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Cover and Ornaments from *Charles Robinson's edition of The Happy Prince* (Duckworth, 1913) *by kind agreement of the publishers*
Portrait of Professor Jopson *by M. W. Porter*

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All contributions for the next issue of the Magazine should be sent to the Editors, *The Eagle*, St John's College.



A Good And Desirable Thing?

THE latter part of John Crook's thought-provoking sermon for the Commemoration of Benefactors concerned itself with the survival of the College as a corporate entity.

"There is a perfectly real chance that these institutions may be quite soon, if not suppressed, at any rate changed beyond our capacity to recognise them. And unless they can justify themselves in the eyes of society and be clearly seen to be by and large a good and desirable thing, then disappear they will into the pages of history along with the Greek city-state and the steam locomotive. And the onus, the grave onus, is on us."

The College, in short, must justify its existence, must be prepared to meet criticism—criticism of two kinds. The first is that which is brought to bear from outside the university and which is derived from direct comparisons with other academic systems. The co-educational ants at present in our pants are one example of inevitable change to which the university must quickly adapt itself. The second kind of criticism is that which comes from within. It has a more subtle nature and acts more gradually. Yet this seemingly less substantial agent of change is often just as potent as the rude blasts from the outside world.

Take evening Hall in College for instance. This is one of the most fundamental activities in the life of a corporate society. The validity of the College depends on the success of such activities. Unhappily it is likely that if undergraduates were able to sign out and reclaim the nine shillings or so which is spent on them each evening then formal Hall would cease to exist. So, while appreciating the many complex problems which face the Steward in the practical execution of his duties, the College owes it to itself to improve the system to the satisfaction of the majority of undergraduates. The fact that generations of Johnians have already spent their time in Cambridge eating primitive meals in primitive conditions does not justify the system. Dining in Hall has a far greater significance than merely providing the opportunity for gastronomic indulgence, but one hopes for that as well, and if it is completely absent then formality as well as the food takes on the attributes of a proverbial dead horse.

Community spirit is a delicate plant and Hall is not the only place where it has been wilting. At a more prosaic and particular level the College Music Society has either become amazingly secretive or has ceased functioning altogether. Gone are the days of the Smoking Concert and the unforgettable "Music to Forget" evenings, which required so little in the way of organisation and yet provided so much satisfaction for audiences and musicians alike. And how many members of the College know that the choir exists let alone have heard it perform? It is remarkable and sad that, though the choir is frequently aired in Wales or North of the Trent, it is so rarely heard giving concert performances in Cambridge.

Another matter which deserves mention concerns the School of Pythagoras and its use by College societies, in particular the Lady Margaret Players. The College has spent a great deal of money renovating this building and naturally it is proud of the addition to its facilities. The assembly room in the undercroft and more significantly the new theatre in the main hall are potentially of great importance for developing and expanding the corporate life of the College. But though the

rebuilding has created almost as many theatrical problems as it has solved these pale before the attitude of the College authorities who have both refused any financial aid to the Players and have proved obstructive in the administration of the building. Inevitably a dramatic society is a shop window for College achievement. And unless more than one of the senior members are wholehearted in encouragement of such a venture the antagonism could increase fragmentation of our community.

These are not random allegations. They have been carefully assembled to suggest one respect in which (so at least its junior members think) the College is wanting: one area for an improvement which, by enhancing the viability of our society in our own eyes, would better enable us to justify it before the eyes of others. They that have ears to hear, etc.

GRAFFITI

Communication

The Editors, *The Eagle*

29th January, 1969

Gentlemen,

In these days when students the world over are clamouring for a substantial share in the control of University administration and teaching, it may be of interest to note that there have been occasions in the past when the boot was on the other foot.

The Oxford historian, H. A. L. Fisher, in his "History of Europe" (1936) stated that the University of Bologna, which in the 12th century became pre-eminent as a law school, was managed at first by a guild of students who hired the teachers, though they by no means always remembered to pay them their wages. He then quoted Hastings Rashdall, the great authority on European Universities, as follows:—

"The professor was fined if he was a minute late for lectures; if he went beyond the time for closing; if he skipped a difficult passage or failed to get through in a given time the portion of the law texts provided by the university. A committee of students—the *denunciatores doctorum*—watched over his conduct and kept the rectors informed of his irregularities. If the doctor wanted to be married, a single day of absence was graciously allowed him, but no honeymoon."

Fisher went on to say:—"From this iron and niggardly discipline the University was eventually rescued by the intervention of the City. Salaried chairs were established for professors chosen by the City, who being regularly and sufficiently paid came in time to monopolise the teaching."

Yours faithfully,

C. W. GUILLEBAUD
St John's College, Cambridge

Return To St John's, or, Raphael's Second Voyage To Utopia. A.D. 1983

It was a fine breezy day. Good drying weather, I thought, as I ducked the line of nappies strung across Third Court. Of course, I knew about co-residence, and so, although surprised, I was not shocked. In fact I had already taken a look inside the old J.C.R., which I'd always hoped they'd do something about; although I had not expected them to turn it into an extra launderette.

Having searched out one of the Fellows, I soon learnt more about the changes which had taken place. St John's, I was told, had not pioneered 'Studentmarriages', but now that they had been instituted was generally pleased with the results. Many of these unions, indeed, turned out to be permanent, 'permanent', that is, during the first-marriage span, and lasting up to ten or so years. I was invited to attend a student-marriage which happened to be taking place that afternoon. As is often the case, I understand, with summer weddings, the pair were freshmen.

At lunchtime we walked over to the new dining room, attractively situated on the Backs. The design was impressive, and I gathered that some third-year maths students had collaborated to create a structure with over two hundred and fifty corners, so that most couples could have, as it was described to me, 'a nice, secluded corner table'. Lunch is now the main meal of the day, as dinner is generally eaten by family units in rooms.

Of course, I learnt as we strolled over to the chapel, many couples do not want children, and Addenbrooke's was running a successful abortion service. Some people were getting financial assistance from the N.U.S., with whom they were able to insure against having children. But for those who decided to keep their children, the bedmakers were kind enough to act as nannies.

The chapel was not very full, though apparently general attendance had improved greatly since the introduction of a crèche. In the short, but moving service, the actual ceremony consisted solely of the sentence: 'I pronounce you Studentman and Studentwife'—rather perfunctory, I thought, even when it was explained to me that the essence of the marriage was in the consummation, and no mere ceremony must be allowed to distract our attention from that fact. The force of this argument was rather lost on me since I knew that most marriages began with a pre-honeymoon.

Over dinner, the couple with whom we were eating discussed their married life with what used to be called a refreshing frankness, but with an aggressiveness that had more than a touch of the doctrinaire about it. I think, possibly, that they were also worried over their work, which, since the introduction of continuous assessment, most people were finding more of a strain. However I was glad to find that the university authorities had, in their wisdom, lightened the load by permitting couples to combine their work for a shared degree. Many were finding working together a great pleasure.

In the evening, I went along to watch the 'wives' playing Bingo in what used to be the old Dining Hall. It was a sure sign of the healthy state of the college that

they were often joined by their 'husbands'. It is noticeable that the women take most of the prizes. I myself, however, was lucky, and won a ticket to the latest production of the Lady Margaret Players, which, since I had to return home, I was unable to use.

It was amazing, I thought as I drove home, how much had been achieved in so short a space of time. The happy domestic atmosphere of the college—the men who enjoyed a pint and a game of darts in the evenings; their 'wives', who chatted so cheerfully as they pushed their prams along the Backs—in all this was forgotten the repressive regime which in the seventies had led to the Student Troubles. And while, perhaps, academic standards were not so high, I knew that nevertheless the college was turning out those psychologically sound citizens it is, after all, its chief function to supply.

DAVID THISTLETHWAITE



St John's College J.C.R. Committee offers a prize of FIVE GUINEAS for the best original picture of the College submitted, whether PHOTOGRAPH or DRAWING. The picture may be of any part of the College and the winning design will be considered for the J.C.R. Christmas card for 1969.

All entries should be sent to D. J. DEACON, H 21 New Court by 7 OCTOBER 1969.

All members of the College, whether resident or not, are invited to submit entries for this competition.

John Fisher, 1469-1535

You are to us a father, a teacher, a guide, a lawgiver; a model, in short, of sanctity and of every virtue. We acknowledge that whatever nourishment, whatever learning and whatever good we either have or know we owe to you.

THE Commemoration of Benefactors tends to produce this type of effusion. But in the case of John Fisher, who occupies the second place on our roll call of benefactors although he deserves to be located in pride of place as the College's effective progenitor—these sentiments are not to be regarded merely as a resounding opening gambit. For they were the sentiments expressed by the members of St John's as Fisher awaited execution in the summer of 1535.¹ They may, or may not, move us now. Assuredly they cheered him then.

In 1535 John Fisher was in his sixty-seventh year. He was a Yorkshireman by birth, hailing from Beverley. For his early life we have only the information provided by his first, anonymous biographer; and what little that tells us is not now regarded by Fisher scholars as entirely reliable.² This much, though, is certain: having received his primary education from the canons of Beverley, he came South—probably at the age of fourteen—and he came as a scholar to Cambridge.

It is appropriate that the blurred images should become sharper at this stage of his life. For Fisher was what is called a good Cambridge man: that is, he knew and he could tell a tale or two about the place—about its fabulous foundation by King Cantaber of the East Angles (a king who had been educated at Athens), and about Cambridge's own foundation: the University of Paris.

But there is more to be learnt about Fisher and Cambridge's debt to him from the context of these tales than there is from their rather fanciful content. For they were told in the course of business, not of pleasure, and formed part of an oration, delivered before King Henry VII in 1506, to thank the King for past favours to the University and to hint that more in the future would not be unwelcome.³ By then Fisher was Chancellor of the University. To be a scholar at fourteen and a Fellow of one's College at twenty-two: these are not such very remarkable achievements. But to become its Master at twenty-eight, Vice-Chancellor at thirty-two and Chancellor at thirty-five: these, surely, are marks of distinction in any age.

Yet, because his appointment as Chancellor in 1504 was accompanied by another promotion, within the Church to the bishopric of Rochester, and because he met his death for reasons of religion, it is as a bishop that Fisher is chiefly remembered today.

Here and now, though, we may concentrate upon him as the ornament of this University; as the man who combined sound business sense and the capacity to attract benefactions, with an awareness of the importance of new ideas and the relevance of intellectual excellence to an academic place (of which his fifteenth-century predecessors had been so sadly *unaware*); as the man who secured for Cambridge both the favour of the King and of the Lady Margaret (and the cash that went therewith) and the services of Erasmus as a Visiting Professor: an unflagging Martha, in fine, as well as a most accomplished Mary.



We know—at least we ought to know—what that combination meant for this College; how he laboured in the Courts of Chancery to secure for the new foundation the endowment promised by Lady Margaret; how he was—in his own words—“more straitly handled and so long delayed and wearied and fatigate” in the process;⁴ and how, in 1511—two years after that Lady's death—the remaining canons of the Hospital of St John, which stood here, were rowed away to Ely and to the obscurity which they seem so richly to have deserved, and the foundation charter of the College was issued.

It was not Fisher's view that, having planted the seed—or, better, in the words of Thomas Baker, that having grafted the new shoot onto the old stock,⁵ his task here was finished. Although he was being drawn ever deeper into affairs of state, his concern and his affection for St John's continued to grow. It was his favourite foundation. He meant it to have his library. He intended to be buried here.⁶

But that of course did not happen. The age was one of religious change. Many found this change painless, and not a few were hardly conscious of it. Fisher, though, was not one of these. He was, as Mr Benians observed, "no Italianate ecclesiastic, but English of the English".⁷ He had never been to Rome, and he knew full well that the papal cause had many disreputable features. Yet it was a cause to which, fundamentally, he was bound. And he died for it. His efforts for this College shew that he was a realist. But he was not an appeaser. Nor, at the beginning of that unhappy period, was his University; and it must have given him satisfaction that when the king canvassed support for his divorce from universities both at home and abroad, the Cambridge divines stood firm and only by sharp royal practice could be brought to sanction Henry VIII's desire to put away his wife.⁸

However, it was not for the cause of the University's independence from the State that Fisher—the first of five sixteenth century Chancellors of Cambridge to die on the scaffold—was executed. He is not the Patron Saint of the Warden of All Souls. For him it was the religious issue that counted, for the religious issue comprehended all the rest. And the truth of this was soon proved in this very College which fell prey to bitterness and strife of a religious complexion. In 1565, after many of the other persuasion had also died for their faith, St John's—already the largest of the Cambridge colleges—was torn asunder by confessional controversy. The Fellowship was divided by vestments and the Sacrament. The surplices were sold for a song. The chapel was turned into a battlefield, and candlesticks were beaten into truncheons.⁹ Of course all this would have displeased Fisher. But, perhaps, it would not have been so much that the barn-storming fellows were Puritans that would have displeased him as that they dared to be strident in a place which should be peaceful. For him the crime of creating bedlam in the House of God would have been compounded by the fact that this House was also the chapel of the College.

He had placed great stress on the importance of good and *peaceful* government in the College.¹⁰ As a bishop he knew full well the dangers of a closed society. There were few stratagems to which cathedral canons—at Rochester and elsewhere—had not stooped in the later Middle Ages. And the statutes which he framed for St John's took them all into account. They are a model of practical wisdom. They left room for manoeuvre, but not for manoeuvres. There are no loose ends.

Some, certainly, of the Statutes of 1516 have been abandoned with profit. There are undergraduates here who would jib at being forbidden to ride to hounds. There are others who would protest most vociferously if only the Fellows were permitted to play cards. And there may even be some Fellows who would object to having this recreation restricted to Christmas week, and who would not be greatly cheered by the gloss to this rule provided by its most recent commentator: that, in Fisher's Statutes, "there is no call to grant the pupils all the privileges of the Fellows"¹¹: cold comfort. Nor need any member of the College, senior or junior, feel any regret about the lapse of Fisher's decree that one out of every four of the Fellows should preach here at least once and elsewhere at least eight times a year.¹²

The letter of his laws has been adapted, and wisely. But their spirit, and his determination that the College of St John the Evangelist should be a place of peace and concord: that has endured.

And that is not the least of the reasons why we should celebrate his memory—not only in this year, the fifth centenary of his birth,¹³ or on this day when we commemorate our benefactors—but on every day of every year. Had we been founded yesterday, we might presumably have been actively grateful tomorrow, and have echoed the message of affection sent by the College to Fisher in his death-cell.¹⁴ But, naturally enough, we are *blasé* about centenaries.

Are we being natural enough, though? Ought not distance to lend conviction as well as enchantment? Would we not be being unnatural, would we not be forgetting how it is that we are here, if we underestimated—even for a moment—our debt to John Fisher? We would, most certainly. But, happily, we are not guilty. And we are not guilty for the most natural of reasons: namely, our awareness of and sympathy for our friends here. For, when we remember them, take pleasure in their company, or even merely acknowledge their existence, we do so and are able to do so literally because of him. But for John Fisher we would have precious little to write home about.

P. A. LINEHAN

1 J. Lewis, *The Life of Dr John Fisher*, ii (London, 1855), p. 358.

2 M. Macklem, *God Have Mercy* (Ottawa, 1967), pp. 210-11.

3 Lewis, ii. 267.

4 Cit. E. Miller, *Portrait of a College* (Cambridge, 1961), p. 4.

5 T. Baker, *History of the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge*, i (Cambridge, 1869), p. 61.

6 R. F. Scott, "Notes from the College Records", *Eagle*, XXXV (1914), pp. 26, 31.

7 E. A. Benians, *John Fisher* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 34.

8 G. Burnet, *The History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, iv (Oxford, 1865), pp. 130-32.

9 H. C. Porter, *Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1958), pp. 119-35.

10 "Non contumelia afficiat socium, neque discordias . . . evitet odiosas, pravas item confoederationes fugiat penitus . . .": J. E. B. Mayor, *Early*

11 *Ibid*; E. Surtz, *The Works and Days*

12 Mayor, p. 377.

13 A. H. Lloyd, *The Early*

14 "Turpe enim et nefarium arbitramur, in hoc rerum statu, non nostrum erga te affectum significare, et piam declarare sollicitudinem": Lewis, ii 356.



Obituary

NORMAN BROOKE JOPSON

I

THE wing-chair on the right of the fireplace in the Green room is empty. Not that he for a moment laid any exclusive claim to it, and after lunch or Hall it had many other occupants. But in the morning, or in the middle of the afternoon, that is where he would be found, reading or dozing, and always pleased to have a little company, even if, just latterly, he would often drop off again into his doze after a few welcoming words. For many of us it will long remain a slightly haunted chair, with not the least touch of the sinister, for its inmate was, and will continue to be a small, kindly ghost, with a fringe of white hair, and a strange ability to remind us of our own better selves.

He did, and will go on doing this, not because he was a moralist. He was much more of a mannerist; that was the side from which he took in morals, by an intense and sensitive interest in the details of social life, modes of conduct, of address, even of dress itself. No one could give you a more concrete and vivid notion of undergraduate—or graduate—manners over the last seven years. And it was from this side, too, that he took language. It was for him the most elaborate and interesting case of social conduct, and his interest in it was so utterly natural, innate even, and so intense that he never realised how good he was at it, or perhaps how exclusively it dominated his interests. He would read literature now and then, but would find in it such an array of manners that he barely noticed anything else. In Jane Austen—with whom he had, one would have thought, deeper affinities, he was above all interested by the necessity for young ladies of good social status to call their fathers nothing but “papa”. And in Dorian Grey, which he read scores of times in scores of languages, he was untouched by the rather watery fable, but absorbed in the slightly differing versions of manners, gestures, and of course speech itself. There was, indeed, something Confucian about him. He would have made a fine Chinaman—or let us say two fine Chinamen: there was quite enough of him for that.

But this special gift of his was not appreciated by others much more than it was by himself—perhaps because he made so little of it, and took it so much as a matter of course, and no credit to himself. He retired early from his chair because, he once told me, he found that the direction of modern linguistic studies had swung so far away from his own interests, into forms and fields where he could not follow it, and didn't even want to. “They keep on sending me off-prints”, he told me, “full of phonemes and morphemes and levels of analysis—even old pupils of my own have taken up with all that. You know the sort of thing.” I did, of course, know the sort of thing, and understood well enough that it made him feel ill-at-ease. It would make anybody feel ill-at-ease. There is a story about him and J. B. Firth, the most eminent British wielder of phonemes and morphemes yet, and almost exactly contemporary with Jopson. It is probably half-mythical, but like so many myths, it is nearer three-quarters true. Firth was asked his opinion of Jopson:



“Wonderful at any language you like—known him all my life, y’know—talks them, reads them. But hasn’t the faintest idea of any general principle that matters.” And Jopson on Firth: “Very clever chap y’know—known him all my life, full of phonemes and morphemes and all that. But when you ask him about the languages he’s talking about, he can’t read a word, let alone speak them.” The fashion was against Jopson, and he came to feel that what he could do was no longer worth doing, that it, and he, were unwanted. So he gave up the chair. It is not so very often, in academic affairs, that good manners are taken as far as that. Probably he was more comfortable for the decision in himself, but from a larger point of view it was a pity. If there was some justice in Firth’s criticism of Jopson, there was certainly some—and quite as much—in Jopson’s criticism of Firth and his like. Modern linguistics is bedevilled by hordes of speculators who, on a foundation of thin sand, build theoretical erections with elaborate facades. So often do the foundations prove to be thixotropic, so often does the whole edifice collapse, that no more notice is taken of these overnight disappearances than was taken of collapsing tenements in Juvenalism Rome. It is quite characteristic that the foundering father of transformational grammar should have given, as an example of a statement grammatical but meaningless, a sentence about “green thoughts”. Marvell’s lines about “annihilating all that’s made To a green thought in a green shade” had escaped his notice. They would probably have escaped Jopson’s notice too. But then he would never have been at the risk of making general statements about grammar and nonsense or their transformations. The example he set, of knowing, comprehensively and richly, the facts themselves was not only valuable, but needed. It was, though, very characteristic that he himself could not quite grasp that he was needed. He was diffident, conscientious, much too good-mannered to outstay his welcome, so he went.

It is almost impossible not to wonder a little whether his comparative lack of inches made him throw up this sponge, and some others too. It would no doubt have mattered much less if he had not also been so good-humoured and considerate:—if he had been, as some small people are, a little given to waspishness and malice. But he was not. It was really important to him that things round him should be pleasant, and he did his best to make them so. Not, however, at any price. There was a gesture of his that I shall never forget (as I get older, I find the gestures of the Fellows even more interesting than their opinions). It was the sudden assumption of a new posture and mien; his slender back, always upright, was held even straighter, his shoulders were thrown back, his head too, so that his chin came forward, and one saw that it might well be formidable. His lips were pursed, and at the same time one corner of his mouth was drawn up, not in a smile, but rather in the faintest possible sketch of an incipient snarl. It was the very gesture of a man squaring up to something that mattered, despite his lack of an inch or two. And for the moment, his stature was formidable. One did not argue with Jopson for so long as that posture remained. But it never remained long. The mouth would relax, wreath into its more usual smiling suppleness, and the formidable man had gone.

His tendency to diffidence was increased by his immense interest in social observation, for he by no means excepted himself from the friendly exercise of this faculty. He would, in discussing the manners and mannerisms of others, readily compare them with his own, with much more objectivity than of vanity. The

most surprising, because much the most elaborate, example of this with which he ever favoured me was on one autumn afternoon on the old walled river bank where Cripps now stands. I was angling there for small fish, with which I intended to catch bigger fish in better waters, and Jopson joined me. He was good enough to express astonishment at the rate of my captures, and said that when he usually watched anglers along the Cam there was little movement. I explained to him, of course, that it was being a Fellow of the College that made the difference, since the qualities needed to become a Fellow, if applied—or misapplied—to angling were bound to produce results very different from those commonly observed. He then turned his attention to the tin of maggots which I was using as bait. They were, as is usual in warm weather, wriggling and squirming in and out of each other in a mindless, faintly rustling frenzy which for my own part I have always found rather revolting. Jopson contemplated them more philosophically, and I think I can trust myself to quote his philosophy verbatim, so much did it strike me twenty years ago: “Those must be maggots: maggots. I’ve never seen one before. But I know what they are, because I know the name for them, and they’re connected with fishing, and flies, and so on. You know”—and the usual rapid precise pace of his speech was slowed for the rest of this discourse—“you know, I suppose that’s what I’ve done all my life; I’ve known about the names of things, without ever really bothering what they stood for. Probably that’s why I’ve been fairly good at them, because I always did just what the dictionaries told me, without thinking about it. When I was reading Classics, now, right at the beginning, if they told me to translate *quercus ilex*, or something like that, into ‘holm oak’, then that’s exactly what I did. And I was generally right, because I hadn’t the faintest idea what a *quercus* was like, or an *ilex*, or a holm oak. Is this”—he looked upwards—“is this a holm oak now?” I assured him that it was an elm, and he went on to illustrate this main point by seeing in how many languages he knew the word for maggot, though until that afternoon he had never seen a maggot itself. He ran out somewhere in the twenties. I have remembered the incident, and what he said, because it was memorable. Rarely, if ever, have I heard a piece of self-analysis so penetrating and honest, so unembarrassingly free from either rancorous regret or wounded vanity. He accepted himself for what he took himself to be: and that was much less than he was.

Above all, I fear that he never knew—and certainly no one would have dared to try to tell him—what a special place he held among us. When the famous questionnaire went round, asking the undergraduates how many Fellows they knew, it would have been meaningful to add “in addition to Professor Jopson”. As for the Fellows, the odd thing is—and this was the essence of his special and utterly irreplaceable quality—that to try to write a tribute to him is to find oneself awkwardly saddled with mumbling a tribute to them. He put us all on our best behaviour. His essential politeness and considerateness, his lack of inches, his cheerful sociability, beset by a certain loneliness, an appearance sometimes of vulnerability, and yet that sudden gesture of squaring up to life, as a rather formidable man—what could the worst of us do but our best for him? And so, year in and year out, we—all of us—have seen men of great minds, reputations and personalities, deliberately holding themselves in a little for him, checking the force of their natural grasp within which, if unchecked, anything delicate would simply crumble to pieces, leaving them with the impression that it had never been there. Upon their strength, he imposed



something of his own warmth and politeness. And as for the younger Fellows, generation after generation of them, finding themselves living with him in that rather special group—the group of the Saturday night Hall, of the bachelors who live in College—one has seen them educated in considerateness and kindness, by the pleasure of giving him their company, the occasional duty of making sure that he regained his own rooms in safety and comfort when the sociability he enjoyed so much had made him a little dizzy for all those stairs. There was nothing slight or inconsiderable in all this. It needs and deserves much better words than mine to express what we have lost—and what we have had from him.

Some there are,
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds,
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds
 From this solitary Being have received
 (A thing more precious far than all that books
 Or the solitudes of love can do!)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
 In which they found their kindred with a world
 Where want and sorrow are.

Ours is not, perhaps, a world much troubled by want and sorrow. But it knows how to lack kindness, good manners, affection and tolerance. It stands in greater danger of coldness, cynicism and arrogance, now that he is gone.

HUGH SYKES DAVIES

II

NORMAN Brooke Jopson belonged to an academic tradition which is now fast dying. He believed that the true function of a professor in this university was to induce young men to love his subject as he did, and that the other task of manufacturing books, articles and reviews was a secondary chore. In consequence he wrote but one book—*Spoken Russian*—which he produced in collaboration with a London colleague a few years before the war. On the other hand, his eager but critical enthusiasm for the history and principles of language infected all who heard him, and his best and most abiding book was written in the hearts and minds of his pupils.

Joppy adhered to the older Cambridge custom of lecturing in his own College—a practice which involved the young men reading his subject in some hectic bicycle sprints between Mill Lane and St John's. But it was worth the perils of one-way traffic and the bath of perspiration, for the voluble enthusiasm of his lectures was infectious and memorable. Often dressed in black coat and striped trousers, he would stride back and forth across the front of the lecture room puffing at his cigar between sentences and punctuating his remarks with examples scrawled on the blackboard. Occasionally he would wear a grey suit and on rare occasions he would appear in grey flannels and an Emmanuel blazer. Of this he once observed: "You know, gentlemen, I'm not an Emmanuel man, but on one occasion after a hockey party a man took my blazer and left this one behind." Though he loved the company of young women, their academic presence in lectures caused him occasional embarrassment. Knowing that it took a little longer to come in from Girton he would take advantage of the delay to deal with recondite aspects. "Now, gentlemen, before the ladies arrive, here are some splendid examples of the first Teutonic sound shift." He would then hastily write up the evolution of some four-letter words through Sanskrit, Greek, Slavonic, Latin and English. Soon admonished by a light footfall on the stair, he would hastily clean the board, and bowing graciously would remark "Ah, good morning Miss X, I was just on the point of dealing with Verner's Law".

However, the study of Comparative Philology for undergraduates who read Classics, Modern Languages or Oriental Languages in the early 1950's had its

social as well as its intellectual side. In days of Crippsian austerity still in flower, when the cash sterling price of liquor was the same as today and salaries one-third the size, Joppy held regular lavish wine parties twice a term for all his undergraduates in his lovely set in I New Court. Always there were some eminent visiting scholars to talk to, savouries from the college kitchen, abundant wine and gramophone records of numerous strange tongues ranging through Portuguese and Turkish to Japanese and Mongolian. A rare and splendid treat was to be asked out punting, for Joppy owned his private punt and was an accomplished master of the skill. On such occasions the talk was usually linguistic, and I well remember him discounting the relevance of Hittite Laryngeals whilst deftly negotiating Magdalene Bridge and several awkwardly moored punts. To speak personally, through Joppy one young Clare man acquired a respect and affection for this wonderful teacher's College of which he was one day himself to be a Fellow. Nor did Joppy's friendship cease when a man went down and far away, for my first learned article was published through advice and help from Joppy at a distance of 10,000 miles.

Unlike the late Sir John Sheppard, Joppy was not discovered as a publicist for his subject until late in life. This was a pity, for his 1955 lecture tour of Australia was a superb success. He formed an instant liking for the Pidgin dialect of the New Guinea territories which the Australian government has since come to share, but which was a daring heresy in 1955. Before the chief legal and professional luminaries of the State of Victoria, a community whose prudishness deserved its name, when these notables had gathered in the main University lecture hall in their starchy city of Melbourne wearing their dinner jackets and evening gowns, Joppy made a plea for Pidgin in a public lecture. "Ladies and gentlemen, I remind you that English has a serious deficiency in the first personal pronoun which Pidgin has supplied admirably. For us, 'we' may mean either 'the two of us', or 'our group': Pidgin distinguishes clearly by using 'you-me' for the first and 'we feller' for the second. An admirable instance of the latter occurs in the Pidgin New Testament, where the disciples say to Our Lord sleeping in the boat amid the storm, 'We feller all bugger up, you boss no care.'" Giggles of suppressed undergraduate laughter were accompanied by a stony silence in the front rows of the Establishment. From the platform the faces of several eminent clerics were a fascinating study.

As a scholar Joppy was often unfairly discounted by his colleagues in other centres because of his failure to publish. This however does not mean that he had no views, or that the vast range of languages he had learnt had failed to offer him distinctive insights. During his professional career in this field linguistic thought was dominated by the French and London schools until after the war, and thereafter increasingly by the disciples of the American Bloomfield. Meillet and Vendryes were concerned, like Jopson and his Cambridge teachers before the 1914 war, with *historical* phonology and grammar: the London school grew up under the influence of the amazing Polish *émigré* anthropologist Bruno Malinowski and reached its climax under that brilliant and forceful New Zealander the late Sir Raymond Firth, and its emphasis was purely *descriptive*. Bloomfield's thought was stimulated by the American army's wartime crash courses in foreign languages, and he came to see language increasingly in terms of ringing the changes by word substitution within standard sentence patterns.

The attitude Joppy took to these various movements has largely been vindicated by future progress. Influenced by an older theory of anthropology which felt that retarded societies reflected the ancient common life of the whole primitive world, Meillet noted the appearance of odd elements in common in geographically remote fringe areas of Indo-European speech like Celtic Ireland and Vedic India. These he was apt to regard as survivals of the primitive Indo-European tongue, and on this principle Sturtevant in America claimed that the aberrant features of Hittite, another ancient "fringe area" tongue represented aspects of the parent tongue. Joppy was quick to point out that these elements were often in direct conflict with the facts offered by the large and centrally placed Indo-European subgroup, the Slavonic languages, and that ignorance of Slavonic vitiated much of Sturtevant's theory. The recent rise of the "main stream" theory of cultural development which sees primitive retarded societies as exhibiting no mere survivals but exaggerated and developed survivals of primitive habits serves to vindicate Jopson's objection.

With Malinowski's contempt for history and preoccupation with discovering meaning from observation of sound and social function of the unknown utterances he had still less sympathy. He admitted that a field anthropologist might need to work thus, but he thought it quite ridiculous to neglect obvious resources of known meaning and history when we had them. To be fair, a useful model could be constructed establishing word divisions in a text by prosodic analysis and then comparing them with the institutionalised words of the grammatical and lexical tradition; but some members of the structuralist group tended to work in a polemical rather than an experimental manner and to deny the relevance of historical grammar and regard the whole idea of linguistic evolution as fallacious, maintaining that one system of sounds merely replaces another system. Though critical of Firth's school, Jopson always expressed great respect for their ability and thought the concept of "context of situation" a useful one.

Bloomfield became important at a period when Joppy's flexibility of mind was failing and he tended to see his view as a learning device rather than a theory of communication. "Why, yes, that's very good, you know. That structural substitution idea is just how I learn a new language: I look first at the British and Foreign Bible Society version of the first chapter of St Mark." But the development of Bloomfield's insight in the new generative grammar of Noam Chomsky has served to support Joppy's belief in the value of institutionalised paradigms and vocabulary, elements needed to make sense of a theory of historical grammar.

A pupil of Giles and Rapson, Jopson stood in the great tradition of 19th century comparative grammar. But, a flexible, modest and generous man, he saw the merit of new descriptive techniques as well as their dangers, and had a just discrimination between the temporary and lasting innovations in language study which has found vindication in developments since his retirement.

R. G. TANNER

A Quiet Term at Hillhall House

by SYBIL PUSHFACE

CHAPTER ONE

A MAGIC MICHAELMAS

"OH Babs" breathed Monica Furbelow as the two chums strode up the school drive on the first day of the Autumn Term. "I do hope we have a quiet term this year!"

"Oh yes!" chimed in Babs Gotobed, tossing her mop of wrinkled red curls. "I do want to get to work on my O Levels."

Miss Matilda Bracebottom, the stern headmistress, chanced to overhear this interchange, and a smile almost curved her proud mouth. She thoroughly concurred in the sense of the girls' remarks. The Summer Term had been, perhaps, too much of a good thing: the school had twice burnt to the ground, and a Russian submarine had been found lurking in the swimming pool.* Matters would proceed more sedately this autumn, she trusted. She hoped she would encounter no crisis more alarming than the discovery of a secret marriage contracted by the youngest Monitor, or the decision of the Geography mistress that her real vocation was that of a ballerina. For herself, Miss Bracebottom expected to have enough to do in coaching Honore de Franklé-Rougemont through to the finals of the Inter-Schools' Boxing Championship.

But it was not to be!

CHAPTER TWO

TROUBLE IN DORM FIVE!

That night a happy buzz prevailed throughout the purlieus of Maidenform House, the ritziest of Hillhall House School's houses. Amid the usual shrieks and groans that attended the girls' retirement to couch of an eve, the happy hysteria of Dorm Three stood out. Seraphina von Cohn-Bendit had smuggled in a lifesize photograph of the Cambridge University Rugger Team, before which she and her chums now proceeded to burn mysterious joss-sticks. But in Dorm Five a strange, sinister silence portended. Disturbed, Miss Hardbelly, the Housemistress, proceeded up the stairs to investigate. She flung open the door, and what did she see??!

Reclining carelessly on one of the beds was a figure of fragrant loveliness so remarkable as to be outstanding, nay unique even at Hillhall House School, where none but English rosebuds bloomed. Her hair, a hurricane of ripening corn, foamed along the floor behind her. Her eyes, blue as the periwinkles of an Alpine meadow, were as large as they were poignantly mysterious, and peeped out between lustrous lashes of redoubtable length, that had clearly been placed on her fragile lids by no crude matchsticks but Nature's own. Her exquisitely pouting rosebud mouth—but enough! Let it suffice that she was a lallapalooza. Her faultless form was swathed in a cerise see-thru teazy-weazy shortie nightdress. A faint aroma of *Reverie d'Amour* floated from her. In awe her comrades gazed at the apparition of this divine dewdrop.

"Ah, girls!" beamed Miss Hardbelly. "I see you are making the new girl feel at home. Welcome to Hellhole, I mean Hillhall, House, Susan Jones!"

* See *Hilda of Hillball House*, by Sybil Pushface, for these thrilling events!

CHAPTER THREE

"WHAT CAN WE DO?" SHE LAMENTED

"You can say what you like, Tormentia!" stormed Claudette Raviolini, Head Monitor,* moodily breaking a hockey-stick over her knee. "I think the tone of the place is goin' down in a way that's perfectly shockin'!"

Tormentia Fitztartan gritted her jaw. How unreasonable Claudette could be! Tormentia wondered that she had ever admired that pure but brutal profile.

"Just because a new girl sets a fashion for scent an' jewels—" she calmed.

"An' see-thru teazy-weazy nighties too, don't forget!", reminded Claudette.

"Thing I object to" interlarded Deirdre Shermatovska "is that she is only a new bug. Why don't she mind her Ps and Qs like we did when we came?"

But the Head Monitor was no longer listening. A fearful suspicion had ravished her mind. With Claudette, to suspect was to act. With one stride she leapt across the room and ripped at Tormentia's gym-slip!

Underneath the misguided lassie was wearing a Courreges vinyl trouser-suit and a brass-studded leather belt from Bazaar!

CHAPTER FOUR

BRAVO SUSAN JONES!

The situation was still unresolved some days later when our heroine, wishing to be alone to study her ABC, wandered by a seldom-trodden path into the heart of the woods. So huge had been the wee thing's social success that it had nigh overwhelmed her. Half the girls had abandoned their piano for the guitar and the drums, and Susan was ceaselessly pestered for lessons in the art of makeup. It would have been gratifying to a less studious girl, but Susan, as it happened, was one of Nature's scholars. "I want to be alone" she moued.

Suddenly a scream rent the air! A second later and Deirdre Shermatovska appeared, running at full speed through the grove, her hair dishevelled, her clothes untidy! Seeing Susan she barely had time to gasp out "I happened to be passing this way, as many do, when by some chance Mr Glasscock, the engineering master (I am sure you have seen him about, though it is not one of your subjects, he looks like Cary Grant at 32) came past and engaged me in chitchat on the banks of the river. I know not how, but in our absorption in the conversation we strayed, I fear, too close to the brink and he is now, having fallen in, struggling for his life in the icy torrent. He gave me to understand that he cannot swim" before she fainted in Susan's arms!

Susan wasted no time. Tossing her lovely burden lightly to the ground, she quickly stripped down to the dainty sealskin bikini she happened to be wearing, and then ran to the river, tucking her sunlike locks under her bathing-cap as she went. A perfect swallow-dive soon brought her to Mr Glasscock's side, and she then swiftly brought him to the shore. Observing Mr Glasscock to be unconscious she applied artificial respiration, and was thus gracefully engaged when the rest of the School, attracted to the spot by an emergency rocket, reached the spot.

How they cheered!!!

* See *Claudette Comes to Hillball House* and *Claudette, Head Monitor at Hillball House*, by Sybil Pushface.

BACK TO NORMAL!

"I misjudged you, Jones" braved Claudette, Head Monitor. "I didn't know you were a Girl Guide."

"Oh yes, please, Raviolini" fluted our heroine, a blush mantling her breast, "I have got all the Life-Saving badges!"

"Jolly good" smiled Claudette. "And you, Mr Glasscock, what have you to say?"

"Only this" said Mr Glasscock, who by now had tidied his hair and adjusted his dress, "that I am eternally grateful to my adorable protectress, and that Deirdre Shermatovska, unaccountably moved by my plight, has agreed to wed me tomorrow!"

In proof of this Deirdre flashed a large diamond ring at the crowd. Just as well, thought Miss Bracebottom, as she beamed approval: dear Deirdre's figure had begun to excite comment among the servants, a distressingly ribald crew.

"And now, men," orated Claudette "let me say on behalf of you all that I'm sure we hope that Jones will long be an ornament to good old Hillhall House!"

The welkin rang!! But when it was over, Susan piped up modestly to say,

"Alas, I have this moment received a telegram from my Papa, the richest man in Nicaragua, to say that he thinks it best for me to continue my education elsewhere. Apparently the opportunities for advanced studies on the Costa Brava are really exceptional, and I am anxious not to miss them."

There was a general groan of disappointment, cut short by the apparition of something *diamanté* from the sky! It was Mr Jones's imperial helicopter, sent to waft his daughter away! Off she flew, clutching an illuminated testimonial to her chest, yet more cheers ringing in her ears.

It began to snow.

"And now for a cross-country run!" cried Claudette heartily.

"Oh Monica!" sighed Babs.

"Oh Babs!" breathed Monica.

THE END

Advertisement

The next Thrilling Adventure at Hillhall House will be *Claudette Goes to Pot At Hillhall House*, by Sybil Pushface. It will be published in time for Christmas.

Vignette

FACE red with panting tiredness:
"girdle!"

And, what? I ask—

"I'm all hemmed in, *constricted*,
and the bra too."

I laugh.

She darkly,

"I often feel this way."



JOHN ELSBERG

Commemoration of Benefactors 1969

THE book *Ecclesiasticus*, chapter x, verse 2:

As the judge of the people is himself, so are his officers; and what manner of man the ruler of the city is, such are all they that dwell therein.

Almost exactly a hundred years ago, on 12 May, 1869, the building where we now are was consecrated, with great pomp and circumstance; and George Augustus Selwyn, recently returned from his see of New Zealand and made Bishop of Lichfield, preached the sermon on the joyful day. The first Commemoration Sermon, however, that I can find reported verbatim in *The Eagle* (and then only in extract), is not his but that of the Rev. C. Colson in 1874; nevertheless it is still full of the spirit and ideals symbolised by the marvellous new chapel. That climate of thought I wish presently to characterise, but let us first hark back to yet earlier anniversaries, an exercise which will not be without its point and pattern.

1569 is an unhappy page to turn to in the College's history. Under Dr Richard Longworth, twelfth Master, there was great disorder. "On 1 September", we are told by Cooper in his *Annals*, "some of the fellows wrote to Sir W. Cecil complaining of the degeneracy of their College, and desiring his assistance; they stated that during Longworth's government good learning, which once flourished so much in their house went more and more to decay".¹ Cecil was deeply distressed. He described what was afoot as a "lewd leprosie of libertines";² for his old College had caught the rash of Puritanism, with contumacious casting off of surplices and hoods at divine service. The Master, though he denied it, was implicated, and before long had to be expelled by the Visitor. (Perhaps, to keep a balance, one should add that King's College was no less in turmoil owing to the opposite propensity of its Provost, Dr Baker, "pistori quam pastori similior", who, unpersuaded by either private entreaties or public admonition, kept pyxes, paxes, and "a great heap of Popish pelf" in the vestry.)³

1669 is the last year of Peter Gunning, twenty-second Master, to whom we owe the establishment of the College choir on a footing which has given it a continuous history of three centuries. Baker, the historian of the College, describes him thus: "Strict in discipline and awful in his looks as well as his conduct; and yet as good men have their failings, so he was not without some imperfection, especially in elections, that were not always the best . . . He had been of three several colleges, this was his Benjamin, his most beloved".⁴

1769 brings us to the twenty-eighth Mastership, that of William Powell, who initiated the slow climb of the unreformed university out of its slough of complacency by the establishment of College examinations in St John's, and also built the observatory on the Shrewsbury Tower, observations from which were published in that very year of 1769. Not but what, outside the promotion of progress in

1 C. H. Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*, II (1843), p. 242.

2 Ibid, p. 219.

3 Ibid, p. 245.

4 Thomas Baker, *History of the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge*, ed. J. E. B. Mayor, I (1869), pp. 237-8.

his own College, he was a crusted reactionary: with university examinations he would have no truck, merely exhorting the other Colleges to follow the example of St John's; and in the year 1769, when it was proposed to obtain an act for better paving, cleansing, lighting and watching the Town, "Dr Powell starting a difficulty about the pavement of an unfrequented lane adjoining to his college, and Dr Caryl making the same objection concerning St Radegund's lane: —both, it was said and supposed, from a spirit of opposition, and because not originally and principally consulted about it, . . . this laudable undertaking was entirely frustrated".¹

And so in the march of anniversaries we are back to 1869, the age of William Bateson, thirty-third Master; and the characteristics of the College in that age are reflected in Mr Colson's sermon of 1874: confidence that it is for the glory of God and for no other end that the College will for ever promote the good government of the nation and the welfare of mankind; confidence that the College will echo the purpose of its benefactors and, as Mr Colson expressed it, "declare too *our* conviction that it is well with those, and those only, in whose heart it is to build a house for God";² and confidence—unexpressed, implicit, and for that very reason most fundamental of all—that a College is *αὐτὸ καθ' αὐτὸ ἀγαθόν*, a good in itself, axiomatically a good thing.

How far we have come, in 1969, from those marvellous serenities! Ours is a time not merely of change—for all times are that—but of acceleration of change, leaving less and less chance for gentle and organic development; urgent problems batter on our gates, demanding instant solution, and the publicists are ever about us. A favourite piece of advice of James Wordie, thirty-seventh Master, about matters of College policy was to "let it simmer"; in our age of high-speed gas that recipe is outmoded. The College is also now part of a non-Christian world, in the sense that we cannot any longer pretend that the Church Militant is going to be "o'er ev'ry foe victorious" and swallow up all other faiths and unfaiths, that Christianity is ever likely, at most, to be more than one of the "itineria ad tam grande secretum", or that it, in any of its denominations, or any other religion, means anything at all to most members of the College, senior or junior. "One wondered a bit", writes Miss Monica Furlong in *Punch* of 19 March, speaking of Manchester Grammar School, "whether the Christian origins of the place may be rather an embarrassment alongside such a competitive and rational community. For here intelligence is king." Not in the least that those of us who adhere to the ancient faith are because of all this required to abjure it; but we cannot any longer plausibly propose it as, or visualise it as being, the teleological goal of all the College's activity.

Another deep and recent change, I believe, is in the attitude to authority.³ None will now accept the opinions or decisions of those placed in authority except in so far as they can justify themselves here and now by argument; be it the Master or the Vice-Chancellor, he must wrangle out his point of view with the veriest freshman. But, most fundamental of all, the unexpressed presupposition is now for the first time exposed to challenge—the premise that was the major premise for all our benefactors, that a College is *ex hypothesi* a good thing. There are—and

1 *Ibid.* II, p. 1052.

2 *The Eagle* ix, 1875, p. 87.

3 See, however, Mr Colson's sermon, loc. cit. p. 91!

not only outside the University—some who would hold that it is rather a bad thing. It divides and fragments the ideological unity of the student body, making it unnecessarily difficult for leaders of student opinion to rally their forces; it subjects the young for three or four years to an unnatural regime of separation from the realities of society; it administers great wealth autonomously for ends of its own choosing; it admits whom and how many it will; it is a costly style of education for an elite, incompatible with an egalitarian *Zeitgeist*; and so on. Some of these criticisms most people would still think silly; in others, many people would suspect that there is a grain of truth. There is a perfectly real chance that these institutions may be quite soon, if not suppressed, at any rate changed beyond our capacity to recognise them. And unless they can justify themselves in the eyes of society and be clearly seen to be by and large a good and desirable thing, then disappear they will into the pages of history along with the Greek city-state and the steam locomotive. And the onus, the grave onus, is on us.

We find ourselves in a sharply anti-Platonist age, which will not easily admit an institution to be more than the sum of the people who at any given moment compose it, and in which the *summum bonum* is the opportunity for the individual to "do his own thing" with no more reference to others than the mere Millian requirement to keep out of their way. *Pietas* is therefore somewhat depressed in the scale of contemporary virtues, and yet *pietas* is what the College as an institution, and not least this our own particular College, continues urgently to need and must not cease to foster. I speak not of piety, which is quite different, but, in the old Roman and pagan mode, of *pietas*, the loyalty to institutions which is exemplified by Aeneas forsaking Dido for a greater cause than love, a cause of the future, and Cato dying at Utica for a greater cause than life, yet a cause of the past; and I speak of *pietas* not because loyalty and faithfulness are not Christian virtues but because they are not exclusively so. That the College should continue to be a good and desirable thing is no longer self-evident, but depends on our *pietas* to make it so; and we shall not foster an answering *pietas* in each generation that enters the society unless they can observe the practical demonstration of it in our own conduct.

Happily, we are very far from having lost it yet, and for practical demonstrations we need not look far. There is, for example, the Senior Fellow, who has, at an age when responsibilities no longer sit lightly on a man, girded himself, for *pietas*' sake, for the not undaunting task of acting as chairman to meetings of all the Fellows, and has comported himself with such an indissoluble mixture of charm, firmness and candour as to evoke the warmest affection and admiration of all. There is the keeper of the College records; that might sound an unexacting task, but its comprehensiveness down the years we have only now begun to discover when we are searching for ways to relieve him of part of it. And there is John Boys Smith, thirty-eighth Master, of whose singular devotion to the society the greatest monument in after time may well be not the bricks and stone and lead and concrete but those other sorts of building, in the style of Ernest Benians, thirty-sixth Master: the quiet bridges with the future which he has been constructing lately, looking gravely and steadily ahead to find a good way for us all.

Exhortation is not in itself inappropriate to a sermon, but superficial or sentimental recipes merely nauseate, and it may be felt that the simple peddling of *pietas* misses the real problem, which is after all the dilemma of Aeneas on the Libyan shore: the dilemma of conflicting *pietates*. A College, in the modern age,

would be much impoverished if it were not the case that the *pietas* of many of its permanent members was primarily directed to wider spheres, of science and scholarship, of public and national policy and so on; for such *pietas* as they are able to offer to the College is splendidly enriched by the background from which it comes. On the other hand, the very survival of a College still depends—perhaps more than ever depends—on there being some who will make it, I do not say the sole, but at any rate for a period the primary object of their care. Men have two kinds of time: their tired time and their creative time; and the College needs some who will devote to it, I do not say all, but at any rate for a period part at least of their creative time—or at the very least it needs one such person.

Before the next Commemoration of Benefactors we shall have elected a new Master, piling upon some person a heavy load—not, indeed, so enormous by the standards of the wider world, like the responsibilities of a national leader or a captain of industry, but burdensome in our expectations of him. For we shall want him to be our eyes into the future, our adumbrator of policies and directions of movement, our thinker, our stimulus. Given that he will do that for us, *pietas* demands that we respond with such degrees of help as our necessary priorities justify; but it is from him that the College will take its spirit and its tone. And we at least who understand how much we are asking of him will not fail to hold him in respect; for, as the writer of the book *Ecclesiasticus* also said:

“Among brethren he that is chief is honourable”.

J. A. CROOK



College Intelligence?

DEVELOPED by the Americans for use in Vietnam, the Exploding Monsoon Forest, or E.M.F., has recently proved so successful in Anguilla and Grosvenor Square that all Western nations of any military significance are now stockpiling saplings and training specialised auxiliary units in advanced distribution techniques. The E.M.F. has a prodigious growth rate and its blossom is unbelievably attractive to agents provocateurs. Whole plantations can be defoliated at the touch of a button (carefully concealed amongst the roots of key trees) to the acute discomfiture of terrorists perched in the branches.

The Ballad of Esmeralda Screws

As pretty as a cliché
And three times as overused,
The girl on everybody's lips
Was Esmeralda Screws.

Her hands were soft, her head was hard
And cunning as her make-up,
Her lips were hot, her heart was ice
And ready for a shake-up.

It happened on one Summer's day,
She happened on one Stanley,
Tall, dark and handsome, debonair,
Suave, sexy, carefree, manly.

Well dressed, well fed, well cared for,
Though he didn't have a penny,
He had a way with women,
And had had away with many.

They fell in love, though neither knew,
The meaning of the notion,
And each pursued the other,
Both concealing their emotion.

For they were used from childhood,
To see their lovers suffer,
So neither dared to risk a snub,
And pledge love to the other.

Alas, since neither would admit
How much they were excited,
They each convinced the other
That their love was not required.

And so, one painful afternoon,
Although it hurt inside,
Each threw the other over, and,
Alone again, each cried.

BERNARD METCALFE

Love Is A Silent Shadow



LOVE is a silent shadow
that rests on nervous feeling
as it flicks in countless glances,
trout-tailed wild, in the river stream.

In this shadow we have come,
and have felt encircling strength,
a lingering sadness of dark depths
that have threatened us the beauty
of our silver-blue flanks and round ruby eyes;
and we were terrified away.

DOMINIC O'MEARA

Sad Breakers

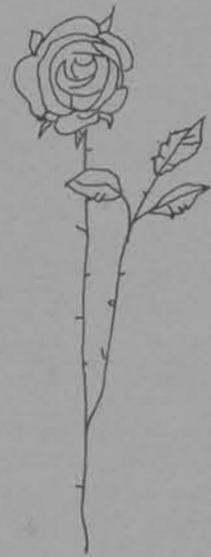
SHE sat
under a rock by the sea
where the grass grows short;
all around the long grass whispered.

We touched
so that golden hair
golden hair fell
golden.

Slept clear of the shifting air
soaking the heavy sunlight
catching it on blackberry hands
and touching, touched.

Now sad breakers murmur her departure
and there can be no sleep
while her cold shadow
lies across the beach.

RICHARD GRIFFITH



Drawing In The Sand

I READ the cast list of romance;
First, the upturned boat, its timbers
Scraped quite haphazardly enough.
The sea made all the right noises,
And across the black firth pinpoints
Of light chatted to several stars.

But parting was in her thoughts;
Memory would be harsh to her
In France—or such I took to be
The sense of half translated shrugs—
Its modes of anguish wearisome.

Unless, perhaps, they tired themselves
In dreams, where action and acting,
Pulses and preconception met
To show the magic of completion,
Creating that whole shadowed ring
On long plains of grass (that withers),
Where folk that never were joined hands
With their ideas and danced and beat
And shaped them into geometry.

The sea slicked against the patterns.
Ears closed to giggling ribs of sand,
I felt the breath of wind was cold
That squarely stood for France.



MICHAEL MAVOR

Cathedral

I DREAMED of a cathedral . . .
Crowned in sunlight . . .
Tall amid a field of green.
A cathedral with singing stones,
A spire that scratched the sky.

But in my dream I did not see
The cracking, rain-worn tracery . . .
Or the niche-torn statues
With their toppled heads near by.

KEITH LINLEY

In The Garden

A GARDEN white
in the moon: a place
where lovers can
placate—or avoid—
the world's self
deprecatory
but sustaining need
to make morality
an adjunct of heat;

here stars are cold.
The party goes
on elsewhere.
Shadows fall
and are concealed.
No one looks;
possibility
has paled in this light
to the ordinary.

A quiet time,
a place divorced
from history, from
law, from any
symposium
on love, or war;
here, whatever
passes, moves
white, like a snake.

Not Vegetarian

flowers darken into fruit
breasts are meant to be caressed
as gently as fine hair

which rot to make earth
now wind around your fingers
golden brown or black gypsy strands

from which new trees
and kiss them along their length
tracing back roots to pools

with new flowers rise
of flushed and deeply burning dreams

JOHN ELSBERG

Grandpa Nicholson's Birthday

VISIBLE oncome of darkness
Shrouds him at the window,
An old man seated silent,
Tired and rubbed away
By life's enormous littleness.
Half visible through the shadowed glass,
An echo of the past,
The motionless face
Masks the sad mind.
A heart alive with sorrow
Calls ghosts of sixty years ago
To parley by the window sill.
In the hollow place behind his eyes
Girls at mirrors pat their hair.
Distant summer days filter weakly now.
He hears the laugh and lilt
Of one who died to him
That time before he spun out endless days.
The tilt of life made her a memory,
A mere failed possibility.
And life recalled seemed writ with water,
And was echoed with goodbyes,
Sickened to an ache,
And emptied of all will.

Distant a street cry rouses him,
And he moves away.

KEITH LINLEY

Kippers

To the Bellevue's late descended guests
These kippers hardly smell the same.
But the eggs have gone,
Tomatoes too,
And soon the chef will follow.

So the flesh of kippers
Beautifully held by bones
Will churn through all the stomach-walls
With the same long after-tastes.

Mr Johnson likes his kipper,
Dissects with insect care
The structure of anatomy,
And lays it with the care
—On the Bellevue's stamped insignia—
That soon will lay to rest
His much beloved son.

So Mr J kindly leaves things neat
For those that follow after him:
The washers-up, brisk Italian maids
Thinking of Cortina swarth.

The son—dear Peter—starts the day
By ripping at the flesh, just fuel
For long and aimless hours.
Neat bones for his father,
A messy plate for Peter;
But the same kippered wind
For both at tea at four.

Dear Peter soon will lie
With his father's kippers' bones,
Neatly, to the mumbles of kippered breath.

A pity that Peter missed the time
(Printed on bedroom walls)

For the Bellevue's official breakfast.
He prefers the puffs
That float on milk,
Skip the plate, miss the mouth,
And lose themselves.

Dear Peter J preferred
Puffed wheat for breakfast.

MICHAEL MAVOR

A Link With The Present*

A CURIOUSLY interesting document, of uncertain age and provenance, has recently come into our possession. It is a report, apparently more or less verbatim, of a discussion of a paper by, we should judge, a young astronomer whose reputation was far from being well-established. Some of the references made suggest that the document is of considerable antiquity but the evidence is not altogether decisive, and the general style and quality of the arguments advanced certainly rival those met with in our own day. From an historical point of view it is perhaps to be regretted that only the discussion survives and that the author's description of his work is missing, for this would probably have assigned a definite date to the episode. On the other hand it is only too clear that little if anything has been lost to science by this lacuna in the document, for it is plain to see that whatever may have been the ideas that the author was attempting to advance so prematurely, they could scarcely have had any value in themselves.

Nevertheless we feel that the report of the discussion is not without interest and worth publishing as an example of the kind of reception which, then as now, is so deservedly accorded to the publishers of pseudotheoretical work.

The President. This is a somewhat speculative paper, but there is a little time left and some of those present may wish to discuss it.

A. I was much interested in the author's account of his work, and although I was not able to follow the mathematical part I have some acquaintance with observations of the moon and would like to mention one or two points. First, is the author aware that the actual orbit is not even approximately an ellipse as his theory requires. In fact it does not even lie in a plane. We must be very cautious in accepting a theory that is at variance with observation at such an obvious point. Besides, if the theory were right it would mean that most of our accepted ideas would stand in need of extensive reconsideration.

* Reprinted from *The Observatory*, Vol. 70, No. 854, pp. 25-29.

The Author. I think it possible that a more detailed calculation taking into account other bodies in the system might resolve this difficulty, though I must frankly admit that preliminary calculations I have made are unpromising and only do so partially.

B. Could the author say how long complete calculations would take? It might be worthwhile holding up publication of the work until they can be included. I for one would prefer such a course, as the onus is entirely on the author to undertake the spadework necessary to prove his theory true.

The Author. It is hard to say just how long, but I should think several years even under the most helpful conditions.

B. This is quite ridiculous, and I feel certain that practical astronomers will know what to think of a speculative theory that needs so long for its conclusions to be worked out. I think it much more probable that some simple theory will be found that explains the facts, and I throw this out as a suggestion for the guidance of future workers at the problem.

C. Could the author say in what way the presence of other bodies might alter the general nature of the elliptic orbits that I understood him to say his theory explains?

The Author. Departure from a strict inverse square law causes the apse line to advance, and I feel it very likely that this will hold in the present case, though I confess I am puzzled at the actual amount the lunar orbit shows.

D. I have spent more than twenty years observing the eighth satellite of Jupiter and I have found that the apse definitely retrogrades. (Titters). Surely the author cannot have it both ways, even if he would like to. This reminds me of the stream that was deep enough to drown the largest elephant but shallow enough to be forded by the smallest mouse! (Laughter).

E. I should like to raise a somewhat similar point concerning the author's assumption that the mean motions can be taken as constants. Extensive observations of Encke's comet show that this is just not true, and we have conclusive evidence that the longitude depends on the square of the time. There is also some indication of a similar acceleration in the Moon's motion. This seems to me another instance where the author can only make his theory work by ignoring observational results that are established beyond all cavil.

F. I feel bound to say that I think the author is far too carried away by the fact that the theory is his own to form any proper judgment of it. I have asked the author to calculate roughly how the orbit of Mercury might be modified, but I understand that according to his theory no known body in the solar system could possibly cause its apse to advance. Yet we know for certain that it does. What is the use of observations if they are simply ignored? It is high time our theorists learned to keep their feet on solid ground.

The Author. Yes I admit there is a difficulty with regard to Mercury. In fact this seems to me to constitute the only serious criticism I have met of the validity of the theory. And yet I feel somehow that it ought not to be regarded as destroying the applicability of the theory elsewhere in the solar system.

G. But there is also a difficulty with the orbit of Uranus. The author's hope that possibly his theory may not apply very near the Sun can hardly get him out of this!

The Author. May there not be other planets beyond Uranus?

H. That is simply the wildest of speculation. There is no observational evidence whatever of such planets. It is hardly a satisfactory feature if the theory can only be saved by postulating something we cannot see. Has the author considered the possibility that his theory may be wrong?

J. I am in full agreement with the previous speaker on the lack of any observational evidence for trans-Uranian planets, but there is no doubt whatever about the presence of an intra-Mercurial planet which has already been observed several times by a number of different astronomers working quite independently. We already have a name for the planet, and it is only a question of time before we have an orbit for it too.

K. I was rather surprised that the author seems to have taken no account of already existing theories on this subject; in particular, he made no reference to the very thorough discussion of all the latest evidence on this problem made by Obs Curant and his colleagues of the Scotomic Observatory. They have reached a firm conclusion that the phenomena are due to deep-seated causes affecting the solar-system as a whole.

L. Would it not be preferable to confine the theory to the discussion of the planetary orbits, and not attempt to encroach on other separate fields of astronomy? I have in mind the author's references to the possibility of the theory explaining precession and nutation, which have long been recognised to constitute a separate field from that of planetary motion. The same may be said of the suggestion that the theory may explain the tides. I cannot help thinking that the Admiralty will feel, and rightly, that this is an interference with problems peculiarly their own. (Murmurs of assent).

M. I should most wholeheartedly like to support L's views. My own field, albeit a vast one, has been that of observing double stars, and I have always emphasized the importance of concentrating on a particular field, for it is only in this way that progress can be made. "Drink deep or taste not" is the motto that should guide us. We now have definitive orbits of numerous double stars, and although these resemble oval curves that can admittedly be said to be approximately ellipses, in few if any instances is either component situated at the focus of such a path. The author endeavours to meet this objection by saying that we see only a projected path and that in the true path the stars are at a focus. But this interpretation requires us to postulate a special inclination to the line of sight for each orbit, and a different value if you please for every system. As I see it, an application of the theory that requires a whole series of *ad hoc* postulates of this kind is of such little value that it can only jeopardise the chances of a favourable reception of the theory in fields in which it may perhaps have some application. What we must do if we are ever to understand double stars is to Observe, and Observe, and Observe! (Loud spontaneous applause).

O. I was about to make some very similar remarks but in relation to the planetary orbits. In order to make the theory work, the author, as he openly admits, has to give very special values to a whole list of quantities before even the smallest agreement with observation is reached. The idea of permitting one or perhaps two such special assumptions might be allowed, but when it comes to piling unlikely assumption on unlikely assumption, then human frailty being what it is, we must say that we think the theory hardly worthy of the name, and that it should be abandoned. To take only the case of Venus, the author has to put his

$a = .723\ 331$, $e = .006\ 806$, $i = 3^{\circ}23'38''$, $\theta = 76^{\circ}3'31''$, $\omega = 130^{\circ}36'1''$, and $\epsilon = 122^{\circ}31'16''$, when they might all just as well be given different values for which the theory would be hopelessly wrong. And all the other planets need equally special values quite different from these in every case. I have worked out in a general way the probability of all these assumptions being true and I find it is far more likely that none of us are here at all to-day. (Laughter). There might just possibly be something in the author's theory if it could give us some idea of why these very special values he insists on using have come about, but I understand that this is the one thing it expressly cannot do. Has not the author got hold of the wrong end of the stick in his whole approach to the problem?

P. I should like to ask the author how the theory accounts for the red spot on Jupiter, which to my mind is one of the most important outstanding difficulties in the solar system.

Q. I am afraid I can say very little myself as to the observational implications or requirements of this theory, but I have been greatly impressed by the masterly appropriateness of the comments of our practically-minded astronomers. It is much to their credit that when any new theory is proposed they have so much material ready at hand to which it can be subjected for test, and they are to be admired for their insistence on applying these tests and the caution with which they receive new ideas—or perhaps I should say ideas that authors like to consider new. Were it not for their painstaking work, which often does not get due recognition, I feel sure we should more frequently be the unwilling victims of the claims of ill-judged speculation.

For my part I think it a special weakness of this theory that its author has seen fit to express it in terms of a new, and therefore doubtful, form of calculation—what he terms the infinitesimal calculus. I should have thought that the standard methods that astronomers have always found adequate so far and that have stood the test of time would have been better suited to an investigation fraught with so many other novelties. It is quite enough to ask us to swallow new hypotheses without a flourish of new mathematics at the same time.

To refer to the actual method adopted in dealing with the problem: if I understand the author aright, his equations are claimed to be strictly accurate only when all their terms are zero—when no doubt they are true (laughter)—and then he proceeds to divide through by a quantity that has already been made zero itself (more laughter). How can it possibly be maintained that such steps can lead to conclusions of any value whatever. All our experience and instincts warn us against it. Then again the author repeatedly refers to one of the terms in his equations as “the force”, but he does not define “force”, indeed he says that he has tried to do so but has failed. Are we then being asked to believe results that emanate from something that we have to admit we cannot define? I hope that future theoretical workers will set their faces steadfastly against such unscientific practices.

R. I should like to ask how the author knows when he sets up his equations that there are no other so-called “forces” involved than merely those represented by the terms he puts in? May not the problem be conditioned by other effects as yet unknown to science? Until this is settled it is plain that any supposed agreement with observation must be purely fortuitous, to put it as kindly as possible.

S. I would like to ask the author what consideration he gives to the con-

vergence of the series used in attempting to solve the equations. I am no mathematician, but I understand on the highest authority that it is impossible for these to be convergent. How then can he claim to obtain results of significance by such cavalier steps? One is certainly led to wonder what is the precise meaning of the agreement alleged to be obtained.

The President. Would Dr T., who is with us to-day, care to speak?

T. I have no particular personal views on this very novel subject, which is also a highly controversial one, but I think the meeting would be interested to know that I have recently received a private communication from Prof. Huygens in which he informs me that to him the principle of mutual attraction of particles of matter is quite incomprehensible and unacceptable, and that he has already informed the author of his views. As we all know, Prof. Huygens is a person of European reputation whose opinion is not to be lightly disregarded, and I think the author rather unwise in declining to be guided by his advice, and I am sure the day will come when he will realise it. This is all the more so because it is not simply a case of purely destructive criticism being offered. There are plenty of people with original ideas as to the causes of the orbital motions of the planets besides the author. Indeed, Prof. Huygens has himself given a quite satisfactory explanation of the effects the author is trying to explain. I can only give the briefest indication of the general nature of his theory now, but it shows that there exists a very rare medium that moves round the Earth with great velocity and pushes towards the Earth any body that it meets. To my mind his theory is doubly convincing, not only for its extreme simplicity and beauty, but because it does away at a stroke with the need for the idea of action at a distance, which must always remain a distasteful feature in any theory like that presented to-day.

V. There is another aspect of this question of action at a distance which seems to me an even graver objection to the author's so-called “law of gravitation”. Surely nothing can be more obvious than that the way two pieces of material attract one another (if they do) must depend on the ultimate structure of matter itself and on nothing else. Yet this is a question of which we know practically nothing and which I understand receives no attention of any kind in the theory. But the author claims somehow to have “discovered” the law governing the interaction, and this without any consideration whatever of its nature or cause! How can he possibly explain away this flagrant absurdity?

Would it not be far more desirable to seek for some proof of the law itself before going on to investigate its rather obvious consequences? If such forces exist there is at least no evidence for them so far.

The President. Would the author like to reply to these various objections?

The Author. I am afraid I must confess myself unable to do so within the framework of my theory, and it might be thought very bold of me if I ventured to express the view that they do not amount to any serious criticism. (Distinct murmurs of protest.) “Proof” is what people demand when they do not wish to believe something, and what they refuse to look at when they do! The day may come when astronomers will wish to believe in the laws of motion, in universal gravitation, and possibly in the calculus itself, and they will then do so, and be no more able to explain why than they are now able to give valid reasons for not doing so.

Memory From A Land

THE red sanded earth falls away
and it is Spring somewhere,
so the women wear green
watching the dry skies
for diamonds to wear.

At night the earth lifts,
up to the stars
and in the pause from cards
the miners watch the three trees
beyond the mud fence.

Even the mothers breasts grow dry.
but I am seventeen and dream
under the web of the black widow
spinning with her the only love
that can hold, under the seasonless sky.

But with other nights there are older marriages,
and in love, the black widow wore white and scuttled away.
the web of night held almost past the first sun. at that
time the old die. but it is a red and hungry land;
and today I kill the first of the straggling spring lambs
and today my woman will bake our first lamb pie.

JOHN SLIGO



Reviews

BOOKS

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

The School of Shakespeare. David L. Frost. Cambridge University Press. 55s.

SHAKESPEARE was as much a borrower of material as were any of his contemporaries. But where the great writer so moulds a convention to his purpose that its familiar echoes lead one only to its novelty, the minor author will find that his borrowings are mere lumber in the scant framework of his own inspiration. It is on the basis of this distinction that Dr Frost places Shakespeare as the guiding star of Jacobean drama, looked to as such by his contemporaries and successors.

Bare verbal echoes are of little importance. Dr Frost quickly refutes G. E. Bentley's claim, made on the basis of verbal parallels, that Ben Jonson was the leading dramatist of the age. His own external evidence rests mainly on the publication figures for the years 1594-1642, which give Shakespeare seventy-three quarto editions and Ben Jonson twenty. This is indeed more telling, and Dr Frost rightly dismisses the textual parallels in the work of Massinger as being of little importance: "significant influence can only be exercised where there is some community of minds; except where they shared the great commonplaces there seems to have been none at all between the two dramatists."

The real borrowing occurred when dramatists used Shakespeare as an emotional bank to supplement their own meagre income. Mr Hales of Eton had not won the Great Debate on false pretences. One of the most interesting parallels of this sort is that between Hamlet and Vindice. Both men display the same world-weariness and disgust for life; to this extent Dr Frost is right to deny that the most considerable influence upon *The Revenger's Tragedy* was Marston's *The Malcontent*, which relies almost entirely on kindly Providence to roll events the right way. Both men, too, are strangely Mother orientated, while the emotional force behind the two great death's head *contemptu mundi*

speeches is certainly similar. But Dr Frost misses an opportunity here to reinforce his main thesis; that a minor dramatist is so influenced by Shakespeare that he takes over some of his emotional attitudes, but remains minor because he fails to integrate them into his own work. Middleton has here failed to do to Shakespeare what Shakespeare succeeded in doing to the Revenge tradition. Vindice participates in the system of Revenge as much as he comments upon it; he praises his dead lover in terms of the lust she provoked in other men; he deals with his mother in a way that suggests some sort of diabolic delight in the actual process of torture; and his downfall is entirely due to the vain broadcast of his own excesses. Hamlet, however, is much the more complete character in that he puts dislocated time back into place, not merely by jumping on the spinning flywheel of revenge, but by displaying concern for time future and time past. Ophelia in her madness and Hamlet in his sanity both attack the life that depends on the pulses of the blood; the lust of Claudius and Gertrude. But in the case of Hamlet this attack is tempered by what might or should have been; wisdom, maturity—or ripeness—is all.

It is just this point of completeness, one which would take his own argument even further, that Dr Frost misses in his consideration of *The Changeling*. Dr Frost shrewdly relates Middleton's experience in adding scenes to *Macbeth* for the King's Men to the moral structure of *The Changeling*; in both plays punishment is the outcome of character. *Macbeth*, however, has that sense of the past, of what might have been, that one associates with all the Shakespearian tragic heroes:

my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

But both Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores enter into the system of life by the minute. The final twist of intrigue belongs to Beatrice; yet for all she has learnt in this department she fatally misjudges the character of her husband. There is a dash of the magnificent in De Flores at his end; but his pride is of the present. It is not until Milton's Satan that we once again

come across a villain who perceives the value of the past.

It is tempting to accept the throwaway regrets of Bosola and Flamineo in this light, but regret presupposes a better world or order of things. In contrasting the moral vision of Webster and Ford to that of Shakespeare, Dr Frost is at his best. With Shakespeare destruction is tolerable because it is also purification; evil, however costly, is a temporary aberration. Webster and Ford, however, have no such conception of an underlying moral order; life to them is a chaos of intrigue: "Webster's innumerable animal images, the wolf, the raven, the fox, or the spider, limit the terms in which we see the drama; it is a different natural world, savage, self-seeking, indifferent to human virtue or vice, where 'moral' choices may even prejudice survival." When Webster moralizes, therefore, his *sententiae* jar on the mind; the need to moralize is an inherited debt that he would have done well to ignore;

The Great are like the Base; nay, they are the same,

When they seek shameful ways, to avoid shame.

This is lumber, for the universe of Webster demands a quite different approach. The tragic effect depends upon an epic consistency of character, and this calls for both endurance and scheming. Webster's heroines have grandeur, but they fight like bitches. What is right is no longer a question of morality; like Sophocles' Odysseus, Webster's characters are as they need to be. Nevertheless the completeness of Shakespeare's moral vision survives in fragmented form, as the bare conduct couplets shiver in an alien evil world where people must stand the course as best they can.

Dr Frost points out that *Pericles* was entered in the Stationers' Register on 20 May, 1608 and was probably performed in late 1607. It would therefore seem to precede all those Beaumont and Fletcher plays which have been alleged to condition Shakespeare's development. In addition the negotiations for the lease of the Blackfriars theatre to the King's Men were not concluded until August 1608. But it is really the familiar ability to find significance outside the immediate present

that makes Shakespeare pre-eminent in the Romance plays; what he did to the Revenge tradition he now does to Romance. His Last Plays are a "normal development rather than some strange sport fathered by Beaumont and Fletcher". Dr Frost reminds the reader that myth and allegory were very much part of the contemporary way of thinking, and it is through the ripples of metaphor and parallel that Shakespeare embraces far wider shores than were ever dreamt of by Beaumont or Fletcher. Their characters react more absurdly to more conventional situations, whereas Shakespeare, though using the most extraordinary effects and turns of event, makes his characters react in a more human way. This makes it easier to regard them as spring boards for allegorical interpretation, whether it be from Pericles to Job, Hermione to Grace, or Time to Jehovah. Beaumont and Fletcher borrow the external trappings of the Last Plays, but manage none of the internal resonance.

Again I would take Dr Frost's argument even further. The depth of these last plays is not only a matter of human affairs being open to allegorical and symbolic interpretation. The analogies form themselves into a more complete circle than this, for Shakespeare always felt in time much more than the beat of the present. Prospero moves, not merely from man to God, but back to feeble man again, and it is he in that immortal speech who yet taints all with mortality, even the work of art which he is speaking and the whole canon of which *The Tempest* is the last example. Nevertheless, the last thoughts are of dreams and circles, the unreal, because permanent, perfection of Art:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

Dr Frost has written a most engrossing book because he has passed through the mere

verbal parallels (on which, incidentally, he has not failed to do an enormous amount of homework) to a consideration of the way in which the Jacobean dramatists played variations on themes which Shakespeare had already mastered. The resulting ambiguities and contradictions demonstrate the completeness of Shakespeare's vision. Dr Frost is right: "Shakespeare deserved the pre-eminence accorded by his own and later centuries, and his successors acknowledged the fact by borrowing freely from him."

MICHAEL MAVOR

Henry Pelling, *Popular Politics and Society in Late Victorian Britain*.

Dr Pelling presents himself in his most recent book in the role of iconoclast—an unfamiliar part perhaps, but one for which, as the dust-cover and title page remind us, he has been well prepared in the course of some ten previous works. He has presented us with a collection of essays, broad in scope, and covering various aspects of working-class ideas, behaviour and institutions as manifested chiefly in the period 1870 to 1920. Together they are designed, so he informs us, to provide "a somewhat different approach to the problems of the period than will be found in earlier works", with the hope that at least "some doubts will have been raised in the reader's mind about the value of earlier generalizations".

Amongst the predominant characteristics of the late Victorian working class, Dr Pelling discerns a deep "sense of class consciousness" allied to "a marked sense of grievance". Yet these, far from breeding active discontent and revolution, went together with that political apathy and social conservatism which can only spring from a total lack of ideas about matters other than those of day to day living. It is a pity that he has not felt the need to examine the reasons which might lie behind this unattractive facade which he has outlined for us. It would be interesting to know why he thinks increasing educational opportunities, combined with a rising standard of living, should have left such attitudes basically unchanged even today—something which his concluding chapter shows he believes.

In arriving at his diagnosis of working-class apathy, Doctor Pelling has utilized four main

types of evidence, derived from working-class reactions towards social welfare legislation, their religious practices, their reactions to imperialism, and their development of political organization. He has shown how welfare legislation was originally received with distrust and scepticism, and remarks upon the fact that the working class were slow to perceive the advantages of insurance and pension schemes. However, I would think that such a conclusion is as likely to reflect the bias of contemporary evidence about their reactions, as it is to be a valid one. He himself stressed the fragmentary nature of the evidence and the diversity of life within Britain as hazards to such generalizations. Social legislation has, probably without exception, been initiated by those who thought they knew what was best for those whom it was intended to benefit. Sometimes it was also claimed to be what the intended beneficiaries themselves wanted. It was proposed by those with the leisure and opportunity to ponder certain social situations over wide areas, and in the process of law-making, the political debate on such legislation was joined by those who had equal facilities to criticize. I would argue that Parliamentary debates of this nature were frequently complex, and always remote. Working-class wariness was surely as much a result of the failure by reformers or M.P.s to explain and communicate in simple terms, as of working-class stupidity. Not only were working people suspicious of a bias against them in the law. In the 1890s, surely memories of governmental incompetence, legal loopholes for would-be evaders, and the general precariousness of life which earlier laws had done little to ease and had sometimes aggravated, all governed working-class attitudes. The comments cited here, by disappointed, if well intentioned, reformers, or by politicians who expected more electoral gratitude, are only part of the story.

Similarly with any assessment of popular religious attitudes. Irregular or indiscriminate attendance at church or chapel certainly reflect the lack of loyalty which is amply illustrated here. But can we equate this entirely with apathy? Our knowledge of working-class behaviour is here based again on the evidence of interested observers, often

those most interested. We can hardly expect to find in the minutes of Methodist Conferences, the 1851 Religious Census, or Episcopal Visitation Returns, any indulgence in self criticism by members of the ecclesiastical hierarchies; they simply comment on the failures of the flock. Labourers rarely wrote about the bad shepherds; they simply ceased to attend.

In an interesting essay on imperialism, Doctor Pelling seems unwittingly to qualify his general judgements about the working class. It is surely remarkable that the simple music-hall verse, originating the term "jingo", should have such intellectual undertones. It is unfortunate that he focusses on the abnormal situation created by the Boer War and its aftermath; the excitement over Fashoda, the Kruger telegram, or Uganda in 1892 should be analyzed to even the balance. The popularity of songs relating to overseas expansion in this period he admits. He stresses too the reaction by working-class spokesmen to the "Chinese Labour" question. The strength and nature of this reaction, differing from Liberal humanitarianism, suggests that working-class leaders did welcome at least the job-providing aspect of imperial expansion, even if reluctant to countenance a war to secure it. But even condemnation of the war by the T.U.C. should not be taken to indicate a general anti-imperialism. The fact that the working class did not enthuse over the "White Man's Burden" is no more significant than the failure of anti-slavery societies to promote emigration schemes for the unemployed. Similarly, failure to flock to the recruiting halls may have been the result of an innate instinct for self-preservation plus individual economic circumstance. Patriotism and support for every aspect of imperialism have rarely been synonymous.

The most interesting essays are those devoted to working-class political organizations. Doctor Pelling presents a detailed case for a gradual strengthening of Labour organization between 1900 and 1914, which enabled that political party to replace the Liberals as the official Opposition after World War I. Few historians of the period here escape unscathed. I feel, however, that the

continual growth of Labour's political power and leanings towards Parliamentary activity in these years has yet to be conclusively established. It would be most interesting to know whether those people who joined the Independent Labour Party branches, to produce (despite a 20% decrease between 1910 and 1915) an overall increase in this period, are also those who joined the Trade Union movement. This would be overwhelming evidence in favour of his case, but the evidence he uses seems to me to suggest differently. The South Wales Miners' Federation were strong in promoting a separate Labour Party and were not active strikers; but at the same time, accepted heavy wage reductions and were steadily losing members between 1908 and 1912. However, after their patronage of certain Syndicalist ideas, the trend was reversed. This suggests that the alternation between direct economic and political action was then, as ever, a continuing feature of the labour movement, just as factionalism continued in the political hierarchy. As for Labour's impressive electoral performance, it is of course difficult to know how much was due simply to a protest vote against traditional parties. Certainly this, rather than a positive gesture, is more in keeping with the idea of an apathetic working class dominated by a sense of grievance.

As a whole, the book is interesting and stimulating. But I feel that far too selective a use of evidence, even for essays, makes many of the judgements too hollow for them unduly to disturb predecessors in the field.

ANDREW PORTER

Ovid's Amores, with a verse translation Guy Lee.

John Murry, London, 1968. Cloth: 30s; paper 16s. (*A Latin text with translation on facing pages, followed by some notes textual and explanatory, a brief life of the poet, and some remarks on the translation.*)

OID'S *Amores* are, more than any other Roman elegist's work, poems of wit and conceit, concerned with point in ideas and the language used to express them. Mr Lee's translation is fluent in this style, rich and subtle by turns.

*impulit ignavum formosae cura puellae,
iussit et in castris aera merere suis.*

inde vides agilem nocturnaue bella gerentem.

qui nolet fieri desidiosus amet.

But a pretty girl soon put me on my feet—
Fall in she ordered, follow me.

And look at me now—alive and alert, the
night-fighter.

Yes, if you want an active life try love.

*Am.*1.9.43-46.

The translation gives the Latin a new life in its ambiguities, clever borrowings from military phraseology and pointed use of language suggestive of contemporary social cant. There is much else: neat, economical paradox (eg. 2.19.47-48), minor conceits, lightly touched (eg. 2.5.47-48), and, pervasively, Ovid's characteristic, limpid conversational elegance, even in sententiousness (eg. 3.4.11, 14-50). Once or twice the translator seems more Ovidian than Ovid himself (eg. 2.17.15; the translation of 2.17.21-22 is so neat that a note is probably necessary for the reader without Latin).

There are problems. Ovid was too much in love with his own genius (*Sen. Contr.* 9.5.17; *Quintil.* 10.1.88, 98); and at some points the contemporary poetic form of the translation labours under a style not particularly sympathetic to it (as at 3.11b.5-12). And any translator confronts the problem of meeting another language and its associations, while maintaining a unity of tone and mood in his own, with its quite different complex of associations. In the translation of 2.11.33-34, the sound pattern of the first line is effective, but rather worn prosaism "do her level best" in the second, while meeting the double point of *aequa*, unnecessarily flattens the style. The same questions arise at 1.5.9, 2.1.10, 2.5.15-16 (is "conspiracy"/"confabulation" too playful?). Of course, a break in the mood of the translation may match, or at least may be analogous to, a break in the mood of Ovid's writing. So at 2.11.1 the slightly colloquial prosaism "started it" matches Ovid's *malas* in establishing a sense of disengagement from the heroic concepts and style of the context (2.11.1-6). At 2.1.3 the mood of the translation is not noticeably broken, but a Latinist might feel that "hands off, moralists", while neat, is too abrupt for Ovid's gentle parody of a religious formula.

There is much more in the *Amores* than

mannered treatments of amatory themes. Some of Ovid's fluent narrative poetry (eg. 3.6.45 sqq.); an aetiological poem (3.13); and a fine lament for the dead Tibullus (3.9); the severe economy of the translation, if a little obscure in places, such as vv. 37-38, conveys that genuine feeling which can be sensed through Ovid's conventional form and traditional sometimes rather artificial ideas.

Ovid is very conscious of the music of his poetry; the translation is finely responsive to this, in sound patterns evoking situations and moods (eg. 2.11.13-14, 1.13.5-8), in adopting a literary style (eg. 2.11.1 sqq.), or simply in musical expression of the sense (eg. 1.5.14; 2.16.45-46). Once or twice the English sound pattern seems a little strained (eg. 3.11.20).

The translation disencumbers the Latin of some elements, such as the more abstruse mythological allusions, which seem less relevant in the current idiom. These simplifications generally gain more than they lose; but at 2.17.3-4 "island goddess" (Venus) is not particularly clear or evocative, whereas the Greek names Paphos and Cythera would at least have had the same decorative effect in English as Ovid intended them to have in his Latin (cf. *Quintil.* 12.10.33).

But these are small points. Latinists already know Mr Lee's formal critical work on Ovid's poetry; they now have a more directly creative approach to the same end. And for all readers, with or without Latin, this translation gives the *Amores* a new significance in contemporary idiom.

W. R. BARNES

John Beer, *Blake's Humanism*, Manchester University Press, xiii and 269 pp., with 54 illustrations. 55s.

Mr Beer's is a very thoughtful book. Arguments have the strength of relying on impressively close textual analyses of material from many of Blake's works, including *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *America*, *Europe*, *The Song of Los*, and *Milton*. And the poet's drawings are deftly brought into the discussion where relevant.

But it is a book that demands considerable perseverance on the reader's part. The title is somewhat misleading; the book is a study

of Blake's "humanism" only in the most general sense of that word: the poet's emphasis on the individual not only in spite of, but because of, the individual's relation to the eternal and infinite. Indeed, although the book does discuss—as the blurb on its jacket states—"political and social themes" in Blake's writing, Mr Beer seems even more concerned to present a rigorous and consistent interpretation of the entire Blakean *corpus*; he writes:

the symbolism, . . . a formidable jungle at first sight, gains in clarity as it is seen to be organized by simple massive ideas. The loss of vision and the failure of desire are regarded as the chief failure of modern society, and mourned by a man of such imaginative power that he casts a harmonizing light over the commonplaces of Hebrew and English history.

The author's position is that these "simple massive ideas" have first to be elaborated, before particular aspects of Blake's thought can be fruitfully discussed.

In attempting to provide a key to the interpretation of the mythology of the poems, Mr Beer suggests that:

Blake's humanism is idiosyncratic: it rests on the presupposition that all men possess an eternal form which subsists in the interplay between vision and desire. Eternal Man exists primarily by those two faculties, which nourish his genius and promote his generosity. But men as we know them have fallen from this estate. As a result, the fruitful dialectic between Vision and Desire is replaced by a warring and fruitless dialectic between Reason and Energy.

This proposition is further developed by a reduction of Blake's thought to a central idea of four levels of vision. This central idea, developed over a period of time, is essentially an extended non-ascetic Manichaean model: Darkness (the first of the ascending levels of vision) is equated with avid Reason, Light (the third level, akin to poetic inspiration) with the blending of Reason with primal energy (the second level), while the fourth and highest level is complete light—when the light of the third level is no longer merely an isolated spark.

The author then applies this model to

interpretation. Much disunity in Blake does seem vulnerable before it; the discussion of Blake's fascination with the energy of Satan, for example, becomes particularly interesting. One perhaps could quibble that in attempting to create the frame of mind behind the poet's imagery, Mr Beer begins—with a certain inescapable vagueness—to sound like Blake, with upper-case nouns taking their place in the discourse as Platonic realities. But the problem, if there is one, seems rather to be that in so rigorously applying his model to the whole body of poetry, Mr Beer allows Blake to appear perhaps more intellectually consistent than he was; or rather, in making his interpretative tool so omnipotent, Mr Beer would seem in some part to limit Blake's structure as an imaginative thinker—to limit Blake's own vision, to limit him as a poet.

This type of objection, however, has its own obvious pitfalls. In so far as it involves a certain judicious skepticism, fine. But it should not mask the pervasive seriousness of Mr Beer's book, the earnestness to understand. In short, the book is an insightful if somewhat provocative work. The casual reader may find it a bit heavy going, but for the student and for those with a more serious interest in Blake, it should prove both useful and stimulating. And, finally, from the book as a whole, the poet's vision of man definitely does seem to emerge; it more than survives the categories. In Mr Beer's terms, Blake's fourth level of vision is the attainment of what can be called the Platonic ideal of man, as God. Hence, when the poet

thought about social and political questions it was the eternal man that was most present to him, the eternal humanity which stood in judgement on all acts of inhumanity and injustice and deplored society's failure to allow individual self-fulfilment. In the end, however, he returned to the individual artist as the one man who could express his "genius" and so awaken the "genius" of other men. The progress through political poems such as *The French Revolution*, *America*, and *Europe* culminates fittingly in *Milton*, where Blake is driven to assert that the "essential" human being is the artist.

JOHN ELSBERG

Nicholas Mansergh. *The Commonwealth Experience*. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 471 pp. 70s.

A BOOK much needed by the student of Commonwealth History has at last been produced. It attempts the momentous synthesis of material and compression of fact that will allow those scholarly and otherwise to have a platform from which the whole process of the Commonwealth can be viewed. Inevitably such an attempt will provoke criticism as well as admiration. By its nature it must be selective and the selection may not always be felt to express best the themes that Professor Mansergh pursues. But this is a matter of individual judgement, and that which is distilled as the essence of the experience, is also a matter for that judgement. The important development that one hopes will follow from this volume will be to stimulate others to consider the total process of evolution. If other volumes should approach the integrity and perceptiveness of this study then it will have been more than worth while in itself. It is to Nicholas Mansergh's credit that one is neither left with a vast edifice, prayerfully touched up and left alone to its glory, nor a confused and confusing narrative of events and happenings that might leave the reader wondering whether perhaps Divine Providence had seen fit, in fact, to guide the experiment to a conclusion. It is not only a milestone in Commonwealth commentary but a timely tribute to the peoples who profited, occasionally suffered, and were the actors on its stage.

It emerges, this experience, as a vital and conflicting one. Conflicting in the processes which created it and in the tension of ideas and actions; and through this very tension vital with a vitality whose purpose was rarely uniform. Whether the aims of Nehru, Smuts, de Valera, or Laurier are considered, due weight is placed on these fragments of the total view. And perhaps it is in the emphasis placed on the parts played by not only the willing, but the recalcitrant that the most interesting material of the book emerges. The section on Ireland, the first nation to come on the scene through treaty, and the first to suggest the new concept of external association, is given the weight due to her

and to the somewhat different experience of the much vaunted British liberal tradition. The emphasis on force and circumstance is a long overdue counterpoise to the more selective and determinedly liberal-providential school, familiar in the official history and the less efficient speechifying by Commonwealth ministers of the Anglo-Saxon block, prime and otherwise. The case of Ireland, who entered the Commonwealth under the threat of the resumption of immediate and terrible war, is after all not unique. In different circumstances there were the Boers and their repression. However this work is not a polemic and there are the more happy experiences of Australasia, Canada, and Cape South Africa. With them in the picture, the true balance is gained. All are given their due place in the scheme, and if the experience is still very much emotion reflected in tranquility, at least the emotion need no longer be partisan or particular. One would hope that this work will have put a stop to that, at least among professional historians.

The focal point of the study must inevitably be Britain and her relations with her colonies, Dominions and her Asian Empire. It is here that each historian will see a different emphasis. The label of uniformity is not at all plastered over the process and if the length will not allow more detail of the complexity of each individual unit's attraction or repulsion at different times, perhaps more stress could have been placed on the economic realities underlying the constitutional developments. In this respect it would have been particularly valuable to had have more of a commentary on the effect of the mineral discoveries in South Africa and Australia, particularly, in the first, with reference to the Boer War and to the settlement. It could also be asked if equality of status as a convention and law after the Statute of Westminster meant very much beside the fact of New Zealand's economic dependence on Great Britain? Can *imperium* exist simultaneously with the granting of equality? And, is there perhaps a more sombre counterpoint to the constitutional developments, which allows the latter to proceed with a minimum of effort? How much is Common-

wealth experience conditioned by the fact that the essential interests of Great Britain could be preserved because constitutional development did not finally effect them? In fact how unselfish a process was it?

Professor Mansergh, as has been said, indicates with great skill the diversity and complexity of the process, and perhaps to have included a more detailed consideration of the economic aspects involved in the evolution of ideas and ideals would have muddied the water unnecessarily. The questions that the book raises proves to my mind its success. To have agreed with everything said would only have been to have read a series of facts. It is a momentous compression of those facts but with a balanced commentary and analysis; and if one feels that at times the emphasis could have been different, for instance on the conscription crisis in Australia, rather than on the description of the memorial to the dead of the first war in Notre Dame, that again is a matter of opinion.

The work closes with the Rhodesia question unsettled, and the Prime Ministers' Conference a concert of convenience rather than a meeting ground for the fraternal states of the Commonwealth. It gives three excellent sketches of Nehru, Smuts and King, each representing the expanding views that the body managed to contain. The views of the aims and achievements are brought to a close; implicit is a sense of finality that perhaps allowed the title to be coined. The tension and purpose of the Commonwealth as we know it historically is shown to depart at the very climax of consultation and good will, in the decade after the War. The Suez crisis was in this sense a symbol of change, and the Commonwealth attitude to it, apart from Menzies, was a sign that the partnership had become one of independent equals.

History never has the good taste to drop the curtain at the right moment, but this book, its excellent presentation, its structure and its method of analysis, all supplemented by a fine section of photographs comes at the right time in Commonwealth History. Its value lies not just in a much needed general and comprehensive view of it but also in the understanding of the direction that its constituent parts may take. But that is by

the way. The experience in itself is enough and a qualified pride of its members in it is enough too. This book is a milestone: whether it is also an obituary must be left to a much later generation to decide. It is a worthy achievement, of considerable insight and scholarship, well worth the reading, not only by the scholars of the experience, but also by the people of the Commonwealth whose story it is.

JOHN SLIGO

PAINTING

David Kinmont

DURING the first half of the term a selection of paintings by David Kinmont was exhibited in the Chapel. There was no specific theme, but many of the works had strong religious overtones. Dominating the exhibition were three large and impressive abstracts entitled "Triptych" which developed a favourite theme of the artist, that of Christ hanging on the Cross. Another persistent motif was Beverley Minster, which was portrayed in various romantic poses and always given a strong perspective. There was also a large section of intimate and characterful family portraits.

I found this exhibition rather oppressive. Though Mr Kinmont was concerned with serious intellectual problems he seemed to be a little over-sincere in his approach. Nowhere amongst the paintings could I find a redeeming touch of humour. However two charming little stoneware reliefs caught my attention. They were quite naturalistic, somewhat in the style of William Blake drawings, and called "Virgin and Child" and "Angel".

R. J. GRIFFITH

THEATRE

Confessions of a Critic

EVERYONE makes mistakes, but a critic must admit them. I have just been informed that my interpretation of *Hurrah For The Bridge* (see *Eagle* 271) was totally at fault. There were no docks, no river, no lights, no night. Illusion—my illusion—possibly a hangover from *The Waste Land*—had conditioned my perceptions. The cast and director were understandably amused and annoyed at my confident pronouncements. I can only offer them my apologies, and go cautiously in future. What an absurd mistake to have made.

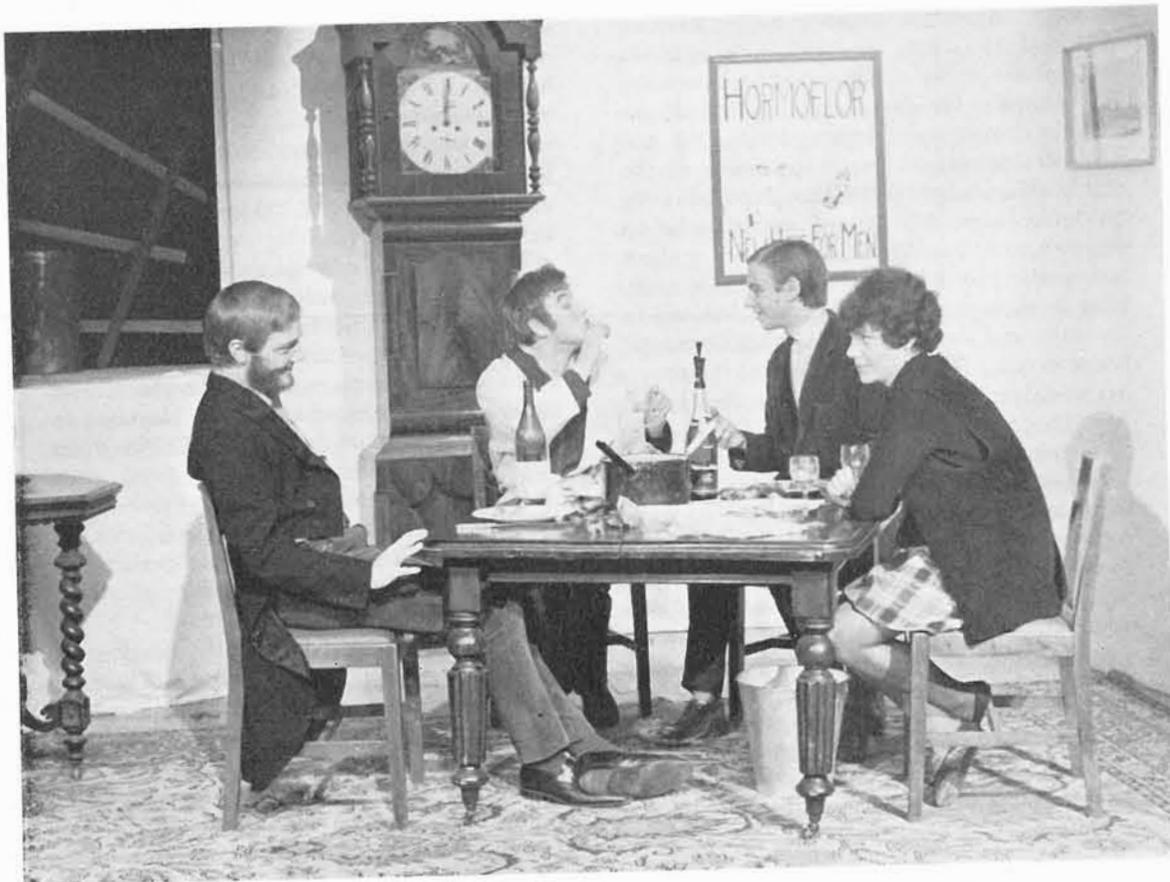
So on, somewhat daunted, to the cries of "Fire! Fire!" that are arising in another part of the forest. They were elicited by Max Frisch's *The Fire Raisers*, performed by the Lady Margaret Players during the last week of February. Frisch has mastered the highly difficult art of the fable, and his little "Morality without a Moral" seems to be on the way to becoming a classic. It is a short and simple play telling how two tramps bully Herr Biedermann into giving them lodging in his attic, and then into letting them burn his house down. The basic joke is that the arsonists, and Herr Biedermann, and the audience, and Frau Biedermann occasionally (when she can allow herself to be so unwifely as to think) see with perfect clarity what is going to happen, from the start; indeed, we are pointedly told that such fire-raising has become very common in the Biedermanns' town; but nothing effective will or can be done to stop it. The more polite fire-raiser says that the surest way of gaining your ends is to announce, quite clearly, what they are; and indeed Herr Biedermann feels vaguely that it's not quite nice to admit that you have arsonists under your roof, even to yourself—certainly not to your wife—and then, what might they not do if challenged? So he lets himself be hypnotised into lending his enemies a box of matches. He tries to be firm with Joey and Wilhelm, he tries to charm them, to do anything with them except send for the police (he has one or two shaming little reasons for not wanting to see the police); so in the end, of course, his house is burned down. The spectacle of the Biedermanns spinning their own shroud is exquisitely amusing, and presented with meticulous psychological accuracy. Merely as farce, the play is most enjoyable.

But of course there are larger implications, if one chooses to see them. *The Fire Raisers* is a satire on human nature in general, and on bourgeois human nature in particular, and on German bourgeois human nature most of all, the study of the Biedermanns' psychological weaknesses being also a study in sociology. We can see the doomed household as Germany succumbing to the Nazis, or the West caving in to Hitler's blackmail, or as a warning against similarly succumbing to the Communists (or to student nihilists), or

as a general warning against weakness, collusion, intellectual and emotional dishonesty. If the Morality has no moral, it is because Biedermannish folly and immorality are shown as their own worst punishment. We can supply the applications of the playwright's lesson: he is under no obligation to do so.

The Fire Raisers is so polished, so swift, and on so conveniently small a scale, that it understandably attracted the Lady Margaret Players, who on the whole did it justice. It is one of those plays which provides almost endless opportunities for detailed playing and production, and of course Mr David Price and his company missed some of them. But on the whole they were so direct, vigorous and unselfconscious, so free from solecisms either in performance or in conception, that the evening passed very agreeably, once an initial slowness of pace had worn off.

The Players continue to make discoveries about the theatre in Pythagoras. There is still too much reason to regret the unimaginative design of the stage. Frisch supplies a chorus of firemen, and requires a set that shows both the Biedermanns' attic and their living-room: simple enough requirements. The set designers handled the latter problem satisfactorily, but the chorus was awkwardly placed—inevitably, given the rigid line dividing stage from auditorium. But the tininess of the theatre turns out to be, potentially, a huge advantage. It was not clear how thoroughly the producer and his cast understood this. For example, the firemen had painted their faces in a vain attempt to look middle-aged: at such close range the hard marks of crimson lake and brown liner hindered, not helped, illusion. We had time to register this effect because, in the early scenes, Frisch has given the chorus little to do except chant at the audience. Later on, however, it has to interfere with the Biedermanns and then with the audience. At this stage the Lady Margaret firemen were extremely effective. All attempt at suggesting middle-aged men was abandoned as, obviously in the best of training, they raced round the auditorium, shouting terror at us enthusiastically. We were at such close quarters that the impact was shattering, and there was no



The Fire Raisers: Dick Francks, David Price, Patrick Scott, Mary Cubbon

leisure to reflect that the firemen were clearly very young (why shouldn't they be, anyway?) In short, acting is a different thing from faking, and the Players are skilled enough to rely safely on their acting abilities. By the end of the evening the chorus was working very much as a unity, and a warm, funny unity at that; it was fulfilling its dramatic role excellently—the classic choral role—and to look right it was quite unnecessary to do more than don the excellent uniforms and helmets. The imagination of players and audience did the rest.

The principal performers similarly profited, but perhaps without quite realizing it, from the size of the theatre. Miss Mary Cubbon, as Frau Biedermann, clearly knew all about the silly, timid conventional woman she was

portraying. But, more than that, she knew how to be absolutely natural on this stage, in this play. Sometimes she was required to play to her fellow-actors, in naturalist fashion; at other times, to talk to the audience, somewhat *à la* Brecht. She shifted from one technique to the other without strain, indeed without perceptible change of gear. The result was that the audience felt perfectly at home with her. She also judged perfectly the scale of performance needed, whereas David Price, heroically, and otherwise excellently, understudying David Piper as the abominable Joey, somewhat overplayed, was a touch too loud; and Patrick Scott, as Herr Biedermann, rather underplayed. All knew what they were about; but only Miss Cubbon had thoroughly fitted her performance to the

theatre. Her effect was so memorable that it has convinced me that, given the right approach, almost anything can successfully be put on in the School of Pythagoras. Everything depends on the *rapproch* between audience and actors, after all; achieve that, and anything can be imagined within a wooden O, as we have good authority for supposing. The intimacy of the theatre can be a huge advantage. It was Garrick who argued against large theatres that, if he were ten feet further from the audience, there would be no difference between him and his rivals. Garrick would have enjoyed Pythagoras; his is the spirit in which to approach the business of playing there. At present, the solidest lesson I can suggest is that the Lady Margaret Players will do better and better the more they play to the audience (I do *not* mean by hamming it up in the pursuit of easy effects), the less they strive for “naturalistic” effects (*à la* Brando) by playing to each other.

VERCINGETORIX

The Fire Raisers

by
Max Frisch

Gottlieb Biedermann, Patrick Scott; *Anna, the Maid*, Christina Haemmel; *Joey Schmitz*, David Price; *Babette Biedermann*, Mary Cubbon; *Wilhelm Eisenring*, Dick Francks; *The Policeman*, Stuart Scott; *Doctor of Philosophy*, Peter Gill; *Chorus Leader*, Steve Cook; *Chorus*, Hugh Epstein, Keith Barron, Keith Hutcheson; *Widow Kuechtling*, Francoise Mariand.

Director, David Price; *Set Design*, Peter Cunningham, David Price; *Sound*, Trevor Davis; *Lighting*, Peter Cunningham, Gerry Burridge; *Publicity*, Rob Buckler, Richard Griffith; *House Manager*, Geoffrey Holdstock; *Stage Manager*, David McMullen.

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

During the last term a change of venue to the Boys Smith Room has been successfully achieved, despite noise filtering through from the neighbouring building.

Three meetings took place as planned and a fourth was added. The first meeting took the form of short talks from undergraduates

of the Society, these being: D. R. Mason; P. King; P. Johnstone and S. Wassermann.

The talks provided ample opportunity for comment. The second meeting was a lecture by Dr Macfarland on applications of group algebras to quantum mechanics. Miss S. M. Edmonds gave the third talk with the unusual title “Wobbles”.

The additional meeting arranged by Dr Reid and Mr. Lee was a brief resumé of the life of Prof. Mordell delivered by Prof. Mordell. The occasion was a memorable one.

During the term the A.G.M. was held at which the officers for 1969-70 were elected and amendments to the constitution debated.

Finally, I would like to thank all the senior members who have helped the Society during the last year.

D. R. BOSTOCK

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

LENT TERM, 1969

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON

Captain: J. L. FOYLE

Match Secretary: D. M. NICOLSON

Fixtures Secretary: S. H. DESBOROUGH

After an outstandingly successful Michaelmas Term, the Club suffered the disappointments of an early exit from Cuppers and the cancellation of numerous matches because of bad weather. However, the Club redressed the balance by achieving its customary success in the Plate Competition.

The 1st XI, bidding for a Cup and League double, reached the quarter-finals of Cuppers by virtue of an unconvincing 3-1 win over Pembroke. Unfortunately the quarter-final draw paired John's and Fitzwilliam, the two leading contenders. Despite taking an early lead and dominating the match for long periods, the College was eventually defeated by 1-4, a margin which little reflected how close the College had come to defeating a strong Fitzwilliam side which contained five Blues and four Falcons.

The Plate Competition was a different story. Three XI's were entered. The 4th XI, managed, coached and captained by Mick Wright, performed creditably and were knocked out by the eventual winners. The 3rd XI reached the semi-final where they

lost to Fitzwilliam II. Meanwhile the 2nd XI had progressed easily to the final in which they faced Fitzwilliam II. Although behind for much of the game, by a combination of skill and determination the 2nd XI eventually won by 2-1; thus the Plate was won by the College for the fourth successive year.

The Club wishes to express its sincere gratitude to Jim Williams, the head groundsman, and his staff, for providing us with excellent playing surfaces throughout the season.

At the Annual General Meeting the following officers were elected for the season 1969-70:

Captain: D. M. NICOLSON
Match Secretary: B. J. SINGLETON
Fixtures Secretary: T. P. MCGING

J. L. F.

HISTORY SOCIETY

Considering the notoriously traditional *fraternitas* amongst Johnian historians, it was unfortunate that throughout the Michaelmas term, the Society should have remained a mere debit entry in the Steward's account book. Such unbecoming obscurity was a mean prologue to the spirited revival of the History Society in its current guise. But this was no populist challenge to Mr. Brogan's tsarist Coultonians, nor did it aim to compete with their erudite activity. The object was rather to provide for similar activities amongst the undergraduate body, enabling and encouraging junior members to deliver papers on subjects of particular interest, uninhibited by the bounds of Tripos.

Mr Philip Thomas set the tone with a very competent account of Trotsky's importance in the Russian Revolution. This gave rise to heated discussion on the role of ideologies in revolutions, and on propagandists from Christ to Chairman Mao. The revival of the annual dinner was a case study in historical method. One or two speeches were made, and most people said something; a coherent theme eluded the proceedings.

A full programme planned for the Easter and Michaelmas Terms will ensure the continuance, under Dr Ogden's patronly eye, of that timeless Johnian activity—the *practice* of history.

P. J. C.

HOCKEY CLUB

Captain: P. K. AYTON
Team Secretary: R. E. M. ROSEVEARE
Fixture Secretary: N. G. HUFTON

After the Michaelmas Term I wrote in this Journal that if the weather treated us kindly, we looked forward to a successful second half of the season. The weather did not oblige but both our teams did, and as a result I have a more than successful eight weeks to report.

The 2nd XI looked to be in severe danger of relegation from their newly-won status in Division II, but turned in three very determined performances to beat Clare 1-0, Sidney Sussex 3-1, and Selwyn 4-1. They then made sure of finishing respectably (in fact 7th), by drawing with the divisional champions Magdalene. A fine effort considering they were one of three (two now!) 2nd XI sides in the division. Our thanks again to Dave Thomas and to the people who kept turning out to provide a team when numbers would have been short.

We reconstructed the 1st XI a little at the start of term and at last the potential was realized. Graham Harrison in goal proved virtually invincible and his bellicose command of his circle steered the whole defence who very often proved sound enough to save him work. George Footitt and Bob Lewis, one adventurous and impulsive, the other calmer and rocklike, developed a good understanding of fullback play and positioning, and against Jesus we had Dave Bishop playing without a mistake to help us to a notable 1-0 win over the then league leaders.

For steadiness and consistently thoughtful play, our wing halves, Simon Gibbs and John Stevens were never surpassed, and Stevens was easily the most improved player of the season. Gibbs' more defensive left half role meant Philip Ayton could play much further upfield in support of his forwards with Rob Roseveare at right inner playing deeper than usual, this virtually gave us two attacking centre halves and this term the forwards prospered on the ball they received. They say England's defence can rightly feel exasperated at the ineptness of their forwards, but in Neil Hufton we had one of the hardest-

driving centre forwards in league hockey, who has definitely found the knack of "slotting 'em in," and Giles Keeble, transferred from rucker for an undisclosed sum, scored several volleyed goals through quickness of eye and reflex. James Wilson eventually settled at right wing and had one of the crispest cross-balls in the team. Whether John Downing or Peter Bowden played on the left wing, there was plenty of pace in both. So beating Queens' 2-0, Trinity II 2-0, Pembroke 4-0, Jesus 1-0 and Fitzwilliam by a walkover, we met St Catharine's, rivals for the title, in our last match. With all their Wanderers playing, they appeared very strong, but with Tim Hill providing very cool and fast support at left half, our defence was excellent and if we had managed to use our defence more effectively as a springboard for attack the result might have been different. As it was two goals in the last five minutes saw St Catharine's home 2-0 and we finished second in the league. Next year with almost the same team we shall emulate the Soccer Club as league champions!

Meanwhile, leaving college hockey far behind him, John O'Keefe played for the University and then made the remarkable jump to a place in the full England International side and has remained there since. Our admiration and congratulations go to him and also to Tim Hill, 12th man in the Varsity match and then a Welsh Under-23 cap.

Finally my thanks go to Rob Roseveare for carrying out with efficiency the time-consuming job of Team Secretary and to Neil Hufton for exercising his brilliant organisational talents as Fixture Secretary.

P. K. A.

LAW SOCIETY

Talks were given to the Society in the Lent Term by Dr Kiss on *Student Relations Behind the Iron Curtain* with particular reference to Hungary; by Constable Free of the Mid-Anglia Constabulary, and by the Registrar for Cambridge, Mr John Tyrer. The Annual Dinner was held in the Wordsworth Room on February 22nd, at which the guest was Sir David Renton, Q.C., M.P.

P. J. MOSSOP, *President*

MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

Only someone born in Burma could have given us that combination of vision and honest assessment which were present in Mr Than Nyun's talk on "Some aspects of Burmese life". The Society would like to thank him for the effort he put in, in borrowing and showing us slides which brought his talk so much alive for us.

A similar debt of thanks is due to Dr Wolfram Kolk for the hours of preparation and miles of England covered to be able to present us his talk entitled "An Austrian Medicinal Compound". It was delivered with the liveliness and good humour that we have come to expect of him and made a happy ending to the present Secretary's term of office.

Next year's Secretary will be R. Davies, Esq.

M. J. COX

RUGBY CLUB

Captain: M. ROGERS
Match Secretary: S. CALVERT
Fixtures Secretary: E. S. COOK

"For the rain it raineth every day"

Thus spake the fool in "Twelfth Night" and should last term's College Rugby Team require an epitaph this might well be it. Most of the term's games had to be cancelled because of waterlogged pitches, and thus a cohesive 1st XV never really got going at all. Cuppers had to be played off without any form of match preparation on our part and Emmanuel College, with the British Lion Gerald Davies in the centre, were encountered in the first round. Despite lack of fitness and practice the team looked like giving Emma something of a fright at first, and had Frank Collyer, who was retrieved from the atrophying effects of his goalkeeping duties for the 1st XI, been slightly more lucky with his penalty goal attempts, the result would have seemed in no doubt. However, in the second half the team succumbed to Emma's superior fitness and team ability and came off having conceded 12 points. This was undoubtedly a creditable effort on behalf of all 15 players, as all who watched will bear witness. More temperate gifts of our climate later on in the term allowed us to play Cambridge Tech. who were heavily defeated in

an exciting manner which augurs well for next year. The only other fixture was played against Magee College, who were on a tour of dubious nature from Londonderry. This was narrowly lost, but afterwards the tour party were entertained in fine fashion in the old Buttery and new JCR, and after much hard stuff had been consumed, and many songs, some Irish, some equally pagan but not so ethnic, had been sung, the boys were decidedly unwilling to leave the College. Indeed after playing the chaps of Magdalene and St Catharine's on following days, they came back to John's and as most of the residents in the new JCR area will tell you, sung vociferously for many hours. Remnants and reminiscences of their accents are still with us today.

Next year's prospects are bright provided the University teams do not prune too much of our undoubted talent, but we are sad to lose the services of Steve Cook, who will be away for a year in Austria. His efficiency as Match Secretary has left very little to be desired, and we know his full rugby potential has yet to be realised.

Thanks are also extended to Stephen Davies, Secretary of the Referees Society, who has provided us with gentlemen who, despite what we choose to say on the field of play, serve us admirably.

Late in the term the club elections were held (in a more democratic fashion than in previous years, we feel) and the following officers were elected:

Captain: S. CALVERT
Match Secretary: J. H. PARKER
Fixtures Secretary: T. DAVIS

SQUASH RACKETS CLUB

This year has been a very successful one for the various College teams in the league, with all teams being promoted by at least one division during the year. We did not, however, get on so well in Cuppers, losing in the first round to St Catharine's.

The First Team at last regained promotion to the First Division, while the Second Team were promoted to the Third Division. The Third Team achieved the remarkable feat of rising by two divisions during the year, and to complete this list of league successes, the

Fourth Team gained promotion to the Seventh Division. In this College we have the advantage of strength in depth, with a large number of good Squash players willing to play in the various league teams.

The team has had more mixed fortunes in its various club matches, though all the matches have been very enjoyable.

With most of the First Team remaining next year, we have high hopes for a successful year. The officers for 1969-70 are:

Captain: G. DRAPER
Secretary: P. GORE

H. G. J.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Captain: J. M. TAYLOR
Secretary: G. M. T. HOWE

Inevitably, after the successes of last season, when several College teams gained promotion, the season just ended represents something of a disappointment. However, if one takes into account the loss of three of last year's outstanding players, the Club may be said to have experienced a fairly useful consolidation of its position, in that, while no team gained promotion, no team was relegated. The lack of experienced players struck hardest at the First Team on its return to Division 1. Although D. Shama and S. Ollerearnshaw stuck nobly to their task, a string of 5-4 defeats meant that the team was only able to finish 7th, with a sets' average which could have put us as high as 5th. The Second Team had a hard time in Division 3 and finished in 10th place, although well clear of the two relegated clubs. The danger of having two teams in the same division was clearly illustrated by the Third and Fourth Teams in Division 5 where they both just missed promotion, finishing 4th and 3rd. The Fourth Team at least had the satisfaction of winning one game more and finishing one place higher, thus putting the selectors to rout. The Fifth Team played with a fair amount of success to occupy 4th position in Division 6, but the Sixth Team came perilously close to the unenviable lot of propping up the rest of the league by finishing in 10th place in Division 8. The captain would like to thank everyone who played for the Club, and also Geoff Howe for his work as Secretary.

College Notes

Appointments

Mr H. L. HOWARTH (B.A. 1945) has been appointed Associate Professor of Radiology (Physics) in the University of New Mexico.

Mr R. J. B. BOSWORTH (Ph.D. 1968) has been appointed Lecturer in History in the University of Sydney, Australia.

Mr K. SCOTT (B.A. 1939), Fellow, has been appointed by The Lord Chancellor to the panel of Chairmen of National Insurance Local Tribunals.

Dr A. T. WELFORD (B.A. 1935), Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Psychology, University of Adelaide.

Dr M. A. JEEVES (B.A. 1951) has been appointed Professor of Psychology in St Salvator's College, St Andrews.

Mr R. B. G. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Lecturer in Geography and Mr J. L. HERKLESS (B.A. 1964), Tutorial Fellow in History, both in the University of Sussex.

Mr H. HUXLEY (B.A. 1939), Reader in Latin, University of Manchester, has been appointed Professor of Classics, University of Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

Mr J. R. BARBER (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering, University of Newcastle.

Mr J. B. DENSON (B.A. 1959), Head of the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office, has been appointed acting Chargés d'Affaires in Peking, replacing Mr P. CRADOCK (B.A. 1948).

Mr H. S. MANCE (B.A. 1934) has been elected Chairman of Lloyd's for the year 1969.

Mr D. D. MACKLIN (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Deputy Clerk of Derbyshire County Council.

Brigadier P. F. CLAXTON (B.A. 1936) has been appointed Transport Officer-in-Chief (army), in the rank of Major-General.

Mr FRED KIDD (B.A. 1941) has been appointed Head of the Technology Department, Scottish College of Textiles, Galashiels.

Mr J. H. M. SALMON (M.Litt. 1957), Professor of History, University of Waikato, New Zealand, has been appointed Professor of History, Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

Dr G. A. HORRIDGE (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Professor in the new Research School of Biological Sciences in the Australian National University.

Mr K. H. HEAD (B.A. 1948) has been transferred to the class of Fellow of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

Lieut.-Colonel A. H. BARRETT GREENE (B.A. 1918), honorary secretary, Staffordshire Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, has been awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year's Honours.

The following members of the College have been elected Fellows of the Royal Society:

G. A. HORRIDGE (B.A. 1949), P. V. DANCKWERTS (M.A. 1948), C. W. OAKLEY (B.A. 1925).

Church Appointments

The Ven. G. L. TIARKS (B.A. 1931), Archdeacon of Portsmouth, has been appointed to the Suffragan see of Maidstone.

Law

Mr Justice MEGAW (B.A. 1931) has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal.

Medical

Mr P. E. WALKER (B.A. 1957) has been appointed consultant Paediatrician, Farnham Hospital and Northwest Surrey groups.

Marriages

JOHN PHILIP CHAMBERS (B.A. 1968) to Ulla-Maija Ojala—on 28 December 1968, in Pirkkala, Finland.

ROBERT HUMPHREY DAKIN (B.A. 1950) to Denny G. G. Jones, of Newlands, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne—on 29 March 1969, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

WILLIAM PATRICK McDONNELL FIELD (B.A. 1950) to Madeleine Hay, of Bridgwater—on 14 September 1968.

JOHN ROBERT MORRIS (B.A. 1955) to Judith Mary Briggs, daughter of B. J. Briggs, of Sutton Coldfields—on 1 February 1969, in St Paul's Cathedral.

Deaths

CUTHBERT BARCLAY (B.A. 1921) died 8 May 1969.

GEORGE BRUCE (B.A. 1930) died March 1969.

STEWART ANTHONY BURBURY (Matric. 1965) died 2 February 1969.

FRANK ALAN DUNCAN (B.A. 1935) died 2 December 1968.

GEORGE HERBERT GUTTRIDGE (B.A. 1920) died 7 January 1969.

Rev. Canon GEORGE EDWARD MARTINEAU (B.A. 1926) died 3 January 1969.

FRANK LESLIE ORME (B.A. 1921) died 25 December 1968.

GEORGE SAMUEL PARSONS (B.A. 1929) died March 1969.

DINSHAW JEHANGIR PETIT (B.A. 1928) died 25 March 1969.

ARTHUR JAMES READ (B.A. 1906) died September 1968.

ERNEST HAROLD ROBINSON (B.A. 1912) died October 1968.

DOUGLAS HAMILTON SANDERSON (B.A. 1924) died 11 March 1969.

HENRY EDMUND THEODORIC VALE (B.A. 1913) died 15 March 1969.

WILLIAM WARNOCK WATT (B.A. 1936) died 5 November 1968.

PHILIP RANDLE KERR WHITAKER (B.A. 1931), Rector of Brinkley, Burrough Green and Carlton, Suffolk, died 20 April 1969.