FOCUS 22

GUEST ISSUE
a miscellany on
Sussex Teaching Drama
Womens Lib Letters & Reviews
Although this is not, strictly speaking, a guest issue of Focus, most of the contents have been gathered together by Professor Lawrence Lerner, who contacted a number of Faculty and students and asked them to contribute. One of his aims was to collate differing views on a particular course both by those who teach it and those who have studied it. "The Modern European Mind", a contextual course in Arts, and "An Introduction to History", an Arts prelim course are both examined in this issue. Are there differences in how faculty perceive courses, and how students regard them? What are the aims and objectives? How far, in practice, do courses achieve what they set out to do? In short, what actually happens in the teaching process? These are some of the questions raised by Professor Lerner and his group. In addition there are articles on such disparate topics as Women's Lib and a retrospective review by an eye-witness of the student riots at Columbia University in 1968. Professor Lerner points out that there is not as much symmetry about the examination of the academic process as he would have hoped, and that the contributions claim to be no more than the individual views of a number of students and faculty connected with two of many Sussex courses. We are delighted to be able to publish these articles, which without Professor Lerner's prompting, undoubtedly would never have been written.

There are at least two further guest issues in preparation, which would seem to take care of the rest of the academic year, even if only one of them reaches fruition. However ample space is available in forthcoming issues of Focus for any member of the University to write on any topic for which he or she feels inclined. Also any comments on this issue, which we would like to include in the March Focus, should reach the Editor not later than February 14th.

F.N.
participating, and other guests have been invited. The poet and critic, William Empson, will talk on some poems of W.H. Auden. Stephen Spender is talking about the social and political occasions of some of his own poetry. Cyril Connolly, writer, critic, editor of Horizon, is giving a general talk on the writers he has known. Details of times, topics and speakers are being posted up, and information can be obtained by writing to me in Arts A.

Frank Glover Smith.

IDS

The contract of the present director of the Institute of Development Studies, Mr. Dudley Seers, expires in the middle of this year and the governing body has invited applications for the vacant post. The Institute, which is an autonomous national institution, was established in 1966 to carry out research, teaching and advisory work in development studies. The centre is continuing to expand and expects to increase its present size substantially by 1975/6.

VO\U301LUNTEER

A request has been made for a volunteer who is qualified to teach elementary accountancy to take a class at the Ford Open Prison for men. Anyone who is interested should contact Mr. Julius Carlebach in Aris C.240.

OBSERVATORY

A small observatory, built on the hill to the north west of the Park Village was officially opened shortly before Christmas. It was originally given to the University by the late Mr. E.A.W. Madge, a well-known, local, amateur astronomer and has been erected on campus by the University to house the six-inch refracting telescope given at the same time. The observatory, opened by the wife of the late Mr. Madge, consists of a concrete base and brick wall, ten feet in diameter, surmounted by an aluminium dome with a canvas shutter. It can accommodate nine or ten occupants at once. The University Astronomy Society which was re-established last term will be the main user of the observatory, although it is hoped that links with other astronomy societies will be strengthened, especially with the Brighton Society. Local schools will also be invited to use it. The University Society will be primarily observing the moon and the planets and it hopes to motorize the stand for planetary photography.
The guiding principle of those wise men who first sat round a table to discuss the arts side of that new venture in learning - Sussex University - was, it seems, to give a truly liberal education; a nostalgic glance backward to the glorious days of the humanists; a search for a modern amalgam of the trivium and quadrivium; a reaction against twentieth century specialisation and linear thought.

May God us keep
From single vision and Newton's sleep.

A healthy thought. No student in European or English and American Studies can fall too heavily under the heathy influence of any one of the bastard disciplines. Literature is tempered with sociology, history and philosophy and the sociologist is made to imbibe some "culture"; there is even a glimpse of that other world of science.

SPIRIT
The "Modern European Mind" course is the pure spirit distilled from this collection of impurities. It is the climax of the Sussex Arts course. From the first year it looms large in the undergraduate's life - holding out both great promise and great terror. This is the point at which all these diverse threads weave themselves into the cloth which can be recognised as the tissue of twentieth century life. The mind, previously struggling with the intellectual - the formal concepts, finds itself at last in tune with the actual. This final ordeal past, the student enters the realms of pure light, of total knowledge. But remember the old story of the apple. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?"

Perhaps this is not at all what was in the minds that first conceived the idea of the course - but this is a student's eye view - a very young, hopeful and naive student maybe but I know I was not alone.

From the first year the student is encouraged to attend the various M.E.M. lectures to prepare him for the formidable task ahead. The problems begin to become apparent. Somehow a line must be drawn between simply giving a potted version of the thought and works of Freud, Marx, Nietzsche and Kierkegaard and, on the other hand, assuming a knowledge - all too often conspicuously absent - merely discussing those engrossing M.E.M. questions of existentialism, alienation, art and sickness, etc. None of the lectures I attended quite reached this fine balance - indeed I rather suspect it is unattainable. But my feelings were far from negative. I thoroughly enjoyed Jostovicz, in the guise of a psycho-analyst, lecturing on Freud. Similarly that gentle Catholic Thorby
MEM cont.
giving his view of that unhappy, protestant, existentialist
dane, kierkegaard. the decline of the west from martin
wight did give some kind of frame in which to work; and
so on.

TIME
To move to the actual course—the third year. My feelings
are mixed. I found it both stimulating and frustrating.
So many great minds to grapple with in so short a space
of time. It felt like a crime unforgivable to dismiss
dostoevski in a couple of weeks with nietzsche. But
life is long if the university term is short and there will
be time to read in detail the books so casually mentioned
—to fill in the huge blanks between those heavily
underscored passages that provided the m.e.m. quotes.
The three K’s, kierkegaard, kafka and camus, may in
time regain their individuality in my mind—when I can
forget the struggle I underwent trying to write a tutorial
paper on the theme “is the K in kafka really
kierkegaard?” during the duration I give up all hopes of
reaching the answers I had hoped for. But the course
over and after a little time to scatter the storm clouds
I realised that it had, in fact, given me more than I had
hoped for. I felt I had come to grips with an amazing
and varied group of writers. The cross connections were
indeed valuable. There was indeed some kind of common
mind there to study. But instead of finding the answer to
the 1970’s or even an explanation of the 1970’s it was
as though I had finally put the nineteenth century and early
twentieth century behind me; rather as one outgrows the
spots of adolescence. The solipsistic nightmare, though a
fascinating phenomena to study, was not mine. Authenticity,
seen now in perspective, became a formal problem—a
brain teaser, with no direct relevance to the actual fact of
living.

TOO MODERN?
"The world is neither meaningful nor absurd. It quite
simply is"—perhaps bobbe-grillet doesn’t appear on the
m.e.m. reading list because he is too modern.

2
by PETER STALLEYBRASS

M.E.M. is one of those Sussex courses which give the
glamorous prospect of dealing with big vague generaliza-
tions. Do you want to know if you’ve got a modern
European mind? Are you alienated, angst-ridden, the
victim of a military-industrial complex that forces you
to sublimate your desires? Do you agree with no less
an authority than jean-paul sartre that “consciousness
is a being, the nature of which is to be conscious of
the nothingness of its being”? You can hear a strange
mixture of marx, freud and nietzsche every time you
go into the snack bar, and yet how many people have
actually read them? They’ve more likely to have read
laing and guevara. Well, m.e.m. can’t give you the
key to modern life, but it can give you the chance to
read the works we regurgitate third-hand. It can give
you the chance to rethink what you expect to find in lit-
erature, or what the connection is between art and life.
At its simplest, the central problem of the modern
European mind’ may be seen in terms of a split between
man and nature. Whereas leibnitz could view his proud
and isolated morals as existing within an ordered universe,
a ‘great chain of being’, to many of the romantics (and
even to a comic writer such as storne) the fragmentation
of a world picture suggested disturbing implications of
solipsism. How did the consciousness relate to the ex-
ternal world? There can, of course, be many answers
to this question, but the m.e.m. course tends to posit
two approaches: firstly, that consciousness is dependent
upon, and perhaps determined by, the social world;
secondly, that consciousness is alienated from the external
world, or even that the ‘external’ world is a construct of
the consciousness. It is with the second kind of approach
that my course was primarily concerned, concentrating
upon kierkegaard, dostoevsky, kafka and sartre.
To kierkegaard and dostoevsky, consciousness is both
man’s disease and his possible salvation. Thus,

Kierkegaard can say of the despair that is a symptom of
the highly developed consciousness:

“the possibility of this sickness is man’s advantage
over the beasts; to be sharply observant of this
sickness constitutes the Christian’s advantage over
the natural man”.

But the prescribed cure for this sickness is disturbingly
similar to a manifestation of the sickness; the rejection
of the ethical norm, the assertion of reason’s insufficiency.
Rationally, man is incapable of comprehending the totality;
but in the negation of reason, in the leap of faiths, which
“objectively...is absurd”, man can learn to live in the
existing dispensation. In fact, kierkegaard posits the
absurdity of faith as an alternative to the sterility of
reflection. Consciousness turned in upon itself leads only
to the despair that goethe’s weither describes:

“Everything about me is sinking, and the world
going to destruction with me—Isn’t it then the
voice of the creature which is being driven back
into itself, fails to find a self, and irresistibly
tumbles to its fall”.

The tension between reflection and action was a recurrent
theme of my M.E.M. course. Dostoevsky’s underground
man attempts to isolate himself from the world of action,
because to act would be to step beyond the realm of in-
finite possibility into a limited area of experience. This
limitation is precisely the reason why the underground
man despises the man of action. When raskolnikov,
another morbidly self-conscious intellectual, commits
himself to action, it is to murder an old woman, thus
finally alienating himself from society. But in explaining
the subjective consciousness, neither kierkegaard nor
dostoevsky are unaware of its dangers. It is comment
enough that raskolnikov’s subjective value-system should
find its objective expression in the act of murder. If reason is insufficient, irrationalism is a lethal alternative. What is it, then, that makes an M.E.M. writer? In my course, the authors dealt with, (it might be claimed) exemplified, mental sickness. And the sickness was of a peculiar kind; that of man isolated from society. The reading of Dostoyevsky or Kafka is a peculiarly intense experience because you are caught up in a subjective consciousness which distorts the 'objective' world: the omnipotent author has disappeared, and the resulting uncertainty is such that one doesn't even know Raskolnikov's motives as a murderer. The reader's detachment is threatened, his sense of perspective disoriented, because he is given no more to work on than the ambiguous data with which Kafka or Raskolnikov have to cope. It is a disturbing experience because the precept 'know thyself' is pursued by a consciousness which either is unable to recognize, or deliberately ignores man's role as a social being. Like Raskolnikov, the reader is turned in upon himself.

LIMITATIONS

As I previously said, you won't find the answers in M.E.M., but you will get the opportunity to question your preconceptions, perhaps even to find out for the first time what your preconceptions are. I found it essential, though, to have other kinds of writing with which to compare the M.E.M. authors. A final tutorial devoted to Turgenev gave a necessary corrective to the limitations of the subjective consciousness. But provided the M.E.M. course isn't uncritically accepted as giving you 'the truth about modern life', you'll be lucky to find a more searching infuriating and stimulating course.

3
by STEPHEN MEDCALF

"The Modern European Mind", as a title and as a course, seems to invite ridicule from people who have neither taught nor studied it. An economic historian once said to me sympathetically 'I suppose it justifies itself as a study of the pathology of modern European thought': and a friend of mine received the title with so much derivative joy that we spent all one evening in a Brighton fish-restaurant composing an examination paper on the lines of

1. Did either Kemal Ataturk or Pandit Nehru have a modern European mind? If not, why bother about them?
2. Discuss sympathetically the relative maturity of "The Idiot Boy" and "The Idiot".
3. Either discuss Mann's views on man, or vice-versa.
4. Assess the contribution of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" to orthodox Zoroastrianism, or vice-versa.
5. Does Anna Freud have an Electra complex?
6. Would you agree that property and history are theft and bunk respectively?

Against this ridicule, one must set some undoubted facts. The course does introduce one to and enable one to study some writers and thinkers without whom literature now being written is unintelligible. So far as I know our courses, M.E.M. along with the European Foundations provides of them all the area where one can be sure of the finest responses, expect people to be thinking and feeling at once. And considered as an academic exercise, it does seem to have a good structure, with a hard core of central authors and defined questions and a softer area where one can explore more freely.

But what is this hard core? What is the course about?
At first sight, the answers seem so various that one begins to relapse into scepticism about the whole thing. Problems of order and freedom, says one person: alienation, says another: "the ways in which the literary imagination has responded to the problems of modern industrial society" says the syllabus, John Cruickshank offers a persuasive pattern in his "Aspects of the Modern European Mind", tracing out the results of a foretold revolution in our notion of what we are and have been, in the sense of "geological time, biological status, economic-historical dependency and unconscious life". Cyril Connolly in his "The Modern Movement" describes something clearly similar, which he regards regrettably as past, the age of literary experimentation and revolt which self-consciously regarded itself as "modern". Lionel Trilling, sketching out a similar course in his essay "On the teaching of modern literature" speaks of it as dealing with works that "undermine all the certitudes of the commonplace, commonsense mind" and laments the effect on his students. "I asked them to look into the Abyss, and both dutifully and gladly they have looked into the Abyss, and the Abyss has greeted them with the grave courtesy of all objects of serious study, saying 'interesting, am I not?'".

UNITY

Can all these descriptions be of the same thing? And, if one tries to treat them as being of the same thing, won't the result be what Martin Wight said in The Idea of a New University, qualifying an otherwise enthusiastic account "the undergraduate cafe talk when Mr. Betjeman was at Oxford in the twenties has been distilled into a syllabus:

'Coffee and Ulysses, Tennyson, Joyce, Alpha-minded and other dimensional, Freud or Calvary, take your choice'.

I think in fact there is a unity less specious than that, and that the descriptions given above are of one phenomenon, or at least overlap. But it undoubtedly takes some getting at.
The kind of unity one finds may indeed be partly subjective. The course is and must be partly defined by what touches one at the quick, touches one personally; I think that is the implication of the word "modern". But, since this would make it uselessly subjective and uselessly variable (I am not necessarily moved today by what moved me last year, however modern it is, and absorption normally diminishes keenness of touch) some general framework must be constructed.
Such a framework exists in the official list of authors, determined partly by an attempt to be representative through Europe and through the period when the modern age was founded in 1840-1940, partly by a coming together of such theories as I have mentioned above.
MEM cont.

Next, one must allow for agreement, a certain amount of horse-trading, between tutor and student. But finally one must give an answer to the question "What does it mean to me? What do I conceive of myself as doing?"

I find some sort of clue to the unity which I sense in the course in a remark on different kinds of obscurity by G. K. Chesterton in his book on Blake. It says that Browning is so eager to get to the point that he will smash a sentence and leave only fragments behind, while Henry James - refusing to accept on the mere authority of Euclid that the point is indivisible - tries to divide it "by a dissection for which human language (even in his exquisite hands) is hardly equal".

To divide the point - to discover in particular the point where our consciousness of the world begins - the point where our lines of perspective converge, at the back of our minds and in the beginning of our wills - because we know that our world is partly created from that point like a projection on a screen, and we must know what happens there - this seems to me to run through the authors of M.E.M. as their common work. The task is impossible, because it turns ourselves back on ourselves, plays tricks with a self-consciousness that, as Kierkegaard puts it, is already "a relation that relates itself to itself" - but it is a necessary task.

UNITY

One of the things that leads me to be convinced of the unity of the Modern European Mind in this sense is the uniformity with which C.S. Lewis seems to have rejected every element in it, except William Morris, Kierkegaard and Joyce, Freud, Jung, the ethics of D.H. Lawrence, Eliot's poetry (as style, not in content) Sartre (apart from the "wintry grandeur" of his style) all alike he finds unsympathetic or unreadable. In his allegory "The Pilgrim's Regress", in his fairy stories, in his book "The Abolition of Man", in his essay on Psycho-analysis and Literature, in the brilliant last pages of "A Preface to Paradise Lost!", and in his lecture "De Descriptione Temporium" he launched attack after magnificent attack on them all. The attack is worth reading, and illuminating. Indeed, Professor Dadoschs use of "De Descriptione Temporium" in yet another definition of M.E.M., saying that the gap which it describes between "Old Western Man" and the modern variety "is precisely what we study in our Modern European Mind course!

Lewis' primary objection seems to be his belief that you cannot be simultaneously conscious of an object and of your own awareness of it. And if you try to inspect your consciousness itself, then you are prevented by the fact that consciousness is only working properly when it is awareness of an object. You cannot see light: you see objects by light. To look back at your own consciousness of the world is to distort both world and consciousness - like the policeman who stops all the traffic in a street and then writes solemnly in his notebook "The stillness in this street is highly suspicious". To describe the unconscious hinterland of man as in different ways Kierkegaard, Freud, Joyce and even Marx may be conceived of as doing, is not only virtually impossible but normally immoral.

Lewis was clearly wrong in assessing the interest, wisdom, intelligence and even beauty of these writers. But logically and ethically he thinks almost right, not quite. For however dangerous or near impossible the business of looking at the back of one's consciousness may be, once it has begun, once doubts have been raised as to what is really there, the investigation must go on. Otherwise one remains asserting a surface without foundations, the rind of a tree without sap or roots. Lewis often comes near just that, yet he never quite did so, and in his last disconcerting books, like A Grief Observed and Till we have Faces, he reveals his inner strength by just such inquiries as he formerly condemned.

FAMILIAR

The Modern European Mind does then, seem to me a name which covers a necessary kind of enquiry. It is an enquiry which is dangerous and near-impossible. Hence the frequent fantasy, the nonsense, egoism and fraud. The authors of M.E.M. seem often wrong: but they are heroically and necessarily wrong. Freud can descend into amatory farce (consider his footnote on the discovery of fire in Civilisation and its Discontents) and in Lawrence or Nietzsche I think I find mere self-deception (a demand for the transvaluation of values which is right, and touches the quick, then a profession of moral advance which turns out to be demanding of us with puritanical fervour a mean and barbaric egotism). But with all that, their inquiry and their mental set is justified, and what they have given us is great.

The inquiry does not seem to me a purely modern one. There is a curious affinity between the time of the Roman Empire and our own, perhaps because of similar social problems, perhaps for other reasons: and when one reads Longinus speculating on the economic and social causes for the decline in human greatness, Ptolemy commenting on Plato, St. Paul wrestling with the nature of the human will or, above all, when one reads St. Augustine asking questions about the morality of slips of the tongue ("Even If I do not consent to it, there is still in me both something dead and something alive. Surely you cannot deny that this dead part of you belongs to you?") one finds oneself on very familiar ground indeed.

However, those authors do not seem to have experienced quite such a gap between themselves and the past as we seem to. They may have been the richer for it: and I am always sorry when I teach M.E.M. to people who have not looked at the other side of the gap in the form of the Europeans Foundations course. I do not think they understand Nietzsche, for example, properly and I think they lose much matter for their inquiries.

Still, most of the M.E.M. writers contain the gap within themselves and certainly I have found myself enormously advanced and indebted by the teaching of them. In the end, the kinds of unity I have sketched only lead to the study of them as individuals and there one is enormously enriched. The dangers are always there. I sometimes find myself speculating on the thought that the first years of the Second World War was a fight between Arnold and Nietzsche, in which Arnold rather surprisingly won. And there are gaps on any showing: Proust has just been supplied, but I am beginning to miss very much the author I began with - Chesterton. His mental autobiography, Orthodoxy seems to me both the book which has meant most to me in introducing me to the modern European mind, and in general enormously seminal. Try reading Marshall MacLuhan, Borges or W.H. Auden (a wide enough group) on Chesterton if you disbelieve me - or, better, look at the way in which he himself in Orthodoxy or The Man who was Thursday, deals with the problems of a Kierkegaard or a Nietzsche. His sense of man's predicament, and of the enormous importance to it of the particularity of the world about him, seem to me indispensable.

Yes, Chesterton ought to be in. Yet without teaching the Modern European Mind, I would have lost a lot in understanding Chesterton. Or, come to that, the Bible.
of men and women inherently differ - "Little boys don't cry", thus denying men probably for ever the emotional relief intrinsic in a good weep - "Little girls must be seen and not heard", relegating the woman to a petrified ornamental position providing breasts, first sexual, then maternal for the edification of her menfolk. That women are childbearers is biologically apparent, that from this is inferred that their only function is to lie back and enjoy the undoubted pleasures of producing children is mental rape - the creation of a class of human-kind Germaine Greer was pleased to tag Female Eunuchs. It is generally and generously admitted that since woman has a bio-chemically active brain, she may also possess a mind, but this mind is seen to perform functions other than the male mental processes; it is assumed to be concerned mainly with perpetuation of trivia, to be large enough to sustain only those problems with which the man cannot be expected to be bothered, like a sunken cake or a rippled skirt, the solution of which, however, is lent a mystique, in order to persuade her that the relative positions of importance in Society of the Man and Woman are not so severely imbalanced as she may otherwise, tritely, believe.

**BOTH SIDES**

These, then, are the traditions with which the unsuspecting university student comes equipped. Emphasised still more potently by the absurdity of the monastic single-sexed school from whose insidious bounds he has recently made good his escape, his encounters with the opposite sex have probably been confined to the problems of managing a tremulous gratifying grope of her body, rather than the penetration of her mind, whose existence he can probably hardly credit, since he has no long-term experience of study alongside these strange and fearful beings. His arrival on campus, bathed in the technicolour glories of autumnal Spence, is a muted fanfare - the dawning of a new era in which he will be expected not only to spend long academic hours with these creatures, crucifying, or yet defying the thoughts of past masters in his subject, but also long social hours in weary pubs or cattle-market parties with these same women. This is a situation that neither will, nor probably can, recur in his future life as a graduate; the opportunity of both working and living with the same members of the opposite sex, moreover those whose age, social background and experience, and most importantly, intellectual capabilities concur with his, is unique. Unique and indeed strange, because the peculiar rarified atmosphere this situation emits lends the place a

A University has a peculiarly ambiguous position to maintain; both apart from and a part of the society from which it emanates, peopled with those whose prior existence has been moulded by the moral, religious, political and social precepts of The Outside World, yet now tranquilly involved with the ubiquitous Academic Process, it has the precarious task of admitting its debt to that society, whilst creating a world outside the anxieties and problems endemic to the contemporaneous social framework. The students attending the University have been subject to, and are products of, the conditioning processes of their society, and more particularly of the middle classes, from which they largely spring. They have been taught, for example, that the family unit, their emotional fulcrum for the greatest part of their lives so far, forms the basis of the pyramidal social structure, that within the often claustrophobic confines of that unit, the women provide warm slippers, warm meals, warm hearts and a warm maternal bosom on which to pound their childish and then adolescent grievances, while men attend to the real problems of earning the bread to sustain their cocoon and providing the world with one more productive cog to speed its grinding progress. They are taught, too, that the psychological and emotional format
floating, ephemeral reality of its own, and encouragement to forget the ninety-eight percent of his contemporaries not involved in the flights of fancy academicism suggests, and to concern himself entirely with the internal political and intellectual problems of this rather incestuous institution.

A University is universally regarded as erected for the purposes of expanding and forming the consciousness of those who tread its paths. It provides an opportunity for endless discussion and literary perusal, the end result of which is a supposed passport to the dizzy heights of success when vomited finally from the University’s gut, and provides, too, the possibility of comprehension of both the emotional and intellectual functioning of members of the opposite sex. One would assume, since men and women are being put through educational paces exactly similar, that the menfolk of this establishment would come to see women as intellectual as well as sexual beings, that they would be led to regard women as people in the first instance and female in the second, and that women, too, would bloom in the realization that men can fulfill functions other than opening doors and providing financially secure futures. The astonishing thing - or am I expressing a naive and perhaps forlorn hope? - is that this equity of social and intellectual intercourse does not occur, that there exists here as much bigotry on both sides of the sexual fence as beyond the walls of the University campus. The reasons for this become distressingly obvious as one examines the University institution, and, more particularly, Sussex as an example of this part of the educational system.

The Image of Sussex in the popular vision is predominantly a creation of the Sunday colour supplements. Heralded as one of the first new Universities with massive architectural contributions from Basil Spence and equally huge intellectual grace from David Daiches, the whole was conceived in a glittering vista of liberalism in course structure, not to forget trendiness in personnel. The first photographs released captured the public’s imagination, and crystallised it forever in terms of joyous Jay twins jumping gleefully down library steps in Courreges boots. The trendiness of Sussex became, therefore, for many its most vital statistic, and on campus itself in turn became the most vital statistic of the female undergraduate. The process has intensified over the years, and now all the external trendiness of the place is embodied in the women, in their clothing mainly, but also in their capabilities in acceptable Snack-bar colloquy, their facility with topics of conversation dominated by how many names of paramount trendy importance can be counted per words in a sentence. Women are thus expected to concern themselves with the minutiae of trivial acquaintance, with showing themselves off as examples of fashionable sexuality and to be silent when momentous matters of political and intellectual significance are discussed.

DENIED

It is this expectation of achievement, propounded by men and perpetuated by the women themselves, that stymies the woman in her campus development. If one is expected to achieve only sexual and trivial significance, one will rarely expect, oneself, to penetrate the further reaches of political and intellectual prominence amongst one’s contemporaries; similarly, if one is expected to achieve brilliantly in the academic sphere, one’s mind will be seen to be above the superficial meaninglessness of outward dress and mannered behaviour. Hence women are not to be found causing political ripples, nor do many sit on the committees appertaining to the running of the University community, or of its societies; they are confined and constricted by the expectations of non-achievement and their own humility and reticence, both instinctively 'female' characteristics. In a discursive atmosphere, women are denied the use of the potent weapons of aggression and logic, for they are male preserves, and employing them in the course of an argument, she renders herself vulnerable to accusations of being "masculine" in her mode of expression, and just as most men would feel severely attacked if accused of "femininity" and would feel doubt cast on their aggressive sexual potency, so most women shy from being considered of "masculine" traits.
The manumission of woman from her sexual, intellectual and emotional slavery is as yet not achieved, which makes her position of attack vulnerable when any concession is granted her. The thinking of the Left at Sussex, as elsewhere, is commendable in its inclusion of equal rights for women as one of the conditions of its revolution, and some effort is indeed made towards equal division of labour in the households of couples whose inclination tend to the political left wing. But not enough. The man does indeed cook the occasional meal, change the occasional nappy, hoover the occasional floor, but requires applause for these acts since they are done, not as a matter of course, but whimsically, when he feels like it. In order to claim with assurance that true equality has been achieved, that the liberation of men and women from the restrictive existential framework has indeed been successful, a fifty-fifty division of effort must be realized, as occurs as yet only in the seminar room.

It is only in the situation of actual tuition that a woman is allowed by her male contemporaries, by herself and by her tutor to come into her own. In the tutorial and the seminar she is truly dealt with as a thinking creature with opinions and expressions all her own, the validity of her contentions is judged by its logical reference, not by her sexuality. It is odd, therefore, that on leaving the academic chamber she should so speedily metamorphose into a nonsensical social butterfly, that her self-evaluation and public image should again return to its usual form of sex-object.

**FUTURE**

The resolution of these problems of female campus existence lies, as it does in the problem of female emancipation generally in Society, in a radical revolution of social attitudes. Legislation can do something towards the establishment of the female on an equal footing with the male, in terms of equal pay for equal labour, the provision of a state contraception agency, abortion on demand and so on, but this can do little to eradicate the guilt complexes bred into the female by her social conditioning. As has been shown by legislation purporting to rid the community of racial discrimination, attitudes cannot be altered, indeed may even be hardened, by legal strictures designing the behaviour of one human being to another. A painful process of re-education and then re-conditioning must be instituted, which indeed can only be possible in terms of total social re-organization or revolution, but in which women must involve themselves if they have any concern for the psychological health of future generations, both male and female.

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**UNIVERSITY LECTURES**

The first of two Special University Lectures will be given this term, at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, 10th February in Arts A.2 by Professor Clifford Truesdell, Professor of Rational Mechanics at John Hopkins University, Baltimore, on the theme, "Is there a Philosophy of Science?"

Professor Truesdell was an Instructor at Michigan and Professor at Indiana University from 1950-61, when he moved to the John Hopkins University. He was a Consultant to the Naval Research Laboratory from 1951-55, a Guggenheim Fellow in 1957 and an N.S.F. Senior Research Fellow at Bologna and Basel from 1960-61. He has been co-editor of the Encyclopaedia of Physics and is currently editor and founder of the Archive for Rational Mechanics and Analysis and the Archive for the History of Exact Sciences. His writings range from fundamental work on Continuum Mechanics, his major field of research in mathematics, to books on Leonardo da Vinci.

Dr. Martin Holdgate, Director of the Central Unit on Environmental Pollution, at the Department of the Environment, will give the second Special University Lecture at 12.30 p.m. in Arts A.1. on Tuesday, 22nd February, on "The Management of the Environment". Dr. Holdgate, who was Director at the Nature Conservancy before going to the Department of the Environment in 1970, is a zoologist with special knowledge of the Antarctic. He was a Lecturer in Zoology at Manchester University and Durham from 1958-1969.

He was Assistant Director of Research at the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge from 1960-63 and was Senior Biologist to the British Antarctic Survey from 1963-66. His books include "Mountains in the Sea", the "Story of the Gough Island Expedition" and "Antarctic Biology". He has also edited a book on Antarctic Ecology.

Professor Donald Mitchell, Visiting Professor of Music at Sussex, will deliver the first Professorial Inaugural Lecture on March 13th at 6.30 p.m. in the Molecular Sciences Lecture Theatre. Under the title, "What is Expressionism", Professor Mitchell will devote his lecture to defining expressionism, particularly in relation to music and painting towards the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries. Professor Mitchell has written on music for The Times, The Listener, the Daily Telegraph, the Musical Times, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Chambers Encyclopaedia, the Music Review and Opera. He was co-editor, with Hans Keller, of Music Survey and later editor of Tempo. He is music editor and adviser to Faber & Faber, and has written two books on Mozart, "The Mozart Companion" and "W.A. Mozart - A Short Biography". He has also written works on Britten, Mahler, and is at present preparing a continuation of his first book on Mahler and a catalogue and study of Mahler's manuscripts and sketches.

A full list of all Special Lectures appears on the Lectures Card, which has been circulated. Further copies are available from M. Batchelor, Essex House,
REFLECTIONS ON THE COLUMBIA REVOLUTION OF 1968
In the Spring of 1968, Columbia University in New York City experienced the largest student revolution in recent American history. In support of several demands directed at the University Administration (such as the termination of all military research contracts, University membership on the board of the Pentagon’s Institute for Defense Analysis, the presence of the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps on campus, and the University’s plans for the purchase of public park land in West Harlem, one of the city’s most notorious Black ghettos, for the construction of a varsity gymnasium), over 1,000 students occupied 5 buildings, including the administration building itself, thousands more demonstrated in sympathy with their demands if not their tactics, hundreds opposed the occupation both passively and violently, and finally after all negotiations between the Administration and the Strike Coordinating Committee failed, more than 1,000 New York City policemen were called in by the University to evict the students. There was considerable police violence; of the approximately 800 people who were arrested, many were sent to hospital. The police had been ordered to clear the campus following the arrest of the occupying students, and many others, including faculty and students who had attempted to interpose their bodies between the strikers and the police, were badly beaten. Scores of the strike’s opponents, a loose coalition of student athletes and members of Columbia’s right-wing political societies, present to cheer the police on, ironically found themselves under attack as well; the police, it seems, were unable to distinguish their friends from their enemies.

The occupation of the buildings had already profoundly politicized the University and the police invasion and the violence that accompanied it thoroughly radicalized it. A mass strike, in which many faculty participated, effectively shut down the University until Summer holiday. Although the demands were important as a focus for organizational activity, the revolution did not occur solely because of them but rather it was the culmination of a long process of growing political consciousness. For several years there had been considerable agitation over the alleged C.I.A. funding of Foreign Area Studies schools, the presence of NROTC, the annual visit of military, F.B.I., and C.I.A. recruiters, the University’s ownership of much substandard housing throughout the city and its treatment of its slum tenants, the low pay given to the University’s Black and Puerto-Rican workers, general dissatisfaction with the quality of student life, and the aloofness of the Administration. The most important public issues that concerned politically motivated students, liberal and radical alike, were the Viet-Nam war and institutional racism, and the unifying principle behind the diverse demands of the strike that the University cease in its direct and indirect complicity in these policies.

There were many student rebellions in American universities in 1968 which both reflected and contributed to the extremely tense and violent political atmosphere of that year. It is important to recall that Columbia was the pacemaker, setting the tone and the style for many subsequent confrontations. I remember a telegram received by the Strike Coordinating Committee from radical students at a university in Michigan stating that they had not only occupied all the buildings on their campus, but in solidarity with us, had included the Columbia gymnasium demand along with their own; Following the French student’s revolution in May of the same year, the Wall Street Journal printed a satirical article in which Mark Rudd, one of the principal leaders of the Columbia strike, was portrayed as indirectly responsible for the American economic recession. The French students, it claimed, following Columbia’s example, had caused sufficient political instability in France to throw a scare into the New York Stock Exchange. The strike greatly affected the sensibility of those who participated in it. For example, it was surprising how quickly one’s attitude towards violence changed. Within a week, individuals who had refused to enter the administration building in the early hours of the strike because security guards had to be pushed aside and a bench used to break the door down, would be seizing and barricading buildings, clashing sporadically with other students, and some even forcibly resisting the police. Courage did not of course come all at once. Even those who had broken down the door, early victors over their middle-class superegos, fled at the first glimpse of the police, who had come, it turned out, not for them but to rescue President Kirk’s Rembrandt. From the outset the pervading atmosphere of the strike was one of violence. Hamilton Hall, the first building to be occupied, was originally seized by a large group of students, both White and Black. The first night in the occupied building was spent in long meetings where strategy was discussed, racially segregated at the request of the Black students. Towards dawn the Blacks ended their caucus and sent a delegation to the White meeting which asserted that they believed in a policy of militant resistance to any attempted takeover of the “liberated area”, and that they were willing to die to defend Hamilton Hall, renamed “Malcolm X University”. Although this assertion was almost certainly purely rhetorical, there were guns in the building, I had seen them myself earlier in the evening. Despite the fact that they were removed the next day, one had little choice but to take them at their word. As the White students had not yet reached this stage of militancy (actual or imaginary), we were “advised”, or more precisely kicked out, of Hamilton Hall and told to seize our own building. This, in fact, is exactly what happened later in the morning when the security guards were pushed aside at Lowe library, the administration center, and the second building was occupied. Once the initial shock to middle-class sensibility was passed, the further seizure of buildings and the violence that this involved was accepted as a matter of course. We were soldiers in a war and it was exhilarating. At last we felt we were really doing something. For once, mind and body were one. Because we had subjected ourselves to danger we felt that we had cast off the protective shield that our background had afforded us. The dangers were certainly real enough there was the threat of physical danger from both the right-wing students and the police, and also the fear of expulsion from the University, at that time making one susceptible to military conscription. Both the threat of danger and a sense of common purpose created a deeply felt community spirit in those who participated in the strike.

However, the sense of community was short-lived. Once we had been cleared from the buildings and the danger was over, the essential bond which had held us together was lost. Ideological unity, which was barely maintained in the occupied buildings even with the fear of the imminent
The Columbia Strike

ent police action, disintegrated rapidly once outside. Communists established by many radicals after the occupation faltered miserably. The disillusion of the sense of community was almost immediately followed by intense political in-fighting among the left-wing groups that had dominated the strike. The SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), which had provided much of the theoretical and practical leadership of the occupation, first separated from its midst those students who were asserted to be Left-Liberal or Trotskyite. Within about a month, what was left of the organization itself began to splinter into four distinct groups and these drove each other out of business at Columbia through inter-group skirmishes of the physical as well as ideological sort.

The majority of the students who participated in the strike were, of course, politically more moderate than the SDS leadership. The factional disputes that followed the strike, and the new tactics used by the SDS the following year such as classroom disruption and the shutting down of lectures, alienated them. This alienation had already begun in the last days of the occupation when it became clear that the radical leadership was manipulating, and thus pervading, the process of democratic decision-making in the buildings.

Once telephone connection between the buildings was severed, the radicals on the Steering Committee exercised total control over communications. Votes taken in one building, often antithetical to the view of the leadership, were not reported to another building. Manipulation was also accomplished through the introduction of many radicals from outside the University whose aims were not the same as most of the Columbia students and who voted as a caucus in the meetings.

EXTREME

It was apparent that the radicals were becoming more extreme in their political ambitions (the original demands were of little consequence to them), increasingly anti-intellectual, irrational, and seemed infatuated with violence for its own sake. This tendency, gradual at first, was eventually epitomized by an article in the SDS magazine, Weatherman, which portrayed Charles Manson as a hero of The Revolution. He was a hero, it asserted, because through the violence of his actions he had "liberated" himself from his "bourgeois hang-ups". Free speech was regarded by them as merely a middle-class value, academic work was treated with contempt, and the university as a worthless institution.

Their attitude towards the university was not shared by a great majority of the people who had occupied buildings. We had done so largely because we believed that Columbia possessed great inherent qualities and through our radical actions we had hoped to cause the resurrection of the Humane tradition of the University which had been perverted to an extent through its contractual relationships to a government which was pursuing immoral policies. Since as this motivation was, the university was in any event the logical target for student protest, the university is the only place in America where students are able to exercise coercive power. Outside, the Left has no constituency, no representation. Also, the university is one of the few places where the underlying assumptions of American life are socialized. It seemed that this sort of analysis placed the university in opposition to the "real world" outside, where these assumptions were rarely challenged.

Many things both good and bad evolved from the occupation and strike. Virtually all of the demands were met. A University Senate was established and consequently students gained some say in Columbia's affairs. Ironically, the revolution ended as so many revolutions do regardless of the class or cause in whose name they are waged: the group next to the top in the structure of power before the events occur gain in most. In Columbia's case the Senior faculty, who had remained generally uninvolved with the issues of the strike, attained considerable decision-making power.

Unfortunately it became clear at the end of the strike that gaining the demands would little effect the real demons, the Viet-Nam war and racism. The contracts would be moved elsewhere to be completed and the issue of the gymnasia in Morningside Park did not arouse great interest in the problems of Harlem.

AFTERMATH

Aside from the demands that were won, the one lasting good that came out of it was the growth of a strong resolve in some individuals to work towards a more humane and progressive society. On the other hand, the revolution also drove many students away from politics, one would hope only temporarily. The strike passed through all the stages of revolution, from rebellion to reaction, and many of those who were politicized at that time experienced such a violent shock to sensibility that it became impossible for them to deal with politics at all afterwards. Significant changes in the weltanschauung of an individual that usually require a lifetime were compressed into one month. This compression caused a deformity of consciousness which expressed itself in extreme fluctuations in political viewpoint. Moderates clubbed by the police became dogmatic communists overnight, radicals in discord with one another often became reactionary. Many more were driven in despair to a completely privatist vision, suspicious of both the authority they had opposed and of their recent radical comrades, determined to cultivate their own gardens. The Summer holiday which followed had a profoundly conservative influence on most of the students who returned to their homes to work. Away from New York few people seemed aware of the issues that had been involved and fewer expressed any interest. Those that did were generally antagonistic, having received their information from the mass media which had been hostile to the strike all along. At the same time that the students of Columbia had won their "victory", the country on the whole was moving sharply to the Right. Johnson retired, Nixon was elected, Wallace ran well. It seemed we were back where we had started from. Our success had become immediately irrelevant.

Looking back on the Columbia strike three years later, I feel somewhat sympathetic to Carlyle's reaction to the French Revolution. The Columbia strike, like the one Carlyle described, was justified by preceding conditions, and one had to be fascinated with its energies. At the time, to join was a categoric imperative; neutrality was impossible. Retrospect, of course, is easy, hindsight a delicious luxury. One can never know in advance what all the consequences will be of any course of action. In the case of Columbia, neither harsh condemnation nor unqualified approbation have any place. If there is any lesson to be gained from the events at Columbia in 1968 it is that unless one is so convinced by overwhelming evidence that there is no alternative to violent confrontation at the university, it should be avoided at all cost. For a long time afterwards Columbia did not function effectively as a place of learning, and total political polarization deformed human relationships. And worst of all, violent action gave way to violent modes of thought. The University came to bear the brunt of a fight against a whole social order, and an army which wishes to remain moral should know better than to wreck its humane basecamp on the way to battle.
INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY
by Peter Burke

The point of 'introduction to history', as I see it, is to provide an introduction to historical methods, the methods which historians employ in order to discover what the past was like and in order to explain it (I avoid the classic phrase 'what actually happened' because the past is made up of social and intellectual structures as well as events). I'm convinced that it is worthwhile for everyone to make the acquaintance of these historical methods, whatever their interests and whatever they want to do with their lives.

For one thing, everyone could do with learning a critical attitude towards evidence. In the last couple of thousand years or so historians have developed some rather useful destructive techniques for discovering whether documents provide information which has been deliberately falsified or just happens to be unreliable. The study of these techniques is a training in the art of demythologising. On the constructive side, historians have developed techniques for extracting from the 'documents' (which may be axe-heads as well as manuscripts) information which their authors or makers never knew they knew.

For another thing, one can learn from historians at work a number of techniques for the analysis of societies, past and present, alien and familiar. Of course historians don't have any monopoly of these techniques of analysis, which they have usually borrowed from other disciplines. It is a poor historian who cannot learn from anthropology or sociology, economics or political science. But history may make a better introduction to these techniques of analysis, because it is a more open subject. 'Open' in the sense of being less confined to particular kinds of behaviour or particular kinds of society than the other subjects are. Learning analysis means learning concepts, their value and their limitations; and 'introduction to history' does offer an opportunity for taking a good look at some grand concepts, 'feudalism' and 'capitalism' among them.

What is the best way of learning these techniques of detection, unmasking and explanation? This course is built on the assumption (which I happen to share) that it is better to begin by looking at a particular place, time and problem and then widen out, rather than to begin with generalisations and grand concepts and then narrow down. Focussing on a specific book by a Bloch or a Burekhardt is just a matter of convenience, though I think I have learned a lot by having to take these books to pieces in public, to explain why I think they are great books and what is wrong with them, and to ask students to take specific statements in these books back to the evidence. The hardest thing in the tutorials is having to do two things at once. One wants students to be doing a concrete piece of history, reading sermons or charters to find out whether moral values or the social structure changed in 17th-century England or 12th-century France. At the same time, and this is really difficult, one wants them to be standing back watching themselves do it and so seeing how general statements are constructed out of scattered bits of evidence, and how explanations are no more than hypotheses which (one hopes) are at least consistent with that evidence. If we have been doing our jobs properly, Sussex students will not pick up official reports, newspapers, or autobiographies without thinking: how could he know that? did anyone put pressure on him to say that? is that a plausible explanation?
'WE'RE ONLY HERE FOR THE BEER....!'  
by Robert Bernasconi

Angry young men may yet forgive me if my first words for the university on the university are words of gratitude. I thank this university that it accepted me, for I cannot, in retrospect, think of another to which I would rather have gone.

To thank a university is a seemingly absurd gesture; no one not suffering from a severe identity crisis is at the other end of the table to collect this lavish compliment. Yet thanking a university is neither more difficult nor easier than thanking a person. Both acts can evoke the awkward response 'What for?' and while in the age of politeness this formula meant no more than the German 'Bitte schön' or the Italian 'Prego', once that nihilism had gone the formula regained its former meaning: it has the potentiality of a receipt for deceit. So the question arises: what is the appropriate service for which a university might be thanked?

The reasons why I have offered this obscure and rambling introduction to what may appear to be no more than the familiar question 'Why did you go to university?' are three in number. First, like the UCCA form it operates as its own selective device: 'Do not enter herein unless you can put up with any amount of excess'. Secondly, the familiar question I mentioned has an equally familiar answer, which is that one went to university because it was always assumed that one was going. The question of 'Which university?' is raised by the nature of the system of application and is generally answered by means of random selection; the question of 'why university?' is not asked until after the event, by which time the only answer is that one went to university because the question was not asked before one went. Remarkably, many mature students can provide nothing better in reply than that they went to university because they always wanted to, which again is an historical reason (a tale of conditioning told by an idiot), and not a substantive one. Thirdly, it may never have occurred to some students to expect anything from the university for which it might be thanked. This particular form of poverty can be eradicated by a penal course in the reading of pre-war bourgeois biography. There it is a matter of course that one was grateful to one's university 'for teaching me how to punt' or 'for teaching me in which direction to pass the port (clockwise)'. In our own time and place when these benefits are no longer available the question is raised: What is the appropriate service for which a university might be thanked?

It will not have escaped you that I have spent so long on the question only because I have not got the answer. There was a time when a university was, as Newman's idea of 'liberal education' suggested, for the cultivation of gentlemen. It would therefore have been appropriate to be grateful to a university for instruction in the trivial details which constituted the difference between a gentleman of merit and a gentleman of distinction. It would not be appropriate to thank our liberal university for producing gentlemen today because it manifestly doesn't.

Two serious candidates remain for the grand title of 'answer to the question', but because they are directly opposed to each other and because their opposition is reflected in every aspect of the university, there can be no resolution to the problem. The two are the pursuit of academic excellence and preparation to meet the needs of society. The first is an end in itself; the second is a means to a very different end. The first has traditionally been attained by following the path of leisure (the Greek word is 'schola' and hence schools); the second cannot afford the pace to slacken lest it never pick up again. The first requires the spirit of detachment from things,
from persons and from country; the second fixes its price at attachment to the same three. The first counsels stretching both one's mind and one's language to their utmost limits in the search for originality; the second invests value only in the democratic medium of the short pithy remark and the vocabulary of ordinary men. The first has no place for exams and is filled with gloom at their inherent dangers; the second cannot give up exams for lack of finding some other machine which can weigh and package the valuable commodity of persons. The first considers any topic suitable for study so long as a discipline can be found to ritualise one's approach to it; the second insists on only trading in the currency of 'relevance'. Finally, academic excellence is the official ideology while society provides the funds. In brief (for people who can't read), the first is a religious ideal, while the second is an economic programme. In sum, the universities have (like myself) lost any of the coherence they may have once possessed.

So in case I have not been clear, I should emphasise that however much people may enjoy themselves at university, or however much they have used the time given them there for indulging some other personal whim they may possess, these are not appropriate grounds for thanking the university because they are patently not what the university is designed for. (Stand outside the Health Centre, look at your timetable). You may regard the university as a means to getting a good job and because the universities catch almost all of the people who were allowed to rise to the top of the milk at school you have a slight justification in so doing; but it is only slight justification, because except in a few very rare cases among scientists, it is inconceivable that anything you have studied at university could be of value to you once you have left. Of course, it can be argued that were you to make the university your career by taking up employment as a tutor your course work might be put to some use, but this is equivocal.

We have come to the point where the very value of a university has been called into question and if at the point of its highest fulfilment, (the point where its hybrid practices are matched by a mongrel need), nothing more is achieved than its self-perpetuation, it is exposed as merely an expensive toy.

One thing remains to be done and the reader should notice that I am unable to do it without changing my tone. There is a connection in the popular mind between universities and the art of thinking. At this particular university it is made as easy as possible for undergraduates to do as many courses or mix as many disciplines as they wish; many tutors appear to be well pleased to have students join in as extras and the number of courses stipulated in the manual appears to act only as a minimum. As I remember it, there was no public broadcasting when statistics were issued which showed that the average Sussex student borrowed an extraordinarily high number of books from his library compared with students at other universities. To spell it out; any university which placed a premium on thinking would stipulate a maximum not a minimum number of courses that a student might do. Such a university would also limit the number of books a student could borrow from its library for educational not administrative reasons, lest he attempt to read too many. I cannot think whether I have at last discovered appropriate grounds for thanking the university or not. Yet in this instance, as was not the case with the other possibilities I examined, there appears to be no contradiction within the practices of the university. So perhaps we may thank the university for ensuring that we are saved from the rigours of thought. Thinking, I have come to understand from the numerous books I have read about it, is a painful process which brings with it doubts, confusions and quite often a desire to remain silent such as no Sussex undergraduate could afford. Social engineers doubtless relish a system which operates so effective a division of labour: there are those who think (whoever they may be) and there are students who are neither given the time nor the encouragement necessary to thought, but who meanwhile become well practised in the art of uncritically borrowing the thoughts of other people, using only the criteria of what sounds most impressive or is easiest to put over in the allotted number of words or minutes granted to the task.

To generalise from an instance, universities are remarkable if largely unrecognised tools for the achievement of an egalitarian society. I refer not to equality of wages or opportunities, important though these may be, but to the far more fundamental equality of talent. No civilisation but our own could have devised such a sophisticated levelling process whereby its most gifted members were creamed off, segregated and sterilised of their threatening potency. So do not talk to me of increasing the links between the students at university and the people who live in society at large. I may appear to be engrossed in the suffering of the former, but I at least, have not been robbed of all feeling for the latter.
In the United States, more than 1,600 colleges offer regular theatre instruction. In renaissance times both English universities, at Oxford and Cambridge, mounted official theatre productions in which outstanding students performed in order to celebrate the visit of a king or an annual feast; the authorities believed that this activity benefited their students by arming them with 'audacity against they come to be employed in any public exercise' and by helping them to 'moderate in any argumentation whatsoever.' In the United States today, Drama goes as a subject with 'Speech', and so there are courses in Public Address, Audiology, Communication, Discussion, Interpretation, Phonetics, Psychology, Voice and Diction. The Theatre Department of the Charles University in Prague teaches Acting, Directing and Design, and is aware of the arguments advanced by the Moravian early seventeenth century educationalist, John Amos Comenius, who carefully explained the rudiments of set construction and the equipment of theatres; today the Prague Department shares staff and some facilities with the Theatre Academy which has its own ex-commercial theatre in the centre of the city. At New York University courses in Drama include Dance Theatre, Stage Movement and Theatre Theory. There are separate Heads of Theatre Programme, Research and Training.

With all this precedent, and much more, it is odd to find that British Universities are shy of Drama. Only thirteen offer regular courses in the subject, the others concealing their interest or working to rules that restrict responsibility. Every university teaches 'Shakespeare', or 'English and European Drama', or 'Tragedy' or 'Arts in Society', and is therefore committed to the study of plays in performance and to the wide reaches of Drama in all its aspects, but most universities are content to study only "Dramatic Literature". Plays are written to be performed and change as they are produced in different theatres, before different audiences and on successive nights, and so it seems very odd to study "Dramatic Literature" on the printed page alone. Students are always encouraged to see plays in performance and to criticise productions; but very often no teaching or experiment is initiated to give those students a basis for description and distinction, like or dislike. Academics frequently do not approve of productions of the plays most studied in universities, but very little is done to initiate the basic research that might help towards both diagnosis and reform.

Most British Universities have played safe and pretended that theatre practice is outside their competence because outside the scope of other studies in "Arts" subjects. To be sure theatre experience is complicated; no words or photograph can reproduce it, and the student must catch it on the wing. Although actors often give the impression that their art is nature, a long training is necessary before that art can be objectively viewed and analysed, not unlike the technical initiation required for a full appreciation of music or dancing. Moreover individual theatres must be appreciated as architecture and as human organisations in particular social and historical contexts. Faced with such problems it is little wonder that universities are shy of Drama. Even those that have Drama Departments tend to concentrate on Theatre History rather than on Theatre practice, and they mount research projects that depend only on the verbal records of long-dead productions; from such second-hand, impressionistic evidence scholars try to account for complex social and artistic experiences. As one university teacher put it recently:

"I do believe that Shakespeare's plays are really plays and take their best life in performance: I have produced a few, and I go to see them constantly. But it is hard to know how to act on this belief."

In many universities there are strong student Theatre Groups who augment their university and personal lives by staging plays, sometimes those studied in courses of Dramatic Literature. Occasionally such Groups are encouraged with advice and finance in the hope that in some way this practical experience will be of educational advantage to them. But such 'gestures' can save no consciences: only a few students can sustain parts in plays, and the more wholly these try to meet the opportunity the more they will be involved in basic problems of expression and understanding that without skilled help will lead them into further difficulties or, much more likely, into the evasion of central problems. Other students become involved with ancillary
techniques and functions, such as lighting, design, finance, and are likely to be totally immersed in these problems to the exclusion of more basic arts of the theatre. The only solution is to initiate courses in the basic arts of the theatre, in movement, speech, acting, the use of space, colour, rhythm, line. The theatre has its own language and, although a few may come to speak that language through prolonged acquaintance and sustained practice, the surest, quickest, and most universal method of understanding is to start with its ABC and its grammar and simple sentences. Such basic practice is learning; it provides the means for description and recognition, and a spur to the imagination of any student who is interested in the images of human life which arise from plays and performances.

A course in the Elements of Theatre, or in Theatre Language, is not merely an expedient for the better understanding of the inherent theatrical qualities of a dramatic text, of the various theatre-life of which the words are only a complicated clue, but it also serves as stimulus for understanding communication between man and man, for expression in all those ways that go beyond words or stop short of words. It can increase awareness of situation and context, of basic human acts. Lecturing at the Sorbonne, Sartre has said:

"People always think that dramatic action means great gestures, and bustle. No, that's not action, that's noise and tumult. Action, in the true sense of the word, is that of the character; there are no images in the theatre but the image of the act, and if one seeks the definition of theatre, one must ask what an act is, because the theatre can represent nothing but the act.

Sculpture represents the form of the body, the theatre the act of the body. Consequently, what we want to recover when we go to the theatre is evidently ourselves, but ourselves not as we are, more or less poor, more or less proud or our youth and our beauty; rather to recover ourselves as we act, as we work, as we meet difficulties, as we are men who have rules and who establish rules for these actions."

There is no need for complicated theatre buildings and equipment for such a course; and only a few students need proceed to take part in full-scale productions of plays. A bare room, no larger than forty by sixty feet, and a few teachers must be provided. A tape-recorder, a drum and perhaps a piano, time and the opportunity to be very quiet and uninterrupted and, sometimes, to make a loud noise are other essential requirements. Work can start at once, with or without words. If a text is used short passages from Shakespeare are available for individual work, or passages out of a newspaper. For group work a chorus from Aeschylus or Sophocles provides various stimuli and suggestion. Books by Stanislavski and Brecht can indicate simple practical exercise and help students relate their elementary work to theories of acting, to individual plays by Chekhov, Shakespeare and Brecht, to the history of theatre and to speculation about the most effective ways of operating theatres today.

Although much of this practical introduction to theatre language is elementary and simple, at no time need it be unrelated to some of the greatest achievements of theatre. Exercises introduced to make the student aware of the effects of pitch, volume, rhythm and phrasing often lead to discoveries about the nature of the text that is used as example; various and conflicting meanings are discovered and the whole play will be read for understanding of a particular interpretation, or the relationship of part to whole, or of a performance to audience reaction or visual setting. Each student may develop his own interests as he begins to recognize distinct elements of what Sartre calls images of human action, and as he begins to control them for himself. And as each student gains confidence in this language, the relationship between him and his teacher will change: both become explorers of unknown territory, discovering in dramatic texts and in human beings potentialities that have never been reproduced exactly before this moment.

Such a course needs a mixture of talents that can be provided by two different kinds of teachers working side by side. First there should be those whose primary interest is in play-texts and productions and theatres. If they also taught the more familiar courses in 'Shakespeare', 'Dramatic Literature' or 'Arts in Society' they could help the students in the 'Elements of Theatre' course to look forward to their later studies, and in subsequent years show them how to make use of the practical basis that they have established. The other kind of teacher should be primarily concerned with acting, and be professionally engaged in this art. An Arts Centre at a university offers scope for appointments that could be part educational and part creative, and this arrangement would greatly ease the necessary connections between elementary exploration of theatre language and appreciation of the varied possibilities of its use in theatre productions.

(It is also arguable that such a dual appointment as performer and teacher would be a stimulus for some actors to strengthen their own capacities, imagination and sense of relationship to the society in which they work.)

A few students taking an introductory course in Theatre Language might wish to spend their lives working in the theatre, and they would obviously need much more study and training than they could find within its scope. More might want to act or direct as amateurs, and they would move towards the Student Theatre Group where they could exercise and exploit their own individual talents. Only exceptionally, where the need arose from the basic classes, would the course be responsible for performances before an audience, and then the production would be of the simplest kind. But the success of the course should not be judged by any of these by-products. The aim would be to make the theatre and drama more meaningful, and to stimulate imaginative, physical and intellectual involvement in images of human life and in ourselves.
I entered Edinburgh University in October 1930 to embark on a four-year course for an honours degree. As my family lived in Edinburgh, I lived at home, as did large numbers of the students. Only among the medical students, who came from all over the world, was there a large majority living in digs, mostly in the Marchmont district of the city where landladies were both knowing and tolerant and charged a higher rent for a room "with privileges" (that is, permission to have a girl in your room all night). University teaching consisted mostly of lectures, which were fairly formal, and there were regular essays and examinations to see whether students were keeping up with the work. The University had no interest whatever in a student's life outside the University class-room. As long as you turned up at the lectures (where spot checks were made at infrequent intervals by asking each student to leave a card with his name on it before he left the lecture) and wrote satisfactory essays and passed the exams, you could live how you liked. The University played no part in obtaining or licensing digs for those students who did not live at home. There were, however, a very few university hostels for women, and these had rules about hours and (I believe, but I am only surmising) entertaining visitors of the opposite sex.

THE UNION
The Union at Edinburgh, as at Oxford and Cambridge, was a voluntary society which students joined if they wished and to which they paid a subscription. It has a good library, reading rooms, lounges, a bar, a billiards room, and a splendid debating chamber in which regular union debates were held. It was for men only: the women had their own union. A minority of students belonged to these unions. There was a student magazine, of which I was literary editor in my final year, and for which I wrote throughout my undergraduate days at Edinburgh. Many of my articles were highly critical of the methods and standards of university instruction, and in one (which achieved some notoriety), entitled "Abolish 'First
Ordinary"., I argued for the abolition of the so-called "first ordinary" survey course in English on the grounds that it was insultingly elementary in method and content. I was one of those who campaigned for tougher standards and also for some recognition of what was actually going on in the world of letters. Although no university authority objected to arguments of this kind being presented, the authorities did object when in October 1933 a group of militant left-wingers took over the magazine and in their first issue attacked the university establishment root and branch and also printed an amusing and (in terms of those days) indecent article about the necessity for more public lavatories in Edinburgh. The editorial staff were removed by the University Senate, and there was a hell of a row.

Student affairs were run by the Students Representative Council, a body consisting of representatives elected by the students. The S.R.C. mediated between students and the university authorities and had considerable power and prestige; but of course when it came to the crunch it was the academic authorities who had the real power. Students were not very interested in the power structure of the university. They joined their own societies (which were numerous and active), read in the library, and led their own lives with their chosen friends. For my part, I dropped the habit of going to lectures regularly in my last two years and worked on my own. The University provided me with an environment in which I could educate myself and make my own kind of friends. That was all I wanted.

ATMOSPHERE

In October 1934 I went from Edinburgh to Balliol College, Oxford, to do research. I was immediately struck by the total difference in atmosphere. At an Oxford college a student (even a graduate) was treated in some respects as a child. He was fined if he stayed out after 10 o'clock at night, and sent down if he stayed out after midnight. He had to wear a gown at lectures and on visits to his tutor. I remember my astonishment when, soon after my arrival, I received a notice asking me to turn up in a certain room of the college with cheque book in hand and pay the coming term's fees: when I arrived there I found everyone else was wearing a gown, and I was ticked off for not wearing one. (My fees, I should add, were paid out of a scholarship I won at Edinburgh by competitive examination. There were no student grants in those days, only scholarships to be competed for. I went right through Edinburgh University on a scholarship, and proceeded to Oxford on another one.) Yet, although both College and University considered themselves very much in loco parentis with respect to students, there was a mateness, a refusal to pull rank, on the part of the college teachers of a kind I had never known at Edinburgh. And on the part of some of the high university academics there was a formal courtesy that could be rather impressive. I remember in my second or third week at Oxford meeting Professor Nichol Smith (Merton Professor of English) in the High Street when he was coming from giving a lecture wearing his cap and gown. He swept off his mortar board, gave a slight bow, and said: "Mr. Dalchess? I am happy to see you, Professor Grierson (my Edinburgh professor) has written me about you." Then he walked off.

POLITICS

It was at Oxford that I became fiercely involved in politics. High unemployment and the unimpeded progress of fascism in Europe were what brought my contemporaries and myself into politics. The outbreak of the Spanish Civil War was another factor. (I was in France at that time, having worked my passage on a small boat from Cardiff to Pont-l’Abbé, and remembered the fright of the popularité students singing left-wing songs in the streets and shouting "les avions pour l’Espagne"). Almost the whole of Balliol was left wing, and many people joined the Communist Party less out of considered Marxist conviction than out of a general feeling for the necessity of anti-fascist solidarity. We agonised and demonstrated, we held meetings and formed discussion groups, about unemployment and fascism. We weren't in any way at all concerned to agitate about our own position as students. This seemed of no importance whatever compared to the general social and economic problems at home and the problem of fascism abroad. This strikes me as the greatest difference between our left-wing activities and those of students today. So far as the university was concerned, we enjoyed our work and did it as well as we could. Then we used Oxford both as a platform from which to launch political discussions of the state of the country and of the world and as a centre for voluntary unofficial study groups which brought together academic and social questions (I was chairman of one on "literature and society"). I interrupted work on my thesis, which was on Renaissance Bible translation, to write a book on Literature and Society for the Left Book Club. It didn't occur to me or to anybody else that I should be agitative for student representation on the Senate or the Hebdominal Council (whatever that was). As for my thesis, I had a nominal supervisor whom I saw (I think) twice: I wrote the thesis entirely on my own and my supervisor never saw a line of it before I submitted it. Ideologically, there was no generation gap. The Master of Balliol, who later fought a parliamentary election successfully against Quintin Hogg and Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, was a well known socialist; G.H. Cole came to our discussion groups; John Sirachey visited us regularly, and it was he who asked me to write the book on literature and society. The anguish we felt in witnessing the steady march of Hitlerism in Europe transcended age and class. Some of our number went to fight for the Spanish Republic against Franco, and some were killed. We had a very clear vision of the sort of world we wanted, and we were continually drawing up blueprints for an ideal society. We were against violence and many of us were pacifists, which presented an insoluble dilemma when it came to the question of how to get rid of Hitler and Mussolini. (This dilemma, as is well known, produced insoluble problems for the Labour Party at that time, as well as for many left-wing intellectuals.) We had heroes of a much older generation, like R.H. Tawney, and it never occurred to us that political and social wisdom were the monopoly of the young. I repeat that ideologically there was no generation gap. But there was a bitter gap between the left and the right, and for many of us it was virtually unbridgeable. One simply could not associate with those who supported Franco or had even the mildest of good words to say for fascism.

PARADOX

I have used up more than my space, so I will not draw the obvious conclusions about the difference between students then and students at Sussex today. In most ways — accommodation, finance, status, facilities generally — students at Sussex today are immeasurably better off than we were either at Edinburgh or at Oxford. That at the same time they should be more concerned about their condition than we were is a paradox common enough in social history.
Dear Sir,

Is it any wonder that the word "student" stinks to many people in this country who, like myself, had none of the advantages of higher education so freely available now. Sour grapes perhaps but I left Stanford Road Council School, Brighton, aged fifteen to take a job at the Brighton Co-op at ten shillings per week. Even such jobs were hard to come by. Nine shillings of this went to my mother - a First World War widow with a £2 per week pension - towards my keep.

By sheer hard work and complete self-denial of any luxury that students today look upon as necessities, I was able to establish a business that has made vast contributions to the taxes that finance the keep and education of these young privileged hooligans.

Even worse that this incident is the students' demand to spend my hard earned taxes on political causes quite unrelated to their education, and the paint throwing and shouting down of views opposed to their own (as they are at present that is - their views will change when they mature a little and have to take real responsibility). They deny their liberal education.

I realise that this does not apply to all students by a long way and as one who has withstood pressures from extremists myself I respect those who have the guts to use a bit of common sense - a subject that should be taught at Universities, along with responsibility.

We were subject to discipline and expected to show self control and respect for others and the law. Why should the police have these duties to deal with and why should the public be flouted in this way? The University Head should take a strong line against such behaviour, withdraw privileges and in extreme cases, expel those who take part.

They sicken the majority of the public and bring a backlash of what almost amounts to hatred at times of all students. Freedom involves respect for the rights of others, and a lot of self control, neither is evident in this picture. If you print this ungrammatical letter, in full, in your University magazine it would show some respect for others' opinions and surprise me.

Yours sincerely,

H. Hardcastle (Woking).

Dear Sir,

Recently I advertised a vacancy. The job was interesting and unusual, and could have been the beginning of a worthwhile career. Naturally, it attracted many graduates. The disturbingly low standard of applications (with some notable exceptions) leads me to write the following cautionary notes.

University graduates must realise that, as competition for jobs becomes fiercer, successful applicants will be those who can put together a reasoned, convincing application, good enough to "sell" the writer to the advertiser so that an interview will result.

The job I advertised was of special interest to arts graduates, and I sent particulars to southern universities. Knowing the state of the job market, I expected some telling communications. I regret that I was, for the most part, disappointed. In fact, the bulk of them ranged from the patronising to the ludicrous. Most were of only two or three paragraphs. Several were scrawled, and two or three well nigh unreadable.

I could go on, but you get the picture. We interviewed those whose applications were carefully drawn and which gave us a potted picture of the sender. I would consider that the ability to write a sound application and to make a good showing at an interview must, these days, be very carefully nurtured.

Your application need not be an involved thing. Employers are busy people. They need to get an impression of you in the shortest possible time. In any case, your attributes will quickly be transposed into an easily assimilated list of facts and figures. Your application need not be more than four or five paragraphs, giving a précis of your achievements and aspirations but it must be accompanied by a curriculum vitae which enlarges those facts, preferably under headings.

Always type your application (the ability to type these days is almost as important as the ability to drive), one side of the paper, double spacing. Preferably write out your brief in longhand, check your spelling carefully and then type it or have it typed. And remember, too, that an employer usually likes to know more than just a chronicle of education and experience. Ambition, hobbies, interests, anything which makes a flesh and blood person come through the printed page.

It can be well worth all the effort. And good luck with your next application.

Yours sincerely,

(Name and address withheld)

M. ROOKE

If the arguments advanced in Mrs. Rook's book are comparable to the arguments in her letter then it is obvious that Enid Blyton now has a serious rival, for such a melange of distortions, half truths and imaginary happenings has not been published since Noddy first rode his tricycle down to the cottage of Mr. Bigears. Flitting hither and thither like a venomous butterfly, or a Liberal candidate, she attacks on four fronts, castigating the moral turpitude of the individual student, the students union, the administrators and the total environment.

The first and major charge made is that students "shut out from their minds things, facts and attitudes they dislike" and that the University has allowed this to happen. Evidence to substantiate this takes the form of another charge that the students excluded Sir Archibald James and Patrick Wall from "Union premises".

In refutation of this may it first be noted that the Union has no premises and further that these two gentlemen were barred from addressing the Union as a result of a policy decision arrived at through a democratic process after a series of meetings had discussed in some depth the policies they espouse. Does Mrs. Rook deny the Union the right to exclude from its meetings those speakers with
who its policy is in conflict. The Liberal Party exercises this right, as do the serious political parties, the trades unions and the Catholic Church. I accept Mrs. Rooke's stricture that the Union does not extend freedom of speech to outsiders, noting, however, that all members of the Union have an inalienable right to address their peers, no matter what their views, and also noting that the Confederation of British Industries have not yet begun to invite shop stewards to attend their deliberations. It is just not true that students "ignore the existence of reprehensible views" such as those held by the above gentlemen. It was this Union acting through its representatives at two conferences of the N.U.S. which was responsible for the adoption by the national union of a comprehensive resolution totally condemning South African racialism. For such a resolution to succeed, carefully researched facts had to be produced, and most of this work was done by students at this University. Sussex students do not ignore reprehensible views. Far more usefully, they research them and then they refute them. It is true, as Mrs. Rooke charges, that Rhodesia has been "forgotten as an occasion for excitement". Indeed, it was only remembered as an occasion for excitement by those liberal butterflies whose primrose wings have carried them on past Rhodesia, and past Bangla Desh on to the mirage cities of the Celtic fringe. For the rest of us it remains what it was, a gross betrayal of humanity that we shall continue to oppose with all our energies. I conclude by saying that I welcome Mrs. Rooke's assertion that she would rather give money to primary schools than to the University. In view of her obvious needs, it is gratifying to see self interest so explicitly stated.

B. Leahy.

REVIEWS

"The World and the Book" - A Study of Modern Fiction by Gabriel Josipovici. (MacMillan; £4.00)

Some critical books make you wish, intermittently, that you had written them. The truly original book, like this one, gives you the feeling that it's just what you would have said if you had written on the subject. It's an illusion of course, generated by the clarity and grace of the presentation, the reasonableness of tone and the organising power operating over a wide field of obvious general concern. All these inspire such continuous and active assent that imagination, that never-sleeping syphant, effortlessly transforms the assenting reader into the potential author.

At first glance, the book's main title might seem as pretentious as its sub-title seems modest - which only goes to show how little you can learn from a first glance. Both titles are in fact meticulously accurate. For the work is concerned first, with the relation of fictions to real life, not simply as a technical problem for the artist but as a human problem for the reader too; and in its later sections it tries to show, by careful and loving attention to a few chosen authors, how modernist fiction articulates a special sort of response to this problem.

It would be futile and presumptuous to attempt a summary of a book which is so densely argued, and so much of the value of which resides in the experience of working through it, of being allowed the freedom of a rich

generous and flexible mind. In strictly literary terms, the book may be said to explore and elucidate the paradox that the so-called "anti-novel" which seems to be composed of nothing more substantial than the spider's spittle of its preoccupation with its own form, is in a very important sense more "true to life" than those traditional novels which claim to offer a mirror of reality. In different, but equally accurate terms, you could say that the book asks and tries to answer the question: what is the connection between a novel which draws attention to its own form and my unwillingness (or yours) to give up believing in my (your) immortality? The discussion ranges over many writers from Dante to Nabokov, but it is not the range which I want to draw attention to, but the level of engagement. This is no bird's eye view flitting from perch to perch leaving nothing but a trail of droppings to mark its critical path. Where his argument requires it, Josipovici is capable of strictly literary criticism, proceeding by careful attention to tone, point of view, word choice, rhythm and so on. But his argument takes him beyond literary criticism into a questioning of its rationale, and he has no use for the protective gear that most critics take on this arduous journey (transparent metaphors, opaque jargon etc.) In spite of, or because of, his enormous range, he is well able to walk naked; he is never afraid of being understood.

In fact, he works very hard at it, and occasionally pays the price in repetitiveness and over-insistence, especially in the chapter on Chaucer, and perhaps in the chapter called "Surfaces and Structures". Also, he has an irritating habit of italicising words in quotations without making it clear whether the italics are his own or the original author's, and occasionally (as in the last sentence on page 102), we feel that some supporting evidence might have been cited, even in a footnote.

And he sometimes writes as if language were a totally "given" thing, utterly beyond the individual writer's power to influence. Which brings me to the end of my petty cavillings.

This is neither a history of the novel, nor a theoretical critique of it, nor a slice of that semi-sociological slush that is sometimes served up as "cultural history". It is a serious and passionate effort to come to grips with questions which should concern anyone - yes, anyone - who has ever asked himself what reading a book which he knows to be made up has to do with the ordinary business of living. It is a pity that its price will stop so many people from buying it. "The World and the Book" is one of those rare books which create a gap - a gap in which our experience of literature and life can be enjoyed and understood.

Gimmli Salgaddo.

"Words" by Gabriel Josipovici (Victor Gollanez - £1.60)

Louis and Helen Rawlings live in a house in the country behind Southampton. Louis' niece Tina and his younger brother Peter are staying with them. It is here that Jo Rynor, who years before has had an affair with Louis, decides on impulse - they have not kept in touch - to spend the last couple of days before she sails with her small daughter Gillian to join her husband in America. It is high summer. The novel begins just before Jo and Gillian reach the house and ends just after Louis has seen them off. For the family party, it is present and future that matter: Helen is pregnant, Tina and Peter are drawn to each other; Jo brings with her the past and calls in question the future.

The ostensible ingredients, then, belong to a peculiarly, almost aggressively, English tradition throughout which Agatha Christie, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Iris Murdoch and P.G. 21
Wodehouse move with equal ease. But for Gabriel Josipovici what is most interesting about the convention is not its all-purpose usefulness but its conventionality. Louis, Helen, Jo and the others do not inhabit by right a round world to which we, who do not, edge nearer; rather our experience of the fiction mirrors experience within the fiction. The illusion, if comforting, separate-ness of the world and the book is subtly challenged; what joins them, of course, is the no-man's-land — and every-man's-land — of words.

It is a novel which, essentially, we hear. The voices coming through the summer air do have names attached, and these names can be related to personal histories; but whether or how far they should be, whether or how far we and Louis etc. want them to be thus related, are questions central to the movement of the novel. Louis' disarray at the reappearance of Jo is translated into talk which increasingly suggests to our ear a no-nonsense, even slightly Blimp-ish, defender of the present. But Louis too is irritably aware that this is happening, and fights with his words to keep the stereotype from harden- ing. Helen, sensing the tensions, reaches for those words and gestures which will best confirm her as busy wife-and-mother-to-be; but here too there is perceptible strain: the lady protests too little (as, when Louis tries to winkle out disapproval of Jo, the move is stopped dead with the symmetrically inappropriate "Anyway, I think she's sweet"). Peter, lively and caught in the play of his own uncertainties, opts for a self-derisive verbal clowning which, by its delicately calculated obtusiveness, throws into relief both the involuntary deviousness or insensitivity of others and the scattered hints as to his own real strengths. Tina and Jo, each for different reasons caught in the linguistic crossfire from the others, defend themselves both in words that are themselves attacks (they turn back on Louis his own weapons) and in ways that undercut the assumptions behind these (separately answering interrogations on motive by "Because it seemed the right thing"). Finally, the fragility of these verbal worlds is kept in our minds by the contrasted blunders of occasional dinner-guests, and even more by the undifferen-tiated stare of the largely silent Gillian.

Yet the metaphor of battle, the references to strength and weakness, must not suggest a further stereotype familiar from the convention; brittle sophistication. We are not here dealing with 'characters' exchanging barbed remarks but with the multiple temptations that words offer: of using them to become a 'character', of outflanking, or surrendering to, an other; of believing too soon that one has found that other who can read one's words right. Behind the jokes and the banalities, the surges of feeling and the testing arguments we sense the variable play of confidence and hope, panic and pretence. This is a transitional movement, an island in time. In sight of that shore where house-parties are governed by immemorial, impersonal rules of reassuring precision, all five are called on to chart their true position and possible course. Their words — together with the felt pressure of the unsaid — map the slow and deliberate stages of decision. The function of the over-all ordinariness (again the relevance of the convention) is to counterpoint the endlessly renewed unpredictability of the relations between people and the social arrangements they claim to have devised. But there is only one mode in which these contrarities can be seen together, and what might have been a pretentious or tricksy title takes on exquisite accuracy by naming it: words.

George Craig

"THE POLITICS OF THE FAMILY" R.D. Laing

This is a collection of Laing's papers about the topic which concerns us most, if only we could see it that way. People who have experienced insight-giving processes (e.g. psychotherapy) will know only too well what this book is about: viz: the multiple layers of deception and self-deceit which is normal in all families. But when you are in it, you do not know that you are in it, let alone what you're in. So that seemingly autonomous anxiety or guilt, or "disturbed behaviour", is actually coming from hidden pathogenic processes between two or more people. Taking the analysis one step further, one can see such anxiety as the result of the continued attempt to hide from oneself the true nature of the processes one is experiencing. It is perfectly normal to be very disturbed in certain situations, whether or not one is aware that one is in the situation and whether or not one is aware of what the situation is.

In particular, certain thoughts and feelings which are regarded as "forbidden" seek expression in one form or another. The attempt to prevent this expression necessi-tates constant vigilance and exertion. No wonder so many people feel tired.

Laing is at his imaginative best in conjuring up examples of the paradoxical demands and consequent conflicts which unquestioned and unseen attitudes create. Don't question the rule, just obey it, and if you disobey it, forget that you disobey it, and forget that you have forgotten. One example of these rules is the set of rules governing what sensations one is allowed to have in relation to parts of one's own and in relation to parts of other people's bodies. You should want to suck your mother's breast (as a baby at least) but not your father's penis. But you can suck her or his fingers, or your own. A parallel in later life might be you can hold your girlfriend's hand (that is 'normal') but don't touch her breasts, and don't even think of touching...... etc.

Laing reminds us of the frequently disastrous human consequences of our thoughtless adherence to "civilised" rules. Those of us in clinical practice who see the results, all the time, can only wonder that the race has survived. Here is just one example:

"No one intended, when they told a little boy when and how to clean his teeth, and that his teeth would fall out if he was bad, together with Presbyterian Sunday School and all the rest of it, to produce forty five years later the picture of a typical obsessive involutinal depression. This syndrome is one of the specialities of Scotland". Laing should know, and the import of this book is such that we should all find out, how we affect one another by our social behaviour.

Hugh Clegg.