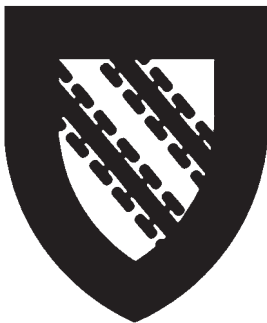


EXETER COLLEGE
ASSOCIATION



Register 2007

Contents

From the Rector	6
From the President of the MCR	10
From the President of the JCR	12
Alan Raitt by David Pattison	16
William Drower	18
Arthur Peacocke by John Polkinghorne	20
Hugh Kawharu by Amokura Kawharu	23
Peter Crill by Godfray Le Quesne	26
Rodney Hunter by Peter Stone	28
David Phillips by Jan Weryho	30
Phillip Whitehead by David Butler	34
Ned Sherrin by Tony Moreton	35
John Maddicott by Paul Slack and Faramerz Dabhoiwala	37
Gillian Griffiths by Richard Vaughan-Jones	40
<i>Exeter College Chapel</i> by Helen Orchard	42
<i>Sermon to Celebrate the Restoration of the Chapel</i> by Helen Orchard	45
<i>There are Mice Throughout the Library</i> by Helen Spencer	47
<i>The Development Office 2006-7</i> by Katrina Hancock	50
<i>The Association and the Register</i> by Christopher Kirwan	51
<i>A Brief History of the Exeter College Development Board</i> by Mark Houghton-Berry	59
<i>Roughly a Hundred Years Ago: A Law Tutor</i>	61
<i>Aubrey on Richard Napier (and his Nephew)</i>	63
<i>Quantum Computing</i> by Andrew M. Steane	64
<i>Javier Marías</i> by Gareth Wood	68
<i>You Have to Be Lucky</i> by Rip Bulkeley	72
<i>Memorabilia</i> by B.L.D. Phillips	75
<i>Nevill Coghill, a TV programme, and the Foggy Foggy Dew</i> by Tony Moreton	77
<i>The World's First Opera</i> by David Marler	80
<i>A Brief Encounter</i> by Keith Ferris	85
<i>College Notes and Queries</i>	86
The Governing Body	89
Honours and Appointments	90
Publications	91
Class Lists in Honour Schools and Honour Moderations 2007	94
Distinctions in Moderations and Prelims 2007	96

Graduate Degrees 2007	97
College Prizes	99
University Prizes	100
Graduate Freshers 2007	101
Undergraduate Freshers 2007	102
Deaths	105
Marriages	107
Births	108
Notices	109

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Christopher Kirwan was Fellow and Lecturer in Philosophy from 1960 to 2000. He succeeded John Maddicott as editor in 2007. Address: Editor of the *Register*, Exeter College, Oxford OX1 3DP (NB The Editor does not deal with our sister publications, for which you should address The Development Office at Exeter).

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Keith Ferris FRCS read medicine at Exeter between 1948 and 1952. He was for 27 years an ENT consultant surgeon in Maidstone and the Medway towns, with special interest in the ENT services at HM prisons. As well as occasional writing for his parish magazine, several Charlton-related football fanzines, and elsewhere, he sponsors a youth football club in Takoradi, Ghana.

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Amokura Kawharu is one of Hugh Kawharu's daughters (Cambridge and Emmanuel), sister of Merata Kawharu (Oxford and Exeter). It is no accident that Emmanuel and Exeter are sister colleges.

Sir Godfray Le Quesne QC read Literae Humaniores at Exeter between 1942 and 1945. He has been Judge of the Courts of Appeal of Jersey and Guernsey, and chairman of the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

David Marler read PPE at Exeter between 1973 and 1977. His interests led him to venture to adopt 'le rôle du sage – que les hommes d'aujourd'hui ont de plus en plus de mal à tenir, comme chacun sait' (Kristeva, *Murder in Byzantium*). In his spare time, he listens to a scratchy old record of Orfeo from 1984 [EMI] by the London Baroque players, with Nigel Rogers in the lead role.

Tony Moreton read PPE at Exeter between 1952 and 1954, after a year at Ruskin College. He subsequently spent his working life in daily newspapers, mostly with the *Financial Times* where he was at various times home news editor and regional affairs editor. He now lives in Wales where, after journalism, he spent five years on the BBC's Broadcasting Council for Wales and four as a non-executive director of a hospital trust.

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Paul Slack is Principal of Linacre. He was Fellow and Lecturer in Modern History from 1973 to 1996.

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Peter Stone read Theology at Exeter from 1953 to 1956. Ordained an Anglican priest, he served in a south London parish, and then taught successively at three London schools, retiring in 1992. In 1994 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and ordained priest in 1996.

John Stubbs read English at Exeter from 1951, and then the PGCE. After four years with Manchester Corporation he worked for the YMCA in different parts of the country, ending, after retirement, as a member and later Vice-Chairman of the YMCA England National Board.

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From the Rector

The first picture of Oxford that comes to my mind when I think of the past year is one of inundation. It was astonishing to see the Cherwell in spate, the Botley Road interrupted by a lake and people windsurfing on Port Meadow. Exeter College escaped the summer floods but several of our staff and their homes were less fortunate. And the playing fields were an unusable expanse of bog for a month.

The second picture also involves water – but in a quite different way. In the first weeks of the year we erected seven storeys of scaffolding in the Chapel. A team of specialist stone cleaners, armed with no more than hot water and small brushes, painstakingly scoured a century and a half of grime from the ceiling. The result is absolutely amazing. Where there had always been uniform grey, the product of gas heating and lighting, there are now bands of cream and red. The lovely carvings of the bosses now throw a distinct shadow against the creamy ceiling, and the whole building looks larger. In the process of cleaning it transpired that a statue of Jesus near the entrance had lost a thumb. The missing digit turned up in a Fellow's room and was duly reattached.

The cleaning was a sore test for the College's first female chaplain, Dr Helen Orchard, who joined us a year ago. She somehow managed to carry on conducting services and even a wedding while the Chapel was engulfed in scaffolding to clean the stonework. She brilliantly turned inconvenience to advantage by raffling three trips up the seven storeys of ladders to the congregation at Evensong. Not surprisingly, attendance climbed – as you might say.

Now we are working on the Chapel's exterior. Not before time: a chunk of stone fell into the Front Quad a few weeks ago. The sad truth is that the Bath stone used by George Gilbert Scott has survived badly, and needs a great deal of work. As he also used it on the Library, parts of which are also starting to fall off, the College has a great deal of stonework ahead. But we are cheered by a kind gift from an Oxford philanthropist that allows us this autumn to begin illuminating the flèche. The view of the spire, soaring up 150 feet at the end of Ship Street, is one of the most extraordinary sights in the city.

If the buildings have been noisier this year, Oxford politics have been a little quieter. Council's proposals on governance, voted down in Congregation, have been put aside for the moment. In the interim, the University's finances have improved, with a doubling in research income and an end to the deficit. The University is still dependent on Oxford University Press to bridge the gap on current spending, whereas it would be much more satisfactory to use that bounty to invest. And the rise in fees, to £3,000 a year for British and EU students, has brought some financial relief for the colleges as well as the University. It is still the case, of course, that fees and government contributions cover only a

fraction of the costs of tutorial teaching, from which our students benefit so greatly.

Our students have shown their appreciation for the College in a number of ways. More of those who graduated last summer have stayed on to do graduate work than ever before in our history. This is important – when our own students stay on, they have a very good success record in graduate work. In addition, we now have a solid group of our own pre-clinical medical students staying on to do their clinical course at the College. They have been encouraged by Dr James Kennedy and Dr Andrew Farmer, two young Fellows in different branches of medicine. We hope that one result may be that pre-clinical students from other colleges will come to us for their clinical course.

As you can see from later pages of the *Register*, we have had plenty of academic successes. Among our graduate students, a dozen have so far won Distinctions for the past year's work. Among them, Jesse Simon won the top distinction in the University for Byzantinists. Kathleen McKeown won the prize for the most original dissertation in the MSc in African Studies. Alex Blenkinsopp was Proxime Accessit to the Roger Hood Prize for the best performance in the MSc in Criminology and Criminal Justice.

Among our undergraduates, Adam Harper won the University's Junior Mathematics Prize; Kate Riley took one of the best Firsts in Music; Adam Davidson showed the best performance in the University in biomedical engineering; Tom Melia, a third-year physicist, came second in the University; Richard Walters won the Awe Prize in Geophysics for the best third-year performance in Earth Sciences; and Naumann Shah won the Ronald Victor Prize for the best 4th year project in Electronic Communications. And there were others: Toby Normanton shared a Gibbs Prize for the best Part I Project in Engineering Science with three other people in his group; Steven Williams won a Gibbs Prize for his Practical Work in Physics; Alex Scott-Simons took a Gibbs Book Prize for the best performance in Part I Chemistry; and Simon Arnold and Claire Atkinson each took one for their performances in Parts I and II in Molecular and Cellular Biochemistry. Among our lawyers, Emma Naylor came first in the University in EC Competition Law, and sixth in Finals overall; Lynsey Adams came first in the University in Administrative Law; and Michael Firth came first in the University in Roman Law.

We have had several goings and comings in the course of the year. We have, to begin with, welcomed several new Fellows. Christina de Bellaigue came to teach Modern History, and has proved a real find in other ways too. She turns out to be the daughter of an archivist, and with faith in the power of genealogy we have persuaded her to become the Keeper of the College Archives. We have a new Boskey Williams Fellow to expand our teaching of Politics, Elisabetta Brighi, who has brought a vibrant interest in the politics of Europe – a commodity that

the continent produces in industrial quantities. In medicine, we have been joined by Dr Farmer, who promptly proved that he had a romantic streak by excusing himself from a meeting of the Governing Body by saying he was getting married. We hope he won't use that excuse too often. And Marc Lauxtermann has succeeded Professor Elizabeth Jeffries in the splendidly named Bywater and Sotheby Chair in Byzantine and Modern Greek Language and Literature. We have a new Monsanto Fellow in Kevin Malloy and a new Staines Fellow in Kathryn Scott. Because Kevin is blessed with a strong west of Scotland accent, we have already made him perform at the College's annual Burns Night supper. Next January, however, we plan to use the services of Jim Hiddleston to sing the praises of the Immortal Memory.

We have also benefited from a recent innovation. Last year, the College invented the concept of a Research Member, to bring into our community a few of Oxford's thousands of post-docs who have no college affiliation. They are already proving a boon, giving occasional seminars on their work and bringing interesting younger guests in to dine with us.

There have been other changes. We lost the services of Dr Peter Johnson as Finance & Estates Bursar when he decided to ask for two years' leave of absence. The Governing Body decided that it would fill the gap by appointing William Jensen as the College's first full-time professional F&E Bursar. Mr Jensen comes from Gerrard. We hope that he will combine Dr Stewart's ferocity in curbing unnecessary spending with Dr Johnson's ability to boost our endowment.

I should also mention one other loss. Dr Arthur Peacocke, after an all-too-short period as one of our Honorary Fellows, died last year. Happily for us, his wife Rosemary has remained very much a part of the College family.

Among our other losses, Ian Gibson, our Junior Dean, finished his doctorate and departed – to be replaced by Rebecca Fields, a tall and steely former ballet dancer from Texas. Gillian Griffiths, Professor of Experimental Pathology, helped in the teaching of our medics, based at the Dunn School. She has won a Wellcome Principal Research Fellowship, and left us in the summer to work in Cambridge. Her research work has concentrated on secretory lysosomes and their sorting mechanisms – but she also demonstrated an impressive ability to balance not just teaching and research but lively small children with aplomb and cheerfulness. We have also lost Dr Kathryn Graddy, our Fellow in Economics, who took a post at Brandeis in the United States. Female economists are something of a rarity. Dr Graddy had a remarkable ability to link economic theory to the real world in surprising ways. She built her career on a now-famous study of the Fulton Fish Market, the world's second largest (after Tokyo, since you ask). Auction markets fascinate economists, and this is a particularly interesting one. By spending long hours among the fish, Katy discovered that white cus-

tomers paid on average 6.3 cents a pound more for fish of the same quality than Asian buyers did. If you want to discover the reason for this piscatorial mystery, you'll need to read her paper in the *Journal of Economic Perspectives*! To our enormous benefit Sir Ronald Cohen has offered the College a third Michael Cohen Fellowship, this one in Economics, and we hope to fill Dr Graddy's post much faster than we might otherwise have expected.

Indeed, the College has benefited in various ways from our philanthropic Old Members and Friends, as Katrina Hancock, our Development Director, reports on a later page. In particular, Mr Krishna Pathak, a Friend from Dubai, has given us four scholarships for DPhil students from India, with another four to come next year. His benefaction also generously allowed for two Fellows to visit India and publicise the scholarship, which we hope will bring us graduate students of the highest possible quality. We have also added other scholarships to our portfolio, in the hope that we will thereby attract even more impressive young people from around the world. One such scholarship is for a Ghanaian student, in the name of President John Kufuor, who visited the College in October this year to mark its launch.

As Christopher Kirwan tutored the President in his student days at Exeter College, this might be the moment for the College to record its gratitude to him for editing the *Register* this year. He kindly took on the job from John Maddicott, who had done it for the previous five years. To Dr Maddicott too, our heartfelt thanks.

Throughout the year, a series of distinguished figures have visited the College, many to talk at the Rector's Seminars, held on most Sunday and Wednesday afternoons or evenings. They have included Sir Ian Blair, head of the Metropolitan Police; Lord Woolf, the former Lord Chief Justice; Mark Thompson, Director General of the BBC; and Sir Roger Bannister, who packed the Chapel – the largest space we could find – to describe to an enormous throng the experience of running a mile in under four minutes. Student journalists record these events and put their commentaries up on the College web site. Do take a look, if you have never done so before.

And do keep in touch with us, electronically or in person. Come back to enjoy the sound of our remarkable choir singing Evensong (at 6.15 on Tuesdays and Fridays and 6 p.m. on Sundays). Or use your dining rights to come to dinner in Hall. Or just drop in to say hello and admire the dazzling Chapel ceiling. We would love to see you.

* * * * *

As the *Register* was going to press, the College endured a terrible tragedy. Two first-year students, Sundeep Watts and Harcourt 'Olly' Tucker, died on the same evening, that of November 12th.

Their deaths were a coincidence. Deep had developed meningitis, Olly had had a heart attack while playing in a College hockey match against Pembroke. Both were taken to the John Radcliffe Hospital.

The College dealt with this double blow with great courage and spirit. Students comforted each other, and the Sub-Rector, Chaplain, Home Bursar and Junior Dean worked round the clock to comfort and reassure them and their parents. The JCR dispensed tea and biscuits far into the night, the MCR offered counselling and the comfort of its rooms, students kept an all night vigil in the Chapel, and the College staff offered help and warmth.

Both students made more friends in the five weeks they were at Exeter College than many students make in three or four years. We will all miss them sorely.

Frances Cairncross

From the President of the MCR

The William Petre Society increased this year by a record 90 graduate freshers, making the MCR livelier and more crowded than ever. We have enjoyed a particularly active year thanks to great planning by social secretary Maria Lamprakaki, as well as Elsa Lignos, plus the Managers of Mirth (the same outstanding moustachery men who brought facial hair up to an art form in Trinity Term in the First Annual Moustache Contest), Spike Curtis and Brian Moss. The MCR enjoyed numerous exchange dinners, bops, a whisky tasting, a trip to Cambridge, an adventurous afternoon of health and wellbeing, a trip to Stratford-upon-Avon, movie nights and impromptu parties.

The Exeter MCR also enjoys the society of many accomplished and interesting people from Australia to Zambia. Nachi Gupta raised money through a UK charity for schools and children in Uganda, Ghana and South Africa. We have a number of Blues athletes as well: Ash Rust (lacrosse), Julian de Hoog (ice hockey, winner of the Pearson Cup), Matt Martin and Matt Rigby (football), Jesse Elzinga (cycling). We also have an award-winning dancer, Mara Nicola Jochum, who won first place at the Dancesport Cuppers for her cha-cha. The MCR women's boat in Summer Eights this spring included Hilary Thrasher, Ari Romney, Laura Silver, Catherine Hay, Nerisha Singh, Katie McKeown, Maria Lamprakaki, and Sabrina Dax, coxed by Anna Goodhand and coached by Dirk-Jan Omtzigt and Andy Williamson.

Our intrepid IT officer Sara Adams has continued to refine and improve the MCR website (www.exetermcr.com), adding notification

triggers for new content, and designing an easy-to-use update interface to allow all exec members to post information on the site, making it even more dynamic. Because of the increased traffic and high popularity of the MCR rooms, we renovated this year, adding new lamps, new paint, newly stuffed and steam-cleaned upholstery, new board games, new mugs and teas, new wingchairs and new curtains and window cushions.

A particularly delightful feature of our MCR, the weekly Tea and Cakes extravaganzas, have increased in variety thanks to our inexhaustible welfare officer Naomi Walker who has provided themed refreshments, guest bakers, and new weekly selections. Her diligence and creativity have also resulted in two amazing and very well attended self-defence classes.

This summer, we inaugurated a summer punting scheme thanks to the hard work of our dedicated VP Lindsay Weichel. It ran from June 22 until September 13 from the Cherwell Boathouse. Instead of locking it away after 9th week as usual, the College this year agreed to permit the continued use of the croquet set in the Fellows' Garden. Lunch and dinner have been made available to graduates all summer for the first time. For the first time too we are sponsoring free gym and pool memberships at Oxford Sport on Iffley Road for MCR members from August 2007. Mihalis Gousgounis, our dedicated sports officer, encourages all graduates to take advantage of the opportunity to balance mental and physical exercise. Making it all financially possible, we credit the skills of our organised and experienced treasurer George Anstey, who discovered and obtained a Large Amount of Fundage.

For the coming year we look forward to greeting a new class of freshers in October and have planned a packed Freshers' Week in conjunction with the JCR. As part of our effort to make our MCR even friendlier, we have begun a parenting scheme (inspired by the JCR practice) whereby current graduates write to incoming freshers in August to give them a personal welcome and a point of contact for questions prior to arrival.

Aware that Exeter has given us a great deal of joy and comfort in the midst of our challenging academic courses here, we have also initiated a new mechanism for graduates to donate an annual amount to the College Annual Fund, which goes to support student hardship bursaries, travel grants, book grants and other opportunities that benefit current and future graduates. This not only increases Exeter's financial resources, but we hope it will also enable our peerless Rector to boast about high participation rates at Exeter. Her goal is to boost our giving to the highest rate in Oxford and we are already closing on the goal – just a few percentage points away from overtaking Univ at the top of the table!

As MCR president, I have logged over 50 hours each term attending various University and College committee meetings. Where permitted,

I have posted meeting minutes on our website. The objective of these has been primarily to advocate for graduates at all levels, and to give representation to graduate opinions in multiple official fora. The two most noteworthy initiatives this year have been increased cooperation with the Exeter JCR and increased contact with and benefit from the Oxford University Student Union (OUSU) and its resources. In particular, the MCR Presidents' Committee, convened by the OUSU VP for Graduates, meets twice each term to discuss MCR matters in a University-wide forum to enable us to compare notes on things like rent negotiations and college policies. Minutes of these meetings are not public, but I report the results at MCR General Meetings. The most recent PresCom was held at Exeter in TT Week 6, which the MCR VP also attended. Also, the Postgraduate Assembly meets once per term to consider and vote on issues specific to graduate students at Oxford, and OUSU's VP of Graduates has been working all year to survey and inform the Conference of Colleges of graduate needs.

Last year our Rector asked the OUSU VP for Graduates what were the top three issues for graduates at Oxford. Answer: accommodation, community, and funding. Exeter has recently initiated plans to expand Exeter House, effectively doubling the number of rooms. Our MCR is widely considered the most active, enthusiastic and friendliest in the University, with many of our friends from other colleges requesting associate membership! And Exeter is a University leader in providing hardship bursaries, travel funding, and new academic scholarships for graduates. We are proud to be part of Exeter's tradition of excellence and look forward to contributing to its greater glory in years to come.

Meredith L.D. Riedel
D.Phil, Byzantine History

From the President of the JCR

As the younger members of Exeter College, we are still at the privileged stage of our lives where we all learn, develop, and generally grow up at an alarming rate during a year together on Turl Street. It is thus with particular satisfaction that I look back at the achievements of the year gone by, as I realise just how much we have all changed since the moment we walked in through the Porters' Lodge at the start of the academic year last October. Indeed, such is the wealth of new people, experiences and activities available to us here that it is often observed among commentators of life on the Front Quad that several freshers seem to age by a good few years in Michaelmas Term alone.

The Junior Common Room, as the undergraduate student body, aims to provide the best possible conditions for us all to enjoy every aspect of our Exonian lives. It has been an honour and an experience in itself

to steer the JCR through most of the academic year, and I wish the best of luck to my successor, Simon Heawood, who took over in Trinity Term after dispatching the arduous Classics Mods with great success.

Freshers week, at the start of Michaelmas, will no doubt stay for ever in the memory of the new Exonians we welcomed among us this year. An elected team of Freshers' Reps, headed up this year by Mark Curtis, set about welcoming the new College members with all the motherly and fatherly wisdom acquired during the previous year. From the sample of Oxford night life, sporting and cultural activities we sought to offer the Freshers throughout the week, to the less appealing early morning fire safety talks in the Saskatchewan Room, or the daunting first meeting with their respective tutors, these first few days of the new year are always marked by this wonderful eagerness we all share to meet each other, enjoy many tales of action-packed summer vacations, and collectively look forward to the times ahead. One is also reminded of just how diverse a group of students we constitute across the JCR and MCR at Exeter, from the fresh-faced adolescent who looks out of place on his stool in the Undercroft bar, to the pensive, bearded DPhil student who one really wants to give the stool to.

It was also a pleasure for us to welcome junior-year students from Williams College, Massachusetts, again this year, and it is a rewarding experience to see them integrate within the College community. Moreover our undergraduate intake, though still comprised of a majority of British students in contrast with the MCR, is nevertheless ever more international, and we welcomed this year students from France, Germany, but also South Africa, Sweden and Ecuador.

Finally, we welcomed one more figure who was to play a prominent role in College this year: the Revd Dr. Helen Orchard. Helen took over as new Chaplain after Mark Birch, who is still sorely missed following his departure to the neighbouring hospices for terminally ill children and young adults at Helen and Douglas House. A BBC documentary series on this institution was watched with great interest in the JCR during the year, and it is with pride that we followed its account of the work this inspiring man has gone on to do. Despite having such big shoes to fill, Chaplain Helen has settled in admirably well here, and has already proven to be a friendly and attentive member of College for any one of us to turn to.

Upon coming up at the start of Michaelmas Term, we had the pleasure of discovering one of several major developments to undergraduate College life in 2006-7: our venerable JCR, the true hub of much College activity, was completely refurbished, along with neighbouring staircases five and six. One must concede that our beloved common room had recently been sporting the scars that come with its multi-faceted role, ranging from daily habitat for 360 undergraduates going about their working day to sophisticated entertainment venue come the College Ball, and from viewing area for a vociferous crowd of supporters dur-

ing televised sporting fixtures to political battleground for JCR election hustings. Hence, once the dismay of finding a faint smell of fresh paint in our common room, in place of the familiar fragrance of leftover meat from the Hassan kebab van on Turl Street, had been dispelled, we were very grateful for the change, for which we must thank the Home Bursar Eric Bennett. The flat-screen television Mr. Bennett was kind enough to equip us with was certainly appreciated by many during the daily 'Neighbours o'clock' viewing of the eponymous soap opera, a long standing tradition amongst Exonians.

The work of my fellow JCR executive committee members was instrumental in making this year enjoyable for all. We were lucky throughout to be able to count on the motherly and fatherly presence of our two JCR Welfare representatives, Katy Barrett and Matthew Siddons, who did an admirable job of improving our daily lives through their enthusiasm, approachability, and unlimited supply of free biscuits during Welfare Tea. Our entertainment representative Mark Curtis was never short of drive or imagination when putting on our famous Bop nights, during which we had the opportunity to dress up and party in the Undercroft bar along themes which this year included the 'phobia bop' and the 'alter-ego bop', both yielding interesting costumes indeed.

Our artistic efforts this year were magnificently spearheaded by Emma Ballantine-Dykes, who brought music, arts and drama involvement in Exeter to new heights. Our participation in the intercollegiate Drama cuppers was unprecedented both in numbers and in quality, with one play, 'The Dog', particularly successful, starring Derrick Betts, Kenneth Cheng and Joseph Schutz. Our chapel choir enjoyed a successful year under the leadership of Organ Scholar Carlene Mills, and their performance from the top of the College tower on Ascension Day is one we are not ready to forget. Emma was moreover the main driver behind this year's successful session of the Turl Street Arts Festival. Catherine Williams and Rosie Kent ran the hugely successful College Ball come Trinity, 'Le bal du Moulin Rouge', a sell-out conversion of our familiar College surroundings into a cabaret of 1900 decadence, complete with dancers, live music and many more attractions.

The continued energy, vision and concern for the undergraduate community displayed by the Rector we are all grateful for, and we come to realise, now three years into Frances Cairncross's tenure, just how instrumental she is in driving Exeter forward towards the milestone of our 700th birthday in 2014. Her weekly seminars in the Lodgings, an amazing addition to the breadth of cultural opportunities already available to us in Oxford, saw us engage with figures ranging from Joseph Nye to Michael Portillo. Moreover, we enjoyed a healthy diary of celebratory dinners, from Thanksgiving to Christmas and Burns Night, all thanks to the Rector's continued focus on the quality of our time within these walls. It is with great attention that we also followed the important projects Exeter is embarking on to ensure our future success, such

as expanding the College provision of student accommodation, and the conviction is widely held that Frances Cairncross will steer us through these challenging considerations with great success.

The elements conspired to make it a season of contrasts for Exeter College Boat Club. Christ Church Regatta in Michaelmas and Torpids in Hilary both succumbed to the rainfalls and consequent fast streams that plagued much of the season. Emily Ball captained the women's 1st VIII to yet another year of rise through the college order in Summer Eights, while both Birmingham and Denmark's finest, Andrew Williamson and Esben Urbak, led our strongest men's lineup for years into battle on the Isis, where we were a match for our old foes of Pembroke, Oriel and the like. Charles Morris captained the Exeter XV to many muddy victories on the playing fields, always followed in quick succession by the college hallmark that is Rugby drinks in the College bar – a noisy attraction, or disruption depending your view, of the many hours spent socialising in the Undercroft bar.

For a small college our contribution to University sports was particularly impressive this year, with Charles Morris and James Robinson in Rugby League, Johnny Heath in Rugby Five, Philippa Underwood in Dancesport, Christopher McCullum in Basketball, Octave Oppetit in Volleyball, Luke Barrs in Football, David Hoare in Hockey and Michael Coombes in fencing all bolstering the ranks of the Oxford Blues teams.

Trinity came about all too quickly, and suddenly we found ourselves donning our subfusc, slipping on the gown and tackling the treacherous Finals, Mods and Prelims examinations that awaited us that summer. Luckily the gorgeous Fellows' Garden, a second home to our many assiduous croquet players, provided us as ever with a beautiful backdrop for the term, and we would greet our fellow Exonians on the way back from their final examination paper for their Trashing with buckets of water, jugs of Pimms, and the occasional tin of baked beans, the residue of which on the Lodge paving was not entirely to the taste of Sub-Rector Dr. Reid, strangely enough. All too soon it was time for us to bid farewell to our soon-to-be graduates during Leavers' Dinner, and the curtain fell on yet another truly exceptional year for us at Exeter.

Floreat Exon!

Octave Oppetit
Engineering Science 2004

Alan Raitt (1930-2006)

When I went up to Exeter in 1960 to read French and Spanish, my college tutor was Alan Raitt, then aged just 30. To an 18-year old undergraduate he seemed much older – not physically but in terms of authority and intellect. He had come to Exeter five years previously, after a distinguished career as an undergraduate and graduate student at Magdalen; as an undergraduate he had won (highly competitive) Heath Harrison scholarships in French and German in successive years, followed by the Zaharoff graduate scholarship, and a Fellowship by Examination (i.e., Junior Research Fellowship) at Magdalen. At Exeter he was Sub-Rector between 1956 and 1959 and perhaps the recent tenure of that office, then essentially a disciplinary one, was one of the things that made him seem rather stern to an undergraduate fresh from school.

As a tutor he was a hard but fair taskmaster. His own knowledge of French literature seemed encyclopaedic, and he taught well beyond his own special area, the nineteenth century; language teaching was another area in which he excelled, although a sign of his modesty was the fact that his third-year students of French were always sent to an authentic native speaker – in the case of my cohort, this was Henri Orteu, one of Alan's life-long friends who at that time was Deputy Director of the Oxford Maison Française – for final polishing. One measure of Alan Raitt's success as a tutor may be judged by the fact that of the seven-strong cohort who came up to Exeter in 1960 to read Modern Languages, four subsequently entered the world of university teaching, three in French and one – myself – in Spanish.

After eleven years at Exeter he returned to Magdalen to take the place of his own former tutor Austin Gill, and there he spent the remainder of his career; there also I joined him as Spanish tutor in 1969 and moved almost seamlessly from former pupil to colleague and then to friend. He held a University Special Lecturership from 1976 to 1979, became Reader in 1979 and then an *ad hominem* Professor in 1992. After his retirement, in 1997, he continued to work as both a scholar and an editor: he already had an impressive list of publications on nineteenth-century figures such as Villiers de l'Isle-Adam (to whom he devoted his doctoral thesis, subsequently published to great acclaim, and whose complete works he was to edit with his friend Pierre-Georges Castex in the prestigious Bibliothèque de la Pléiade series), Balzac, Mérimée, and Flaubert, and to these he added no fewer than three further books on the last-named author between 2002 and 2005, with a fourth currently in press. Indeed, Flaubert was probably the author on whom he had most claim to be a true expert, as well as the inspiration for a memorable novel by one of his Magdalen students, Julian Barnes' *Flaubert's Parrot*. As I have already said in connection with his undergraduate teaching, Alan Raitt's approach to his subject was never narrowly

limited. This was apparent both in his lectures, which have been described as ‘unusual for their range and ambition, often focusing on themes and ideas rather than just authors’, and in his contribution to graduate work in the Faculty: in order to attract and orientate prospective graduate students, a handbook was published in which faculty members listed their own research interests, often quite narrowly defined: Alan Raitt’s entry simply read ‘The 19th century’. Editorial work was another of Alan Raitt’s fortes: he was General Editor of the journal *French Studies* from 1987 to 1997, and, with a Swiss publishing house, founded a series entitled *Romanticism and After in French Literature*, which he directed from 1999 until his death.

At different periods of his career he held visiting professorships both in France – at the Sorbonne – and in the United States – in Athens, Georgia – and he was much in demand as a doctoral examiner, including, on one occasion, in Lleida, Catalonia, which gave him an excuse to add some measure of Catalan to his already impressive linguistic armoury (his second wife, Lia, is Portuguese, and Alan, though typically modest and reticent on the subject, had already taken steps to improve his knowledge of that language).

Language was indeed one of his passions. His own French was, quite simply, that of a native speaker (something by no means universal in the Oxford Modern Languages faculty in the early years of his career), and an obituarist has commented that he ‘loved words: fine distinctions, puns, cryptic crossword clues [...], *bons mots* of all kinds, and jokes that often assumed knowledge of more than one language’. Other passions included sport, particularly tennis of which he was an enthusiastic player as a young man, despite the handicap of a leg weakened by spina bifida suffered in childhood, and football, of which he was a fervent fan, specifically of Oxford United (though that may have been hard at first for someone brought up in the north-east), where he had a season ticket for many years, until his infirmity (an acute hip problem) made it impossible for him to attend matches a few years before his death.

Another abiding joy was music: Alan Raitt was a skilled and sensitive pianist, and although an innate modesty made him reluctant to perform in anything that could be called a public context, friends who were privileged to hear him in his own home knew how much music obviously meant to him.

He was extremely proud of his two daughters – born during his time at Exeter – one of whom, Suzanne, followed her father into academic and literary life, and the other, Claire, is a lawyer. Their mother – Alan’s first wife – became, as Janet Hiddleston, a Fellow of St Hilda’s, and died tragically in 2000.

Alan Raitt was in many ways a college man through and through. He had a fund of anecdotes about both Exeter and Magdalen, whose savour never grew less in the re-telling. It is typical of the man that when the question of his leaving Exeter and returning to Magdalen arose, he con-

sulted colleagues in the former college about the propriety of such a move (in fact the then ruling Oxford convention was that although moving from a fellowship at one college to one at another was ‘not the done thing’, an exception was readily made where it was a question of a return to one’s own undergraduate home).

Oxford is fortunate, as everyone knows, in having a large number of world-class scholars among its teaching staff; it is also an acknowledged fact that the labour-intensive tutorial system, if it is to work at its best, depends for its success on dedicated tutors. Scholars with international reputations, and inspirational tutors, are, alas, not always the same people; Alan Raitt was one of those relatively rare figures who combined the two qualities.

David Pattison

William Drower, MBE (1915-2007)

(reprinted with permission from *The Times*, 3 September 2007)

Bill Drower was an outstanding interpreter in Japanese prisoner of war camps on the Thailand–Burma Railway during the Second World War. Forced to relay the orders of the Japanese camp authorities and the railway engineers to the Allied prisoners of war, the interpreter’s role was an unenviable one. ‘All the time with the Japanese we would be obliged to negotiate, procrastinate, plead, haggle,’ Drower explained. He was beaten frequently and spent the last 80 days of his captivity in a cell from which he was rescued, unconscious, by British officers of Force 136 who liberated the camp on August 16, 1945, the day after the Japanese surrender.

Subsequently Drower felt no bitterness towards the Japanese. He appreciated the art and literature of Japan and was delighted to accept an invitation to visit the country in 2002 under a scheme initiated by the Japanese to promote reconciliation between former PoWs and their captors.

As a diplomat in Washington between 1964 and 1973, Drower played a role in moulding British perceptions of the US during a period of considerable legislative importance.

William Mortimer Drower was born in Southampton in 1915, the elder son of Sir Edwin Drower, KBE, a judicial adviser to the government of Iraq, 1922-46, and his wife Ethel Stefana Stevens. Drower’s mother became an authority on the Mandæan Gnostic sect which inhabited the marshlands south of Basra. Drower and his siblings were brought up by their paternal grandparents in Streatham, their mother returning each summer from Iraq. He was educated at Clifton College, Bristol, and at the age of 17 was awarded an exhibition at Exeter

College, Oxford, spending six months in Heidelberg before term began. At Oxford Drower read PPE but, by his own admission, he neglected his studies and failed to appreciate the available extracurricular activities.

Drower's lack of achievement at Oxford ruled out an immediate start to a diplomatic career. By chance, he heard that the Japanese Embassy in London was looking for an English secretary and between 1936 and 1938 Drower attended the House of Commons, reporting orally to the Ambassador, Shigeru Yoshida, on debates of particular interest to the Japanese and assisting with official correspondence.

In 1940 he was commissioned in an artillery regiment but the elementary knowledge of Japanese acquired at the Embassy enabled him to transfer to the newly re-formed Intelligence Corps. In June 1941 he was one of a small party of Japanese-speakers sent to Singapore. There he lectured on interrogation techniques at Malaya Command Headquarters. At the surrender of Singapore on February 15, 1942, he became a prisoner of war.

In May 1942 Drower was appointed interpreter to an Australian force ordered by the Japanese to leave Singapore for Burma, initially to repair bomb damage and build airstrips, but later to begin work on a railway to provide the Imperial Japanese Army with an overland supply route to Burma.

There, Drower was assigned to a battalion of about 700 Australians under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel C.G.W. Anderson, a grazier from New South Wales who had won the Victoria Cross during the Malayan campaign. 'Anderson Force' began work on the railway in October 1942 and reached the border with Thailand 11 months later, depleted by malnutrition and sickness, and exhausted by the brutality of their captors. Drower and 'the coolly imaginative' Anderson often worked together, sharing the view that dialogue with the Japanese was more effective than stubborn resistance. At the beginning of 1945 the Japanese, alarmed by the probability of an Allied invasion of Thailand and the discovery of clandestine links between the prisoners and the outside world, confined the captive officers in a closely guarded compound at Kanchanaburi, to the northwest of Bangkok. After one furious altercation with the camp commander, Captain Noguchi, Drower was consigned to solitary confinement, first in an underground shelter and later in a minute cell next to the Japanese guardroom.

Malnutrition and blackwater fever lowered his resistance and he struggled to retain consciousness, aware that he might betray involuntarily the identities of those fellow officers involved in the intelligence network. While a resourceful fellow officer secreted vitamin tablets in his rice, Drower attributed his survival principally to a mind that could recall the plots of books, films and plays and the music of favourite composers such as Handel. 'I realised,' he wrote later, 'as others have so often done in similar circumstances, the reserve value of an extended and liberal education.'

After the war Drower entered the diplomatic service. He served as a vice-consular assistant at the British Consulate General in Batavia (Jakarta) where he shared lodgings with Laurens van der Post, and later in Cairo and the Canal Zone. From 1959 Drower was based in Geneva as a British delegate to international conferences.

Here his qualities impressed Lord Harlech, who left to take up the position of British Ambassador in Washington and later invited Drower to join him. Between October 1964 and January 1974 Drower worked at the British Embassy in Washington under four ambassadors. His brief was, he wrote, to provide accurate assessments for Whitehall 'of the proposals, reservations and sometimes prejudices to be found among members of the Congress and Administration'. His close friend, the political scientist Nelson W. Polsby, wrote: 'Bill Drower grasped nuances about America and made friends among Americans with a virtuosity that must have been a great professional asset.'

In 1974 Drower retired from the Foreign Office and settled in Somerset. In 1981 he became a Liberal county councillor, serving for seven years (including three as chairman). In 1993 his autobiography, *Our Man on the Hill*, was published. Music was important to him, and besides the violin he learnt to play the flute and piano. In 1946 Drower was appointed MBE for services as a prisoner of war.

His wife Constance died in 1997 and he is survived by a daughter.

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Canon Arthur Peacocke, MBE (1924-2006)

(reprinted by permission from *The Independent*, Obituaries, 6 November 2006)

Arthur Robert Peacocke, biochemist and priest: born Watford, Hertfordshire 29 November 1924; Assistant Lecturer, then Lecturer, then Senior Lecturer in Biophysical Chemistry, Birmingham University 1948-59; Lecturer in Biochemistry, Oxford University 1959-73; Fellow and Tutor in Chemistry, subsequently in Biochemistry, St Peter's College, Oxford 1959-73; Lecturer in Chemistry, Mansfield College, Oxford 1964-73; ordained deacon 1971, priest 1971; Dean and Fellow, Clare College, Cambridge 1973-84; Director, Ian Ramsey Centre, Oxford 1985-88, 1995-99; Fellow, St Cross College, Oxford 1985-88; Honorary Chaplain, Christ Church Cathedral 1988-96, 2001-04, Honorary Canon, Oxford 1995-2004 (Emeritus); MBE 1993; Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion 2001; married 1948 Rosemary Mann (one son, one daughter); died Oxford 21 October 2006.

Arthur Peacocke was internationally recognised as one of the leading figures in the vigorous dialogue taking place today between science and religion. Attracted to Christianity in his youth, he became detached from

the Church while an undergraduate chemist, but a sermon by Archbishop William Temple that he heard delivered in Oxford showed him that religious belief could be approached in a style of intellectual openness and scrupulosity. The resulting return to the faith was to bear much fruit over many years.

From Watford Grammar School, he had gone up to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1942, subsequently researching for a DPhil under the guidance of the Nobel laureate Sir Cyril Hinshelwood. Later Peacocke was to take the Oxford degrees of DSc and DD, an unusual and distinguished combination. He gave an account of his personal explorations in both science and theology in an autobiographical chapter in his book *From DNA to Dean* (1996).

Peacocke's scientific career flourished as he concentrated on problems in physical biochemistry. These included the study of properties of DNA, just at the time that its structure was being elucidated by Francis Crick and James Watson. Later, Peacocke's interests turned to the irreversible nature of biological processes, resulting in the publication of *An Introduction to the Physical Chemistry of Biological Organisation* (1983). It was a summation of his lifelong interest in thermodynamical problems. After 10 years lecturing at Birmingham University (1948-59), he returned to Oxford as Lecturer in Biochemistry and a Fellow of St Peter's College, positions he held from 1959 to 1973.

While at Birmingham, Peacocke had been encouraged by the Professor of Theology, Geoffrey Lampe, to continue his intellectual exploration of Christian thinking by taking a theological degree. At the same time, he had become a Licensed Lay Reader in the Church of England. The sacramental principle had been of great importance to Peacocke in his own spiritual life and he began to long to exercise a full sacramental ministry as a priest.

He was ordained to the priesthood in 1971 in Christ Church Cathedral, by Kenneth Woolcombe, then Bishop of Oxford. Two years later he was invited to become Fellow and Dean of Clare College, Cambridge. Peacocke tells us that the decision to leave Oxford and go to Cambridge was 'not easy', but it proved a successful move and he remained at Clare for 11 years. During this time he taught in both the theological and science faculties. In 1984, the call came to return to Oxford as Director of the newly established Ian Ramsey Centre. After retirement, Peacocke remained in Oxford, becoming an Honorary Canon of Christ Church Cathedral.

Arthur Peacocke received many invitations to deliver named lectures on issues in science and religion. Among the most significant of these were his Bampton Lectures in 1979 and the Gifford Lectures at St Andrews in 1993. The first of these resulted in the widely influential book *Creation and the World of Science* (1979) and the second produced what most would consider his most important work, *Theology for a Scientific Age* (1993).

As a biologist, Peacocke was able to give a positive theological interpretation of evolution, emphasising that God is no cosmic despot keeping tight control of creation; rather, the history of the world is to be understood theologically as an unfolding exploration and unending improvisation of great and continuing fruitfulness, in which creator and creatures both participate. He delighted to illustrate these insights with metaphors drawn from music, which meant so much to him in his personal life.

Although Peacocke quite often spoke in a revisionary mode about the need for modifications in theological discourse, he also had respect for the insights of the past, taking with great seriousness the importance of the New Testament witness and expressing his admiration for the truth-seeking stance taken by thinkers such as Origen, Augustine and Anselm.

He was robustly critical of scientific reductionism, often remarking that ‘atoms and molecules are not more real than cells, or populations of cells, or human communities, or human persons’. Like many scientist-theologians, he took a critical realist view of the nature of human knowledge, both in relation to science and to theology, a position that he defended in *Intimations of Reality* (1984).

In addition to his many personal contributions to the dialogue between science and religion, Peacocke also played an important role in founding a number of organisations that have played important parts in facilitating that dialogue. In the early 1970s he was a leader in the discussions that led to the formation of the Science and Religion Forum in the United Kingdom, whose annual discussion meetings have proved a very successful enterprise. Peacocke was the forum’s first chairman. Later he was active in the founding of the European Society for the Study of Science and Theology.

Perhaps his most imaginative and fruitful achievement in this field was the conception and foundation in 1987 of the Society of Ordained Scientists, a kind of “dispersed religious community”, prayerfully linking together clergy with serious scientific concerns. Peacocke was SOSc’s first Warden.

Peacocke received much international recognition of his achievements, including honorary degrees and the award of the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion in 2001.

His marriage to Rosemary Mann, one of HM Inspectors of Schools, was obviously one of great happiness and mutual support. They had two children, a son who is a professor of philosophy and a daughter who is an Anglican priest.

Arthur Peacocke bore his last illness with great fortitude and faith, in a way that was an inspiration to his many friends.

John Polkinghorne

Hugh Kawharu, ONZ, FRSNZ (1927-2006)

Sir Hugh Kawharu was a distinguished academic and leader of Ngati Whatua, the indigenous Maori tribe based in Auckland, New Zealand. He died in September 2006 following a brief illness.

Hugh was born in Ashburton, New Zealand in 1927. His father Wiremu Paora qualified as a surveyor and served with the Pioneer Maori Battalion in World War I. His mother Janet was born in Derby, England and moved to New Zealand to work as one of the country's earliest female physiotherapists. While still at primary school, Hugh was picked out by his tribal elders as a future leader, and his surname was changed to Kawharu after his paternal great-grandfather and prominent Ngati Whatua ancestor, Paora Kawharu. His scholarly work and service to Maori people attest to the good choice of his elders and to a leadership that was thoroughly earned.

Hugh attended Auckland Grammar School where he showed his versatility, finding success both in the classroom and on the sports field. Like his father Wiremu before him, he both won the school's shooting cup, the Campbell Vase, and played in the school's 1st XV rugby team for three years in a row. He was keen on cricket and captained the school's 1st XI team, and in his final year was the school's Senior Athletics Champion. In 2003 he was celebrated by the school as its 'Old Boy of the Year', and at the time he recalled that as a student he often felt overwhelmed by the school's academic standards. He must have put apprehension to one side, however, for upon leaving school he embarked upon an academic career. When the school's science master Ernie Searle moved to teach geology at Auckland University (then a constituent college of the University of New Zealand), Hugh followed him there to study geology and physics. He finished his degree at Victoria University (then also a college of the University of New Zealand), and graduated with a BSc in 1955.

Hugh maintained his interest in sport during these early university years. He played at different times for the Auckland and Victoria University senior rugby teams. He was a New Zealand University Blue in shooting and an Auckland University Blue in athletics. While competing for the Victoria University Athletic Club, he won the Universities 440 Yards at the Club's 50th Jubilee Celebrations in 1954. He was an enthusiastic relay runner and is remembered for never leaving the track without first checking whether he was still needed. Hugh also interspersed his academic and sporting pursuits with travel, and explored post-War England and Western Europe on a BSA-500 motorbike with his friend Ron Macbeth. He paid for his passage there by cleaning the decks of the boat he sailed on.

Awarded a Ngata Scholarship, Hugh returned to England in 1955 to study anthropology, the discipline he would later profess, at the University of Cambridge. His college Emmanuel left many lasting

impressions, and he would return there much later in life as a Visiting Fellow in 1986. As a student, he was for a time housed in the attic of the old Master's Lodge, together with Simon Harcourt-Webster and a couple of others. Hugh formed a longstanding friendship with Simon (who remembers battles with sprayed shaving cream before College dinner!), and maintained his interest in and support for College activities over the years. Hugh graduated with his BA in 1957 and then transferred to Exeter College at Oxford University to further his studies. While at Oxford, he completed his DPhil on traditional systems of Maori land tenure under the supervision of Sir Edward Evans-Pritchard. He also benefited from occasional guidance from another gifted anthropologist, Sir Raymond Firth – an ex-pat New Zealander who was based at the LSE. Hugh's book *Maori Land Tenure* was substantially based on his doctoral thesis, and 30 years after its first publication it is still regarded as the leading text on Maori land issues.

On his return to New Zealand, Hugh served on-and-off in the Department of Maori Affairs on housing, trust administration and welfare programmes. He was also employed as a consultant to the Food and Agricultural Organisation of the United Nations based in Rome before moving to work at Auckland University as a research fellow, and from 1966 to 1970 as a lecturer in Social Anthropology. In 1971 he was appointed as foundation Professor of Maori Studies (a personal chair) and Head of the Department of Anthropology at Massey University. It was a position he greatly enjoyed, not least for the collegiality amongst the members of the new department – Hugh and his wife Freda were frequent hosts of department Christmas parties and the like. In 1985 he returned to his home town Auckland, and to Auckland University. He was appointed to a chair in Maori Studies which was then part of the Department of Anthropology. He was a sometime Head of Department alongside Professors Ralph Bulmer and Roger Green, who ran Anthropology under a system of rotating leadership. In 1992 Hugh presided over the separation of Maori Studies from Anthropology and its creation as a department in its own right. He was awarded the Eldson Best Medal by the Polynesian Society in the same year.

Owing to a compulsory retirement age of 65, Hugh retired in 1993. As emeritus professor, he continued to participate in university and academic life: as foundation director of the James Henare Maori Research Centre at Auckland University (1993-1995), by supervising graduate students, publishing and speaking on a range of issues affecting Maori, and by helping to formalise the relationship between the University and his Ngati Whatua people under a Memorandum of Understanding signed in 2003. In 2004 Hugh represented the University at the installation of Dr John Hood as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. (And importantly to him, he never had to relinquish his University office and the perks – such as a car park and storage for all his books and papers – that went with it.)

Outside of university life, Hugh's public service was immense. Of note, he was a Commissioner on the Royal Commission on the Courts, whose recommendations led to numerous changes to the structure of New Zealand's judicial system. He served as New Zealand delegate to UNESCO, and Ngati Whatua delegate to the National Maori Congress. For nearly 30 years he served on the Auckland Museum Trust Board, guiding its decision-making on matters affecting Maori with unparalleled understanding. He was involved with the New Zealand Council for Educational Research, the New Zealand Maori Council, and the Arts Foundation of New Zealand.

For many years he was a member of the Waitangi Tribunal, the statutory body charged with making recommendations on claims brought by Maori relating to acts or omissions of the New Zealand Government that breach promises made in the Treaty of Waitangi. That treaty, signed by Maori and the British Crown in 1840, sets out the principles for the founding of New Zealand as a nation state. As a member of the tribunal, Hugh authored or co-authored many of its reports. As a scholar, Hugh insisted on analysing the Treaty from a Maori perspective. In 1987, in one of the most controversial public law cases ever to be heard before New Zealand's Court of Appeal, Hugh provided a translation of the Maori version of the Treaty, which until then had largely been ignored in mainstream jurisprudence. The inclusion of the translation of the Maori text in the Treaty debate led to the development by the Court of Appeal, with moderate success, of 'principles' that finally sought to reconcile the competing Maori and English dimensions of its text. In 1989 Hugh edited a compilation of essays on Maori and Pakeha (non-Maori) perspectives on the Treaty of Waitangi, now a standard public law reference. He received his knighthood in the same year.

On 3 June 2002 he was made an additional member of the Order of New Zealand, New Zealand's highest royal honour, in a special honours list to mark the Queen's Golden Jubilee. Typically humble, he paid tribute to his wife Freda who had died in 2000, and said he understood the honour as being recognition for services to New Zealand in his role as interpreter, mediator, and liaison between Maori and non-Maori New Zealanders. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of New Zealand, and at Oxford an Honorary Fellow of Exeter College and a Patron of the Pitt Rivers Museum Society. In 2005 he received Auckland City's Distinguished Citizen Award.

For many, Hugh will be remembered most for his role as leader of Ngati Whatua. For 26 years he was chairman of the Ngati Whatua o Orakei Maori Trust Board, the trust that represents the interests of his Ngati Whatua sub-tribe based at Orakei, an inner city suburb in Auckland. He steered the tribe's negotiations with successive Governments for the return of ancestral land at Bastion Point, or Takaparawhau, to tribal ownership. In the late 1970s the large prime coastal site had become the focal point for Maori protest against injus-

tices that Maori communities had suffered throughout the colonisation of New Zealand. It was occupied for 507 days by protestors – Maori and Pakeha – who demanded that its proposed subdivision into sections for private high-income housing be scrapped. The protestors’ eviction by police and army forces took race relations in modern New Zealand to its lowest nadir. Hugh did not join the protestors and he disapproved of their approach. He faced sharp criticism for his apparent inaction as a result. But his temperament and diplomacy proved effective in eventually securing the return of the land in the late 1980s through a negotiated process, together with a formal apology by the New Zealand Government, and compensation. Ngati Whatua agreed to retain most of the land as an open reserve for the public’s enjoyment, and jointly manages the reserve with the Auckland City Council: an example of the boundless goodwill and pragmatism that characterised Hugh’s leadership. In June 2006, following years of negotiations that had consumed much of his considerable energy, Hugh presided over the signing of an Agreement in Principle between the Orakei Board and the Government to settle all outstanding claims for breaches of the Treaty of Waitangi. He had hoped to revive his research following completion of the settlement but, as it turned out, the settlement would be his final word. He is survived by five daughters.

Amokura Kawharu

Sir Peter Crill, KBE (1925-2005)

Peter Crill was a Jerseyman. He came up to Exeter in 1945 as a King Charles I scholar. He was thus one of the long line of Channel Islanders, extending from King Charles I’s foundation in 1636 to the end of entrance scholarships in the 1980s, who for more than 300 years maintained a strong link between the College and Jersey and Guernsey. Peter was one among many in that long line, but he was unique among them for the circumstances in which he came up.

Peter was born in 1925. His father was a prominent figure in Jersey, as a solicitor (or *écrivain*) and a member of the States. Peter went to Victoria College, and was a schoolboy of 15 when the Germans occupied the Channel Islands in 1940.

Throughout the occupation there were those in Jersey who planned to escape. In the first four years of the occupation the prospect of success was not great. The attempt could only be made in a small boat, and the nearest safe landing was in England, 90 miles away across the Channel. Only one man is known to have escaped from Jersey in this period. After D-day in 1944, the advance of the allied armies drove the Germans from the Cotentin peninsular and the French coast there became friendly territory, less than 20 miles from Jersey. To escape

from Jersey undetected by the Germans and then to cross to France remained a highly dangerous exploit. Several attempting it lost their lives, and several more were captured; yet between D-day and the liberation of Jersey in May 1945 more than 80 people did escape to France. Peter was one of them.

He and two of his friends resolved in the summer of 1944 to make the attempt. Peter had a 12-foot dinghy which, by order of the Germans, had been stored in St Helier. They succeeded, under the eyes of the Germans, in moving this boat to a garage near Peter's home, where it was made ready for the journey. After the most meticulous preparations, on the 11th November they moved the boat to a point on the SE coast of Jersey, and at 8 p.m. set out.

They had a hazardous crossing. During the night their outboard engine broke down, and they had to rely on their small sail. Then the compass fell into the water in the bottom of the boat, the water penetrated the case and made the compass useless, so they could steer only by the direction of the wind. The wind rose and the sea became too rough for sailing. In the end they took the sail down and all tried to sleep, leaving the boat to drift. Fortunately the tide was carrying them toward the coast of France. In the morning they succeeded in starting the engine again and, steering by the rising sun, came within sight of the coast. Then the engine broke down again, and the ebbing tide started carrying them not towards the coast but away from it. In this crisis they managed at last to get the engine started again, and so reached the shore a few miles north of Coutances, at 1 p.m. on the 12th November.

When Peter reached England he applied to the College. He came up in Hilary Term 1945, and was awarded a King Charles I scholarship that term. The austerity of war time prevailed then in Oxford as elsewhere, but from the autumn of 1945 the College and the University began gradually to relax the limitations and to reintroduce amusements and events unknown since 1939. Peter read Law, but not with such application as might have prevented him from contributing fully to the College's reasserted life. He became a very keen oarsman, rowing in the College VIII in the first post-war Eights Week and in the Isis boat in 1948, he was very active in the affairs of the JCR, and he sang in the chapel choir. When he came down the College awarded him a Quarrell-Read prize. He then read for the bar, and in 1949 was called to the bar by the Middle Temple and subsequently admitted to the Jersey bar.

In Jersey Peter entered his father's office and practised for 13 years. He entered the States (the Jersey legislature) in 1952, thus adding the cares of a busy politician to those of a busy lawyer. In 1962 he was appointed Solicitor General, and was promoted in due course to be successively Attorney General and Deputy Bailiff. In 1986 he became Bailiff.

The Bailiff of Jersey is President of the Royal Court, the Court of Appeal and the States. He thus occupies the most important position in

the Island (or, at least, did so until recent changes of the law). Peter attended to all his duties with unflinching care. His figure and appearance fitted him well for his ceremonial functions, which he certainly enjoyed. This is not to say that he shrank from difficult and uncongenial responsibilities. While he was Bailiff there was an unfortunate case of flagrant neglect of duty by a holder of a public office. Peter allowed more than one opportunity of correction, and when there was no improvement insisted that the delinquent must be removed. The delinquent was a widely popular figure, and Peter's firmness earned him for a time a measure of odium. He had lived this down before he retired in 1996.

Peter was an undemonstratively devout man. At one time he contemplated ordination. Later in life he was unsympathetic with some developments in the Church of England, and ultimately he became a Roman Catholic.

Although he was capable, on ceremonial or private occasions, of giving an impression of self-importance, Peter was fundamentally kind and modest. It was characteristic that I never heard him, in conversation or in public, make any reference to his war time escape. He possessed also a sense of humour which did not spare himself.

He always maintained his attachment and interest in the College, and in 1991 he was elected an Honorary Fellow. He had been knighted in 1987 and was appointed KBE in 1995. He died of a progressive disease in October 2005.

Godfray Le Quesne

Canon Rodney Hunter (1933-2006)

The death of Canon Rodney Hunter on the 11th November 2006 has deprived the College of a loyal Exonian, and – as his obituary in *The Times* put it – the Anglican Church in Central Africa of one of its most senior and distinguished priests.

Rodney Squire Hunter was born in Sale, Cheshire in 1933, the younger son of Dr Reginald Hunter and his wife Mary. He was educated at Leighton Park School, Reading. Having declined a Commission, he served as a trooper in the Royal Horse Guards during his National Service. Stationed in London, he attended All Saints' Ennismore Gardens, where he adopted the firm Anglo-Catholic theological position from which he never wavered.

Rodney came up to Exeter in 1953, and read Theology. He was a member of the College Boat Club, and rowed Bow in the famous first Torpid of 1954, which made five Bumps. At that time, success on the river had seldom come Exeter's way. This victory was matter of great pride to the whole College – expressed by a Bump Supper and the ceremonial procession of an old boat along the Turl, through the College to its immolation in the Broad.

From Exeter, Rodney went on to the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, in West Yorkshire, and was ordained deacon in 1958 and priest in 1959. After a curacy in East London, he returned to Oxford as a Priest Librarian at Pusey House (1961-65), which he combined with the Chaplaincy at Wadham during the wardenship of Sir Maurice Bowra.

He devoted the rest of his life to the service of the Church in Central Africa. However, the College was not forgotten. Both in Zambia and in Malawi, he covered his quite significantly domed, but by now balding, pate with a straw boater on which he sported a ribbon in College Boat Club colours.

In Central Africa, Rodney's work was mainly academic, as chaplain and lecturer in several seminaries. This was sufficiently important to him to lead him to decline nomination to a bishopric. However, he spent several years as Dean of Likoma, the island cathedral on Lake Malawi. Three priests had died mysteriously, and there was suspicion of witchcraft. The bishop needed some one of authority and integrity to sort things out, and Rodney was the obvious choice.

After a period as Rector of St Peter's Church, Lilongwe, his final appointment was as lecturer at the Anglican Theological College in Zomba, which had become a constituent of the university there. He also taught Classics. Visitors to his lecture room recall the slogan LATIN IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE inscribed on the blackboard.

On retirement in 2001, he moved to a house in the hospital compound at Nkotakota. He played an active part in the life and pastoral work of the cathedral. Unfortunately, retirement coincided with a prolonged period of dissension within the Diocese of Lake Malawi. This not only caused him great sadness and stress, but at times put him in physical danger. Five years previously, Rodney had undergone surgery for cancer, from which he gave every evidence of full recovery. His death last year, in suspicious circumstances which are still being investigated, was as unexpected as it was tragic.

Rodney's funeral on the 13th November 2006 was attended by three bishops, and several thousand mourners – a fitting tribute to a life given to so many years of faithful service. A solemn Requiem Mass was also offered for him in the Chapel of Pusey House on Saturday the 28th April 2007, at which members of his family together with many friends and former colleagues were present. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Richborough who, many years ago, had been welcomed by Rodney on his arrival in Zambia.

To observers of the work of the Anglican Church in the wider world, Rodney Hunter's death may well seem to have brought to a conclusion an era of outstanding devotion and achievement by the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. His Exonian contemporaries will carry with them continuing gratitude for his friendship as they share the loyalty he felt to the College where they all first met.

Peter Stone

David William Phillips (1929-2006)

(This is an extract from the author's unpublished autobiography, written before David Phillips' death.)

Two men were playing darts in Exeter Junior Common Room, one very white and blond, very much an Englishman, the other dark-faced and black-haired, obviously a Southerner. They were conversing in a strange language. It sounded like Spanish. Every word seemed to end with an N or an S or a vowel. Yet, to my great annoyance I couldn't understand it at all. I wondered: was it some strange South American form of Spanish? Unable to restrain my curiosity I accosted them:

'¿Son ustedes espanoles?'

I met a pair of blank stares.

'Excuse me,' I mumbled, feeling embarrassed. 'Have you been speaking Spanish?'

'Modern Greek.'

They introduced themselves: David Phillips and Dimitrios Nianias. David had a BA in classics and was now looking for a suitable thesis subject for his B.Litt. It would have to do with Greece. Having finished his BA exam he had made a trip to Greece and fell in love with the country. Not just the classical Greece of ruined temples, of Homer and of Plato, although he appreciated that too. He loved the people, their warmth and hospitality, their food and their Oriental music. It wasn't the Greece of the classical scholars. It was the Greece of Byron's Childe Harold and Giaour, an Oriental Greece, a romantic Greece. Strangely enough he had told me years later he had never particularly cared for Byron. Well, we don't have to have actually read an author to be influenced by him. I think all romantic philhellenes have been directly or indirectly influenced by Byron. [.....]

David's interests in modern Greece extended, like Byron's, to the Oriental Islamic peripheries of Greece. He had learnt a little bit of Albanian and Turkish. He told me many stories about the strange customs of the Albanians although he couldn't travel to Enver Hoxha's Albania. The strangest of all was the institution of 'Albanian virgins'. If a girl wanted to escape an arranged marriage she could take a vow of virginity. She would announce her new status by cutting off her hair and wearing men's clothes. No, it wasn't a disguise: everyone knew she was a woman. Sort of secular nun. I wondered: wouldn't at least some of those 'virgins' take a secret lover? Most romantic idea! Perhaps it had inspired Byron's Gulnare/Kaled, the cross-dressing mistress of his Lara. I don't think David had ever met an Albanian virgin. In spite of his Greek sympathies he felt no hostility towards the Turks. That may have provoked the disapproval of some of his Greek friends, but after all Byron, a hero of Greek independence, actually liked Turks as people. [.....]

But, most important, ‘what about the girls?’ I asked him. Black-haired, dark-eyed, slightly dark-skinned... ‘The girls in Greece are very protected, the Oriental way,’ he answered. ‘Difficult to get acquainted with.’ Unlike me, he didn’t attach much importance to a girl’s race or nationality. I don’t think he understood my obsession with finding an Oriental girlfriend. He liked (or disliked) girls as individuals. A very sensible attitude. But love is not ‘sensible’, if by the term ‘sensible’ we mean ‘reasonable’. Nevertheless he was a romantic. There is one saying of his which had particularly struck me by its truthfulness: ‘a man does not fall in love with a woman. He falls in love with the idea [or did he say ‘ideal’?] of a woman.’

If his idea or ideal of a woman was not confined to Greek or any other nationality, it doesn’t mean that he didn’t care for or didn’t appreciate her cultural background. Whenever he met a girl who spoke some exotic language he tried to learn at least a bit. Once he had met a Hungarian girl and learnt a little bit of Hungarian. He told me he found the grammatical structure similar to Turkish.

I regarded him as my best friend. [...] I was glad for him and a little sorry for myself when he told me he was again going to Greece, this time for a whole year. He had found a suitable subject for his thesis, the modern dialect of the island of Rhodes. He would spend some time in Athens before moving on to Rhodes.

‘I shall be talking to old people to see how their dialect differs from standard Greek,’ he explained.

‘Talking to young people, to young girls would be more interesting,’ I teased him.

‘Yes, that would make a good thesis title: the language of the young girls of Rhodes!’ he laughed.

He was in Athens when I paid my first visit to Turkey during the summer of 1953. On my way back (by ship) from Istanbul to Marseilles he met me in the harbour of Piraeus and gave me a guided tour of Athens. Of course a better guide I could not have had! Soon afterwards David moved on to Rhodes. First, he sent me a postcard with a mosque, a vestige of Turkish occupation. It was followed by frequent letters, full of enthusiasm. At one time he asked me about the 13th century Persian Sufi poet Jalâloddin Rumi who lived in Turkey where he had founded the order of the Mevlevis or ‘whirling dervishes’. Why should a Greek scholar have suddenly become interested in a Persian poet? Turkish, yes, but Persian? He answered my surprised letter by telling me that Rumi had written some poems in Greek (using Arabic characters). It isn’t as astonishing as it may sound. There have been Greek-speaking communities in Anatolia (Christian and Muslim) as late as the First World War. In Rumi’s time they must have been even more numerous.

The high point of David’s residence in Rhodes was his conversion to the Orthodox Church (he had been brought up a Welsh Baptist or Methodist or something). From my Catholic point of view it was a move

in the right direction. Then his letters stopped. No doubt he was very busy with his research.

A year or so later as I was walking away from the College gate down the Turl I heard someone calling me from behind:

‘*Pou pas?*’ (‘Where are you going?’ in Greek. That much Greek I understood).

I turned round. David! Back! I sure was glad to see him! He would have a lot of things to tell me about Rhodes. As it turned out he didn’t. People are people everywhere, good, bad and indifferent. He was pleased to be home. Where was his enthusiasm? I couldn’t understand him. It was the time of the Cyprus crisis. Colonel Grivas was leading a guerrilla warfare against the British imperialists, and most, if not all, Greeks supported him. Individual Britishers, individual Americans, individual Germans, individual Russians, individual Turks have all experienced personal unpleasantness for the sins of their respective imperialisms. David was suspected of being a spy, an accusation familiar to all Orientalists. There was a certain logic in it: a knowledge of the Rhodian dialect could be useful to any foreign invaders of Rhodes, Turks more likely than British. (But, the romantic in me wondered, perhaps there was something more to it. Perhaps he had experienced an unhappy love.) [.....]

For some time he retained his loyalty to the Greek Church, although I don’t know if he ever was a ‘practising’ Orthodox. ‘It is the religion of the New Testament,’ he explained his position to me. ‘You too would have become Orthodox if you could read the Gospels and the letters of St Paul in the original Greek.’ I have heard this argument from others, ‘You will become a Muslim if you learn Arabic well enough to read the Kor’an in the original.’

Whatever disappointments he may have brought out from Rhodes he had gathered enough valuable material to be allowed to present his thesis for a DPhil, not just for a BLitt. His supervisor, Professor Trypanis, strongly supported him for the DPhil. but for some reason, best known to himself, declined to support him for a junior academic position in Oxford. He even discouraged him from applying to other, less prestigious universities. [.....]

Dr. Phillips, as he now was, discouraged from looking for an academic position, went into freelance journalism, mostly for the BBC. He gained some notoriety for his castigation of the Greek Colonels’ regime. Colonel Papadopoulos himself had declared him a *persona non grata* in Greece. In my opinion he had made a mistake, not in his denunciation of the fascist Colonels, but in his choice of profession. Journalism, even the best journalism, is by its very nature ephemeral. He had the makings of a real scholar. With his knowledge of modern Greece he could have become another Patrick Leigh Fermor. He should have tried to get an academic position, if not at Oxford, then at some other university, with or without his tutor’s encouragement. But then, who am I to criticise

him? How many times in my life had I failed to act because no one was encouraging me? Just one person's encouragement can make all the difference and give us the strength we need!

He did somewhat better in literature. (Like me, he had wanted to be a writer.) After I went to Canada in 1960 I had lost contact with him for many years. When eventually I found him he was the author of two novels. The first one, *The Right Honourable Chimpanzee*, a satire on British politics, was written together with the Bulgarian dissident author, George Markov, murdered with a poisoned umbrella, presumably by the Bulgarian (Communist) secret service. It was published under the joint pseudonym David St George. I don't know how much of the book is Markov, how much Phillips. I presume David knew more about British politics than Markov. And there is a haunting description of Exeter College, thinly disguised as 'St Simeon's College'. Only David could have done that.

His other work of fiction, *The Removal Men*, published under his own name, a satire on inheritance law and lawyers, is a picaresque novel laced with some soft porn for a bait. There is a trace of the young romantic 'Byronic' philhellene David Phillips I knew in Oxford in the description, full of local colour, of the Greek island where the story terminates. And there is a most charming, albeit greedy and amoral, Turkish heroine, Yasmin. [.....]

P.S. Since I wrote these lines I have received a third book from David Phillips, very different from the first two: *Conversations in the Garden of Shizen: Jesus of the Gospels, women, sex and the family*. It purports to be the transcript of conversations between an English New Testament scholar, William Whitland (we suspect, a persona for the author) and a pair of Japanese anthropologists. The subject is another quest for the 'historical' Jesus. Dr. Whitland has backed his research by an impressive bibliography of patristic and modern Gospel criticism. He doubts the reliability of the four canonical Gospels. He points out apparent contradictions in Jesus' sayings. Many Christians will find the book disturbing, even offensive with chapter headings like 'Was Jesus insane?' or 'Was Jesus homosexual?' Yet only a man with a great reverence for Jesus could have produced such a book. 'I am not, and never have been cynical,' he wrote to me, protesting my accusations of cynicism regarding his first two books. 'Disillusioned, perhaps, and certainly sceptical. But that is different from cynicism.' This is true as far as his third book is concerned, but I still maintain that satire is by definition cynical and the author admits that his two novels are satirical works. Sorry, David!

Jan Weryho

Phillip Whitehead (1937-2005)

Phillip, who died suddenly on 31 December 2005, made a notable mark in both politics and television. His origins were humble but his talents were great. The chances of parliamentary elections denied him the high office he certainly deserved, but his achievements were nonetheless considerable.

He had been adopted by a Derbyshire carpenter, but he made his way through Lady Manners School in Bakewell to an exhibition at Exeter. One of the last to do compulsory military service, he was commissioned in the Sherwood Foresters and chose to serve in the African Frontier Force in Gambia. Back in civilian life he read PPE at Exeter between 1958 and 1961 and, though not a very active Conservative, rose to be President of the Union. Then he joined the BBC, working on current affairs with *Gallery* and *Panorama*. He moved to ITV in 1967 where he made *This Week* into the leading current affairs programme of the time. But he had now joined the Labour Party and politics drew him. In 1970 he was elected MP for Derby North and by 1980 had risen to the front bench as shadow spokesman for Higher Education and later for the Arts. Then he lost his seat in the Thatcher landslide of 1983. That allowed him to go back to television where, working with Brian Lapping, he produced some notable biographical and historical programmes.

In 1994 he returned to politics as MEP for Derbyshire, and for the rest of his life he was a key figure in the Labour delegation to Strasbourg. His activities were not confined to elected politics. He served as chair of the Fabian Society and later of the troubled *New Statesman*. He was a regular *Times* columnist. Perhaps his most important role was as a member of the 1977 Annan Committee on Broadcasting where he played a leading role in advocating the establishment of Channel 4.

He was a Gaitkellite pro-European. Some expected him to join with many of his like-minded friends who moved over to the SDP in 1981. But his loyalty to the Labour Party was too strong, even though he was at odds with much of its prevailing mood.

He lived in his home village of Rowley and walked the Derbyshire countryside with his wife Christine Osborne and their three children. Though he had moved with the great he was a very warm amusing humble person. As a television producer he fostered trust in the integrity of the medium. He was also one of that special breed of politicians who give politics a good name.

David Butler

Ned Sherrin, CBE (1931-2007)

Ned Sherrin, who died last October of throat cancer at the age of 76, was one of the most eminent Exonians of the second half of the 20th century. He arrived in College in 1951 via Sexey's Grammar School in Somerset, the son of a gentleman farmer and National Service in that most unglamorous of corps, the Signals. It was the only unglamorous thing about a life that encompassed the arts in its broadest definition – television, radio, the theatre, journalism, actor, singer. He was lauded by the obituarists as he had been lauded in life by his contemporaries. There was seemingly no end to his accomplishments.

Probably the only thing omitted from this catalogue of achievements was his involvement in college football – soccer as it was then known. Hardly surprising, really because, unlike cricket, Ned was neither particularly interested in it nor very good at it. But in 1952, when I came up, the team was little short of dire. Bodies were being pressed into action from all quarters. Hence it was that Ned found himself at centre-half (a position that has all but disappeared) in Michaelmas Term, under the captaincy of John Norris (one of only two men in College, incidentally, who had a car in Oxford: the other, Ben Brough, also played soccer). I myself had come up as a centre-half but was pressed into action as left-half (another name for the history manual). Ned contributed fully if ineffectually, and it was not his fault that we were relegated to the third division along with Merton. His style could best be described as static windmill: all flailing arms and legs and occasional contact with the ball which seemed all-too-frequently to ricochet off in unintended directions. His great distinction was, if such it can be called, that he had the briefest pair of shorts in an era when most of us wore them around or even below the knee (it is just possible to detect this in the picture [see glossy pages]). He played a game or two in Hilary Term 1953, when we were quickly knocked out of cuppers, and that was it – apart from the team photograph from Gillman and Soame. (A College photograph taken in Michaelmas Term 1952 [not reproduced] shows him sitting in the front row next to the Rector, so he must have quickly become pretty important in undergraduate terms. Pat MacLachlan, who was to become a Scottish rugby international, is further away. But I digress.)

He actually played a large part in College life, so that his position next to the Rector is not all that surprising. He was, at various times, junior treasurer of the Stapeldon Society, president of the Sterndale Society (a legal debating society) and president of the John Ford Society when his secretary was Peter Spring and treasurer Roger Barltrop. Spring reported that the year 1952-3 culminated in a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (in the Fellows' Garden) following the previous year's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Spring also reported that the society's 'first reading of the year [produced by Ned and Spring him-

self] was an olla podrida culled from varied sources, designed to search out latent talent both old and new.’

Coming to terms with such a hotchpotch would have been a useful introduction to the world of immature television at the time. Although Ned read Law – largely to placate parental desires – and was even to be called to the bar, he never pursued it professionally. The newly emergent television quickly captured him. He had been involved with OUDS and liked to tell that he had written the first lines ever spoken by Maggie Smith on stage. He arrived in TV just as broadcasting was beginning to throw off the shackles imposed on the BBC by its calvinistic founder, John (later Lord) Reith. Ned may not have ‘invented’ *That Was the Week That Was*, but as producer and director in the late 1950s and early 1960s he contributed as much as anyone to severing those shackles and injecting a healthy dose of irreverence into broadcasting. Not for him the reverential question to any minister or MP: ‘and how do you see the problems today, sir?’ TW3 was an olla podrida of shows, mixing humour, entertainment, music, politics and cabaret, sometimes all in the same sketch. The names he was associated with, still in his very early thirties, would have filled a handbook of the liberal arts: David Frost, Keith Waterhouse, Bernard Levin, Willis Hall, Millicent Martin, Richard Ingrams, Alan Whicker, Cliff Michelmore. Then there were Grace Wyndham Goldie, Donald Baverstock, Eleanor Bron, Dennis Potter, Kenneth Tynan, Gerald Kaufman and Christopher Booker – some still with us, many gone.

From then on it was theatre, theatre and more theatre and radio. Co-operating with Caryl Brahms produced everything from *Shakespeare in Love* to a black pantomime, from a musical biography of Marie Lloyd to one on the Mitford sisters. His own productions included *Side by Side* by Sondheim – which not only transferred into the West End from London’s off-Shaftesbury-Avenue Mermaid Theatre but also went on to Broadway – to *Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell*. No first night in the West End was complete without him; many of them were his own.

To a wider audience he was probably better known through shows such as *Loose Ends* on radio. This allowed him endless monologues, written by himself, which pointed up a wit that was delivered with the sharpness and steel of a gimlet. He was as industrious with the pen: an autobiography; he edited both the memoirs of Caryl Brahms and the *Oxford Dictionary of Humorous Quotations*; he turned out restaurant reviews and gossip columns; he published a book of theatrical anecdotes.

Spiritually, he believed in God, especially as propounded by the Church of England. He was appointed CBE in 1997, was a conservative in the mould of a disappearing Conservative party, and a campaigner for AIDS charities. He was, as the obituarists say, unmarried.

Tony Moreton

John Maddicott

John Maddicott was elected as Fellow and Lecturer in medieval history at Exeter, replacing Eric Kemp, in 1969. An undergraduate at Worcester, he had taken History Schools in 1964, a vintage year when the examiners allowed only 11 candidates (John among them of course) into the first class. He had finished his D. Phil. in the then unheard of time of less than four years, and it was about to be published; and he was an Assistant Lecturer at Manchester University. He was quite clearly a catch for the College, and his appointment was one of the best things Rector Wheare and Greig Barr ever did.

It has been the College's great good fortune that he stayed as Tutorial Fellow for 37 years, until his retirement. That itself tells one a lot about him, given that a historian of his eminence might easily have been attracted to grander-sounding appointments elsewhere. Partly, I suspect, he immediately felt at home in the College. He was born in Devon, had worked as historian on the deeds and misdeeds of the College's founder, and found in Exeter a library and archives, buildings and a history, of endless fascination. Partly, however, he stayed because he could achieve great things as tutor and Fellow, and he had learnt from his own tutors at Worcester, Harry Pitt and James Campbell, that building a successful history school takes time and brings satisfactions that last.

By the time I first properly met him – when he gave me sherry before my interview dinner for the modern history Fellowship in the summer of 1972 – he was certainly fully settled in, at the top of Staircase 4. I remember the rather disconcerting photograph of K.B. McFarlane, John's supervisor, staring at me over his shoulder. (Thomas Hardy, another hero and a rather friendlier face, joined McFarlane a little later, I think.) There were already bookcases everywhere and at least two tidy tables ready for serious work. As the number of books multiplied, he had to move rooms, and there were fears at one stage that the ceiling of the Morris Room might not survive the weight of his library above it. But the environment stayed the same wherever he was: books and pictures, photographs (of Hilary and the children, and then grandchildren), and the welcoming settee and armchairs for colleagues and pupils.

There he wrote the scholarly books which made his name as one of the foremost medievalists of his generation. The book of his thesis, *Thomas of Lancaster* (1970), was followed by substantial essays on the English peasantry and on royal justices in the 13th and 14th centuries, and by articles on the Anglo-Saxons as well as on politics and society five hundred years later. In 1994 his *Simon de Montfort* was published, and hailed as soon as it appeared as a classic biography, as impressive for the clarity of its style as for the learning it embodied. Everything he writes seems effortlessly to convey the excitement of history as a discipline. He was elected a Fellow of the British Academy in 1996, and gave the Academy's Raleigh Lecture in History in 2001. In 2004 he

gave the Ford Lectures in Oxford – the greatest honour the Faculty can bestow on a British historian – on the origins of the English parliament. He kept a packed audience from beginning to end of his course (by no means a usual thing, but predictable in his case, since he was already well known in the Faculty as much for his crowded lectures to undergraduates as for his supervision of a succession of accomplished D.Phils). How he found time and space for all this – and for scrupulously editing the *English Historical Review* for a decade from 1990 – is something of a mystery. But self-discipline has been a conspicuous part of the answer. Anyone who has walked with John from Summertown to College, or in the Oxfordshire countryside, or indeed been a passenger when he was at the wheel of a car, will know that he never wastes time.

The writing of history, however, was only part of his College life. A second part, at least as important, was his work as tutor – to the eight and sometimes more historians the College admits each year – making more than 300 over his career. John could tell us precisely how many, since he has known them all well, can order them from memory by year of entry, keeps in touch when they have left, and takes pride in their achievements, whether or not in academia. As a colleague, one saw something of his tutorial style in the shared revision classes which we sometimes had at the end of the third year. His comments were precise, full of useful detail, and wide-ranging, and I learnt as much as the finalists did (including what every early modernist needs to know: that everything he thinks was new in his own period had much much earlier origins – generally somewhere among the Anglo-Saxons). He regretted the reforms to the Oxford History syllabus which removed compulsory English medieval history and Political Thought (which he also taught), not only for good intellectual reasons, but because they meant he had less prolonged contact with his Exeter pupils, less opportunity to help shape their critical capacities and the ways in which they thought. They reciprocated with respect and lasting affection, much of it amply demonstrated at the dinner to mark his retirement, and in the gifts which have enabled the College to continue to fund a second History Fellowship afterwards.

There has also been a third aspect to John's life at Exeter, which seems to me to inform the rest: his dedication to the College as a corporate body and an institution. He served his turn as Sub-Rector (1988-90), and said he much preferred it to the prospect of being Senior Tutor, because it meant dealing with the life of the place, and not just with trivial administration. He has been Librarian and Keeper of the Archives for the whole of his career, and watched over the College's books and papers with as much care as he gives to his own. His regular articles in this *Register* over the years, on the history, fabric and possessions of the College, tell their own story about his understanding of the importance of people and place.

It is easy to predict that John and Hilary will continue to be part of Exeter. He has moved his desks and his books to Kidlington, where his garden, wholly appropriately, backs on to what was once the Rectory and therefore College territory. He will have more time to write, and we can look forward to his book on parliament and to more articles, perhaps on the Anglo-Saxons. He will have more time too for all the other things he does – walking on mountain tops in all weathers, collecting water-colours and first editions of English poetry, and entering those competitions in the TLS which he seems with annoying regularity to win. But he will also go on, to the benefit of the rest of us, as Fellow of Exeter, now and absolutely properly, Emeritus.

Paul Slack

* * * * *

As Paul Slack implies, it is one of the curiosities of life at Oxford that one can spend many years working alongside a colleague without necessarily knowing very much about his style as a tutor. But in John's case the clues were everywhere from the moment I arrived to join him in Fellowship. The high esteem in which he was held by undergraduates at Exeter, indeed his reputation across the University, were evident from the numbers who flocked to be taught by him every term (something that has, happily, continued even in his retirement). It was obvious from the way his pupils inevitably turned to him for advice on topics academic and non-academic, from the stories told and gifts presented each year at the Schools dinner, and from the affection with which so many Exonians clearly continued to regard him long after graduating. Several of them wrote to the College last year, when John's retirement was announced, to express their views. 'He changed my life,' said one, explaining how John's guidance, encouragement, and 'brilliant teaching' had enabled a green young man from an unremarkable background to find his feet at Oxford, fall in love with his subject, and become a teacher himself.

My own fondest memories of working alongside him for almost a decade are of interviewing together for undergraduate admissions. Here, year after year, as we gathered together in his rooms on long, dark days in the depths of December, to face a seemingly endless stream of clever, nervous young men and women, all John's finest qualities as a tutor were on display. First, the great fairness and scrupulousness of his judgments. Second, his great knack of putting people at their ease – the product not just of innate courtesy but of real empathy with the difficulties, both social and intellectual, that might confront an anxious, under-confident seventeen-year-old who was asked to think and talk lucidly in such daunting circumstances. And, finally, the tremendous range of his historical interests and enthusiasms. To interview alongside

John was to be taken, time and again, on an exhilarating, unpredictable tour of the past, by a ceaselessly invigorating guide – a journey that might take in not merely such topics as the archæology of Anglo-Saxon Northumbria, the tactics of the Second Crusade, or the religious policy of Ferdinand and Isabella, but, just as likely, the novels of Disraeli, the merits of gunboat diplomacy, and the origins of the Cold War. Part of the explanation for his distinction as a tutor and scholar, and for his charm as a friend and colleague, lies in that remarkable breadth of historical imagination and consciousness. All of us who have worked with him at Exeter feel lucky, and grateful, to have encountered it.

Faramerz Dabhoiwala

Gillian Griffiths

The College congratulates Professor Gillian Griffiths, Professorial Fellow in Experimental Pathology, on her appointment to a Wellcome Principal Fellowship. These Fellowships are the pinnacle of the Trust's academic structure, awarded to very few, and only after extraordinarily competitive screening. The award comes after a highly successful decade of research in Oxford, but it is tinged with sadness for Exeter, as Gillian now moves to the Institute for Medical Research in Cambridge, and a Fellowship at King's College.

So why the award? It's because Gillian knows how to kill cells. And the Wellcome Trust knows that she knows. More specifically, Gillian has discovered key steps in the mechanism whereby killer-cells in the blood carry out their lethal work. These cells, otherwise known as cytotoxic T-lymphocytes, are part of the army of white cells in the blood, which forms the front line of our immune defence system. Perhaps we are all familiar with T-cells, from numerous articles in the media. Certain T-cells are invaded by the AIDS virus, HIV. Incapacitate the T-cell system, and you render a person defenceless; malignant tumour cells and foreign and infected cells are no longer purged from the body. Gillian has successfully unveiled some of the secrets of the killer-cell, a specialised subtype of T-cell in the blood. When it is doing its job properly, this cell works as a local assassin, patrolling on our behalf. It searches the blood stream, personally contacting foreign invading cells, nudging up to them and bearing them gifts, in the form of a package of sinister proteins. This is chemical warfare. Open the package, as an infected or malignant cell is forced to do, and the proteins are liberated, killing the cell: mission accomplished. Gillian has researched some of the proteins in the package. For example, one is called perforin, and it punches holes in the invading cell, inflicting a mortal wound. She is also elucidating how the package is delivered so precisely, without causing damage to the killer-cell itself. Her work is opening up avenues of

research into a variety of major diseases. This is because killer-cells not only play a role in the progression of AIDS, they malfunction in some genetically linked diseases such as rheumatoid arthritis and histiocytosis. Controlling their killer instinct is also a priority in surgical transplantation, where the body's defence system must be reined in to prevent organ rejection. So, knowing how to kill cells is useful. And knowing how to control the killers is even more useful.

Gillian trained as a zoologist at University College London in the late 1970s. She then moved to Cambridge for her PhD studies, supervised by the late Cesar Milstein at the Medical Research Council's molecular biology laboratories. There she researched a group of chemical pathogens called haptens, which facilitate the immune response. Her training was clearly a formative experience, as she has continued to work in related areas ever since. Her final year in the Cambridge laboratory must have been a tumultuous one: not only did she complete her doctorate, but her supervisor was awarded the Nobel prize for Medicine and Physiology. Post-doctoral work was then conducted in Basel, Switzerland, and again at University College London, where she competed successfully for a Wellcome Senior Fellowship. Herman Waldmann, the head of the Dunn School of Pathology, then wisely poached her to Oxford in 1997, where she was also elected to a Fellowship at Exeter College. Unfortunately, ten years later, the poacher is now the poached, and Gillian is relocating back to Cambridge.

Although I have not personally interacted with Gillian's research, I have had the pleasure of working with her as a teaching colleague at the College. Each year, we admit six preclinical medical students and one physiology science student. Gillian has been an integral member of the team of Fellows and Lecturers who instruct these students. Gillian was not obliged to participate to the extent that she has done; but she relished the interaction with our undergraduates, and I can testify that she gave magnificent service. And I am not the only one to appreciate this: her teaching was highly regarded by the undergraduates themselves. She has been a thoughtful and caring tutor, available to advise students on both scientific and non-scientific matters. Her academic and pastoral efforts will be sorely missed.

We wish her well as a denizen, now, of King's College, Cambridge. But we trust that she will retain fond memories of Exeter, and we are sure that the killing fields of the T-cell will continue to provide fertile substrate for her research. I, for one, await more details of that remarkable delivery service of unsavoury protein. Long may it continue to keep us all healthy.

Richard Vaughan-Jones

Exeter College Chapel 2006-7

Little did I know that, on taking up the post of Chaplain, a hard hat would become a necessary addition to my clerical wardrobe! However, the decision to clean the Chapel's internal stonework, munificently funded by Stephen Green (PPE 1966), meant that from January to April the interior resembled a building site, containing an impressive 60 ft scaffold. Nevertheless, we continued to worship in the building throughout Hilary Term, although squeezing into the back two rows of pews was a challenge for choir and congregation alike as numerous scaffold poles made it something of an obstacle course. Thanks to the hard work of the Home Bursar and his team, the work was successfully completed on time and has completely transformed the interior. We celebrated in April with an overflowing congregation and the choir rose to the occasion, singing Walton's *Coronation Te Deum*.

Important as the building is – and renovations continue in 2007-8 as the scaffold moves outside – what makes the Chapel such an exciting and pleasurable place to be is the people it draws in. I am grateful to my predecessor Mark Birch for leaving the Chapel community in such good shape. It was heartening to meet so many students interested and involved in the life of the Chapel when I arrived: reading, clerking and serving at the altar, as well as ensuring the ever-important job of pouring the sherry after Evensong is carried out in an efficient manner! The smooth running of services was greatly assisted by two excellent Chapel Clerks, Jonathan Rayers and Lorna Shaddick. They have been an enormous help in my first year, providing valuable information about everything from rotas to long-standing Chapel traditions, liturgical and otherwise ('the Chaplain always throws a party on Thursday of 8th week . . .'). Jonathan retains his role for a second year, but sadly we say goodbye to Lorna. Her positive and cheerful manner, as well as her thoughtful approach to faith will be much missed. Thanks are due also to the Sacristans, Steffen Schaper and Elizabeth Crabtree, who were solidly reliable, assisting at the Sunday morning Eucharist and every feast day we celebrated this year. Elizabeth leaves us after a marathon four year stint as Sacristan and we will miss her gentle and attentive presence in the Chapel.

The highlight of the Chapel week remains Sunday Evensong and we benefited from a number of distinguished and interesting preachers during the year. One of the highlights was the visit of Baroness Julia Neuberger, who gave a moving address about faith and inter-faith matters in the light of the first ordinations of Rabbis in Germany since the Second World War, at which she had been present. The Rt Revd Prebendary Sandy Millar, Assistant Bishop of Uganda but better known as the former Rector of Holy Trinity, Brompton preached – true to form – a solid evangelistic sermon; and Fr Alan Hodgetts, Chaplain at HMP Woodhill, drew on experiences as a prison Chaplain to talk about the

relevance of faith behind bars. We also welcomed, among others, The Rt Revd Ian Brackley, Bishop of Dorking; Revd Giles Fraser, Vicar of Putney; and the Very Revd James Atwell (Theology 1965), Dean of Winchester, who shared entertaining memories of his time at Exeter when he preached at Commemoration of Benefactors. Our new Catechist, Fr Russell Dewhurst, who is priest-in-charge of St Frideswide with Binsey, also proved to be a popular and gifted preacher and has become a welcome addition to the College community.

The choir remains in very good shape and has continued to inspire Chapel worship. Our organ scholar, Carlene Mills, was on her own this year but nonetheless did a sterling job, working extremely hard to lead the choir through a packed programme of successful events. There were two well-attended concerts and numerous lunch-time recitals, as well as trips to sing Evensong at Ewelme parish church and St Paul's Cathedral, London. In July, the choir went south, on tour to Truro, singing services in the Cathedral and giving a concert at St Lalluwys Church, Menheniot (one of the College's first livings). A break from rehearsals permitted the ever-popular minibus jaunt, this time to The Eden Project, where the humid tropic biome provided welcome respite from the rain which had followed us from Oxford, as well as an opportunity to inspect the horticultural origins of coffee, chocolate and chewing gum.

Sadly, though predictably, we said goodbye at the end of the year to a number of members who have contributed much to the life of the choir. Academical Clerks Caroline Duff, Emma Cousins, Carol Topley and Heather White all completed their studies. Other members who have sung regularly and will be sorely missed are Katherine Barker, Serenhedd James, Chris Arnold and Will Taylor. On a brighter note, we look forward to welcoming Alistair Reid, the incoming junior organ scholar, especially having had a preview of his skills in Truro Cathedral.

The programme of services in Chapel remains as busy as ever, with three Choral Evensongs per week, daily morning and evening prayer and a Sunday Eucharist, but a few additional services have been introduced during the year. A Carol Service for members of staff was held before the Staff Christmas Lunch and members of the choir were lured back to College to sing with promises of food and wine. It proved to be popular (with the choir as well as staff!) and is now set to be an annual event. The last week of Trinity Term found people wondering why there was no service at what felt like the end of the year: Sunday of 9th. An impromptu Evensong was arranged and seemed welcome. It is now set to become a Leavers' Service as a bookend to the Freshers' Service at the beginning of the year.

Outside of services, other Chapel-related activities during the year included a weekly discussion group, 'Nooma'. This provided a forum for talking about faith-related matters: from science and creation to antidisestablishmentarianism. The Aspire project also continued during the year and we had enthusiastic visits from several primary schools.

The thank-you letters, fulsome in their praise for Exeter and its students, were a delight to receive. 'Thank you very much for letting me go around your beautiful chapel,' wrote Jonny from St Aloysius' School, 'The atmosphere was one of the best anywhere. I have been to Christ Church chapel and yours was better.' Proof, if it were needed, of the importance of this programme.

In addition to conducting services and pastoral responsibilities within the College, the Chaplain deputises for the Rector as Patron of the College livings, now arranged into 13 benefices. Three of these fell vacant during the year, necessitating a recruitment and selection process. Working with the Diocese, we have now seen new incumbents installed in two Oxfordshire benefices, Bloxham with Milcombe and South Newington, and the Ray Valley Team Ministry; as well as the benefice of Great and Little Leighs and Little Waltham in Chelmsford diocese. It is hoped that links with livings can be built on in future years.

The College Chapel remains a popular choice for those connected with Exeter to get married. It is a delight that students and staff, Old Members, Fellows and their relatives all feel the Chapel to be the appropriate place to tie the knot. A Wedding Preparation Day has been established in addition to individual preparation sessions with the Chaplain. This enables all couples getting married during the year to come back to College and meet others in a similar position, discuss the ceremony and meet the organ scholar. In 2007 eight weddings took place, including one Jewish wedding in the Fellows' Garden. Some of these had a truly international feel: the marriage of Old Member Herminio Gonzalez Torres, a Spaniard, to his Japanese bride Chizuko Sato afforded the Chaplain the exciting opportunity to learn a smidgeon of Japanese. Should there be further occasions when it is necessary to ask 'anyone present who knows a reason why these persons may not lawfully marry to declare it now' in Japanese, we will be well prepared!

Finally, looking ahead, readers of the *Register* may be aware that October 2009 marks the 150th anniversary of the consecration of the Chapel. Plans are afoot for a series of events to commemorate this occasion and the Chaplain would be pleased to hear from anyone with particular suggestions they would like to see included. We hope to make this a real celebration of the role the Chapel has played and continues to play in the life of the community at Exeter, reflecting our aim to be a positive and inclusive place for deep and creative thinking, musical excellence, prayer and reflection.

Helen Orchard

A Sermon Preached at the Service to Celebrate the Restoration of the Chapel, 29 April 2007

‘This place was made by God, a priceless sacrament; beyond reproach.’

I begin with the words of our introit ‘Locus Iste’ by Bruckner, because I want to reflect in a moment on this place as a ‘priceless sacrament’. But first a few words about our service tonight.

This is a significant day in the life of a significant building in this College. The construction of the Chapel demanded considerable commitment and sacrifice at the time by the College community. As many of you will know, it was designed by George Gilbert Scott. When his designs were submitted in 1853, the estimated cost was £8,000. A combination of factors, including the death of the Rector Joseph Richards and a dispute over the site and cost of the Chapel, led to real uncertainty whether the project would go ahead, and in 1854 Scott wrote rather desperately to the new Rector John Prideaux Lightfoot:

‘It is really a thing worth making a push for,’ he said, ‘I am sure it is a kind of design which will be most striking and will stand alone among English College chapels. Pray do not allow it to be spoiled from timidity without giving it a fair trial . . . I am sure it will be a noble thing of which you and the college will have cause to congratulate yourselves if carried out.’

Well, fortunately, the Fellows kept their nerve, even though by the time the building was finished it had cost nearer £12,000. It was paid for by numerous small donations from old members, but also by the college community of the time. The Rector and almost all the Fellows each gave the equivalent of a year’s income towards the project – an extraordinary commitment – and it was the undergraduates who paid for the stone screen separating the ante-chapel from the main body of the building.

So it was that on St Luke’s Day 1859 the chapel was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, son of William. The college archives report that ‘a most sumptuous luncheon’ was served to 300 people after the service, and on the following Wednesday the builders were entertained to ‘a dinner of substantial character, washed down by a plentiful supply of good college ales’, after which ‘pipes and tobacco were introduced and songs and toasts diversified the rest of the proceedings’. No less than we shall be enjoying later this evening, I’m sure.

Tonight we are able to see what that first congregation saw – the beauty of the stonework and the marble, the remarkable carvings of flora and fauna, now visible again to the naked eye, 60 feet up. It is quite as overwhelming for us, as I suspect it was for the worshippers of 1859. Despite the fact that when the chapel was built there were only three stained glass windows, no mosaic and no tapestry, it was nevertheless

magnificently colourful and beautiful. In fact so much so that when the then Sub-Rector William Ince preached here a few weeks after the consecration he felt bound to warn his congregation not to focus on the external physical beauty of the place at the expense of the spiritual reality it represented: 'Better to worship in the plainest barn with the full outpouring of the heart to God, than in the most gorgeous cathedral ever raised . . ., if only the sense of beauty finds its satisfaction there, and the heart and the life are estranged from God in Christ', he lectured, rather piously.

It is an astonishing fact that the beauty of this place has, for the most part, been revealed using two humble domestic instruments, the washing-up brush and the toothbrush . . . as well as, of course, an awful lot of elbow grease. This chapel has been scrubbed from top to bottom, and if I hadn't watched it with my own eyes, I simply wouldn't have believed it. There has been something terribly profound in this process – the undertaking of an enormous task with such basic tools, believing that, once begun, if it is continued faithfully day by day, it will eventually be completed. It has been, in that sense, something of an act of faith: of perseverance and endurance – a setting one's hand to the plough and not looking back.

Of course there is a fundamental question that could be asked of this whole endeavour: why bother? Why bother with all this effort to clean up an old building which was looking pretty good anyway? After all, that will be the question posed by those who believe this place and what it represents are something of an irrelevance in our day and age. No doubt one might decide to clean it for the same reason that one might clean the outside of the Ashmolean: because it is a thing of beauty to be preserved and treasured. But it is so much more than that, as I have become acutely aware in the last few months. It is a place of great significance, loved by many people who have a connection with the College.

A number of you here tonight were married in this chapel. Some of you may have had children christened here, or even been baptized yourself. Some will have been confirmed and others come to faith, or grown in faith, or simply found peace within these walls.

It is a place where the grace and love of God are mediated through the sacraments of the church – bread and wine, oil and water. These are not inconsequential matters; there is nothing more real than stages in life's journey which are marked in this place – marriage, the birth of a child, the funeral of a loved one. Far from being an irrelevance, this is the place of *ultimate* relevance: of our deepest concerns. It is in itself a 'priceless sacrament', an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace we receive from God. It is made priceless by the presence of the One who meets us and transforms us, and it stands prominently and unashamedly as a witness to divine beauty, truth and love.

It has been fascinating watching people's first reactions as they have

come into chapel over the last week. The first thing they do is to look up, the second is to emit a verbal expression of amazement, appreciation and wonder (and occasionally an expletive!). The chapel is doing its job: enabling us to see afresh, prompting involuntary outbursts of wonder, which lead us to worship. The tangible, material fact of this place prompts in us a spiritual response. Yes, it is simply a construction of stone, wood and glass, but surely it is the door to the sacred: 'the house of God and gate of heaven', and how easy it is within these walls to hear the cherubim and seraphim and the whole company of heaven continually crying 'holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts'. This is indeed a place where the veil is thin.

This chapel at the time of its building represented a great expression of faith in the Christian Gospel and a sense of optimism about the future. No College chapel had been built on this scale in either of the two ancient universities since the 15th century. It was a triumphant assertion of religious values in an increasingly sceptical age. The cleaning and restoring of it is equally a statement of faith in the value of this place and what it aims to speak of: God's love and acceptance of all.

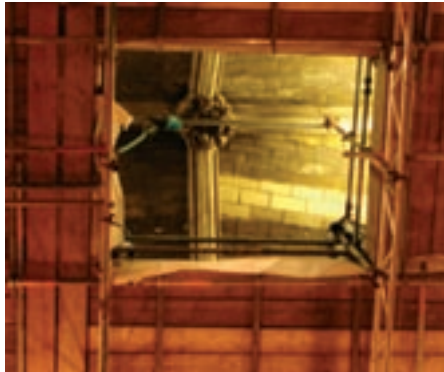
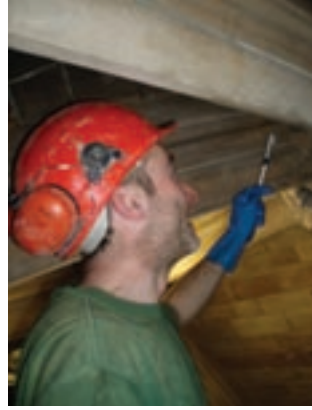
Shortly before he died in 1854 Rector Joseph Richards, who left the biggest single donation for this chapel (£1000), wrote to the Sub-Rector: 'Cultivate the excellent spirit of religion,' he advised, 'It is the greatest source of enjoyment in life, and the only ground of peace when you come to die. College presents many temptations to deaden this feeling – amidst many helps, if we know how to avail ourselves of them.' This chapel is one of those many helps. It is a place of transcendence and mystery – of sanctuary in the fullest sense and challenge in the kindest manner.

It was, in the words of Scott, *'really a thing worth making a push for'*. Be confident of its value and its enduring role in the life of this community, and above all, remember – it is yours – *use it!* Amen.

Helen Orchard

There are Mice Throughout the Library

The discerning reader will have gathered from this dispiriting verdict on the ubiquity of mice (made by the Sub-Librarian in the course of a report on the College's manuscripts) that an essay on the Library could easily turn into a litany of woes. There are, indeed, mice – or at least there is corroborative evidence of their presence. And of rats there have been actual sightings, including one nimble specimen said to have been clambering about for obscure ratty reasons in the wisteria. There are, indeed, woes of the kind that one expects with any building of some age and grandeur which houses large numbers of books. Damp is probably the most compelling, especially in the closed stack and the strong room



Work on the Chapel interior, 2007



The Chapel interior under scaffolding, 2007



Exeter College AFC 1949-50, Cup Winners (from Keith Ferris)

Back row: unknown, unknown, ?Eley, J. Purver, A. Evans, ?Chorley, unknown, unknown, G. Coombe, ?Saxton, R. Smith, McMaster

Middle row: D. Thomas, ?Gilkes, ?A. Sackey, D. Wallbanks, D. Jackson, E. Thompson, P. Gillard, R. Hovil, T. Weston, Chorley, G. Allen, K.P. Ferris, R. Braddon, ?Midwinter

Seated: D. Saunders, K. Preston, R. Tongue, K. Trenaman, Meadows, J. Williams. S. Heritage



Exeter College AFC c.1950 (from Keith Ferris)

Standing: Christelow, Ardeman, unknown, unknown, Harrington, unknown, unknown, Wallbanks, ?Smith, unknown, A. Brown, R. Smith, K.P. Ferris, unknown

Seated: W. Baker, E. Thompson, Meadows, D. Smith, R. Tongue, Jackson, Williams, Weston, Amherst



Exeter College AFC 1952-3 (from Tony Moreton)

*Standing: H. Hargraves, unknown, D. Gatenby, A. Williams, E. Pitkin,
H. Constable, C. Franklin, K.R. Holloway, H. Andrews*

*Seated: M.J. Carter, D. Burchall, D.P. Hayden (Sec.), J.D. Norris (Capt.),
R. Winter, A.F. Nash, B.T. Brough*

On ground: E.L. Sherrin, S. Ardeman, G.F. Morrish, A.J. Moreton



'Tennis 1st Team and Occasionals' 1949 or 1950 (from Keith Ferris)

Back row: ?Barnett, McMaster, unknown, P. Baker, unknown

*Middle row: unknown, W. Baker, unknown, A. Evans, A. Brown, A.Q. Sackey,
J. Baynard Smith, M. Wrench, unknown, unknown, K.P. Ferris*

Seated: R. Smith, Smith, Gillard, Rooke, unknown



*'The Famous First Torpid of 1954': an old boat on its way to immolation
(from Peter Stone)*



The Hall and Staircase 3 c.1950, before the Clean Air Act (from Keith Ferris)

– the College’s portrait of Queen Sofia of Spain, temporarily stored in the closed stack during renovations in the Rector’s Lodgings, had to be moved rather hurriedly – damp is no respecter of persons. The Library is of the same age as the Chapel, and its stonework is likewise friable. A window blew out into the Rector’s garden during a storm last February. Some of the bookshelves on the ground floor rest upon inadequate supports and are leaning at a jaunty angle.

At least, despite forecasts about the bookless electronic world to come, no-one is offering to use our books for wrapping paper, or to make covers for mustard pots, as one Lollard writer recommended as a suitable use for theological works of which he disapproved. It is undoubtedly the case that the Library and its holdings are in need of a spot of t.l.c., but a cataclysm is not in immediate prospect. And we do have some good news: users of the Library cannot have failed to notice the new high rise bookshelves, installed in the summer of 2006 through the generosity of David Hartnett, which have done much to solve our immediate problem of space for new accessions.

It is true, however, that we live in stirring times so far as books are concerned. At present nobody knows what will be the long term impact of the electronic media on libraries. For the time being, electronic books are not very user-friendly, at least for extended study (would you rather read *Middlemarch* on screen or as a codex?). But to continue to subscribe to paper versions of periodicals, when they are available through OXLIB or JSTOR, seems less defensible. The Library, in common with the other college libraries, is already feeling some of the effects of the University’s projected move of Arts and Humanities to the Radcliffe Infirmary site: faculty libraries are stocking fewer copies of essential text books, and some extra burden is falling on us. The College is also contemplating its own new building in the Margary Quad, and it is hoped that this will include extra study space, which is urgently needed, as anyone can see who views the ‘encampments’ constructed by students, especially during Trinity Term, to keep ‘their’ places. Admittedly, some of these are more in the nature of comfort blankets than towels on deckchairs, but it can be very hard to find a seat at busy times. The Library did not fare too well from the Rector’s Exit Interviews this summer: more copies of core course books are needed, old stock needs ‘weeding’ and the shelves need replenishing with up-to-date material (tutors please note). One crumb of comfort which we can take from this is that the students clearly value the library, find it a congenial study space and appreciate the all day access. What we do is good, but it could be better.

During Hilary Term we had a successful Fellowship evening devoted to the Library. Dinner was preceded by tours, when the Fellows were able to see for themselves not just what goes on ‘front of house’ – what one can see on passing through the sliding glass door – but the closed

stack and the strong room. I myself, on taking over the librarianship from John Maddicott, was surprised to see how extensive operations are behind the scenes, though I have yet to meet the magnificent octogenarian NADFAS ladies who come to dust, administer leather dressing and generally care for our historic collection. The Bohun Psalter, Petrarch's annotated Suetonius and the Kelmscott Chaucer were on display, and judging by the browsing that was going on Fellows seem to have appreciated the opportunity to sample just what an interesting and varied collection we hold. A similar exhibition was held a few weeks later for the junior members, when they could see for themselves not just the rare books, but a selection of the College's plate. Indeed, the Psalter and the Petrarch are doing much to raise the Library's general profile: the Petrarch is contributing to the Bodleian's current exhibition 'Italy's Three Crowns', and both of our stars will be on loan again to the Bodleian next year for their exhibition 'Beyond the Bodleian', which will feature notable gifts to college libraries.

True to the spirit of a mediaeval establishment, the Library was subjected this year to a visitation, when Dr David Smith, Librarian of St Anne's, and Dr Julia Walworth, Librarian of Merton, came to inspect operations. We offer them our warm thanks for their care and concern, as well as their constructive advice, which the Library and Archives Committee is now seeking to implement. Plans are in train for conservation work, beginning with the manuscripts, and we are hoping to complete the catalogue of the early printed books. The Visitors, for their part, were impressed by our holdings, and were at pains both to emphasise the importance of the historic collection and our obligations towards it: the Library stood up to outside scrutiny pretty well, though see remarks above about t.l.c. We need to provide proper storage facilities for the historic collection, as a matter of urgency, to ensure that said mice, damp, etc. get nowhere near it. The College Architect, Mr Robert Montgomery, is engaged in surveying the fabric, and it is clear that work needs to be done. As yet, at the time of writing, we do not know the full extent of the repairs and refurbishment that will be needed. Perhaps in the summer of 2008, during the Long Vacation, we shall start by clearing the ground floor, ensuring that the shelves have the necessary support and that proper damp protection is installed. Clearly this is a task of some magnitude and the Library and Archives Committee's collective mind as yet reels at the prospect.

In the summer, we said goodbye to the Library Assistant, Mrs Margaret Clerici, who has given Juliet Chadwick cheerful and sterling service during the last year. We are most grateful to her for her contribution to keeping this essential part of the College's operations running smoothly. We welcome Mrs Christine Ellis, who is joining us as Juliet's new assistant.

Helen Spencer

The Development Office 2006-7

This is the first time that the Register has carried a short report from the Development Office. You may have heard about the successes we have celebrated this year in other publications, but if you haven't, or if you want a more concise report, please do read on.

This year (August 2006 to July 2007), the Development Office has implemented a very successful alumni relations programme that has brought over 500 Old Members, in addition to many Parents and Friends, to College events in either Oxford, London or somewhere overseas. In addition to hosting more than 30 events over the year, our Alumni Officer has also been updating you regularly through the College's three annual publications (the *Register*, the Donors' Report and *Exon*) as well as the quarterly E-News bulletins. We have also redeveloped the alumni website and will continue to work on this over the coming year to ensure that it is easily navigable for even the most timid of internet explorers, and that it publishes all the useful information you need, including how to claim your free dinner on High Table (if you haven't yet done so, do sign in to use your MA dining rights).

On the fundraising front, this year we have received gifts from Old Members, Parents and Friends, totalling £2.1m. Some of these gifts are earmarked for specific projects including the creation of graduate scholarships, undergraduate hardship bursaries, the cleaning of the Chapel and restoration of its windows, and funding for a Fellowship in Modern History. In addition we've had over 4,000 gifts in the form of standing orders or one-off cheques to the Annual Fund. Although these gifts are not earmarked (and indeed 78% of them are marked 'wherever the need is greatest'), we always take into account any preferences that donors express.

As many of you will know, the Rector and I have also been travelling a lot more. We're often in London but also increasingly spending time in the USA, India and East Asia visiting Old Members and promoting Exeter and Oxford. This is a very interesting time for the College as we have engaged Nicholas Ulanov (1979, Theology), Old Member and consultant, to assist us in defining the College's vision and strategy, particularly in the light of our rapidly approaching 700th anniversary in 2014. This is not a closed discussion; your opinions, advice and support are all vital too, and we hope that you will complete the enclosed questionnaire or even contact us directly with your thoughts on what makes Exeter 'Exeter' and what aspects of the College you see as most important to its future. We hope to have an initial report completed by spring 2008 which will then form the basis of our 700th Anniversary Campaign, to be launched formally in the next year or so.

We hope very much that you will continue to stay in touch with us. Please do send us your news (to the Development Office, Exeter College, Oxford OX1 3DP, development@exeter.ox.ac.uk); tell us if

you got married or just had a new addition to the family; send us your photos and memories; think about writing for the *Register* or *Exon*; and do pay us a visit. Please do also think about continuing to support Exeter this coming year. Every pound (and indeed every dollar too) makes a difference. Your generosity enables us to support our students and ensure that no-one leaves because of financial difficulty. Your gifts also help us to preserve the tutorial system so that another generation can benefit from what we often took for granted. Your support will ensure that Exeter doesn't just continue to exist but will flourish for another 700 years.

Thank you again for your support and thank you too for staying in touch. We in the Development Office do welcome your feedback and we are always delighted to see you back at Exeter. I hope to see you soon (staircase 11: ask at the Lodge).

Katrina Hancock

The College Association and the Register

Who owns the *Exeter College Register*? The question came to me when I took over as editor from John Maddicott early in 2007. The title page has 'Exeter College Association': could that really be true? An obvious step was to consult the Association's officers, but no one I spoke to confessed to being one or knew who they were – not even the Rector knew that she is probably President *ex officio*. So I looked back at past issues, and at a small file now kept in the College archives. From these two sources (together with help, needless to say, from colleagues – Brian Stewart, Dominic Donnelly, Jim Hiddleston, John Maddicott, Juliet Chadwick, Helen Orchard), I got to understand the relationship over the years between the Association and its *Register*, and quickly came to feel that its story is worth telling. Here I try to tell it.

They started as parent and child, but the child moved off, and since the late 1980s has abandoned the parental home. Before then, for example, the job of editing the *Register* fell to the Association's Secretary, who at first was appointed by its committee; but my own appointment, and I dare say that of some who preceded me, was merely a matter of Rectorial arm-twisting. The *Register*'s operation is now so completely detached from its parent that I wondered, for a time, whether even to change the title (but I haven't).

Origins

The *Register* began life in 1924, but the story really starts in 1915. In the file is a handful of copies of a printed letter dated that year, together with a list of those to whom it was 'circularized'. The letter reports

that the Rector and Fellows had constituted a committee of four old members in London, to collect addresses and perhaps to publish 'at suitable intervals . . . a List or Record'.

For reasons unknown – the terrible lengthening of the Great War may have been enough of a distraction – nothing seems to have happened until 1923, when the Association's establishment is reported in its committee's minute book as follows: 'the Stapeldon Society passed, on 3rd December 1923, a resolution recommending that a Society be formed with the object of enabling past members of the College both at home and abroad to keep in touch with one another and with the activities of the College . . . The chief raison d'être of the Association was to be an Annual Dinner. The Rector and Fellows gave the Association their approval and the Rector consented to become President . . . The committee was constituted as follows . . . '.

This entry hides as much as it reveals. The *Exeter College Record 1939-47* (an exceptional publication on which more below) included an obituary of William Henry Quarrell FSA, who matriculated at Exeter in 1880, practised as a solicitor, and died in 1945. As well as honouring Quarrell's notable benefactions to Exeter, this anonymous tribute also described him as 'the virtual founder of the Exeter College Association', an accolade which will suggest that whereas in 1923 the Stapeldon Society (= JCR, of course) had resolved, it was Quarrell who acted. His had been the address to which recipients of the 1915 circular letter were invited to respond; and it seems clear that he was the one who, although not initially himself a member of the Association's committee, compiled the address list of its first 109 members which was issued in May 1924. So began the publication which has continued, title unchanged, to the present day, annually except for a hiatus during the Second World War.

Between the Wars

Quarrell's 1924 *Register* contained little else than the members' address list – nothing else, in fact, except identification of three officers, President (the Rector), Secretary (C.S. How, one of the two proposers of the 1923 Stapeldon Society motion), and Treasurer (H.R. Raikes, Fellow and about to be Sub-Rector). But after 1924 expansion came fast, not only in reported membership (nearly 300 in 1926, about 1,000 in 1947) but in the publication's coverage. The 1925 address list was accompanied by notices of marriage and death and brief reports about 'The New Playing Field', 'College Clubs and Societies' (Boat Club, Rugby, Soccer, Hockey, Athletics, Stapeldon Society, Stapeldon Debating Society, and others mentioned), a few scanty notes about the Fellows and the buildings, advertisement of the previous and forthcoming Association Dinner, and a Balance Sheet at the end. This framework survived for a long time, but continued to receive further accretions.

From 1926 onwards the members' list was followed by another naming Exeter men who were not members, also with their addresses where known. Obituaries were added, and also appointments (e.g., that year, 'C.S. Hurst OBE has been appointed Secretary of the Coal Mines Commission,' 'The Rev J. Carter has been elected Mayor of Oxford,' 'J.R.R. Tolkien has been appointed to the Rawlinson and Bosworth Professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford'). The same year the Secretary reported that he 'is very much indebted to the Editor of the Stapleton [sic] Magazine for permission to take such details from it as would be most likely to interest members of the Association': I shall return to the *Stapledon Magazine* below. 'College Notes', the precursor of today's 'From the Rector' but then unattributed, began in 1930, and 'Publications' in 1937. By that time the *Register* had become more a record than a mere register, although in 1938, for instance, the address lists still occupied 40 of its 50 pages.

Finances

With one hiccup (1948) the *Register* printed a Balance Sheet in every issue down to 1987, certified between 1933 and 1946 by R. Hugo Cave as Honorary Auditor, after that by a College officer, usually the Bursar or Sub-Rector. In early years receipts had been mainly from life subscriptions, 10/- until the war, £1 from 1947, £2 from 1955, £3 from 1972; and at first these brought in enough revenue to pay for production and distribution of the *Register* and its included or (later) adjunct address list, always the Association's chief expense aside from the self-financing annual dinners. But the cost of that operation was to rise enormously under the effects of the *Register*'s widening compass during the 1930s and, after the war, inflation. In 1925 the accounts show 'printing, postage etc. £4.8.2'; by 1939 the corresponding entry included 'secretarial expenses' and amounted to £70.15.11. By 1950 the 1939 figure had doubled, and it was to go on rising steadily through the 1950s and 1960s, and thereafter dramatically as first inflation and later page-numbers soared: £271.25 in 1973, £551.40 in 1976, £1,489.96 in 1980, and £2,011.99 in 1987, the last year in which a Balance Sheet was printed.

It must have been obvious quite early that these publication costs could not be met indefinitely from the Association's subscription income alone. In 1935 the College promised an annual grant of £25 for five years in the first instance, discontinued 'during the emergency period' (unsigned copy of a letter to secretary Hyde, 11 November 1939) and apparently not resumed after the war. In 1961 £130 was contributed by the College towards the £218.4.9 cost of the 1960 address list, by then issued separately from the *Register* itself; and a College subsidy in 1964 more than covered the cost of the next address list. But before long more frequent help became necessary. Between 1964 and 1972 the Association received an annual grant from the College of £80; by 1975

that had become an 'extraordinary College subsidy' of £210; and thereafter the subsidy was continuous and no longer 'extraordinary', climbing through the great inflation to £1,686 by 1987.

The 1970s–80s accounts hide a different change in the Association's fortunes. In 1975, faced with the need to raise life subscriptions to £5, the committee seems to have decided that they should no longer be levied at all: all old members would be enrolled automatically. At the same time the College was requested to assume 'the whole future cost of printing and sending out the *Register*'. The 1978 minutes report that the Governing Body had agreed to do so, 'on the understanding that all past members of the College become members of the Association, and the membership subscription be abolished'. Despite these new arrangements, the *Register*'s costs continued to be shown as expenditure in the Association's annual account, but now balanced or nearly balanced by a 'College subsidy' evidently calculated in order to meet them. Only in 1987 did the Association pay out substantially more on the *Register* than the College reimbursed; and it looks as though this was done with the deliberate intention of running down the balance in its account which, having stood at around £60 during the 1930s and around £250 during the 1970s and 1980s, suddenly plunged in 1987 to £6.80. My guess is that the Association's bank account was then closed and the loose change presented to the College.

Dinners

According to the 1923 resolution 'the chief raison d'être of the Association was to be an Annual Dinner', and the 1939-47 *Record* states that Quarrell too regarded it as one of the Association's 'most important aims'. The first dinner was held at the Trocadero Restaurant in London in 1924, and its successors took place annually at the same venue up to 1938, resuming in 1947 after the wartime gap. The 1947 *Register* shows that at least since then they have been open to all old members of the College, whether or not members of the Association. The cost exclusive of wine was 11/- in 1930 but came down to 10/- between 1932 and 1938. According to the minute book post-war inflation had raised this to £2 in 1970, and by 1982 to £21.50, which the committee feared would be a deterrent; in 2007 it was to cost £40 (a website I have consulted which purports to calculate inflation puts the value of 10/- in 1932 as £24 in 2006 – surely an underestimate).

Once resumed, Association dinners continued annually until 1970, except for a gap in 1964, and were still at the Trocadero Restaurant until 1953 after which they peregrinated around a number of London venues; latterly they have often been held in College. In 1970 the College took another step (of imperialism? or rescue?) in instituting two gaudies in some years; Association dinners became triennial, later biennial, and report of them in the *Register* stuttered and at length expired, though the *Register* continues, of course, to advertise the next one.

Address Lists

After the war publication of the *Register* resumed in 1947, for the first time revealing the names of the Association committee and also listing the 200 or so old members for whom no address was known; otherwise only the traditional address lists were included, other information about that and earlier years having been anticipated by the exceptional *1939-47 Record*, which seems to have been issued by the College, not the Association. The 1948 *Register* announced that ‘because of the very high cost of printing, it is no longer possible to issue an address list every year’, but it promised one in 1949. The issues of 1949 and 1954 reported that address lists were being sent out separately; thereafter the *Register* seems to be silent about them. Thus occurred a fundamental change in the publication’s role, despite which it kept, as it still keeps, its original title.

The Register from 1947

By 1947 the Association had a committee consisting of President (still, as nearly always afterwards, the Rector), R.D. Hyde (Hon. Secretary 1932-48), and six others including one Fellow (Balsdon). The office of Hon. Treasurer was not mentioned in that year, but it reappeared in 1949 and these three officers, together with their committee, were thereafter named annually in the *Register* until 1995, after which they vanished without comment. Also in 1947 it was resolved, according to the committee’s minute book, ‘that the organisation and administration of the Exeter College Association be taken over by the College with a resident Honorary Secretary’.

With the loss of its address lists the *Register* itself was now primarily a record of College affairs. Issues after 1947 were slim at first, averaging about 15 pages. Gradually new matter was added, e.g. in 1950 a history of the Exeter College Athletic Club, oldest in the world and in that year reaching its centenary. ‘First Classes in the Honour Schools’ appeared in 1951 (one each in Modern History, Modern Languages and Geography), and in 1958 this was extended into ‘Class Lists in the Honour Schools’, which has continued. Lists of freshmen, with their schools, began in 1958, and they, perhaps, mark the start of serious involvement by the College Office which must have provided the information. In 1957 the Stapeldon Society acquired a separate article, slowly growing thereafter into today’s regular ‘From the President of the JCR’. I can trace back to 1957 the first article in appreciation of someone still alive, Fellow or otherwise, whose contribution to the College was judged important enough to be commemorated at the moment when it formally ended; these quickly became far too numerous to list here.

Another novelty in the post-war years was a signed article by Rector Wheare in 1958 explaining and commending the Corner Building Fund. The project earned a follow-up in 1959, and in 1962, the year when con-

struction began, the Association lashed out in commemorative photographs of the buildings about to be demolished (who remembers Swiss Cottage?). Further photographs showed the cleared site in 1963, and in 1965 the New ('Thomas Wood' – but the name seems currently in abeyance) Building displayed its finished exterior among pictures of the ceremony that had marked its opening.

The debut of photographs had come four years earlier, when a smiling snapshot was printed of William Albert Stacey who, apart from war service with the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry in France and Flanders, had been with the College from his start as a staircase boy in 1902 until retirement as Head Porter in 1958 (the scouts, too little commemorated, were to enjoy reminiscence from Bill Stone in 1999, and in 2006 a historian's survey by John Maddicott). In 1959 the new Boathouse was featured, and in 1960 there was a photograph of Mrs Farnell, white-haired with her cello, who had died the year before. Since then photographs have continued sporadically, changing in due course to colour.

In 1968 John Higgs, Bursar, reported the College's decision to purchase at auction 'a rambling old people's home run by nuns down the Iffley Road' and to name it Exeter House and use it for accommodating graduate students. This was a portent of the way the University was moving, and the 1970 *Register* confirmed the importance of Exeter House in the College's future economy when for the first time it included 'Higher Degrees' after the undergraduate Class Lists. Graduate Freshers have been listed since 1991. The *Register's* first regular report 'From the President of the MCR' had to wait until 1992.

After the 1950 article on the Athletic Club, sport appears to have been given no special attention in the *Register* for a number of years. It came to the surface again in 1974, when an appeal was made for a new boat for the Boat Club. An appreciation by James McNeish of Jack Lovelock, New Zealander, insomniac, Rhodes Scholar, 1500 metres victor at the 1936 Berlin Olympics, President of the JCR in 1933-4, 'the most distinguished undergraduate this College has for a long time possessed' (Dacre Balsdon in 1934) and prematurely dead in 1949, was published in the 1985 *Register*. In 1998 an article by Edward Grayson surveyed College sport in the 1950s; and 'the first four minutes' of our Honorary Fellow Sir Roger Bannister was duly noticed in his own article in 1999, a few years before its half-centenary in 2004. In 2003 a report from our old member at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club at Wimbledon lamented that 'the English academic world is, broadly speaking, so negative about sport!'

Notice of a new Appeal came in 1983 from Rector Crowther-Hunt, its aims being both an increase in the endowment of Fellowships, threatened by decreasing support to the University from parliamentary grant, and also redevelopment of Staircase 9 and the old Dustbin Quad (which became the Crowther-Hunt Building) to provide not only better undergraduate rooms but a decent lecture theatre (which became the

Saskatchewan Room, recording the munificence of old members from that Province) and new College offices. 1988 could also report foundation of the Queen Sofía and Monsanto Research Fellowships and the Baring and Werlin Scholarships. Since then the College's 'development' activities have moved into far greater prominence, and the *Register* has ceased to be the main organ for reporting them.

The Heritage of the Stapeldon Magazine

By the 1980s the *Register* ran to about 30 pages each year, but in the 1990s it grew to 80 pages or more under the enlivening editorship of Jim Hiddleston. General reduction in the labour and expense of getting into print – no longer the 'high cost of printing' that had been felt in 1947 – may have had something to do with this expansion. Another possible reason, perhaps unconscious, certainly delayed, was the demise of the *Stapeldon Magazine*. That magazine, founded in 1904 and run by the JCR, had a coverage which came to overlap more and more with its sister publication over the years of their joint life, but a gap was left when it died in 1959. Part of the gap – imaginative prose and verse by junior members, some erudite, some scurrilous – has never since been filled in print (perhaps blogs have taken over – I don't know), but the *Magazine's* heritage of more ruminative and historical articles fell to the *Register*, whose initiative in this newly desirable direction can perhaps be dated to 1981 when the (unsigned) report appeared of an article in *Oxoniensia* xlv 1979 by Andrew Butcher on 'The Economy of Exeter College in the Fifteenth Century'.

From that date I have to be very selective, but I will start by mentioning a clutch of pieces that appeared in 1989: transcript of the sermon preached by Sir Richard Southern, Research Fellow in the 1930s, later President of St John's, Honorary Fellow of the College from 1991, at the annual Commemoration of Founder and Benefactors in 1988; an article signed from his retirement by Rector Barr (the practice of signing was growing step by step) recalling his years as a young Fellow immediately after the war; a scholarly contribution by the Bursar's wife about the Siene paintings in Chapel; a similarly expert article on the College archives from John Maddicott (followed in later years by many contributions to the history of the College from himself and others); and an account of a South American journey by two current undergraduates. This last feature, including articles by recent graduates, has continued to the *Register's* great gain, recently in competition with our new and welcome rival *Exon*. Now the Berlin Wall was down, and in 1991 Stansfield Turner, Rhodes Scholar, ex-Director of US Central Intelligence, Honorary Fellow, wrote about the 'New World Order', guardedly concluding that 'it will not be either smooth or instant'. Ralph Sherwin, Fellow 1568-75, hanged 1581, canonised 1970, was the subject of a lengthy appreciation in 1997. Staff News by the Home Bursar appeared in 2001, but has not persisted. Among recent 'letters home' have been:

John Quelch in 2002 on his experience as Dean of the London Business School; in 2003 Patrick Mercer and Paul Tyler, two old member MPs reflecting on Parliament; Sarah Fuller in 2005 on her time with the West Mercia Police (she is not the only old member policewoman); and in 2006 David Armstrong, Australian philosopher and Honorary Fellow, on memories of his grandfather Rector Marett. In most years since 1993 one or two Fellows have contributed a sketch of some aspect of their current research, and since 1998 the Governing Body has been listed.

More recent photographs – I am again being very selective – include ‘the American astronauts from the NASA Space Shuttle “Discovery”’ when they were dined in College in 1984; the sumptuous portrait of Sir William Peryam purchased by bequest and now hanging in Hall; and the Staircase 9 development described above. Perhaps the most interesting set were the ‘earliest photographs’ accompanying an article in 1992 by John Maddicott which included views of the old Chapel and the Rector’s Lodgings before their demolition in 1855-6; others, equally striking, followed in the 2004 issue. And if you want to catch a glimpse of ex-President Gorbachev, he is there in 1994 when he briefly visited the College.

Changing times

When in 1979 the Privy Council permitted Exeter College to amend its statutes by deleting ‘No woman may become a member of the College’, the *Register* replaced ‘Freshmen’ by ‘First Year’ and later ‘Freshers’, women took their place among junior members, and election of women Fellows – and Rectors – soon began to be reported.

In 1990, when the Government’s Student Loan scheme started, the President of the JCR soberly lamented the beginnings of reduction in direct Government support to UK undergraduates (no one knew then how serious the reduction of *indirect* support through Government block grant would later become). Other recent changes are many, and though the *Register*’s aim is to record them, you sometimes have to read between the lines (e.g. with a mixed College the Chapel choir no longer employs boys from Christ Church Cathedral School).

But what, finally, of the relationship between the *Register* and the Exeter College Association today? The Association now comprises all old members of the College, charges them no subscription, possesses (apparently) no officers, but continues to hold a regular dinner as its founders wished. The *Register* itself has long since devolved its original function of listing old members’ addresses; it is no longer in the Association’s care or at its charge, but is produced with secretarial assistance from the College Office and printed and distributed by the College’s Development Office; and it no longer gives greater respect to its parent than to other College institutions. Florent ambo. Floreant.

Christopher Kirwan

A Brief History of the Exeter College Development Board

The College's Development Board is now entering its tenth year, having been formed in the summer of 1998, under then Rector Marilyn Butler. The impetus (and initial funding) for the creation of a College Development Office (hereafter DO) came that year from (now Sir) Ronald Cohen (PPE 1964), who was keen to see Exeter take the professional approach to fund raising that has for so long been a staple of the US university system. The Board was created to advise on the operation of that Office, and to oversee the distribution of funds raised.

From inception the Board has met twice each year in College, in May and November. At those meetings it hears and discusses reports from the Rector, Finance and Estates Bursar and Development Officer on College and University affairs, as well as advising on DO initiatives and approving the allocation of money raised via the Annual Giving Campaign.

It was understood from the beginning that, if the College wished to increase the support that it received from its Old Members, then it was important both to involve them in the Development effort and to ensure that that effort was not purely focused on fund-raising. To that end the Board was initially established with a majority of Old Members, representing different generations. At inception it consisted of John Partridge (Lit. Hum 1954), David Vaisey (History 1956), Ronald Cohen, Michael Preston (Lit.Hum. 1964), Mark Houghton-Berry (Lit.Hum. 1976), and Mary Kearney (English 1986), together with the Rector, Finance and Estates Bursar, and Development Officer (Matthew Preston, History 1990). The writer, by virtue of belonging somewhere in the middle of the age distribution, was flattered to be asked to become Chairman, and has yet to discover a satisfactory explanation for the heavy preponderance of classicists in the mix. Over the years we have expanded the original membership to include the Presidents of the MCR and JCR *ex officio*, and their presence has provided a valuable reality check on whether the priorities of today's graduates and undergraduates are indeed what those of us from older generations fondly imagine them to be. It was also decided to add the parent of a current student at the College, a role initially filled by Devin Brougham and now by John Taysom. In addition to the names already mentioned, others who have served on the Board (or who still do so) include John Melotte (Maths 1976), Bart Holaday (PPE 1965), Neil Blair, (Jurisprudence 1986), and Tracy Coghill (Jurisprudence 1990).

As mentioned above, the primary role of the Board was to ensure the success of the Annual Giving Campaign, which was (and remains) as much concerned with maximizing participation as with gross amounts of money raised. Annual Giving is the keystone of the DO's efforts to

reach out to Old Members, and as such it has always been felt that it is vital that Old Members themselves are closely involved both with the functioning of that Campaign and with the allocation of the resources it generates. It should also be mentioned here that the efforts of the various year-group Volunteers have been vital in this regard, as it has always been they who drafted letters to be sent out to their peers, and in many cases also they who followed up with phone calls and other contacts (in the early days, only the most technologically literate via e-mail!) in order to explain the rationale behind the campaign and also to canvass opinion amongst the donors on the areas to which they wished to see their contributions applied. Over the years these donor preferences have always served as the most important guide for the distribution of funds agreed by the Board, and those preferences have remained remarkably constant, with support for the tutorial system and alleviation of student hardship being persistently the top priorities.

One unforeseen benefit of the Board was providing a degree of stability in Development matters during the years immediately following its creation. The departure of Matthew Preston (the first Development Officer) in late 1998 and that of his successor, Marguerite Harrington (English 1993), in early 2000 did not prevent the Annual Giving Campaign becoming a great success. It was clear from the outset that tremendous reserves of goodwill towards the College exist amongst our Old Members, to tap into which merely required proper organization. In the years since 1998 the total amount raised by the Annual Giving Campaign and the Telethon (which was added to it in 2002 and has proved a tremendous success, both in the amounts raised and equally importantly in giving Old Members an opportunity to talk to current students) comes to more than £2 million, a sum which represents participation of an average of 23% of our Alumni. This has enabled the Board to direct significant sums to financial aid to graduate students and undergraduates as well as also making money available for a range of other important priorities.

It has always been understood that donations are earned rather than owed, and the Board has worked closely with the DO to ensure that a broad programme of events is offered to our Old Members in order to give them the chance to become and remain re-engaged with the College and with their contemporaries. In addition to the series of dinners, drinks parties and other functions organized by the Office, the scheduling of an additional Gaudy each year has greatly increased the frequency with which these most popular functions come around for the various year-groups.

As the DO has grown both in numbers and experience, so the focus of the Board has broadened. A concentrated approach to Major Donors (both Old Members and amongst the wider public) has paid huge dividends, and the Board has had the opportunity, in its twice yearly meetings, to discuss these and other initiatives and to advise on them. A cur-

rent focus is on the great long-term potential offered by a successful effort to attract legacies to the College – the tax advantages of such bequests make them a very efficient means of giving, and perhaps unsurprisingly we find that Alumni often feel that the College is a more attractive option than the Exchequer!

The Board has never felt the need to adopt formal terms for its members (nor to concern itself particularly with maintaining the original configuration of a majority of Alumni, as in practice a remarkable degree of agreement has always been achieved between those of us with a fiduciary duty to ensure that money is spent in the ways requested by donors, and the representatives of the College’s Governing Body). In practical terms, however, our outside members have averaged some 3-4 years service (with the exception of the Chairman, who has demonstrated Fidel-Castro-like powers of longevity), and I am confident in saying that it has been a mutually rewarding involvement – we gain immensely from a variety of perspectives, and Board Membership offers a great opportunity for those Old Members who would like to get more involved with the College and its development effort to become so without an enormous commitment of time on their part. Should any readers of the *Register* wish to learn more or, better still, to become involved themselves, I would encourage them to contact either the undersigned or Katrina Hancock in the Development Office (Exeter College, Oxford OX1 3DP, or development@exeter.ox.ac.uk).

Mark Houghton-Berry

Roughly a Hundred Years Ago

Under the heading ‘Nearly a Hundred Years Ago’ the *Register* began in 2002 what has become an annual series of articles reprinted from the *Stapeldon Magazine*. ‘Nearly’ was needed then because the *Magazine* itself had been founded only in 1904 (it survived until 1959). Now it would be possible to say ‘Exactly’, but that might cramp the choice too much. Let it be ‘Roughly’.

The following notice was part of ‘College Notes’ in volume 1 no.3, June 1905.

A Law Tutor

Mr. John Charles Wilson, D.C.L., who died in Oxford on February 11, after a protracted illness, was the Senior Law Tutor in Oxford, and one of the oldest resident members of the College. Mr. Wilson was born in London in 1831, and was the eldest of four brothers, who all rendered good service in various ways. The two youngest were the late Warden

of Keble and Major Charles Wilson, formerly of the 4th King's Own Royal Regiment, and for some years Bursar of Exeter College and of Radley. Mr. J.C. Wilson had received early education in the well-known school kept at Clapham by the Rev. Charles Pritchard, afterwards Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. In 1849 he matriculated at Exeter College. He was at that time in vigorous health, and was rowing in the College boat when the constitutional delicacy declared itself from which he suffered all his life, but which he never allowed to interfere with his activity or usefulness. He took the old status of S.C.L. as well as that of B.A., and was afterwards called to the Bar as a member of Lincoln's Inn, reading in the chambers of Mr. H. Cairns, Q.C. (afterwards Earl Cairns), who expressed a high opinion of his ability. His health forebade him to seek practice at the Bar, and he resided abroad for some time, chiefly in Italy, and acquired a thorough knowledge of both Italian and French. In 1869, some little time after his return to England and marriage, he settled at Oxford. The Alabama controversy was raging at the time, and Mr. Wilson addressed to *The Times* newspaper a series of letters which were among the most valuable contributions to the discussion of that subject. The reputation which Mr. Wilson attained is best attested by his appointment in 1871 to discharge the duties of the Professor of International Law, Mr. Mountague Bernard, during Mr. Bernard's absence in America. The first years of Mr. Wilson's residence in Oxford were a time of transition in the development of legal study at Oxford, separate examinations in the Schools of Jurisprudence and of Modern History being held for the first time in 1872. He had many pupils for the legal portion of the old School of Jurisprudence and Modern History, among whom was Lord Randolph Churchill. In the organization of the new School no teacher had more influence. He became Law Lecturer at Exeter and at various other Colleges, and frequently examined in the Honour Schools. After the constitution of the Boards of Faculties he was one of the first members, and afterwards Chairman, of the Board of the Faculty of Jurisprudence. Many of the most brilliant students of Law passed through his hands. Among his College pupils was Mr. L.B. Sebastian, Vinerian Scholar, now an eminent Counsel; Mr. R.W. Leage, Fellow of Brasenose; and Mr. J.C. Miles, Fellow of Merton. Many of his old friends gathered round him at a dinner which he gave in Exeter College in 1899, on the jubilee of his matriculation at Oxford. He also received from the Faculty of Jurisprudence the rare compliment of being excused the usual exercises required from candidates for the degree of D.C.L.

A notice of Mr. Wilson's life would be incomplete without a reference to his services to the City. For many years he took a prominent part in municipal life. He was long Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and for some time a prominent member of the School Board. He was also a member of the old Local Board until the passing of the Local Government Act, when he was appointed by the University as its first

Alderman on the newly constituted body. He devoted time and labour without stint to the municipal duties which he undertook

Mr. Wilson continued until the time of his death to grow in the esteem and affection of all who knew him, both in public and private. He always maintained the closest relations with his College, with which he was associated not only by the tie of membership, but through his marriage with his cousin, Miss Salkeld, whose grandfather and father were both members of Exeter College, the former having been a Fellow. He was a man of distinction of mind and character, as well as of outward appearance, and will be remembered with affectionate regard by all who knew him.

Aubrey on Richard Napier (and his Nephew)

Richard Napier matriculated at Exeter in 1577 and was a Fellow from 1580 to 1590. He became Rector of Great Linford (now swallowed up by Milton Keynes) but retained his affection for the College, making a donation in 1624 for building our kitchen. He was famous for practising what the *ODNB* – which has a long article on him – calls astrological medicine, in which he attracted high-born patients from all over the kingdom; but he also served the local poor. Sixty volumes of his medical notes survive, besides other papers, mostly in the Bodleian. He was a Napier of Merchiston near Edinburgh, and so related to his more famous contemporary John Napier, inventor of logarithms. He died in 1634. His portrait is said to be in the Ashmolean.

He is the subject of one of Aubrey's *Lives*, unpublished by their author (1626-97) but collected by editors from different parts of the huge and chaotic manuscript corpus, also mainly in the Bodleian, of 'John Aubrey, Fellow [from its foundation] of the Royal Society'. Here is what Aubrey's most recent editor has assembled from the corpus about Richard Napier, in a volume (*Aubrey's Brief Lives*, 1949 and later reprints) in which he states 'I have nowhere departed from the original text, although I have ruthlessly rearranged it.'

Nota Bene: the man who Aubrey says was 'no Doctor, but a Divine and practised Physick' is our subject himself, despite the fact that he has previously been referred to as 'Dr', even in the same sentence; his nephew Sir Richard Napier (a Wadham man, and also a physician as it happens) seems to be mentioned in the sentence as being more famous, or as being still alive when Aubrey wrote, or perhaps merely for the story at the end – where, to add to the confusion, he too features as 'Dr'.

* * * * *

(from *Aubrey's Brief Lives*, edited by Oliver Lawson Dick, published by Secker & Warburg. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.)

MR ASHMOLE told me, that a Woman made use of a Spell to cure an Ague, by the Advice of Dr Nepier. A Minister came to her and severely reprehended her, for making use of a Diabolical help, and told her, she was in danger of Damnation for it, and commanded her to burn it. She did so, and her Distemper returned severely; insomuch that she was importunate with the Doctor to use the same again. She used it, and had ease. But the Parson hearing of it, came to her again, and thundred Hell and Damnation, and frightened her so, that she burnt it again. Whereupon she fell extremely Ill, and would have had it a Third time, but the Doctor refused, saying, *That she had contemned and slighted the power and goodness of the Blessed Spirits (or Angels)*, and so she died. The cause of the Lady Honeywoods Desperation, was that she had used a Spell to Cure her.

In Dr Bolton's *Sermons* is an Account of the Lady Honeywood, who despaired of her Salvation. Dr Bolton endeavour'd to comfort her: Said she (holding a Venice-glass in her Hand) I shall as certainly be Damned, as this Glass will be broken: And at that word, threw it hard on the Ground; and the Glass remained sound; which did give her great comfort. The Glass is yet preserved among the *Cimelia* of the Family. This Lady lived to see descended from her (I think) Ninety, which is mentioned by Dr Bolton.

Dr Napier was uncle and Godfather to Sir Richard Napier: he [*see note above*] was no Doctor, but a Divine and practised Physick; but gave most to the Poor that he got by it. When a Patient, or Querant came to him, he presently went to his Closet to Pray: It appears by his Papers, that he did converse with the Angel Raphael, who gave him the Responses, and told to admiration the Recovery or Death of the Patient. His knees were horny with frequent Praying. 'Tis certain, he foretold his own Death to a Day and Hour: he dyed Praying upon his Knees; being of a very great Age, 1634 April the First.

Sir Richard Napier is buried at Lindford, but died at Besels-leigh; but before he came thither he laye at an Inne, where, when the Chamberlain brought him up to his Chamber, and the Dr look't on the bed and sawe a dead man lye in or on the bed – *What! sayd he, do you lodge me where a dead man lies?* Said the Chamberlain, *Sir, here is no dead man.* The Dr look't at it again, and saw it was himselfe. And from thence he went (ill) to Besil's-leigh, and died.

Quantum Computing

One answer, or part of an answer, to the question 'Who are we?' is 'a pattern in the dust'. That is to say, our bodies are made of physical stuff which is taken from the earth (quite literally, the soil: we are made of what we eat), but what makes my body mine and not yours is the pattern and the dance of the stuff which blew from the wind's twelve quarters to knit me.

We are all trying to understand some aspect of that dance: the sciences at one level, the arts at another. The aspect which I have had the good fortune to be able to study at length is the fundamental physical one. That is, I want to know what, fundamentally, *is* an atom, or an electron, or a tiny glimmer of light? Questions like this turn out to have surprising and fascinating answers, and they open up new potential for us to take hold of the world and mould it.

Physicists realised in the first few decades of the last century that particles of matter are subtle and wonderful. The world is not built lego-like out of lots of tiny bricks. The fundamental constituents (the unknown things which make the quarks which make the protons which make the atoms which make the bricks which make the house that Jack built) are as much like a musical chord as they are like tiny dots. I think I would go so far as to say that an electron (one of the so-called fundamental particles) is *more* like a musical chord. In this article I will try to explain what I mean by this, and how it impacts on the power of computing machines.

Physical things, whether small or large, move and interact according to precise mathematical rules. The collection of those rules and the behaviour they describe is called quantum physics. Quantum physics describes both the everyday behaviour of footballs and cars, and the more elusive behaviour of fundamental particles such as electrons. For this article I will discuss an entity large enough to be akin to a brick for much of its behaviour, but small enough to exhibit the subtleties of quantum behaviour to the full. This entity is a single atom. It is not itself fundamental (being made of some hundreds of smaller entities) but is sufficiently small that there are more atoms in a grain of sand than there are grains of sand in the whole earth.

A good working picture of an atom is a small sphere, but one should include in the picture the fact that an atom, like planet earth, is magnetic. It has a north pole and a south pole, and therefore one can tell which way up it is. In our ion trap laboratory in Oxford we can hold single atoms of the element calcium suspended in vacuum, and turn them over by means of our own larger ‘magnet’ (in fact the magnetic field inside a 10 micro-second pulse of laser light). We detect the resulting orientation by means of further laser pulses which cause the atom to glow if it is one way up (relative to our apparatus) and not the other.

It is not my purpose to discuss the technical details of these methods here (though they are remarkable in themselves, and only available in a few laboratories world-wide). I would like to use them to illustrate quantum physics, and the recent development of quantum computing.

Suppose I hand to you a calcium atom with its north magnetic pole pointing ‘upwards’ (i.e. away from the centre of the earth). In principle I can do this by giving you our ‘ion trap’ experimental apparatus. If you were to turn the atom over before handing it back to me, I could tell by observing it via the appropriate laser pulse.

Now suppose I construct two such apparatuses, with one atom held at the centre of each. I am about to describe to you something thoroughly mysterious which is at the heart of quantum physics.

According to the precise mathematical rules of quantum physics, it is possible for me to arrange these two atoms in a joint state such that the atoms partially lose their individual identity. Two atoms in such an ‘entangled state’ can be spatially well separated (say, one in my vacuum chamber, one in yours) and yet a *given* adjustment to the magnetic situation can be accomplished by rotating *either* atom. That bare statement may seem unremarkable, but let’s consider what it means. Suppose I invite you to turn one atom upside-down. You could do this by grasping hold of your whole experimental apparatus and bodily turning it over. As long as you don’t go too quickly, and as long as everything is turned (including some magnetic field coils), then this will turn over the calcium atom held at the heart of your vacuum chamber (actually the latter is quite heavy so this would be an inconvenient method, but it makes a useful thought-experiment). Now the claim is that I can restore the situation either by turning your atom back over again, *or* (and this is the wonderful part) by rotating my atom. That is, according to quantum physics, the two operations (rotate one atom, rotate the other) result in precisely the same magnetic state of the pair of calcium atoms. This is despite the fact that those operations result in very different states of affairs for the rest of the apparatus: in one case there are two chambers the right way up, in the other there are two upside-down chambers hanging from two inverted steel tables.

We express this physical fact using mathematical symbols in the form of arrows. The symbolic representation of two atoms oriented with their north poles up is $\uparrow\uparrow$. The special ‘entangled state’ is written $\uparrow\uparrow + \downarrow\downarrow$. Inverting the first atom gives $\downarrow\uparrow + \uparrow\downarrow$, and to return to $\uparrow\uparrow + \downarrow\downarrow$ you can invert either atom, because the state $\uparrow\uparrow + \downarrow\downarrow$ is the same as $\downarrow\downarrow + \uparrow\uparrow$ (just as ‘3 plus 4’ equals ‘4 plus 3’).

All the above is thoroughly described by rules of physics that have been known for seventy years, but only recently have we learned how to quantify and manipulate more general entangled states of matter. We are in the position of chess players who learned the basic rules – the movement of the pieces – a while ago, and now we are trying to learn about combination play and to gain the deeper knowledge that is needed to become masters of the game.

It turns out that a very fruitful approach is to re-cast quantum physics in the language of information theory and computer science. We can regard the two basic orientations of a calcium atom (‘north pole up’ and ‘north pole down’) as a way to represent two integers: 0 and 1. With further such atoms we gain a simple binary representation of any integer. The entangled states become states which express a mathematical relationship between one set of integers and another. What is more, we can hope to generate and manipulate these states in detail in the laboratory,

and thus realise a new form of information processing called ‘quantum computing’.

Quantum computing is radically different from all forms of information processing that were previously conceived. The basic memory element of an ordinary digital computer stores one piece of information at a time (the same is true of DNA computers and optical computers). The memory element of a quantum computer, by contrast, could be the magnetism of an atom, and this has a much richer variety of states available to it. The difference can be likened to the single note which can be played by a flute, compared to the musical chord which can be played by a piano.

Extending this analogy a little, if a digital computer has a large number of ‘flutes’, a quantum computer of only a modest number of ‘pianos’ can out-perform it.

Designing a sequence of operations which take advantage of the computational power of entanglement is very difficult. One way to think about it is to regard each term in the computer state, when written in the ‘up-arrow’, ‘down-arrow’ notation, as one thread in the computation. With a collection of n atoms, (called ‘qubits’ in quantum computer science), one has 2^n threads. This number, 2 times 2 times 2 etc., n times, recalls the story of the king of China who wanted to reward his advisor for some service or other. The advisor humbly requested a single grain of rice to be placed on the first square of a chess board, and two grains of rice on the second square, four on the next, and then eight, and so on. The king laughed and ordered his servants to bring in the rice . . . until he realized there was not sufficient wealth in his whole kingdom to complete the task. 2^{64} grains of rice would weigh about as much as mount Everest, and a quantum computer of 64 qubits would have a dynamic processing power roughly equivalent to two hundred million billion parallel processors. The subtlety of the programming task is to bring together this vast number of threads into a manageably small amount of output. This is only possible for some special computational problems, in which the answer is a global property of a large set of values. The first discovered example of such a problem, for which quantum computers greatly out-perform non-quantum ones, is that of finding the repetition period of a function. This discovery, by Peter Shor building on work of Simon and Deutsch, greatly stimulated the field because it means that quantum computers can break the data encryption methods currently used to make electronic communication – including financial communication – secure.

Another important example of a problem for which quantum computation is extremely powerful is that of quantum chemistry, that is, predicting the behaviour of molecules from their atomic and electronic structure. This has the potential to open up new areas of materials science and pharmaceuticals, with all the potential for good or ill that such knowledge brings.

Even without all this potential in terms of computing power, quantum entanglement has already shifted the foundations of our knowledge about the physical universe of which we are all a part. The properties of entangled states call into question, or place limits on, one of the main working assumptions of the whole scientific method, namely reductionism. They show that particles do not always have properties in and of themselves, but in certain circumstances exhibit only relationships. Instead of ‘I am green and he is red’ a pair of particles can say (through their observable properties) things like ‘I am of no determinate colour, but we are of the same colour.’ The determination to *know* this, to worry at it and shake it and question it until even my spinal cord understands it, is what has stimulated my own interest in quantum physics, from undergraduate days until now.

So far the extraordinary computing power of quantum physics has only been realised on a modest scale with a handful of atoms. However, these experiments confirm that we have the principles correct, and it remains to extend the experiments to larger devices. The tiny magnetism of atoms is delicate, and the exquisite control required for reliable computing is not yet possible. This is both a technological challenge and a scientific one. We are not yet in the situation of the moon exploration programme, where the technological route could be mapped out and the main requirement was a massive investment. It is more like the situation of controlled nuclear fusion, where one is confident that it can be made to work somehow, but the sheer complexity of the task makes it impossible to know the best approach to take. I am moderately confident that useful quantum computers will be realised in my lifetime, and I am certain that once they are realised, the work of Oxford University research teams will be embodied in them.

Andrew M. Steane

Javier Marías

The Spanish novelist Javier Marías (1951–), the subject of my recently-completed doctoral thesis, is something of a literary fetishist. Hard-won commercial success in Spain and abroad has meant that he can afford to indulge his taste for the fountain pens, tie pins, letter openers, pipes or cigarette lighters that once belonged to his favourite writers: Joseph Conrad, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Henry James, Vladimir Nabokov, among others. What fascinates Marías about such objects is that, because he knows their previous owners have touched or used them every day for years, they collapse the time that has elapsed since that adored writer’s death: despite his or her demise, here is an object that was a silent witness to the life they led. It is not difficult to share Marías’s fascination and there can be something deeply moving about

gazing upon a long-adored author's hand-writing or the everyday items that were the mundane accompaniments of their existence. It is not only researchers who experience such thrills, otherwise there would no reason to keep Milton's modest Buckinghamshire cottage open to the public, for example.

In my case, the thrill is easily gained since Marías is both still alive and responds assiduously to correspondence – always by letter, he does not own a computer. Another part of the literary fetishist's repertoire – that of walking in a writer's footsteps – is also easily accomplished since Marías is neither a stranger to Oxford nor are his works entirely unknown among the wider academic community. Between 1983 and 1985 Marías held the post of Spanish lecturer by decree at the University, giving translation classes and delivering lectures to undergraduate students. He lived in North Oxford and dined several times in Exeter College as a guest of the then Alfonso XIII Professor of Spanish, Ian Michael. When his novel *Todas las almas* appeared four years after his departure, some of its readers (unwisely) insisted that it contained a satirical depiction of the University's sub-faculty of Spanish, that Marías had mercilessly sent up his former colleagues for the benefit of his fiction. When I explain to fellow academics that my research interest is in Javier Marías, a flicker of recognition often passes across their brow before they remember that they have read the English translation of *Todas las almas*, invariably in search of said satire; one that equally invariably eludes them, because it is not there.

It is undoubtedly the case that if and when a future biographer sets Marías in his or her sights, they will devote considerable time and energy to rooting out details of the friends he made here and how his two years in Oxford shaped his imagination. He has dedicated the first two instalments of his as yet unfinished three-part novel (*Tu rostro mañana I: Fiebre y lanza* and *Tu rostro mañana II: Baile y sueño*) to another Emeritus Professor of Spanish, Sir Peter Russell, who died in 2006. The novel is in part set in the worlds of espionage and academic life – in both of which Sir Peter Russell excelled – and one of its characters owes much to Peter's mannerisms and background.

That there will be a future biographer seems more than likely, given Marías's pre-eminent position among Spain's contemporary writers. He is a member of the Real Academia de la Lengua Española, a newspaper columnist of great repute, Spain's best contemporary novelist, and a highly-regarded translator of literature in English. The doctoral thesis I submitted in February 2007 looked in detail at this latter aspect of his career – as a translator into Spanish of works of literature in English. The author himself has claimed repeatedly that, by getting under another writer's skin and adopting their style through translation, he was able both to hone his own skills and to learn from an illustrious array of literary masters. Among those whose works he has translated are W. H. Auden, Karen Blixen (better known as Isak Dinesen), Sir Thomas

Browne, Joseph Conrad, Vladimir Nabokov, Laurence Sterne, and Wallace Stevens. (He was working on his versions of Blixen, Browne, and Stevens while in Oxford in the early 80s.) Thus the greatest act of literary homage he can pay to another writer was to allow his countrymen to enjoy their genius as well.

My interest in Marías, though fuelled by the fact that I can lecture from the same dais or follow his imagined footsteps around the city, in fact predates my undergraduate studies. I picked his two then most recent novels off a Spanish bookshop shelf when a teenager and they were among the first substantial reading I did in the language. Needless to say, I liked them so much that, when it came to choosing an author to research at post-graduate level, I had no hesitation in plumping for Marías. Also influencing the decision was my desire to study a contemporary author. The benefits of doing so are, I think, twofold. Firstly, because the bibliography on that writer will nearly always be smaller than those available for more canonical authors, the researcher is better able to establish his or her own parameters and does not have to pay lip service to swathes of received opinion. Secondly, even though the researcher takes on the role of interpreter and analyst, he or she also experiences the readerly excitement of knowing that a new book, article, translation, or interview is imminent. (How many Shakespeare scholars have turned over the same dusty leaves in forgotten archives in search of some new fragment of the Bard's works?) The oft-repeated drawback of studying a contemporary author – that they may publish a work that blows the researcher's cherished theories out of the water – does not trouble me unduly: the first thing a student of literature should learn is that he or she is not dealing in absolute certainties and that, however educated, informed, and sophisticated his or her opinions become, they should never be unshakable.

I do not wish to give the impression, however, that I chose to study Marías for purely ancillary reasons. His novels and short stories, which are usually narrated in the first person by men who view the world with a certain alienation, are haunting explorations of the connections between individual lives and the wider sweeps of history or community life. The as yet incomplete novel referred to above, *Tu rostro mañana* (translated into English as *Your face tomorrow*), is narrated by a Spaniard who has been recruited by British Intelligence to assess the character and future behaviour of strangers he sees being interrogated or interviewed by senior colleagues. His increasing involvement in the murky world of international espionage causes him to reflect on human capacity for evil. The subject is one close to home since he is the son of a Republican father who was betrayed by his best friend at the climax of the Spanish Civil War and who suffered the punishment Franco meted out on so many members of the losing side. *Tu rostro mañana's* resonances in contemporary Spain are not far to find, given the socialist government's recent attempts to enshrine in law the right of the

descendants of Civil War victims to seek pardons for their deceased relatives and discover their final resting place: many victims were of course buried in unmarked mass graves.

Marías is old enough to remember what living under dictatorial rule was like and, he has claimed, it was the utter mediocrity of Spain's cultural output during the Franco years that persuaded him to start reading and translating literature in English. Other factors were clearly involved, including the cosmopolitan, forward-thinking environment his parents created around their children – his father was a highly-regarded philosopher and writer. The young Marías also, once a student, began to move in avant-garde literary circles, where the English-speaking world was all the rage.

Once I had established why it was that Marías had begun to work as a translator in the first place, I needed to assess the validity of his claims of indebtedness: had Auden, Browne, et al. truly shaped the way he wrote Spanish and, moreover, what were the exact dynamics of that influence? Of greater importance was the question of how that influence had shaped the novels and stories of which I think so highly. In its final form, the thesis I wrote is a contribution to the understanding of how translating Browne, Nabokov, and Sterne moulded Marías's creative vocabulary. Thus, for instance, his translation of Browne's *Urn Burial* offered him beautifully-wrought encapsulations of thoughts about the benevolence of a forgetful memory or the unknowability of the past. He incorporated those thoughts into his own novels and short stories, subtly changing their context and throwing fresh light on what are in essence commonplaces: the same words in the mouths of different characters and in differing scenarios can mean a great variety of things. When he wished to write a version of his autobiography guided more by the associative power of his imagination than chronology and strict formal concerns, he turned to his version of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* for inspiration.

What the study of Marías's translations reveals above all is that they are a fundamental part of his oeuvre. He rejects the idea that his translations should be seen as inferior in either quality or importance since they may in some cases be superior to his own works of fiction. He maintains that his version of *Tristram Shandy* contains all of Sterne's genius and two years of his hard work rendering it in Spanish: he calls it his favourite novel. Aside from raising questions about the interaction of distinct languages and literary canons, Marías's experience as a translator has helped him to hone a literary style that has made him one of the most celebrated writers in Europe and a serious candidate for the Nobel Prize for Literature. By the time the third instalment of *Tu rostro mañana* appears in September 2007, I don't doubt that he will also have written the first truly great novel of the current century in Spain.

Gareth Wood

You Have To Be Lucky: notes from a blundering historian

I think I remember choosing my subject, nearly twenty years ago. But the way I recall it, there was never that much choice. I was hooked as soon as I realized that the United States and the Soviet Union, with their respective allies, had *cooperated*, in the middle of the Cold War, on what was then the largest international scientific programme ever carried out, *and one that was essential for the two superpowers to be able to aim their future ICBMs effectively at one another*. Today, little though I may have to show for my obsession, it has made me an authority on the International Geophysical Year of 1957-1958, or IGY. Four international scientific programmes are currently being conducted, in part, to mark the 50th anniversary of the IGY. The United Nations has dubbed 2008 the Year of Planet Earth. And there is rising interest in the recent history of both scientific understanding and public awareness of the physical processes which constitute our planet. After ploughing a lonely furrow for several years, I am happy to see contributions on the IGY now coming from other historians of science mainly working at the national level, where historiography so often tends to focus.

In the proverbial context of descriptions by the parochially blind, the IGY is more centipede than elephant. Scientists from 65 countries or colonial territories took part, and ideally it needs to be studied on the basis of archives from more than one country. How many are enough, short of all the possible sources, is hardly for me to say. As many as you can conceivably contrive, I suppose. So far I have worked in about 36 archives in 14 countries, and have interviewed some 40 protagonists of the IGY from 11 countries, many of whom are no longer with us. Most of this has been done without an institutional base, and with only sporadic funding, which makes me appreciate all the more the toehold on academia now provided by my old college. As a body of work, however, it feels inadequate to such a large and complex subject, partly because I have no non-European languages, and partly because, for the originator of such recent, influential and semi-famous advances as Sputnik, the Van Allen radiation belts and the Antarctic Treaty regime, the records of the IGY are in rather poor shape.

There is no comprehensive central archive of the IGY's international coordinating bodies. Instead, a single correspondence may have to be pieced together from files held in different continents. As for national records, they are very hit-and-miss. I have yet to find anything more than a couple of files at the Académie Nationale for such a major contributor as France, for example. And the Soviet Academy of Sciences showed me even less than that in 1991; I am hoping for better fortune on a second visit to Moscow in September 2007. There is also the question of access. In Argentina, ten years after the Falklands/Malvinas con-

flict, I was allowed in to the archives of the Navy and of the Antarctic Institute, but I was not shown all the relevant material in either.

The story of the IGY is shot through with contradictions between the would-be humane universalism of the natural sciences and their role as a sponsored instrument of state policy in the Cold War. For example, Sputnik – on the face of it an IGY scientific project – was greeted simultaneously with technological exhilaration and partisan triumph, or anxiety, around the world. The IGY thus illustrates a point which many scholars and consumers of scholarship have yet to grasp, namely that during the last century, if not before, science became central to national and international affairs, and with that the history of science was transformed from a department of cultural studies to a major facet of world history. The historians of science are partly to blame for this delayed recognition, with our unnecessary schism between philosophical idealists, whose tradition stretches back through Sarton to Aristotle, and philosophical materialists, whose more recent tradition hardly reaches beyond the Young Hegelians.

The IGY is sometimes credited with having brought about the 1959 Antarctic Treaty and facilitated the negotiations for other early arms control agreements. Because the origins of the IGY themselves included various diplomatic and political promptings, its relationship with such international agreements is not that simple. But that is another aspect of its historical significance.

For its aficionados, however, some of the less sweeping aspects of the IGY are what make it so absorbing. The logistics of building and servicing thousands of geophysical stations all over the planet have left many tales of adventure, sometimes mixed with tragedy. On 15 October 1958, for example, the Argentine Air Force made a daring and successful flight to drop emergency medical supplies to Melchior Station on Anvers Island, which is halfway down the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula. Naval units were deployed in support and one of these, the rescue tug *Guaraní*, was lost with all hands in a storm. The Argentine Navy still holds an annual ceremony to commemorate those 38 seamen at their memorial in Ushuaia.

And then there is the fringe. Not many international scientific programmes get one, and the IGY's is largely American, courtesy of what Thomas Hine has termed the 'Populuxe' culture of the mid-1950s to mid-1960s. It contains many endearing gems, such as Walt Kelly's cartoon book *G. O. Fizzickle Pogo* and the novels *Night Without End* by Alistair MacLean and *Quick Before It Melts* by Philip Benjamin. There was also a small amount of poetry, alas invariably dire. The fringe has proved extremely durable, spawning Donald Fagen's ironic reflections in his 1981 song 'I. G. Y.' (also known as 'What a beautiful world'), which is usually posted on a playlist somewhere, and films like Ken Takakura's *Nankyoku Monogatari* (1983) and Joe Johnston's *October Sky* (1999). Believers in UFOs and Abominable Snowmen have long

since adopted the IGY as the setting for some of their more hyperbolic narratives.

All this would be enough to keep any collector happy. But a special personal pleasure has been the opportunity I gained to resume my childhood hobby of stamp-collecting. This aspect of the IGY is rich in official symbolism, often territorial, in the commemoratives issued by 21 countries, and in the unofficial values and perceptions that are expressed on IGY covers, usually concocted by non-governmental bodies. I also find another category of stamps from this period, those with 'Don't mention the IGY' written all over them, quite revealing.

If you work in this sort of field you soon get used to being addressed as a professor by people who sometimes, but not always, should know better. It's as trivial as being called a Christian in Muslim countries because you are white and British. But one of my unearned labels has been more disconcerting. In March 1991 the recorder had been switched off at the end of a fairly routine interview at the National Academy of Sciences in Washington when I received the unwelcome news that Professor Baron Marcel Nicolet, the former general secretary of the IGY and a person with considerable influence in geophysical circles, was spreading the word that I was some kind of British spy. He had given me a generous though unrecorded conversation over two days in 1989. But looking back at our subsequent correspondence I realise that, unaware that internal IGY conflicts had left him with an extreme sensitivity over such matters, I must have pressed him too hard and too soon about access to his 'private' IGY files. Like Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*, when he died in 1996 he seems to have bequeathed me a portion of his paranoia. And the possible effects of my blundering, in the case of a man who is on record as having urged a colleague to destroy certain important IGY papers because historians would never be able to understand them properly, hardly bear thinking about.

Another interview where the recorder got switched off too soon was with James Van Allen in May 1987, back when my interest in the IGY was less than all-consuming. As we embarked on the customary leave-taking courtesies, I happened to mention seeing somewhere that Merle Tuve, the then director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism in Washington, had been present at the April 1950 dinner party given by the Van Allens at which the IGY was originally conceived. Van Allen's own article about the dinner party had not included Tuve, whose presence would be historically important for reasons that need not detain us. He responded that I was absolutely right, and thanked me for reminding him about Tuve's participation, which he had forgotten.

For the next twenty years I carried this 'knowledge' around with me, unsupported by any notes or recording and therefore unusable, until it came to seem more like an imagined than a real piece of information. But in July 2007, at one of the historical sessions of the 24th General Assembly of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics in

Perugia, my absolution finally arrived. Tom Krimigis, a former student and long-term research associate of Van Allen, gave a presentation on the latter's contribution to the IGY, best known for the discovery of those so-called 'belts'. In the discussion, taking care not to lead with my question, I asked whether James or Abigail Van Allen had ever happened to mention that anyone else had been at the dinner party apart from the six geophysicists whose names are usually listed. Tom replied that it was strange that I should ask, since only two or three days earlier he had run the six names past Abigail and she had replied that she was fairly sure Merle Tuve was there too, wasn't he? Once I had explained what lay behind my question, the meeting seemed ready to accept the hostess's testimony as final. Yes indeed, you have to be lucky. And No, no spy would have been willing, or allowed, to wait that long.

Rip Bulkeley

Memorabilia

The paradox of the contrast between the usually intact long term memory and impaired recall of recent events in later life is widely recognised. Hopefully the following account will not engender the boredom the former often evokes. In 1948 I was a candidate to read medicine at Exeter reluctant from a sense of futility, thankfully overcome by the confidence and encouragement of a father whose basic high intellect had been frustrated by the interruption of formal education by family commitments.

The train journey with him from Paddington provided some insight from two gentlemen in the same compartment exchanging anecdotes on Oxford experience and which somewhat relieved the daunting outlook of a seventeen year old callow youth. Having been deposited at Exeter lodge there was about to be a 'deep end immersion' that has served me well as part of the immunisation against life's challenges over the years.

Although I had been given no administrative details, e.g. venues of the impending examinations, a prerequisite was adjustment to the new environment. The porter pointed me in the direction of a room in the back quad. The nameplate read 'Guest', which fortuitously was an undergraduate's name. I cannot recall meeting him but sadly and significantly his death was announced many years later in the *Register*.

A memorable character Bill Stone who introduced himself as my servant soon arrived. A transient flashback to oriental stories of genies emerging from lamps resulted from a juvenile sense of humour but clearly reference to 'scout' at that stage would have been meaningless. He indeed served me well in my second year in college.

Plainly a programme for the next few days was essential and in desperation I approached a young man in the front quad for information. He

had an American accent and understandably, being a Rhodes Scholar in geology, President-elect of the JCR and immediate predecessor in that respect to the illustrious Roger Bannister, was barely relevant to my plight.

The only contemporary medical candidate at Exeter was a jovial character, Hugh (Frisby) Dyke who was a sixth former at Shrewsbury School and seemingly au fait with the relevant procedure and therefore an invaluable contact. His father was an eminent pathologist and an old Exonian. Hugh whetted my appetite for success by regaling me with tales of paternal undergraduate adventures: for example how they had rigged up diagonal lines across the front quad somehow to carry chamber pots charged with flaming meths to collide in the middle with inevitable consequences. Such enterprise had to be the ultimate incentive for admission to Exeter! Nevertheless, perhaps consequent on severe disciplinary disincentive rather than lack of ingenuity, adventures of such sophistication eluded me. I believe Hugh undertook National Service soon afterwards and we never met again unfortunately.

My father stayed the night at The Mitre Hotel at the corner of the Turl and the High and I have a vivid recollection of meeting him on my way to the Examination Schools next morning, the first day of reckoning for me.

Given the extent of the course in medicine, two years in college was the norm. However the somewhat Spartan conditions of the first, still in the grip of post-war austerity, once again enhanced resilience. Outside toilets were not unknown to generations although domestically, of course, they were closely accessible. Most of those at Exeter at the time were euphemistically known as the 'fourth quad' and sited close to the rear college entrance. This was a potential problem particularly in mid winter to those of us remotely located and dietary indiscretions could prove disastrous. The audible nocturnal foraging of small rodents was largely suppressed by appropriate containers for any food supplements.

The second year in college on staircase 7 ground floor was an upgrade and, with Bill Stone again as scout, arguably one of the best. These bonuses helped offset the intensive preparation required for the second year exams and (with those of the first) allowing, regrettably, less time for the usual general pursuits of Oxford life.

'Schools' followed a third year in physiology and two further terms in medical sciences preceded clinical studies, the choice then being to continue at the Radcliffe Infirmary or to gain acceptance at another medical school in a teaching hospital away from Oxford but taking the remaining exams here over the next two years and eight months culminating in the final exams to qualify. There was no Green College then and I opted to return to London and admission to the Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine, living at home.

Interestingly there was an inversion of the gender ratio among students at the hospital. The revolution ending discrimination was under

way but from an all male college and medical school with a vast majority of men, to Royal Free, a centre of excellence till recently exclusively female, and a year of four ‘pioneer’ males with about forty-five women required some adaptation. Those young ladies were very bright, one, for example, ultimately winning the London University medal in medicine as best in a year of perhaps five hundred; so it may be immodest to suggest that I had reached a greater degree of maturity when I joined them. Their shorter period of university life at that stage had largely excluded the opportunities I had enjoyed from diverse association with those in other disciplines and frequently to become prominent in their fields. One’s general education had inevitably been enhanced.

A perhaps unique experience remains crystal clear. On the steps of the Examination Schools following a final examination in surgery I asked a close friend from BNC about the one compulsory question but omitted by him in error. He reacted with characteristic and exemplary stoicism but was destined for high professional achievement. Perhaps in recognition of this prospect he was interviewed by the Regius Professor of Medicine, received a special dispensation and hence was successful. A further recollection of these final exams was the rather bizarre requirement for full academic dress including hoods during clinical examination of patients. This can have been no more inappropriate in the situation than say plumbing in a dinner suit, so was anachronistically Pythonesque!

The very special collegiate experience shared by so many others and readily recalled, provides a nostalgic permanence. Is there any evolutionary significance here?

B.L.D. Philips

Nevill Coghill, a TV programme, and The Foggy Foggy Dew

The 2006 issue of the *Register* contained an item under College Notes and Queries relating to an appearance by the late John Betjeman on a TV discussion filmed in Nevill Coghill’s rooms in March 1954. Professor William S. Peterson, a one-time Visiting Fellow of the College, had written a bibliography of the poet in the course of which attention was drawn to a television programme which had been disrupted by members of the College. To refresh the memory briefly, Peterson stated that the programme ‘was temporarily disrupted by a group of undergraduates boisterously singing outside [his rooms] . . . The uproar swelled to such a volume that it “threatened to swamp the programme” . . . Mr Coghill remarked that the celebration was because the college had won the athletics cup . . . Two of the athletes were later brought in and introduced.’

And the editor of the *Register* added: would any of the culprits now like to own up?

I would; and I can put a little more flesh on the bones of Peterson's account. For the first (and only) time in my life I kept a diary during my three years in Oxford and there, on March 2, 1954, is my version of the evening. I also have a cutting from the *Oxford Mail*, which carried the story on its front page under the heading 'Effort to invade TV discussion. Threat by rowdy students.' A second, short piece, was headed: The dons seemed at ease.

To understand the background it is necessary to know a little about the history of television. The medium was in its infancy. Few people had the small, probably 12- or 14-in, black-and-white sets, viewing hours were limited, and there was just one channel, operated by the BBC. The introduction of ITV, for instance, was a year or two away. Television was still something of a novelty.

The BBC decided to film an outside broadcast – in itself something of a novelty – called Conversation Piece in Coghill's rooms, and assembled Lord David Cecil (Goldsmith's Professor of English Literature and a Fellow of New College), A.L. Rowse (eminent historian and Fellow of All Soul's), Berkeley Smith (the programme's producer), and John Betjeman, to talk about Shakespeare.

The BBC made the unwitting mistake of filming (OBs were then live) on the same evening as the athletics and tennis clubs jointly held a dinner in Hall to celebrate winning their respective inter-college championships, the athletics club just recently towards the end of Hilary Term and tennis the previous summer. The dinner went well: asparagus soup, fried fillets of sole with tartare sauce, roast Surrey chicken with roast potatoes, peas and cauliflower, blackcurrant flan meringue, croûte St Stephen. This was the height of luxury in a country that still had elements of war-time food rationing. There was, of course, plenty to drink.

Both teams were there in strength. Tennis was represented by Sushal Guram (a Kenyan who had been president of the JCR), Jim McCann, John Horn, Dick Cristin, P. Smith, D.A. Cockerill, Gareth Hopkins, and the Australian Bob Beveridge (who was later to become an ambassador, to China I believe, for his country). The somewhat larger athletics team comprised Bob Shaw (the captain), Chris Suddaby (secretary), Jerry Rhodes, F.J. Dakin, J.T. Stubbs, A.G.G. Law, David Prosser, H. (always known simply as 'H') Yarnold, A.N. Willis, Harry Constable, Dick Mackie, Vic Ogilvie, D.A. Cockerill, Ramsey Fenton, David Chamberlain (American), Richard Huddy, and Sam Eadie (the 1953 senior scholar). Some formidable drinkers were present.

No mention of me in these lists; nor of my great friends Keith Holloway, Pip Appleby and Bill Roberts. Given a celebration, we would be there; as presumably were D.T. Baslett, M.H. Lockton, Mike Westlake, Jim Stephenson, all of whom signed my dinner menu card as well as someone who signed it backwards and whose semi-decipherable

name looks to be Nager Nairn but who could be Brian Regan, though I now have no recollection of such a person.

The dinner was a sociable event, as such occasions tended to be. The Rector proposed the toast of the clubs, and Chris Suddaby and Sushal Guram proposed a toast to the Rector and Fellows.

At this distance in time the only surprising thing about the evening was the presence of the Rector. Eric Barber was a tall, spare, austere man more at home, we all thought, with his Greek and Latin books than in the company of muddied or any other sort of oafs. He would walk about the Quad on his way to or from the Lodgings, slightly stooped, his well-over-6ft height enhanced both by his mortar board and by the diminutiveness of his Swiss-born wife who was invariably at his side. He would lift his cap to those he recognised, say Good Morning, and pass on. The rest of us were in awe of him and felt some sympathy for both Chris and Sushal who had to sit either side of him during dinner.

My diary reminds me we had a 'most excellent five course meal', after which many of us adjourned to Ramsey Fenton's rooms on staircase 2 where 'there were two barrels of beer.' While there 'a plan was hatched [should that be 'emerged'?] to interrupt the TV which was being relayed from Nevill Coghill's room.' The diary continues: 'At the TV hour we (about 30 of us, at least) stole across the Quad and up the Dons' staircase in the corner of the front quad, jamming it from Coghill's door to the next landing. At the right moment we opened up with The Foggy, Foggy Dew and continued for two verses until Derek Hall, the acting Sub-Rector, charged into us threatening to send us all down unless we dispersed immediately.' Sending down? Discretion took the better part of valour. 'We fled downstairs and into the Fellows' Garden repeating our musical offering act until the Sub-Rector put in a second appearance.'

We must have returned to Ramsey Fenton's rooms because my diary recounts: 'About 11.30 Nevill Coghill came into the room with two of his guests, Lord David Cecil and John Betjeman, and congratulated us on our performance, saying that it had made the show. We therefore sang For He's a Jolly Good Fellow (no pun intended) in his honour . . . After him came the TV engineers and we also toasted them and treated them all to a drink . . . Finished up drinking port in Ned Sherrin's room until 1.'

That was the only mention of Ned Sherrin, who was subsequently to make quite a name in the field of television entertainment. But the *Oxford Mail* the next day reported that he had played a rather larger part in the evening. It stated that 'disaster threatened' the TV discussion and the 'situation was saved by the presence of mind of two people – Ned Sherrin, president of the JCR, and A.J. Cantwell, Mr Coghill's scout . . . About five minutes after the programme began viewers heard banging and singing on the staircase outside the room,' according to the *Mail*. 'Mr Sherrin,' it continues, 'who was watching inside the mobile control

room parked in Brasenose Lane, ran into the college with a friend and together they managed to persuade the revellers to return to the quadrangle below . . . Cantwell was equal to the occasion. To the astonishment of the dons he appeared unexpectedly at the door with a tray of coffee . . . Out of range of the cameras he whispered what was happening to one of the BBC technicians.’ According to the producer, Cantwell ‘saved the situation’.

The final word must go to the *Oxford Mail*’s reporter who ended his front-page piece by saying that the undergraduate activities had ‘livened the programme up a bit’.

Tony Moreton

The World’s First Opera, Claudio Monteverdi’s Orfeo: 1607-2407

Some time in 1607, on a cold, damp and blustery evening, the all-male, largely Protestant and predominantly West Country scholars of Exeter College, Oxford, headed off to Hall for their supper, blissfully unaware of the seething religious intolerance growing all around them. The English Civil War was still some way off. For the time being, King, Country and College were all still intact. They would not have known that in the Ducal Principality of Mantua and Monferrato in northern Italy, a small group of players was making ready in the private apartments of the Duke of Mantua for a performance which would do for music what foreshortening and perspective had done for painting. As the Exeter men ate their meagre supper in Hall, Italian ladies listening to the musicians in Mantua moved to dry their eyes. They had never heard anything like this before: the music was surpassing the expressive power of speech.

* * * * *

Musical meaning had usually been associated with the power of words or the dancer’s steps. The plainsong coming out of Exeter College Chapel – then as now – reinforced the sacred text but the meaning was still determined by the words not the music. The new-fangled dances of the court relied on rhythm to help dancers find their steps, and – then as now – music provided an atmosphere of revelry and fun. Nobody dreamed that one day music would stand out as a meaningful language in its own right, able to ‘say’ the things that cannot be said by words alone. Listen carefully to the Toccata at the beginning of Monteverdi’s *Orfeo*. It sounds like a dance but actually it prefigures the drama in musical terms. It’s early days but Monteverdi knows what he is doing.

Just in case the members of the Accademia degli Invaghiti – an exclusive kind of university club – haven't been listening with due care and attention, Monteverdi gets the Muse to sing it out:

Io la musica son, ch' ai dolci accenti,
So far tranquillo ogni turbato core,
Et hor di nobil ira hor d' amore,
Poss' infiammar le più gelate menti.

'My name is Music: through sweet sounds I calm anxious hearts, filling them up with noble anger, then letting them fall in love again, setting the most frozen minds on fire.' (P.S. Don't forget to listen out for the dissonance on 'frozen minds' or 'gelate menti'.)

Heady stuff – even if mine is a bit of a loose translation – and quite unsuited to Exeter's seventeenth century Puritan intake for whom image and drama, let alone music, were dangerous distractions sent to try us by the Archfiend, as he was called by John Milton. No, I don't think most Exeter men would have appreciated Monteverdi's music back then. Nevertheless, historical analogies aside, there is a serious point to be made here and it is this: *through music, we can think the thoughts that we have no words for.*

With Monteverdi we get the first glimpse that this might actually be possible. What we are talking about is a new form of tonal language, a new way of expressing ideas, emotions and understanding. We're not able to specify autonomous musical meanings yet – this is opera, after all. But Monteverdi shows us that musical language is every bit as good as words for rendering serious ideas intelligible. He dumps Florentine attempts at declamatory melodrama by showing us how tonal music can rival the meanings of words and, amazingly, go a bit beyond them. I suppose one can argue that Newton and Leibniz, through their discovery of the calculus, were doing the same thing for mathematics, showing up words as inadequate means for representing numerical ideas or, as Newton put it, 'for finding the fluxions of fluent qualities'. (Newton, like Monteverdi, had to liberate himself from thinking in words. He, too, would invent a new language – a new mathematical language – in order to do so.) Extending the argument further, is it not the case that J.S. Bach's 'Forty-Eights' have proved equal to, if not better than, Leibniz's texts as a means for expressing the structure, depth and meta-physical qualities of the ideas holding sway in those times?

But if music is a language, how does it compare with words? What sort of 'new' meanings will it yield? How will they differ from the meanings of words? Can the same text have a totally different meaning when set to music? Is music superior to poetry and drama as a way of expressing the way we think and feel about the world?

The post-structuralist, post-feminist psychologist Julia Kristeva makes the distinction between symbolic and semiotic forms of lan-

guage. Symbolic language is logical, analytical, and intimately geared to the mechanics of the male mind. (Ladies, be warned!) Semiotic forms are less structured, following the rhythms of the maternal body and arising from a deep level psychological need to connect with unconscious feelings. Think of music, then, as a semiotic form of expression, with its free ranging fluidity and emotional impact. Think of speech as the pragmatic language we need to get about in the world; hard-wired to problem-solving and getting things done. We require both to communicate effectively. Take away the semiotic element and discourse gets as dry as dust – think of those tedious lectures on formal logic at Schools. Take away the symbolic side and you lose yourself in a gush of unstructured and erratic feelings, white waters of emotional intensity and nerves – think back to your first-year tutorials! Put the two idioms together and you get a poetic whole: symbolic and semiotic, reductive and creative, physical and metaphysical. This is what opera – what Italians call *la lirica* – is trying to achieve: an artistic synthesis more expressive than the sum of its parts. Opera aims to weld words and music into a single art form. Ambitious stuff!

And Monteverdi was the first to show it could be done.

If you're still with me, try reading through the libretto of *Orfeo* for a few moments. You'll find a carefully constructed sequence of ideas set down in five short acts. This is a good example of Kristeva's symbolic language, precise but with poetic overtones. Now get ready to listen to the music. Try to imagine what it's going to sound like. After all, the music's four hundred years old. Press your i-pod and let the sound burst out. That's the semiotic power of music for you. No wonder the Italian ladies wept.

So what's so special about the music? How come it's so innovative?

The first thing that strikes you is the way the words and music fit together. The practice of setting words within eight beat bars liberated musical rhythms from prosody while the libretto lets the words complement the music's rhythmic meanings. The end-result: wordy and musical rhythms complement each other perfectly. Not until Wagner was the balance between word and music so good. Not even Mozart removed the annoying fracture between speech and music. Then those old polyphonic overtones – dare I call them 'over-drones'? – have been simplified into clear melodic lines. As for orchestration, Monteverdi lets the strings stand for pastoral pastures while the brass depict the marshes of hell. Another innovation.

The new tonal language now has an expressive power which medieval musicians could only dream of. Monteverdi's tonal dissonance triggers real anxiety, the sort of thing that really does make us feel uncomfortable. It's fascinating when Orpheus makes his appearance along a series of cadences – G, B flat and D – that are, I am assured, redolent of the classical Dorian mode, a halfway house between sadness and joy. Rather than being swept along by Romantic waves of major and

minor, we hear the expression of a more stoical musical idea. In this way, Orpheus' past sadness is musically reconciled with his present happiness – a happiness that will not last, of course, as Eurydice ends up in Hell. (For the record, Orpheus' reaction to her death is covered with acute dissonances.) Think about it, just about the time Shakespeare was saying all the things that could be said in words, Monteverdi was showing us how music could 'say' the things that not even Shakespeare could describe – not even in *The Tempest*, his most metaphysical of plays. Musical meaning was emancipating itself from words. This is a very significant cultural development that still tends to be ignored and is often misunderstood. The fault is in the way opera developed.

As the Italian Renaissance declined and the European Enlightenment rose to full rational glory, the world was split up into dualisms: mind and body, free will and determinism, empirical and rational, science and superstition, phenomenon and noumenon. Opera followed the trend: speaking and singing, recitativo and aria, stodgy narratives and 'highly-sung' emotional highlights. This dualism made a mockery of serious drama. So while we admire Verdi's music, we despise the clumsiness of the plot. Not even Wagner's technique of through-composition quite shakes off the artificial silliness of opera, the fracture between word and music. Far too often, opera degenerates into an emotionally overblown language, empty of coherence and purpose. But Monteverdi and Wagner fuse the two idioms. Monteverdi lets words take the lead, whereas Wagner's musical canvas drives the narrative. It is not an anachronism to say both these composers, so wide apart, allow words and music to interact as a single art form: semiotic and symbolic at the same time, as it were.

So what of the plot of *Orfeo*? The myth is about the power of music to cheat death. This is music as metaphysics and as redemption. A man descends into the stinking swamps of Hell to bring his dead wife back to life. He slips across the river of death. He finds his wife. He is given permission to bring her back by the Archfiend of Antiquity, Pluto. Orpheus cannot resist looking back at Eurydice. As he glances back, he loses her once more. Watching on high, Apollo redeems both man and wife and turns them into stars in the sky: pristine images of their former selves. This is like the perfect memories we form of our loved ones after they are dead. We forget – we prefer to forget – their irritating foibles and faults to recall only their good and vital qualities: forming a perfect image of their souls in our minds. That is how the sophisticated audience in Mantua would have interpreted the ending of Monteverdi's favola in musica. Not as a snappy way of bringing things to a close but a reflection on their own sophisticated beliefs. The Christian Platonism of the Italian Renaissance was at an end: a bright star fading beside the black suns of religious fundamentalism and predatory nation-states. (Students from the Indian sub-continent may like to mull the fact that Italian history parallels Indian history, albeit with a time lag: both coun-

tries came to be dominated by competing foreign powers. As it happened, Mantua eventually fell under Austrian rule after fending off Spain and France, while India was divided up into the French and, ultimately, the British sphere of influence.)

There is one last quirky relevance for today. The opera ends with a Moresque – Moresca in Italian – an old battle-dance depicting a ritualised fight between Christians and Muslims (Moors). Probably, Monteverdi just wanted to end the opera with a flourish and so he revived a memory of the ‘old enemy’, who for so long had been a thorn in Italy’s side.

After Monteverdi’s death, the opera was packed away and forgotten until it was performed in Paris in 1904.

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Some time in 2407, on a clear and star-lit night, a group of female scholars of mixed faith and global origins from Exeter College, Oxford, dressed in elegant Versace gowns, move in slow procession from Hall towards Chapel. They are going to listen to a virtual performance of the opera Orfeo live from the European Principality of Mantua. It’s a big event. At the end of the opera, Orpheus and Eurydice will be turned into global stars and made to shine in the northern hemisphere for three whole nights. (Apparently, the highly sophisticated African settlements on Mars will have the best views.) It’s all part of the Platonic Revival Movement that is so bitterly contested in every Oxford college – nominalists, to a man – except at Exeter, which is now an all-female House and the only college to admit students on the basis of merit alone (the last male Exhibitioner was sent down thirty-seven years ago after failing Prelims at the third attempt).

So it is that the ladies take their places in the newly restored Chapel. At last the castrato singer has arrived from Santa Barbara and the historically perfect recreation of the first performance can begin. The wife of the Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who is also Rector of Exeter College, begins her introductory address to the world. The Rector says that music is now the world’s preferred language for expressing metaphysical ideas. She notes with approval that tutorials in the philosophy of language at Exeter are now conducted wholly in musical and mathematical terms. She wonders if this process might have gone too far. Is it right that the languages of Dante and Shakespeare have been removed from intelligent discourse, relegated to idle forms of demotic speech? She reminds us how beautiful words must have sounded to listeners back in the dark days of the Pre-Musical Epochs. Yet she chides the inadequacy of wordy languages, their illogical syntax, their impoverished semantics, and their sheer inability to express beauty and truth without implying a contradiction or an imperfection. How ‘primitive’ to think one’s deepest thoughts in words, how vacuous and – and here the members of the distinguished audience nod

in agreement – how terribly impolite. She hopes the audience will make an exception for tonight’s exceptional historical event. How glad she is – how glad we all are – to live in an age where ideas are expressed musically. The signal arrives from Mantua that the concert is about to begin. The elegant ladies in Exeter College listen attentively and are moved to drop their eyes. They have ever heard anything like this before:

Nulla impresa per huom si tenta invano
Né contr’a lui più sa natura armarse . . .
[No enterprise is impossible for man,
Nor can Nature defend herself from him any more . . .]

A warning has been sounded. Perhaps words might have something to say to us after all?

Dave Marler

A Brief Encounter, or the Bridge on the River Cray

A rare advantage of being extremely old is that younger people, which includes just about everybody else, tolerate one’s eccentricities. One is not only allowed to be eccentric, one is expected to be and people are disappointed if one is not.

Two Old Exonians, both of whom had been brought up near Eltham in SE London, decided to meet for a pub lunch at Bexley. The distinguished historian and former Foreign Correspondent brought his academician wife who had studied in Barcelona and Paris and understandably didn’t know much about A.A. Milne and the ‘Pooh’ stories.

After lunch, we explored the many gardens, a tropical greenhouse and the neatly mown lawns along the banks of the river. It happened that the subject of the conversation turned to Winnie the Pooh just as we passing over a small bridge that would not have been out of place in the 40-acre wood at Withyham (alleged site of the Pooh stories). I could not resist explaining to the Lady from Spain how the child’s game of ‘Pooh Sticks’ was played and giving it a try. A crowd of schoolchildren visiting from Hong Kong must have been amazed to see three Europeans with a combined age of 220 years simultaneously dropping different shaped leaves over the upstream side of the bridge and hobbling to the other side to see whose appeared first. It was sad that there was no E.H. Shepard to record the scene.

This is all a long-winded way of saying that Richard Wigg (1948-51) and Keith Ferris (Medicine, 1948-52) are still (just) able to get about.

Keith Ferris

College Notes and Queries

In 2006 we reported that the record of Charles **Brendon**, a fourth-generation Oxonian, has been beaten by at least one other Exeter family, the Milmans, who supplied the College with five successive generations between the 1680s and the 1830s. The present editor's old pupil Philip Nokes (Lit. Hum. 1971) writes as the stepfather of Charles Brendon to point out that 'whilst the continuous Milman line is now closed, the Brendon line of course remains open.' Future tutors will naturally be blind to the Brendon name at admission time, but future historians may keep their eyes open.

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The above prompts a thought. Undergraduate admissions at Oxford are not managed, as the press would have it, by 'Admissions Tutors', who with us do the administration and the marketing but leave the subject tutors to do the admissions. Each college's subject tutors, for this purpose, are under the control of its Governing Body, which at Exeter delegates the power to a committee. The tutors have been guided in their subject by University-wide candidate-assessment. They recommend, the committee admits. For graduate admissions, prior faculty or departmental acceptance by the University is requisite.

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Since writing the notes above, the editor has been told of another five-generation sequence (it includes an uncle-nephew and an uncle-niece succession, which may make it count for less). Josie Thaddeus-Johns is currently reading for Classics Mods; her maternal uncle, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-grandfather's uncle were Exonians before her. The men were called plain '**Johns**'.

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It was good to see President **Kufuor** of Ghana (1961, Law Mods and PPE) at dinner in College on 29 October 2007; better still that he was able to report, with justification, that his country has made strides during the seven years of his presidency that have elapsed.

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Rip **Bulkeley** can still meet orders for his *Island City* (see *Contributors* above), 'a successfully self-published anthology of contemporary Oxford poems with Oxford locations': price £6 including postage, details from rip@ripandjane.org.

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According to David **Marler** (see *The World's First Opera* above), 'the first ever British stage performance [of *Orfeo*] sung in English was by the Oxford University Operatic Society in 1925 . . . Perhaps an old Exonian might have been in the cast?' Any claimants?

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Some Senior Members will remember **Anthony Farrar-Hockley** ('TFH'), who died in 2006 after a military career that was not only distinguished but also both notably brave and exceptionally colourful. When he spent the academic year 1968-9 among us on a Defence Fellowship (Norman Hunt was the instigator, as the editor recalls, and his adviser/supervisor), he enlivened the Exeter Senior Common Room with his breadth of interest and his modesty. In those days Farrar-Hockley's high commands were still in the future; his amazing exploits as Adjutant of the 'Glorious Glosters' and prisoner-of-war in Korea (which he wrote up in *The Edge of the Sword*) were in the past but unknown to most of us; and his many other books were partly the one and partly the other, as were the honours which in the end adorned his name as GBE, KCB, DSO and bar, MC, FRSA. The College sent representatives to his memorial service.

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'Would any of the culprits now like to own up?' asked the previous editor in 2006, printing an extract from Professor William S. Peterson's bibliography of John Betjeman about 'boisterousness' during a BBC television broadcast from **Nevill Coghill's** rooms in Exeter on 2 March 1954. Three responses go to show the therapeutic value of (limited) confession. One was long enough to merit separate printing above (see *Nevill Coghill*); here are two others, partly complementary, partly contradictory of it – historians beware!

F.W.P. Bentley OBE reports: "“Peccavi” (but perhaps, after 53 years, the Statute of Limitations applies?). I was amongst those who disrupted the BBC's outside broadcast . . . Without wishing to detract from any kudos attaching to Exeter athletes who might have been present (having just won Athletics “Cuppers”) I fear a posse of Boat Club members (myself included) were amongst the blameworthy . . . Our “singing” was enhanced by a thunderflash (ex Home Guard 1941-1945, with one used earlier to dramatic effect when dropped into the underground Gents' in St Giles'). Subsequently introduced into Nevill Coghill's rooms his, John Betjeman's, Lord David Cecil's and A.L. Rowse's grace and “welcome” to us was – in the circumstances – nothing less than remarkable. Greig Barr's reaction – as Sub-Rector – the following morning was differently remarkable! The sanction imposed is, I fear, forgotten, but the confiscation of my remaining stock of thunderflashes still rankles . . . ’

Another respondent, John Stubbs, has addressed the Rector: ‘ . . . I am happy to acknowledge my part in the serenade which was a spirited rendering of “The Foggy, Foggy Dew”. There was also a nearly more catastrophic interruption to the television programme when two (not me) well oiled members of the group went into the BBC Control Van parked in Brasenose Lane and started pulling our plugs at random until they were stopped and removed. The Cup Supper was the first of two when Exeter won Athletics Cuppers. Bob Shaw was president that year, and the following year when we won again it was my privilege to be president. Alas there was no suitable occasion [then] to distinguish ourselves quite so publicly.’

Exeter College Governing Body

Miss Frances Cairncross, Rector
Dr W B Stewart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Pure Mathematics,
Keeper of the Archives
Professor R A Dwek, Professorial Fellow
Dr M W Hart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Politics
Professor J M Brown, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physical Chemistry
Professor R D Vaughan-Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Human
Physiology
Professor G O Hutchinson, Senior Tutor, Official Fellow (Rossiter) &
Lecturer in Classical Languages and Literature
Professor S D Fredman, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law
Professor H Watanabe-O'Kelly, Official Fellow & Lecturer in German
Ms J Johnson, Official Fellow (Ashby) & Lecturer in English
Dr H L Spencer, Librarian, Official Fellow & Lecturer in English
Dr M E Taylor, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Biochemistry
Professor H C Watkins, Professorial Fellow
Dr F N Dabhoiwala, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern History
Mr J J W Herring, Tutor for Admissions, Official Fellow & Lecturer in
Law
Dr P Johnson, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Management Studies
Professor A M Steane, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Dr S J Clarke, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry
Dr I D Reid, Sub-Rector, Computing Fellow, Official Fellow &
Lecturer in Engineering Science
Professor J Klein, Professorial Fellow
Professor F E Close, Tutor for Graduates, Official Fellow & Lecturer in
Physics
Dr S Das, Official Fellow (Eyles) & Lecturer in Earth Sciences
Dr B Morison, Dean of Degrees, Official Fellow (Michael Cohen) &
Lecturer in Philosophy
Mr E M Bennett, Home Bursar, Official Fellow
Dr A V Akoulitchev, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto)
Dr N Petrinic, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Engineering
Professor E Williamson, Professorial Fellow
Dr A R Eagle, Official Fellow (Michael Cohen) & Lecturer in
Philosophy
Dr Z Qian, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Mathematics
Mr G Wood, Junior Research Fellow (Queen Sofia)
Dr J Hiddleston, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern Languages
Dr H Gazzard, Official Fellow (Williams) & Lecturer in English
Dr J Kennedy, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Physiology
Professor N Gould, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Numerical
Optimisation
Dr E Brighi, Junior Research Fellow (Boskey)

Dr C de Bellaigue, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern History
 Revd Dr H Orchard, Chaplain, Official Fellow
 Dr K Scott, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto)
 Dr K Maloy, Junior Research Fellow (Staines)
 Prof M Lauxterman, Professorial Fellow
 Dr A Farmer, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in General Practice
 Mr W Jensen, Finance and Estates Bursar, Official Fellow
 Dr C Drutu, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Mathematics
 Dr J Dunkley, Senior Research Fellow (Astrophysics)

Honours and Appointments

- E. B. BRIGHI (Fellow) is Research Assistant of the Centre for International Studies, Department of Politics; Visiting Fellow of the Oxford Leverhulme Programme on the ‘Changing Character of War’, Department of Politics.
- D.J. FELDMAN (1972) has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy. He is a Vice-president of the Constitutional Court of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and chairman of the Faculty of Law, University of Cambridge, 2006.
- M. GEOGHEGAN (1985) has been promoted to a Readership in Experimental Polymer Science at the University of Sheffield.
- P. GOLDIE (sometime Lecturer) has been appointed to the Samuel Hall Chair in Philosophy, University of Manchester.
- S. GORDON (Emeritus Fellow) has been elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society.
- M. HARRY (1959) was ordained deacon in the Antiochian Greek Orthodox Church, January 2003, priest March 2004.
- J.R.T. POLLARD (1946) was appointed OBE; he is also now a JP.
- T. SHAWCROSS (1994) received the 2005 award by the Hellenic Foundation (Academy of Athens) for the best British thesis in Hellenic studies on a Byzantine or mediæval subject.
- C. STORR (1959) was awarded PhD University of London, 2007, for research into Catholic school governance in the twenty-first century.
- S.P. SUBEDI, OBE (1989), Professor of International Law at the University of Leeds, has been appointed a Crown Representative on the Governing Body of SOAS, University of London, for a period of five years.
- R. TAYLOR (1964) has been appointed Chair of the Trustees of the Workers’ Educational Association (WEA), and awarded honorary

life membership of the National Institute of Adult Continuing Education (NIACE).

- P. TYLER (LORD TYLER OF LINKINHORNE) CBE DL (1960) has been appointed Shadow Minister for Constitutional Affairs in the House of Lords for the Liberal Democrats.
- D.F. WILLIAMSON (LORD WILLIAMSON OF HORTON) GCMG, CB (1952) is currently Convener (Leader) of the Independent Crossbench peers in the House of Lords, and has been appointed by the Queen as a member of her Privy Council.
- E. WILLIAMSON (Fellow) was Brettschneider Visiting Scholar, Cornell University, November 2006.
- K. ZUCKER (1955) has been Barrister 1959-89, QC from 1981, Circuit Judge 1989-2005.

Publications

- C.A. BAILEY (1979), *Black Diamonds: the rise and fall of an English dynasty*, Viking 2007.
- A.P. BALE (1994), *The Jew in the Medieval Book: English antisemitisms 1350-1500*, Cambridge Studies in Medieval Literature, Cambridge University Press, 2006; awarded a Koret Jewish Studies Publications Program Award.
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F. VIBERT (1960), *The Rise of the Unelected: democracy and the new separation of powers*, Cambridge University Press, 2007.

H. WERLIN (1953), 'Corruption and Democracy: is Lord Acton Right?', *Journal of Social, Political and Economic Studies* 32.2 (2007).

J.W. WERYHO (1952), 'H.G. Wells's "The door in the wall: fantasy or romantic realism"', *Bulletin of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in Canada* (2006).

E. WILLIAMSON (Fellow), *Borges: una vida*, Seix Barral, Buenos Aires, 2006, Barcelona 2007; *Borges: een leven*, De Bezige Bij, Amsterdam, 2006; 'Borges era su propio cuento', *El País*, Madrid (11 March 2007); 'Armando a Borges', *La Revista*, Puerto Rico (8 April 2007); 'Alcanzó Borges la felicidad?', *La Vanguardia*, Barcelona (9 May 2007).

Class Lists in Honour Schools and Honour Moderations 2007

FINAL HONOUR SCHOOLS

BIOCHEMISTRY: *Class I*, Simon Arnold, Claire Atkinson, James Robinson; *Class II(i)*, Cherry Briggs, David Delameillieure; *Class II(ii)*, Yitao Duan, Francesca Rivers

CHEMISTRY: *Class I*, Elizabeth Crabtree; *Class II(i)*, Scott Bentley, Gregory Johnson, David Johnston, Alessandra La Via, Catherine Leith, Rosa Macey; *Class II(ii)*, Steven Corns, Bonita Lin, Andrew Mullin; *Class III*, Jonathan Lerwill

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY & ANCIENT HISTORY: *Class II(i)*, Susannah Callow

EARTH SCIENCES: *Class II(i)*, Paola Moffa Sanchez; *Class II(ii)*, Tobias Hopkins

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Class I*, Thomas Adcock; *Class II(i)* Ashley Wood

ENGINEERING SCIENCE: *Class I*, Savelie Cornegruta, Adam Davidson, Nauman Shah; *Class II(ii)*, Richard Harrap; *Class III*, Fandi Mohamed Othman

ENGLISH: *Class I*, Darrell Jones; *Class II(i)*, Elizabeth Blackmore, Julia Ingram, Gayle Lazda, Oliver Stevens, Nicholas Whitfield, Joanne Williams

FINE ART: *Class II(i)*, Emma Cousin

JURISPRUDENCE: *Class I*, Emma Naylor, David Thomas; *Class II(i)*, Lynsey Adams, Laura Bradley, Kelly Carmichael, Ross Ferguson, Eng Siang Ng, Matthew Peters; *Class II(ii)*, Neil Kelleher

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class II(i)*, Roland Brandman, Jonathan Knott, Hannah Matthews, Corriisa Tung; *Class II(ii)*, Katherine Barker, Jessica Cullimore

MATHEMATICS: *Class II(i)*, Matthew Byrd, Christopher Collins, Gregory Jenkins, David Rhys Jenkins, Rajiv Tanna; *Class II(ii)*, Colin Cheung

MATHEMATICS (3 year): *Class II(i)*, Matthew Cox, James Holwell; *Class II(ii)*, Megan Hancock, Christopher McCallum

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class I*, Charlotte Kestner, Vinesh Solanki; *Class II(i)*, Elizabeth Lennox

MATHEMATICS & STATISTICS: *Class II(i)*, Claire Simons

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, Alexander Laffan, Matthew Siddons; *Class II(i)*, Katy Barrett, Matthew Hayes, Jonathan Heath, David Hoare, Anna Maude, Hannah Redfearn

MODERN HISTORY & ENGLISH: *Class II(i)*, Lorna Shaddick

MODERN HISTORY & POLITICS: *Class II(i)*, Rakesh Ankit

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, Eleanor Cockbain, Rachel Harland, Riona Nicholls, Lauren Sklar; *Class II(i)*, Frances Aizlewood, Benedict Hunting, Felicity Long, Charles-Henri McDermott

MUSIC: *Class I*, Kathryn Riley; *Class II(i)*, Rebecca Howard

ORIENTAL STUDIES: *Class II(i)* James Willis

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class II(i)*, Andrei Brougham, Gemma Carr, Thomas Evans, Jonathan Healy, Robert Keevil, Christine Kelly, John Lin; *Class II(ii)*, Jin Wang

PHYSICS (4 year): *Class I*, Susan Cook, Nicholas Scott; *Class II(i)*, William Taylor; *Class II(ii)*, Christopher Arnold

PHYSICS (3 year): *Class I*, Steven Williams; *Class II(ii)*, David Cooper

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(i)*, Caroline Duff; *Class II(ii)*, Carol Topley

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES (MEDICAL): *Class I*, Heather White; *Class II(i)*, Gemunu Cooray, Mary Keniger, Jennifer Lane, Rhona Sproat

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES (PHYSIOLOGY): *Class II(i)*, Megan Forrester

HONOUR MODERATIONS

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY & ANCIENT HISTORY: *Class II(i)*, Leah Reynolds

CLASSICS: *Class I*, Simon Heawood; *Class II(i)*, Jennifer Donnellan, Isabel Williams; *Class II(ii)*, Charles Dallas

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, Yi Ming Lai; *Class II*, Edward Butler, Edward Moores, Katsuhiko Motokawa, Paul Pamment, Xubo Zhang; *Class III*, Joseph Haley

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class I*, Jack Marley-Payne; *Class II*, David Lee, Anupam Das; *Class III*, Xiao Cai

MUSIC: *Class II*, Sarah Blackford, Lydia Gregory

Firsts 3 Seconds 13 Thirds 2

Distinctions in First Public Examinations 2007

MODERATIONS

ENGLISH: *Distinction*, Martin Grosvenor, Daisy Johnson, Katie McGettigan

JURISPRUDENCE: *Distinction*, Michael Firth

PRELIMS

CHEMISTRY: *Distinction*, Lee Dyer

EARTH SCIENCES: *Distinction*, Amy Gilligan

ENGINEERING SCIENCE: *Distinction*, Christopher Neale, Anthony Wong

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Distinction*, Charles Maynard

MODERN HISTORY: *Distinction*, Spencer Crawley, Clare Fisher

MODERN HISTORY & ENGLISH: *Distinction*, Ken Cheng

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Distinction in French*, Robin Andrews; *Distinction in German*, Patrick Howard; *Distinction in Spanish*, Mabyn Troup

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Distinction*, Ursula Hackett

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Distinction*, Katja Bett, Jennifer Brown

Graduate Degrees 2006-7

D PHIL

Juan Carballo	Clinical Medicine Novel genetic determinants and disease mechanisms in hypertrophic and dilated cardiomyopathy
Wei-Chiao Chang	Physiology Ca ²⁺ dependent regulation of phospholipase A2 and leukotriene C4 secretion
Rizwan Chughtai	Physics Magneto-optics of strongly correlated electron systems in the Quantum Hall Effect
Cassandra Farthing	Clinical Medicine The role of <i>cited2</i> in left-right patterning and heart development
Bevin Gangadharan	Biochemistry Proteomics in viral disease
Fei Huang	Engineering Science Probabilistic tracking and recognition of non-rigid human motion
James Kirkham	Organic Chemistry Synthesis of marine natural products
Maja Kominko	Archæology The world of Cosmas: the universe described and depicted in Byzantine manuscripts of the Christian Topography
Max Little	Mathematics Biomechanically informed nonlinear speech signal processing
Michael McClenahan	Theology Jonathan Edwards' doctrine of justification in the period up to First Great Awakening
Plamen Natzkoff	Economics Essays in the organization and performance of auction markets
Giles Robertson	Biochemistry The role of cyclin A / peptide interactions in the control of cyclin dependent kinase 2
Paul Robinson	Clinical Medicine The functional effect of disease causing mutations on thin filament regulatory proteins topomyosin, troponin T, troponin I and troponin C

Jacob Steward	Law Expropriation of shares in publicly listed companies
Teik Tee	Mathematics An adaptive rational spectral method for differential equations with rapidly varying solutions
Sarah Voitchovsky	Economics Inequality and growth
Murray Wesson	Law Equality and social rights: an exploration in light of the South African constitution
Siobhan Wills	Law The legal responsibilities of multi-national forces in peace support and other operations: the responsibility to protect

BCL

Elliot Fung	
Busingye Kabumba	
Patrick Lloyd	Distinction
Adam Perry	Distinction

B PHIL

Whitney Schwab	Philosophy
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FOREIGN SERVICE PROGRAMME

Seok-Hong Shin	Certificate in Diplomatic Studies
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MBA

Colin Clarke	
Morgan Murphy	

M PHIL

Evren Cubukgil	Economics (Distinction)
Elsa Lignos	Economics
Daragh McDowell	Russian & East European Studies (Distinction)

M SC BY COURSEWORK

Afsaneh Behvand	Criminology & Criminal Justice
Alexander Blekinsopp	Criminology & Criminal Justice (Distinction)
Namukale Chintu	Financial Economics
Radha Desai	Pharmacology
Zahra Husain	Economics for Development
Kathleen McKeown	African Studies (Distinction)
Christina Sgardeli	Financial Economics (Distinction)

M SC BY RESEARCH

Edward Meinert Software Engineering

M St

Abigail Ballantyne	Musicology
Joanna Britton	Women's Studies (Distinction)
Arabel Charlaff	Women's Studies (Distinction)
Sabrina Dax	European Literature
Brendan Devitt	Byzantine Studies (Distinction)
Anna Goodhand	General Linguistics & Comparative Philology (Distinction)
Swathi Kantamani	English
Vassiliki Liakopoulou	European Literature (Distinction)
Vasiliki Petsa	European Literature (Distinction)
David Pope	European Literature
Laura Silver	English
Jesse Simon	Byzantine Studies (Distinction)
Hilary Thrasher	Byzantine Studies
Naomi Walker	European Literature (Distinction)
Colin Warriner	Modern History (Distinction)
Claude Willan	English (Distinction)

MAGISTER JURIS

Martin Gerecke
Oxana Ivanova
Tiago Moreira
Ken Sato

College Prizes

QUARRELL READ PRIZES: Christopher Arnold, Katherine Barker, Katy Barrett, Cherry Briggs, Eleanor Cockbain, Richard Harrap, Charlotte Kestner, Alexander Laffan, James McCaffrey, Hannah Matthews, Jason Ng, Francesca Rivers, James Robinson, Lorna Shaddick, Matthew Siddons, Rajiv Tanna

PETER STREET PRIZE: Jo Williams

SIR ARTHUR BENSON MEMORIAL PRIZE: Ursula Hackett

BURNETT PRIZE: Adam Davidson

COGHILL/STARKIE POETRY PRIZE: Darrell Jones

EMERY PRIZE: Heather White

FLUCHÈRE ESSAY PRIZE: Riona Nicholls

LAURA QUELCH PRIZE: Matthew Siddons

PATRICK PRIZE: Mark Curtis
PAUL HUMPHRIS PRIZE: Roland Brandman
PERGAMON PRESS PRIZE: Simon Arnold
SCIENCE PRIZE: Claire Atkinson
SIMON POINTER PRIZE: Lucy Brown
SKEAT-WHITFIELD PRIZE: Jo Williams
WALTER HIGGS PRIZE: Rakesh Ankit

University Prizes

AWE PRIZE IN GEOPHYSICS FOR BEST 3RD YEAR PERFORMANCE (EARTH SCIENCES): Richard Walters

BEST PERFORMANCE IN BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING: Adam Davidson

GIBBS BOOK PRIZE FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN PART I CHEMISTRY: Alexander Scott-Simons

GIBBS BOOK PRIZE FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN PARTS I AND II MOLECULAR & CELLULAR BIOCHEMISTRY: Claire Atkinson & Simon Arnold

GIBBS PRIZE FOR BEST PART I PROJECT IN ENGINEERING SCIENCE: Toby Normanton

GIBBS PRIZE FOR PRACTICAL WORK IN PHYSICS: Steven Williams

LINKLATERS PRIZE FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN EC COMPETITION LAW AND POLICY: Emma Naylor

MARTIN WRONKER PRIZE FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN ADMINISTRATIVE LAW: Lynsey Adams

PRIZE FOR MOST ORIGINAL DISSERTATION IN MSc AFRICAN STUDIES: Kathleen McKeown

PART II RESEARCH PROJECT PRIZE FOR SECOND MOST MERITORIOUS PROJECT IN MOLECULAR & CELLULAR BIOCHEMISTRY: Claire Atkinson

PROXIME ACCESSIT TO THE ROGER HOOD PRIZE FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN MSc CRIMINOLOGY & CRIMINAL JUSTICE: Alexander Blenkinsopp

RONALD VICTOR PRIZE FOR THE BEST 4TH YEAR PROJECT IN ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATIONS (ENGINEERING SCIENCE): Nauman Shah

SLAUGHTER & MAY PRIZE FOR THE BEST PERFORMANCE IN 'A ROMAN INTRODUCTION TO PRIVATE LAW': Michael Firth

SIMMS PRIZE IN CRIME, JUSTICE AND THE PENAL SYSTEM: Adam Perry

UNIVERSITY JUNIOR MATHEMATICS PRIZE: Adam Harper

Graduate Freshers

Philip	Assheton	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
Akshay	Bareja	D Phil	Physiology, Anatomy & Genetics
Luke	Boswell	M St	Medieval & Modern Languages
Kamel	Bouaissi	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
Hermione	Calvocoressi	M Sc by coursework	Social Anthropology
William	Canestaro	M Sc by coursework	Medical Anthropology
Hiu Shuen	Chan	M Sc by coursework	Bioinformatics
Richard	Chapman	M Phil	Modern European History
Lauren	Damme	M Phil	Latin American Studies
Hannah	Davis	M St	Music
Julie	De Mesmaecker	D Phil	Cardiovascular Medicine
Rachana	Deb	M Phil	Medical Anthropology
Charles	Dehaene	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical & Computational Finance
Jerome	Dilley	D Phil	Atomic & Laser Physics
Steven	Doll	MBA	Business Administration
Daniel	Dolley	D Phil	Social & Cultural Anthropology
Tania	Doney	D Phil	Medieval and Modern Languages
Victoria	Elliott	M Sc by coursework	Educational Research Methodology
Timothy	Elwell-Sutton	M Phil	Medical Anthropology
Therese	Feiler	M St	Study of Religion
Rebecca	Fields	M St	Medieval Literature
Erin	Finger	M Phil	Comparative Government
Ben	Fitzpatrick	D Phil	Astrophysics
Edward	Flett	M St	English and American Studies
Jaroslav	Fowkes	D Phil	Numerical Analysis
Aimee	George	M St	History of Art and Visual Culture
Alessandra	Geremia	D Phil	Pathology
Dominic	Glynn	D Phil	Medieval & Modern Languages
Alyson	Goodner	MBA	Business Administration
Hannah	Graff	M Phil	Medical Anthropology
Molly	Guinness	M St	Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature
Chetan	Gupta	BCL	Law
Layla	Hamadi Merricks	M Phil	Medical Anthropology
Alistair	Hanson	M St	History
Laura	Hennequin	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
Hirofumi	Hosokawa	M Sc by coursework	Applied Linguistics & Second Language Acquisition
Huichou	Huang	M Sc by coursework	Economics for Development
Kathleen	Johnston	M Sc by coursework	Criminology and Criminal Justice
Alexandros	Kampakoglou	D Phil	Classical Languages & Literature
Gagan	Kanwar	MBA	Business Administration
Devang	Lakhani	M Sc by coursework	Bioinformatics
Usman	Latif	M Sc by coursework	Software Engineering
Ge Chun	Liang	D Phil	Mathematics
Alexander	Liu	D Phil	Earth Sciences
Shyam	Masakapalli	D Phil	Plant Sciences
Manish	Menda	MBA	Business Administration
Tomohiro	Morisawa	M Sc by coursework	Visual Anthropology
Chait	Mudunuri	MBA	Business Administration

Morgan	Murphy	EMBA	Business Administration
Saikat	Nandi	D Phil	Biochemistry
Oluchi	Palmer	M Sc by coursework	Economics for Development
Hannah	Perrin	M St	Women's Studies
Elena	Polishchuk	Magister Juris	Law
Soumya	Rao	BCL	Law
Rahul	Sagar	BCL	Law
Herman	Salton	M Phil	International Relations
Rajinder	Sanghera	M Sc by coursework	Management Research
George	Savvides	M Sc by coursework	Educational Studies
Antonio	Scotti di Uccio	MBA	Business Administration
Mohamed	Shelbaya	Magister Juris	Law
Lina	Shen	M Sc by coursework	Applied Statistics
Dalibor	Siroky	M Sc by coursework	Software Engineering
Constantin	Sobiella	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Jorn	Soerink	M St	Greek and/or Latin Languages & Literature
Drew	Spicer	M Sc by coursework	Material Anthropology & Museum Ethnography
Konstantinos	Stamatopoulos	M Phil	Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature
Clare	Sutton	M Sc by coursework	Medical Anthropology
Anna	Szatkowska	Magister Juris	Law
William	Tattersdill	M St	English
Silvana	Toska	M Sc by coursework	African Studies
Vassiliki	Tzoannou	Magister Juris	Law
Andrew	Van Biljon	M Phil	Economics
Daniel	Van Binsbergen	Magister Juris	Law
Sarah	Wandless	M Sc by coursework	Archaeological Science
Somkiat	Wangsiripitak	D Phil	Engineering Science
Toni	Weis	M Sc by coursework	African Studies
Martin	Williams	M Sc by coursework	African Studies
Natalia	Wise	BCL	Law
Alessandro	Vatri		Linguistics & Philology

Undergraduate Freshers

Edward	Anderson	English	Bourne Grammar School
Lukas	Attwell	Physiological Sciences	Alleyn's School
Joshua	Bailey	Chemistry	Windsor Boys School
James	Bailey	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Millfield School
Ruth	Barber	Economics & Management	Peter Symonds College
Stephen	Bedford	Mathematics	Leicester Grammar School
William	Bowring	English	City of London School
Sophie	Burns	Physiological Sciences	St Mary's RC School
Maximillian	Byng	Jurisprudence	Blundells School
Stephen	Carolin	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Hampton School
Charles	Clegg	Economics & Management	Eton College
Katherine	Cook	Literae Humaniores	Cobham Hall
Aisha	Curran	English	Cowes High School
Robert	Dacre	History	Highgate School

James	Day	Ancient & Modern History	Haberdashers' Aske's (Boys) School
Neil	Dewar	Physics & Philosophy	Dundee High School
Abigail	Dickens	Jurisprudence	Dame Alice Harpur School
Aurelien	Ducap	Legal Studies	
Cai	Durbin	Earth Sciences	Penglais School
Joshua	Eggleston	Engineering Science	Exmouth Community College
Hannah	Evans	Jurisprudence	Pen Y Dre High School
Samuel	Falle	English	Victoria College
Caroline	Fargher	Chemistry	
Alison	Fincher	English	
Mike	Finn	Theology	University of Cambridge
Rory	Fletcher	Modern Languages	Eton College
Matthew	Franks	English	Columbia University
Sean	Genis	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	USA Naval Academy
Philip	Gerken	Biochemistry	International School Düsseldorf
William	Gregory	Biochemistry	Winchester College
Sarah	Hand	English	Haberdashers' Aske's Girls School
Timothy	Hele	Chemistry	Redborne Upper School
Alexander	Henderson Russell	Chemistry	Harrow School
Katie	Higgins	Earth Sciences	Alton College
Samuel	Hitchings	Literae Humaniores	Kings College School Wimbledon
Jessica	Houlgrave	Economics & Management	Reeds School
Tom	Hyatt	Physics & Philosophy	Bacup & Rawtenstall GR School
Simon	Inman	Mathematics	Brighton Hove & Sussex Sixth Form College
Philip	Jackson	Jurisprudence	Poole Grammar School
Philip	James	Chemistry	Hills Road Sixth Form College
Helen	James	Jurisprudence	
Hannah	Jones	Fine Art	
Rebecca	Kaye	Physiological Sciences	Merchant Taylors' Girls School
Sebastian	Keany	Biochemistry	Old Swinford Hospital School
Sanaya	Kerawala	Engineering Science	Latymer School
Nakul	Krishna	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	St Joseph's College, India
Sonia	Krylova	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Aylesbury High School
Stephen	Lang	History	Torquay Grammar School for Boys
Alison	Lavery	Physiological Sciences	Sullivan Upper School
Theo	Leanse	English	City of London School
Natasha	Leigh	Modern Languages	Uppingham School
Tingting	Liu	Mathematics and Statistics	
Zaichen	Lu	Mathematics & Philosophy	Norwich School
William	MacLeod	Economics & Management	Eton College
Lucinda	Mallace-Goulbourne	History	Parkstone Grammar School
Neil	Malloy	English & Modern Languages	Methodist College
David	McGonegle	Physics	Queen Elizabeth School
David	Merlin-Jones	History	Merchant Taylors' School
Daniel	Mew	Engineering Science	Charterhouse
Katy	Minshall	History	Cheadle Hulme School
Adam	Mitchell	Physics	Larne Grammar School

Ciara	Mulvenna	Modern Languages	Methodist College
Kathleen	Murphy	Biochemistry	
Nicholas	Nunn	Chemistry	Queen Elizabeth VI Form College
Joseph	O'Keeffe	Modern Languages	New College
Luke	O'Leary	Literae Humaniores	University College School
Tom	Parker	Modern Languages	Whitgift School
Imogen	Parry	Chemistry	James Allens Girls School
Rikin	Patel	Mathematics	Whitgift School
Jennifer	Payne	Music	King Edward VI Girls High School
Martin	Poon	Mathematics	Queen Elizabeth School
Rosanna	Ramsay	Mathematics	Abbey School
David	Rawcliffe	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Abingdon School
Benjamin	Reed	Physics	Kingston Grammar School
James	Regan	Classical Archaeology and Ancient History	
Alistair	Reid	Music	Notre Dame High School
Matthew	Rhodes	Biochemistry	Dean Close School
Frances	Rose	Modern Languages	Blessed Robert Johnson College
Hannah	Rosefield	English	Sevenoaks School
Charles	Rowe	Chemistry	North London Collegiate School
Helen	Rushton	Mathematics	Queens College
James	Salter	History	King George V College
Manjula	Satheesana	Mathematics and Statistics	Twyford C of E School
Ralph	Schwiebert	Physiological Sciences	Middlesbrough College
Benedict	Snodin	Physics	
Chloe	Street	History	Latymer Upper School
Piers	Taylor	Jurisprudence	Oundle School
Jennifer	Taylor	Physiological Sciences	Cheadle Hulme School
Kara	Thomas	Modern Languages & Linguistics	St Aidans/St John Fisher VI Form
Harcourt	Tucker	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Caerleon Comprehensive School
Sarah	Tulip	Jurisprudence	
Michael	Turner	Physiological Sciences	Jersey College for Girls
Thomas	Vining	Engineering Science	All Hallows Catholic High School
Ruth	Wainwright	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Heart of England School
Alice	Walker	History	Westminster School
Elodie	Watfa	Engineering Science	Royal Grammar School
Calum	Watt	English	Norwich School
Sundeep	Watts	Jurisprudence	Fraserburgh Academy
Thomas	Wigham	Modern Languages	Victoria College
Jonathan	Worsley	English	Queen Elizabeth VI Form College
Hannah	Wright	English	Nottingham High School
Yangshi	Yu	Engineering Science	Lymm High School
Chau-Lam	Yu	Jurisprudence	St Joseph's College
			Chinese University of Hong Kong

Deaths

- Philip Gewase Adlard, RN Cadet (1944), formerly of St Edward's School, Oxford. Died 28 December 2006, aged 80.
- Edwin Bolwell Andrews, Commoner (1948), formerly of Widnes Municipal Technical College. Died 20 February 2007, aged 81.
- Charles John Adkinson Barratt, Commoner (1951), formerly of Witwatersrand University. Died 8 August 2007, aged 77.
- Fred William Bornhauser, Rhodes Scholar (1948), formerly of University of Louisville. Died 30 July 2007, aged 82.
- Michael Min Tat Chang, Commoner (1950), formerly of Raffles College, Singapore. Died 27 September 2007, aged 91.
- James Philip Collis, Commoner (1948), formerly of Whitgift School, Croydon. Died 8 April 2007, aged 79.
- The Reverend Patrick Francis Lathan Connor, Commoner (1945), formerly of Cathedral School, Truro. Died 28 March 2006, aged 80.
- David Hoequard Crill, Commoner (1939), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died January 2007, aged 85.
- William Mortimer Drower, MBE, Exhibitioner (1933), formerly of Clifton College. Died 7 August 2007, aged 92.
- Wayne Arthur (Rusty) Drugan, Rhodes Scholar (1969), formerly of Valley City Central High School and Valley City State College, Dakota. Died 7 December 2006, aged 59.
- The Honourable Mr John Du Parcq, Commoner (1935), formerly of Rugby School. Died 11 January 2007, aged 89.
- Arthur James Dyer, Commoner (1952), formerly of Lancing College, Sussex. Died 25 December 2006, aged 73.
- Professor Alexander James Easson, Commoner (1957), formerly of Crypt School, Gloucester. Died 25 January 2007, aged 70.
- Sarel Henry Eimerl, Commoner (1946), formerly of The King's School, Chester. Died 6 February 2007, aged 81.
- Rhodes Whitmore Fairbridge, Commoner (1936), formerly of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Died 8 November 2006, aged 92.
- Richard J Gilpin, Graduate Student (1996), formerly of Bristol University. Died 29 March 2006, aged 36.
- Norman John Watson Hagger (1939), Richards Prize Exhibitioner, formerly of Lincoln and Rossall. Died 9 September 2007, aged 87.

- Geoffrey William Hart (1948), Commoner, formerly of City of Oxford School. Died 7 April 2007 in Sobell House, aged 79.
- Denis Patrick Hayden (1951), King Charles I Exhibitioner, formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 17 July 2007, aged 75.
- John Frederic Hayley, OBE, Commoner (1934), formerly of Rugby School. Died 20 November 2006, aged 90.
- Gerald Malcolm David Henderson-Howat, Commoner (1960), formerly of Glenalmond and the Universities of Edinburgh and London. Died 10 October 2007, aged 79.
- Richard Thomas Erskine Hudson, Stapeldon Scholar (1945), formerly of Clifton College. Died 16 November 2006, aged 83.
- The Reverend Canon Rodney Squire Hunter, Commoner (1953), formerly of Kent House, Sale. Died 11 November 2006, aged 73.
- John Alexander Christie Kinnear (1948), Commoner, formerly of St Dunstan's College, Catford. Died January 2007, aged 81.
- Professor Anthony Stephen Knowland, Open Exhibitioner (1938), formerly of Frensham Heights. Died 10 December 2006, aged 87.
- Nicolas Anton Lethbridge, Open Scholar (1967), formerly of St Andrew's School, Woking, and Winchester College. Died 16 August 2007, aged 58.
- The Reverend Dr Arthur John Long, Commoner (1938), formerly of Wembley County School. Died 9 December 2006, aged 86.
- Geoffrey Walter Fownes Luttrell, KCVO, MC, Commoner (1937), formerly of Eton College. Died 3 April 2007, aged 87.
- Richard Francis Maurice, Commoner (1936), formerly of St Laurence College. Died 9 March 2007, aged 90.
- Dr Judith E. (formerly John Ernest) Pinnington, Commoner (1956), formerly of Wallasey Grammar School. Died 7 December 2006, aged 71.
- John Latham Press, TD, Commoner (1932), formerly of Clifton College. Died 24 December 2006, aged 92.
- Kenneth Clifford Race, Commoner (1954), formerly of Durham Johnston Grammar School. Died 28 April 2007, aged 74.
- Professor Norman Revell, Open Exhibitioner (1965), formerly of Rochdale Grammar School for Boys. Died 7 February 2007, aged 59.
- Dr Geoffrey Alan Salt, Commoner (1940), formerly of Bishop Wordsworth School, Salisbury. Died 1 January 2006, aged 84.
- Robert Franklin Savadove, Commoner (1955), formerly of Williams College, U.S.A. Died 20 April 2007, aged 73.

Peter William Brett Semmens FRIC, Stapeldon Scholar (1945), formerly of St Edward's School, Oxford. Died 4 March 2007, aged 79.

Edward George Sherrin, Commoner (1951), formerly of Sexey's Boys' School, Bruton. Died 1 October 2007, aged 76.

John Edmund Dudley Street, Commoner (1937), formerly of Tonbridge School. Died 19 March 2006, aged 87.

Harcourt Oliver Tucker, Commoner (2007), formerly of Hilton College, South Africa. Died 12 November 2007, aged 19.

Sundee Watts, Commoner (2007), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 12 November 2007, aged 19.

Josiah Randall Williams, Commoner (1934), formerly of Williams College, U.S.A. Died 22 March 2007, aged 95.

Alexander Francis Wyton (1943), Commoner, formerly of Northampton Town & County School. Died 18 March 2007, aged 85.

David Henry Peers Young, Commoner (1948), formerly of Christ's College, Finchley. Died 1 December 2006, aged 79.

Marriages

Clare Brennan (1993, Theology) to John McIntosh in Castle Durrow, Laois, Ireland, on 21 August 2006.

Helen Finn (1998, Jurisprudence) to Phil Webb at Matfen Hall in Northumberland on 24 March 2007.

Philip Hobday (1999, Modern History) to Hannah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Jesus, 1999) at St Mary Magdalene's Church, Tilehurst, Reading, on 14 April 2007.

Iyasha Nadim (1998, Physiological Sciences) to Alfred Gjertsen (1998, PPP) in Clitheroe, Lancashire on 16 July 2006.

Hannah Parham (2001, History) to Robin Hopkins (2001, PPE) at Southwark Cathedral, London, on 20 October 2007.

Kate Sowler (1993, Modern Languages) to Marcus Astley at St Anne's Church, Kew, on 1 October 2005.

Ruth Wilkinson (1999, Modern History) to Jo Jefferson at Kingswood School, Bath, on 16 December 2006.

Births

- To Gürsel Alici (1990, Engineering Science) and his wife Nejla, a daughter, Sera Hatice, a sister for Rutkay Ozgur, on 11 January 2006.
- To Kate Astley (née Sowler, 1993, Modern Languages) and her husband Marcus, a son, Edward Robert, on 16 August 2006.
- To Donna Clark (1994, English) and Daniel Hullah, twin sons, Aneurin and Gerran, on 27 February 2007.
- To Helen Corcoran (née Cohen, 1983, Physiological Sciences) and her husband Sam, a daughter, Clare Anne Monica on 26 February 2007.
- To Sarah Fuller (née Ibbotson, 1990, Modern History) and her husband Matthew, a daughter, Alice Emily Mary, on 4 February 2007.
- To Graeme McCullough (1995, Music) and his wife Beth (Wadham, 1997), a daughter, Erin Elizabeth, on 30 June 2007.
- To Katy McDevitt (née Plowright, 1994, English) and her husband Chris, a daughter, Elsa Jane McDevitt, on 28 February 2007.
- To David Maren (2004, MBA) and his wife Courtney, a son, Shepherd Huxley, on 12 November 2006.
- To Jo Payne (1990, Modern Languages) and her husband Adrian Powell (1986, Modern Languages), a daughter, Lyra Florence Avalon, on 24 April 2007.
- To Carol Robertson (née Gay, 1986, Chemistry) and her husband Ian, a son, Daniel John, a brother for James, on 15 October 2006.
- To Raul Rodriguez (2000, MBA) and his wife Sandra, a daughter, Maria, on 26 August 2007.
- To David Webb (1983, Mathematics) and his wife Karen, a son, Marco Albert Michael, a brother for Leo, on 1 November 2005.
- To Kate Westwater (née Werran, 1991, Modern History) and her husband Sandy (1989, Theology), a son, Maximilian Alexander Crichton, on 5 May 2007.

Advance Notice of Gaudies and Association Dinners

March 2008	2000-02
June 2008	2003-05
September 2008	1966-70
March 2009	1961-65
June 2009	-1960
September 2009	Association Dinner

Gaudies in 2008

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 15th March for those who matriculated between 2000 and 2002 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out three months in advance of the date (early January). If anyone you know does not receive an invitation, please encourage them to email us at development@exeter.ox.ac.uk.

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 21st June for those who matriculated between 2003 and 2005 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out in March.

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 20th September for those who matriculated between 1966 and 1970 (inclusive). This will coincide with the second annual University-wide Oxford Alumni Weekend. Invitations will be sent out in March.

Old Members who have not attended a Gaudy for at least five years and whose own Gaudy will not occur in 2008 are welcome to apply for a place at the June 2008 Gaudy. They should write to the Home Bursar by 1st 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

The College is always delighted to see Old Members back, and you are warmly welcome to visit whenever you might be in Oxford.

If you are planning a visit and can let the Development Office know in advance when you are likely to arrive, then the Porters can be briefed to expect you. Please make yourself known in the Lodge by identifying yourself and presenting your University Alumni Card if you have one.

You and any guests you may have with you will then be able to move freely wherever you wish in College. The Hall, Chapel, and Fellows' Garden are nearly always open. The Hall may be locked but the Porter will be happy to open it for you if he is not too heavily engaged on other duties.

If you are not in possession of a University Alumni Card, please go to 'Get your Oxford Alumni Card' in the Alumni section of the University website and fill in the webform: www.alumni.ox.ac.uk/alumni_benefits/oxford_alumni_card/get_your_oxford_alumni_card_now.html. This card will also enable you to obtain discounts at select hotels in the area with which Exeter has made arrangements for our Old Members to receive reduced rates.

Do take advantage of other Old Member benefits, such as High Table dining rights. Old Members who have their MAs and those who have read for a higher degree (i.e. any graduate or undergraduate masters degree*), are entitled to dine at High Table once a year at the College's expense (but paying for wine and dessert) and also at two other times in different terms at their own expense. For further information or to sign in for dinner, please download a booking form from the website: www.exetercollege.net or contact the Development Office on 01865 279619.

*Those who have read for 'masters level' undergraduate degrees such as MChem are not eligible until 21 terms after matriculation (i.e. at the time when anyone who had obtained a normal BA would qualify for the MA).

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The Editor 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 e-mail to register@exeter.ox.ac.uk or by post to the Editor of the *Register*, Exeter College, Oxford OX1 3DP, by 31 July. Space may limit acceptance. NB The editors of *Exon* are different: address the Development Office, Exeter College, Oxford OX1 3DP.

