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Student "causes" at  
Cambridge University

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from other organisations, which included even the Caius Milk and Wine Society and the Tuskers' Club!

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS the Cambridge University Conservative Association (CUCA) accused JAGUAR of being run by South African fanatics. In fact, however, it was a non-South African crisis that led to CUCA's withdrawal from JAGUAR. The Jewish Society complained that Sir Oswald Mosley had been asked by CUCA to address a meeting in Cambridge. JAGUAR protested to CUCA but the meeting was not cancelled. After several weeks of tension CUCA withdrew its support for JAGUAR which meant that JAGUAR would no longer receive CUCA's terminal subscription of £10—one of the biggest. Soon after this a suggestion was made that JAGUAR cease to be an action group and I believe that this suggestion was adopted at a meeting soon after my resignation as chairman due to pressure of work.

Cambridge does not have a Students' Representative Council and the Union is a private society (membership open to men only) which holds debates of very high standard but which does not pass motions on behalf of the student body. In fact on the Oxbridge campus there is no "student body" and the links with the National Union of students are almost non-existent. It is true that after Sharpeville huge sums of money were collected at Oxbridge for the Defence and Aid Fund, but now only a trickle of the money collected finds its way to this fund. This is understandable when one realises that worthy causes are demanding money almost every week. Cosmopolitan Cambridge is asked to collect for Kenya famine relief, Algerian refugees, West Indies hurricane relief, Congo victims . . .

Two years in Cambridge certainly improved my perspective of international affairs. I see now—and I hadn't seen it before—that the bomb, Berlin and the Common Market are more important internationally than the South African situation. But this does not alter my criticism of several C.N.D. supporters who put all their eggs in the bomb basket. They cynically refuse to transfer even a bantam's worth into another basket. Some in their pessimistic moods even venture to suggest that total world destruction by the bomb is inevitable and the implication seems to be "Why bother to do anything about anything?" One C.N.D. supporter listened to my account of the Sabotage Bill. I told him I was apprehensively returning to Durban. "That is if you ever reach Durban," he interrupted. "The world will probably blow up first."

I have reached Durban and the world has not blown up yet. It might do so before this article is published. But while the bomb remains dormant apartheid legislation continues. And C.N.D. action alone will never stop it. ●

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## My Grandmother

As sinewy as biltong, as narrow  
As the path around her house  
She keeps her pride intact,  
Fiercely erect, with both eyes, her hands, her feet  
Her half-blind crooked legs  
Intent on the unbending God  
Dazing her from above;  
The coast she hugs is cruel and comfortless.

Intolerant of so much of  
The champing, leering, breath-blown-on-to-old-chafed  
hands  
Snickering world, she keeps a short leash  
To her cupped bit, her palms held close  
Like a cat on a mat  
With a sharp scratch and a bite  
For those who love the light  
But find the source too cold . . .

Yet should you be stranded or unaided  
Or yield to temptation's bait  
Finding no answer from the decentralised  
Warmth you feel and covet all about  
She will not be gay or quick or glib  
But will lead you out  
Showing you how strait is the gate  
How good the reward.

Being strong, she knows the cold  
And fears it. As lonely as a prophet  
Her dogma rages unheeded  
Binding her Motherhood and sealing  
The scattered seed; And her house has known  
The deafening lights that now stands  
Exiled in age and marooned by her convictions,  
Its grief beaten into whispers.

Only the pupils interrupt her vigil  
The unwilling students of her clod-hopping  
Adopted tongue. How gratefully she goes  
Her plough-blades gleaming, towards those morning  
fields,  
Her fixed labours crossing the long afternoon  
Till a ripple of wind pushes  
The arid windmill far back in her old Dutch veins  
And she rises absorbed, her self-hood grinded to a wave  
of light.

Soon, they are gone and her waiting  
Resumes. The tall shadows begin their evening task  
Of flagging off the jagged  
Or unrepentant intruders: The burrows  
Are warm and glad about her bones where she tunnels  
Deep in her body's mistake: And within she prays  
For that abrupt landslide, the huge mountain  
Or rectifying darkness, now all but level with her sight.

PERSEUS ADAMS

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