

THE EAGLE

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Editorial

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

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

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

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

Please adjust your clothing before leaving.

S.M.

Correspondence

The Lodge

Stonham Magna

4th May, 1972

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours etc.,

C. T. WITHERINGTON-HAY

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

University Challenge—what went wrong?

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

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

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

And so to Manchester. An eleventh-hour decision by Spilsbury (who forgot himself and

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

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

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

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

The Cyrenians: an Afterthought

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARK GEORGE

Epitaph

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

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

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

A. FULLWOOD

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

'Pick one for me please.'

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

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

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

D. J. A. TROFMAN

Winter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IAN THORPE

Stewing on a Business Bursar

Get your egg.

The swan didn't come back this year, so that's no good.

'Half a dozen eggs, please.'

'Er, half a lager and lime, did you say? I think we've got some somewhere.'

'No, actually, half a dozen eggs.'

'Oh, why didn't you say that before?'

Feel like giving up.

You've got your eggs.

Now cook one.

No water.

Send for the man in the blue boiler suit.

'Course, the trouble with this water system is it's bloody knackered. And as for the bloke in charge, well he's a bastard.'

No water for half a day, then water. With a slight leak, but can't bear the thought of him again.

Gas.

No, no gas.

Send for the high speed gas man.

It's him again.

'Hm, it's getting rather like a Pinter play in here.'

'Course, the trouble with this gas system is it's bloody knackered. And as for the bloke in charge, well he's a bastard.' We have ignition.

Must be careful, daren't make a mess in the gyp room or my bedder will glower.

'He's been avin orggies in there again, you know.'

I thought this was easy when I saw a gourmet galloping.

Here I am scared in case it cooks too long.

The record needs changing.

There's someone at the door.

I want to go to the bog.

I've dropped the salt all over the floor.

The egg's cracked and it's poaching instead of boiling.

Don't like poached eggs.

Can't stand eating in hall.

Still want to go to the bog.

Remember the fixed charge.

Look at the egg.

Looks horrible.

Think.

Oh what's the use.

Give up.

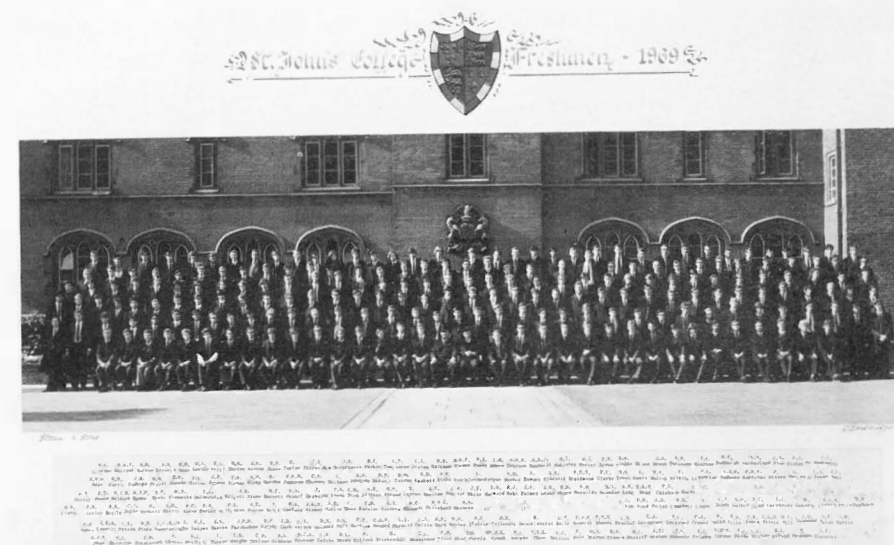
Go to the bog!/Go to Hall.

Developments in the Art World: the Technique of Collage

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

'1 Collage à sec—dry mounting.
(b) cohabitation, living in sin.

2 Sizing.

3 Clarifying (of wine).'

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

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

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

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

LITTLE BOY BLUE

College Intelligence

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

- 1 That they were left to one of the older fellows by Jack the Ripper.
- 2 That they were originally bought by Dr Bertram as barter for East Africa.
- 3 That the Junior Bursar has explained to the College Council that they fell off the back of a lorry.
- 4 That the Steward intended installing them in Hall, to provide some atmosphere for the usually solitary diners, but that the Council had decided instead to put them behind Cripps, where they would look even more ridiculous.

M.N.

SJC—or Mysteries of the Organisms

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

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

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

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

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

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

BON VIVEUR



‘Je vais voir l’ombre que tu devins. . .’

I

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

II

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

Crucified!

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

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

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

R. ANGUS GOUDIE

For Celia, who hates Spaceman

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

Piss off. He said.

DAVID A. WATSON

Theatre

Clouds over Pythagoras

It was the critic D. F. Murphy who noted, with his customary insight, that 'it takes courage to produce Aristophanes on the modern stage'. Steve Briault, heedless of this distinguished warning, screwed the corporate courage of the Lady Margaret Players to the sticking-place and presented *Clouds* in Pythagoras in March. The programme described the play as 'educational' without quite defining what that meant: certainly it was about education, but whether it actually educated the Pythagorean groundling one is inclined to doubt, for in a play where most of the impact is verbal, the actors did not always put over the words with sufficient effect or clarity. Take Toby Manning. For his Cambridge stage debut, he was faced with the taxing role of Strepsiades, a challenge which he took with some gusto, if little imagination. His delivery oscillated so consistently between

gabble and whine that it soon lost its ability to hold the audience, except for those thrilling moments when he lapsed into a mongrel country accent. But he displayed humanitarian instincts when failing to summon any conviction in incidents such as beating Pasias with a stick, and in the use of his hands performed a brilliant mimicking of a clockwork doll. This lad should go far.

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

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

It may by now be a commonplace of Lady Margaret Player criticism to say that the small stage was used to full advantage, but it needs to be said again. While the action was static at

times, the positioning was intelligent (especially with the Clouds) and the whole was visually arresting. The final scene, when the Logic Factory is burned down, was particularly effective, with clever use of lighting and music contributing to a chaotic close.

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

FAT DRAKE

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: P. M. H. WILSON

Vice-President: D. J. ALDOUS

Secretary: G. A. KALORKOTI

Treasurer: J. PROCTOR

Last term brought the sad demise of Professor L. J. Mordell, but not before he had given a most interesting and entertaining talk to an unusually large gathering of the society on 'Numbers, Numbers, Numbers'. His talk covered a very wide field indeed: from Diophantus, and the 'Father of Number Theory' Fermat, to some of Professor Mordell's own work, and the applications of computers to number theory.

The two talks before this had been one given by Dr Todd and one given by two research students. Dr Todd spoke on 'The Odd Number Six (Warning: smoking can damage your health—Ed.), or, Duads and Synthemes', and the two graduates, Alistair Steven and Morris Godfrey, spoke on 'Mad Dabblings of a Research Graduate', and the development of the concept of a topological space, respectively.

The Sixteenth Triennial Dinner, Part One, was held at the end of February, with Mr P. M. H. Wilson proposing the traditional toast to the senior members, and Dr G. A. Reid replying by attempting to show that 'Dons is People'.

The Annual General Meeting of the Society, on 17 March, approved several constitutional amendments, and set up a sub-committee (Messrs Aldous, Johnstone, and McJohn) to consider possible ways of celebrating the Society's fiftieth anniversary in the coming academic year. New officers were also elected.

Next year promises to be a very good one for the Society, with offers to give talks from Professors Cassels, Hoyle, Kendall and Lighthill, and Drs Lickorish and Smithies.

In connection with the fiftieth anniversary dinner, I would be glad to hear from any Old Johnians, and particularly ex-officers of the Society, who would be interested in coming.

GEORGE KALORKOTI

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

President: MR A. A. MACINTOSH

Captain: J. R. CASH

Match Secretary: T. W. CLYNE

Fixtures Secretary: D. P. RUSSELL

The St John's football team had a Lent Term of mixed fortune. The main event, Cuppers, came to a sudden end in the first round when, after easily despatching Jesus 7-2 in the preliminaries, we went 3-1 down to Christ's—the eventual competition winners. This was a disappointing result as St John's had established an early lead from a well taken header. From then on the John's defence had to soak up the pressure of continual attacks from the Christ's forward line who were determined to score the equaliser. However it was not until twenty minutes from the end that a decidedly worried Christ's managed to level the score. This gave them renewed confidence, and they went on to take the game. It was unfortunate that St John's had to meet the best team in the competition so early on, but it is an indication that if we are to win Cuppers next year this is the team that we must learn how to beat.

In the Plate competition the 2nd XI enjoyed a complete reversal from the form which had unfortunately brought them relegation from the second division. After an initially shaky start when they scrambled home 2-1 against Queens they sailed through against Downing, St Catharines and Jesus, playing attractive and

Review

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

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

The four last chapters introduce the reader gently to New Testament criticism, problems

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

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

N.B.W.

effective football. In the final against Fitzwilliam the second team had no trouble in running out 2-0 winners, the scoreline somewhat flattering the defensive abilities of the runners-up. And so the first column of the Plate is filled up with six successive wins by St John's teams.

The tour of Scotland in the New Year can best be described as a social rather than a sporting success. The team lost heavily to Edinburgh, Strathclyde, and St Andrews, but only went down by the odd goal out of three against Glasgow University second team, the first team being engaged, we were relieved to hear, in the Scottish Amateur Cup. It was in Glasgow that we met with some very generous hospitality when one of the Strathclyde players offered us accommodation in his flat, thus saving us from a night in the Y.M.C.A.

Mention must go to Dave Russell who spent much time and energy organising the tour; Alistair Steven who showed us, from his native knowledge, where to do our drinking; and Bill Clyne whose 'car' broke down only three times and who got into trouble with the police only once. (Is this a record?) It was in fact a memorable week which did much to explode the traditional myths about the Scots; and the standard of both their football and hospitality was much appreciated.

The last Saturday of term was a full one for the football team which, for some, started in the Mitre, continued with a 4-2 hammering of Lads United, then the Annual General Meeting and finally the football dinner. George Reid gave an amusing historical account of the early development of football from its mediaeval origins, which was followed by 'jokes' of varying quality and cleanliness. The traditional game of soccer then took place on Cripps lawn with, this year, a marked lack of porter intervention.

In conclusion we must thank the fanatical banner-waving and bugle-playing supporters who gave much encouragement to the teams' efforts in their various competitions; and of course our appreciation and congratulations must go to Jim who was often called upon to achieve miracles of repair to a field which after heavy rains and continual playing at times seemed more like a paddy field than a football pitch.

S. R. WATERMAN

THE COULTONIANS

Czar: MR BROGAN

It has been a successful year. The Society met for the first time on the 1st of November for a Brains' Trust, at which the Master, Professor Hinsley, Dr Linehan, Dr Iliffe, and the Czar performed. Questions were put from the floor through the chairmanship of Mr Julian English, appointed Czarevitch for the occasion. He performed his duties well and agreeably. The next meeting took place on Shrove Tuesday, and would have been refreshed with suitable pancakes, but for a power cut. Mr Christopher Dean read his Mansergh Prize essay on *The Internal Problems of Norman Sicily*. On 3 May the Society met for the last time in the academic year—pancakes were served, cooked by the Czar—and Mr Graham Harding read a paper on *Men and Words In The Middle Ages*. Intellectually and socially, all three occasions were (the Czar reckoned) most rewarding.

D.H.V.B.

HOCKEY CLUB

President: A. G. LEE, ESQ.

Captain: C. G. COOKE

Team Secretary: R. S. HADLEY

Fixtures Secretary: C. BONSALE

We started out rather late owing to a controversy between James and myself as to which was first gear. When that was settled there was the dispute over how the starting mechanism worked . . . 'Push you lot!' Then we were off; twelve chaps and Dimps. At Bedford the weird noise in the minibus was found to be Colin's tape recorder; James and I managed to put most of the engine back together again.

We knew we were getting near Wales as we were beginning to hit more sheep than people. Using our weight a lot. Colin suggested we play some hockey so we threw him out of the window. And then there were eleven. A bit of a waste really as we couldn't even pawn his shirt. In any case James had left his kit behind.

Donald, as umpire, was unflappable. Send him off Donald! On second thoughts he is bigger than you . . . Donald? And then there were ten. Salcem was still doing his hair in the changing room when we returned after the game. We knew they were Welsh because they had started singing in the showers. Robin out-did them all with a virtuoso rendering of 'On Ilkley Moor', so they drowned him. And then there were nine.

The Arms Park Club house was tremendous (no, we don't play girls in our team) with souvenirs of great sporting occasions. So how could we refuse them Dimples for their museum? Now we had eight.

University College fellows were pretty smart. They had a cunning one-eight-two-five system that had us beat. Fortunately Daave* spotted their weakness. We were at a great disadvantage having only seven; Sal was still changing. Ray managed to score, for the opposition, so we gave him Wanderers' Socks as a consolation. We knew that next game we would have to pressurise Chris into playing. He hadn't actually come down with us to play hockey. He was in charge of team morale. He realised straight away that we were going to lose. Not marginally, but drastically, and that there was no point in playing hard at all. Not even in exerting ourselves because we'd still lose badly. Frankly, he thought we shouldn't play at all but go to the South of France (financed by the G.A.C.) and send back fictitious results. It was too late as we were already on the road to Swansea.

Chalked across the bridge: 'Free Wales from England.' Richard rephrased it slightly. He is the first English Martyr in Swansea. We were now down to three. Solly cut himself which only goes to bear out what Confucius said about he who has sharp tongue in cheek. James left his borrowed kit at Swansea.

I couldn't work out the first gear. It's quite nice here in Port Talbot, really, once you get used to the smoke.

C.G.C.

*Sec: D. Layton: *The Art of Captaincy: Hockey the Layton Way*, part v, and many other classics.

BADMINTON CLUB

Captain: J. L. NUTT

Secretary and Treasurer: P. J. RICHARDS

The first team, as expected, had a very successful season, winning the League with the loss of only four points out of a maximum of 27. Richard Parker and John Nutt (the Captain of the Cockerels) combined well with Graham Harding and Neville Walton to make up the first and second pairs; neither of which lost a single match in the League. We congratulate Richard on gaining a half-blue, playing as the University no. 1 against Oxford.

But in Cuppers, despite a long and successful struggle against Emmanuel, we succumbed in the quarter final against Downing, who were the eventual runners up to Fitzwilliam. The 2nd team contained a very enthusiastic first pair, Andrew Moore and Edgar Knobloch, but unfortunately the team did not match up to the achievements of previous years.

Prospects for next year are very promising with four members of the first team still here, including the veteran Cockerel, Graham Harding, who will be contributing to the College's success for the fifth successive year.

J.L.N.

SQUASH RACKETS CLUB

The Squash Club had another good term, but was unable to repeat last year's success of the League and Cuppers double. The Cuppers side reached the semi-finals only to be beaten by a strong Selwyn team which went on to win the final. The first team came second in division one of the league; beaten in the main by the numbers of walkovers it conceded, but hampered also by the secretary's play. Again the second and third teams narrowly missed promotion by coming third in their respective divisions, and the fourth team justified its promotion of the previous season. Thanks to Julian English for his year's captaincy, and to players for venturing out in all weathers to away matches.

IAN CARSTAIRS

THE RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

President: MR K. SCOTT

Captain: N. D. WASKETT

Match Secretary: G. S. MORGAN

Fixture Secretary: M. A. J. BOUGHTON

Senior Treasurer: MR D. G. MORGAN

The season started with the sad news of the death of Neil Bell, but the vacuum created by his loss was filled by Nigel Waskett, who soon came to grips with the task.

The 1st XV did not have a very good season. After winning the first League game against Trinity they then lost the following four games, each time by a narrow margin. The match against Caius should have been a win, but the addition of unaccountable extra time by the referee allowed Caius to put over the winning drop goal right on the final whistle. The best game of the season was played against Fitzwilliam. At that time there was a very real danger of relegation, and Fitzwilliam were the only unbeaten side in the League. After a shaky first quarter we went on to win 22-13. The training session conducted before the game by Carwyn James, the British Lions coach, certainly paid dividends. With two more wins and another defeat the final position in the League was a safe though not glamorous fifth.

In Cuppers the 1st XV revenged themselves on Caius, beating them 7-3 in the preliminary round, only to lose to Pembroke 16-6 in the next round.

The 2nd XV had a very successful season coming third in their League. There was comforting surplus of players who wanted to play for the 2nd's, much of this enthusiasm stemming from Les Swann, who also organised a University 2nd XV 'Cuppers' competition for the first time. Here the 2nd XV showed the 1st XV up, though one wonders how much of this was due to the luck of the draw. After beating Emmanuel in the semi-final 14-6 after extra time, Rob Hadley's kicking boots playing a vital part, they were beaten 16-3 in the final by Christ's. After the final it grieved Dyfrig Morgan, our most ardent supporter, to have to present the trophy to the opposition.

The Saturday fixtures provided the usual entertainment both on and off the field. Jerry Collis, after helping us to beat Balliol, Oxford,

in the afternoon, in the evening drank their team under the table and then went off to look for 'some more beer'.

This season Foster Edwards played in the University Match against Oxford. Murray Meikle played for the LX club against the Greyhounds. Both Nigel Waskett and Dave Fryatt were forced to withdraw from the University squad in the Michaelmas Term with cartilage trouble.

Finally your reporter wishes to deny all rumours that he will refuse to play against Pembroke next season, in spite of being carted off to hospital on both occasions that we played them this season.

P. G. MACKLEN

THE MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

Since Christmas, we have held our eagerly-awaited meeting on Alexander Solzhenitsyn, when Mr J. D. Barber of Jesus College came and gave a historically-inclined talk on the Russian writer. The meeting was packed to overflowing, and the intellectual atmosphere was electric, relieved only by the fortuitous alcoholic provisions which are so much a part of these occasions. Mr Barber's talk was interesting and provocative and he only just survived the onslaught of questions which followed. Many thanks are due to Mr Barber for a talk which had obviously involved him in much work, and which was sufficiently informative to retain the interest of the uninitiated.

At the end of the Lent Term we held our Annual Dinner at the University Centre. This was a grand occasion, well-attended, and we must thank our guest speaker, Dr Ronald Gray of Emmanuel College, who gave us an amusing résumé of the sort of language prevalent in the Common Market, including a German rendition of an extract of 'Finnegans Wake'. The usual sort of 'celebration' rounded off the evening, and one umbrella is still missing, now thought to be in Freiburg!

In conclusion, I would like to thank Dr Stern for his help and guidance, and everyone who made the year's meetings such a success.

J.W.

MUSICAL SOCIETY

President: MR G. H. GUEST

Musical Director: MR I. M. KEMP

Senior Treasurer: DR D. L. FROST

Secretary: JONATHAN RENNERT

Junior Treasurer: NICHOLAS CHISHOLM

Orchestral Conductor: NICHOLAS ROUTLEY

Orchestral Secretary: SIMON HARRIS

This year members of the Society have heard everything from madrigals to violin and piano sonatas to 'Land of Hope and Glory', sung by Dame Clara Butt . . . or was it?

A new committee has been responsible for a number of Smoking Concerts in the New Music Room (now redecorated), an orchestral concert at the end of each term, and special events such as the Concert by Freshmen, the annual candlelit concert in the Senior Combination Room, and a light-hearted occasion entitled 'Music to Forget'.

Highlights have been the performances by Dr and Mrs Michael McIntyre (violin and piano), and indeed of the President, Mr Crook; and of instrumentalists like Tony Woodhouse (horn) and Simon Harris (oboe). Compositions by members of the College have been performed (those by Andrew Downes and Philip Booth were particularly memorable), and a group of Choral Scholars sang a piece by George Guest, written in 1795 when he was organist of Wisbech.

It is sad to have to report the defeat of the College Orchestra football team in a match against the Bums.

At the time of writing, the May Concert, on Monday 12 June, is being planned, and already ideas have been proposed for the Society's activities during the Michaelmas Term. New committee members then will include Philip Booth (orchestral secretary), Tony Woodhouse (conductor) and Michael Earle.

JONATHAN RENNERT

College Notes

Appointments and Awards

THE REV. F. P. B. ASHE (B.A. 1937) has been appointed Rector of Church Stretton with All Stretton and Little Stretton in the Diocese of Hereford.

MR D. K. H. BEGG (Matric. 1969) has been awarded the Adam Smith Prize 1971.

COLONEL T. J. BOWEN (B.A. 1939) has been appointed Colonel of the Worcestershire and Sherwood Foresters Regiment.

MR E. BROADBENT (B.A. 1948) has been appointed Deputy Under-Secretary of State (Air).

DR A. L. BROWN (B.A. 1955) is now a lecturer in Pure Mathematics at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MR P. R. BUTLER, M.B., B.Chir. (B.A. 1954) has been appointed consultant geriatrician, South Somerset clinical area.

DR R. H. S. CARPENTER (B.A. 1966) Fellow, has been re-appointed University Demonstrator in Physiology for two years.

THE MOST REV. DR F. D. COGGAN, Archbishop of York (B.A. 1931) Honorary Fellow, has been given the honorary degree of D.D. by the University of Manchester.

MR P. S. COLLECOTT (Matric. 1969) has been awarded a Kennedy Scholarship tenable at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

MR C. H. CRIPPS (B.A. 1937) Honorary Fellow, has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship at Selwyn College.

THE REV. N. H. CROWDER (B.A. 1948) has been appointed Vicar of St John's, Oakfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

MR A. H. CURRAN (Matric. 1969) has been appointed to a Harkness Fellowship of the Commonwealth Fund by the British Committee of Award.

MR R. M. DAVIE (B.A. 1967) has been appointed a lecturer in Italian at the University of Liverpool.

PROFESSOR P. A. M. DIRAC, F.R.S., (Ph.D. 1926) Fellow, has been elected an honorary fellow of the Institute of Physics.

MR J. M. FINE (Matric. 1969) has been awarded an entrance bursary by the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

MR R. J. FLETCHER (B.A. 1970) has been awarded a Henry Ling Roth Scholarship for the year 1971-72.

MR J. C. GITTENS (B.A. 1959) has been re-appointed an assistant director of research in the Department of Engineering for three years.

PROFESSOR S. GOLDSTEIN, F.R.S. (B.A. 1925) Honorary Fellow, has been made an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society.

DR J. R. GOODY (B.A. 1946) Fellow, has been awarded a grant by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations for research on inheritance, population and the family in Europe and Africa.

DR B. M. HAGGIS (B.A. 1948) has been appointed 'assistant associé' in linguistics at the Université René Descartes, Paris.

MR J. C. HALL (B.A. 1948) Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed Senior Tutor from 1 October 1972.

MR H. S. L. HARRIS (B.A. 1941) Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed Professor of Engineering at the University of Lancaster.

SIR BRYAN HOPKIN (B.A. 1936) has been appointed Professor of Economics at University College, Cardiff.

MR R. L. HOWLAND (B.A. 1928) Fellow, has been re-appointed Warden of Madingley Hall from 1 October 1972 for three years.

SIR HAMILTON KERR (M.A. *inc.* 1934) has been given an Honorary LL.D., by the University of Cambridge.

DR P. A. LINEHAN (B.A. 1964) Fellow, has been appointed an additional Pro-Proctor for the academical year 1971-72.

DR J. J. MCCUTCHEON (B.A. 1962) has been appointed senior lecturer in Actuarial Mathematics and Statistics in the Department of Mathematics, Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh.

MR D. R. MASON (B.A. 1969) has been pre-elected into an Unofficial Fellowship at Gonville and Caius College from 1 October 1972.

DR J. H. MATTHEWMAN (B.A. 1960) has been re-appointed University Lecturer in Engineering from 1 October 1972 to the retiring age.

MR E. K. MATTHEWS (M.A. 1964) Fellow, has been re-appointed University Lecturer in Pharmacology.

PROFESSOR R. C. O. MATTHEWS (M.A. *inc.* 1950) former Fellow, has been appointed Chairman of the Social Science Research Council.

MR F. MERRY (B.A. 1948) has been appointed chairman of Lyons Maid Ltd. He will retain his present responsibilities as chairman of Lyons Bakery Ltd. and Lyons Groceries Ltd.

MR P. R. MILLARD (M.A. *Fitz.* 1967) Fellow, has been appointed a lecturer in Pathology in the University of Oxford.

MR E. MILLER (B.A. 1937) former Fellow, Master of Fitzwilliam College, has been given the honorary degree of Litt.D. by the University of Sheffield.

SIR NEVILL FRANCIS MOTT, F.R.S. (B.A. 1927) Honorary Fellow, has been elected an honorary fellow of the Institute of Physics and has been given the honorary degree, D.Sc., by Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh.

DR D. H. NORTHCOTE, F.R.S. (M.A. Downing 1949) Fellow, gave the first Asher Korner Lecture at the School of Biological Sciences, University of Sussex.

MR P. R. PARHAM (Matric. 1969) has been awarded a Kennedy Scholarship tenable at Harvard University.

DR R. N. PERHAM (B.A. 1961) Fellow and Tutor, has been re-appointed a University Lecturer in Biochemistry.

DR I. PHILLIPS (B.A. 1958) has been appointed Reader in Microbiology at St Thomas' Hospital Medical School, University of London.

MR G. J. PULLIN (B.A. 1959) is not only Latin teacher at Bootham School but Senior Tenor Songman in the York Minster Choir and a member of the BBC Northern Singers.

THE REV. W. J. REYNOLDS (B.A. 1936) has been appointed Rural Dean of Martley, Diocese of Worcester.

MR A. J. ROSKELL (B.A. 1960) is now manager of PL/1 Language Control and Standards at IBM's UK Laboratory at Hursley.

MR N. ROUTLEY (B.A. 1968) Mus.B., has been elected into an Official Fellowship and College Lectureship in Music at Selwyn College from 1 October 1972.

PROFESSOR ABDUS SALAM, F.R.S. (B.A. 1948) former Fellow, has been given the honorary degree of Doctor of Science in the Faculty of Science by the University of Edinburgh.

MR A. N. SALTER (Matric. 1969) has been awarded a Harmsworth Minor entrance scholarship by the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

DR V. A. SARABHAI (B.A. 1940) was posthumously awarded the Padma Vibhushan in the India Republic Day honours list 1972.

DR M. SCHOFIELD (B.A. 1963) has been appointed a University Lecturer in Classics.

MR K. SCOTT (B.A. 1939) Fellow, has been appointed a member of the Industrial Tribunals, England and Wales.

THE REV. E. SIDDALL (B.A. 1949) has been appointed priest-in-charge of Thrussington, diocese of Leicester.

MR J. K. E. SLACK (B.A. 1954) has been appointed a Recorder for the South East Circuit.

DR J. STAUNTON (M.A. 1969) Fellow, has been re-appointed University Lecturer in Organic and Inorganic Chemistry.

DR J. P. STERN (B.A. 1945) Fellow and Director of Studies in Modern Languages, has been appointed Professor of German in the University of London and Head of the Department of German at University College, London.

MR GEORGE THOMAS (B.A. 1940) has been appointed Principal of Mander College, Bedford.

MR M. C. THOMPSON (B.A. 1956) has been re-appointed Senior Assistant in Research in Land Economy for two years.

MR R. A. TOMLINSON (B.A. 1954) has been appointed Professor of Ancient History and Archaeology at Birmingham University.

DR C. D. TOWN (B.A. 1963) a Research Associate in Radiobiology, Department of Radiology, Stanford, U.S.A., has been awarded an American Cancer Society—Eleanor Roosevelt—International Cancer Fellowship at the MRC Molecular Genetics Unit, Department of Molecular Biology, University of Edinburgh.

MR M. W. VALLANCE (B.A. 1956) has been appointed headmaster of Durham School.

MR R. B. VINTER (Matric. 1969) has been appointed to a Harkness Fellowship of the Commonwealth Fund by the British Committee of Award.

MR R. G. WATERHOUSE, Q.C. (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Chairman of the Committees of Investigation for England and Wales and Great Britain under the Agricultural Marketing Act 1958.

MR J. R. WILKIE (B.A. 1945) has been appointed Professor of German and Head of the German Department at the University of Leeds from 1 October 1972.

MR R. D. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1939) has been appointed Professor of Classics at Reading University.

Fellowships

Elected under Title A:

RICHARD JOHN BAUCKHAM (B.A. Clare 1969).
 JOHN SEBASTIAN KNOWLAND (B.A. Exeter, Oxford 1967).
 NOEL GLYNNE LLOYD (B.A. Queens' 1968).
 JOHN ALBERT OLLEY, B.Eng. Sheffield (University College).
 HOMAYOUN SERAJI, B.Sc. Sussex (Trinity Hall).

Elected under Title B:

RICHARD WILSON HAYWOOD (B.A. Fitzw. 1938).
 MALCOLM SCHOFIELD (B.A. 1963) D.Phil., Oxford.

Elected under Title E:

CECIL ANTHONY JOHN COADY (M.A. Sydney 1962; B.Phil. Oxford 1965) Senior Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Melbourne.

K. T. M. HEGDE, B.Sc., M.A., Ph.D., reader in environmental archaeology in the Maharaja Sayajirao, Baroda University, India.

NEHEMIA LEVTZION (Ph.D. London, 1965) Lecturer in Arabic and African History, the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

GRAEME ERNEST JOHN LLEWELLYN (B.A. Wellington, N.Z.).

New Year Honours 1972

Knight CECIL WALTER HARDY BEATON, C.B.E. (Matric. 1922).
Knight FRED HOYLE (B.A. Emm., 1936) F.R.S., Fellow and Plumian Professor.
Knight PROFESSOR RUTHERFORD NESS ROBERTSON (Ph.D. 1939) Sc.D.
 C.B. MAJOR GENERAL P. F. CLAXTON, O.B.E., (B.A. 1936).

Marriages

JOHN GUILLEBAUD, M.B., B.Chir., (B.A. 1961), to Gwyneth Mary Jones of 13 Willow Crescent, Ellesmere, Shropshire—on 15 April 1972 in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

WILLIAM OWEN SAXTON (B.A. 1970) to Patricia Mary Hemmings, of 30 Clarendon Street, Cambridge—on 8 April 1972, in the College Chapel.

CHRISTOPHER DAVID TOWN (B.A. 1963) to Sheila Marie Nolan of Guthrie Center, Iowa, U.S.A.—on 18 December 1971, at St Ann's Chapel, Palo Alto, California, U.S.A.

Deaths

THE REV. FRANCIS WILLIAMS ALLEN (B.A. 1903) formerly Rector and Vicar of Culworth, Northamptonshire, died 17 November 1970.

SIR ARTHUR LENNON BINNS, C.B.E., M.C. (B.A. 1914) formerly Chief Education Officer for Lancashire, died 23 September 1971.

SIR HERBERT DAVIS, C.B.E. (B.A. 1912) a former Vice-Chairman of Unilever Limited, died 20 February 1972.

HENRY ROLF GARDINER (B.A. 1924) farmer and a leading authority on forestry, died 26 November 1971.

PHILIP VINCENT GATTY (B.A. 1924) died 6 January 1972.

JAMES FOULIS HAY (B.A. 1932) died 26 April 1972.

DR ROBERT LANIER KNIGHT (Matric. 1927) head of the Fruit Breeding Section, East Malling Research Station, Kent, died 15 February 1972.

JOHN DUNCAN McVEAN (B.A. 1926) Medical Practitioner, died 4 January 1972.

LOUIS JOEL MORDELL (B.A. 1910) Fellow and Emeritus Sadleirian Professor of Mathematics, died on 12 March 1972.

SIR SAMUEL HARRISON YARDLEY OULSNAM, C.S.I., C.I.E., M.C., (B.A. 1921) formerly Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Health, died 2 April 1972.

HARRY GEORGE RHODEN (B.A. 1930) Fellow and Reader in Engineering, died 18 April 1972.

DR VIKRAM AMBALAL SARABHAI (B.A. 1940), Chairman of the Indian Atomic Energy Commission, died 30 December 1971.

ALBERT HENRY SLEIGHT, LL.B. (B.A. 1911) died August 1971.

ALAN RUSSELL SMITH (B.A. 1914) died 12 March 1972.

SIR HAROLD SNOW, C.B.E. (B.A. 1921) formerly a deputy Chairman and a Managing Director of British Petroleum Co., Ltd, died 20 December 1971.

J. A. STRUTHERS, B.Chir., M.D. (B.A. 1920) formerly medical officer of health to the City of Westminster and to Holborn, died 21 November 1971.

MERVYN LINCOLN THOMAS (B.A. 1926) died 3 April 1972.

R. J. WALKER, M.B., B.Chir., (B.A. 1939) in general practice at Presteigne, Radnorshire, died 10 February 1972.

ANTHONY MELLING WILLIAMS (B.A. 1969) died 9 April 1972.

THOMAS EUGENE WOOD, LL.B. (B.A. 1908) died January 1972.

JOHNIAN SOCIETY

By kind permission of the College Council, the Johnian Society will hold its next annual dinner in Hall on Saturday 16 December. Members will receive the usual notice in due course. Any Johnians interested who are not yet members of the Society should write to the Honorary Secretary, D. N. BYRNE, 27 Greenlands Road, Staines, Middlesex.