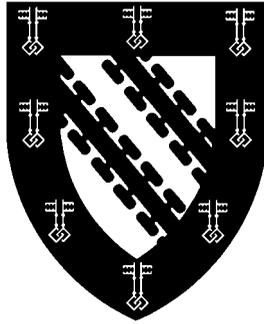


EXETER COLLEGE
ASSOCIATION



Register 2002

Contents

College Notes by the Rector	2
From the President of the MCR	4
From the President of the JCR	6
Philip Rosenthal (1916-2001) by Greig Barr	9
<i>Exeter College Chapel 2001-2002</i> by Stephen Hampton	10
<i>Commemoration of Benefactors Sermon, 2002</i> by John Maddicott	12
<i>Nearly a Hundred Years Ago</i>	
<i>A Note on Recent Work in the Hall</i> by Reginald Blomfield	17
<i>Exeter's War, 1642-9</i> by Philip Hobday	20
<i>Some Exeter Ghosts</i>	25
<i>On Staircase 6</i> by Thomas Wood	26
<i>On Palmer's Tower</i> by Leslie Mitchell	30
<i>Earthquakes Past and Present</i> by Shamita Das	30
<i>Manuscripts, Medicine and Logic</i> by Ben Morison	32
<i>Parallel Lives</i>	
<i>A Headhunter Calls</i> by John Quelch	35
<i>From Corfe Hills to Connexions</i> by Andrew Williams	38
<i>How I Came to Write About Anthony Blunt</i> by Miranda Carter	40
<i>A Year as Finance Minister of Peru</i> by P P Kuczynski	44
The Governing Body	48
Honours and Appointments	49
Publications	50
Class Lists in Honour Schools 2002	53
Graduate Degrees	55
College and University Prizes	56
Graduate Freshers	57
Undergraduate Freshers	58
Deaths	60
Marriages	63
Births	63
Notices	64

College Notes

Last academic year was in some respects a quiet one. There were fewer outright triumphs, academic or sporting, than in the previous year. On the other hand in some areas of activity we consolidated our previous gains. The first VIII failed to bump Pembroke (and Pembroke failed to bump Oriel), but it also held off the challenges of other crews in the first Division, and remains therefore most prestigiously third on the river. Our excellent mixed Choir under Richard Hills gained in richness of sound, as it had steadily done in each of the previous years; more detail is given below by the Chaplain of this success story. Thanks to the energy and good judgment of Peter Davis and others, the JCR Art Committee launched an overdue review of the JCR Collection. Old Members of the late 1940s and the 1950s (the golden age, it seems safe to say, of Exeter's Art Committee) will I hope feel pleased that their enterprise and taste stood the test of time when a few paintings of high quality were put on sale. The proceeds enabled the Committee to buy contemporary works of quality, paintings, lithographs and photographs, to extend the coverage of the collection to the end of the century. Also last year, the College purchased a number of drawings and water-colours of unfamiliar parts of the College from a commercial exhibition by different artists organised by Saunders' print shop in the High.

Striking enterprise in a scientific field is being shown by our graduate Emily MacDonald from Troon, Ayrshire, a Probationer Research Student in Physics/Astrophysics. Emily came to us after gaining her first degree at Edinburgh University. While there she secured a summer placement at Melbourne University which enabled her to get observational experience in Australia and subsequently Hawaii. Now she has been selected from 400 international applicants to joint a six-person crew to train at the Mars Society's Flashline Mars Arctic Research Station (F-Mars). Further training will take place at Caltech and in the Californian desert. Emily has had to cover the cost of her own kits and her flights; one item accidentally left off her sponsorship list was a laptop with exceptional disc space. The College has purchased this for her use during her course at Exeter. Emily has left for the Arctic, and we wish her all the best.

It so happened that this year we said goodbye at the same time to our three statutory Research Fellows, the Monsanto Senior Research Fellow, the Staines Research Fellow, and the Queen Sofia Junior Research Fellow. All three had been resident in College, and were much-liked members of the SCR, who moreover integrated themselves in College life in a variety of ways. They came to us in the same term, Trinity 1999, with Jochen Roeper appointed first.

Jochen was born and educated in Germany, taking his first degree at the University of Hamburg. From there he spent a year as a Visiting

Graduate student at Wolfson College, Oxford, after which he won a Prize Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford (1991-94). His postdoctoral work was concerned with Parkinson's Disease. Jochen had therefore considerable experience of Oxford, and had enjoyed both College life and tutorial teaching. In his letter of application he said he wanted to become an active Fellow of the College who contributed to its intellectual and social life and to some of its teaching. A Senior Research Fellow is certainly not expected to take on College office, but Jochen, after a first year of very hard work, felt that the time had come to assume a more social role. He became Tutor for Graduates, and was a most energetic holder of the office, who at the annual graduate review in Hilary Term showed a winning curiosity about the specialist field of each student, and was forthright, clearcut and generally supportive in his advice to students in difficulty. Though fully understanding his reasons for cutting short his Fellowship – the offer of a senior position in Germany – we wished his stay could have been longer.

David Garrick came to Oxford from Sydney University, and applied to us from the Molecular Haematology Unit at the John Radcliffe Hospital. David was already responsible for a project to understand the role of a protein which when mutated causes the human genetic disease call the ATRX syndrome. He came to Oxford after an outstanding undergraduate career at Sydney, and had acquired the reputation in his lab of being a very pleasant and constructive colleague, full of innovative ideas that he generously passed on. When dining in College he was invariably an asset, blessed with the knack of finding a gambit to draw out the most reticent of guests. He is still in Oxford for the time being, though intending in the longer term to pursue his career in Australia.

Nuria Capdevila-Argüelles was educated to first-degree level at the University of León in Spain, and thereafter took her MSc in Hispanic Studies by research and her PhD at Edinburgh University. She wrote her doctorate on a somewhat withdrawn, intellectual Spanish woman novelist, Nuria Amat; not, therefore, the modern novel in its generalised features (which a great many graduate students of Spanish already study), but a more thoughtful idiosyncratic writer, whose reputation Nuria is helping to establish. As Nuria perceived, Amat is a subtle writer, indebted to the philosophic Argentinian novelist and critic, Borges, and shadowily present in her own work, who manages to deliver the intertextual techniques characteristic of modern fiction, while quietly rendering them a device for expressing female literary subjectivity. While she lived in College Nuria participated fully in meetings and social events, and became the friend and colleague of the rest of the Fellowship. She also used the position to gain more teaching experience, attend international conferences, achieve her doctorate, and organise the publication in the US of the book of the thesis. Her last term with us, Trinity Term 2002, ended on a high, her appointment as

University Lecturer in Spanish at Lancaster, and her marriage (in León, Spain, on 17 August) to Matthew Preston. Matt will be best known to many Exonians as the College's first-ever Development Officer, but he has also been a Lecturer in International Relations at a succession of Oxford Colleges, including our own. It needs saying (and will have been said already in the *Register's* brash younger brother, *Exon*) that a very large Exonian contingent made its way to León for this great occasion, family in more ways than one.

Marilyn Butler

From the President of the MCR

This year's MCR Executive Committee was seen in with the highest attendance at voting for several years (nearly twice that of the previous year), and multiple nominations for several of the Committee positions. Proving that all was not lost to apathy in the MCR, it was certainly an encouraging start for the new Exec. I am pleased to be able to report now that the year has indeed turned out to be an active one for us.

There have been a good number of social events this year, arranged by our three-strong team of Social Secretaries. These events included several hugely successful exchange dinners with MCRs from other Colleges, including Keble, St Catherine's and University. We have also had the usual parties at the beginning and end of terms, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed. Judging from the popularity of these dinners and parties, our MCR seems to be maintaining quite a reputation for its social events. From the beginning of the year at Exeter House there was a string of 'Pot Luck' dinners, which turned into barbecues towards the summer. In Trinity Term the Rector kindly entrusted us with her garden for what was possibly the sunniest Champagne and Strawberries afternoon for several years. An end-of-term barbecue with the Christ Church GCR in Trinity Term was also greatly enjoyed.

Exeter College enjoys a tradition of a thriving musical culture, and this year for the MCR has been no exception. Performances by MCR members have been quite diverse, covering the spectrum from Evensong and classical concerts in the Sheldonian, to a rock band raising the roof at Wadstock, Oxford's answer to the Glastonbury festival. Within College too there have been graduate contributions to the Rector's musical evening and the Party in the Park, held in the Fellows' Garden.

This year has also seen some new initiatives in the MCR, including the launch of the Academic Discussion Group, a relaxed fortnightly session over tea and cakes in which research students give a talk about their subject to other members of the MCR. Topics ranged from

‘Nanotechnology’ to ‘Ninth-century Islam’, and each talk was very well received. I do hope that our new entrants in the coming academic year will enjoy the same enthusiasm for this scheme.

Sport in the MCR has seen a renaissance of sorts. The discovery by several members of the well-hidden College squash courts led to a flurry of squash activity in the middle of Michaelmas Term, which in turn culminated in a squash ladder being set up. We have also had a couple of very well-attended MCR hikes in the countryside around Oxford, and in the Cotswolds. So far these excursions have been blessed with fortuitously good English weather and of course – for a dash of adventure – occasional, quite unintended detours.

The year has also been a time of some change on the SCR front, and with regret we said goodbye in Michaelmas Term to Dr Jochen Roeper, who began the year as our Graduate Tutor, but welcomed Dr Faramerz Dabhoiwala in his place. My thanks go to both for arranging the termly Graduate High Table dinners, and I extend my best wishes to Dr Dabhoiwala for the future in his role as Graduate Tutor. Special thanks go also to Dr Michael Hart, for his support and his valuable help in acquiring new communal facilities for MCR members. We look forward to similarly good relationships with Professor Helen Watanabe-O’Kelly, who is to take his place in the coming academic year. Last, but not least, heartfelt thanks are due to Ms Susan Marshall for a sterling job as Home Bursar. I sincerely hope that the tradition of openness with Junior Members will continue for a long time to come.

On the domestic front there have been several improvements in the MCR. First amongst these were the brand new couches and improved interior décor, which arrived just in time for the new graduates. In Exeter House the developments included a set of new cookers for the main kitchen, a new laser printer for the communal work-stations and the provision of a fibre-optic Ethernet link to the annexe. We are currently working on obtaining two upgraded work-stations to replace the current, rather old machines.

If, however, the impression of the year is that of a very sober and collected one, it is somewhat incomplete. To begin with, grand visions abounded of turning the MCR kitchen into a glitzy bar, but eventually we opted for a new coffee machine. The arrival of ducklings in the College was also met with much enthusiasm. Given their free use of the Main Quad, it was unanimously voted in a subsequent General Meeting that they should be elected to Fellowships. The list of eccentricities goes on, not to mention the infamous ‘pasta sauce’ incident; fire alarms at Exeter House with minds of their own; a swordfight, with magazines, in Turl Street in the audience of a certain Presidential daughter, and many other curious fables besides.

It remains for me to thank the members of the Executive Committee, for all their very hard work over the year: Robin Carter, for his invaluable help as Vice-President in holding everything together; Johanna Dimopoulos, Alison Schwartz and Andrew Black for a magnificent job as our Social Secretaries; Jason Georgatos and Laura Kimmel for the same as our outgoing Social Secretaries; Paul Syred, for his commitment and valiant efforts (as ever) as Exeter House President; and Giles Robertson, as Treasurer, for grappling with our finances and snarling appropriately at the bank attendants when they got quite confused over our account.

We all look forward to welcoming the new intake of Graduates in the coming academic year, and at the same time our best wishes go to everyone leaving us this year. Good luck, and keep in touch!

Nimalan Arinaminpathy (2001)

From the President of the JCR

*'Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
these stars of England . . .'*

How can one tell the story of a year in a few hundred words? Even Shakespeare seemed worried about it when he apologised for 'mangling by starts the full course of their glory' when writing about Agincourt. Exeter undergraduate life in 2002 has been somewhat less bloody than 1415, but in some ways just as full; and I am worried that this article will in no way do it justice. But Earth Scientists and other exalted life-forms do often make use of a 'geological calendar' to convey to dim Arts students the enormous stretches of time involved in their subject. These compress aeons of time into a week; they almost always seem to tell us that, with the exceptions of floods, asteroid impacts and the birth of Dr David Butler, all the most important events for the future of the planet have happened after 11.59 on Saturday night, after our very distant relations suddenly decided that walking on all fours was somewhat *passé*. So, if we compress the entire academic year into a week and all junior members into one hypothetical very busy person, a strange and fascinating picture may emerge . . .

On Monday morning, our *gestalt* entity (let's call him Harry) will arrive in the Lodge of College as a Fresher, eyes not yet dimmed by too many late nights. He will have heard of Exeter's new-found academic rigour and may even have seen that we have climbed to hitherto undreamt of heights in the 2001 Norrington Table; Monday's task will thus be to write an essay. Our ideal undergraduate will be in two minds; perhaps he will plunge into academic life, taking advantage of the close-

ness of the College to libraries and the new fellowships recently endowed. Or, alas, will his mind be swayed by the range of ways which the Freshers' representatives have found to avoid his having to talk to people while still sober? Strangely, Her Majesty's Government, backed up by the Rector and Fellows and Julie the bar manager, prevents us spending all our student loan cheques on booze, and we must be thrown out of the bar to seek our amusement elsewhere. Thus, 11.20 pm on Monday night might involve our undergraduate's discovery of a strange room, half corridor and half skip. It will, moreover, be filled with kindred spirits lamenting the strictures of English licensing laws.

This will be fresh-faced Harry's first step into the world of the Junior Common Room, and there we may leave him until he has staggered back to bed. For in the JCR he can find not only chocolate in the vending machines and Channel 5 on the television, but he might also take part in a series of JCR meetings which in the main have been remarkably concise, focused and useful this year. Members of the Stapeldon Society have, as ever, made their feelings plain on College rent policy and affiliation to national student unions, and distributed large amounts of money to local charities too. But this year has been especially notable for the novel way in which we chose to raise money for the Exeter College Vacation Project; after the JCR dug deep into its student loans and raised over £200 in a week, the JCR President was ceremonially forced into a chair and Mohicanised in celebration. Samson would have been sympathetic.

But we digress. The next morning, having miraculously completed an essay with effortless superiority and seventeen cups of hot brown water from the College vending machines, Harry dazzles his tutor with his grasp of at least ten per cent of the reading list. In celebration, he might decide to expand his education in other ways. If he is feeling musical, he might pop down to the Sheldonian Theatre for a rehearsal with the Oxford Millennium Orchestra and the *Cantores Exonienses* who might be putting on a concert of anything from Debussy to Disney; or he might indulge in a spot of performing on his own at one of the many events organised by the Music Society, ranging from civilised Rectorial Music Afternoons to positively Bacchanalian live guitar evenings in the bar, via the great pre-Finals jamboree that is the College's 'Party in the Park', guaranteed to set the College swinging and the Radcliffe Camera resonating. Tuesday evening, moreover, might find Harry commenting on the upsurge in quality of Hall food; gone are the dark days of 1995 when a survey could rank Exeter as having the worst food in the University: and, moreover, rank Oxford's food as a whole worse than any other university's in the country.

After dutifully attending lectures and practicals on Wednesday morning (or very possibly catching up on some hard-earned sleep) it might be time for our veritable Platonic Form of the Undergraduate to get

some exercise. If he chooses on Wednesday afternoon to evolve into a strange lycra-clad beast that populates the boat house, he will realise that life at the top of the First Division is tough; certainly our Men's First Eight have trained ever harder, but will have to wait until next year to overtake Pembroke and Oriel at Summer Eights. He might, on the other hand choose to luxuriate in the College Pavilion, currently undergoing a refit to make sure the rain stays on the outside, or improve his hand-eye co-ordination with a quick game of table tennis, where the Exeter team reached the Cuppers finals. On the other hand, he might simply retire to the bar and continue to hone his table football and darts skills.

On Thursday, some more contemplative activity might be needed for Harry: what better than to extend his knowledge of the visual arts with a glance through the JCR Art Collection? This is now very much up and running after years of stagnation; the Arts Committee under Peter Davies has not only provided everyone living in College with an opportunity to have a print of Bart Simpson on their bedroom wall but also put on a critically acclaimed show of new Exeter commissions in Magdalen College Auditorium. However, Thursday evening might well display our undergraduate's talents on the boards of the Oxford stage; certainly the Freshers' production was very well received at Drama Cuppers, and the Exeter College Christmas Revue will go down as one of the best in memory, culminating in a staging of 'Harry Potter and the Stoned Philosopher' and an uncannily accurate depiction of the sort of incisive thinking that really goes on in Governing Body meetings.

After receiving plaudits for all this, on Friday our undergraduate might feel the need to move away from the Falstaffs of this world to actually doing some moral good; luckily, there are plenty of opportunities for him to salve his conscience by the weekend. The inhabitants of Exeter JCR have kept their sense of perspective in the midst of the whirl that is Oxford life and organised two week-long holidays for local disadvantaged children under the banner of the Exeter College Vacation Project (Exvac for short); long may this tradition continue and grow. Friday evening, moreover, would bring the sound of what seems to be the loudest bicycle bell in Oxford summoning the faithful to Evensong. The Chapel and the Christian Union are certainly going from strength to strength, as apparently we have the largest regular congregations of any non-choral foundation college; I'm sure people are there for more than just the Choir's excellent music and the Chaplain's plentiful Madeira.

As our week-long year draws to a close, what else is there for our by now very tired but happy theoretical undergraduate to do in the life of the JCR? He might take note of the few exams which cause a momentary flicker in the lives of the finalist (and naturally he would pass them with flying colours). But I think he'll find it very difficult to surpass his

too-brief time here. He has been involved at every level of College life; made himself known to people in every activity; worked and played as hard as he can, without ever forsaking the tolerant and laid-back ethos of Exeter. With all its faults, the life of an undergraduate at Exeter lived to the full is still a marvellous privilege and an even rarer opportunity. As old Will said about Henry V, in this small time we may most greatly live.

Laurence Price (1999)

Philip Rosenthal (1916-2001)

Philip Rosenthal, Honorary Fellow, died on 27 September 2001. He was one of the most high-spirited and colourful Exonians of his generation. A German citizen, he decided after PPE Schools in 1939 not to return to the Reich. The law at that time barred him from service in the British forces but he somehow enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. He served in Algeria and when France surrendered, successfully deserted, stowing away on a ship which luckily stopped at Gibraltar. His entry in the German Who's Who, *Wer ist Wer*, unhelpfully tells us only that he spent the years 1940-45 on 'different things'. No doubt they were exciting things.

At Exeter he had been Captain of Boats and he never lost his delight in rowing, especially rowing a skiff. He was proud to have rowed his skiff (to the bemusement of local shipping) from Greece to Italy and to Turkey. He must have been well over 50 when he rowed from near Nuremberg to Oxford. The other continuing energetic activity – this on a family basis – was very long walks: Nuremberg to Rome, for instance. I remember trying to telephone him around Christmas in the 1970s and failing. I found out later that his family had been trudging across the Sinai desert (with a small plastic Christmas tree!).

Philip Rosenthal's career in post-war Germany was a story of seemingly unbroken success. Energy and imagination made Rosenthal Ceramics an internationally known and respected manufacturer. Ordinary commercial success was, of course, not enough to satisfy Philip. He was determined that Rosenthal products should make the most exciting modern designs available to the general public. Manufacturing capacity was set aside for such designs but only if they had been vetted and approved by an international committee of independent experts. The results were notable enough for the V and A to arrange a special exhibition of such Rosenthal products.

The activities of the entrepreneur led him to public, political, work. His principal concerns were with labour relations. He sought fruitful co-

operation in decision-taking and was a member of the Bundestag and briefly a Secretary of State in the Ministry of Finance.

It would be very wrong if an attempted account of Philip Rosenthal were not to stress his great generosity to the Adelphi Club. He gave the Club its superb Dinner Service, specially designed, specially manufactured. He was great fun to be with, though contact with such high energy could leave one happy but just a tiny bit frail.

Greig Barr

Exeter College Chapel 2001-2002

The year began very well, with a significant number of freshers keen to get involved in the life of the Chapel by reading, serving or acting as sidesmen during the services. The highlights of the Michaelmas Term were undoubtedly the Remembrance Sunday Service, with the reading of names of old members who lost their lives during the First and Second World Wars, and, on a more joyous note, the Advent and Christmas Carol Services. Hilary Term came to an end with a moving service of readings and music for Passiontide, the Chapel Choir once again demonstrating its excellent command of early sacred music. During the Trinity Term there were, as ever, many opportunities for celebration. On Ascension Day, a large number of College members observed the somewhat alarming custom of climbing the Turl Street tower to sing matins before an appropriately hearty breakfast. A few weeks later, we commemorated the 50th anniversary of the Queen's Accession with a Jubilee Service at which the University Officer Training Corps was present. The year then came to a close with the Commemoration of Benefactors service, at which Dr John Maddicott preached a characteristically informative sermon, printed below, and the choir sang the magnificent final chorus of Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*: 'Praise the Lord with harp and tongue!'

We had a distinguished list of preachers over the year, including: John Oliver, Bishop of Hereford; Christopher Herbert, Bishop of St Albans; David Stancliffe, Bishop of Salisbury; Richard Harries, Bishop of Oxford and Anthony Priddis, Bishop of Warwick. There were also two confirmation services. During the Hilary Term, on the occasion of the visit of the Bishop of Salisbury, Elizabeth Gately was baptised and confirmed, and Andrew Aldcroft confirmed. During the Trinity Term Emily Shaw was confirmed by Bishop Ronald Gordon, one time Bishop to HM Forces and Chief of Staff to the late Lord Runcie of Cuddesdon. During the summer, we also received Theresa Weir (New College) into the Church of England from the Roman Catholic Church.



Just in time for Candlemas, the College received delivery of the new festal altar frontal. This had been commissioned in 2000 to replace one dating back to the 1920s. It is the work of the All Saints embroidery guild and was hand-stitched in gold and silk thread on gold shot silk. The design is based on two traditional Christian symbols: the tree of life (indicating that only through the cross of Christ can we attain eternal life) and the rose (a symbol of St. Mary the Virgin, the mother of Our Saviour, to whom, with St Peter and St Thomas Becket, the College Chapel is dedicated). It is best seen during a winter evensong, glimmering in the candlelight to the sound of Thomas Tallis.

The Chapel Choir has continued to go from strength to strength. Building on the strong foundation laid by Tansy Castledine (Organ Scholar 1997-2000), Richard Hills (Organ Scholar 1999-2002) has presided over a choir which is now, without doubt, one of the finest mixed-voice choirs within the University. In addition to the regular round of services, the choir performed at two concerts during the year, one in Bilton parish church and the other at Radley College (whose staff kindly expressed their appreciation by giving the choir several cases of rather good wine which were duly drunk at the annual Choir Dinner). Their sound has been characterised for the last couple of years by a particularly rich tone achieved through the experience and dedication of many of the College's more senior singers. This year we say farewell to several of them: Katrina Beadle, Katherine Knowles, Rebecca Lewis, Megan Shakeshaft, Charlotte Shipley, Benjamin Way and Jonathan Wikeley. We also say farewell to Richard Hills who has left Exeter at

the end of his degree to take up the Organ Scholarship at Portsmouth Cathedral.

The spiritual heart of the Chapel remains the daily morning and evening prayer services, at which we pray for the ongoing life of the College and all its members. Around a third of the undergraduate body participate in these services during the course of the term, underlining the Chapel's central message that Exeter is, as it always has been, not just a scholarly but also a Christian community.

Stephen Hampton
Chaplain

Commemoration of Benefactors Sermon, 2002

I have two texts, both short. The first is from our first lesson: 'Rich men, furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations'. The second is from Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, Chapter 13, the first part of Verse 14: 'For here have we no continuing city'.

My first text comes from a passage always chosen for this particular service, in other colleges as well as this one. It's so standard that there's a stock joke which says that at the words 'rich men' the Bursar's eyes light up, at 'furnished with ability' the Senior Tutor looks happy, and 'living peaceably in their habitations' sends the Dean – or in Exeter's case the Sub-Rector – into a still more comfortable slumber. But although these rather complacent-sounding words are traditional they're not always quite appropriate, at least in the case of Exeter's benefactors. 'Furnished with ability'? Well, one can't always be sure, but mainly, almost certainly. But what about 'living peaceably in their habitations'? At least two of our benefactors died violent deaths, Bishop Stapeldon at the hands of the London mob in 1326, Charles I, King of England, on the scaffold in 1649. And what about 'rich men'? That's certainly how most of them ended up (those that weren't women, that is), but by no means all of them started out. 'Humble origins' may be a cliché, but it often applies. Take, for example, the two most important benefactors in our history, the founder Walter de Stapeldon and the second founder William Petre. Like almost all our major benefactors until the eighteenth century, both were from Devon and both from rather similar backgrounds. Stapeldon came to Oxford as a young man, probably in the 1270s, from a farming family in the wilds of north-west Devon – about five miles away, as a matter of fact, from where the Maddicotts were almost certainly living at the same time (though I suspect in rather humbler circumstances). Petre came up to Exeter in 1520 from

Torbryan, in the lush south of the county, where his father was a cattle farmer with a profitable sideline in tanning. It's difficult to be precise about their social backgrounds, but we shan't go far wrong if we think of the ancestors of both men as yeomen farmers, well above the peasantry but rather below the gentry. Stapeldon went on to become treasurer of England and Petre councillor to four Tudor monarchs.

Some of our benefactors, though, came from much further down the social scale – not only 'not rich' but positively poor. Take, for example, the eighteenth-century William Gifford, seventeenth on tonight's list, and perhaps to most people a fairly dim, not to say totally obscure, name. If Gifford had been a reader of the *Guardian*, which he wasn't, he might have described himself as 'disadvantaged' and his family as distinctly dysfunctional. Gifford came from Ashburton, again in south Devon, about five miles away from Petre's village. His father was a mildly unexemplary character, who had escaped prosecution for causing a riot in a Methodist chapel by running away to sea, come home, set up as a glazier, and then died of drink. William was the elder of two sons of his now widowed mother. He had various boyhood jobs as a farm labourer, cabin boy on a coasting ship, and apprentice shoemaker, before he finally fetched up at Ashburton Grammar School (where my own grandfather went to school just over a hundred years later – and that's the second and last of these irrelevant snapshots from the family album!). While he was still at school, Gifford took precociously to writing verse, was talent spotted by a local Exeter graduate, and as a result of this connection came up to Exeter as a Bible Clerk in 1779. Before he graduated from here he'd begun a translation of Juvenal, afterwards published, and he ended up as the High Tory editor of the *Quarterly Review*, predictably the critic of Keats, and possibly the friend of Byron. When he died, in 1826, he was buried in Westminster Abbey and he left a fortune of at least £30,000, of which £2,000 went to found two exhibitions here at Exeter. He was, says his biographer, 'amiable in his private life, kind to children, and fond of dogs' – I suppose the sort of epitaph that anyone could be proud of. He was also very probably – one can never be quite sure about these things – the only one of our benefactors who had been in his time both a cabin boy and the editor of a famous literary periodical.

So what did they give us, these ultimately rich men, Stapeldon and Petre and Gifford and all the others? For a start, and obviously, the College itself. If you want a monument, look around you. It was Stapeldon who put together by piecemeal purchase the core of our present site, starting over there, behind the altar, with a tenement bought for £40 in 1315 and running south from Palmer's Tower towards the site of the present JCR. Sir John Acland, JP and knight of the shire for Devon – still a Devon family – gave us most of the money for the hall in the early seventeenth century. His contemporary, John Peryam, mayor of

Exeter, gave us the Staircase 4 block behind the hall; anyone who has tutorials with Dr Hutchinson walks in his footsteps. Rector Loscombe Richards gave us £1000, a year's salary, towards this chapel. The chapel was mainly paid for by the small donations of hundreds of old members – a reminder of the many, many benefactors whom our bidding prayer passes over. 'And some there be who have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been'. Well, they may not be in the bidding prayer, but this is one of their memorials. We don't know all their names, but their work survives. Others like William Gifford gave scholarships and exhibitions; and we ought to remember, of course, that until comparatively recently scholarships were not what they are today, agreeable honours with a bit of money attached, but one of the few life-lines into the College for those who were very poor. They gave men a start in life which they couldn't otherwise hope to have. Others again provided teaching. Sir John Maynard, Devonshire knight and seventeenth-century lawyer, gave money for lectureships in Theology and Hebrew – 'merit and abilities to be respected in those who should be preferred', he says very properly in a letter of 1637 to Rector Prideaux – just as our eminent modern benefactor Sir Ronald Cohen has recently given money for a Fellowship in Philosophy. From the fourteenth century to the twenty-first, buildings and scholarships and funds for teaching have been at the centre of our benefactors' concerns, to our very great good fortune.

And what did they think they were doing, these benefactors of ours? What were their motives? The answers aren't always simple. Like most human motives, they were probably often mixed, sometimes barely discernible to outsiders, occasionally hardly known to their possessors, and rarely entirely disinterested. Take once again the founder. When Stapeldon put us together he must have had in mind his own salvation and the contribution which this huge piece of doing good might make to it. To the rich man in St Matthew's gospel who asked 'Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?', one possible answer in the Middle Ages would have been 'Found an Oxford College'. In the less long term Stapeldon wanted to provide educated priests for the parishes of his diocese – and here he was overwhelmingly successful for centuries to come. If one had to guess at the largest occupational group among Exeter graduates from 1314 up to about 1850, the parish clergy of Devon and Cornwall would almost certainly come out on top. But Stapeldon was also concerned, in a very human way, with creating a monument to himself. When he drew up the College's first statutes in 1316 he laid down that as long as his foundation lasted it should be known as 'Stapeldon Hall' – which only goes to show the vanity of human wishes. The desire, which we all share, to be remembered, to put up a barrier against oblivion, was almost certainly one motive for most of our greatest benefactors. Others, perhaps many others, wanted to beautify the place and at the same time to enhance the resources of what

our bidding prayer calls ‘true religion’ – like perhaps the Fellow who gave us this lectern in 1637, John Vyvyan from Trelowarren in Cornwall. All through the centuries family motives were strong. Benefactors sought to commemorate those whom they’d loved and in doing so often to benefit, again in a very human way, their own relatives as well as the College. Take Meriel Symes, thirteenth on the list and mother of John Symes, an undergraduate here in the 1680s. Young Symes died of smallpox aged 21 and was buried at night here in the chapel on 9 July 1687. His inscribed grave-slab currently lies under the front stalls. His mother outlived him by thirty years; and a little while before she died she founded an exhibition here for the maintenance of a poor scholar – in the first instance one who was of her son’s kindred. In all these cases motives, if not exactly public, are at least guessable. But as with the reasons and emotions behind all charitable giving, there’s a great deal that’s unguessable – private matters, matters of conscience, making amends. In her poem ‘Benefactors’ Frances Cornford wrote:

Still the medieval hunger to atone
Troubles the secret heart of men today,
And still they know no penitence prolonged,
No costly ornate edifice of stone,
Can ever wash the finished past away
Nor thank the dead they intimately wronged.

How many sought to atone for who knows what? About many benefactions there’s much that’s essentially unknowable, hidden in ‘the secret heart of men’. But, however cautious we have to be about all this, there must be one set of motives above all others which binds together the great multitude of our benefactors, great and small: the altruistic wish to make it possible for others to enjoy what they, or those they were closest to, had enjoyed here, to love God through loving their unknown and unborn neighbours, and to do good.

And what do we think we’re doing when we come together once a year to commemorate these men and women? One unstated and perhaps unrealised purpose of this sort of commemoration, as of any such act, is surely to link ourselves with our past, and to register our own small part in the long continuities of our history and our future. By my reckoning the College has had something over 20,000 members since its foundation in 1314 – the population of a small city. It will, we hope, have many more. Our worship tonight is in part a celebration of that community – not primarily our community of today, but another more like that envisaged by Edmund Burke, that great and good man, when he spoke about society as a whole: ‘a partnership not only between those who are living but between those who are living, those who are dead and those who are to be born’. Both kinds of community our benefactors made possible. We are not here to pray for them, which would be a very unAnglican thing to do. We can do nothing for them – but they contin-

ue to do things for us. To work for three years or thirty years in a place of exceptional beauty, and to be given the chance to change and grow and make friends and find out and add to things, is more than any of us has a right to expect, and more than any but the tiniest fraction of the human race can hope to enjoy. These enormous privileges we owe ultimately to our benefactors. We can do nothing for them, but they continue to do things for us. For that we ought to thank God.

But we ought to remember too that this privileged existence will not last – and I don't only mean that it will cease when reality impinges after Schools. For all their apparent timelessness, and for all the good work of benefactors in carrying them forward, colleges are in the end temporal, like all human institutions – and so too, much more so, are their members. The monks of the great Benedictine houses at Glastonbury or Winchester or Canterbury in the year 1000 or 1200 or 1400 could not have imagined an England in which there would be no daily round of monastic prayer, no monks, no monasteries. But it came. Impermanence is set right at the heart of things. 'For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners as were all our fathers', says the Old Testament Book of Chronicles. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century undergraduate commoners were alternatively known as 'sojourners', 'temporary residents', to distinguish them from the Fellows who were on the foundation. But we are all sojourners, every one of us, undergraduates and dons and visitors, temporary residents in a temporary world, on a longer journey with another destination beyond graduation, or retirement, or what Philip Larkin memorably called 'age, and then the only end of age'.

Cities and Thrones and Powers
Stand in time's eye
Almost as long as flowers
Which daily die.
But as new buds put forth
To glad new men
Out of the spent and unconsidered earth
The cities rise again.

[Kipling, 'Cities and Thrones and Powers']

As we go out from here we should remember before God those who made it possible for us to be here; we should keep very much in mind the parable of the talents; and as sojourners we should reflect on those rising cities and still more so on the words which follow on from our second text:

Here have we no continuing city; *but we seek one to come.* AMEN.

John Maddicott
Fellow in Medieval History

Nearly a Hundred Years Ago

The following article by the eminent architect Reginald Blomfield appeared in the *Stapeldon Magazine* for December 1904.

A Note on the Recent Work in the Hall

The hall of Exeter College was built with money left by Sir John Acland in 1623. Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, says that this Sir John was 'the darling of his mother, who made him her heir', and settled on him her lands at Stepney, in London; and as he married two rich wives, first Elizabeth, widow of George Rolle of Stephenston, and secondly Margery Hawley, 'a daughter of the honourable family of Portman of Orchard-Portman in Somerset, who was left vastly rich,' he became an exceedingly wealthy man. He appears also to have been an exceedingly generous one, for he left large charities to the poor of various parishes in Devonshire, endowed churches, founded two scholarships at Exeter College, and finally gave £800 towards the building of a new Hall for the College. As Sir John died in 1613, the Hall must have been built by his nephew and heir, the balance required, £200, being made up by the Fellows of the College. Prince, with an eye to the possibilities of the family patronage, described the Hall as 'a work of that Beauty and Magnificence, that it will remain a lasting monument of his great worth and merit, so long as that structure stands.' Without going so far as Prince it was undoubtedly a fine spacious Hall. We do not hear of any architect. Probably, in accordance with the custom of the time, Acland made his contracts with the separate trades, the mason for the walls, the carpenter for the roof, and so on; and the result was this excellent example of simple Oxford Jacobean. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the doors with the fan-lights over them were inserted in the screen, and at about this date I believe the passage next the buttery was ceiled in. The original oak panelling on the side to the passage is still intact behind the present casing.

In 1811 some six or seven hundred pounds were subscribed for the repairs of the Hall, and I have no doubt that those alterations in the character of the Hall, which are an obvious deviation from the motive of Acland's work, dated from this year. In 1811 the Gothic revival was well under way at Oxford. Classical architecture was an abomination to it; even such a half-Gothic version of it as Jacobean was considered heathen and barbarous, and a burning desire was felt to Gothicize where possible. That desire was fortunately checked by lack of means; but it got as far as the very hideous glass in the windows, the two stone chimney-pieces (now removed), a certain irritating little capping with battlements to the panelling, and possibly the shields with the quarterings

painted on paper which were fixed to the panels behind the high table. The Gothic revival is not an inspiring subject, but its earlier efforts at Oxford seem to have been peculiarly depressing. These stone chimney-pieces were an instance: they attached themselves to nothing in the Hall and in themselves were dull and disconsolate to look upon. No doubt one got fond of them from force of habit, but historically they were there under false pretences; for they purported to be Gothic and it is possible that the original Hall had no fireplaces at all.

With the exception of these additions, and intermittent cleanings, nothing seems to have been done to the Hall, since the time it was built, to the present year, and there is no doubt that it was getting into a bad way. The pavement was cracked beyond repair, the oak was many coats deep in paint, there were the chimney-pieces to be dealt with, and lastly the screen. Through the generosity of the Rector and other friends of the College, the whole of the interior of the Hall has been systematically overhauled, the floor relaid, the oak stripped of its paint, and the deal with which it was patched replaced with oak. The stone chimney-pieces of 1811 have been replaced with new, that on the south side of the Hall being the gift of the Rector, that on the west side of the Acland family. In view of the fact that these are interpolations, the exact reproduction of Jacobean models has been intentionally avoided. The capitals of the columns and certain details of the carving are later in character than the screen, but the fine old columns of the screen suggested the carved shafts of the new columns, and the gadrooned mouldings of the screen have been used again round the stonework. The arms of Sir William Petre occupy the centre panel of the south chimney-piece, with the arms of the Rector inlaid in box on snakewood on the right, and of the Rev H. F. Tozer on the left. Below are the Stapeldon arms. The Acland arms fill the stone shield on the north chimney-piece. Owing to a mistake on the painter's part the shields were painted in horrible colours, which have since been altered, and the new oak is to be brought to the same colour as the panelling.

The removal of the paint, ten or a dozen coats thick, revealed the fact that the screen, instead of being, as one had supposed, a coarse, rather blundering piece of work, was in reality exceedingly well carved. The actual cutting, the work of the chisel, is sharp and clean, driven through without hesitation and with full knowledge of the effect the carver was aiming at. The fanciful little figures in the frieze have emerged from their layers of paint, and altogether the actual handiwork is a good deal better than one could have expected, for the men who made that screen were not highly trained artists but just skilful tradesmen, as the old term used to be, such as Holt of the Bodleian, who supplied their own designs and did the work themselves. The design is, of course, somewhat weak in the scholarship of architecture. In fact, it is always a marvel to me how these imperfectly trained craftsmen steered their way through the

intricacies of classical design without coming to hopeless grief, but they went at it with a good courage and a strong feeling for the picturesque. Among other peculiarities this screen presented an order with its entablature (i.e. the cornice generally) supporting nothing but an open-work screen plumped down on to its top. The result was a curiously unhappy proportion, the strap-work screen was too big for the part below it, and the columns and entablature had not sufficient work to do. At the Rector's suggestion, I considered the desirability of adding intermediate panelling above the entablature, and came to the conclusion that it would improve the proportions of the whole screen, and enhance the effect of the open-work above it. To keep in touch with the original work, the fine carved moulding of the old panelling has been reproduced in the new.

It would be interesting to find some side-light on contemporary Oxford opinion of the seventeenth century in regard to the design of such buildings as the Hall and screen of Exeter. It is to be supposed that then as since there were arbiters of taste in these matters in Oxford, and one can only suppose, in view of the family likeness of Oxford architecture in the early seventeenth century, that these men were perfectly satisfied with the versions presented to them of 'the new Architecture.' That interest was felt in the subject there can be no doubt. In 1598 Haydocke of New College published his translation of Lomazzo's treatise on Painting, Carving, and Building, dedicating it to Bodley. My copy has a grand tailpiece of the University Arms, stating that it was printed at Oxford, by Joseph Barnes for R. H., and below are the Arms of New College. It is a curious book with plates taken from Durer's famous treatise on the proportions of the human figure, and with diagrams of the orders from some early Italian manual. The first book deals entirely with proportion, as based on the human figure, and as exemplified in the orders of architecture. One might have supposed from the publication of such a book at the time, and the authority attached to it, that Oxford would have shown evidence of more enlightened appreciation of the art of the Renaissance, that one would have found in College or University building some venture justified by knowledge in neo-classical design, but none such exists. Notwithstanding Haydocke's important local contribution to aesthetics, Oxford remained quite satisfied with the architectural efforts of its masons and carpenters, and in fact, with the exception of the Queen's new buildings, and the work inspired by Aldrich and Clarke in the eighteenth century, Oxford was always content to remain fifty years behind the time in its architecture. Perhaps this placid backwardness is one of the secrets of its charm.

Reginald Blomfield

Exeter's War, 1642-9

In Hall, below the imposing if imaginary portrait of that portly and powerful prelate Walter de Stapledon, the College's founder, there is an altogether leaner figure. Armour-clad, long-haired, this is King Charles I. This is the story of Exeter College during the last decade of that monarch's reign, the 1640s, and it is largely monothematic. The College's fortunes were shaped by the great upheaval of the Civil War and the political readjustment which ensued. In 1641 it was vibrant and prosperous, an academic and theological powerhouse; by the end of the decade it had few members and had been brought to near ruin in its size and finances.

Yet the state of Exeter on the eve of the Civil War gave no hint of the decline which was to ensue. It was the second largest college in the University. In 1641, it had 148 residents (excluding scholars and Fellows), and welcomed 32 new members on matriculation. Among those who arrived were William Standard, later a Fellow and *praelector* of Hebrew; Francis Howell, who would serve as reader in Greek, Senior Proctor, Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Principal of Jesus; Matthias Prideaux, 'esteemed by his contemporaries as an ingenious man'; and Bartholomew Ashwood, who later became a Puritan cleric.

The thirty-two newcomers in the 1641 intake were divided according to two sets of criteria. First, they paid a fee to the University in order to matriculate. This was determined according to a sliding scale based on their father's status. Sons of peers were classified with respect to their father's rank in the peerage. Below them in the social (and financial) hierarchy were baronets, knights, esquires, gentlemen, plebeians and paupers. Sons of the clergy were listed separately with respect to their father's ecclesiastical status. The lower the father's social status, the lower the fee; thus, the sons of dukes and marquises paid £3 6s 4d, knights' sons paid £1, while the sons of mere plebeians disbursed only two shillings and sixpence.

Having matriculated, the new intake was then classified within the College. The 'foundationers' were those Scholars and Fellows whose tuition was funded from the emoluments of successive benefactors. 'Non-foundationers' paid for their tuition either in cash or in services. They are recorded, from 1629, in the extant caution books, which list their names and the dates on which they entered and left residence, as well as recording their 'caution' – a deposit paid against default of battels. There were four categories. The highest was the *sociorum* or *socio-commensales* ('fellow-commoners'), who paid six pounds. These men dined on high table with the Fellows. Below them were the *commensales* ('commoners'), who paid five pounds and were served dinner at a separate table. Next came the *battelars*, who paid four pounds, and

served themselves, purchasing food from the buttery. Finally, the *pauper scholares* ('poor scholars'), known in other colleges as *servitors* and in Cambridge as *sizars*, paid two pounds, and obtained their food in return for services. Exeter's membership was thus delineated by the financial obligations pertaining to each class of non-founder, as well as the relative privileges and status thus acquired.

Within Exeter, these social distinctions were fairly evident, not merely at dinner-time. Anthony Ashley Cooper, who matriculated in 1637, and not one to risk the charge of modesty, wrote:

I kept both horses and servants in Oxford and was allowed what expense or recreation I desired . . . it gave me the opportunity of obliging by entertainments the *better sort* and supporting divers of the activest of the *lower rank* . . .

Cooper must have been something of a troublemaker; he later records organising a major demonstration against the Fellows when they sought to dilute the beer. There may be an element of hubris in his autobiography, but it none the less reveals the social and economic distinctions perceived between those in residence. Cooper, as the son of a knight, would have had more disposable wealth, and more licence from the authorities, than a poor scholar who had to complete his chores – the collegiate equivalent of singing for one's supper.

Exeter's intake in 1641 demonstrates the three crucial influences on its make-up. First, the College's geographical bias was evident. Two-thirds of the matriculands were from Devon and Cornwall; the names on the matriculation register read like a roll-call of the south-western counties. Names such as Edgecombe, Pendarves, Trelawney and Prideaux, attest the regional connection. Exeter had a reputation for its regionalism; the famous antiquary John Aubrey commented on the prevalence of West Country accents: 'where they allege *causae causae est causae causati*, they pronounce it *caza caza est caza cazati*, very un-gracefully'.

Secondly, the intake shows how important family and local connections were. Word-of-mouth recommendation of the College to prospective students, and of prospective students to the College, must have occurred. Francis Howell, for instance, was the son of a plebeian of Gwinear, and that Cornish benefice was in Exeter's gift. Presumably the incumbent had some association with the College – he had been appointed by the Fellows, after all – and this may well have extended to seeking suitable undergraduates, many of whom would be earmarked for ordination in Exeter diocese. Families as well as local communities were important too. A young man was perhaps more likely to come to Exeter if another member of his family was being sent up – thus in 1642, Thomas and Rob Triggs, of Sydenham in Devon, were sent up on

the same day. Their father Erizei no doubt saw an advantage in sending them up together, as they could perhaps share rooms and books to keep costs down. Exeter's geographical links were strengthened by its network of ecclesiastical patronage, and by familial contacts.

Thirdly, the size of the College attests the influence of John Prideaux, Rector 1616-42. He was widely disliked by the Laudian party in the Church of England. Richard Montagu, one of Laud's supporters, called him 'that jackanapes' and 'the Bedlam of Exeter', hardly complimentary things to say about one of Oxford's most renowned heads of house. There was an unusually high presence of staunch Protestants at Exeter, and its reputation as anti-Laudian was clear (it was the only college not to have its altar in the position required by the Laudian statutes). Prideaux's position at the apex of the College allowed his influence to permeate every aspect of its life, academic and religious, and Exeter's appeal as a centre of Protestant scholarship must have stemmed in large part from him.

The Rector, though, left Oxford for the bishopric of Worcester shortly before the disastrous events of the Civil War. After an abortive occupation by parliamentary forces under Lord Saye and Sele, the king himself arrived in Oxford on 29 October 1642. He set up his court in Christ Church. New Inn Hall became a mint, Magdalen Grove an artillery base, and the Parks were used for drill. Convocation House, adjacent to the Bodleian Library, housed Parliament between 1642 and 1646. The iron roof of the Cornmarket was melted down to make bullets in 1644. Being a garrison town thus brought wide changes to the landscape and function of both city and University.

One writer commented:

. . . the wars had not only exhausted the College treasury, but also much weakened College discipline, and reduced the numbers of the students to miserably short of what it was before.

Exeter's membership had indeed plummeted. At the beginning of 1643, only 71 non-foundations remained in residence, and only 15 by the beginning of 1644. Whereas 34 men had matriculated in 1643, only 6 did the year after, and one in 1645. At Exeter, 91 per cent of the 1640-2 intake left soon after the Civil War began – 80 out of the 88 non-foundations who had arrived in 1640-2 had left by mid-1643. These included Richard and Thomas Hoblyn, who paid their caution on 24 June 1642 and went down on 6 January 1643, and John Furnax, who arrived a month later than the Hoblyn brothers but left two months after his arrival, departing on 6 September 1642.

So most of the students moved out, to be replaced by courtiers, soldiers and servants. Sir Peter Wyche, controller of the royal household,

moved into Exeter with his family. What occupied the few students – never more than fifteen or so – who remained is unclear. It is, of course, possible that some had left in a hurry without paying their battels, in which case, their ‘caution’ would not have been returned, and their names retained on the books while not actually resident. Even if they were present, Exeter had ceased to be a flourishing academic community as it had been under Prideaux, and, as a result of the external demands placed on it by the Civil War, was now a billet. It was 1647 before any recovery began.

Charles’s demands on the colleges were not limited to requests for billeting troops or hospitality. He demanded financial support too. On 6 January 1643 he wrote to the fellows: ‘Lend unto us also such plate of what kind soever, which belongs to your College; assuring you to see the same justly repaid unto you, as soon as God shall enable us’. The hesitant Fellows pondered if they were able to comply, replying that ‘wee do humbly conceive that this lending of our plate to bee melted down is against our statutes’. After a terse rejoinder from the monarch, the reluctant but obedient Fellows sent off £214 5s 1d. Most of this plate was probably quite recently donated by the higher social groups in Exeter, a common practice in the pre-war years. In particular, the *socio-commensales* were exempted from attendance at disputations and lectures in return for donating a piece of plate. The loss of this wealth must have contributed to the decline of collegiate finances. Exeter’s archives relate that rent-arrears increased from £39 for the year 1640-1 to £346 in 1643-4 and had reached £749 two years later. Other colleges too suffered from loss of rents and accounts; at New College, revenues were reduced by one half. Cut off from lands and tenants, they could not collect money. Combined with the amounts ‘lent’ to Charles, the colleges faced a financial crisis which clearly undermined their viability as teaching centres.

Civil War Oxford was both unappealing and inaccessible. It was ‘overcrowded, insanitary and dangerous’. The soldiers and servants of the monarch dwelt with remaining Fellows and students and, in such packed conditions, plagues of typhus hit hard and smallpox was endemic. The royalist defences within Oxford, and the presence of parliamentary forces outside, restricted access into the city. Danger could come from the military population; a soldier roasting a stolen pig caused a widespread conflagration in October 1644. It is unsurprising that numbers fell so rapidly, given that the journey itself would be dangerous, and there would be very little of value to be done, even if a prospective student arrived.

It might have been expected that Exeter’s staunch Protestantism and opposition to Archbishop Laud would have inclined it toward support for the parliamentary cause. Indeed there were parliamentarians among its members. Anthony Ashley Cooper commanded a brigade of horse

for parliament; Robert Bennett was governor of the parliamentary garrison at St Michael's Mount. John Blackmore was 'said to have been knighted by Cromwell'. But there were Royalists too. Prideaux himself accepted preferment from Charles I, and was probably recommended to the king by James, Marquis of Hamilton, an old Exonian who was a close counsellor of the monarch. Lionell Cary, an officer in the king's service, died at Marston Moor; Sir Bevil Grenville died for the king near Bath. Matthias Prideaux, the Rector's second son, was styled 'Captain' for his service. Two members of the college – Sir John Arundel and Degory Polwhele – held Pendennis Castle against the parliamentary forces. So the patterns of allegiance are more complex than we might expect; puritans were not necessarily parliamentarians. The war divided loyalties for a range of reasons, most of them indiscernible now, on an individual and not necessarily corporate basis.

The Civil War ended for Oxford in June 1646. Charles fled, disguised as a servant, and Oxford surrendered to Fairfax's army. External factors again interfered to determine the University's makeup. In 1647, parliament sent Visitors to ensure that the universities were malleable to its will through the expulsion of Fellows deemed actually or potentially hostile. At Exeter, this resulted in the removal of Henry Tozer, the Sub-Rector, along with ten other Fellows. Sixteen others – almost one-third of the College's population – were expelled. Even College servants could not escape the Visitors' gaze; a lowly cook was dismissed 'for his misdemeanours and contempt of the authority of parliament'. No comment is made as to whether his replacement, although clearly more politically sound, was an improvement or otherwise in the culinary field. The discontinuities clearly did not ameliorate the confused state of affairs caused by the Civil War. The loss of someone such as Henry Tozer, 'a useful and necessary person in the society by moderating, reading to novices, and lecturing in the chapel', would have undermined Exeter's discipline and teaching.

The impact of the Visitors also reveals their detrimental consequences in another sphere. Collegiate archives, as well as University records, were affected by the discontinuities in personnel. The matriculation registers, maintained by the 'esquire bedel of law', suffered when one George Hole was 'intruded' by parliament to that office. His displaced predecessor, in a fit of bureaucratic pique, refused to allow Hole to see the registers. The 'matriculation register' is replaced in 1648 by a 'fees book', and figures for that year appear to be missing. Even the fees book went absent without leave for a time; Anthony Wood, Merton's seventeenth-century antiquary, reported on 5 February 1650 that, on the death of bedel Samuel Clarke, 'His widdow is supposed to have made wast paper of it.' The colleges likewise suffered; at Magdalen, for instance, the Vice-President's Register breaks off in 1648, only resuming in 1660. Discontinuity both archival and administrative, as well as

academic and financial, was a reflection of the universal upheaval caused by the war and its aftermath.

Exeter's Rector during these latter years was the absentee George Hakewill. Elected *vice* Prideaux in 1642, he did but 'little or not at all reside upon it: for the grand rebellion breaking then forth, he receded to his Rectory of Heanton near to Barnstaple in Devon, where he lived a retired life to the time of his death', as Wood related. The biographer of Rector Conant agreed, noting that 'this Society . . . suffered many inconveniences by reason of the Rector's absence from College'. Exeter was thus without an active head of house from Prideaux's departure on the eve of the Civil War to the end of the decade. This lack must have been detrimental to collegiate administration, for there would have been no one of stature to treat with the parliamentary officials. At Merton in the 1650s, the absenteeism of the Warden was considered a significant factor in rendering the College vulnerable to the tides of fortune and restricting growth. Perhaps a Rector such as Prideaux, renowned as an academic and administrator, might have prevented quite such an extensive replacement of the Fellowship by the parliamentary Visitors. For their part, the Visitors might have been more sympathetic to a man who had stood up to Archbishop Laud.

With the person of King Charles I, whose picture hangs almost unseen beneath that of the founder, the history and fortunes of our College in the mid-seventeenth century were linked inextricably. He was a benefactor, and his personal contribution was of great value. But the Civil War in which he played a part was ruinous to the College financially, academically and administratively. Like every other Oxford foundation, it saw membership plummet, studies cease, and normality displaced. Exeter at the end of the 1640s possessed a mere shadow of the prestige and size it had enjoyed at the beginning of that decade under the guidance of Dr Prideaux. It would take until the mid-1650s, and a Rector of talent equal to (if not greater than) Prideaux's, to restore the fortunes of an ailing foundation in an uncertain University.

Philip Hobday (1999)

Some Exeter Ghosts

Most colleges have their ghost stories. Here are two from Exeter. The first is taken from *True Thomas* (1936), the autobiographical memoir of Thomas Wood, undergraduate at Exeter from 1916 to 1918, music lecturer here from 1924 to 1927, distinguished composer, and College benefactor. The headless statue which appears in the story is now kept at the east end of the Chapel. The second story has been contributed by Leslie Mitchell, Emeritus Fellow of University College, and known to

generations of Exeter historians as their tutor for eighteenth-century history.

The Editor would be glad to hear from old members who know of other College ghosts – and to print any suitable stories in future issues of the *Register*.

1. *On Staircase 6*

The Unbelievers' Club used to meet at half-past ten every Tuesday in the Michaelmas Term and the Hilary Term for a binge. It was a mild sort of binge – a bingeling, or a binganniny – of coffee and baccy and talk, and everyone brought his own sugar. This was 1916. Nearly all the men in College were members of the Unbelievers' Club. There was no subscription. There were no rules; and not one single noble cause was a rallying-point, even Unbelief. We met at one another's rooms in turn; pulled up round the fire, and smoked all blue.

It was a gusty rainy night. I got back to College late. P. T. Williams was waiting in the lodge, balancing himself first on one foot and then the other as he always did when he was cold. He looked at his watch.

'Brace up, Tom, and get your sugar p.d.q. It's twenty-five past.'

I doubled across the gravel – the front quad at Exeter was not grassed then – and went up No. 6 staircase two steps at a time, five flights. My rooms were at the top. Not a soul about. All the men must have gone over to Irving's room. But Sharp was working. He had sported his oak. A good old slogger, Sharp. Safe for a Second. No Unbelievers' Club for him to-night. I slung off my overcoat and gown, grabbed the sugar-basin and tucked it under my arm in the exasperation of hurry – the door had blown to. Quick, now! One hand for the knob, the other for the switch – turn and press up together: and the light was out, the door was open, and I was half over the threshold, to stop, frozen. A man was standing right up against me with the narrow band of light under Sharp's door shining through his body, and he had no head.

Words won't come fast enough. Buff coat: yellow slashings: black gown: one hand up as though he were going to knock; man-broad, man-high, rock-still, clean-cut, vivid: the bright pinpoint of Sharp's keyhole where his heart should be and where his face should be, nothing. He stood while I could have counted one, two, three, four; and my hair bristled. My scalp was sore next day. Then he went – puff – out like a candle. And I took one jump over that threshold and was down the stairs in the next best thing to a headlong fall.

P. T. Williams was waiting at the bottom, still balancing himself on one foot and then the other. He stopped to stare at me.

‘Anything the matter?’

‘That’s what I want to know. Look here, P. T., what b.f. tricks have you been up to this time?’

P. T. was reading for the Honour School of Theology. As an offset he had acquired to perfection the little gesture of mock-modesty that looks so well upon the stage, and the roguish eye that goes with it.

‘Tut, tut! Tuts in two spots. You shock me, my Thomas. I have previously had occasion to reprove this indulgence in strong language – sad, too, in one so young.’

‘Blast your neck, P. T.! What have you been doing in my room?’

‘I’ve not been near your room. “My hands are clean – my brow serene – *I’ve* nothing to conceal, old bean” – neat, that.’ P. T. turned a graceful pirouette. ‘But why this vile and slanderous insinuation? Anything wrong with your room?’

‘Yes. Someone’s been playing hanky-panky with it – just outside it, anyway.’

‘Why accuse *me*?’

‘You’re the only practical joker in College. I mean to say – ‘

‘I have seized opportunities, I admit – ‘ P. T. put on his Private Secretary voice – ‘to display my well-known histrionic gifts as impersonator and – ‘

‘Dry up, P. T. This is serious. I think I’ve seen a ghost.’

P. T. stopped dead. ‘Then why the hell didn’t you say so before? Where?’

‘*Outside my room*, I tell you.’

‘Just now?’

‘Yes.’

‘But you weren’t up there more than a jiff – I’d only time to walk across the quad.’

‘I can’t help that. I saw something dam’ rum.’

‘Is it there now?’

No. Yes. I’m not sure.’

‘Did it *look* like a ghost?’

‘Yes.’

‘Come on! We’ll have the bags off it.’

We searched. We broke in on Sharp and made him join us. We searched again: turned out the coal bin and the scout’s cupboard, struck

matches. We switched the lights on and off: we experimented with the doors: we brought a looking-glass: we smelt in long and inquiring sniffs. No. There was nothing on the landing that could have turned itself into a ghost, nothing that bore the mark of one. Even the smell was the normal blend of autumn fog, Oxford damp, and that refined and academic mildew which hangs about a college staircase. Sharp was as puzzled as I was. Had he seen anything? Why, no-o. He'd just been sitting around. He'd heard me come along and he'd heard me go away. He guessed he didn't take much stock in ghosts. They didn't raise ghosts back home in Indiana. It was easy to believe this; and just as easy to believe that Sharp, gentle old solemn-eyed Sharp, was the last person who would think of spoofing one.

We fetched the Unbelievers' Club in a body from Bill Irving's room on No. 7, and they came shouting. A ghost-hunt was something new. But their united intelligence produced no explanation that was satisfactory, and they fell back on humour of the accepted sort: drank my health in coffee. Any chap, they said, who could fudge up a yarn like that all in a minute and a quarter *and* without the help of *al-co-hol* – well, he was a credit to the Unbelievers' Club.

At ten next morning – Wednesday – I had a logic lecture. It was the Bursar who took me in logic. He was A. B. How¹, a large and kindly man, rather shy, who had rowed 4 in the Exeter boat that won the Grand in 1882, and still kept the frame and bearing of an oarsman. No-one, ever, had bigger wrists. I liked him. Everybody did. It was his custom when logic was done with to talk, gently, on general topics – the news of the day, my chances in the Schools, autumn colouring. On this particular morning he told me about the work that had been started under No. 6 staircase – mine. The present coal-cellar was not big enough, and they were clearing the junk and rubble of centuries out of the basement to get more room. Last night they had made a discovery. It was a statue of a man in seventeenth-century dress, rather knocked about, but of distinct archaeological interest. Would I care to see it?

The workmen had cleared a space in the basement, and ranged along the wall in orderly lines lumps of weathered stone and big carved blocks that might have been part of a cornice. Standing on one of them was the statue. It was just visible in the light that came through the area grating. I had expected something bigger. This was tiny. It showed a man kneeling in the attitude of prayer. He was wearing his gown and a tunic that had slashed sleeves edged with lace round the wrists. Faint traces of colour were left: brown. He had no head. My hair bristled for the second time. I had seen the original of this battered bit of marble. He came last night to knock at my door.

The statue appears to be identical with a monument put up to the memory of John Crocker, a gentleman-commoner of Exeter College and

the only son of John Crocker of Devon, knight. He died on April 29th, 1629. The authority is a passage² which states that in Exeter College chapel ‘against the south wall, is the proportion of a young man kneeling in a gown, depicted to the life, with this inscription under him’: . . . Sixteen lines of somewhat involved Latin follow, setting out his virtues.

This chapel was the second the College has had. The first was built in 1321-6 and lasted three hundred years. The next was built in 1623-4 and lasted two hundred years. It would probably be standing yet if a craze for modern Gothic had not bitten laymen and architects alike in the ‘50’s. Anyone can be wise after the event; but on principle, ladies and gentlemen, distrust fanatics; most of all those fanatics who preach what they call a Faith. By the time they have got to this stage they have lost all feeling for proportion and their common sense as well. In ten year – 1854-1864 – men of that type ruined the Jacobean chapel of Jesus College, pulled down the Jacobean chapel at Balliol College and pulled down the Jacobean Chapel at Exeter College. At Exeter the fabric was said to be unsafe. This must have been good news to anyone who wished to try this nice new modern Gothic; and so George Hakewill’s chapel was condemned. It was he who was Rector in 1623; and he gave twelve hundred pounds towards the cost of this chapel although he had ‘two sonnes of his own to be provided for’.³ They might have known in 1854 that this sort of man would have got his money’s worth. Too late, they found that he had done so. There is a College tradition that gunpowder had to be used before this unsafe fabric was finally razed. The masonry of the old chapel went to make the foundations of the new; and some mouldings, a few blocks of stone, and the statue of John Crocker were probably carried into the cellar of No. 6 staircase and forgotten.

The statue was found during the afternoon of October 31st, 1916. I saw John Crocker at half-past ten that night. I heard about him for the first time at about eleven o’clock next morning. I do not know why he came to me, or why he came to that particular room, or why he came without his head. It is most unlikely that there is any family connexion; his manner of death cannot be traced, and wherever his rooms may have been in College they were not on No. 6 staircase. It forms part of an extension built in 1708 on the site of an older building. I have no explanation to offer. I am not prepared to invent one.

The experts in such matters tell me that true ghost stories are like that: pointless. I have no views. I have simply given the facts.

Thomas Wood

¹ Honorary Fellow of Exeter College, formerly Bursar.

² In *History and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls in the University of Oxford*, Anthony Wood. Ed. by John Gutch, 1786, III, p.118.

³ *History of the University of Oxford*, Sir C E Mallet, I, p.245.

2. *On Palmer's Tower*

About thirty years ago, my mother worked in Exeter in the afternoons, preparing teas. In her very first week in the College, the following events occurred, which she afterwards related with some relish. Not being particularly superstitious by nature, she found them all the more surprising. One afternoon, a don living at the top of Palmer's Tower rang down for tea. She claimed that the don in question was Norman Crowther-Hunt. For some reason, no one was very keen to take on this commission, and so my mother volunteered. Clutching a tea-tray, she set off to climb the spiral staircase. Half-way up, she had to throw herself flat against the wall, in order to avoid a collision with an undergraduate running down the staircase at tremendous speed. No harm befell the tea, however, and she continued on her way.

Arriving at the don's room, she deposited the tea safely, and then reported the incident. She said that she was worried about the young man's distracted appearance, not least because he was wearing Edwardian-style clothes. He affected a long frock-coat and an elaborate waistcoat. She thought it prudent to bring his case to the attention of a don who lived close at hand. 'Oh, Mrs Mitchell', came the reply, 'nothing to worry about. That's just the ghost of Palmer's Tower, who killed himself in 190?'. My mother promptly fainted.

Leslie Mitchell

Earthquakes Past and Present

A major goal of seismologists like myself is to understand the movements that occur on major plate boundaries. Since the average motion across plate boundaries over millions of years is known, information on movements over a few hundreds of years can help to determine how close a plate boundary fault is to rupture. This can then be used to plot global maps giving estimated probabilities of the expected level of earthquake hazards worldwide. For recent large earthquakes, digitally recorded data from seismic stations worldwide are available, and the seismograms can be analysed using supercomputers to obtain information on how much a fault has moved. Such studies form a large part of my own work.

But instrumental records only go back a hundred years. Hence any earlier information, prior to the existence of seismometers, is of immense importance. A crucial desideratum is to know how long will be the interval between two large earthquakes in the same place. Of course, for regions where many earthquakes have recurred several times, such as the west coast of Mexico, we know this 'repeat time' to be about thirty-

five years. But many highly populated regions have had only one devastating earthquake in recent times.

While looking into the history of past earthquakes, I have found some very devastating examples that have been forgotten over time. The only people who still remember them are those living in the area where the earthquake occurred. I will remind readers of one from South America which falls in this category.

In the early 1800s, Simon Bolivar was living in exclusive gentlemen's clubs in London and plotting, along with Francisco Miranda and Bernard O'Higgins, the liberator of Chile, the independence of countries of South America then under Spanish domination. They had been inspired to do this by the great German explorer, Alexander von Humboldt, who had recently returned from South America. When Napoleon conquered Spain between 1808 and 1810, they grabbed their chance, and in 1811 Venezuela was declared independent. But of course the Spanish did not give up and continued fighting, with some help from British soldiers who were sent to help Spain and whose names can be seen on a plaque in Caracas today. But this newly formed republic did not last. On 26 March 1812, Maundy Thursday, a massive earthquake struck northern Venezuela and essentially destroyed Caracas, the capital city. Many people died in the great cathedral, since the earthquake struck while services were in progress, causing its collapse. Ironically, in addition, all the liberated cities were destroyed, leaving the ones under Spanish control untouched. The republic fell, and once again Venezuela was subject to Spain, finally becoming truly independent, after much further chaos, in 1830. Due to the political turmoil, no reliable estimate of the number of dead was made; but it is known that the war and the earthquake between them caused the death of a quarter of the country's population. The earthquake toll in Caracas was put at more than 12,000; in the churches alone 10,000 are said to have been killed. To encourage the people to rebuild after the earthquake, Simon Bolivar, the liberator of Venezuela, Colombia, Peru and Bolivia, said to the people, 'If Nature opposes us, we will fight against it and make it obey us', showing that even great visionaries did not understand the power of earthquakes. The story of the earthquake spread so far and wide that after the final peace journalists from Japan went to Venezuela to report on it. And yet this earthquake is omitted from many of the lists of destructive earthquakes in today's textbooks.

On a visit to Venezuela earlier this year, I visited parts of Caracas that were completely destroyed in 1812. These regions have been heavily built on – a concrete jungle is the best way to describe it – with questionable building regulations enforcement. The surrounding hills have thousands of smaller illegally built houses, and the hills are so unstable that they are crumbling without any earthquakes. The unfortunate current political upheavals there means that no action is taking place to reduce this potential hazard for a capital city sitting right on one of the

major and most active plate boundaries of the world, lying between the South American and the Caribbean plates.

Shamita Das
Fellow in Earth Sciences

Manuscripts, Medicine and Logic

Picture the scene. It is the winter of 1841-2, and we are on Mount Athos in Greece, in the monastery of Lavra. Locked in the library of the monastery is a man, shivering with cold, malnourished, sorting through piles of manuscripts. The man is a spy. His name is Minoïdes Mynas, although he is travelling under the name Constant Ménas. He is Greek by birth, but working for his adopted country, France. Unlikely as it may sound, he is on a mission for the French Minister of Education, a certain M Vuillemin. His mission: to visit the monasteries of Mount Athos and – how shall I put it – *obtain* valuable statuaries etc, as well as manuscripts of works hitherto unknown or unavailable to the Western scholarly world.

Mynas left France in 1840, and so far has not had much luck finding anything of importance. The monks have been unhelpful and, not surprisingly, rather suspicious. They let him visit their libraries in return for his cataloguing the enormous collection of religious and secular texts that lie there. I have seen microfilms of some of those catalogues. Disconcertingly, he actually catalogued for the monks many of the works which he then stole from them.

Back to the library. Mynas is demoralised because of his lack of success. Through the library blows a freezing wind and Mynas has had to block the cracks of the window with scraps of manuscripts (how many great works were thus stuffed away and lost?). But Mynas is persistent, and at some point he discovers that in some cellars – perhaps the stacks of the library – whole manuscripts have been tossed away, to become dust-infested, damp and therefore rotten, with their pages stuck together. Some are even covered in animal dung. Among these manuscripts, there is one which catches Mynas' eye. Let him take over the story: 'It was in a half-destroyed state, and rotten at the [. . .] margins, so that many indeed of the letters and words were fading. But worst of all, half of the initial page had been torn. And, by God, it would have completely disappeared, thrown in the depths of some tower, had I not gone down and fetched it.' What he had in fact found was the only surviving manuscript of a work by Galen which nobody even knew existed – the *Introduction to Dialectic*.

Galen lived approximately from 129 to 210 AD. He is one of those rare figures who, had he been alive today, would have been a Fellow of

both the Royal Society and the British Academy. He was antiquity's best known doctor after Hippocrates and personal doctor to Marcus Aurelius (you missed him in the film *Gladiators* because he had apparently been warned in a dream by the god Asclepius not to accompany the Emperor on his German campaign), but he was also active as a philosopher. We owe the survival of his writings to the fact that he was the leading authority on anatomy and physiology until the sixteenth century, and his remedies and treatments were standard until even later. Galen left us two books which are actually about his own books: *On My Own Books*, and *On the Order of My Own Books* (the latter being about the correct order in which to read them). They enable us to see exactly the enormous scope of his writings. He wrote commentaries on Hippocrates, works on anatomy, including resumés of the works of others, works with titles such as *The Causes of Diseases* and *The Causes of Symptoms*, the vast *Therapeutics of Healing*, several works on pulses, polemical works against other doctors, etc, etc, etc.

These self-catalogues, or autobiographies, also show that calling Galen an 'active' philosopher is something of an understatement. Galen wrote well over a hundred treatises on philosophical subjects, including commentaries on works by Aristotle, Theophrastus, Chrysippus, Plato, Epicurus, polemics against various of their followers, and works discussing the nature of the soul. One important work that we have is his short 'Why the best doctor is also a philosopher', in which he claims that a doctor must be well versed in logic, physics and ethics, but in particular, he 'must study logical method to know how many diseases there are, by species and by genus, and how, in each case, one is to find out what kind of treatment is indicated'. This indicates just how central a place Galen gave to logic, and indeed he lists some fifty books on logic, broadly conceived, in *On My Own Books*.

It is mildly surprising that there should be a medical doctor who was so well versed in logic – but it is truly astonishing that he should claim that in general doctors *ought* to know logic. Of course, we expect our GP to be able to reason competently, as it might be in the following way: 'Drug D is appropriate to condition C unless the patient is also in condition X; but this patient *is* in condition X, hence Drug D should *not* be administered to this patient.' But you hardly need a degree in logic to be able to reason like that.

Why then does Galen say what he says? His point is not just that the GP must be able to *reason* in the appropriate way, but that he should also *know* that the premisses are true: in particular, the general truth that Drug D is appropriate to condition C unless the patient is in condition X. But then how did our GP come to know this? Well, probably he read it on the side of the bottle, or in a book. But in a world of non mass-produced drugs, we would expect our doctor to know this by *working it out*; that is, by knowing the principles by which drugs work, what the con-

stitution (or essence) of the drug in question is, what condition the patient is in, and then by reasoning that the drug in question will not be helpful – or might even be harmful – to the patient. It is this kind of mastery of medicine which Galen thinks the best doctors have, and it is hard to disagree with him. Good doctors do not just know *that* such-and-such is the right treatment, they also know *why it is*.

This is all of a piece with Aristotle's vision of what science is. Someone who *understands* a particular body of knowledge does not just grasp those facts in isolation, but also the connections between them. Hence a science is a body of knowledge laid out in the form of axioms (basic truths) and theorems (the things that follow from them). Well, medicine is a science like any other. And so Galen's view must be something like this: in order properly to understand what you are doing or what you should be doing as a doctor, you must know in the appropriate scientific way why the treatment you are proposing is the right one. For this, you need to appreciate amongst other things the logical structure of the science, i.e. be able to prove things, not just state them.

Galen's *Introduction to Dialectic* aims to introduce the reader to precisely those logical tools needed for the proper understanding of science, and in particular, medicine. He had already commented in *On My Own Books* that the systems of logic elaborated by Aristotle and his followers (the 'Peripatetics') on the one hand, and by the Stoics on the other, were 'useless for establishing proofs', and one of the most interesting things about the *Introduction* is that he makes good on this claim. There is in fact a third type of logical argument (over and above the Peripatetic type and the Stoic type) to which Galen introduces us, so-called 'relational' arguments, which feature heavily in geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, medicine etc. In fact, the very first proof in Euclid's *Elements* contains one such argument: a is equal to b ; c is equal to b ; therefore a is equal to c . Galen recognised that Peripatetic and Stoic logicians could not adequately account for the validity of such arguments, despite their best attempts, and proposed a new account of their validity.

What exactly is this account? How many different kinds of argument fall under the heading of a 'relational' argument? The details are unclear, and the text itself is very corrupt, doubtless in part because the scribes who copied and recopied the text were so unfamiliar with the theory offered by Galen. (The fact that the first page is torn in half – and only one of those halves survives – does not help either.) This is where the fun is to be had, and unravelling this great doctor's logical insights is the sort of thing my research involves. It is a sobering thought, however, to reflect on the unscrupulous behaviour of a rather extraordinary man in Greece in 1842 and the role it played in making that research possible.

Ben Morison
Michael Cohen Fellow in Philosophy

Parallel Lives

When the Editor joined the College in 1969 John Quelch and Andrew Williams were among the History freshmen who came up in that year and whom he taught as his first pupils. Each has recently left an important job, John as Dean of the London Business School, Andrew as Headmaster of a large comprehensive school in Dorset. Their former tutor asked them to reflect on their experiences.

A Headhunter Calls

In 1997, life was comfortable. As the first Brit on the faculty of Harvard Business School to be awarded a chaired professorship and to lead a department, years of commitment to scholarship and teaching in international marketing had been recognised. But perhaps life was a shade too comfortable on that spring day when the headhunter called.

I knew enough about the breed to know that the question ‘We have been engaged to conduct a search for the next Dean of London Business School and wonder if you know of any suitable candidates’ was the customary thinly veiled invitation to express, obliquely of course, a possible willingness to explore the possibility. The preliminary interview over lunch in a lavish Boston restaurant was followed by the invitation to be short-listed. A preliminary appearance before an interview panel and, all of a sudden, where there were six, there were three. Another round of interviews, a thorough series of meetings with governors, faculty, students and alumni and then, one day, Lord Sainsbury of Turville, Chairman of the Governing Body, is telephoning to offer the position.

It all happened rather quickly, and perhaps a little too quickly for Joyce, my American-born wife. More important, our dear cocker spaniel Spencer was overwhelmed at the news, deciding to pass on in December 1997 rather than confront the impertinence of UK quarantine regulations. Part of the employment contract negotiation had centred on whether the dog could be quarantined at London Zoo on the other side of Regent’s Park from London Business School to facilitate daily visits by his owners.

So, after nineteen years of service, I left Harvard Business School, one of only a handful of chaired professors to do so in its ninety-year history. There were four reasons. I wanted to return to England, where my mother was ill with cancer. I felt a deep debt of gratitude for my education through Oxford and wanted to give something back. The opportunities for further advancement at Harvard were limited. But, most important, I knew I could make a difference at London Business School. Having visited the School on occasion, I knew its core values to be

solid. There was a dedication to teaching and to high scholarly standards. There was a deserved sense of pride in what had been achieved in a mere thirty-five years on a shoestring. Yet there was a certain lack of energy, a tendency to compare the School myopically against other UK business schools rather than the Harvards, the Whartons, the Stanfords. I was reminded of Anthony Kenny's description of the intellectual climate at Balliol after he became Master as one of 'effortless superiority, where it proved rather easier to sustain the effortlessness than the superiority'. London Business School needed to pull up its socks, and its Governors decided that they needed an insider-outsider, a British expat from Harvard, to lead the way.

Having never held a significant leadership position, I found myself on 1 July 1998 in charge of 400 people and a £35 million budget.

The three years at London Business School were among the most rewarding of my professional career. Annual operating revenues increased 50 per cent, almost unheard of in academia. Annual executive education revenues increased 75 per cent, making LBS the sixth largest business school in the world in executive education. Faculty numbers increased 30 per cent, degree student numbers increased 50 per cent. In 2003, when all our degree program initiatives come to fruition, over 800 men and women from more than 50 countries will earn postgraduate degrees from LBS, compared to 900 at Harvard. London Business School is now consistently ranked among the top ten business schools in the world, usually at number eight or higher.

Achieving rapid expansion was essential. The quality segment of the postgraduate business education marketplace had become global in scope. The best faculty and students from around the world were choosing among the top US business schools, LBS and INSEAD. To stay small would have meant being unable to offer the broad array of courses many students look for, being unable to hire specialized professors and develop a critical mass of scholars in every department, and each year creating fewer alumni than our major competitors – alumni whose donations provide the margin of difference that enables the large American research universities to dominate the world of academia in so many fields.

Perhaps surprisingly, this expansion was achieved with a simultaneous increase, not a decrease, in student and faculty quality. This was a result of building the brand reputation of the School, not through glitzy advertising but through clarifying – for potential students, for alumni, for corporate recruiters and for ourselves – how LBS differed from its competitors. Given globalisation and the consequent need for managers to have more of an international perspective than ever before, the LBS faculty and I decided we wanted the School to be and to be seen as the most important and most respected international business school. This

built on its strengths and aspirations but also set us an important challenge and required us to decide how we would measure progress towards the goal. Positioning LBS as the international business school had another advantage; it was hard for our leading US competitors to copy. The sheer size of the US means that, almost necessarily, 60 or more per cent of the MBA students at the top US schools are American. At LBS, only 20 per cent of the MBA students are British; the result is a more exciting and balanced cultural melting-pot. The same holds for the faculty; two-thirds of the professors at LBS are non-British; one-third of those at Harvard are non-American. As a result of our international positioning, LBS achieved unprecedented application and acceptance rates for both our degree programs and our executive education programs. Increasingly, internationally-minded professors from around the world wanted to visit LBS, give a talk and, in many cases, join the faculty. Forty new professors were hired in three years, most of them trained at the leading US business schools.

Expansion is not implemented easily, especially in an academic setting. Twenty professors left the faculty during the same three year period, but only five were people we did not wish to lose, and two of those were recruited by Harvard. In a strange way, you know you are doing well when the best in the business become interested in poaching your people. There was, inevitably, a similar turnover among the non-academic staff. The pace of change and the drive for quality required new blood among the senior non-academic ranks. The words of the legendary ex-president of the General Electric Company, Jack Welch, were always in my mind every time we had to let someone go: 'The key to success is to put the right people in the right jobs, and find them the resources to succeed.' The leader of any organisation is only as good as the people who are working with him. He may have a brilliant vision and a bold strategy but without the trust, commitment and co-operation of the troops, nothing can be achieved. It is the leader's job to motivate and inspire, but to do so, the leader must also be willing to do some of the heavy lifting and to take the tough decisions. Not all managers have the ability to lead, but behind every determined and effective leader, there is a good manager – honest, consistent and compassionate.

Looking back on my time at London Business School, what amazes me is how much could be achieved in such a short period. Three explanations come to mind. First, there was an appetite for change or at least an acceptance of its inevitability. Second, the core values and educational quality of the institution were sound; what was needed was an outsider to confirm this and boost the self-confidence of students, faculty, staff and alumni, motivating them to take pride in their association with London Business School and to work harder on its behalf. Third, having never been a full-time manager, I had no notion of what was not possible. As an outsider, I simply saw an urgent need for many radical

changes to ensure the School's long-term competitive success. I am delighted that, now that I have returned to Harvard, my successor is building on the vision and strategy we put in place and further consolidating the School's leadership role in international management education.

John Quelch (1969)

From Corfe Hills to Connexions

After twenty-eight years of teaching, the last twelve as headteacher, I changed career on St David's Day this year. I realise now, with nagging unease, that the most liberating transformation for me has been from wanting one school to succeed to now wanting all schools to succeed. Corfe Hills School, Broadstone, Dorset is a highly regarded and successful comprehensive upper school for 1,600 pupils aged 13 to 18, with a Sixth Form of 450, 110 teaching staff and 55 non-teaching staff. Living at the heart of its catchment area, first as deputy head from 1986 and then headteacher from 1990, meant that it has dominated my recent life, and that of my family. Our three children were successful alumni (one daughter, Katie, following me to Exeter to become John Maddicott's first 'academic grandchild', only to outshine her father with a First).

Headship of the local school is a curious thing. Few individuals impact quite as significantly on so large a single grouping of the local population – for better or worse. There were those parents who would canonise and those who would demonise me – sometimes over the same issue. In my quarter-century of teaching, children and parents have become increasingly challenging – the two aspects connected in many cases. We are right to emphasise their freedom to do so: but somewhere in those JRM tutorials on Hobbes and Locke that I shared with John Quelch would have been the caveats on rights demanded without concomitant responsibilities accepted. Family break-up and re-blending, tugs of love, the sexualisation of the young, the easy availability of soft drugs, the frustrating underachievement of boys, changing employment patterns: all have provided fascinating challenges for curriculum and pastoral provision and new types of individual success stories. For the head, no two days are ever the same: pupils, parents, staff, politicians, bureaucrats or general public can be relied on for inexhaustible variety.

And the '90s were an extraordinary decade for headship in the state sector. While the curriculum grew more prescriptive, school management became more autonomous. From being given control of the school budget we moved eventually to grant-maintained status, with full ownership of and responsibility for site, plant, the lot. Accountabilities

grew: the Parents' Charter; Ofsted inspections; specialist school status as a Technology College; performance related pay for teachers, and, dominating all, examination league tables, embracing the steadily expanding list of external examinations – at 7, 11, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years old.

Hence perhaps that insular, occasionally dysfunctional, obsession with one school's success. The twelve years of my headship were characterised by government initiative – under both parties – whose principal means of levering up standards has been to encourage comparisons and to foster competition between and within schools. So overtly successful has this been that any challenge to it seems to be the carping of a special interest group – such as teachers – whose apparently comfortable lives it has shaken up.

It is only from the distance of a new role that I can appreciate the impact of all the initiatives on me personally and on education in general. League tables are a concept borrowed from sport where competition is an end in itself. The very idea of sharing team tactics with the opposition is unthinkable. Your success can be achieved by another's mediocrity: if your team is playing badly you just hope the opposition will be worse. But in education creative intra- and inter-school collaboration serves not merely the interests of children, but as an important lesson for them too.

Again, the steady expansion of pupil testing commands widespread support. But against a backdrop of teaching expertise and resources that our predecessors could only dream of, I have seen education being steadily reduced to examination preparation; teachers understandably focusing almost exclusively on exam content and technique, and children learning an entirely instrumental approach to knowledge. 'Twas ever thus in parts, but now it starts at seven years old, with school reputations and teachers' pay depending on the headline results: two-dimensional, monochrome headlines with pedagogy to match. We test what is most easily tested – those narrow aspects from the wealth of human intelligence that can be written or calculated on paper in a convenient timespan – and, despite knowing better, label the young as successes or failures in such terms. The creative and the individualistic that are the core of inspiring and fulfilling teaching and rewarding learning are now heavily constrained.

Small wonder then that I launch into my new role, as Chief Executive of the new Connexions Service across the three local authority areas of Bournemouth Dorset and Poole, with the fervour of an evangelist. My task is to build a partnership across the wide range of statutory and voluntary services that advise and support young people between 13 and 19 years old. We need communities that strive to understand and cherish young people. A 'generation gap' is directly proportional to the pace of

change in society, so the incomprehension which many feel towards today's young easily slips through suspicion into fear and then into pathologising a generation as 'a problem'. As our society becomes more complex, the challenge of ensuring that all children can fulfil their potential – a dream never remotely accomplished – demands new strategies. Chief among them must be to nurture mutually supportive local networks of parents to learn and share the wisdom demanded by their increasingly difficult task.

So I look back with fondness at teaching and at headship – surely still the most fulfilling of careers. I miss teaching history and religious education. 2002 will see my last, joyous, Oxford Modern History entrant – a young man triumphing despite the significant handicap of cerebral palsy. I miss the recurrent highs of pupils' achievements – academic, sporting, dramatic, musical. I miss the mischievous good humour of collective adolescence, and the infinite variety of the comprehensive school. I miss the potential for direct and pivotal influence in young people's lives through a good assembly to hundreds or a quiet word to an individual. I miss the opportunities to inspire parents and teachers to new resolve in the two most important occupations that exist. I even miss the roller-coaster ride of 'events, dear boy, events'.

But I have to admit that I sleep a lot better.

Andrew Williams (1969)

How I Came to Write about Anthony Blunt

Many people have asked me over the years what made me choose to write a book about Anthony Blunt. During the nearly seven years I spent sitting in front of a small computer screen in a small dark room in South London, on the verge of dashing my head against the keyboard in frustration, I often asked myself the same question.

Like many people my first memory of Blunt himself was of hearing Margaret Thatcher announce in November 1979, that he had been the 'Fourth man', and as a wartime member of MI5 had passed official secrets to the Soviets. I was about 15 at the time and I heard it on the radio. Then, of course, the whole story seemed to me to belong bewilderingly to an era before the dinosaurs.

You may recall that the news was greeted by an extraordinary furore in the media. It had everything – treachery, royalty (Blunt had been Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures), politics, cover-ups (it transpired that Blunt had actually confessed fifteen years before and had been given immunity from prosecution in return for his confession), sex (Blunt was homosexual of course), and for the first time a live spy in situ. (Burgess,

Maclean and Philby had all left the country before being apprehended.) Journalists camped outside Blunt's home for months, and for a while he was the most reviled man in Britain. He became the subject of endless conspiracy theories – almost none of which, I later discovered, had any actual evidence to support them. There were stories about attempts to blackmail the Royal Family; of involvement in forgery and misattribution; even accusations of paedophilia. He was never tried for spying, but he was stripped of his knighthood and virtually all his academic honours. Old enemies came out of the woodwork to repay old scores, and he lived under virtual house arrest for the next three years until his death in 1983, looking after his long-time partner, a former Guardsman called John Gaskin, who became profoundly depressed and tried to commit suicide by jumping off the balcony of their sixth-floor flat. In some ways, I now think this end was more painful to him than if he had been tried and gone to prison.

One reason why Blunt became the focus for all these stories and rumours was that there were very few facts about what he actually done. To this day British intelligence has never published any information about him, beyond the bare statement that Thatcher made. Another reason for the proliferation of myths was that though Blunt had been a very eminent art historian – Director of the Courtauld Institute, a world expert on Poussin, a highly influential patron and fixer in the art world – he had been a very private man and the media knew very little about him. So they made it up – Blunt became a kind of blank canvas on which people could project what they liked. The cuttings from the time of his exposure show that much of the reporting about him dwelt not so much on Blunt himself but on what, in the light of newly Thatcherite Britain, he seemed to stand for – a pampered, hypocritical, over-educated, liberal class which gave thanks for its inherited freedoms by betraying them.

Blunt's mysteriousness owed most, however, to Blunt himself. Not long into my research I realised that throughout his life he had been constantly in flight from being known. After the Second World War, burdened with the secret of what he had done and terrified of discovery, this tendency became compulsive. Apart from teaching and going abroad, times when he seemed to be able to shed the burden of self-protection, he kept the world at bay, and won himself a reputation for being difficult and cold. After his exposure he gave one press conference and never appeared in public again. He seemed to have no interest in explaining his motives.

When in 1994, while convalescing from a long illness and a series of operations that had forced me to give up my job as a magazine journalist (not a decision I found hard to make), I found myself in search of a subject for a book, and someone – my husband I think – suggested Blunt, I immediately, and rather to my surprise, found my curiosity

piqued. By now I knew more about him. My mother worked at the Tate Gallery in London, and I had vivid memories of her describing several male colleagues who had been taught by Blunt, admitting to having wept when they heard about his disgrace. For them Blunt was first and foremost an inspiring and beloved teacher. I thought the contrast between Blunt the brilliant art historian and teacher and the public Blunt – the cold, treacherous snob – very intriguing. It suggested an emotional and personal hinterland, and another existence separate from the spying which few people had bothered to investigate. It seemed to me that Blunt had a kind of iconic resonance in the public mind, both as a caricature upper-class English monster but also, and perhaps more tantalisingly, as a fundamental enigma: a character whose innermost thoughts and motivations remained, ten years after his death, opaque.

I was gripped. I began to read everything I could find about Blunt, prepared a long book proposal, retrieved his will from Somerset House and wrote to his executor, preparing for the worst: this kind of biographical cold-calling rarely comes off. But on this occasion it did. Blunt's executor agreed to meet me, and cautiously gave me his blessing, while warning me that there wasn't much he could do to help: there was no fat Blunt archive full of papers.

The problem with researching an enigma, of course, is that enigmas don't tend to make it easy for you. In fact it seemed as if the man had done his best to expunge all traces of himself. I have a postcard by him from the 1950s: it's written in the lightest pencil in a scrawled, half-legible, tiny hand. It's undated, signed only with an 'A', and has no personal detail. This was entirely in character. When I wrote to colleagues and acquaintances I received innumerable replies the gist of which was, 'I worked with him for thirty years but I never felt I really knew him, and I'm not sure I can help you'.

In the end my portrait of Blunt was a loaf made out of crumbs: little fragments from many different sources. There were his rebellious days at Marlborough college in the 1920s, where I discovered his best friend had been the great underrated Irish poet Louis MacNeice, who had written a memoir, *The Strings Are False*, concerning that time. Blunt's own juvenilia revealed an early fascination with Bloomsbury, particularly its aesthetics and morality – a passion which prefigured his involvement in Marxism, and was consummated by his affair with Virginia Woolf's nephew Julian Bell, when he was at Cambridge in the late 1920s. Then there were the Soviet archives, which became available – well, that's an approximate description – in the early 1990s, when Russian intelligence decided it might, among other things, be able to make some money out of them. Access to them was extremely limited – usually to the former intelligence officers and their nominees. I was lucky enough to see a number of documents through the spy writer Nigel West, who had been invited – something of an irony this, given his cold-warrior background

– to collaborate with Russian intelligence on a history of Soviet operations in Britain, based on the archives. I found Blunt’s medical records in a doctor’s cellar. They revealed that after he left MI5 in 1945 and began to scale the academic and social heights, he had become a heavy drinker – half a bottle of whiskey a day at least, though always after six – taken tranquillisers, and suffered an endless series of painful and debilitating medical problems: a paralysed cheek, a weeping eye and eventually colonic cancer.

In Blunt’s art historical writing I felt that he had coded a great deal of personal feeling about his position in the world and his youthful attempts to subvert the status quo. This was particularly clear in his writing about three of his favourite artists: William Blake, whom he saw, tellingly I think, as a disillusioned revolutionary; Nicolas Poussin, his life-long love, with whom he deeply identified and whom he saw as a misanthrope who managed to accommodate himself to the world by divorcing himself from worldly ambition (something Blunt never did manage); and finally the great baroque architect Borromini, the quintessential tortured artist whose demons and depression so preyed upon him that his patrons couldn’t bear to meet him and he committed a terrible suicide, to be reviled for 250 years after his death. I think Blunt foresaw a similar fate for himself.

I was very glad to finally take my leave of Blunt last year. In the process of taking on a project like this, one cannot help but start to feel the strains of a parallel life. While I intensely enjoyed researching and describing his different worlds, Blunt’s was a deeply strained life, a morally complex, indeed compromised one, much of it lived in denial. There were times when I deeply disliked him, others when I found I admired him – particularly the way he forced himself to go on and achieve all that he did in art history under hideous strain – others when he exasperated me. I found his life to be in many ways a sad one – something he never acknowledged. And gradually, I felt, some of these strains percolated into me. I think he probably deserved punishment, though not necessarily the punishment he received. But I think too, that it’s appropriate that my feelings should be so finely poised. Blunt was through and through, a dualistic character, torn between darkness and light, passion and reason, deep unexamined motivations and avowed intentions to do the right thing.

Miranda Carter (1983)

A Year as Finance Minister of Peru

I have just spent one year as Finance Minister of Peru. This was the inaugural year of the new democratically-elected administration of Alejandro Toledo. It began in July 2001 after a period of turmoil in the already agitated setting of Peruvian politics. This was not the first time I had sat in the ministry: in 1967-68, a turbulent period which ended with a coup, I had spent much of my time shepherding seven different finance ministers(!) through the motions of negotiating tax measures with the Parliament and a financial package with the International Monetary Fund. I also had two years as Energy and Mines minister in 1980-82, in another democratic administration that replaced the military after their disastrous twelve-year interregnum.

Some background about Peru is necessary. It is physically a large country (five and a half times the size of the UK), but a small economy, with a total output comparable to that of a middling US state such as Utah or New Mexico. Its 27 million people are scattered mostly along the Pacific coast, with a high concentration in Lima which has grown from 2 million or so thirty years ago to 8 million today. More people now live in Lima than in the whole of the Andes backbone of the country, where the remnants of the original cultures of Peru continue to this day, often in isolated towns and villages where the only modern presence is that of the government: the police, the teachers, and a few services such as rural health and electrification. Needless to say, average incomes are low (about US\$2,500 per head) and one out of two Peruvians is said to live on \$3 a day or less. But the traditional views about poverty and an uneven income distribution have to be taken with a pinch of salt, since such a large part of the economy is informal and therefore not properly counted. Even though real per capita income is barely higher today than it was thirty years ago, there are many signs of progress: electricity coverage is close to 100 per cent in cities and 70 per cent in rural areas, illiteracy is down to 10 per cent (although still too high among Andean women), life expectancy is close to 70 years (and 80 years for those in pension systems). Recent estimates by the World Bank show that incomes in Peru were less unevenly distributed than in much of the rest of Latin America (the Gini coefficient of inequality in Peru is about 42 compared to 34 for the United States and close to 60 for Brazil and Chile). This is the silver lining of the disastrous economic policies of the military (1968-80) and of the Alan Garcia administrations (1985-90), which precipitated a flight of capital and professional talent, sharply reducing upper level incomes.

In 1990, at the end of the Alan Garcia administration, Peru was in chaos: hyperinflation (I still have the change from a ten-minute taxi ride in 1990: a 5,000,000 banknote), electricity cuts, and worst of all terrorism. The Shining Path and other terrorist groups, most of them tied to

the drug trade, had been responsible for killing 30,000 people, mostly policemen and peasants. In the 1990 election a group of us had worked with the author Mario Vargas Llosa in order to create a credible reconstruction programme. In the end that programme was applied not by Vargas Llosa but by a virtual unknown mathematics professor, Alberto Fujimori, who won the elections with the help – incredibly – of Alan Garcia and his APRA party.

Fujimori got a slow start but in the end he pushed through a radical deregulation of the economy, opening up foreign trade and promoting an aggressive privatisation effort, mostly of the state-owned utility companies. Foreign capital flowed into the privatisations and into major new mining investments, especially new gold mines. For a while Peru had record economic growth and the government reinvested the new prosperity into improvements in social services. But in 1998 the economy came to a grinding halt, partly in the wake of the Asian and Russian crises but mostly because of a loss of business confidence as Fujimori tried to run for an unconstitutional third term. He succeeded in squeaking through in 2000, although in a contest widely seen as tainted, against Alejandro Toledo. Toledo, a business school professor educated at Stanford University with the help of benefactors who picked him out of poverty, was a newcomer to politics. As Vargas Llosa had done a decade earlier, he led massive protests against corruption and the dictatorial methods of the government. When the extent of the corruption led by spymaster Vladimiro Montesinos was revealed early in his third term, Fujimori fled the country to Japan, his ancestral home, and the government fell.

An interim government called for new elections which this time Toledo won fairly and squarely in June 2001, although by a narrow margin of about 6 per cent against – again incredibly – Alan Garcia, the very same personage who had nearly sunk the country only a dozen years earlier. True, with a relatively young population, political memory is short in Peru; but an equally serious problem was the perceived weak credibility of Toledo himself, especially among the middle class and business groups. The former found his denials about an alleged illegitimate daughter to be unconvincing and the latter wondered whether his loose and disparate coalition, dubbed Peru Posible, would support pro-growth economic policies. That is where I come into the story: in January 2001, well before the election, Toledo announced I would head his economic team. That gave him enough credibility to get by the election and gave me more than six months – virtually the whole of the interim government – to craft an initial programme to get the economy out of its slump without resorting to deficit financing – a no-no in the present setting of Argentina and Brazil. Other ministers in the Toledo administration did not have that head start: their appointments were announced only one day before they were to be sworn in, on 28 July 2001.

The Finance Ministry (formally the Economy and Finance Ministry, which also includes most of Tariffs and Foreign Trade) is the most powerful governmental agency in Peru. Besides a central staff of about 300, who are among the ablest civil servants in the country, it controls a number of key agencies – such as Taxes, Customs, Securities and Exchange, National Properties, Banking Supervision, the Public Pension Fund and the Supervisor of State Enterprises, a profitable agency that controls the remaining state-owned enterprises, including medical social insurance (that covers about 18 per cent of the population). In addition, the Minister has wide powers to set various tariffs and sales taxes by decree. With so much power in a small setting, the Finance Ministry is a magnet for criticism and there are constant calls to reduce its powers. Once in office, Toledo – seeing that he could not get his palace painted or purchase a presidential helicopter without Finance Ministry approval through a proper bidding process – succumbed to the same cry.

Anyway, the purpose of my year in the Finance Ministry was not to decide whether the agency should have more or less power, but rather to get things done: to revive economic growth in the midst of a very difficult setting in Latin America, while maintaining low inflation, keeping the Finance Ministry as the guardian of financial stability, and making a dent in some needed long-term reforms, particularly of state pensions. All in all, I can say most of this agenda was achieved from July 2001 to July 2002, thanks to a reasonably productive although difficult relationship with the Parliament. Parliament did approve all the measures we presented with the backing of the President and the Cabinet: these included a significant increase and simplification of personal and corporate income taxes (the latter from 20 to a still low 30 per cent, with a maximum rate of 27 per cent on personal incomes): a major reform of the public pension system reducing future liabilities (particularly by paring widows' inflated pensions), and in exchange providing a substantially higher minimum pension; incentives to move public pension contributors into the much larger but still very young private system; a scheme to create a mortgage reinsurance system using \$500 million left over from a 5 per cent wage tax that was abolished; and a few social measures to make the tax increases more palatable (such as a subsidy for low-income users of electricity and a 'workfare' programme). Fairly draconian administrative measures were also taken to reduce tax evasion, especially of the sales tax, so as to bring up the pitifully low tax take from 12 per cent of GDP to 15 per cent.

While all these good constructive steps were being taken, the Parliament and especially the government block in it, were promoting an endless stream of populist measures, something that was foreseen but which I had never expected on such a scale. The Finance Minister was thus put in the position of a goalkeeper trying to stop a constant stream of penalty kicks, a few of them the result of campaign promises by the

President himself. Individual measures were promoted by rather colourful MPs: some MPs, for example, were way behind on their taxes and, oh surprise!, promoted a costly tax amnesty for their own benefit. In the end most of these parliamentary initiatives were stopped, often with the help of the President, but private sector confidence was obviously hurt, affecting prospects for investment.

None the less, on balance economic performance was not bad for the year 2001-2002: economic growth rising above 4 per cent, inflation of about 1 per cent, a stable but not overvalued exchange rate, a reasonable public debt that did not grow, and rising employment, especially in Lima. It is hard to get an economic recovery to treat everyone equally well: the provinces were the big losers in the case of Peru, venting their frustration through a series of 'patriotic' fronts that promoted protests and regional strikes. In the end these succeeded in halting the modest government privatization programme that covered the tag-ends of the effort begun a decade earlier. The President hesitated about privatization, especially after riots organized in May 2002 by Patria Roja ('Red Nation'), a small but vocal Trotskyite group in the second largest city, Arequipa. The damage was more important in symbolic than financial terms, but the result was a crucial one: whereas in March 2002 – when President George W Bush visited – Peru looked as if it could break away from the South American disease by following the basic lines of Chile, a few months later it looks as if it will merely muddle through. The reasonably solid financials have not evaporated but the extra kick that comes from dynamic investment is gone, at least for now.

Development is a complicated game that in most cases takes many generations to begin to bear fruit. In the case of a number of South American nations there is the danger that they will grow old before they grow up: rapidly improving health care and declining birth rates will eventually lead to an aging population (as in Argentina and Uruguay) before these countries have had an opportunity to reach reasonably modern living standards. Once the population stabilizes, only a near-miraculous productivity gain can propel a country to modernity. In other words, there is the risk of growing old before growing up. Of all the elements necessary in order to avoid this economic progeria (premature ageing), what Peru and some other countries in the region perhaps need most is a tradition of solid, competent and honest institutions. A professional Finance Ministry meets but one part of that need; an educated and transparent Parliament as well as a functioning judiciary are even more important, without mentioning a reasonably efficient and modern system of public education. The list goes on. What is missing in a number of countries is a long-term view of the objectives; that view is too often replaced by politicking and personal aggrandisement.

P P Kuczynski (1956)

The Governing Body

Professor M S Butler, Rector
Dr D J Roaf, Official Fellow (Margary) & Lecturer in Mathematics
Professor J A Hiddleston, Official Fellow (Besse) & Lecturer in French
Dr W B Stewart, Finance and Estates Bursar, Official Fellow & Lecturer
in Pure Mathematics
Dr J R L Maddicott, Official Fellow (1985 Appeal), Librarian, Keeper
of the Archives & Lecturer in Medieval History
Dr J D P Donnelly, Official Fellow (Nevinson) & Lecturer in Applied
Mathematics
Professor R A Dwek, Professorial Fellow
Professor S Gordon, Professorial Fellow
Professor I D L Michael, Professorial Fellow
Dr M W Hart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Politics
Professor J M Brown, Official Fellow, Tutor for Admissions & Lecturer
in Chemistry
Professor R D Vaughan-Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Human
Physiology
Professor G O Hutchinson, Official Fellow (Rossiter) & Lecturer in
Classical Languages and Literature
Ms S E Marshall, Official Fellow & Home Bursar
Professor S D Fredman, Official Fellow (Quarrell) & Lecturer in Law
Professor H Watanabe-O'Kelly, Sub-Rector, Official Fellow & Lecturer
in German
Ms J Johnson, Senior Tutor, Official Fellow (Ashby) & Lecturer in
English
Dr H L Spencer, Official Fellow & Lecturer in English
Dr M E Taylor, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Biochemistry
Professor E M Jeffreys, Professorial Fellow
Professor H C Watkins, Professorial Fellow
Dr F N Dabhoiwala, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern History
The Reverend S W P Hampton, Official Fellow & Chaplain
Mr J J Herring, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law
Dr P Johnson, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Management
Dr A M Steane, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Dr S J Clarke, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry
Dr K Graddy, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Economics
Dr I D Reid, Computing Fellow, Official Fellow & Lecturer in
Engineering Science
Dr V Lee, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Organic Chemistry
Professor J Klein, Professorial Fellow
Professor F E Close, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Physics
Dr A J Blocker, Senior Research Fellow
Dr S Das, Reader, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Earth Sciences
Dr B Morison, Dean of Degrees, Official Fellow & Lecturer in
Philosophy

Professor G Griffiths, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Pathology
Professor A B Parekh, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto)
Dr K L Brain, Junior Research Fellow (Staines)
Dr J Rattray, Junior Research Fellow (Queen Sofía)
Dr O Pooley, Junior Research Fellow

Honours and Appointments

F J BOULTON née Lockton (1985), appointed Headmistress of Guildford High School for Girls. Former Housemistress at Stowe and Marlborough.

S BRENNER (1952), awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine, 2002.

M S BUTLER (Rector), elected Fellow of the British Academy, 2002.

M J CARTER (1983), for her biography of Anthony Blunt awarded the 2001 George Orwell Prize for Political Writing; the Royal Society of Literature Award, 2001; and shortlisted for the Guardian First Book Award and the Duff Cooper Prize.

S CHANDA (1976), elected Fellow of the British Computer Society in May 2002.

E F CONDRY (1971), appointed Residentiary Canon, Canon Librarian and Director of Post-ordination Training at Canterbury Cathedral.

R A DWEK (Fellow), awarded National Romanian Order for Merit, 2000; Honorary Member of the Institute of Biochemistry, Bucharest, Romania, 2000; Doctor Philosophiae Honoris Causa, Ben-Gurion University of the Negev, Israel, 2001; Foundations of Medical Science Distinguished Lecturer, Montreal, Canada, 2001; Chair, Scientific Advisory Committee, Institute for Applied Biosciences, Ben-Gurion University of the Negev, Israel, 2001; Chairman, United Therapeutics, Maryland, USA, 2002.

G GRIFFITHS, awarded a titular Professorship, with effect from 1 October 2002.

J A HIDDLESTON (Fellow), appointed Officier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French Government, 2002.

M JACOBS (1960), appointed Visiting Fellow to the Institute of Health and Community Studies, Bournemouth University, with effect from 1 July 2002.

I H KAWHARU (1957), appointed to the Order of New Zealand as an additional member on the occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee.

- J KLEIN (Fellow), gave the Inaugural John D Ferry Lectures at the University of Madison, Wisconsin, 2002.
- I D L MICHAEL (Fellow), elected Fellow of King's College London 2002; elected President of the Oxford University Medieval Society for 2002-3.
- A MIDHA (1987), appointed member of the General Medical Council, 2000; Non-Executive Director on the Welsh Ambulance Services NHS Trust, 2000; Member Of the Welsh Language Board, 2000.
- J A QUELCH (1969), appointed Chairman of the Port Authority of Massachusetts, with effect from July 2002.
- C SMALLWOOD (1964), appointed Chief Economic Adviser to Barclay's Bank.
- J G SPEIRS (1956), appointed member of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, Spring 2002.
- C J STORR (1959), appointed a knight of St Gregory by Pope John Paul II for services to Catholic education and Catholic church music, 2001.
- P M WELLER (1963), appointed Officer of the Order of Australia (AO) 2002, elected Fellow of the Academy of the Social Sciences in Australia, 1996.

Publications

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- S J CLARKE (Fellow), with S G Denis, 'Two alternative products from the Intercalation of alkali metals into cation-defective Ruddlesden-Popper oxysulfides', in *Chemical Communications* 2356 (2001); with B P Guinot, C W Michie, M J C Calmont and M J Rosseinsky, 'Oxynitride perovskites: synthesis and structures of LaZrO_2N , NdTiO_2N and LaTiO_2N , and comparison with oxide perovskites, in *Chemistry of Materials*, 14 (2002); with P R Chalker, J Holman, C W Michie, M Puyet and M J Rosseinsky, 'A first transition series pseudo-tetrahedral oxynitride anion – the synthesis and characterisation of $\text{BA}_2\text{VO}_3\text{N}$ ', in *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, 124 (2002); with K A Hardstone, C W Michie and M J Rosseinsky, 'High temperature synthesis and structures of perovskite and $n = 1$ Ruddlesden-Popper tantalum oxynitrides', in *Chemistry of Materials* (2002).

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- S DAS (Fellow), 'Simple models in the mechanics of earthquake rupture', in *Imaging of Complex Media with Acoustic and Seismic Waves*, ed. Fink et al., Springer-Verla, 2002; with C Henry and J H Woodhouse, 'Stability of Earthquake moment tensor inversions: Effect of the double-couple constraint', in *Tectonophysics*, special issue, ed. C Trifu, 2002; with C Henry, 'The M_w 8.2 February 17, 1996 Biak, Indonesia earthquake: Rupture history, aftershocks and fault plane properties', in *Journal of Geophysical Research*, 2002.
- R A DWEK (Fellow), with P M Rudd, T Elliott, P Cresswell and I Wilson, 'Glycosylation and the immune system', in *Science*, 291 (2001); with T D Butters, F M Platt and N Zitzmann, 'Targeting glycosylation as a therapeutic approach', in *Nature Reviews* (2001); with H Feinberg, D A Mitchell, K Drickamer and W I Weis, 'Oligosaccharides by DC-SIGN and DC-SIGNR', in *Science*, 294 (2001); with T D Butters, 'Editorial – Introduction: Glycobiology – Understanding the language and meaning of carbohydrates', in *Chemical Reviews*, 102 (2002).
- C M EVANS, *Religion and International Law*, Kluwer, 1999; *Freedom of Religion Under the ECHR*, Oxford University Press, 2001.
- S D FREDMAN (Fellow), *Discrimination Law*, Oxford University Press, 2002; *Discrimination and Human Rights*, Oxford University Press, 2001.
- J HENSTRIDGE, *Gospel Images: Guided Meditations from Stories of Jesus*, Abingdon Press, Nashville, 2002.
- J J HERRING (Fellow), *Criminal Law*, Macmillan, 2002; 'Buying, selling and sharing bodies', in *Body Law and Lore*, ed. Bainham, Day Sclater and Richards, 2002; 'Gay rights come quietly', in *Law Quarterly Review*, 31 (2002); 'Assigning sex and intersexuals', in *Family Law*, 763 (2001); 'Does yes mean yes? The criminal law and mistaken consent in sexual activity', in *Singapore Law Journal* (2002).
- J A HIDDLESTON (Fellow), 'Baudelaire au miroir', in '*Les Fleurs du Mal*' de Charles Baudelaire, Paris, Cahiers textuels, 2002.
- G O HUTCHINSON (Fellow), 'The new Posidippus and Latin poetry', in *Zeitschrift für Papyrologie und Epigraphik*, 138 (2002); 'The publication and individuality of Horace *Odes* Books 1-3', in *Classical Quarterly*, 52 (2002).

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- P JOHNSON (Fellow), 'Strategy and Valuation', in *Oxford Handbook of Strategy*, ed. D Faulkner, Oxford University Press, 2002.
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- V LEE (Fellow), with S P Romeril, T D W Claridge and J E Baldwin, 'Synthesis of a possible structure of pyrinodemin A', in *Tetrahedron Letters*, 43 (2002); with W R F Goundry and J E Baldwin, 'Total synthesis of cytotoxic sponge alkaloids hachijodines F and G', in *Tetrahedron Letters*, 43 (2002).
- J R MADDICOTT (Fellow), 'Prosperity and power in the age of Bede and Beowulf', in *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 112 (2002).
- I D L MICHAEL (Fellow), 'How *Don Quixote* came to Oxford: The two Bodleian copies of *Don Quixote*, Part I (Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta, 1605)', in *Culture and Society in Habsburg Spain: Studies Presented to R W Truman by his Pupils and Colleagues on the Occasion of his Retirement*, ed. Nigel Griffin, Clive Griffin, Eric Southworth and Colin Thompson, Tamesis, 2001; "'A cada uno lo suyo": el problema de la edición crítica', in *Los orígenes del español y los grandes textos medievales Mio Cid, Buen Amor y Celestina*, ed. Manuel Criado de Val Biblioteca de Filología Hispánica, 26 (2001).
- B C A MORISON (Fellow), *On Location: Aristotle's Concept of Place*, Oxford University Press, 2002.
- G ROWLANDS, *The Dynastic State and the Army under Louis XIV: Royal Service and Private Interest, 1661-1701*, Cambridge University Press, 2002.
- J A ROSS (formerly J A Pigdon), 'First-Person Consciousness: Honderich and McGinn Reviewed', in *Journal of Consciousness Studies*, 9 (2002).
- H WATANABE-O'KELLY (Fellow), *Court Culture in Dresden from Renaissance to Baroque*, Palgrave Macmillan, 2002.
- M WYATT, 'Partnerships in health and social care: The implications of government guidance in the 1990s in England, with particular reference to voluntary organisations' in *Policy & Politics*, (2002).

Class Lists in Honour Schools 2002

BIOCHEMISTRY: *Class I*, Mary R Muers; *Class II(i)*, Kieran Curtis, Aaron Resch, Nicholas Silk.

CHEMISTRY: *Class II(i)*, Timothy D L Courtney, Katherine J Hill, Louise E Horsfall, Heston J Orchard, Andrew J Scott; *Class II(ii)*, Fleur N Fisher.

EARTH SCIENCES: *Class I*, Alistair Crosby, Madeleine Forrest; *Class II(i)*, Katrina Beadle, Iain Matthews, Sam Rosindell.

ENGINEERING & COMPUTING SCIENCE: *Class II(i)*, Arthur S-H Kwok.

ENGINEERING SCIENCE: *Class I*, Henry P Whittaker; *Class II(i)*, Andrew Craig; *Class II(ii)*, Charles Blacklock.

ENGLISH: *Class I*, Christopher Monk; *Class II(i)*, Stephen H Braund, Abigail L Dunn, Elizabeth A Gately, Richard A Hawtree, Katherine M Knowles, Rebecca Lewis, Jessica L Stevens; *Class II(ii)*, Naomi H Clarke.

FINE ART: *Class II(i)*, Eitan Buchalter.

JURISPRUDENCE: *Class I*, David J M Pygott; *Class II(i)*, Derek Y K Fong, Karen L Hepworth, Christopher King, Jonathan S Lewis, Anna M Lyle-Smythe, Stephen B Roberts, Thomas J Wainwright; *Class II(ii)*, Mahima Puri.

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class I*, Sophie Fry; *Class II(i)*, Jane E A Anderson, Tim J E Fox, Frances Harris, Megan Shakeshaft; *Class III*, Ben A Tipper.

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, Hamada Shather, Andrew I Thomas.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, Teik Wynn Tee, Rachel Zammett; *Class II(i)*, Paul S Chatfield.

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTATION: *Class II(i)*, Andrew R Aldcroft.

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(i)*, Kiran Chauhan.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, William W Evans; *Class II(i)*, Tim J Bostwick, Gareth D Dunsmore, Philip P Hobday, Rebecca H Lowndes, Caroline S Silke, Paul M Stephany, Ruth E Wilkinson.

MODERN HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(i)*, Amanda L Burns, Gemma Dainty.

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, Carly McLoughlin; *Class II(i)*, Virginie R Basset, Geraldine R Cooper, Edward J C-H Coulson, Charles A B Gillott, Anna C Lavis, Emma C Molyneaux.

MUSIC: *Class I*, Peter S Davis; *Class II(i)*, Charlotte A Shipley; *Class II(ii)*, Richard D Hills.

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(i)*, Tehzeeb Sandhu.

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class I*, Bassel Khatoun; *Class II(i)*, Katharine Auchterlonie, Paul J Britton, Matthew J Cartwright, George J Heywood, Omar Sabbagh, Yin Y Tan.

PHYSICS (3 YEAR): *Class II(i)*, Irene A Revell; *Class II(ii)*, Daniel J Jermyn, Sarah N Orpilla, Gary B Page.

PHYSICS (4 YEAR): *Class II(i)*, Thomas E H Clifford, Bryan Gullan, Daniel J Wheatley; *Class II(ii)*, Andrew D L Hancock.

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(i)*, Jason L E Chong

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Class II(i)*, Emma L Andrews, Tyara P Banerjee, Rachel S Chute, Thomas P Fairfax, Benjamin L M Way; *Class II(ii)*, Peter J Farmer.

PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & PHYSIOLOGY: *Class II(ii)*, Joseph E Baker, David J Casey.

THEOLOGY: *Class II(i)*, James E Taylor.

14 Firsts 50 Upper Seconds 11 Lower Seconds 1 Third

HONOUR MODERATIONS

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class I*, Dominic Corsini-Meek; *Class II(i)*, Benjamin Cole, Emily Shaw; *Class II(ii)*, John Lynch.

MATHEMATICS: *Class II*, David Boot, Joanna Condon, Tse Wen Tai, Paul Truman.

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II*, Martin Ginestie; *Class III*, Anthony Brown.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, Matthew Green; *Class II*, Gemma Davey, Louis Eggar, Hannah Green, David Legg, John Lucas, Clare Manassei, Hannah Parham.

MODERN HISTORY & POLITICS: *Class I*, Jessica Frost.

MUSIC: *Class I*, Timothy Burke; *Class II*, Michael Davis.

3 Firsts 12 Seconds 1 Third

PRELIMS

BIOCHEMISTRY: *Distinction*, Madeleine Gentle, James Graham, Sarah Graham, Clare Walton.

JURISPRUDENCE: *Distinction*, Joanna Whybra.

EARTH SCIENCES: *Distinction*, Christopher P Brough.

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Distinction*, Barry Dean, Ewa Szypula.

GRADUATE DEGREES 2002

D PHIL

Anthony Bale
Richard Gilpin
Ruth Parkes
Elina Tassi-Londorfou

BCL

Levon Arakelian
Gayatri Bedi
Estelle Dehon
Murray Wesson

M PHIL

Tom Green	European Archaeology
Jonathon Poskitt	Economics
Samantha Stayte	Theology

M SC BY COURSEWORK

Michael Adeusi	Mathematical Finance
Kashif Ahmad	Mathematical Finance
Glyn Clough	Computer Science
Melkiar Doost	Software Engineering
Thomas Grant	Applied and Computational Mathematics
John Hammond	Software Engineering
Huan Huang	Statistics
Florian Huehne	Applied and Computational Mathematics
Adam Jaffer	Social Anthropology
Gauthier Lambert	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing
Oliver Lan	Computation
Matthew Lewis	Computation
Matthew Lucas	Software Engineering
Niall O'Dea	Environmental Change and Management
Satyen Sangani	Economics for Development
Craig Tiedman	Management Research
Julia Zamorska	Social Anthropology

M ST

Gersende de Pontbriand	Music
Jesse Elzinga	Study of Religion
Jason Georgatos	Byzantine Studies
Sung Hee Kim	English
Jonathan Wikeley	Music

MAGISTER JURIS

Jorge Garufalias
Pablo Reyes Reyes
Kiaojiang Shu
Kian Tauser

MBA

Jenny Boon
Akihiro Kido
Kieron Leech
Graeme Muir
Kirsty Sutton

FOREIGN SERVICE PROGRAMME

Colin Namalambo

PGCE

Claire McCourt

College and University Prizes

FLUCHERE ESSAY PRIZE: Adrian Gillott

PATRICK PRIZE: Lisa Willis

SIMON POINTER PRIZE: Matthew Ray

LAURA QUELCH PRIZE: Ruth Wilkinson

QUARRELL READ PRIZE: Kiran Chauhan, Daniel Jermyn, Katrina Beadle,
Jane Anderson, Philip Hobday, Richard Hills, Charlotte Shipley,
Alistair Crosby, Kieran Curtis, Peter Davis

SCIENCE PRIZE: Jonathan George

SKEAT-WHITFIELD PRIZE: Jessica L Stevens

PETER STREET PRIZE: Megan I Shakeshaft

SIR ARTHUR BENSON MEMORIAL PRIZE: Matthew Parfitt

University Prizes

NORTON ROSE LAW PRIZE: David J M Pygott

TURBUTT PRIZE: Chlöe Jenner

Graduate Freshers

Rene	Armilhon	Diploma	Legal Studies
David	Arulanantham	M Phil	International Relations
Marcus	Bartram	MBA	Business Administration
Mike	Becker	PRS	Pathology
Luis	Benitez Rodriguez	Foreign Service Programme	Diplomatic Studies
John	Bolin	M Phil	English
Tim	Bostwick	PGCE	History
Ciara	Boylan	M St	Modern History
Alitza	Broodryk	MBA	Business Administration
Sebastian	Carballo	PRS	Clinical Medicine
Wei-Chiao	Chang	PRS	Physiology
Emmet	Coldrick	BCL	Law
Eleanor	Cooper	M Sc by coursework	Material Anthropology and Museum Ethnography
Alison	Dalton	PRS	Theology
Quentin	Decouvelaere	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
Hugh	Derbyshire	BCL	Law
Katherine	Desormeau	M Phil	European Literature
Javed	Ehtisham	PRS	Human Genetics
Robyn	Evans	M Phil	Economics
James	Fitton	M Sc by coursework	Evidence-based Health Care
Yuan Chun	Fu	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Bevin	Gangadharan	PRS	Biochemistry
Heather	Giannandrea	M St	Modern History
Trevor	Gibson	M Phil	Law
Duncan	Gillies	M Sc by coursework	Applied Linguistics and 2nd Language Acquisition
Paras	Gorasia	BCL	Law
Fei	Huang	PRS	Engineering Science
Claire	Jones	BCL	Law
Sung Hee	Kim	D Phil	Research Methods in English
Rachel	Kincaid	M St	Art History
Maja	Kominko	PRS	Archaeology
Stepan	Kovalski	M Sc by coursework	Environmental Change
Neville	Lam	MBA	Business Administration
Seung-Min	Lee	M Sc by coursework	Applied Statistics
Wei-Loon	Ler	M Sc by coursework	Applied Statistics
Eddie	Ler	M Sc by coursework	Applied Statistics
Sebastian	Linnemayr	M Phil	Economics
Zhuang	Liu	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Andrew	Makinson	M Phil	Greek and/or Latin Literature
Francesca	Martelli	M St	Classical Language and Literature
Heston	Orchard	PRS	Inorganic Chemistry
Kirk	Pak	M Sc by research	Pharmacology
James	Philpott	MBA	Business Administration
Richard	Pickett	PRS	Theology
Costin-loan	Popescu	PRS	Biochemistry
Irene	Revell	MSt	Women's Studies
Amy	Sackville	M Phil	English Studies 1880-1960
Laura	Smethurst	M St	European Literature German
Lucinda	Southworth	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing

Per Omer	Stenvall Suleman	MBA M Sc by coursework	Business Administration Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing
Rex Keiko Ana Wynn	Sutton Takahashi Tavasci Tee	PRS M Phil M St M Sc by coursework	Mathematics Economics History of Art Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing
Oyvind Alistair Olivier Philip Thomas	Thomassen Thorpe Tonneau Tresadern Turner	M Phil M Sc by coursework PRS M Sc by coursework	Economics Computer Science Modern Languages (Besse Scholar) Engineering Science Applied and Computational Mathematics
Nicolas Robert Siobhan Lance Robert	Victoir Wagstaff Wills Wobus Woore	D Phil BCL PRS MBA M Sc by research	Mathematics Law Law Business Administration Applied Linguistics and Second Language Acquisitio
Zhen Allen Andrew Ting	Wu Yeh Zeitlin Zhang	M Sc by coursework PRS M Phil M Sc by coursework	Computer Science Theology Economics Applied Linguistics and 2nd Language Acquisition
Ting	Zhang	PRS	Mechanical Engineering

Undergraduate Freshers

Mustapha Lydia Thomas Edmund Joanna Duncan Graham Donald James	Ahmed-Sanah Allen Bajorek Bayliss Britton Brown Brown Campbell Champness	Jurisprudence Earth Sciences Physiological Sciences Physics Modern Languages English Jurisprudence Modern History Ancient & Modern History	Ghana Woldingham School Whitgift School Dauntseys School North London Collegiate School Winchester College Greenhead College, Huddersfield Edinburgh Academy
Jasmine	Chan	Mathematics & Computation	Tonbridge School Li Po Chun United World Coll of Hong Kong
Stefan	Chojnicki	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Bradfield College
Cheuk Yin Stephanie	Chui Chung	Engineering Science Economics & Management	Rugby School Cheltenham Ladies College
Andrew Stephen Michael	Clark Cooke Cornford	Jurisprudence Jurisprudence Philosophy, Politics & Economics	King's School, Grantham Bournemouth School
Robert	Cragg	Mathematics and Statistics	Cardinal Newman School
Jemima Nicky	Dalgliesh Dean	English Physics	St Edmund's School, Canterbury Annan Academy Thetford Sixth Form College

Michelle	Doran	Modern History	Island School, Hongkong
Alan	Dowling	Engineering Science	Stanborough School, Welwyn
Julia	Draper	Biochemistry	Kendrick School, Reading
Yitao	Duan	Biochemistry	Solihull School
Sarah	Dunstone	Chemistry	Truro High School for Girls
Anneke	Ely	Physics & Philosophy	North London Collegiate School
Charlotte	Eyre	Modern Languages	Moreton Hall, Oswestry
Anthony	Flynn	Engineering Science	Whitgift School
Iason	Gabriel	Modern History & Politics	Kingswood School
Rebecca	Garland	Physiological Sciences	St Augustine's Catholic College, Trowbridge
Keiran	Goddard	English	City Technology College
Daniel	Goodby	Modern History	Radley College
Samuel	Graham	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Island School, Hongkong
Luc	Hands	Physics	Plymouth College
Sophie	Hanina	Physiological Sciences	Channing School
Richard	Harland	Mathematical Sciences	Maiden Erlegh School
David	Harvey	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Alton College
David	Heales	Jurisprudence	Tiffin School
Claire	Holliday	Modern Languages	Holt School
Karen	Hoppe	Physiological Sciences	Sir Christopher Hatton School, Wellingborough
Julia	Ingram	English	Treorchy Comprehensive School
Sarah	Johnson	Modern History	St Mary's School, Calne
Nicholas	Johnston	Classics & English	Kings College School, Wimbledon
David	Johnston	Chemistry	Barnard Castle School
James	Jordan	Mathematics	Monmouth School
Nadia	Khalaf	Physics & Philosophy	St Christophers Senior School
Jennifer	King	Music	Malbank Sixth Form Centre
Katie	Kingwell	Physiological Sciences	Tiffin Girls School
Victoria	Kirtley	Mathematical Sciences	St Robert of Newminster SFC
Rachel	Knibbs	Literae Humaniores	Richmond School
Chanawan	Kritvith	Biochemistry	New International School of Thailand
Alessandra	La Via	Chemistry	Bradford Grammar School
Kia	Langford	Biochemistry	King Edward VI College, Stourbridge
Yipei	Liu	Economics & Management	Royal Wolverhampton School
Jintao	Liu	Engineering Science	Dulwich College
Helen	Livingstone	Modern History & Modern Languages	Ponteland County High School
Oliver	Lomas	Physiological Sciences	Birkdale School, Sheffield
Peter	Longbottom	Physics	Benton Park School, Leeds
Juliet	Lough	Modern Languages	Marlborough College
Tamsin	Maddock	Jurisprudence	Lady Eleanor Holles School
Harriet	Mancey-Barratt	English	Varndean College, Brighton
Christopher	Martin	Mathematics	Ridings High School, Bristol
Claire	McConville	English	Pates Grammar School, Cheltenham
Kimiya	Minoukadeh	Mathematics & Computation	Lycee Francais Charles De Gaulle
Laura	Morton	Modern History & English	North London Collegiate School
Andrew	Mullin	Chemistry	Bolton School (Boys Division)

Diana	Ng	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Victoria Junior College, Singapore
Vincent	O'Hora	Chemistry	St Bede's College, Manchester
Rachel	O'Neill	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Colstons School, Bristol
Angela	Palmer	Fine Art	George Watson's Ladies College, Edinburgh
Ceri	Parfitt	Chemistry	Holy Cross College, Bury
David	Parsons	Earth Sciences	Aquinas College, Stockport
Neerav	Patel	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	St Albans School
Christopher	Pettengell	Physiological Sciences	George Abbott School
Charlotte	Ralph	Literae Humaniores	Cranleigh School
Marilena	Raouna	Jurisprudence	American Academy
Joseph	Ray	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Merchant Taylors' School
Laura	Richards	Mathematics	Queen Elizabeths Grammar School
Lucy	Simmonds	Physiological Sciences	Cheltenham Ladies College
Adrian	Smith	Engineering Science	Bedford Modern School
Lucy	Stallworthy	Modern History	Chipping Sodbury School
Helen	Stubbs	English	Croesyceiliog Comprehensive, Torfaen
Charlotte	Sumner	Jurisprudence	Chelmsford County High School
Jenny	Svanberg	Economics & Management	Sigtunaskolan Humanistiska Larove
Carol	Teo	Mathematics	National Junior College, Singapore
Rebecca	Ting	English	Beaconsfield High School
Caroline	Van Os	Modern History	Methodist College Belfast
Emily	Watson	Literae Humaniores	Cours Notre-Dame des Victoires
Ralph	Wilkinson	Music	Charterhouse
Oliver	Williams	Modern History	Taunton School
Tiffany	Winter	Modern Languages	King Edward's School, Bath
Benjamin	Wood	Mathematical Sciences	Ponteland County High School

Deaths

John Michael Argyle, Incorporated MA (1952), formerly of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Died 6 September 2002.

George Bryan Batchelor, Rhodes Scholar (1946), formerly of the University of Cape Town. Died 16 April 2002, aged 79.

Owen John Beilby, Commoner (1931), formerly of Glasgow Academy. Died 2001.

Richard Dieter Buehrlen, Commoner (1953), formerly of the English School, Cairo. Died 28 April 2002, aged 66.

Richard John Chorley, Commoner (1948), formerly of Minehead Grammar School. Died 12 May 2002.

Basil Graham Chubb, Commoner (1931), formerly of Dulwich College. Died 23 October 2001, aged 89.

Edward Harry Cole, Stapeldon Scholar (1942), formerly of The Grammar School, Dorchester. Died 20 January 1998, aged 73.

Kenneth Wilfrid Conibear, Rhodes Scholar (1931), formerly of University of Alberta, Canada. Died 4 October, 2002, aged 95.

Jocelyn Tickner Demant, Commoner (1953), formerly of St Edward's School, Oxford. Died 1 December 2001, aged 66.

Reginald Paul Donnelly, Stapeldon Scholar (1924), formerly of Plymouth College. Died 20 June 2002, aged 96.

Ernest John Dorrell, Exhibitioner (1933), formerly of Taunton School. Died 11 March 2002, aged 86.

Douglas Hugh Everett, Fellow (1947). Died 25 June 2002, aged 85.

Patrick George Cran Forbes, Organ Scholar (1939), formerly of St. John's School, Leatherhead. Died April 2002, aged 81.

Alan Fox, Commoner (1948), formerly of Ruskin College. Died 26 June 2002, aged 82.

Ronald Frederick William Gleadow, RAF Cadet (1944), formerly of Goole Grammar School. Died April 2002, aged 76.

Kenneth Michael Harre, State Bursar (1943), formerly of Bishops Stortford College. Died 6 February 2002, aged 76.

Kenneth Frederick Hawksford, Commoner (1947), formerly of Worcester College for the Blind. Died 6 June 2001.

Peter John Trotman Herbert, Commoner (1959), formerly of Sutton Valence School. Died 19 November 2001, aged 64.

Arthur James Weston Hockenhull, Commoner (1933), formerly of Clifton College. Died 30 January 2002, aged 86.

John Claude Hodson, Royal Navy Cadet (1944), formerly of St Edward's School, Oxford. Died 25 November 2001, aged 75.

David Scotton Huelin, Commoner (1933), formerly of Elizabeth College Guernsey. Died 17 January 2002, aged 87.

Michael Stanley Hunter Jones, France Scholar (1935), formerly of Rugby School. Died 2 November 2001, aged 85.

John Lavan Kirby, Commoner (1931), formerly of Colfe's Grammar School, Lewisham. Died 29 June 2002, aged 90.

Kenneth Arnold William Johnson, Commoner (1931), formerly of Commonweal Secondary School, Swindon. Died 6 May 2002, aged 88.

William Percival Le Clerc, Commoner (1933), formerly of Magdalen College School. Died 4 March 2002, aged 87.

Duncan Douglas Lindsay, Commoner (1934), formerly of Oxford High School. Died 6 August 2002, aged 86.

- Roy Lockwood, Commoner (1927), formerly of Reading School. Died 25 April 2002, aged 94.
- Brian John Mallett, Commoner (1964), formerly of Devonport High School for Boys. Died 2001.
- Brian Victor McEvedy, Commoner (1942, readmitted 1988), formerly of Rugby School. Died 27 February 2002, aged 78.
- Rodney Brian Meadows, Open Scholar (1942), formerly of Merchant Taylors' School. Died 15 March 2002, aged 77.
- David John Kirkland Nichols, Exhibitioner (1936), formerly of Bradfield High School. Died 16 June 2002, aged 85.
- Adrian Hugh Oswald, Commoner (1927), formerly of Nottingham High School and University College, Nottingham. Died 28 October 2001, aged 93.
- Noel Panter, Commoner (1928), formerly of St Lawrence's College, Ramsgate. Died 4 August 2002.
- Wesley Wente Posvar, Rhodes Scholar (1948), formerly of West Point New York. Died 27 July 2001, aged 75.
- Samuel Gordon Salway, Commoner (1957), formerly of Magdalen College School. Died 2 May 2002, aged 64.
- Guy Anthony Sayers, Commoner (1930), formerly of Eastbourne College. Died 18 February 2002, aged 91.
- Leonard Maro Schiff, Commoner (1926), formerly of St Paul's School. Died 2 July 2002, aged 93.
- Peter Dennis Anthony Sutch, Commoner (1963), formerly of Downside School. Died 6 March 2002, aged 56.
- Thomas Adrian Veitch, Open Exhibitioner (1964), formerly of The Skinner's School, Tunbridge Wells. Died 8 June 2002, aged 57.
- Michael Joseph Wareing, Open Exhibitioner (1965), formerly of Preston Catholic College. Died 7 August 2002, aged 55.
- Kenneth Lundie Watson, Commoner (1933), formerly of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Blackburn. Died 13 February 2002, aged 86.
- Colin Paul Marco Wilson, Commoner (1953), formerly of Haileybury. Died 5 March 2002, aged 68.
- Douglas Williams, Exhibitioner (1936), formerly of Wolverhampton Grammar School. Died June 2002, aged 84.
- J Gaston Williamson, Rhodes Scholar (1935), formerly of Arkansas University. Died 30 June 2002, aged 88.

Marriages

- Edward Kennedy Duyland Bush (1989) to Miss Anneli Marie Judith Rennie at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Bury, West Sussex, on 6 April 2002.
- Michael Dominic Scholes (1984) to Miss Pavla Chovancova at Krivoklat, Czech Republic, on 20 April, 2002.
- Marguerite Harrington (1993) to Giles Hutchinson (1991) at St Dunstan's Church, Woking, Surrey, on May 4 2002.
- Miranda Allen (1994) to Rory Elliott at Exeter College, on 6 July 2002.
- Matthew Fitton (1988) to Pollyanna Orr at Oxford Register Office and Exeter College, on 24 August 2002.
- Oliver Pooley (British Academy Research Fellow) to Helen Thomas at Exeter College, on 23 March 2002.
- Matt Preston (1990) to Nuria Capdevila-Argüelles in León, Spain, on 17 August 2002.
- David Leeks (1985) to Winda at Exeter College, on 31 August 2002.
- Guy Wolf (1994) to Teresa Yaeger at Exeter College, on 20 July 2002.
- Jonathan Ramsden (1983) to Anna Waldthausen at Exeter College, on 31 August 2002.
- Elizabeth Smart (1991) to Matthew Webb, on 21 September 2002.
- Stansfield Turner (1947) to Marion Weiss at Great Falls, Virginia, USA, on 22 September 2002.

Births

- To Fiona and Christopher Archer-Lock (1982) on 17 February 2002 a daughter Helen Penelope, a sister to Adrian and Philip.
- To Fiona Boulton (née Lockton, 1985) and Richard Boulton on 23 September 2001 a daughter Katia Jane Imogen, a sister to Honor and Fraser.
- To the wife of Shavindra Dias (1990) on 29 April 2002 a son Shilpantha Abishek
- To Julie Murnane (1984) and Graham Burrows on 18 January 2000 a son Alasdair, and on 13 July 2001 a son Thomas.
- To Sherri and Michael Preston (1964) on 15 April 2000 a daughter Hanna Danielle, and on 10 January 2002 a son Samuel Richard, sister and brother to Matthew and Robert.

- To Julie and Patrick Storrie (1983) on 8 February 2001 a son Guy Marcus James, a brother to Poppy.
- To Rebecca and Paul Williams (1989) on 7 June 2002 a son Joshua Rainsbury John, a brother to James.
- To Megan Armstrong and Andrew Davies (1992) on 11 December 2001 a son Matthew Cameron Davies.
- To Dominique and Richard Coplin (1986) on 31 July 2002 a son Max Alexander.
- To Sophie (née Pullen, 1992) and Allan Jenkins (1990) on 6 April 2002 a daughter Penelope Sarah.
- To Rachel and Alex Antelme (1987) on 30 June 2002 a daughter Eliza Gabrielle Trentham, a sister to Felix.
- To Kate (née Fawbert, 1991) and Michael Agg (1991) on 4 August 2002 a daughter Emily Margaret.
- To Meredith and Andrew Ridley (1993) on 16 August 2000, a son Matthew and on 10 July 2002, a daughter Amy Elizabeth.

The Rectorship

The Fellows of Exeter College are proceeding to the election of a new Rector in succession to Professor Marilyn Butler, FBA. The new Rector will take up office on 1 October 2004. Under the Statutes of the College, the Rector 'must be above the age of thirty years, and distinguished for literary, scientific, or academical attainments, or for services rendered to education in the University or elsewhere'.

The Rector is expected to give leadership to the College as a place of education and research, to represent these aspects of the College to the outside world and to promote a favourable environment for working, learning and living for the whole College.

Any suitably qualified man or woman who wishes to be considered should send a letter of application and a CV to the Sub-Rector, Exeter College, Oxford OX1 3DP, by 13 January 2003. Further particulars can be obtained from the Sub-Rector (helen.watanabe@exeter.ox.ac.uk, tel. 01865 279601).

Advance Notice of Gaudies and Association Dinners

Winter 2003	1996-98
Summer 2003	1965-69
Autumn 2003	Association Dinner
Winter 2004	1987-89
Summer 2004	1970-73
Autumn 2004	-1954
Winter 2005	1974-77
Summer 2005	1990-2
Autumn 2005	Association Dinner
Winter 2006	1990-1992
Summer 2006	1978-1980
Autumn 2006	1999-2001

Summer Gaudies are usually held on the Saturday two weeks after the end of Trinity term (late June/early July), Autumn Gaudies and Association Dinners will normally be held on the Saturday one week preceding the start of Michaelmas term (late September/early October), Winter gaudies will take place on the Saturday one or two weeks before the beginning of Hilary term (mid-late January).

Gaudies in 2003

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 11 January for those who matriculated between 1996 and 1998 (inclusive). Invitations have been sent out. If you know of anyone who has not received an invitation, please encourage them to email us at development@exeter.ox.ac.uk.

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 28 June for those who matriculated between 1965 and 1969. Invitations will be sent out automatically in March.

An Association Dinner will be held on 26 September and Old Members celebrating their 50th and 51st anniversaries since matriculation in 1952 and 1953 are especially encouraged to attend. There will be a charge for this event.

Old Members who have not attended a Gaudy for at least five years and whose own Gaudy will not occur next year are welcome to apply for a place at the 2003 Summer Gaudy. They should write to the Home Bursar by 1 March. Old Members of any year who live overseas and expect to be in the United Kingdom when a Gaudy takes place will also be welcome and should apply for an invitation by the deadline given.

Visitors to College

It has sadly been necessary for many colleges to increase levels of security to a much higher level than was the case when many old members were up. Exeter is no exception and we now have closed circuit TV cameras in operation and all College members and staff are warned to be constantly vigilant for intruders.

The first sign you may have of this increased security should be the Porter or student 'sentry' asking you politely to identify yourself before allowing you into College. Please give your name so that it can be checked with the list which is kept in the Lodge. You and any guests you may have with you will then be most welcome to move freely wherever you wish in College.

The Hall is usually kept locked but the Porter will be happy to open it for you if he is not too heavily engaged in other duties. If you are planning a visit and can let the Home Bursar know in advance when you are likely to arrive, then the Porter can be briefed to expect you. You will see the changes made to the Lodge area and whilst here you may also care to see the changes which we have made in the Hall and on Staircases, 2, 3, 7, 8 and 9 if you have not already done so.

The Editor of the *Register* is keen to receive short articles from Exonians in any part of the world, giving their personal views on events and trends in areas likely to be of interest to other Old Members. Articles should be received by 30 June for the next *Register*. Space may not permit the publication of all articles, if a large number is received.

Please inform the Editor of any change of address.

