

PASS

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF THE MASTERMIND CLUB



Summer 2000

Magnum and Mugnum roundups

Vive la difference!

On the China Station

Sheepdogs, hitch-hikers and civil wars

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IT HAS BEEN A QUIET TIME on the membership front since the last edition of PASS, with no more new members from this year's series, although I am pleased to report that the BBC have invited applications for a new series in 2001 – dare I say it? – the Millennium *Mastermind*.

On a personal note I auditioned for *15 to 1* and am waiting to find out whether I have successful. If I am it will be my second appearance.

PASS

SUMMER 2000

PASS NOTES

Craig Scott, Editor

WELL, IT'S THE SECOND WEEKEND IN SEPTEMBER and it looks like being the last that could conceivably be called 'summery'. So here's the Summer issue – enjoy!

Sarah and I had divers adventures in the USA. I was going to write an account for this issue, but as everything fell neatly into 16 pages without it and time is moving on, I'll leave the Bill Bryson department to Philip Wharmby (p.14) and put an article together for the next issue.

I'm ashamed to admit that I don't have an informed point of view on the hypothetical confrontation between HMS *Warrior* and the USS *Monitor* or CSS *Merrimack* posed by Lance in his letter (p.2) and article (p.16). If you want to pursue it, you might contact Gavin to see if there are any places left on his *Warrior* tour on 30 September.

A fervent plea

All in all, we've been doing pretty well at getting your words into print with a minimum of rekeying, but an incident in the preparation of this issue was salutary and deserves retelling.

One contributor (you know who you are) left a message on our tape while we were away asking if I could return the disk containing his contribution and two other pieces. Now, this didn't ring a bell (although we try to log all the material received for each issue) and we spent the next week turning our offices over to find it.

I'd just given up and called to confess failure when the files turned up on my hard disk. And I'd just copied the files and returned them when the original disk turned up.

Now, in my defence I will say that the disk bore no identifying marks, apart from some unrelated filenames that I'd originally thought were our own stuff.

So remember:

- ❖ Don't send your only copy (print or disk).
- ❖ Try not to be too cryptic in naming your file.
- ❖ Mark the disk (do please splash out on a blank label) with your name, filename, application used and version (e.g. Word 97). Put these details in your cover note if you're sending the file as an email attachment.

That's it for now. Nothing from the Sports Desk this time. Deadline for the next issue is the end of October for publication late November. Keep your pieces rolling in!

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LETTERS, NEWS AND VIEWS

From Lance Haward

'Letters, News and Views' for "Spring" 2000 (which narrowly beat the first autumn leaves to the drop), in noting Helen Grayson's *Brain of Mensa* triumph, omitted to mention also that, having lifted the trophy previously in 1988, she now joins the very select company of multiple winners (all Club members), Ray Ward (1992 and 1999) and one other whose name modestly escapes me.

If a Subject's Worth Swotting... Yes, Michael, I retain – nay, I brazenly flourish – my ignorance of Eddie Stobart, notwithstanding your wonderfully dedicated determination to enlighten me and all of us.

With the greatest respect (and gratitude for enlivening the brief tedium of the walk to the Tullie House), the question does need to be put, for the sake of the nation's sanity: Is a fleet of nine hundred lorries any more worthy of the prolonged attention of twenty-seven thousand people who could presumably be doing something a lot more productive, like couch-potatoing the soaps for their next special subject, than the however-many thousands of erstwhile London Transport's red models shunting in and out of Victoria?

If I have cruised the M6 with my eyes shut, no other vehicles have noticeably suffered from it – yet. I am happy to claim that in the same spirit of righteous indifference to totally sterile erudition and booklets of Routemaster serial numbers, I turned the page after reading your excellent contribution, and didn't remember a word of it!

The Incredible Hulk: In his assertion that any encounter entered upon by HMS *Warrior* must necessarily have been a foregone conclusion, Gavin Fuller omits to notice, as I'm sure you, Sir, will be the second to point out, her two even more significant contemporaries, the USS *Monitor* and the CSS *Virginia/Merrimac*. The likelihood that *Warrior*, in any hypothetical encounter with either of these, would have earned nothing better than a stalemate is shown by their celebrated engagement in Hampton Roads off Norfolk on the 9th of March, 1862, when the perfect equilibrium of armaments to armour on both sides resulted in a complete stand-off (albeit strategic, if not tactical, success for the Union).

From Ray Ward

INTERESTING TO LEARN Lance Haward had never heard of Eddie Stobart and Eddie-spotting (PASS, Spring, p. 5)! Ah, there is something he doesn't know! I popped in myself to admire the Eddie mugs, models, teddy bears dressed as Eddie drivers, and of course the female shop assistants in Eddie sweatshirts, but didn't buy anything. More discerning spotters look out for the rarer (though still quite frequently seen) Norberts, the big red trucks of the French firm Norbert Dentressangle, with their distinctive white stripe forming "ND".

I fear Richard Goodale has blundered with answer G to his quiz (p. 11). The question was about a wine with the same name as a former Poet Laureate, and he says the answer is Graves. But there has never been a Poet Laureate called Graves. He is presumably thinking of Robert Graves, but he was not Poet Laureate.

From Richard Goodale

HI RAY. Your fear is justified. I did blunder. My brain must have been on holiday when I wrote that question. *Mea maxima culpa*. Hope you enjoyed the quiz anyway.

From Pdraig Kirby

AS A KERRYMAN, whose special subject on *Mastermind* in 1989 was Ireland, the Easter Rising and the War of Independence, I thought I should tell you the favourite joke of an IRA chief of staff, Cathal Goulding.

Cathal would ask very genially, "What is black and blue and floats in the Thames?"

And he would answer equally happily, "An Englishman who tells Irish jokes."

[Somehow I don't think he'd regard it as much of a defence if I said I was an American – Ed.]

From Marga Scott

A FRIEND SENT US THE FOLLOWING. Thought you might appreciate it!

Tony Blair is being shown around a hospital. Towards the end of his visit, he is shown into a ward with a number of people with no obvious signs of injury.

He goes to greet the first patient and the chap replies:

“Fair fa’your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain e’ the puddin’ race!
Aboon them a’ ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o’ a grace
As lang’s my arm.”

Tony, being somewhat confused, grins and moves on to the next patient and greets him. He replies:

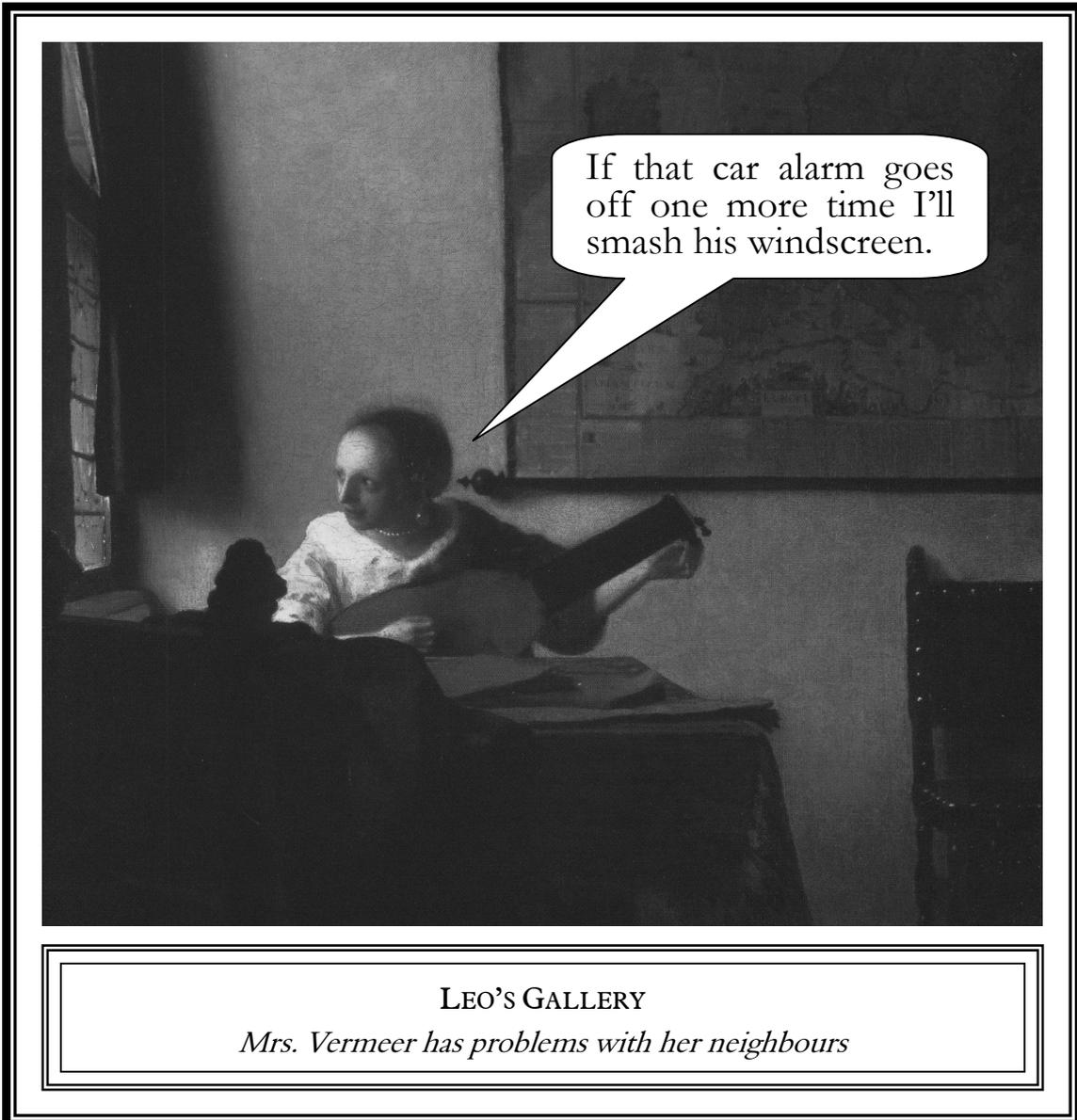
“Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.”

The third starts rattling off as follows:

“Wee sleekit, cow’rin, tim’rous beastie,
O, what a panic’s in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an chase thee,
Wi murdering pattle!”

Tony turns to the doctor accompanying him and asks, “What sort of ward this is – a mental ward?”

“No,” replies the doctor, “It’s the Burns Unit.”



THE SAME ONLY DIFFERENT

Tony Bell experiences an ancient rivalry from both sides

NOVEMBER 25TH 1996 was that terrifying and wonderful day when my first-round heat of *Mastermind* 1997 was recorded. At the time I was a ‘mature student’ studying for a PhD in chemistry at Cambridge University; as the recording took place in the debating chamber of the Cambridge Union Society, I was going to be on home ground.

Before I got there I was hoping to get at least 20 points over the two rounds of *Mastermind* that evening. I reckoned that score would leave me with my dignity intact. When I met my fellow-contenders for my heat I realised that I had another task above getting 20 points. There was a student from ‘the other place’ taking part – Katharine Taylor, a graduate student at Oxford University.

Magnus went to ‘the other place’ and before the recording there were lots of good-natured barbs about which was the better of the two ancient universities. When it was time for the recording Magnus did his introduction bit about the contenders and our hosts, the Cambridge Union Society, before mentioning that we had a Cambridge student taking part and also an Oxford student to maintain the traditional rivalry. Not only did I have to contend with not losing my dignity in front of several million television viewers I also had to fight for the honour of Cambridge University and BEAT OXFORD! I couldn’t lose to the ancient rivals on my home ground.

When the most terrifying half-hour of my life was over, I had achieved both of my objectives. I was fortunate enough to have scored 35 points to win my heat with Katharine in fourth place with 22 points and I had BEATEN OXFORD! One of my General Knowledge answers was “Oxford” and one of Katharine’s answers was “Cambridge” – the question setter obviously had a sense of humour.

THE TRADITIONAL RIVALRY between the two ancient universities goes back for nearly 800 years. Teaching at what became Oxford University commenced some time in the mid-12th century. In 1209 there was some trouble between ‘town and gown’ in Oxford. Consequently some of the Oxford scholars fled some 80 miles east into the fens of East Anglia to start anew and they founded what became Cambridge University. Oxford and Cambridge

have been rivals ever since.

To most people mentioning Oxford and Cambridge together means a sporting contest with the young gentlemen rowing down the Thames every spring in the University Boat Race (isn’t it strange how the same universities always make the final). There are sporting contests between the two ancient universities in every sport you can think of as well as a few you can’t.

Three days before my first-round *Mastermind* heat I had taken part in the Cambridge University ‘Cuppers’ cross-country running race which was a trial race to select teams to compete for Cambridge against Oxford in the cross-country Varsity matches over the next two weekends. In the three years that I was a Cambridge student I ran for the Cambridge University Hare and Hounds cross-country team and the highlight of every year were the Varsity matches and our chances to BEAT OXFORD. I took great pleasure in overtaking a tiring Oxford runner when I ran the London marathon in 1997. Later that year I finally achieved one of my ambitions as a Cambridge runner when I ran for the Cambridge 5th team against Oxford in the ‘2nd-5th’ team Varsity match but this time we didn’t BEAT OXFORD.

The sporting rivalry between the two universities is very competitive. The Hare and Hounds newsletter before I competed against Oxford showed a picture of Darth Vader with the caption “prepare to take on the Dark Side”. However, after the Varsity Match we are all friends again



(until the next time), whichever university wins the match always gives three cheers for the losers. Some of the Oxford and Cambridge runners will get together for a joint training camp after the Varsity Match and the track and field athletes of the two ancient universities will periodically band together to take on teams from the American Ivy League universities.

In 1999 after a non-terrifying oral examination (nothing can ever be truly terrifying again after *Mastermind!*) I graduated from the finest university in the land with a PhD and for the rest of my life I could proudly say that I was a Cambridge man. I expected to spend the rest of my life cheering for the light blues in the Boat Race and commiserating with any dark blues who I might meet who had to attend an inferior university.

AND SO OFF INTO THE WORLD with a PhD certificate in my hand, first stop was the Université Montpellier II in the south of France for a six-month postdoctoral job to do some chemistry research. Whilst I was there plans were made to find some money to bring me back to Cambridge to do some more research but this wasn't to be so I had to find myself another job after my time in France was over.

As my sojourn in *la belle France* came to its end, I was applying for academic jobs all over the UK without success, then I saw a postdoctoral job advertised at the Inorganic Chemistry Laboratory at Oxford University. I swallowed my pride and applied for the job. If I couldn't get back to Cambridge the second best was better than nothing. I didn't think I was suitably qualified for the job but to my great surprise I was called for an interview in early 2000. So off I went to Oxford for the interview, first question "What did you do on *Mastermind?*"!!! All went well at the interview, Oxford offered me the job and I accepted. I joined the list of scholars, including the likes of Steven Hawking and Dorothy Hodgkin, who have worked and studied at both of the two ancient universities, to have both Cambridge and Oxford on my CV would do me no harm at all in my future career.

When I arrived in Oxford to work I knew little about 'the other place'. I had competed for Cambridge in running races organised by Oxford and I had attended the Mastermind Club annual dinner in 1999 at Trinity College, but that was about it.

The first thing that struck me about Oxford was that how similar it was to Cambridge. There were lots of ancient colleges and other very impressive university buildings, ancient pubs and bookshops and lots of shops selling University souvenirs to the tourists that toured the city on open topped buses. If the shops were to replace Oxford with Cambridge on the souvenirs it would have looked as if I had never left! Running down the river Thames past all the college rowing club boathouses and under a bridge covered with rowing graffiti was also rather familiar.

Of course the two ancient universities aren't completely the same, they both have their own peculiarities and they both think that they are the better than the other one. The Cambridge terms are called Michaelmas, Lent and Easter, if you think those sound silly the Oxford terms are Michaelmas, Hilary and Trinity. Oxford appears to be more formal than Cambridge; it is examination time here in Oxford and all the students have to wear the appropriate academic dress for examinations.

I HAVE NOW BEEN WORKING in Oxford for three months and I am starting to get used to this strange place. I am sure that my Cambridge experience has helped me understand this place faster than someone with no experience of these strange and ancient seats of learning. Will I ever go over to the dark (blue) side? I am still proud of my Cambridge background, I run around the streets of Oxford in my Cambridge running clothes as often as I can. I am still on the side of the light blues and however long I stay here part of me will always be a Cambridge man. As time progresses though I can see my light blue heart becoming just a touch darker and I will think of myself as both an Oxford and Cambridge man, but I will still cheer on the light blues.

MEMOIRS OF A SHEEPDOG

Constance Moore on her brilliant career

ONE DAY IN 1993, I picked up a Keele University leaflet which led not only to my *Mastermind* subject, but also to my second career as archaeologist's assistant and 'sheepdog'.

The leaflet was advertising a study tour of archaeological sites in Orkney, and I immediately decided that this was something I would like to do, having always been vaguely interested in ancient history. My friends all thought me mad and pointed out that at that price I could go to Spain for two weeks; but I didn't want to go to Spain!

THE TRIP WAS TOTALLY FASCINATING, I fell in love with Orkney, and got on so well with Carol, the archaeologist leading the trip, that the following year she asked if I would be interested in accompanying her as an assistant. She was leading a party of Canadian pensioners on a two-week tour of sites in Southern England organised by Nottingham University. I leapt at the chance! We visited places from Oxford to Bath, from Stonehenge to the Somerset Levels. My job was to bring up the rear, make sure no-one got lost, close gates behind us and count heads when we got back onto the bus; also to help organise the lectures and slideshows which took place in the evenings. There seemed to be a different number of heads to count each day, as there was always someone who wasn't feeling well, wasn't interested in where we were going that day, or wanted to go off and meet some friends. However, they were a delightful group of people and very appreciative.

One couple sent me a T-shirt when they returned to Canada, and another couple insisted I looked exactly like a painting in Toronto Art Gallery and sent me a postcard of it: a beautiful willowy redhead who did not resemble me in the least, but I was very flattered! (Augustus John's *Marchesa Casati*, if Leo wants to know.)

Since then I have accompanied Carol many more times: a tour of the Vale of the White Horse and the Ridgeway, staying at the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester (excellent beer); hill forts of Southern England; and this

year to Ireland, visiting Tara and Newgrange, and sharing the university cafeteria in Dublin with hordes of yelling Italian and Spanish teenagers!

Most people are very obedient and back to the coach when requested, but one regular is notorious for having no sense of time, and many are the woods, visitor centres or motorway services I have had to search for her. I carry a whistle, but seldom have to use it!

As well as rounding everyone up, I have been sent down the fifty-foot ditch at Avebury to demonstrate its depth; have acted the part of the Goddess Minerva in the Roman temple on Maiden Castle; and have been a Neolithic priestess, carrying the bones of my ancestors in ritual procession round the tomb mound at Wayland's Smithy. Anything to bring the past to life!

THE DEBATE OF COURSE RAGES ENDLESSLY over why these places were built. I suspect that calling places like Newgrange or Maes Howe a "tomb" is about as accurate as calling Westminster Abbey a tomb because people are buried there. Stone circles are said to have been used for "ritual gatherings". In our on time, that phrase could describe a church service, a trade fair, a court hearing, a football match or Saturday night in the pub...and somewhere like Stonehenge could have hosted the equivalent of any or all of these. As a pagan myself, I am quite certain that Neolithic people worshipped the Goddess – but would be delighted to hear other opinions!

My favourite places? The Uffington White Horse; Newgrange; Avebury, which "does as much exceed in greatness the so renowned Stonehenge as a Cathedral doth a parish church". (OK, who said that?) And, of course, anywhere in Orkney, which is simply a place of magic. My *Mastermind* subject was "Archaeology of Orkney," so when I heard that the final Final was to be held there, I had to go. I was able to visit several islands I had not been to before, meet the archaeologist from the museum in Kirkwall who set my questions, and get our esteemed President legless on Orkney.

THE HITCH-HIKER

A cautionary tale from Paul Slater

SHE STOOD JUST BEYOND THE ROUNDABOUT, a slim young woman with a travel bag, casual clothes and long, dark, untidy hair. In the twelve years that I had been driving along the A1 on my weekends and days off, hitch-hikers had become less frequent, and to see a girl thumbing a lift was by now distinctly unusual. She was quite good-looking, although she could not have been called pretty; intrigued, I pulled up beside her.

She was making her way home to Inverness, she told me, after a disastrous holiday abroad that had ended up with her losing her money and falling ill. It was quite a tale she had to relate as we drove on. She would be grateful for a lift along the road northwards, or to some place where she could catch a bus. I noticed that she had no trace of a Scottish accent.

If she was telling the truth, I felt sorry for her. I gave her the benefit of the doubt, and said that I would drive her to York and lend her the train fare to Inverness; the train would be quicker than the bus, I said. She seemed genuinely pleased, and concerned that I might leave myself short of money, and we chatted. She asked me if I was a commercial traveller, and I replied that no, I was a librarian, and this was my day off as I was working on Saturday, and I was hoping to photograph a steam train, the *Scarborough Spa Express*. She asked me if my wife minded me going off on my own like this, and I told her that I was single – as indeed, in those days, I was.

SHE PROMISED ME that as soon as she got home she would write me a cheque for the amount I had lent her, and would post it to me; the Scottish bank she used issued rather pretty cheques, she said, I would find it attractive when I received it. She told me a little about her life in Inverness, I told her a little about mine in Gainsborough. She showed me a mark on the back of her hand where she had been given a painful injection during her recent illness abroad; it still hurt, she said. I told her about a holiday abroad that I had been on, and a girl in the party who had been taken ill; she had been given a painful injection too, but I did not think that she would have wanted to show many people the mark it had left, because for a day or two it hurt her whenever she sat down. The hitch-hiker laughed.

We arrived at York, I found a car-park, and I gave my companion enough money, as I estimated, for her fare home. I told her how to get to the station, she gave me her address and telephone number, I gave her mine, then I kissed her, and she had gone. I drove out of the city, and began to look for a lineside vantage-point, as the *Scarborough Spa Express* would soon be due.

Next day, I had to go to the bank to replenish my supply of cash. I had a sore throat, and I had it the next day too; I remembered the kiss in the car-park at York. The letter with the pretty cheque didn't arrive. I rang the number I had been given, and got the 'unobtainable' tone; I tried several times, always with the same result. I looked up the girl's name in the Inverness phone-book, and couldn't find it. I wrote to her at the address I had, but got no reply. Sadly, I realised that I would never hear from her again. How much of what she told me was true, I did not know, and now I no longer care. It was not the loss of the money that bothered me, I could easily afford it; nor had I thought that a lasting friendship would come from our roadside encounter. It was the deception that hurt me.

THE FOLLOWING YEAR I went with a friend on a three-day Merrymakers excursion to the north of Scotland. We got as far as Skye, and on the way back we had to change trains at Inverness. There was something I felt I had to do while I was there. I had already checked a town map, and had seen that the street where the hitch-hiker had said she lived was very near the station. As we got off the train from Kyle of Lochalsh, I told the tour leader that I was going into the town on some private business. I found the street easily enough, and walked all along it, it was quite short; the address the hitch-hiker had given me was definitely fictitious.

I was back at the station in plenty of time for the train south. Some of the Merrymakers party were in the buffet, and I joined them. I told one of the men where I had just been, and why. When he had heard all about the hitch-hiker, he smiled.

"I suppose that's one of those things that you just have to put down to experience," he said.

I suppose it is.

MASTER QUIZ 2000

Round 2 and final results

THE LEADING NINE CONTESTANTS qualified for the final rounds of the Magnum Trophy, held after the Annual Dinner on Saturday 16 April 2000. A play-off was held at Carlisle between Stewart, Keith and Kate for ninth place in the finals, which was won by Stewart.

Note: members entering Round 1 only obtained the following marks: Anne Miller (290), Anne Asburst (272), Marga Scott (248), G.N. Crockford (247), J. Hand (229), Barbara Anne Eddy (207), Sue Edwards (202), Richard Coast-Smith (175), Michael Davison (151) – full Round 1 results appeared last issue.

Round 2 Results

1.	Jean Burke	300
2.	Gavin Fuller	278
3.	Leslie Grout	272
4.	Norman Izzett	253
5.	Geoff Thomas	250
6.	Peter Richardson	244
7.	Ian Sewell	216
	Margery Elliott	216
9.	Eleanor MacNair	198
	Keith Scott	198
	R. Gordon Stuart	198
12.	Stewart Cross	190
	Isabelle Heward	190
14.	Philip Wharmby	185
15.	Clare Ockwell	172
16.	Glenys Hopkins	170
	Kate Vernon Parry	170
18.	Peter Todd	160
19.	Keith Bogle	159
20.	David Cowan	144
	Ann Kelly	144
22.	Chris Pelly	140
23.	Wendy Forrester	128
24.	Patricia Cowley	120

Final Results

	R1	R2	Total	
1. Gavin Fuller	326	278	604	
2. Jean Burke	298	300	598	
3. Geoff Thomas	320	250	570	
4. Leslie Grout	268	272	540	
5. Peter Richardson	294	244	538	
6. Norman Izzett	255	253	508	
7. Isabelle Heward	309	190	499	
8. Margery Elliott	274	216	490	
9. Stewart Cross	249	190	439	
	Keith Scott	241	198	439
	Kate Vernon Parry	269	170	439
12. Ian Sewell	222	216	438	
13. Eleanor MacNair	234	198	432	
14. Philip Wharmby	239	185	424	
15. R. Gordon Stuart	201	198	399	
16. Ann Kelly	243	144	387	
	Peter Todd	227	160	387
18. Patricia Cowley	254	120	374	
19. Clare Ockwell	201	172	373	
20. Glenys Hopkins	202	170	372	
21. Keith Bogle	205	159	364	
22. Chris Pelly	215	140	355	
23. David Cowan	210	144	344	
24. Wendy Forrester	172	128	300	

The Round 2 answers begin overleaf

MASTER QUIZ 2000 ROUND 2 ANSWERS

Gerald Mackenzie

1. Earl Hakon's cook, Lifolf on the Orcadian island of Egilsay.
2. Magnus Magnusson, KBE.
3. A History of Scotland and a definitive edition of the Sagas
4. They are so orientated that the sun's rays penetrate to the inner chamber at the Winter Solstice
5. The Isle of Rousay
6. The Isle of Lewis – not Harris
7. Originating in Northern Ireland, it transferred to South-West Scotland and was the foundation of the Lordship of the Isles. Fergus is my ancestor.
8. Henry de Bohun, nephew of the Earl of Hereford who was exchanged for Elizabeth de Burgh Bruis' wife, daughter of the Earl Marshall. Gilbert de Clare is also commemorated in Tewkesbury Abbey – he also died at Bannockburn
9. The 'Red' Comyn
10. Red Star, Belgrade. General Arkan.
11. Olibic
12. Nelson Mandela's (ex) wife, Winnie
13. Imelda Marcos
14. In an attempt to revive their fortunes, they fielded a full house of candidates, lost £80,000 in deposits and were reduced to Churchill's 'Taxicab Party'.
15. Cricket and Music
16. Apologies – should have read Richard. The Richmond and Twickenham Times.
17. The 'spaghetti tree'
18. The TUC as a carthorse c.f 'Boxer' in Animal Farm, and himself as a little man with his moustached and dark wide-awake hat.
19. Harold Macmillan.
20. Sir Jack Hayward, the sponsor of the SS Great Britain, gave £25,000 to Jeremy Thorpe, the destination of which has never been revealed, apart from other gifts to the Liberal Party.
21. Rinka. He received 47 votes; two more than Willie Rushton obtained when he opposed Sir Alec Douglas Home (in 1964).
22. William Hague
23. Impaling them
24. Principally because his agents reported that its ceremonies were the most magnificent of the Christian Churches.
25. January 6th.
26. Sister Lavinia (Lavvy) Byrne
27. St Anthony of Egypt
28. The 'Tartan Pimpernel'
29. The French Section of SOE, Special Operations Executive.
30. Odette Marie Celine, Mrs Sansom GC, MBE, later Mrs Peter Churchill
31. Edith Cavell
32. Dr Samuel Johnson
33. After Captain, later Sir Mansfield Cummings
34. David Irving.
35. Dr Alfred Zimmerman (Acting) Foreign Minister, Martin Gilbert and others. Bethman-Holweg was Chancellor!
36. The Siegfried Line
37. Music and Musicians
38. Gustav Holst
39. Harry Lillis
40. Apple
41. 50 – one bearing the number 50.
42. Virgin, Cross Country
43. The old deliberate mistake – apologies – it is of course 'Castlemans Corkscrew' a stretch of track on the Southampton and Dorchester Railway, the subject of much interest and legal wrangling in the 1840s/50s. The clue was Christopher Hughes' Railway Quiz which figured it in one of his questions. Ref: Dendy Marshall's updated *Southern Railway* (1962 edition) and *The LSWR* both Ian Allen.
44. The Lickey Incline
45. At Pen-y-darren in 1804. Richard Trevithick's steam engine hauled 20 passengers and 10 tons of coal successfully over 9½ miles.
46. The Balmoral
47. It was in the Jubilee Year of George V. The train and its locomotive were fully faired and streamlined, Bugatti style and the coaches were in articulated units.
48. Dr Bell of Edinburgh
49. He was shot and killed on the Kray Brothers' orders. He had become too hard to control and then he was encased in concrete and dumped in the middle of the English Channel.
50. Alexander Keiller
51. Sir Mortimer Wheeler
52. Carezza Lewis
53. Ian Carmichael
54. They both failed to reach the right altar
55. Z cars
56. William Hartnell gets full marks: Rassilon gets large bonus!
57. *Anno Urbis Condita*; the year of (from) the foundation of Rome in 753BC or *ab urbe condita* depending on sense in which it is used, e.g. the former refers to the dates of the foundation of Rome in 753 and the latter refers to the dates from the foundation of Rome e.g. Cicero *ab(s) urbe condita* writing in 700AUC equalling 54 BC. Ref: Lewis & Short, *Harvey Companion to Classical Literature et al.*
58. 128 years
59. Tycho Brahe
60. The Gyroscope
61. A sailing drifter (fishing boat). The last of the type was the 'Muirneag' which was taken to sea from Stornaway by her octogenarian owner/skipper Angus MacLeod in 1947
62. Dudley Pope
63. Alexander Kent; the American War of 1812
64. Richard Patrick Russ. He was an Englishman by birth
65. Medicine and Espionage, Natural History and Music
66. To initiate the cryptography centre which developed into Station X, broke the Enigma Codes and developed Colossus

67. Bismuth, Tin, Tungsten and Steel.
68. Greenland White Fronts and Barnacles
69. Barnacles principally
70. Solway Harvester
71. St Ninian
72. Hereford
73. Mel Brown/Blatt
74. Sandy Shaw, Rolf Harris
75. Salmon fishing
76. The Whitbread Prize
77. Margaret Mead
78. Emulation by Amerindian males of the last stages of pregnancy and parturition.
79. Lord Winston
80. 72kcal per hour
81. The thyroid gland
82. 108–138lbs, 166lbs
83. It indicates (measures) an individual's state of nutrition (commonly obesity) by the height:weight ratios. It is calculated by dividing the weight in kilograms by the square of the height in metres.
84. These terms describe three easily classified forms of human body type or *habitus*: respectively thin, muscular and obese
85. Chelsea
86. R M N Tisdall
87. She claimed she had been tripped by Zola Budd
88. Sidney Wooderson
89. Dr W G R M ('Ran') Laurie
90. She was a waitress in a Lyon's Corner House
91. John Lennon formed the Quarrymen as a skiffle group in 1956, joined by Paul McCartney they played in The Cavern and changed the name of the group to The Beatles, as we now know them
92. 5th July 1948. In general practice the 'Lloyd George Scheme' of 1911 for employees was called the Panel. In London there were the great teaching hospitals, e.g. Guys which were underpinned by the London County Council Hospitals, e.g. St Mary Abbot's (where I was a patient on vesting day). In the rest of the country the 'Voluntary Hospital Service' did sterling work.
93. The Papal one of 1982
94. Swiss
95. Bill Haley and the Comets
96. Squadron Leader 'Andy' Green in Thrust SSC Black Rock USA Oct. 1997 at 763.035 mph
97. Since 1901, published 1902; Drabble Oxford Companion; Originating in a letter of 1893!
98. The Christmas Pantomime
99. The Cocoanuts
100. The Paris Exhibition of 1900.

NB: Gratifyingly, every question panel was correctly answered!

CLUB SHOPPING

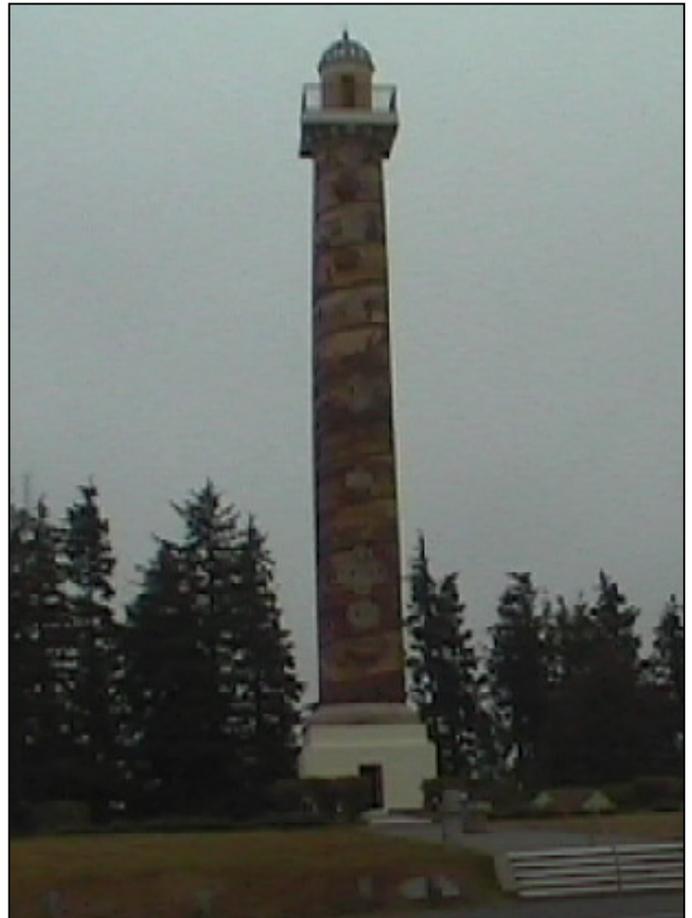
THEY'RE BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND! T-shirts with "I've started so I'll finish" on the front and "It's only a bloody game" on the back, in white on dark navy – only £6.00 all sizes.

All prices include postage and packing. Send a cheque with your order, payable to the Mastermind Club, to Patricia Owen.

TIES	£
NEW! MAROON (MULTI-LOGO)	7.00
NEW! ROYAL BLUE (MULTI-LOGO)	7.00
SILVER (SINGLE-LOGO)	6.00
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WHITE ON DARK NAVY (M, L, XL, XXL)	6.00
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MUGNUM 2000 ANSWERS

- 13: Eleanor Roosevelt
20: Writing on the alphabetic principle
21: The common Earthworm
22: Jacqueline Kennedy
49: the silence of the lambs
54: Auletes means “Flute player” and Egyptians (even Greek ones) were great flute players
61: Varieties of plum
93: It roused the burghers of Carlisle
145: The airline it is built for (747-136 is for British Airways, 757-222 for United Airlines, etc.)
253: Squash racquets
275: Moose
280: “how I would beat her”
286: The Astor family
287: He wanted to obtain a divorce, or at least a separation, from Queen Victoria
306: Let there be light
307: Athol Guy, Keith Potger & Bruce Woodley
318: A hammer
321: Candace Robb
337: St Magnus
338: Iceland
342: Latvia
349: Carlisle
373: Keith Scott’s wedding to Marga Munniksmä
434: The city/fort of Lugh
441: Chiasmus
443: The (Oxford-Cambridge) Boat Race
455: The Gordon Highlanders
457: Sir Edward Elgar
473: Ben Jonson
475: John McEnroe
477: Benvenuto Cellini
478: John Paul Jones
496: Eldrick “Tiger” Woods
498: Hang first, try later!
526: Katie
549: Between the Rhine and Danube (German frontier)
554: Swansea in 1865
579: Beatrice
600: Manon Lescaut
642: Lotic (water) moves, Lentic (water) doesn’t!
657: Sri Lanka
687: Mercury
692: Charles Kingsley
693: Phoebe
696: 122
697: Andrew Bertie (Grand Master of Knights of St John of Jerusalem, Rhodes & Malta)
729: (Thomas) Carlyle
731: Boothroyd
753: Sir Henry Pottinger
766: Bratislava
779: Comfort
819: David Rice Atchison
824: b) Greenwich
825: Irene
849: Digital Versatile Disc
866: Jackson Pollock
869: Dick Whittington
875: The Tweenies
877: (Charles) Louis Napoleon Bonaparte
899: Frodo Baggins
907: They were respectively the penultimate woman or man to be hanged in Britain



Q286: The Astoria Column overlooks the mouth of the Columbia River in Astoria, Oregon. It depicts (inter alia) John Jacob Astor, founder of the town as well as the Astor family dynasty and fortune.

Results

Individual

Kevin Ashman	34.5
Jean Burke	28.5
Patricia Owen	26.5
Kate Vernon-Parry	26.5
Ray Ward	24
Peter Richardson	23.5
Anne Hegerty	23
Pauline Wells	21
Gordon Stuart	17.5
Leslie Grout	16
Melvin Kinsey	16
Margery Elliott	14.5
Phil Wharmby	13.5
Ann Kelly	12
Wendy Forrester	11.5
Indrani Hettiaratchi	11.5
Peter Chitty	11

Team

Flodden's Revenge (Sonia Anderson, Ken Emond, Phillida Grantham)	47
Anne Miller, Mary Andrews & Susan Leng	24
Keith & Marga Scott	19

HOLLAND QUIZ ANSWERS

MARGA REPORTS: "Apparently the questions were more difficult than I thought: even Fred Dyson said he could answer only two..."

1. Louis Napoleon. He was appointed king of the Netherlands by his brother Napoleon Bonaparte, and reigned from 1806 to 1810.
2. Twelve.
3. Flevoland.
4. Sunflower.
5. Ottawa. When the Germans invaded the Netherlands in May 1940, Princess Juliana and her family fled to Canada, where Princess Margriet was born in 1943.
6. Pieter van Vollenhoven, Princess Margriet's husband.
7. *Hofnyck* was written by Constantijn Huygens, whose son Christiaan invented the pendulum clock.
8. 150.
9. Pole-jumping across a stretch of water.
10. At Austerlitz, a village near Utrecht. It was originally a French army camp, established in 1804. After Napoleon's 1805 victory at Austerlitz in Moravia, the camp was named after the battle site and the pyramid was built to commemorate the event.
11. b) a type of biscuit.
12. Anton Geesink, who did not win his medal in a skating event (he was a judo champion, whereas all the others were either figure skaters or speed skaters).
13. Betje Wolff and Aagje Deken.
14. Feyenoord.
15. Ruud Lubbers.
16. Shocking Blue.
17. Town hall (*stadhuis*) and opera house.
18. The opening of the Dutch parliamentary year.
19. c) Rotterdam.
20. Balthasar Gerards.

IF YOU WIN A HOLIDAY...

Philip Wharmby wins a Chinese adventure

IN JUNE 1999 I WAS COMING TO THE END of a Central European holiday and was stuck in the Youth Hostel at Bratislava, Slovakia, tuning in anything of interest on my short-wave radio. This must demonstrate the quality of the nightlife there. I found China Radio International and heard an item on the 50th Anniversary essay competition on the theme 'Impressions of China'. I had visited China in 1986, so I wrote an essay comparing the impressions before I went (Cultural Revolution etc.) with what I found when I was there (commercial television) and the developments I had seen on television since (skyscrapers, Tien An Mien and Hong Kong reunification). I posted an entry that I had decided would win a prize.

A few months later I was awoken by a call from the station to tell me that I had won the main prize and could I visit Beijing in early May of 2000 for the presentation ceremony. I would be the guest of China Radio for a week to be shown the sights of the capital.

I soon decided that this was better than paying for a holiday – I could go to France and Belgium next year. I then asked them if I could make this my main holiday and stay on in China after the official part of the tour. I explained that I was a keen backpacker and would be responsible for my own expenses for the rest of the stay. They agreed and an air ticket giving me an extra two weeks in China then arrived.

THE DAY BEFORE I LEFT FOR CHINA an email arrived to inform me that I would be giving a speech at the awards ceremony. In early May, I met the other prizewinners: a Frenchman, Jordanian, Czech, and Thai, along with a blind Chinese gentleman with his wife who both lived in Australia. A North Korean winner was not allowed out of the country. We were the main prizewinners out of 30,000 entrants. We each had a guide/interpreter.

The prize-giving ceremony was televised and the Deputy Director and the Executive Editor of China Radio International gave us our awards. I later found out that my speech of acceptance had been on the nine o'clock

national television news. As I had previously visited China I was also interviewed for the television for my impressions of Beijing since I had last visited. I mentioned the huge increase in car traffic, the air pollution was a lot worse. On the more positive side I said that I saw far more restaurants and more locals in them, there was obviously a lot more money around. Both my good and bad comments were broadcast. I also recorded an interview for the China Radio English Language service and a couple of days later heard myself when I was listening to my short-wave radio.

We were shown round the Beijing area for a week. There was the standard tourist trip to the Great Wall. I noticed many changes from my previous visit; apart from ten times the number of tourist shops, there was also a lot more Wall. Areas that I had visited that were only foundations had now been rebuilt. It's a fine dividing line – are you making it a theme park or is it just the fifth complete rebuild since it was originally built 2200 years ago? You can now join the Wall by cable car.

More places are open; you can visit the Gate of Heavenly Peace on Tien An Mien square. About the time I was visiting it the police were arresting demonstrators on the square. I found out when I watched CNN that night. More temples have been restored and opened. During my time there I visited a wide range of temples and mosques, some active and some mainly museums, but apart from the Lama temple few tourists made the effort to find them. There were places rebuilt for foreign tourists, a series of gardens destroyed by British and French troops in 1865. One can see a whole palace and temple complex rather than one Temple of Heaven. I visited a completely different set of buildings in the Forbidden City. We visited places on the itinerary of few tourists like the Revolutionary History Museum (better than the name implies, it's a military history of China with over 2000 years of weaponry). Another interesting place was the Museum of Science and Technology, where a British invention, the linear motor, is being tested for use in high-speed trains (Britain abandoned its development). At least one place is

now closed to visitors, the Monument to the Peoples' Heroes in the middle of Tien An Mien Square is now off limits, to keep demonstrators away. As I had better weather this time, I saw whole areas of the Summer Palace that had previously been obscured by thick mist.

There were other tourist activities, the Pekin Duck meal, together with the dish 'scorpion surprise'; it's crunchy when served deep-fried. The night when the staff took us to a local restaurant that they liked was a more memorable meal. There is now a wide variety of fast food available, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and MacDonald's are commonplace but we also sampled a wide range of local delicacies. I was also invited to a meal at the flat of one of the staff. As well as being shown how to make *jaoizi* dumplings, I was introduced to one of the original announcers who had started her radio career broadcasting from a cave with Mao's forces in 1936.

We visited the Beijing Opera and heard a mix of set-piece songs, acrobatics, circus skills and comedy rather than the three hours of sounds like cats wailing that is the guidebook description.

Our hosts' colleagues at the local television station in Tianjin, Beijing's port, invited us for a day. We saw a well-restored mansion, showing how a wealthy family would have lived 100 years ago. By now we were getting used to being filmed.

As I had visited China before, I wrote to China Radio to tell them which places I had seen and which places, if possible, could I be taken to. One whole day comprised my suggestions; we visited the interior of Mao's Tomb, the Marco Polo bridge and the Pekin Man site, which even our guides had not been to before. Thankfully everyone agreed that it had been a very interesting day.

I was the only one to extend my holiday, so armed with the *Lonely Planet Guide to China* (don't dream of travelling without it), I set out on two weeks of backpacking. A few

hours away are the imperial gardens and temples of Chengde, and the Mongolian Yurt Holiday Inn had to be seen to be believed. One of the temples here is an exact copy of the Potala Palace in Lhasa.

An overnight train trip south takes you to two major holiday-cum-pilgrimage centres. Mount Taishan is an area of Daoist temples and with only(?) 6500 steps up to the summit temple even I was tired.

Close by is Qufu, the home of the philosopher Confucius. Again good temples, but the major place to visit is his tomb itself. For 2500 years his descendants have been buried here and the forest is full of tombs and processional avenues.

The main part of my trek started with a flight west to backpack the settlements on the Silk Road. Dunhuang has the Buddhist cave temples; I was lucky to be shown round with a retired US diplomat, so areas not normally open were opened up specially. Jiayuguan combines the fort at the western edge of the Great Wall with spectacular desert scenery and snow-capped peaks in the background. Lanzhou has the scenery of the Yellow River with more Buddhist caves. Here I had to hitch a lift on the private charter boat for the birthday of a local businessman. We celebrated all the way.

The most interesting place that I travelled to was Xiahe, a major pilgrimage centre on the Tibetan plateau. The festival, ceremonial music and dances of the monks greeting the setting sun were events that you may see in a documentary rather than a holiday programme.

If you like magnificent scenery, spectacular temples and do not mind basic accommodation, with many hours of being crammed into dubiously safe transport, then this type of holiday is for you. The *Lonely Planet* guide is essential. I saw no more than a couple of western travellers on any one day – and often no others. It is still an area unspoilt by tourism.

MARCHING THROUGH YORKSHIRE?

Lance Haward revisits an American tragedy

HERE'S ONE TO INTEREST OUR EDITOR. Like many of you, I imagine, I passed my Christmas season in the grip of an obsession. Watching for the third time that compulsive series that makes every novel like *War and Peace* redundant. Ken Burns' mammoth exposition of the American Civil War.

The breadth and the detail of this huge canvas, its thousand exotic lives, its absolutely astonishing welter of ironies and coincidences, its pathos, its music, its brutality, its ground-breaking preparation for the mass carnage of the present Century, its colossal cast of the brilliant and the pitiful, the heroic, the entertaining, the admirable and the psychotic, its intimacies and incidents of redeeming humanity eclipsed by evil, really do obliterate any possible purpose in reading Tolstoy – except perhaps that of studying Napoleonic tactics.

It's a war which still engages the sympathy of all of us, and I suspect I know on which side.

I doubt whether there's anyone living today who would stand up to argue that a war fought to protect institutionalized slavery was justified. Yet I believe that in the illogical depth of the emotions (Well ... I'll ask in a moment just how "illogical".) most people instinctively align themselves with Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia whenever these battles are fought over again, half hoping that Oates will save his flank on Round Top from being turned by Chamberlayne; that the *Merrimac* will put the *Monitor*'s monstrous gun-turret out of action; that the line at Petersburg will hold or Stuart get back to Gettysburg a day earlier

"If only" bulks very large in the romance of every lost cause.

There is, I feel, a significant difference between the aftermath of this contest and that of the "Forty-five". Though I haven't visited the Deep South, I suspect that the Highlands' atmosphere of continuing reminiscence, of a landscape steeped in the memory of famous deeds, the immortal engagements of enduring personalities, must be very similar to that which the traveller in Virginia encounters today. With this striking difference. That

carpetbaggers and the spiteful treatment of Jefferson Davis apart, by and large the struggle for the predominant ideology in North America left a legacy of shared dignity and mutual respect, where the extinguishment of the Jacobite cause resulted immediately in relentless and unmitigated savagery, and a lingering question which has, in a sense, never been resolved – witness the "marching season" in Northern Ireland.

Nevertheless there's a glow of romance about both these celebrated engagements, even though the one was vastly more monumental in its epic sway than the other. (For cruelty or courage, there's probably little to choose.)

But in the end, our ability to enthuse alongside the latter-day extremists who continue to fly the Stars and Bars on the bonnets of their Chevrolets stems not from the fact that in terms of theatre one Nathan Bedford Forrest is worth a score of Maclellan clones (which to all intents and purposes the Union's parade of replacement commanders was, prior to Grant); and has certainly nothing to do with approbation of a medieval hang-over.

It's not simply the glamour of a lost cause that makes of a fairly dismal-looking political programme a reasonably respectable one. It goes, as always, into the realm of paradox. It's not that the Confederates were "Wrong but Romantic", but that in one dimension, if you think about it, right **was** on their side.

"If the cause be not good..." agonizes Henry before Agincourt.

No one today would get up at Hyde Park Corner to plead the fight of humans to own other humans. The irony is that this **implicit** crusade on the part of the Union (in fact, simply one ambivalent man's strategy for winning the war, although a pretty good pretext for the irrational business of war-making) was both secondary and unpopular in the Union; and that the **official** cause, a very bad one for doing the unthinkable, enjoyed widespread support. The ultimate irony of this combat is that justice only accidentally benefited from the waging of a war actually fought to **deny** millions of people the basic freedom enshrined in their constitution!

Secession is no more than the communal act of self-determination. Most of this Century has been occupied by struggles turning on the impossible question what precise size of political unit is both economically viable and culturally distinct to the point that its people are entitled to opt out of some larger ethnic federation. From Rhodesia to Kosovo, East Timor to Chechnya, Kashmir to Tamil Nadu, Biafra to Northern Ireland and/or the Shankhill Road, the sacred principle of self-determination has been simultaneously affirmed and repressed. By the same party! This is an eternal and insoluble speculation; it certainly didn't start with the Union, that in winning the War, and in exacting the price of peace, a dozen times breached its own constitution, and like every victor shamelessly fortified its conscience by writing out retrospective laws.

And it hasn't necessarily finished yet, even if Belfast and Grozhnyi do eventually settle down to some form of harmony which will make their present turmoils look ... well, in a word, historic. We understand that the next bloodbath to be precipitated by it is about to take place in Montenegro. The inhabitants of the Balkans really do appear to be totally deaf and blind to recent events.

It's a speculation whose urgency we in turn may well come to recognize, on the day ... ten? – twenty? – fifty? – years hence when the United Kingdom has had enough of the artificiality labelled "Europe", and the 15th Berliners or 2nd Lyonnaise Regiment come marching north to prevent us re-asserting **our** treaty-guaranteed sovereignty.

WILLIAM

Timothy Robey

Could it be, Prince Hamlet wondered
William Shakespeare got it wrong?
Am I quite so indecisive?
Do I go on quite so long?

William Brown the Outlaws' leader
Hatches an unlikely plot
To avoid his oft-tormentor,
Saucy, Love-Is-All, Miss Bott.

In a studio at Wandsworth,
While the nation sips its tea,
Fifteen knowledge-laden hopefuls
Stand in front of William G.

Who are those intrepid skiers,
Separate from the common herd?
P'raps it's H.R.H. Prince William
And the future Charles III.

In the Oval White House Office,
Shedding no regretful tear,
William weathers out impeachment
In the Presidential Chair.

On a peaceful hill at Senlac,
Coveting the English Crown,
William slaughters Anglo-Saxons
To enhance his own renown.

When one comes to William Gilberts
Let the twain be kept apart —
One the physicist and doctor,
One the voice of D'Oyly Carte.

Other Bills and Williams wander
In the crowded Halls of Fame,
Wykeham, Tennessee and Emlyn,
In life's miscellaneous game.

MOON POEMS

Fred Dyson

MOONSTRIKE

The moon was ringed in stone – carefully computed.
The observatory was open to the sky.
Sharp, horizoned megaliths –
Declinations limiting a cycle –
Azimuths, precise:
Eighteen point six one years.

The sun was ringed in stone – carefully computed.
The summer solstice crystallised.
Eclipses were predictable.
Nothing less than slowly-moving ice was necessary
To bring these stones,
Slowly warming in the light,
Here, still.

The earth was ringed in stone – carefully computed.
Its tilted axis calculated.
The sky was difficult to grasp –
Several generations tried, found determination.
All that need be known, it seems, was known.
The stones proclaimed the sky as God.
The sun and moon arose,
Climbed within their limits ...
The fingers reaching to the sky announced:
This dream arose from void – Rejoice.
Yet, these stones are broken,
Fallen, still,
If warm beneath my hand.

MOONSUIT

Between the thickened Epidermis of the foot
And the moon of dust beneath
Is a pressure and another skin
Outlining that which never can be touched ...
Between the thickened Epidermis of the hand
And the moon of rock outside
Is another skin and lack of pressure
Defining that which never can be grasped ...

The Dream turns outwards, inwards
Exists, does not exist
Touches, does not touch
Bears the heat and cold it cannot bear
Pressure and the lack of it
The spinning silence of a star
It knows and does not know ...

Between transparency of the dead Cornea
And the moonlight and black sky
The visor censors, filters
Lines the limits of experience
Guards against the vacancy which is possessed ...

The patterned Retina
Aware of hand and foot
Aids co-ordination, hesitates
Aware of void between the visor and the overboot
And the weight of emptiness ...

Yet, this dead skin
(Dead as all the skin one ever sees)
Between the foot and rock, between the hand and dust
In emptiness which is not empty
Is sensitive to Solar Wind ...