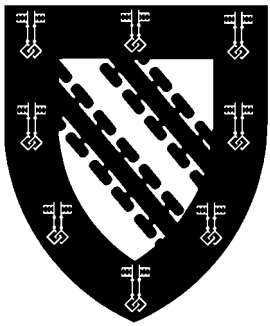
EXETER COLLEGE ASSOCIATION



Register 2000

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College Notes

We had a decidedly good year. With luck you will know this already, since the third issue of *Exon* turned into a bumper number, and as a result appeared late enough in the summer for the full Schools results to be available. These were so good that it seemed entirely right to tell you so right away. They are still so good that they bear repeating. We had 22 Firsts, a total that took us to fifth in the Norrington Table, as good as the College's high standard of the mid-1990s. In two subject-areas, Physiological Sciences and Biochemistry, Exeter candidates (Kate Baker and Roger Dodd) won the prize for the best first in their University generation.

We had some good sporting occasions in the summer. One was the 150th birthday of the Athletics Association; we gave a party at the Iffley Road ground on which Roger Bannister ran the first four-minute mile. Roger, happily, was present on the occasion, and entertainingly disclosed how much the centenary commemorated in the 1950s owed to his own wit and enterprise. The oarsmen and women had another fine season. The first VIII rowed over third on the river. That proved how good they are; we wish them yet better fortune in the coming year. The excellent performances of our crews (and their boats) could not have been achieved without the generous support of the Boat Club Association, and the sponsorship of what was Kenan Systems, now renamed Lucent Technologies.

At the beginning of the new academic year we have said goodbye to two admired colleagues, our Emeritus Fellow the chemist Richard Barrow, and our Honorary Fellow and Old Member W J H Butterfield, former Master of Downing College, Cambridge and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. Richard Barrow's memorial service in Chapel on 21 October brought in Exonians and fellow-chemists in impressively large numbers. Professor John Brown, our current Senior Chemistry Fellow, outlined Richard's career and its achievements; Professor Hiddleston spoke for the Senior Common Room in a witty, wonderful evocation of a rare and deeply likeable man.

The funeral of Alex Gold, the College store-man, took place in Chapel on Wednesday 11 October 2000. Alex had owned his own car repair workshop before coming to work for the College in 1994. He was widely respected by members and staff, who remember his courtesy, enthusiasm and cheerfulness with great affection.

This term we also said goodbye, but happily not finally, to Christopher Kirwan, whose impressive services to philosophy both as a tutorial teacher and a scholar, and his no less impressive career in College and University as a Senior Tutor and (Vice) Chairman of the old General Board, have left many student generations in his debt.

Christopher's farewell occasion was charmingly informal and at the same time constructive. Having firmly declared he disliked delivering formal lectures, he sat (in tutorial mode) in a comfortable armchair on the stage of the Saskatchewan Room, and reflected on his life, work, memories, and of course future, now that his time is at his own disposal. Philosophy and Aristotle had their place, naturally, in his conversation with the audience. But he had also changed the lives of some lucky parents of his generation, and those of their small children, by his book *Walks Round Oxford*, now unhappily out of print.

After dinner in Hall, Christopher's first Exeter pupil and long-standing friend Oswyn Murray, now of Balliol, filled in different aspects of Christopher's career, in the University and the town. The dinner was a great success; it combined the usual College farewell to retiring Fellows, when almost all Fellows are present, with the still more familial style of Christmas dinners when spouses or friends are welcome as guests. The family nature of the occasion was capped by good news. We have, of course, been working for some time to ensure that we remain a College strongly committed to our best Humanities subjects, among which Classics and Greats are certainly included. You will know that the University structure has been reorganized and streamlined to improve decision-making while guarding College autonomy and above all its role in teaching students individually or in small groups. It is a prime objective for Oxford Colleges in the next few years to ensure teaching standards, and to fill the places of those retiring as we need to, and with the very best teaching and research talent available. We are, as you know, bent on funding a second Fellow in Philosophy to replace Christopher. At the end of the dinner, I was happily in a position to announce that two donors have come forward who between them now guarantee our success. I should add that the Kirwan Fund is still open; we hope anyone intending to subscribe will now do so. This is of course a splendid outcome, the first target achieved in what will now be a sustained fund-raising effort.

The second main goal has been to raise sufficient funds to guarantee the support of every well-qualified student, regardless of family income. Thanks to our Annual Giving programme, we have been able to award 21 bursaries of up to £1,000 each to needy students at Exeter. Other Oxford Colleges are also hard at work raising funds for this purpose. There is every prospect that donors to the University will contribute matching funding. In that case, each gift we receive will be doubled in value.

Finally, we are pleased to announce our election this term of two new Honorary Fellows, Mr. Ronald Cohen (1964, PPE) and Sir John Laws (1963, Lit Hum).

Marilyn Butler

From the President of the MCR
Storm in a Coffee Cup

It is a coincidence that Zimbabwe's meteorological calendar for August forewarns dry and blustery conditions. Swirling airstreams animate parched shards of foliage into columns of energy we have come to call dust devils, and the littered sky, smoky from the savannah fires refracts the sun's rays to deliver an awesome display of colour at the end of each day. On the political front, wherein the coincidence lies, the proverbial 'winds of change' are as capricious as ever. The prevailing wind, aka 'agrarian revolution', has whipped up war veterans and other alerted opportunists into a whirlwind whose powerful vortex is set to reconfigure the political landscape forever. The hazy agenda of the ailing Zanu (PF) party machine is reflected in the opaque gaze of its ailing leader, and the rays of light and hope are filtering through the chaos, only just... Rain would be good, dare I say it!

On returning to the UK next month, I am fully expecting to be 'welcomed' by the news that 'this has been the wettest *summer* since year dot!' (emphasis necessary). Momentarily relieved by the moisture and the tepid political temperature, I shall soon be yearning for Africa and its fervour... were it not for the 'gusts of exchange' that have blown through the hallowed portals of our graduate common room, that is! The doldrums of the previous year had becalmed the graduate spirit somewhat. In fact, there was clear evidence of permafrost encroaching on the whole scene. The disordered state of the common room, the thunderclaps of frustration as another computer crashed and consigned the masterpiece of its victim to cyberspace, the empty jar of coffee....

No sooner had the new administration taken office, when a crisis blew in through the front door — Hurricane Bagpipe, fundamentally a constitutional dilemma, had a noticeable epicentre. The political barometer shot up as we debated the constitutionality of Associate Membership *ad nauseam* and the perspiration was felt on the foreheads of the chief arbiters for some while. The predicament, I believe, was a necessary and useful purgative. Our constitutional text was peppered with holes and needed a refit, and the agnostic stranglehold on the members was loosened. Suddenly, we had a forum of activists and the occluded front that had overspent its welcome in the MCR was displaced by more clement conditions.

The committee has worked hard to ensure that these pleasant climes are back to stay. Various technocratic manoeuvres were executed to install systems and budgets to put our limited resources to their maximal use. Social secretaries traditionally receive around half of the

budget, and they have made a commendable effort with cocktail evenings, quiz nights, exchange dinners (Trinity's kitchen put ours to shame), and the popular ('populist', I hear the cynic mumble) introduction of 'Cakes on Wednesdays!' The spoils of 'The Calais Booze Procurement Expedition' were a tasteful departure from the 'Super Plonk' purveyed at a comparable price by the extortionists in Oddbins, and became the basic diet at most parties. We discussed 'Love in the New Millennium'... well, the event was scheduled by our Welfare Officer but as the large plate of *crudités* and the bowls of crisps remained untouched, it become apparent that graduates are either decidedly platonic or have mastered this elusive emotion single handed. Our Women's Officer made a more savvy choice: a training course in self-defence was organized behind closed doors of the MCR and any unsuspecting male who walked in was live bait. Exeter MCR rowing experienced something of a revival too, but didn't quite make it onto the scoreboard. The Men's VIII did well to hold off a strong attack from a couple of pursuant and clearly agitated swans in the rowing-on Division of Summer Eights. We set about courting the SCR and winning their confidence in the MCR's initiatives to improve our facilities and to articulate the needs of the graduates more expressly. We have been promised a top priority in the Exeter IT Strategy to redeem the wheezing terminals rigged up in our broom cupboard adjacent to the leaking lavatory! Hopefully it will become 'the nerve centre of all nerve centres', and the emphatic claims about our IT facilities made in the Exeter Prospectus will ring true for once. We concluded the academic year with a traditional feast of strawberries and fizz in the Rector's Garden. The sun was baking hot for a change, and the merry-making was a festive tribute to all the graduates who have made their energetic contributions to the MCR.

Apart from all this, the MCR remains predominantly an important social space: a meeting place to drink coffee, exchange gossip and other stimulating substances, and keep tabs on the real world that's reputed to be out there somewhere beyond our walled city. Realism, scaled like the political spectrum, meets idealism round the back in that case; events in this godforsaken Zimbabwe defy belief. Its inhabitants are intoxicated by the purple exhaust fumes spewed out by an *ancien régime* long since disconnected from any modicum of reality. Their ideological claptrap is as good as I've ever heard in Oxford — the unfortunate thing is that its consequences are immeasurably disastrous for so many.

Returning to my leitmotif, local Zimbabwean culture distinguishes these first spring downpours that wash away the chaff from the last harvest as *gukurahundi*, a term that came to be applied to the mid-1980 massacres of the rebellious Ndebele people (and innocent citizens) by

the incumbent régime. Recent developments suggest that this regime will soon be the chaff itself, washed into the gutter of history. Democracy has been learned the hard way, the lesson being essentially one of political participation and all the individual duties implied by citizenship. Sure, the stakes in MCR politics are minuscule — Hurricane Bagpipe, by comparison, was merely a storm in a coffee cup — but the fundamental principles governing democratic societies still apply. *Basileus or Polis*; which is it to be?

Simon Lewis (1998)

From the President of the JCR

As ever, undergraduate life in College has thrived this year. The new Entz team, carrying on the success of the previous year, ensured that the Bar remained the centre of College life. Bops aplenty, thankfully less controversial than last year, a great freshers week, a somewhat anarchic EXCAC awards, and an amusing Christmas Revue kept boredom safely away. In Trinity, a successful trip to Alton Towers proved that good Entz need not be confined to Oxford, an idea surely worth building on in the future. And of course, no discussion of JCR Entz could be complete without mentioning the Ball. Building on the success of last year's event, Julia Renton, Pete Rushton and the Ball Committee should be congratulated on organizing what was, I'm sure all would agree, a fantastic night.

Hangovers, however, have not detracted from Exeter's sporting performance this year. Amongst the crowds of Summer Eights, the Men's First VIII maintained last year's triumphant position of 3rd on the river, the Women's boat went up a division and the men's Second VIII got blades. The Men's First football team remained in the first division, while there were welcome promotions on the rugby field. Perhaps unsurprisingly, though, Exeter's strongest success was with Bar Sports. We won both cuppers and the First Division in darts, and College pool players continued to play at the very highest positions in the University.

Exonians have also shown a more giving side this year, with the EXVAC project for disadvantaged children in the Oxford area going from strength to strength. This year 16 volunteers took 31 children for a week of activities near Windsor, which was as rewarding for the volunteers as it was for the children. This pioneering project looks set to expand even further next year under the capable charge of Jon Killingley.

This has also been a good year for the Arts. The Choir extended their travels to include a tour of Washington DC and New York, a trip that also coincided with a welcoming convening of Old Members on the other side of the Pond. As anyone on the tour would testify, limousine rides aside, there need be no doubt that Exeter College now has a truly global influence! For those who enjoy singing, but are wary of the demands of the Chapel Choir, this has also been a welcome year. Nick Mumby re-founded the Cantores Exonienses, giving everyone who wants to a chance to share their vocal talents with the College community. On a wider level, the superbly successful Rector's Musical Evening and Turl Street Arts Festival helped raise the profile of the arts in College, and we hope this is a trend that will continue. Old Members might also be interested to know that the JCR Art Collection, confined to storage for the last few years, has been inventoried and revalued. The collection is diverse and valuable, and deserves to be brought back into full use, something the new JCR Arts Committee is treating as a matter of priority.

College, as you will soon be aware, turned into a veritable film-set in tenth week of Hilary Term with the recording of the final episode of Morse. As well as giving the Choir a chance to say they appeared on TV, the proceeds from the filming also heavily subsidized the Choir's trip to the States. Many bemoan the commercialisation of Oxford, but this episode seemed to be an example of 'constructive exploitation' at its very best. Oh yes, and those of you who don't want to know the final result, look away now and skip to the next paragraph. (He dies).

Let us now lower ourselves to the more, how shall we say, modest aspects of undergraduate life last year. JCR meetings somewhat stretched the definition of the word 'meeting', with the attendance seldom more than seven. The full extent of undergraduate apathy manifested itself with the OUSU tuition fees vote, a rather elaborate series of ballots, devised by OUSU and designed to test undergraduate feeling on the fees issue, which in many Colleges has proved explosive. The first vote was well-below quorum, and the second, strategically placed in a lunch-hour to catch people in the JCR, just avoided the same fate. The result was that those who voted didn't like fees, but the turnout probably assures us that we shouldn't take to the barricades just yet! No, the JCR only truly came alive in the arena of international sport. England's match against Germany brought out the full force of undergraduate enthusiasm, trombones and all. That said, the JCR EXEC did a superb job, and we enjoyed the smoothest and most constructive relationship with the SCR for a long time, so we perhaps ought to read apathy as a healthy sign that nothing really was wrong. And finally, goodbye this year to Caspian Print, source of photocopying and chocolate to a generation of Exonians.

Dan Jermyn

Richard Barrow
(29 April 1916 - 2 June 2000)

Richard Barrow who died in June 2000 had been a Tutorial Fellow of the College for 35 years, one of the longest Fellowships of the twentieth century. His contribution seems clear enough but the details mislead. We start, it seems, with an odd man out. Among the post-war Tutorial Fellows Richard alone was not an Oxford graduate, he alone was married and therefore apart from a close society of young bachelors, he alone had an academic life centred not in the College but in his Department. Some lack of complete involvement in College affairs may seem to have continued. He held no major College office and played no forceful role in College government.

The details mislead indeed. Richard was a Fellow of great importance to the College, to its members Senior and Junior. There were of course the straightforward services, the patient help and stimulation of his pupils (in the early years not chemists alone), the driving energy with his first wife, Margaret, which made the Musical Society and the Exonian singers enthusiastic and successful. He enjoyed too a light-hearted management of the Senior Common Room's wine cellar.

What really mattered however was that to intellectual distinction and dedication were added exceptionally attractive qualities, qualities of public importance, qualities that made the College a more civilized and friendly and happy community. He set himself and expected of others exacting standards of good manners. He lost his temper only with himself (usually on the golf course) had a quick wit and was fun to be with, but the fun and the wit must involve no unkindness. Not all his colleagues were of course without blemish. What was disliked was not an unshared enthusiasm but no enthusiasm at all. Accidie was not a venial sin.

This kind and gentle man was also exhaustingly vigorous. Culturally he was exceptional in the width of his interests, in literature, and in painting for instance and of course in music. Physically he was tireless and fearless until ill-health in his final years during which he was dependent on the loving care of his second wife, Judy. Those who rode pillion on the Mighty Velocette or later endured the frights and discomforts of high speed in the Daimler did not quickly recover. (He had found that an early College lunch and high speed journeys made 18 holes of golf possible before a 5 o'clock tutorial.)

Not an odd man out except in the extent of his contribution. A man remembered by very many Exonians with affection and gratitude.

Greig Barr

Christopher Kirwan

The retirement, this summer, of Christopher Kirwan, after forty years as a fellow, is an event the significance of which for Exeter is hard to exaggerate. In the course of those years he has been philosophy tutor, but also Sub-Rector, Senior Tutor (three times) and Tutor for Graduates. The loss to the intellectual and admininstrative life of the College will be immense.

It is difficult not to think of Christopher as an Exeter man, but there was life for him before this College. He was educated at Winchester, and he has many of the qualities one associates with Wykhamists. He is manifestly very clever, serious and curious, intellectually fearless, projecting the conviction that no problem is too difficult, totally independent and free-thinking, and possessed of gracious manners, which do not, however, always preclude him from pointing out to others their mistakes as he sees them.

After Winchester, and two years of national service, he went, in 1952, to Magdalen College to read Classical Mods and then Greats, gaining, it goes without saying, a First in both parts. He was fortunate to encounter Oxford philosophy at that time and in that particular place. The leaders of the subject were Ryle and Austin, but a group of extraordinarily talented younger philosophers, including Urmson, Hare, Quinton, Pears and Strawson, had become fellows in the immediate post-war period, and these assembled talents, fertile and confident, made Oxford the centre of world philosophy. The Magdalen member was Geoffrey Warnock, who had, even within this impressive collection, an unsurpassed clarity of mind and of expression, and he was Christopher's tutor. Warnock inspired in him a desire to become a philosophy teacher, but the fulfilment of this desire was postponed when Christopher taught for a year at Charterhouse, in the course of which he learnt that school teaching was not his vocation. He returned to Oxford philosophy via a Proctor Visiting Fellowship at Princeton, where encouragement by J J C Smart and Richard Hare persuaded him to start the B.Phil in 1958. The extent of supervision then was not as it is now, but Christopher worked with the ailing Austin. Austin's subsequent death caused the vacancy at Exeter when its distinguished philosophy tutor, William Kneale, was elected to the White's chair, and Christopher himself was subsequently elected as Kneale's successor in Exeter. Christopher, having lost his supervisor but gained a fellowship, saw no reason to complete the B.Phil, and so belongs to that distinguished but shrinking group of academics who possess only a first degree!

Christopher's achievements during his fellowship are wide ranging, but we must start first with his role as philosophy tutor. It is clear both

that he is a passionate and committed teacher and also that he is an extremely successful one. Of course, as a colleague, I have not observed his tutorials but I have observed their *effects*. Students acquire from him the virtues he possesses — clarity, the ability to analyse complex arguments and unearth hidden assumptions, critical acumen, a sense of the importance of the issues, intellectual tenacity, and, of course, a host of deep philosophical thoughts. As a recent student said to me, 'The way to keep Mr Kirwan happy is to think and to argue with him. So I did.' And just as Warnock inspired him, so has Christopher inspired many others to become philosophers. I have always been particularly impressed by Christopher's knowledge of his pupils, his sense of their individual strengths and weaknesses, and his care for them. Underneath all this is Christopher's clear conviction that teaching is a profoundly valuable and fulfilling activity.

As well as teaching the subject, Christopher has established, by his publications, an international reputation as a philosopher. In 1971 he published, with OUP, a translation and commentary on part of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, which has since become the standard translation. In 1979 he was co-producer of published *Notes* on another book in Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. In between, in 1978, he published *Logic and Argument*, which is a rigorous and clear introduction to formal logic and the philosophy of logic, superseding earlier attempts to do the same, and in 1989 he wrote the volume on Augustine in Routledge's prestigious 'Arguments of the Philosophers' series. As well, there have been a succession of significant and tightly argued articles, primarily about ancient philosophy, especially Aristotle and Augustine, but also about the philosophy of language and history of philosophy. It is a measure of the acknowledgement of his authority in the areas he has written about that he has contributed on these areas to many of the best recent encyclopedia-style collections. Another contribution Christopher has made to the subject was as editor of the journal *Analysis* (from 1976 to 1987). *Analysis* is one of the leading British journals, specializing in short articles which raise problems or present focussed criticisms of other articles. Given its form, it frequently contains ongoing debates between leading philosophers. Christopher's own critical acuity made him perfect at distinguishing the good and the not so good of this type of article, and the journal flourished under his editorship.

Christopher has a talent, manifest to everyone, for administration, and this has led to his occupying a sequence of important posts, in Exeter, in the Sub-faculty of Philosophy and the University. Christopher's skill in these matters flows from the care and thought he devotes to them, his fairness and good judgement, and his ability to complete tasks. It is impossible, here, to give an adequate description of all his achievements and a selection will have to do. For the

University, he was Vice-chairman of the General board between 1980 and 1982, during which time the University, under his guidance, had to respond to an 8% cut in income imposed by the UGC. The policy adopted, in the interests of fairness, was to cut posts to make the necessary savings, the posts to be chosen so that student/staff ratios were equalized across subjects. The sad consequence of this was that philosophy was severely hit, and ironically Exeter itself was designated to loose one of its two CUF posts, which is about to happen with Christopher's own retirement! In the Sub-faculty Christopher was chairman between 1995 and 1997, a period of significant change, but also very importantly the time of the last Research Assesment Exercise, and Christopher master-minded philosophy's return, gaining a 5*. In Exeter he has, so to speak, been everything but bursar, and most aspects of College policy and procedure are the result of his scrutiny and guidance. For me, it is impossible to imagine College meetings without his wise contributions.

One of Christopher's passions is travel and his career and life have contained a lot of it. He has had visiting posts in the USA, at Michigan and Rice University, but he has travelled particularly extensively in central Europe, building philosophical contacts in countries which used to be behind the Iron Curtain — in Slovakia, Rumania and Bulgaria. He has talked, given courses, and helped to support many in these countries. His contact with the area began in 1980, before the fall of the communist regimes, when, as part of a group of Oxford philosophers responding to an appeal by Julius Tomin, then in Prague, he flew, in the summer, to visit him. His hope to give some talks on philosophy was thwarted by the absence of any audience, because of the summer holidays, but Christopher's ability both to hire and to drive a car enabled him to rescue Tomin's injured son from a summer camp. Throughout he was followed by the secret police, who, as he left the country, searched and interrogated him, removed his luggage, and marched him across the tarmac to the waiting plane, the departure of which had been delayed by Christopher's detention. This adventure, which certainly falls well outside the regular experience of fellows of Exeter, was the first of a number of visits to Prague, and the full history of Christopher's, and Oxford's, involvement has been excellently chronicled in *The Velvet Philosophers* (Claridge Press 1999), by Barbara Day. Christopher's contact with this area will, of course, continue after his retirement.

Retirement, if we can so describe it, is also allowing Christopher to be unleashed on a series of British philosophy departments whose teaching quality he is assessing. His own reputation for academic and administrative excellence is causing widespread gloom amongst many academics who have spent much time planning how to pull the wool over their assessors' eyes. Meanwhile Oxford is hoping to use his insider's information to pull the wool over our assessors' eyes!

I am conscious how inadequate and incomplete an account of Christopher's professional life this has been, but I must end by wishing him well, expressing the hope that the College will remain central to his life, and expressing also my own trepidation at the thought of Oxford, Exeter and, in particular, Exeter philosophy without him!

Paul Snowdon

Guy Rowlands

Guy Rowlands came to Exeter in October 1995 on a three-year lectureship, to stand in for Paul Slack as the College's early modern historian during Paul's stint as Chairman of the University's General Board. But life is unpredictable. Soon afterwards Paul was elected as Principal of Linacre and did not return to the College, while Guy was awarded a coveted British Academy Postdoctoral Fellowship and was subsequently elected to a Junior Research Fellowship and membership of the Governing Body. After five years with us, he is now moving on to a well-deserved permanent Fellowship at Newnham, Cambridge.

Guy's background has not been wholly academic. After taking a First at Magdalen in 1991, he worked in the Conservative Research Department, and contemplated a career in the army, before coming back to Oxford to start work on a D.Phil in October 1992. His thesis, on Louis XIV's armies, was successfully completed in 1997 and a revised version will soon be published. He has already established himself as an expert on the French wars and French military administration of the late seventeenth century, and a number of important articles have brought him a growing reputation. But it is as a teacher, colleague and friend that we at Exeter will especially remember him. He was appointed to teach, and although latterly his priorities have lain with research, he has continued to do so with enormous success. His popularity as a tutor, not only with Exeter historians but with many from other colleges, has rested on a formidable combination of qualities: great technical expertise and an abnormally broad historical knowledge (he has taught over an exceptionally wide range of subjects); a firm but friendly approach to all; the ability to talk freely and informally at an undergraduate level; a readiness to spend time on and to encourage those needing special help; and, above all perhaps, an energetic awareness of the need to provoke his pupils into thinking for themselves. Mixing too in a relaxed way with the young (it helps that he plays a mean game of squash), he has also provided, entirely unselfconsciously, a useful line of communication between them and their elders. In the SCR his cheerful presence, easy sociability and robust views (he is particularly sound on the euro) have been a stimulus to us all.

As both a scholar and a teacher Guy has the brightest of prospects. We are grateful indeed for all that he has done for the College, and for History at Exeter in particular, over half a decade. We shall greatly miss him. But the undergraduates of Newnham are in luck.

John Maddicott

Lorise Topliffe

Lorise Topliffe came to Exeter in 1976 and retired this year. Her twenty-four years in office make her by some way the longest serving Sub-Librarian in the College's history and almost the longest serving member of the administrative staff. Indeed, only some half dozen fellows go back so far, and it is unlikely that any fellow has been so well known to so many undergraduates. During her long reign Lorise has overseen some of the most significant changes of the twentieth century in the library, notably the construction of rolling shelves in the stack (which entailed the removal and subsequent reshelving of some 30,000 books), and the retrospective conversion of the open-shelf stock, equally daunting in size, on to the University's on-line catalogue. Much else that she has done has gone unseen and largely unsung, though her work has greatly enhanced the College's position as a centre for scholarship. She has investigated and listed the provenances of all the College's early books, discovering in the process that we hold a little collection of books from Izaak Walton's library; she has listed all the College's English books published between 1640 and 1700, in a volume which is now part of the permanent reference stock in Bodley; she has recatalogued the College archives and catalogued from scratch the modern bursary archives; and she has catalogued the College's pictures and works of art. All this has been carried through in addition to the normal daily work of looking after a busy undergraduate library — seeing to acquisitions, replacing books on shelves, fining defaulters, supervising maintenance. She has set traps for the Library's mice (but drawn the line at emptying them), mopped up the occasional flood and wielded a nifty duster.

Exeter is unusual among colleges nowadays in having only one working librarian to look after the routine business of the library, let alone the supplementary and scholarly tasks that Lorise has taken on. Yet it is hard to see how a team could have achieved more than she has done, or done it better. The workaday running of a college library demands an unusual combination of qualities: efficiency, diligence and methodical habits, of course, but also the ability to use authority sensitively, to be fierce when necessary and to be helpful always. From the

start Lorise seemed to know all this almost instinctively, and her punctiliousness, quiet good humour, resolute good sense, and kindness to all have come to be appreciated by every member of the College, senior and junior. If she has sometimes found the young exasperating she has shown it only rarely. That the College's collections of books, documents and pictures are now both better known and better ordered than they were a quarter of a century ago owes a great deal to her, and the grateful acknowledgement which she has received in many scholarly books is another witness to her qualities. She has been such a familiar and cherished part of the College for so long that we shall all miss her greatly. We wish her and her husband Fred a long and pleasant retirement in their house and garden on Cumnor Hill, plenty of long walks in the mountains of Crete and the Canaries, and memories of the College which are as happy as ours are of her.

John Maddicott

A Stony Road

Exonian memoirs generally start at the beginning: timid northern lad sits in the freezing hall on a cold December day long ago, awed by the braying tones of Dacre Balsdon as he greets the Jeremys and Justins among the scholarship contenders. We've all been there, done that, on what in my case has been a forty-year journey from Exeter through both broadcasting and Westminster to the European Parliament. But I shall start at a sort of end. It's a letter, and it lies face upwards, accusing me. The writer ends with a flourish, telling me that he will not rest 'until you and your fellow-Vichyites are dangling at the end of a rope'. At such moments a PPE, man, who sat at the feet of Max Beloff, Norman Hunt and James Joll, muses on whether it is better to be a Vichyite, or a Quisling, in this lexicon of abuse.

The European Parliament is for herbivores, I thought when I arrived, by comparison with the carnivorous world of Westminster where they eat their young with relish. I never bought the myth of Oxford's toyboy politicians that the Union was more daunting than the Commons, but now it seems true that the barbs of the JCR suggestions book are purest honey compared to the helpful advice of Europhobe constituents. What I joined as a cause they see as a catastrophe. Worse, some of them are young.

The jargon of marketing numbers our generations as the civics (now all retired), the silents (forties and fifties), the boomers of the sixties, and Generations X and Y after that, prizing responsibilities, then rights, then consumer satisfaction and back to concern for the planet. Our gen-

eration, the class of '58, never seemed conspicuous for its silence. Exeter has a long record of sending these shy working class lads out into stressful lives in what we now call communications, of which politics has become a sub-division. It was certainly a happy start for the groundlings of political drama, small enough to be unthreatening, forever friendly. The first time you walked up the mound past the big chestnut to look out over Radcliffe Square you knew a sort of apprenticeship had begun. Up north apprenticeships were unkindly known as 'sitting next to Nelly', and so it was for us. Rector Wheare, whose affectation of great age was belied by the presence of his precocious son Henry in the Lodgings, was a maker of constitutions. PPE and History men (alas, we were all men then, and ached for the difference) were taught by two dons who seemed polar opposites, Norman Hunt and Greig Barr. They were soccer and rugger, rumpled and sleek, north and south, though appearances could be deceptive.

Norman was to be my Nelly, and a good one. You climbed the steps of Palmer's Tower, hoping for the bald, rubicund Hunt to sum up your essay with 'H'mm. A touch of alpha there...' Sometimes he did. Sometimes he didn't. Sometimes he wasn't there at all and there would be a note, 'Sorry, had to dash down to London', on the door. 'Drawcard Norm has done a bunk' said Jim Blance when we saw it. Norman was on the way to being a radio don, and an intimate of another Yorkshireman on his way to the top - Harold Wilson, in whose government he later served. No doubt in the SCR, as in Balliol and the LCE, jealous dons were murmuring 'There goes the night shift at the BBC'. Norman thus unwittingly alerted me to the attractions of Bush House and Portland Place, but he also taught me that enthusiasm and engagement can always overcome the tyranny of the timetable.

Across the front quad was a more unofficial sage. The College porter, Maurice, was rumoured to be a member of Oxford's tiny communist party. He certainly knew the undercurrents of Cowley, and passed them on. In those days the Mini seemed to be the unbeatable people's car, the Morris name as immortal as Ford. If you played the numbers of the drive down the A40 to London, there were always more Morris Minors than Ford Anglias. Our Maurice told us that it was all down to the workers, and scoffed at what the young economics lecturer Walter Eltis described in lisping tones as 'trades union pushfulness'. The ideas were thrown around in a discussion group, the Levellers, who met in Ian Weinberg's rooms on Staircase 2. The likes of Isaiah Berlin came, cheerfully, to take liberties with our unformed minds. Joe Nye, the Rhodes scholar, who became Under Secretary of State and now heads the Kennedy School of Government, was a fellow apprentice, along with others who went into academia or the law, Tom Nossiter, Richard Buxton, John Van Zyl.

My rooms in that first year are long gone; Exeter's outside staircase in the Turl, demolished for the ugly slab that now houses the bookshop and the bank. From there we were downwind of the Taj Mahal in Market Street, half in and half out of College. So it was natural to breakfast in the market not in College, and have tea in the Union rather than the Buttery. Out there the shock troops of the communications revolutions were already in training. Paul Foot and Richard Ingrams, in their shared rooms in Univ, knee-deep in newspapers, played around with many different styles, from *Parson's Pleasure* to *Isis* before, they and their circle perfected *Private Eye*. Foot played with many political styles too, as he worked out whether he wanted to be H L Mencken or P B Shelley. He wound up writing like the one, and about the other. Ironically he became a columnist on the tabloid owned by Oxford's original Mr Badman, Captain Bob Maxwell. In contrast the great broadsheet pundits Hugo Young and Peter Preston were the editors of *Cherwell*. As for the coterie who took tea and played pool at the Union they were universally derided as 'hacks', for the frayed old monster took itself too seriously then, just as it is over-frivolous now. There were great moments there. When Lakshman Kadirgamar rose to denounce his prime minister, S W R D Bandanaraike for a 'failure of statesmanship' no one imagined that forty years later he would be Sri Lankan foreign minister, in a government dominated by the Bandanaraike clan. Mendès-France denounced De Gaulle (in French), Oswald Mosley — a popular pariah for presidents in need of controversy — destroyed Jeremy Thorpe with a clever debating trick. Hoffnung made us laugh as no one has before or since.

The Union turned my life around too. Most children grow up determined to destroy the value system of their parents, or somehow to refashion a world in which those values make sense. I was in the latter group, the adopted son of elderly rural working class Conservatives. It seemed to me that they needed a world that could be built around their decency but enhancing their desires. Three years of Oxford education persuaded me that the answer was the Labour Party, as Norman and my College friend Richard Buxton argued all along, but that is to advance matters. First there was OUCA, of which I became secretary. Our hero was Iain Macleod who would liberate Africa, embrace a multi-racial society, abet Macmillan's efforts to enter the Common Market, and eventually inherit Elijah's mantle. It didn't work out quite like that, and we striplings never knew the desperate hand that Macleod was playing. The arrest of Hastings Banda in Nyasaland for one was not supposed to be in the script.

So when Macmillan came to the Union (in one of those self-satisfied Oxford gestures) to unveil his own bust, it seemed appropriate to move the adjournment of this bronze striptease, in protest at Banda's imprisonment. The old lion didn't like it, and leaned forward to the

Commonwealth Secretary Lennox-Boyd saying in sepulchral tones 'Alan, if this motion is passed we shall go away.' It clearly was. Equally clearly the president, a fly American universally known as 'Honest Joe' Trattner, was going to declare it lost. Supermac stayed on, to give his umpteenth rendering of the tearjerker about the lost generation of 1914. As he shuffled out to our applause he mumbled to me 'I hope you get away with it.' Others were less certain. An older friend in the know (well, maybe not, he rose to be head of MI6) rang to say that in his club they were saying that that young man was finished in the party. And when I made my one appearance at the Federation of Conservative Students (unfortunately known as FUCUA), I was denounced from the platform as a 'paid agent of world bolshevism' by a Mr Lazarus.

I did a final stint as president, by now engrossed in the Union, and took a cheeky pleasure in having Clem Attlee as the first speaker. I went to collect him at Univ, where he and Arthur Goodhart, looking like two 'Ape' cartoons from *Vanity Fair*, were taking tea and crumpets in front of a spectacular blaze. Over dinner at the Mitre I asked him who his political hero was. He didn't hesitate. 'SB' he said. 'He civilized us'. Stanley Baldwin was not the answer I expected. Perhaps Clem thought it a graceful tribute to his hosts. My second guest speaker was Dr Banda himself, now out of gaol and very grateful to his Oxford friends. His was the first fly whisk the OUCA worthies had seen, but they soon warmed to his praise for the stern values of Scotland (where he had spent much of his life). Afterwards we were due to deliver him to the Labour Club for their meeting, but dallied in Exeter so that the old boy could take in every hallowed stone before he arrived very late at our rivals' disintegrating street meeting. And that was it for OUCA, the blot on my cv, except that whenever I meet the Leader of the Opposition (a funnier fellow than appearances allow) he turns me warmly towards an imaginary bank of cameras, crying 'They want to see the two presidents of OUCA together.'

There was one thing, however, on which the Macleod radicals and much of the Labour Club agreed. We should be in Europe. Every word we studied for our special papers on International Relations between the Wars cried out for it. We flew to Berlin, subsidized, to see the divided city and clatter into what was called 'the Zone' on the S-Bahn. We had the living presence of Salvador de Madariaga in College. (Now I work in a building that bears his name.) *Isis*, especially in the term when David Dimbleby was the editor, imposed by the proprietors, but already the crown prince of the communicators ran supplements and features on Europe. Our weekly diet was Bergman and Truffaut films at the Scala, while the European *Zeitgeist* was earnestly discussed at the Jericho Tavern. Our German contemporaries were the children of those who had fought with, or against the Nazis. One, whose father had

been arraigned before Judge Freisler's ghastly court, and hanged with piano wire, told me that the only picture of his dead father he allowed at home was the one in which he was flanked by two guards. 'They were Germans too,' he said. 'We have to make an effort to understand.' We tried, and saw the new Common Market as a safe European roof over Germany. 'Europe my country' was my own pompous contribution in the Dimbleby *Isis*, and on another occasion I was ticked off by Robert Skidelsky for the callow suggestion that the old order could be transmuted in a democratic European community. The example I chose was the then Archduke Otto of Austria - laughable. Except that when, 34 years later I was signing in to the European Parliament, the man just ahead of me was Otto von Hapsburg himself, still an MEP at eighty plus.

There were many who thought the Common Market a capitalist club, and said so, but few resisted it for reasons of either nationalism or internationalism. We assumed that the Common Market and the Commonwealth would co-exist in the nation's affections. When my turn came to preside over the Union it was the Commonwealth link we stressed. Jawarharlal Nehru, near the end of his life, came up to debate the motion that 'Ambition is the Last Refuge of Failure'. I asked Balsdon to speak on the other side, though we scarcely talked and he always methodically misspelled my name, on the grounds that I misspelled it myself, as a classical illiterate would. He could have been a fossil, but I was touched by the effort he put into it. My old mum, in her only coat, and with the tremors of Parkinsonism already upon her, came down to see the debate. Without being asked, Ian Weinberg and Tom Nossiter whisked her away for supper first — part of the silent support system which always prevailed in Exeter. It is the last photo I have of her, so different from all the others, sitting in the gallery along from the Vice-Chancellor and Rector Wheare, looking down on that all male assembly.

We tried hard to get women into the Union. Indeed we tried to get women into our lives in general, for they were in short supply. In the Hilary term, after two earlier 'guest' speeches of great brilliance by Esther Pedler and Frances Kaldor, the members voted in favour after debate. But the life members, misanthropists and recluses from North Oxford, who thought they were 'characters' but were merely creeps, overturned us in a ballot. Women generally were not favoured by the College rules. The only time I, and most others, could have a girlfriend in College for the night was for the 1961 Commem Ball. Drugged with laughter at Alan Bennett's cabaret ('We congratulate our sister, Princess Margaret on the birth of her son; the first bit of honest labour she has ever done') and with sex and champagne, I woke to find car and girlfriend gone. Someone had had the bright idea of breakfast in Henley. Half Exeter had departed with them. And soon we were all

departing too. Schools came and went in a blur, made worse for me by my father's death from dementia that May. Somehow my landlady, the formidable Mrs Ess, who had many generations of Exeter men at her house in Pembroke Street, got me through.

The questions at my viva come back to me over the years. How much did the Germans gain in 1939 from possession of the Skoda works? Could Benes have played a better hand for the Czechs before Munich? Max Beloff was much more interested in his questions than my answers, and so am I, as the problem of different nationalisms within one country has come up time and again for me, both in my broadcasting life and in politics. The struggle of the Czechs continues. Our *This Week* TV team were there in 1968, when the Warsaw Pact crushed the Prague Spring, and within months I was banned from the country. Through the seventies we kept up a flow of informal lectures, inspired by Czech exiles in Oxford and London, and I was there on 1 January 1990, when the communist state imploded, and a weeping crowd applauded Havel in the Smetana Hall. Nowadays, in the European Parliament, our delegation treats with our Czech counterparts about their entry into the European Union. Some political questions never die. When I hear right-wing German MEPs demanding that this entry be conditional on the renunciation by the Czechs of the Benes decrees, which brought the expulsion of the Sudeten Germans, in 1945, I think back to Max Beloff at my viva. What is national identity?

Did Henlein and Frank brand the Sudeten Germans for all time with their shame? Once joined in a union guaranteeing free movement, the Sudeten diaspora will be able to move back to the ancestral German lands, with or without compensation. Some other ghosts will be laid. Last summer, after the delegation had finished its business in Prague, I drove up with a colleague to visit the Sudeten town of Usti nad Labem — notorious for building a wall around **its** Roma community. In the war Usti had been the scene of the final atrocities by pro-Nazi vigilantes. Theresienstadt is close by. There is a sinister, abandoned feeling in these lands, which have seen so much ethnic cleansing before the madness was given its inapt name.

It was the belief that we had to end the nonsense of nationalism, with its paranoia and its barbed wire mindset, that had made us enthusiastic Europeans in the 1960s. At Oxford the Labour Club was divided. Their ultra federalist Stan Henig (know as Henig the Pfennig to more sceptical friends) led the charge. When I joined up in the autumn of 1961 most of the younger Gaitskellites were hot for Europe. Gaitskell himself was not. We revered him for his moral courage but we were appalled by his distaste for the Common Market. At one Frognall soirée, I remember the room being hushed as Dora Gaitskell rounded on us, saying 'Do you want Franz-Josef Strauss as your foreign minister?' I suppose we were intolerant in our turn. We would

have rallied behind the statement that ‘there will be no more Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, or even Englishmen — only Europeans’, although we might have gulped to learn that its author was Voltaire, in 1771. Within months of Gaitskell’s conference invoking ‘a thousand years of history’ he was felled by a (then) incurable disease, and the more supple Wilson took over. Soon the massed ranks of Labour were learning to live with an application to join what some, with the superstitious horror of the unnatural and indecent, called ‘the Act of Rome’. I fought the elections of 1966 and 1970 as a pro-European, and arrived at Westminster just as Wilson with lightning footwork, changed sides once again. He caught the flak for this. Only Wilson, Bernard Levin wrote, ‘would change weasels in mid-Rubicon’.

Perhaps he had no option, but many of us thought otherwise, and voted for the position we set out in the 1970 election, when Edward Heath brought the terms of entry back to Westminster. We knew we were buying the last of the Sibylline books, and at a high price. The anti-European Labour majority was furious, and the 69 who voted for the principle of entry on 28 October 1971 only kept their nerve under the iron discipline of Bill Rodgers. All five of MY Oxford Tory contemporaries were in the Aye lobby. ‘I wonder how many future leaders of your party are here’, Young Winston (as he always remained) said as we walked through, to be greeted on the other side as ‘sewer rats’ and other choice phrases. The answer to his question was one John Smith. A whole Labour generation was scarred by this quarrel, and the plausibility of the later SDP defection rested on the momentum the Labour left acquired.

Nowadays the parties have changed sides. Labour is solidly pro-European, once you get below the generation of Foot and Shore. The Tories have become the English nationalist party, with an atavistic approach that we would have shrunk from, forty years ago. The same splits, the same passion to purge the hive, affect them. And behind them, inflamed by the tabloids, is a throbbing mass of *enragés*. My correspondent, who wants to see me hanged, is one of many. And yet, for me, the European Parliament, as it doggedly debates with its pluri-form executive the same issues that have gripped us since the Civil War, is the logical solution to some of those arguments we had on Staircase 2 forty years ago. The problems that know no frontiers find at least half a solution here. It isn’t a bully pulpit like Westminster. The filter of translations ruins our English use of irony. It will never be the purest eau *gazeuse*. There are odd tricks of perspective — a Charles de Gaulle who represents the National Front, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, who switches nationality and language exactly when he pleases, Paisley ranting in a far corner of the hemicycle — but it is constructive ‘in a way Westminster is not. It has helped to solve some of our deepest tribal splits, including that between the two Irelands, and enlargement will

stave off the re-Balkanisation of the Danubian lands. It has a sense of humour about the European past. When the socialist Robert Goebbels rose recently on a point of order the chair noted him and called ‘Mr Goering’. Goebbels laughed too. The road from Exeter College to this place has sometimes been stony, but it still seems straight to me. I shall keep clear of the lampposts, though, for the next four years.

Phillip Whitehead (1958)

Rector Holland and a Case of Witchcraft

It was while writing a history of my village for the Millennium that I stumbled on an interesting connection between the College which had welcomed me as a postgraduate student in 1960 and this Thames Valley village where I have lived ever since then.

North Moreton, a Domesday village in the eleventh century and a commuter one in the twenty-first, briefly held the national stage in the seventeenth. Brian Gunter of North Moreton was staying in the Rector’s Lodgings at Exeter College when he received a report on the illness of his daughter, Anne: the date was 1604.

We must go back some six years to the church registers of North Moreton (to which we shall later return) of May 1598. They recorded the deaths of John and Richard Gregory, with a note added just over a century later to say that: ‘these two men were killed by old Gunter, Gunter’s son and the Gregories did fall together at football. Old Gunter drew his dagger and broke their heads and they died within a fort-night.’ In modern parlance, it was a case of football-rage. An inquest recorded the men died from ‘divine intervention’ and, later at the Abingdon assizes, a jury decided there was no case for Brian Gunter to answer.

In 1604 Brian’s twenty-year-old daughter, Anne, started having fits, variously diagnosed as ‘falling sickness’ and the influence of sorcery. Gunter hastened home from Exeter College to North Moreton — some twelve miles south of Oxford, across the Thames to what was then Berkshire. He believed his daughter was being bewitched by Elizabeth Gregory (sister of the fallen footballers) and two relations of their relations: Agnes Pepwell, ‘a person of very lewd and ungodly life and accounted for a witch’, and her illegitimate daughter, Mary. Villagers visited Anne — her father seemed to want as many visitors as possible — and some of them would later testify to Anne being bewitched. Elizabeth was later quoted as saying that the blood of the Gregorys should be revenged upon the blood of the Gunters. The stage was set for a confrontation between two village families.

Thomas Holland, Rector 1592-1612

The Gregorys were well-established yeoman stock whose descendants would still live in North Moreton in the mid-twentieth century. The Gunters are more complicated. Brian was the only resident of the village to be described as 'gentry' and he had come to North Moreton in 1585 as the lay rector. The subsidy of 1587 showed him to be the richest man in North Moreton. As lay rector, he had acquired the lease of the tithe from the absentee rector, one Martin Colpepper, Warden of New College and Archdeacon of Berkshire. To the villagers of North Moreton, Gunter's 'parvenu' presence must have been resented.

But why, in the autumn of 1604, was he the unlikely guest of Thomas Holland, Rector of Exeter College? Initially, I failed to establish the connection either through any records at the College or through the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The link was established when I turned again to the church records of North Moreton, deposited in the Berkshire Record Office. On July 22 1593 a Dr 'Heller' married a Susan 'Genber', or so the manuscript suggested. From 1594 until 1601 there was an annual baptism in All Saints', North Moreton of a child born to — quite clearly identifiable — Dr Thomas Holland. On 21

April 1597, a son was baptized in the name of Brian and on 3 December 1601, a daughter was baptized Susanna.

This evidence seemed enough to confirm that Brian Gunter was Thomas Holland's father-in-law. Holland himself, who came from Shropshire, was a Balliol man who graduated in 1570, of which college he became chaplain. In 1589 he became Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford and in 1592 was elected Rector of Exeter College. Heads of houses might acquire wives and within a year Holland, at least forty years old, had found a bride in nineteen-year-old Susan Gunter of North Moreton. One wonders how they met. Her father's connections with Oxford were tenuous although two Gunters had matriculated in the University in the 1580s. They were a family whose members had lived in Wiltshire and Berkshire.

Brian Gunter, by Christmas 1604, let it be known his daughter had not long to live and the All Saints' passing bell was tolled. He took her to the Rector's Lodgings where she might have the comfort of her sister, Susan, and the benefit of medical opinion of men in the University. Elizabeth Gregory and Mary Pepwell were arrested, charged with witchcraft and acquitted at the Abingdon assizes.

There the matter might have rested had not Brian Gunter continued to assert that his daughter was bewitched. The girl was 'taken in care' by the Bishop of Salisbury to whose serving woman she confessed that her fits were feigned and she 'wished she had been buried when she was but twelve'. Anne even met King James I and the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain (Samuel Harsnett, a future Archbishop of York who had had experience in exposing fraudulent cases of witchcraft). The meeting with the King happened in Oxford in 1605 and James I, at the same time, heard Dr Holland preside over a public theological disputation.

By 1606, the attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, believed there was enough evidence to commit Brian Gunter to the Court of Star Chamber for conspiracy. His daughter was moved to the custody (or safety) of Lambeth Palace. The accumulated evidence, from the villagers of North Moreton, both for the Crown and for Gunter, ran into hundreds of pages. They may be read in the Public Record Office and are a testimony to the thoroughness of that court. Anne's own submission makes unattractive reading. She told the court that she was drugged, made to drink mixtures which provoked vomiting, beaten and forced by her father to take an oath of secrecy while receiving the sacrament in All Saints'.

Evidence was given, on Gunter's behalf, by a surprising number of University men whom Holland (or more probably Gunter) must have mobilized. From Exeter College alone there were five fellows. None was a medical man although Robert Vilvaine subsequently took the

All Saints', North Moreton, and Brian Gunter's Rectory

degrees of BM and MD. John Prideaux, who would later succeed Holland as Rector, became Bishop of Worcester and Thomas Winniffe, Bishop of Lincoln. The other two were William Helme and John Whetcombe. All seemed convinced that Anne Gunter had been bewitched, Winniffe — to take just one example — declaring that Anne could not eat because 'the witches would not suffer her to receive or eat any meats'.

Yet despite this formidable array of witnesses, the court was not prepared to acquit Gunter of conspiracy but postponed its judgement *sine die*, and it would never meet again. Brian Gunter lingered in prison for a few months but was back in North Moreton by 1608, there to continue to be a trouble-maker. Thomas Holland seems to have distanced himself personally as far as he could from the events of 1606. Yet he could not avoid both his family links and the involvement of fellows within the College. One wonders what the elderly, scholarly academic made of his belligerent son-in-law, not much his junior in age. They must have met annually at the Rectory in North Moreton for the baptisms of the children: perhaps Brian Gunter was seen at his best as a grandfather.

There is a curious codicil to events. Some years after her husband's death, Susan Holland — this widow of a former Rector of Exeter — engaged in a brawl with the vicar of North Moreton who had married her and baptized her children. She, her father (Brian) and a grandson, all attacked Gilbert Bradshaw 'with pike, staves and pitchforks' and took away his tithe corn. And in the following year (1621), Brian Gunter was again in dispute with the vicar over tithes, the case bringing Gunter, once more, to the Court of Star Chamber as a defendant. He died in 1628, not far short of ninety, and was buried in the churchyard of St Mary's, Oxford. The Protestation Returns of 1641, to which all males subscribed, show no Gunters left in the village.

Nothing is known of how Anne Gunter spent the rest of her life. There had been rumours of a romance with a servant of the Archbishop of Canterbury (during her incarceration in Lambeth Palace). If she returned to North Moreton, there is no record of any marriage or, indeed, of her death in the church registers, although her mother (also Anne) is buried in the chancel. An illness, maybe hysteria, had been harnessed by her father to the prevailing views of witchcraft. It was a time when intellectual thinking on the subject was wavering between acceptance of the influence of natural magic and a new natural philosophy more rational and scientific. One who was at the turning point of this was another Exeter man, Richard Napier who was Rector of Great Linford in Buckinghamshire. He kept up his links with the College if only to send a donation to the fund for building the College kitchens. He accepted the view that mental disorder might have supernatural as well as natural causes. Among thousands to whom he gave advice were many who believed they were being troubled by witches. But there is no evidence that Napier was asked to Exeter College when Anne Gunter stayed there: perhaps he would not have been a 'safe' witness from Brian Gunter's point of view.

Holland had much else to busy himself with in these years. As a result of the Hampton Court Conference in 1604 and no doubt because the King had been impressed with him at Oxford when they met, he was one of the scholars appointed by James to produce the Authorized Version of the Bible. He was a man 'mighty in scripture' (declared his obituarist) and was responsible for the work on several books of the Old Testament. This was finished in 1611, the year before his death, when the Rector of Exeter was described, at his funeral, as a man 'blameless from all enormous and scandalous offences' — hardly an epitaph to be applied to his North Moreton son-in-law.

Gerald M D Howat (1960)

Ruskin, Morris, Burne-Jones ... and Exeter

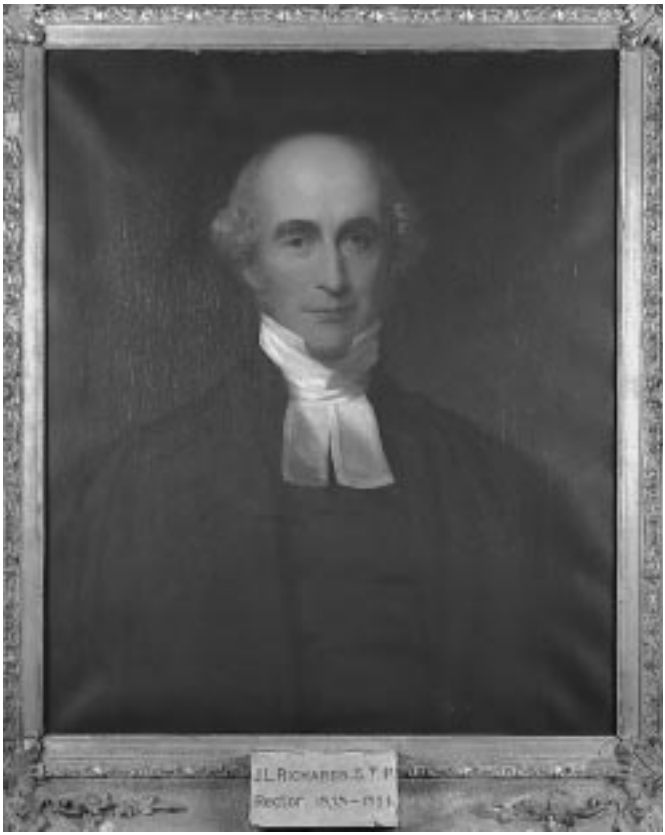
John Ruskin, the centenary of whose death falls this year, was that rare thing a creative critic. Like any other critical writer, he analysed and evaluated — praised what he took to be good and damned what he saw as bad. But, very unusually, he also had the capacity to stimulate and inspire. His work could provoke people into making art and becoming artists. The great flowering of British painting, architecture and interior design in the second half of the nineteenth century was prompted, in no small part, by Ruskin's writing. 'Above all influences from the literary side,' the artist Walter Crane would write in 1892, in an essay on this

rebirth of English decorative art, 'must be placed the work of John Ruskin.' There is no more vivid example of this process at work than the experiences of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones at Exeter College in the early 1850s.

Morris and Jones both took their Oxford matriculation tests in the June of 1852, and should have come up to Exeter that October. Unfortunately, there were no rooms available. Nowadays, of course, a Bursar would be frantically booking space in hotels, offering compensation payments, and invoking penalty clauses in contracts with builders. In the more relaxed 1850s, the young men were simply told to skip a term and come up after Christmas. Jones and Morris therefore met, and became fast friends, in January 1853. Since there were still no sets, they worked during the day in rented rooms in town, and slept at night on camp beds in the studies of more senior undergraduates.

If this shared initial inconvenience reinforced their friendship, it may also have contributed to the hostile accounts of Exeter conventional in their biographies. In some notes about their early friendship made after Morris's death in 1896 (and at a time when both men had been Honorary Fellows of Exeter for more than a decade), Jones remembered that, 'We went almost daily walks together, but gloomy and angry disappointment and disillusion were settling down upon me ... It was clear we had lighted on a distasteful land in our choice of College.' Morris's first biographer, J W Mackail, provides some similarly jaundiced memories. The only one of the fellows who was at all friendly or encouraging, he suggests, was George Ridding (who became an assistant tutor in 1854), while 'Morris's own tutor contented himself with seeing that he attended lectures on the prescribed books for the Schools, and noted him in his pupil-book as "a rather rough and unpolished youth, who exhibited no especial literary tastes or capacity, but had no difficulty in mastering the usual subjects for examination"'. If Exeter, in 1853, found Morris rough and unpolished, Mackail returned the compliment 46 years later by fixing the College in an image of extreme heartiness: 'On the one hand were the reading men ... the rest of the college rowed, hunted, ate and drank largely, and often sank at Oxford into a coarseness of manners and morals distressing in the highest degree.' The two young aesthetes, it is implied, shrank from this philistine vulgarity and took refuge with Burne-Jones's schoolfriends in the more civilized surroundings of Pembroke.

The truth, I suspect, was rather more complex. C H Pearson, the historian and Australian cabinet minister, who was at Exeter from 1850-54, records in his *Memorials* that 'The tone of Exeter was quiet, gentlemanlike, and decorous, though a little slow.' Pearson was a reading man, of course, like Samuel Reynolds, who took a First in 1854 and went on to be a Fellow of Brasenose, or George Miller who took his First in Michaelmas Term 1855 as Morris completed his inglorious



Joseph Loscombe Richards, Rector 1838-1854

Pass Degree. But Sir William Hamilton's nineteenth-century version of the Norrington Table ranked this large college (only Exeter and Christ Church had more than 100 undergraduates on their books in the 1850s) 11th out of 24 — a statistic which implies a substantial component of such readers. There was also an artistic side to Exeter life. Reynolds won the Newdigate Prize in 1853 with his poem *The Ruins of Egyptian Thebes*, and the fellowship included (though largely in absentia, since he also had a job in the government's education department) Francis Turner Palgrave, the famous anthologist. Palgrave published a volume of his own poems, *Idyls and Songs*, in Morris's second year, 1854.

Above all, Exeter was at this date a religious — and more specifically a Tractarian — college. The Rector from 1838-54, Joseph Loscombe Richards, was the only Oxford Movement head of house in Oxford. In 1841 he and another fellow of Exeter, E A Dayman, had stood out

against the Hebdomadal Board's censure of Newman's *Tract 90*. By the early 1850s his Sub-Rector was another celebrated Tractarian, William Sewell. Such serious Anglo-Catholic enthusiasm would express itself, in physical form, between 1856 and 1859, in the building of Scott's great chapel, a project to which most of the fellows piously donated a full year's salary. This religious fervour was the reason why Morris and Burne-Jones chose to come to Exeter in the first place. It was also — if indirectly — a reason for their subsequent disillusionment with the College and their openness to the new, and rather different influence of Ruskin.

Though Morris came to Exeter, in part, for the simple reason that his school, Marlborough, lay within the College's traditional West Country catchment area, there was also at this date a doctrinal connection. The school, under Dr Wilkinson, had High Church sympathies, as did the Reverend Frederick Guy, the private tutor with whom Morris continued his studies in 1852. In Burne-Jones's case the religious link was even more obvious. King Edward's Birmingham conventionally sent its pupils to Pembroke College, and most of Jones's friends duly went there. But he, while spending a school holiday with family friends in Hereford, had met the Reverend John Goss, an Exeter man, recently ordained, and deeply influenced by Pusey and Newman. Much impressed by these views, Jones allowed himself to be steered towards an appropriately Anglo-Catholic college.

The disillusionment that resulted was, I think, less Exeter's fault than that of the rest of the University. Within the walls of the College, the Tractarian enthusiasm was still very much alive. But elsewhere Oxford had, at last, tired of the doctrinal disputes with which it had been so thrillingly preoccupied for the previous twenty years. After the excitements of the denunciation of *Tract 90*, the deprivation of Ward, the secession of Newman, the Hampden controversy, and the Gorham Case (a battle, this, in the diocese of Exeter, if not directly the College), the University had finally turned to other matters — especially the Royal Commission which reported in May 1852 and produced the University of Oxford Act of 1854. In the process, the youthful spiritual revolutionaries of the 1830s had turned into middle-aged Sub-Rectors, and Tractarianism (at Exeter at least) into a form of uncontested orthodoxy.

In their first term Jones and Morris talked, as pious High Churchmen, of forming a monastic community with which to bring religion to the slums. But by August 1853 they had discovered another, more contentious — and therefore exciting — cause to which they could devote themselves. This was Art, in a form newly theorized and urgently recommended by a controversial young critic. 'Ruskin has published the second vol. of his *Stones of Venice*,' Burne-Jones wrote to Cormell Price during his first long vacation. 'His style is more wonderful than ever; the most persuasive oratory we ever read. His

Sir Edward Burne-Jones by his son Sir Philip Burne-Jones

acme is to come. There never was such mind and soul so fused through language yet. It has the brilliancy of Jeffrey, the elegance of Macaulay, the diction of Shakespeare had he written in prose, and the fire of — Ruskin — we can find no other.' Forty six years later, William Morris would record the profound impact which the 'Nature of Gothic' chapter of this second volume of *The Stones of Venice* had on him by describing it as 'one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century'. 'To some of us when we first read it,' he added, 'it seemed to point out a new road on which the world should travel.' R W Dixon, a schoolfriend of Burne-Jones at King Edward's, and part of the Pembroke group with which Jones and Morris associated in Oxford, both confirms the importance of this influence and makes it clear that it came from Turl Street to St Aldate's, not vice versa:

> It was when the Exeter men, Burne-Jones and Morris, got at Ruskin, that strong direction was given to a true vocation — *The Seven Lamps, Modern Painters*, and *The Stones of Venice*. It was some little time before I and others could enter into this; but we soon saw the greatness and importance of it. Morris

> would often read Ruskin aloud. He had a mighty singing voice, and chanted rather than read those weltering oceans of eloquence as they have never been given before or since, it is most certain.

In 1853 the key Ruskinian ideas by which Morris and Burne-Jones were excited would have been the Romantic Naturalism of his theory of painting, and his advocacy of Gothic architecture, with its distinctive stress on the need for individual artisans (rather than simply architects) to take a creative pleasure in their work. Here were the roots of the anti-mechanical handicraft revival which would flourish in the work of Morris & Company and in the Arts and Crafts Movement. And Exeter College, in these years, was an exceptionally appropriate setting in which to read a key text of the Gothic Revival. Though the foundation stone of the chapel would not be laid until November 1856, after Morris and Jones had gone down, Scott's work for Exeter began in Morris and Jones's second year, 1854, with the tower of the New Buildings on Broad Street. It continued, without interruption, in 1855, when work started on the Library. Meanwhile, across the street, J C and C A Buckler were refacing Jesus College in the late Gothic style of the fifteenth century, Salvin had been building on the St Giles flank of Balliol (1852-3) and, a little down the road, Butterfield was completing his restoration of Merton Chapel. Round the corner in the Parks, Ruskin's favourite architect Benjamin Woodward was starting work on a specifically Ruskinian Gothic building: the University Museum (1855-60). Morris and Burne-Jones read Ruskin on the Gothic in the middle of a Gothic Revival building site. The confidence with which Morris narrates his early 'Story of an Unknown Church' (published in January 1856) through the mouth of a Gothic master-mason owes a good deal, I think, to the men he had observed at work on the scaffolding in Exeter and Jesus, Merton and Parks Road.

By the Trinity Term of 1854 Ruskin had introduced Morris and Burne-Jones to yet another key influence on their careers as artists. His *Lectures on Architecture and Painting Delivered at Edinburgh in November 1853* were published in April 1854 and Morris acquired a copy almost immediately. Here, in a conveniently brief and accessible form, Ruskin combined a restatement of the architectural ideas which he had recently expressed in the second and third volumes of *The Stones of Venice* with a preview of the thoughts about landscape painting which would appear in the third volume of *Modern Painters* in 1856. The *Lectures* also contained Ruskin's best and most persuasive account of the new school of Pre-Raphaelite painting. 'I was working in my room,' Burne-Jones (housed by now in College) writes, 'when Morris ran in one morning bringing the newly published book with him: so everything was put aside until he read it all through to me. And there we first saw about the Pre-Raphaelites, and there I first saw the

name of Rossetti. So for many a day after that we talked of little else but paintings which we had never seen, and saddened the lives of our Pembroke friends.'

Here was the avant-garde movement — just starting to develop, under Rossetti's influence, away from its Naturalist origins towards the Symbolist mode in which Burne-Jones would flourish — with which the two Exeter undergraduates would take the next steps in their artistic development. Morris sat the Pass School in October 1855, and then worked briefly in the Oxford office of the great Gothic Revival architect G E Street. In 1856 he went to London to begin his career as poet and designer, and to become, very rapidly, a key member of the 'second generation' of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. Burne-Jones kept his name on the College's books until 1857 but had begun, well before then, to spend his time in London learning to paint, as an informal pupil of Rossetti. Exeter gave them some of the classical knowledge which they brought to Morris's translations of the *Odyssey* and *Aeneid*, or to Jones's paintings of *Circe* and *Perseus*. It was much more important as the context in which, wholly outside the confines of the syllabus, they read the early work of Ruskin.

Nicholas Shrimpton

University Sermon

Preached at Exeter College on Sunday 29 October 2000

My text is taken from Malachi chapter 3, verse 6: 'For I am the Lord, I change not.'

In the *Microcosmographica Academica*, Francis Cornford outlines what he considers to be the characteristic assumption of the academic mind. It is this. Change is a dangerous thing which needs to be resisted. This is so, because all change will have consequences, and it is in the nature of those consequences to be so unpredictable that it is always the more prudent course to do nothing.

Now, just in case there are any here who have not come across this invaluable guide for the academic politician, I will summarize the arguments which Cornford puts forward in it as being practically irresistible on any university or college committee. They are all tried and tested reasons for inaction, and even in these forward-thinking days, when the chilly draughts of change can be felt in the most cosy senior common rooms, they have not fallen completely into disuse.

First, there is the argument of the Wedge. This is the argument that you should not act rightly now for fear of raising expectations that you may act still more rightly in the future — expectations which you are

afraid you may not have the courage to satisfy. It should be noted that anyone employing this argument is, in effect, admitting that they cannot prove that the proposed action is actually wrong. If they could, then that would, by itself, be a sufficient reason for not doing it.

Next, there is the argument of the Dangerous Precedent. This is the argument that you should not act rightly now for fear that you may not have the courage to act rightly again in some future case which *ex hypothesi* is essentially different, but superficially resembles the present one. As Cornford underlines 'Every public action which is not customary, either is wrong, or, if it is right, is a dangerous precedent. It follows that nothing should ever be done for the first time.'

Finally, there is the argument from the Unripe Time. This is the argument that you should probably not do something which seems right now, because it might become even more right in the future. But, as Cornford again notes 'Time... is like the medlar; it has a trick of going rotten before it is ripe.'

Now, the disinclination of the academic mind to change is nothing compared to the divine mind's disinclination to it. God makes the old General Board look recklessly progressive. After all, even most Senior Tutors can eventually be persuaded that change might actually be beneficial. God, however, is not merely disinclined to change. He is absolutely incapable of it.

For I am the Lord, I change not.

To assert that God is incapable of change is not to assert that there is some external limiting factor which prevents Him from changing. It is rather to assert that change is inconsistent with His nature, that to be God is to be immutable. And God is unchanging and unchangeable not only with respect to his being, but also with respect to his attributes, his location and his will.

The immutability of God's being, we call His immortality. And by it we mean that God purely and simply is, and will never cease to be. That is, of course, precisely how He revealed Himself to Moses in the burning bush. (Exod 3:14)'And God said unto Moses I AM THAT I AM: and He said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me to you.' The Lord, I am, is quintessentially, the one who is and who will never cease to be.

The immutability of God's attributes we call his incorruptibility. And by it we mean that God always is whatever He is, and can never stop being what He is. He is wisdom that can never know foolishness. He is power that can never know weakness. He is goodness that can never imagine evil. (Lam 3:22) 'The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning.'

The immutability of God's location refers to His omnipresence. God always is wherever He is. He fills all things, there is nowhere where He is not, nor will there ever be. (Ps 139:8-10) 'If I ascend up into heaven thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'

Finally, the immutability of God's will refers to his constancy and fidelity in all that is decreed and promised. God's covenant stands firm because His will is inalterable, and His decree so perfectly informed by His wisdom that it can never change. (Num 23:19) 'God is not man that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said and shall He not do it? or hath He not spoken, and shall He not make it good?'

It is important to cite the passages of scripture which support the case for divine immutability, because there are some who have argued that an unchanging deity is a Greek philosophical construct, entirely alien to the scriptural and Hebrew conception of God. This is, quite simply, not true. The scriptures contain quite as many direct or indirect assertions of divine immutability as they do narratives where God appears to change. There are also, importantly, some very good reasons for saying that the concept of a changeable God is a contradiction in terms.

For I am the Lord, I change not.

God, we say, is the first cause. Observing the universe around us, we note that it is full of change and motion, of causes and effects. But anything changed or caused is changed or caused by something else. Even apparently spontaneous acts of the human will are, on the whole, responses to other things. But a series of movements or changes, each bringing about the next, requires that there be a first mover, an unchanged changer to initiate the series, or the movement of each link in the series cannot ultimately be accounted for.

God is that first mover and unchanged changer, whose action explains the activity of all else besides him. It follows that He cannot be subject to change, nor moved in any way. For if he were subject to change, then He would become part of the causal series which we are trying to explain, not the explanation for it. In other words, if God changed, we could be entitled to ask what caused that change, and the problem of accounting for change as a whole would not have been solved. God's action cannot have any cause outside Him, for then there would have to be something prior to Him. And God is precisely that being to whom nothing is prior, and upon whom all else depends.

So God cannot change, because He is the Ultimate Cause of all other things. He also cannot change because He is eternal.

For there to be change requires that there be a before, and an after. But in God, there is no duration or succession. There is no before or after. That is what being eternal, being outside time means. Since time is part of creation, it comes from God, and does not stand over against God. There is, in God no past, or future, but only one perfect boundless present. The world He has created is a temporal world, and so relative to it, and only relative to it, it is possible to talk of God as 'the one who was and is and is to come'. But in himself, God only exists in the present. All that we experience in the passing of time is as present to Him. The past, present and future of the universe are experienced by God as the now is experienced by us. In eternity He is contemporaneous with all time, but is not within it. He simply has, therefore, no time in which to change. (Ps 102:25-27) 'Of old thou hast laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old as doth a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.'

So God is immutable because he is the First Cause, and because He is eternal. He is also immutable because He is the sum and fulfilment of all perfections. Because God is perfect, any change in Him would either be a change for the worse, or it would imply that God's previous state had been imperfect in some way. Neither of these possibilities squares with the idea of God as completely and eternally perfect. Change is inconsistent with perfection. As Augustine said (Tractate 23, On the Gospel of John) 'Whatsoever is changed from the better to the worse, and from the worse to the better, is not God, because perfect virtue can neither change for the better, nor true eternity for the worse.'

For I am the Lord, I change not.

There are several objections to the idea of divine immutability, some rational, and some better described as emotive.

The first of the purportedly rational objections is that God must be changed by His act of creation. By creating, it is argued, He becomes the Creator, and is therefore something which He was not before. This objection springs, I think, from muddled thinking about eternity.

In eternity, as we have seen, there is no such thing as before. There is no God was, there is only God is. And in eternity, God is the Creator. In eternity, God choses to create, and brings into existence a universe bounded and measured by time. So the universe has a beginning, but God's creative act does not. God simply creates, he does not start creating, nor persist with creating. His one act of creation brings into existence all that is, and the time during which it is, but the act itself, from His point of view, is eternal.

Another objection to immutability finds its origin in the Incarnation. Surely, it is argued, the Incarnation brings about a change in God, since

God becomes a man. Here again, slightly muddled thinking is to blame. Strictly speaking, God does not become a man. In the person of Christ, the divinity is not transformed into humanity. Rather, there comes into being a personal union between God and a human being, in which neither God's divinity, nor Jesus's humanity are lost or altered. The second person of the Trinity is united with a human being, in such a way that if you ask the question 'Who is Jesus?' you can answer 'the Word of God', but if you ask instead 'What is Jesus?', you must answer 'Both God and Man'. The Word of God has, if you will, two modes of existence, one uncreated and immutable, the other created and mutable. So it is in His humanity that the Word experiences time and change, not in His divinity. There is one person, but there are two natures, each with a different set of properties. God therefore remains untouched by change, though united in eternity with a changing human being.

So much for the arguments of a rational or technical nature. There are then objections of a more emotive and reactive sort.

The first of these is that an immutable God would seem to be unappealingly static, and quite unlike the living and rather energetic God of the scriptures. But to say that God is immutable is not to say that He is static. As we have seen, God's creative act is an eternal act. God is never not creating. He is always pouring forth his power to hold the temporal universe in existence. God is unchanging, but relentlessly active, constantly bringing into being all that is besides Him. We simply assume that lack of change means lack of action, but that is only because we are used to living in a world enchained in time, and clogged by the need to change in order to accomplish anything. In God's eternal present, things are rather different.

The second of these less obviously rational objections is that God's immutability would seem to preclude anything like a personal relationship between God and human beings. After all, surely a personal relationship requires the sort of reciprocity and mutuality by which each party reacts to the other, and if God is immutable then He is incapable of that.

My answer to this objection is that, if we understand relationships in this way, then we do not and cannot have a personal relationship with God. God is, quite simply, not another person. He is so absolutely unlike us that any relationship which we have with Him can find only the palest shadows in the relationships which we have with those around us. Our relationship with God is not reciprocal. We receive all that we are from Him. His love is not the response to goodness in us, it creates goodness in us. His care is not respectful of our desires, it determines our desires. Without Him we are, quite literally, nothing. Our very existence from one moment to the next is the result of His

power and will. We can do nothing, want nothing, be nothing without Him. Mutuality with God is just not possible.

But, for all that, there is a personal relationship at the heart of our faith. And it is the personal relationship which we have with Christ. Jesus is a human person, who loves like us, and changes, like us. With him, the full reciprocity and mutuality of human relationship is possible, because our relationship with him is an entirely human relationship. That is why Christ is our way to God. We can put our faith in Him, we can listen to His words, we can ask for Him to intercede on our behalf precisely because He is a human being just like us. (John 14:6) 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me.'

At the same time, as we have said, Christ is united in personal union with the Word of God. When we say that Christ loves us, we are, therefore, saying that God loves us. But we are saying that God loves us in a fully human way, as only a fellow human being can do. And he does so by virtue of the Incarnation. Without the God-Man, we could say that God loves us, but we could never really understand what it might mean. A personal relationship with God is only possible in a faith which holds to the truth of the Incarnation.

For I am the Lord, I change not.

Since God is not just changeless, but unchangeable, it follows that God cannot be altered or influenced by anything that happens within the universe. He is never passive in relation to the world, only active. It follows that he cannot respond to what goes on here, because all response requires there to be some change in the responding agent.

But if the acts of free agents were not subject to the ultimate guidance of God, then God would indeed have to react to them in some way. At the very least, in order to know that such a free agent has acted, God's knowledge would have to be a response to the action. But since God is immutable, as we have said, any sort of response to created things is not possible to Him. It follows that all created things, including the free actions of human agents, are under the guidance and direction of God's will.

In fact, the notion that anything could actually have freedom from the active influence of God is rather foolish. Since God gives existence to all that is, and all actions, free or unfree, are part of what exists, God must be behind them as well. God's hand can be seen in all that happens within the universe, and His ongoing act of creation is as evident in the free choices of responsible human beings as it is in the shining of the sun. (Isaiah 45:7) 'I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD, do all these things.'

God, therefore, immutably and eternally decrees whatsoever happens within the sphere of created existence. All events, without exception, are the reflection of His will. He does not come to know the universe and its history by observing it in itself, which would entail an intellectual response on His part. He comes to know it in the perfect knowledge He has of Himself, which includes the knowledge of His will. In God's relationship with the universe, therefore, the divine will to create is prior to the divine knowledge of creation.

This view of God and His creating work is called, for want of a better word, predestinarian. But, predestination is, to some extent, an inappropriate description of what is going on. It is not as though God, in the distant past, decided upon all that would ever happen. As we saw, there is no past or future with God. There is only ever the present. The free acts of human agents are instances of God's continuing creativity, they are part of the process whereby He is making the world what He desires it to be. They are the result of God's present action, not the outcome of some ancient decision. And they give us a glimpse of God's creative work close at hand.

For I am the Lord, I change not.

God does not change. He cannot change. We should not forget this when we think about Him. God is utterly unlike us human beings, and it is nothing less than a form of ontological hubris to expect Him to conform to the ways in which we ourselves exist. He is not a person like us, and His relationship with us is unlike our relationships with our fellow human beings. There simply cannot be any reciprocity between God and his creatures. God's role in our lives is far too fundamental for that.

Nonetheless, the Christian faith does offer us a personal relationship with God. But it offers this relationship to us in the only way possible. It offers it to us in Christ, who is both God and man. Since He is a human being, we can have a relationship in which we really know what His love and care for us mean, because they mean for Him precisely what they do for us. And since He is eternally united with the second person of the Trinity, we can truly say that we enjoy this relationship with the one, eternal and immutable God.

Now to that same God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit be ascribed as is most justly due, Majesty, Dominion and Power henceforth and forever more. Amen.

Stephen Hampton (Chaplain)

Revising Early Modern Exeter

The Catholic Question

Historians love putting things into boxes. For an optimist, categorization allows swift and insightful analysis. For a cynic, it enables a writer to pass off personal limitations in the interests of maximizing his or her potential audience. The manner in which historians go about such categorization, the divisions they choose and the conclusions they draw are very important. They touch the very nature of history itself because, as a result, historians can themselves be put into rhetorical boxes.

The real picture is of course more complex, but evidence of a rounded view is sometimes hard to obtain, or contrary to historians' purposes to emphasize. Exeter College is fortunate in illustrating a wide spectrum of historians' views about the growth of Oxford University in the later sixteenth century. It does so because its disposition to recusancy in the 1570s and the provenancial bias of many of its members were stronger than in any other Oxford college.

There are two main explanations of the growth of Oxford in the sixteenth century. The first, advanced by Lawrence Stone, argues that external factors affecting the University, such as an increased demand within the Church of England for educated clergy and a desire among the gentry for humanist teaching and posts in government, boosted the number of students from about 1550 to 1580 and again from 1615 onwards. In contrast to Stone, Elizabeth Russell stresses the importance of factors within Oxford itself. A requirement in 1565 that all students should matriculate as a member of a college or hall, in an attempt to smoke out Catholic students living in the city, brought a higher proportion of students into University statistics for the first time. According to this theory, growth prior to 1615 was an optical illusion. Exeter's unique religious and geographical biases reveal that both these theses have some mileage.

A caveat should be attached to the data that follow. Many come from the University matriculation registers. These originated in the 1570s, so that very little systematic analysis can be achieved prior to 1572. Moreover, the degree to which the matriculation registers comprehensively recorded all the students in the University fluctuated considerably. Finally, I anachronistically apply 'commoner' to all students who were not fellows. This is for simplicity's sake because within each college students who were not fellows were classified in a number of changing ways immaterial to the argument.

Exeter in the 1570s was even more peculiar than during much of the rest of its history. Firstly, the number of commoners rose from twenty in 1552 to eighty-two in 1572. The rate of this growth outstripped that

of all other colleges and halls in the University. A second oddity was that the average of over twenty-seven recorded matriculands per annum between 1572 and 1575 was considerably higher than the average of less than nineteen a year in the 1580s. Thirdly, although the proportion of Exonian commoners drawn from Devon and Cornwall fluctuated between about 58 per cent and 66 per cent from 1580 to 1621, the equivalent figure for 1572 to 1575 was only 46 per cent.

These anomalies can only really be explained by a factor internal to the University: that factor was Catholicism. Once the 1565 statutes compelled matriculation on all, papists in the town sought out colleges and halls sympathetic to their beliefs. By the late 1560s many colleges had been purged and forced to accept the 1559 settlement. Exeter had not. It was listed in a survey conducted by the Vice-Chancellor in 1577 alongside All Souls, Balliol and Queen's as retaining a recusant presence. Indeed, it was the least conformist of the colleges. According to a source quoted by the antiquarian John Strype, Exeter in 1578 had 80 members, of whom 76 were 'secret or open Roman affectionaries'.

Exeter was well placed to shelter recusants. In 1566 the College's endowment had been considerably enlarged by Sir William Petre. He was suspected of papacy and his Catholic son Sir (later Lord) John advanced recusants to the fellowship. Moreover, Exeter drew most of its fellows from the unreforming south-west. Thus, among the fellowship in 1572 were a future president of the English seminary at Douai, Richard Bristowe, and Exeter's only saint, Ralph Sherwin. In 1570, William Wyatt was arrested for failing to reveal Exeter papists and a year later the Rector, John Neale, was expelled for refusal to attend a chapel service. The problem was not solved, however, because by 1574, Wyatt was not only back at Exeter but had been made Sub-Rector also.

Numerous commoners also fostered Catholic tendencies. A man called Savage was singled out by Strype as 'a most earnest defender of the pope's bull and excommunication' of Elizabeth I. He was probably the John Savage who matriculated in 1575 as a native of Rutland. He could well be the ardent papist of the same name who was descended from a Derbyshire family, fought alongside Parma in the Netherlands, and died with Babington in 1586 after conspiring against the Queen's life. Other prominent Catholic commoners were Lord John Stourton (Exeter's first aristocrat) and Thomas Percy. Percy was not the gunpowder plotter of the same name and family, as mistakenly claimed by a secondary hand in one of the College's archives, but was a son of the religiously conservative Earl of Northumberland. 1560s and 1570s Exeter was bursting with Catholics from all over England.

However, the days when even clandestine recusants could find a home in Oxford were coming to an end. A royal visitation in 1578 left

several fellows expelled, and a new Rector, Thomas Glasier, was brought in from outside. The final nail in the coffin was the 1581 subscription statute which required all matriculands to assent to royal supremacy and the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. Commoner entrants to Exeter dropped sharply and a stronger south-western bias emerged because Catholics who wanted a university education now had to travel abroad.

Were it possible to extract the Roman sympathizers from the 1570s figures, it would still be obvious that Exeter was undergoing considerable growth. With 46 per cent of the 1572-1575 matriculands coming from Devon and Cornwall Exeter's position did not rest on Catholicism alone. Forces outside Oxford were at work, drawing in commoners who sought not only religious security but simply a university education. This wider pressure led to rising numbers of undergraduate commoners prior to the 1565 matriculation statute and the establishment of a tutor system to cater for them.

Growth continued after 1581 as shown by complex calculations on the matriculation registers and the 'caution books'. The caution books are records of the deposits paid by all non-fellows against default of battels when they entered the College. There was steady expansion from about 70 commoners in the 1580s, 85 in the 1590s, and over 100 in the early decades of the seventeenth century. By 1600, Exeter was packing in accommodation wherever it could be built. The butler built a series of cock-lofts atop the library in 1597, the Turl Street gateway was raised in 1605 and shortly afterwards John Periam constructed his 'mansions' which now form staircase four. By 1615, however, Exeter's expansion had ground to a halt. Membership stagnated between a hundred and a hundred and twenty. Resources were diverted away from accommodation and into other facilities such as Acland's hall (1618) and Hakewill's chapel (1624).

Exeter's growth and later stagnation were not matched by changes across the University. Between 1580 and 1610 University matriculations as a whole showed no significant increase, but began to pick up again just as Exeter reached a plateau. The reason for these longer term changes in Exeter's fortune lies less in religion and more in the economic situation of the south-west.

Across England the population was expanding fast, from under 2.8 million in 1541 to nearly 5.1 million a century later. Obtaining precise county breakdowns is impossible, but Devon's population was high, second only in size to Yorkshire on the 1569/70 muster rolls. Moreover, this population had increased relative to the rest of England since the poll tax returns of 1377 when it was only the eighth largest county.

Demographics do not provide the whole picture, however, because an early modern university education depended not just on an influx of students, but on the wealth of parents to support them. Elizabethan Devon was an affluent county. The knight in the *Discourse of the Common Weal (1549)* ranked it alongside Essex, Kent 'and such' as one of the wealthiest counties in England. Extractive industries were in decline and lace was yet to take off, but agriculture, cloth and fishing were flourishing. This led to an expansion of towns, farmhouse improvement and the cultivation of scrubland. Ownership of land was more widely diffused in Devon than in most other English counties. This generated many minor gentry families with the resources necessary to send children to university.

The situation in Cornwall was not so healthy owing to a depression in the tin industry caused by the transition from steam extraction to shaft mining. Agriculturally, however, the county had achieved a grain surplus by 1602, and wool and cloth standards rose to general English levels. Cornwall also gained as the Newfoundland fisheries were opened to European markets and profits were to be made by wise Cornish investors in trade and shipping such as the Rashleigh family.

In summary, despite temporary downturns such as intermittent plague and harvest failure, the economy of the south-west was blossoming. New industries were rising where others fell, and the landed wealth was divided in such a way as to create many potential students. The boom of the late sixteenth century was its own worst enemy, however, since by the mid-seventeenth century Devon had become overpopulated and many were underemployed. Although the elite will have had some protection from the worst of this depression, it must have affected the ability of lesser families to educate their sons at university.

The economic trends of the south-west and particularly of Devon link well with the patterns of commoner entrants at Exeter in the late Tudor and early Stuart years. By the 1560s and 1570s there was a strong demand for university education in the south-west. This continued into the next century when possibly accommodation problems at Exeter and economic conditions in Devon and Cornwall limited both the demand and supply of commoners at Exeter.

Exeter is better positioned than any other college to provide evidence that both internal and external factors influenced the recorded membership of Oxford University in this period. Exeter in its regionalism illustrates the role that socio-economic forces had upon the size of the universities, and in its Catholicism demonstrates the contention that university regulations of the 1560s and 1570s forced many students onto official documentation for the first time. As is so often the case in historiography, no one argument completely reflects the true picture.

Counting Commoners

A number of academic censuses were taken at Oxford in the early seventeenth century: one in 1605 for a visitation by King James I, another in 1611 at the request of his son, Prince Henry, a third in 1612 during the long vacation, and a fourth, dating from 1634, for the Earl Marshal. The picture given of Exeter College is of a large and growing body with 165 members in 1605, 188 in 1611, jumping to 206 a year later and culminating with 230 in 1634. In the first three surveys Exeter fluctuates between the third and fifth largest college in the university and in 1634 ranks in first place.

Problems emerge, however, when this image is compared with statistics derived from entry and exit figures. At a university level all undergraduates were meant to matriculate before the Vice-Chancellor. There are complications because many matriculated later than was stipulated and others deferred matriculation until they were sixteen, at which age they were also required to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. Some failed to matriculate at all to avoid either religious scrutiny or the Registrar's fees. To make matters worse, the University was plagued by Registrars who through illness and negligence often failed to perform their tasks to even remotely efficient levels. These difficulties are not insuperable, however, because Lawrence Stone has calculated percentage mark-ups for each decade based on more accurate data obtained from college sources.

In the colleges, the most accurate entry and exit information can be found in the caution books. These record the deposits paid by all non-fellows upon entry against default on their battels, and which they could retrieve when they went down. Exeter's caution books begin in 1629. From these it can be calculated that students spent an average of just over three years in Exeter, and this figure can be used retrospectively against the adjusted matriculation entries. The image of Exeter College provided by the matriculation registers and caution books differs from the university surveys. Dramatic growth in the later sixteenth century levels off at just over a hundred and continues at this level until the Civil War. As far as Exeter is concerned, neither the size nor the degree of change implied by the University surveys can be correct.

The surveys seem to be derived from colleges' buttery books. These were the kitchen accounts that listed members and what they consumed on a weekly basis. In the week prior to James I's visit to Oxford in August 1605, Exeter had 167 names on the buttery books — only two more than were counted by the royal survey. Although there is no precise dating on the 1634 survey, in the last week of December in that year there were 230 names on the buttery books, a perfect match with the survey's figures for Exeter. The buttery books do not fit the 1611

and 1612 survey numbers quite so well, but are within ten on both occasions, discrepancies which can be explained by poor numeration, or by the removal of college servants who appear on the buttery books, or the addition of poor scholars who do not.

The inadequacies of the matriculation registers are as nothing when compared to those of the buttery books. Not all college members were listed on the buttery books. They fail to mention any poor scholars, since these paid for their meals with labour services and not cash. These poor scholars were considerably outnumbered, however, by those who were on the buttery books but who were not students. For example, at the very end of the weekly list, the senior members of the fellowship were repeated, presumably because they held second accounts for certain unique expenses. College servants were also listed in the books but not all of these will have been engaged in academic study. Present in late 1634 were a butler, a purveyor of food, a mason, a librarian, a law officer, two cooks, a janitor, a barber, a porter, and two others, who by their positions in the list were probably a sub-porter and a kitchen employee. Similarly, former fellows who were sojourning in college were also listed. Exeter had five of these in the last week of 1634.

The most severe weakness of the buttery books, however, lies in the delays in updating the list of names. The Exeter books for the last week of 1634 record 86 men who were not on the caution books, who were not sojourning former-foundationers, and who were not obvious College servants. Thomas Hearne understood this weakness as long ago as 1733. When commenting on a university survey from that year he wrote: ‘Tis the wrong way to take the numbers of members of any college or hall in Oxford from the names in the buttery books, the names standing in the books very [vary] often from year to year after several of the persons have been gone away years, nay sometimes they stand after they are dead.’

Those from superior social origins were retained on the buttery books much longer than more humble Exonians. James, third Marquis of Hamilton, was listed for over twenty years after his departure because it served as a memory to his significance and his connections with the College. Similarly, until a disagreement in 1613, a special place above all others was accorded to the descendants of Exeter’s six-teenth-century patron, Sir William Petre, although their presence in College was rare.

The social biases of the buttery books can be seen in two ways. Firstly, of the 86 names noted above, 35 were titled *magistri*. Some of these were undoubtedly Masters of Arts who chose to eat in College. Alongside these masters, however, were only seven *domini* (BAs). This is a very low figure and suggests that many of those labelled

magistri held no degrees but were only titled master out of social respect. Fifteen or twenty of the 35 probably held no degrees at all, and 26 of the 35 were not eating in College. This social use of the term *magister* can be seen in other Exeter sources and confirmed by an examination of the degree registers. A second indication of the buttery books' social snobbery can be seen because, after the fellowship, members were recorded roughly in order of social precedence. In the last week of December 1634 not one of the first sixteen non-fellows was eating in College. This is not merely a product of the festive season but repeats itself across the year.

The real significance of the buttery books lies therefore not in what they reveal about the size of College but the inferences that can be drawn about members' social origins. In the early seventeenth century the social background of Exeter's non-fellows was rising fast and at a greater rate than in many other colleges in the university. This picture is reinforced by many other indicators, statistical and incidental.

Matriculands were classified socially as the sons of dukes, earls, lords, baronets, knights, squires, gentlemen or plebeians, or, if they were the sons of clergymen, by the position their father held in the Church. There are certain factors which skew the matriculation figures but these remain fairly constant across the period, so that overall trends can be identified with some accuracy. Across the University the percentage of matriculands claiming to be the sons of gentlemen or above increased from 42 to 48 per cent between 1577 and 1639. At Exeter, however, a more radical change was occurring. Within forty years, the percentage of plebeian non-foundationers nearly halved, from 62 per cent in 1580-2 to under 38 in 1620-1. In contrast, the proportion of those ranked gentlemen or above increased to over 50 per cent while the proportion of clergy sons nearly tripled to just under 12.

Another statistical measure is provided by college records. Data are hard to obtain before 1629, but it can be shown that the percentage of students in Exeter who were categorized by the socially superior statuses of 'commoner' and 'fellow commoner' stood at about 45 per cent in 1552, remained at about 46 per cent in the period 1598-9 and 1601-2, but rose considerably to 69 per cent by 1630-2.

The money which these wealthy undergraduates brought with them shines from the memorials they left behind. Firstly, there were the buildings such as the new hall and chapel. Then there was the silver, registers of which illustrate the munificence of early seventeenth-century Exonians towards their house. Little of this survives today, since Exeter 'lent' £246 5s 1d in plate for the royalist war effort which emptied the collection. The value of silver which Exeter lent to Charles I is second only to that rendered by Magdalen. Exeter's loan of cash, however, was £310, ranking it seventh among the colleges. The

implication is that much of Exeter's wealth had been made relatively rapidly in the period before the civil wars when donating plate was popular among rich undergraduates. All colleges' revenues were rising rapidly after 1590, but Exeter's changing social base meant that it prospered more than most.

There were several causes of this change. Rising numbers of gentlemen in the University as a whole were caused by a desire for government careers and a humanist education. However, gentry congregated in Exeter in the early seventeenth century more readily than in many other colleges and halls. Many will have been drawn by its unique brand of Calvinism. A good example here is James Dillon, an Irish baron whose education was procured by James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, in an attempt to raise him in Anglican orthodoxy. Ussher's approval is clear evidence for Exeter's Calvinist credentials. Finally, a geographically specific bonus accrued when Broadgates Hall, which like Exeter drew heavily from Devon, converted into Pembroke College in 1624. Pembroke experienced a dramatic drop in intake from among the great and good, many of whom will have looked to Exeter instead. All these factors had a cumulative effect since parents will have wanted to send, and to have been seen to send, their sons to a fashionable institution.

The rising social provenance of Exeter's early seventeenth-century students produced many of the leading politicians and academics of the period. Sir John Eliot, William Strode and Sir John Maynard were all prominent MPs. William Noye was Attorney-General to Charles I from 1631-4 and James Hamilton was a leading, if ill-informed, adviser to Charles on Scottish matters. Many Exonians played a role in the Civil War, such as Lionell Cary, a royalist officer, who fell at Marston Moor. After the war the most prominent Exonian was Anthony Ashley Cooper who became Lord Chancellor under Charles II.

Exeter produced not just politicians and cannon fodder but also learned academics. John Prideaux (Rector 1612-42) was an important theologian and Vice-Chancellor of the University before becoming Bishop of Worcester. Digory Wheare was the first Camden Professor of History. Foreign brains were attracted to Exeter, including Philip Cluverius, a geographer; Mathias Pasor, a linguist, philosopher and mathematician; Sixtinus Amana, a Hebrew scholar; and Christian Rumpffius, a former physician to the Elector Palatine.

Not all Exonians came from such illustrious backgrounds or led such prominent lives. Indeed, the large numbers of gentry and nobles at Exeter provided opportunities for poorer students to work as their servants and receive tuition at the same time. Few of these would emulate Prideaux, a one-time kitchen servant, and rise to positions of significance. On leaving College, competition for ecclesiastical posts condemned many mute inglorious to country livings. Nathaniel Terry

(Fellow 1625-40) lived out his days as a humble country parson in Devonshire. Not all can read their history in a nation's eyes, even if many early seventeenth-century Exonians did.

Kenneth Padley (1997)

Exeter College Library

Buildings

While there is no record in College archives of a library in Bishop Stapeldon's time, Merton's seventeenth-century antiquary, Antony Wood (1632-1695), was of the opinion that one existed. Nor is it clear where the library was housed in the very early days, but by 1374 it was said to be falling into ruins. In autumn 1375, however, the College Register notes an expenditure of 3s 4d to provide thatch for the library. This early building may have been part of the original chapel, built in 1321-1326. Some of the money for the building and, indeed, some of the books themselves came from such benefactors as William Rede, fellow and later Bishop of Chichester. His indenture of 1374 mentions £20 for repair of the library and a gift of 25 manuscripts. But the funds were retained in the hope of attracting enough money to build a new library. Eventually Thomas Brantingham, Bishop of Exeter 1370-1395, gave £10 and John More, Rector 1374-1375, gave £20, enabling the College to build its library. And so by 1383 a new, substantial building was underway, and the accounts of Rector William Slade, itemize: stone from Taynton, near Burford and from Robert of Whatley, Berks., timber for the carpenter and for scaffolding, withies for the scaffolding, lead, iron fastenings, nails, lime, red earth, and hay. The craftsmen and labourers included the carpenter, a master mason and several other masons, a plumber, a smith and other assorted workmen. The list of incidental expenses mentions cheese, breakfasts, dinners and drink for all, the expenses of the Rector and one fellow riding to Aldermeston for timber, and, curiously, for mending a sieve — a grand total, in sterling, of £57.13.5 1/2. So many gifts of books were forthcoming that the new library was soon found to be too small. There were also too few 'studies' to accommodate readers. In 1430 Bishop Lacy records that his predecessor Edmund Stafford gave books for the library in 1404 and built a chamber 24 feet long under the library which by then had been lengthened, heightened and covered with lead. The number of studies for readers was increased to seven. In the Bereblock engraving of 1566, the results look rather grand, the building running north/south to catch the best light. This building stood roughly where staircase 5 stands now. Sets of rooms, known as Bentley's Nest were built over it in 1597 according to Wood, and Rector Prideaux's Survey of College

The Old Library (1624-1778)

The New Library (1779)

buildings (1631) states that filling up 'the space between the West End of the Old Chapel [at that time turned into a library] and Periam's Buildings [Staircase 4] ...were Timber Buildings, made over the *oldest and original Library*'. When the new 'Hakewill' chapel was built in 1624, the library moved into the old chapel, a building in the location of the present library. Prideaux's Survey goes on to say that the old Chapel was 'turned into a Library and having one Room (some Time the Bachelors or Junior Common Room), and had two small Places, latterly used, the one for a Barber's Room, and the other a Hole for Ashes'. A risky combination as it later transpired when, in 1709, the Library caught fire from those ashes. Accounts of the fire indicate that many of the books were burned. Thomas Hearne records:

> Dec. 10. This morning very early, began a fire in the scrape-trencher's room...being adjoining to the Library, all the inner part of the library was quite destroyed, and only one stall of books, or thereabouts, secured. The wind being low, and there being good assistance, it was extinguished by eight o'clock, otherwise it might have burnt the publick library, which is not many yards distant from it, on the east side...Though the writer of these memorials [a member of St Edmund Hall] be not at all given to superstition... the night in which the fire broke out at Exeter College he had little sleep, being strangely disturbed with apprehensions of fire.

Hearne sat for a while, but at last he did sleep, dreaming of fire 'till three o'clock, when the cry of fire was all over the town'.

The present library still retains a number of books with charred edges which must have been in the surviving stall. Following the disastrous fire, the building was shortened to remove the burnt section, patched up, and remained in use for about 70 more years. Noting the loss of the College's books, several benefactors came forward with very substantial gifts of books and manuscripts. It was at this time that Joseph Sanford bequeathed his large library of books, manuscripts and tracts to the library. Richard Hutchins, fellow, left his books to College in 1718, and special bookplates were printed to record the benefactor. In 1729 Edward Richards, fellow commoner, gave his collection of Latin and Greek authors to further enrich the book stock. With these collections pouring in and College making its own expenditures, the by now rather bedraggled library was not large enough to house them. In 1778 John Townesend, the local builder designed a low, neo-classical building. The contract of December 1778 called for a building 58 x 22 feet and 21 feet high, to be built of Headington stone and covered by a Tavistock slate roof. Inside it was to have 'a good neat plain gallery along one side & both ends'. The gallery was built along the north side, had a mahogany hand rail and a staircase at each end. The book-cases from the old library were refurbished for use in the new building.

Rector's accounts show that £1002.06.06 was the total amount paid to the builder. From engravings the new library, resembling an orangery, appears to have been well-suited to its position in the Fellows' Garden. This charming building was used for less than 100 years. By mid-nineteenth century the building was no doubt too small and certainly not of a style to appeal to Victorian taste. In the 1850s when the gothic-revival craze was sweeping Oxford, George Gilbert Scott was engaged to design a new library (along with the Chapel, the western stretch of staircases on the Broad and the Rector's Lodgings). Of two stories, with a dark cathedral ceiling in the upper reading room, it was, and is, quite imposing. In 1902 Hill Upton & Co., electrical engineers, were paid £96.2.0 for lighting the library. In 1905 an extensive restoration project was undertaken. There was apparently vermin damage as worm-eaten shelving and woodwork were replaced, and the entire building fumigated. The shelves were so badly eaten that Bernard Henderson, the librarian at the time, described them as resembling coral.

Apart from improved heating and lighting, the building is today much as it was when built. Minor changes in furnishings (the eight oak ladders bought in 1908 for £7.04.09 had to be replaced in the 1990s when one collapsed with a fellow aboard), various Health and Safety installations, and the presence of computer terminals are all that might surprise an old boy from the end of the nineteenth century. There have been no exterior changes except the replacement of nearly all the original diamond-paned windows. In the 1920s new shelving was added in the annex and in the upper reading room to cope with the continuing problem of space for new acquisitions. In the late 1950s the tall annex reading room was divided horizontally to provide a reading room now used for law and modern languages with stacks beneath. Space has continued to be a problem over the centuries. From time to time various collections were housed out of the library building. In the middle of the twentieth century, the law collection was shelved in the Quarrell Law Library under the Rector's Lodgings. Many of the antiquarian science books were kept at the very top of Palmer's Tower, and several collections of theological works were placed in the Lodgings' damp and flood-prone cellars. The recent addition of rolling shelving in the stack has enabled some of these far-flung branches to be consolidated within the library. The only books now outhoused are older works of theology of which, like all the older colleges, we have a huge collection. Although neo-gothic charm with its circular staircase and high, leather-lined bookcases elaborately carved with fruit and foliage is not easily adapted to twenty-first-century operations, undergraduates and visitors are impressed and tend to overestimate the building's age. Its location, shoulder-to-shoulder with Bodley, within shouting distance of Blackwells book shop and with gardens to the north and south, is a librarian's dream setting.

The Shiers Benefaction

The library is fortunate to have had a benefactress in the person of Elizabeth Shiers (d.1700). Her somewhat irregular will left part of her estate in Surrey for the express benefit of the College library. Hugh Shortridge, her executor, dealt with the will honestly and as Mrs Shiers wished. After lengthy legal manoeuvring investments were made, chiefly from funds received from the sale of forest properties in Surrey. In 1828 a committee of five including the Rector, a Treasurer and the Librarian was elected to manage the 'Shortridge' Funds and other concerns of the library. The Librarian was charged with the management and care of the books and allowed to spend 'such monies as shall be necessary under the sanction of the Committee'. For these duties he was awarded an annual salary of £40.00. The first Librarian elected to take charge of the Shortridge /Shiers funds was William Sewell, at that time a Petrean fellow. The Shiers benefaction continues to allow present-day members to be generously provided for.

Books

Anthony Wood's *History and Antiquities of the University*: 'As for the Library it was at first, as I suppose, built by the Founder...he gave several books thereunto and would if his life had been spared by the giddy multitude, [He was murdered by a mob in London in 1826 as a result of his allegiance with the unpopular policies of Edward II] have enriched it with the rarities of his time.' After the 1383 library was extended in 1404, rich collections were donated: Roger Keyes, Chantor of the Collegiate Church of St Peter in Exeter gave the works of Hugo of St Caro, 18 volumes of illuminated manuscripts, and further collections came from Henry Laurence, sometime Rector and William Moreman, Dean of Exeter Cathedral. A sixteenth-century Fellow and Rector, John Dotyn, left in his will of 1559 'all my books of fisick and naturall philosophie that be in *magno volumine* and *in quatro* to be chained in the librarie within three monthes after my death'. Thirty-two titles from this bequest can still be identified in the collection: a testimonial for chaining. In the early days some books were chained to desks, and Rector's accounts up into the early nineteenth century record buying of chains or paying the smith to make them. Other books were stored in chests, and, as College fortunes changed, it was sometimes necessary to raise money by pawning one or more of the valuable books (often Bibles) to the loan chest of the University. At about the same time, c.1567, Sir William Petre gave the College the so-called Bohun Psalter as well as a number of early printed theological works. The psalter, produced for Humphrey de Bohun (1342-1373), grandson of Edward III, was later in the possession of the royal household during the reign of Henry VIII and bears the signatures of Elizabeth of York and Catherine of Aragon. It remains one of the College's most notable possessions.

By 1881 there were reported to be 24,370 books in the collection, and bookplates were being purchased in great numbers. In 1907 the JCR library, which had been used when undergraduates were barred from using the Fellows' library, was closed and about 450 volumes were transferred to the newly all-inclusive College library.

A few of the works are loaned for exhibitions from time to time. In recent years the Bohun Psalter joined several other manuscripts copied for the de Bohun family (and now scattered into several European libraries and the Bodleian) in a Royal Academy exhibition, while a series of letters to and from Charles I (the College begging to be allowed to keep its silver rather than help finance the King's war) was included in the Oxfordshire Museums' Civil War exhibition.

At present the open-shelf collection stands at about 43,000 volumes, and about 26,000 volumes are housed in the closed stacks. A rather spectacular series of thefts by a porter in the 1970s, in which we lost a number of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century illustrated travel books, forced the library to lock up many books previously freely available on open shelf.

Books to be added to the library are selected primarily by the fellows, but junior members are actively encouraged to submit requests. The modern collection ranges over all subjects but is targeted towards the curriculum.

Bibliographical Organization

An undated alphabetical catalogue contains a *Decretum* concerning borrowing dated 1650, and dated catalogues exist from 1739. The Victorian holdings were also entered in manuscript in printed editions of the Bodleian catalogues. In 1908 a card catalogue was started. All these early cataloguing schemes were by shelf-mark, for example, Case 24, shelf C, book no. 12. In the late 1950s, with help from the Bodleian and other cataloguers, the library was reclassified using a subject classification system which allowed for more rational shelving without the need constantly to re-assign shelf-marks.

Many of our antiquarian books and manuscripts are listed in published bibliographies and are known to scholars world-wide, ensuring that regular use is made of these old and valuable works. Our medieval manuscripts are described in Andrew Watson's *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Medieval Manuscripts of Exeter College, Oxford*, while our early English printed books are included in Dennis Rhodes' *Catalogue of Incunabula in Oxford Libraries outside the Bodleian*, Pollard and Redgrave's *Short-title Catalogue of Books Printed 1475-1640* and Wing's *Short-title Catalogue of Books Printed 1641-1700*. Our eighteenth-century books are listed in the *Eighteenth-century Short-title Catalogue*, a computer-based list. General College and

Bursary Archives are described in a regularly updated handlist. In 1998 the library began re-cataloguing the collection on computer, and the entire open-shelf catalogue is now part of the University-wide catalogue, OLIS (Online Library and Information System). The next step will be to put the circulation system on computer, making signing out books a simple procedure and eliminating the need for maintaining files of borrowers' slips.

Readers

In 1539 the 'Customs of the College' were written and, after proscribing noise, stories and bad manners and ordering priestly dress, i.e. 'plain shirts not parted down to the naval', the Bachelors were advised to 'frequent the public museum or library and after the octaves of S. Dennis stay there each night from 6 to 8... unless the Rector thinks good to intermit it owing to excessive cold....'

Initially the library was for the use of fellows only. Other provisions were made for junior members in the shape of reading rooms scattered about College, books borrowed by fellows for the use of..., etc. Fellows' registers of borrowing exist from 1785. The library was open only a few hours a week, and fellows had their own keys. There was the perennial problem with keys: 1778, renewed 1785: 'On the opening of the new library, that none have keys to it but actual fellows: but that others apply to the fellows for the use of their keys: or to the Bible Clerk, who is to have one as Sub-librarian.'

In 1902 the undergraduates were allowed for the first time to use the building. Initially they entered by a back door and used a lower-ground-floor reading room out of sight and sound of senior members. The hours for undergraduate reading were weekdays from 10:00-1:00 during term. By 1904 they were admitted to read in the afternoon upon application to the Librarian. The use of the library by undergraduates increased steadily: in 1901-02 they borrowed 208 volumes in term and 172 in the vacation. By 1910-11 the figures had jumped to 783 in term and 370 in vacation. As there was also a so-called Greats Reading Room instituted in 1905, these figures do not give the total picture of undergraduate reading. The rules stated that junior members must not replace books on the shelves but hand them to the Sub-librarian. Borrowing was limited to four books at any one time, and all books were due back at the end of term with fines for overdue books being initially 5/ per volume. The Librarian's permission was required if one wanted to take a book out of Oxford. Gradually the undergraduates were given the run of the building, and very gradually the hours continued to be increased until there is now 24-hour opening during terms and very liberal hours during the vacations. With some 450 junior members and only 65 seats, it is very cozy in term time. The library still serves only College members (current and old), visiting academic

researchers and senior members of the University. It also does a lively trade in the provision of genealogical information by phone, post and, more recently, by email.

Staff

In the early days, a College servant looked after cleaning, shelving, filling inkwells, and generally caring for the internal fabric. There was a Sub-librarian who was often not a fellow who dealt with signing in and out of books, writing up the catalogues, etc. It is difficult to say how financially attractive the post of Sub-librarian might have been. In the middle and late eighteenth century, the salary for the *Bibliothecario* (who was probably just a caretaker) was, for the year, £0.13.04: the same as for the *Tonsori*. These salaries remained the same for over 50 years. Then, suddenly, in 1797 the *Bibliothecario*'s salary increased to 6 guineas a year (while poor *Tonsori*'s remained at £0.13..04). Still called *Bibliothecario*, the office may then perhaps have been combined with the Bible Clerkship. The Sub-librarianship was separated from the Bible Clerkship and given to an undergraduate commoner in 1813 and afterwards appropriated to one or other of the junior fellows. In the 1820s the salary was £25.00 (while that of the shoeblack in Hall was £20.00). In 1868 the Senior porter received £15.00 for care of the library. Presumably this involved locking up and generally overseeing security. (The Lodge staff still keeps a watchful eye on the library at night when the building is uninvigilated.) Fellows like C W Boase, the late-Victorian Fellow-librarian and College historian, took a serious interest in the library, searching out and recording bits of its history (snippets of which are included here). The twentieth-century Librarians include: W C Allen, B W Henderson, Nevill Coghill, W C Neale, H P Kingdon, H G Nicholas, Eric Kemp and J R Maddicott. A Library Committee steps in only to make major policy decisions, and looks benignly on the day-to-day running from a distance. The Sub-librarian's position has gone from being filled by fellows, Bible clerks, and clerical assistants to one filled by professionally-trained graduates. The advent of email has enabled the Oxford college librarians to discuss problems and ideas quickly and easily where previously they were often isolated in their separate towers. The University now provides refresher and training courses to help keep librarians up-to-date in the ever-advancing IT age.

Onward, Upward, Outward

Until the end of the twentieth century, the library was largely steam-driven. In the mid-1970s there was no typewriter in the library, and no telephone until the University network was installed in the 1980s. The catalogue cards were, by 1990, an almost unobtainable 4x6-inch size. But technology has her foot firmly in the door. The library has not

rushed helter-skelter into the arms of computerization but is using it increasingly for access to bibliographical tools - indexes, abstracts, bibliographies and the like - which would not have been purchased for the library previously because of cost or space limitations. It is now possible to consult the on-line catalogues of libraries in both the UK and US. Some journals and reference works have been made available on a University-wide web. Our main stock-in-trade, however, is still the book: handy, portable and easy on the eye.

Lorise Topliffe

A Change in Conditions

The early 1930s were not a good time to leave Oxford with a disappointing degree: and a brisk exchange between myself and Messrs Truman & Knightly, scholastic agents, emphasized the point. However, an advertisement in the *Times Educational Supplement* offered a solution, if only a temporary one; and that autumn I became the *assistant d'anglais* at a large lycée in southern France.

In those days the creature comforts of Oxford were substantial, though offset by a lack of female company and rather a lot of regulations. Above all, I recollect the services provided by the College scouts on all fronts: warming (those were the days of open fires); tidying and cleaning; and, according to season, feeding. Exeter's meals were, on the whole, remarkably good, including the compulsory dinners in Hall. Of those served in my rooms, I remember particularly salmon mayonnaise in summer, and gloriously hot anchovy toast in winter.

Outside College, life in 'digs' could be very pleasant. Mine were in Oriel Street, close to the centre of things (and known for the landlady's pigeon pie).

The rue de la Bruyère was about the same length as Oriel Street, but it began at the prison, not Christ Church, and it ended, not at the High, but at the municipal dump. All day long the horse-drawn dust-carts creaked their way past my ground floor window, which otherwise saw only the tall blank wall of the hospital grounds. Immediately behind the wall lay the hospital's carpenter's shop, whose rotary saws screamed loudest when I was trying to work. (They were most active in winter — on coffins, it was suggested.)

The square in front of the prison was regularly used as a market for farm produce, including pigs (whose execution needed skill if the victim was to reach its purchaser's cart *before* expiring, but *after* exsanguination). I needed to tread carefully on market days, on my

way to the lycée. And I soon found I needed to be careful in other ways, as the men's *urinoir* was by custom open to all on market days.

At the lycée meals were simpler than at Exeter, though probably no less nutritious. The *assistant d'anglais* ate with the *maîtres d'internat*, young men charged with discipline, but not yet with instruction. Sixty-five years later, I remember with pleasure the *cuisine à l'huile*, and especially the *pommes frites* and *les fayots*, both, like bread and wine (of which there was no lack), eagerly awaited. Some of the dishes were less appetizing, but the cook could be persuaded to prepare eggs or meat if one brought them in. Horse meat was significantly cheaper than beef and I remember queuing at the *boucherie chevaline* with the amiable, no-longer-young ladies from (I gathered) the Boule d'Or.

All our meals at the lycée were served in a stone-flagged cellar there. If the serving-boy was dilatory, the smashing of a plate on the flag-stones generally met with success — not a practice followed in Exeter Hall, whatever the temptations.

My social life was more varied than at Oxford. An attempt to increase my income by teaching English to the proprietress of the local cinema didn't last long. I was entertained generously by one of the two *professeurs d'anglais*, but never by the other. (I was told that my predecessor at the lycée had been so invited, but in demonstrating his mastery of colloquial French, had used an expression so abominable that the teacher's wife forbade any further invitations.) I went to some dances, wonderfully like the one in *Carnet de Bal* (if anyone now remembers that entrancing film). And I was bidden to the annual dinner of the local teachers' association. It lasted five hours, there were innumerable wines, innumerable toasts, and everyone sang. When my turn came, I sang 'Widdecombe Fair'. ('Tu as compris?', my host was asked. 'Oui, mais — c'était triste!')

I was badly hung-over after the association dinner, far worse than after the only bump-supper I had the privilege of attending at Exeter. But pride brought me to the lycée at 8 am next day, to the surprise of my pupils, who, as usual, seemed well-informed.

The only sport in which I could participate was *boules*; but, as an ex-Buster, I did persuade (or compel) some of my pupils to try their hand at cricket. I like to think that there still exists, in the lycée's courtyard, the tree we used as the wicket.

Summer brought with it the mosquitoes, which liked to travel by dust-cart. I decided that despite the heat, the only way of dealing with them was to shut my windows and to try to kill the pests by throwing my wet and knotted towel at them as they rested, gorged, on the ceiling. At first, the *bonne à tout faire*, whose room was above mine, mistook my purpose. The misunderstanding was quickly cleared up, however, and my life blood continued to dot the ceiling.

Summer also brought a new trial. At Exeter, in those days, the baths and 'usual offices' were located in the 'Fourth Quad', at what could be a highly inconvenient distance from one's rooms. At 13, rue de la Bruyère, there was, admittedly, no bath at all, but the lavatory was much nearer, though at the bottom of the garden. At the top end, on fine days, my landlady liked to entertain her friends and neighbours. To reach the lavatory I had to be introduced to all these ladies individually, chat briefly, bid them farewell, and only then go to my destination. On the return journey convention ruled that I was invisible, even though the ladies might have to regroup to let me through. I never got used to either of these ordeals.

Eventually my time at the lycée came to an end, but not before I had appeared before an examining board at the university for a *viva* — just twelve months after my Oxford one. Surely this one, though in public and in French, would go better? The Chairman of the Board opened the proceedings with an icy reference to my covering submission: 'Monsieur Serpell, you have spelt my name wrong!' My heart sank, but things went better afterwards and I was able to leave for home with a respectable French degree and a whole Roquefort cheese, given to me at the railway station by a grateful parent (who could not have known that I was first travelling to Madrid).

Sadly, economic conditions in Britain were still unfavourable, and I soon went off to be an English *assistant* again, this time in newly Nazi Germany, and in vastly different conditions.

David Serpell (1930)

Round Squares at the College

Eric Bergbusch's amusing account in last year's *Register* of Sir Isaiah Berlin's delicate handling of a question at the College's Levellers' Club in 1958 about the existence of God deserves some elaboration from those of us who were fortunate enough to study philosophy under William Kneale during the 1950s. While few of us could understand his highly regarded *Probability and Induction* (1949), we appreciated his patient effort to explain the current analytical approaches to metaphysical questions. I had come to the College from the University of Chicago's Great Books Programme. From this, my tendency was to deal with philosophical questions by summarizing the viewpoints of various philosophers, to which Kneale would gently reply: 'That's all very well, Mr Werlin, but what exactly do you think?' After 45 years away from the College, let me try.

Stemming from the great eighteenth-century philosopher David Hume, supernatural or metaphysical phenomena were considered as meaningless, much as 'round squares'. However, philosophers at Oxford during the 1950s endlessly discussed the logical form of the statement, 'The round square does not exist'. There seemed to be three approaches to this statement. The scientific approach, stemming from the work of Bertrand Russell, was to emphasize the importance of verification and, as such, to conclude: 'There is no entity which is both round and square.' The logical positivists, using the early work of Ludwig Wittgenstein, suggested that, inasmuch as round squares were unrealistic, they could be treated as meaningless and ignored. A third approach, associated with the 'ordinary language school of philosophy', searched for the context in which 'round squares' (or transcendental concepts) might be used. For example, although the concepts of 'heaven and hell' might be meaningless from a logical point of view, they might be useful in maintaining morality. While the statement, 'Pork is bad for you', would be unverifiable if presented as a religious taboo, it would not be if proclaimed by a cardiologist concerned with cholesterol problems. Anyhow, I believe that Kneale, like Berlin, was most comfortable with this third approach to metaphysical questions (as here crudely explained).

Along with many other students at Oxford, I considered myself to be somewhat of a 'round square' at the College, struggling to 'find myself' and hoping to become either round or square, so that I could somehow fit into an appropriate profession or role in life. During my first year, I took my vacations (particularly in France) too seriously and my studies not seriously enough. As Schools approached during my second (and final) year, I found myself unprepared. Nevertheless, I was disappointed with Third Class results, to which my Politics tutor Norman Hunt (with whom I continued in correspondence until his untimely death) courteously replied in a letter that I should be pleased inasmuch as he didn't think that I would do that well.

It was noted in the 1999 *Register* that I had published a book in 1998, *The Mysteries of Development: Studies Using Political Elasticity Theory*. This book had a College connection in several ways. My interest in political development was stimulated by friends at the College who had lived in Africa and Asia. Clive Franklin, who went, along with me, from Oxford to Yale, encouraged me to do a graduate thesis on Northern Rhodesia, benefiting from his father's experience in colonial government. But, to my surprise, it was also the Oxford analytical approach that I eventually found useful. I say 'surprising' because, despite the persistent effort of Professor Kneale, I could not get excited about such a question as presented in Gilbert Ryle's important book, *The Concept of Mind* (1949): what caused an apple to fall when its stalk was cut; was it the cutting or the law of gravity? I considered this sort of analysis to be tedious.

Yet, when I decided in the 1980s to undertake a book on political development, I ended up using the approach taught to us by Kneale. In searching for the linguistic origins of confusion and controversy, we should consider: how are words being used?; why does their usage cause problems?; and how can they be used more effectively? The steps that I used to lessen confusion in political and administrative linguistic usage (particularly, decentralization, corruption, and democracy) somewhat conform to those suggested by the Oxford school of analysis: (1) examining ordinary usage; (2) comparing various ways in which scholars or experts have used controversial words; (3) analysing the etymology or origins or these words; (4) suggesting new classifications of confusing terminology; and (5) introducing, where necessary, new terminology.

At this point, I do not know how successful my book will be. However, several years ago, I heard the Rector note with pride the increasing success of undergraduates in the Honour Schools. I was delighted to hear it; but I suggested to her that she should not give up completely on the College's less successful products. Those of us who seemed to be rather backward at the time may eventually show ourselves to be useful, having benefited from our College experience in rather unexpected ways.

Herbert Werlin (1953)

Reflections of a Rugbyman - Exeter 1959-62

Since I have a tendency to long-windedness and memory lapses normal to one of my age with a penchant for Côtes du Rhône, I am confining this account to a few headings which may perhaps convey the *Zeitgeist* and stir the memory of rugby mores in a distinctly and proudly amateur era. See what I mean about being longwinded?

Historical: Exeter were a cheerful, limited team in the middle of the second division, who in 1962 gained promotion to the first. Oxford (nicknamed 'Springboksford') had a superb team with internationals for England, Scotland and South Africa and an excellent record against club sides and in the Varsity matches.

Team Strategy: the captain, elected by the nod and wink system then favoured by the Conservative Party, was also the trainer. With the likes of Tom Lloyd and John Badcock being superbly fit and enthusiastic, this system worked surprisingly well. Training, twice a week ideally, consisted of meeting in the Lodge, running down to the ground at the far end of the Parks and kicking a ball about before running back again for tea in the JCR. Sophistication was added by separating the backs

and the forwards for specialist sessions. Fitness training, in default of individual fitness profiles, consisted of jogging and sprints (I use the term loosely), and press-ups to burn out the toxins as best you could.

Team Selection was done by the captain, vice-captain and secretary (also chosen by word of mouth) after amicable discussion with reference to the current injury list. The team for the next game was then posted in the Lodge. Reserves replaced those who had VS'd (very sorried, I was told), and we were ready to take the field against our opponents. The low-down on the latter was gleaned from friends in other colleges, videos not being available.

League Matches took place before a handful of spectators, stalwarts in all weathers being the Sub-Rector and Mrs Hall. To the Secretary's relief, referees from various parts of Oxfordshire invariably turned up as promised and performed their functions inconspicuously, never sending anyone off. Player dissent was restricted to the odd expletive which was diplomatically unheard. Spectator admission charges were also unheard of.

Cuppers: for the annual college knockout competition blues were released to play for their college teams. This resulted in general excitement despite the fact that Exeter were, of course, no-hopers. Teddy Hall, containing most of the University side, invariably won at a canter. I recall that before playing Balliol we laid elaborate plans to counter Richard Sharp's searing outside breaks at fly-half. In the event, on a soggy pitch, he launched a series of huge up-and-unders to ensure Balliol's comfortable win. In another year against Christ Church, as the reluctant kicker, I missed several easy penalties. Dacre Balsdon, who had turned up to watch for the first time, afterwards stopped me in the front quad to observe: 'Ah, dear boy, weren't you the fellow who kicked the ball in every direction but the right one?' I grimly agreed that it was I!

The Rugby Dinner was an annual event, required by tradition and the players, to celebrate the end of the season. It all began in the College's subterranean bar on Staircase 3, which was close enough to Hall not to be an embarrassment. After a sing-song, we processed to Hall for a dinner, impromptu Cossack dancing, roll-throwing and John Lewis's famous Nuremburg rally rendition. College scouts impassively replenished beer mugs and the evening finished with John D-K's bagpipe tour of the front quad.

Friendlies included matches against Emmanuel, Cambridge, our sister college, and such teams as Wasps 3rd (they ran 13 sides!), Stow-on-the-Wold, and Keele University. As our reputation was at stake, we sometimes played well above ourselves. I once heard the remark 'and they're only one of the Oxford colleges', forbearing to say that we had three of St Catz hired mercenaries in the side, only there for the beer.

Conclusion: Exeter has had some exceptional internationals such as the late John Kendall-Carpenter and, during my time, his protégé the hooker Steve Richards. For the most part, though, we were honest journeymen, playing for the enjoyment and companionship on and off the field. And we weren't so bad, for all that.

Mike Squire (1959)

Macrophages - the Big Eaters of the Body

In the 1880s a Russian-Jewish zoologist, Elie Metchnikoff, working at a Marine Research laboratory in Messina, observed the accumulation of white blood cells evoked by implantation of a thorn into the transparent coelomic cavity of the starfish. He realized the importance of phagocytosis (cellular eating) in defence against foreign bodies and invading bacteria; macrophages (big eaters) are found throughout the tissue in all multicellular organisms and are long-lived, highly professional phagocytes, their smaller relatives (microphages, now known as polymorphonuclear leukocytes or polymorphs) are more abundant in blood, but short-lived in tissues. Polymorphs respond rapidly to injury and infection, whereas monocytes, the circulating precursors of macrophages, are recruited more slowly and continuously, giving rise to many of the local and body-wide phenomena found during persistent, chronic inflammation. Metchnikoff ended up at the Pasteur Institute, and received a Nobel Prize for his work on cellular immunity.

The modern era of macrophage cell and molecular biology dates from the 1960s, from the work done at Rockefeller University in New York by Zanvil Cohn, my thesis supervisor. Since moving to the Dunn School and Exeter in 1976, I have continued to research the life history and functions of my favourite cell, the macrophage. My research group has examined the distribution and properties of macrophages in mouse and man during development in the normal adult and in a range of disease processes. In sum, macrophages are found in all organs of the body even in the absence of inflammation. They maintain a constant, internal milieu as a dispersed, but highly responsive cellular organ, guarding potential portals of invasion, initiating immune responses and regulating the activities of the brain, and hormonal system in their reactions to all forms of stress. Disease and tissue damage occur in vital organs when macrophages become overactive in their attempt to kill invaders, as in tuberculosis, or fail in their antibacterial resistance, as in AIDS, allowing normally harmless organisms to threaten life.

The eating habits of macrophages are prodigious, but highly selective. They recognize naturally dying and damaged cells, engulf them

and rapidly digest the residues. This process depends on recognition by cell surface receptors, which identify poorly defined structures on abnormal cells (modified self), as well as foreign (non-self) constituents common to different bacteria and yeasts. We also do not yet understand how uptake of naturally dying ('apoptotic') host cells by macrophages is rendered silent, whilst uptake of invaders is perceived as dangerous, evoking release of multiple alarm signals to alert the host. Many bacteria are killed efficiently, without trace; however, when macrophages and polymorphs do not eliminate the invaders, they recruit other more specialized white blood cells. The T lymphocytes (thymus-derived) are activated by fragments of foreign protein (antigens) provided by macrophages and their specialized derivatives, dendritic cells and in turn enhance the killing activity of macrophages, a process known as cell mediated adaptive immunity. Macrophages and dendritic cells, capture, process and deliver antigens to lymph glands and spleen where they also stimulate production of specific antibodies by B (bone marrow-derived) lymphocytes. The cell free plasma of blood contributes to macrophage eating and killing by 'opsonisation' of targets by specific antibodies and a cascade of proteins, known as complement. Opsonin is a term popularized by Sir Almroth Wright, who was spoofed by Shaw in the *Doctors' Dilemma*, and means 'to make the target tasty for eating'.

Macrophages are not only big eaters that scavenge debris, they respond to signals from their neighbours to nurse newly formed blood cells of all types in the bone marrow, and help to maintain a carefully controlled internal environment by removal of injurious substances and by releasing trophic substances. For example, in brain, macrophages are the only white blood cells present throughout life. These specialized macrophages are here known as microglia, to distinguish them from larger, neuron-supporting cells known as macroglia. The role of these cells in nerve cell function remains mysterious, but is consistent with housekeeping and support. One current theory of Alzheimer's Disease is that macrophages respond to insoluble neuronal proteins by inducing a vicious cycle of further damage and death of brain cells which cannot be replaced.

Another example of a normal host protective response going out of control is the way macrophages accumulate in big arteries when excessive lipoproteins (carriers of cholesterol and other fats) are driven in from the circulation. Fat filled macrophages known as foam cells recruit other blood cells to form plaques which, through surface erosion and clotting obstruct flood flow to vital organs especially heart, brain and kidney. This disease process, in which macrophages play a central role, is a leading cause of death in the overfed Western world.

Macrophages are able to synthesize and release an amazing variety of bioactive substances into their local environment and into the blood

stream. These include powerful oxidants generated from oxygen and nitrogen, antibacterial enzymes such as lysozyme, discovered by Alexander Fleming before penicillin, proteolytic enzymes and eicosanoids. The latter are derived from fatty acids in the cellular membrane, and are responsible for many of the features of inflammation including pain, fever and altered local blood flow, so effectively blocked by aspirin. Other macrophage products include intercellular protein hormones (cytokines) and white blood cell recruitment molecules (chemokines). These protect the host by integrating systemic responses, but also, if excessive, cause wasting and depletion of fat and muscle stores. One striking example is the 'consumption' associated with tuberculosis, still common in 'third world' countries, and often reactivated from a latent, previous controlled mycobacterial infection by subsequent HIV infection. The AIDS virus infects both T lymphocytes and macrophages directly, thus striking at the heart of cellular immune defences.

Even when we do not know the immediate triggering agent, as in chronic arthritis, the persistent activation of macrophages results in crippling tissue damage to which proteolytic enzymes and cytokines contribute. Newer forms of treatment aim to block these macrophage-derived proteins.

The macrophage therefore provides a two-edged sword. It is essential for survival and yet contributes to a range of disease processes. Our aims are to understand the complex mechanisms which give rise to disease, while appreciating the beneficial roles which these specialized white blood cells perform in maintaining a healthy body.

Siamon Gordon

History and its Materials

For almost ten years now, I've been researching and writing about attitudes towards sexual immorality in early modern England. My particular interest is in how and why they changed quite radically in a comparatively short space of time. At the start of my period, around 1600, the public regulation of sexual behaviour had been a central feature of English society for many hundreds of years. It was generally agreed that sexual immorality was deeply disruptive of social and political order, that it had disastrous economic consequences, and that leaving it unpunished would provoke the wrath of God upon the whole community. For all these reasons, sexual activity outside marriage was prohibited, and anyone who abetted or engaged in such behaviour was liable to prosecution and punishment, in the church courts or in a variety

of secular jurisdictions. For a while, during the puritan Interregnum of the 1650s, incest, adultery, and repeated fornication were even made capital offences. Yet barely a century later, by the middle of the eighteenth century, attitudes and public policy had shifted considerably. Adultery and fornication were now widely held to be 'private' matters, beyond the reach of the law. And even public prostitution, traditionally seen as the straightforwardly criminal behaviour of depraved women, had come to be treated very differently — as is epitomized by the foundation at this time of hugely popular charities for penitent prostitutes, and for young women believed to be at risk of seduction.

Trying to understand these developments is, I think, interesting in its own right. But, as is now widely appreciated, it can also reveal a great deal about early modern society more generally. It tells us much, for example, about how men and women understood the world they lived in, about the practical significance of their religious beliefs, and about how they perceived the relationship between individual and communal norms and spheres of responsibility (in other words, between the 'private' and the 'public'). It intersects with political and institutional history; for social policy in this area was often politically sensitive, and animated by developments in legal practice. And, because ideas about sexual immorality were so ubiquitous, it calls for a broad and eclectic approach to evidence: some consideration, for example, of the wonderful literature of the period, such as that of Rochester, Defoe, and Richardson (to take three very different instances).

As you might expect, much contemporary writing on the subject of sexual morals is also contained in rather less well-known publications: pamphlets, tracts, journalism and so on. When I first started research on this topic, one of the pleasures of working on such slightly obscure texts lay in mastering the various skills needed simply to track them down. There were no really comprehensive catalogues, no computerized search-aids, no on-line databases. If you suspected a book was in the Bodleian, there were four different catalogues to search through, each in a different format, and only one accessible from outside the library itself. And if it wasn't, the only way to find a copy was often to visit, or write to, all the likely repositories. But almost overnight, it seems, all this has changed. These days I can, from the comfort of my own desk, and at any hour of the day or night, electronically search through every one of the 8,454,706 entries in the catalogue of the Public Record Office. At the touch of a button, I can find out how many of the manuscripts of the National Library of Australia refer to anyone called Stapledon (answer: two). And I can spend hours surfing through the immense on-line 'English Short-Title Catalogue', which not only lists every book, pamphlet, or broadside printed in English before 1800, but also the location, shelfmark and idiosyncrasies of every copy anywhere in the world. Most amazingly of all, in many cases I can even call up a facsimile of the text and read it on-screen.

These are major advances in scholarship: they can save an immense amount of time, and they allow the resources of libraries and archives to be appreciated, and used, as never before. Yet sometimes, amongst all this electronic accessibility, I do miss the more visceral thrills of working in uncharted territory, juggling strange card indexes in strange places, finding things that no-one has before — in short, the sense of foreign adventure that all quiet, desk-bound scholars secretly seek in their research. Which is one reason why I've so enjoyed embarking, recently, on the study of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints, drawings, and other types of visual material; for to do so has been to return to the world of uncatalogued collections and serendipitous discoveries in which I began my career as a historian.

Visual evidence of all kinds is an extraordinarily valuable resource for the social and intellectual history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet, despite some pioneering studies, it is still remarkably under-explored. Compared to the richness of Dutch and German popular imagery of this period, the English are often thought to have been a pictorially challenged, even an 'iconophobic' lot, at least until the great explosion of political satire by Gillray, Rowlandson and others towards the end of the eighteenth century. Art historians have generally had little regard for the cheap, low-quality, anonymous work that makes up the bulk of early modern English material. Mainstream historians tend to be happier studying texts, rather than images. Yet this was precisely the period in English history in which printed images were, for the first time, produced in large numbers and for a wide audience; and, as a consequence, many thousands of them survive. Because they have been so little studied, even the most basic facts often remain obscure: who produced such works? when, and in what quantities? who had access to them? how were pictures 'read' and used in a largely semi-literate society? and how did pictorial ideas and themes relate to those in contemporary literature and in other types of evidence? Given such uncertainty, it's an exciting time to be working on images, for even an amateur like myself can make genuine discoveries.

When I started looking for images of, or about, sexual immorality, for example, I didn't expect to find very much beyond Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress* and a few other well-known satires, and perhaps a few bawdy woodcuts. Most printed images, I thought, were bound to be about other things, or merely decorative. In fact, slowly but surely, I uncovered a wealth of material. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century ideas about sexual immorality, it turned out, were not just present in texts of all kinds, they were also commonly reproduced in a great variety of pictorial media: prints, paintings, drawings, book illustrations, playing cards, fans, snuffboxes, furniture, and a host of other objects. (Indeed, one early guide to print collecting specifically recommended the inclusion of 'Portraits of women, both ancient and modern, who

were either imperfect, or mad, or Prostitutes'.) As this stage of my research draws to a close, and I sit amongst the piles of notes, photocopies, and photographs that I've amassed, I'm aware that the hard part, of drawing detailed conclusions from all this new evidence, will have to wait until the next Long Vacation. But I know already that it has, quite literally, transformed my view of early modern England. We cannot properly perceive the past if we ignore how it looked to those who lived there.

Faramerz Dabhoiwala

To the 'Hidden Valley' without a Permit: An Expedition to the Buddhist Hermitage of Kyimolong, Nepal

[In October 1977 at St Antony's College Rukmini Callimachi met the distinguished Tibetan scholar Dr Michael Aris who had edited five texts he had discovered in Kutang. These were autobiographical works written by important figures in the hereditary lineage of Kyimolung. What follows is her account of her expedition to carry a copy of this text to the lama in the hidden valley. It is dedicated to the memory of Michael Aris.]

Kathmandu

I arrived in Kathmandu on the 7th of August, after a harrowing trip which took me first to Delhi and finally, after more than one delay, to the Nepali capital, where the monsoon was in full swing. Before I could leave for Kyimolung, I had to make two critical decisions. First, I needed to choose three porters who would carry my food and act as my guides to the hidden valley. Secondly, I needed to decide whether I would pay the exorbitant fee required for my trekking permit, since Kyimolung lay within a region which has traditionally been off-limits to foreign travellers. The first decision was the most delicate, since the porters I chose would not only be the guardians of my belongings, but also my sole companions for the duration of the trek.

Two porters were recommended to me, Pesang and Dawa. They came wearing freshly-pressed shirts and held their hands in the traditional Nepali greeting. I liked them at once and we settled on a daily wage. It was clear, however, that I would need a third porter, not only because I had to carry provisions for twenty-one days but also because Pesang and Dawa were ethnically and linguistically Tibetan and, as such, spoke neither English nor Nepali. It was suggested that I meet Kalu, a *Sherpa* from Khumbu region, south of the Everest massif, who had a working knowledge of English. After an hour of negotiations, I

agreed to hire him as my translator and the four of us made plans for our impending departure.

After the ease with which I had found my companions, I half-imagined that the task of negotiating the legality of my journey would be equally painless. But as soon as I entered the Immigration Office, I foresaw trouble. In Nepal, permits are colour-coded. A white one is issued to destinations which are open to foreign travellers, whereas a red one is reserved for restricted regions such as Kyimolung. Unlike in Tibet, however, a traveller applying for a permit is allowed to enter her own destinations in the spaces provided within the red or white document. I had already inquired about the price of a red permit and had found the price extortionate. In addition, a permit to a restricted region is only issued to groups travelling with a police escort. The thought of travelling to the secret valley in the company of a Nepali policeman was clearly in violation of the aims of my expedition.

The Immigration Office in Thamel was bare but for a few writing desks strewn with unsharpened pencils. On the wall hung a colossal map detailing each village and checkpost in the Nepali interior. I asked the clerk for a white permit and in the empty lines began writing the names of the various villages I was to cross in the first and last days of my trek. The journey to Kyimolung traced a horse-shoe route following the Buri Gandaki river north from Arughat, crossing the Larkya La pass on the Tibetan border from east to west, and then following the Marsyagandi river south to the bazaar of Besisahar. I knew from the map that several of the villages at the starting point of my trek, as well as a number at the end, were open to individual travellers. I carefully inscribed the names *Trisuli*, *Arughat*, *Dharapani* and *Tatopani* in the open lines of my permit. When I went to the immigration officer to have my permit stamped, he put a line through the empty spaces in my permit before affixing a red stamp and signing it with the flick of his hand. Back in my room at the hotel, I pulled out my own map of the Manaslu region and carefully inscribed the names *Jagat*, *Nyak*, *Bi*, *Namrung* and *Kyimolung* above the line drawn through the empty spaces by the immigration officer.

The next morning, before first light, in hushed voices, we distributed the food between the various packs. In the darkness outside, we hailed a taxi and drove to the outskirts of Kathmandu where, together with some thirty Nepali construction workers, we boarded a bus to Dhading, the starting point of our trek.

The Trek

It started raining as soon as we reached the town of Dhading, and we decided to stop for an early lunch. The scene that followed would be repeated many times in the course of our trek. We ducked into a

matchbox ‘teahouse’ and strained to take off our packs without hitting the shelves of pots and spices. A pretty Nepalese girl wearing a violet dress cooked us each a bowl of noodle soup and we ate and waited for the rain to stop. The town of Dhading is representative of the depressing purgatory of the Nepali interior. The town had neither the charm of a mountain village, nor the bustle and comfort of the Nepali capital. We sat hunched over our bowls, a trickle of water running down the wall of the little house. But the rain did stop and we paid the young woman for her hospitality and hoisted on our packs and baskets once more.

We left the highway and within an hour found ourselves on the trail to Manaslu. On either side of us were green pools of rice. We climbed above the paddies and entered a forest. At our first stop, a woman came bearing a basket of cucumbers. Kalu and the porters sliced the vegetable into long slivers and showed me how to smear it with red pepper and salt. By evening, we reached Kafalpani, a village in the forest.

In Nepal, in the mountainous interior, people make a living by farming, by carrying loads on their backs, or by offering their houses as makeshift hotels to travellers. Kafalpani was no exception and as we arrived the women of the little houses which lined the wet path ran outside and began marketing their particular matchbox. By sheer exhaustion, we chose the house closest to us which happened to have a veranda with three plastic covered tables. I took off my pack and ducked into the house. Our hostess greeted us with a plate of sweet Nepali tea and a plate of salted cucumber. Later, we were treated to a plate of *dalbhat* and homemade pickle.

As night fell, our hostess disappeared into the interior of the house. When I went to look for her, I was surprised to find her in front of a broken mirror, applying kohl to her eyes. She had discarded her work clothes on the floor and now wore a purple sari. Her arms clinked with plastic bangles and she wore gold earrings and had woven red blossoms into her long plait. Before I could find out why she had made herself so beautiful, I saw a girl leave a neighbouring house wearing a neatly-pressed sari which she held up carefully as she crossed the puddles in the wet path. I couldn’t believe that in the middle of the Nepali jungle, women applied make-up and dressed in bright chromes of silk. On impulse, I grabbed my rainjacket and followed the young woman out of the teahouse and down the winding path to a well-lit house. On the terrace, some twenty women and girls had gathered and were softly, almost shyly, singing a song.

Our hostess arrived a few minutes later. She raised her palms together and greeted the other women before taking off her sandals and finding a place. But before sitting down, she touched her forehead and then the feet of a man seated in the centre of the group of women. He spoke

words over an open fire and occasionally poured a ladle of melted butter into the hissing flames. Above him, taped to the wall of the house was a pastel image of the god Shiva, and I saw how the women took turns approaching the poster, dipping their fingers in a bowl of colourful powder and carefully applying it to the god's plastic forehead. It was only upon my return to Kathmandu that I learned that this was one of five days in *shawan*, the fourth month in the Nepali calendar, when women fast and pray for the long life of their husbands.

Early the next morning we bid our hostess goodbye. Before reaching the bazaar of Arughat we crossed the Buri Gandaki, the raging river which would be our guide and daily companion for the next fortnight. We spent the night in a teahouse perched above the river. The dining room, which was the length of a king-size bed, was adorned with neon posters of the Hindu pantheon. On one wall stood Shiva, a blue waterfall bursting out of his hair, representing the mythic origin of the river Ganges. On another wall, Laxmi, the goddess of wealth and prosperity, stood in the open petals of the lotus attended by her consort, the elephant god, Ganesh, his skin the color of pearl. The next day I saw a woman outside place flower petals at the foot a stone image of the elephant god.

From Arughat until the village of Philim, a week later, we kept the Buri Gandaki river on our right, crossing to the other bank and back only once. The trail rose and fell following the configuration of the canyon, which daily became deeper and more foreboding. The Buri Gandaki is unpredictable and the bridges are often washed away in the autumn storms. Those we crossed had missing planks and swung precariously in the gales of wind, but fortunately I had no need of special equipment. Once, we walked through a forest of rocks and, in the distance, I heard the whistle of falling boulders. Only on one occasion, however, did we have to leave the main trail because of a landslide and follow a detour which took us over the crest of a mountain before rejoining the Buri Gandaki trail below.

It was on our third day after leaving Arughat Bazaar that we entered our first Gurung village, Labubesi. We slept well and awoke earlier than usual. It was the nineteenth of August and I had been walking for exactly one week. The days had passed without incident and I had almost forgotten that we were entering a restricted area of the Nepali kingdom without the requisite 'red' permit. I realized that in the late afternoon I would cross Jagat, the gateway to the Tibetan districts of Kutang and Nubri. The morning trek was no more difficult than usual, but I felt tense for the first time and remembered I'd been warned to cross Jagat only under the cover of darkness. I had told Kalu that I intended to walk only as far as Doban, the last village before Jagat and to wait until after midnight before crossing into the precinct of the checkpost village. Kalu had reluctantly agreed, but Pasang and Dawa

had insisted that crossing at night was more risky, since even if we crossed, the later checkposts would see that our permits had not been stamped at Jagat and so assume that we had crossed without permission. We reached Doban in time for an early lunch, but I was too anxious to eat. Soon after, we set off for the high village of Jagat.

Before crossing the bridge to the town, we stopped and slid out of our packs. At the checkpost the head policeman invited me to sit down and asked for my permit. I handed him the white document and saw his expression change. He threw my permit on the table and said something in Nepali to Kalu. I could see that it was all about to explode. The policeman raised his voice and Kalu hung his head in shame. My white permit had clearly not impressed the official. I had come this far only to be forced to return empty-handed to Kathmandu.

Just then, a knock. The policeman opened the door and a young woman walked in and addressed the official in the local dialect. He looked at me, paused, and then said in halting English: 'This girl's grandmother is sick. She would like to know if you have any medicine.' Before I could answer, an elderly woman entered, her head covered by a yellow scarf. She sat down on the couch next to me and let the scarf fall to her shoulders. I winced when I saw the tumour on her neck, a bulge the size of a small apple. It was clearly infected with white rings of puss encircling the wound, and I wondered what I could possibly do. At a loss, I asked Kalu to get some boiling water and strips of cloth. I emptied the contents of my first aid kit and found gauze, iodine tincture, rubber gloves and painkillers. The whole of Jagat came to watch as we sat the old woman on a chair outside the checkpost and began soaking the strips of cloth in boiling water. When the water cooled, I put on the pair of gloves, dipped the strips of cloth in iodine and did my best to clean the wound. But it was so painful for the old woman that I lost heart halfway, and Kalu took over, carefully washing the infected opening. We bandaged her with gauze and medicated swabs and I gave a bottle of iodine, a pack of bandages and a strip of Tylenol to her granddaughter and asked her to wash the wound daily until the old woman was able to find transportation to a local clinic.

We finished and rejoined the policeman in the checkpost. I had seen him watching me as I bandaged the old woman, and when I entered the office his demeanour had visibly changed. He shook my hand and said something to Kalu in Nepali. He then opened a drawer, pulled out a collection of rubber stamps and began decorating my white permit which lay open on his bureau. I couldn't believe my eyes: could he really be letting me through? Kalu whispered: 'Policeman says you do good thing. He gives stamp, even though permit not red.' My heart was like a bell, ringing.

We left, and ran down the path away from Jagat. Already, the transition had taken place. I passed my first three *stupas* and walked clockwise around them. Just before the village of Shalgaon, I saw the first row of *mani* walls. In the Himalayas, the presence of Buddhism is indicated by the appearance of these two structures. The *stupa*, or *chorten*, is a dome-shaped structure, set on a five-tiered platform. It was originally built as a reliquary to house the remains of important Buddhist figures, such as Sakyamuni. After it ceased to house such relics, it became the chief symbol of Buddhism, just as the cross is the symbolic bearer of Christianity. The *mani* wall, on the other hand, consists of slabs of stone engraved with Buddhist mantras and like the *stupa* is quintessentially Tibetan. Already, at Shalgaon, I was in a land guarded by Tibetan deities.

It took us two days from Shalgaon to reach the village of Bi where, twenty-five years earlier, Michael Aris had met the young lama of Kyimolung. We passed the *chortens* of Bi and climbed the trail to a field of blooming barley. A woman called out from a house above the field. She was waiting for us when we reached her house and I noticed that her hair, unlike that of the other women of Kutang, was cropped close to her head. Uma, as we came to know her, was a lay nun who had decided to return to her village after finishing her monastic training in Kathmandu. She was touchingly kind, offering me corn grilled on an open fire and two red apples. In return, I brought out the Oxford-bound biography of the lamas of Kutang. I saw her eyes widen as she read the title page. Before reading further, she stood up, poured hot water into a turquoise-colored basin and carefully washed her hands, before sitting down and opening the book once more. When I slid into my sleeping bag and turned off my flashlight, Uma was still in front of the fire, turning the pages of the miraculous lives of the Kutang masters.

The Beyul of Kyimolung

In the morning, I awoke with a sense of exhilaration. This was to be the day when we finally reached the *beyul* of Kyimolung. We left Bi and walked along the spine of the high mountain village before following a steep set of switchbacks to a river below. It was early in the morning and, still, the river was swollen with water. I took off my shoes and struggled across the strong current. A villager and his son accompanied me and held my hand in the deepest part of the current. The mountain, from that point on, was unyielding and for three hours we climbed in an almost vertical line, stopping only to rest our packs against the side of the pass.

By late morning, it was clear that we were entering a Buddhist sanctuary. On the walls of the mountain, we glimpsed the images of Buddhist saints and protective deities. Most prominent among these, was the form of Padmasambhava, the great meditator and Buddhist

mystic who is credited with the opening of Kyimolung. In Sanskrit, the word *padma* means 'lotus', while *sambhava* is a term derived from the root *bhu*, meaning 'to be born' or 'to arise.' The name, *Padmasambhava*, therefore, means 'the one born of the lotus flower' and, as such, recalls the story of the saint's birth, who was found lying in the petals of a gigantic lotus in the Himalayan kingdom of Swat. In each of the engraved images of the saint, we found him seated on a rippled surface, which could be mistaken for a fancy pillow or an enormous seashell. It was the villager, who had helped us cross the river, who explained to me, his hands clasped together in the shape of a closed flower, that the surface was none other than the story's lotus.

We continued climbing, marvelling at the intricacy of the engraved images. Many of the stone icons were adorned with freshly-cut flowers. In the afternoon, we entered a dense forest, the last stretch of mountain before Kyimolung. The path led in a meandering line and although the frequent ascents were not difficult we felt tired, as we had already been walking for nearly five hours. Pasang and Dawa, who were carrying the bulk of our provisions, fell far behind and Kalu and I found ourselves in the lead, following the tortuous trail over unknown rivers and fallen trees covered with green and violet moss. For a long stretch, we didn't pass any *chortens* or prayer walls, and I worried that we might have lost our way.

The day was in tatters when, finally, we arrived. The mist had descended upon the valley and in the half-light of the evening, the moss hanging from the trees was almost indistinguishable from the garlands of fog. We climbed a small pass and found ourselves in a valley of flowers. I looked up and saw a line of prayer flags tied between two trees and knew that we had reached the entrance to the sanctuary of Kyimolung. The fog was so thick that I could not see the monastery, though it was no more than a hundred paces away.

I suddenly realized that the biography of the sanctuary's masters, my gift to the lama of Kyimolung, was strapped to Dawa's back, and neither he nor Pasang were anywhere to be seen. Looking at the flowers covering the ground in front of me, I remembered something that Michael had told me, and quickly began picking a bouquet of purple blossoms. He had learned that a flower presented to the lama is the purest symbol of offering and that the word commonly used in Tibetan literature to denote an offering to a high religious personage is, in fact, *metog*, which in its original usage means 'flower'.

At the entrance to the red cloisters of Kyimolung, a teenage monk greeted us, and we asked to be led to the Rinpoche's quarters. He took us through a painted hallway to a second cloister and there, in a windowed room, I saw the lama in red robes sitting on a cushion, reading an open manuscript in the half-light. The young monk prostrated him-

self before his teacher, and then pointed to us. The lama's face looked a mixture of annoyance and surprise when he saw me, an uninvited foreigner in his hidden land. I placed the haphazard bouquet of flowers at his feet, and he invited me to sit down on a carpet of Tibetan dragons. I asked Kalu to introduce us and explain that we had been sent by Michael Aris. I whispered the date, '1973', and 'professor from Oxford', and suddenly, as Kalu translated, I saw the lama's face brighten. 'Michael Aris' he repeated, and then in Tibetan something to Kalu. Kalu turned to me and asked if Michael's wife was involved in politics in Burma. I nodded vigorously, and the Rinpoche laughed and told Kalu that he was happy to meet us and that we should stay as long as we wished.

Over cups of butter tea and roasted corn, we told Chokyi Nyima about Aung San Suu Kyi's struggle for democracy in Burma and about Michael's work in Tibetan studies at Oxford. More than an hour later, Pasang and Dawa arrived with our provisions and the felt-bound Kyimolung text carefully wrapped in the pages of the *Oxford Times*. I presented it to the lama and he grasped the book with both hands and raised it to his forehead in the traditional gesture of respect for a religious object. He then began to read. We sat silently and watched as his eyes darted across the Tibetan script. I thought that he might peruse the long title and then the chapter headings, before turning to us again. Instead, he sat and read the book in front of us, starting with the first page. More than twenty minutes had passed when he finally looked up, closed the covers and raised the book to his forehead again before handing it back to me.

I took it and looked at Kalu, who then turned to the lama and explained that the book was meant as a gift. The Rinpoche looked stunned and, then, slowly, delighted. He took the book back, again lifting it to his forehead, and explained that he did not expect us to part with such a precious possession. He had read the text in silence, thinking that we would only let him peruse its pages before asking for it to be returned. In the days that followed, I often passed the lama's room and found him engrossed in the biographies of his predecessors, the blue book propped against the light of a single candle. That night, he thanked us and repeated once more that we could stay as long as we liked.

Early in the morning, I awoke to the sound of the monks' singing, a deep, almost subterranean melody. I followed the sound to the main temple, took off my shoes and sat on a carpet at the edge of the large room. In front of me was a shrine containing three enormous gold-painted Buddhas and a line of juniper incense. On the right and left sides of the room sat the monks. They ranged from old men with flowing beards, to boys no more than four or five years of age. It was touching to see how this morning ritual included all levels of participa-

tion. While the older monks sang the prayers from the open scripture with their eyes closed in meditation, the little ones pulled each other's robes and played with insects crawling between the cracks in the temple's floor.

The morning prayer had begun at half past five. I joined them at seven. It was only at nine that the monks closed their prayer books, wrapped them carefully in a red cloth, and ran outside. For half an hour they were allowed to talk amongst themselves and eat a breakfast of barley porridge. At nine thirty, a bell rang, and they disappeared into a number of makeshift classrooms where, for three hours, they practised writing the elegant letters of the Tibetan script. At half past twelve, they took their lunch, the same meal of barley and, occasionally, potato porridge. An hour later, the afternoon prayer began and they returned to the temple, undid their books, and performed the sung prayer for another three and a half hours. The evening, from five to eight, was spent perfecting their writing once more. At nine o'clock sharp, after a small dinner, the candles were snuffed out and the monks and nuns retired to their sleeping quarters.

I spent my days at the monastery attending their various ceremonies and lessons in my own time. During their writing class, I saw how they prepared a wooden slate with a thin layer of ash from the kitchen fire. Using a sharp wooden tool, they then inscribed their letters in the white ash. As the pencil-like object dug into the ash, it revealed the black surface of the slate, thereby allowing them to inscribe their elaborate script. I became friends with the young nuns and whenever I entered their quarter during the lunch hour, one would sweetly bring me a Tibetan carpet, lay it down on the kitchen floor, and beg me to sit down and share their meal. In the evenings, accompanied by Kalu, I sat in the lama's residence and tried to communicate with him through my faltering Nepali and Kalu's broken translations. He spoke to us about the valley of Kyimolung and showed us a book which named the other *beyuls*, or secret valleys.

On the morning of our departure, I went to take my leave from the lama who asked me if I would like him to perform a *puja*, or prayer ceremony, for my safe return. I felt strangely honoured and, after an hour of preparation, I met him in the main temple. The monks and nuns had been summoned and it was the first time that I saw both sexes in the same prayer hall. The lama took his seat on a raised platform, the rows of monks on his right, the nuns on his left. The lama pointed to an embroidered cushion on the ground at his right side and I took my place next to him. The Rinpoche opened the scripture and began to pray, his voice at once luminous and dark. The voices of the monks and nuns blended with his and, for the first time, I felt as if this was a prayer, rather than a religious song.

The *puja* ended and the lama stood up and strode out of the temple, followed by the nuns. I sat for some time and listened to the monks, who now resumed their morning prayer. As we left the monastery, I saw for the first time the silent shape of Manaslu and Annapurna, unclouded by mist. We followed the trail back to Sharang and from there took a different route which led us to Namrung, the second checkpost of our journey. My aim completed, I felt much less tense than I had in Jagat. At first, the police insisted that without a red permit I could not continue up the trail. A bottle of *Johnny Walker* later, everything changed and my white permit was once again embossed with a series of oblong and oval stamps. From Namrung, we reached the Tibetan border at Samdo and crossed the breathtaking Larkya La pass. Here, there was no trace of the earlier Gurung culture. Even the cigarettes were Chinese. After the Larkya La, the trail descended precipitously, and each day we lost hundreds of metres of elevation. We were now following the Marsyagandi river, instead of the Buri Gandaki. Slowly, the reverse transition began to occur. In one teashop, we were offered a choice of *dalbhat*, the Nepali fare, or the Tibetan meal of *tsampa*. In another teashop, a neon colored Shiva shared a wall with a golden Buddha. Three days later, we recognized once more the architecture of the Gurung houses which matched the smaller stature of its inhabitants. Once again, we ducked to enter houses and inadvertently rattled the shelves full of steel pots with our clumsy backpacks. The closer we came to the end of our trek, the more abundance we encountered. At dinner, we could choose between cabbage, potato and cucumber curry in our *dalbhat*. In the shops, we had a choice of more than three brands of digestive biscuits. It was clear that we had re-entered the world. On the 5th of September, I reached Kathmandu, three weeks exactly after my initial departure.

Rukmini Callimachi (1997)

Exeter College Chapel Choir

Since the advent of women, the College Choir has gone from strength to strength. Under the direction of the organ scholars it is now entirely formed of academical clerks and choral bursars, and is widely recognized as one of the best in the University. At present the choir sings three evensongs each week, covering a broad repertoire of music from Gibbons and Weelkes to Pärt and Tippett. The superb acoustics of the College chapel make singing both enjoyable and very rewarding. This has led to the use of the chapel for some very successful concerts, including a performance of the challenging Scarlatti *Stabat Mater*.

There have also been many choir tours organized in the vacations. These have included a trip to Paris, singing in the prestigious setting of Notre-Dame for Morning Mass on Palm Sunday, and the not-so prestigious Euro-Disney! We have also spent a week singing at St.George's Chapel, Windsor, and a week in Wells Cathedral. The most recent tour saw the choir venture across the Atlantic, singing concerts and services in a hugely successful ten days in America.

All in all, the combination of high quality singing with a slightly more relaxed atmosphere and regime than the choral foundation choirs makes the Exeter College Chapel Choir one of most desirable choirs for dedicated choral singers. At present the College offers one organ scholarship every other year, and up to four academical clerkships each year. Application forms can be obtained from the Music Faculty, but the organ scholars are always happy to talk to prospective candidates and can be contacted at the College during the term time.

New York 2000

This Easter saw the greatest leap forward yet for one of the most highly respected choirs in Oxford. Fresh from three days spent recording in the College chapel for the last episode of *Inspector Morse*, the choir ventured across the Atlantic for a ten-day tour of America. Our tour was to be split between two of the major cities on the East Coast: Washington and New York. The religious aspect of the choir's life was covered in the first part of the tour in Washington, where we sang two evensongs at the National Cathedral. The Cathedral is a vast building, built with mock-Gothic architecture, and it sits upon one of the capital's many hills. At first it appears just like a mythical castle, which was what we discovered on the first attempt to find it: it was a case of walking for what seemed like hours towards it, and yet never getting any closer! Having sung the two evensongs, made fleeting visits to most of the tourist points, and gorged ourselves on the local cuisine, we embarked on the coach journey to New York.

We had been told to expect New York to be big, but for those of us who had never been before it was quite unbelievable! Staying in a hotel situated about as centrally as you can get, we were in the perfect position to do plenty of sight seeing. In the six days we were there most people managed to clock up a good few miles trekking around this monstrous city. That, of course, was just in our spare time! The singing continued with an appearance at the annual meeting of the North American Oxford Alumni, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. In front of an audience of 2000, the choir performed Tippett's *Five Spirituals* (from *A Child of Our Time*), and, quite fittingly, Parry's *Songs of Farewell* (Sir Charles having been an organ scholar at Exeter in the 1870s).

We had all been surprised at the size of the National Cathedral in Washington, so the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, came as an even bigger shock. We were fortunate enough to hear evensong, sung by a selection of singers from the Cathedral choir; we followed this with a selection of reflective music after the service, including Allegri's famous setting of the *Miserere*. Our tour continued to Nyack, just outside New York. We travelled in style: limousines! Our concert of music ranging across the ages, from Viadana and Victoria to Britten and Tippett, was well received by the local audience which turned out in force to their local concert hall. The final day was spent providing a short selection of lighter music at the United Nations Building. From here, we were taken off to the airport, in limousines (again). Thanks must be extended to our old members, particularly Mr Michael Preston (1964), for their support during the tour.

Nick Mumby (1999)

The Governing Body

Professor M S Butler, Rector
Dr D J Roaf, Offical Fellow (Margary) & Lecturer in Mathematics
Professor J A Hiddleston, Official Fellow (Besse) & Lecturer in French
Dr P B Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Dr W B Stewart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Pure Mathematics
Dr J R L Maddicott, Official Fellow (1985 Appeal), Senior Tutor, Librarian, Keeper of the Archives & Lecturer in Medieval History
Dr J D P Donnelly, Official Fellow (Nevinson) & Lecturer in Applied Mathematics
Mr P F Snowdon, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Philosophy
Professor R A Dwek, Professorial Fellow
Professor S Gordon, Professorial Fellow
Professor I D L Michael, Professorial Fellow
Dr M W Hart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Politics
Professor J M Brown, Official Fellow, Tutor for Admissions & Lecturer in Chemistry
Professor R D Vaughan-Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Human Physiology
Professor G O Hutchinson, Official Fellow (Rossiter) & Lecturer in Classical Languages and Literature
Dr P C England, Official Fellow (Eyres) & Lecturer in Geology
Ms S E Marshall, Official Fellow & Home Bursar
Professor S D Fredman, Official Fellow (Quarrell) & Lecturer in Law
Professor H Watanabe, Official Fellow & Lecturer in German
Ms J Johnson, Official Fellow (Ashby) & Lecturer in English

Dr H L Spencer, Official Fellow, Tutor for Admissions & Lecturer in English
Dr M E Taylor, Official Fellow, Sub-Rector & Lecturer in Biochemistry
Professor E M Jeffreys, Professorial Fellow
Professor H C Watkins, Professorial Fellow
Dr F N Dabhoiwala, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern History
The Revd S W P Hampton, Official Fellow & Chaplain
Mr J J Herring, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law
Dr P Johnson, Official Fellow, Finance & Estates Bursar & Lecturer in Management
Dr J Roeper, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto) & Tutor for Graduates
Dr A M Steane, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Ms N Capdevila-Argüelles, Junior Research Fellow (Queen Sofía)
Dr D F Garrick, Junior Research Fellow (Staines)
Dr S J Clarke, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry
Dr K Graddy, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Economics
Dr I D Reid, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Engineering Science
Dr V Lee, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Organic Chemistry
Professor J Klein, Professorial Fellow

Honours and Appointments

K CASSIDY (1958), awarded the Franklin Medal of the Institution of Chemical Engineers

R A DWEK (Fellow), appointed Head of Department of Biochemistry from October 2000, Governor of Ben Gurion, to the Board of Scientific Advisors of United Therapeutics, Chairman of the Scientific Board of Synergy Pharmaceuticals, to the Advisory Panel for the Business Liaison Unit of Oxford University.

G H EDWARDS (1976), appointed Principal of George Watson's College, Edinburgh, from August 2001.

W A ELTIS (Emeritus Fellow), appointed Vice-President of the European Society for the History of Economic Thought.

M GEOGHEGAN (1985), appointed Lecturer in Physics, Sheffield University.

H JAMES (Honorary Fellow), elected 'correspondant étranger' of the Académie des inscriptions et belles-lettres de l'Institut de France.

D MERVYN JONES (former Fellow), awarded the Officers' Cross of the Order of Merit of the Republic of Hungary.

A MIDHA (1987), appointed honorary member of the Faculty of Public Health Medicine.

G F READ (1967), appointed Honorary Papal Chaplain on 23 July 1998 with style of V. Rev. Monsignor.

G R ROWLANDS (Fellow), elected Lecturer in European History at Newnham College, Cambridge.

P SLEIGHT (Fellow), awarded the Galen Medal of the Society of Apothecaries in recognition of his work on Cardio-Vascular Physiology.

N STANLEY-PRICE (1966), appointed Director-General of The International Centre for the Study of the Preservation and Restoration of Cultural Property in Rome.

A M STEANE (Fellow), awarded the Maxwell Medal and Prize of the Institute of Physics.

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G HOWAT, *A History of North Moreton*, North Moreton Press, 2000.

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G PELHAM, 'Reconstructing the programme of the tomb of Guido Tarlati, Bishop and Lord of Arezzo', in *Art, Politics and Civic Religion in Central Italy, 1261-1352: Essays by the Postgraduate Students at the Courtauld Institute of Art*, ed. by J Cannon and B Wilkinson, Ashgate, 2000.

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D UNDERDOWN, *Start of Play: Cricket and Culture in Eighteenth-Century England*, Allen Lane, 2000.

H WATANABE-O'KELLY (Fellow), with A Simon, *Festivals and Ceremonies. A Bibliography of Printed Works relating to Court, Civic and Religious Festivals in Europe 1500-1800*, London, Mansell, 2000; 'Women's Writing in the early modern period', in *A History of Women's Writing in Germany, Austria and Switzerland*, ed. by J M Catling, Cambridge University Press, 2000; 'August von Sachsen-Weissenfels (1614-1680) und das Theater- und Festwesen am Dresdner Hof', in *Weltsicht und Selbstverständnis im Barock. Die Herzöge von Sachsen-Weissenfels - Hofhaltung und Residenzen*, Protokoll des Wissenschaftlichen Kolloquiums am 24. und 25. April 1999 in Querfurt, Halle, 2000; 'Early Modern Tournaments and their relationship to warfare: France and the Empire compared', in *Festive Culture in Germany and Europe from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century*, ed. by K Friedrich, Lewisten, Queenston, Lampeter, 2000.

Class Lists in Honour Schools 2000

ANCIENT & MODERN HISTORY: *Class II(1)*, P D Morgan.

BIOCHEMISTRY PART II: *Class I*, R B Dodd, M H Dyson; *Class II(1)*, H C Dobbyn, A C B Woolnough.

CHEMISTRY PART II: *Class I*, S M Goldup, J C Jamal, P Yu; *Class II(1)*, H O Peake, E R Shilling; *Class II (2)*, J E Maclennan; *Class III*, G J Campbell.

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Class II(1)*, K Y Woo.

ENGINEERING & MATERIALS PART II: *Class II(2)*, R T G Chapman.

ENGINEERING SCIENCE PART II: *Class I*, M J Richardson; *Class II(1)*, P M Ravenhill, S J L Vasco, D G Worthington, G W Wright.

ENGLISH: *Class I*, T D Herrick, B Latimer, K S White; *Class II(1)*, M E Challenger, F L Fitzsimmons, R A Grover, S Murray; *Class II (2)*, E L Feldman, S E Jones.

LAW: *Class I*, R A Bland; *Class II(1)*, K P Jolly, S A Khan, A Roy.

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class II(1)*, A J D Brown, M E-K Campbell, T B Moss, P R Wilcock.

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, J M Ambrose.

MATHEMATICS PART II: *Class I*, A P Cox, D J Flowerdew, P W Livermore.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, C C Fiddes; *Class II(1)*, A P Armstrong, O R Crowther, E M Falinski, M Shilton.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, S A Hinton-Smith, C J Maples, K P J Padley, A J Watson; *Class II(1)*, K R Bunbury, R J Gibson, G D Hales, P E Wheaton.

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, G Montagnon; *Class II(1)*, J E Goldsmith, C N Jones, T Khosrawi, L A Tobin; *Class II (2)*, C L Fleming.

MUSIC: *Class II(1)*, T V Castledine, C J Glenister, K Peach .

ORIENTAL STUDIES: *Class II(2)*, A K Zoubir.

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class I*, R A Fine; *Class II(1)*, S J Hollingsworth, S C K Loo, E J Montague, A S Thomas, K E Treleaven.

PHYSICS PART B: *Class II(1)*, N W E Beattie, A E Brett, T Lloyd, D R Williams; *Class II (2)* J P Devaney, J D Sultoon.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, K D Baker; *Class II(1)*, S D Hillier, N J Manville, S R Orde.

PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & PHYSIOLOGY: *Class II(1)*, C J Howard.

THEOLOGY: *Class II(1)*, J E McLaughlin.

22 Firsts, 50 Upper Seconds, 8 Lower Seconds, 1 Third

HONOUR MODERATIONS

CLASSICS: *Class I*, S P Fry; *Class II(1)*, A Ball, T Fox, F M Harris, M I J Shakeshaft; *Class II (2)*, J E A Anderson.

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, N R Bez, A R Miah, W Tee, R J Zammett; *Class II*, E M Boldon, P S Chatfield.

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTATION: *Class II*, A R Aldcroft.

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II*, H Pinkney.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, W W Evans, P P Hobday; *Class II*, T J Bostwick, G D Dunsmore, N M W Hughes, R H Lowndes, C S Silke, P M Stephany, A Stephens, R E Wilkinson.

MUSIC: *Class II*, P S Davis, R D Hills, C A Shipley.

GRADUATE DEGREES

D.PHIL:
D J Ashton
H Barma
Farzana Chaudhry
F Chiti
M S Crawford
Dorothy I Kennedy
Maria G Parani

M.SC
Elisabeth Adams
N Aftab
M Dheensay
M Doost
Elizabeth Elmhirst
J Hammond
Shanaz Iqbal
P Martin
P Matharu
D McBurnie
M Prickett
A Rafailidis
Sally Seraphin
P Syred
I Theodoridis
H Waddell

B. PHIL
W L J Tan

M. PHIL
A Andreou
Johanna Dimopoulos
K Kakarikos

M. ST
Carolyn Dowd
A Ezrachi
J Fowles
J Harwell
Eleni Lianta
K-F Mavroulidis
Nicole Miller
D Sugrue

BCL
Meghna Abraham
Dilys Asuagbor
T Gibson
Jayana Kothari
Sivaramjani Thambisetty-Ramakrishna

M. Juris.
Elizabeth Opena

B.MED
D Kuzan

FOREIGN SERVICE PROGRAMME
D-H Kim

College Prizes

ALSTEAD PRIZE: Rebecca Bland

BURNET ENGINEERING PRIZE: H P Whittaker

S S CLARKE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION: Sophie P Fry

CAROLINE DEAN MATHEMATICS PRIZE: E M Falinski

EMERY PRIZE: D Burdakov

FITZGERALD PRIZES: J M Ambrose, Kate D Baker, N R Bez, Rebecca A Bland, A P Cox, Rebecca A Crompton, R B Dodd, M H Dyson, W W Evans, Ceridwyn C Fiddes, R A Fine, D J Flowerdew, Sophie P Fry, S M Goldup, T D Herrick, S A Hinton-Smith, P P Hobday, Jenna C Jamal, J M Killingley, Laura A Kirkley, Bonnie Latimer, J A Lewton, P W Livermore, C J Maples, A R Miah, C Monk, G Montagnon, K P J Padley, M J Richardson, Eleanor Suhoviy, T W Tee, T J Wainwright. A J Watson, Katherine S White, P Yu, Rachel J Zammett

AMELIA JACKSON SENIOR STUDENTSHIP: D J Flowerdew, Bonnie Latimer

PATRICK PRIZE: D Pettifer

SIMON POINTER PRIZE: M J Buttinger, Jenny T Curtis

QUARRELL-READ PRIZE: N W E Beattie, A J D Brown, Tansy V Castledine, R T G Chapman, Faye L Fitzsimmons, S J Hollingsworth, Bonnie Latimer, E J Montague, Sophie P Murray, K P J Padley

LAURA QUELCH PRIZE: A J Watson

SCIENCE PRIZE: J H George

SKEAT-WHITFIELD PRIZE: R Grover, Sophie Murray

PETER STREET PRIZE: S A Hinton-Smith

Graduate Freshers

Agboola, Tope	Economics	University of Essex
Ambrose, James	European Literature	Exeter College
Bacchini, Simone	General Linguistics and Comparative Philology	University of Wales, Cardiff
Ballinger, Andrew	Computer Science	University of Nottingham
Berkowitz, Chad	Modern History	Yale University
Bewick, Tom	Clinical Medicine	Emmanuel College, Cambridge

Boddy, Caroline	European Literature	St John's College, Cambridge
Charles, Christian	Social Anthropology	UC Berkeley
Coates, Matthew	Materials Science	Trinity College, Oxford
Crick, David	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing	INP ENSEEIHT Toulouse
Dimopoulos, Johanna	Classical Archaeology	University of Athens
Djojo Surjo, Patrick	Computation	Oxford Brookes University
Drakaki, Ourania	European Literature	University of Glamorgan
Ezrachi, Ariel	Legal Research	The College of Management, Israel
Flowerdew, David	Mathematics and Computing Science	Exeter College
Forster, Tracy	Medicine	University of Birmingham
Funke, Philipp	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing	Technical University of Braunschweig
Gadbois, Etienne	Law	University of Montreal
Ghica, Bogdan	Software Engineering	University of Bucharest
Gibson, Trevor	Law	The Inns of Court Law School
Gillen, Ultan	Modern History	Queen's University of Belfast
Green, Thomas	Modern History	Exeter College
Haroon, Sana	Modern History	Yale University
Haubold, Astrid	Greek History	Technical University Dresden
Hinton-Smith, Sam	Modern History	Exeter College
Hughes, Timothy	Law	Queen's University, Ontario
Jiang, Lei	Physical and Theoretical Chemistry	Nankai University
Kim, Sung	Economics for Development	New York University
Koo Ng, Nigel	Clinical Medicine	Trinity Hall, Cambridge
Latimer, Bonnie	Women's Studies	Exeter College
Lewis, Alun	Software Engineering	South Glamorgan Institute
Lodhi, Shariq	Diagnostic Imaging	Queen's University, Ontario
Mekwi, Wankere	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing	University of Buea, Cameroon
Mendez Antillon, Daniel	Law	Instituto Tecnologico y de Estudios Superiores, Chihuahua, Mexico
Mukherjee, Subhankar	Pathology	University College of Science and Technology, Calcutta
Novacovschi, Razvan	Byzantine Studies	University of Leeds
O'Shaughnessy, Thomas	Comparative Social Policy	University of Toronto
Pattinson, Lesley	Women's Studies	University of St Andrews
Petkov, Peter	Theology	Sofia University
Poskitt, Jonathon	Economics	University of Southampton
Radijeng, Godfrey	Law	Harvard University
Ramanan, Harshavardhan	Business Administration	MNREC, India
Ristovska, Natalija	Byzantine Studies	St Cyril & Methodius University, Skopje
Rodriguez, Raul	Business Administration	Universidad del Rosario, Columbia
Smith, Kate	Clinical Medicine	Girton College, Cambridge
Stayte, Samantha	Theology	Exeter College
Stevens, Robert	Physics	University of Manchester
Sunghay, Mudugere	Law	University Law College, Bangalore
Surtees, Emma	Classical Archaeology	New Hall, Cambridge
Syred, Paul	Mathematics	University of Southampton
Szeghyova, Blanka	History	Comenius University, Slovakia

Talukdar, Ashok	Mathematical Modelling	Imperial College
Thambisetty-Ramakrishna, Sivaramjani	Law	National Law School, India University
Tiedman, Craig	Business Administration	University of Colorado
Turnbull, Jonathan	Organic Chemistry	Exeter College
Vasco, Simon	Engineering Science	Exeter College
Wheaton, Patrick	Education	Exeter College
Xing, Zheng	Law	The Foreign Affairs College

Undergraduate Freshers

Agnew, Christina	Jurisprudence	George Watson's College
Alpass, Charles	Physics	King's College School Wimbledon
Benjamin, Pritchard	Physics	Watford Grammar School for Boys
Brunner, Samantha	English	Haileybury College
Carey, June	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Gresham's School
Chan, Sai	Jurisprudence	Chinese University of Hong Kong
Chichester, Harry	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Harrow School
Clarke, Amy	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Hereford Sixth Form College
Cole, Benjamin	Literae Humaniores	Sherborne School
Coles, Paul	Chemistry	Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School
Corsini-Meek, Dominic	Literae Humaniores	London Oratory School
Costain, Kathryn	Modern History	Radyr Comprehensive School
Dean, Jonathan	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Uppingham School
Eshun, Esi	Earth Sciences	Individual
Fleck, Helen	Jurisprudence	Prior Pursglove College
Gallagher, Lindsay	Economics & Management	Sir John Talbot's School
Grant, James	Engineering Science	Merchiston Castle School
Gregory, David	Engineering Science	Perse School
Guest, Felicity	Physiological Sciences	Kirkham Grammar School
Guilford, Elizabeth	Earth Sciences	Thomas Mills High School
Hamlett, Emma	Modern History	Oldham 6th Form College
Harries, Hannah	Modern History & Modern Languages	Bassaleg School
Hugman, Michael	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Calday Grange Grammar School
Hull, Daniel	Chemistry	Harlington Upper School
Jones, Caroline	Modern Languages	Holt School
Jones, Nicholas	Ancient & Modern History	Haberdashers' Aske's (Boys) School
Kasprzyk, Dominik	Physics	London Oratory School
Kerr, Nicky	Physiological Sciences	Therfield School
Kinder, Alison	Music	Rugby High School
Lai, Anthony	Modern History	Oakham School
Lander, Charlotte	Jurisprudence	Totton College
Langdon, Shani	Experimental Psychology	Dr Challoner's High School
Leung, Louis	Earth Sciences	Loughborough Grammar School
Lewis, Jonathan	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	University of the Witwatersrand

Lim, Joanna	Physiological Sciences	Westminster School
Little, Sarayna	Mathematics	New College
Liu, Bo	Mathematical Sciences	Li Po Chun Utd World Coll of HK
Locke, Matthew	Biochemistry	Brynteg Comprehensive School
Lucas, John	Fine Art	King's School
Lynch, John	Literae Humaniores	St Francis Xavier's College
MacDonald, Andrea	English	Eirias High School
Martin, Clare	Physics & Philosophy	Richmond Upon Thames College
Menzies, Lydia	Jurisprudence	Hills Road Sixth Form College
Milbradt, Konstantin	Economics & Management	Individual
Mok, Alan	Computation	Denefield School
Morcos, Sarah	Physiological Sciences	Tapton School
Murphy, John	Physics	Simon Langton Boys School
O'Shea, Lisa	Modern Languages	Charterhouse
Paterson, Georgina	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Charterhouse
Pettit, Richard	Jurisprudence	King Edward VI School
Pickvance, Amy	English	Peter Symonds College
Pitt, Catherine	Modern Languages	Casterton School
Pollard, Matthew	Mathematical Sciences	Truro College
Popat, Adam	Modern Languages	Maiden Erlegh School
Potter, Mark	Engineering Science	Hills Road Sixth Form College
Powell, David	Modern History	Lancing College
Powrie, Ewan	Modern History	Whitgift School
Protasiewicz, Monika	Biochemistry	Notting Hill & Ealing High School
Purves, Matthew	English	George Heriot's School
Ray, Matthew	Modern History	Merchant Taylors' School
Sharratt, Sarah	Mathematics	King Edward VI College
Shaw, Emily	Literae Humaniores	Truro High School for Girls
Smith, Stephanie	Jurisprudence	King Edward VII College
Speed, Douglas	Mathematical Sciences	Whitgift School
Stevenson, Graham	Chemistry	George Abbott School
Taylor, Damian	Jurisprudence	Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School
Thompson, Sam	Chemistry	Yarborough High School
Topiwala, Anya	Physiological Sciences	Kings School
Toynbee, Mark	Mathematical Sciences	Hills Road Sixth Form College
Tringham, Sarah	Economics & Management	Peter Symonds College
Ttofi, Evangelia	Biochemistry	Latymer School
Turner, Robert	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Winchester College
Usher, Max	Modern History	Westminster School
Walsh, Rachel	English	Bournemouth School for Girls
Warne, Peter	Biochemistry	Sevenoaks School
Watts, Samantha	Mathematics	Rainford Sixth Form Centre
White, Katie	Physics & Philosophy	Newstead Wood School
Whittall, Eva	Jurisprudence	Kenilworth School
Willis, Lisa	Mathematics	Churston Grammar School
Wood, Julia	Modern Languages	Notting Hill & Ealing High School
Yum, Ada	Experimental Psychology	Li Po Chun United World Coll of H
Zvesper, Jonathan	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Leicester Grammar School

Deaths

Thomas George Adames Baker, Scholar (1940), formerly of King Edward VI School. Died 25 September 2000, aged 79.

William John Hughes Butterfield, Scholar (1939), formerly of Solihull School. Died 22 July 2000, aged 80.

Frank Hotchkiss Cawson, Commoner (1933), formerly of Merchant Taylors' School. Died 8 October 1998, aged 83.

David Barringer Clayson, Commoner (1942), formerly of Watford Grammar School. Died 20 May 2000, aged 75.

Roy John Clifford, Commoner (1956), formerly of Royal Edward VI Grammar School. Died 26 July 2000, aged 69.

Jane Elizabeth DePledge, Visiting Student (1989), formerly of Yale University. Died 3 September 1999, aged 29.

Michael John Dorling, Commoner (1951), formerly of Woodhouse Grammar School. Died 13 March 2000, aged 67.

Patrick John Everet Durant, Exhibitioner (1939), formerly of Bedford School. Died 15 July 2000, aged 78.

Pericles Manis Embiricos, Commoner (1936), formerly of Lycée Yansonde Saily, Paris. Died in 2000.

Denis James Fountaine, Commoner (1926), formerly of Blundell's School. Died 19 April 2000, aged 92.

David Morgan Jones, Scholar (1934), formerly of Whitgift School. Died in January 2000, aged 84.

Peter Anthony Larkin, Rhodes Scholar (1946), formerly of University of Saskatchewan. Died 10 July 1996, aged 71.

Leslie Charles Le Tocq, Exhibitioner (1929), formerly of Elizabeth College. Died on 2 June 2000, aged 88.

John Richard Manning, Commoner (1953), formerly of Hitchin Grammar School. Died on 5 July 2000, aged 67.

Leonard Samuel Nichols, Commoner (1926), formerly of Lancing College. Died 22 March 2000, aged 92.

Peter James Eastwood Nichols, Commoner (1938), formerly of Bedford School. Died 17 July 2000, aged 80.

Landon Frederick Platt, Commoner (1933), formerly of Lindisfarne College. Died 3 April 2000, aged 84.

Henry Ashley Rigby, Commoner (1941), formerly of Mexborough

Secondary School. Died 2 July 1999, aged 74.

John Shelby, Commoner (1926), formerly of Grove Park School, Wrexham. Died 27 October 2000, aged 93.

Michael Urwick Smith, Commoner (1941), formerly of The County School for Boys, Weston-Super-Mare. Died 2000.

Kivas John Tully, Scholar (1935), formerly of Sir Thomas Rich's School. Died 24 August 2000, aged 83.

Nicholas Hardy Walter, Exhibitioner (1954), formerly of Rencombe College. Died 7 March 2000, aged 65.

Robert Nichol Winnall, Commoner (1930), formerly of Lancing College. Died 4 June 2000, aged 90.

Marriages

Blair Adams (1986) to Leda Bani-Hashem at the Grosvenor House Hotel, London, on 11 March 2000.

Louise Bird (1984) to Graham Johnston (1984) in Exeter College Chapel, on 28 August 1993.

Robert Chivers (1966) to Pritilata Nayak in Calcutta, India on 14 April 2000.

Michael Christopher Ewans (1964) to Bronwyn Joy Pagett in Newcastle, Australia, in February 1998.

Jon Fielding (1985) to Emma Louise Hodgkinson in Hoylake, The Wirrall on 27 May 1995.

Pedro-Pablo Kuczynski (1956) to Nancy Ann Lange on 27 July 1996.

Philip Slayton (1965) to Cynthia Berney in Toronto

Births

To the wife of Gürsel Alici (1990) on 24 May 2000, a son Rutkay Özgür.

To the wife of Martin Ball (1982) on 28 October 1999, a son Oliver William.

To Louise Bird (1984) and Graham Johnston (1984), on 3 March 1998, a son Daniel Alexander.

To Fiona Boulton (née Locton) (1985) and Richard Boulton, on 26 April 1998 a daughter Honor Olivia Anne, and on 22 January 2000 a son Fraser William James.

To the wife of Jon Fielding (1985) on 29 July 1996, a daughter Beth Charlotte, and on 11 May 1998, a daughter Katherine Anne.

To the wife of Pedro-Pablo Kuczynski (1956) on 30 April 1998, a daughter Suzanne.

To the wife of Arun Midha (1987) on 30 May 2000, a son Elis Daniel.

To the wife of Martyn James Sharples (1980) on 4 April 1999, a daughter Elizabeth Dianne.

Advance Notice of Gaudies and Association Dinners

The College has recently made changes to the arrangements for Gaudies. These include introducing a new date in January of every year. This will increase the frequency of Gaudies but will not affect their format. Many will be moved to a Saturday in order to enable more Old Members to attend. The new timetable is as follows:

Winter 2001:	1955-59
Summer 2001:	1993-95
Winter 2002:	1981-83
Summer 2002:	1960-64
Autumn 2002:	1984-86
Winter 2003:	1996-98
Summer 2003:	1965-69
Winter 2004:	1987-89
Summer 2004:	1970-73
Autumn 2004:	-1954
Winter 2005:	1974-77
Summer 2005:	1990-92

Summer Gaudies from Summer 2001 onwards will normally be held on the Saturday two weeks after the end of Trinity Term (late June/early July), Autumn Gaudies will normally be held on the Saturday one week preceding the start of Michaelmas term (late September/early October), whilst the new Winter Gaudies will normally take place on Saturday one or two weeks before the beginning of

Hilary Term (mid-late January). Precise dates will be given in each year's *Register*.

Since Summer 2000, because of increasing financial pressure, it has been necessary for the College to introduce a voluntary contribution towards the cost of accommodation at Gaudies. It is stressed that the contribution is voluntary. Further details will be sent with individual invitations to each Gaudy.

Gaudies in 2001

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 6 January 2001 for those who matriculated between 1955 and 1959 (inclusive). Invitations have been sent out. A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 30 June 2001 for those who matriculated between 1993 and 1995 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out automatically in March.

Old Members who have not attended a Gaudy for at least five years and whose own year's Gaudy will not occur next year are welcome to apply for a place at the 2001 Summer Gaudy. They should write to the Home Bursar by 1 March. Old Members of any year who live overseas and expect to be in the United Kingdom when a Gaudy takes place will also be welcome and should apply for an invitation by the deadline given.

Visitors to College

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

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

The Hall is usually kept locked but the Porter will be happy to open it for you if he is not too heavily engaged in other duties. If you are planning a visit and can let the Home Bursar know in advance when you are likely to arrive, then the Porter can be briefed to expect you.

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 30 June for the next *Register*. Space may not permit the publication of all articles, if a large number is received.

Please inform the Editor of any change of address.

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