

1961

1961

Hilary Term - Played in Coffers.

Acted in "The Tent" with M. Haines by J. McGloth (Balliol)

Tuts with L. Woods (Thermodynamics)

Elected Treasurer Dramatic Club for next 3 terms

Easter - Rugby tour Newcastle, stayed with Allsopp / Worked in C. Derry survey

Trinity: Tuts (L. Woods. Structures, Electronics) office 3 weeks.

Awarded Travel Scholarship.

Summer: 2 weeks on Survey Course. 5 weeks with Atkins, Hodge
Giffith in Greece. with Consul. Then Silverlay

Michelmasterm. Voids for El. Machines

Played in League

Acted in "PANTAGLAZE" with Gordon Honeycombe

Acted in Balliol Playhouse Prod. of "The Tinker" - beams (Dai) - helped
to produce.

20th Birthday.

TRAVELS

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GREECE 1961

In the summer of 1961 at the age of nineteen, I set off with three friends on a great adventure. At the end of our first year at Balliol College, Oxford University, Steve Hodge, Ian ``Griff'' Griffith, Alistair Walsh Atkins and I aimed to drive across Europe and visit Greece. What follows in italics is my written account of that adventure, prepared just after we returned in order to fulfil my obligation incurred by a 15 pound travel scholarship that I had been awarded by Balliol. As such the account was read by Sir David Lindsay Keir, the Master of Balliol, and so was tailored for his consumption. In the application for the travel grant, I had stated my intention to study ancient architectural remains and so that aspect of our activities is emphasized, even exaggerated. Other adventures are omitted. Consequently, I now add and embellish the account with the non-italized insertions in square brackets.



Lists of gear

We travelled in a red and white Ford Consul (vintage about 1958 or 1959) borrowed from my parents as was much of the camping gear. The list of gear each of us was to provide still survives. The tent was an ancient canvas one of traditional design with guy ropes and two solid poles though no groundsheet. For that we used an old groundsheet. I remember that we always slept in the same order, me furthest from the opening end, then Steve, Griff and Alistair at the door. The tent and an old brown trunk containing the cooking equipment travelled on a luggage rack on the roof. The stove we used was a traditional parafin-fuelled Primus that belonged to Griff and which only he could light. The rest of our equipment, rudimentary at best, was stored in every nook and cranny in the vehicle.

The route we took was as follows:

- Jul.17, 1961. Larne-Stranraer ferry. Stayed in Leeds?
- Jul.18, 1961. Camped beside road in Kent.
- Jul.19, 1961. Arrived in Ostend. Camped at Marche, Belgium.
- Jul.20, 1961. Camped between Basle and Luzern.

- Jul.21, 1961. Entered Italy. Camped in Bergamo, Italy.
- Jul.22, 1961. Entered Yugoslavia. Camped at Bakar, south of Rijeka.
 - Jul.23, 1961. Camped at Split.
 - Jul.24, 1961. Camped south of Kotor.
 - Jul.25, 1961. Camped at Djakovica, Kosovo.
 - Jul.26, 1961. Entered Greece. Camped in Thessalonika, Greece.
 - Jul.27, 1961. Camped at Meteora, Greece.
 - Jul.28, 1961. Camped at Delphi.
 - Jul.29, 1961. Camped in Athens.
 - Jul.30, 1961. Camped in Athens.
 - Jul.31, 1961. Camped in Athens.
 - Aug.1, 1961. Camped at Corinth.
 - Aug.2, 1961. Camped at Tolon.
 - Aug.3, 1961. Camped at Tolon.
 - Aug.4, 1961. Camped at Katakolon.
 - Aug.5, 1961. Camped near Mesolongian, Agrinian.
 - Aug.6, 1961. Camped at Yannina.
 - Aug.7, 1961. Left Igumenista, Greece, for Brindisi, Italy. Camped near Brindisi.
 - Aug.8, 1961. Camped in Rome?
 - Aug.9, 1961. Camped in Rome?
 - Aug.10, 1961. Camped ?
 - Aug.11, 1961.
 - Aug.12, 1961.







The route we followed

The route we followed is marked on the above maps, the first four of which were maps of the time; the last four date from about 1971. We did our homework quite thoroughly, especially with regard to the roads we would travel. This was particularly important in Yugoslavia where we knew that many of the roads were very rough, and we would have to drive a long way on dirt roads. The British Automobile Association (AA) provided us with detailed route descriptions which are now lost and also a brief account of the routes in Yugoslavia (shown below) some of which sound ominous.

YUGOSLAVIA

A STATEMENT COMPILED FROM MEMBERS' REPORTS

NB. Petrol pumps are scarce throughout the country and even officially listed pumps may be empty. It is necessary therefore to keep close watch on the gauge and to refill at every opportunity.

ROADS FROM ITALY.

RIJEKA TO SKOPJE VIA THE DALMATIAN COAST.

RIJEKA - SENJ - KARLOBAG.

A modern, wide, concrete and tarmac road following the curves of the coast to Senj. From here bitumen, still wide and smooth but more sinuous and therefore slower to Karlobag. Cut through solid rock in places and loose rocks fall onto road, especially after rain.

KARLOBAG - ZADAR - COAST ROAD - SIBENIK.

The coast road to Jasenica has a good bitumen surface with no steep gradients but winding and narrow in places. From Jasenica to Zadar tar and some concrete; mostly wide, some long straight level stretches. From Zadar the coast road is being rebuilt and is, at present, very rough. It is therefore recommended to proceed from Jasenica by a poor gravel road via Obrovac, Benkovac and Skradin. A small ferry crossing the 2 km. wide mouth of the river Krka gives a frequent service to Sibenik.

SIBENIK - TROGIR - SPLIT.

The coast road via Rogoznica to Trogir has a partly bitumen and partly bitumen and partly gravel surface, rough on some sections but mostly very fair. From Trogir a concrete road, rather worn and narrow in places.

SPLIT - MAKARSKA - PODGORA - VRGORAC - METKOVIC.

To Omis the road is very good, asphalt and bitumen, wide and fast. From here to Podgora it is rather rough, tarmac in patches, hard gravel in others. Turning inland from here the road is narrow and is generally poor gravel except for stretches of tarmac in and about the larger villages and towns. A poor gravel surface over the Pass to Kozica then fair to Metkovic. The coast road from Podgora to Metkovic is gravel with rough surface (loose stones, rocks and large potholes), except for the last 10 km. of tarmac into Metkovic.

METKOVIC - COAST ROAD - DUBROVNIK.

A gravel road with short lengths of tarmac. Narrow, winding and sometimes steep over the many low hills. The last few miles into Dubrovnik are tarmac in good condition.

DUBROVNIK - HERCEGNOVI - KOTOR.

Generally a poor gravel road with a loose surface to Herceg Novi. Then a fair gravel road with some good tarmac stretches. On the whole narrow and winding.

KOTOR - CETINJE - TITOGRAD - PEC.

A gravel road in good condition, well engineered and graded ascending through 26 hairpin bends to the summit of the Lovcen Pass. (Alternative road via Budva. Road quite good, well engineered, variable surfaces). On the descent loose and stony on the bends; the remainder is fair but with several blind corners to Cetinje. A narrow, winding, gravel and asphalt road across three mountain ranges with a 10 mile stretch of tarmac, on either side of Titograd. From here a poor gravel road, very tortuous, narrow, loose and rough on the mountain passes, with one good stretch near Matesevo, to the narrow gorge descending to the plain of Pec. From Andrijevica to Pec, in fair condition.

PEC - PRIZREN - SKOPJE.

To Dakovica good. From here to Prizren under reconstruction and poor. From Prizren better but after junction with the Pristina road it greatly deteriorates. On to Skopje particularly villainous.

SKOPJE - KATLANOVO - TITOV VELES.

To Katlanovo a good asphalt and concrete road. Onwards to Titov Veles tarred or cobbled and quite good. A new Autoput is under construction. There are difficult diversions.

We also knew that language would be a problem in Yugoslavia and Greece. Each of us spoke some French or German but we had to rely entirely on a Serbo-Croatian phrasebook in Yugoslavia. Greece was an even greater challenge due to the different script but Steve had some ancient Greek and that was occasionally useful.

I regret that I did not have a better camera but made do with a very inexpensive Kodak Brownie which took very poor photographs. Nevertheless the photos are included here.

July 17-18, 1961.

After a rather lucky start with respect to that black sheep of touring documents "the Green Insurance Card" we were at last on our way across the English Channel on the road to Greece. The car had been running well, ever since I left home and came down through Leeds, Grantham and Oxford, collecting the other three, and was obviously quite capable of carrying the large load asked of it without undue strain. We were all rather excited about the prospect of driving through four of the largest European capitals and venturing to a part of the world, twice as far from home as any of us had ever been before. One might call it romantically, a journey into the unknown. We spent our first night in the tent and cooked our first breakfast amidst the Kentish Downs and we were at last leaving for Greece.

July 19, 1961.

After surprisingly little delay in Ostend, I ventured cautiously out onto the right hand side of the road prepared for anything. But this strange mode of driving proved much easier to get used to than I expected and it was extremely easy driving along the Autobahn from Ostend to Brussels. However, it was a different matter when a few hours later we entered Brussels with its six lane traffic and maze of underpasses. Eventually we found a quieter part of Brussels which seemed the equivalent of "Soho" and after an amazing conversation in Flemish sign language, we managed to get a meal and stock up with food for the next day. But Greece was our aim and we had to press on reaching Marche in the depths of the Ardennes just as the sun was sinking. On the whole tour we never found a more beautiful, efficient and cheap campsite than we did at Marche.

July 20, 1961.

The next day was comparatively uninteresting except for the rather lovely early stages through the Ardennes and Luxembourg where we halted for a few hours and were rather impressed by the magnificent glacial gorge which runs through the centre of it. That evening we had a meal in Basle and stayed overnight at a rather crowded site between Basle and Luzern.

July 21, 1961.

And yet again onward seeing just about the best cross-section of Switzerland through Andermatt and Luzern climaxed by the towering St. Gottard pass. However, the car did not think the St. Gottard was so wonderful and boiled over for the one and only time during the trip, mainly due to our inexperience with mountain ranges.

There were so many places we all would have loved to stop and see on the way but we had decided that it was Greece we wanted to see and that we wanted to have as long as possible there so we resisted the beauty of such places as Lugano and Como, Bern and Luzern.

We camped in Bergamo in Italy that night and, having made friends with the old likeable proprietor of the camp-site, he persuaded us to go to his "home" for dinner. So we set off through the narrow dusty streets with their huge crumbling buildings and numerous sidewalk cafes before he eventually disappeared inside one of these cafes. We ventured in after him and he presented us to presumably his wife standing behind the bar, after which he disappeared amidst a cloud of smoke, cards, wine and general clamour in one corner. After a rather fantastic conversation with his "wife" in which the only word which was common to both sides was "subito" we ate extremely well of a type of salad with chips, bread and wine.

July 22, 1961.

By this time we were all rather excited about the prospect of seeing the other side of the Iron Curtain and so we drove on through Brescia and the tradition-veiled Verona to Venice. Here we decided not to resist the temptation and so we drove along the long promenade into Venice. But I am afraid to admit that that is as far as we got for the place was filled to the brim with tourists and there wasn't a single parking spot left in the whole of Venice. So we rather reluctantly set off again toward Trieste and Yugoslavia. On the road between Venice and Trieste we first came upon a "foreign type" of terrain at least to us; it was very low lying ground along the estuary of the river Po and the countryside was criss-crossed with stagnant dykes covered in huge rushes. The roads also began to deteriorate and in places were covered in sand and as we passed through Trieste we took our last look at the Western side of the Iron Curtain and a road race which held us up for some time as it occupied the only road out of Trieste into Yugoslavia.

However, at last we arrived at the border, passed as easily as we had done before through Italian customs and halted behind a long queue at the Yugoslavian border. It was rather frightening to see the two rows of barbed wire stretching across the countryside with two typically Communist soldiers patrolling up and down between them. During the long wait Griff got out our guitars and we all began to sing some typically Western skiffle, much to the amusement of the Yugoslav customs officers who although they seemed to be scrutinizing very carefully some of the other people in the car queue, merely stamped our visas and passports. We then realized that what they do at these Yugoslavian posts is to let a long queue develop and surveying everyone, some at a distance and others more rigorously, they then let the whole bunch through together retaining merely the few suspicious ones. We got through on the first inspection and started out toward Rijeka. The countryside now began to take on a quite different shape from that of the Po estuary. It was rugged barren terrain with great crags of white rock very sparsely covered in dark rock bushes with only a few pathetic farms and attempted cultivated patches to break the monotony. It was getting rather late when we entered Rijeka and pulled up at a level crossing gate. When the train came through we saw a sight very uncommon to us, anyway. The brake-blocks of the train and engine were white hot and issuing showers of sparks. In fact this was one of the very few rail connections between the Dalmatian coast and the inland and the railway itself is a remarkable engineering feat considering the rocky terrain and the precipitous nature of the mountains.

We had our first rain since leaving Britain that evening in the shape of a thunderstorm and we spent a rather miserable night under canvas in the little port of Bakar, on the sea shore.

July 23, 1961.

The following day we returned to Rijeka for petrol since the "Yugopetrol" stations are few and far between and after breakfast of Turkish coffee and biscuits and a vague conversation with an old Yugoslav in a wine shop about Tito, of whose achievements he seemed fantastically proud, we set forth again along the newly built tarmac road toward Zadar. We eventually found that there are only two completely distinct types of road in Yugoslavia; the stone-ridden, dust-covered cart track and the new asphalt roads built mainly with student labour and mainly for the use of tourists. The coast began to take on a shape which we were to find somewhat overbearing in the following few days; the precipitous craggy Dolomites "sweeping straight down into the sea" with the road perched on a ledge at a varying height above sea-level. All around the grey-white rock glistening, with the odd rock bush struggling to live: looking seawards, one could see the long islands of exactly similar terrain shing in the sun. Now and again the road would venture into a little village in a cove which suggested to us of what the French Riviera must have been like a hundred years ago; the fertile cove covered in lush sub-tropical palms and cactii with the village's group of colourfully painted stone houses. Underwater all barrenness ceased and the sea-bed was covered in the most superb colours and shapes; the water was of course unbelievably warm compared with the semi-frozen Atlantic off Portrush.



Yugoslavia near Zadar

We carried on through Karlobag and Jassenice, just outside of which we came upon quite an engineeringly neat viaduct (bridge) over the Zadar fjord. What amazed me most about it were the long straight vertical supports which were in no way laterally braced.



Maslenica Bridge near Jassenice, Yugoslavia



View north from the Maslenica Bridge

[The bridge which is today called the "Maslenica Bridge" had only just been completed in 1961. Very similar modern photographs can be found on the internet. The bridge appears essentially unchanged in these photographs.]

We reached Zadar and, finding it rather uninteresting, we set off for Split. Unfortunately the new asphalt road ceased just south of Zadar and we bumped and battered our way first to Selenik and then to Split. Being very interested in architecture, I went along to see the remains of the Palace of the Emperor Diocletian in Split and although not very impressed by it I was still very interested to see one of the few remains of the Late Roman Period. What did interest me was that it had a sort of lightness which was completely un-Roman and yet retained the ruthless axiality enforcing the idea of the power of the emperor.

That night we again found the usual well-equipped Yugoslavian camp site and it was there that we came across the Oxford University expedition to the Caucasus whose two Land Rovers seemed exceptionally overladen. They expressed the wish to get out of Yugoslavia into Greece the next day which seemed to us an almost impossible task.

July 24, 1961.

The following day we came across what seemed to us to be one of the most ludicrous examples of communal labour. On the overland route from Split to Metkovic we were held up because of a huge tree trunk stretched across the road and hauling away at this there seemed to be about forty men everyone of whom seemed to be a foreman. Being held up we got our to find out what they were doing and after the usual routine of begging us for English cigarettes we found out from one of them that they had to carry this huge thing overland for about three kilometres, which seemed some job considering the weight of the thing, their progress and organization, and the terrain over which they had to take it. Still, they all seemed happy. They were rather amused when we lent a hand and we all parted the best of friends. Eventually we reached Dubrovnik and when the guide books describe it as the pearl of the Adriatic they certainly were not exaggerating. We spent some time there looking at the typical late Byzantine castle and many beautiful modern and ancient chapels, all superbly decorated outside and in. The beaches, the sea and the landscape were all so beautiful that, although the place itself is so isolated, it wasn't surprising that it was crowded with upper middle-class Yugoslavs as well as foreigners. We very reluctantly had to press on, through countryside which grew more and more lush and less barren. After a long detour around the Kotor fjord we reached Kotor itself, which is another of the group of Byzantine towns here in the province of Montenegro, having no streets big enough for roads but all used as footpaths and a large central market place surrounded by arcades of shops and a square tower in one corner. Above the town on the cliff face of the fjord were perched a number of ancient monasteries some of which were now inaccessible according to the townsfolk. It was here I'm afraid that we exceeded the eight miles-an-hour speed limit and had to pay the princely sum of six shillings to a Yugoslav policeman who seemed somewhat taken aback when we put up no defence whatsoever and paid with a smile.



Coast south of Dubrovnik - Alistair, CEB and Steve

July 25, 1961.

In the morning we started the big climb over the Dolomites.

[The following two pictures were taken on the rough dirt road that climbed up the mountains near Bar. I have tried without success to identify on a modern map this section of road that climbed out of Bar. I suspect that it was essentially replaced by a more modern asphalt road.]



Yugoslavia - climbing from coast near Bar



Yugoslavia - climbing from coast near Bar

The first stage of the journey was completed when we reached Titograd, a practically completely new industrial city which seemed rather out of place among the static agricultural civilization around it which has stayed almost unchanged for hundreds of years. The Yugoslavs are only now beginning to get used to the idea of a new industrial civilization (in these remote parts anyway), a change which all ages group welcomed, I suppose because of its appearance in the material form of houses and factories and an increase in the standard of living. This is, I suppose, one of the reasons why Tito is so genuinely idolized among all Yugoslavs whom we met anyway; another is of course Tito's independence policy. However, although America tries to give the impression that there is a rift between Russia and Yugoslavia, Yugoslavia is still as much Russia's ally as she is Communist.

The Dolomites proved to be as tough a nut to crack as we had imagined. We passed over at least four extremely high passes on the way from Titograd to Pec; each was as high and even more scenically beautiful than the St. Bernard or Gottard. The roads however were appalling and here and there almost impassable with great hunks of bed rock showing or part of the road caved away. Most of the time we seemed to be travelling between a sheer face and drop on each side. Higher up in the Dolomites the terrain became rather more British with huge pine trees and lush grass, though the ground was still sandy and the roads dusty. The dust in fact proved to be our main enemy as it got into everything and filled the car. However, at last we made it and were coming down for the last time through a most magnificent gorge which was superly narrow and tall and the road travelled alongside the river in a series of caves and tunnels. When the gorge widened out we entered the town of Pec and were immediately struck by the difference in the town and people on this side of the Dolomites compared with that on the other side. The Dolomites, in fact, formed a distinct natural barrier and whereas Dubrovnik and Kotor were clean, relatively wealthy towns with a sort of western feeling about them, Pec and Djakovica were distinctly tending toward middle-eastern, being very dirty hovel like towns with great ox-carts and the sewer running down the middle of the road. I had read that there was a church in Pec which had a couple of superb icons and after an hour searching for it we decided that it musn't exist any more.

That evening we arrived in the best Yugoslavian camp-site that we had come across, near Djakovica. In the restaurant there we dined with a number of Belgrade University students, one of whom was teaching himself English and with whom we had a long conversation about Tito's Yugoslavia. They were all apparently working on nearby road schemes during the summer.

July 26, 1961.

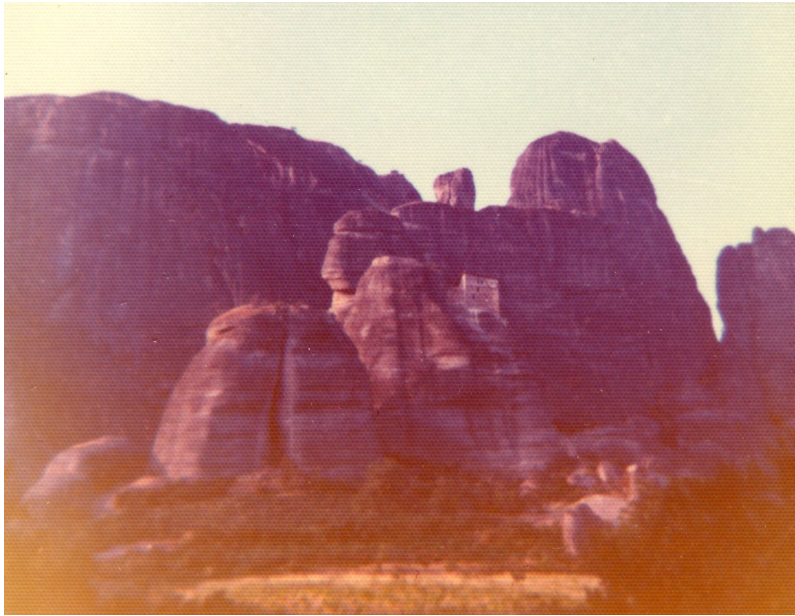
Coming out of Yugoslavia an exactly similar procedure took place as took place outside Trieste and during the wait we made friends with a bus load of Birmingham students who had brought their own bus "Aphrodite" through Yugoslavia. We passed through the Yugoslav and Greek customs only to discover that we were penniless and couldn't get any money until the banks opened in Thessalonika the next morning. We managed to reach that city on our last drop of petrol and exist on sterling till the following morning.

July 27, 1961.

However we were all overjoyed at having reached Greece, and the minature Athens of Thessalonika with its pavement stalls, marketplaces and talkative, hospitable people immediately captured our imaginations. Incidentally on entering Greece we had immediately noticed the much greater agricultural wealth of northern Greece compared with Yugoslavia; no more begging along the sides of the roads, no more miserable half-cultivated land. The most interesting part of Thessalonika was its waterfront with the shore lined in brightly lit cafes and erotic Greek music playing everywhere. The whole Greek outlook on life was evident everywhere, even in the bank where the clerks were free and easy talking and friendly yet efficient with their flambuoyant way of filling in the huge different coloured money order forms.

We spent some time looking round Thessalonika with its numerous ancient Byzantine chapels and its famous Church of the Twelve Disciples, which is a most interesting example of post-classical architecture, as well as touring the market places and stocking ourselves

with food. We had one amusing experience in Thessalonika when one stall keeper halved the price of his sombreros for us when he heard that we were not German but English.



Meteora



Meteora



Meteora



Thermopylae

Our next port of call was Meteora and having passed Mount Olympus on the way we made our destination late that afternoon. There, in the late thirteenth century two rebel monks from the order of St. Augustine founded the Monastery of the Transfiguration and Our Lady on top of Great Meteora, one of a group of vast columns of rock in this peculiar volcanic phenomenon. Initially these two had had to climb the sheer face of the rock, an amazing feat in itself, but later when their numbers grew they let themselves up and down in baskets, and eventually a whole colony of monasteries were formed on top of some of the other pinnacles and in caves on the sheer cliff faces. We, however, reached the top of Great Meteora by the much easier method of a staircase built into the rockface fairly recently and discovered that one of the monks was an "England Papa" according to one of the guides. He turned out to be an English speaking monk who showed us round the monastery and the magnificently hand-decorated 15th century chapel and related most of the history of Meteora to us.

[The contemporaneous account fails to describe the events of that evening and night. We made our way across to the village close by the open field in which we had pitched our tent. In the local village cafe we ate a Greek dish of tomatoes stuffed with rice and drank "retsina". The locals were dancing and Steve remembers them asking him to dance. Later that night I became violently ill and crawled around outside the tent issuing from both ends. It took me more than a day to recover; despite this we continued the journey with Alastair driving.]

July 28, 1961.

We reached the pass of Thermopylae next having passed on the way numerous Springs of Apollo, the Muses and Venus. In a way we were somewhat disappointed with Thermopylae as nowadays one can only vaguely imagine where the sea came up to in Leonidas's day and how such a narrow pass could have existed. However, the modern statue erected in memory of Leonidas and his men is rather superb especially against the blue background of the sky, although there is only a small ring of stones a little further away to mark his grave.

On we went through the mountains of Aetolia, southwards over Yugoslavian type roads to Amphissae and on to Delphi.



Delphi



Delphi



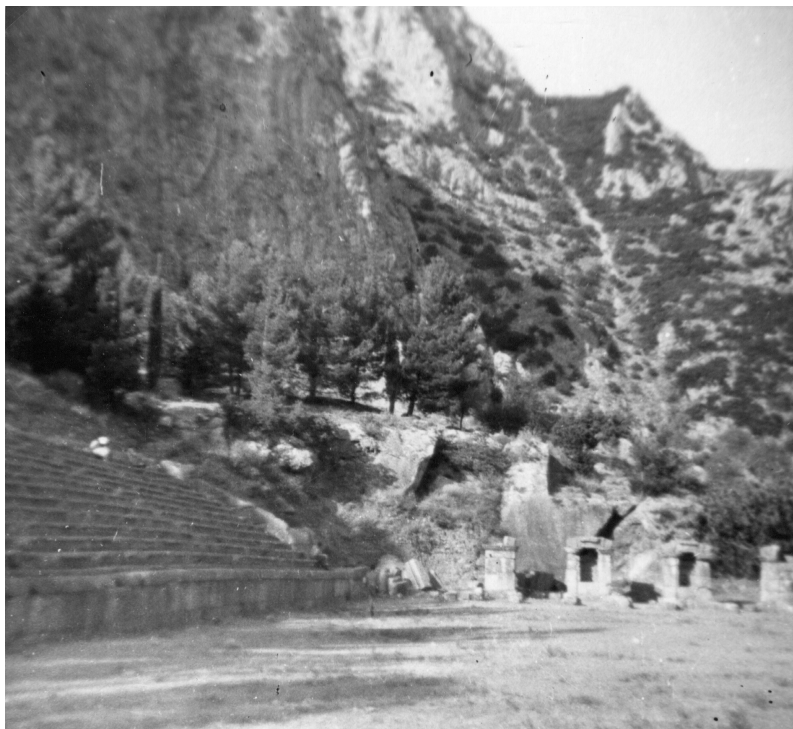
Delphi



Delphi



Delphi



Stadium at Delphi

July 29, 1961.

Delphi turned out to be one of the few completely "touristized" classical sites in Greece and its lower slopes consisted of heaps of stones with notices saying "The Treasury of so-and-so" which seemed a little ridiculous. However as we climbed the hill we came upon the theatre, the Athenian Treasury, the Temple of Apollo Pythios, and a few of the later Roman remains like the stadium and the baths. We seached in vain for the Hole of the Oracle.

All these plus the many sculptural and historical treasures in the museum there tended to give one a refreshing and exhilerating feeling of age and wisdom as did the Acropolis and Olympia later on. Delphi seemed to be perched at the bottom of a cliff away up on a steep mountain side and even today, despite the hordes of American tourists, it still retains the character of the unreal and the mystic. We camped on the same hillside that the Greek armies did thousands of years ago. We moved off at the grey light of dawn in our steel horse.

We were now on our way to Athens and so keen were we all to reach our ultimate destination that we spent merely a few minutes at the ancient city of Thebes which seemed extremely uninteresting anyway. At last we ascended the last hill before Athens and there before us

stood the city of Athens with the Acropolis floating above it as if belonging to another world.

July 30-31, 1961.

We spent about four days altogether in Athens and during that time I must admit that I became completely enraptured by the city and its people. Naturally enough we saw and learnt all about most of the classical monuments, with the Acropolis itself as the climax of our tour. We spent hours inside the Parthenon just talking about life in general and the age and serenity of the place seemed to inspire our thoughts. We all wondered at the sculptural beauty not only of the Parthenon alone but also of the Acropolis as a whole, sharply contrasted by the cone type form of Mt. Lykabettos and the sea of white buildings of the city itself below. We toured most of the classical sites in Greece and some in Italy on the way back but none could compare with the Acropolis. Perhaps this romantic feeling I have for it was inspired by the fact that we went to the English version of the "Son et Lumiere" on it; that is we sat on the opposite hill where besieging armies always camped and watched the lights and loudspeakers relate the story of Athens in a way that is truly ingenious and extremely effective. We all left the "Son et Lumiere" convinced that this is one of the few really original ways of artistic entertainment which has come to light in the last few decades, and when it uses such a magnificent building as the Acropolis, and a few ingenious lighting and sound effect tricks, it can create much better than any other existing art form the atmosphere of Ancient Greece.



Athens Acropolis



Athens Acropolis



Athens Acropolis



Athens Acropolis



Athens Acropolis



Athens Acropolis



Athens Acropolis

Most of the other ancient buildings like the columns of Olympian Zeus and the Arch of Constantine in Athens seemed so paltry compared with the Acropolis that we didn't give them much attention although we did spend many hours talking to the people in cafes and markets and it always seemed to be they who started and maintained the conversation. It was very interesting in a way to see how the Greek people lived under the shadow of the tradition and glory which had past. They seemed in some way resigned to this, in that they had already proved themselves long, long ago and that their country could live for ever on the memory of past glories without having to assert themselves as a power again. This I give as one of the reasons why I think the Greeks are such a happy people and in this way we all thought that modern Athens is as fascinating in some way as Ancient Greece.

August 1, 1961.

However we eventually had to bid farewell to a city which we all vowed to return to, and set off for the Peloponnese. We stopped briefly at Eleusis and on the bridge over the Corinth Canal, which incidentally is an astounding feat of engineering with its huge walls of sand and large liners looking like toys in the bottom. In Corinth itself we met a rather pleasant old Greek farmer who invited us to camp in one of his fields, and we duly accepted his not unusual Greek hospitality. The sun by this time on the tour was becoming unbearably hot during the middle of the day and we were forced to confine our activities to the early morning or evening and drive during the three or four hours when the sun was at its height, which at least provided a refreshing breeze through the ever-open windows. We also found that the only thing which we could bear to eat was fruit so this was digested in enormous amounts.



Peirene Spring in Corinth



Temple of Appolo in Corinth



Corinth



Corinth

August 2, 1961.

Next day we toured the site of Ancient Corinth which has just recently practically completely excavated by a group of American archeologists, and found it rather uninteresting except for the Peirene Spring, the ageless Doric Temple of Apollo and a set of sculptured tableaux relating the adventures of Hercules in the very badly set out museum. Later, we travelled still further south to the group of Mycenaean cites centered around the gulf of Argolis. Mycenae itself was the center of the earliest known civilization on the Greek mainland, and it is thought to have been a branch of the earlier Minoan age which existed in Crete around 1500B.C. In fact, in its being completely different from Delphi, Athens and Corinth we found them pleasantly interesting although very little is known of the Mycenaean way of life. Standing on top of the hill of Mycenae itself one could see that it was quite possible that all three of the main sites, namely Mycenae, Argos and Tyrins were at one time on or near the sea shore in the shape of the Argolian Gulf. The site of Mycenae itself is quite interesting, particularly because of the two huge underground domes, whose exact history and use is still not quite clearly known, though they are thought to have been royal graves or ``treasuries", since Mycenae itself is thought to have been merely a burial ground. Of the other sites, Tiryns seemed the most satisfactorily restored and one could see the impression of the whole ground plan of the fortress with its miniature acropolis or Megaron and upper and lower citadels.



Mycenae



Mycenae



Mycenae

By this time on the tour we had decided that we would rest for a day and so we took ourselves to the little coastal village of Tolon just east of Navplion where there is in fact another Mycenaean site known as Asine, situated on a rocky headland. We found a superbly deserted beach there and camped under the shadow of this headland.



Griff admiring his tan - "I muss get braun"

August 3, 1961.

We spent the next day luxuriously swimming and sunbathing and eating fruit. We felt rather like the Lotus-Eaters. At the same time a group of policemen always seemed to be wandering around and we discovered that they were in fact guarding the site of Asine on which practically no excavations had yet been made, but was due for complete excavation and partial restoration by the archeologists who were just finishing Tiryns. However, as tourists we were allowed to just wander over the site and in fact to pick up fragments of pottery still lying in the nooks and crannies on the bare rock surface.

August 4, 1961.

We were tempted to stay even longer at Asine but we eventually managed to drag ourselves westwards and continue our journey. We travelled through the rather quaint little village of Navplion and on to Tripolis. From there we crossed the mountains of Arcadia and eventually arrived at the home of the Olympic Games, whose Greek and Greek-Roman remains are not very well preserved. One of the interesting things about Olympia was the mathematical accuracy of sequence with which the buildings used by the athletes were set out in order including the stadium of which only the entrance remained before restoration. The workshops of Phidias with the remains of his unfinished tablets and sculptured pieces were also rather interesting with the Temple of Olympian Zeus and the original flame bowl from which the Olympic torch is still lit every four years. However, otherwise not much is left of Olympia except a maze of foundations, a lot of the Roman ones being built on top of the original Greek site.

That night we had just about the most exciting contact of the tour with the Greek people themselves. We decided that since we had enjoyed Tolon and Asine so much, that we would find somewhere on a coast again that night, so on reaching Pirgos we told the English equivalent of a barman about this and he directed us to the village of Katakolon a few kilometres away. We promptly set off for Katakolon and, on arriving there, we found that the main street of the village in fact consisted of the beach with all the houses and shops of the village built in the sandhills. The traffic, including buses, used the beach as it was the only road through the village to the harbour on the headland. We found a suitable spot on the beach opposite an un-built-up sandhill and decided to camp there for the night. So, as usual, we started by getting out all the cooking utensils and set to to make ourselves the usual Irish stew for dinner. However, within a few minutes of stopping, hordes of the local people crowded round to see what we were doing and began to tell us how and what to put in the stew. They all seemed fantastically amused at everything we did and insisted on tasting the final product, listening to Greek music on our radio, and finding out exactly how everything worked in the car. Unfortunately they didn't seem to be able to understand much of our Greek and only a few of them talked any English, French or German, but nevertheless we made great friends with them and especially with the teenagers. After dinner we got out our guitars and makeshift drum and washboard and began going through our usual repertoire, none of which they seemed to know until we came to "Nobody loves like an Irishman", whereupon they all joined in much to our amazement and pleasure. Another peculiarity was that the only western dance they seemed to be able to do was the Charleston, but these two common factors kept the party going till the on-looking mothers decided it was their sons' and daughters' bedtimes. That night, as had been usual for the last week, we didn't use the tent (mainly because the heat inside in the morning was suffocating) but merely lay down in the sand in our sleeping bags.

August 5, 1961.

The next morning when we woke we found that we were sleeping in the middle of a bus queue, surrounded by locals going to work in Pirgos.

However having got over this slightly embarrassing situation and had our morning wash in the sea, we were on our way again leaving behind us a few rather amazed Greeks, but also a lot of friends. This was really the end of our tour of Greece as far as we had planned and we began to make our way to Igumenitsa in northwest Greece as we had to catch the ferry to Italy from there in a couple of days time. That day we travelled up round the coast of the Peloponnese to Patras through some very pleasant countryside. The west side of the Peloponnese has a much greater rainfall than the rest of Greece and is thus a lot more fertile and luxurious in its natural vegetation, the road being lined with beautiful palms, cacti and sub-tropical grasses. This however lessened as we went northwards.

We drove onto the ferry which is incidentally a converted landing craft and very cheap, at Anderrion and crossed the mere three-quarters of a mile to the mainland at Rion. Between Rion and Mesolongion the mountains sheer straight down into the sea and we drove along an extremely picturesque coast road perched on the side of the cliffs. We thought that if this scenery continued that it would be a very pleasant journey northwards but very soon we found ourselves on the marshy, flea-infested plains around Mesolongion and Agrinian which didn't provide us with a very pleasant camp-site.

August 6, 1961.

However the next day we travelled up through the mountains again along very bad roads and comparatively uninteresting terrain to Arta and Yannina where we camped in a field.

August 7, 1961.

We arrived early next morning in Igumenitsa. This we found to be a rather quaint little town based around the ferry harbour as its sole industry and spent the last day in Greece looking round the antique and souvenir shops and generally taking our leisure.

August 8, 1961.

Early the next morning we boarded a very modern car ferry equipped with even a swimming pool and sailed via Corfu to Brindisi in Italy. When we landed in Brindisi after a rather tedious sea journey we started the big drive home and just as on the way to Greece we didn't seem to have much time for anything but travelling. However, we did stop for an afternoon in Pompeii and this we found definitely the most amazing and interesting of the Roman remains we visited. The murals in the Roman villas were especially interesting and the mummified bodies of men and dogs rather terrifying in that they illustrated the horror of complete devastation such as has been witnessed in recent years at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We travelled on to Rome where we stayed for a day and a half and crammed as much as we could into that time. We started where all tourists would start, at St. Peter's. It was somewhat awe-inspiring in its artistic and architectural beauty though I was somewhat disappointed with the widely-hailed Sistine Chapel. I thought, in fact, that in some way the various works of art in it, though beautiful in themselves, did not harmonize and thus created a sort of crushed atmosphere in the chapel. However, St. Peter's is

very interesting architecturally in that Michelangelo gave us in this building the first hints of a deviation from Mannerism to the Baroque of the 17th century. In this Michelangeloshowed his genius in growing out of and beyond the Renaissance conceived styles of both the 16th and 17th centuries. We later made a brief visit to the Coliseum and the Roman Forum and it was the latter which really seemed comletely "unaweinspiring" though it may be interesting if one knew the history of the various bits of brick; the Coliseum though quite impressive from the outside because of its enormity is again extremely dull when seen from the inside. This may be too harsh a judgment on these famous Roman remains but for me their red-brick and dull-brown stone did not hold any of the excitement and ageless serenity of the white marble of the Acropolis.

We found ourselves with very little time to spare and unfortunately had to drive through Florence, realizing that all its artistic treasures required much more time than we could afford at the moment. We did however stop in Pisa for a few hours and climbed the famous leaning tower. Its tilt seems much greater when one sees it in reality than, in fact, it does in photographs and it is really hair-raising to stand on top of it. Our last step home took us along the French and Italian Rivas of which we found the Italian Riviera rather boring with every resort seeming exactly similar whereas there were one or two very individual and enchanting little places like Villefranche and Theoule on the French side and in which we just could not resist stopping. Finally we really had to pull out all the stops to get to Ostend on time and Paris I'm afraid we had to dismiss with a flying tour in half an hour.

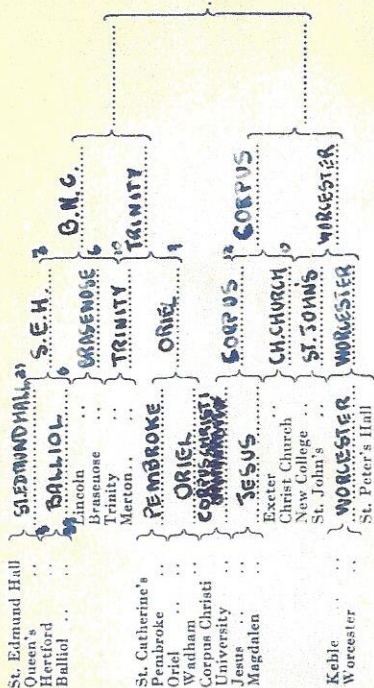
We welcomed home as weary and most definitely tired travellers and yet very satisfied with the trip, although we had only made en-route visits to France, Switzerland and Italy, countries which we realized required another visit. I, personally, felt that though we had seen and done almost everything we could have of note in Greece, I still had not captured or understood the real character of the people, and in this way would rather like to go back there again someday. Yet there are so many other countries that I would love to see that time seems against that.

[Back to table of contents](#)

*Last updated 7/30/99.
Christopher E. Brennan*

O.U.R.F.C. 'CUPPERS' DRAW, HILARY TERM, 1961

First Round Second Round Third Round Semi-Finals Final



C. Brennan Esq.



BALLIOL COLLEGE R.F.C.

Fixtures, Hilary Term, 1961

Captain
C. D. ALEXANDER

Secretary
J. S. BEASTALL

Date	Opponents	Ground	Result
FIRST XV			
JANUARY			
Wednesday 18	R.M.A. Sandhurst Pirates ...	Home	9-9 D
Saturday 21	Exeter ...	Home	8-3 W
Monday 23	Hertford (Cuppers) ...	Home	29-3 W
Wednesday 25	14th Bn. R.A.O.C. ...	Home	32-0 W
TUESDAY 31	ST. EDMUND HALL (CUP)	A	6-21
FEBRUARY			
Wednesday 1	Pembroke ...	Away	CANC.
Saturday 4	R.G.S. High Wycombe ...	Home	10-8
Wednesday 8	City Police ...	Away	CANC.
Saturday 11	Dursley ...	Home	9-6
Wednesday 15	R.A.F. Yatesbury ...	Home	6-11
Saturday 18	Stow-on-the-Wold ...	Away	
Wednesday 22	Oxford Coll. of Technology	Home	32-3
Saturday 25	Old Coll., R.M.A. Sandhurst	Home	
MARCH			
Saturday 4	R.M.C.S. Shrivenham ...	Home	
SECOND XV			
JANUARY			
Friday 20	St. Peter's Hall ...	Away	17-0 W
Monday 23	Trinity ...	Away	3-6 L
Friday 27	Worcester ...	Home	9-0 W
Tuesday 31	University ...	Home	CANC.
FEBRUARY			
Thursday 2	Jesus ...	Away	CANC.
Tuesday 7	St. Edmund Hall ...	Away	21-6
Saturday 11	R.M.C.S. Shrivenham ...	Away	3-18
Monday 13	Lincoln ...	Home	CANC.
Friday 17	Pembroke ...	Home	13-13
Tuesday 21	Brasenose ...	Home	CANC.
Friday 24	New College ...	Away	CANC.
Monday 27	St. Catherine's ...	Home	
MARCH			
Wednesday 1	Mishaps v. Hilarians ...	Away	

No.	Order of start	W.	Th.	F.	S.	Order of finish	No.
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FIRST TORPID

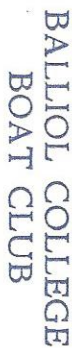
st. lbs.
12 2

<i>Don.</i>	A. M. ZIEGLER	.	.	.	<i>st. lbr.</i>
2.	I. P. GRIFFITH	.	.	.	11 6
3.	D. F. HORROBIN	.	.	.	11 5
4.	M. J. B. FRANKLIN	.	.	.	12 5
5.	D. A. A. STAGER	.	.	.	11 4
6.	L. C. THURLOW	.	.	.	13 10
7.	A. G. WALSH ATKINS	.	.	.	12 9
<i>Str.</i>	M. C. FORREST	.	.	.	10 5
<i>Cox.</i>	J. A. COLLIGAN	.	.	.	12 0
					9 6
<i>Coaches.</i>	THE BARDEE,	THE	SECRETARY,		
	THE	PRESIDENT,			

Coaches: THE BARGE, THE SECRETARY, THE PRESIDENT.

<i>Bow.</i>	T. D. MATTHEW	.	.	.	15	0
2.	R. HAY	.	.	.	15	0
3.	E. L. LEWIS	.	.	.	15	0
4.	D. R. ONWOOD	.	.	.	15	0
5.	G. R. J. MASTERS	.	.	.	15	0
6.	C. J. P. COWPER	.	.	.	15	0
7.	J. A. MINSHULL	.	.	.	15	0
<i>Str.</i>	G. F. REA	.	.	.	15	0
<i>Cox.</i>	M. S. LEWIS	.	.	.	14	11

Coach: Air Vice Marshal BONGO EDWARDS



THE TORPIDS
FEBRUARY 15-18, 1961

President: M. N. MITCHELL
 Captain: K. H. S. LLOYD
 Hon. Sec.: G. F. REA
 Bargee: J. D. SMITH

Waterman: E. J. HOLTON

Miss Barbara

Hilary Term 1961

president Peter Snow
treasurer Paul Burge
secretary Robin Murray
ex-presidents John Albery
Malcolm Rutherford
senior member J. N. Bryson, Esq.

Sunday, 29th January

A reading of "**Juno and the Paycock**" by Sean O'Casey in 11:7 produced by Chris Brennen.

Monday, 30th January — Wednesday, 1st February

Auditions for next term's major — "**Sgt. Musgrave's Dance**" in 15:23.

Wednesday, 1st February

A reading of "**The Merry Wives of Windsor**", produced by John Hole.

Monday, 6th February

Snap productions in aid of the Congo Relief Fund:

"**Krapp's Last Tape**" by Samuel Beckett, produced by Peter Snow.

"**Improvisation**" by Eugene Ionesco, produced by Michael Parsons.

8 p.m., Lindsay Room.

Saturday, 11th February

Closing date for OUDS Radio Cuppers entry: Some of James Thurber, adapted and produced by Peter Keen.

Monday, 20th February

A reading of "**Murder in the Cathedral**" by T. S. Eliot, produced in the chapel by Paul Burge.

Sunday, 26th February

A reading of "**Inherit the Wind**" by Robert E. Lee, produced by John Hole.

Wednesday, 1st March

A reading of "**Galileo**" by B. Brecht, produced by Peter Bleasby.

Wednesday, 8th March

Annual Smoker in the Lindsay Room.

All guests will be welcome at the Snap Productions; a collection will be taken in the interval.

Everybody is encouraged to shape up at the "Musgrave" auditions.

Michaelmas Term 1961

president Michael Haines
secretary Michael Slater
treasurer Chris Brennen
ex-presidents John Albery
Peter Snow
senior member J. N. Bryson Esq.

Monday, October 23rd

READING. "**Serjeant Musgrave's Dance**" by John Arden.
Produced by John Hole.
Dicey 8, 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 8th November

READING. "**The Hostage**" by Brendan Behan.
Produced by Chris Brennen.
Dicey 8, 8 p.m.

5th week

O.U.D.S. CUPPERS. "**The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet**" by G. B. Shaw.
Produced by Peter Keen.

6th week

ANNUAL DINNER AND CHARADES.
Further details to be announced.

Monday, December 4th — Wednesday, 6th

MAJOR PRODUCTION. "**The Tinker**" by Robert Sloman and Lawrence Dobie.
Produced by Peter Bleasby.
At the Playhouse Theatre.

Please N.B. the major production at the Playhouse—a worthwhile but expensive venture. So don't forget to encourage all friends, relations, benefactors, etc. to come and support us.

BALLIOL DRAMATIC CLUB

THREE PLAYS

IONESCO
McGRATH
PINTER

6D. - PRIVATE PRODUCTION - MAY 31ST, JUNE 1ST, 2ND

MAID TO MARRY

BY

EUGENE IONESCO

The Lady ANGELA PEDLAR
The Gentleman NICHOLAS TYACKE
The Gentlemaid DUNCAN DALLAS

THE TENT

BY

JOHN McGRATH

Private Saul MICHAEL HAINES
Private Tugs CHRIS BRENNEN
Captain Dann TONY WILLIAMS

THE ROOM

BY

HAROLD PINTER

Rose ELIZABETH BOSWORTH
Bert MICHAEL SLATER
Mr. Kidd JEFFREY WALKER
Mrs. Sands SYLVIA HAYWARD-JONES
Mr. Sands MICHAEL PARSONS
Riley EARL THAMES

THE PLAYS DIRECTED BY MICHAEL HAINES AND PAUL BURGE

Stage Manager — JOHN HOLE

Assisted by — EDWIN LEWIS, CHRISTOPHER GUTCH, STEPHEN HODGE,

YVONNE TAYLOR, RUTH KNAUER, ENID ALBAGLI.

Properties — ENID ALBAGLI.

Lighting — RICHARD KINGSLAKE, TERRY LEGGATT.

Settings designed by — JOHN HOLE.

Business Manager — ALAN RYAN.

Publicity — TIM DYSON.

Prompter — BARBARA LITTLEWOOD.

We acknowledge with thanks the loan of Mr. Tyacke's costume from
Walters, 10 The Turl.

COFFEE WILL BE AVAILABLE IN THE INTERVAL

Let's meet at

THE WELSH PONY

FULLY LICENSED RUNNING BUFFET

MORRELL'S FAMOUS BEERS

WELSH PONY HOTEL

Gloucester Green - Oxford

May I tell you something about the Dramatic Club's production this term?

We are performing three plays by contemporary dramatists, at the Clarendon Press Institute, Walton Street on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Sixth Week (May 31st, June 1st and 2nd). The plays - "MAID TO MARRY" by Ionesco, "THE TENT" by John McGrath, and "THE ROOM" by Harold Pinter - are, we feel, of outstanding interest, and we have tried to show in production, how each represents a different trend in contemporary dramatic thought. We have been able to assemble quite a strong cast for this production: we hope you will find it worth your while to come and see what they can do.

"MAID TO MARRY" is a good example of Ionesco's own brand of richly funny surrealist dialogue, put to the purpose of scathing satire. In this play: Angela Pedlar, Nicholas Tyacke and Duncan Dallas. Angela Pedlar - one of the most outstanding actresses in the University - played the lead in E.T.C.'s "The Mad Woman of Chaillot", and is now appearing in the E.T.C. revue.

"THE TENT" was written by John McGrath for the Oxford Theatre Group, and was performed at the Edinburgh Festival in 1959. It was subsequently broadcast on the B.B.C. The play is set in Suez, 1959, and shows how a man's conscience may be perverted by the effects of an abnormal relationship. Acted by Tony Williams, Michael Haines and Chris Brennan.

"THE ROOM" is the first play of Harold Pinter, author of "The Birthday Party", "The Caretaker", etc., and will be the first undergraduate performance of a Pinter play in Oxford. Pinter's themes are loneliness and the domination of one personality by another. "Harold Pinter" it has been said "has the disturbing ability to create on the stage the private terrors and the personal farce of everyday life". A garrulous old woman lives with her taciturn husband. One night they have a visitor Pinter also shows us that a theme which is essentially very serious may still be treated in an extraordinarily funny way. In "The Room":- Liz Bosworth, Michael Slater, Jeffrey Walker, Sylvia Hayward-Jones, Michael Parsons and Abbas Mohamad. Liz Bosworth is perhaps the best University actress of the last two or three years: her parts include Olivia in "Twelfth Night" for the Oxford Stage Group, Regan in the Lincoln "King Lear", and major parts in "The Mad Woman of Chaillot", "All my Sons" and "The Glass Menagerie".

Tickets 3/6d. can be obtained from Balliol Lodge. We hope you are interested

May 1961.

Michael Haines,
Paul Burge.

THEATRE

College Collage I

THE irregular and diverse sequence of college productions this summer presents the dramatic critic with a Hobson's choice. The plays come in all shapes, sizes, periods, costumes; nor do they share, successful or not, any common characteristics. If one considers the obvious dangers that face any college producer (a range of inferior actors, a limited budget, an unco-operative bursar, gnats), one might be tempted to generalise by saying that real ambition precludes real achievement. But as the ex-editor would say, 'It just isn't true, you know'. So the reviewer, who hopes to take an albeit weary bird's eye view, must abandon ideas of chronological order, hierarchy of merit, realist contrasted to romantic, and rely on a few skating comments.

Textual power, the innate excitement of the drama, had little effect on the coherence of production. St. Catherine's watered down the intensity of the 'Duchess of Malfi' until murder, incest, and amputation seemed commonplace crimes. On the other hand Pembroke squeezed the excitement from the 'Sport of My Mad Mother' in a performance of unscrupulous energy. Nevertheless the shouted word loses its effect after two hours; and the boredom of the Teddy Boys on the stage was eventually shared by the audience. Enthusiasm is not enough; but lack of it is fatal. New College's 'Comus' was presented with no apparent sympathy for masque. The spoken verse was accurate but not musical; and despite efficient orchestration, the dancing was uninspired. I don't think Milton would have loved the wrist-watches either. Wadham produced Machiavelli's 'Mandragola' in an intimate, if unlikely corner of their college, with no such anachronistic detail. The acting was self-conscious and naïve for the most part, but the slight plot demanded little more. Jokes apropos sex, religion and lavatories threw interesting light on Renaissance tastes and humour.

Merton doubled Yeats and Buchner. 'The Player Queen' is a poetic piece that lapses into farce. Competent but nothing more. 'Leonce and Lena' was technically very modern, and received a treatment that carried it near to true quality. Two excellent main performances illuminated the satire on nineteenth-century Germany, so that it was amusing even to those who did not appreciate the targets.

Open air latitudes vied with claustrophobia in 'The Long, the Short and the Well-Known', acted by Uni-



versity. But their attempt fell far short of the required tautness. Unimaginative grouping, and badly remembered lines do not evoke conviction. The contrast with the other performance, dealing with concentrated passions enacted against a background of war, Balliol's production of 'Mcgrath's Tent' exposed this weakness. Here the two principals brought out the irony and violence of the dialogue, though it seemed towards the end grossly over-written.

'Camino Real', another curry of passion and fury, received mediocre treatment from Brasenose. The St. Hugh's Girls were (luckily) hardly ideal Spanish tarts; and, as in University's production, a fine leading performance had little support.

On the whole colleges can hope for perhaps one truly impressive actor; and might choose their plays accordingly. When however there is a universally talented cast, an ambitious choice can lead to great things. Chekhov's 'Cherry Orchard' was skilfully handled by Queen's. It was in turn amusing, tender, triste, and farcical. Acting and production had similar perception and effectiveness.

Balliol, too, were triumphant in their trio. The gimmicky triviality of 'Ionesco' was sardonically done. But the centre-piece, 'Pinter's Room', was superb. The claustrophobia, the contactless dialogue, the unknown menace, were all brought out fully. The setting was faultlessly complex. This was sparse, ironic, probing. All the Balliol plays deal with lack of communication; but all communicated ably with the audience. Laurel wreaths from Isis muses to Queen's, Balliol, Magdalen and Worcester. The intense advertising campaigns, reminiscent of American presidential elections, should not blind us to the fact that many college productions well repay a visit. One only wishes that they were more spaced out.

M.H.-A.

M.B.

[Further college reviews will appear next week. Ed.]

Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club

Trinity Term, 1961

College Representatives

St. Anne's	Sheila Collet
St. Hilda's	Susan Russell-Jones
St. Hugh's	Vicky Patton
Somerville	Susan Wardlaw
L.M.H.	Ann James
Balliol	David Gordon
B.N.C.	Richard Tettenborn
Christ Church	Dom Harrod
Corpus Christi	Richard Kirkwood
Exeter	Jeremy Wright
Hertford	R. Lees
Jesus	Adrian Soar
Keble	John Daniels
Lincoln	Chris Gilmore
Magdalen	Ronald Hall
Mansfield	John Hodgson
Merton	Brian Winston
New College	Gavin Bantock
Oriel	Andrew Urquart
Pembroke	Michael Maunder
Queen's	Victor Segal
St. Catherine's	Giles Block
St. Edmund Hall	Peter Sibley
St. John's	Matt Leighton
St. Peter's Hall	Christopher Matthew
Trinity	Jim Chalton
University	Peter Stone
Wadham	Geoffrey Beavers
Worcester	Richard Hooper

There will be a college reps. meeting at 6 p.m. on Sunday, April 23rd, in Somerville West J.C.R.

The President will gladly discuss Club business with those who would like to call on him at Merton.

Every suggestion for future programmes is welcome and should be sent to the President or Secretary as soon as possible.

All those taking part in readings or productions, or attending meetings must be members. Cards are available from your College representative. If you have any difficulty contact the Secretary at Somerville.

Subscriptions now stand at 2/6 per term or 6/- per annum.

Oliver & Son (Oxford) Ltd.

THE TERM'S PROGRAMME

FIRST WEEK

Sunday, April 23rd, Kettel Hall, Trinity, 12 noon.

GENERAL MEETING.

also College Reps. Party, 6 p.m., Somerville West J.C.R.

Wednesday, April 26th, Arlosh Hall, 2.15 p.m.

ROBERT BLORE

of Leichner Studios will give a make-up talk and demonstration.

SECOND WEEK

Sunday, April 30th, 5 p.m. and 8.15 p.m.

AT THE PLAYHOUSE A PRIVATE PRODUCTION OF

SAINT'S DAY

by John Whiting

Produced by Michael Brunson.

THIRD WEEK

Friday, May 12th, Merton Fellows 5, 8.15 p.m.

Reading of Alun Owen's

THE ROUGH AND READY LOT

Produced by Brian Winston (Merton).

FOURTH WEEK

Sunday, May 14th, Linsay Room, Balliol, 8.15 p.m.

JOHN WHITING

Author of The Devils and Saint's Day

will address the Society and lead an informal discussion.

FIFTH WEEK

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

THE SUMMER MAJOR PRODUCTION

AN EIGHTS WEEK REVUE

written by Derek Wood, Bill Tydeman, James Crossman and
Esther Rantzen

Produced by Robert Solbé.

SIXTH WEEK

Sunday, May 28th, 2.30 p.m.

E.T.C. v. O.U.D.S. Cricket Match.

SEVENTH WEEK

Sunday, June 4th, Little Drawda Gardens, Queen's, 2.30 p.m.

A reading of Wycherley's

THE PLAIN DEALER

Produced by Esther Rantzen.

AUDITIONS

The Rough and Ready Lot. May 1st and 2nd. Merton, 2—7 p.m.
The Plain Dealer. May 29th and 30th. Somerville, 2—7 p.m.

By the fourth week of term the Michaelmas productions must be settled. Will anyone wishing to apply for either a private or the main production, or anyone with suggestions of plays, contact the President as soon as possible.

Any member who plays cricket should also let it be known.

OFFICERS

Patron: NEVILL COGHILL (Merton)

President: SAM WALTERS (Merton)

Vice-President: ROBERT LEVENS (Merton)

Senior Members: JOHN HALE (Jesus)
ROBERT BROWNING (Pembroke)
KEITH TAYLOR

Senior Treasurer: J. P. LANCASTER, Esq.

Junior Treasurer: RICHARD HOOPER (Worcester)

Secretary: ESTHER RANTZEN (Somerville)

Committee: RICHARD SHERRINGTON (Queen's)
JULIET CURTIS (L.M.H.)
JOHN WATTS (Univ.)
MICHAEL BRUNSON (Queen's)
JOHN DANIELS (Keble)

Technical Adviser: SIMON KING (B.N.C.)

O.U.D.S. Representative: DAVID SENTON (Lincoln)
(President of O.U.D.S.)

Social Secretary: LEONE JASPER (St. Anne's)

Archivist: RUPERT RHYMES (Magdalen)

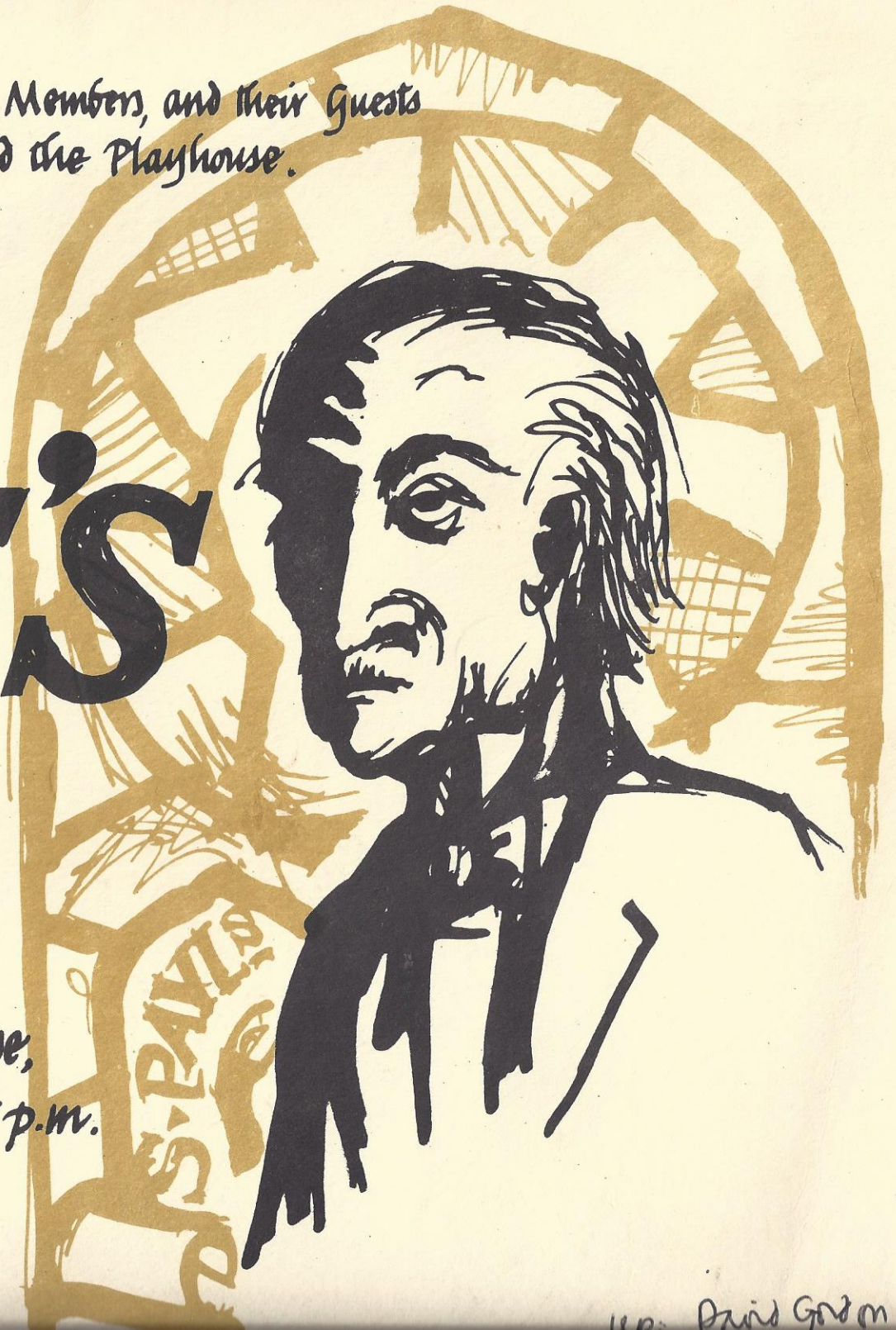
Revue Sub-Committee: ESTHER RANTZEN (Somerville)
ED. LEE (B.N.C.)
ROBERT SOLBE (Lincoln)

O.U. Experimental Theatre Club

Private Production for Members, Associate Members, and their Guests
Ticket/programmes. 3/6 from ETC reps and the Playhouse.

SAINT'S DAY

by John Whiting. Oxford Playhouse,
on Sunday April 30th at 5 & 8.15 p.m.



11.2. David Gordon

Oxford University ETC

EXILES FROM SOCIETY

UPON the producer's ability to create the atmosphere of poetry and fantasy which John Whiting's characters breathe, depends the impact of his plays upon their audience, and most producers have failed to capture it.

It is therefore not surprising that Michael Brunson's production of *Saint's Day* for the Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club at the Playhouse last night was not completely satisfactory. But it was a good try.

I cannot pretend to be able to disentangle the richly textured pattern of emotions Mr. Whiting weaves into this, his first play, and I hesitate to criticise anyone else for failing in the attempt.

But the producer has this advantage over the critic that he has the author's words to help him, and I think they do help.

There is no doubt from the one vitriolic speech Mr. Whiting allows him that Paul Southman—the aged poet-satirist on whom the play centres—is a great writer, as there is no doubt, thanks to Charles Peacock's magnificent setting, that Charles Heberden is a great artist.

It is the play's situation which provides the difficulties. They are exiles from society in an isolated mansion, where they live with an aged servant and Mr. Southman's grand-

daughter, Charles' wife, under a constant, but scarcely explained threat from the neighbouring village.

The theme seems to be the destruction of individuality and creativeness by the modern world, which Stella Heberden unwittingly sets in motion.

A young critic descends to honour the old man on his birthday, by accident shoots Stella, then in a state of distraction joins forces with three deserted soldiers in a wanton escapade which ends with the burning of the village and the hanging of writing and artist.

Mr. Whiting treats these events in an oblique, elliptical fashion with many cross-currents and the trouble was last night that his poetical flights of fancy were not always sustained or even given wing by the cast, which was very ably led by Gordon Honeycombe with good support from Jeff Milland and Richard Sherrington.

I shall look forward to hearing what Mr. Whiting, who was in the audience, thought about it, when he addresses the society on Sunday week

DON CHAPMAN

Saint's Day

Well acted by E.T.C.

IN A post-mortem on the I.E.T.C. one-nighter *Saint's Day* by John Whiting it would be too late to urge you to see it; but if I had occasion to do so, it would be merely so that you should see a predominantly excellent cast.

I cannot commend the choice of play. One is told that Whiting is a neglected dramatist but this is hardly surprising; this play is full of excellent lines and moments but is faulty in structure and incoherent in argument.

Another Whiting play, *The Devils*, in the Stratford company's Aldwych repertory, would be disastrous if played seriously; "sent up" by Max Adrian it becomes deliciously funny. In considering the writer's sources of material it would be kindest to call him eclectic.

Saint's Day gives the director two levels of writing to put across to his audience. There are the funny, the witty and the more ponderous orations which towards the close become plainly turgid.

In the first half of his task Michael Brunson can hardly be faulted: if his unintentional bathos does creep in, the humour implicit in situations and explicit in the lines is fully exploited.

His actors fail in the didactic passages. The director clearly has not imposed any interpretation, and as a result the cast

speak them as if wishing to finish them clearly and to get on with the action. This evasion is particularly inopportune in a play largely built in allegory.

The cast was strong and for the most part showed "professional" finish except (at the 5 o'clock performance) for occasional masking and fluffing of lines. The latter fault marred John Daniels' imaginative vignette of the officiousness of the village postman temporarily substituting for the policeman occupied on other affairs.

Gordon Honeycombe's playing of the main role, a reclusive, cynical poet on the verge of senility, was sensitive and attractive, most of all authoritative; but it was authority which was lacking in the portrayal of Stella Heberden, his anxious granddaughter.

Jeff Milland, Stella's husband brought beautiful precision to the timing of his sardonic lines, as the young artist embittered at the frippery of the world of dilettante and pretentious litterateurs — "They smell — they smell nice — but they smell". He was less confident in moments of deep sorrow and anger.

Chris Brennen and Roger Filer, as soldiers escaped from detention, provided competent foils to Richard Sherrington's lusty, rumbustious playing of their leader.

Michael Wolfers

THEATRE

E.T.C.'s Saints Day

WHEN frightening people it is essential to keep your horror hidden. The beastliest beast from 20,000 fathoms becomes a comic, even endearing figure, if the audience are allowed to examine him closely. Alternatively you may show your fiend but hide the fiendishness inside him. King-Kong swiftly becomes ludicrous because his awe-inspiring qualities are immediately apparent. Frankenstein's monster has a mind and while its gropings are unpredictable he remains fearful. Dracula is almost normal to look at and becomes more frightening as his peculiarities are discovered, but not explained. The Innocents from 'The Turn of the Screw' are unusually attractive, but the evil that surrounds them is terrifying. Pinter is content to create an atmosphere of dread and fear and to retain it, not by withholding the explanation until the end, but by withholding it altogether. At the beginning of 'Saints Day', by John Whiting, four people are living in such an atmosphere, with glimpses of suppressed violence and the hostility of the world outside. This is very effective until we are given an explanation, i.e. Grandfather alienated the villagers when he retired twenty-five years ago. Something is retained as the villagers at least remain off-stage, but more is lost by describing the nature of the threat. There is a great deal of action, which carries you from moment to moment, but cumulatively is overwhelming. The violence is less effective than the threat of violence. Fear threads its way through the play, from the fear of the old poet that he will make a fool of himself at a dinner given in his honour, to the fear of death felt by the young painter. Fear of the unknown, fear of the villagers, fear of criticism, sometimes admitted, sometimes denied, the theme is ever present. If the events followed each other with the appearance of probability, if not inevitability, the climax of death might be tragic, instead of clever, surprising and unfortunate. When a woman has been shot through a wall by an intruding critic who is holding a gun for the first time and fires accidentally and a clergyman burnt alive (off-stage) at the top of his church tower, you get a feeling that anything may happen, which is fatal to tragedy. Oliver Davies last week in *Isis* wrote that 'Whiting would want "Saints

Day" to be judged firstly by its total and overall effect'. Firstly, then, the play is a failure; the overall effect is like some over-rich pudding, full of good things and clearly the work of an excellent cook, but with altogether too much in it to be digestible. The evening is consistently entertaining, something unexpected compels the attention if it should start to wander, but no single aspect of the play compels the attention permanently. Amusing, moving or frightening if thought of in detail, as a whole the play seemed muddled and therefore muddling.

Theatrically it is good to bite off more than you can chew. Even if you spit a little out, you will swallow quite a lot and one swallow can make a supper. You may also strengthen the muscles of your jaws for future meals. This production of a difficult play cannot have been in rehearsal more than a fortnight and I went to the Playhouse reminding myself that the greatness of *Hamlet* is most easily perceived when it is least competently performed and hoping that a little Whiting would filter through a necessarily slipshod production. In fact it was one of the best acted and produced plays I have seen in Oxford. Gordon Honeycombe aged sixty years, which is hard, and conveyed that he had been a talented poet, which is harder. The angry ineffective movements of his hands, the sudden arrogance or obstinacy in his shoulders, the rambling mumbling, audible voice were all brilliantly controlled in a performance both forceful and restrained. All the main parts were acted excellently but those with less to learn learnt less well. Several sentences in the second performance I did not remember from the first, but omission is of little importance compared with the major sin of silence. It is better to recite your lines with the sensitivity and subtlety of a sergeant-major, than to forget them. However it is also better to aim for a pheasant than to slaughter a sparrow, and ETC are to be congratulated on the extent of their success.

MARK AMORY

Saint's Day

ETC is presenting 'Saint's Day', by John Whiting, at the Playhouse on Sunday 30 April, and Mr. Whiting is speaking to ETC and OUDS on Sunday 14 May.

IN 'Saint's Day' Whiting has created an isolated world, in which his characters move as at the edge of living. The theme of the play is self-destruction. From a cold, measured opening the action moves to a terrible conclusion with the triumph of the marauding soldiers, the burning of the village, and the destruction of the only creative talent within the play. This climax is not perfectly achieved. The line of the play's intention is too cluttered and without the logical intensity of Whiting's later work. It remains one of the most powerful and ruthless plays to have been written since the war.

'Saint's Day' has many affinities with two more recent plays—Pinter's 'The Birthday Party' and Arden's 'Sergeant Musgrave's Dance'. The connection which most critics have tried to establish is their common social and political criticism. Tom Milne, in 'Encore', found that they are all social plays, 'in the sense that they comment, seriously, on the society we live in', and that they share a common theme—'the nature of violence'.

All three writers, however, make a point of not writing directly about contemporary political and social problems. 'Beliefs are what one basically is, and what one writes from', not what one writes about. Whiting holds, in direct contrast to Wesker, that the theatre must make its effect through a form of revelation, not by a direct statement. Pinter, taken to task by Tynan, defended his characters' lack of interest in politics and ideas by implying that he is approaching them at a level below their social consciousness, when they are trying to come to terms with themselves as human beings, capable of relationships one with another. Arden, when talking to OUDS last year, made it clear that 'Musgrave' was not intended to be a parable on CND, Cyprus, or Kenya, however much it might reflect general problems, of which these are specific instances.

Violence and implicit political criticism are elements which only some of their plays share. 'A Penny for a Song' and 'The Caretaker' contain little of either. What their writing has more in common is its personal nature and the world which it creates. Pinter in his room and his boarding house, Arden in his snowbound town and his old people's home, Whiting in his isolated mansion and his mid-European state, have created worlds whose own

reality, standards and rules the audience is required to accept and become involved in. Their plays do not give packaged answers to neat social questions. They take the problem of living, and probe, twist, explore, and wrench it apart. Living is the matter of their plays. The poetic expression of living is the form.

It is odd that their use of form and language, with which all three writers are immediately concerned, has been so neglected. In 'Look Back in Anger' and 'Roots' form is a very secondary consideration. Their construction and language, however exciting, are quite conventional. Whiting, Arden and Pinter are all trying to create a poetic theatre. Their methods vary. They are not yet explicit on what they have and what they hope to achieve. But their experiments in form create the fabric and the matter of their plays.

Arden wants to 'translate the concrete life of today into terms of poetry' by using formal language (either verse or sung ballads) at the moment when the basic poetic issue is reached. The poetic truthfulness of the immediate situation on the stage is of first importance. Pinter experiments with natural speech rhythms, with casual, repetitive dialogue, which has the appearance of extreme reality. These devices he can orchestrate so exactly that they convey contact through silence, absence of contact through a flood of words. Trust and loneliness, thus created, are the matter of his plays.

Whiting is, in use of language, the least revolutionary of the three, and the most wary of such methods becoming ends in themselves. He writes passages of magnificent prose, but also uses heightened imagery and a wealth of poetic ideas and references for his climaxes. 'I construct on a sort of thematic basis, almost a subconscious thing, whereby words gain a significance to the characters within the play'. The interrelation of people, words, ideas, objects, sounds makes the fabric of 'Saint's Day' in particular. Whiting uses the musical metaphor advisedly. The musical shape of all three writers' plays comes out very markedly under good production. Atmosphere and rhythm are often the most immediate and lasting impact made upon an audience. Whiting would want 'Saint's Day' to be judged, firstly, by its total and overall effect.

OLIVER DAVIES

Cherwell Saturday, April 29th., 1961.

Saint's Day



Gordon Honeycombe and Alan Weyman rehearsing a scene from "Saint's Day" by John Whiting, author of "The Devils" now running in London. The ETC production of "Saint's Day" will be premiered at the Playhouse tomorrow.

DICEY. I ~~WADDE~~ USBORNE

II BRENNEN

III GRIFFITH

IV CROTHERS

V BLEASBY

VI GORDON

VII ~~WADDE~~ BARNAN

VIII DALLAS

IX ~~[WADDE]~~ EGERTON

X WARWICK EVANS

XI GILL

XII ~~[WADDE]~~ HEGGATT

DICEY
~~~~~



BALLIOL COLLEGE COMMEMORATION BALL

Monday 19th June 1961

Dancing 10 p.m.

Admit One



*St. John's College and Trinity College  
Commemoration Ball*

*Monday, June 19th, 1961*

*Double Ticket*

*10-6 a.m.*

BRING A BIRD AND A BOTTLE



## Michaelmas Term 1961

president Michael Haines  
secretary Michael Slater  
treasurer Chris Brennen  
ex-presidents John Alberty  
Peter Snow  
senior member J. N. Bryson Esq.

Monday, October 23rd

READING. "**Serjeant Musgrave's Dance**"  
by John Arden.  
Produced by John Hole.  
Dicey 8, 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 8th November

READING. "**The Hostage**" by Brendan Behan.  
Produced by Chris Brennen.  
Dicey 8, 8 p.m.

5th week

O.U.D.S. CUPPERS. "**The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet**" by G. B. Shaw.  
Produced by Peter Keen.  
Clarendon Press Institute.

6th week

ANNUAL DINNER AND CHARADES.  
Further details to be announced.

Monday, December 4th — Wednesday, 6th

MAJOR PRODUCTION. "**The Tinker**" by Robert Sloman and Lawrence Dobie.  
Produced by Peter Bleasby.  
At the Playhouse Theatre.

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Please N.B. the major production at the Playhouse—  
a worthwhile but expensive venture. So don't forget to  
encourage all friends, relations, benefactors, etc. to come  
and support us.

C. Brennen



## BALLIOL DRAMATIC CLUB



# PANTAGLEIZE

by MICHEL DE GHELDERODE, translated by George Hauger

*Cast in order of appearance:*

|                                        |        |                                                                            |
|----------------------------------------|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Pantagleize, Esq., hero of the day     | ...    | OLIVER DAVIES                                                              |
| Bamboola, a Negro                      | ... .. | IAN DAVIDSON                                                               |
| Innocenti, a waiter                    | ... .. | JOHN WATTS                                                                 |
| Blank, a wavy-haired stripling, a poet | ...    | JEREMY BEATTIE                                                             |
| Creep, a policeman, thick but cunning  |        | JOE DURDEN-SMITH                                                           |
| Banger, lame and bearded               | ... .. | PAUL BURGE                                                                 |
| Rachel Silberchatz, a Jewess           | ... .. | NANCY LANE                                                                 |
| Balladmonger                           | ... .. | MARGARET CECIL                                                             |
| Macboom, a General                     | ... .. | GORDON HONEYCOMBE                                                          |
| A Bank Manager                         | ... .. | SHERIDAN MORLEY                                                            |
| Assistant Bank Manager                 | ... .. | JEFFREY WALKER                                                             |
| Distinguished Counsel                  | ... .. | BASIL SAUNDERS                                                             |
| Generalissimo                          | ... .. | FREDERICK BENN,                                                            |
| Officer                                | ... .. | BEN BRADNACK                                                               |
| Soldiers, Waiters, etc.                | ...    | CHRIS BRENNEN, JOHN HILL,<br>MICHAEL HIND, PETER FAWCETT,<br>JAMES WILLMOT |

Scene: in a city of Europe; three acts with two intervals

## FOR E.T.C.

|                          |       |                                                   |
|--------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------------------|
| Stage Director           | ..... | BOB THIRLEY                                       |
| Stage Manager            | ..... | CHRIS SIMPSON                                     |
| Production Secretary     | ..... | PHIL ROBERTS                                      |
| Lighting Designer        | ..... | BRIAN HANDS                                       |
| Publicity                | ..... | BRIAN WINSTON                                     |
| Sound                    | ..... | NICK BROWN, DAVID MORRIS                          |
| Wardrobe Mistress        | ..... | ELIZABETH LINCOLN                                 |
| Property Mistress        | ..... | ELAINE MEDLAR                                     |
| Music                    | ..... | DAVID MURRAY                                      |
|                          |       | conducted by GORDON CROSSE                        |
| Business Manager         | ..... | J. WARDE STEVENS                                  |
| Technical Adviser        | ..... | SIMON KING                                        |
| Production Adviser       | ..... | ROBERT BROWNING                                   |
| Assistant Stage Managers | ..... | J. E. M. SIMMONDS,<br>ROBIN MITCHELL, ROGER SMITH |
| Chief Electrician        | ..... | ROBIN GIFFARD                                     |

Leaves by the Botanical Gardens. Sewing machine by Singer.



## OXFORD PLAYHOUSE

THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY

# MURDER AND MOZART

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

## PANTAGLEIZE

by MICHEL DE GHELDERODE

Translated by George Hauger

October, 1961



De Ghelderode is a Belgian who has been writing plays for some time. He is something of a recluse, and apart from sporadic eruptions in France, he has attracted little critical attention; it is only recently that the full measure of his influence on the plays of such writers as Genet, Adamov and Ionesco has been appreciated. This connection with the 'theatre of the absurd' undoubtedly exists, but it is merely a stylistic link; de Ghelderode's particular flavour as a dramatist is one of Catholic fatalism and he has none of the nihilistic or consciously vindictive cast of mind which distinguishes his successors.

'Pantagleize' was written in 1929. It tells of a philosopher/poet figure who unwittingly becomes the hero of an abortive revolution, falls in love with a Jewess who is killed and is eventually executed himself—all on one day, his fortieth birthday. De Ghelderode has written of Pantagleize, 'He is the man who has kept the treasures of his childhood in his heart, and who passes through catastrophes in all artlessness. . . . And if he dies, it is because, particularly in our time, the Innocents must be slaughtered; that has been the law since the time of Jesus. Amen'.

The play has no hidden meaning or significance beyond this, its style is that of simple, allegorical farce and its origins are to be found in the *Commedia Del'Arte*, the circus and the marionette theatre (of which de Ghelderode made a particular study). It is a play full of theatrical 'magic' for it was written by a man who believes in that 'magic'; it is a play for those who have kept the treasures of their childhood in their hearts. . . .

**E.T.C.**

## 'Pantagleize'

EDDIE GILBERT writes: From time to time undergraduate theatre rises above what Peter O'Toole described as 'F—ing about in tights'. There are occasions when the quality of a performance or of the directing merits a more specific description, and these are always welcome, but the University societies never wholly escape a suggestion of parochialism except when they become involved with an unusual and exciting play. This is by way of introduction to Michel de Ghelderode's 'Pantagleize' which the ETC are to perform in the Playhouse from Thursday to Saturday this week.

*In next Wednesday's*

**ISIS**

**ROBERT SKIDELSKY**

on

**THE BRITISH FASCISTS**

**CONNAIRE KENSIT**

analyses

**O.U. LABOUR CLUB**

**TOM BETHELL**

on

**OXFORD JAZZ**



BALLIOL DRAMATIC CLUB

# the tinker

BY LAURANCE DOBIE & ROBERT SLOMAN

TO - NIGHT

PLAYHOUSE

DEC. 4 • 5 • 6 at 8  
~~MAT. DEC. 6 at 2.30~~





**OXFORD PLAYHOUSE**  
**THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE**

**THE TINKER**

by

**LAURENCE DOBIE and ROBERT SLOMAN**

**DER ZERBROCHNE  
KRUG**

by

**HEINRICH VON KLEIST**

**December, 1961**

By permission of the Reverend the Vice-Chancellor and the Right Worshipful the Mayor

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY

**BALLIOL DRAMATIC CLUB**

presents

**THE TINKER**

by

**LAURENCE DOBIE and ROBERT SLOMAN**

Directed by **PETER BLEASBY and CHRIS BRENNEN**

Designed by **JOHN HOLE**

---

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

**O.U. GERMAN CLUB**

presents

**DER ZERBROCHNE  
KRUG**

by **HEINRICH VON KLEIST**

Directed by **DENYS DYER**

Designed by **PETER HAXWORTH**



# THE TINKER

by ROBERT SLOMAN and ALAN DOBIE

*Cast in order of appearance :*

|                             |     |     |     |     |                  |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------|
| Harry Brown                 | ... | ... | ... | ... | DUNCAN DALLAS    |
| Seamus                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | CHRIS BRENNEN    |
| Arthur                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | TOM COOKSON      |
| Reggie                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | CHRIS LITHEKO    |
| Phil Corbett                | ... | ... | ... | ... | MARK BLACKSELL   |
| John Grant                  | ... | ... | ... | ... | PAUL BURGE       |
| Charlie                     | ... | ... | ... | ... | DAVID ONWOOD     |
| Alf                         | ... | ... | ... | ... | LACHE MACKINTOSH |
| Sam                         | ... | ... | ... | ... | RON PRITCHARD    |
| Muscles                     | ... | ... | ... | ... | VYVYAN SALMON    |
| Yvonne                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | FRANCES DOEL     |
| Josie Stephens              | ... | ... | ... | ... | SHEILA SMITH     |
| Sarah Phillips              | ... | ... | ... | ... | PENELOPE NEWSOME |
| Andrew Gilby                | ... | ... | ... | ... | MICHAEL HAINES   |
| Professor Carlton Chown     | ... | ... | ... | ... | MICHAEL SLATER   |
| Mrs. Virginia Chown         | ... | ... | ... | ... | BARBARA RICHARDS |
| Edgar Tibbs                 | ... | ... | ... | ... | MICHAEL WILKINS  |
| Coroner                     | ... | ... | ... | ... | MICHAEL WILKINS  |
| Vice-Chancellor             | ... | ... | ... | ... | GEOFFREY SMALL   |
| Customers, Students, etc. : |     |     |     |     |                  |

GILLIAN YOUNG, NANCY DENBY, JANE BEATON,  
JOSEPHINE EVANS, PAT VICKERMAN,  
PETER KEEN, RICHARD HYMAN, CHRIS GUTCH,  
DAVID GOLDSWORTHY (trumpet)

*There will be two intervals of ten minutes each between the Acts*

The action of the Play passes in and around a Midlands university  
during two weeks in February

## ACT I

- Scene 1. A pub bar. Wednesday night  
Scene 2. Harry and Phil's room in their hall of residence. Later that night  
Scene 3. The pub bar. Thursday morning

## ACT II

- Scene 1. The lounge of Professor Chown's house. Sunday evening  
Scene 2. A summer-house. Later that evening  
Scene 3. The mixed Common-Room. Monday morning  
Scene 4. Harry and Phil's room. Later that night  
Scene 5. Court Room

## ACT III

- Scene 1. The Common-Room. Saturday morning  
Scene 2. Professor chown's lounge. Later that morning  
Scene 3. The Common-Room. Later that afternoon

Time—the present

# DER ZERBROCHNE KRUG

by HEINRICH VON KLEIST

|                   |     |     |     |     |                                                              |
|-------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Walter            | ... | ... | ... | ... | JOHN HEAD (Lincoln)                                          |
| Adam              | ... | ... | ... | ... | ROLF SCHEIBLER                                               |
| Licht             | ... | ... | ... | ... | RICHARD WAKELY (St. John's)                                  |
| Frau Marthe Rull  | ... | ... | ... | ... | MARGARET CLARKE (St. Hilda's)                                |
| Eve               | ... | ... | ... | ... | JULIA FOUNTAIN (St. Anne's)                                  |
| Veit Tümpel       | ... | ... | ... | ... | JOHN HOBLEY (B.N.C.)                                         |
| Ruprecht, his son | ... | ... | ... | ... | RODNEY MANTLE (Lincoln)                                      |
| Frau Brigitte     | ... | ... | ... | ... | ANNEMARIE KÖNIG (St. Anne's)                                 |
| Bedienter         | ... | ... | ... | ... | ALFRED WHITE (Jesus)                                         |
| Büttel            | ... | ... | ... | ... | PETER ARCHER (Hertford)                                      |
| Mägde             | ... | ... | ... | ... | JEAN WINTERHALDER (St. Hilda's)<br>CHRISTINE LAWLER (L.M.H.) |

The action takes place in a village near Utrecht in the Netherlands

*There will be one interval of twelve minutes*



# Any old clothes .

CHERWELL By Theatre Editor  
(Peter Fiddick)

THE story is told that a rich and loathed Hollywood mogul died and three thousand people attended his funeral. 'See?' said Groucho Marx, 'Give the people what they want and they'll come to see it'.

What seems to me the most important thing to arise out of this term at the Playhouse is simply: What, if anything, do the People want to see?

Look at this term's programme: if one includes **Heartbreak House**, which was running when the University assembled, then there will have been plays by Shaw (twice), Aeschylus, Ibsen, Ghelderode, Pinter, and Arden, and also next week's production of **The Tinker**, an entertaining play which makes an honest attempt to deal with the problems of undergraduate existence, and which is worth seeing.

Opinion is divided over the merits of nearly every play on the list, but this in itself puts them in a worthy class: at least they are capable of being discussed and cannot be shrugged off. I challenge anyone to find a theatre with such a variety of interesting productions on show.

Nevertheless, although houses have not been empty, and although there is no sign of a sudden trend away from the theatre, the only event for which the Playhouse was really full, apart from Sir Kenneth Clark's lectures, was **The Hollow Crown**, which had two performances and a national build-up.

I do not believe it is everyone's duty to go to the theatre — simply that the theatre provides entertainment fit for an intelligent man, and thus that in a community of people of fairly serious minds one might expect to find a regular theatre audience.

Why, then, is the audience so irregular?

One simple reason seems to be that as people get tutorials over so they look for entertainment, and that this tends to be towards the end of the week. Another, and

possibly the most important, may be a reflection of reading the critics. Although in Oxford practical effect, the word does seem to be imposing the trouble starts.

Take for example the year ago of **The Mad** was one of the best delightful play, lavishly and graced by Angela delicate lead performance the beginning, full at finances received another

That is the society every so often, it cuts OUDS Shakespeare (the box-office pull of only fact of theatrical ten days. There were three nights; — by the week, people were being

The indication that commendation is more in high-powered publicity productions goes to what is lacking is a going which matches provided by the Playhouse vinctial theatres.

What is more difficult to find even in Oxford are attitudes which contribute of theatre throughout that large numbers people cannot think in to the theatre.

The sad thing is that to the Playhouse know where dinner-jackets are acceptable. The only more of both.

## THEATRE

### The Tinker

JIM CHALTON writes: The authors of *The Tinker* (Playhouse, last night tonight) have tried to give a slice of University life, and the result is predictably claustrophobic. Endless pub crawls and rugger-strategy alternate with earnest heart-searching back at the digs; a working-class 'angry' hurls abuse at an unamused professor, while the latter's wife carries on with another student in the hall. The dialogue rarely gets beyond the trivial—the disenchanted cry about 'artificiality', complaints about the rat-race, and the prize line 'Some of us have come here to work!'

It is mainly thanks to a very spirited cast that Balliol Dramatic Club's production, by Peter Bleasby and Chris Brennen, manages to keep our interest throughout most of the evening. Duncan Dallas, as the bitter working-class student, gives a well-controlled and convincing performance, and Sheila Smith plays his girlfriend with real sincerity. The scene of sudden disaster, when one of the students falls to his death in a stunt climb, is strikingly presented. One just wishes this promising talent had been used on a more substantial play.

#### The Tinker: (Balliol Dramatic Society. The Playhouse).

This is a new play by Robert Sloman and Alan Dobie; it is surprisingly eclectic. The setting is student-life in a red-brick University. The plot: Harry Brown, a malcontent student with a grudge against *Them* (the economic bosses, represented improbably by a University Professor) has a friend Phil who is taunted and treated as an outsider by his colleagues; to justify Harry's faith in him, and to save Harry's face, Phil climbs the University tower, and is (surprise!) killed; Harry is sent down (N.B. you should just 'leave' a provincial university—cf. *Look Back In Anger*). The last act consists of Harry saying it was his fault, Harry's girl-friend saying it wasn't, Harry's ex-friend's girl-friend saying it was, and Harry's taking it out on his admittedly unpleasant Professor. Three drunken students spend the first two acts singing bawdy songs, which may or may not underline the action; they explain the title. There is one Rag-day procession, one jive-dance across the stage, three analyses of capitalism, one dirge, a pub brawl, a game of bridge; I can only believe the play is a parody.

The following credits were omitted from the programme: to John Osborne, for the use of his first three plays (*Luther* was unfortunately performed too late for inclusion); to Iris Murdoch, for the tower-climbing; to Kingsley Amis, for a musical professor (character by Angus Wilson, who also supplied the professor's wife); to Bertolt Brecht, who suggested a song to the audience; to popular tradition in rugby-coach songs, which provided the 'breath of vulgar life' the hero was so keen about.

#### THE OXFORD MAGAZINE

##### MAGAZINE

Thursday, 7th December, 1961

Paul Burge and Chris Litheko did very well; one can hardly blame the rest of the cast for failing to act as though they meant the trite emotions they were supposed to express. The producer may have had his own reasons for casting his plebeians with Public School accents, and his smoothies with plebeian ones; it certainly underlined the improbability of the dialogue. The actors were probably well-advised to keep clear of any of the 'chance pools of light that occasionally illumined the obscurity. The pub set was very good, and reminded one of what one might have been doing.

GEORGE RIGG



BALLIOL COLLEGE

THE DEAN WISHES TO SEE

MR.

Brennen

AT

1.0 pm

ON

Monday 30/10/61

FROM THE MASTER,  
BALLIOL COLLEGE  
OXFORD.

30th June 1961

Dear Brennen,

I wrote to the Director of Education of Londonderry Education Committee at the request of Dr. L.C. Woods to ask for a vacation grant for you of £4 a week for the period 24th June to 16th July while you are attending the Surveying course in Oxford.

I have now heard from the Director of Education who says it is not possible to consider such a grant "for the present" because your father has not forwarded to them documentary evidence of his income.

I do not know whether there is anything you can do about this but it appears that the Londonderry Education Committee cannot do anything unless this evidence is forthcoming.

Yours sincerely,

J. Linag Kerr

C. Brennen, Esq.,  
Balliol College

FROM THE MASTER.  
BALLIOL COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

22nd November 1961

Dear Brennen,

I have read with much interest your very lively account of your travels in Greece. You and your friends seem to have gone everywhere and seen almost everything, and put your travel grant to excellent account. I am glad you got so much out of it and that you saw something of the life in Greece today as well as its classical splendours.

It just occurs to me to ask whether, as your record is so full, you would like to have it back to keep for yourself. This isn't generally done, for these papers are filed, but it could be done if you would like it.

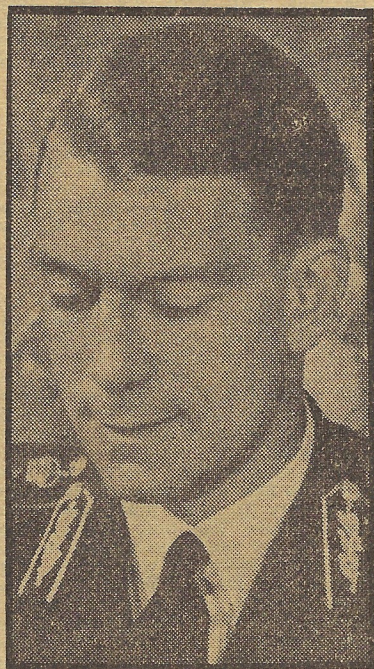
Yours sincerely,

J. Linag Kerr

C. Brennen, Esq.



## NEW ST. JOHN COMMANDER



Mr. Wilfred M. Brennen, M.B., F.R.C.S., Magherafelt, Officer Brother of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (Northern Ireland), who has been promoted Commander.

Mr. Brennen, who has been connected with the Order for over 20 years, was appointed Acting Commissioner in November, 1942, when the Commissioner, Mr. Ian Fraser, was on active service.

**'COMING-OF-AGE'**

## St. John Honour for City surgeon

MR. WILFRED BRENNEN, MB, FRCS, Acting Commissioner of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (Northern Ireland District), has been appointed by the King as officer Brother of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

The honour was made known last night.

Mr. Brennen was appointed Acting Commissioner in November, 1942, the Commissioner, Lt.-Col. Fraser, being on active

service. He was largely responsible for the success of the visit to Ulster last June of Lady Louis Mountbatten, Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.









