


Electra



Julia Hedgecoe

Julia Hedgecoe's portrait of Jane Montgomery, 1986, Director of *Electra* – the 2001 Greek Play – in the Cambridge Arts Theatre.

 'Few of you, it is to be hoped, will ever be faced with the sort of moral dilemma of vengeance, of blood in return for blood,' writes Professor Paul Cartledge in the programme notes to *Electra*. But, as Jane explains, the killing of Electra's mother and her paramour is neither condemned nor condoned by Sophocles. 'The play does not let the audience off the hook; it offers no catharsis and leaves us feeling edgy and troubled. After all, one of the functions of the Athenian dramatist was to set the community's values at risk, to examine critically the moral bases of communal interaction and personal integrity.'

Jane Montgomery (Deborah Griffiths, 1986) directed Sophocles' *Electra*, the Cambridge Greek Play, at the Arts Theatre in October. It's the third *Electra* with a King's director in the 118-year history of this unique event; JT Sheppard directed it in 1927, and Dadie Rylands in 1977. Over 5000 people saw the play this year, performed with surtitles for the first time.

After studying Classics at King's, Jane joined Cambridge Theatre Company and since then has acted in over 30 professional productions. She has toured with the RSC and Compass

Theatre Company, winning the *Manchester Evening News* Best Actress award for her title role in their 1999 *Elektra*. She directed the last Greek Play, *Trojan Women* (with the same team – composer Keith Clouston and designer Michael Spencer) and was the 1998 Judith E Wilson Junior Fellow in Drama at Cambridge. She has also taught at universities in Australia and when she returns to Melbourne later this year, she plans to introduce the idea of Greek plays there. 'I like the idea of a dead language as a lingua franca.'

For much more information see www.cambridgegreekplay.com

Autumn
2001

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Codebreakers at King's

Britain's leading codebreakers in the two world wars, Dillwyn 'Dilly' Knox and Alan Turing, were both Fellows of King's. Christopher Andrew provides this timely 'short history' of codebreakers (and eccentricity) at King's.

Connections between King's and codebreaking go back far beyond Bletchley Park and Churchill's 'geese that laid the golden eggs and never cackled'. On 4 August 1914, the day that Britain went to war, the then Director of Naval Intelligence, Rear-Admiral Henry 'Dummy' Oliver, received a series of coded signals from an Admiralty wireless station. Baffled, he handed the problem over to Sir Alfred Ewing, 1898, the Director of Naval Education.

A former Professorial Fellow at King's and Professor of Engineering at Tokyo, Dundee and Cambridge, Ewing had acquired 'an expert knowledge of radio-telegraphy' and had briefly dabbled in codes and ciphers. By way of help, four language teachers were sent from the naval colleges at Dartmouth and Osborne during their summer vacation. (The ablest, AG 'Alastair' Denniston, later became opera-

tional head of interwar signals intelligence and the first head of Bletchley Park.) Apart from their knowledge of German, however, Ewing's recruits had no qualification for codebreaking bar 'a reputation for discretion', and not one knew anything about cryptography.

Although Ewing resigned in October 1916 to become the Vice - Chancellor of Edinburgh University, he had also taken steps to recruit 'men of the professor type': civilian intellectuals whom most Admirals would never have dreamed of involving in naval affairs. The single most valuable source of 'professor types' was King's, with which Ewing retained close links, notably through his son-in-law, L J Wills, 1903, who was a Fellow from 1909 – 1915. Numbers grew, and in late 1914 members of his team were moved to Room 40 in the Admiralty Old Building. By May 1917, Room 40 was formally incorporated into the Naval Intelligence Department, as I.D.25.

It was early in 1915 that King's provided Room 40 with its 'most brilliant' member, Alfred Dillwyn 'Dilly' Knox, 1903. Dilly Knox was an Old Etonian classicist (briefly tutor to Harold Macmillan) who had quickly established himself as a leading King's eccentric. Dilly did some of his best work for Room 40 lying in a bath in

Room 53, claiming that codes were most easily cracked in an atmosphere of soap and steam. Two other Fellows of King's were among the leading figures of Room 40: the ancient historian Frank Adcock, 1905, and the historian Frank Birch, 1909. Birch was a brilliant conversationalist and comic actor, later becoming the first Fellow of King's to appear, in 1930, as the Widow Twankey in pantomime at the London Palladium.

Even as an undergraduate Birch had a deep influence on Knox, liberating within him, it has been claimed, a 'vein of wild fantasy'. Much later, the two collaborated on a comic history of Room 40, *Alice in I.D.*²⁵ performed in December 1918, in which Knox is caricatured as Dilly the Dodo. '*Alice thought he was the queerest bird she had ever seen. He was so long and lean, and he had outgrown his clothes and his face was like a pang of hunger.*' Knox, who was to remain in government service as Chief Cryptographer until his death in 1943, wrote the verses, which include the following:

*The sailor in Room 53
Has never, it's true, been to sea
But though not in a boat
He has served afloat –
In a bath in the Admiralty.*

Knox's bathtime cryptanalysis continued during his time at Bletchley Park, once causing



Hockey, or Watching the Daisies Grow. The ten year old Turing, drawn by his mother.

fellow lodgers at his billet, when he failed to respond to shouted appeals through the bathroom door, to break down the door for fear that he might have passed out and drowned in the bath. The informality and absence of rigid hierarchy at Bletchley Park enabled it to exploit the talents of unconventional and eccentric personalities who would have found it difficult to conform to military discipline or civil service routine.

ULTRA, the intelligence produced at Bletchley Park, was the best in the history of warfare, but the breaking of Enigma in all its wartime variations required a major new recruitment. Unsurprisingly, two of the most active recruiters for Bletchley were Frank Adcock (later knighted), by now Professor of Ancient History, and Frank Birch, who was Head of the Naval Section. In all, there were two former King's Fellows, Knox and Birch, and eleven current King's Fellows at Bletchley: Frank Adcock, 1905, Alan Turing, 1931, FL Lucas, 1920, Philip Hall, 1922, Donald W Lucas, 1924, Christopher Morris, 1924, John Saltmarsh, 1926, AR Milburn, 1931, LP Wilkinson, 1926, JH Plumb, 1939, and AP Vlasto, 1934. Another Kingsman, Hugh Alexander, 1928, later the British Chess Champion, was deputy head to Alan Turing in Hut 8 during 1941.

Though the first wave to arrive at Bletchley Park on the outbreak of war consisted chiefly of linguists, classicists and historians, it also included at least two brilliant mathematicians: Alan Turing, 1931, and Gordon Welchman from Sidney Sussex College. Both may originally have been earmarked because their mathematical brilliance was

combined with skill at chess. This marked a change. Room 40 had made no attempt to recruit professional mathematicians, whose supposedly introverted personalities were thought to be too far removed even from the realities of daily life for them to engage with the horrendous problems posed by the First World War.

Alan Turing, still only twenty-seven at the outbreak of war, was one of the very few academics anywhere in the world to have carried out research into both computing and cryptography. Turing's pioneering paper, 'On Computable Numbers' was published early in 1937, though it attracted little interest at the time. Three months before its publication Turing, then at Princeton, wrote to tell his mother that he had also made a major breakthrough in the construction of codes. In view of his later success at Bletchley Park – Turing went on to become the chief inventor of the 'bombes' used to break Enigma – his letter now seems wonderfully ironic:

My dear Mother

You have often asked me about possible applications of various branches of mathematics. I have just discovered a possible application of the kind of thing I am working on at present. It answers the question "What is the most general kind of code or cipher possible", and at the same time (rather naturally) enables one to construct a lot of particular and interesting codes. One of them is pretty well impossible to decode without the key and very quick to encode. I expect I could sell them to H.M. Government for quite a substantial sum, but am rather doubtful of the morality of such things. What do you think?

Turing's eccentricities make such engaging anecdotes that they have sometimes been exaggerated, but his ability from a very early age to disappear into a world of his own is captured by a drawing of him by his mother. The drawing, entitled 'Hockey or Watching the Daisies Grow', shows the ten-year-old Turing, oblivious to the game, bending over to inspect a clump of daisies. At Bletchley Park he chained his coffee mug to a radiator to prevent theft, sometimes cycled to work wearing a gas mask to guard against pollen, and converted his life savings into silver ingots which he buried in two locations in nearby woods. Sadly, though, he failed to find the ingots when the war was over.

Christopher Andrew is Professor of Modern and Contemporary History, Fellow and President of Corpus Christi College. He is also Chair of the British Intelligence Study Group and founding co-editor of *Intelligence and National Security*. His books include *Secret Service*, 1985; *For The President's Eyes Only: Secret Intelligence and the American Presidency*, 1995; and *The Mitrokhin Archive: The KGB in Europe and the West* (Penguin), which first identified the 'great-granny spy' Melita Norwood and contains the latest revelations from KGB files on its Cambridge recruits. He has also contributed two chapters to *Action This Day!* edited by Ralph Erskine and Michael Smith.

King's Parade would like to hear from any members with Bletchley Park experiences to share.



books by members



Economic Sentiments
 'This book,' writes Emma Rothschild, 1988, 'is about laissez-faire when it was new.' In a recreation of the epoch between the 1770s and the 1820s, 'a time of enthusiasm and fear in economic life', she reinterprets the ideas of Adam Smith and Condorcet to show us the true landscape of economic and political thought in their day, with important consequences for our own. Rothschild examines theories of economic and political sentiments, and the reflection of these theories in the politics of enlightenment. '*Economic Sentiments* is a rich, profound and at times revelatory essay in the theory of ideas which will undoubtedly become part of the academic canon,' writes John Gray in the *Los Angeles Times*. Emma Rothschild is a Fellow of King's and Co-Director of the Centre for History and Economics.

Economic Sentiments: Adam Smith, Condorcet and the Enlightenment, by Emma Rothschild is published by Harvard University Press. £30.95.



Making Music
 'I was impelled to write this book by a sense of the need to praise, preserve and explain the art of music, which for various reasons is under threat,' writes Norman Platt, 1939. Rodney Milnes in the *Times* says 'Platt founded a company called Kent Opera in 1969 and ran it until 1989, when it was killed off in one of the most shameful episodes in this country's artistic life...But to read (*Making Music*) is to be reminded of Platt's uncanny ability, genius even, for spotting and enabling talent.' In his introduction, Nicholas Hytner says 'Norman only cares for what is good. (Kent Opera)...made no compromises with its audiences, still less with the authorities whose mission it was to dilute or eliminate the excellent in the name of accessibility. But through its shining integrity it made better opera more accessible to more parts of the country than anyone has managed since'.

Making Music by Norman Platt. £11.50 from Pambles Publications, Pambles Cross Farmhouse, Egerton, Ashford, Kent TN27 9BN 01233 756237.



Addictions
 Laurence Brown, 1972, has written his first novel in the form of letters between two gay men, Jeremy, an opera conductor, and Francis, a professor of literature, who are intimate friends. These are interspersed with retrospective sketches written by Baillie, Jeremy's protégé, of growing up gay and Jewish in the North of England, coming up to Cambridge in the early 70s and coming out in the London of the 1980s. 'The story explores a lot of issues of interest to the King's community,' writes Laurence, who was the first Kingsman to read both parts of the *Law Tripos*, under the supervision of the late Ken Polack. After qualifying as a solicitor he has lectured in law, and has written extensively for the gay press in Britain and abroad.

Addictions, by Laurence Brown, is published by Gay Men's Press at £9.95.



Communication, Technology and Society

Lelia Green, 1975, focuses on the technologies of communication, from things we don't even think of as technology, like the alphabet or electricity, through to the rapidly-developing world of cyberspace. Technology was once something we thought of only in relation to manufacturing or the military. Now it is a constant theme in everyday interaction. She argues that technology is never neutral, rather, it is closely linked to culture, society and government policy. Green looks at what drives technological change, showing that the adoption of new technologies is never inevitable. Some communities benefit from technocultures, while others are left out or even damaged. Lelia Green is senior lecturer at Edith Cowan University, Perth, Australia.

Communication, Technology and Society by Lelia Green is published by Sage Publications. Paperback £16.99.



members' news

John Levinson at Kettle's Yard

John Levinson, 1968, studied Architecture at King's, spent two years at St Martin's School of Art, and then lived and worked with a group of friends and other painters – holding exhibitions, writing short stories and poetry. He committed suicide in 1979. There is now an exhibition of his work at Kettle's Yard, in Cambridge. 'Around John, life was never boring and he never found it so,' writes Antony Gormley in his foreword to the exhibition. 'He was always on the side of the poet, never the dull practitioner. John's watercolours have all the vitality, intellectual and affective, of their creator, and it is a great pleasure that finally there is now a serious exhibition to celebrate them. I'm convinced that had he lived his work would by now be well-known.'

Exhibition ends January 6 2002



More books by members

There is not space to include reviews of all the new books by members, but in addition to those featured on the 'books by members' page *King's Parade* has also received notice of the following:

Men of Uncertainty: The Social Organization of Day Laborers in Contemporary Japan by Tom

Gill, 1980, who teaches at the Institute of Social Sciences in Tokyo. *Svengali's Web: The Alien Enchanter in Modern Culture*, by Daniel Pick, 1983, who is reader in history at Queen Mary and Westfield College and whose book is dedicated to the late Tony Tanner. There is a poem called *The Blind Woman in the Blue House*, a collection of poems by Kate Newmann, 1985, who now lives in south-west Donegal, where she is a member of the Word of Mouth writing collective. *Dear Mr Darwin: Letters on the Evolution of Life and Human Nature*, by Gabriel Dover, 1969, Professor of Genetics at Leicester University, is just out in paperback from Weidenfeld and Nicolson. *Harold Monro: Poet of the New Age*, by Dominic Hibberd, 1961, was praised by the *Sunday Times* for its clarity, compassion and dry humour. Roland Vernon, 1980, has written a biography, *Star in the East – Krishnamurti, the Invention of a Messiah*, published by Constable.

Reception in Leeds

Around 30 members gathered over drinks at the offices of Pinsent Curtis Biddle in Leeds in October to meet Provost Patrick Bateson and Tess Adkins, Head of Development.

Capriccio

Trevor Newton, 1978, recently launched his *capriccio* 'Oxbridge, An Architectural Fantasy' at the Georgian Group. David Watkin, the architectural historian, writes 'Trevor Newton



Reception in Leeds: Dean Macmillan, 1992, Shubhada Patil, 1992, John Cleland, 1983, Elizabeth Jones, 1979, Glenda Jones, 1981, Ian Banks, 1979, Tom Banfield, 1962.

has had the uniquely poetic idea of amalgamating some of the great buildings of Oxford and Cambridge in a single overwhelming yet wholly integrated panorama which deceives us for a moment, as a *capriccio* should, into accepting it as reality.' Trevor studied History of Art at King's and is a freelance artist specialising in country house commissions, topographical and architectural drawings... and whimsical flights of fancy in the eighteenth-century manner. Signed copies at £35 available from Trevor Newton, 07930 213572.



'Oxbridge, An Architectural Fantasy'.

Parade Profile: Gabriel Horn

1999.

Fellow 1962–1974 and 1977–1992. Life Fellow MD. FRS. ScD. Neuroscientist and Emeritus Professor of Zoology.

“I was just fascinated by the mind-body problem”

Alison Carter talks to Gabriel Horn

The image on the cover of the new book of essays – *Brain, Perception, Memory* – dedicated to Gabriel Horn, and largely inspired by his work, is captioned ‘PET scan of editor’s brain’. There are some darker patches in the right hemisphere, and I fall to wondering: has the editor’s work given him these patches and do they contain the bits of memory needed for spotting inconsistencies in scientific argument? Familiar ground. Gabriel’s first paper ‘The neurological basis of thought’, was written as an undergraduate. ‘I suppose there’s a recipe for a lifetime’s work in that paper! I was just fascinated by the mind-body problem.’ He has conducted experiments to investigate the mechanisms of attention, learning, perception and memory in humans, domestic chicks, rats, cephalopods and insects, to say nothing of editors.

Home is outside Cambridge; beyond the cordon sanitaire of the ring road and away from the smart medievalism and the technology palaces. Once into the hinterland, you drive out until there seems to be nothing but water and fields and then there’s the house. In one sense it’s pure and apart and isolated. But there’s a great warmth and homeliness which come from the approachable, un-haughty-looking horses (both he and his wife – the wildlife illustrator Prill Barrett – ride) the friendly dog and the smell of freshly baked scones, which we will devour later.

Gabriel guides me into the kitchen and we sit down at an old King’s dining table. ‘The study’s too untidy,’ he grins. While we digress about studies and untidiness he has drawn my attention to a painting – by him – on the kitchen wall. It shows a room with a closed door, and a chair pushed up against it. It’s his study he tells me. A painting within the painting shows a man looking out through bars. ‘I think I must have felt guilty about keeping the children out while I was working.’

And his own childhood? He’s the youngest of four boys from a loving home in Birmingham where his father ran a small, rather impoverished clothes shop. But his early school days were disrupted by persistent *otitis media*, the outbreak of war and being evacuated to Worcestershire, to a family he describes with real fondness. Later on he went to a technical school, which he enjoyed, rather than the grammar school one might have expected. We skirt round issues of failure, and by way of a cautious explanation – after all he *is* a scientist – he offers the ear trouble and/or the low testosterone of prepubertal youth. Most of his reports said ‘could do better’, and anyway, he adds wryly, they didn’t say he’d failed, merely that there weren’t enough places at the grammar school.

No-one in his family had been to University and his early decision to be an engineer was inspired by a picture of the great bridge

over the Zambesi. But this ambition was abruptly thrown over one evening at the youth club. ‘A teacher came, a wonderful woman in her early sixties. I was playing table tennis and there she was reading *The Science of Life* by Wells, Huxley and Wells surrounded by a gaggle of kids. I went over to listen – and never looked back...that was the moment!’ Biology wasn’t taught at the technical school but it was then that he decided to be a doctor. His father died while he was studying at night school and Gabriel had to keep running the shop for his mother – there was no other source of income. But it didn’t seem like hard work because he was so excited by biology. ‘We had to dissect a worm! I remember seeing the incredible beauty of the internal organisation of its body.’

But it was the worm’s *brain*, so to speak, he was after, and an opportunity came during a third year project at Birmingham medical school under Solly Zuckerman ‘a wonderful man who was very encouraging to his students’. The clinical condition of cretinism in humans posed an important question about the relationship between hormones and brain development. Gabriel’s job was to find out in what way, in an experimental animal, the removal of the thyroid gland at birth would interfere with the development of the brain. ‘The results led me – very cheekily as a medical student – to write to the *Lancet* making a suggestion about the treatment of clinical hypothyroidism.’

In his foreword to *Brain, Perception, Memory*, Robert Hinde writes, 'What is especially remarkable about Gabriel's career to date is the number of different lines of research in which he has been ahead of the field.' His undergraduate work showing how the brains of rats deprived of thyroid hormone failed to grow led to an extensive study of the field. In 1969 he showed that receptive field properties of nerve cells in the visual cortex change when an animal is tilted – which was 'heretical at the time but subsequently confirmed'. And also that the same neurones can respond to visual as well as auditory or touch stimuli. But it is his work on imprinting which has the most connections with King's, involving as it has a collaboration of more than thirty years with Patrick Bateson.

Imprinting...we probably all know it's got something to do with birds learning to recognise their mothers, or perhaps learning to recognise a surrogate revolving red box instead. Either way, for this learning to have taken place, memory has to have been involved, and it is the trace of memory Gabriel has

been looking for, the place where perceptions are stored. It took them nearly ten years to identify the part of the brain which is specifically engaged by imprinting, and yet more years to begin to show what the biochemical mechanisms are. 'This was the great effort Pat and I put in, to try and establish that the biochemical changes we saw were related to *learning* and were not just because the animal was running, or excited, or seeing something, any of which can provoke a rush of hormones.' It was in this context that they devised the 'split-brain experiment'. In birds, all the sensory input to the brain from one eye can be restricted to one hemisphere by cutting a bundle of nerve fibres running between the two hemispheres. 'If there's an outpouring of hormone for any reason it's going to affect both sides of the brain, so if you *still* get a differential effect after covering one eye and exposing the bird to a stimulus for imprinting then you can discount this outpouring. We *did* get a differential effect. The experiment took *years* to do.' And through all this the suitability of the day-old chick as an experimental animal grew and grew. 'When you take a chick out of

the dark, no *effects* of visual experience have been inscribed on its brain. It's why I think we were able to make the advances – because in this sense the brain was a *carte blanche*.'

He's had a very energetic and diverse working life and in what might *not* pass for retirement – 'you *may* be a retired professor, but you need not be a retired *scientist* – has been chairing a review into the origins of BSE (at the government's invitation) whose remit has been to assess the current state of understanding, taking into account the Phillips Inquiry. He also set up (and now runs) the Cambridge University Government Policy Programme. 'Impartiality is absolutely critical for those who are in a position to provide advice for agencies that seek disinterested advice, like governments.' But he believes that the future of academia does not lie in receiving money *solely* from governments. 'King's, in my opinion, has to encourage donations from commercial organisations and do so without compromising its objectives and standards. Universities and commerce have to work together.'

He's been a Fellow of King's twice since 1962, was Master of Sidney Sussex until 1999 and is now a Life Fellow at King's. 'I'm in many ways sybaritic, so I love the companionship of fellow academics and I enjoy wine immensely! One of the tremendously important aspects of my life at King's has been mixing with some extremely bright people – the intellectual vivacity is almost overwhelming. But also, Fellows here *really* are concerned about education and a very great deal of the conversation is about students and their work.'



David du Toit

Gabriel Horn

college news

King's is the first college in Cambridge or Oxford to have an integrated research programme. Simon Goldhill, Research Co-ordinator, on the thrill of new ideas under development and challenge.

What makes a college a unique environment for research? It can't provide the hothouse atmosphere of a research laboratory, or the fevered intensity of a scholar hunting through a library of manuscripts. It can't fund a space programme or house the genome project. Yet it is telling that so much important work in sciences and arts comes out of the college system of Cambridge. It's not just because it is a beautiful and supportive place to live and study (though that doesn't hurt). What makes my job of research co-ordinator so fascinating and daunting is trying to find that elusive thing which makes a college so conducive to creative thinking – and then fostering it.

For me, what makes a college so exciting a place to work is partly the chance for real cross-fertilisation between the disciplines that University Departments have to keep separate. Partly it's the chance to back someone brilliant whose ideas just don't fit into mainstream departments. Partly it's putting together different levels of research – the graduate, the post-doctoral student, the junior fellow, the senior academic – where flair and experience, impetuosity and care can spark each other. Partly it's knowing that you live in an atmosphere which will challenge and excite you intellectually – and not put up with nonsense or pomposity. It is often the casual remark over

lunch that will start a new idea rolling, or the attempt to explain your problem to someone in another field that will reveal its solution. I remember the head of a department in a major American university telling me proudly that he only had to go into the office twice a week. I was shocked because I had always thought from my time at King's that the aim was to have an academic life where one *wanted* to go to work...

The question is how to foster this atmosphere and wealth of opportunity when the pressure on every academic's time has become so dispiriting and the financial state of things does not encourage new programmes. I think we may have found a way – and with the typical King's penchant for being at the forefront of change, we are now the first college in Cambridge or Oxford to have an integrated research programme, which aims to bring together appointments, conferences, seminars, visitors, to maximise the chance for active collaboration and the thrill of new ideas under development and challenge.

This year we have started by advertising a fellowship in a very general topic ('The History and Theory of Description'), along with two post-doctoral positions and two graduate studentships. The subject proved a real winner and we had a wonderful field – varied, talented and committed.

Next year we will advertise another fellowship, two post-doctoral positions and two graduate studentships in a related subject – chosen to connect with – but not to duplicate – the interests of the successful candidates of this year. And so on for the next few years, so that we build up, year by year, a cadre of fellows, post-docs and graduates, all at different levels of research, all connected by their interrelated fields and concerns. To run alongside this, we have funded a series of visiting scholars to come for periods of up to six months to present their work to a mixed audience for debate, and series of conferences and seminars on related themes.

We also continue the more traditional schemes, of course. We have fellowship competitions to attract the best young scholars. We have externally funded projects coming into the Research Centre, including a group, funded by the Wellcome Trust working on the ethical problems raised by the development of genetic science – which a generous gift from a Kingsman will help to bring to a wider audience. But the next few years promise to be especially heady days for that particular thrill of sitting and arguing your case – and learning – in a group of challenging and supportive friends and colleagues.

Or, simply, wanting to go to work.



King's Cellar

There are plenty of stories about wine in Oxbridge colleges. Cellars full of Chateau-Latour '45 and rumours of Fellows buying their wine at cost – cost in 1945 that is. But while such things may go on in other colleges (a '63 Port, worth £100, was reputedly available for £10 a bottle last Christmas from the cellars of a more unworldly establishment) Fellow and Secretary of the Wine Committee, Pete de Bolla, runs King's wine as a very tight ship.

Butler Mark Smith has been at King's for fifteen years and will be known to many Members as the man who orchestrates some delightful drinking. Visiting the cellars with him for the first time is rather an awesome experience: the entrance is down well-trodden stone steps, and the cellars stretch away to left and right beneath the Dining Hall, holding 60,000 bottles. Mark describes how the cellar only just escaped ruin when the heating pipes for the Keynes building were ducted through the central corridor, and now each individual cellar is temperature-controlled. The oldest and most valuable bottle is indeed a '45 Latour, and current turnover averages 15,000 bottles a year. The variety is bewildering, and tempting.

"My job," explains Pete de Bolla, "is to make sure there is *no* poor quality wine in the cellar; we aim to make sure that all the wine drunk on all occasions is of good quality." And indeed, should there be any which falls below his standards, it will be quickly sold off – but, note, to outsiders. Pete explains that King's is "rather modest", compared to

some colleges, in its provision of feasts and dinners: so once a term there is a Fellows' dinner, and one feast open to undergraduates. There is a Non-Resident Members' dinner once a year and the Founder's Feast, for third years. Over the long term, the aim of the Wine Committee is to provide all this at minimal cost to King's, and this compares with some colleges who spend upwards of £30,000 per feast. And Fellows certainly pay for their wine at High Table.

How did he become such an expert at his job? He was introduced to wine by his "enlightened father" at an early age, and explains that while having a good "taste memory" is partly down to the luck of the genes, it is vital not only to taste a lot (typically he tastes 2000 wines a year), but also to read a lot. "Wine is a living thing, it evolves and changes over time. It's all about making informed predictions." Pete decides what to buy, how long to keep it, when to sell it, and – crucially – when to drink it; he also chooses the wines for all King's dinners and feasts.

The College purchases more than it needs, and sells the surplus. "We can't compete on price with Sainsbury's or Majestic at the lower end of the market," explains Pete, "but we can beat all the large retail outlets in the mid-price range (given bottle age) and above." So what Members are getting is good quality, well chosen wine across the price range. There is a fine balance between the need for wine for internal consumption

and profits from sales to members. The wine account must pay for the Butler, and any profit is used to restock the cellar.

It was not always thus. Pete explains that having a good cellar used to be considered "ideologically rebarbative", and that a previous administration more or less issued instructions to run the cellar down, a process which (actuarially speaking and ideology apart) equates with spending (or rather drinking) the endowment. But now, "maintaining the level and quality of the cellar, we are effectively *not* spending the endowment." Modesty may have prevented him saying that they are actually increasing it.



Butler Mark Smith selects wine from the King's cellars.

Anyone receiving *King's Parade* is entitled to purchase wines from the Pantry and orders can be placed with the butler, who will be pleased to supply a full list.

Tel: 01223 331341
or email: ms424@cam.ac.uk

The wine column

The beginning of the new academic year always heralds a new list of Pantry wines. From October 1st over 30 new wines replace lines that have sold through and supplement listings in many regions. Highlights on the Autumn list include: Chateau Bourgneuf, 1990 (25.00), a fully mature Pomerol perfect for game and hearty dishes. This is the best wine produced at the Chateau since 1947. More reds with a seasonal feel include: Savigny-les-Beaune, Forneaux, Simon Bize, 1995 (19.50), from the most sought after maker in the appellation; Crozes Hermitage, Domaine de Thalabert, P. Jaboulet, 1995 (14.25); and Domaine Tempier, La Tourtine, Bandol, 1993 (13.75). This last wine is from the most consistent vineyard at the property and was made before the style of Tempier lightened (in 1996). It is a magnificent bottle to accompany stews. A lighter more delicate and perfumed newcomer is Pinot Noir, Reserve, Morgan, 1996 (21.95), the grown up version of the brilliant pinot we offered on the last Christmas list.

Whites include Chardonnay, Richard Dinner Vineyard, P. Hobbs, 1997 (29.50) a majestic Californian chardonnay of great subtlety; Riesling, Grand Cru, Hengst, Jostmeyer, 1995 (16.50) a beautifully defined riesling with great length; and a replenishment of the last list's most popular white: Macon, 1999 (7.95) made by Dominique Lafon. There is no better value white burgundy.

Pete de Bolla

resident members

Ossie Brown's Goa
Ossie Brown is a mature student in his third year studying SPS, having previously worked as a diver in the oil and gas industry. He returned to education in 1998 studying at Ruskin College in Oxford before coming to King's.



Ossie Brown

In December 2000 I received a Ferris Travel Grant. The award permitted me to visit India, specifically Mumbai and Goa. Being a mature student I had been fortunate in that I had travelled extensively with my job in my twenties. During these times and with untrained eyes I was able to discern gross inequalities in the human condition. My main interest is social reconstruction and though I am primarily concerned with the social reconstruction of Britain, I feel it was an invaluable trip. It allowed me to see what attempts are being made to alleviate what I consider to be an evil of the most fearsome kind – poverty and its effects.

Space does not permit me to recount all the experiences I had on my travels. However I did see different approaches to tackling poverty from the differing strata of society. I went to the Navy

Ball in Goa, which was the finale of a weeklong charity drive supporting all manner of grass roots initiatives. I met with traders who belonged to a cooperative that centred around farming and fishing and had organized themselves so that they could transport their goods to the capital, commanding a better price. I saw how an age-old system of community organization (the Pashandah – a twelve member group responsible for community liaison) contended with the problems of modernity on a micro and macro level, dealing with issues such as squabbles between Goan traders and traders from as far as Rajasthan (both are endeavouring to make a living off the dwindling tourists).

However the sights that caused me the most personal anguish were all around me. I saw people who were so destitute that they could not even be a part of any such local cooperatives. Young children and elderly people foraging amongst filth or engaged in severe manual and menial labour. Men and women in the prime of their lives separated from any real hope of social advancement because of economic and educational deprivation. These people were outside any system that could assist them in any personal and meaningful way.

I personally will not forget James Ferris. His bequest to King's significantly aided me to find deeper meaning in my studies. Being an undergraduate you can easily become consumed with trying to craft the perfect

essay, completely forgetting the wider purpose of actually learning something. This is very similar to the present government's tendency to engage in risk and damage management from the fallout of poverty as opposed to actually being responsible for a period of social reconstruction.

Access Bus Visits

In March King's students visited schools in Bradford, Middlesborough and Newcastle to meet pupils, share experiences and give information about Cambridge. The schools had a low level of Oxbridge applications in relation to their exam results. The trip was funded using part of the interest that accrued in the Access Alliance rent strike account which, following the resolution of the strike, the College Council agreed would be used to promote University access.



From top to bottom: Paul Lewis, 2000, Oli de Botton, 2000, Graeme Cooke, 2000, Saiqa Chaudhry, 2000, Amy Pollard, 1999, Kate Alexander, 1999, Laura Bleaney, 2000, and Neil Hume, 1998. David Grumett, 1998, not shown, drove the bus and took the picture.

Tall Ships 2000

Beccy Lock is in the final year of an engineering degree and currently thinking about going into bridge design. She used her Ferris travel grant to take part in the Tall Ships Race.

The Tall Ships Race is an annual event designed to bring young people from different nations together in friendly competition at sea. Last year I took part in the final legs of the race from Boston to Halifax in Nova Scotia and then across the Atlantic to Amsterdam.

Dense fog meant that we didn't see much of the 350-mile leg to Halifax, but we certainly felt it. Light airs and heavy swells meant the boat wallowed slowly along and those of us not throwing up were attempting to sail the boat whilst emptying sick buckets!

As a comparatively small boat the light winds leaving Halifax worked to our advantage. These then dwindled to nothing leaving the entire fleet of 38 becalmed for several days: a perfect opportunity to dive into the glassy waters for an invigorating swim in the Atlantic.

Weather warnings then came in about storms heading in our direction, but even these didn't prepare us for what was to come. Over the course of a day the wind picked up to Force 10 (wind speeds comparable to sticking your head out of the window of a car travelling at 60mph). With every crash into a wave torrents of water were sent back into the cockpit, soaking the crew and causing their life-jackets to self-inflate.



Beccy Lock

The anemometer blew off the mast and a sail was lost overboard. This continued for four days; the night shifts being the worst part. It got so dark that the sea merged with the sky to form a vast expanse of black, occasionally punctuated by lightning that lit up the sky with a pink hue. A sail change meant that two crew members had to sit on the bowsprit, getting alternately thrown 20ft in the air and plunged waist deep in the next wave; best done in a swimming costume I found.

It gradually subsided though, leaving us with very favourable wind conditions. We dried out, washed our hair in buckets of seawater, fixed the broken bits, had a BBQ on the aft deck and carried on in the company of dolphins and an occasional whale. After a total of 30 days and 4,200 miles we crossed the finish line off the Isle of Wight in 3rd place, only a few hours away from our nearest competitors. We then went on to rediscover the delights of showers and fresh fruit before celebrating in style in Amsterdam.



garden party



All photos Alison Carter

Garden Party: **A** Clare Reffin, 1977, Rasheeda Farage. **B** Ivan Ward, 1973, Hannah Kanter, 1974, Michael Eaton, 1973, Geoffrey Andrew, 1973. **C** David Upton, 1979, Nancy Puccinelli, Tony Hooley, Andrew Matheson, 1979, Alicia Matheson. **D** Afshin Rattansi, Professor Pyarally Rattansi, 1967, Mrs Z Rattansi. **E** Paul Evans, 1974, Bryn Evans, Josephine Evans. **F** Alexandra Petch, Trevor Petch, 1972, Ellie Petch, Helen Rohlicek, Janet Piesold, 1972. **G** names not supplied **H** Wim Jongman, 1976, Elizabeth Voute, Ceasar Voute, 1979. **I** names not supplied **J** David Atha, 1973, Helen Atha, Martin Reavley, 1973, Susan Reavley, David Tinn, 1972. **K** John Walters, 1978.

The Great Wine Feast

It was, said one member of the college, an almost surreal experience to eat foie gras in hall. What could he have meant? Real or surreal, 150 guests did, and lobster too, at a Great Wine Feast in aid of the Chapel Foundation on May 12th.

The food at the feast was devised and supervised by Rowley Leigh of Kensington Place Restaurant and prepared by James O'Byrne (the Head Chef at King's) and his team. It followed a short private concert in Chapel, the choir conducted by Stephen Cleobury, and champagne on the Back Lawn in warm sunshine. After dinner came the nub of the evening, an auction of remarkable wines organized by Hugh Johnson (1957) and conducted by Duncan McEuen of Christie's.

Hugh had assembled some exceptional, rare and noble wines through the generosity of their producers as well as members of the college. At dinner they included Corton-Charlemagne Bonneau du Martray 1993 in magnums, a sumptuous new Catalan red, Grans Muralles 1996 from Torres, the famous Château

Latour 1982 and Royal Tokaji Aszu First Growth Nyulaszo 1991.

The dessert wines served during the auction were in keeping: Château Lafite 1991 in magnums, Château Coutet 1981 and Graham's 1980 port.

Despite these distractions guests bid splendidly for 75 lots. They included cases of all the Bordeaux First Growths of top vintages, rare Italian and Spanish wines, the finest red and white burgundies including the almost-unobtainable Montrachet of the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, champagne from Krug, Bollinger, Pol Roger and Dom Pérignon, clarets of the 1961 and other great vintages, mature vintage port, Château d'Yquem 1967, rare Tokays, mature Eisweins and Trockenbeerenauslesen from the Rhine, Grange Hermitage from Australia and Ridge Montebello among top California wines. The oldest wine was an 1830 vintage Madeira.

The evening contributed £82,000 to the Chapel Foundation and many fragrant memories for the guests.

Donations to the Archives:

Archivist Ros Moad is delighted by the response to the feature in the last issue of *King's Parade*. Members gave over £1000 for much needed conservation work. Ros reports that the American writer Patricia Cornwell, who has been researching in the archives, has also donated £1000.

News in brief

- The Great Wine Feast and Auction raised £82,000 for the Chapel Foundation.
- A generous donation from a member in North America has paid for one new room in Garden Hostel.
- Funds are being raised for additional Garden Hostel rooms by members in Boston, Chicago, Washington, New York, Philadelphia, California, Vancouver and Toronto.
- This year's Garden Party was attended by 600 members and their families, and raised £3000 for the Supplementary Exhibition Fund.
- Matthew Mellor has moved on to a new job at Pembroke College. We would like to thank him for all his work at King's and wish him well.
- This year's telephone campaign has raised £120,000 so far. Thank you everyone.



Alison Carter

Queuing for chapel during the non-resident members weekend in September.



Hugh Johnson

The scene on the back lawn before the Great Wine Feast was captured by the wine writer Hugh Johnson, 1957, who organised the event with help from the Development Office.



 letters and emails

What is a failure? A personal examination

Of course King's is right to emphasise the pursuit of excellence and to honour those who achieve it, and the College is right to regret that "only 77% of our final year gained First or Upper Seconds" *. This does not need to be said. But what of the other 23%? These thoughts came to me after receiving some letters my father, Nicholas Bagenal, 1910, had written to his brother Hope Bagenal an acoustic architect. One I think is worth quoting.

King's. Sat 15th June.

*Dear Hope,
I got a third in my tripos and feel sufficiently humiliated to ask for your condolence. It is difficult to form a clear idea of the quality of one's own intellect but it is not until one is well beaten in open competition in mark-getting, by people whom one has imagined even more ordinary than oneself, that unpleasant doubts begin to assail the mind.*

It may be that I read Meredith wrongly but if it is myself that I see reflected again and again in his pages I curse the day that I was born Irish. The world has no use for sloppy mediocrities, for petty idealism. What is there for us to do? We are being produced by hundreds and I suppose we only form a transition stage – the last ineffective productions of the Victorian age. I know that I am at an age when the mind is full of other men's ideas, half digested, and never fully grasped.

I am reading The New Machiavelli and if Wells reads his world rightly as I think he does,

there is no room at the top for men of timidity and sensitive morality who haven't even the moral courage to get drunk. Religion is no force in one's life at King's at 21. I read Dr Shrapnel's letter to Beauchamp many times, and kneeling before my bed, my mind a blank, the words come ringing in my ears 'Prayer for an object is the cajolery of an idiot' – 'they have made his creed a strait-jacket for humanity'.

*BUT take this for the good in prayer, that it makes one lean on the unknown with confidence, makes us ready for change, for revolution, for life then!
Good God, if I could only learn to pray, I believe I could face life with greater confidence in myself.*

Somehow there seems no greater blasphemy to God than to disbelieve one's self; but coming into contact every day with men of one's own age so obviously greater than oneself, one finds one's self confidence sinking lower and lower before more commanding personalities. This letter I think arises (as much) from a frantic desire to be clear and natural in all I do and say as from the old Peter Grievous attitude. I have always believed and tried to follow every word of advice you ever gave me from your first letter to me at Aldenham, when you told me not to smoke habitually!...

The hopeless hypocrisy and unnaturalness which I suppose is innate in us, and can only be partially thrown off by the process of 'growing up' becomes clearer and more painful every day. ...

And yet it seems unnatural that I should spend these splendid years of college life discussing 'first causes' in a vague way without any hope of finding more than half the truth.

*However in spite of these pages of pessimism I insist on being optimistic and I swear I will be healthy; 'Honour your body that you may present yourself a living sacrifice to God'. I did not fully grasp the meaning of those words when you quoted them to me in a letter, but I am beginning to think it is as good a creed of life as any.
Your brother, N.B. Bagenal.*

The pessimism shown in this letter was of course not permanent and he soon had greater problems, as very shortly after going down, Nick went to war, was wounded five times and lost a kidney. He attended an Officers Rehabilitation Course at Wye College and eventually became an authority on fruit-growing and wrote a standard reference book on modern cultural methods. However he was not an academic and his job at the East Mailing Research Station was to present the practical results of horticultural research to commercial fruit growers of Kent and Sussex.

Although Nick went down with a third, he always valued his time at King's and I think got from the College what is far more important than a good degree. He was always a well read, cultured, true gentleman with a lively mind and capable of being devil's advocate in any discussion; and for much of this he had the College to thank.

In many ways I was the antithesis of my father. I left King's as part of the 77% of my year and later obtained two doctorates, clearly the trappings of success. At King's I worked too hard in order to set in motion the achievement of these trappings – I had to, or else be in the other 23% like my father. But I missed out on what my father got from King's.

I am now sure that for neither of us, as the Senior Tutor might say **, "King's ...was the wrong place" and when he says that King's believes in the potential of all the students it admits, we both achieved our potential but in quite different spheres and at the expense of what the other achieved. So I now often wonder which of us was the failure.

Timothy Bagenal, 1946.

* Annual Report 2000

** King's Parade 2000

Whilst there is no objection to calling the other football team King's Men (two words) to distinguish their special qualities, the term "Kingsmen" is completely out of order. Let's call a spade a spade. We should not be reluctant to admit the correct term is now Kingspeople.

Jennifer Whyte 1991

I was delighted to read John Crosse's affectionate memory of Wilfred. My favourite moment during my time at King's was when a fellow Choral Scholar was found – by Wilfred – walking through College in the early hours with a young lady – who went on to become a famous singer. Wilfred's reaction, when he bumped into them, was typical, as he said to her: 'You can't

wear skirts in here, Sir! Happy days!

Brian Kay, 1963.

The letter from Peter Orr mentioning Christopher Cory reminds me of a group of seven residents of the then brand new Garden Hostel in 1950 that included those two gentlemen. We called ourselves the Knights Hostellers and for the weekly meeting wore a green bow tie with the letters KH embroidered on the wings. The purpose was to consume a bottle of a quality wine hence the restriction to seven members. My memory has retained the tastings of Clos de Vougeot, Chateau d'Yquem, and Vintage port. The last item I found in Cambridge after Mr Goodge (the College's wine steward whom many will remember) told me there was no vintage port in Cambridge. When I showed him my purchase, he said "Gilbey's, Sir, – medicinal port".

PS. Does anyone still have the log of COI (Consolidated Operas Incorporated)? This group was begun by Paul Beves, 1940, and was like a play reading group in that we performed mostly Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but sprinkled with Mozart, Verdi and other serious operas up to three times a term.

Eric Steinberg, 1948.

Your "nocturnal encounters with porters" correspondence could run and run - if of course you let it do so! Anyway, Richard Dutton's (sir = 'you prat') memories in your Spring 2001 issue inspire me belatedly to attempt a small contribution.

In the aftermath of my first bump supper (which was Lent 1963 – even though the rowing had of course been frozen off) I foolishly completed a challenge rapidly to transfer a largish quantity of fizzy beer from a glass boot to my insides. When the company moved to the Reading Room and (perhaps perfectly logically in those surroundings) then started to read the previous day's newspapers, I somewhat lost interest in the proceedings and, collecting some cushions together, lay down to rest. At about 5.00 am I became aware that the company had (probably long since) departed but been replaced by a not inconsiderable presence looming over me. The deep-toned enunciation "you can't sleep there sir" (= 'you prat') perhaps deserved a more considered response than my "why not?, I'm perfectly comfortable thank you". Mr Iredale then stood in silence whilst I reluctantly replaced the cushions and departed (to climb into the Garden Hostel).

Paddy Robinson, 1962.

Yes, the matrix is beautiful – and precious. But I cannot see Our Lady of the Assumption in the centre, but a crowned and bearded figure with God the Father above.

Met Clarke, 1933.

It was a delight to see the photograph of the matrix of the College seal on the front of the Spring issue, but not to read in the article accompanying that the roses on the arm of the College are 'Tudor Roses'. They had yet to be invented. The white lilies of Eton and the white roses of King's were both in honour of Our Lady.
Ben Elliott, 1952.



events and information



Richard Nash

Scholars' Piece under water. Head Porter Richard Nash spotted this photo opportunity very early on the morning of Monday October 22nd, after record rainfall in Cambridge – and 'borrowed' a loaded camera which was in lost property in the Porters' Lodge.

KCA Luncheon...or should that be lunch?

In a speech to the King's College Association Annual Luncheon, the President, David Chipp, 1948, told members that many had questioned whether the Association was now relevant to the changing world. Did it fully reflect the proportion of female graduates or the broad educational background of undergraduates of the last thirty years? In other words, he asked, "are we just an old men's association that meets for lunch once a year?"

He said that what was very clear was that we needed much better communication with Non Resident members. This should

be very easy in these days of websites and emails "which even the most elderly find indispensable". The KCA Committee has set up a working party to examine possibilities. It should be possible to inform members of KCA much more easily about King's events and tell just those interested in such things as, say, the choir or boat clubs without swamping everyone with matters which do not concern them. There was no intention, he stressed, of discontinuing printed and mailed advice.

Other matters being considered were the constitution of the Association (for example is it efficient that the President and Vice-President should change every year?) and should KCA be

involved with the College in helping to organise more of the highly successful garden parties?

Chipp paid warm tribute to Nigel Bulmer, the Honorary Secretary and Lawrence Bard, the Honorary Accountant, for all they did to keep the Association functioning; "without them it would be nothing". The working party's conclusions will be reported to the next annual meeting.

Finally Chipp emphasised that, though they had been spared inclusion so far, KCA members much appreciated the care and trouble taken with obituaries in the Annual Report. They were a joy to read and in no circumstances should they be discontinued.

King's Parade aims to keep Members of King's informed about their College and about each other.

Contributions for the next edition are gratefully received.

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Events 2002

21 February
8th Provost's Seminar
Sustainable consumption

29 June
Garden Party

Choir concerts 2002

14 January
Bridgewater Hall
Manchester
0161 907 9000

22 March
St John's, Smith Square
0207 222 1061

30 March
King's College Chapel
01223 331212

1 May
Choral Evensong
BBC Radio 3