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MAGNANIMITY

Rectorial Address

by

C. P. SNOW

(Sir CHARLES PERCY SNOW, Kt., C.B.E., LL.D., D.Litt.)

*Delivered before the
University of St. Andrews
13th April 1962*

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS
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INTRODUCTION

The office of Rector is peculiar to the Scottish Universities, and is today a jealously guarded privilege. In the earliest days, it was open to graduates of the University in Holy Orders : in 1625, heads of Colleges alone were declared eligible. Some few years later, the "public" professors, of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, were added to the select band, but the union of the Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard reduced the number of *virī rectorales* to four. Similar restrictions had been placed on the electors : in 1475, the franchise was curtailed to graduates and ecclesiastics, but in 1625 the vote was restored to all members of the University, voting in nations by means of an "intrans." These four men announced their choice, and the new Rector was duly sworn in and robed in the mediaeval gown, which has been continuously in use to the present day.

The nineteenth century brought disturbing forces to the ancient habits of the University : in 1825, the students unanimously elected Sir Walter Scott, whose election was pronounced void : Sir David Brewster attempted to retain the office of Rector by the simple expedient of refusing to part with the gown when his term of office expired. In 1843, the year of the Disruption, the students elected Thomas Chalmers, and chaos ensued. The attempt to change the old order failed, but in 1858, two of the intrans voted for Sir Ralph Anstruther, two for Dr. Buist, one of the *virī rectorales*, and the retiring Rector gave his casting vote for Sir Ralph. The Lord Advocate was consulted, and advised that Sir Ralph Anstruther be elected, and on 25th March, 1858, the custom of 450 years was peaceably laid to rest.

The Act of 1858 ratified the position thus created, opened the office to any person not holding a teaching post in a University, and by the abolition of the mediaeval nations, created the

Rectorship much as we know it now, elected on a triennial poll of matriculated students. The Rector had presided over a body co-opted from members of the *Senatus Academicus*, and was the active head of the University : now he was to preside over a University Court, including the senior Principal, and assessors appointed by the Chancellor, the Rector, the *Senatus*, and the General Council of graduates.

After the 1858 Act, the Rectorial elections took on a slightly political flavour, but with the election of John Stuart Mill in 1865, the electors scanned broader horizons. This trend continued, and the Rector ceased to attend and preside at meetings of the University Court. In the days of the "honorary" Rectorship, an impressive selection of men donned the purple robe of office—J. A. Froude, Andrew Carnegie, Haig, Sir James Barrie, Kipling, Nansen, Grenfell, and Jan Christian Smuts stand out from a procession of men that reflect the greatness of their times. Interesting defeats, however, include T. H. Huxley, and Benjamin Disraeli.

In more recent times, the swing has been back to the older concept of a working Rector : the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres successfully defended the right of the Rector to preside over the University Court ; some present students can remember the weight of Lord Kilmuir's advice to the S.R.C. ; and Lord Boothby has put the University considerably in his debt for his work on the expansion of the building programme in St. Andrews.

Today, Sir Charles Snow will be installed as the latest *vir majoris dignitatis ac nominis* to hold one of the most distinguished offices in all Scotland. We publish this Address, and we welcome Sir Charles in the confident trust that he will honour the office and enrich it in the three years that lie ahead.

N. E. M. Melville

St. Andrews, 13th April 1962.

ON MAGNANIMITY

JUST under three hundred years ago, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge did a distinctly unusual thing. He decided that one of his pupils was a much better mathematician than he was, and in all respects more fitted for his job. He wasn't content with this exercise in self-criticism. He promptly resigned his Chair, on condition that his pupil was immediately appointed. In the light of history, no one can say that his judgment was wrong. For the Professor's name was Barrow, and he was a very good mathematician by 17th Century standards : but his pupil was Isaac Newton.

This is one of my favourite academic stories. It happens to be quite true. Don't let my telling it you lead you into false hopes, though. It is not intended as a sign that I propose on the spot to resign the Rectorship, which I am so proud to hold, in favour of my friend the President of the S.R.C. I am not, I regret to say, such a swift mover as Dr. Barrow. Yet it is a pleasant thought just to imagine the state of affairs if all of us were. Politicians, academics, administrators, artists, businessmen—we all look round, see a better man, and do a Barrow. "Your place is up here, my boy, and mine down here !" I am not only imagining older men giving place to young men. The opposite would be equally salutary.

Among writers, for example, one can think of two or three people of the highest gifts now getting old, who have had no luck at all. It is agreeable to contemplate some younger writers, who have had all the luck, suddenly realising this truth and announcing that their royalties were not deserved, that their

plays ought not to be in the theatre, and that they were giving everything up in favour of greater, if older, men.

In fact, if the whole lot of us looked round, took stock of ourselves and others, and acting, as the Existentialists call it, "in our freedom"—I can't help thinking that there would be a very remarkable turn-over.

Alas, it will not happen. Barrow is likely to remain a unique, and perhaps a somewhat extreme, example of magnanimity. That is why I like him so much. For, of all the virtues, this is the one that I admire most, and would most wish to have. When, one morning last November, in Middletown, Connecticut, I received the news that you had done me the honour of electing me, I resolved that it was about magnanimity that I should speak today. I think at the back of my mind I remembered that one of my predecessors, Sir James Barrie, had called his Inaugural Address, "On Courage." I don't possess anything like his invention or his eloquence, but courage, along with magnanimity, is the only virtue that, in the very long run, I seek for in those I love. Of course, since a man is a fool who sets up as a moral passport officer, I have liked and been interested in, and gained much value from, many people who did not possess either : but I don't think I could feel at ease or safe, certainly not as I get older, with someone who had not a share of both. So, I thought, courage had been incomparably dealt with here, in this place : I would like to have a shot at magnanimity.

What do I mean by magnanimity ? Nothing very difficult. Very much what we mean by the word as we use it in common speech. If I were shaping a definition, I think I should begin like this. The virtue consists, first, of seeing oneself and another person, any other person, as both really are : for there is no virtue without clear sight. And then, exerting oneself to see

the best in the other person and trying to get that best out of him. Which means, of course, that in the process one is trying to get the best out of oneself. All this is simple—but the roots of the virtue are very far from simple. To those I shall return.

Just as I shall return to something that worries me, and the reasons for which none of us entirely comprehend. I mean that this major virtue, which at any level sweetens life, and at the highest glorifies it, seems to be in danger of passing out of our English society—and perhaps of our Scottish society too, though I hope not ; of that I am not able to guess. I am certain, however, of a comparison between the only two societies I know pretty intimately—my own English one, and the American. I think most people would agree that in some respects the English society is more tolerant than the American—more tolerant, perhaps, than any largish collection of people has ever been. But I am also sure that in many respects, the English society is far and away less magnanimous than the American.

On that, too, I must say a bit more later. Meanwhile, it is arid and misjudged to attempt to define a virtue in the abstract. Virtues exist in action. Let us have a look at a few examples of magnanimity as it has been lived. The first is a Scotsman, not because of the patriotism of this occasion, but because through all the Amazonian undergrowth of literary history, he stands out as a man, generous and good. I am thinking of Sir Walter Scott. He was not, I suppose, one of the greatest of novelists, though he was very much better than he is at present considered to be, and was one of the most influential who have ever lived. But in his life, in his relations with other writers, in the way he took both enormous triumph and fantastic disaster, he sets a standard which ought to make the rest of us ashamed. If a fraction of the world's intellectual persons came anywhere

near the goodness of Walter Scott, then the world would be a better place. Ask me to choose a personification of magnanimity from all the world's writers, and I think I should take him.

My next is Turgenev. He has a special interest for us this afternoon, for in 1879 the University of Oxford awarded him an Honorary Degree. I may have forgotten someone, but I believe that no Russian creative writer has become an Honorary Graduate of a British university since, until our honoured guest today, Mikhail Alexandrovitch Sholokhov.

Turgenev had great literary success young, and in fact remained successful all his life. He was ten years older than Tolstoi, and when they first met, Turgenev was the most distinguished writer in Russia, and Tolstoi a beginner. Fairly soon, that position changed. Tolstoi published "*WAR AND PEACE*" when he was in his late thirties, and was, with surprising speed, recognised as the first novelist not only of Russia, but of the world. Turgenev was not simply a fine writer. He was a man of acute critical perception. He knew, and said, that this estimate was just. It cannot have been easy. Turgenev had lived for his art more than most men—much more than Tolstoi had—and it cost him great suffering to admit that he had been surpassed. And yet his heart was large enough. As he was dying, he wrote Tolstoi one of the most moving letters in all literature, begging him to return to writing novels, calling him once for all, "greatest writer of the Russian land."

Men can behave magnanimously as well as meanly. Sometimes, in the blackest moments, one finds oneself thinking that the whole motive force of human kind consists of two factors, envy on the one hand, and on the other the brute desire of the flesh to persist. But that is not quite true. No, it isn't true at all.

We have all met living exemplars to the contrary. You had only to meet Einstein for an afternoon to know it was not true. Or to put one's nose inside any of the great physics laboratories of the world during the '20s or '30s, the heroic age of physics : Franck's Goettingen, Bohr's Copenhagen, Ernest Lawrence's Berkeley, Rutherford's Cambridge. In those places one saw men trying to behave more generously than comes easily to most of us. Once there was a dispute between Cavendish and Paris, about whether Rutherford or Langevin had got in first with a not-unimportant discovery. Rutherford intervened, at the top of his enormous voice : "If Langevin says the discovery is his, then the discovery is Langevin's." Dear Rutherford. He had his frailties, but so many of us owed so much to him. Just, perhaps, by seeing how creative genius worked, how easy it was, how happy and how magnanimous it made him.

When men are drawn together, as these men were, in a collective enterprise, then their catch-phrases tell one something. There was one which used to be common in those laboratories. It was : "It doesn't matter who gets the credit, so long as the work gets done." Hypocritical ? You're telling me. Haven't I spent a certain proportion of my time writing about how people really respond to such situations ? When I was working as a scientist, not a very good one, years ago, I once got beaten at the post in a piece of research. The work was quite trivial, but my emotion wasn't. It mattered quite a lot who got the credit, I felt. Yet, hypocrisies can sometimes contain or express a part of the truth. If men tell themselves that in theory it doesn't matter who gets the credit, then a vestigial part of themselves may wish that it was so : and perhaps in our bleak and selfish hearts, a flicker of aspiration, of generosity, may be set free. Don't despise hypocrisies too much. See through them, but

don't despise them. They are sometimes a sign of what we should like to be.

Most of the names I have mentioned as those of magnanimous men, are fairly familiar. I am now going to introduce one that is less so, that of G. H. Hardy. The name is less familiar simply because his subject, pure mathematics, is esoteric to most of us. In fact, he was a great man and a most magnanimous one, more so, I think, than any one I have known. I had the luck to know him well during the last sixteen years of his life—that was the one good result that has ever come to me through an excessive addiction to the game of cricket.

His was the most beautiful mind that I have ever been in close contact with, and I learned more from him intellectually than from any single person. But I hope I learned even more from him in human terms than I did intellectually. As I say, I knew him intimately for sixteen years. His mind was biting, and his tongue exceedingly sharp. He had all the sardonic wit of vintage Cambridge of the turn of this century, or more specifically, of vintage Trinity. Nevertheless, during those sixteen years—except about one or two public figures whom he regarded as enjoying war—I never heard him say an absolutely unfair or an absolutely ungenerous thing.

Let me tell one story about him. One morning early in 1913, a large envelope covered with Indian stamps was waiting on his breakfast table in his rooms in college. He opened the envelope without much interest : and found, as he expected, that it contained a number of sheets covered with symbols. He was at that time thirty-six, already one of the best-known pure mathematicians in England. Eminent pure mathematicians suffer from a curious occupational risk, in that they are constantly being bombarded by proofs of the prophetic properties of the

Great Pyramid—and so on. So Hardy gave the manuscript a perfunctory glance, and went on reading the morning paper. It occurred to him that the first page was a little out of the ordinary, even for a cranky correspondent. It seemed to consist of some theorems, very strange-looking theorems, without any argument. Hardy then decided that the man must be a fraud, and duly went about the day according to his habits, giving a lecture, playing a game of real tennis. But there was something nagging at the back of his mind. Anyone who could fake such theorems, right or wrong, must be a fraud of genius. Was it more or less likely that there should be a fraud of genius, or an unknown Indian mathematician of genius ?

He went that evening after dinner to argue it out with his collaborator, J. E. Littlewood, whom Hardy always insisted was a better mathematician than himself. They soon had no doubt of the answer. Hardy was seeing the work of someone whom, for natural genius, he could not touch—who, in natural genius, though of course not in achievement, as Hardy said later, belonged to the class of Euler and Gauss.

Well, that was pretty good, less than a day after the manuscript arrived. But Hardy did not stop at passive recognition. He exerted himself, raised the money to get the author, whose name was Srinivasa Ramanujan, and who was a poor clerk in Madras, over to England. After a certain amount of delay, owing to the ambiguity of the wishes of the goddess Namagiri, in whom Ramanujan's mother passionately believed, he arrived. Then Hardy for some years, at the peak of his own career, devoted his whole professional life to Ramanujan. Hardy actually had to teach him a good deal of relatively elementary mathematics, for he had had little formal education. Hardy had his reward. Ramanujan produced, with astonishing speed,

a great mass of original contributions. Hardy saw to it that he got all the proper honours, Fellowship of Trinity, Fellowship of the Royal Society.

The end of his life was sad. In a wartime winter, Ramanujan developed tuberculosis, and died in 1920 at the age of thirty-two. There is a touching story of Hardy visiting him, as he lay desperately ill in hospital at Putney. Hardy, who was a very shy man, could not find the words for his distress. The best he could do, as he got to the bedside, was : "I say, Ramanujan, I thought the number of the taxi I came down in was a very dull number. It was 1729." "No, Hardee, no Hardee, that is not a dull number in the very least. It is the lowest number than can be expressed in two different ways as the sum of two cubes."

Hardy knew his own talent to an inch. I once asked him—of course it is a question to which a mathematician might give a meaningful answer where others couldn't—just how good he was. He replied without any fuss that at his best, for a very short time, perhaps a couple of years, he had been something like the fifth or sixth best analyst in the world. And in his own scrap of autobiography, "*A Mathematician's Apology*," he writes with a serenity that is at the same time proud, humble and generous.

"I still say to myself when I am depressed, and find myself forced to listen to pompous and tiresome people, 'Well, I have done one thing *you* could never have done, and that is to have collaborated with both Littlewood and Ramanujan on something like equal terms'."

That is the exact equivalent of Yeats's poem, "*The Municipal Gallery Revisited*," where Yeats in his own person is standing

in the Dublin Gallery looking at the portraits of his friends. The tone is the same. It is the tone of magnanimity itself.

Why is that tone disappearing, at any rate, from our English life? That it is disappearing, I don't think there is reasonable doubt. For a very large proportion of us, life is better—not only in physical terms but in most others—than it was thirty years ago. And yet in certain ways we seem to be behaving less amiably to each other. An American observer said to me not long ago that he was surprised and shocked to see, just below the cosy, comfortable surface of professional England, a very ugly streak of malice. It may be that this particular tone, the opposite of the tone of magnanimity, doesn't reach very far into the population. I hope not. But in various public and semi-public fields, in politics, the arts, games, I am afraid it is obvious enough. Our new stereotypes tell their own story.

“Integrity,” for example, has taken on a new meaning. It used to mean what it said, a quality of one-ness that one met with in characters like, say, Einstein, Rutherford, Hardy. It did not mean simply a capacity for never fitting in, for being alienated from all society, and as a consequence farouche and rude. It is possible that people who are farouche and rude may possess integrity, though it is not common: but being farouche and rude is not in itself a sign of integrity.

The stereotype is a curious one. But it is linked with a good many signs and symptoms which we ought to be uneasy about. Take an example which is no one's fault in particular, certainly not the fault of any sporting journalist, but which reflects the tone of our times. Would anyone without quite abnormal resilience care, at the present day, to captain England at cricket? The moment anyone does so, we all treat him like a suspect in the dock.

There are other stereotypes, other semantic changes or fashions, which are disquieting. What does "moral" mean, half the time it is used nowadays, but "censorious"? What is the root of the contemporary passion for the prefix "Anti"—anti-novel, anti-theatre? It is an expression of that nihilism which fills the vacuum created by the withdrawal of positive directives for living, whether religious or humanist. In my happier nightmares I see myself attending an anti-play, with an anti-audience, after a dinner prepared by an anti-cook.

The tone of our present society is not pretty. None of us easily escapes its creeping into our own voice. Certainly I don't. Eighteen months ago, writing about the late Lord Chervell, I left out his positive achievements, such as his re-creation of the Clarendon Laboratory. This I much regret.

It is possible that this displeasing English tone comes to a society which has, fairly abruptly, seen its power decline. It is possible that it is connected with, and in part a reflection of, phenomena altogether deeper and more ominous. I should like to have another look at this on a more suitable occasion.

Just for the present, I will say only that we are in danger of forgetting what it is like to be generous to each other: and that we are not much better when, collectively, we think and talk about countries larger and more powerful than our own. Perhaps the Scottish experience since the Act of Union may make our Scottish friends more compassionate to the English over this. But how many Englishmen really understand, or want to understand, the great things, admirable by any standards, that the United States has done in the last generation? How many Englishmen understand, or want to understand, that during the past twenty years the United States has done something like eighty per cent. of the science and scholarship of the entire

western world? We have done good things in our time, and are still doing them. It is all right to be proud of what we are doing, if we keep some sense of proportion.

Just as we have to keep a sense of proportion about the last war. How many Englishmen understand, or want to understand, that the Soviet Union suffered casualties—let us use the hard English word, deaths—on a scale which no great country has ever suffered? That the Soviet Union lost, killed in battle, killed by starvation, killed in ways to which our genteel imaginations will not stretch, something like one in ten of every man, woman and child in the country? This suffering is beyond our imagination, but if you read contemporary Soviet literature you will find it is not beyond theirs.

And how many Englishmen understand, or want to understand, that in 1945, immediately after this apocalyptic experience, the Soviet Union, as its first task, threw its creative energy into education? Education, which in depth and width, leaves us standing. We have already seen some spectacular by-products whizzing round in space. We shall inevitably see more remarkable results than those.

Up to now, I have been speaking to my countrymen. Now, if you will let me for a little while, I want to speak to us all.

I have said before, and I shall say it again, because it is the most imperative social truth of our age, that about one-third of the world is rich and two-thirds of the world is poor. By this I mean something very simple. In North America, in most of Europe, in Australia and New Zealand and now in the Soviet Union, the great majority of the population get enough to eat and don't die before their time. That is what "riches" means, in a world whose harshness those of us born lucky don't willingly admit.

In the rest of the world the opposite is true. The great majority of the population don't get enough to eat : and, from the time they are born, their chances of life are less than half of ours. These are crude words : but we are talking about crude things, toil, hunger, death. For most of our brother men, *this* is the social condition.

It is different from *our* social condition. That is one reason why there is a direct call upon our magnanimity. If we do not show it now, then both our hopes and souls have shrivelled. It may be a longish time before men at large are much concerned with hopes and souls again.

I remarked a moment ago that the social condition of most of our brother men is different from our own. Yes : but not for long. At the beginning of the 18th Century here in Scotland, in the "ill years," the cottagers died starving on the village streets—as they might, and do, die in Asia today. In Ireland, which was a peasant country, totally unindustrialised by the British, millions died of hunger only just over a hundred years ago. This was our social revolution. We have only just struggled out of it, but we have already forgotten, and, with a kind of unconscious selfishness prettify the past—so as to prevent ourselves doing anything either sensible or magnanimous about the future.

For the future is in our hands, if we care enough. The means exist for our seeing to it that the poor of the world don't stay poor. The scientific and technical knowledge which we now possess is enough, if we can find the human means, to solve the problem within a couple of generations. I do not pretend that it is going to be easy to find the human means—but the knowledge exists and since it exists, no man of the faintest imagination or good will can rest easy.

All this great "social task—which is, of course, the major social task of our time—will call on every scrap of courage and magnanimity we can summon up. I said previously that magnanimity is in action a simple virtue, but that its roots are complicated. One of those roots is love, or compassion, or charity, or brotherhood, whatever one likes to call the glue which binds us together. Another is that sense of reality which is also part of humour. And another, I think, is a special sort of vanity: the vanity that makes us want to behave better than we naturally should. Don't be frightened of the word. We come from the earth, and the origins of human excellence are often a bit murkier than we expect. There are two opposing vanities which we have all noticed in ourselves—one is the vanity of self-regard—when we look into ourselves, fall in love with our own guilt and squalor, and are satisfied to stay in it. The other is the vanity which tries to make us better. In a book of mine, a character speaking for me, says: "I want a man who knows something about himself. And is appalled. And has to forgive himself to get along."

That is the vanity, it seems to me, which tries to make us better. We have to forgive ourselves, we have to find what good there is in us, we have to try to be better than we are.

We shall need all those sources of strength if we are to have virtue enough for our task. This world is ours; we can do something good with it, or we can destroy it. We cannot cut ourselves off. If we do not show virtue, this world is going to be a hell.

But I think we shall not show social virtue, or political virtue, if we fail to make the best we can of ourselves as individuals, in our human relations. We live in an age when frustration and fear make men harsh and full of hate, and hate is the worst motive either for private or for social action. We are not much. We are all poor devils. Virtue is hard for us. But remember: hatred is easy, destruction is easy. And that special kind of easiness is ultimately nauseating to the soul.

C. P. SNOW

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

GRADUATION CEREMONY

13th APRIL 1962

Laureation Addresses

SIR CHARLES P. SNOW

My Lord Duke and Chancellor, I have the honour to present for the Degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa* Sir Charles Percy Snow.

Sir Charles Snow is, by his own definition, a New Man, a Bejant in society, a product of the scientific revolution. His brilliant early record in Physics at Leicester and Cambridge earned him a Fellowship in Christ's College at the age of 25 : in 1939, he was seconded to the Ministry of Labour and spent the War as Director of Technical Personnel ; at the end of it, he became a Civil Service Commissioner, with the special task of selecting scientists for Government employment. For his public services he was awarded the C.B.E. ; and more recently was knighted. He has for many years held a Directorship of the English Electric Company. That, Sir, is shortly, the record of his solid practical achievement in the world of science and affairs.

But in the world of letters, C. P. Snow has achieved far more spectacular successes and a glittering reputation. He started writing at an early age, purely as a relaxation from research ; but writing gripped him, and his later work has increasingly absorbed his time and talent and won him a place of high rank amongst English novelists of the 20th Century. In his novels, Science is a constantly recurring theme, Science as a new and dominating social force, its place in education, especially in the Universities, its mounting influence in the corridors of power. This important theme he has brilliantly developed, in his Rede and Godkin Lectures, with his analysis of what he calls the Two Cultures, Science and the Humanities, and of the widening rift which might develop between them.

In the context of the Two Cultures, our new Rector is a unique phenomenon. From high places in the Sciences, he has vaulted sure footed across his cultural chasm to high achievement in the Arts. In the Universities, where the cultures co-exist, or, perhaps, are part and parcel of the one culture of Western civilization, other and urgent problems press upon us as we enter a period of unparalleled expansion. The new Chairman of our University Court is profoundly conscious of these problems and has pondered on them deeply ; we can confidently look to him for guidance and advice.

I would ask you now, My Lord Duke, to confer the Degree.

PROFESSOR BLACKETT

My Lord Duke and Chancellor, I have the honour to present for the Degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa* Professor Patrick M. S. Blackett.

We have another New Man in Professor Blackett, probably the most distinguished Physicist in Britain today. At Cambridge, he was one of Rutherford's outstanding pupils, and he there conducted a series of brilliant researches with the cloud expansion chamber, which culminated in his discovery of an elementary particle, the meson. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at 36, he has held the Chair of Physics successively in Birkbeck College, in the University of Manchester, and in the Imperial College of Science and Technology of London University. His later research in rock magnetism has given great impetus to the science of Geophysics. He is the holder of the Nobel Prize and the American Medal for Merit.

In the First World War, Midshipman P. M. S. Blackett slept undisturbed throughout the Battle of Jutland ; he has since shown himself very wideawake in matters naval and military. He was a member of the Tizard Committee, whose efforts brought radar to readiness in 1939 ; and in the Second World War he developed an entirely new field of science in founding first for the Army, then for the Navy, Operation Research Units. His naval researches produced a new pattern for convoys which saved countless lives and countless million tons of shipping. With his expert knowledge of the science of War and of nuclear physics, he has been a fearless and formidable critic of government policy on disarmament and nuclear strategy.

Though in no sense a humanist, Professor Blackett is a man of warm humanity. His unbounded faith in the potential of his fellow men has inspired exceptional loyalties. And in the under-developed countries he has won many friends by his ungrudging efforts to promote the material advancement of less affluent societies.

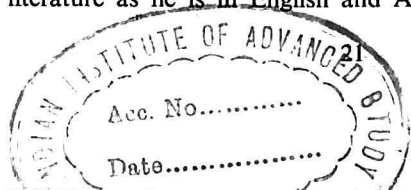
I would ask you now, My Lord Duke, to confer the Degree.

PROFESSOR HARRY LEVIN

My Lord Duke and Chancellor, I have the honour to present for the Degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa* Professor Harry Levin.

Professor Levin is an American, an eminent Humanist from the New World to redress the balance of New Men from the Old. His whole academic life has been closely linked with Harvard, as a student, as Lecturer in English, and as Professor in English and Comparative Literature. In his student days, his ability and intellect fascinated, and at times terrified, his own distinguished teachers at Harvard. As a teacher he lectures brilliantly and with great dramatic force. As a scholar and literary critic he is internationally accepted as a leader in the field of comparative literature.

In an age, and in a country, where the trend is towards narrowing specialisation, Professor Levin is remarkable for the breadth of his scholarship. He is as widely read and as expert in French literature as he is in English and American ; he is equally at



home in the 16th and the 20th Century. He has written authoritative works on Marlowe and on James Joyce, on Cervantes and on American Novelists of the 19th Century. In Paris, he lectured for a year as Visiting Professor at the Sorbonne : and his forthcoming study of the French novel is expected to be one of the definitive works in that field. His literary style is richly allusive, displaying in every paragraph an immense range of reference to critical commentaries and original sources.

As a champion of the Humanities, Professor Levin is vigorous and unswerving ; he steadfastly refuses to allow the attraction of new techniques in criticism to divert him from his total pre-occupation with humanism. Literature, for him, is not a game of charades ; and he sets as his ideal a kind of literary criticism which, while analysing the formal and aesthetic qualities of a work of art, will fit them into the cultural and social pattern to which it belongs.

I would ask you now, My Lord Duke, to confer the Degree.

MIKHAIL A. SHOLOKHOV

My Lord Duke and Chancellor, I have the honour to present for the Degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa* Mr. Mikhail Alexandrovich Sholokhov.

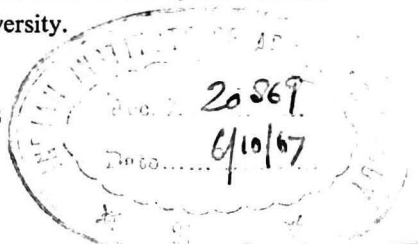
In the Soviet Union, Mikhail Sholokhov is regarded as a national hero, holder of the Stalin and Lenin Prizes, a Member of the Order of Lenin. He is widely acknowledged, both in his own country and in others, as the greatest Russian author since the Revolution.

By birth a Don Cossack, his roots are deep in the black earth of the Don country, his works rich in the traditions of that hardy and enduring race. On a huge and sprawling canvas he portrays with vivid realism, the stubborn struggles of the Cossacks, caught up in the savagery of war and violent social change. His hero is the common man. Worker, soldier, peasant, fill the pages, simple people ; but superbly drawn, full-blooded, earthy, vital. Impulsive in thought, irrational in action, they stand revealed in complex human relationships, which with the epic sweep, the constant ebb and flow of action, generate the great dramatic tension of his works.

Mikhail Sholokhov is himself a simple man, stubborn and independent, and of a high artistic integrity. He lives close to the soil among the Cossacks on the Don. He makes no claim to special erudition. He is a natural writer, born with the storyteller's gift ; and in the telling of his tale he has created for us and for posterity works of harsh beauty and majestic grandeur in the great traditions of the classic Russian realists.

I would ask you now, My Lord Duke, to confer the Degree.

It is customary at the Installation of the Rector to confer the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* on persons nominated by him. On this occasion the candidates were presented for the degree by Professor A. J. McDonald, B.A., LL.B., W.S., Dean of the Faculty of Law, and the degrees were conferred by His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, P.C., K.T., G.C.V.O., A.F.C., LL.D., F.R.G.S., Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, the Chancellor of the University.



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