

# The Wednesday

www.thewednesdayoxford.com

Weekly Magazine of the Wednesday Group - Oxford



## Editorial

### *The Mystical Wittgenstein*

Wittgenstein extends his shadow over philosophy for the entire twentieth century, half of that time when he was alive and the other half when he was dead. But the story of Wittgenstein is not over, the debate has continued and expanded. A friend has recently recommended to me Ray Monk's biography of Wittgenstein. The recommendation came after I attributed quietism to Wittgenstein. But Wittgenstein, according to Monk, said:

'What is the use of studying philosophy if all that it does for you is to enable you to talk with some plausibility about some abstruse questions of logic etc. and if it does not improve your thinking about the important questions of everyday life, if it does not make you more conscientious than any... journalist in the use of the dangerous phrases such people use for their own end.' - quoted in Monk's *Ludwig Wittgenstein, The Duty of Genius*, p424.

I am grateful for this quote which directed my attention towards a different Wittgenstein than the one he is generally has taken to be.

My attention was also drawn to a review by Jonathan Rée in the *London Review of Books* in November last year of *Wittgenstein's Family Letters*. The point worth mentioning here is the personal attitude towards philosophy and life that Wittgenstein took after he gave up engineering to spend time in Cambridge discussing philosophy with leading figures in the history of philosophy of the twentieth century.

The Wittgenstein that comes out of these letters, according to Rée, is more mystical than 'logical' in the Russellian and positivist sense. For Wittgenstein, logic, and philosophy generally, is an activity rather than a theory. He also thought that there is a limit to logical analysis and that there is something inexpressible. Wittgenstein said: 'Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.' Rée said

of Wittgenstein 'he thought that the best things in life – not only philosophical insights, but also religious, moral, musical or artistic experiences - confounded any attempt to articulate them...' Wittgenstein said in a letter to Russell that he wanted 'to create a philosophical safe haven for those things that "cannot be expressed but only shown"'. But Russell laughed at Wittgenstein's intention and said that he had relapsed into mysticism.

Wittgenstein was appalled when he came back to Cambridge at the end of the twenties to find 'a band of philosophical enthusiasts for something called "scientific method"'. They seemed to believe that the *Tractatus* justified them in treating religion as a joke and morality as no more than an expression of raw emotion.' It is regrettable that such a misconception still exists a century later. But Wittgenstein thought, in the words of Rée, that 'the fact that ethical and religious attitudes fall outside the limits of articulated thought was not their weakness but their glory.' Apparently one of Wittgenstein's favourite books was William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

This is not the full story of the 'mystical' Wittgenstein. Rée has dedicated about a hundred and fifty pages to Wittgenstein in his book *Witcraft*. Nigel Warburton suggested to Rée while interviewing him at Blackwell's (full coverage inside this issue) that these pages amount to a complete book on Wittgenstein. This final chapter in Rée's book is full of details covering the development of Wittgenstein's thought through his encounter with other philosophers, his reading of Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Kierkegaard, Goethe and other German poets. It also shows that the silence he recommended is that of a mystic or a hermit, and that he considered being a priest but thought that this required a long training. All this adds to the mystical dimension in his life and thought.

*The Editor*

# Writing a History of Philosophy: Jonathan Rée talks about his new book

**Jonathan Rée discussed his book *Witcraft: The Invention of Philosophy in English* with Nigel Warburton in Blackwell's Bookshop in Oxford on 4<sup>th</sup> January. Members of the Wednesday group were there and below is a report of the event.**

PAUL COCKBURN

A number of us from the Wednesday group attended the 'Philosophy in the Bookshop' event at Blackwell's which was interesting and generated debate.

As one of the founders of the journal *Radical Philosophy* in 1971 and also as a student Jonathan Rée was dissatisfied with his experience of academic philosophy and the accepted 'canon' regarding the history of philosophy in the West. This history generally runs as follows: philosophy started with the Greeks, and was then allied to the Church in the Middle Ages with such thinkers as Aquinas. Descartes then 'started' the Enlightenment, and the rise of science has continued since then.

Jonathan Rée thinks there is much more to philosophy and the history of philosophy than this. Philosophy should be an exciting enterprise, philosophical thought should be life-enhancing. Academic philosophy in his view is not fulfilling this role, rules have to be followed and careers have to be made. Young students seeking intellectual liberation are generally disenchanted with it and give the subject up after a few years.

His book takes snapshots of philosophical thought in 50-year intervals, starting in 1601. He discovers writings from early Christian missionaries in the Americas, who find that the 'natives' have insight and ask innocent questions which are deep. We perhaps need 'wild' philosophy, which connects with the thoughts of ordinary people. It is interesting that we want to write a history of philosophy without gaps. We desperately want to fill the gaps in, and this can be harmful sometimes.

How does the past appear to us? In 1951 what were philosophers saying about Kant's philosophy? What were they saying about Kant in 1901, 1851 or 1801?

Any understanding at a particular point may be denied at a later point in time. We need to aim at a synoptic view of philosophy, the love of wisdom that comes from a coherent understanding of everything together. Nigel Warburton made the point that philosophy is difficult, so you need a 'map' to help you. Histories of philosophy are like a guidebook, you can't just 'jump into' the complex thoughts of philosophers such as Hegel, Nietzsche, or Kierkegaard. You need time. Also, philosophy cannot be done by your servant: generally you have to 'do' it yourself. Philosophy is not learnt by reading summaries of philosophers' views. You need to read philosophical texts, just like enjoying poetry, which you do by reading poems and not descriptions of them.

There are quite a few histories of Western philosophy. Perhaps the most famous is Bertrand Russell's '*History of Western Philosophy and its Connection with Political and Social Circumstances from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*', published in 1946. It is 789 pages long, and ends with recommending logical and objective scientific analysis as a philosophical methodology. Wittgenstein, his former student, is not mentioned. There is a critique of Russell's book in Jonathan Rée's *Witcraft*.

History of philosophy books can be based on major philosophical themes, or simply chronologically based dealing with particular philosophers. A C



**Nigel Warburton (left) and Jonathan Rée (right)**

Grayling has written 'A History of Philosophy' published in 2019, and Nigel Warburton has written 'A little History of Philosophy' published in 2012. There is a Dorling Kindersley publication called *The Philosophy Book*, and Peter Gibson the Secretary of the Oxford Philosophical Society at Rewley House has written a book called *A Degree in a Book: Philosophy: Everything You Need to Know to Master the Subject ... In One Book!*, published in 2019.

It is interesting to compare philosophy with music. Both have a history and are technical, but music has the added benefit of a more immediate sensual impact. The thought was expressed that you should not study music in a totally technical sense and lose touch with the rhythm, with dance, and folk music for instance is still important. Similarly, you should not study philosophy and somehow lose touch with life. Also it is interesting to note that opera is an important part of the Western musical tradition, but you can't insist that every other tradition must appreciate or have opera to be considered musical. Similarly, the way philosophy has been done in the West should not be the standard by which you judge philosophy in other parts of the world. This came out in Rée's reply to an anthropologist who knew Japan well and understood Japanese philosophy.

Rée's book ends with a long chapter on Wittgenstein (died 1951), a philosopher he studied in his early student days. A pattern often followed is that we rebel against authority, the established canon, in early life, but later we can see a wider picture and return to the 'canon', albeit in a different way. Originally Rée thought he would write a final section on Hannah Arendt, but instead he ended the book writing on Wittgenstein. Rée said that his choices as to who and what to include in his book were somewhat arbitrary, he studied the philosophical ideas and views he found in particular years at 50 year intervals.

In questions, a number of points were raised. Is philosophy naturally patronizing and colonizing, automatically putting people off? What about Chinese, Japanese and Islamic philosophy? When looking at received ideas, should we just question them rather than reject them, how disobedient and contrarian should we be? Jonathan hoped that in the future philosophy would be less institutionalized, more open, more like poetry, less uptight.

*Witcraft* is clearly a personal book. For Jonathan Rée there is no completion to philosophy, it is like a never-ending quest – there will always be gaps.

## Language, Belief and the World

*Notes on the Wednesday Meeting Held on 8<sup>th</sup> of January 2020*

**RAHIM HASSAN**

**T**he Wednesday group had their first meeting in the new year. A good number of the members were present and the discussion was oozing with energy and vitality. Chris Seddon led the discussion on language, belief and the world. This is part of his interest in conceptual analysis and useful tools to help us do philosophy. He has his own thoughts although he is basing them on the work of Russell, Wittgenstein and Logical positivism. That does not mean he agrees with these individuals and schools of thought but the listener, and the reader, maybe able to follow the discussion more easily if they know something about them.

Chris takes language as a form of life – how we use language in life is of the essence of philosophy. Logic and philosophy are activities in our lives that we are involved with all the time and not theories discussed in specialized circles. But one should understand that to be at the philosophical level, one has to leave behind the common sense assumptions about objects in the world and concentrate on language and belief as a response to situations - or what amounts to the same thing: states of affairs. This is an important point because it is at the roots of the disputes between Wittgenstein, Russell and

Frege. Both Russell and Frege considered that the smallest building blocks of language are names and definite descriptions. They took names and definite descriptions to be referential. Their referents are persons and objects in the world. The meaning of a name or a definite description is the object it refers to. The Logical Positivists thought such objects of science. It followed that objects that are of no concern to science, or outside its reach, are considered nonsensical. Language also is to be purged of names and metaphors that go beyond science – they represent emotions and are considered irrational. This is not the way that Wittgenstein saw the matter and not the way Chris sees it. For both, although the smallest unit of language may include names and definition descriptions, they do not make references in isolation - the smallest unit of reference is the proposition. The proposition reflects a belief or intention formulated in a statement and it is in and about a situation. This is what makes Chris's and Wittgenstein's thinking different from Logical Positivism.

Science is one activity in life and not our whole engagement with the world. Although propositions may refer to situations which have an independent existence, the objects they describe have no independent existence apart from our engagement with them through language. This is the guiding idea of many schools of philosophy, such as Phenomenology and Pragmatism, with such diverse philosophers from Heidegger to Rorty. The whole notions of logic, meaning, sense and truth should be refigured in the light of the idea that we are governed by the language we use and the world we make as we carry on our activities. Part of the heated debate on this occasion was due to the fact that we are so much attached to mistaken notions of existence, meaning and truth. Perhaps we need to move on.

Chris substantiated his talk with many examples of language games taken from Wittgenstein. The full text of Chris's talk will be published in one of the coming issues.



**Wittgenstein**



## Obituary

### Sir Roger Scruton (27 February 1944 – 12 January 2020)

By EDWARD GREENWOOD

**T**he death of Sir Roger Scruton should not go unmarked in *The Wednesday*. In the inevitable controversy over his traditionalism and conservatism, his distinguished contributions to philosophy should not be underestimated. In my own field of literature he was very close in his approach to another figure often written off as an old fogey, F.R. Leavis. Like Leavis, he recognized that judgments of works of literature and art cannot be proved syllogistically. They consist rather of descriptive sensitizing remarks which appeal for consensus. In that appeal is constituted their claim to objectivity. They often engage in a kind of tuning in to the conventions which make the experience of their values possible. We do not assent to an argument, but participate in an experience. We see aspects of a work which we might not have noticed without prompting.

Unlike Leavis, however, who was not trained in philosophy and always somewhat wary of it, Scruton was a sophisticated philosopher who wrote an excellent short study of Kant for the Oxford Past Masters series in 1982. This was a study notable for its lucid treatment of a notoriously difficult philosopher, though to say that the emotions are not subject to the will (p71) seems to call for further discussion. Scruton's view of the nature of aesthetic judgement was deeply indebted to Kant's *Critique of Judgement*. Kant had shown once and for all that aesthetic judgements are not deduced from rules in the way neo-classical critics had thought. Scruton also evinced a deep interest in architecture and music as shown by his *The Aesthetics of Architecture* (1979) and his book on Wagner's *Tristan Death-Devoted Heart* (Oxford 2004).

It is often easier to be clear about what a polemicist

is against rather than about what a polemicist is for. The idea of conservatism which emerged from *The Meaning of Conservatism* (1980) emerges much less clearly than the negative view of Millian liberalism and individualism. A reverence for what Yeats called 'custom and ceremony' is the keynote. Nietzsche scarcely emerges at all in Scruton's work, but Nietzsche was surely right to see that 'the cake of custom' often becomes inedible, while also seeing we are rooted in history.

Whatever disagreements one may have with Scruton (and many had plenty) one must surely acknowledge his range of knowledge in matters of history and culture and his unwavering commitment to rational argument. In this respect he is the heir of the Enlightenment, of which he has often seemed so critical. He will have no truck with post-truth stances and the notion of 'alternative facts.' As Peter Hacker maintains in his excellent short essay 'On the Enlightenment Project' for the Institute of Art and Ideas for February 2017 'The denial of a fact does not state an alternative fact, but a falsehood.' Scruton's *Fools, Frauds and Firebrands* is, as he tells us in his introduction, a reworking and updating of his notorious *Thinkers of the New Left* (1985). It is a 'twilight of the idols' for Sartre, Lacan, Althusser, Foucault, Deleuze, Badiou and others. Here Scruton had contrasted Nietzsche with Foucault. Whereas Foucault speaks out of a solipsistic world, Nietzsche speaks 'directly of the world we share.'

If I may end on a personal note, on the one occasion on which I met Roger Scruton he cheered me up by saying that the reason so many journal editors rejected my poems was because the poems are intelligible.

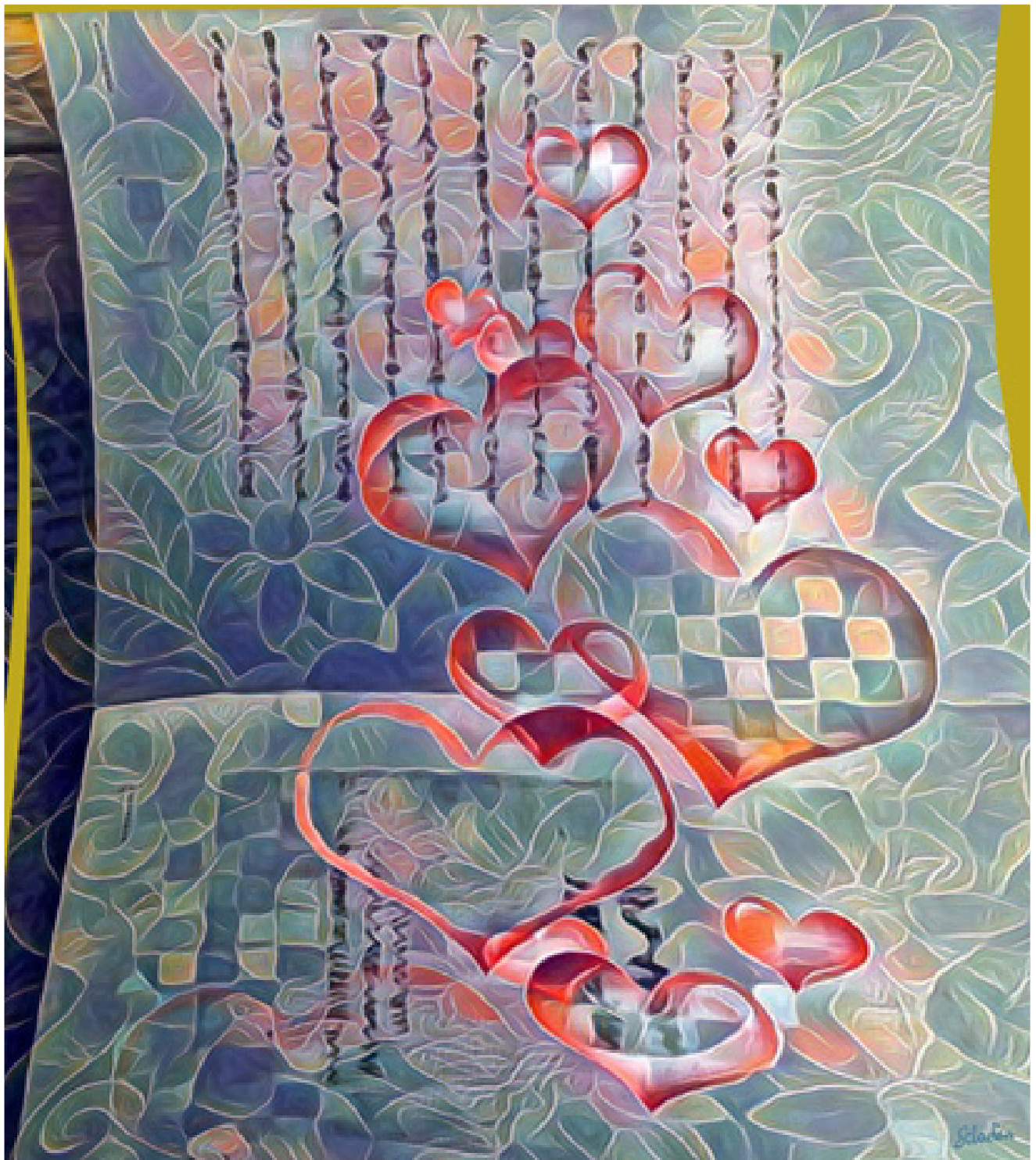


## Unresolved

Unresolved lie the things of the heart  
in locked rooms, where keys have been lost,  
or with windows closed to the air of spring  
or books left out in a foreign tongue.

Force cannot prise open tight hearts  
or decipher the symbols in books,  
for patience must walk at great length  
through the different levels of pain  
to reach all dimensions of grief.

Costly for us is all love,  
as we price our days in good fortune  
and are charged for sadness and sorrow.  
Harsh is the road and relentless  
that leads us a lifetime in circles  
asking innumerable questions  
in the dust-gathering rooms of heart space.



*Poem and Artwork by Scharlie Meeuws*

### Survivance: Derrida

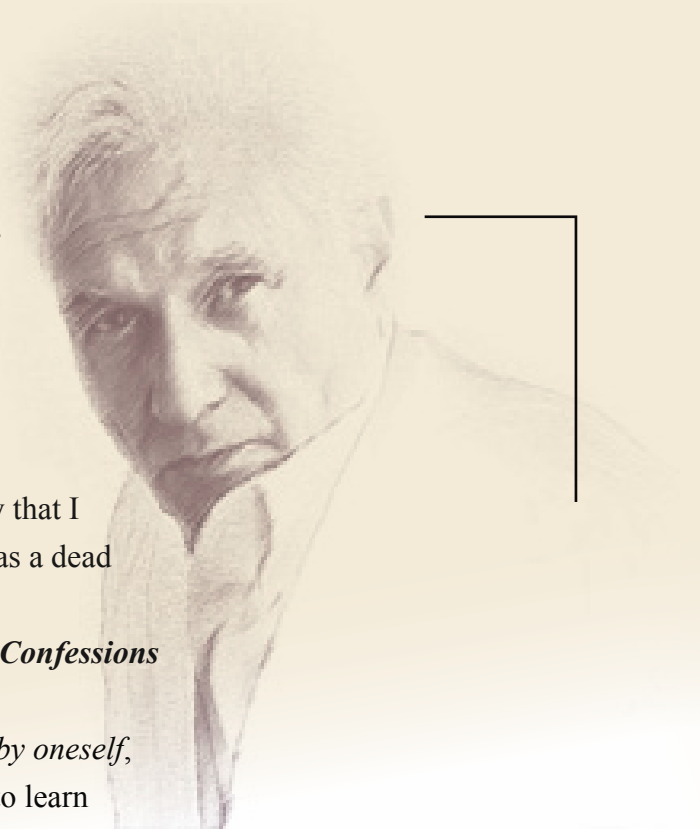
(Part II)

From this point of view, Rousseau knew that death is not the simple outside of life. Death by writing also inaugurates life. 'I can certainly say that I never began to live, until I looked upon myself as a dead man'.

**Derrida, *Of Grammatology*; citing Rousseau, *Confessions***

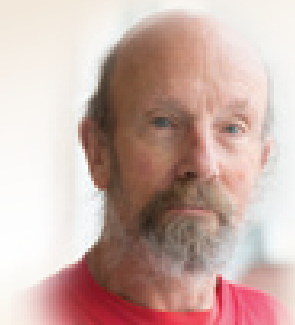
But to learn to live, to learn it *from oneself and by oneself*, all alone, to teach *oneself* to live ('I would like to learn to live finally'), is that not impossible for a living being? Is it not what logic itself forbids? To live, by definition, is not something one learns. Not from oneself, it is not learned from life, taught by life. Only from the other and by death. In any case from the other at the edge of life.

**Derrida, *Specters of Marx*, trans. Peggy Kamuf**



Derrida

8



CHRIS NORRIS

Such a relief  
In many ways, this mind-state that can feel,  
At times, like some quiescent *Leitmotif*

Now setting its long-dreamt redemptive seal  
On certain texts and life-events that held,  
As once it seemed, no pattern to reveal,

No Proustian charge of recollection spelled  
In occult characters. They strike me now,  
At my life's end, as if at last compelled

To yield that hidden charge and so allow  
A retrospect where time no longer holds  
The master-key and memories endow

Life-happenings, like texts, with subtle folds  
Of memory sensed *après-coup* to catch  
The seasoned traveller out. They break the moulds,



The framing narratives, that we attach  
Habitually to any episode  
Whose real significance might else unlatch

All story-links, re-scramble every code,  
And leave us striving, like Rousseau, to spin  
A self-protective yarn wherein what's owed

To factual truth takes detours more akin  
To fictive discourse. They're the kinds of tale  
I'm often drawn to, those that may begin

By seeming to supply the 'safety-rail'  
Of author's meaning we fall back upon,  
Us text-interpreters, by way of fail-

Safe readerly assurance we've not gone  
Too far off-track, but then contrive to knock  
That prop aside as some odd *denouement*,

Some knot of complications, comes to block  
The recourse to authorial *vouloir-dire*  
And send a sense-unraveling seismic shock

Through all our best conjectures.  
That's when we're  
Compelled to think again, to question our  
Most cherished axioms, and henceforth adhere

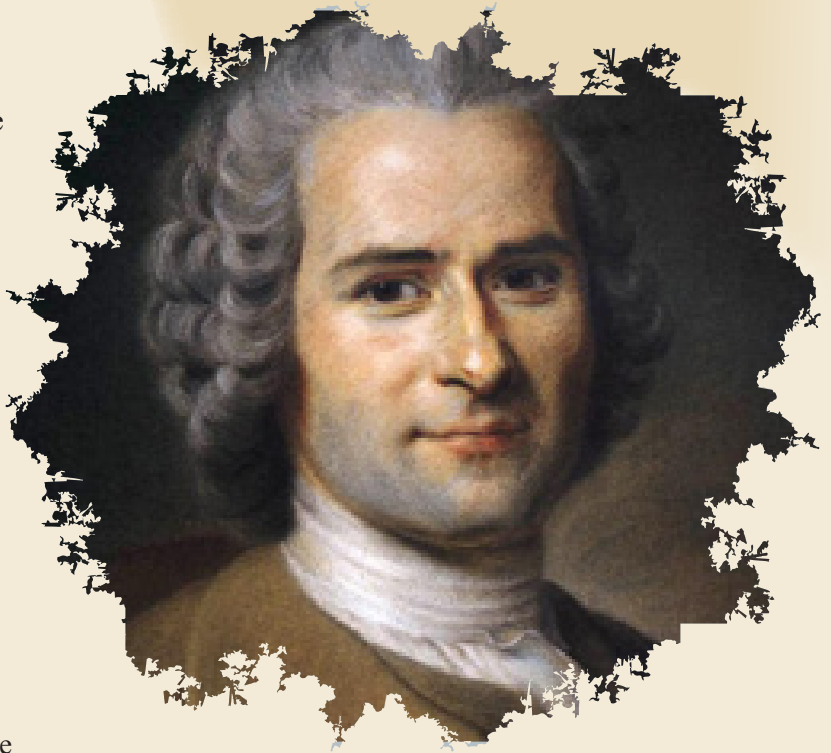
To protocols of reading that empower  
Philosophy in its essential task,  
Much vilified as that may be: to scour

Its own prehistory and dare to ask  
What errors, slips, and motivated swerves  
From source may too conveniently mask

Behind a pious gloss. This duly serves  
To pass them off when offered in accord  
With all the ways that all those classic *oeuvres*,

From Plato down, have found themselves restored  
To an 'authentic' reading sanctified  
By custom and by scanners who ignored,

When told to, any protocol that vied  
With suchlike fideistic views and raised  
The reading-stakes. For what had they to hide,



Rousseau

Those worthy exegetes who mostly lazed  
Their way through texts till some odd detail snagged  
Their eye and, momentarily amazed,

They soon resolved to leave that detail tagged  
'Anomaly' or 'minor problem', keep  
Whatever doubts they had securely gagged,

And so preserve the self-protective sleep  
Of reason that's required if we're to stick  
With rule and precedent.  
    'All we like sheep

Are gone astray', the preacher says, 'so pick  
The winning side, line up with God's elect,  
Stray not from the sure path that gains a tick

On His route-map, and don't let intellect  
Or your shrewd eye for detail have you turn  
Self-traitor and recruit you to the sect

Of deconstructors whose misreadings earn  
Them nothing but the censure brought to bear  
By those, the faithful, wise enough to learn

From their elders and betters'. Satan's snare,  
No doubt, the kinds of reading I've essayed,  
Where certain models – Marx, *Eighteenth Brumaire*

*Of Louis Napoléon* among them – played  
A leading role in showing how the world  
'Outside' the text might find itself portrayed,

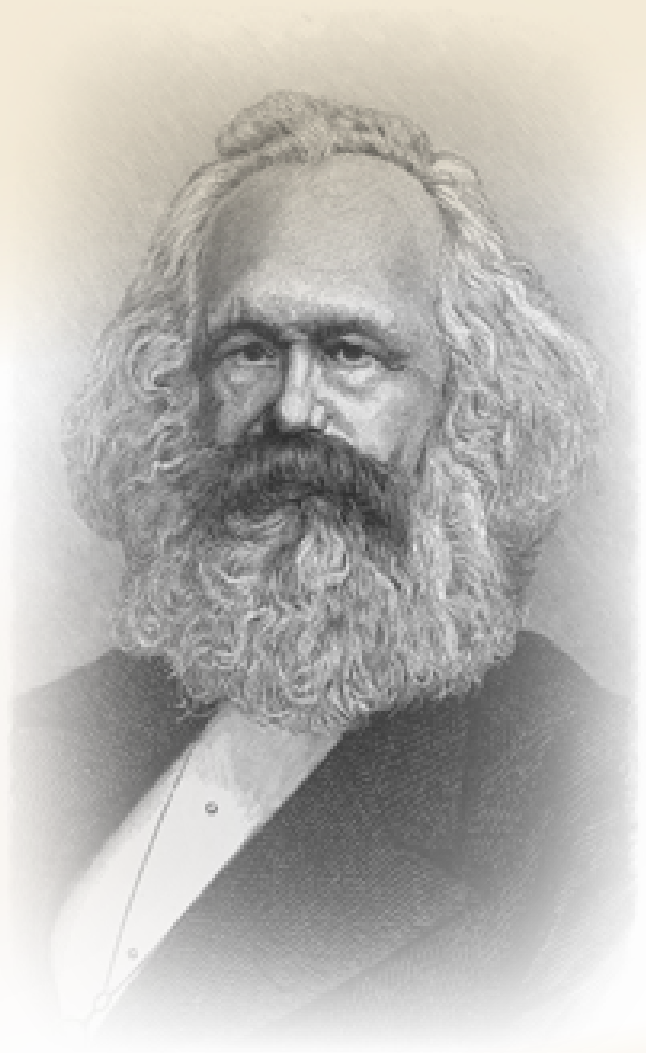
Its tangled logics patiently unfurled,  
By treating them as would a reader trained,  
Like Marx, to wrinkle out the subtext curled

In that vast range of books from which he gained  
The proto-deconstructive skill to tease  
Out meanings the old pedagogues had strained

To keep from view.

    His lesson: always seize  
On just those surface signs of deeper strife,  
Those symptoms that reveal the pincer-squeeze

Of forces, whether 'textual' or 'real-life',  
Whose slightest perturbations we can trace  
On seismographic print-outs where the knife,



**Marx**

Though honed to suit in each specific case,  
Will always yield a map too rough or crude  
For depth-interpreters. They'd best keep pace,

Or near enough, with motions that elude  
The grasp of readers reckoning to pass clean  
Through textual 'obstacles' and so conclude

With a life-history that links each scene  
Securely to the next. That's just the shape  
Required by devotees of the big screen

Or novels that leave room for an escape  
From any nagging sense that things are not,  
In truth, at all like that. Listen agape,

O my biographers! For when you slot  
Events and episodes, plus hopes and fears,  
Plus my text-archive and your own best shot

At making sense of it, into the years  
Of my foreshortened life-span then you've one  
Big thing to learn. You're always in arrears,

You chroniclers who think your work is done,  
Your own share of the work, once you've contrived  
A seamless fit of life-to-text, or run

The speculative gamut and arrived  
At some coherent story-line whereby  
To rest content your labours have revived

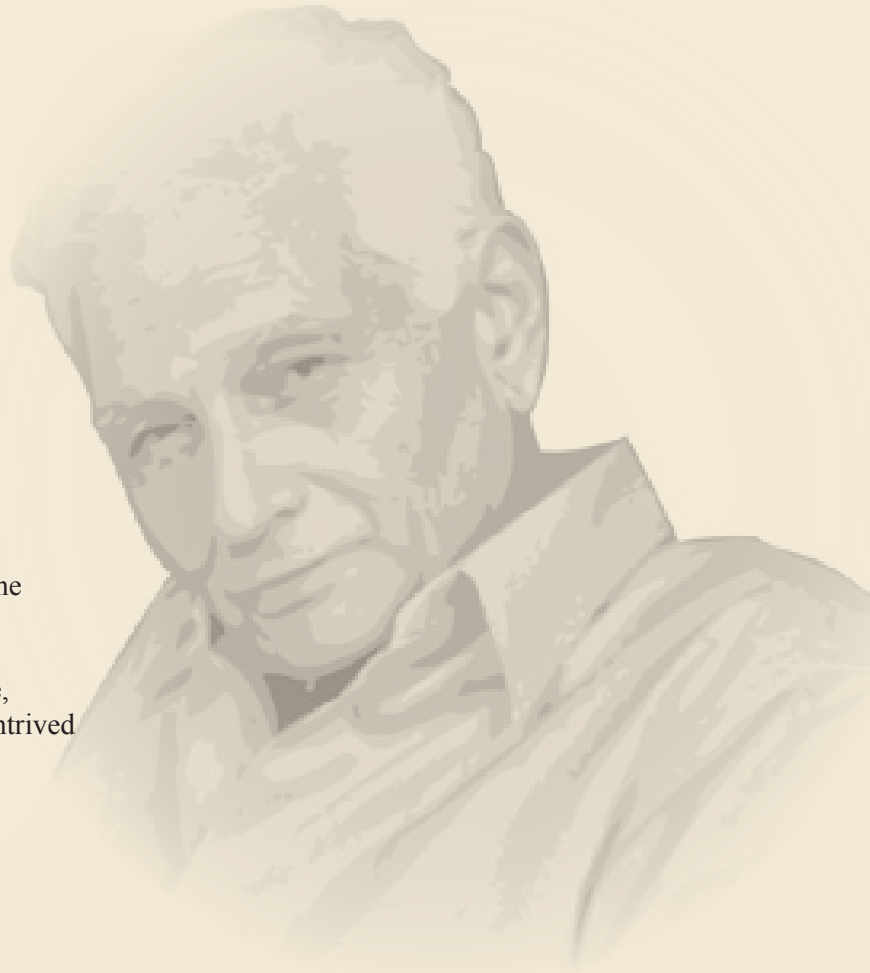
Both readers' interest in my work and my  
Life-interest in thus having you collapse  
The life-text binary.

See how I shy

Away from any wish to close the gaps  
That writing opens up, although I'm prone –  
And all the more of late, as illness saps

My strength – to seek redress or else atone  
For those now faded episodes with some  
Ghost-scripted reverie where scenes half-known,

Half-dreamed or reimagined quickly come  
To haunt the space of memory. That's when I'm  
At last relieved of any need to plumb



**Derrida**

## Poetry

Archival depths by incidents that prime  
An art of recollection now redeemed  
From any documentary paradigm

Of telling how-it-was from how-it-seemed,  
Or now, five decades on, of making good  
On aspects of my life's work inter-themed

With aspects of my life. Things understood  
From a conflicted standpoint in my youth,  
Like the Algerian War, split nationhood,

The 'language question', or the mix of truth  
And wishful thinking in my early take  
On Camus, would require a super-sleuth

Right now to track them back yet often make  
More sense, I find, when left to self-arrange  
In retrospect for truth's *nachträglich* sake,

Or as the self's late means of making strange  
Its earlier selves. Those avatars display  
Re-constellated features apt to change

As shifts of time and circumstance convey  
Their message – their sad tidings, if you will,  
Though not without an upside – that the way

Of memory's one that no fact-checker's drill  
Can regulate, no discipline reduce  
To any fixed procedure, yet which still

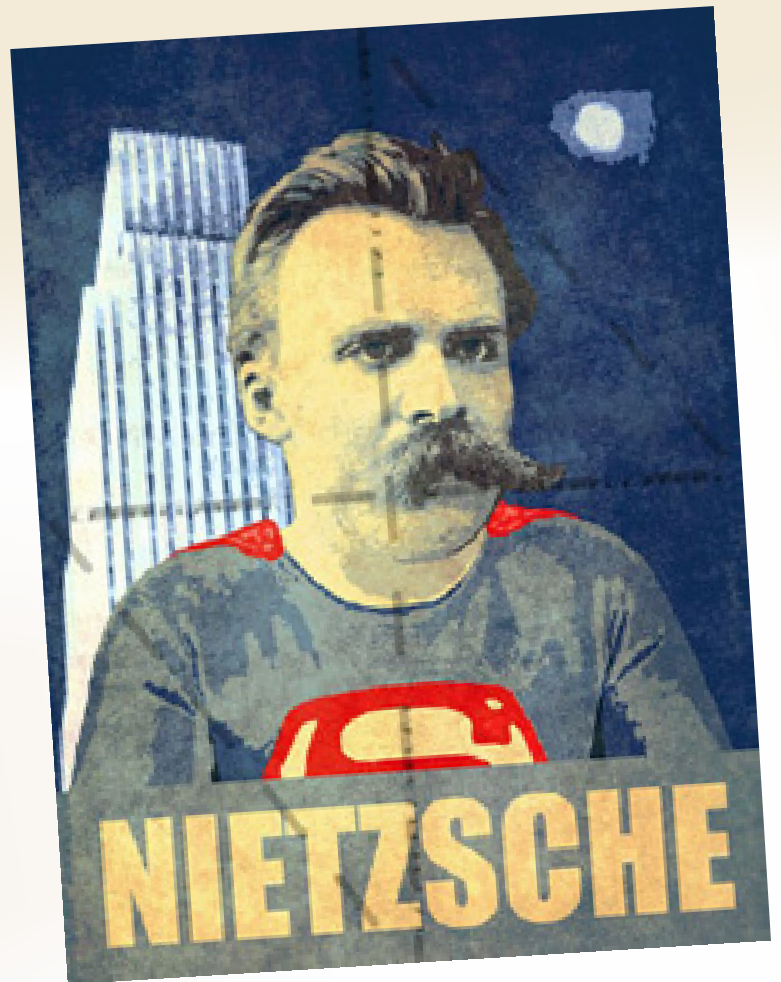
May leave the reckoner with no excuse  
For certain willed lacunae.

Then the lack  
Of truth or accuracy spells abuse

Of one condition on our questing-back  
For past events, that is (think Paul de Man)  
The rule that we not let oblivion stack

The odds against remembrance till we can,  
By editing the record, get to wipe  
Our own slate clean. Like Nietzsche's superman

We'd shape past lives at will and – true to type –  
Conceal, repress or purposely revoke  
All episodes that else might earn a gripe



Nietzsche as a Superman



From stubborn literalists or simple folk  
Not gifted with that sovereign power to mould  
Their *vita ante acta* in bespoke

Self-justifying ways. If truth be told  
I've also done my share to put it round,  
That strategy that places truth on hold,

Or (as I'd rather say) suggests we're bound,  
In conscience, not to sell life-stories short  
Or think their gist is quickly to be found

By disregarding all that we've been taught  
As expert readers. So we learn to note  
Each complicating detail, afterthought,

Or self-subverting twist in what they wrote  
And thereby prove the most effectual guides  
To how some disregarded anecdote

May show what the received life-story hides,  
Or how some errant trope may controvert  
The standard view.

My point: a whole lot rides

On whether we're sufficiently alert  
To things we'd otherwise perforce ignore,  
Things 'out of character' that disconcert

The authorised biographers who store,  
For future use, such detail as confirms  
Not just how their biographees should score

In psychological or moral terms  
But how effectively they work to calm  
Our nerves by sealing tight the can of worms

Marked 'Nietzsche, Freud and Co.'. If soothing balm  
For troubled souls is requisite then best  
You stick to narratives that seek to palm

You off with rounded characters, unmessed-  
Up lives, well-made (since long familiar) plots,  
Full closure, *vraisemblance*, and the rest

Of those smooth ways of joining up the dots  
As taste requires.

Yet still they lie in wait,  
The masters of suspicion who'll tie knots



Proust



## Poetry

In any tale that thinks to tell things straight,  
To speak directly what's conveyed aslant,  
Or take as read what lives may intimate,

If ever, then as their last moments grant  
Some respite from the meaning-quest that drives  
Us retro-fabulists. Why say we can't

Consider them as meaningful, those lives,  
Unless reframed from scene to scene as though  
In some director's cut which so contrives

The settings, shots and screenplay that there's no  
Proleptic plot-device or life-line kink  
That shatters the illusion, like Rousseau

Caught out by every logic-twisting link  
Of contraries that sends his text askew  
From its express intent? Again: why think

There's some life-narrative that must hold true,  
Some providential story-line that tells  
Our tale as from a God's-eye point of view

While every life, like every text, compels  
Just the reverse conclusion? Then our sole  
Security may come of thought that dwells

Most fixedly on that which finds no role  
For fixity nor any dwelling-space  
Beyond the instant when it cedes control

To textual vagaries whose proper place,  
If any, is the one marked out by all  
Those deconstructive readings that embrace

An openness to chance deemed off-the-wall  
By providentialists who'd much prefer  
Their lives to skip the drastic overhaul

That this requires. I mean to cast no slur  
On 'naïve realists', the kind who press  
The case for history as how things were

Historically, a principle no less  
Imperative when making the attempt,  
As here, to write a life and acquiesce



Paul de Man



Camus

In no self-serving ploy to hold exempt  
From blame the self that puts up a façade  
Of self-analysis just to preempt

More awkward questions.

Yet the truth comes hard,  
Needs working at, eludes the placid gaze  
Of ego-strokers, and decrees them barred

From ever getting so far through the maze  
Of sense and symptom as to know they've sailed  
Close up to Id's far coastline, so can raise

Truth's cryptic banner high. For me, I've failed  
In all my work if I've not helped you see  
How my *Nostalgie* was what entailed

(Not it alone but, so it seems to me,  
The big thing furthest back) my old mistrust  
Of typecast binaries, my constant plea

That thought grow complicated where it must,  
And that such complications not obscure  
But sharpen to a leading point the thrust

Of counter-thoughts that shun all premature  
Appeal to what's self-evident to those  
Self-certain types who know the truth for sure,

No questions asked. Not their way to disclose  
Whatever conflicts might yet give them pause,  
What sudden qualms disturb their night's repose,

Or – my case constantly – what brings the laws,  
So-called, of thought and judgment up against  
Some instance that requires an exit-clause,

A rule suspended, as the tremor's sensed  
Across the fine assurances we've piled  
So high they strike us now as if dispensed

From any thought of wrongs unreconciled.

## *The Wednesday*

**Editor:** Dr. Rahim Hassan

**Contact Us:**

[rahimhassan@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:rahimhassan@hotmail.co.uk)

**Copyright** © Rahim Hassan

**Website:**

[www.thewednesdayoxford.com](http://www.thewednesdayoxford.com)

**Published by:**

The Wednesday Press, Oxford

### **Editorial Board**

Barbara Vellacott

Paul Cockburn

Chris Seddon

### **Correspondences & buying The *Wednesday* books:**

c/o The Secretary,  
12, Yarnells Hill,  
Oxford, OX2 9BD

*We have published eight  
cumulative volumes of the  
weekly issues. To obtain  
your copy of anyone of the  
cumulative volumes, please  
send a signed cheque with your  
name and address on the back  
£15 for each volume  
inside the UK*

*or £18 for readers  
outside the UK:*

*Please make your cheque out to  
'The Wednesday Magazine'*

**or pay Online  
ccount Number:**  
24042417

**Sorting Code:**  
09-01-29

## *Steady As I Go*



I no longer rock on passion,  
now I take a steadier ride;  
everyday in measured fashion,  
as I traipse the broken line.

I no longer rock on passion,  
heavy thoughts are lain aside;  
bits of know-how and some clichés,  
help me find the broken line.

I no longer rock on passion,  
heart and hurt are far behind.  
I just smile and lean on kindness,  
as I wait my turn in line.

*David Burridge*