metre, and on Latin usage, which, though for the most part to be found elsewhere, is not readily to be found in any one place or in so concise and lucid a form. Most of what Williams has to say is to the point and helpful. He shows a thorough, but discriminating, knowledge of earlier work, a precise understanding of Latin, and a sober appreciation of Roman poetry. His commentary is certainly the best available on this book of the Aeneid.

The introduction, which seems to me sensible and judicious, is concerned with the purpose of bk 5 within the whole poem, the description of the games, the character of Aeneas, the composition of the book, and its discrepancies with other parts of the Aeneid. The text printed is that of Hirtzel's edition, but Williams would prefer a different reading or punctuation at 112, 238, 279, 317, 326, 349, 486, 512, 768 and 776. In 112, 279, 317, 326 and 768 I think he is certainly right against Hirtzel, in 238, 349, 512 and 776 probably right, in 486 probably wrong.

The commentary as a whole is a model of precision and accuracy. The treatment of metre is particularly good, though I think that Williams is inclined to attach too much importance to effects of metre and sound. The notes on syntax, idiom and vocabulary are usually very instructive. In a few (e.g. 56 *equidem*, 87 *terga*, 406 *longeque recusat*) fuller or clearer information might have been given. The value of citing Servius merely to "give a picture of his merits and defects" seems questionable and such a note as that on l.258 *virtute* could well be dispensed with. Those interested in the merits and defects of Servius may read Servius. At l.15 we should be better able to judge whether Stat., Th. 7 88f. is a "decisive parallel for Servius' interpretation," if Williams had explained what the passage means. At l.206 *inlisaque prora pependit* does not mean "the prow, stove in, hung

out of the water". At ll.317-8 the new punctuation of Sandbach and Williams is a great improvement, but *simul ultima signant* remains difficult. Neither interpretation is supported by a precise parallel for the use of *signare*. Williams' judgement of textual problems seems to me sane and justifiably cautious. As an interpreter he is acute and discerning, not inclined to read into the text more than the text justified or to see hidden significance or allusion.

There is little in this book which merits criticism. I hope that Mr Williams will produce other similar editions of books of the Aeneid which are still in need of a reliable commentary.

F. R. D. G.

Book Reviews

EDWARD MILLER. *Portrait of a College: a history of the College of Saint John the Evangelist in Cambridge.* (Cambridge University Press, 1961. 18*s.* 6*d.*)

'The imminence of the 450th anniversary of the college's foundation', Mr Miller records in his preface, 'persuaded the council to invite me to survey once again the history of the college.' The Council's confidence has been amply justified. Mr Miller, by his new history, has conferred upon the College and upon all Johnians a benefit that will long outlive the anniversary it was written to mark.

Mr Miller has accomplished much more than the words from his preface might seem too modestly to suggest. He has done much more than survey again what had been surveyed before. The College has, indeed, been exceptionally fortunate in the printed records of its past, Thomas Baker's *History*, expanded to many times its own length by the almost inexhaustible material supplied by its editor, J. E. B. Mayor, Mayor's *Early Statutes*, the volumes of *Admissions* edited by Mayor and R. F. Scott, the smaller histories of J. B. Mullinger and of R. F. Scott, H. F. Howard's *Account of the Finances*, the chapters on the College buildings in the *Architectural History* by R. Willis and J. W. Clark, C. C. Babbington's account of the old chapel, the memorial volume of fifty years ago, reminiscences of members of the College, and not least *The Eagle*, now extending over more than a century and providing a storehouse of contemporary record, of biography and reminiscence, and of documents, above all R. F. Scott's long series of 'Notes from the College Records'. Mr Miller has laid all these and many other sources under contribution; but his purpose and achievement are new—a social and educational history of the College in the wider context, not merely of the University, but of the movements and influences of the four and a half centuries of its continuous existence. To have achieved this is to have achieved something not before attempted. And in illuminating the history of the College by setting it in this wider context he has also made a contribution to general history by illustrating, from the history of St John's, the contribution of our ancient Colleges to the life of the nation.

Both Mullinger's *St John's College* (1901), in the series 'College Histories', and R. F. Scott's *St John's College, Cambridge* (1907), in the series 'College Monographs', have long been out of print. Each made a contribution to the history of the College, the latter in particular, in spite of its brevity, revealing its author's unrivalled acquaintance with the College records and his interest in biographical detail. But neither entirely supplied what members of the College need, a history sufficiently detailed and domestic to be intimate, yet placing the College in its context of the national life. This Mr Miller has provided, and no-one else could have provided it as well. All Johnians will be grateful to him, not least, as time goes on, those who, as undergraduates or research students, want to learn more of the heritage they come to share.

The story moves uninterruptedly, the outline is clear and well-proportioned, and the narrative holds, indeed absorbs, the attention, especially perhaps, as it should, in the most active periods of the College's life, the sixteenth and early seventeenth, and the twentieth, centuries. The main trends and developments, for example the growth of the tutorial system

from the later seventeenth century onwards, or of the 'supervision' system in recent times, are clearly brought out; but everywhere there is interesting detail to illuminate or support. Moreover, the history is brought down almost to the present day; and this itself is an original achievement; for the history of the last century, which constitutes a large part of the College's life, has not before been told continuously.

The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the concise notes collected at the end (happily classified by pages and not by chapters). They not only show how firmly the narrative is founded on evidence; they will enable those who wish to do so to go to the sources themselves.

A tribute must also be paid to the University Press. As a piece of book-production the volume is a delight. And the first copies were in the hands of the College at exactly the moment in its four hundred and fiftieth year that had been desired.

The book concludes with an eloquent exposition of the conception of the College—of its past and of its future—made influential in its affairs by Ernest Alfred Benians, first as Tutor and then as Master, to whose memory and to that of H. P. W. Gatty, the book is dedicated. Benians gave expression to this conception on a number of occasions, but more expecially in two sermons at Commemoration, in a lecture in the Hall on John Fisher, and in an address, also in the Hall, to Education Officers, in which he recalled the Cambridge he had known over fifty years; and these are duly recorded by Mr Miller in his Notes. A characteristic sentence may be added from one of them: 'Our inheritance is also our debt—not to the past but to the future'. Amongst the attractive illustrations in the book, of persons and of buildings, surviving and lost, is a photograph of Benians taken in 1933. This is a welcome addition to that in *The Eagle*, No. 212. To those who were his pupils, it will recall the eyes that used to greet them as they came into his rooms, A 10, New Court.

J. S. B. S.

GILBERT PHELPS. *The Love Before the First.* (Heinemann. 18*s.*)

What is there about our Alma Mater to account for the fact that inside so many Johnians of such different persuasions there should be novelists not merely crying to be let out but actually alive in the chilling climate of criticism? From Daniel, the detective, and Hoyle, the science fictioneer, to Davies, the symbolist, (not to include Raphael, the diarist, who perhaps should be separately classed with Beaton, the autobiographer), the College is represented in most kinds of modern fiction. The Harper-Wood Studentship, it is true, has helped in the cases of Raphael and Sutcliffe; but clearly there is more to it than the enlightened patronage of that discriminating body of academicians, the College Council; the swans of St John's are clearly literary birds; and not all of them geese. However, it is one thing to write a successful novel and another to be an accomplished professional author; and this Gilbert Phelps has shown himself to be. In his latest novel "The Love Before the First", he combines a mastery of technique only approached by Hugh Sykes Davies in "Full Fathom Five" with a true sensibility such as Peter Sutcliffe achieved, in a more youthful, limited way, in "Richard Blake". In this story of eighteen months of family living as experienced by a small boy, he has managed to create for us a universe which, though childlike in its means of conveyance, is adult and profoundly moving in its implications.

The novel is about the affairs of two related families sharing the same threadbare house, No. 20 Majuba Rd, in a west country town just after the end of the First World War: a world in which livery stables are giving place to bull-nosed Morrises and customary country ways to motor bikes

and short skirts. It suggests the persistence of an older hugger-mugger family life and loyalty against the intrusion of bankruptcy and the War; but these circumstances are not there for social significance; they are a true medium for characters, for parents, aunts, uncles and neighbours, all vibrating with idiosyncracy and bounce, all deftly drawn by a writer with an eye for detail, an ear for dialogue, a sense of situation and the humour which wells up from affection. There is plenty of incident, vivid and economical in the telling, especially Uncle Ernest's glorious failure to win the Denton Cup on Firefly and the theft of Aunt Cora's writing set from the miserly Great Aunt Gwen; and the adult plot consistently but unobtrusively revolves round the disruptive influence of that genial bounder, Uncle Hector, home from the War.

However, this is only one level of the story. Phelps' great technical triumph lies in making all the adult implications of his story clear without compromising the vision of the small boy, Alan. In this there has been nothing so effective in English fiction since L. P. Hartley's "The Go-Between". We are never far from the child's eye view, whether of roots, twigs and insects in the shrubbery hide-out or of the legs, human and furniture, and the linoleum of the living room. The *pointilliste* description of smells and sights, which gives such vividness to the whole, is that of a child experiencing them for the first time. It has a Proustian quality about it which immeasurably enhances the novel's impact. But the author's achievement goes beyond this. Unlike "The Go-Between", the child is not simply narrator. Alan and his little cousin Meg live their separate, secret existence shared only and in part by the teen-ager Molly who is movingly portrayed as half-child, half-grown-up. The real underlying plot of the story, which is only gradually revealed to the reader, is Alan's growing awareness of a bigger and more dangerous world beyond the den. We come to accept, without our credulity being strained, that in eighteen months Alan has grown and that with Meg's departure, as the families split up, an episode of his life is at an end. It is an episode satisfyingly defined by the title, "The Love Before the First".

F. T.

The Limits of Love. By FREDERIC RAPHAEL. Cassell, 1960. 18*s*.

Dear Paul,

The last time I saw Tom Wallace he told me about your autobiography, which I have just been reading with very great enjoyment. It's easily your best book so far, and I'm not surprised that it went into three editions within six months of publication.

For those of us who knew you well when you were here the book naturally has a special interest, not only because we have enjoyed seeing what you think of your life and times, but also because so many of us appear in your pages. It was kind of you to thank the Master and Fellows on the fly-leaf, and wise and just of you not to claim that all the incidents, characters and places are purely fictitious. The book gives a fuller and in many respects more accurate account of Cambridge than you and your collaborators offered in *Bachelor of Hearts*.

So far as I know, nobody is thinking of bringing a libel action, although some people's pleasure at being painted is tempered by anxiety about the prominence of the warts. Tom is not altogether happy about his portrait. The Caesarian salute and the extra-curricular interests are both drawn without the subtlety you have shown elsewhere in the book.

For my own part I'm well content. In the Whitehall scene towards the end I'm made to look pretty foolish, but then so are you, and in any case that is one of the very few fictitious bits. The Scholars' Dinner is well done,

in lively and mostly authentic detail. I think some of the clever remarks you give me were not mine originally, but I hesitate to set my memory against your diary after all these years. My style of conversation is brought nearer to that of the cardboard dons of *Bachelor of Hearts* than is desirable in this more ambitious work. But the risks were so great that a few scratches are nothing to complain of.

Mr Wrightson has every right to be pleased; we all think you've hit him off very well. The University Bureau and Mr Page are unlikely to be enthusiastic, but they know what to expect by now.

I'm told that people who were with you at St Benedict's are just as much interested in the book as we are, even if they don't like it so much. Still, if Julia is happy about it all, why should they or we mind?

We're all looking forward to your next. And by the way, if you want to take part, "in impeccable prose", in any of those philosophical controversies you mention in the touching passage on page 293, please don't hesitate.

Yours ever,

Thornton Ashworth.

P.S. Some of the Press Opinions on the dustjacket are as good as the best bits in the book. The *Bulletin and Scots Pictorial* ("these are real people coping as best they can with real situations") spoke truer than it knew. But surely Peter Forster is trying to get a cart to drag a horse in that *Daily Express* piece about the characters walking out of the pages into life?

T.

The Useless Land. By JOHN AARONS and CLAUDIO VITA-FINZI. Foreword by GLYN DANIEL. Robert Hale Limited. 18*s*.

"The Useless Land" is the account of a winter spent by four newly graduated Cambridge men in the Atacama Desert of Chile and in the neighbouring parts of Bolivia. The authors do more, however, than tell us of the Expedition alone, for they paint a complete picture of this, perhaps the least well known and most arid of the world's deserts. From the Conquistadores to Darwin and the modern American geologists and mining engineers, travellers in the Atacama either praised the supreme beauty or rushed from the uncompromising ugliness of the landscape. From John Aarons and Vita-Finzi there comes a real feeling for this, the greatest of contrasts in the desert setting. They succeed in giving us some idea of the subtle beauty of the Atacama, not just as any desert, but as a very exceptional desert which differs in so many ways from the better known ones of the Old World.

Whilst the book sets out to sketch the achievements of the Expedition, a good deal of more precise information does emerge on the archaeological work which played so large a part in its programme. This, perhaps the most fascinating part of the book, gives the desert a new dimension. The Atacama is seen not as a useless land but as a peculiarly difficult environment in which a whole succession of Indian groups have lived their specialised lives for many centuries before the Inca Empire. These ancient inhabitants, mummified by the aridity and buried in the dry sand with their pots and stones, are no less interesting than the cosmopolitan archaeologists and less devoted grave robbers who search for them today.

The well worn questions which relate settlement and the possibility of more humid climates in the past here seen in so unfamiliar a setting become vital and fascinating. They are however no more burning than the questions of national prestige and the personal rivalries which exist among the archaeologists gathered around the figure of Father Le Paige

and his great collection of Atacama remains. In this setting of archaeological tension the rather less professional Ingleses encountered many difficulties and a great deal of enthusiasm and good humour as compensation.

The inhabitants of the Atacama rival the desert as a source of variety and interest. As well as the archaeologists, reputable and disreputable, the Useless Land contains the army of successors to the sand buried mummies. There are the natives whose blood and hair the Expedition somewhat diffidently collected for ethnic studies, the police who should be waved at cheerfully but otherwise ignored, the wandering prospectors, Vicuna hunters, the gatherers of Llareta, a peculiar plant growing on bare rock at great altitudes, which provides the desert's only native fuel, and finally the piratical lorry load of miners who never went near a mine.

All these, with the fascinations of the Atacama itself, its eroded hills, volcanoes, geysers and salt encrusted lake flats, make "the useless land" a place as interesting to the armchair traveller as to the would-be explorer. To the last, however, this book is something of a handbook, for we learn not only of the expedition, but of the birth of the idea and of the planning behind it. The marathons of letter writing, the inevitable misunderstandings which arise from a correspondence across a language barrier and several thousand miles of ocean, and the mysterious workings of the elusive Latin American Consulates, are all described. From these descriptions there emerges the value of the initial assumption that all will be well on the day, and the feeling that patient good humour must surely be the crucial virtue in any expedition organiser. It is this humour which pervades the whole book and allows the authors to laugh so infectiously at all their many misfortunes, and more especially at those who stayed behind and took a more serious view of the whole business; a view epitomised by the local paper's headline "Bucks Man probes Earth's most barren spot". It is this humour which makes the "Useless Land" so eminently readable a portrait of the Atacama Desert.

M. G. C.

Book Reviews

ROBERT SOMERVILLE. *The Savoy. Manor: Hospital: Chapel.* (The Duchy of Lancaster, 1960. pp. xiii and 277).

In his most recent book Sir Robert Somerville has left the general for the particular. We are already indebted to him for a scholarly history of the Duchy of Lancaster down to the beginning of the seventeenth century; and here he traces the history of one small portion of the Duchy's property, 'a district in central London that embraces half the Strand and is bordered on the south by the river Thames'. Within this district was a more restricted precinct where Henry VII founded a hospital to provide nightly lodgings for a hundred poor persons, but his arrangements were 'not for long, if ever, followed in all their fullness'. By the end of the seventeenth century no-one could remember when beneficiaries of the original sort were last given a night's lodging; it was during the civil war that the foundation began to be used as a military hospital; and in 1679 it was first used as a barracks. The hospital was dissolved in 1702, but the latter use continued until the building was destroyed by fire in 1776.

The history of the Savoy hospital is one strand only in this book. Another is the story of the hospital's chapel down to its final phase, beginning in 1937, as the King's Chapel of the Savoy and chapel of the Royal Victorian Order. Yet another is the story of local government in the area between the Strand and the Thames which came to be known as the manor or liberty of the Savoy. This franchise lying between London and Westminster took shape as a result of accumulation of property by the earls and dukes of Lancaster during the middle ages, and was not absorbed into the city of Westminster until 1899. For many generations it was a little enclave administered by its own officers and court. Their functions gradually passed to other agencies; in 1940 the court itself disappeared for a time; but it was revived in 1951, and every other year jurors are sworn in and the bounds of the manor are perambulated. The proceedings end with a luncheon at the Savoy hotel.

This is a splendid piece of local history, attractively written, beautifully produced and firmly grounded in the records of the liberty. It deals, indeed, with one of the more curious pieces in the mosaic of traditional local government, but its curiosity enhances rather than detracts from Sir Robert Somerville's account of it. It ought also to be added that he has peopled the liberty with humanity. There are people in general: the nobility who had town houses there in the early seventeenth century, and 'the tradesmen and a host of undesirables' who followed later. But there are also people in particular. They include John Wilkinson, an eighteenth-century minister of the Savoy chapel. He discovered 'a profusion of cash could be got from celebrating illegal marriages and died of gout on his way to serve a sentence of transportation. Then there is John Ritson, a bailiff of the liberty, who managed to be 'a spelling reformer, a Jacobite and an enthusiastic admirer of the French Revolution'; 'after years of vegetarianism, eventually (he) died of paralysis of the brain'. Dickens was perhaps less than just when he spoke of the Savoy precinct as a place which 'sleeps well through life'.

E. M.

JOHN FERGUSON. *Job.* (Epworth Press).

The Book of Job is one of the most typical of Old Testament stories. Eloquent, mystic and thunderous is the attempt of Jehovah to shake the faith of his subject; and on the rack of grandiose suffering the God of Wrath stretches Job until his mental and physical sinews show up in all the detail of Blake's engravings. Mr Ferguson takes a different attitude. He who manipulates Job is Satan, and the experiment of suffering is conducted clinically and prosaically.

But not throughout . . . and here lies the quarrel. In taking this resonant old Jewish parable, presenting it in the structural form of a Greek tragedy, peopling it with contemporary characters who think everyday thoughts, and combining biblical poetry with choral incantation and cosy chat, the author has taken a hefty bite of the apple. The mastication must needs be uneven, and while pockets of nourishment are uncovered here and there, theatrically the bulk is indigestible.

One cannot fault the conception, for to have retained Job's race in a Gentile world would have painted a different picture. No—here Job, conservative Job of the four cars and the five-figure income, is a sound Rotarian, an elder of both kirk and commerce who loses his money on the Stock Exchange and his offspring when a plane crashes on the Y.M.C.A. But while his background is consistent his speech is not. "I shall have to pawn my television set" matches strangely with "My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust." And the unevenness of writing persists. The Doctor finds Job's heart "as sound as a gong" but the sores are like a "pointilliste painting—painful, pusful, penetrating, protuberant, peculiar". With the sectarian Comforters Zophar and colleagues, Elihu cheapens philosophical advantage by the odd crack: "Vicar, you are a half-and-half, Zophar and no farther." The net yield is a hotchpotch of the "I'm a decent enough fellow" commonplace, the "never had it so good" cliché, and an abundance of the lyrical. Had God appeared in the cast list one wonders what lines he would have been given. The omission is perhaps wise. For in his latest play "Gideon" it takes all of Chayefsky's dramatic knowhow to create a God who is personal without being petulant. Mr Ferguson is no Chayefsky. Satan—with a sprightly hoof in both camps—he can handle. Theatrically one feels that God is beyond him.

Theatrical, however, is the basis of this criticism. Theatrically the time compression fails. The concertina of disasters proving eventually false alarms—a time compression which would be acceptable in a truly Greek drama form—is too quick, too artificial for dramatic entertainment in the church hall. But place it in the chancel—from which site, after all, mediaeval drama developed—and we need not criticise the drama. As a play this version of "Job" is wanting. As a dramatised sermon it is effective.

H. W.

Book Review

GEORGE WATSON: *The Literary Critics*—Pelican, 1962.

From Saintsbury to Wimsatt and Brooks we have looked for a history of English criticism that is sound without being over-weighty, provocative without being flashy—a contribution, in fact, neither too large nor too thin. Mr Watson in *The Literary Critics*, within the scope of a Pelican, states his case and convictions, adding to his well-known gifts of accuracy and scholarship (revealed in his editorial and bibliographical work) a turn of phrase, clarity and speed. It is an exciting book, dealing with a subject that can be notoriously dull.

The author limits himself to "descriptive criticism, or the analysis of existing literary works", as opposed to legislative and theoretical criticism. Stating his distrust in the "Tidy School" who see the history of criticism as a "story of successive critics offering different answers to the same questions", he sees a "pattern of refusal, on the part of the major critics, to accept the assumptions of existing debate". Before starting (with Dryden, as he must) Mr Watson allows himself a word on the too-frequently heard "no creation, so critic", ironically enough put forward most forcibly by Coleridge. With no trace of self-justification, this is answered by a glance at the names on the cover. Poets great and small have left the one for the other (Coleridge not least). Criticism is not inferior, but often a parallel activity, and always a "statement of experience."

The approach to each critic is direct. The questions as much as the answers concern the author. Passages catch fire and hold interest with strong opinion, and remarks, apparently over-simplified, yet conceal a firm grasp of the main point; of Dryden:—

> His achievement, ultimately, lies not in analysing much or in doing it well, but in providing the inestimable example of showing that literary analysis is possible at all.

and of T. S. Eliot, sceptical,

> The question sounds eminently reasonable, but remains unanswerable; what is revolutionary in the criticism of T. S. Eliot?

Running throughout the book this ability to turn a phrase and hit the nail enlivens the whole history (Hazlitt, we are prettily told "flaunts his own personality at the expense of his subject. He is the father of our Sunday journalism").

Rymer is soundly (finally, we hope) thrashed, Coleridge brilliantly treated, while Arnold and Eliot engage the author strongly. Henry James receives high praise—the clarity, economy, perception and uncompromising approach of the Prefaces stand, perhaps, as Mr Watson's ideal.

The central thread, however, is not lost sight of under the opinion. The search for the individual voice dominates, the main issue; moving into this century we have Eliot's evasiveness bitterly condemned, only the early years surrounding *The Sacred Wood* (1920) finding favour. Yfor Winters would not agree with me but surely Mr Watson's remark:—

> Altogether, his (Eliot's) critical career might have been planned as a vast hoax to tempt the historian into solemnities for the sport of Philistines

is a little unfair. It makes good reading, but over-shoots. F. R. Leavis, however, falls into perspective under a firm hand—it is balanced, mature, completely un-partisan. Empson, as with James, kindles affection.

One small habit tends to annoy. Each critic (for the sake of clarity, doubtless) falls just a little too comfortably into periods. Johnson's criticism, we find, falls into "four groups", James' into "three stages", and Eliot's into "three periods"—and more. To quibble, this is too tidy! Elsewhere, however, he steadfastly resists, reminding us in the last chapter:

> The terrain since the 1930's is unmapped, and must for the time being remain so. The subject is at best an untidy one, and every attempt to make it look tidy must suffer from some distortion and suppression of evidence.

References are excellent, and the index, thankfully, is not a potted substitute of the book. A useful bibliography follows the author's closing view that "a wise eclecticism is the best thing that could happen to our critical tradition".

The book is not the whole answer, but a spring-board. As with the "beam of light" in De Quincey's criticism, when Mr Watson is at his best the history of descriptive criticism engages our full interest —"we understand in some part how it came to be made". We may not always agree with the sane, occasionally sharp and sceptical voice, but the note of authority and stimulation is unmistakable; and it would be foolish to miss the challenging views.

J. B. S.

Book Reviews

The New Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XI. "Material Progress and World-Wide Problems: 1870-1898", ed. by F. H. HINSLEY. (Cambridge, 1962, 744 pages, price 40*s*).

THE latest volume of *The New Cambridge Modern History* covers the last thirty years of the nineteenth century and contains contributions by twenty-four individual historians, of which the first by Mr F. H. Hinsley of St John's attempts to provide an introduction to the problems and trends of the entire period. The construction of such a volume is ultimately an impossible task. The intricate and detailed history of mankind all over the globe during three decades simply cannot be crammed between the covers of one volume, even one of over 700 pages. The historian can do useful work of this sort only if he accepts the limitations of his reach and scope and if he is prepared to select the crucial trends or to discuss a few characteristic sequences of events by a judicious presentation of special cases. Yet even the selection of trends or topics presents difficulties. Must the contributors confine themselves to national entities or should they study events in terms of broad geographical areas without regard to artificial boundaries? What of those developments in a period, such as the changes in technology or educational practice, which have world-wide significance but irregular and varying incidence in different parts of the world? Faced with such problems, the professional historian might well be tempted to retreat to the safety and solidity of his documents and scratch the whole idea of a large survey as a non-starter.

Fortunately neither the University Press, nor the editor of the present volume, seem to have been frightened by the job, and both deserve credit for producing a book which is readable and, more important, necessary. It is, after all, a risky job to write history, but an inescapable one. There is only a difference in degree between the historical generalisation and the historical assertion based on detailed reading of documentary material. In either case the evidence, as the historian understands it, exists in his mind only, and timidity and an unwillingness to make the generalisation will merely produce dull and insignificant historiography, not better or more "scientific" observations. Men have a right to demand that the historian answer the sort of questions which they care about, and he can only do so by looking up from his documents and making assertions which he cannot always prove.

Not all the contributors have accepted this interpretation of their job, and it seems to me that those who have not have fallen below the standard set by the others. Some (C. H. Wilson on Economic Conditions, David Thomson on Social and Political Thought, Nikolaus Pevsner on Art and Architecture, A. J. P. Taylor on International Relations and F. H. Hinsley in the introduction) are what Mr Wilson calls "trend-minded" (p. 75). They have wisely selected a few trends in their respective fields and have followed the flow of the trends in a dynamic and flexible manner. The reader recalls afterwards a pattern of development in the article: the effect of the falling price level after 1873; the contrapuntal interplay between abstraction in art and functionalism in architecture; the dynamic interrelation of Marxian and Darwinian ideas. A second approach which produces equally successful results is what one might call the case study.

A. P. Thornton (Rivalries in the Mediterranean, The Middle East and Egypt), Charles C. Griffin (The States of Latin America), A. E. Campbell (The United States and the Old World), R. E. Robinson and J. Gallagher, (The Partition of Africa) offer in their respective chapters a general thesis more or less controversial, which they illustrate by specific cases or national comparisons. The reader recalls afterwards the main idea and static elements of proof in the argument. There are also the traditional studies of national histories, which are useful, if less unusual, examples of historical analysis, and which provide the reader with a good short history of Japan or France in the period covered by the volume.

Finally there are, alas, the failures: Trevor Williams on Science and Technology, A. K. Thorlby on Literature and A. Victor Murray on Education have attempted to tell the reader all about their respective fields and in doing so have left him with nothing. They are also, it may be noted, not historians, a fact which suggests either that history has its uses or that historians are better at writing history than non-historians. In either case, these three contributors despite their authority and great learning have not managed to impose a pattern on the material, and the reader is left with a bewildering array of facts.

Not the least admirable feature of the book, as of the series as a whole, is its price. The University Press are to be congratulated for keeping this enormous volume at the 40*s* level. To do so, they have sacrificed part of the academic apparatus, footnotes and bibliography, but they have not in any way departed from their usual standards of binding, lay-out or print. The index is excellent and will certainly make the volume very useful to the student. I should like to see a companion to the volume issued separately, containing the notes to the text and the bibliographies of the contributors, especially of the contributors from overseas. It would be useful to see which books the German professors, Schieder and Conze, recommend or which volumes M. Néré regards as the best recent works on French history. The companion could, perhaps, be issued as a paperback to keep the cost down and would be of great interest to the professional historian and student.

J. S.

The Achievement of E. M. Forster. By J. B. Beer. (Chatto and Windus, 25*s*.).

Professor Beer's approach to Forster is analytical rather than evaluative. He very rarely ventures to estimate whether one novel is better than another; he devotes all his attention to tracing the development in Forster's work of certain themes, which he sees as logical ramifications of one central proposition. This is, that the most important thing in life for a man is to be true to himself by the exercise of the imagination, which is a fusion of the impulses of the head and heart. To fail to achieve this fusion, or to ignore the moments of insight in which it occurs spontaneously, or to follow the promptings of either head or heart to the exclusion of the other, is to become "muddled". Beer sees the development and exploration of this theme as Forster's great achievement.

In the first chapter, this proposition is related to Forster's background and upbringing; a chapter then follows on the short stories and each of the novels, each, basically, demonstrating how this theme appears under new conditions and in a new complexity. The culmination, says Professor Beer, is *A Passage to India*, in which the theme reaches its greatest complexity and its most successful statement, and, in a sense, leaves Forster with nothing more to say. The book being constructed on such a definite line, it is clear that its success depends on its showing that the line is con-

tinuous through all the novels, and central to them, and secondly that *A Passage to India* does present the required culmination by gathering between two covers the pith of the previous novels. Unfortunately, it seems to me, in neither of these respects is the book quite satisfying.

For the first point: the test seems to me to be how much Professor Beer's account of each novel leaves unaccounted for. When dealing with *A Room with a View* and *The Longest Journey*, for example, his exposition seems to be, within all reasonable bounds, exhaustive: in tracing out his themes, the author seems to have comprehended the core of the novel, and the same goes for his examination of the short stories. But when reading about *Howard's End* I felt that to concentrate attention so exclusively on Professor Beer's theme was inadequate, and appeared to compress and foreshorten the novel too much. This was particularly noticeable in his remarks on Leonard Bast (he refers to him as an "intractable gurd") who, he finds, will not blend in with the pattern of the novel. Perhaps so, in his account; but taking the book as an arraignment, almost, of the life of culture and "personal relationships", his presence is as necessary on the one side of the picture as Henry Wilcox's on the other.

And most important of all, the chapter on *A Passage to India* fails to provide the necessary keystone to the structure. This is a much more complicated book, and Beer fails, to my mind, to place it convincingly on the line on which he has laid out all the others. His account of it hardly squared with my recollection of it, with the result that I found it confusing reading, and gathered that he had practised some kind of rearrangement on it to fit it into his pattern, which disjointed its complexity. For the sake of tracing the continuity between the novels, Professor Beer has, to varying degrees, limited their autonomy.

His book is, in fact, a scholarly overhauling of a major writer, on familiar lines, and in a disappointingly familiar style. This kind of thing is nearly always unsatisfying, but, on the other hand, it does lead one to consider one's own interpretations; the chapter on *The Longest Journey* is particularly clarifying. It is worth working through, just to get to grips with Forster, who is such a disarmingly easy writer to read that that is all one generally tends to do.

D. P. P.

The Idea of Prehistory. By Glyn Daniel. (C. A. Watts, 15*s*.).

In 1956 Dr Glyn Daniel gave the Josiah Mason lectures at the University of Birmingham, on the subject of *The Idea of Prehistory*. They are now published as a book, with little change. Rather over half the book is devoted to giving an account of the history of prehistorical studies; the remainder to the discussion of certain very general and, in some sense, philosophical questions and ideas which occur or have occurred to prehistorians, together with questions like "Why is prehistory so popular?" The division is naturally not at all rigid, since the topics largely overlap.

Historians tread a narrow path indeed. If they stray too far in one direction they find themselves accused of being boring chroniclers intent on the mere agglomeration of facts of little consequence and less interest, whereas to venture another way leads to the charge of speculation, also "mere", of going beyond the known facts and, inevitably, of bias. Prehistorians, it seems, run particularly grave risks. Evidence, in a sense, abounds. In this country and many others man is surrounded by prehistoric monuments, and may at any time unearth a tool or weapon made before writing was invented or metal worked. Yet without written records it has proved

extremely hard to advance with real justification beyond the collection and description of such curiosities. It has consequently always been very easy to lapse into unjustified guesswork or total despair.

Dr Daniel reminds us of the sheer difficulty with which our present conception of prehistoric man has been wrested from the material remains. The progress has been achieved by men with new techniques and new ideas, together, no doubt, with a certain amount of good fortune and a great deal of patience. Many of the ideas we now take for granted. Every schoolboy knows about the stone age, the bronze age and the iron age—it is, of course, not nearly as straightforward as that—yet the adoption of such a simple classification and the picture of the past it carried with it marked a notable advance from the time when learned men despaired of any justifiable classification and of any picture which had more than a remote chance of being right. Even intellectual despair, moreover, seems a step forward from the methods of those who attributed everything to "Danes, Romans, Greeks, Trojans, Noah and Japhet, Israelite tribes, Phoenicians, or Druids", to people named in history or in holy writ. There are plenty still with us who have failed to take such a step.

Progress demanded not only the emergence of new ideas to fill an acknowledged vacuum, but also that the power of accepted ideas should be overcome. Often, too, new ideas get out of hand. Mid-Victorians were accustomed to regard their own civilization as the acme, and the past as the ladder by which it was reached; but prehistory, like history, can only be distorted when viewed through self-flattering spectacles. There are such obvious historical examples of decline that it is platitudinous to say that not all historical events form a single ladder of progress. Yet theories of cultural evolution have been carried to an extreme which completely disregarded the possibility of a parallel truth about prehistoric times. Dr Daniel gives many more instances of the pernicious effect of what Professor Wisdom calls "habits of talk and thought". Some, borrowing almost unconsciously from geology or anthropology, think too rigidly in terms of "epochs" or "races". Others ask, and offer simple answers to, questions like "When and where did Civilization, or Agriculture, begin?" The word "agriculture" can disguise distinctions and may lead the prehistorian impressed by the formal connection between the cultivation of rice in India and China, of wheat and barley in the Near East and of maize and squash in South America to be tricked by the bill that writes them all alike into the assumption, either of a common origin in space, or of universal laws of parallel cultural development.

Dr Daniel is critical both of those whose speculations go beyond what is justified and of those who stick doggedly to their beakers and sherds, but the former are his chief victims. Nothing he has to say against the school which thought a sherd of decorated pottery worth all Herodotus can compare with his round denunciation as "academic rubbish" of the diffusionist theories of Grafton Elliot Smith, once a Fellow of St John's. We doubtless have need in all disciplines of those who are prepared to speculate, but it is in general a tendency to be checked rather than encouraged, almost the besetting sin of the seeker after knowledge. Just as sweeping and unsupported conjectures as to the nature of matter and of the universe existed long before the first decently constructed experiment, so wild theories abounded about the prehistoric past long before the first clod was turned on a respectable, "scientific" dig. Dr Daniel evidently and rightly has a special place in his heart for General Pitt-Rivers, who, for his meticulous technique and records alone, deserves to stand as the symbol of a

great change. Here was a man magnificently capable of recording archaeological facts without attempting to interpret them, in detail meaningless to himself but not to those who followed.

This emphasis is balanced by a plea for a broader kind of prehistory which accepts the responsibility of trying to relate knowledge of the distant past to knowledge of the comparatively recent past, and to the concerns of the present. Yet how a book could be filled with lessons drawn from prehistory by a scrupulous prehistorian it is hard to imagine, since "the unfortunate fact that must be faced is that prehistoric archaeology does not tell us so much of what we want to know as historians of man about man's early life." Almost all that is known is restricted to material culture. A hundred years ago the effort to assimilate the simple fact of the extreme antiquity of man may have been enough to cause a revolution in men's thinking about themselves and the world. Dr Daniel believes that this fact is still, more than any other single thing, the contribution of prehistory to modern thought. Yet it is a thin moral to draw that "man is very old, and . . . the present with its ideological conflicts, its threats of destruction by nuclear warfare on the one hand and by overpopulation on the other, is not necessarily the end of existence." Not many suppose such a necessity. It is the possibility which is sobering, and which is, if anything, made more so by the antiquity of what is in danger.

Dr Daniel is, however, entirely convincing when he combats the "lessons" drawn by those more prejudiced, less scrupulous or less well-informed than himself, whether Nazi or Toynbee. *The Idea of Prehistory* should bring the general reader fully to appreciate the importance and to sympathise with the vehemence of what, at a recent Cambridge meeting, Daniel said to the Arch-Druid.

M. R. A.

South Africa 1906-1961: *The Price of Magnanimity*. By NICHOLAS MANSERGH. (George Allen & Unwin: paperback 9*s* 6*d*, cloth 15*s*).

THE policy of Apartheid made South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth inevitable. The Republic, at the time of its creation in 1961, faced growing opposition from British public opinion.

Fifty three years before, when the United Kingdom Government controlled the whole area of the present republic, it decided to grant independence to the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. Were its leaders unaware of the probable course of events: or did they ignore the possibility of the present situation?

Professor Mansergh concludes that they did indeed understand the probable results of their actions, despite the complexity of the situation. His book is a study in historical and political analysis; but its scope is much wider—it is a study in morality, a "balance sheet of Imperial policy in South Africa".

The Liberal Party which acceded to power in 1905, shortly after the end of the Boer war, was led by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a generous and farsighted man. The war in South Africa had not been creditable to Britain. It was Bannerman's courageous charges against the British Armies' "methods of barbarism" that opened the way to peace; and his faith in the future of the country made Anglo-Boer reconciliation possible.

Suspicion and fear pressed for a tight control over the defeated Boers; in 1906, Lord Selborne predicted that, if freedom were granted, then a Boer dominated Republic would be formed, and would leave the Empire. Generosity and faith pressed for the immediate return of self-government

to the defeated Boers; this was a calculated risk. Winston Churchill advocated that England should give with courage and distinction, what would otherwise have been jerked and twisted from her hands.

The generous nature of Bannerman's policy won over his opponents; the reconciliation that was then possible led to the creation of the Union of South Africa, a miraculous recovery from the wreckage of war.

The faith was rewarded—for a while. Then a narrow outlook gradually gained control: the memory of concentration camps and burnt homes lasted longer than the memory of generosity. Men of vision and faith were let down by those that followed: sectionalism and fear remained. Afrikaner cohesion, and English political indifference, resulted in the imposition of Afrikaner control on the country; their flag, anthem and intolerance dominated. The hoped-for unification of the races foundered on their different characters.

In an even more disastrous way, the Union was founded on disunity: for the Non-European peoples were left subservient. The United Kingdom government was well aware of the problem: the treatment of the Bantu was claimed to be one of the reasons for the war against the Transvaal. Yet their rights were signed away at the Treaty of Vereeniging. This action was ratified when the British Parliament passed the Act of Union in 1909. Ramsey MacDonald said "I am convinced that the intention is that never, so far as man can secure 'never', will the native man, the coloured man sit in the Parliament of United South Africa."

The House chose not to wreck Union on the question. Such unpleasant difficulties did not seem important, compared with the quality of the achievement of Union. There were various safeguards; and the government (which had other troubles on its hands) hoped that from confidence would flow strength and enlightenment. Instead, the pass laws, land-ownership restrictions and work restrictions were extended to the whole land. The basis of the Union which had been ratified, was division.

The ideals which men hold (for example in the United Nations Charter) are often incompatible. In South Africa, it was impossible to reconcile the humanitarian aims of the Liberal Government towards the Non-Europeans, with the policy of generosity (in returning their self-government) to the Boers.

By the time the Act of Union was passed, freedom of action had been all but lost. The difficulty of reimposing Imperial authority made the choice almost inevitable: the Government chose to realize at least the one ideal and thus also released themselves from quite a few worries.

The author makes convincing his case that the Liberal Government acted from considered generosity, and not merely expediency. He illustrates the great influence of this magnanimity: Indian national leaders became convinced that the British Government believed in the idea of self-government, so that reliance on violence to achieve that aim was both ill-advised and unnecessary. In Ireland and India, final settlement was made with the South African precedent in mind. The principle of generosity established in South Africa opened the way to the Commonwealth.

Professor Mansergh also indicates some of the cost of this generous action: the loss of freedom in South Africa, with the Afrikaner nationalistic outlook gaining domination. He does not, however, show that this should really be blamed on the "magnanimous gesture". It certainly was a result of it; but surely it would have been the result of any other conceivable policy adopted? Despite its colonial rule and less extreme settlers, Rhodesia has yet to solve the same problem. The facts on which the policy foundered—the intransigence of Afrikaner nationalism, and the group prejudice of man—would have remained, no matter what policy was adopted.

While it is difficult to concede that any different course of action could have changed the long-term problems, except perhaps in the Cape, it is certain that the formidable short-term problems would have been left unsolved. A pro-German Boer populace would have been a grave menace in 1914.

The cost of magnanimity will be known: it is only fair to account for some of this cost as inevitable.

This book is an expanded series of lectures, originally delivered in Nova Scotia; the readability has suffered in transcription from lecture to book form. (Continuity could be improved by incorporating some of the footnotes in the text.) This is a criticism only of form; the content is thought-provoking in the context of present-day Africa. The study of the question of South Africa's self-determination clarifies understanding of the same problem throughout Africa in today's more urgent setting.

Afrikaner Nationalism has now attained victory in its own eyes; will it have enough courage to grant independence to the Bantustans? Such an act will be very much like the act of magnanimity discussed by Prof. Mansergh: it will only be possible by overcoming many fears, and will seem very generous to those acting. To some of those affected it will seem like the beginning of a partial restoration of rights.

G. F. R. E.

Radical Alternative. Edited by GEORGE WATSON. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21*s.*).

MR Mark Bonham Carter informs us that "there must exist a credible alternative government which can step in and take over the administration at any moment. By a credible alternative I mean a body of men, backed by a policy which is known to their supporters and accepted by them. Judged by these standards the Labour Party does not represent such an alternative. It is not a credible but an incredible alternative." Intelligent radicals should therefore dedicate themselves to the Liberal cause. Within a few years the Labour Party, wedded to irrelevant dogma and exhausted by internal strife, will obligingly disintegrate. With the extremists isolated, some men will recognize that hope lies with the Liberals, whereupon a wave of popular enthusiasm will sweep Mr Grimond from the Orkneys to Downing Street.

Unfortunately for this dream, the Labour Party shows no sign of being consumed by a political death-wish. Thanks partly to the persistent efforts of Mr Gaitskell to turn it into the kind of radical and responsible alternative government envisaged by Mr Bonham Carter, and partly to the complete collapse of Tory policies, it is now regarded by the electorate (if not by Mr Bonham Carter) not merely as a credible alternative but as a probable government. Unless the pundits and pollsters are confounded, Labour will shortly be returned to power with a substantial majority. It is this fact which makes *Radical Alternative*, a collection of essays written by members of the Oxford Liberal Group and edited by Mr George Watson, seem politically unimportant.

The book is interesting, however, for two reasons. In the first place, it goes some way towards refuting the charge that the Liberal Party is an opportunistic party which lives on popular dissatisfaction with the other two. Amid much thinking which is cautious, naive or wishful, a number of new ideas do emerge. Secondly, it reveals with startling clarity the fundamental dilemma with which Liberals are faced. To what extent can a party which calls itself Liberal and which has a traditional belief in laissez-faire and individualism tolerate state interference in the social and economic life of the nation? At what stage does enlightened planning become rigid

authoritarianism? Should people have the freedom (if they already have the money) to contract out of the state educational system and send their children to private schools? Is it undesirable to give the central governments wide powers to regulate the economy? None of these questions is satisfactorily answered. Mr Peter Wiles, for example, in his pungent essay on the Economy and the Cold War, sensibly remarks that "laissez-faire is less efficient than we think. It is a late nineteenth-century truism that laissez-faire cannot protect the poor or establish social justice." He adds that Marxism should not be absolutely rejected and that we should absorb what is best in the Communist system. A substantial degree of state interference is socially and economically beneficial. But the sanity of this attitude towards the Cold War and domestic politics seems irreconcilable with his earlier statement that "we are in a competition with something thoroughly evil that will never relent and that will prove irreversible if it once wins." The positive nature of Mr Wiles' economic views would doubtless be regarded as dangerously socialistic by Mr Watson Eltis, who writes on Growth Without Inflation. Mr Eltis believes that a high rate of economic growth is not immediately necessary, that a proliferation of controls would be catastrophic, and that a Liberal government should give the very highest priority to "the aim of protecting the British people from certain kinds of economic disaster."

He acknowledges, in a remarkable understatement, that the money mechanism "does not produce very good results if it is not interfered with at all, as the unemployment of 1920-39 shows"; but he nevertheless believes that it will, with a gentle shove here and there, prevent unemployment, inflation and the perennial balance-of-payments crises. He gives no indication that a Liberal government would undertake long-term economic planning, the necessity of which is now recognized even by the Tories. The reader is left with the unmistakable impression that if Mr Eltis were Chancellor of the Exchequer, Britain's stop-go economy would grind to a halt.

The educational system, however, would unquestionably improve if Mr A. D. C. Peterson were in control. He feels unable to advocate legislation to abolish the public schools—but such legislation would not be forthcoming from a Labour government either. The public schools should be substantially democratized by offering a third of their places free of tuition fees and with their boarding costs reduced to the same level as those in maintained grammar schools. If they fail to adopt this scheme, the state should withdraw from them those privileges which they now enjoy as recognized partners in the national pattern of education. Secondly, the whole educational system should be centralized—partly because of the incompetence and inertia of many local authorities, and partly because it is absurd that the pattern of secondary curricula is largely determined by the requirements of departmental or college entrance committees, who are accountable only to themselves.

Not all of Mr Peterson's recommendations are novel. But they are expressed with a forthright certainty which sharply accentuates the deficiencies of most of the other essays in this book. Where they hint at palliatives, he offers remedies, where they equivocate, he makes definite recommendations. They leave the reader unsurprised that the Liberals are drawing more support from disgruntled Tories than from those who have usually voted Labour; he makes it seem just possible that the Liberal Party will raise itself from the dead and become again a real force in British politics.

M. C. C

Book Reviews

Carmina: MCMLXIII. An anthology of Latin Verses in the metres of lyric, epigram and comedy. Edited and produced by H. H. HUXLEY. (Privately printed and obtainable from H. H. Huxley at the Department of Latin, Manchester University, Manchester 13. 15*s*, postage free in Great Britain.)

"THIS too I bid you", said Apollo to Callimachus, "not to walk the waggon-road nor drive your chariot in the wake of others on the broad highway." *Carmina: MCMLXIII* is as recherché a volume as even the fastidious Alexandrian poet could have conceived in obedience to his divine supervisor: Latin poems in the minor poetic forms and metres. The twenty six contributors, dons and schoolmasters, are craftsmen of a high order; they bring to their work not only profound Latinity but also, many of them, poetic sensibility—especially Guy Lee transmuting de la Mare and A. S. F. Gour recreating in Latin one of the most glorious ancient English carols. Anyone who reads with pleasure the English poetry of the present generation and feels in tune with their passionate pursuit of *curiosa felicitas*, their distaste for whirling words, their discipline, formality, point, pun and epigram, will derive the same kind of satisfaction from the elegant and eloquent Latinity in this tiny book, which uses once more for creation a poetic language and tradition with very similar genius and character.

Noli flere tuos versus quos, docte Catulle,
abstulit infectos mortis amara dies;
Carmina nam condunt longinqua sede Britanni
vix (tibi credibile est?) deteriora tuis.

J. A. C.

A Contradiction in the Argument of Malthus. By F. HOYLE. (University of Hull, 1963. Pp. 22.)

THOSE familiar with Professor Hoyle's versatility—and who is not?—will not be surprised that he chose for his St John's College Lecture to the University of Hull a topic outside his normal professional field. His ingenuity and fertility of ideas make the lecture entertaining reading. Professor Hoyle deploys his ideas mainly from first principles, uninhibited by reference to the literature of the subject (the unwary reader might infer from the references he does make that the only worthwhile contributions to thought on population since Malthus had been due to Sir Charles Darwin and Nevile Shute).

If I have understood his argument correctly (and I am not sure that I have), it can be stated like this. As Malthus showed, increasing population tends to reduce output per head, because of shortage of land. This ever-increasing shortage of land can in principle be offset, however, by ever-increasing technical knowledge and capital accumulation. The rates of technical progress and capital accumulation are themselves a function of the standard of living, because ill-fed people are incapable of initiative or effective organisation. At a low standard of living, the Malthusian pressure dominates, and population is pressed down to subsistence. But above a certain crucial level the forces of progress are strong enough to offset the pressure, and living standards can continuously rise. This crucial level we have already reached in the Western world.

Professor Hoyle then goes on to his own positive contribution. He believes that very high numbers *will* lead to a collapse, and a precipitous one at that; not because of starvation, but because the numbers themselves will lead to a breakdown of social organisation. After the collapse, there will be a gradual recovery, and the process will be repeated in a series of very long cycles. The social nature of the collapse gives the recovery process a particular character. During the period of disorganisation following the collapse, intelligence and social adaptability will be necessary for individual survival. Selection will therefore take place, and after a number of cycles "the ultimate outcome . . . . will be a highly sociable, highly intelligent creature".

These speculations are no less plausible than most of the others that have been put forward from time to time. And, as Professor Hoyle says, they are certainly more interesting.

R. C. O. M.

Afterthought

PERFECT and rounded was your name
As sharp as paper's edge, as fragile too—
This stutter of unfeeling keys
Dispersed your image and curtailed the view.

Though I can mouth the shapeless vowels
Of an affection as diffuse as mine
The tone of moments I can't imitate
Or redescribe by any line.

The colour of your ways escapes
From any retrospective eye
Yet still a definite form remains
That, colourless, does you imply

So tactile were your looks and sighs;
They crumble at the fingers touch
Into a grey and formless phrase.
Were these the shapes that said so much?

Except I coax the words again
Around a summer of warm thoughts
That memory alone cannot retain,
The contours of your joy shall merge
And drown in an amorphous plain.

N. K. PARKYN.

Book Review

The Hungry Archaeologist in France. By GLYN DANIEL. (Faber and Faber, 1963. 30*s*).

THE archaeologist loves deeps—of the past and the earth; if he is Dr Daniel, he loves the depths of a good bottle of wine or a large pie almost as much. This book testifies to both his pleasures, or perhaps I should say to all his pleasures, for though the joys of prehistory and the table get their full measure, a third theme of rejoicing in the pleasant land of France itself runs quietly but persistently through the work. The title, in fact, felicitously reflects a triple allegiance, which should quickly attract shoals of sympathisers into the author's net. They will not be disappointed. The present reviewer has seen an oil-sketch of Dr Daniel standing at a *déjeuner sur l'herbe* tasting, with incomparable panache, some agreeable white wine (one would guess, a Muscadet, subject of a long paean on page 29). The book has all the *brio* of the picture: need more be said? Perhaps, for novices or the uninitiated, a little more.

The Hungry Archaeologist, then, is a revision and expansion of Dr Daniel's earlier (1955) work that he called (invoking the sacred shade of Henry Adams' masterpiece) *Carnac and Lascaux.* It is a mixture of archaeology and gastronomy, and full of practical information about both. From its pages the reader can learn by what routes it is easiest and most agreeable to get to the painted caves of the Dordogne or the megaliths of Brittany. He can learn the prices of meals and the relative virtues of hotels. He can discover the meaning of the phrase *ami des routiers*, and what books, both gastronomic and archaeological, will most help him to enjoy and understand his experiences in France. Dr Daniel is fond of describing the books he likes most as indispensable: his own equally deserves the adjective, not least on account of the maps (by Mrs Daniel), photographs, drawings and sketches which illuminate all the topics discussed.

And these are, besides victuals and drink, some of the most remarkable prehistoric monuments in the world. Dr Daniel has conferred a benefit on the race by publishing this book. At no stage does one lose the sense of having an exceptionally agreeable and well-informed companion at one's side on a rewarding holiday. Whether it is the authenticity or otherwise of the Rouffignac paintings (Dr Daniel plainly states that he *thinks*, and lets it appear between the lines that he is *sure*, that it is very much a case of otherwise) or probing the mysterious purposes of the Carnac cromlechs and alignments, the tone of great learning lightly borne never falters. Nor does he confine himself to discussions and explanations of the monuments themselves: he is equally ready to give us the history of their discovery, a theme almost as fascinating as the other. What would one not give to be the first to blunder into a new Lascaux; or set the first spade into the turf concealing another Troy. By such visions, I suppose, are archaeologists sustained. Anyway, Dr Daniel clearly feels their fascination.

It is not to be supposed that the high-minded critic will be deterred from his duty to be rude, however agreeable he finds the book criticised: so I must mention the one flaw I detected. I wish Dr Daniel wouldn't write of *the* Auvergne, *the* Languedoc, *the* Touraine, *the* Périgord. Of course there is no safe rule in these matters; but I find this usage inelegant and phony.

We would never dream of saying *the* Normandy or *the* Provence, would we? Let us retain the article for departments only . . . . and while I am at it, I may mention that I don't like "the Central Massif" either.

However, the success of *The Hungry Archaeologist* is otherwise complete. A friendly spy in the Classics faculty tells me that it is already much in evidence in the hands of tourists in the Dordogne; and I can imagine no more powerful inducement to go there oneself than a dip into its pages would enforce. Johnians are heartily advised to take the plunge, either of the book or the holiday or (most wisely) both.

By the way, it now appears that the author's sanguine expectation that the plague of algae threatening the Lascaux cave-paintings would be defeated by 1965 was justified, though investigation has also disclosed that the green pest has appeared in other caves besides. Tourists can nevertheless soon be off to the Dordogne with all their old confidence that they will be able to see all that they ever could.

D. H. V. B.

Book Reviews

F. H. HINSLEY: Power and the Pursuit of Peace. (*C.U.P., 40s*).

MR HINSLEY has written a splendid book which is both a general theory and a probe into many more detailed aspects of international history. Its aim is ambitious and necessary: ambitious because it attempts "to raise the study of international relations to a more scientific level", and is not afraid to risk comparison with Darwin or Keynes; necessary because international history is in a theoretical quagmire—"in the work of understanding and explaining the facts we have not made much progress since, 130 years ago, von Ranke wrote his essay on *The Great Powers*." Necessary also because such a failure has, Mr Hinsley believes, practical consequences: the inadequacy of our thinking about states' relations and the achievement of peace is "the outstanding failure of recent times". In this verdict we can all concur.

The achievement of the book certainly measures up to its ambition—in whole areas it drives inquiry, scholarly or otherwise, into new pastures. Here the first section of the book is the most obviously impressive (though the Sunday-paper reviewers, predictably bemused by the unfamiliar, ignored the section altogether).

A systematic history of men's plans for peace in modern Europe has simply not been attempted before—in the process of writing this history Mr Hinsley cuts so much new wood in necessary territory that the book would become "essential reading" for this alone. More than this, it is the aim of the book to show how closely the theorists fitted into the real power-structure of their day, how they shared or altered its assumption. The radical revision of our thinking on the "internationalist" theories of Kant and Rousseau is the first fruit of this approach.

Nevertheless, the book asks to be judged not for brilliant sections or individual insights, but as a unified theory, a general interpretation of international affairs since the Renaissance. We are invited to pass judgement on a whole view of history—and it would be cowardly to evade the challenge. A theory can be judged in two ways—first as an effective instrument in "making sense" of the diverse phenomena it is faced with; second as an internally consistent whole. The second judgement does *not* necessarily follow from the assessments of "effectiveness"—if we disagree with Mr Hinsley's theory, it is less over the utility of its theoretical net than over certain ambiguities and difficulties within the theory's own logic.

The book's theory *is* effective and interesting. With a gift common to many general theorists, Mr Hinsley is consistently as absorbing when his theory provides only the most elementary framework for understanding a period, as when the theory seems suddenly to penetrate all the particularities of an age. Though naturally he is most exciting when the latter happens.

Take, for instance, the treatment of the complex diplomatic history of the nineteenth century. Mr Hinsley's pages on the tortuous progress from the Crimean to the Franco-Prussian war are without doubt among the most incisive and lucid ever written on the subject. But one suspects that the initial theoretical view of the period—as essentially a "stable" period with near-equality of power among the states and hence no crucial changes in the distribution of power between them—is less essential to "making

sense" than the more traditional virtues of an historian faced with a confusing mass of material. Sure enough, the theoretical insight cuts through much of the nonsense talked about the "rise of Germany" in this period—but to penetrate the fogs of Russian and Austrian policy in these years is less a matter of theory than sheer, gruelling hard work.

All the greater contrast, then, with the masterful handling of the years from 1870 to 1900, where the theory welds every phenomenon into a convincing unity. Mr Hinsley leaves plenty of room for intellectual manoeuvre—and we can fruitfully disagree over his emphases when dealing with imperialism or his severely technological interpretation of the Alliance Systems. But his general effort to combine "internal" history (the emergence of the modern, industrial state) with all the details of the changing international pattern remains a remarkable step forward.

What of the general theory itself? Essentially there are three elements in Mr Hinsley's analysis of international relations—the material power of the individual states; the way in which this material power is reflected in the constitution of the States System; and the views of men on that system, its nature or utility. The book offers a consistent and fascinating dialectic of being and consciousness: at any moment any two of these elements can interact to produce change or stability in international affairs. An increase in the internal power of one state may demand recognition in the international order, and the materially preponderant power may try for hegemony. (The attempts of France and Germany are thus interpreted in austerely material terms, though the ideological camouflage of "Imperial" restoration or "encirclement" is recognised as a factor in the situation.) Equally, a situation with near-equality of power may interact in various ways with ideas about the States System: it may produce a stable "Balance of Power" ideology; it may mean the persistence of ideals of cultural unity and "Christendom" in a world where endemic conflict is the actual fact; or the *material* reality may withstand the fiercest of ideological onslaughts (dramatically, Napoleon III's denigration of the 1815 Settlement).

Mr Hinsley's scheme is complex, even dialectical: the interactions of internal power, international balance, and ideology are many and various. It may be fairly said that *at its strongest* the schema is a form of economic determinism, the "economic" factor in the equation being the internal power of the national state. Hence imperialism is tied in directly with the increase of economic power in Europe; hence the First and Second World Wars are tied to the material fact that Germany had become and remained the most powerful nation in Europe, and that the structure of the European States System did not recognise the fact. But the strength of the schema is that Mr Hinsley believes in, and demonstrates, the capacity of the two other factors to influence the actualities of power. This is not a book about the "inevitability" of internal power being reflected in the States System or ideology. "The notion that (the powers) had a common responsibility for an international order to which they all belonged" was a vital factor in the nineteenth century politics, and must be so again. "Power and realities" must not and need not be the determinants—as Mr Hinsley evocatively puts it. "When power begins to shift again and the wind begins to blow, there might be enough vitality in this notion to help us weather through. There will be nothing else to help us."

The criticism of the schema must centre on Mr Hinsley's concept of Power—as a determining factor in the equation it is excessively monistic and never precisely defined. What is valuable about the concept is the way in which it forces the attention of "international" historians onto *internal processes* in the States they are studying. No longer after Mr Hinsley's book can we talk of modern diplomatic history in traditional

terms as a self-regulating private realm, a matter between immutable "States" with persistent aims ("struggle for mastery" being the most popular). Changes within the States permeate every aspect of international affairs.

But at times Mr Hinsley seems to have destroyed the concept of an irreducible unit "the State" only to replace it with another—Power. In fact the subtlety of his own analysis often goes beyond this. In seeking the origins of 1914, Mr Hinsley recognises that even if German "power" was one key to war, the fact that the explosion of German society since 1870 had produced as much social and governmental tension as increased "power" is just as vital a factor in the historical situation. In fact, to understand 1914 we need less a knowledge of interstate entanglements than an extended study of the pathology of German, Austrian and Russian society. To understand the relations between states, we must look deeper into "internal processes" than the concept of Power invites.

It is noticeable that in Mr Hinsley's schema the internal power situation never can interact *directly* with the ideology of international relations. By the terms of the equation, international thought is *about* the middle factor—the distribution of power in state relations. One wonders whether the terms of such an equation remain valid in a world where at least one "international" ideology can claim to be not about states' relations but intimately about the internal processes of society. Whether the rise of the Chinese invalidates Mr Hinsley's tempered optimism about a continuing balance of power in our world has been the most popular shaft of the reviewers. It is aimed at the theory's predictions—and somewhat insecurely aimed at that. But all the same, does not the existence of a whole mode of international thinking which is opposed to treating the State as in any sense the unit of international affairs, call into question the *present* terms of Mr Hinsley's schema? There exists, like it or not, a revolutionary mode of thinking about international affairs, which aims to bypass the whole notion of distribution of power among states. Against such dissent, the ideology of Great Powers and States Systems seems at times more advocacy than description.

I do not think, in fact, that Mr Hinsley would baulk at the description of advocate as well as descriptive historian. The States System is for him valid and valuable as well as being what, historically, we have to deal with. One does not question this conviction so much as wonder whether, in a world where the rise of the modern state has brought social processes into the forefront of the ideological imagination and into the most intimate, causative contact with every area of political life, it can long hold its own. *Power and the Pursuit of Peace* has done much to "sociologise" the study of international relations. One wonders whether history is not about to "socialise" more than just the study of them.

T. CLARKE.

J. P. STERN: Re-interpretations: Seven Studies in Nineteenth Century German Literature. (*Thames and Hudson*, 1964, 30*s*). *Reprinted by kind permission of the editors of the* Cambridge Review.

GRILLPARZER, Stifter, Keller, Fontane and the other great names of nineteenth century German literature have about as much familiarity to most well educated English-speaking persons as the succession of names in an obscure Central European timetable. One knows that Budapest, Zagreb and Graz exist but not what goes on there. Familiarity with Fontane like acquaintance with Budapest does not belong to the intellectual baggage of the widely travelled and well-read man. By contrast twentieth century

German writing most emphatically does. It would be embarrassing in certain circles not to have heard of Brecht or Mann, but no lifemanship points can be won with even the most studied application of Grillparzer.

Not the least of the many merits of Dr Stern's book is to point to a significant cause of this discontinuity in our knowledge of the German literary tradition:

> "after the First World War the dissociation of literature from the political and social realities had ceased to be a phenomenon peculiar to Germany; this is the reason why the works of Mann, Rilke and Kafka found a ready European audience." (p. 348).

It follows that German literature of the nineteenth century has a peculiar relevance for modern Europeans. It appeals to those of whom Rilke spoke:

> "und die findigen Tiere merken es schon, dass wir nicht sehr verlässlich zu Haus sind in der gedeuteten Welt."

These words stand at the beginning of the book and the sense "of not being very reliably at home in the interpreted world" forms its main theme. Dr Stern argues that all the writers under consideration (except Goethe) express a common awareness of Rilke's uncertainty about, and in, the world. This awareness binds them together, however different they are in style, temperament and subject. It forces them to "re-interpret" the world around them:

> "the world itself being presented in these writings not so much as a thing finally real, but rather as in itself an 'interpretation'." (p. 2.)

In another, more common, sense, Dr Stern attempts to "reinterpret" the works of these writers, especially for English-speaking readers but also for continental critics. He fights on both fronts with the greatest good humour and charm.

Dr Stern follows the implications of his double "re-interpretation" in seven good-sized essays on Goethe, Grillparzer, Büchner, Schopenhauer, Heine, Stifter and Fontane. The pace is measured and leisurely. He writes subtly and persuasively. He has the courage to take his time and to allow the reader to form an opinion of his own. Quotations in German and excellent English translation are sufficiently long to help fill the appalling gaps in our knowledge of these men and their writings, and to enable us to judge the accuracy of the critic's insight against our own reading of the text. The result is overwhelming. Again and again conclusions simply spring to life, which I at least found irresistible. I thought: how obvious! Yet on second glance there was nothing obvious about them. They "re-interpreted" the texts with a vengeance. Stifter's idylls became expressions of "a mystique of things," "an ultimate propitiation and last refuge." I found myself nodding with approval when Dr Stern uncovered the relationship between Heine and Nazi ideology. Grillparzer's ironic realism turned out on close examination to have transformed the values of "the world of common indication" into their opposite. Schopenhauer's distinction between the world of wills and the "disinterested Self" expressed the same dichotomy in philosophy.

The only weak link in the argument is Dr Stern's treatment of Fontane. Not that the essay on Fontane itself lacks the urbanity, ease and wit of the other studies (the comparison of *Madame Bovary*, *Effi Briest* and *Anna Karenina* is brilliant) but rather that Fontane simply will not allow himself to be so "re-interpreted." The very fact that Fontane deserves comparison, as Dr Stern argues, with Tolstoy, Flaubert and E. M. Forster points up how very different Fontane's realism is from the rest of that tradition. It just will not work, and when Dr Stern tries to push Fontane into the same posture, his argument becomes lame:

> "The suggestion is never absent from his novels that private life and morality are one thing and social and political life another, and that the relation of the one to the other is a *passive* one. The particular narrative energy that would show both the social world *and also* the way its ethos is actively determined by personal decisions and acts, is not to be found either in that tradition or in his novels." (p. 341). (Author's italics.)

The fact that Fontane saw the relationship between man and society as passive cannot be stretched to support the argument that society for him was not "real," not "the world of common indication" with its every blemish. Surely the joy of Fontane lies in his acceptance of that world. And it *is* our world in a way which that of Stifter and even of Grillparzer is not. Nor can the supposedly passive conception which Fontane had of the relationship between the individual's moral sense and the commands of society be made to exclude him from the main currents of European realism, I should have thought that the very opposite was true. Only for somebody to whom society is in every sense real can its laws appear so menacing and inviolable.

If Dr Stern falls victim here to a temptation to stretch his theme just that little bit too far, he avoids the other danger, inherent in broad critical studies, that of forgetting the critic's function. Even his treatment of Schopenhauer remains explicitly literary:

> "To commend the tone, the literary quality, of Schopenhauer's philosophy is neither to accept it as true nor to reject it as faulty. The logical cogency of the whole remains to be examined . . . but to commend its form does mean that, even if the system itself does not survive unimpaired, a good deal that is of value will be salvaged." (p. 186).

He uses psychiatric insights, historical knowledge, philosophical training with great skill but he never forgets that they cannot replace the confrontation between critic and work of art.

> "The totality (the 'exaggeration') that emerges from our reading of it yields no precept; and as a thing to learn from, a clinical study may well be superior. It is an image of life . . . . Coming to us as an illumination, it also comes to us as knowledge (not of a disease but of an extreme in man); and knowledge achieved and uncontentious is also a delight."

Dr Stern's *Re-Interpretations*, "knowledge achieved and uncontentious," can certainly be recommended, for it, too, is a delight.

JONATHAN STEINBERG.

Cloth of Gold. Crockford Preface 1963-4. (O.U.P.). Pp. xix.

THE Preface to *Crockford*, though not sold separately to the public (the complete volume is priced at 10 guineas), is supplied separately for review. In her covering letter, the secretary to the Promotion Manager of the Oxford University Press writes that "by custom, the author of the Preface, a person of distinction in the Church of England, remains anonymous. This enables him to express his views on Church matters with complete frankness." It is not noticeable elsewhere that anonymity is considered to be a prerequisite for frank expression of opinion about the affairs of the Church of England, nor is it obvious why it should be so here; and the implied suggestion that completely frank comment or criticism is unacceptable in the Church (and that its author is not safe?) unless it is presented in this form would be insulting if it were not so patently false. It is difficult to see how the short but excellent appreciations of the late Pope John XXIII, and of two well-known former Cambridge figures, Dean Milner-White and Sir Will Spens, would have needed to be modified if the writer

had been required to append his name to them; nor need he have been ashamed to print an analysis of the age-groups of the present bench of English bishops. It would seem that the anonymity is necessary to enable the author not so much to be frank as to be frisky—a word of his own, which he applies collectively to no fewer than twenty-two of the present bench of bishops; reference to the relevant records of Convocation would show whether two former vicars of Great St Mary's are included among them. Whether it is frisky or merely flippant to describe the 1963 Toronto Congress as the Canadian Jamboree I am not sure. In this issue, however, friskiness is somewhat less prevalent than in some earlier Prefaces, and this may imply a recognition that comment and criticism can be equally effective without it. Perhaps it and anonymity will therefore both be abandoned in the near future; it would be politic if this were done before automated stylometry knocks the bottom out of unidentifiable authorship. Intelligent comment and criticism should not need whatever shelter or adventitious boosting is derived from the aegis, if not the actual imprimatur, of a famous publisher; and there is a good supply of it in the present Preface. Those to whom it is addressed and who may read this review, will have ample opportunity of reading and digesting it, and of assimilating or rejecting whatever is of value in it; a catalogue of its contents is therefore unnecessary here. Most of its targets are presumably loyal members of the Church, and can therefore supply their own complement to the almost wholly mundane tone and preoccupations of the author, in whose exposition finance (itself an important matter) occupies a disproportionately large space. This and other such matters must no doubt be discussed; but to one who looks at it from outside, however near or far, the Church, as presented in this Preface, may seem to be mainly a business organization, whose efficiency leaves something to be desired, and to be largely concerned with domestic ecclesiastical problems and with deciding who should be allowed to print the Revised Psalter. A welcome exception is the passage on the need for greater attention to Moral Theology; on the actual proposals put forward opinions will differ, but it is good to have the subject raised and discussed. The Clergy whose names are listed in Crockford's Directory are, doubtless, careful and troubled about many things, one of which is finance; but their primary concern is with a calling that is hardly touched upon in this Preface (which on this score is inferior to its immediate predecessor), and the Church which they serve is confronted by tasks no less difficult than any which have faced it for several centuries. It would be a greater benefit to the Church, and to a wider public, if this Preface were to function less as a private platform for the detailed analysis of administrational problems, and if the author were directed to display more concern for the Church's proper purpose, and to use his privileged status so as to be a less esoteric interpreter of its mission.

Partly to avoid the possible estrangement, by my frankness, of an old and valued friend, and partly out of sympathy with the obscurity imposed upon the author, I will accept a voluntary obscurity, and sign myself merely another

P. D. C. E.

G. BARRACLOUGH: An Introduction to Contemporary History. (*The New Thinkers' Library,* 1964).

MACAULAY, reviewing Hallam's constitutional history in 1828, said that there were two kinds of history; the map, which gave an overall impression, and the painted landscape which "though it places the country before us, does not enable us to ascertain with accuracy the dimension, the distances

and the angles." Mr Barraclough's intriguing book is an attempt to provide both sorts of history. On the one hand, the chapter headings (such as "The Dwarfing of Europe", "From Individualism to Mass Democracy") give us a general outline, and on the other, specific examples of the general trends Mr Barraclough perceives are drawn from China, India, Russia, England. The result is a fascinating blend of the general and the particular, beautifully presented and convincingly maintained. The problems of producing such a book are formidable, but Mr Barraclough has been equal to them. As one reads his pages one is without effort transferred from Downing Street to the Kremlin and then to the White House with such assurance that the general principle appears self-evident.

The trouble with any such work is that few, if any, of its readers, will be qualified to judge how far the general trends are indeed exemplified in the particular instances which Mr Barraclough has chosen to illustrate them. The problem is not simply one of perspective, but also one of basic knowledge. To those of us who have been taught history in segments of time and place, Mr Barraclough's lack of inhibition in dealing with, for example, the constitutional law of Baden, Italy and Brazil in the same sentence (at p. 126) is an unusual and baffling technique. We must take Mr Barraclough's point or leave it; he knows what Article 141 of the Brazilian constitution says; most of his readers will not.

This is in no way intended to undermine Mr Barraclough's method; on the contrary, what he has done within one comparatively small volume is infinitely worth doing. But it highlights the basic difficulty of any work of this nature—that is, that author and reader are necessarily on a grossly unequal footing. The author knows what he is referring to, but his readers have to accept the author's version, not merely of the painting, but also of the map.

In his first chapter, Mr Barraclough makes it clear that in the writing of this book "I have no intention of entering into a discussion of the methodological questions (of writing contemporary history)" (p. 7). He rejects the argument that contemporary history as such cannot be written, because the historian has not had the opportunity of "disengaging himself". It is not the purpose of this review to condemn Mr Barraclough for his courageous stand. But it must be emphasised that questions of bias and perspective do enter inevitably into his account of what has happened in the contemporary world. It may be objected that all historians, of any age, have opinions, and that Mr Barraclough is entitled to his. With this there can be no disagreement, providing the matter is plainly stated. Nevertheless, the point is indicative of the caution with which any such book as Mr Barraclough's must be read—for, in his stimulating chapters, we must constantly bear in mind that his facts are all tainted with his opinions; we are not receiving information first hand, but through his eyes, and conditioned by his attitude. Granted this, what does Mr Barraclough have to say?

All of what he says is extraordinarily exciting; much of it is not new, but it is put together with such masterly planning that we are left, at the end, unable to conceive of the world without the aid of Mr Barraclough's picture.

We start with the industrialisation of Europe; the huge technical advances of the last third of the nineteenth century "acted both as a solvent to the old order and a catalyst of the new" (p. 43). Industrialism had two main results—it moved population to the towns, and "achieved with fantastic speed the integration of the world" (p. 47). The first led to "mass democracy"—the participation for the first time of the masses in political decision. The second produced the movement known as Imperialism;

a search of hitherto unexploited regions of the world for raw materials, and for markets for the products of industry.

At the same time two great powers were growing up outside the European framework; the United States and Russia; ultimately they were to dwarf Europe.

Europe remained largely unaware of this development until after the Second World War. The decline of European strength was not merely relative to America and Russia, but absolute. Mr Barraclough is insistent that the *decline* of Europe was not of itself the reason for the change in international politics. It is just as important to consider the *rise* of the U.S.A. and Russia.

On the whole, Mr Barraclough is unimpressed with historians who see history as a continuity from the past into the present; there have been "revolutionary" changes in the international order (from the balance of power in Europe to "bi-polarity" of America and Russia); there has been a revolutionary change from individualism to mass democracy, and, from Mr Barraclough's viewpoint, we must expect "revolutionary" changes in Africa. One suspects that Mr Barraclough would agree with Kwame Nkrumah "Capitalism is too complicated a system for a newly independent nation"; what is needed is a plan—and that plan is provided by a mass ideology like Communism, not an individualist philosophy like capitalism.

It is indeed on the newly developing nations that Mr Barraclough is most stimulating of all. With a wealth of reference, his chapters on "The Revolt Against the West" and "The Ideological Challenge" guide the reader into the complications of African and Asian politics. In the imperialist era of the late nineteenth century, European expansion into extra-European territory "was fatal, in the long run, to European predominance" (p. 62). "It was a paradox of the new imperialism that it released pressures which made its own tenets unworkable." How did this come about? The answer is that European expansion put into the hands of Africa and Asia new weapons. It brought a breaking down of the stultifying social orders of undeveloped regions; it gave them new techniques and showed them their economic potential, and "it led to the rise of western educated élites" who were to lead the movement for independence which is characteristic of Africa today.

It is perhaps in these two chapters that Mr Barraclough's skill is most clearly revealed. The themes of previous chapters are illustrated and demonstrated in his discussion of the "new" new world. The western economic techniques introduced in Asia and Africa—particularly during the Second World War—created an urban working class, which could be mobilized into political action by those western educated leaders whom colonialist policy had created. "In its struggle for power, the proletariat has no other weapon but organisation", said Lenin in 1904; and the weapon of organisation on the Western party model was known to those leaders acquainted with the west. Dr Nkrumah is an example of such a leader; he quickly realised the necessity of a party to mobilize mass opinion, just as, eighty years before, Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill had in England. The figures which Mr Barraclough produces to support his argument are startling. Elisabethville almost trebled in population between 1940 and 1946, for example.

The developing nations are in a hurry—and if they are to grow quickly, they must plan. In practice, Mr Barraclough believes, that planning will be inspired in Moscow and Peking rather than New York and London. A strong state must put through a programme of development which took Europe a thousand years.

Mr Barraclough has succeeded in putting together that difficult combination; a readable and persuasive history of our times. In an age when the would-be historian produces a Ph.D. thesis of detailed, painful and sometimes obscure research into a tiny morsel of the past, it is delightful to seeMr Barraclough tucking into a full-blown meal, and inviting us to share his repast. The menu reflects Mr Barraclough's personal tastes and predilections, but one cannot doubt that the dishes have been carefully matched and the wines selected, by an experienced and discerning gourmet.

KEVIN TIERNEY.

Book Reviews

THE SALAD DAYS ARE OVER

A MAN who went down last year, when asked how he was getting on with his job, replied that he had made the transition from life to living death quite well. This attitude is common among undergraduates looking for jobs;—the feeling is that "I must meet people, move around and have a varied and interesting life to fulfil myself". The underlying idea is a fear of one's individuality being stifled in the factory or the office. The undergraduate has an inevitable sense of superiority, instilled into him from the sixth-form onwards by teachers, parents, educational commentators and the qualifications inflation. This is increased by the great stress laid on individuality in university life, which often results in the assumption that nowhere else are people so interesting; and that in getting a job one is condemning oneself to a very grey world.

The implication of *Outlook Two** is rather different. This is, as its sub-title states, "A Careers Symposium". In contrast to that horrifying hand-out "A Directory of Opportunities for Graduates", it shows the whole business of getting a job from the buyer's, not the seller's point of view; and is therefore much more sympathetic reading. It is also good, and often very entertaining, reading. Its twenty-seven articles cover a wide field from the Anglican Priesthood to Department Store Supervision, taking in commerce, industry, the professions and the arts on the way. The first volume *Outlook One* dealt with a similarly wide range of occupations, and together they include something for almost everyone but those intent on not working for a living. It is obvious from the purpose of the book and from the articles themselves, that there has been no attempt to give falsely favourable impressions. However, it is somewhat surprising that out of over twenty contributors writing about their careers since going down, only one should have taken a completely wrong direction. "A Cautionary Tale" tells this unfortunate story, but also shows that behind it lay a chain of perfectly rational decisions that had begun before "O" level, and that led deeper and deeper into the morass. On the other hand many of those contributors well suited to their jobs took a certain amount of pot-luck in their choice. It is remarkable how many are, in fact, pleased with their jobs, and find in them considerable scope for talent, self-expression

* Robin Guthrie and Tony Watts (Eds): *Outlook Two.* A Careers Symposium. (Macdonald, London, 18*s.*)

or responsibility. They may all, of course, be remarkable people, but the biographical notes suggest a wide spectrum of social and educational background and attainment, and represent a cross-section of university graduates.

Outlook Two, then, goes a long way to demolishing this myth of individuality. The idea of continually meeting new people is an illusion even at Cambridge. How many more people do you know now than you did at the end of your second term? And how many more real friends have you now? Even the varied delights of eating lunch at "The Mitre" is a very simple routine. But we are much more adaptable, and less demanding than we like to think. Faced with the necessity of earning a living, university attitudes are automatically jettisoned (and often painlessly as *Outlook* shows) and the best is made, in a positive rather than a negative sense, of the job at hand.

The moral seems to be: Try a job, boy! It won't kill you (at least not for some years) and you may even enjoy it.

S. G. F. SPACKMAN.

Religion and Humanism. By RONALD HEPBURN, DAVID JENKINS, NINIAN SMART, HOWARD ROOT and RENFORD BAMBROUGH. *The B.B.C.* Pp.104. 12*s* 6*d*.

THIS excellent small book contains ten brief broadcast talks, three by Hepburn, one each by Jenkins and Root, four by Bambrough and the last a discussion by Root and Smart. Its title accurately describes it whereas Religion *versus* Humanism would not. Therein lies its value. Mr Jenkins, Professors Root and Smart are Theists and Christians. Mr Bambrough appears to be regarded as a Humanist though whether or not he is fully so described I am not sure and should regard it as impertinent to say. Professor Hepburn is not a Theist and he assumes, though he does not argue, that much hitherto held to follow from Christian and other forms of Theism is discredited, but he realizes the importance and values of religion and wishes to preserve them. Both he and Mr Bambrough understand what religion and theology are or ought to be, as many who call themselves Humanists do not. Christianity itself, in its intelligent forms, is largely Humanist, not denying the truth in it but regarding it as inadequate as accounting for all that is. Mr Bambrough has as devastating criticisms of the book by Humanists entitled *Objections to Humanism* and of *Honest to God* as any Theist or Christian would make; and though all these talks are admirably clear the palm for combination of insight with lucidity must go to him.

What emerges from this book is that anything claiming to have more than verbal continuity with historic Christianity cannot dispense with Natural theology, which involves metaphysics. If it be held that the natural created order reveals nothing of its Creator or to be fully intelligible without one, there is nothing whatever to be said as ground for affirmation that ancient religious Scriptures do so or for distinguishing between competing and irreconcilable claims that revelation is the reliable basis for any religion. Further, it is useless to discuss what is and is not possible knowledge with meaning, without examination of what knowledge

is and comes to be, *i.e.*, without epistemology; and for this the combination of analytic with genetic psychology, and not other sciences, is fundamental. So called knowledge by so called persons of so called actuality is the prior basis of all more refined forms of knowledge or probable belief, which could not even begin to be attained without it; while awareness and apprehension, which are alogical, are the basis of later comprehension and explanation. It follows that philosophy and theology cannot claim strictly rational demonstration or 'proof' but only alogical though reasonable basis for faith, which can neither be wholly based upon values nor be independent of them. Yet again, logic, ethics and aesthetics are all concerned with sincere and right valuing—the first in thinking, the second in acting and the third in feeling, and right valuing requires right knowing of our *total* environment, not only of abstracted portions of it, and there is no break between valuation of part of it as expedient, pleasant and convenient and part of it as sacred and holy, and as having unconditional claim upon us. Logic has important claims upon the expression of religion and the Gospel, but they are neither absolute nor exclusive.

Any adverse criticism I could make of this book would require greater length than a short notice of it permits or else appear to be superficial sniping at particular points which would be useless. Nor is it possible or necessary to attempt a summary of it, since this is well done by Professors Root and Smart in its last talk entitled "How Much Common Ground?". This could not be other than inconclusive, for the end is not yet or for a long time to come. The deepest problems are ages old even if the expression of them is relatively new. But it is wholly good that such discussion should continue, with attention to the best that has been written in the past.

J. S. B.

Book Reviews

The Philosophy of Aristotle. A new selection with an introduction and commentary by Renford Bambrough. New translations by J. L. Creed and A. E. Wardman. Mentor Books 1963.

THIS new selection is designed to show, Mr Bambrough says, not so much the scope of Aristotle's intellectual activity, his place in the history of Greek thought, or the sources of the sometimes regrettable influence he exerted upon his successors, as the extent and vitality of his contributions to philosophy. This book contains, therefore, long excerpts from the *Metaphysics*, *Physics*, *De Anima*, *Ethics*, *Politics*, *Poetics*, *Categories*, *De Interpretatione* and *Posterior Analytics*. The biological, astronomical, meteorological, rhetorical, and narrowly logical works are wholly excluded. There is a general introduction to Aristotle's philosophy, and thereafter each group of excerpts is prefaced by a short introduction. The translations maintain a standard of accuracy at least as high as that set by the Oxford translation, and are on the whole a good deal more elegant. But I wonder what made the translators decide to retain, in an introductory book of this kind, the old misleading translations of some of Aristotle's technical terms, since for most of these terms a single English equivalent works in one context well and in another not at all and since there are obvious objections to having a number of English equivalents for a sing e Aristotelian technical term, could we not have either simply the transliterated Greek word in the English text or an English dummy-word (I suggest, for example, "according to supervention" for κατα συμβεβγκδς), with a glossary explaining the everyday uses of the Greek word from which this technical use originated?

It is hard to fault Mr Bambrough's selections, particularly if for every text which does not but ought to appear in his selection one must name a text of equal length which he includes but which could without loss have been omitted. But I make the following suggestions. Is it not a pity that the second chapter of *Metaphysics* Γ and the first chapter of the *Categories* are omitted, both because Aristotle's remarks about homonymy and synonymy in these passages provide an important clue to his views about what it is generally that makes different things the same in kind, or allows a word to have distinctly different senses without being merely ambiguous; and more particularly because *Metaphysics* Γ_2 contains most explicitly Aristotle's programme for metaphysics, the elucidation of the disconnections and connections between the various senses of the most pervasive terms—the apparently ambiguous but emphatically unambiguous "being", "unity", "same", "different", "like" etc? The exclusion of *Metaphysics* H_2 is also, it seems to me, a pity. In this chapter Aristotle gets as near as he ever does to the nominalistic view that "is" has a different sense in each of its uses, and thus that the substance of each thing is different from the substance of every other thing. Aristotle's inclination to move towards such a position is elsewhere much less obvious but no less significant. Mr Bambrough's introduction shows that he thinks Aristotle's views about universals important enough to make the inclusion of these passages a high priority. I suggest, too, that room should have been found for Aristotle's skilful uncovering, in Physics Δ, of the implications of the notion of the place of a thing, and for his suggestive remarks, in the same

book, about time. Room could be made for these additions by the exclusion of parts of the deplorable first book of the *Posterior Analytics*, which appears in its entirety. Parts of this book stand, surely, as a counter-example to Mr Bambrough's thesis (p. 12) that the important writings in philosophy, unlike those, say, in physics, never go out of date. Aristotle's view that to know something is to be able to give a demonstrative proof of it, and his belief that an empirical inquiry should proceed in the way that a mathematical or logical inquiry should proceed, are, admittedly, although false still interestingly and instructively false. But could we not be spared his laborious classification of the sources of error in syllogism (*Posterior Analytics* 16, 17, and 18)? And is there any but a historical interest in his view, for instance, that a valid proof whose premisses and conclusion are true is "sophistic' and not "scientific" unless it proceeds from necessary premisses about the nature of the subject of the proof itself?

Mr Bambrough's introductions are models of economy and clarity. His general introduction begins with a defence of the appearance of this book at this time, principally on the ground that philosophers, no longer bound by extreme positivist scruples, have increasingly in recent times devoted attention to and derived profit from the successes and failures of older metaphysics. There is a brief biography of Aristotle and survey of his extant writings, then an attempt to pick out the central features of his philosophical work. Mr Bambrough finds that certain assumptions which are prominent in Aristotle's logical works, most notably the assumption that every proposition consists in the assignation of a predicate to a subject, are widely influential throughout the rest of his work. He singles out, too, Aristotle's theory of causes, his insistence upon the primacy of the concrete individual particular over what is abstract and universal, and his doctrine of end or purpose, as the binding agents each of which makes an important contribution to the unity of his work, and which combine to form the essence of Aristotle's philosophy.

The introductions to the various sections of the book contain accounts of some of the important doctrines appearing in the excerpts which follow. Mr Bambrough is careful to set out for us, in untechnical and non-Aristotelian language, the philosophical alternatives to positions which Aristotle adopts. We are made to feel the difficulties, for instance, which Aristotle in his analysis of the soul faced and obviated, and to see the merits of views which Aristotle felt compelled to reject. But in one place the transition from Mr Bambrough's to Aristotle's philosophical language seems to me obscure. Mr Bambrough several times says what he takes the central task of metaphysics to be: "the study of the logical character of statements and questions" (p. 15). "the seach for . . . the ultimate grounds on which . . . a type of statement may be justified" (p. 15), "to know and explain at what points and in what respects our language does and does not directly represent the world that it is used to describe" (p. 32). The connection between the subject thus conceived and Aristotle's search for *ousia*, for the principles of being *qua* being, might, I suggest, have been made clearer by a discussion of Aristotle's own attempts to characterise the aims of his enterprise. And I think too that attention to the distinct difference in type between various considerations that Aristotle advances as relevant to his question "what is *ousia*?" would show that there is more than one question seriously at issue here, and that Mr Bambrough is wrong in claiming that the ontological guise of Aristotle's metaphysics is purely accidental.

This book admirably fills the great need that there has been for a readily-available and reliably translated selection of Aristotle's important philosophical writings. The effect of Mr Bambrough's introductions is as much

to provide the reader with the means for finding his own philosophical bearings through Aristotle as it is to illuminate Aristotle's most difficult doctrines. Much of what Mr Bambrough writes is thus philosophically controversial. This is of course a feature it shares with other good work on the history of philosophy—including Aristotle's own.

M. C. SCHOLAR.

Coleridge the Poet by George Watson (1966, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.).

In addition to being courageous Mr Watson possesses the virtue of always being definite as to where he stands in an argument. His previous book *The Literary Critics* (Penguins, 1962 4/6d) implied a challenge to himself to show how criticism should be done. In the present book he meets that challenge, choosing for his subject one of the most difficult—S. T. Coleridge. For the general reader this is a satisfying book to read, both because of its intrinsic interest and because the author states clearly his own views.

Coleridge was up at Cambridge (Jesus College) in 1790-94, just after his Johnian near-contemporary Wordsworth, and they did not meet until later when they collaborated in the production of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. His three best-known poems were the fruit of this collaboration.—Kubla Khan, The Ancient Mariner, Christabel—and these, along with the few other poems that are found in anthologies, such as the Ode to Tranquillity, represent Coleridge for most of the general reading public. The first of these takes as its starting point a statement from the travel writings of another Johnian, Samuel Purchas (1575-1626), and its strangeness, along with its strong rhythm and colour. commend it to the memory of the schoolboy. The second is a gripping tale of mystery told by the protagonist and written in the traditional ballad metre. Both can be enjoyed on that level. Mr Watson analyses these works to reveal their deeper significance and to assess their place in English literature.

Coleridge lived before the age of literary agents, and his temperament led him to leave much unfinished and much unpublished. He suffered from fits of dejection, and he wrote for his own epitaph:

'.....Beneath this sod
A poet lies or that which once seem'd he'.

The present book does much to redress the unbalance of the traditional view of Coleridge as a largely unsuccessful poet. It surveys and evaluates his whole poetic activity and shows the relation of this to his critical work. The writing is concentrated in places, but mostly Mr Watson writes as he talks, and the reader gets a clear picture of Coleridge as a man and a poet in his times. More detailed discussion of the book must be left to professional critics. It is interesting to note that this is the second book on Coleridge to have been written in recent years in H 1 Second Court, the first being Dr John Beer's *Coleridge the Visionary* (Chatto & Windus, 1959).

The printing is in a good traditional style, but with incongruous modernistic touches in the preliminary pages and in the headlines to the pages. The dust-jacket contains only the title, the name of the author and two portraits. Opposite "Coleridge the Poet" we find, not the romantic portrait that hangs in Jesus College, but a very mature bourgeois picture for which thanks are given to the Radio Times Hulton Picture Library. Opposite "By George Watson" the Publisher seems to have felt that he could not place a portrait of the author lest the public think that the two portraits had become interchanged. His ingenious solution is to give us the same dull picture of the poet reproduced a second time on the same page.

N. F. M. H

Book Review

Flannelled Fool by T. C. Worsley.

Books about the public school system have never been in short supply. *Flannelled Fool* is perhaps unique in bridging the gap between objective comment and subjective experience. Within the framework of detached analysis T. C. Worsley attempts to relate the circumstances of his own retarded mental and emotional growth to the peculiar conditions of a formative life spent at Marlborough, St John's College Cambridge, and finally in a teaching post at the anonymously titled "College". Other factors are dwelt upon, notably the influence of his father, an eccentric Welsh dean, but the emphasis falls squarely upon Worsley's experiences at the "College", which forms a paradigm for all arguments against the public school system.

Worsley exposes his own personality and motives to the harshest possible light in order to establish the truth. The "College" we must accept as no worse, and certainly no better than, other public schools of the Twenties. It is left to the reader to determine an objective balance. The opening sections of the book are a prelude to the central argument and concern the conspiracy of silence which prevented Worsley from discovering the implications of his 'false innocence', later to manifest itself as homosexuality. This tendency, together with his natural attributes as a sportsman, nurtured him in the self-protective net of a male society which measured merit in Spartan terms and enabled him to pass through a university career virtually untouched by the prevailing intellectual climate.

His installation as a junior master at the "College" brought him under the influence of Tallboys, a senior master of liberal leanings, who introduced Worsley to literature and ultimately to his real potentiality. He then began a massive programme of self education which imbued him with a radical zeal and brought him up against the bulwarks of the old order. The tale of his four years at the "College" is one of skirmishes fought out in an atmosphere of prejudice, malice, and fear—in effect a determination to maintain the status quo at all cost. The central figures appear almost as caricatures—Hoffman, the paranoic sadist and spokesman for the old order, Malin the headmaster, an epitome of diplomatic compromise. The central issues, too, are classic examples of progressive thought struggling under the Philistian yoke, such as Worsley's attempt to inaugurate a literary society, seen by the old order as the first stirrings of subversive activity, and the confiscation of *Sons and Lovers* from one of his pupils as a book likely to deprave and corrupt.

Yet *Flannelled Fool* remains more about Worsley than an attack on an institution. Painstakingly he examines his own conscience at all turns and finds himself wanting. He interprets much of his reforming zeal as the result of what he quaintly terms his own 'moral priggishness' which rushed him into situations where an objective approach might have brought a more useful solution. And then there is the disastrous effect of the 'fatal pattern', a trait which he claims to have inherited from his father and leads him to abandon his efforts at the "College" just when victory over the old order is in sight.

The three closing episodes of the book form an epilogue and relate Worsley's encounter with a juvenile homosexual, his stormy relationship with Kurt Haan, the founder of Gordonstoun, and his frustrating career

in the wartime R.A.F. These incidents neatly reflect the main facets of Worsley's personality—his homosexuality, moral priggishness, and temperamental distrust of authority and tradition. It matters little that many of the issues at stake are battles which have now been relegated to history; in fact many of them, and particularly those concerned with the public school system, are not as dead and buried as one might suppose. The disturbing impression left by *Flannelled Fool* is the crushing effect of a system on one man's development. Worsley's achievement, albeit a small one, is to emphasize the necessity of questioning the values of any given institution and tradition, and at the same time to relate these questions to a study of personal motives and temperament.

ROGER NOKES.

Reviews

EUGENIDES & CO.

UNABLE to find a stage on which to perform *Romeo and Juliet* the Lady Margaret Players raised their sights and attempted the impossible by dramatising *The Waste Land.* They acted it in the Old Music Room on March 8th, before an invited audience; and next year will perform *Romeo* after all, in the School of Pythagoras. No one can accuse them of timidity.

Nor, after the event, can one wish that they had been more prudent. Probably the enterprise was wrong from beginning to end—the poem is dramatic, but not a play—but if it was to be done, it could have been done very much worse. At first it sounded surprisingly and alarmingly like *Murder In The Cathedral* or *The Family Reunion*—

> Winter kept us warm, covering
> Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
> A little life with dried tubers . . .

but the effect soon passed off, and was probably due to the conjunction of Eliot's verse and women's voices, and not to any hitherto-unsuspected weakness in the poem. (Though for its sake I wish I hadn't been reminded of the housewives of Canterbury.) By the beginning of *The Fire Sermon* all doubts were at an end: the power of this most astonishing work made itself fully felt, and swept cast and audience along to the last encounter with the Fisher-King and shantih shantih shantih. Anything which evokes that power is vindicated. In practice I am grateful to the Players, though in principle I think they have behaved deplorably.

Next to T. S. Eliot, thanks are chiefly due to the devisers and directors of the enterprise, Messrs Ian Hering and Nick Jones. It was they, it is to be presumed, who masterminded the process by which the text of the poem was skilfully turned into scenes and into parts for thirteen players; it was quite certainly they who, by their control of movement and lighting, kept the action flowing along. Pace and change are of course the essentials of all good stage production; but the play of *The Waste Land* needed them to a quite exceptional extent. It could not afford a moment's indecision or slackness. How well the directors knew this was best shewn in the transition from *The Fire Sermon* to *Death by Water.* Darkness came on with a crowd chanting

> Burning burning burning burning

It lynched the Phoenician sailor, who, strung up as the Hanged Man (a red flicker suggesting also the martyr's stake and death by fire) died also by water (the lights going blue) in the shortest and loveliest of *The Waste Land's* cantos. But there were many other effective strokes: for example, the three women, sitting on the edge of a table with their backs to the audience, at the beginning of *The Fire Sermon.* They suggested not so much the Rhine daughters of the poem as a group by Henry Moore: surely more appropriate to the Thames than Wagner's pristine mermaids. The table in this scene illustrates another strength of the production: its resourceful use of the commonplace props provided by the Old Music Room's furniture. Though here I ought to pause to compliment Mr Richard Griffith on some very effective masks, which well elicited Eliot's Frazerian themes.

As to interpretation, I would, at certain points, have welcomed a lighter

touch, especially in the bedroom scene between the typist and the young man carbuncular. It would, perhaps, be overstating the case to call *The Waste Land* one of the greatest comic poems of the century, but it is certainly not the most solemn: wit is of its essence. The poet who summed up a scene by parodying Goldsmith was just as much in earnest as when he wrote the elegy for Phlebas, but he was using a different technique. Except for a delicious moment with Mr Eugenides there was no evidence that either producers or players sufficiently understood this point.

It would be absurd to write at any length of the acting. This was a team performance, and could only be judged as such: in other words, in terms of production. Only the part of Tiresias was of sufficient length and prominence to warrant comment. He/she was played by Mr David Price, who has a complete repertoire of stage gestures. I would advise him to lose it as rapidly as possible. The whole body must, of course, be as much at the command of the actor as it has to be at that of the dancer; but if it is only commanded to strike stereotyped attitudes, the gain in expressiveness is minimal. And too much gesticulation distracts an audience from the words, which, especially in poetic drama, are what they most need to concentrate on. Mr Price has a good voice: he could safely have relied on it more.

All in all, however, this enterprise has made me look forward eagerly to *Romeo*. The Lady Margaret Players look well able to meet its challenge, and get the Theatre-in-Pythagoras off to a flying start.

VERCINGETORIX.

THE WASTE LAND

CAST

Tiresias, *the blind prophet*	David Price
Madame Sosostris, *famous clairvoyante*	Mary Cubbon
Ferdinand, *Prince of Naples*	Peter Gill
Mrs Porter, *who is perhaps the mother of*	Carleen Batstone
Marie, *who is also the typist*	Angie Cullingford
Sweeney, *the small house agent's clerk*	David McMullen
Stetson, *acquainted with Phlebas*	Hugh Epstein
Bill, *the barman*	Keith Hutcheson
Lou, *the woman in the bar*	Pippa Sparkes
Phlebas, *the Phoenician Sailor*	Nick Viney
Mr Eugenides, *the one eyed Merchant*	Ray Neinstein
Belladonna, *the Lady of the Rocks*	Hilary Craig
The Man with Three Staves	Oliver Linton
Decor	Richard Griffiths
Music	Ian Hering, David McMullen, David Mitchell, Hugh Epstein
Lighting	Roger Hills, Paul Williams

T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* arranged for dramatic presentation by the Lady Margaret Players, under the direction of Ian Hering and Nick Jones.

THE OTHER BUTLER

Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, edited by John Wilders (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), 105s.

JOHNIANS are used to making their mark in the world. Mr John Wilders, who enjoyed the benefits of reading English in the College under the guidance of Mr Hugh Sykes Davies, graduated from Cambridge in 1950, won a Strathcona Research Studentship, visited Princeton University,

and became a Lecturer in English at the University of Bristol, from which he has recently moved to a Fellowship at Worcester College, Oxford. Such are the distinctions that the academic spirit confers. Meanwhile, he has given birth to a weighty edition of Butler's *Hudibras* (1663-78), the most important English verse satire before Dryden, with a massive introduction and commentary. This is the first edition of the poem since the Cambridge edition of 1905, and it has been produced by the Clarendon Press in the Oxford English Text series in their usual handsome and sober format, adorned with two portrait-plates and bound in what Butler might have called a 'Presbyterian true-blue' binding picked out with gold.

Samuel Butler, who (unlike his nineteenth-century namesake) was not a member of St John's College, was a rather obscure Worcestershire man of Royalist sympathies who, being almost thirty years old at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642, spent his life in the service of one noble family or another, began to write his poem, in all probability, shortly before the death of Oliver Cromwell in September 1658, published it with some success in three successive parts after the Restoration of 1660, and died of tuberculosis in London in 1680. Mr Wilders in his introduction paints a convincing portrait of this scourge of the Puritans as a gloomy sceptic—most satirists seem to be gloomy men—with a dislike of all shades of enthusiasm, not just the Cromwellian, and a taste for drinking night after night with a fellow-poet John Cleveland, who was a Johnian. John Aubrey carried his coffin to a grave in Covent Garden and wrote his life. It was not a particularly enviable one, though he mostly stayed out of trouble, married a little money, wrote a witty poem 'the first part which took extremely', and died in his bed. Many mid-century Englishmen fared worse. Aubrey makes him sound like a man who was more alone than lonely: 'Satirical wits disoblige whom they converse with; and consequently make to themselves many enemies and few friends; and this was his manner and case.' Probably he did not wish it differently. But anyone who has spent much time in the company of Sir Thomas Browne or John Dryden will recognise a family resemblance with the mind and temperament of Butler. In a troubled age it was an achievement just to survive, and hard to view the antics of the world without scepticism and distaste.

Butler's poem is about what we might now hasten to call the corruption of the Left: a spectacle, as familiar to this century as to that, of the party of progress and change ruined by self-righteousness, spiritual obstinacy and a crass credulity in the face of intellectual novelties. 'The modern saint', Butler wrote in his notebooks, 'that believes himself privileged and above nature, engages himself in the most horrid of all wickednesses, ... and is so far from repentance that he puts them upon the account of pious duties and good works.' Camus's famous notion that the 'logical crime', or the crime committed from the highest motives and in obedience to an ideological certainty, has been characteristic of the age since Robespierre and the French Revolution evidently calls for some enlargement in the light of seventeenth-century excesses. The fact is that the English went through the fire of ideology first among the European peoples, and forged a tradition of stability in the late seventeenth century out of an early awareness of what crimes an excess of enthusiasm can easily commit. This may be among the reasons why Johnson called *Hudibras* a poem of which a nation may be justly proud. In many ways, it is true, Butler's contempt for science in the second part of his poem has worn less well than his indictment of religious and political extremism in the first. One simply has to accept that it was a prejudice shared by many intelligent humanists, such as Swift and Johnson, both in that century and in the

next.

Hudibras is a fat old knight involved in Quixotic adventures; and to say that the story is the weakest thing about the poem is not quite balanced by the reflection that it is also the weakest thing about Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, of which it is in some ways a parody. The portraits of single characters can be devastating, but the adventures which contain them do not hold the interest. They may not have held much of Butler's interest either. Clearly he is not deeply concerned with the eternal question of how a satire is best to be built. The difficulty lies in the fact that satire has no natural form unless it be as a parody of some existing and familiar work. Tragedy often ends with death, comedy with a marriage: but it remains a problem in *Hudibras*, or in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* nearly twenty years later, or with a modern stage revue, whether satire can ever evolve much beyond its original state as a collection of fine, ridiculous fragments, as in Dryden's gallery of satirical portraits. Pope solved the problem in the *Dunciad*, and Joyce in *Ulysses*, by using Virgil and Homer as architectural frames. Butler seems not to have thought of the mock-heroic as an ordering principle. Perhaps one needs genuinely to admire a form in order to parody it, or at least to parody it at length. The great mock-heroics, like the *Dunciad*, or *Tom Jones*, or *Tristram Shandy*, were the works of men impressed by what they supposed to be the Roman virtues, and contemptuous or derisive of the failure of their own world to live up to them. Butler's view is much more radical and sceptical than that. It is not just Puritanism he thinks silly: he thinks the epic silly too, and heroic action itself open to grave suspicion. Modern historians may not agree with his view, in the opening lines of the poem, that the Civil War was not about anything in particular and that the two sides did not even know what they were fighting for:

> When civil fury first grew high,
> And men fell out they knew not why . . .

The opening of Part II suggests that both war and the epic conventions of war are equally absurd:

> But now t'observe romantic method,
> Let rusty steel awhile be sheathed,
> And all those harsh and rugged sounds
> Of bastinadoes, cuts and wounds
> Exchanged to love's more gentle style, . . .
> To let our reader breathe a while . . .

As a matter of fact, epics seem to Butler to be accountable for much of the trouble. They have romanticised violence to the point of justifying civil disorders:

> Certes our authors are to blame;
> For to make some well-sounding name
> A pattern fit for modern knights
> To copy out in frays and fights
> (Like those that a whole street do raze
> To build a palace in the place).
> They never care how many others
> They kill, without regard of mothers,
> Or wives, or children, so they can
> Make up some fierce, dead-doing man (I. ii. 11f.)

Mr Wilders glosses 'dead-doing' as 'murderous'. He is not an editor to mince matters. I hope his edition is much read, as it deserves to be. Johnians who are protected by the wise policy of the tutors against direct experience of stupidity will find much in it to instruct them concerning the harsh world beyond their gates.

GEORGE WATSON.

PLATO PLAIN

Plato, Popper and Politics. Some Contributions to a Modern Controversy. Edited by Renford Bambrough. W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. viii and 219 pages. 35s.

ALL who are seriously interested in political thought—whatever is understood by that phrase—must be interested in Plato. To state this is to state a truism, but one which too many will not recognize as such. Plato is to the political tradition of the West much what the Bible is to western ethics but who reads the Bible today? Only the declining band of Christians. To rescue Plato from the fate of the great black-bound sacred compendium is, then, a worthwhile task, since we clearly cannot dispense with political theory; and the West therefore owes a debt of gratitude to those writers whose controversial rage has helped to keep Plato present, alive and exciting to readers during the past thirty years. The College of St John the Evangelist, that notable if eccentric Platonist, may well be proud that one of its members, Mr Bambrough, has not only contributed valuably to the controversy, but has, in the present volume, brought some of its principal documents together. He has thus made them readily accessible, both to the expert and to the beginner. Each will be grateful.

Not that it is possible to endorse his publisher's opinion that the book will serve 'as an introduction to the debate for those who are about to read those books for the first time', meaning the books of Professor Sir Karl Popper and of his critics and supporters; still less, of course, will it serve those who are about to read Plato himself. A knowledge of the *Republic*, of *The Open Society and its Enemies*, and (for reasons that will soon be clear) of at least the outlines of ancient Greek and modern European history is absolutely essential, as a bare minimum, to those who would profit from this book; and the more they know, to start with, of modern philosophy and of the other dialogues of Plato, the more they will learn. But when all is said, the amount of pre-requisite knowledge is small. The audience to which *Plato, Popper and Politics* (hereinafter referred to as 3P) may be recommended is correspondingly large.

A summary of the contents will best indicate the value of the book. It opens with an essay by Mr Bambrough as *amicus curiae*. He gives a dispassionate account of what divides and what unites the Platonic controversialists that, allowing for what seems to me a major omission (touched on below), ought to be acceptable to both. There follow, in chronological order, twelve essays published between 1938 and 1961, from which some of the principal themes of the controversy may be gleaned. These essays fall into two clearly-defined groups, Before Popper and After Popper. BP are R. F. A. Hoernlé, making a disquieting because detailed comparison of the Hitlerian state with the Utopia of the *Republic;* H. B. Acton defending Plato against the consequent charge of Fascism; G. R. Morrow impressively sustaining the claim, based on a reading of the *Laws*, that Plato is the originator of the theory of mixed governments, that is of constitutionalism; and the late Professor G. C. Field demolishing the anti-Platonic case as presented by Mr Richard Crossman and others. AP are two reviews of the *Open Society*, (published in 1945) by Professor Ryle (disappointing, this) and Professor Plamenatz respectively; a characteristic essay by Bertrand Russell ('That Plato's Republic should have been admired, on its political side, by decent people, is perhaps the most astonishing example of literary snobbery in all history'); a spirited counter-attack by Eric Unger; Mr Bambrough's notable essay on Plato's political analogies; a formidable philosophical critique of Popper's categories, by Stanley H. Rosen; an unsatisfactory attempt to sum up the controversy by Hans Meyerhoff; and Professor Popper's own 'Reply

to a Critic', in which he takes Professor Levinson, who in 1953, wrote *In Defence of Plato*, shakes him, and leaves him for dead.

It is a good selection. One could wish that, instead of Ryle, Mr Bambrough had included the review by Richard Robinson to which Popper frequently alludes, and which sounds like an important contribution; and surely the Russell essay ought to precede the Unger piece, which discusses it? The articles are reproduced photographically from the books and journals where they were first published, so one cannot legitimately complain of the book's odd appearance; but the look of the prefatory pages, including the list of contents, is needlessly ugly. Again, it would be idle to ask for an index to a book of this nature, but could not Mr Bambrough, in 1968, have done more towards furnishing a guide to further reading than referring us to *In Defence of Plato's* bibliography and to Professor Harold Cherniss's *Plato, 1950-57*? However, these are small complaints, which do nothing to mar the real utility of the collection; and both publishers and editor are to be congratulated on the system they have adopted by which scholars will be equally able to refer to the pagination of the present volume and to that of the original articles.

As to the larger issues presented by 3P, an historian must notice, first the profile of the controversy itself. It began in the mid-thirties, when, to the consternation of all good Platonists, states had arisen in Europe which bore a hateful but striking resemblance to the Utopia depicted by the philosopher in his *Republic*. Clearly this resemblance had to be investigated and accounted for; the tone of anguish which runs through several of the commentaries arises from the pain that men felt in having in any way to relate the divine Plato to the infernal Hitler.

It proved possible to defend Plato against the grosser charges: he could not, in fact, be used to defend Nazism. Hitler and Mussolini were clearly not Platonic guardians or philosopher-kings. For one thing they lacked that certain knowledge of the good which, in Plato's eyes, alone justified any and all of the guardians' actions in advance. But the peril and then the victory of liberal democracy in the second World War did not soften the attitude of democrats towards Plato. They had crushed the fascists; they next proceeded, led by Professor Popper, to crush the great forerunners. Plato's crimes against the open society—his view that rulers might legitimately lie to the world, his insistence on censorship, his acceptance of slavery, his alleged racialism and militarism—were to be denounced and condemned decisively, in a sort of Nuremberg trial. This phase lasted until the late fifties, when doubts arose—and have since grown huge—about the all-sufficiency of the liberal democratic answer. In England Mr Bambrough began to urge the wisdom that lay behind the exaggerations of Plato's analogies; in America Professor Rosen proved that all societies are to some extent closed, not open: are based, that is to say, in Popper's own sense of the word, on magic—on assumptions that cannot be proved—and not on the results of free, scientific enquiry. We are no longer so ready to condescend to Plato's satire on democracy. He held that it led direct to tyranny, the worst of all forms of human government. He is not necessarily right; but who, looking now across the Atlantic to the greatest of modern democracies, dare say that he is necessarily wrong?

A subordinate theme, also clearly evident in this collection, is the development of philosophical fashion. I am not competent to pronounce on this, but may venture the remark that Professor Rosen's strictures on Popper's conclusions are based on other strictures on logical empiricism, the dominant contemporary mode of English-language philosophy. The rise and fall of political attitudes seems to be roughly paralleled by the

rise and fall of philosophical approaches. It would be interesting to explore the connection—for a connection there must be. The phenomenon to be understood is a phase of cultural history which, by analogy, might throw light on other phases. We are confronted with a sacred text in the interpretation of which certain learned and intelligent men have been palpably influenced by the political and intellectual currents of their time. It would be valuable to know what, precisely, drove them to investigate the text; how they related their professional and their political concerns; and what part they and their studies played in the society of their day. In short, a full-scale account of the Platonic controversy might tell us a great deal about an important aspect of modern history. It is to be hoped that one day it will be written.*

3P is more satisfying with regard to modern than to ancient history. The reason is curious. As to modern history, the essays here printed are, in a sense, original pieces of evidence. But they are not, of course, intended as contributions to historical knowledge of any kind. And this leads to the glaring omission, alluded to earlier, in Mr Bambrough's account of the controversy.

He observes (p. 10, p. 11) that 'The first attack of modern critics is directed against Plato's concrete proposals for the organisation of society. The critics recoil in democratic horror from the censorship proposals, from the cold-blooded justification of lying propaganda, from the control of breeding, which treats man as a mere animal. They are incensed at the autocratic principles on which Plato organises his ideal community . . .' And, 'There is a second and much more formidable attack to be met, an attack which does not confine itself to criticising this or that political measure or institution, but which strikes at the root of Plato's whole conception of man and society.'

The defence against the first charge, which Mr Bambrough allows, is that, given Plato's philosophical doctrines, above all the contention that there is a science of virtue like the science of mathematics, which the guardians of his Republic know, 'the concrete proposals are not only defensible but inescapable.' There is, he thinks, no sufficient defence against the second charge, which is that there is no such science of virtue. Plato may, if he chooses, pass his time in speculation about an unattainable Utopia; or he may persuade himself that it is attainable, that his programme should be acted upon. The verdict is inexorable: he 'either does not or will not see that his central political principle is either true and trivial or important and false.' (p. 13). There may be a science of virtue, but men will never attain it. Plato ought not to write as if they could.

So far, so good; but it does not seem to me that this two-pronged formulation covers all the ground. Surely there is a third prong, which involves the very nature of political thought itself.

It is easy to see why Mr Bambrough neglects this prong. For one thing, he is not an historian; for another, the excessive heat of Plato's enemies obscures their light. Yet it remains possible to hold that Popper, skewered by the first prong, which finds out his weak spot, an unwillingness to discuss Plato in Platonic terms, is still alive and kicking, because Plato, not he, is skewered by the other two prongs.

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* When it is, let us hope that it takes some account of the related controversies about Hegel and Marx—especially the former. Both names crop up from time to time in 3P, but neither, and especially not Hegel, has been completely rescued from the serious misrepresentations launched by Popper. As Plamenatz remarks, 'English scholars . . . care so much less for the reputations of German than of Greek philosophers.' (p. 140).

For, as Sir Karl observes (pp. 331-2) no-one has yet shown him to be wrong in his contention that Plato, both in the *Republic* and the *Laws*, recommended states which would have condemned Socrates, more rigidly than Athens itself, to exile, imprisonment, or death. Socrates, be it recalled, died for the ideal of a just balance between the claims of society and the claims of the individual mind and conscience. The *Crito* makes it plain that he accepted, in the fullest sense, his obligations as an Athenian citizen. The *Apology*, the *Phaedo*, and Xenophon---everything, in short, which we know about the historic Socrates—makes it plain that he also insisted on his human right to think and speak freely, about politics, conduct and religion. Such a man would not have lasted long in the Platonic Utopias. His intelligence and his irony would soon threaten the dissolution of their institutions, and he would have been eliminated more swiftly than he was from his own city.

Various comments could be made on this point; but the relevant one is simple. *How did Plato, the Master's principal follower, ever come to devise so unSocratic a state as the* Republic? Are we content to ascribe it to his inexorable reasoning from his central contention, the infallibility of the ruling guardians? Is it not more plausible to suppose that Plato thought of the guardians first, and tried to prove their necessity afterwards? Briefly, no answer has yet been made to the contention that Plato was an autocrat by temperament, a conservative by upbringing, and anti-liberal, anti-democratic on principle because of the excesses of the Athenian *demos*, which led to the Peloponnesian War, the tyranny of the Thirty, and the death of Socrates. It is not necessary, even, to accept the authenticity of the Seventh Letter, to hold that the profoundly reactionary teachings of the Platonic writings must have a primary relationship, not to the evolution of Greek philosophy, but to the evolution of Greek society. A. B. Winspear, in 1940, wrote a long, learned and brilliant book, to show, in detail, how Plato's *Republic* reflected the interests of his class. It is scarcely alluded to in 3P, yet one does not have to accept Winspear *in toto* to feel that he has got hold of the right end of the stick. Politics figure more prominently in Plato's writings than in those of any other philosopher of comparable stature. (The difference in intellectual interests between him and Aristotle, for example, is very marked.) Why is this? And is it likely that Plato, alone of humanity, was clear of the habit of formulating his conclusions first, and then finding the arguments for them? If not, then we must conclude that Popper is right on the all-important point: we must convict Plato of being an enemy of freedom. He was not base, he was not corrupt, he was not insincere, he believed his own reasoning, he was as often right as wrong, he wrote like an angel. But, as Popper has again and again pointed out, all this merely makes him more dangerous to the beliefs of his opponents.

I should like Mr Bambrough to have found an essayist to consider this aspect of the matter, for it is fundamental. If Plato is not a disinterested political philosopher, who is? May it not be that most works of political philosophy that are worth reading are, at bottom, tracts? Is there not a tendency for all political philosophers to seek, not the impartial truth of their professions, but victory for the views imposed on them, as if they were lesser men, by circumstances? If not, how do they evolve their political doctrines? For my part, I think they write their books backwards, beginning with their positive recommendations for their fellow-citizens.

This article has wandered far from the book it reviews. I hope Mr Bambrough will take such waywardness as a tribute to the stimulating character of his compilation.

D. H. V. BROGAN.

Reviews

BOOKS

The Eagle is anxious to review books by members of the College, whether resident or not; but cannot engage to do so unless copies of such works are sent to the Editor on their publication.

R. A. Lyttleton, *Mysteries of the Solar System* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1968: 35s.)

In the seven long but very readable essays of this attractive book—originally delivered as lectures at Brandeis University—Dr Lyttleton discusses problems concerned with the origin and composition of the solar system. In the first essay he shows how little is as yet firmly established about the course of events that brought the system into existence. There is a discussion of the theories of Sir James Jeans and Sir Harold Jeffreys, to the effect that the planets evolved from a filament of matter drawn from the sun by the action of another star. Dr Lyttleton finds considerable difficulties in these theories, as indeed he has done for many years, having been the pioneer of the view that planetary material could not have been drawn from the sun. But after considering alternative hypotheses he concludes that "the working out of them to show what processes result can scarcely be said to have more than begun". Two further essays discuss the constitution of the planets and the interior of the earth, and in the latter case it might be supposed that we are, in more senses than one, on firmer ground. But in fact even geologists cannot agree whether the earth's surface has contracted or expanded, or has remained the same. As Dr Lyttleton says and scholars in disciplines remote from his would agree—"It is one of the difficulties of theoretical work that there can always be found different schools of thought that maintain contrary conclusions based, so they all feel, on precisely the same range of evidence." In the author's view, an initially solid earth developed a liquid core by compression, which resulted in the contractions of the surface which we see as mountain chains. But he admits that "it is certain that much remains to be discovered" about the interior of the earth. Two further essays deal with comets, on which Dr Lyttleton is an acknowledged authority, and there is also an intriguing discussion of tektites—those curious glassy objects which appear on certain parts of the earth's surface, probably having developed their unusual, often button-like shapes from their rapid descent through the earth's atmosphere. The book concludes with a largely historical chapter on the discovery of Neptune in 1846, which was the result of independent calculations by the Johnian J. C. Adams and the French astronomer Le Verrier. Dr Lyttleton shows that the discovery of the planet more or less in the quarter of the sky indicated by Adams and Le Verrier was something of a fluke. This fits in well with the general theme of the book, which is that in spite of the formidable developments of science, the use of computers, the growth of radio astronomy and the evidence derived from space probes, the corpus of agreed knowledge even about our own solar system is remarkably small. The argument is throughout conducted with great clarity, and the layman will be able to follow it without difficulty, although the mathematical illustrations may elude him. Eight plates of photographs add considerably to the interest of the volume, which is very good value at its price. It should be read by all who are interested in keeping up with the frontiers of knowledge, if only to reassure themselves that this frontier, too, advances only with difficulty and with pitfalls for the unwary.

HENRY PELLING

The Yachtsman's Cook Book by E. W. R. Peterson. 240 pp. London, Leslie Frewin, 1966. 30s.

E. W. R. Peterson has been described as a retired lawyer by profession, a yachtsman by predilection, and a cook by instinct. For nearly forty years he has been week-ending, cruising and ocean racing, usually as cook. In 1946 he sailed both ways across the Atlantic in *Latifa* as cook. When he retired in 1950, he bought a Dutch *Boeier*, the *Willemien*, and explored the waterways of Europe. In 1953, when moored on the banks of the Seine in Paris, he took the Diploma of the French Cordon Bleu school of cookery. Sir Alan Herbert, who contributes a preface to this book (and introduced the author to the waterways of England), describes it very happily as "a very good book, well-written and well built on knowledge and experience." It is about cooking in the most cramped, difficult and confounding conditions, but it can be warmly recommended to those who have no intention of going to sea and work in easier circumstances than the galley of a boat, and have no need of deep fiddles on their shelves, tables and stoves and expanding curtain rod lashings for their kettles and pots.

The author's likes and dislikes come through his amusing and economically written book: he doesn't like tea-bags or vodka which he finds a pernicious drink even as Bloody Mary and recommends us Yeoman Warder (gin and tomato juice): I recommend Bloody William which is sherry and tomato juice. He enjoys red-currant jelly with grilled sausages, cannot resist brains, recommends Red Cabbage *a la Flamande* with Toulouse or Lyonnaise sausages, insists on us using only the top grade of paprika (Noble Sweet) in our goulash, and gives us some recipes I have not met elsewhere such as his own family Cottage Pie, his own *Karbonnadje Willemien* (which starts off with pork chops coated in mustard), a Gilbury Omelette (he confesses not to know the origin of this name) which has a filling "of chopped and diced vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, onions, potatoes, as well as sweet corn, peas, tiny broad beans, asparagus tips, french beans cut in half inch lengths, diced cucumber, red and green peppers, all diced and cooked in butter", and *Haringsla*, a dish of diced beetroot, apples, onion, potatoes, shredded lettuce or endive, hard boiled eggs in slices, and raw salt herrings. He is an enthusiast for things Dutch and gives a vivid account of the eating of fresh raw herrings in Holland in May, and explains to us *Uitsmuiter*. This we are told is a typically Dutch dish: "an excellent stopgap or stay-bite on occasion. I first met it at a party at a Dutch yacht club. We had assembled for drinks before dinner. These consisted of *borreltjes*, little glasses of Dutch gin, which are always taken neat. This part of the function goes on for some time and the drinks arrive in regular and rapid succession. Presently a portly member of the club sat down at a small table and a steward brought him an enormous plate on which was a piece of toast on which was a large slice of thinly cut ham, and on this poised two fried eggs. The whole was encircled by an ample helping of fried potatoes. 'What is that?' I asked. 'Oh that is an *Uitsmuiter*, to prevent him getting hungry before the dinner' was the reply." And it is nice to learn the Dutch for a hangover—a *Katszenjammer*, for which he recommends a Prairie Oyster.

Our experienced and well-travelled author does not fall into some of the easy pitfalls of writers of cookery: not for him any question that the name of the Homard and Langouste dish is *a l'Americaine* and he is in no confusion about the difference between crawfish and crayfish; but he slips when he writes of toasted cheese dishes and calls them, as do the ignorant chefs of cheap restaurants, rarebits—a false etymology for the correct Welsh rabbit and Buck rabbit.

As with all good cookery books we are left hungry and slavering. How nice if the author asked me to dine with him on *Willemien*. What would we have that he recommends? I would go easy on the *borreltjes* and dispense with an *Uitsmuiter*. Perhaps *Haringsla* to begin, then *creme vichysoisse*, his own Willemien carbonnade, and a souffle rum omelette (for rum he says is "the traditional sea-faring spirit for Englishmen"), and then his savoury of kippers, filleted, mashed up, set on buttered toast, dusted with cayenne pepper, sprinkled with lemon juice and lightly grilled. Delicious! Come to think of it: I will have another *borreltje*—where is that bottle of *Bokma*?

GLYN DANIEL

THEATRE

THE PYTHAGOREANS

First it must be recorded, in justice to the artists and for the sake of the chronicle, that during May Week a second workshop performance (*The Waste Land* having been the first) was put on by the Lady Margaret Players in the Old Music Room. The programme presented two one-act plays, and a welcome opportunity to see what the actors could do with larger rôles than *The Waste Land* afforded. This was especially true of Chekhov's *The Proposal*: three fat parts into which three able performers sank three sharp sets of teeth. Mr Nick Jones was particularly impressive as the weakling Lomov. The

David Price in *Spare*

Hugh Epstein and Mike Polack in *John Thomas*

production could not exploit the essentially untheatrical atmosphere of the Old Music Room: it had to fight it; but the battle was won, and between them the actors and the producer (Mr Keith Hutcheson) successfully created the illusion of a seedy Russian drawing-room.

Hurrah For The Bridge presented the same sort of challenge as *The Waste Land*: a surrealist play which could only succeed through swift and certain teamwork. An illusion had to be created of night—a great port—its land and water traffic—the squalor and danger of its docks. It is greatly to the credit of the company that, as in *The Waste Land*, they were able to force the audience to use its imagination and see, smell, hear all these things. It is also greatly to their credit that they could hold attention to a drama which was largely unintelligible, if not meaningless. Eeny, Meeny, Meiny and Mo, waterfront delinquents, picked each other off with armed umbrellas; Rover and Ruby entertained us with pastiche Beckett. One was left with some striking mental images. Probably more of the credit for this belongs to the producer, Mr Neinstein, than to the author.

On to *Cockade*. But first, a word about the new theatre. Visitors must not expect a Festspielhaus. At the back, a projection box, and some raised seats; in the front a wide and shallow stage; between, more seats. The whole auditorium would accommodate an audience of a hundred. It is agreeable enough, but my first impression is that the stage could with advantage have been a little higher, since the auditorium is unraked, and that it is a pity that a proscenium, not an apron stage was installed. In such a small theatre, where intimacy is everything, productions should not be muffled in drapes, and the present generation of Players, at least, have amply proved their ability to seize the opportunities of theatre in the round. And a more naked stage would give the School of Pythagoras more of a chance to assert its unique personality. Overall, however, we can only be grateful to the College for such a valuable present to the drama. Let us hope that much good work will be done in it, and that the Lady Margaret Players will become as much of a College glory as the Lady Margaret Boat Club used to be.

Cockade is not quite the piece I would have chosen to launch the new enterprise. It is a sort of omelette, incorporating all the kinds of theatre which the company have experimented with in the Old Music Room. So in a sense they were playing safe. Unfortunately this cannot be said of their choice in other respects. *Cockade* is a trio of one-act plays, tenuously linked by recurring themes such as violence, war, bawdy, racism, and Catterick Camp. It employs an uneasy idiom made up, so far as I could judge, of two parts low vernacular to one part of near-verse. This made the social authenticity at which the actors aimed difficult to achieve, and produced some odd effects: for example, a Welsh soldier (I think he was Welsh) asked "Why is it always I?"—a sentence otherwise never, surely, heard on sea or land. The first play of the three, *Prisoner and Escort*, is the most naturalistic, showing a railway compartment with a military prisoner being taken back to Catterick. The author successfully builds up an atmosphere of suspense and significance, but in the end his hocus-pocus collapses, and his little drama, in spite of all the expectations it arouses, is exposed as dreadfully trivial. But it contains some good parts (Mr Wood seems to have a knack of writing them) and they were well taken by the performers. The pace was a little slow, but matters quickened with the entry of Hilary

Craig, who promises to be a very useful actress. She showed she could be tough in Chekhov; in Charles Wood she showed she could be touching.

I didn't like the second play, *John Thomas*, at all. It concerns a schoolmaster living in lodgings and his enigmatic relationship with The Man From Upstairs. Messrs Polack and Epstein worked hard and capably, but there are times when I wish that Harold Pinter had stuck to acting. I certainly wish that Mr Wood had never read his plays. I am profoundly tired of sinister strangers threatening the innocent with such menacing remarks (delivered always with a sneer) as "Will you lend me some tea?" Nor do I spontaneously care why John Thomas and his neighbour competed to dress up as a jockey, and the efforts of author, actors and producer failed to change my apathy on the matter.

The last play, *Spare*, had most fun and games in it and gave Mr David Price a good part as an obsessive sergeant-major acting out fantasies of his regiment's lurid past in what seemed to be a combination of a military waxworks show and an assault course. Nostalgia was the dominant mood. Lights flashed, machine guns rattled, clouds of dust and coils of coloured paper descended on the players from the wings. What it all meant, who could say? As in *John Thomas* I felt no compulsion to rack my brains to find out. But the splendid Mr Price and his three satellites—a corporal and two privates—kept the action rattling along; there was a lot to laugh at and a lot to please—particularly some of the props, such as the actor transformed into a waxwork of the Duke of Wellington by the simple means of a fine uniform and a nylon stocking pulled over his head. Except for the shockingly unmilitary haircuts (was none of the actors artist enough to sacrifice his vanity to his calling for a week or two?) there was nothing in the production (Mr Chris Bailey) to vex.

But next time, please may we have something tough and intellectual—something on the Sartre or Ibsen wavelength? Or at least something with more girls in it?

VERCINGETORIX

THE PROPOSAL
by
Anton Chekhov

Stepan Stepanovitch Choobukov, David Price; *Natalyia Stepanovna*, Hilary Craig; *Ivan Vassilievitch Lomov*, Nick Jones. *Director*, Keith Hutcheson.

HURRAH FOR THE BRIDGE
by
Paul Foster

Rover, Mike Neff; *Eeny*, Nick Viney; *Meeny*, Nick Jones; *Meiny*, Keith Hutcheson; *Mo*, Ian Hering; *Ruby*, Hilary Craig. *Director*, Ray Neinstein. *Stage Manager*, Pete Cunningham. *Sound*, Trevor Davis.

COCKADE
by
Charles Wood

Prisoner and Escort: *Blake*, Ian Hering; *Jupp*, Nick Jones; *Hoskinson*, Keith Hutcheson; *Girl*, Hilary Craig.

John Thomas: *John Thomas*, Mike Polack; *Man From Upstairs*, Hugh Epstein.

Spare: *Dickie Bird*, Pete Gill; *Harry*, Keith Barron; *Garibaldi*, Rob Buckler; *Spratt*, David Price; *Freddie*, Keith Barron; *Drummer*, Mark Honeyball.

Director, Chris Bailey. *Stage Manager*, Mike Hill. *A.S.M.s*, Dave McMullen, Robert Dingwall, Giles Edwards, John Wilcocks. *Lighting*, Roger Hills, Pete Cunningham. *Sound*, Trevor Davis. *Set Design*, Richard Griffith. *Publicity*, Rob Buckler.

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

There has been a great upsurge of activity in the Society this term.

The three fortnightly lectures attracted large audiences. Dr Taunt managed to "go forth and multiply" in a very entertaining way; Dr Reid, who spoke on the first six letters of the alphabet, succeeded in baffling a large proportion of his audience; and finally, the ever-punctual Dr Moffatt amused us by producing smoke rings from a cardboard box.

Two meetings were held to decide upon the Society's attitude towards the Mathematical

Reviews

BOOKS

The Eagle *is anxious to review books by members of the College, whether resident or not; but cannot engage to do so unless copies of such works are sent to the Editors on their publication.*

The School of Shakespeare. David L. Frost. Cambridge University Press. 55s.

SHAKESPEARE was as much a borrower of material as were any of his contemporaries. But where the great writer so moulds a convention to his purpose that its familiar echoes lead one only to its novelty, the minor author will find that his borrowings are mere lumber in the scant framework of his own inspiration. It is on the basis of this distinction that Dr Frost places Shakespeare as the guiding star of Jacobean drama, looked to as such by his contemporaries and successors.

Bare verbal echoes are of little importance. Dr Frost quickly refutes G. E. Bentley's claim, made on the basis of verbal parallels, that Ben Jonson was the leading dramatist of the age. His own external evidence rests mainly on the publication figures for the years 1594-1642, which give Shakespeare seventy-three quarto editions and Ben Jonson twenty. This is indeed more telling, and Dr Frost rightly dismisses the textual parallels in the work of Massinger as being of little importance: "significant influence can only be exercised where there is some community of minds; except where they shared the great commonplaces there seems to have been none at all between the two dramatists."

The real borrowing occurred when dramatists used Shakespeare as an emotional bank to supplement their own meagre income. Mr Hales of Eton had not won the Great Debate on false pretences. One of the most interesting parallels of this sort is that between Hamlet and Vindice. Both men display the same world-weariness and disgust for life; to this extent Dr Frost is right to deny that the most considerable influence upon *The Revenger's Tragedy* was Marston's *The Malcontent*, which relies almost entirely on kindly Providence to roll events the right way. Both men, too, are strangely Mother orientated, while the emotional force behind the two great death's head *contemptu mundi* speeches is certainly similar. But Dr Frost misses an opportunity here to reinforce his main thesis; that a minor dramatist is so influenced by Shakespeare that he takes over some of his emotional attitudes, but remains minor because he fails to integrate them into his own work. Middleton has here failed to do to Shakespeare what Shakespeare succeeded in doing to the Revenge tradition. Vindice participates in the system of Revenge as much as he comments upon it; he praises his dead lover in terms of the lust she provoked in other men; he deals with his mother in a way that suggests some sort of diabolic delight in the actual process of torture; and his downfall is entirely due to the vain broadcast of his own excesses. Hamlet, however, is much the more complete character in that he puts dislocated time back into place, not merely by jumping on the spinning flywheel of revenge, but by displaying concern for time future and time past. Ophelia in her madness and Hamlet in his sanity both attack the life that depends on the pulses of the blood; the lust of Claudius and Gertrude. But in the case of Hamlet this attack is tempered by what might or should have been; wisdom, maturity—or ripeness—is all.

It is just this point of completeness, one which would take his own argument even further, that Dr Frost misses in his consideration of *The Changeling.* Dr Frost shrewdly relates Middleton's experience in adding scenes to *Macbeth* for the King's Men to the moral structure of *The Changeling*; in both plays punishment is the outcome of character. Macbeth, however, has that sense of the past, of what might have been, that one associates with all the Shakespearian tragic heroes:

> my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have.

But both Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores enter into the system of life by the minute. The final twist of intrigue belongs to Beatrice; yet for all she has learnt in this department she fatally misjudges the character of her husband. There is a dash of the magnificent in De Flores at his end; but his pride is of the present. It is not until Milton's Satan that we once again

come across a villain who perceives the value of the past.

It is tempting to accept the throwaway regrets of Bosola and Flamineo in this light, but regret presupposes a better world or order of things. In contrasting the moral vision of Webster and Ford to that of Shakespeare, Dr Frost is at his best. With Shakespeare destruction is tolerable because it is also purification; evil, however costly, is a temporary aberration. Webster and Ford, however, have no such conception of an underlying moral order; life to them is a chaos of intrigue: "Webster's innumerable animal images, the wolf, the raven, the fox, or the spider, limit the terms in which we see the drama; it is a different natural world, savage, self-seeking, indifferent to human virtue or vice, where 'moral' choices may even prejudice survival." When Webster moralizes, therefore, his *sententiae* jar on the mind; the need to moralize is an inherited debt that he would have done well to ignore;

> The Great are like the Base; nay, they are the same,
> When they seek shameful ways, to avoid shame.

This is lumber, for the universe of Webster demands a quite different approach. The tragic effect depends upon an epic consistency of character, and this calls for both endurance and scheming. Webster's heroines have grandeur, but they fight like bitches. What is right is no longer a question of morality; like Sophocles' Odysseus, Webster's characters are as they need to be. Nevertheless the completeness of Shakespeare's moral vision survives in fragmented form, as the bare conduct couplets shiver in an alien evil world where people must stand the course as best they can.

Dr Frost points out that *Pericles* was entered in the Stationers' Register on 20 May, 1608 and was probably performed in late 1607. It would therefore seem to precede all those Beaumont and Fletcher plays which have been alleged to condition Shakespeare's development. In addition the negotiations for the lease of the Blackfriars theatre to the King's Men were not concluded until August 1608. But it is really the familiar ability to find significance outside the immediate present that makes Shakespeare pre-eminent in the Romance plays; what he did to the Revenge tradition he now does to Romance. His Last Plays are a "normal development rather than some strange sport fathered by Beaumont and Fletcher". Dr Frost reminds the reader that myth and allegory were very much part of the contemporary way of thinking, and it is through the ripples of metaphor and parallel that Shakespeare embraces far wider shores than were ever dreamt of by Beaumont or Fletcher. Their characters react more absurdly to more conventional situations, whereas Shakespeare, though using the most extraordinary effects and turns of event, makes his characters react in a more human way. This makes it easier to regard them as spring boards for allegorical interpretation, whether it be from Pericles to Job, Hermione to Grace, or Time to Jehovah. Beaumont and Fletcher borrow the external trappings of the Last Plays, but manage none of the internal resonance.

Again I would take Dr Frost's argument even further. The depth of these last plays is not only a matter of human affairs being open to allegorical and symbolic interpretation. The analogies form themselves into a more complete circle than this, for Shakespeare always felt in time much more than the beat of the present. Prospero moves, not merely from man to God, but back to feeble man again, and it is he in that immortal speech who yet taints all with mortality, even the work of art which he is speaking and the whole canon of which *The Tempest* is the last example. Nevertheless, the last thoughts are of dreams and circles, the unreal, because permanent, perfection of Art:

> Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Dr Frost has written a most engrossing book because he has passed through the mere

verbal parallels (on which, incidentally, he has not failed to do an enormous amount of homework) to a consideration of the way in which the Jacobean dramatists played variations on themes which Shakespeare had already mastered. The resulting ambiguities and contradictions demonstrate the completeness of Shakespeare's vision. Dr Frost is right: "Shakespeare deserved the pre-eminence accorded by his own and later centuries, and his successors acknowledged the fact by borrowing freely from him."

MICHAEL MAVOR

Henry Pelling, *Popular Politics and Society in Late Victorian Britain.*

Dr Pelling presents himself in his most recent book in the role of iconoclast—an unfamiliar part perhaps, but one for which, as the dust-cover and title page remind us, he has been well prepared in the course of some ten previous works. He has presented us with a collection of essays, broad in scope, and covering various aspects of working-class ideas, behaviour and institutions as manifested chiefly in the period 1870 to 1920. Together they are designed, so he informs us, to provide "a somewhat different approach to the problems of the period than will be found in earlier works", with the hope that at least "some doubts will have been raised in the reader's mind about the value of earlier generalizations".

Amongst the predominant characteristics of the late Victorian working class, Dr Pelling discerns a deep "sense of class consciousness" allied to "a marked sense of grievance". Yet these, far from breeding active discontent and revolution, went together with that political apathy and social conservatism which can only spring from a total lack of ideas about matters other than those of day to day living. It is a pity that he has not felt the need to examine the reasons which might lie behind this unattractive facade which he has outlined for us. It would be interesting to know why he thinks increasing educational opportunities, combined with a rising standard of living, should have left such attitudes basically unchanged even today—something which his concluding chapter shows he believes.

In arriving at his diagnosis of working-class apathy, Doctor Pelling has utilized four main types of evidence, derived from working-class reactions towards social welfare legislation, their religious practices, their reactions to imperialism, and their devlopment of political organization. He has shown how welfare legislation was originally received with distrust and scepticism, and remarks upon the fact that the working class were slow to perceive the advantages of insurance and pension schemes. However, I would think that such a conclusion is as likely to reflect the bias of contemporary evidence about their reactions, as it is to be a valid one. He himself stressed the fragmentary nature of the evidence and the diversity of life within Britain as hazards to such generalizations. Social legislation has, probably without exception, been initiated by those who thought they knew what was best for those whom it was intended to benefit. Sometimes it was also claimed to be what the intended beneficiaries themselves wanted. It was proposed by those with the leisure and opportunity to ponder certain social situations over wide areas, and in the process of law-making, the political debate on such legislation was joined by those who had equal facilities to criticize. I would argue that Parliamentary debates of this nature were frequently complex, and always remote. Working-class wariness was surely as much a result of the failure by reformers or M.P.s to explain and communicate in simple terms, as of working-class stupidity. Not only were working people suspicious of a bias against them in the law. In the 1890s, surely memories of governmental incompetence, legal loopholes for would-be evaders, and the general precariousness of life which earlier laws had done little to ease and had sometimes aggravated, all governed working-class attitudes. The comments cited here, by disappointed, if well intentioned, reformers, or by politicians who expected more electoral gratitude, are only part of the story.

Similarly with any assessment of popular religious attitudes. Irregular or indiscriminate attendance at church or chapel certainly reflect the lack of loyalty which is amply illustrated here. But can we equate this entirely with apathy? Our knowledge of working-class behaviour is here based again on the evidence of interested observers, often

those most interested. We can hardly expect to find in the minutes of Methodist Conferences, the 1851 Religious Census, or Episcopal Visitation Returns, any indulgence in self criticism by members of the ecclesiastical hierarchies; they simply comment on the failures of the flock. Labourers rarely wrote about the bad shepherds; they simply ceased to attend.

In an interesting essay on imperialism, Doctor Pelling seems unwittingly to qualify his general judgements about the working class. It is surely remarkable that the simple music-hall verse, originating the term "jingo", should have such intellectual undertones. It is unfortunate that he focusses on the abnormal situation created by the Boer War and its aftermath; the excitement over Fashoda, the Kruger telegram, or Uganda in 1892 should be analyzed to even the balance. The popularity of songs relating to overseas expansion in this period he admits. He stresses too the reaction by working-class spokesmen to the "Chinese Labour" question. The strength and nature of this reaction, differing from Liberal humanitarianism, suggests that working-class leaders did welcome at least the job-providing aspect of imperial expansion, even if reluctant to countenance a war to secure it. But even condemnation of the war by the T.U.C. should not be taken to indicate a general anti-imperialism. The fact that the working class did not enthuse over the "White Man's Burden" is no more significant than the failure of anti-slavery societies to promote emigration schemes for the unemployed. Similarly, failure to flock to the recruiting halls may have been the result of an innate instinct for self-preservation plus individual economic circumstance. Patriotism and support for every aspect of imperialism have rarely been synonymous.

The most interesting essays are those devoted to working-class political organizations. Doctor Pelling presents a detailed case for a gradual strengthening of Labour organization between 1900 and 1914, which enabled that political party to replace the Liberals as the official Opposition after World War I. Few historians of the period here escape unscathed. I feel, however, that the continual growth of Labour's political power and leanings towards Parliamentary activity in these years has yet to be conclusively established. It would be most interesting to know whether those people who joined the Independent Labour Party branches, to produce (despite a 20% decrease between 1910 and 1915) an overall increase in this period, are also those who joined the Trade Union movement. This would be overwhelming evidence in favour of his case, but the evidence he uses seems to me to suggest differently. The South Wales Miners' Federation were strong in promoting a separate Labour Party and were not active strikers; but at the same time, accepted heavy wage reductions and were steadily losing members between 1908 and 1912. However, after their patronage of certain Syndicalist ideas, the trend was reversed. This suggests that the *alternation* between direct economic and political action was then, as ever, a continuing feature of the labour movement, just as factionalism continued in the political hierarchy. As for Labour's impressive electoral performance, it is of course difficult to know how much was due simply to a protest vote against traditional parties. Certainly this, rather than a positive gesture, is more in keeping with the idea of an apathetic working class dominated by a sense of grievance.

As a whole, the book is interesting and stimulating. But I feel that far too selective a use of evidence, even for essays, makes many of the judgements too hollow for them unduly to disturb predecessors in the field.

ANDREW PORTER

Ovid's Amores, with a verse translation Guy Lee. John Murry, London, 1968. Cloth: 30s; paper 16s. (*A Latin text with translation on facing pages, followed by some notes textual and explanatory, a brief life of the poet, and some remarks on the translation.*)

OVID'S *Amores* are, more than any other Roman elegist's work, poems of wit and conceit, concerned with point in ideas and the language used to express them. Mr Lee's translation is fluent in this style, rich and subtle by turns.

impulit ignavum formosae cura puellae,
iussit et in castris aera merere suis.

inde vides agilem nocturnaque bella gerentem.
qui nolet fieri desidiosus amet.

But a pretty girl soon put me on my feet—
Fall in she ordered, follow me.
And look at me now—alive and alert, the night-fighter.
Yes, if you want an active life try love.

*Am.*1.9.43-46.

The translation gives the Latin a new life in its ambiguities, clever borrowings from military phraseology and pointed use of language suggestive of contemporary social cant. There is much else: neat, economical paradox (eg. 2.19.47-48), minor conceits, lightly touched (e.g. 2.5.47-48), and, pervasively, Ovid's characteristic, limpid conversational elegance, even in sententiousness (e.g. 3.4.11, 14-50). Once or twice the translator seems more Ovidian than Ovid himself (e.g. 2.17.15; the translation of 2.17.21-22 is so neat that a note is probably necessary for the reader without Latin).

There are problems. Ovid was too much in love with his own genius (*Sen. Contr.* 9.5.17; *Quintil.* 10.1.88, 98); and at some points the contemporary poetic form of the translation labours under a style not particularly sympathetic to it (as at 3.11b.5-12). And any translator confronts the problem of meeting another language and its associations, while maintaining a unity of tone and mood in his own, with its quite different complex of associations. In the translation of 2.11.33-34, the sound pattern of the first line is effective, but rather worn prosaism "do her level best" in the second, while meeting the double point of *aequa*, unnecessarily flattens the style. The same questions arise at 1.5.9, 2.1.10, 2.5.15-16 (is "conspiracy"/"confabulation" too playful?). Of course, a break in the mood of the translation may match, or at least may be analogous to, a break in the mood of Ovid's writing. So at 2.11.1 the slightly colloquial prosaism "started it" matches Ovid's *malas* in establishing a sense of disengagement from the heroic concepts and style of the context (2.11.1-6). At 2.1.3 the mood of the translation is not noticeably broken, but a Latinist might feel that "hands off, moralists", while neat, is too abrupt for Ovid's gentle parody of a religious formula.

There is much more in the *Amores* than mannered treatments of amatory themes. Some of Ovid's fluent narrative poetry (e.g. 3.6.45 sqq.); an aetiological poem (3.13); and a fine lament for the dead Tibullus (3.9); the severe economy of the translation, if a little obscure in places, such as vv. 37-38, conveys that genuine feeling which can be sensed through Ovid's conventional form and traditional sometimes rather artificial ideas.

Ovid is very conscious of the music of his poetry; the translation is finely responsive to this, in sound patterns evoking situations and moods (e.g. 2.11.13-14, 1.13.5-8), in adopting a literary style (e.g. 2.11.1 sqq.), or simply in musical expression of the sense (e.g. 1.5.14; 2.16.45-46). Once or twice the English sound pattern seems a little strained (e.g. 3.11.20).

The translation disencumbers the Latin of some elements, such as the more abstruse mythological allusions, which seem less relevant in the current idiom. These simplifications generally gain more than they lose; but at 2.17.3-4 "island goddess" (Venus) is not particularly clear or evocative, whereas the Greek names Paphos and Cythera would at least have had the same decorative effect in English as Ovid intended them to have in his Latin (cf. Quintil, 12.10.33).

But these are small points. Latinists already know Mr Lee's formal critical work on Ovid's poetry; they now have a more directly creative approach to the same end. And for all readers, with or without Latin, this translation gives the *Amores* a new significance in contemporary idiom.

W. R. BARNES

John Beer, *Blake's Humanism*, Manchester University Press, xiii and 269 pp., with 54 illustrations. 55s.

MR BEER'S is a very thoughtful book. Arguments have the strength of relying on impressively close textual analyses of material from many of Blake's works, including *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *America*, *Europe*, *The Song of Los*, and *Milton*. And the poet's drawings are deftly brought into the discussion where relevant.

But it is a book that demands considerable perseverance on the reader's part. The title is somewhat misleading; the book is a study

of Blake's "humanism" only in the most general sense of that word: the poet's emphasis on the individual not only in spite of, but because of, the individual's relation to the eternal and infinite. Indeed, although the book does discuss—as the blurb on its jacket states—"political and social themes" in Blake's writing, Mr Beer seems even more concerned to present a rigorous and consistent interpretation of the entire Blakean *corpus*; he writes:

> the symbolism, . . . a formidable jungle at first sight, gains in clarity as it is seen to be organized by simple massive ideas. The loss of vision and the failure of desire are regarded as the chief failure of modern society, and mourned by a man of such imaginative power that he casts a harmonizing light over the commonplaces of Hebrew and English history.

The author's position is that these "simple massive ideas" have first to be elaborated, before particular aspects of Blake's thought can be fruitfully discussed.

In attempting to provide a key to the interpretation of the mythology of the poems, Mr Beer suggests that:

> Blake's humanism is idiosyncratic: it rests on the presupposition that all men possess an eternal form which subsists in the interplay between vision and desire. Eternal Man exists primarily by those two faculties, which nourish his genius and promote his generosity. But men as we know them have fallen from this estate. As a result, the fruitful dialectic between Vision and Desire is replaced by a warring and fruitless dialectic between Reason and Energy.

This proposition is further developed by a reduction of Blake's thought to a central idea of four levels of vision. This central idea, developed over a period of time, is essentially an extended non-ascetic Manichaean model: Darkness (the first of the ascending levels of vision) is equated with avid Reason, Light (the third level, akin to poetic inspiration) with the blending of Reason with primal energy (the second level), while the fourth and highest level is complete light—when the light of the third level is no longer merely an isolated spark.

The author then applies this model to interpretation. Much disunity in Blake does seem vulnerable before it; the discussion of Blake's fascination with the energy of Satan, for example, becomes particularly interesting. One perhaps could quibble that in attempting to create the frame of mind behind the poet's imagery, Mr Beer begins—with a certain inescapable vagueness—to sound like Blake, with upper-case nouns taking their place in the discourse as Platonic realities. But the problem, if there is one, seems rather to be that in so rigorously applying his model to the whole body of poetry, Mr Beer allows Blake to appear perhaps more intellectually consistent than he was; or rather, in making his interpretative tool so omnipotent, Mr Beer would seem in some part to limit Blake's structure as an imaginative thinker—to limit Blake's own vision, to limit him as a poet.

This type of objection, however, has its own obvious pitfalls. In so far as it involves a certain judicious skepticism, fine. But it should not mask the pervasive seriousness of Mr Beer's book, the earnestness to understand. In short, the book is an insightful if somewhat provocative work. The casual reader may find it a bit heavy going, but for the student and for those with a more serious interest in Blake, it should prove both useful and stimulating. And, finally, from the book as a whole, the poet's vision of man definitely does seem to emerge; it more than survives the categories. In Mr Beer's terms, Blake's fourth level of vision is the attainment of what can be called the Platonic ideal of man, as God. Hence, when the poet

> thought about social and political questions it was the eternal man that was most present to him, the eternal humanity which stood in judgement on all acts of inhumanity and injustice and deplored society's failure to allow individual self-fulfilment. In the end, however, he returned to the individual artist as the one man who could express his "genius" and so awaken the "genius" of other men. The progress through political poems such as *The French Revolution*, *America*, and *Europe* culminates fittingly in *Milton*, where Blake is driven to assert that the "essential" human being is the artist.

JOHN ELSBERG

Nicholas Mansergh. *The Commonwealth Experience*. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 471 pp. 70s.

A BOOK much needed by the student of Commonwealth History has at last been produced. It attempts the momentous synthesis of material and compression of fact that will allow those scholarly and otherwise to have a platform from which the whole process of the Commonwealth can be viewed. Inevitably such an attempt will provoke criticism as well as admiration. By its nature it must be selective and the selection may not always be felt to express best the themes that Professor Mansergh pursues. But this is a matter of individual judgement, and that which is distilled as the essence of the experience, is also a matter for that judgement. The important development that one hopes will follow from this volume will be to stimulate others to consider the total process of evolution. If other volumes should approach the integrity and perceptiveness of this study then it will have been more than worth while in itself. It is to Nicholas Mansergh's credit that one is neither left with a vast edifice, prayerfully touched up and left alone to its glory, nor a confused and confusing narrative of events and happenings that might leave the reader wondering whether perhaps Divine Providence had seen fit, in fact, to guide the experiment to a conclusion. It is not only a milestone in Commonwealth commentary but a timely tribute to the peoples who profited, occasionally suffered, and were the actors on its stage.

It emerges, this experience, as a vital and conflicting one. Conflicting in the processes which created it and in the tension of ideas and actions; and through this very tension vital with a vitality whose purpose was rarely uniform. Whether the aims of Nehru, Smuts, de Valera, or Laurier are considered, due weight is placed on these fragments of the total view. And perhaps it is in the emphasis placed on the parts played by not only the willing, but the recalcitrant that the most interesting material of the book emerges. The section on Ireland, the first nation to come on the scene through treaty, and the first to suggest the new concept of external association, is given the weight due to her and to the somewhat different experience of the much vaunted British liberal tradition. The emphasis on force and circumstance is a long overdue counterpoise to the more selective and determinedly liberal-providential school, familiar in the official history and the less efficient speechifying by Commonwealth ministers of the Anglo-Saxon block, prime and otherwise. The case of Ireland, who entered the Commonwealth under the threat of the resumption of immediate and terrible war, is after all not unique. In different circumstances there were the Boers and their repression. However this work is not a polemic and there are the more happy experiences of Australasia, Canada, and Cape South Africa. With them in the picture, the true balance is gained. All are given their due place in the scheme, and if the experience is still very much emotion reflected in tranquility, at least the emotion need no longer be partisan or particular. One would hope that this work will have put a stop to that, at least among professional historians.

The focal point of the study must inevitably be Britain and her relations with her colonies, Dominions and her Asian Empire. It is here that each historian will see a different emphasis. The label of uniformity is not at all plastered over the process and if the length will not allow more detail of the complexity of each individual unit's attraction or repulsion at different times, perhaps more stress could have been placed on the economic realities underlying the constitutional developments. In this respect it would have been particularly valuable to had have more of a commentary on the effect of the mineral discoveries in South Africa and Australia, particularly, in the first, with reference to the Boer War and to the settlement. It could also be asked if equality of status as a convention and law after the Statute of Westminster meant very much beside the fact of New Zealand's economic dependence on Great Britain? Can *imperium* exist simultaneously with the granting of equality? And, is there perhaps a more sombre counterpoint to the constitutional developments, which allows the latter to proceed with a minimum of effort? How much is Common-

wealth experience conditioned by the fact that the essential interests of Great Britain could be preserved because constitutional development did not finally effect them? In fact how unselfish a process was it?

Professor Mansergh, as has been said, indicates with great skill the diversity and complexity of the process, and perhaps to have included a more detailed consideration of the economic aspects involved in the evolution of ideas and ideals would have muddied the water unnecessarily. The questions that the book raises proves to my mind its success. To have agreed with everything said would only have been to have read a series of facts. It is a momentous compression of those facts but with a balanced commentary and analysis; and if one feels that at times the emphasis could have been different, for instance on the conscription crisis in Australia, rather than on the description of the memorial to the dead of the first war in Notre Dame, that again is a matter of opinion.

The work closes with the Rhodesia question unsettled, and the Prime Ministers' Conference a concert of convenience rather than a meeting ground for the fraternal states of the Commonwealth. It gives three excellent sketches of Nehru, Smuts and King, each representing the expanding views that the body managed to contain. The views of the aims and achievements are brought to a close; implicit is a sense of finality that perhaps allowed the title to be coined. The tension and purpose of the Commonwealth as we know it historically is shown to depart at the very climax of consultation and good will, in the decade after the War. The Suez crisis was in this sense a symbol of change, and the Commonwealth attitude to it, apart from Menzies, was a sign that the partnership had become one of independent equals.

History never has the good taste to drop the curtain at the right moment, but this book, its excellent presentation, its structure and its method of analysis, all supplemented by a fine section of photographs comes at the right time in Commonwealth History. Its value lies not just in a much needed general and comprehensive view of it but also in the understanding of the direction that its constituent parts may take. But that is by the way. The experience in itself is enough and a qualified pride of its members in it is enough too. This book is a milestone: whether it is also an obituary must be left to a much later generation to decide. It is a worthy achievement, of considerable insight and scholarship, well worth the reading, not only by the scholars of the experience, but also by the people of the Commonwealth whose story it is.

JOHN SLIGO

PAINTING

David Kinmont

DURING the first half of the term a selection of paintings by David Kinmont was exhibited in the Chapel. There was no specific theme, but many of the works had strong religious overtones. Dominating the exhibition were three large and impressive abstracts entitled "Triptych" which developed a favourite theme of the artist, that of Christ hanging on the Cross. Another persistent motif was Beverley Minster, which was portrayed in various romantic poses and always given a strong perspective. There was also a large section of intimate and characterful family portraits.

I found this exhibition rather oppressive. Though Mr Kinmont was concerned with serious intellectual problems he seemed to be a little over-sincere in his approach. Nowhere amongst the paintings could I find a redeeming touch of humour. However two charming little stoneware reliefs caught my attention. They were quite naturalistic, somewhat in the style of William Blake drawings, and called "Virgin and Child" and "Angel".

R. J. GRIFFITH

THEATRE

Confessions of a Critic

EVERYONE makes mistakes, but a critic must admit them. I have just been informed that my interpretation of *Hurrah For The Bridge* (see *Eagle* 271) was totally at fault. There were no docks, no river, no lights, no night. Illusion—my illusion—possibly a hangover from *The Waste Land*—had conditioned my perceptions. The cast and director were understandably amused and annoyed at my confident pronouncements. I can only offer them my apologies, and go cautiously in future. What an absurd mistake to have made.

So on, somewhat daunted, to the cries of "Fire! Fire!" that are arising in another part of the forest. They were elicited by Max Frisch's *The Fire Raisers*, performed by the Lady Margaret Players during the last week of February. Frisch has mastered the highly difficult art of the fable, and his little "Morality without a Moral" seems to be on the way to becoming a classic. It is a short and simple play telling how two tramps bully Herr Biedermann into giving them lodging in his attic, and then into letting them burn his house down. The basic joke is that the arsonists, and Herr Biedermann, and the audience, and Frau Biedermann occasionally (when she can allow herself to be so unwifely as to think) see with perfect clarity what is going to happen, from the start; indeed, we are pointedly told that such fire-raisings have become very common in the Biedermanns' town; but nothing effective will or can be done to stop it. The more polite fire-raiser says that the surest way of gaining your ends is to announce, quite clearly, what they are; and indeed Herr Biedermann feels vaguely that it's not quite nice to admit that you have arsonists under your roof, even to yourself—certainly not to your wife—and then, what might they not do if challenged? So he lets himself be hypnotised into lending his enemies a box of matches. He tries to be firm with Joey and Wilhelm, he tries to charm them, to do anything with them except send for the police (he has one or two shaming little reasons for not wanting to see the police); so in the end, of course, his house is burned down. The spectacle of the Biedermanns spinning their own shroud is exquisitely amusing, and presented with meticulous psychological accuracy. Merely as farce, the play is most enjoyable.

But of course there are larger implications, if one chooses to see them. *The Fire Raisers* is a satire on human nature in general, and on bourgeois human nature in particular, and on German bourgeois human nature most of all, the study of the Biedermanns' psychological weaknesses being also a study in sociology. We can see the doomed household as Germany succumbing to the Nazis, or the West caving in to Hitler's blackmail, or as a warning against similarly succumbing to the Communists (or to student nihilists), or as a general warning against weakness, collusion, intellectual and emotional dishonesty. If the Morality has no moral, it is because Biedermannish folly and immorality are shown as their own worst punishment. We can supply the applications of the playwright's lesson: he is under no obligation to do so.

The Fire Raisers is so polished, so swift, and on so conveniently small a scale, that it understandably attracted the Lady Margaret Players, who on the whole did it justice. It is one of those plays which provides almost endless opportunities for detailed playing and production, and of course Mr David Price and his company missed some of them. But on the whole they were so direct, vigorous and unselfconscious, so free from solecisms either in performance or in conception, that the evening passed very agreeably, once an initial slowness of pace had worn off.

The Players continue to make discoveries about the theatre in Pythagoras. There is still too much reason to regret the unimaginative design of the stage. Frisch supplies a chorus of firemen, and requires a set that shows both the Biedermanns' attic and their living-room: simple enough requirements. The set designers handled the latter problem satisfactorily, but the chorus was awkwardly placed—inevitably, given the rigid line dividing stage from auditorium. But the tininess of the theatre turns out to be, potentially, a huge advantage. It was not clear how thoroughly the producer and his cast understood this. For example, the firemen had painted their faces in a vain attempt to look middle-aged: at such close range the hard marks of crimson lake and brown liner hindered, not helped, illusion. We had time to register this effect because, in the early scenes, Frisch has given the chorus little to do except chant at the audience. Later on, however, it has to interfere with the Biedermanns and then with the audience. At this stage the Lady Margaret firemen were extremely effective. All attempt at suggesting middle-aged men was abandoned as, obviously in the best of training, they raced round the auditorium, shouting terror at us enthusiastically. We were at such close quarters that the impact was shattering, and there was no

The Fire Raisers: Dick Francks, David Price, Patrick Scott, Mary Cubbon

leisure to reflect that the firemen were clearly very young (why shouldn't they be, anyway?) In short, acting is a different thing from faking, and the Players are skilled enough to rely safely on their acting abilities. By the end of the evening the chorus was working very much as a unity, and a warm, funny unity at that; it was fulfilling its dramatic role excellently—the classic choral role—and to look right it was quite unnecessary to do more than don the excellent uniforms and helmets. The imagination of players and audience did the rest.

The principal performers similarly profited, but perhaps without quite realizing it, from the size of the theatre. Miss Mary Cubbon, as Frau Biedermann, clearly knew all about the silly, timid conventional woman she was portraying. But, more than that, she knew how to be absolutely natural on this stage, in this play. Sometimes she was required to play to her fellow-actors, in naturalist fashion; at other times, to talk to the audience, somewhat *à la* Brecht. She shifted from one technique to the other without strain, indeed without perceptible change of gear. The result was that the audience felt perfectly at home with her. She also judged perfectly the scale of performance needed, whereas David Price, heroically, and otherwise excellently, understudying David Piper as the abominable Joey, somewhat overplayed, was a touch too loud; and Patrick Scott, as Herr Biedermann, rather underplayed. All knew what they were about; but only Miss Cubbon had thoroughly fitted her performance to the

theatre. Her effect was so memorable that it has convinced me that, given the right approach, almost anything can successfully be put on in the School of Pythagoras. Everything depends on the *rapport* between audience and actors, after all; achieve that, and anything can be imagined within a wooden O, as we have good authority for supposing. The intimacy of the theatre can be a huge advantage. It was Garrick who argued against large theatres that, if he were ten feet further from the audience, there would be no difference between him and his rivals. Garrick would have enjoyed Pythagoras; his is the spirit in which to approach the business of playing there. At present, the solidest lesson I can suggest is that the Lady Margaret Players will do better and better the more they play to the audience (I do *not* mean by hamming it up in the pursuit of easy effects), the less they strive for "naturalistic" effects (*à la* Brando) by playing to each other.

VERCINGETORIX

The Fire Raisers
by
Max Frisch

Gottlieb Biedermann, Patrick Scott; *Anna, the Maid*, Christina Haemmel; *Joey Schmitz*, David Price; *Babette Biedermann*, Mary Cubbon; *Wilhelm Eisenring*, Dick Francks; *The Policeman*, Stuart Scott; *Doctor of Philosophy*, Peter Gill; *Chorus Leader*, Steve Cook; *Chorus*, Hugh Epstein, Keith Barron, Keith Hutcheson; *Widow Kuechtling*, Francoise Mariand.
Director, David Price; *Set Design*, Peter Cunningham, David Price; *Sound*, Trevor Davis; *Lighting*, Peter Cunningham, Gerry Burridge; *Publicity*, Rob Buckler, Richard Griffith; *House Manager*, Geoffrey Holdstock; *Stage Manager*, David McMullen.

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

During the last term a change of venue to the Boys Smith Room has been successfully achieved, despite noise filtering through from the neighbouring building.

Three meetings took place as planned and a fourth was added. The first meeting took the form of short talks from undergraduates of the Society, these being: D. R. Mason; P. King; P. Johnstone and S. Wassermann.

The talks provided ample opportunity for comment. The second meeting was a lecture by Dr Macfarland on applications of group algebras to quantum mechanics. Miss S. M. Edmonds gave the third talk with the unusual title "Wobbles".

The additional meeting arranged by Dr Reid and Mr. Lee was a brief resumé of the life of Prof. Mordell delivered by Prof. Mordell. The occasion was a memorable one.

During the term the A.G.M. was held at which the officers for 1969-70 were elected and amendments to the constitution debated.

Finally, I would like to thank all the senior members who have helped the Society during the last year.

D. R. BOSTOCK

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

LENT TERM, 1969

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON
Captain: J. L. FOYLE
Match Secretary: D. M. NICOLSON
Fixtures Secretary: S. H. DESBOROUGH

After an outstandingly successful Michaelmas Term, the Club suffered the disappointments of an early exit from Cuppers and the cancellation of numerous matches because of bad weather. However, the Club redressed the balance by achieving its customary success in the Plate Competition.

The 1st XI, bidding for a Cup and League double, reached the quarter-finals of Cuppers by virtue of an unconvincing 3-1 win over Pembroke. Unfortunately the quarter-final draw paired John's and Fitzwilliam, the two leading contenders. Despite taking an early lead and dominating the match for long periods, the College was eventually defeated by 1-4, a margin which little reflected how close the College had come to defeating a strong Fitzwilliam side which contained five Blues and four Falcons.

The Plate Competition was a different story. Three XI's were entered. The 4th XI, managed, coached and captained by Mick Wright, performed creditably and were knocked out by the eventual winners. The 3rd XI reached the semi-final where they