THE EAGLE

JOHN LINDSELL (B.A. 1914), Major, The Loyal Regiment, retired, of Hitchin, died 14 October 1959, aged 66.

ARTHUR OWEN SAUNDERS-DAVIES (Matric. 1920), of The Island, Romsey, Hampshire, died from the effects of a road accident 12 October 1959, aged 58.

WILLIAM HENRY CHARNOCK (B.A. 1923), engineer, died at Goring by Sea, Sussex, 14 November 1959, aged 57.

ISAAC JAMES BEST (B.A. 1906), rector of Highcliffe, Hampshire, from 1922 to 1927, vicar of Shidfield, and from 1931 an assistant master at Highfield School, Liphook, died 31 January 1960, aged 76.

WILLIAM HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS (B.A. 1913), assistant master, Boys' High School, Kimberley, 1929-1943, chaplain and assistant master, St Andrew's College, Grahamstown, 1943-7, and rector of St George's Cathedral, Windhoek, South West Africa, 1954-1956, died at Graaff Reinet, Cape Province, 16 September 1959, aged 71.

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Book Reviews

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

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

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

C. A.

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

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

Dr Beer is doing something different from J. L. Lowes in The Road to Xanadu. Lowes examined Coleridge's reading only for the poetical material it contained. Dr Beer argues that Coleridge did not read books simply to get ideas for his poetry, but in pursuit of his major interests. Lowes assumed that the images Coleridge came across in his reading were stored up in his subconscious without any organizing principle. Dr Beer argues that in most cases there was a conscious organizing principle, related to his major interests. Thus Dr Beer's book is an attempt to get inside Coleridge's mind and expound his poems vicariously from the point of view of their author. To do this he has steeped himself in Coleridge's own writings, published and unpublished, and in much of Coleridge's own reading. Whereas Lowes sometimes ridiculed Coleridge's interests, Dr Beer to a certain extent shares them himself and can expound Coleridge's thought with sympathy and understanding. Not that he is uncritical, but he suspends criticism during his exposition and only expresses it in the last chapter—forcibly enough; for example: 'Coleridge's philosophy as a whole... consisted of a long series of attempts to impose theories on an experience which refused to fit them, and his vision of himself as an inspired genius was a pitiful delusion.' (p. 279). None the less, Coleridge, he maintains, is important for his attempt to bridge the gap between 'Reason and Imagination'. If the book's general argument is accepted, it follows that this attempt reached a climax in 1797, Coleridge's twenty-fifth year, the
year in which the three poems were composed: “the annus mirabilis is the centre not only of his poetry, but of his thought. During this brief period, the creative ecstasy which he enjoyed embraced his thinking as well as his emotions” (p. 41).

Dr Beer sees all three poems as variations on a single theme—the fall of man. 1. The Mariner’s killing of the Albatross is an image of the fall; his blessing of the water-snakes ‘unaware’ an image of reconciliation; his vision in the middle of Part V a vivid, though transient, experience of redemption, which causes him on returning to ‘his native country’ (i.e. to himself) to feel a sense of separation from everyday experience. 2. Christabel and Geraldine, the dove and the serpent, image the disharmony of fallen man. Although the poem is unfinished, some kind of reconciliation is foreshadowed by Christabel’s unconscious taking of Geraldine’s evil into her own nature. (A reconciliation, perhaps, also implied in the Gospel injunction “Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves (?”)

3. Kubla Khan images fallen man trying to regain the happiness of paradise. His failure to do so is apparent in the menacing images of the second stanza. But the third stanza (“The shuttle...caves of ice”) harmonizes the first two, and “in the last stanza, there is a vision of paradise regained: of man revisited by that absolute genius which corresponds to his original, unfallen state” (p. 267.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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BOOK REVIEWS

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

A. G. L.

Johniana

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

Official letters, written by the University or colleges to the King or the Chancellor of the University, were the subject of special care; and in them a series of Cambridge scribes brought to perfection the ceremonial, or pointed, italic hand. Richard Croke, Fellow of St John’s, wrote a decent humanistic hand in the earliest exhibit, a letter to Henry VIII dated 1 February, 1526, but by ten years later the University’s letters were written by a scribe, perhaps Ascham, in a nobly regular black official script which persisted, with certain refinements, for the rest of the century. To Sir John Cheke, Fellow of St John’s and later Provost of King’s, must go the credit for the introduction of several improvements to the traditional italic script. Cheke had original ideas on Greek pronunciation and spelling reform, and his influential role in sponsoring certain new features in handwriting is quite in character. Among many examples of his hand exhibited is a long inscription in the copy of Hesychius’s Dictionarium, 1521, which he gave to his favourite pupil, Roger Ascham. It is likely enough that Ascham owed his own splendid handwriting to his master’s example. In 1544 Ascham claimed that for twelve years he had been employed as the writer of official letters for the University, and he in turn influenced a third Johnian, Bartholomew Dodington, Professor of Greek. Dodington wrote an exquisite ceremonial hand, one of the most remarkable features of which, in Mr Fairbank’s view, was its consistency over a long period (1562-1590).
I cannot but persuade myself (excuse my Freedom, tis an Idea I willingly indulge) that having hitherto differ'd as to Time & Mode rather than on first Principles, we shall ere long agree, that the rapid Improvements which I understand to have taken Place of late will soon produce such an Effect on the Population, as to leave the Possibility of keeping up the existing Stock of Slaves no longer doubtful in the Mind of every observing & impartial Man, & then I trust you will join us in endeavouring to repair to Africa the wrongs she has sustain'd, & to diffuse throughout her extensive Coasts the Blessings of religious Truth & the comforts of civilized Society.

I have the Honor to be

Sir

Your most obedient &

Most humble Servant

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

Fewer people in the world would, therefore, be but a part solution; "equalitarianism must provide for the best potentialities", Admittedly "precision " in detecting potentialities would not be possible, but a few generations selective breeding would unquestionably elevate a nation's quality. At this point the author would have done well to re-examine the genetic consequences of selective breeding and to question his faith in the artificial inanition of dairy cows.

Selective breeding is imaginatively conceived. One normally born child to each marriage and after that A.I.D. births, the D-stud possibly being picked by popular election — that is one vision of a better world. But there is no recognition of the public sees and believes, rather than write in words about the self, of which only the sympathetic and maybe loving observer knows, and oneself perhaps never. By these commonly applied and cruel tests Jasper Rootham emerges well. He acknowledges the public deception by self-imposed limits. He seeks, controlled in this case popular choice might be misguided (an earlier passage warns us that " in large degree most people are by no means rational ").

No one will regard the speculative extremes the author allows himself in dealing with contraception as merely imaginative play. They show the appalling degree of sacrifice of personal freedom which, to him, may be required to save the world from yet worse horrors. Readers of whatsoever view, or with no view, on world food and population will be moved by this book to interest, to annoyance or to further pondering. For by its energetic thrusts and the assortment of minor points the author has put on the way to the reader the book is at the same time entertaining and stimulating its intention to stir up thought. As he was writing, the author must have asked himself what would happen if China, decided for (or against) birth control. Since then the rulers of its 700 million people (+ 34,000 a day) have decided that more people through more people is to be preferred to higher standards of living and that the increasing number can be fed: and a Peking Professor has, reportedly, been dismissed for having argued that China's over-population is an obstacle to progress.

THE EAGLE

F. L. E.


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

In Demi-Paradise, we learn first of Jasper's childhood in Cambridge, his schooldays at Tonbridge, his days back in Cambridge as an undergraduate in his father's old College, and his travels abroad as schoolboy and undergraduate. In 1933 we find him taking the decision as to his adult career; "a Colmunic life, which offered, seemed too easy and too pleasant", amongst his training and background caused him ' to look askance at politics ', and he funked ' the profession of literature which was my Everest '. He entered the Home Civil Service and in seven years saw service in the Ministry of Agriculture, the Colonial Office, the Treasury, and No. 10 Downing Street. Because he believed, when war broke out, that to fight was right, and his conscience told him ' that whatever the rules said, an unattached bachelor in excellent physical health, however reserved his occupation, was natural cannon fodder', he resigned from the Civil Service and joined the Army. Of some part of that career which ended with Colonel Rootham...
continue as civilians or join the Armed Forces had much then, and now, to think about. A great deal of the work in the Armed Forces was indistinguishable from that in the Civil Service: I suspect that the pick of the Open Civil Service Examination were not, and are not, in the best interests of the nation, 'natural cannon fodder'. Rootham does far less than justice to this change in his career, and seems to have forgotten, what he believed before and is re-iterating in 1960, namely, that the Civil Service is just as much one of the services of the Crown as the armed forces—the only difference between it and them being that it is necessarily on active service all the time, whether in peace or war' (p.155). Perhaps here we see the ambivalence of the whole book—the dichotomy of persona and self. What may have happened in 1940 is that the self was identified with the persona: the curiously difficult writing of the last few pages suggests that this identification is not now complete, and that the man of approximately fifty is looking back with too conscious a sentiment to his youth and upbringing. Eden, and demi-paradise, are where and when and what we make them.

GLYN DANIEL


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

The intimate, family, atmosphere of the preparatory school, small in size as it is, the friendly interest in boys as individuals and the ethical and social training undertaken, which are possible only when boys are living the greater part of their lives at school, are wholly admirable features. The academic curriculum, dictated by the requirements of the Public Schools Common Entrance Examination, is an ambitious one with its addition of "Preparatory", it is natural to ask, "to what?" And herein lies a problem, for whereas almost all their pupils once went on to the public schools of their parents' choice, nowadays an increasing proportion cannot do so, owing to the big increase which has taken place in the preparatory school population since the war, through the extension of places for dayboys, unmatched by a corresponding increase in the capacity or number of the schools to which they are traditionally preparatory, and which, taking advantage of this situation, have been progressively raising their entrance standards. For an increasing number of preparatory school boys therefore transfer to maintained secondary schools can be the only answer, and it is going to be easy for such boys to get a place in a grammar or technical school at 13, even if they are really suited to such forms of secondary education.

Add to this the willingness of many parents to meet the costs of 3 or 4, but not of 9 or 10 years' independent school fees and the rising educational and material standards of the County Schools, and the need for a re-appraisal of the position of the preparatory schools in the general education system of the country becomes apparent.

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

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

In doing so they would appear to have been more successful in fulfilling the latter than the former of their dual terms of reference, since apart from a recommendation for postponing a start on Latin until the second year level at about 94 plus, and dropping it altogether in the case of those who appear unlikely to benefit from it (a policy which is in any case arguable in its own right), the curriculum suggested for the age range 8 to 11 remains considerably different from that of the maintained primary schools, and a boy transferred to a preparatory school would still find himself at nearly as much of an initial disadvantage as he is at present. To achieve complete ease of cross-transfer at 11 plus, assuming neither type of school would accept the other's curriculum, the only solution would be a compromise far nearer the middle of the road than the curriculum the authors of "Foundations" have devised. At present the curricula of the maintained junior and the independent school are vastly different. The former is chiefly concerned with the subjects on which selection for secondary grammar, technical or modern schools at 11 plus is based, namely Language (English) and Arithmetic, and the latter almost entirely with the curriculum of the Common Entrance Examination, taken at 12/13, which includes also papers in Latin, French, Algebra and Geometry, Scripture, History, Geography, and in most schools some Art, Craft, Music and Physical Education may be taken as being common to both, except that the preparatory school boy is being prepared to take a Common Entrance paper on the Geography of the whole world, a Scripture paper on the whole of the Bible and a History paper on the whole of English history from 55 B.C. to the present, with little or no choice of questions. In the Procrustean bed devised by the Common Entrance Board of Examiners must be crammed, or stretched to fit, every boy whose parents place him in a preparatory school with the intention of his proceeding to a public school.

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

The broad terms of their definition of the curriculum to be aimed at are sound and progressive, without being revolutionary: the fostering of in-
intellectual curiosity of a broader and more leisurely nature than is dictated by the present examination syllabus; encouragement of boys to explore, to collect facts for themselves and develop their own powers of reasoning; and their more thorough training in the facility of expressing their own conclusions clearly, both orally and on paper. While acknowledging that it would defeat its own purposes by attempting to draw up a detailed curriculum, and that every school would have to provide its own interpretation of this philosophy of education in the light of its own circumstances, resources and staff, "Foundations" goes on to make its main recommendations. These are summarised as:

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

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

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

d) Fuller attention to cultural interests, especially music.

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

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

In the sections on the teaching of individual subjects many sound ideas and useful suggestions are advanced, and although, as always happens when specialists are given their head, the problem of getting the quart of Educations of the Headmasters' Conference schools, since they will still call the principal tune by their entrance requirements. How far such the Headmasters' Conference. The extent to which its recommendations will be adopted by preparatory schools must, however, depend to a considerable extent on the Headmasters' Conference schools, since they will still call the principal tune by their entrance requirements. How far such adoption can facilitate more transferability between independent and maintained schools time alone can show. The transition would still remain difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem. Difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's schools time alone can show. The transition would still remain difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem. Difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem. Difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem. Difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem. Difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem. Difficult for the boy entering a preparatory school from a Local Authority's problem.

G. F. DARK

College Awards

STUDENTSHIPS, ETC.


PRIZES

SPECIAL PRIZES


PRIZES AWARDED ON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS


HISTORY—Tripus, Part I: Berrett, A. M.; Thornton, A. J.

varieties. He developed a breeding system that produced numerous new, high yielding varieties and devised a seed multiplication system that ensured a pure seed supply. And he planned and developed a testing laboratory that made it possible to distribute in bulk, seed of strains that had been tested and verified for spinning quality.

During the war he served as Chairman of the Scientific Advisory Committee to the C. in C., G.H.Q., Middle East, and put his scientific and technical ingenuity to such problems as the design of mine detectors, and the making good, from local resources, of deficiencies and omissions in Army supplies.

Balls played a great part in the planning of research on cotton. He was a member of the committee set up in 1917 that brought the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation into being. He served on its Administrative Council from 1921 to 1935, and on many of its committees. I met him first on the Corporation's Studentship Selection Committee, when I was a young and frightened applicant up for interview. Some months later he devoted a day of his time at Bollington to two of us during our studentship year, and he and Mrs Balls gave us lunch—Balls continuing unimpeccably the instruction on cotton matters begun earlier in the labs.

Many years later, during the war, he found the time to write from Egypt to Trinidad to warn me of the probable consequences for the West Indian Sea Island industry of his cotton breeding successes in Egypt. Then in 1945 I had the good fortune to visit him at Giza, and to see him at work in the breeding plots and the experimental spinning mill, and relaxing at the Gezira Club, where he was engaged on a study of the effect on the bowing green of the curious morphology of the *Cynodon* species used as a lawn grass.

Balls was extraordinarily versatile. The inventive capacity of his mind was matched by his technical skill with his hands. He not only designed his own instruments. He made them. He interrupted the instruction on cotton matters begun earlier in the labs.

He retired to Fulbourn, where he led an active life, writing, making bits of apparatus, reading widely, and even trying his skill at landscape painting in oils. He was always ready to talk on any of his many interests, and his wide knowledge was available to all both at his home and in the Combination Room.

He was elected F.R.S. in 1923, and was awarded the C.B.E. in 1934 and the C.M.G. in 1944.

He died on 13 July, 1960, leaving a widow and one son, to whom we extend our sympathy.

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

It has been recognised for a long time that a family relationship exists between the regional groups of megalithic tombs in Europe. The tombs are all communal ossuaries, and share so many features of construction that Fergusson, in 1872, could write, “the style of architecture to which these monuments belong is a style, like Gothic, Grecian, Egyptian, Buddhist or any other.” Peet in 1902 thought that the style was carried to different parts of the world “by a single race in an immense migration or series of migrations.” Today the idea of a “megalithic race” is out of favour. Hyper-diffusionist theories are regarded with suspicion, and the part played by the native peoples is more fully realised. The problem is now considered in terms of stimulus and response, the stimulus coming from the more advanced cultures of the Aegean and Near East. Dr Daniel’s conclusions may be briefly summarised. Collective-tomb burial was practised in the Aegean in the third millennium, in contexts earlier than can be proved for collective burial in artificial tombs elsewhere in the Mediterranean and European world. From this area the burial rite diffused throughout the West. Most of the early Aegean tombs were artificial cists cut into the rock, whereas in the West the tombs were made of large stones and stood on the ground surface. The author argues that the transformation from rock-cut to megalithic tomb architecture was made independently in Malta, Southern France and Iberia. Each of these areas the development followed slightly different lines. In turn, these groups acted as secondary foci, responsible for the spread of the burial rite and tomb-type to the more distant parts of Europe where further local development took place. Due credit is given to the ingenuity of the various native European peoples, but Dr Daniel stresses that the ultimate inspiration was Aegean and Eastern.

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

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

W. M. B.

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

The rapid growth of scientific knowledge and the power of the “scientific method” have provided much stimulation for philosophers interested in the nature of learning and knowledge, and its relation to language. Such studies have used what may be called “philosophical” methods of analysis and investigation in the consideration of such concepts as fact, and hypothesis, and their integration into the corpus of scientific knowledge. For the most part the emphasis in this book has been on determining how these concepts are used, or their relationships once they have been formulated; like Peirce’s intention has been to lay the foundations of discovery, or the difficulties of discovering, or the objectives of these hypotheses. This problem of discovery is one that can be investigated either with an emphasis on the mechanism that produces the hypotheses, when, for want of a name, it might be called physiology or psychology, or with an emphasis in the products, i.e. the theories or hypotheses, when it is usually called philosophy. Hanson’s book uses this second method to make some interesting suggestions on the limitations that make scientific discovery so slow a process.

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

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

“Yes, they do.”

“No, they don’t.”

“Yes, they do.”

“No, they don’t!………”

Though this is not the argument of the book!

M. G. P.

GEORGE MANCZY and AUBREY SILBERSTON. The Motor Industry. (Allen and Unwin, 1959, 25s.)

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

The central part of the book is that which deals with the structure of costs in the industry and the nature of competition in it. It is shown that, contrary to a common belief, overheads are not a particularly high proportion of costs in the motor industry. This helps to explain the absence of any intense short-period price competition, since the gain achieved by working nearer to full capacity would not be enough to compensate for the reduction in profit margins that a price-cut would involve. The authors provide an interesting analysis of the reasons why the dominant form of competition between motor manufacturers is “price-model” competition, meaning by this a state of affairs in which the manufacturer’s aim is usually to produce a better-selling model than his rivals at a price within the range accepted
as appropriate for that class of car. Less frequently, he may decide to launch into an entirely new price-quality range. The theoretical tools used by the authors to analyse these problems of cost and competition are mostly of the traditional type, and might be criticised by some as too static; but their use is vindicated by the convincing answers they yield to the questions at issue.

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

R. C. O. M.


This edition is a neat and careful piece of work, based on good sense and wide learning. Mr Williams has collected for the benefit of students of Virgil a body of information on Aeneid 5, on Virgil's style, language and metre, and on Latin usage, which, though for the most part to be found elsewhere, is not readily to be found in any one place or in so concise and lucid a form. Most of what Williams has to say is to the point and helpful. He shows a thorough, but discriminating, knowledge of earlier work, a precise understanding of Latin, and a sober appreciation of Roman poetry. His commentary is certainly the best available on this book of the Aeneid. The introduction, which seems to me sensible and judicious, is concerned with the purpose of bk 5 within the whole poem, the description of the games, the character of Aeneas, the composition of the book, and its discrepancies with other parts of the Aeneid. The text printed is that of Hirtzel's edition, but Williams would prefer a different reading or punctuation at 112, 238, 279, 317, 326, 349, 486, 512, 768 and 776. In 112, 279, 317, 326 and 768 I think he is certainly right against Hirtzel, in 238, 349, 512 and 776 probably right, in 486 probably wrong.

The commentary as a whole is a model of precision and accuracy. The treatment of metre is particularly good, though I think that Williams is inclined to attach too much importance to effects of metre and sound. The notes on syntax, idiom and vocabulary are usually very instructive. In a few (e.g. 56 equidem, 87 terga, 406 longeque recusat) fuller or clearer information might have been given. The value of citing Servius merely to "give a picture of his merits and defects" seems questionable and such a note as that on 1.258 virtute could well be dispensed with. Those interested in the merits and defects of Servius may read Servius. At 1.15 we should be better able to judge whether Stat., Th. 7 88f. is a "decisive parallel for Servius' interpretation," if Williams had explained what the passage means. At 1.206 inlisaque prora pependit does not mean "the prow, stove in, hung out of the water". At 11.317-8 the new punctuation of Sandbach and Williams is a great improvement, but simul ultima signant remains difficult. Neither interpretation is supported by a precise parallel for the use of signare. Williams' judgement of textual problems seems to me sane and justifiably cautious. As an interpreter he is acute and discerning, not inclined to read into the text more than the text justified or to see hidden significance or allusion.

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

F. R. D. G.
Book Reviews


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

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

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

The story moves uninterruptedly, the outline is clear and well-proportioned, and the narrative holds, indeed absorbs, the attention, especially perhaps, as it should, in the most active periods of the College's life, the sixteenth and early seventeenth, and the closing centuries. The main trends and developments, for example growth of the tutorial system from the later seventeenth century onwards, or of the 'supervision' system in recent times, are clearly brought out; but everywhere there is interesting detail to illuminate or support. Moreover, the history is brought down almost to the present day; and this itself is an original achievement; for that history of the last century, which constitutes a large part of the College's life, has not before been told continuously.

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

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

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

J. S. B. S.

Gilbert Phelps. The Love Before the First. (Heinemann. 18s.)

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

The novel is about the affairs of two related families sharing the same threadbare house, No. 20 Majuba Rd, in a west country town just after the end of the First World War: a world in which livery stables are giving place to bullied Morrises and customary country ways to motor bikes.
and short skirts. It suggests the persistence of an older hugger-mugger
family life and loyalty against the intrusion of bankruptcy and the War;
but these circumstances are not there for social significance; they are a
temporary medium for characters, parents, aunts, uncles and neighbours, all
vibrating with idiosyncrasy and bounce, all deftly drawn by a writer
with an eye for detail, an ear for dialogue, a sense of situation and the humour
which wells up from affection. There is plenty of incident, vivid and
economical in the telling, especially Uncle Ernest’s glorious failure to win
the Denton Cup on Firefly and the theft of Aunt Cora’s writing set from
the miserly Great Aunt Gwen; and the adult plot consistently but unobtrusively revolves round the disruptive influence of that genial bounder,
Uncle Hector, from the War.

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


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

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

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

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

book reviews

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

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

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

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

Yours ever,
Thornston Ashworth.

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

The Useless Land.  By John Aarons and Claudio Vita-Finzi.  Foreword by
Glyn Daniel.  Robert Hale Limited.  18s.

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. G. C.

College Awards

STUDENTSHIPS


SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

PRIZES

SPECIAL PRIZES


PRIZES AWARDED ON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS


CLASSICS—Tripos, Part II: College, M. A. R., Wright Prize. Tripos, Part I: Bridge, A. J.; Miller, J. Preliminary: Houston, W. J., Wright Prize; Schofield, M., Wright Prize; Silk, M. S.

HISTORY—Tripos, Part II: Thornicroft, A. J. Preliminary: Hardy, M. E.
Book Reviews


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

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

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

JOHN FERGUSON. Job. (Epworth Press).

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

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

One cannot fault the conception, for to have retained Job's race in a Gentile world would have painted a different picture. No—here Job, conservative Job of the four cars and the five-figure income, is a sound Rotarian, an elder of both kirk and commerce who loses his money on the Stock Exchange and his offspring when a plane crashes on the Y.M.C.A. But while his background is consistent his speech is not. "I shall have to pawn my television set" matches strangely with "My flesh is clothed with worms and cloths of dust." And the unevenness of writing persists. The Doctor finds Job's heart "as sound as a gong" but the sores are like a "pointilliste painting—painful, pusful, penetrating, protuberant, peculiar."

With the sectarian Comforters Zophar and colleagues, Elihu cheapens philosophical advantage by the odd crack: "Vicar, you are a half-and-half, Zophar and no farther." The nett yield is a hotchpotch of the "I'm a decent enough fellow" commonplace, the "never had it so good" cliché, and an abundance of the lyrical. Had God appeared in the cast list one wonders what lines he would have been given. The omission is perhaps wise. For in his latest play "Gideon" it takes all of Chayefsky's dramatic knowhow to create a God who is personal without being petulant. Mr Ferguson is no Chayefsky. Satan—with a sprightly hoof in both camps—he can handle. Theatrically one feels that God is beyond him.

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

H. W.

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

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

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

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

and of T. S. Eliot, sceptical,

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

Running throughout the book this ability to turn a phrase and hit the nail enlivens the whole history (Hazlitt, we are prettily told “flaunts his own personality at the expense of his subject. He is the father of our Sunday journalism”). Rymer is soundly (finally, we hope) thrashed, Coleridge brilliantly treated, while Arnold and Eliot engage the author strongly. Henry James receives high praise—the clarity, economy, perception and uncompromising approach of the Prefaces stand, perhaps, as Mr. Watson’s ideal.

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

Altogether, his (Eliot’s) critical career might have been planned as a vast hoax to tempt the historian into solemnities for the sport of Philistines is a little unfair. It makes good reading, but over-shoots. F. R. Leavis, however, falls into perspective under a firm hand—it is balanced, mature, completely un-partisan. Empson, as with James, kindles affection.

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

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

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

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

J. B. S.
gratifying to recall that his qualities of mind and heart were recognized and appreciated in the other part of Ireland and that in Dublin the National University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Letters honoris causa.

W. H. S.

Book Reviews


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

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

Not all the contributors have accepted this interpretation of their job, and it seems to me that those who have not have fallen below the standard set by the others. Some (C. H. Wilson on Economic Conditions, David Thomson on Social and Political Thought, Nikolaus Pevsner on Art and Architecture, A. J. P. Taylor on International Relations and F. H. Hinsley in the introduction) are what Mr Wilson calls “trend-minded” (p. 75). They have wisely selected a few trends in their respective fields and have followed the flow of the trends in a dynamic and flexible manner. The reader recalls afterwards a pattern of development in the article: the effect of the falling price level after 1873; the contrapuntal interplay between abstraction in art and functionalism in architecture; the dynamic inter-relation of Marxian and Darwinian ideas. A second approach which produces equally successful results is what one might call the case study.
A P. Thornton (Rivalries in the Mediterranean, The Middle East and Egypt), Charles C. Griffin (The States of Latin America), A. E. Campbell (The United States and the Old World), R. E. Robinson and J. Gallagher, (The Partition of Africa) offer in their respective chapters a general thesis more or less controversial, which they illustrate by specific cases or national comparisons. The reader recalls afterwards the main idea and static elements of proof in the argument. There are also the traditional studies of national histories, which are useful, if less unusual, examples of historical analysis, and which provide the reader with a good short history of Japan or France in the period covered by the volume.

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

The least admirable feature of the book, as of the series as a whole, is its price. The University Press are to be congratulated for keeping this enormous volume at the 45s level. To do so, they have sacrificed part of the academic apparatus, footnotes and bibliography, but they have not in any way departed from their usual standards of binding, lay-out or print. The index is excellent and will certainly make the volume very useful to the student. I should like to see a companion to the volume issued separately, containing the notes to the text and the bibliographies of the contributors, especially of the contributors from overseas. It would be useful to see which books the German professors, Schieder and Conze, recommend or which volumes M. Nére regards as the best recent works on French history. The companion could, perhaps, be issued as a paperback to keep the cost down and would be of great interest to the professional historian and student.

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

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

In the first chapter, this proposition is related to Forster's background and upbringing; a chapter then follows on the short stories and each of the novels, each, basically, demonstrating how this theme appears under new conditions and in a new complexity. The culmination, says Professor Beer, is A Passage to India, in which the theme reaches its greatest complexity and its most successful statement, and, in a sense, leaves Forster with nothing more to say. The book being constructed on such a definite line, it is clear that its success depends on its showing that the line is con-
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extremely hard to advance with real justification beyond the collection and description of such curiosities. It has consequently always been very easy to lapse into unjustified guesswork or total despair.

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

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

Dr Daniel is critical both of those whose speculations go beyond what is justified and of those who stick doggedly to their beakers and sherds, but the former are his chief victims. Nothing he has to say against the school which thought a sherd of decorated pottery worth all Herodotus can tell us so much of what we want to know as historians of man about man's early life." Almost all that is known is restricted to material culture. A hundred years ago the effort to assimilate the simple fact of the extreme antiquity of man may have been enough to cause a revolution in men's thinking about themselves and the world. Dr Daniel believes that this fact is still, more than any other single thing, the contribution of prehistory to modern thought. Yet it is a thin moral to draw that "man is very old, and... the present with its ideological conflicts, its threats of destruction by nuclear warfare on the one hand and by overpopulation on the other, is not necessarily the end of existence." Not many suppose such a necessity. It is the possibility which is sobering, and which is, if anything, made more so by the antiquity of what is in danger.

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

M. R. A.

BOOK REVIEWS

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

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

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

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

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

Suspicion and fear pressed for a tight control over the defeated Boers; in 1906, Lord Selborne predicted that, if freedom were granted, then a Boer dominated Republic would be formed, and would leave the Empire. Generosity and faith pressed for the immediate return of self-government
to the defeated Boers; this was a calculated risk. Winston Churchill advocated that England should give with courage and distinction, what would otherwise have been jerked and twisted from her hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Professor Mansergh also indicates some of the cost of this generous action: the loss of freedom in South Africa, with the Afrikaner nationalistic outlook gaining domination. He does not, however, show that this should really be blamed on the "magnanimous gesture". It certainly was a result of it; but surely it would have been the result of any other conceivable policy adopted? Despite its colonial rule and less extreme settlers, Rhodesia has yet to solve the same problem. The facts on which the policy founded—the intransigence of Afrikaner nationalism, and the group precedent of man—would have remained, no matter what policy was adopted.
authoritarianism? Should people have the freedom (if they already have the money) to contract out of the state educational system and send their children to private schools? Is it undesirable to give the central government wide powers to regulate the economy? None of these questions is satisfactorily answered. Mr Peter Wiles, for example, in his pungent essay on the Economy and the Cold War, sensibly remarks that “laissez-faire is less efficient than we think. It is a late nineteenth-century truism that laissez-faire cannot protect the poor or establish social justice.” He adds that Marxism should not be absolutely rejected and that we should absorb what is best in the Communist system. A substantial degree of state interference is socially and economically beneficial. But the sanity of this attitude towards the Cold War and domestic politics seems irreconcilable with his earlier statement that “we are in a competition with something thoroughly evil that will never relent and that will prove irreversible if it once wins.” The positive nature of Mr Wiles’ economic views would doubtless be regarded as dangerously socialist by Mr Watson Eltis, who writes on Growth Without Inflation. Mr Eltis believes that a high rate of economic growth is not immediately necessary, that a proliferation of controls would be catastrophic, and that a Liberal government should give the very highest priority to “the aim of protecting the British people from certain kinds of economic disaster.”

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

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

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

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College Awards

STUDENTSHIPS


SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS


PRIZES

SPECIAL PRIZES


PRIZES AWARDED ON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

MATHEMATICS—Tripos, Part II: Anthony, J. G. H.; Reid, G. A., Hughes Prize; Ds Strittmatter, P. A. Tripos, Part II: Gough, D. O.; McCutcheon, J. J., Wright Prize; Richards, M., Tripos, Part I: Byron, D. R.; Crighton, D. G., Wright Prize; Devenish, R. C. E.; Lester, D., Wright Prize; Milton, P., Wright Prize. Preliminary: Lapwood, P. R., Wright Prize; Schofield, R., Wright Prize.


MORAL SCIENCES—Preliminary: Harrison, T. R.
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Waterfall and Fuchs filled the first three places, while Richard Moxon, James Bruce-Lockhart, John Pritchard and Robin Shales shared Nos. 4 and 5 between them. The 2nd and 3rd V's kept an average position in their respective divisions.

Once again we enjoyed some excellent squash and entertainment with the Jesters and Escourts, the Cumberland Club, R.A.F. Henlow, and Norwich C.E.Y.M.S.

With the first eight on the College ladder going down this year, prospects for next year's league and Cuppers are not particularly encouraging but with a freshman or two and concentrated squash from those further down the ladder, this should easily be rectified.

1st V Colours were awarded to P. E. K. Fuchs and 2nd V Colours to J. Bruce-Lockhart, E. R. Moxon and T. J. Drever. Tim Drever will captain the Squash Club next year.

D. M. R. LEWIS.

TENNIS

This year the Tennis season was marred by bad weather. Only two of our friendly fixtures were played, the rest had to be cancelled on account of rain.

In Cuppers the College were beaten by Churchill who fielded a very strong team and went on to beat Trinity before being defeated by Downing in the final. The league was more satisfactory. Of the six first team matches the College won four and lost two. However the second and third teams were less fortunate and lost all their matches.

The Backs courts only came into use during the last few weeks of term but luckily the weather was ideal throughout May Week and the courts were used fully.

BOOK REVIEWS

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

"Thus too I bid you", said Apollo to Callimachus, "not to walk the wagon-road nor drive your chariot in the wake of others on the broad highway."

Carmina: MCMLXIII is as recherché a volume as even the fastidious Alexandrian poet could have conceived in obedience to his divine supervisor. Latin poems in the minor poetic forms and metres. The twenty six contributors, dons and schoolmasters, are craftsmen of a high order; they bring to their work not only profound Latinity but also, many of them, poetic sensibility—especially Guy Lee transmuting de la Mare and A. S. F. Gour recreating in Latin one of the most glorious ancient English carols. Anyone who reads with pleasure the English poetry of the present generation and feels in tune with their passionate pursuit of curiosa felicitas, their distaste for whirling words, their discipline, formality, point, pun and epigram, will derive the same kind of satisfaction from the elegant and eloquent Latinity in this tiny book, which uses once more for creation a poetic language and tradition with very similar genius and character.

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

J. A. C.


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

If I have understood his argument correctly (and I am not sure that I have), it can be stated like this. As Malthus showed, increasing population tends to reduce output per head, because of shortage of land. This ever-increasing shortage of land can in principle be offset, however, by ever-increasing technical progress and capital accumulation. The rates of technical progress and capital accumulation are themselves a function of the standard of living, because ill-fed people are incapable of initiative or effective organisation. At a low standard of living, the Malthusian pressure dominates, and population is pressed down to subsistence. But above a certain crucial level the forces of progress are strong enough to offset the pressure, and living standards can continuously rise. This crucial level we have already reached in the Western world.
Professor Hoyle then goes on to his own positive contribution. He believes that very high numbers will lead to a collapse, and a precipitous one at that; not because of starvation, but because the numbers themselves will lead to a breakdown of social organisation. After the collapse, there will be a gradual recovery, and the process will be repeated in a series of very long cycles. The social nature of the collapse gives the recovery process a particular character. During the period of disorganisation following the collapse, intelligence and social adaptability will be necessary for individual survival. Selection will therefore take place, and after a number of cycles the ultimate outcome will be a highly sociable, highly intelligent creature. These speculations are no less plausible than most of the others that have been put forward from time to time. And, as Professor Hoyle says, they are certainly more interesting.

R. C. O. M.

Afterthought

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

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

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

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

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

N. K. Parkyn.
Book Review

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

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

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

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

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

D. H. V. B.

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

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

By the way, it now appears that the author's sanguine expectation that the plague of algae threatening the Lascaux cave-paintings would be defeated by 1965 was justified, though investigation has also disclosed that the green pest has appeared in other caves besides. Tourists can nevertheless soon be off to the Dordogne with all their old confidence that they will be able to see all that they ever could.
Some of the most meaningful blank verse in the language was rushed through mercilessly—and key-statements like “Y’are the deed’s creature” were either drowned in words or thrown backstage like so much unnecessary padding. Judy Hogg as Beatrice—Joanna must be exempted from this general castigation since hers was a courageous and forceful performance—that of a hard-feeling, self-willed and sophisticated girl who is brought to realise the falsity of her own judgements. It was in fact Larry Whitty’s de Flores that was largely to blame, not that his performance suffered from incompetent acting, but merely that his interpretation of the part was entirely misguided. De Flores is not a servant or underdog but a gentleman; his sense of humour is savagely cynical, not highly entertaining; he is much more of a villain than a wit. Larry Whitty made his role so light-hearted that his on-stage murders lacked conviction; his worst fault, however, was that he did not seem to realise that the tragic sections of the play were written in blank verse. His jaunty prose-equivalents of many of the lines were entirely out of keeping.

The minor actors in the main plot were on the whole convincing. Chris Peach came off rather well as the virtuous Alsemero, though he shuffled about somewhat in his soliloquies; Robin Bosenquet made an admirably furious Tomazo (perhaps the most intentionally comic of the Jacobean revengers) and Sandy Scott kept up a sufficiently noble appearance until his untimely decease in the Third Act. Dermott Chamberlain was a somewhat youngish-looking Vermandero, and of the “faithful attendants” to Beatrice and Alsemero, Clare Shanks’ Diaphanta came off somewhat better than Richard Dunn’s Jasperino, especially in the delight she took at the prospect of a lustful encounter with the bridegroom.

As the production was the first to be undertaken by a newly-revived Society, it may not be pointless to add that the Society could have chosen a much easier play. Not only did the producer have to contend with the problems of getting the play’s message across—he was also faced with serious difficulties of stagecraft; in a play with so many exits and entrances (and even closets and winding stairs), he had to regulate his company in and out of the same door. In view of these circumstances, the arrangement of such matters was masterly, and next year’s production can be awaited eagerly, even though it is to be hoped that the company be content with a less Herculean task.

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

All the greater contrast, then, with the masterful handling of the years from 1870 to 1900, where the theory welds every phenomenon into a convincing unity. Mr Hinsley recognises that even if German “power” was one key to war, the fact that the explosion of German society since 1870 had produced as much social and governmental tension as increased “power” is just as vital a factor in the historical situation. In fact, to understand 1914 we need less a knowledge of interstate entanglements than an exact study of the pathology of German, Austrian and Russian society. To understand the relations between states, we must look deeper into “internal processes” than the concept of Power invites.

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

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

T. CLARKE.

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

GRILLPARZER, Stifter, Keller, Fontane and the other great names of nineteenth century German literature have about as much familiarity to most well educated English-speaking persons as the succession of names in an obscure Central European timetable. One knows that Budapest, Vienna and Graz exist but not what goes on there. Familiarity with Fontane like acquaintance with Budapest does not belong to the intellectual baggage of the widely travelled and well-read man. By contrast twentieth century
German writing most emphatically does. It would be embarrassing if certain circles not to have heard of Brecht or Mann, but no lifemanship points can be won with even the most studied application of Grillparzer.

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

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

It follows that German literature of the nineteenth century has a peculiar relevance for modern Europeans. It appeals to those of whom Rilke spoke: "und die findigen Tiere merken es schon, dass wir nicht sehr verlässlich zu Haus sind in der gedeuteten Welt:"

These words stand at the beginning of the book and the sense "of not being very reliably at home in the interpreted world" forms its main theme. Dr Stern argues that all the writers under consideration, except Goethe, express a common awareness of Rilke's uncertainty about, and in, the world. This awareness binds them together, however different they are in style, temperament and subject. It forces them to "re-interpret" the world around them: "the world itself being presented in these writings not so much as a thing finally real, but rather as in itself an 'interpretation'." (p. 2).

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

Dr Stern follows the implications of his double "re-interpretation" in seven good-sized essays on Goethe, Grillparzer, Buchner, Schopenhauer, Heine, Stifter and Fontane. The pace is measured and leisurely. He writes subtly and persuasively. He has the courage to take his time and to allow the reader to form an opinion of his own. Quotations in German and excellent English translation are sufficiently long to help fill the appalling gaps in our knowledge of these men and their writings, and to enable us to judge the accuracy of the critic's reading of the texts in the light of his insights.

The result is overwhelming. Again and again conclusions simply spring to life, which I at least found irresistible. I thought: how obvious! Yet on second glance there was nothing obvious about them. They "re-interpret" the texts with a vengeance. Stifter's idylls became expressions of "a mystique of things," "an ultimate propitiation and last refuge." I found myself nodding with approval when Dr Stern uncovered the relationship between Heine and Nazi ideology. Grillparzer's ironic realism turned out on close examination to have transformed the values of "the world of common indication" into their opposite. Schopenhauer's distinction between the world of wills and the "disinterested Self" expressed the same dichotomy in philosophy.

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

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

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

If Dr Stern falls victim here to a temptation to stretch his theme just that little bit too far, he avoids the other danger, inherent in broad critical studies, that of forgetting the critic's function. Even his treatment of Schopenhauer remains explicitly literary: "To commend the tone, the literary quality, of Schopenhauer's philosophy is neither to accept it as true nor to reject it as faulty. The logical cogency of the whole remains to be examined..." but to recommend its form does mean that, even if the system itself does not survive unimpaired, a good deal that is of value will be salvaged." (p. 186).

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

"The totality (the 'exaggeration') that emerges from our reading of it yields no precept; and as a thing to learn from, a clinical study may well be superior. It is an image of life... Coming to us as an illumination, it also comes to us as knowledge (not of a disease but of an extreme of life)... The system itself does not do away with the need for personal decision and for personal knowledge and experience, for they are the only conditions for knowledge achieved and uncontentious..." (p. 186).

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

Jonathan Steinberg.


The Preface to Crockford, though not sold separately to the public (the complete volume is priced at 10 guineas), is supplied separately for review. In her covering letter, the secretary to the Promotion Manager of the Oxford University Press writes that "by custom, the author of the Preface, a person of distinction in the Church of England, remains anonymous. This enables him to express his views on Church matters with complete frankness." It is not noticeable elsewhere that anonymity is considered to be a prerequisite for frank expression of opinion about the affairs of the Church of England, nor is it obvious why it should be so here; and the implied suggestion that completely frank comment or criticism is unacceptable in the Church (and that its author is not safe?) unless it is presented in a certain form would be insulting if it were not so patently false. It is difficult to see how the short but excellent appreciations of the late Pope John XXIII, and of two well-known former Cambridge figures, Dean Milner-White and Sir Will Spens, would have needed to be modified if the writer...
had been required to append his name to them; nor need he have been ashamed to print an analysis of the age-groups of the present bench of English bishops. It would seem that the anonymity is necessary to enable the author not so much to be frank as to be frisky—a word of his own, which he applies collectively to no fewer than twenty-two of the present bench of bishops; reference to the relevant records of Convocation would show whether two former vicars of Great St Mary's are included among them. Whether it is frisky or merely flippan to describe the 1963 Toronto Congress as the Canadian Jamboree I am not sure. In this issue, however, friskiness is somewhat less prevalent than in some earlier Prefaces, and this may imply a recognition that comment and criticism can be equally effective without it. Perhaps it is; it is certainly improbable that the obscurity imposed upon a less esoteric interpreter of its mission. For the Church's proper purpose, and to use his privileged status so as to be effective without it. Perhaps it and anonymity will therefore both be abandoned in the near future; it would be politic if this were done before automated stylometry knocks the bottom out of unidentifiable authorship. Intelligent comment and criticism should not need whatever shelter or adventurous boosting is derived from the aegis, if not the actual imprimatur, of a famous publisher; and there is a good supply of it in the present Preface. Those to whom it is addressed and who may read this review, will have ample opportunity of reading and digesting it, and of assimilating or rejecting whatever is of value in it; a catalogue of its contents is therefore unnecessary here. Most of its targets are presumably loyal members of the Church, and can therefore supply their own complement to the almost wholly mundane tone and preoccupations of the author, in whose exposition finance (itself an important matter) occupies a disproportionately large space. This and other such matters must no doubt be discussed; but to one who looks at it from outside, however near or far, the Church, as presented in this Preface, may seem to be mainly a business organization, whose efficiency leaves something to be desired, and to be largely concerned with domestic ecclesiastical problems and with deciding who should be allowed to think. I have no intention of entering into a discussion of the need for greater attention to Moral Theology; on the actual proposals put forward opinions will differ, but it is good to have the subject raised and discussed. The Clergy whose names are listed in Crockford's Directory are, doubtless, careful and troubled about many things, one of which is finance; but their primary concern is with a calling that is hardly touched upon in this Preface (which on this score is inferior to its immediate predecessor), and the Church which they serve is confronted by tasks no less difficult than any which have faced it for several centuries. It would be a greater benefit to the Church, and is a wider public, if this Preface were to function less as a private platform for the detailed analysis of administrative problems, and if the author were directed to display more concern for the Church's proper purpose, and to use his privileged status so as to be a less esoteric interpreter of its mission.

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


MACAULAY, reviewing Hallam's constitutional history in 1828, said that there were two kinds of history; the map, which gave an overall impression, and the painted landscape which "though it places the country before us, does not enable us to ascertain with accuracy the dimension, the distances and the angles." Mr Barraclough's intriguing book is a task to provide both sorts of history. On the one hand, the chapter headings (such as "The Dwarving of Europe", "From Individualism to Mass Democracy") give us a general outline, and on the other, specific examples of the general trends Mr Barraclough perceives are drawn from China, India, Russia, England. The result is a fascinating blend of the general and the particular, beautifully presented and convincingly maintained. The problems of producing such a book are formidable, but Mr Barraclough has been such a success that he will be able to deal with any such work is that few, if any, of its readers, will be qualified to judge how far the general trends are indeed exemplified in the particular instances which Mr Barraclough has chosen to illustrate them. The problem is not simply one of perspective, but also one of basic knowledge. To those of us who have been taught history in segments of time and place, Mr Barraclough's lack of inhibition in dealing with, for example, the constitutional law of Baden, Italy and Brazil in the same sentence (at p. 126) is an unusual and baffling technique. We must take Mr Barraclough's point or leave it; he knows what Article 141 of the Brazilian constitution says; most of his readers will not.

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

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In his first chapter, Mr Barraclough makes it clear that in the writing of the new book "I have no intention of entering into a discussion of the most important logical questions (of writing contemporary history)" (p. 7). He rejects the argument that contemporary history as such cannot be written, because the historian has not had the opportunity of "disengaging himself". It is not the purpose of this review to condemn Mr Barraclough for his courage. All of what he says is extraordinarily exciting; much of it is not new, but it is put together with such masterly planning that we are left, at the end, unable to conceive of the world without the aid of Mr Barraclough's picture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Barraclough has succeeded in putting together that difficult combina­
THE EAGLE

At last her lips move. Werner's eyes shine. The Uncle hears the word, “Adieu”. Werner hears it too, and draws himself up. His whole body seems to relax as after a restful bath. And he smiles. The door shuts and his steps die away at the farther end of the house.

He had gone when next day the uncle came down for his morning meal. His niece had prepared breakfast as usual. It was served in silence. Outside a pale sun shone through the fog. It seemed to the old man that it had turned very cold.

University of Tasmania.

L. A. TRIEBEL.

Book Reviews

THE SALAD DAYS ARE OVER

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

The implication of Outlook Two* is rather different. This is, as its sub-title states, “A Careers Symposium”. In contrast to that horrifying hand-out “A Directory of Opportunities for Graduates”, it shows the whole business of getting a job from the buyer's, not the seller's point of view; and is therefore much more sympathetic reading. It is also good, and often very entertaining, reading. Its twenty-seven articles cover a wide field from the Anglican Priesthood to Department Store Supervision, taking in commerce, industry, the professions and the arts on the way. The first volume Outlook One dealt with a similarly wide range of occupations, and together they include something for almost everyone but those intent on not working for a living.

It is obvious from the purpose of the book and from the articles themselves, that there has been no attempt to give falsely favourable impressions. However, it is somewhat surprising that out of over twenty contributors writing about their careers since going down, only one should have taken a completely wrong direction. "A Cautionary Tale" tells this unfortunate story, but also shows that behind it lay a chain of perfectly rational decisions that had begun before “O” level, and that led deeper and deeper into the morass. On the other hand many of those contributors well suited to their jobs took a certain amount of pot-luck in their choice. It is remarkable how many are, in fact, pleased with their jobs, and find in them considerable scope for talent, self-expression.

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

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

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

S. G. F. SPACKMAN.


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

What emerges from this book is that anything claiming to have more than verbal continuity with historic Christianity cannot dispense with Natural theology, which involves metaphysics. If it be held that the natural created order reveals nothing of its Creator or to be fully intelligible without one, there is nothing whatever to be said as ground for affirmation that ancient religious Scriptures do so or for distinguishing between competing and irreconcilable claims that revelation is the reliable basis for any religion. Further, it is useless to discuss what is and is not possible knowledge with meaning, without examination of what knowledge is and comes to be, i.e., without epistemology; and for this the combination of analytic with genetic psychology, and not other sciences, is fundamental. So called knowledge by so called persons of so called actuality is the prior basis of all more refined forms of knowledge or probable belief, which could not even begin to be attained without it; while awareness and apprehension, which are alogical, are the basis of later comprehension and explanation. It follows that philosophy and theology cannot claim strictly rational demonstration or ‘proof’ but only alogical though reasonable basis for faith, which can neither be wholly based upon values nor be independent of them. Yet again, logic, ethics and aesthetics are all concerned with sincere and right valuing—the first in thinking, the second in acting and the third in feeling, and right valuing requires right knowing of our total environment, not only of abstracted portions of it, and there is no break between valuation of part of it as expedient, pleasant and convenient and part of it as sacred and holy, and as having unconditional claim upon us. Logic has importantly claims upon the expression of religion and the Gospel, but they are neither absolute nor exclusive.

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

J. S. B.
Book Reviews


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

lations of the Greek word in the English text or an English dummy-word (I suggest, for example, “according to supervision” for ἀνά τον συνήθεα ταύτα), with a glossary explaining the everyday uses of the Greek word from which this technical use originated?

It is hard to fault Mr Bambrough's selections, particularly if for every text which does not but ought to appear in his selection one must name a text of equal length which he includes but which could without loss have been omitted. But I make the following suggestions. Is it not a pity that the second chapter of Metaphysics and the first chapter of the Categories are omitted, both because Aristotle's remarks about homonymy and synonymy in these passages provide an important clue to his views about what it generally that makes different things the same in kind, or allows a word to have distinctly different senses without being merely ambiguous; and more particularly because Metaphysics contains most explicitly Aristotle's premisses, and the elucidation of the disconnections and connections between the various senses of the most pervasive terms—the apparently ambiguous but emphatically unambiguous “being”, “unity”, “same”, “different”, “ike” etc? The exclusion of Metaphysics H: is also, it seems to me, a pity. In this chapter Aristotle gets as near as he ever does to the nominalistic view that “is” has a different sense in each of its uses, and thus that the substance of each thing is different from the substance of every other thing. Aristotle's inclination to move towards such a position is elsewhere much less obvious but no less significant. Mr Bambrough's introduction shows that he thinks Aristotle's views on universals important enough to make the inclusion of these passages a high priority. I suggest, too, that room should have been found for Aristotle's skilful uncovering, in Physics A, of the implications of the notion of the place of a thing, and for his suggestive remarks, in the same book, about time. Room could be made for these additions by the exclusion of parts of the deplorable first book of the Posterior Analytics, which appears in its entirety. Parts of this book stand, surely, as a counter-except to Mr Bambrough's thesis (p. 12) that the important writings in philosophy, unlike those, say, in physics, never go out of date. Aristotle's view that to know something is to be able to give a demonstrative proof of it, and his belief that an empirical inquiry should proceed in the way that a mathematical or logical inquiry should proceed, are, admittedly, although false still interestingly and instructively false. But could we not be spared his laborious classification of the sources of error in syllogism (Posterior Analytics 16, 17, and 18)? And is there any but a historical interest in his view, for instance, that a valid proof whose premises and conclusion are true is "scientific" and not "scientific" unless it proceeds from necessary premises about the nature of the subject of the proof itself?

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

The introductions to the various sections of the book contain accounts of some of the important doctrines appearing in the excerpts which follow. Mr Bambrough is careful to set out for us, untechnically and non-Aristotelian language, the philosophical alternatives to positions which Aristotle adopts. We are made to feel the difficulties, for instance, which Aristotle in his analysis of the soul faced and obviated, and to see the merits of views which Aristotle felt compelled to reject. But in one place the transition from Mr Bambrough's to Aristotle's philosophical language seems to me obscure. Mr Bambrough several times says what he takes the central task of metaphysics to be: "the study of the logical character of statements and questions" (p. 13). "the search for . . . the ultimate grounds on which . . . a type of statement may be justified" (p. 15), "to know and explain at what points and in what respects our language does and does not directly represent the world that it is used to describe" (p. 32). The connection between the subject thus conceived and Aristotle's search for αιτία, for the principles of being qua being, might, I suggest, have been made clearer by a discussion of Aristotle's own attempts to characterise the aims of his enterprise. And I think too that attention to the distinct difference in type between various considerations that Aristotle advances as relevant to his question "what is αιτία?" would show that there is more than one question seriously at issue here, and that Mr Bambrough is wrong in claiming that the ontological guise of Aristotle's metaphysics is purely accidental.

This book admirably fills the great need that there has been for a readily-

available and reliably translated selection of Aristotle's important philoso-

phical writings. The effect of Mr Bambrough's introductions is as much

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

M. C. SCHOLAR.

Coleridge the Poet by George Watson (1966, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.). In addition to being courageous Mr Watson possesses the virtue of always being definite as to where he stands in an argument. His previous book The Literary Critics (Penguins, 1962 4/6d) implied a challenge to himself to show how criticism should be done. In the present book he meets that challenge, choosing for his subject one of the most difficult—S. T. Coleridge. For the general reader this is a satisfying book to read, both because of its intrinsic interest and because the author states clearly his own views.

Coleridge was up at Cambridge (Jesus College) in 1790-94, just after his Johnian near-contemporary Wordsworth, and they did not meet until later when they collaborated in the production of the Lyrical Ballads of 1798. His three best-known poems were the fruit of this collaboration—Kubla Khan, The Ancient Mariner, Christabel—and these, along with the other poems that are found in anthologies, such as the Ode to Tranquillity, represent Coleridge for most of the general reading public. The first of these takes as its starting point a statement from the novel written by another Johnian, Samuel Purchas (1575-1626), and its strangeness, along with its strong rhythm and colour, commend it to the memory of the present book does much to redress the unbalance of the traditional view of Coleridge as a largely unsuccessful poet. It surveys and evaluates his whole poetic activity and the relation of this to his criticism. The writing is concentrated in places, but mostly Mr Watson writes as he talks, and the reader gets a clear picture of Coleridge as a man and a poet in his times. More detailed discussion of the book must be left to professional critics. It is interesting to note that this is the second book on Coleridge to have been written in recent years in H 1 Second Court, the first being Dr John Beer's Coleridge the Visionary (Chatto & Windus, 1959).

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

The Commemoration Sermon
8 May 1966
BY THE MASTER

The Commemoration of our Benefactors has found a place in the regular life of the College since the College was founded more than four and a half centuries ago. In the series of early Statutes Bishop Fisher drew up to order the life of his new Society, he enjoined that the Master and Fellows should remember in their prayers the Lady Margaret, our Foundress, and her relatives, and with them soon afterwards her executors, through whose action the college was brought into being, and the benefactors of the Maison Dieu at Ospringe in Kent and of the old nunneries at Higham in Kent and Broomhall in Berkshire, whose lands, obtained for the College by Fisher, were amongst its earliest, as they are still amongst its most ancient, possessions.

As other benefactions accrued, strengthening the life of the now growing College of St John the Evangelist, other names were added to the roll, some of them recited once again just now, including the name of John Fisher himself, when the clash of royal self-will and unyielding principle had deprived the College of its first and wisest guide—the guide to whom, as the Fellows wrote to him when he lay in the Tower, "we owe all that we have or know."

A generation later, in the reign of Elizabeth I, the Statutes of the University required that all Colleges should commemorate their benefactors. The form prescribed, confirmed by our own Statutes right down to the nineteenth century, differed little from that used this morning. So the Roll of Benefactors grew, and from time to time was revised and rewritten. Ancient forms of it are preserved amongst our records, and it is still added to year by year; for benefactors and their benefactions have never ceased.

At one time, Commemorations were held more than once in the year, and the list was divided between the occasions. But now, as for a hundred years past, there is one Commemoration on 8 May, St John before the Latin Gate, or a Sunday near it.

The endowments of the College, without which it could not continue in its present form or maintain its present services either to its senior or to its junior members, are derived ultimately entirely from its benefactors, from the gifts and bequests of those who have believed in its purposes and wished to secure its future.
Book Review

Flannelled Fool by T. C. Worsley.

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

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

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

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

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

Roger Nokes.
Poems

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE BILL AND BUGGER OFF,
THE CITY'S SMARTEST RENDEZVOUS

The Blue Boar is a haven
For the petit bourgeois savage
It's a Trust House—you can trust them
To be good at boiling cabbage.
Le Jardin has a menu
Which is splendid, hot or cold
But the manager's a Gaulist
And you'll have to pay in gold.
There are Indians who'll serve you
With a curry or a sag
'Til the local health inspector
Let's the cat out of the bag.
And you won't find much of interest
In the Turk's Head or its chicken
Where they reached rock bottom years ago
And still they keep on digging.
So you may as well just settle
For a dinner in the College
Though the salt be short of savour
And the company of knowledge.
There girlfriends cannot follow you
And rook you for their fill,
And if you're upper-middle class
Your father脚s the bill.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

'Better the devil you don't know
Than the devil you know.'
She said.
And crushing the bird in her hand
She headed purposefully for the bushes.

BERNARD METCALFE.

Reviews

EUGENIDES & CO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It would be absurd to write at any length of the acting. This was a team performance, and could only be judged as such: in other words, in terms of production. Only the part of Tiresias was of sufficient length and prominence to warrant comment. He/she was played by Mr David Price, who has a complete repertoire of stage gestures. I would advise him to lose it as rapidly as possible. The whole body must, of course, be as much at the command of the actor as it has to be at that of the dancer; but if it is only commanded to strike stereotyped attitudes, the gain in expressiveness is minimal. And too much gesticulation distracts an audience from the words, which, especially in poetic drama, are what they most need to concentrate on. Mr Price has a good voice: he could convincingly portray this scourge of the Puritans as a gloomy sceptic—most satirists seem to be gloomy men—with a dislike of all shades of enthusiasm, not just the Cromwellian, and a taste for drinking night after night with a fellow-poet John Cleveland, who was a Johnian. John Aubrey carried his coffin to a grave in Covent Garden and wrote his life. It was not a particularly enviable one, though he mostly stayed out of trouble, married a little money, wrote a witty poem ‘the first part which took extremely’, and died in his bed. Many mid-century Englishmen fared worse. Aubrey makes him sound like a man who was more alone than lonely; ‘Satirical wits disoblige whom they converse with; and consequently make to themselves many enemies and few friends; and this was his manner and case.’ Probably he did not wish it differently. But anyone who has spent much time in the company of Sir Thomas Browne or John Dryden will recognise a family resemblance with the mind and temperament of Butler. In a troubled age it was an achievement just to survive, and hard to view the antics of the world without scepticism and distaste.

Butler’s poem is about what we might now hasten to call the corruption of the Left: a spectacle, as familiar to this century as to that of the Restoration, of progress and change ruined by self-righteousness, spiritual obstinacy and a crass credulity in the face of intellectual novelties. ‘The modern saint’, Butler wrote in his notebooks, ‘that believes himself privileged and above nature, engages himself in the most horrid of all wickednesses, nature, engages himself in the most horrid of all wickednesses,... and is so far from repentance that he puts them upon the account of pious duties and good works.’ Camus’s famous notion that the ‘logical crime’, or the crime committed from the highest motives and in obedience to an ideological certainty, has been characteristic of the age since Robespierre and the French Revolution evidently calls for some enlargement in the light of seventeenth-century excesses. The fact is that the English went through the fire of ideology first among the European peoples, and forged a tradition of stability in the late seventeenth century out of an early awareness of what crimes an excess of enthusiasm can easily commit. This may be among the reasons why Johnson called Hudibras ‘the best book of which a nation may be justly proud.’ In many ways, it is true, Butler’s contempt for science in the second part of his poem has worn less well than his indictment of religious and political extremism in the first. One simply has to accept that it was a prejudice shared by many intelligent humanists, such as Swift and Johnson, both in that century and in the next.
Hudibras is a fat old knight involved in Quixotic adventures; and to say that the story is the weakest thing about the poem is not quite balanced by the reflection that it is also the weakest thing about Spenser’s Faerie Queene, of which it is in some ways a parody. The portraits of single characters can be devastating, but the adventures which contain them do not hold the interest. They may not have held much of Butler’s interest either. Clearly he is not deeply concerned with the eternal question of how a satire is best to be built. The difficulty lies in the fact that satire has no natural form unless it be as a parody of some existing and familiar work. Tragedy often ends with death, comedy with a marriage: but it remains a problem in Hudibras, or in Dryden’s Absalom and Achishoph nearly twenty years later, or with a modern stage revue, whether satire can ever evolve much beyond its original state as a collection of fine, ridiculous fragments, as in Dryden’s gallery of satirical portraits. Pope solved the problem in the Dunciad, and Joyce in Ulysses, by using Virgil and Homer as architectural frames. Butler seems not to have thought of the mock-heroic as an ordering principle. Perhaps one needs genuinely to admire a form in order to parody it, or at least to parody it at length. The great mock-heroes, like the Dunciad, or Tom Jones, or Tristram Shandy, were the works of men impressed by what they supposed to be the Roman virtues, and contemptuous or derisive of the failure of their own world to live up to them. Butler’s view is much more radical and sceptical than that. It is not just Puritanism he thinks silly: he thinks the epic silly too, and heroic action itself open to grave suspicion. Modern historians may not agree with his view, in the opening lines of the poem, that the Civil War was not about anything in particular and that the two sides did not even know what they were fighting for:

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

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

But now t’observe romantic method,
Let rusty steel awhile be sheathed,
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts and wounds
Exchanged to love’s more gentle style, ...

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

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

(L. ii. 11f.)

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

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

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

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

It proved possible to defend Plato against the grosser charges: he could not be used to defend Nationalism. Hitler and Mussolini are not Platonically or philosopher-kings. For one thing they lacked that certain knowledge of the good which, in Plato's eyes, alone justified any and all of the guardians' actions in advance. But the peril and the victory of liberal democracy in the second World War did soften the attitude of democrats towards Plato. They had crushed the fascists; they next proceeded, led by Professor Popper, to crush the great forerunners. Plato's crimes against the open society—his view that rulers must be the same and all of the guardians' actions in advance. But the peril and the victory of liberal democracy in the second World War did soften the attitude of democrats towards Plato. They had crushed the fascists; they next proceeded, led by Professor Popper, to crush the great forerunners. Plato's crimes against the open society—his view that rulers must be the same as the guardians of his Republic must, 'the concrete proposals are not only defensible but inescapable.' There is, he thinks, no sufficient defence against the second charge, which is that there is no such science of virtue like the science of mathematics, which the guardians of his Republic know, 'the concrete proposals are not only defensible but inescapable.' There is, he thinks, no sufficient defence against the second charge, which is that there is no such science of virtue. Plato may, if he chooses, pass his time in speculation about an unattainable Utopia; or he may persuade himself that it is attainable, that his programme should be acted upon. The verdict is inexorable: he either does not or will not see that his central political principle is either true and trivial or important and false. (p. 13). There may be a science of virtue, but men will never attain it. Plato ought not to write as if they could.

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

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

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

* When it is, let us hope that it takes some account of the related controversies about Hegel and Marx—especially the former. Both names crop up from time to time in 3P, but neither, and especially not Hegel, has been completely rescued from the serious misrepresentations launched by English-language Plamenatz remarks; 'English scholars must not be deaf to these charges. There is a rise and fall of political attitudes seems to be roughly paralleled by the
For, as Sir Karl observes (pp. 331-2) no-one has yet shown him to be wrong in his contention that Plato, both in the Republic and the Laws, recommended states which would have condemned Socrates, more rigidly than Athens itself, to exile, imprisonment, or death. Socrates, be it recalled, died for the ideal of a just balance between the claims of society and the claims of the individual mind and conscience. The Crito makes it plain that he accepted, in the fullest sense, his obligations as an Athenian citizen. The Apology, the Phaedo, and Xenophon—everything, in short, which we know about the historic Socrates—makes it plain that he also insisted on his human right to think and speak freely, about politics, conduct and religion. Such a man would not have lasted long in the Platonic Utopias. His intelligence and his irony would soon threaten the dissolution of their institutions, and he would have been eliminated more swiftly than he was from his own city.

Various comments could be made on this point; but the relevant one is simple. How did Plato, the Master’s principal follower, ever come to devise so un-Socratic a state as the Republic? Are we content to ascribe it to his inexorable reasoning from his central contention, the infallibility of the ruling guardians? Is it not more plausible to suppose that Plato thought of the guardians first, and tried to prove their necessity afterwards? Briefly, no answer has yet been made to the contention that Plato was an autocrat by temperament, a conservative by upbringing, and anti-liberal, anti-democratic on principle because of the excesses of the Athenian demos, which led to the Peloponnesian War, the tyranny of the Thirty, and the death of Socrates. It is not necessary, even, to accept the authenticity of the Seventh Letter, to hold that the profoundly reactionary teachings of the Platonic writings must have a primary relationship, not to the evolution of Greek philosophy, but to the evolution of Greek society. A. B. Winspear, in 1940, wrote a long, learned and brilliant book, to show, in detail, how Plato’s Republic reflected the interests of his class. It is scarcely alluded to in 3P, yet one does not have to accept Winspear’s invective to feel that he has got hold of the right end of the stick. Politics figure more prominently in Plato’s writings than in those of any other philosopher of comparable stature. (The difference in intellectual interests between him and Aristotle, for example, is very marked.) Why is this? And is it likely that Plato, alone of humanity, was clear of the habit of blindness, which led to the Peloponnesian War, the tyranny of the Thirty, and the death of Socrates. It is not necessary, even, to accept the authenticity of the Seventh Letter, to hold that the profoundly reactionary teachings of the Platonic writings must have a primary relationship, not to the evolution of Greek philosophy, but to the evolution of Greek society. A. B. Winspear, in 1940, wrote a long, learned and brilliant book, to show, in detail, how Plato’s Republic reflected the interests of his class. It is scarcely alluded to in 3P, yet one does not have to accept Winspear’s invective to feel that he has got hold of the right end of the stick. Politics figure more prominently in Plato’s writings than in those of any other philosopher of comparable stature. (The difference in intellectual interests between him and Aristotle, for example, is very marked.) Why is this? And is it likely that Plato, alone of humanity, was clear of the habit of blindness, which led to the Peloponnesian War, the tyranny of the Thirty, and the death of Socrates.

The College Chronicle

After a year of lying dormant, the Society has sprung to life again this year with a lively programme of five evening meetings. These have been gratifyingly well attended; one must make special mention of Dr D. W. Sciama’s enigmatically-titled talk on ‘The anti-Michelson-Morley Experiment’, which attracted an audience of about eighty people. Encouraged by this, we hope this summer to revive some of our traditional social activities, including Part I of the Fifteenth Triennial Dinner, and a cricket match with our longstanding rivals from next door, the Trinity Mathematical Society. Meanwhile, next year’s programme is being arranged; we hope our members will find it as interesting and enjoyable as this year’s. Finally, the writer would like to express his gratitude to Dr Smithies for his continued support of the Society.

P. T. J.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

Lent Term 1968

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON
Captain: N. HOUGHTON
Match Secretary: J. L. FOYLE
Fixture Secretary: N. M. VINEY

As usual, the Lent Term heralded the challenge of Cuppers and the Plate Competition. The 1st XI enjoyed a successful run in friendly matches prior to a difficult Round 1 Cuppers tie against Churchill. This tie proved to be a dour struggle indeed. The first meeting of the sides took place at home on a morass of a pitch. The College pulled back an early Churchill goal to lead 2–1 with fifteen minutes remaining. But, in turn, Churchill restored the balance with an equaliser six minutes from time; extra-time produced no further score. The first replay at Churchill was also drawn after extra-time, neither side scoring. The second replay, again at Churchill, saw the deadlock broken. Churchill took the lead with twenty minutes remaining and extended it to 2–0 after an unfortunate penalty decision six minutes from time.
is an acknowledged authority, and there is also an intriguing discussion of those curious glassy objects which appear on certain parts of the earth's surface, probably having developed their unusual, often button-like shapes from their rapid descent through the earth's atmosphere. The book concludes with a largely historical chapter on the discovery of Neptune in 1846, which was the result of independent calculations by the Johnian J. C. Adams and the French astronomer Le Verrier. Dr Lyttleton discusses problems concerned with the origin and composition of the solar system. In the first essay he shows how little is as yet firmly established about the course of events that brought the system into existence. There is a discussion of the theories of Sir James Jeans and Sir Harold Jeffreys, to the effect that the planets evolved from a filament of matter drawn from the sun by the action of another star. Dr Lyttleton finds considerable difficulties in these theories, as indeed he has done for many years, having been the pioneer of the view that planetary material could not have been drawn from the sun. But after considering alternative hypotheses he concludes that "the working out of them to show what processes result can scarcely be said to have more than begun". Two further essays discuss the constitution of the planets and the interior of the earth, and in the latter case it might be supposed that we are, in more senses than one, on firmer ground. But in fact even geologists cannot agree whether the earth's surface has contracted or expanded, or has remained the same. As Dr Lyttleton says and scholars in disciplines remote from his do indeed agree with him, it is one of the difficulties of theoretical work that there can always be found different schools of thought that maintain contrary conclusions based, so they all feel, on precisely the same range of evidence." In the author's view, an initially solid earth developed a liquid core by compression, which resulted in the contractions of the surface which we see as mountain chains. But he admits that "it is certain that much remains to be discovered" about the interior of the earth. Two further essays deal with comets, on which Dr Lyttleton happily as "a very good book, well-written and well built on knowledge and experience." It is not seeking to do any new things, it's in fact even geologists cannot agree whether the earth's surface has contracted or expanded, or has remained the same. As Dr Lyttleton says and scholars in disciplines remote from his do indeed agree with him, it is one of the difficulties of theoretical work that there can always be found different schools of thought that maintain contrary conclusions based, so they all feel, on precisely the same range of evidence." In the author's view, an initially solid earth developed a liquid core by compression, which resulted in the contractions of the surface which we see as mountain chains. But he admits that "it is certain that much remains to be discovered" about the interior of the earth. Two further essays deal with comets, on which Dr Lyttleton
production could not exploit the essentially untheatrical atmosphere of the Old Music Room: it had to fight it; but the battle was won, and between them the actors and the producer (Mr Keith Hutcheson) successfully created the illusion of a seedy Russian drawing-room.

Hurrah For The Bridge presented the same sort of challenge as The Waste Land: a surrealist play which could only succeed through swift and certain teamwork. An illusion had to be created of night—a great port—its land and water traffic—the squalor and danger of its docks. It is greatly to the credit of the company that, as in The Waste Land, they were able to force the audience to use its imagination and see, smell, hear all these things. It is also greatly to their credit that they could hold attention to a drama which was largely unintelligible, if not meaningless.

Eeny, Meeny, Memy and Moly, waterfront delinquents, picked each other off with armed umbrellas; Rover and Ruby entertained us with pastiche Beckett. One was left with some striking mental images. Probably more of the credit for this belongs to the producer, Mr Neinstein, than to the author.

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

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

Sypam Stepanovich Chekhov, David Price;
Natalya Stepanovna, Hilary Craig; Ivan
Vassilieitch Lomov, Nick Jones. Director,
Keith Hutcheson.

HURRAH FOR THE BRIDGE
by Paul Foster

Rover: Mike Neff; Emily: Nick Viney;
Manny, Nick Jones; Mone: Keith Hutcheson;
Ms, Ian Hering; Ruby, Hilary Craig. Director,
Ray Neilstein. Stage Manager, Pete Cunningham.
Sound, Trevor Davis.

COCKADE
by Charles Wood

Prisoner and Escort: Blake, Ian Hering;
John, Nick Jones; Ashdown, Keith Hutcheson;
Girl, Hilary Craig.

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

Sparc: Dickie Bird, Peter Gill; Harry, Keith
Baron; Garibaldi, Rob Buckler; Spratt,
David Price; Freddie, Keith Barron; Drum-
mer, Mark Honeyball.

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

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

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

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

Two meetings were held to decide upon the
Society's attitude towards the Mathematical
Tripos, and to produce proposals for reform.

If the Club awarded "crock-pots" on the
basis of the League performances, the honours,
despite the fine achievements of the 2nd XI
and 3rd XI, would go to the 1st XI. The

team obviously possessed great potential but
struggled to find its best form for several
matches at the start of term. During this
time the League programme had an insus-
picuous start. St Catharine's were allowed to
pull back a two goal lead and escape with a
point. Caius thoroughly deserved their 3-1

win over a John's team whose performance
that day completely belied their ability. But
from this nadir in our fortunes, the team fought
back. A poor Clare side was vanquished 8-1

and with a weakened team we earned a deserved
1-0 win at Pembroke. Trinity were beaten
4-2 and by this time the 1st XI was approaching
its best form. With the return of Richard
Willey on the right wing, the 1st XI was at
full strength for the vital match with Queens',
who had a 100% record before the match.
Queens' although the strongest side in the
League apart from John's, never looked
likely to maintain their record and our winning
margin of 4-0 could well have been doubled.
Queens' were now put under considerable
pressure as we proceeded to amass an un-
assailable goal average by beating Churchill
9-1, Christ's 5-1 and Downing 8-1. St
Catharine's, the third of the leading contenders,
lost to Downing and when Cats. and Queens' 
fought out a 2-2 draw the League title was
bound for St John's. The early season
lapses had almost cost us dearly, but our
form after those matches, none could dispute
that the best side in the League had finished
as Champions.

The defensive line of John Foyle, Nick
Viney and Barrie Singleton, backed by the
safe goalkeeping of Frank Collyer, was
seldom troubled by the opposition forwards.
The engine house of the team was clearly
the mid-field trio of Steve Densborough, Neil
Houghton and Don Nicholson; their fitness,
tackling and distribution inevitably dominated
the game. That this trio also scored eleven
goals is an indication of the versatility of the

Triangential box

42
Memory From A Land

The red sanded earth falls away and it is Spring somewhere, so the women wear green watching the dry skies for diamonds to wear.

At night the earth lifts, up to the stars and in the pause from cards the miners watch the three trees beyond the mud fence.

Even the mothers breasts grow dry, but I am seventeen and dream spinning with her the only love that can hold, under the seasonless sky.

But with other nights there are older marriages, and in love, the black widow wore white and scuttled away, the web of night held almost past the first sun. at that time the old did, but it is a red and hungry land; and today I kill the first of the straggling spring lambs and today my woman will bake our first lamb pie.

JOHN SLIGO

Reviews

BOOKS

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

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

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

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

The real borrowing occurred when dramatists used Shakespeare as an emotional bank to supplement their own meagre income. Mr Hales of Eton had not won the Great Debate on false pretences. One of the most interesting parallels of this sort is that between Hamlet and Vindice. Both men display the same world-weariness and disgust for life; to this extent Dr Frost is right to deny that the most considerable influence upon The Revenger’s Tragedy was Marston’s The Malcontent, which relies almost entirely on kindly Providence to roll events the right way. Both men, too, are strangely Mother orientated, while the emotional force behind two great death’s head contempts would speeches is certainly similar. But Dr Frost misses an opportunity here to reinforce his main thesis; that a minor dramatist is so influenced by Shakespeare that he takes over some of his emotional attitudes, but remains minor because he fails to integrate them into his own work. Middleton has here failed to do to Shakespeare what Shakespeare succeeded in doing to the Revenge tradition. Vindice participates in the system of Revenge as much as he comments upon it; he praises his dead lover in terms of the lust she provoked in other men; he deals with his mother in a way that suggests some sort of diabolic delight in the actual process of torture; and his downfall is entirely due to the vain broadcast of his own excesses. Hamlet, however, is much the more complete character in that he puts dislocated time back into place, not merely by jumping on the spinning flywheel of revenge, but by displaying concern for time future and time past. Ophelia in her madness and Hamlet in his sanity both attack the life that depends on the pulses of the blood; the lust of Claudius and Gertrude. But in the case of Hamlet this attack is tempered by what might or should have been; wisdom, maturity—or ripeness—is all. It is just this point of completeness, one which would take his own argument even further, that Dr Frost misses in his consideration of The Changing. Dr Frost shrewdly relates Middleton’s experience in adding scenes to Macbeth for the King’s Men to the moral structure of The Changing; in both plays punishment is the outcome of character. Macbeth, however, has that sense of the past, of what might have been, that one associates with all the Shakespearian tragic heroes: my way of life Is fall’n into the sea, the yellow leaf: And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have. But both Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores enter into the system of life by the minute. The final twist of intrigue belongs to Beatrice; yet for all she has learnt in this department she fatally misjudges the character of her husband. There is a dash of the magnificent in De Flores at his end; but his pride is of the present. It is not until Milton’s Satan that we once again
come across a villain who perceives the value of the past. It is tempting to accept the throwaway regrets of Bosola and Flamino in this light, but regret presupposes a better world or order of things. In contrasting the moral vision of Webster and Ford to that of Shakespeare, Dr Frost is at his best. With Shakespeare's innumerable animal images, the wolf; the raven, the fox, or the spider, limit the terms in which we see the drama; it is a different natural world, savage, self-seeking, indifferent to human virtue or vice, where 'moral' choices may have no such conception of an underlying moral order; life to them is a regret; the need to moralize is an inherited debt that he would have done well to ignore. The Great are like the Base; nay, they are the same. When they seek shameful ways, to avoid shame. This is lumber, for the universe of Webster and Ford borrow the external trappings of the Jacobean dramatists played variations on themes which Shakespeare had already mastered. The resulting ambiguities and contradictions demonstrate the completeness of Shakespeare's vision. Dr Frost is right: 'Shakespeare's pre-eminence accorded by his own and later centuries, and his successors acknowledged the fact by borrowing freely from him.'

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Dr Frost has written a most engrossing work because he has passed through the mere verbal parallels (on which, incidentally, he has not failed to do an enormous amount of research) to a consideration of the way in which the Jacobean dramatists played variations on themes which Shakespeare had already mastered. The resulting ambiguities and contradictions demonstrate the completeness of Shakespeare's vision. Dr Frost is right: 'Shakespeare's pre-eminence accorded by his own and later centuries, and his successors acknowledged the fact by borrowing freely from him.'
those most interested. We can hardly expect to find in the minutes of Methodist Conferences, the 1851 Religious Census, or Episcopal Visitations Returns, any indulgence in self-criticism by members of the ecclesiastical hierarchies; they simply comment on the failures of the flock. Labours rarely wrote about the bad shepherds; they simply ceased to attend.

In an interesting essay on imperialism, Doctor Pelling unwittingly to qualify his general judgments about the working class. It is surely remarkable that the simple music-hall verse, originating the term “jingo”, should have such intellectual undertones.

It is unfortunate that he focusses on the abnormal situation created by the Boer War and its aftermath, the excitement over Fashoda, the Kruger telegram, or Uganda in 1892 should be analyzed to even the balance. The Popularity of songs relating to overseas expansion in this period he admits. He spoke to the "Chinese Labour” question.

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

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

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

MANNERED TREATMENTS OF AMATORY THEMES. Some of Ovid's fluent narrative poetry (e.g. 3.6.45 sqq.); an aetiological scheme (3.13); and a fine lament for the dead Tibullus (3.9); the severe economy of the translation, if a little obscure in places, as v. 37-38 conveys that genuine feeling which can be sensed through Ovid's conventional form and traditional sometimes rather artificial ideas.

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

The translation dissimulates the Latin in some elements, such as the more abstruse mythological allusions, which seem less relevant in the current idiom. These simplifications generally gain more than they lose; but at 2.17.3-4 "(Ves. Camer. 9.5.17; Ovid. 10.1.88, 98); and at some points the contemporary poetic form of the translation underlies a style not particularly sympathetic to it (as 3.11.5-12). And any translator confronts the problem of meeting another language and its associations, while maintaining a unity of tone and mood in his own, with its quite different complex of associations. In the translation of 2.11.33-34, the sound pattern of the first line is effective, but rather worn prosaim "do her level best" in the second, while meeting the double point of opaqueness, unnecessarily flattens the style.

In the translation of 1.5.9, the musical expression of the sense (e.g. 1.5.14; 3.11.20). Once or twice the English sound pattern seems a little strained (e.g. 3.11.20).

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In the translation of 1.5.9, the musical expression of the sense (e.g. 1.5.14; 3.11.20). Once or twice the English sound pattern seems a little strained (e.g. 3.11.20).
of Blake’s “humanism” only in the most general sense of that word: the poet’s emphasis on the individual, not only in spite of, but because of, the individual’s relation to the eternal and infinite. Indeed, although the book does discuss—as the blurb on its jacket states—“political and social themes” in Blake’s writing, Mr Beer seems even more concerned to present a rigorous and consistent interpretation of the entire Blakean corpus; he writes: the symbolism, . . . a formidable jumble at first sight, gains clarity as it is seen to be organized by simple massive ideas. The loss of vision and the failure of desire are regarded as the chief failure of modern society, and mourned by a man of such imaginative power that he casts a harmonizing light over the commonplaces of Hebrew and English history.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

It emerges, this experience, as a vital and compelling one. Conflicting in the processes which created it and in the tension of ideas and actions; and through this very tension vital with a vitality whose purpose was rarely uniform. Whether the aims of Nehru, Smuts, de Valera, or Laurier are considered, due weight is placed on these fragments of the total view. And perhaps it is in the emphasis placed on the parts played by not only the willing, but the recalcitrant that the most interesting material of the book emerges.

The section on Ireland, the first nation to come on the scene through treaty, and the first to suggest the new concept of external association, is given the weight due to her and to the somewhat different experience of the much vaunted British liberal tradition. The emphasis on force and circumstance is a long overdue counterpoise to the more selective and determinately liberal-providential school, familiar in the official history and the less efficient speechifying by Commonwealth ministers of the Anglo-Saxon block, prime and otherwise. The case of Ireland, who entered the commonweal under the threat of the resumption of immediate and terrible war, is after all not unique. In different circumstances there were the Boers and their repression. However this work is not a polemic and there are the more happy experiences of Australasia, Canada, and Cape South Africa. With them in the picture, the true balance is gained. All are given their due place in the scheme, and if the experience is still very much emotion reflected in tranquility, at least the emotion need no longer be partisan or particular. One would hope that this work will have put a stop to that, at least among professional historians.

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

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

The work closes with the Rhodesia question unsettled, and the Prime Ministers' Conference rather a meeting of convenience rather than a meeting to the dead of the first war in Notre Dame, that again is a matter of opinion.

The Waste Land

R. J. Griffith

To the Communists (or to student nihilists), or as a warning against similarly succumbing as Germany succumbing to the Nazis and on German bourgeois human nature most...
It was Garrick who argued against large theatres that, if he were ten feet further from the audience, there would be no difference between him and his rivals. Garrick would have enjoyed Pythagoras; his is the spirit in which to approach the business of playing there. At present, the sol iciest lesson I can suggest is that the Lady Margaret Players will do better and better the more they play to the audience (I do not mean by hamming it up in the pursuit of easy effects), the less they strive for "naturalistic" effects (a la Brando) by playing to each other.

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

During the term the A.G.M. was held at which the officers for 1969-70 were elected and amendments to the constitution debated. Finally, I would like to thank all the senior members who have helped the Society during the last year.

D. R. BOSTOCK

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

LEN T TERM, 1969

President: D. R. E. ROBINSON

Captain: J. L. FOYLE

Match Secretary: D. M. NICOLSON

Fixtures Secretary: S. H. DESBOROUGH

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

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

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