

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.



Renford Bambrough's *Reason Truth and God*. Methuen, 1969. 30s.

MR Bambrough's book (based on his Stanton Lectures for 1963) is to be recommended to those concerned for the present standing of religion, and to those concerned for the present standing of philosophy. It is itself a demonstration of the interest of a modern philosopher, and the bearing of modern philosophy, on those problems of life and religion which both are accused of neglecting. He opens with a general statement of the nature of philosophy, and of its relation to other subjects; and then develops an analogy between what might be said as to the possibility of theological knowledge, and what has been said as to the possibility of moral knowledge, knowledge of the external world, and so forth, over which philosophers have traditionally argued. One of the things he wishes to insist on throughout is that our concern is always with *knowledge*, that there is no room for any form of irrationalism, since where there is a question there is an answer, and a way of finding it, and conversely, where there is no truth or no reason there cannot be any assertion or belief. Such a reminder is salutary, but a difficulty remains

as to whether, in some fields, there is even any inquiry. The difference, from the point of view of certain philosophical critics, between theology and ethics, and even more between theology and empirical knowledge of minds or bodies, is surely more important than the analogy dwelt on by Mr Bambrough. When the author of *Language Truth and Logic* declares that morals and divinity are strictly speaking nonsense, the emphasis, in the case of morals, is on *strictly speaking*, but in the case of divinity, on *nonsense*.

Mr Bambrough detects, in every epistemological dispute, a sceptical party, which holds that we cannot have knowledge of the kind in dispute, but only knowledge of another kind, commonly supposed to be its grounds; a reductionist party, which holds that the knowledge of the first kind is attainable, but is no more than knowledge of the second kind, and a transcendentalist party, which holds that it is attainable, but by some other way than from knowledge of the second kind. This schema is drawn from the epistemology of empirical inquiries, knowledge of other minds and of material things. It is not clear how it fits even the case of ethics. The philosophers most naturally labelled "sceptics" and "reductionists" in this case make moral judgements a matter only of their *consequents* not a matter only of the *grounds* by which they are commonly supposed to be verified. Emotivism and prescriptivism are not at all verificationist. The issue is rather whether what we have is an inquiry.

Can Mr Bambrough apply his schema uncontroversially to the case of theology? It leads him to associate a transcendentalist philosophy of theology with the actual truth of theological propositions, a sceptical philosophy of theology with accepting, and a reductionist philosophy with trying to evade, their actual falsification. Surely there is something wrong with this—something the matter either with theology, or with Mr Bambrough's analogy? To prove that we have theological knowledge, he offers us theological propositions (about the Greek gods) which we know to be false. Why does he not offer us a theological proposition which we know to be true? What analogy survives between knowledge of gods and knowledge of,

say, other minds? In effect, Mr Bambrough despairs of showing that there is a distinct category of theological propositions. The "Poseidon is angry" which we know to be false is as merely empirical as "There is a monster in Loch Ness". Theology turns out to be part natural history, part ethics, and part metaphysics, and Mr Bambrough in effect finds it to be empirically false, morally instructive, and philosophically outmoded. But cannot more be said in defence of its status as a distinct line of inquiry? Are there not already within science, morals, and philosophy itself, questions and answers of a theological character? The ontological mythology which Mr Bambrough finds theology committed to is not the only kind: every theory employs some sort of picture. Modern meteorology still employs models, if not that of Poseidon, and do we not still find the ideas of providence, and teleology, indispensable to our everyday account of everyday events? Here, rather than in a sophisticated but antiquated religious system, like that of the Greeks, we should hope to find the rudiments of theological thought.

Mr Bambrough discusses the endeavours of Matthew Arnold and Professor Braithwaite to extract the moral ingredient, and explain away the religious ingredient, in Christianity. His doubt as to whether the religion is dispensable is a doubt as to whether the ontology is. But the point is surely that these attempts to make Christianity more generally acceptable deprive it of its characteristic *moral* flavour. It was for this rather than for any false ontology that a sceptical favourer of paganism, like Gibbon, disliked it. A person who views this life as a preparation for another, or right action as devotion to a single abstract individual, can be distinguished as much by his moral attitudes as by his speculative opinions; as can the man who thinks of morality as a branch of jurisprudence, or as a species of good taste.

Theology, says Mr Bambrough, is closely related to Philosophy in that it arises from a desire to find ultimate explanations. His doubt about the possibility of Theology reflects his general doubt about the search for ultimate explanations, and, in short, his view as to the nature of Philosophy. But I wonder if he does justice even to his own subsequent

discussion, by his initial statement of this view. Pure Philosophy, he says, studies the logical relations between propositions and their ultimate grounds, where the ultimacy is in relation to the class of propositions in question. For statements about people's mental states the ultimate grounds are statements about bodies, for statements about bodies the ultimate grounds are statements about people's mental states. Philosophy is, he implies, a knowledge of hypothetical propositions, so it conveys no categorical knowledge. But, he says, philosophers have lately been so concerned for its technicality and professional status that they have obscured the possibility of applying it, just as mathematics is applied. But is the relation between pure and applied mathematics—between, say, the infinitesimal calculus and dynamics, or between Euclidean and Cartesian geometry, after all so clear? Is the concept of a differential really independent of the concept of a rate of change, which it helps to make intelligible? Does not profound work in the other moral and natural sciences yield philosophical illumination inseparable from its value in its own field? Mr Bambrough himself draws attention to direct analogies and correspondences between progress in philosophy and progress in literary criticism. In *The Language of Criticism* (another book in the same series) Dr J. P. Casey brings out the intimate relation between the canons of sound criticism and a true philosophy of mind. Do these relations between philosophy and other subjects come under Mr Bambrough's limited notion of *application*? Mr Bambrough himself contrasts the philosophy of science, theology, morality, etc. with philosophical science, theology, morality, etc., seeming to suggest that the difference is between the philosophy of a subject when it awaits, and when it has received, its application. But the philosophical physicist, for example, is not necessarily such in virtue of applying the philosophy of physics: more likely he has said something of original value about the philosophy of space or time. The philosophical poet has said something philosophical about the subject-matter of poetry. These are pieces of pure, not applied, philosophy.

Surely, even in Mr Bambrough's terms,

philosophy can still claim to seek ultimate understanding, though it may have changed our view as to what ultimate understanding can consist in. To say that it tells us about epistemological connexions is not to say something neutral as regards philosophical systems; it is to put forward yet another system. All the great philosophers have been ipso facto philosophers of philosophy; if there is much over which they agree or at least correspond, that is because they are all trying to explain the same things. It is odd for Mr Bambrough to say that "Pure philosophy has nothing to tell us about the world or life or man or God", if he is prepared to attribute the aim of telling us about such things to the great historical philosophers: for pure philosophy, whatever it is really about, is still about the same subject matter as Spinoza's *Ethics*, Leibnitz's *Monadology*, and Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*. Of course the Sunday-newspaper critics of modern philosophy would be no better satisfied, if only they knew it, by these other authors. People who deny that Wittgenstein wrote *Metaphysics*, like those who deny that Pope wrote *Poetry*, merely expose their inadequate ideas of both—inadequate not in breadth but in depth. If *this* is not trying to tell us about the world, then what is? The answers may not come in expected forms, but it would be surprising if the answers to such questions did.

The disclaimers with which Mr Bambrough, like most other philosophers, prefaces his work, should not be taken too literally. To insist on the technicality and independence of philosophical questions is a way of ensuring recognition of their extreme peculiarity—in fact, their ultimacy. It is to prevent people bringing to their solution techniques and habits of thought appropriate only to other subjects, simply indeed to repeat what is forgotten in some quarters, that the peculiarity of philosophy is not that any fool can do it. But why should not philosophers claim for their subject what Dr Leavis justifiably claims for *Literary Criticism*, *both* that it requires special training and discipline *and* that it is or ought to be of universal interest and relevance? A philosopher who insists in discussion "But I am concerned with the *philosophical* difficulty" is not, as he rhetorically or ironically professes,

eliminating the substantive question, he is extracting the essence of it. Is he not often justified in his belief that the original controversy, though confused, was at heart a philosophical one—that very many of the living disputes in the moral and the natural sciences go down to philosophical roots?

The failure of philosophers to relate their work to popular issues is not always a failure in applied philosophy. The crudities of a Provost of King's, for example, are many of them simply and straightforwardly philosophical, none the less for being false. No doubt, when he assures us that morality is arbitrary, or that men are machines, he does not realise or does not recognise that his arguments and his conclusions have long since been either refuted or refined by professors of the discipline devoted to such questions. But we can surely still see that when engaged in this activity he is simply being bad at philosophy, and not mediocre at something else, to which philosophy might be applied. Philosophers who have better things to do will understandably regard a critique of Dr Leach as an application of philosophy, not properly philosophical work; but it is an application in the same sense as a critique of the Flat-Earth Society, is an application of astronomy, and not as mechanics is an application of Maths.

IAN WHITE

M. R. Ayers, *The Refutation of Determinism*. Methuen, 1968. 37s. 6d.

WHILE pursuing the declared object of his book, Dr Ayers incidentally corrects certain oversimplifications in *Philosophical Psychology*, of which others than professed determinists are guilty. The logical differences between what I am capable of doing and what I am inclined to do, and between the capacities and dispositions of people and those of things, are obscured by the doctrine that the propositions attributing these properties are all to be analysed alike, into, and are yet adequately explained by, hypothetical statements as to what would happen under certain conditions, specified or unspecified. The distinctions, he says, are "not . . . of grammatical form but of 'metaphysical' or semantic type". Contrary to the claims of Professors Ryle and Nowell-Smith, "no grammatical form can guarantee

semantic type”.

Dr Ayers starts by examining the metaphysical paradox that nothing could happen except what actually does. He distinguishes and dismisses “epistemic possibility”, which arises from uncertainty about what will happen, and he shows that neither the attribution of powers to people nor their attribution to things is a matter of judgements of probability. The two kinds of possibility he is chiefly concerned with are natural powers, as in “This car can do 100 m.p.h.”, and possibility for choice, as in “It is possible for him to come to dinner tonight”. Though he does not say so, he gives no account either of natural possibility in general, as in “It is possible that life should survive on Mars”, or of historical possibility, as in “The French Revolution was not inevitable”, or of personal powers whose exercise is not a matter of choice, as in “He can understand French”.

Determinism is roughly of two kinds, which may be called *actualism* and *conditionalism*. Dr Ayers finds the first to be completely false and the second to be true of the powers of things but not of the powers of persons. He suggests that *It is possible for x to be k*, when *x* is a thing, but not when *x* is a person, means *In some circumstances, x would be k*. He has then to explain the limitation placed upon the circumstances. He does so by appealing to the notion of *x's nature*. What *x* could do if its nature were changed shows nothing about what it can do, its nature being what it is. So *If this car were driven properly, it would do 100 m.p.h.* implies *This car is capable of doing 100 m.p.h.*, but *If this car had eight cylinders it would do 100 m.p.h.* does not. The actualist asserts that the car is only capable of doing 100 m.p.h. if it actually is doing 100 m.p.h., since otherwise some necessary condition for doing 100 m.p.h. must be absent: if it were present, the car would be doing 100 m.p.h. But “If the reason for the car’s immobility is that it is badly damaged, then no doubt it cannot do 100 m.p.h. But if the reason is simply that it is out of fuel . . . then the mere fact that its immobility has a cause does not mean that it lacks the power of movement”. That this match is *incapable of lighting without being struck* does not mean that, when it is not being struck, this match is *incapable of lighting*.

Now this association of possibility with a thing’s nature implies a power and its possessor: it is not clear how such an account could be applicable to the natural or historical possibility of *events* in general. The actualism refuted by Dr Ayers, and the refutation he offers, presuppose natural law and universal causation. Underlying his discussion is quite another metaphysical problem of determinism. What of the actualism which points out that the event could only have been different in that the conditions could have been, and doubts the propriety of supposing the latter? The concepts of causal determination or explanation—the non-epistemic senses of “If . . . then . . .”—at once call for and exclude the possibility of things having been otherwise. Dr Ayers does indeed mention the point that though, if *p* necessitates *q*, and *p* is the case, then *q* is the case, this does not mean that if *p* necessitates *q*, and *p* is the case, then *q* is necessary. But is not an infinite regress of necessitations as deterministic as an infinite line of necessities? These are problems, not about the dependence of possibility-statements—attributions of powers in particular—on statements of the form “If . . . then . . .”, but about the nature of the latter. There is surely a kind of determinist worth attending to, who does not deny that this jar is capable of holding ten pints, even if it is never filled, but who does not feel that this proves the existence of any real possibility.

Does the concept of a thing’s nature sufficiently define the circumstances that will call forth an exercise of its powers? *It is possible for x to be k* seems to me not only to imply that *In some circumstances, x would be k*, but also to imply *of some circumstances, that In those circumstances, x would be k*. “Possible” and “impossible” are on the same scale as “easy” and “difficult”. If I say that a thing is unbreakable, there is an implicit proviso, not only *so long as its constitution is unaltered*, but also *so long as too much force is not used*. Perhaps this point is only valid where there is reference, direct or indirect, to the powers of persons rather than things, but even if that is so, it has nothing to do with the element of choice which also enters there. In any case I wonder if we ever simply speak of the powers of *things*, or rather, as Dr Ayers’s own

Twins by Night

I SAW two people. What were they
I could not say for I was fey.
But I saw 'neath their glittering array
They were twins by night, lovers by day.

I had them home, for what purpose
I could not say for I was fey.
One picked me a tulip, the other a rose.
They were twins by night, lovers by day.

The elder had long hair, of what hue
I could not say for I was fey.
The younger told me 'twas sparkling blue.
They were twins by night, lovers by day.

I felt the younger was fair as could be.
I could not say for I was fey.
I dared not ask her to marry me.
They were twins by night, lovers by day.

If they were girls beneath the moon
I could not say for I was fey.
If I could run I'd be home soon.
They were twins by night, lovers by day.

CAIUS MARTIUS

Beyond Experience

So jumping from our fetid boredom bed
We skipped across the windswept parks,
And hand in hand, kicked mouldering leaves,
In multi-coloured parabolic arcs;
Thus, from a dead experience, creating life.

PETER CUNNINGHAM

Just One Of The Folks

WELL yeah, I guess you could call me that.
One of the folks.
Yes, we all believe in work round here. Hard work.
Did fourteen hours a day when I was younger.
Lucky to get anything them days.
Got my own business now, though. Nothing big, or anything,
Just a family concern yes, sir, a tidy living
. . . . Perfectly happy, yes. New car in the garage,
College for the kids, neighbours round for a drink, color T.V.
. . . . My kids? Yeah, I made sure I brought them up decent,
No rioting or dropping out. Got very little time for kids
Like that. Should go out and get a job. Ain't right to bum
Off other folks all the time. People like that can't have
No self respect. They just got so many opportunities
They don't know what to do with them. Too lazy.
Come by too much money far too easily.
Yes sir I get kinda mad if I see them hanging around doing nothing.
. . . . Negroes? Got nothing against them.
Matter of fact I knew some real nice ones in the army.
They're people, same as us. We all gotta live—it's a free country.
. . . . No, I don't go down their area much.
Matter of fact I avoid it. Sort of dirty there, and they—
Well, I get the feeling they're just looking at you.
Like you don't belong. Yes, sir, I think they like to stick
Together, kind with kind, like we do. You don't see many of them
Down our way either.
. . . . Open schooling? No, sir, you just haven't tried to live around here.
I don't want my kids picking up their—

Well, no, they just think and live differently to what we do,
And I don't want my kids in the same schools. Would you?
Why, I tell you some of them don't even wash; they got
No sense of discipline; most of them ain't got no father
To give it them, see; mothers have a different man each month.
I don't care to mix with that sort of people;
Yeah, I do believe they do far too little work;
If they worked they wouldn't have so much time for rioting
And making a nuisance of themselves. It's partly the fault
Of all them liberals up in Washington, encouraging them
To burn the place down. But it's mostly jealousy, 'cause we
Worked for what we got, they want the same but they
Ain't prepared to work for it. So they riot, and burn people's homes.
Gotten to be a fine state of affairs when folks ain't
Safe in their own backyards. That's why I support the police.
They got a hard enough job trying to keep the peace
Without all them politicians gripin' at them all the time.
There's enough bums and hoodlums on the street
Without politicians joinin' in too.
Yes, sir, I support Mr Wallace. He ain't afraid
To stand up for decency and the freedom to walk the streets
Without the fear of a bullet in your back.
He believes in what we believe in. If you got a house
Or a store which you worked for, and which is yours,
Then do you want some nigger comin' along to burn it down?
Or loot all your property? Are you going to stand aside
And say "Go ahead, help yourself", because we ain't. We're
Just about sick with these politicians trying to stop
The police doing their duty. If them niggers start lootin',
And don't stop when the police tell them to,
Then they're resisting arrest, and the police got every right
To shoot them.
Shoot a few, I say, and the rest'll pretty soon go home
And stop making trouble—and if they don't,
Then shoot a few more. Yes, sir, I think we should shoot
As many as we have to. Yes, sir, Goddamned niggers!
Shoot the bastards! Kill 'em off!

Khufu's Pyramid

KHUFU'S Pyramid: in his monument
He entombed his life, in his death
Its beauty lives. Two million bricks
Hacked from the earth, amassed into a shape
By twenty years of labour: beauty achieved
By infinity of repetition. One man
Compelled by his vision; was it the vision
Or the whip that forced the sweat
Of one hundred thousand slaves? Faith is
Perception of the future. Can we know
The beauty of the pyramid, whose hands
Touch only the roughness of each separate brick?

CHARLIE BOYLE

Knight Errant

THERE was a Knight, in ancient times, who, lovelorn, said;
"I will gird myself with the armour of light
That I may go forth and do my lady's bidding.
And I will take up the sword of justice
That I may slay all rivals, and crush
Any foe who walks into her path.
And I will carry the shield of righteousness
That I may protect her from the spears
And arrows of hate, and envy.
And I shall place upon my head the silver helmet of faith,
That I may protect myself from the burning heat of the sun
And the welter of the rain."

With all this fine apparel he walked out into the daylight,
Blinking, and staggering under the weight of it.
Feeling faintly ridiculous, he retired to think again.

K. C. B. HUTCHESON

examples would suggest, of the powers of *animals*, of *instruments*, of or *materials acted upon*, where there is always a reference, not indeed to choice, but to *agency*.

The ascription of power or capacity can never be *equated* with hypothetical propositions. Sometimes our grounds for ascribing such properties are categorical as much as hypothetical. Sometimes it is impossible to construct any hypothetical proposition for a *prima facie* analysis. Must *This jar is capable of holding ten pints* be said to mean that it will hold ten pints if . . . ?—If what? If ten pints are poured into it? The antecedent of that hypothetical is suspiciously like the consequent. Surely the proof that it can hold ten pints is that it will. The proof that the car can do 100 m.p.h. is that it will. This is just like the proof that I can understand French, from the fact that I do. Of course my capacity might exist unrealised. Then we should say that I *can* understand French in that I *would*. But this *would* does not express dependence on any condition, it is not a *would if* . . . We are tempted however to add a pseudo-condition, like "when occasion arises". This temptation is not peculiar to the analysis of powers whose exercise is a matter of choice. I am capable of cooking my own meals because I could if I wanted to or would if I had to, which is as much as to say that I would if I did. Dr Ayers has shown that there is something wrong with making my choice to do something one of the conditions for my doing it. That is partly because of the peculiar nature of choice and the will—in particular, that it presupposes capacity—but it is also because there is something wrong with equating a capacity with a conditional upon anything. Dr Ayers is of course right when he says that, when the exercise of a capacity is a matter of choice, we cannot infer from the fact that a person never would exercise it that he cannot, but it is precisely that which makes it natural to say "He would if he wanted to", and to think that possibility for choice is conditional upon choosing in some way in which the ability to understand French or cubic capacity are not conditional upon anything.

It might be asked, how many of the powers

and capacities of persons are matters for choice, and whether a character is not composed of faculties and accomplishments, rather than of powers and capacities on the one hand, and inclinations on the other. Intelligence, taste, dexterity, and so forth, the marks of a responsible being, are surely not matters for choice; and are called powers because they are assets. Dr Ayers has indeed demonstrated that power is not limited *to* action, or *by* choice: we *can* still do things that we *don't* do, and that we don't *choose* to do. But he has not shown us in what liberty of choice consists. Will is certainly not the same thing as power, since the two are not proportional. Enlargement of my powers of body and mind merely furnishes further alternatives to choice. That Dr Ayers has not touched on the nature of choice itself is shown by the fact that he confines himself to possibility *for* choice.

Has Dr Ayers really solved the problem of unrealised capacities, either of persons or of things? If in no circumstances, not even under pain of death, would I run a mile in five minutes, that *would* be very good evidence that I was incapable of doing it. It does not indeed *entail* the conclusion; but then I might as yet have failed to find the secret of getting the best possible performance. Besides, we could distinguish failure from refusal; and surely in the concept of refusal is involved reference to circumstances in which I would not refuse? It is no more intelligible that I should *absolutely* refuse to do something than that I should *absolutely* refuse to believe something; unless we suppose choice to be quite arbitrary.

Lastly, is there not a difference between the concept of possibility involved in my knowledge that I can raise my arm or not at will, and that involved in my knowledge that I can, or cannot, jump three yards, even if I want to? The former kind, which is prior to the latter, is what is denied by my inability to move this chair at will. That is not a weakness, a lack of *power*, but a limit to the scope of my volition, a lack of *will*. Talk of personal powers fails to touch the central problem regarding the voluntary exercise of mental and bodily faculties.

IAN WHITE

THEATRE

Chamber Drama

ON the last weekend in November the Lady Margaret Players produced a double-bill of Pinter's *The Dumb Waiter* and Samuel Beckett's *Endgame*. These two plays, with their small casts and single-room sets, were certainly suited to a small theatre; dimensions were accepted, and well supported the claustrophobic effects of the works.

Among the actors David Price was particularly notable as Gus in *The Dumb Waiter*. Within an effective setting of naked-light dinginess, his performance was meticulously controlled, the questioning well developed and with the right note of uncertainty, tension sustained with humour as a constant counterpoint. The limits within which Gus operated were clearly delineated; thus when his doubts reached their expression in his complaint that the texture of a dead woman was somehow different from a dead man's, the statement seemed especially appropriate. With Ben, his ostrich-like boss, Gus had a certain security, that of repetition and expected replies. But a woman, even dead, to (presumably) a gunman awaiting assignment, ah, a different question altogether. Hugh Epstein as Ben was less willing to develop his role and was not quite sure, or brash, enough to add the finer points of definition, though again the timing was largely effective. The only real shortcoming of the production was in the final moment; surely Gus's last appearance lacked impact. A question of direction or a tacit acknowledgement that the ending is rather trite?

Endgame by its very nature involved a greater ambitiousness. Dick Beadle was a marvellous, captivating Nagg. He was obviously enjoying the character himself, just waiting to be unbottled (though on reflection the humour at the time overshadowed any nagging quality). Nicholas Reynolds certainly had the mannerisms and presence of Clov, and his playing to the audience added life to the presentation. But director Gerry Burridge seems to have chosen an understated interpretation of Beckett, emphasizing repetition and word patterns, when perhaps a more dramatic presentation would have added to the interest, better fitting the setting. Clov

could perhaps have been more the Fool. And Ian Thorpe as Hamm the central figure had sustained periods of considerable effectiveness, but there was something lacking in the projection of physical pain and decay that would have tightened the whole and given it more focus, as would have a more mercurial characterization. To risk opprobrium, if Thorpe was Hamm, why didn't he?

But of course these are mostly questions of interpretation, not quite fair to a cast that had a good try at complex matter. With Beckett the line between character and symbol is always a difficult one to draw, and the Players did so consistently enough to leave a lingering mood; Beckett's sense of the paltry nature of human concoctions in a sterile world came across. What was needed in addition was a more relaxed feeling for the game and perhaps a little more awareness of the audience.

JOHN ELSBERG

The Dumb Waiter

by

Harold Pinter

Ben, Hugh Epstein; *Gus*, David Price.
Director, Mary Cubbon.

Endgame

by

Samuel Beckett

Hamm, Ian Thorpe; *Nagg*, Dick Beadle; *Nell*, Mary Nex; *Clov*, Nicholas Reynolds.

Director, Gerry Burridge; *Stage Manager*, Trevor Davis; *Assistant Stage Managers*, Chris Bradfield, Dave McMullen, Lance Taylor, Gareth Kelly; *Lighting*, Martin Wallis; *Sound*, B. Whitnall; *Props*, Vicky; *Publicity*, Keith Hutcheson and the Players; *House Managers*, Sean Magee, Keith Barron, Pete Cunningham, David Murphy.

"VIRTUE REWARDED"

. . . was the theme, somewhat loosely interpreted, of an evening's entertainment open to all members of the College, organised jointly by the Wordsworth and Music Societies, and the Lady Margaret Players. Inspired by the success of an experimental meeting of the Wordsworth Society at which members be-

guiled one another with readings from their own poetry or from favourite pieces of literature, a similar "happening" was arranged but this time on a broader basis. The wide range of talent represented, and the receptive and enthusiastic response of fellow participants and audience alike, created a very warm atmosphere, which resulted in a really enjoyable evening. The communal nature of the event, which owed its success to the extraordinary rapport between audience and performers, mitigates against the singling out of individual performances, yet no-one present would dispute that the voices of David Price and John Walker, the songs of Ian Hering and the guitar of Jonathan Arden-Jones provided the "high-spots" of the entertainment. Hugh Epstein and David Price deserve thanks for the idea and the organisation.

Volpone

by

Ben Jonson

Presented June 1969

Volpone, Ian Hering; *Mosca*, John Newbiggin; *Voltore*, Pete Gill; *Corbaccio*, Dave Price; *Corvino*, Rod Caird; *Avocatori*, Keith Hutcheson, Gerry Burridge, Keith Barron, David Pountney; *Notario*, Ram Balani; *Nano*, Hugh Epstein; *Castrone*, Dave Winter; *Androgynio*, Dave McMullen; *Politic Would-Be*, Nick Jones; *Lady Would-Be*, Hilary Craig; *Peregrine*, Steve Stewart; *Bonario*, Rob Buckler; *Celia*, Diane Jones; *Lady-in-Waiting*, Helen Harrison.

Director, Nick Jones; *Set*, Lance Taylor; *Stage Manager*, Trevor Davis; *Publicity*, Henry Binns; *Lighting*, Martin Wallis.

Note: *The Eagle* much regrets that it was unable to review this production.

Obituaries

FRANCIS PURYER WHITE

FRANCIS Puryer White, Fellow, died in Cambridge on 11 July 1969. He was born in London on 26 October 1893, the son of John Francis White, a schoolmaster, and went

to the Stanley Higher Elementary School, Medburn Street, N.W., and to Owen's School, Islington. He came up to St John's in 1912 as a mathematical scholar. He was placed in the first class in both parts of the Mathematical Tripos, and in 1916 he was elected to the Isaac Newton Studentship in Astronomy and Optical Physics, which he held for three years. After a short period of war service, he returned to St John's and in 1919 was elected a Fellow. In the following year he was appointed a College Lecturer and he remained a member of the mathematical staff of the College until he reached the statutory age of retirement in 1961. He was Director of Studies in Mathematics from 1945 to 1959.

From about the date of his return to Cambridge at the end of the First World War, White's mathematical interests began to take a different direction, moving from the field of the Isaac Newton Studentship to geometry under the influence of H. F. Baker, with whom he was closely associated in the College and for whom he retained a warm affection. Professor Sir William Hodge writes to me of White's mathematical career:

"All White's original contributions to mathematics applied the techniques which Baker was using in the early twenties to solve elegant problems in projective geometry, many of them giving a new interpretation of theorems by nineteenth century mathematicians such as Clifford. The papers were elegant, but had no lasting influence on mathematical thought. But he contributed greatly to geometry in other ways. As a teacher, both in the lecture room and in supervision, he broke all the recognised rules, with the result that many derived little benefit from attending his lectures. But he did succeed in communicating his enthusiasm to a significant number of pupils and from these he recruited most of the members of Baker's group of young geometers, who were so active in the twenties and early thirties. Although Baker was himself the centre of this group, White was his able Lieutenant.

"In the late twenties, Baker's interest turned (or rather returned) more to the general theory of surfaces, as created by the Italians Castelnuovo, Enriques and

Once he was young, strong: one of the best of them. Time kills or ages. He is old and alive. Wouldn't death have been easier? You can't recover from suffering like that, it marks you out. It seizes and possesses your brain, yourself; and you cannot escape it. Dreams are a man's worst enemy. Death finds you asleep if it did not search you out alive.

But life is now. He looks up and his attention is caught by the moving vehicles in the distance: these are the armoured cars! No, no, only Beetles. Being brought to himself is too cruel. "Now" is to be escaped. Death would have been best. This, this show, this farce of procreants and push-chairs is obscenity incarnate—all well-fed, comfortable, young. This is worse than the place ever was before. Before was honest filth and suffering, disease and death. Now is hypocrisy of sentiment, mass sadism of the onlookers. These are more hopeless enemies than there ever were before. Move him to tears. Tears of childlike, simple, selfish anger. They cannot share my suffering. I shall not let them. I am alone and untouchable. I spit on their modern idea of a Belsen cemetery. The old Belsen was better. It was truth and everyone there suffered. No one gaped on like here.

Yes, the old place was better.

IAN THORPE

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.



George Watson, *The Study of Literature*. Allen Lane. The Penguin Press. 229 Pages. 42s.

Mr Watson's book is an extended advocacy of what he conceives the proper study of literature

to be, and what some of the aberrations that pass for such a study are, which is delivered to us under two sub-titles—"The Theory of Criticism" and "Other Disciplines". Drawing upon his immense knowledge simply of what has been, and is being, written Mr Watson confidently assures us that historicism has displaced in recent years the analytical method of criticism that spread from T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards which has been prominent since the 1920's, especially in Cambridge. By "historicism" he means criticism that derives its authority for understanding a work of literature less from a personal experience of the work than from a collaborative effort to render its social and cultural context by historical means. This is represented as the return from a passing fashion to a correct and established tradition; but involved in Mr Watson's placing of the analytical movement is a misrepresentation, an overstatement—for surely "a campaign . . . to annul the sense of the past in literary studies" cannot be attributed to Eliot with his repeated exhortations, almost to obsessiveness,

to "gain a sense of the past"? The Cambridge School, the New Criticism of the U.S.A., these are in a sense Mr Watson's enemies in the first section of the book; but what is admirable is that he has no axe to grind, and the most consistent feature of the book is its relaxed reasonableness of tone. Unfortunately this has the effect of robbing the work of a sense of urgency for Mr Watson does not convey any sense of pressure against what he advocates. Instead of joining real battle with the Cambridge School, he proceeds by framing some of their shared attitudes in his own words and then disposing of them. He attacks the idea that we might study literature because it has insights to offer us, because it offers to make us more conscious about what is both individual and common in the experience of living; apparently it offers us no such thing, it offers us only excellence. As evidence he adduces Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress": "The real excellence of the poem lies in the unflagging accomplishment by which a commonplace situation of latin and renaissance poetry is revealed anew, pitilessly, accurately, and utterly without sentiment, in the historical situation of a mid seventeenth century in which such a literary form was all but exhausted." If this is the poem's excellence then it is surely available only to scholars. If literary studies amounts to the expansion of these hints only then it cannot convey the importance to a reader and to a civilization of this or any poem, for this historical account fails utterly to regard the significance of the thing felt when it is read as a poem not as a historical example. The only study that will yield us that sort of significance is a critical account of a direct response to the poem: and if a poem's excellence lies outside what it can say to a reader, poetry is merely an intellectual pastime for scholars.

But Mr Watson goes on to say that the function of the critic is "to show what there is to be seen", and that this is best done by reference to historical and biographical evidence—otherwise we are only too likely to be betrayed into a wilful misreading based upon personal considerations. The repeated insistence that is central to the book is that often we can only know the meaning of a poem after a study of contemporary attitudes,

social history, and state of the language: that the urge to exclaim in a discussion of one of his plays "But Shakespeare *can't* have thought that" originates in, and can be verified from, a knowledge of Elizabethan "thought". But surely it is clear that such an urge would come from reading the play, as does our verification—Shakespeare's written words are our precise evidence and a sensitive critical response to them is to be believed against any general notions of contemporary thought. It is the precision and individual authenticity of literature that can lend authority to our notions of the past more fruitfully than the other way round. And if we do require further elucidation upon a poem the sort of help we will get from a continued reading of other work by the same author—staying among precise related evidence—is likely to be more valuable than a search into prospective genealogies etc. When Mr Watson points to "the massive and incontestable triumphs of historical criticism" such as genre-identification, and talks of much work still to be done, he is revealing that his interest in the study of literature is the settling of fact, as it were to close the matter, rather than with the life of past literature in the present. It is all very well to be told that one of the Canterbury Tales is a beast-fable; but if a beast-fable is only an intellectual concept to us, as it is likely to be, then we will not genuinely be able to respond to the poem as a beast-fable in any but a distanced academic way. Re-interpretation of literature for each age, for each major shift of sensibility, happens willy-nilly—the triumphs of historical criticism do not seem to have settled that.

Mr Watson's strength in this book does not lie in his investigation into what the reading and digestion of literature is like, but rather in his exposition of what he terms its "formal properties". He has good sections on verse and prose; and a very good one on metaphor, in which he exposes as false that idea that the language of literature is untruthful because it proceeds by metaphor, as opposed to a truthful literal language. He demonstrates that the latter is a false concept and that "scientific" language is constantly using metaphor although the usage is unconscious. Mr Watson's strengths and vast reserves of information are best displayed

in the second half of the book, which is a survey of present formal relations between the study of literature and linguistics, psycho-analysis, sociology and the history of ideas, and a forecast of possible future collaboration. He has an admirable chapter on sociology in which he finds that class terminology is too crude to describe what is dealt with in the nineteenth-century novel, and that the practice of the novel is radically opposed to an anatomy of relationships in society in class terms. It is surprising, however, to find that Mr Watson perceives the failings of current linguistics to treat of works of literature as wholes, yet finds of all his related disciplines the history of ideas to be the most congenial. Certainly ideas exist in poetry and they are important: the charge against the historian of ideas must be that rarely is he sufficient of a critic to decide when an idea finds significant expression and when it doesn't. To discuss an idea in a poem can only be to discuss the poetry. As Mr Watson himself says poems are not verified ideas (except in rare cases, as Pope's "Essay on Man"); so to unclothe a poem and extract its essential idea is a wilful and distorting process. The reader who responds fully to what the poem is and upon that experience seeks to construct a rationale of its ideas is the one who will be able to contribute to the collaboration between literary studies and the history of ideas.

It is this avoidance of a direct contact with literature, the historical rather than the critical organisation of significance, which allows him to say "Poetry may be excellent without being true", which makes Mr Watson's book

academic in the sense that it does not show one how to read better, it does not return one to literature as a living stimulation with a renewed understanding of its availability, but rather to the study. To be fair this is partly his purpose and he succeeds in elucidating several relevant questions. But what is missing from his criticism is the animating sense (that gives Eliot's criticism its distinctive quality and authority) of the eternal and the temporal in literature, and the eternal and temporal together; of the relation of human nature to changing conditions; understanding the past as the past and its relation to the present. I feel that Mr Watson would accept this as relevant to a rationale for literary studies, and it is one that represents the importance of "the contemporary effects of literature", not the "trivializing emphasis" on those effects that the blurb on his book suggests he is routing. As it is, his book does not compel us to feel the importance of the study of literature but rather to sense the steady devotion of an academic mind to the annotation of "self-validating excellence".

H. R. E.

THEATRE

Antigone for our Times

AMATEUR actors, by definition, are less interested in plays than in playing. Accordingly they seldom attempt the achievement which is or ought to be dearest of all to professionals: that of focussing the audience's

College Intelligence

A RECENT occurrence gave rise to discussion about the true signification of the letters C.B.E.; after some rather unlikely solutions (such as "Commerce begat Empire"), the truth dawned: "Concept before Evidence".

* * *

"It's as well these Wordsworth Centenaries happen only once every twenty years" (attrib. Mr Ken. North, in or near the Kitchen Office, during or not long before W. W's lunch).

* * *



attention on the dramatist's designs to the subordination of all other considerations, and of keeping it focussed. Compliments on such an achievement might indeed disconcert some amateurs ("did you notice how I did the soliloquy?"); so it is with some reluctance that I offer them to the Lady Margaret Players. Yet the compliments have been earned. The company's most recent production (4-7 March, 1970) was, in theatrical terms, the most successful of those I have seen. The producer (Mr David Price) and the performers achieved a fairly uniform standard of competent playing. But it will be remembered chiefly for the discussions provoked by the dramatist. The Players made themselves little more than an intellectual springboard. I am delighted by their seriousness and modesty.

Their production of Anouilh's *Antigone* deserves some description, nevertheless. For one thing, the producer took the performers off the stage onto the floor of the theatre, and made them act in the round. A large platform in the middle, and some suggestive, if unsatisfactory, clothes (Ismene, elegant in blonde curly wig and smart, smart miniskirt was obliged to ruin the effect by compulsory bare feet—no-one was shod in Mr Price's Thebes) helped create an illusion that was chiefly won by cunning grouping and melodramatic lighting (white rods of light plunging through black shadows onto black-clad performers). Like the great Greek tragedies from which it derives, Anouilh's play is performed without an interval, and is short enough to gain the full benefit of the impetus thus created (the gathering tension never being dissipated by a rush for the bar) without wearying the audience. It was decisively assisted by Miss Jill Lewis's passionate Antigone, the very embodiment of a wilful, unreasonable student rebel of today. Her scene with Creon is the heart of the play: she made it the high point of the evening, especially when she hurled her final defiance:

"I want everything of life, I do; and I want it now! I want it total, complete: otherwise I reject it! I will *not* be moderate. I will *not* be satisfied . . . I want to be sure

of everything this very day; sure that everything will be as beautiful as when I was a little girl. If not, I want to die!"

Miss Lewis genuinely interpreted the character, making it her own: going, as we shall see, beyond the author's intentions to find a communicable meaning, for today, in her part.

Mr Ian Thorpe, as Creon, was over-parted: he spoke his lines clearly and intelligently, but never got into the skin of Anouilh's middle-aged, conscientious tyrant. Mr Dick Francks was an excellent Chorus—unassuming, clear-speaking, intimate. Mr Sean Magee, as the First Guard, made the groundlings laugh and laugh, but during his big scene was unfortunately completely masked by Creon from where this groundling sat. Such is the hazard of theatre in the round.

It remains to try and convey something of the evening's intellectual impact. One must pay one's debts: the Players sent me back to Sophocles, and forced me to think about a myth which the conservatives of *Encounter* have, for their own ends, made suddenly fashionable. To work.

Anouilh's *Antigone* was first performed in occupied Paris, to great acclaim. The Parisians saw Antigone as a Resistance heroine. Yet the Germans did not interfere. It is easy to see why. Creon has all the best lines, all the facts, all the logic. In part this is because the playwright, like so many literary men, cherishes the dream of a cultivated, witty, humane and necessary dictator—that impossibility most convincingly embodied in Bernard Shaw's King Magnus. In part Anouilh was, perhaps, merely being prudent: had Creon been too truthfully a brute, the Nazis would have smelt a rat. And perhaps for this reason, too, Antigone was given no arguments: only self-assertive shouts. Besides, she needed nothing more. She was the spirit of France, demanding liberty or death: certain of the audience's applause.

But today, as Miss Lewis discovered, the tract has a different message. Creon still has his lines, Antigone is still content to shout. The result is that the play looks uncannily like an attack on the Sorbonne students, and an apologia for the authority they attacked in 1968. Hearing Antigone's speech, already quoted, it was impossible not

to remember the slogan, *Soyez realiste—demandez l'impossible*. One was moved. Yet Antigone is no longer certain of applause. Her foe is now more formidable.

Society must make rules to protect itself, says Creon, and they must be obeyed. Life must go on. You, Antigone, neurotic adolescent, by attacking the rules are attacking the very conditions of life, and if you persist you must be destroyed. If your lover, my son, Haemon, sentimentally insists on dying with you, I cannot stop him; but nor can I swerve from my duty as the servant of the State and society. Don't be unreasonable. Marry Haemon, and bring up children for the good of all, the royal succession must be assured . . . He puts his points with great skill and destroys Antigone's case, so that at the end she is forced to admit that she does not know what she is dying for. Her death, which she nevertheless self-indulgently insists on, brings Creon's family down in ruins, Haemon dying for her, his mother, Queen Eurydice, dying of grief for him. Creon responds apathetically. He walks off to a Cabinet meeting, remarking that the work must be done, even if it is dirty work. It is his credo; and at the end of such a logical play one ought to sympathise with him.

But one doesn't. One doesn't even agree with him. In the first place, however tiresome the sillier and rasher student activists of today may be, they have a case against their elders, in many ways a rather good case. So it was disconcerting and unsatisfying to see that case go by default. Anouilh simply never put it: he just planted his flag on the far side of the generation gap (it must seem today) and depicted Antigone as a victim of the death-wish. He thus wronged the young; but as I explored my uneasiness, I found a deeper wrong—a wrong to the myth, to the true Antigone.

What did the daughter of Oedipus die for? I had always supposed it was for something larger than teenage rebellion: for the duty of the individual sometimes, at whatever cost, to do his duty in the teeth of the State. Antigone's story is thus that of Socrates, of Thomas More, of all martyrs for conscience's sake. Sophocles, I was glad to find, took the same view. His Antigone tells Creon:—

"I did not think your edicts strong enough
To overrule the unwritten unalterable laws
Of God and heaven, you being only a man.
They are not of yesterday or to-day, but everlasting,
Though where they came from, none of us can tell.
Guilty of their transgression before God
I cannot be, for any man on earth . . ."

(Translated by E. F. Watling.)

So she buries her brother, and dies for the deed.

But Antigone is not the protagonist of Sophocles's play. Creon is the central character. Nor is he a cultivated figment. He is a prototype of Oedipus Rex (whose story Sophocles had yet to write). In his first speech he firmly states his creed, which is much like that of Anouilh's king. The good of the State is the supreme law.

"Our country is our life; only when she
Rides safely, have we any friends at all."

Polynices, Antigone's brother, had assailed Thebes with a foreign army. Dead, he must lie unburied, damned, and dishonoured, as a warning to all traitors, and as a token that punishment, like reward does not stop with death. Anyone who tries to bury him is likewise a traitor, and must also die.

But this is to forbid the performance of a religious duty. This is impiety, this is *hubris*—shocking to religious Athenians, attending a sacred dramatic festival. The gods are duly angered, but before acting they warn Creon. Antigone insists on doing her duty by her brother: Creon compounds his impiety by sending her to execution. Haemon warns the king that the Thebans honour Antigone's action and are appalled at her fate; he himself stands out against his father's "wickedness and folly". Creon curses his son's impudence. Finally the blind prophet Tiresias reports the omens which show the gods are angry. For the last time Creon refuses to take advice, and so destruction follows. He has rejected family piety: now his family rejects him. Antigone, Haemon, and Eurydice die by their own hands.

It might seem that a drama so impregnated by the religious assumptions of ancient Greece could have little to say to us today; but of course Antigone still touches our hearts. What she died for was after all eternal, and very simple: the assertion that family love, family duty, are things too deep, too excellent and too sacred to be set aside for mere *raison*

d'etat. Creon sneers at this "woman's law"; but the nature of things (which is part of what the Greeks meant by God) is decisively against him. No State shall truly prosper which does not respect woman's law.

It is this message of mercy and restraint which gives the Sophoclean tragedy its profundity and dignity, and which is missing in Anouilh's play. I found myself inventing arguments for Antigone, and arguments for sparing her (one of them, I was glad to find, Sophocles used first). So I cannot in honesty say I rank the work very high. But I can in honesty say that the Lady Margaret Players have never given me a more interesting evening. This is my thank-you letter.

VERCINGETORIX

Antigone

by

Jean Anouilh

Translated by Lewis Galantiere

Chorus, Dick Francks; *Antigone*, Jill Lewis; *Nurse*, Katy Williams; *Ismene*, Judy Underwood; *Eurydice*, Mary Nex; *Haemon*, Michael Shepherd; *Creon*, Ian Thorpe; *Messenger*, Charles Boyle; *Page*, Jeremy Darby; *First Guard*, Sean Magee; *Second Guard*, Richard Beadle; *Third Guard*, David Quinney. *Director*, David Price; *Stage Manager*, Steve Cook; *Design*, Nicholas Reynolds, Henry Binns; *Lighting*, Peter Cunningham, Martin Wallis; *Publicity*, Hugh Epstein and the Players; *Music*, John Walker.

Obituaries

PROFESSOR SIR FREDERIC CHARLES BARTLETT

St John's College has nurtured a greater number of distinguished psychologists, in proportion to its size, than any other educational establishment in Britain. Sir Frederic Bartlett was the most distinguished of them all, and when he died on 30 September 1969 at the age of 82, full of years and honours, the College lost one who had been among its leading fellows, and British psychology the man to whom more than any other it owes its present world stature. He came to St John's with degrees from London and took first class honours in Part II of the Moral Sciences

Tripos in 1914. In the same year C. S. Myers, who was then Director of the Cambridge Psychological Laboratory, took him on as Assistant Director, and when Myers went to London in 1922, Bartlett succeeded him. In 1931 he became the first Professor of Experimental Psychology in Cambridge and a Fellow of St John's. The next year he was elected to the Royal Society. The University of Athens made him an Honorary Ph.D. in 1937. After 1940 honours came thick and fast. He was made C.B.E. in 1941, awarded Baly and Huxley Medals in 1943, honorary degrees were conferred on him by Princeton, Louvain, London, Edinburgh, Oxford and Padua, he was elected to honorary membership of the American National Academy of Sciences and of psychological societies in many countries, he was presented with the Longacre Award of the Aero-Medical Association and the Gold Medal of the International Academy of Aviation and Space Medicine, and was invited to give numerous distinguished lectures. His own comment was: "Once one begins, they all do it", followed by a short but pervasive guffaw.

In 1952, the year in which he retired from his Chair, the Royal Society awarded him a Royal Medal. The citation for this included the statement: "The School which he founded at Cambridge on the beginnings made by Rivers¹ and Myers became under his leadership the dominant school in Britain and one of the most famous and respected in the world." Bartlett regarded this medal as the high point of his career. What, we may ask, had brought him to it?

First and foremost was almost certainly his quality of scientific thought. His early training had been in logic and this, combined with a profound intuitive insight into complex problems, enabled him to see quickly what was important in experimental results, and gave his thinking a constructive character and originality which made him an unusually stimulating teacher and research director. In the discussion classes he held for Part II of the Tripos he would talk for a few minutes upon some topic of current research interest, and would then suddenly pick on one member of the class to say what he or she thought. Bartlett would listen carefully, seize upon anything worthwhile in what the student

Reviews

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.

Henry Pelling, *Britain and the Second World War*.

Fontana History of War and Society. Paper 10s.

DR Pelling's book is the first of a series whose intention is to present war in all its aspects, breaking down 'the dividing walls beloved of specialists'. To a certain extent this is done, and well done. The administrative, strategic and political interaction of the war years is clearly depicted. This relationship ranged from the paradoxical to the vital. That Churchill should have come to power as result of the expedition to Narvik, an expedition, that, according to Samuel Hoare, 'failed because of his meddling' demonstrates both these aspects. It was vital that Churchill become Prime Minister and the failure of Narvik demanded a scapegoat. That the public got the 'wrong' one is only another indication of the gap between government and governed that Dr Pelling demonstrates. The Ministry of Information was often to blame. Their slogan 'Your courage, Your cheerfulness, Your resolution will bring Us the war' did great harm. The bombing of London which Harold Nicolson prophesied would break the spirit of the people aroused them to the extent of signing petitions to stop the war, and Sir Harold Scott confessed to great relief when Buckingham Palace was bombed in September 1940 while the royal family was in residence. Though most people stood up bravely to their trials, they showed little enthusiasm for winning the war. They would only be back to the situation of the 1930's; they foresaw a period when 'money will be tight and jobs scarce'. They had little enthusiasm for the war, and Dr Pelling's book has little enthusiasm for them, except *en masse*. None of the atmosphere of war has been captured; it is only of the London politicians that we get personal insights. Maybe the Second World War produced no Wilfred Owen, yet the poems of Keith Douglas, or Richard Hillary's superb *Last Enemy* could

have been used to tell us of war from the soldier's point of view. Similarly the individual citizen is submerged by his economic and social role. Harold Nicolson wrote in his reflections on Manchester for his diary in November 1940: 'there is no Benedictine. Hitler's blockade is beginning to grip the provinces'. Mass Observation recorded that 'a neighbour who lives alone and is rather timid opened the door last night to man in a gas mask. She was so frightened that her knees shook for half an hour after his visit.' These experiences are the war of the people; they are the experiences that Dr Pelling does not record.

Though the individual may be neglected the effects of the war on society are carefully studied. Here Dr Pelling is concerned to play down the significance of the Second World War which 'in spite of the shocks of 1940 . . . made much less of an impact on the British mind than the First World War'. Many of the changes historians have pointed to can be explained, he feels, by the steady development of the British economy. In an advanced economy, relatively full employment and a high degree of social security are usually to be found. The shock Labour victory of 1945 is, with hindsight, minimised. There had been a steady swing to Labour from 1942 and Dr Pelling refers to the inevitability of Labour becoming the majority party 'sooner or later', even if war had not intervened.

In that election a Labour candidate said 'great questions . . . and complicated stories . . . seem terribly far away in the streets and factories'. My final verdict echoes these words. There is too much of the 'abstract questions' and 'complicated stories', vital though these are to the history of the Second World War, too little of the streets and their people. R.G.H.

Charles Avery, *Florentine Renaissance Sculpture*.

John Murray, 1970. 35s. (paperback 20s.)

WHICH corresponds with which it is difficult to say, but the simultaneous publication of this book in hard and paper back may reflect its avowed intention to be useful both to students of art history and to 'those visitors to Florence whose curiosity is not satisfied by the standard guide books'. In this I imagine it will succeed. The book is well informed on the historical background and the biography of the many

sculptors mentioned, and well able to aid the appreciation of the works it discusses; in particular its illumination of technical problems is helpful. The treatment, though not heavy, is always soundly academic. What most impresses is the way in which the author is able to approach well-trodden subjects with freshness, contributing an excellent chapter on Michelangelo. He does however have a tendency to make categorically statements which are controversial, not only in his introductory history with its rigidly monocausal view of the origin of the Renaissance, but also on his own subject where, in the light of the Slade lectures, he seems occasionally to disagree with other authorities. But the student may be aware of this, and the curious visitor to Florence not care. The book is well illustrated and conveniently indexed for sightseers. D.E.H.T.

T. A. Ratcliffe, *The Child and Reality*. London.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd. 1970. 40s.

THESE twelve lectures, delivered to a variety of audiences in recent years, contain material of importance both to those employed professionally in the field of mental health and to the layman alike. A lecture style suits the exposition of a professional 'philosophy' (a personal note: I do not think Dr Ratcliffe need use apologetic inverted commas for so many phrases) and the constant reference to his own experiences and techniques ensures an easy bridge between widely various aspects of child and family care.

'Mental health', he says in his lecture *Specific Aspects of Health Education*, 'is about real people; and maturity and good citizenship do not consist in reaching some theoretical level of perfection. The aim must be to help each individual to make as good an adjustment as his potential and circumstances will allow; and to take it confidently and in the way most suitable for him.' Administration of mental health, in like manner, is also about real people; it is about close teamwork among psychiatrists, psychiatric social workers, the family welfare service, probation officers and residential workers—and includes awareness of problems facing administrators. Above all, he stresses the importance of relationship therapy, 'the impact of one human being on another, handled with the special skills and experience with which the psychiatric social worker is trained'

—and not only in the quiet of the clinic but also 'in the client's home, on the doorstep, with the door half-closed against us, or on the street corner'.

The last lecture published here, given to a National Association for Mental Health conference in 1949, is in every sense of the word prophetic. It is a statement of need and a call to action. Working with clear insight from his own experience, Dr Ratcliffe outlines a community care service and a psychiatric approach to social (which are also personal) problems and, most importantly, by the recommendation that all relevant branches of the social services be deployed together in the cause of mental health, he foreshadows the Local Authorities Social Services Act of 1970.

RICHARD PENTNEY

H. H. Huxley, *Corolla Camenae*. University of Victoria Press, 1969.

AN anthology of latin verse claimed to be probably the first of its kind in comprehensiveness of quantitative and qualitative metres from a Canadian press raises the question of the purpose of verse-writing. It is both imitation of the classics as a means of education in language and style, and also emulation in its own right (the 'caviare' of the preface), parody and friendly reminiscence (as in the hymn to Punch on its 120th birthday, that brings to mind *Veni Sancte Spiritus* by 'mollis quod est durius, mulces quod est nolens etc.'). One or two poems would possibly have been apter to other metres: that on page 31 looks well suited to elegiacs, and on page 55 'The dog, considered a sagacious beast' to, say, Horatian hexameters—for what in classical elegy has quite the geniality and crustiness combined of A. P. Herbert? There are a few poems that do not quite 'come off' as pieces in themselves, such as 'Christmas Eve 1943', and 'Paene Puella Puer', so occasional that it does not really deserve its lyric setting. Horace seems again consumed with jealousy of Telephus (here for obvious reasons called Pyrrhus): but surely the real Horace, our Horace, would not have sounded so unamusingly annoyed about long hair (if we may take a hint from Odes 2-5 he perhaps even had a sneaking failing for it). Many of these versions however such as those on pages 15, 29 and 51



What she said not

These corridors have grown unclean.
This portal reeks of all I thought
To be once. Reeks and overpowers
The instincts that have made me turn
To come here. This stone underfoot
Reminds me of an age ago,
My foot stuck here as if imprint
Would hold forever, never freeing
And I could never free my ears
From sounds so deadly from outside me,
Sounds of people plotting softly,
Sounds of forced, uneasy laughter,
Sounds of feet marching to music,
Sounds of heads and axes falling.
The time is late and has unholy
Grown with darkness in my absence.
I have slept a hundred years for
Thinking too long over nothing.
I must waken now to see how
Corridors can empty stand here
Where the warden's feet have trodden
And the feet of greater men still.

The air is grown thick with praying.
The arms upon the walls seem rusty
As if to say that she had passed here
Whom I follow like a ghost alone
Across courtyards and greens that beckon
Down and up at me. I stare upon
Them, fixated by the things that I have wanted
And that I have lost. In losing
Think I on all that she said
When at the last her life was easy
But more I think on what she said not.

CAIUS MARTIUS

Facing page Lynne Atkinson as the Queen in *Cymbeline*.

Love Abounding

flesh bounces
notice
next time

the walking
world
is not

rigid
it
bounces

JOHN ELSBERG

Epilogue to a Short Story

I lie listening . . .
A full hour-glass of hopes
Flinch.

The glass glistening?
Like its lines hard and soft
Blood in me tripping.

. . . I know why.
An ash-tray of thoughts dim
Out of my head.

The smoke dry.
Like nostalgia it curls
Twisted
But not dead.

GRAHAM HARWOOD

Persistent Dreams

The rat
in his hutch
between
tenements

dreams
in
the now
primal

recesses
of his
genes
of times

of rampant
rat
affluence,
of Zion

covered
perfectly
with
plague.

JOHN ELSBERG

Urchin

Pool in the rocks,
Lady of my life,
I have had such young
Anticipation of you: I have lived
Confident of your richness, sure of
Uncovering your secrets which hide
Each other, your beauty
More subtly disposed
Than water.

Here I have touched your surface, and now
I have fumbled to all of your depths—
I have broken your promise and therefore have failed
And my hands are insulted and chilled.
Heavily I shall turn to the massive sea
And calmly you will watch me drown.

STEVE BRIAULT

the heart horse

clouds hang like shadows of the hills
and afternoon is taking its time.
she tells me how she rides
with the wind through the fields
corn lashing on bare wet legs—
and shutting her ebony eyes
throws back her head—
ah then you could ride away forever
she sighs

i try to speak protestingly—
but she's too good
and my words spin off like wind
as the carpets gallop.

CHARLES REID-DICK

Fantasy on a Wooden Chair

great granny
is the static musier

while children
scythe around her legs
she murmurs breathlessly
'si triste, la mort'
and sighs

the matriarchal wooden chair
is almost always occupied

a crack down its side
makes it creak
in time to her thoughts
and the children stare
at wrinkles that successfully
laid siege around her sunken eyes

helplessly she shivers
as some kitchen steam
escapes to her room
and the Breton mourning dress
that is green with age
settles into another hundred folds

'si triste, la mort,' she murmurs
as the children slide around her
gazing at the bunned white hair
that shines . . .

VIVIAN BAZALGETTE

arouse a mingled pleasure and envy that is the best justification of verse-writing.

The book is nicely produced: apart from a couple of misprints the only oddities that strike the eye are firstly occasional gaps in word-spacing, of which it is hard to see the rationale except that quite often they occur after punctuation marks; and that the conventional capitals at line beginnings have been abolished except on pages 41, 59 and 65 alone. DAVID PINTO

JOURNAL OF AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC CRITIC

26 *November*. The Editor wants my comments on the Lady Margaret Players' *Cymbeline* by 30 November. Since the performances begin on 1 December, I shall have to follow the usual professional practice, and write most of my piece beforehand—if not all of it. I must read the play, from end to end (which I have never been able to do before), first in English, and then in French. This second reading is necessary to discover what it is all about, when the flourishes of wit and imagination, and the pervasive neo-euphuism is out of the way.

27 *November*. I have read the play in English. It has a good claim to be considered his worst: no mean claim. ('Never blotted . . . would he had!') There are so many strands, in so many shades, saved from so many and so disparate sources—Boccaccio, Holinshed, earlier plays of his own and other people's:—they even talk of Tasso. Like a ball of odd bits of wool in an old-fashioned work-basket, to match odds and ends of darning. Indeed the whole thing looks like old-fashioned darning, but with even weirder patches of invisible mending, for he knew his job by that time.

The characters strike me as clots or nasty: some are both. What's worse, they reinforce the impression of patchwork. None of them becomes central, a focus of dramatic or any other kind of interest. They go round and round, like a stage-army.

As for the language, there are some fine pieces of floral poetry—like scraps of old curtain worked into the darning, and I suppose it is nice to hear that Imogen's veins were 'azure'. A word he took to late in life—fortunately! It occurs only once more, in *The*

Tempest, more literally of the sky. And apart from these floral decorations, what highfalutin twaddle, such as this!—

When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.

This seems to be one way of saying: 'I'd like to hear a fuller account of all this. Your drastically shortened version suggests all kinds of details which might be richly interesting'. It is one of those comments that applies very nearly to the play from which it comes.

28 *November*. Finished the French translation. Stripped of imagery and bombast, the play looks even worse. The central incident—if it is that—of a bet by a young husband on his wife's physical fidelity is a tasteless device. Boccaccio manages it better. He at least makes it emerge from frayed tempers, not from frigid boasting. The characters are not characterised effectively by their own speeches. We have to be told what they are. 'That queen, who has just gone off the stage, is a very bad woman'—'That young man, though a prince, is a proper clot'. This isn't the way he had done such things in his better days.

30 *November*. A pause for reflection. So far, the prospect is gloomy, but with him you can never tell. He understood drama and the essence of dramatic illusion so well that you can't go by the score. The actual performance is the only test. There may, after all, be fine things here, even if only fine failures, prophetic experiments. And if so, they'll show up in this production. For I take it that there won't be the usual Stratford producers' gimmickry. We shan't have our Christ-figure, wearing a big silver cross: Cymbeline won't punch anyone in the belly, to make him a student at Chicago, and the Roman ambassador won't be all in black, symbolising an oil-slick off Milford Haven refinery, from an Italian tanker. We shall see and hear the play, and the problem of manipulating so much space in so little room should provide its own entertainments.

2 *December*. It was a very fair showing, and though my opinion of the play was confirmed, it was by its having been given its chance, and

lifted, wherever ascent was possible, to display its better moments clearly. The direction was fully as direct and honest as I had hoped. No reference was made to the curious coincidence that on the opening day there had been national publicity for the Oil Companies' anti-pollution research unit at Milford Haven, and for a report which bears the Companies as spotless as Imogen. The cutting had been well done, and the performance brought within manageable time, but only at the cost of a cracking pace, a little too evenly sustained in the earlier part. To décor, lighting and grouping, Ian Thorpe had given much rewarding care. Many moments were really beautiful—the bedroom scene, the dream—a very awkward corner neatly turned—and above all the battle, where the audience, otherwise sensible, met with a sad defeat, and actually laughed at a fine piece of formalisation.

The actors could hardly have done better, granted that none of them are allowed enough room to establish themselves—or if they are, as soon as we know them, they are swept off for another stream of pageantry altogether. Richard Beadle made a revelation of his hands, and did for Iachimo all that could be done. Nicholas Reynolds gave a subtly underplayed Cloten, which went a long way to make my anticipations wrong. I was so sorry for Cymbeline himself, and the awful stuff he has to say, that I thought he deserved a crown. Both of our main guests were more than welcome. Miss Allen's Imogen was strong when it came to bringing out the real touches of human feeling in the part, but occasionally at the cost of the versification, and Miss Atkinson made the Queen quite an attractive bitch, with a nice twist to her mouth—I hope that it goes back safely after the run is over. Sean Magee and his little lot had the most difficult time of it, and the nobility only managed to peep out from under the savagery. All the minor characters worked hard and loyally, and knew their lines. Keith Hutcheson's *ad lib*—'Whoops! Madam'—as he dropped a crucial jewel was in the style of Kempe himself.

The lighting was far better than in any other production I have seen here, and had some triumphant moments. At times it might have been still more active, to make up for the long static tableaux on the stage, but whenever it was in motion, it was very good indeed. The

set was simple, practicable, and well designed to show off the lighting on that wall at the back. It is, after all, by a handsome margin, the best wall in Cambridge, and handsomely rewards being shown off. Indeed if anything could have reconciled me to the play, it would have been that lovely wall. Regarded as a game of imaginative squash played against that particular court, the play amounted to something, after all. The production was so good that I shall never contaminate its memory by watching another, against other backwalls.

H.S.D.

CYMBELINE

A Lord of Cymbeline's Court, Keith Barron; *A Second Lord of Cymbeline's Court*, Tony Fullwood; *Queen, wife to Cymbeline*, Lynne Atkinson; *Posthumus Leonatus, husband to Imogen*, William Mather; *Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen*, Mary Allen; *Cymbeline, king of Britain*, David Quinney; *Pisano, servant to Posthumus*, Keith Hutcheson; *Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband*, Nicholas Reynolds; *Helen, a lady attending on Imogen*, Helen Crouch; *Philario, an Italian, friend to Posthumus*, David Murphy; *Iachimo, an Italian, friend to Philario*, Richard Beadle; *Cornelius, a physician and soothsayer*, Angus Goudie; *Caius Lucius, general of the Roman forces*, Chris Judson; *Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*, Sean Magee; *Guiderius, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore*, Charles Callis; *Arviragus, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Cadwal*, Arnold Skelton; *A Roman Captain*, Roger Kirby.

In the dream:

Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, Dick Francks; *Mother to Posthumus*, Helen Crouch; *Jupiter*, Jerry Swainson.

Stage Manager, Jerry Swainson; *Stage Assistant*, Steve Hobbs; *Lighting Manager*, Michael Brookes; *Lighting Assistant*, Robin Masfield; *Costumes designed and made by* Janet Isherwood; *Set painted by* Nicholas Reynolds, Julian Burgess; *Poster design*, Steve Davis; *Make-up*, Mary Morgan; *Business Manager*, David Griffiths; *House Managers*, Dave Layton, Richard King, John Connell.

Director, Ian Thorpe.

Reviews

L. A. Thompson and J. Ferguson, eds., *Africa in Classical Antiquity: Nine Studies*. Ibadan University Press, 1969. Pp. x and 221. Paper, price not stated.

IN so far as it is concerned with the past, Middle Africa is concerned to show not only that it can display ancient indigenous cultures worthy of admiration but also that it has not been as cut off from the cultural developments of Mediterranean antiquity as people have always supposed. The School of Classics at Ibadan University, under John Ferguson and more recently Lloyd Thompson, is making a big contribution to this line of thinking, and these Studies illustrate what can be done and point to what needs to be done.

It is important to get the limits clear. To the Greeks and Romans directly-known Africa meant Egypt and Cyrenaica and then Libya, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco from roughly Tripoli to Rabat. In this latter, Western sector the first great power was Carthage, which brought the Semitic element into North Africa; and then over the whole large area Roman government and Helleno-Roman culture came to dominate, and Christianity established itself as the dominant religion, until the Arab conquest. A good deal of interest is being exhibited nowadays, in ordinary 'classical' ancient history writing, in the survival of 'submerged' cultures, which include the Punic and Berber elements in north-west Africa. All this means that Classical studies about Africa need not necessarily have any relationship to the problem of cultural contacts south of Egypt and the Sahara, and some of the Studies in this volume do not have any such relationship but might have appeared with equal appropriateness in any standard Classical periodical: Mr Hands on the consolidation of Carthaginian power, Professor Kwapong on the constitution of Cyrene, Dr Mary Smallwood on the Jews of Egypt and Cyrenaica, Professor Ferguson on Christianity in North Africa, and a particularly good essay by Professor Thompson called 'Settler and Native in the Urban Centres of Roman Africa'.

The way beyond lies through the Sahara and

the Sudan. This is where Classical Scholars and Africanists, linguists, historians, archaeologists and anthropologists must try to pool their work—in the scanty references in Classical literature to explorations, merchant ventures, military reconnaissances and place-names, in the traces on the ground, the cultural analogies and the linguistic parallels. And they need to seek help from historians of later periods, of the European Middle Ages and Islam especially, for in this field there is not going to be the same massive ditch cut across history by the fall of Rome. The first two Studies draw together the background material and sum up the existing state of knowledge and conjecture as a prelude to further advance; the third attempts a forward exploration. Professor Ferguson, who took western North Africa, deals with the 'periplous of Hanno', the Tassili frescoes, the Garamantes, the monument of Tin-Hinan, and some recent archaeological work in Northern Nigeria; Professor Thompson, who took eastern North Africa, traces the history of the great Sudanese kingdom of Meroe, of the Blemmyes, and of Axum (old Ethiopia) right down to Byzantine Christian times, and he too has a 'periplous' to make use of, that of the Erythraean Sea, with its description of ports right down to Rhapta on the coast of Tanzania. Dr Denis Williams is an authority on iron techniques, and from study of the types of smelting-furnace, used in the western Sudan and in West Africa suggests that they are likely to have been influenced by Mediterranean prototypes.

There has always seemed to be that strange kind of barrier on this stretch of the frontier of knowledge, that however hard you peered across the fence into this no-man's-land there was absolutely nothing to be seen. Part of the trouble was that there was nobody peering over the border at the other end. Now there are many pairs of eyes scanning the territory from both ends, and fragments begin to appear. Some of them will be mirages, and it will be a long time before the interconnexions become traceable beyond mere conjecture. But the prospects are exciting, and these Studies provide a useful introduction to them. J.A.C.

C. W. Guillebaud, *The Role of the Arbitrator in Industrial Wage Disputes*. James Nisbet & Co. Ltd., 1970. 35p.

IN his Preface Mr Guillebaud modestly disclaims 'anything specially outstanding' in his personal record as an arbitrator; but the plain fact is that few people in this country today can be better qualified by their personal experience to write about industrial wage arbitration. Herein, one need hardly add, lies the great value of this monograph: the author is able to draw liberally on his own fund of past experience, so that the text is interspersed with illuminating examples culled from actual disputes, some of them celebrated, in which he was himself involved.

Probably the public in general have a rather hazy idea of the considerations to be taken into account before making an award in an industrial wage arbitration (and it may even be that some of those who first embark on this difficult task are none too clear either!) But all are fully set out here and thoroughly discussed. In the end, of course, the arbitrator's decision must depend on the weighting which he decides to attach to each of the (often conflicting) considerations,

but, as is rightly emphasised, he must always endeavour to ensure that the terms of his award are sufficiently acceptable to both sides to make it a real settlement. Disappointment may be inevitable; bitter resentment must be avoided if at all possible.

No attempt is made by the author to oversimplify the problems facing the arbitrator. There is for example a carefully balanced discussion of whether an arbitrator should state the reasons for his award, which is particularly welcome in view of the rather dogmatic assertion in the Report of the Donovan Commission that arbitrators should 'give reasons whenever they can' (1968, Cmnd. 3623, §287).

Although the title confines this monograph to *Wages Disputes* it would be a mistake to assume that the principles discussed do not have wider application. Indeed there can be little doubt that all who have occasion to be concerned with industrial arbitration of any kind will derive enormous benefit from this little book and will be correspondingly grateful to its author.

J.C.H.

Theatre

Romeo at Last

WHEN the Lady Margaret Players were re-activated three years ago they wanted to put on *Romeo and Juliet*, but for long they were frustrated: it seemed that their ambition was hopelessly star-crossed. However Fate was only waiting until Miss Mary Allen was available to play Juliet. The project has at last been realised, and most successfully too.

It is pointless to try and say anything new about the play. We all know it by heart. We go to it simply to see what a new company can do with it, as we go to *Lucia di Lammermoor*. For though the rewards offered are enormous, so are the technical challenges. The play is so com-

pletely a matter of lyric poetry, of word-music, that it can only succeed to the extent that the actors have mastered the art of Shakespearean *bel canto*. They must be skilled performers of poetry as Mme. Sutherland is a skilled performer of Donizetti. In a word, they must be not just actors, but artists, as, in this production, both the lovers were—especially Juliet.

No nuance of her part escaped Miss Allen, not even the comic touches—it was she who made the early scenes with the Nurse amusing. She spoke beautifully—her face was exquisitely expressive—she will be remembered. The character of Juliet was realised in every detail.

Romeo, though well-delivered, was only sketched, in broad, strong lines. Mr Jones missed, for example, the tenderness and humour in the parting from Juliet ('How is't, my soul? Let's talk—it is not day') when for the first time we feel that Romeo may be capable of growing up into a good husband. This was a whole-heartedly romantic performance, with more of the real adolescent intensity in it than any other Romeo I have seen, whether amateur or professional.

I cannot say much for the second eleven. Mercutio banged his way through the Queen Mab speech, apparently seeing nothing in it but a dull passage in which Shakespeare needed all the help he could get. I suppose there is nothing to be done with the tedious and innumerable puns on the word 'prick', but Mr Magee's earthy insistence on their fun made matters worse. I did not need his middle finger sticking up to get the point, and nor, I imagine, did any one else. But Mr Magee is an actor: he died beautifully. 'No, 'tis not so wide as a church door' was true and moving. Friar Lawrence and the Nurse threw away their parts because they did not know how to give or take cues.

Almost everything else depended on the director. Most of the lesser players were, predictably, somewhat overburdened by their parts, but Mr Reynolds helped them to make the very most of themselves, which is high praise for all concerned. Two did not need help, but gave it—as dangerous, red-lipped a Tybalt as one could wish, and a memorable snapshot of Friar John by a visiting Fellow, Mr Rory Hands. For the rest, Mr Reynolds deserves great praise. When the Players put on *Troilus and Cressida* in the Michaelmas Term (my review of which apparently got lost in the post) the method adopted by the director, Mr Adrian Edwards, for what is in part a sardonic reconsideration of the earlier pair of lovers was a sort of Pop-Brechtian technique that worked surprisingly well. But anything of the sort would have been disastrous with *Romeo*, and Mr Reynolds, in sticking to an absolutely conventional idiom, pleased by his good sense, while at the same time the valuably sharp contrast with *Troilus* (I did not see *Cymbeline*) made him seem original. However his real success was in his mastery of his craft. His production, by using every square inch intelligently, made

the Pythagorean stage look, if not as big as Drury Lane's, at any rate ample for *Romeo*, a play which clamours for space, and which I have seen look pitifully cramped at the Arts. The set was elegantly simple, the actors, whether in crowds, pairs or solo, were capably moved and grouped, the shape of the production was clear, and above all the pace was swift. Only the length of the first act was unendurable: Mr Reynolds did not divide the play until the end of Act 3, Scene IV, which was at least twenty minutes too late.

I hear that one of the Fellows in English sent a bottle of wine to the company as a form of congratulation. It was a compliment well-earned.

VERCINGETORIX

Romeo and Juliet

by

William Shakespeare

Escalus, Prince of Verona, Keith Barron; *Mercutio*, Sean Magee; *Paris*, Richard Beadle; *Montague*, Alan Mackenzie; *Lady Montague*, Jane Pierson-Jones; *Romeo*, Gareth Jones; *Benvolio*, Tony Fullwood; *Abram*, Chris Judson; *Balthasar*, Mark Page; *Capulet*, William Mather, *Lady Capulet*, Jill Wollerton; *Cousin Capulet*, Rory Hands; *Juliet*, Mary Allen; *Tybalt*, Ian Thorpe; *Nurse*, Jane Gingell; *Sampson*, Arnie Skelton; *Gregory*, Charles Callis; *Anthony*, David Murphy; *Peter Potpan*, Richard King; *Friar Lawrence*, Mike Corner; *Friar John*, Rory Hands; *Apothecary*, David Murphy; *Men of the Watch, Masquers*, Dave Llewellyn, Chris Judson; *Ladies*, Jane Pierson-Jones, Sian Griffiths, Daphne Denaro, Penny Baker. *Director*, Nicholas Reynolds; *Music composed by* Trevor Bray; *Musicians*, John Walker (flute), Andrew Downes (horn), Paul Stanway (trombone), Robert Cracknell (cello), Trevor Bray (harpsichord and organ), Stephen Barber, Nicholas Chisholm, David Quinney and Nicholas Reynolds (percussion); *Fencing Master*, Gareth Jones; *Fight sequences*, Nicholas Reynolds; *Dances*, Mary Allen; *Lighting*, Michael Brookes, assisted by David Griffiths; *Set designer*, Nicholas Reynolds; *Set built by* Ian Thorpe; *Wardrobe Mistress*, Penny Baker; *Make-up*, Mary Morgan; *Stage Manager*, Jerry Swainson; *Business Manager*, Dave Layton; *Photographer*, Jeremy Cherfas.

Reviews

VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN CAMBRIDGE FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

Introduction and commentaries by
F. A. Reeve. Batsford 1971. £2.10

This is a fascinating book and a welcome addition to the Batsford 'Old Photographs' series. In this finely produced book Mr Reeve has collected 133 photographs showing aspects of Cambridge from the mid-nineteenth century until shortly before the war of 1914-18. Widely ranging, it covers the town and the university, inns, shops, transport, the river, sport, and a variety of other views of Cambridge and its neighbourhood. It will appeal to the historian, the sociologist, and to the Cambridge resident, whether town or gown, whether young or old. To the older ones among us the later photographs will bring back nostalgic memories; to the younger will be shown something of an older, slower Cambridge, before the internal combustion engine and the computer speeded up the tempo of our lives.

Turning the pages we are reminded of the 'Sultan of Zanzibar' hoax (is ragging a lost art?), of Mafeking night, of the early women students (the Master of Trinity is said to have refused a request for the girls to use the Fellows' Garden of Trinity with the comment that the garden was intended for horticulture, not husbandry!) and of many other interesting but forgotten happenings.

To the Johnian, however, several of the photographs will be of particular interest. Thus photograph no. 25 shows the old All Saints Church as it stood in St John's Street, where it once adjoined the medieval Jewry, hence its medieval name 'All Hallows in the Jewry'. In the background can be seen the scaffolding of our new Chapel. The next photograph shows All Saints Passage in 1870, when the building known as 'The Pensionary' still stood at the corner. The College subsequently sold the site to the University for the erection of the Divinity Schools, a decision regretted by several Bursars afterwards. Its repurchase by the College in

1966 was a source of much satisfaction to the then Senior Bursar. Photograph no. 28, a view of Bridge Street in 1910, is of interest in showing many of the houses demolished in 1939 to make way for Forecourt and North Court. Among the inns are shown the Hoop Hotel, referred to by Wordsworth in 'The Prelude', and the interestingly named Bird Bolt, an ancient possession of the College, on which the present Norwich Union Insurance Office now stands. Originally known as The Antelope, the name appears to have been changed in 1638, for in the Rental for that year the name 'Antelope' is struck through, and 'Bird Bolt' inserted above. The name 'bird bolt' refers to the bolt from a hunting crossbow, which Payne-Gallwey tells us was in use until around 1730. A further interesting group of photographs show the old chapel, and St John's Lane, which was closed to make way for the erection of the present Chapel in 1865. But surely Mr Reeve is in error in his caption in saying that the Infirmary of the Hospital, 'The Labyrinth', was 'across the lane'. 'The Labyrinth' stood on the south side on the Lane and the present Chapel stands partly on the Lane and partly on the site of the Lane. (See Babington's *History of the Chapel and Hospital*, and the plan in Willis and Clark). Fortunately space precludes one who has eaten yard butter, and whose father's photograph appears in one group (wrongly captioned incidentally), from rambling on. Let the final references therefore be to the photographs of Dr Parkinson (Fellow and Tutor, 1845-89) in his electric brougham outside the Hermitage, a house later bequeathed to the College and, after being the first home of New Hall, now part of Darwin College, jointly founded by ourselves with Trinity and Caius; of the College Bakehouse in 1877; and of the group of the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers, which serves to remind us that Sir R. F. Scott, among his many other activities was a Major in the Corps.

We must be grateful to Mr Reeve for this interesting record of past Cambridge collected in so convenient a form.

W.T.T.

THE SPANISH CHURCH AND THE PAPACY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Peter Linehan

Cambridge University Press, 1971. Pp xviii and 389. £6.20

This is the sort of book that sooner or later will make history. For the moment its appeal will be restricted to specialists, but it is the sort of monograph whose stories, evidence and conclusions will be absorbed into works of wider appeal and less thoroughness. It is a detailed and scholarly, yet at the same time very readable, study of the relationship between the Spanish Church and the Roman Curia. In the opinion of previous historians the pattern of this relationship was Roman greed squeezing a rich and flourishing Spanish Church for every cent the traffic would bear. But this now seems to have been conclusively upset. Dr Linehan shows that the Spanish Church was in a state of perpetual economic crisis accentuated by the pressures of the Reconquest and dearth of the mid-century years. And, furthermore, this economic crisis was by no means the result of Roman extortion; for both king and clergy in Spain held the view that 'the Roman Church was a Welfare State to be sponged upon but not contributed to'. Fierce prelates such as Rodrigo of Toledo and Sparago of Tarragona 'combined familiarity with contempt' in their attitude to papal legates and nuncios. Afonso III allowed the papal tax collector to gather in all his dues and then calmly confiscated the cash, saying that he could not permit it to leave the country.

This determined independence of Rome became even more apparent when it came to reform. The mission of John of Abbeville was repulsed by the bishops (with the noble exception of Pedro de Albalat) and no-one showed any enthusiasm to abandon pursuits traditional since the seventh century among the Spanish clergy. Like their brethren for 500 years before and since, the Spanish priests of the thirteenth century were over-fond of feminine company. The stories given here of their exploits, successful and unsuccessful, welcome and unwelcome (largely the former) are a useful corrective to anyone who thinks medieval churchmen to be an aridly theological group. For Munio of Zamora (then Master-General of the Domini-

cans and subsequently bishop of Palencia) de-rofrocking a nun was not simply an ecclesiastical and symbolic gesture.

To such men Rome could never get through. They would obey solely when it seemed profitable to them. Unfortunately their profits were the losses of the Spanish Church. So though they were independent of the pope, they were totally under the control of the kings, who used them then as they had done in previous centuries and were to do in the succeeding centuries.

So the picture of the Spanish Church in the thirteenth century as a healthy and powerful organism is convincingly destroyed by Dr Linehan in a work which will surely prove indispensable to all subsequent historians of the papacy working in that age of tarnished ideals.

R.G.H.

CANCER. IF CURABLE, WHY NOT CURED?

J. S. Mitchell

W. Heffer and Sons Ltd, Cambridge, 1971

£2.00 net

There are physicians and physicians; some may be distinguished by their address, others by their cars and many by the pendant stethoscope and waistcoat of finest broadcloth. Professor Mitchell falls into no such category for he is one of a small band who base their practice upon observation and experiment which, according to Osler, is in the finest tradition of Thomas Linacre. This little book is in fact an expanded version of Professor Mitchell's Linacre Lecture of 1970.

'Cancer is an outstanding medical and scientific problem of our time with major social implications . . .' and this treatise reflects a personal view of diagnosis, treatment, research and education by a radiotherapist, who wisely reminds us that his subspeciality represents only one facet of oncology.

There are four sections to this volume. The introduction is somewhat lengthy and indicates the nature of malignancy—its clinical, laboratory and social aspects, together with a discus-

sion of methods of treatment prefaced by a statement of the need to consider the cancer patient and his family. This emphasis recurs throughout the text and one immediately discerns a dedicated physician. Professor Mitchell's optimism pervades section two, The Assessment of the Results of Treatment; he gives hope instead of a series of tables replete with depressing statistics.

Mitchell's laboratory work and that of his colleagues is reviewed in part three and is given more detailed consideration than in the Lecture. His own early work led him to suggest that the destruction of tumour cells by ionising radiation was based on what he described as a 'macromolecular lesion' of DNA and this raised the possibility of radiosensitisation by chemical means. There follows a substantial account of work initiated and in progress in the Department of Radiotherapeutics with details of the development and use of naphthaquinone derivatives as radiosensitisers in radiobiology. The summary of the mechanisms of the therapeutic actions of ionising radiation is good, indeed this and the previous topic are better treated in print than in the Lecture for the reason given in paragraph one of the Preface.

Theatre

BEAUMONT WITHOUT FLETCHER

The Michaelmas efforts of the Lady Margaret Players, a vigorous production by Mr Sean Magee and Mr Ian Thorpe of Francis Beaumont's Jacobean farce *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, went off noisily in the School of Pythagoras without much injury to the audience, though I was glad to be sitting well away from the aisles. Some of it must have been audible at the Main Gate. Mr Arnie Skelton's Rafe the Apprentice, a Quixote-Cockney in search of knightly adventures, was a masterpiece in the Monty Python manner: he played the leading role of grocer's boy and knight everywhere he could find room for it—on the far side of the footlights, where actors properly belong, down the side-aisles and even from the back. The audience stood three hours of it, and could have stood more.

In the final section, Professor Mitchell states 'that of all patients with cancer and allied disorders . . . about one-quarter are cured in the sense of survival with a normal expectation of life' and he stresses the need for the continual education of doctor and patient, claiming rightly that lack of knowledge is the important limiting factor in diagnosis and treatment. Few will disagree with Professor Mitchell's list of priorities in this area of medicine; increased financial support and the establishment of a National Cancer Institute are but two.

I like the book. It treats an enormous problem in few pages and in considerable depth; the references are well-marshalled. Rarely can a practising physician have displayed the clinical and scientific acumen of the author, and for those who do not know the Regius Professor of Physic, the account provides considerable insight into his personality. Professor Mitchell is the leading scientist in his field, he has an immense capacity for work, yet he has had to surmount many difficulties. This book deserves a wide distribution in medical and non-medical circles.

A. G. C. RENWICK

The evening offered plenty of good performances, especially from the men. Mr Charles Boyle played Grocer George from a seat on the side of the stage, well supported by Miss Nicola Brown in the business of interrupting the plot. Mr David Quinney hardly drew sober breath as Old Master Merrythought; and Messrs Beadle, Murphy and Fullwood weaved on and off the stage, not always in the same roles. Mr Richard King, as an androgynous barber turned evil giant, brought off the best episode of the play in hilarious vein. The problem of a limited stage-area was neatly solved by an adaptable set, and the wine served in the undercroft, so far as I could judge, was of the right temperature. No need to apologise to John Fletcher, who for once did not collaborate, except to say that he missed a good thing.

G.W.

hearing the first clatter of earth over the elm
and the rose cast down in the hole
i have run like a headstrong child out from the house of love
because man grows ugly for a quiet life
and because of the hallowed hill.
and trying to turn my heart to stone
for an age i have crouched in scorn
concealing my smile like a weapon
walled up, like a monk, and forgotten;
while outside the butterfly puts off its crawling self
and makes for the surewinged sun
like an old man waking suddenly into childhood.
and i have marvelled when in your summer face
the world shrank to the searing thing it is;
forgetting the morning and the empty return
the mirrors greeting in the first light
the sad sleep of surrender.
and i have burned for my love in hayricks
and in the autumn stubble, feeling the purging fire,
trying to sweep away the chaff,
but finding a coarseness, like despair, that ever deepens.
and i have wasted in winter cities
jostling the walking dead, watching the dead race by
hair streaming from the trains of thought
that rumble through the ugly english afternoons
wondering am i too going nowhere?—

starting like a hare out of precious flowers i have run
and sometimes in a quiet place full of darkness
found a strength.
as now where the hanging stars smile like Gods freckles
in the vaulting sky;
leant here, where this ivy beard has grown a hundred years
over the wall, and a silence breathes.

CHARLES REID-DICK

Mike the Communist

A description from Grimm:
‘Her nose met her chin’—
Of course they meant witches;
They could have meant Mike.

An awfully good guy for a Red,
Comrade, I hope you remember
Your rage when I asked
If you’d like to be Robin Hood.

Even to Youth Culture,
Even as a Front,
Thirty-three is old for a student
On a Fellowship grant.

I might have said
You have about the eyes,
Particularly when you organise,
That sexless look
Of some one getting down to business.

Such looks don’t have a chance,
Even Maoists or Crazies
Or blemished chicks renouncing knicks
Are in it for romance.

We all know how, before the Beatles,
When you were supposed to be young and mean,
You joined up with the Peace Corps,
And taught the natives to keep clean.

Most could guess, but won’t,
Your commitment got its start
When you learned you were no longer young
And cursed your silly heart.

For beating you on Freedom Rides
First dream of belonging,
Clutching the cause like an ugly duckling,
As the South glowered in the window.

You say, you said,
You had something then—
What? A cell? A skill
In dispensing sandwiches to crowds?

You marshal marches very well,
Maintaining ranks, directing turns,
And your voice in meetings lately
Has been gaining in authority, but

Crowds are thinning,
Less weary faces winning over
The regular radical crowd,
A friend or two have started hinting . . .

Get out of the wind, Mike.
They would only laugh
To see you blown away,
The loneliest leaflet ever mimeographed.

Greece

A child has passed before
And plucked and dropped with clumsy hands
The flowers that lined the way—
So greedy and so gay.

They lie awhile, joys past,
Not yet forgot, nor still possessed,
And court the empty sky.
Then slowly shrivel; die.

Spring flowers withered by the sun.

RICHARD JEAUVONS

Saturday Afternoon

Smell of wet coming from hot city,
Some water oozes along concrete cracks;
his bare feet slide around in sandals.

A panniche is drizzled on the Seine,
large puddle polishes the granite
and the rain greys the stones in the barge.

Bits of spray spatter through the pillars,
bright posters begin to sweat and drip;
his white shirt is washed by the rain.

NASH

often looked uneasy, but there were several good performances, especially from Hal Whitehead as Pheidippides and Nigel Crisp as Socrates, while Neil Coulbeck, Bob Holmes and Mike Brookes provided entertaining vignettes. The best episode of the play was undoubtedly the True Logic-False Logic debate, with Viv Bazalgette as the former, all athletic and almost pure, clearly enjoying himself as much as the audience did, and Tony Fullwood, the latter, exquisitely *roué* and suave.

It may by now be a commonplace of Lady Margaret Player criticism to say that the small stage was used to full advantage, but it needs to be said again. While the action was static at

times, the positioning was intelligent (especially with the Clouds) and the whole was visually arresting. The final scene, when the Logic Factory is burned down, was particularly effective, with clever use of lighting and music contributing to a chaotic close.

The play's application to modern-day Cambridge was attempted but not driven home fully, and it remained very much a production of moments. If it took courage to produce, with a few pints of Courage it was a pleasure to witness.

FAT DRAKE

Review

Stephen Sykes, *Christian Theology Today*.
Mowbrays, 1971. Pp. 153.
£1.50 (paperback 90p)

The Dean of Chapel tells us that he was invited to write this book 'for the benefit of the "man in the street";' which doubtless accounts for the refreshing lack of dry footnotes and vast bibliographies. Three opening chapters deal with theological method. Mr Sykes offers a helpful definition of Liberalism in theology as 'that mood or cast of mind which is prepared to accept that some discovery of reason may count against the authority of a traditional affirmation in the body of Christian Theology' (p. 12). The inevitability of this sort of liberalism, the validity of conservatism, and thus the inescapable pluriformity of Christian belief, are affirmed and discussed with admirable economy and lucidity (e.g. 'Christianity . . . is a family of religions with a common focus,' p. 53). Mr Sykes then moves on to consider some objections to religious belief and to outline areas of ground common to believer and unbeliever which can be profitably discussed by both as part of the Christian's contemporary apologetic.

The four last chapters introduce the reader gently to New Testament criticism, problems

about creation, comparative religion, and lastly to the character or spirit of Christ as a kind of doctrinal norm. This final chapter is disappointing, Mr Sykes selects four aspects of the ministry of Jesus and attempts to relate each to each of three elements of Christian life. The reader is left in something of a mental whirl—an anticlimax after all the immediate illuminations he will have gained from preceding chapters.

With that reservation, the book may be confidently recommended to any thoughtful person looking for a scholarly but readable introduction to theology. My main quarrel is not with Mr Sykes but with his proof-readers. Such linguistic monstrosities as 'It remains therefore to unpack somewhat this ambiguous-sounding phrase' (p. 121) ought to have been removed; there is considerable misuse of the comma; plurals appear for singulars; 'Pharisaic' and 'Habgood' are mis-spelt (pp. 109, 152); '1859' should read '1889' (p. 18); and 'could bring themselves' should read 'could not bring themselves' (p. 13). Apart from all this, one can only regret that an unattractive cover and an excessive price will probably restrict the book's circulation among the very readers it would most benefit.

N.B.W.

Reviews



THE MOLECULAR BASIS OF ANTIBIOTIC ACTION

E. F. Gale

University of Hull Press, 1972. Pp. 30. 20p.

Professor Gale is an authority on the molecular basis of antibiotic action. In his St John's College Lecture for 1971–2 at the University of Hull he reviews progress in this field from its inception, illustrates it with well-chosen examples and confirms his reputation as a fine giver of the popular lecture. The result is a little booklet that will repay study by layman and biochemist alike, for the latter, if an undergraduate, not least near Tripos time.

R.N.P.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEIERMACHER, Stephen Sykes, London, Lutterworth Press 1971. Pp. viii + 51. 50p.

The low standing of academic theology in the second half of the eighteenth century is notorious. For the young Goethe in his *Faust* it is, together with scholastic metaphysics, one of the butts of his satire. However, his concern is a good deal more complex. For, side by side with the satire, the play as well as his poetry attempt to formulate alternatives to the statements of traditional theology. An example of this double concern is that remarkable scene, included already in the earliest, 1775, version of *Faust*, in which Gretchen catechizes her lover on the subject of his faith.

The poetic quality of the exchange, reaching its climax in Faust's recital of his own personal *credo*, is apt to defeat translation; its paraphrasable argument, however, is memorable enough. Gretchen, deeply in love with Faust, questions his religious beliefs. His first, evasive, reply is that he will gladly leave each faithful to 'his own feeling and his church'. Dissatisfied, Gretchen persists: but what about the holy sacraments? *Faust*: 'I honour them'. *Gretchen*: 'Yes, but without much desire!' And: 'Do you believe in God?' At this cue Faust (as undergraduates are apt, ruefully, to put it) 'goes off on one of his great speeches', the burden of which, apart from its obvious function as a means of wooing Gretchen, is twofold. First, overtly, Faust is asserting that any attempt to designate the Divine by name, a mere word or phrase, is a foolish and vain undertaking. The only thing that matters (he continues) is the inward *feeling* of the divine presence, 'the bliss' of His indwelling in the human heart; words are mere noise and smoke, obfuscations of the ardour of the Divine: 'Gefühl ist alles; / Name ist Schall und Rauch, / Umnebelnd Himmelsglut.' But there is another, no less meaningful strand to Faust's argument: in the course of denying—of questioning and satirizing—the set, transfixed verbal forms of traditional worship and belief, he is himself fashioning an alternative language of worship and belief. 'Der Allumfasser, / der Allerhalter' is one way of attempting that which (Faust is in the same breath saying) cannot be done, 'Gefühl ist alles' is another such attempt. And *Faust* teems with examples of this dialectic between the avowedly impossible and the poetically achieved.

Like many other parts of the play, this dialogue between Faust and Gretchen is steeped in contemporary controversy, in the ethos of its age. The finest minds of the age are acutely conscious of the irrelevance of dogmatic language and theological dispute to matters of faith; but there are a few who are almost equally conscious of the danger to any Christian ministry—to any communication of belief—that is consequent on all forms of unbridled religious enthusiasm. Chief among these is Friedrich Schleiermacher (1768–1834), to whose life and work this book offers a brief and nicely balanced introduction.

Stephen Sykes's exposition of Schleiermacher's writings is sympathetic throughout. It begins with the first and best known of Schleiermacher's works, the five speeches *On Religion*. Religion, we are told there, is 'perceptivity-and-feeling' ('Anschauung und Gefühl'); and again, it is 'the

sense and taste for the infinite.' When faced with similar declarations by Faust, Gretchen remarks somewhat drily, 'That's all very well—roughly this is what the parson says too, only his words are a bit different.' Well—is it the same sort of thing? In each of its editions (¹1799; ²1806; ³1821) Schleiermacher had to defend his book ever more circumspectly against the charge of pantheism. 'Religion is the sworn enemy of all pedantry and one-sidedness', he writes. In attempting to regain for it what Sykes calls 'all the warmth, spontaneity, and personal involvement' it had lost in the theological speculations of the Enlightenment, Schleiermacher concentrates on 'the concept of the mediator'. Stephen Sykes is quick to recognize that this notion 'corresponds both to the role of the genius in *Sturm und Drang* ideology, and to the programme of the unification of knowledge set by the Romantics as their own task'—that, in other words, it is not necessarily a Christian concept at all. Nevertheless, he insists that in the richness of its references to Christ and in offering not only mediation but also reconciliation between the human and divine, Schleiermacher's notion of 'the mediator' is 'roughly what the parson says too'. Would it not also be true to say that the challenge of an alternative, anti-Christian interpretation which many theological concepts have had to face since Schleiermacher's days has been a good deal more radical than anything he dreamt of in his philosophy?

Like Hegel, Schleiermacher was highly critical of the rationalist mode of thought he inherited from the preceding generation. But whereas for Hegel the scandal of enlightened thought consisted in its refusal—or inability—to pronounce on the absolute foundations of men's being, Schleiermacher objects to the enlightened uses of religion for moralising ends. Religion is neither the ground nor the sanction of morality: 'religious feelings should accompany all human activities (he writes), like a sacred music—man should do all with religion, nothing because of religion.' Clearly there is here something like the beginning of that strange 'modern', eventually existentialist tradition that posits a total disjunction between moral and religious motives of human conduct, just as Schleiermacher's attacks on the institutional nature of the Church opens the way for the egregious individualism of some recent theological visionaries. But again, Sykes stresses that in his later writings (especially in

The Christian Faith, 1821–22) Schleiermacher's 'concern for the social character of all religions emerges to counterbalance the possible individualism of the emphasis upon [inward personal] experience'.

Schleiermacher is the chief theologian of German Romanticism, yet he is more than that. There is an equanimity, a sense of balance in his thought, that save it from the strains and stresses of an extremist position—but there is also an absence of the kind of desolate exposure to which more recent theological thinking has been subjected. If some of his statements about religion make it sound like something closely akin to poetry, yet he insists that, in religion too, poetic utterance must remain distinct from the rhetorical mode of homily and the didactic mode of theological exposition. If his stress on feeling looks like issuing in an exclusive preoccupation with inwardness, he is quick to appeal to our 'consciousness that the whole of our spontaneous activity comes from a source outside ourselves'. And if, for him, as Sykes says, 'all feelings [come] under the heading of piety', yet Schleiermacher remains wary of the threat of solipsism:

Your feeling is your piety, with two qualifications: first, in so far as that feeling expresses the being and life common to you and to the universe [...] and, secondly, in so far as the particular moments of that feeling come to you as an operation of God within you mediated through the operation of the world upon you.

We are grateful to Mr. Sykes for directing our attention to Schleiermacher's thinking, for pointing to some of the dangers it courts and underlining the permanent importance that attaches to it. He resists the temptation of making Schleiermacher sound more 'relevant' than he is, but then Mr. Sykes is well aware that permanent importance is not the same as ephemeral relevance. Whereas in applying some of the insights of modern analysis to Schleiermacher's language, Mr. Sykes is legitimately bringing the study of his subject up to date.

J.P. STERN

Reviews



LADY MARGARET PLAYERS, WITH THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY

Short rituals go well in Pythagoras, whose stone shivers at the stamp of pageant. Audiences were doubtless drawn to see Irishmen produce some of the classic statements of the Irish situation; and may have learned more of the elements of Irish life and imagination than from any documentary.

The *Playboy* riots proved just how deeply Synge's drama reverberates. His *Shadow of the Glen* sounded the evening on a note of farcical tragedy. The play grows round Nora's emancipation, and is impelled by the grotesque theatrical actions of Dan Burke; in the last minutes every thrust of humour and stab between Nora and Dan, each lyrical evocation and pathetic gesture needs to be controlled from line to line, movement by movement as they pull on the whole play. Unable to achieve this, the actors resorted to cruder gestures and understressed the lines. Fortunately Synge's rhythms withstood the English pounding and good humour reigned.

Riders to the Sea is mood indigo and the director had concentrated on shifting tempi—a minute one way or the other reinterprets the whole play. Moira (Jane Gingell) had the right mastery of movement and voice to establish the tone and pace. The same realistic set was used as

for *Shadow* but of course white boards, the black dresses, candles, keening and sea-soughing are peculiarly suggestive. The production animated words—"Give me the holy water" or "Barbley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely". Begorra.

The Yeats counterpointed the two Synge, different in style, of a different culture, and even more dependent on language. Crescendos and diminuendos of speech and body action, finally beaten to the drum, were better controlled than the formal movements and lighting switches. Perhaps some backdrop would have helped to concentrate the power of word and gesture in *Full Moon in March*.

Purgatory is probably the better play and here the tree stump and sheet of muslin and bare walls of Pythagoras grew into the drama. The Old Man's voice reached gruffly out of memory; the melodrama of the crude movements, the visions, the climax gave back his thoughts.

The production made a considerable profit which is a sure sign of its worth in a competitive community, and a step to self-sufficiency.

N.C.

ARISTOTLE, John Ferguson, Twayne's World Authors Series, New York 1972.

Professor Ferguson was for many years Professor of Classics at the University of Ibadan in Nigeria. After some years at the University of Minnesota he is back in this country as Dean and Director of Studies in Arts at the Open University. Readers of the *Eagle* will already know from the wide range of his writings that he is peripatetic intellectually as well as literally. He has published articles or books on theology, tragedy, history of ideas, international affairs and Greek and Latin literature. His other interests include music, modern literature, philosophy and the sciences.

Aristotle, the original peripatetic philosopher, is a theme to match this range of talent and interest. The book is dedicated to the memory of C. F. Angus of Trinity Hall, teacher of John Ferguson and of many other Johnnians of his and neighbouring generations. The approach is accordingly in the tradition of "Group B": historical, expository and scholarly rather than philosophical, analytical and critical. For its avowed purpose of introducing students and general readers to Aristotle's ideas and writings the book is well fitted. It is like other introductions where to be unlike them would be to be misleading and unsound. There is not much scope for originality in the drawing of outline maps. But Professor Ferguson is right to claim that his book is unusually comprehensive, and in particular that his chapter on the biological works gives a usefully generous coverage to parts of Aristotle's writings that tend to be skimmed or overlooked in introductory books. It is fair to say in defence of other authors (and this means also in self-defence) that the biology, like some parts of the logic, is of almost purely antiquarian interest. Most of those who read Aristotle now, whether in Greek or in some other language, are concerned with his contributions to the discussion of questions that are still discussed: those issues in ethics, politics, theology, aesthetics, epistemology and metaphysics on which an old book can be out of date only if it was not worth reading or writing in the first place.

RENFORD BAMBROUGH

THE PLACE OF SUFFERING, John Ferguson, James Clarke & Co., Ltd: Cambridge and London, 1972. £1.75;

SERMONS OF A LAYMAN, London, Epworth Press, 1972. 90p.

Much of Mr Ferguson's book on suffering is devoted to a series of brief descriptions, well illustrated with quotations, of attitudes to the problem in ancient literatures: texts from Mesopotamia and Egypt (he does not say whose translations he has used), and elsewhere in the Near East; the writings of Greeks and Romans; the Old Testament, and early rabbinical works; and the New Testament. He also considers what some modern Jewish writers have said about the sufferings of their people, and discusses Christian martyrs in the early church and in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, and finally Martin Luther King. The last chapter summarizes Mr Ferguson's own view of suffering. He sees it as a problem in a good world which God has created and in which God's creatures have freedom. Whatever the reasons for suffering may be, it can make those who suffer more sensitive to other people, and can help them to influence others for good, as violence cannot. Christ shares our suffering, and Mr Ferguson rejects the doctrine of divine impossibility.

It is not surprising that a book covering so wide a field contains some questionable opinions (such as the judgement passed on pp. 69-71 on the book of Job, which Mr Ferguson seems to me to have failed to understand). Yet Mr Ferguson's study of the ways in which suffering has been viewed by men over a period of several thousand years, and his suggested interpretation of part of its meaning are impressive and moving.

Mr Ferguson is a preacher as well as a writer and a scholar, and his *Sermons of a Layman* are dedicated to the Choir of the Chapel of the Resurrection of the University of Ibadan, in which many of them were delivered while he was Professor of Classics there. Like his book on suffering, they reveal an interest in the biblical roots of Christianity and also in its application to life to-day. Both books are excellent examples of how it is possible to write, and speak, about theological and religious questions, clearly, in English that is good and free from jargon.

J. A. EMERTON

TOCQUEVILLE, Hugh Brogan, Fontana, 1973. 40p.

Alexis de Tocqueville was pulled from undeserved obscurity in the 1930s and 40s by American politicians anxious to find a liberal counterweight to Karl Marx. As a result his ideas have often been distorted to fit the preconceptions of the twentieth century. This may have helped the politicians but it was hardly fair on Tocqueville. He was very much a man of the nineteenth century, and a man deeply marked and influenced by his experience of that century. He was an aristocrat dispossessed by the French Revolution, but his consistent and fundamental aims were the liberty and equality of all men. He became the most successful political writer of his age. But as a politician he was an ignominious failure and lived to see France fall further and further away from freedom.

His major works, *Democracy in America* and *The Ancien Régime and the French Revolution*, reflect both this experience and his ideals of true liberty. But that he was a man of his time is forgotten or ignored by those who want to see him as a prophet of the twentieth century and as that "great friend of America and democracy" (ironically quoted by Hugh Brogan). With these caveats he can be seen as a writer touched with greatness (though often turgid) and a pioneer sociologist, who provided the best nineteenth century analyses of contemporary America and of France from the Revolution of 1789 to that of 1848.

To this figure Hugh Brogan provides a superb chart—vital for anyone embarking on the delights and hazards of a voyage round Tocqueville.

He sets out Tocqueville's personality and background so that the actual man can be seen, not just his academic genealogy. It is a shame, though, that there is no picture of Tocqueville—presumably this was a question of editorial policy and economics, but it is a shame none the less. Then he deals with the genesis and content of his writings, their value for historians and others. He adds warning notes on Tocqueville's misconceptions, mistakes, and sometimes misleading vocabulary. Finally the central themes of Tocqueville's writings are summed up for us.

In short the work is an excellent (perhaps indispensable) introduction to Tocqueville. It is also highly readable, though just occasionally the

style obscures the meaning. Above all it seems to be written from an absolutely clear conception of Tocqueville on Mr. Brogan's part—the picture is never clouded with unnecessary details.

In a sense Tocqueville resembles a distorting mirror. Writers of varying persuasions find their own beliefs in him. To this Hugh Brogan is no exception. He ends with a firm statement of his own and Tocqueville's belief in liberty and affirms that "there must still be many who . . . believe, like him, that the flame of liberty cannot and should not ever be put out; who still see it as indispensable for the attainment of full human stature, whether to individuals or societies; and who are still grateful to Tocqueville for writing so intelligently, well and passionately in defence of their common goddess".

R.G.H.

ON REALISM, J. P. Stern, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1973. £2.50

In Alan Bennett's somewhat sketchy play, 'Forty Years On', one of the best moments is a send-up of Virginia Woolf. The narrator tells us he met her after a lapse of some fifteen years: "I gazed into those limpid clear blue eyes and—'Virginia', I cried, 'is that really you?' 'Is it', she replied, 'is it? I often wonder'". This particular section set the audience laughing as much as any other the night I watched the play in London. Only incidentally did it reveal the limits of Virginia Woolf's art, in that she tends to beg the questions, "What is reality? How can we say we exist?" and other concerns so dear to undergraduates like myself. One ends up witness to rambling metaphysical speculations, interspersed with hopefully reassuring details such as "this, as she crossed Bond Street" or "ladling out the soup".

The realist avoids such entanglements: *a priori* he accepts reality, and proceeds from there. So does Professor Stern. Using Wittgenstein's illustrations of family resemblances he argues that any hard-and-fast definition of realism throughout the ages would be misleading. Chaucer's listeners would have found it easy to accept Troilus's elevation to the eighth sphere,

for example, while to us the idea is less compelling. "Yes", writes Professor Stern, "but what is and what is not regarded as 'supernatural', or again as 'humanly convincing' at any one time? Is it not this, above all, that a history of realism ought to tell us?." Down with realism, then, as a purely period term.

His book draws on a mixture of close analysis of realistic literature and uses it for an examination of the ways in which realism works. What needs saying is that no theoretical basis for a discussion of realism will do. Professor Stern continually warns us against this tendency to abstract a definition of the term. For realism is after all a procedure, and what matters, he adds, is one's ability to apply the procedure rather than appreciating the general concept. Examples follow from diverse sources as to the varying effects which can be achieved on a base of realism. Kafka creates a nightmare out of everyday detail at one extreme: at the other a sane critique of society is built upon fantastic or grotesque details by Lewis Carroll. And here, of course, our role as reader is quintessentially important, for the author is more or less wielding a given set of expectations.

With the emphasis squarely on us, perhaps our choice of reading is a good indication of the extent of our own realism. Do we reach for Frederick Forsyth's 'The Day of The Jackal' when we have time to spare? If so we may be accepting reality (a sequence of credible events in this case) as a substitute for psychological and moral realism. Or do we pick up the 'Lord of the Rings' for the seventh time round? If we do the latter we are possibly inclined to opt out of reality altogether. Other possible symptoms of this malaise are no doubt an oblivion to current politics, institutions and so-on. Professor Stern gives ample space to the socio-political implications of both realism and its absence. Certainly his account of its decline since the nineteenth century is, if pessimistic, as well argued and fascinating as ever.

Whether or not we are locked away in the world of Gandalf and Bilbo Baggins, Professor Stern's book has much to offer, not least for the lucidity and clarity with which it is written. It unravelled a number of complications for me, to begin with, and also suggested new avenues of thought for exploration.

VIVIAN BAZALGETTE

TYNESIDE, C. M. Fraser and K. Emsley, David & Charles, 1973. £2.25

This is the first in a new series of City and County histories published by David and Charles. Although I am neither a historian nor particularly well versed in the local history of the North East, the book seems to me to be well researched, and it certainly contains plenty of information. My main criticism of the book is that it is not particularly well organized, it lacks illustrations and I found it rather 'heavy'.

The series is "aimed at the general reader, college student and the upper forms of secondary schools" and so could easily lend itself to a rather less academic style without missing out on any of the content. There are plenty of events described which, with a change of approach and perhaps a little more comment, could make much more of the book come to life.

Several important people and places mentioned in the book are not included in the index, which is a pity. The "illustrations" are almost non-existent. On page 72 there are two small vignettes, but there should have been many more. A book like this is the perfect setting for old prints and sketches and although they might add to the price, anyone prepared to pay £2.25 for 140 pages will be prepared to pay a little more for some illustrations. The graphs are good, although none of the maps have scales, which is very bad, especially as the maps don't all cover the same area. However the select and general bibliographies are comprehensive.

One can and does learn many interesting things from this book. In 1639 the Scottish Army invaded Northumberland in protest at Charles I's introduction of a prayer book. The Hostmen (city governors) decided that £3,000 was too much to spend on raising an army to defend the city for the king. When the king's forces were routed at Newburn in 1640 the Hostmen had to pay the Scots £850 a day for two months to persuade them to withdraw from the city. They ended up paying the Scots £38,000!

Spending seems to have been prolific in 1826 too, when the Lord Mayor's entertainment allowance was £2,000 (total hospital expenditure in the city—£1,326). William Blackett II, one of the 'great' entrepreneurs of the late seventeenth century, died in 1705 and after his body had been brought from London, 1285 pairs of gloves

were distributed to mourners at his funeral. The total expense was £688. 14s.

The Geordie (Newcastle pitman) is so-called because the miners preferred a local lamp designed by George Stephenson to the Davy lamp of the period. Stephenson left his name in many ways, the railways being the most famous and it was from his start that Parsons developed his steam turbine industry. (Lest we forget we are informed by the authors that Parsons was a Johnian and 11th wrangler). But the most interesting facts for many may well be that the Blaydon Races were actually only run from 1861 to 1916 and that in its heyday the Scotswood Road boasted over 100 pubs.

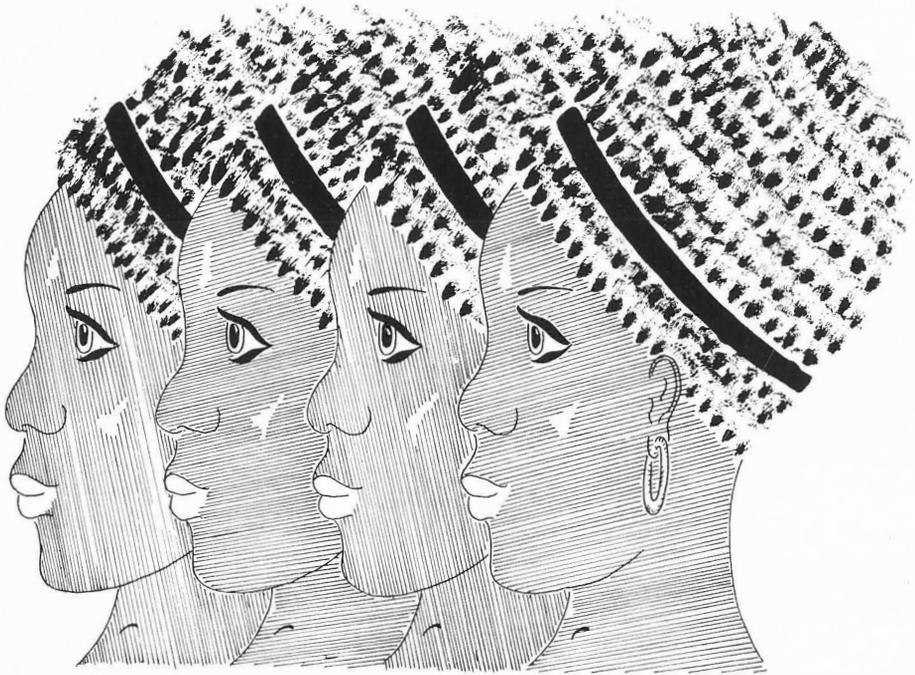
It is odd that such an important event as the great explosion of 1854 which cleared a long stretch of the river frontage and ruined many old buildings only gets a sentence's mention, and that very little of the important cultural history of the area is discussed. There is little mention of the extensive local folklore, of art, music, poetry and other cultural activities. Important bodies

like the Northern Arts Association and new ventures like the Beamish Museum (admittedly not in Tyneside, but very relevant to the preservation of its history) are not mentioned. The miner's greatest annual event for years, the Durham Miner's Gala, deserves at least a mention—not least because many of the bands and families and often the disasters that were mourned, were from Tyneside pits.

Anyone wanting to read an involved history of Tyneside will find that this book includes most that they are likely to want to know, although there are a few omissions. The industrial chapters are good, but I feel that more attention could have been paid to the living and working conditions of certain periods and to cultural activities in general.

It is perhaps fitting to end with one of the more surprising phrases in the book: "economic historians have long believed that Tyne coal was first exported as ballast".

R.J. BROCKBANK



Reviews



VOYAGES D'UN EMMURÉ, by Sigmurd Rukalski. Editions de la Baconnière, Neuchâtel, 1970. 195 pp.

The author of this curious, haunting narrative, part memoir, part novel and part nightmare, insists on its most general, least historical implications. He speaks of hatred, madness, sin, negation, as if the enactment of atrocities were a recurring theological event, flaring up in history but starting out in the dark soul of fallen man. Fascism and socialism are mindless, unmotivated mobilisations of rival schemes of thought, the one as stupid as the other—national and international socialisms, Rukalski sneers. Human beings are naturally butchers, and the names they give you are merely labels which license them to kill: “Hier vous étiez communiste, aujourd’hui vous êtes juif, demain, vous serez fasciste, selon le besoin”. “J’aimerais,” Rukalski writes, “que ce récit paraisse simplement comme un témoignage humain d’une époque inhumaine, sans aucune indication politique, nationale, etc. C’est pour cela qu’il n’y a aucun nom dans le texte....”

One understands perfectly why someone who has suffered as the author of this book has suffered—whatever elements there are of nightmare and novel in the work, all of it is intensely, painfully autobiographical—should not wish to dwell on the concrete history and geography of his anguish, should look for the consolation of company across the centuries in his vertigos and insomnias, as he calls them. The political bewilderment alone described in the book is enough to prompt a flight into metaphysics. But it really is not all

that easy to erase history, however poignant your desire to do so, and this narrative speaks most unequivocally about a particular time and a particular place.

A boy tries to escape from a city that must be Warsaw in 1941, and is picked up by the Russians as a German spy. When the Germans move east, he finds himself free and wanders back to Warsaw to seek his mother. He fails to find her, and is arrested by the Germans and sent to a camp. When the Americans arrive at the end of the war, he is placed in a hospital for a while, then shunted on to Paris as a refugee. At the time of the narrative, he has barricaded himself in a room in a Paris hotel, and is being pursued by the police for some nameless misdemeanour. His voluntary, fearful imprisonment here recalls all his other prisons, a world of walls and doors and crawling insects and death, and Rukalski takes his title from these driven memories, which are themselves the mark of a man enclosed in the harrowing circles described by his own mind. It comes as something of a shock to realise that when the war ends, the person who has been through what he calls inexorable infamy, who has been hounded, he says, to the limits of the self, and who feels himself to be the sole survivor of a species without name or origin, is still only twenty years old, has a whole life to live in the shadow of this absurd, shutting pattern of confinement and escape, alternately comforted and crushed by the solidity of the masonry of his consecutive cells: “Les portes, les murs, c’est construit pour durer; au fond il n’y que ça de solide sur la terre”. “Il n’y a que les murs qui durent, avec leurs portes fermées à double tour, comme dans les maisons de pestiférés où l’on n’entre que sous peine de mort”. And all this is testimony not to a timeless human evil but to the lasting damage that history itself can inflict on its victims.

Here is a man edged out of the human world and into a totally private universe of suspicion and dread. Yet whatever our sympathy for this man’s rejection of the world which did him such harm, the lesson for us surely is that we must give more attention to our history, not less.

In any case, none of us is wholly innocent of the ravages of history, and the most eloquent, subtle and powerful passages in *Voyages d’un emmuré* have to do with the protagonist’s ghastly collusion in the horrors descending on him. Working with rags in the German camp, he imagines these once-worn shreds hanging on

people again, and drives his illusory crowd of dolls towards new humiliations, discovering "l'immense volupté que doivent éprouver les meneurs d'hommes à pousser devant eux, par la seule force de leur parole, des peuples entiers vers la destruction". He is amazed at the possibility of a German defeat, because he too, although its victim, has believed in the master race, has taken the Germans for a species capable of transcending the human condition. And in the camp, maddened by solitude and despair and the constant proximity of death, he dreams of a final cleansing of the world by means of the ovens, a last conflagration whose legacy will be the reign of immutable justice and flawless coherence, the unfolding of the perfect flower of human life—"avec moi comme figure centrale, bien entendu". In the fever of this vision the protagonist remembers a moment of shame, a time when he was accused of being Jewish ("elle est increvable, cette race-là, rien à faire pour en finir"), and proved he wasn't by the obvious anatomical exhibition. Remembering the shame he remembers the peasant now sleeping in the shack with him, who was present on that day of ignominy, and intoxicated by what he grimly calls his "petite idée de Caïn", he murders the old man in order to destroy this remaining witness, this last obstacle to the pure delirium of future glory.

I hardly care to wonder whether this act and this vision represent a material event or an especially vivid fear, and perhaps a doubt on this question is important to the book. For what Rukalski proposes to us, finally, is not only an image of the victim's complicity in his torment, but also a more elusive, less familiar and more frightening truth: the truth that there are moments in history and in our lives when our most ugly and most trivial desires are fulfilled as if by magic, when our most casual, most transient dreams can be practised on the world, engraved in the flesh of other people. Rukalski's protagonist kills the old man because of the remembered shame, but also because the old man is a peasant—from the earliest pages of the book we have known of the protagonist's fear and hatred of country people. "Quelle sale race, tout de même, ces paysans, ils sentent la terre comme des vers". "Regardez-les, faits pour se saouler, digérer, éructer, ils ne pensent qu'à ces imbéciles de canards dans leurs sales paniers, ces paysans crasseux. . ." "Grosse plèbe qui pue la glèbe, qui gratte la glèbe, qui ramène tout à la glèbe. . ." He is afraid they

will betray him for money, or out of malice, because he is not one of them. And so, much later, in a form of ecstatic trance, he kills a man because he hates and fears him, hates and fears his whole class—and of course because his exacerbated state of mind leaves him with no resistance to his murderous urge. The analogy with what the more ambitious destroyers of his time were doing is clear. In both cases a common, minor resentment, firmly repressed or kept quiet under normal circumstances, is released by the general insanity of the world, allowed to prowl and plunder and do damage, and again, the moral of the story, it seems to me, concerns not so much the quality of the resentment as the circumstances of its disastrous release.

Rukalski's rhetoric often seems faded or precious—"Il n'y a que la nuit, aussi noire que vos pensées, aussi profonde que vos erreurs"; "Fuir encore fuir toujours, fuir à tout jamais vers les confins des fuites sans fin". But I mention this only to insist on how little it matters, how thoroughly dwarfed such quibbling considerations are by this chronicle of a man dragged, as Rukalski says, from ruin to ruin, and from scorn to scorn.

MICHAEL WOOD

THE PATTERN OF TINY MINDS—School of Pythagoras: 15, 16, 17 November '73.

This revue is the second to spring from the pens and minds of Messrs. Adams-Smith-Adams but it is the more memorable—since it happened more recently. Certainly the Tiniest Minds in Cambridge pattered along to see Cambridge's funniest, not to mention only, revue of the term.

One was immediately struck by the class-nature of this revue. Frankly, brothers, the Adams-Smith-Adams Minds are Tiny because they are aristocratic. We were treated to the full spectrum of upper-class humour, starting from its embryo in the Public School Sketch—a single adolescent joke which may seem very funny when thought up during prep, but becomes tedious when repeated again and again. Such was the Restaurant Sketch, where customers walked in and suddenly dropped dead. From school to University and the intellectual undergrad joke. The Agamemnon Sketch set a distraught Clytemnestra in search of her husband and consoled by two modern beerswillers. 'It's

tragic', said one. 'It will be when Agamemnon gets home', replied Clytemnestra. (See Aristotle—Poetics: Chap. 6).

The fully fledged aristocrat appeared as the protagonist of the Country Planner Song, a man rich enough to buy a little villa in the 'garden of England'. Then he is faced with a country planner touting plans for motorways, pylons and Channel tunnels nearby, overhead and underneath. Foolishly refusing to accept the ineluctable laws of progress, he adopts a favourite ruse of the feudal baron. He murders the planner, then he buries him in his cellar. Wishful thinking!

A-S-A scorn the new bourgeoisie, those of the working class tempted by overtime pay into hire-purchase folly. The parody of an easy-listening stereo record-club was an excellent tape collage drenching with sarcasm those whose pitiable wealth is slightly greater than their pitiable taste.

But the aristocracy of Adams-Smith-Adams was clearest in their attitude to the working class—amused contempt. Their Two-Workers-Sitting-On-A-Bench sketch portrayed working men as thick, lethargic and barely humanoid. In execution, it resembled nothing so much as two undergrads imitating Dud and Pete with even stocker prole accents than those two frauds.

Aristocracy is the seed-bed of conservatism. One sketch heaped scorn on progressive education, with Douglas Adams as headmaster of Summerville Open Plan School, lolling and grinning like a spaced out A. S. Neill. T.V.'s MIDWEEK-PHONE-IN provided a further chance for trendy-bashing. Here droll Douglas played a bus-buccaneer à la Hampstead intellectual, who believed that bus-piracy provided an original means of artistic expression. He brilliantly parodied the question—evasion technique which characterises Phone-in shows and defeats their very purpose—

Policeman on the phone: 'Would you like to accompany me down to the station?'

Pirate: 'Er...good evening, inspector... Now, that's a very interesting question. I don't think so, not tonight'.

In view of their scorn of things modern and gimmicky, it's understandable that A-S-A's use of one modern gimmick—tape recorder—to carry unifying threads through the revue, was not successful. Their attempts reeked of Ken Dodd's 'zaniness' where 'zany' means the pathetic conviction that a few weird sound-effects and dangling conversations can provoke wild hilarity.

But the supreme irony was that television, most bourgeois of all standbys, should have provided—via Monty Python—so much of the inspiration for this aristocratic revue. On stage, the disorientation and insanity of Monty P. are much less effective. A-S-A's sketch about an executive with a staff of sheep and rabbits came over as plain silly. Only enthusiastic acting and facial-work carried the one about the cereal-advertising office and its ideas for jellyfish or dead thrushes as free gifts.

Throughout the revue, in fact, very good acting compensated for script weaknesses, the most glaring of which were the anti-climatic endings to sketches. The songs were the best parts of the revue—Martin Smith's searing parody of Leonard Cohen and all other hip trendies who croak into microphones and rake in the loot; Margaret Thomas' appeals for 'loving dentistry' and her lead vocal in the final pantomime ensemble. Margaret's singing was a highlight of the revue. Of the principals, Martin Smith was naturally funny with his fat and rubbery face (and humour), while Will Adams provided a hilarious deadpan. As for Douglas Adams, though he has the largest pose, one is left asking: 'Has he the Tiniest Mind?'

KEITH JEFFERY & FELIX HODCROFT

Reviews

ANTI-SCEPTIC

J. R. Bambrough, *Conflict and the Scope of Reason*, St. John's Lecture, Hull University Press, 1973.

In the face of scepticism about the individual's right to hold certain philosophical assumptions, in the face of the new discoveries which experimental psychology brings to our attention from day to day, in the face of urgent social and economic problems that threaten us, can the faculty of reason, once so revered, still help us to progress positively rather than leading us down blind alleys? Renford Bambrough believes that it can, and in his lecture at Hull, now published, he has shown with the same kind of remarkable lucidity and precision that we have come to expect from his lectures at Cambridge, why he believes it.

Mr Bambrough, cautiously optimistic, though never leaving a step out of the argument, opposes the scepticism of Popper and others, who believe that to agree on fundamentals in a discussion necessarily involves making wild, generalized assumptions. Mr Bambrough contends that to think in these terms is to arrive at an oversimplistic dualism of scepticism versus dogmatism. Moreover, the scepticism of someone like W. W. Bartley merely leads one into a vicious circle—as Mr Bambrough puts it succinctly: what unquestionable premises and principles enable one to demand that valid conclusions are only those established upon unquestionable premises and principles? In attempting to clear away dogmatic preconceptions we have blinded ourselves to the real possibilities that rational arguing can still open up for us.

Disagreement in Mr Bambrough's view is a positive human activity. And it is precisely because we are all human that it is so. It is a quite different thing from talking at cross-purposes. We all begin from the same position with the same degree of doubt and certainty. We are of the same species (Mr Bambrough quotes Wittgenstein's aphorism, "If a lion could talk, we could not understand him."). To disagree with someone is not to be on a different plane of reality from him. Rather it is to be at a determinate, specifiable distance from him. And then one cannot be said to be disagreeing with someone unless there is agreement as to how the dispute could be settled. In rejecting a friend's assertion, I must be clear in my own mind, that the content of the assertion that he makes and

I reject is the same. Thus disagreement involves agreement. Often what appears to be an argument about the *content* of a belief is actually an argument about the *appropriate attitude* towards such a belief. To take one of Mr Bambrough's sharply-edged examples: if a judge argues with a psychiatrist about whether a man is a thief or a kleptomaniac, this is not an argument about the meaning of the word "thief". Words and the contents of words have not changed. Both men would define "thief" in the same way. What has occurred is a change in attitude towards the same facts. The psychiatrist, considering the same facts as the judge from a different angle, sees these facts in a new aspect, viz. as manifestations of an innate psychological disturbance, kleptomania, with no doubt its own root causes. Once an agreement of terms has been reached, then any dispute carries the possibility of its solution within itself.

If it is accepted that disagreement involves agreement, then, Mr Bambrough argues, many concepts that have appeared insoluble can in fact be resolved. Revolutionary changes in thought do not necessitate abandoning inherited knowledge and understanding. A revolution can only be a revolution if it appeals to some common body of opinion in the "status quo". So a thinker like Wittgenstein is not just being obstinately conservative when he appeals to a common body of opinion shared by both writer and reader. Here, one becomes aware of the limitations which the form of the lecture has imposed upon Mr Bambrough. He is unable to go into the details of how certain apparently irreconcilable positions could be reconciled—for example Nietzsche and Christianity. Mr Bambrough gives indications of how one philosophy could fruitfully qualify certain tendencies in the other philosophy (the Christian's humility balanced with Nietzsche's self-respect). But it is not clear how far this process of fusion could be taken, how real the common assumptions of the two philosophies are. And even if we were to find real common ground, how far would such a discovery mitigate what appear to be very real differences? Not all differences would be found to be illusory. There would still be a hard core of thought on each side incapable of being dialectically resolved with its opposite. One might twist Mr Bambrough's thesis around and say that to show agreement only throws disagreement into relief.

However, Mr Bambrough is not making wide claims. He is rather clearing away many of our muddled preconceptions. Sceptics such as Popper are wrong in thinking that our failure to resolve certain questions is a result of the *nature* of those questions. It results from our personal failures as human beings. To agree on fundamentals is merely to accept the primacy of certain particulars that can lead to greater agreement. The scope of reason is far wider than we might have thought. And intellectual conflict is a means of making decisive intellectual progress. Art can be comprehended in this pattern too. The processes of

reason are intimately bound up with the creative processes of art, and not in opposition to it. Mr Bambrough suggests as much with a glorious quote from Whistler:

"In painting two and two will continue to make four, in spite of the cry of the critic for three and the whine of the amateur for five."

Let us hope that this lecture turns out to be the germ for a much more detailed and analytic exploration by Mr Bambrough of this fascinating question.

TERRY MOORE

CHURCHILL

Henry Pelling, *Winston Churchill* (Macmillan, London, 1974, 724pp. £4.95)

THIS is a rattling fine book. The author has the skill and narrative power to carry the general reader through some 18 hours of attentive reading, during which the subject is always in focus on a wide-ranging front and over a period of nine decades. One cantankerous reviewer has referred to the author's style as 'verging on the wooden', but this is nonsense. A plain style is well-suited to a subject who provides his own purple patches, and Dr Pelling's is easy and flowing with that seeming simplicity which now and then blossoms into wit. In fact the author writes much as he talks, so that occasionally a passage will leave us in some doubt. At the Yalta Conference in 1954 the visitors were accommodated in old palaces; 'In spite of the grandeur of the buildings and the efforts of their hosts to remedy wartime devastation, the visitors, at any rate those of less senior status, were somewhat upset by the absence of baths, and all were upset by the presence of bugs' (p. 540).

In June 1916 the Minister of War, Lord Kitchener, went on a mission to Russia on the cruiser Hampshire, which was torpedoed and sunk off the west coast of the Orkneys; this happened in such a way as to rouse great suspicion that intelligence had leaked to the enemy so that they were able to position a submarine ready for the attack. At this time the Dardanelles Commission was sitting to determine responsibility for that failure, and on p. 220 we read, 'But Kitchener escaped relatively lightly, because he could not be examined by the Commission, having died by drowning on the way to Russia in June, 1916.'

But there is no doubt over the following comment, which has already been noted by several reviewers. Winston was born distinctly less than nine months after the marriage of his parents, and 'So we must suspend judgment on whether this was simply the first instance of Winston's impetuosity or whether it also involve yet another example of Lord Randolph's' (p. 20).

The general reviewer has to resist the temptation to make comments on the subject of a book like this, difficult though it is; he must confine his comments strictly to the book which author and publisher have produced for us to read. The appearance of the book is good, but it is unusual to find, as here, some 15 pages containing broken type or poor impression, especially in a copy bought on publication day. The photographs are all well-chosen and full of interest, but the publisher has been rather mean in not repeating inside the book the two pictures of Winston—young and old—that are used for the dust-jacket, which is ephemeral. On p. 378 the name of Wickham Steed, a former Editor of *The Times*, is printed without the letter h in it. In the Index the death of Kitchener is said to be mentioned on p. 222, whereas it is really on p. 220. But this is a negligible crop of errors for an 18-hour search, the only good misprint having already been picked up by J. Enoch Powell in the *Spectator*. On p. 169, where Churchill is visiting the battlefield of Gravelotte near Metz where the Prussians defeated the French in 1870 he writes that '... the graves of the soldiers are dotted about in hundreds just where they fell—all are very carefully kept, so that one can follow the phases of the battle by the movements of the fallen.' The misprint of 'movements' for 'monuments'—a curious thing to say of the dead

—goes back to the original transcript in the Companion Volume to the Official Biography of Winston Churchill, vol. 2, p. 908. However, it is quite clear that the proof-reading of this book has been exceptionally well done, and for help in this task the author gives thanks to another Johnian, Mr. Mervyn King.

There are some 50 pages of references and 15 of bibliography for the professional reader. But, in the way of dates for the general reader there is a mere half-page giving only the offices of state held by Churchill. Nor can author and publisher plead paper shortage for this omission, for there is a blank half-page here and another one

and two-thirds on pp. 709–710. Every book of an historical nature that is destined also for the general reader ought to contain a good list of dates. In the reading of the book there is often doubt as to what year has been reached in the narrative. The best way to keep the reader informed is to print the year on the page itself, either in the headline or in the margin. But this book will have more editions, and so we may hope for a good table of dates and perhaps also a genealogical table of the family connections that are mentioned in its pages.

N. F. M. H.



Lioness at Lake Manyara National Park, Tanzania: by Mike Wilson

The Greatest Johnian (so far)

The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, edited by W. J. B. Owen and Jane W. Smyser, 3 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), £22 the set.

THIS IS the first edition of Wordsworth's prose since 1896, and so much the best that it deserves to be called definitive. The two editors have divided the works between them and written introductions and commentaries. Except for the letters, and Wordsworth's notes to his poems, which properly belong elsewhere, it is complete, and stretches over more than half a century: all the way from the early, republican *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff* of 1793 down to the autobiographical memoranda dictated by the poet at Rydal Mount in 1847, three years before his death. The two principal versions of the preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1800 and 1850) are printed on facing pages, and the textual apparatus is impressive. This edition has been long awaited, and it was worth waiting for. Wordsworth's prose need not be edited in again our times.

Like his verse, Wordsworth's prose is about the growth of a poet's mind: but unlike his verse it was written without an awareness that this is its subject. In these handsome volumes he appears more dogmatic, more politically conscious and more naive. The poet who recommended a wide passiveness never achieved it; he remained all his life, as the prose demonstrates, a man of rash and often unqualified enthusiasms: for the French Revolution, against it, for the critical ideas of his friend Coleridge, against them, for our Portuguese allies in the Napoleonic Wars, for copyright, and for keeping railways out of the Lake District. (The rules that govern the ecological game have now shifted, and railways are now the darlings rather than the bugbears of environmentalists.) As he aged he acquired the mental habits of those who write letters to newspapers, and many of his later effusions might have been signed 'Disgusted, Rydal'. All this helps to make him look an archetype, and not just for Johnians. His mind grew as the minds of literary intellectuals seen naturally to grow: from naive revolutionary enthusiasm to worry about what the world is coming to nowadays. The outline is warningly familiar and the details instructive.

There can now be no doubt at all about the extremity of Wordsworth's first French enthusiasm, which included a defence of revolutionary violence: 'The animal just released from its stall will exhaust the overflow of its spirits in a round of wanton vagaries, but it will soon return to itself and enjoy its freedom in moderate and regular delight' (1.38), he told the Bishop of Llandaff. At twenty-three, and three years after leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth was no moderate revolutionary; and less than ten years later he was no revolutionary at all. By then he had come to see that utopianism, being self-justifying, is the seedbed of the world's most enormous crimes, and that the task of wisdom is not to advance utopia but to prevent it from happening:

The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves (I.69).

It is the idealist who is the supreme criminal: that is what Wordsworth's only play, *The Borderers*, is about. The hero of abstract convictions commits the *crime logique*, which is vaster than any merely private or selfish act. Men out of egotism only steal or kill for themselves, which means rarely; but the utopian kills for all mankind, and there is no limit to what a Robespierre may destroy. The revolutionary animal, as Wordsworth knew by the mid 1790s, does not go quietly back to its stall.

The breaking-point in Wordsworth's conviction seems to have been the Burkean doctrine of habit. This edition collects for the first time the fragmentary 'Essay on Morals', which Wordsworth may have written before he was thirty. There he objects to utopian writers like

Godwin that they have failed to notice that ‘all our actions are the result of our habits’ (I.103): the great moral question is not how, in an abstract sense, men should behave to one another, but how in the world that we know men are guided towards behaving as they do. His concern henceforth was with language as a moral instrument, since it is in language that the life of man is most instantly and continuously apparent. The ‘language of men’, which poetry must learn to use, gently turns into something less realistic in the first decade of the new century, into ‘the general language of humanity’ (II.57). He had returned to something like the consciousness of Europe, and his own, before the French Revolution had interrupted it when he was nineteen. Like many ex-revolutionaries, Wordsworth in his middle years suffered a mental ebb-tide in which the assumptions of early youth softly returned to inhabit a mind emptied of its utopian sympathies. Mid-Wordsworth often reads like Dr Johnson, who died when he was fourteen; and by 1810, when he wrote the *Essays on Epitaphs*, the forty-year-old poet was something very like an eighteenth-century humanist. His interest now lay not in abstract human perfection but in the states of mind that all men have in common. Since all men suffer death, and most bereavement, and since even the least literary write poems for the graves of those they have lost, the epitaph is the perfect literary (or subliterary) symbol for the common humanity of men. These three essays linking high culture with the popular, from Pope and Gray down to the feeblest graveyard tribute, along with his *Guide to the Lake District*, will seem to many new readers the great revelation of this edition.

As Wordsworth turned Johnsonian in his intellectual interests, his syntax readily matched what he had to say. This is monumentally old-fashioned prose for the Regency and after, and some of it reminds one of Gibbon and Burke. Unlike Coleridge’s, it is written with the sense of an entire civilization behind it, and it is founded on a passionate concern for what is universal in the human predicament:

An epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; and story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired. . . It is concerning all, and for all: in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it (II.59).

It would take very little polishing to turn that into something an expert could not distinguish from Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*, and compared to that Coleridge’s prose looks like something out of another century—nervous, fidgety and always on the move. The severance of sympathy between the two men can be studied here as an incompatibility in mental style. Wordsworth’s is a prose for grandly humane intuitions on a universal scale, as if he had all Christendom behind him: Coleridge’s for eccentric and original intellection. Wordsworth always writes as if he has made up his mind before he writes. He is the last great humanist of English prose, and his quirks, above all his lack of humour, are necessarily invisible to himself. He is not even looking at himself. He was incapable of Coleridge’s self-disgust, and far more easily capable than Coleridge of disgust with others. He was an obsessive and a worrier.

But at least he was not boastful of a heart that bled merely for the sake of bleeding; and he could see what many men of letters would be the better for seeing, that joy is a more philosophical state of mind than grief. That doctrine is his greatest legacy to the world, and it will always be needed for so long as pessimism enjoys any shred of intellectual prestige. He thought it wise to be happy, and happy to be wise. But he said that better in verse:

. . . While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

G.W.

The New Review

The red-blooded Tories are massing for a counter-attack - or this is the impression they are trying to create. The new *Cambridge Review* proclaims itself 'restorationist'. The word speaks for itself, but amongst other things signifies 'a restorer of dilapidated buildings'. The magazine has certainly undergone considerable structural and decorative changes. Certainly there is an obsession with architecture - the last two issues have produced two interesting articles on 'Architecture and Morality' by D J Watkin, and a not unjustified attack on the History Faculty Building. The latter is run of the mill criticism but Watkin's articles are nearer to the determinedly iconoclastic spirit of the Review.

Any magazine which sets out to document 'Cambridge life', as this does, inevitably runs against the question whether there is anything so particularly special about Cambridge as to merit writing about. It is a difficult course between the Scylla of avid isolationism and the Charybdis of fatuous universality. The last three issues of the *Cambridge Review* have indicated the existence of this passage: they have failed to navigate it.

Watkin's articles, the book reviews (for example of M J Cowling's '*Impact of Hitler*' and Paul Addison's '*Road to 1945*') have indicated a fact which has never been in doubt, that Cambridge is capable of fuelling useful academic controversy: the Review has succeeded in reproducing it on paper. Such articles have, however, only occupied a small proportion of the space. For the rest we have been assailed by articles beating a slack-skinned drum - such as an article lamenting the passing of the gown and a slightly distressing tendency to fight the battles of the last century. Thus we are informed that "Hans Küng denies Papal infallibility but suffers no ecclesiastical penalty". One can only wilt with amazement at Mr Küng's precocity.

Quite rightly a contributor has criticised the 'sour little pieces' produced by the magazines of the radical left, but the *Review* seems in danger of falling into the same trap. The radical left is, on the whole, a tired looking punch bag and we are none the better off for being told, in appropriately shocked tones, that an SCM publication with the appropriately laxative name of '*Movement*', has discerned signs of the imminent Kingdom of Heaven in Cuba. We are told that the *Review* has "now happily recovered from the silly-billys who (have) canted therein of China and Cuba these seven years". Ironically, in the last five issues of its existence the old *Review* produced not a single article on China or Cuba: the new, reinvigorated *Review* has already produced one, on China.

Whether or not one agrees with the editorial line of the *Cambridge Review* it is at the moment impossible to ignore it. If it occupied less space in favour of material of more lasting worth it would better fulfil its original intention. At the moment we are threatened with reports of Union Society debates

E Coulson

Review

Hitler: The Führer and the People, by J P Stern
(Fontana, 1975), 80p.

Professor Stern's study, '*Hitler: The Führer and the People*', is mainly based on analysis of the interrelationship between the 'leader' and his 'people'. He points to the deficiencies of both biographical and sociological interpretations ("If sociological interpretation loses sight of the man behind the trends, it is the common failing of biographies that they abstract a man from the world ... " p 15), and concentrates his own study on the interpretation of the language of National Socialism as being the main link between Hitler and the people.

Professor Stern finds certain 'Nineteenth Century Roots' in this language: heroic Romanticism, the theory of the will, the concept of the German 'Volksgemeinschaft', the importance of authentic experience, all of them influencing not only the contents, but also the style of demagogic politics in the twenties and thirties: "suddenness, naturalness and irresistibility of events". Unlike some other critics Professor Stern does *not* try to make Nietzsche etc responsible for the development of Fascism, but he gives an outline of the cultural matrix of the 19th century and shows its influences on Hitler.

So far, these chapters are a most interesting analysis of the Fascist ideology and its language. Yet the direct effect of this particular language on the German people might have been discussed more extensively. The intellectual and emotional pattern of the average German in the early thirties remains somehow unclear; Professor Stern states correctly that "the destructive, and ultimately self-destructive, drift of Hitler's cast of mind and of his policies is a reflection of the intellectual temper of his age" (p 29), and he mentions some of the authors (F Werfel, G Jünger) who 'propagate' a "Götterdämmerung-like destruction". This "intellectual temper" certainly applies to the German intelligentsia, but it seems doubtful whether the German people as a whole shared such enthusiasm for Hitler's death-myth. In order to prove his contention Professor Stern quotes a few life stories of some early Nazi followers and party members, who actually use the language of sacrifice, and whose intellectual 'matrix' corresponds to Hitler's myth, as they surrender their personalities to it. Yet were they representative of the German nation?

As far as I can see (and judge from various discussions with Germans born in the 1910's and 1920's) there was an enormous gulf between the 'Volksgemeinschaft' spirit of Hitler's mass meetings and the normal thinking of most Germans before the war. I do not think that the average German shared Hitler's death-myth, and the 'sacrifice syndrome' of the German literature of that period. In this literature the death-myth was an attempt to transcend an ugly real world (antimaterialism) to flee into the 'masculine beauty' of death (as D H Lawrence might have put it) - a perversion of heroism, where the heroic death is the only remaining sign of heroism. The average German, however, was doing his best to come to terms with ugly reality, a reality which, to many of them, was hostile and gloomy, so that they appreciated the solemnity of the semi-religious language of Hitler's mass meetings, and which also alienated the individual, so that they were glad to find a new 'personality' in the 'race-consciousness', the 'collective consciousness' which was called up in them by the mass meetings. There the language of persuasion could really influence the average German,

but at home he was afraid of the totalitarian system. At home he reacted as an individual, but his fear of the 'almighty' regime prevented him from acting against the will of the Party. As far as I can see, this fear dominated most Germans much more than any speech or any mass meeting.

Judging from my discussions with many Germans born in the 1910's and 1920's, youths were the most enthusiastic and most 'idealistic' followers of Hitler. And their enthusiasm resulted mainly from their enjoying their lives in holiday-camps and in the many institutions which, to some extent, made a uniform mass out of them, but which also created a spirit of community, of adventure, of 'Romanticism'. I suppose that it was this form of community life that made the children fervent admirers of Hitler, their leader ('Hitlerjugend'), and that linguistic propaganda would not have been successful, if this community life had not been established.

Jurgen Capitain

Theatre

Madness is perhaps the key to Friedrich Dürrenmatt's 'The Physicists', performed by Lady Margaret Players in the Michaelmas Term: it affects all four major characters to some extent, although when merely simulated or actually experienced is always a perplexing question. Appearances, as ever, are not what they seem, and the play manages to combine a brilliant nuclear scientist, two secret agents from opposite sides of the Iron Curtain, a female psychiatrist (who herself exhibits megalomania) and three murdered nurses in an imaginative, and often humorous, examination of the dangers and limitations of advanced knowledge.

"Only in the madhouse can we think our own thoughts," declares the scientist to his colleagues, frightened by the effects that his research might have should it reach the outside world; while all the time his doctor creams off the valuable results and forms her own plans for universal domination, even out-manoeuvring two murderous spies, equally anxious for such crucial information. These subtle complexities were treated with careful patience and exactness by the director, Chris Dale, who nevertheless was able to preserve skilfully the wittier elements of James Kirkup's translation and draw some thoughtful acting from his cast.

Rebecca Bunting, the psychiatrist, remained in perfect control of every situation and emerged finally as a power-crazed medic, while Simon Meyer gave a concentrated and histrionic performance as the gifted but alarmed physicist. Other rôles were all played with intelligence and sensitivity: one recalls in particular Peter Levitt's gently lunatic spy, ably complemented by David Edwards' performance as the second secret agent; Steve Pumfrey's deliberate, bewildered Police Inspector; and Marilyn Lampey as a sharply observed Matron.

The success of the production owes much to the ever resourceful and reliable stage manager, Christina Hughes, and to Robin Bloomfield's alert technical direction. It is gratifying to note that the play was seen by near capacity houses on three of its five nights, bringing great credit and well deserved rewards to the efforts of the Lady Margaret Players.

Review

THE PSALMS. A new translation for worship. Collins, 1977.

A peep inside the pointed edition reveals that the copyright of the English text is held by David L. Frost, John A. Emerton, and Andrew A. Macintosh. Two pages later we discover that the last two are among the eight translators from the Hebrew (Macintosh being the Secretary of the panel), and the first is solely responsible for the literary quality of the English. This is thus a very Johnian new translation of the Psalms, and members of the College may justly feel a certain proprietary interest in it and not a little pride.

The object of this version of the Psalms is to provide a viable alternative to the Prayer Book version for use in Anglican worship, and especially in connection with the new forms of service in which modern English is used. If you wish to stick to the beautiful cadences of the old version, with its 'thou' and 'thee' and '-est' and '-eth', it is probably best to go on with the Book of Common Prayer, in spite of its errors of translation. But do not despise the simplicity and directness of modern English. For here we have a translation which reads beautifully when recited aloud. David Frost has an ear for rhythm. Personal experience of reciting this version in the chapel of a religious community has proved to me that it is well suited for liturgical use. Moreover the meaning comes out clearly. There are no quirks or mannerisms. The translation is on the conservative side. Sometimes the changes from Coverdale are minimal, as for instance in the twenty-third psalm. A number of new suggestions in relation to textual problems of the Hebrew, which have penetrated other modern translations, are here rejected. For example, in Psalm 91:4 Coverdale (= Book of Common Prayer) reads 'his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler'. The words 'faithfulness and truth' are a double translation of only one word in the original Hebrew, and modern scholars have suggested very plausibly that it should be translated 'his arm', thus making an excellent parallel with God's wings in the same verse. The new translation, however, reads 'his faithfulness will be your shield and defence'. Incidentally, 'buckler' in the old version is one of one hundred and thirty words and expressions in the Psalter, which were listed by S.R. Driver in his own work on the Psalms in 1898 as the principal archaisms liable to be misunderstood by modern readers, in spite of their familiarity with the sixteenth-century English. Now, another eighty years on, perhaps we really ought to do something about it.

The team of translators was not only commendably Johnian, but also ecumenical, and it is much to be hoped that the translation will be used in other churches besides the Church of England. The pointed edition is intended for singing to Anglican chant, but an unpointed edition is also available.

To finish, I may quote one verse from Psalm 29, which describes with enormous energy the power of God in the storm, ripping up great forest trees and whirling them round. But this verse is scarcely comprehensible in Coverdale, and ends lamely, in a way that completely misses the impact of the Hebrew: 'The voice of the Lord

maketh the hinds to bring forth young, and discovereth the thick bushes: in his temple doth every man speak of his honour.' The new translation does at this point accept a modern elucidation of the difficult first phrase of the Hebrew, and produces the following: 'The voice of the Lord rends the terebinth trees and strips bare the forests: in his temple all cry "Glory".'

Barnabas Lindars, S.S.F.

A True Maid

No, no; for my Virginitie
When I lose that, says ROSE, I'll dye:
Behind the Elmes, last Night, cry'd DICK,
ROSE, were You not extreemly Sick?

Matthew Prior (BA 1686)

"Desine me", loquitur Lalage, "lassare rogando;
Erepta moriar virginitate mea".
"Nonne latens, mea lux, post ulmos nocte fuisti
Hesterna mortii proxima?" fatur amans.

Herbert H. Huxley (BA 1939)

Review

Penrose to Cripps: A century of building in the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge, by Alec C. Crook, Fellow and formerly Junior Bursar. Printed for the College at the University Press, Cambridge, 1978. 235pp, 7 photographs and one endpaper repeated; available in the Library in limited supply at £1.50 (£2.0 by post).

The author is uniquely qualified to write this book because he has had over twenty years of direct contact with the buildings of the College and he was Junior Bursar from 1966 until retirement in December 1974. The College has long been well written up, but the great writers of the past have all been dead for at least half a century. In *The Buildings of England, Cambridgeshire* (Penguin, 1954, 2nd edn 1970) Sir Nikolaus Pevsner has two sentences on the Penrose building, one and a half pages on the Maufe buildings, one half on the School of Pythagoras, and one and a half on the Cripps Building.

In his *Portrait of a College* (Cambridge, 1961) E. Miller could make only brief references to buildings of the 20th Century. A number of articles in the *Eagle*, mainly by G.C. Evans, have done much to provide a running account of what happened during the great period of major rebuilding. But we needed a book with all the information presented in a connected way; we have now got just the kind of book that was required. Although the author disclaims any previous experience of such writing, he has an easy style, and the book is easy to read, as well as being interesting and informative.

At the beginning it promises a Frontispiece and 7 Plates, the last of which is given as a Map of the College, along with Endpapers (Map of the College). In the book, however, there is no Plate 7 Map of the College, while the Endpapers are both the same and consist of the map of the College drawn in 1972 by A.K. Dalby for the J.C.R. What we would have appreciated was a map of the College in 1885 in the front and a map of the College in 1978 at the end. The author could have drawn these admirably, and he could in the latter have included the newest acquisition to the College buildings, namely the Warehouse (pp 223-225).

The book is, of course, well produced, and only a few mistakes and misprints have been noted; the following list has been made up with the help of the author. The minus sign for a line number means that it was counted upwards from the foot of the page.

Page	Line	
20	8	For H.Harker, read A.Harker (Geologist, born in 1859, he was a Fellow from 1885 until his death in 1939)
30	-1	For receptable read receptacle
37	-3	For T.R. Flower read T.R. Glover. This slip was due to the misreading of handwriting, but it got through to text and Index
117	-17	The Wordsworth glass inscription is now in the Library having been found in the Maintenance Department.

Page	Line	
123	6	Delete the apostrophe in Hawk's
130	1	Delete the apostrophe in Parson's
131	11	Replace were by was
134	9	Insert the word later before the Master in 'On 13 March Benians (Master)...' The date mentioned was in 1933, but it was only in December of that year that Benians became Master.
143	15	The phrase 'in the twelfth century the Stone House stood..' gives a false impression because the School of Pythagoras was built about the year 1200.
165	10	Insert comma after Pythagoras
222		On this page change Hostel in each case to Graduate Accommodation
230	(Index)	Delete reference to Flower, T.R. and add 37 to the page numbers in the entry for Glover, T.R. Change Harker, H. to Harker, A.

The reader is struck by the persistence of certain topics and of certain modes of donnish behaviour, and the author's matter-of-fact style throws these into relief and enables him to indulge his mild humour without the need to call attention to it. The dangers of prophecy are well illustrated. On p.3 T.G. Bonney (1833-1923, Fellow 1859-1923) the famous geologist and early alpine climber, is recorded as having written in 1911, '(Our buildings), if they escape from any catastrophe such as fire should both be strong enough and ample enough to satisfy for many years to come the requirements of the Society.' Chapter 13 (p.82) shows, however, the early date of major repairs which soon turned into a vast programme completed in essentials only in 1968, although the last portion of First Court is not yet finished. This is the answer to Bonney's use of the term 'strong enough', while the answer to his use of 'ample' is linked to another prophecy that went wrong. The distinguished statistician G.Udny Yule (1871-1951, Fellow 1922-1951) prognosticated in 1937 (p.106) that there would be a steady decline in population, and that by 1950 the supply of freshmen would be approximately only two-thirds of that in 1922, while by 1975 the population from which entrants were drawn would be likely to be only 50% of what it was in 1932. In the following year (1938) the contract was signed for the new Maufe Building (Chapel Court).

The saga of the College Baths is a curious social comment. In 1901 the matter was first raised at the Council, but it was not until 1912 (p.27) that a Committee was formed. However, in view of the fact that there was still a substantial debt from installing electricity in the College, the Council considered it inadmissible to proceed immediately. The War intervened, and it was not till 1922 that the Baths were opened.

It is good to learn that in 1933 Wilberforce was provided with a new base (p.39). In 1955 it was discovered (p.33) that the death watch beetle was attacking the timber roof of the Chapel, but this was eradicated by the College Staff. In the Library, on the other hand, no fewer than three pests were on the job, the death watch beetle being joined by its colleagues, the furniture beetle and the book worm (p.67). Now the first two of these get their proper place in the Index under beetle(p.227) but the third is wrongfully omitted, especially as it is by far the commonest, and so we should add on p.235 the entry, worm, book, 67.

A number of points of interest are raised on some of which we might be able to get further information, and we may pick out three.

1. Chaucer quotation by Coulton (p.69)

G.G. Coulton (1858 to 1947, Fellow 1919 to 1947) historian, was a great fighter in any good cause, but a stubborn man in argument. It is related that, after a discussion on the preservation of the fabric of the Library, he wrote as follows,

'Although our motion for the preservation not only of stonework but of all ornamental work did at last pass nem. con., yet this was only after a long and often confused discussion which revealed how a body of learned students, commonly intent upon greater matters, can sometimes feel impatient of smaller details. For the first time I seem to see clearly why there is this lamentable present day mystery about many things, which were done when the new Chapel was built, under the noses of scholars, and scientists whose names live in history. I hope it is not flippant to compare what Chaucer said in his Prologue, lines 373ff.'

A free modernisation of these lines is as follows:

372 Each one was suited to be an alderman
For cattle had they enough and rent
And also their wives would well assent
But in other respects 'tis certain they were to blame.
It is fine to be called 'Madame'
And to precede in going to vigils before a feast
And to have a cloak-train carried like a queen's.

It is interesting to speculate on what were the many things that were done; the quotation seems to indicate that he was railing at feminine influence.

2. Fireplaces in the Combination Room

It seems that in 1909 there were two 'modern' fireplaces which people did not like so that suggestions were made for improving them. In that year they were given a brick surround with a Tudor arch. In 1919 the west fireplace was transferred from a house in Bridge Street as it is in period. This rouses in us the wish to know what the original fireplaces were like and when the 'modern' ones were put in. Also, the eastern fireplace today is a fine one and could not be one of the 'modern' ones referred to (p.58).

3. Common breakfasts

In 1889 (p.62) there were Common breakfasts in the Small Combination Room. Can any of our older members remember when this was given up, or indeed when Common breakfasts in any part of the College were given up? Apart from special occasions connected with Chapel services it seems that there was a long period without any breakfast in common up to the opening of the Buttery Dining Room.

This book gives us a very readable and handy account of the College buildings in a century of great construction and great repairing. It is good news that our debt to the author is soon to be increased because he is now at work on a companion volume from the Foundation to Gilbert Scott.

N.F.M.H.

APPENDIX

It would be a good thing if every book covering a period of time and referring to many events contained a list of the principal ones with their dates, so let us supply this for the present book. Gas had been installed in the College in 1831.

- 1884 Committee appointed to consider a new building (31 October).
1885 Start of work on the Penrose Building after appointment of architect on 27 February.
1887 First rooms in the new buildings (27 October).
1892 Hall, Chapel and Undergraduates' Reading Room lit by electricity. First mention of idea of a Senior Guest Room.
1901 First mention of proposal for baths in College.
1910 Start of general extension of electric lighting in College.
1922 Baths opened behind B New Court.
1930 First setting up of an Old Buildings Committee. Committee appointed to consider a new building (30 May). First bathroom installed in a Fellow's set.
1934 Start of systematic repair of Gateway and First Court.
1935 First senior guest rooms in use (Lent).
1937 Governing Body approves plan for a new building (26 October) to complete Chapel Court according to a modified scheme of Maufe.
1938 Contract for new building signed (June).
1939 War declared (3 September). New Court occupied by R.A.F. (until Easter Term, 1944).
1940 First rooms assigned in new building of Chapel Court (Mich.) but others not until Lent 1941.
1944 War ends (14 August).
1957 Start of repair work on Second Court and the Kitchen wing of First Court (July).
1959 Opening of Wordsworth Room in space once containing his set. First intimation by the Cripps Foundation of their interest in a new building (September). Acquisition of the Merton land by the College.
1962 Governing Body decides for Powell & Moya (May). New Green Room opened. New small dining room for seniors opened (named Wilberforce Room in 1965). First contract for new building placed (September).
1964 Main contract placed for Cripps Building (June).
1966 First rooms assigned in Cripps Building (end of Michaelmas).
1967 Official opening of Cripps Building (13 May). First junior guest rooms opened.
1968 Completion of repair work visible from the inside of Second Court. (The First Court range opposite Trinity Chapel is not yet completed owing to shortage of masons).
1968 Opening of the School of Pythagoras (originally built c.1200). Acceptance of need for extension of catering area.
1972 Opening of new Kitchens and catering area (Buttery Dining Room, etc) in July.
1978 First occupancy of rooms (Mich.) in the Warehouse (bought by the College in 1928 and vacant possession in September, 1968).

Box 14029, Mengo,
Kampala,
UGANDA.

Dear Sir,

Humanism at St John's (Eagle, Easter 1978)

As The Eagle takes time to reach this part of the world, I have only recently read the above-mentioned article. More recently, I have read Yorkshire Portraits by Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby. The connection? Yorkshire Portraits gives brief sketches of 76 prominent Yorkshire-persons from 733 A.D. to 1960. Six of these died before St John's was active and 11 are women. Of the remaining 59 six were Johnians, three (including Ascham) before the middle of the seventeenth century, one (Wilberforce) in the eighteenth, and two (both scientists) in this one. Perhaps a sample of 59 is too small to be truly representative, but is this high percentage of Johnians amongst prominent Yorkshiremen accidental or significant. If the latter, of what? Do we, as a College, have a preponderance of Yorkshiremen?

On a separate but perhaps not unconnected issue, it would be interesting to list Johnian connexions in Ugandan affairs. At least three of my contemporaries were here for some time, and we can also, I believe, claim a bishop, a chief secretary, the one and only Governor General and doubtless many others.

Yours sincerely,

J.L. Dixon
(BA 1952)

