

There is an extremely fine account of the range of attitudes to love in Chaucer. "Troilus and Criseyde pursue the evanescent and fragile pleasure of a fine amour which is finally seen to be ... an estat in which there is lifel herthes reste. In the Book of the Duchess, it can be a proper feature of leisured, aristocratic society, or in the Parliament of Foules, a formal, arid, and potentially dangerous pastime." In contrast, Sir Gawain uses fine amour as a way of talking himself out of a delicate situation, and Gower, according to Dr Hussey, offers a most sensitive treatment of fine amour which proves that it is a young man's game.

This final chapter will, I am sure, be the one to which readers will return most often after they have finished this excellent introduction to Chaucer.

J.A. GRAY

AUTUMN FUNERAL

He receives condolences like dead butterflies
while a married daughter hovers nearby.
We each step forward in turn,
self-conscious tokens of past years
who stumble and are afraid of words:
stubbled men in faded blue suits;
a girl in wilted pastels sobbing;
grey businessmen who've brought
further deficits with them;
a group of chattering women,
black, black, crows already.
We offer our inadequacy,
our own meagre hoardings depleted,
and winter ahead.

GRAEME CURTIS.

LAST BUT ONE

The day she died
Like a man-to-be
He folded his paper
Piece by piece
Forsook his chair
And cried.
Habit placed aside
War, murder, rape
Fell off the page
Into the fire
Of a nail here
A kiss there

ROBERT C. BOYCE