

tion'. He seems increasingly able to make most contemporary writers on education look superficial and cliché-ridden. Though many of the things he says will raise howls of indignation

he must be recognized now as the most serious writer on education of the times.

KEVIN NICHOLS

REQUIEM MUSIC OF MOURNING AND CONSOLATION, by Alec Robertson. *Cassell*, 63s.

It is extraordinarily difficult to write about music for the general reader without resorting to bewildering technicalese. Alec Robertson has the knack. *Requiem Music of Mourning and Consolation* is not merely a history of the Requiem Mass but a study of the entire repertory of music associated with death. Since Mozart the *Requiem Mass* has had a great mystique among the public and many commemorative choral works have been entitled a *Requiem* when they are very far removed from any denominational funeral liturgy, e.g. Delius's great setting of Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra* (which Mr Robertson reveals to us was originally called a *Pagan Requiem*). Mr Robertson wisely selects the important Requiems from the one thousand that have been composed, and narrates the gradual evolution of the form. He makes what might have been a depressing subject one with such interest that one can barely put the book down. I only cavil at the (small) space given to Fould's pretentious *World Requiem* and wish it had been given to Bruneau's lovely, forgotten work. Mr Robertson himself says of Fould's vast work, which had an enormous vogue after the First World War due to public feeling rather than any intrinsic quality: 'What is lacking is any sign of a distinctive style, of any genuine melodic gift, of any awareness of banality'. A case might be made also for Liszt's *Requiem* to be included—but then the candidates for inclusion are innumerable.

'The general reader's knowledge of Requiem Mass settings . . . may well begin with Mozart and end with Fauré', and Mr Robertson appropriately amplifies our knowledge without needing to resort to obscurism. After Mozart two contemplative *Requiems* were written by Cherubini, a composer whose other works have been justly criticized for their dryness and 'lack of lyrical warmth. Following a French tradition, which we learn actually derived from Morales, a Spanish composer who lived in Rome, Cherubini and Fauré included a *Pie Jesu* movement textually derived from the

Dies Irae. As in Fauré's *Requiem*, the *Pie Jesu* gradually ousted the *Benedictus*. Gounod never set the *Benedictus* in a *Requiem* with a *Pie Jesu*. Composers were often muddled, misled or even cavalier about setting the Requiem text. In Cherubini's *Requiem* of 1836 different stanzas from the *Dies Irae* poem are heard simultaneously. This discredited device in Mass-settings was last used in Hauptmann's *Messe* Op. 30 of 1842, but in Requiems similar textural peculiarities abounded. Berlioz's arrangement of the text is at times ingenious but at times meaningless and surely the result of his meeting a deadline. Berlioz's idiosyncrasies were adopted by Bruneau who, as a friend of Zola, was quite unfamiliar with the authentic liturgical text.

Mr Robertson's style is scholarly in an unobtrusive way, urbane and, happily in a book on such a serious subject, occasionally humorous. Of the eight priests who sang in the choral foundation of the Convent of the Barefoot Nuns of St Clare, Madrid, Mr Robertson comments: 'They were to take their meals separately and each was to have his own servant (a very wise provision!)'. (Needless to say the nuns and priests were segregated by a grille!) Mr Robertson's research is quietly integrated into his narrative. How many of us knew, I wonder, that Elgar's inscription on the manuscript of *The Dream of Gerontius*, 'This is the best of me', etc., was not original but a quotation from Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*? My only query is on Mr Robertson's statement, also expressed in an August *Radio Times*, 'It seems to me extraordinary that no real research seems to have been undertaken about Süßmayr's competence as a composer of sacred music.' (Süßmayr completed Mozart's *Requiem*.) Walter Wlcek in a Viennese dissertation of 1953 *F. X. Süßmayr als kirchenkomponist* tells of two authentic Requiems in German by Süßmayr. This is a beautiful book, and some measure of the author's breadth of vision may be gained from his repudiation of Verdi as a 'good Catholic':

That vague term—for a ‘good Catholic’ can be a bad Christian—is usually taken to mean a man of conservative habit of mind who accepts without question what the

Church requires his assent to in matters temporal as well as spiritual.

This is a truism to readers of this periodical but will not be to all readers of this book.

MICHAEL DAWNEY

FEASTING WITH PANTHERS, by Rupert Croft-Cooke. *W. H. Allen*, 1967. 35s.

There are three sections in this book; one deals with Swinburne and his circle, one with John Addington Symonds and his set, one with Oscar Wilde. On Swinburne and Symonds, Mr Croft-Cooke says little—one must almost say nothing—that is not history; on Swinburne he has drawn extensively, as all writers must, on Cecil Y. Lang’s masterly six-volume edition of the Swinburne letters, and on Symonds he has had the advantage of an absolutely stunning biography by Phyllis Grosskurth (1964). On Oscar Wilde, Mr Croft-Cooke is excellent, bringing into the oft-told story a host of new characters, including André Raffalovich and a former writer for *Blackfriars*, John Gray. For a book on the main theme of Victorian anomalies and perversions, the end-product is singularly genteel; it is not a volume for maiden aunts, but equally it is not likely to be banned on account of its language or its tone.

Nevertheless, there is an underlying current. Put at its most brusque, this is the inference that perverts of the *fin-de-siècle* were a good deal better off than they are today, ‘with a police force trained to spot it, even provoke manifestations of it’ (i.e. homosexual behaviour) ‘and prosecute it’ (p. 140). Mr Croft-Cooke also thinks that child-lovers of the Lewis Carroll persuasion would be treated rather more sternly today. Lewis Carroll went down every summer to Eastbourne to make friends with little girls on the beach. ‘What, one cannot help wondering vulgarly’, writes Mr Croft-Cooke, ‘would the Eastbourne police say about this today? Dodgson’s clergyman’s habit would no longer protect him from suspicion, rather the contrary. One can almost see the headlines—Famous Author Charged with Soliciting. Child invited to Stay in Lodgings. Search Reveals Indecent Photographs.’ Can one? For a book that is subtitled ‘A New Consideration of some Late Victorian Writers’ one is entitled to expect other than this space-consuming speculation. This, one might feel charitably, is a momentary lapse on the part of Mr Croft-Cooke, anxious to complete a subsection on a high note of

drama, but Mr Croft-Cooke rubs it in even more. ‘Today, “frustrated in the last analysis” or not he (Lewis Carroll) would find himself in Wormwood Scrubs.’ Surely this can’t be true? In any event, this is a sphere in which the facts are not on Mr Croft-Cooke’s side. In 1876, a forty-year-old man of ‘superior education’, Phillip Lyne, put his arm round the waist of a young girl. This conduct, said the chairman of the bench, was ‘unmanly, illegal and immoral’, and Lyne got two years hard labour at Wandsworth Prison. It is clear from the evidence of the six-hour case that Lyne did nothing more heinous; in the nineteenth century, magistrates were activated by anything that savoured of lost innocence, conscious that they had no way to touch the real evils of the period—the buying and selling of twelve-year-old virgins, the white slave traffic with Belgium, the accommodation-houses (there was one in Lupus Street set up for M.P.s), and an immense network of prostitution. There were also the homosexual clubs.

In his Introduction, Mr Croft-Cooke makes it clear that he is for sexual freedom. ‘When we are young we think there is a norm in human behaviour, particularly in sexual behaviour, and that away from its cosy fireside a few adventurous souls reprehensibly stray. . . . When we grow wiser and have read Havelock Ellis and Doctor Kinsey and received a few score confidences from persons of the most placidly conventional appearance, we realise that there is no such thing . . . we know that in the sexual propensities of mankind there is no norm, though there may be repressions, a respect for good manners, ethical or religious restraints or fear of consequence. . . .’ This is chilling, though it is not new; *Eros Denied* by Wayland Young (Weidenfeld and Nicolson 1965) should be read in tandem with *Feasting With Panthers*.

Similarly the essay to make perversions, and especially homosexuality, respectable is not new. In the ‘nineties, well over a thousand works were published on homosexuality; it was given new names—simisexualism, homo-