The Master

PHILIP Nicholas Seton Mansergh (rhymes with *tan fur*) was born on 27 June 1910, at Grenane House, Co. Tipperary, where his father had settled following the death of an elder brother. Previously Mr Mansergh had been a railway pioneer in Australia and, especially, in South Africa, where he had surveyed the "highly controversial" Beira railway. The future Commonwealth historian's mother also had Imperial connections, having been born in India. But apparently this background did nothing to determine the direction of Nicholas Mansergh's academic interests, though adding spice to them when that direction had been finally settled. Mrs Mansergh, a person of extremely wide-ranging literary tastes, who read her favourite authors again and again---e.g. Josephus, Madame de Sevigné, and Montaigne—did however do everything to interest her son in books (and her grandchildren later on). Perhaps it was this influence that caused his interests as an undergraduate at Oxford to be as much literary as historical.

He was formally educated first at the Abbey School, Tipperary, the local Erasmus Smith grammar school. "It was so rough-and-tumble that I wonder I survived" he says, but during the Troubles (1919-22) travel in Ireland was difficult. On one occasion his elder brother, returning from school, was delayed while gunfire crackled overhead. So the Abbey School was inevitable. Real academic education began later, at the College of St Columba, Dublin; and was continued at Pembroke College, Oxford, where, like many another distinguished-man-to-be, Mansergh had R. B. McCallum for a tutor. He found time, however, to play a great deal of tennis, and rose to be an O.U. Penguin, and also to play for Oxford City.

It was Professor W. G. S. Adams of All Souls who, as his research supervisor, "more than anyone else decided me in favour of an academic career. I owed him a very great debt both then and later when he became Warden of All Souls." The Master won his D.Phil. in 1936, and in his turn became a tutor at Pembroke. He was well settled in Oxford when the Second World War broke out. His first reaction to this event was to marry Miss Diana Mary Keeton. Then he was drafted into the Empire Division of the Ministry of Information, where he stayed until 1946, eventually becoming its Director. Mrs Mansergh was drafted as a wartime civil servant in the Ministry of Supply, and from this work she gained the knowledge of government methods and government records which were later to make her such an invaluable unpaid research assistant to her husband.

Whose wartime experience turned him decisively towards Imperial and Commonwealth History. Previously he had worked as an Irish historian, and only studied the Commonwealth in that context (which had given him knowledge of Canadian affairs). But his war work drew him inevitably towards the larger horizon. In 1944 he was lent to Malcolm Macdonald, just appointed High Commissioner in Ottawa; the following year saw him on the High Commissioner's staff in South Africa; and in 1947 he made his first visit to India as the principal U.K. observer to the Inter-Asian Conference at New Delhi. All the leaders of "resurgent Asia" were there except the Japanese—even delegates from Soviet Asia were present. But his interests were focussed on Indian politics then and since.

He has been excellently placed to pursue his interests: he was Assistant Secretary at the Dominion Office, 1946-7; and as honorary consultant at the Indian School

of International Studies has been back to India every three or four years since 1947, chiefly in connection with the Chair of Commonwealth History and Institutions at the School which he helped to found and of which he was the first visiting holder. From 1947 to 1953 he was the Abe Bailey Research Professor of British Commonwealth Relations at Chatham House.

In 1953 he was elected Smuts Professor of the History of the British Commonwealth and moved to Cambridge. St John's was wise enough to invite him to become a Fellow; he was happy to accept the invitation; and this summer he was chosen to be our new Master.

Mrs Mansergh, he says, is a more familiar figure in the ~~College~~ University library than he is: her work there is "an immense help" to him (but she has also found time to equal him in another field—as Cambridgeshire women's tennis champion for six or seven years). He himself is, of course, a familiar figure to all Johnians everywhere else. Still we want to meet him, like all good authors, in the pages of his books, as well as in the courts of the morning. His favourite among them is *The Irish Question* 1840-1921 (published in 1965); but *The Commonwealth Experience*, published last year, is less technical and therefore, perhaps, of more general appeal. And those who like to approach a mind by what it reads, as well as by what it writes, may like to know that his favourite book is Yeats's *Last Poems*; and that when all seems lost he turns for refreshment to Matthew Arnold.

The Eagle speaks for all members of the College in wishing the Master and Mrs Mansergh every success and happiness during the coming years (and indeed for ever after).

The following remarks were delivered by Professor Mansergh in the College Chapel immediately after his admission to the Mastership on October 1.

I AM at once honoured, moved and, truth to tell, at moments somewhat dismayed at the trust which my colleagues have placed in me by electing me to succeed Mr Boys Smith as Master of the College. For such period as my tenure may last, I will endeavour to repay that confidence and, in seeking to do so, I will lean heavily upon the collective wisdom and counsel of my colleagues. As an historian, I cannot but be aware that those who never look backward to their predecessors, rarely look forward to their successors. In this place and in taking over from the memorable Mastership which has now drawn to its honoured close, I am specially mindful of the fact that this College was founded to serve not one but many generations and that, pressing as may be our present preoccupations, we have also to remember our debt to the past and our responsibility to the future. As in the eye of history all generations are to be conceived as being at an equal distance from eternity, so in the eye of the College all may be seen as equal in relation to the fulfilment of its purposes and the enjoyment of its benefits. But this does not, and I think should not, mean that we in our day are to be mere praisers of gone times or forerunners of future times because we have none distinctively of our own. On the contrary our first duty must be to be responsive to the outlooks and to serve the needs of our own generation. At this time of material and psychological readjustment the advancement of the enduring purposes for which this great Foundation was established

and endowed may require that in some things we should temper our natural respect for practic
ourselves institutionally to meet the different needs of contemporary education, learning and perhaps especially research, where we must continue to think of ourselves as the makers rather than the followers of precedent. Development and change are after all conditions of life and as Francis Bacon warned three and a half centuries ago, he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator and in its natural course alters things for the worse. Finally in relations within the College community, with the University and the world outside I will try to act in that spirit of magnanimity which I have felt to be a distinguishing feature of the College during the greater part of its history and not least during the years that I have known it.

Communication

The Editors, *The Eagle* 24 October 1969

Gentlemen,

Mr Guillebaud does well to remind us of the unhappy precedent of twelfth-century Bologna University where the lecturers were at the students' beck and call (*Eagle*, June 1969). Precedents are funny things, though, and the argument cuts both ways.

For example, the authorities in fourteenth-century Bologna showed remarkable confidence in the students' sense of social responsibility: the playing of instruments in college rooms was permitted by Statute 51 of the Spanish College, provided that the noise did not disturb the neighbours. By modern standards these are pretty liberal music-rules. And the confidence was not misplaced: the Spanish College survived and has just celebrated its sixth centenary.

Libertarians, however, ought not to be too quick to welcome this as confirmation of their wisdom. For the same Statute forbad outright certain of the pleasures of Saturday night: balls and dances, "because, according to the maxim of the Holy Fathers, the devil ensnares men easily in the midst of dances and leads them to himself" (B. M. Marti, *The Spanish College at Bologna in the Fourteenth Century* (Philadelphia, 1966), p. 337). They don't write Statutes like that any more.

Yours faithfully,

PETER LINEHAN

St John's College, Cambridge

Addendum

Dr Linehan's contribution to the last number of *The Eagle—John Fisher*, 1469-1535—was originally given, as an address, in the College Chapel at evensong on 4 May 1969.

Fungus, Ferns And Tutorial Reports

established to meet the needs of c

If it fell out on your floor, it's worth picking up. I mean, of course, Mr Guillebaud's scholarly and comprehensive report on the tutorial system. Though historically interesting, I feel it could well have said more about the influence of the system on the present-day undergraduate. The administrative duties performed by tutors are, after all, "their" rather than "our" problem—and personally I haven't bothered with a gown since my second term when on tutorial visits.

Of which, in seven terms, there have been exactly fourteen: which hardly suggests that this present undergraduate's tutor has played a very intimate part in his time here. But, there again, I haven't needed an unpaid attorney for the defence in a disciplinary case (yet).

Where it would be dangerous to minimise the role of the tutor is in the consideration of mental health problems: this, surely, is his real function?
in the normal run of things, takes very much of a back seat, but who, in time of trouble, can be a very present help—and an effecti
against the university's "paternalism". A help
of the *Shilling Paper* who speak so glibly of "alienation , are hardly likely to need, but nonetheless a pertinent and sympathetic figure to those who are truly "alienated".

* * *

And food; the walk out was rather jolly, and I enjoyed the moussaka and chips I had instead much more than I ever do "Stewed steak jardinière". But reading, the following Friday, "All power to the St John's soviets" as if college hall were a capitalist conspiracy to give us all dysentery, and overcharge us for the privilege, I began to feel a bit po-faced at having joined the walk out in the first place—over lumpy mashed potatoes, nothing more.

* * *

Wordsworth's fern—in the corner of 1st court near the kitchens—looks a bit moribund. Perhaps it's seasonal, perhaps the vapours from next door have fi
caught up, or perhaps it was (Ed.) having a cathartic experience over it,
enough after the Wordsworth Society dinner . . . . But please don't let it die, not in the old boy's bi-centenary year, anyway.

K. C. B. H.

* * *

". . . And Some Have Bi-Centenaries Thrust Upon Them"

A reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight
Of those long Vistas, Catacombs in which
Perennial minds lie visibly entomb'd
Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred
A fervent love of rigorous discipline.
Alas! such high commotion touched not me.

(From *The Prelude* by William Wordsworth—the bi-centenary of whose birth the College commemorates this year.

The Eagle will do its bit in the next number).

Pastorale Triumphant

(Allegro ma non troppo)

THISTLEBROOK-BY-THORNEYCREEK had been rustickey dingle hamlet since medieval days, and the smokiest old thing ever there had been Will Scratchett's forge and he should know because his family tree in the olde churchyard rambled right on back to the thirteenth gravestone which was Good King Arthur's day. Such a scrumbly place and very mossgreen with all the housewalls somewhat runcible as the poet wrote, elegies on the generations on generations of hearts-of-oak yeomanry for King and Country; Corpus Christi day on the village green, an unbroken centuries-old tradition, and good solid folk at that. We rode there sunny holidays of childhood, longer than my memory, (and that before the Great Coming), to great Aunt Mary's cottage for crumpets toasty peat fires and that was all the smoke the village ever saw, said Mary, though she expired soon after. But anythehow I mused that was prettywisp smoke all picturesquare like Scratchett's forge, and not smogsmoke. I was bumbling merry to be England (and not only April, but all seasons).

Oh! but the Great Coming they preached underdevelopment newscheme, and never paralleled long steel lines, and all brass steam snorty. The ministers man found coalseam natural gas power potential technologicality (he exhumed at the public tribulation). So within a year factories gasholders and towery glass-chrome places for people to live in, and highways to go by and comeby, all big and black, and inhibitions for Social Security, and all Progress. And so many people all cheekyjowled with Bingo tuesdays, drunk on saturdays, cussing and tearing their hair out. But worst of all the smokestacks fumigating chokedeath and everybody poisonous, ubiquitous smoggy winter yellowgrey never crispwhite like olden-day, humen crawling greengill, till someone cried iniquitous. Then of course everyone public outcry iniquitous and the healthy minister, a scaredy votecatch man, ordered more tribulations and inquisitions which pronounced solemnly, congestion and maybe even combustion.

So it was that Thistlebrick Newton became all desert again, and mossgreen and ivy grow all over the ruinous civilisation. No sound now but birdsong and tinklebrook, and merry peasant haymaking laughter. The air now so skyblue and pure that sunnydays the children picnic all happygay the fields and meadows.

And such a green and pleasant land that soon a holiday camp or two, maybe even a motel . . .

SPURIUS POSTHUMIUS

Take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time
Out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.

Note for a Feast given to detain the Master of Sheng-yuan College in the University of K'ang-ch'iao on his Departure for Retirement[1]

IN the sixth year of the Cheng-te period of the Ming Dynasty, the mother of Prince Tu-te Heng-li, posthumously canonized as the Perfect and Upright Princess, from the abundance of her generous spirit, was intending to establish a college on the banks of the K'ang. Through instructions she gave when near her departure, she ordained it with the name Sheng Yueh-han. She also said, "This is a perpetual college." But the man who first constructed buildings for it was Bishop Fei-sha. For before five or six years were up, where there had been humble dwellings there was a tower and temple, where there had been marsh and swamp there were courts and terraces. A spacious hall overlooked the river, twin turrets pierced the sky.

Since the Ming dynasty, generation has followed generation. Many princes, dukes and grandees have wandered in these courts, and many who could "offer only dried meat in payment for their fees"[2] have received instruction in its halls. Hence the spirit of learning in the College grew daily more refined, and its name and reputation ever more widely known. The ridge-poles and beams of the state, the gentlemen of fine character, the scholars of great talent who went out through its gates cannot be counted for their great number. This was because of the far-reaching goodness of Bishop Fei-sha, and because of the greatness of his virtue.

In the forty-eighth year of the Republic, the scholars, in full accordance with ancient ritual, convened in the temple and selected His Excellency Po Su-ming as the thirty-eighth Master of the College. At this time the people were anxious, the state was in difficulties, and the taxation rates and *corvée* services were one hundred times greater than those of past years. But His Excellency, on descending from his carriage, put into practice the administration of the ancients, and on that day there was peace within the College. He governed purely and uprightly, tolerantly and with forgiveness. Disciples and pupils, row upon row of them, formed flocks, and they were peaceable and harmonious, and receptive to persuasion, a model for the times. Thus it was only in this College that the scholar was able to take his leisure with learning. And this was brought about by His Excellency's great virtue.

Regarding the walls of the hall and courts, years and months had made them insecure, and wind and rain had wormed their way into them. They were about to crack and collapse, or split and tumble down. But His Excellency made obeisance weeping in the temple of his predecessors. He was moved lest these memorials to his forbears suffer damage or ruin, and fearful lest the texts they had bequeathed

1 This composition makes use of the traditional Chinese principle of "borrowing the past to speak of the present", Acknowledgement is due to Tu-ku Chi (A.D. 725-777), Governor of Ch'ang-chou, Yuan Chieh (A.D. 719-772). Governor of Tao-chou, Tu Fu (A.D. 712-770), Omissioner of the Right, and Yen Chen-ch'ing (A.D. 709-784), Duke of Lu and President of the Board of Justice, from whose collected works nine tenths of the Chinese version of this text are drawn.

2 After *Analects* VII 7, "Confuscius said, 'From the man who offered dried meat in payment for his fees, I have never withheld instruction (from any student for reasons of poverty).' "

should come to harm. It was by respecting the foundations they had laid that he showed veneration to his predecessors; it was by setting them up anew that he ensured a continuation of their virtue. The ancients have a saying, "To repair something of antiquity that has been neglected is the part of a gentleman". This applies to His Excellency.

The grace of His Excellency's administration reached down as far as the trees and plants. The sky goose slumbered on the banks of the river, and white swallows nested under the eaves of the buildings. Throughout the College long-lived trees were growing, and climbing flowers twined in among them. Rare bamboos and all types of flower, green sedge and purple lillies grew, as between the I and the Lo rivers. When a man first entered the College, he was made to forget about returning to the world. This too was brought about by His Excellency.

In the fifty-eighth year of the Republic, the seventh month and the twenty-third day, when His Excellency was about to yield his place and leave for retirement, the scholars assembled in the Hall of Peaceable Harmony to give thanks and to hold a feast to delay his parting. There were many beautiful ladies in the Hall, in appearance resplendent, in aspect demure. Their embroidered robes dazzled the twilight, while their thoughts were pure and remote. Guests took their places on their mats, and the College kitchens sent up the Eight Delicacies. Silver fish scales weighed heavy on their chopsticks, purple camel meat was delivered from golden cauldrons. They raised their cups and drank fine wine, and held candles to continue the light of the setting sun. When His Excellency was about to depart, for all to meet with him and detain him, to laugh and talk, waiting for the moonrise, to enjoy themselves and drink till the dawn, and so create a moment's beauty, this was surely appropriate.

DAVID MCMULLEN

Shakespeherian Rag

THERE are First World War buffs and American Civil War buffs. There are also persons of a peaceable disposition who are Shakespeare buffs—that is to say, they have a hobby of reading as much as they can about the man—the life—the works. Some even read books about books about Shakespeare (but they never read what Shakespeare wrote himself, of course). Occasionally they burst into print themselves, when they become known, technically, as Bardolaters.

Bardolaters are of many kinds, but all are agreed on one thing: the unsatisfactory nature of the historical Bard. The Baconians, notoriously, want Shakespeare to have been Lord Chancellor of England; the Marlovians want him to have been an atheistical pederast; an especially strait sect want him to have been Ann Whateley of Temple Grafton, nun in a convent that miraculously escaped the dissolution of the monasteries as well as the compilers of the Victoria County History of England. The Stratfordians are really no better, at least not since Hotson, Rowse and gang got to work. Their Shakespeare is quite as much the product of wishful thinking as the Baconians' hero—and what are we to say of their Mr W. H.? History is damnably unaccommodating, and so makes Bardolaters of us all.

Fortunately fiction is much more helpful. And by a piece of great good fortune *The Eagle* is able to publish a novel which should satisfy every wish. Here is the *true* Shakespeare—the Bard as he must be, if he is to be worthy of his works. Here is a model for that dreary bourgeois of Stratford to try and live up to. We hope to see a marked improvement in his conduct in future. And it is a great honour to print

LET ME HAVE MY WILL

By Lalage Plantagenet Gorringe

Chapter One

'Twas not long ere eve on a green April day in the Year of Our Lord 1564 A.D. when a single horseman galloped full tilt into Stratford-upon-Avon. As soon as he had recovered from the collision he moored his horse to the door of the town's glovemaker, and hammered for admission. An eld crone oped.

"Ho, crone!" said the horseman, whom we now discover to be masked and wearing a false beard (but the arms of the House of Cecil burgeon on his cape). "Behold! The moment is at hand! Take thou this precious burden, and this gold."

"Marry," she croaked, "I know not what to say. Master's from home, and Mistress—"

"Cease to prate. Guard them well, and rich reward shall sure be thine. But if thou fail! Ho ho!" He laughed a laugh of diabolical menace.

"Pluck up thy courage, nurse," said the glovemaker, looming at that moment through the dusk, "and we'll not fail." The horseman cast a bag of ducats on the ground, and more delicately transferred his burden. Then he rode off into the gathering night.

Carefully, the glovemaker and Mother Courage (for such was the old nurse's name) peered into the bundle, expecting to see a baby mewling and, alas, puking.

Instead, there were twain!

Chapter Two

Admiration glowing in both her eyes, Williamina flung herself into her twin's arms.

"Poached Lucy, William?!" she cried. "O, glad the day! But he'll set beadles 'gainst thee—let's away! 'Tis time we quit this narrow town of ours for London, where we'll nobly pass the hours!"

"Aye, sister," her brother replied, "now's the time when we must try unto what lofty heaven we can fly. We'll seek our parents, noble I'll be sworn, for sure we two were not for Stratford born. But for disguise—we must adopt deceit—or Lucy will arrest me in the street."

A moment's thought revealed what was necessary. Ere the brindled cat could mew, William and Williamina had swopped their attire, and thus perfectly protected against Sir Thos. Lucy's minions set out to gain the London road and plumb the mystery of their parentage.

Chapter Three

Lord Bacon was more than content with his new secretary. A comely girl, i'faith (were't not for her budding moustache) she was proving to be of inestimable help with his legal work, essays, and scientific speculations. In fact, she ghosted

all three. "Ere long my name, like some neglected star, will newly strike the eye of all who watch, and I'll step forth compleat as VERULAM" he mused. He made a mental note to give her a razor for Christmas.

Chapter Four

"My sweetest chuck, why hidest thou in hose?" enquired Kit Marlowe, upon whose knee the disguised Williamina was sitting. "It is not fitting, neither does it fit!" (For, alas, Williamina's exquisite contours could not altogether be concealed by reach-me-down tunic and tights).

Quickly she explained the danger that she and Will were in. "And now Will toils for Francis Bacon, Lord St Albans. He might spear Will on his sword knew he that Mabel Smith, on whom he doats, was but my brother, paying for wild oats, and meantime doing all His Lordship's work—'tis worse, I swear, than galley of the Turk."

Soothed by this explanation, Marlowe sealed a loving kiss on the "boy's" fair cheek. "Still 'tis we two must some excuses make for these so-constant visits. Ah! I know! As William to Lord Bacon, thee to me! The drama is my trade—let's write a hit, a palpable hit!"

"Agreed, agreed, my Kit!"

Quickly they set to and composed *Edward II*, *As You Like It*, *The Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night*, all of which alluded obliquely to their curious tale. All the best passages were by the talented Williamina, and she paid a touching tribute to Marlowe in *As You Like It* (As you lie, Kit), completed after his death, which occurred while he was helping the night watch with their enquiries.

Chapter Five

Williamina's heart was broken: she changed her name to Anne Whateley, and retired to Temple Grafton, a sweet nunnery in far-away Warwickshire. She promised to help her sibling still as best she might, but 'twas little she could do for a man who, to preserve their secret, now had to pretend to be himself (disguised as Mabel Smith) and his sister (disguised as himself); especially since of the half of London that loved Mabel, the females were persuaded that "she" was a boy; whereas, of the half that loved Will, the males were persuaded that "he" was a girl. It was in a mood of bewildered despondency induced by his efforts to maintain so many, so complicated relationships that Will penned Lord Bacon's virulent speeches 'gainst the Earl of Essex, as well as *Timon*, *Othello*, *Women Beware Women* and *Measure For Measure*.

Finally he resolved that matters could only be settled by the discovery of his parents. At this very moment, an order arrived bidding him to Whitehall straight. He obeyed, and was shown *instanter* to—HER MAJESTY'S CLOSET! ! !

Chapter Six

Gloriana was then something advanced in years, but if one were ready to overlook her bald head and her wooden leg, much about her recalled the dazzling creature she had been. She cast one fond look at Will and burst into tears.

"Thou'rt come!" she sobbed, "the master-mistress of Our passion!"

Uneasily Will awaited his sovereign's pleasure: was this to be a new declaration of Amor, and if so, would it be directed to himself or to the absent Williamina?

(for Will was still disguised as beauteous Mabel Smith). But no: Her Majesty went on,

"'Tis thou, thou lovely fruit of Cupid's self. Seat thee, Our-girl?"

"Boy."

"Boy. Thou art the picture of thy dad, the late, by Us so much-lamented Leicester! And, child, now know: WE ARE THY MOTHER! ENGLAND IS THY NAME! Lord Burghley will confirm it—is't not so, trustworthy Cecil?" That sage statesman nodded gravely, as he emerged from behind the arras. He said no more—doubtless being overcome by emotion; but his nod spake volumes.

"So, We bid thee speak. Wil't claim the Crown, or yield it to the Scot—that damn'd lip-slobbering whelp of infamy, Darnley's brat, offspring of the Popish whore! Look here, upon this picture, and on this—shall Darnley's, or shall Leicester's lovely son, disgrace or grace the throne of England's Queen?"

So earnest was her tone, that Will was much moved. But ere he could unveil his mind, the Royal heart—o'er tired by its exertions—cracked, and Elizabeth toppled dead on the floor!

Overcome, Will had barely time to draw his blade before he was set on by the Queen's devoted musketeers. Though hampered by his farthingale he gave a good account of himself, and left six dead behind him ere he flung himself from the battlements. By great good hap he landed lightly on the ground, and vanished into the gathering night.

Lord Burghley was not so lucky—a musketeer mistook him for a rat, and stabbed him through the arras.

Chapter Seven

'Tis ten years later. Once more disguised, this time as himself, to escape the vengeance of the Cecils, Will has retired him to Stratford, to live off his royalties from the smash-hit, *Hamlet*. He hath married a dark-haired local lovely, Anne Hathaway. His devoted Williamina still helps him with his plays and legal business, and from time to time addresses sonnets to him facetiously entitled "To Mr William Hathaway". In the lithe grace of his two daughters Will oft sees recalled the grace that was his and his sister's in days gone by, and hints of the Royal Blood of Tudor and of Dudley that plashes in their veins!

THE END

* * *

Over Bridge of Sighs
To rest my eyes in shades of green,
Under dreamy spires . . .

* * *

I see the crystal dream unfolding,
I can't keep my eyes on the book because it's mouldering.

John Wastell at St John's

LAST spring I attended a funeral—just about the highest High Church ceremony I have ever witnessed—in an Anglican nunnery in Bournemouth. The nunnery chapel was of red brick, and of no antiquity: probably late Victorian, or early twentieth century. My eye lighted on a canopied niche, all gilt; and suddenly I realised that I had seen it before. The canopy was made up of cusped arches surmounted by crocketed gables, each rising into a crocketed finial, and each flanked by square pillars rising likewise into crocketed finials; and beneath the canopy, a miniature fan vault. It was a copy, exact or almost exact (but it matters not which), of one of John Wastell's canopied niches; or tabernacles, as he would have called them. The man who designed that tabernacle, I thought, had probably never heard of John Wastell; but had there been no John Wastell, he would never have designed it like that. For miniature fan vaults, cusped arches, crocketed and finialled gables between square pillars with crocketed finials—these are the characteristic ornaments of the canopies of John Wastell's tabernacles, and by these we know them for his.

This has been the fate of John Wastell of Bury St Edmunds: to be soon and long forgotten, and late remembered. In his lifetime, perhaps, he thought of and sought no more than the reputation of an excellent craftsman. After his death, he passed swiftly out of memory. The credit for the design of his works was popularly given to the most unlikely and unarchitectural persons: bishops, and even sometimes an English king. He has no place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It is only in our own day, and thanks above all to the patient scholarship and discerning eye of Mr Arthur Oswald of Queens',[1] that Wastell has once more been given the credit for the design of his own buildings. Even now, it is probably an understatement to say that he is not widely known as one of his country's greatest architects. Yet such he must surely be reckoned, since he was the creator of at least two of his country's most prized architectural possessions.

John Wastell's major surviving works are three: first in order of completion, Bell Harry, the great central tower of Canterbury Cathedral, which some have called the noblest Gothic tower in Christendom; second, the retrochoir of Peterborough Cathedral, with its vaulting, its pierced battlements and its window tracery so strikingly reminiscent of John Wastell's vaulting, battlements and window tracery in his third and most famous work, which is his part in King's College Chapel. For it was John Wastell, third architect of the Chapel in succession to Reginald Ely and Simon Clerk, who completed its fabric, and who was responsible for the features for which, apart from its glass, it is probably most greatly renowned—including the interior of the Antechapel, the great stone vault, and all but two of its twenty lesser vaults.

Besides these three, other works from his hand are also still to be seen: most notably the nave and chancel arch of Saffron Walden, the nave and chancel arch of Great St Mary's—and the stylistic affinity between these two interiors is unmistakable; and St James's, Bury St Edmunds, now the cathedral church of that diocese, where the tracery of the west window is almost identical, on its smaller scale and in its narrower proportions, with the tracery of the west window of King's College Chapel. There are others too: the lowest stage of the Great Gate of Trinity, for instance, including the postern gate and its ornament, which Wastell is believed to have built for King's Hall. And once, perhaps, there was another major work. John Wastell, like his master Simon Clerk, before him, was much employed in the abbey church of Bury St Edmunds, now in scattered and scanty ruin, but once as vast and splendid as all but the greatest of the English cathedrals; and the work of Simon Clerk and John Wastell at Bury included a great tower, perhaps foreshadowing Canterbury, and a great vault, perhaps foreshadowing King's.

Simon Clerk was, in all probability, John Wastell's father in architecture. Wastell perhaps began his career as Simon Clerk's apprentice. Perhaps he worked under him in the second period of the building of King's College Chapel, when Simon Clerk, between 1477 and 1485, was the architect in charge. Certainly in that latter year, when Simon was an elderly mason-architect of seventy or thereabouts, and John Wastell a promising young man probably still in his twenties, those two planned to work together in the rebuilding of Saffron Walden church, though Simon seems to have died (in or just before 1489) before the project was truly under way. Then, it would seem, John Wastell succeeded Simon Clerk as head of his business and practice at Bury St Edmunds, and continued the work which Simon had carried on far and wide through East Anglia; and in Wastell's time it was carried into the East Midlands also, and into Kent.

The choice of Wastell to build Bell Harry was probably due to the local knowledge of Archbishop Morton of Morton's Fork, who had once been Bishop Morton of Morton's Leam, before his translation from Ely to Canterbury. Bell Harry had been begun in the 1430's, but soon abandoned, and when Morton came to Canterbury it was no more than a stump, like the stump of the central tower of Beverley Minster today. Morton completed it at his own expense, and Morton no doubt chose Wastell for the task: having probably heard of this rising young man in the Eastern Counties during his years at Ely, and having perhaps admired his work on that lost great west tower at Bury St Edmunds.

Bell Harry apart, Wastell is best known for his fan vaults. Five of his designing are certainly identified. Three are in King's Chapel, and for these we have documentary evidence proving them his: the great vault; the fan vaults of the western side chapels, three to the south of the Antechapel and four to the north of the Antechapel and the organ screen, all to the same design; and the third pattern of fan vaulting found in the north and south porches. His fourth known fan vault is at Canterbury, beneath his Bell Harry Tower, 130 feet above your head at the western crossing of Canterbury church; which too is proved his by documentary evidence. As for the fifth, in the retrochoir of Peterborough, nothing, so far as I am aware, survives in writing to prove it Wastell's; but the stylistic resemblances to his known and proved work elsewhere, in the vault itself and in all its setting, are enough to silence doubt.

For just as there are characteristic features by which we know John Wastell's canopied niches, so there are characteristic features by which we know his vaults to be his. The chief are two. First is his emphasis on the fan's geometrical structure: inevitably, the radial vertical ribs; but characteristic of his vaults are the firmly

1 Mr Oswald's findings are summarised in his notice of John Wastell in John Harvey, *English Mediaeval Architects*, 1954, 279—287. It is from Mr Oswald's work that my knowledge of these matters is chiefly derived, though I am conscious that in what follows I have sometimes ventured farther than his admirable caution would approve.

drawn, exactly circular horizontal ribs, in departure from the work of some earlier architects of the fan vault, who had masked the fan's geometry by giving to its horizontal ribs an ogee or wavy line. John Wastell's network of ribs, in contrast, exactly reflects the fan's geometry, and gives to his vaults an air of masculine strength. But second is his love of encrusting his work with elaborate ornament: the arched and cusped panelling of his vaults; and most especially characteristic, his habit of brattishing, or decorating the upper sides of his panels, with little plain crosses, little foliated crosses, little *fleurs de lis*, singly or in pairs or in threes or in fours.

Both these two characteristics are found together in all the five fan vaults I have named above; and they are found together in the lovely little fan vault beneath the front gate tower of St John's.[1] That vault's geometry is as firmly stressed as in any vault from Wastell's hand; its panels are duly brattished, though here with leaf ornaments, as elsewhere John Wastell uses *fleurs de lis* and crosses; while in richness of ornament it surpasses all the rest.

So far as I am aware, the architect of the First Court of St John's has never been identified. Its builder seems to have been William Swayn of Chesterton. But William Swayn was a mason-builder, and probably not a mason-architect: a good manager, probably, a good business man and organiser; with widespread and useful business connections, in the quarries of Northamptonshire and Yorkshire, in the forests of Essex and Suffolk; a good judge of building materials, and a good buyer; but a business man and not an artist—which perhaps is why he died, as we believe, a richer man than John Wastell.

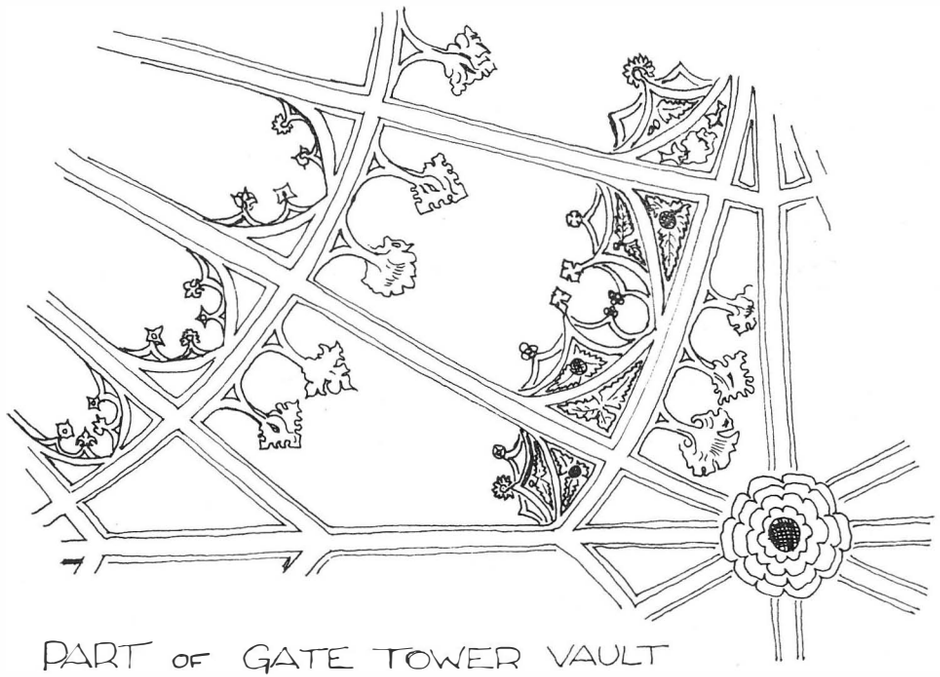
Consider the dates. The First Court of St John's was built between 1511 and 1516. Here in Cambridge, from the summer of 1508 to the summer of 1515 (when, probably, he died), John Wastell, the great master of the fan vault, was building King's College Chapel. If for nothing else, he may well have been called in at St John's to design the College a vault. And if William Swayn was the builder, that very fact would make this more likely. Wastell, like a modern architect had buildings going up in various places, and he could not be everywhere and always on the spot. Therefore he had often to rely for day-to-day management on others. At Cambridge management on the spot was commonly provided for Wastell by William Swayn; for here too there seems to have been a standing business connection. Thus Wastell and Swayn had worked together on the Great Gate of Trinity, Wastell the architect, Swayn in charge of the works; thus too at King's for a year; possibly thus at Great St Mary's; and thus they may well have worked together at St John's.

It is, however, the close resemblance of the vault at St John's to Wastell's vaults elsewhere which is the reason for suspecting his hand at work: for if it is not of his design, we must postulate an unknown but very early, very careful and very talented imitator. The resemblance can readily be tested, by comparison with the three known patterns of fan vaulting from Wastell's hand in King's College Chapel. There are, however, two differences. First, in the vaults at King's there is much uniformity. In the great vault, for instance, crowned rose and crowned portcullis alternate in the bosses, but otherwise the pattern repeats itself exactly from bay to bay; and not surprisingly, for the work was vast, and its completion in three years flat an outstanding feat of speed. The vault at St John's was much smaller, much more manageable; time and care have been lavished on it, to achieve constantly changing variety. For instance, each of the corbels from which the shafting

springs is enriched with multitudinous ornament: with leaves, with flowers, and once a grotesque human mask; and this is different from corbel to corbel, so that no two are alike. Just so in King's College Chapel there is constant variety in the carved coats of arms and roses and crowns and portcullises on the walls of the Antechapel, though not in the vaulting above them.

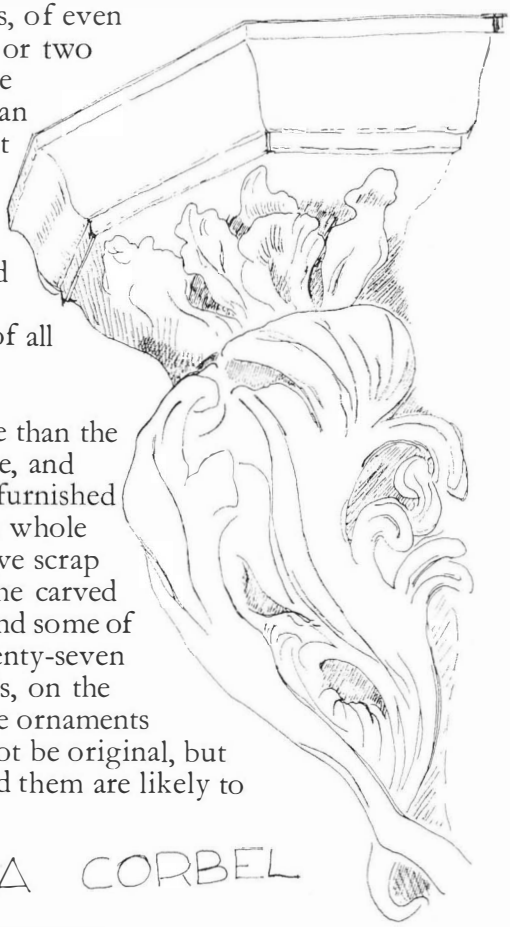
But second, this is, I believe, the only known vault by or attributed to Wastell in which the corbels are thus lavishly enriched. In this, and in other ways too, that encrustation with ornament which is characteristic of Wastell's vaults is carried much further here than anywhere else. Look at the boss nearest the street: not content with a Beaufort portcullis beneath it, the carver has covered its sides with the leaves and flowers of the Lady Margaret's clustering daisies. Look at the cusps of the panelling: they are flowered and foliated as in no other vault by Wastell—though they can be readily paralleled in the foliated cusps of Wastell's stone panelling on the walls of the Antechapel at King's. Look, too, at the spandrels of the uppermost panels of the fans, and the spaces framed by the cusps below them: they are filled with leaf ornament, with daisies and other flowers, once with a Prince of Wales's feather, and once with the eagle of St John. There is a lavishness here not seen elsewhere.

[1] A part of the fan vault is well shown in a photograph which formed the frontispiece to *The Eagle* 243 (September 1953).



PART OF GATE TOWER VAULT

Yet one of the patterns of vaulting at King's seems to be feeling out in this direction: the vaulting of the north and south porches, with its ring of carved Tudor roses surrounding the central boss. Now this was one of Wastell's latest vaults: to judge by the dates of his contracts, of even date with the side-chapel vaults but a year or two later than the great vault; later too than the vaulting at Peterborough, and much later than the Bell Harry vault at Canterbury. The vault at St John's is a late vault also; and this still greater profusion of ornament which in some degree is shared by the porch vaults at King's may be a feature of Wastell's latest period and fullest maturity. Certainly, though one of the smallest, this little vault is one of the finest of all his works.



A CORBEL

Finally, was Wastell responsible for more than the vault? It would be natural that he should be, and Mr Oswald recognises the possibility that he furnished plans and designs for the gate tower and the whole of the court. I can only add one inconclusive scrap of evidence: the affinities between some of the carved ornaments on the stonework of the gateway and some of the carved ornaments—two rows of them, twenty-seven in each row—inside the Antechapel at King's, on the west wall below the window. It is true that the ornaments at St John's, in their exposed situation, may not be original, but if they have been renewed, those who renewed them are likely to have copied as faithfully as they could the ornaments which were there before.

Three ornaments in particular have their parallels at King's. On the broad central band between the mouldings of the arch of the gateway towards St John's Street, the third ornament from the left is a leaf very similar to the leaves which form the ninth and thirteenth ornaments (numbering from the south) in the upper row and the ninth and seventeenth in the lower row beneath the west window of King's College Chapel; while the ornament at the apex of the arch on the same band towards St John's Street, and also the second ornament from the left on the mouldings over the archway towards the First Court, are both of the same type, flowers built up, not of petals, but of leaves; and both find parallels in the seventeenth, twenty-first and twenty-fourth ornaments in the upper row below the west window at King's. None of these ornaments, at King's or at St John's, is identical with any other; but their types are the same; they are variations on the same themes. Such affinities of detail, however, probably imply that the same carver was employed on both buildings, rather than the same architect.

JOHN SALTMARSH

Editorial

TIME for a few hosannas to be sung for that hard working bunch, the J.C.R. Committee. It is due in no small part to the retiring Committee that the programme of disciplinary relaxation and reform within the college has been so successful. St John's can rarely have been such a pleasant place to live in as it is now, though the liberality of the rules is now so much a part and parcel of our lives here that it is sometimes difficult to credit that it could ever have been different. But five or six years ago, apparently, people still had to wear gowns on the streets after dusk! Bureaucracy, it need hardly be said, is wearing and unglamorous, but here it seems to have triumphed in making authority flexible, and in making life a little brighter.

* * *

And praise, too—why not?—for the sportsmen of the college. The Soccer XI went from triumph to triumph in both league and cup, while the Rugby XV had stirring runs of success in both their competitions, arousing near-fanatical support from huge sections of the college. Sport is one aspect of college life which it has not been very fashionable to harp on recently. This was a reaction against the traditional "heartiness" of the sportsmen: which has, by and large, died out. Sport has never ceased, true enough, to be an important part of college life, but hitherto it has been important only to a minority—now it seems that the intellectual and the sporting sides of life are not mutually exclusive.

* * *

At a recent luncheon attended by, amongst others, various dignitaries of the college and university, a toast was proposed—"Solidarity with the people of Greece in their struggle against tyranny and oppression". There was no dissent: but one wonders if this were not, in effect, mere self-righteousness on the part of the people present. This was a protest which involved no sacrifice, not even any effort, and was aimed to no practical effect.

Theodorakis is free: and it is surely due more to pressures put on the Junta by the *type* of events such as those at the Garden House Hotel last term, than to any toastings at respectable luncheon parties.

The request, of course, is for those dignitaries who were present—among them an ex-Home Secretary—to put their public voice where their private one was, and come out openly in support of the unfortunates who were detained by the police after those events. Their protest did require both effort and—if they are to be pilloried, as seems likely—sacrifice as well. K. C. B. H.

EAGLES come and Eagles go, but every so often even the Senior Editor has to write a book or deliver a course of lectures. Reluctantly Mr Brogan was forced by pressure of work to resign his editorship after the last issue. The task is an unenviable one; the Senior Editor has to maintain the continuity of the magazine, do a lot of unglamorous negotiation, and then fade into the background while the Junior Editors dictate the content of each issue. All this Hugh did with good grace. But he also goaded and encouraged, so that under his aegis the magazine took its present, much improved form, and several generations of undergraduate editors will affirm *The Eagle's* debt to him. Meanwhile, Mr Linehan nobly undertakes to carry on the burden . . .

The Wordsworth Bi-Centenary

To mark the bi-centenary of the birth of William Wordsworth (B.A. 1791), a poetry reading was held in the Combination Room on Saturday, 18 April 1970, followed by luncheon in Hall. There were present
Chancellor, various Heads of Houses, principal Officers of the University, Trustees of Dove Cottage, members of the Faculty of English, Fellows of the College, and undergraduates reading English.

Below we reproduce the Master's opening address, and the texts of the readings and of the Toast of Wordsworth, which was proposed by Mr Boys Smith.

"The Evangelist St John my patron was:" Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Wordsworth's "patron", as a College at least we have not been unmindful of the most illustrious of our sons. On 22 April 1950 the Centenary of Wordsworth's death was marked by the assembly in this Combination Room of a distinguished company to do honour to his memory. The Master, Mr Benians, spoke on Wordsworth's life in College; there were readings from Wordsworth's poems by two undergraduates, and after lunch the Toast of Wordsworth was proposed by G. M. Trevelyan, the Master of Trinity. Our celebration of the bi-centenary of Wordsworth's birth is to follow the same pattern, even to the point of our having, and being so fortunate as to have, John Wilders, now Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and Peter Croft, now Rector of Washington, with us once again as readers and commentators on the poems. After lunch Mr Boys Smith will propose the Toast of William Wordsworth joined with that of the Dove Cottage Trustees on whose behalf Dr Mary Moorman will reply. The thought may possibly occur to some of you that centenary and bi-centenary celebrations have come in rather close succession—but such is the price of longevity among the famous, and not many of us here today are likely to be able to pay such tribute to Wordsworth again!

May I at the outset offer a few brief reflections on Wordsworth's place in history and on his own sense of history? In 1950 G. M. Trevelyan commented—and it was fitting that it was a Master of Trinity who should do so—on how in virtually a generation John's had produced three such men as Wilberforce, Castlereagh and Wordsworth. It was remarkable in more senses than one. There was the near coincidence in time, and there was the actual and seemingly unpropitious time. In Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations", published in 1776 (the year in which Wilberforce graduated), there was one index entry for Oxford, which read "Professorships, Sinecures at" and, perhaps fortunately, none for Cambridge; while Wordsworth at John's —as Leslie Stephen observed[1]—enjoyed whatever advantages could be derived from the neglect of his teachers. Perhaps we should ponder more upon them!

Of the three Johnians I have mentioned, two have a clearly defined place in history—Castlereagh as peacemaker at Vienna and Wilberforce with his death-bed "nunc dimittis" as he learned of the crowning of a lifetime's labours with the passage of the bill to abolish slavery through the House of Commons. But Wordsworth's is less easy to determine. That is not, I think, merely because he was a poet, but rather because he was a poet whose influence ran deep rather than clear. Historians in the past, to take one illustration, have followed Newman in declaring the romantics and especially Wordsworth and Scott to be part cause of the Oxford Movement, though I notice that the Regius Professor in his recently published classic on *The Victorian Church* comments judiciously that "like the link of Renaissance with Reformation, this link is easier to feel than to define."[2] Then there are problems posed by Wordsworth's changing views. As he passed from turbulent youth to tranquil age, the young man who had rejoiced in the blissful revolutionary dawn in Paris became the

opponent of reform at home and so joined the company of Hazlitt's political wanderers who, having missed the road to Utopia, alighted upon it at Old Sarum. Is this to be explained in personal terms—in the context of a poet who long survived his own genius —or in a broader historical perspective? Arnold Toynbee in a characteristically far-ranging discussion of the inter-relationship of spiritual and material achievement in human history from Hellenic and Syrian to early Victorian times, inclines towards the latter, observing that "the portentous spectacle of the eclipse that overtook Wordsworth's muse" has to be attributed chiefly to environmental factors. Had Byron or Shelley or Keats lived on to the same ripe old age they, too, he reflects, might have found "the spiritual climate of a Victorian England adverse to their poetic genius."[3]

For my own part, however, I feel as always uneasy when confronted with such generalized hypotheses advanced as explanations of intellectual and especially poetic behaviour. Wordsworth had his own sense of history. He foresaw the coming of a critical, scientific approach to the study of it—and he regretted it, giving poetic expression to his misgivings about likely consequences of "severe research."

> "Those old credulities, to nature dear
> Shall they no longer bloom upon this stock
> Of History, stript naked as a rock
> Upon a dry desert?"[4]

But how much he has conveyed of life in this College nearly two centuries ago in a few impressionistic lines! And did he not sum up the great themes of Venetian history in the later medieval world in two of his oft-quoted lines:—

> "Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
> And was the safeguard of the West:"

How much, too, he imparted the temper of revolutionary France! I wonder sometimes, perhaps someone here can tell me later, what happened to the fragment of the Bastille he picked up and put in his pocket with ambivalent feelings in November 1791. Perhaps the Dove Cottage Trustees have it among their relics? All I know is the whereabouts of the key to the Bastille—it was presented by the Marquis de La Fayette, that man of many gestures, to George Washington with the result that you have to go to Mount Vernon to see it! But especially would I like to recall how Wordsworth, returning from the quiet of "the gliding Loire" to Paris "the fierce Metropolis", heard on 29 October 1792—that is to say in the uneasy interlude between the September Massacres and the First Terror—from the shrill cries of the hawkers bawling "denunciation of the crimes of Maximilien Robespierre" under the arcades of the Orleans Palace, and learned from them of that critical incident, that "huge mistake" when Robespierre in the Assembly had dared

> "The man who had an ill surmise of him
> To bring his charge in openness; whereat
> A dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,
> In silence of all present from his seat
> Louvet walked single through the avenue
> And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
> 'I, Robespierre, accuse thee.' Well is known
> The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
> He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,
> The one bold man, whose voice the attack had
> Was left without a follower . . ."[5] [sounded,

How much one would give for such poetic record to some equally telling episode in the Russian Revolution! Nor was it, of course, merely record. Wordsworth, the poet of nature and of country solitudes, understood—as contemporary and sympathetic Whig politicians, mistaking with characteristic insularity a movement which was to destroy the old order in Europe for (in the words of Professor A. V. Dicey) "a secondhand copy of the glorious but almost conservative revolution of 1688", did not—the portentous nature of what he was witnessing. When in Paris—

> "I saw the Revolutionary Power
> Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms."[6]

And is it not to the credit of his heart at least that he was so greatly drawn to that most gifted, attractive and also doomed of the revolutionary parties—the Gironde, so much so indeed that he felt he should "have made common cause with some who perished . ?"

What Wordsworth learned from his French experiences gave him an understanding of the national aspirations of other peoples, best reflected in his Tract on the Convention of Cintra, which made Professor Dicey in his book on *The Statesmanship of Wordsworth* claim that Wordsworth anticipated the principles of nationality enunciated by Mazzini some twenty years. It is a large claim which

I approached with some scepticism but at least consideration of it left me with the conviction that the great English poet we have gathered to honour today had insights which poets rarely possess and of a kind to forge a link between him and our own time. John Stuart Mill[7] (who admired "the extreme comprehensive and philosophic spirit which is in him") when told that Lockhart had said that Wordsworth would have been an admirable country attorney, observed that a man who could have been Wordsworth or a country attorney could certainly have been anything else which circumstances had led him to desire to be. Very fortunately for us he desired to be Wordsworth! And as such we honour his memory.

1 In his biography of Wordsworth in the *D.N.B.*
2 Owen Chadwick, Vol. i, p. 174.
3 *The Study of History*, Vol. VII, p. 708.
4 *Memories of a Tour in Italy* 1837.
5 *The Prelude*, Book Tenth.
6 *The Prelude*, Book Ninth.
7 *Letters*, 2 Vols. Vol. i, p. 10.

* * *

A. (John Wilders). Before we read here twenty years ago, Master, your predecessor, Mr Benians, had spoken about the College in Wordsworth's time, about his academic career, his friends and schoolfellows up here with him. I remember especially one of his comments, made with that gentle penetration so typical of him that even as undergraduates we had our sense of it. "Cambridge", he said, "might have done much worse for him had it tried to do more." It is a very modest claim—that if it did him little good, it did him even less harm. It may even be a shade too modest, but this is not the occasion to dispute it. We are here to celebrate Wordsworth, not Cambridge. And the evidence is very easy to get at. There are, for example, some important pieces of it in the booklet in your hands, and there is much more in the poem from which they are taken, in those Books of *The Prelude* which describe his time here:—idle talks in the morning, walks in the afternoon, riding, the river, very striking garments, and hair powdered till it looked frosty; suppers, wine—getting a little drunk in Milton's rooms at Christ's, so that he was late for chapel—compulsory attendance at chapel, which he called "irreverent mockery". The Fellows were in part an irritation, and in part a source of entertainment. Their ways and manners, he wrote, were noted with "playful zeal of fancy"—

> Men unscour'd, grotesque
> In Character, trick'd out like aged trees.

It was not favourable comment, but the edge is taken off its hostility when we remember that Wordsworth was very fond of old trees, and that in his poetry human beings often take on the semblance of trees and rocks and stones, loom out of the landscape, and then melt back into it—as we shall remind you in a moment. One of his closest friends in Cambridge was an ash tree that stood in the College grounds, by the brook that runs through our new buildings. Its exact place was traced by Mr Boys Smith in 1950, among the records of his Senior Bursary. And we mention this the more readily, because his later studies of the hedgehog in the Master's garden have achieved so wide a reputation—but they suggest too narrow a view of his interest in the Fauna and Flora of the College.

There is one in particular of Wordsworth's comments on his time here which strikes home to me personally. And not only to me, for it describes so well what Cambridge has meant to so many, before and since his time:

> a privileged world
> Within a world, a midway residence
> With all its intervenient imagery,
> Far better, than to have been bolted forth,
> Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
> Among the conflicts of substantial life.

B. (Peter Croft). That is what Cambridge has been for many of us—"a midway residence." But for him, the approach of "mortal business and substantial life" cast a longish shadow before him, and largely through his own conduct here. I recall another of Mr Benians' gentle verdicts: "For a Hawkshead boy of his ability, Wordsworth's Cambridge career was an exceptional one." From Mr Benians, this was a stern comment. What it meant was that this career had been an exceptionally bad one. Hawkshead was a good school, a "place of excellence" in its day. To have been there, at that time, opened up prospects beyond being an undergraduate. Of the three men who came up from the school together in 1787, Wordsworth was the only one who did not become

a Fellow of his College. Of the five who came up in the next year, three became Fellows. And all three of those who came up in 1789 became Fellows. Wordsworth's failure to do the same was the more conspicuous because his uncle was already a Fellow, and because it was clearly the family intention that his nephew—an orphan with no other prospects—should follow in the uncle's footsteps. That he did not do so was by choice, not through lack of ability. The choice was not an easy one, nor was Wordsworth the kind of young man to make such choices lightly and easily. One of the very few poems which he wrote while he was here is concerned with it. His personal dilemma is fused with his description of a sunset seen, as he said later, "during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam."

A.

(Here was quoted: "Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening". 1789).

A. When Wordsworth turned away from a Fellowship for the sake of poetry, he was taking a great risk, and he well knew it. He was giving up a small certainty for the sake of something much greater, but very uncertain. The doubts about the rightness of that irretrievable choice, about his own powers, about the way of life to which he had committed himself, were not resolved in the little poem we have just read. They haunted him for many years, and the struggle against them, towards a secure happiness of spirit, was the creative force of some of his best poetry. And the poetry was the means by which the happiness was secured. This ebb and flow of doubt and resolution is very vividly present in one of his most characteristic poems, which he himself called "Resolution and Independence", after the moral lesson which ends it, but which was always known in his own family as "The Leechgatherer", after the providential and almost uncanny apparition which evoked the moral lesson. Later readers have sided with the family rather than with Wordsworth himself. By agreeing to call the poem "The Leechgatherer" they have expressed their sense that it is the eerie apparition rather than the moral that remains in the memory and the imagination.

B. The incident over which this imaginative colouring was thrown, and within which Wordsworth's personal doubts were resolved, was a simple one—a chance meeting with an old man near Dove Cottage in the autumn of 1800. We are able to measure the extent of the imaginative transformation by a lucky accident. The meeting with the old man was described at the time by Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy—one of the powerful influences that entered his life after he left Cambridge. This is what she wrote in her *Journal*:

"When Wm. and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waist-coat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a nightcap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wythburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and 'a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children'. All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but leeches are scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce—he supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. a 100; they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broke, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away."

("The Leechgatherer" was the poem in which Wordsworth described the experience two years later.)

A. Poetry at its most Wordsworthian, its most original and inimitable! And however it may strike the reader, it was almost exactly what he himself had set out to do. This transformation of a chance encounter, this imaginative—indeed fictional working on it—for after all, it is clear from Dorothy's account that the old Man was not leeching when they met him—the pond, the bare landscape, the stirring about in the pool are all imaginary, not real:—all this is what he

deliberately set out to do, as he had explained in one of the Prefaces with which he sought to defend himself against the worst of contemporary misunderstandings:

"The principal object"—he wrote—"proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of the language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect."

B. But it's a very dangerous kind of poetry. It walks on a knife-edge between success and failure, between the ordinariness of the experience and the language, and the imaginative transformation of it. And to many of the reviewers of the time, accustomed to less humble themes and more elaborate language, it seemed that it had fallen down into bathos. This is the kind of criticism which he encountered from them:

"Their peculiarities of diction alone, are enough to render them ridiculous; but the author before us seems anxious to court this literary martyrdom by a device still more infallible—we mean, that of connecting his most lofty, tender, or impassioned conceptions, with objects and incidents, which the greater part of his readers will probably persist in thinking low, silly, or uninteresting. It is possible enough, we allow, that the sight of a friend's spade, or a sparrow's nest, or a man gathering leeches, might really have suggested to a mind like his a train of powerful impressions and interesting reflections; but it is certain, that to most minds, such associations will always appear forced, strained and unnatural; and that the composition in which it is attempted to exhibit them, will always have the air of parody, or ludicrous and affected singularity."

A. But there's no doubt who won in the end. It was Wordsworth. Here we are, reading from him, and quoting from criticisms of him by Francis, Lord Jeffrey—which is more than Lord Jeffrey's Oxford College will ever do for *him* by way of celebrating centenaries in their Combination Room. Yet it was in one respect right as a prophecy Wordsworth has always been open to parody. Most of it more friendly than hostile, like "The White Knight's Song" in *Alice through the Looking Glass*. With "The Leechgatherer" still in your minds, you will have no doubt what Lewis Carroll was up to:—

I'll tell thee everything I can:
There's little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
"Who are you, aged man?" I said.
"And how is it you live?"
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

A. Fair, even kindly parody. And it must be admitted—though with all the caution due to the occasion—that Wordsworth sometimes wrote below his best. And at his worst, he was almost his own best parodist. This awkward aspect of his work was picked up in another kindly parody, by J. K. Stephen, once President of the Union—it was published in *The Granta* in 1891—the very year when the Dove Cottage Trust came into being. It is in imitation of one of the best-known of the great political sonnets, Wordsworth's lament for the subjugation of Venice and Switzerland by Napoleon[1].

B. But it has always been easy to make fun of Wordsworth at his worst. Perhaps that is why his purely literary reputation has often been a little unsteady—why, indeed, he has often appealed to men, rather than to literary men. He himself would not have had it otherwise. In his calmer moods he cared little for merely literary reputation. His sister Dorothy once wrote of the fate of his poetry: "I am sure it will be very long before the poems have an extensive sale. Nay, it will not be while he is alive to know it. God be thanked, William has no mortifications on this head, and I may safely say that those who are connected with him have not an atom of that species of disappointment. We have too rooted a confidence in the purity of his intentions, and the power with which they are executed. His writings will live, will comfort the afflicted, and animate the happy to purer happiness, when we, and our little cares, are all forgotten."

A. And that is very much what happened—earlier than Dorothy foresaw. Of the many tributes to Wordsworth's power in comforting afflicted minds, here is just one, by John Stuart Mill. In his *Autobiography*, he tells how, round about 1828, he had sunk into

a deep depression. Convinced in the full logic of Utilitarian theory that the world ought to be, and could be in many ways reformed, he was nevertheless haunted by the idea that in this reformed world, men might after all not be happy. Then he goes on:

"What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings, which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence."

B. Wordsworth certainly hoped that his poetry would embody the experience of all human beings, and that it would encourage them into much happiness. But his view of the nature of experience was less simple. Human life, as he always saw it, was part of the universe, part of Nature itself, and so inevitably subject to vicissitudes of conflicting elements. In one of his most splendid passages of prose—and he wrote prose almost as good as his verse—he speaks of the thoughts and feelings which should be the subject of Poetry:

"But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, fear and sorrow."

This intermingling of human life with Nature was one of his most characteristic perceptions, and it led him to a view of things perhaps more stormy than Mill's—though optimistic in the end. This is splendidly expressed in one of his best political sonnets, addressed to the Negro leader, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had resisted Napoleon's edict re-establishing slavery in Dominique, and who was then imprisoned in Paris—whether alive or dead, Wordsworth did not know when he addressed him thus:—

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men! . . . .

A. Perhaps one of the aspects of Wordsworth's poetry which made it a "medicine" for Mill's state of mind—and for the state of mind of anyone whose work lies in abstract and academic pursuits—is this ample recognition that pure reason is hardly enough for humanity—that passion and imagination are as necessary as thought itself. For the fate of those who live in the bare world of thought alone, he has a line of terrifying prophecy:—

Lost in a gloom of uninspired research—

It is from *The Excursion*, and may I be allowed to say that in the course of my own lengthening experience of university life—though not here—I have indeed seen some who were lost in his way, in gloomy and uninspired research. Better than this emptiness, Wordsworth thought, to indulge in some glimpses of belief, even of superstition, not firmly held, perhaps, but enjoyed for a moment, for their light and warmth, and for the traces they leave on the spirit. We shall end with an example of this momentary "suspension of disbelief".

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see of Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not; Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the Sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1 See *The Eagle*, 1950, Vol. LIV, No. 237, p. 91.

* * *

Dr Wilders and Mr Croft have recalled for us Wordsworth's undergraduate years and how he deliberately turned away from the safe career that lay open to him for the sake of a greater ambition, greater but far less secure—the ambition to be a poet. *The Prelude* preserves for us records of feelings and scenes from those years, records which, as so often with Wordsworth, are also the poetry of the years when his destiny was fulfilled. One such record is of the ash tree in the Backs he used to visit, crossing over the river by our Old Bridge.

> All winter long, whenever free to take
> My choice, did I at night frequent our Groves
> And tributary walks, the last, and oft
> The only one, who had been lingering there
> Through hours of silence, till the Porter's Bell,
> A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
> Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
> Inexorable summons. Lofty Elms,
> Inviting shades of opportune recess,
> Did give composure to a neighbourhood
> Unpeaceful in itself. A single Tree
> There was, no doubt yet standing there, an Ash
> With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreath'd;
> Up from the ground and almost to the top
> The trunk and master branches everywhere
> Were green with ivy; and the lightsome twigs
> And outer spray profusely tipp'd with seeds
> That hung in yellow tassels and festoons,
> Moving or still, a Favourite trimm'd out
> By Winter for himself, as if in pride,
> And with outlandish grace. Oft have I stood
> Foot-bound, uplooking at this lovely Tree
> Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
> Of magic fiction, verse of mine perhaps
> May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
> Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
> More bright appearances could scarcely see
> Of human Forms and superhuman Powers,
> Than I beheld, standing on winter nights
> Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

I can claim only two qualifications for the privilege given me of proposing this toast. Both are personal, and it happens that in this Hall they are linked. Of all writers, Wordsworth moves me most—moves and enlightens. And circumstances have decreed that through most of my life I have played a part in this Society, of which I, and not only I, regard Wordsworth's as the greatest name. What is it that moves so much, and in moving enlightens? It would be too bold to attempt an answer, and in some degree each of us must find his own. The more we explore, the richer the variety we find, even though what we find is always recognizably his. Metrically alone he has remarkable range and great craftsmanship. With supreme simplicity he combines the deepest feeling. Yet he is the author too of verse of great splendour, and a master of the form and intricacies of the sonnet. And all this, when it came (and it did not come very early, as poets go), came all at once, as it were at the first trial. But if I do not attempt an answer, may I, in few words, refer to three things, out of many more, that Wordsworth gives us?

There is his wonderful observation. In listening just now to *The Leechgatherer*, we saw again—and "saw" is here the word—the running hare:

> on the moors
> The hare is running races in her mirth;
> And with her feet she from the plashy earth
> Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
> Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

Or the stars above the mountain's edge that caught the boy's attention in the twilight:

> Many a time,
> At evening, when the stars had just begun
> To move along the edges of the hills,
> Rising or setting, would he stand alone.

Or the sound and sight of mountain streams:

> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.

This power of observation is the product of Wordsworth's open secret, his integrity, his veracity, of vision. He tells of what he sees, and sees what is, with no conventional clothing to obscure it. This is the secret too of his simplicity. And the directness of sensation in Wordsworth is not only of the eye; it is hardly less of the ear; indeed it can be of all the senses in unity, which then gives the moment its magic, the scene its intense individuality.

Then there is the great experience, "of aspect more sublime", call it mystical or what you will, of which Wordsworth is supremely the poet, supremely because it was the master light of all his seeing, with him with startling power in his boyhood and, if rather differently, yet more profoundly, in his maturity. This is not the moment to quote from the great

passages. But in reading Wordsworth we are never wholly out of hearing of this central experience.

> Hence in a season of calm weather
> Though inland far we be,
> Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the Children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

And then—and it must be lastly—there is Wordsworth's humanity. The poet of Nature and the poet of Man are not two, nor are Man and Nature two. The central experience, awakened often in contact with Nature, is the disclosure of Man's greatness, his grandeur, his depths and his scope, and so of Nature's too, even while this same experience gives him cause and feeling to

> lament
> What man has made of man.

Where shall we find humanity more poignant than in the profound simplicities of *Michael*, *The Brothers*, *The Idiot Boy*, *The Ruined Cottage*—which Mr Jonathan Wordworth has recently been expounding to us?

These are no more than glimpses. Those who read, and re-read, Wordsworth know how much richer is the full prospect. His poetry is inseparably associated with the Cumberland and Westmorland where his boyhood, most of his maturity, and his old age were spent; but his life, and therefore what underlies his poetry, embraced too the Cambridge of his undergraduate days and the London and the revolutionary France of his troubled years. In them all we can take him to our hearts.

We thought that, in commemorating the bicentenary, we should do something more. We knew how much the Trustees of Dove Cottage, the Wordsworth Memorial established in 1891, have done for Wordsworthians. They have done it from personal devotion and with small resources. We knew too the responsibilities that now rest upon them for the care of the great collection of Wordsworth manuscripts entrusted to them since the Memorial was established. Dove Cottage has become the centre of Wordsworth studies, in his own country and in the house that was the home of William, Dorothy, and Mary through much of his most creative period. With the Trustees' consent, and jointly with them, we decided to raise a fund which, in our judgement, will make their resources more nearly match their deserts and their responsibilities. You have in your hands the document we are issuing. In all this—in the plan and in its execution—we are deeply indebted to our own distinguished Wordsworthian, Mr Davies.

It is a pleasure to have some of the Trustees with us, amongst them Dr Mary Moorman, their Treasurer and Secretary and Wordsworth's biographer. We are all delighted that in a moment she is to speak to us; and, as we listen to her, we shall all be remembering that when, twenty years ago, we drank the toast I am about to propose to you, it was her father, Dr Trevelyan, who then proposed it.

And now, Master, and our guests, here in the Hall which Wordsworth knew as an undergraduate and beneath the portrait on the wall painted forty years afterwards at Rydal Mount, I give you the toast

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A Letter

Is *The Eagle* a College magazine? This may sound a very provocative question, but quite a substantial number of Junior Members think that *The Eagle* is far from fulfilling its function as a proper College magazine, especially in (dis)proportion to its very extravagant appearance, print, shiny paper, etc. It is very doubtful whether the majority of "subscribers" after daring to lay their hands on such a neat piece of publication and finding out to their great relief that the last issue was not entirely written, like the cover, in Chinese, are satisfied with

the quality of both the selection and content of the articles in it. The articles are hardly conducive to a lively exchange of ideas and to a challenging intellectual arena of topical discussions with direct bearing on college life.

A number of factors are responsible for these faults:—

1. Almost everybody agrees that *The Eagle* tries to be too much at the same time: Old Boys' magazine, inter-don information journal, college chronicle, anthology—in short: Readers Indigest.
2. The predominance* of Senior Members on the editorial committee ensures *The Eagle's* conservative, "respectable", and esoteric character. One example: The printer refused to print one contribution, because it was supposedly obscene, whereupon the committee should have instantly terminated their contract with him.
3. The predominance of lengthy articles of doubtful general interest by Senior Members, which is mainly responsible for *The Eagle's* lack of contributions from Junior Members.

From the first point one immediate conclusion should be drawn, i.e. of splitting the magazine into at least two: one, an Old Boys' magazine, which should continue under the name *Eagle* and give ample space to all nostalgic feelings, perhaps continuing the "Old School" magazine style with personal pictures and unconnected articles. The other should be a thoroughly up-to-date magazine, cheaper due to a less extravagant make-up. But it could still retain a high standard, and even appear more often. The current yearly expense of £500 from the Amalgamated Club Fees on *The Eagle* (an item not much publicized) could be made free for such a new magazine, thus making it independent of College funds or donations. This magazine may not even use the full amount of £500, thus freeing some for other projects.

The second point shows the urgency of the need for a different type of editorial committee, at least predominantly consisting of Junior Members. This of course should not mean that Senior Members would be excluded from submitting their articles, but it would ensure that contributions from Junior Members of all shades of opinion are given a maximum consideration.

As for point three: once the Junior Members feel that it is their magazine, they will have more interest in sending their own writings and make the notorious lack of Junior contributions a thing of the past. It will very probably raise the standard and the present image of a magazine with an esoteric and very often forcedly humorous character will turn into one which does not shun controversy in order to keep up a dull respectability and boring decorum, but will be nearer to the pulse of the college.

A. FARMER
J. STOPES-ROE
G. ENSSLIN

* The Editorial Committee consists of five Junior Members, and but a single Senior Member: the Treasurer takes no part in editorial business—Ed.

The Editors have to express their great regret at the late appearance of the present number. This is due solely to the want of articles forwarded to them for insertion. They desire to urge upon subscribers that they should send their contributions earlier, and so save the editors the task of having to write the larger portion of the number. (From *The Eagle*, 1870).

"*The Eagle* that men do lives after them . . . ." [Senior Ed.—his only intervention].

1

night, summer, we listened
and held our hands in our eyes,
                our hands
pushing aside veils of too
motherly concern

(mattered into mind
by some law
          unknowable,
debris
left by plages and dinosaurs . . . .

  listening

  as they sang with the freedom
  of grasping
the soft night
in rhythmic hands of feeling

2

  black,
  black is the soft night

and
    (did Pilate ever ask what is love)?
      complex
of reactions: woman, shaped and
tuned

by that body

unafraid . . . .

  soft night
  on a stoop,
          a narrow
          nowhere
                city
                street, stained
with cars,
but a refuge into which the open windows
  could flee

3

listening

throbbing

wishing
      to go to the underside (beneath
      words, quiet
      and naked,

to the underside
where
      there are no apparent
      necessities,
      where white can be
                evil . . . .

succeeding

only in abstracting
ourselves
      (rhythms throbbing
            expounding
            exploding
            culling resolve out
of anguish,
          hope out of darkness . . . .

our thoughts then
revolving: speech is sin,
                turn
          me inside
          out,

          and let the babbling echo
          endlessly within

          you take the silence

4

children of an animalism,
unprophetic,
unwilling to be martyred:
                and

she whispered, come
            dance
            with
            me—we'll dance
a beginning,
peace
      without end (though not

the tension of the
      stars
          a different world
in which mere appearance
and
    the incomprehensible
    acts
        of husks in an eternal
        gray autumn

        have
all (and the locked front doors

been cast out

and only
        hold my hand . . . .

5

kiss me, kiss me, it is me—
all that has come before
has not passed away, but
into a sympathy, in our eyes,
look closely at what I am

(occasionally we heard
the river noises,
            the singers
were leaving the long street
an abandoned shell on its back

she remembered her mother
washing her as a little girl
and saying open wide

                she smiled

6

rhythms
movement

a sort
of gaity
in and out
that was like
the universe
          expanding and contracting
          and perhaps
                it doesn't—

for a sadness
a coldness
the stone
eating
      into the flesh of her well-
      shaped
          thigh . . . .

and nods:
yes, to go now, yes before we stretch
our silence to the breaking
point,
      tired muscles collapsing
      in a rush
            our leaving was only
            the dissolution
            of an

overtone
yet arm in arm up
the sleep-stilled street
I thought in almost dreaming:

sit beside me, the water
is warm,
      our children will be
beautiful

Working Summer In New York
(for Connie)

JOHN ELSBERG

Those Were The Days

THIS year, for the first time since 1914, the College, has held a Ball: and, if we may say so without blowing our own trumpets, it *was* a Ball. Nothing could be quite so beautiful as Hall, the panel ledges smothered in flowers, and Lady Margaret herself almost framed in green. Well done, the College garden!

Then the sitting-out places—the Master's garden a mass of wee lights, all the paths in Chapel Court lit up, and an amazing labyrinth of tents. Everyone lost his or her way once or twice, and strayed into a jolly panelled place, which turned out to be the Combination Room staircase.

And that brings me to supper and the Combination Room. Not being a gastronomist, I can't produce any expert opinion on the former, though it *was* most good, but the Room itself—well, it just was the Room. There was a mist of candle light and voices, and I thought that old Sam Parr's smile grew even broader.

As to the dance itself, of course a dance is really a matter of partners, so I may have been peculiarly lucky. But the indispensable adjuncts were entirely A1: the wonderful man Newman and his myrmidons kept us going so strong that at half-past six or so, after the last extra and Mr Stearn's operations, there were still 250 out of 300 starters to cope with the last jump "Auld Lang Syne" *jazzed*.

The floor had its defects: the parquet panels gaped at times, but it had all the qualities of ice in perfect order just before a big thaw. As a partner of mine remarked, expressively though without entire originality, she could have danced till doomsday; I fancy she said, "Like billy oh!"

So that was the College dance, and we have got to thank Mrs Masters and everybody that worked for its success. As for the Committee I don't know quite who they were, but the Laws (with and without an "e") and Alldred made themselves infernal nuisances for weeks before, so I think they must have worked hard. The Master's Sam Browne was an utter delight: and Mr Armitage appeared to think that his life depended on everyone having partners: if it did he saved it.

After the ceremony I myself drank beer in the Buttery. And so to bed.

From *The Eagle*, 1920.

My Friend The Gangster

WILLI "Pastrami" Siercewicz was careful never to eat salami or bologna: for he relished his Chicago underworld nickname, bestowed, it was said, by none other than "Bugs" Moran. Pastrami looked the part of the 30's gangster he was, too. Big, red nose, pickled in bootleg whisky: pock-marked scarface: rough, immigrant voice on its voyage through the sandpaper throat, gluey adenoids, finally filtered through fat cigars.

Al Capone once called him "a little man with a big mouth". Once only: that afternoon, fifteen Capone henchmen lay dead or dying near the entrance to a West side pool hall. The "mouth" part was metaphoric, anyway: the organ never fully opened—gangsters speak sideways, teeth clenched on cigar. But "little", yes. A volley of machine gun fire five feet seven inches from the ground would do Pastrami little harm.

Central Chicago was his: Pastrami territory stretched twenty blocks to the north and west of the Greyhound bus station. He brooked no other operator, and had the men and machine guns to back him. He brewed bootleg whisky, the best in town, of course: and where else did he brew it but, with unique style, in the cellars of the Chicago central police station? The police paid him protection money in the meantime.

He had his private army of 30 mobsters keeping the city in a state of terror: not one Chicago bank had they left untouched, not one speak-easy but paid its dues. The Mayor of Chicago and the Senators of Illinois never made a decision without first consulting Pastrami. He had on his desk a photograph of the ironic ceremony when the Mayor had presented him with the freedom of the city. Like presenting Onassis with his own shipping company.

No social occasion, no party, could be of the first rank unless Pastrami graced it with his presence: Chicago debutantes yearned—and queued up—to be his molls.

For one thing more than anything he yearned—for a film to be made of his exploits, starring . . . . Rod Steiger? . . . . Paul Newman? . . . . You've guessed it by now, if the Onassis metaphor hadn't given it away: it was all a little too much to be true, seeing as you'd never heard the name before. Ah, Willi! Who carries a pistol in a shoulder holster, but only because he's scared of the Panthers. Willi! Fighter against communism, who threw buckets of water over Moratorium-day marchers. Willi! Who fails to fiddle his tax returns, and quietly votes the law-and-order ticket. With a fondness for *all* Italian meats—"garlic face", did he but know it, to his workmates. That nose? Pickled in brine like a boxer's. Face? On railings, one drunk, staggery night.

Ah, Willi! Your voice a-wheeze, your nose a-drip, your molls the whores you pay.

But you may yet end up with a machine gun bullet in your tum.

K. C. B. HUTCHESON

"never never"

the fairy in the bedroom
gulping gin
curses her laddered tights
shes on a night shift now—
and captain hook crouched in a chair
sinks needles in his tattooed arm
and conjures visions
in his nightmare dreams
of crocodiles on rotting rivers—
peter pan creeps out to sell
some snaps he took of tinkerbell

here they sit
they dont go out much any more
waiting alert
in case the children should return.

CHARLES REID-DICK

A Diversion For A Sunday Afternoon

EAST of the river Leine in Niedersachsen, September is always winter or summer. Never autumn. The weather is as uncompromising as the landscape, a landscape of hundreds of square miles of flat forest land, where the trees reach high and straight, never bending but inclined perhaps five degrees, making a concise suggestion of a bow towards the gentler terrains of Westphalen under the pressure of the strong-willed east-north-easterly winds which court the woods the whole year. The tweed effect of the greenery and bitter-brown trunks of the trees is complemented by the gentle variations, violet and purple, of the heather, which clings for life to the exposed roots and digs into every patch of shallow surface-soil.

This September was summer, so although nothing in the forest changed materially, the whole was enhanced, as even the dirtiest industrial town will be, by the sunshine which lit the scene under a sky of the softest blue, where every hint of cloud was promptly chased away like an offending child by the gusts of wind. Roads which in a winter September would be devoid of even forestry vehicles came alive as hundreds of immigrants beetled their way through the shaded passages at a regular speed, as if they thought themselves to be the various blood corpuscles of a living organism rushing around the body.

Many of these corpuscles had been making a Sunday excursion to view the East-West border north-east of Braunschweig where it halves a small village, separating in one stroke brother from brother and friend from friend. Many were young, and though they felt saddened by what they saw, could not have given a precise explanation why. They had felt intimidated by the border guards in their high outpost towers, and they had watched through their powerful binoculars as the mounted machine guns swivelled to cover every piece of the border's no-man's-land. They had looked, as if at a famous monument, and now they were coming away.

In the forests fifty miles from the border rumbled the Panzer of the Federal Army, at present engaged on a NATO exercise which had attracted wide publicity in the press. Outside the practice range people parked on the grass shoulders of the roads and peered through the trees in the hope of catching sight of the manoevering tanks. Still the Landstrassen carried a constant stream of traffic with another aim in view. For not everyone was interested in present-day tanks, and not everyone was using the route as a return from the border.

One particular area of this vast forest is the object of modern day pilgrimages: journeys of sentimental memories or of curiosity. On this summer September Sunday a crowd of individuals re-lived their personal past. Each man passed the blank perimeter wall with its single black-lettered word: Denkstatte. Along gravel paths each man walked through rolling mounds of heather-covered earth.

He re-lives part of his life. Singly. With no companions now. A blast of wind makes him tighten his muffler round his scrawny throat. The wind is not so cold now, as it once was; and now he has a muffler. On and on. Deeper into the past—to the dead. From death back to life: he moves aside, pressed out of the path-way by a young couple with a push-chair. What right have they here? What do they know about it? About death of any sort. But only the living remain. All who remain live. The dead only live in photographs and in the mind; yes, the mind. The mind of an old, tired man with a muffler.

Londontown Troupers

REGENT Street: three blindmen, one
Plays an accordion, the other
A saxophone. Slow, narcotic music.

The third holds out a cup.
Stinking, tobacco-stained hands.
For every coin he imagines a feminine,

Drooping wrist, anaemic, smooth.
He thrusts out his cup amid the reeling,
Horrified pedestrian faces.

London 1969

Outside
The Kaiserstallung

TRAFFIC replaces the bomber's drone,
Deep similar corrosion, insanity
Accumulating over the years
When once in the fireball
Eyes took on a quick drought.

Nürnberg 1969

Dance of the Hobgoblin

AMONG white, garden urns ladies
Dangle from thin wrists
Brilliant bracelets. Epidemics
Hidden in the house but glamour
Must have a drama that rings
Over their fingers blaze like fireflies.

Under moonlight the hobgoblin dances
In the rooster's feathers,
Crows in the eagle's beak:
What savages shall we collect?
To lead in chains through
The towns: lacquer, liquor for the gaudy show.

America 1967

Lines To A Sleeping Guitarist

BALD occupant of the small shade,
That inching incline while
Sun's descant prospers as
Silence, what rush rouses
Your apple to bob and boil?

Not departure dirge for the sun's
Declination but spread cobbles
Head-high with melody, visitors
Arrive! Singer, pinched by
Sweet-tooth and drug diet,

Sleeper, enforce a generous mouth's
Swill or secretly is your song
Pillow and suffocation while
Venice moon-like pulls the
Tides against her fleets,

Her croon dragging out of sea and
Flesh willing catastrophic
Tears that last distress pulls
Bells from the belfry and
Boys desirous of red robes drown?

Venice 1969

R. ANDERSON

The Baptistry Busts By Pisano

I CAME upon you like a child
Discovering mushrooms; poisonous,
Pale college of your moistures
Evaporating yet; severe kindred,
Their beauty admits no antidote.
Tell me, when you worked did
You stand in slippers, boots,
Or did you stumble on bare
Feet across the cold floor?

Pisa 1969

The Senility
Of The Spanish Protector

THE Roman Viceroy has not returned,
The aqueduct boasts no trumpeter
But the stones shoulder water.
Iron, clattering, medieval shoes
Disappear though cobblestones
Did not fall out to hinder
Other traffic, a heavier artillery;
Shouldering the usual beef.

Given sway over the stones and
Masons, tomb and dungeons,
Stucco erasures, the Protector
Inspects by night the palace
Statues, sees Goliath upon
Every platter, Clytemnestra
Holds the fork, every loose stone
Sings out in a secret pocket.

Madrid 1970

To Her Lodger

Oh Mr Spilsby, you are unfair—I came
To dust the mantelpiece, and find you
Hanging in a noose behind the door.
So sudden, such a break in your routine—
You have no right to give me such a scare.
I never trusted you; that hook was meant
For coats, not nooses, Mr Spilsby.

It is so rude to give no warning.
Your habits, so predictable, had led me
To a false impression. You always caught
The half-past-nine, and were in bed
By ten-o-clock. So neat, so punctual,
I always thought, and so considerate.
Oh Mr Spilsby, deception is not sweet.

You dangle from the coat hook, and slowly
Circulate. Your eyes accuse—it is unfair;
The merest hint would have sufficed.
Cruel, cruel. Oh tell me why,
Why you missed the half-past-nine,
And took a journey somewhere else.
This room—the photograph of mother, the vase,
These chairs—it could not hold your life:
An explosion has occurred, the stars
Have punctuated holes inside your eyes.
And from vast emptiness you stare at me.
Oh tell me where you went, for I, too,
Have wanderlust. You left without
A message, and I must fill a vacancy.
Oh give me reason Mr Spilsby.
Oh let me kiss your dangling feet.

CHARLES BOYLE

Once he was young, strong: one of the best of them. Time kills or ages. He is old and alive. Wouldn't death have been easier? You can't recover from suffering like that, it marks you out. It seizes and possesses your brain, yourself; and you cannot escape it. Dreams are a man's worst enemy. Death finds you asleep if it did not search you out alive.

But life is now. He looks up and his attention is caught by the moving vehicles in the distance: these are the armoured cars! No, no, only Beetles. Being brought to himself is too cruel. "Now" is to be escaped. Death would have been best. This, this show, this farce of procreants and push-chairs is obscenity incarnate—all well-fed, comfortable, young. This is worse than the place ever was before. Before was honest filth and suffering, disease and death. Now is hypocrisy of sentiment, mass sadism of the onlookers. These are more hopeless enemies than there ever were before. Move him to tears. Tears of childlike, simple, selfish anger. They cannot share my suffering. I shall not let them. I am alone and untouchable. I spit on their modern idea of a Belsen cemetery. The old Belsen was better. It was truth and everyone there suffered. No one gaped on like here.

Yes, the old place was better.

IAN THORPE

Reviews

BOOKS

The Eagle *is anxious to review books by members of the College, whether resident or not: but cannot engage to do so unless copies of such works are sent to the Editor on their publication.*

George Watson, *The Study of Literature.* Allen Lane. The Penguin Press. 229 Pages. 42s.

Mr Watson's book is an extended advocacy of what he conceives the proper study of literature to be, and what some of the aberrations that pass for such a study are, which is delivered to us under two sub-titles—"The Theory of Criticism" and "Other Disciplines". Drawing upon his immense knowledge simply of what has been, and is being, written Mr Watson confidently assures us that historicism has displaced in recent years the analytical method of criticism that spread from T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards which has been prominent since the 1920's, especially in Cambridge. By "historicism" he means criticism that derives its authority for understanding a work of literature less from a personal experience of the work than from a collaborative effort to render its social and cultural context by historical means. This is represented as the return from a passing fashion to a correct and established tradition; but involved in Mr Watson's placing of the analytical movement is a misrepresentation, an overstatement—for surely "a campaign . . . to annul the sense of the past in literary studies" cannot be attributed to Eliot with his repeated exhortations, almost to obsessiveness,

Editorial

I DON'T really like editorials. Look at the national papers; some sit on the fence, trying to protect the danger spots with 'Asquithian liberalism', others defiantly wave their red (or blue) flags at the bull on the other side of the fence. The first posture infuriates friend and foe alike, the second encourages most of the readers but enrages the rest. Probably I shall be caught between these two in my own assertion that the College is many different people: nobody can speak for them all.

Yet this is something that many have failed to realise and it may explain why some people have lost any sense of identity with the College. Somebody is still trying to speak for them, even to act for them. Once the College was an end in itself; it prepared the student for life with a capital L, rather than attempting to train him for a workaday world. The aim should not be to 'produce' a certain type of person but to give all the liberty to develop their own personality and independence. The College should purely be the means to a very diverse series of ends—as diverse as the number of people within its walls. As a community we can provide for all tastes and beliefs. And in this community involvement is the vital thing—activity and interest: whether in the Monday Club or the Left Lunch, the 1st XI or Von Ennslin's Flying Circus, these are far superior to passive acceptance of the grindstone. But within this community there should be freedom for the individual; the social code should be built round the text 'respect thy neighbour'—only if you respect his privacy and his liberty can you really be part of the community. When this respect is abused or neglected, acts become anti-social, disruptive of the community—it is only then that they should be subject to discipline. And in disciplinary matters the concept of 'in loco parentis' should, I feel, be abolished. As an ideal of help to those who are troubled mentally or spiritually it is valuable—as a model of the relationship of senior and junior members it should be abandoned. For once the code of 'respect thy neighbour' is followed then personal responsibility should govern most people's behaviour. But this responsibility can only be built up in practice; like freedom it cannot exist *in vacuo*—it must be exercised. Now we are more conscious of just how fragile freedom is—a century of violence has shown the threats, physical and mental. But I think that it is something the College could and should preserve; freedom of thought and freedom of the individual. With this achieved people will be able to respect wholeheartedly a College which they do not feel excludes them.

It is always said that an Englishman's home is his castle. This is now doubtful but it is an ideal that could be realised in Cambridge—as castles were, so our rooms should be. Just so long as we all remember that many castles here have thin walls.

R.G.H.

On 9 November 1970 *The Times* carried the announcement of Dr Robinson's appointment as Beit Professor of Commonwealth History at Oxford from next October. Once bitten, twice shy, Robbie will therefore move to Balliol, and St John's is to lose its *doctor conceptualis*. It is a sad loss for this College, to which he has contributed so much during the last twenty-odd years—a real bereavement. Johnians—and the inhabitants of Third Court in particular—may possibly sleep sounder at night

in future; but their waking hours will certainly be that much duller. We wish him well, nonetheless, for he still has thousands of runs in him and is eminently qualified to be a neighbour of that other Trinity College, where, doubtless, he will discover just as many indications as he did here of the Absurdity of It All.

P.A.L.

SS. Richard Gwyn and Philip Howard

ON 15 October, forty men and women who died in the religious persecutions in England and Wales between 1535 and 1679 were inscribed in the 'catalogue of saints' of the Roman Catholic Church with their predecessors St John Fisher and St Thomas More, canonised in 1935 and 1936. They were chosen from 314 martyrs of the period because of their popularity or because they represented a certain type of person who died for his faith. Among these forty martyrs were two Johnians, Richard Gwyn (or White) and Philip Howard.

St Richard Gwyn was born about 1537 at Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire. He went first to Oxford, then moved to Cambridge. There is some dispute as to which college he attended. One of the two contemporary accounts of Gwyn's life stated that he was a member of St John's College. 'He made choice of St John's College, whence he lived by the charity of the college and chiefly of Dr Bullock, then head of the household, his very good benefactor.' A Latin life by Bridgewater, published five years after Gwyn's death, says simply that he went to Cambridge. Venn and Cooper identify the martyr with Richard White (B.A. 1574) of Christ's College, but give no evidence. Gwyn had to leave Cambridge in 1562 for lack of funds. This date for leaving Cambridge would strengthen the case for St John's College, because Dr George Bullock, his benefactor, was dismissed from the college about this time for his religious views.

Gwyn returned to Wales and opened a school at Overton. At first, he attended Protestant services in Overton Church. In a poem written during his later imprisonment, Gwyn described a typical Protestant service.

> In place of an altar, a miserable trestle,
> In place of Christ, there's bread,
> In place of a priest, a withered cobbler,
> Crooking his lips to eat it.

Gwyn soon stopped attending these services. Under pressure from the bishop of Chester, he returned on one occasion, but, falling dangerously ill soon after, he resolved never to attend another Protestant service. His persistent 'recusancy' was an offence against the existing laws.

In June 1580, the Privy Council issued letters to all bishops, directing them to take renewed action against all 'recusants', particularly against schoolmasters. They were believed to be responsible for the progress of Catholicism, since they were engaged in teaching children. In July, Gwyn was captured and put into the Wrexham gaol, beginning a long incarceration which ended after four years in his execution.

Gwyn was taken from gaol on one occasion and forced to attend a church service. By shaking his chains, he succeeded in making enough noise to drown the preacher's

harangue. He was put into the town stocks and kept there all day 'vexed by a rabble of ministers'. One of these ministers, who had a very red nose, began arguing with Gwyn, claiming that he had received the keys as much as St Peter had. Gwyn replied, 'There is this difference, Sir, that whereas Peter received the keys of the kingdom of heaven, the keys you have received are obviously those of the local pub!' He was indicted for 'having insolently and impiously interrupted a minister,' and returned to prison.

A series of trials followed, ending in October 1584, when Gwyn was sentenced to death. 'Richard Gwyn shall be hanged half dead, and so be cut down alive, his members cast into the fire, his body ripped unto the breast, his bowels likewise thrown into the fire, his head cut off, his body parted into four quarters. Finally, head and quarters to be set up where it shall please the Queen. And so the Lord have mercy on him.' To which Gwyn, undaunted, replied, 'What is all this? Is it more than one death?' So died Richard Gwyn on October 15, 1584.

St Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, can claim no glorious martyrdom like Gwyn. He died in his cell after almost eleven years of imprisonment in the Tower of London. A contemporary, the famous Jesuit, Cornelius a Lapide, wrote that Howard 'died in durance a glorious confessor, yea, a martyr.' Several others who had died in prison were rejected by the committee which selected the Forty Martyrs in 1886, on the ground that it was not clear that they had died as the direct result of their imprisonment.

Howard was born on 28 June, 1557, the son of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk. He became a member of St John's College in 1572. A letter from his tutor, George Laughton, gives a glimpse of Philip's life at Cambridge. 'Every day I hear the Earl of Surrey read from Plato or Demosthenes some passage which he has before studied with diligence for the greater part of an hour. After we have done this he takes in hand some Italian or French volume, in which when he has spent as much time as he likes, he ceases reading. After dinner he takes up authors, as his pleasure may be, and when he feels satisfied with reading, he lays aside his books and takes to amusements and games'. On one occasion, Philip disguised himself as a clergyman and mounted the pulpit in a country town, where he preached with such effect that the congregation declared they had never heard a better sermon.

The year before Philip came to Cambridge, his father was executed for high treason resulting from certain vague negotiations with Mary, Queen of Scots. In his last letter to his son, the Duke wrote, 'Beware the Court'. Ignoring his father's words, Philip presented himself to Queen Elizabeth and soon became a court favourite.

In 1582 his wife read a book on the dangers of schism and was so frightened that she was secretly reconciled to the Roman Church. Philip followed soon afterwards, profoundly moved by the trial of St Edmund Campion. Philip attempted to go into voluntary exile in 1585, but was captured as he was crossing the Channel. He was returned to London and placed in the Tower. The chief charges brought against him were his reconciliation to the Roman Church and his attempt to leave the kingdom without permission. He was committed to prison at the Queen's pleasure, remaining until his death on 19 October, 1595. The words carved by Philip on the walls of his cell are the best commentary on his life. 'Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc saeculo, tanto plus gloriae cum Christo in futuro'. (The more affliction for Christ in this world, so much more glory with Christ in the future).

KENNETH SNIPES

Letter to the Editor

NEW HOUSE FARM
LAUGHTON
near LEWES
30 August 1970

To the Editor of *The Eagle*

Sir,

The third paragraph of your Editorial for June 1970 contains a plea in mitigation (or is it meant to be in justification?) of the offences committed against persons and property at the Garden House hotel earlier this year. As a former policeman, I must object to the implication, *a sinistro*, that the expression of political views to the terror of the public is justifiable in this country. The offspring of violence is violence, and the child always seeks to outstrip his parent. Yesterday's knuckledusters become today's bullets and tomorrow's explosives.

Your use of the word 'sacrifice' is most questionable. A visitor to Greece who publishes views critical of the Greek government may be performing a holy action; to take part in a riot in Britain and risk being 'pilloried' (another inappropriate word) under the humane English law contains very little element of sacrifice.

May I therefore record, by way of counterp
admiration of my former colleagues of the British police in their magnificent handling of unlawful assemblies in recent years. They have made it possible for intolerant youth to protest and demonstrate without interference from those who are merely intolerant of intolerance, and, thanks to the police, students (ghastly word) have been given breathing space to understand that we have proceeded far enough for the present with the breaking down of our dogmatisms and that it is now time for us all, in the national interest, to build things up again. To the man who prefers ideals to cynicisms, construction to disruption, and who places the respect of the public above popularity, the police service offers (as well as a decent living wage) an avenue to practical human relationships which will complement in later life the abstractions of university research, thus providing, *in toto*, a satisfying and purposeful existence.

We have been urged at our typewriters that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. What party, I do not know; but now indeed is the time.

Yours truly,

R. BREFFIT
B.A. 1923

The Senior Editor is sorry that the June editorial offended Mr Breffit. As he read it (it was written not by him but by the Junior Editor), it was concerned less with the Garden House Affair than with the raising of the Greek issue at a domestic occasion —the Wordsworth Lunch—by a guest of the College; and, as such, it struck him as fair comment. But he takes Mr Breffit's point, and he shares Mr Breffit's admiration for the British police.

Is St John's Christianity Christian?

My credentials are small and my competence of judgement may well be called into question. Neither theologian nor 'active Christian', my criticisms will probably be called unqualified and superficial by the people concerned. My only justification is that I shall argue as a fellow Christian, however unbelievable and presumptious this may sound to many. In any case, I have made certain observations of what generally poses as Christianity in this college, which I feel compelled to express here.

If one looks at the present national and international theological scene one is amazed, how immune and indifferent St John's Christianity is to what I consider to be an exciting departure from the old orthodoxy. How far this is due to the theological teaching in this college, I cannot judge, though I have some suspicions. This change can best be outlined by three of its essential features: modern revolutionary theology, Christian-Marxist dialogue, and Third World analysis.

First, in my discussions with Christians in this college, I have discovered that the ideas of modern theology, even commonplaces such as Rudolf Bultmann's central idea of demythologisation have failed to breach what I must call a rigid and unimaginative traditionalism. It is not realised, how much fruitless discussion could be spared, what possibilities this set of new ideas offers to a church dying of consumption By looking at the Bible as a *mythological* source of truth no irreverence is implied, only a historical fact stated. The language of the Bible is different from ours, because the modes of expression are different; we shall always have to interpret, to demythologise, which does not mean to devalue (foolish attempts to translate the Bible into 'modern English' do all the harm in this direction), but would spare us all the sterile discussions about the literal content of the Bible, e.g. about the Immaculate Conception, the Resurrection, the Ascension or Life after Death. Discussions of this sort always remain on an esoteric plane, because insistence on the literal truth enforces a certain mystical and metaphorical language which stands totally isolated from present day social and historical reality.

A good object of study on this point is 'Really', a Christian publication with a St John's editor, which appeared this summer, but vanished as quickly as it came. The leading article ends with the sentence: 'We must be crucified in order that we be resurrected.' This is just that type of language, which by merely reiterating a Christian mystery, fails to give the least clue of what it means in terms of 1970, of relevance to the present. It is basically a tautological language, which means only itself and does not communicate anything outside or beyond itself. One is tempted to deduce the formula that the more one proclaims oneself a Christian and uses Christian language, the less one fulfills what must be the Christian objective: transcendence, reaching beyond the *status quo*. Another article in the same issue of 'Really' is much more courageous than the above mentioned in the attempt to relate Christianity to modern reality. But the uncommon character of such an attempt is shown by the extreme naiveté of argument and the monstrous assumption at the end: 'If Christians are to be found within modern capitalism today, it is because such a system approximates most closely to God's plan for society in our modern age.' Really!

This naturally leads to the second feature, the Christian-Marxist dialogue, for such

a sentence shows complete neglect of its existence. Although the common roots are quite apparent, traditionally Christianity and Marxism have fought each other. This recent dialogue has revealed much common ground. The French Communist philosopher Roger Garaudy has pointed to the similarities in concepts of Transcendence and Subjectivity while invalidating the Christian prejudices and misunderstandings of Marxist Materialism. The German philosopher Ernst Bloch has brought the two respective principles of Hope together citing the Renaissance Iconoclasts and Social Utopians as examples. The traditional concept of Sin has been challenged: Sin should not mean that one does something one should not do, but *fails* to do something one *should* do.

Linked with this dialogue is the third feature, a thorough assessment and analysis of the Third World, of the causes of its poverty, and of our relationship towards it. Oxfam, street collections, charity of any sort have been proven a helpless gesture implying a wrong and patronising attitude. State-financed development aid and private investments are slowly being recognised as subtle forms of exploitation which flow into the pockets of neo-colonialist forms of government suppressing real social and economic change. The World Council of Churches has already realised this and consequently helps to finance guerilla movements whose aims are the violent overthrow of suppressive regimes. Fancy St John's holding a referendum on whether JCR money should thus be spent. The Christian Union would certainly vote against it. In a discussion with an undergraduate theologian I once suggested confiscation of all U.S. capital in Latin America, at which he was shocked and despite my explanations continued to call it 'stealing' and against God's commandment.

No, St John's Christian community is a cosy corner sheltered and protected from all these controversies and challenges to the orthodoxy of Christian beliefs. Its political conservatism and reaction, most noticeable in College politics, is a direct result of this protection, for who wants to exchange a cosy place in the system for a draughty one of considered polit
gressive change, such as the abolition of Guest Hours, is a reminder of the incredible sexual repression preached by the church in the past, which has no backing whatsoever in the Bible, and what is worse, it is a sign of the obedience and prostitution to authority, which ever since Emperor Constantine has separated the church from her proper function.

The inward-looking attitude of St John's Christianity, its failure to communicate to anything outside itself, which has been traced to its linguistic isolation, its failure to demythologise, in fact paralyses any attempts to experiment with new forms of Christian expression, For example, no attempts have been made to change the very inflexible structure of the High Church service and replace it by a form of worship open to any experiment which relates the Bible to the specific character of our society. Certainly nothing would be lost by it, and something might be gained.

Unless it reviews its activities and changes its course St John's Christianity should stop and think whether it deserves tl
ally in current theological dispute, its reluctance to link itself with forces which radically call our system of society and international relationships into question, or rather its fierce opposition to those forces, find no justification or basis anywhere in the Bible.

Jeremiah would certainly lament in these times.

G. ENSSLIN

Living in Provence ('Recule un peu')

ACTUALLY, the title is rather misleading; anyone can *live* in Provence without the slightest help from this writer or anybody else. Perhaps 'Survival' would be a better word, even if it is rather strong. Any Englishman, and any Englishman who moreover has spent three years in Cambridge (I hesitate to specify further by saying three years in St John's), is at an immediate disadvantage when he disembarks at Marseille with the intention of settling in Provence, and this humble thèse is submitted in the earnest hope of mitigating this disadvantage just a little.

Firstly, however cosmopolitan one may consider oneself to be, it must be recognised that the people of Provence have seen them *all*—rampaging Romans, grasping Greeks, pillaging Phoenicians, blundering Lady Blessingtons, inaccurate Americans—and they have a healthy disrespect for each and every one of them. They are 'Provincial' in the best sense of the word, and this is why both English Cosmopolitan and Cambridge Provincial (in the worst sense of the word), tend to flounder so disastrously.

Secondly, if one intends to settle in Provence, rather than just rape and pillage one's way through, there is one vast barrier immediately encountered—the French bureaucracy, which has reached the peak of its development in the area. Do not imagine that it can be evaded. It eats into one's lines of communication like so many determined termites.

I should therefore like to offer tentative solutions to these two disadvantages. First of all, how to simulate the Provençal spirit, and secondly, how to come to terms with the bureaucracy.

Becoming Provençal is, on the more obvious level, a question of mastering the language. This is by no means as simple as you were led to believe by generations of teachers of French at school (or, for that matter, in the Modern Languages Faculty). You must consign your grammar, however painfully it was learnt, to the fire. (The 'painfully' bit presumes that you went to a Public School, where grammar is taught by the twin techniques of drill and flagellation). And you must abandon that natty little red vocabulary book misleadingly entitled 'Aides-mémoire.'

The reason for this rather drastic measure of intellectual castration is simple. Your average Provençal, and for that matter your average Frenchman, ceased to converse in the language *you* learnt sometime soon after the Tennis Court Oath.[1] If you fail to discard your present vocabulary and grammar, you will find the young women of Provence singularly unresponsive; discussion of the finer points of your aunt's pen is not likely to elicit a great deal of reaction from any girl, unless she should be studying Freudian psychology at the Fac', in which case you do not really need to speak at all.

Learning the language again is not so hard. In fact, a small book has recently appeared in this country which tells you All You Need To Know. (*A Coarser French Course*, by A. M. Hudson, London, 1970. 8 shillings). The title is misleading. This

[1] 'Tu me dailles le pistil'.—addressed to the King. This expression can produce violent results. Cf. *The Coming of the French Revolution*, Lefebvre.

book is excellent, and knowledge thereof will prove to be the linguistic Mac West needed to overcome the second Great Obstacle. (I refer you particularly to pages 88–92, headed 'Abuse', which will at least enable you to get from the station to your house relatively unharmed). Having mastered this little gem of a book, you can proceed.

Unfortunately there is no little book available on the techniques of dealing with the bureaucracy in Provence. (A cursory glance at the *Code Napoléon* may, however, show you what you are *not* up against). Sadly, many of the lessons can only be learnt the hard way. But some hints may help.

It is important to realise that Provence is *not* France. (The rest of France however, contrary to what Parisians may tell you, *is* France). Hence the relative cooperation of the customs official at Calais, or even as far south as Lyons, is not to be found, for example, at Marignane. Your average Provençal bureaucrat, be he C.R.S. or simple douanier, is a well-tempered (steel, not outlook) blend of Spike Milligan and Sacher-Masoch. In England of course, he is either one or the other—never both. The same is true of the rest of France.

Let me give you an example of this. If you are going to stay for more than three months, you will need to procure a little document known as the 'Permit de Séjour'. Now in order to obtain this document you need passport, passport photographs (between three and fifteen—the exact number depends on the mood of the man at the Commissariat de Police), a fifteen (or thirty) franc stamp, a warm regard for your fellow man, several days free time, and the patience of a Prometheus. (I was going to say the patience of a Saint, but the fate of Prometheus seems more appropriate to the situation).

Now this list of necessities seems plausible, if not exactly beneficial to those of us with blood-pressure problems. But there is a catch. On your passport you need your date of entry into France. Now apart from the fact that date stamps for passports seem to be made by blind mutilés de guerre, and will quite frequently produce the date of entry as 43rd March 1872, Brindisi (if you happened to enter via Boulogne), there is another problem raised by the curious attitude of the passport officials of Provence. They are, without exception, Corsicans. This, apart from the fact that they are inclined to believe that you are the reserves of Sir John Colborne's 52nd on the way to Quatre-bras, has serious implications for you. Corsicans are born with a congenital dislike of passports—they flinch at the sight of them, they shake and quiver. My dealings with the Corsican passport official at Marseille-Marignane were as follows:

I (hesitantly): 'My passport'.

Corsican:

I (gushing): 'I'm terribly sorry to bother you Sir, but I wonder whether you would stamp my passport for me. You see, I need it for my permit de . . .) (Voice dies away).

Corsican: 'Delemblangfunf'.

I (firmly): 'Do you want to see my passport?'

Corsican: 'Why? Do you think I have never seen one before?'

My passport never got stamped. I never got my permit de séjour. But, and this is the moral to be learnt on your way to Provence, one of my friends has a father who works in the Commissariat de Police. (Salle 5 actually). I bought this gentleman several pastis. He smoked several of my cigarettes. I did not need a permit.

This is really what Provençal bureaucracy is all about. But you will have to go through all this rigmarole yourself before you meet the policeman. Hence 'recule un peu'. And I should add that I am on my way back to Provence forever, in August.

Important last hint: NEVER open a bank account in Provence. If you do you will find that, as a foreigner, you can withdraw money *from* the bank, but you can never put any money *into* your account. Overdrafts are practically a hanging offence in Provence. Oh yes, and the British Consulate in Marseille is not open on Saturdays.

TONY WILLIAMS

A Dust Street

AN interminable dust street with squat, mud hovels on one side round a piece of land which was neither a square nor a blitzed slum; on the other side, where he was stepping amongst the festering trappings of humanity, were shattered husks of houses. Leaning shutters bore cracks and paint and 'El Fatah' posters. Humps of crumbled rubble lay pushed against the walls: more dust supply in a dust-saturated world.

A dozen or so kids played guerillas. One fat boy with sores wore a black eye-patch and was tied with bits of string to a drain pipe which drained dust from nowhere to nowhere. The others pranced around the drain pipe shouting and waving sticks, eyes gleaming, youthful bodies glorying in an innocent exhibition of adult guilt. They wore paper hats and shouted, cheered and sweated at him as he approached.

A soldier with an angry moustache cycled up from the other way. The kids scattered, squealing, into holes and alleyways, clambering through vacant windows and over the rubbish. Dayan and the drain pipe were left, one grinning shyly and the other coughing up reserves of shit. The soldier ripped down the barricades of sticks and kicked a coca cola bottle from one heap of dirt to another.

Prince Charles, you should bring your anti-shit speech here!
His feet slithered in sweat.

Another corner, and another. Long lines of social creatures selling melons filled with dusty water to another line of social creatures who wanted melons filled with dusty water. Some were trying to sell to people who were trying to find cheap melons: that was more human. Those who wanted no melons at all were ignored. Those who wanted them but could not buy them sometimes got a pitcher of dirty water or a melon husk or a centime or two thrown at them. That was human.

One tiny alley. A blind beggar sitting by a door was being teased by a diminutive man with a black shirt. A cat, scrounging by, was whisked up by her tail and launched at the beggar's face. She scratched and spat and yelled out hate and pain. The beggar's face ran with blood and strips of flesh. The chair convulsed and hurled the beggar in the gutter. The cat was still clinging to his eye sockets with her claws; her tail was screwed up by the Arab in the shirt. It finished. Someone picked up the wretch and put him back on his chair. Someone else kicked the cat away, and the man in the shirt went off to buy a melon. People stopped laughing. That was human too.

He reached the end of the street and walked away.

ANDREW DUFF

The Making of Desmond Hackett

'ENGLAND will beat Rumania tomorrow and ensure that they storm forward to the next round as leaders of their group'. The tone is unmistakable: the confident assertion, the blind partisanship, the brash manner in which defeat for England is never considered—all this is familiar to connoisseurs of Desmond Hackett, chief sports writer of the *Daily Express;* it is not an example of vintage Hackett (some would put it down as early work, whereas it is in fact late-middle-Hackett) but it was written just before last year's World Cup Finals, a most significant period in the development of this consummate artist. True devotees of Hackett will recall that in 1966 he insisted that England would win the World Cup and they duly obliged. What confidence we all felt, then, when in 1970 he again predicted an Engli
issue beyond reasonable doubt, making the competition a mere formality for the chests-out glory boys of Guadalajara' (as Hackett christened Sir Alf's squad). As we all know, he was sadly wrong; but England's spineless exit from the World Cup was to have at least one good effect, for it proved to be Hackett's cathartic experience—he left Mexico a sadder and a wiser man, and although within a few weeks the pristine egocentric ebullience had returned, the memory of his Mexican nightmare left a scar on his writing for a good while.

But defeat was quite out of the question as England, 'in no mood for stalemates', scraped a 1–0 win over Rumania, a hard game which gave rise to some fine Hackettian alliteration: 'Wright . . . and Lee ended the game with savage souvenirs of sickening bruises'. Even Hackett could not have been totally pleased with England's performance; however, excuse was forthcoming: Ball, Peters and Banks 'did not reach their normal heights of excellence. So if England can win . . . with three men below normal form, then with eleven good men and true, I leave the rest of the world to tremble'. A typical sentiment: this *is* vintage Hackett. If the rest of the world trembled, it showed remarkable restraint by concealing its trepidation. With 'the ruffians of Rumania' disposed of, 'the Brilliants of Brazil' were next in line. Hackett was confident, but the task ahead was a daunting one, and he aired his most mellifluous rhetoric the day before the match to instil this confidence into *Express* readers. The dispatch (6/6/70), arguably one of the finest single pieces of prose in our language, is maligned by eclectic quo
'England will go out at high noon on Sunday and beat Brazil . The imagery he draws from several fields: Brazil's defence 'is more lace-curtained than iron-curtained!', Peters, Hurst and Charlton are 'the three Soccer wise men'. (Geoffrey Green of *The Times* is the thinking man's Hackett, and his work displays more erudition, such as the classical and historical imagery which Hackett, ev
avoids. Compare Hackett's often crude metaphors with this, from Green s Cup Final Replay report: 'There was some vicious tackling. Boadicea might have been on parade with the knives on her chariot wheels. There were moments when the football was as raw as uncooked meat'; or again, from the same report, this unbelievable closing sentence: 'Leeds, like Sisyphus, have pushed three boulders almost to the top of three mountains and are now left to see them all back in the dark of the valley' (Even Hackett could not follow that!) Hackett's use of alliteration is exquisite—'Any team with more resolution than Czechoslovakia could have burst the bright buoyant

balloon of Brazil'. The final two paragraphs sum up the whole and at the same time show that the writer's soul, although that of a fierce partisan, is full of humanity and consideration for the vanquished: 'When this momentous game is over, and the Soccer fans take over the city, the battle cry will be Eng-land, Eng-land. My only hope is that in the process of an England victory the magic of Brazil . . . will be neither dulled nor destroyed'.

Alas! poor Desmond. Wrong again. Monday, 8 June, saw Hackett a subdued man; it was not so much that 'the peacock players of Brazil' had won but that England had lost. They had played 'proudly' for a while, but a Jairzinho goal 'in typical cobra style' and 'the agony of Astle' in missing a sitter made his earlier worries about the effect of an England win on Brazil's morale gratuitous, and his elevated words sadly flat. He reflected later that it was a game 'of many jewelled moments', and anyway, all was not lost. England managed their second goal, in three games to beat Czechoslovakia, and they crept, rather than stormed, forward to meet West Germany, only to lose 3–2 in extra time.

Hackett greeted the defeat more in sorrow than in anger. It has always been one of his limitations that he bases his predictions on past glories and remembers with advantage; now he could best show his feeling of desolation by a simple contrast: 'A game we should have won handsomely became the grim reverse picture of the joyous World Cup Final with West Germany in 1966 . . . Today, instead of tears of joy, the tears England shed were from men with broken hearts. Men numbed with grief who suddenly realised that their six weeks of hardship against heat, altitude and homesickness had been wasted—stupidly thrown away'. It was the 'self-destruction of England'. The patriot's dream had gone beyond recall.

Hackett sturdily swallowed his disappointment and reported the remaining games, when he observed, 'perhaps there is the chastening thought that England could well have beaten Brazil, had they taken many easy chances. They should certainly have beaten West Germany'. Still harping on the old theme, but the seeds of redemption are there: 'England will' has become 'England should have'. Then, on Tuesday, 23 June, the truth of his salvation dawned. Tony Jacklin had just salvaged some English pride with his victory in the U.S. Open, and this distracted Desmond from 'the too obvious fact that England flopped . . . because they stuck to the Soccer of 1966 and all that'. Stunning awareness—as Lear's realisation that he was not ague-proof marked his catharsis, so, with Hackett, the realisation that England are not defeat-proof heralded the purging of his soul. In all his earlier eulogies, he had failed to consider some very strong reasons why England could go down; Hackett had ta'en too little care of this. His 'joie d'Angleterre' had been stripped off (at least temporarily), but what stature he gained in losing it. England's defeat was the making of Desmond Hackett. His parting words on that gloomy day were remarkable for their dignity and restraint; he does not indulge in restraint; he does not indulge in bitterness, or remind us that England's surrendering of the Cup is personal to himself. The prose is balanced and noble: 'I was not impressed when, after the Final, a panel of world coaches said England were at least second best. That's nonsense. England finished eighth. Our final total of four points from four games, four goals for, and four against, illustrates the lack of courage. England went out prepared to overcome altitude and humidity. In the end they destroyed themselves with apathy and timidity'. Indeed they did, Desmond. But their suicide was your coming of age.

SEAN MAGEE

Some Personal Reminiscences of Alfred Marshall

MY MOTHER's brother, Alfred Marshall, affected drastically the educational careers of my twin brother and myself. When we were seventeen and had been three years at school at Repton, Marshall seems to have put us through some sort of intelligence test, though I have no memory of this at all. The upshot was that he reported that we were clearly deriving little benefit from our school education, and he strongly recommended that we be taken away from Repton and sent to a provincial university for a couple of years before coming up to Cambridge. His advice was followed and we studied at Manchester University from 1907 to 1909, where I divided my time and my interests more or less equally between Economics under Professor S. J. Chapman, and Modern Languages. It was also as a direct result of Marshall's intervention that my brother and I became members of St John's College. Both my father and my grandfather (Henry Lea Guillebaud) had gone to Trinity College, and the latter had been a mathematical Fellow there; so we wanted to continue the family tradition. But Uncle Alfred was insistent that we should be entered for his own College, St John's; and there was no gainsaying him.[1]

We came into residence in October 1909, when Marshall was sixty-seven years of age. This was the year following his voluntary retirement from the Professorship of Political Economy; so I never heard him lecture. Keynes has described in his Memoirs how unsystematic his lectures were; and Ernest Benians, who later became Master of St John's, told me that he had never known anyone who laughed so frequently during the delivery of his own lectures, but yet was so patently deficient in a sense of humour. It was Benians also who gave me the account of a remarkable academic gathering at which he had been present when a young and newly elected Fellow. The then Master, Dr Charles Taylor, had held that office for twenty-five years when suddenly, very late in life, (in 1907), he got married. The Fellows met in their ancient and beautiful Combination Room to agree on the wedding present that they would give to their Master. The first to speak was J. E. B. Mayor, Professor of Latin—a very learned and somewhat eccentric individual. He held forth for three quarters of an hour on the matrimonial history of previous Masters of the College. He was followed by Herbert Foxwell, a Professor of Economics at the University of London, but who lived in Cambridge and had rooms in College. Foxwell's discourse, which lasted for about three quarters of an hour, was devoted to a discussion of furniture, and of the relative merits of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, concerning which he appeared to be very knowledgeable. The third speaker on this occasion was Alfred Marshall, who put in a strong plea for silver as the most appropriate form of gift. But alas, silver and the bimetallic controversy were inextricably associated in Marshall's mind, and the lure of bimetallism proved irresistible; he contributed yet another forty-five minutes'

Alfred Marshall (1842–1924) was educated at Merchant Taylor's School, and St John's College, Cambridge, where he read Mathematics. In 1865 he was Second Wrangler, and in the same year was elected to a Fellowship at St John's. He became Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge in 1884, and held this Chair until he resigned in 1908. Marshall was unquestionably the outstanding British economist of his time; and he could rank with his great predecessors in the economic field: Adam Smith, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill.

[1] I would add that, in retrospect, we had no cause to regret the results.

worth of largely irrelevant matter to the discussion. When he sat down, the meeting came to an end; and the exhausted members of the Governing Body returned to their rooms, having made no progress whatever towards the choice of a wedding present for their Master. Eventually it was furniture that won the day, in the form of a Louis XV commode which was bought at a cost of £171—quite a respectable price for the year 1908.

From time to time my brother and I were invited to a meal at Balliol Croft, the home of Alfred and Mary Marshall. On such occasions Aunt Mary used to say: 'Now you boys, you must talk as much as possible; it's very bad for your uncle if he talks during the meal as it gives him indigestion'. But making conversation with Uncle Alfred was not without its hazards. And that it was not his nephews only who had to be careful what they said is borne out by the following extract from the autobiography of William Rothenstein, who in 1908 was engaged in painting the portrait of Marshall which now hangs in the Hall at St John's College, and of which there is a copy in the Marshall Library:

'About this time I was asked to paint a portrait of Professor Alfred Marshall who was retiring from the Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge. Marshall, I was told, had a broad outlook on economic subjects. but on other subjects his views were angular, his opinions all corners. In talking with Marshall one had to be circumspect. For everything one said he took literally and met with the full weight of his pedantry the most casual remarks. I tried to speak cautiously, to be conciliatory; but in vain—not a gleam of humour lightened his talk. Fortunately he also took sitting seriously, for he was a vain man and vain men make the best sitters. Hence I regard vanity as both the most useful and harmless of human weaknesses'. (*Men and Memories*, ii. 130).

A propos of the portrait, Mary Marshall told me that Alfred himself did not like it, partly, I gather, because he considered that it did not do proper justice to his brow. My own chief objection to it was that it depicts a man who looks weary and depressed, and the eyes in particular are quite lifeless; but it was the sparkle in his eyes which was the outstanding characteristic of Marshall's face—it was a quite unforgettable feature of his countenance in any moment of animation.

As Rothenstein and others who knew him have observed, Marshall was lacking in a sense of humour; and this was especially marked where any kind of moral issue was involved. On one occasion my brother and I were dining at Balliol Croft, and I, mindful of my aunt's admonitions, sought to enliven the conversation with an account of a recent incident in which I had been concerned.

There existed at that time a University Social Discussion Society (it came to an end with the First World War), within which there was a smaller body, consisting of some of the more active members of the Society, and known as the Social Discussion Circle. A condition of membership of the Circle was an undertaking to produce a paper at some stage in the member's University career, to be read to a meeting of the Circle. I had become secretary of the Circle, and found like many another in a similar position that there could be a wide gap between an undertaking and its performance. At the end of a frustrating period of unsuccessful endeavours to extract papers, I proposed at a meeting of the Circle that any member who, after being approached by the secretary and given adequate notice, failed to fulfil his obligation to produce a paper, should be required to resign from the Circle. This motion was negatived by the unanimous vote of all the other members present. I then altered the motion, in the sense that the requirement should be made to apply to all those elected in future to

membership of the Circle, but not to the existing members; whereupon the motion was carried unanimously. Alfred Marshall, like Queen Victoria in a different context, was 'not amused'. He put the worst possible construction on the morals and motives of (to use his own words) 'people who were willing to impose on subsequent generations burdens which they themselves found too heavy to bear'. When he had finished his diatribe, my brother rashly remarked: 'But it is only human nature, isn't it?' I looked rather apprehensively at Marshall to see how he would react to this. He said nothing for a moment, but was clearly gathering all his forces for an explosion—and out it came: 'BRUTE NATURE!!!' There was no more to be said on that subject! My brother was effectively pulverised; while for my part I decided that in future I would have to exercise still greater caution in the choice of appropriate subjects for conversation at the Marshallian dinner table.

But episodes such as the one just cited should not be regarded as at all typical of Marshall's hospitality. Callow undergraduate nephews, in common with prattling portrait painters, should surely be set on one side as special cases. From my own experience and my personal knowledge on many occasions, Marshall was a most pleasant and delightful host; he was a very entertaining conversationalist, and courtesy itself to his guests. After my marriage in 1918, while still living in London, my wife and I stayed a number of times with the Marshalls at Balliol Croft; and my wife has only the pleasantest and most happy and affectionate memories of Alfred Marshall for his invariable kindness, and his charm of manner to her.

My personal relations with my economist uncle, from the time that I came up to Cambridge in 1909 until I went away in 1915 to the war-time Civil Service, were not always very easy. He disapproved profoundly if he thought he saw any indication of my having wider interests in life than the only one by which he himself was actuated —the furtherance of Economics as a branch of knowledge to be used in the service of mankind. This applied particularly after I had taken my Degree and was writing a dissertation for a Fellowship at St John's. I can still remember the mixture of horror and disgust which overcame him when he happened to observe one day that my shirt, tie, and socks harmonised with the colour of the suit that I was wearing. For him that was tantamount to something little short of moral turpitude, and he let me know what he felt about it in no uncertain terms.

All the while the friendly and beneficent personality of my Aunt Mary Marshall contributed sweetness and light, and smoothed my path for me, in so far as she was able.

None of the minor quirks and eccentricities of Alfred Marshall, such as I have recalled in these few pages, detracted at all from the immense regard and respect that I had for him. In his presence one was overwhelmingly conscious of the sheer force of his intellect: his was a truly great mind, and over and above all his intellectual qualities, he was infinitely kind and most generous.

In conclusion, I would add that my memories of Marshall, in his technical capacity as an economist, are very scanty. In his later years he became increasingly frail, and he was anxious to conserve all his remaining strength for his writing. Hence I was actively discouraged both by him and by my aunt from discussing economic questions with him—not that much discouragement was needed; for I was too newly-fledged an economist, and stood too much in awe of Marshall, to risk engaging the Grand Old Man of Economics in his own field.

C. W. GUILLEBAUD

Editorial

APPROVE of the process or not, it is undeniable that Cambridge gives its students certain pretensions. It has also given them the means to fulfil them. For a Cambridge degree, if not the magical 'Open Sesame', certainly prised open the portals of industry and commerce, if your aims at licensed robbery ran that way. If, on the other hand, you wished to continue evading the world, for good or for bad, then there was ample opportunity to become that ogre of establishment myth, the 'perpetual student', that prototype layabout cum conspirator.

In fine, to come down from the pedestal of mockery and prepare to mount that of self-pity, Cambridge has had it very good. But no longer. Some students have been forced to realise that their degree is not an immediate passport to a well paid or interesting job. For the fears of industry which have already affected graduates lacking the Oxbridge cachet have now caught up with us. Recruiting has been cut back, substantially. Many final year undergraduates are still without employment, some have even been told that the job offer they had accepted must be withdrawn, because the firm concerned had made offers to 30% more people than they needed, expecting the usual percentage of refusals. But this year there weren't any refusals.

The effect of such a situation will probably be to push even more students into doing postgraduate work, just as some science graduates have been forced to do this year. So the number of graduates undergoing even higher education will receive yet another boost. Already the prospect of doing a Ph.D. or some such degree attracts those with a real vocation towards research and teaching. It also attracts those who find the values of industry and commerce repugnant and seek to escape them in the academic world. The majority of postgraduates finish up by making a career in university or college teaching, so they are heavily dependent on further expansion of higher education. But the prospects of those graduates who wish to go into industry depend just as heavily on restricting the places available to conform with the manpower demands of the various sectors of the economy. At this moment further expansion seems likely to mean further graduate unemployment.

On such an analysis it seems as if there will be trouble either way. Do you restrict the number of places available and accept that by doing so a number of people will be deprived of the very real benefits of a university education? Or is the answer to change the attitude of society and students towards a degree, so that they regard it not as the mark of an elite, but the inevitable qualification of the many? This would entail something much closer to the American system with a shorter and lower standard first degree, and a high percentage going on to do a Masters degree. To this there are very evident drawbacks. Not only is it very expensive, but it also tends to recreate the problem of graduate unemployment on a larger scale and add to it that of postgraduate unemployment.

Both philosophies have their advantages, both their difficulties, and in their extreme form both could ruin higher education. Vocational schools would fall as far short of the ideal as glorified sixth-form colleges. Whatever the ultimate outcome of such a debate it seems certain that over the next few years an increasingly large number of graduates and postgraduates will be forced to realise that they are not as valuable as they have been led to believe. Such disillusionment could easily turn into very real frustration and anger with society—and this is something of which society should be aware in planning educational policy for the next decades.

R.G.H.

A Christian Reply to Mr. Ensslin

IT was with great interest that I read Gottfried Ensslin's article in the last edition of *The Eagle*. However, I feel compelled to take issue with him, if only to point out some of the inaccuracies and, I fear, the confusion which appear in his essay.

The title ('Is St John's Christianity Christian?') and the opening paragraph lead us to expect an account of authentic Christianity and a critique of how 'what generally poses as Christianity in this college' differs from this norm. What follows, however, is a statement to the effect that college Christianity is 'immune and indifferent' to 'an exciting departure from the old orthodoxy'. Three essential features of this departure are modern revolutionary theology, Christian-Marxist dialogue and Third World analysis. The implication is that here are at least three criteria by which to decide whether college Christianity is authentic or not. On this reckoning the 'old orthodoxy' (how easily ordinary words convey qualitative overtones) fares very badly. The rest of the article outlines the differences between the 'exciting departure etc.' and college Christianity; it concludes that the latter, unless it 'reviews its activities and changes its course . . . should stop and think whether it deserves this name' (i.e. 'Christian').

The underlying assumption appears to be that authentic Christian belief necessarily involves these theological, political and economic positions. This many Christians (not only in St John's) would hotly dispute. Whence comes this modern creed? Not from the Bible, whose authority Mr Ensslin elsewhere in his essay seems to accept. Certainly each tradition and generation of disciples must constantly examine itself to see whether its Christianity is really Christian, but the standard must be more concrete and objective than pious twentieth-century socialism. It must be the standard of Christ himself, given in a historical situation and recorded in the New Testament documents. Paradoxically this gives the Christian both less and greater freedom—a strictly limited amount of material regarded as authoritative, coupled with the right of the individual to his own interpretation. These private interpretations lie open to constant modification in the light of others which appear to do greater justice to the evidence on which all of them are based. Without such an agreed criterion one could only claim, never argue or prove, that 'college' or any other form of Christianity was genuinely Christian. I make no apologies for labouring the point—it is a very important one.

A few mistakes might have been avoided by some investigation. *Really* is alive and well and circulating in Cambridge, not defunct as Mr Ensslin implies. Perhaps he was confusing it with a publication similar in size and price, though admittedly not in content, which reappeared at the end of the Lent Term after some time of absence. He does confuse 'High Church' with 'choral', and in any case sung services are not the only sort held in the Chapel. The traditional concept of sin never has been merely one of commission, as the Old Testament prophets and the Epistle of James bear copious witness. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is no part of the literal content of the Bible, and though there may be 'much common ground' between Christianity and Marxism, to speak of 'common roots' is at best misleading and at worst sheer nonsense.

The third and fourth paragraphs of the article reveal some confusion, both about modern theology (one may call it 'radical' if one wishes, but 'revolutionary' is Mr Ensslin's own term) and also about the sources of most Christians' theological education. To take the latter first; while it is true that few Christians in college are as theologically competent as they might be, responsibility for inadequacies in this direction can hardly be laid at the door

of 'the theological teaching in this college'. Inasmuch as it lies outside the Christians themselves, the blame rests rather with the standard of teaching given in local churches and at the meetings of the various religious societies. The few who are reading theology do indeed come into considerable contact with the three theological Fellows, but the latter do not attempt to indoctrinate any particular theological or political position. That is neither their job nor the purpose of the theological tripos; if it were, such study could scarcely be justified in an 'open' university. Where theology is more truly 'taught' and 'learnt' is in the theological college; the university course teaches more a critical attitude to matters theological. (Could it not also be that college Christian opposition to 'progressive change such as the abolition of Guest Hours', or the C.U.'s hypothetical opinion about supporting guerilla movements, is the result of a similar genuinely critical attitude, not of unbending 'conservation and reaction'?) This is not to say that the theologican has no convictions of his own—in this sense some of Mr Ensslin's suspicions are well-founded!—but that in Cambridge at any rate his teaching and research are expected to be as free from personal bias as possible.

On the former point, Mr Ensslin does not seem to have realised that as examples of modern theology, Bultmann and his liking for demythologisation are somewhat *passé*; a younger generation of scholars has realised the extent to which he allowed his Existentialism to colour his theology and his exegesis. The so-called 'New Quest of the Historical Jesus', an enterprise which Bultmann thought doomed to failure and almost irrelevant, is now being enthusiastically and fruitfully pursued, for example by Professor Gunther Bornkamm, one of Bultmann's former pupuls, in his 'Jesus of Nazareth'. Demythologisation as a 'set of new ideas' certainly offers possibilities to the Church, but so do most new ideas—that is hardly the point. The point is rather whether it is appropriate in principle or satisfactory in practice as a method of approaching the New Testament material—and negative answers are increasingly being returned.

Leaving Bultmann behind, then, the Christian continues to lay great emphasis on Jesus Christ as a historical person. In particular he preaches a death 'under Pontius Pilate' and a resurrection 'on the third day', events which he asserts are decisive for man's salvation. While the Church makes such claims, men will rightly ask questions about some of 'the literal content of the Bible. (Incidentally, why are attempts to translate the Bible into 'modern English' 'foolish'? Is it to remain in 'antiquated English', or must we all learn Hebrew and Greek?) I share Mr Ensslin's concern about the Christian's difficulties in communicating his faith; mere reiteration of religious mysteries is, I agree, not sufficient. The answer however is not to abandon all specifically Christian language but to explain it (without destroying its meaning—no easy task) and to bear witness, in discussion and in all our life, to the reality of whom albeit inadequately that language speaks. 'And the Christian objective' is more than a vague 'transcendence' or improvement on the status quo. The words of Jesus are far less comfortable: 'Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect . . . Love your neighbour as yourself . . . Go into all the world and preach.'

Lack of space prevents me from discussing the Christian-Marxist dialogue (is it known that Rudi Dutschke's wife planned to come to the Divinity School to hear Professor Mackinnon lecture on Marx?); the 'incredible sexual repression preached by the church in the past'; the nature of 'St John's Christian community' (a more varied phenomenon, and less of a cosy corner, than Mr Ensslin allows); and that curious final reference to Jeremiah. I write as a mere 'undergraduate theologian' (although not the anonymous gentleman mentioned in the article) with an allegiance both to the Chapel and to the Christian Union—qualifications which Mr Ensslin disowns as cheerfully as I admit lamentable ignorance of

politics and economics. Were it otherwise, there would be a great temptation to write an essay 'Is the Left Lunch really Left?' . . .

It might also be objected that I haven't myself faced up to the original issue—is St John's Christianity Christian? Not 'Is St John's Christianity perfect?'; if it were, the answer would be simple, for it is no secret that Christians are not perfect, although some seem closer than others. The question under discussion turns upon the nature of authentic Christianity. If that involves, as I believe, not certain theological, political or economic doctrines but primarily repentance and faith in Christ, the answer must be 'Despite many failings, yes'. Does the debate continue?

NIGEL WARNER

Fans Folded in the Shade or The Unlikely Prospect—

A TALE FOR GRADUATES

THERE was little correspondence worth reading in Soraya Pacini's escritoire, but Lysander, with unusual consistency, was leaving no envelope unopened. Beneath all these multi-coloured relics of a convent education, some scarlet indiscretion—connected with the American cruiser's recent visit to Levuka Bay, perhaps—might reward a ruthless search. Six trying weeks as personal secretary to Lord Stonechat (whose travel reminiscences, 'Drinks On Me', were as circular as the world, and a misery to type) had taught Lysander the value of conversation diversions at meals.

The sound of a British butler clearing his throat (Levuka is on one of the smaller islands in the Fijian Group) startled him. And the little note which he had to take from a brass tray on a level with his eyes—for he had reached the bottom drawer—reminded him further of English houseparties where there had been nothing to do all weekend but make faux pas after faux pas. The piece of paper had been ripped from a Bridge scoring pad by angry, scented fingers, and read, 'Stop reading my letters and (here the words 'get out' were crossed through) help Jim and Jam to put out hoops'. From experience of Soraya's lunch parties Lysander had assumed that the striped deckchairs on the terrace supported a tableau vivant of drunks. But how dare she order him about with the servants! In the first sharp flush of embarrassment, Lysander became petulant. 'Wasn't and shan't, tell her that!'

Biggs could be trusted to paraphrase, he hoped as he watched the fête galante of variegated expatriates on the lower lawn. Colonel Farqueson was distributing mallets. Jim and Jam were quarrelling over the hoop positions. Soraya made them wear very tight, thick flannel, blue trousers (with a broad tangerine stripe), and it was a continual surprise to Lysander that the boys survived each day. What an arriviste witch she was!

Never would he come again, he decided. Nor could he expect an invitation, which was sad because the interior of the Palazzio Pacini had great charm. Long cream-coloured corridors led like Roman roads through the house to useless, brown and green pantries, and provided a cool contrast to Lord Stonechat's bungalow, where Lysander had spent a hot morning indexing the friends his lordship was making in chapter six, 'Moroccan Memories'. Though always generous in money matters, Stonechat was developing peevish idiosyncrasies as the days grew longer.

The Palazzio Pacini was the old Levuka Boat Club under several coats of white paint. The facilities which Levuka Water offered for boating and swimming had been exploited by the BEF in the past, but now only the fresh vegetables that 'made' Soraya's lunch parties induced her fellow exiles to approach 'the Swamp'. Lysander liked the notice boards with L.B.C. in green capitals; every time he came to lunch he would break a finger nail easing out another rusty drawing pin.

He laid a perspiring palm affectionately upon his reflection in the hall mirror, (which faced the double doors and never failed to surprise visitors). His second self became bewildered, and then disappeared as forty square feet of glass in an Edwardian rococo frame (irreplaceable) slid slowly to the left, before smashing itself forcefully across the polished table which club members had used for whistles, whips, and little messages. From the same hook came a very heavy carved club with metal attachments (confiscated by a shocked lady missionary in the Gilberts forty years previously, and now used for closing warped windows) which stove in the flank of the only grandfather clock in the Koro Sea, now lying on its side in a jangle of nerves and untidy machinery. Lysander said aloud, 'The hook must have just come out, I think', but nobody heard his suspicion or saw him hare frantically down the dusty drive.

Teatime is the Café Ceresoli's 'heure exquise', though this converted garage is a-hum from dawn until the police batten it down at midnight. It no longer overlooks working fountains, but at four o'clock Sigrid and Louise still unfold heavy linen tablecloths, fat Blanche counts out red paper napkins, and Alessandro Ceresoli-Petinella (known as Alex Rumbold in Somerset House), as fresh and smily as a debutante in new tennis clothes, scatters ex-liner folding tables across Ceresoli Square. Alessandro spent the war playing a piano in a Hong Kong brothel, and there's nothing he can't tell you about entertainment. He only has to smile and flick a napkin and all flies vanish. Life at the Café Ceresoli is still so gay and colourful that some residents conceited about their reputations stay away in the evenings, and miss quite respectable Scottish dancing.

Lysander, breathing hard and near to tears, found that very few tables remained unoccupied. He had to sit facing into the sun, and since the back of his chair was broken he flopped tragically on to folded arms. Everybody was shrieking to make himself or herself heard, if not understood, above Alessandro's new record.

'Oh what a GLORIOUS thing to be,
A grown-up, healthy, busy busy bee.'

Lysander missed the remaining lines because some old things at a nearby table were screaming about the small size of the world, and were making their chairs squeak. A gust of talc, and a smack on the back which winded him, told Lysander that Alessandro had brought his iced lime juice. 'And how's our Cambridge BA today?' quipped the ex-pianist before bounding away to be nuzzled by an aging actress who had garnished herself in refracting stage jewelry at the next table.

When Lysander felt strong enough to look up again, he found that a neat little man with quite circular spectacles was sitting motionless beside him. He looked as if he knew the exact cost of a mirror five foot by eight.

'Awful din, isn't there?' said the little man stirring his tea. 'Hot, too'.

'Yes, it is rather hot', said Lysander, trying instinctively to tune into the next table's secrets.

'I expect you work indoors, in the cool. I can tell that, you see, because you look rather pale and wan, if you don't mind me saying so.'

'Yes, I'm a writer,' replied Lysander, remembering the novel he had begun. It was to be a modern version of the Narcissus legend, making use of local colour. He knew he had as much chance of completing chapter one, as a child had of finishing up a week-old rice pudding.

'We all were, once,' said the persistent conversationalist. 'I'm in slaves now', he added, examining his cuticles.

'Graves?'

'No, slaves. Buying and selling people.'

'Oh.'

' . . . They have found that the fountain of youth
Is a mixture of gin and vermouth.'

Ill-mannered people banged their tables, and implored Alessandro to play that record once more. 'Righty-ho.'

'I didn't know there were many openings for that sort of thing.'

'There are for graduates. People prepared to do some work on unemployment averages and potential labour markets. Recruitment is similar to British Intelligence, I suppose. A question of not knowing the wrong people.'

The appearances of Signora Soraya Pacini (usually waving a welcoming fan at guests from the top of the Palazzio staircase) always caused a furore on account of her décolleté tropical outfits, but now the gasps were all the more indrawn because of her massive bullwhip. A grinning Jim and Jam, and some interested members of her lunch party were in attendance. Signora Pacini (née Clackett) yelled something about a Limey Lounge Lizard.

'How vulgar,' said Lysander's new friend, putting on a white cotton sunhat. He added that his car was within a minute's brisk walk.

When reporters questioned Alessandro, he said he thought that the mirror vandal was in Interpol, and 'Drinks On Me' sold very well in consequence. But two years later Lord Stonechat said he could not keep Lysander's clothes and typewriter indefinitely. His new personal secretary was whining about lack of space. And as he told the next jumble sale grande dame who rang the bell, he felt quite justified in chucking the lot out because the ruddy climate had made an absolute muck of the typewriter's innards.

—THE END— JULIAN BROWNING

Retrospective

THIS article makes no claims to be an unbiased historical record. It is, rather, an attempt to isolate and interpret a number of themes which seem to me to have been significant during the last three years in Cambridge. This period has seen the statement of fundamental conflicts of ideology which have only been partially worked out and which have only temporarily become quiescent. It has also seen a failure to formulate and push into prominence the question of the profoundly alienating effects of Cambridge education, effects which are only partially consequent on the established ideology and which can also be seen among its opponents.

1968 marked a sharp turning point in Cambridge life. Talking to people who graduated then or have graduated since, one gets an impression of a very different kind of Cambridge, a more traditional, orthodox and quiescent place, much closer to the folk image of Oxbridge. But Michaelmas 1968 and, more particularly, early 1969 saw for the first time since the 1930s the emergence of a strong, united and coherent radical challenge to the prevailing

ideology and structure. Why was this? It was partly, I think, due to the impression made upon students by the events on the Continent and at L.S.E. These were evidence that it was possible to mount effective challenges to the existing social and institutional structure, that there were available genuine alternatives which seemed to offer the promise of a better society where the rhetoric of Western democracy and academic liberalism would be given substance in action. I do not think foreign students played a significant part in 'corrupting English youth'.[1] It was the growth of a strong sense of excitement and unity. Something was happening in which all students were, in a sense, participants. This coincided with a local situation where the radical left and the social democratic left had finally resolved their conflicts in the Labour Club split of 1967–8 and the formation of the Socialist Society. There was also an exceptionally brilliant, and charismatic, radical leadership. The left reached a peak of unity, partly as a result of these struggles, partly because of the calibre of its leadership.

These factors found their expression in the February 1969 sit-in in the Old Schools. The nominal object of the sit-in was solidarity with L.S.E. This struck the chord of excitement and unity which I have mentioned. Something dramatic was happening and Cambridge could be part of it. The sit-in could also be seen as a flexing of muscles on the part of the radical left. The occupation was begun by 20 people; at its peak there were 700–800 people involved. The radicals showed that with the right issue they could mobilise a mass support and seriously move against the University authorities. They also found a backlash. The end of the sit-in was marked by the appearance of a singularly vicious, baying mob of 'moderates' à la Frank Bown. The Proctors ended up protecting the sitters-in from their would-be exorcisers.

The period from then until June 1970 could truly be characterised as one of radical hegemony. The history of that period is one of a sustained radical advance, in the demise of the S.R.A., in the Greek demonstrations, in a host of localised skirmishes with Faculties and Colleges, in the heyday of the 1/– Paper. But paralleling this was the rise of forces which would eventually check it. This is a university where it is difficult to achieve radical change from within. It proved to contain a large body of paper liberals, dons whose needs turned sharply conservative in the face of the reality of their words. The struggles over the foundation of the Social and Political Science Tripos show how a small group of influential dons could filibuster any innovation. Much of the radical programme similarly slipped through the meshes of the university bureaucracy[2]. But the key to the decline lies in the Garden House Affair. While the full story is unlikely ever to be revealed it seems clear that the police were taken by surprise at the success of the demonstration. They were present in inadequate numbers and stationed in the wrong places. There was never any chance of them controlling the crowd. I think it is crediting Chief Constable Drayton Porter with too much subtlety to suggest that he deliberately set this up as a trap. More plausible, I think, is that someone bungled the planning and the subsequent ferocious persecution of radicals was at least partly a smokescreen to cover up this blunder. It is also clear that the trial and the savage sentences had the desired effect of intimidating the left into quiescence. One has only to look at the timorous handling of the Anti-Maudling demo to see that. The prison sentences and the intimidation created a vacuum on the left into which the Communists have moved. I do not really have space to analyse this but I think that the net effect has been to weaken the left.

But the causes of conflict remain. The unequal distribution of power in the university continues. R. D. Jessop offers a paradigm for institutional analysis in terms of the exchange relationship between the centre, those who have power, and the periphery, those who do

not.[3] This exchange may be beneficient, equal or exploitative. I would argue that the exchange between university (centre) and students (periphery) is exploitative. The university has a great deal of power to affect our lives and we have very little power to affect it. We provide the university with its money, its *raison d'être*; we surrender a great deal of our individual civil liberties and get relatively little in return. This has not been affected by the events of the last three years.

This exploitation has further effects. It destroys the quality of lives and interpersonal relationships within its ambit through the alienating conditions which it creates. Jessop defines alienation in terms of powerlessness, objectification, dehumanisation and self-estrangement. Objectification is the process whereby the products of the periphery become an additional means for the centre's control over it. Our intellectual labours become a means for the centre's control through its ability to exercise sanctions of disapproval or rejection against them. Dehumanisation is the degradation of the intrinsic value of peripheral individuals. It's when your Tutor thinks he knows how to run your life better than you do and that you have no opinions worth taking seriously. Self-estrangement refers to the instrumentality of the periphery's contributions to the centre becoming a means of satisfying the centre's demands rather than its own needs. It is the instrumentality of covering the course, clogging for the exams, imbibing the received knowledge, rather than pursuing what is intellectually interesting and worthwhile. Alienation involves the reduction of the self to an object, to the manipulation of others as objects, to the denial of their freedom. It is the inability to create any relationship other than an exploitative one. And, as Hegel demonstrates, the master's exploitation of the slave is ultimately as destructive for the master as for the slave.

This is the problem that has yet to be seriously faced. The radicals exploit each other as much as the establishment. The radical left is half-correct. We must have social liberation. But we must also have personal liberation or we shall only be replacing an old tyranny by a new one. The only group to have seen this seriously are the Womens Liberationists[4] although it can also be traced in the work of the anti-psychiatrists and Fanon[5].

The prognosis. I do not foresee any further large-scale acts of 'violence' in the immediate future. But Cambridge is a traditionally violent society. Since ruling cliques do not usually share power willingly, we must expect further extensive violence before change. For the immediate future I foresee a growing number of acts of petty violence, vandalism consequent on hopeless frustration. I think we must also expect a greater use of drugs. Both these trends are already becoming discernible. '**** Guest Hours'* in weedkiller on the College lawns is a petty protest, pointless violence. The police attempts to crack down on drugs have been conspicuously unsuccessful. Cannabis, amphetamines and harder drugs are more readily available and used than ever I can remember here. But attempted repression can only drive these symptoms underground. It cannot provide a permanent solution.

R. W. J. DINGWALL

[1] T. Blackstone *et al.*, *Students in Conflict – LSE in* 1967 (Weidenfeld & Nicholson).
[2] See the shabby Report of the Committee on University Discipline and Proctorial Duties (*Reporter*, 23 March 1971) for a recent example.
[3] R. D. Jessop, 'Exchange and Power in Structural Analysis', *Sociological Review*, 1969.
[4] K. Millet, *Sexual Politics*. If you must, G. Greer, *The Female Eunuch*.
[5] R. D. Laing, *The Divided Self* and *The Politics of Experience* (Both Penguin); F. Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks* (Paladin).

* The petty protest recorded by the author was, in fact, rather more emphatically worded (*Senior Ed.*)

To India on Fourpence

THOSE announcements in the Personal Columns of *The Times* of expeditions overland to India for the 'amazing' sum of £90 or so are meretricious as Babylon. They tell of untroubled journeys of romance, completed in three weeks, while omitting to mention the hell of breakdowns and banditry into which they may sink. For breakdowns are inevitable in such terrain as it's necessary to cross to reach Iran, let alone India, and there are still sufficient gentlemen of the road to ensure that not every tourist coach passes freely without let or hindrance. A far cheaper mode of transport is afforded by the local buses which regularly ply between towns and to and from borders. These may proffer no extravagant guarantees, but breakdowns cause less delay when the next bus is soon expected, and who would trouble to rob the cheapest transport on the road? Thus the journey from Istanbul to Delhi need cost as little as £10, and, as it is simple to hitch-hike to Istanbul, the largest single item on the account is the payment to British Rail for the privilege of crossing to Ostend on one of their luxurious craft.

Some may shrink even from this paltry expenditure, but there is ample room for the enterprising on the buses and in the towns of the Middle East. A little forethought may reap great rewards, for every item of value which you possess (and your worn cord shoes from Woolie's are of inestimable value) will be greatly coveted almost everywhere in Asia. Of this every traveller must be aware; for the truly ambitious there are countless other possibilities, not least that of exploiting the weight-consciousness of the Middle East. Jolting northwards through magnificent mountains between Tehran and the Caspian Sea at the back of a vehicle rather like some Dinky Toy construction, a peasant fallen asleep on my lap, his wife fully engaged with the baby, while grandma snored on the floor, I noticed the gentleman in front was clutching tightly to his bosom a large object impossibly resembling bathroom scales. He was apparently moving house (which was wrapped in a carpet on the top of the bus) and business too, for that precious object was indeed scales, which he duly set down on the pavement at every stop, awaiting custom.

A little time spent in the exotic language laboratories would be well rewarded for then it is not only easier to penetrate the bazaars and more especially the local markets (and to exact a fair price) but also possible to converse to some extent with the more fascinating characters encountered, who speak little if any English. I still regret that I was unable properly to thank the Afghan lorry driver who took me from Cabul to Peshawar. The lorries of Afghanistan and Pakistan appear at once foreign and familiar to the English eye, for they are sturdy Bedfords, yet not in the customary drab colours but with gaudy illustrations of fruit and landscapes, and even air hostesses. The top of the melon lorry provided me with both sustenance and a superlative view of the mountains of eastern Afghanistan and the following day, of the Khyber Pass. We stopped for the night in a village where lived relatives of the driver (indeed I can recall no village where he lacked relations) and there I was immediately surrounded by the chattering, pointing inhabitants. One who spoke a little English claimed the curious visitor and I was accordingly bundled into an open truck, packed with villagers, their melons and their rifles, and taken over the arid ground to his home. There I was most cordially received by every male member of the household (the veiled women being in purdah), the giggling boys avid to practise their English ('Mister, you me sleep together tonight, yes?'), the rather more dignified young men and then the older men who pronounced their mumbled blessings. There followed sundown prayers and then an excellent meal. The elders sat together on a carpet where they

ate in silence, then my food was brought separately, a spoon provided in my honour, and all the boys crowded round to observe my reactions. The growing darkness cancelled any reservations I may have entertained. After prolonged mutual interrogation I was at last allowed to sleep—alone—until just before dawn when I was escorted back to the melon lorry. Afghan hospitality, of which little impression is gained at the London embassy, well deserves its fame.

Once in India it is advisable to forsake the tedious buses for the comparative comfort of the train, on which I travelled nearly three thousand miles for a little under £3. Indian railways are beset with the bureaucratic complexities customary in a land where every clerk is confronted with two insurmountable obstacles to efficiency: firstly the (necessary) use of English, his second language, and secondly to endless (and piteously comical) paper chases resulting from countless documents being stacked on large desks beneath even larger fans. Yet, despite these and many other encumbrances, the trains mostly operate efficiently and punctually (who could forget that immortal notice 'Trains running late may make time'?) and the stations provide excellent restaurant service. Your fellow travellers will assuredly be far more loquacious than their British counterparts, asking innumerable questions and also shedding much light upon the changing Indian way of life. Some have great hope for their country, pointing to industrial growth and the agricultural revolution, others still despair; with one I enjoyed conversation about Hindu philosophy, while another declaimed at length on chastity and the evils of sex. All were most welcoming.

Travel within the towns is liable to be rather more haphazard, unless the local language has by then been mastered. The heat is not conducive to any muscular activity and so the weary European entrusts his well insured self to the caprice of a taxi driver, whose vehicle is as likely to be an exposed scooter cab as a car. Haggling over supposedly fixed prices will by now be anticipated, but formerly the destination was a main town and the driver probably spoke some English. The following dialogue may serve to promote the study of Sanskrit.

'Taxi!'

'Sahib?'

'The Eagle Hotel, please.'

'Eagle Hotel, sahib?'

'Yes, the Eagle Hotel. Do you know it?'

'Do-you-know-it Hotel, sahib?'

Heat notwithstanding I walked.

The location of the Eagle Hotel remains a mystery, but for the tourist there is no shortage of accommodation in Indian towns; many of the inhabitants dwell on the pavements. It is quite possible to tour the 'attractions' and so avoid all squalor, but once the tourist disregards his glossy brochure and begins to wander down narrow lanes, he is able to perceive that which underlies the apparent filth as the true attractions of sight and scent and intriguing sound lure him on among the various moods of temple, bazaar and river bank. For the cool temples breathe a soothing fragrance of sweet incense and of petals strewn upon the images by constant worshippers; outside, the humid street vaunts a bright and clamorous bazaar, feverish in its industry. Lively too is the atmosphere on the steps down to the Ganges, where all assemble to bathe, to worship, to wash both clothes and body, or simply to sit in hope beside a begging bowl.

Fascinating as I found the cities, I also hoped to see the Himalayas, and so, despite repeated advice to the contrary on account of the monsoon, boarded the train to Darjeeling. The prophets of rain proved correct, but I doubt whether I should have become much

better acquainted with the scenery below the railway on a perfectly clear day, so great was the bustle on the little train. And I mean 'on' as much as 'in' the train: only the underneath was entirely free of passengers. At one stage when the toiling Glaswegian engine could pull no more, all passengers had to walk the rest of the gradient while steam was regained. This was by no means the sole inconvenience: was it sadism or penury, or maybe both, that inspired the maker, master craftsman, of the seats to substitute slats of wood, generously spaced, for the usual integral planks?

'Darjeeling? That is where the tea is, isn't it?' I thought so too until I entered the first café in the town and requested a pot of their celebrated brew. 'Sorry sir, no tea. Only Nescafé.' Amazement overwhelmed me until I recalled the cartons of Darjeeling tea in an English grocer's windows and soon realised that the only such tea I could taste in Darjeeling itself would be from the black market. This disappointment was sufficiently compensated, however, by the hills, which surpassed all expectations in their beauty. The pockets of mist suspended in the trees of the valley after a cloud-burst, the thick green foliage abounding in vociferous fauna, and above all the occasional view of the Himalayan peaks, another 20,000 feet above, were all quite paradisiacal to one who had just arrived from the plains. The works of Tibetan art displayed in the shop windows were also most impressive, for refugees, particularly lamas, have brought many priceless possessions across the border. Prominent among these are works of religious significance: especially memorable is the Wheel of Life depicted not on a scrap of paper, nor in the dust, but on fine silk, exquisitely illustrated and adorned.

All this was sadly left behind as the Michaelmas term drew nearer and the long journey homewards began. I had by then acquired many precious possessions, including silk from Benares, which alone could have justified the trip, and yet more impressions, some deep, otherslessso, none entirely worthless, of lands and peoples virtually unknown to me before, impressions which I trust will endure at least until the opportunity arises to return, duly equipped with bathroom scales.

STEPHEN BARTON

Pseud 23

1 The Lard is my Sherbert I shallot wart.
2 He maketh me an eiderdown of Greek passports. He leereth me astride our Jill Waters. He restoreth my undercarriage.
3 He leaveth me in the path of Elliot Ness or his namesake.
4 Yeah, though I warp through the value of the shrapnel of death, I will veneer no speedboat. Pop art with me: his rude and general staff encompass me.
5 Thou preferest Mable before me for the nonsense of mine eloquies. Thou pollutest Minehead with oil. My cud cheweth over.
6 Shirley, Gladys and Percy shall follow me in my daily strife, and I will smell in the scouse of the Laird formica.

O. M. P. JONES

I received your letter this morning
and
came with the sun to seek an answer
came to the waterside
the rotting grass and wood of a winter's storms
trembling
in the last breath of coldness
it shines
despite the cold
i feel a warmth a hopefulness
that the widening of your flame-red smile
uncopied
will blot out this awful vision of unending
like the seagull freckled tide
i want to rest upon the harbours of your being
i want you
many a night and day i haven't sat
and wondered
recently I saw the roads of England
perfectly diseased with good intention
through the smoke kindness tentatively came to mind
sometimes
it almost didn't vanish
it was cold
so cold you could have felt the warmth drain within you
and i felt the warmth drain within me
i felt the tarmac'd emptiness humanity suitably arranged
i saw this lonely world
its people at the crossing-places nakedly
ashamed of you and me
i'm afraid I couldn't stop
not every time
but I passed
the day with you
so if by any chance you find
yourself upon this shore
look among the debris of the latest tide
i'm waiting there.

MIKE SMITH

She sat in the train. Fourteen perhaps.
A large rip down the front of her tights
And most self conscious of it.
Embryonic beauty—blond, pallid,
Ah! She knows I'm looking . . . yes,
She's learnt the curtain-of-hair technique.
Looking out the window now—ah, but flowers
To you are things on print dresses
Your mother: armfuls of infant, shrieking
Mother-face hardening, fortyish; bites her
sausage roll aggressively.
Hurry, not appetite. Son, nine, sits next her,
First pair of long trousers, best behaviour.
Today, perhaps everyday, the man of the family?
Authority, then. Amazingly, bites fingers
of squalling infant. Dickensian remedy: effective.
And you sit four seats away from this kitchen-sink drama;
Recoil of an adolescent soul from turmoil?—but you'll learn
To come to terms with embarrassment. Your eyes now, though,
A frightened vacancy. The view does not enchant you.
How you wish your mother wouldn't call to you
With some banal request . . . wish that my eyes
Wouldn't keep straying on to you with such evident fascination.
Even wish that you didn't have to be seen to go to the toilet
At the end of the corridor.
See?—You break out of your cocoon yourself. I needn't
Accuse myself of trying to break it. Ah—I'm sorry though

K. C. B. HUTCHESON

A Closing Fragment

I feel you in me,
the smell of your body
in every crease of my flesh,
in the sudden heaviness
that aches and remains
knotted in the centre
of my body, a light
that will not go out,
kindled by tears,
shaded in laughter.

A pain that tingles memory
of two other people, making
brief contact, momently
defeating space. And for that time,
blindly driven, the rounded mind
held in hands and lips,
search, strive, fight as we may
together, we know the kiss,
however deep, and embrace, fall
into an emptiness
the heart cannot fill.

And since it must be so,
who can say we were wrong?
When looking back now,
and the weight having
softened, in remembering
we wish only that we
could cry more easily,
and walking away, laugh less.

A. FULLWOOD

Autumn

'Autumn comes bringing death in peace and golden brown; for that fair maiden spring became as callous summer and now has left him sorrowing to expire ere winter's storms are upon him.'

I sit amidst a world of smells
that waft about, upon sweet air;
Upon its face the clock breathes out
the stealthy tread of our life and care.
I poise my head and sniff aloud.
A fragrance, fair, dwells all around
and peace and quietude bide there,
marr'd merely by times fearful sound.
I sit enrapt by dreams so still
that time seems but a transient grace,
My head sinks down, my eyes now shut
no more may look upon its face.
Grave pageants pass in colours full
and smells so dear my soul enfold.
My senses dull, no more I hear
the birds shrill song, but tunes of gold.
My mind awakes, my body not
It rises through a veil of wings,
a love enclosed in timid blue
a lullaby for wind and strings.
They swirl around, I swoop and fall
to rise again, like moon by day;
A noise so fair, a soft refrain
that tolling mute that is so gay.

Ode to Charles Ives

Your movement
was lyrical:

    your ear
    questing for
    the grail contained
    within the white plane of the old
    barn door

    even
when you wriggled your
fingers like a child at me through the bars.

JOHN ELSBERG

A bat flies by—A tender sky,
A mocking cry—A lullaby,
A face awry—A question Why?
and when and if all dreams must die
Or dying dreams or dreams of death
If life no more might me suppress
Is this a death and end of bliss?
Of sanity, love . . .

. . . a tender kiss

I start, my face looks up, and eyes
that are still shut see, with surprise:
she is returned who left me then
but now she's come too late, for when
she touches—stumbles back in shock
I lie—cold rock

A smile upon my lips which tells
of passing on to nether hells,
and in so doing to her says
all memories of future days

She won't forget, I neither can
repent and live, once more a man.
The time has come when I must rest;
I sat, but panicked—failed my test.

R. ANGUS GOUDIE

Receptions

the most telling cut
the Germans ever suffered

was when the French young women
began inserting blades

into the recesses of their playtime

JOHN ELSBERG

Sunday, while walking on Coe Fen near Newnham Road

Just gazing into the shallow bywater,
The bottom of the ditch full of leaves,
I saw the shape of a bottle;
Its end was broken, the bottom had fallen out.
The sharp, jagged, razor-edge of the glass
Could not be concealed by the mud.
I thought of the ingenuity, the marvel of
a bottle. An ordinary beer bottle.
A symmetrical shape of coloured translucent glass.
The designers, the chemists, the makers, men
Had taken much trouble over it. But it is fragile.
People who used it probably had not made it.
The sudden impulse that threw it in the
ditch perhaps had no idea,
Of its value.
Still, the workings of weather and water had done their best,
A coating of silt softened the stark outlines,
But no coating could cover the sharks teeth ends.
So eventually in some millions of years the bottle,
Might sink in the mud—become part of
The rock until time heals the shattered and jagged ends.

Lord, men make some wonderful things with your materials.
But others just don't know the cost—
and the final product becomes as ugly,
as the original was beautiful.
Is not that the way we have treated your world, Lord?
You made it, we had no idea,
Of the care, the design, the fragility
We carelessly treat it and throw it around
Like a bottle into a ditch.
But you in your wisdom left safeguards;
Time, and remoulding of the present can yet, through you bring us back to rights.

A. D. MCPHAIL

Back
(and in another sense)
where I am

Hey, here I am sitting here again
It's been so long since I was here in this sense
Sideways that is, yes its been shorter downwards
But who nailed the sky that colour? here
All the buildings been planted upside down and jagged
and I wish I was home (in that sense again)
before,
where the mushrooms breathe the right shape
and it always greys on Saturdays
and the trees are more low pitched and resonent
but here, I will have been there someplace soon
(don't you think?) anyway . . .

PAUL A. KERRY

The Poet

(to V.B.)

Alone
He ponders the passing
of the capital letter.
He thinks of verse
Bereft of Alexandrines
And contemplates the
spacing
of
his lines
on
the page.

CHRIS JUDSON

At the Cliff's Edge

The eye stings with ocean-salt. We stand far back,
For fear of falling—here, at the cliff's edge,
It is a dangerous place: where a gull's shriek
Can pierce the sky, and let all time engulf
This single sudden moment of its cry.

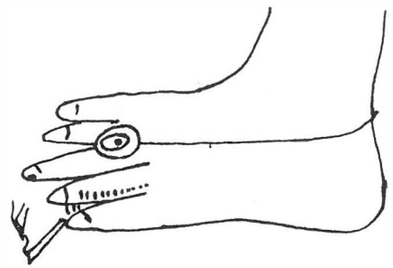
Below, the waves are whispering to stones
Of what occurs beyond this hard horizon
The wind uproots the grass. We grip the earth,
And feel the land recede. Only rock can bear
The pulse of wind and sea: the soil dissolves,
And what remains is but bare memory.

The scream that splits the sky is a voice
That hurts the mind: these gulls have flown from lands
Beyond the seas we know. We turn toward
Known comforts: the warmth of casual words,
And hands that touch the surface of the skin;
To eyes that hang like mirrors on the wall,
And hold this night as their horizon.

CHARLES BOYLE

The many people who responded to our appeal for contributions for this issue may have felt that there was a special urgency. They were right; but in fact there is always a special urgency. So we hope that those for whose work we had no room will be encouraged to try again (Editorial Committee).

ALFRED
'Alfred soon grew into a little old man'



SIR HUGE FOOT
'He became a leg-end in his own lifetime'

The Jasper Lazzam Column for Spaced-out Trendies

Hi there kids, wherever you may be in our wunnerful galaxy. I've been like real screwed up trying to get my quill together with the parchment for the past few days. Man, I've been trying to sychronise my personality with the cosmos, and crystallise my psyche in space-time. My thoughts haven't been working themselves together, but it would be really sort of beautiful if you stones out there can phase in with my beat.

So, last evening, I was like really making it with these freaks in a cave somewhere in our concrete jungle. These real human beings were really tuning in, and zonking their brains with the best babe. We were smashing our minds 'cos we were free. There was one chick projecting her feeling in an aura, a universal statement of humanity's collective sub-conscious. She like really moved me. Ya, y'know, it was really like kinda, y'know sorta good man, ya good. Yeah, we really knew we would go on for ever, like a ray of light through infinity. Nothing could bug us, we had no bag. We were just ourselves, baby, manifesting our human truth in the interstellar continuum. We saw the light there. We discovered that

NOWHERE IS EVERYWHERE

Well people, look after yourselves for me.
I'm always with you. We are one.
JAS.

O. M. P. JONES

Editorial

MICHAELMAS 1971 was a term in which St John's concerned itself with the basics of practical everyday life and less with ideals and principles. Of the two successful candidates in the JCR bye-election, one supported the retention of the present system of guest hours, and the other found them 'such a minor hinderance' (sic) that they were not worth bothering about. Other candidates considered such mundane matters as lavatories (lack thereof), fire precautions, and the perennial subject of food. The credibility (to borrow a word from scurvy politicians) of the whole election was undermined by the usual presence of 'silly' candidates (come back, Napoleon Garbage, all is forgiven), while another candidate confessed to being drunk at the time of nomination and added, 'I wouldn't vote for me, personally'. It is surely significant that the candidate who stood for 'agitation not careerism' was unsuccessful in the poll. Agitation demands action (this means more than filling the Kitchen Suggestions Book with petty protests about the service of soup in hall) and Johnians in general seem averse to this: for all the fuss about guest hours in recent years, only a handful of people took part in the sit-in last year. Indeed, the manifestoes of the two new JCR committee members seemed to stress acquiescence. (Two further points about this bye-election deserve mention. It was heartening to see J. P. R. Farradane, that stalwart of so many JCR elections in the last two years, attract considerable—sentimental?—support. Also, how gratifying it was to witness the campaign being fought out—if that it not too strong a phrase—in language really used by men. 'Bureaucratisation', a delightful fabrication aired on one occasion, was a notable exception).

In the other yardstick of college opinion, a referendum on various matters, aversion to direct action was affirmed by a 2:1 vote in favour of action by negotiation on the vexed question of meal charges. Significantly, there was a 5:1 vote calling for a return to supplying milk in bottles, rather than in cartons, which members of the college appear to have been unable to open—basics again. The recent failure to mandate the JCR committee to affiliate John's to CSU, the nearest thing Cambridge has yet had to a central union, suggests that Johnians are more college-based than they would like to think. Add to all this the vote only marginally in favour of a college student body independent of the College Council, and you get a definite sense of satisfaction with the *status quo*. Or perhaps the college is just becoming bored with politics.

The implication, then, is that the college is swinging to the right (to borrow a phrase from scurvy political commentators) or at least that the average Johnian is growing more contented with his lot. Of course, minor irritations still persist, notably the iniquities of the meal charge system, but generally the facilities here compare very favourably with other colleges. For example, the New Buttery is a comfortable alternative venue for lunchtime and early evening drinkers, and the service, which provides for many tastes, is much improved on the old buttery, which could hardly cater for a college of this size. The running of the JCR bar has been considerably better under the retiring managers, but further improvements in this quarter are not likely while bar-users continue to treat it with the lack of respect they display at present. Broken and stolen glasses cost the JCR a considerable amount, and long-term ameliorations such as extension of the counter length would be feasible only when the college shows it can use a bar responsibly. So *think* before you next hurl your glass at the mathematician in the corner. A little less aggravation and agitation in the bar would not come amiss.

It is always difficult to distinguish between contentment and apathy—do non-voters in referenda stay away because they cannot be bothered, because they have no opinions (perish the thought) or because they are, more or less, happy with the college as it is? 'Apathetic' is the activist's indictment of the passive—but should it be so unthinkable that such a creature as the contented student survives? And if this animal, generally thought to be extinct, seeks a congenial habitat—only natural, in this conservation-conscious age—then where better than St John's?

Answers, please, on a postcard . . .

S.M.

Advertisement Feature

IN the French Revolution of 1968 there was a student 'groupuscule' called la Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire. This had nothing to do with our own Junior Combination Room Committee except that the initials are the same. Yet it is a matter of no little comfort to me that being (once) a JCR member I am (a) not alone, (b) not disbanded and (c) not in prison. I cannot claim to have undermined the world, of course, or even to have rearranged it; but my historical reputation is such that, barring a bloody (sanglante) review in the T.L.S., I can be my own historian. Slights of fate and fortune are not unknown, I admit, but because my nose will find few Anthonys, I can muddle through and thank them (the slights) that I was not born a JCRév member. To be lonely, disbanded and imprisoned would be more than my little cybernetic machine could bear.

The ex-revolutionaries, however, have it better than most, What about ex-gods? The un-deification process involves life insurance policies, toothpaste, a pair of spectacles. Ever heard of a god with spectacles? Hirohito's crude awakening from his Peter Pan world was at least dramatic. You'd have to be tough to live through Hiroshima's alarm.

My mortality would be dogged by distractions. After the Fresher's Reception business there would be the Immigration Act, defamation of character charges, fig leaf orders at the greengrocer's, and Sunday School.

This is a serious article. It is an article to announce the creation of a student-run MAGAZINE SOCIETY for the promotion of our own stuff. Would a Society-sponsored magazine tolerate doodles like that last paragraph?

The nature of history is such that it ends where we are. The whitest lie about one's own past is an historical fact of the most infinitesimal unimportance. Two random lies of that sort become a little bit more important; string a lot of them together and our imagination can render infinity defunct. Irreverent minds smirk with immorality. 'Is nothing sacred?' The eternal cry of the don who has seduced his pupil. We are indeed our own historians!

Student life must be sunk deeper into the slough of distractions than most other consumerisms. Creative energy can no longer be squandered in a shower or between virgin sheets. It is only our puritanism which prefers long hair to the sensual touch of the barber's fingers. Because puritan youth spent years researching into vice and years investing in the narcissistic permissiveness of the pop culture, where is innocence? Because it is dogmatically assumed that sin is good, where is guilt? Oh, Oz, where is thy sting? As the psalmist says: 'the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.'

Religion: 'Can One Believe Today?' quizzes a Great St Mary's poster. If there was a ghost of a chance that the Right Rev. Bishop would answer 'No' or 'No, only tomorrow' I'd go like a shot. Is St John's Christianity Johnian?, I ask myself to distraction.

Life is like that furniture made of polystyrene balls. Lie with it: it's a bed; eat with it: it's a table; walk with it: it's a carpet.

Who can suffer the clumsy 'guest hours' pretence any longer? Answer: we all can. Why sit-in when you can lie in? The Europeans would love us for our pragmatism; the JCRév would hate us with a perfect hatred.

Another example. Student historians sweat hot and cold as the Seeley Library clatters down about their ears. Realising, I suppose, that Frenchmen would have painted the Librarian red long ago, the Faculty have erected a bullet-proof shield around its plinth. And the student's mournful middle-distance gaze is now distorted.

Oh our nonsense Fenland funland world of steak pies and socialism!

This year a Magazine Society has been built upon a mound of polystyrene balls. Mooted first by a few Senior Members, the JCRoom Committee took up the idea and, in its own endearing haphazard fashion, a stammering machine was engineered. Stammerers are rather like homosexuals in that they assume monstruous importance in society, inflated by hot embarassment and three-dimensional syllables. The magazine venture could be a success if the cogs are well greased by student submissions and initiatives, submission and initiative which have not, oddly, been galvanized much by these glossy aquiline pages. No censorship.

'Tutor was the man who kept him in,
That he ran not into excess of sinne.'

One must recall, if only for Perversity's sake, the fate of L'Aiglon, King of Rome, who died sighing 'entre mon berceau et ma tombe, il y a un grand zéro.'

Scarabeus aquilam quaerit.

ANDREW DUFF

Poem by Major W. H. Carter

69 Viceroy Court, Lord Street, Southport
To The Editor, *Eagle*
Sir,

I enclose my version of two familiar quatrains from Oman Khayyam which reflect with some accuracy the imagery of the original Persian

I should be honoured if you could find a small corner in the *Eagle* for them.

Yours sincerely,
W. H. CARTER (B.A. 1911)

Fitzgerald No. IV

Spring has arrived, the World with green is bright
The buds like Moses rise towards the light
The breath of Jesus makes sweet herbs to grow
And weeping skies bring flowers to delight.

Fitzgerald 1st Edition No. XVIII or 4th Edition No. XIX

I think the Tulip grows the deepest red
Where Shah lies buried in amongst his dead
And Iolanthe (*a*) summoned back to life
Grew from a lady's beauty spot, 'tis said.

(*a*) *It is the* Violet *in the Persian not a Hyacinth.*

Eagle upon Eagle

The Eagle really is a very predictable magazine. That sums up two years (in summer instalments) of wading through its pages. At times one is waist-deep in sentimentality—the undergraduate of 1915 dying in the mud of Flanders asks feebly of the chaplain 'did we get that bump, stroke'; dead, they find the old scarlet blazer in his kit-bag—sometimes stalking through the technicalities of 'Divus or Sanctus', an esoteric and (one feels) largely pointless debate conducted with extreme scholarship in 1910 or thereabouts. But at other times one is completely captivated by the lazy reminiscences of the Victorian undergraduate, with the talk of wine parties, of skating to Ely, or, for more earnest young gentlemen, the remembered question (a hardy perennial, this) of just how much time it was morally permissible for the 'hard reading man' to take off in the course of his protracted year. Dr Todhunter's answer, in high seriousness, was depressing: 'the forenoon of Christmas Day would be in order, gentlemen'. But the rewards for such driving effort could be the cheers accorded to the Senior Wrangler (or even his parents) on walking through the courts. He would have taken his degree alone in the Senate House, but with all the college shouting for him. When Joseph Larmor was Senior Wrangler in 1880 there were torchlight processions through the streets of Belfast in his honour. Not that everyone worked at such a level—there was something of a similar social cachet attached in undergraduate circles to the rather more dubious honour of the Wooden Spoon, generally presented to the man who was at the other end of the list.

Nor did these two extremes cover everyone. There were always a number at the university whose concern was the Life of a Gentleman, and who took only the most perfunctory of degrees. It was these sort of men who hunted and killed the stag which is commemorated on G staircase, 1st Court, after they had chased it through Trinity and into Johns. For the less genteel there were similarly violent, if less aristocratic pursuits. Riots, scuffles between town and gown, were one alternative. Bonfires, which only started during the Boer War, were a much later substitute to be enjoyed on occasions of national revelling, or Boat Club suppers. But going back to the 18th and 19th centuries; in those days the less well off had to be content with long walks around Cambridge. This was eventually challenged by the new-fangled 'velocipedes' which could be hired for an afternoon spin—apparently very exhausting and somewhat expensive. It was not until the middle of the 19th century that organised games began, probably a consequence of the injection of public school spirit.

For the less energetic breakfast and wine parties were the answer to boredom. Food would be sent in from outside, or from the kitchens, and the guests would sit with their steaks and ale until noon. Then came lunch, followed by a certain amount of work or exercise. After Hall at four p.m. the wine parties would begin, and that presumably was the end of another day.

For those who were both less energetic and less concerned for their stomachs, discussion groups and religious societies flourished. 'The Cambridge Conversazione Society' (later the Apostles), the 'Cambridge Apostles' occupied their members with essays and readings, while the 'Simeonites' listened to sermons on the hopes of eternal life or endless damnation. In pursuit of their belief many were of extreme strength. Rowland Hill, a fervent Methodist, continued to preach in the villages around Cambridge, heedless of the Master's warning that a repetition of the offence would lose him his degree.

These are all recognisable types, though they may now have slightly different disguises. And they had many of the same fears, though not perhaps the same hopes. As early as 1900 undergraduates were worrying that their privileged life might vanish. It was a much more cosseted life in some ways: in the 1930s one Old Johnian commented: 'I never got up until my bedmaker had lit the fire, heated the water and put my saucer on the hearth rug. I must say I think the modern undergraduate is very tough'. Tin-tubs apart, baths did not make their appearance until the early 20th century—meeting vivid opposition from certain fellows who felt that 'we have done without them for 400 years, why begin now?' Baths are now accepted yet Second Court still lacks lavatories: we're still not free from the pre-occupations of forerunners. But the buildings of the College have been changed and worked on greatly; though it's hardly evident, since we have, as individuals, such short memories of the College. In three years time who will remember the Old Buttery? How many undergraduates realise that the kitchen wing of Second Court was taken almost down to the ground and rebuilt to prevent it from collapsing into the court; that was done about ten years ago.

So some things do change, while most are restored. *The Eagle*, however, does not. That, of course, will hardly surprise most people, but the reason why the *Eagle* does not change is that the people who write for it have hardly changed their ideas, or even their style. Though present day oarsmen are not hailed in the *Eagle* as 'good shovers' (they may still be in the boathouse for all I know), the Captain of Boats in the 19th century would need very little adjustment of his style in transferring to the 20th. Which only proves, I suppose, just how old is the advice given by all retiring secretaries to their successors: 'when in doubt copy last year's report'. Much the same can be said of the Editorial pleadings for a bit more effort from their subscribers, admixed with the plaintive defiance of 'if you think it's so bad then come and write something yourself'. Every now and then there is an Editorial spasm and they come out with a bold manifesto, usually based on the twin principles of 'popular demand' and 'we intend to remain a College Magazine', though these two are occasionally set up as opposites by reactionary correspondents. In the 1920s there was a brief spell when reports of the Sports clubs and other societies took up all but a few pages of the magazine. However there was evidently a counter-revolution a year or so later when the emphasis swung overwhelmingly back to the littérateurs of the College.

While one may accept and even expect predictability from Secretaries and Editors, both products of rather ingrown hierarchies, it is somewhat surprising to find how little different are the literary interests and stimuli of undergraduates a century apart. We have lost, thankfully, the sermons, the grave historical essays and the Augustan tragedy (90 pages of it) but poems are still filled (some of them at any rate) with the platitudes on nature and the divine that haunted an earlier age. The only difference is that whereas they wrote in iambic pentameters or in Greek dithyrambs, we are obscure in modern verse, or because of faulty syntax. Quite possibly readers will feel this advert for *The Vulture* is still relevant: 'length and dullness of article will not by themselves ensure publication, although very necessary qualifications.'

That is not the mark, though it's sometimes hit. The character of any magazine is imposed upon it by the contributors rather than the Editors, who rarely have much choice in the matter. So, if you dislike it, write for it.

GRAHAM HARDING

BADGERS

These badgers were photographed by Richard Beaumont early last July near Reading. The albino badger above was then about fifteen months old and he has a little white brother a year younger. Though less intrepid than Dr Boys Smith's hedgehog, Beaumont's badgers seem rather to have enjoyed being snapped, and after the shock of the initial flash they came back for more.

The Breakdown Man

BY STEVE BRIAULT

At ten to seven on a bright June morning, a man sat beside a peaked cap on a green rock surrounded by wet bracken and stared blankly at a bright yellow mini-van which was sitting on the road about twenty-five yards in front of him. *His* yellow mini-van; although of course it wasn't really his. It had an orange lamp and the words 'AA Service' on the roof. After he had been staring at it for perhaps three or four minutes he stooped suddenly and picked up a small rock. He took aim at a scraggy-looking sheep which was grazing nearby, changed his mind, and threw the stone with a sudden vicious jerk towards the car, but not hard enough to hit it. He had spent a lot of time with that car; now he walked over to it and got into the driver's seat. He started the engine, put his foot on the clutch and pushed at the gear lever. 'Get in you bugger.'

Ten minutes later the yellow mini-van was travelling at sixty miles an hour along a deserted road over the top of the Yorkshire moors, which by this time were shining with wet sun; inside it Robert Matthews was holding the wheel rather too tightly, and gazing at the road ahead in the same way that he had stared at the car earlier. The radio hissed and crackled. He didn't seem to notice. 'Did you fix that bloke up all right, Bob?'

'Yes.'

'Nothing else for you. On your way back now?'

'Yes.'

'O.K. See you.'

Accelerating, he picked a cigarette from the dashboard, used it to wipe his forehead, which was slightly damp, then held it tightly between his teeth, unlit. A few miles further on he saw an AA telephone box beside the road, and on a sudden impulse stopped in front of it, got out, and lifted the receiver. The girl at the Area Office answered, too sleepy to recognise his voice. 'Hallo? Oh, I wonder if you can help me? I've broken down on the Whitby to Guisborough road . . . water pump I think . . .' He went through all the formalities during which he had so often played the opposite role. 'Yes, a blue Austin Cambridge . . .' What an absurd organisation, really. 'We'll get someone to you as soon as possible, Sir.'

He drove on a little, rather more slowly, then picked the grey microphone from its rest. 'Hallo, George—you won't believe this, but I've broken down! Yes, really. The coil, I think, and of course I haven't got one with me.' He sounded positively gay. 'Lucky there's nothing on. Can you get Fred out to me?' ' 'Fraid not, Bob.' A short chuckle. 'I was just going to call you, in fact—some bloke with a bust water pump on the top moors road. Shall have to send Fred out to him, you'll have to wait. Bloody inconsiderate of you, I must say!' 'I suppose so,' said Bob rather seriously. 'Still, can't be helped.'

'No. Well, you'll have to wait for Fred to finish with this other bloke; you can call him yourself, but he won't get over to your patch for a couple of hours yet. Have you got a paper?'

'Yes. See you George.' He drove on towards the coast, turning left when he saw the pale sea, wrenching at the wheel with a mechanical, wretched movement and turning the short yellow bonnet north, towards Newcastle, towards Scotland or Iceland, lost in the whine of the little engine. He turned on to the A68 towards the Cheviots and watched the speedometer rise towards eighty. He was a good mechanic.

After nearly two hours he passed through Corbridge, and saw a blue Vauxhall pull out

behind him. Dimly he registered the fact that it was a police car. It was flashing its lights at him, hooting madly. He accelerated. The road was narrow and winding; he took the bends fast and gained a little on the other car, until suddenly he closed his eyes, let go of the steering wheel and stamped on the brakes. The Vauxhall came round the corner fast and with a scream of brakes slammed into the back of the bright yellow van. Robert Matthews sat quite still, relaxed, his head in his hands. The door was opened.

'Can I have your name, Sir, please?'

A Tirade

Who has not noticed the insidious recent alteration in the moral climate of the College? Almost everyone.

I refer to the growing encouragement of the idea that industry is all right. No one has ever affected to believe that there were no Johnians in industry. We need not be shocked at the Johnian Society's publication of the names of some of them. But we might question not only the propriety but also the principle of the College's helping to organise a conference for junior members on the subject of careers in industry. (January 7th and 8th, if you weren't there).

Of course the College could merely be out of touch with the times. You used to be able to extract enough lucre to live from industry without destroying your soul by too much exertion in the pursuit of it. And as the College's income is quite unearned, its fuddy-duddy but unspotted corporate soul may as yet be unaware of the Harsh Realities of Modern Life.

But employers, if their notoriously increasing reluctance to employ graduates is anything to go by, quite understand that the aims of education conflict with the requirements of industry. A current folk myth supports this. It is that leftist vandals often make successful industrialists, and it is easy to believe. For any profoundly intelligent employer must see that night-daubers of ancient buildings would probably enjoy building factories on rolling countryside.

Employers see it—why not Fellows? Look to yourselves, academics! Do you not agree that anyone who goes into industrial management is bound to pursue profit as his highest and sometimes only aim, and that his profits are based on the mindless repetitive labour of thousands of inhumanly contented or wretchedly bored human beings? Neither will you deny that learning and education, humanism which loves persons and nature, and science which hopes to benefit mankind, are utterly opposed to the system of industrial manufacture!

St John's must have forgotten this. Not only does it promote industrial careers, but in order to acclimatise us to them, the college is beginning to evoke an unpleasantly industrial atmosphere. Mrs Thatcher assists them with the expense-account scale of her increased grants, and we, in our conference-style accommodation, get used to high spending; however it was a brainwave beyond Mrs Thatcher's evil genius to furnish Hall with expensive machinery (and serve machine oil for soup).

There is a more charitable view of the College which may be held, however, which does suggest what the future of industrial conferences might be. Not abolition! For if, as in this beneficent view, they have been instituted to help find work for those whose education has failed, then they can also be used to ensure that there are no more failures. A conference on careers in industry would be an excellent method of preliminary selection in the procedure for admissions. For anyone who is convinced by the speeches and films would be without doubt unfit, morally and intellectually, to loaf and learn in St John's College Cambridge.

OUTRAGED

Editorial

EASTER is the cruellest term. It conspires to combine sunshine with Tripos, punting (if that's what turns you on) with the obligation to 'secure a future'—a future being disturbingly synonymous with a career—for those of us who have done our time and are shortly to be shown the Outside World, those of us who have to parry the inevitable question 'And what are you doing next year?' with 'I'm doing a stunt-man traineeship at Sidcup' or 'This and that'. But more and more graduates are finding themselves confronted with the career of Nothing To Do, the gap between what might have been and what has come to pass. Ten years ago such a situation for the Cambridge graduate would have been unthinkable—today it is all too real.

The dilemma is that there are, at present, too many graduates going for too few niches in society, and this applies most to Arts graduates, especially those with degrees in the purer humanities. A degree in English, for example, is one of the most congenial academic pursuits available, but does not lend itself readily to any particular occupation, outside teaching. Realisation of this has led to a lobby of opinion which advocates making university courses more 'relevant' to the demands of society, but the student entering university rarely concerns himself with relevance—time is on his side. When that time is running out, then his problems really begin.

While very much the result of recent political and economic developments, the problem of graduate unemployment is related to the expansion of university education more intricately than in the obvious situation of more graduates needing more jobs. When, in the '50s and early '60s, university expansion was going ahead at full steam, science faculties were built with the necessary facilities but without guarantee of suitable students to make full use of them. As the swing towards Arts and Social Sciences increases in the sixth-forms, science faculties in many universities are forced to take in candidates of a low calibre, only to find that this means they turn out mediocre scientists at the end of the course. When these students become teachers, they are likely to transfer such mediocrity to their pupils, and thus perpetuate the swing towards the Arts. In short, a vicious circle; and it is likely to be the Arts graduate, should he be aiming for highly competitive fields such as journalism (fields in which he has been led to expect he could find a place), who will be the victim. Brought up in a boom, today's Arts graduates find themselves in a predicament which they could not reasonably have envisaged, and the usual solution is to embark upon a career which does not tally with one's expectations. This has been happening in other universities for a good while now, but it is only in the last couple of years or so that it has hit Cambridge hard: the cachet is fading, and we have no right to feel we are special.

The final justification of Cambridge, according to Steegmann (1940), 'must be the preservation of its character and rhythm, and continuity of a tradition of learning, the providing of a resting-place after the troubles of boyhood and a place where a youth can prepare himself for the trials of manhood; where his spirit will be fortified and his sensibilities developed'. The sad thing is that today those fortified spirits and developed sensibilities become disillusioned when we discover that the world does not want us as we would be wanted. The carnival is over. However broadened our horizons (to resort to the usual platitude about the effect of Cambridge) we no longer bear a special stamp. Ah well—it was good while it lasted.

Please adjust your clothing before leaving.

S.M.

Correspondence

The Lodge
Stonham Magna
4th May, 1972

Dear Sir,

Reading and re-reading *The Eagle*, as is my wont, I was lately struck, not to say appalled, by the declining standard of lyric inspiration displayed by our younger brethren. As one whose translations of the Iliad into Bulgarian and Estonian won what I flatter myself was sincere acclaim from my fellows, I feel qualified to attempt some judgements—though I realise, of course, that tastes have changed, not always for the better, in my opinion.

Today's poets, sir, can neither rhyme nor scan their verses. They have no discipline in their approach to the Muse; indeed she seems shabbily treated by their insistence on ignoring the long tried conventions of grammar and punctuation. In fine, the modern poets of *The Eagle* have forgotten, if they ever knew, the elements of poetic craft—that craft which only a sound classical education can truly foster.

Why can they not remember that poetry is about decency and honour, about nobility of spirit and purity of soul, not about sticky bodies and broken beer bottles?

In my opinion such pieces stand self-condemned; nor can they be retrieved by artily misplaced and misspelt words.

No, the College that produced Wordsworth and Hilton must not allow such lucubrations, which pass under the guise of poetry to continue. And there will be, I am confident, many who will subscribe to such a worthy aim—let them rally to the standard!

But I fear with Quintilian that 'si populus vult decipi, decipiatur'.

Yours etc.,

C. T. WITHERINGTON-HAY

(Although Mr Witherington-Hay appears not to be a member of the College, the Editors regard his views as worthy of wide publicity.)

University Challenge–what went wrong?

University College, Oxford 200 St John's College, Cambridge 130

THAT was the scoreline which rocked the floating foundations of St John's last term, and immediately the questions were being asked: had Spilsbury—for so long the college supremo—boobed in his method of team selection? Was it time for him to hand over to a younger man, and could Johnians ever hold their heads high again? Could Bamber Gascoigne remain one of the most respected referees in the game today? Can Spilsbury (or his successor) rebuild the team—clearly jaded and tired after their experience in the rarified atmosphere of Manchester—by the next time St John's is involved? From Cripps to First Court, the debate raged on.

Spilsbury started the task of moulding a winning team way back in October. He tested hundreds of Johnians with searching questions, and eventually whittled the prospects down to sixteen, and then down to five: Jim McJohn; John Bush, Philip Milton; Mike Webb, Adrian Salter. This, then, was the team which would attempt to avenge the Lacrosse Varsity Match defeat of 1971 and the Boat Race defeat of 1967—would they rise to the challenge? Spilsbury did not shelter his team in a North London hotel, but brought them out for an exhibition match against a team of Fellows in January. The Fellows' team that day read: Brogan; Wagner, Pascoe; Bambrough, Langton—a formidable line-up in any situation. The atmosphere was electric as chairman Mr Derek Gregory of Sidney (one of the most respected referees in the game) read out the first question: 'Who am I describing? He was born on 24 January, 1935, educated at Eton and Magdalene College, Cambridge . . .' In a flash Bambrough had buzzed. 'Bamber Gascoigne'—his answer was clean and confident, bulging in the back of the net; old-timers in the crowd (Pythagoras was so packed there wasn't even room for the white horse) recalled Lorimer, MacDougall, and Newton (Isaac). It was the perfect answer, carved by Michelangelo with all the lyricism of Beethoven. The dons had raced into a ten-point lead and the forecast massacre was on the cards. But it was not to be. After this initial setback the undergraduates rallied, and, with Salter mesmerising the senior members with his erudition and speed of buzz, soon took the lead. The dons used their knowledge of the Goons and Bill Tidy to close the gap, but were losing the battle for the intellectual midfield by impulsive buzzing, while Salter and Webb, the undergraduate front-runners, were continually knocking up the points. Then, in an incident that made the Battle of Britain look like tea with the vicar, ex-under-23 undergraduate Spilsbury butted in from the touchline on a question about traffic-lights. But soon all was calm again, and the undergrads eventually coasted to a 410–295 win, with the audience being awarded five points for aiding and abetting. A moist-eyed but triumphant Spilsbury told reporters afterwards: 'I'm really on cloud nine about this. Who said these boys are finished? They could win University Challenge with one frontal lobe tied behind their backs, to my mind. That incident? Let's just say I forgot myself'.

And so to Manchester. An eleventh-hour decision by Spilsbury (who forgot himself and did not travel up) left McJohn sweating it out on the substitutes' bench, and soon many were wondering if the mustachioed manager had blundered. For Univ (who boast Shelley and Warren Mitchell among their ex-players) had won the first four starter questions and streaked into a lead of 70–0. But then Milton spat out the word 'Josuah' with a splendour as Cambridge as King's College Chapel, and John's were closing. Their knowledge of the 50p coin took them up to only 50 points behind, and we could still hope. The Oxford team was efficient and well-disciplined, and, with Salter only a shadow of his former self, John's fell further behind, a golden chance being missed when no-one knew who had written the novel of the film of the tune of *Love Story*. With only four minutes to go, and Mr Gascoigne looking at his gong, John's pulled up to 25 behind, but cramp was setting in, and Univ went away to win 200–130. The disconsolate Johnians left amid cries of 'Bring back Palmerston!' and 'Spilsbury must go!' One spectator's comment of 'If this is Cambridge brain-power, I'm sending my Nigel down the pit' was decidedly unfair.

John's did not hide behind excuses. A downcast Salter came out of the team bath to say: 'I was really sick when that music starter was about *Love Story*. But me and Bamber had a few drinks in the bar just now, and we'll all have a good laugh about it afterwards. I reckon we'd have won if we'd been quicker off the mark—but the uncertainty is what makes this game what it is—whatever that is'. Spilsbury was conventionally ashen-faced, but philosophical about the result: 'I'm numbed. But you can't win them all, Desmond. That's what this game's all about, isn't it? I think I chose the best team available, and they just weren't good enough. That music starter? I'll be taking that up with Granada, but I'm not making excuses. We were beaten fair and square, and I wish Univ every success: they were very tight at the back. I suppose it's back to the drawing-board for me now. I feel for the fans—they're a great bunch of supporters (only twelve arrests) and I'm sorry we couldn't reward them better'. He then walked off into the cold, clammy night air—a solitary man, alone with his worries, with his mammoth task of picking the college up after this catastrophic defeat. Doubtless his mind was wandering to what a team of Johnians he might have had: Wordsworth; Wilberforce; Butler, Jonathan Miller—now *they* would have been invincible.

In retrospect, the blame cannot really be laid on Spilsbury. He commented later: 'I'm sure we'd have won if we had scored more points than Univ—I will believe that to my dying day.' John's lost because they could not answer the questions—that is all. The supremo's parting words will live for ever in the memory: 'We'll be back'. That is commitment.

(MICHAEL SPILSBURY was talking to DESMOND DRAKE, who was talking to S.M.)

The Cyrenians: an Afterthought

We'd hauled our punt up the rollers on to the upper river and had just pushed off when a voice called to me from a bench on the riverbank. I hadn't seen him for eight months apart from a brief meeting in the street a couple of weeks ago when I was sure he was too drunk to recognise me. To most people he'd just be another alcoholic, one of the many you can find in Cambridge without looking too hard or even looking at all for that matter. But to me he was an old friend whom I'd first met a bit more than a year before while I was working with the Cyrenians. While I'd been there he had frequented our overnight shelter almost every night. I suppose I got to know him almost as well as most people ever can with people like him and we'd had some good times together and some bad ones. Now here he was again, smiling his usual broad, toothless grin, drunk as usual and not in the slightest any different from the first day we'd met.

The Cyrenians, who broke away from the Simon Community a couple of years or so ago, were first set up to help people whom nobody else would help; and in particular that means alcoholics. I liked the Cyrenians immediately I began working with them because they seemed to be more interested in people than a lot of charities or welfare organisations tend to be. We had the minimum of red tape, we made our own rules as we went along and we were free to bend or break the rules as we pleased, Making rules and then not sticking to them can cause chaos and get you into trouble if you stop one man from doing something and immediately allow the next one to get away with it, but we put up with chaos if it meant a few extra men not having to stay out all night and somehow survived the anger of a man who saw us give way to another man and then stand firm with him.

Life was always chaotic but that was how it should be because once we made rules to ensure that only so many men should get shelter that night and so on we'd soon have got lost in our own web of rules and regulations and lost sight of the human side of the problem. We were lucky to be in a position of such freedom of action because the welfare services and indeed many other charities don't have or don't allow themselves the same latitude of freedom and thereby lose a lot both in the help they can give and the feeling of satisfaction they can derive from their work. Nor is a feeling of satisfaction among social workers immoral. There aren't saints and unless you realise that you're doing the work at least as much for your own satisfaction as for the people you're trying to help you're likely to get carried away on an idealistic ego-trip. If you accept that your motivation is not entirely unselfish, then you can get things in their right perspective.

The overnight shelter consisted of a barn-type building with a dozen beds and outside we had a small covered area where we served soup-cum-stew and tea in the evenings and porridge and bread in the mornings.

Life there was always precariously balanced between peace and tranquillity and violence. Some nights all the men would be sober for no apparent reason, we never knew why but we didn't care, we were just delighted that they were sober. On these nights we'd have a sing-song with a guitar or something like that, which was fun for all concerned. Other nights they'd all be drunk and sometimes things got nasty but it was seldom really bad.

My last day there was my old friends' birthday and he was clearly touched by the couple of ounces of tobacco we'd clubbed together to buy for him. It was one of the very good days that can't really be described but has to be experienced. And when you did experience one of those days, everything seemed to become a lot more clear and you realised what it was that made you stay in that place when often you'd been led to question the whole point of it.

In the end you realised that you weren't doing any permanent good—that that was impossible given our circumstances—but you'd made a contribution of a different sort. You'd accepted them as they were, human beings the same as yourself for all the material differences between you, you'd given the one thing that was free and cost nothing: a bit of human warmth. If you couldn't actually do anything to change their existence perhaps you had helped to make it a little more bearable by showing you cared. You'd transcended all the barriers between you and him and found the human being underneath.

MARK GEORGE

Epitaph

He fell in the time of nascent flowers,
While the light of Spring yet glimmered
On a world longing to be warmed
By rays returning to stir the skies of the dawn.

Absence aches like an unresolving chord
Through the hollowness within; words
Falter, withering at our touch.
Is it possible we have forgotten so much?

When the year's shoots open to the warmth, far beyond
And above, a cadence will fall that may not end.

A. FULLWOOD

PROBE into the inner recesses of one's mind—a dark abyss. A torture full of secrets—black and mysterious. Cats, hundreds of them. Shall we, perhaps, dance? Twirling, now swirling, we move towards a vast, ornamental, orange, blossom-hung tree. You smile and gaze up at the firm fruits we see hanging there as if to say:

'Pick one for me please.'

Your hair is soft and I can no longer refuse. I pass my finger along your downy cheek, just touching the corner of your open mouth, and pluck one of the creamy sweets, in the same movement returning to your mouth which is open and ready.

'We have danced enough, my pretty one. We must return soon to the crowded glade full of so many laughing yet bitter people. Swallow that last dripping morsel and spit out the pips into this fresh stream which leads to the sea. Now we are both satisfied and will be able to laugh bitterly with a clear head. See, they have begun the debate. Look how Clamen is holding forth! I hope it will not degenerate into the usual debacle for your father's side. It does make supper so unpleasant.'

They are gone. It is time to begin the long ascent, leaving these lands of whirling smoke, back to pure endeavour and all its accompanying sweat and visions.

D. J. A. TROTMAN

Winter

SHE woke up suddenly. It was half past two. She wondered why she had woken. So that was it! Some one had banged against a chair in the kitchen. She listened for further noise from the kitchen. All was quiet. It was too quiet, and as she felt the bed by her side she found it empty. That was what had made it so unusually quiet: his breathing was missing. She got up and groped her way through the dark house to the kitchen. In the kitchen they met. The time was half past two. She saw something white standing by the cupboard. She put on the light. They stood opposite one another in their night-clothes. At night. At half-past-two. In the kitchen.

The bread board was on the kitchen table. She saw that he had been cutting bread for himself. The knife was still there alongside the board. And there were crumbs on the tablecloth. In the evening when she went to bed she always shook the tablecloth. Every evening.

But now there were crumbs on it. And the knife was there. She felt the cold of the stone slabs creeping slowly through her body. And she looked away from the bread board.

'I thought there was something here,' he said, and he looked round the kitchen.

'I heard something too,' she answered, and as she said it she realised that at night in his nightshirt he already looked very old. As old as he was. Sixty-three. By day he sometimes looked younger. She really does look old already, he thought; in her nightdress she really does look rather old. But that's perhaps because of her hair. With women at night it's always because of their hair. That makes them suddenly look so old.

'You ought to have put your slippers on. Going barefoot on the cold stone slabs like that. You'll catch cold yet.'

She did not look at him, because she could not bear the fact that he was lying. That he was lying, after they'd been married for thirty-nine years.

'I thought there was something here,' he said again; and again he looked so senselessly from one corner to another, 'I heard something. So I thought there was something here.'

'I heard something too. But it mustn't have been anything.' She took the board from the table and shook the crumbs from the cloth.

'No, it can't have been anything,' he echoed doubtfully.

She came to his help: 'Well come on. It must have been outside. Come on back to bed. You'll go and catch cold on these cold stone slabs.

He looked towards the window. 'Yes, it must have been outside. I thought it was here.'

She lifted her hand to the light-switch. I must put out the light now, or I'll have to see to the bread board, she thought. I mustn't see to the bread board. 'Come on,' she said, and put out the light, 'it must have been outside. The trough always bangs against the wall when it's windy. It must have been the trough. It always bangs when it's windy.'

They both fumbled their way through the dark passage to the bedroom. Their bare feet padded on the floor.

'It certainly is windy,' he said. 'It's been windy all night.' When they were in bed, she said: 'Yes, it's been windy all night. It must have been the trough.'

'Yes, I thought it was in the kitchen. It must have been the trough.' He said that although he was half asleep.

But she noticed how falsely his voice rang when he was lying. 'It's cold,' she said, and yawned softly, 'I'm getting under the bedclothes. Good night.'

'Good night,' he answered, and added, 'yes, it's certainly quite cold.'

Then there was silence. After many minutes she heard him gently chewing. Intentionally she breathed deeply and regularly so that he would not notice that she was still awake. But his chewing was so regular that it slowly sent her to sleep.

When he came home the next evening, she pushed four slices of bread towards him. Previously he'd never been able to have more than three.

'You can eat four; go on,' she said, and moved away from the lamp, 'This bread doesn't agree with me so well. Go on, eat another. It doesn't agree with me.'

She saw him bend low over his plate. He didn't look up. At this moment she felt sorry for him.

'But you can't make do with two slices,' he said, speaking into his plate.

'Oh yes I can. Bread doesn't agree with me in the evening. Go on and eat. Go on.'

Only after some time did she sit down at the table under the lamp.

IAN THORPE

Stewing on a Business Bursar

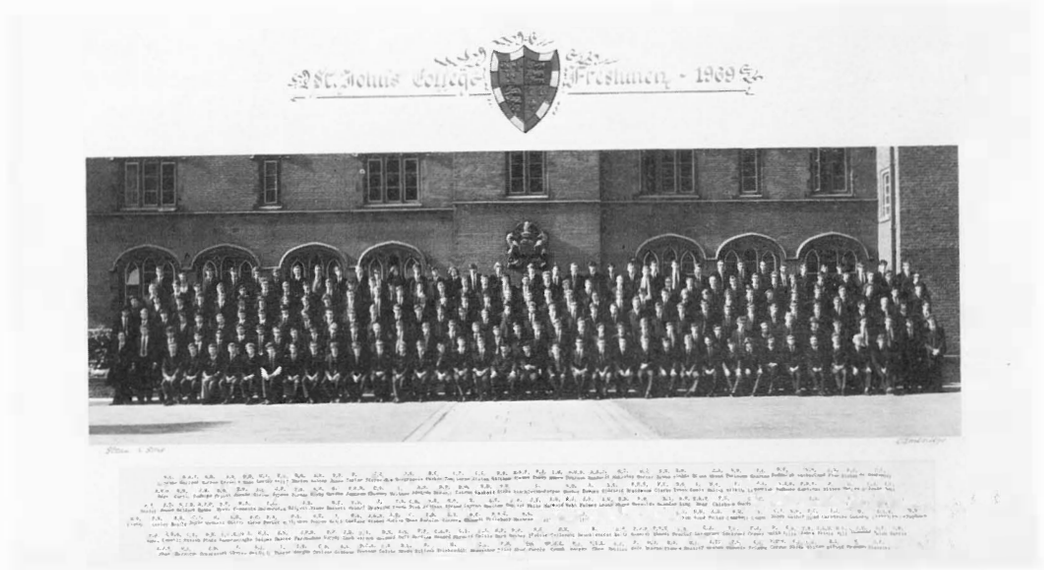
Get your egg.
The swan didn't come back this year, so that's no good.
'Half a dozen eggs, please.'
'Er, half a lager and lime, did you say? I think we've got some somewhere.'
'No, actually, half a dozen eggs.'
'Oh, why didn't you say that before?'
Feel like giving up.
You've got your eggs.
Now cook one.
No water.
Send for the man in the blue boiler suit.
'Course, the trouble with this water system is it's bloody knackered. And as for the bloke in charge, well he's a bastard.'
No water for half a day, then water. With a slight leak, but
can't bear the thought of him again.
Gas.
No, no gas.
Send for the high speed gas man.
It's him again.
'Hm, it's getting rather like a Pinter play in here.'
'Course, the trouble with this gas system is it's bloody
knackered. And as for the bloke in charge, well he's a bastard.'
We have ignition.
Must be careful, daren't make a mess in the gyp room or my
bedder will glower.
'He's been avin orggies in there again, you know.'
I thought this was easy when I saw a gourmet galloping.
Here I am scared in case it cooks too long.
The record needs changing.
There's someone at the door.
I want to go to the bog.
I've dropped the salt all over the floor.
The egg's cracked and it's poaching instead of boiling.
Don't like poached eggs.
Can't stand eating in hall.
Still want to go to the bog.
Remember the fixed charge.
Look at the egg.
Looks horrible.
Think.
Oh what's the use.
Give up.
Go to the bog!/Go to Hall.

Developments in the Art World: the Technique of Collage

As an artistic device the technique of *collage* has been around for quite a long time, achieving considerable recognition in the work of Surrealist artists. Although the technique can be very limiting, and many intelligent artists have forsaken the style because of its restrictions, it is still interesting to take a brief look at what is involved.

The essential feature of any *collage* is its totally unrealistic nature, although the individual images which constitute it are in fact drawn from natural and everyday life. The effect created often has its source in the abnormal or humorous appearances which are built up. Or perhaps in the ridiculous patterns that can evolve from bringing separate images together, or by the uncharacteristic and unnatural ordering of distinct objects. Let it be clear that what we are dealing with is a question of appearances, a question of order, and a question of comparative value.

Harrap's French-English Dictionary refers to *collage* as the glueing or sticking (of wood etc.) or the lasting (of paper etc.), generally for artistic purposes. This is the context in which the word is usually interpreted. The *collage* method may be used in a variety of different ways. If an artist acknowledges the disparate nature of the separate images he uses, the work will rely less on overall patterning or generalised statement. The effect will not be linear, but understanding will deepen in stages, as each part of the picture is appreciated and interpreted. Alternatively, by deliberately reducing the value of single images, or by proliferating a single set image, the dominant impression will be one of order and organisation. In this way the observer will go away with a rather muffled impression, instead of seeing coherent themes. To an extent Andy Warhol has demonstrated this method in a canvas which is covered by multiple representations of the Mona Lisa portrait. The same kind of device is illustrated in the photo-montage below.



This is not a particularly good example of the *collage* method, but it does provide a few points of interest. The technique is that of constant repetition; the repetition of a single and easily transferable image. The names underneath the photo-montage are irrelevant, in effect. Several hundred faces of a similar nature, and several hundred figures dressed in a like manner, have here been assembled together. It is possible to detect minor differences between each individual face and the others which make up the picture. But the distinctions seem to be peripheral, and are not strong enough to give that particular image or figure a different status or value.

The figures in the photograph shown above are fairly malleable. They could be moved around within the photograph, to higher or lower positions in the rank, without actually changing themselves, and without offsetting the general impression created by the group appearance. Thus the overall pattern could be construed as an organised one, but an organisation without reason. In this particular case the grouping of all the images is helped by setting them against the right sort of background.

So what is the result here? The work is over-large and the intentions are over-ambitious. The basic unit, the individual image on which it relies, is not strong enough or good enough to stand alone. Yet the general ideas and themes, the overall meaning expressed by this *collage*, are extremely difficult to identify or elucidate. They exist at a vague and con-conceptual level; very difficult to verbalise, and consequently, I suppose, just that little bit more profound.

Apart from the general limitations of the *collage* technique, this photo-montage has limitations of its own. Notice, for example, the space between the heads. The figures are not quite close enough to overlap or to touch, without making an abnormal and pre-meditated effort. And, (if one considers it, for one moment, as a realistic presentation), should the separate figures ever rise from a sitting position, they would probably collide with the characters closest to them. The artist has used a gap; small enough to prevent, but not wide enough to allow. A peculiarly unsatisfactory compromise.

The picture is composed of a very uniform colour scheme; shifting, as you can see, be-tween white and black. Sometimes stopping *exactly* between white and black. The *collage* has little or no surprise value, and was produced with little imaginative energy. There is not even a face to be seen at one of the windows in the background. But as we know, there is always somebody watching scenes such as this with amazement and disbelief. Substantial meaning is denied to the constituent parts, except in relation to their immediate surround-ings. Perhaps because the basic image is of little absolute value. This is why each *collage* operates by its own distinct set of internal values, and creates its very own context.

The word '*collage*' has passed directly from the French language into English critical terminology, without apparently meriting an inclusion in the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. But life goes on. Harrap's New Shorter French and English Dictionary (Part 1. French-English. Revised 1967 Edition. Price 25/–, now £1.50) gives several meanings to the word, apart from the common one mentioned earlier. The meanings are given in the top left hand corner of page C 35.

'1 Collage à sec—dry mounting.
(b) cohabitation, living in sin.
2 Sizing.
3 Clarifying (of wine).'

There we seem to have it. A composite definition might refer to the attempted fusion of dry mounting, in a sinful mode of living, against a background of quantity assessment and a notion of quality acquired simply through age.

On the other hand all this can be ignored. But let us examine the basic principles again. Yes, let us examine them—I cannot think of any more effective method. In fact I am quite unable to think at all just at the moment.

But what *does* the technique of *collage* contribute to the artistic process? . . . And now to other matters. Fifteen minutes of random scribbling in the quiet sunshine of a Cambridge afternoon (interrupted only by the occasional clamour of fornicating ducks) would have been much better spent applying for a job. Of that nobody can possibly have any doubts. But Sean was short of material and we are all short of time. I seem to have moved away from the realms of art to more obvious things. Which is perhaps not a surprise. *Collage* is a useful technique when the artist knows its limits. At best it is a second-hand and excessively conscious form of art. To make full use of the *collage* system is something like filling one lung with air.

And some said that they would breathe later—but they died.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

College Intelligence

RUMOURS are circulating about the origins of a curious pair of Victorian lamp-posts which have appeared in the Cripps back drive. Sorted out and enumerated, these are as follows:

1 That they were left to one of the older fellows by Jack the Ripper.

2 That they were originally bought by Dr Bertram as barter for East Africa.

3 That the Junior Bursar has explained to the College Council that they fell off the back of a lorry.

4 That the Steward intended installing them in Hall, to provide some atmosphere for the usually solitary diners, but that the Council had decided instead to put them behind Cripps, where they would look even more ridiculous.

M.N.

SJC–or Mysteries of the Organisms

THE Master woke with an uneasy feeling that all was not well with The College; nor with himself for that matter. What could it be, he wondered. He forced himself back into the sickening dream, a dream where nightmares were seeming to come alive. Suddenly it came to him with a flash of nausea. He had praised the wine that evening, had even (oh drunken moment) asked that some more be brought. Brought it had been but, the teetotal gaze from the other side of the table gave him a hard moment, before spirits raised and he called, hoping to mollify the impending storm, for a toast. 'Efficiency and Economy, Rationalisation and Retribution'. He thought it had worked, the gaze relaxed into the usual hard mask, the mask that hid for all time the frustrated gourmet that some divined lurked therein.

But now he was not so sure. Perhaps a determined rump of the Committee were arraigning him even now, perhaps dawn would bring a surly—and poisoned—cup of college tea.

It was an eventuality he'd often thought about; he'd prepared contingency plans; thought about a future which could hold little of an eminent past. There was no other way out, no college was now untainted—from the newer the virus had spread swiftly to the older colleges—indeed Trinity and John's provided a ready foothold for new measures, contaminated as they already were. And at this very moment, in the office which had once been the Steward's, his humiliation was being spun through that tortured mind: boiled alive in a vat of bitter soup, chopped up for the steak, kidney and mushroom pie, rendered down to cooking fat, what could it be . . .?

Or perhaps it wasn't, perhaps this time he would get a reprieve. But it could only be this once, there was no room for pity in the new order. And then the retribution of the final hour would be so much worse—no it was best to get out now. He could never get away; the mark, indelibly stamped, of the College was on him; the hounds would always bring him back. He had known this all along. But there was a way. It was hard, dirty and dangerous: exposure would bring death, but there was a chance. And, now so many had been sacked, the Kitchens would not ask too many questions. Even in this age waiters were hard to come by. Hurriedly he donned the uniform, grabbed a dirty plate and set out for the night of the kitchens.

Once there he would be safe; no-one, he prayed, would think of looking in that citadel. In the distance undergraduates bayed hungrily; though they had elaborate systems for feeding and payment, all they received for their trouble was a single pill of undoubted efficacy for sustaining life. So they were hungry, hungry for illicit flesh—and it might be his flesh.

Through the now empty cellars ran rats, starving like everyone else; even the poison came in measured and scanty portions. Under the courts he went, a haunted man. Through a secret door leading to the waiter's quarters, among those apathetic and broken men. He was safe, for the moment at least. Once in the blacked-out hall he edged closer and closer to the site of the old High Table, now cold steel. Hurriedly he looked for a weapon, but there was nothing that was not plastic. It would have to be his bare hands, he rushed for that efficient neck—but as he pulled he felt his arms gripped and paralysed. As he was led away the machines in the kitchens were champing hungrily; but not for long.

BON VIVEUR

'Je vais voir l'ombre que tu devins. . .'

I

Time. Time diminishes everything but itself.
Life is time, life ever the crudest urge
Of a spiritual survival; yet life the eternally ephemeral rack
Ripping apart in sensuous agony the once fortunate
Who gazed, incredulous, timorous,
On the manifestation of a too-fundamental Absolute—
Thence, dazzled in terror by searing light,
Plunged again into invidious gloom, into
Once fragrant filth, once succulent sand-drifts,
Whipped and flayed within by Knowledge,
By that vision of a greater truth which,
Yet unglimpsed, inspires no litany in the Gadarene prayer
Of the multitudinous worshippers of inconsequence.
Damned be that beatific outcast, now blinded,
Disembowelled by Artemis' hounds not
Because he once surveyed paradise, but only
As an idiot stripped of illusion, and humanity.
Happiness is not time, for it exists beyond
The pale of human seconds. But these tearful hours
We know as life, though less than demented,
These are time, time, a life-time too much

II

We know nothing greater than deprivation.
Pleasure lost, gained pain, and the embryonic
Miscarriage of an identity, velvet cocoon,
All this is only given to be wrenched away.
What are we, then, but indigent life-queuers
Preying on the hope of a new discovery?
But essence, the intangible, naked, suffocating,
Shall never be found by search:
For it lies unsearched between one lost gain and the next,
Bared callously by deprivation and as yet
Unclothed by a new expectation—deserted by
A supercilious past, reviled by an elusive
And unconcerned future. Essence is pain.
Pain greater
Than the effacing comfort of innocent nostalgia,
Deeper even than the avaricious loins of hope,
Pain pushed perfunctorily into a pulsating life,
A glowing tape-worm of suffering solipsism.
If this is essence, why then, we are damned in life:
All else is escape, a pusillanimous flight
From the boundless creativity of self-destruction.

Crucified!

Hung a picture of mans servitude to self;
Body bread, skewered for consumption,
Way wine splashed upon forehead,
Drawn as a wound by salt,
Wrenched wretchedly;
even for the end for all.
Salt by each wound redrawn in faith;
even to the beginning anew.
Dying, dying, dawn drown into day
when none may see save those with eyes;
Eyes with fire of life peace shining
eyes that meet with mine . . .
combining in union of release,
binding freedom in their glaze of joy

A cry, bleat of triumph;
Terrors turning, hearts tossing;
darkness drowning flames of hope light.
A wail, sombre silence of peace is rent
with hessian, gold, grade shrine
releasing an arc of promise anew.

Shrapnel of sacred orders piercing hearts with seeds of holy joy
a Priesthood,
expended,
expanded,
and reconciling.
Towers tumble thunder,
blood weeps stone spectres of wood
Preserving for eternity the sign of the gibbet.

R. ANGUS GOUDIE

For Celia, who hates Spaceman

I took to hyperspace through the star-gate and steered the Centauri Lightship away through the Purple Drift you know the endless gas-clouds encircling the Sirius time-corridor; we locked into Plutonium drive and drifted down to Crabsfoot the black planet, where I landed on electron-shield to avoid overheating the retro-chambers. I minced out of the gas-lock and was greeted by Junas himself, right-hand man of Emperor Llyon II—we travelled by land cruiser to Berberan the capital of the Duulkan stellar system. I was guided past the Quaestors—mercenary warriors from Styxus across the seventh galactic void—and finally to the Royal Palace, where I was shown to the Sun-room. The Emperor reclined on a vast Pherillian throne surrounded by a harem from the Planet of Flowers. I bowed low and spoke in a somewhat humble tone Sire I have come from a small planet 14 million parsecs away, and I bring you greetings and many presents. Since the dawn of our race we have longed to travel to the stars and visit other worlds and other peoples—and so I come to offer goodwill from all my kind—an offer of peace, knowledge, and cultural exchange. The Emperor looked up and glanced at his chronometer—the audience cowered.

Piss off. He said.

DAVID A. WATSON

Theatre

Clouds over Pythagoras

It was the critic D. F. Murphy who noted, with his customary insight, that 'it takes courage to produce Aristophanes on the modern stage'. Steve Briault, heedless of this distinguished warning, screwed the corporate courage of the Lady Margaret Players to the sticking-place and presented *Clouds* in Pythagoras in March. The programme described the play as 'educational' without quite defining what that meant: certainly it was about education, but whether it actually educated the Pythagorean groundling one is inclined to doubt, for in a play where most of the impact is verbal, the actors did not always put over the words with sufficient effect or clarity. Take Toby Manning. For his Cambridge stage debut, he was faced with the taxing role of Strepsiades, a challenge which he took with some gusto, if little imagination. His delivery oscillated so consistently between gabble and whine that it soon lost its ability to hold the audience, except for those thrilling moments when he lapsed into a mongrel country accent. But he displayed humanitarian instincts when failing to summon any conviction in incidents such as beating Pasias with a stick, and in the use of his hands performed a brilliant mimicking of a clockwork doll. This lad should go far.

Mr Manning was not the whole play. A chorus of white-clad Clouds threatened occasional rain (they were not above suspicion in reverse gear) but gave forth the 'thrilling inspiring tones of the choric hymns' in such a flat manner that the degree of self-mockery was a delight to behold; their dancing (arranged by Virginia Taylor) amused the coarser elements of the audience, a reaction unfair to the actresses, for the movement was delicate enough, even if its significance sometimes remained obscure. Most of the cast were not LMP veterans, and

often looked uneasy, but there were several good performances, especially from Hal Whitehead as Pheidippides and Nigel Crisp as Socrates, while Neil Coulbeck, Bob Holmes and Mike Brookes provided entertaining vignettes. The best episode of the play was undoubtedly the True Logic-False Logic debate, with Viv Bazalgette as the former, all athletic and almost pure, clearly enjoying himself as much as the audience did, and Tony Fullwood, the latter, exquisitely *roué* and suave.

It may by now be a commonplace of Lady Margaret Player criticism to say that the small stage was used to full advantage, but it needs to be said again. While the action was static at times, the positioning was intelligent (especially with the Clouds) and the whole was visually arresting. The final scene, when the Logic Factory is burned down, was particularly effective, with clever use of lighting and music contributing to a chaotic close.

The play's application to modern-day Cambridge was attempted but not driven home fully, and it remained very much a production of moments. If it took courage to produce, with a few pints of Courage it was a pleasure to witness.

FAT DRAKE

Review

Stephen Sykes, *Christian Theology Today*.
Mowbrays, 1971. Pp. 153.
£1.50 (paperback 90p)

The Dean of Chapel tells us that he was invited to write this book 'for the benefit of the "man in the street",' which doubtless accounts for the refreshing lack of dry footnotes and vast bibliographies. Three opening chapters deal with theological method. Mr Sykes offers a helpful definition of Liberalism in theology as 'that mood or cast of mind which is prepared to accept that some discovery of reason may count against the authority of a traditional affirmation in the body of Christian Theology' (p. 12). The inevitability of this sort of liberalism, the validity of conservatism, and thus the inescapable pluriformity of Christian belief, are affirmed and discussed with admirable economy and lucidity (e.g. 'Christianity . . . is a family of religions with a common focus,' p. 53). Mr Sykes then moves on to consider some objections to religious belief and to outline areas of ground common to believer and unbeliever which can be profitably discussed by both as part of the Christian's contemporary apologetic.

The four last chapters introduce the reader gently to New Testament criticism, problems about creation, comparative religion, and lastly to the character or spirit of Christ as a kind of doctrinal norm. This final chapter is disappointing, Mr Sykes selects four aspects of the ministry of Jesus and attempts to relate each to each of three elements of Christian life. The reader is left in something of a mental whirl—an anticlimax after all the immediate illuminations he will have gained from preceding chapters.

With that reservation, the book may be confidently recommended to any thoughtful person looking for a scholarly but readable introduction to theology. My main quarrel is not with Mr Sykes but with his proof-readers. Such linguistic monstrosities as 'It remains therefore to unpack somewhat this ambiguous-sounding phrase' (p. 121) ought to have been removed; there is considerable misuse of the comma; plurals appear for singulars; 'Pharisaic' and 'Habgood' are mis-spelt (pp. 109, 152); '1859' should read '1889' (p. 18); and 'could bring themselves' should read 'could not bring themselves' (p. 13). Apart from all this, one can only regret that an unattractive cover and an excessive price will probably restrict the book's circulation among the very readers it would most benefit.

N.B.W.

Editorial

WHAT THIS COLLEGE NEEDS IS A BETTER MAGAZINE. Absolutely. A magazine to represent the Spirit Of The College, to engage the hearts and minds of the mass of Johnians in controversy, art, literature and matters of corporate concern.

But who are these Johnians? Peel off the label and you find an amorphous collection of people which is unwieldy, arbitrary, incongruous and purposeless in conception. Most of them live 'in College'—that is, in an even more incongruous collection of buildings spanning a river and five centuries. Many of them live nearer to the slums behind Northampton Street than to the Chapel or the Front Lodge. Most have a few close friends, a few dozen nodding acquaintances, know *of* a few quasi-significant College *Figures,* and don't know at all, except perhaps by sight, the rest of the however many hundred it is.

What happened to the proposed College Folk Club? Why did only one person turn up to the first meeting of the proposed College Art Soc? Why does the Magazine Society have so much unused capital, and *The Eagle* so few contributors? Why did nobody do or say anything about the *nasty* act of authoritarian vandalism committed by the College in an unsuccessful attempt to stop people climbing in from the Queen's Road (go and look at it, if you haven't noticed)? Why is it, that in a Place of Religion, Learning and Whatever-it-is, the biggest issues which unite us—The Kitchens and Guest Hours—concern not our Souls and Minds, but our Bellies, Bank Balances and Balls? Why did no-one come forward to support the people recently punished for breaking a rule which we all despise and ignore?

I found the Spirit Of The College in the Bar, desultorily collecting empty glasses among little groups of smoky, clever, beery ribaldry, and asked him. Ah well, he said, I've had rather a lot of work on lately. . .Possibly *The Eagle* represents him only too well.

Perhaps, though, an external concern or direction could compensate for the lack of internal coherence—no College is an island, hopefully. What *about* the unfashionable, uncultured, unprivileged bit of Cambridge just behind us; or the sad, blank-eyed men who sit with their empty bottles just opposite the Front Gate, and provoke such contradictory and disturbing feelings when they ask us for money? They sleep on benches or patches of grass only a courtyard's length from the College, out in the open because even our bicycle sheds are locked to them. It's not for their sake that we want to get rid of Guest Hours.

I found the Spirit Of The College alone at three o'clock in the morning on Cripps roof, staring nervously and longingly down at the Lethean ooze of Binn Brook, and Put It To Him. Ah well, he said regretfully, the trouble is that this place has given me hang-ups of my own, and until I can sort them out. . .

Wordsworth thou shouldst be living at this hour. Etcetera, not that it was any better in *his* hour. WHAT THIS COLLEGE NEEDS IS A BETTER MAGAZINE. Undeniably. But what this magazine needs is, let's face it. . .

S.F.B.

The Ascent of N.F. 13

I woke, summonsed from a dream. Sleep lifted slowly as a dim awareness returned of my immediate surroundings. My three shadowy, down-clad, companions were up and about and already busy with breakfast. It was little more than an hour after midnight. The moon was high, illuminating the shallow gully, sandwiched between low banks of loose scree and wind-fluted snow, where a small flat area of pebbles had lately served as our bivouac site. An upward glance cleared the last mists of sleep from my memory. Looming deceptively close above us was the twin-horned bulk of 'N.F. 13', an uninspired German symbolism for the rather fine nineteen–thousander which Gordon and I were planning that day to climb.

'Breakfast' was oats, dried apple flakes, and 'Complan', mixed in just-thawed water. Between teeth-chattering mouthfuls rigid boot-laces and stubborn zips were manipulated with bare fingers, fast losing sensation. At 2.00 a.m. we set off. A rib of frozen scree led us gently up to the blunt glacier snout, and an early halt for fastening of crampons and unmasking of ice-axes. Then a short steep climb on firm snow brought us into the cwm.

The floor of the cwm was gently undulating glacier, a silver sheet in the full moonlight, its smooth monotony broken only by occasional fluted ice formations. The right wall was a rocky precipice, soaring into the black sky, while to the left, and ahead of us, a rising sweep of snow led up to the ridge of N.F. 13. The moon played tricks with distance. By the time we had reached the snow ramp its upper part was already in shadow, the moon fast setting as we turned towards its sinking light and began our slow ascent.

Some way below the ridge the ramp merged with the main flank of the mountain. We were by now in darkness. The snow, here steeper, was powdery, like caster sugar. I led the way, fighting for every foothold, and managing by my exertions to keep warm. Gordon, following more easily in my disintegrating footsteps, was becoming increasingly aware of the still deepening, down-penetrating, cold. We gained the crest at last, and rested by a rocky outcrop, briefly, now in the coldest part of the night just before dawn. All was still and grey. Then climbing again, we moved out onto the broad summit ridge of our mountain.

And the sun rose. First a lightening in the sky, across the cwm to the north a crawling layer of low cloud distinguishing itself slowly from its attendant peaks. And then, one by one, came the lighting of a hundred beacons, as every summit for miles around reflected in its turn the first rays of the sun, each one glowing a brilliant pink above the still dark valleys. The same rays touched our neighbouring bank of cloud, illuminating its almost imperceptible progress, and then the ridge of our own mountain. The pink glow descended the ridge towards us, and, from behind the massif of Tirich Mir, forty miles away on the horizon, the sun rose, and it was day. We rested precariously on the steep slope, and loosened our boots to restore circulation to frost-numbed feet.

The altitude was now taking its toll. Neither of us was well acclimatised. Three hours of panting, painfully slow progress, step by step, brought us at length to the first and lower summit, a rocky vantage point giving us for the first time a view down the steep eastern flank of the mountain to our bivouac site of the night before. A short roped descent led us onto the col between the twin peaks. The higher summit reared above us, beckoning. We left our sacks on the col, and climbed on. A steep icy slope, requiring care and two more roped pitches, led up onto the final snowfield—and so, finally, to the summit itself. Midday was approaching. The view was magnificent, and dazzling under the glare of the sun. The entire central portion of the Hindu Kush range was laid out before us—an unending panorama of peaks and glaciers, like a foaming and turbulent sea frozen in one still photograph.

The dangers of descent are easily forgotten in the achievement of a peak gained. We eventually turned in retreat to find the snow already much softened by the persistent power of the sun. We roped carefully down to the col, retrieved our sacks, and regained the lower summit. Before us our route fell away, ever steepening, unnerving. We moved on down with caution.

Yet the worst was still to come. The steep section above the snow ramp proved now to be more akin to quicksand than to caster sugar. Lower down, row upon row of 'névé pentitents', fine tooth-like snow flutings which had provided a firm stairway for our ascent, were now weakened by the sun into fragile snares. We floundered, tripped, and cursed the last thousand feet to the glacier basin.

Our semi-controlled descent had aggravated a blister on my right heel, which, though it had not troubled me before, from here on plagued my weary progress. The glacier surface was now undermined by a lattice of afternoon melt streams, each covered with a brittle crust of ice. Once off the glacier, the loose scree, no longer frost-cemented, kept us fighting to the end. At last, late in the afternoon, we regained our simple bivouac site. We shed our sacks and collapsed, exhausted, yet contented—and were soon much revived with a welcome mug of soup, a good hot meal, and a warm sleeping bag, our sole yet sufficient insulation from another frozen night.

MARTIN HORE

MURDER

"HAPPY had it been for him had he kept the resolution which he had taken about a week before, and even the day he was killed, of shaking off the licentious friendship he had unfortunately fallen into." That stands as James Ashton's obituary, an obituary to a life that officially ended obscurely, brutally and ludicrously—stabbed to death by his own chamberpot. But there was nothing funny about the sight that met the witnesses whom John Brinkley called into the room to see the body of his dead friend. Ashton was lying, covered in blood, on the floor and under him were the sharp splinters of the earthenware pot. Brinkley's story then, and he stuck to it, was that Ashton, a boy of 17 and well-liked by everyone, had fallen in reaching out for the chamberpot.

Not everyone was so sure.

Ashton and the 19-year old Brinkley, who had just arrived at St. John's, had spent the evening of 9th March 1745 drinking together, and it ended with Ashton inviting Brinkley to spend the night with him. But of this invitation there were no witnesses; only the mute testimony of a recently forced door. This Brinkley admitted doing, saying that he had come back from the lavatory to find the door barred against him. And there were other suspicious circumstances. Brinkley's outdoor clothes and his shoes—hardly his bedtime wear—were covered in blood. The splinter thought to have caused the boy's death was itself broken before it could be seen whether it fitted the wound. Indeed one man testified that it had no blood on its point. And could such a piece of earthenware give such a fatal wound? And if it did why were no fragments of china found in the wound? And why was the body so unmarked, with no other cuts or bruises, after such a fall? Yet no alternative murder weapon was found in the room.

It was a case that strongly divided opinion—the coroner's jury, the medical experts, the public—all seemed to have a different view of what really happened.

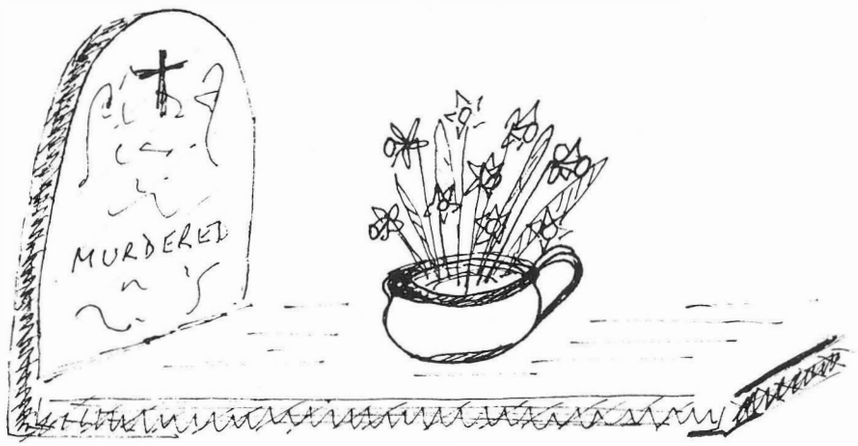
The only thing that everyone agreed on was that James Ashton, the son of a London wig-maker, was going to turn out a credit to the college and his parents. Brinkley was a rather different case. While he was agreed to have been a model pupil at his school, those who commented on his short Cambridge career had their doubts. "If he had been mild and tractable at school, his known behaviour here bespeaks a sad revolution from virtue, from reason and from common humanity." There were dark hints about "those instances at Clare Hall and the castle", but nothing was ever substantiated. And then there was their friendship. 'Intimate', 'never known to quarrel', a 'perfect friendship' were some of the comments. But "happy had it been for him...". Did Ashton really want to end the friendship? Had he perhaps done so that very night? Was that why his door was barred?

So Brinkley came to trial with little if any positive evidence on his side. And the crucial moments of Ashton's fall showed him in a rather confused light. He gave no sign of having heard anything strange when Ashton fell to the floor, and only called out to him some while later. But even though there was no answer he did nothing until he heard a groan. Then he belatedly tried to pick up the body, and finding it limp went to get help. When they returned Ashton was dead. Unless Brinkley was very drunk such behaviour was extremely odd—as most of his contempraries realised.

Yet the jury found him innocent—to everyone's surprise. The college would not allow him to stay and nothing is known about the rest of his life. The public had made up its mind and it was not in favour. The Parish Register of All Saints' church described the dead man as 'James Ashton, Scholar, murdered'.

And murdered I think he was.

GRAHAM HARDING



An account of the correct method of eating Eggs boiled for approximately four minutes just before going to Bed

The past is a hard shell
At picnics I used to break the past of the hard
boiled variety on the crown of my head—this without tears
Hollow sea-shells form the bulk of my collection
but they are past all except "remunerative extravagance"
Eggs have no part in squatters' rights—this is the count of eggs
Ten men squatting on a dead man's chest
Nine whales blowing in a dead drunk's bunk
Eight storks storking through a Red Head's deeds
Seven whippets tripping in a sad lad's Jag
Six snakes slating in a saint's slack lap
Five turnips trumpeting for Rip Van Winkle
Four limes limping as the children's teeth are set on edge
Three edges slicing through the luckless eggs
Two eggs waiting for a dead duck's spoon
One turd lurking in the dead big chest
Into the oceans throw a pinch of salt
The past is a hard shell

The present is a soft white
What could I make of all the omnipresent symbol-
ism?
Let's just say that it doesn't taste as nice as
one might have wished!
I love my white with a snow-drop
Three minutes in the sand is a knockout! Give it to me underdone
in the primeval glutinaceousocity

Don't make it hard for me.
Whipped for the moose it is good
Painted for the tarts it is good
Sugared for meringues it is good
Snapped up in Sotheby's it is good
Advised by the Toast-master it is good
When it is too set to revolt, when it is too binding to revoke
The present is a soft white

The future is a yellow yolk
My yolk I am the still-born foetus
I couldn't avoid it
It's the golden shot, the gourmet's glowing
apologia, the kernel to the problem, or Wilde
all yolk is yuseless for it has been both the
justification and the ruin of many an egg
O the morals to be drawn from the yolk
but the yolk like the bomb is too
serious to be joked about for the yolk whisks
careless Egg-Eater to Kingdome Kong
Goodnight
Don't let the fleas bite
Don't let the frogs snap
Don't let the horses frisk
Don't let the elephants hobble
Don't let the pterodactyls sniffle
Don't let the dinosaurs wobble
Don't let the beggars crunch.
But for the serious egg-eater
The stake in the lake is the work of other folk
The future is a yellow yolk

PATRICK SALMON

Cat

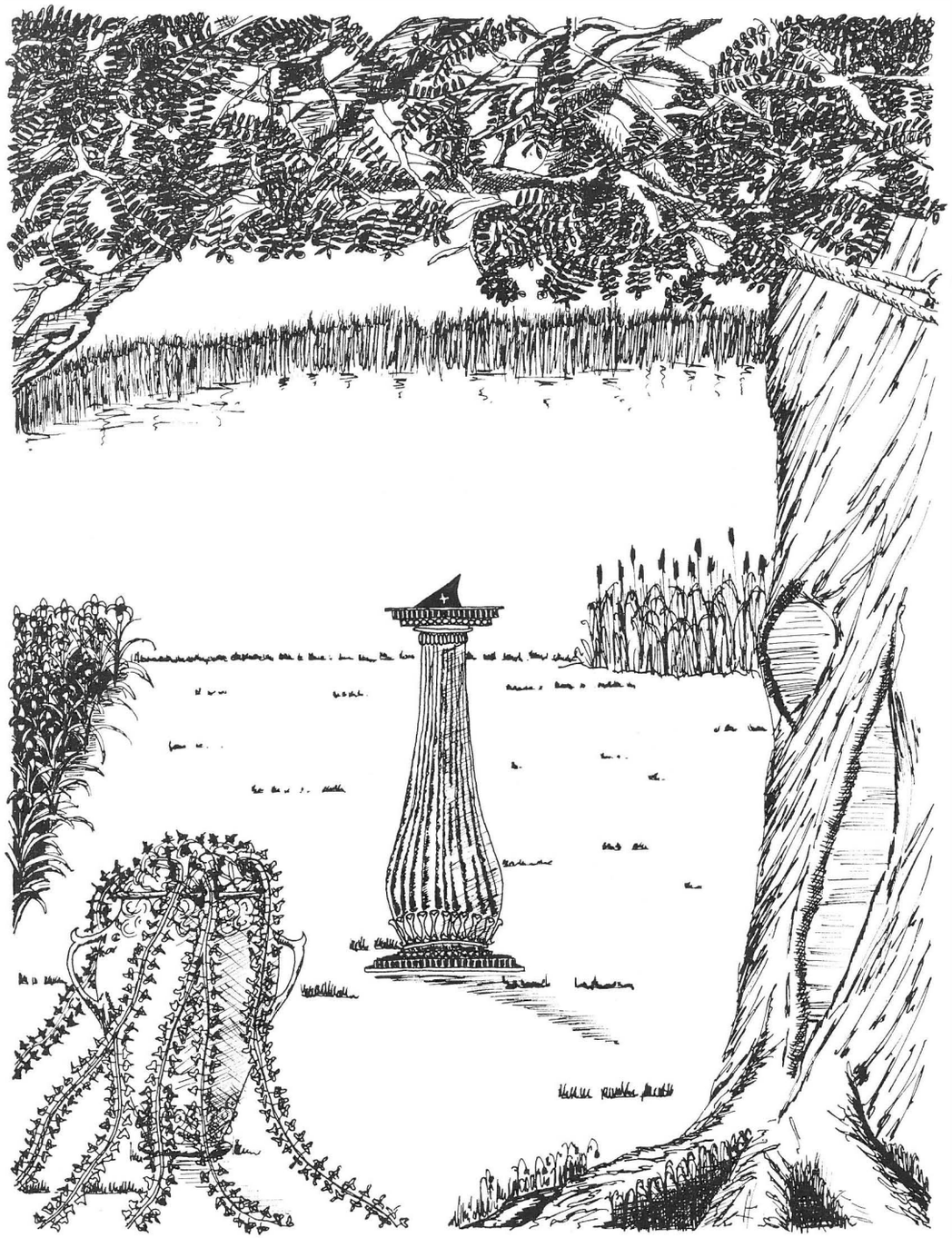
leapt the tree up
and onto the flat garage roof
walked her solitary playground like a queen;
then for tense minutes stalked a creeping leaf
as time screwed silently up preparing
to spring
with her electric body charging, tore
the air, clawed desperately and twisting round
to grasp the leaf in zig-zag madness
as if it was the world she must have for her own;
then flopped,
panted an ardent ball of amorous fur
lay languishing in the soft breathing sun;
and tender she stretched herself wondering
as her body trembled, like a woman
warm in dream of her Egyptian lover.

At the end of the Year

In November the sudden drop of the day's
darkness and a shrinking up of nature's
heart, while the shedding earth grimly obeys
the wind's sober discipline. Now all creatures
feel the blood blown cold, the hostile knife
in the air. Mindless, the great sky heaves over
and hurls rain down on the sterile land. Life
is in the balance. So it is the lover

becomes aware that winter brings a frosty
numbness to his virgin's play, a spread
of thin ice has quietly breathed itself through
the tentative sap of her body's rose. He
senses the crumbling seeds in their frozen bed
and shivers. This aching fear for life is new.

ANDREW CARTER



Ode to Les Swann

Pardon the words of one whose time's mis-spent,
Yet does not seek with pre-conceived intent
To prick the bubbles of so many moles,
But only hopes that from within their holes
Some spirit, resting idle, will be stirred
To lively action by what's here referred.
Yes, I'm aware that life here's just a joke,
That when you're drunk, all you must do is poke
Your paltry jibe at one whose back is turned,
But please remember that you're all concerned,
That from the apex of your bold delight
A steep descent is yours when out of sight,
Remember too that mixing as you do
With many egos in this human zoo,
You can one day be centre of the cage
But on the next be bundled off the stage.
For who can hope to swim amongst the weed
Of poky genius, would you pay heed
When swilling down your umpteenth pint of ale
To one whose alcoholic sense was stale?
If you're an Eagle, then be sure you're fine,
Be you a Swan or Cygnet, you're in line,
Should you have heavenly voice, then be my guest,
Indeed whatever be your interest,
Supposing you should even enjoy work,
Then you can go quite happily berserk,
But should you doubt that Tartan, overfrothing,
Shows clearly that there's absolutely nothing
Which ails within this College of St. John,
Then please do not despair—just see Les Swann!

The Alchemists

Probably nothing came of it
though the wind was propitious
and the sun set high in the sky.

We have heard nothing
since the drumming of their canvas
and the plash of their wash at our feet.

We have seen nothing either
only the stretch of their bow
and the spring of their full-loaded mast.

Nothing has come from the sea
but the restless dredge of the tides
and the endless dirge of the waves.

Nor anything marks their leaving
save a skein of age-old memories
and the golden sun on the water.

Word Games?

Bloody, her hands stretch out for water
Helpless, alone, standing in sun
Swaying in heat, shaking with fear
Rejoicing aloud but regretting what's done.

Aimless, her thoughts race on in the sunlight
Roofless, forgotten, her house lets in air
Panic attacks, pain makes her scream
Nothing but words can explode with release.

Slowly a sentence takes shape in her forehead
Joy, creation, a promised relief
Leaping like laughter, applauding her insight
Deep in the desert a mirage is born.

NIGEL CRISP

John Fisher, 1469-1535: A Papal Dispensation

MANY have paid homage down the years to the memory of John Fisher and in the present half century his story has been written anew by scholars and historians who have had access to original records and state papers, now more readily available than formerly to those engaged in historical research. Despite this and the fact that the family into which Fisher was born was one of some eminence in the commercial life of the community, we know little more of his early life than was written by his first biographer, supposedly Richard Hall[1], or than is recorded by George Poulsen[2], who gives the date of Fisher's birth as 1459, a date generally accepted until recently.

Fisher was born at Beverley in Yorkshire, the eldest son of a prosperous merchant Robert Fisher. His early education was at the Collegiate School attached to Beverley Minster, one of the oldest schools in the country though, unfortunately, the school records for the period covering his adolescence are missing. At the age of fourteen he left for Michaelhouse, Cambridge, later incorporated in the new Trinity College, and though there are no actual records of his return at any time to Beverley there are several indications from which it may be inferred that he was from time to time in touch with the town of his birth.

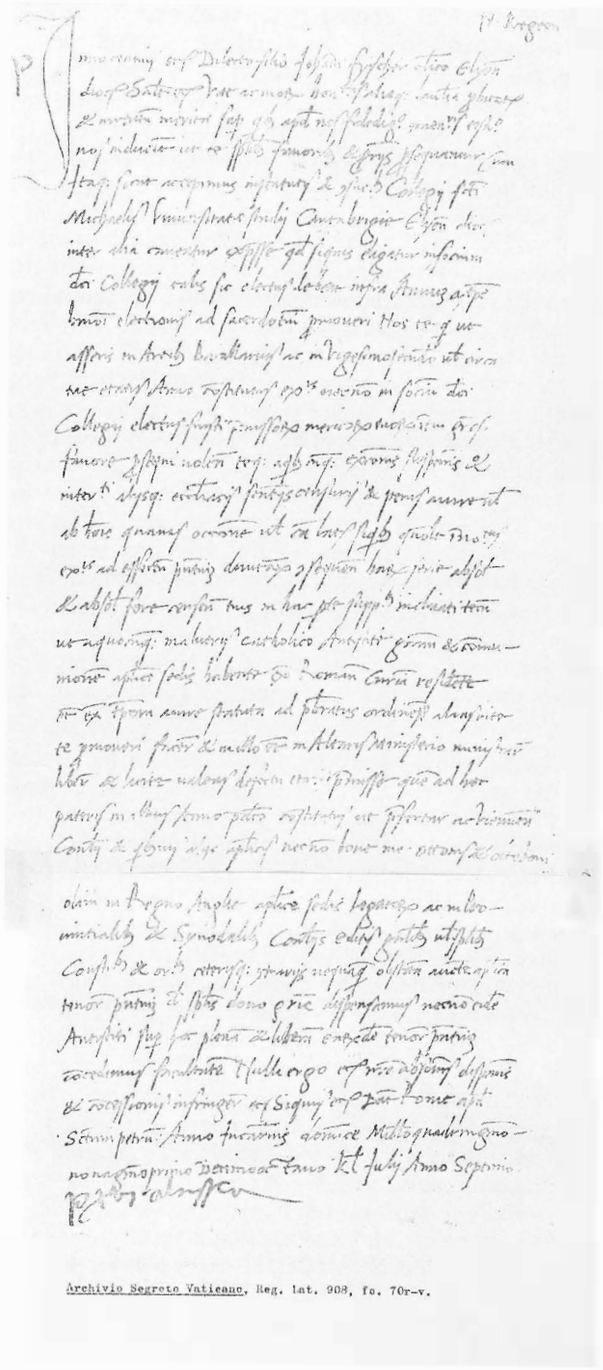
That it is now possible to date the year of Fisher's birth with certainty as 1469 is due solely to the late Dr. A. H. Lloyd, for many years Librarian at Christ's College, Cambridge, who had long been engaged in writing a history of his college, prior to the actual completion of which he visited Rome in 1934 and examined documents in the Papal Archives in the Vatican Library. There, quite by chance it seems, he found a hitherto undisclosed Papal Dispensation[3] granted to John Fisher in 1491 enabling him to take priestly orders though at the time under the canonical age. Dr. Lloyd's book appeared late in 1934 and in its Biographical Supplement B he states his intention to deal with the matter elsewhere and perhaps to print a transcription of the dispensation[4].

Early in 1972 the present writer wrote to the Librarian of Christ's College, Dr. C. P. Courtney, and was informed[5] that Dr. Lloyd, who had died in the early part of 1936, had apparently not succeeded in publishing the dispensation or any transcription of it and that there was no record of the subject in either the library or archives of the College. A similar negative result followed enquiries of Mr. A. G. Lee, the Librarian of St. John's College.

Finally it seemed that the only thing to do was to apply to the Papal Archives for a copy of the dispensation and with the kind help of the British Legation to the Holy See in Rome the Vatican Library was approached and a copy was sent direct to the writer. The work of transcribing and translating was done by Dr. P. A. Linehan to whom my appreciation of his valuable help is here accorded.

In publishing for the first time this Papal Dispensation it is felt that a tribute is hereby accorded the late Dr. A. H. Lloyd. Apart from this the subject matter is of interest on several counts. The Pope had been markedly impressed by what he had been told of the character, integrity and scholastic ability of the young Fisher who had recently been elected to a Fellowship at Michaelhouse. Moreover, it is clear that if Fisher was to comply with the statutes of his college he required authority to be ordained outside the time by law prescribed for ordination. This is precisely what the Papal Dispensation made possible and Fisher's ordination took place in York in December 1491. The late Rev. John Lewis[6] believed that it was a consequence of Fisher's election to the Fellowship that he was ordained at an early age: rather should it be said that to enable Fisher to comply with the conditions attached to the conferment of the Fellowship a Papal Dispensation was necessary.

H. M. LANGTON



Archivio Segreto Vaticano, Reg. lat. 908, fo. 70r-v.

Photograph by courtesy of the Vatican Archive

P(apa) Innocentius etc dilecto filio Johanni Fyscher clerico Elyensis diocesis salutem etc. Vite ac morum honestas aliaque laudabilia probitatis et virtutum merita, super quibus apud nos fidedigno commendaris testimonio, nos inducunt ut te specialibus favoribus et propriis prosequamur. Cum itaque, sicut accepimus, in statutis et consuetudinibus collegii Sancti Michaelis universitatis studii Cantabrigie Elyensis diocesis inter alia caveatur expresse quod si quis eligatur in socium dicti collegii talis sic electus debeat infra annum a tempore huiusmodi electionis ad sacerdotium promoveri, nos te quia, ut asseris, in artibus bacallarius ac in vigesimosecundo vel circa tue etatis anno constitutus existis necnon in socium dicti collegii electus fuisti, premissorum meritorum tuorum (. . . .) generoso favore prosequi volentes teque a quibuscumque excommunicationis, suspensionis et interdicti aliisque ecclesiasticis sententiis, censuris et penis a iure vel ab homine quavis occasione vel causa latis, si quibus quomodolibet innodatus existis, ad effectum presentium dumtaxat consequenti harum serie absolvi et absolutum fore censentes, tuis in hac parte supplicationibus inclinati tecum ut a quocumque malueris catholico antistite gratiam et communionem apostolice sedis habente extra Romanam curiam residente, etiam extra tempora a iure statuta, ad presbyteratus ordinem alias rite te promoveri facere et in illo etiam in *(sic)* altaris ministerio ministrare libere et licite valeas, defectu etatis premisse quem ad hoc pateris in illius anno predicto constitutus, ut prefertur, ac Viennensis concilii et quibusvis aliis apostolicis necnon bone memorie Ottonis et Ottoboni olim in regno Anglie apostolice sedis legatorum ac in provincialibus et synodalibus conciliis editis generalibus vel specialibus constitutionibus et ordinanciis ceterisque contrariis nequaquam obstantibus, auctoritate apostolica tenore presentium de specialis dono gratie dispensamus necnon eidem antistiti super hoc plenam ac liberam earundem tenore presentium concedimus facultatem. Nulli ergo etc. Nostre absolutionis dispensationis et concessionis infringere etc. Si quis etc. Dat. Rome apud Sanctum Petrum anno Incarnationis dominice millesimoquadringesimo nonagesimo primo, decimo octavo kal. julii, anno septimo.

Pope Innocent VIII . . . to his beloved son John Fisher clerk of the diocese of Ely greeting etc. The honesty of your way of life and character, together with other praiseworthy qualities of probity and virtue because of which you have been recommended to us by a trustworthy witness, induce us to bestow upon you our own special marks of favour. Since therefore, as we are told, in the statutes and customs of the College of St Michael in the University of Cambridge it is clearly stipulated, among other things, that anyone elected to fellowship of the said college shall within a year of his election proceed to the priesthood[7], and in view of your assurance that being a Bachelor of Arts of twenty two years or thereabouts you have been elected into a fellowship of the said college, we, in our desire generously to recognize your aforesaid merits, and taking it that if you have been or are so bound you either are or will by the effect of these said presents be absolved from all forms of excommunication, suspension, interdict or other ecclesiastical penalties imposed by law or by man for whatever reason or cause, do accede to your petition in this regard and do, by apostolic authority as a gift of special grace, hereby grant you permission to have yourself duly ordained to the order of priesthood, even outside the time by law prescribed for ordination, by any Catholic bishop of your choice who is in communion with the Apostolic See and resides outside the Roman Court, and freely and lawfully to perform the ministry of the altar, and by the tenor of these presents we do concede a complete and unconditional faculty to the said bishop; notwithstanding your defect of age[8] as has been related, nor whatever the legislation of apostolic edicts, of the Council of Vienne[9], of Otto and Ottobuono of blessed memory sometime legates of the Apostolic See in the kingdom of England[10], or other general or special decrees or ordinances of provincial or synodal councils shall have stipulated to the contrary. Let no one etc. May this infringe none of our absolutions, dispensations and concessions etc. If anyone etc. Given at Rome, at St Peter's, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of the Incarnation 1491, and the seventh of our Pontificate.

References

1. *The Life of Fisher*. Transcribed from the Harleian MS 6382 in the British Museum Library by the Rev. Ronald Bayne, M.A. The MS ascribed to Richard Hall.
2. *Beverlac or The Antiquities of Beverley* by George Poulsen, London: Printed for George Scaum, Beverley and sold by J. & J. Deighton, Cambridge and others, 1829.
3. Reg. Lat. 908, f. 70r-v.
4. *The Early History of Christ's College, Cambridge* by A. H. Lloyd (Cambridge, 1934), Appendix B, p.391–2.
5. Personal letter from Dr. C. P. Courtney, 12th February 1972.
6. J. Lewis. *The Life of Dr. John Fisher* (London, 1855).
7. Statute 4: printed by J.B. Mullinger, *The University of Cambridge,* i (Cambridge, 1873) p. 641.
8. The canonical age was 24.
9. 1311
10. 1237–41 and 1265–8 respectively.

Theatre

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN

The Lady Margaret Players show a marked propensity for Seventeenth Century drama. This time last year it was Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Burning Pestle'; during May Week, Ben Jonson. Neil Coulbeck has chosen for this term's offering Middleton's tragedy with its crowd-appeal title, 'Women Beware Women'. Given a last scene in which six main characters expire in a whirl of poisoned chalices, trap doors and falling upon swords, the seasoned Eng. Lit. student with even the drowsiest grasp of Jacobean Drama would conveniently pigeon-hole the play as 'Revenge Tragedy'.

Certainly the programme tells us of an imaginary Florence 'rotten with lust, revenge and anger.' Yet
comfortably confirmed (and confined) in our expectations. What producer and cast seem to be doing before our eyes is tentatively to explore all the possibilities of this play on stage—to search for new ways of making it speak to the audience as well as to themselves.

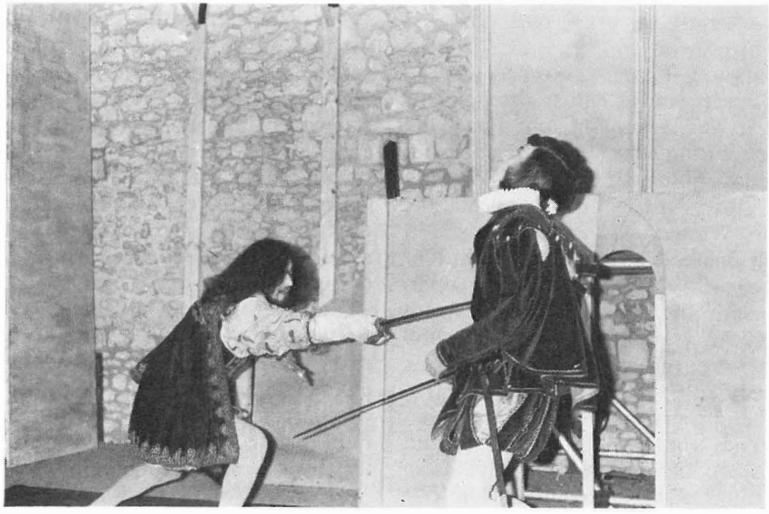
The end product is not, then, a definitive statement, but more a medley of sometimes contradictory suggestions. Characterisation ranges from sustained and powerful caricature—for example the Cardinal (Jonathen Clover) and Guardiano (Vivian Bazalgette)—to a natural, almost modern approach, notably Isabella (Penny Stirling) and Sordido (Patrick Wilson). These two attempt to break down the artificialities of verse and diction which can act as a real barrier between the emotions of the characters and those of the audience. The range of characterisation is given full scope within a fluid production, incorporating physically and tonally the alternating moods of the play. . . . processions follow love scenes; stylised masque is portrayed alongside domestic conversation.

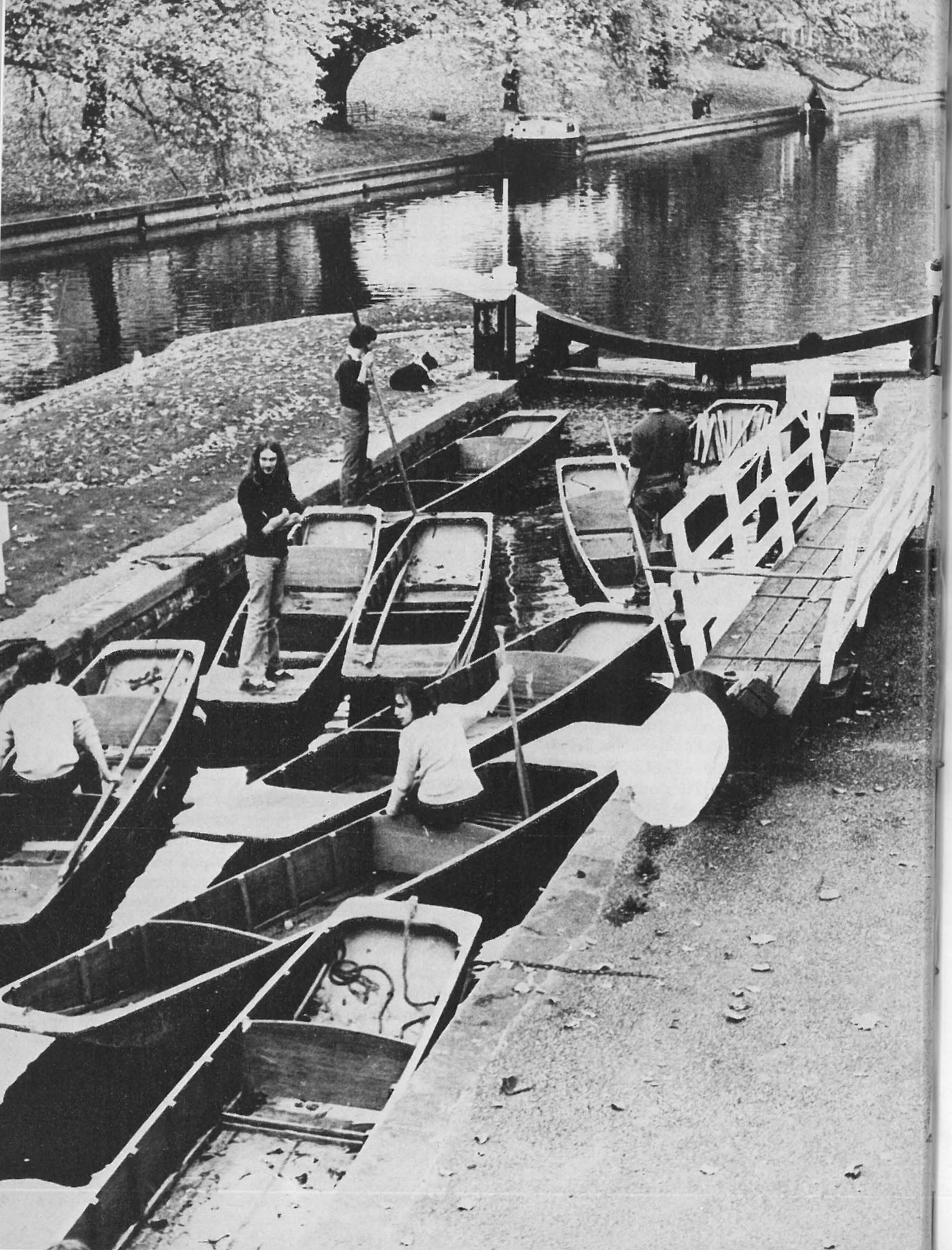
The true Jacobean stage with its Front, Middle, Rear and Upper Acting areas, could accommodate this tremendous variety. Miraculously, Pythagoras has been given Seventeenth Century dimensions; The Auditorium is constantly and imaginatively used, and the stage has been furnished with a serviceable balcony. Indeed, visually this production achieves quite stunning effects. Costumes are not only well thought-out, but in some cases quite ravishing, The grouping of colours is just as carefully arranged as the grouping of characters in parallel or opposing situations. Certainly the artistically contained precision of the play is exactly rendered on stage.

The last scene especially mirrors this dramatic symmetry. The producer has solved the embarrassment of all those accumulating dead bodies by ritualising the murders into danced mime. The lighting and sound effects are suddenly brought into full play and the effect is startling, errie and swift. For a brief moment the play hints at new ways of representation.

To a certain extent, this ingenious ending begs the question of whether a purely ritualistic interpretation could not have been used more frequently during the production.... as during the games of chess for example, or when Isabella dances with the Ward and Hippolito. Perhaps the production is too exploratory, too freely ranged—in the end too tentative. But it does succeed in freeing the play from its suffocating 'Jacobean Tragedy' label—and gives it a good public airing.

ANNE SIMCOCKS





Indubitably Mr Forster—A Glimpse

'The novels are good—of that there is no doubt, and they are so good that everything connected with the novelist and everything she wrote ought certainly to be published and annotated.....'

E. M. Forster on Jane Austen.

I first met him in the sixth form. *A Passage To India* was the set book for A-Level (or was it O-Level and the fifth form?)—at any rate, the book was read, admired, discussed. I say admired, rather than liked or loved, at least by me. I remember a discussion between the master and some of the other boys as to which was better, *A Passage to India* or *Howards End*. Some took one side, some the other. I had not read *Howards End,* but I did not see how any novel by the same author could be better than *A Passage To India.* I did not much care. Not until *A Room With A View* came out in Penguins a year or two later did Mr Forster cast his spell over me forever. I then knew, and have since confirmed, that I would own, read, and re-read every word he published, and cherish him as a peculiarly close and dear author—one of the half dozen library friends whom I could not possibly do without for very long; one of the strongest influences on my moral and literary education.

My National Service ended in 1956, and I returned to Cambridge—for the previous eleven years my home, now to be my University also. About this time I learned that Mr Forster was also a resident of Cambridge—in fact, a Fellow of King's. One might, one would, one did, see him in the street. Rapture! Impossible not to cherish a secret wish, especially when the ex-Trinity man, an army friend, who had revealed Mr Forster's address to me, had also commented lightly that a friend of *his*, a Kingsman, never passed down King's Parade without, if he had a companion, nodding up at a certain window and saying "Those are Morgan's rooms". I myself, of course, if dreams came true, would never do anything so vulgar as to boast of Mr Foster's acquaintance: the point was to have it. The thing could be done: why not? This essay hopes to explain why not.

Christmas 1956 was marked by a special present. Irene Clephane, with that extraordinary sympathy which she shows on such occasions, divined that I would be enchanted with a present of *Marianne Thornton,* then just out; and she went further—she got him to sign the title page. More rapture. Of course I knew that it had been done to please Irene, not me; but it did please me. And somehow about this time my secret hope was divined by our next door neighbour, Fritz Ursell, a Fellow of King's. He and his mother had lived at 4 Belvoir Terrace even longer than the Brogans had lived at 5, and were the senior denizens of that tall row of grey houses. The Ursells had always been very kind, and now Fritz was to crown his kindness. I doubt if I ever thanked him anything like enough. He would arrange my first meeting with Mr Forster. On 28 February 1957 there would be a small after-dinner party at No. 4, to which I, as well as my hero, would be bidden.

I had the good sense to write the occasion up afterwards, and reproduce the narrative exactly as I wrote it. At least, I omit the first paragraph, which is both unnecessary and blush-making ("I skipped a bit as I went along to 4 BT"); include the second, for it will help the reader to understand the sort of young man I was; and add one explanatory footnote.

> "I got Fritz Ursell's note this morning, and my first impulse was, oh dear, what a pity, I would love to of course but I *must* go to "Share My Lettuce"[1] and there ceased, I'd made up my mind and that was that. But David soon shook me to sense—to let a chance of meeting the author of "A Passage To India" slip in favour of an undergraduate frolic! How could I contemplate it? How indeed, I agreed. He pressed me till I was sure I was going to 4 BT,

[1]Bamber Gascoigne's revue, which, beginning as an "undergraduate frolic" at Cambridge, went on to succeed in the West End. The reader who dislikes loose ends will like to be told that I saw it later on in the week, at a matinée.

and put me into decent clothes and sent me off punctually. I am a little ashamed that I needed any prompting. David has a much livelier sense of occasion than I. Irritating—I missed my cue, a thing always to be ashamed of.

Anyway I arrived at 4 BT. Fritz answered the bell. "The guest of honour has not yet arrived." We went upstairs after I'd taken off my coat, and I found the rest of the company assembled, including Marion Bascoe, looking even more charming than usual; Dr and Mrs Smithies; an undergraduate, and a woman I don't know. We chatted a little. An imperious prolonged ring at the doorbell. Mrs Ursell flies out. A loud laughing noise, heavy steps on the stairs, knocking. "Come in" says Fritz almost inaudibly. After an indecisive pause the door opens and Mr F. comes and stands blinking at us as we rise. Unmistakably it is Mr Forster. The gently mulish expression, the spectacles, the moustache, the tilted head—just like his photographs. But I wasn't prepared for his colour—his face is rather red and his hair is dark grey; the bald spot, which must have been there forever, looks very late-fortyish, an early sign of increasing years, not the impression you'd expect to receive from a man in his late seventies; and he was much bigger and bulkier than I'd expected, no Hercules but no mouse either: bigger and stronger than I am (granted that's not saying anything). He stood oddly, as if he were a wrestler waiting to wade in, or an ape, or a captain on his quarterdeck surveying the ship—I can't approach it. Anyway it didn't seem very graceful or co-ordinated. He sat down in a big armchair between Marion and me and, everytime I said anything, turned squarely to the right and stared at me as if he expected me to say something brilliant. Had I really been going to, this would have been flattering; as it was I was disconcerted, and my remarks came out even more doughily than would otherwise have been the case. I didn't say much, I think, and found it easier, when I did speak, to look at the others.

He chatted amiably, Fritz saw to it that the conversation didn't sag (I admired him for this), we ranged over a variety of small topics. Marion was at her glowing best, and I could see Mr F. quite took to her. He told a story about lifts (*everyone* had a lift-story) which I reproduce in his own words as best I can.

"Lifts—I remember, many years ago, my mother and I were in Rome. And the lift at the pension was worked by—by *water*. At about four o'clock it would be full of the hungry English going up for their tea. One day it stuck when their chins" (a little cutting movement of his hand to his own neck) "were just above floor level. They could see the good things spread out. At last they were fed through the ironwork".

He laughed delightedly, immoderately pleased at the comical story and the pleasure we took in it. His laugh is curious—the genuine Bloomsbury laugh on which Sir Osbert Sitwell commented in "Laughter In The Next Room", a deep loud, roaring chuckle at first, then a gasping pause, then a high, insane shriek of mirth and the face flushing very dark while the whole body shakes.

Someone said how he got stuck in the lift at the University Library once and had to shout for help.

EMF (interested): Ah, ah, did you roar or *shriek?*

Undergraduate (rather embarrassed): I just shouted.

EMF: Ah I see. Begin with a roar, then shriek, that's what most people do.

There were two openings for compliments which I would dearly have loved to make, but felt wouldn't do:—what books to take on foreign holidays (obviously "A Room With A View" to Florence) and books on Greece ("what a pity you never took us there, Mr Forster") etc.

He left relatively early. "Work to do—not very good work, but it must be done." He bowed to each of us in turn, as he had when he came in (I got the last, therefore the most

perfunctory bow) and disappeared, and we consciously carried on talking as if just another guest had left. He had been himself, exactly what I expected, indubitably Mr Forster. . . ."

So far, so good. Maturity can see that the next thing to do was to invite Mr Forster to tea. At worst he would have said no; at best, dreams would have come true. Such an idea never crossed my mind. I was still shy, and socially inexperienced, but the real difficulty was that I never asked myself exactly how to achieve what I wanted. Fritz Ursell's invitation had been a great stroke of luck; instead of building on it, I vaguely waited for another—perhaps admission to an undergraduate circle of which Mr Forster was also a member. . . .it was a passive and feeble state of mind, and had its just reward: I didn't speak to E.M. Forster again for two years.

I saw him often enough. Cap, stick, overcoat, muffler, spectacles and moustache, he was a familiar figure on the Cambridge street, at which one gazed with reverence. Sometimes the gaze was disconcertingly returned. For example, there was the time a friend of mine, a Kingsman, was shifting his belongings from lodgings in Silver Street to the college. I helped him load up a flat green trolley, and on one of its empty journeys down Queens' Lane rode standing upon the vehicle, trying to look reckless, gallant and young—showing off, in fact. Suddenly there was Mr Forster, gazing at the scene with every sign of keen interest. Self-consciousness overcame me in a flash: I felt he had seen through my ridiculous posing.

Much worse was a May Week party at Newnham my third year. I had recently bought a charming pair of lightweight pyjamas, salmon-pink in colour with black piping bordering the jacket. It came to me that I had always wanted to go to a party in pyjamas, and here was the suit to wear. I also had a big straw hat bought at Narbonne the previous summer and a carved Chinese walking-stick (rather too short for me) that belonged to my family. Thus attired, off I went. (The only excuse I can make is that all young people like dressing-up—see the King's Road, Chelsea, any Saturday—and my pre-Carnaby generation had few chances for flamboyance). As I crossed the lawn to the party I became aware that my approach was being studied by Mr Forster on the edge of the group. I sidled into it on the far side, and kept well away from him till all was over.

These anecdotes are of course more revealing about me than about E. M. Forster. But they do, I think, illustrate how much of a touchstone he could be—a touchstone of the genuine. His mere presence caused folly to know itself and collapse. After that party I kept my pyjamas for sleeping in.

A year or two later I was purging my sins as a journalist in London, but still coming down to Cambridge at weekends. And there I again met E. M. Forster properly, at dinner *chez* Sebastian and Mary Halliday, who lived in a little white house in Warkworth Street whose door I had helped to paint. Sebastian, a Kingsman, knew, I think, of my cult of Forster; I think I even told him of the earlier encounters; anyway, there we all were, one winter evening, having dinner, just the four of us and a cat.

I was disappointed. He had definitely aged in the four or five years since our first meeting. He did not talk much, but the presence of such a listener damped my determination to make amends for past feebleness and, this time, to capture the castle. So conversation was very low-keyed. I remember we discussed CND and Bertrand Russell's group, which was just splitting off and planning a demonstration against an American air-base in East Anglia. The demonstration was a muddy one, I seem to remember, and led to arrests and charges at Swaffham. I disapproved of these antics, on the ground that they would achieve nothing. Mr Forster was not so sure. He had seen women get the vote, and of course everyone said it was because of their war-work, but he was inclined to think it was because of the suffragettes.

So now—we might achieve unilateral nuclear disarmament, but no-one would ever give the demonstrators the credit they deserved.

After dinner he sat in a tall chair in the corner playing with the cat (perhaps it was a kitten) with great glee; and then it was time to go. Coated and capped, he had to wait in the hall for the car or taxi that was to take him back to King's, and I desperately mustered my courage for a last bid. "There's one question I *must* ask you—may I?" He changed instantly, becoming as keen as when playing with puss, and looked at me very bright and sharp, saying "Do—but I don't promise to answer it." "Why were you so dreadfully cruel to Rickie in *The Longest Journey?*" I asked this because, among much I wanted to understand, was his fondness for what I still think the weakest of his novels; and I had a theory that Rickie was himself, and that his attitude to himself explained both the weakness of the book and his attitude to it. But his answer surprised me as much as my question clearly surprised him (I don't know what he thought I would ask). "Was I? was I? No, I don't think so. He wouldn't face facts. He got what he deserved." When reading his books now I listen for that note of gentle ruthlessness. There was nothing flabby about Mr Forster's liberalism.

Eventually I was elected a Research Fellow of St John's, and took up residence in the spring of 1964. I soon acquired one of the most agreeable habits that donship at Cambridge makes possible: dropping into the University Combination Room for afternoon tea. This vast room in the Old Schools, mingling mediaeval, Tudor and eighteenth-century motifs, well filled with armchairs, low tables, periodicals and sofas, full of light on all but the darkest winter days, is one of the pleasantest places in Cambridge, and I was pleased to find that Mr Forster thought so too. He was at least as regular a visitor as I, and one day we arrived simultaneously at the counter (rather unsightly) where one orders one's tea. How I did it I can't remember, but I got into conversation with him, and persuaded him to let me buy him his tea. It would be something to tell my grandchildren. He laughed at this, and we sat down together, where he promptly signed me up for the Cambridge Preservation Society, of which I have been a strong, and occasionally active, supporter ever since. I thought it very businesslike of him to catch this opportunity on the wing.

It was 11 November, and we talked of Poppy Day. Undergraduates were already agitating against this institution—Cambridge's only genuine carnival—and have since replaced it by a Rag Day of the conventional kind, which takes place, not in our kindly autumn, but in our freezing February, to the dissastisfaction of all except the most devoted. I suppose I said something in support of the old ways, for Mr Forster said that, according to his bedmaker, old people greatly disliked Poppy Day because of the memories it brought back, particularly of the dead. HB: I'd never have thought of that". EMF: "Neither would I."

Beginning again? Was it not about this time that I found myself talking to him at a party in King's, where he recommended Thomas Mann's *Joseph And His Brethren?* "A remarkable book. An old man turns into a sheep." (To my shame I must confess that I have still not followed this up—but I am sure to do so, one day). At any rate it was not long afterwards that I and a friend went to the Arts Theatre, and my seat was, as it proved, next to that of Mr Forster. I was now quite bold, and greeted him as an old acquaintance, and we chatted amiably about nothing for some time. Then he said, "Excuse me—do I know you?" It was too much. I can no longer remember the play, or my companion, or what happened next. I shrank back into my shell, never to emerge again. I was not really comforted by the news from someone who had really known him well that he was now forgetful with most people. I admitted defeat at last, and for the rest of his days regarded him only from a distance, as a venerable figure except, of course, when, as frequently happened, I took up one of his books, and found my library friend waiting for me, as wise, friendly and enchanting as ever.

HUGH BROGAN

Play

—"A little water clears us of this deed."

Mask on mask only
This touch. Only when we are
Not ourselves, when our
Faces are gone, when we're quite
Other, may our two hands take

Hold. Hands that apart
Have known our secret moments
(For hands know us best)
All our unspoken frailness
And solitary strength found

Out, hands that have touched
So much of us. But these are
Not our hands now and
Their coming together this
Winding of the long fingers

Is not the fearful
Twining it is, the mask is
On, and if we press
Palms, or slide into the soft
Fleshed arch here between fingers

We do not feel the
Mingling of all knowledge in
Our grasp—Oh to come
Once behind these fashioned eyes
Lay mask on mask aside—how

Naked were we then—
To look with each other's eyes
Know these hands for ours
And feel what the close binding
Of this touch between us holds.

ANTHONY FULLWOOD

Revolutionary Tales, No. 7

VOROOMTHA BELLSTOY's eyes were fierce slits. He placed one foot on the cobbles, readjusted his glasses—the right lens was smashed—and then walked steadily towards the middle of the square. For a split second he thought with pride of the words which the chairman of the Urkomsk Revolutionary People's Extirpation Committee had used; the Chairman of U.R.P.E.C. didn't mince words. The rest of the second was used by Bellstoy to stub out his cigarette against those worn leather gloves that had been with him ever since the General Directive of 1953. Bellstoy never wasted time. A minute could be weighed in terms of the number of parts that came off a production line. An hour and ten more warheads would be assembled ready for the people's fight against the Revisionists in Occupied Territory.

Now he was standing against the People's Revolutionary Fountain in the centre of the square. Looking twice about him—to the left and then to the right—he took out his packet of 20 Komintern Untipped and placed the unused half of his cigarette back inside carefully. Then he smiled grimly at the warning which the packet displayed: BEWARE—SMOKING CAN DAMAGE THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTIONARY ZEAL. Of course, he was above such dangers. Only last week the Cultural People's Working Leisure Committee had awarded him the highest accolade which Group J Reformatory Officials could hope to attain: a coupon which entitled him to 53 cigarettes a week. That was three more than even the Secretary, Glumushkin, had awarded himself. Again Bellstoy smiled, a rare luxury for one who was totally committed to the fight against the State's vile imperialist past. He imagined the repulsive beauty of the royal carriage, cheered on all sides by a tragically misinformed proletariat. He recalled the three Folio editions of the State's collaborationist bard which had made such a merry blaze in the dormitory grate. And then those absurd law courts, deluded by mirages of justice—mere élitist escapism! "You serve the Party tooth and nail. You are an abrasive thinker—in short, you are not swayed by the apparition of reason." These were the words which Chairman Krapvitch of U.R.P.E.C. had used.

And it was true. It was Bellstoy who had been in the front line for the whole war, serving out ample helpings of skilly to the People's Army as they came in at night. It was Bellstoy who had been given the Revolutionary Medal of Honour for maintaining cultural zeal among the People's Privates. No comrade had ever received food until he laid himself prostrate in the mud beneath the Party Leader's portrait. Then Bellstoy frowned sadly: if only he had known at that time that the Party Leader was to be condemned as a para-Bourgeois Revisionist. Never mind. He had come sixteenth in the competition to decide how the Party Leader was to be exterminated. The prize, a brass monkey (signed under extreme duress by the ex-Party Leader during his three day execution) hung from his dormitory bed even now.

Bellstoy filled his lungs with air—good, the People's Crematorium must be working weekends now—turned round and stared at the fountain. It had not worked since one month after the opening ceremony, when Bellstoy had submitted that a fountain symbolised the unnecessary waste excretions of metabolistic capitalism. Suddenly his alert body was tensed as some sixth sense told him that somewhere, something must be beginning to happen. A bullet zinged past him and chipped a piece of stone out of the fountain spout. Now Bellstoy's features really set in grim determination—nobody would live to boast such a vile deed. He leapt back across the square in eight bounds (eight was the number of members in the Central Party Praesidium) and found his twin carburettor ten cylinder tractor just where he had left it. He strapped on his safety belt and with a burst of exhaust he was away, changing smoothly up through the five gears. Five had been the number executed during the last Praesidium reshuffle: he made a quick mental note that he must rid himself of the tractor as soon as possible. A few minutes later, and Borzoi, his tractor, was clear of the town. A few minutes more, and he could see his assailant running towards a helicopter bearing the Revisionist's colours, the blades

whirling. Without looking round, Bellstoy's left hand uneasily fingered the two weapons beside him, and finally chose the sickle. There was no time to lose. Bellstoy's eyes were fierce slits. Leaving the tractor aimed carefully at an unploughed field he ran unrestrainedly at the helicopter and with one last effort hurled his sickle at the blades of the machine, which was now some thirty feet into the air. His missile unerringly found its mark.

As the helicopter exploded Bellstoy lent on a wooden gate and lit the other half of his cigarette. Then he walked forward a few paces to warm himself before the blaze. The weather was cold for the time of year, he reflected.

This tale is one of thirteen which together won their author, Nottarfa Corka, the highest literary award which his state has to offer, the Burli-Insensitiva Prize of 1972. It has here been secured advance publication and will be shortly available as a Beavercrook Paperback, price 4 guineas. The volume goes by the title, *Voyage of the Eagle,* the eagle being traditionally emblematic of the regenerative power which constant cultural turmoil imparts. It was tragic that Corka should have been run over at such a early age by one of the very steamrollers he had immortalised in his own fiction. His admirers' illusions must have been shattered. Nevertheless the action he describes, though sometimes criticised for its lack of credibility, is more than compromised by its close and moving psychological realism.

Ernst Lemingway, translated by VIVIAN BAZALGETTE

Murder—A Note

SINCE writing about the murder committed in St John's in March 1745 and implicitly condemning John Brinkely to be hanged I have been forced to revise judgement and enter a plea for not guilty—just as the Cambridge jury did.

I showed the accounts of Ashton's death to Dr D. F. Barrowcliff, a Home Office Pathologist, and was given an expert opinion. He stressed first the difficulties of making an exact diagnosis without knowing the exact position of the body and its relation to the bed, and this can never be known. But he than made the following points:

1. there was no blood in the bed as there undoubtedly would have been had a struggle taken place.
2. the amounts of blood in the room and soiling Brinkley's clothes are easily explicable. If he had been hanging head down from the bed in a drunken state he could have bled to death from even a small wound without being able to help himself. Also, a relatively small amount of blood can apparently create a very extensive appearance.
3. it is almost impossible to say what has caused a wound in the neck, where the tissue is soft and easily distortable. The fragments of pottery on the floor could certainly have caused such a wound as the evidence describes.
4. in his opinion the differing accounts given by Brinkley of the murder night were by no means incompatible.

He concluded that for these reasons, and also because of the apparent improbability of the story, Brinkley was as innocent as he claimed.

I must apologize to Brinkley's shade for the wrong I did him in the last issue of the *Eagle*.

GRAHAM HARDING

Item

the green ice
that fell—a whole
pound of it—
into a garden
in Addlestone

(tearing off
a branch of a tree)

when analysed,
was found to be
frozen urine

(released at a high
altitude)

there was little chance
Of finding the culprit,
said the police.

JOHN ELSBERG

Conceit

if I were a gold
mine
then you
would come
exciting and expectant searching
into my eyes
to find
the greater source forever
extending
the precious veins
until they took us
deep enough
into first things
that we could spend
our gains

JOHN ELSBERG

The Mystic

Words make their clumsy approach to these eyes
That light us by turn it seems, blue then grey;
Fumbling, our unremarkable eyes lay
Sounds about your form like so much surmise.
From the fall of hair we may realise
The white nape's curve, from a simple dress, day
Waiting in flat folds; but how do we weigh
This passionate lovelessness that denies
Us our being? My eyes must see you as
Lifting, they mark the roundness of that hill,
The whiteness of that stone caught in the sun.
Eyes' light is darkness when your own surpass
The limits of dream, and to watch them fill
Deep with new colour is blank deception.

ANTHONY FULLWOOD

Autumn Sacrifice

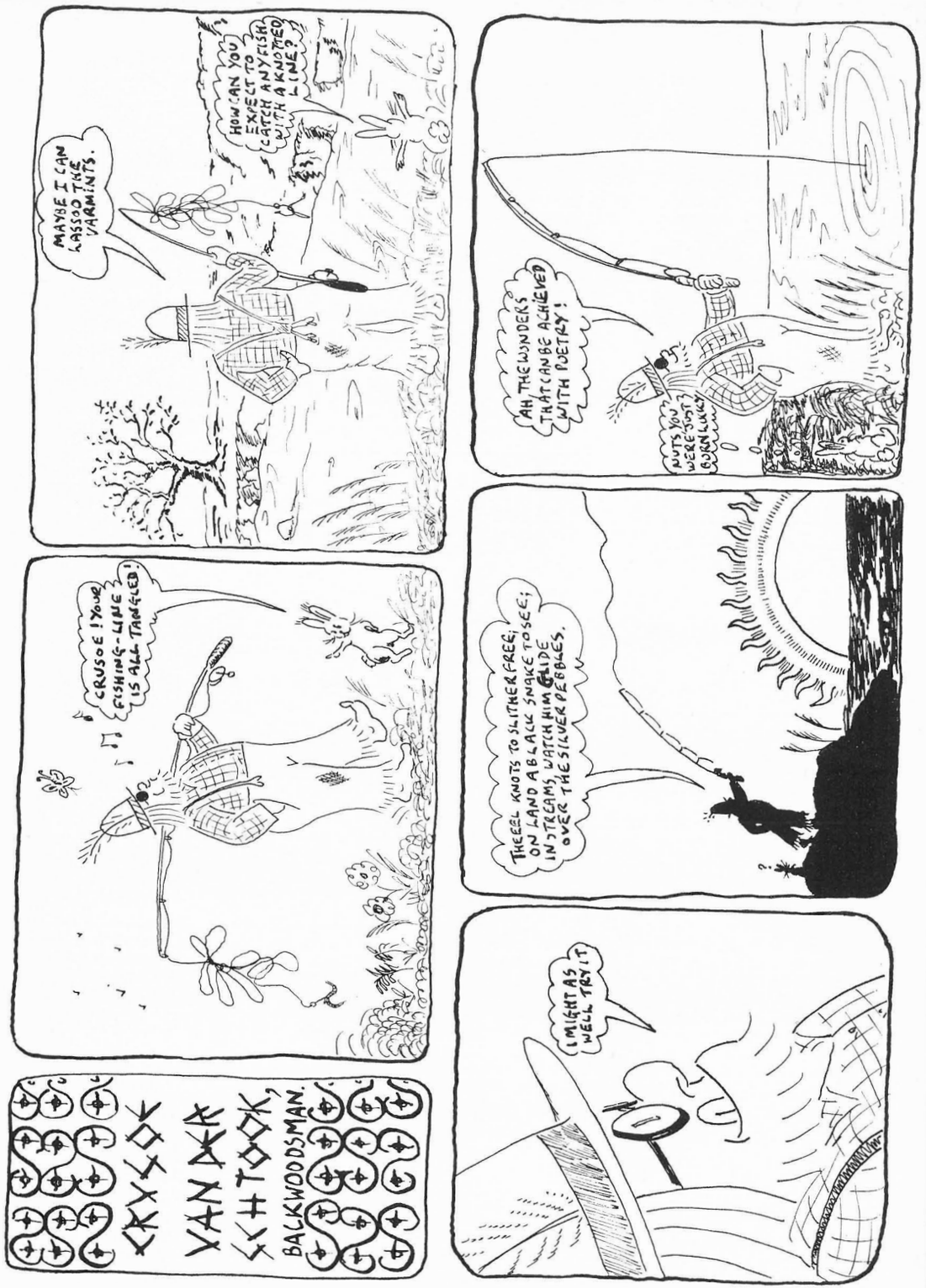
Wind that rattles the window at night
Shreds the pale skirts of morning light,
First leaves snatch and catch at our feet—
Keep close to the wall past the corners of streets.

A dark time is coming, only this guard
On one beautiful care sustains hope in sight.
The spine melts for her, our terrible secret:
But not our part to touch this blood to red.

('Produce, produce,' cry the old men—
We turn up our collars and hurry on—
Still they call: 'Produce or you're dead.'
But the sand's been too many years in the bed.)

And our child of summer, she only smiles
And says she's not a serious person,
While all about her golden head
Louder and louder beat the harvest bells.

ANTHONY FULLWOOD



What this Magazine Needs is a Better College

"What this College needs is a better magazine. Undeniably. But what this magazine needs is, lets face it.....".

So concluded the Editor in last term's *Eagle*. And there are many of us who would echo his implication, and the sentiments he expressed in the body of his editorial article. They are words which ring very true to those of us who have tried in vain to awaken the corporate identity of the College in projects such as the 'Arts Lab', the Magazine Society, or the College Disco; or who have sought, with the Editor, for the 'Spirit of the College' and found only the transient booze-instilled spirit of the bar, or the spirit of loneliness, the depression of the man whose friendships have failed him. It is true that most of those of us now reaching the end of our time at College will look back on this period in years to come and remember with pleasure the frequent enjoyment of good company, and the satisfaction of a full life. But for many the view will be clouded by memories of times of loneliness or emptiness; and most of us will be able to count the real friendships forged here on the fingers of two hands. Where did the other six hundred pass us by?

"But it would never be possible to know everyone", I hear you say. "The College is too large". Of course, but that does not excuse the other extreme. Our college 'community' is visibly fragmented into small 'cliques' whose social existence would in many cases scarcely be affected if the remainder of the College were to drown in the Cam overnight. Some may claim to like it that way. Yet for them the 'College', having channeled them into their own narrow slot, has now become no more than the sum of the inanimate amenities which it provides. Surely a college has greater potential than this.

But I hear voices from across Grange Road. "What about the 'spirit 'of the playing fields? Is this not a spirit which binds us together?" No one can deny its existence. It flows frequently back to the bar, and rampages vociferously through the courts after closing time. But is this the true Spirit of the College", or just the spirit of the team? Is there elation in the Hockey Club when the First Boat win their oars? Are there celebrations in the Boat-house when the Lady Margaret Players play to packed houses in Pythagoras? Is there any corporate identity which would work to fuse the common latent talents of individual members of, say, Rugby Club and Christian Union in some totally new project?—or are such ventures as the Arts Lab. doomed always to fail through lack of support, for want of a means of prising out the right people from their deep entrenchment in their own little ruts.

Perhaps you think I am moralising. Isn't the whole concept of a 'college spirit' a little 'public school' and Victorian? I beg to differ. I am not advocating the kind of *enforcement* of a sense of pride and common identity which so many of us remember from our school days. I am not suggesting the introduction of compulsory touchline attendance for Cupper's finals. What I am bemoaning is the lack of a *voluntary* desire amongst members of the College to identify with the rest of the College community; the lack of a self-instilled 'spirit' which would catalyse the development of a fuller, more varied, and more worthwhile college life for all of us.

But perhaps I should come down off my cloud and relate to specific matters which have concerned me personally during my time at College. The topical or perennial 'issues' of J.C.R. politics like the Open Union, Co-residence, Kitchen Charges and Guest Hours. It might well be asked for instance why, if the College is too large to be a cohesive social unit, there should be pressure from Open Union advocates for a move away from the College towards that even larger unit, the University. Is there something wrong with our fellow Johnians which leads us to expect better social relationships from an Open Union? The answer I submit is "yes", and the reason blatantly obvious—we are all male. The chances of

forming a self-contained and really cohesive all-male community are not much greater than the chances of forming a large stable atomic nucleus out of all protons and no neutrons (—yes, even sexist natural scientists can write for the *Eagle!*). Of course there are pressures to get out—pressures to find female social contacts outside the college through University clubs and societies. It is unfortunate, but true, that these pressures inevitably detract from the potential for forming corresponding societies, and for maintaining a full and varied social calendar, within the College itself. The problem with most University societies is that deep involvement implies almost total and exclusive commitment, while fringe involvement brings few social benefits. I have often thought it would be preferable to develop a more comprehensive system of societies, clubs and ad hoc activities here within the College. One could then dabble, first in one pursuit and then in another, adding variety to college life, meeting new friends, yet continually developing older friendships with those met first in different groupings and different circumstances—in short a recipe for the breakdown of 'cliques' and the development of a more self contained, more cohesive college community—but the first vital ingredient is co-residence.

Kitchen charges occupied hours of time on the J.C.R. Committee before the new cafeteria blunted the grievance. Much of the debate was between those dons who wanted to keep up flagging attendances at Hall for the sake of the corporate spirit of the college community, and those who were more interested in the economics of running the Kitchens to break even. Either way, the fixed charge stayed and *we* got the worst of the argument. We put forward the principle that if the Kitchens were to be run as a commercial enterprise then we should all have the choice of opting out completely and taking our custom elsewhere; and conversely, if the Kitchens were to be run on a 'community' basis, where all shared in their shortcomings, then we, as members of the community should have a generous say in just how they were run. But the College Council were not persuaded; and the outcome was just another impotent consultative committee. I believe there is a moral here for those dons who wish to safeguard the college community. Communal eating itself can be enforced by regulation, or as at present, by the economic compulsion of a high fixed charge, but I fear it will never be possible to instil by compulsion that true corporate spirit which would manifest itself in a genuine and voluntary desire amongst members of the College to eat together, in the absence of such artificial economic inducements.

The idea that all the members of the college community should have a say in the running of a truly communal eating system is not irrelevant here. It seems to me that the more our college community is run *for* us rather than *by* us then the less we shall feel an important and integral part of it. Conversely, the greater the corporate responsibility we are able to take in the day to day government of the community then the greater will be our sense of corporate identity. This I believe is true regardless of whether or not the College is at present run for us in a way of which we approve. Yet there are individual instances in which the College is run at present in a way of which it is well known we do not approve, and I would suggest that here lies the source of even greater damage to the 'Spirit of the College'. Take Guest Hours, for example. Furthering the comparison made earlier between public school 'spirit' and college 'spirit' we might liken this attempt to impose common standards of behaviour upon members of the college community to the attempt to impose common standards of appearance upon older school children through the medium of a compulsory school uniform. In both cases outward conformity is maintained while inward attitudes in general remain unchanged. The presence of the uniform, or of the guest restrictions serves constantly to remind the pupil and the student that he is a member of a community. However, far from leading him to accept in principle the common standards which the uniform or guest restrictions imply, the pupil

or student who inwardly rejects these standards is far more likely to be led by this constant reminder to reject also his identity with the community.

I have advocated a stronger college community, and a greater sense of corporate college identity. I have suggested, as prerequisites to this, a radical change in the membership of the community—co-residence—, and a radical change in the government of the community—greater student participation. It seems sad that those dons who speak loudest to defend the value of a strong community, and who seek most diligently to preserve the 'Spirit of the College', such as it is, should in general also be those dons least disposed towards the acceptance of radical change.

MARTIN HORE

An Article of the Past

IN AN old part of the College, at the back of a cupboard, a dust-covered article (bedroom, College ware, Fellows for the use of, one) has just come to light. This is of pre-1939 date and the last of its very long line—a fine specimen of its kind with a white body, large, vermilion-rimmed and handled.

In order that it may be preserved for posterity, it has been taken into the care of the Library. On hearing of this, a Classical Fellow produced an impromptu couplet in its honour, and the Senior Editor, whose decision shall be final, offers two prizes, each of six bottles of good wine, for versions from Members of the College. One prize will be awarded for the best entry in English verse, and the translation can be very free. The other prize will be awarded for an entry in Latin verse on the same general subject as the original couplet printed below.

Entries should reach the Senior Editor of *The Eagle* not later than 10 October 1973. In reaching his decision the Senior Editor will have advisers, but his decision shall be final.

O fortunatam longa utilitate matellam!
nunc erit in tuto nobile πραγμα loco.
(O Pot, happy in long use! now it will be a
prized object in a safe place).

Correspondence

St John's College
Cambridge
26 March 1973

To the College Council

Sirs,

I have recently been startled to see that the statue of Lady Margaret in First Court had had her surrounds daubled in a sky-blue gloss paint. Although the dial she replaced and the stonework of the portal beneath would have been painted, I had always imagined our most illustrious Benefactress without cosmetics. Certainly there is no record of any embellishment when the figure was erected in 1674.

I am curious to know what is the historical witness to the monument being anything other than virgin stone?

Is it the intention of the Council that the statue, for so long naked, should be coated in the uniform of our plastic age? Has the Council suddenly been struck by some intrinsic attraction in novelty? The colour leads one to suspect either a vulgar affirmation of loyalty to the University or an equally tasteless assertion of faith in the Tory Party.

Even if the College authorities are not above such things, surely our Foundress is?

Yours faithfully,

Acolyte to Bishop Fisher

The Bursary
St John's College
Cambridge
20 April 1973

Dear Acolyte,

Thank you for your letter of 26 March concerning the statue of the Lady Margaret in the First Court, which I communicated to the Council at its meeting yesterday. While the Council was sympathetic to deeply held aesthetic beliefs and glad to take note of them, it felt that such beliefs were very much a matter of personal opinion and that it should itself take no action in the matter beyond communicating the contents of your letter to the Junior Bursar.

Yours sincerely,

Secretary to the Council

I repose myself in silentio, et in spe. Acol. Fish. †

Editorial

HAVING SENIOR-EDITED *The Eagle* for three years without ever uttering a single editorial word, the retiring incumbent of the one-legged chair had hoped to be allowed to slip away unnoticed. That this is not the case is less a sign of his anxiety to pronounce than of the rather marked reticence of other members of the temporarily shrunken Editorial Committee.

Editing a College magazine does cause one to wonder from time to time whether the College really exists at all—and, if so, for whom. Four years ago both the then Editor and the now President wrote and spoke about this (*Eagle,* no. 272, pp. 58, 78), the latter lamenting the passing of the view that a college was 'a good in itself, axiomatically a good thing.' Mr Crook's gloom was fully justified. Now, and increasingly, the College is regarded rather as a vehicle—a vehicle which will carry you along for a certain number of years, keeping you warm and dry, and prepared to provide you with the sort of goods normally associated with barbers' shops. It may even be that there are people, where one might not expect to find them, for whom it is less important that this or any other College continue to have control over its own domestic affairs (even at the risk of making a mess of them) than that the realisation of their particular view of what that College should be, in relation to the university or the commonwealth, be delayed by as much as a session of Parliament. What now is axiomatic is that no College may be permitted to lag behind King's College in its implementation of an advanced educational programme. *Pietas,* like leg-pulling, is proscribed; a word in a book in the College Library. And who goes to the College Library, which does not have a coffee-machine of its own? The chilling evocation of 'College Spirit' receives the welcome it deserves. As my predecessor suggested in 1969, though, that Spirit is a delicate plant. Central heating all but kills it. Anyway, there is no College statute about it, so it cannot be important. True, little things can give it life—Hall, College clubs and the rest—*if* these institutions are attractive in themselves. If not, the whole business becomes a sham and a mockery.

If (again) only on account of the title that it bears, this magazine is regarded by some as a pitiful survival of a best-forgotten age, an embarrassment which should be despatched as soon as possible, too old-fogeyish for some new undergraduates, too new-fangled for some Old Johnians, too both for some dons. Not that there is any need to kill it. It will wither away if successive generations of undergraduates continue to regard it with so little liking. With the passing of time the Old Johnian subscribers will disappear, leaving the dons. And dons are human too. Or will the reverse perhaps happen? Will those present undergraduates who desire a share in every decision in every department of the College retain their fine concern into middle age? For if they do, the present discontents could well be the making of *The Eagle,* since whatever *The Eagle* contains will be of compelling interest to them, everywhere, as not infrequently it has been to the signatory of this valedictory.

P.A.L.

Correspondence

St John's College
Cambridge
6.7.73

The Editor of The Eagle
St John's College

Dear Editor

Many years ago I had a friend who wore the most outrageous hats. In a moment of confidence verging on impertinence, I asked her why. She replied that she was small, and her features were not striking, and she had been in danger of passing through life unnoticed. She had hit upon the idea of wearing headgear that could not fail to be noticed, and indeed her hats had served her well.

Now Sir, the Acolyte of Bishop Fisher has read a variety of doubtful motives into the innocent blue paint behind the Lady Margaret. (Let me remark in passing that our illustrious Benefactress is herself without cosmetics. If cosmetics they be, they adorn the tassel of her girdle and the wall of the building in which I keep). I suggest that the true motive is simple and quite laudable. Whoever noticed her, grubby and pigeon-stained as she stood there all those years? Only occasional parties of tourists when some harrassed guide used her as a pretext by which to shepherd his wandering flock.

The Junior Bursar and his staff gave her a well-deserved bath, but the world would still have passed her by, had they not added the touch of the unexpected that does for her what an outrageous hat did for my friend of years ago. Even Bishop Fisher's Acolyte has now noticed her, and I for one am delighted that she has joined the gay and elegant company of John's wives.

Yours faithfully
Joseph Hutchinson

From *The Eagle*, vol. xvi (1891), 15:
Of the Junior Bursar: 'He who causes a temple erected by another to be whitewashed acquires brilliant fame. He who causes such a temple to be painted with a different colour, such as blue, yellow, and others, attains the world of Gandharvas' (Vishnu, XCII, 11–12).

Henrietta Maria

> Un certain célibat,....c'est tout le génie de l'Angleterre. Des alliances, soit; pas de mariage. Victor Hugo.

On the occasion of Britain joining the European Community, and while a fine exhibition entitled *The Age of Charles I* is being held at the Tate Gallery, Johnians may like to be reminded of some of the circumstances which help to explain the presence in the Senior Combination Room of an oval stained-glass portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Henri IV of France (murdered in 1610), and sister of King Louis XIII.

Queen Henrietta Maria, after the portrait by Daniel Mytens *(reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum)*

The window in the Senior Combination Room, St John's College

It obviously commemorates the signing of the treaty which preceded her marriage to Charles, Prince of Wales, and which is assumed to have taken place in December 1624 in the Combination Room. Details were given in *The Eagle,* 1891 (XVI, 240) under the title *Notes from the College Records* (with reference to *Annals of Cambridge,* III, 1845, 170). But some names and dates did not seem quite right and, looking for further evidence, I undertook to check the relevant documents preserved in the French Foreign Archives in Paris, namely, two bound volumes in-quarto concerning the Royal Marriage, and miscellaneous documents in the volumes of correspondence labelled *'Angleterre'.*

These documents show that the articles of the treaty were ratified by James I in Cambridge

on 12 December 1624 (or 22 *décembre,* according to the Gregorian calendar adopted by the French) and tradition has it that the ceremony took place in St John's College, in the then new Master's Gallery, which has since become the Combination Room. I was hoping to discover some evidence of this, but I must say that I found no mention of the College in the various documents I consulted. The main proof, apart from the portrait itself, remains the letter of Richard Neale, bishop of Durham, and signed *Dunelm(ensis),* requesting accommodation anywhere in the College and implying that the king would require the use of the Master's Gallery for the occasion.

The official acts preserved in Paris, whether in the original or in copy or in translation, are as follows:

1. *Westminster,* 11 *mai* 1624 (i.e. 1 May).—James I empowers his representatives, Carlisle and Holland, to negotiate the articles of the marriage treaty (copy in Latin).
2. *Saint-Germain en Laye,* 20 *août* 1624 (i.e. 10 August).—Louis XIII empowers his commissaries, Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld and Cardinal Richelieu, chancelier d'Aligre, Schomberg and Loménie, to negotiate the articles (copy in French).
3. *Paris,* 20 *novembre* 1624 (i.e. 10 November).—Draft of the articles agreed upon by both parties.
4. *Cambridge,* 22 *décembre* 1624 (i.e. 12 December).—Original act dated: 'A nostre Université de Cambridge, ce douzième jour de décembre mil six cents vingt quatre' and signed: *Jaques R.* and *F. Carew.*
5. *Westminster,* 30 *mars* 1625 (i.e. 20 March).—Powers given by Charles I to his representatives for the same purpose (copy in Latin).
6. *Paris,* 8 *mai* 1625.—Final version of the articles signed by Holland and Carlisle.
7. *Paris,* 11 *mai* 1625.—Celebration of the Royal Marriage in Notre-Dame, Charles I being represented by the Duc de Chevreuse.

The act which interests us is the fourth. The French ambassadors extraordinary were Henri Auguste de Loménie de Brienne, chevalier comte de Montbrun, Baron de la Ville-aux-Clercs, also named Sieur or Mr. de la Ville-aux-Clercs; and Antoine Ruzé, chevalier marquis d'Effiat, baron de Longemeau, whose son, de Cinq-Mars, Louis XIII's favourite, was to be executed in 1642 with his freind de Thou for their part in a conspiracy against Richelieu, celebrated in Vigny's famous novel. In a fairly long and rambling letter sent from Cambridge to the French king on the 25th,[1] Loménie and d'Effiat report how, on arriving in Cambridge, they were welcomed by 'le comte de Montgommery, l'Université et le duc de Bouquingam' as well as by 'V^te^ d'Audevert, grand escuier du Prince'.

As in the articles that they had negotiated, they point out that the primary object of their mission was to ensure that the Princess's Catholic faith would not be endangered ('l'assurance de ne la rechercher jamais de chose qui soit contraire à sa Religion'); and to secure the liberation of all Catholics who were in detention solely on account of their religion ('et l'assurance que Votre Majesté désire que les catholiques de ce pays ne seront jamais inquiétés'). Although they mention the visit they paid to the chapel in St James's Palace, there is no record in the letter of their reception in St John's.

The following items of the treaty[2] are worthy of note:

(1) The Pope's dispensation for the marriage.—(3) Dispositions for the wedding ceremony in Paris.—(6) Guarantee of free exercise of the Roman Catholic cult and of a special chapel for 'Madame'.—(7) A bishop as chaplain.—(8) Twenty-eight priests or ecclesiastical members of her household.—(10) As many officers in her household as Princess of Wales or Infanta of Spain (?).—(11) All servants in the same to be catholics.—(13) Dowry of '800,000 écus de 3 livres pièce monnaie de France' payable in two instalments, one on the eve of the wedding, the rest a year after.—(14) and (15) deal with what would happen in case of separation with or without children.—(16) Children, if any, (there would be eight of them) were to remain in their mother's care until the age of thirteen.—(17) In case of her death, two-thirds of the dowry

would go to the children.—(19) An annual pension of £18,000 sterling to be paid to her.

Now, as far as is known, the College Records do not indicate when—and why—the stained glass portrait of the Queen was placed in the Master's Gallery. It could have been before 1642[3], or 1643 at the latest, or after 1658. The latter is more likely, although the print after Mytens' portrait which served as the model for the glass medallion shows the Queen as a younger woman than in the fine full-length portrait by Van Dyck exhibited as n° 88 (see Catalogue) and ascribed to 1636,—in fact the original portrait is dated 1630. Daniel Mytens was one of the court-painters of James I (in 1624) and of Charles I till the arrival of Van Dyck in 1632 (see *Eagle,* 1891, ref. to Crachrode Coll. n° 190, Brit. Mus.).

All sorts of puzzling questions remain unsolved. Why the Queen's portrait, but not the King's? Were there companion portraits of which one has disappeared? For undoubtedly this is a memorial of a rather exceptional event for St John's College. Is it likely that the Queen's portrait would have been thought sufficient memorial? The College's fidelity to the Royalist cause is, of course, well known. Then again it might have been put in place during the Restoration, although it seems that the new king was advised that only by repudiating his mother's cause and her followers could he hope to succeed in his own country.

English historians are none too kind in their treatment of Henrietta Maria and her royal husband, and they are often quick to blame the Queen for her later influence on both Charles I and her son. But there is some evidence that she supported them both with loyalty, courage and also, in 1646, money, supplying them with 427,556 'livres tournois' which she raised by pawning two diamonds with the duc d'Epernon[4]. Of course a French reader is influenced by Bossuet's majestic funeral oration for Henriette de France. But more particularly one (or at least I) cannot help feeling pity for the young and inexperienced Princess, arriving with little language and much religion in a strange world where Buckingham was all-powerful, armed with only her pretty face and Latin manners. yet strictly prepared by her Florentine mother against any attempt her husband might make to change her religion. Marie de Medici's instructions have been preserved in another volume[5]. From her letter I extract these stern warnings which the daughter must have read and meditated with awe:

'Vous n'avez plus sur la terre que *Dieu pour père* qui le sera à jamais puisqu'il est *Eternel.*' True, her father had been assassinated when she was five, and fate was to rob her of a husband in even more tragic circumstances. 'Souvenez-vous que vous êtes *fille de l'Eglise.*' This probably refers to France being called 'la fille ainée de l'Eglise', but it is also true that Pope Urban VIII was the Princess's godfather: one wonders at King James I, or Buckingham, being so keen on a no doubt political alliance with Spain, their first choice, then France, which could only bring trouble to all parties concerned. The Queen Mother went on: 'Rendez grâces à Dieu chaque jour qu'il vous a faite chrétienne et catholique.' Although the Queen Mother rightly urged her daughter to be virtuous and modest and to die rather than renounce her faith, it seems to me that the poor Princess must at the beginning have felt that she had been consigned to a citadel in which, on earth at least, her royal husband was later to be her only friend. (Remember, on arriving, she was only nineteen years old.)

J. -B. BARRÈRE.

1 *Corresp. pol.,* 32, fo. 217–228.

2 *Corresp. pol.,* 22, fo. 113 sq. Its exact title is 'Articles accordés entre les Commissaires du Roi très chrétien de France et de Navarre et ceux du Sérénissime Roi de la Grande-Bretagne pour le Mariage d'entre le Sérénissime Prince de Walles fils dudit Roi de la Grande-Bretagne et Madame Henriette Marie soeur de Sa Majesté très chrétienne.' Articles (8) and (16) were to cause problems.

3 In March 1642 both King and Prince visited Cambridge and had a meal in St John's on their way to Huntingdonshire (see Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge,* III, 321).

4 These she recovered in 1657: document in private coll. She suffered many hardships, in England, at sea, and even back in her home country, where money was scarce, her pension irregularly paid, and she had no heating when Cardinal de Retz visited her daughter in January 1649: 'La postérité aura peine à croire qu'une fille d'Angleterre et petite-fille de Henri le Grand ait manqué d'un fagot pour se lever au mois de janvier dans le Louvre.' (Mémoires, coll. Pléiade, II[e] Part. 162).

5 *Angleterre,* 1326–1674, Supplt I, fo. 228.

An Article of the Past: The Findings

IN THE last number of *The Eagle* (now *where* did you put it?) competitors were invited to provide translations in English version ('and the translation can be very free') of a Latin couplet in honour of a recently disinterred POT. Surprising ingenuity was displayed, not least by J. R. Bambrough:

> Long-serving pot, proud pensioner of pee,
> We now elect you under Title D

Or Ian White:

> Some colleges have cherished nobler visions,
> In Rubens' painting or through Newton's prisms.
> But John's respects the facts that they forgot:
> A cockroach; a wooden spoon; a pot.

And:

> The pot now placed among the books,
> The catalogue should list the object,
> *A* to *Z*, so one who looks
> Finds it, by author or by subject.
> *O* useful but unlettered jar,
> *C* therefore *Y* you cannot *B:*
> A sign would show where those who *R*
> Coming for *U* must *Q* to *P.*

Or the retiring Editor (whose latinity wins no prizes):

> Pro captu liquoris habent sua fata matellae.

It is only right, therefore, that the prize should be awarded to Ian White, and that Renford Bambrough's contribution should be adjudged *proxime accesit,* for what, respectively, follows:

> Should we the doubtful doctrine reproduce
> For you, that Use is Beauty, Beauty Use?
> Honoured by mean employment, now retired,
> Serving no purpose but to be admired;
> Grown grey with dust, but still preserved with care,
> Along with other academic ware;
> Go, where the best will follow by and by,
> Where books are shelved, and chamberpots are dry.
>
> I could a tale unfold of Liveing, Sikes and Marr.....
> Yet I retire to be an *objet d'art.*

The Seedy Chronicles

10 October 1772. Passed over again! Really, that has been the story of my life. Murston declared redundant! Reading the Conclusions I could scarce believe my eyes. The Seniors are finally insane, a reek of madness pervades the Courts and the late Tutor's ghost is seen abroad. It is too much, really it is. It's not Seniors we need nowadays, but Guardians in Lunacy. Not that Murston was a fat living; with a couple of juicy geese on Christmas Day, chestnuts and warm ale by a blazing fire, and a plump, comfortable housekeeper and curates to do the heavy work. No, Murston, I confess, is not what I had thought of once; when I was younger and aspired perhaps to grander things. But, God knows, Murston is a living at least—or was—and any living is better than this wretched College. I hope I may not sound disappointed, but it is in truth difficult to perceive that this can be other than yet a further step in what appears to be a gigantic conspiracy to snub and embarrass me and cheat me of my lawful dues.

It is the Bursar I blame most in this Murston affair. He will, mark my words, be the ruin of the College, and is putting, or so Grouch tells me, the College's monies into what is known as the joint stock company—a speculation so gross and hazardous as to amount almost to usury. I do not believe half of what Grouch tells me, but it must be conceded that the Bursar has no sense of real property. A man whose years here have been marked by the suppression of livings rather than the purchase of advowsons, who gambles in coffee houses on so-called insurances rather than investing prudently in corrodies, who hears the word simony with a shudder rather than a smile.... The College will be ruined and like Sodom and Gomorrah we shall be cast asunder. Well, I for one will not be surprised.

It is strange how some men hold all offices and others none. Look at the Bursar for instance; the most famous pluralist of the century. (Financial Wizard or Financial Board? asks Grouch, but Grouch, I fear, is becoming embittered.) Or my dear friend Auringskwash. There is he already an Assistant Tutor, Second (or, *per* Grouch, Left-Hand) Canticle and Lecturer in Hebrew and Chaldee (though he knows barely enough Hebrew to justify the B.D. Degree, and less Chaldee than I do). Truly we are surrounded by duplicity. He is going for Wootton Rivers of course and will end up an archdeacon. He is a dear kind good person, but candidly I sometimes wonder just what is it that everyone sees in him.

11 October Yesterday was a dark day. I confess the loss of Murston hit me harder than I cared to admit, but today has dawned afresh. My dear good friend Auringskwash offered to invite me down to Wootton Rivers when it is his and we had three bottles of port between us after Hall. Now I feel no pain. Murston really would not have done me at all and I would of course have declined it. Though I have long known the Seniors were a parcel of fools, I can today look upon the brighter side and give thanks to God that we are not governed by the Assistant Tutors, a body of men whose frailty of spine is matched only by their ability of intellect.

I have conceived a great project. It came, I think, midway through the second bottle of port. I had confided to Auringskwash of my disappointment and, as some of my scribblings chanced to slip from my pocket when I leapt to my feet to denounce once more the infamy of the Bursar, I showed them to him. "Seedy", he said, "you must publish these. Not a word to a soul that I have counselled you so. It must come with the force and vitality of your own original idea. And if you can libel the Other Dean then let it not be said I dissuaded you; I know nothing of the matter and shall be as amazed and shocked as any Fellow can be." And he invited me again to Wootton Rivers.

We in the College are a community and a family, and if I by my pen can set down some of the incidents and domesticities of our life, the chat of Fellows before their hearth over a bottle or two of port, I shall be satisfied. Today I am tranquil and have put my equations aside that I can contemplate my great project. Tomorrow, who knows?

17 October The food tonight was appalling beyond dispute. I was sitting with my good friend

Grouch at the head of the table next to the Acting Master, a just, good and saintly man. Opposite were Boggs and Tyburn, oldest and sharpest by far of our Seniors. Boggs was admitted a Senior while still an undergraduate (or so it is rumoured) by the then Master, who was very decrepit, making a mistake in the Latin formula when affecting to admit him a Scholar. Boggs seized upon the slip, and though there was a good deal of snivelling about it at the time, it is clear that the hand of Providence was far less fumbling and inept than the hands of the Fellowship Electors mostly are. Tyburn on the other hand, blessed with the coincidence of his name and being born under the very shadow of the gallows, brought on by the excitement, decided to turn to the law and became most learned—almost an authority—on the subject of wills. Of the Fellows he is uniquely prepared for death, which he regards simply as a removal into Chancery; at times however his wit is so cunning and abstruse that I fear like the great Jarman before him he may die—I shudder to say it—intestate.

Anyway, the food was disgusting. Grouch leant across the table, throwing his meat on the floor in disgust, "God's teeth, Boggs, the steak is tough as Old Nick himself." The Acting Master flinched slightly. "Only a fool, Grouch," replied Boggs, "could suppose that this animal ever walked on cloven hooves". "You are right, Boggs; but in a College full of horse traders as ours you'd think they could buy some choicer flesh than this." "It was not sold us Grouch, it was devised. What do you say, Tyburn." "You are Steward, Boggs." But, alas, Boggs was not Steward and had not been for thirty years.

The fact is the College is in a bilious mood. Having tried all manner of expedients the Seniors have ordered to be built what Grouch calls the Great College Erection, though in reality it's only a lean-to affair in Kitchen Lane behind the Second Court over where they used to throw the slops. Apparently the idea is that the men will stand in a line eating bits hacked off a spit by a serving boy as quick as he can feed them. It is a curious system and I do not understand it, though the Seniors say it was greatly in fashion some few years ago. The Fellows are very worried by the Great Erection lest it block the road to the porters of fresh vegetables for their table. Tinsel, who is so frightfully clever I cannot believe a word he says, was particularly vocal: "Very painful business. What this College needs, my boy, is a detumescence, eh?" Tinsel's prayers were answered, for the Great Erection suddenly went soggy on us (water having got in the roof) and is collapsing. However, like boils, no sooner does one go down but another springs up and now the Seniors are feverishly building behind the Second Court hard by St John's Lane. The College, I fear, has got the pox.

As the College stomach still rumbles mightily, the Seniors have further engaged one Black-a-moor (no relation, as the Acting Master wanly quipped, to the blessed Thomas-a-More) as Head Cook. Grouch says that we are paying him ten moduli, which is unbelieveable, and that he's very fierce and wears a turban. He is, I fear, our last chance.

What is the answer? I wish I knew. Grouch advocates a purge, while Tinsel swears by salts of bromide, but I for my part believe that if the system is not overtaxed, but learns to live in mutual harmony the one part with the other, it will clean itself. Tolerance, a willingness to compromise, and an understanding that however gloomy the outlook may appear it might be worse. Praise be to God that the Assistant Tutors do not run the Kitchens.

29 November 1773. What a day! I must make speed to jot down my recollections so that I may faithfully report to my dear friend Auringskwash when he returns. He is visiting his estates at Wootton Rivers, word having come that the incumbent was afflicted with a serious head cold that had now settled most dangerously on the chest. Before hastening away on his errand of mercy, Auringskwash offered in Chapel, with that simple, unaffected dignity that seems—I know not why—to attract the sympathy of the body of Fellows, prayers for the invalid's swift deliverance and most merciful release from the toils of a life set so much around with woes, disorders and infections. Dear, pure Auringskwash; he is a strange, good person to discover in

the mire of the Fellowship in which we live. I myself toasted the parson's demise in the communion wine, which I am pround to say much offended the Other Dean and even earned a mild reproof from my dear friend Auringskwash himself. How refreshed and chastened one feels after a rebuke from such a veritable saint.

However, to continue: back to the woes, disorders and infections of this pox-ridden life, or rather this pox-ridden College. We had a Great College Meeting summoned of all the Fellows on the pretext of changing the Statutes, for the Bursar is most anxious for it to be thought he knows Latin. In fact, as Grouch puts it, he knows less Latin than the elephants Hannibal used to cross the Alps, which is to say (again *per* Grouch) even less than Auringskwash. Oh well, it all went on in the usual inconsequential, foolish fashion, and I myself made a remarkably acute and penetrating speech, in the midst of which I had to be called to order and which was very badly received amongst the Fellows. Sometimes, though I would not admit it to anyone else, I get disheartened, that is I used to get disheartened, but then I draw analogies with history—Hannibal, I feel sure, was a man not appreciated in his day—and I say to myself, what do these fools know of the cubic equation anyway?

Then it began. There was a sort of rumbling from the far end of the room. "Did someone move?" muttered the Acting Master, and then, in a single deft fumbling motion, Giddy was on his feet. "Master", he said, "I move". "Er, check, I think, Professor Giddy", countered the Acting Master, but it was too late. "I have", replied Giddy, and the battle was lost—or won as the case may be.

Seldom—never—have I seen the like of it. "Who are they, Master?" cried Giddy. "As Fellows we have a right, nay a duty, to know. Let them show their faces". Which, as the Regius remarked to me, was a pretty surprising demand coming from Giddy. But Giddy swept on, only to be seconded by the Count von Ganglebang (a Nobleman Fellow Commoner smuggled in to the Meeting on a pretence by Giddy) and supported by a whole host of boys, prize Fellows mostly, whose names I do not even know. However the Acting Master replied undaunted, with skill and sympathy summing up the doubts of many of the more grave among us (or so it seemed to Grouch; it all moved far too fast for me to follow as I was still preparing a comment upon the Bursar's Latin). "Er, Giddy", he said, softly—the room was silent—"Er who are, er who?"

"The Seniors, Master," said Giddy. The commotion that followed, my goodness me, what a laugh, my breeches are still damp from it. The President knelt in prayer, or so it looked from where I was sitting, his gown pulled over his head. The Bursar looked like a man stepping out from a bawdy house into the path of the Vice-Chancellor, hoping to say nothing and try to get away with it. Fortunately several of the Seniors were not present.

Of course it is a scandal; has been for a long time. Grouch says that the Seniors meet in the Lodge, lock the doors and sit round in a hollow square pretending they are the Star Chamber; though how Grouch knows I cannot imagine. They ride in, it seems, in closed carriages from the country, and one, I believe, even came in a hearse once, though that was kept pretty quiet and some perfectly rational explanation said to exist for it. Undoubtedly it is difficult for Fellows, not knowing who they are; one can never feel quite safe. For instance Tinsel is surely too clever and wayward to be a Senior, and yet he is absent today... It is a scandal, but to bring it out into the open like this. I do not know. It is immensely refreshing and all that—almost as good as a severe commination from Auringskwash. But where will it end? That is what worries me. Grouch says that I am feeble (yet I pride myself rather on my toughness—it is strange how percipient Grouch can be about others, while his remarks about myself are so wide of the mark) and that it is all very droll and that he will start a campaign to deprive Giddy for contumacious failure to show his face. But *caveat Collegium Sancti* is what I say this day, and what no doubt the elephant of Hannibal will be trumpeting tomorrow.

The Regius had by now leapt to his feet and was enquiring what might be the effect of holding a meeting to discuss a certain issue, moving a motion upon a second issue, while yet a third issue would be taken to the vote, the majority of the body of Fellows believing that a fourth and separate issue represented the true business of the meeting; put, it was to be supposed, as an hypothetical case merely. But we were beyond wrangling the constitutional niceties, and the beauty of the Regius's syllogisms was wasted, partly, it is to be owned, as in the excitement he had dropped his spectacles and was turned addressing the vacant end of the room.

By now the boys were completely unrestrained and were running about knocking off the caps of Fellows. For it had grown most dark with the lateness of the hour and no one dared to call for the butler to bring tapers for the candles lest he disturb the privity of the meeting. The Dean rose and mercifully managed to restore some order, or to curb the worst excesses at least, with a variety of clever remarks that I quite forget. He is a most able man, though of the keenest intellect, and is becoming (*per* Grouch) a very central figure. It was as well, at all events, that someone came to the rescue, for the Assistant Tutors were, as von Ganglebang put it, as quiet as the church mouses. They, in fact, were the cause of the whole trouble; for, as Grouch has said, the Seniors may be knaves, but the Assistant Tutors are fools, and, my goodness me, had Giddy but moved a compromise motion in those terms it must have been carried by acclamation, all Fellows feeling able to subscribe to at least half of it.

Anyway, just as the Regius and I were going to order the butler to bring in some bottles of port, privity or no privity, it was noticed that von G. had gone over to Giddy, who was now lying prostrate on the floor. Von G. rose, with, I confess, a certain dignity, and, obtaining the Acting Master's attention by waving a kerchief and clicking his heels, "Master," he announced in an emotional voice, "Giddy is withou tthe motions. He does not move." R.i.p., I must say, what a relief. The meeting broke up and we called Giddy's gyp to carry him back to his rooms.

And so we go on. But as I said to Grouch and the Regius that evening over our fourth of port, "*Caveat Collegium Sancti.* The Master's hand I saw to shake at Table the other day. Three ravens have been observed walking abroad on Stourbridge Common. There is a turgid air about the Courts, and even your rooms, Regius, are full of the black and smoky vapours of distrust that pervade the Coll." "You are a fool and a driveller, Seedy," said Grouch sharply, "And your sleeve is in the fire."

JOS. SEEDY

Editorial note:

The jottings which we publish here have been preserved for posterity by a stroke of singular good fortune. They were found fluttering across Second Court, having (it would seem) been removed by certain vandals from the Old Treasury where evidently they had lain undetected these two hundred years. But for this happy chance Seedy's acute observations on the life of the unreformed College might well have finished as stuffing for one or other of the Bursar's stock of armchairs — and who can doubt that some of Seedy's contemporaries would have preferred this to have been their ultimate fate? This, clearly, is not the time to embark upon a full-length study of their author, although future historians will undoubtedly feel obliged to take account of him, and *The Eagle* is proud to have been able to provide them with the opportunity of so doing.

To Pine

If I crouch in restless crook of arm
Above the poise of your pen
I can almost tend the languid loss
Of hyacinth vapour in eyes
Crisp only with memory researched
Again for a plant's nearness but without,
And the hooded clusters of a moment
Violet and crystal herein.
Precision and colour were not wanting
As you ambled through pylon-flung dusk
Of a green belt day,
Posthumous approval of waters still
Rippling along you in amber and grey
Sheen of oil-skinned time,
Without white-boarded bridges
Or locks that remember Van Gogh
In suspended promise of mime.
Only you and canal at the wind's edge
Of a dark-dissolving dream
Where March limps in funeral weeds
Amongst blank haunts of trees
Now doubled in pain,
Their podia of new-lopped grimace
Threaten to revert again
To the bulbous embryo of Winter.
Yet the cream leaves,
Cascaded on bracken,
Today have shred together
In the crisp hands of a sun,
Speckling eyes and brow with emerald
Bronze thoughts of surprise, still young
Enough to defy the desultory flicker
Of hazel and beech leaning in haze
As the waiting began under gorse-strewn maze
While a sad, sonorous glider
Rolled a recurrent tide
Of receding half-sleep
Down the wheat banks of happiness
To a Summer southern field,
Sloping and sighing with pride
In the grace of uncharted companions

Salt-brown, ria-furrowed
On the Atlantic side of blue,
Where the crow-bounds to the breakers
Returned soft-padded,
Circling yet again to you,
And the evening was not a stranger.
For to tend is not to capture
And Spring is not yet mine,
Although a friend writes in earnest
That I repeat the verb "to pine"
And so underline in this night's red
The half-light of all that needs to be said.

DAVID PRICE

The Brian Runnett Prize

THIS PRIZE was endowed in 1971 by the Reverend Stanley Moorcroft Epps (B.A. 1922, M.A. 1926) "as a tribute to an accomplished musician whose gifts enriched the spiritual life of the church as well as its musical standards" in memory of Brian Runnett, who was born in 1935 of musical parents. His upbringing and early musical training were in the North-West of England, and he received his first organ lessons from Dr Caleb Jarvis, the Organist of St George's Hall, Liverpool. His interests soon widened to include the whole range of cathedral music, and his appointment in 1956 as Sub-Organist of Chester Cathedral, under Dr Roland Middleton, gave him the opportunity of learning the choral repertoire, the art of accompanying both a professional choir and a congregation, and of choir-training. His period at Chester coincided with a growing reputation as a recitalist.

In 1960 the position of Organ Scholar at St John's College was offered to Brian Runnett. There, working with Mr George Guest, he contributed immensely to the Chapel music. He showed extreme skill both in training the College Choir and in solo organ playing; indeed, as a recitalist, his fame was, by now, national. After his three years at St John's he was appointed University Lecturer in Music and University Organist at Manchester University; and in 1966, he succeeded Dr Heathcote Statham as Organist and Master of the Choristers at Norwich Cathedral.

In the four short years he was to stay there he won acclaim for all branches of his music, and, as a person, was loved by all. He was still in growing demand as a virtuoso recitalist, and it was while driving to see his parents in Southport, after a most brilliant recital at Westminster Abbey, that he was involved in an accident near Lichfield, and killed instantly. So ended, prematurely and tragically, the life of one who had achieved much and promised more. In *The Times* of 26 August 1970, Dr Heathcote Statham wrote, "The tragic death of this young musician will be lamented by many, but especially by music lovers in Norwich. . .his friends will remember him as a musician, and also as a most unassuming and charming man."

His academic qualifications were M.A. (Cantab.), Mus.B. (Dunelm.), F.R.C.O. (C.H.M.) with Limpus and Read Prizes, L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M.

Johnian Cricket Blues

THE FIRST cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge was played at Lords in 1827. Since then there have been only 65 blues awarded to Johnians. The full list is as follows.

1829. Stephen Winthrop (B.A. 1830)
1836. Edward Hodgson (B.A. 1836)
1838, 1839. Joseph Grout (Matric. 1837)
1839–1842. William de St Croix (B.A. 1843)
1840–1843. William Mills[1] (B.A. 1843)
1840. George Burr (B.A. 1842)
1842, 1843. Richard Blaker[2] (B.A. 1844)
1843. Charles Crofts (B.A. 1846)
1844. Arthur Hoare[3] (B.A. 1844)
1844–1847. George Ottey (B.A. 1847)
1845. Henry Wroth (B.A. 1846)
1846, 1847. Richard Seddon (B.A. 1848)
1846–1848. John Lee (B.A. 1848)
1847. William Cecil, *Lord Burghley* (M.A. 1847)
1848. Charles Calvert (B.A. 1848)
1849. Alfred Potter (B.A. 1850)
1850. Robert Edwards (B.A. 1852)
1851–1854. William Leake (B.A. 1855)
1853. Arthur Ward[4] (B.A. 1855)
1854, 1856. Joseph McCormick[5] (B.A. 1857)
1855–1858. John Fuller[6] (B.A. 1858)
1858. Charles Brereton (B.A. 1861)
1858–1860. George Cotterill (B.A. 1861)
1859–1861. Augustus Bateman (B.A. 1862)
1860. Frederick Lee[7] (B.A. 1863)
1866. Charles Warren[8] (B.A. 1866)
1868–1870. John Dale[9] (B.A. 1870)
1870. Alfred Bourne (B.A. 1871)
1870. Francis Mackinnon[10] (B.A. 1871)
1870–1872. Frederick Tobin (B.A. 1872)
1871. Henry Stedman (B.A. 1872)
1872. George Raynor (B.A. 1875)
1873. William Ford (B.A. 1876)
1873, 1874. Thomas Latham (B.A. 1874)
1881. Ralph Spencer (B.A. 1883)
1882. Frederick Gaddum (B.A. 1882)
1882–1885. Charles Smith[11] (B.A. 1884)
1885–1887. Charles Toppin[12] (B.A. 1886)
1894. John Robinson[13] (B.A. 1894)
1921. John Bryan (B.A. 1921)
1926–1928. Frederick Seabrook[14] (B.A. 1927)
1929. William Harbinson[15] (B.A. 1929)
1930. Harold Carris[16] (B.A. 1930)
1930, 1931. Frederick Brown[17] (Matric. 1929)
1932–1934. Roger Winlaw[18] (B.A. 1934)
1933, 1934. Jack Davies[19] (B.A. 1933)
1935–1938. Norman Yardley[20] (B.A. 1937)

1938, 1939. Bertram Carris[21] (Matric. 1936)
1938, 1939. John Thompson (B.A. 1941)
1939. John Blake (B.A. 1939)
1939. Patrick Dickinson (Matric. 1938)
1946. Barry Trapnell (B.A. 1945)
1946–1948. William Griffiths (B.A. 1948)
1947, 1948. Trevor Bailey[22] (B.A. 1948)
1948–1950. John Dewes[23] (B.A. 1950)
1952. George Tordoff[24] (Matric. 1951)
1953. William Knightley-Smith[25] (B.A. 1955)
1954. John Slack (B.A. 1954)
1955, 1956. Donald Smith (B.A. 1957)
1958–1960. John Bernard (B.A. 1960)
1959–1961. Nayini Reddy (B.A. 1962)
1961–1964. Michael Brearley[26] (B.A. 1963)
1963. Martin Miller (B.A. 1963)
1965, 1966. Rupert Roopnaraine (B.A. 1965)
1971–1973. Richard Hadley (B.A. 1973)

ROBERT

NOTES

1. Captain in 1843.
2. Grandfather of R. N. R. Blaker (B.A. Jesus) who gained a cricket blue 1900–1902 and soccer blue 1899–1901 (Captain 1901)
3. Captain in 1846 but unable to play against Oxford, owing to illness.
4. Captain in 1854 but unable to play against Oxford, owing to illness.
5. Captain in 1856: Rowing blue 1856.
6. Captain 1857, 1858. Played for the Gentlemen v Players in 1856 and 1858.
7. Step-brother of John Lee.
8. Played for the All England XI in 1866.
9. Rowing blue in 1869, 1870.
10. Played in 1 Test Match v Australia in 1879.
11. Captained England in the first Test match v South Africa in South Africa 1888. Became a well known stage and film actor. Knighted in 1944.
12. Played for the Gentlemen v Players in 1885 and 1886.
13. Rugger blue in 1892: Rugger International for England 1893 and 1902.
14. Captain in 1928.
15. Hockey blue 1926–1929.
16. Rugger blue 1929.
17. Played in 22 Test matches for England, 15 of them as Captain.
18. Soccer blue 1931–1933.
19. Rugby fives blues 1931–1934, captain 1933, 1934.
20. Captain 1938. First Johnian to score a century in the Varsity match. Played in 20 Test matches for England 14 of them as captain. Hockey blue 1936.
21. Brother of Harold Carris.
22. Played 61 Test matches for England. Soccer blue 1947, 1948, F.A. Amateur Cup winners medal 1951–52, with Walthamstow Avenue.
23. Played in 3 Test matches v Australia. Hockey blue 1950.
24. Soccer blue 1951.
25. Soccer blue 1953, 1954.
26. Captain in 1963, 1964. Elected captain of Middlesex C.C.C. in 1971.

M.B.P.

Editorial

As the "someones who have to take this thing on" for the year, we have agreed with the previous editor that, "there seems little and decreasing point in just carrying on in the same weary vein".

There is no need to remind ourselves all over again about the non-interest of the majority of undergraduates, and we all admit that what this magazine *really* exists for in its present state is those few pages at the back which keep together the spread-Eagled body of our senior colleagues in the outside world who marry, procreate, are promoted and, eventually, die. We've heard it all before.

The answer, however, is not a simple division of *The Eagle* into two; one piece for our own imaginative forays and College forums, the other for the insidious *Chronicle* and its accompanying news in the *College Notes*. A magazine of this nature—a college magazine—must needs represent both present and past members of the College. After all there are (even within this college) magazines that cater solely for the enthusiast in poetry or politics.

And so it was that a few of us gathered around a bottle of College Wine one evening and, after hours of meaningful discussion, resolved on the following: we are changing printing and paper, and the result in this case will be a change in the overall "look" of the magazine. We hope it will seem less forbiddingly official (for too long the elder brother of the school magazine) without its glossy paper, and it will be printed by photo-litho.

But never fear, gentle reader, these changes will not mean a lowering in the consistently high standard of presentation. They are, rather, an attempt to make *The Eagle* more accessible to all our readers and to encourage some lively contributions.

If for nothing else, this issue will be remembered as the last of the old brood. *The Eagle* is changing its feathers. . . . .

We would like to see this magazine become a platform for original work of all kinds by members of the College; "scientist" as well as "artist". There are basic issues involved in any kind of research for instance (but especially in scientific research) too easily lost sight of (a case of not seeing the wood for the trees?) which ought periodically to be aired in the wider context of the College, and, indeed, the world at large. What is their justification? There *is* far too much done; do we need it all?

We call for more imaginative work too—poems, short stories, essays and whatever; College issues, Cambridge issues. It might prove interesting were we to run a series of articles on subjects as they are taught inside St. John's, by some of those taught. What is the future of English for example? Will the engineers take over? Are we really satisfied with our teachers? If *The Eagle* is to stay alive it must not be afraid of controversy (anonymity for authors if they wish). The choice is before us.

A.C., M.J.

The Solitary Horseman

In the summer of 1785 young Thomas Clarkson, B.A., a Cambridgeshire man by birth, and a member of this College, set out to ride from Cambridge to London. He had much on his mind, and presently, at the foot of the long hill leading down to Wades Mill, a hamlet just this side of Ware, he sat down disconsolate on the turf, holding onto the reins of his horse so that it should not stray. In this slightly undignified posture light and conviction broke upon him. The world was plagued by an intolerable evil, chattel slavery, by which every year millions were sold and kept in bondage and misery. "It was time," he decided, "that some person should see these calamities end." It was some little while longer before he accepted that he himself must be that person, however weak an instrument he was; but when, in the last decade of his life, he was fêted, and addressed in a sonnet by William Wordsworth, ("Clarkson[1] it was an obstinate hill to climb. .") and awarded the freedom of the City of London, it was because the great work had been accomplished, in large part through his efforts; because, that is, he had not swerved from the path that he first saw stretch ahead at Wades Mill. Today a small monument marks the spot of that momentous conversion[1]. An account of Clarkson inevitably begins with this incident, because it is so plainly the key to his character. It suggests, in the first place, that Clarkson even by eighteenth century standards, was a little old-fashioned, something of a survivor from an earlier world, the world of the Puritan Reformation. His conversion was a process strikingly like that which transformed the lives of so many divines at Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But in direction it was modern, opening the door to nineteenth-century humanitarianism. It is this fusion of Elizabethanism and Victorianism that is Clarkson's note, as it is the note of many another Evangelical reformer. Thus, the process of psychological conditioning that brought Clarkson to his moment of truth is fairly clear and very traditional. His father, a devout and exemplary clergyman, master of Wisbech Grammar School and curate of Walsoken, was, we are told, "cut off in the prime of life by a fever caught from visiting the sick."[2] Thomas made his way from Wisbech to St Paul's to St John's (where he was a sizar)[3] earning golden opinions at each stage. We may gather from what he says of himself that he had at this time a fair amount of the energy, ambition, and desire to shine in the eyes of his world which so often characterises boys from obscure homes who have won their way to distinction at Cambridge by their own efforts. At any rate, he entered the Latin Essay Competition in 1784, and won first prize. It was considered necessary that he should repeat the achievement in 1785, or lose reputation both in the eyes of the University and of his College. Animated by these somewhat vainglorious motives, he turned to consider the subject appointed, *Anne liceat Invitos in Servitutem dare*? ("Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?") The subject had been set by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr Peckard of Magdalene College, who had already preached a sermon against the slave-trade before the University. The investigations that Clarkson now made into the subject appalled his tender heart. He won the prize, but that had come to seem a little matter. It was after the formal reading of the essay that he rode to London. He was twenty-five years old; well thought of, earnest, devout and sensitive, but as yet, though he had taken deacon's orders, without a vocation. As he went along he turned over the terrible things he had learned while preparing his essay, and in due course, as we have seen, solved two problems at once: he might, in the work of saving the slaves, find his true calling.

1. Thomas Clarkson, The History of the. . .Abolition of the African Slave-Trade by the British Parliament London, 1808, vol. 1, pp. 210–11.
2. Earl Leslie Griggs, *Thomas Clarkson, the Friend of Slaves*. London, 1936, p. 24.
3. DNB, article on Clarkson.

The process, as I say, is a familiar one; but whereas, in Reformation Cambridge, a young Calvinist, wrestling with the problems of the theology of Grace, was likely to be wholly preoccupied with the comparatively esoteric question of whether he was damned or not, to Clarkson salvation was to be found in works, and even the question of salvation itself was secondary to the passionate need to help the unfortunate: Coleridge once asked him whether he ever thought of his probable fate in the next world, to which he replied, "How can I? I think only of the slaves in Barbadoes!"[1] His story thus illustrates very well the manner in which English puritanism gradually transformed itself into humanitarianism. The Quakers were the first to evince this change. Clarkson never became a Friend, but he worked with them, had immense sympathy for them, and eventually wrote a book about them; and had a very relaxed attitude to Church dogmas. In the Puritan era he would certainly have found his vocation as a priest; living when he did, he eventually dropped both the dress and title of clergyman, explaining that "when one has not the emolument, there is no necessity to retain the odium."[2] He remained intensely religious: he died praying, his last words being "Come, come, come, my Beloved."[3] But true Christianity, he seems to have held, lay not in repeating the prayers, rituals and teachings of the traditional religious bodies, but in helping suffering mankind. So, at any rate, he acted.

It is worth remarking that he was not one of those abolitionists who, according to their enemies, were more preoccupied with the sin of slavery than with the wrongs of the slave, or who confined their love of humanity to the victims of slavery. Clarkson was ready to work against any social wrong that came to his notice—his very last publication, for instance, was a pamphlet on the *Grievances of our Mercantile Seamen, a National and Crying Evil*. Still, it was the cause of the slaves which took up the greatest part of his energy for the greatest part of his life. "I have called him the moral Steam-Engine," said Coleridge, "or the Giant with one idea."[4] It is time to examine his achievement.

At the time of his conversion he was a little daunted by the size of the task ahead of him. Like many a young man who has only just discovered his vocation, he felt more alone than he really was. A tide of anti-slavery was rising, had indeed already floated him off the beach: it was no accident that Dr. Peckard had set such a theme for the Latin Essay. Clarkson began by translating his work into English; the quest for a publisher led him to the Quaker James Phillips, and then, very rapidly, to the heart of the anti-slavery movement. But he still felt ill-prepared. He set to work to learn as much as he could about the details of slavery and the slave-trade, and in this way started on the unique contribution that he was to make to their abolition.

It is easy to smile, nowadays, at the means he adopted. Had he been an anthropologist, he would no doubt have gone on field-trips to both Africa and America; had he been a crusading reporter on the *Sunday Times,* he might have sailed on a slaver. Being what he was, an eighteenth-century reformer of limited means, he was perforce content to enlarge his knowledge by getting on his horse again and journeying from port to port, interviewing anyone he could hear of with knowledge of slavery or the Trade. What should humble us is the success of his methods. Before very long he had acquired an unrivalled expertise; so much so that still today historians draw on his work, usually without acknowledgement, for telling, convincing details.

He was valuable to the cause because he was devoted, intelligent, a writer, young, strong, energetic. (Possibly the last three qualities were the most useful.) He was tall and heavily-built; he was also highly-strung. It took him time to get hardened to his work. This shows in his first visit to a slave-ship, called the *Fly* (perhaps she should have been named the *Spider*).

1. Griggs, *op. cit.*, p. 189.
2. Griggs, p. 79. 3. Griggs, p. 197. 4. Griggs, p. 26.

"The sight of the rooms below" (he says) "and of the grating above, and of the barricade across the deck, and the explanation of the uses of all these, filled me both with melancholy and horror. I found soon afterwards a fire of indignation kindling within me. I had now scarce patience to talk with those on board. I had not the coolness this first time to go leisurely over the places that were open to me—I got away quickly."[1] But he returned to the port, again and again, until he laid the foundations of his profound knowledge of the subject. His first sight of African handiwork—pieces of cotton cloth—roused his wrath at the idea that men capable of such skilled productions should be reduced to the level of beasts of burden. He investigated the mortality of the Trade, and discovered the useful fact that, quite apart from the appalling death-rate among the kidnapped Africans, one-fifth of the sailors employed in slaving died every year. He set out to lobby the influential, and especially members of Parliament. And thus he made contact with the man who was to be his partner for forty years, that great Johnian, William Wilberforce.

It must seem to us a fore-ordained partnership. Clarkson was indefatigable, warm-hearted, intelligent, tactful; a lucid if inelegant writer, and a born researcher. He was invaluable. Wilberforce was no less so. He was not only well-connected and rich, where Clarkson was poor and obscure; he was as Clarkson said,

> one of the best speakers in parliament. His voice was as musical as a flute, and his choice of words followed each other with a regularity and beauty which made his sentences fall on the ear like the rich sounds of an organ. His earnestness and pathos gave him great sway[2].

He was as religious as Clarkson, and as devoted. Where Clarkson researched, he spoke. It was he who forced the rulers of England to consider the slave-trade; the ammunition in his battle for their attention was provided by Clarkson.

They acted systematically. Wilberforce was to lead in Parliament; behind the scenes the Quakers and Clarkson set up a new Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade whose chief function was to help Wilberforce by all means possible. As the society's name shows, the reformers had come to a decision of the utmost importance. The ultimate evil was slavery itself; but they recognised that for the time it was beyond their reach. The slave-trade, on the other hand, was at least as horrible and much more vulnerable. They marked it down accordingly as the first target for destruction. And, recognising the limited effect of moral suasion, they determined that their main task was to show that the Trade was "as expensive and wasteful as it was ruthless and inhumane";[3] that it actually weakened the slave economy.

It is worth dwelling for a moment on this development. It was the sort of choice that all successful revolutionaries or reformers have to make sooner or later. To stand out inexorably against all evil may be heroic; it may also be quite ineffective. To confine oneself to a limited plan of action is to compromise, is often to tolerate the intolerable, is to run the risk, not merely of failure, but of being despised for that failure by the all-or-nothing enthusiasts. It is a course requiring considerable moral courage. There cannot be much doubt that, in the case of slavery, it was the right course.

The new committee needed information and supporters. Clarkson was sent out to acquire both. In the next few years he was to ride thousands of miles on his quest.

Apart from the physical exertion involved, Clarkson had many difficulties to overcome on these journeys. While to the modern eye the sight of one poor horseman setting out to bring down the slave trade, which had founded the prosperity of so many great cities, and generated so much of the capital which, invested, was to launch the Industrial Revolution, is both sublime

1. Clarkson, *op. cit.*, i 238.
2. Clarkson in conversation with Benjamin Stanton, the American abolitionist, September, 1841. See Griggs, p. 187.
3. Griggs, p. 36.

and slightly absurd, Clarkson could see nothing amusing about his insignificance. It could be very depressing. For instance, he tells us, of his first visit to Bristol, that

> On turning a corner, within about a mile of that city, at about eight in the evening, I came within sight of it. The weather was rather hazy, which occasioned it to look of unusual dimensions. The bells of some of the churches were then ringing; the sound of them did not strike me, till I had turned the corner... when it came upon me at once. It filled me, almost directly, with a melancholy for which I could not account. I began now to tremble, for the first time, at the arduous task I had undertaken, of attempting to subvert one of the branches of the commerce of the great place which was before me. I began to think of the host of people I should have to encounter in it. I anticipated much persecution in it also; and I questioned whether I should even get out of it alive. But in journeying on (he continues, characteristically) I became more calm and composed. .. In these latter moments I considered my first feelings as useful, inasmuch as they impressed upon me the necessity of extraordinary courage, and activity, and perseverance, and of watchfulness, also, over my own conduct, that I might not throw any stain upon the cause I had undertaken.[1]

His fears for his life were not groundless: in Liverpool an attempt was made to throw him off a pier into the sea during a heavy gale. He was freely insulted, and on at least one occasion assaulted. Worst of all, the slave-traders did their utmost to silence witnesses of their activities, and too often succeeded.

Nevertheless his achievement was great—properly so, for he was tireless. Thus, on one occasion, searching for a sailor of whom he knew nothing except that he served in one of the King's ships and, having been to the African interior, probably possessed valuable information about how slaves were obtained, Clarkson visited 217 ships of the Royal Navy, at six ports, before he met his man. He sent back a stream of reports to the Society; he made converts wherever he went, whether by seeking out individuals, by addressing large and small groups, or, in Manchester, by preaching a sermon to a huge congregation. Committees and petitions sprang up in his wake like mushrooms, and the slow work of winning over parliamentary opinion thus began, Wilberforce used his influence with his close friend, the Prime Minister, William Pitt the Younger; and, thoroughly alarmed, the pro-slavery forces began to organise —perhaps the most convincing tribute of all to the Society's efforts.

At Pitt's bidding the Privy Council took up the question, and it was for the enlightenment of that body that Clarkson and the Society's national committee prepared the most effective item of propaganda that the struggle ever called forth. It was the famous plan of a slave-ship, which, reproduced in innumerable historical works, still retains its power to shock. It shows the slaves jammed together, lying chained to the decks in long rows, looking like nothing so much as sardines in a tin. Stowed away in this fashion they made the infamous Middle Voyage, the journey from Africa to the Americas that lasted for weeks. Their suffering was in every way atrocious. Today the plan is only a reminder of horror, like the exhibits at Auschwitz; but when it was prepared it told what was actually going on in part of the English mercantile marine. Wilberforce had a three-dimensional model made from the plan, which he exhibited with great effect in the House of Commons (it can still be seen at the Wilberforce Museum at Hull).

Soon the great reforming movement had won the sympathy of most of the leaders on both sides in Parliament, but they could not carry their backbenchers with them. One of the most ignoble speeches ever made in the Commons sought, with unhappy success, to defeat one of Wilberforce's annual motions to abolish the Trade, urging that:

> The house should beware of being carried away by the meteors with which they have been dazzled. The leaders, it is true, are for the abolition; but the minor orators, the dwarfs,

1. Clarkson, i 293–4.

Thomas Clarkson, by H Room. This portrait hangs just outside the Combination Room.

the pigmies, I trust, will this night carry the question against them. The property of the West Indians is at stake; and, though men may be generous with their own property, they should not be so with the property of others.[1]

Then came the French Revolution. At first it encouraged Clarkson, especially since he was made an honorary citizen of France, along with Jeremy Bentham, Tom Paine, George Washington and William Wilberforce. Perhaps England and France would jointly abolish the Trade. The principles of 1789, notably the Declaration of the Rights of Man, surely dictated such a course; besides, as Clarkson observed, "the French Revolution can never be kept from the Negroes. The effects of good Men, who are hourly increasing in their Favour throughout all Europe, must unavoidably reach their ears."[2] He was right, as the uprising of slaves in Santo Domingo quickly proved; but the massacre of the planters there, France's plunge into war, and the anti-revolutionary reaction in England soon killed all chances of immediate reform, as to slavery or anything else. Clarkson continued his labours, riding his thousands of miles as usual, taking down the depositions of witnesses, writing pamphlets, petitions, memorials, but he was rapidly wearing out. In 1794 he collapsed. He tells us,

> The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me. Sudden dizzinesses seized my head. A confused singing in the ears followed me, wherever I went. On going to bed, the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking, too, if it continued but half an hour, exhausted me, so that profuse perspirations followed, and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind for a like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write in behalf of the cause. In this time I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night.
>
> All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent too to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my knowledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. . . But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them; and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing these forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled. . . .[3]

At last it was all too much for him. Worn down by physical and emotional stress, he had to retire from the fight, and turn to farming on the small income secured for him by Wilberforce and his other associates. And soon after his retirement the first crusade for the abolition of the slave-trade collapsed too.

He went to live on Ullswater, and there got to know the Wordsworth family well. It was while returning from a visit to Clarkson and his wife that William and Dorothy saw the daffodils

> Beside the lake, beneath the trees
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

1. Griggs, p. 65. I have turned the language of the parliamentary report, which is in the third person, into direct speech.
2. Clarkson to Monsieur Beauvet, 1789. Griggs, p. 54.
3. Clarkson, ii 469–471.

And when Dorothy visited Cambridge, it was Clarkson who showed her over her brother's and his old College, and helped her to find the ash-tree that the poet had loved.[1]

Clarkson's health and strength returned to him in the Lake District, and in due course his career was resumed. In 1805, at Wilberforce's call, he returned to the fight, once more travelling all over England to gather evidence, needed this time to persuade the House of Lords. In 1806 the Ministry of All the Talents ended the colonial slave-trade, and in 1807, at long last, a law was passed, according to which the transportation of African negroes was "utterly abolished, prohibited and declared to be unlawful." The abolitionists were of course overcome with joy; but they did not rest from their labours. Instead, they formed the African Institution, which set out to see that law was enforced, to secure the abolition of the slave trade by all other nations, and to civilise Africa. Clarkson was of course an important member of this body, but his chief business at first was to write and publish his *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade* (1808), which remains not only a noble monument to the great reform, but a first-rate historical source.

The rest of his life need not be dwelt on at any length. He never ceased his earnest humanitarian endeavours. We find him visiting the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, hoping to persuade the assembled statesmen to outlaw the slave-trade as a species of piracy; while there he caught a glimpse of yet another old Johnian, Lord Castlereagh, wearing a coat "so crowded with diamonds that nothing else was to be seen. It is said the diamonds cost 3,000 guineas. . . I doubt we poor English people shall have to pay for this fine coat."[2] He acts as the unofficial adviser and friend to Henri Christophe, the black King of Haiti, and, after Christophe's death, as the protector of the King's widow and daughters. He still writes letters and pamphlets on matters that need a humanitarian's attention; and at last he travels through England again to drum up support for the new British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1823 to put an end to chattel slavery itself. On this final journey, he tells us, "I succeeded in forming nearly 200 Committees and the result was some hundred petitions to Parliament. . .I travelled about 3,000 miles, and was absent from home nearly a year."[3] But he was now old, and the chief direction of the movement was in the hands of younger men, who tended to praise the veteran while neglecting his advice. Still, when, in 1830, a great Anti-Slavery convention was held in London, Thomas Clarkson was the man who called it to order, and then, in a warm speech, nominated Wilberforce as chairman—who accepted the offer in a speech full of warm references to Clarkson. It was agreeable to everyone that the two great Nestors of the cause should thus be seen to give their benediction to the last campaign—which was successful in 1833, when slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire.

Even then Clarkson was not quite done. He attacked the apprenticeship system which briefly followed slavery in the West Indies; he attacked the importation of coolie labour from India, which he properly said was the slave trade under another name; and he appeared at the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, which debated slavery in the United States. Benjamin Haydon painted the gathering, and chose to show Clarkson addressing it, his ancient figure all benevolence and earnestness, but the audience, I fear, not very attentive. However, that was the painter's fault: in fact Clarkson was warmly applauded. Haydon visited Clarkson's house to work on this portrait, and while there recorded an anecdote in his diary which perfectly conveys the spirit of the indomitable old man. Clarkson had recently published a tract attacking slavery in the American south. He got the idea for it, he told Haydon, one night, when a voice woke him from sleep,

1. *The Prelude,* book VI, lines 76–94 (1850 edition).
2. Clarkson to his wife. Griggs, p. 155.
3. Griggs, p. 162.

and he heard distinctly the words, "You have not done all your work. There is America". Clarkson said it was vivid. He sat upright in his bed; he listened and heard no more. Then the whole subject of his last pamphlet came to his mind. Texts without end crowded in and he got up in the morning, and began it, and worked 8 hours a day till it was done—till he hoped he had not left the Americans a leg to stand on. [1]

Such were the life and labours of Thomas Clarkson. Clearly, we do well to remember them. But we must be careful what claims we make for him. We cannot say that he, single-handed, ended the slave-trade and slavery; he was far from single-handed, and neither evil was ended completely in his time. Instead, I think, we may agree that, though his labours were not in vain; though the great deeds of 1807 and 1833 were in some measure his work; his first claim to our respect is that he held nothing back: once he had put his hand to the plough, he never counted the cost, but gave himself absolutely to his cause. It was this which drew people to him. He had little sense of humour, but his warmth of heart did as well, or better: in his company no-one could be weary of virtue, or see the virtuous as cold saints. Once he had put youthful ambition behind him he was never vain, self-assertive, or quarrelsome: his only foible was an inclination, in old age, to boast of his ailments and the pills he took for them. Quite as much as the dead of Gettysburg, he gave the last, full measure of devotion. Wordsworth's Quaker friend, Thomas Wilkinson, observed of Clarkson in 1790 that "he was perfectly satisfied to be as a slave to the Slave"[2]. This phrase recalls, unintentionally, the claim of the mediaeval Popes to be no more than the slaves of the slaves of God. It suggests the fulfilment that Clarkson found in utter abandonment of self, so that in 1840 he could claim that "if I had another life given to me to live, I would devote it to the same object."[3] And in this spirit he did greatly help to pull down a vast structure of power and oppression; through him enormous numbers of men and women were rescued from death and pain. He was one of those who teach us in what senses the meek shall inherit the earth; and even, perhaps especially, those of us who are not meek and cannot become meek may for this reason honour his memory.

HUGH BROGAN

1. Griggs, p. 182.
2. Griggs, p. 63.
3. Griggs, p. 184.

Seedy on Coresidence

16 *May* 1774. Alas, we are a College of ninnies! There is no pinnacle of folly so high that with the huffings and puffings of the Giddys and the Ganglebangs spurring us on we cannot be induced to clamber up and stand perspiring mightily at the top, a spectacle and exhibition to all; whom future generations must regard with derision or disgust.

I am so put out by it that I have quite forgiven Grouch his wicked trick upon me; and in any case that incident has passed off most providentially, the sale of the College having fallen through for want of funds on the part of the *cestuis que trust*. So the Dean is pretty upset, though most stoical about it till Grouch the other day in Hall publickly offered to advance him half a sovereign against his expectations. A charitable gesture; but imprudent, I fear. And such imprudence, alas, which is the very essence and spirit of our beloved Coll., cannot forever miss its mark. We may not, like lunatics or infants, forever escape the consequences of our acts; and even now I hear an awful scratching, as of the rats in the wainscotting, while the groping fingers of our blind and shaggy Sampsons fumble rudely towards the pillars of our society, to brace and grip and strain and bring our temple and sanctuary crashing down about our ears.

The cause and occasion of my lament is the Great College Meeting that we have had. I could not—I can not and will not—believe the evidence of my ears. The Fellows want to marry! When I say the Fellows, I mean of course the boys and the ninnies, but even they—to the eternal shame of the Seniors—are Fellows, and even they, I would have supposed, would be seised of that reserve and common decency that marks even the enlightened academic. But no! With an enormous randiness and a great fastening and unfastening of breeches they rushed in and out of the Combination Room shouting: "Quick, quick, Master! The time is overripe and we are growing old." "Let us fiddle with the Statutes, Master! Off, off with these vestments of constraint!" "Tear off these bindings, Master! Unloose this awkward girdle from us!" "Hurry, hurry, Master, or the times may catch up with us!" "Marriage is a sacrament and an holy estate, so why might we not marry, Master?" "We must be made to marry, Master!" "'Tis lawful. We must obey the law". "Too slow, too slow! To the Privy with the Statutes and post the Banns on the Great Gate straightway!" "Half the population, Master, is women". "Make haste, Master, make haste! Here are figures that shew more women in Cambridge than Fellows in Colleges." "We have a duty and an obligation, Master. Shall we not consider the spinsters?" "Shall we not consider the generations as yet unbegot? Will you deny them their say, Master, in the running of the Coll.?" "Make speed, make speed!" "Imparity, impiety!" "Three cheers for the Master!" "Off to the Spinning House with Seedy!" "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

I stuffed my ears with my gown to avoid the most noxious vapourings, but I could not escape hearing some of it. I myself spoke most briefly, for I feared an assault upon my person.

Alas,alas, it was a sorry rout for the forces of righteousness. Grouch was silent, Auringskwash was silent, the Dean was silent, and Tinsel was not there at all. The Regius spoke, but, misjudging quite the temper of the Meeting, sallied forth with a few prettily turned conceits, which were entirely lost in the hubbub. Only young Arson saved, or at least partially reclaimed, the day. He is a good fellow. About five foot ten inches in height, heavy set, with side whiskers; bold in manner, yet pleasantly facetious, he speaks most weighty. With the Acting Tutors' paper in one hand and a sheaf of writings in the other, sometimes he would gesture mightily, as if warding off the buzz of revolution about his head, flicking away the carriers of pestilence; at other times he would turn on the mob, back to the wall, ferociously at bay, poised to strike the first of his attackers to leap; yet later laying his papers carefully on the table before him, leaning forward gently to conjure back to life that small flame of reason, urging it on with a careful rehearsal of the arguments, teasing it forth from the bundle of manuscripts before him; and then, casting aside his papers, flinging wide his arms in fellowship and community, a man and a Johnian, ready always to welcome back his brothers who have erred. I could not hear it without a tear or two. Surely, I thought, they will listen to this. There is the Acting Master sitting so serene; there is the Bursar jotting it down; there is the President so hard at prayer that I do believe he is standing on his head. They will listen, I thought. All will be well with the Coll. Thanks be to God.

But they did not listen. They did not want to listen. No sooner had Arson sunk back into his seat, but Denial sprang up to come crashing down with all his weight upon the side of the revolutionaries. Rushingon also, alas, who is our only octogenarian Senior and a veritable saint, joined their ranks—a signal capture for the rebels. I wept some more at this, and left the Meeting in a daze to spend an unhappy afternoon walking in the Courts, touching the walls I have known so well, feeling the brick and the roughness of the mortar, overcome afresh at each glimpse of a gyp or kitchen porter or other sign of devotion and unity of purpose that must all so swiftly vanish away.

In the evening we retired to my good friend Grouch's rooms, bolted the door and set watch for the President, who has taken a great oath against Port wine. Alas, he is a good man, mostly taken in prayer these days, but beset by black humours and morbid visions of the Fellows wrecking the Coll. He is a splendid person; of middle height and unremarkable; also most clever. For the time being, however, he has forsworn all manner of foreign wines and threatens to box the ears of any Fellows (and particularly Auringskwash) that he catches tippling. The other night, after our Feast to commemorate the Fellows, he descended most wrathful in his nightshirt, beating about him with a Greek lexicon and crying, "Is the Combination Room become an ale house then?"—a proposition most reasonable. Gyps were summoned and those insensible through drink or too severe a battering from the President's lexicon were carried away. One, not regaining his senses, expired in the night, and the Acting Master was called and the undertaker's barrow being pushed through the Second Court before, by the Grace of God, he revived. A miracle, for he had drunk near an hogshead of Port. 'Twas generally canvassed in Hall that his resurrection would have been the more impressive for being left a day or two longer, and many remarkable stories were told of corpses that had banged on the lids of their coffins to be released, etc.

There in t
pany. I leapt to my feet and denounced the pack of 'em. Let women in and they will get everywhere—the Hall, the Courts, the Library, the Chapel. They will turn the wine. I must have got much excited, for the next I remember is being helped to a chair and another glass thrust in my hand. Grouch—good, clever, sound Grouch—was astute to note that existing interests

must by tradition be kept, and I recalled clear as yesterday upon his prompting that when I was Senior Wrangler and elected Fellow there had been no *caveat* of women then; no notion or least breath of it. Grouch went on to talk rather darkly of a house divided against itself, that there was a King's Bench in London, etc. But it was Auringskwash who, with unaccustomed dignity and presence, managed to put into words what each of us felt in our hearts. "My friends," he said, "It will be the end of the College. We have our traditions and customs; we have our Johnian ways. To the poor Scholar, the humble Sizar, in the winter nights of chilblanes and anxious conning, a single beacon gleams dimly ahead; the hope, the speculation, of a Fellowship; next step towards the rich harvests of preferment, the juicy prebend, the fat deanery, the temporal satisfaction of true spiritual reward. Some poor scholars, like my dear friend Seedy here, may not aspire to greater things; they are the true servants of the College, whose names will be forgot. Others, feeling the spur of ambition and, it may be, that carnal lust for matrimony of which we have heard so much today, move on, take up a living, and make way for another young man in their place. Yet let the Fellows marry and not resign and they will vanish away to their country parsonages, returning like prodigals at elections and Christmastide, holding for ever their seats secure against successors. The College will stagnate, and the Church, and aye the State too, shall smell the odour of it. This will be a change untimely thrust upon us. A man cannot serve two masters. Alas I foresee days ahead when a man shall hold a Fellowship no longer discreetly and in constancy of spirit, to serve, but as trade or profit, like chandler or common cheesemonger, as a stranger within our walls to be seen at certain hours, talking gravely of infant mortality and his wife's preserves. Here is the maggot that eats from within, here is the worm that gnaws at our bud, the corruption and decay rotting away the slowly ripening fruit of our foundation. . . . But Seedy, my dear, good and foolish friend, you weep."

"I weep for my College. I am a miserable fellow,"

JOS. SEEDY

gloom of Grouch's room we sat, sipping Malmsey; a pretty despond

Cormorant at Lake Nakuru, Kenya: *by Mike Wilson*

The Musical Society and the College

THERE CAN be little doubt that the College Musical Society is alive and well. At the recent Annual General Meeting (May 1974) more than sixty people took part in the election of officers, and beside these card-carrying members at least another hundred junior members somehow found their way onto the society's mailing list, together with thirty senior members. Smoking concerts play to an average of sixty people (though attendance fluctuates dramatically) and when Brahm's Requiem was given in Chapel last December two hundred performers entertained an audience of over eight hundred. In the academic year 1973/1974 the society has organized two choral and orchestral concerts, two purely orchestral concerts, the May Concert, the Senior Combination Room Concert, four Smoking Concerts and 'Music to Forget', which was performed twice. These facts may be seen in their proper perspective by comparing them with the year 1970/1971, during which only one event was organized; no wonder the committee of that year failed to record the minutes of its meetings.

Yet it must be emphasised that about ten years ago the society was passing through just such another enthusiastically active stage as it is experiencing now, and that this was immediately followed by a decline. In 1969 Mr Guest, then President, lamented the Society's lack of prestige in Cambridge and its inactivity. But as we have seen, things only grew worse. If then there was no shortage of incentive from above, and presumably in such a large college as ours, no shortage of musical interest from below, what went wrong? More important still, how can it be prevented from happening again in our own time?

First of all it is obvious that if there is only one year during which the society does not actually grow and branch out in new directions, it is potentially in danger. This is accounted for by the rapid turnover of personnel in university life. Any freshman coming up to find a stagnant society operating purely to fixed traditions will not be encouraged to contribute his own ideas; and within three years, by the Law of Tripos, the old order will have passed away completely. The responsibility for avoiding this situation must be shared. On the one hand, those who run the society should encourage rather than than resist change; and on the other, anyone who feels that his voice is not being heard by the society should shout louder until it is.

Secondly, the presence of the Chapel Choir creates an interesting situation. Together with the organ students, members of the choir are always likely to provide the nucleus of musical organization within the college. They have a large fund of talent at their disposal, can work together as a ready-made team, and those of their number not actually reading music are often attached to disciplines which allow them at least some flexibility in the use of their time. To this brotherhood may be added their cousins, the music students. Now it is clear that at any given time the main interest of this group of up to twenty musicians may well be vocal music or perhaps simply sacred vocal music. (Anyone considering reading music in Cambridge will be well aware of its strong vocal tradition, and the fame of our own choir is international.) It may therefore appear sometimes that this musical elite has a stranglehold on college music. If it is content that Chapel services shall be the centre of musical activity, then nothing else may happen. The freshman knows a closed shop when he sees one, and it is an easy matter to hawk one's fiddle-playing around other colleges which may at first sight appear too small to support orchestral music, but are in fact much more welcoming than one's own. Worse still, some instrumentalists might give up playing altogether in these unfavourable circumstances.

However during the last two years at least, the situation described above could never justly have been applied to the Society. The choral students have been anything but introspective, and the society's committee has included an engineer and a natural scientist. Instrumental and vocal music have flourished side by side. But the need for caution remains. Once again the responsibility must be shared; the committee should seek to promote everyone's interests, and if it cannot find room for everyone in, say, the orchestra, it should at least seem to try; similarly, the member with a grievance should not immediately wander off to greener pastures or else shrug his shoulders and admit defeat, but should instead take his problem to the committee (informally for best results) and work for a real solution.

At this point there should be included a word of sympathy for the committee, and this can best be introduced by discussing exactly what the aims of a society such as this ought to be. According to the new constitution approved in the Lent term, "The object of the Society shall be to encourage the practice, appreciation and study of music in the College". In other words the music-maker, the music-lover and the musicologist have all to be kept happy. Obviously this is going to be difficult, and the committee, weighed down as it is with problems ranging from the availability of music stands to high finance, will inevitably fail in one direction or another. Recently, the music-lover and musicologist have had the thin end of the wedge, but doubtless their day will come.

What the Society needs now is a concerted effort to tackle the long-term problems which it faces and to find new ways of stimulating and satisfying musical interest. Regrettably, few people are aware of the problems which have dogged the committee in recent times. The most important of these was the Society's precarious financial position. To put on the events outlined earlier on an annual grant of one hundred pounds is a major achievement. King's College Music Society has more than ten times as much money to spend for each undergraduate member of the college. It was with great relief that the committee heard of the proposed doubling of our annual grant; but it still leaves us poorer, and by per capita comparison much poorer, than several other far less adventurous music societies in Cambridge.

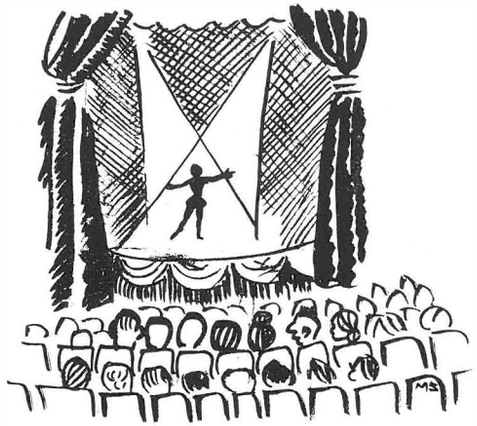
Another problem, equally restrictive when programmes are being planned, is the lack of any suitable room in college to keep a good concert piano or harpsichord. It is suggested that the college might well agree to purchase such instruments if a solution can be found, but none has been worked out so far. Miller's concert Steinway, the only good piano available for hire locally, costs £55 per night, which is clearly prohibitive. Even if we did have a piano, there would be no way to move it upstairs into the Pythagoras theatre, as a simple survey of the building will show. Finally, whilst the Hall is obviously a better venue for performing orchestral music than the Chapel, and the college would agree to its use on one or two nights of the year in addition to the May Concert (which incidentally is paid for by the college rather than the Society), no remedy has been found for the vast charge which the Superintendent of Buildings would be obliged to make for the preparation of the Hall—something in the region of £200.

For the future then, new ways of stimulating interest must be found. The function of the Smoking Concert has long been suspect, and it might have to be replaced by a more orthdox series of chamber concerts: in view of the current attitude to smoking, the name at least might be changed so as not to discourage attendance. In 1970 a string quartet rather loosely affiliated to the college gave a concert in the School of Pythagoras; there is no reason why that venue should not more often be used for chamber concerts, although the proviso concerning a piano should be borne in mind. And perhaps people might be encouraged to talk about music a little more: the atmosphere of contemporary musical life reminds one rather of a museum, in which people stand around silently, gazing in awe at some ancient and valued object (if the members of the music society shamble about like curators it is not their fault). With a little influence from friendly senior members, interesting speakers might be drawn to the college, and by throwing our doors open to the whole university and indeed town on such occasions the society could only enhance its prestige. Opera might be played through on record, or even sung through if possible. Undergraduate composers might be encouraged to present their work for scrutiny instead of hiding in some dark corner of the museum as they do now.

Above all the solution must be adapted to the time, and available resources used to the full. Any member of the college with musical talent or interest should find his needs partly satisfied within the college, and it will often be up to him to see that this happens. Finally, there is in Cambridge no time like the present. Three years can pass very quickly; a diploma in wasted opportunity has little value in the big wide world.

PHILIP BOOTH

What Price the Threepenny Opera?



WITH LINES LIKE 'And what colour knickers do you wear, my dear', Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* was bound to go down well with the School of Pythagoras' fun-loving audiences. Another major attraction was that it would be the Lady Margaret Players' first musical, with 'Mac the Knife' as its most famous standard. Luckily, musical director Bob Wallbank was very keen on Weil's music. He claimed that we needed a nine-piece Jazz band, including piano and harmonium. The alternative was a plain piano accompaniment. Bob won and plans went ahead to use a band.

We soon learnt that the production would cost more than we expected. The play's publishers demanded £8 per performance—£40 in all for five nights. They were unmoved by our pleas, so pay we did. We also had to obtain copyright for the music. A reviewer of the play said he liked our simple effects. For us these were dictated by financial shortage. Costumes for the large cast also cost us money.

When auditions had been held, all the company was cast except for the central figure, Macheath. I knew someone whom I thought would be right for the part, but he was not a regular actor. I had to ease him into taking the part. He asked how things were going, in a second he had been given a book, in two hours he had taken the part.

Next problem was that the cast should all have been cockney. But most came from north of Birmingham, one from Turkey. Only one was 'yer actual sparra'. We decided not to try forced accents. Movement could not be to expansive, because the stage was small and well-filled with cast. The band, half-hidden behind gauze, took up half of it. In the last scene, there was a total of 30 people including band, on stage at once. So we left the stage bare, leaving decoration to come from the costumes of the actors.

The girls' costumes were made specially. The Arts Theatre provided all the men's costumes, except for Macheath's. We tried six London costumiers, and the last could help, for a gangster outfit had just been returned by a film company. It was ideal. The prostitutes needed suspender belts and so the producer's day in London finished with him several pounds poorer, but carrying a suit and four suspender belts in his bag.

With the coaxing, threatening and ordering of people over, we had the dress rehearsals. These went badly, which some say is a good sign. By the last dress rehearsal, the cast needed an audience to react against. From now on, the producer was dispensible, though the cast still expected enthusiasm from a person who could no longer call the production his own.

PETER MACKLEN

Editorial

This college brings together young people of all types into intimate closeness and it exposes them to challenging intellectual disciplines. If this incites the young people to free thought, to responsibility and to love for one another, then the college has a living tradition. But the Fellows of St John's are more concerned to bolster up the surface mystique of a college - its revered 'academic and sporting standards', its hallowed 'statutes'.

I have been told that the introduction of coresidence at St John's will emperil 'academic and sporting standards' or the balance of subjects; that student participation in decisions about college administration is prevented by college 'statutes'.

In that case, 'statutes' and 'standards' are merely a disposable mystique which hinders us from resuscitating our living tradition. Coresidence, integrating men and women in the same buildings, would make a saner college and equip students to go out into the normal world where they will have to live in close proximity to the other sex. Whilst student participation will broaden concern for the college's livelihood, and will awaken students to the complex, fallible body of which they are a part; that is good training for citizenship of a democracy.

The need is to convert St John's from a retreat from the outside world into a preparation for it.

In hard times, the showdown for British higher education is very close. Even St John's will be asked vital questions. By school-leavers - what do you offer to students? By politicians and people - what do you contribute to the nation?

Answer?

Felix Hodcroft

The Foundation of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist

In the Eagle Magazine, vol. XLVIII pp20 passim, Mr. Max Newman made some interesting comments on the foundation of the charity which previously occupied the present site of our College.

I want to suggest that there are plausible arguments in favour of the proposition that the actual founder was the Order of the Knights of Jerusalem.

This order of military knights and the ruling elite was founded for charitable purposes, namely, the accommodation, feeding, clothing and nursing of pilgrims (the order is to be contrasted with the order of the Knights of the Temple whose object was the subjugation of the Infidel and the reconquest of the Holy Places).

The Knights of Jerusalem built and maintained hospitals or hostels on all the main pilgrim routes. Their greatest hospital was at Jerusalem, hence their name, but they maintained hospitals on all the pilgrim routes.

In England there were two great centres of pilgrimage, Canterbury and Walsingham. (It is interesting to note that the College still owns part of the lands of the Maison Dieu at Ospringe in Kent, possibly on the pilgrim route to Canterbury.) We are concerned, however, with the routes to the shrine of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham.

The Fens were inundated in the Middle Ages. Cambridge stood on the high ground on the edge of the Fens at the lowest point on the river Cam where it could be bridged, the bridge being variously known as the Granta bridge, the Cam bridge, the Great bridge and, now, Magdalene bridge. On this bridge, there converged pilgrimage routes from the north, the west and south west.

The road from Cambridge to Walsingham was longer than it is today. The present Newmarket Road is of modern construction. The old medieval road went by Quy, Over, and Reach, along the fen edge. This was necessary to avoid the heavily wooded land to the south of the Fens, remnants of which run from Royston to Thetford, where Thetford Forest and Chase has been vastly extended in modern times.

What better place could there be for the Hospitallers, as the knights of St. John, to found a Hospital? The medieval hospital was dedicated to St. John the Baptist: it was appropriate on the refoundation of the hospital as an educational body, to change the dedication to St. John the Evangelist.

The foundations of their chapel are to be seen in First Court. The construction of the new chapel and North Court required the demolition of a number of medieval and later tenements. Could not these have represented the actual Hostel or Hospital itself?

It is interesting to note that opposite the Hospital was, and is, a church with a dedication suggesting a connection with Jerusalem, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Also it is surely not a coincidence that the main gate to the Priory of Walsingham is known as the Knights' Gate. One can imagine the Knights Hospitallers escorting the pilgrims through this gate to the Shrine of St. Mary.

A recent discovery of a similar hospital at Chippenham, some 18 miles east of our hospital would seem to mark the next staging post on the journey.

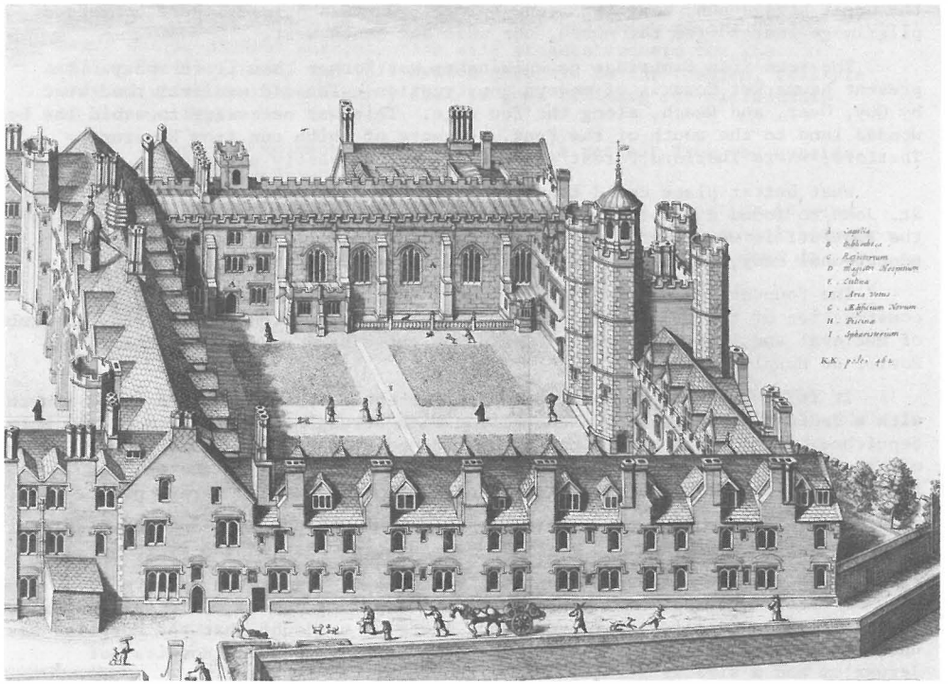
Mr. Newman says that the Hospital was manned by a Master and brethren, some of whom were seculars. This would be surprising in a purely religious foundation, but normal in a Hospitaller foundation. There is no doubt that the Hospital was under the patronage and control of the Bishop of Ely, but the Hospital of Jerusalem had a similar relationship with the Bishop of Rome.

The first order was dissolved, in England, in 1839 and, in Ireland, in 1841. About 1843 a second order was founded which ultimately received a charter from Queen Victoria. This order still performs one of the original functions of the first order, viz. the care of sick people. It also maintains an opthalmic hospital in Jerusalem. Its black uniform with the badge of the Maltese Cross is familiar to any one attending a major sporting event. The Maltese Cross is used because Malta was the last stronghold of the Knights in the Mediterranean.

Perhaps one of you may become the Grand Master of the Order. If you do, I shall not hesitate to recommend you for an honorary fellowship.

Lastly, some people are entitled to wear a medal of the Hospitallers. (I know two Cambridge doctors who wear it.) Need I say that the medal is a Maltese Cross, and that the ribbon is white? Personally I feel it ought to have precedence to the Victoria Cross, but the Queen willed it otherwise, and I cannot overrule her.

Kenneth Scott



First Court, from Loggan's "Cantabrigia Illustrata" (1690)

Brindley & The Riddle of the Sands

Those among us whose memories are long enough to recall the period before 1914 may also recall the long series of War and Invasion stories, which beginning with Colonel Chesney's "Battle of Dorking" in 1871 continued until the outbreak of war in 1914, ending with Conan Doyle's story "Danger" in the Strand Magazine for July 1914.

Most of these stories were only of ephemeral interest and have been long forgotten, except by the occasional specialist book collector, but one has become a classic. In 1903 Erskine Childers, father of the late President of Eire, wrote "The Riddle of the Sands". Apart from its invasion theme the story has become a classic sea tale, ranking with the work of Conrad and other masters. The book has never, I believe, been out of print since its first publication: I have myself possessed at various times three or four editions, including a copy that had once belonged to H.H. Brindley. Briefly the story tells of two young men, Carruthers, a rather bored and supercilious young Foreign Office minor official, and Davies, a sailing enthusiast, cruising in the Baltic and in the waters around the German Friesian Islands. Gradually they become suspicious, and in the end unearth a plot for a sea-borne invasion of England by the German army. The invasion theme is carefully introduced, but the story has survived because of the superb sailing episodes. From the day of its publication, argument has continued as to how far the "Riddle of the Sands" was founded on fact. Although repeatedly denied, for example in the article on Childers in the D.N.B., the question of whether there was an invasion plot continues to be raised, and "identifications" of the yacht "Dulcibella" of the story are still frequently claimed.

Last Summer an enquiry, one of the many and varied ones that ultimately reach the Bursary, came from Dr. R. A. Andrews (B.A. 1931), asking for the address of Bevis Brindley, son of H. H. Brindley. Articles had appeared in the magazine "Yachting Monthly" during April and May 1974, written by a yachtsman, R.M. Bowker, who had sailed in the waters which were the scene of Childers' novel, raising again the question of whether the novel was fact or fiction. Dr. Andrews was a pupil of H.H. Brindley while an undergraduate; he knew Bevis Brindley, who had told him his father was the original of the "Carruthers" of the novel. Harold Hulme Brindley, 1865-1944, B.A. 1887, Steward 1914-23, Fellow of the College 1931-1944, was a distinguished Zoologist. But he had many and wide-ranging interests outside his subject. Naturalist, railway enthusiast, and a founder member of the C.U. Cruising Club and a member of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. He was a leading nautical archaeologist, a frequent contributor to "The Mariners' Mirror", and at one time Head of the Seal Room of the National Maritime Museum, for which he compiled the catalogue of casts of seals and other objects there preserved. Twice married and twice widowed, he spent the last years of his life in College, occupying a set of rooms that now forms part of the Bursary.

Dr. Boys Smith has confirmed there was a generally held opinion in the College that Brindley was associated with the novel, and Professor Welford, who was Junior Bursar during Mr. Brindley's last years in College, assures me it was generally believed at that time that Brindley was the original "Davies" rather than "Carruthers". He recalled that on one occasion Brindley was challenged about this, and while denying he was the original "Davies", said that he knew the real Davies.

When the enquiry first came to the Bursary, finding it impossible to get copies of the "Yachting Monthly" containing Mr. Bowker's articles locally, I wrote to the Editor of the Magazine who very kindly sent not only copies of the articles, but also a copy of an article written by Childers in 1898 in a yachting magazine, describing a cruise in the German Friesian waters among which the novel is set. While this cruise no doubt provided the setting for Childers' tale all this does nothing to prove or disprove whether the invasion plot of the story had any factual foundation. But it does raise some intriguing questions for Johnians. Was Mr. Brindley associated with Childers in the plotting or writing of the story, or did Childers use him as a model for "Davies" or "Carruthers"?

The answer to the "riddle" of the novel was a plan for the invasion of England:

> "The course for Memmert? Possibly; but I cared not, for my mind was far from Memmert and tonight. It was the course for England, too --- I was assisting at an experimental rehearsal of a great scene --- when multitudes of sea-going lighters, carrying full loads of soldiers, not half-loads of coal --- should issue --- and throw themselves bodily upon English shores"

Argument as to whether there was truth beyond the fiction will no doubt continue. But we are left with our own riddle of the connection of Mr. Brindley with the novel; of what part he played in all this? Doubtless now an unanswerable riddle. But the association of a distinguished Fellow of the College with a classic tale of the sea, that has survived for more than seventy years, should not be forgotten.

W. T. Thurbon

Review

Brendan Bradshaw, *The Dissolution of the Religious Orders in Ireland under Henry VIII*. (Cambridge University Press, 1974. 276 pp. and 2 maps, £5.50.)

The subject of Brendan Bradshaw's first book is precisely described by its title, and the choice of subject certainly deserves full marks for courage. The story of the Dissolution in Henrician Ireland is not easy to write. For one thing the evidence is scattered and scanty: there are, for example, no equivalents of the visitation records which illumine the English situation. For another, the complexities of the Irish political situation mean that the Dissolution policy (or policies, as it seems we should now say) can only properly be understood by painstaking analysis of the factors at work at each successive stage.

Fr Bradshaw has eked out to good effect his rather unpromising sources in the administrative records, and has the good sense to keep them in the footnotes. His treatment of the political context is surely the most masterly aspect of his work, dissipating long cherished myths and explaining otherwise puzzling aspects of the evidence.

For the general reader, even for the historian without specialist Irish interests, the central chapters, describing the actual process of the dissolution, will prove from time to time very heavy going - a rather wearisome progress from one damned monastery to another, with the emphasis on economics rather than religious life. But this part had to be written - for the good name of academic history - and Fr Bradshaw makes it as interesting as his evidence allows.

The book is a rather fine combination of enthusiasm and fairness. Love for Ireland and for the religious orders have motivated the study, but here there are none of the 'polemical histrionics' (p.3) which once passed for historical accounts of the suppression. There is a scrupulous attempt to be fair to all sides, and though the monks do not emerge quite as black as they have often been painted, they are fairly well besmirched even by Fr Bradshaw's attempts to treat them positively. Irish monasticism in the early sixteenth century is judged 'sick to death, riddled by the cancer of secularism'. (Fr Bradshaw is not averse to using some of the traditional kind of anti-monastic wit: e.g. 'It is reasonable to surmise that most of the monks felt the pinch of evangelical poverty as little after the dissolution as they had before'.) The friars come off better, for we are helpfully reminded that in Ireland, unlike England, they had been widely subject to a vigorous movement of reform.

Fr Bradshaw's immaculate scholarship constitutes no barrier to the expression of value judgments of his own. Such are of course implicit in any attempt to evaluate the state of monasticism. For by what standards are we to judge the monks? By their own? or by the standards set them by their contemporaries? or by their usefulness to society as the modern secular historian may estimate it? or by the ideals of the best monastic reformers? Fr Bradshaw uses more than one standard, but the final one is the ideal of the religious life, and his final judgment on the Dissolution, after all the credits and debits, is that it was a salutary purging experience for Irish monasticism. Of sixteenth-century Irish history in general, he believes that it 'is not nearly so gloomy as its historiography' (p.vii): this book has succeeded in dispelling some of the gloom in some areas. We look forward to more of Fr Bradshaw's sanguinary reappraisals when he comes to treat more broadly of the politics of Henrician Ireland in their own right.

As a reviewing team of one professional historian and one non-professional, we agreed that the book is not only good professional history but also good reading for a wider public interested in the Reformation period. The general reader, however, could have been assisted by a table of events and dates, and also by a glossary of unfamiliar terms. How many readers (even historians!) will understand e.g.: lay coarb, gallowglass, kern, tanaiste, gombeen, erenagh? The categories of religious order might have been explained in such a glossary, for their differentiating characteristics are very important for appreciating the text.

The maps in the book inevitably attracted the special interest of one of us in cartography. It is so pleasant to see in an historical work a map of any kind, that we should not make any grumbles about the two we have been given here, and indeed our grumbles will be small ones. Map 1 shows the areas of the various political units and the extent of the reach of the king in suppressing religious houses. This map has no scale and the reader is left to infer that the full line delimits the area under the king's writ from that under native dynasties: but two of these mentioned in the text are not given on the map. Map 2 covers two pages and is covered by a mass of names of religious houses, among which are distinguished four types: Monks, Nuns, Friars, and Canons and Knight's (*sic*) Hospitallers. The only geographical features, other than the coast line, are some eight of the larger lakes, but without names to them; the convenient political boundaries of Map 1 have not, unfortunately, been reprinted here. The draughtsman seems to have given up trying to put in all the names in areas where the houses cluster together, presumably because it would have spoiled the effect of his nice draughtsmanship. This merely shows that the design of the map is weak. It would have been much more helpful to the reader had the major political dividing lines been inserted, with the names of the lakes, to act as geographical marks. The houses could then each have been allocated a number within a numerical sequence in its own political area. A key would then have given every number and the political area in which it occurred, together with the type of house; such an arrangement would have enabled the reader to find quickly any place when he met it in the text.

The production and printing are generally excellent, though between us we spotted about 15 misprints, a few seriously misleading.

Richard Bauckham
N.F.M. Henry

漁家傲 秋思

塞外逢秋西風早 數滴細雨催春老 窗外黃鳥擾人惱
尋小道 暗嘆中原景更嬌
野地祇餘留殘草 何處芳草誰來告 荒院石亭無人到
求日暮 月照不見人影小

THE PROUD FISHERMAN: AUTUMN THOUGHTS

(written on 12th October 1974; the first part of the title of this 'tzu' refers to the tune it follows.)

Autumn is coming
and the wind blows early here.
A few drops of rain
fall: the end of summer.
Birds chirp around my window:
Their chirping saddens me.
Going out I walk along a narrow path
and silently to myself
    (with a sigh)
I say the landscape is not as good
                    as that of the Central Region.

Nothing remains
but weeds in the waste land.
Will someone tell me:
where can I find flowers?
No one. No one but I
visits the stone pavilion in this desolate corner.
    Let night come!
Hidden by the clouds
                    I shall not know the distance of the moon.

過嘆息橋

渭清不與涇濁流 問橋曾否寂寞些
江水有意知何去 且笑月影在渠溝

CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

(written on 20th October 1974)

The bright stream does not bother with the muddy brook!
I ask the bridge: has it ever felt loneliness?
If the river knew itself it would rush on
and laugh at the moon's image stuck on the water.

小重山 秋日行

菊月風輕送晴芳 被暖枕又軟 晏起床
紅日透簾訴風光 懶梳妝 對鏡插花黃
踏堤野草長 扁舟碧波寒 香鞋懶回房煮茶
過院廊 愛把歌兒唱

AUTUMN WALK

(written on 10th November 1974 when according to the Chinese lunar calendar it is September: the month of the chrysanthemum. In writing this 'tzu' the poet imagines himself to be a girl.)

The month of the chrysanthemum!
I rise late; the bed
is snug and the pillow
soft but the sun shows
a fine day through the curtains.
In front of the mirror
not bothering to comb my hair
I twist a flower in it.

Walking beside the river,
the willows sway like silk.
The green water:
too cold for punting!
My lazy shoes turn me back
to brew some tea and
passing through the courts
I do not resist singing happily!

T. B. Tang.
English version with Andrew Carter

Beethoven's Ninth

"It's a highly overrated work anyway", said a friend when he heard what the College Music Soc. was doing, and I suppose that in these days of pre-packaged Mahler, Brian, *et al*, a performance of Beethoven's Ninth is almost to be sniffed at. Personally I had my doubts, but, judging by the audience which squeezed itself into every available square foot of the College Chapel, that grand old war-horse has still not lost its power to draw the millions after it. The sight of all those people gathered there to participate in what (even for Cambridge and its varied musical life) was a unique event was a moving testimony to the timeless validity of Beethoven's 'message' in the work. Scepticism on my part was soon dispelled: the energy and enthusiasm of Jonathan Seers which was evident in his conducting (perhaps a little too much at times: he drove relentlessly on in places like a latter-day Toscanini) had obviously communicated itself to the rest of the performers. There were few signs of under-rehearsal (the common disease of nearly all College concerts in Cambridge) and it was a pleasure to see with what care details of phrasing and so on had been attended to. Given the right tempi and sufficient flexibility, the piece generates its own momentum and organic shape, and I felt that Seers was usually successful here. The first movement tended to rush so that the strength of the up-beat triplet was lost and the whole thing never quite got off the ground; but the Scherzo was held firmly at just the correct speed to give it the sense of perpetual energy under rigorous control that releases so much of its power. In the third movement the violins gave a beautiful and singing tone for the lovely second subject, enhanced by an urgency that hurries the music on a little nervously at that point: Seers' natural tendency to push on was timely here and it was nicely handled. The great Finale was a tremendous climax, the only real disappointment being the tenor soloist whose voice was thin and who managed to sing quite unmoved by the spirit of the thing. Why couldn't we have had a Choral Scholar? The bass soloist, Jacek Strauch, on the other hand, had a commanding way with his impressive voice and, although he forced it a little at times, it was always musical. This movement really belongs however to the chorus, the collective voice of humanity singing in joy and wonder before the sheer majesty of creation, and one had an exciting sense that evening of energetic celebration in the well-trained singing of this particular group: I was particularly surprised by the assurance and fluency of the sopranos in their most taxing parts, which can spell disaster for amateur choruses, and altogether the chorus contributed a consistently full and strong quality of sound to the performance's undoubted success.

A.C.

LMBC – the first 150 years

The Boat Procession in 1892, after six members of the LMBC boat had been sent down (from 'The Graphic').

The bald facts of 150 years' rowing at LMBC are simply enough stated. From the October Term, 1825 until the time of writing (Lent Term, 1975), and by a happy coincidence, 1,499 LMBC eights have taken the water. Over the same period we have been Head of the Lents or Mays some 40 times, and we have been 15 times winners of the Light Fours. For the statistically minded this means that there have been an average of ten eights on the water every year in the Club's history, every eight years or so we have been Head, and every ten years we win the Fours. For the socially minded it means that several thousand Johnians have rowed for the Club, and indeed great men have arisen from the LMBC, be they from the sixth Lent Boat in 1863, like Alfred Marshall, or the first May Boat in 1928 and 1929, like Lord Caradon.

The value of the LMBC, however, does not lie in the great men it has produced. It is today the largest, and some may say the most important outdoor sport in the College. The Boat Club cannot, it is true, compete in terms of numbers with the more popular indoor sports in College today. This is probably for the very good reason that unlike table football or pinball (among others), rowing, with the exception of some Gentlemen's Boats, is not carried out exclusively in the College Bar. The founder members of the Club were especially strict about the social function of the Boat Club. Number IV of the original rules states quite specifically "That no public meetings of the Club shall be held for Breakfasts, Dinners or Suppers". It was a rule soon broken. By 1873, the moral fibre of the May Boat, it seems, had declined to such an extent that the Boat Club Committee itself had to declare that "the custom of providing wine for the use of the First Boat during the May Term, at the expense of the L.M.B.C. be henceforth illegal".

In addition to being one of the major College sporting clubs, the LMBC is a great and well known Club in the wider rowing world. Not many Clubs have given their name to a particular rowing style, and no other club possesses the famous, persistent and entirely apocryphal story we have concerning the Club's origin. During the Mays one year, it is said, the St. John's Boat Club eight rammed another boat and killed their cox. An immediate decision of the CUBC was made to ban the St. John's Club from the river henceforth. The next day, a new boat club emerged from the College, the Lady Margaret, whose personnel, curiously, was not dissimilar from the now defunct St. John's Club. It is almost a pity that the story is not true. It is true, on the other hand, that LMBC men have gained the very highest honours in rowing. Not many members of College Boat Clubs these days are full internationals and we have three in residence at the moment. Five Lady Margaret men were in the only British eight (so far) ever to win a gold medal in the European Championships, in 1951, and three of those men were still up the next year.

Perhaps, though, it would be wise not to dwell on the global fame of our Boat Club. It is, after all, just the gilt on the ginger bread - excellent ginger bread though it may be. Essentially the LMBC is a College Club, and it has never been more so than today: of the 1,500 eights to turn out for the Club in its history, 677 have done so since the last war. There have been times in the history of the Club when its very exclusiveness has given rise to other Boat Clubs being formed - the Lady Somerset Club, for instance, or the 'real' St. John's Boat Club. But even in 1883 the Club was worried enough to call an open meeting of the College on account of "the small number of men in the College who belonged to the Club". Unfortunately most of the men at the meeting turned out to be members of the Club already.

The point was well made. Apart from a brief flurry of activity in 1863-64 when the Club had six eights on the river, there were never more than three regular eights until after the First World War. Between the Wars there were more crews - as there were more divisions in the Lents and Mays - but never more than five boats at any one time in the races. Only since the last War has the Boat Club grown to the enormous size it is today. From 1949 with eight boats in the Mays the numbers gradually rose to a maximum of 15 Boats on the river in the 1965 Mays, and today we have 13 - more, of course, than any other College. The real expansion in numbers has been in the development of that strange and wonderful creature the "Gentlemen's Boat".

The first Gentlemen's Boat to appear for Lady Margaret was, typically, a "Rugger" Boat in 1913, and since then the species has multiplied to include Medics, Engineers, B.A.s, Purchas boats, Aardvarks (?) *et al*. The 18 original members of the Club in 1825 could surely never have forseen such a future for their Boat Club, but they would recognise that here are men going rowing for simple pleasure - or at least that is what it seems until you row a full course into a head wind up the Long Reach in a hailstorm in *May*. The founders of the Club saw to it that their rowing was done in comfort. In the Easter Term, 1826, the Committee presented to the Club eight sheepskin seats, and the cox, not altogether surprisingly, gave "a velvet cushion". There was also the famous "Tin Panthermanticon" which the Rev. R. Gwatkin presented to the Club which contained among other things a large quantity of cutlery and crockery, 9 egg holders, 9 egg spoons, 1 Phosphorous Box with Blow-pipe, 1 Canvas Table marked "Lady Margaret" and "4 Irons and Screws for legs of ditto". It is, therefore, perhaps suitable that in 1974 nine out of the thirteen crews rowing should be "Gentlemen's Boats" in a Club which was founded by the self-same thing, a "Gentlemen's Boat".

In sketching the history of these LMBC leisure craft we should not, of course, forget the Fellow's Boat, which first seems to have appeared for Lady Margaret in 1970 and whose moment of glory came in 1973 when a boat composed

entirely of fellows gained its oars. Lady Margaret, however, cannot claim the distinction of having the first such boat on the river for in the Lents of 1857 there appeared a composite crew from several Colleges called the 'Ancient Mariners' whose uniform is given as "a dark straw hat and black ribbon, beards and moustaches, and motto, *"Seniores Priores"*.

If great success did not come to the LMBC until after the last war, debt has been with it from the beginning. It could not be more apt that the Boat Club was born in debt. The accounts for the October Term, 1825, read "*Received*, £11.0.0; *Expended*, £12.17.0; *In arrears* £1.17.0." Although the Club contrived to be 4/- in the black in 1837, financial gloom permeates the Minute Books in almost every year. At a General Meeting in November, 1863, "it appeared that the Club was much in debt, but that, thanks to the treasurer, we were in a better position than we had been for some time past". It is all too familiar. In March, 1876, the Treasurer's Balance Sheet was rejected because "some members seemed to consider it not quite satisfactory ..." In 1882 a Debt Extinction Fund was established. In 1927 Mr. Cunningham, the treasurer, produced plans for a new boiler for the Boathouse; "the price was to be £60, but he did not know where the money was to come from." In 1950 the GAC, watchful as ever, only allowed the Club to buy a new boat for the Mays and Henley on condition that it sold it immediately afterwards.

Debt, Gentlemen's Boats and success at the very highest level - perhaps this is the unique mix of the LMBC. Just at the moment the Club is being more successful than ever before within the University. It has been suggested by cynics and jealous people from other Colleges that three years ago the Tutors began letting in "rowing" men in order that the 150th anniversary be well celebrated. This seems unlikely. The Club has done it with its own resources, its own "gentlemen" - and not forgetting our own most accomplished and indispensable boatman. This year, therefore, with our 150th Anniversary, we might possibly have more Gentlemen's Boats than hitherto, we may very probably be in greater debt than ever before, and we shall certainly achieve a larger degree of success than the Club has yet done. What could be more suitable?

Keith Jeffery

A Wordsworth letter

In November 1974 the College bought from Messrs Bernard Quaritch (Catalogue 938 Item 82) a long autograph letter signed by Wordsworth. It is addressed to B. R. Haydon Esq[r], [1] Great Marlborough Street, London, and runs as follows:-

Rydale Mount near Ambleside
Dec[br] 21[st] 1815.

My dear Sir,

I sit down to perform my promise of sending you the first little Poem I might compose on my arrival at home. I am grieved to think what a time has elapsed since I last paid my devoirs to the Muses, and not less so to know that now in the depth of Winter when I hoped to resume my Labours, I continue to be called from home by unavoidable engagements. Tomorrow I quit Rydale Mount and shall be absent a considerable time. But no more of this. I was much hurt to learn that you continue to suffer from weakness of sight and to be impeded in your Labours by the same cause. Why did not you tell me what progress you had made in your grand Picture? - and how far your (*sic*) are satisfied with your performance. - I am not surprised that Canova expressed him self so highly pleased with the Elgin marbles. A man must be senseless as a clod, or perverse as a Fiend, not to be enraptured with them - Have you read the works of the Abbe Winkelman on the study of the antique, in Painting and Seculpture (*sic*). He enjoys a high reputation among the most judicious of the German Criticks - His works are unknown to me, except a short treatise, entitled, Reflections concerning the imitation of the Grecian Artists in Painting and Sculpture, in a series of Letters. A translation of this is all I have read having met with it the other day upon a Stall at Penrith. -It appears to me but a slight thing; at the best superficial, and in some points, particularly what respects allegorical Painting, in the last letter, very erroneous. This book of mine was printed at Glasgow, 1766. - Probably the Author has composed other works upon the same subject, better digested; and to these his high reputation may be owing. -Now for the Poems, which are Sonnets; one composed the evening I received your last Letter, the other next day, and the third the day following. I shall not transcribe them in the order in which they written (*sic*), but inversely. The last you will find was occasioned, I might say inspired if there be any inspiration in it, by your Letter. The second records a feeling excited in me by the object which it describes, in the month of October last; and the first notices a still earlier sensation which the revolution of the seasons impressed me with last Autumn -

1. Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), painter of large historical canvases. He made a life mask of Wordsworth in May 1815, of which we have a cast in the Upper Library.

Sonnet.

While not a leaf seems faded, while the Fields
With ripening harvests prodigally fair
In brightest sunshine bask, this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy Scymetar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change; and bids the Flowers beware,
And whispers to the silent Birds, prepare
Against the threatening Foe your trustiest shields.
For me, a lone Enthusiast not untrue
To service long endeared, this rustling dry
Through the green leaves, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a Season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, poetic ectasy (*sic*);
Joys nobler far than listless Summer knew. -

2[nd]

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,
The effluence from yon distant Mountain's Head,
Which, strewn with snow as smooth as Heaven can shed,
Shines like another Sun on mortal sight
Upris'n - as if to check approaching Night
And all her twinkling Stars. - Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon Mountain's glittering Head, -
Terrestrial - but a surface by the flight
Of sad Mortality's earth-sullying wing
Unswept, unstained! - Nor shall the Aerial Powers
Dissolve that beauty - destined to endure
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitude, till genial Spring
Have filled the laughing Vales with welcome Flowers.

3[d]

High is our calling, Friend! - Creative Art,
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with etherial hues)
Demands the service of a Mind and Heart
Though sensitive yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashion'd - to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the Whole World seems adverse to Desert.
[*lacuna*][1] Oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
T [*lacuna*] long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward
And in the *Soul* admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness -
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard.

Finis -

1) Caused by removal of the seal

I wish the things had been better worthy of your acceptance, and of the careful preservation with which you will be inclined to honour this little offering of my regard.

With high respect
I remain my dear Sir
Most faithfully yours

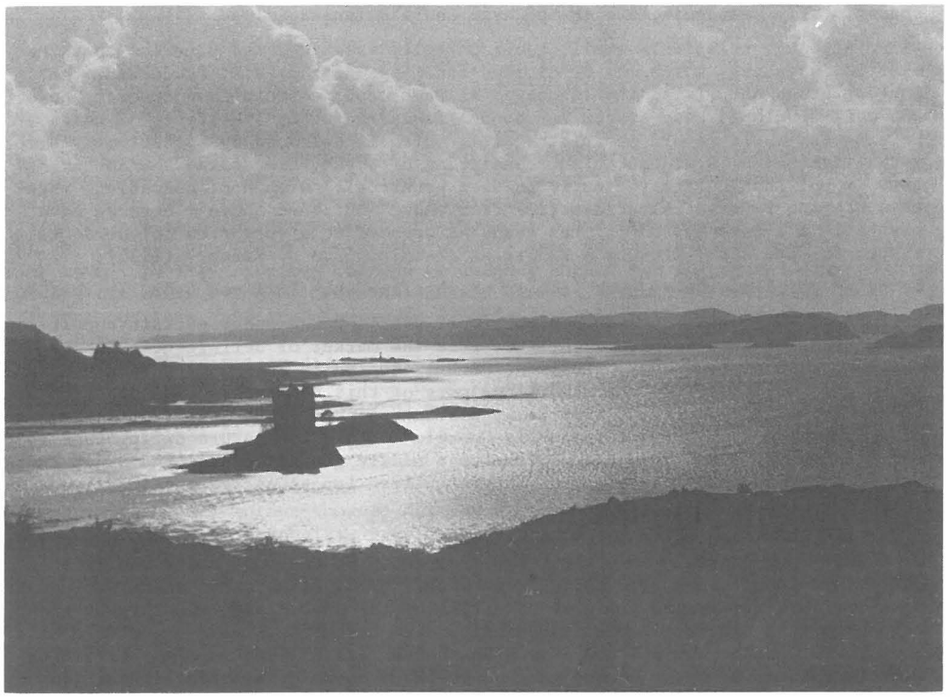
W^m^ Wordsworth

Mrs W- desires her kindest remembrances. Miss H- is absent.

At the foot of the page Haydon has written:-
Never since the Freedom of my native Town has my heart so swelled as on reading this B. R. Haydon

This letter was first published in full by Ernest de Selincourt in *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth* Vol.II, Oxford 1937; in the revision of this work by Mary Moorman and Alan G. Hill, Oxford 1970, the MS is reported untraced. It would appear from the catalogue of the Sotheby sale mentioned below that after the death in 1935 of Haydon's granddaughter the MS was acquired by Maurice Buxton Forman, whose father, Henry Buxton Forman, the editor of Keats, had been friendly with Haydon's sons. On Maurice Forman's death it passed into the possession of his daughter Mrs Madeleine Buxton Holmes, on whose behalf it was auctioned at Sotheby's on 27 June 1972 as Item 417. The College is indebted to the late H.P.W. Gatty (B.A. 1928 and former Librarian), whose bequest has enabled us to buy this important document for the Wordsworth collection in the library.

A.G.L.



Off the West Coast of Scotland, by P. Stickland.

Caucasian-hunting in Turkey

Prof. Eugénie Henderson begins her 1970 article on certain acoustic features of Kabardian with these words, "Just as there are said to be "painters' painters" and "poets' poets", so too there may be said to be "linguists' languages", and amongst these must without any question be included the languages of the Caucasus". This irrefutable statement will largely have to be taken on trust, since it would obviously be out of place in a non-technical article such as this to attempt to prove it true. However, a brief sketch of the basic facts may be appreciated by those totally unacquainted with the area and its languages.

Although relatively small, geographically speaking, the Caucasus contains over 30 languages, which may be divided into 3 groups: a) N.E. Caucasian, the largest group comprising the languages of Daghestan; especially noteworthy here is the well-developed case-system for nouns (Tabasaran with, I believe, 32 cases holding the world-record in this regard), which is balanced by an extremely simple verbal system; b) N.W. Caucasian, consisting of Ubykh, Circassian and Abchaz; this group, though fairly clearly related genetically with N.E. Caucasian, shews us quite the reverse characteristics from those mentioned above - here we have basically a 2-case system for the nouns as opposed to a very rich polypersonal system for the verb; I quote a Kabardian example given by Kuipers (1955): we^{1}-q'e^{2}-zare^{3}-s^{4}-x^{0}e^{5}-j^{6}-wek'^{7}-ah^{8}-r^{9} = that/how^{3} he^{6} kill^{7}-ed^{8} you^{1} (hither^{2}) for^{5} me^{4}. (N.B. the -q'e- is a directional prefix found under certain conditions and untranslateable into English; the -r is the marker of definiteness in the absolute case of the nouns; thus, the verbal complex is here acting as a noun and is roughly equivalent to the underlined part of this sentence: "The question as to how he killed you for my sake is irrelevant".); c) S. Caucasian/Kartvelian, of which the most important member is Georgian with a literature dating back to the 5th century A.D. This group occupies a middle ground between the other two, but it is by no means certain that the Kartvelian languages are genetically related to the northern groups.

In 1864, when the Russians finally pacified Circassia, following the defeat of Shamil in Daghestan, many thousands from the N.W. Caucasus chose the life of the emigré in preference to subjugation under the Russian yoke. There was a mass movement into Turkey and the Arab countries of the Near East. The largest group belonging to a single linguistic community were the Circassians; there were also a number of Abchaz and all the surviving Ubykhs, all of whom were/are bi-lingual, with Circassian as their second tongue, and many spoke Abchaz too. Their journey to the various settlements they were able to establish was a hard one, and many died in the course of it. The need to learn the language of the country in which they variously came to rest has had a grave consequence for Ubykh. Their small numbers together with their bi-lingualism in Circassian resulted in the language going into a sharp decline. Today there can be few more than 15 people with any ability to speak it at all. But I shall return to this language later.

Despite the many difficulties involved it had been arranged that I should visit the Circassian village of Demir Kapı, Anatolia, and stay with a family there for 2½ weeks this summer in order to gain both an introduction to the villagers there and some limited familiarity with their dialect of W. Circassian, Abzakh. The entire trip was made possible through the good offices of a friend now living and working in London though actually a native of Demir Kapı. I had first been introduced to this man (whose Abzakh Christian name is P'erep'en) when it came to my notice last Easter that there was a Circassian speaker in this country looking for someone to teach him how to write his native language. This language is not taught in Turkey, and it was not until after the exodus of 1864 that Circassian was written down in the Caucasus. At present there are at least two literary languages within the Soviet Union for Circassian, based on Kabardian for E. Circassian and on Chemirgoi for W. Circassian. Only slight differences separate Chemirgoi from Abzakh, and so it has been possible to give P'erep'en some instruction in the principles whereby Chemirgoi appears in written form.

Demir Kapı lies on the main road between Istanbul and Izmir and is, thus, of easy access. From the moment of our arrival my interpreter, Miss Vanessa Shepherd of Girton, and myself were shewn the utmost kindness and hospitality. There was always plenty of food, too much in fact, even during Ramazan, when we had our breakfast and lunch specially prepared. But I wasn't there just to eat rice. I had with me a cassette-recorder and 25 cassettes, a number which, before leaving England, I had thought too few - in the event it proved more than sufficient. The reasons were mainly as follows: everyone thought that I was quite mad to want to learn such a, as they put it, 'useless language', and this combined with the lazy attitude to life typical of the East resulted in the men particularly not giving me the help I required - I say 'the men', for it was not so easy for the wife of my host, Mrs. Cangül, her daughter, Hacer, and her friends, Meral and Maryam, to escape my constant search for translations. Only one man could be found, Recep Gelir, who readily admitted knowing some traditional stories, and yet it was like getting blood from a stone when I tried to tape some of them. In fact, I do have about 8 stories from Recep, but he speaks so quickly (for he was playing to the audience which sprang up from nowhere as soon as he opened his mouth) that only a native-speaker can make any sense of them. A further problem, and one which does not augur well for the survival of Circassian in Turkey, was that whilst the older folk had an excellent command of Abzakh with a corresponding insecurity in Turkish, the younger generation are more proficient in Turkish than Abzakh. This meant that I ideally required both Hacer and her mother for purposes of translation. However, the daily round of household chores generally saw them operating in different quarters, and then there was Hacer's love of that infernal noise which passes for music in Turkey and which pours hourly forth over the radio. Anyway, my short stay there really did everything for me that I should reasonably have expected of it before I went; I came home with about 700 sentences, a dozen tales and a few songs. More importantly, I met some wonderful people while there, who, I trust, will still be in the village at the time of my next visit, as soon as time and funds allow.

In Demir Kapı there is one elderly lady of Ubykh descent. She has little knowledge now of her mother-tongue, but she was the first Ubykh I met. When the distinguished Norwegian scholar, Hans Vogt, prepared the Ubykh dictionary in the early sixties, his informant was a remarkable man called Tevfik Esenç, who for some years had worked with the great Caucasologist, Georges Dumézil. On my arrival in Turkey I did not even know whether this man was still alive. In order to find out something about him I had the good fortune to meet a man in Demir Kapı who offered to take me to the last Ubykh 'stronghold', Hacı Osman Köy, Tevfik's birthplace. This is the only place where Ubykh is spoken by more than 2 people. I spent one night here and met a mere four men, aged between 55 and 75, who know the language: Fuat Ergün, my host for the night, Hasan Câre, Sadettin Çirik, and Sadettin Hunç. None of Fuat's 7 children knows Ubykh, though his wife may - I never saw her, for unlike the practice in Demir Kapı the women of Hacı Osman are typically Muslim in their desire to keep out of the way of strange men. I taped what material I could in the time available, but the chief benefit of the trip was that I had secured a contact-address in Istanbul for Tevfik. Twenty-four hours after my return to Istanbul there was a knock at the door of my host's flat and in he came.

Why all this fuss over a nearly extinct language and over one of its speakers? The answer is simple: Ubykh is quite unique amongst the world's languages. All the languages from the north of the Caucasus possess large numbers of consonants, but Ubykh has the greatest consonantal phoneme-inventory of any language yet discovered, having an amazing 80 (compare this with the 24 of English). Now, for a variety of reasons, this consonantal system has been simplified by all the speakers of Hacı Osman, with the result that there is only one man alive who speaks it as it should be spoken, and that man is Tevfik Esenç. Raised by his grandparents, he spoke nothing but Ubykh until the age of 8; it is, thus, the speech of his grandfather, Ibrahim, who died at the age of 120, that Tevfik preserves to this day! His wife and youngest son, Erol, who spent some years in Hacı Osman and who now lives in Cologne, both know only the simplified pronunciation. As an example of this simplification I may quote the case of the labialized 't'. This should be pronounced as a French dental 't' accompanied by the sort of vibration at the lips that you or I would make if we wished to indicate that we were cold. However, in the simplified form this appears as a straightforward English 'p'.

Every day for a week Tevfik, who, incidentally, is 70, made a long journey from his side of Istanbul to where I was staying at 10.00 a.m. to spend 2 hours translating everything I asked of him, with the result that I have almost as much material in Ubykh as in Abzakh. It is impossible to praise this man too highly; Dumézil and Vogt have already drawn attention to his superb qualities as an informant, his patience, care, intelligence and outstanding memory. I myself was equally impressed by his qualities as a man; I knew virtually no Turkish and was without the help of an interpreter for most of my sessions with him, and yet with great enthusiasm and understanding he sat there steadily translating for a total of some 14 hours. His concern to preserve as much of his language as possible for posterity contrasts sharply with the scandalous lack of interest in this rewarding field of research displayed by the scholarly community at large; during the last 100 years since the existence of such languages as Ubykh was first brought to the attention of western scholars, only a handful have been out in the field to work with the Ubykhs: Benediksten, Dirr, Dumézil, Mészáros and Vogt. It is to be hoped that as much as possible may be done, particularly with Tevfik, before his fascinating language disappears completely - and that will be in the not too distant future.

B. G. Hewitt

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Bob's your uncle

Bob Fuller has worked for St. John's College for 29 years. A local, born in Swaffham Prior in 1920, he joined the garden staff in 1946, after war service - sergeant major in the Military Police - and when the gardens, since transmuted into Churchill College, still provided college food and ran the college piggery. Graduation to the Porter's Lodge came in 1960. As Head Porter, he has a unique role in the college community, and a unique opportunity to observe the practical working of the college system.

From this position he has watched students become more relaxed and more hard-working, more relaxed because they're not so tied by college and university rules, more hard-working because a place at Cambridge is now harder to come by,

and perhaps because students now have to fight for a remunerative job. If the pressures of regimentation have declined, social pressures remain. Students often treat Bob as an unofficial tutor, asking his advice, discussing problems, and Bob, reciprocally, regards himself as a "students' head porter". His attitude involves personal contacts as much as semi-official functions like distributing N.U.S. cards, or with his colleagues, helping to run the punts scheme.

Students with practical knowledge of porters at other colleges tend to agree that St. John's are more concerned with their students than most. This is something Bob has fostered. "I'd do anything for a student", he remarked, "not just a student from St. John's, any student". His view, however, is not shared by many local residents, who, as those who visit some of the more out-of-the-way villages find, often have a jaundiced, media-based idea of the student body, and can be downright hostile. It's a problem that confronts Bob in recruiting his fellow porters. While young people do not apply because of the unsocial hours, older men are discouraged not so much by the political - "politics don't matter to us; students are students whatever else they are" - as by the social aspect of the student image. While he dislikes specifically advertising for porters, he has recently been forced to do so.

To the casual visitor, the porter is something of a picturesque anachronism. But the traditions have their uses. The omnipresent tourist is more likely to abandon his Scholars' Garden picnic if the voice of authority is symbolised by a top hat. What the visitor really fails to appreciate, and what one fears too many college members fail to appreciate, is the amount of work done by these photogenic survivals. Bob works for the college about 80 hours a week. The porters' duties include everything from making sure the dustbins are collected each morning, just after 6 o'clock, the start of a rigid timetable, to delivering historical patter to - and regulating the behaviour of - local schoolkids. It is the porters who are responsible for the practical running of St. John's College.

The college is successful, Bob believes, because it has everything, the river, the cellars, easily accessible sports grounds. But what of change? While co-residence is inevitable, he thinks that "it should be introduced on academic grounds, not as a gimmick". Some of the problems certainly no longer apply. Cripps looks almost custom-built for co-residence, and it is important that co-residence should be integral - "segregating all the girls in North Court would have been just the same as building another single-sex college".

The college plays a major part in the lives of both Bob and his wife Mary. She runs the hostel, mainly for overseas students, in 12 Madingley Road, which is also their home. It is, he is not alone in thinking, "the finest hostel in the University", and he admits that Mary "mothers" her 13 graduate students. A large garden, with greenhouse, provides recreation and reminds Bob particularly of his early days in the college. Many of his other 'extra-curricular' activities are linked to the university - he is a registered cricket umpire, and umpires for the college; he's a steward in the boat races. When he retires in ten years time, he hopes to continue these college links, and to spend much of the rest of his time in the garden, or with his fine collection of German stamps and his more unusual collection of matchbox covers - about 500 of them. He and Mary hope to continue to look after their students in Madingley Road, and one cannot see them fading out of college life - it is much too large a part of them, what their lives have revolved around, and what they've enjoyed being involved in, for far too long, for that to happen. Even when he retires, Bob Fuller will remain a college institution.

David Souter

Editorial

Co-residence has become the major concern of Cambridge students acting in their political capacity. While the implementation of co-residence is undoubtedly essential if the college is to remain a viable and legitimate educational institution, the issue has distracted attention from a more fundamental questioning of the Cambridge system.

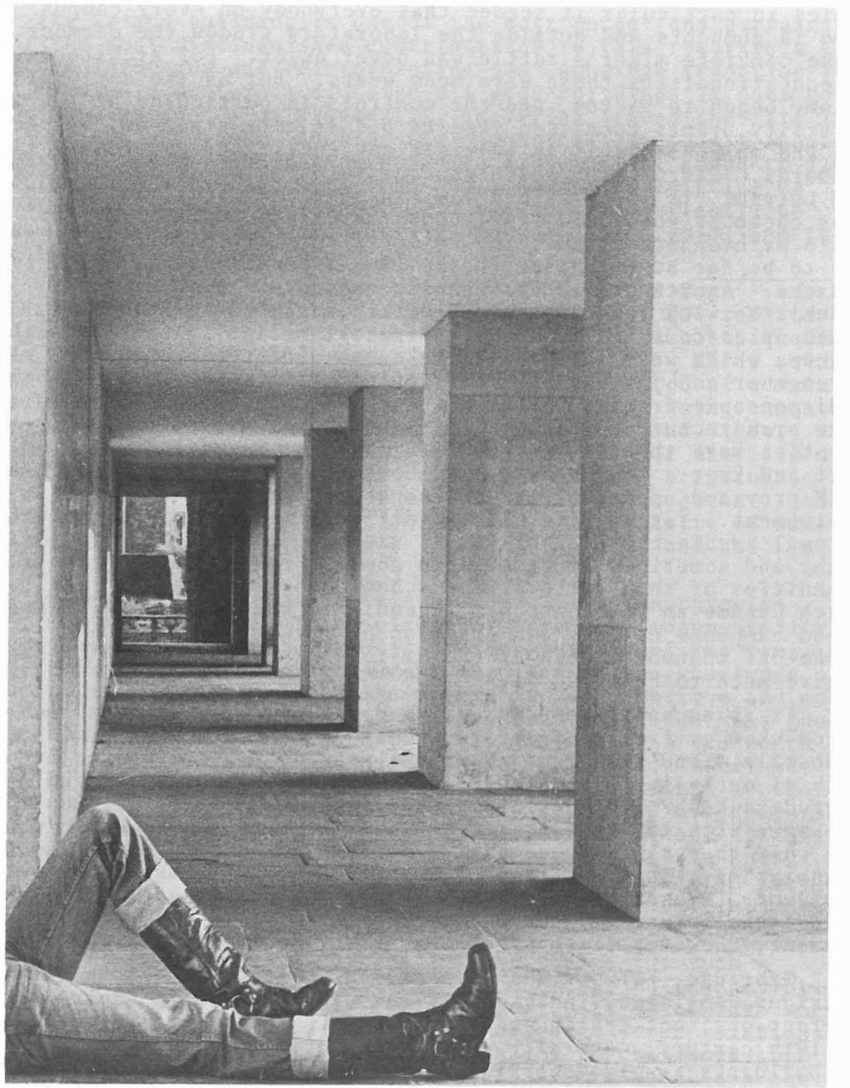
The present Senior Bursar of Trinity College has remarked that, in his view, 'We have a superb University and a set of colleges which are the envy of the world.' Three years at Cambridge have convinced me that his belief, characteristic of much senior member opinion, is mistaken, and that the faults of the Cambridge system, including the failure to implement co-residence, are functions of its collegiate structure. This structure has two outstanding demerits.

In the first place, it frustrates the true purpose of education, which is not to separate an intellectual élite from the natural environment but, as Felix Hodcroft observed in his editorial to the last issue of *The Eagle*, to act as a preparation for the outside world. Like the campus universities, Cambridge colleges isolate students from the town, both physically and socially. This reinforces an élitist view among students which university teaching and senior member attitudes in general do nothing to dispel, and intensifies the resentment of the wider public at their being forced to pay for the maintenance of people with whom their only major contact, unless they work for the University or one of the colleges, is the media filtration of conflict situations. The only way in which students and the general public are likely to accept one another on rational and equal terms is for students to live as ordinary members of the public, integrated with non-university society; for them to live in a normal housing environment rather than a segregated community of people with very similar experiences.

Secondly, the collegiate structure encourages within itself what might be described as post-puerile dementia. Within the college walls, many students think they can behave as, in both senses, social irresponsibles; almost all do, from time to time, behave in ways in which they would never consider behaving outside. This represents a total failure of the socialisation process within education particularly essential in a university like Cambridge which draws so many of its undergraduates from similarly artificial public schools. When the college restricts the rights of undergraduates to entertain a guest at any time they choose, it is criticised for being overly paternalistic. But paternalism cuts both ways. The college also protects students from the consequences of their irresponsibility - vandalism is as common in St John's as in any area of high juvenile unemployment, but the vandal is not, unless in very exceptional circumstances, called to account to society in general for his conduct; to put it bluntly, he is not criminalised. The benevolent parent, seeing hooliganism as the boisterousness of youth but unlicensed guests as an unwarranted display of premature maturity, protects the errant son from the law but imposes an artificial law of his own. It is not surprising that a recent vice-chancellor of this university could say that when he was an undergraduate, he did not think of himself as an adult; it is only sad.

The implementation of sexual equality in Cambridge University will unquestionably go a long way towards rectifying some of the more obvious inadequacies of Cambridge student life, but education for normal life can only be achieved when students are allowed to live in a natural, not an artificial environment.

Cato



Photograph by Patrick Williams

The Cripps Building

It has been said that after natural gas the biggest post-war expansion in Great Britain has been in education. Obviously this has meant a lot of building ... schools of all shapes, sizes and grades, polytechnics and art schools, Teacher Training colleges and sports centres, laboratories and libraries, faculty buildings and lecture halls, not to mention the 'First Eleven' new universities - and virtually all paid for from the public purse. During the sixties in particular it seemed that everybody on every campus lived in gumboots and outside the laboratory window the clamour of the concrete mixer's rattle was never quiet. For architects and educationalists these were boom years. But as the national economy began to sicken, and the controls in particular of the University Grants Committee experts became more rigorous, it became more and more difficult to maintain any quality or generosity in standards. Circulation space was cut to nothing - ("Space wasted," said Lutyens, "is space gained") - finishes and materials had to be as cheap as you could find. Good materials - which require little maintenance - had to be rejected very often for those which were to be for every bursar in the land a permanent and expensive headache. Ambitious and spectacular concepts - such as Denys Lasdun's Norwich - had to be cut off incomplete, and the ends cobbled up as could be afforded: terraces, bridges, steps and lakes - features which were designed to make the difference between a place to remember and just another collection of buildings - were regarded as dispensable frills. Within five years we were condemned to cut - price architecture. The most fortunate survivors of the penurious seventies were the less adventurous who had played it cool from the start and kept a low profile, and worked to flexible outline plans which provided opportunities but no obligations for future development. Yet despite all the difficulties and pressures the national architectural achievement was virtually everywhere praise-worthy and sometimes spectacularly good. From the modest and flexible ingenuities of the Hertfordshire school programme in the fifties - (which became an international legend)- to the romantically land-scaped campuses of York and Brighton or to the elaborate high jinks of one-off monuments such as the History Library in Sidgwick Avenue, we have much to be proud of.

It is necessary to say this because there has seldom been a period when criticism of modern architecture has been so vocal and so hostile. You can argue about the reasons ... everything from the death of optimism to a universal despair about the values and attitudes which these buildings unerringly reflect... but you could not argue with the fact that most people looked around and did not like what they saw. Condemnation of new buildings became almost paranoiac in its intensity - ... unselective, unthinking and self-indulgent. Preservation became a hysterical barricade thrown up against the future ... "better to keep what we've got," went the argument, "however fifth rate, than risk what might arrive."

Oxbridge, for obvious reasons, has missed much of this. Individual colleges, individually run, lucky often in their benefactions, not really needing to go outside their own walls until the 19th century, naturally expressed their individuality in their own buildings - seldom working to any pre-considered development plan and certainly paying little respect to architectural neighbours. The result is a marvellous architectural museum ... the splendid details of stylistic idiosyncrasy ... Gothic and classical,

Georgian, Hanseatic, High Victorian or Pswedish. Yet because in both universities (but particularly Cambridge) the settings are magical, and because for the most part only two materials -brick or stone - are used, the total effect is a picturesque harmony in which the unifying elements are grass, trees and water.

So we have here architecture of all ages which is idiosyncratic, anarchical and - since colleges are usually rich - of high quality, picturesque in plan and silhouette and above all expressing the permanence of those eternal values in which the university believes.

The Cripps Building is one of the most recent and certainly one of the most distinguished contributions to this remarkable scene. Reinforcing and reinterpreting the Cambridge tradition it is in my view a masterpiece. Like all good buildings it does not just occupy space ... it creates it, wandering around the site in search of sun and views, looking for opportunities to cast shadows or permit light to penetrate everywhere allowing one space to flow effortlessly yet intriguingly from one side of the building to another, tipping its hat respectfully but not subserviently to Richman's New Court (1830), Lutyens' Benson Court (1930) and the 12th century School of Pythagoras.

The problem set to the architects - Powell and Moya - was as traditional as the materials used. There are about 200 sets of undergraduate rooms and some eight Fellows' sets, each staircase serving two groups of four rooms. College workshops, three squash courts and a JCR are also included. It is constructed of a rein-forced concrete frame, the edges of the floor slabs being exposed. The columns and external walls are faced with Portland Stone, windows are bronze with lead cill panels. The result distills a sort of modest nobility - a mixture of strength and structural clarity -(it's easy to see how the building is put together)- and of carefully considered proportions warmed by a humanity of scale, enlivened every now and then by a touch of fantasy, and built of fine enduring materials.

It has been argued that this building is an anachronism ... that a student residence is no place for expensive monumentality, however beautifully done. This is another version of the familiar "élitist" argument, that the student - guilty in the knowledge of his privileges - should live like others of his penurious and mobile age group in back-street attics and caffs and not flaunt his good fortune behind bronze and stone in a setting of lawns and beech trees. It will be argued too perhaps that if so much money was around it should be devoted - irrespective of the wishes of the donor - to, say, day nurseries for married students, or scholarships, or even to a cheaper (and therefore larger) block of bed-sitters. There are attractions as always in these "clinics-before-Covent Garden", "Houses-before-Rembrandt" arguments but I am glad they did not prevail and congratulate the College in their courageous decision to reject them.

There are not many opportunities these days for such a statement of authority and nobility as the Cripps Building provides. It is not only wise but surely far-sighted too to seize them when they occur. At a time when objects, experiences, even relationships seem condemned too often by our social values to the short-term and the disposable, it is more than ever necessary to establish the value of the long-term and the permanent ... to build a place which will endure ... a place to remember.

Hugh Casson

The Genesis of the Cripps Building

A recent television programme in connection with the European Architectural Heritage Year has once again brought the Cripps Building to the fore. It already holds awards from the Royal Institute of British Architects and from the Civic Trust; now Sir Hugh Casson suggests that it may take its place as a worthy representative of the present age in the country's architectural heritage. At the same time, from the user's point of view the building seems to be one of the most successful put up in a British University in recent years: and the users have been many - at the last count 92% of its undergraduates were living in College, roughly two-fifths of them in the Cripps Building itself, and during vacation it is in great request for conferences.

It may be of interest to enquire how all this came about. To say it was a consequence of the College Appeal of nearly twenty years ago is hardly enough - what about the Appeal itself? The College now enjoys modest affluence - why did it ever have to appeal at all?

Antecedents - finance

Readers of Edward Miller's "Portrait of a College" will recall that the four decades before 1919 had been a period of acute financial difficulty for the College, dogged by one misfortune after another, and unable, from shortage of money, to continue the series of educational initiatives which earlier had been so fruitful. Sir Robert Scott as Senior Bursar had laid the foundations of recovery before he became Master in 1908, but even so recovery was slow, and "the turning point in College history was 1919, the beginning of a period of expansion and great vigour" (Boys Smith). Thereafter the College no longer had its back to the wall, although further time was needed before its fortunes were restored to what they had been seventy years before, when Dr. Bateson was Senior Bursar.

Our story starts around 1925, at a time when the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act was about to become law, and the pattern of the relations between Universities and Colleges, including financial arrangements, would be settled for many years ahead. About this time two other developments of lasting significance for St John's took place. The first was the appointment as Senior Bursar of Sir Henry Howard, who before his retirement from the Indian Civil Service had held a post equivalent to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that of Finance Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. His less perspicacious friends and acquaintances had confidently predicted for him a brilliant second career in the City of London, as appears very plainly from his obituary in The Times. Sir Henry had other views.

It was not to be expected that solving the College's immediate problems, and setting in train far-sighted plans to bear fruit in the future, would occupy the whole time and attention of someone capable of running with success the financial affairs of a sub-continent. While soon gaining the respect and affection of the College tenants he still had much time to spare for the L.M.B.C., and in the intervals of assisting in University administration, produced his definitive history of the College finances. Within a decade of taking office, he had accumulated enough funds for planning to begin for a building to stand on the remainder of the site north of the old College buildings, originally in many private

hands, and slowly assembled as far as Bridge Street by piecemeal purchase over a period of more than a century.

If the College cast a golden glow over the late afternoon and evening of Sir Henry's life, there can be no doubt that he had put in far more than he took out.

Forty years ago there were enough rooms in the old buildings for the scholars and one whole undergraduate year, with a few over - say in all rather over 40% of a College of 400 undergraduates (and 50 research students, most of whom lived out). However, living out was no great hardship. Many of the old houses of the town centre, some now pulled down and others turned over to banks, insurance companies, estate agents and so on, were then let off as undergraduate rooms, conveniently central, and some of them fine dignified rooms, even if you did have to walk into College for a bath. In the event it was a great piece of good fortune that the new buildings between Second Court and Bridge Street (which expanded accommodation by some 50%), were roofed and weathertight before war broke out in 1939. Without them the policy of continuing throughout the war to reserve places for people leaving school for national service, and taking them all in afterwards, would hardly have been possible.

By the time that these people began to return in 1945 - 46 the situation was again very grave. The expansion not just of the College but of the whole University, declared on all hands to be in the national interest, was taking place into a Cambridge already full to bursting with evacuees and civil servants. "The number of junior members reached a first peak of about 650 in 1949, and, after falling to around 575, crept up again to nearly 720 at the end of the 1950s" (Miller). At the same time acute financial difficulties had returned. War-time inflation had increased expenditure, while government controls were holding down income. The books could only be balanced by the acceptance of austerity by the Fellows, whose stipends (the so-called "dividend") remained throughout the post-war decade unchanged at their pre-1939 level in pounds sterling, in real terms substantially less than they had been for more than a century.

But this time with provident financial management, recovery was to be quicker and more sure. The College was not in debt: agriculture was prosperous, and the far-sighted policies of agriculture improvement, whereby substantial sums from rents were ploughed back into improvements to farm buildings and new facilities, increased the satisfaction of the tenants, and might be expected slowly to lead to the free negotiation of higher rents. Thus a decade after the war the omens were good - the College finances would probably recover given more time - but would the time be available? We must go back to the second important development which took place around 1925.

Antecedents - repairs

After a life of 300 years the Library roof was found to be badly worm-eaten, and in the end the whole roof had to be replaced. Hitherto the College buildings had lasted for centuries with the minimum of repair, and it was just as well that they had done so. But the effects now began to make themselves felt. During the few years that Dr. Cockcroft (as he was then) held the Junior Bursarship up to 1939 he had to rebuild the two eastern turrets of the Great Gate from the ground up, and also the tops of the others. Much of the parapets, brick facings and stonework of the older parts of First Court had to be renewed at the same time. The roof of the

Hall, the Combination room ceiling and the range above it, and the rooms just south of the Shrewsbury Tower followed in rapid succession, and in each case not before it was time. Sir Henry Howard was able to pay for all this work as it went on out of savings. Then, with the outbreak of war, work was suspended, and it was not until the relaxation of building controls 15 years later that a start could be made on planning the next phase.

By then structural deterioration of some parts had gone much further, and in places things were again becoming unsafe, (as described in an earlier article (Eagle LVIII No. 252 p.79). A comprehensive report revealed the extent of the work needed, which was far beyond the College's own resources at that time. Nevertheless the Governing Body decided that a start must be made on the most urgent work, while an appeal was launched to make the whole programme of repair possible.

Other articles have described the progress of this (Eagle LIX, 255, 35; 256, 91; 258, 255; 260, 339; 261, 425), which after ten years reached a fitting termination in the restoration of the Library Staircase, by which time the whole sum of £150,000 asked for to restore the old buildings had been most generously subscribed, and the College had added to it a rather larger sum from its own resources (Eagle LX, 265, 230).

The Appeal

This, then, was the background to the Appeal - College finances ailing but convalescent: large and inescapable commitments for the repair of the old buildings: but also, a permanent increase in the undergraduate population of a Cambridge with a chronic shortage of accommodation: and consequently, every possible room in the College doubled and trebled up, and undergraduates living as far afield as Cherryhinton and Milton. It was therefore decided to appeal at the same time for a further £350,000 for another new building.

Through Mr. Humphrey Cripps the appeal reached the Cripps Foundation, who at once expressed an interest, and in due course, the intention, if all went well, of defraying the whole cost of the proposed new building, which thus entered the realm of practical possibility. The College Council then set up a committee to investigate what was needed and to make proposals for discussion and action. It came to consist of the Master, the President, the Senior Tutor, the Senior Bursar, the Junior Bursar, Mr. Thistlethwaite and the Bursar for Buildings (secretary).

The New Buildings Committee was confronted by four broad problems: how large a building? of what kind? where sited? and what architect? Although distinct these are interlinked - the size affects the siting; which in turn affects the specification, and so on. Nevertheless they can be arranged in order, and size is the first decision needed.

First problem - size

This was discussed at an early meeting attended by Mr. Humphrey Cripps. The time was a propitious one. Building costs were increasing only slowly, and high quality materials were becoming available which had been unobtainable a few years before. It was estimated that £350,000 would suffice for a building of much the same size, and to much the same standards, as that erected by Sir Edward Maufe, at a cost of £120,000, between 1938 and 1940. It would accommodate roughly 70 - 80 undergraduates, and add nearly a third to the 250

undergraduates sets then existing. Taken together the two buildings would mean that within a quarter of a century the accommodation gradually built up during the preceding four and a quarter centuries had been nearly doubled.

Mr. Cripps asked if such a building would solve the problems of housing undergraduates. The Senior Tutor replied alas, no. Thus began a discussion which finally led to a great increase in the building's size. The eventual aim was to be around 200 sets of rooms for around £1,000,000. The appeal for a new building had been realised three times over.

Second problem - site

For such a building a suitable site was more than ever essential and once again good fortune had taken a hand by a fortuitous conjunction of circumstances. The College had recently sold to Churchill College its site of just over 40 acres, and statutory constraints on the investment of the main endowments required that the money should be reinvested. Thus, by the time of the conclusion of discussions begun quite independently with Merton College, to see whether they would consider parting with their foundation endowment of just over 5 acres across the Bin Brook from New Court, it was possible to buy the site at well above market value without loss of revenue. Indeed, by a curious coincidence, from the College's point of view the final outcome was almost exactly a straight swop - the open field up the Madingley Road for the smaller site across the Bin Brook, with the School of Pythagoras, Merton Hall, and nearly all the buildings along Northampton Street and Queens' Road contiguous to the College precincts, and now forming part of them.

But the New Buildings Committee did not feel itself competent to make a recommendation on the preferred site. Instead it suggested that Sir Leslie Martin be asked to consider all the available sites, and to report to the Governing Body, whose views would then be sought before a decision was taken. So as not to prejudge the issue he was asked to consider every possible, even if unlikely, site adjacent to the main buildings - the triangle formed by Bridge Street, St. John's Street and All Saint's Passage; the Master's garden and the area between it and the Great Bridge (which would have involved removing the Master's Lodge); and the whole area bounded by the north side of New Court, the river, the properties of Magdalene College and Storey's Charity, Northampton Street, Queens' Road and the Broad Walk as far as the west end of New Court. With the size of the proposed building in mind he considered all the issues of siting both from the angles of normal planning and of the special considerations applying to a College, finally giving the Fellows a very lucid exposition of his views in what amounted to an illustrated lecture followed by questions. This left no-one in any doubt that the best site was the one which the Cripps Building now occupies.

Third problem - Specification

While Sir Leslie was considering his problem the New Buildings Committee had already begun to think about the questions of architects and specifications. Space does not immediately allow us to consider either, but we may conclude by looking at one element of the overall problem which was obviously vital to the success of the scheme as a whole. What kind of accommodation did the junior members of the College wish to live in? And could it be provided within the available funds? Consumer satisfaction (or dissatisfaction) depended on the right answers to these questions.

To clarify the position the New Buildings Committee called into consultation the Junior Combination Room Committee, with its predominately undergraduate membership. Likes and dislikes were aired and discussed, and areas of doubt were defined, where clearly the majority opinions of junior members were needed to resolve controversial issues. For example, did the average undergraduate prefer the functional separation implied in a set of rooms, or would he rather have a large, undifferentiated, bed-sitting room? On the basis of these discussions the J.C.R. Committee organised a questionnaire (to which 433 junior members responded), and analysed the results, which are set out below. It will be seen that generally there are marked preferences, which sometimes change with year, as in the set vs. bedsitter controversy. The highest proportion wanting a bed-sitter came in the first year, and the proportion then fell off year by year, producing overall a decided majority in favour of sets. After discussion with the J.C.R. Committee the New Buildings Committee were convinced that the answer likely to give all round satisfaction was to have a mixture of both, with sets of rooms in the majority. Otherwise the majority view (often expressed as a very decided majority) was the one chosen for incorporation in the specification. There can be no doubt that in substantial measure the functional success of the new building derives from the co-operation of that generation of undergraduates in its design.

G.C.E.

Notes on the Questionnaire

(a) The answers to questions 1 and 2 establish the widespread use of the J.C.R. by all years, and to question 3 a three to one majority in favour of having a second J.C.R. as part of the new buildings.

(b) If question 4 were posed today, no doubt the answers would be different: 389 out of 433 answered this question, and probably the 44 missing answers should be added to the 114 "never"; but even if they were added to the 275 watchers, the total would still be well short of the 344 who want an independent television room, which is clearly desired by both parties. The Committee concluded that there was no case for a second television room, but that if the development plans called for the removal of the existing one, arrangements should be made for its replacement.

(c) We have already mentioned the answers to question 6. In further discussion, the J.C.R. Committee put forward the view that although sets of rooms were generally preferred, it was not necessary that they should have separate gyp-rooms.

(d) Similarly, in amplification of the answers to question 8, their view was that some baths should be generally available; subject to this there would be no objection to showers in private cubicles.

Summary of answers to Questionnaire issued November 1960

		1st year		2nd year		3rd year		BA	RS	Total
		In	Out	In	Out	In	Out			
1. How frequently do you use the JCR?	Most days	30	44	35	11	17	35	36	19	227
	Occasionally	21	8	44	3	19	6	10	2	113
	Rarely	12	6	32	2	20	7	6	4	89
2. At what time of day do you use the JCR?	Morning	16	19	36	4	17	24	15	4	135
	Afternoon	14	9	19	2	14	11	6	4	79
	Before Hall	23	39	54	12	20	36	36	13	233
	After Hall	28	26	39	5	17	12	26	14	167
3. Where would you prefer an additional JCR to be?	In New Buildings	48	54	90	12	43	33	30	13	303
	Near Front Gate	14	20	17	4	9	15	19	10	108
4. How frequently do you use the TV room?		1								2
	Regul rly	33	23	38	8	1 18	12	16	8	156
	Occas onally									
	To wa ch sporting events only	9	14	33	2	23	19	13	4	117
	Never	10	13	36	4	12	13	19	7	114
5. What type of TV room would you prefer?	Independent Rooms	50	49	88	12	47	37	43	18	344
	Separated from JCR by an adjustable partition	12	9	18	3	5	11	4	5	67
6. Which type of living accommodation do you prefer?	A single bed-sitting room 12' x 12' or equivalent area	33	30	23	11	15	22	25	15	174
	Sharing a set with one keeping room 12' x 15' and two small bedrooms	28	28	88	4	41	27	23	9	248
7. Which type of washing facility do you prefer?	A wash basin in your own room	60	57	107	16	51	42	46	22	401
	A communal wash room on each landing	4	2	5	4	4	7	5	2	29
8. Which type of bathing facility do you prefer?	Showers (as in bath house)	13	16	44	6	32	27	20	14	172
	Baths	50	46	79	11	28	26	33	10	283
Total number of questionnaires received:										433

Cripps

None doth build a stately habitation ...

G. Herbert; *Man*.

I have read in books that the palace of Asterion in Crete had fourteen entrances, a magical figure, in that numerology, now obsolete, chosen by the architect Daedalus to represent the concept of infinity. The labyrinth I know of has eight entrances which lead to a concentration of rooms and passages, some larger than others, some bare and some furnished, some bright and others almost inaccessible to natural light, but all of which have in common the furtive air of being inhabited. In this labyrinth of grey lead and smooth, white stone each man is his own minotaur, warding off a sword.

Above the building presides an occasional and intricate sun; below, sparse water pushes slackly through the hard and endless columns. Sometimes I can smell cut grass, watch for hours the crisp flights of sparrows and the hungry wheels of gulls, or hear at night the inconsolable cry of a drake. Through the surrounding piece of arranged nature this labyrinth grows incessantly, creating new forms in space as effectively as it destroys the old. And even were I to kick against the outer walls, the building would not give; there is no compromise between the inhabitant and the inhabited. Others have washed where I wash now, have smelt clean linen on other Monday mornings. There is a sense of continuity, yes, helped in some illogical way by the extreme sharpness of angles everywhere (in my room there is not one curve or shadow of one) but the same hardness of design precludes intimacy, originality and sense of home. It has been told me that I will be delivered of this existence in a time to come. What will my successor look like? Will he have a bull's head and a man's body? Will he look like me? Until then I must search the corridors for a trace, a footstep, an inkling of gold thread, in hope that I have not got long to wait.

* * *

The sword had been scraped with sand and shone dully on the grass. "It scarcely seems possible, Ariadne," said Theseus, "the creature seemed to actually like me."

"I don't suppose", said the same voice that bought me a beer, "that you would like to write about Cripps building for the magazine. From the point of view of living in it, that is," and left.

* * *

I had promised to do something of the kind, but found myself in a quandary. How could I describe the way I felt towards a building? How could I portray the patronizing attitude I felt it held towards its occupants? It's true, however. Cripps, armed to the roof with facilities and amenities in convocation with simple aesthetics, does your thinking for you. It warms you, helps feed you, makes you accessible to some visitors and protects you from others. Everyone keeps themselves to each other in this place.

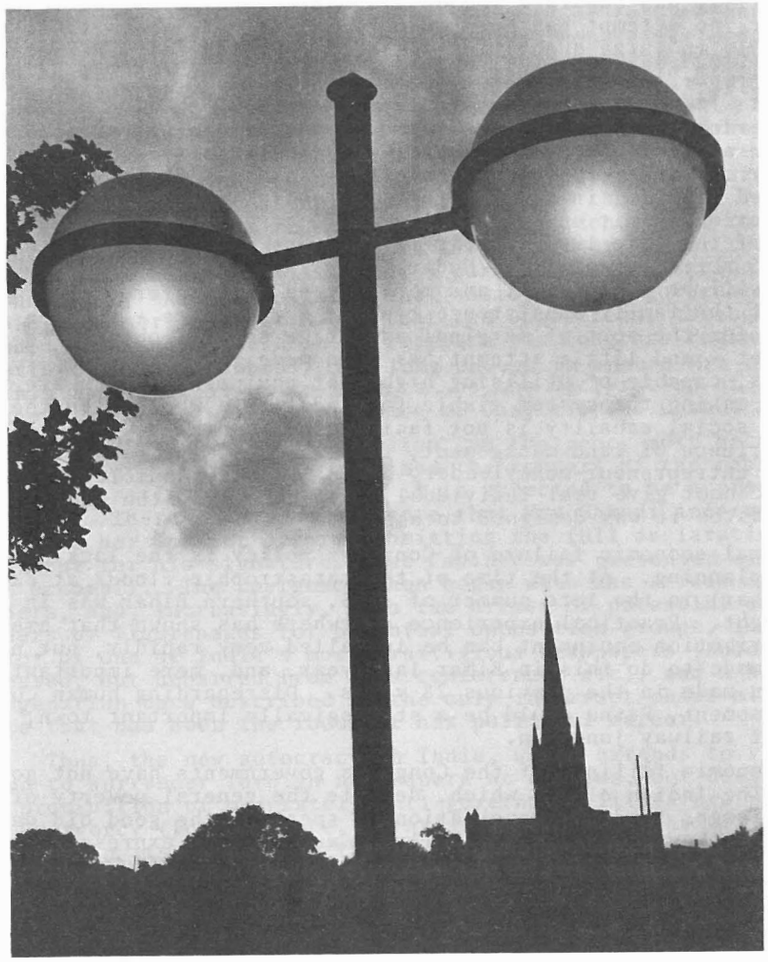
I'd never before noticed how thin the walls are. In a next-door room someone is rehearsing Ibsen: "What a nice, cosy little home we have here. Here you can find refuge. Here I should hold you like a hunted dove I have rescued unscathed ..." A doll's house. Maybe Cripps Building is a giant doll's house teeming with stringless princes keeping their palaces tidy, making coffee

for people who might drop in, watching each other, turning round at the sound of footsteps, at a cough or a shout.

And how can I describe the effect of coming back late at night from elsewhere and seeing, when the rest of the building is dark and quiet, one hopeless light shining in a room and knowing that it's mine?

* * *

I turn away from the bar and my finished drink and wonder what the hell to write about. People I have known in Cripps? The time spent making full and hollow conversation? The milk-man's early and obnoxious whistle? No, no, no. Have another pint of beer ...



Photograph by Malcolm Clarke

India

Since Indian independence, almost 30 years ago, the country has signally failed to improve materially the living conditions of its population. This is the result, not of any inbuilt structural problems, but of the inappropriateness of Congress Party policy.

At independence, Nehru reversed the agriculture-based policy of Mahatma Ghandi; and Congress has concentrated on the development of import substitution industries ever since, so much so that, the government claims, over 95% of the components of many large units produced for the domestic market, such as railway equipment, are domestically manufactured. This emphasis on industrial self-sufficiency, however, has had two adverse effects.

Firstly, it has retarded the development of raw material resources. In particular, no attempt has been made to locate oil, which is likely to be available in large quantities offshore. By contrast, Pakistan has located its first oilfield, near the Irani border, and the island states of south-east Asia have formed a joint prospecting organisation.

More seriously, it has limited the amount of capital available for investment in agriculture. India has the agricultural resources - amount and fertility of land - to feed the whole of Asia; as it is, as often as not, it cannot feed itself. In the interests of social equality, Nehru declared a maximum limit on landholding of 30 acres per individual. In the context of the late 1960's/early 1970's, Mrs Ghandi reduced this maximum to 15 acres per family. Under this system almost all landholding will be uneconomic, and merely tend to reinforce the domination of the family subsistence type of agriculture - the peasant is unlikely, for the sort of marginal advantage he will obtain, to grow for the market - and little attempt has been made to introduce co-operatives, capable of utilising high cost equipment, which are the only hope of making the system viable for India as a whole. Furthermore, in practice, social equality is not facilitated, as the new landholder, lacking experience of land management, finds himself increasingly in debt to the local entrepreneur-moneylender, often his old landlord. Individual land tenure cannot give real individual independence to the underprivileged tribes and castes it was designed to assist.

The final economic failure of Congress policy is the lack of contingency planning. At the time of the catastrophic floods at Patna (northern Bihar) in the late summer of 1975, southern Bihar was in the grip of drought. Practical experience elsewhere has shown that emergency water redistribution equipment can be installed very rapidly, but no attempt was made to do this in Bihar last year, and, more importantly, none had been made in the previous 28 years. Disregarding human considerations for a moment, Patna could be a strategically important town, and is a significant railway junction.

The economic failings of the Congress governments have not gone unnoticed. The Indian élite, which, despite the general poverty of the country, is large, tend in conversation to speak of the good old days of British rule. They also, paradoxically it would seem, express their support for the Ghandi Emergency as a new chance to get the economy moving. This may, to some extent, be the result of suspicion and fear - Indians since the Emergency are noticeably more reticent to criticise the government than are members of the small western educated élite of Iran, which is a startling indicator of the changed circumstances of Indian politics. However, what appears to have happened is that the élite have been convinced by the Emergency propaganda of the Ghandi 'machine' that the Emergency is necessary for the economic recovery of the nation, which the opposition parties, through their attacks on Mrs Ghandi, were aiming to

jeopardize. The statements issued by the leading trade unions in support of the government all emphasise their adherence to the 24-Point Economic Programme issued soon after the Emergency was declared, much of which merely reiterates the promises and proposals made by Congress ever since independence.

The Emergency has, admittedly, made some improvements in the administration. Widespread arrests have been made on charges of corruption, although not at the top level, and insufficient to tackle the real scope of the problem. Arrests have also been made for tax evasion, but the profitability of this and the ease with which it can be done by the wealthier members of society, particularly if they have governmental connexions, makes it unlikely that satisfactory results can be obtained. The trains, one might say, metaphorically as well as literally, are being made to run on time.

This is not, however, the real purpose of the Emergency. Until 1971, the opposition in Indian politics was hopelessly divided - despite being in an overall minority after the 1967 election, Congress was in no danger of losing its control of government. The split in the Congress Party that occured by 1971 did lead to attempts to create an opposition bloc in the 'mid-term' election of that year, but these were beset by internal wrangling and ideological differences. In the years between that election and the declaration of the Emergency, opposition state governments were increasingly counteracted by the use of Presidential rule, which, since the reduction of the Presidency to a rubber stamp, effectively means Ghandi rule. In 1975, however, after the court in Allahabad had declared Mrs Ghandi's parliamentary election to have been guaranteed by the unconsititutional assistance of government officials, it did seem seriously possible that the opposition, through civil disobedience, might be able to overturn the Congress regime, perhaps not indefinitely, but probably for long enough to ensure Mrs Ghandi's eclipse. In this light, it is quite easy to see the declaration of the Emergency as the straightforward maintenance of Congress and Ghandi rule.

According to the constitution, an Emergency must be declared by the President after he has obtained the support of the cabinet, and, at least in constitutional theory, it is expected to be a presidential decision. There is strong evidence that Mrs Ghandi informed only one member of her Cabinet before submitting the full declaration to the President for his signature. The Cabinet was presented with a fait accompli. The Emergency then began with the arrest of opposition leaders, and, increasingly, with the arrest of potential opposition leaders or figureheads for potential opposition groups, including the editor of one of India's most prestigious newspapers (Kuldip Nayar; since released, but debarred from news conferences etc), and a highly respected octogenarian once described as the only incorrupt chief minister of the state that had been the focus of his political career.

Thus, the new autocracy in India, which extends to visitors being asked to surrender foreign newspapers at customs, but does not extend to the prohibition of moderately anti-government literature printed before the Emergency (for instance, Nayar's book 'India: the critical years,' at least in its English edition), is, simply by the reasons for its creation, unlikely to solve any of the problems that are India. Congress Party policy has not changed - the emphasis remains on light industrial import substitution, on the policy of social equality which the acute differentiation of rich and poor shows is not working, and on family planning and sterilization which are inadequate means of population control in a country where reproduction tends to begin as soon as it becomes biologically possible - perhaps for political reasons, India shows no intention of following the Chinese policy of delaying marriage.
Towards the end of last year, the government set about destroying the

shanty towns around the major cities, creating an appearance of active government while intensifying the problem of homelessness which makes railway stations into dormitories and Calcutta into the most chaotic and insoluble problem in Asia. In world politics, the Emergency has seriously damaged Mrs Ghandi's credibility, and this, and the close military alliance with the Soviet Union, for both parties primarily an anti-Chinese alliance, continues to reduce the influence of India within the Third World (as expressed in the Non-Aligned Conference), where it could exercise a substantial leadership role. No attempt is being made, at the social level, to challenge the decentralism and lack of communication between New Delhi and the individual states which is responsible for India's strategical weakness and differential regional development.

This is not to say that any other party in government, or indeed any other form of government, could definitely solve the problems of India. Those problems necessitate realistic long-term planning, which no alliance of opposition parties could sustain - the importance of opposition leaders like Jayaprakesh Narayan has been grossly overestimated in the western press. With its persistent majority support, Congress is the only Indian political organisation capable of instituting widespread reform and long-term planning. It will continue to fail so long as it regards development as a process of international competition instead of the search for a solution to national problems. Unfortunately, the continuing and increasing domination of Mrs Ghandi makes it unlikely that Congress will adopt different policies, and, the longer it continues, makes it increasingly unlikely that Congress itself can survive her.

Kelly from the Isle of Man

There is an interesting and instructive link, between the Isle of Man and St John's College, Cambridge, in the life and work of John Kelly (1750-1809). Of course, the salient facts about him are readily accessible, from A.W. Moore's able article on the subject, in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Vol. 30, London, 1892, pp. 353-354). He was born at Douglas, Isle of Man, on November 1, 1750, the son of a wine-merchant. While still almost a boy, he joined with Philip Moore, and others, in the task of translating the Bible into Manx Gaelic. He was responsible for some of the translations of the Old Testament; and, in particular, he superintended the printing of the whole Manx Bible, at Whitehaven. It was an important and crucial work, fostered especially by Mark Hildesley, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, from 1755 to 1772; and "this undertaking employed Kelly incessantly for 20 years" (D.N.B.).

Although portions of the Bible, particularly the New Testament, had been printed and published in Manx Gaelic, from as early as 1748, the Whitehaven version, of 1771 to 1773, was "the first edition of the Old Testament in the Manx language" (William Cubbon's "A Bibliographical Account of Works relating to the Isle of Man," Oxford, 1939, Vol. 2, page 762). It was issued at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and there is a vivid and familiar legend, that the manuscripts of the second volume - from Deuteronomy to Job - narrowly escaped destruction in a shipwreck, as they were being conveyed across those hazardous, converging waters, to the printers in Whitehaven. John Kelly had charge of the threatened sheets, which he only preserved by holding them above his head for several hours, after a shipwreck, and before he was rescued. However, the volume was published, in November, 1772, and Bishop Hildesley was quick to commend the dedicated labours of John Kelly, in connection with that successful conclusion. In recognition of his work, indeed, John Kelly was soon provided with the means, and the opportunity, to study at St John's College, Cambridge.

In those times, of course, the gulf between the Isle of Man and Cambridge must have been very much greater, and more formidable, than it is now. It must have been a rare privilege for a Manxman to study at Cambridge, at the end of the eighteenth century: even the physical barriers were daunting, and the Isle of Man was then a poor and backward region, wholly without the resources necessary for the promotion of University study - apart from the kindly help and the perceptive patronage of great churchmen, such as Bishop Hildesley. St John's College was probably chosen then, because of its strong North Country connections, even or especially in the eighteenth century. At any rate, John Kelly entered St John's College, Cambridge, in October, 1772: it was "Kelly from the Isle of Man," indeed, and a most interesting and significant link, between that academic establishment and the remoteness of the Isle of Man, in those distant times.

John Kelly seems to have done well and worked hard, as was appropriate, during his student-years at St John's College, Cambridge. At any rate, he proceeded to the Ll.B. in 1794, and Ll.D. in 1799. He was ordained in the Church of England, at Carlisle, in 1776; and subsequently he served in various charges in Scotland and England. He died in Essex in 1809 - far away from his native Isle of Man - and he was buried in the cemetery of the parish church of Copford there. However, Manxland did not forget him;

for a tablet was erected to his memory, in Kirk Bradden, near Douglas. He is remembered, of course, not chiefly as the wandering student, who achieved the distinction of study at St John's College, Cambridge, but mostly for his very pioneering work in the translation of the Bible into the Manx language.

But even when he was on the other side of the water, John Kelly did not cease to pursue those studies, in Manx Gaelic, for which he was so forceful and important a pioneer. In 1775, he produced a revised Manx New Testament, and in 1776, in collaboration with Philip Moore, he issued a Manx edition of the Prayer Book, and other religious literature. His must be a very good example, of course, of the overwhelming role of religious publications in the rejuvenation of the Manx language towards the end of the eighteenth century. But John Kelly's linguistic pursuits, in the Manx Gaelic, were also very fruitfully extended to the general history of that fascinating and instructive language; for in 1804, there was published, from London, his "Practical Grammar of the Ancient Gaelic; or Language of the Isle of Mann, usually called Manks." Although this is now a very rare book, there are two copies of the original edition in the Manx Museum at Douglas. According to a note there by A.W. Moore, it was completed as early as 1780. John Kelly then sent its manuscript to the Duke of Atholl, with a request that the latter would permit it to be dedicated to him. The Duke, however, did not take the trouble to answer the letter, or to return the manuscript. Hence the long delay before its eventual publication: the text of this valuable book had to be retrieved from that negligent custody with the Duke of Atholl: that was done in 1803, and so it did achieve publication in 1804.

Despite its evident lack of the standards of modern scholarship, it is still a useful work, as well as one of the highest antiquarian interest, for all who are concerned with the bookish and literary culture of the Isle of Man. It was, very admirably, reprinted hy the Manx Society in 1859. John Kelly followed it up too with his celebrated polyglot dictionary of the three Celtic languages, of Man, Scotland, and Ireland, published in 1807. The original manuscript of this is still kept in the Library of the Manx Museum in Douglas: another of the innumerable Manx treasures, so carefully and hospitably housed, in that examplary institution. It must serve to testify still to both the persistence and the depth of John Kelly's concern for his Manx studies, in times when the latter were very much less popular or documented than they are now, and when he had fully sampled the rival studies of England, as an established scholar, educated at St John's College, Cambridge. In fact - apart from Dr. Vallancy's very rudimentary "Grammar of the Iberno-Celtic" (Dublin, 1782) - the works by John Kelly were the first to be published which gave any printed and scholastic status to Manx Gaelic as a language in its own right. Therefore, John Kelly's contribution to the total progress of the study of Manx Gaelic, within the period of Modern History, must be accepted as fundamental, essential and far-reaching. Even our contemporary study of Manx Gaelic - better based and more reliable in its scholarship as it must be - owes still its large debt, to those pioneering enthusiasms, for the language and the culture of his native Manxland, of the remarkable John Kelly; and, of course, his ensuing link with St John's College, Cambridge - even if it is not unique for a Manxman - must also deserve its due notice and commemoration.

One cannot be surprised, of course, to discover that much about the Manx studies of John Kelly must now seem to be rudimentary, even unsatisfactory. After all, as a scholar, he could never work upon the basis of the resources and the facilities - personal as well as bookish - of our own times. He was a pioneer, who initiated a process of literary and intellectual investigation, which it had to be left to others to follow up and to bring to some more adequate and pervasive conclusions. Nevertheless, John Kelly needs still to be remembered for the enduring value and stimulus of his early labours within the field of Manx scholarship; and it is noteworthy, too, to see the part played in that long process of the elucidation of the very regional culture of a detached part of the British Isles, by St John's College, Cambridge.

Whatever it may now be necessary to add in criticism of John Kelly as a Manx scholar, the fact must remain that he was one of the first, and the most dedicated, of the students of the unique language and literature, of the Isle of Man; and the added notion of his Cambridge education provides also a little-known example of the links of scholarship and learning, from an early period, between the English mainland and the insular eccentricities of Manxland. Even if John Kelly's abiding status as a Johnian has not been made very conspicuous or crucial, in either the Manx Museum, in general, or the available entry about him in the "Dictionary of National Biography" in particular, he still needs to be recognized and commemorated as a distinguished Manxman, who was very typical of the best of his times, and who rendered very important services to the literary records of Manx culture, and the claims of the Isle of Man to possess, as of right, its own valid and separate Celtic tongue.

Certainly, of course, as now I write this article, in the comely, well-organized recesses of the Manx National Library in Douglas, as if a passing refugee from the consuming tumult of tourism on a summer's day, St John's College, Cambridge, must seem to be very far away. It is very English; it belongs to that more bulky and alien mainland, where even now anything may happen, and probably does; and it becomes, indeed, at the most only a remote extremity, of the necessary Manx quest for higher education and systematic learning. Nevertheless, it was to St John's College, Cambridge, that John Kelly indubitably went to gain his rudiments of learning, at the end of the eighteenth century; and it was to that hallowed place, too, that he ultimately aspired and gave honour, even in the bulk of his later labours, for the study and the preservation of the Manx language and culture. Therefore, the study of John Kelly - marginal and insular as it must necessarily be - has its interest, extending beyond the specialized ones of the Manx identity itself, and into the even wider and possibly more English concerns of the national roles of St John's College, Cambridge: past as well as present.

Eric Glasgow

Adams - a note

In her *Personal Recollections*, published by John Murray in 1873, Mary Somerville wrote (p.289), "Somerville and I spent the Christmas at Collingwood with our friends the Herschels. The party consisted of Mr. Airy, Astronomer-Royal, and Mr. Adams, who had taken high honours at Cambridge. This young man and M. Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, had separately calculated the orbit of Neptune and announced it so nearly at the same time, that each country claims the honour of the discovery. Mr. Adams told Somerville that the following sentence in the sixth edition of the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences", published in the year 1842, put it into his head to calculate the orbit of Neptune. "If after the lapse of years the tables formed from a combination of numerous observations should be still inadequate to represent the motions of Uranus, the discrepancies may reveal the existence, nay, even the mass and orbit of a body placed for ever beyond the sphere of vision." That prediction was fulfilled in 1846, by the discovery of Neptune ..."

The reference to 1842 is puzzling as Adams's memorandum, "Formed a design, in the beginning of this week, of investigating, as soon as possible after taking my degree, the irregularities in the motion of Uranus which are yet unaccounted for; in order to find whether they may be attributed to the action of an undiscovered planet beyond it, and if possible thence to determine the elements of its orbit approximately, wh. w^{d}. probably lead to its discovery", is dated 1841 July 3. (He took his degree in the Lent Term 1843, his eleventh, as was then the custom.) However the sentence quoted above also occurs in the *third* edition of Mary Somerville's "Connexion ...." Glaisher's memoir in Adams's Collected Papers states that "His attention was drawn to the irregularities in the motion of Uranus by reading Airy's report upon recent progress in astronomy in the Report of the British Association for 1831-32" and he adds in a footnote that "This report does not contain any reference to the possibility of the irregularities being due to an undiscovered planet." If Mrs Somerville's book actually "put it into his head" it must have been an earlier edition than the sixth: The third edition was published in 1836.

Mr. Buck kindly produced for me seven parcels of letters relating to Adams; these were kept by Sir Robert Scott in the Lodge and later passed on to the Library. They are mainly letters *to* Adams. Apparently he rarely kept a copy of his own, but I accidentally came across a draft of a letter, 1882, to the Secretary of Girton College (to which new foundation he was a very good friend), in which he complains that the students do not pay enough respect to the Mistress. "In my visits to Girton I have frequently noticed that the students often pass Miss Bernard without the slightest mark of recognition, and as if completely ignoring her... In any of the men's Colleges no undergraduate would dream of passing the Master or Tutor of his College without some sign of recognition and respect." The reply to this letter from Mrs. Croom Robertson is also there. Unfortunately I could not find any reference to the Christmas visit to Collingwood or to the meeting with the Somervilles.

In passing I might draw attention to the change, I might call it inflation, of the size of the writing paper over the years. The early letters are on tiny sheets folded skilfully and stamped

(no envelope). Then there are small envelopes and as time goes on the sheets of paper and envelopes get larger. They do not reach present standards where two lines of typing are put on a quarto sheet!

I also enjoyed a letter from P.J. Brine, 27 January 1874, about the subject for the Adams Prize, "The Reflection and Refraction of Light." This ended, "I know the cause but why should I tell it?" Adams also suffered considerably from circle-squarers and angle-trisectors.

Bertha Jeffreys

LMBC 1st May Boat: photograph by Nick Starling

Three men in a boat, or what happened to the other six Cambridge heavies

There is something about university oarsmen that never fails to infuriate their more earnest and aesthetic companions in the ancient seats of learning - a blend of brutishness, bravura and almost fanatical devotion to extreme, mechanical, repetitive physical exertion. Rowing men call it "heavyism".

The 150th anniversary dinner of the oldest college boat club in Cambridge - Lady Margaret - was a great occasion for connoisseurs of the phenomenon, and certainly the sport's social highlight of 1975. Two hundred old "heavies", ranging in age from their early twenties to their late eighties, gathered at St John's College for a long night of carousal, nostalgia and declamation.

The hall, packed with collapsing stout parties, echoed to gloriously atavistic speeches praising the proconsular virtues of rowing men who swelled the ranks of the district commissioners in the days of Empire. There were disparaging remarks about the contemporary breed of "knitting, cooking and social working" undergraduate who, it was claimed, had superseded them as the predominant university strain in the locust years since the war.

The club, named after Lady Margaret Beaufort, foundress of St John's, has long been among the most illustrious in British rowing. In the 1920's it developed a distinctive rowing style to which it gave its name - long, drawn-out strokes with the crew laying steeply back in the boat, feathering their oars in the region of their Adam's apples. The lay-back style emerged, according to legend, in response to the bad breath of a particular cox which drove his crew to place themselves as far as possible from his noisome emissions. Like nearly all the best rowing stories, it is quite untrue.

Another Lady Margaret myth, also without foundation, is the popular explanation of the distinctive bright scarlet oars, singlets and blazers sported by the club. Rowing under the name of St John's College in the early nineteenth century, they were supposed to have overtaken a rival crew in a bumping race with such force that the prow of their eight pierced the cranium of the coxswain in front, killing him instantly. Banned from the Cam, these manslaughtering heavies are said to have returned to the river the next day under a new name - Lady Margaret - using blood red blades in eternal memory of their sanguinary exploit.

The bump supper is the high mass of the Cambridge rowing man; a night of stupendous self-indulgence after the last day of the bumping races when the rigours of training can finally be jettisoned. These occasions are the invariable prelude to an outbreak of riotous and raucous behaviour. In 1892, six of the first May boat were sent down in consequence of their post-supper celebrations. In those days, it was customary for crews to process along the Backs in flower-bedecked eights as the final ceremony of the May races. Lady Margaret appeared with a cox, two oarsmen and six placards reading "Sent Down" in the places of the rusticated men and a notice board in the stern announcing the names of the disciplinarian dons responsible for their removal.

The published two-volume history of the club records its members' land-based enormities with almost as much care as their exploits on the water. In 1954, members of Lady Margaret's arch rivals, First and Third Trinity, wrecked the rooms of two LMBC men on the eve of the May bump supper. In the early hours of the following morning, 15 Lady Margaret men broke into Trinity, one of them falling through a glass roof, with the intention of wreaking a spot of destruction in retaliation.

"Eventually", the history records, "the task was adequately fulfilled, half the party effecting the actual retribution while the others solemnly drank sherry with the victim".

But the fame of Lady Margaret does not rest on such aberrations. Apart from the succession of eminent men it has assisted through the pains of late adolescence - the list includes Samuel Butler, the nineteenth-century novelist and modern (no brutish hearty he), the economist Alfred Marshall, Lord Caradon the colonial governor and Sir Hugh Casson the architect - the club has proved extraordinarily successful on the water. This year, Lady Margaret retained its headship of the river and last year furnished the country with three international oarsmen. No fewer than 11 LMBC eights were in evidence on the Cam in the May races.

The great period of Lady Margaret rowing came in the late 1940's and early 1950's, when the club broke the course record at Henley in 1949, won the Grand there in 1951, provided no fewer than six of the 1950 Cambridge Boat Race crew and five of the British eight which carried off a gold medal in the European championships the following year.

Scratch a rowing man and you may find a poet. The architect of those vintage years, Roy Meldrum, once evoked the oarsman's craft in a manner that could not fail to move even the heaviest. He spoke of the "deities of wood and water" that must be invoked by a successful crew.

"The Greeks", said Meldrum, "had a way, whenever beauty was in danger, of turning her into some conventional object, such as a stream or a tree, and thereafter that object was infused with beauty and had to be treated with deference. So it is with rowing. If a crew treats wood and water with the respect supposedly paid to anything more or less human, it will find them very definitely on its side. In fact, it is not too much to say that they will win races for it".

Peter Hennessy
(By kind permission of the Editor of The Times)

Urban walk

One of the more pleasant aspects of Cambridge is that it is possible to walk right across the city from Stourbridge Common to New Addenbrooke's without the use of major roads, and on meadow land or footpaths most of the way. In a sense this is more of a by-pass than a throughway, as, historically, development along the river has been confined to Magdalene Street and the hithes and lodes along the backs which disappeared under the wealth of the colleges. Medieval Cambridge was restricted to two main streets - Sidney Street and Trinity Street - and the interconnections between these. Further development since the rise of the University's power and influence in town affairs has been to the south and east, and in the suburb of New Chesterton north of the river.

This walk runs over the southern part of this route, taking us from the Mill Pond by Silver Street Bridge to New Addenbrooke's Hospital. Standing with our backs to the door of the Mill (Tolly Cobbold) we look across the insistent foam-topped flow of the mill-race - its consistency what one might expect of a river that has more of an affinity with the Northern Outfall Sewer than with the crystal mountain stream of a Consulate advertisement. Indeed after I was recently reluctantly precipitated into its murky depths the Nursing Sister had a greater concern over the effects of the small quantity of river water that had entered a cut in my wrist than the large quantity of blood issuing from it. Opposite are two of Queens' twentieth century buildings. Cripps (designed by Moya and Powell who were responsible for our own Cripps building), half-completed, scintillates with its white framework and darkened windows, and the hideous Fisher Building with its hackneyed red brick mock-Tudor range and absurd small pane windows. It must be the ugliest building in Cambridge, a complete contrast to the older parts of Queens' College. The alternative to massive prestige college constructions can be seen further to the left, where Darwin College successfully blends a couple of old houses including Newnham Grange, Darwin's old house, with a new block which maintains the rhythm and balance of the older buildings and provides a pleasant backdrop to its garden and the river.

Proceeding along Granta Place under the shadow of the topheavy Grad Pad, and down the approach road to the Garden House Hotel, which has been rebuilt following a fire four years ago (unconnected with the infamous Greek Week riots) as a fairly standard motel intruding into the common land and riverscape about it, and through a bike-trap into Coe Fen. The path takes us past the interesting back wall to the former Peterhouse Deer Park, behind which are the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the only student tower block in this University - the William Stone building, one of the largest loadbearing brick buildings in the world, from which Peterhouse undergraduates and fellows have good views of their college, its gardens, and the river.

Past the uninteresting engineering labs, and crossing the Fen Causeway, the next stretch of common takes us round the Leys School and on to Trumpington Road. In the school Britain's own child army are practising drill under the falsetto screams of their NCO, and to the south the Cam is leaving the peace of Grantchester Meadows, as yet undisturbed by the western bypass which has provoked a frenzy of controversy in the Times letter column. In fact a link road has long been planned across the common we are treading, connecting Barton Road with Brooklands Avenue, but this seems to have been dropped now.

Rounding the corner we keep to the left and reach Trumpington Road. To the left the splendid houses on Brookside form the front of the area known as Newtown which sprang up in the early nineteenth century. We cross the road and enter the gates of the Botanic Garden. This is a treat all the year round; even on a cold winter afternoon the evergreens bordering the main walk look perfect, and the lake with its attendant ducks provides a reflective foreground for the rockeries and glasshouses beyond. Its present size is in part due to the efforts of the University Members of Parliament who in 1850 opposed a Bill to complete the eastern end of the Oxford to Cambridge railway whose actual extent then consisted of the Royston and Hitchin line and a short extension northwards to Shepreth. With the support of the Great Northern who were then pushing their main line through Hitchin into Kings Cross, and saw the route as a chance to break the monopoly of the Eastern Counties Railway, who had opened their station on its present site five years previously, and the Mayor and Corporation, the Bill sought a line direct from Shepreth to Cambridge through Barrington and Haslingfield, terminating in this garden. The Bill was rejected and despite subsequent attempts of the Great Northern to get its own station in the City, it was over the Eastern Counties' own line from Shepreth to Shelford that trains from Kings Cross finally arrived in Cambridge. The influence of the University in the planning at this time was strong, indeed in the act allowing the construction of the original line from Liverpool Street, there were clauses permitting University officers access to the station and the power to question servants of the railway company about any person on the station "who shall be a member of the University or suspected of being such". In addition they could prevent the conveyance of University members without the degree of Master of Arts or equivalent, for up to 24 hours even if he had paid his fare.

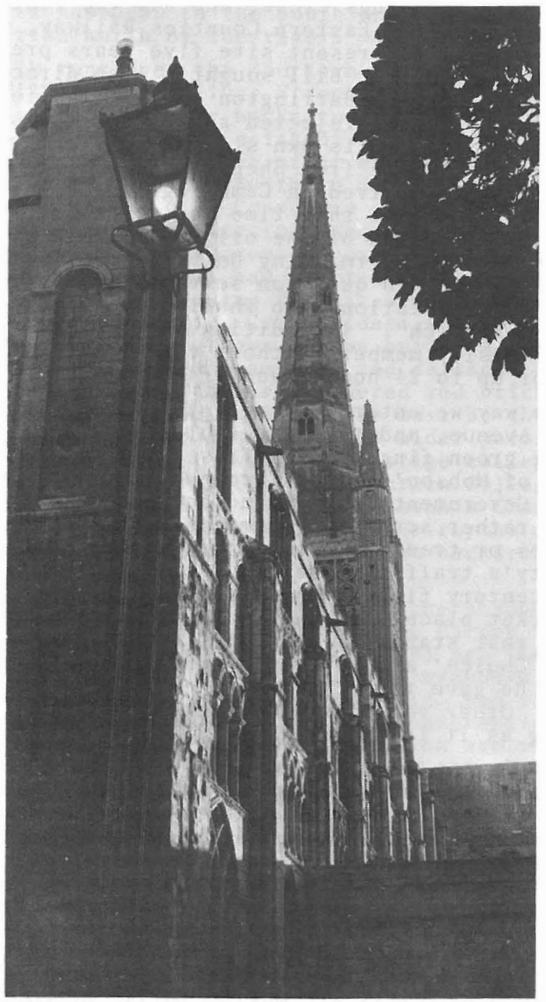
Leaving the way we entered, across the Hobson's Brook, we now cross Brooklands Avenue, and take the footpath to Long Road advertised by its own little green fingerpost. This delightful track takes us along the course of Hobson's Brook through the empty commonland that lies between the Government Offices and developments behind Trumpington Road. There are rather scruffy allotments and meadows for grazing horses, and copses or trees full of singing birds mercifully audible away from the city's traffic. The brook itself takes its name from the seventeenth century figure, Thomas Hobson, who brought a water supply to the market place where it spouted forth from that peculiar octagonal object that stands by the Fen Causeway traffic lights. The saying 'Hobson's Choice' arises from the fact that when people hired horses from him, he gave them the choice of the first horse to hand or no horse at all. Other versions have it that he said, "You may take any horse so long as it is black".

We pass the back of a fairly modern government building which is strange because it has no windows. A short time amusing oneself with thoughts of nuclear bomb shelters or special schools for the blind, and we come out into a ploughed field with the twin-topped boiler chimney of Addenbrooke's over the rows of trees in the distance. The path reaches Long Road and we turn left over the two railway bridges. The first crosses the traces of the former Bedford line whose only surviving traffic is seven radio telescope dishes, and the second, the main lines to London (or Cambridge, whichever way you look at it). To the right we pass the Sixth Form College where somewhat outsized schoolgirls are making futile attempts at keeping a tennis rally going beyond the first return. And then, there it is, the approach road to the motley collection of generally poor buildings grouped round a temporary carpark that together form New Addenbrooke's. Built in stages from 1960 onwards, it is probably the last major

hospital to be built in this region. Already it is felt that its distance from most of Cambridge will have to be compensated by small local medical centres in the rest of the town. However, there are compensations - the staff bar provides cheap drinks if you can find someone to take you in.

After looking up a friend, or going for a quick trot up the Gog-Magog Hills, the 186 bus will run us back into the town centre.

N B Black



Photograph by Malcolm Clarke

Microcosmographia

'Nothing is ever done until everyone is convinced that it ought to be done and has been convinced for so long that it is now time to do something else.'

'There is only one argument for doing something; the rest are arguments for doing nothing.'

It is nearly seventy years since Francis Cornford wrote his classic satire on University politics, but such has been the power of the arguments for doing nothing that his 'Advice for the Young Academic Politician' is still extremely relevant.

Not, of course, that Cornford was thinking of anything as mundane as student politics when he wrote about Caucuses, but can any of us who were foolish enough to be in the School of Pythagoras when the 'Progressive Alliance' 'slate' for CSU was being selected, deny that: 'A Caucus is like a mouse-trap; when you are outside you want to get in; and when you are inside the mere sight of the other mice makes you want to get out again'? The Progressive Alliance, by the way, never progressed and is no longer an alliance.

However, it is his chapter on 'Argument' which is the glory of his book. In it he identifies the three great Principles which have dominated Cambridge academic life since it began. There is the Principle of the Wedge ('You should not act justly now for fear of raising expectations that you may act still more justly in the future - expectations which you are afraid you will not have the courage to satisfy') and the Principle of Unripe Time ('People should not do at the present moment what they think right at that moment, because the moment at which they think it right has not yet arrived') but neither is as powerful as the Principle of the Dangerous Precedent. The Principle of the Dangerous Precedent is 'that you should not do an admittedly right action for fear you, or your equally timid successors, should not have the courage to do right in some future case which superficially resembles the present one. Every public action which is not customary either is wrong, or, if it is right, is a dangerous precedent. It follows that nothing should ever be done for the first time'.

If anyone doubts that these arguments are not still in use, they only have to look at a few of the events of last term. Take Gate and Guest Hours. A proposal to extend the number of nights on which junior members can officially have guests in their rooms beyond the present five a term was opposed in Consultative Committee on the grounds that an extension would lead to demands that the restriction be abolished altogether - a clear application of the Principle of the Wedge.

Or look at the arguments against changing the statutes to admit women to the College. Although no convincing argument has yet been produced to say why women should be denied the opportunity of becoming members of the College founded by Lady Margaret Beaufort, the move to change the statutes was blocked on the Governing Body on the grounds that 'the time is not ripe'. As Cornford acidly remarked: 'Time is like the medlar; it has a trick of going rotten before it is ripe'. In this particular case, with other Colleges including Trinity soon to admit women, St John's will presumably become a stagnant backwater, filling up with both junior and senior members who feel themselves incapable of meeting the competition of women for their places.

Whether women will want to become members of such a College will then be rather more dubious.

But it is noticeable that a new argument, not identified by Cornford, was used in this debate. With the rapidly changing nature of the outside world the three Principles have failed from time to time over the last few years and the nature of the University has actually been allowed to change a little. Faced with this awful fact a new Principle has evolved to keep such Change in check. It can be identified as the Principle of Unhurried Change.

The Principle of Unhurried Change is that even if a Change cannot be denied to be in itself desirable, any actual process of change is undesirable. To avoid this all Change should be Unhurried, that is, proceed infinitely slowly. One of the arguments against co-residence in St John's is of this variety; if no argument against co-residence itself is found convincing it can be pointed out that King's have already admitted women and Trinity plan to do so. If St John's did the same thing it would mean that the Change would be Hurried and therefore undesirable.

The Principle of Unhurried Change was developed as a dynamic extension of the 'give the present system a Fair Trial' argument. Thus the Editor of the Cambridge Review (proudly labelling himself a Non-Placet) recently argued along the following lines: as 700 years had elapsed before students were allowed onto Faculty Boards, the system of having students on Faculty Boards but not the Council of Senate 'must be given a Fair Trial'. By implication the Trial, only after which could the proposal for student observers on the Council of Senate be even considered, should last 700 years. Despite its narrow failure to maintain the average age of the Council of Senate, the Principle can be used, where any Change must take place in stages, to argue that each stage should last 700 years.

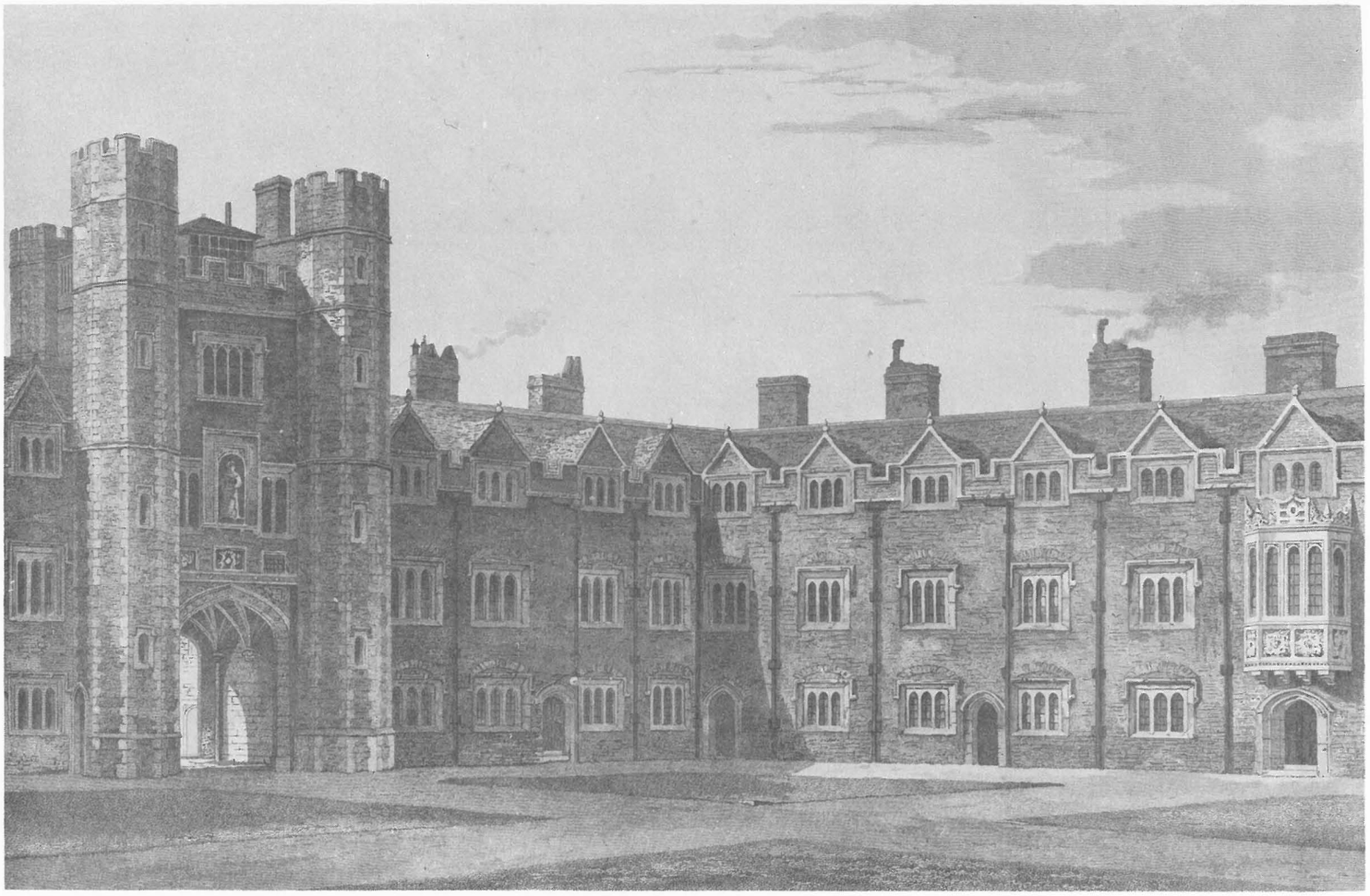
Cornford's analysis of the microcosm of University politics is still relevant after 70 years; the Principle of Unhurried Change should help to keep it relevant for another 700.

John Hills

'Microcosmographia Academica', by F M Cornford. Bowes and Bowes, 1908 (still in print)

Early-nineteenth century engravings of the College - 1

2



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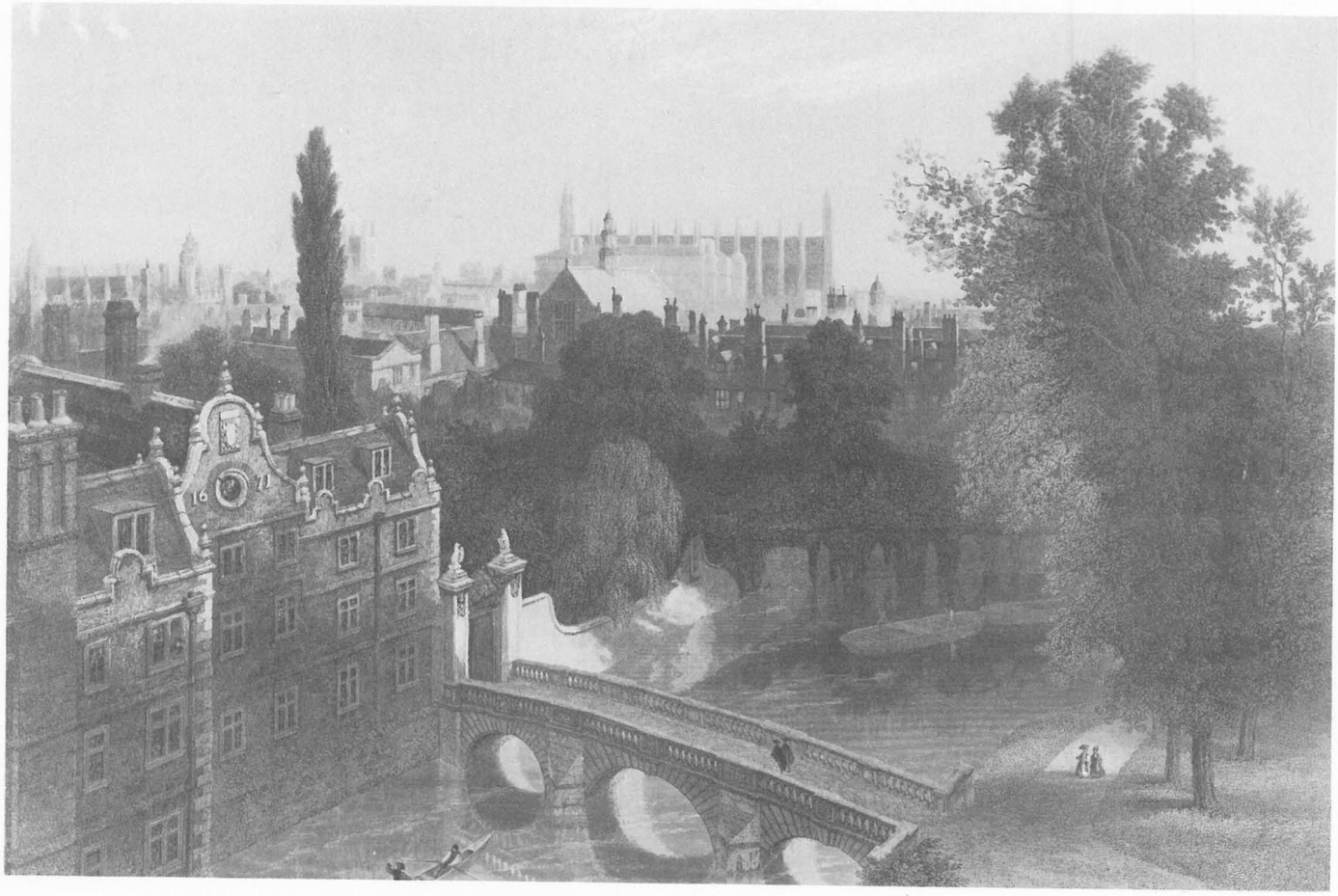

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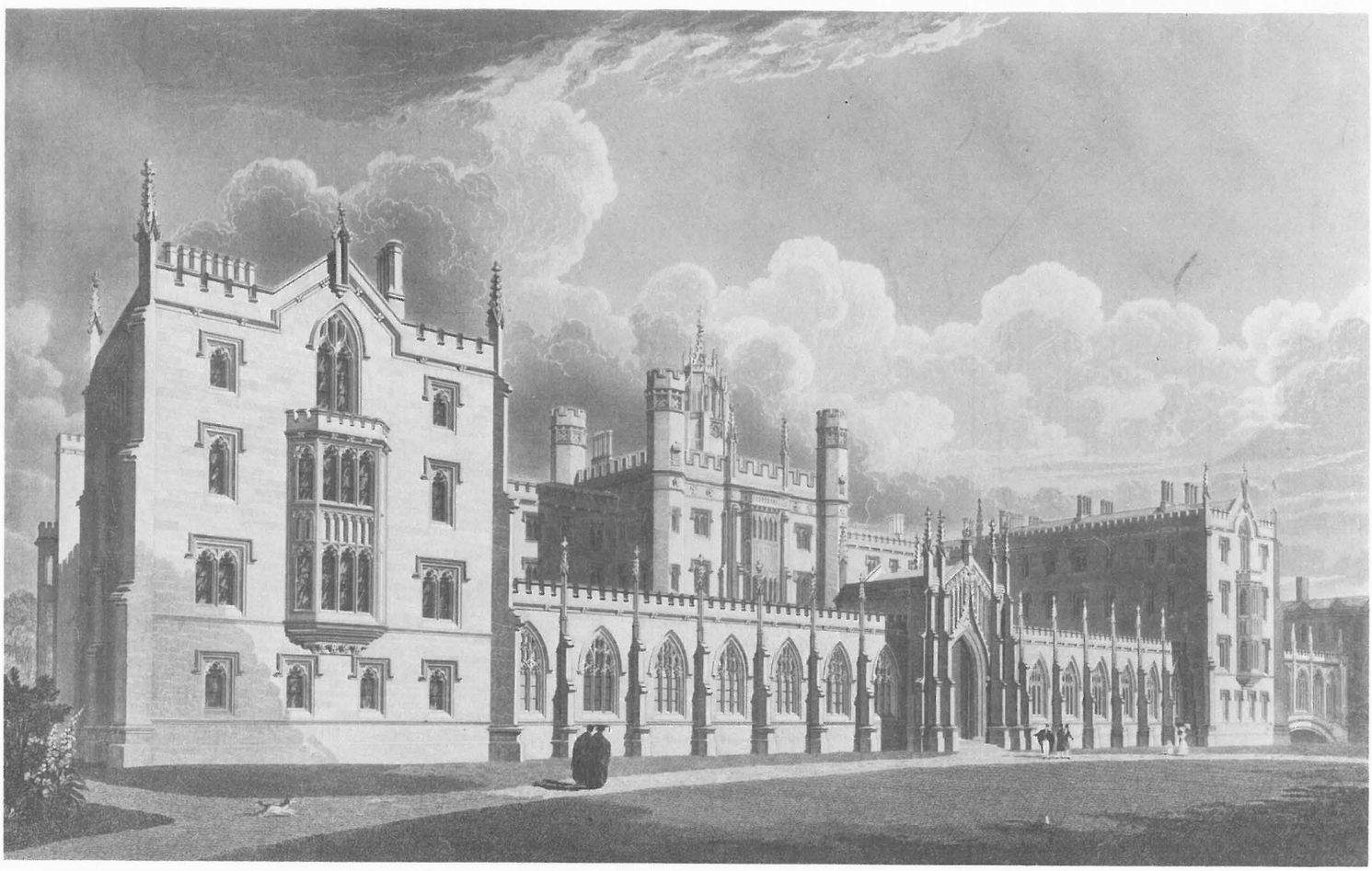

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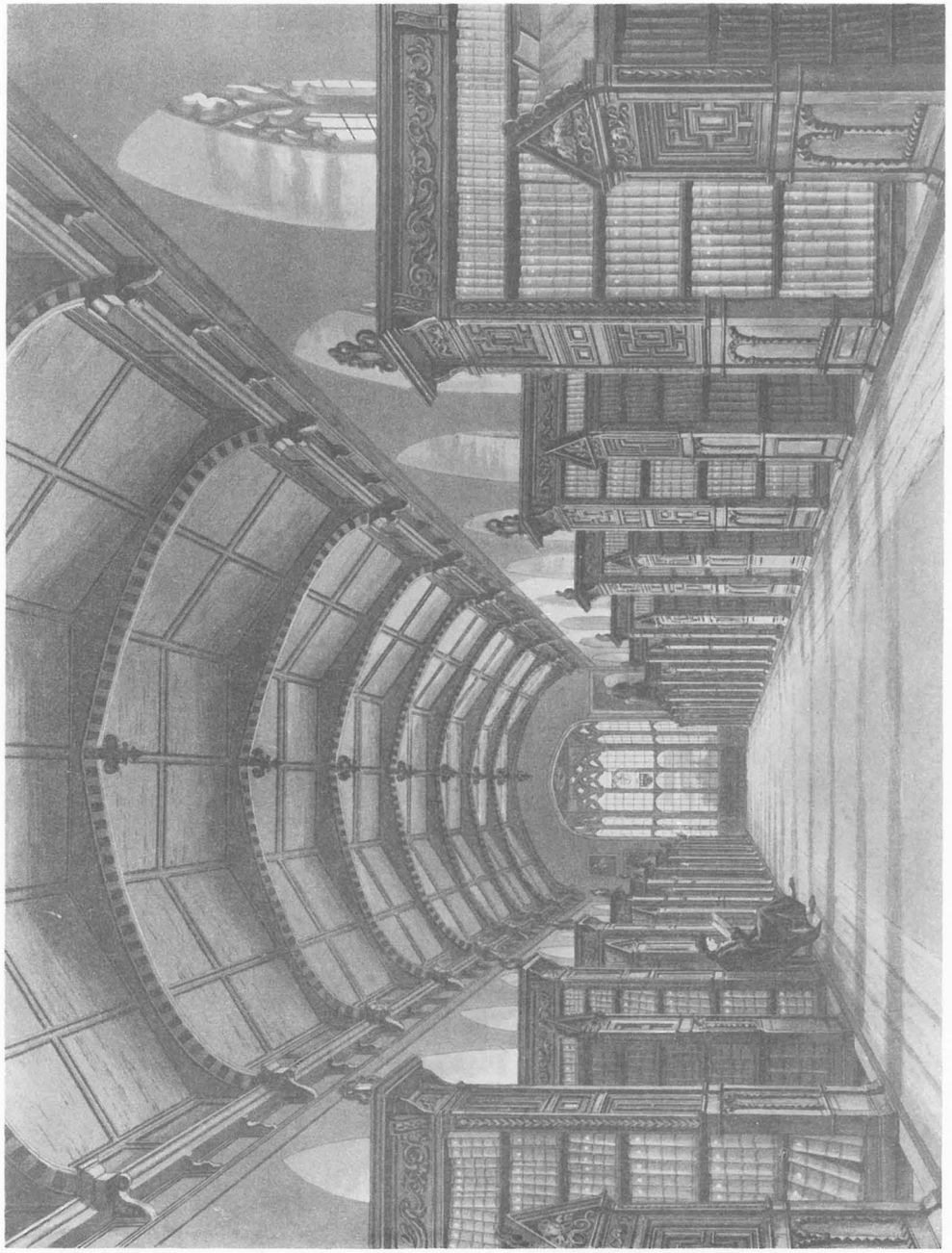


1. Chapel of St John's College.

Drawn by F Mackenzie. Engraved by J C Stadler. This was published, in colour, in R Ackerman's History of Cambridge ... 2 vols, London, 1815. (See notes to 8.) Frederick Mackenzie (1788?-1854), water-colour painter and topographical draughtsman, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1804-1828; member of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, 1823.

The old Chapel dated from about the middle of the 13th century. It served the College, and the Hospital which preceded it, until it was pulled down in 1869. The stalls, with backs, desks and sub-desks were transferred to the present Chapel. The framed painting over the altar which represents "St John preaching in the Wilderness" by Sir Robert Ker Porter, was replaced in 1841 by a painting of the Virgin with the dead Christ, said to be a copy by Anthony Raphael Mengs of an original by Van Dyck. The earlier painting was returned to the Porter family. The later one hangs on the South wall of the Ante Chapel.

2. St John's College. Entrance Gateway.

Drawn by B Rudge. Engraved by E Challis. Appeared at the top of the University Almanack for 1851.

In 1855 the gate leading into the back lane was set back near to the College and the brick wall was replaced by an iron railing. The tops of the windows of the original Library are showing above the wall. The East wall of the old Chapel and the Infirmary or Labyrinth can just be seen in the background.

3. St John's College. The Second Court, looking north-west.

Drawn by J Burford. Engraved by S Sparrow. Appeared at the top of the University Almanack for 1819.

Second Court was built in 1598-1602 from the designs of R Symons and G Wigge. The drawings, the earliest of any remaining Oxford or Cambridge collegiate drawings, are kept in the College Library. The Observatory is shown at the top of the Shrewsbury Tower. It was erected in 1765 and remained there until 1859.

4. St John's College Bridge.

Drawn and engraved by J K Baldrey. Appeared at the top of the University Almanack for 1803. Joshua Kirby Baldrey (1752?-1828) was born at Ipswich. Part of his life he resided at Cambridge where, in 1809, he published an engraving of the East window of King's College Chapel.

Robert Grumbold built this bridge in 1708-12, making some use of the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The artist appears to have exaggerated the horns of the Yales on the tops of the gate piers. In plate 6, they are shown as they are today - completely worn away!

5. St John's College. New Bridge, etc.

Drawn and engraved by E Challis. Appeared at the top of the University Almanack for 1837.

This bridge was built in 1831 to the design of Henry Hutchinson.

6. Cambridge from the top of St John's College New Buildings.

Drawn and engraved by G Dodgson. Appeared at the top of the University Almanack for 1840. George Haydock Dodgson (1811-1880) was born in Liverpool and was a water-colour painter: prepared plans for Whitby and Pickering railway, while apprentice to George Stephenson; member of the Society of Painters in Water-colours 1852, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1838-1850.

The University Library (now The Old Schools) had just been extended. It can be seen just in front of King's College Chapel.

7. St John's College. New Buildings.

Drawn by T Kearnan. Engraved by J Tingle. Appeared at the top of the University Almanack for 1830.

The architects for the New Court, built 1825-1831, were Thomas Rickman and Henry Hutchinson.

8. St John's College Library.

Drawn by W Westall. Engraved by D Havell. Published in Ackerman. William Westall (1781-1850), topographical painter, made sketches in Australia, China and Bombay 1801-1805, visited Madeira and Jamaica 1805-1806, exhibited water-colour pictures and drawings of foreign scenes 1808-1828, and of English scenery, 1809-1840; was much employed in the illustration of topographical works, 1818-1831. Rudolph Ackermann (1764-1834) was born in Germany; settled in London as a coach-designer, opened a print shop in the Strand, established art lithography in England 1817, and published numerous illustrated books.

The Library was built between 1623 and 1625 from benefaction of John Williams (BA 1601/1602), Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. The oriel window appears to be plain glass. It was replaced in 1885 by the present window given in memory of Henry Hunter Hughes (BA 1817). One of the two coats of arms was transferred to the window in the lower library. The boards forming the sloping tops of the intermediate, or lower bookcases, were put back in 1906. The stools are not shown but the artist may have decided to leave them out.

These engravings are in the College Library.

N Buck.

...not co-residence again...

It has been said that educational theories are like buses - there is no point chasing after them for there will be another one along in a minute. It remains to be seen, however, whether or not St John's has "missed the bus" in connection with that hoary old chestnut, co-residence. It seems that our College will not go co-residential in the immediate future and therefore it may be profitable now to examine, briefly, the position of St John's vis-à-vis other Colleges which have taken the momentous step of admitting women to regions hitherto soiled only by brute men. It may be argued that not only have the co-residential Colleges stolen a march on St John's but also, and at the same time, changes in secondary education in general are tending to militate against the future of the all-male College. This threat comes on two fronts: firstly, some public schools (even) are going co-educational, if not co-residential as well, which is arguably a more extraordinary procedure than Colleges at a University doing the same thing; and secondly, the ineluctable rise of the comprehensive school may be producing generations of pupils who, horror of horrors, may not be inclined or encouraged to apply for a single-sex College which may appear to them to be nothing more than a glorified Public School.

Our educational Cassandra will then describe the future of the College to be no more than slow ossification and decline. Asquith-like the College will "wait and see" (look where it got him), resisting co-residence until the effects of such a step fully become apparent, perhaps after twenty years or so - and what are two decades in the 450-year life of a College? Meanwhile, caught between the upper and nether millstones of co-residence and comprehensivization, the membership of the College will have been reduced to a collection of amiable, if eccentric, misogynists and rank idiots, who have failed to get into their first five choices of College (all co-residential). Finally, bravely, epically, the Governing Body will decide to take the great step, to make the enormous leap into the dark (muttering all the while, "We must now educate our pupils"), and "go" co-residential. And as they take the fateful vote a low rumbling will arise from below the Chapel floor where dead generations of Johnians turn solemnly in their graves. But it will be too late to save even our great and mighty College; not only will we have missed the bus, but the following eight buses will have mounted the pavement, demolished the bus shelter, run us down, broken every bone in our body and by then even the bus service itself will have been discontinued.

It is just conceivably possible, however, that these gloomy prognostications do not accurately represent the future of an all-male St John's. It is possible, although it may not be agreeable to many, that there is a place in Cambridge, in the meantime at least, for single sex Colleges. Certainly a case for the retention of the *status quo* may be made from the statistics of applications for admission since the first three Colleges became co-residential in October 1972. There is still a demand for places at a single sex College like ours. Between 1972 and 1976 the number of applicants for admission for the whole University (men only) rose by 4½%, while applications to St John's rose by 27%. Nevertheless, before we start patting ourselves on the back, it would be as well to note that over the same period the applications (men) to the three co-residential Colleges rose by 66%. Two further men's Colleges are to go mixed next Michaelmas Term. Despite this added incentive, applications for admission at both these Colleges next year have gone down, although only very slightly in one case. Against that must be set a 7% rise generally in the University, a 15% rise at St John's and a 17% rise in applications for the three mixed Colleges between 1975 and 1976. Applications from men for

admission to the three original co-residential Colleges, taken as a whole, have risen consistently every year since they first admitted women. This compares very favourably with the figures both for St John's and for the University as a whole, neither of which show a consistent rise in applications each year over the same period.

What then do all these statistics demonstrate, apart from the foolishness of the author in working them all out? There has been no dramatic fall in the numbers of people applying for admission to our College since the first three men's Colleges went co-residential in 1972. On the contrary, applications for St John's have risen by more than a quarter over this period, substantially ahead of the increase in male applications for the University as a whole, although not nearly so large an increase as that shown for the mixed Colleges. This may mean that St John's is still, relatively, a "popular" College, or perhaps it merely means that more Johnians become teachers than men from other Colleges and go on to encourage their pupils to apply for the old Alma Mater. In the abstract, the figures for St John's demonstrate that, philosophical and emotional arguments apart, there remains a very good case for the retention of the single sex College and a particularly good case for one such College being St John's. Nevertheless, one cannot reasonably argue that the competition so far (if one wants to think in such terms) has been very stiff, with only three out of the twenty men's Colleges being co-residential. The position of the College which remains exclusively male will become clearer in five years' time, when seven Colleges, including the largest College of all, will have completed at least three years of admitting women.

If one is to confine one's arguments about co-residence to the statistical evidence, it is perfectly plausible to argue that a purely male College will never have any real difficulty in filling its places, especially if a large number of other men's Colleges begin to admit women, since for every woman admitted to a previously all-male College, there is one less place for a man at Cambridge. The question then arises whether or not the quality of the applicants to all-male Colleges may decline as opposed to those applying to the mixed ones. On the evidence so far there is no indication that such is the case for St John's, although, as has been noted, it is early days yet to make any definitive judgement. A further consideration may be that the nature of the applicants may change, and the single sex College revert to the "good old days" of being a Public School preserve. This would certainly change the character of St John's, where for the last ten years at least three fifths of the undergraduates have come from state subsidised schools, and one third of those, in the 1975 intake, from comprehensive schools.

The Tutors at St John's, as one expects do the Tutors in other Colleges, make great efforts to ensure that the constituency of the College remains as broad as possible, both by type of school and by geography. Recognising that Oxbridge is perhaps no longer the object of every aspiring sixth former's university ambitions, the Cambridge Colleges collectively run Head Masters' conferences every three years. St John's alone held such a conference in 1973 and again in July last year. Within the last twelve months both St Catharine's and Trinity have done the same. St John's, in the words of the Senior Tutor, "seizes any opportunity that comes along to forge new links with schools". Schools are encouraged to send groups of sixth formers to come to have a look at the College and at Cambridge. Recently St John's made a special effort to interest schools in the West Midlands in the College on the grounds that the College was short of numbers from that region. Where different types of schools are concerned the College, like others, is now more prepared to consider applications from second year sixth formers than hitherto. Many schools, particularly in the

state sector, do not have the facilities to provide the traditional post-A-level term for pupils to prepare for the Entrance and Award Examinations.

Thus the College is attempting, with a fair degree of success, to change with the times. For some the admission of women now would be no more than a belated recognition of changed times and changed needs for the College to serve; for others it would yet be too precipitate and too ill-considered a reform. So far the statistical evidence seems to favour the more cautious policy which the College has so far adopted, having refused to take the plunge in the beginning. Nevertheless, it would be a sad day for the College, if a decision of such moment was made on such spurious grounds as mere statistics.

Keith Jeffery

The JCR and Representation

JCR Election time once again, and the year's new crop of hopefuls flood the College with their manifestos. Big Bob can remember the time when candidates promised to extend gate hours beyond 10.00 p.m., a Hall into which you could bring women, and to set up a student bar. So things do change. But apparently not so quickly:

"I stand for the abolition of guest hours ... co-residence ... student representation on the College Council with full voting rights."

"Longer bar hours ... abolition or lowering of the Kitchen Fixed Charge ... abolition of gate hours for guests."

"I strongly support student representation on the College Council, with full voting rights ... would press for the abolition of fixed charges."

Sounds familiar? Well, they're all culled from successful candidates' manifestos in 1971 - a full five years ago. The quality of candidate apparently doesn't change much either. A certain Mr English in 1971 declared that "the only issue is sex". Mr McJohn stressed the need for another JCR Suggestions Book and a regular College subscription to the Beano, but admitted that as far as the candidates were concerned "you might as well toss a coin to vote", while Messrs Estrin and Kingdom in a joint manifesto pinned their chances of election on the pressing need for "window boxes (with choice of wildflowers, pansies and aspidistras), perspex garden gnomes on all the lawns to nurture the germ of suburbia, a Chinese take-away cum chippy, in Jacobean style, in the Middle of Second Court, and the introduction of Green Shield Stamps in Hall". One candidate, with commendable earnestness, declared that he was prepared "to monitor the colour quality of the TV set and check on cleanliness and supply of stationery in the College Sanitation facilities", but even this enthusiasm had its limits ..... "only every other day".

So perhaps things don't rocket on as fast as the dynamic would desire. Because the hopefuls that do get elected soon lose their energy and commitment? Or do the real problems lie inherent in the situation in which the Committee finds itself? It is easy for students to ponder, along with Saul Estrin in that memorable '71, "Can a College with 500 years history really survive without us?" The retiring JCR Committee, responding to College pressure, spent a great deal of time attempting to revise the guest regulations. Only two and a half years had elapsed, however, since the existing regulations, themselves a result of protracted negotiation and difficult compromise, had been formulated. Senior members had been through the whole boring charade before, with the same arguments, the same considerations, the same everything, and remember it as if it were all only yesterday. But two and a half years is almost the complete lifetime of an undergraduate. And this must be remembered by both senior and junior members alike in their attitudes to negotiation.

A 1972 vintage manifesto promising revolution in a fortnight stated that "Given the oppressive environment and constricting attitude of the College, JCR members cannot afford to become representatives, but should instead actively lead junior members by informing, preparing and initiating radical reforms." The statement, however, assumes too much. Of course it is important for the JCR Committee members to inform junior members of the facts (like for example, how the Kitchens spend their income, or what the system of discipline actually is) and to publicise and persuade on issues of relevance to

junior members and staff. But a JCR President looks rather silly at College Council claiming strong support for a particular proposal if he doesn't get that backing when he needs it. No-one is impressed by high inspired demands which have little positive, concrete, and above all, visible support. Furthermore, it is not enough to show a referendum result, even of the calibre of, say, 360 for some proposal with 40 against, if those forty are very strongly opposed, while the 360 are only luke-warm in favour. There are always those who will support anything and everything on the grounds of, well, why not?, but if they don't really care about it, their support isn't actually worth very much. The contraceptive machine took so long to materialise not least because of the very strong opposition to its installation from a few junior members, while a lot of its support came from people who said we ought to have one because we ought to have one. In the last resort it arrived very largely because it did eventually arouse a stronger measure of visible support and reaction. The point is the same with guest regulations. There is strong opposition to further change (especially to allowing women as overnight guests in rooms) in some quarters, not least among College Staff, and to counter this, it has to be shown that there is a positive need and desire for change which people care about sufficiently to justify overriding the distaste of opponents. This is particularly important when moral issues are at stake. The JCR Committee can, and indeed must, lead, organise, persuade and campaign - that is why it was elected - but it must do so responsibly, and it cannot do so in a vacuum.

The last major difficulty inherent in the organisation revolves around the simple question of time. It is noticeable that a JCR Committee is far more effective and useful in its last five or six weeks of office than at any time previously. Obviously it takes time to adjust to the role of Committee member, to develop technique in negotiation and efficiency in organisation. It takes time to assimilate information and acquire understanding. And this is precisely the opposite of the Senior Members' situation. Most of them, and certainly the relevant ones, have been around and involved for many years. They've been through all the debates, all the issues before, and have acquired a welter of information on the way. Their access to information is greater. Even when information is not restricted, efforts needed to uncover it can often be sufficient to deter all but the most enthusiastic or foolhardy. The myriad of committees alone which exist take nearly a year to fathom out. The administrative back-up available to senior member officers is just a mite more efficient than the JCR Secretary's one-fingered typewriting by candlelight. Furthermore, in the simple task of assessing College opinion, the JCR Committee cannot, in all honesty, claim that it sees just about everyone at least twice a term, as can the Tutors' Committee.

And this is where we come to the knub of the whole situation. To be effective at all, the JCR Committee must stress its position as a responsible and representative negotiating body. Since 1969 seven junior members elected by secret ballot made up the JCR Committee, which in 1975 was expanded to eight members elected by Single Transferable Voting, making John's JCR Committee one of the most representative of its membership in Cambridge, a fact stressed by the high turn-outs achieved at election time.

In 1969 also, the College Council set up the Joint Consultative Committee of six senior and six junior members, and the JCR Committee was invited to appoint representatives to a whole mass of Council sub-committees. Participation in such bodies is based on the principle that JCR Committee members are the elected representatives of the student membership. All well and good, but such bodies really miss the point entirely - essential and useful though these forms of communication are, they all manage to avoid influence in actual decision-taking. It is all too easy for the JCR Committee to waste much of its limited time in a complex web of Consultative and Negotiatory bodies, to find that the correct committee for a particular issue was a different one which just happens to be meeting in a fortnight, without actually getting nearer any sort of achievement.

Consultative Committees, then, not only miss the essential component of the principle of involvement and participation on which the whole thing is theoretically based, but are also subject to all sorts of delays and spouting tactics. Even when issues have been taken to College Council for the three junior representatives to present their case further, discussion can often take an unforeseen turn in which case the quandary is whether to call back the junior representatives and thus produce further delay, or to make the decision anyway. The present system of working College Council representation also means that the JCR President has no indication of what is to be discussed (he receives no agenda and only an abstract of the minutes), so he has little opportunity to ask for junior member presence for any items other than those which the JCR Committee has actually proposed to the Council.

The benefit of full observer status on a body such as the College Council is mutual to both senior and junior members. Professor Sir Peter Swinnerton-Dyer, in relation to the Council of the Senate, declared that the presence of students would "help improve the decisions the Council takes and render them more acceptable to the Council as a whole". Obviously business exists which junior members have no interest in, but this applies just as much to senior members. Student participation at Council level also brings to students a greater understanding of the need to work for the good of the College as a whole. If senior and junior members can work together amicably and in harmony on the one important body in the College, then this promotes the ideal that students are a part of the College, and can help leave it in a better state than they found it - better, that is, for everyone. Participation can improve general understanding between the body of students and the College authorities. A JCR Committee can much more easily promote an atmosphere conducive to responsible discussion if it can show that issues have been considered at Council level, and if it can say it has been directly involved in these considerations to the bitter end. It may well be that issues have been given weighty consideration by senior members and all points seriously taken into account, but unless this can be seen to be so, it is easy for frustration to arise and difficult for it to be calmed. Of course the onus is also on senior members for their part to consider seriously and show that responsible negotiation does work and does produce results, and on everyone involved to consider all viewpoints, and bear in mind continually the feelings of all elements of College (including College Staff, different types of students and senior members).

There is a great deal left unsaid on this, but the fundamental point is clear. If we accept that students should elect representatives, that they are a part of the College, and have a role to play in the organisation of life in the College, then we must accept that students also contribute to the policy-making body. This is why Consultative Committees and even good 'informal' channels of communication, etc, miss the point entirely. In the words of Professor Swinnerton-Dyer again, "If you are going to take part in a debate there is no substitute for being present at it."

And if all this is not accepted, then we might as well abandon all half-hearted attempts at it, and put the cards face up on the table. There are surely easier ways than the pains of an election of finding someone to "monitor the colour quality of the TV set".

D Barker

An Open Letter to Jorge Luis Borges

St. John's College
CAMBRIDGE CB2 1TP

Dear Professor Borges,

The word *borges* (with a genitive plural *borgium*) occurs on folio 59 verso of *manuscrit latin* nº. 16208 (XII-XIII th. century) of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, in a Latin work attributed, falsely, to Ptolemy. *Borges* is a transliteration of the Arabic term *burj* (a work which, incidentally, has already travelled through Pahlavī from the Greek (πύργος - 'tower'). *Burj* means, at one and the same time, (i) 'tower', and (ii) 'sign of the zodiac' or 'planetary house'. Hence, in Latin, the word is sometimes translated not as *signum* ('sign of the zodiac'), but as *turris* ('tower'), and the planetary house itself is conceived as an architectural form: 'Seek your answer' says the astrologer in a work of sortilege attributed to Bernardus Silvestris ('Bernard the Wild Man') 'from the one sitting on the eastern tower of Saturn'. In some manuscripts of this particular work the towers are drawn as seven distinctively different citadels with turrets and buttresses, rosettes and crenellations. In Arabic too, the double meaning of *burj* had a real significance. The star-worshipping Harrānians, whose prophets were Hermes and Agathodaimon, built a temple to each of the planets, and the curious designs proper to each of these temples were once described in a lost work of Abū Maᶜshar Jaᶜfar ibn Muhammad al-Balkhī called *Kitāb fi buyūt al-ᶜibādāt* (see David Pingree, 'Abu Maᶜshar', in *Dictionary of Scientific Biography*, ed. Gillispie, Vol. I). For the Harrānians, the seven branches of knowledge residing in each of the planets are images of the undivided truth residing in the Sphere of Light. Thus, the seven planetary temples may have taken their diverse forms from that one temple built by the first Hermes before the Flood, which, through the intricate proportions embodied in its design, preserved the whole of science for posterity (cf. David Pingree, *The Thousands of Abū Maᶜshar*, London 1968, p.15). Hermes Trismegistos rediscovered this ante-diluvian knowledge which passed from the Greeks to the Arabs, and from the Arabs to the Latins. Perhaps you too have been given a name which is a cypher to this arcane and immutable wisdom.

Yours sincerely,

Charles S F Burnett

The Seedy Chronicles

14 February 1776. Eleven years, six months and sixteen days longer and - and yet I have felt weary of late. Weary and limp as the College greens. I shall not make old bones. And confided so to my dear friend Auringskwash over a well mulled jug of Malmsey the other night. "Auringskwash," said I, gazing at the coals, "I shall be with you but a little while longer." And the fool took me to speak of my impending preferment to a living, whereas, alas, my thoughts were running in a strangely contrary direction. The moment's intimacy was lost, and though I tried to explain, he set up such a sizzling with the poker that I could not make myself heard. Feeling too weak to continue, I abandoned the attempt and we passed an uncomfortable evening in silence - he suspicious that I had somehow ousted him from Wootton Rivers; I resentful and angry that he denied me the attention and sympathy due to one whose journey nears its end. I shall not, I expect, be troubling him a great deal longer.

What a perpetual Lenten fog we breathe in this God-forsaken Coll. Even Grouch, even the Dean, even Tinsel; their cleverness seems so drab. And the rest - why, it is as if we were among the worms already. And - and yet far off a point of light appears, a faint stirring of the vapours presaging a loamy breath of spring. Far off a beacon gleams. Eleven years, six months and sixteen days away. But of course I shall have Fungus check the figures. He is a splended man - democrat, advocate, champion, friend. He pleads for you and me; the humble scholar weary from his work, the small farmer and every other little man. He is a pigmy among giants. And has persuaded - by what oratory and what art, by what power of intellect and reason is to be guessed at - he, singleheaded, has persuaded the Seniors to a most gross and beneficial misreading of the Statutes. He is a Daniel - for I think I had misjudged my reference earlier - among Goliaths.

The Statutes say - but here I speak with diffidence, for I apprehend that it is not what the Statutes say, but what they mean, that matters, and what they mean (Statute L. *De Constructionibus.*) is what the Seniors may mistake them to mean. But what the Statutes say - with all diffidence, as afsd - is (Statute XXI. *De Sociis Inutilibus.*) that *post multos*, that is to say twenty, *annos*, years - Fungus scrapes by on that - *Socii*, in the case of Fellows, *tam moribus quam doctrinae idonei*, as goes without saying, *superannuati*, that is to say over sixty years, *etcetra*, and so on. But what do the Statutes matter? The Seniors may be *superannuati*, but young Fungus is not, and yet he has most astutely reaped the benefit of it.

And so shall we all. In eleven years my labours will be over. Relieved of my coaching I shall hold my Fellowship as pension, to have and to enjoy in perpetuity the emoluments thereof. Should eleven years now seem long, in the life of the Coll. it is but a season or two; and I believe that soon Fungus will have whittled it down to as many months. He is a splendid young man, and I have had the Kitchens send him a cold capon - anonymously, to keep the traditions of the day - as token of my esteem.

6 May 1776. *St Joh. ante Port. Lat.* Feast. So many Heads of Houses there was hardly any movement of the Port. Farthing much upset. Petition to Pres.

Our new Steward has gone sour on us - like the Claret. For he will not now extend even as little as half-a-crown's credit to Fellows in their Buttery for small beer. I refused to pay the other night and in the end Auringskwash had to. But I am a charitable man - not one of the flashily generous, always thrusting about with their money - no, I am too humble to make a parade of it. Grouch says that generosity takes the edge off one's wit, but I cannot help Grouch's problems. I am as I am. Therefore I suppose that the Bursar put him up to it, for he (the Steward) is as eager about the Kitchens as he is round the Coll. in his other office as Bursar's Junior. The difficulty is, where to start? - shall it be the indenture for our itinerant pastry cooks?, shall it be the half mackrel stuffed with rhubarb?, shall it be the new lock for the pantry door?, shall it be the game pie?

I shall write no more of Feasts, for it brings on my melancholia. I drew up the petition as usual, but refused to sign it, for I cannot bear discord in the Coll., and care not who hears me say so.

7 May 1776. I do not recall going to bed last night. My Chronicle so saddened me, and Aurigskwash kept jogging my arm, that we went round to the President with the petition. As his oak was sported the only way we could rouse him was to sing beneath his window. But although we chose the right window, we chose the wrong President, quite unaccountably mistaking the staircase in the dark and addressing our song to the late President, who is not musical. So Auringskwash is in trouble again, and even Farthing on the defensive.

I had meant last night to mention our Commemoration Sermon on Sunday last. It was preached by the Visitor, and though I am a man pretty much in control of his feelings, I could not resist praising the Lord Bishop to his face. It was a monstrous fine sermon on the subject, as I recall, of the benefactors of the Coll. And who better than one so noted for his own beneficience to preach upon that theme? There was a time when I had thought of something rather further from the Coll., but I made it plain that now I took the broader view and would as soon accept a freehold in his Grace's see as call for another three cheers from the choir for his fine address.

I fancy I am pretty well placed (or shall be!) for only one other Fellow, Deans aside, turned up. Perhaps because of this - but ostensibly because of the falling numbers - the Seniors have appointed a committee to encourage the Fellows to public prayer. What heresies, what unlawful rites and what papish capers they will devise in their sorry attempt to turn a place of worship into a place of entertainment remains to be seen. Some say that if the Fellows preached the Commemoration Sermon more would come; but what have the Fellows to offer? I believe - and have memorialised the Steward to this effect - I believe that the fault lies in the quality of the seedy cake in the Lodge afterwards, which has much declined. I should also not seek to resist a glass of Madeira at the Chapel door as an amiable and harmless innovation; to steady Fellows on the way over.

27 May 1776. Another pestilential College Meeting. But, oh dear me, what a bad day for the Bursar; poor fellow. By mistake he came into the Combination Room wearing his University hat (a fine velour bonnet with gold ribbons and a large red feather in the brim) instead of his plain black College cap. He went on to address the Master as Vice-Chancellor - though most were inclined to disregard this as an awkward sort of compliment - but then proceeded to explain at length why we had to tax the Colleges more heavily. Would that we could tax the Colleges, but alas, we poor College sheep must cling together

or else be jointly and severally devoured by the ravenous University wolf that howles without - or, God have mercy upon us, within - the fold. All gone, proud rams, save for some bloody bones - St John's pillaged and laid waste, Trinity ravaged and ruined, Caius crippled and bleeding, King's laid open and raped. All gone; save, it may be, for one or two ewe lambs, bound by fear, gratitude and some less definable emotion to minister as handmaidens to the slavering jaws and powerful loins of a University coarse with excess, corruption and lust.

It was a Combination Room of fearful men, and desperate. The Tutor proposed that we join with one of the ewe lambs, but "Death!" cried Grouch, "Before Dishonour!" and, surprisingly, it was his motion that carried the day.

Certainly as a College we are poor and our income heavily committed. We can ill afford to pay. Yet we bade the Master signify our consent to the Registrary by waiting upon him to kiss his gown that he might be graciously pleased to signify our obedience to the Lords of the Caput. I shook my fist and frothed a bit at this -but perhaps it is right. My sword arm is lame from a recent tumble; Farthing would fight, but scarce recognises the enemy; the Regius with a pike is a risk to friend and foe alike; Auringskwash is game, but no tactician; Tinsel is a tactician, and would have us all killed. Which leaves Grouch alone to save the Coll., and left alone perhaps he could. But he would not be left alone; so we had best pay up. What varied logics, what labyrinthine paths, led to this single consensual thought I neither care nor know. All that I know, with an overwhelming heaviness of spirit, is the bitter and corrupting taste of defeat and the lethargy of despair.

What consolation then that the Rural Folly Committee were defeated once again? Farthing played for time, won the battle and will therefore lose the war.

2 July 1776. £10 to Horningsea Village to the repair of their Hall. The church at Horningsea was given to the Hospital of St John in 1267 and came to the College on its foundation. An ancient College living.

1 October 1776. Jingles died last night. R I P. Flag at half mast. Serve him right for suppressing my Chronicle. God have mercy on his soul, etc. Poor fellow - couldn't face Term. It was a galloping consumption, or perhaps a cough, and he had no substance, no beef about him, to withstand it. (Grouch, however, avers the great pox. I cannot believe that. Grouch also claims that it is the prerogative of the Fellows to lay out the corpse - an interesting view, but surely wrong.) Before Hall the Bursar said a few words: young life snuffed out; no mark; no memorial; his work in vain (*sed quaere* whether "his" meant Jingles' or the Bursar's); sense of waste; reaching final page with half book left to go; blind Fate shearing, careless of the Coll.; loss to Coll.; damage done to Coll.; as in life, in death; a better, higher Coll. elsewhere; untimeliness; gone before due term; through death to life; darker, grander gates of another Coll.; unremembered, soon forgotten; another page; closing of book; opening of book but finding pages blank; lack of proper purpose; snipped too soon; back of book broken; but a few leaves thumbed; leaves falling tho' Spring; always evergreen to Coll.; green young sapling oak rough hewen; two great Colls.; *quaere* a third Coll.;

book torn and smudged, but message true; third Coll. discussed; third Coll. discounted; young Westmorland sapling elm hacked down; diseased; book mildewed, binding rotten; calligraphy applied; whether hand of Master of Third Coll. or Provost of Second; in the midst of life; etc.; etc.

That evening, however, we set aside the formal preprandial eulogies, and a few of us gathered in my rooms to give our old friend a Fellows' farewell. I had got in a small barrel of heavy old sweet Walnut for the occasion and put on my best black cravat and weepers. Farthing, as ever on these occasions, came in his greatcoat and muffler, and the Regius brought his umbrella. Auringskwash spoke briefly, but poignantly, on "Simplicity of the Spirit" - an address of simple dignity and grace that readily adapts to all the incidents of life; I have heard him deliver it an hundred times, but still its gentleness and unassuming eloquence brings tears to my eyes. My enjoyment much spoiled, however, by Grouch's unpleasantness, first by requiring to sit in the doorway, as he would not drink in the same room with the Regius, and then by his absolute refusal to drink to my proposal of Jingles' health "for fear of the pox" - a strange view, but not necessarily unsound. I then lit the fire and banked it well up to take the chill off my barrel of Walnut and we spent a pleasant domestic evening discussing the health of the remainder of the Fellowship.

10 October 1776. Jingles buried. Victory for the Bursar. Defeat for Farthing. Only one old mare - a poor creature, and lame; certainly not to be entrusted with the living - and no plumes. The Rural Folly to proceed; the King at Potters Bar to put us in funds, if willing; plans to be prepared, if convenient. An indifferent funeral followed by a dull Meeting.

11 November 1776. For Seedy his Motion, two votes (being myself and Grouch, the only true friend I have and the only sound mind in a barrel of maggotty-heads). Against, everyone else. Thus the Purported Audit this afternoon. A lesser man than Seedy might be daunted, but Seedy is too old a campaigner to snivel at every temporary reverse. History will be my judge - a view in which my good friend Grouch generously concurs. I left the Meeting and would not be party to it. Unlawful. Grouch, alas, compromised himself by staying, which grieves me; but the Law is no respector of persons, and he must go to prison with the rest of 'em. Farthing was absent, so he escapes, and the Regius was out doing business in the University. Auringskwash had hurried away yet again down to Wootton Rivers to speak to his parishioners and administer the last rites to the incumbent - a waverer of the worst sort, very low and lacking the sense of purpose even to die. The Dean and Tinsel were against me - prison for them - and I have sent them cards informing them that Farthing and I shall be placing our votes elsewhere.

Each year the Fellows have their Audit to divide up the riches of the Coll., and each year, according both to Custom and to Statute, the Bursar and his Junior make account, hired tally clerks being employed to scrutinize the ledgers and count out the coffers in the Bursary. They then, these hired tally clerks, send off their boy running down the road to the Old Schools with a warrant for Master Treasurer and his Taxors to enter the Coll. and seize their dues; or else, if aught be wrong, they send word for Mr Vice-Chancellor himself to walk up the street and sequestrate the Coll. It is a splendid and honest scheme, and, for the University, a wonderfully enlightened one.

Yet what is open in clarity and light to the University is closed in obscurity and darkness to the College. For though the Statutes ordain that the tally clerks shall make report to the Fellows at their Audit; by Custom, and by the tally clerks, a discreet and sober silence is maintained. But not by Seedy. Fearing no man, putting on my good pair of breeches for the occasion, and setting discretion aside, I, Seedy, rose and called in a loud voice that the clerks be summoned and that the Meeting meanwhile stand adjourned. Shaking the sacred book aloft, "This is the Law!" I cried.

But, alas, it was not. And the Bursar, with a single slant of the hand, a momentary inclination of that velvet fist in its velvet glove, dealt me a crushing, sickening blow. The Seniors, he revealed - in a uncharacteristic moment of indiscretion, be it said - the Seniors had thought privily to interpret Statute XLI (*De Peccuniarum Ratione*): "Agreed" - and the words came forth clear and true as they had been written down - "Agreed that it is an plain as a broomhandle that the words *deponende sunt cedule coram convocationem* ought to mean *deponende sunt cedule coram convocationem* of the Lords of the Chest at the Old Schools, and not of the Fellows of the Coll. at their Audit. And that (agreed further) shall be that."

An attack as sudden and unexpected as any could be. Surprized as a maid in a haystack, I could scarce think to defend myself. Though I pleaded for a short while, I could not long withstand the onslaught and was soon vanquished.

I withdrew to my rooms and here I sit with my Chronicle. My breeches are hung up - what use are they now? They are a fine cloth and they shall go to my gyp. Nothing now would induce me to leave them to the Coll. Nor shall I touch the so-called Audit Ale in Hall; and no persuasion nor any forced friendliness whatsoever shall trick me to step over to the Bursary this evening to receive a corrupt and unlawful Dividend or to taste the Bursar's purported French Brandy.

Jos. Seedy

St. John's College Library, Ms. K.26

The following illustrations reproduce in monochrome six of the forty-six magnificent illuminated leaves in manuscript K.26 in the College Library. The manuscript, which is a Psalter, is thought to have been executed in the mid-thirteenth century by artists attached to the Court in London. It contains some of the finest English painting of the period, and is often displayed in the show-cases in the Upper Library.

1. Adam and Eve: The Fall.

Adam and Eve are shown receiving figs from the Serpent, who has a female face, and who wears a fashionable thirteenth century head-dress.

2. Cain and Abel: The First Murder.

Cain slays his brother Abel with the jaw-bone of an animal. In a tree to the left a monkey with a bow is about to shoot an owl. Grotesque animal parodies of human behaviour become common in English manuscript illumination of the fourteenth century.

3. Noah and the Ark.

Noah and his family prepare to board the Ark, which is already afloat. Dead men and animals are visible beneath the waves.

4. Abraham and Isaac.

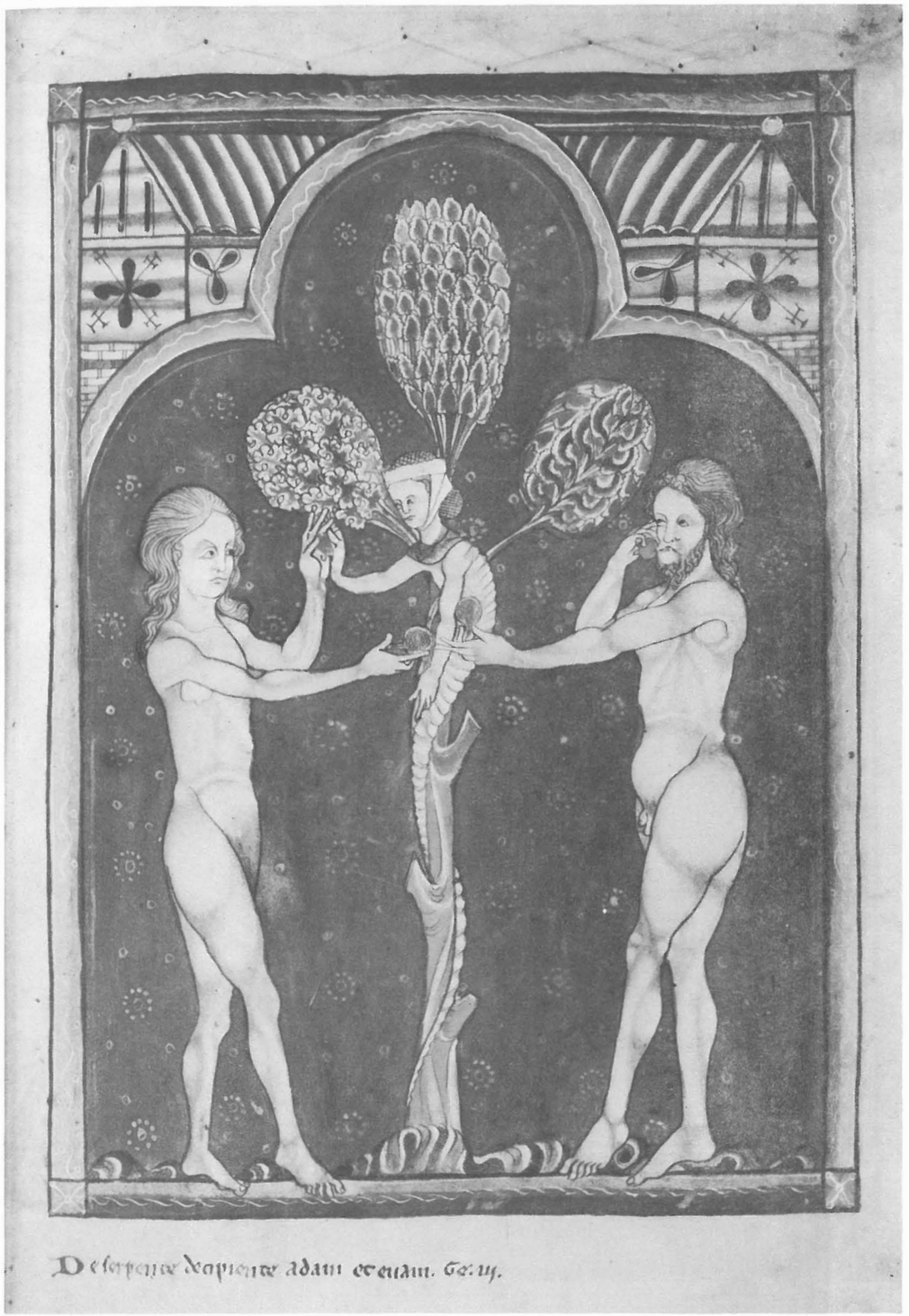
Abraham's face expresses surprise as the Angel grasps the sword to prevent the sacrifice of Isaac. A droll ass carrying the faggots upon which the child was to have been immolated crops unconcernedly at the foot of the page.

5. The Funeral of the Virgin.

A rather unusual subject in medieval English art, deriving from apocryphal sources. The Apostles carry the bier and three Jews attempt to overturn it. According to the legend, their hands withered and cleaved to the bier, and they were carried along with it.

6. King David.

The Psalmist plays upon a splendidly decorated harp, accompanied by a grinning dog. The inscription beneath reads: 'De David zitharizante cum cythara sua et cane suo'.




De caym qui int̄fecit abel fratem suũ. Ge. iiij.


De ingressu noe ī archam cū filiis suis. Ge. vij.

De temptacione abraham. 7 imolacione ysaac. Ge. xxij.

De iudeis pendentib; ad feretrum bte v̄ginis.

Alfred Dommett

Most of the standard histories of English literature in the nineteenth century overlook altogether Alfred Domett (1811-1887); yet he was poet as well as statesman, and a person of global and national significance, as well as a rather fleeting member of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was born at Camberwell Green, Surrey, on May 20, 1811, the son of Nathaniel Domett, a naval officer who had fought under Parker against the Dutch in the action of the Dogger Bank, on August 6, 1781, but who left the Royal Navy for the merchant service.

Alfred Domett was educated at Camberwell School, and he took up residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, on October 9, 1829. He kept terms consecutively until Michaelmas, 1831, but his name was taken off on October 10, 1835, and he never took a Cambridge degree. However, he was admitted to the Middle Temple, on November 7, 1835, and he was called to the Bar, on November 19, 1841.

By that time, he had begun to show signs of his interests and his abilities as a poet. The first of his poetry was published in 1833; he contributed poetry to "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1837-39; and in 1839, his second published volume, called "Venice", came out, from London. It seems that those were easy years, for Alfred Domett: of youth and hope, if not exactly, of wine and roses. At any rate, although he lived then mostly in London, his travels extended to America, as well as to Europe. Nor did he altogether fail as a poet: some of his work, particularly "A Christmas Hymn," published originally in "Blackwood's Magazine," attracted considerable attention. Domett's curiously dual role, as poet and as antipodean statesman, arose out of his close and still largely unexplored friendship with the greater poet Robert Browning (1812-1889). The latter did not become acquainted with Alfred Domett until 1840, but thereafter the association quickly grew into one of affection and mutual dependence. Even now, Browning's own poetic impulses may be examined, for traces of the influence of Alfred Domett. Theirs was a literary friendship, which significantly survived a long period of separation: by the barriers of sea, land, and attitude, between England and New Zealand.

So little is generally accessible, about the poetry of Alfred Domett - doubtless obscured by the vaster output of better-known Victorians - that is is easy to forget the unusual elements that make up the psychology and the purpose of Alfred Domett. He owed to his father his love of travel, which was exceptional for those times. For him travel became a necessary vehicle for his poetic inspiration: he admired the vast horizons, he noticed the endless vistas of scenery and of folk, he saw beauty alike in nature and in art. So, in the very ingredients of his early travels, the combination was assembled and grew harmoniously together: that of the poet and the man of action, the pursuer alike, of words and of deeds.

Certainly, it must have been his extraordinary zest for extensive and adventurous travel which induced him, in 1842, to go out to New Zealand as one of the earliest of its colonists. It was a bold venture, characteristic of the poet's global concepts. It may not have been altogether incomprehensible, however: because, after all, at that time, Alfred Domett had not yet managed to make a considerable career for himself in his English surroundings: he was still open to

the possibilities of a large and exciting unknown. His emigration of course broke Domett's London links, especially with Robert Browning. Yet it cannot have been as sudden or as unexpected as Browning himself expressed it in a poem which he wrote for the sad occasion. Domett had a cousin, William Young, already established in New Zealand; and he was still a young man of thirty, uncertain of his future at the London Bar.

Domett began without any official backing in New Zealand. Yet he attracted the favourable notice of the Governor, Sir George Grey, who propelled him into a seat in the Legislative Council. In 1848, he became Colonial Secretary for the province of New Munster, which then comprised all the South Island and the southern portion of the North Island. In 1851 he became Secretary for the whole of New Zealand. In 1854 he resigned that office in order to become Resident Magistrate and Commissioner of Crown Lands for the district of Hawke's Bay. It was an arduous post, but it gave him an almost independent authority. It was under his adroit guidance that the town of Napier grew up; and it was he who, significantly, named three of its streets after Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning. In 1855, he was elected as a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives; and, although party politics were not very much to his taste, he served briefly as the Prime Minister of New Zealand (1862-63). However, in 1865 he returned to the lesser but more congenial task of Registrar-General of Land. He held that post until 1871 and during that period also organized the General Assembly Library in Auckland, and accomplished a good deal of literary work, most of it published after his return to England.

It was in 1871, at the age of sixty, that Domett retired as a New Zealand statesman, and decided to go back to London. He had earned a high reputation in New Zealand for his integrity and his public spirit; and in 1880, Gladstone decided to confer on him the C.M.G. It may be surmised that the award was intended for literary as well as political services. At any rate, once back in London, Domett was more at leisure, and ensured the publication of his later works, all of them deeply coloured by his long and important experience of public life in the nascent and ebullient New Zealand.

Domett's long poem "Ranolf and Amohia: a South-Sea Day Dream," was published in London in 1872. It was filled with vivid and evocative descriptions of the scenery of New Zealand, and the customs and mythology of the native inhabitants. It struck the readers of Victorian England as a force from afar and attracted the attention of those who relished the exotic or the bizarre. Tennyson noticed its "power of delineating delicious scenery," but one may also agree with him that it is difficult to read, long and too diffuse and sketchy in its story, and too shadowy in delineating its characters. Poetic feeling seems to be unduly weighed down by over-elaborate philosophical discourses. It is scarcely a poem for popular appraisal or general appeal. Yet it did go into another edition, in two volumes (Kegan Paul and Company, London, 1883). In 1877 Domett issued another volume of his poems - less Maori these - entitled "Flotsam and Jetsam: Rhymes, old and new," (1877) dedicated to Browning. He wrote nothing more before his death in North Kensington on November 2, 1887.

It is easy to see Domett's public career as a New Zealand statesman in its proper and important perspectives. What may be a

good deal less easy - chiefly because the criteria are less tangible or well-defined - is to see Domett's poetic achievement in its due place among the crowded ranks of the English poets of the nineteenth century. Browning referred to him in some detail especially in the poem called "Waring", first published in "Bells and Pomegranates" (1842). But it was grotesque, if vivid; and one should perhaps not expect to deduce a fair and full appraisal of Domett from it.

The praise of his early poems, written before he went to New Zealand - for example, by John Wilson (the "Christopher North" of "Blackwood's Magazine," 1822-35) - was justified and well-based. His "Christmas Hymn," especially, held a more than passing merit and appeal. As late as 1875 an American correspondent informed Domett of the high regard the poet Longfellow had had for the "Christmas Hymn." Indeed, the work had by then become an established part of the American celebration of Christmas (William Gisborne's "New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen, 1840-1897," London, 1897, page 114). Domett's gifts for poetry seem not to have been crushed by either the fulfilment or the consummation of his later years. On the other hand, they did flourish best when he was quite young, and the best of the contents of "Flotsam and Jetsam" were those which had been resurrected from the ones which he had written during his European tours of 1839-41, excited by his extraordinary capacity to see meaning and message in the passing panoramas of scenery and places of historical interest.

That prolific Victorian author, A.H. Miles, gave a larger notice than most for Alfred Domett in his massive work "The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century" (London, 1891-97). He was praised therein, as having been "highly gifted with the genius of true poetry." He had exhibited "descriptive power of a high order, a perfect mastery of the English language, a mind of great logical force, and a marvellous faculty of lucid expression." According to this commentator, Domett would have achieved more as a poet if he had not embarked upon his outstanding public career.

The portrait of Alfred Domett opposite page 32 of Sir Frederick G. Kenyon's "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett" (London, 1906), shows him dressed as a romantic poet, with intense features, clad in dark overcoat and immense, broad-brimmed hat. This evidently implied his hero-worship of Browning, which always tended to detract from the cultivation of his own gifts.

Domett's practical qualities, too, are still ample to be discovered from any perusal of the English sections of his "Diary, 1872-1885," edited by E.A. Horsman (Oxford University Press, 1953); or likewise of his very much earlier "Canadian Journal," edited by E.A. Horsman and L.R. Benson (University of Western Ontario, 1955). Whether as a young man or in the time-worn gravity of his last years in London, Alfred Domett never relinquished his essential and peculiar role, as both man of thought and man of action.

Alfred Domett seems today to be remembered in New Zealand, more largely and often than he is in the British Isles. A full biography is needed still. One projected, as long ago as the beginning of 1904, by the Deputy Chief Librarian of New Zealand's Wellington Public Libraries (C.S.Perry); but it seems never to have been written, or at any rate published.

Eric Glasgow

St John's and 'Yule'

It is interesting to find from documents in the College Muniment Room, that sixteenth century Johnians had their own College 'Rag' festivities, or at least dressing up at Christmas for a variety of plays and possibly pageants. As well as those plays which are already known, such as those mentioned in F.S. Boas' *University drama in the Tudor Age*, and G.C. Moore-Smith's *College plays performed in the University of Cambridge*, a sixteenth century account book has recently come to light, listing a large variety of costumes and properties which open up other possibilities. Bearing in mind that the College was founded in 1511, it is all the more remarkable that only thirty seven years later, these lists should be as extensive as they are, and obviously a valuable part of College property, since care is taken that nothing should go astray.

The existence of 'plaiars Apparell' first appears on an inventory dated 1546, which records the furnishings in three of the Master's chambers. One cannot but note their spartan aspect. We read that the 'great Chamber at the ende of the hall' contained, in the eyes of the recorder, five valuable items, and one of them was the door; i.e. 'A portall of Wainscott.' The others are 'hangings of owld red sai', 'an owld cupbord', 'a table ij trestelles & ij formes' and 'a great Chest with plaiars raiment.' In another chamber we find 'a great cofer of Wainscot With plaiars Apparell.' Two years later a further inventory of the contents of the chests was drawn up. It is this which reveals that the garments were a considerable responsibility since the lists are made out as an Indenture putting legal custody in the hands of one person: the organiser of the Christmas plays, or, more exactly, the 'Lord In Christmas'. The heading itself which contains this title is interesting enough to quote in full.

> Plaiars Apparell lieng in thre great Cofers in the Masters Chamber comitted to the Custodie or mr Thomas Lever bi Indenture according to the decree of the master and the xij Seniors Al the which Apparell is appointed bi the said mr & xij Seniors to be pserved & kept from yere to yere of him which shalbe Lord In Christmas And so the said Lord to deliver the same apparell bi Indenture to his next Lord successor. Anno Dm 1548.

Thomas Lever was made a preacher in the September of the same year, and was to become Master three years later, therefore the role of Christmas Lord cannot have been totally incompatible with sobriety, despite other accounts of windows in College needing to be replaced once the plays were over. Lever's Yuletide charge in 1548 included some clearly valuable items such as 'Certain shreddes of gold, ij french hoddes of red velvet & ptious (precious) stons. A fine lawn (linen) and ij grene fine silke cootes wth collares of gold sparkled wth white.' However, there are also the more fascinating and enigmatic objects which I offer for your conjecture as follows:- 'A strange vesture of grene silke, A great drownslat wth a paiar of stikkes, A good nett painted wth letteres, A painted coote wth long nether bodies (long pieces behind) A coote of White and blak clowdes, A fooles coote wth checker Work of grene Red & White, a Coote painted like fethers & hose of the same, ij dethes cootes, hoose dobled (doubled) & hedd all in on (one), ij blak develles cootes wth hornes, A Womanes kertle for pauptas (poverty) A fooles Coote of painted cloth wth gardes (edgings), An ould torne fooles cootes of div'se colers, A blak nighcap to kepe the stage' and 'An owld clothe ful of bagage. Al wch apparel remaineth in an owld great chest of firr tree'. There is yet another chest 'lined wth linen & barred wth Iron' which contained hats, beards and other similar properties, and as they all contribute to the sense of surprising diversity it is worth quoting extensively. There are 'iij scepters, a fooles dagger of wodd (the dagger of lath no less) a Croked sword gilted, A halfe mone gilden vppon and on side, A brood egiptianes hatt, ij goode Iues cappes covered wth silk, A starr gilted for mercuries hedd, A golden face & crowne for Iupit (Jupiter), iiij shildes on wth a golden pculles (portcullis) ye onr two wth red draggones, a steple capp cou'ed (covered) wth painted clothe, A Capp of pastbord painted, ij fowrcorned cappes on of red & yellow saten ye onr of clothe, A steple capp painted blew & grene, ij past hattes, A silk gold capp wth a cokes hed in ye crosn (which was a kind of fool's hat) A steple capp of parchment, uj paiar of golden shoes, ij Draggones, A white here (bunch of hair) to sow to a nightcapp wth a white berd for the same'. Finally, there is also a multicoloured beard of 'blak white and yellow, A blak face of past (paste)' and ' A bottom of pakthrede.'

A 'drownslat' with its 'paiar of stikkes' so far defies all attempts to define it, but one can envisage a variety of uses for the 'bottom of pakthrede', either as padding for a stout character, or even protection for some actor playing one of the many servant characters who are frequently beaten in early comedies. The above list is only part of the Inventory which covers four folio sides, and there are at least three other full Inventories in the book, in which many properties are of course repeated. Some items appear to be the same, only differently described, which gives us a fuller picture of the article. Also, in one of these lists, dated 1562, new garments have been included for named characters who appear to come from Latin comedies. The value of this is that until now it has not been known whether or not such plays as those of Terence were performed in St. John's, although we have records of their appearance in other Cambridge Colleges, such as Jesus and Trinity. For example, the name Gnato appears twice. We are told he wore a cloak of 'spanishe fassion' and 'cote and hose of read, yellow, and black cotton': that is, he was dressed in parti-colours beneath his Spanish cloak. Gnato makes his most noteworthy appearance (and I think his only one) as Gnatho Parasitus in Terence's play *The Eunuch*. This play is known to have been performed at Jesus College in 1563, therefore it might be thought that no sensible organiser would want to repeat the production of the same play in another College within the space of a year or two. However, we know from present day example in Cambridge that this need not be a deterrent. And it appears that the sixteenth century was no different. Terence was all the rage in the 1560s, for although *Adelphi* was put on at Jesus in 1562 it was eagerly repeated in Trinity in 1563, where, in the same year another Terence comedy *Phormio* appeared. By which time Jesus College had countered with the rival attraction of Terence's *The Eunuch*. There seems no reason why St. John's should not have contributed with equal enthusiasm, and since another character mentioned in the costume lists, Leno or pandar, does not appear in *The Eunuch*, it is fairly likely that another Terence play in which this dubious protagonist appears was also performed. Our choice lies between *Phormio* and

The Brothers.

Regarding Gnato, it may well be wondered why a character from a Latin comedy should be dressed 'spanishe fassion', and this invites some interesting speculation. Unlike the Parasite in *Phormio*, Gnato is a blundering fool who prides himself on outwitting everyone, while he himself labours under a crucial misunderstanding from the start. One is tempted to compare this with the behaviour of the Spanish Ambassador in England at the time, Bishop de Quadra, and how, it appears, Elizabeth outwitted him at every turn. As often happens today, a little nationalist bravado could have crept into the costuming and characterisation.

One other intriguing item, the 'Coote painted like fethers & hose of the same', would seem not to be an imitation water fowl, but possibly a costume for Mercury, the winged messenger of the gods. In Plautus' *Amphitryon* he appears as the servant-confidant of Jupiter, in one of the latter god's escapades. As Jupiter is also mentioned in the lists, with regard to his golden mask, one wonders whether this play too was part of the St. John's repertoire. And a further play is suggested by one item not yet mentioned, 'a cote garded (trimmed) to Aulos', which could perhaps refer to Plautus' *Aulularia*. The 'Womanes kertle for pauptas' seems most likely to belong to one play which it is known was performed here about 1536, Aristophanes' *Plutus*, in which Poverty plays a leading part.

To consider a different genre of plays altogether, it should be mentioned that the succinct but graphic descriptions of garments such as the 'develles cootes wth hornes' the 'ij dethes cootes' made all of a piece with hose and head attached, and the fools' coats in various stages of decay, and possibly the 'nett painted wth letteres' are all items appropriate for the costuming of Morality plays.

In conclusion one can say that these lists provide two kinds of valuable information. In the first place Boas' records contain a lacuna with regard to St. John's from 1540 to 1578, which is surprising considering the healthy state of the drama in the College at the end of the century. The two dates on the Inventories already quoted, 1548 and 1562 neatly span most of the intervening years. The 1562 document also has endorsements on it up until 1566, which extends the bridge further. Therefore it would seem that drama was still a thriving and integrated part of College activities throughout the mid fifteen hundreds, despite the prevalent political uncertainties. Secondly, as demonstrated, it seems there was some variety in the plays performed, and that the properties were a valuable part of the College possessions, which accords with one's expectations from a community who by the end of the century were to contribute to the national drama the three noteworthy Parnassus plays. Finally, it remains to be acknowledged that the lists provide the most detailed information known so far about the organisation and materials used in college drama in either Oxford or Cambridge.

Sandra Billington

Thomas Rickman, Architect of the New Court

The New Court was built during the years 1825 to 1831 with the assistance of a large loan from the government under an Act of 1824 which authorized loans to the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge 'for the purpose of increasing the accommodation of the students'.[1] The number of admissions to the College had greatly increased after the end of the Napoleonic wars. The architect appointed was Thomas Rickman of the firm of Messrs Rickman and Hutchinson of Birmingham.

Thomas Rickman[2] was one of the pioneers of the Gothic Revival, an exact contemporary of William Wilkins, who had also been invited to submit plans for the new building St. John's was to erect. He was born on 8 June 1776 at Maidenhead, the son of Joseph Rickman, grocer and druggist, and his wife Sarah, a Quaker family. Until 1797 he worked in his father's shop. He seems to have taught himself drawing, and whilst still at Maidenhead he drew, coloured, and cut out some 5000 figures illustrating military uniforms, British and foreign, setting them up against a background of military buildings. As his son afterwards wrote, 'his special pleasure was system, and, strange as it may seem, he being a member of the Society of Friends, his knowledge of the arrangements and appointemtns of the British Army was beyond that of most military men of his day'. He retained his military interests throughout his life.[3]

In 1797 he left home and went to London, working as assistant to a chemist and afterwards to a medical practitioner, and he was for a time assistant to a firm of grocers in Saffron Walden. At his father's wish, he took the usual course at the London hospitals and from 1801 to 1803 he practised medicine at Lewes, to which his father had moved. But he abandoned medicine and in 1803 returned to London as clerk to a firm of corn factors. It was here that he learned book-keeping, in which he became highly proficient. In 1808 he went to Liverpool, seeking employment without the aid of introductions. He found it, first with a firm of accountants, and then with Messrs T and J A Case, Insurance Brokers, who in course of time introduced him into their underwriters' room, where he became average stater for marine losses.

It was whilst in Liverpool that Rickman developed the great interest of his life, the study of medieval ecclesiastical buildings. He made extensive journeys to examine and draw churches. He is said, then and subsequently, to have visited some 3000 ecclesiastical buildings in many parts of the country. He made it a practice, when travelling, to turn aside to visit churches, and, being very strong in his earlier life, he is said to have suffered little inconvenience from spending two nights out of three in travelling. He was self-taught in architecture, as in other things.

Whilst still with Messrs T and J A Case, Rickman began to obtain architectural commissions, and in 1817 he set up his own architectural office in Liverpool. Henry Hutchinson became his first pupil in 1818, and in 1821, on attaining his majority, was taken into partnership. In 1820 Rickman established an office in Birmingham, from which thereafter his practice was conducted.

It was in 1818 that Parliament voted a million pounds to build new churches for the Church of England, and in 1824 this sum was increased by a further half million. The money was administered by Commissioners for Building New Churches. Through the Bishop of Chester, Rickman obtained an introduction to the Commissioners, from whom, from then onwards, he obtained many commissions for new churches. The first church he built for them was St. George's, Birmingham, completed in 1822. His practice flourished. Between about 1817 and his death in 1841, Rickman built, enlarged, or altered some fifty-five churches and more than twenty-five public and domestic buildings. These are mainly in the midlands and north, though he worked also in Gloucestershire, Somerset, Kent, Essex, and Cambridgeshire.[4] In some of his earlier buildings he made use of cast-iron, especially in window-tracery. Most of his churches are in the Gothic style, mainly the Perpendicular style, which was not favoured by the later architects of Victorian Gothic.

Thomas Rickman's claim to remembrance rests, not only on his buildings, though these make him one of the prominent architects of the earlier part of the nineteenth century, but upon his book *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of English Architecture from the Conquest to the Reformation*. The essay was written in 1812, but first printed in 1815 in *The Panorama of Science and Art* brought out by James Smith of Liverpool. It appeared as an independent work in 1817. There were six later editions, with additional matter, the seventh and last edition being published in 1881. J & J Smith (afterwards George Smith), of Liverpool, published the first three editions, Longman the fourth, and J H Parker of Oxford the last three. Rickman's book is the first systematic treatise on Gothic Architecture in England; and it was Rickman, in this book, who first introduced the historical and stylistic classification, now universally adopted, of Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular.

R C Hussey, who became Rickman's partner in 1835, describes Rickman as 'rather below the middle height, inclining to corpulency, with a rather large head, and a very short neck', and he so appears in a watercolour by Cruickshank of 1826.[5] He suffered from red-green colourblindness. His health began to give way soon after he became sixty, and he died on 4 January 1841 and was buried at St. George's, Birmingham.

Rickman, like his father and mother, was a member of the Society of Friends. As early as 1812 the Society objected to his study of architecture on the ground that it led him so much about old churches; and in 1829 the overseers visited him to say that they thought his attendance at the consecration of churches very inconsistent as encouraging superstitious rites[6]; but there does not seem to have been any breach. Not long before his death, however, he was baptized and joined the Catholic Apostolic Church of the followers of Edward Irving, which caused a separation from the Society of Friends and from most of the clergy of the Church of England, though the Friends continued to show great kindness to his family.[7]

Thomas Rickman was married three times. His son, by the third marriage, Thomas Miller Rickman, became President both of the Architectural Association and of the Surveyors' Institution.

The New Court of St. John's is both the largest and the most notable of Rickman's buildings. In its detail, like most of his work, it is in the Perpendicular style; but, as Professor Pevsner has pointed out[8], the Neo-Gothic is mixed with classical features: the gateway in the centre of the cloister has a classical pediment, and 'the composition of the building with far projecting wings and less projecting centre is just as classical'. It is interesting to compare the detail of the glazed lantern, with its flying buttresses and pinnacles, which crowns the building, with late fifteenth-century wooden font-covers, e.g. that of Barking in Suffolk.[9] The New Court was the first College building (apart from Magdalene College) erected west of the river. Its situation and south aspect created for the first time the great north-south view of the Backs, from St. John's to Clare.

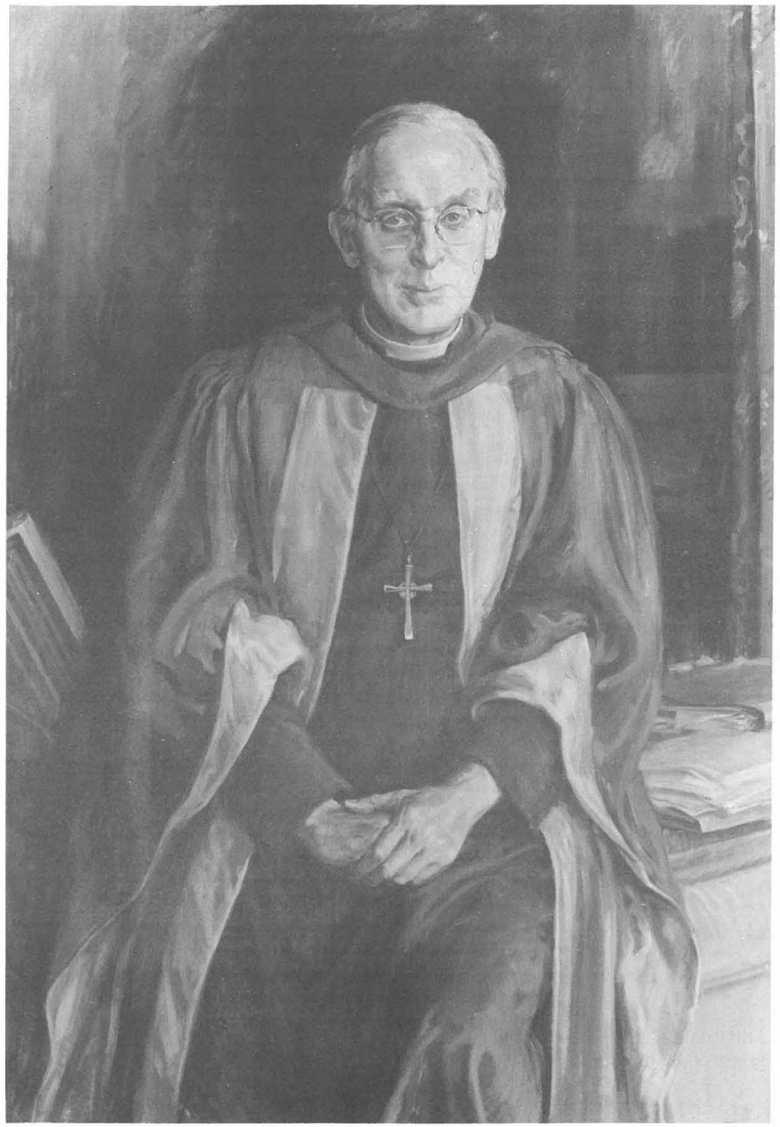
Whether Rickman's young partner, Henry Hutchinson, contributed to the main design of the New Court cannot be determined. But Rickman himself has recorded that Hutchinson designed the New Court Bridge, now one of the most-visited buildings of Cambridge.[10] Hutchinson died at the age of thirty, shortly after completion of the design. The College presented silver inkstands to both Rickman and Hutchinson.[11] Hutchinson received his only a few days before his death.

Rickman built no other building in Cambridge. But he unsuccessfully submitted designs for the University Library (the extension of the Old Schools), afterwards carried out by C R Cockerell and G G Scott; for the Fitzwilliam Museum, built by G Basevi; and for the Hall and adjoining buildings of King's College, built by W Wilkins. His work nearest to Cambridge is at Saffron Walden, where for the parish church he built the present belfry and stone spire, the tallest in Essex, which replaced a wooden spire, and for Lord Braybrooke at Audley End a Lodge and an arched gateway.

J S B S

Notes

1 *The Eagle*, LVI, pp. 185-93.
2 The main sources of Rickman's life are: *The Literary Gazette* 31 Jan. 1841; *The Gentleman's Magazine* 1841, Pt.1, pp. 322f., 1861, Pt. 2, pp. 523; *Dictionary of National Biography*; Willis and Clark, *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge* (1886), index *s.v.* 'Rickman'; and T M Rickman, *Notes on the Life etc. of Thomas Rickman* (1901). For detailed lists of Rickman's buildings, see H M Colvin, *A Biographical Dictionary of English Architects 1660-1840* (1954). Rickman's Diaries are in the Library of the RIBA, and some 2000 of his drawings of medieval buildings are in the Ashmolean Museum.
3 T M Rickman, p.7, p.55.
4 H M Colvin.
5 T M Rickman, p.57 and frontispiece.
6 T M Rickman, p.18, p.40.
7 T M Rickman, p.55.
8 *The Buildings of England: Cambridgeshire.*
9 Illustrated in H M Cautley, *Suffolk Churches and their Treasures* (1937), p.78.
10 Willis and Clark, ii, p.279 note.
11 T M Rickman, p.44.



D.D. (B.A. 1931)
Lord Archbishop of Canterbury
A Portrait by Miss J. Mendoza
at present in the Hall
(Photo. by Malcolm Clarke)

The Commemoration Sermon, 1977

Zechariah 5.1 'Then I turned, and lifted up mine eyes, and looked, and behold, a flying roll.'

'Commemoration' and 'remembrance' are words etymologically connected. Ultimately both derive from the Latin adjective *memor* via the verb *memorare* 'to recall, to mention'. Experts even say that a connexion with the root of *Morta* and *merere* is not excluded. *Merere* means 'to merit, to deserve'; *Morta*, the Latin name for the third of the three *Parcae* ('Sparing Ones') more commonly known as Fates, is thought to be a relative of *Mors* 'Death'.(1)

These antiquated ideas, suggested by a brief consideration of the etymology of 'remembrance' and 'commemoration', hang together in an apposite, though coincidental, way. When we remember and commemorate benefactors, we mention them again, and we mention them together, for their deserving, and because they are dead.

The three sets of Statutes given to the College by St. John Fisher pay great attention, in the long chapter *De Cultu Dei*, 'Of the Worship of God', to the commemoration of the foundress and benefactors. Their names are to be remembered in prayers, and engraved on tablets fixed to the three altars in the college chapel. Their exequies and a requiem mass for them are to be celebrated quarterly.(2) Each day every fellow and scholar is to recite Psalm 130 *De Profundis* on their behalf and say a prayer in Latin, of which the following is a translation: 'Absolve, we beseech thee, O Lord, the soul of thy servant Margaret our foundress, together with the souls of our other benefactors, from the chain of all their misdeeds, that in the glory of the resurrection, raised up among thy saints and thine elect, they may breathe again, through Christ our Lord.'

Provision is also made, in chapter 57 of the 1530 statutes, for the annual exequies of St. John Fisher, and for twenty-four trentals yearly to be said for his soul.

These provisions - with the exception of those relating to St. John Fisher, beheaded at Tyburn in 1535 for refusing to acknowledge the king as supreme head of the church - all re-appear in the statutes of Henry VIII, given in 1545.(3)

But the Elizabethan statutes of 1580 are markedly different. By that time the natural and human custom of praying for the dead was discouraged in the Church of England, and masses for the dead were denounced as 'dangerous deceits'.(4) So most of the provisions made in the earlier statutes for commemoration of foundress and benefactors now disappear, to be replaced by a commemoration service to be held in chapel at the end of each term. But it is still required that the names of benefactors be inscribed on tablets - two tablets now, one in the upper chapel and one in the lower.

The Elizabethan statutes lasted, with only two additions, for two hundred and sixty-nine years - till 1849, when they were revised. The provisions for commemoration of foundress and benefactors remain

as before, except that no mention is now made of the recording of the names of benefactors on tablets; instead, after the requirement that the foundress and benefactors be commemorated in chapel at the end of each term, we find the following explanation (I translate from the Latin): 'to ensure that by the public reading every year of the names of all the benefactors their benefactions may be imprinted more deeply on men's minds, and others may be encouraged to make further gifts.' Here then we have the first mention in any statutes of the annual public reading of the names of benefactors, but the mention surely implies that it has been the established practice to read out the names of benefactors at each of the three commemoration services.

The 1849 statutes had a life of only eleven years. In 1860 they were replaced by a totally new set, drawn up by a Royal Commission and now for the first time written in English. It is interesting to observe that the Latin heading *De Cultu Dei* has now become 'Religious Worship' and that the name of God has disappeared, a detail prophetic, perhaps, of theological developments in the twentieth century. It is therefore no surprise, when we read this meagre section, intruded as it is between 'General Management of the College' and 'The Audit', to discover that now, some three hundred and fifty years after the College's foundation, there is no longer any mention of its foundress and benefactors, or of their commemoration, in the statutes. Like God, they have been ejected, and their ejection is total and permanent.

Now we have it on the authority of a nineteenth century Dean, Alfred Freer Torry, that since 1860, the date of the first English statutes, there has only been one service of commemoration each year, on May 6, and that at this service (to quote Torry's phrase) 'a mere roll of names' has been recited.(5)

'A mere roll of names'? Perhaps the genealogy of Jesus Christ given in the first chapter of St. Matthew is 'a mere roll of names'. Certainly behind me in the ante-chapel can be seen 'a mere roll of names', of those who died for their country in the First and Second World Wars. Sometimes 'a mere roll of names' deserves our attention, even if it is only a Tripos list.

Torry's 'mere roll of names' was arrived at by conflating the old tripartite Catalogue of Benefactors. This Catalogue was written in Latin, and in addition to names titles and offices gave details of each benefaction; it divided the benefactors into three distinct groups, to match the three annual commemoration services. We know it from a certified copy made of it in 1838 in his own hand by William Keeling, then Senior Dean, and marked by him 'for the use of the Dean on Commemoration days'.(6)

But Torry's conflated roll is not now 'a mere roll of names', for in 1938 the historical fellow H.P.W. Gatty, later Librarian, added succinct details to the names therein and arranged them in chronological order, with the further addition of other and later names.(7) Our present roll is in substance Gatty's roll, plus the names of later benefactors, his own included.

This noble roll of names, however, has lately been found a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in our neo-Gothic Zion. Some have even suggested that it should no longer be read. The

young, we are told, find it dull; and the young, as a certain Provost has revealed to us, are wiser than their elders. One would gladly receive the Provost's revelation, for does not our own poet imply the very same thing when he writes

> Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home

and again

> Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
> Thy soul's immensity;
> Thou best philosopher...
> ... thou eye among the blind?

But, alas, intellectual honesty forbids us nowadays to think like that; for nowadays do we not know for certain, or at least confess in public, that heredity is of small account and environment all-important? Now I am not convinced that the young have come to us from a wiser environment than ours. It is therefore with regret that I cannot subscribe to the Provost's article of faith.

But perhaps I can try to make the roll less boring for those, both young and old, whose annual duty it may be to endure it - discounting of course the merely sentimental attachment it inspires when one has heard it read, over many years, by a series of four Deans.

Let me risk a generalisation: a roll of names is poetry; witness the Catalogue of the Ships in the second book of the *Iliad* and the thirty-three names of Nereids in the eighteenth.(8) Yes, you will say, but these rolls are in verse. I answer that proper names are naturally rhythmical, that a roll of proper names is therefore likely to exhibit a variety of rhythms, and that some of these rhythms are likely to be familiar metrical forms.

Our roll begins, appropriately enough, with a Fourteener, or iambic (x -) line of fourteen syllables, a popular metre in the sixteenth century:

> The Most Illustrious Princess, the Lady Margaret.
> x - / x - / x - / x - / x -/x -/ x -

This is immediately followed by a dactylic (- xx) tetrameter catalectic:

> Countess of Richmond and Derby, our Foundress.
> - x x / - x x / - x x / - x

Later we have a pure dactylic tetrameter:

> Edmund Mountstephen, of Paston, Northamptonshire.
> - x x / - x x / - x x / - x x

As might be expected, other iambic entries are common. A blank verse:

> Sir Albert Howard, Agriculturist.
> x -/ x -/ x -/ x -/ x -

An Alexandrine with a feminine ending:

Sir Humphry Davy Rolleston, Honorary Fellow.
x - / x - /x - / x -/x- /x - x

But the commonest rhythm to be found in our roll is the trochaic (- x), and the commonest trochaic form is that consisting of three trochees, thus:

Susan Hill, of London
- x / - x / - x

Matthew Prior, Fellow.
- x / - x / - x

And the longest trochaic form is that composed of six trochees:

Henry Preston Vaughan Nunn, of Stockport, Cheshire.
- x/ - x / - x / - x / - x / - x

There are also one or two examples of rarer metres tucked away in the roll. Bacchiacs (x - -):

Sir Ralph Hare, of Stow Bardolph, Norfolk.
x - - / x - - /x - -

Cretics (- x -):

Henry, third Earl of Southampton;
- x - / - x - / - (x) -

and spondees (- -):

James Wood, Master.
- - / - -

This last is at present the shortest single entry of all, a mere four syllables, whereas the longest - appropriately enough that of our Foundress - has no less than twenty-six. Yet the mathematician James Wood, born in 1760, the son of a Lancashire weaver, and enabled to enter the college by the award of an exhibition founded by a Johnian at Bury Grammar School, is one of our greatest benefactors. His total generosity to the college appears to have amounted to some £60,000, plus a library of 4,400 books. He was buried in the old chapel exactly 138 years ago today, on the first of May 1839. His statue, by Edward Baily (whose fee was one thousand guineas), now stands in the ante-chapel.(9)

Our annual commemoration service has continued in more or less its present form these one hundred and eighteen years. But today's may well be the last such service to be celebrated. It is therefore a particular privilege to be invited to preach on this possibly historic occasion. Whatever future form our commemoration takes, may I, in conclusion, plead for the retention of the reading of the roll of names of our benefactors? Not, of course, because it is our duty to remember them; still less because of their generosity to the college; least of all because, if it were not for that generosity, neither you nor I would be here today; but, far

more relevantly, to fill a gap in our educational core-curriculum, and provide some elementary instruction (instruction to which surely every student has a right) in a subject neglected beyond measure in our metric age - the art, or as some would claim, the science, of metre.(10)

A.G.L.

Notes

1. C.T. Onions ed. *The Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology* (1966); A. Ernout and A. Meillet *Dictionnaire Etymologique de la Langue Latine* (1959[4]).

2. 1516 monthly; 1524 and 1530 quarterly. See J.E.B. Mayor ed. *Early Statutes of the College of St. John the Evangelist* (1859) pp. 30, 311 and 375.

3. Edward Miller in his *Portrait of a College* (1961) p. 18 notes that Fisher's name has been totally deleted from the 1545 statutes.

4. See the Homily *Of Prayer* Part iii *ad fin.* and *Article* xxxi.

5. *Founders and Benefactors of St. John's College, Cambridge* (1888) p. iii.

6. See the volume entitled *Benefactorum Nomina* in the Bursary.

7. I owe this information to Dr. Boys Smith. In the Library there is a printed list with a pencilled note in Gatty's hand: 'Drawn up afresh in 1938.' I have not checked with Council Minutes of that time.

8. 'Proper names are poetry in the raw. Like all poetry they are untranslatable' W.H. Auden *A Certain World* (1971) p. 267. In his Oxford inaugural of 1956 Auden puts four questions - his Touchstones - to the literary critic; the first is: 'Do you like ... long lists of proper names such as the Old Testament genealogies or the Catalogue of ships in the *Iliad*?' *The Dyer's Hand* (1963) p. 47. I owe this reference to Mr. George Watson.

9. *The Gentleman's Magazine* 109 (1839) Pt 2 p. 202, Baker-Mayor *History of the College of St. John the Evangelist* (1869) p. 1099 and Torry *op.cit.* p. 89.

10. Useful is Joseph Malof *A Manual of English Meters* (1970), given to the Library by George Gleave Watkins, Schoolmaster Fellow Commoner in 1974. I have used Malof's symbols in the examples above.

Humanism at St John's

(A paper given to the Wordsworth Society)

Erasmus and John Fisher were born in the same year (1469); in the year Fisher (at the instigation of the Lady Margaret) founded the college of St. John's, Erasmus arrived in Cambridge to give the Lady Margaret public lectures in Divinity, and to work on his Greek New Testament (the *Novum Instrumentum*); in 1516 Fisher received his presentation copy of the *Novum Instrumentum* as he set out from Rochester to be present at the opening ceremonies for the completed college, and the dedication of the chapel. The fortunes of Erasmian humanism were closely linked with the founding of the college of St. John's. And the points I want to make about humanism at St. John's in the sixteenth century might well be thought of as points about humanism itself as a movement in that period.

Humanism emerged as an identifiable focus for intellectual interest in Italy in the fourteenth century. It was, essentially, a revolt of liberal arts teachers against a scholastic curriculum which undervalued their studies, and paid them low salaries. Their quarrel with the place allowed to the study of the classics within the late mediaeval educational programme was on the whole justified, if somewhat partisan: high scholasticism provided an efficient and coherent training, but it did so largely at the expense of the liberal arts. Grammar was taught with an eye to the rigorous and conventional logical analyses of language which came later in a student's training, and which prepared him to tackle the technical problems in theology and metaphysics towards which the entire system was directed.

If one wanted to characterise the reforming impetus of humanism in one phrase, I suppose that phrase might be, 'what is the relevance to the advancement of learning of institutionalised education as practised?' - *relevance* was certainly the cornerstone of their challenge to scholasticism. With the recovery of an increasingly large body of Greek and Roman works from which ancient education and its relation to contemporary culture could be pieced together, teachers of classical and literary studies (*bonae litterae*, or the *studia humanitatis*) came increasingly strongly to maintain that they could provide an alternative education. It would be an education squarely based in classical literature, founded on a real understanding of the classical languages, and it would train men's minds whilst equipping them for professional life beyond the limited context of the logic-chopping of the university debating chamber and the theology schools. In other words, this was a highly saleable programme: it had obvious attractions for the gentry and aristocracy across Europe, who wanted an intellectual training for their children, but did not require them to be turned out theologians or logical technicians.

The underpinning of the 'alternative education' proposed by humanists like Petrarch was a blend of Roman morality drawn from close familiarity with (above all) the 'moralia' of Cicero (the Offices, the Orations, the Tusculans, the Letters), and Christian

dogma. The key assumption made by Petrarch, which every humanist after him retained, was that true eloquence in Latin - the highest standards in the ability to read and understand ancient texts, and to compose on their model - guaranteed the moral integrity of the student. If one steeped oneself in Cicero and Seneca, in Horace and Virgil, one would become like the great authors of antiquity, not merely in style of writing, but in the quality of mind and outlook which according to humanists those authors possessed. The goal of this early humanism was to become more Roman than the conventionally idealised Romans.

I have digressed this far to fill in some of the background to early humanism because we need to be aware of this lynch-pin argument for the equivalence of eloquence (pagan and patristic) and a moral outlook behind humanism in Cambridge in the early sixteenth century. It is, as I hope you can see, a perilous argument to maintain, particularly when the ideals of a great scholar like Petrarch are translated into educational precepts. Will a school and university training based squarely on instruction in Latin and Greek, and the greatest of the classical 'moralia' and literary works really produce adequately trained individuals, above all, properly prepared *Christian* individuals?

In the early years of the sixteenth century Erasmus - a monk on permanent leave of absence from his Augustinian monastery - took it upon himself to strengthen the claims of humanism as a *Christian* educational movement. Erasmus had learnt during his early theological training under a forward-looking brotherhood that one could not understand the authentic teaching of an early Father like Augustine himself, let alone the text of the scriptures, without a sophisticated grasp of ancient languages and the associated cultural tradition. And he made it part of the manifesto of the reformed education he promoted throughout his life that only through a real command of the three ancient Biblical languages (Hebrew, Greek and Latin) could a Christian come to full knowledge of God's word. All the wealth of classical literature - profane as well as sacred - had been provided for the elucidation of Scripture. In other words, Erasmus quietly commandeered all the early humanist preoccupation with textual reconstruction, excellent reading and interpretation of classical texts, philology and grammar, as the essential equipment for a thinking christianity.

So the foundation statutes for John's (as they survive in the 1516 reworking of the 1511 originals) stipulate that the college shall be trilingual on the Erasmian model. No student is to speak any language other than Latin, Greek or Hebrew, anywhere in the college except in his private room (and in his private room he is to use the vernacular quietly, so that 'the din or sound of laughter should not offend anyone'). Instruction in the three ancient languages figures prominently in the curriculum, whose justification is the production of a spiritually mature individual rather than a linguistic specialist: 'rather a purity of mind than a venerable hoariness of the head'. It is the explicit aim of the college, according to the statutes, to further 'the worship of God, the increase of faith, and uprightness in morals'. Philosophy and the *bonae artes* (liberal arts) are guides to the articulation of a personal ethic and a sound theology.

It is this pursuit of enlightened theology *via* the humanist curriculum that Erasmus is supporting when he praises the transformation in teaching at Cambridge since the establishing of John's and her sister foundation Christ's:

> why don't those who oppose the new learning consider that scarcely thirty years ago all that was taught in the University of Cambridge was Alexander (of Villa Dei's grammar), the *Parva logicalia* (as they call them)(of Peter of Spain), and those old exercises out of Aristotle, and questions taken out of Duns Scotus. As time went on *bonae litterae* were introduced; to this was added a knowledge of mathematics; a new, or at least a regenerated Aristotle sprang up; then came an acquaintance with Greek, and with a host of new authors whose very names had before been unknown, even to their most learned men. And how, one asks, has this affected (the) university? Why, it has flourished to such a degree that it can now compete with the chief universities of the age, and can boast of men in comparison with whom theologians of the old school seem only the ghosts of theologians.

This is the background against which the quite remarkable number of celebrated individuals who were John's students between 1516 and the end of the century gained their training. These included (not surprisingly) at least 26 bishops, amongst whom the most celebrated were Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, and the elder Thomas Watson, one of Ascham's closest friends, and author of a much-praised University play in Latin hexameters. Then there were the statesmen, William Cecil, later Lord Burghley; Sir Anthony Denny, Sir Ambrose Cave and John Cheke, who all became privy councillors. Thomas Wyatt may have been associated with the college, one of its earliest members; Sir Thomas Hoby, friend of Ascham and Cheke, and translator of Castiglione's *Courtier*; Abraham Fraunce, hexameter poet and author of two vernacular textbooks in rhetoric and dielectic; Thomas Drant (who formulated 'Drant's rules' for English quantity in poetry, and was a member with Sidney, Spenser, Harvey and Fraunce of the 'Areopagiticus' of English master poets); Greene and Nashe; the logicians Seton and Carter, were all members of the college. And then there were the eminent men in the new sciences: John Dee (who came up to John's in 1542, learned Greek and mathematics with Cheke, and went in 1546 as a founder fellow to Trinity, to be under-lecturer in Greek there), Henry Billingsley who published the first English translation of Euclid (for which Dee provided a preface), Richard Smith, William Baronsdale and William Gilbert, all later presidents of the Royal College of Physicians.

It was from Johnians like these that John's acquired an intellectual reputation to which both Ascham in his *Schoolmaster* (1570), and Nashe in his introduction to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) refer nostalgically from the (to their mind) impoverished days of the seventies and eighties:

> That most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Iohns* in *Cambridge* (writes Nashe), that at that time was an Vniuersity within it selfe, shining so farre aboue all other houses, Halles, and hospitals whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne was able to compare with the tithe of her Students; hauing (as I haue heard graue men of credite report) moe Candles light in it, euery Winter morning before foure of the clocke, then the foure of the clocke bell gaue strokes; ... she (I say) as a pittying mother, put to her helping hand, and sent, from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Scholers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supply all other inferiour foundations defects, and namely, that royall erection of Trinity Colledge, which the Vniuersity Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia deducta* from the suburbs of Saint *Iohns*. In which extraordinary conception, *vno partu in rempublicam prodiere*, the Exchequer of eloquence, *sir Iohn Cheeke*, a man of men, supernaturally traded in all tongs, sir *Iohn Mason*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Ascam*, *Grindall*, *Leuer*, *Pilkington*: all which haue, either by their priuate readings or publique workes repurged the errors of Arte, expelled from their puritie, and set before our eyes a more perfect methode of studie.

Now so far the picture I have been giving you of John's in her early years has been entirely orthodox. You can find similar accounts in histories of the college, or in the biographies of notable Johnians of the period. But at this point I want to stop for a moment and ask, what on earth is all this about? Hasn't something rather odd happened to Fisher and the Lady Margeret's:

> There are three things which we wish all the fellows of this college above all to concern themselves with: the worship of God, the increase of faith, and uprightness in morals.

They set up a college to produce a new priesthood, schooled in Erasmus's *philosophia Christi*, and here it is, within fifty years, turning out statesmen and stylists, the pillars of the secular community.

If one looks more closely at Ascham's and Nashe's nostalgic eulogies of John's, we can see, I think, that neither of them is at all clear *what* a Johnian education has contributed to the advancement of its distinguished members. Ascham admires the 'order of learning and discipline of manners', and claims that its fellows and scholars could not be matched 'either for divinity in the one side or other, or for civil service to their prince and country'. Nashe commends them because 'either by their priuate readings or publique works (they have) repurged the errors of Arte ... and set before our eyes a more perfect methode of studie'. In the end they both appear to be saying that John's taught a blend of lay moralising and classical studies suitable for 'getting on' in civil life: a view of English humanist activities which R.R. Bolgar in

The Classical Heritage arrives at independently:

> One cannot help suspecting that their scholarship was largely a means to an end. Croke had made the point that the study of the classics would fit a man for public office, and Cheke had plainly taken him at his word. (p. 314)

And one man at least at the end of the sixteenth century was quite clear that the Erasmian humanism which had started with such coherent and laudible aims had degenerated into a decadent preoccupation with words for their own sake - fashionable eloquence substituting for real intellectual achievement:

> Then did Car of Cambridge and Ascham with their lectures and writings almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that were studious unto that delicate and polished kind of learning. ... Here therefore is the first distemper of learning, when men study words and not matter.
>
> (*Advancement of Learning* IV.2)

Unlike the other authors I quoted, Bacon is concerned with the advancement of learning, not the advancement of the individual; so he is not inclined to regard the providing of a cultivated urbanity much in fashion as an adequate justification for this kind of course of study.

There was, of course, one very good reason why a John's training in the Latin and Greek classics was peculiarly appropriate to life at the Tudor court. And that was because the Tudors were themselves honorary Johnians. In July 1544 Cheke left Cambridge to become tutor to Prince Edward, then approaching his seventh birthday. In September of the same year Cheke was instrumental in William Grindall's becoming tutor to Princess Elizabeth (Grindall was a Johnian pupil of Ascham's). When Grindall died of the plague in January 1548, Ascham (under pressure apparently from the headstrong young Princess herself) himself became for a short time Elizabeth's tutor. So that, as T.W. Baldwin early pointed out:

> we have a group of St. John's men, notable enthusiasts for Greek, serving as tutors to Elizabeth and Edward, with Cheke as chief-in-command of the group. One suspects that behind Cheke himself was his brother-in-law, that William Cecil, also of this St. John's group of friends, who was to become the great Lord Burghley.
>
> (*William Shakspere's small Latine and lesse Greeke*, I, 200)

No wonder it was an advantage, under Edward and Elizabeth, to have received a John's education in the tradition of Cheke and Ascham.

It is all the more striking, when we look at the surviving accounts of the Johnian education the Tudor princes received, to find that even here a largely secular prowess in the classical languages is vaunted as evidence of the moral integrity of the royal pupil.

Here is Ascham's description, to the great educator Sturm, of Elizabeth's progress under his tutorship:

> She had me for her tutor in Greek and Latin for two years ... She talks French and Italian as well as English: she has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, and moderately so in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her hand-writing. She is as much delighted with music as she is skilful in the art ... she reads with me almost all Cicero, and great parts of Titus Livius; for she drew all her knowledge of Latin from those two authors. She used to give the morning of the day to the Greek Testament, and afterwards read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles. For I thought that from those sources she might gain purity of style, and her mind derive instruction that would be of value to her to meet every contingency of life. To these I added Saint Cyprian and Melanchthon's common places, &c., as best suited, after the Holy Scriptures to teach her the foundations of religion, together with elegant language and sound doctrine. Whatever she reads she at once perceives any word that has a doubtful or curious meaning. She cannot endure those foolish imitators of Erasmus who have tied up the Latin tongue in those wretched fetters of proverbs. She likes a style that grows out of the subject; chaste because it is suitable, and beautiful because it is clear. She much admires modest metaphors, and comparisons of contraries well put together and contrasting felicitously with one another. (cit. Baldwin, I, 259)

From the Greek Testament Elizabeth derived above all 'purity of style'; the scriptures and patristic writings teach 'elegant language and sound doctrine' as well as the 'foundations of religion'. And above all, proof of Elizabeth's achievement is exclusively provided by her ability as a linguist: 'she cannot endure those foolish imitators of Erasmus who have tied up the Latin tongue in those wretched fetters of proverbs. She likes a style that grows out of the subject; chaste because it is suitable, and beautiful because it is clear'.

I think there are two strong reasons for the metamorphosis which has taken place between the foundation of St. John's as a nursery for a new liberal priesthood and its dominating position in the middle decades of the sixteenth century turning out fashionably humanistic gentlemen equipped to converse with the Tudor prince and fill key posts in the Tudor administration. And both, I think, need to be considered seriously when we assess the Europe-wide impact of the humanist and reform movements during the same period.

In the first place, a main justification in Fisher's own mind for the funding of Erasmian colleges in Cambridge was the need to provide an educated and fluent preaching clergy, as Erasmus testifies in the preface to his *De ratione concionandi* (1535):

> It was Fisher, more than anyone, who instigated me to undertake this work, when he told me that he was setting up, in the famous university at Cambridge, of which he is the permanent protector ... three colleges John's Christ's Queens' out of which could proceed theologians not so much fitted for battles of words as equipped for the sober preaching of the Word of God.
> (*Erasmus and Cambridge*, ed. H.C. Porter, p. 188)

By the second half of the sixteenth century 'spreading the Word', by way of such erudite preaching, meant propagadizing for the Anglican Church in direct competition with the Catholic preachers admirably prepared by Jesuit schools on the continent. So that it is not altogether surprising if preaching *technique* - in other words, linguistic and debating competence - are prominent in the Johns teaching programme. *Transmission* of Anglican dogma is a more urgent concern than exploration of the further recesses of theology and moral philosophy.

The second reason has to do with the ambitious nature of the Erasmian project. Three classical languages and their associated literatures are to provide an intellectual foundation prior to intensive study of the text of the scriptures. Mathematics is (on Platonist arguments) to provide a general technical propaedeutic for all reasoning. What this actually meant for the fourteen-year-old student who entered John's can be seen from successive sixteenth century revisions of the original statutes. In 1530 lectures were specified on elementary Greek and Hebrew grammar, with a set text. In 1545, however, the statutes stress that Greek and Hebrew studies are still neglected 'especially in this college' - statute teaching is not taking place, presumably because the subjects are too advanced for students still struggling with the bulk of Latin classics.

So the 1545 statutes (probably Cheke's) attempt to remedy this state of affairs by diverting college funds to support the two crucial areas of the Erasmian curriculum which were not prospering: Greek and mathematics (having, I suspect, given up on Hebrew). A John's fellow is to lecture in the public schools in Greek (in other words, the college supported a university appointment). Detailed guidance is included for Greek teaching, and Plato, Isocrates and Xenophon are suggested as major authors for study. Four individual fellows (generally the most junior) are given the specific task of lecturing on arithmetic, geometry, perspective and cosmography or the *de sphaera*, so that all fellows at some point in their career are involved in college mathematics teaching, and all students are exposed to it. (This is in marked contrast to, say, Trinity, where little mathematics appears to have been taught.) And presumably in appointing fellows, Greek and mathematics competence was a strong recommendation: we have encountered Johnian fellows' reputation for Greek; John's also had a virtual monopoly on the mathematics Chair in the mid-sixteenth century. Ascham held it 1539-41; John Young 1541-43; William Barker 1543-46. While Dee and Digges went on to do specialised work in mathematics outside Cambridge.

The result is that although the students still failed to achieve the all-round excellence in classics and mathematics which Erasmus would have wished for, they did receive the best available

teaching in Greek and mathematics. John's gained a lasting reputation for admirable standards in these 'new' subjects - the reputation which Ascham's and Nashe's eulogies acknowledge. And the pietistic aspirations of Fisher and the Lady Margaret were transmuted into technical proficiency in the most humanistic of the liberal arts. For graduates of the college this proficiency had the desirable additional advantage of being identical with the aptitude and interests of the reigning line of monarchs and their key advisors.

So we may say, I think, that the remarkable record John's has in the sixteenth century for moulding progressive and influential figures in English cultural life in the period, stems from a number of contributing pieces of historical timeliness. Her prospectus, as it were, contained all the appropriate humanistic and pietistic elements to encourage devout parents to commit their children's upbringing to the John's fellows. At the same time, she provided precisely the education considered at court as a model 'education of a Christian Prince' (because the Prince happened to have had Erasmian Johnians as royal tutors). As part of the college's fashionable Erasmianism, John's was committed to Greek teaching, and could, by the terms of its endowment, put money and effort into procuring high-level Greek instruction where other colleges made merely token gestures; so the John's *coterie* made significant advances in Greek studies, and in the allied discipline of mathematics. And I suggest that this mixture of what passed for gentlemanly cultivation, and real intellectual advance is, in the end, the legacy of humanism for the sixteenth century.

Lisa Jardine

Herrick's 'Hesperides'

> Goe thou forth my booke, though late;
> Yet be timely fortunate.
> It may chance good luck may send
> Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
> That may harbour thee, when I,
> With my fates neglected lye.
> If thou know'st not where to dwell,
> See, the fier's by: *Farewell.* (1)

Robert Herrick may well have been pleased by the fitness of the 'kinsman' or 'friend' in question, for his old College, St. John's, has recently rescued an excellent first edition of *Hesperides* from the fire. *Hesperides*, including *His Noble Numbers*, Herrick's collection of devotional poetry, was published in two issues in 1648, one for the Exeter bookseller Thomas Hunt, and the other, of which the Library now has one of twelve extant copies, for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield in London. The acquisition of the book is important not only for its rarity, but because it probably represents Herrick's sole independent appearance in print during his lifetime; and, remarkably, because no subsequent edition of Herrick was published until 1810, and no complete *Hesperides* until that of Thomas Maitland in 1823. Its purchase was made possible by funds from the H.P.W. Gatty Bequest, which has the specific purpose of buying literary works of Old Johnians for the Library - like the Wordsworth letter bought in 1974.(2)

Born in 1591, baptized 'the xxiiiith day of Auguste', Herrick was apprenticed in his youth as a goldsmith to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, in 1607;(3) but by 1613 it had been decided that he should go to Cambridge, so he entered St. John's as a fellow-commoner. At the time, a recent biographer writes,(4) the College was 'a pleasant enough place' which 'had reached a low state of learning but enjoyed a high reputation for drinking'. Surviving letters to his uncle which repeatedly request money ('Yours euer obsequious R. Hearick')(5) vindicate one's suspicion that his income and inheritance were not spent in efforts to alter this state of affairs. He was a frequenter of the Dolphin, the Rose and the Mitre, and 'doubtless one of the rowdier students at St. John's'. This odd intimation of 'Plus ça change' is lent greater weight by Herrick's being unexceptional:

> The ideal of the sober undergraduates who lived studiously in college was in actual fact the exception. Undergraduates were often drunken and lascivious. They were frequently in conflict with the townsmen and were notorious for their rudeness to strangers. (6)

Seeing perhaps the error of his ways, Herrick migrated to Trinity Hall, 'where I assure myself', he wrote to his uncle, 'the charge will not be so great as where I now exist'. He graduated BA in 1617, and received his MA three years later.

Of the rest of Herrick's life relatively little is known. He was ordained as deacon and priest of the Church of England in 1623, and before his nomination to the living of Dean Prior in Devonshire, to which he was appointed in 1639, seems to have spent most of his time in London. There he was associated with the 'Tribe' of Ben Jonson, an important influence on his later work. Despite the references to relatives, friends and contemporary events, *Hesperides* is unreliable as a guide to its author's own life; one statement about his existence at Dean Prior ('Discontents in Devon') expresses both dissatisfaction with its isolation and contentment about its beneficial effect on his creative powers. As to his temperament, there is Wood's observation that he 'became much beloved by the Gentry in those parts for his florid and witty Discourse',(7) and an astonishing anecdote reported in 'The Times' of 4 January 1926, when a chancel window in the church at Dean Prior was dedicated to him:

> Tradition, springing from the gossip of an old village woman, declares that he taught his favourite pig, one of a large number of animal pets, to drink from a tankard.

He was buried at Dean Prior on 15 October 1674.

Critical responses to Herrick, like the editions, did not really start until the early nineteenth century. Since then they have had, broadly, two preoccupations. The first, stated at its most forceful by F.R. Leavis,(8) involves Herrick's alleged lack of seriousness behind his superficial, charming playfulness, a species of 'indulgence'. The second is the difficulty some critics have felt in reconciling the ideal and the realistic elements in *Hesperides*. Maitland's edition prompted a fierce attack from Southey in 1831; but by 1863, Elizabeth Barrett Browning could call Herrick 'the Ariel of poets'. Swinburne hailed 'the greatest song-writer - as surely as Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist - ever born in English race'.(9) Recent criticism has more judiciously assessed Herrick's sources and effects but still not, I think, quite fully understood some of the ways in which his technique works, and some of the qualities of his attitude.

This has its origins in the striking way in which Herrick's ideal/lyric poems are complemented by the naturalistic/satirical ones, and how the poems are arranged in apparent disorder. He is alive to the paradoxical power of 'cleanly-Wantonnesse', which receives its finest treatment in 'Delight in Disorder', a statement of poetic intent:

> A sweet disorder in the dresse
> Kindles in Cloathes a wantonnesse:
> A Lawne about the shoulders thrown
> Into a fine distraction:
> An erring Lace, which here and there
> Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher:
> A Cuffe neglectful, and thereby
> Ribbands to flow confusedly:
> A winning wave (deserving Note)
> In the tempestuous petticote:
> A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
> I see a wilde civility:
> Doe more bewitch me, than when Art
> Is too precise in every part. (28)

Thomas Hardy quotes some of these lines in support of an argument for the proper style of prose,(10) drawing an analogy between Herrick's thematic and structural intention and his own rhythmic ones; 'inexact rhymes and rhythms are far more pleasing than correct ones'. Herrick requires his reader to jump from the most exquisite lyric utterances to the coarseness of his epigrams about bad breath, rotten teeth, bleary eyes, and the callous wit of the epigram 'Upon Scobble':

> Scobble for Whoredsome whips his wife; and cryes,
> He'll slit her nose; But blubb'ring she replyes,
> Good Sir, make no more cuts i'th'outward skin,
> One slit's enough to let Adultry in. (44)

The technique is partly derived from the poetry of Ben Jonson, and the psychological truth that the ideal always implies its reverse has precedents like, for example, Donne's 'The Comparison'. But the effects and their interest are at their height in Herrick. One last instance:

> Upon Loach
>
> Seeal'd up with Night-gum, Loach each morning lyes,
> Till his wife licking, so unglews his eyes.
> No question then, but such a lick is sweet,
> When a warm tongue do's with such Ambers meet.
>
> The Amber Bead
>
> I saw a Flie within a Beade
> Of Amber cleanly buried:
> The urne was little, but the room
> More rich than *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

A comparison between two such different poems would scarcely occur to one without the deliberate invitation, by their direct juxtaposition and common use of 'Amber', to do so. The deliberately laborious pun on 'see all' in 'Upon Loach', and its rather distastefully sensual practicality could not contrast more radically with the magnificent fineness of the image in 'The Amber Bead'. Yet the first poem requires us to modify our reaction to the second, and *vice versa*. The careful disorder of the whole of *Hesperides* works in this way.

Herrick is also of literary interest for his uniquely personal tone in the context of contemporary attitudes to the pursuit of pleasure. The two 'sides' are powerfully expressed in Milton's *Comus*, by the relative positions of the lady and Comus himself. This is a poetic statement which roughly corresponds to the difference between the Puritans and the Cavaliers, some of whom seem to have been moving towards the idea of the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake and towards attempts to define it. These definitions are not infrequently illustrated in sexual pleasure; Carew's 'A Rapture' and Lovelace's 'Love Made in the First Age', a poem about love prior to the Fall, are examples. In the Restoration the whole idea becomes very explicit in poems like Rochester's 'A Ramble in St. James's Park' and 'The Imperfect Enjoyment', where the pursuit has become open, frank, rather loveless, mechanical and disappointing.

Herrick's attitude, by contrast, is particularly personal. To him, pleasure is something arrested this side of fulfillment, compressed, in a typical oxymoron, to 'wisely wanton' ('To all young men that love', 117). The short but revealing 'No Spouse but a Sister' (13) carries a similar message; ideally the poet would live with someone like a sister, and kiss but go no further. In terms of external attraction, the development of this is the idea of pleasure as an excitation to stop short of consummation. In 'A Request to the Graces', Herrick suggests

> Let what is graceless, discompos'd and rude,
> With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
> Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp and shew
> Demure, but yet, full of temptation too. (290)

The syntactic hesitation introduced by 'But yet' conveys something of the pleasurable uncertainty which temptation involves.

Herrick's finest presentation of this sort of fascination is the famous 'Upon Julia's Clothes':

> When as in silks my Julia goes,
> Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
> That liquefaction of her clothes.
>
> Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
> That brave Vibration each way free;
> O how that glittering taketh me.

'The Lilly in a Christal' reinforces the fascination. The poem is, for Herrick, unusually 'argumentative', concerned to show that 'conceal'd delight' is a finer aesthetic pleasure than nakedness:

> So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,
> And have the power to move
> A world of men to love:
> Yet, when your Lawns and Silks shal flow;
> And that white cloud divide
> Into a doubtful Twi-light; then,
> Then will your hidden pride
> Raise greater fires in men. (76)

The similarities between the two in diction ('silks', 'flow'), construction (that particularly intense and captivated 'when ... then, then), and situation suggest a powerful source of pleasure in the 'doubtful Twi-light' as distinct from a more explicit or satisfied response. The reappearance of the same ideas and phrases in the oddly 'voyeuristic' 'Upon Julia's washing her self in the river' carry the force of the definition one stage further and once again imply the care in composition and structure of *Hesperides* which is not always appreciated:

> How fierce was I, when I did see
> My Julia wash herself in thee!
> So Lillies thorough Christall look:
> So purest pebbles in the brook:
> Halfe with a Lawne of water hid,
> Into thy streames my self I threw,
> And strugling there, I kist thee too;
> And more had done (it is confest)
> Had not thy waves forbad the rest. (294)

The scene induces a fierceness in the observer, and an unusual vigour in the throwing and struggling, which compel a finely tactful 'confession' at the poem's close.

The acquisition of this fine edition is therefore both apt and of literary significance, and it is to be applauded that the College are helping to vindicate Herrick's own prophecy at the close of *Hesperides*:

> This pillar never shall
> Decline or waste at all;
> But stand for ever by his owne
> Firme and well fixt foundation.

G.M. Hill

Notes

All page references are to the edition of L.C. Martin (Oxford 1968).

1. *Hesperides*, p.334.
2. See the 'Eagle', Easter 1975, p.14.
3. F.W. Moorman: *Robert Herrick: a Biographical and Critical Study* (1910) p.26.
4. G.W. Scott: *Robert Herrick 1591-1674* (1974) Ch.4.
5. *Hesperides*, Appendix A, p.451.
6. Scott, *op. cit.* p.46.
7. *Athenae Oxon*, 1721, ii, col. 122. Martin p.xiv.
8. *Revaluation* (1936), pp.39-41.
9. These last three critics are discussed at greater length by Martin, p.xx.
10. Thomas Hardy, notebook entry, (March 1875), from *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy*, (1928), Ch.7. It is also true that Herrick's formal and rhythmic range is vast, including two polished proto-limericks.

The Seedy Chronicles

The Broken Beak

1 April 1777 This day we hanged his Grace in Hall, his picture, after many anxious months, having come at last. To a great banging of beer pots from the lower tables the Master clambered up to draw aside the butler's apron that had been laid modestly across. And what a feast and carnival of colour sprang out, revealed, beneath. The rich and brooding purple of the cassock; the plangent scarlet of the robes; the sullen, gleaming gold of all the tricks and ornaments of power - everything combining to delight and surprize the eye. Cost had not been spared, and for an instant I glimpsed in the expressions of those around me - who, God knows, as country curates were preferred above their station - a catch of envious awe before this very prince of spiritual power. The face too, as Auringskwash observed, was a Christian one, and had it not been for the Regius we should have thought ourselves well served indeed for a mere £50.

And how strange that it should be the Regius (who is largely denied the gift of sight) to spot the flaw that has soured for our whole Society their just enjoyment at witnessing a Johnian translated to the southern province. We now process to dinner with averted eyes, and no Fellow, upon pain of expulsion, may bring the Registrary as guest to our table; for there, smiling benignly to posterity beneath, sits the Archbishop arrayed in robes to which he has no title. Auringskwash prays and Grouch devises schemes to adjust his Grace's dress, but the Regius merely sits, shocked and dazed, and searches for oblivion in the Port.

He, the Archbishop, is a great and good man, and has sought to display his goodness in benefits of a tangible sort. Therefore when, dusting out his chancery, he discovered several aged scribes and engrossers tucked away therein, he set them straightway to work and cast about to grant all manner of degrees. Turning his eye upon the Coll., he has looked at once to honour us all and signify his approbation of the performing arts by promoting Best, our Choirmaster, doctor.

(But his other degrees, says Grouch, were less felicitously placed. He has stirred up a mighty hornet's nest of physics by elevating doctor of medicine one licensed neither to apply a leech nor inspect a stool. And further - for Grouch is a very fund of information - desiring to honour some canonists of his acquaintance with degrees in civil law, he found too late that there is no degree of that description in our Cambridge statutes. So that since the Lambeth robes are by custom those of the university of the prelate of the day, no regalia was to be had and the learned clerics were obliged to proceed to the throne naked and cold, clad in their surplices alone.)

So more rejoicing in the Coll., with the Master calling for bumpers in the Combination Room this Sunday past to toast our new doctor's success. The Seniors, succumbing to age and infirmity at last, have celebrated the event by allowing Best to take the whole choir, boys and men alike (save those who cannot read), to Afrique in a ship in Full Term.

Farthing, turning over his pigeon pie at dinner, found half the beak. Best, reading ecclesiastical calamity therein, hurried off to insure with the Bursar against the cost of robes, lest the Archbishop die to be succeeded by an Oxford man. For the Dean and Grouch however it spells division among the voices of the Coll., though all are agreed that the portent is an evil one. Farthing made light of it, manfully sweeping up the offending morsel with a piece of bread, but the sign had been observed, a chill fell over the Hall and we soon broke up.

1 May 1777 Commemoration of Benefactors, and the finest sermon I have heard in Chapel, even counting the late President's. The Other Dean and his whole Committee for Publick Prayer anathematized and comminated by the Librarian - who has read the books, researched the statutes and histories of the Coll., and drawn widely from his fund of seniority and learning. Now at last we may be allowed in peace to praise our famous men and fathers who begat us, and to hear in publick who they were.

The Other Dean, poor fellow, is very ill and has had the barber to him. He is, says A., quite delirious and not expected to last the week. Remembering Wootton Rivers, I take a sanguine view, but Farthing, who is experienced in these affairs, is less hopeful, and the Regius much distressed. Consequently Madeira in the Lodge was a sad occasion (though the seedy cake quite back to its former excellence) and even my toasts to absent friends met with an indifferent response.

I mentioned in my penultimate I think (which Jingles - God rest his soul - suppprest) that a thief was abroad in the Coll. Alas, my trap misfired, catching the Bursar's Junior, who had come to remove temptation by withdrawing his tun of ale and dozen of Port. But now further curious happenings afflict our common rooms. The Fellows' privy is daily discovered strewn about with empty bottles and crates of every size and sort. The other day A. entered to relieve himself and had to call for rescue, for a barrel had been wedged against the door. We are uneasy and fear some phantom drayman walks abroad.

6 May 1777 St Joh. ante Port. Lat. Alas, alas, the portents are realised and I have heard this day of happenings that I dare not write of. The choir rots before our eyes. One man has gone, and a boy has had his epaulettes and medals torn publickly away. I have no appetite for the feast tonight, but shall take a glass of wine. The Other Dean is a little stronger, thank God - I shall think of that - and taking light gruel.

12 May 1777 Passed over again! Grouch appointed Assistant Tutor. Ha!, God help the Tutors, they will cut themselves on him. I care not and should have refused; so they might have had the both of us. With my work on the cubic equation I have not the time for it. The Other Dean is worse again today, having ventured too early on a mutton chop, poor man. We are at our wits' end over the Choir, which is become a very hotbed of art and passion. Tiffs flare and quarrels smoulder, and one of the men will not hold hands with his fellow in procession. The Tutors are hopeless, and a man from Clare been brought to help and the cook threatened with summary dismissal if pigeon pie be served again.

19 May 1777 This day we had a further College Meeting on matrimony. There will be no satisfying some Fellows until they have had it, and

when they have had it - mark my words - they will come whimpering back to College quick enough with their tails between their legs. The Master looks tired, but hopeful; most Fellows merely tired.

Giddy has broken ranks, cannot wait and cries for some strange morganatic union, the banns to be called straightway. He claims to have been misled by the Assistant Tutors, which is very probable. Peerless, seeking to head him off, and perhaps feeling that the Assistant Tutors had done less than right by him, moved to postpone Giddy until Michaelmas. Peerless is an excellent man, but has shewn his colours against us now. He also called upon the Seniors to inquire of sailing times and so nautical a flavour crept in that Dr. B., to broaden discussion, spoke with his accustomed lucidity on the Shipwrights' Bill now before Parliament. Peerless was taken as an amendment, for otherwise Giddy must have stayed silent - the Master foreseeing he would be postponed. Farthing growled a bit, and Auringskwash yapped at Giddy's heels. The Dean (leader of the thinking celibates) saw nothing wrong in the principle of matrimony, but knew better ways to satisfy the need. von G. wrestled with figures, while Rushingon moved relentless with the times and Kind saw visions of a new tomorrow and dreamt dreams about the future of the world. The last word went to Peerless, who cut Farthing to the quick by purporting to detect in him a glimmer of progressive views.

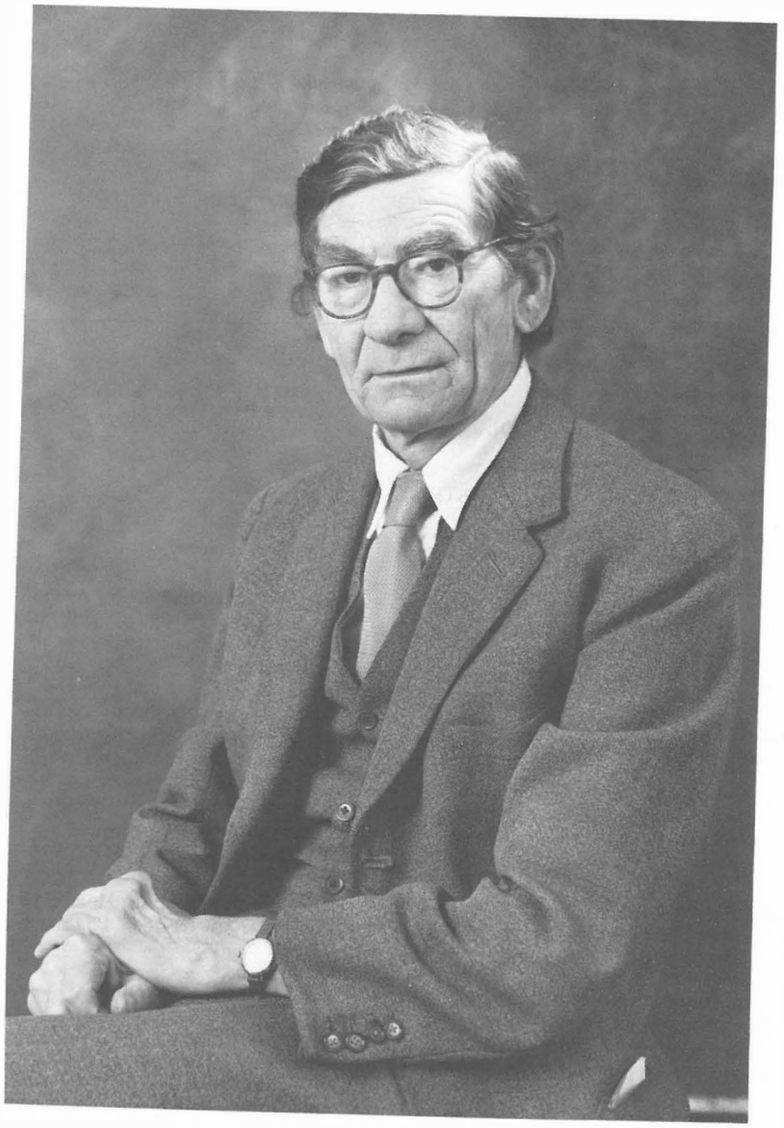
20 October 1777 The Seniors, it seems, have trod upon the Tutors' toes. Good for them. I cannot often find room in my Chronicle to commend our Seniority, who for the most part shew a deficiency of resolve to vie with the Tutors' defect of intellect; but where praise is truly due, let me not be slow to sing it. And it is amongst the singers of the Coll. that the trouble first brewed. Each year Best goes out, into the villages and around the towns, - for the greater glory of the College and the louder praise of God - to chuse men for his Choir. These he culls from every walk of life, mingling scholar and craftsman and leavening the reading man with him of little taste for learning - a nightingale, though drab his coat, being reckoned for his song. It is a fine and generous policy that has built up a Choir worthy even for the shores of Afrique, and it is a policy connived in by the Tutors.

Now in the summer one of these men, entered in error for a Tripos, being not quite classed, the Assistant Tutors (who cannot even tell a middle C) resolved to turn him out - and this although he might have got a pass degree. Whereupon the young man waited upon the Master and threw himself upon the mercy of the Seniors. They agreed to an audition and listened enchanted to a brief and pathetic duet, the Tutor's croaking prosecution falling to the sweet and firm delivery of the appellant in defence. And the Seniors - old men with pity suddenly unmanned - agreed to let him stay.

So the Assistant Tutors are in a frenzy. What would they have the Seniors do? Are they to become an High Court, tied up with red ribbon and precedent, full of pleaders and parchment? Are we to be a College of reading men, poxy and pimply, stewing over the grammars and striving for their Honours like so many destitute virgins? Faugh!

I sit here writing with my feet in the hearth. A. is asleep, Grouch maunders on and my last cask of Marsala lies empty on the floor. These are little men, and now, with the dawn not far away, I see them for the first time as they are. We are all little men, and one day I, Seedy, shall rule the Coll.

Jos. Seedy



Professor F. H. HINSLEY OBE

The Mastership

At a meeting in the Chapel on November 16th 1978, the Fellows pre-elected Professor Francis Harry Hinsley OBE to the office of Master, in succession to Professor Nicholas Mansergh, who retires from the Mastership on July 12th 1979. Our best wishes go with Professor and Mrs Mansergh, who will be remembered with warmth and affection by Johnians and others who met them at the Lodge and at College functions between 1969 and the present. The editors of The Eagle are especially grateful to the retiring Master for permission to print one of his last addresses to members of the College in this issue of the magazine.

Professor Hinsley, President of the College since 1975, has held a Chair in the History of International Relations in the University for the last ten years. He was educated at Queen Mary's Grammar School, Walsall, and at the College of which he is about to become Master. In the autumn of 1939, war having broken out at the end of his second year as an undergraduate, he was recruited into the Foreign Office, and from then until 1946, when he was awarded his OBE, he worked on behalf of the Foreign Office with war-time intelligence organisations. In 1946 he returned to St John's to take up the Research Fellowship into which he had been elected in 1944. He became a Lecturer in History in the University in 1949, and Reader in the History of International Relations in 1965. As many Johnians will recall, he supervised in History from 1946 until 1969, was Director of Studies in History for many of those years, and between 1956 and 1963 was also a Tutor. From 1970 to 1972 he was Chairman of the Faculty Board of History.

Amongst Professor Hinsley's publications in the field of international relations are: Command of the Sea (1950), Hitler's Strategy (1951), Power and the Pursuit of Peace (1963), Sovereignty (1966), and Nationalism and the International System (1973). He has also edited volume XI of the New Cambridge Modern History (1962), and British Foreign Policy under Sir Edward Grey (1977), and between 1960 and 1971 he was editor of The Historical Journal. His current project is a three-volume official history, British Intelligence in the Second World War, the first volume of which is due to be published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office this year.

We take great pleasure in welcoming Professor Hinsley into the Mastership, and offer him and Mrs Hinsley our warmest good wishes for the years to come.

Where long hath knelt...the saintly Foundress

Address by the Master at the Foundation Dinner 25 November 1978

The first Foundation Dinner was held some forty-five years ago in the early years of Mr. Benians' Mastership and largely, I believe, at his inspiration. Then, as now, the Members of the Foundation, the Master, Fellows and Scholars were invited. Glancing at the seating arrangements for past years, many well-known and some most distinguished names are to be noted among the Scholars and I am confident that more will be added from among those here tonight.

While Master, Fellows and Scholars dine together tonight, in recognition of status as members of the Foundation, Scholars are ordinarily neither a secluded nor exclusive body - after all, Scholarships nowadays may go as well as come - but very much a part of a larger community of undergraduates, many of whom are destined, as many of you no doubt will be, for a life of service and responsibility far removed from this not so very cloistered academic setting.

If you cast your eyes around the walls, as no doubt from time to time you do, you may feel disposed to reflect upon the varied and distinguished parts played out by those of our alumni whose portraits hang upon them and you may come to feel, as I have, a certain affinity even with men with whose opinions and actions I would have found myself in lea

Tonight in pride of place come the Scholars, first among them Richard Bentley,[1] a genius of classical learning and a pioneer of Natural Sciences in Cambridge, who came to John's in 1676 when it was the largest College in the University and when no other could offer more; who did not get a Fellowship because two were already held by Yorkshiremen and by Statute three were inadmissible; and who, in 1700, went on to Trinity to play out a turbulent and there never to be forgotten saga as the Master who defeated every device of the Fellows for his ejection in disputes which were said to have lasted a year longer than the Peloponnesian war[2] - how fitting the form of reckoning - but who by way of reinsurance kept, so the Master of Trinity (Lord Butler) told me, a turkey farm at the nearby village of Thriplow, which he persuaded, cajoled or bullied the Bursar into looking after for him. One of Bentley's maxims - no man is written out of a reputation but by himself - was quoted approvingly by Dr Johnson and deserves to be remembered in this place.

But if to my right there hangs the portrait of a former Scholar who was a shade too assertive, to my left there is one of a Scholar who was a shade too diffident. He is John Couch Adams, the astronomer, who discovered Neptune, but who, over-cautious in letting his discovery be known, was anticipated in the public mind by a German rival, who suffered from no such inhibitions. Nearby is Alfred Marshall, the founder of what Thomas Carlyle described as the 'dismal' science of economics and though Marshall's reputation remains, little has happened that would require modification of Carlyle's description of the science. Then immediately below the dais there is Paul Dirac, who won the Nobel

Prize in his early thirties and whose portrait, painted by Michael Noakes last summer, now adorns our walls. Dirac's famous work on *The Principles of Quantum Mechanics* was published by the O.U.P. in 1930. A pirated edition soon afterwards appeard in Russia to which there was added a preface warning scientists that the book did not always 'conform to the principles of dialectical materialism and should be handled with care'.[3]

Associated with the Scholars are the great benefactors of Scholarships in this place, two outstanding among them Churchmen, Bishop Fisher our co-Founder, who in 1535 perished on the scaffold for the older Faith, and Bishop Williams, who succeeded Francis Bacon as Lord Keeper of the Seal, and whose witty discourse delighted James I, but to his more serious-minded son seemed to betoken unsoundness, not least in matters of religion. To Williams we are indebted for our splendid Library, which Pevsner has written of as one of the first sustained essays in neo-Gothic in this country. Benefactors of scholarship among the laity include Sir Ralph Hare, who provided in his time for the maintenance of 30 poor Scholars and whose portrait hangs in the gallery to the east, balancing that of Williams in his black cloak and hat to the west side of it, and Sir Noah Thomas painted by Romney and serving also as a reminder that, while some men by high distinction find a lasting place in the College Hall, there are others who do so, because of the splendid eighteenth century coat and waistcoat they were wearing, when painted by a great artist.

But while, and especially this evening, we reflect first upon the special place of scholars and those who in their generosity provided for them, we do well also to recall that it is in the tradition of the College to nourish those who played a part in a wider world. What a range there was even if one thinks only of those whose portraits hang in this Hall! First in time one thinks of the elder Cecil, William, later Lord Burleigh, who came here in 1535, when St John's was deemed to be 'the most famous place of education in England'. He went on to serve for long years as the first Elizabeth's esteemed adviser, and, as such, a principal contriver of the compromise religious settlement embodied in the Church of England, the portrait of whose present, and first Johnian Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Coggan not unfittingly, hangs beside his own. The greatest of Whig historians paid ambivalent tribute to Burleigh. He was, judged Macaulay,[4] of the willow, not the oak. Wherever there was a safe course, Burleigh was safe; he was kindly and never put anyone to the rack unless it seemed likely that useful information could be thereby extracted; he was rigorous and careful of the public interest, without, however, neglecting his own, leaving three hundred distinct landed estates to his heirs.

Nearby the life-size portrait by Van Diepenbeck of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford, Lord President of the North, Lord Deputy of Ireland - and associated with Archbishop Laud from St John's College, Oxford in what is sometimes called Charles the First's "Eleven Years Tyranny" - is a replica of the famous portrait by Van Dyck which so moved Macaulay that, swept along but not away, on the swelling tide of his own hyperbole, he penned perhaps the most memorable of all his character sketches. 'Wentworth', he wrote,[5] 'who ever names him without thinking of those harsh dark features, ennobled by their expression into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein, as in a chronicle, are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years, high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne; of that fixed look, so full of severity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems

at once to forbode and to defy a terrible fate, as it lowers on us from the living canvas of Vandyke? Even at this day the haughty earl overawes posterity as he overawed his contemporaries... This great, brave, bad man..!'

There are others as famous in our XIXth century gallery - William Wilberforce, the saintly slave trade abolitionist; Castlereagh, earnest in peace-making amid the frivolities of Vienna after the Napoleonic Wars; and Palmerston, remembered for an Irish jauntiness, which A.J.P. Taylor believes commended him so much to English people, as well as a mastery of gun-boat diplomacy - not a facile art, as I know from reading some of his detailed instructions to gun-boat captains, all in his own hand, specifying with exactitude the rare eventuality in which the gun should actually be fired. Both the Harolds, Macmillan and Wilson, thought him the greatest of Prime Ministers. We had two other Prime Ministers in the XIXth century, Goderich and Aberdeen of whom none would venture to claim so much. Goderich, an amiable, upright, irresolute man is said to have had the art of enlivening dry, financial topics with felicitous classical allusions; Aberdeen, a cultivated and kindly man, of whom a rewarding biography[6] was published this summer, had the experience on going down at the age of eighteen of dining with Napoleon, by whose charm he was captivated, and Josephine at Malmaison - this was during the short peace in 1802. Fifty years later, however, his reputation foundered among Crimean miscalculations and he is best remembered for a solitary saying: 'no government could be too Liberal provided it did not abandon its Conservative character'. His armorial bearings are in the lower oriel window - where virtually none can see them! That cannot be remedied - may be as well.

And finally we have our poets - one Matthew Prior, whose portrait, judged by the Surveyor of the Queen's pictures to be of unusual interest and merit, shows him as Ambassador bearing his credentials *au Roi très Chrétien*, Louis XIV, in the new-found splendour of Versailles. The Treaty of Utrecht, which ended the war of the Spanish succession, was condemned by the populace as 'Matt's peace'; by the more sophisticated as 'the peace which passeth all understanding'.[7] The other, the most loved as well as the most illustrious of our *alumni*, was William Wordsworth, who thus apostrophised his own portrait:[8]

> Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
> Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;
> And if Time spare the colours for the grace
> Which to the work surpassing skill, hath dealt,
> Thou, on thy rock reclined, though Kingdoms melt
> And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
> To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
> And think and feel as once the Poet felt.'

The saintly Foundress - yes - but more also. Elizabeth the great-neice of William Wordsworth was the first Principal of the first women's College in Oxford and, mindful of her great-uncle's College and, I like to think, of the lines which I quoted, suggested that it be named Lady Margaret Hall. The Lady Margaret was the Foundress of great Foundations dedicated to the advancement of learning; 'she was a gentlewoman, a scholar, and a saint and after being married three times' and bearing five children, the eldest being the future King Henry VII, before she was thirty, 'she took a vow of celibacy. What more', asked Elizabeth Wordsworth, 'could be expected of any woman!'[9] What indeed?

There are countless others. But those I have mentioned may suffice to give an impression of the range of service and of interests of earlier generations of *alumni* who went out from this, the greatest of the Lady Margaret's Foundations, to a wider world. What brought them together in this place was education and the pursuit of learning and it is because these things are at the heart of our institutional being that scholars have had the special place in our society which is here acknowledged this evening. On this last occasion on which I shall have the privilege of addressing such a gathering may I express my hope and my confidence that you in your turn will sustain and strengthen a great tradition of learning and of service.

P.N.S.M.

Notes:

1. R.J. White (M.A. 1931) of this College, Fellow of Downing 1946-71, wrote a biography, *Dr Bentley: a study in academic scarlet* (1965)
2. By Professor R.C. Jebb in his article on Bentley in the D.N.B. Vol. IV. (1885).
3. Peter Sutcliffe, *The Oxford University Press, An Informal History*, (1978), p.229.
4. *Lord Macaulay's Essays*, (New editio pp.222-237.
5. ibid. 'John Hampden', p.204.
6. L. Iremonger, *Lord Aberdeen*, (1978).
7. Prior wrote self-deprecatingly of his role:

   'In the vile Utrecht Treaty too
   Poor man! he found enough to do.'

   In fact the Treaty proved rather a good one!
8. *Poetical Works*, (O.U.P. 1969), p.219. The portrait was painted by W. Pickersgill at Rydal Mount for the College.
9. Georgina Battiscombe, *Reluctant Pioneer. A life of Elizabeth Wordsworth*, (1978), p.75.

Records of the Foundress

During Michaelmas Term 1978 an exhibition of documents about Lady Margaret Beaufort and her benefactions to Cambridge, was held, in co-operation with Christ's College and the University Archives, in the University Library. A list of exhibits, half of which were from the archives of St John's, follows this article. Formal items such as letters patent, agreements and bonds were arranged with extracts from household accounts, inventories and memoranda covering the period 1472 to 1511, when the Florentine sculptor Torrigiani gave a bond to Margaret's executors for work on her tomb.

We owe the presence of these and other records of the foundress in our archives to the fact that John Fisher, her confessor and executor, was mainly responsible for proving her will for the foundation of the college and carrying it out. To do so took over two years of careful work, frustrations and delays while the claims of the complex authority of church and state were answered and appeased. Some of the documents used in that wearisome task stretch back far beyond the day of Margaret's death. All help to throw light on the career of a woman whom Fisher, speaking from deep regard, called 'bounteous and lyberal to every person of her knowledge or acquaintance'.

The 'lady modyr to the kinge' spent her last years in the security of her son Henry VII's rule. Yet she had wept to see him crowned, fearful, says Fisher[1], that great triumph would be followed by great disaster. Such a trait was very natural in one who had known both extremes and whose life had been changeful and insecure. Until the accession of her son in 1485 Margaret had been drawn deeply into dynastic politics through her position as a marriageable heiress, and at her death had survived four husbands.

She was born in 1441, the daughter of the duke of Somerset grandson of John of Gaunt and great-grandson of Edward III. After her father's sudden death in 1444 she became a ward of the duke of Suffolk, mentor of Henry VI. Wardship, like other feudal controls, could be used for politics and profit, and she was soon involved in the troubles of the unsteady Lancastrian throne. The angry Commons claimed in 1450 that Suffolk had made a marriage for her with his son in order to strengthen his claim to the crown. True or not, the marriage was subsequently held a nullity, and after Suffolk's fall Margaret's wardship was granted to the king's half-brothers, Jasper Tudor and Edmund Tudor Earl of Richmond. She subsequently married Edmund and by him bore the future Henry VII. Edmund died before his son was born and in three years, by July 1460, she was married again to Henry Stafford younger son of the duke of Buckingham.

The defeat of Lancaster and the first period of Yorkist rule from 1461 saw her early history repeated in her son's, who was put into the tutelage of a household favoured by the Yorkist king. Although she was herself protected as a royal kinswoman, she could not prevent the lands which would compose her son's inheritance being annexed to the rival branch of the royal house. In 1471 the second Lancastrian defeat and the death of Henry VI's son increased her own son's importance - and

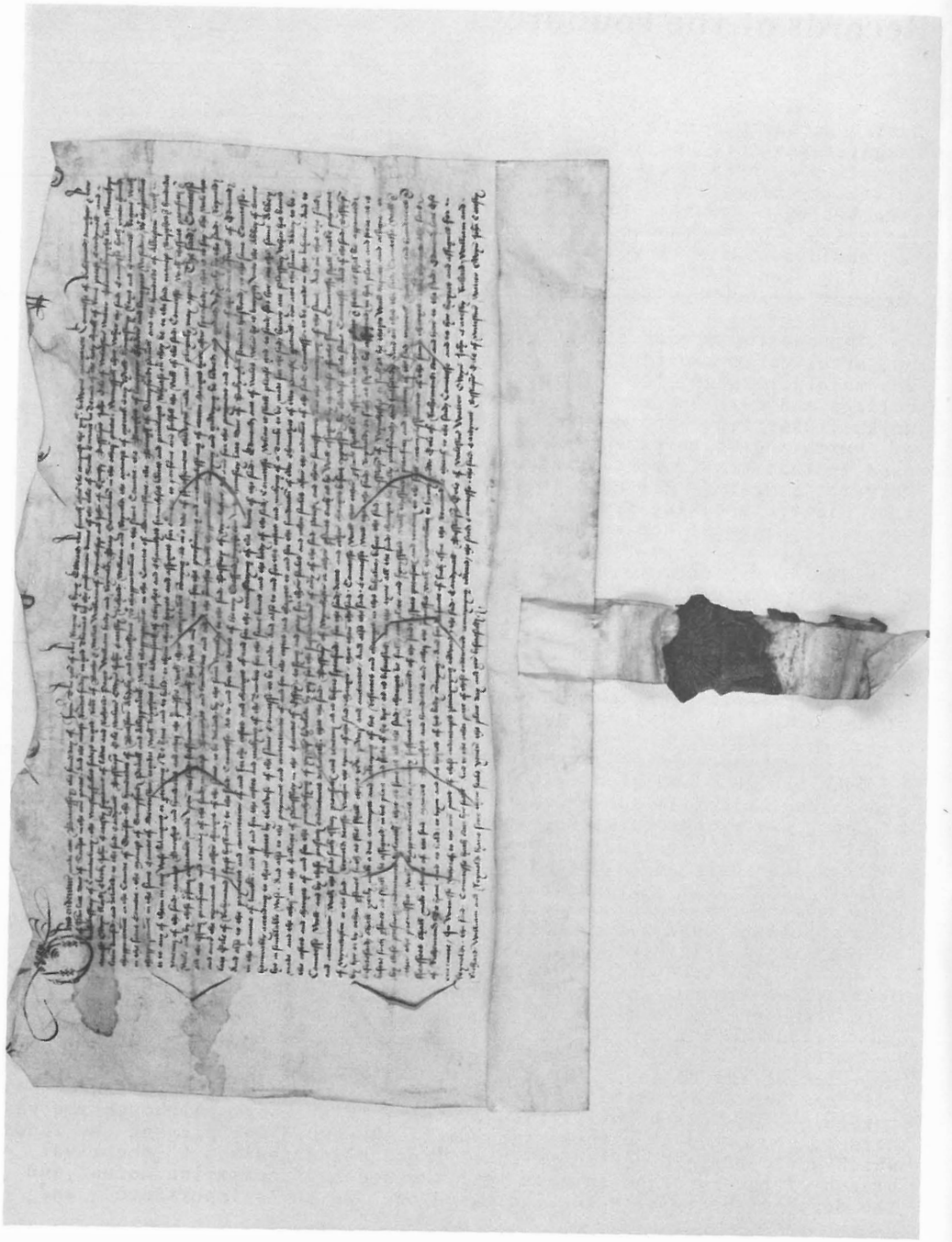


Fig. 1 Declaration of Uses, 2 June 1472.

risk - as next claimant: he fled the country, possibly on Margaret's advice.

The same year her third husband died. The date of his death has frequently been given as 1482, on the grounds that his will was proved that year. On the seventh of October 1471, however, the second duke of Buckingham the first duke's grandson, obtained licence to enter the estates of his dead uncle Sir Henry Stafford.[2] The college archives contain grants of land to Margaret made in 1472 by her next and final husband. This was her third cousin, Lord Stanley, a man prepared to serve the ruling Yorkist house. They are mentioned as married by the act for resumption of royal estates in 1473 from which their lands were exempted. The earlier misdating led Margaret's biographer to place the marriage ten years later,[3] but a document in our archives makes clear that they were husband and wife in 1478 (See exhibit 4).

One document from this critical time in Margaret's life shows her settling the past and trying to secure the future. On the twenty-sixth of May 1472 she had granted her west country estates to trustees to perform the uses of her will. On the second of June she drew up a declaration of those uses as they then stood (see exhibit 2 and fig. 1). They were, firstly, the payment of debts of her dead husbands Edmund and Henry and the endowment of chantries for their souls. Secondly, when these obligations were discharged, the trustees were to make an estate of the lands for Henry's inheritance, and in default of his heirs for those of Margaret.

The grant of the twenty-sixth of May was made by licence of the Yorkist king Edward[4] and on the twelfth of June his supporter Stanley granted lands to his new wife, who took possession of them the same day (See exhibit 3). We do not know whether Edward then knew of Margaret's reservation of the inheritance of Henry, his rival, but the king was present at an agreement involving it ten years later. This was arranged to make a new settlement in anticipation of the reversion to Margaret of lands held by her mother, the duchess of Somerset.

On the third of June 1482 Margaret and her husband witnessed to 'certain appointements and agreements made in the highe presens of oure ....soveraigne Lorde' concerning their estates.[5] By this deed Stanley explicitly promised not to interfere with the settlement of her west country lands made before their marriage. She was guaranteed a large estate for her own use for life, including three hundred marks worth (about £200 in the money of the time) for her wardrobe and the wages of her household. In return she was to grant Stanley a life interest in her own estates. When her mother the duchess's estates fell due Henry 'called Earl of Richmond' was to share them with Margaret, upon certain conditions. These were his return to England 'to be in the grace and favour of the king's highness' within the duchess's lifetime. If he failed to return, the estates were to be divided equally between Margaret and Stanley for their lives.

Looked at in the dynastic context the document shows Edward's attempt to bring Henry back to England, either to win him over or with a deadlier purpose. The King had always been conciliatory to Margaret personally; whether she now trusted him is an open question. The chronicler Bernard André gives her an active secret role in opposing Edward on an earlier occasion. According to him, it was Margaret who warned Henry not to return to England when the king offered him one of his daughters in marriage.[6]

As events turned out Henry did not return until he came with an army, when a conspiracy against the usurper Richard gave him a chance to claim his inheritance. The chronicle evidence for Margaret's part in the conspiracy has been recently discussed.[7] If she wished at any time for Henry's marriage with a Yorkist heiress, as Hall the chronicler described, she must have been relieved to see this take place when her son was himself king and prospects, though still not completely secure, were brighter.

It was natural that in the new political settlement made by Henry VII his mother should be highly favoured. His letters patent of the twenty-second of March 1486/7 granted her property in every region of England. Among the many lands and lordships was the manor of Colyweston, Northamptonshire, where she improved the manor house, and Manorbier in Wales the advowson of which she later presented to Christ's College (see exhibit 28). The generous present was really a restoration made out of the Tudor-Richmond inheritance which mother and son had sought to preserve. It was also a kind of trust for the crown, since the crown would be the principal heir of a woman now forty-five whose only son was the king. The lands in the west country secured in 1472 and now confirmed to her would still fall to the crown when the legacies of her last will were discharged, whatever shape that last will might take. This Bishop Fisher was to find to his cost when he came to apply revenue from those lands to the use of St John's.

As the political scene quietened we glimpse Margaret 'lady modyr to the kinge' wielding an influence proportionate to her great possessions, in an age when land was the real currency of power. A Bishop might owe his promotion to her, an abbey receive a grant of property at her request, or the papacy itself request her help in a matter of patronage (see exhibit 6). She used her position both as princess and benefactor to arrange an agreement between the town and university of Cambridge in 1503 (see exhibit 12) when her influence there was already well established.

Her court was a centre of the judicial activity inseparable from great lordships: the college possesses a decree of her council made in 1507 at Colyweston affecting the title to lands held in chief.[8] Within her household, Fisher tells us in his Mornynge Remembraunce (see exhibit 31), she was active and astute: 'If any faccyons [factions] or bendes [bands] were made secretly amongst her hede offycers, she with grete polycye did boulte [sort] it oute'. These officers of Margaret's sometimes found favour and employment with the king, as in the cases of Reginald Bray and Christopher Urswyke. There must have been constant traffic between the two establishments: a college document of 1502 shows her chamberlain receiving the fine of a knighthood for the king's use.[9]

The discipline of her household according to Fisher, reflected that of her daily life. Its domestic ritual - the public reading of statutes, the annual showing and revision of her will at Christmas - was matched by a ritual of religious observance in which some of her servants shared. This pattern, a lay counterpart of the monastic *horarium*, was adopted by others of her time and sometimes helped by books of private devotion. The Book of Hours used by Margaret was acquired by the college in 1901 (see exhibit 1). Fisher traces the outworking of this inward pattern in her hospitality to guests and in her alms to the poor (see exhibit 7). For him and his age Margaret was noble in many senses — in her lineage, her rank and the qualities of her life — and all were expounded for his hearers' edification.

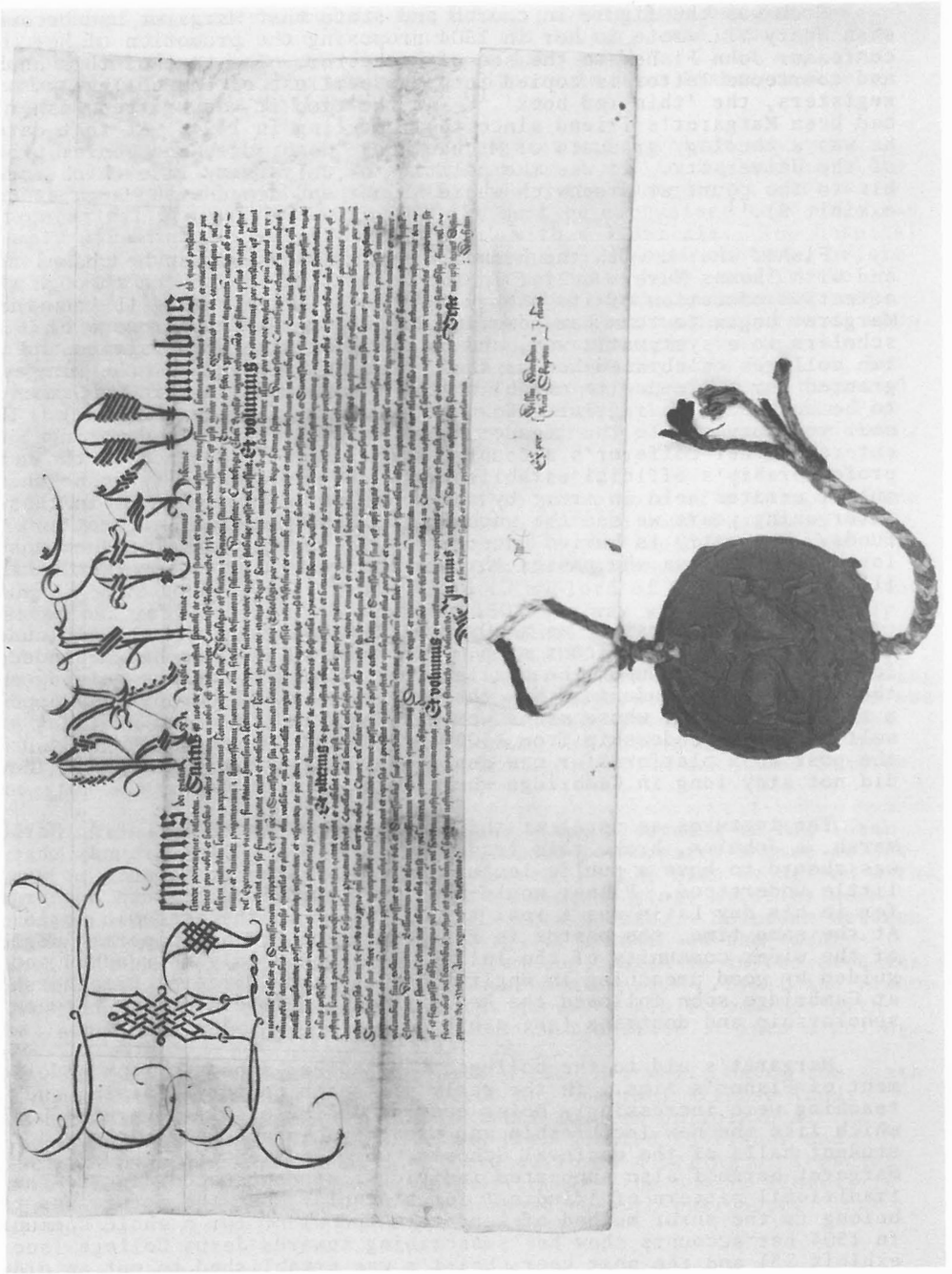


Fig. 2. Letters Patent for the Lady Margaret Readership, 1 March 1497.

Such was the figure in church and state that Margaret had become when Henry VII wrote to her in 1504 proposing the promotion of her confessor John Fisher to the see of Rochester. The text of this humble and courteous letter is copied into the earliest of the college's registers, the 'thin red book'.[10] At the time it was written Fisher had been Margaret's friend since their meeting in 1494. At that date he was a theology graduate of Michaelhouse Cambridge, and senior proctor of the University. It was the politics of university life which took him to the court at Greenwich where he met and dined with Margaret (see exhibit 9).[11]

Fisher shared with the humanist Erasmus whose cause he championed and with Thomas More a belief in the renewal of the church through the effective education of its clergy. As a result of coming to know him Margaret began to turn her powerful resources to the patronage of scholars in a systematic way, and by her death the universities and two colleges celebrated her as their benefactor. In 1497 the king granted her a licence to establish the first professorship in Cambridge to be secured by a regular endowment (see exhibit 10 and fig. 2). The next year payment to the 'reader in my lady's lecture in Cambridge' was entered in her cofferer's accounts, three years in advance of the professorship's official establishment. It was eventually to be endowed out of estates held in trust by the abbey of Westminster but in these intervening years we see the wage coming directly from Margaret's funds. The entry is buried unceremoniously among the various expenses for her journey as she passes through the eastern counties (see exhibit 11).

For the university, as at Oxford where she made a parallel foundation, it was a significant step. The medieval Schools had depended for their lectures upon the availability of regent masters relying on the fees of the students. Now the university could corporately appoint a special lecturer whose means were independently secured. Fisher himself held the readership from 1502 and in 1511 his friend Erasmus used the post as a platform for new departures in exposition, although he did not stay long in Cambridge where he was not at ease.

The lectures as usual at the time were delivered in Latin: Herbert Marsh, a Johnian, broke this tradition in 1809[12] on the grounds that it was absurd to have a public lecture so badly attended because it was so little understood. Fisher would have been surprised at such a charge for in his day Latin was a real *lingua franca* in the academic world. At the same time, the pastor in Fisher was too strong to permit neglect of the wider community of the laity. This could only be reached and guided by good preaching in English; so the Lady Margaret Preachership at Cambridge soon followed the Readership, a deliberate link between scholarship and doctrine (see exhibit 14).

Margaret's aid to the colleges was another aspect of her endorsement of Fisher's aims. In the early sixteenth century learning and teaching were increasingly being centred on these self-governing bodies, which like the new lectureship and preachership and unlike the old student halls of the medieval Schools, were endowed with lands. Margaret herself also supported individual students according to the traditional pattern of 'finding' for a scholar, but the future was to belong to the surer method of long-term endowment for a whole community. In 1504 her accounts show her subscribing towards Jesus College (see exhibit 23) and the next year Christ's was established to put an older foundation for the training of grammar masters on a wider and more secure footing. The main influence on the statutes of Christ's was Fisher's, but Margaret regarded this foundation as very much her own.

She endowed it, contributed to its fabric profits from her estates, signed its statutes, made donations to its library, and reserved chambers in the college for her own use (see exhibits 25 *et seq*). During 1505 Margaret also used her influence to have Fisher made President of Queens' College.

The last foundation with which Margaret was involved was our own. Here, as in the case of Christ's, the proposal was to replace an older foundation, the decayed hospital of St John the Evangelist, with a stronger college on the same site. It must be emphasised that this was simply a re-foundation or 'translation' with a wider aim. The hospital had housed scholars for a short time in the thirteenth century, before their migration to found Peterhouse as a separate body, and in the fifteenth had been admitted to the privileges of the university. By 1505, however, the number of brethren had declined to four, one of whom was the hospital's vicar at Horningsea and another the non-resident master. Links with the Cambridge academic community were tenuous, but a stronger bond was maintained with the Bishop of Ely who was regarded as the hospital's *ex-officio* founder and patron. A bull from the Pope and the Bishop's consent were necessary before the translation could be done.

The preliminary moves in what was to prove more of a struggle than Fisher yet realised may already have been made in 1505-6. These were concerned with the removal of the hospital's non-resident master. The accounts kept by one of the two brethren in residence show expenses 'when I went to my lady's grace[13] and to my lord of Canterbury when the master had resigned'.[14] In February 1508 the way was cleared legally by a deed sealed by the Bishop of Ely declaring the master's removal and the vacancy of his post.[15] The hospital's property and administration were now vested in the Bishop's vicar-general and others including John Fotehed and Henry Hornby. Hornby was Margaret's chancellor and was to become master of Peterhouse after her death; Fotehed had succeeded Fisher in the mastership of Michaelhouse. The Bishop himself was to some extent in the wide net of her patronage, for he was James Stanley her step-son.

The matter was thus already in hand when, according to his later deposition,[16] the Bishop of Ely was summoned to Margaret's side at Hatfield about twelve months before her death. At the time he agreed with her plan for the new college; at some subsequent stage articles were drawn up between them to which we shall return later. Sometime between the twenty-second of April 1509 and Margaret's death on the twenty-ninth of June a draft conveyance was drawn up, which is in the archives and which no-one seems previously to have mentioned.[17] By it the Bishop agrees to transfer the hospital and its goods to his stepmother with the intent that she or her executors should translate it into a college.

Before any more was done Margaret died. Her will, dated the sixth of June, declared that estates in Devon and Somerset - those lands guarded since 1472 - had been put in trust for its performance. In addition lands in Northamptonshire had been granted to Fisher and others to the same ends in 1505. There followed a string of legacies to her existing foundations and to individuals—the public liberality expected of and praised in a person commanding s
was the sum, originally, of her written will.

It was generous, but not generous enough for the new foundation. Her verbal intent to found St John's had not been expressed. It had to be added along with extra provisions concerning her other foundations in an anonymous codicil shortly afterwards. The point has been made

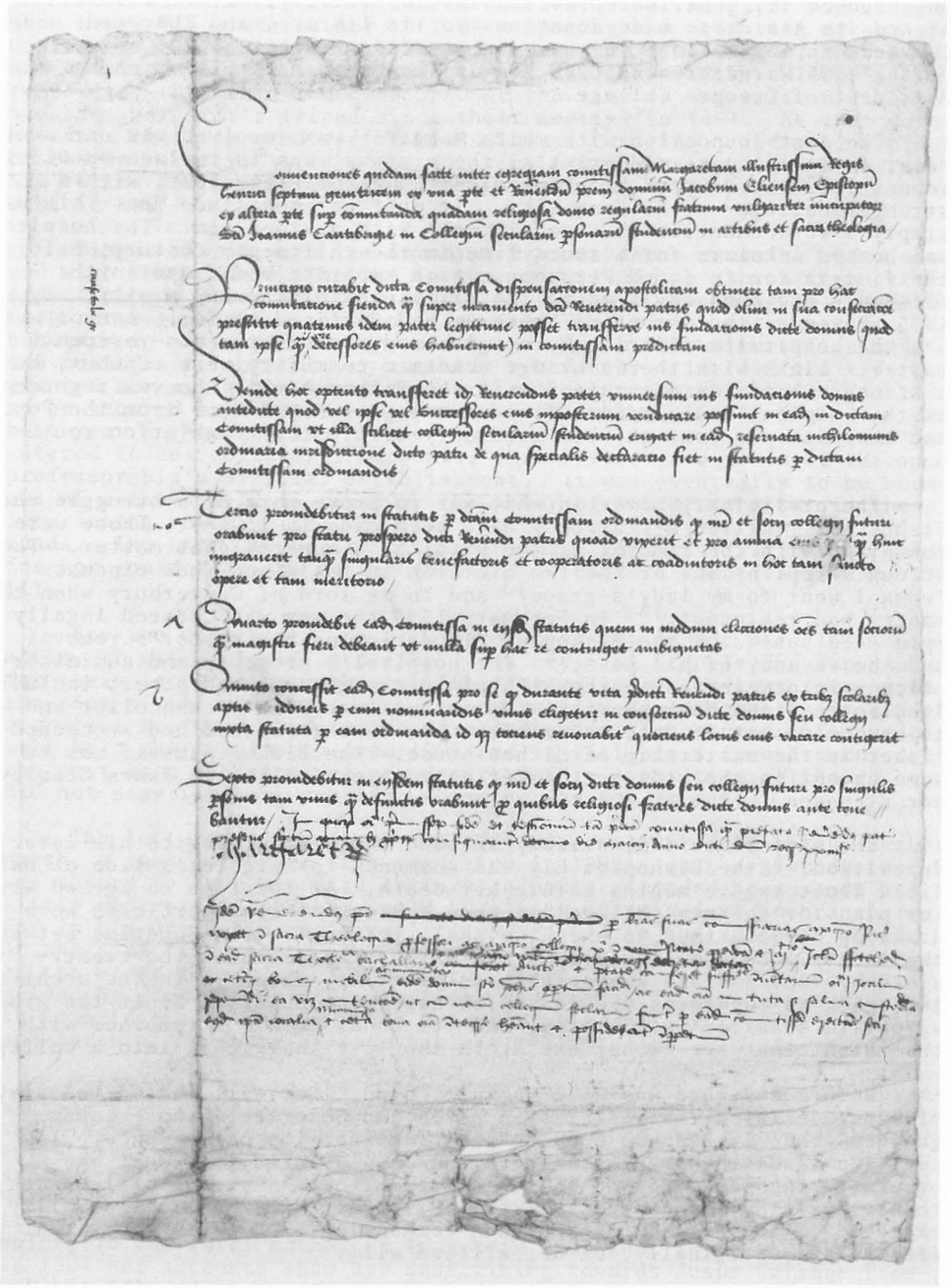


Fig. 3. Agreement for the foundation of St John's College, signed by Lady Margaret, dated 10 March 1509.

that verbal wills were at that date considered quite as respectable as written ones[18] provided the intent could be proved. The writing of a will, like the writing of a deed, was held to be evidence of legal fact, not fact itself. Humphrey Coningsby, one of Margaret's closest counsellors, deposed later that at Christmas-time before her death, at the annual revision of her will, she had shown him an agreement between her and the Bishop of Ely signed with his own hand. Either that was regarded by her as sufficient evidence of her intention, or for some reason she never got round to a final amendment of her will.

Whatever the reason matters became steadily more difficult after her death, as her executors tried to pilot her intentions through courts and government departments. The experience wearied Fisher to a degree that is still apparent in a memorandum on these difficulties written long after the events.[19] As a former master has remarked in his elegant study of Fisher, without Margaret's support the founding of St John's was a less pleasant task than that of Christ's.[20] With the court of Henry VII and his mother behind him wheels were oiled and events flowed smoothly: under Henry VIII it was another matter to run the gauntlet of Westminster alone.

The first difficulties were caused according to Fisher by the delay of the Bishop of Ely in carrying out the agreement made with his stepmother. It is not clear precisely when he began to resist, but his resistance was linked with that of the brethren of the hospital who refused to be removed from their ancient house. A detailed reconstruction of these events can be attempted with the help of the College's records.

We do not have the version of her agreement which Margaret showed to her servant at Christmas 1508. Our earliest copy is one signed by her alone before the tenth of March 1509 (see exhibit 35 and fig. 3). It took the form of a bargain between her and her stepson in six articles designed at once to promote the college and safeguard the Bishop's traditional rights in the hospital. By it Margaret agreed to obtain a papal licence to dissolve the old house, and the Bishop to transfer his rights and those of his successors in it to her to found a college. His jurisdiction as Bishop was to be reserved, but the exercise of it would be circumscribed by the college's statutes. The Bishop was to be remembered in prayer by the college as its second founder and all the benefactors to the hospital were to be commemorated by the college. A specific expression of his position as founder was given in article five by which he had the right to nominate three scholars, one of whom would be elected to a college fellowship.

Two clauses were added after Margaret signed this agreement, as is apparent by the position of these roughly written entries relative to her signature. One was a clause of attestation bearing the date the tenth of March 1509 and inserted above it. By the other the Bishop undertook to make an inventory of the hospital's effects and give them safe custody until their transfer to the new foundation. On or just after the fourteenth of March a second version of the agreement (see fig. 4) was drawn up with the two extra clauses written in to the body of the text, the date being given as the fourteenth.[21] It was not signed by Margaret, but by the Bishops of Ely, Winchester and Rochester and two officers of Margaret's household, Henry Hornby and Hugh Assheton. Clause five in the original text of this version had been changed to the Bishop's disadvantage, but the change had been hidden by a later correction to which we shall return. Below are printed first the version signed by Margaret and next the obscured text of this second version.

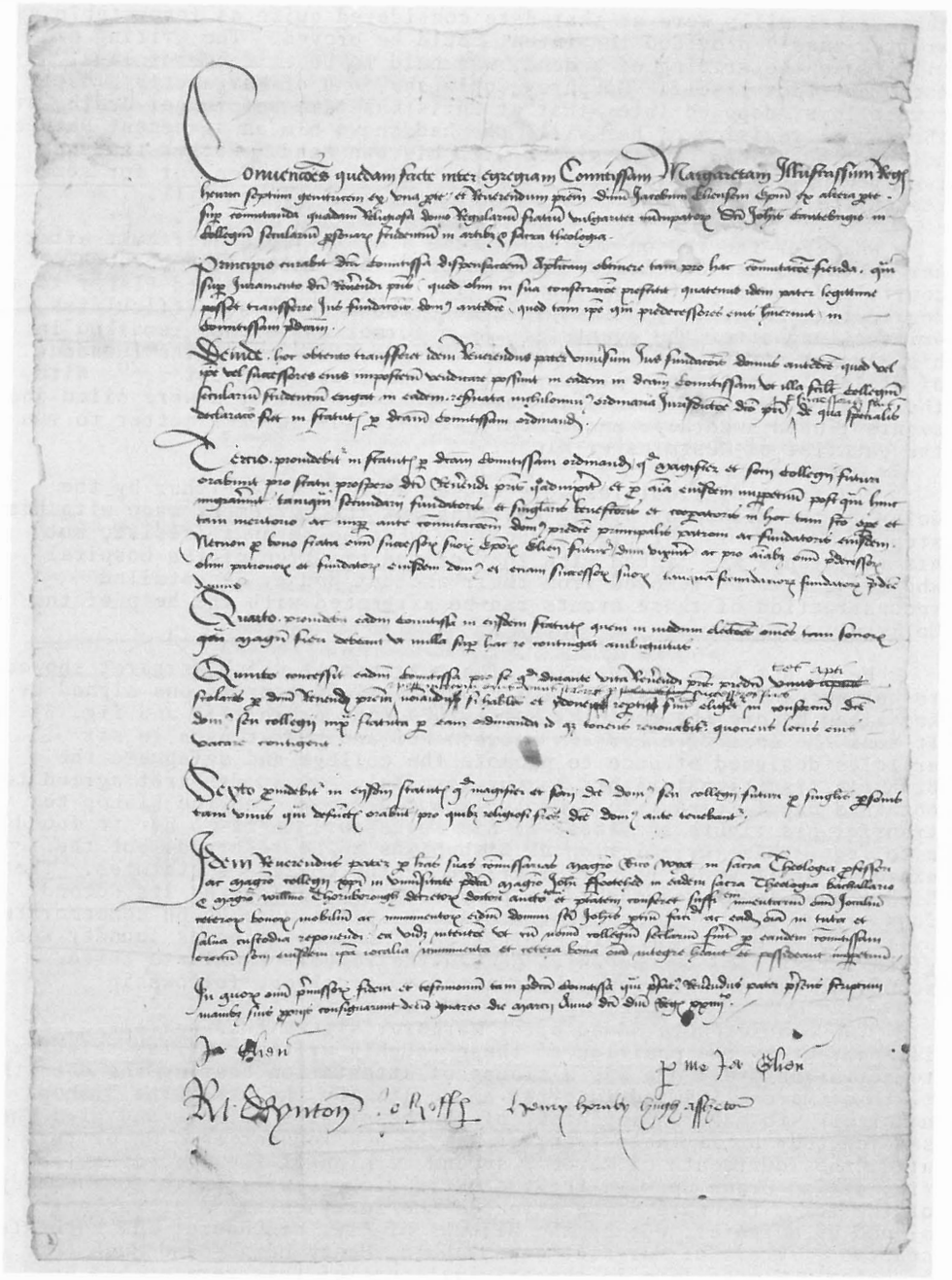


Fig. 4. Agreement for the foundation of St John's College, signed by the Bishop of Ely and others, 14 March 1509.

A 10 March 1509 (fig. 3)

'Quinto concessit eadem comitissa [Margaret] pro se quod durante vita reverendi patris predicti [the Bishop] ex tribus scolaribus aptis (et) idoneis per eum nominandis unus eligetur in consocium dicte domus seu collegii iuxta statuta per eam ordinanda id que totiens renovabitur quotiens locus eius vacare contigerit.'

B 14 March 1509 (fig. 4)

'Quinto ... durante vita reverendi patris predicti unus aptus scolaris per dictum reverendum patrem nominandus si habilis et ydoneus repertus fuerit eligetur in consocium dicte domus ... contigerit.'

Only one scholar was mentioned in B as coming within the Bishop's nomination, and a stronger provision testing his competence (si habilis et ydoneus repertus fuerit) had been inserted. The agreement with clause five in the form B was ready for sealing on 30 July 1509. A paper copy of its ratification, purporting to be sealed by the Bishop on that date and approved though not sealed, by his chapter, is in the archives.[22] No engrossed version of this has come to light.

In December 1509, according to the accounts of Henry Hornby, bricks were already being ordered for the new college and on the thirteenth of January 1510 two clerks sat up all night writing out documents to be used 'to make the foundation of St John's College'.[23] An entry for the twentieth of January refers to a bond given to the brethren of the hospital which presumably guaranteed them some future security, but precisely what is not stated. The same entry mentions possession being taken of the college, which is startling since final possession does not seem to have been gained until exactly a year later in 1511. Nevertheless the words concern the first, not the second, year of Henry VIII.

Sometime after this the brethren sent Hornby a message saying they would not consent to the alteration of their house: we can now see that plans for this were already well advanced. Hornby replied on the nineteenth of February urging them to leave the hospital for the good of the university.[24]

By the end of February things were again moving on the Bishop's side. On the twenty-second a London scrivener had written out the Bishop's indentures with the executors which were finally sealed by him and his chapter between the seventh and twelfth of March 1510. By these the terms of the agreement of the fourteenth of March 1509 were changed again. Clause five was amended to recover the Bishop's advantage: the number of his scholars was again raised to three and all were now to proceed to fellowships. It was not an unqualified victory however since the condition of competence 'si habiles et ydonei reperti fuerint' remained in this final version. The agreement of the fourteenth of March was itself corrected to accord with the change, and two other draft versions of the agreement in the archives[25] reflect stages in the process.

The brethren's cause now began to crumble. A sum was paid on the twenty-third of May for the appeasing of all differences between the Bishop and Margaret's executors. On the fifteenth of December, after a valid bull for the new college had arrived from the Pope, the Bishop wrote to the brethren telling them that he could do no more.[26] He promised them pensions, which were already reserved to them in the bull and they were removed to Ely on the twelfth of March 1511. The settlement with them may have caused anguish but it was not a bad one. Their

pensions amounted to much more than the stipends of the first fellows in residence, and continued to be accounted for by the college at least until 1514. This may well be what Fisher was remembering later when he wrote that agreement with the Bishop had been to 'our great charge'. On the ninth of April 1511 the foundation charter of the new college was sealed.

The agreement which began the process was that which Humphrey Coningsby remembered having seen at Hatfield at Christmas in 1508. Today Margaret and Fisher would still recognise some features of their design. Its present day inheritors, however, only partly share their inspiration. That - as the articles of the agreement show - was as much to do with prayers for the dead as with learning for the living, with spiritual continuity as with educational innovation. All Margaret's foundations, including the readership and preachership, were also chantries for her soul and for those of her kindred. In that respect their aim was no different from that of the religious brotherhoods she and Fisher joined (see exhibit 5) or from her chantry in Westminster Abbey. For Margaret as for her confessor the impulse to foster learning was one with that to save themselves and an imperilled world.

This is not to deny that her interest in learning was genuine and strong. She shared with her mother both her deep personal piety and an interest in books, inheriting from her French translations of Lucan, Sallust and Suetonius.[27] Margaret's piety and talents were united in her own translation from French of a devotional work 'The Mirror of Gold', published by Richard Pynson in 1507. Wynkyn de Worde, another great printer, also received her patronage and was able to style himself by her appointment in the last year of her life. Learned piety was surely one of the pillars of Margaret and Fisher's deep friendship. Both were concerned for the education of the faithful, whether through lecturing, preaching or the printing press.

Both also felt something peculiar to their own time: a fear for the safety of Christendom as Islam began its expansion into Eastern Europe. He reports her as saying once that if the princes of Christendom would unite on a crusade she would go with them to wash their clothes, for the love of Jesus. The antiquary Fuller thought that she performed a more acceptable work for God in her academic foundations. We cannot be sure that Margaret would have echoed this view, but there is no doubt which aspect of her piety has had more relevance for her successors.

M.G. Underwood (College Archivist)

Notes:

1. Quoted by C.H. Cooper, *The Lady Margaret*, (Cambridge 1874) p.32.
2. *Calendar of Patent Rolls 1467-77*, p. 298
3. Cooper, *op. cit.*,pp. 19-20.
4. *Cal. Pat. Rolls 1467-77*, p.339; SJC Archives 56.205.
5. SJC Archives 56.158.
6. E.M.G. Routh, *The Lady Margaret*, (O.U.P.,1924) p.33 note 1.
7. A. Hanham, *Richard III and His Early Historians 1483-1535*, (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1975) p.203, note 3.
8. SJC Archives 91.18.
9. SJC Archives 56.213.
10. See the calendar in Thomas Baker's *History of St John's College* ed. J.E.B. Mayor, (Cambridge, 1869), vol I p.344 No. 39.
11. E.E. Reynolds, *Saint John Fisher*, (Anthony Clarke, 1955; revd.1977) pp.8-9.

12. See Baker, *op. cit.*, vol II p.780.
13. Possibly Margaret. The brethren no doubt wanted a speedy new election which would save their house, as nearly happened later at Higham, Kent (SJC Archives 10.12.6)
14. SJC Archives 102.3.
15. SJC Archives 3.75
16. SJC Archives 6.21; printed in R.F. Scott, *Records of St John's College*, fourth series, pp.216-50.
17. SJC Archives 6.10.
18. By Edward Miller in *Portrait of a College*, (C.U.P.,1961), p.3.
19. Registered in the Thin Red Book, fols. 38-40.
20. E.A. Benians, *John Fisher*, (C.U.P.,1935), p.21.
21. SJC Archives 6.5.
22. SJC Archives 6.23.
23. SJC Archives 57.34
24. SJC Archives 105.94, printed in R.F. Scott, *Records of St John's College*, first series, (from *Eagle* vol.xvi no. 93), pp.3-4.
25. SJC Archives 6.2 and 6.3.
26. SJC Archives 105.96; printed in R.F. Scott *op. cit.*, pp.2-3.
27. Routh, *op. cit.*, p.30.

Appendix: List of Exhibits

1. Book of Hours (manual for private devotions) owned by Lady Margaret; opened at fol.12b:

   My good lady Shyrley pray for
   me that gevythe yow thys book
   Y herteley pray yow; Margaret
   modyr to the kynge'

   SJC MSS, James 264 n.d.15th C.

2. Declaration of uses by Lady Margaret concerning property in Somerset and Devon granted to trustees for the performance of her first will, later revoked. The issues of the property were to defray the debts of her second and third husbands (Edmund Tudor and Sir Henry Stafford), to provide tombs for them and for her, and to found chantries at their sites (Plesshey, Essex and Bourne Abbey, Lincolnshire); the reversion of the property was to Henry her son, the future Henry VII.

   SJC Archives 56.195 1472

3. Letter of attorney by the Lady Margaret to Gilbert Gilpyn and Thomas Atkyns to take seisin from Thomas Lord Stanley of the Castle of Hawarden, Cheshire and lands in Cheshire and Nottinghamshire; this was property granted as part of the settlement at Margaret's marriage to Lord Stanley.

   SJC Archives 56.157 1472

4. Grant by the prior and general chapter of the Carthusian order to Thomas Lord Stanley, Margaret his wife, Elianor his former wife now deceased, to Sir Thomas Stanley, his wife Johanna and their children, of participation in all the benefits of the order's spiritual life.

   SJC Archives 56.185 1478

5. Admission of Lady Margaret to confraternity of the Order of Friars Observant.

   SJC Archives 56.208 1497

6. Letter from Pope Alexander VI to Lady Margaret, asking her favour for his domestic secretary who had been promised the see of Worcester by Henry VII. The see went to another Italian instead.

SJC Archives 56.165 1498

7. Account of James Morice, supervisor of works at Lady Margaret's manor of Colyweston, granted to her by the King in 1487; showing an entry for making a new almshouse in the kitchen yard.

SJC Archives 91.13 1504-1505

8. The Daily Expenses of Lady Margaret's household. Note fees paid for the keep of two prisoners in the marshalsea, Thomas Johnson and John Shaw.

SJC Archives 91.13 1507-1508

9. Proctors' accounts showing John Fisher's expenses, as senior proctor, on a trip to London during which he lunched with Lady Margaret.

C.U. Archives. Grace Book B, p.71 1494

10. Letters Patent of Henry VII giving Lady Margaret Licence to found a readership in theology at Cambridge University.

SJC Archives 5.2 1497

11. Account of James Clarell, cofferer to Lady Margaret, open at her itinerary from Norwich to Ely, Cambridge and Peterborough. On 3 September 1498 Dr Smith was paid as 'Reader in my lady's lecture in Cambridge for his term ended at Lammas last passed'. (p.37)

SJC Archives 91.17 1498-1499

12. Agreement reached between the town of Cambridge and the University at the instance of Lady Margaret, setting out the liberties and privileges of both.

C.U. Archives. Luard 145 1503

13. Note of a gift of £10 from Lady Margaret towards the fabric of Great St Mary's Church

C.U. Archives. Grace Book f.330 1504

14. Deed of Lady Margaret appointing John Fawn preacher in Cambridge University and granting statutes for the preachership.

SJC Archives 5.16 1504

15. Indenture quadripartite for the exequies of Lady Margaret, containing copies of the foundation deeds and statutes of her readership and preachership in Cambridge.

C.U. Archives. Luard 148 1506

16. Record of the deprivation of Thomas Cartwright of the Lady Margaret Professorship for proposing puritan opinions in his lecutres.

C.U. Archives. CUR 6.1 (30) 1570

17-21 Receipts for stipends of the Lady Margaret Professors:

17.	T. Segiswyke for a half-year's stipend	1555
18.	J. Whitgift for nine months' stipend	1566
19.	W. Chaderton for a half-year's stipend	1569
20.	P. Baro for Michaelmas quarter	1575
21.	J. Davenant for May to October	1609

C.U. Archives. CUR 39.1 ($2^{1,7,4b,11,12}$) 1555-1609

22. Order for Commemoration of Benefactors to the University (earliest post-reformation form)

C.U. Archives. Collect. Admin.42 (p.10) 1640/1

23. Account of Miles Worsley, Lady Margaret's Treasurer, showing entry for £6.13s 4d delivered to her for Dr Jubbis (Chubbs) towards the building of Jesus College, Cambridge

SJC Archives 91.20 1504

24. Letters patent of Henry VII for the refounding of God's House as Christ's College

Christ's College Archives 1505

25. Statutes of Christ's College, the opening words in Lady Margaret's hand; signed by the Master and Fellows of God's House

Christ's College Archives 1506

26. Account of William Bedell, Treasurer of Lady Margaret's household, showing sale of timber at Colyweston for reparations at "the College in Cambridge".

SJC Archives 91.16 1506-7

27. Grant by Lady Margaret to Christ's College of Malton (Cambs), the manor house of which was to be used by the College in time of plague, and other lands; signed by Lady Margaret

Christ's College Archives 1506

28. Grant by Lady Margaret to Christ's College of the advowson of Manorbier (Pembroks.); signed by Lady Margaret

Christ's College Archives 1507

29. Grant of the bells, jewels, books, etc., of Creak Abbey (Norfolk) by Lady Margaret to Christ's College; signed by Lady Margaret.

Christ's College Archives 1507

30. List of bequests of plate formerly belonging to Lady Margaret, made to Christ's College at her death.

SJC Archives 91.3 c.1509

31. Edition of John Fisher's funeral sermon for Lady Margaret, A Mornynge Remembraunce, by Wynkyn de Worde

Christ's College Library 1509

32. Christ's College Donations Book, showing a list of books given by Lady Margaret; many of them are still in the College Library.

Christ's College Library. MS 1623 c.1639-40

33. Inventory of the plate and furnishings of Christ's College, by John Covel (Master, 1688-1722). It mentions "the foundress bed settle" and "the foundress old hangings in her lodging roome and in the meeting room" (p.2).

Christ's College Archives. Inventory, p.1. 1688

34. Photographs of the cup, spoons, salts and beaker left to Christ's College by Lady Margaret.

35. Agreement made between Lady Margaret and James Stanley, Bishop of Ely, her stepson, for the conversion of the Hospital of St John in Cambridge into a College of students in arts and theology; signed by Lady Margaret

SJC Archives 6.4 1509

36. Copy of Lady Margaret's will, showing provision for the foundation of St John's, not completed until after her death.

SJC Archives 91.23 ?c.1509

37. 'The book of the Revestrie' containing lists of plate, books and vestments belonging to Lady Margaret, with legatees appointed to receive them noted in the margin.

SJC Archives 91.15 ?c.1509

38. Memorandum prepared for John Fisher about Lady Margaret's affairs at her death; the first question asks: 'if it shall be expedient to have all my lady's grants confirmed this time by Act of Parliament as well concerning Westminster as her College'. It is answered: 'not be expedient albeit it is thought convenient to have them confirmed by the King's grants'.

SJC Archives 6.12 ?c.1509

39. The accounts of the executors of Lady Margaret; showing expenses on her tomb in Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster Abbey: 'to Maynarde paynter for makynge the picture and image of the seide ladye 33s 4d'; and to Erasmus for the epitaph, 20s.

SJC Archives 91.24 1509-1511

40. Bond by Pietro Torrigiani, sculptor of Florence, and others, to the executors of Lady Margaret, probably for work on her tomb.

SJC Archives 7.221 1511

41. Epitaph for the Lady Margaret, possibly by a monk of Westminster Abbey.

SJC Archives 56.193 n.d. c.1509?

42. *Westminster Abbey* (Annenberg School Press, etc., 1972) showing detail of the effigy of Lady Margaret

CUL: S484.a.97.1

Detail of portrait of Lady Margaret - the National Portrait Gallery copy of a posthumous likeness (after cleaning in 1973)

NPG 551 16C

The Cambridge Colleges

A Sermon in the Chapel 11 June 1978

Today is the last term-time Sunday of the academical year, and for some the last Sunday of the three or four years spent in the College. It is also a time at which many visitors come to Cambridge to join their relatives and friends and to see the Colleges. Let us therefore reflect for a few minutes upon the nature of our Cambridge Colleges: what they are, how they came to be, what they stand for.

The Colleges of Cambridge and of Oxford are unique. They have no close parallel elsewhere in the academical world. They have their origin far back in the medieval University, in Cambridge in the early fourteenth century, in Oxford, in the foundation of Walter de Merton, even earlier. They were then a new form of institution, which gradually superseded or absorbed the old University hostels, which had been a kind of collective lodging-houses where scholars lived together for their own protection and at their own charges, usually in hired houses. The Colleges were different. Benefactors, desirous of promoting learning, founded and also endowed within the University self-governing corporate bodies where scholars, particularly poor scholars, might live together under rules or statutes and within these societies find both lodging and maintenance.

The pattern was successful. It came to take the form of a society (the word 'college' means primarily the society, not its buildings) of a Master, Fellows, and scholars, to whom were soon added others, often young students, who lived within the walls and benefited from the life and teaching the College afforded, but at their own charges. The historical name in Cambridge for these last is 'pensioners' (*pensionarius*, one who pays for himself, whereas the scholar is maintained on the foundation), and they are the larger part of the undergraduates of today. Unlike the monasteries, the Colleges were to train men for the secular world, whether in Church or in State.

In course of time their numbers grew, their constitutional form developed, and their buildings were enlarged or altered. These buildings came to include, as they do today, some of the great buildings of the country. They assumed a traditional form, influenced in Cambridge by the great houses of the time, with Chapel, Hall, Kitchen, Library, and Chambers, arranged in one or more courts. The Colleges have shown great powers of adaptation to changing condition, so that to tell the history of a College and to recite the names of its prominent members is, in a measure, to tell the history of England it reflects - in the case of this College a history of more than four and a half centuries. There have indeed been periods of stagnation, even of retrogression, as well as periods of progress and change; but institutions, like persons, are best judged by their achievements and their possibilities, not by their failures.

The centuries that have seen the foundation of the largest numbers of the Cambridge Colleges are the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth, and the twentieth. It is noteworthy that the last thirty

years, when Universities in this country have multiplied but developed on lines different from Oxford and Cambridge, and when research and teaching have become increasingly dependent upon Government money, more new endowed and self-governing Colleges have been founded in Cambridge than in any equivalent period in the past. The ancient pattern is still very much alive.

We should always remember that the resources of a College, its endowments, its buildings, its books, and its other possessions, are all ultimately derived from the gifts of its benefactors. Some of them were persons of great position, in our case the Lady Margaret, not herself a queen but the mother of a king, Bishop John Fisher, and other notable figures in the following generations. But many are now remembered mainly by their benefactions, a scholarship or a prize, or only by an entry in the College records or the Bursar's books. Yet the mite cast in may represent an affection no less deep than that reflected in the gift from abundance. The majority were members of the College itself. They believed in what they had shared and wished to perpetuate it. Benefactions have never ceased; and here too the history of a College reflects the history of England; for today benefactions tend to bear the names of industry and commerce.

What today gives a College its special value? A College is a society of persons, older and younger, engaged in different forms of study or inquiry, but bound together - if it is a true College - by mutual loyalty, tolerance, and respect. There are varied interests and liberty to pursue them, differences of opinion and liberty to express them; but, provided always there is mutual respect, these differences can enrich and need not divide a society. Tolerance is not indifference to the distinctions of truth and falsehood, right and wrong; it begins when we think another's opinion mistaken, but still recognize that in the end he must be guided by his own conscience and not by ours.

An important feature of a College is that its members live in constant association with persons studying subjects, and destined for careers, other than their own. A large part of education consists in becoming aware of how much you do not know. A University today is inevitably a world of specialisms. I do not call them narrow, because to explore a highly specialized field exhaustively is to stretch and expand the mind. But contact between the limited fields is easily lost. A College affords opportunities for contact between people studying different things. The subdivision of the University into the smaller cross-divisions of its Colleges, far from fragmenting the whole, promotes its unity. And the Colleges become also centres of initiative.

I think too that no institutions have been more successful than Colleges in bringing together in easy association persons of differing social and racial origin and background. Those who have had opportunities to meet members of their own College whose careers have led them far afield will know how strong the bond of loyalty remains, even across the sharpest political or ideological boundaries. And in no societies are more lasting friendships formed, partly because they are formed at a stage when independence has been attained but youth not lost.

May I leave you with one further reflection? The early Colleges, though they were to train their scholars for service both in Church and in State, were largely schools of theology; and right down to the middle of the nineteenth century there were religious tests and most Fellows were required to be in Holy Orders of the Church of England. All these restrictions were swept away more than a century ago. But

Fellows and Scholars, when admitted, still promise to promote the peace, honour, and well-being of the College as a place of education, religion, and learning. In what sense is the promotion of religion still the object of a College? I am not thinking primarily of its Chapel, or even of the Christian Services held here, important as these are to very many of its members, but of something even more fundamental. To penetrate even a little way into the secrets of the world has a precondition - the desire to see. And to see we must look - not without passion, but without prejudice, desiring to see what is there and not what we might wish to be there. The great Teacher, whom all revere, even when they do not claim to bear his name, said long ago 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light' (Mt vi 22, Lk xi 34). He said also 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein' (Mk x 15, Lk xviii 17, cf. Mt xviii 3). And again he said 'Seek, and ye shall find' (Mt vii 7, Lk xi 9). I think these sayings are best understood, not as injunctions as to how we should behave, but as penetrating statements of matter of fact. It is so, as these sayings assert it to be. They have a wide application in experience. They speak of directness of vision, of sincerity of mind, integrity, as the precondition of sight, as the deepest of all requirements. Apply them to religion: is not this sincerity the only passport to the Kingdom of Heaven, and without it are not observances, and even beliefs, of little account? Apply them to scholarship: is not integrity, the resolve to abide by the evidence, and the mind open to it, the scholar's primary need, without which neither labour nor the fertile imagination is likely to reach the goal?

If we look with the single eye, we cannot tell in advance what we shall see. It may be less than we hoped for; but it may also be more. Religious faith is the confidence that in the end it will be fulfilment. The scholar's faith is rather different; but it is at least the confidence that truth is attainable and that, whatever it may turn out to be, it will be best to know it.

It is not, therefore, by an arbitrary conjunction that, in promising to promote the peace, honour, and well-being of a College, we promise to promote it as a place both of religion and of learning.

J.S. Boys Smith