



The inaugural Hawks' Club Sports Lecture Lord's Cricket Ground, Thursday 30 March 2017

This forms a chapter in Mike's forthcoming book 'On Form' set down below, to be published by Little Brown in September 2017. It may not be replicated without the permission of the author.'

The Point of Sport – by Mike Brearley OBE



CRACKED INTELLECTUALS OR MUDDIED OAFS?

I have long been troubled by mutual scorn between sportsmen and intellectuals. For many years the argument went on in my head, too. In my second term at Cambridge, the University lacrosse match, which was in Oxford that year, coincided with the Cambridge Greek play, Aristophanes's *Clouds*, directed by Dadie Rylands, for which I had auditioned, and had been given the part of Leader of the Chorus. Soon after, I was selected for the match. I chose the latter.

When at the first rehearsal I told Rylands, a grand figure in Cambridge and certainly to me, that I was sorry but would have to pull out, he announced the news to the cast, that 'this dear young boy is going off to play *netball* for the University' – but he kindly let me play the *deus ex machina*, Hermes, appearing with winged sandals on a pedestal to pronounce the last two lines of the play, on those nights that I was in Cambridge.

Later I had the high-minded (probably snobbish) idea that becoming a philosopher would be intrinsically more valuable or estimable than becoming a cricketer. I blame Plato for some of the prejudice favouring the mind over the body. But when I was (anxiously) inclined to give up University teaching to become captain of Middlesex in 1971, Renford Bambrough, my ex-supervisor in philosophy, encouraged me. As I remember, he wrote along these lines: '*This is one of those occasions when what one ought to do coincides precisely with what one wants to do*'. (He also knew the quality of my philosophy.)

As for the reverse, it must partly be a reaction. Certainly sporting 'hearties' are liable to deride 'loftier' (if that is the right word) forms of culture. And both sides, when they denigrate capacities that they lack, or feel insecure about, act, I suspect, from, and protect themselves against, envy.

I would say that an academic life, in which one comes to understand things better and to think with more clarity and a better basis of knowledge, is a good thing in itself. Disinterested thought (and occasionally, knowledge), along with the humility to acknowledge how much there is that we don't know, is not the only good, but it is a good. But so too is sporting skill and prowess. At its best a thing of beauty, it is an activity appreciated and loved by players and spectators alike. Both sets of abilities are to be admired, though unlike with many moral qualities, not being able to run fast or do classics or mathematics are not moral failings. We recognize and give credit for the dedication and hard work that enabled Usain Bolt to run the 100 metres in 9.58 seconds, but we also admire him for his innate talent and speed. Similarly we admire, for instance, the distinguished philosopher, G E Moore's 'single-minded desire to discover truth' (as quoted below), however far his capacities to do so are the result of genetic and early environmental endowment.

The Cambridge philosopher C D Broad concluded his obituary for Moore, who died on 24 October 1958, with:

'Apart from his immense analytic power Moore's most noticeable characteristic was his absolutely single-minded desire to discover truth and avoid error and confusion. Fundamentally he was a man of simple tastes and character, absolutely devoid of all affectation, pose, and flummery. He thoroughly enjoyed the simple human pleasures of eating and drinking, walking, gardening, talking to his friends, playing with his children, and so on. It is because ordinary, unpretending Englishmen are so often muddle-headed, and intellectuals so often cracked and conceited, that Moore, who combined the virtues of both and had the vices of neither, was so exceptional and lovable a personality.' [Manchester Guardian: 25 October 1958]

For 'Englishmen' read 'sportsmen', and for 'unpretending' read 'sometimes obnoxious' and my point is made.

THE APPEAL OF SPORT

But what, at depth, is the appeal of sport, this form of life that I have spent so much time involved in?

In his book *Homo Ludens*, Johan Huizinga argues that, play, through its being set aside from the practicalities of life, often both in time and space, is the central feature of culture. Sport, psychoanalysis and theatre all have their sacred areas - playing field, consulting room, stage. These set-aside spaces are safe enough for serious play, illusion, and for emotions of

all kinds to be expressed and explored, through which a person may become more fully a person, a group may turn into a real team.

Julia Stone, an Australian family psychotherapist, writes a poignant account of weekly therapy sessions with a disabled boy called Tom, who died three months after his third birthday (2014). His body was tiny and withered. His understandably protective mother, Lisa, struggled to allow him to come truly alive; for him to use his body must have felt to her (and perhaps would have been for him) both dangerous and exposing. For his therapists, it was important that he

'be able to strut his stuff and to protest about some of the things he couldn't do... One of the therapy rooms was called the 'pillow' room. It was a space with lots of cushions, mattresses and soft balls... a safe place for rough play.'

Tom's older brother Nick would go there with a second therapist; they would come back 'red-faced and clearly having had a lively time'. Tom's wish to have the opportunity to go there himself was picked up, and after consideration of mother's anxieties, he went. Stone continues:

'Despite his pronounced limitations to independent mobility, he entered vigorously into doing what he could, showing us how he could kick and roll and throw, and so a dialogue began, describing Tom as the rolling boy, the kicking boy, the balancing boy. With each named accomplishment Tom's smile grew broader and brighter. Along with this new-found physical prowess, Tom also discovered play-dough; he delighted in making and creating shapes with his mother and me, and vied with his older brother for the favourite shape-cutter.... One afternoon, sitting at the table in the therapy room, engaged creatively with the play dough, Tom looked at me, and ` smiled. He said, "It's a perfect world." Lisa looked up, startled, and asked, "What did you say, Tom?" He smiled at her and repeated, "It's a perfect world." It was a precious moment. Tom, a little boy, present in the moment of creative engagement, at one with his life, a perfect moment.'

Tom's delight and sense of achievement underline the fact that one central element in personal development is physical development. Babies' movements start off being jerky and uncoordinated; there is satisfaction in the beginnings of coherence and control. Later, we take pleasure in going beyond what we have managed before. We need, I suggest, to resist the temptation always to compare our achievements with that of others, and instead measure ourselves by our own yardsticks. As my analyst once said to me, ambiguously, when I was being self-critical: 'we must all remember where we started from'; Tom's yardstick was not the same as his brother's, but his field of aspiration and pleasure was. A perfect moment.

For those to whom sport doesn't appeal, it seems futile or worse. They remember hours of misery at compulsory school games on cold (or indeed

hot) sporting fields. They were perhaps physically awkward, and picked last. I can understand now what a torment all this must have been, especially if the more gifted treated them scornfully. And if they feel, on this account and for other reasons, unloved, their lack of physical coordination is likely to create either a deeper self-dislike, or a self-protective superiority of mind over body.

Yet almost every small child, before self-doubt, and comparison with other children, gets a grip, takes pleasure in his or her bodily capacities and adroitness. Like Tom, most are keen to show their physical achievements: look at me, look how I dance, or jump, or climb. Gradually the child achieves a measure of physical coordination and mastery. Jumping, dancing, climbing, catching, splashing, kicking, using an implement as a bat or racquet – all these offer a sense of achievement, as well as sheer enjoyment. Sport grows out of the pleasure in such activities. It is a key element in play.

And for player and spectator alike, there is the aesthetic pleasure of timing and placing, qualities that contribute to both beauty and the sense of getting something just right.

And playfulness, along with discipline, is a powerful element in good form. We 'play' cricket; playing is central to sport. Playfulness is, however, sometimes marginalised in the 'win at all costs' mentality of high-level sport. It may well be that the necessary late twentieth century reaction against a form of amateurism that pretended that winning doesn't matter led to an over-calculating and sometimes cynical reactive professionalism.

Brendon McCullum, until recently captain of the New Zealand cricket team, actively championed the values of the amateur, with its etymological link with 'love':

'I loved playing cricket as a kid... Just because there's more at stake now, it doesn't mean you should lose the innocence of why you got into the game in the first place. For a long time I (and I think the team) had lost that, but it's one thing that we've tried to recapture. It sounds corny, but we talk about the little boy who fell in love with the game, and that's what we've tried to do as a group' (2015).

I believe that McCullum's attitude enhanced his team's form more radically than increased doses of the 'scientific', technical approaches that had become *de rigueur*, would have done.

COMPETITION: TEST CRICKET

For young children, dance and sport are barely distinguishable. Sport proper starts to emerge when competition with others has a more central role alongside the simpler delight in physicality. Teams at times also thrive on rivalries *within* the team. Orchestras play symphonies (a word that emphasizes togetherness) but also, with soloists, concerti (whose root means 'vie, compete').

Sport is a field where controlled aggression and the public demonstration of skills and character are permitted, even encouraged. For many who are inclined to be inhibited or self-conscious, sport offers an opportunity for self-expression and spontaneity. Within a framework of rules and acceptable behaviour, we can be whole-hearted. Such people – including me – owe sport a lot; it helped me begin to find myself.

Team-form is based on both competition and cooperation. Test cricket, especially between long-standing rivals, like Australia and England, provides a quintessential context for both qualities. These cricket matches last for five days, with two innings per side; so there is time for all sorts of phases and reversals. Gratification often has to be delayed. Test cricket is rightly a tough business. No quarter is given or expected, and Anglo-Australian Tests have been going on regularly, except for World Wars, roughly every two years, for almost 140 years. Each series is a contest for 'the Ashes' – that strange little urn of a trophy based on a satirical obituary about the 'death of English cricket' published in an English newspaper in 1882. This tradition (I hope) continue, well beyond our lifetimes.

As a young man I played a few games at inside-right for a good hockey side, Richmond. On the right-wing was a Dutch A international, Aard Moolenberg. Playing with him made me a better player, better in ways that I could not have imagined beforehand. He was quick and skilful; he would give me the ball and in an instant be ready for the return pass twenty yards on; he would know when to gather and hold the ball, to recoup, to start again (and I could learn from this too); or he would subtly invite me to change places with him, to throw the opposition off their formal defensive arrangements. He invited a more fluid and less conventional range of performance. His speed and dexterity made ordinary passes into excellent ones, flawed passes into moderately good ones. By means of improvisation based on skill and shrewdness, he raised my game.

Competition in sport has co-operation built in, not only in the obvious way (teams will not be successful without it), but also in each side's need for opponents to stretch us; the better they are, the more they do so, forcing us to develop our techniques and our persistence. Edmund Burke wrote: 'He who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper'. We are co-creators of excellence and integrity.

The fact of a shared project should bring together even political antagonists. Michael Ignatieff has (2012) argued for an atmosphere in which politicians treat rivals as opponents rather than as enemies. No-one, nor any single party, has all the answers. The current opponent is potentially a future coalition partner, a possibility

'thrown away with a partisanship that, in taking no prisoners today, makes government tomorrow impossible' (p 11).

Ignatieff's further point is that both sides share, or should share, in the overall project of democracy. They are on the same side in this. Respect for the process as a unifying force, whatever the proper antagonisms, is an equally salient fact in sport. Sporting opponents are united by love and deep knowledge of the game. There are shared values between competitors, both teams and individuals.

Moreover, rival teams, like England and Australia, say, are united in being confronted by sometimes jeering crowds, and by at times sensationalist elements in the media. At the eye of the storm, both sides are the focus of the cricketing world's critical eye, embattled together.

The twenty-two participants – two teams of eleven - have a closer relationship to each other than fans, however partisan, have with them (or for that matter with other fans). They go through it together. Fierce rivalry on the field need not preclude admiration and friendship, nor does it rule out having a drink together after the match. The fair-mindedness and sportsmanship between competitors is not merely a matter of obedience to the Laws; it also involves consideration, respect and the recognition of limits - the ordinary civilities that oil the wheels of relationships and collegial activities. It is a matter of the spirit of the game.

Without such co-operation rivalry would run riot. Even within teams self-protectiveness would trump co-operation, or, if the team functions as a collectivized individual lacking respect for rules, traditions, and opponents, calculated cheating and mendacity would be prevalent, except when the risks of being caught and penalized are reckoned to be more disadvantageous. In the extreme. If competition becomes the unique value, why should teams not resort to violence and the infliction of bodily harm on rivals if that ensures success?

PLAYING FOR YOUR COUNTRY

What is it like to play in a Test match? In one's first Test match? The experience is not always benign, but it is intense and often memorable. Is it unique?

For John Inverarity, his induction into Test cricket, opening for Australia in England in 1968, was not uniquely significant. He writes that he had felt similar levels of excitement, pride and awe at significant moments in his earlier cricketing life. He cites his first innings for the School XI at the age of 13, and, four years later, his first appearance at the Test ground in Perth. He recalls the launch of his State career, for Western Australia, facing the bowling of the great Gary Sobers. For him, his induction into Test cricket, opening for Australia in England in 1968, was not a world apart.

For my part, before my very first competitive game of cricket at the age of ten, I had a stomach upset; I was sick with anxiety. I agonized over whether I was fit to play; and withdrew. Three days before my second

Test, against West Indies at Lord's in 1976, on a hot afternoon outside London, I had a stomachache so bad that I was forced to lie down, curled up, under a hedge. In the ditch, a thought crossed my mind: how the newspapers would relish knowing where and how England's brave opening batsman was preparing to represent his country, especially if they had also known the location of the afore-mentioned hedge and ditch - inside the grounds of Shenley Mental Hospital (as it used to be called), where I was to attend a course. I didn't drop out of this match.

'BUT YOU PICKED ME TO PLAY'

The first day of John Stephenson's single Test, against Australia at the Oval in 1989, the last of the six-match series, was, he tells me, the most exhausting experience of his life. Much had gone wrong even before the game itself. England were at a low ebb, four-nil down. Morale was low. David Gower knew this would be his last Test as captain. The selectors were casting their net wide; Stephenson was the twenty-ninth cricketer to play for England that summer.

To arrive in good time for the net practice that afternoon, Stephenson set off early for the Oval on the day before the Test. Getting hopelessly lost in bad traffic, he arrived late. The gatekeeper wouldn't let his battered, yellow Vauxhall Cavalier car into the ground. Once he made it to the dressing room, the embarrassed debutant apologized for his lateness to Chairman of Selectors, Ted Dexter, who asked him what he was doing there, and directed him as a net bowler to the lower dressing room. *'But I'm John Stephenson', he said. 'You've picked me to play.'*

At the pre-match dinner, players and selectors were tucking into the red wine, which John assumed must be normal. Next morning he had no idea how to get to the Oval, and no one offered him a lift. Once there, the public address system announced that England had won the toss and would bat. Stephenson, due to open the innings with Graham Gooch, started to strap on his pads. Shortly after, a correction was announced: Australia would bat. Stephenson took his pads off again.

England fielded for almost two days. It was after the first of these that utter exhaustion set in. He still doesn't understand it. My guess is that the anxiety and tension of playing for England, combined with feeling unwelcomed, in a demoralised environment, were significant factors.

On the evening of the second day, Terry Alderman, swinging the ball sharply, soon had Gooch lbw, at which the umpires took the players off for bad light.

On the third morning, Saturday, the sun was shining, the ground full, the pitch flat. John struggled through his initial nervous dread, first in partnership with Michael Atherton, then Robin Smith, then Gower. At one point he said to his captain in mid-pitch: *'If I've batted this long it's OK, I can survive. They'll have to get me out now'*. Just before lunch, Merv Hughes - he of the handlebar moustaches - Australia's fastest, and

loudest, bowler in the match, went round the wicket, and hit him on the wrist with a short-pitched ball. Bernie Thomas, England's physiotherapist, told Stephenson he should come off for treatment. John said '*No, I'll keep going to lunch.*' There was one last over. He let several balls from Alderman go, swinging away towards the slips. For the fifth ball, Australia's captain Alan Border brought in Steve Waugh to third slip. Stephenson jabbed, edged and was caught by Waugh for 25.

I asked him about the Australians. He had been a team-mate at Essex with Border, who had always played the game in a tough but positive way, but his attitude was different in the Test match, Stephenson thought; there seemed to be a policy of being 'aloof and aggressive'. He was shocked when Border swore at umpire Dickie Bird.

During this third morning, wicket-keeper Ian Healy, and David Boon, at short leg, started to make clicking noises like horses' hooves, and snide remarks about horses half in his hearing. Stephenson was disconcerted. What were they on about? Why these sly and insidious noises and comments? Though puzzled, he came to the conclusion that he must have earned the right to be mocked; that it was a mark of respect, however inverted. Later he discovered from Boon that they had formed a picture of him with his upright stance as a horse-rider.

Apart from the almost affectionate grin apparent behind the handlebar moustache of the sledging Hughes, (another ex-colleague at Essex), Australia's overall attitude was that there should be no friendly interaction on or off the field. It was Border's way of differentiating Test cricket from county cricket.

'And England, were they the same?' I asked him. 'No', he said, 'We were quiet. There was an air of inevitability, of expectation of defeat... Derek Pringle (another Essex man), said at lunch on the first day, when England had taken three wickets, "That's a really good result", as if we were surprised to get anyone out.'

And he recalls Smith throwing grapes at the wall in celebration when tail-enders Nick Cook and Gladstone Small saved the follow-on.

Nasser Hussain, yet another Essex colleague, later England's captain, was preferred for the upcoming tour of West Indies. Stephenson was not picked for England again.

BEING EATEN FOR BREAKFAST OR FOR LUNCH

My own overriding impression of playing Test matches was that they were like an arduous expedition, through difficult terrain, with the enemy ever-present. The experience, somewhat as I imagine in war, veered between the frightening, the exhilarating, and the tedious. But in contrast to the experience of Stephenson, who had little chance to acclimatize himself, my Test matches were expeditions in the company of friends. The arguments, quarrels, rivalries, dissensions – passions of all kinds – fell, as

I now recall it, under this rubric of purposeful camaraderie.

I don't think it was because their bowlers were, as my father would have put it, trying to knock my block off, that I wasn't keen on the Australian habit of drinking beers in each other's dressing room after a day's play. In county cricket I enjoyed meeting up with fast bowlers and others in the pub. But during Tests, I was more uneasy, more tense, probably a sign of my rarely feeling quite at home in Test cricket as a batsman. John Emburey, the England off-spinner, spoke of the advantages in seeing the likes of the intimidating and extrovert fast bowlers Lillee and Hughes as ordinary human beings when half-dressed in the changing room. He reckoned the bubble element in their well-founded reputation as fast bowlers was pricked in this way, perhaps like seeing a great actor off-stage after the performance, reduced to human dimensions.

West Indies, the most powerful Test side of the late 1970s through to the early 1990s, never sledged. Indeed they said little at all on the field. They conveyed menace more subtly, letting the ball (or bat) do the talking. My first Test match was at Nottingham in 1976. Both the England and West Indies teams were staying at the same hotel, and on the first morning I happened to arrive at breakfast at the same time as Andy Roberts, one of the greatest and shrewdest of fast bowlers. He gave me a little look, not unfriendly, but appraising, enquiring, eyebrows quizzically raised; rather (I felt) like a predator eyeing future prey, not in anger but measuring it up for later consumption.

(Recently Ian Chappell told me of his tussles on the field with Roberts, both in Test matches and in World Series Cricket. He found Roberts's short ball harder to deal with than anyone else's. It was always straight, and, arriving around chest height, never wasted. Chappell would fend the ball off, duck and take blows, waiting for a short ball just outside off stump that would give him room to swing his arms and pull or hook. Just once, during World Series cricket, he got such a ball, and pulled it away for four. Never again, Chappell said. Recently he had commented on this to Roberts. Roberts remembered it well. He wasn't going to give him such a ball again. And he never did.)

I HAD IT COVERED FOR EVERYTHING EXCEPT BAD BOUNCE

It was not all deadly serious. I played two Test matches in 1976 with Brian Close, then aged 45. This was the first year since his debut in 1949 that he had not written in his diary the details of the forthcoming summer's Test matches. At Lord's, Close scored 60 and 46. In the second innings, he was caught and bowled by Vanburn Holder, who, bowling from the Pavilion end, with the slope favouring his tendency to move the ball away from the left-handed Close, was inviting him to plant his front leg, and play round it to the leg-side; if the ball moved off the seam, he might be caught in the slips or get a leading edge. The latter is exactly what happened. Whenever Close was out, his team-mates would wait expectantly to hear his latest account of how unlucky he had been: how in fact the cricketing gods (or ordinary mortals) had conspired against him.

(He once said: *'that bloody little twelfth man, he gave me chewing gum of t' wrong bloody flavour'*). This time it was: *'I had it covered for everything except bad bounce.'*

Later in the match, when we were pressing for wickets in West Indies' second innings, left-hander Alvin Kallicharran, a brilliant puller and sweeper of the ball, had been kept quiet for some time by Derek Underwood. Close, fielding in direct line of fire at short square-leg, whispered to me at backward short-leg: *'He'll have a lap (he'll sweep) in a minute. I'll get in t'road, and you catch t'rebound.'* He meant it. After all he had famously declared: *'A cricket ball can't hurt you. It's only on you a second.'*

(I love the story of Brian Statham, after a long, match-winning spell of fast bowling during England's successful tour of 1954-5. He poured his first pint of cold beer over his feet, saying, *'They've earned it more than I have'*.)

Test matches were also extremely exhilarating. Winning close-fought games after five gruelling days were occasions for celebration and relief, along with some trace of 'there but for the Grace of God' on behalf of the opposition.

Some defeats were too shocking to be taken magnanimously. After Headingley 1981, when we won against all the odds, I went, tentatively, to the Australian dressing room, to shake hands and thank them in the usual way for the game. I was ready to invite them in for a glass of our champagne. The silence was absolute, the atmosphere heavy with the tension of dawning comprehension. It was like walking in on a major family trauma. I quietly withdrew.

In recent years I have become good friends with several of the old Australian rivals. Lillee, who I imagined regarded me on the field as a feeble Pom with a posh accent, told me recently that we should have shared time together more all those years ago. In fact, however modest my role, I was honoured to share, even briefly, even as a rabbit to a fox, the stage with one of the greatest bowlers of all time.

KEEPING US HONEST

There is something honest about striving and competition. Mountaineer Heinrich Harrer, in *The White Spider*, writes: *'The glorious thing about mountains is that they will endure no lies'*. And batsman Maurice Leyland, who played for Yorkshire from 1920 to 1947, said: *'Fast bowling keeps you honest'*. Visceral truthfulness is part of the process whereby we come to accept the urgency of our own subjectivity and the otherness of the other. We have to face without cowardice or self-deception the challenge of the intransigent mountain or the aggressive and skilful fast bowler. There is nowhere to hide.

In learning a foreign language, as Iris Murdoch writes (*Sovereignty of the*

Good p 89) 'we have to face the fact that things are not as we would like them to be; irregular verbs have to be learned. Facing reality means having to give up some of our narcissism'.

I was once a guest player for an English professional side on a short tour abroad. During the first half of the tour, we had tried our best but lost more games than we won. We had been facing talented players, in local conditions. Though not part of any on-going competitive league or series, the matches were played hard. In the next game, against one of the strongest sides, we were led by the regular captain, who had arrived late for the tour. He chose to emphasize the entertainment aspect of the next 'friendly' fixture, taking off his front-line bowlers, allowing their batsmen to run riot, and make an even bigger total than they would have without this (to my mind misguided) generosity. When we batted, our opponents bowled flat-out, and we limped to a crushing defeat. This gesture of 'giving' runs patronized the other team and robbed each party of the satisfaction of doing their best in striving to win. The guilt on our opponents' win was tarnished. Not really trying means not fully losing: (though we did lose face and respect).

Henry James puts the point neatly and ironically about the languid Gilbert Osmond, in *Portrait of a Lady* P 509. *'Osmond, in his way, was admirable; he had the advantage of an acquired habit. It was not that of succeeding, but it was something almost as good – that of not attempting.'*

Such dilution of straightforwardness may also occur out of a wish to look good. One Test captain decided during the afternoon of the last day that his batsmen should play for a draw rather than take further risks in going for a win – a perfectly respectable decision. He was, however, anxious not to be criticized for being defensive. The match was the debut of a young batsman in the middle order, who had been unkindly barracked from the start by the crowd, as he had been selected rather than their local hero. In the first innings, he had been given out (incorrectly) for a duck. When he went in to bat that last afternoon the captain gave him the following orders: *'Play for a draw, but make it look as if we're playing to win.'* This was hypocritical and cowardly captaincy; the young batsman was in a difficult enough situation without having to act a false role. The captain was more interested in how he himself looked than in standing by his own decision, supporting a young player, and competing honestly. Instead, he hid behind him.

So, boorishness and gloating are not the only perversions of competitiveness. We may also inure ourselves against disappointment by denying the desire to win. It takes courage to risk all in competitiveness, to face the challenge and refuse to hide behind the self-deceptive indifference of: *'I don't mind losing'*.

It is not only in sport that we admire the unflinching performer. We value this quality in art of all kinds, and in everyday life. Think of (clichéd example notwithstanding) Rembrandt's self-portraits. Here is a man painting himself without illusions. What we observe in the late portraits is

a lived-in face. We are presented with the portrait of someone who does not shrink from seeing and showing himself, acknowledging his flaws and the ravages of time. This takes integrity and courage, as it did for Leyland. Both face up to whatever life (or the bowler) throws at them, to wherever life has brought them. This is heart-warming for others, who learn from it, and satisfying, if arduous, for the person who does it.

Thank you.