Of Course, Your Scout Still Comes in Every Morning to Clean Your Tea Set

by Joseph M. Schwartz, TA72

Something is right in not-so-merry England. The drought has ended with a vengeance. The sky is a perpetual grey and the monolithic medieval sandstone buildings of Oxford do not alleviate the drabness. Oxford can be a depressing place when the sun fails to emerge for two months straight. Hence the astonishingly organized pursuit of hedonism which dominates this institution come “summer term” (late April to the end of June), when undergraduates play croquet on the otherwise “verboten” college lawns and hold drunken river parties in wobbly, but fortunately, flat-bottomed punts. Occasionally the punting pole will catch in the mud and catapult its holder into the water. Every year some unfortunate, inebriated navigator leaves this world when he gets stuck in the treacherous weeds of the three foot deep Cherwell—the romantic, winding, weeping willow-lined arm of the Thames.

Scores of sunbathers sprawl out in the University Parks a la the Cornell Arts Quad, though the mercury here be only 65° Fahrenheit. I almost forget how parochial we Americans are in our use of this unscientific scale. Fortunately, despite Britain’s entrance into the Common Market, metrification is still several years off. Frankly, I can’t see any supranational institution taking away the Englishman’s (and Scot’s and Welshman’s) sacred pint of “bitter.” Considering the amount of beer consumed in this nation, one would think it was the sweet elixir of life. British brew is thick, dark and warm and the imperial pint is 25% larger than the colonial version. “A real meal in a glass,” as Richard Cottam was fond of telling me.

In Trinity (summer) term one can easily stumble onto, or even be invited to, an afternoon garden party in one of Oxford’s more pastoral spots. The students make a spirited effort at looking like Max Beerbohm figures. But really to catch an eyeful of young men in blazers and boaters and young ladies in full-length cotton dresses, one has to go down to the “sun decks” of the college boathouses along the Isis (a non-Oxonian knows it as the Thames) during “eights week.” This four day inter-college rowing regatta is a convenient excuse for twenty thousand students and alumni to engage in a bacchanalian feast.

continued on page six
Faculty Guests at Cornell Branch

Sir Ernst and Lady Gombrich
by Jill Campbell, CB75

For two weeks in September, Telluride House was both honored and truly delighted to have as its guests Sir Ernst and Lady Gombrich. Sir Ernst is one of the world’s foremost art historians and is particularly interested in the psychology of visual perception. He is the author of *Art and Illusion* and was, until recently, a director of the Warburg Institute of Art. He is an A.D. White Professor-at-Large and came to Cornell this fall to give a lecture, “Styles of Life and Styles of Art.”

This lecture, delivered to an over-flow audience on September 15, argued against a spirit-of-the-age approach to art history. Sir Ernst warned historians of all arts against the dangers of perceiving the achievement of any artist solely in terms of his cultural or intellectual milieu. The following Tuesday evening he extended and discussed his views on art history in a seminar for the House.

Lady Gombrich graciously offered to give a piano recital later that week and the House was charmed and impressed by her performance. She played Haydn’s Sonata in B♭, Beethoven’s Rondo in C, three of Schubert’s Moments Musicaux, Schubert’s Impromptu in A♭ from Opus 142, and selections from Beethoven’s Bagatelles, Opus 126. With Marty Goldray, the House pianist and waiter, Lady Gombrich closed her program with a wonderful duet, Schubert’s Fantasy in F minor.

The seminar and piano recital, which the Gombrichs gave the House, added immeasurably to the fall semester, but their informal contribution of friendliness, openness, and generosity of time, made as great a gift.

The following participants in the 1976 TASPs have been awarded preferment at Cornell Branch by PCPC.

| Kristin Barnard | James Mann |
| Nancy Brown    | Mary Mansfield |
| Leslie Feder   | Aviva Orenstein |
| Andrew Laties  | Tyrone Taborn |

Louisa Vinton

Professor Philip Grierson
by Daniel Segal, CB76

“Surely you can make up all these answers.” The reply was surprising, but as Housemembers have found this semester, its speaker, Professor Philip Grierson, can hardly be called predictable. Professor Grierson, a regular contributor to Cornell Branch conversations and seminars, has a wide and varied background. He has taught both medieval history and numismatics, but his interests and knowledge are of considerably greater scope. While at Cornell this term, he taught one class in numismatics.

Our faculty guest, directed to the House by the Society for the Humanities because he told them he was “gregarious,” has found that his verbal activities at Telluride have interfered with his reading; nevertheless, he has managed to read quite a bit during his residency. He has enjoyed the countryside tremendously, particularly the hills. “I am simply overwhelmed by the beauty of the campus,” and “living near the hills,” he continued, “has been a virtual vacation.”

Professor Grierson maintains an active schedule, travelling between his teaching positions in Cambridge and Brussels; in addition he is the Curator of the Dumbarton Oaks collection of coins.

Deep Springs Sages
1. to r., R. Aird, C. Dickinson, I. Railey, C. Dunn, H. Reich, H. Davy

TELLURIDE NEWSLETTER

The Telluride Newsletter is published four times a year in Ithaca, New York.

Editors
Elizabeth Bolgiano
Jill Campbell
Daniel Segal

Photographer: Javier Lopez

The editors welcome letters, comments, and suggestions from readers. Please address correspondence to Elizabeth Bolgiano, Telluride Association, 217 West Avenue, Ithaca, New York 14850.

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25 cents

. . . . That is what it presently costs TA for each address correction. Since Telluriders are not ones to stay put, please help stem the surging cash outflow by advising us each time you change your address. Lack of cooperation may necessitate an harangue at the 1977 Convention as to what program must be scuttled on account of the postal expense deluge.

It is with sadness that we report the death of James C. Dean, D58 TA62, who was killed in a bus accident in Israel on November 24, 1976.
DON'T FORGET NEW FUNDS DRIVE

Please make checks payable to Telluride Corporation and only Telluride Corporation

If you wish to split your gift, please state in what proportion. Unearmarked contributions will be divided equally between Deep Springs and Telluride.

Many companies match employee gifts to accredited institutions. If you are employed by such a firm, please ask it to match your contribution. Both Deep Springs and Cornell (not Telluride Association nor Telluride Corporation) are qualified to receive matching gifts; Cornell will direct that gifts and matching funds, so earmarked, be used as scholarships for current Cornell Branch members. Checks for matching funds should be made out to Deep Springs College or Cornell University, not to Telluride Corporation.

CUSTODIANS
by David Balaban, TA'75

The Board of Custodians held their fall meeting in Ithaca the weekend of October 29-31. The first order of business was to ascertain why the meeting was being held before a Presidential election that was too close to call. Unable to recall precisely the reasoning behind the choice, the Board proceeded to a consideration of the macro-economy, with particular attention to the probable movement of interest rates over the next few months. The outlook of the Board was generally bullish, although some misgivings were expressed about the possible effect of a Carter victory on stock prices.

The Board met all day Saturday, breaking late in the evening to attend the House's Halloween party. The meeting resumed Sunday morning, when the various transactions were authorized. The winter meeting has been scheduled for the weekend of February 4-6 in Cambridge.

In Memoriam 1976

E. F. JOHNSON, TA11
WINDSOR B. PUTNAM, DS19, TA23
DR. ROBERT H. WEST, DS32

The ADSTA Agenda

Attending the fall ADSTA Council meeting in New York on October 29th, were David Cole, John Murray, Erik Pell, Paul Szasz, Nathan Tarcov and Alumni Secretary, Elizabeth Bolgiano.

The first topic of discussion was the constant concern of how to increase ADSTA membership. Additional suggestions from the membership at large would be welcome.

After approving the Treasurer's financial statement, reports of area activities were heard: in November the New York and Washington associates gathered in their respective cities for congenial dinner meetings; the west coast alumni held a most successful reunion at Deep Springs over Labor Day (See story on page 4); the Boston group will continue to place emphasis on involvement with TASPers in that area.

The 1977 Alumni Weekend at Ithaca is scheduled to take place in the fall. Because of the exorbitant expense of this affair in pervious years, a less gala modus operandi is deemed necessary. By inviting alumni to a seminar, and absorbing those attending into the routine of the House, it is felt that the interaction of associates and Housemembers will be accomplished in a more relaxed and beneficial manner.

After further discussion, the formal meeting was adjourned at 8:15 with informal exchange taking place at dinner.

Lord Murray of Newhaven

In early October the Ithaca Journal carried a headline, Grad Returns to Reminisce. Keith A. H. Murray (CBTA1928-9), later Lord Murray of Newhaven, travelled from his London home to pay a three day visit to Telluride House and the Cornell campus, but the success of his "Sentimental Journey" was such that he extended his visit to a week and is seriously considering a return in the near future.

Lord Murray's associations with Telluride are far deeper than a single year of residence. He was offered the Directorate of Deep Springs in 1931, but he regretfully had to decline. It was as Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, that he instituted the exchange scholarship with Telluride for which he is best remembered. The programme was begun in 1950; amongst the first Telluriders to cross to Lincoln was David Goldey, now Tutor and Fellow in Politics at the College.

Lord Murray's activities were not merely confined to Oxford. A recognized expert in agricultural economics, during the Second World War he was seconded to the Ministry of Food and latterly served as Director of Food and Agriculture in the Middle East. He was elected Rector of Lincoln College in 1944, having been its Bursar since 1936. But in 1953 Lord Murray was appointed to the chair of the University Grants Committee, which supervises the very considerable government funding of British universities. He retained this post until his retirement in 1965. The break with Oxford in 1953 was a difficult one, for it meant the denial of a deep wish—to become Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, a position that rotates amongst the heads of the colleges and was to fall to the Rector of Lincoln in 1954.

It had been planned to open this article with the statement, "K. A. H. Murray, a distinguished alumnus," but this description was expressly denied by Lord Murray. He described himself as neither an educationalist nor an economist, but "rather an old man, come to reminisce."

Mark Thomas, Lincoln Scholar CBTA76

LOST AND FOUND

A PAIR OF STEEL-RIMMED GLASSES IN A LIGHT BLUE CASE in one of the public rooms of Telluride House at the conclusion of the TASP's. Please contact the Telluride Office if you wish to claim them.

November, 1976
Deep Springs Diary or What

"No, no. I swear it's true. That's exactly what happened."

DEEP SPRINGS REUNION
Labor Day Weekend - 1976
by Kenneth A. Odell, DS61

Alumni began arriving Saturday morning and the first meal was served at noon to a crowd, which, at its peak, would number nearly 100 participants. The highlight of the Saturday gathering was the dedication of the completely rebuilt Deep Springs garage in memory of Condit B. Van Arsdall, III, who died in a boating accident.

On Saturday evening a buffet dinner was held at the Hallo-
ways' house. Just as people began gathering, the valley was visited by an extremely unseasonable thunder storm with full electrical effects. The group quickly reassembled inside and concluded the meal before adjourning to the Boarding House for disco dancing to thundering rock music. The rains, which continued off and on during the night, have apparently become a trademark of any large gathering at Deep Springs; the earlier Telluride Convention being treated to a similar visitation.
Really Goes on in the Valley

Sunday morning dawned overcast and rainy, but the weather improved considerably during the day. In the afternoon the National Parks Service dedicated part of the Deep Springs lake area as a National Monument, thus protecting the famous *Bufo exsul*, a toad unique to the Deep Springs Valley.

Three lawyer alumni—Ralph Kleps, Steve Birdlebough, and Kenneth Odell then chaired a roundtable discussion, "Society and the Law." The seminar was used principally by each of the attorneys as a vehicle to present his own insights gained from his personal experience with the law.

On Monday morning half of the alumni still remained in the valley, but by lunchtime all but a handful had left. A quick rendering of accounts showed that the reunion had been able to sustain itself financially. Due primarily to the whole-hearted cooperation and support of the entire Deep Springs community, a wonderful time was enjoyed by all. Since this one proved such a great success, a future reunion is being planned.

Volleyball Match of the Century

by Gary F. Swisher, DS76

The dawn broke slowly that fateful September morn. The rising sun gave form and definition to the cruel, white lines and stoic net, which having waited throughout the dark night, would wait but a few hours more. There, under the blazing desert sun, the contest would be fought. The stakes were high. The winners would take not only the cool fifty cents per man, promised by the promoters, but also that sense of power and satisfaction that physical dominance alone can inspire; for the vanquished there would remain only dashed hopes and the derision of the victorious. Thus the stage was set for the Deep Springs volleyball match of the century—the Student All Stars versus the Faculty and Staff.

It was to be the second meeting of the two groups; the first resulting in a lopsided victory for the faculty over an unfamiliar, poorly-organized student team. The students had since become a solid, efficient volleyball machine, while the faculty was bereft of its star, Randall Reid. Both teams, confident of victory, had generated enough pregame hoopla to relegate Mohammed Ali to the minors. The moment had arrived.

With a deafening roar the student team, clad in its warm-up attire of various colored ponchos with matching knit hats, tennis shoes and boxing gloves, burst onto the court. The faculty team staggered onto the court in ones and twos, seemingly almost intimidated by the vigor and solidarity of its foe. The victor was to be determined in a best-of-three series, with the loser able to opt for three-out-of-five after its second loss.

After winning the volley, the student team proceeded systematically to demolish the faculty in the first game. The inspired play of Mario (Bongo Fury) Loomis and Ben (Lower the Boom) Campbell thoroughly intimidated star staffers Cam Smith and Chris Campbell. Dandy Dave Schuman was (if it's possible) reduced to cheap shots (which approximated the caliber of his volleyball) and complaints about the student team's style of playing. The second game ended with an 11-0 shutout for the students led by Ken (“The Spoiler”) Kaufmann and Gary (Mooseedog) Swisher, who was enjoying the use of his left hand for the first day after a week-long convalescence from a jammed thumb.

The faculty opted for five games, which seemed, at the time, to smack of masochism. From both sides of the court the barbs and gibes flew thick and fast. The sun burned on. The faculty cheering section—Mrs. Cronk, Carolyn Polese and Sharon Schuman—seemed to have some effect, for in the third game that all important seventh player, Mo Mentum, shifted to the faculty side.

The fourth game found the students playing sloppily; serves flew wide, good sets were missed. The consistent playing of former Branchmember Fred Baumann began to prove effective; Pounding Peter Lehman gained a second wind. The tide turned . . . and turned . . . and became unstoppable. In spite of Dean Cronk's propensity for returning spikes with the bridge of his nose and shoulderblades, the faculty emerged triumphant. The lunch bell tolled and the final game was scheduled for that afternoon.

The wisdom that comes with many years of experience was ultimately victorious, as the faculty won a vicious 21-19 contest. The heroic efforts of Myc (“The Moose”) Pollack and Dancin’ Dave De Long came to naught; the students folded in the clutch. The faculty nobly donated their take to the SB Volleyball Fund, but extracted their pound of flesh by being insufferable boors for many days thereafter.

BUT WAIT UNTIL NEXT YEAR!
The object of the single-lane competition is to catch up and physically "bump" the boat which starts one-and-one-half lengths in front of yours. Nearly 10% of the University rows. As with most Oxford intramural sports (the major form of athletic competition, since only the Cambridge match matters for the varsity teams), the emphasis is on participation rather than competition—another civilized aspect of British society. Actually, the top crews in each college do train seriously and the most prestigious rowing colleges recruit rowers as avidly as Cornell must have wooed Ed Marinaro. Last year my "eight" was bumped every day and, as the unofficial organizer of the boat, I had the ignominious honor of being dumped into the Thames after our last race. Though the government prides itself on its anti-pollution progress, I can say from personal experience that the clarity of the Thames rivals that of the lower Hudson.

Dennis Howell, minister of the drought (or some title to that effect), threatens to become the nation's next Churchill. Immediately upon assuming office in early September, the floods began. Rumor has it that he is soon to be appointed minister of the falling pound and failing productivity. Unfortunately, the "honorable" Mr. Howell had less success (or should I say failure?) at the sports ministry. Yes, in this new age of British anxiety, the government is no longer content to let the UK teams slide down the road to international oblivion. The World Cup victory of 1966 seems remote indeed, as England's "footballers" (even before devolution Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales each had its own national soccer, excuse me, "football" teams) have just had to struggle to beat little Finland. The bloody colonials (Aussies and West Indians) consistently beat England in the national pastime of cricket, invented by bored colonial administrators in India. If you find baseball slow-moving, you would never understand why the "Brits" love to sit in their sunless bleachers and drink beer for eight hours a day, five days running. Despite the obvious parallels in national culture, the British cricketers do have the decency to take morning and afternoon tea breaks.

Good and bad form

But I was requested to write an article on life at Oxford, not a series of stream of consciousness vignettes. One learns that an Oxford education teaches one to discuss trivial matters most articulately. At first you wonder if British undergraduates ever talk seriously. In many social circles it remains bad "form" to attempt to initiate a serious conversation. At some colleges you can still be "sconced" (forced to drink a pint of beer straight down) for raising subjects such as politics, literature or women, at the dinner table. Then what do people discuss? The lousy food. Most Americans agree that the greatest initial culture shock is discovering that people rarely engage in avaricious conversation at dinner. While only 40% of Oxford now comes from the public schools, the ethos of British boarding school still informs Oxford life. Public school boys learn to eat fast and silently, since consuming the infamously intolerable fare can be a painful experience.

After attending a few politics graduate seminars last fall, I thought that I had ended up in American graduate school after all. Half the politics grad students were Americans and the professor would often represent the token British presence. The Yankees got here because they shot off their competitive mouths back home. It takes a while to realize that you don't have to participate in Oxford's voluntary seminars. Gradually, as one emerges from the insularity of the Oxford American community (there are five hundred Americans—5% of the University), you find that, to slip into CB evaluationese, the serious conversation goes on in private rooms over coffee or tea.
Friendship is a more private, perhaps even cliquy, affair. There is none of the gregarious American's pretense of trying to be everyone's friend. Americans may find that by the end of their first year here, the majority of their friends are British. But when the occasional "existential crisis" rolls around, most Yankees retreat to their American friends for emotional sustenance. On first impression, one tends to interpret that famous British reticence as coldness, but there may be something to be said for the stiff upper lip. The self-indulgent, introspective aspects of the American '60's youth culture did not sweep England. British undergraduates probably assume that not everyone wants to hear about their every trial and tribulation. People tend to befriend those who share their social style more than those who share their intellectual interests. Perhaps this arises from the fact that many students "read" degrees at Oxford that have little to do with their major concerns or career aspirations. While fewer read classics than before the war, there are still scores doing "greats" or modern languages who do not have the slightest interest in Plato's theory of the forms or Baudelaire's symbolism. It's just a pleasant degree to do before heading for the Foreign Office or Daddy's firm.

Economic facts of life

I should retract that last pejorative remark. Most Oxford students do not come from wealthy, aristocratic, or even public school, backgrounds. A significant portion of the student body has its tuition paid for by the state and tries to live off the maximum living expense grant of 875 pounds per year. While few students emerge from university with the staggering debts that face many American college graduates, the average Oxford student cannot keep up with the carefree life style of some of his American friends in inflation-proof grants from Her Majesty's Impoverished Government.

Though there may be less money in students' pockets these days, a pseudo-aristocratic (and it's not always pseudo) atmosphere still surfaces occasionally. It is not an uncommon late night scene to see crowds of "young gentlemen" in formal wear emerge, rather intoxicated, from a soiree at a private dinner club. Black tie affairs are far from unusual. Though Pembroke is a thoroughly middle-class college, its termly rowing club and middle common room (graduate student) dinners require formal dress. I purchased my impeccably fitting 10 pound dinner jacket at Oxford's private equivalent of the Salvation Army store. Of course, your scout still comes in every morning to make your bed and clean your tea set.

The Oxford academic calendar is very much an aristocratic legacy from the days when a "gentleman" could use his lengthy "vacs" (vacations) for "revision" (reviewing). There are three eight week terms each year, interspersed with six week breaks at Christmas and Easter, and a summer break of three-and-one-half months. Most Oxford students, however, cannot afford to devote their vacations exclusively to study, but must search for gainful employment, though some of the more fortunate vagabond across Europe. Unemployed students may receive social security benefits of 6 to 10 pounds per week in the summer, but as part of the recent public expenditure cuts, the government has eliminated student social security on the shorter holidays. This summer many of my friends found themselves reluctantly joining the dole queue, as job opportunities were severely limited, particularly in the industrial north.

Oxbridge degrees

Until recently the future-oriented, career neurosis that pervades American higher education was totally foreign to Oxbridge (Oxford and Cambridge) life. To worry openly about your examination grades or job prospects was not only in bad taste, but violated the assumption that most anyone with an Oxbridge degree could find himself a sinecure in the middle to upper echelons of the civil service, academic, or, if worse come to worst, business world. A decent second class degree would do you no harm (10% of the candidates achieve first class honors, 70% second class, and 20% third class); if you had demonstrated flair in literary or dramatic circles, a third

continued on next page
analytic philosophy is usually treated as a form of healthy, mental gymnastics—a weekly workout on the semantic parallels. The only unifying theme in the required politics and economics papers is the post World War II decline and fall of the United Kingdom.

Lectures are voluntary and usually ill attended. Even the big guns (philosophers such as A.J. Ayer and R.M. Hare) are down to a hard core of 30 by their last lecture. A.J.P. Taylor still has them swinging from the rafters, however. He modestly denied this in a recent New Statesman article, where he contended that most undergraduates had better things to do at nine in the morning, but few deny that he is the Wittiest and most entertaining lecturer at Oxford. Still very much the independent socialist, Taylor recently was heard to have argued, at a Magdalen College governing body meeting, that opponents of coeducation at Magdalen had no more intelligent basis for their position than that there were inadequate lavatory facilities for women at Magdalen. Taylor added a comment to the effect that "the oppressed class has never been unwilling to use the loo of the oppressing class." He also contended that if any of the dons ever stirred themselves to rise at 7:00 a.m., they would learn that coeducation at Magdalen "is not a choice, it's a fact." At some colleges you still can be evicted from residency for having an overnight visitor, so sneaking a coed out of college remains a practiced Oxford art.

Women at Oxford

Coeducation, unfortunately, is not a fact of life at Oxford University. The admissions procedure is blatantly sexist; only 15% of the university places being offered to women. For the past three years 5 of the 23 men's colleges have deigned to admit a limited number of females under the experimental "Jesus plan" (named not after the saviour, but after the college that initiated the program). The discrimination is actually more subtle than the above description implies. In reality, the same proportion of women applicants are accepted as men, but

made you appear all the more eccentric and attractive. A certain famous American Senator from Arkansas, who blessed Pembroke with his presence as a Rhodes Scholar in the 1920's, used to write in his campaign literature that he graduated "second" from Oxford University.

Not everyone "gradually emerges from the insularity of the American community." A surprisingly large number of Rhodes Scholars seem to marry their high school sweethearts after their first year here. (Could it be to avoid another cold, damp, celibate, Oxford winter?) The present Harvard-Yale-Rhodes-Marshall axis spends a great deal of time socializing together. The Telluride-Oxford contingent (John Kristensen, Kathy Sullivan, Harold Levy, myself, and, of course Telluride's permanent fixture at Oxford, Lincoln's politics don, David Goldey, plus summer program alumni, David Scobey, Mark Campisano and Carol Lee) is growing so large that friends now ask, "Is he/she another one who went to that weird-sounding place at Cornell?" I fear that an Oxford Branch would rival the pretentiousness of CB sherry receptions, still a thriving Oxbridge institution, but we do have the requisite Association members here. Could an Oxford Branch entice those TASP preferes who somehow find Cornell beneath them?

Lectures and lecturers

The Oxford mystique, notwithstanding, my two best tutors have both been Brooklyn expatriate politics dons. Other, less energetic tutors, perhaps because they have heard the same essay ten times a year, five years running, appear to be somewhat bored by it all. There are evident advantages to the tutorial system, though. Teaching is the major (often up to twenty hours a week) occupation of an Oxford don, and fortunate undergraduates can study one on one, but increasingly two on one, with some of the best minds in British academia. "Philosophy, Politics and Economics" (PPE) is the most popular American second B.A., since it allows one to read anything from A.J. Ayer to Max Weber to Milton Friedman. I doubt, however, if there is any coherent focus to the program. The
because of the limited places available to them, many talented women are simply not encouraged to apply. Whether male or female, if you don’t attend the right school, you probably would not even consider applying to Oxbridge. The right school usually signifies a public school or middle-class grammar school. Though the grammar schools are now being merged with the technical schools into comprehensive schools, the best comprehensives are those based around a formerly prestigious grammar school. A startling statistic, which reveals the crucial nature of the class-biased pre-selection, is the fact that over one-half of those who actually sit the Oxbridge exam are accepted.

As a result of the predominance of unisexual grammar and public schools, there is a greater social distance to be bridged between British male and female undergraduates than between their American counterparts. Young men and women can sometimes be surprisingly shy with one another, but, thanks to the sex ratio, the menage a trois (more accurately a quatre ou cinq) seems to be an established Oxford institution, though most of the female undergraduates would gladly surrender their privileged position. I think that it is only a matter of a few years before Oxford goes the way of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, but the older faculty can be incredibly intransigent on this issue.

Loquacity, vernacular, accents

Americans undoubtedly make their imprint on Oxford life; perhaps because we talk so much louder than the British. More than half the graduate common room presidents are from the States. When the Queen visited Oxford last year and met the middle common room president, she appeared to be rather distressed by all the American accents. When she was introduced to a Korean-American friend of mine from Harvard, she asked him, almost plaintively, if he were from Hong Kong. When he replied, "No, your Majesty, New England," she could no longer restrain herself and had to enquire why there were so many American MCR presidents. Trying to be polite, my friend explained that many had been student leaders in the US and that they found it hard to stop running for office. Prince Philip (affectionately known to many English as “Phil the Greek”) took issue with this opinion, suggesting diplomatically that it was “because the Americans love to talk so much.”

But Philip did have a point. The use of language distinctly separates the two cultures. Making yourself understood can be a problem at first, particularly if you speak in the dulcet tones of New York, which the British find neither mellifluous nor comprehensible. My first few conversations at Oxford consisted of polite British undergraduates interjecting “Excuse me?” while I, reflecting my less cultured upbringing, would interrupt, “What?” I have given thought to writing a dictionary of American and British colloquial expressions. I certainly could have used one when I first arrived. Of course, everyone knows that the British call an elevator a “lift,” a subway a “tube” (a subway in Britain is an underground pedestrian crosswalk), and a cigarette a “fag.” It took me a while to understand, however, why a Texas Rhodes Scholar by the name of Randy Love was the most notorious American ever to hit Oxford. It just so happens that “randy” is equivalent to our “horny.” Drawing out his name in introductions must have provoked quite a few howls. You can imagine how taken back Americans are when they first hear a British fellow tell a girl that he will “knock her up at ten o’clock,” since “to knock someone up” means to call on someone. A “knock-up” is a rally in tennis, as I belatedly discovered after my mixed doubles partner asked me if I wanted to have one before the match.

Of course, regional accents are incredibly varied in this country; the broad accent of the predominantly working-class, industrial north having little resemblance to the Queen’s English of the predominantly middle-class, southern Home Counties. Today, the north-south split may mean more culturally and politically in England (not to mention Scottish and Welsh nationalism) than the north-south division in the US. Community, class and party identification still tells you a lot about an Englishman.

continued on next page
Politics and the economy

Most of my political friends are active in the Oxford University Labour Club. While the club spans the spectrum of the Labour party from moderate social democrats to Trotskyites, most of my "comrades" (in this country, all social democrats employ that word without any self-irony) are self-described "democratic socialist" supporters of the Tribune group in Parliament. Unlike their counterparts in the student movement in the States, few of them believe they have the answer to the world's problems. Nor do they have any illusion that it is easy to be both democratic and socialist. Squeezed between the right of their own party and the more militant, romantic rhetoric of the non-parliamentary far left, they are hard pressed to defend a government which so far has only succeeded in cutting working people's real wage without achieving the sort in private investment at which the "social contract" aimed.

No government can hope to achieve the restructuring of British industry, so desperately needed, without stimulating investment. It is not surprising that the work force is relatively unproductive when they work with one-half the amount of capital per head available to the West German and Japanese work force. Economic recovery, however, will not be easy in a nation where a bitter legacy of class conflict lives on in the form of class stalemate. The trade unions blame the crisis on capitalists, who choose only to invest overseas or who speculate in unproductive real estate. Managers, in turn, blame excessive public expenditure, high wages and backward union manning requirements, while the trade unions retort: why should we agree to remaining schemes when our membership will only be thrown into the dole queue as a result? One thing is certain; unless they see a massive upturn in capital investment, the trade unions will not accept much longer the cuts in their members' living standards which the social contract has brought.

The Labour cabinet essentially accepts the analysis of the business community: the only way to revive investment in a period of acute balance-of-payments difficulties is to cut the budget and deflate the economy, freeing resources for private sector investment and exports. The left argues that such a strategy is inequitable, forcing the major sacrifices on working people whose living standards crucially depend on housing, health and education expenditure. It contends that in a declining market economy, there is no guarantee that business investment will respond to the government's anti-inflationary strategy. Instead, it calls for greater government control over investment by means of compulsory planning agreements with the private sector, the possible nationalization of the banking and insurance industry, and the legally-mandated investment of private pension funds in productive industry.

The strength of the left's critique is the clear evidence that British capitalists have failed to reinvest in this country since the end of World War II. The weakness of the left's case is that by denouncing the incomes policy and any and all budget cuts, it has no plan for controlling inflation and reducing the public borrowing which has driven up interest rates. The left's offered panaceas of import controls is insufficient; it only allows the economy some breathing space by temporarily improving the balance of payments. Only by the careful planning of both investment incomes and public expenditure will the British government be able to achieve the export-led growth which could revitalize the economy.

Lest I conclude on an inordinately pessimistic note, I should add that despite the establishment rhetoric which the UK crisis demonstrates—the progressive welfare state threatening to destroy civilization (they really mean capitalist civilization)—rest assured that the British will once again muddle through. Though we should not underestimate the serious economic difficulties, too many Americans forget that while not a rich society, Great Britain is in some ways a more decent place than its more "dynamic" ex-colony. A real social revolution occurred in this country after 1945; since then every British working person has been assured of relatively adequate social security benefits and health care. The British know that their state services still leave much to be desired, but at least those services exist to be criticized.

While economic inequalities have lessened recently, social inequalities remain considerable; class remains a major determinant of a man's speech, cultural attitudes and life opportunities. The educational system is much more hierarchical than it is in the States, with only 15% of high school graduates continuing on to university, but a radical reevaluation of the British educational system is currently taking place.

If the Western press now views the UK as the new Italy of Western Europe, it is partially because the British are increasingly critical of themselves. Being obsessed with decline often contributes further to decline, since expectations have such a critical influence on economic behavior. One should never underestimate the resourcefulness of this nation, however. It isn't easy to surrender an empire, suffer massive economic and human losses in two world wars, and still attempt to construct a more just and equitable society.

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Telluride Newsletter
NEWS FROM ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF TELLURIDE

- Jeffrey Rider, TASP71, graduated, cam laude, from Yale University in 1976 and was married in June of the same year. At present he is pursuing graduate studies in the medieval area through a Rotary International Fellowship at Louvain University, Belgium.

- From the University of Manchester, Stephen Noll, TA67, writes, "I have spent the past five years in the parish ministry in Fairfax, Va. Peggy spent over half of that time pregnant with Sarah, 4/2, Peter, 2/2, and Abigail, our Bicentennial baby. After all that activity, we are recuperating in England where I am doing graduate work on the Dead Sea Scrolls."

- "Captives of melodrama," the lead article in the New York Times Magazine of August 29, 1976, was written by Paul H. Weaver, TA60. It discussed the television networks coverage of the 1976 political primaries and the clout exerted through this medium.

- **TELLURIDE STRIKES AGAIN OR HOW SUMMER BOOK SALES WERE PROMOTED.** Random House's dust jacket for its summer novel Blue Ruzzell by Will Bryant sported a dual identity—a regular book cover as well as a "wanted" poster in the old West tradition (after unfolding). The blurb on the dust jacket posed several questions: What was the Widow's Game in Cape Girardeau; What was Hutch guarding in New Orleans; and What was in The Black Box on the train to TELLURIDE???

- Nancy Wallack, CB68, is teaching English at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute & State University at Blacksburg, Va.

- Deborah Valenze, TASP70, spent last year in London, on a Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship, doing independent research in 18th century British history. By chance she encountered Mark Campisano, TASP70, who was at Oxford on a Marshall Fellowship. Deborah is presently pursuing a Ph.D. in Comparative History at Brandeis University.

- Earl W. Oblinger, DS29, TA33, graduated from Cornell in 1956 with a Bachelor of Architecture degree. In World War II he served for 3 1/2 years as a Gunny Officer with the US Navy. From 1948-1973, when he retired because of a coronary disability, he worked as an Associate Architect with the New York State Division of Housing & Community Renewal, specializing in design of housing for low-income families. At present, retirement time is pleasantly spent visiting 6 children, distributed helter-skelter from Cornell to Berkeley, or participating in major architectural competitions.

- Michael Ames, TA65, on a manuscript-hunting trip to Cornell, reported that he is now an acquisitions editor at the Temple University Press—and a father. On August 1, his wife Dianne, attended by midwives, gave birth to Brian Cuchulain. Friends, who like to babysit are welcome, as are manuscripts, especially in American studies and social policy.

- Silas Warner, DS65, has entered a new enterprise begun by Commercial Credit Corporation in Baltimore. He will be developing programs on the new PLATO educational computer, to teach business skills to Commercial Credit's employees. Except for one supervisor, the entire department has just been recruited, and a community spirit prevails as everyone there learns the secrets of the business life in Baltimore.

- Stephen A. Schuker, TA58, recently published The End of French Predominance in Europe (University of North Carolina Press). This work, a study of finance and diplomacy in the 1920s, has been awarded the Gilbert Chinard Prize of the Society for French Historical Studies. Schuker, who formerly taught at Harvard and Brandeis, now holds a fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies and, in the current academic jargon, is "unaffiliated."

- David Scohey, TASP71, is one of this year's recipients of a Rhodes scholarship.

- Joel Cogen, TA53, is the Executive Director and General Counsel of the Connecticut Conference of Municipalities—the state municipal league in Connecticut. The league is an instrumentality of the cities and towns to achieve their common purpose. It is necessarily non-partisan (or bi-partisan). Substantive areas of attention include state and local finance, intergovernmental relations, and municipal labor relations. With addition of diverse fields such as crime prevention and control, human resources development, economic development, and environmental regulation, the entire gamut of local governmental concern is encompassed.

- From designing new airports in Ecuador, Adrien Duncan, TA41, has moved to Paraguay, where he is a member of the Coordination Team for the world's largest hydroelectric project: the Itapiu Dam. The dam is located on the Parana River between Brazil and Paraguay. Upon completion, in approximately ten years, it will have a capacity of 12.6 gigawatts. He writes that "in applying for membership in the Association thirty-five years ago, I mentioned my interest in 'changing the face of the earth,' which caused a few raised eyebrows. Such changes, including this one with its social impact behind the dam, are usually, but not always, of positive net benefit to man. This particular project is ecologically clean and will eliminate or reduce the needs for polluting power sources, such as atomic plants or fossil fuel plants, in southern Brazil and Paraguay."

- Robert Lack, TASP72, has enrolled in the 5-year joint degree program at Princeton University. He will receive a bachelor of arts degree in June 1977 and a master's degree in public affairs from the Woodrow Wilson School the following June.

- Tyrone Taborn, TASP76, was editor-in-chief of the August issue of THE BRIDGE: A PARTICIPATORY JOURNAL. The journal is designed to stimulate dialogue and community education about the issues of current importance. It is published in Los Angeles by the "Campus Committee to Bridge the Gap." In the same issue Taborn contributed the article, "Whatever Happened to America?"

- Having passed his comprehensive exams last November, Edmund Meltzer, TASP67, left, in January, for Egypt, where he worked for a little over four months on the Akhenaten Temple Project under the direction of Prof. Donald Redford. By matching the inscribed and decorated blocks, the Project has been reconstructing the dismantled temples which the "heretical pharaoh," Akhenaten, built at Thebes in the early part of his reign; and, since last year, has continued to excavate at the site of one of these temples at East Karnak. In the Cairo office, Meltzer spent most of his time compiling a glossary of the inscription on the blocks, which should appear in Part II of the Project's forthcoming publications. He also took part in the dig, where, shortly before he arrived, an inscribed block, naming the temple, and a beautifully laid floor of sandstone blocks were uncovered. He also had the opportunity to explore the magnificent antiquities of the Memphite and Theban areas.

- Meltzer has published several articles and presented a number of papers at various symposia related to his field. He continues his doctoral studies while holding a part-time job in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

- Jonathan Black, CB57, is presently an Associate Professor of Research in Orthopaedic Surgery. He happily continues to teach residents and conduct research at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. He recently co-authored a book on material science for orthopaedists.

- Cornell Branchmember Stephen Fix, TA75, has been appointed to the Board of Trustees of Boston College, for a term of four years.

- Armed with a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, Ian Hirst, CB65, is now a Lecturer in Finance at the University of Edinburgh. He was married in 1973 and now has a 9-month old son, Graham.
Address Correction Requested

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