

the ritual of relationships between children, with outlawing, truce-making, pecking-order, bagging. On the one hand, the tradition is often centuries old; the truce-term *barley*, found in *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*, is still used in Scotland, Wales and the Midlands. On the other, there is bush-telegraph speed in transmission; the rhyme

Hark the herald angels sing

Mrs Simpson's pinched our King

swept across England and Wales in a matter of days.

The seasonal games and rhymes, linked as they often are with religious festivals, must surely be more dependent on relationships with adults than are the other examples collected in this book. A striking fact does indeed emerge from this study: the rhymes which are most happy, carefree, exuberant and often most poetical, are connected with the calendar, or with an adult-child relationship. The father-fearer is in fact happy and confident in his filial fear. It is when the relationship is *purely* that of child to child that the shadow falls. Adults are often dismayed at the discovery that children can practise on other children cruelties *which have not been learned from any adult*. The list of ingenious physical tortures comes from the 'ordinary child' studied in this book. There are corollaries here, much nearer home than Nazism. Initiation ordeals are of course common to many forms of society, and the ceremony of admission to a gang or a school community follows the familiar pattern of a preliminary act of casting out. The booby-traps reveal the way in which tradition of this kind is so speedily passed on; the victim immediately perceives that his first compensation is to victimize someone else.

Apart from this, the work as a whole bears out the claim of the writers that the world depicted is a happy world. The discerning hostess will find this a bedside book for every kind of guest, who will recapture the time when nonsense-rhymes were recited over and over again for the pure happiness of words themselves, the roll and resonance of them.

Studies of childish games and lore have appeared in various parts of Europe and America, but here the authors have made themselves at once the Frazer, the Cruden and the Margaret Meade of a rich territory which has never been explored in this particular way before. The book will surely inspire other researches to collect and compare similar lore in other countries. It could form the basis of an unusually entertaining international seminar.

MARGARET WILEMAN

THE LIFE OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. By F. A. Lea. (Methuen; 30s.)

The *Scrutiny* group used to mention Murry with a sigh of regret: what a promising critic he was, alas! Their leader has never forgiven Murry for the book on D. H. Lawrence, *Son of Woman* (1931)—rather as Mr T. S. Eliot, that other great *manqué*, has never been forgiven for his attack on Lawrence. The attitude to Lawrence is the touchstone. But then of course Murry did not attack Lawrence; he only, with infinite respect, blamed this 'symbolic and prophetic man' for self-contradiction, for denying his own vision of the unity of Body, Heart and Mind, turning the first factor against the other

two. And the Lawrentian vision contained in embryo all that is positive in Murry's own philosophy—to use a contestable but convenient term—while it was Lawrence's denials that gradually brought out in Murry, by way of reaction against them, all the Christianity he was ever able to adhere to. That is why Murry's two chief books on Lawrence, *Son of Woman* and *Love, Freedom and Society* (1957), are probably his deepest. Before them came the literary-critical studies that won him his early fame and, after 1923 (the year of Katherine Mansfield's death), the religious explorations that won him little but derision; between them were the political and social writings, that astonishing series by trial and error, zigzagging between Communism and a more or less qualified Christian pacifism. The interest of these social writings—apart from their documentary value for the historian of the 1930s—lies in their representing, at the intellectual level, Murry's incessant effort to translate thinking into living, that concern to find a 'way of life', which he shared, for example, with his Catholic friend of this period, Eric Gill. The concern was indeed the characteristic of that time.

It must have been extremely difficult to write the life of so vibrant, mutable and polymorphous a personality; a life, too, so fully documented by the subject's extraordinary care and capacity for self-revelation. A huge mass of material, much of it extremely intimate, had to be handled. The result in fact is a biographical masterpiece: as richly detailed a portrait as one could have wished for, yet with a clear plan and outline, and illuminated at every turn by a judgment at once critical and sympathetic, affectionate and detached. The stress is laid, and surely rightly, on Murry the moralist: 'that is to say, the man whose criticism, politics, theology, farming were one and all expressions of an overriding need to determine (as he put it) "what is good for man, Τὸ Εὖ Ζῆν"'. Murry could hardly have been taken more seriously, yet the exposure of his private weaknesses is complete also: the self-absorption, the sensuality of this 'cleric without a Church'. As for Murry the thinker, he is all here too: the acute sensitivity to mental 'climates', the earnestness and capacity for enthusiasm, the highly developed gift for introspective rumination, the noble discontent with the superficial which went with a certain inability to focus on abstract ideas. His philosophy, said Father D'Arcy, ended where metaphysics begins; but within his limits Murry thought with a very uncommon intensity, drawing everything towards consciousness. He thought with all his heart.

KENELM FOSTER, O.P.

JAMESON'S RAID. By Elizabeth Pakenham. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 36s.)

The English gift for running a private army, which appeared during the last war like dog-roses in a hedge, ramped in the days of Imperial expansion beyond the professed boundaries of State policy. The lusty growth from the filibustering of the Elizabethans was already wilting when it was cut back by the Boers in Jameson's Raid. The French saw another example of our national perfidy in that curious mixture of courage and candour and cant. Hypocrisy, however, is at least the tribute vice pays to virtue, and there was a sort of innocence about many of the good fellows,