

THE EAGLE

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Editorial

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A.C., M.J.

The Solitary Horseman

IN THE SUMMER of 1785 young Thomas Clarkson, B.A., a Cambridgeshire man by birth, and a member of this College, set out to ride from Cambridge to London. He had much on his mind, and presently, at the foot of the long hill leading down to Wades Mill, a hamlet just this side of Ware, he sat down disconsolate on the turf, holding onto the reins of his horse so that it should not stray. In this slightly undignified posture light and conviction broke upon him. The world was plagued by an intolerable evil, chattel slavery, by which every year millions were sold and kept in bondage and misery. “It was time,” he decided, “that some person should see these calamities end.” It was some little while longer before he accepted that he himself must be that person, however weak an instrument he was; but when, in the last decade of his life, he was fêted, and addressed in a sonnet by William Wordsworth, (“Clarkson¹ it was an obstinate hill to climb. . .”) and awarded the freedom of the City of London, it was because the great work had been accomplished, in large part through his efforts; because, that is, he had not swerved from the path that he first saw stretch ahead at Wades Mill. Today a small monument marks the spot of that momentous conversion¹. An account of Clarkson inevitably begins with this incident, because it is so plainly the key to his character. It suggests, in the first place, that Clarkson even by eighteenth century standards, was a little old-fashioned, something of a survivor from an earlier world, the world of the Puritan Reformation. His conversion was a process strikingly like that which transformed the lives of so many divines at Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But in direction it was modern, opening the door to nineteenth-century humanitarianism. It is this fusion of Elizabethanism and Victorianism that is Clarkson’s note, as it is the note of many another Evangelical reformer. Thus, the process of psychological conditioning that brought Clarkson to his moment of truth is fairly clear and very traditional. His father, a devout and exemplary clergyman, master of Wisbech Grammar School and curate of Walsoken, was, we are told, “cut off in the prime of life by a fever caught from visiting the sick.”² Thomas made his way from Wisbech to St Paul’s to St John’s (where he was a sizar)³ earning golden opinions at each stage. We may gather from what he says of himself that he had at this time a fair amount of the energy, ambition, and desire to shine in the eyes of his world which so often characterises boys from obscure homes who have won their way to distinction at Cambridge by their own efforts. At any rate, he entered the Latin Essay Competition in 1784, and won first prize. It was considered necessary that he should repeat the achievement in 1785, or lose reputation both in the eyes of the University and of his College. Animated by these somewhat vainglorious motives, he turned to consider the subject appointed, *Anne liceat Invitos in Servitutem dare?* (“Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?”) The subject had been set by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr Peckard of Magdalene College, who had already preached a sermon against the slave-trade before the University. The investigations that Clarkson now made into the subject appalled his tender heart. He won the prize, but that had come to seem a little matter. It was after the formal reading of the essay that he rode to London. He was twenty-five years old; well thought of, earnest, devout and sensitive, but as yet, though he had taken deacon’s orders, without a vocation. As he went along he turned over the terrible things he had learned while preparing his essay, and in due course, as we have seen, solved two problems at once: he might, in the work of saving the slaves, find his true calling.

1. Thomas Clarkson, *The History of the . . . Abolition of the African Slave-Trade by the British Parliament* London, 1808, vol. 1, pp. 210–11.

2. Earl Leslie Griggs, *Thomas Clarkson, the Friend of Slaves*. London, 1936, p. 24.

3. DNB, article on Clarkson.

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

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

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

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

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

1. Griggs, *op. cit.*, p. 189.

2. Griggs, p. 79. 3. Griggs, p. 197. 4. Griggs, p. 26.

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

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

one of the best speakers in parliament. His voice was as musical as a flute, and his choice of words followed each other with a regularity and beauty which made his sentences fall on the ear like the rich sounds of an organ. His earnestness and pathos gave him great sway².

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

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

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

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

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

1. Clarkson, *op. cit.*, i 238.

2. Clarkson in conversation with Benjamin Stanton, the American abolitionist, September, 1841. See Griggs, p. 187.

3. Griggs, p. 36.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Clarkson, i 293-4.



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

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

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

The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me. Sudden dizzinesses seized my head. A confused singing in the ears followed me, wherever I went. On going to bed, the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking, too, if it continued but half an hour, exhausted me, so that profuse perspirations followed, and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind for a like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write in behalf of the cause. In this time I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night.

All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent too to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my knowledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. . . . But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them; and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing these forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled. . . .³

At last it was all too much for him. Worn down by physical and emotional stress, he had to retire from the fight, and turn to farming on the small income secured for him by Wilberforce and his other associates. And soon after his retirement the first crusade for the abolition of the slave-trade collapsed too.

He went to live on Ullswater, and there got to know the Wordsworth family well. It was while returning from a visit to Clarkson and his wife that William and Dorothy saw the daffodils

Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

1. Griggs, p. 65. I have turned the language of the parliamentary report, which is in the third person, into direct speech.

2. Clarkson to Monsieur Beauvet, 1789. Griggs, p. 54.

3. Clarkson, ii 469-471.

And when Dorothy visited Cambridge, it was Clarkson who showed her over her brother's and his old College, and helped her to find the ash-tree that the poet had loved.¹

Clarkson's health and strength returned to him in the Lake District, and in due course his career was resumed. In 1805, at Wilberforce's call, he returned to the fight, once more travelling all over England to gather evidence, needed this time to persuade the House of Lords. In 1806 the Ministry of All the Talents ended the colonial slave-trade, and in 1807, at long last, a law was passed, according to which the transportation of African negroes was "utterly abolished, prohibited and declared to be unlawful." The abolitionists were of course overcome with joy; but they did not rest from their labours. Instead, they formed the African Institution, which set out to see that law was enforced, to secure the abolition of the slave trade by all other nations, and to civilise Africa. Clarkson was of course an important member of this body, but his chief business at first was to write and publish his *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade* (1808), which remains not only a noble monument to the great reform, but a first-rate historical source.

The rest of his life need not be dwelt on at any length. He never ceased his earnest humanitarian endeavours. We find him visiting the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, hoping to persuade the assembled statesmen to outlaw the slave-trade as a species of piracy; while there he caught a glimpse of yet another old Johnian, Lord Castlereagh, wearing a coat "so crowded with diamonds that nothing else was to be seen. It is said the diamonds cost 3,000 guineas. . . . I doubt we poor English people shall have to pay for this fine coat."² He acts as the unofficial adviser and friend to Henri Christophe, the black King of Haiti, and, after Christophe's death, as the protector of the King's widow and daughters. He still writes letters and pamphlets on matters that need a humanitarian's attention; and at last he travels through England again to drum up support for the new British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1823 to put an end to chattel slavery itself. On this final journey, he tells us, "I succeeded in forming nearly 200 Committees and the result was some hundred petitions to Parliament. . . . I travelled about 3,000 miles, and was absent from home nearly a year."³ But he was now old, and the chief direction of the movement was in the hands of younger men, who tended to praise the veteran while neglecting his advice. Still, when, in 1830, a great Anti-Slavery convention was held in London, Thomas Clarkson was the man who called it to order, and then, in a warm speech, nominated Wilberforce as chairman—who accepted the offer in a speech full of warm references to Clarkson. It was agreeable to everyone that the two great Nestors of the cause should thus be seen to give their benediction to the last campaign—which was successful in 1833, when slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire.

Even then Clarkson was not quite done. He attacked the apprenticeship system which briefly followed slavery in the West Indies; he attacked the importation of coolie labour from India, which he properly said was the slave trade under another name; and he appeared at the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, which debated slavery in the United States. Benjamin Haydon painted the gathering, and chose to show Clarkson addressing it, his ancient figure all benevolence and earnestness, but the audience, I fear, not very attentive. However, that was the painter's fault: in fact Clarkson was warmly applauded. Haydon visited Clarkson's house to work on this portrait, and while there recorded an anecdote in his diary which perfectly conveys the spirit of the indomitable old man. Clarkson had recently published a tract attacking slavery in the American south. He got the idea for it, he told Haydon, one night, when a voice woke him from sleep,

1. *The Prelude*, book VI, lines 76-94 (1850 edition).

2. Clarkson to his wife. Griggs, p. 155.

3. Griggs, p. 162.

and he heard distinctly the words, "You have not done all your work. There is America". Clarkson said it was vivid. He sat upright in his bed; he listened and heard no more. Then the whole subject of his last pamphlet came to his mind. Texts without end crowded in and he got up in the morning, and began it, and worked 8 hours a day till it was done—till he hoped he had not left the Americans a leg to stand on.¹

Such were the life and labours of Thomas Clarkson. Clearly, we do well to remember them. But we must be careful what claims we make for him. We cannot say that he, single-handed, ended the slave-trade and slavery; he was far from single-handed, and neither evil was ended completely in his time. Instead, I think, we may agree that, though his labours were not in vain; though the great deeds of 1807 and 1833 were in some measure his work; his first claim to our respect is that he held nothing back: once he had put his hand to the plough, he never counted the cost, but gave himself absolutely to his cause. It was this which drew people to him. He had little sense of humour, but his warmth of heart did as well, or better: in his company no-one could be weary of virtue, or see the virtuous as cold saints. Once he had put youthful ambition behind him he was never vain, self-assertive, or quarrelsome: his only foible was an inclination, in old age, to boast of his ailments and the pills he took for them. Quite as much as the dead of Gettysburg, he gave the last, full measure of devotion. Wordsworth's Quaker friend, Thomas Wilkinson, observed of Clarkson in 1790 that "he was perfectly satisfied to be as a slave to the Slave"². This phrase recalls, unintentionally, the claim of the mediaeval Popes to be no more than the slaves of the slaves of God. It suggests the fulfilment that Clarkson found in utter abandonment of self, so that in 1840 he could claim that "if I had another life given to me to live, I would devote it to the same object."³ And in this spirit he did greatly help to pull down a vast structure of power and oppression; through him enormous numbers of men and women were rescued from death and pain. He was one of those who teach us in what senses the meek shall inherit the earth; and even, perhaps especially, those of us who are not meek and cannot become meek may for this reason honour his memory.

HUGH BROGAN



Seedy on Coresidence

16 May 1774. Alas, we are a College of ninnies! There is no pinnacle of folly so high that with the huffings and puffings of the Giddys and the Ganglebangs spurring us on we cannot be induced to clamber up and stand perspiring mightily at the top, a spectacle and exhibition to all; whom future generations must regard with derision or disgust.

I am so put out by it that I have quite forgiven Grouch his wicked trick upon me; and in any case that incident has passed off most providentially, the sale of the College having fallen through for want of funds on the part of the *cestuis que trust*. So the Dean is pretty upset, though most stoical about it till Grouch the other day in Hall publicly offered to advance him half a sovereign against his expectations. A charitable gesture; but imprudent, I fear. And such imprudence, alas, which is the very essence and spirit of our beloved Coll., cannot forever miss its mark. We may not, like lunatics or infants, forever escape the consequences of our acts; and even now I hear an awful scratching, as of the rats in the wainscoting, while the groping fingers of our blind and shaggy Sampsons fumble rudely towards the pillars of our society, to brace and grip and strain and bring our temple and sanctuary crashing down about our ears.

The cause and occasion of my lament is the Great College Meeting that we have had. I could not—I can not and will not—believe the evidence of my ears. The Fellows want to marry! When I say the Fellows, I mean of course the boys and the ninnies, but even they—to the eternal shame of the Seniors—are Fellows, and even they, I would have supposed, would be seised of that reserve and common decency that marks even the enlightened academic. But no! With an enormous randiness and a great fastening and unfastening of breeches they rushed in and out of the Combination Room shouting: "Quick, quick, Master! The time is overripe and we are growing old." "Let us fiddle with the Statutes, Master! Off, off with these vestments of constraint!" "Tear off these bindings, Master! Unloose this awkward girdle from us!" "Hurry, hurry, Master, or the times may catch up with us!" "Marriage is a sacrament and an holy estate, so why might we not marry, Master?" "We must be made to marry, Master!" "'Tis lawful. We must obey the law". "Too slow, too slow! To the Privy with the Statutes and post the Banns on the Great Gate straightway!" "Half the population, Master, is women". "Make haste, Master, make haste! Here are figures that shew more women in Cambridge than Fellows in Colleges." "We have a duty and an obligation, Master. Shall we not consider the spinsters?" "Shall we not consider the generations as yet unbegot? Will you deny them their say, Master, in the running of the Coll.?" "Make speed, make speed!" "Imparity, impiety!" "Three cheers for the Master!" "Off to the Spinning House with Seedy!" "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

1. Griggs, p. 182.

2. Griggs, p. 63.

3. Griggs, p. 184.

I stuffed my ears with my gown to avoid the most noxious vapourings, but I could not escape hearing some of it. I myself spoke most briefly, for I feared an assault upon my person.

Alas, alas, it was a sorry rout for the forces of righteousness. Grouch was silent, Auringskwash was silent, the Dean was silent, and Tinsel was not there at all. The Regius spoke, but, misjudging quite the temper of the Meeting, sallied forth with a few prettily turned conceits, which were entirely lost in the hubbub. Only young Arson saved, or at least partially reclaimed, the day. He is a good fellow. About five foot ten inches in height, heavy set, with side whiskers; bold in manner, yet pleasantly facetious, he speaks most weightily. With the Acting Tutors' paper in one hand and a sheaf of writings in the other, sometimes he would gesture mightily, as if warding off the buzz of revolution about his head, flicking away the carriers of pestilence; at other times he would turn on the mob, back to the wall, ferociously at bay, poised to strike the first of his attackers to leap; yet later laying his papers carefully on the table before him, leaning forward gently to conjure back to life that small flame of reason, urging it on with a careful rehearsal of the arguments, teasing it forth from the bundle of manuscripts before him; and then, casting aside his papers, flinging wide his arms in fellowship and community, a man and a Johnian, ready always to welcome back his brothers who have erred. I could not hear it without a tear or two. Surely, I thought, they will listen to this. There is the Acting Master sitting so serene; there is the Bursar jotting it down; there is the President so hard at prayer that I do believe he is standing on his head. They will listen, I thought. All will be well with the Coll. Thanks be to God.

But they did not listen. They did not want to listen. No sooner had Arson sunk back into his seat, but Denial sprang up to come crashing down with all his weight upon the side of the revolutionaries. Rushington also, alas, who is our only octogenarian Senior and a veritable saint, joined their ranks—a signal capture for the rebels. I wept some more at this, and left the Meeting in a daze to spend an unhappy afternoon walking in the Courts, touching the walls I have known so well, feeling the brick and the roughness of the mortar, overcome afresh at each glimpse of a gyp or kitchen porter or other sign of devotion and unity of purpose that must all so swiftly vanish away.

In the evening we retired to my good friend Grouch's rooms, bolted the door and set watch for the President, who has taken a great oath against Port wine. Alas, he is a good man, mostly taken in prayer these days, but beset by black humours and morbid visions of the Fellows wrecking the Coll. He is a splendid person; of middle height and unremarkable; also most clever. For the time being, however, he has forsworn all manner of foreign wines and threatens to box the ears of any Fellows (and particularly Auringskwash) that he catches tipling. The other night, after our Feast to commemorate the Fellows, he descended most wrathful in his nightshirt, beating about him with a Greek lexicon and crying, "Is the Combination Room become an ale house then?"—a proposition most reasonable. Gyps were summoned and those insensible through drink or too severe a battering from the President's lexicon were carried away. One, not regaining his senses, expired in the night, and the Acting Master was called and the undertaker's barrow being pushed through the Second Court before, by the Grace of God, he revived. A miracle, for he had drunk near an hogshead of Port. 'Twas generally canvassed in Hall that his resurrection would have been the more impressive for being left a day or two longer, and many remarkable stories were told of corpses that had banged on the lids of their coffins to be released, etc.

There in t
pany. I leapt to my feet and denounced the pack of 'em. Let women in and they will get everywhere—the Hall, the Courts, the Library, the Chapel. They will turn the wine. I must have got much excited, for the next I remember is being helped to a chair and another glass thrust in my hand. Grouch—good, clever, sound Grouch—was astute to note that existing interests

must by tradition be kept, and I recalled clear as yesterday upon his prompting that when I was Senior Wrangler and elected Fellow there had been no *caveat* of women then; no notion or least breath of it. Grouch went on to talk rather darkly of a house divided against itself, that there was a King's Bench in London, etc. But it was Auringskwash who, with unaccustomed dignity and presence, managed to put into words what each of us felt in our hearts. "My friends," he said, "It will be the end of the College. We have our traditions and customs; we have our Johnian ways. To the poor Scholar, the humble Sizar, in the winter nights of chilblanes and anxious conning, a single beacon gleams dimly ahead; the hope, the speculation, of a Fellowship; next step towards the rich harvests of preferment, the juicy prebend, the fat deanery, the temporal satisfaction of true spiritual reward. Some poor scholars, like my dear friend Seedy here, may not aspire to greater things; they are the true servants of the College, whose names will be forgot. Others, feeling the spur of ambition and, it may be, that carnal lust for matrimony of which we have heard so much today, move on, take up a living, and make way for another young man in their place. Yet let the Fellows marry and not resign and they will vanish away to their country parsonages, returning like prodigals at elections and Christmastide, holding for ever their seats secure against successors. The College will stagnate, and the Church, and aye the State too, shall smell the odour of it. This will be a change untimely thrust upon us. A man cannot serve two masters. Alas I foresee days ahead when a man shall hold a Fellowship no longer discreetly and in constancy of spirit, to serve, but as trade or profit, like chandler or common cheesemonger, as a stranger within our walls to be seen at certain hours, talking gravely of infant mortality and his wife's preserves. Here is the maggot that eats from within, here is the worm that gnaws at our bud, the corruption and decay rotting away the slowly ripening fruit of our foundation. . . . But Seedy, my dear, good and foolish friend, you weep."

"I weep for my College. I am a miserable fellow,"

JOS. SEEDY



gloom of Grouch's room we sat, sipping Malmsey; a pretty despond



Cormorant at Lake Nakuru, Kenya: by Mike Wilson

The Musical Society and the College

THERE CAN be little doubt that the College Musical Society is alive and well. At the recent Annual General Meeting (May 1974) more than sixty people took part in the election of officers, and beside these card-carrying members at least another hundred junior members somehow found their way onto the society's mailing list, together with thirty senior members. Smoking concerts play to an average of sixty people (though attendance fluctuates dramatically) and when Brahms's Requiem was given in Chapel last December two hundred performers entertained an audience of over eight hundred. In the academic year 1973/1974 the society has organized two choral and orchestral concerts, two purely orchestral concerts, the May Concert, the Senior Combination Room Concert, four Smoking Concerts and 'Music to Forget', which was performed twice. These facts may be seen in their proper perspective by comparing them with the year 1970/1971, during which only one event was organized; no wonder the committee of that year failed to record the minutes of its meetings.

Yet it must be emphasised that about ten years ago the society was passing through just such another enthusiastically active stage as it is experiencing now, and that this was immediately followed by a decline. In 1969 Mr Guest, then President, lamented the Society's lack of prestige in Cambridge and its inactivity. But as we have seen, things only grew worse. If then there was no shortage of incentive from above, and presumably in such a large college as ours, no shortage of musical interest from below, what went wrong? More important still, how can it be prevented from happening again in our own time?

First of all it is obvious that if there is only one year during which the society does not actually grow and branch out in new directions, it is potentially in danger. This is accounted for by the rapid turnover of personnel in university life. Any freshman coming up to find a stagnant society operating purely to fixed traditions will not be encouraged to contribute his own ideas; and within three years, by the Law of Tripes, the old order will have passed away completely. The responsibility for avoiding this situation must be shared. On the one hand, those who run the society should encourage rather than resist change; and on the other, anyone who feels that his voice is not being heard by the society should shout louder until it is.

Secondly, the presence of the Chapel Choir creates an interesting situation. Together with the organ students, members of the choir are always likely to provide the nucleus of musical organization within the college. They have a large fund of talent at their disposal, can work together as a ready-made team, and those of their number not actually reading music are often attached to disciplines which allow them at least some flexibility in the use of their time. To this brotherhood may be added their cousins, the music students. Now it is clear that at any given time the main interest of this group of up to twenty musicians may well be vocal music or perhaps simply sacred vocal music. (Anyone considering reading music in Cambridge will be well aware of its strong vocal tradition, and the fame of our own choir is international.) It may therefore appear sometimes that this musical elite has a stranglehold on college music. If it is content that Chapel services shall be the centre of musical activity, then nothing else may happen. The freshman knows a closed shop when he sees one, and it is an easy matter to hawk one's fiddle-playing around other colleges which may at first sight appear too small to support orchestral music, but are in fact much more welcoming than one's own. Worse still, some instrumentalists might give up playing altogether in these unfavourable circumstances.

However during the last two years at least, the situation described above could never justly have been applied to the Society. The choral students have been anything but introspective, and the society's committee has included an engineer and a natural scientist. Instrumental and vocal music have flourished side by side. But the need for caution remains. Once again the responsibility must be shared; the committee should seek to promote everyone's interests, and if it cannot find room for everyone in, say, the orchestra, it should at least seem to try; similarly, the member with a grievance should not immediately wander off to greener pastures or else shrug his shoulders and admit defeat, but should instead take his problem to the committee (informally for best results) and work for a real solution.

At this point there should be included a word of sympathy for the committee, and this can best be introduced by discussing exactly what the aims of a society such as this ought to be. According to the new constitution approved in the Lent term, "The object of the Society shall be to encourage the practice, appreciation and study of music in the College". In other words the music-maker, the music-lover and the musicologist have all to be kept happy. Obviously this is going to be difficult, and the committee, weighed down as it is with problems ranging from the availability of music stands to high finance, will inevitably fail in one direction or another. Recently, the music-lover and musicologist have had the thin end of the wedge, but doubtless their day will come.

What the Society needs now is a concerted effort to tackle the long-term problems which it faces and to find new ways of stimulating and satisfying musical interest. Regrettably, few people are aware of the problems which have dogged the committee in recent times. The most important of these was the Society's precarious financial position. To put on the events outlined earlier on an annual grant of one hundred pounds is a major achievement. King's College Music Society has more than ten times as much money to spend for each undergraduate member of the college. It was with great relief that the committee heard of the proposed doubling of our annual grant; but it still leaves us poorer, and by per capita comparison much poorer, than several other far less adventurous music societies in Cambridge.

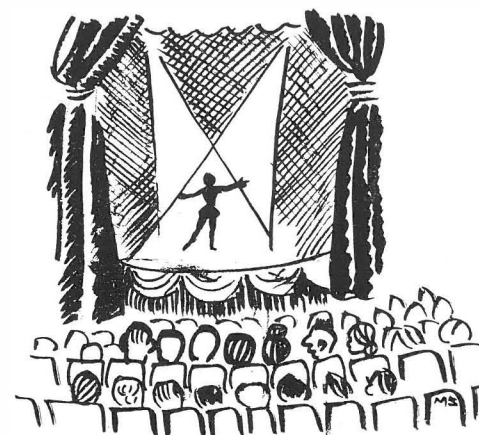
Another problem, equally restrictive when programmes are being planned, is the lack of any suitable room in college to keep a good concert piano or harpsichord. It is suggested that the college might well agree to purchase such instruments if a solution can be found, but none has been worked out so far. Miller's concert Steinway, the only good piano available for hire locally, costs £55 per night, which is clearly prohibitive. Even if we did have a piano, there would be no way to move it upstairs into the Pythagoras theatre, as a simple survey of the building will show. Finally, whilst the Hall is obviously a better venue for performing orchestral music than the Chapel, and the college would agree to its use on one or two nights of the year in addition to the May Concert (which incidentally is paid for by the college rather than the Society), no remedy has been found for the vast charge which the Superintendent of Buildings would be obliged to make for the preparation of the Hall—something in the region of £200.

For the future then, new ways of stimulating interest must be found. The function of the Smoking Concert has long been suspect, and it might have to be replaced by a more orthodox series of chamber concerts: in view of the current attitude to smoking, the name at least might be changed so as not to discourage attendance. In 1970 a string quartet rather loosely affiliated to the college gave a concert in the School of Pythagoras; there is no reason why that venue should not more often be used for chamber concerts, although the proviso concerning a piano should be borne in mind. And perhaps people might be encouraged to talk about music a little more: the atmosphere of contemporary musical life reminds one rather of a museum, in which people stand around silently, gazing in awe at some ancient and valued object (if the members of the music society shamble about like curators it is not their fault). With a little influence from friendly senior members, interesting speakers might be drawn to the college, and by throwing our doors open to the whole university and indeed town on such occasions the society could only enhance its prestige. Opera might be played through on record, or even sung through if possible. Undergraduate composers might be encouraged to present their work for scrutiny instead of hiding in some dark corner of the museum as they do now.

Above all the solution must be adapted to the time, and available resources used to the full. Any member of the college with musical talent or interest should find his needs partly satisfied within the college, and it will often be up to him to see that this happens. Finally, there is in Cambridge no time like the present. Three years can pass very quickly; a diploma in wasted opportunity has little value in the big wide world.

PHILIP BOOTH

What Price the Threepenny Opera?



WITH LINES LIKE 'And what colour knickers do you wear, my dear', Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* was bound to go down well with the School of Pythagoras' fun-loving audiences. Another major attraction was that it would be the Lady Margaret Players' first musical, with 'Mac the Knife' as its most famous standard. Luckily, musical director Bob Wallbank was very keen on Weil's music. He claimed that we needed a nine-piece Jazz band, including piano and harmonium. The alternative was a plain piano accompaniment. Bob won and plans went ahead to use a band.

We soon learnt that the production would cost more than we expected. The play's publishers demanded £8 per performance—£40 in all for five nights. They were unmoved by our pleas, so pay we did. We also had to obtain copyright for the music. A reviewer of the play said he liked our simple effects. For us these were dictated by financial shortage. Costumes for the large cast also cost us money.

When auditions had been held, all the company was cast except for the central figure, Macheath. I knew someone whom I thought would be right for the part, but he was not a regular actor. I had to ease him into taking the part. He asked how things were going, in a second he had been given a book, in two hours he had taken the part.

Next problem was that the cast should all have been cockney. But most came from north of Birmingham, one from Turkey. Only one was 'yer actual sparra'. We decided not to try forced accents. Movement could not be too expansive, because the stage was small and well-filled with cast. The band, half-hidden behind gauze, took up half of it. In the last scene, there was a total of 30 people including band, on stage at once. So we left the stage bare, leaving decoration to come from the costumes of the actors.

The girls' costumes were made specially. The Arts Theatre provided all the men's costumes, except for Macheath's. We tried six London costumiers, and the last could help, for a gangster outfit had just been returned by a film company. It was ideal. The prostitutes needed suspender belts and so the producer's day in London finished with him several pounds poorer, but carrying a suit and four suspender belts in his bag.

With the coaxing, threatening and ordering of people over, we had the dress rehearsals. These went badly, which some say is a good sign. By the last dress rehearsal, the cast needed an audience to react against. From now on, the producer was dispensable, though the cast still expected enthusiasm from a person who could no longer call the production his own.

PETER MACKLEN

Reviews

ANTI-SCPTIC

J. R. Bambrough, *Conflict and the Scope of Reason*, St. John's Lecture, Hull University Press, 1973.

In the face of scepticism about the individual's right to hold certain philosophical assumptions, in the face of the new discoveries which experimental psychology brings to our attention from day to day, in the face of urgent social and economic problems that threaten us, can the faculty of reason, once so revered, still help us to progress positively rather than leading us down blind alleys? Renford Bambrough believes that it can, and in his lecture at Hull, now published, he has shown with the same kind of remarkable lucidity and precision that we have come to expect from his lectures at Cambridge, why he believes it.

Mr Bambrough, cautiously optimistic, though never leaving a step out of the argument, opposes the scepticism of Popper and others, who believe that to agree on fundamentals in a discussion necessarily involves making wild, generalized assumptions. Mr Bambrough contends that to think in these terms is to arrive at an oversimplistic dualism of scepticism versus dogmatism. Moreover, the scepticism of someone like W. W. Bartley merely leads one into a vicious circle—as Mr Bambrough puts it succinctly: what unquestionable premises and principles enable one to demand that valid conclusions are only those established upon unquestionable premises and principles? In attempting to clear away dogmatic preconceptions we have blinded ourselves to the real possibilities that rational arguing can still open up for us.

Disagreement in Mr Bambrough's view is a positive human activity. And it is precisely because we are all human that it is so. It is a quite different thing from talking at cross-purposes. We all begin from the same position with the same degree of doubt and certainty. We are of the same species (Mr Bambrough quotes Wittgenstein's aphorism, "If a lion could talk, we could not understand him."). To disagree with someone is not to be on a different plane of reality from him. Rather it is to be at a determinate, specifiable distance from him. And then one cannot be said to be disagreeing with someone unless there is agreement as to how the dispute could be settled. In rejecting a friend's assertion, I must be clear in my own mind, that the content of the assertion that he makes and

I reject is the same. Thus disagreement involves agreement. Often what appears to be an argument about the *content* of a belief is actually an argument about the *appropriate attitude* towards such a belief. To take one of Mr Bambrough's sharply-edged examples: if a judge argues with a psychiatrist about whether a man is a thief or a kleptomaniac, this is not an argument about the meaning of the word "thief". Words and the contents of words have not changed. Both men would define "thief" in the same way. What has occurred is a change in attitude towards the same facts. The psychiatrist, considering the same facts as the judge from a different angle, sees these facts in a new aspect, viz. as manifestations of an innate psychological disturbance, kleptomania, with no doubt its own root causes. Once an agreement of terms has been reached, then any dispute carries the possibility of its solution within itself.

If it is accepted that disagreement involves agreement, then, Mr Bambrough argues, many concepts that have appeared insoluble can in fact be resolved. Revolutionary changes in thought do not necessitate abandoning inherited knowledge and understanding. A revolution can only be a revolution if it appeals to some common body of opinion in the "status quo". So a thinker like Wittgenstein is not just being obstinately conservative when he appeals to a common body of opinion shared by both writer and reader. Here, one becomes aware of the limitations which the form of the lecture has imposed upon Mr Bambrough. He is unable to go into the details of how certain apparently irreconcilable positions could be reconciled—for example Nietzsche and Christianity. Mr Bambrough gives indications of how one philosophy could fruitfully qualify certain tendencies in the other philosophy (the Christian's humility balanced with Nietzsche's self-respect). But it is not clear how far this process of fusion could be taken, how real the common assumptions of the two philosophies are. And even if we were to find real common ground, how far would such a discovery mitigate what appear to be very real differences? Not all differences would be found to be illusory. There would still be a hard core of thought on each side incapable of being dialectically resolved with its opposite. One might twist Mr Bambrough's thesis around and say that to show agreement only throws disagreement into relief.

However, Mr Bambrough is not making wide claims. He is rather clearing away many of our muddled preconceptions. Sceptics such as Popper are wrong in thinking that our failure to resolve certain questions is a result of the *nature* of those questions. It results from our personal failures as human beings. To agree on fundamentals is merely to accept the primacy of certain particulars that can lead to greater agreement. The scope of reason is far wider than we might have thought. And intellectual conflict is a means of making decisive intellectual progress. Art can be comprehended in this pattern too. The processes of

reason are intimately bound up with the creative processes of art, and not in opposition to it. Mr Bambrough suggests as much with a glorious quote from Whistler:

"In painting two and two will continue to make four, in spite of the cry of the critic for three and the whine of the amateur for five."

Let us hope that this lecture turns out to be the germ for a much more detailed and analytic exploration by Mr Bambrough of this fascinating question.

TERRY MOORE

CHURCHILL

Henry Pelling, *Winston Churchill* (Macmillan, London, 1974, 724pp. £4.95)

THIS is a rattling fine book. The author has the skill and narrative power to carry the general reader through some 18 hours of attentive reading, during which the subject is always in focus on a wide-ranging front and over a period of nine decades. One cantankerous reviewer has referred to the author's style as 'verging on the wooden', but this is nonsense. A plain style is well-suited to a subject who provides his own purple patches, and Dr Pelling's is easy and flowing with that seeming simplicity which now and then blossoms into wit. In fact the author writes much as he talks, so that occasionally a passage will leave us in some doubt. At the Yalta Conference in 1954 the visitors were accommodated in old palaces; 'In spite of the grandeur of the buildings and the efforts of their hosts to remedy wartime devastation, the visitors, at any rate those of less senior status, were somewhat upset by the absence of baths, and all were upset by the presence of bugs' (p. 540).

In June 1916 the Minister of War, Lord Kitchener, went on a mission to Russia on the cruiser Hampshire, which was torpedoed and sunk off the west coast of the Orkneys; this happened in such a way as to rouse great suspicion that intelligence had leaked to the enemy so that they were able to position a submarine ready for the attack. At this time the Dardanelles Commission was sitting to determine responsibility for that failure, and on p. 220 we read, 'But Kitchener escaped relatively lightly, because he could not be examined by the Commission, having died by drowning on the way to Russia in June, 1916.'

But there is no doubt over the following comment, which has already been noted by several reviewers. Winston was born distinctly less than nine months after the marriage of his parents, and 'So we must suspend judgment on whether this was simply the first instance of Winston's impetuosity or whether it also involve yet another example of Lord Randolph's' (p. 20).

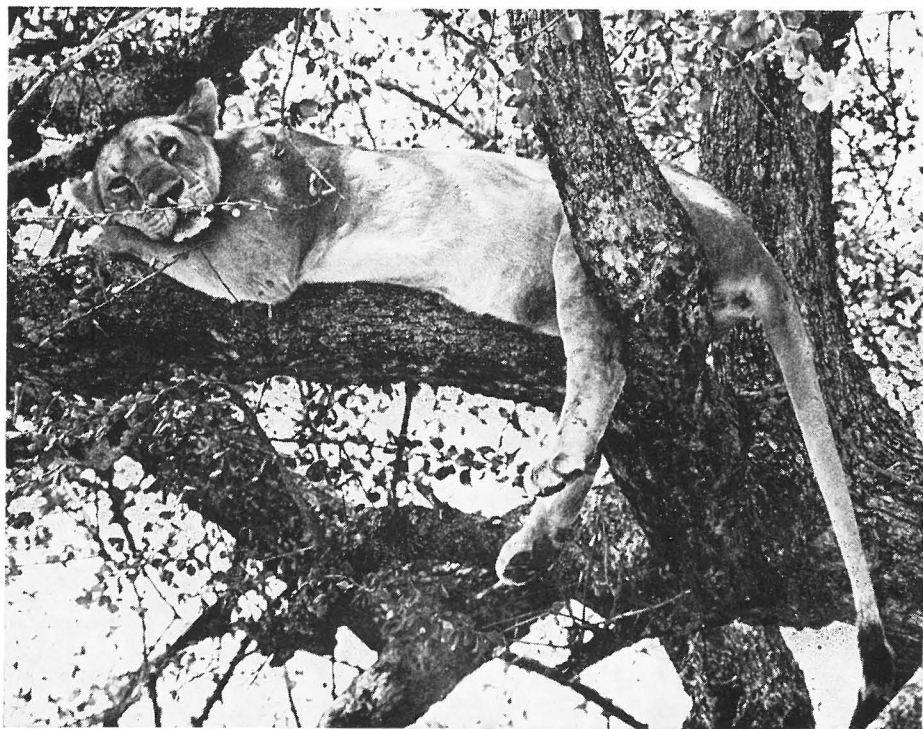
The general reviewer has to resist the temptation to make comments on the subject of a book like this, difficult though it is; he must confine his comments strictly to the book which author and publisher have produced for us to read. The appearance of the book is good, but it is unusual to find, as here, some 15 pages containing broken type or poor impression, especially in a copy bought on publication day. The photographs are all well-chosen and full of interest, but the publisher has been rather mean in not repeating inside the book the two pictures of Winston—young and old—that are used for the dust-jacket, which is ephemeral. On p. 378 the name of Wickham Steed, a former Editor of The Times, is printed without the letter h in it. In the Index the death of Kitchener is said to be mentioned on p. 222, whereas it is really on p. 220. But this is a negligible crop of errors for an 18-hour search, the only good misprint having already been picked up by J. Enoch Powell in the Spectator. On p. 169, where Churchill is visiting the battlefield of Gravelotte near Metz where the Prussians defeated the French in 1870 he writes that '... the graves of the soldiers are dotted about in hundreds just where they fell—all are very carefully kept, so that one can follow the phases of the battle by the movements of the fallen.' The misprint of 'movements' for 'monuments'—a curious thing to say of the dead

—goes back to the original transcript in the Companion Volume to the Official Biography of Winston Churchill, vol. 2, p. 908. However, it is quite clear that the proof-reading of this book has been exceptionally well done, and for help in this task the author gives thanks to another Johnian, Mr. Mervyn King.

There are some 50 pages of references and 15 of bibliography for the professional reader. But, in the way of dates for the general reader there is a mere half-page giving only the offices of state held by Churchill. Nor can author and publisher plead paper shortage for this omission, for there is a blank half-page here and another one

and two-thirds on pp. 709–710. Every book of an historical nature that is destined also for the general reader ought to contain a good list of dates. In the reading of the book there is often doubt as to what year has been reached in the narrative. The best way to keep the reader informed is to print the year on the page itself, either in the headline or in the margin. But this book will have more editions, and so we may hope for a good table of dates and perhaps also a genealogical table of the family connections that are mentioned in its pages.

N. F. M. H.



Lioness at Lake Manyara National Park, Tanzania: by Mike Wilson

The Greatest Johnian (so far)

The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, edited by W. J. B. Owen and Jane W. Smyser, 3 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), £22 the set.

THIS is the first edition of Wordsworth's prose since 1896, and so much the best that it deserves to be called definitive. The two editors have divided the works between them and written introductions and commentaries. Except for the letters, and Wordsworth's notes to his poems, which properly belong elsewhere, it is complete, and stretches over more than half a century: all the way from the early, republican *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff* of 1793 down to the autobiographical memoranda dictated by the poet at Rydal Mount in 1847, three years before his death. The two principal versions of the preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1800 and 1850) are printed on facing pages, and the textual apparatus is impressive. This edition has been long awaited, and it was worth waiting for. Wordsworth's prose need not be edited in again our times.

Like his verse, Wordsworth's prose is about the growth of a poet's mind: but unlike his verse it was written without an awareness that this is its subject. In these handsome volumes he appears more dogmatic, more politically conscious and more naive. The poet who recommended a wide passiveness never achieved it; he remained all his life, as the prose demonstrates, a man of rash and often unqualified enthusiasms: for the French Revolution, against it, for the critical ideas of his friend Coleridge, against them, for our Portuguese allies in the Napoleonic Wars, for copyright, and for keeping railways out of the Lake District. (The rules that govern the ecological game have now shifted, and railways are now the darlings rather than the bugbears of environmentalists.) As he aged he acquired the mental habits of those who write letters to newspapers, and many of his later effusions might have been signed 'Disgusted, Rydal'. All this helps to make him look an archetype, and not just for Johnians. His mind grew as the minds of literary intellectuals seen naturally to grow: from naive revolutionary enthusiasm to worry about what the world is coming to nowadays. The outline is warningly familiar and the details instructive.

There can now be no doubt at all about the extremity of Wordsworth's first French enthusiasm, which included a defence of revolutionary violence: 'The animal just released from its stall will exhaust the overflow of its spirits in a round of wanton vagaries, but it will soon return to itself and enjoy its freedom in moderate and regular delight' (I.38), he told the Bishop of Llandaff. At twenty-three, and three years after leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth was no moderate revolutionary; and less than ten years later he was no revolutionary at all. By then he had come to see that utopianism, being self-justifying, is the seedbed of the world's most enormous crimes, and that the task of wisdom is not to advance utopia but to prevent it from happening:

The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves (I.69).

It is the idealist who is the supreme criminal: that is what Wordsworth's only play, *The Borderers*, is about. The hero of abstract convictions commits the *crime logique*, which is vaster than any merely private or selfish act. Men out of egotism only steal or kill for themselves, which means rarely; but the utopian kills for all mankind, and there is no limit to what a Robespierre may destroy. The revolutionary animal, as Wordsworth knew by the mid 1790s, does not go quietly back to its stall.

The breaking-point in Wordsworth's conviction seems to have been the Burkean doctrine of habit. This edition collects for the first time the fragmentary 'Essay on Morals', which Wordsworth may have written before he was thirty. There he objects to utopian writers like

Godwin that they have failed to notice that 'all our actions are the result of our habits' (I.103): the great moral question is not how, in an abstract sense, men should behave to one another, but how in the world that we know men are guided towards behaving as they do. His concern henceforth was with language as a moral instrument, since it is in language that the life of man is most instantly and continuously apparent. The 'language of men', which poetry must learn to use, gently turns into something less realistic in the first decade of the new century, into 'the general language of humanity' (II.57). He had returned to something like the consciousness of Europe, and his own, before the French Revolution had interrupted it when he was nineteen. Like many ex-revolutionaries, Wordsworth in his middle years suffered a mental ebb-tide in which the assumptions of early youth softly returned to inhabit a mind emptied of its utopian sympathies. Mid-Wordsworth often reads like Dr Johnson, who died when he was fourteen; and by 1810, when he wrote the *Essays on Epitaphs*, the forty-year-old poet was something very like an eighteenth-century humanist. His interest now lay not in abstract human perfection but in the states of mind that all men have in common. Since all men suffer death, and most bereavement, and since even the least literary write poems for the graves of those they have lost, the epitaph is the perfect literary (or subliterate) symbol for the common humanity of men. These three essays linking high culture with the popular, from Pope and Gray down to the feeblest graveyard tribute, along with his *Guide to the Lake District*, will seem to many new readers the great revelation of this edition.

As Wordsworth turned Johnsonian in his intellectual interests, his syntax readily matched what he had to say. This is monumentally old-fashioned prose for the Regency and after, and some of it reminds one of Gibbon and Burke. Unlike Coleridge's, it is written with the sense of an entire civilization behind it, and it is founded on a passionate concern for what is universal in the human predicament:

An epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; and story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired. . . It is concerning all, and for all: in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it (II.59).

It would take very little polishing to turn that into something an expert could not distinguish from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and compared to that Coleridge's prose looks like something out of another century—nervous, fidgety and always on the move. The severance of sympathy between the two men can be studied here as an incompatibility in mental style. Wordsworth's is a prose for grandly humane intuitions on a universal scale, as if he had all Christendom behind him: Coleridge's for eccentric and original intellection. Wordsworth always writes as if he has made up his mind before he writes. He is the last great humanist of English prose, and his quirks, above all his lack of humour, are necessarily invisible to himself. He is not even looking at himself. He was incapable of Coleridge's self-disgust, and far more easily capable than Coleridge of disgust with others. He was an obsessive and a worrier.

But at least he was not boastful of a heart that bled merely for the sake of bleeding; and he could see what many men of letters would be the better for seeing, that joy is a more philosophical state of mind than grief. That doctrine is his greatest legacy to the world, and it will always be needed for so long as pessimism enjoys any shred of intellectual prestige. He thought it wise to be happy, and happy to be wise. But he said that better in verse:

. . . While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

G.W.



Snow on the Backs; this picture was taken by Mike Wilson from H11, New Court, at night. The exposure was 5 minutes at f3.5 on Tri-X film.

College Chronicle

MUSICAL SOCIETY

Acting President & Musical Director:

Mr. I. M. Kemp

Senior Treasurer: Dr. D. L. Frost

Secretary: Jonathan Rennert

Orchestral Conductors: Philip Booth and
Anthony Woodhouse

Choral Society Conductor: Michael Earle

Choral Society Secretary: Roger Harrison

Junior Treasurer: Robert Wallbank

Committee Member: Julian Clarkson

The Lent Term saw the continuation of trends which have marked the recent success of the Society; large audiences, excellent performances and widespread enthusiasm, combined with administrative efficiency which has ensured financial security for the Society.

Michael Earle emigrated with the Choral Society to Great St. Mary's for a concert of little-known nineteenth-century music (Bruckner's *Te Deum* and Verdi's *Four Sacred Pieces*)—a contrast to the magnificence of the previous term's Brahms *Requiem* in Chapel, though by no means musically inferior.

The Orchestra remained in the College Chapel, when two Choral Scholars were given a chance to conduct for the first time; Benjamin Odom's *Egmont Overture* (Beethoven) opened the concert with a flourish, and Jonathan Seers produced a polished performance of Finzi's 'Dies Natalis', whose tenor soloist (Anthony Dawson) interpreted his complex part with great understanding and sense of style. Anthony Woodhouse ended the concert with Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*.

The annual concert in the Senior Combination Room included settings of madrigals by Petrarch (died 1374), organ concertos by Mozart and Charles Wesley (using a small chamber organ), and two more works with an anniversary flavour by Holst and Ives (both born 1874), for strings and tenor.

Smoking Concerts took place in the New Music Room during both the Lent and Easter Terms though the chief event of the latter was the May Concert, particularly memorable for Philip Booth's setting (for tenor and 16 instruments) of six Walt Whitman poems, as well as for the virtuoso piano-playing of Christopher Lee, the beautifully-timed 'Ink Spots' numbers sung by the Gentlemen of the Choir, and Bach's Brandenburg Concerto no. 5.

The Constitution was revised and brought up-to-date during the year, and the Committee is very pleased to welcome Mr. Derek Drummie as the Society's new President. The newly-elected committee for 1974/75 includes Roger Harrison as Choral Society Conductor, and Jonathan Seers as Orchestral Conductor.

JONATHAN RENNERT

SQUASH RACKETS CLUB

Captain: N. Williams-Ellis
Secretary: P. J. R. Spargo

The Michaelmas term augured well for the year; our first team won the league and three of the other four teams won their respective divisions. However in the Lent term we went down badly in the second round of cuppers (we had a bye in the first!), and were beaten into second place in the league.

Congratulations to Donald Hope on his half-blue; we certainly missed his enthusiasm on Monday evenings.

CRICKET CLUB

Captain: D. J. Smallwood
Fixtures Sec.: R. Corlett
Match Sec.: J. M. Vivian

Cricket in the exam term is always somewhat uncoordinated, and this year was no exception. However good weather throughout the season compensated for any organizational set-backs as well as adding to the enjoyment of everyone involved with the cricketing scene.

In Cuppers the 1st XI performed with admirable adherence to tradition, losing abys-

mally in the first round to Pembroke, in order to alleviate their already congested fixture list. Yet for the rest of the season there was such a wealth of batting talent on view that anyone lower than no. 7 was rarely called upon to render his services—except, of course during May Week when the early batsmen were either unavailable or incapable.

As was to be expected, Dave Smallwood led the runs-race in irrepressible style, making effective use of a vast reach for the purpose of dispatching to all points of the compass the inordinate amount of "candy" regularly offered to a no. 5. Mick Tyack and "Donald" Furminger, the latter in a somewhat more sedentary fashion, proved an able opening pair, and "Donald" did eventually fulfil a life-long ambition to score runs in front of the wicket. Similarly Mick—his pocket-calculator working overtime—demonstrated with amazing regularity that runs could best be assimilated by "selecting" the right fielders. John Vivian and Dave Tanton also performed very creditably with the willow considering their dual role in both the batting and bowling phalanx.

As for the bowling attack, Richard Holmes performed with great application and was rewarded with a place in the University side defeated by Sussex in the B. & H. Cup. Our spin attack, formed of Bob "Five-bounce" Corlett and Colin "Is this a ball about to hit me?" Rose bowled well when luck and the fielders were on their side.

"Bunty" Kamtekar, belying his undoubted advantage in years, performed *once more* quite admirably behind the sticks, in this, his reputedly last year—an achievement for which many generations of wayward Johnian bowlers have been eternally grateful.

The 2nd XI, under the enthusiastic leadership of Dave Flacks, fought against all odds in preserving an unbeaten record throughout the season whilst also producing excellent replacements for the 1st XI.

As for the future, five old "colours" remain as the basis of next year's side and once again, we shall be looking to the Freshmen to plug the gaps.

Finally, we would all like to thank Jim for bearing with us throughout the season and preparing the best wicket in Cambridge, Deane Waldron for his efforts in the form of irrigation, and also congratulate Dave Russell on accomplishments for the Varsity side, especially at Lords.
M.T.

THE LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: The Master
Captain: A. N. Christie
Vice-captain: B. R. Poole
Secretary: P. J. Robinson
Senior Treasurer: Dr Perham
Junior Treasurer: A. G. Moore
Committee Members: R. J. S. Bayes,
J. P. Gillbe

Readers of the last edition of this magazine may recall the mood of optimism with which the LMBC was looking forward to 1973/1974. Looking back over that year it can be fairly said that our optimism was not only justified, but perhaps too cautiously expressed.

MICHAELMAS TERM

Two weeks before the fours races both the Light IV and Clinker IV(A) rowed in the Head of the River race on the Tideway. The Light IV came 6th overall, and the Clinker boat 6th in their division.

The same crew rowed in the Light IV as had done last year. They won the event with ease, beating crews from King's, Clare, St Catharine's and Pembroke, none of whom finished within 15 seconds of LMBC. The race with Clare was won in a new record time.

The Clinker IV(A) also won their event. The margins of their victories were narrower, however, and the races somewhat more interesting. Clinker IV(B) were beaten in the first round by 1st and 3rd Trinity, who lost the final.

In the Head of the Cam sculling race Lady Margaret won the team trophy and D. P. Sturge came second. He also won the Colquhoun Sculls, taking his three races by a total of 117 seconds.

The Fairbairn race was rowed over a shortened course because of ice on the bottom half of the river. The course was long enough for the 1st VIII to show their superiority, and take 5 seconds off Jesus, who came second. The 2nd VIII were 14th, an improvement of eleven places over last year. As happened last year the novices' boat did well and beat the 3rd VIII.

Light IV

B. R. Poole
J. Macleod
D. P. Sturge
Stroke A. N. Christie

Clinker IV(A)

M. E. Napier
J. A. W. Barter
P. J. Robinson
Stroke J. P. Gillbe
Cox A. G. Moore

1st Fairbairn Boat

M. E. Napier
R. J. S. Bates
M. G. le Voir
M. Williamson
J. A. W. Barter
I. P. Fleming
B. R. Poole
Stroke J. P. Gillbe
Cox A. G. Moore

LENT TERM

A net gain of eight places was made in the Lent Races. Each of the first, second and third boats made three bumps. The first boat bumped Emmanuel, Pembroke, and Clare to finish 4th, the second boat finished 19th, and the third boat 34th. The first Lent boat came 4th at Peterborough Head, having started 7th, and was the fastest college crew in the event.

First Lent Boat

P. D. Scandrett
R. J. S. Bates
M. E. Napier
M. Williamson
P. J. Robinson
I. P. Fleming
B. R. Poole
Stroke J. P. Gillbe
Cox K. J. Jeffery

This crew was strengthened for the Head of the River races and it began to resemble (in composition at least) the first May Boat. The crew were second at Bedford (13 seconds behind Goldie), 9th at Reading and 23rd at the Tideway Head. The 2nd VIII went to all these events finishing 18th, 47th and 114th respectively.

EASTER TERM

The term began with D. P. Sturge coming second in the Scullers' Head in London and winning the Wingfield Sculls for the second year in succession.

The second, third and fourth boats all did well at the Head of the Cam. The second boat came 11th and beat several college first boats. Had the first boat entered the event all three boats would have won pennants. As it was only three second boats beat LMBC III.

Cambridge Regatta saw the first win for LMBC I in an open race since 1969. The final was won from Radley by $\frac{3}{4}$ length in the second fastest time of the day.

In the May Races Lady Margaret boated 13 crews, three more than any other college. Of these boats, four won their oars and only two failed to make a bump. There was a net gain of 24 places. The 13th boat having come third in the "getting-on" race started bottom of the 8th division; they made two bumps. The 10th boat made four bumps in the 6th division and finished 86th. The 4th boat moved up into the 3rd division and won their oars in the process. The 3rd boat made three bumps in the 2nd division. The 2nd boat made an overbump on Peterhouse I on the first night of the races and on the last night bumped Jesus II and Christ's I to enter the 1st division. They are now the highest highest placed 2nd boat.

The 1st boat started third. I will not give details of the row on the first night. It is however, a pertinent comment on bumping races and on the devious minds of some spectators that, having survived two disasters but finally hitting the crew in front (without being awarded a bump), the crew should later be accused of deliberately holding back. 1st and 3rd Trinity and Jesus were duly bumped on subsequent nights and Lady Margaret are now Head of the River.

These crews won their oars:

1st boat

B. R. Poole
I. P. Fleming
P. J. Kingston
J. P. Gillbe
P. J. Robinson
A. N. Christie
J. Macleod

Stroke D. P. Sturge
Cox K. Jeffery

2nd boat

I. S. T. Baker
J. A. Olley
M. B. Chapman
M. Williamson
G. T. Houlsby
R. J. S. Bates
P. D. S. Scandrett

Stroke J. A. W. Barter
Cox A. G. Moore

4th boat

R. N. Parkes
B. Odom
K. J. Gummery
N. S. Maxwell
C. J. Spray
S. R. Swaffield
J. J. Srewin

Stroke R. T. Martin
Cox P. B. G. Stickland

10th boat

D. Mackrell
J. Mears
I. Brown
T. J. O'Brien
S. Q. Salisbury
J. Townsend
S. A. Barr-Hall

Stroke M. A. Connolly
Cox A. W. Kerr

Earlier in the term J. Macleod and A. N. Christie lost the Magdalene Pairs to D. P. Sturge and S. C. Tourek (1st and 3rd Trinity) by $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. J. Macleod and D. P. Sturge won the Lowe Double Sculls.

To round off the year on the Cam the club won the Mitchell Cup. This is competed for by all the colleges, points being awarded on the results of CUBC races throughout the year. Winning this trophy reflects not only a successful first and second boat, nor just a near-monopoly of small boat events. The points system takes equal count of all a club's crews. LMBC won the Cup by 105 points and by a margin of 40 points.

College Notes

APPOINTMENTS

MR. D. M. ACKERY, M.B., B.Chir. (B.A. 1952) has been appointed consultant in nuclear medicine, Southampton University hospital group.

THE REV. D. C. ARGYLE (B.A. 1939) has been appointed Priest-in-Charge of Eastleach with Southrop, Lechlade Glos.

MR. J. D. ARMSTRONG (B.A. 1968) has been appointed Senior Librarian (Information Services) at Cornwall County Library Headquarters, Truro.

MR. J. R. BAMBROUGH (B.A. 1948) Fellow and Dean, has agreed to serve as a Trustee of the new College in the University of Cambridge to be founded under the benefaction of Mr David Robinson of Newmarket.

THE REV. E. R. BARDSLEY (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Rector of Marwood with Bittadon. Barnstaple, Devon.

MR. G. E. N. BARGH (B.A. 1948) has been appointed Bursar of Wesley House from 1 April 1974.

MR. T. H. BARRETT (B.A. 1971) has been appointed University Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Oriental Studies—Chinese Studies—from 1 January 1975 for three years.

MR. A. J. BISHOP (M.A. 1969) has been reappointed a Departmental Lecturer in the Department of Education from 1 September 1974 for two years.

MR. H. M. BRIGHT, M.B., F.R.C.S.E., M.R.C.O.G. (B.A. 1959) has been appointed consultant obstetrician and gynaecologist, West Suffolk H.M.C. and United Cambridge Hospitals.

MR. A. H. BRIND, (B.A. 1947) has been appointed British High Commissioner in Mauritius.

MR. D. H. V. BROGAN (B.A. 1959) Former Fellow, has been appointed a lecturer in the Department of History at the University of Essex.

THE REV. J. C. BROOKS (B.A. 1931) has been appointed Rector of Tilmanstone and Northbourne with Betteshanger and Ham.

MR. D. N. BYRNE (B.A. 1949) has been promoted to Under Secretary and is now Head of the Mechanical Engineering Division at the Department of Industry.

MR. J. H. COCKCROFT (B.A. 1959) was elected Conservative member of parliament for the Nantwich Constituency in both General Elections 1974.

THE MOST REVEREND and RIGHT HONOURABLE F. D. COGGAN, D.D. (B.A. 1931) Honorary Fellow and Lord Archbishop of York has been nominated by the Queen for election by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury as Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan.

MR. S. A. COLLINI (B.A. Jesus 1969) Fellow, has been appointed lecturer in Intellectual History at the University of Sussex from 30 September 1974.

MR. J. CRABTREE, (B.A. 1957) has been appointed a Recorder, North Eastern Circuit.

Dr. D. G. CRICHTON (B.A. 1964) has been appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics at Leeds University.

MR. J. A. CROOK, (B.A. 1947) President, has been appointed Brereton Reader in Classics from 1 October, 1974.

MR. R. H. DAVIES, M.B., M.R.C.P. (B.A. 1963) has been appointed consultant paediatrician Caernarvon and Anglesey H.M.C.

DR. R. W. J. DINGWALL (B.A. 1971) has been appointed a Research Fellow with the MRC Medical Sociology Unit, Aberdeen, to work on a study of physically disabled adolescents.

MR. D. C. DUNN, M.Chir., F.R.C.S. (B.A. 1960) has been appointed consultant general surgeon, Cambridgeshire Area Health Authority (Teaching).

MR. M. G. ELLWOOD, M.B., M.R.C.P., (B.A. 1961) has been appointed consultant in general medicine, Somerset area.

MR. D. J. HABAKKUK (B.A. 1971) has been appointed to the staff of *Time and Tide*.

THE REV. DR. B. HALL (B.A. Fitz. 1939) Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Manchester University, has been appointed Dean and Supervisor in Theology and History with effect from 1 April 1975.

MR. R. D. HARDING (B.A. 1966) has been reappointed Senior Assistant in Research at the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics from 1 January 1974.

MR. R. W. HAYWOOD (B.A. Fitz. 1938) Fellow, has been appointed Reader in Engineering Thermodynamics from 1 October 1974.

MR. P. J. HENNESSY (B.A. 1969) is now arts and humanities correspondent of *The Times Higher Education Supplement*.

PROFESSOR R. A. HINDE, Sc.D. (B.A. 1947) Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Foreign Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a Docteur Honoris Causa in the Faculté des Sciences Psychologiques et Pédagogiques de l'Université Libre de Bruxelles.

DR. M. R. HODGES (B.A. 1966) has been appointed assistant professor in the Department of International Relations at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

MR. J. A. D. HOPE, (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Standing Junior Counsel to the Inland Revenue in Scotland.

SIR BRYAN HOPKIN (B.A. 1936) has been appointed Chief Economic Adviser at the Treasury and head of the Government Economic Service from 1 October 1974.

MR. J. F. HOWE (B.A. 1953) has been appointed Secretary of the Clinical School in the Department of Clinical Medicine from 1 October 1974 for three years.

MR. J. R. JENNINGS (B.A. 1925) has been appointed psychologist to the Disabled Re-Establishment League, Auckland, New Zealand.

SIR KENNETH JONES, C.B.E., (B.A. 1934) legal adviser to the Home Office, has been appointed a member of the British/Irish Commission on Law Enforcement—the body set up jointly by Westminster and Dublin to examine legal complexities involved in bringing to book Irish terrorists.

MR. A. M. JUDD (B.A. 1959) has been elected into an Official Fellowship and College Lectureship in Engineering at Selwyn College from 1 January 1974.

MR. J. A. JUKES (B.A. 1939) has been appointed Director General, Highways, Department of the Environment.

MR. M. E. K. KEFFORD (B.A. 1961) has been appointed headmaster of Colston's Preparatory School, Bristol.

MR. I. M. KEMP (B.A. 1954) Fellow, has been re-appointed University Lecturer in Music from 1 January 1957 to retiring age.

MR. H. G. R. V. T. D. KING (M.A. 1961) has been re-appointed Librarian of the Scott Polar Research Institute from 1 October 1974 for five years.

MR. M. A. KING (B.A. Kings 1969) Fellow, has been appointed Research Officer in the Department of Applied Economics from 1 October 1973 for three years.

MR. E. KNOBLOCH (B.A. 1974) has been awarded a scholarship by The Trustees of the Kennedy Memorial Trust tenable at Harvard University.

PROFESSOR J. D. KUIPERS (B.A. 1938) has received an Honorary Doctorate in Laws from the University of Strathclyde.

MR. H. E. LACK (B.A. 1962) is now regional director of Kurt Salmon Associates—U.K., covering the U.K., Eire, Scandinavia and the Middle East.

MR. R. C. LALLEMAND, M.B., B.Chir., F.R.C.S., (B.A. 1957) has been appointed consultant surgeon, Farnham and Brookwood hospital group.

DR. P. V. LANDSHOFF (B.A. 1959) former Fellow now Fellow of Christ's College, has been appointed Reader in Mathematical Physics from 1 October 1974.

MR. R. T. B. LANGHORNE (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Junior Bursar and Steward of the College from 1 January 1975.

THE REV. F. C. LINDARS, D.D., (B.A. 1945) was the preacher at Mere's Commemoration on 16 April 1974.

DR. G. E. J. LLEWELLYN (M.A. 1972) has been appointed an Assistant Director of Research in the Department of Economics and Politics from 1 October 1974 for five years.

THE REV. P. M. LLOYD (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Vicar of St. George's, Ramsgate, Kent.

MR. J. W. LOVERIDGE (B.A. 1946) was elected Conservative member of parliament for the Havering, Upminster. constituency in both General Elections 1974.

THE REV. V. C. de R. MALAN (M.A. 1968) former Chaplain, has been appointed Vicar of All Saint's, Northampton.

MR. R. A. MATTHEWS (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Special Adviser to the Chairman of the Economic Council of Canada.

MR. R. C. O. MATTHEWS, F. B. A., (M.A. 1950) former Fellow, has been elected Master of Clare College from 1 October 1975.

MR. P. MILTON (B.A. 1972) has been appointed to a lectureship in Law at the University of Leicester from 1 October 1974.

MR. W. B. MORALEE (B.A. 1954) has been appointed deputy secretary of the new Hertfordshire County Council.

MR. D. MOSS, F.R.C.S.E., D.O., (B.A. 1960) has been appointed consultant ophthalmologist, North Hants hospital group.

MR. J. W. OWEN (B.A. 1964) has been appointed Administrator, St. Thomas Health District (Trading), London.

DR. I. PHILLIPS, M.R.C.Path., (B.A. 1958) has been appointed to the chair of medical microbiology in the University of London tenable at St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School.

PROFESSOR B. P. REARDON (B.A. 1953) has been appointed to the Chair of Classics at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, from 1 September 1974.

MR. D. C. REECE, (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Canadian High Commissioner to Ghana (and Ambassador to Dahomey and Togo) from 1 September 1974.

MR. S. J. B. REED (Ph.D. 1964) has been appointed Assistant Director of Research in the Department of Mineralogy and Petrology from 1 March 1974 to 30 September 1978.

PROFESSOR A. C. RENFREW (B.A. 1961) has been appointed a member of the reconstituted Ancient Monuments Board for England.

MR. A. G. C. RENWICK (M.A. 1968) former Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Biochemistry, University of Auckland, New Zealand.

THE REV. W. J. REYNOLDS (B.A. 1936) has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral.

MR. P. RICKARD (Ph.D. *inc.* 1952) Fellow of Emmanuel College, has been appointed Reader in French Language from 1 October 1974.

THE REV. M. B. SANDERS (B.A. Fitz. 1967, B.D. Lond.) has been appointed Chaplain of the College from 1 January 1975.

DR. J. R. SHAKESHAFT (B.A. 1952) Former Fellow and now Fellow of St. Catharine's College, has been reappointed Assistant Director of Research in the Department of Physics from 1 October 1974 to retiring age.

MR. K. J. SHARP (B.A. 1950) has been appointed President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

MR. J. G. D. SHAW (B.A. 1955) was elected Conservative member of Parliament for the Pudsey constituency in both General Elections 1974.

MR. A. SHIVTIEL (Matric 1973) has been reappointed Lecturer in Hebrew (Pauline Recanati) from 1 October 1974 for one year.

DR. J. SKILLING (B.A. 1965) Fellow, has been reappointed University Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics from 1 September 1974 for two years.

MR. M. G. M. SMITH, M.R.C.P., (B.A. 1963) has been appointed consultant physician, Guildford and Godalming hospital group.

RABBI DR. N. SOLOMON (B.A. 1954) has been appointed minister of the Hampstead Synagogue.

MR. J. N. SUGDEN (B.A. 1970) has been elected to a Junior Unofficial Fellowship (external) at King's College from 1 October 1974.

THE REV. K. N. SUTTON (B.A. Jesus 1958) former Chaplain, has been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich.

THE REV. S. W. SYKES (B.A. 1961) former Fellow and Dean of Chapel, has been appointed Van Mildert Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham and Canon of Durham Cathedral from 1 October 1974.

THE REV. R. H. C. SYMON (B.A. 1959) has been appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London.

MR. D. M. THOMAS (B.A. 1974) has been awarded a Fellowship for 1974-5 to Harvard University by the trustees of the Charles and Julia Henry Fund at Oxford University.

MR. M. C. THOMPSON (B.A. 1956) has been reappointed Senior Assistant in Research in the Department of Land Economy from 1 October 1974.

PROFESSOR F. E. VOKES (B.A. 1933) has been elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

PROFESSOR E. A. WALKER (M.A. *inc.* 1936) former Fellow, was conferred with an Hon. D.Litt., by the University of Cape Town in 1968.

THE REV. F. WASHINGTON JARVIS (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Headmaster of the Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

MR. R. A. WEST (B.A. 1953) has been appointed manufacturing director of the Silencer Group of companies.

MR. I. WHITE (B.A. 1966) Fellow, has been appointed a University Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy from 1 October 1974 for three years.

MR. F. T. WILLEY (B.A. 1933) was re-elected Labour member of parliament for the Sunderland, North, constituency in both General Elections, 1974.

MR. M. J. WILLIAMS M.B. (B.A. 1961) has been appointed consultant physician to the West Cumberland Hospital Group.

FELLOWSHIPS

Elected Fellows under Title A:—

STEPHEN FRANK GULL of St. John's College, for research in Radio Astronomy.

CHARLES IAIN HAMILTON (B.A. Keele) of Queens' College, for research in History.

HOWARD PROFIT HUGHES (B.Sc.Lond.) of Gonville & Caius College, for research in Solid State Physics.

RICHARD BURT MELROSE (B.Sc. Australian National University) of Darwin College, for research in Mathematics.

MADAN GOPAL SINGH, Ph.D. (B.Sc. Exeter) of St. John's College, for research in Control Engineering.

Elected Fellow under Title B. from 1 January 1975:—

PETER GODDARD, Ph.D. (B.A. Trin. 1966).

RICHARD TRISTAN BAILEY LANGHORNE (B.A. 1962).

Elected Fellow under Title B. from 1 April 1975:—

BASIL HALL Ph.D. (B.A. Fitzw. 1939) Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Manchester University.

Elected Fellow under Title E:—

ALBERT CHARLES HAMILTON (Ph.D. Jesus, 1953) Professor of English, Queen's University, Ontario.

Elected Honorary Fellows:—

EDWARD MILLER, F.R.Hist.S. (B.A. 1937) Master of Fitzwilliam College.

FRANK THISTLETHWAITE, F.R.Hist.S. (B.A. 1938) Vice-Chancellor, University of East Anglia.

Elected Commonwealth Fellow from 1 September 1974:—

DAVID FIELDING JAMES, (M.S., Ph.D., California Institute of Technology) Associate Professor in the Department of Mechanical Engineering, University of Toronto.

Elected Senior Overseas Visiting Scholars:—

GODFREY WILLIAM ERNEST CANDLER ASHBY (B.D., Ph.D. Lond.) Senior Lecturer in Old Testament and Hebrew at Rhodes University, Grahamstown, for one year from 1 January 1975.

MILAN STUCHLIK (Candidatus Scientiarum 1963, Charles University, Prague) Head of the Department of Sociocultural Anthropology, Universidad Catolica, Sede Temuco, Chile.

Elected Schoolmaster Fellow Commoner:—

Michaelmas Term 1975.

J. L. GLAZIER (B.A. Queen's 1948) Principal of South-East Essex Sixth Form College.

AWARDS

Kenneth Craik Research Award 1974-75:—

PAUL E. POLANI, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Prince Philip Professor of Paediatric Research, Guy's Hospital, London.

New Year Honours 1974:—

Knights Bachelor:—

MAURICE GEORGE KENDALL, Sc.D., F.B.A. (B.A. 1929).

CHARLES WILLIAM OATLEY, F.R.S. (B.A. 1925) Fellow of Trinity College and Emeritus Professor of Electrical Engineering.

C.B.E.

WILLIAM EDWARD EGNER (B.A. 1933) Headmaster, South Shields Grammar-Technical School for Boys.

O.B.E.

WALTER JAMES PHILIPPS WILLIAMS (LL.B. 1929) Haverfordwest Supplementary Benefits Appeals Tribunal.

Birthday Honours 1974:—

Knight Bachelor

ERIC JOHN CALLARD (B.A. 1935) Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited.

MARRIAGES

PETER JAMES COOKSON (Matric 1973) to Elizabeth Claire Stoker of 1 Hall Road, Wallington, Surrey—on 6 April 1974 in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

ROBERT WILLIAM JAMES DINGWALL, Ph.D. (B.A. 1971) to Pamela Jane Watson, B.Pharm, S.R.N., S.C.M., H.V. Cert., of Whitehough, Derbyshire—on 20 September 1974 at Whitehough Methodist Church.

JONATHAN RICHARD WILLIAM DUTTON (Matric 1972) to Madelaine Patricia Simms of 2 Palliser Road, West Kensington, London, W.14.—on 15 June 1974, in the College Chapel.

JAMES EDWARD FILER (B.A. 1958) to Gisela Purucker of Geneva, Switzerland—on 8 June 1974, in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

ALFRED CRESSWELL HULME (Ph.D. 1935) to Mrs Rene Nichols of Norwich—on 31 August 1974.

DEATHS

- JOHN MENLOVE BENNION (B.A. 1898) formerly Senior House Surgeon and House Physician, Radcliffe Infirmary, died 1973.
- GEORGE HARTLEY BOOTHEWAY (B.A. 1922) died in Cape Town, October 1973.
- PIERS BRIM BOWDEN, Ph.D. (B.A. Caius 1959) former Fellow, University Lecturer in Metallurgy and Materials Science, died 6 April 1974.
- JOHN CARR BUTTON (B.A. 1936) died 26 February 1973.
- JOHN CALDWELL (Ph.D. 1931) formerly Professor of Botany at the University of Exeter, died 26 August 1974.
- RONALD MCGREGOR CARSLAW, Ph.D., (B.A. 1922) died during the Summer of 1973.
- GORDON CLARKE (Matric. 1973) died after being struck by lightning at Felixstowe, Suffolk, 4 August 1974.
- GEORGE EDWARD COOKE (B.A. 1930) died July 1973.
- THE REV. CANON WILLIAM ARTHUR CURZON-SIGGERS (B.A. 1915) formerly Vicar of N.E. Valley, New Zealand and Lecturer in International Law at the University of Otago, New Zealand, died 20 February 1969.
- SIR JOHN KINNINMONT DUNLOP, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.C., T.D., (B.A. 1913) formerly Land Commissioner and Consul-General, Hamburg, died 26 April 1974.
- JOHN DERBYSHIRE FISHER, M.C., (Matric 1934) Medical Practitioner, died 30 January 1974.
- CECIL GEORGE FREKE, C.I.E., (B.A. 1909) formerly Director of the British National Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce, died 3 June 1974.
- JOHN WENLOCK GITTINS (B.A. 1961) formerly organist at Blackpool Parish Church, died 28 July 1974.
- THE REV. ALYN ARTHUR GUEST-WILLIAMS, F.R.S.A. (B.A. 1910) formerly Rector of Christleton, Diocese of Chester, died 26 June 1974.
- THE REV. HAROLD FREDERICK HARDING, M.B.E., D.S.O., (B.A. 1934) formerly Chaplain of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Anderson's Bay, Diocese of Dunedin, New Zealand, died 23 September 1972.
- CHARLES WILLIAM HARDISTY, C. B., (B.A. 1914) a former commissioner of Customs and Excise and Director of Establishments and Organisation died January 1974.
- ARTHUR LOCKWOOD HUTCHINSON (B.A. 1948) Chief Assistant to the Managing Director, Radio, B.B.C., died 15 September 1974.
- FRANKLIN KIDD, C.B.E., F.R.S., D.Sc., (B.A. 1912) former Fellow, and formerly Director of Food Investigation, Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, died 7 May 1974.
- LAURENCE LAWN, M.D., (B.A. 1920) formerly House Surgeon, Addenbrookes Hospital, died 7 March 1974.
- BOMAN HIRJIBHOY MEHTA (B.A. 1935) died 29 July 1973.
- THOMAS MILLYARD (B.A. 1919) died 21 June 1970.
- SIR JOHN PASKIN (B.A. 1918) died 16 September 1972.
- THOMAS WILFRID PENNINGTON (B.A. 1925) formerly with the Shell Company in Ceylon, Malaya and Singapore, died 10 December 1973.
- DOUGLAS HENRY PIKE, Commonwealth Fellow 1969/70, Professor of History in the Australian National University, died 19 May 1974.
- CHARLES TYLER PROUTY, Ph.D., F.R.S.L., (B.A. 1933) Professor of English, Yale University U.S.A. died 10 May 1974.
- THE REV. JOHN RICHARD GROVES RAGG (B.A. 1938) Canon Residentiary of Portsmouth Cathedral, died 29 April 1974.
- ALEXANDER FRASER RUSSELL (B.A. 1935) died 10 April 1973.
- CEDRIC HAROLD SPARKS (B.A. 1914) formerly chief engineer with Messrs. Babcock and Wilcox, Ltd., died 30 May 1973.
- CLEMENT WILLOUGHBY WALKER, M.B., B.Chir., (B.A. 1924) Medical Practitioner, died 16 January 1974.