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MODERN ESSAYS
1939-1941

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MEANING AND STYLE
POETRY AND APPRECIATION
A YEAR'S WORK IN PRECIS
FROM PARAGRAPH TO ESSAY

MODERN ESSAYS

1939-1941

Selected and **Edited** by

A. F. SCOTT, M.A.

Senior English Master at Taunton School

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1948

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First edition, 1942
Reprinted, 1946, 1948

PRINTED BY G. F. BEST, AT THE I. S. S. D. PRESS,
95B, CHITTARANJAN AVENUE,
OPPOSITE MEDICAL COLLEGE HOSPITAL, CALCUTTA.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE compiler wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the following, who have kindly given permission for the use of the copyright material contained in this volume : Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., for " What is a word ?" by Bertrand Russell ; Mr. H. E. Bates and the Editor of the *Spectator,* for " October Lake " ; Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Messrs. Gassell & Co., Ltd., for " Permanence," from *The Silence of the Sea* ; Professor J. D. Bernal and the Editor of *World Review,* for " Transformation in Science " ; Mr. Edmund Blunden, for " The Spirit of England " ; the Executors of the late John Buchan and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., for " The Springs," from *Memory Hold the Door* ; Mr. Bernard Darwin and .Messrs. W. Collins Sons & Co., Ltd., for " The Journeys of a Stay-at-Home," from *Life is Sweet, Brother* ; Mr. Walter de la Mare and Messrs. Faber & Faber, Ltd., for " Maps Actual and Imaginary," from *Pleasures and Speculations* ; Mr. A. D. Divine, for " Miracle at Dunkirk " ; Mr. E. M. Forster and the Editor of the *Spectator,* for " Does Culture Matter ?" ; Mr. Graham Greene and the Editor of the *Spectator,* for " The Unknown War " ; the Hogarth Press, for " The Leaning Tower," by Virginia Woolf, from *Folios of Mew Writing,* Autumn 1940 ; Mr. Julian Huxley, for " Two Forms of Democracy," from * *Democracy Marches* (Chatto & Windus) ; Dean Inge and Messrs. Pitman & Co., Ltd., for " Humanism," from *The Fall of the Idols* ; Mr. Robert Lynd and the Editor of the *New Statesman,* for " On Being a Bore " ; Miss Rose Macaulay, for " Consolations of the War" ; Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, for " A Bedside Book " ; Mr. H. J. Massingham and Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., for " The Wood* Bodger," from *Chiltern Country* ; Mr. Charles Morgan and the Editor of the *Spectator,* for " The Enduring Italy " ; Mr. Eric Newton and Penguin Books, Ltd., for " The Nature of the Arts," from *European Painting and Sculpture* ; Mr. Hugh Nicol and Penguin Books, Ltd., for " A Saltspoonful of Soil," from *Microbes by the Million ;* Mr. George Orwell, for " Shooting an Elephant," from *The Penguin New Writing,* Vol. I ; Mr. William Plomer and the Hogarth Press, for " A Visit to Ireland," from *Folios of New Writing ;* Mr. J. B. Priestley and Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., for " Country Parashots," from *Postscripts* ; Mr. V. S. Pritchett and the Editor of the

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

New Statesman, for " On Letter-Writing " ; Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., for " The House Divided," from *Patterns of Survival,* by J. H. Bradley ; Mr. William Sansom, for " The Wall," originally published in *Horizon* ; Mr. J. A. Spender and Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd., for " Art and the Amateur," from *Xew Lamps and Ancient Lights* ; and Mr. John Summerson, for " The New Groundwork of Architecture."

PREFACE

44 ESSAY " is a word that has enlarged its meaning, and to-day it is difficult to give a precise definition of this well-established art-form. In the present collection the term has been allowed a wide interpretation to include the literary effusion, the leading article, the review, the narrative, the autobiography, the treatise, the exposition, and the broadcast talk. There is a wide variety of matter and of treatment, and the writers, in Montaigne's words, deal with what each " directly knoweth, without turning still to his book or looking to his pattern/* A further attraction is that the essays are new ; nearly all of them have been written since the outbreak of war. These " war essays " show active, well-informed, and inquiring minds dealing with topics of immediate interest, and with problems that affect us all. Some of the other essays included here recapture the confident charm of Lamb and of Hazlitt, and transport of reader to gentler and saner days. In spite of marked differences, however, the essayists represented here have two aims in common ; they all seek to interest and to entertain the reader by the manner of writing and by the thing said.

A. F. S.

TAUNTON, 1942.

"They who do not read can have nothing
to think, and little to say."

DR. JOHNSON, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale

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ART AND ARCHITECTURE

THE NATURE OF THE ARTS

A POSTAGE stamp, the overture to *The Magic Flute, No. 7 Acacia Grove,* Guerlain's latest perfume, Leonardo's *Last Supper,* an innings by Don Bradman, Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* a performance of *Sylphides,* a dish of *homard a la Cardinal,* St. Paul's Cathedral, a Walt Disney cartoon—all these are (or can be) works of art.

There are other things that are not works of art. .Niagara Falls is not a work of art, nor is the afterglow of the snows of Monte Rosa, nor the sound of breakers against a cliff, nor the dance executed by washing hanging on a clothes line in a stiff breeze, nor the scent of a pine wood on a summer day.

These two classes of phenomena are different in kind. The first are man-made and man-designed. They had to be conceived in the mind of a man (or group of men) and then made communicable to other men by the skill of the designer, working in some medium that could be perceived by the senses of other men—the eye, the ear, the nose, the palate.

The other set of phenomena—Niagara Falls, the sound of breakers and so on—are not man-made or man-designed. They may be equally beautiful or equally pleasurable. They may even be the result of design by God or the Laws of Nature or what you will, but they have not that double element in them of conception and parturition. They were not imagined first and then made manifest through the medium of visible materials, visible movements., audible sounds, perceptible smells.

Art has always fascinated the makers of definitions, and has always baffled them ; the makers of definitions are never content to define what a thing *is :* they usually attempt to describe what it is *for.* And though I myself have no doubt at all about what art *is,* no sequence of words known to me will describe what art is *for. I* have no preconceived theories about the artist's purpose : therefore I have no prejudice against the artist who runs counter to such theories. If the artist tells me a story I shall exclaim "How interesting !" ; if he wishes to overawe me with mystical conceptions of the Godhead I am ready to be impressed : if he wants to construct a purely formal pattern of line and colour or mass or sound, I will say " How beautiful !" : if he preaches I am ready to be converted :

If he wants to be of use to me I shall say " Thank you." Art .has done all these things at various times in the history of civilisation, and if I define it as a human conception made manifest by the use of a medium : and if I define good art (and no one wants to waste his time telling the story of bad art) as a noble (or arresting, or interesting, or valuable) conception made manifest by.the skilful use of a medium, I can then have done with definitions and make a brief attempt to state the case for the arts as a whole.

The artist, then, is a man of double activity. He has to have imagination and he has to have craftsmanship. He has to imagine (in his mind's eye, or his mind's ear, or his mind's nose) the thing he is going to make : and he must also have the power to translate the thing he has imagined into terms of his medium. Those are not separate activities. On the contrary, they affect one another in unpredictable and unanalysable ways, so that when an artist is at work he cannot possibly say at a given moment which part of himself he is using. Is the fact that he is working with a soft pencil on rough paper giving a breadth to Tintoretto's line, or had the image in his mind's eye already formed itself with that breadth of sweep ? Did Mozart, in his mind's ear, conjure up a quality of sound that could only be translated into music by a certain combination of bassoons and strings ? Or did his memory of that combination, heard per haps by chance while an orchestra was tuning up, prompt him to make further experiments with it ? No one can possibly answer these questions, since no one but Tintoretto himself knew the precise quality of the image in his mind's eye and no one but Mozart ever heard what was in Mozart's mind's ear. The work of art, the drawing or the overture, is all we have to judge by. We can only say, "" This man *seems* to have found an adequate means of expression for the thing he had to say." A marriage has taken place between the visionary and the craftsman and one can only judge of the success of the marriage by examining the fruits of it—the work of art.

But this artistic activity—this making of drawings and overtures and books and postage stamps is not a thing done just for the fun of doing it. No doubt it *is* fun to write a book or compose an overture, but no artist was ever content to have his fun and then throw the result of it away. The book has to be read, the overture performed, the ballet or picture seen. Art is a communication. Behind every work of art is the artist's appeal to his fellows, " Don't you see what I mean ? Don't you see what I'm getting at ?"

' The story of art is therefore not merely the story of men who

make things and of the kind of things they make. It is also the story of the relationship—the very complicated and always shifting relationship—between these men and their fellow men. It is a relationship full of contradictions and difficulties. For no workman can afford to produce unless he is paid to do so : therefore the artist has to have an employer. And no employer can afford to pay a workman unless he is producing something that he (the employer) needs. It follows therefore that (except in the rare case of artists of independent means) the artist's work of art is not merely the child of his own personal fancy, the thing he personally wants to communicate. It must also be something that his employer wants him to communicate to himself or to others. The work of art must be not only the result of an urge on the part of the producer, but also of a need on the part of the consumer. Here is a strange state oF things indeed ! For how can the consumer feel a need of something so personal and so (on the face of it) unnecessary as an artist's expression of his inner vision ? And even supposing he does feel that need sufficiently strongly to induce him to pay an artist to produce a work of art, how is the artist going to reconcile his personal and private desire to communicate his own personal and private vision with his employer's or patron's specification of what he wants the artist to produce ? In any other branch of human activity the question would not arise. No maker of chisels would say to his employer, V My whole nature rebels against the idea of making the kind of chisels you want. You wish me to make sharp chisels. I, on the other hand, can only express myself to the full by making blunt chisels. You want steel chisels ; I, as a craftsman, feel irresistibly drawn to the use of lead as medium."

The more materially useful a man-made thing is, the more chance there is of complete agreement between artist and employer. But material usefulness is not the only kind of usefulness : there is such a thing as spiritual usefulness. To the maker of chisels, the employer can justifiably say, " Make your chisels exactly thus," but to the maker of crucifixes he must say, " Let your crucifix conform to the minimum requirements of all crucifixes—a cross, a male human body, an impression of suffering, but also a sense of nobility. Beyond that I leave it to you. Add your own personal thoughts and feelings. Embody your own vision."

So as long as the artist is an employed workman he must compromise, never losing touch with life and its requirements yet never sacrificing his own integrity in doing so. And that is almost always

a good thing, for compromise of that kind is not a concession to a lower order of things. It is a dangerous holding of the balance between two sets of forces. The artist, like the maker of chisels, serves a master (Palestrina served the Pope, Shakespeare wrote his plays for a touring company), but in doing so he gives his master something he never bargained for. When Rembrandt painted the *yight Watch* he was ostensibly painting the portraits of a certain Captain Banning Cocq and the members of his shooting company. Presumably something corresponding to a group photograph of the school hockey team would have satisfied the club, but Rembrandt had things to say that had nothing to do with the likeness of the captain and his friends—things about how light falls in dark places, and how it strikes hard here and gently caresses there—and he insisted on saying them. In doing so he began to lose sight of the original purpose of his picture. Banning Gocq and his friends became mere excuses for an essay in chiaroscuro. The club was offended ; certain members of it complained that their faces had been plunged into semi-darkness ; they were more interested in themselves than in chiaroscuro. We, on the other hand, are delighted. We have lost interest in seventeenth-century shooting clubs, but what Rembrandt has to say about the play of light on flesh is as fascinating to-day as it was in 1642. A similar controversy, it will be remembered, arose a few years ago in connection with the statue of Sir Douglas Haig in Whitehall. Michelangelo, faced with the same kind of criticism of his statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, answered that in a thousand years' time nobody would know what the two Medicis were really like. Pope Clement VII, however, who ordered the statues, '*did* know ; he asked for portraits of two men and he was given symbols of mankind. Michelangelo was unwilling to make the compromise. We may be glad of his unwillingness, but his employer was anything but pleased.

Thjs necessity of serving two masters has always been one of the artist's difficulties. He must deliver the goods he is asked for, and he must also be true to himself. And rightly so. Whenever either is sacrificed entirely to the other the work of art suffers in quality. There are plenty of instances of both kinds of sacrifice in the art of to-day. There are commercial artists who produce flavourless trash in an attempt to give their employers what they want : and there are artists who, through lack of employers or through unwillingness to be employed, have nothing to serve but their own impulses, and whose work can only be described as psychological exhibitionism.

It is not by chance that the greatest periods of art have almost always occurred when the artist was most firmly harnessed to a master or to a cause. Necessarily the pace of a man in harness is slower than that of a free man. He is less free to choose his own direction, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is an indispensable member of society—or of a portion of society—and the further satisfaction of knowing that because society needs him, society will understand him—at any rate that portion of him that is in service. His double service gives him a double message and a double appeal. A Palestrina, left to himself, will merely further the cause of music : employed by the Pope, he also enriches the texture of Christian ritual and enlarges the meaning of Christianity.

The present-day cleavage of artists into two groups, those who are so enslaved to their employers that they " can't call their souls their own/' and those unfettered spirits whose souls are so much their own that they are no use to anyone but themselves, is a comparatively new thing. It has led to the division of art into two kinds known as " commercial art " and " fine art "—*i.e.* men who only work to please the man who pays them and men who have no one to please but themselves—though these latter always hope that they will happen to please someone else sufficiently to induce him to pay them enough to go on pleasing themselves without starving. Three-quarters of the films made, about a quarter of the books published, ninety per cent, of the music composed are " commercial " in the true sense but they were created in order to be turned into money. The bulk of the remainder, primarily the "fine" works of art, are genuine attempts at self-expression without reference to the requirements of society. In some cases they succeed so well in impressing themselves on society that society begins to require them. In others they are so personal and so remote from average human experience that society, far from requiring them, complains of their uselessness, their unintelligibility, divorce from " life.'7 That complaint, so often heard nowadays, is not a criterion of the genuineness or sincerity of the works of art in question. It is an index of the unfamiliarity of the language in which those works of art are couched. For a personal vision demands a personal set of idioms to express it. Usually a generation or so must pass before those idioms become understood and accepted by the average man and pass into general currency. The time-lag between the appearance of an unfamiliar artistic message couched in an unfamiliar artistic idiom, and its acceptance by the average man can only be reduced when the artist can be harnessed to

a cause that the average man understands. Giotto was as violent an innovator as Picasso, but as Giotto's innovations were harnessed to Christianity (while Picasso's are harnessed to nothing more stable than Picasso) the average contemporary of Giotto, shocked though he may have been by the new Giottesque idiom, felt that he could at least understand the cause that idiom served, and could dimly see how the new idiom somehow served the cause in a new and valuable way. To-day the same phenomenon can be observed. The more the artist is willing to compromise between making what *he* wants (in Rembrandt's case, a study of light) and what his employer wants (in Banning Cocq's case a set of recognisable portraits), the more immediately acceptable his work will be. A cubist whose picture conveys nothing but the cubiness of things in general is apt to leave the average man cold and puzzled. But a cubist who uses his cubism to advertise the merits of A's petrol or B's beer is understood at once. A cubised egg is, to the average man, simply a bad egg ; but a cubised glass of beer grasped in a cubised hand is interesting and arresting. The one is merely an artist's visual adventure, the other is a voyage of discovery that carries the spectator along with it and deposits him surprisingly at his destination. Once the artist has harnessed himself to society, society at once begins to regard him as a workman performing a useful function and not as a playboy amusing himself in a vacuum.

In the same way a scientist's discovery that an electric current passed through metal coil will heat the metal leaves most people uninterested, but the man who uses that discovery to boil a kettle arouses an immediate interest.

This double function of the artist is the key to the story of art. Many learned books about art have been written which fail to tell the story because they lose sight of the perpetual adjustment that goes on in the artist between art-as-expression and art-as-service.

One other thing must be said about the arts in general. A work of art may be an expression of the artist's inner vision, and it may also be a thing useful to society, but beyond both these it is a thing-in-itself. Apart from its function as a means of communion between one human being and another, it is a thing that exists in its own right. It consists of a series of sounds or words or movements, or of a set of shapes made of pigment applied to canvas, or of a set of volumes carved out of stone or modelled out of clay. In a word, it has form : and it must obey the laws of form as dictated by whatever medium the artist uses. A sentence may embody an idea in

the writer's mind, but it must also obey grammatical laws, A drawing may say what the draughtsman wanted it to say but it must also say it in the pencil's way. A statue may represent a man in a lounge suit, but, if it is made of stone, both flesh and cloth must be translated into terms of stone : stone must not be tortured into an imitation of flesh and cloth. Every medium had its own set of laws, and the work of art must obey them or perish. When the word is made flesh it ceases to have the qualities of word-ness. It must behave like flesh.

Moreover, the work of art is a finite thing. A picture must have four edges, a play or a piece of music must have a beginning and an end, whereas the experience it embodies has no edges, no beginning or end. It is just an indeterminate slice of an endless ebb and flow. But the work of art must be a thing that can be isolated from all surrounding things. A picture occupies a square yard of space, a symphony three-quarters of an hour of time, a play several cubic yards of space and a couple of hours of time. Having " edges," therefore, in space or time, it follows that it must also have a shape. E. M. Forster, in his remarkable essay on the novel, points out that Anatole France's *Thais* is shaped like an hour-glass. (" We do not see it as an hour-glass—that is the hard jargon of the lecture room—but if it was not for this hour-glass the story, the plot and the characters of Thais and Paphnuce would none of them exert their full force, they would none of them breathe as they do.") Percy Lubbock's *Roman Pictures* is shaped like a " grand chain." ("What is so good in *Roman Pictures* is not the presence of the " grand chain' pattern—anyone can organise a grand chain—but the suitability of the pattern to the author's mood.") ^Observe the word pattern. The arts are difficult things to write about because there is no adequate terminology that fits them all. " Pattern " is a word taken from graphic art, " rhythm " from music, " phrasing " from literature. But they all have their counterparts in each other and they have all been invented by people who want to talk about the work of art as a thing-in-itself, a thing with form, as opposed to a thing with content. Pattern, for example, is visual rhythm ; a set of relationships set up in the eye of the beholder. A drawing of a flower is just a drawing of a flower, a thing that imparts a certain amount of botanical information. But repeat that drawing three times side by side on a square of paper and you have a pattern. You have established a relationship between three things, and not only between three things but also* between them and the four edges of the paper, and that relationship

can be pleasant or unpleasant without any reference to Fxrtany. As long as a work of art has a shape it must also have a pattern. Pattern is a subdivision of shape. The parts within the shape must be related to the shape and to each other.

The artist's feeling for form and shape has given birth, in all the arts, to a host of conventions that are on the face of them fantastic Why should poets have invented a shape called the sonnet ? Why should the ear have to be tickled with an elaborate system of rhymes ? What is the virtue of fourteen iambic pentameters if thirteen or fifteen would equally well express the poet's thought ? Why should Edward Lear in recounting the brief but poignant story of the old man of Aosta, have decided to fit his story into the strange 0hape of a Limerick with its attendant pattern of lines—long, long, short, short, long—and its parallel pattern of rhymes —a, a, b, 1), a ? What gave birth to the Sonata form ? One can only answer that deep down in mankind is a thirst for something we have agreed to call aesthetic pleasure., a thirst for order, harmony, balance, rhythm, pattern,

ERIC NEWTON,

European Painting and Sculpture (1911)

ART AND THE AMATEUR

WHEN I was a boy I spent a great deal of time on learning to play scales, exercises, and certain simple pieces like Handel's sonatas, on the fiddle. I played duets with other boys and took part in a local orchestra. I do not at all regret the time spent in this way ; it sharpened my ear and gave me a clue to orchestral music which I could not have got in any other way. But when I grew up I came to the conclusion that playing the fiddle could not be combined with any sort of busy life. Merely to play in tune and acquit yourself passably in what is called chamber music needed long and regular daily practice, which, if you were engaged for eight or ten hours a day in journalism, was quite out of the question. Parents who set their children to learn the violin should look ahead to this point. The same amount of time devoted to the piano may provide an accomplishment which will last through life ; whereas you must either go a great deal farther with the violin or drop it altogether when you have other occupations.

But some diversion of this kind is imperative if you are to keep a clear brain in the ups and downs of life, and fortunately I had another string to my bow—to employ the appropriate simile. From the age of about fourteen I was accustomed to carry a little sketch-book in my pocket, and in this I made pencil sketches of anything that took my fancy, a view, a house, a boat, a tree, and on getting home fixed them with a wash of sepia. From this I passed on to sketching in water-colours out of doors, and, when I went up to Oxford, I had a few dozen sketches of this kind in my possession. Ruskin was then in his second term of Slade Professor at Oxford, and a friend of his, who was a sort of guardian to me, brought some of these to his notice. There followed an invitation to attend his class, and for two years 1 spent as many afternoons as could be spared from Rugby football or tennis in being taught by him or by the admirable drawing-master (MacDonald by name), who did the work of teaching when Ruskin was otherwise engaged.

This, of course, would have been no training for a professional painter, but for an amateur who wanted to learn enough to be able to employ his leisure in painting without being altogether put to shame, it could hardly have been better. Ruskin began by putting one to pencil-point work—generally copies of early Turner outline drawings, of which there are a great many in the Oxford collection. From these he took one on to the simpler kinds of landscape in colour, again using the early Turners for models, and then to objects like a coloured vase or a moss agate or lump of quartz. If you gave him any sort of satisfaction he would take immense pains in teaching you how to put on a clean water-colour wash and floating one colour into another with a wet brush. Now and again he used to sit down beside me and, taking the brush out of my hand, do the thing himself, talking inexhaustibly all the time about Plato and the Book of Job and the wickedness of modern politicians and industrialists. Then there was the perspective class—hexagonal pillars or other equally complicated objects to be placed in a vanishing perspective—with penalties sure and swift if they did not stand a precise measurement afterwards. Benevolent as he was, he was liable to sudden wrath. I remember to this day the confusion he caused when he told a blameless middle-aged lady in the water-colour class what he thought of her " damned washings-out."

With Turner he started and to Turner he returned. Modern art critics seem to have no appreciation of Turner's miraculous technique in water-colour and the extraordinary range of it from the detailed

architectural drawings of the early period to the swift impressionism of the later. Ruskin forgave everything to Turner, but of his pupils he required the strictest accuracy in detail, and I remember to this day the scolding I got when I showed him a slapdash sketch of trees by a pond which I imagined to be in the manner of Constable. He said that even if it was a good drawing instead of being- a bad one, as it was, I should have no right to paint like that until I was much older. I was to go back to the place, draw the trees carefully and reverentially, follow the curves of each bough, and learn modesty in the presence of Nature. Years later when talking to Rodin I heard him use almost exactly the same language.

I continue to think that this was a pretty good beginning for an amateur. It took the conceit out of you, taught you to look carefully at things and got well into your head that even a moderate accomplishment in this art needed a good deal of hard work. To this day, when I am tempted to take some of the higher liberties with trees or other natural objects, I hear the voice of Ruskin saying, " Draw it in careful outline before you think of taking a brush." Careful outlines are out of favour with the more advanced painters at this moment, but for the amateur who is not dreaming of being an advanced painter it remains good advice.

A very few amateurs have made a success of oil-painting, but I quickly decided that I should not be one of them. At first blush the technique seems easier than water-colour, and a small sketch in oils may be carried off successfully by a lucky fluke. But an ordinary-sized canvas by an amateur seldom bears inspection, and very often reveals fatal flaws after it has been kept a month. Oil-painting is a whole-time occupation ; it requires a studio and an apparatus which is heavy and dirty and tiresome to carry about. If he keeps to the proper size of a water-colour drawing, the amateur will generally not need an easel, and he can carry his tools (including water-bottle and white enamelled plate) in a small bag. As often as not he will prefer to sit on the ground.

For the reasons I have stated the amateur should abjure " art" as. expounded by art critics in newspapers and periodicals. Not for him the high flights of " cubism," " surrealism," " abstract painting," and other things admired by moderns. If he discovers that he can with very little effort emulate some of the most admired masters in these styles, he is lost. His buildings will cease to stand upright, his trees will grow the wrong way up, he will make water run uphill, To be " representational "—a word of deepest infamy in the mouth

of 4a modern critic—is precisely his ambition, and he may think himself lucky if he can achieve a plausible resemblance to objects seen in sunlight and shadow, something which may be a reminder to himself and any others who may take an interest in his proceedings, of what he saw and felt on a particular occasion. After all, this has tieen sufficient for many of the world's greatest painters, and the amateur will find it difficult enough.

I am not a man of letters, but a journalist. My pen throughout my life has been a tool for action in the world of practical affairs, and I have never engaged it in romantic or imaginative writing. It is enough for the journalist if he occasionally achieves a neat phrase or pleasant-sounding paragraph. In the same way my pencil has served me first of all for the practical purpose of setting down actual things or scenes which have been part of my life, and it is only accidentally, so to speak, that I think of them as having any artistic purpose. Amateurs have to beware of a peculiar kind of vanity. A good writer takes his writing for granted, but he is inordinately proud of his piano-playing, his painting, his public speaking. Tell him that his playing reminds you of Paderewski, his painting of Constable, and his speaking of Winston Churchill, and he is in the seventh heaven. I never was so flattered in my life as when, having contributed a few drawings to an exhibition of paintings by literary men, I caught the attention of the art critic of the *Morning Post,* who declared that I had " missed my vocation " and was obviously intended by nature to be a painter—a verdict which his editor rather slyly confirmed by putting it in a large-type headline on top of his article. For one giddy moment the reflection on my normal occupation passed unobserved while I basked in this tribute to my hidden talent. Then I pulled myself together and came to the sober and proper conclusion that, if I let myself be lured into competition with real painters who devoted a lifetime to the business, I should very speedily be found out and, literally, make an exhibition of myself.

The amateur should know just enough of what is called " art " to be able to judge how bad a large number—if not even a large majority—of the things he produces really are. This will give him equal vexation and pleasure, the vexation of so often missing the mark, and the pleasure when now and again he seems to have got near it. In that way he gets a sense of sport in his pursuit of Nature which (I should guess from appearances) is too great a luxury for most professional artists. They, having their bread to earn, must find out what they can do, stick to it and standardise it,

so long as they can find a market for it. To judge from **the** appearance of picture galleries this rule seems to apply quite as much to the advanced modern as to the old-fashioned academic painters.

The amateur, on the other hand, can splash about as much as he likes, and if he fails and tears up, nothing is lost but a few pennies' worth of paper and paint. The one thing essential for him is that he should have a clear idea of what he is trying to do and have enough sense to see how far short of it most of his efforts will be—indeed, must be. On these terms he will keep alive the sense of sport in his encounter with Nature and have all the pleasure of occasional success following many defeats. Otherwise his efforts will be a series of muddied experiments, one on top of another, to the ruin—whether in oils or water-colour, but especially in water-colour—of any result which will bear inspection.

Practised on these terms amateur sketching is the most diverting of all occupations, " diverting " in the literal sense of the word, for it does literally turn the mind away from all else that may have filled it or darkened it, and for the time being keep it absorbed in the new occupation. You stalk your subject, wait for the right moment to catch it and fix it, and then have an hour or two of alternate delight and despair, delight at the wonders of light and colour, despair of reducing them to a flat wash on a white piece of paper. The simplest subject will do this for you ; a yellow-washed wall with shadow falling on it will call half your paint-box into action ; a tree you thought green will reveal blues and purples in its depths, you will exhaust your umbers and madders in the effort to get its different shades of green in relief against one another. Now and again you will achieve something which you may think worth keeping ; more often you will acknowledge defeat and promise yourself to come again and do better, but in either case you will have had for the time beintj a perfect diversion, and something will have sunk into you and remain.

The drawback is that this absorption is for the time b?ing so complete that the return to your normal occupation is very difficult. Sometimes my wife says to me : " This is a beautiful morning, just the day for the sketch you promised me looking up the garden to the woods ; go out and put off your writing to the afternoon." I say : " Quite impossible, for after sketching in the morning I shall be quite unfit for writing in the afternoon. I shall be filled up with the garden and the woods and shall need a night **in** bed to get rid of them." For this reason the amateur will generally

have to do 'his sketching from Nature, paint pictures as it is called, am his .holidays, or on a free day at the end of the week- Even so he will have certain difficulties. He will not be popular with companions who want to move on ; the time given to painting will be deducted from the time available for other sorts of sport ; if he tries to paint where there are lookers-on, he will be an object of public curiosity, perhaps even ridicule.

None of this, however, touches the secret, quiet habit of carrying a sketch-book and pencil in your pocket and confiding to it your observations on your walks at home or abroad. A little practice will train your memory to keep the general aspect of the scene in mind until you <^et home and can fix your outline with a wash of colour* It is—to me, at all events—much greater fun than photography and takes hardly, if at all, longer. Do this, and as time goes on you will have a continuous diary of your walks and travels which will bring back to you not merely the particular scene, but what you were feeling and thinking, and all manner of little incidentals, such as who was with you and where you were coming from and where you were going next on that particular day.

1 have a pile of these little sketch-books containing jottings from half the world in a fine disorder just as they fell. Large numbers of them have no merit artistically, and I hope they will never meet any other eye. But some of the worst still speak to nts personally, and I get an innocent and tranquillising sort of feeling when I go back on them and bring past days and hours to life again.

J. A. SPENDER,
New Lamps and Ancient Lights (1940)

THE NEW GROUNDWORK OF ARCHITECTURE

HITLER hates flat roofs. An increasingly unimportant fact, I admit, but a fact which stands for something. It stands for the bitter hatred of perverse and unteachable men for the new pattern of life which is everywhere emerging out of the old—to our imminent peril if we do not comprehend it. This queer little phobia about roofs symbolises opposition to knowledge, a blind refusal to understand. Not that flat roofs are, in themselves, either new or invariably essential to a liberal view of architecture. But it is characteristic

of the Hitler mind to seize on a non-essential aspect of new thought and " make an example " of it, beating it up, chasing it round the town and finally knocking it into a cocked hat—or, more accurately in this case, a cocked roof. The truth about flat roofs is simple enough. In days when the only common roofing materials were timber, tiles, and slates, it was convenient to introduce a slope to get rid of the rain as quickly as possible. But in an age accustomed to steel, concrete, and asphalt, the pitched roof is no longer essential. Flat roofs are as good or better. There is nothing in this, surely, to rouse a Nazi's ire. Certainly not. But the trouble where Hitler is concerned is that the flat roof, the continuous horizontal windbw, the long unpillared span all coalesce under the sanction of a new philosophy of architecture, a philosophy identified with scientific thought which is, in its very essence, anti-fascist and which Hitler intensely dislikes. (It is worth noting, by the way, that Mussolini,, whose fascism fails to arrive at the Teutonic intensity of Hitler's, has admitted modern architecture into his state. It is a bit of a misfit, but it is there.)

Architecture is going to be important in the modern world and I want to show in this article what is happening in the world of building and what it is that the Hitler mind so very much dislikes. It is, I believe, in spite of Hitler, solid, unassailable, and permanent.

It is precisely because the change in the world-outlook for architecture is so deep, so fundamental, that it is hard to explain it in a few words. If it were a matter of praising one " style " at the expense of another, of trying to prove that horizontal strip windows were nicer to look at than diamond panes, it would be easier. I could put up a case, and you could agree or not as you liked. Either way,. it would not matter in the slightest. But what I am attempting is to give you an inkling of the complete change of standpoint which the latest phase of Architecture involves. This is not easy, but it is important. Whether architecture in this country moves forward or stands still and rots, will depend very much on whether responsible men and women really understand what is happening, or whether they remain indifferent and uninformed.

I will begin by comparing two very different general conceptions of what architecture is—the old conception and the new. The old conception shows us an activity indissolubly married to the past. I believe for many people the word architecture, is always coloured by antiquarianism. Architecture—old churches—fanlights—styles—periods—ornaments. An architect is a man who knows all about

these things and is able to select and adapt styles for modern purpos'es and to modern methods of construction. " This *charming* Queen Anne style mansion with all modern conveniences " represents- the house-agent's idea of what a capable architect should perform, and it is, I suppose, roughly the idea which the public accepts. And not only the public. Till quite recently architecture was taught as a combination of historical adaptation (the tasty part) and technology (the dull part). In some backward schools it still is. In such schools the student is greatly concerned with the " interpretation " of the past. " Georgian with a modern flavour " is approved for domestic work ; " free Gothic " for churches ; and " a modern adaptation " of " Neo-grec " for commercial buildings ; the " freedom " and " modernity " giving the necessary scope for the designer's initiative and self-esteem.

This loose bondage to the past is usually called " tradition." It is architectural Toryism. It is the Royal Academy point of view. It is the line of least resistance, defended, like other Tory lines, by platitudes, catch-phrases, and every form of easy lip-service—everything but clear thought. And it goes hand-in-hand with the traditional idea of the architect's place in society—the idea of the artist as the •genteel lackey of the wealthy, the man who turns surplus profits into picturesque country houses and imposing city fagades. The typical architect of yesterday is the man who, by a combination of skill, luck, and assiduity, builds up a " practice," erects a " Gothic " church or two, half a dozen " Georgian " houses, a " Tudor " pub and a " Classical " office block, and leaves behind him a modest fortune and a more or less respected name. There is nothing contemptible about this picture of an architect, but as I shall show in a moment, it is getting a little out of date—like the architecture which belongs to it.

Now for the new conception of architecture. I can best introduce it by telling you how it has come about.9 From time to time, during the past hundred years, men of independent and unusually perceptive minds have noticed a rift between " architecture " as taught and practised, and architecture as a way of making man's surroundings convenient, healthy, and beautiful. Ruskin was one of the first to notice the rift and shout about it ; but Ruskin lived too soon to get his bearings in the emerging world of science, and his discovery was lost in rhetorical and highly individualistic philosophising. A few men? living about the time of Ruskin's death, however, saw things more clearly. I will not burden you with their names except in one case, that of Frank Lloyd Wright, the great American, whose name, hon-

soured by architects the world over (except, I suppose, in Nazi-land), you probably know.

Wright in America, and other men in other countries, began to re-state the meaning of architecture. They began to ask : What is architecture ? What is its real basis ? They put the answer in the broadest possible way, something like this. Architecture is the accurate application of man's universal knowledge to the problems of shelter and warmth, of healthy and convenient living ; and knowledge in this context means, not merely knowledge of the practice of brick-laying, carpentry, and plumbings but of the whole scientific field—knowledge of new potentialities all along the line, how they are changing, and what the mass of people really require of architecture. They saw architecture as the whole range of contemporary knowledge brought to bear on one contemporary problem.

This may sound a roundabout way of saying something obvious. It has always been the business of any architect at any time to bring knowledge to bear on the problem in hand and to solve it in a practical way. But the whole architectural scene had become terribly lop-sided. Interest had come to centre in *results* rather than in *methods,* and results were always judged against the background of the past. Thus building types with a long tradition behind them, like churches, colleges, museums, and great country houses, always figured as the cream of architectural production ; while hospitals, factories, elementary schools, public baths, and mass housing were thought of as necessary but artistically uninteresting buildings which were only in a small degree susceptible of what was called " artistic treatment." There was, and to some extent still is, a line drawn between the cultured and artistic architect who deals in churches and colleges and town halls, and the common run of architect who makes a living out of dull but necessary things like working-class housing, factories, and state schools. You have only to look round the deplorable assembly of miscellaneous drawings in the annual Royal Academy show to see how certain building types still retain their " snob-value " and how others appear to have found their way in by the kind tolerance of the hanging committee.

The vision of the pioneers of the new movement in architecture has changed this prejudiced outlook. For them, the absorbing thing in architecture is not to produce striking results out of individual opportunities, but to consider the actual life of a healthy modern community, analyse, and discover the right architectural answers as part of the whole answer, without any preconceptions

about how these results will look in the picture gallery of tradition.

This, you see, has nothing to do with the invention of a new brand of architecture, a " modern style." The departure is on a much more fundamental level. It is, if you like, the discovery of a new philosophy of architecture.

However, something very like a new style has resulted. When imagination becomes absorbed in methods rather than results, when traditional standards of comparison are relinquished, it is a clear consequence that the trimmings and symbols associated with tradition lose their meaning. Ornament goes. But that is not all. The " topsy-turveydo-n " which sends ornament to the bottom of the scale, brings other, forgotten, values to the top. The exciting part of the* designer's work is now the actual spatial arrangement of the building,, which is susceptible of infinite finesse. And it is no accident that this exclusive concern with spaces, proportions, and mass dovetails-exactly with the aims of modern "' abstract " or " constructivist " painting. Ornament, then, is swept away like autumn leaves. Architecture becomes diagramatic. The aristic conception, the emotional zest, is in the very bones of the building, not in the " treatment " or " handling " of its facades.

It is not always easy to bring home to the layman the qualities-of a building designed by an architect with this new outlook. Just as the laymiii expects every painting to " represent " something, so* he expects a building to stage an ;* effect," to have something complicated about it, some " features " on which he can consciously fasten his attention -and pass an opinion. This is the result of habit, and of confusing the associative, historic beauties of architecture with the absolute beauties arising from the simplest structural forms and their precise and sensitive arrangement. The fundamental beauty of all architecture resides in the relation it bears to life and to the particular department of life for which it is designed. Much old architecture, with its rich and highly artificial ornamentation, may seem to belie this. But remember that these old buildings were designed for rich and highly artificial modes of life. To-day we are, I hope, not interested in accumulating vast family fortunes and cresting them with expensive frills. Certainly we do not want to be artificial. Moreover, the great architecture of the past has often been the instrument and symbol of a class—the baron, the ecclesiastic, or the great landlord, parading his consequence before his compeers and before the people. The architecture of to-day must be the archi-

lecture not of a class but of the community itself. The need* for parade vanishes. We are rediscovering architectural beauties deeper and subtler than any which the fourteenth or eighteenth centuries knew, but of which the Greeks had,, perhaps, more than a glimpse.

At this point you may be asking yourself whether there is any difference between the outlook of the newer kind of architect and that of the engineer. The answer is that engineer and architect work in different regions of the same field. The engineer is a specialist in the calculated solution of structural problems. The architect is a specialist in what can only partly be calculated—the disposition of a building to suit the elastic needs of everyday life. Unfortunately, the misconceptions of yesterday are still preventing a real collaboration between the two professions. Far too many architects still think of the engineer as a subordinate who looks after obscure but necessary calculations ; and far too many engineers think of architects as men who deal with the " pretty part " after the bones of the building have been fixed. Architects know too little about engineering. Engineers have (in my experience, anyway) conventional and wholly unprogressive ideas about architecture.

Ideally, engineering and architecture should be engaged in a continuous give and take, each thoroughly alive to the potentialities of the other, and I know individual cases (all too few) where this is happening. Such enlightenment must spread. The engineer is out .for one thing—performance ; the task of getting the greatest strength with the least material. The architect is out to knit performance into that synthesis of qualities which makes the new architecture. Here is a combination of two kinds of vision, and I will try to indicate their nature more exactly. Compare the engineer's mind and the architect's. The engineer juggles with data and groups of data. In creative mood he intuitively sees how certain groups of data, each bristling with potentialities, may be related in a particular way to produce a new result : for instance, he may envisage a certain mix of concrete which, combined with a certain arrangement of steel of a certain quality, will reach a new " high " in structural efficiency. Quite incidentally, his discovery may produce a new shape, a new proportion. Here his creative work touches the architect's. The architect is concerned not so much, with structural data as with structural shapes and the way they can be used to produce the maximum order and efficiency in his planning. The light aerial quality of the new architecture, its luminosity and spaciousness, are due entirely to the pioneer-architects' exploitation of what engineers

have discovered. The engineers, for instance, discovered reinforced concrete construction, with its capacity for wide spans and small support points, its unending potentialities for flexibility of design- The earlier buildings in which reinforced concrete was used, however, showed not the slightest appreciation of the imaginative possibilities of the discovery. The wide spans were merely expedients fitted into a building of traditional character. It was left for men like Frank Lloyd Wright and (I cannot resist adding two more very great names) Auguste Ferret and le Corbusier to see that modern engineering was reaching out to join hands with the modern spirit in design, as manifested, for instance, by the abstract painters, and that a new architecture was ready to come into being.

I hope I have given you, is these few paragraphs, some idea of the great change which has come about in architecture, the new-groundwork which has emerged and on which all hope of architectural progress must be based.

JOHN SUMMERSON, *World Review* (1941)

ENGLAND AND HER NEIGHBOURS-

OCTOBER LAKE

THE October leaves have fallen on the lake. On bright, calm days they lie in thousands on the now darkening water, mostly yellow flotillas of poplar floating continuously down from great trees that themselves shake in the windless air with the sound of falling water, but on rainy days or after rain they seem to swim or be driven away, and nothing remains to break the surface except the last of the olive-yellow lily-pads that in high summer covered every inch of water like plates of emerald porcelain. The lilies have gone too, the yellow small-headed kind that in bud are like swimming snakes, and the great reeds are going, woven by wind and frost into untidy basket islands under which coot and moorhen skid for cover at the sound of strangers.

All summer, in this world of water-lilies, the coot and moorhen lived a bewildered life. There was no place where they could swim, and all day they could be seen walking daintily, heads slightly aside and slightly down, across the lily-hidden water, as bemused by the worW of leaves as they had been in winter by the world of ice. In the clearer water they are more active. The lake is long and unbroken except for two small islands. The birds, as the fit takes them, dash madly up and down it, taking off and touching down like small fussy black sea-planes. Beside them the arrival of the wild duck, at much higher speed, is almost majestic. They plane down, the necks of the drakes shining like royal green satin, with the air of squadrons coming in after long flights from home.

It was not until late summer that fishing was possible. The water was so low and clear after drought that the fish could be seen in great dark shoals, sunning themselves, shy, impossible to catch. Only in the evenings, as the air cooled and the water darkened, and the sruface was broken with the silver dances of the rising shoals, would you perhaps get a bite or two, a baby perch sucking at the worm, a roach no bigger than a sardine. All the time, on bright hot mornings especially, great pike would lie out in the middle of the lake in shoals of ten or even twenty, like black torpedoes, transfixed, never moving except in sudden immense rises that rocked the water-surface with rings.

It is curious, but all the life on and about \\ater seems to belong to water. Except for a solitary wren fidgeting delicately about the banks under the alder trees, or a robin singing in the October afternoons across the water from the islands, all the bird-life is that of water-birds. Rooks never-seem to come here, nor starlings ; an occasional pigeon flaps across to the woods ; even the sea-gulls belong to the ploughed land. But wild swans come back to nest in the piles of fawn-coloured reeds in the spring, and two great herons stalk the water-meadows every day, struggling ponderously upwards at the sound of voices. Snipe whirl away across the tussocks of brown-quilled sedge on the adjacent marshland, and a solitary kingfisher breaks with magic electric streaks the dark enclosures under the alders that span the narrowest water. But sometimes, and for long periods, there is no life and no sound at all. The water is slowly stilled after the last fish have broken it, the coot are silent, the leaves cease their shaking and falling in the dead October air. The crimson float comes to rest on water that seems to have on it a skin of oil.

On such still clear days the colour is wonderful. From the south bank of the water poplar and alder and ash and horse-chestnut let fall high liquid curtains of lemon and bronze. Orchards of cherry and pear smoulder with drooping orange flames, beyond the light wall of almost naked willows. The oaks are still green, buf the beeches in the distances stand like red mountains. And on the lake itself unexpected colour springs up : an island of quince trees, still green, but hung with many ripe lanterns of bright fruit that no one gathers.

On a Sunday morning, a little away from the lakeside, in the orchard, an old man with red cheeks and white hair fixes a ladder against a tree of pears. What year is it ? It is not possible to tell. It is not possible to tell, that is, from the curtains of liquid colour that drip down into the lake, the glowing lemon quinces that are falling ungathered into the water, the orchard, the pear tree, the old man testing with aged feet the set of the ladder, the sound of moving air stirring once again the slow detachments of bright-yellow poplar leaves far up the water. It is quite impossible to tell. The beauty and atmosphere of water, the things that flourish on and in it and about it, are quite timeless. So this might be 1840, or 1740 ; it might be a year when Gilbert White was recording the season at Selbourne, when Kilvert was recording with naive passion the young girls and the'young spring times of Victorian Clyro, when Walton, too, was

holding a line in this autumn water and waiting for a touch. The silent lake, the turning leaves, the old man under the pear tree, the float on the water, are words in a language all these men could understand.

There remain the things they could not have understood. Walton would have been puzzled by the behaviour of scores of fish, which leapt out of the lake after a tremendous and very close explosion on a still afternoon ; Kilvert, used to hard Victorian winters, would have wondered about the stray, snow-feathered circles and spirals and figures of eight drawn five miles up in the blue October sky, as if someone had been skating there ; White would have been unable to identify the frequent flocks of high white birds, like celestial sea-gulls, or the twinkling metallic objects that fly down into the water from nowhere, like a steel shower of dragon-flies.

None of them would have understood the thunder that shakes the earth on days when there obviously is no thunder, the moan and stutter of a sky that seems quite empty, or the object which suddenly flowers out of the sky like a giant convolvulus of pure white silk and floats down to rest somewhere on Kentish earth. None of them would have understood—and seeing the glowing quince trees reflected in the calm golden October lake among the dying lily-leaves you could excuse them for it—thart this was a battlefield.

H. E. BATES, *The Spectator* (1940)

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

PERHAPS the first time when the realisation of the spirit of England moved me deeply was when, as a boy, I arrived in the battlefield of the old Western Front. It was a place which there is little need to describe to-day, except that it was a vision of ruin and violence, and one might be excused on first seeing it for saying, "My thoughts troubled me." But joining the men who were fighting the war in these surroundings, I found among them such a cheerful and courageous philosophy, such ready ability, tireless co-operation and friendship, and constant quiet humour, that the first impression was swiftly overcome. To-day I look back to that remote experience with gratitude for and with pride in the spirit that turned the whole thing into a stronghold of human excellence.

I subsequently had another particular occasion to feel and to

rejoice in that sustaining spirit, and in a revelation of the strength of England. It was not in itself anything extraordinary for a great number of Englishmen, but it was something new for me. Leaving my modest function as a journalist behind for a time, I was permitted to sign on as a member of the ship's company of a cargo-boat, bound for the Argentine and elsewhere. With all reverence to that vanished vessel, I must confess that she was far from lovely. " Mister, she's a dirty ship "—such was the daily greeting. Her crew were not getting very rich in return for the heavy discomfort and labour and once or twice danger which they endured. Their turn of exile was long, and their future (when it should be ended) looked rather unpromising. But with what sturdy hearts and flow of wit they accepted whatever came ! Most of these men had had adventures and accidents during the War of 1914-18, which might have haunted them for life ; but they scarcely bothered about them. To me that crew on the ever coal-black deck, or swallowing strange brands of beer in dismal dockland cabins, remains as a picture of the spirit of England.

I could add other moments from the past in which, it might be while we were walking round a farm, or loitering in an East End street market, or on a train journey through one of those impenetrable fogs which we receive now and then, I felt with sudden exultation the essential honour, modesty, bravery, fairness, and total sanity of the English spirit. From here at home to the ends of the earth it is found, and where it is, it is regarded with profound admiration by observers of other nationalities : " England has many an unexpected lover." But, lest these paragraphs should seem like some passage of an autobiography, let it be said that every one of us has his or her approach to the theme of the spirit of England ; every one has had particular occasions when the vision became peculiarly vivid and intimate and memorable, and accordingly we may all illustrate the faith we share and the ideals we follow in our countless individual ways.

Sometimes (and here a great many people will agree with me) I think that it is among the painters whom the kingdom has produced that we find the national temper, or quality, or wisdom displayed as beautifully and truthfully as anywhere. If it is an old charge against British painting that we have never produced works of sublime imagination, or grotesque power, or fierce passion such as other schools of painting have given to the world, it need not depress us much. For our tradition has its own fine values. It has

been, through all changes of taste or fashion, the devoted and thankful representation of the life we love, and the simplicities to which we perpetually return.

A host of Englishmen have been content to exercise their art of painting in the interpretation of quiet scenery, and the operations of the farmer's year ; they have altogether formed a school of British landscape painting which in itself, so far as I know, has no superior anywhere in the world and probably no equal. Some of these men, endowed with commanding genius, have left great names—men like John Constable, John Crome, J. S. Cotman ; but their masterpieces are not different in attitude from the thousands of good pictures by less known artists. All have been inspired \\ith the same love of nature and the countryside, which again is not the special emotion of our artists but has been and is the general English spirit. It is an understanding which has been developed through many centuries and which is connected with the familiar yet ever enchanting scenes of our farms, villages, village greens, market towns, and winding roads as well as with the sweetness and soundness of the English way of looking at life.

Speaking of that, I should like to dwell a moment more on a characteristic of our painters apart from that gracious and gentle sense of the happy relationship betweer! man and the land. This country has seen many admirable painters of portraits, about which, considered sheerly as works of art, others may judge ; but to me it seems that in the typical English portrait the painter was less concerned to experiment with some new form or scheme of colours than he was eager to see and to record the moral quality of his subject. When you look at such pictures, you come into the company of real people with interesting and heartening characters ; elsewhere you see rather the compositions of brilliant technique, without the humanity. And here again I find not a trait of our painters so much as a feeling which is national. We look for and we love the expressions of varied, keen and generous character.

It is, of course, in English books that the spirit of England, alike in reference to our national temperament and course of action and as regards the actual setting in which we live,, is reflected with a fullness and eloquence and insight beyond comparison ancient and modern. The subject on which I am writing might perhaps haye been settled in a single word—Shakespeare. There, at any rate, almost all the world would be in agreement. But leave out Shakespeare. Think of some of our novelists : what a light they throw

on the good and great, the humorous and serious elements in the /Englishman's world, within and without ! A happier race of writers rnever flourished. They have not neglected the shadows of our life, but in the end and quite naturally theirs is the effect of a golden sunshine. They rejoice in the cleverness of nature.

J. B. Priestly has paid them the tribute of one who has a special right to speak of them : " Our great writers of fiction are all very different, but nevertheless they are all alike in this—that they are all able to present to us vital figures, in whose existence, no matter [how wild and strange they may be, we are compelled to believe while we are reading." Occasionally one of these writers has insisted on the tragic tale rather than the pleasant ending ; Thomas Hardy, for example. Yet, even in the instance of Hardy, the entire effect of the Wessex Novels is one of courage, and loyalty, and healthy open ways, and skilful and courteous communities, and a deep seeking for peace and order. Had the case been otherwise, there would never 'have been such a number of pilgrimages into Dorset by those ,w'ho found their best moods realised in many a favourite page of Hardy's old England.

Then there is Trollope, with his .Barsetshire, exhibiting us to ourselves with the most amusing artfulness, but always liking us even In our frailty, never lapsing into malice—refusing to consider himself as placed on any sort of eminence from which to pass final judgment, sharing in the whole give-and-take of the society he sets going.

If the spirit of England were to be judged through the novels of Trollope, tliere would not be much to be afraid of. And it is not only in his characters and what they do with life that he leaves a gladness on the mind—he too, in his way, like Hardy with his marvellous interludes of rural description, depicts an England of town and village and corn exchange and walled garden which we know to be true. The union of power and gentleness which has resulted in manor-houses and cottages throughout the land, and has crowned every few miles of the scene with some grey steeple among companionable elms and aspens, is within the English nature invisibly as it is visible to every wayfarer. When the masterly writers come among us in their turns, they do not need to struggle for such things. Trollope is. a capital instance of this ; in his *Autobiography* he tells us how he used to write his tales, so many thousand words at a stretch, tike any other job of work. But the spirit of England was in him, and swiftly took a hand at the job.

Jt is natural that at times of marked emergency, when there has

appeared some uncommon menace to the English inheritance, writers of genius have been moved to reconsider and to illustrate that inheritance with more than wonted zeal. Like other Englishmen, they have not flaunted their patriotism, but under troubled skies it has burned with a pure flame.

In the anxious days that preceded the French Revolution, quiet William Gowper was inspired to describe what he found exquisitely precious in his walks in our country places, and to invoke in his countrymen those honourable and selfless resolutions which ultimately meant the preservation of that sweet and fruitful England. It is still alive.

" Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
While far beyond and overthwart the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful belU
Just undulates upon the listening ear ;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

So Gowper pointed out, in one manifestation, the spirit of England, well knowing that in the picture was to be found the quality of her children.

A few years later, when European affairs had come to a tremendous crisis and when Napoleon was planning the last chapter of our history in terms of blockade and invasion, it happened that we were blessed by the rise of several truly remarkable poets who surveyed past, present, and future with far-seeing minds and uttered their visions nobility of manner. Such were that pair of friends, Wordsworth and Goleridge ; men very dissimilar in personality, but equally gifted in understanding what England is and means to civilisation.

In their meditations and odes, once more, we have the double nature of the theme : both set before us outward shows of our country, and both assert the virtues of the nation.

These poets, in their work, have not grown stale or old. With Coleridge we may to-day gaze for a moment, as though we had never really looked before, on some beloved locality, the composite handiwprk of nature and our forefathers. With him we may voice something of what we feel after such moments :—

" O native Britain ! O my Mother Isle !
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
\Vhatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being ?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country."

From Wordsworth came a succession of sonnets, often written when the country's situation took some ominous turn, always revealing with perfect brightness the spiritual resources by which England could and would overcome it; and these pieces dedicated to independence and liberty remain as a clue to the national greatness when crisis challenges.

" ' Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought."

Even the ironical figure of Byron, for all his jests at the expense of John Bull, really comes at last into the circle of those who have honoured the spirit of England. In those dashing cantos which bring his Don Juan to London,

" On ! on ! through meadows, managed like a garden,
A paradise of hops and high production,"

and. in the other which describes at leisure his Newstead Abbey, " embosomed in a happy valley," one discerns an undercurrent oflonging and affection. The illustrious exile, had he survived his campaign for Greek freedom, would certainly have hailed the opportunity to return home and acquire a new and calmer force. However he disguised it, the English secret fascinated him ; and it was the secret of his astonishing lifework too. For it has been England's gift, time out of mind, to bring forth individualists, surprising people, men and women who appear to be utterly diverse from their kin ; and yet in the midst of their startling activities we may find that they still belong to and express the English way.

One more personality can hardly ever be omitted when the spirit of England is being discussed. Dr. Johnson would have pretended to see little to the purpose in poets who relate the mellow beauty and ancient order of this land to the deeply founded principles and splendid aims of Englishmen. But he knew the secret as well as anybody. He was pleased with a reminiscence of his early days in London, when he and his friend Savage were \\retchedly poor : one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation ; but, in high spirits and brimful of patriotism, traversed the square for several hours, inveighed against the minister,, and " resolved they would *stand by their country."*

And that takes me back again in memory to those scarcely more affluent but equally characteristic Englishmen with whom these remarks began, and whose kind has by no means diminished in the land.

EDMUND BLVNDEN, w*orld Review* (1940)

THE JOURNEYS OF A STAY-AT-HOME

To travel hopefully is, as we know, better than to arrive and even the pleasantest places do not, as a rule, quite come up to our ecstatic visions of them. There is inevitably something lacking, something made of the fabric of youthful dreams and so unattainable. Those are indeed to be pitied who have not kept their youthfulness of spirit at least in this one thing that they can look forward, counting the days. Of this childishness I hope always to be a victim, and I am quite sure that I have found in journeys some of the most poignant of all joys. Moreover, they have not changed. That is,,

if you go by train. There is one journey, of surpassing felicity, tjiat I make by road, and I have little doubt that I shall describe it before I have done ; but otherwise I go by trains having a beautifully conservative quality. Superficial changes, and those, it must grudgingly be admitted, for the better, there are. When I lived at Down as a little boy, going to London was if not an adventure at least an enterprise. To get to Orpington in the wagonette with the slow horse took three-quarters of an hour, and a similar time was often spent at the station. Now from Down it ib a matter of ten minutes in a car and a train that starts rigidly on the minute. In any case, that is but a suburban, season-ticket-holding journey about which there can be no ecstasy.

It may be said that every journey, however delightful, must have its converse in the return ; but that is taking far too long a view, and is very unfair to home. There is sadness when the sands are run out and the labels that we wrote so gaily seem now to mock at us, but it is only a gentle one. Almost the only journey of unrelieved gloom was that back to school. School was very agreeable when you reached it, but never the parting and the going there, heralded as it was by the intolerable kindness of everybody on the last day. I have a friend who as a boy was very fond of castle puddings, and they regularly appeared at luncheon before he set out on that dread journey. In due course he grew up and became a schoolmaster and still the tradition survived : on the final day of the holidays, castle puddings. At last he could bear it no more, and gave up schoolmastering. People could be as kind as kind could be, but nothing could alter the fact that they would stay where they were and life would go on just as before when you were far away. Of all these journeys the most harrowing memory is of private school days at Oxford. On one Sunday in the middle of the term my father would come down to stay with an uncle and aunt, and I could go out for the whole day. There would be a fairy chariot, disguised as a hansom, waiting at half-past eight at the bottom of the lane outside the school gates and a fine, long, jingling drive (when joy is so near one is not impatient) from Summertown, in those days in the country, right into Oxford, over Magdalen Bridge and so out on the other side up the steep hill to Headington. Then there was my father, and sausages for breakfast. How different was the journey in the evening. The mind now, revolted at the mere thought of sausages, and supper, a hollow mockery, was swallowed with difficulty in tearful gulps. The drive back, gloomy enough in any case, was further

darkened by the fear lest my eyes should be pink. Once a boy commented, not with any great unkindness, on their condition, and I car*, remember his name after more than fifty years.

And now " avay vith melincolly." The best journey in the world —and surely many people will agree with me—was that home from, the War. That was the exception to prove the rule that the journey is better than the arrival. Mine was a long one, all the way from Salonica, with plenty of time for gloating. I made it twice, once to* come home on leave after two years abroad, once to come home with peace declared, and be free from soldiering. Between them was,, of course, the going back, over which a veil may be drawn. The bitterness of meeting at Faenza a leave-party on the way home will not bear thinking of. In one way the first was the more exciting and breath-taking of the two ; it was certainly the more hilarious,, perhaps because on the second occasion I had been ill. Yet it was. the second journey that had the genuine " Good-byee " feeling, when one could shake one's fist in the face of Mount Olympus for ever, and the gulls crying over Southampton Water sang one home for good and all.

The jam of that journey was deliciously spread out, for it lasted over a fortnight. First came a train, sometimes along a sea that seemed to justify Edgar Allan Poe's epithet of " perfumed." It passed Parnassus and the Vale of Tempe and Thermopylae, which,, as Baedeker dryly remarked, has considerably changed since Leonidas's day. From Bralo, by lorry on a road of marvellous hairpin bends, to Itea, with Delphi high up in the hills above us. It was* possible to get there by a very slow cab, and the weather was desperately hot, and when I said I would go if anyone would come with me I expected the answer " no " (like *num.* in Latin), and was not unrelieved to get it. Next in a ship full of French officers to Taranto, and after that a pause in a rest camp and much consumption of Asti Spumante as appropriate to the occasion. And then when a troop train condescended to start, the last long lap, a whole week in the train to Cherbourg.

That train certainly did not hurry, and I have a recollection (this was the second journey in December) that it once halted while the men got out and decked their caps with mistletoe from a neighbouring wood. At the stations in Italy small boys assembled with offers of a fig or two, saying at the same time in insinuating tones : "Johnnie, bullybeef." They had considerably the best of the exchange, and this treatment of good rations had to be stopped. There

were two pauses, chiefly for washing, at rest camps, one at Faenza and one near Lyons, with one of the loveliest of names—St. Germain au Mont d'Or. The Faenza camp was palatial. The French Army would, I suspect, have run it with a subaltern and a corporal. The Pritish Army, having less regard for the tax-payer, ran it with a Colonel and a glittering staff in blue tabs. I must add in all gratitude that the Colonel did it transcendently well ; the dinner and the band, ready at any time of day or night to play " If you were the only girl in the world," and Miss Lena, who was a generally beneficient and seductive presence, are very pleasant to recall, and on the last journey they were none the less so, because we met some poor wretches—poor, poor wretches !—on their way back to Macedon. I could go on for ever, but I must only remember one more little scene from those dream journeys. It was somewhere in that lovely wooded centre of France far from the war, where middle-aged warriors, not in horizon blue but in their ancient red trousers, patrolled the platforms. At one station was an American soldier with whom we had some talk. He was bewailing the fact that he had not seen Hoboken for four months. Somebody replied, not without heat, that some of us had not seen England for three years. The train moved on and we left him speechless. Hoboken reminds me of a journey not to be despised from America, when night after night I would pace alone in the dark on the highest deck, carolling softly to myself and looking at the poor waves that were going back to New-York while I was going home. Yet another tremendous moment on a journey was the first waking in the sunshine of the South of France ; but over that I have elsewhere rhapsodised. That is enough of these exotic delights. I am afraid I am rather like the boy in the du Maurier picture who said, " Bother abroad ! I've been there." The journeys that I love best to retrace are here at home in honest British trains, through honest and sometimes ugly British country.

Certain rules may be laid down for a journey that is to attain the quintessence of gloating. It must in the first place be tolerably long, so that we have time to settle down and think about it. More important still, it must be on a familiar line to a familiar spot. There is a friend of mine who visits one of the same paradises as I do. When he arrived not long ago at his point of departure, Paddington, his porter said to him, " Same place as usual, I suppose." That made me miserably envious, for it had never happened to me, and what better start can be imagined ? I would have poured gold into

that porter's hand. Failing him, there is on the best journeys a guard or a ticket-inspector who tells us at a particular station that there is a quarter of an hour to wait, and that we shall start again from a certain platform. His information is wholly superfluous, for he has done the same thing for years ; but to give him a shilling is part of the tradition. A journey to a new place may be full of interest and adventure, but we do not want adventure ; rather an absolute certainty of what is going to happen so that, if we look out of the window at any given moment, we know where we are and rejoice at once in the two partially conflicting facts, that we are getting nearer and that there is still so far to go.

The journeys that I love have all something to do with golf, and each has its special quality. There is the journey to Hoylake, for instance, which gives a shiver of that not unpleasing terror which the southerner feels when he sets out northwards. Sir Leicester Dedlock believed the north to be peopled exclusively by " conspirators, swarthy and grim, who were in the habit of turning out by torch-light, two or three nights in the week, for unlawful purposes," and we, who come from the south, deliberately encourage ourselves in a similar belief. Haworth, when I saw it, with its grim streets and the black moors beyond it, seemed to me the perfect embodiment of this darkling and awful romance. I have cultivated that terror ever since I was a small boy and first read the sporting news. Ulyett and Grimshaw and Saul Wade, the great men of Yorkshire, were murky demons ; Blackburn and Sheffield, whence came the Rovers and the Wednesday, had a dreadful thrill of their own and have it still. I play at a game of being brave, of being a solitary vedette in an enemy country, as I go north and see the first slag-heap. When I get to Runcorn, witfy the ship canal far below me and gaunt Widnes beyond, under its alkali canopy, my teeth chatter in my head in simulated and delicious fear.

'To go to Scotland is also to go northwards, and yet that journey has an entirely different though equally characteristic flavour. By day it is almost too long and the country is too flat and dull and ugly till we reach Northumberland and then come curving into Berwick and behold the rippling Tweed. It is better by night, when York and Newcastle are but unknown, mysterious places " in the middle of the night when the clock strikes nothing," marked only by a clanking of couplings and milk-cans. It is great fun to walk up the platform at King's Cross, reading the names in the windows of the sleeping-cars and identifying friends and then, if all is well, there

comes a blank till we wake up in a country of burns, not streams, and are nearly in Edinburgh. If we can bestir ourselves early enough, \ve eat our breakfast as we cross the Forth Bridge ; then comes Kirkcaldy, with its welcoming smell of linoleum, and Cupar and Leuchars, and then again we come curving in to see not the Tweed but the Eden and the links of St. Andrews.

Rye and Sandwich have journeys not to be despised, and I retain for ever the memory of ham sandwiches eaten in surroundings, at once so peaceful and so draughty on Minster platform, in order to save time for an afternoon round. Indeed, ham sandwiches deserve their place in any category of such joys, or used to do so, until the pampering restaurant car was devised. Cold beef and cold mutton are both excellent things, and yet in sandwiches unendurable. Harn alone finds its perfect complement in bread. When John Wilkes wrote or published a poem beginning, *Awake, my Sandwich,* he did better than he knew. Those particular verses, addressed to Jimmy Twitcher, were, I believe, regrettably improper, but there could scarce be loftier theme for the poet than ham sandwiches, for they are of the very essence of romance.

There is likewise the journey to Westward Ho ! and the seeing of the first red earth, but when I think of going westward, I must think first, last, and all the time of going to the lovely country of Merioneth. Of late I have fallen away from my allegiance to the train ; and indeed this journey has never been quite what it was since the train from Paddington insisted on ousting those from that older point of departure, Euston. I miss Rugby and Stafford and Rugeley, home of William Palmer, if only because once in the days of foot-warmers and no corridors I used to start from Cambridge at half-past seven on a cold winter morning and change at Bletchley. Call it folly if you will, but I have a fancy for making this journey when there is snow^r on the ground, having such confidence in the climate of Merioneth that I believe the snow will have vanished when I get there. As far as Shrewsbury, the enchanter does not really wave his wand, though I like to look out of the window at a golf-course or two and think that I am bound for a better one. It is at Shrewsbury the spell begins to work. Even now there is a slight disappointment, for once upon a time the train stopped thereafter at every station ; there were twenty-two of them, and I once won a bet by naming every one. Now the train, comparatively speaking, whirls on its way. Those noble hills, the gates of Montgomeryshire, stand where they did ; the newspaper-boy at Moat Lane still cries his wares

in,a melancholy, piping note, but Pontdolgoch and Caersws flash past all too quickly. Yet those little mountain streams and the solitary little village Bethels are still there, and so is Talerddig on the crest of the last hill. That is where the snow stops ; I have journeyed all the way from London through a white land to find a green one beyond Talerddig, and then we rush down the hill seawards and are in effect there. Perhaps I should add that to-day in war-time the train has gone back to its old habit of stopping at all the stations, and there are now twenty-four of them.

In recent years I have made that journey in that car of my friend* A. Nay, why should not I name him in full ? Mr. C. J. M. Adie, of arresting initials, who once rowed in the most famous of Cambridge boats, was afterwards an Eton master, and now delves passionately in his garden at Wentworth. I cannot do less in gratitude than name him, for he introduced me not only to the joys of this journey, but of a certain game which we play on it, recommended to all travellers of simple and childish minds. The journey itself—there are many ways, but since this is a rite we only go one way—is an extraordinarily pretty one. Procul, O procul este, ye blackened meadows of Wolverhampton and slag-heaps of Oakengates ! Henley and Huntercombe and Dorchester, with its gorgeous church, that is our first lap, and so to Oxford. Woodstock, and so right through the Gotswolds—Chipping Norton, Moreton, Bourton-on-the Hill, and Broadway. Then through the orchards to Evesham and on to Pershore and Worcester. Bromyard and Leominster in Herefordshire, Ludlow in Shropshire are the next landmarks ; up the steep hill at Bishops Castle, and soon we are in Wales ; down the long Kerry Hill into Newton, and the last lap begins. It is a long one, and the odd thing is that while in the train it is only the Welsh part that is so exciting, by car we grow just a little weary of it. Not that it is not pretty ; but the first milestone out of Newtown announces 28 miles to Ma£hynlleth, and if you cannot help counting the milestones they seem to stretch themselves farther and farther apart. Still, Machynlleth does come at last, and we end with that loveliest of roads that hangs on the hillside, with woods above and rocks below, over the Dovey Estuary.

Now for the rules of the game. One is that we always have as glass of beer, which must be the genuine stunning barley wine, at Broadway ; another is that we have a sandwich lunch on Bromyard Common on a particular piece of turf. But these, though important, are the rules of the journey and not of the game. The game

proper consists in trying to remember the name of every village and of as many public-houses as possible in the course of 230 miles or-so, and it is surprising how good we get at it. My companion is, I freely admit, better than I am ; he has done it oftener ; he has the better eye for country, but I am really not bad. When first I travelled the road and he observed suddenly in the wilds of Shropshire, " In about two hundred yards we shall come to a board saying, 'Cottage Teas,' " it seemed to me a piece of witchcraft. Now, in my modest way I can do it too and even flatter myself that I know the turns to Stoke Prior and Little Brampton at least as accurately as he does. Once, moreover, he made the mistake of thinking, if only for a moment^ that the signpost " To Martley " came *before* Worcester.

" Can you imagine so abs\ird
A view ?"

It will be seen from these remarks that our fellowship is not perfect. It would not satisfy those insufferable bores who write about the team sprit. On the whole, we play honestly enough for the side, each ready to contribute something and not keeping wilfully up his sleeve the name of the *Sandys Arms* or the *Aleppo Merchant.* Yet it cannot be denied that there is a certain feline pleasure in remembering what the other fellow forgets. We learn a little more every time. Wooferton, Knightwick, and Drake's Broughton are fresh acquisitions, and the last time I found a brand-new village. Mr. Adie doubts whether it exists, and I, alas ! have now forgotten its name. Enough that it is near the *Wheat Sheaf Inn.* Some names we always forget. I, for instance, am very weak over Lidbury North (I've got it now) and I do not trust him overmuch about Enstone. We are a little like two batsmen, each of whom is apt to fall a victim to a particular kind of ball and can never really conquer it. In fact, I am beginning to be afraid that I shall never now get any better ; a sad state of things which as one gets older has to be faced at'any game.

Does the reader suggest that there is a certain sameness about this game ? It is nothing to the sameness of our conversation. At the top of the hill, looking down towards Bensington, we invariably recall how once the rain stopped there and we had a blue and golden day afterwards. At Woodstock we say, " Now we are getting into the Cotswolds." Drawing into Chipping Norton, we argue about the name of a factory on the farther side, and when on the subject generally enjoy in advance a similar argument

about a notice-board at Leorainster. A little farther on we remark that the time for Blockley will soon be coming, and when it doe$ come we exclaim simultaneously, " To Blockley. To Blockley." For miles and miles at every side road this persistent village calls and calls in the traveller's ears so that once, not on this particular jburney, we said, " See Blockley and die," and went to look at it. Trees occupy us at other times, for there is charming topiary near Ashton, and at Aston-on-Clun is the village tree on the branches of which bloom little flags. As to the precise number of *New Inns,* and where each of them is, that is a hardy annual ; but as Mr. Michael Finsbury once remarked, " Enough of this fooling." If I have not said sufficient to discourage anyone else from coming with us, I despair of making the matter clear. I wonder whether, if the war ends, petrol abounds again and we are both alive, we shall ever go by" Tenbury instead of by Leominster. That would be " a wonderfully big adventure." But I scarcely think we shall. Old ways are the best.

BERNARD DARWIN, *Life is Sweety Brother* (1940)

THE WOOD-BODGER

THE *Crooked Billet* is a snug white-washed brick pub with green shutters and russet roof standing on a base of black flints. Nasturtium runs wild up the hedge opposite and a white cow steps twice daily past a black weather-boarded barn. Within, there is a grand open fireplace with ingle-seat, bread oven, and a good fireback, and this is the home of Mr. Silas W. Saunders, the pole-lathe turner. All day he works in the woods which wash over the spurs, cols, and ridges of this area in seamless billows of foliage, and it is as hard to locate him as though he were an outlaw found sanctuary among the piers of the ecclesiastical beeches. But a landmark of the flowing woods and steep sequestered lanes is a great tree, a beech, 160 feet high when measured thirty years ago, soaring up from the tiny spires of *Epipactis latifolia* in the wood. The bole, scarred with initials up to six feet, shoots straight up like a rocket from a mossy base without projecting roots and then proliferates into seven or more branches set out with the symmetry of a rose. The absence of horizontal roots visible on the surface or just beneath it is a conclusive indication that the chalk is overlaid by loams or clays. -What da not these woodlands owe to the bodger who has worked for so many

generations under their shade ? The reason why they make such well-proportioned growth and spread such generous crowns is because of his knowledgeable thinnings, and his extinction will be followed by their immediate deterioration.

" The Tree " is a direction-post for miles round and in the dell below is Bottom Farm with a pair of saddle-stone erections and good sharp-angled stacks. The farm sits between a pair of great woody horns of tapering land, one of which is Devil's Church Wood and the other where Mr. Saunders had, when I was questing him, his temporary " pitch." When his " thinnings " are done, he moves on to another quarter, always alone now that the days when his father employed six men are as remote as the Antipodes. At the tips of the canopied horns the land opens out into free rolling downs without a building in sight, and here in his green bower the wood-bodger was camped.

A russet carpet of shavings dotted about with trestles and neat stacks of chair-legs is the approach to this rural altar, roofed and walled with corrugated iron. Was it not something better than the shrine of some furry wood-good to find a man in the midst of Nature who drew the material of his calling from Nature, laboured with the tools of Nature, and followed the simple laws of Nature in the lap of her peace ? No traditional craft—unless it be quarrying oolite roof-slats—reveals such a variety of processes from A to Z, each one of which is in so close a communication with Nature After felling and carting from November to March when the sap is down, the natural product is always split and then chopped on separate blocks but never against the grain of the wood. The final treat* ment of all, that of the turning after the shaving on the draw-shave horse, the testing of the lengths by the gauge, and the sawing to 18 inches for Windsor legs, is actually as primitive as the initial axe-work. That is because the wood-bodger—and Mr. Saunders has been one of them from the ages of eleven to fifty-eight—turns the leg on the pole-lathe. The slender tapering pole protrudes through a square opening in the wall of the " hovel " over the lathe. It is always of larch or beech (if the sapling is straight enough), not ash or maple as has been incorrectly stated. If larch, it must have been rooted in the chalk and not in clay where it grows " a yard a year " and so, like ash, would be too flexible. The supports of the lathe itself are rough uprights or " trees," one at each end cut down to a height suitable for the two parallel planks (the " rest ") that are the bed of the lathe and take the poppet heads. The points of

both centres with their " thumbscrews " to tighten them are fixed (on Rockall's wheel-lathe one is movable), and the leg is adjusted between them. The cord fastened to the end of the sapling overhead is given a single turn round one end of the leg, wetted and attached to the treadle beneath, a triangle with point behind the worker and crosspiece on which the foot-works, the chisel being applied on the downward stroke when the leg is revolving inwards.

Thus the adaptation to Nature is as complete in the ultimate stage along the scale of treatment as it was when the axe struck the first note in a tune to which the woodland setting of the " hovel," the blocks on the floor, the axes and saws hanging on the wall, the knee-deep shavings under the lathe and the very clothes of th6 master-man all harmoniously contribute. The short-handled steel-edged chopping axe is made specially for the craft, and that of Mr. Saunders's father is now in my museum. It would not be possible in any period of human history or prehistory to point to a human labour in more perfect accord with Nature nor one so utter contrary to the theories and practices of automatism in a mechanised society. Silas Saunders was more lonely than in being alone with the beech trees for company. He was as lonely as a solitary rock in an ocean of void and turbulent waters. Rock is the word, since for any craft to survive, much more one so rooted in Nature, among conditions that are the antithesis of its particular ethos, is something like a miracle of tenacity. The crafts do not change ; they are exterminated by pressure from without, but they neither progress nor decay from within, because each craft represents a series of creative acts within a traditional mould. The crafts solve the problem of human stability and, to a large extent, of social economics because creative activity by master-hands continues through the centuries detached from the disintegrating factors of over-production, financial manipulation and speculation, mechanised servitude and a landless proletariat, until these and allied elements prove too much for them. Then they perish but never because there is no further need for them. Fundamental human needs always have been the reason for their existence and the community is always in consequence the poorer for their death. Every country craft, that is to say, has a more or less remote ancestry.

How long chair-leg turning has been a Chiltern trade is an irrelevant issue. The question to ask is, How long has wood-turning with the pole-lathe been a human industry ? After looking up the scant information available, I gather that the pole-lathe represents a de-

velopment from the Bow Drill as shown in Bulleid and Grey's book upon the crafts of the Glastonbury Lake Village. The Celtic bowl-turners of 50 B.C. were the true ancestors of Silas W. Saunders,, and it is probable that his genealogical table goes still further back into the unchronicled past. The discs in Kimmeridge coal-money and shale bracelets were certainly made on some type of pole-lathe and they were in use during the Late Bronze Age of 1000 B.C.

But the day of Silas Saunders is nearly done, and there is none to take his place. Nowadays he makes only plain " church " and Windsor legs and spars, but the demand even for them is rapidly falling off both from the extension of machinery in the trade and increased dependence on cheap and inferior foreign woods. The master-men of to-day are all of ripe years, and apprenticeship, indispensable to the continuity of the crafts—it takes years to learn bodging—has ceased since 1911. In the old days the hovels used to be thatched with fine twigs and the bodgers, according to the right balances of former husbandry, wer^ mowers, reapers, and thatchers in the summer and chair-makers or chair-leg turners in the winter and spring. Now all the bodgers I know work at bodging alone against an attenuated demand.

In the wood near Bottom Farm I was in at the death. I could be a witness to the changeless rhythms of country crafts and experience their organic unity with the Icknield Way, the Celtic camps on the hills, and the dim recesses of the beech-woods just previous to the extinction of one of the very oldest and most primitive. Talking to that patient, soft-voiced, mild-spoken man with the spectacles, and listening to his tale of resignation within the core of Nature's undying life, I could know the true, the timeless England at the moment of its last sign. Yet the indestructible reality seemed to be in the tonal harmony between the skirr of the chisel and the murmuration of the wind in the high beechen tops rather than in the forces of the raging world where neither one nor the other is heard. In his *Journal d'une Revolution* (1937) M. Guenhenno xvrote, "Je crois en une mission de France. . . . Si la revolution est le mouvement qui determine dans une societe le besoin de dignite personnelle, la revolution est une vielle, tres vieille chose en France." Such a revolution has been already achieved in the Gothic idea of the master-craftsman.

H. J. MASSINOHAM, *Chiltern Country* (1941)

A VISIT TO IRELAND

IN the dining-car of the boat train to Fishguard an English curate, about to visit Ireland for the first time, had just settled himself at a table when he was joined by three Irish girls returning home together. They quickly engaged him in talk, and began to tease him with highly-coloured accounts of what he was to expect. Rather too clean-limbed and solemn, he was not quite sure whether he \vas being teased or not, and perhaps really believed that if he went to Blarney he would be compelled to hang suspended by the heels from a high tower for several minutes in order that he might kiss the Blarney stone. As they vied with each other to see how much they could get him to swallow, the bright eyes of the three girls grew brighter and their pink Irish complexions pinker.

They had evidently been buying clothes in London, and the one sitting next to him was clearly very pleased with her new grey coat and skirt, which had pink anchors, perhaps of celluloid and as big as teaspoons, sewn on to the collar and cuffs. A little confused and hard pressed by their questions, I heard him say he was going to Fermoy, and this set them all off at once describing that place to him. The prettiest of the three (she of the anchors) spoke leelingly of the gaiety oF Fermoy when it was garrisoned by the English, and then suddenly grew wistful, like one of Chekhov's Three Sisters, and turned her head and stared out into the night, which was framed in a window on her left. Just at that moment a tall and rather severe-looking woman came into the saloon, leading a peaky-faced boy by the hand, and looking for a table. Alas, she was wearing a new grey coat and skirt with pink anchors, perhaps of celluloid and as big as teaspoons, sewn on to the collar and cuffs. . . . There was a tense moment when the eyes of the two women met, and each realised instantaneously that it was not an> " exclusive model " after all that she had bought at that sale *in* Oxford Street : then with a bitter grimace the tall woman swept past with such determination that the eyebrows of her anaemic little boy contracted in bewilderment. One could only hope that the two women were not neighbours, for there are limits to bad luck. In any case, the young woman next to the curate did not quite recover her former animation.

The next morning, standing in the bows of the boat as it slowly made its way up the estuary towards Cork, I had the impression of

entering a foreign country. The light, sub-tropical-looking mists that dangled or drifted over the trees seemed more purely Atlantic than any on the coast of south-west England, and the trees themselves, and the general disposition of the landscape, and the colour washed houses, pale pink, blue, or buff, and the stray fishing boats on the silky water, and the men in them, and even the cynical-looking cormorants perched on the buoys that mark the navigable channel, all combined to make me feel as if I were approaching a remote island, one of the Canaries or Azores, so that I was cjuite surprised to catch sight of an English torpedo-boat at anchor under one of those green hills, and was almost ready to wonder why it was there. Towards me, stationery at my post of observation, there flowed a coloured travelogue in slow motion, and presently a large pink ruin glided by as if on a pivot. There is a special fascination about the ruins of modern buildings. This one, I was told, had been a hotel. But now there were no numbers on the bedroom doors, for there were no bedroom doors.

It was this ruin which first made me aware of the quietness and sadness of the Irish atmosphere, and of the part they play in making that atmosphere seem foreign. There were scarcely any signs of shipping or industry, and on the long road by the shore only two or three cars passed ; across the water one could hear the swishing sound on the tyres on the moist asphalt "until it grew fainter and ceased. Throbbing, gently, we presently passed a sham mediaeval tower at the water's edge. It was inhabited, for there were curtains in the windows, and a young man was leaning against it and smoking a cigarette. He wore no raincoat in spite of the wetting mist, and looked at the boat very much as one might look at a passing cloud. If he had been an Englishman he would have been indoors or would already have gone off somewhere, instead of standing by himself in that afternoon attitude in the fresh, cool, early morning air, but then he was'nt an Englishman, he was an Irishman, a foreigner.

As the channel narrowed I remembered how at school the history of the country on which I was about to land, this product of wits, poets, heroes, and beauties, had been either completely ignored or thrown into a false perspective with a strong Orange tinge by means of a few generalisations about overemphasised episodes. St. Patrick got rid of the snakes, and after a considerable delay or perhaps interregnum Cromwell arrived to " crush the rebels," and " re-

store order,'* and shortly afterwards William III, just to clinch the matter, won the Battle of the Boyne. But the matter had remained unclinched in my mind, for it happened that Easter Week, the Sinn Fein ideal, and the fate of Casement made a strong impression upon my boyish imagination, and in later years, as the fortunate result of a little curiosity, a little reading, a little scepticism, and some experience with Irish individuals, I felt rather better informed. As for Casement, I long ago reached the conclusion that his was the case of a man who allowed his divagation from the usual in his personal relationships to harden into a dangerous political attitude and a wild indiscretion, though certainly without danger changes are not brought about.

For Irish " rebelliousness " or independence of spirit, in spite of the hopeless ignorance, prejudice, intolerance, injustice, folly, and violence that have often gone with it, I cannot help feeling admiration, for when it is clarified by uncommon sense and some knowledge and experience of the world, it shines with a light all its own. It seems a pity that the English do not give in a little more to their sentimental feelings about the Irish and abandon their ever-lurking inclination to " crush the rebels," for a combination of the best qualities of the two races is irresistible. In this connection I remember an uncle of mine, who used to command an Irish regiment, telling me of the military advantages of combining Irish dash with English moderation. Meanwhile it remains not merely in a geographical sense, a long way to Tipperary.

Fermoy is dominated by a row of roofless barracks, burnt out in the troubles and left standing—a very suitable monument to the ferocity of the Black and Tans—and near them is a new housing scheme, and near that again the station, which has a somewhat Siberian atmosphere, especially on a windy evening when it is beginning to get dark. Strolling to the end of the platform, one sees the empty shells of the barracks again, and beside them the shells, as yet unfilled, of the new house. So often in Ireland the dwelling and the ruin stand side by side, though as often the ruin stands alone, a reminder of cruelty and disaster in an exquisite landscape. It may be a great roofless mill, full of young trees instead of machinery ; or an old tower in a cloud of ivy ; or a wayside or upland cottage ; or a great burnt mansion of early nineteenth-century Gothic with bunches of twisted water-pipes sticking out here and there like severed arteries ; or a mouldering police

barracks looking haunted behind overgrown hedges of flowering fuchsia, with the apple tree beside it in which a sniper was once sniped.

I think especially of Bridgetown Abbey beside the Blackwater, a vast monastic ruin of grey stone which turns a darker grey when rain has wetted it : you approach. by a lane all overgrown with brambles weighed down by fat, delicious blackberries that nobody comes to pick, the river glides over its dark rocky bed, trees on a cliff catch the afternoon light, and you scramble impiously over fallen masonry and push aside tall weeds to enter what was once the chapel, inside which, rather oddly, a few nineteenth-century graves keep company with old tombs ; from the side of one of these a stone slab has fallen, and inside lies an old thick oaken board which was once the side of the coffin, and the skeleton of a man who died before Queen Elizabeth was born ; through the pelvis a nettle has sprung up, and is now in flower.

I think, too, of crossing a couple of meadows to the remains of Kilcolman, where Spenser lived, wrote, empire-built, and rebel-crushed : the bog water reflects a livid evening sky, and the haycocks cast long lilac shadows on the grass ; the place is sometimes visited by consumptives from a sanatorium visible a couple of miles off, and one of them has torn up some letters and thrown them carelessly on the ground, so that on an upturned fragment one can read, in very clear writing, "... she said she was hoping . . . said that I would never . . . last time darling . . . looking forward more than ever ..." That curious headstrong hopefulness of consumptives, how appropriate to be reminded of it in a ruin, and in an Irish ruin !

Not a ruin, but more desolate than a ruin, is the great lead-coloured house at D—, closed up and deserted, with some of its windows shuttered and some not, with black-shadowed ilex thickets and overgrown lawns of a green so vivid under the lowering clouds that it hurts the eyes, with stalactites beginning to form under the heraldic pediment over the door, and a solitary donkey nibbling the grass between the paving-stones in the yard outside the coach-house.

I shall claim no novelty for the observation that even to-day the Irish atmosphere, the Irish character, and certain aspects of Irish life may easily put one in mind of pre-revolutionary Russia. I think I am right in saying that Turgeniev declared that it was the example of Miss Edgeworth which gave him the impetus to write aboiit his own people. Certainly to read a novel like *The Absentee*—so pene-

trating and amusing—is almost to be reading of Russian landowners who possess serfs and obey alternately the promptings of extravagant self-indulgence and an idealistic social conscience. There is a book of memoirs by Miss Somerville (of Somerville and Ross) which gives, a very good idea of the landowner's general attitude of mind in the last century, and indeed there are other books that do the same. It would be amusing to compile a bibliography of life in the Irish country houses, the breeding-places of that gifted race, the Anglo-Irish. " The most brilliant and charming people in the world," a very cultivated Englishman lately remarked to me. " One day last summer," he said, " when I was staying over there at a perfectly delightful house, hip-baths were brought out on to the lawn and filled with cushions, and we sat in them all the afternoon drinking port and eating gooseberries. Such hospitality ! Such conversation !"

Such conversation, yes, amongst all the Irish, with their seductive voices and bewitching brogue, but let us admit that their enthusiastic monologues can be terribly boring. Let us admit also that Ireland is a heavenly country to visit, but might be less heavenly to live in. It is so melancholy, so full of the ghosts of feuds and famines, the clouds fly low, the trees sag under the incessant rain, and the very air seems charged and weighed down with a sense of grievance. How could one keep out the climate, how could one keep the Pope and Ulster, Mr. de Valera and Mr. J. H. Thomas, the land annuities, the censorship, and the future at a proper distance, except by taking to drink, going over to Rome or London, or cutting one's throat ?

There they are still (or some of them, at least) the extravagantly-built country houses, the walled demesnes and the surviving old eccentrics within. One longs for a Gogol to go round to-day in a car, on some pretext which would appeal to their vanity, cupidity, and curiosity, and observe, collect, and record what remains of a class which, as a class, is already an anachronism. Meanwhile there is the Ireland that one hardly supposed could really exist—the long country roads with no one in sight and no traffic but occasional donkey-carts, rare bicycles and very rare cars, roads which serve as a couch for donkeys and pigs or a promenade for turkeys and barefoot children ; the whitewashed cabins, the old women in shawls, the strong cups of tea, the rapid streams and fertile valleys, politeness amounting to flattery, hostility, hospitality, poverty, blessed inefficiency, and the ramshackle villages and country towns, undisfigured by advertise-

ments and as free from traffic as England was in war-time. There is the whole bag of tricks, down to the bilingual signposts with their fancy Gaelic inscriptions, and the pleasing green letter boxes and telegrams. Above all, there is the landscape, which has never suffered from a want of appreciation on the part of those who like that sort of thing.

I choose to remember a very small lake in the hills beyond Killarney, as clear as a dewdrop, with a tumbledown pale-blue inn and a few pine trees beside it. Suddenly a spotlight of sunshine travels slowly across the scene, giving it not a theatrical but an almost supernatural beauty. In air and light as pure as this one perceives the connection between the shabby inn and the wits, poets, heroes, and beauties. The hillock of wet grass glows in the sun like an emerald, there is no sound but the appropriate lapping of the lake water, a tuft of flowering heather at one's feet looks as precious in the sun as something by Faberge, and as a background to it all the sombre mountains are being slowly suffused with a colour like that of damsons. They seem to grow taller and gloomier and more Ossianic as their impossibly deep purple deepens still further, and the darkening clouds pass over them trailing mile-long scarves of gauzy rain. A faint seethe of sound is audible even from here. It is going to pour again. It has begun.

WILLIAM PLOMER, *Penguin New Writing, I* (1940)

LIFE AND LETTERS

DOES CULTURE MATTER ?

CULTIVATED people like ourselves are a drop of ink in the ocean. We mix easily and even genially with other drops, for those exclusive days are over when cultivated people made only cultivated friends, and became tongue-tied or terror-struck in the presence of anyone whose make-up was different from their own. Culture, thank goodness, is no longer a social asset, it can no longer be employed either as a barrier against the mob or as a ladder into the aristocracy. This is one of the few improvements that have occurred in England since the last war. The change has been excellently shown in Virginie Woolf's biography of Roger Fry ; here we can trace the decay of smartness and fashion as cultural factors, and the growth of the idea of enjoyment.

All the same, we are a drop in the ocean. Few people share our enjoyment so far. Strictly between ourselves, and keeping our unimportance in mind, let us put our heads together and consider for a moment our special problem, our special blessings, our special woes. No one need listen to us who does not want to. We whisper in the corner of a world which is full of other noises, and louder ones.

Come closer. Our problem, as I see it, is this ; is what we have got worth passing on ? What we have got is (roughly speaking) a little knowledge about books, pictures, tunes, runes, and a little skill in their interpretation. Seated beside our gas-fires, and beneath our electric bulbs, we inherit a tradition which has lasted for about three thousand years. The tradition was partly popular, but mainly dependent upon aristocratic patronage. In the past, culture has been paid for by the ruling classes ; they often did not know why they paid, but they paid, much as they went to church ; it was the proper thing to do, it was a form of social snobbery, and so the artists sneaked a meal, the author got a sinecure, and the work of creation went on. To-day, people are coming to the top who are, in some ways, more clear-sighted and honest than the ruling classes of the past, and they refuse to pay for what they do not want; judging by the noises through the floor, our neighbour in the flat above does not want books, pictures, tunes, runes, anyhow does not want the sorts which we recommend. Ought we to bother him ? When he is hurrying to lead his own life, ought we to get in his way like a

maiden aunt, our arms, as it were, full of parcels, and say to hjm, " I was given these specially to hand on to you . . . Sophocles, Velasquez, Henry James . . . I'm afraid they're a little heavy, but you'll get to love them in time, and if you don't take them off my hands I don't know who will . . . please , . . please . . . they're really important, they're culture."

His reply is unlikely to be encouraging, but, snubbing or no snubbing, what ought we to do ? That is our problem, that is what we are whispering about, while he and his friends argue and argue and argue over the trade price of batteries, or the quickest way to get from Balham to Baling. He doesn't really want the stuff, you see. That clamour for art and literature which Ruskin and Morris thought they detected has quite died down. He will not take the parcel unless we do some ingenious touting. He is an average modern. People to-day are either indifferent to the aesthetic products of the past (that is the position both of the industrial magnate and of the trade-unionist) or else (the Communist position) they are suspicious of them, and decline to receive them until they have been disinfected in Moscow. In England, still the abode of private enterprise, indifference predominates. I know a few working-class people who enjoy culture, but as a rule I am afraid to bore them with it lest I lose the pleasure of their acquaintance. So what is to be done ?

It is tempting to do nothing. Don't recommend culture. Assume that the future will have none, or will work out some form of it which we cannot expect to understand. Auntie had better keep her parcels for herself, in fact, and stop fidgeting. This attitude is dignified, and it further commends itself to me because I can reconcile it with 'respect for the people arguing upstairs. Who am I that I should worry them ? Out of date myself, I like out-of-date things, and am willing to pass out of focus in that company, inheritor of a mode of life which is wanted no more. Do you agree ? Without bitterness, shall we sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings, ourselves the last of their hangers-on ? Drink the wine—no one wants it, though it came from the vineyards of Greece, the gardens of Persia. Break the glass—no one admires it, no one cares any more about quality or form. Without bitterness and without conceit take your leave. Time happens to have tripped you up, and this is a matter neither for shame nor for pride.

The difficulty here is that the higher pleasures are not really wines or glasses at all. They rather resemble religion, and it is impossible to enjoy them without trying to hand them on. The apprecia-

tor,of an aesthetic achievement becomes in his minor way an artist ; he cannot rest without communicating what had been communicated to him. This " passing on" impulse takes various forms, some of them merely educational, others merely critical ; but it is essentially a glow derived from the central fire, and to extinguish it is to forbid the spread of the Gospel. It is therefore impossible to sit alone with one's books and prints, or to sit only with friends as cultured as oneself, and never to testify outside. Dogmatism is of course a mistake, and even tolerance and tact have too much of the missionary spirit to work satisfactorily. What is needed in the cultural Gospel is to let one's light so shine that men's curiosity is aroused, and they ask why Sophocles, Velasquez, Henry James should cause such disproportionate pleasure. Bring out the enjoyment. If" the Classics" are advertised as something dolorous and astringent, no one will sample them. But if the cultured person, like the late Roger Fry, is obviously having a good time, those who come across him will be tempted to share it and to find out how best to do so.

That seems to be as far as we can get with our problem, as we whisper together in our unobtrusive flat, while our neighbours, who possess voices more powerful than our own, argue about Balham and Ealing over our heads. Remember, by the way, that we are only possessors of culture, not creative artists. The creative artist might take another line. He would certainly have more urgent duties. Our chief job is to enjoy ourselves and not lose heart, and to spread culture not because we love our fellow men, but because certain things seem to us unique and priceless, and, as it were, push us out into the world on their service. It is a Gospel, and not altogether a benign one ; it is the zest to communicate what has been communicated. Works of art (to us that rather dreary phrase) do have this peculiar quality ; the excitement that attended their creation hangs about them, and makes minor artists out of those who have felt their power.

Our special blessings, our special woes, demand less attention—indeed an enumeration of them often irritates. Who cares to know that I have been greatly helped this year by reading Locke's little work on the Understanding, and greatly pleased by *The Portrait of a Lady* ? Who minds because I am distressed at not getting to France ? These are poignant matters, but personal ones, and not of the least interest to the man overhead. He will only begin to pay attention when he hears me laughing.

E. M. FORSTER, *The Spectator* (1940)

A BEDSIDE BOOK

SPEAKING for myself, I *must* take a dram of soothing reading before turning out the light, otherwise anxiety keeps me awake. I have found the best sleep-producers are books I already know well, especially scenes in them which transmit a feeling of rest—security after danger or trouble. That chapter from *David Copperfield*> for example, where David, after those terrifying adventures on the Dover Road, footsore, dusty, despairing, reaches his Aunt Betsy Trotwood at last—her quaint, neat, old maid's cottage—and she herself such a warm-hearted dragon of defence against his enemies.

Now the idea of Crusoe in his cave, safe behind the palisade, also induces a mood of satisfactory cosiness favourable to the approach of sleep. Anyhow, try it. I believe you will then forgive me for having mentioned a book so far from your thoughts at this moment. And, by the way, *have* you read it ? I know people—people of wide reading too—who think they have, but really what they remember is an abridgement for the young, illustrated with pictures of Crusoe is his hairy clothes, his gun and skin-umbrella ; and these things have stuck deeper in their memories than the words in which the story was told. They remember, of course, the footprint in the sand, and Man Friday, and then they think there's nothing to be gained by reading the book itself.

Robinson Crusoe is one of those books which one need not finish (the second part is not nearly so good) ; but one can never be finished *with* it. It is fit to be a permanent companion through life, to be dipped into again and again. It contains nourishment of a plain but sustaining kind. It is entertainingly fortifying.

In the first place, it is a story told with an effective matter-of-fact jnoderation, about a successful and sustained effort against adverse circumstances and a hard fate. In the second, the hero is a completely average Englishman—a commonplace Englishman. And lastly, every page inspires a feeling that it is well worth while to devise practical means of making the best of things ; more than that—that its even a romantic opportunity to be forced to concentrate upon meeting the practical necessities of the day and upon planning for tomorrow.

Defoe made the world feel that being practical was something delightful and amusing in itself, a cure for despair, which makes life go well without the wheels of hope. *Robinson Crusoe* is one of the

mdst cheering books ever written. Even while we smile at the sent-ent'iousness of Crusoe himself, we are beginning to feel a little better, And, since many of life's troubles take the form of feeling " the world is too much with us," his solitude often strikes us as actually blessed. Who could be safer from all hideous botherations and muddles than Crusoe in his cave when he has drawn up his ladder, with his dog and two cats, his Bible—most important—and his parrot, patiently (say) smoothing a board he will use for a shelf, or selecting the best grain for the next spring's sowing ? And then there is, too, danger without, and the need for foresight, so as to make us feel as we think of him, as snug as though we ourselves were in a fort, while, so to speak, " the hosts of Midian prowl and prowl around."

Yes, what a bedside book it is ! The last thing at night, we don't want books which ask questions, but books which answer them ; and *Robinson Crusoe* is an answering book—an answer which is the limit in prosaicness, but of a prose so solid and reliable that it sometimes out-tops romance. Stevenson, so quick to seize upon the bright clear-cut detail, was fascinated by " the pieces of eight, some gold, some silver—about thirty-six pounds," which Crusoe found on the wreck. Crusoe couldn't resist taking them away with him on second thoughts, though he said aloud as he did so, " What good art thou for ? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off the ground ; one of those knives is worth all this heap." Stevenson also borrowed from *Robinson Crusoe* for *Treasure Island*—" poor Ben Gunn," who is, of course, only a collapsed Crusoe who lacked all the fine commercial middle-class stamina of the real one.

Crusoe's religious thankfulness for small mercies is also infectious ; so, too, his manful, forethoughtful simplicity of mind. Most complications (unhappily, not all, but more than one might suppose) yield to " Crusoe " methods. And then, how delightful to the harassed to contemplate the existence of anyone who has oceans of time 4 Robinson Crusoe is continually returning to this feature of his life on the island. Time's no object ; in fact the longer everything takes him, the better. Ah, how different from us !

' And I'm always immensely impressed, too, by his having had plenty of rum left when the Spaniards came. He started, you may remember, with three large barrels, and they had lasted him eight-and-twenty years. Well, what splendid self-control all through the wet seasons, year after year ! True, he had also got twenty gallons off the Spanish wreck—but even then ! By the way, what are " cordial waters"? He had a case of them, "fine and very good " ; the

bottles held about three pints each and were tipped with silver. •(! suppose, by the by, such details as these may be revolting to a temperance reformer and spoil the book for him ; if so, I'm glad I am not one.) •

And again, I'm always impressed by Crusoe's timidity. Yet when it comes to a crisis, he always behaves very well. But what a fear-ridden man he is ! Has it ever struck you, by the by, that ah apprehensive caution is a very necessary part of the make-up of an intensely practical man ? I only saw the late Lord Kitchener once, but what struck me about him was his resolute expression, and at the sajine time the glare of apprehension in his prominent eyes. I expect (though it's not the sort of detail Defoe ever tells us) Crusoe was a strong firm-looking fellow with a nervous wandering eye. Crusoe is always anticipating dangers and disasters. After he saw the footprint and human bones on the beach, he says, most repentantly, that for a time his fear " not only banished all religious hope, but all that former confidence in God "—but, (and this is what astonishes me) while redoubling his fortifications, for *two years* he never fired a gun lest the smoke should be seen, and in spite of the heat and the extra burden, went out for a walk without a gun, three pistols, and " a great cutlash."

But when the savages do land, he displays excellent generalship and a great coolness. Still, think of it ! Two years of daily apprehension ! I feel sure I'd have lapsed into a state of feckless security in two weeks. Now part of the perennial attraction of Robinson Crusoe is this timidity, coupled with, of course, his sterling courage when the test comes. It is a most engaging quality. He is perfectly frank about his often absurd tremors. And a brave coward makes the best hero for a book of adventure—I wish some novelists would remember that more often. We can't be really interested in heroes who feel no fear.

Well, I've gone running on like this to remind you that *Robinson Crusoe* is a book which it is possible to revel in and to nestle down in as some people do in Jane Austen's novels. You can revisit that desert island again and again. Ever since it was written it has been one of the favourite books of all sorts and conditions of men. In Crusoe the middle sort of Englishman has found the kind of adventurer he understands best—the sturdy practical fellow, who although he really loves adventures for their own sakes, doesn't admit it to himself but calls them hardships.

But why, to-day, remind you of this old book when the struggle

uppermost in out minds is not against Nature, but against an enemy ? I liope some of the things I have said will have struck you as good reasons. It's a book that'takes us far away from our surroundings, which is a relief. It also makes us share the experience of a man—a very ordinary Englishman—who, like us, is haunted by fears and faced with coming hardships, yet got the better of them. And that's more than a relief; it's an encouragement. A man also of very simple, firm, religious faith. Defoe said his story was meant to teach invincible patience under the worst misery ; indefatigable and undaunted resolution under the greatest and most discouraging circumstances. What better example do we need than that ? And it is most entertainingly conveyed in the pages of *Robinson Crusoe.*

DESMOND MACCARTHY, *The Listener* (1940)

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT

EARLY one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the 'phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it ? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old *44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful *in terror em.* Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone " must." It had been chained up as tame elephants always are when their attack of " must " is due, but on the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but he had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock ; also it had met the municipal rubbish van, and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched

with palm-leaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone, and as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East ; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalised cry of " Go away, child ! Go away this instant !" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming ; evidently there was something there that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelled the elephant.

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had «een the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant -when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now

that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be'to an English crowd ; besides, they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant—I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary—and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with a rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metalled road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eighty yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant—it is comparable ^o destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery—and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of " must " was already passing off ; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realised that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it ; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the

unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the pie^e ; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro \>*y* .the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, conventionalised figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the " natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the " natives " expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib ; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing—no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that pre-occupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but 1 had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds ; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks—five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing : he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behaviour. If he charged I could shoot, if he took no notice of me it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I

weuld have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of " natives " ; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim.

The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtains go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one should shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole ; actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick—one never does when a shot goes home—but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor. fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralysed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time—it might have been five seconds, I dare say—he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a momerit to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upwards like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across tjie mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open—I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were arriving with dahs and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed ; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

GEORGE ORWELL, *Penguin New Writing, 1* (1940)

ON LETTER-WRITING

IT is said that the great ages of letter-writing have gone for good. A deciduous plant, the art has now lost its leaves which the postcard, the telephone, and telegram have nipped off like a frost, and we are left with only the blatant branches of a skeleton : " Yours to hand, will write later." People who spent a whole morning, a whole day even, in a state of tumescent egoism before their writing-pads, have now hardened. They " dash off a line," they " scribble a note," or, better still, like Napoleon, let letters answer themselves, though to judge by the mass of his correspondence, very few had to do that.

It is natural to suspect a decadence. We are far from the eighteenth century, the great age of letter-writing ; we do not produce our Walpoles, our Lady Mary Wortley Montagus, our Madame de Sévignés, burbling and dissertating on events, nor our Chesterfields rounding off our manners. That must have been the great age, for it is also the age of the epistolary novel. But whence the enormous garrulity of the eighteenth century ? There must be many answers to that question, but one seems to be unmistakable. The eighteenth century was the last time people believed in the importance of personality. The middle class had at last emerged from their long, harried struggle, the aristocracy was teaching them how to live, both classes were uniting in a love of the natural man, a love which, after two or three generations, was to become a passion. The age of the great letter-writers was not only the age of news, which is the basis of letter-writing, it was also the age of autobiography or news in the first person singular.

Why did the great age of letter-writing decline ? Again, one can offer only suggestions. The solid establishment of newspapers must have made the Walpoles and Sevignes superfluous ; sermons must have killed the Chesterfields. One thing the Revolution did *not* release was the natural man ; on the contrary, from the Romantics onwards, personality declines, self-consciousness increases. But there is yet another suggestion. One hesitates to make it. Yet the more one reflects upon it the more likely it seems, though Voltaire said the post was the consolation of life. A hint lies in Byron's remark, and Byron was always a realist : " I forgot to say that one of the pleasures of reading old letters is that knowledge that they need no answer."

Clarissa and Pamela may have enjoyed replying, there was,no •choice anyway. But one can see that there must have come a time when the son of Lord Chesterfield groaned when he saw the familiar hand, when Mme. de Sevign£'s daughter sighed, " What, *another* letter from mother. I haven't answered the last." The brilliant, dithering, bothering, and meandering egoists began to choke the letter-boxes ; and if, as seems to be the case, Abelard himself got more and more dilatory in his replies to Heloise, may it not be suggested that a feeling began to grow that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had gone on long enough ? These voracious giants and giantesses had to be fed on the patience as well as the pleasure of their correspond-ents. Perhaps the decline of the art of letter-writing has been an •emancipation. The passing of the Augustan style, down whose .smooth slopes the slide* into verbosity became so easy and uncon-scious, for the ungifted, marks the end. The Augustan manner was a formula which enabled the dull to stay, indeed to overstay, the course.

What is a good letter ? Good writing, first of all. It is per-haps a good confession and good writing clears the mind as confes-sion puts order on the soul. A letter should really stand up to the tesls one applies to autobiography, where boredom arises from self-display without -self-revelation, and from reporting events as if they happened without the assistance of human nature. The common fault is brightness and facetiousness, the forced note, the straining after intimacy. This is inevitable, for letter-writing is one of the domestic arts, like cookery, where you have often to improvise and end by falling back on your Mrs. Beeton, a lady who went puffing and blowing like a referee through English cookery as others go puffing and blowing through human relationships. It is proper to cut a figure in letters, but on the whole, except in moments of sheer inspiration, it is best not to care what figure one is cutting. The rule of good letter-writing is truth to the mood of the moment, a natural sincerity which may lead one to the personal declamations which St. Paul, D. H. Lawrence, or Tom Paine made to their friends or enemies ; or to the shameless pleasure in his own ridiculousness which Boswell had when he described the success of his visits to Rousseau and Voltaire. Boswell, I think, is the best of the semi-naked letter-writers who have the air of going about society dressed like some Peter Arno figure in short pants and sock suspenders only. But imitators should remember that it is the touch of remorse in his high spirits which is the making of that infatuated figure.

•The hardest letters to write are letters of consolation to the bereaved. We know by instinct and experience that there can be no immediate consolation for the Joss of a Igved person, we dread to hint our occasional knowledge that the " release " was a " happy " one. We feel impelled to philosophise or to construct a new hope or meaning within the stark scaffolding of grief. We fail. We are not trained for occasions as public men are : and yet vanity or mere blundering kindness tell us here is an occasion we must rise to. We flop. We have not been content with simplicity or sincerity. In letters of consolation public men have an advantage over the private individual. They have the habit of using the great words and, as in the famous letters of Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin to the bereaved,, sometimes the public man knows what the big words mean or can descend from their height to a simplicity of feeling all the more striking because it has come down from a great prestige.

The Franklin and Lincoln letters and some of the others I have mentioned may be found in a new American anthology, *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters,* edited by M. Lincoln Shuster (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.). This is a popular anthology which contains excellent letters of many kinds, and it ranges from a retort by Alexander the Great to Thomas Mann!s majestic reply to the University of Bonn when he was struck off" the roll by the Nazis. There is a piquancy in the individual letter set down, as it is here, with a dry note on the circumstances in which it was written and on the kind of reply it got. It is amusing to note that Lord Chesterfield's only comment on Dr. Johnson's famous address to him was that it was " well written." But I prefer to read a whole correspondence, and an editor who is thinking mainly of piquancy and irony is apt to miss a writer's characteristic letters. This Mr. Shuster does when he prints, for example, an insignificant letter by Byron—one of the best letter-writers who ever lived—and those shorter ones by Keats which describe his agony and not those long ones which were major acts of criticism. Mr. Shuster's choice is apt too often, if not always, to* stress the trivial, and for a book which has the words " World " and " Great " in its title, this strikes me as being a large net with surprisingly few fish in it. But Mr. Shuster disarms one by his zest. A lifelong writer of letters with a huge knowledge of the chase, he can be heard yelping ecstatically under a mountain of distinguished epistles, and trying to scratch and burrow his way out with something unexpected between his teeth....

It surprises me that no one has thought of making a collection of

letters written during the last thirty or forty years. There must'be many excellent ones which would draw a picture of contemporary manners. And those written by the young in the Byronic fit of the last decade, by people like Cornford, Julian Bell, Christopher Gaudwell, wou Id present an intimate portrait of a generation. Many of the gifted who had no proper place in our society have written excellent letters. They wasted their talent doing so. There is a place for such a collection and no doubt the present war is adding to the material. Why do we not anticipate posterity, why not circumvent the horrified relations of the future who like to lock letters up for a hundred years and then burn them in a casual afternoon, as Lady Malahide started burning Boswell's, only fifteen years ago ?

V. S. PRITCHETT,
The New Statesman and Nation (1941)

THE LEANING TOWER

TAKE £way all that the working class has given to English literature and that literature would scarcely suffer ; take away all that the educated class has given, and English literature would scarcely exist. Education must then play a very important part in a writer's work.

That seems so obvious that it is astonishing how little stress has been laid upon the writer's education. Perhaps it is because a writer's education is so much less definite than other educations. Reading, listening, talking, travel, leisure—many different things it seems are mixed together. Life and books must be shaken and taken in the right proportions. A boy brought up alone in a library turns into a bookworm ; brought up alone in the fields, he turns into an earthworm. To breed the kind of butterfly a writer is you must let him sun himself for three or four years at Oxford or Cambridge—so it seems. However it is done, it is there that it is done—there that he is taught his art. And he has to be taught his art. Again, is that strange ? Nobody thinks it strange if you say that a painter has to be taught his art ; or a musician ; or an architect. Equally a writer has to be taught. For the art of writing is at least as difficult as the other arts. And though, perhaps because the education is indefinite, people ignore this education, if you look closely you will see that almost every writer who has practised his art successfully had been taught it. He had been taught it by about eleven

education—at private schools, public schools, and universities, rie sits upon a tower raised above the rest of us ; a tower built first on his parents' station, then on his parents' gold. It is a tower of the utmost importance ; it decides his angle of vision ; it affects his power of communication.

All through the nineteenth century, down to August 1914, that tower was a steady tower. The writer was scarcely conscious either of his high station or of his limited vision. Many of them had sympathy, great sympathy, with other classes ; they wished to help the working class to enjoy the advantages of the tower class ; but they did not wish to destroy the tower, or to descend from it—rather to make it accessible to all. Nor had the model, human life changed essentially since Trollope looked at it, since Hardy looked atf it : and Henry James, in 1914, was still looking at it. Also, the tower itself held firm beneath the writer during all the most impressionable years, when he was learning his art, and receiving all those complex influences and instructions that are summed up by the word education. These were conditions that influenced their work profoundly. For when the crash came in 1914 all these young men who were to be the representative writers of their time had their past, their education, safe behind them, safe within them. They had known security ; they had the memory of a peaceful boyhood, the knowledge of a settled civilisation. Even though the war cut into their lives, and ended some of them, they wrote, and still write, as if the tower were firm beneath them. In one word, they are aristocrats ; the unconscious inheritors of a great tradition. Put a page of their writing under the magnifying-glass and you will see, far away in the distance, the Greeks, the Romans ; coming nearer, the Elizabethans ; coming nearer still, Dryden, Swift, Voltaire, Jane Austen, Dickens, Henry James. Each, however much he differs individually from the others, is a man of education ; a man who has learnt his art.

From that group let us pass to the next —to the group which began to write about 1925 and, it may be, came to an end as a group in 1939. If you read current literary journalism you will be able to rattle off a string of names—Day Lewis, Auden, Spender, Isherwood, Louis MacNeice, and so on. They adhere much more closely than the names of their predecessors. But at fi^st sight there seems little difference, in station, in education. Mr. Auden in a poem written to Mr. Isherwood says : " Behind us we have stucco suburbs and expensive education." They are tower dwellers like their predeces-

sors, the sons of well-to-do parents, who could afford to send them to public schools and universities. But what a difference in the tower itself, in what they saw from the {ower ! When they looked at human life what did they see ? Everywhere change ; everywhere revolution. In .Germany, in Russia, in Italy, in Spain, all the old hedges were being rooted up ; all the old towers were being thrown to the ground. Other hedges were being planted ; other towers were being raised. There was communism in one country ; in another fascism. The whole of civilisation, of society, was changing. There was, it is true, neither war nor revolution in England itself. All those writers had time to write many books before 1939. But even in England towers that were built of gold and stucco were no longer steady towers. They were leaning towers. The books were written under the influence of change, under the threat of war. That perhaps is why the names adhere so closely ; there was one influence that affected them all and made them, more than their predecessors, into groups. And that influence, let us remember, may well have excluded from that string of names the poets whom posterity will value most highly, either because they could not fall into step, as leaders or as followers, or because the influence was adverse to poetry, and until that influence relaxed, they could not write. But the tendency that makes it possible for us to group the names of these writers together, and gives their work a common likeness, was the tendency of the tower they sat on—the tower of middle-class birth and expensive education—to lean.

Let us imagine, to bring this home to us, that we are actually upon a leaning towef and note our sensations. Let us see whether they correspond to the tendencies we observe in those poems, plays and novels. Directly we feel that a tower leans we become acutely conscious that we are upon a tower. All those writers, too, are acutely tower-conscious ; conscious of their middle-class birth ; of their expensive educations. Then when we come to the top of the tower how strange the view looks—not altogether upside-down, but slanting, sidelong. That, too, is characteristic of the leaning-tower writers ; they do not look any class straight in the face ; they look either up, or down, or sidelong. There is nq class so settled that they can explore it unconsciously. That perhaps is why they create no characters. Then what do we feel next, raised in imagination on top of the tower ? First, discomfort ; next self-pity for that discomfort, which pity soon turns to anger-r-to anger against the builder, against society, for making us tmcotnfortable. Those,

too,B seem to be tendencies of the leaning-tower writers. Discomfort j pity for themselves ; anger against society. And yet—here is another tendency—how can you altogether abuse a society that is giving you^ after all, a very fine view and some sort of security ? You cannot abuse that society wholeheartedly while you continue to profit by: that society. And so very naturally you abuse society in the persom of some retired admiral or spinster or armament manufacturer ; and. by abusing them hope to escape whipping yourself. The bleat ofT the scapegoat sounds loud in their work, and the whimper of the-schoolboy crying, " Please, sir, it was the other fellow, not me."r Anger ; pity ; scapegoat-bleating ; excuse-finding—these are all very natural tendencies ; if we were in their poistion we should tend to*-do the same. But we are not in their position ; we have not had. eleven years of expensive education. We have only been climbing, an imaginary tower. We can cease to imagine. We can come down.

But they cannot. They cannot throw away their education ;. they cannot throw away their upbringing. Eleven years at school, and college have been stamped upon them indelibly. And then, to> their credit but to their confusion, the leaning tower not only leant in the 'thirties, but it leant more and more to the left. DQ you remember what Mr. MacCarthy said about his own group at the uruV versity in 1914 ?—" We were not very much interested in politics... _ philosophy was more interesting to us than public causes " ? That shows that his tower leant neither to the right nor to the left. But. in 1930 it was impossible—if you were young, sensitive, imaginative* —not to be interested in politics ; not to find public causes of mucW more pressing interest than philosophy. In 1930 young men at college were forced to be aware of what was happening in Russia ^ in Germany ; in Italy ; in Spain. They could not go on discussing; aesthetic emotions and personal relations. They could not con-^ fine their reading to the poets ; they had to read the politicians^ They read Marx. They became communists ; the)* became anti-fascists. The tower they realised was founded upon injustice and'i tyranny ; it was wrong for a small class to possess an education that other people paid for ; wrong to stand upon the gold that a bourgeois^ father had made from his bourgeois profession. It was wrong ; yeti how could they make it right ? Their education could not ber thrown away ; as for their capital—did Dickens, did Tolstoy ever throw away their capital ? Did D. H. Lawrence, a miner's son*. continue to live like a miner ? No ; for it is death for a writer. to>

throw away their capital ; to be forced to earn his living in a mine or a factory. And thus, trapped by their education, pinned down by their capital, they remained on top of their leaning tower, and their state of mind as we see it reflected in their poems and plays and novels is full of discord and bitterness, full of confusion and of compromise. . . . . . .

The influence of the films explains the lack of transitions in their work and the violently opposed contrasts.. The influence of poets like Mr. Yeats and Mr. Eliot explains the obscurity. They took over from the elder poets a technique which, after many years of experiment, those poets used skilfully, and used it clumsily and often inappropriately. But we have time only to point to the most obvious influences ; and these can be summed up as Leaning Tower Influences. If you think of them, that is, as people trapped on a leaning tower from which they cannot descend, much that is puzzling in their work is easier to understand. It explains the violence of their attack upon bourgeois society and also its half-heartedness. They are profiting by a society which they abuse. They are flogging a dead or dying horse because a living horse, if flogged, would kick them off its back. It explains the destructiveness of their work ; and also its emptiness. They can destroy bourgeois society, in part at least ; but what have they put in its place ? How can a writer who has no first-hand experience of a towerless, of a classless society create that society ? Yet as Mr. MacNeice bears witness, they feel compelled to preach, if not by their living, at least by their writing, the creation of a society in which everyone is equal and everyone is free. It explains the pedagogic, the didactic, the loud-speaker strain that dominates their poetry. They must teach ; they must preach. Everything is a duty—even love. Listen to Mr. Day Lewis ingeminating love. " Mr. Spender," he says, " speaking from the living unit of himself and his friends appeals for the contraction of the social group to a size at which human contact may again be established and demands the d&truction of all impediments to love. Listen." And we listen to this :—

> [44]We have come at last to a country
> Where light equal, like shine from snow, strikes all faces.
> Here you may wonder
> How it was that works, money, interest, building could ever hide
> The palpable and obvious love of man for man."

We listen to oratory not to poetry. It is necessary, in tmJer *to* feel the emotion of those lines, that «ther people should *be* listening too. We are in a group, in a class-room as we listen-

Listen now to Wordsworth :—

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

We listen to that when we are alone. We remember that in,solitude. Is that the difference between politician's poetry and poet*« poetry ? We listen to the one in company ; to the other when we are alone. But the poet in the 'thirties was forced to be a politician. That explains why the artist in the 'thirties was forced to be a scapegoat. If politics were " real," the ivory tower was an escape from " reality.'* That explains the curious bastard language in which so much of this leaning-tower prose and poetry is written. It is not the rich speech of the aristocrat : it is not the racy speech of the peasant It is betwixt and between. The poet is a dweller in two worlds, one dying, the other struggling to be born. And so we come to what is perhaps the most marked tendency of leaning-tower literature—the desire to be whole ; to be human. "All that I would like to be is human "—that cry rings through their books—the longing to be closer to their kind, to write the common speech of their kind, to share the emotions of their kind, no longer to be isolated and exalted in solitary state upon their tower, but to be down on the ground with the mass of human kind.

These then, briefly and from a certain angle, are some of the tendencies of the modern writer who is seated upon a leaning tower,, No other generation has been exposed to them. It may be that none has had such an appallingly difficult task. Who can wonder if they have been incapable of giving us great poems, great plays, great novels ? They had nothing settled to look at ; nothing peaceful to remember ; nothing certain to come. During all the most impressionable years of their lives they were stung into consciousness—into self-consciousness, into class-consciousness, into the consciousness of thingf changing, of things falling, of death perhaps about to corne. There was no tranquillity in which they could recollect. The inner mind was paralysed, because the surface mind was always hard at work.

*Yet if they have lacked the creative power of the poet and the

novelist, the power—does it come from a fusion of the two winds, the upper and the under ?—tHat creates characters that live, poems that we all remember, they have had a power which, if literature continues, may prove to be of great value in the future. They have been great egotists. That, too, was forced upon them by their circumstances. When everything is rocking round one, the only person who remains comparatively stable is oneself. When all faces are changing and obscured, the only face one can see clearly is one's-own. So they wrote about themselves—in their plays, in their poems, in their novels. No other ten years can have produced so much autobiography as the ten years between 1930 and 1940. No one, whatever his class or his obscurity, seems to have reached the age of thirty without writing his autobiography. But the leaning-tower writers-wrote about themselves honestly, therefore creatively. They told the unpleasant truths, not only the flattering truths. That is why their autobiography is so much better than their fiction or their poetry. Consider how difficult it is to tell the truth about onself—the unpleasant truth ; to admit that one is petty, vain, mean, frustrated, tortured, unfaithful, and unsuccessful. The nineteenth-century writers never told that kind of truth, and that is why so much of the nineteenth-century writing is worthless ; why, for all their genius, Dickens and Thackeray seem so often to write about dolls and puppets, not about full-grown men and women ; why they are forced to evade the main themes and make do with diversions instead. If you do not tell the truth about yourself you cannot tell it about ether people. As the nineteenth century wore on, the writers inew that they were crippling themselves, diminishing their material, falsifying their object. " We are condemned," Stevenson wrote, " to avoid kalf the life that passes us by. What books Dickens could have written had he been permitted ! Think of Thackeray as unfettered as Flaubert or Balzac ! What books I might have written myself ? But they give us a little box of toys and say to us, 'You mustn't play with anything but these' !" Stevenson blamed society—bourgeois society was his scape-goat too. Why did he not blame himself?* Why did he consent to go on playing with his little box of toys ?

The leaning-tower writer has had. the courage, at any rate, to throw that little box of toys out of the window. He has had the courage to tell the truth, the unpleasant truth, about himself. That j* the first step towards telling the truth about other people. By analysing themselves honestly, with help from Dr. Freud, these[4] writers have done a great deal to free us from nineteenth-century sup-

pression . The writers of the next generation may inherit front them .a whoiJe mate of mind, a mind no longer crippled, evasive, divided- They rmay inherit that unconsciousness which as we guessed —it is only a guess—is necessary if writers are to get beneath the surface; aad ito write something that people remember when *they* alone alone. For that great gift of unconsciousness the next generation will have to thank the creative and honest egotism of the leaning-tower group.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, *Folios ofNew Writing* (1940)

MAN'S ASPIRATIONS

PERMANENCE

IN times of grave public anxiety, after the tempest and destruction of universal war, after the expectation of further destruction and tempest, it is of high value to consider permanence, or what may be called the " Permanency of Impermanence." It is not only a consolation but a strength ; a strength through the contemplation of a great reality and a steadfast truth. For though you may not affirm of any one thing in the mortal world that it is permanent, yet you may affirm of Permanency itself that it is permanent. You may repeat to yourself with confidence that the principle of permanence underlies all vicissitude.

So when we say to ourselves " When shall we see again the immemorial hills, the deep woods, and the quiet rivers undisturbed ? When shall we again know Europe ?" we are not asking a question in vain. There is a restoration, and lost things return. The earth upon which these human changes pass with .such consuming violence has in itself a rhythm which endures and .thoroughly belittles the accidents of excess. The sowing and the harvest, the new green and then the fall of the leaves, the rising of a generation, its passing and its renewal, and out beyond all these the solemn circling of the heavens—these are a foundation for the mind. Not that even these are eternal, but that they are in tune with the Eternal and a promise thereof.

Herein I for my part discover the principal value of history. History has many high values. It has been called by wise men " the principal school of politics." It shows clearly enough in its largest lines the limits to which the most generous enthusiasms must be confined, the term beyond which the most just of reforms may not venture, and the minimum at least of evil which human society must learn to endure. It adds a third dimension to experience ; for as we garner a knowledge of reality from our daily contact with men and through observation along the course of life, we are still, as it were, only contemplating the surface. But when we call to our aid*the record of centuries, depth is added to this mere surface : stuff; solidity. It becomes another and a greater thing.

History also gives you the knowledge of character. It gives you (if you read it with wisdom) an increasing appreciation of accident in human affairs. It is certainly a breeder of humility which, in its

most general aspect, is no more than a seeing of ourselves (and of things) as they are. *But still the principal value of history is the certain lesson it teaches that the underlying substance, even of society, certainly of the living world as a whole, is a symbol of permanence. It is a commonplace, but one of profound significance, that our minds find repose in the watching of ancient ritual, and most of all in watching that most ancient of all rituals, the recurrent dealing of man with the earth which made him, to which he returns, and whence his posterity shall spring.

I remember once in Barbary seeing a pleasing sight. It was near sunset upon the last slopes of the mountains where they melt into the sea-plain, fruitful and with many trees, orchards, and vineyards. A man was ceasing from his labour of ploughing in his field. He prostrated himself eastward for the evening prayer. In that plain so slightly below me were certain ruins (scarcely visible) of a city deserted this thousand years and more. There had passed over that landscape every kind of revolution. Its Pagan gods had been forgotten long, long ago. Its Christian shrines and the high culture about them, the movement of the millions in. its noisy towns, the march and trumpet-calls' of armies, the sails of galleys approaching harbour (a harbour long since ruined and unused), all these had gone their way. They had passed along their road, and had left not even shades remaining. But the man who had ploughed his field still ploughed it as did his fathers, and, in due course, he would gather his harvest. Soqn the sun would set and the sudden darkness of lands under Atlas would fall, the last light would linger upon the distant summits, and then in a little while leave them also to look up towards silence and the stars. But the night would pass, and with the morning there would be new prayer in gratitude for the sun's rising and life advancing from the east, and the ploughing of the field would begin anew.

Even the recurrent ritual of man and the earth will go its way at last, after we know not what aeons of time. Yet there is about the aspect of such things, the fields and their fruits, the procession of the hours and the seasons, of the days and the works of the days, something which makes them not so much an example of mortality as a mirror of permanence ; and I would have any man whom our times have over-wrought seek his nourishment again among those peasants who have thus, since first men dwelt together under laws anil worshipped the divine, formed one with the land they till. To such a scene would I come back when the return of peace

itself permits the journey. I know where to find the place again* I know I shall find it the same, or if not I, those who come after me. It is in visions such as this that there arises the high verse of mankind, the chief expression of the soul, and itself, again, the most permanent, as the things of humanity go. Even high verse is not for ever, but its savour of perennial life, its timelessness, is consonant with the all-enduring.

Nor does verse only spring from such roots, but wisdom also,, though of a general kind and not particular or applied. The wisest men, in the bulk, are the men who have tilled the earth and whose* fathers have tilled it before them, and the least wise, without a doubt,. are those who miss the meaning of that august sequence in humanu affairs. Moreover, any civilisation must be near its end when its?- cities outweigh its countrysides. It must be on the very edge of dissolution when those cities have grown so huge that they have lost con-tact with, and remembrance of, the furrows.

The heavens, which are so much more ancient and will outlast that which they roof, are not themselves for ever, but they have " forever " written large upon them, for all men to read, and, having; read, to make seisin of their own dignity and of their immortal destinies. We, part of their household, may on that account repeat without fear that the immemorial hills, the deep woods, and the quiet rivers shall return.

HILAIRE BELLOC,
The Silence of the Sea, and Other Essays (1941>

TWO FORMS OF DEMOCRACY

AMERICANS are apt to think that our democracy is rather a shanu because it is different in so many ways from theirs, and especially because of our monarchy and our class system. I suppose it is inevitable for the people of any particular country to think that their own ways are more natural, their own system somehow more right than the systems of other countries. It takes travel, or some knowledge of history, or both—together with a certain effort of mind— to realise that this need not be the case. Democracy, for example,, is not in any way a fixed system.

Any particular democracy is a particular attempt to realise the* general democratic ideal. And that ideal is, historically speaking,.

.•something very recent. It is first of all the belief that individual human beings are what matter most—more than the State, \>r 'the ttotal of national wealth, or anything else whatsoever. Then it is rthe belief in equality, not in the sense that everybody is alike **or** •equally gifted, which is obviously untrue, but in the sense that everyone should have certain basic opportunities. The European political theories of the eighteenth century thought in terms of " natural fight " : the American Constitution speaks of " life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To-day we are. more inclined to use phrases like " privileges and opportunities." What each age has meant is that everyone should have an equal chance to a reasonable develop--ment as individual human beings, irrespective of accidents of birth or fortune. The democratic ideal is also the belief that governments should exist not only to benefit but to represent the people as a whole. So democracy, since it thus presupposes government by consent, -implies tolerance ; since it presupposes equality, implies equal oppor·tunities ; since it presupposes the ultimate value of individual men and -women, implies freedom.

That is the democratic ideal. Actual democracies represent .attempts at realising this ideal. But, to date, all of them are still tsadly imperfect ; and they have pursued different methods in different countries.

Thus democracies can differ in two quite different ways. They *can be more or less imperfect. There are democracies in which considerable sections of the people are not allowed to vote. That was 50 in Britain before the Reform Bill of 1832, and it is still so in the .-southern United States (for it makes no real difference whether -people are disfranchised under the constitution, or in fact are simply not allowed to vote). Such democracies are obviously less perfect ithan those where there is real universal suffrage.

But besides differing on an up-and-down scale, they can also differ •sideways, so to speak, just like different kinds of animals. A dogiish is a higher kind of animal than a jellyfish. But no one can say "whether it is higher or lower than a lobster—its organisation is quite •different ; it does the same kind of things, but in different ways. So Avith democracies. The American and British brands are both on :about the same level of progress towards the ideal ; but they are very ^different in their organisation.

The chief difference lies in the British class system. Of course, in the United States colour and nationality to a certain degree take tthe place of class. On the whole, negroes and recent immigrants

get" fewer opportunities, in the same sort of way as the working classes? in Britain get fewer opportunities. It is, of course, also true that^ with the intense growth of industrialism in the United States, and with the closing of the frontier, a new class sytem, based mainly on~ money, but in part (in the East) on ancestry, is beginning to grow up—and doing so with rather alarming rapidity in some regions. But the British class system is much more rigid, and it is also historically ingrained, being a gradual evolution from the feudal system centuries- back. In fact, the development of British society and institutions* has almost always been gradual. It was this organic quality which Edmund Burke defended so eloquently against the theorists who- wanted to imitate the French Revolution by making a clean sweep* and starting again from as near scratch as possible. As he wrote, " Society is indeed a contract ... it is a partnership in all science ; a partnership in all art ; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in. many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who .are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead^ and those who are to be born." Burke, as usual, is being rhetorical -, but his rhetoric clothes an important idea, the desirability of ant organic society in general, and of an organic evolution where possible,, as against a violent revolution. For the same reason, he upheld the* class system of his time, but was careful to add that every society must contain machinery for change.

I am not attempting to make out that the British class system is the best way, or even a good way, of organising a democracy. All I am-here concerned with is to try to make clear that it is not incompatible with a reasonable amount of democracy (and also with a reasonably rapid progress towards more and better democracy,), and that it has still, and has had in the past, quite a number of merits. Its merits are orderliness and a sense that everyone has a job *of* work to do for the community ; among the more privileged, a sense of duty towards society and towards those who happen to be less fortunate ; a very considerable amount of freedom within the boundaries set by the system; sufficient fluidity to give talent a reasonable chance to rise, and to allow new classes, as they become important, to take their share of leadership and responsibility ; plenty of opportunity for people to take part in their own local government ; and still more opportunity for them to form voluntary associations to look after their own interests. This is a very important aspect or democracy ; for, to quote again from Burke, " To be attached to

ihe subdivision, to love the little platoon, is the first principle (the ;germ as it were) of public affections."

About the monarchy I need not say much. Everyone, even in [the republican United States, should, I hope, realise'that being a king means something very different to George VI from what it did to George III. The British King is no longer an autocfrat, and indeed, has lost almost every vestige of political power. He is now, in one sense, only a symbol of the unity of the nation, and of the Empire. But symbols can be very important, and our twentieth-century kings are very active, hard-working, and useful members of the community focussing loyalties, giving the necessary personal touch to the vast impersonal machinery of a modern state, and infinitely more .democratic than your Fuhrers or your Duces, with their bodyguards and their pomp. The American President, too, is a democractic personal head ; but Presidents are also members of political parties, and some of the bitterness of politics inevitably hangs around them. There is something to be said for a personal head who is above politics, who succeeds to Tiis position by virtue of inheritance, and not by having to get himself elected, who cannot, save for rare constitutional reasons, be got rid of, and who embodies an immemorial .tradition and ritual.

There is naturally another side to the picture. The traditional side of the monarchy can be overdone, and may make the ritual too much a survival of the past, too little representative of to-day : some people felt that about our last Coronation ceremonies. It is difficult for the existence of a court not to encourage a certain not very desirable snobbery. Certain traditional vested interests may manage *to* entrench themselves under the sheltering wing of monarchy.

Similarly with the British class system. It undoubtedly stimulates snabbery. Many among the privileged classes come to take their privileged position for granted, and rather forget their obligations of service. In small communities like the village, the local bigwigs may easily become petty tyrants instead of real leaders or public servants. The fear of losing privileges may, consciously or unconsciously, generate hostility or overbearingness towards the so-called lower classes, while conversely jealousy may make the under-privileged bitter and resentful. Most important of all, the class system does imean a considerable deprivation of equal opportunity ; and this is a Arery real negation of the democratic ideal.

All the same, British democracy manages to work reasonably well, in spite of obvious and numerous defects. The best proof of that is

tfyat our system has, in the last hundred years, become more, **and** not less, democratic, in spite of all the undemocratic handicaps **it has** inherited from the past, and all the new anti-democratic burdens that the *laissez-faire* period managed to pile on its back.

Let me end with a brief picture of how demo'cracy means something real to the average Englishman to-day. First, Britain is politically democratic. There is real universal suffrage for men and women alike. There is much less intimidation of voters than takes place in various American*States, and much less political graft. This is particularly true of city government : the general record of the London County Council is much pieasanter to contemplate than that of the New York City administration, for instance. We have never had any anti-democratic organisation so powerful as the Ku-Klux-Klan during its brief but unenviable prominence, nor any political machines so ruthless and corrupt as those of certain American States, or as Tammany in its hey-day.

Local government has, on the whole, been in the hand of local people, duly elected to represent the balance of local interests ; the small political boss has never played so unpleasant a role here as in parts of the U.S.A., and local government is largely in the hands of the working class. The mayor of a small city, or the members of a Borough Council, are just as likely to be working men as aristocrats, or rich merchants or business men.

Britain's legal system is reasonably democratic : the high cost of going to law is its only serious handicap. There has been very little corruption, either among judges or police, which is more than some regions in the United States can say of themselves ; and racketeering has never been able to become a major scandal in this country. The Civil Service is appointed by the democratic system of examination : the undemocratic " spoils " system has never played the part it has done in the United States. Then we must remember that Britain was a pioneer of religious freedom as well as of political freedom. The growth of nonconformity, with its myriads of active, independent, and earnest congregations, played a great part in encouraging individual independence and all kinds of crusading movements. Democracy can come alive in various ways, and one of them is by having a sense of mission about various democratic ideals: The British anti-slavery movement is a notable example of this ; and the same sense of crusading ibr freedom on a world-wide scale animated much of our foreign policy during the nineteenth century.

The Protestant tradition of independence also found embodi-

incut in all sorts of organisations for self-help. Our British Trade Unions, our innumerable Friendly Societies with their mutual insurance schemes, and later, our Co-operative Movement, all came into being as vigorous expressions of British democracy. The British idea of individual liberty is crystallised in the phrase " The Englishman's home is his castle." In addition, press, speech, and opinion are as free with us as in any country in the world. The speakers in Hyde Park, letting off steam about religion, or Communism, or Fascism, or any other " ism " they like, are a symbol of that aspect of democracy. Even Americans seem to find it extraordinary that such violent and revolutionary utterances are so freely tolerated, Sunday after Sunday, in the very centre of the Empire.

In its labour relations, Britain has, on the whole, been more democratic than the United States. Our strikes have never been marred by such violences as in America, nor turned into miniature civil wars ; the military power has not been so much used to overawe labour ; and we have not suffered so much from illegal or extra-legal *vigilante* organisations. Collective bargaining and political Trade Unionism are among the usual machinery by which British democracy has come to express itself,

As regards education, elementary education is free and universal, secondary education is cheap and of high standard, and, after many years, University education has become pretty thoroughly democratised. Voluntary effort is very prominent in this field and works on the whole in a democratic direction. Our educational system may be class-ridden, but it partly compensates for this by its -extreme variety and the freedom from regimented uniformity which it enjoys.

We still have great inequality of wealth, though with us taxation destroys a considerably greater amount of that inequality than is the case in America ; but the remarkable growth of our social services at least ensures that nobody shall fall below a certain minimum standard of life, that unemployment and sickness shall not spell destitution, and that the stigma of receiving charity or poor relief has been replaced by pensions and other benefits which men and women can accept as rights without any loss of self-respect.

Finally, British democracy in its imperial aspect has made one great invention—that of the Commonwealth of free and equal Dominions, bound together by common values and ideas instead of by compulsion or even by a formal constitution. The granting of self-government to South Africa after the Boer War, and the accept-

anee of Eire's neutrality in this war, are good examples of the democratic spirit at work in international relations.

Summing up, I think it is fair to say that the average Englishman has had the sense of being reasonably free to do and say what he likes, of being able to express his political views freely and fairly effectively, of being free to organise with others to stand up for his rights and interests, of belonging to a country which, on the whole, has consistently stood for freedom, of being given a reasonable opportunity to make something worth while out of his individual life. And that is a real form of democracy, if very far from a perfect one. Of late years that sense has been somewhat shaken by economic insecurity and the threat of war looming over from Europe. But he is now very much determined that the freedoms and opportunities he has achieved in the past shall not be lost, as has been shown during the war by the many protests that have been suo* cessfully made, both within and without Parliament, whenever the Government has gone too far in curtailing the safeguards of liberty for its citizens ; and this determination is yet another expression of the democratic spirit.

JULIAN HUXLEY, *Democracy Marches* (1941)

HUMANISM

THE average man, at least in this country, has not given up the ideas of humanism or humanitarianism. In a new Anthology of Prayer, edited by Muriel Box, there is a typical modern prayer which I think expresses the week-day religion of the average Englishman well enough :—

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest ;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, O Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh ;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
Give me the grace to see ajoke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk."

This pleasant creed falls short of human needs at their best. Man is a queer animal, for he is capable of martyrdom. It is not enough to supply all his material wants. He needs an ideal to live for, an *ideal* for which if necessary he is willing to die. This means that 'there are absolute values, and that neither life nor pleasure is one of them. There is a world of eternal spiritual realities in which and for which we are living. When this is once admitted, all political and economic values are seen to be only relative and subsidiary. In thus taking their proper place, they cease to be legitimate causes of internecine strife. Science obviously cannot take the place of the absolute values, being an abstract study, limited to quantitative aspects of reality ; but truth, to which the scientist devotes his life, is an absolute value, as even the agnostic may be constrained to admit if we ask him why he prefers truth to error.

This recognition of objective values is part of the humanist tradition as it comes down from Plato. When we speak of the failure of humanism we do not mean, or ought not to mean, that the ideal of humanism is wrong, even if we believe that it needs to be supplemented by the Christian law of love. It has failed, as Christianity may be said to have failed, because in our generation men have forgotten it or do not try to live up to it. The young, says Professor Joad in a recent book, wander aimlessly along the road of life without knowing whither they are travelling, or why they travel at all. They are without creed or code, standards or values. To all intents and purposes they are without religious belief. There is a general repudiation of all restraints and inhibitions. They have learned from the psycho-analysts that the suppression of instinct and the thwarting of desire are harmful. The lives of many of them are shadowed by the fear of war and of unemployment, " Everything is frightful," they say to one another. " Let us go and have a drink and then dance." There is a positive snobbery of anti-culture. They

do, not read the literature even of their own age. A life without standards or values is necessarily bored and boring, and the young generation are bored.

This is the experience of a man who sees much of the young. The picture may be, and I think is, painted in too dark colours ; the Professor's young friends seem to be chiefly disgruntled ex-Communists. But it is too plain that those who would perhaps call themselves humanists have, for the most part, no clearly envisaged standards of value. Their creed might be summed up in the lines of the Australian poet Lindsay Gordon :—

"Life is mostly froth and bubble ;
Two things stand like stone ;
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

It may seem far-fetched to look for guidance to Athens in the fourth century before Christ. But the troubles of Greece in the age of Plato were very much like those which surround us to-day.

The habit of critical and scientific thought was the great gift of Greece. But it brought an intellectual upheaval which combined with the shock of a great war to unsettle the minds of the people. The so-called Sophists, professional teachers and lecturers, raised the fundamental question whether the moral law was only convention, or whether it had an independent sanctity. This was to cut at the root of all accepted standards of right and wrong. Some of them taught, like Nietzsche, that justice and mercy are the inventions of the many to protect themselves against the few, who, being superior beings, ought to rule. Plato, in the *Laws,* shows how the materialist of his time repudiated all teleology and all rationality in nature. " The gods have no existence ; they are the creation of art and convention. Nor is there any such thing as natural right ; mankind are always altering rights, and every change is valid. Right is whatever a man can carry with the high hand. Hence our epidemics of youthful irreligion." The Greeks were more radical and ruthless than most of our writers ; but such a description as Plato's does not sound unfamiliar. Nor is there anything strange to us in the words of Critias that " some clever men invented the fear of God, so that there might be something of which men were afraid, even in their secret deeds and words and thoughts, a Being who would hear all that men said and see all their actions, and even their unspoken,

plans for sin." That religion is the joint produce of the duplicity of the first knave and the simplicity of the first fool is an opinion common in rationalist societies and elsewhere.

The threatened break-up of all traditional morality was arrested, in no small measure, by Plato himself, or, as he would have said, by his master Socrates. He puts the question fairly and squarely. Are there such things as objective values, which stand in their own right, and are not the product of men or societies ? Are justice and truth and the love of the beautiful natural to man ? He answers, in the *Republic,* " Goodness is the health and beauty and well-being of the soul ; evil is its disease, deformity, and weakness." What really satisfies man ? We must examine human nature carefully to find the answer ; the unexamined life is not worth living. The spirit of man, when properly trained, can give a clear answer ; the fully real can be fully known. The philosophy which can be summed up is able to give civilisation a soul, and men and women a principle to live by. The Platonic Socrates would have made short work of the inane catchwords which do duty for thought among our contemporaries.

It is of course most unfair to compare the wisest of the Greeks with the modern man-in-the-street. The Greeks were not all Platos ; they disliked Socrates so much that they condemned him to death. The Athenians, at the height of their power and glory, deliberately ordered the massacre of the whole male population t>f Melos—" and many other such-like things they did." My only point is that at a time of crisis not unlike that in which we are living they, through their most influential teachers, found a way out by firmly asserting the objectivity of the absolute values against the disintegrating relativism and scepticism of the age, and by doing so gave Hellenism a long lease of beneficent life. For Platonism, in its fundamental principles, never died. In its Christianised form it still lives, and needs only to be accepted as the faith of the nation for most of our social maladies to be cured.

If we could visit ancient Greece in the fourth century before Christ we should be amazed at the simplicity and poverty of the country, and especially by the contrast between the keen intellectual interests of a populace which could flock to hear a trilogy by Aeschylus or Sophocles as our countrymen flock to what they call the pictures, and the extreme backwardness of the Greeks in technology. It is not enough to recall some undoubtedly snobbish disparagements of honest labour, nor the fact that slave-labour always

discourages invention. Both Plato and Aristotle distrusted and disliked any changes of habit which made life more complicated. Plato was disgusted with the self-indulgence of the Sicilians, who actually took two heavy meals every day. And Aristotle in a very instructive passage says that " while at first it was natural that anyone who invented an art that went beyond the common perceptions of men should be admired, not merely for any utility in his discovery, but because he was regarded as wise and superior to his fellows ; with the progress of technical inventions, some bearing on the necessities of life and others on rational enjoyment, we have come to regard the inventions of the latter as wiser than those of the former, because they do not aim at utility." The contrast between this standard of values and that which until very lately prevailed in Europe and in the United States, is brought out amusingly in Mr. Woodroffe's skit, *Plato's American Republic.* I think it is plain that Christ believed that the conditions to which He was accustomed in His Galilean home—the very simple life of a hardy and industrious peasantry—are the most favourable for the spiritual life. "Worldly cares," which increase with every rise in the standard of living, "choke the word and make it unfruitful." This is the exact contrary of the ideal of" consumptionism," which should not be called humanistic. I have elsewhere called attention to the extraordinary longevity of the Greeks in their golden age. They were eminently healthy as well as beautiful.

But the most precious legacy of Greek philosophy is the firm belief in absolute values. This is a point which is often confused. The question " What is my duty ?" often requires careful consideration, and our decision must be relative to the circumstances. But the question " If I know my duty, why should I do it ?" admits of no answer except " Because it is your duty." We are here in contact with an ultimate, which in this case speaks in the imperative mood. In the same way, we may be doubtful what is the truth, but if we know it we cannot prefer falsehood without treason to one of the attributes under which God has revealed Himself to us.

We recall the unforgettable passage in Plato's *Republic* in which Adeimantus draws two pictures—one of a consummate scoundrel who after a successful career dies in the odour of sancity, and the other of a perfectly righteous man who, after being calumniated and persecuted, is at last tortured and—crucified. Which of these two lives, he asks, would anyone choose ? It is a question which bites deeply, but only one answer is possible. " If a man desires the good

life for any reason outside itself," says Plotinus, "it is not the good life that he desires."

Psychology cannot alter this decision by making morality subjective and relative. If psychology is merely the study of human behaviour, it belongs to the natural sciences, and like all the natural sciences is abstract and incomplete. But if, with the Platonists, we mean by psychology the metaphysics of the human mind, we shall treat it with much more respect. For according to this school the soul is the wanderer in the realm of reality, having affinities with planes of being both above and below itself. When " the soul becomes spirit " it has its home in the eternal world, and apprehends the ultimate values, not as unrealised ideals, but as objective realities. Their authority over us is absolute.

All this is humanism at its best, and it would be ours even without the Christian revelation. What, then, is the contribution of Christianity ; for it is admitted that under the Roman Empire there was a fusion of these two rivers, the Hellenic and the Jewish ?

Judaism, the religion of southern Palestine, did not contribute much. It rejected the new revelation, and crucified its Prophet. From that time to this, Christianity has been the least Asiatic, the least Semitic, of the great religions. The Semites either retained their old religion or accepted Islam, which Westcott called petrified Judaism. In this creed the divine omnipotence blazes in hard and solitary splendour, like the sun over the desert.

Perhaps the chief contribution of Judaism was the desire and expectation that God's justice may be established on earth. Even Plato says, " Human affairs are not worth serious attention. The worst of it is that we are obliged to take them seriously." Plotinus, Spinoza, and many of the mystics answer, " But why, then, should we take them seriously ?" Spinoza was a Jew, but this way of thinking has never been characteristic of his nation.

But the greatest contribution of Christianity to Hellenistic religion is one which comes from the Founder Himself rather than from His nation—the law of love. The Platonists realised that love is the chief hierophant of the divine mysteries ; the spirit in love sees the beatific vision. But love to man, as the sacrament and necessary manifestation of love to God—this doctrine, so closely connected with the Incarnation, gives warmth, fire, and colour to the somewhat cold " scale of perfection " mapped out for us by the Greek philosophers. It sweeps away the last infirmity of noble minds, the wish to be invulnerable, the promise of other religions and philo-

sophies ; for love often hurts. Remembering this, we may say that humanism is "not enough." But let us not disparage it; it may make us civilised, which most of us are not at present.

W. R. INGE, *The Fall of the Idols* (1940)

MAN'S DIVERSIONS

THE SPRINGS

IF fishing, as I maintain, be not only a craft but a way of life, then,a fisherman must begin young. A small boy desires some tangible reward for his adventures. He has the British soldier's innocent passion for loot. So in the spring he will collect eggs, and in the autumn bring back mushrooms, and nuts and berries, and if he live in a land of streams he will begin early to try and catch fish. When about the age of nine I first plied a rod I was confined by my lack of skill to a narrow arena. The sophisticated trout of Tweed and the lower reaches of the burns were beyond me, and my hope lay in the slender runlets far up in the heather.

Those runlets were a long way off, so I only reached them in the brisk spring weather, when even short legs could manage a half-score of miles. Now this is the way of the upper Tweedside hills. Their tops, which are commonly in the neighbourhood of 2,500 feet, are not peaks but a tableland. The plateau may be pitted with peat hags or be a field of coarse bent, but always in its hollows there are stretches of mountain gravel, the milk-white debris of quartz. In those hollows there is also stagnant water, sometimes a true bog-hole, sometimes only a moisture in the shingle. This water, drawn from the rains and the snows, sinks into the soil and feeds the eternal springs, ice-cold and diamond-bright, which a few hundred feet below the summit begin to well out of the hillsides.

The well-heads take different forms. Sometimes there is a little ravine where patches of old snowdrifts linger until early summer, and there the fountain is commonly a pool in the rocks. More often it is the centre of a patch of bright-green moss on the open hill, a tiny cup of water haunted by water-beetles, whence a trickle seeps downward through sphagnum and rush, sundew and butterwort and grass of Parnassus. Presently both types have found their destined channel and a minature glen is the consequence, where at first the water spouts at a steep angle and the pools are precarious things on the lip of cascades. But soon the ground flattens and the runlet has become a burn, less dependent on the law of gravity, and picking its course among bent and blaeberries and heather, the habitation of small dark trout, a fishable water.

To reach this kind of stream as a child I had usually to cross

a watershed, and therefore the bald summits appear in all my recollections. There grew cloudberries, which are not found below the 2,000-feet line, bright red at first, but ripening to amber, the material of the best jam in the world. There also one met the graceful little blue hawk, the merlin. I frequented the place chiefly in April, when the skies were often grey and the air sharp, but when a mild west-wind blew and the world leaped suddenly into spring. Down in the little glens there was a turmoil of nesting birds—ring ouzels and water ouzels, an infinity of meadow pipits, grouse and black game, and, above all, the curlew. The spring cry of the last was the true voice of the wilderness—pooeeli, pooeeli—kirlew—whaup. It was eerie, fantastic, untamable, but it had none of the savagery of the buzzard's mew or the raven's croak. It was the voice of a habitable wilderness not wholly inimical to man.

At the age of nine my only lure was the worm. I could not cast a fly properly, and on the lower waters I made myself too conspicuous. But in those little hill runlets rush and heather provided a natural cover, and the fish were innocent things. I would drop my worm in a pool and let it float down the hidden stream until there came a check and a small trout was swung high over my head. If it came off the hook it was as often as not lost in the thick herbage. Now and then it was too heavy for such treatment—half a pound in weight perhaps—in which case it was dragged clumsily ashore. This was the beggarly element of fishing, but both exciting and satisfying. I have had as many as four dozen in a day, to be fried for breakfast in oatmeal and eaten bones and all. To call such takings a " basket" would be a misnomer, for I did not possess a creel, but carried my catch in my pockets or threaded through the gills on rushes.

In April and May I never felt lonely, for the birds were cheerful companions. But when the summer quiet fell on them I used to have fits of panic in the silence and solitude. The worst places for this were the glens where there was no heather, but only moss and bent and turf, for heather, especially when charred in patches by moorburn, was to me a half-human thing. Greenness, utter, absolute greenness, has all my life seemed to me uncanny, and the places which in my memory are infested with a certain awe are the green places. Take the Devil's Beef Tub, the green pit in the hills on the road from Tweed to the head of Annan. Rudyard Kilpin'g once told me that, far as he had wandered, and much as he had seen, this uncanny hollow seemed more than arty other spot to be consecrated

to.the old gods. The haunted chasm in Kubla Khan was in a green hill. There was a song popular on the Border called *The Wild Glen sae Green.* It was in such green " hopes," as we called them, that sometimes I came to the edge of fear. If there were sheep in sight I was never afraid. But if there were no sheep about, and a shoulder of hill shut out the world, I became conscious that I was alone in an enclosed place without the company of bird or beast. Then the terror of solitude laid hold of me, and I fled incontinent until I reached a herd's cottage.

It was in one of those childish expeditions that I first realised the wonders of dawn. Someone had told me that the trout in summer took best in the dark before sunrise, and one day I crept out of bed, dressed in the mirk, and slipped from the house when everyone was asleep. Having no watch I had miscalculated the time, and had started far too soon, for I seemed to be walking for hours before,, from the watershed ridge, I saw the first flush in the east. The journey was achieved with a quaking heart, for I had heard tales of midnight gatherings of weasels which to anyone who fell in with them meant death. However, there were no weasels, and when I sat on a rock and watched the east turn from grey to rose-pink and then to banded crimson, and the great golden orb spring from beyond the furthest hills, I felt like Cortez starting at the Pacific. Fishing was impossible for me that morning, for I had had all the adventure I wanted for the day. The glory of the spectacle and a gnawing hunger sent me home forthwith, a small being both entranced and awed.

Since then I have seen the sun rise in many places—West Highland dawns over the wintry Glasgow streets as I plodded to college ; moorland dawns when I awoke chilled and famished beside some Galloway loch ; the superb pageants which greet the mountaineer when he breakfasts on some high saddle of rocks or snows ; dawns in the African bush or on the high veld, when the dew lay heavy and the morning scents were like spices ; eerie dawns in Flanders and Picardy when the sun sprang out of enemy country to the sound of enemy guns ; dawns over ocean and prairie and desert. One of the misfortunes of advancing age is that you get out of touch with the sunrise. You take it for granted, and it is over and done with before you settle yourself for the daily rountine. That is one reason, I think, why, as we grow older, the days seem shorter. We miss the high moments of their beginning.

JOHN BUCHAN, *Memory Hold-tke-Door* (1940)

MAPS ACTUAL AND IMAGINARY

IT is a mournful thought that every explorer, since Adam was exiled from the Garden of Eden and the brighter stars were called by name, has ultimately only succeeded in contracting the human conception of the universe. The world as conceived by Homer was but a small blot on the world known to Ptolemy, and the world of Ptolemy merely a fraction in area of that mapped out by Martin Behaim. And yet the centuries in driving back the frontiers of *terra incognita* only finally succeed in cramping the fancy. For it is in the vaguely dreamed of and in the wholly unknown that the imagination takes its ease and delight. The present generation has experienced the treacherous novelty of having, first, the North Pole and then the South served up with its breakfast. It danced round them for a while as eagerly as children used to dance round a Jack-in-the-Green.

But those May Days will never dawn again. Does any unknown sea remain into which a yet-to-be-astonished mariner shall be the first to burst ? Ought not the civilised world to have saved a few such, as children save a *bonne bouche* or sweethearts the last page of a love-letter ? To muse, indeed, on a piece of water or mountains never seen by mortal eye, blind, can we say, even to its own being, and known only by an inconceivable Creator to be good, is to muse on a mystery past divining.

For use and wont, as well as a rather abject adoration of the practical, make maps of things-as-they-are dullish documents. Nimble spirits may, of course, entertain themselves no less pleasantly with a minute Mercator's Projection than with an Ordnance Survey imprint of twenty inches to the mile, in which one's neighbour's hayrstacks and duckpond make as fair a show as Baghdad and the Amazons. But the spectacular pens and vivid surmises of the past are also things of the past. Utterly out of fashion now are the beautiful roses, the brilliant banners above the tiny miniature cities, the winds and half winds and quarter winds, in black and green and carmine, of the portolan skin charts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their seas of generous blue and emerald, lavishly edged with gold. And we should hardly even ourselves venture to huddle into the uppermost corner of Europe, as once the map-maker did, an amateur representation of the earthly paradise.

. Few latter-day travellers, perhaps, would envy Scylax o .' Caryanda, the author of the oldest known Greek periplus, his coastwise voyage of 153 days in circuit of the Mediterranean ; but the most prosaic grown-up would rub his eyes for pleasure (mingled with scorn) at a geography chequered with such dream-wide suggestions of infinity as, " Beyond the Pillars of Hercules, which are in Europe, there are many trading stations of the Carthaginians, also mud, and tides, and open seas."

One of the saddest reflections which can accompany the thought that we are hastening to decay is that^our earthly journey has been in all but a bee-line. How blissfully circuitous might have been the route even if we had merely groomed a little more assiduously Shanks's mare. Stuck for the most part like a limpet to our local rock, we ma,ny of us forget even to keep count of the tides. We may even be poor souls, almost impeccably moral, fearless of the tax-collector, punctual at Sunday matins, and well on our way to a golden wedding surrounded by hostages to the *nth* generation. Nevertheless, life proffers duties that are in fact a pure pleasure ; and to have left the world without seeing and praising more than a meagre fraction of it will make a melancholy and shamefaced cargo of some of us when we sit, glancing dumbly and apprehensively this way and that, amidst the night-hung waters of the Styx.

Meanwhile there remains a way out of possible stagnation and ennui that has as yet attracted few adventures. Neither Columbus nor Cabot, Vasco de Gama nor Vespucci ever set sail bound solely for the regions of Romance. Yet romance has always edged into, only to be as pertinaciously banished from, man's record of his earthly voyagings. Castles in Spain may have a poor reputation ; yet even their relics, viewed through the perspective of time, continue to wear a winning aspect. And to give to airy nothing a habitation and a name is the office not only of the lover and the poet but also of fiction. The song the sirens sang everybody knows the tune of, although nobody may remember the words. But we can only guess at the sandy trysting-place of Man Friday and Robinson Crusoe, and we are unlikely to explore on our own legs the fabulous island of Monte Cristo. The whole problem, indeed, of the where, the how, and the when of the imaginative novelist is still obscure. Modern story-tellers for the most part lap their creatures in the luxuries of a real Mayfair, or people with phantasms the streets-in-being of an actual Wigan. They only thinly disguise their Wessex,

their Dartmoor. Chaucer's substantial yet imaginary pilgrims trod a tangible Watling street. Scott was a microcosm of his naitive wilds. George Eliot was a *genius loci,* the stones even of *Wuthering Heights* may be viewed from a motor-coach. The journey of Little Nell and her grandfather may be traced from London up to Tong. Borrow, Kingsley, and Dumas, moreover, could swear pretty straitly by the map.

Houses, however, are not quite the same matter. And, although by some elusive wizardry we realise that in *that* particular corner of her boudoir our heroine flung| herself upon a prie-dieu to weep, that her lover, finger on lip, stole in to comfort her through a french window on the left, and that his miserly old uncle died at last in his four-poster with his face to the ivied window, it would often puzzle us to fit in the unspecified floors and storeys of an otherwise admirable mansion of the fancy ; while to descend from attic to cellar in certain imaginary edifices—the House of Usher, for example—would be an experience of the purest nightmare. It is no layman's question whether a noveliest should actually call in an architect before he sets to work, or should preface his story with a detailed plan—hall, " lounge," reception rooms, bedrooms, garage, and the usual offices. The thriller adds a twinge of horror to crime by indicating the locale of its corpse with a cross. These little conscientiousnesses are now far from unusual—whatever practical use a less conscientious reader may make of them. Mr. Conrad has told how a fair, inquisitive, gushing visitor one working-day morning shattered in his imagination for the time being the complete universe of *Nostromo.* Every rumour of her stilled at last, he built it up again, but had no need to map it out with compasses and Indian ink. We can watch a Robert Burton absorbedly recording every gulf, morass, creek, reef, and quicksand in the sad and mighty realms of Melancholy ; but hardly a Milton, quill in hand, tracing out the frontiers of Paradise. And what of the itinerary of Dante's pilgrimage ? What of Prospero's and Ariel's place of exile ; of Endymion's wanderings ; and—to come earthwards again, Jules Verne's prodigious underworld ? And romantic tale of high adventure, of course, may be pleasingly enriched by a clear and precise all-round-the-compass sketch to scale of some region of the purest fantasy. It may be a rather juvenile fancy, but it is none the less precious for that.

Precious now and then, at any rate, and even to the tune of £44. For this was the sum squandered some twenty-five years ago on the original of the chart prefixed to *Treasure Island.* It repre-

sented the stockinged hoardings of a lifetime, but the buyer made a good bargain. The map is a little masterpiece. The story goes that it was designed to beguile a youthful stepson. For youth's sake alone the thumbed and perishing chart was sewn up in a packet with Billy Bone's nefarious ledger and this was sealed with a thimble. So be it, but we know our Stevenson. " It was about nine miles long; and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing; up, and had two fine land-locked harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked ' The Spy-Glass.' " " Methinks it is like a weasel "— but fat dragon will serve. No fancy-itching detail has been overlooked! in that " facismile struck out by J. Hawkins," and the original of that is probably in the possession of the heirs of Flint's quartermaster, " along with his timber leg." It has been lovingly done—the rayed! compass, the ships in bellying sail, solemn dolphin, shouting whale, and somewhat lamentable sea-nymph, swamp and spring, tide and cove and sounding, and, above all, in bright red, in dingy red, irt greeny-blue, the script of " J.F." of " W.B. " (" this twenty July 1754") and—of Jim.

" We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after—I am not allowed to be more plain" ; for there is stilK " treasure " there—silver—not yet lifted ! It is odd that, in spite of so definite a description—" . . . . General colouring uniform and sad . . . -grey, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires . . . odd, outlandish, swampy trees . . . the fog had now buried all heaven! . . ."—that this island remains, in one far-away vision of it at least, ablaze with emerald green, sea-blue and sunshine. Was it " the nutmeg and azalea," " the poisonous brightness " of the foliage that led fancy astray, or did the brass buttons *thick* on the unctuous, the sly, the murderous and impossible John Silver's coat cast a reflected and unfading glamour of light upon that " sweet pretty place "? Jim? may write, with artful understatement, of " our dark and bloody sojourn," but his memories of that dark must have been richly gildecfo by the doubloons, double guineas, moidores, and sequins, stamped with* the pictures of a whole century's kings of Europe, which came afterwards. And the shores of Treasure Island (except where the victims of chuck-farthing and of his brass-hearted shipmates, Ben Gunn, ran doubled-up down the hill) remain radiant with gold and coral,. lit not only by a tropical sun, but also by the lamp which Israel Hands left burning in broad daylight in the cabin of the *Hispaniola,* and the incontinent fires of the mutineers. Forty-four pounds ! It was a mere bagatelle for so lively a keepsake* j}£ genii$. that

enchanted us when we were young and that kept the austere Dean Church for half a night out of his bed.

Then again, a chart designed by an evil Chinese is mentioned, though it is not represented, in Mr. Well's *Treasure in the Forest.* Poe reproduces Captain Kidd's cryptogram (written probably in a solution of regulus of cobalt in spirit of nitre), but, alas ! he supplies no chart washed in with tints of Legrand's heaven-sent scarabaeus. *King Solomon's Mines,* however, is handsomely prefaced by the old Dom Jose de Silvestra's map, scratched down on a fragment of linen with his last trickle of blood (before he was frozen cold as mutton) " in the little cave on the north side of the nipple of the southernmost of the two mountains I have named Sheba's Breasts." Its language is Portuguese, and the bare route stretched from the River Lukanga to the mountains at the end of King Solomon's Road. " I know not," writes Allan Quartermain, " how to describe the glorious panorama which unfolded itself to our enraptured gaze." So we must take his word for it and condone his modesty. But he makes reiterated play with Sheba's Breasts and refers to a scene " like Paradise." This is vague, but there is beauty other than that of landscape in his record, that of " the young ladies," " like arum lilies," for instance, who danced the dance of death before the one-eyed Twala, and " the snowy loveliness " of Good's bare legs. Detail would not have come amiss regarding " the five miles round of fertile ground " of the palace at Loo—" unlimited Loo," according to the facetious owner of the legs. But Allan makes up with thrills what he lacks in the picturesque and (with *Treasure Island* in mind) in style.

William Morris's chart, showing the course of the Sundering Flood, is a very different thing. It is the work of an artist—not apparently of Osberne himself—and so outside the story. And the decorative rather than the truly romantic was its inspiration. It is, if anything, too definite, and perhaps a little literary and artificially elaborate. We read of dromonds and round-ships, but the salt sea wind of the *Hispaniola* does not pluck at their shrouds. We read of far countries and outlandish folk, of dread and unknown tongues, of dwarfs and land-wights, of " a little cot somewhat kenspeckle." But Morris is not bent on congealing our blood or even trying our nerves, the cot remains somewhat " kenspeckle.*' And *The Wood Afastertess* is somehow less woody than poetical. In one thing, too, narrative and chart are at quaqrel. So long as in a series of pictures serene and pure the little curie, Osberne, meets and talks with Elf-

hild on the Bight of the Cloven Knoll, with fifty feet of roaring water sundering each from each, the romantic dream remains unstirred, unbroken. The shooting of the boy's gifts across the gulf, those two loving faces whose nearest approach is in a steadfast gaze—all thk is gay and tender and charming. And Elfhild's " O thou beauteous creature, what art thou ?" is no less tender an impulse than her " But what else canst thou do, Champion ?" is an arch and womanly piece of naivety. But chance and circumstance separate the children. The supernatural machinery creaks a little. Steelhead is a hard nut to crack. And then, diappointment of disappointments, when the lovers meet again, Elfhild has long since crossed the magic waters of Sundering Flood, but by a ferry ! The idea, the symbol has been betrayed. The very essence of the romance has fainted into thin air.

Inspired schoolmasters there may be who set their scholars not the vast cutlet of Africa, sea-fretted Scotland, or the hundreds-and-thousands of the Grecian Archipelago to map out on paper, but a fantastic country of their own contriving, crammed with strange beasts and wildernesses and precipices and virgin streams and valleys. One such contraption was devised far too many years ago by a certain small boy now small no longer. Outlined in cloudy blue, hedged about with tottering, ungainly print the shores of his isles—of *Goats,* of *Ba* and *Be,* of *Rags* and *Rigger bar*—are washed by the tides of the *Graca Ocean* and the *Sea of Rega*—its capital S back side before. " Here is a Forest " (green as green), " Here is the Rem Mountains," " Here is a great Castle," run his legends. And an indulged and indulgent uncle ventured on the letterpress :—

" . . . Now to speak of the Islands that we went to rowboats to visit before our ship set sail thither (a N.W. point near the River Dum), the weather remaining calm and fair for three days and till the fourth morning, first we landed on the *Isle of Butter* which lieth alongside of the *Isle of Ray.* In this isle is an exceeding steep high mountain capped with ice that doth gleam and twinkle by day, sending forth beams far and near of divers colours like to a great lantern. Also at night the moon gloateth upon the ice and it is like the opal for I did look upon it as I lay in my bunk, ashipboard. But to scale this mountain it were a thing impossible by reason of its steepness and the slipperiness of its perpetual ice. In the *Isle of Butter* is a great store of little pebbles that are round and smooth as marbles (that children be accustomed to play with), also in its waters lurketh a little fish called the butterfish—it is so greasy in the broiling . . . . And hearing strange shrill cries, we lifted our wagging heads and

espied a company of dwarfmen, with naked skins grey as the crocks, riding upon shaggy flat-footed beasts after the manner of our mules, But though we threw up our hands and besought them dumbly, our tongues being swollen beyond speech, they galloped away from us. And, when we looked, we counted only seven men left of us, with the boatswain. And I conjecture two men—namely, Benjamin and Robert Small, were taken in their sleep and devoured by these grey people ; for such is their barbarous custom to eat men's poor flesh having dried it in the sun ; and we asleep. But Heaven being pitiful to us that remained, we toiled on, the boatswain alone sitting down with courageous face to the west, unable longer to continue, his body being puffed out nigh double through chewing a root he had found. And he died there looking towards his own country and asking mercy on his sins. . . ."

What, after all, is the great globe itself but undiscovered or perhaps rediscovered country to every newcomer ? What is life but a cryptogrammatical chart as yet uncompleted in the delineation of which Destiny or Providence helps us to guide the faltering pen ? Who even can deny us the privy hope, if not conviction, that we walk and slumber, not, as it might appear, on a giddy ball chiefly consisting of metal in what is called Space—an exceedingly difficult pill for any self-respecting fancy to swallow ; but on an endless sea-ridden plain whose furthermost bourne is called Death ? Our jaded, sated greed for fact is largely a fallacy. A green meadow may be El Dorado and all the Indies to a simple, ardent, and unexacting heart. The Well at the World's End *may* be found in one's backyard. Better be busy with the bucket while its waters are sweet. Thou art—what thou dost gaze upon. Thou dost gaze upon what thou art. To a tortured imagination the homely Thames may wander black as Acheron ; to a happier, not Naaman's Jordan itself is a more miraculous stream. And if, possibly, one sometimes wearies of the old familiar places, of Greenwich time and terrestrial latitudes, how easy to take pencil and brush and idly map out the place where one *would* be. No need to be specific ; no call to give it even a name. It would be quite unnecessary even to write a book about it. It would fetch not forty-four farthings in open auction. It would be only a poor thing, but it would be one's very own.

WALTER DE LA MARE
Pleasures and Speculations (1940)

ON BEING A BORE

" DON'T become a bomb-bore "—so the *Sunday Express* counsels its readers, and it suggests that, though people are interested in their own bombs, they are merely bored by other people's bombs. I confess 1 am still unsophisticated enough to find my friend's bombs interesting and sometimes even exciting. If I am told of a friend's having been bombed out of his house, I feel no desire to change the subject to the abandonment of racing at Newmarket. Bombs are still too much of a novelty to be dull. Besides, they are highly dangerous. Their explosions are also incidents in what may well be the most important battle in the world's history.

There are, I agree, people who can make talk about bombs intensely boring. They are the people who can talk about nothing else —people who seem to find comfort in spreading gruesome stories of destruction, most of them unfounded. Here, I think, however, it is not the subject, but the person that is boring. The bore of wartime is merely the bore of peace-time with a different story to tell* The man who cannot make his bomb interesting, it seems to me, must be a poor narrator.

There are, of course, some people who are bored by almost any conversation. They are bored if you talk shop, they are bored if you talk gold ; they are bored if you talk politics. It is men of this kind who complain about talkative barbers and who loathe strangers who try to enter into conversation with them in railway trains. There is a story told of a rich American whom a friend saw one day buying a dollar watch in a great railway station—I think it was at New York. " What are you doing that for ?" said the friend ; " haven't you got a watch ?" " I have/* said the rich man ; " this is for the train bore. Don't you realise that on every train there is a bore and that, almost as soon as you have started on the first day's journey, he comes and sits beside you in the observation car and tries to get into talk with you by asking you what time it is ? Well, I always carry one of these watches with me, and when the train bore comes and sits down beside me and asks me the time I take it out, look at it, and tell him 'Half-past two,' or whatever time it is and, making faces like a lunatic, fling the watch out of the train. That settles him. Of course, he thinks I'm mad and slinks off without waiting to say "Thank you' and tells the other passengers. After that I can travel in peace right acros*

the Continent. I have never known it to fail, and it's cheap at the price."

This dislike of conversation with strangers is for me hard to understand. I think I should even enjoy an occasional half-hour with the train bore. Up to a point I like bores. I like overhearing gold bores asking each other whether they know the seventh hole at Wookey and the bunker before the eleventh hole at Stookey. Many bores are so obviously happy that it is a pleasure to watch them. Think of all those motoring bores who not so many years ago, when cars and road-surfaces were not so good, used to talk for hours of the hills they had been up and down. It was all " Did it in top," " It's one in four, isn't it ?" and " It was so steep we had to turn the car and go up it in reverse." Beggar's Roost and Countisbury were godsends to them. You might have imagined from listerning to them that they were heroes of Homer narrating immortal exploits. How boring it would all have been if it had been put down in print. Yet of the motoring bore it might have been said : The greater the bore, the greater the beatitude.

The worst bores, I sometimes think, are those who love telling people the various routes from one place to another. I have never been more bored in my life than when listerning to an old gentleman explaining to an old lady the several ways in which she might have come from Notting Hill Gate to Hampstead. She had complained of the time the journey had taken and immediately he was off on a long rigmarole consisting of the numbers of buses and the names of streets and stations. He went on in a flat voice conducting her, as it seemed to me, through every street in west and north London. He told her of all the various places where she might have changed buses and named most of the public-houses on the way. In the end, it seemed to me, he was boring himself as wejl as the rest of us ; but he dared not stop, I fancy, because he could think of nothing else to talk about. By the time he rose to go I was in a coma with words like Camden High Street, Prince of Wales Road and Britannia jqstling each other in my brain.

Another boring form of conversation is that of the man who, when talking politics, trots out all the old threadbare arguments with the air of a person using them for the first time. I have been a bore of this kind myself. As a boy I was blind enough to regard Mr. Gladstone's proposal of Home Rule for Ireland as both dangerous and wicked, and, whenever I met a great friend of mine who was a Home Ruler, I would drag the conversation round to the great theme.

I shouted the wildest nonsense into his ear as I walked beside him in the streets, telling him with blazing eyes of all the good England had done to Ireland and yelling all the usual musty quotations from the pre-Home-Rule Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt. Not once did I use an original argument, for I knew none. I was merely an infuriated parrot, speaking out of the richest store of ignorance conceivable. Signs of distress on his patient face could not stop me ; but one day, driven beyond endurance, he turned to me with a slight flush and said quietly : " My God, what a bore you are !" Now no one likes to be thought a bore, and it is difficult to go on arguing with a man who tells you that you are boring him. To realise that one is boring somebody is to become a pricked balloon. I certainly did. La Rochefoucauld tells us that " we can forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those whom we bore," yet, after the first moment of shock, I never liked my friend the less for his candour. Since then I must have bored many people ; but outside the family circle no one has since told me that I was boring them. I have to study the expression on their faces to know.

On the other hand, there are certain circumstances in which the sin of being bored is at least as great as the sin of boring. I have no doubt that many of the Athenians thought Socrates a bore. I have often heard a brilliant conversationalist of our own time described as " such a bore." In the world of music we find some people who are bored by Bach, and' others who are bored by crooning. I have met people who were bored by a day at Ascot, and others who declared proudly that they had never been so bored in their lives as at the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. That is the worst feature of being bored ; it makes men boastful. No one ever boasts of being a bore, but many people boast of being bored by historic churches or the novels of Dickens* or sport. If a man tells you that Rugby football bores him, be sure that, in nine cases out of ten, he feels your superior at the moment of his confession. The blase young men of the 'nineties were vain of their boredom with life in general. It was what set them apart from and above their fellows.

There are certain people, however, with whom one has a right to be bored—people who are so self-centred that they cannot listen to anyone else talking, people who engage in long conversations with their cats when visitors are present, people who exchange endless reminiscences of their old school when in the company of a man who was at a different school. Such people are boring because they make one feel for the time being an outsider,

When we meet on common ground, however, and indulge in* a •give-and-take of experiences that we have all shared, there is no •excuse for drooping spirits. In the last war the food shortage was .a lively if monotonous subject, for we were all victims of it. In the present war air raids are the great theme of talk, and it may be that people endure them all the better for having a friendly ear to which to impart their experiences and thoughts. To talk about them all the time would be insufferable ; but five minutes' talk about them now and then is a natural piece of self-indulgence. I would rather italk about Canada or birds or old watches—but if any man has a story to tell of a fairly narrow escape from a falling bomb I will promise neither to think him nor to call him a bore.

ROBERT LYND,
The New Statesman and Nation (1940)

THE WAR

MIRACLE AT DUNKIRK

I AM still mazed about the whole Dunkirk affair. There was from first to last a queer, mediaeval sense of miracle about it. You remember the old quotation about the miracle that crushed the Spanish Armada, "' God sent a wind." This time " God withheld the wind." Had we had one onshore breeze of any strength at all, in the first days, we would have lost a hundred thousand men.

The pier at Dunkirk was the unceasing target of bombs and shell-fire throughout, yet it never was hit. Two hundred and fifty" thousand men embarked from that pier. Had it been blasted . . .

The whole thing from first to last was covered with that same strange feeling of something supernatural. We muddled, we quarreled, everybody swore and was bad-tempered and made .the wildest accusations of inefficiency and worse in high places. Boats were badly handled and broke down, arrangements went wrong.

And yet out of all that mess we beat the experts, we defied the law and the prophets, and where the Government and the Board of Admiralty 'had hoped to bring away 30,000 men, we brought away 335,000. If that was not a miracle, there are rio miracles left.

When I heard that small boats of all sorts were to be used at Dunkirk, I volunteered at once, having no vast opinion of the Navy as small-boat handlers. I had been playing with the Navy off and on since the beginning of the year, mine-sweeping and submarine-hunting, convoying, and so on. So friends of mine at the Admiralty passed me through without formalities, and within two hours of my first telephone call I was on my way to Sheerness. From Sheerness I acted as navigator for a party of small boats round to Ramsgate, and at Ramsgate we started work. The evacuation went on for something over a week, but to me the most exciting time- was the night before the last.

I was given a motor-boat about as long as my drawing-room at home, 30 feet. She had one cabin forward and the rest was open, but she had twin engines and was fairly fast. For crew we had one sub-lieutenant, one stoker, and one gunner. For armament we had two Bren guns—one my own particular pet which I had stolen—end

rifles. In command of our boat we had a real live Admiral—Taylor, Admiral in charge of small boats.

We first went out to French fishing-boats gathered ofT Ramsgate, boats from Caen and Le Havre, bright little vessels with lovely names—*del de France, Ave Maria Gratia Plena, Jeanne Antoine.* They had helped at Calais and Boulogne and in the preceding days at Dunkirk, and the men were very tired, but when we passed them new orders they set out again for Dunkirk.

They went as the leaders of the procession, for they were slow. With them went a handful of Dutch schouts, stumpy little coasting vessels commandeered at the collapse of Holland, each flying the white ensign of the Royal Navy, sparkling new, and each fitted out with a Lewis gun. Next went coasters, colliers, paddle steamers that in time of peace had taken trippers around the harbour for a shilling, tugs towing mud scows with brave names like *Gallions Reach* and *Queen's Channel.*

There was a car ferry, surely on its first trip in the open sea. There were yachts ; one the *Skylark*—what a name for such a mission ! There were dockyard tugs, towing barges. There were sloops, mine-sweepers, trawlers, destroyers. There were Thames fire floats, Bel-gian drifters, lifeboats from all around the coast, lifeboats from sunken ships. I saw the boats of the old *Dunbar Castle,* sunk eight months before. Rolling and pitching in a cloud of spray were open speed-boats, wholly unsuited for the Channel chop.

There was the old *Brighton Belle* that carried holiday crowds in the days before the Boer War. She swept mines in the Great War, and she swept mines in this war through all the fury of last winter. I know ; I sailed with her then. Coming back from her second trip to Dunkirk she struck the wreck of a ship sunk by a magnetic mine and slowly sank. Her captain, a Conservative Party agent in civil life, got 400 men safely off and at the last even saved his dog.

There was never such a fleet went to war before, I think. As I went round the western arm of the harbour near sunset, passing out orders, it brought my heart into my throat to watch them leave. There were so small ! Little boats like those you see in the .bight of Sandy Hook fishing on a fine afternoon. Some were frowsy, with old motor-car tyres for fenders, and some of them were bright with paint and chromium—little white boats that were soon lost to view across the ruffled water. And as they went there came round from the foreland a line of fishing-boats—shrimp-catchers and what not, from the east coast—to join the parade.

When this armada of oddments was under way, we followed with the faster boats—Royal Air Force rescue launches, picket boats, and the like—and with us went an ex-lighter, a flat boat, kerosene-powered, built for landing troops at Gallipoli, and a veteran of that evacuation more than twenty years ago.

It was the queerest, most nondescript flotilla that ever was, and it was manned by every kind of Englishman, never more than two men, often only one, to each small boat. They were bankers and dentists, taxi-drivers and yachtsmen, longshoremen, boys, engineers, fishermen, and civil servants. There were bright-faced Sea Scouts and old men whose skins looked fiery red against their white hair. Many were poor ; they had no coats, but made out with old jerseys and sweaters. They wore cracked rubber boots. They were wet, chilled to the bone, hungry ; they were unarmed and unprotected, and they sailed toward the pillars of smoke and fire and the thunder of the guns, into waters already slick with the oil of sunken boats, knowing perfectly well the special kind of hell ahead. Still, they went, plugging gamely along.

I had a feeling, then and after, that this was something bigger than organisation, something bigger than the mere requisitioning of boats. In a sense it was the naval spirit that has always been the foundation of England's greatness, flowering again and flowering superbly. I believe 887 was the official figure for the total of boats that took part over the ten days of the evacuation. But I think there were more than a thousand craft in all. I myself know of fishermen who never registered, waited for no orders, but, all unofficial, went and brought back soldiers. Quietly, like that.

It was dark before we were well clear of the English coast. It wasn't rough, but there was a little chop on, sufficient to make it very wet, and we soaked the Admiral to the skin. Soon, in the dark the big boats began to overtake us. We were in a sort of dark traffic lane, full of strange ghosts and weird unaccountable waves from the wash of the larger vessels. When destroyers went by, full tilt, the wash was a serious matter to us little fellows. We could only spin the wheel to try to head into the waves, hang on, and hope for the best.

Mere navigation was dangerous in the dark. Clouds hung low and blotted out the stars. We carried no lights, we had no signals, no means of recognition of friend or foe. Before we were half-way across we began to meet the first of the returning stream. We dod[illegible] white, glimmering bow waves of vessels that had passed astern, *on*[illegible]

to fall into the way of half-seen shapes ahead. There were shouts in the darkness, but only occasionally the indignant stutter of a horn. We went " by guess and by God."

From the half-way mark, too, there were destroyers on patrol crossing our line of passage, weaving a fantastic warp of foam through the web of our progress. There were collisions, of course. Dover for days was full of destroyers with bows stove in, coasting vessels with great gashes amidships, ships battered, scraped, and scarred. The miracle is that there were not ten for every one that happened.

Even before it was fully dark we had picked up the glow of the Dunkirk flames, and now as we drew nearer the sailing got better, for we could steer by them and ses silhouetted the shapes of other ships, of boats coming home already loaded, and of low dark shadows that might be the enemy motor torpedo boats.

Then aircraft started dropping parachute flares. We saw them hanging all about us in the night, like youfig moons. The sound of the firing and the bombing was with us always, growing steadily louder as we got nearer and nearer. The flames grew too. From a glow they rose up to enormous plumes of fire that roared high into the everlasting pall of smoke. As we approached Dunkirk there was an air attack on the destroyers and for a little the night was brilliant with bursting bombs and the fountain sprays of tracer bullets.

The beach, black with men, illumined by the fires, seemed a perfect target, but no doubt the thick clouds of smoke were a useful screen.

When we got to the neighbourhood of the mole there was a lull. The aircraft had dispersed and apparently had done no damage, for there was nothing sinking. They had been there before, however, and the place was a shambles of old wrecks, British and French, and all kinds of odds and ends. The breakwaters and lighthouse were magnificently silhouetted against the flames of burning oil tanks—enormous fkmes that licked high above the town. Further inshore and to the east of the docks the town itself was burning furiously, but down near the beach where we were going there was no fire and we could see rows of houses standing silent and apparently empty.

We had just got to the eastward of the pier when shelling started up. There was one battery of 5.9's down between La Panne and Nieuport that our people simply could not find, and its shooting was uncannily accurate. Our place was in the corner of the beach at

the mole and, as they were shelling the mole, the firing was right over our heads. Nothing, however, came near us in the first spell*

The picture will always remain sharp-etched in my memory—the lines of men wearily and sleepily staggering across the beach from the dunes to the shallows, falling into little boats, great columns of men thrust out into the water among bomb and shell splashes. The foremost ranks were shoulder-deep, moving forward under the command of young subalterns, themselves with their heads just above the little waves that rode in to the sand. As the front ranks were dragged aboard the boats, the rear ranks moved up, from ankle-deep to knee-deep, from knee-deep to waist-deep, until they, too, came to shoulder depth and their turn.

Some of the big boats pushed in until they were almost aground, taking appalling risks with the falling tide. The men scrambled up the sides on rope nets, or climbed hundreds of ladders, made God knows where out of new, raw wood and hurried aboard the ships in England.

The little boats that ferried from the beach to the big ships in deep water listed drunkenly with the weight of men. The big ships slowly took on lists of their own with the enormous numbers crowded aboard. And always down the dunes and across the beach came new hordes of men, new columns, new lines.

On the beach was a destroyer, bombed and burned. At the water's edge were ambulances, abandoned when their last load had been discharged.

There was always the red background, the red of Dunkirk burning. There was no water to check the fires and there were no men to be spared to fight them, Red, too, were the shell-bursts, the flash of guns, the fountains of tracer bullets.

The din was infernal. The 5.9 batteries shelled ceaselessly and brilliantly. .To the whistle of shelb overhead was added the scream of falling bombs. Even the sky was full of noise—anti-aircraft shelb, machine-gun fire, the snarl of falling planes, the angry hornet noise of dive-bombers. One could not speak normally at any time against the roar of it and the noise of our own engines. We all developed " Dunkirk throat," a sore hoarseness that was the hallmark of those who had been there.

Yet through all the noise I will always remember the voices of the young subalterns as they sent their men aboard, and I will remember, too, the astonishing discipline of the men. They had fought through three weeks of retreat, always falling back, often

without orders, often without support. Transport had failed. They had gone sleepless. They had been without food and water. Yet they kept ranks as they came down the beaches, and they obeyed commands.

Veterans of Gallipoli and of Mons agreed this was the hottest spot they had ever been in, yet morale held. I was told stories of French troops that rushed the boats at first so that stern measures had to be taken, but I saw nothing like that. The Frenchmen I brought off were of the rear guard, fine soldiers, still fighting fit.

Having the Admiral on board, we were not actually working the beaches but were in control of operations. We moved about as necessary, and after we had spent some time putting small boats in touch with their towing boats, the 5.9 battery off Nieuport way began to drop shells on us. It seemed pure spite. The nearest salvo was about twenty yards astern, which was close enough,

We stayed there until everybody else had been sent back, and then went pottering about looking for strangers. While we were doing that, a salvo of shells got one of our troopships alongside the mole. She was hit clean in the boilers and exploded in one terrific crash. There were then, I suppose, about 1,000 Frenchmen on the mole. We had seen them crowding along its narrow crest, outlined against the flames. They had gone out under shellfire to fx>ard the boat, tnd now they had to go back again, still being shelled. It was quite ahe most tragic thing I ever have seen in my life. We could do nothing with our little park dinghy.

While they were still filing back to the beach and the dawn was breaking with uncomfortable brilliance, we found one of our stragglers—a navy whaler. We told her people to come abroad, but they said that there was a motor-boat aground and they would have to fetch off her crew. They^vent in, and we waited. It was my longest wait, ever. For various reasons they were terribly slow. When they found the captain of the motor-boat, they stood and argued with him and he wouldn't come off anyway. Damned plucky chap. He and his men lay quite until the tide floated them later in the day. Then they made a dash for it, and got away.

We waited for them until the sun was up before we got clear of the mole. By then, the fighting was heavy inshore, on the outskirts of the town, and actually in some of the streets.

Going home, the dive-bombers came over us five times, but somehow left us alone though three times they took up an attacking position, A little down the coast, towards Grav^lines, we picked up a

boat-load of Frenchmen rowing off. We took them aboard. They were very much bothered as to where our " ship " was, said quite flatly that it was impossible to go to England in a thing like ours. Too, too horribly dangerous !

One of the rare touches of comedy at Dunkirk was the fear of the sea among French poilus from inland towns. They were desperately afraid to forfeit solid land for the unknown perils of a little boat. When, on the last nights of the evacuation, the little boats got to the mole many refused to jump in, despite the hell of shells and bombs behind them. I saw young sub-lieutenants grab poilus by the collar and the seat of the pants and rush them overside into waiting launches.

There was comedy of a sort, too, in the misadventures of the boats. The yachting season hadn't begun and most of the pleasure-boats had been at their winter mooring when the call came ; their engines had not been serviced and they broke down in the awkwardest places. The water supply at Dunkirk had been bombed out of use in the first days, and the Navy ferried water across to keep the troops alive. Some of the water went in proper water-cans, but most of it was put into two-gallon gasoline tins. Of course some of these tins got into the gasoline dumps, with lamentable results. I ran out of gasoline myself in the angle between Dunkirk mole and the beach, with heavy shelling going on and an Admiral on board. He never even said " damn." But we were lucky. A schout with spare fuel was lying a mile or so from the beach, near a buoy. I got to her with my last drop of reserve.

Then, for grim humour, there is the tale of the young sub-lieutenant, no more than a boy, whom I saw from time to time one side of the Channel or the other. He was sent in the early days of the show to the beach east of Gravelines, where he was told there was a pocket of English troops cut off. He landed at the beach with only a revolver and walked off into the sand dunes to hunt for them. In the darkness he suddenly saw two faint shapes moving and called out, " Here we are, boys, come to take you off."

There was silence, and then a guttural, " *Lieber Gott* !"

" So," the boy told me, " I shot them and came away."

He had walked right into the German army.

One of the greatest surprises of the whole operation was the failure of the German E-Boats—motor torpedo boats. We crossed by a path that was well lit by light buoys, spread clean across from Goodwins to Dunkirk Roads. Well-handled E-boats could have got

among us in the dark and played havoc—either in the Channel of in Dunkirk Roads.

I had stopped once off one of the light buoys when a division of destroyers passed me. They could see me only as a small dark shape on the water, if at all, and had I had torpedoes I could have picked off the leaders. I might have been a German motor-boat, and if the German Navy had any real fighting spirit I ought to have been German motor-boat. They did send a few boats in, and I believe they claimed one of our destroyers somewhere off La Panne, but they never pressed the attack home, never came in force against our motley armada off the beaches. The German Navy lost a great chance.

Germany, in fact, failed in three ways at Dunkirk. Against a routed army she failed on land to drive home her advantage, though she had strategic and numerical superiority. She failed in the air, though with half a million men narrowed into one small semicircle she should have been able—if air power ever could be decisive—to secure decisive victory. And at sea, her motor-boats were so lamentably handled that we almost disregarded them. For long hours on end we were sheep for the slaughtering, but we got back to Ramsgate safely each time. There we watched the debarkations, two and three hundred men from each of the larger bo***s marching in an endless brown stream down the narrow curve of the east harbour wall. Among each load would be five or six wounded. The hospital ships went in to Dover ; at Ramsgate we saw mainly the pitiful survivors of ships bombed on the way over—men with their skin flayed by oil burns, torn by bomb splinters, or wounded by machine-gun fire from the air. Most of them were unbandaged and almost untended. They were put ashore just as they were pulled from the water, the most pitiful wrecks of men. Yet they were surprisingly few.

Well, that's the story of Dunkirk, as I saw the show.

A. D. DIVINE,
The Reader's Digest (December 1940)

THE UNKNOWN WAR

THERE are lengendary figures in this war of whom most of us know nothing. Secretly, week by week, they fight against the evil things : against Vultz, the mad German inventor, Poynor, prepar-

ing, to unleash plague-stricken rats on India, the sneering sarcastic Group-Captain Jarvis, who was really Agent 17 at Air Base B. Billy the Penman ; Nick Ward, heroic son of an heroic father ; Steel-finger Stark, the greatest lock expert in the world, who broke open the headquarters of the German Command in Norway ; Worrals of the W.A.A.F.'s ; Flight-Lieutenant Falconer, with a price of 20,000 marks on his head, " framed " as a spy ; Captain Zoom, the Bird Man of the R.A.F.—these are the heroes (and heroine) of the unknown war. This can never at any time have been a " phoney " war : from the word go, these famous individualists \vere on the job.

It is not surprising in some of these cases that we know little or nothing about it : even his fellow schoolboys are still unaware of the identity of Billy Baker. His biography records one occasion when he was rebuked in class for an untidy piece of dictation. " The Headmaster would have got a shock if he had known he was scolding the boy who was known as ' Billy the Penman,' the handwriting genius of the British Secret Service. That was a secret shared by very few people indeed." (It was a fine piece of work which enabled Billy the Penman to substitute 500 " lines "—" I must do my best handwriting "—for the details of a new anti-aircraft gun before the Nazi plane swooped down to hook the package from a clothes-line.)

On the other hand, only the extreme discretion of his schoolfellows can have prevented news of Nick Ward's activities reaching the general ear. Nick Ward, because of a certain birth-mark on his body, is considered sacred by Indian hillmen, and periodically he visits the Temple of Snakes in the Himalayas to gather information of Nazi intrigues. (To Ward we owe it that a plot to enable German bombers to cut off Northern India failed). Unfortunately on one of these journeys he was spotted by enemy agents. "It was because he had been recognised and because the Headmaster wished to protect him that all the boys at Sohan College had been ordered to wear hoods over their heads. It had thus become impossible for the Nazi agents to pick out Nick from the others. Later, Nick discovered that the local Nazi leader was Dr. Poyner, the school medical officer." Only a school medical officer, I feel, was capable of conceiving the dastardly stratagem that nearly betrayed Ward into enemy hands. Hillmen crept up to the dormitory with pegs on their noses and blew sneezing powder into the room, so that the boys were forced to take off their hoods. (The pegs on their noses prevented the Indians being affected.)

Perhaps the spirit of these heroes is best exemplified by a heroine —Worrals, who shot down the mysterious " twin-engined high-wing monoplane with tapered wings, painted grey, with no markings " in area 21-C-2. Her real name is Pilot-Officer Joan Worralson, W.A.A.F., and we hear of her first as she sat moody and bored on an empty oil drum, complaining of the monotony of life. " The fact is, Frecks, there is a limit to the number of times one can take up a light plane and fly it to the same place without getting bored . . . " Boredom is never allowed to become a serious danger to these lone wolves : one cannot picture any of them ensconced in a Maginot line.

But the man who inspires one with the greatest admiration is Captain Zoom, the lone flyer who beats away on his individualistic flights borne up on long black condor wings, with a small dynamo ticking on his breast. Even his mad enemy Vultz couldn't withhold admiration. " For a pig-dog of a Briton, he must have brains ! This is a good invention. By the time I have improved it, it will be fit to use. Ja !" Vultz, it should be explained, was engaged in building a tunnel from Guernsey to Britain. " The Nazis, since their occupation of the Channel Islands, had thought out a new scheme for invading Britain. They were tunnelling from Guernsey to Cornwall, using an entirely new type of boring-machine invented by a brilliant engineer named Vultz. This machine made tunnelling almost as quick as walking. Vultz, a fiend in human form, had a fixed hatred of R.A.F. men, and for this reason employed them as slaves in the tunnel." No wonder Nick Ward on another occasion exclaimed that " the Nazis stopped at nothing. They did not mind hoW foul were the tricks they tried or how many helpless victims died." Listen to Vultz himself :—

" 'It is here we must finish our tunnel,' he croaked. 'Portland Bill is the place. I don't care what the High Command says. If they want me to help them they must listen to me. It is the shortest distance across Channel from here.'

" [4]Ja, that is right, Herr Vultz, but they say—' began a red-faced colonel.

" 'Bah, I will hear no more of it,' screeched the greatest engineer in Germany. 'I don't care what they say. You can tell them I will build my tunnel to Portland Bill, or nowhere. It will be finished one week from to-day—if only they send me some more prisoners of war to work for me.'

" The second man spoke up.

." 'We have hundreds of thousands of prisoners of all kinds, British, French, and Polish. We can send you thousands of them, but you demand R.A.F. men. Not enough R.A.F. men are being captured to supply you, Herr Vultz. Why will you not use someone else ?"

" The face of the mad engineer became twisted like that of a demon. He thumped the table.

" 'Because my boring-machine kills those who work in it. It shakes them to pieces, and I like to see R.A.F. men shaken to pieces. I have reason to hate them. I will have R.A.F. men or none. If they cannot capture enough, they must do so in some other way. I want five hundred R.A.F. men.' "

In fact Vultz lost even the men he had : they were rescued by Zoom, and the Guernsey tunnelling camp was pounded to pieces by the R.A.F. " The Birdman had succeeded in his biggest job, the saving of Britain."

But Vultz, one assumes, escaped. None of the leaders in this war ever dies, on either side. There are impossible escapes, impossible rescues, but one impossibility never happens—neither good nor evil is ever finally beaten. The war goes on : Vultz changes his ground —perhaps in happier days he may become again only a Pirate captain sniggering as his lesser victims walk the plank : Falconer, the air ace, is condemned to the firing squad, but the bullets have not been moulded that will finish his career. We are all of us seeing a bit of death these days, but we shall not see their deaths. They will go on living week after week in the pages of the *Rover,* the *Skipper,* the *Hotspur,* the *B.O.P.* and the *Girl's Own Paper ;* in the brain of the boy who brings the parcels, of the evacuee child scowling from the railway compartment on his way to ignominious safety, of the shelter nuisance of whom we say : " How can anyone live with a child like that ?" The answer, of course, is that he doesn't, except at mealtimes, live with *us.* He has other companions : he is part of a war that will never come to an end.

GRAHAM GREENE, *The Spectator* (1940)

CONSOLATIONS OF THE WAR

IT is a horrid business this that we are in ; a grotesquely barbarous, uncivilised, inhumane, and crazy way of life to have had forced on us by a set of barbarous gangsters who are making us use their own weapons and practise their own horrid incivilities, as if we were

jungle savages like themselves instead of twentieth-century men and women who had intended war to be for ever outlawed. That is the worst outrage that the gangsters have perpetrated on us—forcing us to adopt their own shockingly bad manners*.

For war is, of course, as revolting an example of bad manners as can well be imagined. Not at all (to use Mr. Churchill's phrase) " a grand life " ; as a member of the House of Commons put it, we think it a perfectly beastly life, only to be endured because the things we are fighting against are still more beastly. So its consolations are, at the best, rather small stars in a pretty murky night. Still, there they are.

To begin with, one wakes up each morning (so far) alive, and a little surprised sometimes to be so. Each extra day isn't a matter of course, but a gift that we hadn't necessarily counted on having. No longer are our houses and flats the safe, enduring shelters we used to think them ; they are become vulnerable, brittle, liable to dissolve any night, an insubstantial pageant, leaving only racks behind ; we do not trust them, they are as card houses. In fact, our whole world seems de-materialised, liable to immediate dissolution, the sleep that rounds our little life always just round the next corner.

We travel lighter, as if poised over an abyss ; life has been revealed as the crazily rocking hobgoblin thing it has really always been. We sleep more lightly too ; and when we wake each morning we say : " I am still here, then/' Saying this, we feel that we have scored another point over death and destruction, and tfce foe that prowls by night. Our windows and crockery and pictures may have got smashed since we went to bed ; chunks of our walls and ceilings may have fallen down ; but we are indubitably alive (that is, if we are ; we may, on the other hand, be dead, and that is a piece of bad luck).

If you do wake alive, you may enjoy the pleasure of making a tour of the fresh ruins, if any, and if ruins are to your taste. Of course, no one wants ruins, but it is no use pretending that those made last night aren't interesting next day. How greatly our eighteenth-century ancestors would have enjoyed them ! They paid architects 'to build picturesque ruins in their grounds ; we keep hordes of busy ruin-makers who nightly do it free. We stroll out, then, and see the sights.

Here is a jumbled pile which was once a house, and, dangling poised at its top, high above the street, is a large bath and a broken

lavatory basin and seat. There, round the next corner, is a ruin with a little Austin car posied on its summit, blown up there from its garage by blast, a little battered, thickly coated with grey dust, but still a car. There is said to be somewhere a trolley tram which has climbed on to the top of a house, but I cannot find anyone who has actually seen this.

From such bizarre spectacles one must get what interest one can among the tragedies of smashed homes and broken glories of architecture. Some hopeful souls imagine to themselves the nobler, seemlier building that will one day, they hope, take the place of the destroyed. But ruin is indiscriminate and stupid : it falls on beautiful and ugly, noble and mean, with the most impartial injustice. On the whole, ruins depress ; one has to search with determination for their brighter spots.

For aesthetic pleasure you must wait until dark. London nights, once garish, have grown beautiful ; black, with tiny lights like glow-worms piercing the blackness, and, on clear nights, the stars parading in a new brilliance, blinded no more by the tawdry flares of city lights. Or, on moony nights, the city lies magically silver and black, an ivory town sharp with shadows and deep lanes of night. And always the long lances of light that search the skies, crossing, sliding, probing.

Suddenly the quiet is shattered by a long howling as of wolves on the trail ; again and again the uncanny wail rises, swells, and drops ; it ceases, and after a minute or two comes that deep drone of bombing planes ; flashes begin, and crashes ; the sky is aflare with golden fruits that burst and are lost among the stars. Sometimes the heavens blaze red ; buildings are outlined against fire. Here a water main has burst, and a great lake floods a street below a mountain of ruins ; a gas main too has burst, and flames leap roaring to the sky, mirrored in the lake. Oh, what a scene ! as Horace Walpole said of the fall of the Bastille.

Above it the foe malevolently zooms, pitching down destruction with long whistling whooshes and thundering crashes, while the guns bark like great dogs at his heels. And I say nothing for this horrid scene, except that, aesthetically, it has a kind of horrid and infernal beauty, and that, if you chance to be out in it, you do at least get an eyeful, and see something you don't see as a rule in the London streets.

There is another pleasure, less aesthetic—a sense of friendly companionship, a new comradeship, overriding class and sex. The words

" mate " and " chum " are grown common form? of address ; we are grown more like the Western states of America, with their companio'h-able " sister " and " brother." You meet them everywhere.

Then there are shelters. Shelters must be counted among the major consolations of war, for their addicts. They are a quite new pleasure, and are among the town amenities most missed by evacuees to the country. They seem to have taken the place of the cinema as an essential of the good life. I am told that some people attend their favourite shelters (apparently they differ as widely as cinemas do) every evening for a few hours, and then, bombs or no bombs, go home to bed.

Evening travellers by Underground may see the Tube shelterers dossing down for the night, on rugs and pillows and wooden bunks, with canteens selling chocolate and tea. Often they have concerts, and sometimes distinguished persons to visit them ; this seems to start them being a little smug, and shouting " We can take it "—a rather irritating cry, since it is hard to see what else any of us can do but take it, whether above ground or below ground. Still, to say it is obviously a pleasure.

Has this new underground life come to stay ? It must save much trouble. This communal life below ground, with food coming round and light and warmth provided free, and musical entertainments at intervals, and neighbours all round for company (even ttypugh one cannot always choose them) may be a foretaste of some more communal life that we shall lead in the future. Particularly, as it will probably be the gregariously minded, who now lead this life, who will survive, while those who take a risk and stay in the comforts of privacy have a smaller chance of being there to influence post-war conditions. Those who will most largely shape these conditions will, presumably, be the more nervous and the less unsociable part of the population.

There is one major pleasure of life that this savage picnic of war gives us—it saves, in many ways, trouble. Clothes, for example. It has ceased to matter what anyone wears in civil life ; women can walk about London in slacks, silk stockings are definitely off. To wear warm woollen stockings and thick brogues or boots in town as well as country is a pleasure which formerly only the strong-minded could enjoy, but which is now open to the shyest. Evening clothes, too, are seldom seen.

The traditional Englishman is said to derive pleasure from putting on a stiff shirt for dinner each night when alone in a jungle ;

he may enjoy this piquant contrast between his surroundings and his clothes, but he and his sisters enjoy more never dressing for dinner in London. It saves trouble, money, time, and gives us a lazy, go-as-you-please feeling that is most agreeable. I only wish that the fashion would outlast the war, and not give place to some terrific reaction into formal smartness.

Finally, there is the pleasure of being at last, however savage and deplorable the methods used, up against the vilest thing that has risen in modern Europe—this Nazi business. War must always be obscurantist, cruel, and idiotic ; but at least in this one we are fighting something more obscurantist, cruel, and idiotic even than war. We are entitled to derive such consolation as we can from that, even if we cannot see anything ahead of us, in victory or defeat, but a blind alley.

ROSE MACAULAY, *The Listener* (1941)

THE ENDURING ITALY

EVERYONE, I suppose, has a few books that he reads and dips into continually and has come to think of as parts of his personal life. Other books however much they are admired or loved, have their place in a different compartment of the mind ; when they have been read, they are put back on their shelf with no certain assurance that they will be taken down again ; I do not know, for example, whether I shall read again either *Madame Bovary* or *The Charterhouse of Parma,* though each is a book that I could not be without ; but I do know that, as long as I live, Trelawny's *Recollection of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* will come to hand again and again, sometimes for five minutes at random, sometimes for an evening, sometimes for a journey, and never will there be any sense of finality in the encounter.

The best proof that a book has become, in this sense, " personal " is that thousands of seemingly irrelevant impulses may send one to it. Lately, Trelawny came down from my shelf for no better reason than that I had been thinking about the Italian fleet in the Mediterranean—and how, since my last meeting with him, Trelawny seems to have changed ! Always before, he was telling of a civilisation which, though greatly altered in a hundred years, had evident links with our own—which, if I may put it so, had surviving offspring—and it was possible, while reading, to think happily that the debt of

English .writers to Italy was still being increased. Now, suddenly, Trelawny appears to be writing of another world than ours, ahd that this should be so defines with terrible clearness the nature of the Italian tragedy.

The question that presents itself is whether the tragedy is final or whether the essential values of Trelawny's Italy may -survive in another form. Nothing is ever restored ; it is now more than ever certain that, of outward things, " nothing can ever be the same again " ; but it did not need a second world-war to make this true ; the outward forms of the Italy of Shelley and Byron were gone long ago. The essential values nevertheless survived. English artists of succeeding generations found happiness or inspiration or both under Italian skies. What was it, in this strange country, which, at such different times, could draw to it such differing human beings as the Shelleys and the Brownings, and could continue, down to our own day, to give to English poets and painters renewal and freedom ? What is this Italian essence that seems to have so extraordinary a power to survive political and social change ?

We receive a hint of its nature very early in Trelawny's narrative. " Our icy islanders/' he says, " thaw rapidly when they have drifted into warmer latitudes ; broken loose from its anti-social system, mystic castes, coteries, sets and sects, they lay aside their purse-proud, tuft-hunting, and toadying ways, and are very apt to run riot in the enjoyment of all their senses. Besides we are compelled to talk in strange company, if not from good breeding, to prove our breed . . . ." This is typical of Trewlawny's generalisations—rash, hasty, often truculent, but always alive. A dozen holes can be picked in it by anyone who remembers how often English travellers are more purse-proud and tuft-hunting abroad than at home, but it remains true that Englishmen who live in Italy or stay there long enough to enter into Italian life do undergo an experience of release—a release not of the senses only, nor particularly of the intellect, which appears sometimes to slacken, but of the imagination. The reason is not so much that they venerate the Italian past ; moonlight and ruins are seldom a vital stimulus. The effective and enduring influence is something at once childlike and expressive in the Italians, something spontaneously dramatic in them, which, though it may not be greatly productive in itself, strikes on the English box and liberates English artists from their domestic tendency to respect—or, what is worse, to resent—rules and aspects of life which, however appropriate to the " coteries, sets and sects," have

nothing to do with art. The first of Italy's virtues is, then, that she enables men to stop" dressing their souls for dinner and teaches them how to recognise the irrelevant and cast it off.

In this she differs from France in her attitude towards artists. I have never found that modern Italians, apart from those who were themselves artists, have been deeply interested in art, as nearly all cultivated Frenchmen are interested in it. The English,, when they do not practise it, regard it, if they are frivolous, as a pastime, or, if they are solemn, as an educative or moral force ; the French con* sider it as a human activity valuable in itself that has no need of external justification ; the Italians think of it—or thought of it—quite simply in a spirit of *laissez-faire,* with the consequence that, among them, an English writer has always been, in a sense, ever* freer than in France—freer to discover and develop himself without feeling, as English artists are liable to feel within the artistic intellectualism of Paris, that they have somehow become enrolled in a gigantic university—though the lecture-room be not the Sorbonne but a table at the Deux Magots or the Nouvelle Athenes. Paris is a delight because no one there considers it a waste of time to discuss for a couple of hours the texture of a paragraph, the form of a verse or the balance of a scene ; a student will learn more there than anywhere else in the world ; but a mature artist like Byron or a passionately creative one like Shelley may well prefer the Italian freedom which, being less well-informed, is less instructive, less insistent, and intellectually looser.

And it is by no means impossible that this Italian quality may survive, just because it is passive rather than active and has its root in the character of the people—their instinct to tokrate whatever i& not a disturbance of their personal life—rather than in a positive energy that may be perverted. It is easier to believe that Germany may persuade France to invent—what the Germans have been unable to invent for themselves—a totalitarian philosophy of art, than tc* suppose that Fascism will ever be able to lash the inhabitants of Pisa and Lucca into an active hatred of artists. I will confess that,, among my dreams of the future, none, except the imagining of a France reconstituted in her individualism, is dearer or more persistent than the dream of an Italy again feminine in her virtues and her faults. I have suggested that there is, in her life, something spontaneously dramatic, and I would go further in saying that her role,, in its nobility as well as in its charm, is a feminine one. The success of the Fascist Revolution, and its difference from the dreary,,

systematised oppression of the Nazis, has consisted in Kltfssolini's quickness to perceive, and his power to turn to account, the dramatic characteristic of his countrymen. He has provided stage and lime-light such as they had not enjoyed for many years before his coming, and they have responded with a childlike, and now a tragic, enthusiasm to the energy of this spectacular *regisseur.* But he has cast Italy for a masculine part in which, to foreign observers, she has always appeared a little ridiculous. Long before the present war, one would encounter in trains and at street-corners harmless men who, before the Revolution, would have been laughing, bright-eyed and free in all the gestures of limb and mind, but who, under Fascism, seemed to have swaddled themselves in a costumier's toga, whose shoulders were set, whose mouth was clipped, and whose eyes were somehow persuaded to bulge and star like the Duce's own.

This is by no means the impression that one received in Germany. There, men were transformed not by the putting-on of a mental fancy-dress but by a mental disease evidently incurable. In Italy, the toga would nearly always come off. The fiercest Duce of the railway train would, if addressed in tolerable Italian, unfold his arms and turn into the goldsmith of Lucca—-a man so proud of his native city that he had no imperial dreams beyond its ramparts, and so delighted in his own craft and his own children that his eyes would dazzle at talk of Cellini, and he would never be so happy as when, in his little shop, he was being artificer and nursemaid at the same time. The memory of him encourages me in my dream that his country is not lost to civilisation and that the time will come again when creative artists, and not antiquarians only, will go there, as they have in the past, to find—what ? Not, indeed, Trelawny's Italy, nor Browning's, nor, in outward form, the Italy of the immediate past, but still an Italy playing in the world a part natural to her, a receptive and a giving Italy where men of genius, and men less than they, may discover a renaissance of themselves.

CHARLES MORGAN, *The Spectator* (1940)

COUNTRY PARASHOTS

A NIGHT or two ago, I had my first spell with our Local Defence Volunteers or " Parashots." I'd been on the muster for the previous fortnight—but I'd been away, busy with other work, so I Hadn't been able to see how our village was keeping watch and ward. Ours is a

small and scattered village, but we'd had a fine response to> the call for Volunteers ; practically every able-bodied man in the place takes his turn. The post is on top of a high down, with a fine view over a dozen wide parishes. The men I met up there the other night represented a good cross-section of English rural life ; we had a parson, a bailiff, a builder, farmers and farm labourers. Even the rarer and fast-disappearing rural trades were represented—-for we had a hurdle-maker there ; and his presence, together with that of a woodman and a shepherd, made me feel sometimes that I'd wandered into one of those rich chapters of Thomas Hardy's fiction in which his rustics meet in the gathering darkness on some Wessex hillside. And indeed there was something in the preliminary talk, before the sentries were posted for the night, that gave this whole horrible business of air raids and threatened invasion a rustic, homely, almost comfortable atmosphere, and really made a man feel more cheerful about it. In their usual style, these country chaps called every aeroplane "she." They'd say: "Ay, she come along through the gap and over along by Little Witchett—as I see with me own eyes. Then searchloights picks her up—moight be Black Choine way or farther along, over boi Colonel Wilson's may be—an' Oi says to Tarm : * Won't be long now, you'll see, afore they gets her '—-and then, bingo,, masters, down she comes !" They have the sound countryman's habit of relating everything intimately to their own familiar background. Now of course this doesn't take away any of the real menace, but what it does do is somehow to put all this raiding and threatened invasion in their proper places. The intellectual is apt to see these things as the lunatic end of everything, as part of a crazy Doomsday Eve, and so he gets about moaning, or runs away to America. But the simple and saner countryman sees this raiding and invading a& the latest manifestation of that everlasting menace which he always has to fight—sudden blizzards at lambing time, or floods just before the harvest.

I think the countryman knows, without being told, that we hold our lives here, as we hold our farms, upon certain terms. One of those terms is that while wars still continue, while one nation is. ready to hurl its armed men at another, you must, if necessary, stand up and fight for your own. And this decision comes from the natural piety of simple but sane men. Such men, you will notice, are happie* now than the men who have lost that natural piety.

Well, as we talked on our post on the hill-top, we watched the dusk deepen in the valleys below, where our women-folk listened to

the news as they knitted by the hearth, and we remembered that these were our homes and that now at any time they might be blazing ruins, and that half-crazy German youths, in whose empty eyes the idea of honour and glory seems to include every form of beastliness, might soon be let loose down there. The sentries took their posts. There was a mist coming over the down. Nothing much happened for a time. A green light that seemed to defy all black-out regulations turned out to be an extra large and luminous glow-worm ; the glow-worms, poor ignorant little creatures, don't know there's a war on and so continue lighting themselves up. A few searchlights went stabbing through the dusk and then faded. The mist thickened, and below in all the valleys there wasn't the faintest glimmer of light. You heard the ceaseless high melancholy singing of the telegraph wires in the wind.

So we talked about what happened to us in the last war, and about the hay and the barley, about beef and milk and cheese and tobacco. Then a belt of fog over fb the left became almost silvery, because somewhere along there all the searchlights were sweeping the sky. Then somewhere behind that vague silveriness, there was a sound as if gigantic doors were being slammed to. There was the rapid stabbing noise of anti-aircraft batteries, and far away some rapping of machine-guns. Then the sirens went, in our two nearest towns, as if all that part of the darkened countryside, like a vast trapped animal, were screaming at us.

But then the sounds of bombs and gunfire and planes all died away. The " All Clear " went, and then there was nothing but the misty cool night, drowned in silence, and this handful of us on the hill-top. I remember wishing then that we could send all our children out of this island, every boy and girl of them across the sea to the wide Dominions, and turn Britain into the greatest fortress the world has known ; so that then, with any easy mind, we could fight and fight these Nazis until we broke their black hearts.

I felt, too, there a powerful and rewarding sense of community ; and with it, too, a feeling of deep continuity. There we were ploughman and parson, shepherd and clerk, turning out at night, as our forefathers had often done before us, to keep watch and ward over the sleeping English hills and fields and homesteads. I've mentioned Thomas Hardy, whose centenary has just been celebrated. Don't you find in his tales and poems, often derived from the talk he listened to as a boy^ a sense that Napoleon, With *Ms* threatened invasion by the Grand Army at Boulogne, was

only just round the corner ? And I felt, out in the night on the hill-top, that the watch they kept then was only yesterday ; that all this raiding and threat of invasion, though menacing and dangerous enough, was not some horror big enough to split the world—but merely our particular testing time ; what we must face, as our forefathers faced such things, in order to enjoy our own again. It would come down upon us ; it would be terrible ; but it would pass. You remember Hardy's song : *In Time of " The Breaking of Nations* " --

" Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nodi
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass ;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dyanasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by ;
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die."

J. B. PRIESTLEY, *Postscripts* (1940)

THE WALL

IT was our third job that night. Until this thing happened, work had been without incident. There had been shrapnel, a few inquiring bombs, and some huge fires ; but these were unremarkable and have since merged without identity into the neutral maze of fire and noise and water and night, without date and without hour, with neither time nor form, that lowers mistily at the back of my mind as a picture of the air-raid season.

I suppose we were worn down and shivering. Three A.M. is a mean-spirited hour. I suppose we were drenched, with the cold hose water trickling in at our collars and settling down at the tails of our shirts. Without doubt the heavy brass couplings felt moulded from metal-ice. Probably the open roar of the pumps drowned

the petulant buzz of the raiders above, and certainly the ubiquitous fire-glow made an orange stage-set of the streets. Black water would have puddled the City alleys and I suppose our hands and our faces were black as the water. Black with hacking about among the burnt-up rafters. These things were an every-night nonentity. They happened and they were not forgotten because they were never even remembered.

But I do remember it was our third job. And there we were—Len, Lofty, Verno, and myself—playing a fifty-foot jet up the face of a tall City warehouse and thinking of nothing at all. You don't think of anything after the first few hours. You just watch the white pole of water lose itself in the fire and you think of nothing. Sometimes you move the jet over to another window. Sometimes the orange dims to black—but you only ease your grip on the ice-cold nozzle and continue pouring careless gallons through the window. You know the fire will fester for hours yet. However, that night the blank, indefinite hours of waiting were sharply interrupted—by an unusual sound. Very suddenly a long rattling crack of bursting brick and mortar perforated the moment. And then the upper half of that five-storey building heaved over towards us. It hung there, poised for a timeless second before rumbling down at us. I was thinking of nothing at all and then I was thinking of everything in the world.

In that simple second my brain digested every detail of the scene. New eyes opened at the sides of my head so that, from within, I photographed a hemispherical panorama bounded by the huge length of the building in front of me and the narrow lane on either side.

Blocking us on the left was the squat trailer pump, roaring and quivering with effort. Water throbbed from its overflow valves and from leakages in the hose and couplings. A ceaseless stream spewed down its grey sides into the gutter. But nevertheless a fat iron exhaust pipe glowed red-hot in the middle of the wet engine. I had to look past Lofty's face. Lofty was staring at the controls, hands tucked into' his armpits for warmth. Lofty was thinking of nothing. He had a black diamond of soot over one eye, like the White-eyed Kaffiir in negative.

To the other side of me was a free run up the alley. Overhead swung a sign—" Catto and Henley." I wondered what in hell they sold. Old stamps ? The alley was quite free. A couple of lengths of dead, deflated hose wound over the darkly glistening pavement.

Charred flotsam dammed up one of the gutters. A needle of water fountained from a hole in a live hose-length. Beneath a blue shelter light lay a shattered coping-stone. The next shop along was a tobacconist's, windowless, with fake display cartons torn open for anybody to see. The alley was quite free.

Behind me, Len and Verno shared the weight 'of the hose. They heaved up against the strong backward drag of water-pressure. All I had to do was yell " Drop it "—and then run. We could risk the live hose snaking up at us. We could run to the right down the free alley—Len, Verno, and me. But I never moved. I never said " Drop it " or anything else. That long second held me hypnotised, rubber boots cemented to the pavement. Ton upon ton of red-hot brick hovering in the air above us numbed all initiative. I could only think. I couldn't move.

Six yards in front stood the blazing building. A minute before I would never have distinguished it from any other drab Victorian atrocity happily on fire. Now I was immediately certain of every minute detail. The building was five storeys high. The top four storeys were fiercely alight. The rooms inside were alive with red-fire. The black outside walls remained untouched. And thus, like the lighted carriages of a night express, there appeared alternating rectangles of black and red that emphasised vividly the extreme symmetry of the window spacing : each oblong window shape posed as a vermilion panel set in perfect order upon the dark face of the wall. There were ten windows to each floor, making forty windows in all. In rigid rows of ten, one row placed precisely above the other, with strong contrasts of black and red, the blazing windows stood to attention in strict formation. The oblong building, the oblong windows, the oblong spacing. Orange-red colour seemed to *bulge* from the black framework, assumed tactile values like boiling jelly that expanded inside a thick black squared grill.

Three of the storeys, thirty blazing windows and their huge frame of black brick, a hundred solid tons of hard, deep Victorian wall, pivoted over towards us and hung flatly over the alley. Whether the descending wall actually paused in its fall I can never know. Probably it never did. Probably it only seemed to hang there. Probably my eyes digested its action at an early period of momentum, so that I saw it " off true " but before it had gathered speed.

The night grew darker as the great mass hung over us. Through smoke-fogged fireglow the moonlight had hitherto penetrated to the pit of our alley through declivities in the skyline. Now some of the

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moonlight was being shut out as the wall hung ever further over us. The wall shaded the moonlight like an inverted awning. Now the pathway of light above had been squeezed to a thin line. That was the only silver lining I ever believed in. It shone out—a ray of hope. But it was a declining hope, for although at this time the entire hemispherical scene appeared static, an imminence of movement could be sensed throughout—presumably because the scene was actually moving. Even the speed of the shutter which closed the photograph on my mind was powerless to exclude this motion from a deeper consciousness. The picture appeared static to the limited surface senses, the eyes and the material brain, but beyond that there was hidden movement.

The second was timeless. 1 had leisure to remark many things. For instance, that an iron derrick, slightly to the left would not hit me. This derrick stuck out from the building arid I could feel its sharpness and hardness as clearly as if I had run my body intimately over its contour. I had time to notice that it carried a foot-long hook, a chain with three-inch rings, two girder supports' and a wheel more than twice as large as my head.

A wall will fall in many ways. It may sway over to the one side or the other. It may crumble at the very beginning of its fall. It may'remain intact and fall flat. This wall fell as flat as a pancake. It clung to its shape through ninety degrees to the horizontal. Then it detached itself from the pivot and slammed down on top of us.

The last resistance of bricks and mortar at the pivot point cracked off like automatic gun fire. The violent sound both deafened us and brought us to our senses. We dropped the hose and crouched. Afterwards Verno said that I knelt slowly on one knee with bowed head, like a man about to be knighted. Well, I got my knighting. There was an incredible noise—a thunderclap condensed into the space of an eardrum—and then the bricks and the mortar came tearing and burning into the flesh of my face.

Lofty, away by the pump, was killed. Len, Verno, and myself they dug out. There was very little brick on top of us. We had been lucky. We had been framed by one of those symmetrical, oblong window spaces.

WILLIAM SANSOM, *Horizon* (1941)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

TRANSFORMATION IN SCIENCE

ONE of the paradoxes of the present time is that people may be able to change the world so rapidly that they fail to understand what they are doing. Another is that, while more has been found out at large and in detail about nature and man in the past thirty years than in the whole of history, there is less general appreciation of this knowledge and worse use of it than ever before. This is partly because modern science has become more complex, but as much because it has been professionalised. Since some people are paid to understand it, why should the rest bother their heads about it ? But ignorance of science means a failure to understand the factors underlying the critical events of our time. The history of the last few years should have shown that it is no longer optional, but absolutely necessary, for science to be understood, appreciated, and effectively used.

The war is simply an acute phase of a process that has been going on with increasing violence for many years. The whole of human society is passing through an enormously important transformation. The material bases of this transformation are the changes in production which are inseparably linked with science. It is taking place far more rapidly than any of the transformations that occurred in the past ; so much so, that individuals seeing overwhelming changes in their own lifetime are utterly bewildered and are carried along, without ever understanding the underlying factors. The old men, who in most parts of the world still nominally direct affairs, have by tradition and education no knowledge of the tremendous forces that are shaking the world to-day. . They know little or nothing of modern science or economics, and are powerless either to keep out of dangers or to extricate their countries from them. Their younger successors in the Fascist countries are equally ignorant of the facts of science, but appreciate far better its practical possibilities, and know well how to use it for destructive ends.

The tragedy of the present struggle is that the ends for which people are striving—food, work, security, and freedom—are gifts which science has put within reach of all. The resources, the knowledge, and the ability to build a new world are there, but in-

stead we have danger and bloodshed, want and misery. If people could understand at least something of the possibilities which science offers they would become more reasonably impatient of their present state, and more capable of changing it. For this, science needs to be expounded, and expounded in a new way, which emphasises its relation to a changing world. It is no use any longer attempting to present science as a series of pictures of the beauties or the mysteries of the universe and of nature. People have had enough of that already ; it belongs to a time when individual and social security and the general running of society could be taken for granted. Indeed, the public is very justifiably irritated with the idea of the pure scientists' leisurely and secluded search after minute and remote things, when the world all around is being bombed to pieces ; especially as the aeroplanes, guns, tanks, and other engines of destruction seem to be the most noticeable products of scientific research.

. But in any case the scientists themselves are no longer anxious to present a merely academic picture of a disinterested search after truth combined with a sublime indifference to the results of discoveries. Science has long been much more than this. It has become an integral part of productive industry and agriculture, it maintains health, it is increasingly involved in business administration and government. The methods and ideas of science are the dominant forms of thought and action in our time.

The difficulty of getting hold of modern science is that it is moving so fast. In the past fifty years, and even more in the last twenty, it has achieved an internal revolution. Although twentieth-century science rests securely on bases laid down in the nineteenth century, the twentieth century has a character all its own ; and the revolution in science is, in fact, far more significant than that which occurred at the end of the eighteenth century.

* Four great internal changes in science occurred just before the beginning of the century : the quantum theory, which has led to the understanding of the structures and actions of atoms and molecules, and thus to the complete union between physics and chemistry ; the rise of biochemistry, which has revealed the extraordinary complex but understandable chemical basis of living organisms, and shown that this is far more significant than the grosser forms and movements that occupied the naturalists of the nineteenth century ; *tht* discovery of the material basis of inheritance in the chromosomes ; and finally, that ill-defined but vitally important advance in the study of animal and human behaviour which is beginning to break

down the last stronghold of metaphysics, the conception of an independent category of mind.

Now these great advances, actually incomparably richer than those in the whole previous history of science, are also essentially different in character. In recognising them, the scientists have been forced to adopt new mental attitudes which involve a break with the traditions of thought reaching as far back as the Greeks, if not farther. The simple logic of the schools derived from grammar and common sense has been found inadequate to cope with the more remote complexities of the atom and the starry universe. Relativity and the quantum theory both involve what seems to the common man absurdities and contradictions ; but these contradictions are now established as necessary paVts of the behaviour of our universe.

We see now that what we call common sense is just a convenient but crude human tool, suitable enough for a simple life, but needing to be refined and extended to use the new knowledge effectively'in'a complex situation. It is in respect of its apparent absurdities and contradictions that modern science shows its relation to modern tendencies in art. By breaking with tradition the new painters and poets have greatly enlarged our sensuous and imaginative experience, and it is no accident that in their imagery and form they draw so much on science.

Another crucial advance is that modern science has come up against the behaviour of organised systems, not necessarily always living ones, and is forced to recognise that the very existence of organ* isation implies properties in the whole which are not separately evident in the parts. Chance events on one level appear as statistical laws on another. The high degree of isolation and independence that marked Newton's science is now giving way to the study of group and co-operative phenomena. The ideas of Marx and Engels, which foreshadowed this development a hundred years ago, are now being studied and appreciated far better than they were in their own time. Further, all parts of science are seen to be much more closely related to each other ; and the tendency is to even closer relation* ship. This implies new problems of organisation in science, and intercommunication between the various branches. The old isolation of the specialist is rapidly breaking down. Team-work is taking the place of individual and competitive attack on problems.

With all of this comes an increasing dependence on the world outside science. In the first place, nhe very growth of scientific work

has turned science from a spare-time occupation of a few dozen gentlemen of leisure into the whole-time job of some hundreds of thousands of research workers in nearly every country of the world. Science has become an industry, a small, but key industry. The cost of scientific research is borne directly or indirectly by industrial contributions, and already there are far more scientists working for industry than in universities or independent institutes. The very progress of science itself would be quite impossible without that of industry. The great discoveries of the present century were made possible by the industrial application of nineteenth-century discoveries. Without the mechanical technique or the ready availability of instruments of the chemical and electrical industries, modern physics and chemistry could not exist.

Through its connection with industry, if for no other reason, modern science is inevitably affected by external political and economic trends. The growth of monopolies has made possible the creation of well-endowed scientific research institutes, but the restrictive policy which followed the economic crisis of 1930 was strongly felt in the scientific world, and gave rise to serious doubts and questionings. The old nineteenth-century optimism of science, the idea that its application automatically led to ever-increasing progress, was found no longer tenable. But what was to take its place ?

The war has given a terrible urgency to the problem of the proper relation of science to human affairs. It turns out that although science has been used very largely for the development of weapons, it is need* ed no less urgently for the problem of preserving the life and health of the population under the most difficult circumstances, for providing food and shelter and checking disease. This brings to the fore* ground the essential function of science, which is in the first place to find the means of satisfying the most elementary human needs. What is seen as a necessity in war was no less a necessity in peace. If the function of science had been fully realised then, the want and misery which led to the war would have been removed without the need for a struggle that can only waste human resources and destroy the powers of human thought.

But it is clearly not sufficient to state this. In fact, it was stated over and over again before the war to little effect. There were reasons, and very weighty reasons, why science could not be used for human betterment before the war. Those reasons still remain, and the way to remove them will only be found when they are understood. So the scientist was forced, and i£ being forced, to try to understand

the. conditions moulding society and determining the resistance to rational schemes of betterment.

We may find reflected inside the world of science the same general trends as are seen in ,the arts and in politics. In the first place, there are those who, disliking intensely the present state of affairs, see in it only the culmination of the application of science. The solution to them is to abolish the present and go back to the comparative happiness of an ignorant past. Their appeal is to religion, to the values of the land and the family. These are the views which were put forward with almost conscious hypocrisy by the Nazis, echoed in Vichy France, and even by considerable bodies of opinion in England and America. They imply complete admission of human failure. " Man has acquired certain powers, and has not learned how best to use them. He is inherently stupid and wicked, and had best • recognise the fact and not attempt tasks beyond his powers." Such reactionary cries have been uttered at every crisis in the past six thousand years. They recall the protest against the impiety of Prometheus, who took fire from heaven, or the ancient Chinese philosopher who declaimed against the wicked innovations of boats and wheelbarrows. However, it is as difficult to move back as it is dangerous to move forward. We shall certainly have to adopt social habits totally different from those suitable to separate villages of self-sufficing peasants. The fact that modern industry, both for technical and defence reasons, tends to spread itself over the countryside, does not lead to increasing simplification but rather to a greater emphasis on efficient organisation and integrated planning.

Outside the simply reactionary camp there are still, however, fundamental differences of opinion, and these are almost sharper in science than in other fields of thought. The tradition of science still carries marks of its social origin. Modern science was created by the same movement that made capitalism. It is strongly attached to ideas of individual initiative and freedom of thought. However, the result of the combination of scientific technique and capitalist economy has been the creation of national and supernational monopolies, in the growth of which the old individualistic methods of industry have largely disappeared. Modern science, with its expensive equipment, its need for elaborate organisation and its close relation to industry, did not, indeed, even before the war, conform to the liberal idealist picture. Independent scientists had almost disappeared.

The war has already resulted in bringing science in every country in the world, America included, into the orbit of national defence

on the basis of organised planning. Liberal scientists have a very natural fear that this will result in the destruction of the spirit that made science possible, and in the loss of the ideals of free inquiry and free application. Some are even willing to acquiesce in a situation in which science will be quite a minor and ill-rewarded human occupation, provided that it is left alone by the State and industry ; but this hope is as certain to be disappointed as that of the more thorough-going admirers of the past. Science is too useful, indeed essential, to the day-to-day running of modern industry to be allowed to sink into a safe obscurity. Science can only live when it is in the forefront of human activity. What is needed is a more thorough analysis of those characters in scientific work that make for initiative in discovery and theory, and for critical thoroughness in the establishment of facts. It has already been found in practice that it is possible to retain these characters, combined with quite extensive organisation, as long as the scientists are given responsibility and allowed to arrange their own work. What has been done and is being done, for war, could be done equally well for peace. The world of science has fortunately always been free from many of the mercenary motives that hinder co-operation in other spheres of life. Democratic collaboration is the essence of the work of a laboratory or the study of a whole range of natural phenomena.

J. D. BERNAL, *World Review* (1941)

THE HOUSE DIVIDED

THE lives that each day go down the collective gullet of the animal kingdom are beyond computation. A few species, to be sure, are peculiarly abstemious. A twenty-foot-python can manage on less than a pound of meat per foot per week, but he is decidedly an exception. Most animals are incorrigible gluttons. An ordinary caterpillar eats twice its own weight daily. The humming-bird, whose beauty stops short of the spiritual, consumes relatively as much. But the record goes to the grub that was observed to eat *about* 86,000 times its initial weight before settling down to pupate into a moth.

Because their food is highly concentrated, the meat-eaters must defer to the plant-eaters in such record individual performances at table.' Their group performances, however, are impressive, as may be shown by a quantitative estimate of the links in the chain which leads to a pound of codfish. Ten pounds of sea snails must be eaten

by .a cod to make that pound of codfish. Each pound of snails irtr turn is the product of ten pounds of worms, and each pound of" worms the product of ten pounds of microscopic organisms. Before the codfish can appear on a platter, half a ton of living flesh must be destroyed.

Such a nutritive sequence illustrates not only how murderous* the business of existence is, but also, paradoxically, how that business can succeed in spite of its being so. With the sole exception of modern man, every animal that ever lived has occupied its appropriate niche or niches in one or more of these sequences., Food chains, are the economic framework of society at large. However defective they may be morally, mechanically they are almost perfect. They have prevented society these many aeons from tearing itself to pieces.

All animals exist in a deluge of physical, chemical, and biological influences, but no t\\o species make precisely the same adjustments to precisely the same storm. Two adjustments of a general nature,, however, are mandatory upon ail. All animals (again with the exception of modern man) must adjust themselves to a supply of food, on the one hand, and to a supply of enemies on the other. Through the establishment of these two relationships the links in the food chains are forged.

A common characteristic of these chains is that the links increase consecutively in size. The size of an animal's food, in other words, is. apt to be a little smaller than the animal, and his enemies are apt to be a little larger. Certain obvious exceptions to this rule come easily to mind. Most plant-eating animals are not inhabited by food which is larger than themselves. Plants are notoriously weak in reprisal and slow in retreat, and animals are notoriously devoid of a sense of sin. Excepting such fastidious specialists as the seed-eating birds and the honey-sucking insects, the smallest herbivores, will attack the largest trees with impunity.

Certain carnivores, too, may take on adversaries larger than themselves, but like the herbivores they do so only because they are reasonably certain of success. In every known case of this sort there is- some special adaptation which gives the smaller animal the advantage. Thus it is that snakes and weasels, who can paralyse their prey with poison and fright respectively, can also be smaller than their prey without much danger to themselves. Other animals increase their effective size by hunting in groups. Predatory bands of such small animals as the driver ants of Africa and the tigerfish of the

Amazon can master opponents many times larger than their individual selves.

Just as a few, animals step upward towards food which i? considerably larger than themselves, a few step downward towards food which is considerably smaller. The corpulent whale-bone whale, for example, subsists on crustaceans that are almost too small to be seen. But just as stepping far upward normally increases the risk of violent death, stepping far downward normally increases the risk of starvation. Excepting at the surface of the sea, excessively small food is only periodically available to the larger animals. Most of them, accordingly, are restricted to food which is just slightly smaller than themselves.

The fundamental principle of the food chain is to make food available progressively from the smaller to the larger animals. By the testimony of many field naturalists the principle is widely enforced. G. D. H. Carpenter, who studied the tsetse fly of Africa, has furnished an example which proves that it may also be rigidly •enforced. Tsetse flies can suck the blood of the mammals but not of the lungfishes in their Lake Victoria kingdom. The corpuscles of the one are just small enough to pass up the proboscis of the insect, and the corpuscles of the other are just large enough to get stuck. A few millionths of a metre, accordingly, is just enough to hold the dread carriers of sleeping sickness from a tasty addition to their diet. The same few millionths of a millimetre is just enough to keep the most gluttonous mammal in the world from some 30,000 square miles of rich and desirable land.

Gradation in size is only half the requirement for a food chain. Gradation in number is the other half. The chain that led to the pound of codfish consisted of creatures that were progressively larger in size and at the same time progressively fewer in number. This is the normal condition throughout the living world. Unless the number of creatures decreases as their size increases, their food chains must collapse.

There must be, for example, fewer foxes than rabbits in a given region as long as the former depend on the latter for food. Should the reverse come to pass, the rabbits would disappear by murder. Unless they could find other suitable food, the foxes would disappear by starvation or migration. In any event the rabbit-fox food chain of the region would be destroyed. Such things are known to have happened but they are relatively rare. Nature normally preserves a balance between the rapacity and the fertility of her children.

. A mountain puma in Montana may kill as many as fifty deer in a winter, yet only where men have interfered are pumas notably increasing or deer decreasing. Nature has balanced the fertility of the deer against the rapacity of the lions so^hat both species may continue to exist. Similarly, an owl in exercising the prerogatives of owlhood destroys several smaller birds ; which in their turn eat thousands of spiders, worms, and insects ; which consume untold millions of other creatures lesser than themselves.

So it is that though the lion and the lamb do not lie down together in peace, they live together in an essentially balanced society. Everywhere in chains of varying length do the larger, stronger, and fewer live at the expense of the smaller, weaker, and more abundant. Each species pays the price of existence with the surplus of individuals; which Nature has provided for that purpose, but retains a modest balance in the bank with which to carry on.

We thus arrive at a strange and embarrassing conclusion. The reproductive powers being what they are, it is impossible to imagine a well-adjusted society of animals without conflict. Without enemies to whittle down its numbers to the measure of its food supply, many a species would breed itself into the grave. The house of life divided against itself stands only because it is divided !

The dire effects of losing one's enemies were recently demonstrated by the deer of the Kaibab National Forest in Arizona. The tender-hearted tenders of the forest in Washington sent specialists to destroy the cougars. Freed of this embarrassment, the deer multiplied luxuriantly until they were cropping all the edible vegetation in the forest before the snows set in. As the snow grew deeper the deer grew thinner, and gathered around the houses of ranchers to beg for food. Before this finest herd of deer in the country was destroyed by its own fertility, the guardians in Washington let loose on therm an enemy quite as effective as the original cougars. They opened the forest to hunters. Very soon thereafter the herd was reduced *to a* size commensurate with survival.

If what happened to this food chain in an Arizona preserve should happen simultaneously to all the food chains in the world, society would collapse. Fortunately, the Guardian of this larger preserve is not apt to make such a mistake. He will doubtless continue to protect the order of the world through war, and the welfare of the species, through an appropriate quota of enemies.

Pacifists, however, have no cause to shudder nor militarists to chuckle at these facts. Though wars between such creatures as ter-

mites and ants are sufficiently well organised and bloody to suggest the wars between men, they are different in one significant respect. They are wars between members of different species. With but a few exceptions, the wars of animals in general are fought between creatures belonging to different species.

It is true, of course, that individuals of the same species (who share the same environment and require the same kind of food and mates) may quarrel bitterly with one another. The fisherman knows that a pike will rise to a baby pike as readily as to a shiner. The lobster culturist knows that lobsters prefer lobster to any other food. The palaeontologist knows that the wounds in the skulls of the great horned dinosaurs were made by the horns of other horned dinosaurs. Everywhere and always brothers have clutched at each other's throat.

Such conflicts, however, are comparable to the so-called peace-time activities of men, to the endless rub of business, mating, and crime. They are individual rather than collective phenomena. When death results it is comparable to homicide rather than to human warfare. Men are practically alone in the living world in being chronically addicted to both individual and group murder among themselves.

The evolution of man was not a wholly triumphant march toward bliss. Like the evolution of every other creature it entailed losses as well as gains. Gaining fire, clothing, and cod-liver oil, man lost much of his natural resistance to cold. Gaining cookery and a variety of gastric delights, he lost much of his natural aptitude for digestion. Gaining an elaborate system of defence, he lost many of his natural enemies. Of all his losses he regrets the last one least though he suffers for it most. Unlike the deer that suffered a similar loss, man has no prospect of enjoying an easy cure.

When man shifted the burden of locomotion from hands to feet he took the most decisive step in his evolution. Not until his hands were free could they free in turn the latent ingenuity of his brain. The material culture which distinguishes him from other creatures began with the first human hand to strike sparks from a stone/ His social economy, which is equally distinctive, began with the first human hand to throw the stone at an enemy. This ability to throw a missile led to bullets in a negligible fraction of geologic time, and so to the loss of enemies that had faithfully served the ancestors of rrien for millions of years.

When man labelled the lion the king of beasts he indulged in

sucjh. chivalry as a real king can easily afford. For however kingly a lion may seem to a gazelle, he is only an easy target for a rifle. Few animals have a chance against the weapons of modern man, and few are so stupid or uninformed as not to act accordingly. Only in occasional nightmares do civilised men encounter the enemies that their forebears faced daily in the flesh.

Even in India where animals still dare to compete with men, the casualties of the latter as listed by the Home Department are far fewer than those of the former. Nor can the insects that conduct an occasional foray across the fences of civilisation consolidate their gains. Even the potent armies of infection are steadily losing ground. Men die to an ever-increasing extent from their own private ailments without any help from germs.

Man, in fact, has so thoroughly eliminated or subdued all serious competitors in the living world that he thinks of himself as akin to the mighty forces of the physical world. If the truth were spoken, he thinks of himself as the ruler of these forces, and of his evolution as a movement toward that end. In view of this attitude his indifference to certain matters of merely biological importance can be 'understood. Yet because of this indifference, and despite his triumphs, he has become the unhappiest species on earth.

The elimination of enemies was the first and most fundamental step in this direction. Few men would see anything but evil in enemies and anything but good in their abolition. This is the civilised view. In so far as men can agree on anything it is that life should be safe and soft, and few would deny that the elimination of enemies has helped to make it so. History shows, however, that though the elimination of enemies has furthered the softening of human life, it has done the opposite for its safety.

For a thousand million years the economy of the living world has been based on the principle that the fertility of flesh shall balance its rapacity. Any system that had worked so effectively for so long a time could hardly have been without merit. Its merit, however, was not such as to appeal to so strangely moral and aesthetic a creature as man. Its strength was not such as to hold so restless and resourceful a creature against his will. A lover of new deals from •the beginning, man abandoned a social economy that had worked for so many million years in favour of one that has not worked at all.

Capitalistic imperialism is commonly credited with this achievement but its roots go very much deeper than that. They go down to

man's earliest mammalian ancestors. Judged by their teeth which have survived them, those arboreal brutes were not fussy about their food. They avoided the prejudices of such narrow-minded feeders as tigers and cows. They apparently lived on insects when they could catch them, and on nuts, fruits, and leaves when they could not. Those of their descendants that led to man were presumably not any fussier because man is the most versatile feeder that ever lived.

The full flower of this versatility could not appear until some time after the human hand was free. When the ancestors of man swung down from the trees, they entered a region of new delights which was also a region of new dangers. They had to perfect their cunning before they could indulge their cupidity. Until clubs and stones were conscripted to the support of muscles and teeth, man had to be content with discretion as a policy, and with his more gentle neighbours as food.

Through the perfection of hand-wielded weapons and tools, man was able to throw off these restrictions. He greatly increased the size of his food by adding large animals to his diet. With the domestication of grain he added seeds, a food much smaller than any he had been able to rely on before.* He thus became the first species capable of using food of practically all sizes and varieties, the first to throw off completely the ancient shackles of the food cham. He became the first species with, a prospect of enjoying its food in peace, free both from annoying competitors and dangerous foes. He became the first species that might lift its thoughts from the stomach to the stars. But he also became a freak.

He became an omnivorous creature with the blended instincts of lion and lamb, but without the checks that Nature normally imposes upon these instincts. As a lamb he lakced the oucer check of enemies, and as a lion the inner check of relative infertility. He became simultaneously the fiercest and most prolific creature on earth. Unlike the deer of the Kaibab Forest, he had no Guardian to balance his biologic budget. He accordingly balanced it himself by setting his own rapacity against his own fecundity. He became the enemy of himself. Compared in malignity with this newer foe, his older foes were friends.

It is a perennially popular belief among men that war in von Moltke's famous phrase is " part of God's world order," the price men pay for having been descended from beasts. The belief is not without a certain practical worth. It affords a spurious justifies

tion for the few who profit by war and a spurious nobility for the many who lose. But the truth is that war as men wage it is the price they pay for being human. It is the tax levied by the criminal and the weak on the decent and the strong. It is the ironic cost of compassion.

It is, in short, the penalty for disobeying the law of natural selection. Man is the only species that lacks a mechanism for eliminating the habitually anti-social and the congenitally weak. He is the only species that can deliberately cherish and promote its own deterioration. He is the only species that is driven by the hot cruelty of sentimentality and the cold cruelty of greed into war upon itself.

Mass murder of men by men is strictly man's own invention. Unlike the interspecific warfare of all other species, it prevents rather than preserves an equilibrium of antagonistic forces. It is a cultural disease rather than a biological necessity and it has no value for the species at .large. It has, however, inestimable value for dictators, profiteers, and fools. Through them mankind has been able to make its unique contribution to the social economy of the living world.

J. H. BRADLEY, *Patterns of Survival* (1939)

A SALTSPOONFUL OF SOIL

OURS is a busy, vexed, quarrelsome world. It contains about two thousand million people intent on gaining a living, on learning, on loving, on killing, on inventing, on changing, and on drifting. Everyone is occupied with his or her ego. Conflicts arise, and stories of the more sensational conflicts are received in the newspaper offices, and are called news. The journalist pacing the pavement of Fleet Street knows that behind the facade of the big newspaper offices are telephones and teleprinters receiving news from the whole world.

There is no soil in Fleet Street, only pavement. Perhaps that is why the journalists miss the story of a conflict involving vastly greater numbers than the human population of the globe. If you were to pace the Downs instead of a dead pavement, your every footstep will cover a population many times greater than a couple of thousands of millions. There is at least that number of living things in a saltspoonful of soil. They teem, eat each other, and have their ups and downs in a perpetual conflict for food and existence. What a story I Do you wonder that I am grateful to those pavement-bound

journalists for leaving me an unparalleled scoop ? I shall not be able to exhaust its possibilities, or " covery ever feature," as the journalists say, but I shall put you in a position to find out more for yourself about these microbes which live in myriads all around you.

Somewhere or other you may have seen an unlet advertising space filled after this fashion : " You are looking at the space .... Others will do so, if you put your advertisement here. For particulars apply ..." Sometimes the challenge is put in the form of a query. " Why are you looking . . . ?" I may therefore suppose, as you have got so far with me, that you have a certain interest in following out Microbial News, or (to re-apply a phrase) News from the World of Neglected Dimensions.

The creatures dealt with here range in size from beings just visible to the naked eye down to those that are about one twenty-thousandth of an inch across and can only be seen with a powerful microscope. But though small, they are alive ; they are involved in the struggle for existence, and they exist in perpetual conflict. That is what makes their study so interesting. Change—a new balance of power—a fresh dominance—news, in fact—is always being presented. But not by teleprinter ; microbe news has to be recorded in other ways.

The method used for study of the modes of life of microbes belongs to the sciences collectively called microbiology. The name is perhaps not so very good ; it suggests a small biology, whereas it really means the biology—the life-study, that is—of small things.

If at this stage you were to ask me to say what a microbe is, I could give no better definition to the term than by saying that a microbe is a form of life so small that a microscope has to be used to make it visible. Even so, some exceptions have to be apprehended. The egg of a mammal, such as a human being or a cat, is so small that it cannot be properly seen by what the German language calls the unweaponed eye ; the male equivalent of such eggs is still smaller. Small, also, are pollen grains, which are the male " eggs " of plants. Such structures as these are not considered to be microbes, and possibly you will understand the reason without my stressing the point about an independent existence. Microbes are very small Peter Pans : they never grow as individuals beyond a minute size.

This is my jumping-ofF point. Like other writers on microbiology, I have laid stress on the fact of the smallness of micro-organisms. Unlike those other writers, however, I am not going to preoccupy you with what can be seen under the probably unavailable micro-

scope. Our present paint of departure will be the fact that microbes live not only as individuals, but also in populations ; given the chance, microbes form million populations even more easily than men and women drift into those agglomerations we call cities. It is, indeed, their enormous numbers that make microbes significant. The growth and decay of huge microbe populations produce effect* of vital importance to ourselves.

The most sensational news often comes from conflicts set up. in urban conditions of politics and business, and comes less frequently from the life-stories of isolated groups of people. The most instructive history is that which traces the rise and fall of cities, countries, and empires : the story of the growth of Chicago has more lessons for us than the biographies of a dozen Babbits would have.

. A population of micro-organisms—stimulated into being and growth in one spot by some especially favourable concatenation *of* conditions—is called a colony. Although a colony of bacteria, for example, may be so small that a microscope is needed to see it. I shall be on safe ground if for the purpose of this book we take the word colony to mean a microbial population which is large enough to be easily seen by the naked eye. I shall nfake use of the property of colonial growth (growth in colonies) to tell you how to study microbes by seeing them in the mass, without a microscope at all.

I am well aware that other writers on microbiology have stressed the importance of having a good (and consequently expensive) microscope in order to see microbes under the best possible conditions. The insistence on the need for a microscope for seeing microbes has naturally quenched the interest of those who would like to know something about this world of popularly neglected dimensions, but who have no time, room, or money to install a small laboratory. It would be easy for me to write a chapter or two to try to wheedle you into getting a microscope and some accessories ; as Topsy did with her baby, I might maintain that it would not be much to make a fuss about—but I think that all but a few of you would remain unconvinced about the need for even a small beginning of an outfit for microscopy.

I am taking the population-habit of microbes as our departure, before we set out on a voyage to new colonies, and experience the thrill of discovery. I shall occasionally have to refer back to microbes as seen under the microscope. I shall leave other micro-biologists to hug the coast of sizes, and to discuss at length the size and shapes of what they suppose to be representative individual microbes ; we

•ball deal witn microbes in their teeming millions. It is, as J Have said, by their vast numbers that microbes can influence our lives. For the moment, however, I am concerned merely to take advantage of the fact that the aggregation of large numbers of microbes into a colony makes the mass visible to the naked eye, and hence simplifies their study without a microscope.

I have said that a microbe is a living thing that cannot be seem until it has been magnified considerably. Before setting otf to found new vastly-populated colonies, let us see whether we can divide microbes into tiny plants and tiny animals and so forth. This sorting-out is conveniently done on the shore because it is not so easy as it seems. I note that you imagine that you have just decided that I have been guilty of loose writing. " And so forth . . . ! There are only three kingdoms of matter—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. Because it*is alive, a microbe cannot be a mineral !"

No, it can't ; but it is so very hard to say whether many microbes are animals or plants, that some knowledgeable people have suggested that a fourth kingdom should be created, intermediate between plants and animals. The name " protista " has been suggested for the members of the fourth kingdom. There is a good case, too, for the formation of a fifth kingdom, to include the viruses. These arc bodies *so* very small that they have been called ultra-microbes, but nobody knows whether they are living or not.

You will already have grasped the idea that the old division of matter into animal-vegetable-mineral is too simple. Like the belief in the indivisibility of the atom or the impossibility of the transmutation of elements, the division of things into three kingdoms was a satisfactory boxing of knowledge until knowledge overflowed. Scientific classification, then, is not immutable. It is merely a convenience. It is the packing and not the goods, except to a small number of scientific boxmakers. I shall, however, try to give a rough idea of the differences that have resulted in the establishment of animal and vegetable kingdoms, in order to make the subdivisions of microbes more intelligible.

The main differences centre upon the modes of feeding. The modes of reproduction are very important indeed in establishing differences between different kinds (classes and species) of animals or plants. Thus they distinguish the kangaroos which are marsupials, from the reptiles which lay eggs, and the mammals which have a placenta and also bear their young alive. Broadly speaking, however, in the higher plants the methods employed for reproducing the

species differ little, in principle, from the mode of reproduction **in** any higher animal. In the lowest plants and animals the methods of reproduction are practically identical. Digestion, and not **sex,** forms the primary basis of classification as animal or plant. In simpler words, to tell whether an organism, that is, a living thing, is a plant, or an animal, we need the answer to Alice's question at the Mad Tea-Party : " What do they live on ?" Alice took a special interest in questions of eating and drinking.

You will remember the Rocking-Horse Fly which was made entirely of wood, and got about by swinging itself from branch to branch. *c ' What does it live on ?' Alice asked with great curiosity. ' Sap and sawdust,' said the Gnat."

My point is that the Rocking-Horse Fly had to have its ingredients ready-made for it. Sap and sawdust are plant products and are complex, but they are built up by the plant from very simple chemical compounds, such as carbon dioxide, water, and nitrates. Therefore, in saying that animals are destructive in their freeding, and that plants are constructive, we have broached a fundamental truth.

A great deal follows from this. We seem to have wandered very far indeed from the microbes and their struggle, but, believe me, you are very near to understanding much more than the differences between plants and animals. You are very close to understanding what microbes do in the earth, and those activities are at the bottom of our existence on this planet.

Most animals (except such very humble specks of living matter as amoeba) have something corresponding to ^l mouth. They use their mouth in much the same way as we use ours—to take in organised food, by which we mean a foodstuff that has a complex structure, because it is or has been part, or even the whole, of another living thing.

No plant has a mouth. The insect-catching plants are a special case, but need not detain us here. Generally speaking, plants feed on the simplest substances, which they build up into highly-elaborated stuffs.

You are now in possession of enough information to see that there is a tendency towards a food cycle, or a circular process of feeding. From simple matter, plants build up complex plant-tissue. Some animals feed on plants ; some animals feed on plant-eating animals.

Thus, simple stuffs are built up into big organisms via plants. But the big organisms—animals and plants—are not immortal. They die and then what of the stores of material they represent ? Obvious-

ly, our cycle is not complete. You can readily see that if the stuffs built up into big living things were not returned to circulation, all Bfe must come to an end, partly for lack of fresh material, and partly because the ground would be cumbered with dead things. The higher plants cannot make use of one another's tissues or of the bodies of animals while these are intact.

The cycle is completed by the microbes, which are essentially preparers of plant-food. Their work is known by unpleasant names -decay, decomposition, and so forth. Nevertheless, you are now able to appreciate how essential a process decay is. Decay or decomposition is looked upon as something foul, because it is often accompanied by unpleasant smells. Take de-composition in its literal sense, which happens to be a true sense, and it is merely the opposite *of* re-composition, which is surely nothing to be frightened about.

The inhabitants of that world of neglected dimensions, the microbes, are like the house-breakers in a city which is for ever building anew out of the materials of its old outgrown or out-moded dwellings. Human house-breakers do not alter their materials, but microbes refashion theirs, and infuse them with the mysteriousness of life once more.

HUGH NICOL, *Microbes by the Million* (1939)

WHAT IS A WORD?

WORDS, from the earliest times of which we have historical records, have been objects of superstitious awe. The man who knew his enemy's name could, by means of it, acquire magic powers over him. We still use such phrases as "in the name of the Law." It is easy to assent to the statement " in the beginning was the Word." This view underlies the philosophies- of Plato and Carnap and of most of the intermediate metaphysicians.

Before we can understand language, we must strip it of its mystical and awe-inspiring attributes. To do this is the main purpose of the present discourse.

Before considering the meaning of words, let us examine them first as occurrences in the sensible world. From this point of view, words are of four sorts : spoken, heard, written, and read. It will do no harm to assume a common-sense view of material objects, since we can always subsequently translate what has been said in comrnon-0ense terms into whatever philosophical language we may prefer. It &* therefore possible to amalgamate written and read words, substitut-

irfg for each a material object—a mound of ink, as Neurath says—which is a written or printed word according to circumstances. The distinction between writing and reading is of course important, but almost everything that needs to be said about it can be said in connection with the difference between speaking and hearing.

A given word, say " dog ", may be uttered, heard, written, or read by many people on many occasions. What happens when a man says a word I shall call a " verbal utterance " ; what happens when a man hears a word I shall call a " verbal noise " ; the physical object which consists of a word written or printed I shall call a " verbal shape." It is of course obvious that verbal utterances, noises, and shapes are distinguished from other utterances, noises, and shapes, by psychological characteristics—by " intention " or " meaning.'* But for the moment I wish, as far as may be, to leave these characteristics on one side, and consider only the status of words as part of the world of sense.

The spoken word " dog " is not a single entity : it is a class of similar movements of the tongue, throat, and larynx. Just as jumping is one class of bodily movements, and walking another, so the uttered word " dog " is a third class of bodily movements. The word " dog " is a universal, just as *dog* is a universal. We say, loosely, that we can utter the same word " dog " on two occasions, but in fact we utter two examples of the same species, just as when we see two dogs we see two examples of the same species. There is thus no difference of logical status between *dog* and the word " dog " : each is general, and exists only in instances. The word " dog " is a certain class of verbal utterances, just as *dog* is a certain class of quadrupeds. Exactly similar remarks apply to the heard word and to the written word.

It may be thought that I have unduly emphasised a very obvious fact in insisting that a word is a universal. But there 'is an almost irresistible tendency, whenever we are not on our guard, to think of a word as one thing, and to argue that, while there are many dogs, the one word " dog " is applicable to them all. Hence we come to think that dogs all have in common a certain canine essence, which is what the word " dog " really means. And hence we arrive at Plato and the dog laid up in heaven. Whereas what we really have is a number of more or less similar noises which are all applicable to a number of more or less similar quadrupeds.

When we attempt to define the spoken word " dog," we find that we cannot do so without taking account of intention. Some people

say " dawg," but we recognise that they mean " dog." A German is apt to say " dok " ; if we hear him say " De dok vaks hiss tail ven pleasst," we know that he has uttered an instance of the word " dog," though an Englishman who had made the same noise would have been uttering an instance of the word " dock." As regards the written word, similar considerations apply to people whose handwriting is bad. Thus while similarity to a standard noise or shape—that of a B.B.C. announcer or copy-book calligraphist—is essential in defining an instance of a word, it is not sufficient, and the necessary degree of similarity to the standard cannot be precisely defined. The word, in fact, is a family,* just as dogs are a family, and there are doubtful intermediate cases, just as, in evolution, there must have been between dogs and wolves.

In this respect print is preferable. Unless the ink is faded, it can hardly be doubtful, to a person of normal eyesight, whether the word " dog " is printed at a certain place or not. In fact, print is an artifact designed to satisfy our taste for classification. Two instances of the letter A are closely similar, and each very different from an instance of the letter B. By using black print on white paper, we make each letter stand out sharply against its background. Thus a printed page consists of a set of discrete and easily classified shapes, and is in consequence a logician's paradise. But he must not delude himself into thinking that the world outside books is equally charming.

Words, spoken, heard, or written, differ from other classes of bodily movements, noises, or shapes, by having "meaning." Many words only have meaning in a suitable verbal context—such words as " than," " or," " however," cannot stand alone. We cannot begin the explanation of meaning with such words, since they presuppose other words. There are words, however—including all those that a child learns first—that can be used in isolation : proper names, class-names of familiar kinds of anmials, names of colours, and so on. These are what I call " object-words," and they compose " object-language." . . . These words have various peculiarities. First : their meaning is learnt (or can be learnt) by confrontation with objects which are what thy mean, or instances of what they mean. Second : they do not presuppose other words. Third : each of them, by itself, can express a whole proposition ; you can exclaim " fire !" but it would be pointless to exclaim " than !" It is obviously with such words that any explanation of " meaning " must begin ; for " meaning," like

*I owe this way of putting the matter to Wittgenstein.

" truth " and " falsehood," has a hierarchy of meanings, corresponding to the hierarchy of languages.

Words are used in many ways : in narrative, in request, in command, in imaginative fiction, and so on. But the most elementary use of object-words is the demonstrative use, such as the exclamation " fox " when a fox is visible. Almost equally primitive is the vocative : the use of a proper name to indicate desire for the presence of the person named ; but this is not quite so primitive, since the meaning of an object-word must be learnt in the presence of the object. (I am excluding such words as are learnt through verbal definitions, since they presuppose an already existing language.)

It is ol3vious that knowing a language consists in using words appropriately, and acting appropriately when they are heard. It is no more necessary to be able to say what a word means than it is for a cricketer to know the mathematical theory of impact and of projectiles. Indeed, in the case of many object-words, it must be strictly impossible to say what they mean, except by a tautology, for it is with them that language begins. You can only explain (say) the word " red " by pointing to something red. A child understands the heard word " red " when an association has been established between the heard word and the colour red ; he has mastered the spoken word " red " when, if he notices something red, he is able to say " red " and has an impulse to do so.

The original learning of object-words is one thing ; the use of speech, when the instrument has been mastered, is another. In adult life, all speech, like the calling of name, though less obviously, is in intention, in the imperative mood. When it seems to be a mere statement, it should be prefaced by the words " know that." We know many things, and assert only some of them ; those that we assert are those that we desire our hearers to know. When we see a falling star and say simply " look !" we hope that this one word will cause the bystander to see it too. If you have an unwelcome visitor, you may kick him downstairs, or you may say " get out !" Since the latter involves less muscular exertion, it is perferabie if equally effective.

It follows that when, in adult life, you use a word, you do so, as a rule, not only because what the word " denotes " is present to sense or imagination, but because you wish your hearer to do someting about it. This is not the case with a child learning to s'peak, nor is it always the case in later years, because the use of words on interesting occasions becomes an automatic habit. If you were to see suddenly a friend whom you had falsely believed to be dead,

you would probably utter his name even if neither he nor anyone else could hear you. But such situations are exceptional.

In the meaning of a sentence there are three psychological ele-. ments : the environmental causes of uttering it, the effects of hearing it, and (as part of the causes of utterance) the effects which the speaker expects it to have on the hearer.

We may say, generally, that speech consists, with some exceptions, of noises made by persons with a view to causing desired actions by other persons. Its indicative and assertive capacities, howver, remain fundamental, since it is owing to them that, when we hear spech, it can cause us to act in a manner appropriate to some feature of the environment which is perceived by the speaker but not by the hearer, or which the speaker remembers from past perceptions. In leading a visitor out of your house at night, you may say " here are two steps down." which causes him to act as if he saw the steps. This, however, implies a certain degree of benevolence towards your visitor. To state fact is by no means always the purpose of speech ; it is just as possible to speak with a view to deceit. " Language was given us to enable us to conceal our thoughts." Thus when we think of language as a means of stating facts we are tacitly assuming certain desires in the speaker. It is interesting that language can state facts ; it is also interesting that it can state falsehoods. When it states either, it does so with a view to causing some action in the hearer ; if the hearer is a slave, a child, or a dog, the result is achieved more simply by using the imperative. There is, however, a difference between the effectiveness of a lie- and that of the truth : a lie only produces the desired result so long as the truth is expected. In fact, no one could learn to speak unless truth were the rule : if, when your child sees a dog, you say " cat," " horse," or " crocodile^' at random, you will not be able to deceive him by saying " dog " when it is not a dog. Lying is thus a derivative activity, which presupposes truth-speaking as the usual rule.

It thus appears that, while most sentences are primarily imperative, they cannot fulfil their function of causing action in the hearer except in virtue of the indicative character of object-words. Suppose J say " run !" and the person addressed consequently runs ; this happens only because the word " run " indicates a certain type of action. This situation is seen in its simplest form in military drill : a conditioned reflex is established, so that a certain kind of noise (the word of command) produces a certain kind of bodily movement.

We may say, in this case, that the kind of noise in question is the? name of the kind of movement in question. But words which are' not names of bodily movements have a less direct connection with* action.

' It is only in certain cases that the " meaning " of a verbal utterance can be identified with the effect that it is intended to have on* the hearer. The word of command and the word " look !" are such. cases. But if I say " look, there's a fox," I not only seek to produce a certain action in the hearer, but I give him a motive for action by describing a feature of the environment. In the case of narrative speech, the distinction between " meaning " and intended effect is even* more evident.

Only sentences have intended effects, whereas meaning is not. confined to sentences. Object-words have a meaning which does not depend upon* their occurring in sentences.

At the lowest level of speech, the distinction between sentences- and single words does not exist. At this level, single words are used to indicate the sensible presence of what they designate. It is through this form of speech that object-words acquire their meaning, and in* this form of speech each word is an assertion. Anything going beyond assertions as to what is sensibly present, and even some assertions which do not do so, can only be effected by means of sentences ; but if sentences contain object-words, what they assert depends upon* the meaning of the object-words. There are sentences containing no* object-words ; they are those of logic and mathematics. But *all* empirical statements contain object-words, or dictionary words defined in terms of them. Thus the meaning of object-words is fundamental* in the theory of empirical knowledge, since it is through them that language is connected with non-linguistic occurrences in the way that makes it capable of expressing empirical truth or falsehood.

BERTRAND RUSSELL,
An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth (1940))

NOTES

***The** Nature of the Arts.* From " European Painting and Sculpture,[5]'" by Eric Newton.

Eric Newton, the art critic of the " Manchester Guardian " and the' " Sunday Times," is well known in England and America for his- writing, lecturing, and broadcasting on art. He is also an artist and craftsman in mosaic, and has executed among other commissions the mosaics in the chapel of the Royal Hospital School,, Holbrook, and the Peace Chapel, Victoria, London.

P. 1, 1/2. " *The Magic Flute* " ; " Die Zabuerflote," a famous opera by Mozart (1756-179J).

L 3. *Guerlain's latest perfume :* Guerlain's shop is in the Champs-Elysees, Paris.

1. 3. Leonardo's " Last Supper " : This famous work was painted" in fresco on the wall of the Refectory of Sta, Maria dclle Grazie., Milan, by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), the great Italian- painter, in the service of Duke Ludovico Sforza.

1. 4. " *Sylphides* " : " Les Sylphides," perhaps the best known and most constantly danced of all ballets, was first conceived by Michael Fokine to the music of various dances by Chopin. Dia-ghileff altered its original title of " Chopiniana " to that of " Les Sylphides " for its presentation during his first Western European* season in Paris, 1909.

I. 5. *Homard a la Cardinal :* specially prepared lobster.

II. 8-9. *Monte Rosa :* mountains on the border of Italy and Switzerland.

1. 23. *Parturition* : child-birth.

P. 2,*1.* 18. *Tintoretto :* the " Michelangelo of Venice." He studied for a short time under Titian but soon struck out on original lines,, and by an intense study of anatomy and perspective developed an amazing genius.

1. 20. *Mozart* : showed exceptional precocity as a musician and composer and at twenty-five was musical composer to the Imperial Court of Vienna. He excelled in many musical forms, and experimented in the combination of various musical instruments^ particularly in his operas.

P. 4, 1. 4. *Palestrina* : Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-1594)

was the great composer of sacred music for the Roman Catholic Church. He was proclaimed " saviour of music " on account of his " Missa papae Marcelli."

S. 6. *Rembrandt :* In 1642 Rembrandt completed the " Night Watch " which, though it is considered to-day to be among his finest achievements, almost destroyed the contemporary reputation of the painter and began that decline in his fortunes ending in bankruptcy. Frans Banning Cocq was Captain of a burgher-company or civic militia and he and his friends expected a portrait group similar to Frans Hals's " Guild of Archers." Rembrandt's picture has " splendid qualities of drama, lighting and movement," but many of the figures are lost in shadow and could not be identified.

ft. 16. *Chicuoscuro :* literally, " clear-dark," the treatment of light and shade in painting.

II. 23-24. *The Statue ^of Sir Douglas Haig in Whitehall :* This equestrian statue, by A. F. Hardiman, was the subject of much controversy ; the attitude of the horse was severely criticised, particularly the position of the legs, and it took the artist six years to surmount difficulties and opposition. As a work of art the statue has been highly acclaimed by those competent to judge.

1. 24. *Michelangelo :* Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), the great Italian sculptor and painter, enjoyed the patronage of Lorenzo de Medici, ruler of Florence. After Lorenzo's death in 1492 the Pope, Clement VII, a member of the Medici family, commissioned Michelangelo to decorate the Tomb and curve statues of the great Medici.

IP, 5, 1. 33. *Criterion* : principle taken as a standard in judging.

IP. 6, 1. 1. *Giotto :* (1266-1337) is regarded as the founder of modern painting, the first artist to break away from the stereotyped representations of the Holy Family and Saints handed down generation after generation. He went direct to nature for his inspiration arid tried to set down what he saw. His best known work is on the life of St. Francis, a series of frescoes in the Church at Assisi.

1. 2. *Picasso :* Pablo Picasso (1881), a Spanish painter, is held to be the originator of Cubism. This is an attempt to emphasise the .three dimensional structure and mass of objects by reducing them to simple primary forms such as cubes and prisms.

P. 7, 1. 20. *Anatole France's " Thais "* : " Thai's " is a historical novel the scene of which is Alexandria in the first century. Anatole

France is the pseudonym of Jacques Anatele Thibault (1844-*1924), a famous French novelist.

11. 24-25. *Percy Lubbock's " Roman Pictures "* : a novel published **in** 1923.

P. 8, 1. *7. The Sonnet :* originally an Italian verse form composed of two quatrians (the octave) and two tercets (the sestet), rhyming a b b a, a b z a, c d e, c d e.

1..11. *Edward Lear :* (1812-1888), author of the famous "Book of Nonsense " which did much to popularise the Limerick. The poignant story of the old man of Aosta is as follows :—

" There was an old Man of Aosta,
Who possessed a large cow, but he lost her ;
But they said, 'Don't you see
She has rushed up a tree ?
You invidious Old Man of Aosta !' "

!. 15. *Sonata form :* a musical structure based upon two themes presented in different keys. It consists of an exposition, development, and recapitulation.

I. "17. *Aesthetic :* capable of appreciation of the beautiful.

Art and the Amateur. From " New Lamps and Ancient Lights," by J. A. Spender.

J. A. Spender (1862) was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. From 1896 to 1922 he was editor of the " Westminster Gazette," which exercised great influence in the cause of Liberalism. In collaboration with Sir Cyril Asquith he wrote the Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith. He has written " Fifty Years of Europe," " These Times," and other books. He was Charter President of the Institute of Journalists, 1940, and in the same year was elected a member of the Athenaeum Club for distinction in literature.

P. 8, 11. 23-24. *Handel's sonatas :* Handel (1685-1759) displayed an easy mastery of the grandiose and the massive in choral music, but was also a consummate artist in the Italian lyric style, as is shown in his operas and sonatas.

P. 9, 1. 9. *Ruskin :* John Ruskin (1819-1900) achieved fame for his pronouncements on art and architecture. He was a lifelong champion of Turner, whom he first vigorously defended in " Modern Painters." Ruskin was twice Slade professor of art at Oxford, in 1870-1879 and 1883-1884.

I. 21. *Turner :* Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), with Constable, the greatest of English landscape painters. He

acquired a great reputation amongst his contemporaries due largely to Ruskin's ardent support. Turner is unrivalled as a water-colour artist.

I. 30. *Plato* : (428-347 B.C.) the great Greek philosopher.

II. 30-31. *Book of Job :* a book of the Old Testament which deals **in** allegorical form with the question of suffering.

P. 10, 1. 1. *Impressionism :* a method of painting to give general effect without detail.

1. 5. *Constable :* John Constable (1776-1837), English painter,; one of the greatest landscape painters of any country. His realism had considerable influence upon landscape painting in France.

1. 10. *Rodin :* Auguste Rodin (1840-1917), a famous French sculptor, best known in England by his "John the Baptist/' and by his group of the " Burghers of Calais."

1, 36. *Cubism :* a movement in art which represents nature as a cubic pattern.

Surrealism : a movement led, in art, by .the Spanish painter, Juan Miro, which gives weird distorted forms to ordinary objects.

Abstract fainting : art which discards the object itself even as a starting point and pursues purely formal ends.

L 41. *"Representational" :* a work of art which tries to represent or portray a definite object.

P. 11, 1. 19. *Paderewski :* Ignaz Jan Paderewski (1860-1941), the famous Polish pianist and statesman.

i. 23. *"Morning Post" :* founded in 1722, a leading Conservative newspaper, was merged with " The Daily Telegraph '. in 1937.

P. 12, 1. 26. *Umbers and madders :* brownish and reddish pigments,

The New Groundwork of Architecture. By John Summerson. John Summerson is a well-known architectural journalist. He has done a good deal of broadcasting on English country houses and subjects of that kind, and wrote the standard work on John Nash. He is Deputy Director of the National Buildings Record and an A.R.LB.A.

P. 13, 1. 34. *Phobia :* morbid dislike or aversion.

P. 14, 1. 40. *Antiquarianism :* the study of antiquities,

1. 40. *Fanlights :* fan-shaped windows over doors.

P. 15, 1. 7. *Technology :* industrial science.

1. 10. " *Georgian* " : British architecture of the period of the four Georges, especially that of the period before 1800.

1. 11. " *Free Gothic* " : Gothic is a style of architecture prevalent in 'Western Europe from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, of which the chief characteristic is the pointed arch.
1. 12. " *Neo-grec"* : a revived form of the classical style of architecture, j . i .
1. 16. *Royal Academy point of view :* The Royal Academy of Arts was founded in 1768. Many modern artists* consider the outlook of its present members too conservative and bound by tradition.
1. 25. *Tudur* : sixteenth-century arphitecture characterised by many gabled roofs, extensive use of brickwork, plaster, and half-timber.
1. 35. *JRuskin :* See previous note. (P. 9, 1. 9).
L 41. *Frank Lloyd Wright :* (1869) an American architect and writer, educated at the University of Wisconsin. He built the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo. In 1939 he delivered the Sir George Watson lectures in Great Britain, and was awarded the R.I.B.A. Gold Medal in 1940. He has written " The Nature of Materials," " The Disappearing City," etc.
P. 17, 1. 14. *Spatial* relating to space.
1. 17. " *Construetivist*" : that kind of painting which does not represent a definite object but merely a pattern of shapes.
P. 18, 1. 26. *Synthesis of qualities :* combining all the various qualities into a unity.
P. 19, 1. 9. *Auguste Ferret :* (1874) a French architect. He is a leader of the modernist French school of architecture, and a specialist in reinforced concrete. For some years he was a technical expert in the naval construction service. He built the Theatre des Champs Elysees and Musee des Travaux Publics in Paris.
1. 9. *Le Corbusier :* the pseudonym of Charles Edouard Jeanneret, a Swiss architect born in 1887. He was a pioneer in the industrialisation of architecture, denying the value of deliberate styles. Some of the Paris suburbs contain examples of his mass-produced houses. He is an enthusiast for Town Planning, and his book on " The City of To-morrow " has been translated into English. His design for the League of Nations Building at Geneva was one of the two chosen for final selection.

October Lake. By H. E. Bates.
H. E. Bates (1905) was educated at Kettering Grammar School, and worked as a provincial journalist and clerk. He published his first novel at the age of twenty, and subsequently became known both as a novelist and short-story writer in England and America.

He is the country correspondent for " The Spectator" and an authority on country matters. His works include " The Fallow Land," " The Poacher," " Spella-Ho," " The Flying Goat," " The Beauty of the Dead," and " Country Tales."

P. 24, 1. 39. *Gilbert White :* (1720-1793) born atSelbornein Hampshire, where he spent most of his life as curate* He began, in 1751, to keep a " Garden Kalendar " and later a " Naturalist's Journal." From 1767 he carried on a correspondence with two naturalist friends and this fo/rned the basis of, his " Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," which w^s published in 1789.

L 40. *Kilvert :* Rev. Francis Kilvert (1840-1879), a diarist who spent a quiet, pleasant, and useful existence in country places. His diary, begun on January 1, 1870 gives a detailed picture of Life in Clyro in Radnorshire and Bredwardine in Hereforshire. Kilvert was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Lewis Carroll, with whom he had in common a keen interest in little girls.

1. 41. *Walton :* Izaak Walton (1593-1683), author of "The Compleat Angler," a fascinating panegyric of angling.

The Spirit of England. By Edmund Blunden.

Edmund Blunden (1896) was educated at Christ's Hospital, and Queen's College, Oxford. During the Great War he served with the Royal Sussex, and has written a fine war book, " Undertones of War." He is also a poet, and was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1922 for his poetry. He has produced the standard edition of the poems of John Clare. For four years he was Professor of English Literature in Tokyo University, and is now Fellow and Tutor in English Literature at Merton College, Oxford.

P. 27, 1. 10. *John Constable :* See previous note. (P. 10, 1. 5)

John Crome : (1768-1821) is now recognised as one of the great English landscape painters, and the founder of the Norwich School.

J. S. Cotman : John Sell Cotman (1782-1842) was a great landscape painter of Crome's " Norwich School."

P. 28, 1. 12. *Hardy :* Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), poet and novelist, made Dorset, as Wessex, the background of his writing. The underlying theme of many of his novels is man's struggle against the force that rules the world, a force that is indifferent to suffering. In " Tess of the D'Urbervilles " and " Jude the Obscure " Hardy has particularly insisted upon this tragic theme.

|. 20. *Trollope :* Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) .worked as a **derk** in the G. P. O., but found, time to write, and by a mechanical regularity achieved a large output. " Barchester Towers " is hi* most famous novel, and it gives a shrewd picture of VictoriaBi , society. His interesting " Autobiography " appeared in 1883.

P. 29, 1. 7. *William Cowper :* (1731-1800) settled down at Olney in 1767, and wrote the charming poetry and the hymns that made him famous. His poetry foreshadowed the romantic revival *w* its love of nature and freedom. •

11. 12-28. *" Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain . . . "* comes from Book I of Cowper's great poem, " The Task."

11. 37-38. *}\'ordsworth and Coleridge :* Their friendship is one of the most famous in English literary history. They first met ill 1795, and subsequently lived in close intercourse in Somerset and the Lake District. The Lyrical Ballads, published jointly in 1798, marked a revival in English poetry.

P. 30, 11. 9-20. *" 0 native Britain ! O my Mother hie ! . . .":* from Coleridge's " Fears in Solitude," written in April 1798, during the alarm of an invasion. ·

11. 27-29. *" Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know ...".* from Wordsworth's Sonnet beginning :—

" Another year ! another deadly blow !
Another mighty Empire overthrown !"

written after Prussia's overthrow at Jena, 1806.

L 30. *Byron :* George Gordon, 6th Baron (1788-1824), was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1798 he succeeded to the title, and to Newstead Abbey, Notts. His " Hours of Idleness," published at twenty, was violently attacked by the " Edinburgh Review," provoking the retaliatory " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He achieved great fame as a poet, but the scandal that followed his unfortunate marriage forced him to become an exile. He died at Missolonghi helping the Greeks in their fight for independence.

L 33. *Don Juan : the hero of Byron*s epic satire.* After many adventures Don Juan is sent on a political mission to England, and the last part of the poem is a satirical description of social conditions there.

11. 34-35. *" On ! on ! through meadows, managed like a garden"* . . . . : From " Don Juan," Canto X, stanza LXXVI.

P. 31, 1. 13. *Dr. Johnson :* Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), the great lexicographer, was for many years the outstanding literary

figure in England. In 1744 appeared his notable "Life, of Richard Savage," the affectionate record of a friend with whom he had shared extreme poverty. Johnson's personality, rich in common sense, independence, and intellectual power, lives in Boswell's biography.

l. 18. *Savage : Richard Savage (d.* 1743) claimed to be the son of Earl Rivers. Johnson wrote a long and interesting account of his romantic and tragic story.

The Journeys of a Stay-at-Home. From " Life is Sweet, Brother," by Bernard Darwin.

Bernard Darwin (1876) was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He played golf for Cambridge 1895-1897, played eight times for England *v.* Scotland, and for Great Britain *v.* America in 1922, and has twice been in the semi-final of the Amateur Championship. He is Golf correspondent to " The Times " and " Country Life." He served in the Great War. He has written many books on golf, a life of Dickens, and " The English Public School" (1929).

P. 32, 1. 5. *Down :* a village near Bromley in Kent.

1. 7, *Orpington :* a village near Dartford in Kent.

l. 35. *Summertown :* a parish of Oxford St. Giles.

P. 33, 1, 8. *Salonica :* a town in Greece.

l. 12. *Faenza :* a town in Emilia, N. Italy.

l. 17. *Mount Olympus :* in Thessaly, Macedonia, west of the Gulf of Salonica.

1. 22. *Edgar Allan Poe :* (1809-1849) an American poet, short-story writer, and critic. His poems excel in the creation of a romantic atmosphere.

l 22, *"Perfumed" :* from Edgar Allan Poe's "To Helen "—:

" Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore.
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home

NOTES

To the glory that was Greece
And the, grandeur that was Rome.

Lo in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which .
Are holy land !"

I. 23- *Parnassus :* a mountain of Phocis in Greece, dedicated to the Muses, and to Apollo and Bacchus.

Vale of Tempe : a valley in Thessaly, between Mount Olympm at the north, and Ossa at the south, through which the river Peneus flows into the Aegean.

Thermopylae : a small pass leading from Thessaly into Locris and Phocis, celebrated for the battle fought there in 480 B*c., when 6000 Greeks including 300 Spartans under Leonidas, for three successive days, resisted the vast army of the Persians under Xerxes.

I. 24. *Baedeker :* Karl Baedeker (1801-1859), German publisher and writer of guide-books to many of the countries in the world. They have been issued in German, English and French.

I. 24. *Leonidas :* King of Sparta (491-480B.C.), the hero of the defence of the pass of Thermopylae.

I. 26. *Delphi :* now Castri, a town of Phocis, situated in a valley at the south-west side of Mount Parnassus. Named after Del£-phus, the son of Apollo, and famous for the temple of Apollo and -lor an oracle celebrated throughout the ancient world.

I. 31. *Taranto :* a maritime arsenal in the province of Leoce in Southern Italy.

1. 32. *Adi Spumante :* a sweet, white Italian wine. *

P. 34, 1. 13. *Macedon :* Macedonia, a district in the Balkans situated between Thrace on the east and Albania on the west.

1. 19. *Hoboken :* a town in New Jersey, U.S.A.

1. 29. *du Maurier :* George du Maurier (1834-1896), the author of three novels, " Peter Ibbetson," " Trilby," and "The Martian.** He contributed occasional drawings to " Punch " from 1860, and joined its regular staff in 1864. His drawings chiefly satirise middle-class society.

1. 34. *Quintessence :* purest and most perfect form of a quality.

P. 35, 1. 13. *Hoylake :* a watering-place on the Wirral Peninsula in Northwest **Cheshire.** It **has a famous chamiponship goifcouracu**

H. 15-16. *Sir Leicester Dedlock :* a character in Dicken's " Bleak House,"

1. 20, *Haworth':* a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, situated on the slope of a steep hill with wild moorland beyond. Here the Brontes lived, and their novels reflect much of the wildness of the scenery.

B. 23-24. *Uljett. and Grimshaw and Saul Wade:* Yorkshire cricketers.

L 27. *Vedette* : a mounted sentinel, stationed in advance of the pickets, to watch an enemy and give notice of danger,

L 29. *Runcorn :* a port on the Manchester Ship CanaL

Widnes : a town in Lancashire, noted for alkali, soap, iron, and locomotives.

P. 36, 1. 4. *Kirkcaldy :* a seaport town on the Firth of Forth, near Dunfermline.

L 5. *Cupar :* a market town in Fifeshire, on the river Eden, south of Dundee.

Leuchars : a village in Fifeshire, near St. Andrews.

I. 6. *St. Andrews :* a famous watering-place on St. Andrews Bay, East Fifeshire. Golf, one of the national games of Scotland, has its stronghold here ; the Royal and Ancient Golf Club being established In 1754.

I 7. *Rye and Sandwich :* Rye on the coast of Sussex, and Sandwich in Kent, have well-known golf-courses.

L 9. *Minster :* Minster-in-Thanet, a village on the Isle of Thanet in Kent, near Ramsgate.

I. 14. *John Wilkes :* (1727-1797) a daring and original politician who championed the cause of the people with great vigour, In 1762 he founded the "North Briton" in which he attacked the Government. His writings were often scurrilous and at one time he was expelled from the Commons and outlawed.

L 20. *Westward Ho ! :* a watering-place in North Devon, near Bideford. It has a famous golf-course.

1. 22* *Merioneth :* a country in Wales, famed for its scenery and for the mountain Cader Idris.

1. 27. *William Palmer :* (1824-1856) a medical practitioner at Rugeley in Staffs. He abandoned medicine for the turf, was soon in debt and raised money by heavily insuring his relatives, whom he subsequently poisoned. One of his friends died of poisoning in 1855 ; Palmer was tried for murder and convicted,

P, 37, L 3, *Bethels :* chapels for non-conformists.

1/19. *Procul, 0 procul este :* " Keep aloof."
P. 39, 1. 7. *Topiary :* the clipping of trees and hedges into fantastic shapes.

The Wood Bodger. From " Chiltern Country," by J. H. Massingham.
H. J. Massingham (1888) was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford. He is a journalist and has been a contributor to many different periodicals. His publications range from literary criticism to observation of bird and animal life and studies of English landscape, folklore, agriculture, and old crafts. They include : "Untrodden Ways," " In Praise of England/* " The Friend of Shelley," " English Downiand," " Cotswold

Country," " The Sweet of the Year."
P. 39, 1. 19. *Wood-bidger :* one who shapes wooden articles by hand.
1. 24. *Ingle-seat :* a seat in the chimney corner.
1. 26. *Col :* a depression in a mountain chain, or row of hills,
1. 32. *Epipactis'latifolia :* a genus of wild orchid.
1. 34. *Proliferates :* produces in rapid succession.
P 40, 1. 6. *Staddle-stone :* the supporting stone frame or base of a stack.
1. 23. *Oolite :* a granular limestone.
1. 28. *Draw-shave :* a draw-knife, a woodworker's tool, having a blade with a handle at each end, used to shave off surfaces by drawing it towards one.
1. 30. *Windsor legs :* shaped wooden legs for the Windsor chair, introduced in England in Queen Anne's reign.
1. 33. *Pole-lathe :* a primitive form of lathe in which the cord passing around the work to rotate it is fastened at its ends to the treadle and to a flexible pole above.
1. 41. *Poppet heads :* the headstock of a lathe ; an upright support or guide fastened at the bottom only.
P. 41, 1. 23. *Ethos :* the spirit which actuates manners, customs, crafts ; the characteristic tone of a social organisation.
P. 42, 1. 2. *Glastonbury Lake Village :* near Glastonbury in Somerset. Traces were found of a lake village of the first century A.D., giving much valuable information of the life of the British people at the time of the Roman invasion.
1. 5. *Kimmeridge coal-money :* At Kimmeridge in Dorset arc rock deposits of the Mesozoic era, known geologically as the Jurassic system. This bituminous shale was shaped into discs

and used as money during the Late Bronze Age. The Bronze Age is usually held to have come between the Stone Age and the Iron Age.

I. 23. *Ickneild Way :* an ancient road dating probably from pre-Roman times, crossing England from Norfold, the country of the Iceni, to Cornwall.

Celtic camps : The Celts, an ancient European race, invaded the British Isles about the sixth century B.C. Here they remained independent for centuries. The clan system was deep-rooted, and they established many separate settlements.

II. 34-36. "*Je crois en une mission* . . . . " : " ! believe that France has a mission . . . . If the revolution is a movement which establishes in a society the necessity for personal dignity, then the revolution in France is indeed a very old affair."

A Visit to Ireland. By William Plomer.

William Plomer (1903) was born at Pietersburg, Northern Transvaal, and educated at Rugby. At one time a "farmer in the Stormberg, later a trader in Zululand, he has travelled widely in Europe and has lived in Japan and in Greece. Contributor to numerous periodicals. His works include " I Speak of Africa " (about South Africa), " Sado " (about Japan), and " The Case is Altered" (about London). He has recently edited Kilvert's Diary.

P. 43, 1. 2. *Fishguard :* a harbour for Irish boats in Pembrokeshire, Wales. " ' ^ *

1. 9. *Blarney :* a village four miles from Cork, with the famous castle and Blarney kissing-stone.

I. 19. *Fermoy* : a town on the river Blackwater, in County Cork.

II. 22-23. *Chekhov's " Three Sisters"* ; a, play by dhekhov,. (4860-1904), a Russian dramatist and novelist with a rare gift of satirical humour.

P. 44, 1. 7. *Comorants :* dark-coloured sea-birds that devour fish voraciously.

1. 9. *Canaries or Azores :* The Canaries are a group of Spanish islands in the Atlantic, sixty miles from N. W. African coast. The Azores are Portuguese islands in mid-Atlantic, 1500 miles southwest of Ireland.

!. 37. *Orange tinge :* The Orange Society, an Irish political association, was founded in 1795 to support Protestantism in Ireland. Members called themselves Orangemen after William of

Orange (William III), who, as the Protestant champion, defeated the Catholic James II at the Battle of the Boyne, July 1690. The anniversary of the battle is kept as Orange Day.

ll. 38-39. *St. Patrick :* the patron saint of Ireland, who is supposed to have cleared the country of snakes.

1. 40. *Cromwell :* The insurrection which broke out in Ireland in-1641 coincided with the Civil War in England which put Crom well in power/ In 1649 he crossed to Ireland, subdued Drogheda, Wexford, and the sea-coast, and confiscated huge tracts of territory.

P. 45, ll. 3-4. *Easter Week* : After the outbreak of the Great War the Sinn Fein movement grew rapidly in Ireland, Germany promised help, a citizen army was recruited, and revolution broke out during Easter, 1916.

Sinn Fein : meaning " Ourselves Alone," the name of an Irish nationalist organisation founded in Dublin, 1900, Arthur Griffith being its originator and main advocate. The movement grew-during the Great War, and in 1916 the Sinn Feiners constituted themselves the Provinsional Government of the Irish Republic.

L 4. *Casement :* Roger David Casement (1864-1916), an Irish rebel. He was a member of the British consular service, and took up the cause of Irish independence on the outbreak of the Great War, visiting the United States and Germany. When the rising of Easter 1916 was being planned he left for Ireland in a German submarine, was captured on the Irish coast, tried for treason, and executed.

1. 9. *Divagation :* a wandering astray.

I. 28. *Black and Tans :* an armed force specially recruited to combat the Sinn Feiners in 1921, so named from the mixture (black and khaki) of constabulary and military uniforms worn by them.

P. 46, 1. 4. *Bridgetown Abbey :* This abbey in County Cork was founded in the reign of King John, and the sculptured stones which still lie about suggest its former grandeur.

1. 18. *Kilcolman :* In 1586 Edmund Spenser, the poet, became one of the " undertakers " for the settlement of Munster, and acquired Kilcolman Castle in County Cork. Here he settled and occupied himself with literary work, writing " Astrophel " and preparing the " Faerie Queene " for the press. In 1598, in a sudden insurrection of the Irish, the castle was surprised and burnt, Spenser and his family just escaping with their lives.

l. 31. *lUx thickets :* thickets of holly.
l. 33. *Stalactites :* deposits of carbonate of lime formed by dripping, hanging like icicles from the roof.
l. 34. *Heraldic pediment :* triangular part over a portico filled with sculptured coat-of-arms.
l. 39. *Turgeniev :* Ivan Turgeniev (1818-1883), a Russian novelist who excels in his portrayals of Russian country life.
l. 40. *Maria Edgeworth :* (1767-1849). Her principal novels, devoted mostly to depicting Irish life, were " Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," and "The Absentee." The latter was published in 1812, and deals with the evils of the absentee landlord.
P. 47, l. 4. *Miss Somerville :* Edith (Enone Somerville collaborated with her cousin Violet Martin (" Martin Ross ") in a series of admirable tales of Irish life beginning with " Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." (1890).
l. 23. *De Valera :* Eamon dee Valera (1882), Irish politician. He defeated the Gosgrave Government in the 1932 election and became President of the Irish Free State Executive Council and Minister for External Affsirs. He then abolished the oath of allegiance, and refused to pay the land annuities to Great Britain, which led to a tariff war between the two countries.
Mr. J. H. Thomas : (1875) British Labour politician. Secretary of State for the Dominions, 1930-1935.
l.29. *Gogol*]: Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol (1809-1852), Russian novelist. His masterpiece, " Dead Souls," satirises the provincial Russian society of the day, particularly the landlords.
l. 32. *Anachronism :* anything misplaced in the order of time.
P. 48> l. 16. *Fabeige :* the Court Jeweller to Nicholas II of Russia.
l. 18. *Ossianic :* of legendary splendour. The reference is to the Gaelic warrior and bard, Ossian, supposed to have lived in the thir century. The poems attributed to him deal with legends of Ireland.

Does Culture Matter ? By E. M. Forster.
E. M. Forster was educated at Tonbridge and King's College, Cambridge. He has achieved great distinction as a novelist and in 1937 was awarded the Benson Medal of the Royal Society of Literature. His most famous novel is " Passage to Incjia " which won him the Prix Femina Vie Heureuse and James Tait Black Prize in 1925, His other works include : " A Room with a View,"

<" Howards End," " Celestrial Omnibus," " Aspects of the Novel,jr " England's Pleasant Land."

P. 51, 1. 11. *Roger Fry:* (1866-1943), author, and artist, was the founder of the " Omega Workshops " for the production of *objets d'art* of various kinds. He has written several important critical works, among them " Giovanni Bellini," " Vision and Design," and <k Henri Matisse."

1. 23. *Runes :* letters of the early Teutonic alphabet.

P. 52, 1. 2. *Sophocles :* (495-406B.C.) a great Athenian dramatist

1. 3. *Velasquez :* (1599-1660) the famous Spanish painter, court painter to Philip IV, master of a superb technique.

Henry James : (1843-1916) distinguished American novelist.

I. 12. *Raskin and Morris :* These writers were connected with the Pre-Raphaelites who, about the year 1850, tried to improve the public taste in art and literature.

P. 53. 11. 35-36. *Ijocke's little work on the Understanding :* the famous " Essay concerning Human Understanding " is the principal phlo-sophical work of John Locke (1632-1704), the English philo-sopher.

II. 36-37. " *The Portrait of a Lady" :* (1881) perhaps the finest of Henry James's early novels.

A Bedside Book. By Desmond MacCarthy.

Desmond MacCarthy (1878) was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has been editor of " Life and Letters," and literary editor of the " New Statesman." He is a weekly contributor to the " Sunday Times." He is also a distinguished dramatic critic, and has written many books and essays.

P. 54, 1. 23. *Robinson Crusoe :* " The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe, was published in 1719. It was followed, also in 1719, by " The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." "The Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe ; with his vision of the Angelick Worlds" appeared in 1720.

L 37. *Defoe :* Daniel Defoe (1660-1731), the son of a London butcher, became a political writer and novelist, obtaining fame by his " Robinson Crusoe," written when he was nearly sixty. This was followed by several others novels, " Captain Singleton," " Moll Flanders," '" Roxana," all of great merit.

P. 55, 11. 3-4. " *The world is too much with us* " : is the beginning of one of Wordsworth's Sonnets.

.1. 12. " *The hosts of Midian prowl and prowl around" :* The Midianites were an Arab race, and frequently united with tfie Moabites and the Amalekites against Israel. They were crushed by Gideon., See Judges vi-viii.

If. 56, 1. 9. *Lord Kitchener:* (1850-1916) a distinguished soldier serving in all parts of the British Empire. A man of rare determination, he was a great loss to the Allied Cause when he was drowned on June 5, 1916, by the torpedoing of the " Hampshire" while on his way to Russia.

J1. 24. *Feckless :* futile, lacking purpose or resource.

1. 34. *Jane Austen's novels :* Jane Austen (1775-1817) wrote six novels which give, a perfect picture of the society in which she moved.

^*Shooting an Elephant.* By George Orwell.

<George Orwell (1903), of Anglo-Indian family, was educated at Eton, and served five years in the Imperial Police in Burma. He has been a dish-washer, a schoolmaster, and a bookseller's assistant. He fought and was wounded in the Spanish Civil War. He lias written " The Road to Wigan Pier," a picture of coal-mining and the Northern slums, " Homage to Catalonia," a Spanish war book, and " Burmese Days," a novel of Anglo-Indian life. Rejected by the Army on medical grounds. Orwell is at present an active journalist and a sergeant in the Home Guard.

BP. 57, 1. 24. " *Must" :* a condition of dangerous frenzy in elephants, usually connected with the mating season.

1. 26. *Mahout :* elephant-driver.

]P. 58, 1. 18. *Dravidian :* an individual of the oldest of the known races of India forming the bulk of the population of Southern Hindustan. They are regarded as of Negroid affinities, and are of low caste.

IP. 60, 1. 6. *Sahib :* the title used in India for European and Indian gentlemen of importance.

T. 62, 1. 22. *Dahs :* large, heavy Burmese knives.

tin Letter-writing. By V. S, Pritchett.

V. S. Pritchett was educated at Alleyn's School, and is a noted author and critic. He is the Literary Editor of the " New Statesman " and has published, among other works, " Marching Spain," " Clare Drummer," " Shirley Sanz," and " The Listening Years.'*

F. 63, 1. 3. *Deciduous plant :* one which sheds its leaves annually.

NOTES

L 7, *Tumesceni :* slightly tumid or swollen.

1/13. *Wdpoles-.* Horace Walpole (1717-1797), fourth son of Sir Robert Walpole. He carried on a voluminous correspondence. and it is on his letters that Walpole's literary reputation rests. They are remarkable both for their charm and their social and politicak interest.

I. 17. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagus :* This lively correspondent was the wife of the English Ambassador to Constantinople *in* 1716. She wrote from there some charming " Turkish Letters,'* published in 1763, after her death. Her letters to her daughter,. Lady Bute, were published about the same time.

II. 13-14. *Madame de Sevignes :* Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sevigne, was left a widow at twenty-five with two children. Of these Francoise became the chief recipient of the letters for which her mother is famous. They give a vivid picture of the time of Louis XIV.

11. 14-15. *Chesterfields :* Phillip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), statesman, diplomatist, and letter-writer. He wrote almost daily to his son, from 1737 onwards, letters full of sensible instruction, more particularly in matters of good breeding.

I. 30. *The Revolution :* the French Revolution, hailed by many English intellectuals as the dawn of a new age and the casting aside of man's tyrannical restraints.

II. 31-32. *The Romantics :* those writers who took part in the litterary movement at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, known as the Romantic Revival.

1. 34. *Voltaire :* (1694-1778) French philosopher and author.

1. 35. *Byron :* (1788-1824) famous English poet.

P. 64, 1. L *Clarissa* : Clarissa Harlowe, the heroine of the novel of that name by Samuel Richardson. The story is told by means of letters written by Clarissa to her friend Miss Howe, and by the other principal character, Robert Lovelace, to his friend, John Belford.

Pamela : the heroine of a novel of that name by Samuel Richardson. The story is told in a series of letters from Pamela Andrews to her parents.

1. 7. *Abelard:* Pierre Abelard (1079-1142), a brilliant lecturer at the schools of St. Genevieve and Notre Dame in Paris. He-fell in love with Heloise. Their love ended in a tragic separation, and in a famous correspondence.

L 13. *Augustan style* : the classical-style of the great writers who*

flourished in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

1. 27. *Mrs. Beeton :* Mrs. Isabella Mary Beeton (1836-1865), author of a famous book of cookery and domestic enonomy, first" published in 1859-1861. It is notable for the extravagance of its recipes.

J. 34. *St. Paul :* His numerous epistles did much to encourage and strengthen the early Christian Church. His letters to the Corinthians, to the Romans, and to the Ephesians are perhaps his sinmerest and most impressive utterances.

D. H. Lawrence : (1885-1930) English poet and novelist. His letters have been edited and published by Aldous Huxley and give a vivid impression of his genius.

Tom Paine : (1737-1809) a radical who created many enemies by his outspoken views on the rights of man and the subject of Christianity.

1. 36. *Boswell :* James Boswell (1740-1795), Scottish biographer who on his travels made a point of meeting famous men.

I. 39. *Peter Arno :* An American humorous artist, contributor to the " New Yorker.'*

P. 65, 1. 12. *Lincoln :* Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), President of the United States 1860-1865. He was a sincere and forceful writer.

Benjamin Franklin : (1706-1790) and American diplomatist, experimenter, and inventor, as well as a voluminous writer.

II. 20-21. *Alexander the Great :* (356-323 B.C.) King of Macedon and conqueror of the East.

1. 21. *Thomas Mann :* (1875) author of " Der Tod in Venedig " and " Mario und der Zauberer." By many considered to be the greatest living German novelist.

1. 26. *Dr. Johnson's famous address :* Johnson had addressed the Plan of his Dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, but it was received with neglect. On the publication of the Dictionary Chesterfield wrote commending it. Thereupon Johnson wrote the famous letters in which he bitterly rejected a notice which "had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it."

1. 31. *Keats :* John Keats (1795-1821), English poet, famous also for the distinction of his Letters.

P. 66, 1. 4. *Cornford :* John Cornford, a young Cambridge poet

who joined the International Brigade and was killed fighting in Spain.

Julian Bell : a young English poet who was killed in Spain fighting for the Republicans.

Christopher Caudwell : a promising young English writer killed in Spain fighting for the Republicans.

The Leatiing Tower. By Virginia Woolf.

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941) was the younger daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen. She married Leonard Woolf in 1912. One of the most important of modern novelists, she was always experimenting so that her novels are something different from mere fictional narrative of " characters.". .Among her most successful works are : " To the Lighthouse/' " Mrs. Dalloway," " Orlando," " The Waves," and " The Common Reader," which consists of literary criticism.

P. 67, I. 14. *Henry James :* (1846-1916) a great American novelist who settled in Europe in 1875. His novels deal with the impact of the older civilisation of Europe upon American life, and he gives a close analysis of English ways.

I. 29. *Dryden :* John Dryden (1631-1700), English poet and dramatist

Swift : Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) Irish satirist.

Voltaire : (1694-1778) French philosopher and author.

II. 29-30. *Jane Austen :* (1775-1817) English novelist .

1. 30. *Dickens :* Charles Dickens (1812-1870), English novelist.

1. 36. *Day Lewis :* C. Day Lewis (1904). Educated at Sherborne, and Wadham College, Oxford. Edited " Oxford Poetry," 1927. Has written poetry, criticism, and novels.

Auden : W. H. Auden (1907). Educated at Gresham's School, Holt, and Christ Church, Oxford. A poet and playwright.

Spender : Stephen Spender (1909). Educated at University College School, Hampstead, and University College Oxford. Has travelled widely, writes poetry, criticism, and novels.

Isherwood : Christopher Isherwood (1904). Educated at Repton, and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Has travelled widely and written novels, travel books, and (with Auden) several plays.

1. 37. *Louis MacNeice :* (1907). Educated at Marlborough, and Merton College, Oxford. Lecturer in Classics. Has written poetry and criticism.

L *40.* *Stucco* : kinds of plaster for facing the walls of buildings,

P, 69, 1. 33. *Marx :* Karl Marx (1818-1883) propounded his revolutionary and communistic views in his treatise " Das Kapital." He demanded the total abolition of private property^ to be effected by the class war.

L 39. *Tolstoy :* Count Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy (1828-1910) was of noble birth and heir to large estates, but his intense sincerity led him gradually to abandon his normal career. He made attempts to renounce his own* property but needed the security to enable him to write his great epic novels.

P. 70, 1. 9. *Mr. Yeats :* William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), Irish poet, was brought up in the great tradition of romantic literature and adapted it to suit his own lyrical genius.

Mr. Eliot : Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888), the outstanding poet since the Great War. His " Waste Land " (1922) revealed a new technique to suit this modern age. He has had many followers and imitators.

I. 27. *Pedagogic :* concerned with education.

Didactic : meant to instruct.

II, 35-39. " *We have come at last . . . ." :* From Stephen Spender's poem beginning "After they have tired of the brillance of cities."

P. 71, 11. 5-8. *"Love had he found. . . ."* : From Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," 11. 161-164,

P. 72, 1. 28. *Stevenson :* Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894), Scottish novelist, essayist, and critic.

1.30. *Thackeray :* William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) famous Victorian novelist. Both Dickens and Thackeray were restricted in their novels by the conventions of the age.

L 31. *Flaubert :* Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), a French novelist remarkable for his realistic and convincing narrative.

Balzac : Honore de Balzac (1799-1850) author of the great collection of romances " La Comedie Humaine " in which he tried to represent faithfully and minutely the whole complex system of French society.

1 40. *Dr. Freud:* Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) is known as the the inventor of psycho-analysis. The study of neurotic ailments led him to various conclusions, relating to the normal mind, which are the basis of psycho-analysis. He explored the unconscious mind and revealed the conflcts which—result in repressions, and here he emphasised the importance of sex.

NOTES

Permanence. From " The Silence of the Sea, and Other Essays/' by " Hilaire Belloc.

Hilaire Belloc (1870) is the son of a French father and an English mother. He was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, served as driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery in the Great War, and completed his education at Balliol College, Oxford. He has been a Member of Parliament, and as a writer is as versatile as he is brilliant. He is a weekly contributor to the " Sunday Times," and has recently published " Cromwell " and* . "Milton."

P. 78, 1. 10. *Barbary :* Northern part of Africa including Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli.

1. 26. *Atlas :* great mountain range of N. W. Africa.

P. 79, 1. 20. *Seisin :* possession ; usually of land by freehold.

Two Forms of Democracy. From " Democracy Marches," by Julian Huxley.

Julian Huxley (1887) was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. He was Newdigate Prizeman, Lecturer in Zoology at Balliol, and Fellow of New College. He was Senior Demonstrator in Zoology at Oxford University. In 1921 he went with the expedition to Spitzbergen. Later he became Professor of Zoology at King's College, London, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. He visited E. Africa to advise on native education, and has travelled widely in America. He is a Supervisor for biological films and is a leading light in the B.B.C. Brains Trust. His publications include : " Essays in Popular Science," " What Dare I think ?" " We Europeans," " Evolution Re-stated," and " Democracy Marches."

P. 81, 1L 14-19. " *Society is indeed a contract* . . ." : From " Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790), by Edmund Burke (1729-1797).

P. 83, 1L 13-14. *Ku-Klux-Klan :* a secret society formed in the South U.S.A., after the American Civil War, 1865, to terrorise the negroes emancipated from slavery and enfranchised as a result of the war, the Southern whites fearing they would be outvoted by the negroes. The members wore a white cloak and hood to play on the negroes* superstitions. By 1870 repressive measures had to be taken by the Federal Government.

1. 16. *Tammany :* an important political organisation in New York City ; founded **in** 1789 to preserve democratic ideas, it rapidly

became an influential political club, and under W. M. Tweed, an alderman of New York City, who assumed the leadership of Tammany Hall in 1867, became hopelessly corrupt. Millions of dollars of public money were misappropriated. In*the twentieth century Tammany was largely reformed, and lost control of the city.

Humanism. From " The Fall of the Idols," by W. R. Inge.

W.R. Inge (1860) was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He was assistant master at Eton 1884-1888, and Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, 1889-1904. From 1907 to 1911 he was Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge. He was select preacher at Oxford and Cambridge for many years. From 1911-1933 he was Dean of St. Paul's, whence on account of his outlook on modern life he has been termed " The Gloomy Dean." Amongst his many literary works may be mentioned " Christian Mysticism," " The Philosophy of Plotinus," " Christian Ethics and Modern Problems," " Lay Thoughts of a Dean," " Out-spoken Essays," " A Pacificist in Trouble."

P. 85, 1. 21. *Humanism :* devotion to distinctly human interests or ideals. Also a study of the humanities, especially the works of the Greek and Latin classics revived during the Renaissance by those called Humanists.

P. 86, 1. 13. *Absolute values :* values which are free from relation to something else ; possessing intrinsic worth, such absolute values are beauty, goodness, and truth.

I. 18. *Internecine :* deadly.

II. 19-20. *Quantitative aspects of reality :* those aspects of reality which can be measured by size, weight, or number.

1. 21. *Agnostic :* one who holds that nothing is or is likely to be known of a God or of anything but material phenomena.

1. 24. *Plato :* (428-347 B.C.) the great Greek philosopher the central conception of whose thought was the existence of a world of ideas which are alone real and permanent. Of this ideal world the Form of the Good is the highest, and virtue consits in knowledge of the Good.

B. 29-30. *Professor Joad :* C. E. M. Joad, Professor of Philosophy at Birkbeck College, author of many books on philosophy and a leading light of the B.B.C. Brains Trust.

L 34. *Inhibitions :* restraint imposed on one psychical state by another, as to check an instinctive urge by calm reflection.

NOTES

P..87, 1. 10. *Lindsay Gordon :* Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870) an Australian poet who was at one time a member of the mounted police.

1. 21. *Sophists :* men in Ancient Greece who gave instruction in intellectual and ethical matters for payment. The name "sophist " was contrasted with " philosopher," and used as a term of disparagement.

1. 25. *Nietzsche* : Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844-1900), a German philosopher who despised Christianity with its compassion for the weak, and preached the superman who, superior to ordinary morality, should dominate the sheep-like people with merciless power. His ideas have done much to produce the Nazi regime.

1. 28. " *Laws* " : One of Plato's principal dialogues.

1. 29. *Teleology :* the doctrine of final causes, that developments are due to the purpose that will be fulfilled by them.

Rationality : the treating of reason as the ultimate authority ; the theory that reason is the source of knowledge in itself, superior to and independent of sense perceptions.

1. 37. *Critias :* a character in Plato's Dialogue " Protagoras or The Sophists."

P. 88, L 1. *Duplicity :* deceitfulness.

1. 6. *Socrates :* (469-399 B.C.) the Greek philosopher whose teaching is preserved in the " Dialogues " of Plato.

1. 29. *Hellenism :* the attitude to life based upon intellect and the appreciation of beauty.

I. 38. *Aeschylus :* (525-456 B.C.) the famous Athenian tragic poet whose plays " Agamemnon," the " Ghoephori," and the "Eumenides " form the trilogy on the story of Orestes.

Sophocles : (495-406 B.C.) the great Athenian tragedian who wrote a famous trilogy on Oedipus.

II. 39-40. *Technology :* knowledge of the industrial arts, especially of the more important manufactures, such as spinning, weaving, etc.

P. 89, 1. 1. *Aristotle* : (384-322 B.C.) the great Greek philosopher who studied at Athens under Plato.

11. 14-15. *Mr. Woodroffe's skit, "Plato's American Republic":** series of witty dialogues in the Platonic manner dealing with aspects of American life and manners.

1. 21. " *Consumptionism* " : the acquisition and use of goods.

1. 35. *Plato's " Republic "* : one of the dialogues in which Socrates *is* represented as discussing the ideal type of state.

t. 90, L 1. *Plotinus : (c.* A.D. 203-262) a mystic and fbuntfcr of the Neo-Platonic philosophy.
L 5. *Natural sciences :* various branches ©f the study of material phenomena.
l. 7. *Metaphysics :* speculations on the nature of being, truth, amd knowledge.
1. 9. *Affinities :* relationships.
L 21. *Semites :* those descended from Shem ;. in recent use, the Jews.
1, 22. *Islam :* Mohammedanism.
Petrified : turned to stone. Here, made rigid by routine,
1. 29. *Spinoza :* (1632-1677) a Jewish philosopher who set forth a system of Pantheism which makes God the cause and substance of the universe, abolishes free-will, and establishes the necessity of the Divine nature.
L 35. *Hierophant :* a priest, especially one who instructs in the sacred offices. Here, one who expounds sacred mysteries,
1. 36. *Beatific :* making blessed.
1. 38. *Incarnation :* the union in Christ of Godhead with manhood,

The Springs. From " Memory Hold-the-Door," by John Buchan.
John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir (1875-1940), was educated at Glasgow University and Brasenose College, Oxford, He was private secretary to the High Commissioner of South Africa 1901-1903 ; on H. Q. staff of British Army, France, 1916-17 ; director of information under the Prime Minister 1917-1918 ; Governor-General of Canada 1935-1940. Among his writings are " Montrose," " Sir Walter Scott," " Oliver Cromwell,5y He wrote many delightful and popular novels including " Thirty-nine Steps,'* " Greenmantle," " The Blanket of the Dark," " Sick Heart River."
P. 95, 1. 10. *Burns :* brooks.
1L 16-17. *Peat hags :* peat bogs, or the projection of peat where cutting has stopped.
L 29. *Sphagnum :* peat or bog moss.
Sundew : a small bog-plant.
Butterwort : a violet-flowered bog-plant.
L 30. *Grass of Parnassus :* a white flower of the saxifrage family,
1. 35. *Blaeberries :* bilberries or whortleberries.
If. 96, 1. 2. *Cloudberries :* a raspberry of north temperate regions^ with white flowers and amber-coloured fruit.
H, 8-9. *Ring ouzel :* a member of the Blackbird family.

NOTES

1! 27, *Cretl* : an angler's fishing-basket.

1. 33. *Bent :* kinds of stiff-stemmed grass.

1. 39. *Rudyard Kipling:* (1865-1936) was born in Bombay and became famous for his short stories dealing with India, the **sea,** the jungle, and the many places of the globe which he visited.

97, 1. 1. *The haunted chasm in Kubla Khan :* The lines referred to in Coleridge's poem are :—

" But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !'*

I. 13. *Mirk* : darkness. (More commonly, murk).

L 22. *Cortez stating at the Pacific.* The reference is to the lines in Keats's sonnet " On First looking into Chapman's Homer " :—

" Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific."

Maps Actual and Imaginary. From " Pleasures and Speculations,'* by Walter dc la Mare.

Walter de la Mare (1873) was born in Kent and educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School, London. He spent eighteen years in commercial life before , in 1908, devoting his time to literature. He was awarded a Civil List pension for the distinction of his literary work, which includes " Poems " (1906), " The Listeners" (1912), "Peacock Pie," (1913, "Memoirs of a Midget " (1921),fct Stuff and Nonsense " (1927), " Early One Morning '* (1935), and a number of novels, essays, and short stories.

P. 98, 1. 6. *Ptolemy :* a celebrated astronomer and geographer who lived at Alexandria in the second century A.D. He devised the system of astronomy according to which the sun, planets, and stars revolved round the earth, which was the centre of the universe. He compiled a map of the world which, though defective in details, had great influence on map-making in the fifteenth century, the great age of exploration.

II. 7-8. *Martin Behaim :* (1459-1506) a celebrated German cosmographer. He accompanied various Portuguese explorers and acquired fame for his practical methods of finding the latitude at sea by astronomical observation, for his finely executed maps which improved on those then in existence, and for the globe which he J3equeathed to his native city, Nuremberg.

1. 9. *Tena incognita :* " unknown land."

L 15. *Jack-in-the-Green :* a man or boy enclosed in a framework covered with leaves, a prominent figure in English May Day games.

I. 19. *Bonne bouche :* " a delicate morsel."

I. 27. *Mercator's Projection :* the form of map devised by a Flemish geographer, Gerardus Mercator (1512-1594), in which the meridians of longitude are at right angles to the parallels of latitude.

Ordnance Survey : an authorised survey' of Great Britain entrusted to experts by whom maps and charts are produced showing the full details of the geographical, geological, and industrial condition of the country. The usual scale for counties is 6 inches to the mile.

1. 34. *Portolan skin charts :* charts were drawn on sheep or goatskin parchment and bound in a book for navigators., called a portolano.

P. 99, 11. 1-2. *Scylax of Caryanda* : a Greek geographer and mathematician in the age of Darius, about 550 B.C. Some suppose that he was the first man to invent geographical tables. He was commissioned by Darius to make discoveries in the Mediterranean, and, after a journey of many months, visited Egypt.

L 2. *Greek-periplus :* literally " a sailing round." The title of several ancient geographical works.

I. 6. *Pillars of Hercules :* two promontories on the Strait of Gibraltar. It is fabled that Hercules, in his travels to find the oxen of Geryon, set them there.

L 7. *Carthaginians :* inhabitants of Carthage, an ancient city of Northern Africa.

II. 12-13. *Shanks*s mare :* to go on foot.

1. 17. *Hostages :* here, children.

L 22. *Styx :* a gloomy river of Hades, the lower world, over which the shades of the dead were ferried by Gharon.

L 24. *Columbus :* Christopher Columbus (1445-1506), a Genoese navigator, discoverer of America. He made four voyages to the West Indies. His purpose was to reach the Cathay of Marco Polo and he believed the regions he discovered were part of the Asiatic continent.

L 25. *Cabot :* John Cabot (1440-1498), an Italian navigator who settled in Bristol in 1490 and made several expeditions across the Atlantic, reaching Greenland, Baffin Land, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia.

NOTES

Vasco da Gama : (1469-1524) a great Portuguese navigactor who was the first to double the Gape of Good Hope and sail to India.

Vespucci : Amerigo Vespucci (1451-1512), a Florentine merchant who, in the Portuguese service, sailed across the Atlantic several times. He claimed to have discovered the mainland of South America, and his name was given to America in virtue of this claim.

1. 28. *Castles in Spain :* visionary projects ; day-dreams.

I. 32. *The song the sirens sang"* : The sirens, three sea-nymphs, lived in a small island near Cape Pelorus in Sicily. They charmed by their melodious singing all who heard them, so that at last the victims died from lack of food. The reference suggests the passage in Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn-Burial " : "What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture."

II. 35-36. *The fabulous island of Monte Cristo :* in his novel " The Count of Monte Cristo " Dumas tells how Edmond Dantes is imprisoned in the Chateau dTf for many years, escapes, recovers a buried treasure in the Island of Monte Cristo, and then devotes himself to revenge.

P. 100, 1. 1. *Chaucer's substantial yet imaginary pilgrims :* In the " Prologue to the Canterbury Tales " Geoffrey Chaucer (1340 ?-1400) gives lively portraits of the pilgrims who subsequently proceed to Canterbury telling their tales on the way.

1. 2. *Wailing Street :* the Roman road which ran from Dover, through Canterbury to London, from there it passed through St. Albans and northwards to Chester.

Scott : Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), famous Scottish novelist.

Microcosm : a representation on a small scale.

L 3. *George Eliot^ :* (1819-1880) the pseudonym of Mary Ann Evans, distinguished novelist, whose works are noted for their accuracy of descriptive detail.

Genius loci : " genius of the place."

" *Wuthering Heights* " : a novel by Emily Bronte, published in 1847. The house Wuthering Heights, situated on the edge of wild moorland, bears a strong resemblance to the parsonage at Haworth where the Bronte's lived. The house, built of iron-like stone, can still be seen, the last in the village with open moon beyond,

1. 4. *The journey of Little Nell . . . from London up to Tong :* In Dickens's novel "The Old Curiosity Shop" Little Nell and her grandfather are dispossessed of their curiosity shop by Quilp, a hideous dwarf, and they flee, wandering about the country and suffering great hardships. At last they find a haven in a cottage by a country church which has been identified as that of Tong, a village in Shropshire.

1. 5. *Borrow* : George Borrow (1803-1881), English writer and traveller.

1. 6. *Kingsley :* Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), English novelist.

Bumas : Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870), French romantic novelist.

1. 10. *Prie-dieu :* literally " pray God," a kneeling desk for prayers.

1. 16. *House of Usher :* " The Fall of the House of Usher " is the title of one of the " Tales of Mystery and Imagination/' by Edgar Allan Poe.

1. 24. *Mr. Conrad :* Joseph Conrad (1857-1924), a Pole, Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, who wrote in English many fine novels dealing with the sea. " Nostromo " (1904) is one of the best known.

1. 29. *Robert Burton :* (1577-1640) the author of a treatise " The Anatomy of Melancholy/' which is a huge store-house of the most miscellaneous knowledge.

1. 31. *Milton :* John Milton (1608-1674), the great English epic poet. His epic poem •" Paradise Lost," first printed in 1667, is one of the greatest achievements of the poetic imagination.

I. 32. *Dante's pilgrimage* • In his great work the " Divina Commedia " Dante describes his visit to Hell and Purgatory with the poet Vergil as his guide.

II. 32-33. *Prospero's^ and Ariel's place of exile :* In Shakespeare's play " The Tempest," Prospero, ousted from the throne of Milan by his brother, is turned adrift on the sea with his daughter Miranda, and is cast upon a lonely island. By his knowledge of magic he releases various spirits, including Ariel, from the witch Sycorax.

1. 33. *Endymion's wanderings":* In his long poem " Endymion " Keats tells how the moon goddess lures Endymion, the shepherd-prince, through many winding ways and " cloudy phantasms " to eternal life with her.

1. 34. *Jules Verne's prodigious underworld :* In his novel " Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea "Jules Verne, the French novelist

• (1828-1905), achieven great popularity *by combining adventure with popular science

1. 41. " *Treasure Island'*[9] *:* a romance by R. L. Stevenson, published in 1883. Jim Hawkins is the narrator, and tells how an old buccaneer takes up quarters at the " Admiral Benbow," having in his chest a manuscript map giving the whereabouts of Captain Kidd's treasure. His former confederates try to secure the map but are outwitted by Jim, who delivers it to Squire Trelawney, who, with Jim and Dr. Livesey, sail for Treasure Island in the " Hispaniola." Some of the crew are old buccaneers recruited by the one-legged villain, Long John Silver. After many adventures the squire, with the help of the marooned pirate, Ben Gunn, secures the treasure.

P. 101, 1. 9. " *Methinks it is like a weasel" :* " Hamlet," Act III. Sc. ILL 396.

I. 11. *"Facsimile struck out by J. Hawkins" :* Actually the latitudes and longitudes were struck out by J. Hawkins.

P. 102, 11. ^1-2. *Dean Church :* Richard William Church (1815-1890). Dean of St. Paul's, was a distinguished biographer and a devoted student of Dante.'

II. 4-5. *Mr. Wells's " Treasure in the Forest* " : a short story in the collection " The Stolen Bacillus and other Incidents."

1. 5. *Cryptogram :* a writing in cipher.

1. 6. *Regulus of cobalt in spirit of nitre :* the globule of cobalt, a silver-white metal, formed beneath the*slag when smelting the ore, in spirit of nitre, which is ethyl nitrite with a little acetic aldehyde. " Regulus " is the Latin for a little king ; the word is applied to metals which have not attained full maturity and power.

I. 8. *Legrand's heaven-sent scarebaeus :* In " The Gold Bug " Poe tells how Mr. William Legrand secured, with the help of Jupiter, his negro servant, a scarabaeus which he believed to be totally new. It was a bug " of a brilliant gold colour with two jet-black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other." The strange resemblance to a skull and a careful study of Captain Kidd's cryptogram lead eventually to the discovery of the hidden treasure.

" *Kins, Solomon's Mines* " : a popular romance, by Sir Henry Rider Haggard (1856-1925).

II. 28-29. " *The Sundering Flood*[9] *:* William Morris (1834-1896) wrote the romances " The Story of the Sundering Flood," " The

Wood Masterless," and " The Well at the World's End " towards the end of his life.

l. 33. *Dromonds :* large fast-sailing galleys.

l. 36. *Kenspeckle :* conspicuous.

P. 104, l. 24. *El Dorado* : an imaginary city or region abounding in gold, located by the sixteenth-century Spaniards in the interior of South America. It has come to mean any place of fabulous richness.

l. 30. *Acheron :* a river of Hades, interpreted as the river of woe.

Naamaris Jordan : Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, was cleansed of his leprosy by dipping in Jordan at the command of Elisha. 2 Kings v.

l. 33. *Greenwich time :* The clock of Greenwich observatory, in Greenwich Park, is the standard (Greenwich mean time) for the whole country. The meridian of Greenwich is the datum of longitude for all British and most foreign geographers.

On Being a Bore. By Robert Lynd.

Robert Lynd (1879) was educated at the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast, and Queen's College, Belfast. He is Literary Editor of the " News Chronicle " and writer on the staff of the " New Statesman." He has published a large number of books of his collected essays.

P. 106, l. 13. *Beggar's Roost :* a rough narrow road with a gradient, in places, of 1 in 4, leading from Lynbrook to Exmoor.

Countisbury : Countisbury Hill, some 1200 ft. high, is on the way from Lynmouth to Countisbury village. The gradient is about 1 in 5.

l. 39. *Mr. Gladstone's proposal of Home Rule for Ireland :* In 1880 Gladstone came from retirement and returned to power as Priirie Minister, concentrating chiefly on the Irish Home Rule question. He failed to secure the passage of his second Home Rule Bill and resigned his office in 1894.

P. 107, l. 4. *Sir William Harcourt :* barrister, author, and Liberal politician. He entered Parliament in 1868 and was an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Gladstone, whom he championed on all occasions.

l. 13. *La Rochefoucauld:* Frangois de Marsillac, Due de La Rochefoucauld (1613-1680), chiefly famous for his cynical, polished " Reflexions, Sentences, et Maximes Morales."

L 21. *Socrates :* (469-399 B.C.) the great Greek philosopher who

occupied his life with oral instruction in public places conversing; with passers-by. He asked innumerable questions leading to the conclusion he wished to convey.

1. 24. *Bach :* Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), one of the* greatest composers of all time. Much of his music is highly in-- tellectual and deals with sacred themes.

\iiracle at Dunkirk. By A. D. Divine.

A. D. Divine has achieved a considerable reputation by his vivict tales of the sea, which include " Admiral's Million/' " Between ther Devil/' " Escape from Spain/' " Fire in the Ice/' " Slack Water/' " Terror in Thames/' and " Wings over the Atlantic."

P. 117, 1. 24. *Schout* : a Dutch flat-bottomed boat, used chiefly om canals and for coasting.

The Unknown War. By Graham Greene.

Graham Greene was born in 1904 and was educated at Berkham^ sted, and Balliol College, Oxford. From 1926 to 1930 he wa# sub-editor of " The Times," and from 1935 to 1937 film critic or* " The Spectator." His publications include " The Man Within/r " Stamboul Train/5 " A Gun for Sale," " It's a Battlefield/' and " The Power and the Glory."

P. 119, 1. 6. *W.A.A.F:* :* Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

I. 9. *Phoney :* not genuine (Americal slang).

P. 120, 1. 14. *Condor :* a large American vulture.

II. 30-31. *Portland Bill :* a promontory in Dorset.

P. 121, 1. 28. *Ignominious :* dishonourable.

Consolations of the War. By Rose Macaulay.

Rose Macaulay made her reputation with " Potterism," published ir* 1920, and has held her position since with a succession of witty" stories which include "Dangerous Ages," "Crewe Train," " I would be Private," " And No Man's Wit," She is also a scholar of distinction. Her only historical novel, " They were Defeated/r . published in 1933, is often considered her finest achievement^ Other notable works are " The writings of E. M. Forster " and "John Milton." During the heavy raids of 1940 she was bombedf out of her London flat and lost most of her possessions.

Y. 122, 11. 17-18. *An insubstantial pageant, leaving only racks behind z* "The Tempest/' Act IV. Sc. 1. 11. 155-158.

P. 123, 1. 31. *Horace Walpole :* (1717-1797). In his later days he:

•corresponded with Mrs. Hannah More and discussed events taking place in revolutionary France. The Bastille fell on July 14, 1789.

JP. 125, 1. 10. *Obscurantist :* striving to prevent enlightenment and progress.

'The Enduring Italy. By Charles Morgan.

^Charles Morgan, novelist and chief Dramatic Critic of " The Times," is the author of several highly praised books—" Portrait in a Mirror," "The Fountain" (awarded the Hawthornden Prize for 1933), " Sparkenbroke," " The Voyage," and "The Empty Room." He has also written the successful play " The Flashing Stream." His work has won for him three famous literary prizes, the Legion d'Honneur in France, and the European reputation implied by translation into more than a dozen languages.

¥. 125, 1. 23. *"Madame Bovaty" :* the most famous novel of the French writer Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880).

11. 23-24. " *The Charterhouse of Parma* " : the famous novel by the French writer Stendhal (1783-1842).

11. 25-26. *Trelawny's " Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* " : Edward John Trelawny (1792-1881), the friend of Shelley and Byron, w^r^as present at Leghorn when Shelley was drowned. He gives a vivid account of these two English poets* in Italy.

"P. 126, 1. 15. *The Brownings :* Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, after their marriage in 1846, lived mostly in Italy, where some of their finest poetry was written.

1. 29. *Tuft-hunting :* hanging-on to noblemen or people of quality

P. 127, 1. 3. *Irrelevant :* having no relation to the matter in hand.

1. 12. *Laissez-faire :* literally, " let (people) do or make (what they choose) " ; hence non-interference.

1. 17. *Sotbonne* : the University of Paris.

1. 32. *Totalitarian philosophy of art :* a philosophy which permits no rival loyalties or parties.

1. 33. *Fascism* : a political movement originating in Italy which holds that the individual exists for the State.

33-34. *Pisa and Lucca :* towns in Tuscany.

41. *Fascist Revolution :* the origin of Fascism is to be found in a Fascio cli Combattimento founded at Milan in March 1919 by Benito Mussolini, then editor of the " Popolo d'ltalia." The Fascist movement spread, and in the crisis of October 1922, Mussolini ordered a concentration of Fascist bands on Rome. They

.marched into Rome unopposed and since then Fascism has re«-mained the ruling power in Italy.

P. 128, 1. 1. *Nazis :* the German National Socialist Party.

Mussolini : Benito Mussolini (1883), Prime Minister of Italy,; and Minister of most governmental departments. Assumed the title of 11 Duce.

1. 6. *Rggisseur :* manager.

1. 12. *Toga :* the civil dress of a citizen of ancient Rome.

1. 23. *Cellini :* Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1571), a Florentine goldsmith and sculptor , and author of one of the most vivid autobiographies ever written.

Country Parashots. From " Postscripts," by J. B. Piiestley.

J. B. Priestley, 1894, novelist, essayist, and dramatist, was educated at Bradford Grammar School and Cambridge. He served in the Great War with the Duke of Wellington's and Devon regiments. He has written a number of essays and several very successful plays, including " Laburnum Grove " and " Time and the Con ways," and he is one of the most popular of modern novelists, his best known works being " The Good Companions," " Angel Pavement," and " They Walk in the City." He has written some interesting autobiography, and has achieved a fresh reputation as a broadcaster.

P. 126, 1. 6. *Bailiff:* agent or steward of a landholder.

1. 8. *Hurdle-maker* : one who makes portable frames with bars for a temporary fence, usually for folding sheep.

1. 10. *Thomas Hardy :* (1840-1928) a famous English writer whose novels excel in descriptions of Wessex (Dorset).

P. 131, 1. 15. *Couch-grass* : coarse grass with long, persistent roots.-

The Wall. By William Sansom.

William Sansom is a young writer, aged thirty, who has been in the London Fire Brigade since the outbreak of war. He is the anonymous author of " Fire Over London,'7 the record of the Brigade's experiences during the great raids. He has also written* radio scripts and short stories, and has composed some music.

P. 132, 1. 1. *Ubiquitous :* seeming to be everywhere at once.

P. 133, 1. 30. *Tactile :* having the sense of touch.

1. 41. *Declivities :* downward slopes.

P. 134, 1. 6. *Imminence :* impending danger.

L 15. *Derrick :* a hoisting machine.

'Transformation in Science. By J. D. Bernal.

J. D. Bernal (1901) was educated at Stonyhurst College, Bedford School, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was Lecturer in Structural Crystallography and Assistant Director of this subject at Cambridge before becoming University Professor of Physics at Birkbeck College. He is an F.R.S., and his publications include "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," " The Social Function of Science," and various scientific papers. He has been a member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, taking Julian Huxley's place when he went to America.

jP. 138, 1. 3£. *Quantum theory :* this was propounded by Max Planck, professor at Berlin University, and Nobel prizewinner for Physics, 1918. The theory is concerned with the absorption and radiation of energy by electric charges contained in the atoms of a body.

I. 39. *Chromosomes :* protoplasmic substances found in the nucleus of cells, regarded by many as the physical basis of heredity.

jP. 139, 1. 10. *Relativity :* Einstein's theory of the universe, based on the principle that all motion is relative, regarding space-time as a fourth dimension, and upsetting previous conceptions of gravitation, space, and time.

J. 30. *Newton :* Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), the discoverer of the law of gravity.

JL 31. *Marx* : See previous note. (P. 69, 1. 33)

Engels : Friedrich Engels (1820-1895), German socialist writer. He collaborated with Marx in writing " The Communist Manifesto," edited " Capital," and wrote many contributions to Socialist theory, among them " Condition of the Working Class in England."

^P. 141, 1. 18. *Prometheus :* opposed the will of Zeus by stealing fire for mankind from the chariot of the sun. He was bound to a rock on Mt. Caucasus, where a vulture fed ceaselessly in the daytime on his liver which was restored at night. He was delivered by Hercules.

II. 18-19. *The ancient Chinese philosopher :* Chuang Tzu, fourth and third centuries B.C. The most original of China's idealist philosophers, unorthodox in so far as he was opposed to Confucian teachings.

'The House Divided. From " Patterns of Survival," by J. H. Bradley.

NOTES

J. H. Bradley (1898) is Professor of Geology at the University of Southern California. He has also achieved a considerable reputation as a biologist with his book entitled " Patterns of Survival: An Anatomy of Life."

P. 142, 1. 26. *Computation :* reckoning

1. 27. *Abstemious :* sparing in food and drink.

l. 29. *Incorrigible :* past correction.

l. 34. *Pupate :* to become a chrysalis.

P 143, 1. 13. *Aeons :* immense periods of time.

l. 18. *"Mandatory :* by authoritative command.

l/27. *Inhibited :* restrained.

l. 31. *Herbivores :* a group of mammals feedings mainly on herbage,

l. 33. *Carnivores :* flesh-eating animals.

l. 41. *Driver ants :* so called because they move about in vast armies and drive away or devour all insects and small animals.

Tigerfish : a large fresh-water fish of South-east Africa as well as of the Amazon.

P. 144, L 5. *Whale-bone whale :* the bowhead whale.

I. 16. *Tsetse fly :* a fly of Central ^and Southern Africa whose bite conveys the parasite which produces sleeping sickness.

II. 24-25. *The most gluttonous mammal in the world :* man, who avoids parts of Central Africa because of the tsetse fly.

P. 145, 1. 1. *Montana :* N.W. State of U.S.A., adjoining Canada,

1. 5. *Prerogatives :* peculiar rights.

1. 23. *Arizona :* State of U.S.A., bordering on Mexico.

L 25. *Cougars :* large American quadrupeds of the cat family.

1. 41. *Termites :* White ants.

P. 146, 1. 9. *Shiner :* a small American fresh-water fish.

L 11, *Palaeontologist :* one who makes a study of extinct organisms-

1. 12. *Dinosaurs :* large extinct reptile, quadruped with trunk and tusks.

L 26. *Gastric :* of the stomach.

1. 38. *Geologic time :* the long period treated of by historical geology, especially that previous to human history.

P. 147, 1. 2. *Gazelle :* small graceful antelope.

L 19. *Biological :* concerning the science of physical life of plants and animals.

P. 148, 1. 2. *Arboreal :* of, or living in, trees.

L 13. *Cupidity* : greed of gain.

1. 28. *Omnivorous :* eating everything, especially both animal and vegetable food.

I. 35. *Fecundity :* fertility.

II. 38-39. *van Moltke :* (1800-1891) a Prussian field-marshal,

P. 149, 1. 8. *Congenially :* dating from birth.

A Saltspoonful of soil : From " Microbes by the Million," by Hugh Nicol.

Dr. Hugh Nicol was born in London. He matriculated in 1914 at Wood Green County School. He has been an accountant's clerk, assistant chemist in a soap and glue works, and biochemist in hospitals for nervous diseases. He came to Rothamsted Experimental Station in 1930 as Assistant Bacteriologist. Pursuing chemical studies in the evenings, he took successive degrees. He is the author of" Plant Growth Substances : Their Chemistry and Applications."

P. 149, 1. 25. *Ego :* the conscious thinking self.

1. 29. *Teleprinter :* an instrument by which material can be printed at one place and simultaneously reproduced in print at a distance.

P. 150, 11. 36-37. *Peier Pans :* " Peter Pan, or the Boy who wouldn't, grow up," is a dramatic fantasy by Sir James Barrie, produced in 1904.

P, 151, 1. 13. *Babbitts :* George F. Babbitt is the intensely human character in " Babbitt," a novel by the American writer Sinclair Lewis.

I. 15. *Concatenation :* connection as of a series of events,

L 16. *Bacteria* : microscopic rod-shaped vegetable organisms, widely distributed.

II. 32-33. *As Topsy did with her baby, I might maintain that it would not be much to make a fuss about :* There seems to be no well-known Topsy with a baby to whom this could refer. The author may have had in mind Sarah, the nurse, in Captain Marryat's " Mr. Midshipman Easy," for when Sarah is being interviewed, the following conversation takes place : " Good heavens ! Dr. Middelton, what can you mean by bringing this person here i)y' exclaimed Mrs. Easy. " Not a married woman, and has a child !" " If you please, ma'am," interrupted the young wonan, dropping a curtsy, '* it was a very little one."

P. 152, 1. 38. *Marsupials :* of the class of mammals that produce their young partly developed and carry them, for a time in a pouch.

NOTES

1." 40. *Placenta :* the organ by which the embryo is nourished in the womb.

P. 153, 1. 7. *Mad Tea-Party :* an incident in " Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," a story for children by Lewis Carroll (1832-1898).

What is a Word ? From " An Inquiry into Meeting and Truth," by Bertrand Russell.

Bertrand Russell, 3rd Earl (1872). Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, Fellow of the Royal Society, 1908. Lecturer and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, until 1918 ; at the University of Peking, 1926. Has devoted his study mainly to philosophy and mathematics and to problems of social welfare and child education. His writings include " Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy," " Philosophical Essays," " Principia Mathematical " The Scientific Outlook," " Education and the Social Order," " Power : a New Social Analysis."

P. 154, 1. 28. *Carnap :* R. Carnap, a modern philosopher, author of " Philosophy and Logical Syntax " and " Unity of Science."

P. 155, 1. 1. *Neurath :* Otto Neurath, a modern orthologer, author of " Basic in Isotype " and " International Picture Language."

1. 17. *Entity :* a thing that has real existence.

P. 156, 1. 8. *Calligraphist :* a good penman.

1. 17. *Artifact :* a product of human workmanship.

1. 21. *Discrete :* separate, distinct.

P. 157, 1. 1. *Hierarchy :* graded priesthood, or other organisation.

1. 17. *Tautology :* a repetition of the meaning in other words.

P. 158, 1. 9. *Indicative and assertive capacities :* qualities of pointing out and affirming confidently.

1. 10. *Fundamental :* serving for the foundation or basis.

1. 40. *Conditioned reflex :* an action performed involuntarily.

P. 159, 1. 28. *Empirical :* founded upon experiment or experience. Empirical knowledge is that depending on experience or observation alone.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. *The Nature of the Arts.* " It is not by chance that the greatest periods of art have almost always occurred when the artist was most firmly harnessed to a master or to a cause." Discuss.

2. *Art and the Amateur.* " Amateur sketching is the most diverting of all occupations." What do you consider to be the value of hobbies ?

3. *The Groundwork of Architecture.* Discuss the changes which have taken place in architecture in the last few years, and indicate probable developments in the future.

4. *October Lake.* Indicate what changes the war has brought to the countryside.

5. *The Spirit of England.* " Our tradition has its own fine values." Discuss and illustrate.

6. *The Journeys of a Stay-at-Home.* " To travel hopefully is, as we know, better than to arrive, and even the pleasantest places do not, as a rule, quite come up to our ecstatic vision of them." Discuss.

7. *The Wood-bodger.* Contrast the spirit of the wood-bodger working at his craft with that of " Business Efficiency."

8. *A Visit to Ireland.* Describe *either* a holiday abroad, *or* a visit to some place of historical interest.

9. *Does Culture Matter* ? How would you justify culture in face of the indifference of the great majority of people ?

10. *A Bedside Book.* Write an account of *your* favourite bedside book.

11. *Shooting an Elephant.* What do you learn of Burma from this episode ? *Or* Describe as vividly as you can any hunt in which you have taken part.

12. *On Letter-writing.* Explain the decline of letter-writing as an art.

13. *The Leaning Tawer.* " The art of writing is at least as difficult as the other arts." What particular difficulties face the young writers mentioned in this essay ?

14. *The Springs.* Discuss the fascination of fishing, and try to explain what Buchan means when he says, " Fishing is not only a craft but a way of life."

'15. *Maps Actual and Imaginary.* "The well at the World's End may be found in one's backyard." Discuss. *Or* Write an essay on the pleasures of maps.

16. *On Being a Bore.* Write an essay in a similar vein on your favourite topics of conversation.

17. *Permanence.* " Any civilisation must be near its end when its cities outweigh its countrysides." Discuss.

18. *Two Forms of Democracy.* " The British idea of individual liberty is crystallised in the phrase " The Englishman's home is his castle." Discuss.

19. *Humanism.* " Man is a queer animal. He needs an ideal to live for, an ideal for which if necessary he is willing to die." Discuss.

20. *Miracle at Dunkirk.* Describe as vividly as you can any other dramatic incident which has taken place during the war.

21. *The Unknown War.* What do you learn about boy's weeklies from this essay ?

22. *Consolations of the War.* Limiting yourself to a few aspects, devise a programme of reconstruction for the post-war years.

23. *The Enduring Italy.* What special characteristics of pre-war Italy are to be observed in this essay ?

24. *Country Parashots.* Write an appreciation of this notable postscript, broadcast in 1940.

25. *The Wall.* Comment on the literary qualities of this essay, *or* Describe an air-raid experience of your own.

36. *Transformation in Science.* In the light of this essay, what do you consider to be the greatest changes taking place in science to-day ?

27. *The House Divided.* " The house of life divided against itself stands only because it is divided." Explain and discuss.

28. *A Saltspoonful of Soil.* Explain clearly the vital part played by microbes in life on this planet.

29. *What is a Word.* After reading this essay, try to explain, as clearly as you can, what a word is. *Or* Consider the truth of the saying, " Language was given us to enable us to conceal our thoughts."