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THE EAGLE

JANUARY 1967

NO. 267

The Eagle

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
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An EAGLE Crusade!!

WE take our editorial duties seriously.

Among them is that of being the Big Johnian Booster.

It is our duty to boost John's because we are the Johnian periodical.

We believe this, and we act upon it. If we do not boost John's, who will? Answer: a paid firm of public relations.

We do it for free, being part of the free British Press.

Let others point the finger of scorn. They languish under totalitarian yokes. They know not freedom. We do.

We also know which side our bread is buttered.

How unlike totalitarian régimes, where all they know is fear, hunger, and the knock in the night.

We therefore feel free to congratulate John's on the biggest building of its kind, the finest, the newest. Honour to the men whose courage, vision, and money made it possible.

Can Russia show us a better advertisement for its way of life? Do its power stations and underground railways rival the Johnian achievement?

Of course not.

But a free press must feel free to criticise. And we at *The Eagle* are entirely free, like our readers (except in respect of their compulsory subscription to the magazine).

We therefore Denounce. Who? The purblind bureaucrats who have not seen what we see.

From the roof of Cripps Building we see it in our minds' eye. What?

*An open-air swimming pool in the garden of Merton House.
Let Johnians bathe!*

Such is the cry of the latest *Eagle* crusade!

Already we anticipate the exhilarating trample of numerous feet running to our support.

Democracy has never failed yet, nor will it fail now.

Up, fainthearts!

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

“The Eagle” will award a prize of a May Ball ticket, supper included, and one bottle of champagne, to the competitor who, in the opinion of the judges, submits the best photograph of a pretty girl suitable for publication in the May Week issue of “The Eagle”. The photograph, of course, to be the competitor’s own work; and all entries to be submitted to the Junior Editor by March 13th. The Editorial Committee will be sole judges of the entries. Unsuccessful entries will be returned (with a regretful sigh) if requested.

HEADLINES

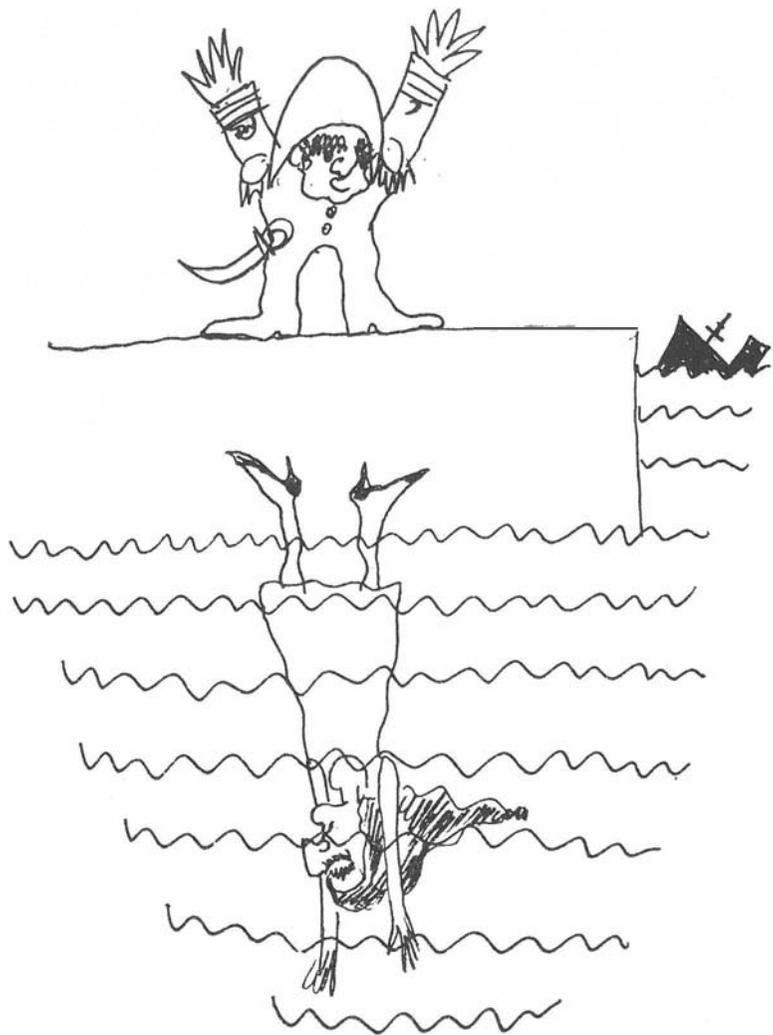


Parson imprisoned for passion perverse



Actress assaulted while entering hearse

**Such headlines have
none of the saddening
shock
of**



Admiral's daughter drowned in dock

—THE TIMES,
3 June 1966.

The “Fenwick Notes”: a Note on Miss Fenwick

THE “Fenwick Notes” are familiar to everyone who has read Wordsworth in an annotated edition, and two assumptions about them are commonly made without much ado:—that the grand old man, well on in his seventies, and pretty far gone in the notorious Wordsworthian egotism, took a fancy to annotate his collected works; and that, with his usual luck in such matters, there happened to be on hand a willing female amanuensis, Miss Isabella Fenwick, who felt honoured to make herself useful. Neither of these rather careless assumptions turns out to be right; the facts of the matter—and there is a wealth of fact bearing on it—reveal something altogether more complex.

Those who have pursued Wordsworth’s biographers even down to his declining years will have met Miss Fenwick as the last friend added to the most intimate and inward circle of the Wordsworth family, and they will know that she played a great part in the arduous and terrible drama of Dora Wordsworth’s marriage to Edward Quillinan. But even so they may not have carried away the full, the detailed impression of her relationship with Wordsworth, or of her own character, for a biography of a man who lived for eighty years of real life has problems of scale, and it is impossible to treat everything with the same elaboration—or where would the grand design have gone? Something still remains to be said about Miss Fenwick, the Notes, her part in Dora’s marriage, her relations with Wordsworth himself.

Throughout his life, Wordsworth lived among remarkable women—his sister Dorothy, his sister-in-law Sara Hutchinson, and—the most remarkable of them all, and by a very long way the most under-rated—his wife. Of his feeling for such women, he spoke with his usual candour. Henry Taylor wrote to Miss Fenwick herself in 1831: “I wish you were in London now, when you might see as much of him as you liked. He spends his time wholly in society, mixing with all manner of men, and delighting in various women, for he says his passion has always been for the society of women.” A few years later, Aubrey de Vere gave his biographer, Wilfred Ward, an account of Wordsworth’s praise of his wife: “After enumerating her many virtues, the Bard of Rydal went on slowly, gravely, and emphatically, ‘And it was, perhaps, her greatest quality that she never molested me

in my affection for other women.' De Vere's broad smile (he told us) was not lost on the poet, who continued seriously, and almost combatively, 'If she *had*, Mr de Vere, let me tell you, it would have been in the highest degree offensive to me.'" De Vere was careful to add that these "other women" were not youthful beauties, but such friends as Miss Fenwick, who was about sixty years old when Wordsworth first came to know her well.

What distinguishes Miss Fenwick from all the other women, save one, whose society meant so much to him was that he was not only very fond of her, but also in some awe of her. Some aspects of the Fenwick notes can only be judged fairly if it is remembered that they were dictated, not to a chance amateur amanuensis, but to a woman of remarkable and powerful personality, whom he was very anxious to please, and whom he knew to be very hard to please.

The most vivid introduction to her person and personality is that given by Aubrey de Vere in a letter to Henry Taylor immediately after her death in 1856: "in some things how much she resembled Wordsworth; but then how free she was from that alloy of egotism which commonly clings to the largest masculine nature! There was another point of difference. His was pre-eminently a happy and, in the main, a satisfied life. Hers, I am convinced, never was so; certainly never from the hour I saw her first, as she rose, with her languid reluctant form and nobly-sorrowful face, from the sofa in your back drawing-room at Blandford Square, to shake hands with your new friend. Even had she been well and strong all her life, though she would have had soaring hours in larger abundance, there would have remained a craving not to be satisfied. Perhaps, had she possessed the closer ties of life, she would have felt this lack but the more. Her heart was as tender as her aspirations were elevated and unremitting; and such a being in a world like this must ever be condemned (so far as the outward life goes, and even the life of the affections is part of the outward life) to 'draw water in a sieve'. In any case, she would have felt, I think, the force of an expression of Wordsworth's which I once heard her praise—the *defrauded* heart." It is, of course, something of a type, above all a nineteenth century type:—the chronic ill-health, the sensitiveness and intelligence, the sofa, the ample invisible means of subsistence—Elizabeth Barrett, Christina Rossetti, Emily Dickinson, Harriet Martineau before she was cured by mesmerism and took to wearing heavy boots, leather leggings and a knapsack, and to smoking a pipe. But within the type, there were large individual variations. Miss Fenwick lived much longer than did any of the others, reaching the age of seventy six, despite her

frailty. She did not, however, leave any writings by which she would be remembered, nor did she achieve any wide fame—or notoriety—in her own time. All that remains of her is a handful of letters, and the remarkably full and vivid records of the impression she made on a number of distinguished people in the Wordsworth circle.

Her introduction to this circle was through Henry Taylor, another person of note in his own age, now all but forgotten. Born in 1800, he served with some distinction in the Colonial Office from 1824 to 1872, and enjoyed a brief burst of literary fame in 1834 because of his verse-drama, *Philip van Artevelde*—which deserves to be forgotten as much as its *Preface*, a remarkably penetrating survey of the state of English poetry, deserves to be remembered. In 1836, he published a little study of English political life, as seen by a Civil servant, entitled *The Statesman*, and this just manages to survive, as a minor document of some value in its field:—and of some entertainment value even outside it, for it is written in that rather subfusc, but urbane and occasionally mordant prose which seems to have been the characteristic style of the higher Civil Servants of the day:—Trollope had it too, but used it with a subtler and more pervasive irony. Taylor was but rarely ironic. For the most part, he was merely impressive. Coleridge, who met him in the 1820's, and Aubrey de Vere, who encountered him a decade later, were both much impressed by his "remarkable handsomeness"—it was one of the weaknesses in early Victorian democracy that good looks were valued, though they were so unfairly distributed by Nature, and we should be grateful that political and social progress in our own time have very nearly eliminated any such false valuation, so that nowadays all men (if not quite all women) are assumed to look alike, and to be indistinguishable too in the quality of their voices. Taylor's voice struck Coleridge less favourably; he was "a little *too deep* or *hollow mouthed* and important in his enunciation, but clever and well read." Aubrey de Vere at first received rather the same impression: "He is very (I think remarkably) handsome, and the most *stately* person I ever saw. He talks very slowly and in a very measured manner. There is, I confess, something almost formidable in the extreme statue-like coldness and serenity of his manner. The conversation turned a great deal on Wordsworth, his character and life."

Taylor first met Miss Fenwick in 1821, when he returned from a short period of service abroad. She was a cousin of his step-mother's, and she at once received from him that rather awed respect and warm affection which she aroused in so many men, and women too. She was then about forty years old, and Taylor thus describes her appearance and manner: "Her face might

have been called handsome, but that it was too noble and distinguished to be disposed of by that appellative. Her manners, her voice, and everything about her, harmonised with her face, and her whole effect was simple and great, and at the same time distinctly individual." Of her parentage, he tells us nothing—nor is anything easily discovered, for she never "made" the D.N.B. or any other of the usual books of reference, and it hardly seems worth while doing the rounds of Somerset House to fill in detail which seems not to have been of much significance, save that from some source she had inherited a considerable fortune, enough to produce more than £1,000 a year, many hundreds of which, according to Taylor, went in bounties and charities. She had a way of speaking with a dying fall:—she herself noted that she often spoke in half-sentences, and Taylor adds: "It was very much her way to let a sentence die off when it had gone far enough to show whither it was leading."

In 1829, Taylor tried to record in verse her effect on his own development as a young man. The verse was not very good, but it says something about her:

In all things noble, even in her faults,
 For power and dignity went thro' them all,
 That rare humility which most exalts
 Was hers—the fear the highest have to fall
 Below their own conceptions: I recall
 That first impression and the change it wrought
 Upon me, and find something to appal
 And something to rejoice the heart,—the thought
 How much it did effect, how far, far more it ought.

Superior to the world she stood apart
 By nature, not from pride; although of earth
 The earthy had no portion in her heart;
 All vanities to which the world gives birth
 Were aliens there; she used them for her mirth
 If sprung from folly, and if baser born,
 Asserted the supremacy of worth
 With a strong passion and a perfect scorn
 Which made all human vice seem wretched and forlorn.

The last lines here are an attempt, though perhaps a rather feeble one, to do justice to one of the most distinctive traits in Miss Fenwick:—her deep interest, even delight, in the faults of mankind. Taylor makes it more credible in prose, when he compares her with her cousin, his step-mother: "Her intellect was more imaginative, various, and capable than her cousin's; her judgment less sure-footed; her impulses more vehement; her nature

more perturbed. She had the same sense of the ridiculous; and when they were together, my father (who, rigorous and austere as he was in his morality, had a profound charity and consideration for all men who were not obnoxious to moral censure) used to be somewhat shocked at the treatment which weakness and folly met with at their hands . . . and perhaps there was in Miss Fenwick at that time, besides what was harmless and stingsless, some want of toleration for what, after all, in a just estimate, is tolerable enough—prudential virtue and worldly respectability. Her theory was that the great sinners are, through remorse and repentance, more in the way to salvation than the indifferently well-conducted people. I recollect once, when the talk was of sermons, she said the only use of them was to make *respectable* people uncomfortable." This report of her own theory, and of her own words, gives an impression rather different from that of Taylor's verse, more interesting, less flatly orthodox. But while there might perhaps be room for an evangelist who came to call, not sinners, but the righteous, to repentance, it was not room capable of being filled by an ailing and languid woman of great beauty and independent means. Miss Fenwick had to employ her special kind of moral sensitiveness in private life, and one of the richest fields she ever found for its exercise was in Wordsworth.

When she first met him, in about 1830, her feeling for him was one of awe. She would, she told Taylor, "be content to be a servant in the house to hear his wisdom." Eight years later, she took a house at Ambleside, and her more intimate acquaintance began. He read to her *The Prelude*, which he was then revising very closely, and she recorded her response to it: "After hearing it, I think I must have felt as the Queen of Sheba felt after hearing all the wisdom of Solomon—'there was no more spirit in her'; and so it was with me." But as the readings went on, she became conscious of other qualities in him than wisdom: "It was almost too much emotion for me to see and hear this fervent old man, the passionate feelings of his youth all come back to him . . ." And with the revelation of these feelings in the past, there came a realisation that besides the wisdom of his maturer years, there was still much fervour and passion. The combination of the two was, indeed, just such a mingling of qualities as to stimulate to the utmost her special sense of the relation, the interesting relation, between what was in every sense respectable, and what was faulty, even sinful. "Perhaps," she wrote to Taylor, "no one has ever seen him in greater intimacy, and I can truly say my admiration has kept pace with my knowledge of him, and my reverence even with this near view of his infirmities." And only a few weeks later,

she had progressed to this degree of perception in her own special manner: "What strange workings are there in his great mind, and how fearfully strong are all his feelings and affections! If his intellect had been less powerful they must have destroyed him long ago . . . I have witnessed many a sad scene, yet my affection and admiration, even my respect, goes on increasing with my increasing knowledge of him."

At about this time, she was enabled to enlarge her moral awareness by a more intimate acquaintance with Southey, who proved to be significantly antithetical to Wordsworth. She made a very careful comparison: "The two most remarkable men of their day are certainly the most dissimilar; unlike in all their ways, unlike in their moral and intellectual nature. What a wide range has goodness and wisdom between them! It cannot but enlarge the mind of anyone to be called to the contemplation of such *diversity* in excellence, and improve the heart to have its affections drawn to what is worthy of them. In loving and admiring both of them, I think I still find the old poet of the Mount best suited to my taste, perhaps from knowing him better; I feel sure that I know *all his* faults, all that they have done, are doing, and may do, whereas I feel as if I did not altogether understand the Laureate, and therefore do not feel quite so sure that I should like all that I do not know of him. Of course I do not imagine my knowledge of either of them extends to their intellectual natures, nor altogether to their moral natures either, excepting as far as it may take a *wrong direction*; I am unfortunately competent to go any length in that; and I think I never love a person thoroughly till I know how far they are liable to take the wrong way. I always want to have as little room as possible for my imagination to work in where evil is concerned; it is best employed about beauty and goodness." This contrast between the two old men was further elucidated for her as she saw each of them pass through the last great crises of their lives. In 1838, Southey, after the long strain of his wife's illness and death, "sunk into an unaccustomed silence in his family, and was living in what seemed in him an almost unnatural abstraction from those who were about him." His daughters, Miss Fenwick felt, were too timid to break through this silence as perhaps they should have done: "They provided for all his little wants,—laid the books he wanted in his way, mended his pens, replenished his ink-bottle, stirred the fire, and said nothing. And for whole days nothing was said. The storms that sometimes visit the Mount are more healthful and invigorating than such calms."

In the next few years, Miss Fenwick was often at, or very near, the centre of the last storms at the Mount. Of their nature,

and of her part in them, Henry Taylor gave this account: "What Miss Fenwick greatly prized in the family was the openness and sincerity with which all thoughts and feelings were expressed; and this she regarded as of infinite value in the regulation of Wordsworth's life and mind. 'There is no domestic altar in that house,' she once said to me; and if she found none there, neither did she set up one. As the intimacy became closer, her admiration for the personal qualities of the wife became, I think, more unmixed than her admiration for the personal qualities of the husband; but even when she had arrived at the knowledge of all his faults—and no man's were less hidden—she retained a profound sense of what *was* great in his personal character, as well as an undiminished appreciation of his genius and powers. At this time her influence over him was invaluable to the family. His love for his only daughter was passionately jealous, and the marriage which was indispensable to her peace and happiness was intolerable to his feelings. The emotions,—I may say the throes and agonies of emotion,—he underwent, were such as an old man could not have endured without suffering in health, had he not been a very strong old man. But he was like nobody else,—old or young. He would pass the night, or most part of it, in struggles and storms, to the moment of coming down to breakfast; and then, if strangers were present, be as easy and delightful in conversation as if nothing was the matter. But if his own health did not suffer, his daughter's did; and this consequence of his resistance, mainly aided, I believe, by Miss Fenwick, brought him at length, though far too tardily, to consent to the marriage." And even when this consent had been given, Miss Fenwick herself did not feel altogether certain that it might not be withdrawn at the last moment. Five days before the wedding, she wrote to Taylor: "I do sincerely hope that nothing will interfere with its taking place on that day, for all parties seem prepared for it. Mr. Wordsworth behaves beautifully."

This "beautiful" behaviour lasted until the wedding, but not much beyond it, and the storms soon set in again. It seemed to Wordsworth that his new son-in-law was not making any real effort to improve his very unprosperous finances, and that he was too ready to give himself up to useless dilettantism in belles lettres, relying perhaps on an allowance which would eventually be forthcoming from his father-in-law. Many letters passed between him and Miss Fenwick. Most of hers have been lost, but it is clear from his that she continued to do her best for the young couple, defending the husband's conduct, while Wordsworth lost few opportunities of reporting instances of his misconduct. In 1844, these miserable conflicts came to centre

round "Dora's field", the piece of ground which had for long been intended to be the site of his daughter's house, when she should need one. Wordsworth was now determined not to use it for this purpose, and hoped that a house would be built there for Miss Fenwick instead. She, on her part, steadily refused to have any such house built for her, while Dora was without one. But through all these disagreements, while Wordsworth doggedly clung to his own views and his own course of conduct, he remained deeply attached to Miss Fenwick herself. The more tempestuously he had expressed himself at the height of the storms, the more abjectly did he apologise to her afterwards. For her, indeed, he felt a kind of awe—and it was not a feeling common with him, at any rate for human beings. These extracts from his letters to her at this time tell us a good deal more about her—and him—and their relationship—than any of the three sonnets he addressed to her a little earlier. This is from a letter in which he discussed once more the house to be built for her, and the frequent visits which she would make to Rydal Mount:

"I say this not forgetting what occurred the morning you left us, and without hope that I shall be able to make any material change in those points of my character, which you felt it your duty to animadvert upon. In the main one I cannot blame myself—therefore I should too probably displease you in that, though I certainly might change my outward manner of shewing it. But my most dear Friend I do feel from the bottom of my heart, that I am unworthy of being constantly in your sight. Your standards are too high for my hourly life;—when I add to what you blame, the knowledge which I bear about all day long of my own internal unworthiness I am oppressed by the consciousness of being an object unfit to be from morning to night in your presence."

The next, and still more remarkable, declaration of the same kind comes when the scheme for building in "Dora's field" has been abandoned, and he hopes that she will at least live somewhere in Grasmere:

"Grasmere is a little too far from us at our time of life, but I think we could manage to see much of each other, though far from as much as I could wish, did I not feel myself in so many respects unworthy of your love and too likely to become more so. Worldly-minded I am not, nor indifferent to the welfare of my fellow creatures, on the contrary, my wish to benefit them within my humble sphere strengthens, seemingly, in exact proportion to my inability to realise those wishes . . . What I lament most is that the spirituality of my Nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved Partner. The pleasure

which I derive from God's works in his visible creation is not with me I think impaired, but no kind of reading interests me as it used to do, and I feel I am becoming daily a much less instructive Companion to others.—Excuse this Egotism, I feel it necessary to your understanding what I am, and how little you would gain by habitual intercourse with me, however greatly *I* might benefit from intercourse with you."

But this is enough of the story of this friendship, and of the quality of the friends:—enough, at any rate, to make it clear that the woman to whom Wordsworth dictated the notes on his poems was no chance amanuensis, but a friend whom he admired, loved and feared. Their relationship, and above all her remarkable personality, must be borne in mind when we consider any of his writings that touch her and her interests. There is one almost ludicrous example:—that ferocious sonnet which he wrote to the Pennsylvanians in 1845, upbraiding them in terms of the most Miltonic because it was rumoured that they were about to suspend payment on the State Bonds:

All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper-air from Mammon's blackest den.

The violence, the fine rhetorical force of the whole sonnet is comic only if one imagines Wordsworth to have been protesting against the sort of mishap that can upset the hopes of any investor. Nor is it, perhaps, much diminished in its curiosity if one knows that Wordsworth himself had made no such investment, though the Master of Trinity, his brother Christopher, was a holder of Pennsylvanian Bonds. It is, however, a good deal redeemed, in a human sense, if not a poetic one, if we remember that a large part of Miss Fenwick's fortune was in these Bonds, and that the suspension of the interest payments meant that she was unable to accompany Mr and Mrs Wordsworth on their continental tour planned for 1843, but abandoned because of the Pennsylvanian perfidy:—or rather the threat of it, for in 1845 payment was resumed, and the last piece of published work from Wordsworth was a brief note to another anti-American poem modifying his earlier diatribe.

But it is above all in estimating the weight and authority of the Fenwick Notes themselves that this brief study of Miss Fenwick may count for something, in two rather different ways. First, it may perhaps help to throw a little more light on the genesis of the Notes themselves. It has been too often asserted, as if it

were a matter of certainty, that Miss Fenwick herself originated the suggestion that he should dictate them to her. Whatever authority there may be for this notion is rather indirect and indecisive, and it is by no means the only deduction which can possibly be drawn from the one clear reference to their origin which he himself dictated as a note on the poem about the cuckoo-clock which she had given him: "It must be here recorded that it was a present from the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly undertaken, and who has written them from my dictation." These words are just as readily taken to mean that the notes were his own idea, his own suggestion, made "for her sake". And however much or little weight is placed on them, it must be remembered that in a friendship so intimate as theirs, such plans may often originate with both parties at once:—just as, in earlier days, it is sometimes hardly possible to say whether Wordsworth or Coleridge had "originated" one of the ideas which they held in common. It is, at all events, certain that Wordsworth wanted Miss Fenwick to know something of his earlier life, and of his thoughts and feelings before he met her. Such is the desire of all friends, and especially those who become friends late in life; it is an ordinary human feeling to be curious, or rather to care deeply, about the experiences which preceded friendship on both sides. And for Wordsworth, who held that the human personality was so much the result of its past experiences—of "days bound each to each in natural piety"—this desire was exceptionally strong. He had, in 1839, taken a special pleasure in showing Miss Fenwick the little room where he had kept as an undergraduate in St John's, and it was just as natural that he should have taken great pleasure in dictating the notes to the poems which were his autobiography, or a large part of it.

If this, or something like it, was the genesis of the Notes, then we must look askance at Professor Harper's comment on them: "On the whole, I am bound to conclude from the letters of this estimable, but overexcitable lady, that the 'Fenwick Notes', or explanations of his poems dictated to her by Wordsworth in 1843, should not be too unquestioningly depended upon. She was a fervid and credulous hero-worshipper." Not only is it doubtful whether this is a fair estimate of Miss Fenwick's character, but it is much more likely, from the relationship which has been described above, that any distortions they may contain were due quite as much to him as to her. There is ample evidence that he wished to please her, and to win her approbation, above all for his moral character; and it is very possible that there were some aspects of his earlier life, especially in his political and religious attitudes, which he knew would not please her or win

her approbation. These he may have presented, not untruthfully, but carefully, and with a reticence which he might not have thought necessary with almost anyone else. Miss Fenwick herself was an ardent supporter of the Oxford Movement, as were many of her other intimate friends, like Aubrey de Vere, who recorded of her in his Diary for 8 March, 1843: "She spoke of her great desire to see Mr Wordsworth become a Catholic-minded man, and pass his evening of life under the shadow of some cathedral." If this record is accurate, it shows a moment of curious imperception on Miss Fenwick's part; but it also suggests that, in dictating to her the details of his early life, Wordsworth was likely to touch but lightly on that period in the 1790's when he had been at his most Godwinian, when Coleridge had judged him to be "half an atheist".

It happens that Professor Harper drew attention to one possible example of this distortion, in Wordsworth's dictated note on Joseph Fawcett, a Dissenting Minister and a poet, who was one of the chief models for the very important character of the Solitary in the *Excursion*. Here is the Note:

A character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation, during residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may *now* say, a Mr Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, often used to invite me to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward to its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death.

Professor Harper has no difficulty in showing this to be a somewhat distorted account of Fawcett, and indeed of Wordsworth's whole connection with this very Godwinian circle of men. He

quotes Godwin himself on Fawcett: "Mr Fawcett's modes of thinking made a great impression upon me, as he was almost the first man I had ever been acquainted with who carried with him the semblance of original genius." Anyone who takes the trouble to read Fawcett's *Sermons*, and especially the one entitled *Christianity vindicated in not particularly inculcating Friendship and Patriotism*, will readily understand how Godwin came to have such a high opinion of him. And they will no less easily comprehend how Wordsworth, dictating notes on this part of his life half a century later to an ardent High Anglican whom he both loved and feared, should have uttered something less than the whole truth about Fawcett and his friends. Whether, having comprehended, we should altogether forgive him, is another matter. But in our own time, the case is not without many parallels. They are to be found in the various memoirs and autobiographies of those who were caught up in the leftward surge of the 1930's, only to be left high and dry in the rightward ebb of the last twenty years. It takes some strength of character, after such a change of climate—a change in many ways like that which lay between Wordsworth's youth and his old age—not to deny the value and beauty of those early hopes, disappointed though they have been. Some did it before the cocks crowed even once.

HUGH SYKES DAVIES.

All the quotations are to be found in the following sources, which are well worth reading for their own sake. The usual references have been omitted to encourage the reader to search more widely for himself:

Wilfred Ward, London, 1904. "Aubrey de Vere, A Memoir".
Henry Taylor, "Autobiography", London 1885, and "Correspondence", ed. Dowden, London, 1888.
"The Letters of William Wordsworth and Dorothy Wordsworth, Later Years", ed. by de Selincourt. Oxford, 1939.
G. M. Harper, "William Wordsworth", London 1916.

Poem

WHY do I know you, loose-limbed, hook-nosed girl?
 You were a boy last time, but just the same
 I responded to the glamour of your
 Slackness. You glaze your eyes with irony,
 And let your body sag for pleasure, while
 You fold your arms to feel yourself. Thus you
 Delete the unimportant stranger with
 A slow smile for the favoured companion.

It was a mirror you were smiling at.
 I aped your voice and manner: you enjoyed
 The feeling, but you hardly knew the cause.

People occur dimly to you, this is
 Your confidence; upon this weakness
 You depend for comfort and delusion.

My childish admiration of your strength
 (It seemed like strength) formed me an image
 Behind which I walked. Then you went away,
 And I could scratch and bleed, and reconstruct
 The fragments of my nature.

That dead thing
 In me moves; I am with you again,
 And lust for your unknowing. But I see
 From weeping, and must speak
 As one person speaks to another.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

I Am Going Away For Good

ANDY banged the door of his little old car hard and crossed the dark, flat playground, making for the lighted double door. A few people were going in and out of classrooms along the long cream-coloured corridor which stretched behind it; some people were moving slowly into a room at the end where the corridor branched out and there were two staircases and a clock facing down the corridor, too far away to read from outside. He swung the door back behind him and the steel frame clattered shut.

He unbuttoned his grubby light mac as he walked down the corridor, catching glimpses of children's paintings and maps and pictures of dams and tea plantations. He went into the room at the end of the corridor under the clock and found an empty desk near to the back of the big classroom, to one side. The room was about half full and a few people were talking quietly in groups while the rest looked at the remains of a French lesson on the blackboard. The big square windows down the whole of one side of the room were enormous black mirrors. He took his mac off and put it on the desk behind him, brushing his long but rather thin fair hair out of his eyes, tossing his head back as he did so. He sat looking blankly at the people reflected in the windows as they came in and sat down. A tall, shabbily distinguished-looking man of about forty came in with a matronly woman and a younger man with a dark shirt and a dark suit. He stepped onto the teacher's platform and looked inquiringly at the back wall of the room. The people who were talking one by one turned to look at him and one by one fell silent. He began to introduce the informal meeting which had been arranged to try to form a dramatic club as part of the evening centre. An hour and a half or so later the meeting was over. Half the people had gone, including nearly all the girls who had been there, by the time Andy asked incidentally if he could give anyone a lift. No-one answered, so he nodded goodbye to the people he had been talking to and went out, forgetting his mac. It was still quite early and he spent the rest of the evening in a pub with some friends he had said he might see there.

There were rather less people at the next meeting. He stopped and raised his eyebrows as he went in. He walked over to the desk he had sat in before. "Damn" he said. A girl who was sitting over the other side of the gangway looked up at him. "I left my mac here last time" he said to anyone who happened to be within hearing-distance, which was her. "But I don't suppose

it's likely to be still here though. I'll have to find the caretaker afterwards." She smiled and didn't say anything as he sat down in the desk next to her and began chatting. He remembered seeing her there the previous time. She had a striking face. He remembered noticing how it wasn't exactly beautiful. Her nose was perfect—her nose was beautiful—and the rest of her face looked somehow unusual, as though it had been designed around her nose. He looked at her, but it was difficult to see her, sitting next to her. She turned to look at him as she sensed him looking at her, and her smile caught him off guard; he had forgotten that the face belonged to someone. The meeting opened, and he didn't talk to her again until afterwards, except for a couple of asides during the meeting that made her laugh down at the desk. He thought how very like being in school it was, sitting at the back of the class; he was faintly surprised at himself, making these asides to her as though he knew her quite well. The girl looked at his hands during the meeting as he rested various parts of his face on them, listening. She noticed the colour of paint under his fingernails. The meeting was mostly rather boring, too much concerned with fidgety and irrelevant things, and it broke up with people feeling much less enthusiastic than they had after the last meeting.

"I don't expect anything will come of it in the end" said the girl leaning forwards over the desk as people began to stand up and move towards the door. "Apparently this is just what happened last time they tried to do exactly the same thing." He stood up winding a long woollen scarf round his neck.

"Yes, I gathered they'd tried before and failed. Pity. I suppose it's just that people aren't prepared to actually do anything when it comes to it."

"Do you know this chap whatisname?" He knew who she meant. She stood up in the desk, pushing the chair back and they moved out into the gangway.

"A bit. Not very well. He thought I might be interested in doing some stage designing, so he asked me to come. He works at the same place as me."

"Oh" she smiled wryly. "You're talented then. I think most people just want to be stars."

"God no. I'm not particularly talented. It's my job." He was an assistant window designer at a big store; he made mobiles and paper sculptures and backing designs, to go in the windows. "They're like little stages really." She seemed interested and asked him about the things he did; it pleased him to talk to her about it; but he wondered if she was really interested. She found herself looking at his square, rather long fingernails as he talked. He talked and watched her face anxiously and said he

had to go. He smiled to himself as he walked down the corridor and into the playground where he had parked his car. He had wanted to look at her face all the time, but he couldn't stare or she might get the wrong idea. No. He didn't desire her, he said to himself firmly, in those words. Perhaps that explained why he had been able to talk to her so casually. He realised when he was nearly home that he had forgotten his mac again.

The next meeting was even less promising than the last one. There were less people still and this merely emphasised the sharpness of the differences that existed already. As he went in the girl was sitting talking to the matronly woman, who was headmistress of the girls' part of the school there. The girl didn't notice him come in. He sat down and talked to two women of about fifty who found out his job and asked him annoying questions, pretending more interest than he thought they had in Art. He thought he had given them a superior, standoffish impression, but they showed no signs of offence. After the meeting, he nodded and smiled to the girl across the room, but was gathered into a conversation with the people who had organised the meetings and as a result he was one of the last half dozen or so to leave. He had watched the girl go out with the headmistress. The general opinion was that the whole thing would fall through now, but he was outside their thought, thinking about the girl. There simply didn't seem to be enough constructive interest, they said. He was disappointed, he said, arching his eyebrows and looking slightly pained, but he thought that perhaps he wouldn't have been able to do exactly as he would like, in this sort of context anyway. He told them he wouldn't be coming to the final clearing-up meeting—it would be too depressing. As he said goodbye he thought that he wouldn't see the girl again if he didn't come. He only knew her as Catharine. He didn't know where she lived or worked. He recalled her face. And then he remembered his mac.

He turned quickly and half-ran back down the corridor and round the corner by the stairs to see if the caretaker was still around. The little sullen man shuffled round a corner and switched on the bare bulb. Yes he'd got it, a light-coloured one. He thanked the man who looked at him sourly as he put it on hurriedly and made his way briskly back down the corridor.

As he turned the corner under the clock he saw the girl just in front of him; she was carrying a big shopping bag full of papers. She heard the footsteps behind her run a few steps and catch her up. "I thought you'd gone a long time ago" he said from just behind her, slightly breathless. She turned and smiled without showing any great surprise at seeing him.

"No. I had some things to collect." She nodded down at her bag.

"Collect?" She was a little taken aback by the abruptness of his reply.

"Yes. I work here. I teach Art in the girls' school."

"Really?" It was just that he hadn't thought of her as a teacher. "I had no idea you were an artist too. Professional I mean. I mean do you—do you do much yourself?"

"A bit." She grinned at him as he reached out for the door-handle. He still looked mildly affronted at discovering that she was a teacher, and it amused her a little. As they walked out into the dark he asked if he could give her a lift. Ten minutes later he dropped her outside the house where she lodged, which turned out to be not far from where he lived himself. "See you" he called out to her as he leaned across the inside of the car to pull the pavement-side door properly shut. She turned on the steps up to her front door and waved once, quickly, as he drove off.

"Bye." She turned back slowly up the steps, fishing in her bag for her key. He drove down a few sidestreets and along the alleyway behind the tall block of old houses to where he parked the car every night. He turned the ineffectual lock on the door and walked back between the gravelly ruts which were filled with pale brown water in the moonlight.

His bedsitroom looked in a mess, but it wasn't really all that untidy. The smell of linseed oil and turps and paint was slightly overpowering; the big bay window had been shut all day and it had been sunny. He trod carefully over the things which lay on the floor and put a Beethoven trio on the record player. He lay back on the bed drawing a girl's face on a small sketch pad. Going back over the events of the evening in his mind, he listened several times over in his mind to himself calling out "See you" to the girl. Each time he repeated the memory, he thought how much more ludicrous that expression in particular and how much more meaningless his whole stock of vaguely American colloquialisms had become. He turned the record off; he wasn't really listening and its complexity annoyed him while he was thinking of something else. Their lives had had no reason to cross before, and there wasn't very much likelihood that circumstances would make them cross again, in spite of a certain correspondence in their interests. It was a pity, because he would like to see her again. He thought about about her face. "Friend" wasn't a word he could use easily of any girl; all his affairs had been one at a time and short and finally completely burnt out; but he was not falling in love with Catharine. No, he thought, people whose basic interests were as obviously close

as theirs probably couldn't fall in love successfully anyway. This sounded like a truism, and he didn't question it. But he would like to draw her face.

He decided he would ask her to a concert that was to take place in a few weeks. So as to see her again. He wrote her a note asking her, and suggesting they might meet again some time before then. He put it through the door of her house. He was slightly afraid she might read more into his asking her out than he intended. Her reply came through the post four days later. She'd very much like to come. It was a short non-committal note. He liked her writing. Straight away he wrote her another brief note asking her to meet him for coffee that Saturday morning if she was free and not to bother about replying if she wasn't.

Saturday morning was bright and he got up late after a party the previous night. He went out without getting any breakfast, intending to have some at the coffee bar while he waited to see if she came. It was nearly half an hour before the time he had said he would see her there so he was genuinely surprised when she faced him as he walked into the shadow of the coffee bar from the street sunlight, slightly dazzled, not properly awake and with a broad ache over his eyes from the previous night. She said "Hello" as he walked in, in a tone that suggested it was the answer to a question. She had a carrier bag full of food and some other shopping on the seat beside her. "I was just going to get some breakfast" he grinned. "Would you like something to eat, more coffee?"

"No—I'm OK thanks" she said, without looking at her cup.

"Sure?" He bought some coffee, decided not to have anything to eat and came and sat opposite her. They talked and had another coffee and went out into the sun and walked back towards home. It was half past eleven and her turn to cook Saturday lunch, she said. She left him outside his front door after they had arranged about meeting for the concert. He went inside. She went on a few paces then stopped and pushed her long, thick, mildly straw-coloured hair outside the collar of her jacket. She put her shopping down on the pavement and shook her head vigorously to free her hair. She thought, as she picked up her shopping again, that she was slightly puzzled by the ineffectuality of his approach to her—if he was making a bid for her that is, she thought in those words. He always appeared to be looking at her, but she only rarely managed to meet his eyes; and then he always looked away quickly.

He was standing just inside his room, staring at the window. The sun was shining down steeply through the tall bay. He liked the room. His landlady had given up remonstrating with him for his untidiness, but it wasn't really as untidy as all that;

besides, he liked the casual image of being an artist, or saying he was. He moved over into the sun and stood for a moment looking down at the street, then changed into his jeans and went out again to get some lunch.

During the following week, he asked two or three of his friends if they would let him paint them, but none of them agreed and so he made two attempts to paint self-portraits. He wanted to practise drawing faces since he intended to ask Catharine if she would let him paint her. He particularly wanted to capture the odd quality about her face that he could never remember. But his self-portraits didn't succeed at all. He became annoyed at always having to have his eyes looking straight out of the picture, and he had to use a mirror. He was angry at having wasted two canvases and gave up trying.

The evening out with Catharine was good. He felt quite relaxed, unaware of behaving under any tension all the time so that he couldn't really enjoy the concert and the meal. He wondered if it was simply because he wasn't trying to play himself off against her. As they were eating afterwards, he looked at her face across the table. It was the first real opportunity he had had. Her face fascinated him; several times he had sat down and concentrated hard and tried to draw her face from memory. With other people he had often been able to produce something recognisable, but each time he had tried to draw Catharine he had failed in all but the most irrelevant details. She looked up at him over the table, and he felt unreasonably guilty at being caught looking at her. She frowned slightly as he lowered his eyes on meeting hers. He was pleased at how she talked about things that interested him.

It was nearly one o'clock when he stopped the car outside her door and turned towards her in the seat. She thought he was going to kiss her. They had hardly spoken in the last few minutes. "Could I possibly draw you some time?" he said brightly. She wondered what was coming next. "Nothing fantastic just a sketch. You know. I—I think you've got a most interesting face." She laughed. "No seriously. I've tried to draw you from memory"—she looked at him—"but I couldn't at all."

"If you like" she said, laughing gently. "Just drop round some time. I'm in most evenings except weekends at the moment marking exams. I sit very still" she added. She smiled facetiously at him.

"Great I'd love to. Sure you don't mind?"

"No." She looked down at her hands modestly. "No. It's very flattering. Thank you," she said, looking straight at him and smiling, he returned her a quick nervous smile, pleasantly

surprised at her reaction, and aware that he was almost frowning when she looked up at him just then.

"Thank you very much indeed." He pronounced the words. He paused. "I mean you can have it when I've finished if you like if it's any good. I've just been fascinated by your face." She laughed again without looking up and couldn't think of anything to say. He almost wished he hadn't said that. He had somehow spoiled the symmetry of the situation. In the pause, he looked at his own hands which rested self-consciously on the steering-wheel. They said goodbye; she got out and went up the steps and he drove down the back streets in the dark. He was pleased to find he wasn't in love with her, even after this evening. He didn't even think he was.

Before he went to bed he stood in the middle of his room for a long time just looking at himself blankly in the large piece of mirror that stood on his mantelshelf. The mirror leaned back so that he appeared to be looking up at himself. He swayed backwards and forwards hypnotically, amused and smiling stupidly at the way his image swung up and down and nearly disappeared below its bottom edge all except the flat dome of straight blonde hair. He stood swaying, then almost asleep he jerked himself sensible and got into his unmade bed.

One evening during the next week he went round to where she lived. He stood at the top of the half dozen steps in front of the door, rang the bell and turned to face the street. The door opened and he turned round. A tall angular girl with long black hair stood there with one hand on the edge of the door. She showed him up to Catharine's room at the back on the first floor. Catharine was sitting in an old armchair at the foot of the bed, which was strewn with children's paintings. She had heard his voice in the hallway and called to him to come in before he knocked. He stood in the doorway clutching his sketchbook. "Please I've come" he said solemnly. She laughed quickly. He stepped inside and shut the door wishing he could think of something funny to say.

She started apologising for the room as he looked round. "Isn't it ghastly? All brown and cream. She won't let us do anything either. It took me ages to persuade her to let me have three lights." There was an Anglepoise on the table by the window and a tiny but powerful cylindrical metal lamp by the bed. He reflected that they were expensive. "She thought I would fuse everything as well as doubling her electricity bill."

"It's not bad." He looked anguished. "It is very brown though." She laughed again and he wished she wouldn't when he wasn't really funny. He sat down on a low whitewood wicker stool in the middle of the room and after a few minutes' chatting

he started drawing. She asked him if he wanted her to move or anything—but she was all right like that.

They spent most of the evening in silence; she sitting and working, he drawing. He liked it. He was pleased not to have to talk. He made three sketches; each achieved something the others didn't. From time to time she became bored with marking and sighed quietly and watched him, keeping her face motionless as he looked up at her and then down at his drawing. After nearly two hours in which they hardly exchanged a word, she gathered together a pile of the soft thick daubed papers, sat forward in the leathery old armchair and dropped them on the floor in front of her; she sighed loudly. She leaned her hands on the arms of the chair, pointing her elbows outwards. The sleeves of her sweater were pushed up over her elbows. She watched him, poised, for a few moments, judging when to break the silence. She raised herself a little from the seat. "Let's have a look then," she said getting up from the chair. He made no attempt to stop her seeing; there wasn't any point. "I shan't tell you what I think" she said and looked at them over his shoulder as he laid them out side by side on his knees.

"No I was going to ask you not to." She seemed pleased. There was nothing she could say. He added a few touches.

"Do you think I could have that one?" She pointed to one. "Sure if you like it." He wrote 'Catharine' on it and signed his name in the corner. He handed it up to her as she stood over him. She walked across and put it on the cabinet beside the bed. It was the best of the three.

"Coffee?" she asked, looking up and smiling. Her face was somehow slightly different when she smiled and he noticed this now. She looked at him, waiting for a reply; he held her look a little while before nodding.

"Yes please black." He continued adding fine touches to one of the drawings. She went out to the kettle that was plugged in on the landing outside. They didn't talk much as they drank the coffee. The mood of sympathetic silence extended itself. He didn't stop very long, mainly to avoid the silence degenerating into embarrassment. As he went out down the stairs she followed him and said "You know—drop in any time you're around. I'm usually here except weekends."

"Yes I will. Thanks very much. Thank you for . . ." he motioned down to the sketchbook he was holding ". . . you know. Thanks for the coffee."

"No really. Thank you for the drawing. It's lovely." She paused. "Really." She took a breath silently and held it and lowered her eyes. She didn't speak, looking down. She wondered if he was looking at her. He thought she looked

beautiful and smiled when she looked up. She was tired and slightly annoyed and standing there and saying nothing. Both were a little relieved when he finally went out down the steps. She walked slowly back up the stairs. She didn't bother to wash the mugs up. She put the drawing into a folder, transferred the pile of paintings from the floor to the table, and went to bed.

The next day he thought about the previous evening and nearly spoiled one of the drawings by trying to improve it. He ought to have known better.

It was getting near the end of her school term when she would be going home for about four weeks, so he thought he would call round again a few days later. The dark angular girl, Catharine, and another girl were sitting in Catharine's room with a gangling Scandinavian boy from the attic room. All of the girls' hair was long and it looked very clean next to the bristly short crop of the boy's. The girl he hadn't seen before was carefully plucking a Spanish guitar. She sang only in undertones after he came in. Her hair fell forward over her face as she bent her head down over the guitar. She tossed her head back to move the hair out of her eyes but it fell forwards again easily, like liquid. Catharine introduced him to the others and they continued talking. The foreign boy and Andy watched the girl's thin fingers moving hesitantly over the guitar strings, not talking, while the girls talked about somewhere they had obviously been to together recently with some other people.

Later, just before midnight, when the other girls and the boy went up to their rooms, Catharine showed him down to the door. They said goodbye without the hesitance of the previous time. Walking home he still felt no desire for her, in spite of the quick kiss he had given her as he came out. But he didn't feel quite so good as he had after the other times he'd seen her; this evening hadn't pleased him in quite the same way as before. But he still felt glad he had gone round and that he knew her now; that he had made the effort to maintain contact with her. He might so easily never have seen her again after the last meeting at the school. Nevertheless he felt angry and deserted as he walked home, thinking that he wouldn't see her for a month or more. The night was dull and chilly and he was glad to get home into the broad light of his room. He realised then, when he switched his main light on, that Catharine had only had the two bright lamps on in her room. In recollecting the deep shadows of her room in that instant, he pictured her face exactly in his mind's eye as he had tried to do before and failed; but the deeply shadowed image disappeared as soon as he thought of something else; so he took out the drawings and looked at them instead.

A fortnight later he met an Italian au pair girl at a party and fell in love with her. He spent six weeks infatuated with her, after which she left him suddenly and without warning for someone (he supposed bitterly) with either a bigger car or a bigger bed. Sitting alone on the Saturday afternoon after she left him, he took out the two drawings of Catharine. He stood them on his easel and lay back on the bed looking at them in silence. There was still something missing; something wasn't right, though from two months and another love affair away he couldn't picture what it was.

The next day, Sunday, in the morning, wondering what to do before lunch, he took the drawings out again, looked at them and tore them up. He had begun to tell himself he was in love with Catharine. He dropped the pieces into the wastepaper basket.

He never did see Catharine again, not even by chance around the town. Which is odd, seeing that she lived so near.

PETE ATKIN.

Transparent Woman

THE Museum of Science, so accessible from downtown Boston, and visible on the skyline over the waters of the Charles River from the Massachusetts Avenue Bridge, has an unusual amusement in store for its visitors. Several times a day at fixed intervals a demonstration of a woman's anatomy in plexiglass plays to a darkened roomful of the curious. The Transparent Woman is reached via a staircase to the second floor.

She is designed as a lesson in human physiology. A maze of wiring allows electric light to illumine each organ and variant system in succession. The performance is narrated by the recorded voice of a woman who remains anonymous. The Museum and its patrons have the Massachusetts Heart Association to thank for their generosity in making the Woman available.

The program is not overly long. A Museum guide welcomes members to the audience, assists latecomers to the vacant seats, and discharges the requirements of an introduction. The attention of the audience shifts to the less than life-size form of a lady on a shadowed stage. The doors shut, the lights dim, and a spotlight throws the figure on a pedestal into eminence against a maroon curtain. With a recorded flourish of cellos and violins, she begins.

"As you can see, I am a transparent woman." She is fully developed and twenty-eight years old. (Not until the lights have come back on, later after the room clears, may the inquisitive observer discover her origin. She was cast in Cologne, Germany, from the mould of a girl whose name no longer seems important. Thirty years of research have made her into what she is today.) "My proportions are perfect for my size."

Proceeding to the inventory of her specialized internal parts, the monologue is disarmingly lucid. The initial emphasis falls understandably, upon the circulatory system. At first characterizing her heart as "a truly remarkable pump" which beats more than 100,000 times a day, she glosses each important organ and gland. In the pauses between her descriptions, the quiet of the room is unbroken save by the flicking of switches in the control booth at the back. As the audience accustom their eyes to the dark, orange and crimson hues highlight the liver, the larynx, the pancreas and spleen.

When she comes to the transverse colon, her position facing the room obstructs the audience's view. "Now I will turn," she says, and revolves upon her pedestal. Soft music accompanies

the slow motion of her pivot. The music stops and she continues on to the rectum and the kidneys. In a moment, though, and as if evoking the posture of a figurine atop a child's music box, she revolves again. Facing the room once more, she describes the ovaries as "two small glands which produce the hormone that makes me a woman." Visitors in the audience at that point have been known to detect in her voice the quiver of mystique.

Rapidly, and all too soon, the performance comes to an end. Her parting encouragement for everyone to preserve with care his own intricately functioning parts commends the showing as all the more relevant. The extent to which the members of the audience are improved would be nourishment for conjecture. The effect of the demonstration upon individuals naturally would vary in both degree and aspect.

"Your body," the Transparent Woman urges, "is a house in which you live but once. I have made the unseen visible to you." The violins return to make it audible.

KEVIN LEWIS.

Story

"M'm . . . a concert. Just 8.30 too. Yes, good."

The radio is switched on.

"Always rely on the Third."

He sinks into a chair. There are plates scattered on the table . . . a pot of jam, raspberry . . . "My favourite you know." Miss Jenkins, bespectacled, spinsterish, twittering, had not known: . . . her coffee was getting cold. ". . . Get it from a little place round the corner. It's home-made . . . I think his wife makes it. Very quaint old couple . . . shop's very Dickensian . . . I . . . I could get you some. M'm, yes, next time I'm there." She had agreed to this and thanked him. Her coffee had got cold by this time. He had never brought her the jam, the matter was forgotten.

. . . a teapot half off its mat . . . egg-yolk congealing on a greasy plate . . . a spot of red sauce, dull, cold. The washing up will wait . . . later tonight perhaps . . . before he goes to bed . . . or perhaps tomorrow before work. Tomorrow evening perhaps? It does not matter.

The radio has warmed up. The concert has just started . . . the music just comes out of the box . . . dead. The life of the concert-hall is lost . . . the sound just trickles out of a hole in the front of the radio . . . out of an emptiness . . . a space . . . up in the air.

"Better do some marking I suppose." Silence settles . . . only the music, a thin stream of noise. It does not hold him. Then a particular melody emerges and the marking ceases while the red pen jabs the air in time with it. . . . Fingers prod at an ear, scratch a nose . . . the marking is resumed. The concert, forgotten again, becomes simply a half-heard noise in the background, then is lost altogether.

"Idiot! . . . the times I've told them. They never learn. Is it?" looking at the cover of the book, "yes . . . I thought so. The boy's a fool!" Vigorous activity with the pen . . . then thoughtfulness. "Yet . . . he *was* very good in that last school play. They're always surprising you like that." He takes another book, then, shivering, stoops forward to switch on the electric fire. He slumps back into the chair . . . then gets up and goes to the table. The teapot is still hot and he pours out a cup of tea. This he sets at the side of the chair then turns to the window to draw the curtains. Dusk is falling fast and with it a mist is thickening . . . spreading up the bare garden. He watches it for

a moment . . . the face relaxes . . . looks mournful . . . lost. . . . He sniffs . . . the face is controlled once more . . . the curtains are pulled. The radio breaks into life, the audience is clapping. "Damn!" He spins round. "Missed it!"

The applause becomes blurred, there is crackling . . . it subsides; the audience is quiet again and the next item is announced. A hollow B.B.C. voice . . . uncaring, disembodied, neutral . . . from far out . . . echoing. "The dances are in the eighteenth century mode current at the time of Holberg . . ." He sits down again . . . the voice still ghosting through from a little hole somewhere . . . the voice of Kate . . . just trickling out . . . so unreal . . . her lips unmoving, just a sound coming from a hole in her face . . . like she had on one of those masks that were on the wall of her bedroom. He had hardly listened to her . . . fascinated . . . a little round hole with a noise coming out of it. He had thought immediately of those masks . . . it was so unreal. "I see no point in going on, Richard. We no longer love each other do we?" . . . treacle, trickling out of her mouth. "I mean there's no point is there? It seems so silly dragging on like this . . ." "M'm, yes . . . I mean, no." It had lasted a longish time—three years . . . but it had slowly died just like everything else in his life. He bites his lip . . .

"Pity, it could have been good. Hell, I mean it was good . . . some of it. It could have worked . . . it could have been *so* good. Oh, damn the Reformation!" He throws down the pile of grubby exercise books. His head pushes back into the chair . . . his hand fumbles in his jacket and pulls out a crushed packet of cigarettes. A packet of ten. He looks at them. Woodbines . . . so insignificant . . . so mean. He draws hard . . . his face tense . . . then blows out a long stream of smoke between sneering lips. "Oh, bugger! . . . It could have been so good. It *could* have worked . . . it *could*, bugger it!" Several more vicious drags. A biting of the knuckle . . . the smoke curling away around him. Silence.

He looks down at the pile of history books he is marking. His foot nudges them, they are inkstained and tatty. He can see some of the names . . . Wells . . . Barrett . . . Gardner.

"History!" A sneer. "Dead!" He frowns. "Why am I so interested in dead things?" He thinks. "Christ . . . reading the footnotes of that book about George III. Reading the footnotes because they interested me more than the text itself. God, I was only nineteen then. It all folded up, didn't it! I died on myself. The whole goddamned lot bloody folded bloody up." A snort then a vicious, deep pull on the cigarette. He chokes . . . gets up gulping and coughing. Throwing the cigarette into the grate he staggers to the window. He catches his breath and holds

down the cough." . . . eighteen . . . nineteen . . . twenty." Holds open one of the curtains. "Mist's thicker . . . can't see much." The shapes in the garden were indistinct . . . ghostly . . . formless. "Oh, God," head slumps against the cold glass. "Nothing . . . nothing . . . it's all a big nothing. What a life . . ." She had been right, that girl, all those years ago. "I *am* boring."

"There's no life in you," she had told him, "you never get happy about anything . . . anything that's alive. Oh, sure you go crazy about dead things in your beastly dead books, but you're never happy with people. What's the matter with you? You make me cringe . . . make me shrivel up inside. You're cold . . . you always ice everything over . . . wither it." He had not remonstrated. What was the point of objecting? . . . she had been right, he had accepted it. An accusing voice, a voice he loved, turning against him as he had turned against himself . . . a voice from a small round hole . . . it was partly his own voice . . . he knew he was dead inside . . . it did not help to know, it did not make him any less guilty. "She was right . . . she knew me . . . all those years ago. And what has come between?" He feels the cold glass against his forehead . . . damp . . . he can think of nothing in answer . . . only dead things, dull things. School trips to Belgium, Paris, Austria . . . museums, ruins, art galleries . . . no people. "That silly thing with that silly girl . . . Johnson was it? No, can't remember . . . in Austria? . . . yes, Johnson . . . Amanda . . . (Mandy they called her) . . . randy Mandy Johnson . . . Ugh!" He turns violently from the window, disgusted, and sits down again. The curtain, wrinkled, does not fall back entirely across the window . . . the mist presses against the glass. He switches off the radio . . . viciously.

"Phew! . . . The Reformation." He picks up the books once more. Silence . . . broken only by the rustling of pages and grunts of approval or disagreement.

Outside the mist thickens.

The pen moves quickly over the page, following the words, crossing out, ticking, underlining. He breathes heavily, chestily . . . the pen creaks. Barrett, Wells, Rogers . . . Hand through hair . . . a grimace . . . he mumbles, "Dissolution of the monasteries." Pause. ". . . Anne Boleyn . . . he must've been very lonely really . . . Wolsey . . . Hampton." The work stops and he leans back in the chair . . . musing. "M'm . . . Hampton." An exasperated toss of the head. "No! . . . again? Hell what's the matter with me?" It had been a wonderful day . . . sunny. It had been before everything had gone sour. Like a novel . . . sunshine, grass, a picnic. Round the palace in the morning, the big kitchens, the winding stairs. A picnic in the afternoon, lively and talkative . . . on the lawns of course. Sunset . . . and back up-river on the crowded

river-bus . . . tired, whimpering children . . . snappy, exasperated parents. A hilarious night of whispered joy. "Bloody bed-springs," he laughs wryly to himself.

"Shh . . . you'll wake them up downstairs. Shh . . . no." The man downstairs had banged loudly on the ceiling . . . they had exploded with helpless laughter and hidden, giggling under the blankets. They calmed down . . . he had taken her.

The masks had grinned silently on the walls.

It had passed. "You always lose out in the end. Always have to pay for happiness . . . even if it only lasts for a moment . . . and it usually is." He is pleased at the thought . . . and sad at its meaning. They had even thought of marriage . . . once . . . one night . . . had been very affectionate over breakfast . . . Omar Khayam had figured strongly . . . loaves of bread and loads of love. But they were both still at college and the idea was wildly impractical . . . and by lunchtime, in "The London Apprentice," their plans for a garret-existence had died with the pressure of exigence and the smell of stale beer. The back of a finger strokes across his chin once or twice. "It would've been worth trying though. It would have at least been something." They had done nothing wild, nothing lively, nothing really worth remembering . . . nothing . . . nothing. It had started while they were still training and had spanned into their first year as teachers. "It *was* good at first." He lights another cigarette . . . burns himself . . . curses. "There was *something* there." Indeed there was . . . a spark, a strange something . . . but then something happened to him . . . he had died meantime and after a dragging year and a half of bitter recriminations, quarrels, accusations and desperate but short lived reunions she had dropped out of his life. "And after that . . .? Was it wise to hang on like that? . . . I wonder . . ." The cigarette is dragged bitterly. "Why did I wither?" Certainly he had lost all his illusions one by one but it was more than that; there had always been a tiredness upon him. "That must have been why I liked Hamlet," he laughs quietly. Then smiling . . . he thinks of all the drab little poems he had written about himself. "I always liked literature." A straw? "But so what . . . that was no more 'life' than history is . . . all second-hand goods. Always had a lively enough imagination . . . humph, rapturous almost . . . but I never got to grips with people . . . never cared for them . . . afraid of caring too much . . . I wanted to be alone." He sneers as he thinks how the old Garbo joke they were always cracking had come true for him. "Oh, damn." He picks up his books and begins marking them again . . . furiously. He has had this conversation with himself constantly over the last fifteen years. It never varies much except for one or two additions as he has

drifted into and drifted out of new affairs with different women . . . but even this variation has become more rare of late. He no longer takes much care about his appearance and can not be bothered with women any more . . . it is too much trouble starting new relationships. The tone of the conversation is always more or less depressed and the result unvaryingly the same . . . nothing. Hamlet always crops up somewhere . . . and Kate too. They are the only 'big' things in his life—both dead . . . both long gone. "The vorpal pen went ticker-tick . . . ha, ha." He throws down a book . . . Robinson ii . . . and passes to the next. The cigarette burns unnoticed "Reformation! Fool!" Ash falls onto the page . . . he grunts in exasperation, throws the cigarette into the grate and shoots the ash onto the carpet. He resumes. "But if the clergy were less of an occupational category they were more of a caste. The priest was not as other men." He sits back . . . thinks. "Bindoff! . . . The little blighter!" He jumps up and runs to the big, heavy bookcase by the window. "Bindoff? . . . Bindoff? . . . ah!" He pulls out a book, flicks to the index . . . "Seventy-seven . . ." The chapter is found, he flicks through the pages, running his eyes over them quickly . . . goes back to the beginning and starts again. "Ah . . . 'But if the clergy were less . . . Got you.'" Triumphant he sits down again and begins vigorously to cover the exercise book in nasty comments. Working out his own emotion. The activity gradually runs down . . . stops. He thinks.

"No chance . . . right from the start."

He ponders his days at school. "A hollow dream. . .," for a hollow man. Grubby, noisy urchins who have no interest in what he loves. He drifts, slowly, leaden, in a world separate . . . apart from their vitality . . . their violence. "Ring of the tin drum . . ." He muses over the idea. ". . . Thirty-five, and what have I to show for it?" Everyday is the same . . . coffee for breakfast with no time to cook . . . or inclination to do so. Cooking at night too is a bore . . . takes time . . . and energy. Same tweedy shapeless jacket everyday . . . the search for a shirt less grubby than all the others. The bus journey . . . a sixpenny . . . always the same route . . . clutching the battered brown leather briefcase. "My God it's seen some service you know. Got it when I first started teaching." Miss Jenkins had smiled weakly, and Crabtree had stifled a yawn. "M'm, yes, it has lasted well Mr Bradbury." The gruelling mornings when everyone is too lively to bother about Elizabeth I's foreign policy . . . the long, long afternoons . . . too tired and bored to care. The lunch hour . . . he snorts. Banal conversations . . . home-made raspberry jam . . . gardening . . . "Oh God, gardening . . ."

"Pruning the old apple trees last weekend, you know, Bradbury. Been meaning to get down to it for a long time. Well finally did it, old boy . . . nearly broke me blasted . . . sorry Mrs Hinkson . . . shh . . . silly old cow . . . nearly broke me bloody back." Miss Jenkins giggling, "We used to have lots of trees at home you know . . . when I was young. It was a regular job every year . . . pruning them all." "Yes it *is* a job, isn't it? It certainly is." "Thank you Percy Thrower," he snorts. His hand masks his mouth. "God what stupid, petty lives they all live. Still . . . at least they do something. But is it worth doing something? Is it worth doing *anything*? Phew! Why do I keep it all up? . . . drag on and on? Because I'm too afraid to do anything else? I mean . . . hell, I don't care about teaching . . . no vocation . . . I don't care about children . . . Christ. I have no joy in their lives . . . 'no joy in their lives' . . . ha! God I only care about me . . . and not too much about that. Are there people who actually care about life, believe in it? . . . I mean are there *really* people who are happy? Do they believe some things are worth doing? If you don't know something is pointless I guess it doesn't matter . . . I suppose you can still be happy even if it is pointless. M'm." He bites his lips and thinks. "It's all just a way of passing a few more hours to bring us closer to . . .? . . . death I suppose . . . or the 'big' thing that we all hope is going to happen to us one day. Castles in the air and white chargers." He realises the comedy of this and then says half-bitterly, half-regined, "Well it just didn't happen, did it boy?"

K. T. LINLEY.

Book Reviews

The Philosophy of Aristotle. A new selection with an introduction and commentary by Renford Bambrough. New translations by J. L. Creed and A. E. Wardman. Mentor Books 1963.

THIS new selection is designed to show, Mr Bambrough says, not so much the scope of Aristotle's intellectual activity, his place in the history of Greek thought, or the sources of the sometimes regrettable influence he exerted upon his successors, as the extent and vitality of his contributions to philosophy. This book contains, therefore, long excerpts from the *Metaphysics*, *Physics*, *De Anima*, *Ethics*, *Politics*, *Poetics*, *Categories*, *De Interpretatione* and *Posterior Analytics*. The biological, astronomical, meteorological, rhetorical, and narrowly logical works are wholly excluded. There is a general introduction to Aristotle's philosophy, and thereafter each group of excerpts is prefaced by a short introduction. The translations maintain a standard of accuracy at least as high as that set by the Oxford translation, and are on the whole a good deal more elegant. But I wonder what made the translators decide to retain, in an introductory book of this kind, the old misleading translations of some of Aristotle's technical terms, since for most of these terms a single English equivalent works in one context well and in another not at all and since there are obvious objections to having a number of English equivalents for a single Aristotelian technical term, could we not have either simply the transliterated Greek word in the English text or an English dummy-word (I suggest, for example, "according to supervention" for *κατὰ συμβεβηκός*), with a glossary explaining the everyday uses of the Greek word from which this technical use originated?

It is hard to fault Mr Bambrough's selections, particularly if for every text which does not but ought to appear in his selection one must name a text of equal length which he includes but which could without loss have been omitted. But I make the following suggestions. Is it not a pity that the second chapter of *Metaphysics* 1 and the first chapter of the *Categories* are omitted, both because Aristotle's remarks about homonymy and synonymy in these passages provide an important clue to his views about what it is generally that makes different things the same in kind, or allows a word to have distinctly different senses without being merely ambiguous; and more particularly because *Metaphysics* 12 contains most explicitly Aristotle's programme for metaphysics, the elucidation of the disconnections and connections between the various senses of the most pervasive terms—the apparently ambiguous but emphatically unambiguous "being", "unity", "same", "different", "like" etc? The exclusion of *Metaphysics* H2 is also, it seems to me, a pity. In this chapter Aristotle gets as near as he ever does to the nominalistic view that "is" has a different sense in each of its uses, and thus that the substance of each thing is different from the substance of every other thing. Aristotle's inclination to move towards such a position is elsewhere much less obvious but no less significant. Mr Bambrough's introduction shows that he thinks Aristotle's views about universals important enough to make the inclusion of these passages a high priority. I suggest, too, that room should have been found for Aristotle's skilful uncovering, in *Physics* Δ, of the implications of the notion of the place of a thing, and for his suggestive remarks, in the same

book, about time. Room could be made for these additions by the exclusion of parts of the deplorable first book of the *Posterior Analytics*, which appears in its entirety. Parts of this book stand, surely, as a counter-example to Mr Bambrough's thesis (p. 12) that the important writings in philosophy, unlike those, say, in physics, never go out of date. Aristotle's view that to know something is to be able to give a demonstrative proof of it, and his belief that an empirical inquiry should proceed in the way that a mathematical or logical inquiry should proceed, are, admittedly, although false still interestingly and instructively false. But could we not be spared his laborious classification of the sources of error in syllogism (*Posterior Analytics* 16, 17, and 18)? And is there any but a historical interest in his view, for instance, that a valid proof whose premisses and conclusion are true is "sophistic" and not "scientific" unless it proceeds from necessary premisses about the nature of the subject of the proof itself?

Mr Bambrough's introductions are models of economy and clarity. His general introduction begins with a defence of the appearance of this book at this time, principally on the ground that philosophers, no longer bound by extreme positivist scruples, have increasingly in recent times devoted attention to and derived profit from the successes and failures of older metaphysics. There is a brief biography of Aristotle and survey of his extant writings, then an attempt to pick out the central features of his philosophical work. Mr Bambrough finds that certain assumptions which are prominent in Aristotle's logical works, most notably the assumption that every proposition consists in the assignation of a predicate to a subject, are widely influential throughout the rest of his work. He singles out, too, Aristotle's theory of causes, his insistence upon the primacy of the concrete individual particular over what is abstract and universal, and his doctrine of end or purpose, as the binding agents each of which makes an important contribution to the unity of his work, and which combine to form the essence of Aristotle's philosophy.

The introductions to the various sections of the book contain accounts of some of the important doctrines appearing in the excerpts which follow. Mr Bambrough is careful to set out for us, in untechnical and non-Aristotelian language, the philosophical alternatives to positions which Aristotle adopts. We are made to feel the difficulties, for instance, which Aristotle in his analysis of the soul faced and obviated, and to see the merits of views which Aristotle felt compelled to reject. But in one place the transition from Mr Bambrough's to Aristotle's philosophical language seems to me obscure. Mr Bambrough several times says what he takes the central task of metaphysics to be: "the study of the logical character of statements and questions" (p. 15). "the search for . . . the ultimate grounds on which . . . a type of statement may be justified" (p. 15), "to know and explain at what points and in what respects our language does and does not directly represent the world that it is used to describe" (p. 32). The connection between the subject thus conceived and Aristotle's search for *ousia*, for the principles of being *qua* being, might, I suggest, have been made clearer by a discussion of Aristotle's own attempts to characterise the aims of his enterprise. And I think too that attention to the distinct difference in type between various considerations that Aristotle advances as relevant to his question "what is *ousia*?" would show that there is more than one question seriously at issue here, and that Mr Bambrough is wrong in claiming that the ontological guise of Aristotle's metaphysics is purely accidental.

This book admirably fills the great need that there has been for a readily-available and reliably translated selection of Aristotle's important philosophical writings. The effect of Mr Bambrough's introductions is as much

to provide the reader with the means for finding his own philosophical bearings through Aristotle as it is to illuminate Aristotle's most difficult doctrines. Much of what Mr Bambrough writes is thus philosophically controversial. This is of course a feature it shares with other good work on the history of philosophy—including Aristotle's own.

M. C. SCHOLAR.

Coleridge the Poet by George Watson (1966, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.).

IN addition to being courageous Mr Watson possesses the virtue of always being definite as to where he stands in an argument. His previous book *The Literary Critics* (Penguins, 1962 4/6d) implied a challenge to himself to show how criticism should be done. In the present book he meets that challenge, choosing for his subject one of the most difficult—S. T. Coleridge. For the general reader this is a satisfying book to read, both because of its intrinsic interest and because the author states clearly his own views.

Coleridge was up at Cambridge (Jesus College) in 1790-94, just after his Johnian near-contemporary Wordsworth, and they did not meet until later when they collaborated in the production of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. His three best-known poems were the fruit of this collaboration.—Kubla Khan, The Ancient Mariner, Christabel—and these, along with the few other poems that are found in anthologies, such as the Ode to Tranquillity, represent Coleridge for most of the general reading public. The first of these takes as its starting point a statement from the travel writings of another Johnian, Samuel Purchas (1575-1626), and its strangeness, along with its strong rhythm and colour, commend it to the memory of the schoolboy. The second is a gripping tale of mystery told by the protagonist and written in the traditional ballad metre. Both can be enjoyed on that level. Mr Watson analyses these works to reveal their deeper significance and to assess their place in English literature.

Coleridge lived before the age of literary agents, and his temperament led him to leave much unfinished and much unpublished. He suffered from fits of dejection, and he wrote for his own epitaph:

.....Beneath this sod
A poet lies or that which once seem'd he'.

The present book does much to redress the unbalance of the traditional view of Coleridge as a largely unsuccessful poet. It surveys and evaluates his whole poetic activity and shows the relation of this to his critical work. The writing is concentrated in places, but mostly Mr Watson writes as he talks, and the reader gets a clear picture of Coleridge as a man and a poet in his times. More detailed discussion of the book must be left to professional critics. It is interesting to note that this is the second book on Coleridge to have been written in recent years in H 1 Second Court, the first being Dr John Beer's *Coleridge the Visionary* (Chatto & Windus, 1959).

The printing is in a good traditional style, but with incongruous modernistic touches in the preliminary pages and in the headlines to the pages. The dust-jacket contains only the title, the name of the author and two portraits. Opposite "Coleridge the Poet" we find, not the romantic portrait that hangs in Jesus College, but a very mature bourgeois picture for which thanks are given to the Radio Times Hulton Picture Library. Opposite "By George Watson" the Publisher seems to have felt that he could not place a portrait of the author lest the public think that the two portraits had become interchanged. His ingenious solution is to give us the same dull picture of the poet reproduced a second time on the same page.

N. F. M. H

The Commemoration Sermon

8 May 1966

BY THE MASTER

THE Commemoration of our Benefactors has found a place in the regular life of the College since the College was founded more than four and a half centuries ago. In the series of early Statutes Bishop Fisher drew up to order the life of his new Society, he enjoined that the Master and Fellows should remember in their prayers the Lady Margaret, our Foundress, and her relatives, and with them soon afterwards her executors, through whose action the college was brought into being, and the benefactors of the Maison Dieu at Ospringe in Kent and of the old nunneries at Higham in Kent and Broomhall in Berkshire, whose lands, obtained for the College by Fisher, were amongst its earliest, as they are still amongst its most ancient, possessions.

As other benefactions accrued, strengthening the life of the now growing College of St John the Evangelist, other names were added to the roll, some of them recited once again just now, including the name of John Fisher himself, when the clash of royal self-will and unyielding principle had deprived the College of its first and wisest guide—the guide to whom, as the Fellows wrote to him when he lay in the Tower, "we owe all that we have or know."

A generation later, in the reign of Elizabeth I, the Statutes of the University required that all Colleges should commemorate their benefactors. The form prescribed, confirmed by our own Statutes right down to the nineteenth century, differed little from that used this morning. So the Roll of Benefactors grew, and from time to time was revised and rewritten. Ancient forms of it are preserved amongst our records, and it is still added to year by year; for benefactors and their benefactions have never ceased.

At one time, Commemorations were held more than once in the year, and the list was divided between the occasions. But now, as for a hundred years past, there is one Commemoration on 6 May, St John before the Latin Gate, or a Sunday near it.

The endowments of the College, without which it could not continue in its present form or maintain its present services either to its senior or to its junior members, are derived ultimately entirely from its benefactors, from the gifts and bequests of those who have believed in its purposes and wished to secure its future.

Their more special intentions have been various. In early times they were especially the foundation of Fellowships or Scholarships, at that time often perhaps the sole source of livelihood of those who held them. It is unlikely that Richard Bentley, or William Wordsworth, or John Couch Adams would have come to the College or maintained themselves here had they not held Sizarships and later Scholarships. Or the gifts were to provide us with buildings; the First Court built with the help of the earliest benefactions and the revenues received from the Lady Margaret's estates; the Second Court, made possible by the munificent gift of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, whose statue stands upon its gate-house tower; the Third Court built with the assistance of a long list of subscriptions, and its first portion, the Library, by the gift of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, whose arms and initials adorn it; the New Court in the end financed to an important extent by the benefactions of James Wood, Wordsworth's Tutor, afterwards Master, a poor boy from a family of weavers of Bury in Lancashire, but afterwards one of the principal benefactors of the College; the Chapel and North Courts, to which were assigned a large benefaction of Lord Courtney of Penwith, whose arms face Bridge Street; and now, most recently, a further great building, the last of our series, more completely a gift to the College than any of those that preceded it. And there were other gifts, of silver and of books.

Of the long list of names read, some stand out as figures in the story of our country or of science or literature—the Lady Margaret and John Fisher, Thomas Linacre, William Cecil, Lord Treasurer to Elizabeth I, Matthew Prior; others belong rather to our family history. But something is known of each one—of his or her gift and of his or her association with our Society. Some of you will recognize names as those of founders of emoluments or prizes from which you yourselves have benefited; and, listening to the more recent names, the older amongst us will hear again the tones of familiar voices or see again figures we once knew in our Courts and Combination Room; for many of our benefactors were members of our Society. They gave to what they knew and had grown to love.

What has become of their gifts, especially of those of long ago, is not always the right measure of their generosity. Most of the older gifts were of land, or of money at once invested in land. The vicissitudes of these lands have been varied. What was once country estate or open heath may now be northern London or residential Surrey; or it may be still much what it was then. Other gifts, once of great importance to the College, like those of William Cecil, were fixed money-charges and, remaining so, they have declined to a nominal value. We do best to measure

generosity in relation to the person and the time; and so too do we gain the fullest insight into our own past. Moreover, they that cast in their mite may cast in more than they that give of their abundance.

The gifts were given—are still given—to promote the purposes of the College. They imposed, and still impose, an obligation to use them for those purposes and to manage them well. The Statutes, from the earliest days, have imposed duties of proper custody of College possessions and of good management of its properties. On the whole, in spite of periods of irregularity and neglect, those Statutes have been observed. Had it not been so, the College would not have survived. And in modern days this duty to the Society has been felt also as a public obligation. In its fulfilment, the Colleges of today, I believe, need fear no comparisons.

It is a special tribute to the Collegiate system that so many of our benefactors had themselves shared its life. What, then, did they seek to perpetuate and wish to see prosper?

A College, as we ourselves know it and have inherited it, has no complete parallel anywhere in the world outside the two ancient English Universities. Yet it has been, and has become increasingly in modern times, a source from which newer academic societies have drawn inspiration and a model they have sought to imitate or adapt to meet their own needs. The Hall of Residence in a newer University is not a College; but the strong desire of the newer, and especially of the newest, Universities of this country to become residential derives its primary inspiration from the Colleges of Cambridge and of Oxford. The influence of our system is to be seen also in the United States of America, and increasingly in other lands.

A College is a society in which there live together as its members persons older and younger, persons engaged in many different fields of study and research, persons preparing themselves for many different careers in after life. This variety of ages, pursuits, and destinies is of the essence of a College. A community all of one age, all engaged in study in one field, all destined for one profession, is not a College in our fuller sense. And yet a College in that fuller sense can be one community, as nothing shows more clearly than the loyalties it inspires. A University must in a measure divide itself into Faculties; but in its Colleges members of all these Faculties meet. Persons preparing for a profession must pursue a common course of study; but they pursue it better if they do so in daily contact with others pursuing other courses and destined for other careers. By achieving this kind of varied unity within their smaller societies, Colleges within a University enable the University itself, in spite of its size and its inevitable specializations, to remain a unity too.

I speak of a College and its members, older and younger, not of staff and students. All alike, if they are here to any profit, are students, that is are engaged in *inquiry*. The relation of teacher and taught is secondary. If the teacher is not himself engaged in inquiry, he will not communicate the one thing indispensable—a zest for inquiry; and to absorb information is of little value unless it incites and facilitates the further and more far-reaching question. I sometimes hear in Cambridge today the expression (Cambridge is not its place of origin) “student opinion”. I hope that those who use it will reflect that in a College, in a University, all are students. There are differences of ability, differences of achievement, degrees of singleness of mind in the scholar’s pursuit. But these differences, fortunately, do not coincide with differences of age. In the republic of learning the only aristocracy is the aristocracy of attainment, and there is no proletariat.

It is this contact of minds, older and younger and variously occupied, that makes a College the unique thing it is, the unique instrument of education. It affords at once a stimulus in one’s own pursuits and the opportunity to gain that without which there is neither education nor wisdom—the recognition of how much there is that you do not know. This conscious ignorance, the Socratic wisdom, is both the starting-point of all true inquiry and the first glimpse of that wonder in which inquiry can, and alone can, find its culmination.

But the society of a College, both close and varied, is also a society of human friendships. More life-long friendships, I believe, are made in a College than in any other society, partly because so many of them are made at an age when independence has been attained but youth not lost. This is why a College becomes a unique focus of loyalties. How strong these loyalties are is witnessed by the affection of her sons and the devotion of her benefactors.

No feature of the Colleges is more remarkable than the capacity they have shown of adapting themselves to change, notwithstanding that they have often at the same time shown themselves reluctant to accept it. In our own case, the two most notable periods in this respect are the first and the last half-centuries of our history. Within fifty years of its foundation in 1511, St John’s had become both the largest College in the University and the main centre in Cambridge of the Renaissance learning. The last half-century has seen unique expansion, the great enlargement of the range of studies, the scientific revolution, and the great increase, accelerated by two world-wars, in association between the academic world of the Universities, the policies and agencies of national government, and industry. These things

have brought their dangers—especially danger from those who pay more regard to uniformity than to excellence. But I believe the reputation of the Colleges has never stood higher. Our right defence is in preserving our capacity to change and in always paying regard first to our quality.

In establishing the College, Fisher, as his Statutes show, saw it as above all a school of theology; though it had a liberal curriculum, its purposes were the worship of God, uprightness of life, and the strengthening of the Christian faith. But it was to be this, not by turning in upon itself, but for the service of Church and State. At any one time, a quarter of the Fellows were to be engaged in preaching to the people in English. This purpose of service to the world without, and of service by education, is the thread of continuity from that day to this; it is still the motive of the vastly enlarged range of activities of today. And the College has never been secularized. Religious conflict—in the reigns of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, of Mary, and on to Civil War, Commonwealth, and Restoration—was a large element in the environment and in the internal life of the College during the first century and a half of its existence. The old building in which the College worshipped—with zeal greater or less—for three and a half centuries now survives only in foundations in the grass and in ancient stones and stalls incorporated in this newer building: stones and stalls which still carry the marks (for those who know where to look for them) of the conflicts of those earlier days. But Services are still held here, as indeed both the Statutes of the College and the law of the land prescribe. And Fellows and Scholars on their admission still promise, as the Statutes require of them, that they will in all things endeavour to the utmost of their power to promote the peace, honour, and well-being of the College as a place of education, religion, and learning.

In what ways does the College still have amongst its objects the promotion of religion? Not as the imposition of an orthodoxy. The last relics of religious tests were swept away a century ago. Even compulsory attendance at Chapel, which had already long ceased to be compulsory where conscience was involved, came to an end with the first world-war. But religion is not orthodoxy. It is one of the great and permanent interests of man: his interest, one of his freedoms, not his bondage. As such, is it not, like all other great human interests, a fit object to promote, even to the utmost of one’s power? And there is something further. To penetrate, even a little way, the secrets of the world, has a precondition: the desire—at its greatest the all-impelling need—to *see*. It is not for us to predetermine what we shall see. In so far as we attempt to do so, we cease to look. Only by

looking do we see, by looking with the eye that is single. This was once expressed in the saying: Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. In the appropriate contexts this is true alike of science, of scholarship, and of faith, and of them all in the same sense. This is the precondition of all insight, of vision, whether in education, in religion, in learning, or in research. And it is this, in all of them, that we are here to promote.

“Marriage?”

**Mrs M. Bulman preached the following sermon on
Sunday, 1 May, 1966,—the first given by a
woman in the chapel**

THERE has been an avalanche of books, paperbacks and broadcasts about marriage and personal relationships in recent years. But one may be forgiven perhaps, as an older married woman, for reflecting that those most concerned have little time for writing—and those who are not so involved forget a great deal. My particular job as a marriage guidance counsellor has taught me that we forget at our peril.

Society, ever since it organised, and had to pay for, communal compassion in the welfare state has been “worried” about its young people; and it is in a terrible hurry to get them responsibly coupled, to avoid expensive accidents. We are always hearing about earlier maturity (how Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet would have smiled), the commercialised titillation-of-teenagers that goes with full employment, sexual-decadence in high places, and, more seriously, because it emanates from the Church, what is supposed to be the new morality—and we have yet to reckon the price of all this in the deep anxiety generated (on all wavelengths) in those who cannot or do not conform to this imaginary social pattern. And all the while, here and overseas, the malthusian pressures are mounting toward a population explosion of apocalyptic dimensions.

Yet our individual human nature, created, as the Church interpretes it, to worship and love the Lord its God in spirit and in truth, is stunted and starved as long as we tolerate the mocking assumptions of our age; it resists strenuously but all too briefly the cynical generalisations of the pundits. And this was never more true than in regard to the ancient institution of marriage. Either, it seems, we must now accept a sloppy romanticism which takes little heed of the deep fears and failings of the human race, or we must live out a sort of angry anarchy which dares not accept the dreams and aspirations of normal people. The Christian Church is infinitely more realistic. It takes full cognisance of the demonic power both of human fear and of mechanical force—the world, flesh and the devil are taken seriously at every Christian baptism—whilst it insists that the innocent paradise we all go on, deep down, believing in, is real and good; moreover, the Church offers to each of us a guide, a way and a light for the

ancient trail back through our human jungle,—though it is well to recollect that even its torchbearer, the mature and disciplined Jesus—fresh from His own baptism in Jordan—had still to feel the whole brunt of the demonic forces that His enormous attractiveness and power over people inevitably drew upon Him.

Yes, the Church's teaching on personal relationships and marriage may have seemed remote or irrelevant to many of us during the sheltered years of family life, and difficult during the easy reciprocal friendships of boyhood and girlhood. It was probably more convenient, actually, to forget all about its warnings, and strictures on fornication, during those early experiments in the faceless eroticism of early adolescence; but now in spite of ourselves, someone has made us care, and deeply care. We find ourselves suddenly back again on the same wavelength as Christian thinking, and facing, perhaps very unwillingly, a crisis of faith which is both personal and religious.

This, at last, is the neighbour we, quite naturally, love as ourselves—nay dearer than ourselves—a neighbour who reveals in us a new, transfigured, responsive and terribly vulnerable self. We instinctively, impulsively mean now to obey the inner command to love this neighbour with the chivalry, courtesy and respect, with the homage, the idolatry even, due only to a goddess! To love with heart and mind, and soul and strength, becomes, for the time being, a perfectly reasonable commandment that we deeply understand, in this very particular context, at least. It is the month of May . . . It is Cambridge . . .—and we inhabit eternity! But, being mortals, we begin to ask, "Will it be for an hour? a day?—or for ever?" . . . and then along blunders society (or is it just society?) breathing hotly down our necks, urging us to get married soon, soon, so that it can enjoy the show, and croon over the baby—insinuating that it will be "all right" to anticipate marriage, that it will be much cleverer to have a trial run,—that, after all, science these days can see to it that the early sowing of life cells—if not the tryponosomes of V.D.—shall fall on stony ground with almost 100% efficiency . . .

I read in a glossy magazine recently that engagements, not surprisingly in the circumstances, are now "out", in fashionable circles—another modern capitulation to the world, for of course one knows that engagements are notoriously "difficult". But our own commonsense tells us that there is going to be an enormous amount of adjustment to be done, even in this wonderful new relationship: a proving, testing and getting to know not only one another but our tiresome, superfluous relations!—and this is not going to be made any easier by the lapse of one more ancient Christian custom—the institution of betrothal.

Every pattern of marriage, be it registry office or nuptial mass reflects the value set, by the community, upon its members. And, if one is to believe the advertisements, there must be a great many people, young and old, who do seem to be more or less content to take what they can from the contemporary, permissive climate of thought,—who get by, get through, and maybe get, rather "quietly", married, if, as society foresaw more cynically than they, they inadvertently beget children.

But, most of us, I am quite sure, prefer and are really much happier, more truly ourselves, when we are giving rather than getting. And the Christian Church of course has no monopoly of this choice-for-giving; but on the other hand the Church has, not only the built-in experience of a whole community pledged to self-giving, its very foundation is an historic example of a life lived-out in total obedience to this principle as the absolute source of life and love. So the Church's solemnisation of holy matrimony is no arbitrary religious rite: it is one, and only one, of many specific applications of the great law of love to the deepest needs of the family—a specific ritual and celebration for two unique people, and their families, joined together before the formal witness of their own community. Muddled and blind as we may have been, we all want, I believe, nothing less for those we love and the children of those we love—but before this, though because of this, we want, most desperately, to be sure that we have really found the right partner, and we want more deeply to know that this love is the real thing, true, enduring and immutable.

Let us again seek and test by these deepest feelings the wisdom of the Church, and challenge her understanding of modern young people in love—after all, the Christian name for God is 'Agape'—self-giving love; and, more, His spirit, like all creative force, is recognisable and measurable by its consistent effect. The fruits of the spirit as St Paul describes them (Galatians 5, 22) are quite simply: *love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance*—(the Latin Vulgate, after Thomas Aquinas, spells out three more,—a little tastelessly we may feel, as Anglicans: modesty, continence, chastity, for good measure). Certainly, there is nothing high-flown or abstrusely theological about the fruits of the spirit (any more than there is about the ten commandments), and, what is more, they provide the, absolutely, non-subjective frame of reference for *all* human relationships, within which the special confrontation of our lovers exacts the greater integrity only because we feel so much more is at stake.

To be fully a Christian has always been to live dangerously—but responsibly. At the risk of getting hurt, but within the

freedom that the clear-sighted acceptance of the truth confers: if, we find, referring to St Paul's brilliant little list, jealousy developing, rather than joy, fear rather than peace, impatience for long-suffering, possessiveness, anxiety, violence, passion . . . we may know, quite surely that the relationship, so far lacks the grace and the staying-power of true love. In all Christian charity, it may end, freely as it began, in love, but no longer as lovers—a costly and painful, but valuable adventure in intimate, dangerous, neighbourliness, no more no less, in self-giving and forgiving. And the Christian encounter of lovers can end like this, in Christian courtesy and chivalry, only because '*Agape*', self-giving love, claims nothing either of beloved or seducer. Eros will demand his gambling debts, Phyllia a reciprocal satisfaction: but '*Agape*' asks neither reward nor revenge. Only the burning chastity of '*Agape*' allows the time for the spirit of each unique relationship to bear fruit—and it may be quite a long time before the spontaneous, the eager new love and joy encounter, like the knights of old, some trial which will reveal to us for sure the qualities of real goodness and trust, of gentleness and the discipline of a relationship worthy of creative Christian marriage.

Time is needed then, not only to judge the spiritual stature of the attraction between us; it is needed even more for the secret, mystical growth of a strong and permanent, new personality of partnership. "For this cause a man can leave his father and mother" physically and emotionally "and they shall become one flesh." The deep-laid fears, and the turmoil of emotion, pushed down by all the delight of new love need to be faced and resolved, quietly, each to each. All her life the girl has been conditioned by family and society to shrink from maternity—and yet to regard motherhood as her crown and her vocation; and between the extremes of double-think and ambivalent feeling lie the dread of the unknown, the dread of so much dependence, of social humiliation, of the sheer pain and weariness of childbirth, and ever, the dread that she may have misjudged her man or will fail to keep his love and his protection. And the boy? He for his part has yet to lose his dread:—his dread of impotence, his fear of inadequacy, of the loss of new-found freedom, and at the same time the fear of his own pent-up power, that his own inordinate affection may crush what most he cherishes!

Within those few, precious, never-to-be-repeated months of betrothal, before physical conception, coition or marriage itself, true lovers need a holy pause and the unhurried privacy in which to realise the radiant mystery and the deep staying-power of creative virgin love. Time for the girl to reach that moment when she waits, serenely at peace, poised ready body and soul

for her vocation of womanhood: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." And the man?—for he is suddenly, and wholly man—alone with his responsibility as her guardian, that he may realise and accept what marriage really means to the woman whom he worships, whom he has awakened, yet to whom he will always be able to offer, even in marriage, so briefly and such a tiny fraction of his mounting creative potential. Marriage is a burning-glass for the creative power of heaven.

Here, I think, is the real Christian significance of the social lull of engagement. It grants the pair real freedom, and an approved setting in which to halt, to appraise and, if need be to break the relationship painfully apart—or to move quietly onward together towards the power-packed sacrament of Christian marriage. None of its discipline will be wasted, in later life: a wife in the flower of motherhood must ask as much forbearance from her man as ever she did in her virginity; a man, at the peak of his creative, working capacity, must trust and cherish his wife through long absences from home—and the children when they come along, will not gladly learn compassion, forbearance or self-discipline from parents who have not trodden the path before them!

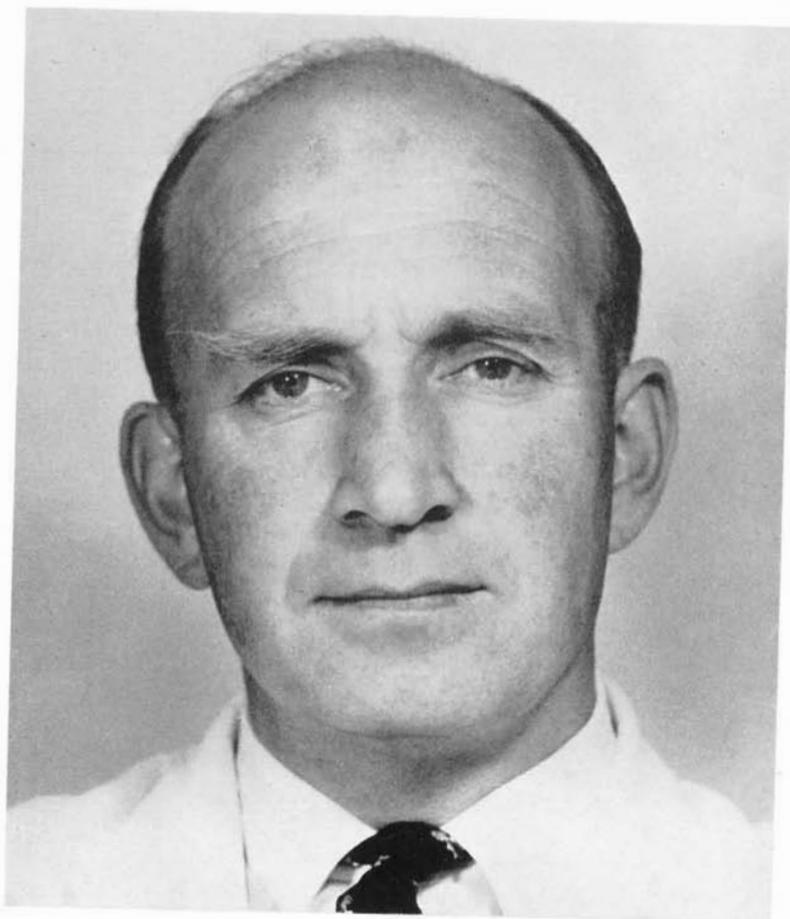
Christian marriage is, then, in one sense, only an incident in the growth towards one flesh of the couple for whom love, joy, peace, long-suffering . . . have taken on an ever deeper reality, (though without in any way diminishing their freedom to hurt, to err and to sin or the need to forgive again and again). Once they are safely wed society loses interest; but the Church brings her wisdom and experience even to their most secret trust. She knows that if they do not care to notice the Great Gardener walking in the cool of their celestial evening, they already know themselves to be trespassers. She sees ahead the trials and the provings of the everyday life of fallen humanity, in sickness and in health (of body or mind), and, perhaps more penetrating, for richer for poorer. Heedless of the solemnity, or the fashionable glamour of a formal social occasion, she firmly insists on the most public searching, and gloriously impertinent interrogation before she will join them together for life. In her ancient wisdom, she sees that in the end it must be the child of their nuptial flesh who is to go before them into the Kingdom, who is to define their future love and joy, their loyalty and long-suffering—even the meekness with which they must meet his growing assurance and independence!—She knew, long before child-psychology, that no power on earth can fully make amends for the betrayal of a child's dual trust—desertion and dereliction of innocence is a field of understanding in which the Church, in all the panoply of Good Friday and Easter, has earned the right, in love, to

THE EAGLE

pronounce upon—to protect this child—of this marriage—by her most powerful persuasion.

Let them stand together now, bride and groom, in radiant confidence of grace. Let each proclaim, “I will, with Love’s own self-giving grace, I will”. “Then shall the lion lie down with the lamb and a little child shall lead them.”

“Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.”



JAMES WILSON MILLEN, M.A., M.D., D.Sc., Sc.D.

Obituaries

James Wilson Millen,

M.A., M.D., D.Sc., Sc.D.

THE death on the 14th of March, 1966, at the early age of 51, of Dr J. W. Millen, Reader in Anatomy in the University, was a great loss to the department in which he served, and to medical undergraduates in the University. I believe, too, that the Fellowship at St John's College feels diminished by his passing.

James Millen was an Ulsterman and, like most of that ilk, proud of his origin. He was born in Bangor, Co. Down, on 1st February, 1915. He was a pupil and eventually Head Boy of the Grammar School there. He left school with five distinctions in his Matriculation subjects, and in 1932, at the age of 17, became a student of medicine in The Queen's University of Belfast. There Millen had a distinguished undergraduate career, being awarded, amongst other distinctions, the Malcolm Clinical Scholarship. He graduated M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., with honours in 1937, and after resident posts in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast, he joined The Queen's University Anatomy Department as a demonstrator in 1938. Three years later he was appointed to a lectureship in Anatomy, and in 1944 was elevated to a specially created post of senior lecturer. From 1941 until his resignation in 1948, Millen was second in command in the Belfast department, and as such, was responsible for a large amount of its administration, including the arrangements for dissecting room work. At the outbreak of the war he volunteered for the Armed Forces, but owing to a cardiac condition, his services were declined. With the absence of many members of the University on active service, heavy demands were made on those who remained; consequently Millen acquired further administrative chores and a number of extramural duties. An enumeration of his special responsibilities in Belfast during those trying days would be otiose here, but attention is drawn to them for two reasons. In the first place he was given responsibilities and experience unusual for a man of his seniority and status, wherein probably lies the explanation for his success in administration in later years. Secondly they can explain why he was slow in starting on an effective research career. Indeed, with his commitments it is surprising that Millen was then able to carry out any investigative work. Nevertheless he did so and his

researches were submitted as a thesis on the "Form and Subdivisions of the Stomach", for which, in 1943, he was awarded the M.D. degree with Gold Medal.

At the end of the war Millen could have looked forward to a secure academic career with an assured future in Belfast. However, feeling thwarted in his research interests, and overwhelmed by teaching and administrative duties, he sought leave of absence and, in 1947, spent the period granted in the Department of Human Anatomy at Oxford under Professor Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark. There he changed his field of interest from comparative anatomy to that of the structure of the nervous system, and, exploiting technical methods developed in the Oxford Department, he carried out careful investigations on the innervation of blood vessels. The resulting paper, though short, represented a distinct contribution and it is still referred to in the literature.

In the following year, at the age of 33, he accepted a junior appointment in Cambridge as a University Demonstrator in Anatomy, a decision entailing a considerable diminution in academic status and seniority. In 1950, however, he was made a University Lecturer, and soon assumed responsibility for the undergraduate neuroanatomy course. Owing to the greater length of the preclinical period in Cambridge the structure of the nervous system can receive more attention than in most other Medical Schools. Millen took advantage of this situation by increasing the undergraduates' access to more and better material, his interest in techniques adding much to the beauty of the students' histological sections. Meanwhile, and in association particularly with D. H. M. Woollam, Millen commenced the publication of a series of papers reporting investigations on the non-nervous elements of the central nervous system, and on experimental teratology. In 1957 he was appointed to a University Readership in Anatomy, and, in 1959, was elected to a Fellowship at St John's College, a distinction of which he was very proud. He had earlier been awarded the Belfast D.Sc. for his contributions to anatomical knowledge, and, in 1963, the degree of Sc.D. was awarded to him by the University of Cambridge. He was for five years secretary of the Faculty Board of Biology "B". The experience thus gained gave his opinions on the problems of medical education and of University administration a special value, and in recent years his forthright expression of them at Faculty meetings was received with much respect.

Despite a reserve not uncommon in Ulstermen, Millen was essentially a friendly person, who liked working with people. He also believed that two minds are often better than one. Consequently much of his research was carried out in conjunction

with other workers; as indicated above, it fell into two principal fields, one concerned with the cerebrospinal fluid and the blood supply of nervous tissue, the other with experimental mammalian teratology. There is not an absolute separation between the two sets of studies, however, for the investigations on the cerebrospinal fluid had repercussions on the teratological studies, especially in regard to the experimental production of hydrocephalus. Special attention can be drawn to the investigations on the perivascular spaces of the central nervous system. The critical review of these spaces which Millen and Woollam published in *Biological Reviews* in 1954 has been widely recognised as the most coherent and critical analysis of the various, and often confused, views on these spaces that has yet been published. The teratological studies have also been widely influential, showing, as they do, the significance of vitamin deficiencies and excesses in the production of developmental abnormalities of the mammalian nervous system. Perhaps even more important was the demonstration that the teratogenic effects of environmental alterations (including those of nutrition) can be modified, potentiated, or diminished by the simultaneous administration of certain drugs, including cortisone. The extensive experiments on which these contributions were based were carefully planned and admirably carried out and analysed. Prior to the thalidomide tragedy, they constituted the most extensive work on experimental mammalian teratology that had been carried out in Great Britain. Hence the investigations achieved considerable prominence, both nationally and internationally, when the necessity to develop experiments for the screening of pharmaceutical products for possible teratogenicity became apparent. If the work did not demonstrate precisely how the effects of certain adverse environments and influences on developments are mediated, it did establish a firm basis for the exploration of the mechanisms involved, and this at a period when teratogenic studies did not have that respectability which was later to be conferred on them by the discovery of the deleterious effects of thalidomide. Much of Millen's investigative work was summarised in two books, *The Anatomy of Cerebrospinal Fluid* (in conjunction with Woollam, Oxford University Press, 1962) and *The Nutritional Basis of Reproduction* (Springfield, Illinois, Thomas, 1962).

In addition to these significant contributions, and there were others, in two fields of anatomy, Millen forwarded the subject in other directions, not least by the high standard of his advanced teaching and the help he gave to research students. He was himself a careful worker who delighted in elegance in histological and injection preparations, and would spare no pains to achieve

what he regarded as the fullest exploitation of a technique. In his elementary teaching Millen achieved that, not very common, balance between dogmatism and enthusiasm which undergraduates so much appreciate and from which they can so clearly benefit. Although his knowledge of human anatomy was most detailed (for Ulster is only Scotland extended and the Edinburgh Anatomical tradition is the Scottish one!) Millen was not one who, in Dean Swift's words "consider anatomy the ultimate end of physic". As a qualified doctor who had once had surgical aspirations, he believed that all medical undergraduates should acquire a sound knowledge of the body's structure but he was not averse from the climate of contemporary opinion in anatomical pedagogics that that sound knowledge should be based on a general biological approach. Consequently he was most critical of those who would make the subject merely descriptive and ancillary to clinical medicine. Equally, however, he disliked an approach which, as it were, deliberately divaricates as far as may be from any presentation of anatomical facts of use to the practising doctor. That a piece of knowledge can be applied did not, in his opinion, make it *ipso facto* non-scientific or intellectually disreputable.

Millen had two side interests which must receive brief notice. He was a devoted follower of Rugby Football: in spite of his physical handicap he had played the game as a boy, and he followed the progress of the teams with which he was brought into contact with passionate interest. In Belfast he had been President of the University Football Club. An Irish victory in an International always gave him intense satisfaction. A victory by the Varsity team over Oxford when there were Ulstermen in light blue jerseys elated him for weeks. He was a connoisseur of the game and savoured all its fine points. His other interest was in books. Though not a collector himself he had a wide knowledge of anatomical literature and he much enjoyed those services he was able to render on the Library Syndicate. The ultimate creation of a first-rate scientific library in Cambridge was a project very dear to his heart.

Of Millen personally it is difficult for the author of this notice to write with restraint; I taught him and, in due course, he was to supervise a son of mine. I knew him from his student days, and eventually became a close colleague for some sixteen years. I am aware of the high opinion held of him by his teachers and fellow students in Belfast. During his short sojourn in Oxford he again gained great personal esteem. In his Cambridge period all who had contact with him, undergraduates and colleagues, within and outside the Anatomy School, held him in high regard. Medical undergraduates in two Colleges, Clare, to which he was

first attached, and St John's where he was Praelector and Director of Medical Studies, were devoted to him, and I am sure will be to his memory; they were continually calling to see him, and in his absence always enquired for him. He was glad that his Praelectorship at St John's kept him in regular contact with old students after they had gone down. At the time of Millen's death a distinguished anatomist wrote to me "I am certain you will feel Millen's loss terribly. He has been one of the outstanding members of your staff, a man of unusual ability, and also a man who attracted affection from all who knew him". This was a fair assessment.

Members of the College will know how happy Millen was in his home life; to his wife, son and daughter, the deepest sympathy will be extended by all who knew this able, dependable, forthright servant of College, University and the subject to which he was devoted.

J. D. B.

George Humphrey

1889-1966

IN 1946 St John's decided to establish a Dominion Fellowship (now called "the Commonwealth Fellowship"). George Humphrey was then Charlton Professor of Psychology in Queen's University, Ontario. He was English by birth and had graduated with high honours in mathematics, classics and philosophy at the University of Oxford. Following this he had studied psychology at Leipzig, where the great Wilhelm Wundt was still in command, and had occupied a number of posts in America. He had published a first-rate book on *The Nature of Learning* which, in spite of an enormous accumulation of further volumes and articles on the same topic, is still alive and worthy of wide study. He was already at work on his *Thinking: An Introduction to its Experimental Psychology* which, to be published four years later, was further to advance his reputation.

Humphrey had made many visits to England and Cambridge, and was already known at St John's. When, therefore, he became a candidate for the Dominion Fellowship in 1947, he was duly elected. He entered the College in the Long Vacation of that year, and very quickly and happily settled into the life of the society. He retained a deep affection and an unflinching loyalty to St John's to the end of his life.

But he did not then stay to see his Fellowship out. In 1947 also, the University of Oxford determined to establish an honours school in psychology, philosophy and physiology, with a Professor at its head. Humphrey was offered and accepted the appointment. In Oxford he stayed until he reached his retiring age in 1956. His primary interests and concern were to develop experimental teaching and research in psychology on a firm foundation. He was able to establish the Oxford Institute of Experimental Psychology, and though he was often worried by what he conceived to be a rather general lack of understanding, the subsequent growth of psychological interests in Oxford has shown that he built wisely and well.

After leaving Oxford he went for a time to live at Hove; but the attractiveness of life at Cambridge, and especially at St John's was not to be resisted. He returned, was welcomed at College, made a member of the Combination Room and given dining rights. He now actively renewed some of his old friendships, and made many new ones. His life outside of the College was in

general happy and full of activity and he completed much editorial and original writing. In the spring of 1966, after a brief illness, he died of pneumonia, on April 24.

Humphrey had wide interests, not only in psychology but also in philosophy, in scientific developments and in public affairs. In addition to the two books already mentioned, he published *The Story of Man's Mind* (1923), a translation (with his first wife) of Itard's *The Wild Boy of Aveyron* (1933), *Directed Thinking* (1948) and (with M. V. Coxon) *The Chemistry of Thought* (1963). With Michael Argyll he edited *Social Psychology Through Experiment* (1963) and (also as co-editor) *Psychology Through Experiment* (1963). It is less widely known that he wrote also two novels, published in the late 1930's and called *Go Home Unicorn*, and *Men are Like Animals*. These achieved considerable success, but Humphrey was, for some reason, shy of becoming known as a writer of stories and they were published under the name of George Macpherson.

Humphrey was a good companion, always ready to talk, often in an entertaining manner, with views usually inclined towards the left and frequently unconventional. For St John's his love was genuine, deep and readily expressed.

He was twice married, in 1918 in Canada to Muriel Miller, and in 1956, after a lecture tour for the British Embassy in Germany, to Berta Hochberger.

F. C. B.

College Chronicle

BADMINTON CLUB

Secretary: N. J. KINGSTON. *Fixture Secretary:* R. L. TOASE

Club Captain: R. F. PARK

The Club consists of twenty-three members and we are again able to run three teams in the University Badminton League. The first team plays in the First Division and the second and third teams are both now in the Fourth Division, as the second team was relegated last season, after a disappointing performance. Performances this season have been on the whole encouraging to date. The first team has won three of its first five matches, losing only to very strong sides from Trinity and Downing. In the first team first year Neil Davies deserves special credit for his already consistent performances. The second team has won all its first four matches without any pair losing in any match. We have high hopes of their making a speedy return to the Third Division next season. The third team, however, has not yet managed to win in its first four matches although the margin has always been close. In addition to these league matches we have had an enjoyable social match with Homerton Teachers' Training College and we have another one in the near future with Hertfordshire Strollers. College practices are held on three afternoons a week for periods of one and a half or two hours and attendance is nearly always good. In addition members may reserve a court for private use most weekday mornings or evenings.

N. J. KINGSTON.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Senior Treasurer:* COLONEL K. N. WYLIE

Captain: D. F. C. SHEPHERD. *Vice-Captain:* I. A. B. BROOKSBY

Secretary: S. G. F. SPACKMAN

Junior Treasurer: M. E. K. GRAHAM

President Cambridge University Boat Club: M. A. SWEENEY

MICHAELMAS TERM 1965

It was unanimously decided to persevere with the compact blades this year. During the year we modified the rig slightly finding as the most comfortable an oar 12' 3" overall; 3' 8" inboard—and sliding 2—2½ inches through the work.

For strength and stamina we weight-trained throughout the winter months, including the Christmas Vac., under the supervision of J. A. N. Railton, and this certainly increased our capacity for sustained pressure in races.

The IV's: The Light IV were described as being "the only outstanding crew"—and as "bearing the hallmark of good coaching." A. C. Twinn and W. S. Hutton coached this boat to their second successive win and said that it was a real pleasure to coach such a responsive crew. The winning margin was never less than nine seconds and the fastest time was 10 m. 01. secs.

Bow D. R. Kirkham (Steerer)
2 M. E. K. Graham
3 R. D. Yarrow
Str. M. A. Sweeney

Beat Downing by 17.5 sec.
St Catharine's by 9 sec.
Emmanuel by 10.5 sec.
Selwyn by 10.5 sec.

Clinker IV: In 2½ weeks this small crew, coached by Colonel Wylie, asserted themselves as the fastest Clinker IV the Club has produced. They reached the semi-finals and then only lost by a second, having been 5 seconds down at Ditton.

Bow T. J. Dennis
2 G. R. Payton
3 J. A. Booth
Str. S. G. F. Spackman
Cox J. D. Nichol

Fastest time: 7.38

Colquhoun Sculls: D. F. Earl, a freshman, though not desperately fit, sculled most determinedly against his opponents, and a howling headwind, to win this event by 25 seconds in the final.

Fairbairn Cup: With eight of the most accomplished oarsmen of the Club in trial VIII's we set about forming the basis of an VIII for the remainder of the year. After a chaotic start, Colonel Wylie and D. C. Dunn sorted us out and the 1st Boat came 3rd again. The 2nd Boat was held up by a midstream collision, and, when they could wait no longer, ploughed on sinking a Corpus Boat in their efforts to reach the line!! Peter Owen coached a plucky 3rd Boat who raced very hard going up 5 places. This crew was awarded the "crock-pots".

1st Boat
Bow N. J. Smith
2 J. M. Larmour
3 D. F. Earl
4 S. D. Sharp
5 H. G. Cosh
6 G. R. Payton
7 J. A. Booth
Str. D. F. C. Shepherd
Cox J. D. Nichol

2nd Boat
Bow N. W. Macfadyen
2 A. F. Wallis
3 J. K. Broadbent
4 A. J. S. White
5 R. C. Searle
6 W. H. Guest
7 S. N. Bridge
Str. M. W. Russell
Cox L. C. Ingram

<i>3rd Boat</i>	<i>Gentlemen's Boat</i>
Bow J. D. Rootham	Bow R. F. Maddock
2 R. J. Kennett	2 C. L. G. Bell
3 C. J. G. Brown	3 A. Carter
4 P. D. Simpson	4 M. F. Carter
5 K. Lewis	5 C. J. Ingham
6 W. M. Stobbs	6 N. J. P. Killala
7 G. H. D. Darwall	7 S. Tanner
Str. R. C. R. Bertram	Str. J. H. Arrowsmith
Cox P. J. Charlton	Cox D. K. Lawrence

Novices Regatta: This VIII raced with great enthusiasm but could get no further than the second round. Several useful oarsmen have come from this VIII since.

Bow R. Gore
 2 V. E. Ashby
 3 J. A. Livingston
 4 I. M. Dalziel
 5 M. W. Rich
 6 S. K. Whybrow
 7 A. H. Miller
 Str. M. J. Leach
 Cox B. E. Cleghorn

Trial VIII's: The race between "Slosh" and "Bosh" virtually ended when a slide on "Bosh" broke and "Slosh" went on to win easily.

<i>In "Bosh"</i>	<i>In "Slosh"</i>
6 M. B. Thompson	2 M. E. K. Graham
7 R. D. Yarrow	3 D. F. Earl
	6 G. M. Gratwick
	Str. M. A. Sweeney
	Cox I. A. B. Brooksby

LENT TERM 1966

Based on the nucleus of the Fairbairn Boat A. C. Twinn took on the Lent Boat and soon moulded us into a useful crew. G. M. Gratwick, Dr Charles Sergel and L. V. Bevan added their experience to Alf's, and, before the races began, L. V. Bevan could tell a reporter that we would come in $\frac{1}{2}$ mile ahead on the first night!!! In fact we came in close on ten lengths ahead of Pembroke! It was a gift of a row. On the Friday night Jesus challenged us for the Headship but we were four lengths clear of Ditton corner before we hit the headwind. Jesus succumbed to this obstacle and were bumped back by Pembroke. Striking 34 up the Long Reach on the last night we opened up a six length lead from Pembroke to retain the Headship.

The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Boats raced hard but with little success.

Lent Crews:

	<i>1st VIII</i>	<i>2nd VIII</i>
	<i>st. lbs.</i>	
<i>Bow</i> N. J. Smith	11 6 ✓	<i>Bow</i> J. D. Rootham ✓
2 S. G. F. Spackman	11 5 ✓	2 R. C. R. Bertram ✓
3 J. A. Booth	11 10 ✓	3 J. K. Broadbent ✓
4 A. J. S. White	13 2 ✓	4 M. J. Leach ✓
5 H. G. Cosh	16 5 ✓	5 S. N. Bridge ✓
6 S. D. Sharp	12 8 ✓	6 R. J. Kennett ✓
7 D. R. Kirkham	11 12 ✓	7 T. J. Dennis ✓
Str. D. F. C. Shepherd	11 10 ✓	Str. A. F. Wallis ✓
Cox J. D. Nichol	9 7 ✓	Cox P. J. Charlton ✓

	<i>3rd VIII</i>	<i>4th VIII</i>
<i>Bow</i> C. J. G. Brown ✓	<i>Bow</i> R. Gore	2 R. L. Toase
2 C. L. G. Bell	3 E. Krayem	3 N. J. Braithwaite
3 M. W. Rich	4 N. J. Braithwaite ✓	5 R. N. Nunn
4 S. K. Whybrow ✓	5 R. N. Nunn	6 V. E. Ashby
5 D. R. Strong ✓	6 V. E. Ashby ✓	7 R. D. H. Twigg
6 P. D. Simpson ✓	7 R. D. H. Twigg ✓	Str. I. M. Dalziel
7 G. H. D. Darwall ✓	Str. I. M. Dalziel	Cox R. F. Park
Str. J. M. Cormack	Cox B. E. Cleghorn	

Medics
Bow G. K. Knowles
 2 D. A. Curnock
 3 I. S. Sanders
 4 J. C. Henderson
 5 B. Walker
 6 G. P. M. Clark
 7 R. C. Redman
 Str. P. N. Hobbs
 Cox D. K. Lawrence

Bedford Head of the River: Coach: Colonel K. N. Wylie. Together with Goldie we were the only crews to break 7 minutes. We finished 2nd in 6 mins. 58 secs.

The 2nd VIII rowed a good race and narrowly missed their pennant.

1st VIII
Bow N. J. Smith
 2 S. G. F. Spackman
 3 S. N. Bridge
 4 M. B. Thompson
 5 G. M. Gratwick
 6 S. D. Sharp
 7 J. A. Booth
 Str. D. F. C. Shepherd
 Cox J. D. Nichol

Reading Head of the River: Illness prevented us from rowing our full Lent Boat. Nevertheless, a scratch crew rating 34 did well to come 18th— having overtaken a Kingston crew in an exciting dash to the finish.

THE EAGLE

Bow N. J. Smith
 2 G. R. Payton
 3 S. N. Bridge
 4 A. J. S. White
 5 H. G. Cosh
 6 S. D. Sharp
 7 J. A. Booth
 Str. S. G. F. Spackman
 Cox J. D. Nichol

Boat Race: Cambridge, who lost, were represented by I. A. B' Brooksby (Cox), M. A. Sweeney (Stroke), and M. E. K. Graham (Bow on Stroke-side) from L.M.B.C.

Isis v. Goldie. Goldie also lost and were represented by D. F. Earl (No. 7) and R. D. Yarrow (No. 5) from L.M.B.C.

EASTER TERM 1966

C.U.B.C. Elections: M. A. Sweeney was re-elected President for the summer. M. E. K. Graham was elected Hon. Secretary for 1966-67.

Magdalene Pairs Oars: Robin Yarrow and Mike Graham, who won the pairs in the Cambridge Regatta 1965, rowed a very fine race in the final to win this event from Delafield and Roberts by one second!

Bow M. E. K. Graham (Steerer)
 Str. R. D. Yarrow

Lowe Double Sculls: Mike Sweeney, with Mike Tebay of 1st and 3rd Trinity, won this event for the second time. They beat Delafield and Roberts convincingly in the final.

Bow M. D. Tebay
 Str. M. A. Sweeney

Mays: The potential May and Henley crew began training at Pangbourne, before term, under the excellent coaching of J. F. Hall-Craggs. This period was marred by an unfortunate car accident which prevented G. R. Payton from rowing in the races.

On returning to Cambridge, we made two crew changes,—but not for the better, and we never rowed as well as we did at Pangbourne again. We won the David Bailey trophy in the Cam Head and also the Senior VIII's in the Cam Regatta.

Due to an unfortunate episode on the first night of the Mays we missed our bump and had to be content with bumping up three places only—thus missing the Headship by one. Undoubtedly, with an average weight of 13 st. 7 lbs., we should have been one of the fastest College crews ever produced.

Coaches on the Cam: J. R. Gleave, A. C. Twinn, H. H. Almond and R. S. Emery.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The second May Boat, energetically stroked by the Hon. Secretary, rose from humble beginnings to become a very useful crew—bumping Jesus II and Selwyn I.

Coaches: Colonel K. N. Wylie, D. C. Dunn, L. V. Bevan.

The "Quacks" were the only crew to win their oars—coached by N. J. P. Killala.

May Crews:

1st VIII		2nd VIII	
	st. lbs.		
Bow A. J. S. White	13 3	Bow J. D. Rootham	
2 G. M. Gratwick	12 8	2 R. C. R. Bertram	
3 D. F. Earl	13 12	3 P. D. Simpson	
4 S. D. Sharp	13 0	4 A. F. Wallis	
5 H. G. Cosh	16 1	5 J. A. Davies	
6 M. B. Thompson	14 2	6 M. J. Leach	
7 R. D. Yarrow	13 7	7 J. A. Booth	
Str. D. F. C. Shepherd	11 10	Str. S. G. F. Spackman	
Cox M. Rowntree	9 8	Cox P. J. Charlton	

3rd VIII		4th VIII	
Bow N. W. Macfadyen		Bow R. Gore	
2 J. E. Haslam-Jones		2 V. E. Ashby	
3 D. P. Chamberlain		3 R. N. Nunn	
4 M. W. Russell		4 S. K. Whybrow	
5 S. N. Bridge		5 M. W. Rich	
6 W. H. Guest		6 R. J. Kennett	
7 M. N. Park		7 G. H. D. Darwall	
Str. J. M. Larmour		Str. I. M. Dalziel	
Cox J. H. Peachey		Cox L. C. Ingram	

Hoggers I		One Mod Eight	
Bow M. D. Moss		Bow J. E. Harries	
2 I. W. H. Dunn		2 G. W. A. Chadwick	
3 P. F. Clarke		3 J. P. Fitch	
4 R. E. Barker		4 A. Carter	
5 A. Neilson		5 J. A. Livingston	
6 P. S. Onyett		6 W. R. Coulton	
7 G. M. Ralfe		7 E. Krayem	
Str. R. C. E. Devenish		Str. R. M. Davie	
Cox R. C. Desborough		Cox R. Endsor	

Hoggers II		Force de Frappe	
Bow M. J. Vest		Bow R. I. Sykes	
2 J. E. Owen		2 T. S. Neudoerffer	
3 N. McC. Schofield		3 D. Jones	
4 A. J. Gould		4 L. T. Little	
5 D. Meredith		5 J. B. Hutchison	
6 R. J. N. Wheatly		6 D. V. Bowen	
7 W. C. Blyth		7 P. C. Wraight	
Str. C. E. C. Chivers		Str. R. S. Dilley	
Cox W. I. Buxton		Cox B. E. Cleghorn	

B.A.'s

Bow R. C. Spencer
 2 J. Stewart
 3 J. R. McKay
 4 P. E. Onuorah
 5 D. R. Strong
 6 M. J. H. Hole
 7 K. Kewis
Str. D. J. Marshall
Cox I. T. Russell

Quacks

Bow G. P. M. Clark
 2 T. J. Dennis
 3 V. H. R. Gommersall
 4 P. N. Hobbs
 5 B. Walker
 6 G. Hall
 7 R. C. Redman
Str. I. S. Sanders
Cox S. J. Warrington

Purchas

Bow M. J. Williams
 2 P. A. Batchelor
 3 J. R. Watson
 4 A. G. Parker
 5 R. S. Holmes
 6 G. G. Poole
 7 D. Hart
Str. P. W. Denison-Edson
Cox D. J. Walmsley

Marlow: After the Mays, Sweeney and Graham were brought in at stroke and 6 from the disbanded University Crew.

Both the 1st and 2nd VIII's set up the second fastest times in their respective events but failed to reach the final.

J. Parker coached the 1st Boat and D. C. Dunn the 2nd.

Henley (slow conditions): Dr Raymond Owen co-ordinated the new order into an effective racing unit. We spent a most enjoyable ten days before the Regatta racing against as much opposition as we could find—we badly needed the experience.

In the "Ladies' Challenge Plate" we beat Fitzwilliam in the first round having steadily increased our lead all the way. Time 6 mins. 56 secs. Sandhurst gave us our hardest race and were only $\frac{3}{4}$ length down at the mile post where they cracked. After beating St Catharine's we drew Jesus in the final. Although Jesus had a very fast finish we had a length in hand at the mile where we went for home at a steady 40 and won by clear water. 6 mins. 58 secs.

Crew:

	<i>st.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
<i>Bow</i> A. J. S. White	12	13
2 D. F. C. Shepherd	11	5
3 D. F. Earl	14	0
4 S. D. Sharp	12	6
5 H. G. Cosh	16	1
6 M. E. K. Graham	13	3
7 R. D. Yarrow	13	7
<i>Str.</i> M. A. Sweeney	12	8
<i>Cox</i> M. Rowntree	9	9
(<i>average weight</i>)	13	4

Spare men:

N. J. Smith, J. M. Larmour, J. A. Booth, I. A. B. Brooksby (Cox).

The Visitors Challenge Cup IV easily defeated Worcester, Oxford and Jesus in the first two rounds. In the semi-final, Selwyn, whom we had beaten in the Light IV's at Cambridge, took advantage of our bad steering off the start and had $\frac{1}{2}$ length at the first signal. It was a very close race until mile where Selwyn, $\frac{3}{4}$ length down, just could not maintain the pace.

The final was a similar race, Imperial College hammered away at us all the way up the course and were so tired at the Mile $\frac{1}{8}$ th that they couldn't steer straight. L.M.B.C. went on to win by $2\frac{1}{4}$ lengths.

The Wyfold IV lost in the first round.

Visitors IV

Bow M. E. K. Graham*
 2 D. F. Earl
 3 R. D. Yarrow
Str. M. A. Sweeney

Wyfold IV

Bow A. J. S. White*
 2 S. D. Sharp
 3 H. G. Cosh
Str. D. F. C. Shepherd

(* Steerer)

Summary of the Year 1965-1966

Light IV's	Won
Clinker IV's	Semi-final
Colquhouns	Won (D. F. Earl)
Fairbairns	3rd
Lent Races	Head of the River
Bedford Head	2nd
Reading Head	18th=
Magdalene Pairs	Won (R. D. Yarrow, M. E. K. Graham)
Lowe Double Sculls	Won (M. A. Sweeney)
Cam Head	3rd
Senior VIII's Cam	Won
May Races	2nd
Ladies' Challenge Plate	Won
Visitors' Challenge Cup	Won

{ First time these have been won together by L.M.B.C. since 1879.

None of this would have been achieved without the generous support of the coaches, the members of the College and our infallible boat man Mr Roger Silk. To them our grateful thanks.

D. F. C. S.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club has again enjoyed an average season. The first team, demoted from the first division of the inter-college league two years ago, could manage only fourth place in the second division, while in the same division the second took fifth place, and is now the only second team remaining in that division.

In the Cambridge and District Chess League, generally regarded less seriously, we entered three teams. These achieved third and fifth places in the first division, and third place in the second. Out of a total of 44 matches played, 26 were won, 13 lost, and 5 drawn.

The new season promises better success for the first team, but the reduced number of players suggests that there may be difficulties in maintaining the high standard of play in the lower teams.

H. A. S. TARRANT.

CRICKET 1966

Officers for next year:

Captain: D. C. K. JONES

Match Secretary: D. BARNES

Fixture Secretary: M. B. MAVOR

The 1st XI enjoyed a successful season, and made the point clear by winning Cuppers. Against Caius, in the first round, Moore took 5 for 39, but victory did not come until the last over, thanks to a last wicket stand of 30 between Baron and Webster. Clare did not succumb until the second last ball (James 99), but Christ's were early victims, falling in the second last over (Bruce Lockhart 55 not out). One had the feeling that the final was carefully stage managed. Jesus found the John's bowling admirably tight, but the John's initial rate of scoring was even slower. It was not until Nokes (42) and Bruce Lockhart (47 not out) unwound from the solid basis they had built for themselves that victory seemed probable; this was confirmed by a short assault from Kamtekar.

Throughout the season the bowling was accurate without being hostile. Webster, Barnes and Moore all bowled with a firm steadiness that contributed much towards the Cuppers successes, but they lacked the zip to remove an obstinate batsman. Baron, on the other hand, managed to combine consistency with an aggressive use of intelligence in his off spin, while Anthony, though more variable, twisted considerable guile into his googlies.

The batting was impressive. It ranged from the quiet patience of Jones to the punch of Nokes. Both had a couple of impressive scores, as had Welberry and Kamtekar, the one a strong driver, the other a graceful bat all round the wicket. By the end of the season Bruce Lockhart was having 50s for breakfast, and others regularly contributed smaller totals; we always produced a side that had runs in it.

The final word must go to Harry Webster, who led the team well, and deserved the success that it gained.

M. B. M.

CRUISING CLUB

Last April the College was represented in the Cuppers by John Broadbent, Bill Buxton, John Hakes, David Lowe, Peter Reid and Frank Tohill. This team defeated Corpus and Peterhouse, but Clare knocked them out in the quarter-finals.

At the beginning of the Michaelmas Term the Cruising Club moved to Grafham Water, a new three-square-mile reservoir near Huntingdon. The Club there has an excellent clubhouse, and room for up to 700 dinghies; it must be one of the finest inland sailing clubs in the country, and the Cruising Club is making full use of the opportunity for enjoyable sailing and racing. We are now sailing Fireflies (there will be about 20 university and college boats there by the end of this year) and the Amalgamated Clubs have provided money for a college dinghy instead of giving rebates. Mr Baker, a research fellow, is helping the junior members of the Club to find a suitable dinghy, and we hope to have one by the start of next term.

P. N. REID.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

The Club began the season with a first XI which was, on paper, a stronger side than last year's. Any hopes of our winning the League Championship, however, were confounded, when, after winning the opening match, the team then lost four consecutive games. With the possibility of relegation staring it in the face, the team suddenly found a new determination and fighting spirit which enabled it to record two 5-0 victories within the space of three days. After a break of almost three weeks without a league match, the team finally attained the safety of the middle of division one with a good win over Clare, but could only draw the final match to finish fourth.

The second XI had a very good term, winning all but one of its league games, and so gained promotion to division two.

The third team, the only third XI in division three, managed to maintain its place. Despite some very promising victories early in the season, the team was disappointing in its later games and finished in a mediocre position.

Although some of our older players will be ineligible to play during the Lent Term, the teams now have every reason to hope for success in Cuppers and in the Plate Competition.

N. HOUGHTON.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

Michelmas Term, 1966

1st XV. This League season promised well from the beginning, the Club having almost a complete 1st XV remaining from the previous year; with freshmen D. Lyon at prop forward and F. Collyer at stand-off half there existed the potential for a very good side. The captain, D. Meredith, used the material at his disposal to excellent effect, moulding the team by his example in both training and matches into a unit that relied more upon cohesion than individuality. Having won the first two games against weak opposition in Christ's and Magdalene, the next two against Downing and Pembroke were expected to be considerably more testing; however, inspired by some fine loose forward play by F. Baron, the forwards were unbeatable and Downing collapsed by 25-3 and Pembroke by 16-0. The matches against Queens' and Fitzwilliam were narrowly won leaving the competition balanced between St John's and St Catharine's; this match, in effect the final of the league, was played in the most adverse conditions of wind and rain and in spite of a magnificent try by M. Vest, St Catharine's just managed to steal the honours through the kicking of their full-back.

We congratulate R. E. Barker, N. O. Martin and P. S. Onyett on winning their Blues and look forward to their inclusion in a Cuppers team which bodes well for the Lent Term.

D. A.

LABOUR CLUB

The College Labour Group, now in its second active year, has had a successful Michaelmas Term. Membership of the Labour Club in the College is higher than last year and we hope that enthusiasm will match it. Our main activity is a discussion group which meets jointly with the Girton group every Friday over a W.O.W. lunch. The programme this term has centred on African affairs with talks on Rhodesia, Ethiopia, and Nigeria. There have also been discussions of government economic policy and the future of left wing politics generally. It is hoped next term to provide a programme focusing on Asian topics. There is, however, always scope for any Labour Club member in the College to talk on any subject he wishes.

D. STATON.

MUSICAL SOCIETY

President: MR GUEST. *Secretary:* J. L. BIELBY

The final event of the Easter Term, which occurred too late for inclusion in the last number of *The Eagle*, was the May Concert,

which maintained its usual high standard of musical and bodily refreshment.

Both the college chorus and orchestra have been revived this term. The chorus excelled themselves in a vigorous interpretation of Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* in St Bene't's Church on November 21; the performance was also distinguished by fine solo singing. The orchestra has not yet been heard in public, but its rehearsals have been well attended. Both organisations have done much to close the gap in the college between the choir and music students, and those for whom music is a hobby. Evidence of this has also been shown in the increased attendance at smoking concerts, which has been most gratifying. The music performed has ranged from Monteverdi tenor duets to a Poulenc brass trio.

Looking forward to next term, there is the customary concert in the Senior Combination Room and a "Music to Forget" concert of neglected masterpieces.

This report would be incomplete without acknowledgements to Mr Lee, who has retired after many years of hard work as President of the Society. We welcome Mr Guest who is taking his place.

College Notes

Birthday Honours, 1966

C.B.E. Dr E. T. O. SLATER (B.A. 1925), director of the Medical Research Council's Psychiatric Genetics Research Unit, Maudsley Hospital, London.

O.B.E. Mr T. C. BEARD (B.A. 1941), secretary of the Tasmanian Hydatids Eradication Council.

Imperial Service Order. Mr A. F. CROSSLEY (B.A. 1927), Principal Scientific Officer, Meteorological Office, Bracknell, Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.).

University of Cambridge Appointments

Dr R. M. JACKSON (B.A. 1924), Fellow, has been elected Downing Professor of the Laws of England.

Mr S. J. TAMBIAH, formerly Commonwealth Fellow, now of Clare Hall, has been appointed University Lecturer in Social Anthropology, with special reference to South Asia.

Dr J. D. SMITH (B.A. 1955) has been appointed assistant Director of Research in Engineering.

Mr T. P. LASLETT (B.A. 1938), formerly Fellow, now Fellow of Trinity, has been appointed Reader in Politics and the History of Social Structure.

Fellowships

Elected into Research Fellowships, 1966:

Dr J. A. LEAKE (B.A. 1961), Crystallography.

Dr. D. L. FROST (B.A. 1961), English Literature.

Mr R. C. BAKER (Jesus College, B.A. 1962), Engineering.

Mr J. A. RAVEN (B.A. 1963), Plant Physiology.

Mr J. STEWART (B.A. 1963), Genetics.

Mr P. A. LINEHAM (B.A. 1964), History.

Dr P. A. G. MONRO (B.A. 1940), University Lecturer in Anatomy, and Mr T. M. CHALMERS (Downing, M.A.), Dean of the Post-graduate Medical School, Cambridge, have been elected into Fellowships.

Dr J. H. HORLOCK (B.A. 1949), formerly Fellow, has been re-elected into a Fellowship, on his election to a Professorship of Engineering.

Mr R. G. TANNER, Professor of Latin in Newcastle University, New South Wales, has been elected into the Commonwealth Fellowship for 1967.

COLLEGE NOTES

Mr A. B. ATKINSON (Churchill College, B.A. 1964) has been appointed a College Lecturer in Economics from October 1967, and has been elected Fellow from that date.

Mr A. J. MACFARLANE, University Lecturer in Applied Mathematics, has been elected Fellow from 1 January 1967, and appointed College supervisor from that date.

Elected into Honorary Fellowships

C. H. CRIPPS (B.A. 1937).

H. N. HOWELLS, some time Organist.

L. S. B. LEAKEY (B.A. 1926), formerly Fellow.

Other Cambridge Fellowships

Mr J. STEINBERG (Matric. 1957), Fellow of Christ's College, has been elected a Fellow of Trinity Hall, from 1 October 1966.

Mr P. A. STRITTMATTER (B.A. 1961) has been elected a Research Fellow in Astrophysics in Peterhouse, from 1 October 1966.

Mr J. E. JACKSON (B.A. 1926), University Lecturer in Geodesy, has been elected a Fellow of Fitzwilliam House.

Mr J. DIGGLE (B.A. 1965) has been elected a Fellow of Queens' College.

Mr P. A. B. PLEASANTS (B.A. 1960) has been elected into a Research Fellowship in Sidney Sussex College.

Dr E. H. LINFOOT (*inc.* ScD. 1948), John Couch Adams Astronomer, has been elected a Fellow of University College, Cambridge.

Dr D. R. STODDART (B.A. 1959), University Demonstrator in Geography, has been elected a Fellow of Churchill College.

Mr T. L. KERMODE (B.A. 1946), mathematics master at Lancing College, has been elected into a Schoolmaster Fellow Commonership in Magdalene College for the Lent Term 1967.

Other Fellowships

Dr A. W. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1926), Mr M. M. SPENCER (B.A. 1939), and Mr ALAN JONES (B.A. 1955) have been elected Fellows of St Cross College, Oxford. Mr JONES has been appointed Vice-Master.

Professor P. A. M. DIRAC (Ph.D. 1926), Fellow, has been appointed an honorary doctor in the University of Moscow.

The Royal Society has awarded a Royal Medal to Dr F. YATES (B.A. 1924), deputy director, Rothamsted Experimental Station.

Prizes, etc.

Dr MAX LEONARD ROSENHEIM (B.A. 1929), Professor of Medicine, University College Hospital, University of London, has been elected President of the Royal College of Physicians.

Professor R. M. JACKSON (B.A. 1924), Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

Professor R. K. ORR (B.A. 1932), Fellow, has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music.

Dr M. G. KENDALL (B.A. 1929), formerly Professor of Statistics in the University of London, has been elected a Fellow of the London Graduate School of Business Studies.

Professor R. M. JACKSON (B.A. 1924), Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

Professor R. K. ORR (B.A. 1932, from Pembroke), Fellow, has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music.

Dr D. M. LANG (B.A. 1945), formerly Fellow, has been awarded the Honorary degree of Doctor of Philological Sciences of the Tbilisi (Tiflis) State University, Georgia.

Professor G. L. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1933), formerly Fellow, Fellow of Jesus College, has been elected an Honorary Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple.

Other Universities

Dr W. D. MUNN (Ph.D. 1955), lecturer in mathematics in the University of Glasgow, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the new University of Stirling.

Mr B. W. CUNLIFFE (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Professor of Archaeology in the University of Southampton.

Mr H. W. G. GNEUSS (Matric. 1953) has been appointed Professor of English in the University of Munich.

Mr R. E. MOSS (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Lecturer in Chemistry in the University of Southampton.

Mr J. M. MARSTRAND (*inc.* M.A. 1953), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Bristol.

Mr K. W. J. POST (B.A. 1957) has been appointed lecturer in Government in the University of Manchester.

Mr J. R. CRONLY-DILLON (B.A. 1957) has been appointed Lecturer in Physiology in the University of Manchester.

Mr G. A. DIRAC (B.A. 1946), Professor of Mathematics in the University of Aarhus, Denmark, has been appointed to a newly established chair of pure mathematics in the University College of Swansea.

Mr R. T. ANSTEY (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Reader in Modern History in the University of Durham.

Dr J. VALLANCE-OWEN (B.A. 1942), reader in medicine, University of Durham, has been appointed Professor of Medicine in Queen's University, Belfast.

Mr W. A. WHITEHOUSE (B.A. 1936), reader in Theology in the University of Durham and Principal of St Cuthbert's Society, has been elected the first Master of Eliot College in the University of Kent at Canterbury.

Mr H. D. WESTLAKE (B.A. 1929), formerly Fellow, Hulme Professor of Greek in the University of Manchester, has been appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor in that University.

Dr R. PENROSE (Ph.D. 1957), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in Birkbeck College, University of London.

Mr J. J. MCCUTCHEON (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Demonstrator in Mathematics in the University of Liverpool.

Mr K. EMSLEY (B.A. 1966) has been appointed Lecturer at the Stockton and Billingham Technical College, Billingham, Co. Durham.

Scholastic and other Appointments

Mr B. J. MOODY (B.A. 1948), headmaster of Preston Grammar School, has been appointed headmaster of Maidstone Grammar School.

Mr H. B. RUNNETT (B.A. 1963), formerly Organ Student, has been appointed organist of Norwich Cathedral.

Mr T. D. MORRIS (B.A. 1931) has been appointed Leader of the Schools Mathematics Project of East Africa, and consultant to the Ministry of Education of the Kenyan Government.

The Rev. J. S. BARTON (B.A. 1954) has been appointed Vice-Principal of Bishop Tucker Theological College, Mukono, Uganda.

Mr R. ROSS (B.A. 1934) has been appointed keeper of the Department of Botany, British Museum (Natural History).

The Rev. O. N. EVERSON (B.A. 1956), tutor at Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, has been appointed chaplain of Wycliffe Hall.

Mr J. F. RUST (B.A. 1949), formerly choral student, has been appointed chorus master of the Hallé Choir.

Dr V. A. SARABHAI (B.A. 1940) has been appointed chairman of the Indian Atomic Energy Commission.

Mr F. R. F. L. WENTWORTH (B.A. 1954) has been appointed to the board of L. Rose and Company, Limited, and becomes distribution director of the Schweppes Group (lime juice merchants).

Mr P. B. DAVIS (B.A. 1947) has been appointed District Engineer, Stratford District, British Railways (Eastern Region).

Mr J. L. MARJORIBANKS (B.A. 1965) has been appointed to Technical Service of Scottish Agricultural Industries, and will be based at Lanark.

Mr J. B. WILLS (B.A. 1950) has been appointed editor of the Ghana Crop Science Journal.

Mr J. R. ATKINSON (B.A. 1938) has been appointed assistant director of the British Research Association at Wallsend Research Station.

Dr R. C. F. MACER (B.A. 1962) has been appointed plant pathologist and head of the plant breeding section of the Rothwell Agricultural Research Station, Lincolnshire.

Sir HAROLD G. SANDERS (B.A. 1920), formerly Fellow, has been appointed agricultural adviser to Shellstar, Limited (agricultural chemicals).

Mr F. W. CAMPBELL (M.A. 1953), H.M. the Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint Mr Campbell Paradoxographer Royal for Scotland.

Mr A. J. P. WEBSTER (B.A. 1960) has been appointed assistant professor of animal physiology in the University of Alberta, Canada.

Mr R. F. JACKSON (B.A. 1942), chief engineer at Harwell Atomic Energy Research Establishment, has been appointed director of reactor technology at Risley.

Mr J. G. G. WHITEHOUSE (B.A. 1934) has been appointed deputy headmaster of the Judd School, Tonbridge.

Mr K. A. USHERWOOD (B.A. 1925), general manager of the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited, has been elected chairman of the Industrial Life Offices Association.

Mr A. H. BARRAN (B.A. 1933) has been appointed managing director, British Petroleum (New Zealand), Limited.

Church Appointments

The Rev. T. W. W. PEMBERTON (B.A. 1950), curate of St Chad, Shrewsbury, to be vicar of Rickerscote, Stafford.

The Rev. P. R. THOMPSON (B.A. 1947), missionary in Burma, to be rector of Slaugham, Surrey.

The Rev. J. M. TARRANT (B.A. 1959), curate of All Saints, Chelsea, to be chaplain and lecturer in Divinity at St Peter's College of Education, Saltley, Birmingham.

The Rev. R. H. BAINES (B.A. 1929), Honorary Canon of Ripon Cathedral, has resigned the living of St Peter, Harrogate, and has been appointed Canon Emeritus.

The Rev. G. KERSHAW (B.A. 1933), vicar of Holy Trinity, Littleborough, Manchester, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Manchester Cathedral.

The Rev. A. F. LUTLEY (B.A. 1922) has resigned the rectory of Great with Little Somerford, Wiltshire.

The Rev. R. H. C. SYMON (B.A. 1959), curate of St Stephen with St John the Evangelist, Westminster, to be Anglican Chaplain to the University of Surrey and temporarily priest in charge of Hascombe, Surrey.

The Rev. D. J. STRICKLAND (B.A. 1935), rector of Sheldon, Warwickshire, to be vicar of Wimborne Minster, Dorset.

The Rev. D. L. SEARS (B.A. 1949), tutor of St Peter's College, Kingston, Jamaica, to be vicar of Holy Trinity, Freckleton, Lancashire.

The Rev. W. D. SYKES (B.A. 1911) has resigned the living of St John the Baptist, with St Mary le Port, Bristol.

Ordinations

Deacon

D. L. E. BERRY (B.A. 1961), by the Bishop of London, to the curacy of All Saints with St Frideswide, Poplar.

Priest

The Rev. B. JACKSON (B.A. 1953), by the Bishop of Chester.

The Rev. J. O'BRIEN (B.A. 1963), by the Bishop of Gloucester.

The Rev. C. SAMPSON (B.A. 1961), by the Bishop of Rochester.

College Appointments

The Rev. A. A. MACINTOSH (B.A. 1959), assistant lecturer in Theology and Hebrew, St David's College, Lampeter, has been appointed Chaplain from 1 January 1967.

Mr H. S. DAVIES (M.A. 1935), Fellow and University Lecturer in English, has been appointed the College Rat-catcher.

Law

Mr C. P. EMERY (B.A. 1965) has been called to the Bar by the Inner Temple; and Mr P. J. BROWNING (B.A. 1965) and Mr G. J. KEENE (B.A. 1965) by Gray's Inn

Medical

Mr J. F. HARRISON (B.A. 1953) has been appointed consultant physician, Birmingham (Selly Oak) hospital group.

Group Captain GEOFFREY HOWARD DHENIN (B.A. 1939), R.A.F., has been appointed principal medical officer, R.A.F. Transport Command, with the rank of Air Commodore.

Mr A. R. KITTERMASTER (B.A. 1950) has been appointed consultant pathologist, Tunbridge Wells hospital group.

Dr J. R. SEALE (B.A. 1948) has been appointed consultant venereologist, St Thomas's Hospital, London.

Mr R. G. GIBSON (B.A. 1932) has been elected Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association.

Mr J. N. GIBSON (B.A. 1948), F.R.C.S., has been appointed consultant general surgeon to Tunbridge Wells Hospital Group.

Mr A. J. BRIGGS (B.A. 1941) has been appointed Medical Officer, Treasury Medical Service.

Marriages

SIMON HUMPHREY SCOTT PLUMMER (B.A. 1963) to ELIZABETH PRISCILLA BULLOCK, daughter of John Bullock, late of Redland, Bristol—on 7 May 1966, at the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, Cambridge.

JOHN STEPHEN CHICK (B.A. 1959) to MARGARITA DE SOTOMAYOR, daughter of Los Senores de Alvarez de Sotomayor, of Madrid—on 10 June 1966, at the Church of San Jeronimo el Real, Madrid.

MICHAEL JONATHAN SESSIONS HODGE (B.A. 1962) to ANNE SOULE ARNON, eldest daughter of Dr Daniel I. Arnon, of Berkeley, California—on 25 June 1966, at Berkeley, California.

JAMES ARTHUR DAVID HOPE (B.A. 1962) to KATHARINE MARY KERR, daughter of Mark Kerr, W.S., of Edinburgh—on 11 April 1966, at Christ Church, Edinburgh.

DAVID VAUGHAN BOWEN (B.A. 1966) to JENNIFER MILDRED BRACE, daughter of Denis Brace, of Cambridge—on 30 July 1966, at Hills Road Methodist Church, Cambridge.

STEPHEN CONWAY AUSTEN (Matric. 1965) to WENDY EDGE, youngest daughter of P. Edge, of Kenilworth, Warwickshire—on 28 July 1966, at St John's Church, Kenilworth.

JOHN NEWTON GIBBS (B.A. 1963) to ELIZABETH BROWN, daughter of G. S. Brown, of Southwick Park, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire—on 23 July 1966, at St Mary the Virgin Abbey Church, Tewkesbury.

FREDERICK STANLEY MARSHALL (B.A. 1944) to MARGARET SIDES—6 July 1966, in Belfast.

PHILIP OLIVER EVERARD HAWKINS (B.A. 1966) to DIANA NORMAN—6 August 1966, at St Philip's Cathedral, Arundel.

COLIN AYTON GREENHALGH (B.A. 1963) to VIVIENNE CHRISTINE GROCOCK, only daughter of R. T. Grocock—on 30 July 1966, at St John the Baptist Church, Enderby, Leicestershire.

KEITH EDWARD HAYNES (B.A. 1962) to JOHANNA MARIA WILHELMINA BAILEY, step-daughter of Professor S. J. Bailey, Fellow—on 20 August 1966, in the College Chapel.

ALBERT WILLIAM REID (B.A. 1964) to LYNDA ANN GORDON (Newnham College, B.A. 1965), of Salford, Lancashire—on 14 July 1966.

JAMES ROBERTSON GRAEME (B.A. 1963) to JENNIFER GREENBERG, daughter of Dr Martin Greenberg of Hedgerley Close, Cambridge—in the Chapel of Gonville and Caius College, on 1 October 1966.

JOHN SINCLAIR ELLIOTT (B.A. 1952) to SHEILA MARY ROBINSON, of Newcastle upon Tyne—on 1 October 1966, in the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula, H.M. Tower of London.

Deaths

RONALD EMERSON MAXWELL JACKSON (B.A. 1926), solicitor, died at Brough, Yorkshire, 5 May 1966, aged 63.

RAGHUNATH PURUSHOTTAM PARANJPYE, knight, Honorary Fellow, died at Poona, India, 6 May 1966, aged 90. He was bracketed Senior Wrangler 1899.

JOSEPH HENRY WATT MEARS (Matric. 1925), chairman of the Football Association, died in Oslo, Norway, 1 July 1966, aged 61.

ALEC BOWMAN JOHNSTON (B.A. 1906), formerly principal of Noble College, Masulipatam, India, and vicar of St Matthew, Cambridge, from 1935-1940, died 24 June 1966, aged 82.

JOHN COTTERELL PLYMEN (B.A. 1934), Chief Inspector of Schools, Basutoland, died September 1965, aged 54.

JOHN NORMAN TAYLOR (B.A. 1906), solicitor, of Brecon, South Wales, died 29 May 1966, aged 83.

BERNARD KING PARRY (B.A. 1914), barrister at law, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, died in hospital in Birmingham 2 December 1965, aged 73.

LOUIS UMFREVILLE WILKINSON (B.A. 1905), author of novels under the pseudonym Louis Marlow, died at Westcott Barton, Oxfordshire, 12 September 1966, aged 84.

ROGER BRADSHAIGH LLOYD (B.A. 1922), canon and Vice-Dean of Winchester Cathedral, died at The Close, Winchester, 15 September, aged 65.

HUGH HEPBURN STEELE (B.A. 1947), solicitor, died 2 July 1966, aged 43.

GERALD ATKINSON (B.A. 1914), a master at Bablake School, Coventry, from 1914 to 1958, died 4 October 1966, aged 74.

ROBERT SMITH CANDLISH MELVILLE BELL (B.A. 1898), C.B.E., assistant general manager of the London and North Eastern Railway from 1922 to 1943, died November 1966, aged 91.

WALTER JOHN LANCASHIRE ROGERSON (B.A. 1911), of the Colonial Civil Service in Ceylon (retired), died 31 October 1966, aged 77.

GEORGE HUMPHREY, the first Dominion Fellow of the College, Professor of Psychology in the University of Oxford from 1947 to 1956, died in Cambridge 24 April 1966, aged 76.

THE EAGLE

JOHN BOWDEN PALMER (B.A. 1921) died 28 April 1966, aged 66.

ARTHUR WATTS ALLEN (B.A. 1902), senior member of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, died in South Carolina, U.S.A., in 1966, aged 87.

HENRY STEWART CARTER (B.A. 1926), minister of the Cambridge Unitarian Church, Cambridge, died in Cambridge 11 August 1966, aged 61.

DOUGLAS ROSS TELFER (B.A. 1948), timber merchant, died in Liverpool 19 August 1966, aged 45.

JAMES FRASER (B.A. 1906), minister of the Presbyterian Church at Kentish Town, London, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England in 1938, died at Ipswich 1 September 1966, aged 83.