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EDITORIAL COMMENT

CONTRIBUTIONS on non-literary subjects seem, at last, to be tipping the scales. We welcome this support from the social scientists, the educationists, the historians, and the political philosophers. If others are encouraged to follow their lead, and if the literary experts find an additional challenge in the work of their colleagues in other disciplines, the future of *Theoria* should be a bright one.

The controversy on *Medieval Christianity and Love* is sustaining itself with the fiery enthusiasm of a 12th Century scholastic debate. We hope that *Theoria* No. 22 will provoke others to throw down their challenges and give battle in our columns.

THE EDITORS.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NEW EUROPE

by P. B. HARRIS

> When societies first come to birth, it is the leader who produces the institutions of the Republic. Later it is the institutions which produce the leaders.
>
> *Montesquieu.*

I HAVE called this short article the political philosophy of the *New* Europe quite deliberately in order to stress that the philosophy itself is not new—it is rather the look of Europe itself which is new. Out of this very look of newness has emerged a political philosophy hammered out by the stress of events, exciting by virtue of its unpredictability, challenging because it has captured the imagination of the most able brains in Europe.

The essence of the claim made by these new Europeans may perhaps be described in the following passage. Europe, a geographical expression with a vital history stretching back 2,500 years, with a large population, with a store of learning and culture out of all proportion to its size, the continent of Racine, Goethe, Leonardo and Dante, has at last become conscious of its integral unity. Keenly aware of the external threat from two great military and economic units, the states of Europe have moved towards a closer association in accordance with the often-expressed conviction of Jean Monnet that governments act only when prodded by a superior power. From the wrong reasons has developed the right policy. Fear of others and even fear of each other has produced a synoecism whose enemy is the sovereign state. This is no mere philosophical abstraction, for over the past decade the discussion has come down from the study to the market place. The concept of the nation with all its powerful emotional connotations has been supplanted by a larger loyalty. Just as in 1789 the French revolutionaries linked the idea of the nation with the idea of the people, so the community builders in the 1960s link both with the wider loyalty of Europe.[1]

To some extent their claims are justified. The Europe which gave birth to the nation-state appears to be modifying if not re-

[1] See the words of the Mayor of Berlin in London, March 1964: 'The will of the people to have "Europe" is strong in every nation and their will must again be heard.'

jecting nationalism in practice. The treaty establishing the European Economic Community was signed in Rome on March 25, 1957, between France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg. Previously they had come together in order to pool their resources for certain specific industries. The most notable result of this collaboration was the creation of a common market for coal and steel which led to the creation of the European Coal and Steel Community (E.C.S.C.) in 1952. At this time it was hoped that other sectors would follow the lead—agriculture and transport for example. Sector-by-sector pooling was highly fashionable in the mid-years of the fifties.

The interest of the sector approach lay in what political scientists call the 'spill-over' theory. Implicit in the spill-over theory is the assumption that the 'Europeanisation' of one industry would swiftly force other industries to follow the lead. In any case, it was felt that as one sector entered a common market of several countries, the countries involved would become aware of their growing interdependence. This is the essence of the spill-over approach.[2]

The present European Economic Community is not a logical development of the spill-over approach; rather is it a different conception, namely that unity can be reached through a customs union. The present European grouping has placed its reliance upon the creation by December 31st, 1969, of a common external tariff around the Six, a target date already accelerated by agreement. This is not to say that the sector-by-sector, step-by-step approach has proved unsatisfactory or unsuccessful (though it has raised many problems as ten years of the ECSC has proved). Side by side with the concept of sector integration has gone the idea of gradual tariff abandonment until the whole area covered by the Six has reached its desired end—free movement of men, goods and capital.

The political philosophy of the new Europe can be described in one word—integration. This term has been deliberately and carefully chosen in preference to other near-synonyms such as supranationality, federalism, pooling and internationalism.[3] Political integration essentially involves the progressive abandonment of national sovereignties under terms and conditions, say as stipulated in the Rome treaty. Political integration involves the search for institutions, expressing the view that some or all European nations

[2] L. N. Lindberg, *The Political Dynamics of European Economic Integration*, p. 166; and E. B. Haas, *The Uniting of Europe*, p. 243. The E.C.S.C. was the first and only example of this type.

[3] Professor W. Hallstein, the German President of the powerful Commission of the E.E.C. declared in October 1960 that 'supra-nationality' was a confused notion. The process of integration was outlined by him in the *E.E.C. Bulletin No.* 8-9 (1960), p. 16. The other three terms are less commonly used than either political integration or supranationality: c.f. the words of Herr Brandt . . . 'we already do feel rather integrated'.

need to conduct some or most of their affairs through autonomous organs especially created for that purpose.

In spite of its economic content, the purpose of the Treaty of Rome is political. As Professor Hallstein himself insists, 'We are in politics, not in business'. An American authority has observed, 'As commercial policy it is already the most important event of the century, but its vast political significance is still only a potential'.[4]

There are two major difficulties involved in studying political integration which, ultimately, are of a philosophical nature. The first problem relates to the question of whether integration is an *a priori* condition, a point to which Six countries are moving, to be reached in the end with some sort of finality. Perhaps integration is a sort of equilibrium from which no rational person in a rational country would wish to depart. Such an equilibrium would be reached when the member countries eschew violence in their relationships, and have evolved compatible policy institutions with interlocking economic and social systems and a closely-knit membership structure.[5]

The second problem refers to the possibility that political integration has no final 'solution'. Political integration is a *process*, empirically based, a method of trial and error. Adjustments will have to be made, old national loyalties may have to rub shoulders uneasily with newer larger inspirations. There may be an end in view as suggested by E. B. Haas, or the goal may be obscure as held by L. N. Lindberg.[6] Essentially, the integrationists will spend their time resolving conflicts and disharmonies whether by 'seeking the lowest common denominator', 'splitting the differences', or 'upgrading common interests'. Experience tends to show that it is the second aspect of political integration which is the more likely explanation, namely that the heavenly city of political unity may never be reached and that certain incompatibilities may have to co-exist together no matter how logically unsatisfactory this may appear. Thus the EEC may end up as a partial union of some European countries, with yet more *African* countries; excluding Britain, yet including 'French' West Africa in a strangely orientated 'Europe'.

It is difficult to miss the Hegelian undertones in the dialogue over European political integration. Firstly there is the assumption that there is a 'lower state' (nationality), which will be transformed into a 'higher synthesis' (fusion of national interests). The whole process will be capped and crowned by a political superstructure. What might merely be an exercise in economics has become, partly because of the flowery language of the integrationists, a philosophical

[4] Lindberg, *op cit.*, p. 4.

[5] R. C. North, H. E. Koch, D. A. Zinnes, *The Integrative Functions of Conflict. Journal of Conflict Resolution* IV (1960), pp. 355-374.

[6] E. B. Haas, *op. cit.*, p. 16, and L. N. Lindberg, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

dissertation. Beginning with Churchill and his United States of Europe (Zurich 1946), and working through Monnet, Spaak and innumerable lesser luminaries both in the European Parliament and outside, a torrent of pious and frequently platitudinous verbiage has been released varying from the near-realistic to the utterly fantastic.[7] The practical endeavours of European Civil Servants have, however, probably acted as a corrective to the fancies of the more ardent and loquacious politicians.

The second example of Hegelianism is to be found in the manner in which debates are conducted in the European Parliament. At present, this institution is composed of 141 delegates nominated by the member parliaments and not by universal suffrage. This body is in the strange position that it can directly influence neither the EEC executive nor the national parliaments, so that its work takes place in a vacuum. Its procedure is based on tradition as understood on the continent of Europe, that is, it is a dialogue between forces, Government and Parliament, or dramatically, liberty and authority, technology and humanity. This manner of debate is a mental framework which conditions the mind to the noble but ignores the mundane.

By stages, the EEC is moving towards the 'higher synthesis' in which no one state can veto the decision of the entire community so that decisions are made for all six nations as a unity. At the moment the community is, as Pickles maintains, 'stuffed with vetos and weighted majorities', paying great attention to the sovereign power of independent states. The next stage is to replace unanimity with qualified majorities; finally, one must expect a simple majority system when the community has fully evolved.[9] The basis for voting power is quite firmly aligned to size of population rather than to size of resources.[10] The whole basis of the community method rests on a willingness of a group of states to pursue a common political destiny.[11]

The new political animal in Europe, then, is the supranationalist. He is not merely a federal creature on the American model, tamed and transformed, nor yet a disciplined confederationist. He desires nothing less than a complete abandonment of national sovereignty.[12]

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[7] This point was first noted by W. Pickles, *Not With Europe*, p. 5, who, in a brilliant exposition of the institutional failings of the E.E.C., showed how claims made on its behalf frequently departed from the sphere of reality into the sphere of imagination.

[8] The P.E.P. pamphlet *Direct Elections and the European Parliament* if of value here. See *P.E.P. Occasional Paper No.* 10, 24 *October*, 1960.

[9] Treaty of Rome. Relevant articles 54 (2), 56 (2), 57 (1), 63 (2), 69, 75 (1). Also Bora Ljubisavljevic, *Les problèmes de la ponderation dans les institutions européennes. Aspects Européens* (1959).

[10] S. Henig. *Voting Patterns in the E.E.C. Journal of Common Market Studies* I. 3., p. 219.

[11] R. Pryce (review of Kitzinger's *Challenge of Common Market*). *Parliamentary Affairs*, pp. 220-221. Sept., 1963.

[12] P. Reuter in *International Institutions*, p. 241, restricts the use of the term to European integration.

Above and beyond the calls of the nation is the conception of a loyalty, greater than that of the motherland, to which, if the movement follows its logical course, the six nations are impelled by the sheer force of events. Casting off nationality is not easily accomplished and U. W. Kitzinger has seen two stages in its development.[13] In the first instance, certain powers must be handed over, restricted and clearly defined, to a supranational authority. Matters other than those specified are clearly the sole responsibility of the individual sovereign power. In the second instance, the national government binds itself to accept most or all of the policy decisions of the supranational authority without any right of veto.

Some persons, among whom must be counted President de Gaulle, have refused to accept a tight supranationalism. De Gaulle is the arch-confederationist, supporting the continued existence of fully sovereign nation-states, particularly as concerns the vital three areas of foreign policy, defence and finance. The notorious *Europe des Patries* invented by Debré, but promulgated by de Gaulle, has been the result of this theory, though the idea does not retain the logic and clarity which one would associate with the French. Supranationalism has received a heavy blow and, consequently, the integrationists have tended latterly to gain the upper hand, a point already made above. The attempt to transcend power politics at least in Europe has had only qualified success. The sovereign state is not dead—certainly not in the age of 113 nations as represented in the United Nations. De Gaulle has recently shown the vitality of the European nation-state. He has refused both international economic technocrats and vapid federalists the right to stand in the way of national interests. The paradox is, as Professor Beloff has pointed out, that de Gaulle's position is remarkably similar to that of Great Britain. The question therefore arises why did de Gaulle use his veto to prevent Britain's entry to the EEC in January 1963.[14]

The reasons are three in number:

1. The hostile attitude of the Labour Party (which was manifested in the party conference hall at Brighton in 1962) particularly in the speeches of the late Hugh Gaitskell.
2. British negotiators continued to argue 'an untenable case on agriculture'.
3. The agreement made by MacMillan and Kennedy at Bermuda in 1962 involving the cancellation of the Skybolt rocket in favour of the Polaris nuclear submarine.

All this suggests that the community is still heavily conditioned by power politics. The community in Europe is therefore a half-

[13] U. W. Kitzinger, *The Challenge of the Common Market*, p. 55.

[14] *The Times*, October 21st, 1963, *Annual Financial and Commercial Review*, p. (iii): 'It may be bad form, it may, and certainly did, shatter the spirit of mutual co-operation which made the Common Market so remarkable a creation, but juridically speaking, a veto was quite permissible'.

way house, a stunted supranationalism, a very partial integration. What the EEC needs is a set of political institutions with a meaningful role and sincerely supported by member-states. In a sense we are back to the oldest philosophy of all—goodwill.

The stark fact which emerges from this analysis is the subordination of economics to politics. 'Seek ye first the political Kingdom and all else will be added unto you'. The end of European integration is clearly political, and the test of economic feasibility and viability is a secondary consideration. Nevertheless, the subordinate ends of economics are significant. These include the establishment of a common external tariff, within which a competitive laissez-faire economy would operate. As the community becomes welded together, and the governmental instruments of the community assume control, so political decisions become more significant. To use the famous dictum of Saint-Simon—'the government of men will be replaced by the administration of things'. The need then will be to prevent any breakdowns or misunderstandings of an administrative nature. 'Il faut surtout prévoir une coopération effective'.[15]

The whole operation is recognisable to the political philosopher because of its close affinities with three classical *littérateurs*. The three are Jeremy Bentham, Adam Smith and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The EEC is an attempt to *incite* producers and consumers (i.e. to show them the utility), freely and voluntarily to act in the general interest. Bentham's carrot plus Adam Smith's optimism in the ordering of natural economics is currently combined with the immanent *volonté générale* of Rousseau. The end-product is laissez-passer rather than laissez-faire and national governments stand by to watch the game, uncertain of the result but seeking to turn the play to their own non-supranational advantage.[16] For the time being, the movement towards political integration is, like Brünnhilde, not dead, but merely asleep. Who will play Siegfried is not clear, but the day of awakening will surely come, though not, one must hope, with the same sequel as that of Götterdämmerung.

European Integration Time-Table.

Council of Europe	5th May, 1949.
Coal and Steel Community	25th July, 1952 (in force)
European Economic Community	23rd March, 1957 (Rome treaty).
Full Integration	1st January, 1970.

[15] R. Socini, *Rapports et Conflits entre Organisations Européennes*, p. 76.
[16] 'The French will clip whatever supra-national wings are still flying'. Anonymous French diplomat to the Foreign Editor of the London *Sunday Times*. October 20th, 1963.

DIARY OF A COLONIAL SCOUT, 1899-1900

by C. J. JUTA

WHEN THE Boers crossed the Tugela in 1899 the people of Natal became so alarmed that a hastily levied corps, Murray's Horse, was sent out to patrol the Mooi River area for a short period during November. The whole corps did not comprise more than 150 men, and it was soon disbanded on the arrival of regular troops. After Sir Redvers Buller's arrival in Natal a force called the Colonial Scouts, which numbered nearly 800 men, was raised. It was composed mainly of local volunteers, Natal colonists and representatives from every part of the Empire. Several Pietermaritzburg men enlisted. Among them was Geo. Bosse who kept a diary during the period which he spent in the field. It is obvious that the diary here reproduced is not the original day-to-day account kept in the saddle-bag of a trooper on active service, for it is neatly written on writing paper, but it seems safe to assume that it is a copy of notes that were kept in the field and neatly written up afterwards. It is the story of a Colonial Scout on active service: it tells of the rain, the mud, the patrolling; the rumours of large numbers of the enemy in the immediate vicinity; of mealies for breakfast, mealies for lunch, and mealies for supper—"good old grub" as he says; and of the resultant colic suffered by Trooper Snodgrass, Bosse's friend.

The diary is given in full below. It is not an historical document of startling importance; it upsets no theories about the conduct of the war; it simply records what historians concerned with grand strategy, cabinet policy and war aims must often neglect—the experiences of the ordinary fighting man in time of war.

War began at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th October, 1899, but no fighting took place until the following day. Meanwhile, commandos from the Orange Free State entered Natal through Botha's Pass and encamped on the Upper Ingogo, not very far from the scene of the battle where General George Colley had been defeated eighteen years previously. Two days later commandos from the Transvaal entered Natal through Laing's Nek and within a short period of time had advanced south as far as Dundee. By the 27th October, Ladysmith was being threatened. Within the first fortnight of the war the Boers had captured more than 200 prisoners as well as large quantities of stores.

In the meantime, by the 18th November, the situation in Natal had deteriorated to such an alarming extent that the Boers were within eighty miles of Pietermaritzburg. In fact, a small party had reached Mooi River and Botha had to be restrained from marching

right down to Durban. Beyond a small force at Estcourt there was very little to stop him from doing so. But he was unable to put his plan into practice. Three or four days of heavy rain had caused the Tugela to come down in flood and the Boers decided to withdraw to Colenso and back across the river rather than be caught on the flooded banks by the British reinforcements which were by then coming up from Durban.

In Pietermaritzburg the Colonial Scouts were being raised to help stop the anticipated invasion. Geo. Bosse records their activities in his diary[1]:

* * * *

No. 2 Troop A Sqd Colonial Scouts, Raised in P.M.Burg Nov. 25th 1899 and disbanded in P.M.Burg March 15th 1900.

Leader		A. R. Pierson
Sergt	1	H. Snodgrass [H. G.]
Corpl	2	J. H. Sykes
Trprs	3	Abernethy [J. W.]
	4	Bailie [S. M. H.]
	5	Geo. Bosse
	6	Cummings [W. W. Cummins?]
	7	Coombs [C. R.]
	8	East [L. M.]
	9	Edmonds [A.]
	10	Fraser [J. A.]
	11	Forder [W. G. S.? or A. J.? or C. E.?]
	12	Garson [M.]
	13	Inglis [A. B.]
	14	Texas Long [W. Long]
	15	Larard [A.]
	16	Ogilvie [G. G.]
	17	Rattray [G.]
	18	Russel [G. or S. Russell]
	19	R. Sykes
	20	Seeton [G. Seaton]
	21	Sutherland [R. T.]
	22	J. C. Williams
	23	St. J. Williams
	24	Wright [E. J.]
	25	Wormwold [R. Wermald?]

Service

Nov 25th, 1899 C. Scouts Corpse being Raised joined on with same pay 6/- day, every man to find own Horse, Saddle & Bridle. Camped in Show Ground PMBurg.

[1] Grammar, spelling and punctuation have been left unchanged.

Nov 26th Doing Fatigue duty clearing up Etc.
Nov 27th Bought Horse from R. B. Hudson for £20-0-0 Horse insured for £30-0-0 doing Fatigues in getting equipment from Military Stores Fort Napier.
Nov 28th Getting Equiped & preparing to get ready
Nov 29th Camped in Show Ground.
Nov 30th Everything in readiness prior to making a Start for Greytown
Dec 1st General inspection by Gen Wolf Murray [Brigadier-General Wolfe-Murray] after which A Squad 100 men (Capt A H Walker) in Charge left P.M.Burg Headed by College Cadet ba[nd] . . . Greytown proceeding by . . . Alfred & Boshoff & Church . . . band left us at . . . Bivouached at Umgen[i] . . . Lunch and arrived Sterk . . . 5 P.M. Bosse went on . . . distance PMB to S Spruit.
. . . [a portion of this page has been torn off.]
Dec 2nd Went on Patrol to Farms round about Camp No. 1.3.4 Troops went on as far as Greytown, 2 Troop left to commandeer Wagons. distance 15 Miles.
Dec 3rd Went on Patrol up to Seven Oaks and back distance 22 Miles.
Dec 4th Went Patrol over to Noodsberg & Rietfontein also to WA Clarkes (Hettys) where we had lunch distance 35 Miles [Mrs. Hetty Clarke was George Bosse's eldest sister.]
Dec 5th Went Patrol to Ravensworth Anguses Farm distance 25 Miles
Dec 6th Went Patrol over to Moe Bros Tom Hill [writing difficult to decipher.] . . . distance 20 Miles
Dec 9th Had General Drill distance 8 miles
Dec 8th Struck Camp and went as far as Seven Oaks halted for night 11 Miles
Dec 9th Left Seven Oaks and arrived at Greytown in Morning and met other Sqdrons again Found everyone I knew in Greytown all well and pleased to see me 11 Miles
Dec 10th Had Field Drill went to see the Ralphs Chisholmens etc & Chisholms and others visited Camp near Cave. Took 2 Sykes Edmonds and Snodgrass and self to see Mr and Mrs Ralph.
Dec 11th Struck Camp and went as far as Riet Vlei where off saddled for night distance 25 miles
Dec 12th Struck Camp at Riet Vlei and went as far as Weeston [Weston] Mooi River where it was bitterly cold and no tents distance 20 Miles
Dec 13th Struck Camp Mooi River & marched as far as about 10 Miles and Camped on J. Wallace Esqs Farm. Bitterly cold and Bosse on Guard—10 Miles
Dec 14th Struck Camp and arrived at Weenen where it was very

hot like an oven, came off Guard, and heard Gen Bullers Guns on Tugela near Colenso 15 Miles

[Buller was advancing on Colenso at that particular time. On the 14th December the naval battery had advanced to a small koppie west of the line, and bombarded the Boers' positions all the morning and afternoon.]

Dec 15th Camped out all day nothing doing in Camp went to see Stores

Dec 16th Went & moved to a new Camp 6 [?] Miles from Village Picquets sent out on Top a large Hill to right of Ween overlooking BlawKrantz Range 6 Miles

Dec 17th Fatigue Building stone Fort

Dec 18th Patrolling to Weenen 6 Miles and back 12 Miles

Dec 19th Patrolling Comandeering Wagons round Farms at Weenen Distance 20 miles

Dec 20th Stayed in Camp all day and doing Fatigue General Clean up.

Dec 21st Fatigue Party Building (Fort Walker) all day Picket at Night.

Dec 22nd On Picket all day

Dec 23rd On Guard all day (Special)

Dec 24th Stayed in Camp

Dec 25th Xmas day. had Camp Sports won Fugitive Race and Donkey Race. Fine times all day & plenty of good things.

Dec 26th On Picket all day on Hills 6 Miles from Camp.

Dec 27th Moved Camp to within 6 Miles of Frere Camp. Very heavy Thunderstorms nearly washed out of Tents.

Dec 28th Went on a Patrol to Ween and Farms round about getting Wagons distance 30 miles

Dec 29th On Picket all day 12 Miles from Camp Wrote Bertha Effie and Chisholm Very heavy rain at Night Wet Through distance Camp and back 24 Miles [Mrs. Bertha Shackleford and Mrs. Effie Coyne were George Bosse's younger sisters.]

Dec 30th In Camp all day

Dec 31st On Guard in Camp all day.

[On the 3rd January, 1900, Colonel Friend Addison, M.L.A., was, by ballot, elected Chief Leader, and he took over the command. He found the Scouts badly horsed, badly equipped and without much idea of military discipline. He was ordered by General Buller to take 300 Scouts and attack Helpmekaar, and if successful to destroy Boer communications about Waschbank by blowing up the bridge. He was to leave Estcourt the day the regular troops left Frere. It was calculated that it would take the troops three days to reach the Tugela and four days to reach Ladysmith and he was therefore required to be in a position to attack on the sixth day. Fifty pack horses carried six days' rations.

Most of the five squadrons left Estcourt and Mooi River on the 11th and 12th January and crossed the Lower Tugela on the 12th and 13th respectively, the troops having left Frere on the 10th and 11th. It was necessary to be at Rorke's Drift on the 17th but the railway was unable to take the whole force on the 11th. Addison therefore lost a day and, to add to his difficulties, only twenty pack horses were available.]

January 1st 1900 Sir Chas Warren paid a visit to Camp at Hodsons Hill. Went for Patrol to beyond Weenen and back Went on Guard 10 to 12 distance 30 Miles

Jan 2nd Fine day on Guard all day. Patrols out Nothing to report B Sqd arrived and camped alongside of us Saw [R] Snape and Charlie Colling [Handwriting difficult to decipher. but probably C. Couling.]

Jan 3rd Went on a Patrol to Weenen very dark night and raining hard got lost in Weenen Thorns arrived Weenen midnight

Jan 4th Got back from Weenen and BlauKrantz Patrol 50 Miles arrived in Camp 8 P.M.

Jan 5th Stayed in Camp all day playing Cards.

Jan 6th Rifle Shooting at Rocks 5 shots Each.

Jan 7th Went as Post Orderley with Snodgrass to Escourt 6 Miles 12 to 1400 Troops in Escourt

Jan 8th Raining all day came back to Camp with Letters and back again to Escourt with F. Stockhill back to Camp distance 18 miles

Jan 9th Raining all day. Went on Guard.

Jan 10th Came off Guard nothing doing

Jan 11th Raining all day Drew pay of £3-00 pr Man Went to Escourt at 4 A.M. Entrained Horses and Men A and B Sqd & Left Escourt at 9 a M arrived PMB 7PM and Durban 12-15 on way to Tugela and had nothing to eat till we got to Stanger with horses and Men 3 A.M.

[Meanwhile, Buller was trying to relieve Ladysmith. The Battle of Spioen Kop was soon to be fought. The heavy rain to which Trooper Bosse refers had caused the Tugela to come down in flood, so preventing Botha from attacking Buller in the rear as Kruger had suggested.]

Jan 12th Arrived at Bonds Drift Zululand 8 a M. [Bond's Drift is on the Tugela.] off Training horses etc. saw old Rödall from Krantz Kop Mileage from Escourt to Bonds Drift 230 miles Crossed horses etc over in punt [pont] and camped on Zululand Side

[Being a day late, Addison decided to go across country instead of via Eshowe and Melmoth. He thus saved thirty miles and hoped to be in position on the day arranged. Because of the lack

of pack horses each man was issued with five days' rations of biscuits, coffee and sugar which he carried as best he could. The force consisted of 321 Scouts, 560 horses, nine Natal Police with a Maxim Gun, Lieutenant McIlleron, Natal Royal Rifles, and three signallers of the King's Royal Rifles, making a total of 334 men and officers. According to the *Natal Volunteer Record, Annals and Rolls of Service in the Anglo-Boer War, 1899-1900*, the force left Lower Tugela on the 14th and camped at Fort Yolland. They were at the Insuzi Valley on the 15th and at Ntingwe on the 16th. On the 17th they were at Mangeni and the following day passed Isandhlwana 'with its mournful memories' on their way to Nqutu.

The five days' rations issued at Bond's Drift, scanty as they were, had to last for ten days. For five days the Scouts marched from daybreak till nightfall, through a rough and roadless country halting only at midday for a short period to rest their horses and eat their microscopic meals. When they reached Nqutu there were sixty dismounted men among them.]

Jan 13th Fatigue Partys getting provisions over River on Punt [Pont]. Drew 5 days Rations 10 Biscuits 1 Tin . . . Bulley. ½ oz Coffee ½ Tea 4 ozs Sugar making preparations for going up to Waschbank Bridge.

Jan 14th Left Tugela Camp at 5.30 aM. Went by native paths as far as Fort Yollon 30 Miles [This is the Fort Yolland of Zulu War days. It was an earthworks capable of holding 250 men. It is about 13 miles north-west of Eshowe].

Jan 15th Left Fort Yollon & went as far as Insuzi River camped for Night Distance 20 Miles

Jan 16th Fine day. Left Insuzi River & crossed it 4 Times Slept near the N Kandhla Bush. Went on Picket for the night. Turned misty during Night Distance 25 Miles.

Jan 17th Very Misty all day. Camped at Boyces Store. Went up to Mgorge Store Edmonds Mirrilles [Handwriting difficult to decipher, but probably Leader W. J. Mirlees] and self got lost in the mist and returned to Camp 3 aM distance Stores apart 3 Miles Travelled 25 Miles

Jan 18th Fine day Left Boyces Store Saw Isandhlawana on our left 300 yards away. Slept 2 miles from Nqutu Magistracy Travelled 20 Miles

Jan 19th Fine day. Horses resting and nothing doing in Camp all day. Left Nqutu Camp at 7 PM. and arrived at Boyces Store return journey at 3 A.M. in Morning Travelled 20 miles very slow march indeed no one allowed to talk or Smoke as 700 Boers with big Guns had been seen about and Nqutu expecting attack.

[Natal had not yet escaped the threat of invasion. Although Buller had been soundly beaten at Colenso, and Ladysmith was still under siege, his army was strong enough to prevent any advance

into the Colony. Basutoland and the Drakensberg covered the left flank, but the danger lay in Boer raids from the Zululand side through Helpmekaar or Greytown, or even from farther east through Melmoth or Eshowe. The Natal Government was occupied with the comparatively light task of protecting this flank and Buller's communications in the rear. The Umvoti Mounted Rifles held the Tugela in front of Greytown and the Colonial Scouts were disposed near Weenen, along the railway from Estcourt to Nottingham Road. Two more squadrons of the Colonial Scouts with 50 men of the 60th Rifles, a troop of Natal Police, and about 300 Zulu policemen formed the Melmoth field force which guarded the Zulu border and kept the natives quiet from January onwards.

A Boer commando was operating in this area and the rumours to which Bosse refers were not unfounded. The commando had come through from Swaziland. A detachment of police had been sent fron Nondweni to strengthen the little force at Nqutu where the magistrate, C. F. Hignett, had under him 9 of the Natal Police, 50 Zululand Police and about 8 civilians.

In the meantime, Addison's force arrived at Nqutu expecting to obtain food and news, but they found rations for only half a day and learned that no fighting had been heard from the direction of the Tugela. They were also informed that the Boers had got wind of their movement and were lying in wait for them. Addison concluded that General Buller's plan had failed or could not be carried out in time. He fell back. On the 29th he received a wire via Eshowe that the Boers at Babanango had been reinforced and were to 'cut him up' at Manjeni. Later, while they were at Madhlozi, the news came through that Nqutu Magistracy had been taken. Addison was ordered back with all speed.]

Jan 20th Fine day. Left Boyces Store and went as far as Misty Hill where we camped for the day Provisions ran dry and Eating hard boiled mealies no Sugar Tea or Coffee all finished Went on guard 6 to 8 P M. distance 8 Miles

Jan 21st Fine day Came off Guard 2 P M Eating Mealies and Meat no Biscuits or Bread. Very heavy Thunderstorm in the night everyone wet through the Skin Snodgrass very bad all night with Colic

Jan 22 Fine day. Each man served out with 1 Biscuit a very severe Storm with hail in afternoon all got wet to the skin and singing "Why did I leave my little back Room" Very Misty and dreadfully cold at night Snodgrass still very bad and no better Still eating mealies good old grup" when you are hungry

Jan 23rd Very Cold and Misty rain all day all wet Through. Went on Picket for 6 Hours without relief 2 Sykes and Self made a Tent out of oil sheets and slept sound all

night through. Dreadfully cold during Night. Plenty of Mealies.

Jan 24th Very Misty all day during which struck Camp and marched back to Boyces store distance 8 Miles 2 Sykes and Self bought a Goat Killed same in double quick time and had jolly good feed along with mealies Lieft [Lieutenant] Pierson got sick. Rheumatic Fever and went to stay at Boyces store where I was told off to go and Nurse him he got very bad during night no Flour at Store only Rice and Stamped mealies. Rain at night

Jan 25th Fine day Stayed at Boyces store coloum struck Camp and went as far as the Hlazagaza distance 6 miles Pierson slightly better and got over his wanderings. Plenty Rice and stamped Mealies and also Coffee first tasted for several days went down A 1 or O.K. Rain at Night

Jan 26th Fine day. Very cold and Raining in the afternoon still at Boyces Store. Any amount of Rumours about Boer Patrols being close to us. Mrs. Foreman and 2 Children arrived at store 9 P M from Calverlys place at upper Insuzi (Calverley's Store]. poor Woman to have to come to a place like that. absolutely no Comforts whatever

Jan 27th Cold and Cloudy day. Left Boyces store for Camp 6 Miles rain at night and all wet through like drowned Rats. Mealies again. Heard from Lieft Frank Holliday who had returned from Eshowe that Henry had died Saturday week poor Henry. Mealies in Galore [Henry was George Bosse's only brother. A member of the Natal Police, he became ill in Zululand and died in Pietermaritzburg.]

Jan 28th Fine day nothing doing in Camp all day. Went on Guard 10 to 12 P M. rain at Night and got a good soaker plenty Mealies.

Jan 29th Fine day Storm in evening and the usual wetting Fatigue party carrying ammunition to a place of safety 10 miles there and back to Camp as reports Boers were close at hand and too many for us. Plenty Mealies

Jan 30th Cloudy and Raining hard all day absolutely nothing doing in Camp & sent on Special Picket all day mealies still going.

Jan 31st Very Cold and Raining in afternoon Struck Camp and went 12 miles lower down towards Misty Hill Camp. Left Camp at 2 P M and arrived at 10 P M. very dark night and everyone falling over each other. Very cold and all wet through. off saddled on edge of presipice and did not know until next morning. Mealies still

Feb 1st Broke fine but misty at intervals, Heard the Boers had attacked the Ngutu and taken all prisoners Several Refugees along with Mr. Pught [?] and several others following and caught us up as they were from Vants and Rorkes Drift. Travelled 12 miles turned very cold during the night Mealies again

[On the 1st February, 1900, the commando, about 400 strong, had appeared. The magistrate buried the money which was in his safe in the garden, where it remained until the officials returned months later. The position was hopeless and the magistrate surrendered. The police and other officials spent the night in their own cells and were later taken to Pretoria as prisoners of war. In the meantime the commando continued to harass the district.]

Feb 2nd Cloudy and Misty all day. False alarm Boers supposed to be getting ready to attack. Rode out Bravely but found not any distance 6 miles went as far as Nqudeni Bush and very pretty Bush it is Joining Rev Tittlestaads mission mealies still on the bill of Fare.

Feb 3rd Left Nqudeni Bush and went out on Hills for Picket all day. Returned to camp distance 12 Miles there and back Picket to Camp last lap for Mealies. Went on Guard 6 to 8 P M. rain at Night

Feb 4th First Beautiful day for a long time Went to meet Wagons coming from Eshowe only met 1 the other 3 our Chaps burnt near Nkandhla as Boers tried to take them from them distance 16 miles plenty of Biscuits Coffee and Sugar. a treat I must say and appreciated by everyone.

Feb 5th Fine day had another False alarm which proved nothing rode 12 Miles there and back Wrote letter to Effie and sent a Wire to Eshowe by native Carrier Camped at the Entingue Bush [Ntingwe] for Night

Feb 6th Fine day. Left Etingue Bush and got into the Insuzi Valley crossed Insuzi River 5 times Distance 15 Miles Camped for night Refugees with us.

Feb 7th Left Insuzi River and camped near Jacksons Fort Yollon distance 20 [or 2? The number is difficult to decipher.] Miles rain at Night and wet through crossed the Insuzi River 12 times.

Feb 8th Fine day. Left Fort Yollon and arrived in Eshowe distance 30 Miles Eshowe people very good plenedid spread of Bread and Butter Tea Cakes Cigarettes Etc and by Jove didnt it go down fine Everyone in high spirits at reception and worth going through privations for the welcome we had. Went on Guard 10 to 12 P M.

Feb 9th Came off Guard at 4 P M. Fine day nothing doing in Camp Self Garson and Dr. Sutherland went in to the Town of Eshowe very pretty place.

Feb 10th Fine day. Went up Fatigue Party to Military Camp for provisions Went to Town in afternoon nothing doing in Camp.

Feb 11th Fine day. Church parade 7 30 aM. Bishop Carter preached good sermon Struck Camp and went as far as Entumeni M Station off saddled there, distance 14 Miles in the saddle for 9 hours. first up to Military Camp.

Feb 12th Dull and Cloudy also Rain got soaked Camped out all day. C Squadron refused to go on March untill wagons with rations returned up C Sqdron proceeded to Fort Yollon had a sing song in evening

Feb 13th Left Camp and went back to Eshowe 14 Miles arrived Eshowe 3 P.M. Fine day.

Feb 14th Very Windy day. Natal Royal Rifles arrived Eshowe with part of Navals from H S. Terrible 2 Guns. Party of 50 Men from A and B Sdrons Scouts picked out to excourt Natal Field Artillery guns (2) to Melmoth. self included left Eshowe at 4 P M. and arrived at Umhlatuzi [River] 3 a. M. distance 22 miles very hilly road & had to leave horses for Men to lead and help pull guns up the Hills beastly hard work

Feb 15th Fine day arrived in Melmoth 6 a M. distance 8 Miles from Umhlatuzi [River] Saw Sergt Greenshields N.P. [Natal Police] glad to see me also Herbert Ireland who was in G. Sdron

Feb 16th Fine day nothing doing in Camp, walking about Melmoth, Arthur Nicholson and self. Met Brettain N.P. also Frank McGlew in Melmoth Post office.

Feb 17th Fine day. Special Guard of 4 hours. Received 23 letters from Gutridge pay Master [presumably Captain W. Gutridge, who was O/C Colonial Scouts, when they were disbanded in March, 1900] also Wires Etc re Henrys death Received part of pay £10-9-6 nothing doing in Camp all day saw Cricket Match.

Feb 18th Fine day Went on Picket all day Sergt Blamey in charge Wrote to Hetty and Bertha and several others.

Feb 19th Fine day Went on Picket all day. Returned to Camp 6 PM.

Feb 20th Raining all day and very Cold. Went and saw Commandant Maxwell with Arthur Nicholson re discharge Pierson and self disguised ourselves and went out to some dutch farms for information but none to be had laught to Kill ourselves at disguises

Feb 21st Cold and Raining all day Wet through as per usual, Remounts of horses arrived from Eshowe some very good others very poor

Feb 22nd Cold and Raining all day Went out on Picket all day

Sergt Davey in charge Wrote to Effie Anna and J. G. Ralph

Feb 23rd Left Melmoth 6 am for Nkandhla Slept on the New Republic side untill 12 P M when we saddled up and arrived at Nkandhla 6 a.m. Travelled from Melmoth to Nkandhla 35 Miles.

Feb 24th Very Cold and Raining like old Boots all day. arrived at Nkandhla at 6 a M Wet through as usual all day met the remainder of A and B Sdrons who had come round Entumeni way from Eshowe

Feb 25th Very Cold and Raining all day Wet as per usual. On Fatigue clearing up remains of Boers loot Went on Guard 8 to 10 P M. Rained heavily all night.

Feb 26th Cloudy all day. Left Nkandhla and arrived back at Melmoth 4 P.M. distance 35 Miles Came off Guard 6 P M Wired to Effie and Bertha heard we were going to be disbanded.

Feb 27th Drizzling all day long. Heard of Lord Roberts capturing Cronje and had a Big Bon Fire in honour of it. each man giving 10/- nearly every one Blind Drunk very few exceptions Major Maxwell presiding.

[Cronje was captured at Paardeberg, east of Kimberley. De Wet had managed to escape from the British troops. He was to lead them a dance for many a long month yet, but Cronje's days were numbered. The Battle of Paardeberg, the best conducted and the most successful engagement on a large scale in the whole war, was fought on the 18th February. Cronje was beleaguered and made no attempt to break out. Strenuous efforts were made to relieve him but he surrendered with almost no further bloodshed at 6 a.m. on the 27th February, 1900, on the anniversary of Majuba. The number of prisoners taken was said to be 4,105[2].]

Feb 28th Cloudy all day heavy storm during afternoon went on Picket all night Sergt A Jackson in charge very misty during night hardly see each other got wet through and through

March 1st Very hot day indeed and beastly hot Wind Left Melmoth to go to Eshowe at 3 P M. Got caught in the Worst storm I ever remember Lightning Wind Hail Etc got to Umhlatuzi River 8 P M. then had to let horses swim across and ourselves carry saddles over at 8 P M. Roads very greasy and dark as pitch night Waded over river water up to Waists.

Mar 2nd Fine day left Umhlatuzi and arrived in Eshowe where our men Joined the other squadrons Melmoth to Eshowe 30 miles

Mar 3rd Very hot day got leave and went to N R Rifles Camp saw B. James and any amount of other Chums in N R R, went with B James and had Dinner at Taverners hotel and then to a smoking concert very good.

Mar 4th Stayed in Camp all day lots of N R Rifles down to see us all.

Mar 5th Fine day Took 2 Saddles up to Hancock saddler to get restuffed played Football match against N R R and Won

Mar 6th Cloudy all day Went up town in Morning played Football match against Eshowe lost by Goal.

Mar 7th Went up town played Football match against B Sdron 2 Goals Each

Mar 8th Fine day On Guard all day. nothing doing in Camp

Mar 9th Came off Guard nothing doing went up town all day.

Mar 10th Raining hard all day nothing doing in Camp Self sent to a native Kraal to get a wagon to take Kit Etc down as far as Bonds Drift.

Mar 11th Cloudy day Left Eshowe to go to P M Burg. W. Nicholson and self driving remounts down beastly nuisance off saddled and had lunch at Amatikulu Drift arrived at Tugela Bonds Drift with evening Neuralgia very bad distance Eshowe to Bonds Drift 28 Miles

Mar 12th Very hot day. Entraining horses at Tugela and left there at 2 P M. had a splendid spread by the Verulam people Cakes Tea Cigarettes Etc and Girls by the doz arrived in Durban 11.30 P M

Mar 13th Left Durban 12 P M and arrived in PMBurg 8 A M very tired of rail Journey 10 men in our 3rd Class Carriage Distance by Rail Tugela to P M B 140 miles All went down to Show ground and got leave and went out to Berthas and had a right good welcome from her also other Shacklefords slept there that night, and oh dear had to Cut and Shave off my beard before Bertha would let me have any Tea ! [Mrs Bertha Shackleford, George Bosse's sister, lived in Scottsville on the corner of what are today Oribi and Shackleford Roads.]

Mar 14th Went back to show ground. getting ready to hand in all arms Etc

Mar 15th Really got disbanded and got all discharges Etc finished up with the Colonial Scouts A Squadron 2 Troop.

Finis.

Biographical Note:

George Bosse was born at New Hanover, Natal, on the 16th May, 1875, and died at Pietermaritzburg on the 18th November,

1942. He was educated at the Boys' Model School, Loop Street, and brought up in Pietermaritzburg. On leaving school, the young Bosse was apprenticed to Messrs. Bradbury and Harris, Grocers, and in later years traded in various parts of Natal and East Griqualand. The two brothers, Henry and George, are buried in the Commercial Road cemetery, Pietermaritzburg.*

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* I am indebted to Mr D. E. Shackleford of Pietermaritzburg, for the information about the family and Mr A. T. Allison, M.P.C., for putting the diary at my disposal.

THE WAKEFIELD PLAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION

by J. V. CREWE

THE VICES of literary-historical study have been noted, and its practitioners so sternly rebuked that further anathema would savour of malevolence. In fact, it would be profitable and magnanimous simply to allow the dead to bury the dead, but this is impossible while many works of literature still suffer under judgments pronounced with the tranquil assurance of the omniscient by literary historians. Not only are many of these judgments still current; in the absence of dissent they retain an oracular weightiness which almost passes for the truth. Among the notable victims of literary history are the medieval Mystery plays.

Their one indisputable distinction is that they are the *earliest* specimens of English drama. It is a distinction which irresistibly attracts the proponents of 'literary evolution' while repelling readers. The very word 'earliest' stimulates a curiosity about the external peculiarities of the plays which is more readily gratified by notions of form than by attentive reading. After all, the relevant information is available in the literary histories under the heading 'The Mystery Play'.

A momentary glance at this abstraction is not without interest; besides which, it reveals why the plays are commonly believed to be worthy rather than actually good. It would appear that 'The Mystery Play' is crude and primitive, a blend of inept moralizing and oafish farce, the latter being included as a sop to the yeomen for tolerating the homily. Once the analogy of evolutionary development has seized the imagination, this primitiveness seems quite appropriate, almost inevitable. The line of development leading on to 'The Morality Play', 'Elizabethan Drama', and ever onwards, is so eminently pursuable that evidence of subtlety in the unartistic Mystery plays becomes rationally inconceivable. Even when it is admitted that they have rare moments of poetic beauty, enough qualifications follow to quench any desire to read them. The final verdict is that their interest is mainly historical and their only real virtue a kind of sturdy Englishness, the exact nature of which is no doubt apparent to votaries of the Anglo-Saxon mystique.

The Mystery plays are known to have originated in the dramatizations used by medieval preachers to make religious teaching both arresting and comprehensible: the dramatic representation being of the simplest kind and remaining an integral part of the

sermon. It was not long before these interpolations had become detached from their original setting, and were assuming an independent form which men of real talent were not slow to exploit. In certain plays of the 'Wakefield' cycle (for one), the poetic quality is so striking that they are commonly ascribed to one man of genius, unlike most Mystery plays which were composed, extended, and altered by numerous hands.

The Crucifixion is remarkable for its humanity and poetic quality rather than its theology. Where one would expect crude moralizing, one finds a sensitive and perceptive poetic account of the crucifixion; an account of the kind, which without being overtly 'moral', is indispensible to the existence of a subtle and imaginative moral consciousness. These virtues are not, perhaps, immediately discernible in the opening lines of the play, spoken by 'Pilate'.

> Peace I bid every wight;
> Stand as still as stone in wall,
> Whiles ye are present in my sight,
> That none of ye clatter nor call;
> For if ye do, your death is dight.
> . . . . . .
> What? peace, in the devil's name !
> Harlots and dastards all bedene
> On gallows ye be made full tame.
> . . . . . .
> Be ye so gold beggars, I warn you,
> Full boldly shall I beat you,
> Full boldly shall I beat you,
> To hell the de'il shall draw you,
> Body, back and bone.

The ferocious, ranting tone is disconcerting, but the unruliness of a medieval audience (encouraged by gross clowning in inferior plays) made the speech a necessity. Another practical reason for its inclusion (which would also ensure that it would be spoken 'with feeling') was that the medieval audiences took the plays so literally that an actor, announced as 'Pilate', might possibly be stoned or assaulted; the least he could expect would be catcalls and yells of disapproval. However, this speech does set the tone for one aspect of the theme, that of ferocity, violence, brutality; it also contains at least one image—'stand as still as stone in wall'—which is a portent of poetic genius. Its visual force is immediate and striking: not only is the original vigour of the familiar 'as still as stone' effectively 'rediscovered'; the image goes further in suggesting a crowd, utterly still when all movement among its individual members has ceased. This force and economy of phrase are soon recognisable as being characteristic of *The Crucifixion*, for the poetry depends for its effectiveness on a degree of simplicity and 'purity' which is lost in, rather than surpassed by, the more consciously artistic styles of the Morality plays.

Pilate's 'prologue' is followed by the appearance of the 'Four Torturers' and there is an immediate and frightening change of tone. If the representative of established authority (Pilate) verges on the ludicrous, the same cannot be said of these living embodiments of the spite, rancour, brutality, and cowardliness of a mob. Too often they have been dismissed as a concession to the taste of the audience (it is apparent in other plays that this temptation was resisted with as little determination by Medieval hacks as by their Elizabethan counterparts). The boisterous crudity of the torturers is superbly calculated, for it is not merely an abstractly conceived 'mob' which they reflect, but an element in the audience itself:

> Have done, fellows, and let now see
> How we can with him play.
> . . . . . .
> Stand near, fellows, and let us see
> How we can horse our king so free,
> . . . . . .
> . . . get upon your palfrey soon
> For he is ready bowne.

The kind of 'funniness' contained in these remarks, and in the incident where Christ is painfully stretched to 'fit' the cross would be certain to elicit a snigger from medieval spectators (to say nothing of modern ones). In fact the audience is encouraged to respond to the clownish sadism of the torturers only to find that it is a deception which, if nothing else, gives a certain sharpness to the doctrine of universal responsibility for Christ's suffering and death.

However, the episodes involving the torturers are justified by their more general significance, and go much further than being an illustration of Christian doctrine.

> . . . hearken now what shall befall
> To this false chuffer here.
> That with his false quantyse
> Has made himself as God wise
> Among us many a year.
> He calls himself a prophet,
> And says that he can bales beat
> And make all things amend,
> But e'er long know we shall,
> Whether he can overcome his own bale,
> Or 'scape out of our hand.

The tone, especially in contrast to Pilate's strained bombast, is chillingly authentic: it is that of the callous and ignorant bully, the mob spokesman (whose extreme insensitivity enables him to accept the role), taunting its victim. The frequent appeals to the collective injury of the people—'Among us', 'know we shall', 'our hand'—are characteristic, as is the deliberate perversity of his taunts.

Was not this a wonder thing
That he durst call himself a king?

Whatever view is taken of Christ's claims for himself, they invite one obvious charge, that of blasphemy (if they are not dismissed as lunatic ravings). Yet it is probably the one accusation that, in this play, is scarcely made. 'Pride' is the offence, that subject on which 'the people' are unfailingly sensitive, and their leaders infinitely more so.

These proud words shall I never forgive
Till he be hanged on high.

There is no mention of offended religious sensibility. The dominant tone is one of malicious envy and spite, provoked by Christ's 'presumption' in claiming a distinction that the people (especially as embodied in their spokesman) inevitably resent. As soon as the line of attack has been clearly established it is echoed with mindless vehemence by the other torturers.

His pride, fie, we set at nought
And so shall I with all my might
Abate his pride this very night.

Before long all semblance of meaning vanishes in the demented chorus of abuse and ridicule, the colloquial accent being preserved in the harsh rhythm and childish clumsiness of expression:

Lo ! he lets on he could do no ill
But he can, aye, when he will,
Do a full foul deed.
Now dare I say hardily
He shall with all his mawmentry
No longer us be-tell.

Their confusion makes it clear that the initial justifications for tormenting Christ have been forgotten in the sadistic excitement which sustains the action. Pilate's authority (in this case accepted without demur) licenses any excess required to mollify their outraged self-righteousness, and every refinement of brutality is warranted by a newly-discovered source of injury. The essence of the situation is innocently betrayed in the lines:

Since Pilate has him to us gi'en
Have done, quickly, let it be seen
How we can with him mell.

The initial action culminates in the appallingly cruel taunt to Christ on the cross:

So, sir, gape against the sun.

By this time it is possible that the spectators may be conscious of a certain uneasiness, for this 'game', to which a crowd responds readily enough, may have gone further than is absolutely comfort-

able. Despite this, one slightly disturbing question is apparent; if medieval audiences believed implicitly in the 'truth' of what was being depicted, how could they, even momentarily, approve of the torture inflicted on Christ? (For the medieval audience, the success of these plays did not depend upon dramatic 'illusion', for, in portraying known Biblical episodes, they portrayed the 'absolute revealed Truth'. It was this which enabled spectators to ignore inept acting by real amateurs and, in certain plays, abominable writing). The incongruity of unqualified belief coexisting with impious behaviour is more apparent than real, for Huizinga has observed that: 'The familiarity with sacred things is, on the one hand, a sign of deep and ingenuous faith, on the other hand it entails irreverence wherever mental contact with the infinite fails.'[1] Other evidence of this kind of familiarity is not scarce: among numerous instances one might quote the fact that St Joseph was commonly held to have been a practically senile cuckold, that religious ceremony was notoriously parodied in the courtly love tradition, that astonishingly intimate physical communion with the Virgin Mary could be contemplated (without blasphemous intent) as one source of heavenly fulfilment. Familiarity was certainly as deeply entrenched as unquestioning faith.

External evidence, used to explain the audience's ability to respond to the spectacle of Christ's torture, is obviously insufficient. A more important reason is contained within the play itself, and it emerges quite clearly after Christ's first speech from the cross. The portrayal of Christ is as remarkably impressive as is that of the torturers, and it is unequivocally Christ the *man* with whom we are presented:

> I pray you people that pass me by
> That lead your life so lykandly
> Raise up your heart on high;
> Behold if ever ye saw body
> Buffet and beaten thus bloody
> Or dight thus dolefully:

The beautiful gentleness and simplicity of Christ's appeal, with its singular 'sweetness' of rhythm, is remarkably moving, and its effect is intensified by contrast with the preceding scene. Right up till this point Christ has been no more than the passive object, unrealised as a person, of disgusting brutality, and for this reason the sympathy of spectators is not necessarily engaged. As soon as he has spoken, they are compelled to detach themselves from the emotional excitement of the initial action, and contemplate its result, to recognise the 'object' as a tormented human being. 'Raise up your hearts on high' is an appeal to exercise the imaginative faculties, to penetrate the indifference so quietly and yet so finally implied in the phrase 'pass me by'. The word 'lykandly', too, acquires particular intensity from its association with the previous scene, where the quality of this contentment has been partly revealed. It

is a 'body' which has been 'buffet and beaten', and in the rhythm and sound of the lines the whole process of torture is re-created in an intolerable new perspective.

> My folk what have I done to thee
> That thou all thus shall torment me?
> Thy sin I bear full soon.
> How have I grieved thee? Answer me
> That thus thou nailest me to a tree
> And all for thine error.
> Where shalt thou seek succour?
> This fault how shalt thou amende
> When that thou thy saviour
> Drivest to this dishonour.

The contrast between Christ's gentle, yet unanswerable questioning and the harsh and equally 'unanswerable' taunts of the torturers is compellingly ironic. The reasons for the crucifixion have already been exposed by the dramatic situation. Christ makes no attempt to refute the 'charges' that have been made against him, but tries to stimulate an essential self-awareness in the torturers, and consequently, in the audience. 'Thy sin I bear' and 'for thine error' are familiar formulations of the purpose of Christ's death, yet in this context they are much more; the exact sense in which they are true having been made inescapably clear.

The extremely perceptive treatment of the torturers has already implied a universal situation; their unacknowledged motives of envy and fear of revelation are precisely those which led to the murder of Socrates, and numerous similar attempts to sustain complacent ignobility and viciousness. The other aspect of this universality is Christ's fate, that of 'immolation on the altar of the people', of bearing their guilt in the absolutely literal as well as the theological sense. The tragedy and irony of this situation are contained in the words:

> Where shalt thou seek succour?

For the torturers, the question is a conclusive comment on their personal predicament and the utter ineffectiveness of their means of destroying the qualities Christ embodies.

If Christ has a representative dimension, it in no way diminishes his humanity:

> All creatures whose kind may be trest
> Beasts and birds, they all have rest
> When they are woe begone.
> But God's own son, who should be best
> Has not whereon his head to rest
> But on his shoulder bone.

The sense of loneliness and betrayal, which marks the entire speech from the cross, is most concentrated in these lines, partly because of the inspired imaginative stroke:

Has not whereon his head to rest
But on his shoulder bone.

Instantly 'we are obliged to recognise an experience lived through in an awakened imagination'; the physical experience of crucifixion becomes acutely real (just as the beating Christ suffers does in the line: 'beat me blood and bone'.) His suffering is not taken for granted. What one has merely observed happening, one is now compelled by the poetry to feel. The paraphrase of the Biblical: 'Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head' is transformed by the almost musical formality of the rhythm, diminishing in a perfectly controlled fashion to the words 'woe begone' and 'shoulder bone' and the subtle emphasis and tautness of the rhyme. The misery and exhaustion following torture and betrayal are suggested without the slightest sentimentality. The emotional bullying often resorted to by religious teachers is totally absent, for the poetry itself sufficiently conveys what it is to be crucified.

Within thirty lines the focus of the play has altered entirely, and when, after such lines as:

My brother that I came for to buy
Has hanged me here thus hideously

the torturer's abysmal chorus is heard once again, its effect is horrifying. To an imagination awakened by Christ's gentleness and humanity, phrases like 'rive him limb afrom limb' and 'break every joint of him' are like the ragings of Hell. The spectator is *not* permitted to forget an earlier association with the torturers, and is compelled to watch the remorselessly predictable events—for instance the offering of vinegar to quench Christ's thirst—during which the extent of his own guilt is fully revealed.

Christ's actual death, which the torturers find irritatingly slow in coming: 'He would tarry us all day, Of his death to make delay' —is witnessed by Mary and John. For Mary, alone perhaps, the actuality and meaning of her son's death are undiminished by prospects of celestial triumph. (Critics who describe the miracle plays as being essentially homiletic would do well to substantiate their claim at this point.) The philosophical John, on the other hand, is aware of the 'necessity' for Christ's death; it is one incident in a prophetic vision—even a triumphant vindication of Christ's own teaching.

But, lady, since it is his will
The prophecy to fulfil,
That mankind in sin not spill,
For them to thole the pain;
And with his death ransom to make,
As prophets before of him spake.
I counsel thee, thy grief to slake,

Thy weeping may not gain
In sorrow;
Our boot he buys full bayne,
Us all from bale to borrow.

Despite the fact that it is a well-intentioned palliative, the slightly pedantic, expository style of this speech and its tranquil orderliness have a certain human inadequacy in contrast to the depth and intensity of Mary's response. This inadequacy is the more apparent in such a phrase as:

A good master was he

which is followed by the wonderfully moving lines:

Mary: Alas, thine eyes as crystal clear,
That shone as sun in sight,
That lovely were in lyere
Lost they have their light,
And was all fa'ed in fear,
All dim then are they dight.

All the vitality and beauty of the living man are concentrated in 'eyes as crystal clear': and death's imminent foreshadowing, as they became opaque, is suggested with disturbing poetic intensity. In this ominous fading of the human 'sun' and the gathering coldness and darkness of death's 'twilight' one is aware of irredeemable loss. One recollects Othello's words:

But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

In Mary's speech the appalling sadness of death is conveyed by the contrasting images: clarity and light opposed to opacity and darkness, and also by the gently waning rhythm of the lines. Where Christ's mutilation is described, one again discovers the most superbly suggestive use of visual imagery:

Thy face with blood is red,
Was fair as flower in field;
How should I stand in stead !
To see my bairn thus bleed,
Beaten as blo as lead.

The richness of 'red' and 'blue' is more than just descriptive precision: these harsh colours obliterate the delicacy of the face

Was fair as flower in field

and are endowed with lurid intensity. One feels immediately their association with the brutality and crudeness of the torturers, obscuring the living beauty of a flower just as the torturers extinguish

the vital spirit of the living man. For Mary, unlike John, the death of Christ is the death of a son, and its tragic quality is absolutely unmitigated.

It is both ironical and moving that despite his *knowledge* of God's purpose, and his own part in it, Christ's experience of pain, fear, and betrayal is acute enough to create the uncertainty displayed in his final cry of agony:

> Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani !
> My God, My God ! wherefor and why
> Has thou forsaken me?

It is *this*, and not stoical confidence, which follows Christ's noble exposition of his preordained destiny:

> The first cause, mother, of my coming
> Was for mankind miscarrying,
> To save them sore I sought;
> Therefore, mother make no mourning
> Since mankind, through my dying,
> May thus to bliss be brought.

The play achieves tragic proportions in its own right by depicting the full extent to which Christ becomes involved in the human experience. The Biblical words are woven into the texture of the play in such a way that they have the freshness and immediacy of all great poetry: at the same time Christ's fear and agony are given new and intense reality.

Longeus, the 'blind knight', is persuaded to inflict the final spear-wound (a conclusive act of savagery by the torturers), yet the quality of Christ's mercy is apparent in the fact that Longeus miraculously regains his sight. However, in doing so, he is enabled to 'see', just as the spectators have done, the terrible nature of his deed. This episode of the play is a very short one, yet it is an exact reflection of the audience's own experience; blindness, followed by a 'miraculous' recovery of sight through Christ's magnanimity. This acquisition of 'sight', an apparently trivial matter, is, in fact, nothing less than the acquisition of humanity, and is, as far as the theme is concerned, a central incident in the play.

The Crucifixion ends without the celestial fanfare of Easter morning to dissipate the tragedy of Christ's death (indeed it ends in an extremely low key, with two old men humbly requesting permission to remove the body for burial), yet this death is an absolute vindication of the value and qualities of Christ the man.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

by M. D. W. JEFFREYS

THE FOLLOWING additions might be incorporated in the New Supplement to this dictionary:

ALLITERAL: In the expression 'alliteral concord' with reference to a characteristic of the Bantu languages the O.E.D. date is 1850 and is attributed to Appleyard, whereas there is an earlier reference due to Boyce. Thus S. Kay in *Travels in Caffraria*, London, 1833, p. 280, wrote: 'There is, however, one remarkable peculiarity in the language (of the AmaXhosa), which renders it difficult of acquirement by Europeans; and which, as my worthy brother Missionary, Mr Boyce observes, may be termed "the *euphonic* or *alliteral* concord".'

ANT-HILL: The date given in the O.E.D. for this term is 1868. An earlier instance is found in J. Barrow's *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 59, when he wrote: 'The ant-hills in this part of Africa seldom exceed the height of three feet.'

BALD-BUZZARD: The O.E.D. gives this name as an alternative to Osprey but M. La Vaillant used the name bald-buzzard for the Vulturine Fish Eagle *Gypohierax angolensis*. Thus he wrote, *Travels in Africa*, Vol. I, London, 1790, p. 213: 'It was a bald-buzzard . . . (by some naturalists called the sea-eagle).'

BARBARY MOUSE: Not in the O.E.D. The expression occurs in *Kaffraria and Its Inhabitants* by F. Fleming, London, 1853, p. 67. 'Several specimens of the *Mus Barbarus*, a Barbary Mouse, are also found.'

BARRATRY: In the O.E.D. but not with the meaning implied in the following example. B. Martin and M. Spurrell Eds., *The Journal of a Slave Trader*, London, 1962, p. 87: 'Fryday 22nd November 1753. In the afternoon discovered John Megan . . . and James Allen had been guilty of barratry, the former broaching a cask of ale . . .'

BLUE CRANE: Not in the O.E.D. Barrow, J. in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 256, wrote: 'These [nests] were judged to be at least sufficiently large for the vultures that were hovering in the air, or for the large blue cranes that sat by the river's side near them.'

BLUE JAY: Though mentioned in the supplement to the O.E.D., the examples refer to an American bird. There is such a bird in South Africa. T. J. Lucas in *Camp Life and Sport in South Africa*, London, 1878, p. 83, wrote: 'Conspicuous amongst them [the birds] were . . . the orange throated lark, the beautiful blue jay . . .'

BOTTLE STORE: Not in the O.E.D. G. J. Mason in his book, *Zululand*, London, 1862, p. 17, has: 'One of the first [of my old acquaintances] I met with was driving a carriage and pair of horses; . . . another, who formerly kept a small bottle store, was a wholesale exporter . . .'

BUCKER: In the O.E.D., but dated 1884. 'In procuring a horse in this country [Kaffraria], however, one sort is always studiously avoided. These are what are called "Buckers" . . .' F. Fleming, *Kaffraria and its Inhabitants*, London, 1853, p. 105.

BUCK SAIL: Not in O.E.D. 'The "bucksails" spread over the tops of the wagons form an enclosure.' H. L. Tangye, *In New South Africa*, London, 1896, p. 227.

BUSH LICE: Not in O.E.D. The Rev. C. W. Posselt in *The Zulu Companion*, Pietermaritzburg, 1850, p. 10, wrote: 'Take off [from the horses] the bush lice and kill them.'

BUSH TICK: In the O.E.D. but dated 1886. ' . . . for besides myriads of fleas, our encampment swarmed with a species of bush tick . . . ' Anderson, C. J., *Lake Ngami*, London, 1856, p. 20.

CAFFRE BEER: Not in the O.E.D. '. . . without exception, I found them [the Bantu males] sitting in the shade of the craals or of mimosa bushes, taking snuff, drinking "Joila" (Caffre beer) or smoking.' Mason, G. H., *The Travellers Library Vol. IX. Life with the Zulus of Natal*, London, 1855, p. 153.

CAFFER CRANE: Not in the O.E.D. 'Two Caffer or Crested Cranes, Balearica Pavonia, were feeding at this spot . . .' J. Backhouse, *Narrative of a Visit to Mauritius and South Africa*, London, 1844, p. 256.

CAFFER FINCH: Not in the O.E.D. 'The Caffer Finch of this part of the country is *Ploceus spilonotus* . . .' J. Backhouse, *Narrative of a Visit to Mauritius and South Africa*, London, 1844, p. 202.

CAFFER MELON: Not in the O.E.D. 'The Caffer Melon, *Citrullus Caffer*, is a native of the country . . .' J. Backhouse, *Narrative of a Visit to Mauritius and South Africa*, London, 1844, p. 249.

CALABASH, meaning a type of animal-drawn vehicle, is not given in the O.E.D. 'On this level . . . vehicles of every description, from the elegant London built carriage of the Governor . . . to the antiquated Dutch calabash . . . are seen . . .' (27.12.1810). J. W. Burchell, *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, Vol. 1, London, 1953, p. 24.

CAPE-GOOSEBERRY (Physalis pubescens): Is given in the O.E.D. as derived from the Cape in Cape of Good Hope. This plant has nothing to do with the Cape of Good Hope. Thus J. M. Watt and M. G. Breyer-Brandwijk in *The Medicinal and Poisonous Plants* of Southern Africa, Edinburgh, 1932, p. 162, write: Physalis Peruvian L., a species naturalised from South America, is known as . . . Cape Gooseberry . . .' The word cape refers to the hood, cape or cloak or jacket which covers the berry. The example given in the O.E.D. is dated 1880 but Captain W. F. W. Owen, *Narrative of Voyage to explore the shores of Africa, Arabia and Madagascar* 2 Vols., London, 1833, wrote: 'The *Physalis* (*Cape Gooseberry* or winter cherry) is here a most delicious fruit'. Vol. 11, p. 238.

CAPE CAVY: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow, in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of South Africa*, London, 1801, p. 27, wrote: 'In the caverns of Table Mountain . . . is found in considerable numbers a small dusky-coloured animal . . . called here the Das . . . and by Penant . . . (the) Cape Cavy.'

CAPE CORPS: Not in the O.E.D. R. G. Cumming, in *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1850, Vol. 1, p. 218, wrote: 'Before dismissing the subject of the rebellion of '45, I may say that soon after this, the 91st and Cape Corps men being reinforced with a party of artillery and a detachment of the 7th Dragoon Guards, they crossed the Orange River . . .'

CAPE GUN: Not in the O.E.D. In the English periodical, *The Field*, of October 13, 1877, occurs the following statement: 'The "Cape Gun", a rifle and shot-gun combined. The right barrel, being for shot, is a 12-cylinder bore; the left is 557 .450 with Henry rifling, using the Government Boxer cartridge; it is sighted up to 300 yards; weight 9 lb.'

CAPE HARE: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow. *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 71: 'Besides these they have the Cape hare . . .'

CAPE LARK: Not in the O.E.D. B. Shaw, *Memorials of South Africa*, London, 1841, p. 147, quoting Sir James E. Alexander, wrote: '. . . the Cape *lark* whirred aloft, and dropt to the ground with a melancholy note.'

CAPE MISSLETOE: Not in the O.E.D. W. J. Burchell on 19.4.1811 wrote: 'Growing on the branches of *Cassine Capensis*, I found the *Cape Misseltoe*, a very curious parasitic plant . . .' *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, Vol. 1, London, 1953, p. 103.

CAPE PARTRIDGE: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 75, wrote: 'We saw here some large partridges with red wings, much preferable to the common Cape partridge . . .'

CAPE SHEEP: Not in the O.E.D. M. Le Vaillant in *Vaillant's Travels in Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1790, wrote: 'The sheep the savages breed towards the east, are a species known by the name of Cape sheep, the largeness of their tails has made them much spoken of, . . .' Vol. II, 2. 95.

CAPE SMOUSE: Not in the O.E.D. M. Le Vaillant, in *New Travels into the Interior Parts of Africa by the way of the Cape of Good Hope*, 3 Vols., London, 1796, wrote: 'There is at the Cape . . . a species of old-clothes men . . . who, from their enormous profits . . . have obtained the name of Cape-Smouse, or Cape Jews.' Vol. I, p. 55.

CAPE TITMOUSE: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow, *An Account of the Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 323, wrote: 'Another small bird, the *Parus Capensis*, or Cape Titmouse, constructs its luxurious nest of the *pappus* or down of of a species of asclepias.'

CAPE WAG TAIL: Not in the O.E.D. W. J. Burchell on 27.12. 1810, in *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1953, Vol. I, p. 26, wrote: 'In England the "Robin Redbreast" . . . are respected by everyone; and at the Cape the familiarity . . . of the Cape Wagtail (*Motacilla Capensis* . . .) is greatly owing to this cause.'

CAPER TEA: In the O.E.D. but dated 1864. The following example is earlier: Bishop J. W. Colenso in *Ten Weeks in Natal*, Cambridge, 1855, p. 86, wrote: 'The latter [tea] was of a kind manufactured expressly for the Cape Colony, and called *Caper* tea . . .'

CARDELL: Not in the O.E.D. R. G. Cumming, *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1850, Vol. I, p. 24, wrote: 'The traveller sleeps on a sort of cot termed a "cardell".'

CARDINAL-BIRD: In the O.E.D. but no example is given. F. Fleming in *Kaffraria and its Inhabitants*, London, 1853, p. 71, wrote: 'The most gaudy is the *Loxia Cardinalis* of Linnaeus, or Cardinal Grosbeak, and commonly known as the Cardinal-bird.'

CHANDALIER EUPHORBIA: Not in the O.E.D. J. Backhouse in *Narrative of a Visit to Mauritius and South Africa*, London, 1844, p. 151, wrote: 'Here we first saw the Chandalier Euphorbia, *Euphorbis grandidens*, a singular tree, with erect, angular, leafless branches, which forms a remarkable feature in the woods of the eastern part of the Cape Colony, and adjacent portions of Caffraria.'

CHOLERA BELT: This term, meaning a thick belt of flannel or similar material worn round the loins at night in the tropics of west Africa, is not mentioned in the O.E.D. The following reference is therefore given. 'A thick cholera-belt should be worn at night . . .' C. B. Wallis *West African Warfare*, London, 1905, p. 106.

COFFEE TREE: in the O.E.D. but with a meaning different from

that given here. J. Backhouse in *Narrative of a Visit to Mauritius and South Africa*, London, 1844, p. 293, wrote: 'It [the little Date, *Phoenix reclinata*] is a highly ornamental little palm, and frequently bears the name of Coffee-tree, because of the form and size of its seeds . . .'

COMMANDO: In the O.E.D. but dated 1824. The word was used at the Cape in 1685. Thus D. Moodie in *The Record*, Cape-town, 1960, p. 497, quotes from instructions issued to Johannes Muller by the General Netherlands Chartered East India Company: '. . . the Landdrost is ordered "for the prevention of offences and misdemeanours . . ." to overtake such delinquents, whether free burghers or Company's servants, or cause them to be overtaken by the Veld Wagter under your *commando* . . .'

COW-FISH: Not in the O.E.D. T. Baines in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 19, wrote: 'A large number of cow-fish, something between the large porpoise and a small whale, were seen in the bay . . .'

CUCKOO BONNET: Not in the O.E.D. F. Macnae in *On Veldt and Farm*, London, 1897, p. 18, wrote: 'For the Boers he has a distinct class of goods—large cuckoo bonnets, which are worn by Dutch "vrows", and are called "kappies" though anything less like a cap could hardly be imagined.'

DISSEL BOOM: In the O.E.D. but dated 1858. However, W. J. Burchell in *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1953, used the term on 23.4.1811. 'The pole (dissel boom) is ten feet long, having at the end a strong iron staple . . .' Vol. I, p. 109.

ESCALIN: Not in the O.E.D. M. Le Vaillant, in *Vaillant's Travels in Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1790, wrote: 'While I was there [at the Cape] butcher's meat was very cheap; have seen thirteen pounds of mutton bought for an escalin (eleven pence English).' Vol. I, p. 21.

FANAGALO: Not in the O.E.D. This name, for what formerly was called kitchen kaffir, was used by J. D. Bold, who in 1947 published, through the Central News Agency, *Dictionary and Phrase-book of Fanagalo* (*Kitchen Kafir*) and added that it was 'the *lingua franca* of Southern Africa as spoken in the Union of South Africa, the Rhodesias, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, Belgian Congo, etc.' Bold, p. 6, states: 'The appelation *Fanagalo* probably derives from *kuluma funa ga lo* meaning "to speak like this". The language has also been called *Kitchen Kafir* and *Mine Kafir*. In some places it is known as *the Lapa language* or even, amusingly, as *Lo Lo language*. . . . Fanagalo is a very much simplified form of Nguni (Zulu, Xhosa and related languages), with adaptations of modern terms from English and Afrikaans. It was probably evolved in the Eastern Cape and Natal during contacts between European

settlers and native tribes, and it later developed on diggings and mines to meet the urgent need for a common language that could easily be acquired by Zulus, Xhosas, Swazis, Basutos and Bechuanas, and by the Afrikaans- and English-speaking white men who employed them.'

However, Professor Cole, Professor of Bantu languages, Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, wrote, in *African Studies*, March, 1953, p. 1, as follows: 'Extravagant claims have recently been made for Fanagalo as the "lingua franca of Southern Africa". . . . This hybrid of Zulu, English and Afrikaans was probably originated by the Indians in Natal during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and has since spread to the rest of the Union and to the Rhodesias. Its vocabulary is roughly 70 per cent Nguni (mainly Zulu), 24 per cent English and 6 per cent Afrikaans, in origin . . .' [See Kitchen Kaffir.]

FIRE FINCH: Not in the O.E.D. E. Holub in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1881, wrote: 'Amongst the clump of reeds we observed the hanging nests of sedge-warblers, of the bright red, black spotted fire-finch'. Vol. 1, p. 178.

FIRE STICK: In the O.E.D. but not in the sense used in South Africa, where a blazing fire-brand is plucked from the fire and used to stir the coffee thus causing the floating grounds to sink. J. Macdonald in *Light in Africa*, London, 1890, p. 105, wrote: 'Our coffee, in the first instance, was a failure, but on being vigorously stirred with a *blazing fire stick* the sediment subsided and its flavour greatly improved.'

FISCAL: As the name of the 'canary biter', is in the O.E.D. but dated 1822. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 29, wrote: 'Turtle doves, a thrush called the Sprew, and the Fiscal bird, the *Lanius Collaris*, frequent the gardens near the town.'

FLY COUNTRY: As an area infested with the tsetse fly is in the O.E.D. but dated 1891. T. Baines in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 68, wrote: 'In the evening Chapman entertained me with an account of his adventures . . . treachery of guides purposely sent by chief to lead him into the fly country . . .'

FORETOW: Though listed in the O.E.D. no example of its use is given. R. G. Cumming, in *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1850, Vol. 1, p. 30, wrote: 'The leader has made up his 'fore-tow' which is a long spare theim attached round the horns of each of the fore or front oxen . . .'

GALLION: As the name of a fish is not in the O.E.D. D. T. Baines, in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 19, wrote: '. . . and many times we could see the gallion or other smaller fish leaping like salmon three or four yards out of the water . . .'

GIN-SHOP: Though listed in the O.E.D. no example of its use is given. W. C. Harris in *Narrative of an Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to the Tropic of Capricorn*, 1836-1837, London, 1839, p. 9, wrote: 'Besides gin-shops there were two inns on the road . . .'

GIRAFFE-THORN: Not in the O.E.D. C. J. Anderson in *Lake Ngami*, London, 1856, 0. 27, wrote: 'The principal trees thereabouts are the ana and the giraffe-thorn (*Acacia giraffae*); . . .'

GO-BY: In the sense in which it is used in the following passage, is not represented in the O.E.D. A. W. Cole in *The Cape and the Kafirs*, London, 1852, p. 98, wrote: '. . . in the case of one very sharp fellow who, thinking to give his brother's farm the "go-by" planted split peas, in order to raise a crop of them all ready for use.'

GO-AWAY BIRD: Is in the O.E.D. but the example given is dated 1903. E. Holub in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1881, Vol. I, p. 289, wrote: 'I shot a great grey lofy, that from its cry is called the "go-away" by the English, whilst by the Boers it is known as the "grote Mousvogel".'

GUANO-TRADERS: Not in the O.E.D. C. J. Anderson, in *Lake N'Gami*, London, 1856, p. 14, wrote: 'They [people from the Cape], moreover, furnished the guano-traders, as, also, Cape Town with cattle.'

HADDADAS: In the O.E.D. but dated 1846. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 284 wrote: 'The Egyptian black *ibis* (niger), and another species of *tantalus*, called by the farmers the *haddadas*, were procured at this place.'

HAMMERHEAD: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1890. E. Holub in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., p. 112, Vol. I, London, 1881, wrote: 'On one of these trees . . . I noticed an enormous nest, which at first I imagined must be an ape's; but I subsequently learnt that it belonged to the hammerhead (*Scopus umbretta*) . . .'

HEADRING: In the O.E.D. in connection with harness for a horse. but not in the sense used in South Africa. V. Barter, in *Alone among the Zulus*, London, 1866, p. 51, wrote: 'When a [Zulu] soldier has attained a certain standing, he receives the royal permission to marry, and adopt the headring as a mark of manhood . . .'

HORSE-SICKNESS: Occurs in the O.E.D. but dated 1897. G. Nicholson in *The Cape and its Colonists with Hints to Settlers in* 1848, London, 1849, p. 137, wrote: 'The horse-sickness is, unfortunately, not unknown even here . . .'

HOTTENTOT BEAN: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1833. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 189, wrote: 'Not so with the Hottentot bean . . . This plant is the African lignum vitae, *quajacum Afrum* of Linnaeus and *Scholia speciosa* of the Hortus Kewensis.'

IMPALA: The name of an African antelope, is in the O.E.D. but

dated 1896. W. M. Kerr in *The Far Interior*, 2 Vols., Boston, 1886, wrote: 'It was here that I shot my first antelope—a fine Impala (*Aepyceros Melampus*) with a fine head.' Vol. 1, p. 29.

IMPI: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1879. G. H. Mason in *Zululand*, London, 1862, p. 200, wrote: 'There is always an "impi" (or army) preparing for an attack on some neighbouring district . . .'

INDABA: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1894. G. J. Mason, in *Zululand*, London, 1862, p. 10, wrote: 'As soon as the place is full, then begins the cookery; with uproarious singing and merriment . . . discussing the *indaba*, or news of the day . . .'

KAFFIR BEER: Not in the O.E.D. H. L. Tangye, in *In New South Africa*, London, 1896, p. 307, wrote: 'With the utmost kindness he . . . proffers us a brimming cup of Kaffir beer . . .'

KAFFIR BOOM: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1880. T. Pringle in *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa*, London, 1840, p. 36, wrote: 'I frequently noticed the *Erythrina caffra* or corallodendron (called by the colonists Cafferboom).'

KAFFIR BREAD: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1882. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 189, wrote: 'Two plants of the palm tribe were frequently met with; one, the *zania cycadis*, or Kaffer's Breadtree, growing on the plains; . . .'

KHOI-KHOI: A name for the Bushmen of South Africa, is in the O.E.D. but is dated 1880. Oates, F., in *Matabeleland and the Victoria Falls*, London, 1881, p. 274, quoted that Professor Rolletson describing Bushmen bones from Tati sent to him in 1857, wrote: 'If, indeed, these half dozen lower jaws had been brought to me with no other accompaniment and with no other information than that they had been brought from one spot in Africa, I think I should have been justified in saying that they had belonged to no other known African race than the Khoi-Khoi, or its Central African representative the Akka.'

KING CHAMELEON: Not in the O.E.D. T. Baines in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 166, wrote: 'It [the chameleon] seems incapable of assuming the brilliant colours noticeable in the "King Chameleon" at the Cape.'

KING ROCK FISH: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 80, wrote: 'Another Blennius, called King Rock Fish, is sometimes caught with the former . . .'

KITCHEN KAFFIR: Not in the O.E.D. [see *Fanagalo*]. 'In adopting the latter (the official dialect), no doubt, the Bishop has been guided by one of the chief's clerks in the native department; who was born and reared amongst the Cape Colony's Caffres, and, consequently, prefers it to learning Zulu proper; which, of course, is held in contempt by all officials, and sneeringly called "Kitchen Kaffir".' G. H. Mason, *Zululand*, London, 1862, p. 38.

KLOOF: Not in the O.E.D. W. Paterson in *A Narrative of Four Journeys into the Country of the Hottentots and Caffraria*, London, 1789, p. 7, wrote: 'Here may be said to be one of the most difficult passes into the country, called Hottentot Hollands Kloof . . . Kloaf, signifies a narrow pass through the mountains.' [The word is to-day spelt kloof].

LANDDROST: In the O.E.D. but dated 1731. D. Moodie in *The Record*, Cape Town, 1960, p. 397, shows that the term was used at the Cape in 1685: 'For the superintendence of the Company's farms . . . a superintendent . . . is to be appointed . . . and to have the title of Landdrost.'

LAUGHING DOVE: Not in the O.E.D. 'The most common birds in the Riet River Valley are doves, and those most exclusively of two sorts, the South African blue-gray turtle dove and the laughing dove . . .' E. Holub, *Seven Years in South Africa*, London, 1881, Vol. I, p. 47.

LETSHWE: Not in the O.E.D. The name of an African antelope. E. Holub, in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1881, wrote: '. . . the letshwes were larger and the pukus smaller than blessboks, and both, like all water bucks, had shaggy, light brown hair, and horns bent forward.' Vol. II, p. 128.

LOCATION: In the O.E.D. but the example quoted for South Africa is dated 1835. J. Phillip in *Researches in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1828, wrote: 'Having heard of an industrious Hottentot, who possessed a small location in this vicinity, I prevailed on Mr Bergh to accompany me thither.' Vol. II, p. 253.

LOCUST-EATER: In the O.E.D. but dated 1802. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 256, wrote: 'The Farmers . . . immediately recognised the bird to be the locust-eater.'

LONGTAILED FINCH: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 243, wrote: 'This was the longtailed finch, described in the *Systema Naturae*, as the *loxia caffra*, on the authority of Thunberg, and in the same book, with more propriety, as the *emberiza longicauda*.'

LUNGSICKNESS: In the O.E.D. but no satisfactory example is given. T. Baines in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 8, wrote: 'As I accompanied the wagons a short distance from the house, I asked how so many of the oxen had lost their tails, and was told it was the lung sickness . . .'

MAMBA: In the O.E.D. but dated 1890. R. Ludlow in *Zululand and Cetewayo*, London, 1882, p. 25, wrote: 'occasionally a mamba would glide stealthily across the path in front of us . . .'

MARTINI-HENRY: As the name of a type of military rifle is not in the O.E.D. Lord Randolph S. Churchill, in *Men, Mines and*

Animals in South Africa, London, 1895, p. 115, wrote: 'A good magazine is probably a better weapon than a Martini-Henry . . .'

MESS-BOOTS: Not in the O.E.D. C. B. Wallis, in *West African Warfare*, London, 1905, p. 91, wrote: 'Regulation mess-boots will protect the legs and ankles.'

MOOR: Marconnes suggested a derivation of the word Moor from the *Carthaginian Mahurin*. He, in his article '*The Two East African Sofalas and King Solomon's Ophir*', *NADA* (No. 13, Salistury 1935), wrote that Maghreb in 'Barbary, land of the Western *Berbers*, by the Carthaginians called Mahurim (Westerners) from which come the words *Mauri*, *Mauretania*, *Moors*, *Morocco*.' These words, however, appear to be of much earlier origin. A form of this root, Moor, occurs in a mutilated line of hieroglyphics in ancient Egypt. Birch, in *Records of the Past*, Vol. IV, London, 1878, p. 40, describing the invasion of Egypt by the Greeks in the reign of Menephtah of the XIX dynasty, circa 1285 B.C., gives the following translation of a mutilated line: '. . . of His Majesty called Namourumeri.' Birch adds the following footnote: '. . . or called also "the *Mourui*, *Mauri*, *Moors*".' Hence in Egypt at this date, according to Birch, a word represented today by 'Moor' was then known as the name of a people.

MOPANE: Is the name of a tree widely distributed throughout Southern Africa. It is not given in the O.E.D. T. Baines, in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 427, wrote: 'After quite a scene with a refractory ox, we rattled on over hard limestone country, thickly clothed with mopanes . . .'

MORULA-TREE: Though the word *morula* is in the O.E.D. it has no connection with *morula* in *morula-tree*, where *morula* is a South African Bantu word. E. Holub in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1881, wrote: 'We halted under a morula-tree . . .' Vol. II, 0. 387.

MOSS-BISCUIT: Not in the O.E.D. Maj. Gen. Bisset, in *Sport and War*, London, 1875, p. 12, wrote: '. . . a skin bag is filled on one side with 'moss-biscuit', or very dry and light biscuit made from the finest flour and mixed with 'mosto', or the unfermented juice of the grape.'

NAMAQUAS: Not in the O.E.D. D. Moodie in *The Record*, Capetown, 1960, p. 111, notes that in 1657 a list of the Hottentot tribes is given, among which is that of the Namana called Namana or Namaqua, on p. 116. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 357, wrote: 'Sketches on a Journey into the Country of the Namaquas.'

NAMAQUA DOVE: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 325, wrote: 'Along the road were numbers of that beautiful little pigeon, called here [at the Cape] the Namaqua dove . . .'

NAMAQUA PARTRIDGE: Not in the O.E.D. M. Le Vaillant,

in *Vaillant's Travels in Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1790, wrote: 'The Hottentots of the colonies call them perdix Namaquais, (Namaquai partridges); . . .' Vol. II, p. 434.

ORABI: Not in the O.E.D. A name of one of the South African antelopes. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, 0. 138, wrote: 'Another species of antelope was here very plentiful, known by the Hottentot name of *orabi* . . .'

OUTSPAN: In the O.E.D. but dated 1824, whereas it was used in 1811. Thus W. J. Burchell, *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1953, wrote on 2.4.1811: 'These uitspan or outspan places are, in fact, the caravanserays of the Cape . . .' Vol. I, p. 68.

OX-BACK: Not in the O.E.D. J. Philip in *Researches in South Africa*, 2 vols., London, 1828, wrote: 'Bethany . . . is about six days' journey in a bullock-waggon, or two to three days' on oxback, from Angra Pequena bay.' Vol. II, p. 211.

PASS: Is in the O.E.D. but not in the sense used in South Africa for a document that all indigenes must possess. J. Philip in *Researches in South Africa*, 2 vols., London, 1828, wrote: 'Among the many hardships to which the Hottentot is subject by this proclamation, one must advert to the Law of Passes, contained in the 16th article.' Vol. I, p. 167.

PIG-FACED BABOON: As an alternative for the dog-faced baboon is not in the O.E.D. W. C. Harris in *A Narrative of an Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to the Tropic of Capricorn* 1836-37, London, 1839, p. 190, wrote: 'A large colony of Pig-faced baboons (*Cynocephalus Porcarius*) shortly made their appearance above us . . .'

POT-SHOT: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1904. H. G. C. Swayne in *Seventeen Trips through Somaliland*, London, 1895, p. 239, wrote: 'Turning round I took a quiet pot-shot at her [the lioness]. . .'

RAIN-MAKER: The example from Africa given in the O.E.D. is dated 1856. J. Campbell in *A Journey to Lattakoo in South Africa*, London, 1840, wrote in May, 1820, p. 110, 'A rain-maker is not esteemed in his own country, he must be brought from a distance . . .'

ROAN ANTELOPE: In the O.E.D., but dated 1850. W. C. Harris in *A Narrative of an Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to the Tropic of Capricorn*, 1836-37, London, 1938, p. 194, wrote: '. . . we descended into a valley bent upon the destruction of a roan antelope . . .'

ROCK-FISH: In the I.E.D., but with no reference to the type found in South Africa. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 30, wrote: '. . . klip or rock-fish, the *Blennius vivipanus*, makes no bad fry . . .'

ROCK RABBIT: In the O.E.D. but dated 1892. B. Shaw in

Memorials of South Africa, London, 1841, p. 147, wrote: 'There were numerous traces of rock rabbits . . .'

ROCK SCORPION: In the O.E.D. but with quite a different meaning. W. Paterson in *A Narrative of Four Journeys into the Country of the Hottentots and Caffraria*, London, 1789, p. 165, wrote: 'The Black, or Rock Scorpion, is nearly as venomous as any of the serpent tribe.'

ROYAL ANTELOPE: Not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 138, wrote: 'Here also we met with that beautiful little animal, the royal antelope of Pennant . . .'

ROYAL CRANE: Not in the O.E.D. E. Holub in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1881, wrote: '"Mahems, bas", he answered; but I could only conjecture that they were a long-legged species of the grey crane, until a few days afterwards, when finding three of them domesticated on one of the farms we passed, I ascertained that they were the crowned or royal crane (*Balearia regulorum*).' Vol. I, p. 149.

SAKABULA: Not in the O.E.D. H. Tangye, in *In New South Africa*, London, 1896, p. 105, wrote: 'One of the most strange inhabitants of the Transvaal is a small bird, the sakabula . . .'

SALTED: In the O.E.D. but dated 1879. T. Baines in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 418, wrote: '. . . he asked carefully whether the horse was salted (i.e. acclimatised by having recovered from the horse sickness).'

SEREVILLAS: As a spelling for *scrivellos* is not in the O.E.D. B. Martin and M. Spurell edited and published, London, 1962, *The Journal of the Slave Trader*, p. 67, namely that of J. Newton who on Monday, 10th December, 1750, wrote: 'Had a visit to-day from the King of Chama [on the Gold Coast] . . . and received 2 serevillas from him as a present.'

SLINGER: In the O.E.D. but not in the following sense: T. Baines in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 389, wrote: '. . . this desirable result being mainly brought about by the only manoeuvre of which Jim seems capable i.e. "slingering" or sheering the team from side to side, so as to work the front wheels deeper and deeper without advancing them.'

SLOTE: Not in the O.E.D. but it has *sluit*, dated 1863. C. J. Latrobe, in *Journal of a Visit to South Africa in* 1815 *and* 1816, London, 1818, p. 187, wrote: "It has water in abundance brought by a *slote*, or canal from a distance . . .'

SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY: Is not recorded in the O.E.D., though now most Commonwealth and American Universities, to mention no others, have a Department of Social Anthropology. The term was first used by Burnett-Taylor in 1896 in his review of S. R. Steinmetz's *Ethnologische Studien zur ersten Entwicklung der Strafe*, in *The Academy* of Saturday, 18th January, 1896.

SOCIAL GROSBEAK: In the O.E.D. but dated 1850. W. C. Harris, *Narrative of an Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to the Tropic of Capricorn*, 1836-37, London, 1839, p. 66, wrote: 'Alas ! they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social grosbeaks . . .'

SORTING: In the sense used in the South African diamond industry is not in the O.E.D. J. Mackenzie, in *Ten Years North of the Orange River*, Edinburgh, 1871, p. 95, wrote: 'After the washing (to get the dirt out of the gravel) has been performed the "sorting" process begins . . .'

SPARM: As a name for the South African honey bird is not in the O.E.D. F. Fleming, in *Kaffraria and its Inhabitants*, London, 1835, p. 74, wrote: 'But one of the most remarkable birds of this country [Kaffraria] . . . is the Kaffrarian Honey-bird or Sparm (*Cuculus Indicator*).'

SPEERING: As a name for a South African fish is not in the O.E.D. J. Barrow, in *An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, London, 1801, p. 30, wrote, 'The Speering, a species of *Antherina*, is a small, transparent fish with a broad band, resembling a plate of silver, on each side.'

SPRUIT: Is the O.E.D. but dated 1863. N. J. Merriman, in *The Kaffir, the Hottentot and the Frontier Farmer*, London, 1853, p. 85, wrote in November, 1850: '. . . and in two days more we found ourselves, just after sundown, at Care Spruit (a small stream), about ten miles this side of Bloemfontein.'

THE STAR OF AFRICA: As the name of a famous South African diamond is not in the O.E.D. E. Holub, in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 vols., London, 1881, p. 61, wrote: '. . . when the intelligence was circulated that the "Star of Africa", a diamond of eighty-three carats and a half, had been picked up, every European steamer brought over hundreds of adventurers . . .'

STOEP: In the O.E.D. but dated 1822. W. H. Wilkins, ed., in *South Africa a Century Ago* (1797-1801), Capetown, 1913, p. 57, quoting from a letter of Lady Anne Barnard of 10.7.1797, wrote: 'As for the young Dutchmen, I saw hardly any; the young ones prefer smoking their pipes on the stoep . . .'

STRAND-WOLF: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1826. M. Le Vaillant in *New Travels into the Interior Parts of Africa by Way of the Cape of Good Hope*, 3 Vols., London, 1796, wrote: 'The second [kind of hyena] is called strand-wolf (shore wolf) . . .'

SUGAR TREE: Is in the O.E.D. but dated 1801. W. H. Wilkins, ed., in *South Africa a Century Ago* (1797-1801), Capetown, 1913, pp. 67 and 68, quoting from a letter of Lady Anne Barnard of 10.8.1797, wrote: 'We had first to scramble up the side of a pretty perpendicular cascade . . . the sides of which were shaded with myrtles, sugar trees and geraniums.'

SWEET CANE: Not in the O.E.D. J. Campbell, in *A Journey to Lattako in South Africa*, London, 1840, p. 96, wrote: 'Several brought us presents of sweet cane.'

THREE-LEGGED POT: Not in the O.E.D. T. Baines, in *Explorations in South West Africa*, London, 1864, p. 362, wrote: 'It is commonly said that a Scotsman, a Dutch cheese and a Newcastle grindstone are all over the world, but I feel sure that a cast-iron three-legged pot penetrates as far as any of the trio.'

TIKALOSHI: As the name for a mythical being of the Bantu of South Africa, it is not in the O.E.D. S. Kay, in *Travels in Caffraria*, London, 1833, p. 339, wrote: 'Tikaloshi also is much more frequently and familiarly talked about than amongst the more southern tribes.'

TIN TOWN: Not in the O.E.D. E. Edwards in *A Journey through South Africa*, Liverpool, 1897, p. 48, wrote: 'Kimberley struck me as a very peculiarly built town, being chiefly composed of buildings into whose construction corrugated iron largely entered; in fact it would not be out of place to refer to Kimberley as a "tin town".'

TRANSPORT DRIVER: Not in the O.E.D. E. Holub, in *Seven Years in South Africa*, 2 Vols., London, 1881, wrote: 'Close behind us were two other wagons belonging to a Transvaal "Transport-driver", who came to have a talk with us; . . .'

TRIPPLE: In the meaning of a form of motion of a ridden horse is not in the O.E.D. R. Ludlow, in *Zululand and Cetewayo*, London, 1882, p. 12, wrote: 'The usual pace of colonial horses is the triple (sic), just between a walk and a trot . . ."

WATERBUCK: In the O.E.D. but dated 1850. W. C. Harris in *A Narrative of an Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to the Tropic of Capricorn* 1836-37, London, 1839, p. 183, wrote: '. . . I entered one of the nearest groves for the purpose of obtaining food for the people, and presently brought down a water buck . . .'

WATERMAN: As an alternative name to the South African word *Strandloper* is not in the O.E.D. J. Sutherland, in *South African Tribes*, Capetown, 1847, p. 326, wrote: '. . . there were a few Strandloopers, or Watermans, living on the sea shore . . .'

WHITE RHINOCEROS: Not in the O.E.D. W. C. Harris, in *A Narrative of an Expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to the Tropic of Capricorn* 1836-37, London, 1839, p. 194, wrote: 'A pair of white rhinoceroses opposed our descent . . .'

WILDEBEEST: In the O.E.D. but dated 1838. A. Steedman in *Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa*, 2 vols., London, 1835, wrote: 'I heard a great hustle among the people residing on the spot, who were shouting *Veld a beast*, and on looking out I found that a herd of gnus had joined the oxen as they were driven homewards.' Vol. II, p. 11.

THE SCIENTIST IN THE CHILD AND THE CHILD IN THE SCIENTIST: SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CREATIVITY*

by W. H. O. SCHMIDT

The central theme of my lecture today is the psychology of creativity. This theme seemed to me particularly appropriate for a university audience, for is not a university above all else, in intention though not always in actual fact, an institution that tries to provide conditions in which creativity can emerge and be encouraged? But I did not choose this topic only because it concerns the very essence of what a university tries to achieve; I chose it also because I am fascinated by it. Moreover, it opens up so many vistas that even in an audience of specialists of the most diverse kind everyone should find something that is relevant to his own thought and experience. This should be the case even though I shall give a special slant to what I have to say about creativity—you will have noticed that in the title of my lecture I speak of 'The scientist in the child and the child in the scientist'. I propose to offer some reflections on the psychology of creativity in general and of the scientist in particular.

I do not know what the feelings of scientists and of science students in this audience are about children, but I do hope that they are not offended when they see the scientist, this awe-inspiring figure of power and of prestige and of intellectual adulthood, mentioned in the same breath as the child, and when I suggest, as I do now, that the psychology of the naive child and that of the creative scientist are not entirely unrelated.

Far from wishing to offend, I actually wish to conciliate, and to show that the scientist, who appears to be alienated from the rest of us by his otherness, and is often regarded as a barbarian, because he does not speak our common language (and sometimes can't, even if he tries), is really like the rest of us. I shall show due and proper respect to him by regarding *his* creativity as just as genuine as that of the artist and of the poet, and just as worthy of serious study. This is not as obvious as it may seem: witness what happens to the cataloguing of a new book in the library if in its title it happens

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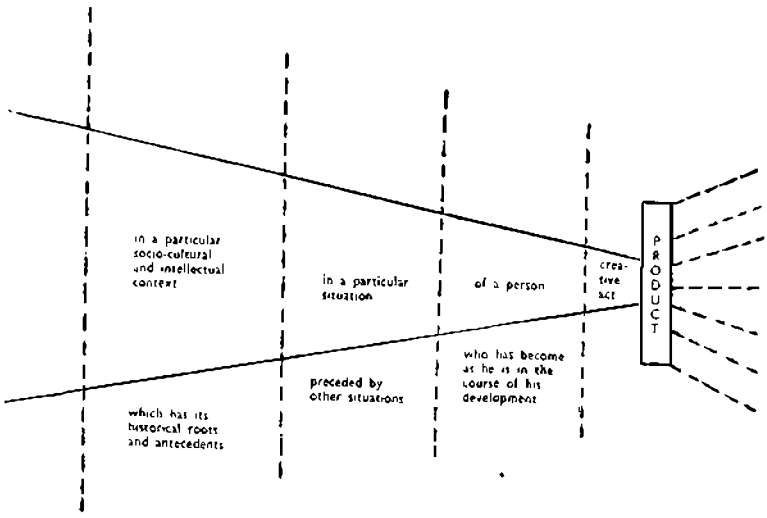
to contain the words 'the creative process'—it is almost certain to end up on the shelves for books on fine art or on poetics. This reserving of the term creative for the work of the artist and of the poet, curiously enough, seems to have become established in the second half of the eighteenth and in the nineteenth century, in a period, thus, when the material products made possible by creative scientific thinking were beginning to flow in ever-increasing abundance. But perhaps this is, after all, not so curious: when the goose of the fairy tale started to lay golden eggs, its fortunate owner was more interested in the golden eggs than in the goose and in the miracle of how the goose came to lay such eggs. But, as you know, the owner eventually had to pay the price for his unconcern: the goose died. The moral of the story: don't take for granted that your scientists will go on for ever laying the golden eggs; try instead to understand the process of golden-egg-laying and some of the conditions that encourage this eminently creative process.

I do not bring this analogy from a fairy tale because I have promised to speak about the *child* and the scientist. As a matter of fact, until I come near the end of my lecture, when I am ready to pull together the threads of what I have presented, I shall say little about the child, except by implication and in a few references; but then I shall make explicit what was only implicit. I make the analogy for another reason. Since the eighteenth century, individuals—psychologists and non-psychologists—have reflected on the phenomenon of creativity, including, in a marginal sort of way, the creativity of the scientist. But it needed the dramatic evidence in post-World-War-II days, that, in at least certain fields of scientific endeavour, the stream of discovery and invention was flowing less fast in the Western world than in Russia, to make of the psychology of creativity more than just a fascinating field of speculation for individuals. In the U.S.A. particularly research into creativity has become a major pre-occupation of many brilliant psychologists, and most of them have been able to count on the active co-operation of well-known physicists, chemists, mathematicians, architects, artists, poets, and novelists, as well as on generous financial support from the big research foundations. When the goose seemed to be ailing, its modern owner—unlike the owner of the goose in the fairy tale—decided to look at the goose. Let *us* have a look at some of the things he saw.

It is necessary at this stage to say something about the kind of question we have to ask when studying creativity. I have prepared a diagram, which is meant to get some sort of order into our questions as quickly as possible.

The diagram shows a cone, with lines drawn across. At the narrow end of the cone we see a rectangle marked 'PRODUCT': that which is created is the product of a creative act or series of acts. By the dotted lines radiating from the rectangle marked 'product', I want to indicate that what has been created—a new insight, a new tech-



nique, a new theory, a painting, a sculpture, a poem—has implications and effects. These effects may be modest, affecting only a few people over a short period of time and in restricted fields, such as a novel and illuminating idea expressed in a discussion in class. On the other hand they may be momentous, as for instance when Copernicus came to the conclusion that the earth was not at rest but revolved around the sun and around its own axis.

The first question, therefore, with which research has to deal is: how significant, in its implications and in its effects, must a product be to qualify for special study of the processes that led to its creation? This presents a very real difficulty. The creations of the most creative people are frequently ignored, or not sufficiently appreciated, during the lifetime of the creator. So, to be safe, we would have to study persons whose work is already part of the history of science, or of art, or of literature. Such study is revealing, but the records are incomplete, and we cannot question the dead and subject them to experimental test situations. Much of the recent research has been based on the study of living persons, about whose superior productivity there is a great measure of agreement among people regarded as competent to judge. For instance, in a study by MacKinnon and his associates (5) at Berkeley in California the opinions of architects throughout the U.S.A. were sought on the creativity or architects. The profession itself as it were, decided who were the living architects who had made the

greatest contributions to architecture. On 64 names there was considerable agreement; 40 of these persons were willing to take part in the research. Similarly physicists and chemists, industrial research workers, engineers, mathematicians, and creative writers were selected for study. Of course, we all know that there are not likely to be 40 Sir Christopher Wrens in one generation, or 40 Galileos or Sir Joseph Priestleys or Shakespeares, and we know that the method of selection has its serious sources of error.

If we look at our cone again you will notice that I have written a sentence backwards. In studying creativity we can direct our attention to the final act of the creative process: what was actually going on in Einstein when he conceived the theory of relativity? How did the final spark of insight come about, what immediately preceded it? Are there any characteristics of his own 'subjective' experience that stand out? This kind of question is perhaps the one that has been most frequently asked. The French mathematician Hadamard has done this, for instance, in his book *The Psychology of Invention in the Mathematical Field* (4), and we have some good documentation of the process of artistic creation in a book by Ghiselin, entitled *The Creative Process* (3). To look at the creative process preceding and ending in the creation of something new is, of course, peculiarly fascinating: we are enabled to peep in, as it were, on the great thinker, the great artist, the great poet at work. I shall deal with some of the phenomena that we encounter here a little later.

However, every creative act is always the creative act of a person. The next question that we have to ask, therefore, could legitimately be: what are the persons like, who become creative? What, if anything, distinguishes them from persons who do not become creative?

A person who becomes creative is not just a person in isolation, tucked away in the capsule of his private world, unrelated to and uninfluenced by the people, the events, and the reality around him. He becomes creative in a particular situation and at a particular period in time. By situation I mean, among other things, the people who constitute his significant world, the values which the people who matter to him place on what concerns him, the active encouragement, the indifference, the incomprehension, and the hostility which he meets. I mean also the opportunities which come his way. So we might ask: are there particular kinds of situations which are essential, if persons, potentially capable of becoming creative, are in fact to create something significant?

You will notice that under 'of a person' I have written 'who has become as he is in the course of his development', and under 'in a particular situation' 'preceded by other situations'. If a person and situation, at the time when the creative processes occur, are inseparable, so are the past history of the person and the history of the situations in which he has existed and formed his own world.

There is still another kind of question that may legitimately be asked in the study of creativity. The term situation, as I meant it to be understood, refers as it were to the condition of the personal, close, immediately relevant environment. But this situation, as well as the person, is also part of, or embedded in, a particular socio-cultural context and in a context of intellectual assumptions, ideas, theories, and aspirations, and these in turn have their historical roots and antecedents. We cannot help asking: why is it that certain forms of creativity seem to thrive in a certain socio-cultural context and in a certain age, and not in others? Why did art flourish during the Renaissance and biology in the nineteenth century? Or to put the question differently: what would have been Michelangelo's contribution if he had lived in the nineteenth century and Darwin's in the sixteenth? Would their names even be known today? Must the genius of a person be matched with the genius of a culture, a place, and a time? We cannot tell, but it is a significant question, well worth speculating about. There is some very ambitious so-called cross-cultural research of an empirical nature, and on a grand scale, being conducted into this question at present(1); I doubt that the available methods of psychological enquiry are equal to the task. What we do know is that creativity often asserts itself in the face of the most unpropitious circumstances, and changes the circumstances. Perhaps that is its very essence.

Let us take one last look at the diagram, before going into detail. The cone shape is chosen to indicate that as we move towards the left we are dealing with broader and broader issues. The sentence, written from right to left reads: The creative act is always the act of a person, who has become as he is in the course of his development, in a particular situation, preceded by other situations, as well as in a particular socio-cultural and intellectual context, which has its historical roots and antecedents. As with every sentence the meaning of the sentence as a whole has functional precedence over the meanings of its distinguishable parts. This I ask you to bear in mind when now we proceed to analyse the meanings of some of the parts of this sentence. I shall focus on the person, but bring into the ambit of my discussion, wherever appropriate, the creative process itself, the situation, and the socio-cultural context.

Let us turn now to the question: what are some of the characteristics of the persons who have already proved their superior creativity? In reporting on answers to this question I shall cite mainly from the work of MacKinnon and his associates, though other studies are available to corroborate some of the findings of this group of investigators. It would be interesting to say something about the methods of study employed, beyond what I indicated briefly, when I first mentioned MacKinnon(5) earlier on, about the choice of persons regarded as creative, but time and the specific purpose of this lecture restrain me from doing so. I remind you only that the people selected for special study were physicists,

chemists, industrial research workers, engineers, mathematicians, architects and creative writers. The majority of those who were approached and requested to supply information about themselves, and to subject themselves to a variety of test procedures, co-operated wholeheartedly, though some couldn't be bothered and a few were indignant at the very thought of—as one poet put it—'having their heads tooken apart'. Whether the co-operators and the non-co-operators differed in their personalities, and if so, whether in this respect they differed as much as in their reactions to the importunity of the psychologists, we cannot tell. What we do know is that there was no evidence that those who refused to co-operate were either more or less creative than those who co-operated.

The first finding that I wish to mention is with regard to the intelligence of the creative people studied. By intelligence here I mean intelligence as measured by the intelligence tests commonly in use. Among the persons studied there was none with an intelligence below the average. But then, there are no students in this audience with an intelligence below the average of the population as a whole—I know this, because the records of the testing to which freshers have to subject themselves show this, and in any case, no student with an I.Q. of less than 100 would be likely to pass the Matriculation examination. The really significant point that emerges is that there was no correlation whatsoever between the degree of measured intelligence of the persons and their creativity, except in the case of the mathematicians, where there was a slight correlation. It seems that, provided a person is endowed with a certain minimum of intelligence, not markedly above the average of the whole population, say high average, he can become highly creative and make important contributions, even in physics and in the rarefied atmosphere of mathematics. Not that high intelligence is a disadvantage; far from it—but it is not an essential; nor is exceptionally high intelligence any kind of guarantee that a person will become creative. The latter point is well documented in the research of Terman and his associates, who in the 1920's selected and studied children of very superior intelligence and thirty years later carried out a follow-up study of as many of these individuals as could be traced (7).

Of course, you may say, already in the eighteenth century, as a reaction against rationalism, a sharp distinction was made between genius and talent, and the distinction between creativity and intelligence merely substitutes new words. That is true, though an analysis of the meanings of the words would show some interesting shifts in the distinctions intended. What is really new is the empirical evidence to substantiate the distinction. And that does make a difference: it gives us a new sense of certainty and it commands us to stop staring at the intellectual ceiling of a person, which is what intelligence tests purport to measure, and to look for the conditions that release the creative powers that are inherent in persons.

A second finding to which I want to draw your attention relates to what one might call the mental health of the creative person. Ever since Freud and Adler tried to establish that there was an essential relationship between neurosis and creativity, the image of the creative person, in the minds of many people, has been that of an individual not quite balanced, neurotic, and sometimes bordering on the psychotic. Of course, one can easily point to examples of creative people where the image fits. A mentally healthy person does not cut off his own ear and commit suicide, as van Gogh did; and if one reads Bell's well-known book, *Men of Mathematics*, one can soon convince oneself that some of these famous mathematicians were very queer people indeed, and some were nasty into the bargain.

In the research of MacKinnon the creative persons did actually score higher than the average person does on tests designed to measure tendencies towards the major psychiatric disturbances, such as depression, schizophrenia, paranoia, hysteria, etc.

Does this, then, show that there is an essential relationship between neurosis and creativity? that if a creative person's neurosis is removed, by suitable treatment, his creativity will disappear? The poet Rilke was obviously sufficiently uncertain about this, for he decided against being psychoanalysed, because he feared that the psychoanalysis might not only exorcise the devil in him but also frighten away the angels.

I believe, as probably most psychologists do today, that the answer is in the negative, but that there is a grain of truth in the view that 'somehow' mental illness is associated with the creative person. Only, when we examine this grain of truth, a picture of the relationship emerges, which is totally different from the one that tries to *explain* creativity in terms of neurosis—for that is, of course, what Freud and Adler tried to do.

A study of the autobiographical data of the creative persons studied by MacKinnon shows that they had a tendency not to fit into the culture, and that this tendency had, in most cases, been reinforced by the conditions under which they had grown up. MacKinnon speaks of the 'cultural dislocation' of the families from which the creative persons came. By this he means that the families, for one reason or another—immigration, foreign parentage, travel, foreign schooling, or ideas on child upbringing different from the prevailing ones, *et cetera*—had a different background of experience, a different outlook, different and wider interests, different values from the other families in the neighbourhood. This does not mean that they were unbalanced people, eccentrics, Bohemians; but they were different, and conscious of it, and therefore more easily capable, perhaps, of questioning the validity of what to others appears unquestionable, and of imagining a state of affairs which does not exist. To be completely enculturated may produce a feeling of security, but it does not seem to promote the development of creative thinking.

Moreover, most of these creative persons were not only different, and conscious of it, but they were actively encouraged by their parents to be independent. This independence seems to have been reinforced in many cases by a circumstance which pious speakers at school speech days often hold responsible for the modern child's lack of interest in the school and for all his delinquencies: they had working mothers. Now I do not plead for mothers to go out and to work. But these mothers were certainly prevented by their own very interesting and satisfying work from developing a clinging and over-possessive attitude towards their children—a real danger in the modern small family. But more important: they were not prevented from being genuinely interested in their children. Psychologically the latter point was probably the crucial one—not whether the mother worked or not. For a striking feature in almost all the families from which the creative persons came was a marked respect for the child and unusual confidence in his ability to do what is appropriate.

We are not surprised then to find that they were also non-conformists at school and at the university. This does not mean that they were all openly rebellious; only some of them were. Most of them were merely spirited in their opposition to ideas which they found unacceptable, impatient of the unimaginative teacher, or sceptical about what their teachers and professors taught them.

Now I do not want to be misunderstood. I do not think that we can derive a formula for becoming creative from the data that I have just presented. The formula certainly is not: choose parents who are foreign, widely travelled, socially deviant, with the mother working but nevertheless taking an interest in her children. MacKinnon's study is a study of creative persons within the context of American culture in the middle of the twentieth century. In a culture in which to be different is suspect and the pressures of public opinion are great, and the mass media tell you what you should know, and think, and feel, it may well be that the person who, by the accident of his birth and his enforced otherness, comes into this culture without being from the beginning a tightly fitting part of it, has more chance of becoming creative. The philosopher Immanuel Kant, in the eighteenth century, never moved from Königsberg and its precincts and was certainly 'of' the culture into which he had been born, from the very beginning. But he came to question accepted ideas, and nobody, not even the person who today might regard almost everything Kant said as wrong, would deny that he was a highly original thinker who helped to transform the intellectual landscape. It seems clear, then, that a simple theory of sociological determinism cannot *explain* creativity. But nevertheless, within the context of a particular culture, at a particular time, such as the American—and possibly this applies to the whole of the Western world today, with its highly standardised educational procedures and its powerful mass media—the socio-

logical facts which I have just described do point to something significant.

Sometimes it is the particular social circumstances under which a person grows up that make it easier for him to take a fresh and unconventional look at things, but the creative person may do this for other reasons as well. However, many of us are also capable of taking a fresh and unconventional look at things, without producing anything that may be regarded as truly creative. What distinguishes the creative person is that once he has had insights, he becomes committed to them and follows them up. In the language of existentialist psychology the creative act is described as an *encounter*. It is an encounter not just with reality as it is, but with the possibilities inherent in reality, and these become so compelling that they must be illumined, articulated, brought to life, given form and substance, and firmly anchored in the reality which man is constantly creating. This is true not only of the painter, the sculptor, the poet, the architect; it is equally true of the scientist and the engineer. For what is a hypothesis in science but a possibility of reality, which the creative scientist feels himself impelled, by means of experimentation and rational thinking, to articulate, illumine, give form and substance, bring to life and place firmly on the broad canvas of scientific theory, which is the expression of the world as the scientist sees it? And what is a bridge or the Simplon tunnel or the Panama canal but a possibility of reality that has become a part of the reality that we now all take for granted?

Creative power we must see as part and parcel of the very nature of man. The empirical studies of the creative process and of creative persons lead us to a conception of man that emphasizes two fundamental characteristics. These are: firstly, that man exists in a world that *is* as well as in a world that is *merely possible*, but can be intuitively sensed and imagined by him and, by a creative act, can be transformed into the world that is; and secondly, that a human being is open to the world.

By openness to the world I mean that the human being, in his relation to the world, is sensitive to and is in a dialogue with far more than is immediately relevant to his biological survival and the satisfaction of his fundamental biological needs such as sex, security, affection, power and the like. His world does not consist only of biological need-objects. There is an unfettered and open intercourse with the world, not limited, except perhaps in earliest infancy, to what impinges on the senses and either produces stress in the biological organism or removes it, but potentially unlimited and enriching.

Such phenomena as conditioning by early experience, by social conditions, by education—on the study of which psychologists quite rightly expend a great deal of energy and ingenuity—can give us a false picture, over-simplifying the phenomenon of creativity, unless we keep in mind explicitly the two characteristics just mentioned, plus the fact of encounter, commitment, engagement.

Let us turn again to some of the empirical evidence. First: encounter, commitment, engagement. This expresses itself, for instance, in the manner in which the highly creative persons work. The distinction between work and play, between creation and recreation becomes meaningless; they simply become absorbed in what they are doing, they cannot let go. This does not mean that there are not long periods also of painstaking work. William James was, in fact, so impressed by this aspect of the creative process, that he defined genius as 'an infinite capacity for taking pains'. But whether they are absorbed, because they are fascinated or whether they are forcing themselves to attend to details, in other words, whether it is an absorption which depends upon their openness to the world or one which depends on voluntary effort, it testifies to the fact that what is engaging their attention is exceedingly important to them. The flash of inspiration, which may come in a dream or in a relaxed state while on holiday, comes only to him who is committed. Whether it is a poet, a painter, a mathematician, or an artist, he will normally carry about with him an idea, or the germ of an idea, for a long time: it *concerns* him. It may concern him over a whole life-time, as the medieval figure of Dr Faustus concerned Goethe from the age of 23 to the age of 82 when, shortly before his death, he put the finishing touches to *Faust, part II*. There is no essential difference between the scientist and the poet in this respect. Hadamard, in the previously mentioned book *The Psychology of Invention in Mathematics*, was struck by the almost identical descriptions which mathematicians and poets gave of the process of creation.

Encounter, commitment, engagement are reflected also in the image which the highly creative persons often have of themselves. They are inclined to have a very high opinion of themselves and of the significance of what it is that engages them. This does not mean that they are smug, self-satisfied: far from it. It seems also that the sense of mission, of destiny, which politicians and statesmen frequently claim for themselves, is shared by many of the highly creative persons. This is a disquieting thought, for, in the case of the politicians at least, one suspects that the devil is as active in sending people on missions as the Deity is. Goethe—if I may mention him again, though I am reporting on observations made on living men—spoke of his *daimonion*, whom he had to obey, and he already saw himself in the role which he played in history and proceeded to write his autobiography *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Fiction and Fact). Creative persons—poets and scientists and engineers—may forget all about the time of the clock while they are absorbed in their work, but they become very conscious of the span of time of history, and even of eternity, in which their lives are just moments, but very significant ones.

Now: openness towards the world. One of the most striking findings on various tests of perception employed by MacKinnon and his associates is that the highly creative person—not only

the architects and possibly the poets, where you might expect it, but also the scientists, engineers, industrial research workers, and the mathematicians—showed the same preferences for rich and complex perceptual stimulation as artists did, on whom the tests had originally been tried out. In this they differed significantly from less creative people. Time and the fear of becoming too technical forbids me to describe the tests, but it is a finding to which MacKinnon himself contributes considerable importance. It ties up very well also with a finding relating to the method of work of the creative people and to another aspect of their self-image. In their method of work they tend to spend a long time taking in, taking note of, and playing with more and more facets of the phenomenon or problem with which they are dealing, creating as it were more and more disorder. This again was in marked contrast to less creative persons, who were studied; the latter tried to come to conclusions, to the final proof, or to the final act of creation, much earlier, never risking too much richness and disorder, imposing order prematurely. And the aspect of the self-image that fits in with this picture is that when they described themselves, as they are and as they would ideally want to be, the less creative persons spoke in terms of a wish for more originality and a desire for more self-control and self-discipline, while the highly creative persons above all wanted to be more sensitive. They are apparently not so afraid of being overwhelmed by what streams in, whether from the outside world, to which they are related or from their own feelings.

Third: the distinction between the world as it is and the possibilities inherent in it. We are not surprised to find that the scientist, the engineer, the industrial research worker, and particularly the mathematician, show a preference for thinking rather than perceiving. To take only one of them: the world of the scientist is not so much the world of ordinary perception, but that world ordered and explored in terms of networks of theory, laws, principles, hypotheses, and intuitive hunches, and it extends into areas where ordinary perception cannot penetrate. But what is striking, on tests of perception designed to bring out a difference between *sense*-perception, as a direct becoming aware of things, by way of the senses, and *intuitive*-perception, defined as an indirect perception of the meaning and possibilities inherent in things, is that all the highly creative persons, whatever discipline they represent, behave in a similar manner. I quote from a report(2): 'In the general population, three out of every four persons are sense perceptives. They concentrate on things presented to their five senses, and they focus their attention on existing *facts*. The one out of every four who perceives intuitively looks expectantly for a link between something present and something not yet thought of, focussing habitually upon *possibilities*. Highly creative people in all fields are overwhelmingly intuitive.'

I come back now to the question of the relation between mental

illness and creativity. To be creative always means, in some measure, to be isolated, for by virtue of the insights and the visions which the creative person shares with only a few, or with none at all, and by virtue of his encounter with possibilities of reality to which no-one else as yet responds, he lives in a world that may seem strange to others. The price that the creative person pays for this is often in terms of severe mental strain. The slightly higher than average tendencies towards the major psychiatric disturbances, revealed in MacKinnon's study, is therefore not surprising. But who would not endorse the words of Thoreau: 'He hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away?'

I hope that I have by now succeeded in bringing back the scientist from the cold (or is it hot?) outer space into which his own creativity and the incomprehension of his fellow-men, particularly of those on the arts side, have driven him, back into the fold of a shared humanity. For what to me is so very impressive in all the research that I have cited, as well in what I have not cited, is that, at any rate at the level of creativity of a high order, what is common to all is more evident than what divides and sets apart. There are, of course, real and understandable and legitimate differences of emphasis and of orientation. On these I have not dwelt. It appears to be at the level of mediocrity that the differences tend to be overemphasized. Perhaps that is one reason why we have so much mediocrity, in both the arts and the sciences.

I come now near to the end of my lecture, where I draw the threads together, and bring in explicitly, and not just implicitly and with passing references, the child, and ask: what is the relationship between the psychology of the naive child and that of the creative scientist, and in what way is this relationship revealing?

When we take the characteristics of the creative process and the creative person, which I have just described, then we find that most of them are almost identical with those that strike us when we look at the small child's groping attempts to explain natural phenomena. Allow me to list these, and then to illustrate from the record of one child.

1. The small child certainly takes a fresh and unconventional look at things. That is his most striking characteristic before 'the cool web of language' has wound him in, as the poet Robert Graves puts it—and language includes not only the ordinary language of daily intercourse, but also the language of science.
2. Openness to the world: is this not very obvious in the normal, healthy, happy, and secure pre-schooler?
3. The child too lives in two worlds—the world that is, in which facts are facts, and the adults can tell you what they are, and the imagined world, in which one can play with the merely possible and is free to imagine the plainly impossible. The mathematician—author, who wrote *Alice in Wonderland* for

his little nieces, knew this, and sensed his affinity with the child. Like the scientist the child works with hypotheses, and checks their validity by the evidence of his own observations.

4. The child too becomes absorbed, forgets himself in his play, which is his work—for, as in the creative person, the distinction between work and play becomes meaningless.
5. The child too shows genuine concern, and, when he has an encounter with a possibility of reality, he is capable of wrestling with it over long periods of time. I do not mean that he sometimes concentrates on one activity for hours; I mean that he comes back to the same thing that puzzles and concerns him over a period of weeks, months, and even years.
6. Children too do not need to have unusually high I.Q.s in order to develop the characteristics listed.

Now the record of a child. It is the record of a child's first serious concern about the phenomenon which engaged the minds of Galileo, Newton, and many other great scientists: gravity. The child is a boy, of high average, but not of unusual, intelligence, aged close on five years. The record gives him the name of 'L.B.'

I read from the record (6):

'L.B. had read to him a story of Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America. Much emphasis was placed on the fact that Columbus believed the earth was similar to a round ball in shape. L.B. listened quite intently all during the reading. At the conclusion of the story he commented: "You know, I think Columbus is wrong." When asked why he thought Columbus was wrong, L.B. replied: "Because on a round ball you could fall off—just like something flat." L.B.'s father said that he wasn't quite sure what L.B. meant, and L.B. carefully explained: "You know the round part? Well, you can take one step. But, then that's all, *because* that's the end of the round ball." The adult said: "It seems that way, doesn't it?" L.B. nodded his head: "That's right, Daddy."

'The adult . . . did not tell the child where he was wrong. Rather, some nine days later a small globe of the earth was given to L.B. The various land surfaces were depicted in relief on the globe. L.B. and his father used the globe to trace Columbus's voyage across the ocean. Then India, Japan, and China were pointed out as the original destinations of Columbus. L.B. became very interested in the colours. L.B.'s father volunteered the names of the various coloured areas. L.B. recalled stories which he had heard in connection with some of these places. Then, during the discussion, he pointed to the bottom section of the globe, and very deliberately enquired: "Do people live down there?" An affirmative answer was followed by much spirited enquiry, during which L.B. announced: "They would fall off." L.B.'s father attempted to explain that the people were held to the earth by *gravity*. The adult made some rather rash statements about "everything" being "held

to the earth" by gravity. In a burst of enthusiasm, the father even used wooden matches with one end stuck in modelling clay to represent people standing all round the globe. L.B. listened very patiently to all the father had to say and then very diplomatically said, "Daddy, I don't believe in those stories about gravity." The father, somewhat dismayed, asked, "Why not?" L.B. shook his head: "Because an airplane can stay up and it doesn't fall down." The father replied: "You're right, airplanes don't fall down; but some other things do."[5]

But this was by no means the end of the child's concern. Although the child had at this stage rejected 'gravity' as an explanation, because it did not fit his own observations, it was now a concept with which he tried to come to terms. He trusted his father, and obviously the father was serious about it—not just 'telling a story'. His concern was noticed in his play over a long period. He did all sorts of things with toy or paper aeroplanes—to see whether they dropped to the ground. In the course of this he had new insights, and saw new things. He gradually found out that the air had something to do with it, and he noticed for the first time that aeroplanes have motors and propellers. In this way he convinced himself that the fact that aeroplanes leave the ground and stay up does not contradict the notion that gravity holds things to the earth. He was also seen to experiment with his legs, trying to find out how legs are lifted from the earth and pulled back again—by gravity.'

Today L.B. is not yet old enough for us to tell whether he has become a great scientist. What we do know is that very many children are not different from L.B. in their affinity with the creative scientists, and yet do not become creative as adults, not even remotely so. What has happened to the scientist in the child when the child has become a scientist? Are we as parents, as teachers at school and at the university, and as citizens, perhaps so preoccupied with fitting our children snugly and tightly into the cocoon of our existing culture and society, that they can see only the reality that is and not the possibilities that are inherent in what impinges on their senses? I do not pretend to know, I merely ask the question.

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THE ORGANIZATION OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

by R. BIRLEY

I SHOULD like to say first how grateful I am to the University of Natal for inviting me to attend this ceremony. It's only five weeks since I spoke here at another University ceremony. Let me make it clear that the invitation to speak to you today came to me before that occasion. To be taken on trust *twice* by a great University is the kind of thing which increases one's self-confidence. I like to think of it as a mark of respect to my profession. For, until nine months ago, I was what you are going to become, a school teacher. I should like to congratulate you not only on your success in the course of training which you have completed, but on your choice of a career. If you enjoy yourselves—I chose the word deliberately—as much as I have done for the last thirty-eight years—well, I can wish nothing more for you.

Naturally, as in all professions, some aspects of teaching are more exciting than others. You will have your dull moments, when, for instance, you will feel in the evening that what you want to do is to read a book but you know that what you must do is to correct a large amount of written work; you will have your exasperating moments when you feel that some boy or girl simply does not want to understand what you are saying. But you will be dealing with human beings and that is always interesting; unless you are very unfortunate you will, every now and then, know moments of real delight, when some lesson goes better than you ever dared to hope, when some boy or girl who has seemed to you an almost hopeless case suddenly turns the corner and you begin to be filled with hope about him or her. Above all, from the very start you will hold responsible positions, just because you are affecting the lives of people. Nothing does more to make a job interesting than the realisation that what you are doing matters, and you will realise that—or you ought to do so from the very start.

I hope that as teachers you will feel that you have a responsibility, not only for the children whom you are teaching or for the school where you are serving, but for the education of your country as a whole. I was delighted to read in an English paper a few days ago a list, drawn up by the National Union of Teachers, the most influential teachers' organization in England, of four principles which they expect to see observed when secondary education is reorganized in the various local districts through which schools

are organized in that country. I do not necessarily agree with them, but I think it showed a right idea of one of their functions as teachers. The four principles, which were stated negatively, were that they could not support schemes which did not provide suitable accommodation for teaching or that did not give able children as good an opportunity as they are getting now or which made the final decision about the education a child would receive at too early an age or —and here I shoudl like to quote the report directly—'would deny the teachers' right to develop the curriculum in a manner best suited to the needs of particular schools'.

I shall be considering some of these principles in a moment, but what I should like to emphasise is that I believe these are just the kinds of educational principles teachers ought to feel concerned about. I think that their views should be listened to, and I have no doubt that in England this expression of their opinion will be. Frankly, I feel that in this country the teachers do not have enough opportunities to give their views on broad educational questions, or perhaps it is that they do not take the opportunities offered to them. People often say that the status of the teaching profession is something of the utmost importance and they are absolutely right. Status is by no means only conditioned by salaries, important as they are in determining it. Status is largely a reflection of the degree of responsibility accorded to a profession.

Believing then, as I do, that, as teachers, you should feel a real interest in and a responsibility for general educational problems, I should like to say a few words to you this morning on a question which is now quite rightly regarded as a matter of most important controversy in many countries. I refer to the question of the right organization of secondary education. I know that you will have studied this in the course of your training. This is just as well as it is a very complicated question and I should keep you here for longer than was reasonable or endurable if I were to deal with it at all fully.

I shall refer first, in a grossly over-simplified way, to the history of the problem.

One of the first attempts to divide the educational process below the stage of the University into compartments was made in a speech by the great French statesman, Talleyrand, when he introduced the first Education Law after the French Revolution to the National Assembly in 1791. He suggested that there were two kinds of education, that which was needed by all citizens, and this should be free, and that which was needed for training for a profession, and this should be paid for. In nearly all civilized countries, during the hundred and seventy years that have passed since then, this division, though differently defined, has been maintained, but there has been one vital change in his definitions. It is now held that the second stage of education is also something needed by all citizens. There have been two main reasons for this. First, it is no longer

possible to make the clear-cut distinction which lay behind Talleyrand's division between manual and professional workers. Secondly, it is felt that democratic government lays responsibilities on *all* citizens which make it necessary for them to be given, as children, an education going beyond the mere attainment of literacy and the power to make simple calculations.

There is a famous and often repeated phrase in English history, attributed to the statesman, Robert Lowe, in 1867, in the debate in the House of Commons at the passing of the Second Reform Bill, which gave the vote to the working classes in the towns, 'We must educate our masters'. But Robert Lowe never said this—nor did anyone else. What he said was, 'I believe it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters'. It might almost be said that it has come to be realised that it is necessary that the 'masters', that is the people who are the ultimate source of authority in a democratic state, should not only learn their letters, but be educated, which means more than learning letters.

Two processes might be seen at work. First, once elementary education was provided for all children, it was realised that there were, among those who would not have been educated at all if education had not been free, some of considerable ability. To deny them the chance of receiving a secondary education seemed to some unfair, to others wasteful. I think my own country may claim the credit of being one of the pioneers in meeting this demand. The other process was an unconscious one to be seen in the educational history of many countries. What happened was that children began to stay on at school longer than was legally necessary and to receive what was, in fact, secondary education at schools intended to provide only elementary education. There are few more remarkable stories in the history of education than that of one of the officials in the Board of Education in England at the end of the century, who with great acumen noticed that this process, which was becoming general, was in fact illegal. He then deliberately stage-managed a law suit which brought it to an end in order to create a pressure of public opinion which would enable him to create a system under which gifted children from the poorer classes might receive a genuine secondary education, in a different school from that in which elementary education was provided.

This went only some of the way, however. Forty years later in England the Education Act of 1944 laid down the principle of free Secondary Education for all children. Nearly all civilized countries had already adopted this principle or were to adopt it. This has brought with it some considerable problems. I should like to consider briefly something of what we may learn about them from the educational developments in three countries, the United States, Germany and England, and in doing so I shall try, not so much to repeat what is in the text-books on Education, as to draw on my own experience.

First, the United States. When I was there in the autumn of 1956, teaching in a school as an assistant-master for a short time as a short rest from being a Headmaster, public opinion was first beginning to be anxious about the American High School. Ever since the days of Horace Mann in Boston, a hundred and twenty years before, the American Common School had seemed to be something absolutely sacrosanct. To quote the words of the President of the Carnegie Corporation which in February, 1957, invited Mr. James B. Conant to make a study of the American High School, 'it offers under one administration and under one roof (or series of roofs) secondary education for almost all the high school children of one town or neighbourhood. It is responsible for educating the boy who will be an atomic scientist and the girl who will marry at eighteen.' These are presumably regarded as the two opposite poles of intelligence. It was, I suppose, the Russian sputnik of 1957 which made this anxiety vocal. One fact that the Russian system of education is also based very largely on the principle of the Common School seemed to escape those who believed that it was the general acceptance of it which had caused the United States to fall behind. The grounds of the criticism stood out clearly enough, namely that the Common School failed to supply the necessary intellectual stimulus for the able, especially for the very able, child, or, one might say that the future atomic scientist suffered from his educational association with the future wife of eighteen.

I must admit that, coming from a country where secondary education is more selective than in any other country in the world, I was at first profoundly shocked by what I found in the United States. I remember once being taken round the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, usually referred to as M.I.T., by two young students. They asked me if they might include in the party a young friend of theirs, a boy of eighteen who was at one of the Boston High Schools (not one of those in Boston where there undoubtedly is an element of selectivity) and was hoping to come to M.I.T. After a little I asked the boy whether he thought he would be successful in securing admission. He was shy, but without any false modesty, and he said that he understood that he was considered to be a safe candidate. I then asked him if he had ever done any work on Calculus in his mathematics. It was an unfair question, perhaps, as I knew that it was most improbable. He said that he had not. I could not help thinking that about half the boys at the school which I came from in England would have done some work on the calculus before they were sixteen and a half and a good many before they were fifteen and a half. These were not boys 'specialising', as we say in England, in Mathematics or Science. They would have done this before they began to specialise, while their education was still a general one. In fact, nearly all the future students of classical languages at the Universities, who were at the School I came from in England, would have done some Calculus.

However, it did not take me very long to realise that, before he

had finished his time at M.I.T., this young man would almost certainly have caught up with his English compeers. Only—and this seems to me a vital point—his total education would have taken considerably longer.

The economic wealth of America makes it possible for them to afford this; our relative economic poverty does not make it possible for us in England ,or, at least, we do not think it does. I came to the conclusion in the end that education in a Common School, even when there is differentiation, is almost inevitably a slower process than that in a selective school. If a nation could afford this, it could afford the undoubted social benefits of the system of the Common School and the undoubted educational benefits of a more general education. I cannot help wondering whether this aspect of the problem has been given sufficient consideration in South Africa, where the system of the comprehensive secondary school has been adopted, for no one can say that the whole educational process in South Africa for the abler students is a particularly long one.

If one turns to the secondary school in Germany one finds oneself in a different world—at least, as long as one stays in West Germany and is careful not to stray into the so-called German Democratic Republic. I lived in that world from 1947 to 1949, when I worked in the educational field in the British Zone of Occupation in West Germany and in Berlin. The *Volksschule* (the Elementary or Primary School) is a common one. The Social Democratic Party hankers after a common school at a later stage also, but the real struggle is over the length of time for which the child will stay at the *Volksschule*. The Social Democrats, realising that it is almost impossible, or at least extremely difficult, to bring to an end the principle of the selective secondary school, have concentrated on an attempt to secure what is known as the *Sechsjährige Grundschule*, or the six-year primary school, from the ages of six to twelve; their opponents cling to the *Vierjährige Grundschule*, or the four-year primary school. I remember once attending in 1947 an important educational conference on the subject. The chief protagonists were Herr Grimme, the Minister of Education for Lower Saxony, who had been the last Social Democrat Minister of Education in Prussia, one of the greatest educationalists I have ever known, and Professor Wolff of Hamburg University, with whom I had always got on very well because we shared a consuming interest in Shakespeare's play, *Macbeth*. We spent a great deal of time discussing this play when we ought to have been considering the future of German education. It became apparent before long that the main argument for—or I might almost say the main emotional force behind—the demand for a four-year primary school was the insistence of its supporters that a child should not start learning Latin any later than the age of ten. This was very significant. It showed how strong in Germany were the claims of scholarship and scholarship is almost certain to suffer in a compre-

hensive school system. It's not for nothing that the most reactionary party in German education are known as the *Altphilologen*, the Old Philologues. One of them once summed up to me his criticism of the school system in East Germany by saying, 'They have reduced Latin to the status of Greek and Greek to the status of Sanskrit.' But it is only fair to say that most Germans whose field of scholarship is in Science would hold the same views. I may add that after the discussion had gone on for over two hours I intervened to suggest that possibly they might agree to accept as a compromise the English arrangement and take for passing from Primary to Secondary Education the age of eleven. In a brief period both sides combined forces to sweep me off the field of battle.

I think we have to accept as justified the view of at least the majority of educationists in Germany that, if you introduce a comprehensive system of school organization, scholarship is sure to suffer, unless, I should say myself, you allow more time for the whole educational process. Some would have it, however, that this weakness—if it is a weakness—can be overcome by differentiation in a school, adopting, that is, the principle of 'streaming'; this has become more common in the American High School, and it is the arrangement with which I am becoming familiar in the Transvaal.

But first let me turn for a moment to England. When the Education Act of 1944 was passed, it was generally assumed that there would be three kinds of Secondary Schools, Grammar Schools with a curriculum making it possible for pupils to go on the University, although it was realised that only a small proportion would do so, Technical Schools, which exist in such small numbers as yet that they may be left out of the discussion, and Secondary Modern Schools for those children who would not stay at school after the age at which compulsory education finished. Almost at once difficulties arose. I do not think that anyone had appreciated quite what a revolution in English social life had been created by the Act. Wonderful opportunities seemed to be opened up for any child who was selected for the Grammar School, whether he went on to the University or not. Then, and only then, would he be able to gain in due course an entry into the professions with a higher salary, greater security and a higher social position. But in order to be selected he had to do well enough in the examination held at the end of the Primary School course. Just as the fortunes of war suddenly cause the name of some obscure village, a Waterloo or an El Alamein, to become a household word, so the phrase 'Eleven plus', the age when the transfer from one school to another took place, became one known to every Englishman. The principle laid down in the Act was that children should be provided with the education suited to their ability. I can at least claim to have had some inkling of what would happen, as I remember saying when the draft Bill was first published, which became the Education Act of 1944, that there might well be great difficulties, since its promoters seemed to have ignored that fierce passion which dwelt

in the breasts of nearly all parents, the desire to obtain for their children an education for which they were *not* fitted. I have been told by many schoolmasters in the Transvaal that this phenomenon does not disappear in the differentiated, but non-selective school. Parents, they say, are constantly urging that their children should be in a stream higher than the one they are fitted for.

I need not go into the story of the controversy which has raged in England during the last twenty years. Under the English system of educational administration it has been possible for non-selective schools to which all the children of a locality go, usually called comprehensive schools, to be established in some parts of the country and not in others. A few days ago the Minister of Education in England said that one could no longer speak of Comprehensive Schools as experimental. This means that they may now be regarded as part of the normal provision of Secondary Education in England. But the dilemma haunts the educational administrator and the teacher just as embarrassingly as before. I referred a few minutes ago to the four principles adumbrated by the National Union of Teachers. One was that in any reconstruction of the system able children must have as good an opportunity as they are getting now, another that the final decision about the education which a child should receive must not be made at too early an age. Many would say that the Union is striving for two incompatible aims. This dilemma, however, is one that is widely recognized and constantly discussed. I should like to consider for a few minutes another aspect of the problem, which is, I believe, unduly neglected.

When I was in Germany after the war I made arrangements for hundreds of the most promising young school teachers in that country to visit Britain and see the schools there. I was not hoping that they would copy our system. The educational system of any country must be determined by its own needs and traditions. But for twelve years they had felt themselves cut off from the rest of the world and I felt that the experience would stimulate them in their work of reconstructing the education of Germany. Again and again, when they returned to their own country and I saw them, they told me that while they had been impressed by the English Grammar School they had not learnt much from it. It was very like the German *Gymnasium*. But what had really stirred them was some of the Secondary Modern Schools they had seen, for here was something quite unfamiliar to them, an attempt to discover the right kind of education for the children who were not at all gifted and yet, in modern society, must have an education which went beyond 'learning their letters'.

There are thousands of Secondary Modern Schools in England and the number which have carried out successful experiments may not be very great. But those which have are, to my mind, far the most interesting schools in England. May I give you one example? I happened to know well the Headmaster of a Secondary Modern School for boys which was situated in a London suburb. This

suburb was what is commonly called in England a 'dormitory town'; nearly all the breadwinners of the families worked in London, travelling backwards and forwards by train each day. It would be difficult to imagine a place more completely devoid of any culture. About ten years ago he invited me to come and see the boys of his school act a play. The play was *The Alchemist* by Ben Jonson. It was written in 1610, the year when Shakespeare wrote *Cymbeline*. It is an exceedingly complicated comedy; there are many changes of scene; towards the end there is an explosion when the Alchemist's workship is destroyed. You should realise that none of the actors was older than fifteen. It was quite remarkably well done, as good a performance as I have ever seen by boys. The scenery, entirely designed and constructed by the boys themselves, was very effective. The explosion was the most terrifying experience I have ever had in a theatre. After the play was over, the Headmaster told some of the parents that he had chosen the play because I had once told him that it was the greatest English comedy. I hastily pointed out that I had been quoting Coleridge. 'That doesn't matter,' he said, 'Coleridge is a greater critic than you are.' Later in the evening he said to me, 'You see, these boys in their lives very rarely, probably never, come up against anything that is first-rate, nor are they likely to do so in the future. For boys like these only the very best will do. Perhaps it may mean that some of them in the future will not be satisfied with the commonplace, the tawdry, the second-rate.' I thought at once of what has always seemed to me the finest statement ever made about Education. It comes in a prose work by Dante, called *The Banquet*. In this he says that the aim of the teacher should be to bring children as often as possible up against something that is really great, so that they would experience—first awe, and then curiosity.

But there was something more that I noticed. These boys had worked extremely hard and they were proud of their success. This made them proud of their school. They had learnt—in other ways as well as this, I have no doubt—to feel a responsibility for it.

It was another English Secondary Modern School that was responsible for the most exciting experience I have ever had in my life. It occurred in Berlin at the beginning of December, 1948. I do not think that it is generally realised that for five months after the Blockade of Berlin began in July, 1948, the city continued to be administered as a single unit, and the four occupying powers, Americans, French, Russians and British, had still to meet together to overlook its administration. It was an absurdly anomalous position, which we knew could not last for long, and by the end of November we were aware that the Russians intended before long to split the city. One evening at about six o'clock I was rung up in my office by the lady, a very remarkable lady indeed—a German—who was in charge of the Secondary Schools of Berlin. She was speaking from her office, which was in the Russian sector. 'Mr Birley,' she said, 'the most dreadful things have happened today.

May I see you?' I was in a difficult position as at half-past six I was due to entertain a German Literary Society at my house, to whom I was going to read a paper on *Othello*. I asked her if she would come to my house at once and said that I hoped that we might be able to have a few minutes before my guests arrived. Unfortunately she was delayed and only arrived at the same time as the members of the society. Poor lady, she had to sit through my paper, the discussion after it and the 'tea and buns' which followed, and it was not until after half-past nine that I was able to ask her what had happened.

What she told me was this. That afternoon there had been a meeting at the Department of Education in the Russian Sector of all the Education officials and inspectors of Berlin. Into this, without any warning, had stalked the Deputy Commandant of the Russian forces in Berlin, wearing his military uniform and with a revolver in his holster. He had proceeded to deliver a most violent attack on the educational administration of the city. He said that he knew which of them had been spending the money, which ought to have been used for education, on the so-called Air Lift, and that in a very short time those responsible would find that they would meet their deserts and the few who really believed in educational reform would be rewarded. As she told me of it, it was quite clear to me what it meant. The Russians were meaning to frighten those who were present so that, when the division of the city came in a few days time, they could come over to the Communist side.

'Then, Mr Birley,' she said, 'came the most Nazi moment I have known since the War.' I asked her what she meant. 'There was a complete silence.' It was an extremely significant remark. But, after a few moments, this splendid lady got up and answered him. From the accounts I heard later it was a superb performance. She started by telling him that, even if he was the general of an Occupying Power, he ought not to bring his revolver into an educational meeting, but leave it outside. She went on to tell him that he was lying. 'What was really insulting,' she said, 'was that you knew that we knew that you were lying.' The effect of her reply was to ruin his speech completely. After a few minutes he left the room, leaving the few Communist members of the administration to do the best they could and very soon they gave it up as a bad job. I have not the least doubt that the whole future of Education in Berlin depended on those few moments after he had finished speaking, and that it was due to her intervention that, when the division came a few days later, nearly the whole educational administration of Berlin came over to the side of the western allies, including nearly all the staff and students of the great Teachers' Training College in the Russian Sector.

The first thing I had to do was to ring up the members of my staff in Berlin and get them to come to my house as we had certain plans to be carried out as soon as we knew that the division was imminent. It was not until nearly one o'clock that I was able to

ask her the question I had been wanting to put to her from the first, 'Why did you do it?' Her answer was a surprising one. 'St George's-in-the-East, Stepney.' I knew at once what she meant. Some months before I had arranged for her to go over to England for six weeks. She had visited several schools, but one in particular had impressed her, the one which she now gave as her answer. She had been to it several times. It was a Secondary Modern School in a very poor part of London near the docks. What had impressed her so much was the way in which the Head Master had known intimately every boy and girl in the School and had made them feel that they mattered and were responsible for it. When she returned to Berlin she had said to me, 'Mr Birley, give me three St George's-in-the-Easts and I could revolutionise the education of Berlin.' What it meant was that at that crucial moment she had felt that she could not cut herself off—not from 'the free World' or anything grandiloquent like that—but from a small Secondary Modern School in one of the poorest parts of England. Was ever a finer tribute paid to any school?

And now let me look once more at the solution of 'differentiation' or streaming in comprehensive schools. Is it possible that a boy or girl who is in the 'C' stream of a school of this kind, whose academic inferiority to the rest is always made obvious in this way, who will leave before those in the higher streams and therefore never reach the chief posts of responsibility, can learn those most valuable lessons of responsibility as members of a community which the boys and girls had been learning in these two Secondary Modern Schools of which I have spoken? I make no attempt to solve the problems of the organization of the Secondary School. I only claim that aspects such as this one to which I have drawn your attention should not be forgotten.

I conclude by reminding you of the fourth of the principles laid down by the National Union of Teachers, to which I have referred. They could not support any scheme of reorganization which 'would deny the teachers' right to develop the curriculum in a manner best suited to the needs of particular schools.' Obviously that right cannot be an absolute one. And yet, when I remember experiences I have had in schools like those I have just described to you, I have no doubt whatever that no scheme of reorganization will produce a good system of education unless it regards the school as an individual, living community. After all, education should be an exciting and stimulating experience. Nothing does more to stifle the efforts of teachers to give children this experience than too strong an administrative control, unless it be that other great evil, which you will find in the education provided in all countries today, the sheer pressure of examination requirements. And, if you remember nothing else of all I have said today I shall be satisfied if you remember the words of that Headmaster in a small, undistinguished school in a dreary, unimportant London suburb, 'For boys like these nothing but the very best will do.'

LITERATURE AS TEACHER

by R. RUTHERFORD-SMITH

MUCH THAT is written about literature in general must in some sense be irritating and frustrating, because it is attempting to talk of one thing in terms of another. Art does not assert. Collingwood says, 'The artist's world is not a world of facts and laws, it is a world of imaginations.' It is a mode of thought differing in essential respects from science, philosophy, and religion. But art needs no justification. It has been practised long enough and earnestly enough by all mankind; it has been held in high esteem by all whose opinions are worth hearing, certainly by all cultures whose work we regard as valuable. And yet constantly we seem to be driven to devote thought to art, the kind of thought appropriate to philosophy, perhaps to science. It is with trepidation and more than justifiable modesty that I venture on a sketch of an aspect of an answer to the question, 'What use is literature?'

This attempt is to a large extent provoked by beliefs gaining currency today that literature concerns itself with questions which can more accurately or validly or comprehensibly be answered by some other discipline, such as scientific psychology. 'What,' students ask, 'can we learn about human behaviour from a study of Shakespeare or Tolstoy or Jane Austen that we cannot learn more rapidly, more completely, or more accurately from Freud, or Eysenck, or Margaret Mead?' Before we can attempt any answer to this question, another one must be put: 'What is it you want to know?'

We read of a lady who

> . . . was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
> That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy;
> Hire grettest ooth was but by Seinte Loy:
> And she was cleped madame Eglentyne . . .

and we can by an act of imagination re-create her in our own minds, take her quite seriously; and also appraise the art, which, embodied in words, permits us this possibility. We can (or possibly not) appreciate her as an artistic creation, an individual, perhaps resembling people we know in some ways, but also enjoying a unique existence of her own.

Or, we might find it more interesting and instructive to see her as a demonstration of anal eroticism, her reaction-formations unfolding by degrees, interlarded by what appear to be successful sublimations, the whole personality structure probably derived from

tensions and frustrations which occurred during her period of toilet-training. Her repressed interest in faeces manifests itself in the tale she tells, a particularly diagnostic piece of anal-sadistic fantasy.

These are both fairly sophisticated ways of representing human behaviour. We may ask, 'Need we be interested in either of them? What do they do for us?' From this, it is no great jump to ask, 'Why do people do things at all?' Our habitual modes of thought break down if we deny ourselves the right to question the motives of human behaviour.

In a very general way we talk about people either wanting or needing to do the things they do. Even to say a person does something against his will only makes sense against a background of a more painful alternative. I do not believe that it is straining terminology too far to melt all these three into the one word 'need'. I should therefore like to begin by considering, with a strong biological flavour at first, what we mean when we talk about human needs.

Natural selection has provided animals, including man, with the capacity to survive and often to flourish in the surroundings in which they find themselves. The most basic needs of all, without the satisfaction of which an individual would not survive, create mental representations which are experienced as hunger, thirst, the need for sleep, or warmth, and so on, and these set in train behaviour which is more or less related to their satisfaction. Other physiologically-based needs are less relevant to the survival of the individual than of the species, and produce activities, especially mating, and such things as nest-building.

We have no means of knowing the subjective concomitants of such behaviour in lower animals, but in man the satisfaction of these basic needs is experienced as pleasure, or at least as the removal of unpleasure. This experience of pleasure, a state we all recognise, but one which is difficult to describe or define, is associated with all human acts, even those far removed from the satisfaction of physical impulses. This is obviously not simple, since the possibilities of achieving pleasure or avoiding pain are manifold, and there is often a time lag between the act and the pleasure, the capacity for tolerating delay being generally regarded as a criterion of human maturity.

If we return to a consideration of the activities which satisfy the basic physiological needs of an animal, we observe that many things outside the animal itself are necessary for survival of individual or species. This survival is therefore dependent upon the animal's ability to utilise the material, which means that it must have some understanding of the world about it. I am not suggesting that the understanding is necessarily on a conscious level, but a termite knows (in a sense) what to do with wood. The higher the animal on the evolutionary scale, the more complex and variable

is its behaviour, the more varied are the ways in which it uses the things about it, and consequently the better-informed it has to be about these things. Remarkable though the activities of termites are, they are stereotyped. Only within very narrow limits are insects able to adapt to strange circumstances, and they show no noticeable interest in anything not directly relevant to their habitual mode of existence. A rat, on the other hand, will, for example, make nests from a great variety of materials from shavings to shawls. A striking feature of mammals is their curiosity. Dogs and cats, rats and reindeer constantly explore their surroundings; even cows will solemnly walk hundreds of yards to investigate an unusual object or noise. There seems considerable justification for talking about an exploratory instinct, using the term to mean behaviour which appears spontaneously, which arises from the inherited structure of the animal, as distinct from behaviour which is learnt in the lifetime of an individual. And to say this is to say that the animal *needs* to explore, 'needs' both in the sense that it is impelled to do so by some inner urge, and also that exploration and the consequent acquisition of knowledge may be useful to it. Instincts such as this are seldom established by natural selection unless they make for more successful living.

Man, whose behaviour is vastly more complex than that of his nearest relative, is even more in 'need' of a knowledge and understanding of his surroundings. In addition, the prolonged dependence of the human child on its parents engenders the need for a sense of security, and invests the unknown with the threat of fear and discomfort, a threat which never quite leaves us. Investigation and interpretation of the world about us may not necessarily be consciously felt as a need, but it is sometimes recognized retrospectively as a result of the pleasure or release from pain which it brings. Man has throughout his existence been engaged in a ceaseless exploration of the Universe, that is, of everything which comes within his range of perceptions. This is inextricably connected with his constant endeavour to mould the world to suit himself, to make it a more comfortable and a more enjoyable place to live in. The ways in which he questions and explores may be less or more sophisticated—because one thing leads to another. He may attribute everything he does not understand to the working of some Higher Power, and leave it at that. Or he may look further and decide that some things are explicable in terms of one mode of thought, and some of another. It is conventional to think of four main ways in which interpretations of the Universe have been attempted: religion, philosophy, art, and science. These are by no means mutually exclusive, but neither can one mode be engulfed or superseded by another.

The tremendous extent of man's activities argues a very considerable reservoir of human energy or motive power, which must have its source in his physical structure. Except in the most primitive societies and in the most hostile environments, man has always

found himself in possession of energy in excess of what he needed simply to survive both as an individual and as a species. His intelligence has, as it were, made short work of these problems. The surplus is at his disposal, not only available for activity, but in fact demanding outlets, seeking satisfactions.

It is an impossible task, but not altogether a futile attempt, to try to distinguish differing main trends in the tenor of human energy. For purposes of discussion I should like to suggest that human activity, apart from that which is in a simple and direct way necessary for physical survival, operates in three main directions: loving, hating, and exploring. These are clearly connected in complex and subtle ways, but the very fact that we can name them suggests the possibility of at least tentatively treating them separately.

I have already devoted a little attention to the exploratory instinct. The next one, love, is linked with sex in its physical sense, but no one seriously suggests that the two are synonymous. It has always been assumed that love may go far beyond sex, and operate in ways from which physical acts or intentions are completely absent. Psychoanalysis does very much the same thing by extending the meaning of the word 'sexual' to include 'all those merely affectionate impulses to which usage applies the extremely ambiguous word "love".' (Freud's words.)

Controversy about hating centres round its origin. In his final analysis, Freud decided it was a basic instinct in its own right, directed at destroying unities and ultimately at death; against this he set the erotic instinct, aimed at creating unities and promoting life. All human activities contain elements of both these instincts in different mixtures. Lately it has become common to consider aggressiveness as a reactive impulse, a response to the frustration of desires, but as frustrations of some kind are inseparable from human experience, aggressiveness or hating is a universal impulse, and certainly, however it arises, it can be a potent force in our behaviour.

The first object to which love and hate are directed is the self, because only by experience is the self differentiated from the outside world of objective reality. The gradual recognition, firstly, of the boundaries of the self, and then of other objects (people included) enjoying an autonomous existence of their own, is accompanied by a redistribution of instinctual impulses. As a man grows and develops, love and hate find new ways of seeking gratification, different objects to which they may be directed. The effects wrought by loving go far beyond what are necessary for the more obvious survival of the individual or of the race; and the effects of hating are usually to some extent thwarted in their aims of destroying either individual or race. The aims and objects of loving and hating are by no means immutable, but are to a very large extent altered by experience and by education in the broadest sense of the

word, leading them and the exploratory drive into new channels of expression which constitute the complex range of human behaviour.

I should like to suggest that literature (Art in general, of course) is an important aspect of this education, teaching new and often more satisfying ways of exploring, loving, and hating. The new needs can even take so firm a grip on a man that they lead him to ignore the satisfaction of basic needs. The lonely, half-starved researcher, inventor, or poet is a familiar figure in all developed societies.

I am, of course, not talking here of all men. Many there be who have very little or no surplus outward-seeking energy. Of these, some still have to devote their full attention to the basic problems of survival. Many others expend their available resources on the satisfaction and elaboration of their sexual or aggressive needs, either directly, as when 'Mods' and 'Rockers' meet in an English watering-place, or indirectly, on activities which are closely-related substitutes. Freud suggested that the energy available for civilised cultural pursuits was derived from what were basically physical-pleasure-seeking or aggressive impulses which had become *emancipated* from original *aims and objects*, though still retaining their general direction of loving or hating. This emancipation is not nearly as common or as complete as is generally imagined, and much behaviour which seems superficially to be unrelated to sex or aggression may be merely symbolic of physical acts or appetites. Societies other than the most primitive (and even this is doubtful: it might be safer to say simply, human societies) place some embargo upon the free and unrestricted expression of aggressive or sexual impulses, and hence make it necessary for the energy thus obstructed to find other outlets. How these restrictions came about is a big question in itself. They are obviously necessary for the survival of the society, which would soon be reduced to anarchy and collapse by an unhampered exercise of selfish personal desires. In fact, the development of social institutions is completely bound up with the redirection of basic energy.

Often, however, the outlets found conform to the letter of the restriction, but not the spirit, and contribute little or nothing of lasting value either to the individual or to society: they are too closely tied to private needs, too little freed from strictly personal shackles. Pornography is an obvious, and fairly extreme example, of something which ministers to unemancipated private desires; so to some extent, also, is so-called 'bad' art: writing, for example, which pretends to be more than simple entertainment, but fails to be art. Nevertheless in some people powerful influences may considerably free these needs and produce tendencies to form love-hate relationships with, to investigate, and to interpret or understand the Universe in ways which have more general value and relevance. We seek for things to love and things to hate, and our lives become enriched in proportion to our discoveries of the 'right'

things. We do not have to make all the discoveries ourselves: we have the capacity to learn, and have developed the means of communicating some of what we have learnt to our fellows and to succeeding generations.

As new aspects or sub-divisions of the main impulses are opened up, so too there are revealed new sources of pleasure attendant upon their satisfactory pursuit. These new aspects become 'needs' in their own right, often ousting earlier ones.

Having arbitrarily separated exploration, loving, and hating, it is now necessary to see that in actual behaviour these are interwoven, and also that the even more basic hunger and thirst are subject to modification. A simple anecdote may illustrate this. A friend invites me to lunch with him and then to visit an exhibition of modern paintings. We descend into one of those cellar-like taverns just off Piccadilly Circus and order oysters and stout (some learning is involved in satisfying hunger and thirst with these substances !) Later we find ourselves standing in front of the paintings, something we should probably not have chosen or enjoyed without considerable previous experience, and the pleasure we derive from looking at the works is subtle and complex in proportion to the subtlety and complexity of our previous experience. My friend's understanding of the paintings is clearly superior to mine, and the following day, exasperated by the fulsome and mindless press review of the exhibition, he sits down and writes a letter to the editor.

New ways of deploying our innate driving energy are discovered in many different ways, partly dependent on the original nature of the needs, partly associated with an ever-widening process of acquiring modified forms of need. Sometimes mere observation and introspection will suffice; this happens anyway as a matter of course, and is found necessary even by children. Simple direct teaching is also an inevitable source of new ways to satisfaction. In quite a real sense we may be directly taught explanations of natural phenomena, or even, for example, that a rose is good to smell and to look at. The combined influence of intelligence and experience demands more complexity and subtlety in the activities which we find necessary and pleasing. Science satisfies to quite a large extent our curiosity, but it studiously refrains from comment on some questions which come to demand answers; and then we turn, perhaps to religion, or to philosophy, or to art.

Art is concerned specifically with human experience. The behaviour of ourselves and of other people is from the outset a compelling object of attention, but its exploration may be carried no further than discoveries which subserve other activities. Literature has the force of making emotional experience an object of attention in its own right, an attention which brings pleasures and creates new needs which lead to further explorations, and so on. Of course, science, and particularly psychology, may also take human behaviour and experience as its subject-matter, but where psychology

assumes the viewpoint of a detached observer, literature invites participation in the experiences, this leading to discoveries of a very different kind. Psychology, in spite of its avowed intention of remaining objective, does assume that normality of 'adjustment' (defined in its own terms) is valuable. This is an attitude with which one would not necessarily quarrel, but there is a danger in adopting as a criterion of human effectiveness the success of relatively simple and often biological functions. It is a matter of historical fact that a man, unsuccessful in some aspect of psychological 'adjustment', may contribute to the life of himself and of others something possibly more valuable. One cannot automatically exclude from the category of effective men those who experience, for example, severe guilt or anxiety, or who indulge in unruly or perverse behaviour. There is a strong tendency in contemporary psychology to do this, and to say, 'These men would be better if this were not so', or to see men as aggregates of psychological 'symptoms'. This is a tendency resisted by literature, which takes as *its* criteria much less simple standards. In literature there may be discovered a more profound 'objectivity', that, for example, in Yeats's 'untroubled sympathy for men as they are, as apart from all they do and seem, which is the substance of tragic irony.' Deviation from psychological 'normality' or 'adjustment' may be irrelevant, or possibly even a prerequisite to the creation of work which enriches the life of mankind and which brings pleasure more refined, less transitory, and more truly satisfying to the impulse to explore.

Literature (Art generally) concerns itself with matters which are not adequately dealt with elsewhere. Whatever its origin (I suspect it is compounded of impulses to explore and love), man experiences the need for aesthetic satisfactions. Literature not only provides for some of these, but also teaches new forms of the need, and points the way to *their* satisfaction. Observation of natural phenomena may provoke a spontaneous delight in anybody, but when this happens to someone possessing not only imaginative powers but also the ability to communicate what he has experienced, his work 'teaches' his readers. On his way to work in the morning, a man might simply be engrossed in his crossword puzzle; or he might, looking round him, feel a surge of pleasure at the clear sunlight on still houses. Whatever his experience, it is partly derived from previous experience, and if this includes, for example, the 'Westminster Bridge' sonnet, his delight will be somewhat deeper and more complex, whether the verse is present in his consciousness or not. Wordsworth's poetry can therefore be said (among other things !) to have provided new and potentially satisfying channels for his outward-seeking energies.

Literature concerns itself with beauty and provides, as it were, a guide to the beautiful with an impact and immediacy foreign to other modes of thought. We can be told in many different ways that something is beautiful, but only in the ways which are also

art is there the possibility of communicating the experience itself of the beautiful. Art communicates not only with the conscious rational mind, but also with the unconscious, using imagery and symbolism, and particularly, form, to express things whose subtlety eludes ordinary language. Literature is also involved with something closely related to the beautiful: quality. It is partly instrumental in creating the capacity to judge: to distinguish between good and bad, false and true, and to associate goodness and truth with what is valuable and to be loved, and falsehood and evil with what is to be condemned or hated. Serious literature, however, never simply makes assertions of these. It provides the evidence in such a way that the attentive reader is led to understand, and in a way experience, the effects of human behaviour, and so to judge it, and so also to adopt more developed and refined ways of judging.

Science, too, has much to say about truth, but the aims, the methods, and the effects of what it says differ from those of literature. Science aims at providing, as far as possible, valid general statements about the nature of objective reality; general applicability is one of its criteria; investigations of individual phenomena are pursued only in so far as they contribute to this end, and when a statement is made, it is made quite definitely in general terms derived from what is common to the individual phenomena.

Literature is interested *primarily* in the particular, and in a different way. The writer's aim is to capture, give form to, and communicate particular experiences, and the reader's is to re-create these experiences for himself. The general effect of works of art is to invite a man to look at things in a new way, to achieve fresh experience, in a sense, to become a different person; and this is, in a very real sense, educational.

The 'educational' force of literature is very largely derived from its engagement of the emotions. The form in which a scientific statement is made is irrelevant to the essence of the statement: a translation into other words is usually just as good (though scientific statements or experiments are sometimes justifiably described as elegant, but this epithet is an aesthetic rather than a strictly scientific judgment), and scientific statements aim to exclude emotional connotations. In literature, on the other hand, though the form and the content are inseparable (and this is very important), we can say that the form gives pleasure, and therefore not only provokes closer attention to the content, but in engaging emotional participation leads to understanding at an emotional as well as an intellectual level.

To sum up: it is my belief that literature embodies, though possibly unsystematically, ways which have been found most truly satisfying of providing for and directing human impulses. It is educational in the sense that it gives to energy aims which lead to the realization of much of man's most essentially human potential.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM DUNBAR

by ROWLAND SMITH

EVEN DUNBAR'S most favourable critics have been remarkably apologetic about his work and often undercut their praise with asides or warnings of what he cannot do or what he does not offer. James Kinsley writes: 'His eye seldom reached below the fringe, or his mind beneath the surface, of that now remote Stewart court which was his milieu . . . His didactic and reflective verse is smooth without depth, subtle only in style and changing mood: he expresses the melancholy temper of his age with fine simplicity, but there is no provocative questioning, no restless seeking "after the whyes".'

C. S. Lewis is tentative in his final assessment of Dunbar, and restricts the enjoyment of his poetry to 'when you are in the mood for it':

> When you are in the mood for it, his poetry has a sweep and volume of sound and an assured virility which (while the mood lasts) makes most other poets seem a little faint and tentative and half-hearted. If you like half-tones and nuances you will not enjoy Dunbar; he will deafen you.

This sort of critical assessment together with the belief that his most exciting work is 'daft' or 'eldritch' will not, one feels, encourage new readers to pick up Dunbar's poems, quite apart from the linguistic difficulty of middle Scots. Even John Speirs, as spokesman of the middle ages and of a Scots literary tradition, can only offer the consolation of Dunbar's satiric writing being part of the 'speech of his locality' which was a part of a 'homogeneous medieval English community'. When Speirs couples this mark in Dunbar's favour with the belief that 'life' does not inform the language of his formal poetry, the homogeneity of Dunbar's locality must appear cold comfort even to the most ardent disciple of the belief in the life-rhythms of an organic community.

It is strange that critics cannot describe his range and interest without qualification, for Dunbar's poetry is not limited to the superficial, the deafening and the colloquial. The qualifications I have listed arise out of a misunderstanding of Dunbar's poetry and a misapplication of critical techniques to the work of a medieval poet. In some cases the answers critics have found are wrong, and in some cases the questions they asked were irrelevant.

The question of superficiality is a difficult one in the work of a poet like Dunbar, and does not arise naturally out of his poems. To ask 'is the poet being deep?' is often irrelevant in the poetry of

love allegory, formal celebrations and divine poems. What the poet is giving the reader in a poem like 'The Golden Targe' is so closely connected with the surface that to look beyond is often to miss the uniqueness of the poem. The delight Dunbar offers in such an intricately worked poem is a blaze of colour and movement, where a light allegory gives shape to a polished panorama of sights and moods. Because its strength lies in its polish and control, that does not mean that it is superficial. All that Dunbar offers is immediate in the poem, and the term 'superficial' in critical jargon is only meaningful when applied to depths which are not deep, discussions which are trite, unfulfilled promises of revelation or new meaning. To call 'The Golden Targe' superficial is as irrelevant as calling Versailles superficial or Chartres, or Raphael. Salvador Dali, on the other hand, might well qualify for such a complaint because of his obvious attempt at significance with a capital S, and so certainly does Speirs when he trumpets resounding platitudes like: 'There is nothing spontaneous about "The Goldyn Targe". We cannot afford to ignore this in trying to understand the meaning of Dunbar's work as a whole.'

The directness of the poem and its smooth movement are sustained from its first ringing line.

Ryght as the stern of day begouth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne
  I raise, and by a rosere did me rest:
Up sprang the goldyn candill matutyne,
With clere depurit bemes cristallyne
  Glading the mery foulis in thair nest;
  Or Phebus was in purpur cape revest
Up raise the lark, the hevyns menstrale fyne,
  In May, in till a morrow myrthfullest.

Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
Within thair courtyns grene, in to thair bouris
  Apparalit quhite and rede wyth blomes suete;
Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
The perly droppis schake in silvir schouris
  Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete;
  To part fra Phebus did Aurora grete,
Hir cristall teris I saw hyng on the flouris,
  Quhilk he for lufe all drank up wyth his hete.

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
  With curiouse note, as Venus chappell clerkis;
The rosis yong, new spreding of thair knopis,
War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis;
  Throu bemes rede birnyng as ruby sperkis
  The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis;
The purpur hevyn, ourscailit in silvir sloppis,
  Ourgilt the treis, branchis, lef, and barkis.

The poetic decorum of the poem is strictly observed, and the aureate diction is in keeping with the formal convention of both the dream and the love allegory. This is not at all to admit, however, that the poem lacks 'life' or that it is superficial. The aureate diction in no way lessens the immediacy of the poems and, in fact, its most striking features are the ease with which Dunbar assumes the dream convention, and the simplicity of the relationship between poet and reader. Beneath the glittering of the 'enamel', the directness of the poetry and the presence of the imagined scene are never in doubt, while the humanity of the observing intelligence continually manifests itself. The birds sing 'within thair courtyns grene,' and later are described with the light-hearted delight which gives the opening its pervasive joy and vigour:

> For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis
> The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
> With curiouse note as Venus chapell clerkis.

The 'skips' and 'hops' come as naturally to the accuracy of the description as to the overpowering Spring energy of the poem, while the rhythmic pause after 'curious notes' gives a flowing emphasis to the cheeky comparison with the intricate ('curiouse') chant of choristers. Although the comparison observes the decorum of the high style its effect is anything but lifeless or formal and gives a boyish piquancy to the already sparkling mood of the poem.

The same technical ease in rhythm, alliteration and tone brings out all the purring mirth in the line,

> In May, in till a morrow myrthfullest,

while Dunbar's manly directness with the reader brings out the joy in,

> The skyes rang with schoutying of the larkis.

Speirs writes: 'the aureate diction of the ceremonial poems of Dunbar the court poet is far removed from living speech, and therefore from life, including Dunbar's own, in any locality; it is in fact purely "literary" or "poetical", rootless, without actuality.' He does not quote any passages from these poems to illustrate what he means, so that although his remarks might apply to a showpiece like 'Hale sterne syperne', it is difficult to see how they can qualify 'The Golden Targe'. Not only is the formal framework of the poem accepted by Dunbar with remarkable ease, but the 'actuality' of what he describes is captured with consummate poise:

> On every syde the hegies raise on hicht,
> The bank was grene, the bruke was full of bremys,
> The stanneris clere as stern in frosty nycht.
>
> I saw approch agayn the orient sky
> A saill als quhite as blossum upon spray,
> With merse of gold brycht as the stern of day,
> Quhilk tendit to the land full lustily,
> As falcoune swift desyrouse of hir pray.

The simplicity with which Dunbar selects his few pieces of detail gives added, rather than less, bite and vividness, so that the details he chooses fix the mood of the scene in the reader's mind. Maidens are pictured 'with pappis quhite and mydlis small as wandis'; there are 'dredefull arrowis grundyn scharp and square'; above the poet's shield 'the schour of arrowis rappit on as rayn', and a broadside of artillery is so fierce that 'for rede (fear) it semyt that the raynbow rak'.

A comparison with Tennyson's 'The Splendour Falls' would indicate the difference between a poem which is poetic for its own sake, where pyrotechnic effects are dwelt on as an end in themselves (with a soulful moral thrown in) and the formal 'Golden Targe', where the aureate diction and conventional allegory form part of an easy, direct and basically simple relationship between poet and reader.

The 'sweep and volume of sound', and the 'assured virility' which C. S. Lewis mentions are positive qualities in Dunbar's poetry of all genres and are by no means confined to his satiric and comic poems. The divine poems have none of the inwardness which we associate with religious poetry today, but are deeply felt in their inexorable movement and controlled formality. Again it is the straight from the shoulder directness which from the first line, sweeps the reader into the midst of the poetic experience.

> Done is a battell on the dragon blak,
> Our campioun Chryst confountet hes his force;
> The yettis of hell are brokin with a crak,
> The signe triumphall rasit is of the croce,
> The divillis trymmillis with hiddous voce,
> The saulis ar borrowit and to the blis can go,
> Chryst with his blud our ransonis dois indoce:
> *Surrexit dominus de sepulchro.*

The stanza shows such obvious command and force that comment is hardly necessary, but it is interesting to see the strength with which Dunbar uses a still pliable alliterative tradition. Instead of limiting the rhythmic range of the verse, the alliterative effects, in the first two lines particularly, add to the feeling of tension and release when the intricate 'done . . . battle/dragon . . . black' tighten the line rhythmically and emotionally before the flow of triumph in the three c's of 'Our campioun Chryst confountet hes his force'. At the same time the way the liturgical Latin rhymes with a previous Scots line adds to the organic effect its triumphal ring gives to the mood of the whole stanza.

The flowing control of the divine poems has been recognized by critics, but few demonstrate the completeness which Dunbar achieves by incorporating Latin phrases from the appropriate religious service into a poem which embodies the mood of an event in the Christian cycle. The refrain from 'Done is a battell'

comes from Easter Sunday matins while in 'Rorate celi desuper', the Latin phrases are from the services for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Again the refrain rhymes with the Scots and the resumptive tone of its "et" rounds off each stanza completely naturally as an embodiment of the outwardness involved in the organized festivals of the medieval church.

Rorate celi desuper.
Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
For now is rissin the bricht day ster
Fro the ros Mary, flour or flouris;
The cleir sone quhome no clud devouris,
Surmunting Phebus in the est,
Is cummin of his hevinly touris
Et nobis Puer natus est.

I hope that the few examples I have discussed indicate the irrelevance of charges against Dunbar of superficiality, or the use of 'rootless', 'poetical' language 'without actuality'. Even more deeply rooted is the belief that Dunbar's greatest poetic gift is a wild Northern fervour and that, as C. S. Lewis puts it, 'if you like half-tones and nuances you will not enjoy Dunbar; he will deafen you.' Now obviously one of Dunbar's most compelling characteristics is his energy and vigour. In poems like 'The fenyeit freir of Tungland' and the dance of the seven deadly sins, or the rollicking description of the court dance, the rhythm beats an insistent frenzy into the scene. Bawdy jokes and personal lampoons add to the fervour generated by the clattering Scots of Dunbar's plain style, and the poems explode away once their impact has been made. Successful as these poems are, however, they are only a part of Dunbar's output, and their unique wildness has often blinded readers to the subtlety with which many of Dunbar's court satires are written. Even the boisterous dance at court begins with a snide comment on the fact that it is an attempt to imitate French polish which begins the riotous dance:

Sir John Sinclair begowthe to dance
For he was new come owt of France.

In the same way the vulgarities of the two married women and the widow gain added emphasis in their 'Tretis', by being juxtaposed with the formal opening, suggesting a poem of courtly love.

Again in the delightfully Rabelaisian description of the two rustics wooing ('In secret place this hyndir nycht') the vulgarity of what they say to each other is made much more funny by the ridiculousness of the nonsense love words they mouthe at each other, and the absurdity of their pretence at courtly attitudes. I am obviously not trying to maintain that a poem with so broad an appeal is subtle or refined, but that to group it indiscriminately in a batch labelled 'blasphemous' or 'eldritch' is to overlook the variety of its appeal.

Although not nearly as fully realised as the Miller's or the Reeve's tale, it has the same sort of vulgar jibe at the ridiculously incompatible nature of physical desire, and the words or attitudes humans use to talk about that desire. In its own way the poem is as much an energetic taunt at the human condition as is the picture of Alisoun, caught by the queynte and kicking like a colt while Nicholas pants the courtly, "for derne love of thee, lemman, I spille". Dunbar's poem begins with the same courtly gesture. The place is 'secret' and the lover maintains the traditional courtly position.

> In secreit place this hyndir nycht
> I hard ane beyrne say till ane bricht,
> 'My huny, my hart, my hoip, my heill,
> I have bene lang your luifar leill
> And can of yow get confort nane:
> How lang will ye with danger deill?
> Ye brek my hart, my bony ane.'

It is only the slapdash feel in the rhythm, the perfunctory nature of the 'beyrne' and the 'bricht', and the gawky alliteratives 'my huny, my hart, my hoip [hope], my heill [health],' which indicate that the poem is not to be a serious work of courtly love.

By the second stanza, however, the hollowness of the traditional position is made abundantly clear.

> He clappit fast, he kist and chukkit
> As with the glaikis he wer ouirgane;
> Yit be his feirris he wald have fukkit:
> 'Ye brek my hart, my bony ane.'

The rollicking tone then really gets under way and the humour is sustained energetically with the interplay of vulgarity and the absurdity of the love talk, details like the lady's 'white heels', and her titter, 'Your musing waild perse ane hart of stone'.

> Quod he, 'My claver and my curldodie,
> My huny soppis, my sweit possodie,
> Be not oure bosteous to your billie,
> Be wurme hairtit and not evill willie;
> Your heylis quhyt as quhalis bane,
> Garris ryis on loft my quhillelillie:
> Ye brek my hart, my bony ane.'
>
> Quod scho, 'My clype, my unspaynit gyane
> With moderis mylk yit in your mychane,
> My belly huddrun, my swete hurle bawsy,
> My huny gukkis, my slawsy gawsy,
> Your musing waild perse ane hart of stane:
> Tak gud confort, my grit heidit slawsy,
> Full leifis me your graceles gane.'

Besides this broad comic appeal, however, Dunbar shows in many poems a real fineness of control and sensitivity. In 'Sweit rois of vertew', the even tone, directness and rhythmic subtlety give the poem a delicate completeness.

Sweit rois of vertew and gentilnes,
Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes,
  Richest in bontie and in bewtie cleir,
  And everie vertew that is [held maist] deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercyles.

In to your garthe this day I did persew;
Thair saw I flowris that fresche wer of hew,
  Baith quhyte and reid moist lusty wer to seyne,
  And halsum herbis upone stalkis grene,
Yit leif not flour fynd could I nane of rew.

I dout that Merche with his caild blastis keyne
Hes slane this gentill herbe that I of mene,
  Quhois petewous deithe dois to my hart sic pane
  That I wald mak to plant his rute agane,
So confortand his levis unto me bene.

Speirs writes well on this poem and explains how 'you would expect "lily" where you get "rose", and "rose" where you get "lily"; they are interchanged: the lady is virtuous and desirable at the same time . . . Allegory and wit are thus brought together . . . this intellectual element, balancing the emotional, is exactly what the purely "local" love songs of Burns are without.'

The precision of the description of the lady's desirability is neatly balanced with the formal mode to give added bite to her heartlessness, and the rhythmic break at the last line of each stanza adds to the sense of a let down, that the lady lacks mercy and that the poet lacks comfort. The unexpected quality of the check in the sustained rhythmic flow rounds off the sense of dissatisfaction with the other virtues of the lady, and deliberately leaves the reader ambiguously disposed towards her. The emphasis within the last lines themselves highlights beautifully the central point which the lines oppose to the stanza they end: 'onlie' in stanza one, 'rew' in stanza two, and 'confortand' in stanza three. There is nothing 'deafening' about this sort of sensititivy, which is common to much of Dunbar's poetry.

His use of the refrain in 'Full oft I muse' is most subtle and give varying nuances to the poem. It is about the uncertainty and changeable nature of the world. The poet's mood becomes bleaker during the poem as the transience of the universe is made more and more plain in conventional terms. Against this picture the refrain, 'For to be blyth me think it best', throws a different mood on each stanza it ends, and really changes the meaning of the poem

from that of sombre Christian moralising to an acceptance of change. Not only does the poem mean something different without its refrain, but also the refrain is used in different ways in different stanzas to vary the tone.

In the first stanza it completes the sense of the other lines on the level of simple statement.

> Full oft I mus and hes in thocht
> How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
> Quhair no thing ferme is nor degest;
> And quhen I haif my mynd all socht,
> For to be blyth me think it best.

It changes to an echo of the idea that it is best to be 'blyth', and by the middle of the poem it is an ironic choric chant contrasted with the gloom of the rest of the stanza, and grimly highlighting it.

> Wald man in mynd considdir weill,
> Or Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
> That erdly honour may nocht lest,
> His fall les panefull he suld feill;
> For to be blyth me think it best.
>
> Quha with this warld dois warsill and stryfe
> And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
> Thocht he in lordschip be possest
> He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe;
> For to be blyth me think it best.

By the final stanza it becomes a simple statement again, underlining the thought of the preceding four lines.

> How evir this warld do change and vary,
> Lat us in hairt nevir moir be sary,
> Bot evir be reddy and addrest
> To pas out of this frawdfull fary;
> For to be blyth me think it best.

This sort of poise is characteristic of much of Dunbar's poetry, and in his urbane court work the finesse of his courtly manner is delightfully balanced. Although slight, the two poems on the Keeper of the Queen's Wardrobe, James Doig, are civilised insults of a delicate order.

> The Wardraipper of Venus boure,
> To giff a doublett he is als doure
> As it war off ane futt syd frog:
> Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I schawe to him your markis,
He turnis to me again and barkis
As he war wirriand ane hog:
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I schawe to him your wrytin
He girnis that I am red for bytin;
I wald he had ane havye clog:
Madame, ye heff ane dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I speik till him freindlyk,
He barkis lyk ane midding tyk
War chassand cattell throu a bog:
Madam, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is ane mastive, mekle of mycht
To keip your wardroippe ouer nycht
Fra the grytt Sowdan Gog-ma-gog:
Madam, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is owre mekle to be your messan,
Madame, I red you get a less ane;
His gang garris all your chalmeris schog:
Madam, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

The sequel was written after Mr Doig had pleased Dunbar and adds a twist of a polished knife.

O gracious princes, guid and fair,
Do weill to James your wardraipair,
Quhais faythfull bruder maist freind I am:
He is na dog, he is a lam.

Thocht I in ballet did with him bourde
In malice spack I nevir ane woord,
Bot all, my dame, to do your gam:
He is na dog, he is a lam.

Your hienes can nocht gett ane meter
To keip your wardrope, nor discreter
To rewle your robbis and dres the sam:
He is na dog, he is a lam.

The wyff that he had in his innis,
That with the taingis wald braek his schinnis,
I wald schou drownet war in a dam:
He is na dog, he is a lam.

The wyff that wald him kuckald mak,
I wald schou war bayth syd and back
Weill batteret with ane barrou tram:
He is na dog, he is a lam.

He hes sa weill doin me obey
In till all thing, thairfoir I pray
That nevir dolour mak him dram:
He is na dog, he is a lam.

Even when the revelry becomes coarse and more boisterous, the poet still retains his pose and detachment, as in the absurd tournament of the cobbler and sowtar, and its apology sequel, or the jousting for the dazzling negress.

Critics err in apologising for Dunbar, for his poetry has strength, subtlety, and a wide range of interest. This range is enough in itself to refute the charge that the 'real core' of his writing lies in the colloquial satiric poems, which for all their fervid vigour and humour form only a part of the poet's work and are complementary to his aureate poetry, court poetry, and divine poems. Dunbar is not a difficult poet to read although his ringing, immediate style is difficult to assess critically. The immediacy does not mean superficiality, and a reader who cannot enjoy the range and directness of Dunbar has lost a valuable poetic experience.

THE FIRST AND FINAL VERSIONS OF *LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER*

by D. R. DONALD

Very little has been written about the first version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

As might be expected the first and the final versions are, in concept, similar. Yet, paradoxically, the differences are such that the final version is justifiably considered one of Lawrence's failures while the first is comparable with his best.

Most important, is the difference in spontaneity and reality. The characters of the first version, as I shall show, are convincingly human in contrast to those of the final version which are wooden and inconsistent. It is this sense of life which gives the first novel a free-flowing energy through which the significance of the themes is progressively conveyed; and which holds one's attention, unremittingly, to the end.

Lawrence's intention in both versions is to establish the purity of desire; to vindicate passionate, spontaneous and vital contact between people. In the final version, the characters talk too much; philosophising, lecturing, but never living. The result is inevitable. One loses interest and the whole point of the novel falls away through a lack of vitality: how can one believe in passion and spontaneity existing in characters who are mere symbols of an idea; who are never, themselves, brought to life?

In the first version Lawrence weaves his convictions inextricably into the material of complex human relationships. The ideas are revealed, progressively, through the interaction of characters who are portrayed with the utmost subtlety and reality. Furthermore, he, here, distinguishes 'desire' as that force which, alone, can break through the barren fear-ridden life of conventional society. It is not the limited fulfilment of physical passion which is stressed but the fulfilment, born of passion, which involves the awakening of the whole imaginative being:

> All her self felt alive, and in motion, like the woods in Spring. She could not but feel that a new breath had swept into her body from the man, and that she was like a forest soughing with a new, soft wind, soughing and moving unspoken into bud.[1]

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* Published as: *The First Lady Chatterley.* Phoenix Publishing Co. Paris.

[1] Chapter V, p. 64 A.

This passage suggests the thrilling sensation of new worlds opening. Constance is no longer an isolated individual; she has become organically identified with the whole, silent surge of Spring: 'moving unspoken into bud'.

In the second version, Constance *must* marry Mellors[2] in the end or she ceases to transcend the conventional life. In the first, Constance has been awakened, irrevocably, into the vital flow of life. Thus, her continued physical contact with Parkin—although it is desirable—is not necessary for her to maintain her contact with life.

In the first version alone, this force—desire—is given a universal significance:

> It is the stream of desire which should flow all the time, as a rule softly and deeply and unconscious, only at period surging up into definite passionate desire, and sweeping everything before it. The stream of desire is the stream of life itself. It is that which unites us; it is that, even, which makes a nation: The soft, invisible desire of people making a great swarm like a hive of bees.'[3]

In the poetic urgency of this passage, Lawrence defines desire as an ever-moving force which unites individuals into the stream of continuity: it is in fact the medium through which contact is made with life. Simultaneously, out of this soft perpetuity, arises the vital—almost destructive—power of passion. In this way Lawrence describes the nature and function of passion: It is destructive in that it destroys what is corrupt; yet since it arises out of the universal life-flow it is only the means through which a contact with that flow is attained. It is not an end in itself. To make us understand this is Lawrence's chief purpose in this novel.

The second important difference in the two versions lies in their relative complexity. The first version is more complex. In it one is continually aware of ironic contradictions. These arise out of the emotional corruption of both the upper and the lower classes: both manifesting their denial of life characteristically:

Clifford—as a member of the upper class—displays an almost fanatic concern with his own immortality. This immediately suggests the barrenness of his emotional life:

> He went off into a muse. He was so anxious for immortality, so anxious to feel that he would at last plunge and struggle on to that wide lane which is heaven's rampart, whence one can look down again on to earth before one turns into the full flow of the innermost heaven.[4]

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[2] The game-keeper called Mellors in the final version, is called Parkin in the first.
[3] Chapter XXI, p. 267 A.
[4] Chapter III, p. 43 A.

It is as if he is forced to create an idealised—intellectual—state of perfection which will compensate for his inner emptiness. He fears life: and it is the fanaticism in his denial of reality that reveals the fear.

In the industrial, working classes the fear is crudely revealed in their attitude to the Parkin scandal:

> She only wants to come up before the judge to vilify Mr Parkin and tell all the vile things he did to her when they were married, immoral things and horrible for a woman to go about saying.'
>
> . . . for there's more talk in the place now than I've ever known.

Mrs Bolton's description makes one vividly aware of the voracity with which the Tevershall people devour, then condemn, such 'immoralities'. She does it herself. It expresses their need to deny sex whenever it appears on the surface. They must besmirch it with terms such as 'vile', 'immoral' and 'horrible'. Yet one knows that the same 'immorality' exists among those who deny and condemn it. Again, it is the ferocity of the denial which reveals the fear and corruption which festers underneath.

The conflicts which arise out of the class difference between Constance and Parkin provide another source of almost tragic irony. Their contact can never be complete since it is continually thwarted by differences in social standing, intellect and way of life:

> 'Aye' ! he said. 'I'm a gamekeeper, at thirty-five bob a week. Aye ! I'm all right ! I'm Sir Clifford's servant, an' I'm Lady Chatterley . . .' he looked her in the face—'what do you call me in *your* sort of talk?'
>
> 'My lover !' she stammered.
>
> 'Lover!' he re-echoed. A queer flash went over his face. (He supplies the Anglo-Saxon word), and his eyes darted a flash at her, as if he shot her.[5]

Parkin's blunt insistence on the difference between them, and the crudeness with which he interprets their relationship, reveals his sense of inferiority and the resentment he bears Constance for having put him in such a position: yet he loves her in his way, and he is insisting on an aspect of their relationship that she may be ashamed of. This creates an inevitably tense, ironic situation. Nevertheless, one knows that the ultimate significance of their relationship is not really dependent on their social incompatibility.

These two ironic contradictions—Constance and Parkin's incompatibility and the subtle corruption of Clifford's intellectual 'sensitivity'—do not exist in the final version. In the first version, however, they not only enrich the subtlety of the novel but serve also

[5] Chapter XII, p. 155 A.

to sustain the climax. Since Constance and Clifford have, in the first version, a very real initial bond, it is loosened only gradually as Constance comes to realize the hypocrisy of his attitudes and values. Then, further, there is the struggle between Constance's will and Parkin's; and the perpetual tension caused by their class differences. This central complexity seems to reach its climax in chapter XXI where they eventually separate:

> He was trembling with conflicting emotions and pale as death. 'Why do you mind being so much beholden to me—or so little?' she said numbly. 'Are you afraid of me?'
>
> He looked at her in torment. 'I'm not exactly afraid of you,' he said. 'You're a woman as wouldn't let a man down in that way. You're on too high a level for that. Oh ay, I know it ! I respect you !'
>
> He stopped suddenly, looking at her.
>
> 'But you're afraid of me in some other way?' she said quietly.
>
> 'Ay !' he answered softly. 'Ay ! I am ! So I might as well own up to mysen' as well as to thee. I'm afraid of thee. Ay ! That's what it is, I'm afraid o' thee !' he spoke very softly, almost with bitterness.
>
> 'But why?' she said, her eyes wide.
>
> 'How can I tell?' he said. 'But you're not an easy woman, you know. You'd want your own way. And if I was beholden to you I should have to let you have it, or I should feel myself a rotter.'
>
> 'And what would it matter if you *did* let me have my own way?' she said indignantly. 'I should have thought you'd want to.'[6]

It is here that the very crux of their incompatibility is revealed; in Constance's self-willed pride; in Parkin's integrity and the fear which he has of Constance's will; and in the inevitable barrier of financial and social standing which is so persistently real. This sense of a progression which has run through the novel, has, in the final version, been lost.

The characters in the first version are conceived with 'imaginative perception'. Lawrence selects with sensitivity significant detail from a complex subject.

Parkin is as convincing a gamekeeper as Mellors is not. He is unpretentiously lower class: and it is primarily this which determines the originality and spontaneity of his character.

Mellors, on the other hand, is 'designed' to marry Constance in the end; so his values, social standing and intellect are made compatible with hers. Yet he must also have the romantic attraction

[6] Chapter XII, p. 276 A.

of being in the lower class. Consequently he becomes a tedious and unconvincing compromise.

Much of the 'attraction' of both characters is based on a certain vulnerability. Yet the subtlety with which this is revealed in the first version is greater than that of the second. Parkin is vulnerable in his sensitiveness. He has not the conventional exterior and corrupt 'inside' of his class—and he feels it:

> 'I've always felt it since I can remember—as if summat was amiss wi' me, an' I wasn't contented in my inside, like other chaps.'[7]

Typically, he does not understand it; yet he *feels* it strongly. This naturally precipitates a withdrawal from contact and he becomes intensely resentful of any intrusion into his emotional seclusion. Yet he *is* passionate and he *is* tender. As a result he both resents, and yearns for, his contact with Constance:

> He came up to her and looked at her most maliciously. 'Don't you feel you've lowered yourself with the likes of me?' he asked brutally.
>
> She gazed, hurt and wondering into his eyes. And at once his eyes did that strange thing she had never seen in any other person, darkened and dilated and seemed to give off quivering lights . . .

Lawrence captures, here, both the nature of his vulnerability and his consciousness of it. Since his desire is betrayed in his eyes, this suggests an almost spiritual depth and intensity of feeling over which—he knows—he has no conscious control. The ferocity of his resentment—for it is resentment—reveals this fear he has of his own passionate sensitivity: he fears its exploitation.

In contrast, Mellors's vulnerability lies rather in his physical fragility. He also bears a resentment against society: yet this is based more on his intellectual superiority to the lower class and social inferiority to the upper class. He is permeated with hate and a cynicism which destroys all the sympathy one might feel for him. It is significant that Parkin only vaguely understands his own resentment, while Mellors's hate of society is a subject for continual self-pity. This somehow allows one to feel sympathy for Parkin; yet one cannot be sympathetic with the self-centred cynicism of Mellors. Further, it seems incongruous that tenderness—which is meant to be found in Mellors—can co-exist with his hard and bitter hatred of humanity.

The greatest incongruity in Mellors is his amazing capacity for philosophic discourse: Whole pages of the final version are taken up with his lectures on sex ! The sophistication and religious intensity of his letters is ludicrous when one considers that he is supposed to be a lower-class working man:

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[7] Chapter XXII, p. 203 A.

> 'I love this chastity, which is the pause of peace of our loving, between us now like a snowdrop of forked white fire. And when the real spring comes, when the drawing together comes, then we can make the little flame brilliant and yellow, brilliant.[8]

The passage is intrinsically beautiful; yet it is too obviously Lawrence—not Mellors. Here lies the fault. Mellors is not a character but another channel for Lawrence's philosophy.

Parkin is completely different. He has a very limited intellectual capacity. His letters are pathetically uncouth; and at times he appears—and is—unashamedly stupid and gauche: yet he has an almost childlike simplicity and honesty: using the forbidden four-letter word, he says, "Why should na I . . . . when we both on us want it?' he repeated in broad dialect, smiling all over his body with amusement as a dog does.

> 'Yes, why not !' she re-echoed.
>
> He looked full into her eyes, and in his eyes a little flame was dancing with perfect amusement. He pushed his hat off his brow again, then pulled it back.
>
> 'It's a winder !' he said.[9]

His directness and naivety seem to purify the crudity: consciously, he can only express and understand their relationship in terms of his class. Yet the purity—in his eyes—of his intuitive comprehension elevates it above class. The gesture with his hat captures, beautifully, his own rather baffled awareness of these conflicting truths.

Parkin's physical attraction is far more subtly defined than is Mellors's. Mellors is attractive in appearance: he would almost pass as a gentleman in London; he has no 'fierce' moustache; nor does he have two teeth knocked out in a fight ! Yet Parkin, despite his ridiculousness, has a certain beauty that lies more in his aura than in his appearance. It emanates from the passionate tenderness which lies so full under the crust of his independence and arrogance; flashing in the dilation of his red-brown eyes. (Mellors's eyes are blue, 'tense and brilliant' !)

Unlike Mellors, Parkin has a certain male pride for which one feels admiration. True, it is a stubborn pride, yet it arises out of an uncompromising integrity of feeling:

> 'Don't yer see—' he said with a peculiar tense smile on his face—'it makes me feel small.'
>
> 'But why should it?' she cried.
>
> 'Don't yer see—what sort of a man am I, as couldn't provide for the very woman as comes to him an' couldn't make a home

[8] Chapter XX, pp. 326 B.
[9] Chapter XII, p. 156 A.

for her an' couldn't be seen with her without lowerin' her—can't even have his own children owned to for hisn? What should *you* think of yourself if *you* was me?'[10]

Again, this gives a twist to the situation. Parkin is right: he would become cheap—as Mellors does—if he had not this simple integrity. Yet, because he has it—because he *does* object—the bond between them can never be complete! All the anguish of this conflict is perfectly conveyed in the tenseness of his smile and the pleading, frustrated, 'Don't yer see—'. He is intensely aware of the contradiction in his obstinacy: yet he is equally aware of the importance of his male prerogative.

It is in the very complexity of these situations that Lawrence reveals his understanding of the subtle forces which are perpetually at work in any human relationship.

To create a convincing Lady Chatterley must have been a formidable challenge: a challenge which I feel Lawrence overcame in the first version alone.

The significance of her relation with the gamekeeper must depend on her 'chastity'—the 'pure desire', which I described earlier, cannot exist between them if she is not essentially chaste. This is not the case in the final version. The book opens with a rather sordid affair which Constance is having with Michaelis; a man whose cringing lack of price makes him more mongrel than man. We are told, further, that she has already had several 'affairs' with young men on the continent. Mellors, at this juncture, seems to come as a rather distasteful 'next-in-line'. Any subsequent attempt at evoking purity is contaminated by this initial impression of Constance.

In significant contrast, the Constance of the first version has a natural purity and virtue: she has an almost maidenly simplicity and reticence. In this way, her love for Parkin—and her realization of it—materialize gradually. She has to make a greater break than the Constance of the final version. The attraction and its mutual recognition in the first version are built up over the weeks during which she goes to sit outside the hut where Parkin works. She grows, unawares, to value his presence until she cannot resist it. Yet the development of this attraction has been so subtly defined that its eventual recognition seems inevitable. In the final version it is artificial and unconvincing.

For, with Mellors, the Constance of that book never seems to develop any vital contact. Her satisfaction seems to lie in the gratification of her sexual appetite, alone. In this she becomes selfish; and the bond between them loses its significance. This is particularly illustrated in her lack of emotional integrity:

He looked back at her. She saw his eyes, tense and brilliant,

[10] Chapter XII, p. 158 A.

> fierce, not loving. But her will had left her. A strange weight was on her limbs. She was giving away. She was giving up.

If she had felt a real love for the man—not just a need for her own physical fulfilment—she would never have 'given up' in the face of his 'fierce, not loving' eyes.

The similar incident in the first version illustrates a totally different attitude:

> He waited. And she could tell it was with a great effort he refrained from coming towards her. There was a powerful force that drew his breast strings to hers as by strong magnetism. She could feel it.
>
> 'What then?' he asked, short.
>
> She looked up at him helplessly, and in the instant he was to her and had his arms around her, and she was lying against his breast, where she *had* to be.[11]

The irresistible attraction, here, is the man. It is the powerful force of *mutual* desire which matters; which draws his breast strings to hers 'as by strong magnetism'. Her 'helpless' innocence and desire to be one with the man—'against his breast, where she *had* to be'—is far purer than the other reluctant, 'giving way'; 'giving up' in self-indulgence.

In the original version, Constance never loses her sense of values. There is a positive bond between Clifford and her which is based on the aesthetic values that they have in common. She is always fully aware of the importance of this 'other side' in her life. Once more this creates a paradox:

> She was extremely angry with Parkin for putting her in such a dilemma. She was so extremely angry with him because she could not forfeit him. She could not let him go. As for Clifford, it was not just the man in him that she clung to. It was all he stood for.[12]

Her anger with Parkin—since it is really unfounded—perfectly conveys the frustration she is feeling. And since she *does* feel this bond with Clifford, her alienation from him is, of necessity, a gradual process which takes the whole novel to complete. In the final version her values waver: thus, there is never any convincing bond to break; and the novel suffers since the conflict is lost.

Consistently with her values, Constance belongs inevitably to her class. She has a selfishness—a will to be independent which is founded in her class 'superiority'. It is, in the final version, a weakness in Mellors that he does not object, finally, to this egoistic superiority. Parkin *does:*

> 'But why don't I want to live with you?'

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[11] Chapter VII, p. 91 A.
[12] Chapter XIV, p. 179 A.

'Why? Because you'll never make a gentleman of me, any more than you would o' Flossie there.'

'You'll be as much of a gentleman as I want you to be.'

He turned to her quickly with that sudden dangerous move that always made her wince.

'Aye !' he said, 'An' 'ap'en I shan't—and shouldn't ! 'Appen I shouldn't neither: for I've no intentions of bein'.'[13]

Again, it is this conflict of wills—which is inevitable because it is bound up in their class differences—that prevents the fulfilment of their union. Yet it is just this incompatibility which creates the subtle, almost tragic, profundity of the novel. In facing it as an inevitable reality, Lawrence achieves far more than by altering his characters to circumvent it.

Clifford is never entirely convincing. He has an inhumanity in the first version which is carried to ridiculous extremes in the final version. Admittedly, he must be emotionally barren if he is to contrast with the inner 'healthiness' of the gamekeeper. Yet the wooden insentience of the final Clifford is hard to reconcile with reality: it is so extreme that the point loses its significance.

It is principally as a symbol of the upper class that the character of Sir Clifford Chatterley fails: in both versions he is too much of an abstract idea. Nevertheless the Clifford of the first version does occasionally live. His class consciousness is conveyed in his attitudes and temperament rather than in the tedious argument of the Clifford of the final version.

What the Clifford of the first reveals in his letters is significant in that it defines such typical, class-bound attitudes. In the way he starts his first letter:

'We've had a mild local excitement . . .'

the tone of his attitude is immediately set: the human element in the scandal is of no consequence; it is merely an 'excitement'. He obviously takes delight in the sordid details which follow; yet he veils this with a facetious sang-froid. This serves only to reveal the fear he has of betraying his own perverted interest:

> I am sorry to treat you to this especial bit of local garbage, but Mrs Bolton, our particular garbage bird, our sacred ibis, our intimate buzzard, suggested that her Ladyship might like to know. For my own part, the conjugalities and amorosities of Mr and Mrs Parkin are not my concern, I only do not wish that an excellent gamekeeper should be spoiled for me.'[14]

The very emphasis with which he transfers the blame to Mrs Bolton indicates a compulsion to deny that which he fears in himself: the corruption lies both in the sordid interest and in the denial.

[13] Chapter XVIII, p. 219 A.
[14] Chapter XIV, p. 172 A.

The last sentence of the passage again reveals the lack of human feeling with which the upper class tend to regard the workers. To Clifford, Parkin is not an individual; merely an 'excellent gamekeeper':

> 'What are they apart from what they do for us, after all? After all, what *is* Parkin apart from keeping the game? *Why* should I take him seriously?'[15]

(This sort of attitude is uncomfortably familiar !)

Significantly, the emphasis on the first Clifford's insentience is developed in congruence with Constance's alienation. Thus, although it is always present, it only *appears* as blatant once Constance herself has become fully aware of it. I feel that this 'technique' is justified in that it enables the initial bond between Constance and Clifford to be credible: it is only once Constance, herself, has been fully awakened into the warm flow of life—once she has stabilised her values—that she understands the hypocrisy and insanity of Clifford's attitude. At this stage it appears to her in all its blatancy:

> His one great relaxation now was the thing he had at first so despised, the radio . . . He was always looking blindly and abstractedly at his watch to see what time it was, which station would be calling. It became a passion with him to get the distant or difficult calls. Constance heard weird noises in the small hours and sat up in bed in terror.[16]

This short passage is wonderfully evocative of the uncanny, machine-bound inhumanity of the man. The unnaturalness in such phrases as: 'looking blindly and abstractedly at his watch' and 'weird noises in the small hours' conveys, symbolically, the perversion and insanity of his mechanical obsession. The passage further illustrates the mad intensity of his will to be active. This strange frenzy reflects the emptiness of his inner life which must be overcome through some external preoccupation. Consequently, his life ceases to have any contact with reality and other people: it is governed, solely, by a weird, self-centred will to triumph over 'life'.

These violent reactions against his inner deadness and crippled condition are rather pathetic; yet somehow they are also repulsive and nauseating, so rigidly barren and self-centred are they.

These all-important differences of characterisation in the two versions are not limited to the major characters. Mrs Bolton and Hilda in the original version are essentially individuals: they live. In the final version, however, Lawrence has made them represent 'types' and in so doing destroyed them as characters. More important, however, are the incidental characters of the first version.

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[15] Chapter X, p. 140 A.
[16] Chapter XX, p. 247 A.

These—mostly working-class people—provide a living and spontaneous background for the action of the central characters. In the other version they are, for the most part, omitted; and it is as if, in cutting them out, Lawrence let out some of the very life-blood of the novel.

The nervous vitality of Lawrence's descriptive prose is unmistakably present in both novels. Significantly, he achieves far more than mere description in these passages: in the evocation and association of images, scenes and atmospheres, he defines—always lucidly—their relevance to theme and character; this is often conveyed in complex symbolism: and this symbolism, of profound and original intensity, shows the supreme intellectual insight of his genius.

Such passages, occurring with startling freshness and vitality in the final version, alone preserve its integrity and intensity of purpose:

> Yellow celandines now were in crowds, flat open, pressed back in urgency, and the yellow glitter of themselves. It was the yellow, the powerful yellow of early Summer. And the primroses were broad and full of pale abandon, thick-clustered primroses no longer shy. The lush, dark green of hyacinths was a sea, with buds rising like pale corn, while in the riding the forget-me-nots were fluffing up, and columbines were unfolding their ink-purple riches, and there were bits of blue bird-eggshell under a bush. Everywhere the bud-knots and the leak of life.[17]

The symbolic significance of the description is immediately apparent: it is defined in the urgent rhythm of the poetry—for it is poetry. It evokes the unity of life; the irresistible rhythm of movement into fulness which is symbolically associated with the quickening of life in Constance herself. The power and force of the awakening is conveyed in every line; the celandines, 'in crowds, flat open, pressed back in urgency'; the primroses 'full of pale abandon, thick clustered'; the sea of hyacinths 'lush ,dark green'; forget-me-nots 'fluffing up' and columbines 'unfolding their ink-purple riches': 'Everywhere the bud-knots and the leap of life !' It is the repetitive, urgent richness, profusion and reckless vitality which create the effect.

The theme of disintegration is no less powerfully evoked in the depressingly vivid description of the industrial lowlands:

> The car ploughed uphill through the long squalid straggle of Tevershall, the blackened brick dwellings, the black slate roofs glistening their sharp edges, the mud black with coal-dust, the pavements wet and black.[18]

The insistently repetitive mention of the blackness and wetness of the scene generates a stark apprehension of its unnaturalness:

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[17] Chapter XIII, p. 189 B.
[18] Chapter XII, p. 173 B.

it is as if the coal, through its exploitation, has become a symbol of desolation; its fine, black dust having gradually obliterated all semblance of natural life and beauty.

Such passages are no less prominent in the original version, and, here, they are supported by Lawrence's sensitive understanding of class distinction. In this sense, chapter XIX is a masterpiece in itself. The class problem, which is so central, is here defined, not in terms of argument, but in the atmosphere of the Tewson household; in their attitudes and habits; and in Constance's reaction to it all:

> There were few people in the street's ghastly rigidity, a few children holding large slices of bread and jam, a man here and there, the queer ghoulish men of the iron-works, disappearing into one of the little entries between the houses. All the doors and all the windows were shut, though it was a fine afternoon. But they were parlour doors and parlour windows, which Constance did not know.[19]

This world is completely foreign to Constance: the houses, so rigidly repetitive; and the men, furtive and indistinctive, seem to belong to another species. Even the windows and doors are shut; seeming to signify a withdrawal from the natural world—from the sun and air. Yet this is only partly true: Constance feels this because she is out of contact with them. Her values and background are so radically different.

The atmosphere inside the house is equally foreign to the refined rather cold sophistication of Wragby:

> . . . She became aware of another small room that seemed full of people, and a table that seemed oversized, spread with a white cloth and many glittering things. ——
>
> ——'Hold on a minute, missis, there's me !' said a man in the background. He was medium-sized, pale-faced, but with alive grey eyes, perhaps a little impudent. 'How do you do, Lady Chatterley !' he said, holding out his hand. 'I'm Mr Towson—or Tewson—whatever you like to call it: otherwise Bill ! Pleased to meet you ! make yourself comfortable if you can. I know it's a poky business.'[20]

Despite the rather artificial—overdone—refinement of the 'glittering things' and the uncomfortable sense of over-population, the atmosphere is warm and spontaneous. There is a strong distinction between the superficial politeness and calculated hypocrisy of the 'Wragby' class and the effusive, yet frank, greeting of Mr Tewson.

It is the uncanny energy and unrelenting drive behind the whole affair in this scene which disconcerts Constance. She becomes quite exhausted. Lawrence conveys this in the dialogue which

[19] Chapter XIX, p. 228 A.
[20] Chapter XIX, p. 231 A.

spins back and forth endlessly; changing, without pause, from seriousness to triviality; from repetitive insistence to sudden acceptance. In this way, he reveals not only differences in haste and living habits, but the more subtle differences in feelings, attitudes and values. Yet through all this there runs an almost tragic overtone: one comes to realize, irrevocably, that however strong the emotional attraction between Constance and Parkin may be, they are ultimately, irreconcilable. Their class differences are too radical.

In conclusion one can only ask 'Why?' Why did Lawrence change the original version? The answer must remain an enigma —or at most a conjecture. More important, however, is the *existence* of this profoundly sensitive novel: a novel which anyone who is interested in Lawrence *must* read.

A. *The First Lady Chatterley*, Phoenix Publishing Co., Paris (first version).
B. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Penguin (final version).

CORRESPONDENCE

MEDIEVAL CONCEPTIONS OF LOVE

To the Editors of *Theoria*,

Gentlemen,

May I comment on Father Smith's last letter on the subject of the medieval Church's attitude to love?

1. Father Smith declares that, in an article dealing with the phenomenon of courtly love and the legendary story of Tristan and Isuet, he did not understand my use of the word 'love'; and he goes on to show that I was using it illegitimately by pointing out that it was not employed to mean 'what the theologians meant by love, nor those lovers who equated it with adultery, nor what the Concise Oxford Dictionary means by love'! (The fact that the Concise Oxford Dictionary definition, by implication, does not cover the sense in which the word was used by the theologians and those lovers who equated love with adultery should have suggested to Father Smith the obvious thought that dictionary definitions are not intended to lay down every legitimate use to which words may be put.) Perhaps it is here a case, as theologians say, of there being enough light for the elect, but enough obscurity for the reprobate; or maybe Father Smith read the article with *les yeux de l'esprit* and not *les yeux du cœur* (to quote a famous Christian apologist). On the subject of definitions, however, I seriously recommend to him a perusal, *inter alia*, of K. R. Popper, *The Open Society and its Enemies*. Chapter 11.

But, having failed to understand what was meant by 'love' in my original article, Father Smith seems to imagine now, in the light of my reply to his first letter, that he has understood; and he thoroughly disapproves of the sense in which he takes the word to have been used. But what *is* this sense of the word 'love', as used by me, to which he takes exception? (I would point out here that, beyond the statement that love is a passion, I made no attempt to define the word in my article, since it sufficiently defines itself as the text unfolds.) Let me quote from Father Smith what purports to be my 'description' of 'love': '"Love is a passion". "Love, by definition, meant a capitulation to the dark, enslaving forces of unreason. One can neither make oneself love nor prevent oneself from loving. Love is magic, transcending the sphere of responsibility and divine law".' This is a grotesque misrepresentation. 'Love is a passion', certainly: to this I subscribe. But the second

quotation ought, in fact, as the sense should make apparent, to be two quotations, extracted from different parts of the article. There should be inverted commas after 'unreason' and further commas before 'One'. The first quotation should then be read as my description of the attitude of the schoolmen, for which I have very little sympathy indeed, and the second as my account of the attitude of the Celts, for which I manifested some (it is poetic, is it not?), but which I made no attempt to uphold. True, I quoted these extracts myself in my last reply to Father Smith (albeit with a more proper regard for the niceties of punctuation); but I did so in an effort to elucidate, for his benefit, what I meant by the word 'passion', and not at all as a definition of the word 'love'. This should have been absolutely evident. In view of this, Father Smith's case evaporates, his appeal to readers of *Theoria* to 'hold this theory of love morally irresponsible' can be seen to be superfluous, and his rhetorical questions become so much *flatus vocis*. Furthermore, his contention that my distinction between love and *caritas* 'rests upon a total misconception of what the medievals meant by *caritas*' will will be seen to rest upon a monumental misconception of what *I* meant by love (that is, on the charitable supposition that it can be made sense of at all: for if my 'theory of love', as represented by Father Smith, is theologically reprehensible, as he asserts, how *could* the medievals have reconciled it with *caritas*?).

2. Father Smith will insist, despite all I have said, on dragging the medieval Church's attitude to marriage into this debate. 'May one point out', he writes, 'that love is normally supposed to have something to do with marriage, now as in the Middle Ages?' The question is: what? Presumably Father Smith believes there is a connection between sanctity and the priesthood; but would he affirm them to be co-terminous? (Can't there be unsaintly priests? And can't there be sanctity outside the priesthood?) Similarly with love and marriage: ideally they should go together, but in practice they often do not; and in the Middle Ages, because of the Church's attitude to love, which it seemed to be incapable of distinguishing from lust, they were considered by the majority of those who *had* a conception of love to be mutually exclusive. In any case, cannot Father Smith see that the Church's doctrine concerning marriage was itself a reflection of its puritanical narrowness? Let me quote from Distinction II of the fourth Book of Sentences of Peter Lombard, whom Father Smith admits he has not been able to consult, yet whose views on the sacramental aspect of marriage are asserted to be of major relevance to this debate. Of the sacraments of the new law he writes: 'Some provide a remedy against sin and confer assisting grace, such as baptism; *others are only a remedy, such as marriage;* others strengthen us with grace and power, such as the eucharist and others'. Not a very exalted view, surely? Does it not whiff of 'the crude notion of the avoidance of fornication' (to quote Father Smith) bequeathed to the medieval schoolmen by St Paul?

3. Aquinas did not forbid enjoyment in sexual intercourse, we are told: he forbade *fruitionem*. 'For Aquinas we can be said to "enjoy" (*frui*), in the full sense of the word, only the goal of our whole existence: God. In the passage Mr Royle quotes Aquinas means that one should not make a god of the physical delight of intercourse'. This is absurd. If we can be said to 'enjoy' (*frui*) only God, then *fruitio* in sexual intercourse will be either an impossibility (in which case it is ridiculous to forbid it) or a contradiction in terms. In fact, Aquinas's hostility to sexual pleasure extends far beyond a disapproval of 'enjoyment' in this specialized sense. Citing St Paul, he writes: '*They that use this world* (Let them be) *as if they used it not.*' And this, he makes quite clear, applies *a fortiori* to sexual intercourse, 'wherein', he says 'the mind is withheld' (from actual union with God) 'by the intensity of pleasure. For this reason those who have to contemplate Divine things or handle sacred things are enjoined not to have to do with their wives for that particular time; and it is in this sense that the Holy Ghost, as regards the actual revelation of hidden things, did not touch the hearts of the prophets at the time of the marriage act.' (S.Th.,III, Suppl., 41, 3). If Aquinas does not 'forbid' enjoyment in the ordinary sense in the marriage act, the reason is simply that according to him, it inevitably accompanies it. So although, ideally speaking, the marriage act need not be sinful when it is performed 'in order to have offspring' or 'in order to pay the debt', *in fact* it is always accompanied by a pleasure of which he can only disapprove. In this connection I should like to complete the quotation of the passage from the *Summa Theologica* (III, Supp., 49, 6) cited by Father Smith in his last letter. His quotation reads: 'If delight is sought beyond the honest good of marriage, so that a man does not think of his wife as his wife, but simply as a woman, ready to have to do with her even if she were not his wife, there is grave sin. And such a man is said to be *too ardent a lover of his wife*, because such ardour goes beyond the good of marriage.' The passage continues: 'If, however, he seeks pleasure within the bounds of marriage, so that it would not be sought in another than his wife, it is a venial sin.' And in his discussion of the question whether in the state of innocence there would have been generation by coition, a proposition seriously doubted by some of the schoolmen, Aquinas writes: 'Beasts are without reason. In this way man becomes, as it were, like them in coition, because he cannot moderate concupiscence.' (S.Th., I.98, 2.) (However, he expresses the view that in the state of innocence there would have been coition, as—and here he quotes Augustine—'*all the bodily members would have been equally moved by the will, without ardent or wanton incentive, with calmness of soul and body*'!)

That the schoolmen really did disapprove of pleasure in intercourse, and that their hostility had practical consequences, is a proposition supported by such a weight of evidence that it is well nigh fantastic that anyone should contest it.

But it is not only by pleasure that sexual intercourse is accompanied:

> The shamefulness of concupiscence that always accompanies the marriage act is a shamefulness not of guilt, but of punishment inflicted for the first sin, inasmuch as the lower powers and the members do not obey reason. (S.Th., III, Suppl., 41, 3.)

Well ! Well !

4. On the subject of the passions I should like to make the following observations:

(*a*) When I affirmed in my article that the passions were held by the schoolmen to be evil, I was not referring specifically to Aquinas, whom Father Smith quotes, and to whom this proposition could be said not to apply in the sense, and only in the sense, that his use of the word 'passion' is not the same as mine;

(*b*) Aquinas's use of the word 'passion' was not the only one known to the Middle Ages;

(*c*) On the contrary, as he points out himself (S.Th., II-I, 24, 2, and II-I, 59, 2), the word was used in both the stoic and the peripatetic sense;

(*d*) Although I made no attempt to define the word in my article, it should have been clear I was using it in a sense akin to that of the stoics;

(*e*) In this sense Aquinas held the passions to be evil; (S.Th. II-I, 24, 2 and II-I, 59, 2);

(*f*) Further than this, however, a case can be made out for saying that, even in the peripatetic sense, Aquinas held the passions to be evil (although not morally evil): for to say that the passions are good 'when they are controlled by reason; and evil when they are not controlled by reason' is not unlike saying that tigers are dangerous when at liberty, but harmless behind bars; and would it not be quibbling to dispute the proposition: 'Tigers are dangerous' on the ground that they are not dangerous behind bars?

I accept Father Smith's parenthetic apology 'for the lack of the signs of abbreviation . . . at the end of (his) brief quotation from Aquinas'; but would point out to him that points of suspension would have made matters worse, not better: for 'Wherefore they esteem them good' and 'Wherefore they esteem them good, when they are controlled by reason; and evil when they are not controlled by reason' are two quite different propositions.

5. Father Smith devotes a paragraph to his own views on love, which, although irrelevant, are not without interest. And, incredibly enough, it appears, although he seems not to realize it, that they are not dissimilar to my own. 'In love', he asserts, 'paradoxically, it is reasonable to lose one's reason for love's sake. This

implies no capitulation to the enslaving forces of unreason, however, no abdication of responsibility: this union of bodies and souls, self lost in the other self, is something to be entered upon with the fullest responsibility and responsiveness.' Can he have forgotten that in my article I wrote the following words: 'And so from this lay emerges the admirable lesson that reason must hold the emotions in check if their fruit is to be enjoyed. Fire consumes and destroys when uncontrolled; it is life-giving when harnessed. This is wisdom indeed, allowing as it does both reason and passion their place in the sun, but leaving it to reason itself to determine just what the place of each of them shall be'; and 'love is, after all, however civilized its forms may be, a passion which can express itself uninhibitedly only away from the public gaze, in the privacy of the forest or the bedchamber. It is there that we find refreshment in the forgetting of our civilized manners and allowing ourselves to be possessed by our love. For to possess one's love constantly is to destroy it; and to be possessed by it in public is a negation of the consciousness from which it derives its superiority (i.e. over the love of less civilized people)'?

As Father Smith says, love entails no capitulation to the enslaving forces of unreason, no abdication of responsibility: on the contrary, it is, occasionally, reasonable to lose one's reason, or, in my words, to give both reason *and* passion a place in the sun.

P. Royle.

P.S.—With regard to the question of predestination to damnation, I should like to point out that Father Smith's quotation from 'the apposite canon of the Council of Trent' does not prove what he seems to think it does, as it is a condemnation of predestination*ism*, a heresy with which, as he says, it is customary for Catholic theologians to charge Calvinists. (There is a subtle distinction between predestinationism, a heresy, and predestination, which it is a heresy to deny.) But even Calvin does not subscribe to the view anathematized by the Council of Trent: for he holds, in typical scholastic fashion, that although they sin of necessity, sinners are not *constrained* to sin, and therefore have only themselves to blame for their damnation (for even *his* logic shrinks from the conclusion that God is the author of evil). The Catholic Church may object to the term 'predestination to damnation'; nevertheless it believes that there *is* predestination (and not merely divine foreknowledge), that there *is* damnation, that man, being a fallen creature, can believe and do good only through the grace of an omnipotent God, and that the unbaptized go to Hell. (Some theologians maintain that unbaptized infants go to Hell proper, others that they go to Limbo, which is the least unpleasant part of Hell.) If, in his particular version of the doctrine of predestination, Calvin is a heretic, it is solely by virtue of the fact that he dared to carry these beliefs almost to their logical conclusion (as the Catharists did with the medieval Church's teaching on sex), thereby revealing for all to see their inhuman implications. (Fortunately, let me add, many Christians no longer subscribe to the most obnoxious of these beliefs; but their Churches for the most part do.) P.R.

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