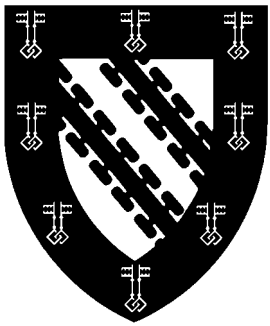
EXETER COLLEGE ASSOCIATION



Register 2001

Contents

College Notes

At a time which has brought so much grief and anxiety to so many people, I should begin by extending our sympathy to our many old members on the East Coast of America especially, and most of all to those who have lost family and friends. As far as we are aware, no Exonian is among the missing. We will of course be grateful for news. We hope to see those of you who can get to the New York Reunion on 15-16 March 2002.

Last academic year and the beginning of this one has been an exceptional time for establishing and maintaining contact. It is the first year of our website, which is evidently much visited both by old members and potential ones. From the College perspective, it has been a year for travel, particularly to North America. Thanks to John Tinker of Steamer Capital, we have twice been able to send an undergraduate on a month-long trip to visit hospitable Old Members in the US in August 2000, and Canada too in 2001. We hope you have followed the eventful and memorable experiences of Ben Moxham, the first Steamer Scholar, and Megan Shakeshaft, the second, which have appeared or in Megan's case are currently appearing in *Exon*. We are most grateful to the hosts on the East and West Coasts, Ottawa and Toronto, who made them so welcome, and to the scholars themselves, for acting so ably as ambassadors and roving correspondents.

Jonathan Snicker, who has recently become our Development Director, toured the States last April, and immensely valued the conversations, advice and hospitality extended to him. Finally, I too, with David, have been mobile. We were for nearly a week in Toronto last October, where I gave lectures at the University but was also able to meet Exonians at the party given for us by Philip and Cynthia Slayton. Both of us have also managed to get to Australia, though not this time together: I lectured in Melbourne last May, leaving David behind in Britain, because our Prime Minister put off our election till June; Australia's Prime Minister obliged by calling an election in November, and David has spent three weeks observing it. Though some of these trips have been frustratingly short, it is good to make contact with friends, however briefly.

Our congratulations to Exonians on the honours they received during the year: knighthoods for John Rowlinson (Fellow and Dr Lee's Professor of Chemistry, 1974-1993), Ronald Cohen (1964), and Peter Job (1959, and just retired as Chief Executive of Reuters). James McConica has been made an Officer of the Order of Canada.

We have been delighted to receive visitors during the year, and have been especially pleased at the start of this year that Mr John Kufuor (1961), newly-elected President of Ghana, took time from official dis-

Sir Ronald Cohen

cussions with other heads of state in London to lunch in College and meet again with his former tutor, Christopher Kirwan.

Our first full academic year in the new millennium has been full of encouragement. We have received our largest benefaction from a single donor, Sir Ronald Cohen, a gift which is going into a Trust named after his father, Michael Cohen. That gift has been handsomely supported by another, from Mark Houghton-Berry, in the name of his grandfather, Sir Arthur Benson. The support given to us in the first instance for Philosophy will be felt across several subject areas. Students nowadays can study Philosophy not merely within the Greats and PPE courses, but across the Arts-Science divide in courses such as Physics and Philosophy. More that that, the aims of the Trust extend to meeting teaching needs as they occur.

Meanwhile our Annual Giving programme has been hearteningly supported, enabling us to give bursaries to those selected for a place in College, some of whom could not have come without extra financial support. Your collective generosity will itself be rewarded from next year, thanks to an anonymous benefaction made to the Oxford Colleges collectively, to provide matching funding for each pound Colleges provide or raise for this purpose. Oxford is ahead of other Universities with such a scheme. Exonian bursaries were certainly among the first.

Three Fellows have left during the year. Peter Jones has retired as Official Fellow in Physics after a stalwart contribution of thirty-five years. Paul Snowdon, who became our sole Philosophy Fellow on Christopher Kirwan's retirement, resigned half-way through the year on being elected to a chair at University College London. He too had been a stimulating Fellow and Tutor for an impressive thirty years. In Michaelmas Term last year we lost Philip England, our Fellow in Earth Science, again to go to a chair, this time at Oxford. Our students will hear him lecture, but the chair is attached to University College. During the year we welcomed new colleagues: Katy Graddy, Fellow in Economics; Shamita Das, Fellow in Earth Sciences; and Ben Morison, Fellow in Ancient Philosophy. Many of you will remember the helpful and firm Mrs Lorise Topliffe, Sub-Librarian for twenty-four years. She retired last year; we have welcomed in her place Mrs Juliet Chadwick.

Last year Exeter shot up the Norrington Table. This year, despite 20 Firsts, we have gone back to a more modest position somewhere in the middle. There were however five Firsts in English out of nine candidates. Yukei Okada won the BDH Prize in Biochemistry for the best research project. Michael McClenahan had the top first in Theology.

Some Exonians succeeded in more sports than normally get a mention. Our Rugby football team moved from the second into the first Division and ended second in the League. Ben Palmer has had three Boxing Blues in his career as an undergraduate and graduate, and one

British Students Games silver medal. Alex Stevens and Kate Auchterlonie played polo for the University, and Sarah Payne rowed for Osiris, as did Eric Boldon for Isis. You will know that our first Eight has held on to its high positions in Torpids (second) and Summer Eights (third). Our good wishes go out to all sportspersons against human competition, and the effects of global warming which turned many University sports grounds into lagoons last winter and, forecasters say, may do it again in 2001-2.

Marilyn Butler

From the President of the MCR

The William Petre Society has enjoyed a relatively quiet year politically. The much heralded arrival of three new computer terminals in the MCR computer room was followed in quick succession by the departure of the old committee who did so much to revise and update both the system of budgeting and the constitution; this to make way for a hastily assembled new committee made up of a mixture of old hands and some enthusiastic new faces from among the JCR.

Gone were the great controversies regarding associate membership and constitution of the previous year, although some degree of political intrigue (and light relief) was provided early on by the antics of the officers of the Oxford University Student's Union, whose unflinching use of the no confidence motion in council silenced the debate on whether or not to establish a separate union for graduates before it had effectively begun.

It is fair to say that, while the sometimes stormy atmosphere of the preceding year has now dissipated and been replaced by a spirit of calm, the apathetic hangover at MCR meetings following from previous years has not been shifted despite the continuing efforts of the committee. While I would hesitate to class myself as an empiricist, mathematical intuition might lead one to conjecture that attendance at MCR meetings and power of available computing facilities may in fact be inversely proportional. I look with some degree of hope to this year's incoming graduates to prove otherwise.

Exeter continues to attract graduates from far and wide and this past year has seen an influx of new blood from almost every continent. To name but a few, China, India, the United States, Colombia, Canada and Botswana are all represented, along with students hailing from a wide variety of European nations. Closer to home, the usual suspects from the Exeter JCR were joined by graduates from several other institutions within the United Kingdom including a particularly large group of ladies from Cambridge. I was somewhat perplexed early on by a

noticeable lack of new Greek students, but am happy to report that the standard of recent MCR parties has not suffered unduly.

The international nature of the membership of the MCR always makes for a thriving and diverse social scene and this past year has been no exception. Recent social events organized by the three incumbent Social Secretaries have included a Champagne and Strawberries Reception in the Rector's lodgings, a Graduate Evensong, a number of Quiz evenings, and numerous theatre trips to London and within Oxford, while, with the kind permission of the Fellow's Garden Committee, finalists studying in the library were disturbed for a couple of hours this last Trinity Term by a genteel group of graduates in the Fellows' garden drinking Pimms and playing croquet. I am pleased to note that the quality of Exeter MCR Social Events has gained something of a reputation within Oxford, in particular the various MCR parties, whose popularity can be measured, as College events go, by the condensation on the MCR windows.

The popular tradition of the MCR Exchange Dinner has been continued in fine style with exchanges between Exeter and the middle common rooms of several other Oxford colleges including Magdalen, St John's, Mansfield, and St Hugh's. Feelers have even been put out to our opposite numbers in another place and it now seems likely that an intrepid expeditionary force of Exeter graduates will be making its way to dine at Emmanuel College in Hilary Term.

Exeter Graduates continue to play a full part in the sporting life of the College, led by the vanguard of MCR boaties who continue to figure in both Men's and Women's 1st and 2nd VIIIs. While on the subject of rowing I must report with some considerable regret that, despite some prodding, the corinthian efforts of last year's MCR rowers in the rowing on division of Summer Eights were not repeated this year. The MCR is now represented on several College and university teams, notably in rowing, rugby, amateur boxing and football. On a smaller scale, there has been a something of a revival within the confines of Exeter House with a flourishing of table tennis and darts, and we may even boast a chess grandmaster in our number.

On a lighter note, it is pleasing when graduates participate in aspects of College life that are usually the exclusive domain of the undergraduates, and this year has seen several instances of this phenomenon. Not only are graduates represented on the Chapel Council and in the College Music Society, but also rare sightings of graduates entering the College bar have been reported. All of this is to be encouraged, particularly since the pages of the College accounts pertaining to the bar reveal that undergraduate members simply aren't drinking enough these days.

Accommodation and welfare are never far from the agenda in the world of student politics, and I came to my current position via the pres-

idency of another of the College's institutions, the infamous Exeter House, home to the majority of the first year of Exeter's current crop of graduates. I am happy to record that graduate accommodation has improved immeasurably in the last two years, owing in no small part to both the campaigns of previous MCR committees and House Presidents as well as the cooperation of the College and, in particular, the Home Bursar.

Under the *Marshall Plan*, many improvements have been made to the communal areas in the house during the last year; not the least of which was the huge task of redecorating the common room. The fondly remembered mustard yellow carpet and its attendant wildlife have been banished, to be replaced by a hard wearing pea green affair, while the walls are now resplendent in a subtle shade of magnolia. In other areas of the house, kitchens and bathrooms have been painted, new furniture provided, and large imposing gates hung, the provision of which has, in my own estimation, led to a reduction of around ninety percent in the incidence of that most exasperatingly familiar of Oxford crimes, the bicycle theft.

It should be noted that relations between the three common rooms and the College have been cordial. There exists a commendably high level of consultation by way of the permanent College committees, and the concerns of graduates have been well listened to and acted upon. While at times much on the agenda of such meetings can seem mundane, it can be illuminating to view the dynamics of the various communities within the College, much of which necessarily goes unseen by the student body at large. Several members of the new MCR committee have now been initiated into the formalities of the College committee and presently maintain rather impressive collections of minutes; even negotiations on the delicate subject of rent rises in College accommodation passed off without any significant degree of wailing and gnashing of teeth. Long may this spirit of openness and cooperation continue.

Materially, the MCR is currently in a state of flux. At the behest of the Committee, the MCR is now undergoing an extensive renovation programme during the summer involving a complete repainting of all its rooms and the installation of improved kitchen facilities. The current graduate body has had the privilege of deciding upon a new colour scheme that will remain in place for several years and for generations of graduates to come. At this point I would like to add that major decisions about the colour scheme of the MCR have been taken in my absence, so I will not entertain any complaints regarding the forthcoming paintwork! - my only hope is that we do not see too many similarities between the new scheme and that of the Mansfield College MCR, whose ghastly turquoise ensemble was a veritable sight to behold, particularly late in the evening after dinner.

I should like to thank the MCR Committee for their efforts on behalf of graduates. Without exception all have worked extremely hard this year. Special mention should be made of committee members who are leaving us at the end of the academic year. Ron Reid-Edwards, our Treasurer, has kept a steady eye on the finances of the William Petre Society, while grappling with the unenviable task of Physics finals. The MCR social scene has continued to flourish, much encouraged by the talented Thomas O'Shaughnessy in his role as Social Secretary. Last but not least, Stephen O'Keefe deserves praise, not only for representing the interests of the MCR in the Students' Union, but also for staunching the incessant flow of paperwork springing from its offices.

Finally, I would like to thank the newly appointed Tutor for Graduates, Dr Jochen Roeper, for his work on behalf of Exeter graduates and for having organized several very successful and well-attended high-table dinners.

The MCR President's report for this year comes via the Department of Mathematical Sciences at the University of Delaware, the location of my summer academic visit.

I very much look forward to seeing the Exeter College MCR transformed on my return and extend my very best wishes to all of this year's finalists.

Paul Syred (1999)

From the President of the JCR

A year on since Dan Jermyn's Presidential address and the Stapeldon Society has passed another birthday, born and bred a new clutch of Freshers, survived another Exec and safely arrived at the beginning of a new year looking remarkably good for her age. Indeed, the old gal saw something of a cultural renaissance. From the very first JCR meeting of term, it was obvious that Exeter was in possession of a rather sophisticated bunch. On electing new video reps at the beginning of Michaelmas, the JCR was loath to decide between two candidates who cited obscure French cinema and *Casablanca* among their favourites. So both were elected. Suddenly, video nights had become a serious business. That's not to say we succumbed to snobbery; the evening we had *Gladiator* the JCR was packed to the rafters. I can remember an acute attack of pins and needles, trying to peer at the television while balancing on a window-sill at the back of the room, holding a drink in one hand and the curtains in the other.

On the theatrical front, another fantastic Christmas Revue was performed in Hall with willing volunteers from all the years involved in the

traditional festive send-up of tutors and fellow students. A very welcome addition to the usual running order saw a chain-gang of eligible young men auctioned to the highest bidder. Never were we ones to stand in the way of progress.

Music at Exeter has never looked healthier. The Rector's termly musical evenings were a full house on each occasion and prompted a particularly melodious group of freshers to arrange an outdoor concert during Trinity Term. The venue, the Fellows' Garden, caused a little controversy, especially among the finalists who had taken up permanent residence in the College library, and was somewhat of a surprise in light of the College's usual ban on entz during Trinity. Nonetheless, 'Party in the park' was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon with the Fellows' Garden lawn transformed into a patchwork of picnic blankets and the weather rather more forgiving than usual. The Exeter College Music Society, though not under the jurisdiction of the JCR per se, had another successful year, a highlight of which was their production of *Dido and Aeneas.* From the organizing to the marketing to the performing, it was a production dominated by the talent and hard work of the junior members and one that brought the cast and crew excellent reviews in the student press. Exeter also dominated the Turl Street Arts Festival this year, a credit to the junior members who were involved, especially considering our rather lacklustre efforts in previous years. The Turl Street colleges host the annual festival in turn and next year TSAF comes to Exeter. If this past year's musical offerings are anything to go by, Exeter's part in the next festival will be worthy of close attention.

On the political front, the Stapeldon Society was traditionally laissez-faire. One matter, however, was taken up extremely vehemently by the student body: the proposed curtailing of opening hours at the Bodleian. In conjunction with the other colleges and OUSU, the JCR took part in a postal campaign, sending thousands of postcards to the same individual, the Pro Vice-Chancellor, to petition against the closures. It was one of those unusual university campaigns where junior members and tutors were on the same side. Either someone got extremely fed-up with the amount of post or pressure from SCR members forced the powers that be to reconsider. Whatever the reason, the opening hours had a bit of reprieve and arts students continue to trudge to the Bod after dinner on those evenings when their essays are due the following morning.

With regard to politics, I think Exeter has the balance right. JCR meetings are rarely serious and motions are either jokes or formalities. However, where there are important issues to be addressed, the JCR has always known when to be serious. The David Irving motion was a case in point. The controversial military historian had been invited to speak at the Oxford Union. Although the Union is not responsible to the University, it was felt that the student body at large should be allowed

to express their feelings about the visit. It was a meeting that made me extremely proud to be part of the Society. Opinions were well-argued and issues such as student safety, free speech and the effect of the visit on potential applicants were all addressed, and without confrontation or hostility between members. In the end, the Society decided not to request the withdrawal of the invitation, but it was a decision made very much by each individual of the Society and their votes.

The day-to-day life of the JCR was more often than not the same as it always has been. The television frequently refused to work for no apparent reason, the vending machine would eat your money and leave your chocolate dangling behind the glass, held by the corner of the wrapper, someone would have filled in the crossword before you'd got your hands on the paper, and bops were all very alcoholic and very sweaty. In some respects though, it was a special year: the year we bought an exercise bike, the year we bought an acre of land on the moon (just to give Hertford a helping hand), the year we got computers that worked, elected *Quincy* as the 'undisputed king of afternoon prime time TV', elected a 'confectionery rep' to bribe members to attend meetings, and the year we decided that, all things considered, we would probably be better off not buying a College tortoise.

Jane Anderson (1998)

Philip James (1914-2001)

When I came up to Exeter in October 1946, I was directed to the rooms of Mr Philip James who, I was told, was the law don of the College. He was to be my tutor for the whole of my two years at Oxford. (Ex-servicemen were permitted to complete a shortened Honours School of Jurisprudence in two years.)

As was apparently the general practice in those times, Philip James was my tutor in every subject in the curriculum, including Roman law. But his real strength was in the common law of England of which he had a deep understanding and for which he had (although he would never have dreamt of saying so) a real love.

Tutorials with him were always both a pleasure and an ordeal. He was never (unlike some tutors, I am told) cutting or sarcastic, but he was always constructively critical. When one's essay had plainly been cobbled together from undigested chunks of textbook he did not pull his punches. Politically, Philip would claim to be on the extreme right wing of the Conservative Party, but his more extreme expressions were tongue-in-cheek, designed to shock some of us whom he suspected of pro-Labour tendencies.

Philip's stay at Exeter was no more than three years, a small segment of a long and distinguished career as a teacher of law. Those of us who were his pupils at Exeter count ourselves fortunate.

Sydney Kentridge (1946)

Philip James was the law tutor for three short years from 1946 to 1949. During this time he taught a number of outstanding pupils such as Sydney Kentridge, Gordon Blair, Bill Lederman, Bert Mackinnon, and Maurice Drake, all of whom were destined to achieve prominence as lawyers. Some of their success can fairly be attributed to Philip who brought a refreshing attitude to the teaching of law. He was a great partisan and would describe some of the judges then on the High Court Bench in the most unflattering terms if he suspected they were libertarians who allowed their judicial approach to be clouded by incipient political correctness, although that term had not yet surfaced. His Finals had been one of the best set of papers for years. Army service in Burma, where he was mentioned in despatches, taught him to be patient with the intellectual failings of others unless they gave themselves airs. He was able to get on well with former servicemen, and did not take to the more stuffy side of the life of a don. Had he been a Fellow in 1945 I doubt if the College would have got away with selling some of its best wine to the Mitre! He was a believer in the Denning approach to law, for which he fired me with the beginnings of great admiration. Philip also was not enthusiastic about subordinate clauses ad infinitum. I was a disappointment to him as he expected I could do better things, yet he was never censorious and accepted that (at that time at least) I could give more time to rowing than my academic ability merited. He took a detached view of his pupils' attitude to work and expected them to behave like adults, which most of them were happy to do. The result was that the College had a good crop of firsts either during his fellowship or in the following years. He was a fine successor to Dr Cheshire whose textbook on the law of property was our guide in that esoteric field.

When Philip left Oxford he went to the bar for a short time. It is said that he was inclined to lecture the judges! He then went to Leeds where he built up a flourishing and sought-after law faculty. His last post at a university was at Buckingham where he established the law school. He felt strongly that university education should not be the monopoly of the state, a view that is becoming rather more acceptable than it was then. I suppose what I remember particularly about him was his dry sense of humour, his quizzical look and his unlimited patience. When he started his comments on my essays with 'well . . . yes', I knew I had got it wrong. I am glad that we kept in touch over the years as I am sure his other pupils did.

Peter Crill (1945)

Sir Richard Southern (1912-2001)

Sir Richard Southern, who died in February 2001, was the greatest medieval historian of his generation and one of the two or three greatest of the twentieth century. He had two main links with Exeter, the first of them vicarious. It was an Exeter graduate, R F I Bunn, who, as a young teacher at Newcastle Royal Grammar School in the late 1920s, first inspired him as an historian and whom he remembered with affection and respect for the rest of his life. The best schoolteachers often set a mark on their best pupils as least as deeply as any don, and Bunn, who was clearly one of them, must have been in part responsible for Southern's passage to Balliol in 1929. A few years later, after taking a First in Schools, he made his own connection with Exeter when he was elected to a Junior Research Fellowship here in 1933. This he held until he became Fellow and Tutor at Balliol in 1937. With the exception of the war years his subsequent career was spent wholly in Oxford. He continued at Balliol until 1961, when he became Chichele Professor, with a Fellowship at All Souls, moving from there to St John's on his election as President in 1969. Knighted in 1974, he remained at St John's until his retirement in 1981. He was elected to an Honorary Fellowship at Exeter (shamefacedly late in the day) in 1991.

Southern wrote no book until he was over 40, but his first, The *Making of the Middle Ages* (1953), was a masterpiece, becoming an international bestseller and one allegedly translated into twenty-seven languages. It showed, in prose of beautiful lucidity, how the semi-barbarian Europe of the tenth century was gradually transformed into the more orderly and organized world of the twelfth century and how much was contributed to this process by a shift in human sensibilities which was partly the result of new learning and new literary forms. From then on Southern produced a succession of books, the last of which, the second part of his trilogy *Scholastic Humanism and the Unification of Europe*, was published only in 1999, when he was 87. Certain themes were common to them all. His abiding interest lay in the relationship between the worlds of thought and of action, best exemplified in his outstanding studies of Archbishop Anselm and Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln, both of them pre-eminent scholars and writers who were also drawn willy-nilly into politics and government in church and state. (The Chichele Professor's own earlier career as a wartime tank commander must have shown that the *vita contemplativa* sometimes had to give way to the *vita activa*.) A closely related interest lay in the schools and universities which emerged in twelfth-century Europe. Southern's virtuoso command of the often rebarbative scholastic writing which they produced was in itself a professional achievement of a high order. But he was less concerned with the history of thought *per se* than with the ways in which the emergence of new forms of

thought and argument had fostered a newly coherent understanding of the world and of creation and with the related contribution made by scholars and intellectuals to the practical realm of government. Beyond these central issues his range remained extraordinarily wide and he also wrote on much else: on the relations between England and the Continent (a lifelong preoccupation), on historical writing, on the Christian life and the organization of the church, and on western attitudes to Islam.

Southern's qualities as an historian are apparent to anyone who picks up one of his books or who once heard him lecture. He had the ability, lacking in all but the greatest historians, to take a complex and often dauntingly technical problem and to explain it in a way which made it seem simple, fascinating and vital to an appreciation of some larger picture. I once heard him lecture, in America and to a largely lay gathering, on Bishop Grosseteste's criticisms of Aristotle's views on why leaves fall from the trees in autumn - as dry a topic, one would think, as could be imagined, yet he held his spellbound audience in the palm of his hand. Like most great historians, his style embodied an approach and a way of using language which were instantly recognizable and all his own: reflective, limpidly clear, often shot through with literary parallels and allusions, and often moving down to the smallest detail in order to extract from it the largest conclusion. The consolation which William of Malmesbury found in writing about English history during the apparent caesura brought by the Norman Conquest he could compare with the similarly therapeutic value of the past to Henry James and to Kipling, 'in my view the most gifted historical genius this country has ever produced'. 'If we revert to the year 1344 . . . and look at the sixty-eight members of the cathedral chapter of Lincoln . . .', begins a characteristically swooping descent on an apparently trivial scene in order to show, in this case, how the governmental effectiveness of the papacy was achieved at the expense of its religious leadership. All that he wrote can be read with pleasure (and not only by professional historians), largely because the laborious mastery of texts, manuscripts and an immense secondary literature remains so effectively concealed beneath the surface. He made history seem effortless, both in its writing and in its reading.

In Southern's personality too there was a similar contrast between appearance and reality, with a mind of exceptional acuity and vigour overlain by an exterior of what seemed to be unworldly simplicity. The beguiling charm of his writing was also a natural part of his character, though it was not there (as charm often is) to compensate for other deficiencies. He was an excellent man of business, a notably successful President of St John's, a tough arguer for the causes in which he believed, and an inspiring and effective guide for research students. Though he had a good deal of guile, as any academic politician must have, he had no sense of self-importance, and his kindness and modesty were much more immediately apparent than his academic eminence.

Although his direct association with Exeter was a comparatively short one, his affection for the College remained deep and lasting. It has a small but permanent memorial in the short history of Exeter which he wrote for the *Victoria County History* and which used to be distributed to all freshmen. In the Commemoration of Benefactors sermon which he preached in 1988 (printed in that year's *Register*) he spoke movingly of what the College had meant to him during the years of doubts and difficulties which he had spent here in the 1930s and of the value which he found of living 'in this collegiate family . . . as the outside world got darker and darker'. Then and on other occasions he liked to bring to mind the Rector and Fellows of those days - Marett and Barber, Balsdon, Dawkins and Coghill - of whose company he was the last survivor. 'Nothing I can say will recall the comfort of spirit that came from living with them during those years.' He remembered too, and to the last, his earlier attachment to the College through his teacher, and when R F I Bunn died in 1991, aged 92, it was Southern who wrote to tell us and to ask that an obituary be sent to the *Gazette*. I have a special reason to be grateful to him, for he was the History Faculty's assessor and interviewer when I was elected to my Fellowship in 1969, and I suppose - one never knows the details of one's own election - he must have said something favourable to the governing body on my behalf. He worked almost until the end, publishing two books in his seventies and another two in his eighties, and borrowing again from the Library in 1988 our seventeenth-century edition of Anselm in order to check the marginal notes he had made on it more than fifty years earlier. Until increasing deafness made social occasions a burden to him he was an occasional attender at gaudies and parties. But he was a much more familiar sight in the Upper Reading Room in Bodley or on a Sunday morning walking slowly back, tall, gaunt and a little bowed, to his home in St John Street after 8 o'clock communion at St Giles.

John Maddicott

Paul Snowdon

Exeter College shifts focus, changes shade, with the departure of Paul Snowdon to a London professorship. For thirty years his presence has given strength and cheer to us, strength through his eminent qualities of intellect, and cheer by a certain combination of wisdom and otherworldliness that touches the hearts - I think one may say - of all who come into contact with him, colleagues, students, and College staff alike.

Paul has been a notable tutor. His standards are stratospheric; his treatment of pupils, ever gentle, has nevertheless deceived only the most obtuse delinquents into thinking they have passed muster; and his

undergraduate classes have been a model within the University of how to bring finalists to grips with what an honour school in philosophy - and philosophy itself - demand. Certainly one has heard of double-booked tutorials, when the diary went wrong, and of last minute changes due to the paramount importance of family; but there is no hint, in my experience as Paul's philosophy colleague over all this time, that these hiccoughs have affected the value of his contribution - or, one may add, the affection with which he has been regarded by the generations of his pupils.

He came to Oxford as an undergraduate at University College, where he read PPE - one of only two Exeter Fellows to have done so up to now. After winning the top First and the Henry Wilde Prize in 1968, he stayed on as a graduate student and took a BPhil in 1970, a qualification which in that saner age was still regarded as sufficient preparation for a career in philosophy (he comes at the watershed: among younger appointees, almost all have doctorates; among older, almost none). Paul's first post was at Reading University, but it didn't last long. Exeter, which had been managing its twentieth-century operation so far with a single philosophy Fellow (increasingly helped, it must be said, by a succession of distinguished College Lecturers during the 1960s), at last felt able to run to two, and Paul was elected in 1971.

Even when shared with a colleague, the tutorial demands of seven honour schools, chiefly Greats and PPE, but always including some of the smaller ones that had appeared or were appearing on the scene - PPP, Mathematics & Philosophy, Physics & Philosophy, Philosophy & Modern Languages, and Philosophy & Theology - were bound to absorb a lot of his time and energy. But Paul has also been a conscientious College man: Sub-Rector for a spell, Tutor for Graduates, a select Moral Tutor (Adviser, in current parlance), and one of those rare counsellors at College Meetings and committees who speak little but wisely, and therefore usually gain their cause.

As well as all this, he has always carried a heavy burden of graduate teaching and administration in the wider University - not forgetting, of course, ever recurrent stints of University examining. Graduate teaching is a side of things where good supervisors have to be up to date in their subject and also generous with their attention. Fairly few of us are both, but Paul is one of the few; so graduate students have cleaved to him. Little less burdensome is faculty administration, where nowadays the paperwork piles up inexorably; and often enough Paul's name has been on the steadily lengthening list of officers of the Sub-faculty of Philosophy, for example as Director of Graduate Admissions, and most recently as 'coordinator' - i.e. dogsbody - in philosophy for the current Research Assessment Exercise.

Paul belongs to that diminished band of scholars who have an international reputation in their field without having published a book. His

way is one which used to be, but is no longer, common amongst analytic philosophers: cautious articles, each one taking infinite pains to get things right, and to avoid that oversimplification which J L Austin said would deserve to be called the occupational disease of philosophers, if only it wasn't their occupation. He writes about personal identity, about sense perception, and about the work of Sir Peter Strawson, his own old tutor at Univ and later Waynflete Professor. The attention which these writings have attracted across the anglophone philosophical community - from Stockholm to San Diego, St Andrews to Sydney - would probably surprise many of his Exeter colleagues, at least those colleagues who have not cocked an ear to his after-lunch conversations in the SCR with many and varied academic visitors.

Now he leaves us to take up the Grote Professorship of Philosophy at a different University College, the one where Jeremy Bentham's cadaver still presides from time to time, in the University of London. I have long known the name and repute of George Grote, and now I have looked him up. Was he of Dutch descent? If so, he lived up to his surname. A founder of London University, friend of Bentham and the Mills, advocate of the first Reform Act and MP in the first Reform Parliament, historian of Ancient Greece, author of books on Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, he finished up as President of University College, to which he left an endowment for Paul's professorship on condition - does it still persist? - that ministers of religion should never be the beneficiaries. (There is also, I discover from the Web, a Grote Professor of Chemistry, but he owes his chair to a different benefactor, and he professes in Georgia - Georgia USA, that is.)

So the post to which Paul is elevated is no latter-day professorship, but one in the old style. It is, as a matter of fact, one of the most distinguished on the philosophy scene in the UK, held within memory by Ayer, Hampshire and Wollheim amongst others. Paul's election to it deservedly rewards his standing among his generation of philosophers. We wish him all success in his tenure.

Christopher Kirwan

Philip England

Philip England, Eyres Fellow of Exeter College in Geophysics, left the College in mid-academic year to become Professor of Geology with a Fellowship at University College.

Philip read Physics at Bristol University and then came to Oxford to take a DPhil in Geophysics. His supervisor during his third year was Michael Worthington, his predecessor as Eyres Fellow. After four years in Cambridge and six at Harvard, he returned to Oxford in 1986 to

replace Michael, who had moved to a Chair in London. Incidentally, Michael has now returned to Oxford as Senior Research Fellow in the Department.

Earth Sciences is a small science department and tutorial teaching is organized on a departmental rather that college basis. But the individual Fellows do have pastoral responsibility for the students of their own college and usually manage to undertake a proportion of their teaching. His students have enjoyed studying Earth Sciences and done well in Finals.

Philip has also taken on other College duties, particularly acting as Tutor for Graduates.

His research interests lie in the deformation of the continents. He has shown that the continents do not conform to the rules of plate tectonics (one continental plate sliding under another), but instead flow like extremely viscous fluids. This explains the height and breadth of the Himalayas which result from the collision of India and Asia.

He has spent the last ten years on research into issues like this, both in theoretical studies and in visits to earthquake sites to take measurements. His non-geological colleagues have noticed that these earthquakes seem to occur in Greece and other attractive countries during term-time. But Philip has developed new measuring tools to enable much more accurate information to be obtained about the nature of these phenomena.

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1999, so his departure to this important Professorship was no surprise to us. We are glad that he will still be here in Oxford and wish him well.

Dermot Roaf

How Exeter became Jordan

A year ago I finished the last in a trilogy of novels (*The Amber Spyglass*, part three of *His Dark Materials*) set partly in an alternative universe, which contains an imaginary Oxford. Imaginary, because the story is a fantasy; but perhaps a great deal of Oxford is imaginary anyway. In Oxford, likelihood evaporates. At about the time when the book was published, the Fellows of All Souls announced that they had just spent an evening parading around their college following a wooden duck on a stick. That was obviously a very sensible thing to do, and I wish I'd thought of it first.

However, it's better to ease your readers in without startling them too much, so the fellows of Jordan College, in my imaginary Oxford, eat dinner in Hall and then retire elsewhere to drink coffee, almost as if it were real life; and that is the point at which the story begins.

Jordan College occupies the same physical space in Lyra's Oxford (Lyra is the young heroine of my story) as Exeter occupies in real life, though rather more of it. I didn't see why I shouldn't make my College the biggest of them all. Jordan, where Lyra grows up, has developed in a haphazard, piecemeal way, and for all its wealth, some part of it is always about to fall down, and is consequently covered in scaffolding; it has an air of jumbled and squalid grandeur. And what's more, 'what was above ground was only a small fraction of the whole. Like some enormous fungus whose root-system extended over acres, Jordan (finding itself jostling for space above ground with St Michael's College on one side, Gabriel College on the other, and Bodley's Library behind) had begun, sometime in the Middle Age, to spread below the surface. Tunnels, shafts, vaults, cellars, staircases had so hollowed out the earth below Jordan and for some yards around it that there was almost as much air below ground as above; Jordan College stood on a sort of froth of stone.'

I don't know whether that's true of Exeter, but I can locate the origin of that bit of fantasy. When I was up (1965-68) I had a group of idle friends who occupied their time and mine betting on horses, getting drunk, and sprawling about telling creepy tales. One of the stories we frightened ourselves with concerned the Bodleian, which, we assured one another, had been intended to be Hitler's Chancellery when he'd conquered Britain. Beneath the library, apparently, the stacks extended for untold miles in every direction, and each of the levels, named with letters of the alphabet, was more secret than the one above. The lowest of them all, Level L, was profoundly sinister. It was occupied by a race of sub-human creatures, the secret of whose existence was only divulged to the Vice-Chancellor on his accession.

However, there were forgotten shafts and lost passages through every part of the ground between the Clarendon Building and Palmer's Tower, and sometimes the creatures got out. You could hear them howling and scrabbling if you pressed your ear to the cellar wall under staircase 9. I did, and you can.

When she's not exploring underground, Lyra spends a good deal of time on the College roof, spitting plum-stones on the heads of passing Scholars or hooting like an owl outside a window where a tutorial is going on. That, too, is based on something I remember from Exeter. In my second year I occupied the rooms at the top of staircase 8, next to the lodge tower, and one of the friends I mentioned, Jim Taylor, discovered that you could get out of the window and crawl along a very useful gutter behind the parapet. From there you could climb in through another window further along. I gave Lyra a better head for heights than I have, but I did the gutter crawl a number of times, usually when there was a party on the next staircase.

One of the pleasures of writing fiction is that you can sit at your desk and just make up what you're too lazy to go and find out, and when you do come across something interesting you can shove it in where it wouldn't usually fit. In the Retiring Room at Jordan, for example, after the dinner that takes place in the first chapter, 'The Master lit the spirit-lamp under the little silver chafing-dish and heated some butter before cutting open half a dozen poppy-heads and tossing them in. Poppy was always served after a feast: it clarified the mind and stimulated the tongue, and made for rich conversation. It was traditional for the Master to cook it himself.'

Heaven forfend that the Rector of Exeter should feel obliged to serve opium after dinner, but this is an alternative universe, after all. I lifted that dainty detail from the diary of an English lady living in India before the Mutiny, which I'd come across ten years before, while I was looking for something else entirely. I knew I could use it somewhere. The way a novelist 'researches' - this one, anyway - is quite different from the coherent, focused, disciplined sort of reading which I imagine you need to do if you want an academic career, for example. Despite my three years at Exeter under Jonathan Wordsworth, I never mastered that sort of grown-up reading. Instead, intrigued by this patch of colour or that scent, beguiled by a pretty shape or blown sideways by a wayward breeze, I flit from book to book, subject to subject, place to place; and it's only later, in solitude and silence, that I begin the laborious process of changing it all into something else. Read like a butterfly, write like a bee.

Fantasy, of course, allows you to change things into other things as much as you like. The part of Oxford known as Jericho (whose name, by the way, suggested that of Jordan) is, in real life, thoroughly respectable: terraces of small Victorian houses built for labourers, now occupied by young professionals and their families; the campanile of St Barnabas', the embodiment of Victorian high church Romanesque; and of course the great building of the University Press, sometimes apparently mistaken for a rather distinguished college, not only by tourists. (I have known editors who had the same impression.) However, the area has always struck me as having a hidden character, more raffish and jaunty altogether, with an air of horse-trading, minor crime, and a sort of fairground Bohemianism. That is the Jericho I describe in the story.

A similar sort of opportunistic transformation went to work on the little lake that's hidden behind the houses on Linkside Avenue, north of Five Mile Drive. It used to be a brickworks, apparently. It happened when I was describing Lyra's life among the other children of Oxford: 'a rich seething stew of alliances and enmities and feuds and treaties . . . The children (young servants, and the children of servants, and Lyra) of one college waged war on those of another. But this enmity was swept aside when the town children attacked a colleger: then all the

colleges banded together and went into battle against the townies. This rivalry was hundreds of years old, and very deep and satisfying.

'But even this was forgotten when the other enemies threatened. One enemy was perennial: the brick-burners' children, who lived by the Claybeds and were despised by collegers and townies alike. Last year Lyra and some townies had made a temporary truce and raided the Claybeds, pelting the brick-burners' children with lumps of heavy clay and tipping over the soggy castle they'd built, before rolling them over and over in the clinging substance they lived by until victors and vanquished alike resembled a flock of shrieking golems.'

That idea came to me the moment I began the paragraph, and not a second before. I needed to describe an enemy for Lyra who would make a contrast with the slippery, light-fingered, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow enemy I would describe in the following paragraph, the Jericho enemy, and since I live only ten minutes' walk from the lake in question, I suppose I just thought of it. *Dull - slow - heavy - mud - clay - bricks - ah! Got it!* The battle in the Claybeds would turn out to be very useful 1034 pages later, but I certainly didn't know that when I was writing Chapter Three.

Where do you get your ideas from? is the commonest question writers get asked. The truthful answer is *I dunno.* They just turn up. But when you're wandering about with your mouth open and your eyes glazed waiting for them to do so, there are few better places to wander about in than Oxford, as many novelists have discovered. I put it down to the mists from the river, which have a solvent effect on reality. A city where South Parade is in the north and North Parade is in the south, where Paradise is lost under a car park, where the Magdalen gargoyles climb down at night and fight with those from New College or catch fish under the bridge, is a place where, as I began by saying, likelihood evaporates. I shall always be grateful to Exeter for allowing me to discover the fact. If it is, in fact, a fact.

Philip Pullman

Philip Pullman (then known as Nick) read English at Exeter, graduating in 1968. The first novel in his trilogy, *Northern Lights*, won the Carnegie Medal and the *Guardian* Award for children's fiction. The third novel, *The Amber Spyglass*, spent six months on the *New York Times* bestseller list. Philip Pullman is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and is currently Chairman of the Society of Authors.

From Mel to Placido: Adventures in the Song-Writing Trade

I can only think of one song that I wrote while at Exeter. I don't think that anyone seeing it performed would have predicted much of a future for me as a lyricist. It was an idiot's version of W S Gilbert's 'Modern Major General', which had its fifteen minutes of fame in the Oxford Revue at the Edinburgh Festival in 1972. The idiot in question was a young, slender and glamorous Mel Smith (well, one out of three ain't bad). Mel (New, 1970) was even then a performer who made audiences buzz happily whenever he went on stage. He certainly made a satisfactory meal of fairly thin ingredients in this number, striding on from the wings in full Major General finery, complete with plumed hat and swagger stick: and promptly 'forgetting the words', it being obvious he'd been rather too heavily at the port. The pianist kept going, so Mel had to as well, blithering his way through the song -

I am the very model of a Major Gener - hic, ber -
I diddle pom hic fiddle diddle daddle veg and mineral (etc . . .).

It was remarkable how many changes he could pack into two verses of complete rubbish, as he was swept along by the unrelenting piano - panic, hope, fury, delight, puzzlement, it's on the tip of my tongue, embarrassment, pomposity, fear: you never knew what was coming. Nor, clearly, did he. After surviving his ordeal, he took a triumphant bow; cried 'All together now!'; the curtains parted, and he led the audience through a sing-along of the exact nonsense he'd just 'made up as he went along', all printed neatly on a large blackboard, with the rest of the cast as chorus. The cast included Peter Wilson (also Exeter 1970, and my writing partner), whose idea it had been to take a small piece of my silliness and blow it up to a full-scale number. This was the only concession to allowing songs in our revues that Peter and I ever made. We found the tradition of the song-and-dance number in university revues very old hat, so we didn't attempt to compete with the valiant efforts of our contemporaries in the Cambridge Footlights, who were all anyway much better than us at dressing up in striped blazers and prancing around grinning.

It was Peter who, years later, put me on the path that led to my reinvention as a lyricist and librettist. One New Year's Eve in Los Angeles I got a call from him - could I please stop off in New York on my way back to London and meet the director of a musical he was producing? The director in question, Albert 'Albie' Marre, was something of a Broadway legend, the creator of such shows as *Kismet* and *Man of La Mancha*. He and Peter had a problem. *Winnie* (not Pooh, not Mandela) was opening in ten weeks, in London; all the money was in place, as was the cast; but there was work needed on the material.

Among other things, we had no composer and no lyricist. This was not quite the problem it would seem, because the idea was to use existing songs from the period, such as the Noel Coward classic ‘London Pride’. It quickly became clear, however, that some new material would be needed. I can still see the look on Albie’s face when I volunteered my services . . . There was no reason for him to think that his script-doctor might also be a budding lyricist in disguise. My first effort amused him, though: a comic complaint, sung by not just one senior army officer this time but four - all Colonel Blimp types; in, for some reason, a Turkish Bath:

If I was running Whitehall
And the government front benches
I’d tell ‘em all it’s vital
We dig a lot of trenches . . .

Well, at least my lyrics were making sense now.

Winnie was short-lived, but Albie and I had bonded in the process. We enjoyed working together, and he asked me to collaborate with him on a number of subsequent projects. Albie became a very important mentor to me, and over the next few years I enjoyed what practically amounted to a private master-class in Musical Theatre. It was through working with him that I learned what the process of writing lyrics entailed.

Two moments in particular stand out in my memory, both somehow distilling for me all his years of experience. Of one of my very first efforts, he said ‘The notion’s all right; but you don’t think like a lyricist.’ I asked him how a lyricist thinks. He replied ‘A lyricist would take six pages of your dialogue, and turn them into twenty lines.’ There were so many hugely important insights there. First, there is the idea that every song should have a central notion. Second, the concept that the action shouldn’t just stop while everyone sings: instead, the song should move the action, and very efficiently - six pages in twenty lines. (Gilbert and Sullivan disobey this rule regularly and flagrantly: their oeuvre contains dozens of songs in which the story doesn’t move at all, while people tell us who they are. Aesthetic sham; three little maids from school; soldiers of the queen; lord high executioner; wandering minstrel; modern major general . . . Nothing actually happens in those songs. Brilliant though they are - and I’m certainly an admirer - that does mean that they are missing a dramatic trick.)

The second moment I will always remember took place one evening, after Albie had been rehearsing all day. I handed him a new lyric, trying not to show that I was rather proud of it. He read it, as usual, slowly, not a hint of what he thought of it readable in his face. Then he made his pronouncement, in his gravelly, authoritative voice: ‘Well, this is fine.’ Long pause ‘But it’s for entirely the wrong show.’

One thing led to another, and over the last dozen or so years my lyric writing has taken me to some unexpected places. Rome, collaborating with Riz Ortolani (whose song 'More' is one of the top five most recorded songs ever) on an idea of his for a musical about the Medici. (When I told Peter Wilson about this, his reaction was - 'Hmm, a wrinkly tights number, eh?'). Nothing came of that one. France, some summers back: I arrived with my wife and small daughter at our holiday destination as the phone was ringing - could I get on a plane to Prague the next day and write a three-minute opera for puppets? (Yes). The producers of the film *The Adventures of Pinocchio* had seen the famous Prague Marionette Theatre, and decided that they wanted a whole bravura set-piece mock-opera in their film. Which was already in production. The composer Lee Holdridge and I had written a one-hour opera for the Los Angeles Opera, *Journey to Cordoba*, so we got the call. Our collaborator was to be Brian May of Queen. The result was *Il Colosso*, written in London, Prague, the French Alps and Los Angeles, and shot within two weeks of that initial phone call.

From wooden puppets and an animatronic Pinocchio it was but a short step to cartoon mice. *The Secret of NIMH* had been a hit for MGM, and for the twentieth anniversary of its release, a sequel was ordered. Lee Holdridge was commissioned to score the picture, and I was asked to provide five new songs. The first screenplay I saw was fairly vague as to what these should be. It contained gnomic notes like 'Possible song here?', or Timmy's 'I Want' Number. Even - and this made me shudder - the 'I Love You' song. (Two people singing that they love each other at each other is never a good idea. It's much better if they're miles apart, have messed up dreadfully, and know they have blown their chances and will never see each other again.)

My studies with Albie Marre came in useful on *The Secret of NIMH II - Timmy to the Rescue* (a snappy title if ever I heard one). For example: if you're using songs in narrative drama, it's never a matter of when do characters sing: it's always why do they sing. And the usual answer is 'Because the emotion is too big to speak'. We knew that the animators would get a lot of their ideas from the songs, so our work went hand-in-hand with the screenwriters' rewrites as the lyrics emerged. For me the highlight of this project was the casting of Eric Idle as the Mad Scientist Bad Mouse. Not only was Eric a very good Mad Scientist Bad Mouse, he is also a great comic lyricist. I was delighted to have the author of 'Always Look on the Bright Side of Life' singing my words:

They all do
As I say
No-one stands
In my way
Everybody here is happy
Or I have them slightly altered.

Composers, I have found, are always on the look-out for lyricists; and on more than one occasion I have been given completed tunes that have needed words. Usually the words come first in song-writing, because once you've got the words the writers know what the song is about. Then, equally usually, the composer nails one part of the song but promptly whizzes off in a whole new direction with another part of it, so that the lyric I gave him, which might have looked finished, turns out not to be. The song grows as we both rework and reshape and - well, collaborate. But what is a song with no words about? It could be anything; and the composer usually has no idea (Well if I knew, I'd have written the lyric myself, wouldn't I?). Recently a composer gave me a melody from a film he did some years ago, and was delighted to learn that it is a Christmas song. He'd thought it was about a storm. A song that was meant to be a Christmas song, for Placido Domingo's annual Christmas Concert in Vienna, landed on my desk in the summer of 2000; but I found that it coincided with an idea I'd had for a New Year's song. The composer, Jorge Calandrelli, was happy with that thought - my reasoning was 'There are thousands of Christmas songs, but only one New Year's song.' Well, now there are two. 'One More Year' was the finale number at last year's Vienna concert, which will be broadcast world-wide this holiday season: a duet between Placido and Vanessa Williams. (Charlotte Church and Tony Bennett also star in the concert and on the CD, which was released in November 2001 in the USA under the title 'Our Favorite Things'.)

As to the future: the most exciting thing on the horizon at the moment is a work-in- progress from the past. Lee Holdridge and I rewrote the love-duet from our first opera, *Journey to Cordoba*, turning it into a more contemporary ballad. Placido Domingo jr, an accomplished songwriter and composer, wrote a lovely rendition of the lyric into Spanish; and his father recorded his half of it in November.

No offence to my old friend Mel: but - now there's a voice.

Richard Sparks (1970)

Some Memories of Exeter

I imagine that everyone thinks that their time at Oxford was a golden age and since Michael Levey, Ned Sherrin and Alan Bennett have all written about the period of the late forties and early fifties I can be sure that it really was an exceptional period of time and I am very happy to add my own memories of the years 1950 to 1953 which I spent at Exeter.

I do not know why the youngest son of a North country butcher wanted so passionately to study at this noble university but it was a passion and one that stretched me to the full finally to win a place at Exeter. I

tried at Christ Church, got short listed to no avail at St Edmund Hall and then in turn went through the three Turl colleges until I had the great good fortune to be accepted as a commoner at Exeter. I had had my first taste of freedom from home with eighteen months National Service in the army and then I came up to Oxford in 1950.

I discovered on arrival at College that I was to share a set of rooms with an old school friend from Macclesfield King's School, Roger Broadhurst, who has remained one of my closest friends to this day. Roger who had intended to arrive at College a few days early was struck down with a cold virus and this meant that I had the choice of desk and bedroom in the set. I decided to look out on to the Turl where I had a daily view of the wife of the Rector of Jesus feeding her chickens. If I had known fifty years later that Inspector Morse of the great television series was going to have his heart attack on the lawn below Roger's bedroom I might have chosen differently. It was an interesting staircase with Paddy Malone on the ground floor, Roger Barltrop and Paddy Williams, the latter I had done my basic training with in the RASC at Aldershot, on the second floor, and John Clunies Ross, known as the King of the Cocos Islands, which he owned, on the third floor.

We were all taken care of by Bill Stone, a benevolent despot who made sure that we obeyed all the rules. His daily greeting of 'Morning Sir' as he banged a can of hot water on our dressing table was not the greatest of pleasures, and when for a few days we got up late and missed breakfast in hall, he did not hide his feelings. We had one great luxury on Staircase 7 and that was our own private loo - not for us the mad dash across two quads to relieve ourselves.

Roger and I studied Modern Languages and were part of a very harmonious group consisting of Ted Pitkin, whom I had already got to know from early entrance exams at various colleges, Dennis Chamberlain, Graham Falconer and George Clarke, a very pleasant guy who was a potential rugby blue but who alas had to go down when he failed Prelims. We studied French with Maurice Le Vack Struth, a charming old Exonian, and German with a talented intellectual, Derrick Barlow; the former resided in North Oxford and had to be reached by the local bus service, and the latter was at the end of St Giles'. During the first week in College there was the usual round of sherry parties with Rector Barber and his charming Swiss wife and with the chaplain, the Reverend Eric Kemp. The first term was a time for settling in and nothing momentous happened.

The next term was more eventful and solely because of my short stature I was asked to cox the second torpid, never having been in a racing boat in my life. They proved to be a great team and I recall many happy times with the captain, Robert Devereux, Jack Weaver, stroke and Ray Stittle, bow. We managed to hold our own in Torpids, but the next term was a disaster for me, for as cox of the second eight I took the boat

into the bank near the gut where we had the unpleasant experience of being overbumped. I find it ironic that a good cox is thrown into the river and that a bad one like me does not have to suffer that indignity. It was the end of my boating career and in the following summer terms I was able to indulge my taste for water by punting up and down the Cherwell. I was sad to leave the crew, Dr N R Goodman who had coached us, and George Andrews, the fine waterman who kept the moored barge in such excellent shape.

With more free time, I was able to take up more extra curricular activities and became a member of the Oxford Film Club and the Ballet Club, which was run by amongst others Clement Crisp, John Percival and Nicholas Dromgoole, all distinguished ballet critics, whom I met in the late seventies when I began reviewing ballet and opera for the magazine *Musical Opinion.* I celebrated my twenty-first birthday at the beginning of the second term by having a bottle party for the Modern Languages group, getting very drunk and being grateful to Ted Pitkin for putting me to bed after I had disgraced myself in Bill Stone's pantry. After Prelims there was the happy prospect of seven terms without examinations and like most people I determined to enjoy myself.

The second year began with an old army friend, Michael Kauffmann, a Postmaster at Merton and a leading member of the Socialist Club, asking me to be the Exeter representative of the club. Being totally uninterested in politics, I wanted to refuse, but since Michael and his parents had been so kind to me during my National Service I felt that I could not. Michael told me that all I had to do was to go round all the new members of College and ask them if they would like to join. It was easy until I arrived at the room of Ned Sherrin who was entertaining the late Brian Brindley. Ned immediately asked me to state the aims and policies of the club, and I had to come clean and say that I was canvassing solely on behalf of a friend and knew nothing about the Socialist Club. Michael, eventually in a life devoted to the arts, took the notorious Blunt's job and became Head of the Courtauld Institute in the Strand. Among newcomers, I became friendly with William à Beckett Terrell who came to see me one Saturday afternoon and asked me to accompany him to the matinee at the New Theatre. I pointed out that the play had not had good reviews and that there was a general feeling that the author had cheated her public by naming one of her characters as a police officer when in fact he was just a member of the public, the actual villain of the play acted by Richard Attenborough. The play was of course Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* still playing in London fifty years later and surely the world's longest running straight play. And I had had the nerve to wonder if it would ever reach the West End!!!

My long association with the New Theatre (now the Apollo) had begun in 1948 when I had come up to Oxford for yet another entrance exam, and being free in the evening went to see a new American musi-

cal and sadly failed to spot that one of the very pretty chorus girls was a very young Audrey Hepburn, who later achieved world wide-fame as a Hollywood star. Other fine performances I caught there included Peggy Ashcroft as Electra, Dame Gladys Cooper as the heroine of Noel Coward's *Relative Values* and a very fine play, *Winter Journey,* which starred Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers and Sam Wanamaker. Sam later became an associate when I was working for Southwark Libraries and he needed help to promote the rebuilding of the Shakespeare Globe Theatre on the South Bank.

I went to several college productions during my time at Oxford and these included Adrian Brown's delightful staging in the Fellows' Garden of Exeter of *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* a production of T S Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* by Corpus Owlets, which remarkably they are re-staging this year, exactly fifty years later with the original cast, which included a school-friend of mine, Geoffrey Hulme, and finally a marvellous staging in the gardens of the Trout Inn at Godstow by the ETC of Jean Anouilh's *Thieves' Carnival.* This featured three great figures in the later London theatre world: Ronald Eyre, John Wood and Michael Murray. The play was accompanied, to the great amusement of the audience, by the raucous cries of the local peacocks.

I did not neglect the commercial theatre and one very important event I attended at the New Theatre was the world premiere of Delius's opera, *Irmelin*, which the conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, announced from the podium in his bed-room slippers had been made possible because his dear wife had decided to do without her new fur coat. Many of the chorus were members of the university. The Sadler's Wells Touring Ballet also appeared at this theatre and, looking through some old programmes, I was surprised to discover that I had seen the late Sir Kenneth McMillan dancing at a matinee performance of Delibes' *Coppelia*. I have to admit that I found it difficult to be a talent spotter and did not notice in a production of Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning* at the charming Playhouse Theatre, admittedly in a very small part, an actor called Ronald Barker who later achieved enormous fame and popularity as Ronnie Barker, the star of so many television comedy shows.

I did go to quite a few lectures in between my theatrical visits, and as I was studying Modern Languages, I spent a lot of my time at the Taylorian Institution. I have fond memories of some of the more individual lecturers such as Professor Boyd, who began his series of lectures on Goethe's poems with the injunction 'You do not need to attend these lectures, just buy my book published by Blackwell's', and the red haired Dr Enid Starkie who gave a fascinating lecture on André Gide, swearing that he pressed a secret button when he wanted to get rid of her. A lecturer on Zola's novels felt the need to apologize in advance in case any of his remarks about *La Terre* seemed indecent and caused offence. How different from the morals of today!

Daily life in College began with breakfast in hall, to which since rationing was still in force we took our pats of butter, sugar and jam, and after that we went to lectures. We dressed in the typical student code of sports jacket and grey flannel trousers, known for decades as Oxford bags. Jeans were in those days worn only by plumbers and manual workers and I can recall wanting to buy a duffel coat, the height of fashion at the time, but my father refused to allow me to enter the house if I did, since he considered they were only worn by refuse collectors or as he actually said 'Bin men'!

At the end of our second year Roger and I were given the choice of another year in College as long as we continued to share. We were in fact the only people who opted for this and at the end of the first year we visited all the twin sets in College to see if there were any better ones but as none pleased us as much as our old room, we stayed with the fine service provided by Bill Stone, who later became College butler and who wrote an interesting article for this magazine a couple of years ago. The long standing feud with Jesus College continued apace and during the three years they varnished the seats of the loos in the main ablutions area, stole cutlery on 1 March 1952 and removed bicycles later that year. However, their spectacular exploit was when they became head of the river, the burning of their boat in the Turl which even illuminated the famous Indian restaurant, the Taj Mahal, which along with the Tackley and the British Restaurant at Gloucester Green were very popular with undergraduates.

Reading the *Sunday Times Magazine* a couple of months ago I came across an article about Jarred Armstrong, who had been organ scholar at Exeter, which said that he had been quite ill but had recovered to do some interesting research on some undiscovered letters by several famous European composers. I was reminded of the time at the end of term when he asked me if I would like a lift home to Cheshire in his car, a lovely Austin Seven, probably made in 1935. I can well remember the jubilation of the local schoolboys as this tiny vehicle sailed through the waters when we had to cross a ford near Warwick Castle. Jarred stayed the night with us and continued on to Durham the next morning after consulting with our Geordie neighbours on the best route to take.

Studying Modern Languages I did not come across many of the more famous College figures such as Neville Coghill, Professor Dawkins or the old history don, Atkinson who, a new friend, John Garnham, told me was a rabid anti-feminist; you mentioned women authors at his 'private hours', so called because he loathed the word 'tutorial', at your peril. John, studying history under Greig Barr, a future Rector, had one of the finest undergraduate rooms in College just above the entrance lodge but he told me later it had the disadvantage of being popular with the College dining club, who usually left it in a disgusting condition. John reminded me recently that in 1951 the Festival of Britain was being held in London: 'Near Waterloo did Herbert Khan a stately pleasure dome

decree'. Compared with the Dome it was an enormous success and I made sure I visited it during the summer vacation.

Quite out of the blue, Dacre Balsdon, Senior Tutor, invited me to tea to meet a young French student with whom he wished me to have English conversation. Dacre had a glorious Oxford accent, especially when he uttered such bon mots as 'All men over thirty are either married or singular', and I was quite flattered to be asked to coach a French boy in English. The flattery I felt at the time soon disappeared when two friends at different times suggested that I sounded rather like Brian Sewell, the art critic of *The Evening Standard* - total collapse of stout party.

Well known undergraduates whom one saw about the College included Robert Robinson, who achieved fame as a television quiz master, Brian Tesler, also well-known as a TV executive, Kendall Carpenter, who was President of the JCR and who later played rugby for England, and Ned Sherrin and Desmond Donovan who both became celebrities of TV and the stage respectively. Last August I heard Corelli Barnett talking about the Second World war on the radio and in the same month there were spectacular obituaries of Brian Brindley in *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*. An old Exonian who read History during the war was Michael Urwick Smith, whom I came to meet when he was Curator of Luton Hoo. Sadly he died last year, but happily never knew what happened to the glorious home of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher to whom he introduced me during a happy visit to the house.

King George VI died in 1952 and Queen Elizabeth II was crowned during my Final examinations. My landlady went, like so many hundreds of people to watch it on television with some friends. I spent a miserable day studying and intermittently listening to a radio that she had lent me. As a student I did not possess a radio, a bicycle or a television set, and was later to appreciate how much life had changed for the student population when I came up to a splendid Gaudy in 1995. Running water and a bathroom on the staircase were luxuries indeed, and I recall hearing that miners who came to the College for a conference complained that conditions were not half as good as at the pit head.

Exeter never seems far away and while I was composing this article on a word processor at Dulwich Library I was helped enormously by a young assistant, who turned out to be Michael Wheare, a grandson of Sir Kenneth Wheare, who had been Rector from 1956 until 1972. Young Michael recalled many happy Christmases spent in the dark oak stained rooms of the lodgings. I had never met Sir Kenneth but from the article on him in the *Dictionary of National Biography* by Max Beloff he was an exceptional man and a marvellous head of house. I feel sure that he would have shared my view that our time at Exeter really was a golden age.

Peter Wright Taylor (1950)

Climbing at Oxford - and Other Things

One of the first things I did on the Thursday evening on which I arrived in Oxford in October 1952 was to track down the secretary of the OU Mountaineering Club and visit him in his rooms at Pot Hall. From then on, the OUMC was a major part of my life at Oxford. Meetings were held either in the lecture theatre of the Geology School or in members' rooms, with a crate of beer. Because these meetings went on till past ten, they necessitated a climb up the drain pipe below Nevill's window. There were easier ways in via Broad Street, of course, but the drain pipe was considered to be more fitting to the mountaineering activity. I was at that time one of a handful of OUMC members in College and because of my supposed expertise I was chosen by John White to lead a party up and over the walls of Jesus College on an early-hours St David's Day raid. Actually, I was not much good at high, holdless walls and it was fortunate that a kindly policeman, mistaking my plight and thinking he was helping me back to my lawful bed, gave me a shoulder and a heave upwards. Others followed up my rope and left a trail, I regret to say, of white-washed footprints, kippers in armchairs, and other childish depredations.

I got to know John Emery in my second year. We both attended a winter meet at the Climbers' Club hut at Helyg in North Wales and set out one day to do a climb on Lliwedd. We arrived at the foot of the climb at about 3.30 and decided that it was too late but that we might make it back to the Pen-y-Gwyrd bar. John went on to become a brilliant climber, intelligent and daring. He climbed the Radcliffe Camera - without being caught - and in 1957 joined Bernard Jillott and Tony Streather on the Oxford Haramosh expedition. In a terrible and prolonged accident, in which Bernard Jillott and Ray Culbert died, John lost the fingers on both hands and his toes to frostbite as a result of exposure over the course of three days. When I saw him in hospital at St Mary's, the last time I saw him alive, he had his usual grin. 'I'll soon be holding an ice-axe again', he said. He took a first in medicine despite those hands, resumed climbing, married, and had two children. I lost touch with him over those few years and was shocked by his death on the Weisshorn in 1963. His memorial service in the College chapel was inevitably a sad occasion but particularly so because it brought to an end the potentially brilliant life of an exceptionally talented man with a generous and buoyant spirit. I have visited his grave in the climbers' corner of the churchyard at Zermatt on a number of occasions in the last thirty years. It is not difficult to find, not far from the graves of those who were killed on the Matterhorn in the *1865* first ascent. Recently it has been sad to see its disrepair and neglect. I spoke to the curator of the graveyard this year and, if I understood his German correctly, the grave is to be removed next year and replaced by a small plaque. Indeed, the

disappointingly unimpressive plaque is already in position, in a frame ready for a score or so more names.

John was but one of a number of OUMC members of that generation who died on the mountains. At the time it seemed like being in a war. I had myself already been involved in another accident in the Himalayas, in which Peter Nelson of the OUMC, another exceptional climber and gifted personality, died in a fall on the mountain above me, and then a few years later I was with another OUMC friend when he was killed inches from me in a rock avalanche in New Zealand. These accidents were not the result of foolhardiness; they were due to misfortune. I do not know how people like Chris Bonington put up with this burden but I decided in the mid-sixties, when I got married and had children, to give up serious climbing. I still found pleasure in climbing relatively easy snow peaks in the Alps with my young family and in walking in the Lakes and Scotland but I could not face the loss and trauma that comes with early deaths.

These were the days of the emergence of the OU Women's Mountaineering Club and it now seems absurd that women's climbing should have been treated with such hostility. We held a joint meet at Brackenclose in the Lakes, which effectively proved that women were more or less as good as men and were better company. These were also the days of nailed boots and over-your-head anoraks and, though nylon ropes had arrived, long run-outs without protection were the order of the day and you knew that, if you fell, it was serious.

And so to the other things. I read with pleasure in the last issue of the *Register* Herb Werlin's defence of 'the College's less successful products' and his suggestion that 'those of us who seemed to be rather backward at the time may eventually show ourselves to be useful'. I would go further and suggest that undistinguished people on the whole are nicer than distinguished people and that part of the College's pleasantness in the 1950s was that there were a lot of undistinguished people about. Indeed, it may be mistake to try too hard to be a college full of first-class minds. When I got my second, Nevill refused to recommend me for research on the grounds, I think, that I was just an average plodder. I got my PhD at the age of 64 and part of the motivation was to prove Nevill wrong.

Not that I wish to criticize Nevill. Like everyone else who remembers him from those days, I remember him with affection and gratitude. He was kindness itself when my parents (who had left elementary schools at the age of 11) came up to Oxford and my father tried to lecture him on Shakespeare's *Canterbury Tales*. I likewise enjoyed Philip Whitehead's reference, in the same issue of the *Register*, to the 'silent support system which always prevailed in Exeter', as my College friends, like his, looked after my parents for a while on that awkward

day. I owe Nevill: a seat in the front row of his production of *As You Like It* in Worcester gardens, together with the arrow that landed at my feet at the beginning of Act II, an introduction to John Betjeman, who interrupted a tutorial with the apology, '1f you don't get a first, my boy, it will be my fault'; a seat at High Table next to Rector Barber and a lesson on the correct pronunciation of Titus Andronicus; a laundry basket as a wedding present, which has at last fallen to pieces; and a copy of Keats from his own bookshelf, when I misquoted *Ode to a Nightingale.*

I was lucky enough to have three other tutors owing to various schemes of farming out that went on in those days. Arthur Ashby took us in our first year and we went to see him in a cramped room in Museum Street. I still have some of my essays from those days, covered in sharp comments in spidery red ink. He did his best to talk me out of getting married on the grounds that I would find myself painting the garden shed when I could be out climbing. He was never in good health and was often, I think, very lonely. When he died, he left me his climbing kit and I had to go down to North Wales to collect it. There was a lilo, which I still use occasionally for visitors, a superb Bergans rucksack, a lovely straight-shafted ice axe, which I suspect he bought specially for me and which to my deep chagrin was stolen from my wife in a Swiss hut, also a pair of Robert Lawrie boots which fitted me exactly, and, curiously, a Victorian life-preserver in ebony, which hangs in the hall of my house awaiting some final assault. We also went to see Dr Dobson for Anglo-Saxon in a downstairs room in Jesus, through the windows of which one summer's day there floated the remark from a passing pedestrian (male), 'And then his sister became a wrestler'. The rest of the conversation has remained a challenge to my limited imagination but it might make a short story. Thirdly, we were taught, also for language, by Reg Alton at Teddy, a generous man who threw us a splendid party on the last night of Schools and, in accord with his Authentics tie, also threw cricket balls during tutorials, which only Pip Appleby could catch.

What else do I remember? Sitting opposite a nice-looking girl (from LMH as it turned out) in the Camera and tracking down her reading slip, with the successful objective of inviting her out to coffee at the Copper Kettle. Professor Wrenn, for all his short sight, barking at some poor soul not in full sub-fusc at the Examination Schools. Standing up at dinner and trying to sink a sconce and wondering how the beer mats had got up to the rafters. Going to a Commem Ball in the Front Quad with a lovely girl from Somerville and later riding out to Stanton Harcourt with her, only to find that she really wanted to hear the nightingales. Trying to stand up after the Rugby Club dinner without realizing that my shoe-laces had been tied together. Playing cricket for the Busters in some little Cotswold village and dropping a catch on the boundary. My first big dinner out at Long John Silver's and being frightened and

embarrassed about the tip. A night out at the RSC with Arthur and his rage when the American behind us whispered loudly, ‘He’s got her on the balcony’.

I don’t know why those years seemed endless and golden but they have been the mainspring of my life. I hope the present generation enjoy their years as much as we did ours but fear that some of the glamour may be lost in the welter of research scores and funding problems and assessment anxieties. However, my local newspaper carried a piece this week by a young woman recalling her more recent years at Anglia, not her first choice university, and her memories were, I am glad to say, as rosy as mine. Nostalgia is clearly still widespread and difficult to stop.

Bill Roberts (1952)

‘O O O O that ‘Shakespeherian Rag’[1]
or
What did William really mean?

A friend of mine remarked how strange it was, that in his days at Cambridge, certain lecturers were paid either 6/8d or 13/4d per lecture, depending upon the ‘importance’ of the subject. I quickly aired my knowledge that 6 shillings and 8 pence had been the Noble, a gold coin equal to 4 score silver pennies, and that 13 shillings and 4 pence had been the gold Ryal or Mark, equal to 8 score silver pennies. How did I know? Because dear old Mr Mason[2] inspired a love for Shakespeare while we were studying Henry IV (Part 1), the set book for School Certificate English in my day. He had pointed out this joke:

> Mistress Quickly: . . . my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at the door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.
> Prince: Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

I.e. give him an extra Noble, 6/8d, and so upgrade him to a Ryal. [Good gag, Will!]

But half a mo’. The Noble had in fact been replaced by another coin, the Angel, in 1464. Debasement of the currency and inflation would have made the Noble’s gold content higher than the face value. Only the most senior citizens in the audience would have had any chance of knowing what it was. But another name for the Ryal was the Rose

[1] Acknowledgements to T S Eliot

[2] Readers of Larkin’s letters will have met Mr Mason as ‘Majack’ and his mournful remonstration ‘Oh Muntgummery!’

Noble, so to give the nobleman as much as would convert him to a Ryal would be to give him nothing! [That'll roll 'em in the aisles!]

But looked at from Hal's point of view, this is 1402. He would have known what a Noble was, because it had been introduced by Edward III in 1344, together with half Nobles, quarter Nobles, groats and half groats. But Hal would not have known a Ryal, as this only came in 60 years later. Another of William's chronological inexactitudes? [A bit esoteric, Will? Only a few poor scholars from Oxford will 'geddit' and might smile.]

The implied pun ryal/royal suggests a more nasal, Cockney, pronunciation, just as 150 years later Dr Johnson would pronounce 'Boston' as 'Baston', much as they do in Massachussetts today. So might there not be a ryal/real joke? Prince Hal would have known that in 1400 'real' was a legal term for an object, as in Real Estate, so the Prince's instruction is to convert him from a human being into an object i.e. dead. [Same objection, Will.]

Shakespeare's audience though would have understood 'real' in its full modern meaning. So - give this foppish nobleman enough to make him a *real* man! [Good belly laugh there, Will.]

But why send him back to Hal's mother? Well, Hal's father Bolingbroke (Henry IV) was a usurper - a nobleman, yes, but royal, no! On the contrary, Hal's mother was of Spanish royal blood. The groundlings knew this already from previous episodes of Will's Royal Soap series. [Wicked! Good enough for 'Have I Got News for You'.]

But . . . Joan of Navarre was only Hal's step mother - his natural mother had died some years before. To send the nobleman back to Hal's natural mother would be to dispatch him to Purgatory. [Black humour William? Cruel times, though.]

In Shakespeare's day the Spanish had a coin Real (Spanish for royal), a mere silver coin, eight of which made up one of the Pieces of Eight so loved by pirates and their parrots later. An English gold Ryal would be worth much more than a miserable Spanish Real. The poor nobleman would find he had suffered some negative equity if he had been 'given' as much to make him a Realman. [A belly laugh at the expense of our recently defeated enemies the Dons?]

H'm. Not such a bad joke, Will, if everybody laughs for a different reason.

A R Burgess (1940)

Exeter College Athletic Club

Extracts from the speech given by Roger Thorn (1958) as guest-of-honour at the Achilles Club Dinner at Trinity, following the Oxford v Cambridge Athletics Match on Saturday, 20 May 2000. Earlier in the day Exeter had held a Reception at Iffley Road to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of the College Athletic Club, making it the oldest existing Athletics Club in the world.

Mr President of Trinity, Mr President and Mr Chairman of Achilles, Ladies and Gentlemen.

The grain of the idea for an Exeter celebration today was sown forty-nine years ago. I had been given as a birthday present a copy of a book by Ross and Norris McWhirter (Trinity men, sir) entitled *Get to Your Marks.* It was sub-titled *A History of World, Commonwealth, European and British Athletics* and it treated each event in turn. Tucked away at the end of the chapter on the Mile was a sentence referring to a race won by Roger Bannister on grass at Christ Church, New Zealand, just after the 1950 Empire Games. He had won in 4: 9.9. The McWhirters write 'It was almost certainly the second fastest Mile yet achieved on grass, and had for Bannister another Centennial significance, for it was in December 1950 that the oldest athletic club in the world, that of his own Exeter College, Oxford, reached its hundreth birthday.' So here we are fifty years later, and of course our sport has changed beyond all recognition.

But let's look back at the Exeter club's origins. In the early part of the nineteenth century professional pedestrianism was already established in Britain and America. There were any number of challenge races, staged rather like boxing, where the champion took on all comers, but at the right price. So for example in 1850 the sporting population of Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle and other great cities turned out to see Tommy Hayes beat Johnny Tetlow over four Miles on the Aintree Racecourse. The amateur version of the sport was called the 'volunteer movement', which has a curious military ring. Indeed in 1849 there was an organized athletics meeting at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, which was repeated annually until 1853. But in 1850 Exeter organized its first meeting and the club exists to this day. The account of the first meeting, and the events leading up to it, have been described by eyewitnesses. But it's hard for us to conjure up the mood of the day. In 1850 the Boat Race was celebrating its twenty-first Birthday, but the Oxford v Cambridge Cricket match was already twenty-three years old (the first Rugby Match was not until the 1871-72 season). The first reference to cricket at Oxford was in 1710, and 1727 in Cambridge. Fenners opened in 1849. A certain John Wisden took all ten wickets in an innings in 1850, and the publishing house that bears his family name was founded that year.

In 1850 the talk of the moment, and the area where fortunes were to be won and lost, was the construction of the railways, which were beginning to criss-cross the countryside, pre-dating the motorways by

over a hundred years. So the railways were all the fashion, but the most common form of transport over short to medium distances was still the horse. It is indeed to the horsemen of Exeter that we owe our origins. The following setting is described by Montague Shearman in his book *Athletics and Football* published by Longmans Green in 1888. He writes: 'The year was 1850. It was the evening after the College Steeplechase (a horse-race), popularly called the "College Grind". Some four or five congenial spirits, as their manner was, were sipping their "wine" after hall in the rooms in one of their number, (you see - illegal food supplements already). The topic was the steeplechase event of the day, and the unsatisfactory process of negotiating the country on Oxford hacks. 'Sooner than ride such a brute again', said a Halifax Wyatt, whose horse had landed into a road on his head instead of his legs, 'I'd rather run across two miles of country on foot.' 'Well, why not?' said the others; 'Let's have a College foot grind.' 'Another, Bowles, suggested a race or two on the flat as well. Again the party agreed. The conditions were drawn up, stakes named, officials appointed and the first meeting for "Athletic Sports" inaugurated.'

On the first afternoon there was to be a chase, two miles over country, twenty-four jumps, £1 entry, ten shillings forfeit and on the following afternoon the meeting started with the Welcome Sweepstakes over quarter of a mile on the flat, followed by the Bancalari Sweepstakes over 300 yards; the Jonathan Sweepstakes over 100 yards; 140 yards over ten flights of hurdles, one mile, and some other stakes for beaten horses open to members of Exeter College only, including the Consolation Stakes over 100 yards, the Scurry Stakes over 150 yards, and the Aristocratic Stakes over 60 yards. Perpetuating the horse-racing language, stewards were appointed, and a Clerk of the Course. Notice of the Meeting, with a list of stakes, was posted in the usual place - a blackboard in the porter's lodge. Plenty of entries were made, in no stake less than ten: for the steeplechase there were twenty-four who started. In all events they wore cricket shoes and flannels. Halifax Wyatt was the winner, and ante-post betting put him at 9 to 1. Perhaps the first case of match fixing in our sport! Of the flat races, which were held in Port Meadow, no accurate record is kept of all the winners. Wyatt won the 100 yards, but in the Mile he had to carry a handicap of seven pounds of shot in a shot-belt around his waist, and he came only second. There was clearly a tradition of the all-round sportsman in those days. James Aitken, on the shortest odds, the favourite at 2 to 1 in the Steeplechese, played cricket for Eton and Oxford, winning three blues, and then rowed against Cambridge three times. Does that make him a Slightly Damp Bob, Mr President?

In 1851 Exeter organized a second meeting, with a High Jump and a Broad Jump. Lincoln followed, and then a Cambridge college. Kensington Grammar School began their sports in 1852, Harrow and Cheltenham in 1853. There had been races at the Schools before 1850

but they had not constituted a sports meeting. Athletics was recorded at Shrewsbury in the 1820s; and the Crick Run at Rugby had started in 1837. Eton held its first steeplechase in 1845, plus sprints, and hurdle races held on the road on different days. Although in 1837 and 1838 Eton had held hurdles races at most of the tutors' and dames' houses, 100 yards over ten hurdles was the usual course, reports Montague Shearman, who had taken part in them. In 1837 the first athletics track in the modern era was laid, at, of all places, Lords Cricket Ground.

The rest is history. The first University Sports Meeting in Cambridge took place in 1857. In 1860 the first OUAC Sports were held, and the first Varsity Match took place at Christ Church Ground in Oxford in 1864. Eight events were contested: 100 yards, 440 yards, the Mile, Steeplechase, 120 yards High Hurdles, 200 yards Low Hurdles, High Jump and Long Jump. Appropriately the result was a tie: four events each. Apart from the war years the Official Varsity Match has taken place every year since. In 1866 the National Championships were staged, and in 1880 the AAA was founded here in the Randolph at Oxford, about 200 metres, or 19.4 seconds from here. Some of us here are also members of Thames Hare & Hounds, which was founded in 1867, making ours the oldest existing cross-country club. Lillie Bridge Track opened in 1869. Stamford Bridge in 1877, and the White City, which many of us remember with affection, in 1908, for the London Olympics of that year. The first Oxford v Harvard match took place in 1894, therefore pre-dating the Modern Olympic Games by two years, and was the first amateur international track and field meeting. The IAAF was founded in 1912, and Achilles in 1920.

Exeter held a Centenary Sports Meeting on 3 June 1950, and some of the celebrants are here this evening. I have the programme here which John Robinson has kindly provided. I salute the spirit of that Meeting, as conveyed by the titles of the events: The Welcome Stakes, a 100 yards handicap, won by a promising sprinter, what's his name? . . . Bannister; Throwing the Cricket Ball; a Centenary Handicap over Half a Mile, Putting the Weight won by Chris Winn, the England Rugby International. Then a Relay Race in which curiously the Rugger Club and the Athletics Club tied. Match fixing again? And finally a Mystery Race - with entries taken on the field, in which there was yet another curious tie, between Mr Barnett and Mr White. Medals were presented after the last race, and certain celebrants present here tonight still have their medals.

In any other year I would be expected to give you as a toast 'Oxford and Cambridge and Achilles'. But if I may, given that we celebrate Exeter's Anniversary and the very origins of our sport and our Match, I should like to propose the toast of the sport we all love:

'Amateur Athletics!!'

Snapshots of College Life

Later Seventeenth-Century Exeter through the eyes of Anthony Wood

The seventeenth century saw Exeter at both a peak, under Rectors Prideaux and Conant, and a trough, under Rectors Maynard and Bury. Both Prideaux and Conant were heads of house as well as Regius Professors of Divinity and Vice-Chancellors of the University; Prideaux preached before Charles I and received the bishopric of Worcester. At the opposite end of the spectrum, Maynard was a drunkard who brought the College into disrepute, and Bury a heretic deprived of office. The collegiate politics of these years and the Rectors who headed the foundation make interesting reading.

Information on the more prominent members of College is not difficult to find. The *Dictionary of National Biography*, now available online through the University network, provides an excellent starting-point. From searching *DNB*, one can learn of the many prominent public figures who had studied at Exeter. Anthony Ashley Cooper, for example, matriculated in 1637, was created earl of Shaftesbury in 1672, and later Lord Chancellor, having commanded a brigade of horse on the parliamentary side during the civil war. Thomas Clifford of Ugbrooke, near Exeter, matriculated in 1647. Elevated to the peerage as Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, he ended his career as Principal Secretary of State and Lord Treasurer in 1673. Sir George Treby, who was in residence in College in 1660, as Attorney-General helped pilot the 1688 Bill of Rights through the Commons, and, as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was frequently found presiding over the House of Lords. Those who took holy orders after leaving Exeter were also rising to positions of importance; William Hoare, who supplicated MA in 1660, was a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King in 1681, while Dennis Greenvil was preferred to be Dean of Durham in 1684. There were academics too; Francis Howell, for instance, studied at Exeter as an undergraduate 1642-8, become a Fellow in 1650, and then served as University Reader in Moral Philosophy, Principal of Jesus, and was senior proctor. Many Old Exonians, then, were rising to prominent positions in church, university, and state at this time.

However exalted they might become once they had gone out of residence, while at Exeter undergraduates certainly participated in a communal life which was varied, exciting, and even, from time to time, hazardous in the extreme. Here, we must read between the lines of *DNB's* summaries, and look to some of the primary sources for enlightenment, to provide snapshots of individual activities and gain a technicolour picture of collegiate life.

The autobiography of Anthony Wood (1632-95) is a useful place to begin. Wood studied at Merton, 1647-52, of which college his father was a tenant, and his elder brother Edward a Fellow. He has been described as a 'dull pupil' in possession of a 'peevish temper', and when his father died, Wood used the money from his inheritance to live a life of ease. However, he began to edit sermons, and happened across Sir Thomas Dugdale's account of Warwickshire, which engendered in Wood a desire to write a similar description of his own county. In 1660, therefore, Wood obtained permission to study in the Bodleian, roamed bookshops for old tracts and ballads, and was frequently to be found in alehouses after dinner. He travelled around Oxfordshire a great deal, studying inscriptions and antiquities, and made several trips to London to consult the Public Records, Wills, and Heralds' offices. Wood was well-informed, well-known, and was ideally-placed to write studies of his native Oxford. Wood was certainly known at Exeter; he was friends with Narcissus Marsh, who was advanced from a Fellowship here to be Principal of St Alban's Hall and, later, was preferred to be Archbishop of Armagh. Wood made a detailed study of the College archives, and was known to the Rector. George Verman, on demitting office as Senior Proctor in 1672, praised Wood in his valedictory oration. It is clear that he would have been well-informed about life at this College, and indeed, known many of the protagonists of the events he chronicled.

Later in life he became increasingly deaf and disagreeable, falling out with his patron Dr Fell, the eminent Dean of Christ Church. Other former acquaintances had cause to find Wood irksome or even offensive; he was accused in the vice-cancellarial court by Henry, second earl of Clarendon, of printing a libellous statement about Edward, the first Earl, suggesting the latter, who was Lord Chancellor, had sold public offices at the Restoration. He died in 1695 after a life which had seen the Civil War and Interregnum, four monarchs, nine Chancellors and twenty-seven Vice-Chancellors of the University, as well as six Rectors of Exeter College.

As a result of this breadth of experience over time, and of his extensive contacts, Wood was a prolific writer. His *History and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls* records the results of his studies into collegiate history and Oxford's muniments, while a companion treatise examines the city's past and its notable artefacts. He also made a study of Oxford notables. His *Diaries*, though, provide the most colourful source for learning about Exeter and its characters, since they are a frank and lively personal account, but combine this with being written by one of the most informed figures in the contemporary city and University.

This diarist, antiquary, historian, and epigrapher does have a great deal to say about the reputation of the College and its institutional development. For instance, he criticizes Joseph Maynard, the Rector who had given him access to the College archives, as 'much given to

Rector John Conant: 7 June 1649 – 1 September 1662

bibbing' and sitting 'in the fellowes' chambers, where there was a musick meeting, smoke and drink until he was drunk and led to his lodgings by bachelors'. Later, Wood compares Maynard unfavourably with his immediate predecessor, Rector Conant. The diarist comments: 'Exeter College much debauched by a drunken governor; whereas before in Dr Conant's time it was accounted a civill house, now is rude and incivill'. Wood, then, who knew and was known by the fellows of Exeter, was able to pass informed comment on the institution, and saw the decline under the rectorship of Maynard, compared with the College's former reputation under John Conant.

Yet it is perhaps at microcosm level, in reporting the activities of individuals rather than recording the events pertaining to the collegiate institution as a whole, that the *Life and Times* are most interesting. One might be permitted the odd chuckle when reading anecdotes about College life and members as related by Wood. For instance, each new fresher intake is made aware of the long-standing feud (now happily confined to the polemical) between us and a certain other College over the road; how many know there is a quarrel with Queen's College which dates back to the 1660s? In 1665, members of Exeter and Queen's were engaged in a brawl over the result of a football match, in which the honour of their regions of origin was at stake. Exeter, of course, primarily

Joseph Maynard: 18 September 1662 – 30 April 1666

drew its members from the south-west, Queen's from the north; Wood tells us, 'The quarrel was between Exeter and Queen's, viz., North and West.' Collegiate rivalry on the sports field clearly existed, exacerbated by differences in regional loyalty; competition on the football pitch expressed this, even if students did place a broad interpretation on the 'contact' part of 'contact sports'. Proctors roaming the streets frequently caught undergraduates red-handed committing other sorts of misdemeanour; in 1692 two Exeter students were spotted: 'at one in the morning severall rude scholers came up the Bocherew, broke windows there'. (The 'Bocherew' or 'Butcherow' might be equated with 'Butcher's Row', but its location is not identified.) Despite attempting to escape in haste down North Gate Street, the duo were apprehended. Exeter's honour was forcefully defended, even if those who sought to defend its reputation were more than likely to be hauled before the proctors.

Relations with the governing body post-1640 also gave rise to some unusual incidents. In 1685 an illegitimate baby boy was placed outside the rooms of William Paynter, who would later be elected Rector, with the intimation that Paynter was the father. Wood relates, though, that this was 'knowne to be a tric of malice by a pupill of his that he caused to be expell'd'. While it appears Paynter was innocent of the scurrilous charge quite literally laid at his door, other Fellows did get into trouble.

In 1683 Benjamin Archer preached ‘a baudy sermon at St Mary’s, while Balthazar Vigures was severely reprimanded for ‘egregiously abusing the proctors’. Reading between the lines, these must have been lively occasions. When the Visitor deprived Rector Bury of office, Fellows obedient to the former’s decree proceeded to Chapel to elect a successor. Other Fellows loyal to the ousted Bury locked the door of Chapel to prevent the election taking place, and their opponents had to break through the door, hardly a dignified manner in which to begin the electoral process. Bad behaviour was thus frequently in evidence, from students and tutors alike.

Not only undergraduates and Fellows but even lowly College servants occasionally enjoyed five minutes of fame or, rather, infamy. In 1660 Mr Andrews, the butler, was discovered consorting with ‘a cashiered Anabaptist officer’, Ralph Austen. Andrews was then expelled physically from College for helping another Anabaptist, Mr Belchior, to address the students; Wood records the latter was inciting the undergraduates. The butler’s fate is not recorded, but Mr Austen gained his revenge by expelling several members of College when he returned in the mid-1650s on the parliamentary commission of visitors. Servants, although perhaps not as academically renowned as their collegiate masters, often possessed a large measure of ingenuity. One of the less abstemious Fellows sent his servant out after curfew with a pitcher secreted under his cloak to collect an emergency supply of alcohol on a warm summer night in 1677. The servant was spotted by a proctor on patrol, and promptly challenged. The proctor inquired into the cause of the unseemly protrusion beneath the servant’s gown. The servant replied that he had been to the stationers to fetch a ‘Bellarmine’, a copy of the work by Cardinal Bellarmine against which a Fellow who sought prominence might dispute. A ‘Bellarmine’ was also, however, ‘a large, glazed drinking-jug with capacious belly and a narrow neck’, in a ‘burlesque likeness’ of the Roman Catholic churchman. Apparently finding this explanation convincing, the proctor permitted the Exeter man to go on his way; ‘doing a Bellarmine’ appears to have entered the vernacular as the phrase signifying the illicit acquisition of alcohol. College life for staff, Fellows, and students clearly had a lively aspect beyond the academic.

College deaths were not without anecdotal interest. Danger could come from the buildings themselves. A particularly violent storm in 1661 caused the two crosses at the west end of the Chapel to plummet onto the quad, while eighteen years later workmen digging foundations looked up to discover the privy outhouse falling on them. If buildings fell low, fever and tension definitely ran high in the University. Richard Way died in an outbreak of plague in November 1676, which affected several colleges; ‘A malignant fever’ despatched Christopher Sherard, son of the Irish peer Lord Sherard of Lentrim in 1683, while Thomas

Trevithick, a Fellow, succumbed to small-pox. More violent demises were not unknown; Richard Carslake, a student and bible-clerk, was killed by one of the Turner brothers of Wadham College. Such events indicate the closeness and activity of the early modern University, as well as the aspects of College life which were more comical (the privy incident) or more saddening (the death of Carslake).

Anthony Wood knew the Exeter College of his day, and his work gives us a colourful picture of what Exeter was like in the later seventeenth century. While the academics who researched *DNB* focused, quite properly, on those who went on to prominence, balancing this against Wood's account provides a broader angle on College life. There were people like Shaftesbury and Clifford who gained national fame and high office; there were also those who, like Carslake or Sherard, met their ends here. While at Exeter, their experiences must have been varied and, at times, it was life on the edge; the prowling proctors were not far away, as the window-smashing pair discovered to their dismay. Exeter between 1640 and 1700 was at least a colourful and interesting place to be in, even if its Rectors differed greatly in their talents and suitability and the College they governed suffered varying fortunes. The colour, cohesion, and community of College life - as evident now as it was then - are unique and lasting features of the collegiate system, and warrant preservation in the modern world.

Philip Hobday (1999)

Amelia Jackson

On 13 September in the year 1887 at a quiet ceremony at St Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, William Walrond Jackson, Fellow of Exeter College, married Mrs Shepherd. He was 49 years of age and had just been elected as the new Rector of the College; she was a childless widow of 44. Their acquaintance, however, was not new and their friendship had begun when they were much younger.

Amelia Staines was born in 1842, the daughter and only child of Francis William Staines. Her father was the last of a family of merchants from the City of London. Not only was he a successful businessman but he possessed a large independent fortune, such that he could devote his time to the cultivation of his talents in music and art. He was a brilliant amateur violinist, and also loved to spend much of his time painting. In her youth, Amelia and her mother accompanied Mr Staines as he travelled throughout the country finding subjects for his painting. One area of the country that they visited frequently was the Lake District, and Amelia grew particularly fond of the dramatic landscape of the Fells. Skelwith Bridge with the view of the hills around it

was one of her father's favourite scenes; it was the same area of the Lake District that, coincidentally, Amelia came to in her later years.

However, it was largely the society of St Leonards on Sea that was the milieu in which Amelia Staines grew up. She made the acquaintance of a family named Jackson who had recently settled in Hastings from the West Indies. Amelia's first meeting with William Walrond was in Mrs Jackson's parlour, in a rented house in Hastings; he was 17 and she was 12 years of age. The young Amelia Staines had befriended one of Mrs Jackson's older daughters and William Walrond met his sister's young friend on one of her visits to their house. William Walrond Jackson was, at this time, about to take up a place at Brasenose College, to read classics, but his sister's friendship with the young Amelia continued.

Amelia's love of music and art increased and she became an accomplished musician; many of her friends were artists and musicians. One of her mother's cousins, Mrs Bowman, who lived in Hampstead, loved to entertain talented young people, and Amelia as a young woman of 20 was frequently invited up to London to stay. By strange coincidence William Walrond's aunt, a friend and neighbour of Mrs Bowman, enjoyed having her nephew, the young Oxford clergyman to stay; since his parents' home was now back in the West Indies, his aunt's house in Hampstead was his second home after his Oxford College. Thus it was that from about 1863 an active friendship developed between Amelia and William Walrond, no doubt encouraged by Mrs Bowman's invitations.

In Hastings, however, a certain Augustus Burke Shepherd began to pay court to Amelia under the approving eye of Mr Staines. Dr Shepherd had graduated from Brasenose, achieving his B. Med in 1865, and had become a doctor at St Mary's hospital in Paddington. As his parents lived in St Leonards on Sea it was natural that he would make the acquaintance of the Staines family, and when Dr Burke asked Mr Staines for his daughter's hand in marriage, Mr Staines felt assured that this marriage would make his daughter happy.

Amelia threw herself into her role of the devoted wife of a top London physician. Although coming from a privileged family, she showed great sympathy for people from a wide variety of backgrounds. Her experience as the wife of a London physician brought her into contact with people living in desperate circumstances. Central London in the mid-nineteenth century was very different from the comfortable home of her youth. Her skill in providing practical help, such as setting up soup kitchens, showed her practical nature and resolve. However, Dr Staines had a tendency to drink too much, and died at the age of 46 leaving Amelia a widow of 42.

Amelia Jackson

Not long after these events, William Walrond Jackson, having led a distinguished career in the administration of his college, if less so in classical scholarship, was elected to be the new Rector of Exeter to succeed the late Dr Lightfoot. There can be no doubt that the motives for Dr Jackson proposing marriage to Amelia Shepherd combined his deep fondness for the sweetheart of his youth with the desire to find a helper to share in the task of running the College.

Amelia Jackson was ideally suited to the responsibility that her second marriage had brought on her. She was intelligent and cultivated and took a lively interest in all the activities of the College. As a keen amateur musician, she attracted to her drawing room many fine musicians. She entertained every undergraduate to Sunday lunch at least twice a year. Her interest in the Chapel services and the choir extended to her presenting the Chapel with a new hymnbook which was widely considered an improvement on the previous edition. Amelia not only possessed leadership skills but her personality commanded respect and affection from those around her. She once told her husband that her mother had predicted ‘that nature had formed her to be the head of a large establishment’. As Exeter’s First Lady she blossomed in the role

of the Rector's wife, providing a focus for the social and cultural life of the College and, in so doing, won the respect and affection of all who knew her.

After the Rector resigned in 1913 the Jacksons lived at 18 Bardwell Road, north Oxford, where they continued to receive visitors. They also spent much of their time after 1913 in their house in the Lake District, Singleton Park, entertaining visitors with the same characteristic warmth. Amelia's consideration for people from every walk of life, whether they were distinguished colleagues of her husband's or the kitchen staff, was one of her most endearing characteristics; all were treated with kindness and civility.

Amelia Jackson inherited a considerable fortune from both her father and her first husband, the bulk of which she resolved to bequeath to Exeter. This enabled the College to establish Exhibitions and Junior and Senior Studentships, and set up a Fellowship in medical research. Amelia Jackson's generosity ensured that she is still remembered as a great benefactor.

Juliet Chadwick
Sub-librarian

From DNA to DEAN (or how an Exeter physical biochemist metamorphosed into a theologian)

Like the DNA which I studied scientifically, my life has consisted of two interwoven strands - the scientific and the theological. I will begin with the former.

I was young enough at the outbreak of war in 1939 and still in 1942 not to be called up into the armed forces. So, from the semi-suburban, semi-industrial, semi-rural town of Watford, Hertfordshire, then still on the edge of some fine English countryside, I went up to the College with an Open Scholarship in Natural Science to read chemistry. My interest in the subject had been roused mainly through some first-class teaching I had received at Watford Boys' Grammar School. My home was not at all bookish but it was encouraging and enabling and the school provided as good an education as could have been found anywhere. The bombs were by that time falling, but the education persisted - disciplined and culturally broad at the hands of some very able men and women.

The society I entered at Exeter in 1942 was light years away from my domestic milieu and one that was already, under the impact of the war,

very different from what it had been in the 1930s (Evelyn Waugh and all that!). The Oxford chemistry school at that time had been for two decades pre-eminent in the country and was internationally outstanding, vying with Harvard and Berkeley. The Physical Chemistry Laboratory alone had 5 (or was it 6?) Fellows of the Royal Society amongst its University Lecturers and there were almost as many in the other chemistry laboratories. Incidentally, the year following my entry into Oxford a Miss Margaret Roberts, who later married one Dennis Thatcher, also entered the chemistry courses. (I must say I didn't see much of her, although she could not fail to be noticeable, for there were only about 3 women among the 180 chemistry students.)

The Oxford Final Honour School of Chemistry at that time was (and still is?) one of the most specialized courses ever devised by a university, with four years entirely of chemistry and the last year one of research to produce a thesis which is then taken into account in assessing one's final class. Yet, in spite of this, Oxford chemists at that time prided themselves, not only on excellence in their subject (so they immodestly thought), but on being wide-ranging and catholic in their interests. So I joined in, playing rugby football (eventually as captain), rowing in the First Eight, learning about music, arguing about philosophy and religion, and somehow finding time to be President of the English Club entertaining authors like Rebecca West and Dylan Thomas to dinner before they gave us their pearls of wisdom.

Physical chemistry appealed to me, and still does in its elegant combination of theory and experiment, and I was greatly influenced by the teaching of Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, the Dr Lee's Professor of Chemistry and a Fellow of the College. Because of wartime exigencies (for professors did not usually do this) those of us in the College reading chemistry had with him what I found to be inspiring tutorials. Naturally when it came to doing the research component of the chemistry degree, and later for a doctorate, I worked under his guidance in the Oxford Physical Chemistry Laboratory. He was himself a polymath - one of those wide-ranging products of the Oxford chemistry school at that time - who had received the Nobel Prize for his work on chemical kinetics, was in one year President of the Royal Society and President of the Classical Association, spoke and read several European languages, including Russian, and was learning Chinese when I knew him! He had, when I joined his team, begun to apply his knowledge of chemical kinetics to the study of the processes of living organisms. I worked on the rate processes involved in the growth of bacteria and, after getting the DPhil Degree, took up a post in the University of Birmingham and, somewhat conventionally, in 1948 married the sister of an Oxford friend.

In the eleven years at Birmingham, where I moved from being Assistant Lecturer to Senior Lecturer, I worked on something that had begun to interest me, namely the physical chemistry of DNA, which at

that time was only just becoming to be seen as a very big molecule. People weren't quite sure whether it had four units or ten units or a hundred. We now know, of course, that it has tens of thousands of units strung along two intertwined and complementary helical chains. There was some challenging physical chemistry to be done in relation to this extraordinary structure and I was able to engage in this with the simplest of equipment (a pH meter, for those of you in the know) but with a maximum of intellectual challenge. In 1952, I was in Berkeley on a Rockefeller Fellowship, at the famous Virus Laboratory headed by W M Stanley of tobacco mosaic virus fame, when James Watson and Francis Crick announced the structure of DNA in the British journal *Nature*. Doing primarily physico-chemical work on DNA with results of some interest to the others (we were able to settle that the chains in DNA were not branched and that the hydrogen bonding proposed by Watson and Crick was the only kind present in the structure) I came to be, at that time, in close contact with those working on x-ray diffraction studies, the circles interacting with Watson and Crick. I was, fortunately, not as emotionally involved as the x-ray people in the events that swirled around that momentous discovery in the history of science and are described in James Watson's notorious *The Double Helix.*

My scientific career flourished, I went back to Oxford to a Fellowship at St Peter's College (then 'Hall') and a University Lecturership, and there I continued to teach physical chemistry and do research in physical biochemistry. I pursued research into wider aspects of the physical chemistry of biological macromolecules and following a fruitful scientific career. Then at the age of 48 the Oxford scientist became a Cambridge 'Dean', the name given to the person in charge of a Cambridge college chapel, Clare College, in my case. How did this happen and why? In some ways, Cambridge was, I suppose, the last place in which I expected to find myself!

So now I must tell the other story, running along all the time, parallel and intertwined with the one I have just told - the other of my two complementary chains! I was brought up in a typical Church of England household, typical in the sense that the established Church of England was the church my family stayed away from, except for baptisms, weddings and funerals! I was sent to Sunday School at a local church whose 'high' style of worship was disapproved of by my family (presumably it was thought to be too florid and un-English in its excesses) and later I went voluntarily to a somewhat 'lower', 'evangelical' church, in which I was 'confirmed'. Adolescent schoolboy evangelical fervour soon gave way to a mild undergraduate agnosticism that I shared with most of my contemporaries. Yet we all went to chapel, indeed scholars of Exeter had to do so at that time (1942-5) being 'on the Foundation', as it was said. It was also the accepted convention that on Sunday evenings most members of the College went to Chapel, then to dinner in Hall, had a

glass of beer and back to the dining Hall for music or poetry readings or play readings. It was, after all, at that time of the College of Neville Coghill, famous later for his translations and productions of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales:* he had a lot to do with the cultural quality of our wartime College life (perhaps I should add that Richard Burton was a contemporary pupil of his).

Religious and philosophical questions continuously crossed my mind. I rejected naïve biblical literalism and the penal/substitutionary theory of atonement (which I thought unintelligible and immoral and still do so). The urging of such views by evangelical, 'born-again' Christians in my undergraduate days was the chief cause of my alienation from all things religious, Christianity in particular, and of the temporary end of my attachment to the Christian faith. It took me some time to find out that other ways of thinking were possible. One significant factor was hearing a sermon in the University Church by William Temple, by then Archbishop of Canterbury, and the most considerable philosopher-theologian to hold that office since Anselm. I came away aware, as I had not been before, that a *reasonable* case could be made out for Christian belief and that, although I still did not embrace it, it was an intellectually defensible and respectable position. So the door was re-opened, if only just ajar. As a graduate student, doing scientific research for the first time, questions kept pressing on me. How could one explain and account for what every scientific advance unveiled and reinforced, namely the inherent intelligibility and rationality of the natural world? Both the fact of its existence (the answer to the question one asks 'Why is there anything at all?') and the manifest rationality of the natural world seemed to demand some kind of theistic affirmation to make any coherent sense of it all - and making sense of a wide range of data was just what my training and research experience were making my habitual practice. So the God-idea, you might say, pursued me, and still does, as expounded in my most recent book *Paths from Science towards God: the End of All Our Exploring* (Oxford, Oneworld, 2001). The data that I then, and we still today, need to put together into some sort of pattern include human beings - with all their sublime achievements but also with all their degradations. Remember, by this time, it was now the late 1940s. My generation had seen, if only in film and photograph, what the Allied Forces had opened up in Dachau, Auschwitz and Belsen and we had looked down into the bottomless pit of the potentiality of human evil, which the twentieth century - and now the twenty-first on 11 September, 2001 - has seen escalate with an enhanced power.

So I tried, in my own naïve way, to come to grips with the problem of evil - a full intellectual solution may always elude one, though I am now able to narrow down and specify the problem better (for the clue is that it is *love* that overcomes evil). So my quest proceeded. Looking

back at my time as a graduate student I am just amazed how arrogantly I assumed I could learn little from the wise philosophical and theological minds all within half a mile of me and ploughed my own furrow, reading my own books without asking any of the learned people around me what they thought about these things. Perhaps one has to make one's own way - however meandering, it will always be one's own and maybe there are no short cuts.

In Birmingham, I became rapidly disenchanted by the content of most sermons and the poverty of non-liturgical worship. Thus it was that I undertook more systematic study and even managed to get a degree in theology. I was deeply influenced (and still am) by the writings of judiciously reasonable theologians - William Temple, Charles Raven, Ian Ramsey, Geoffrey Lampe (an Exeter man). I could not then, and do not now - and here my formation (my *Bildung*) as a scientist comes out - accept any automatic authority of church or scripture *per se*. For me belief must meet the general criteria of reasonableness, of inference to the best explanation.

I was gradually relieved to find that the much Press-besieged and battered Church of England was theologically, philosophically and intellectually a very broad church providing the space in which to move and grow, feeding as it does on both catholic and reformed traditions and much influenced by the Eastern Orthodox churches. It has long had the habit of emphasizing the role in the formation of a securely based and stable faith of reason based on experience in sifting both scripture and tradition. Its reliance on this 'three-legged stool' of Scripture-Tradition-Reason could in fact claim to be its own special distinctive feature.

Theological study showed me something I had not expected as a hard-line scientist - namely that the Christian church throughout the ages has, behind its shifting and variable façade, a very tough-minded intellectual tradition of its own, which makes the content of its thought a worthy and proper subject of university study, the message I had begun to pick up in that sermon of William Temple.

Naturally, I always found myself relating my scientific worldview to theological perspectives. I found I could not ignore the continuity and interchange in the human being between the physical, the mental, the aesthetic and the spiritual - those activities and the knowledge we gain from them, all modes of our being persons. And they all have a *real* reference. In theology, this meant I would place, and do still place, a strong emphasis on the 'sacramental' (which is, in the realm of theology, the word that unites the physical, the mental, the aesthetic and the spiritual). I had for some ten years or so been what the Church of England calls a 'Lay Reader' and so had been authorized to conduct non-sacramental public worship and to preach. But this increasingly felt like trying to walk on one leg, for I had experienced a growing urge to celebrate

sacramentally our unitary awareness of nature, humanity and God. I had already some years before, in my time at Birmingham begun to think of ordination to the priesthood as a 'worker-priest', that is, in my case, a 'priest-scientist' and in 1971, some twelve years after my beginning to think of it, I was ordained in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, where - it so happens - I still officiate at the moment as an Honorary Chaplain.

I intended, after ordination, to continue as a university research worker and teacher in priest's orders doing my academic job with and alongside everyone else. And so I have always regarded myself. I would have stayed at Oxford but that Clare College, Cambridge, were looking for a Dean and offered me the post. I liked the idea of running a college chapel that could be flexible and open, yet transmitting and educating a new generation in the incomparable liturgies and musical heritage of the church. Also I liked the idea of a post that would allow me what no university faculty structure could - namely to work on the interface between science and theology. Thus it was that for eleven years I came to teach in Cambridge University courses in the Divinity Faculty on the interaction of science and theology, and on physical biochemistry in the Biochemistry Department. Anyone who has tried to jump faculty boundary lines will realize how difficult this is, certainly in Britain.

As it happened, although Cambridge gave me the time (and salary!) to pursue my studies on the science and religion interface, it was Oxford that provided the goad in the form of an invitation to deliver the 1978 Bampton Lectures there. The Bampton Lecturer is, unusually, appointed by the heads of Oxford colleges, an almost totally lay (and largely agnostic!) body and not by theologians. This is curious since the eighteenth-century testator, John Bampton, a canon of Salisbury Cathedral, had prescribed that the Lecturer should *inter alia* 'confirm and establish the Christian faith' and 'confute all heretics and schismatics' and that he should not be paid a penny until they had actually appeared in print - clearly John Bampton was as shrewd as he was philanthropic! The giving of these lectures constituted a major challenge especially as the only other twenteith-century attempt to tackle the science-religion relation in this series had been undertaken by Dr Eric Mascall from a neo-Thomist viewpoint over twenty years previously. They were published[1] in 1979 - and I was paid!

During this time in Cambridge, I found something about my thinking life of which I had not previously been totally aware - namely that the scientific 'me' could not be totally absorbed without remainder into the priest, even one working on the relation of science and faith. Thus it was that - again because I was free from Faculty pressure to publish conventional papers, this time scientific ones - I was able to explore widely, in a way I was never able to do while heading a research group, into some new developments, some still speculative, in physico-chemical theory that were beginning to look exceedingly promising and fruitful

for the interpretation of the hitherto baffling complexity of living organisms and their intricate processes. This eventually - and it was a long haul, taking ten years - resulted in the publication of a scientific monograph on the physical chemistry of biological organization.

There is a time for everything under the sun, and my days in Cambridge came to an end somewhat earlier than they had to, for I returned to Oxford at the end of 1984 to set up the Ian Ramsey Centre, then based at St Cross College, for the interdisciplinary study of problems arising from scientific and medical research and practice and of the underlying philosophical and theological issues. This was a project that had been gestating for over twenty years, ever since Ian Ramsey, who was well known for his work on philosophical theology and eventually became Bishop of Durham, had brought together, in a sermon before the University of Oxford, the threads of the concerns of many in the early 1960s about the need for Christian theology to cooperate with those of other disciplines in facing up to the intractable questions that lie at the roots of the challenges coming from new applications of science, medicine and technology. The fruits of that enterprise, which continued under my successor, have appeared in print. Later, in 1995, I again resumed the Directorship in order to develop some international workshops on science and religion in Oxford with the help of funding from the Templeton Foundation and finally relinquished it again - for the last time! - in 1999, to be succeeded by Professor John H Brooke, who had been appointed to the new Andreos Idreos Professorship of Science and Religion. So this vital interdisciplinary study is now secure in Oxford. I have indeed, over thirty years, witnessed a blossoming of this field and have been fortunate to be involved in the establishing of national and international societies devoted to its intellectual and academic aspects, as well as with the formation of a dispersed ecumenical order of ordained men and women who are also scientists.

Perhaps I may be allowed some general reflections stimulated by the invitation from the Editor to write about my life, which has been spent on borderlines - of physics/chemistry, physical chemistry/biochemistry, and science/theology.

It seems to me that religious belief, in general. and Christian belief, in particular, will confine itself to an intellectual and cultural ghetto unless it relates its affirmations to the best knowledge we have of the world around us (and that includes the human world). This constitutes a perennial challenge to theology, one that, at certain times in the past, Christian thinkers have responded to superbly and creatively. The problem today is that few theologians, and indeed few students of the humanities, have any inkling of the breadth, depth and height of the scientific worldview. There is an immense work of general education to be done in this regard.

Furthermore, it seems to me that the new perspective on the world afforded by the range of the sciences - the magnificence of which needs a twentieth-century Dante to convey with its full emotional and poetic force - sharpens the questions which we all ask about personal meaning and intelligibility. Science sharpens, for example, the question: 'What kind of universe is it, that the original fluctuation in a quantum field, the primeval mass of baryons and quarks and neutrinos and light quanta, could over aeons of time by their own inbuilt potentiality and form develop into human beings who espouse values - truth, beauty, and goodness - and could become a Mozart, an Einstein - or Jesus of Nazareth?'

The relation of science to theology is just one of the problems of the relations of many disciplines and forms of knowledge to each other. We need today a new map of knowledge. Science shows that the natural world is a hierarchy of levels of complexity, each operating at its own level, each requiring its own methods of study and developing its own conceptual framework and so its own particular science. What I would like to affirm, in a nutshell, is that atoms and molecules are not more real than cells, or populations of cells, or human communities, or human persons. The relation of these different levels should not be, in my view, one of what has been called 'nothing buttery', that is, of 'reductionism'. Each level refers to one aspect of reality and we need explicitly to understand the non-exclusive relations they bear to each other.

Furthermore, the scientific and theological enterprises both involve exploration into the nature of reality. This comes as no surprise to those studying science. However, very few people these days, (many of whom, especially politicians in Britain, use the word 'theology' pejoratively) seem to regard the theological enterprise also as an exploration. It is indeed 'an adventure, a voyage of discovery, a journey, sustained by faith and hope, towards a final and complete communion with Love at the heart of all things.'[2]

The great Newton recognized as a scientist that, if he had seen further than others (he certainly had!), it was 'by standing on the shoulders of giants'. This is as true for religion as it is for science and we also need to be reminded of that shrewd remark of Newton's equally great successor, Einstein, namely that 'Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.' That has certainly been my experience.

Arthur Peacocke[3]

1 *Creation and the World of Science* (Arthur Peacocke, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1979).

2 *Christian Believing: the nature of the Christian faith and its expression in Holy Scripture and creeds*, a report by the Doctrine Commission of the Church of England (London, SPCK, 1976).

3 Dr Peacocke was awarded the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion (2001).

Some Close Encounters

Seeing an eclipse under cloud in Cornwall in August 1999 was profound: the shadow of the Moon was spread above us, like seeing the film from behind the cinema screen. Zambia on June 21, midwinter's (sic) day, was an entirely different experience: no two eclipses are alike.

'Who's arranged this eclipse?' was the first question I was asked, as soon as the locals in the Chiawa bushcamp in the Lower Zambezi National park discovered why I was there. 'Is it the government doing it to make money?' I explained that it was a natural phenomenon. 'If its natural, how do you know its going to happen?' The questions came thick and fast, and none of them were easy. So I took the style of the Royal Institution Christmas Lectures into the bush, using the audience for demonstrations.

The role of the Sun was played by the camp's owner, I was the Moon and two of the staff pretended to be one in Lusaka and one in the camp where we were. I moved across, illustrating how the moving Moon would, in turn, block the view of the Boss, the Sun, from each of them. They all agreed they understood, while adding that 'I still, don't believe it will happen; but if it does, then I will believe in science.'

I will return later to what happened, and to encourage you - if you have never witnessed a total eclipse - to put it at the top of your agenda: it is probably Nature's most wonderful spectacle. But first let me introduce myself.

On the first day of the new millenium - 01.01.01 - I joined Exeter College as a Fellow and Tutor in Physics, thirty years after taking my D.Phil and being a full time researcher in theoretical physics. Almost all of this time has been at laboratories, such as CERN - the European Centre for Particle Physics in Geneva, or closer to home, at the Rutherford Appleton Lab near Didcot, where I was Head of their Theory Division.

Alongside my researches into quarks - the basic particles from which the nuclear seeds of atoms and all matter are formed - I discovered that I had an interest in popularising physics. It is exactly twenty-five years ago this summer, on 12 August 1976, that this began with a popular article in the scientific journal *Nature*. Little did I then realize that this would determine the course of my life.

I had been asked by the editor to report on a major international conference on high energy physics in Tbilisi in what was then the USSR. It was at this conference that the discovery of 'charmed particles' was announced, and my article in *Nature* was something of a scoop. They invited me to write more for them, the BBC Science correspondent, John Newell, interviewed me, and I also received the unexpected princely sum of £25!

The ‘News and Views’ section of Nature is where scientists write brief articles about some new discovery in their field, and convey it in a style that is accessible to scientists in other disciplines. Trying to describe particle physics to chemists and biologists was (and is) a challenge. An unexpected benefit was that I was having to plumb depths of understanding for myself that otherwise I would not have done. To describe your field in a research paper to your research colleagues involves a private code, jargon and the passive voice. The first lesson I learned from *Nature* and the ensuing regular interviews by the BBC, was to write as one speaks: use the active voice; recognize jargon and translate it into accessible meaningful language; explain ‘why’ this piece of research is important, and set it into context - not just in high energy physics but in the wider theatre of science. I have found this such an invaluable lesson, that I would suggest that any D.Phil thesis, at least in science, should contain not just the conventional abstract, but should also be required to write a summary of about 500 words, describing the context and content in a way that scientists from other fields could understand something of its relevance.

A few years later I received my second lesson on how to write. In 1978 Steven Weinberg’s *First Three Minutes*, his popular description of the origins of the universe, was becoming a best seller. I realized that no-one had done this for high energy physics, and as by then I was regularly chronicling the frontiers of that field in serious but popular prose, I decided to write the high energy physics sibling to Weinberg’s book. Thus I produced my first draft of *The Cosmic Onion*, which was intended as a popular history of high energy physics from the discovery of radioactivity to present day (as it was then) research.

The title was a metaphor for the universe, with its galaxies of stars, matter made from atoms, whose nuclear centres are made from smaller particles, which are in turn seeded by quarks; the journey to the heart of matter akin to peeling the layers from an onion in search of its kernel.

I modestly believed that, following Weinberg’s success, *The Cosmic Onion* would make me a millionaire and I duly sent it to the publishers of Weinberg’s book. This was of course silly; they had just produced, and were still marketing, a blockbuster in what they perceived to be the same field. Furthermore, my draft manuscript was awful.

This home truth I learned after hawking it around several publishers, each of whom produced the most delicately worded rejection letters, outlining how they would love to have been able to publish it, but . . . However, an editor at Heinemann wrote a more honest rebuttal, which turned out to be a piece of fortune for me. The message was that what I had written was unpublishable, and that he would tell me what was wrong with my writing, if I was prepared for a bruising.

I was so embarrassed by the metaphorical shredding of my efforts, that in effect I literally did the same, and started again. I was so shaken by the experience that I rewrote the whole book during the three weeks around Christmas and New Year 1981-2 and in 1983 it was published. I thought I had written a populist book; however, it has been used by science teachers, recommended to sixth formers and as background reading for university students. It was even on the reading list of Sir John Kendrew's Committee, which in 1985 was charged with examining Britain's expenditure on high energy physics at CERN. It has been used much more widely than I expected, and I have learned that you cannot predict how your readers will react to what you write.

Eighteen years later, *The Cosmic Onion* has been translated into eight languages and I am now planning a new version: two decades is a long time in a fast developing field. I have asked my physics tutees at Exeter College to read *The Cosmic Onion* during the summer vacation to let me know what I should retain, what I should explain better, and what I should drop. Hopefully, they will be as frank as was my Heinemann editor the first time.

A welcome spin-off from the book was a steady flow of invitations to lecture on the subject both here and abroad, taking me as far afield as Australia. I also became heavily involved with the British Association for the Advancement of Science, where I was a Vice-President for five years, and with the Royal Institution. It was here that I presented their Christmas Lectures in 1993.

The origins of these go back to 1985. The science editor of *The Guardian* had seen what I had been writing and invited me to describe the discovery of the arcane 'Z boson'. Its discovery led to a Nobel Prize, so could I describe it to his readers? As in some ways the 'Z boson' has more mass than an entire atom of iron, and yet has many features in common with light, I chose to call the piece 'Discovery of Heavy Light'. This caught the attention and led to requests from around the world for articles, interviews and lectures, one of which was at the Mermaid Theatre where the late Bernard Miles hosted popular science, as theatre, for children.

Here he taught me how to project one's voice and the golden rule of speaking to the people in the back row, so that everyone will hear. Another rule, which is especially important when giving formal lectures, is to look at the audience and engage them with you - when you are looking at a person they are less likely to fall asleep. It also enables you to tell how you are being received; to decide whether to slow down and recapitulate, which you should do if they are looking puzzled, or move along without labouring the point, if they are clearly taking things in. Self evident, perhaps, but how often does it happen this way in your experience?

To grab their attention with the unexpected, I made my entrance swinging on a rope like Tarzan. The point was to illustrate that the gravity of the whole Earth is pulling us downwards, yet a thin piece of rope can provide even greater forces that will hold us in the air. The demonstration was a success, but created an unexpected problem.

I had never before made a lecture as 'theatre' and so I was not prepared for applause at my entry. This was of course rather pleasant, but for the fact that I was swinging on a rope, my arms rapidly tiring. The children thought this was such a wonderful entrance that they cheered and clapped for so long that I was exhausted before the 'lecture' had even begun. None the less, for several years afterwards people remembered the entrance even if they had forgotten the rest.

So it was that in 1993, when I was invited to present the Royal Institution Christmas Lectures, I remembered my Tarzan act. William Woolard, the producer for BBC2 who would be televising the lectures as effectively live events, gave further excellent advice on how to prepare the five hours of material. These are true for anything, so here is one essential piece of his advice. 'Make your presentation like a tree, not like a bush.' By this he referred to a tree's trunk, which is akin to the main theme, out of which can be developed side shoots, branches, but the main theme must always be there, visible. By contrast, a bush has innumerable shoots, with no clear stem. A written article can be like a bush, as the reader can flick back and forth to check forgotten lines, but a live audio performance does not allow this luxury.

Another aphorism was to know how you plan to finish. As long as you have a sense of where you want to reach, be it in a lecture or in writing, or for that matter in after-dinner speaking, it is easier to plot a course to get there. A 'tree' will naturally emerge. And as for starting: shock them; do something unexpected to capture their attention so they are alert and ready for the real message which follows. In summary: if the listener is interested, they will absorb the most profound concepts, but if they are not, the simplest things will pass them by.

So we planned and prepared for six months, from June until December when the lectures take place. All went well until the Monday morning in December when the 'real thing' was about to happen. I walked into Albemarle Street, where the Royal Institution is, and found the place full of BBC outside broadcast caravans, with umbilical cords connecting them to the RI, with technicians and clipboards everywhere. Was this all dependent on me? With pounding heart I realized that the answer was 'yes', and entered the arena.

The plan was that we would spend all that Monday going through the first lecture with the BBC team, leading to a dress rehearsal on the Tuesday morning followed by the live first lecture that afternoon. This would be edited ready to go out on BBC2 the following Monday. On the

Wednesday morning the whole sequence was repeated leading to the second lecture, which was given on the Thursday afternoon and transmitted the following Tuesday. And then again on Friday and Saturday, for the third lecture - for transmission next Wednesday - by which time, exhausted, I had completed three of the five hours.

The remaining two lectures were rehearsed and given on the Monday to Thursday of the following week, the entire sequence being broadcast, one a day, on the Monday to Friday. This meant that as the first performance went out on TV on the Monday afternoon, we still had not yet given the final two lectures. What if some disaster struck?

It was at the start of the fourth lecture that I was due to do my updated Tarzan act. No mere rope and swinging here; the plan was that I would abseil in through the roof, some thirty metres above the heads of the audience. I walked up the stairs outside the theatre to the roof of the RI. I was like Marley's ghost, clanking with the chains that would attach me to the rope. In front of me was a safety officer, behind me the sound engineer, ahead of us was a small wooden door that led to the lobby where the trapdoor in the roof had been opened for my descent. There was no escape. Thoughts of a condemned prisoner accompanied by prison governor and priest en route to the final descent on the rope flashed through my mind, as with increasing panic I realized that there was no way out - other than down into the theatre.

The theme music played, the audience waited and, unannounced, I entered from the heavens above. And as had been the case in 1985, the entrance was applauded loud and long, leaving me suspended on the rope with burned hands as I had descended, nervously, too fast. Overall the lectures were great fun, and it was strange being accosted afterwards by people whom I had never met, who had seen me on the television and felt they knew me. But there was one point, as I was watching the audience entering the theatre for the third lecture when I suddenly wondered 'what am I doing here?' I had an internal conflict: I am a scientist, who enjoys popularizing, but here I was doing it every day, with people coming in large numbers to take part, and I felt like an actor, and somehow not myself. For a brief moment I sympathized with professional actors, speaking someone else's lines every night; at least the lines in my case were my own, and each lecture was unique, but I found myself questioning the whole exercise.

I have often been concerned that popularization can interfere with one's 'serious' science. Even the act of putting quotes around 'serious' suggests that popularization is not serious. The reality is far from this.

Popularization requires deep insight, and it is hard to produce. Once written, if successful, it comes across smoothly and appears to have been produced without effort. Nothing could be further from the truth. A research paper of several thousand words may take less time to write than

an 800 word popular piece. Carl Sagan was a research astronomer of considerable significance, but was regarded with suspicion by several colleagues because he was 'too popular' and, apparently, prevented by a caucus from election to the US National Academy of Science. Thankfully this attitude is changing. However, I would question whether this is because popularization is regarded as a 'good thing' in its own right, or perhaps because increasingly scientists, like anyone, need good PR.

Serious popularization is one thing, but there is a thin line between this and 'custard pie' science, where gee-whiz and special effects dominate and the real education value can be lost. Even though science is claimed to be more prevalent in the media now than hitherto, I fear that too much is driven by sensational computer effects and the quality of Jacob Bronowski has long since been lost. The Royal Institution Christmas Lectures have been successful as they have involved the children as part of the performance, as participants in experiments, and the special charm of the expert as performer has carried them through. But will this remain the case? They have moved from BBC2 to Channel 4; the style last year subtly differed, as is to be expected with a new production team, but the pressure to make them more 'professional' could have the danger of making them less authentic.

Whether I thought all of these things in my panic attack of 1993, I doubt. There was not enough time. The theatre was suddenly full, the theme music began and the performance began.

Following the lectures I have become fascinated with the asymmetries that appear to be necessary for life to have emerged. This crosses the boundaries of physics, chemistry biology and culture: why are there more right handers than left? Does water really flow down the plughole in opposite senses in the northern and southern hemispheres? You can find the answers in *Lucifer's Legacy* (OUP). It is true that the Sun moves across the sky from right to left in the southern hemisphere, the opposite sense to what we in the north perceive. This was one of the surprising features in the solar eclipse that I saw in Zambia in June, and contrasted with that in Britain in 1999, and with which I began this article.

I have continued to write about science for *The Guardian*, and my most recent offering (which appeared on August 9 this year) dealt with the eclipse. It was one of the most remarkable experiences of my life, and I hope that what follows will encourage you to experience one for yourself some day.

We had chosen an island in the middle of the Zambezi, with hippos wallowing in the shallows. I had calculated the time of start, and more important, of the end of totality. You can watch totality through binoculars, or at least with the naked eye. It is probably Nature's most wondrous spectacle. But be careful not to be looking through a telescope or binocular or camera at the end of totality. The sudden rush of daylight

is instantaneous and lethal for the eye fully opened in what was a moment ago darkness.

All this I explained to the assembled audience as the great show was about to start. None the less, everyone faithfully put on their eclipse goggles and, in some cases, never removed them, even during totality. What sights they missed. As a disc of pure blackness began to slide across the face of the Sun, dusk began to fall.

But it was a strange twilight. Jaco Visagie, manager of the Chiawa bush camp and an expert on the fauna, had gone downstream to record the behaviour of the animals and birds. He told me 'Turtle doves began flying low across the trees, and vultures coming in to roost circled lower and lower, like at a normal sunset, except that at the onset of totality, darkness was so sudden that the vultures landed in the dark. It seemed like a normal evening for them, but for us humans it was strange: the light got dimmer but the shadows didn't lengthen.'

Like me, he noticed his shadow take on a split personality, showing strange bifurcations as the crescent remnant of the fast disappearing sun illuminated us wanly in the deepening gloom. As totality approached, there was an unbearably intense sense of anticipation. The air cooled, darkness rushed upon us, and hippos began to leave the river for dry land - right where our cameras were set up.

The Moon's shadow brought night to the dome of the sky directly overhead. If you looked up myopically, you saw stars as if it was normal night. But in the midst of the night was an awesome sight, the stuff of nightmares. A circle of profound blackness, a veritable hole in the sky, was surrounded by shimmering white light. One of the Zambian camp staff described it, in awe 'as if I was looking into the valley of death with the lights of Heaven far away calling for me to enter.' The contrast was like marble that is floodlit in the darkness of night.

Then as one shifted one's view further, the night was revealed to be only in a dome above us, as if floating on a purple sea which in turn rested on a 360 degree sunset. It was as if we were witnessing the end of the world. We were still on the Earth, with what was left of sunlight sunk to the ground; the depths of infinite space were hovering above, as if threatening to drown us in the ultimate holocaust. It was simultaneously ghastly, beautiful, supernatural.

The vision was such that I thought, 'if there is a heaven, this is what its entrance is like.' The heavenly vision demanded music by Mozart; instead we had the crickets. Crickets had started chirping up to ten minutes before totality and continued throughout, aided and abetted by the deep 'ho-ho' of the hippos and a chorus of frogs.

By contrast, Momba, the tame ground hornbill at Chiawa, appeared oblivious of the spectacle of the heavens and spent her time trying to

peck the shiny protective spectacles from some of our heads. The eclipse was predicted to last some three and a half minutes, and my watch confirmed this, yet emotions were so charged that I could swear on oath that time had stood still and the whole event had lasted less than a minute.

Then when the 'diamond ring' effect lit the edge of the Moon, daylight returned in an instant. Jaco Visagie reported that 'in that moment, wildlife took up its day routines, carrying on as if waking from a catatonic state, as if nothing had happened. Seven hornbills flew out from a tree where they had been roosting only moments earlier.' A wall of darkness rushed away to the east.

There were two noticeable differences between Cornwall and Zambia. First, we were in the southern hemisphere and so the Moon ate up the Sun from the left rather than its right. The second difference involved the Moon's shadow as it rushed across the face of the Earth at the start of totality.

In August 1999 we had marvelled at the Moon's shadow heralding the eclipse at a kilometre each second. But in Zambia it was barely noticeable. It turns out that the solstice is special. On June 21 the Sun is as far from the Earth as it gets, and so appears smaller in the remote distance than it does when it is relatively nearer, as it is in August. Thus in the configuration that we experienced on June 21, the Moon ate up almost the entire solar disc before the diamond ring signalled the start of totality. In August 1999, when the Moon filled slightly less of the disc, daylight's last gleaming, though still a thin wisp, was a larger arc of some 90 degrees: the contrast between the instant before and after totality was greater. At least, that is the theory we came up with. And every theory needs experimental test, which will merit a trip to another eclipse. I have become an eclipse junky. I am planning on Turkey in 2006: March 29, thankfully in the Easter vacation.

Frank Close

Is Your Body Yours?

'Is your body yours?' is a question that until recently the law has rarely had to address. But as technologies develop and bodies become potentially valuable sources of organs for transplant and genetic material, courts are being asked to resolve increasingly complex disputes over the body. The law's approach to such issues has been governed by two key principles. First that the body is not property and therefore cannot be owned, bought or sold. This reflects the concern that the body should not become commercialized. There is something sacred about the body which means that it should not be sullied by the label 'property', with

the market-based legal regulation that would follow. Second is the principle of bodily integrity: a person should not be touched without his or her consent. Even if a doctor is convinced that an operation will be in a patient's interests, it would be unlawful for him or her to perform it, without the consent of the patient (unless the patient is incompetent). Both these principles are largely based on a premise that our bodies are ours. It is this presumption I wish (to a limited extent) to challenge.

I would argue that to say 'my body is mine' is only part of a proper understanding of the body. It claims too much and too little. Too much because the body is more than just 'mine'; in some sense it *is* me. As Justice Mosk explains the body is 'the physical and temporal expression of the unique human persona'. To regard our bodies as simply something that we own and use in order to achieve our goals fails to capture the core differences between our bodies and other objects that we use to achieve our ends. For many people their bodies and their aims in life are intimately connected. Our bodies are not merely objects to reach goals but are integral to our goals. Without our bodies many of the plans we have for our lives would be unattainable. Not only that, to other people our bodies represent what we are: what they see identifies us and can determine how they treat us. In these senses ours bodies are not just 'ours' they capture part of our essence.

Saying, 'my body is mine' claims too little in that it fails to capture the interconnectedness of our bodies with other people's bodies and with the world around us. Bodies begin and develop in a relationship of connectedness with another body. In pregnancy, the foetus and the mother share fluids and space. Even following birth the baby is dependent on the mother's body for food and nurture. Without the body of the mother (or some other carer) the body of the baby would not survive. The mother must perform the acts for the baby that the baby would need to perform for herself if she were capable. In old age or disability again the body of one person may be dependent on the bodies of others. The body of a person caring for a dependant can be directed to carry out the functions the dependant would wish to carry out with her own body. So, if the carer breaks an arm this could restrict the lifestyle of the dependant more than if she herself had broken her own arm. In a wider sense, it is in sharing our bodies with others that our bodies acquire meaning. A whole range of human actions that we value highly involve the interconnection of bodies. In activities ranging from sexual relations to handshakes, from sports to massage, many of the pleasures of the body are found in interacting with other bodies. Therefore, to describe our bodies simply as 'ours' fails to capture the significance that for part of our lives our bodies are dependent upon and/or involved in connection with other bodies.

The argument can be taken further. Our bodies are also interconnected with the world around us. The body takes in food, which in due course

is removed as excreta and urine, and returned to the earth. Air is inhaled and exhaled. Inside our bodies bacteria play crucial roles in the working of the body, being replenished with new bacteria from outside. The body is therefore not a single static organism by any means: it is constantly changing and interacting with the world around it. It gives to the world and receives from the world. Even our genetic patterns, which are unique to us, are shared to a large extent with other animals and, of course, come from our parents, and may be passed on to any children we have.

Further, to see the body as a given, non-changing entity that is inviolate, is artificial. To give just three examples: first, the limits of our bodies are constantly changing, as cells die and fall off, and new cells are created. By the time we die there is little of us biologically that is the same as when we were born. Second, following birth the exact place where the following umbilical cord falls off is a matter of chance and so the exact shape of the tummy button is arbitrary. Third, some wheel-chair users record that, to them, their wheel chairs become as parts of their body and that, for example, touching their wheel chair is regarded as an invasion of the person. All of these demonstrate that the body is not a static entity; it is a complex constantly changing entity, whose boundaries and constitution are not fixed. To summarize, so far it has been suggested that crucial to our understanding of bodies should be the following: that the interconnection of our body with other bodies and the world around us is both natural and indeed necessary for life; that it is false to see our bodies as inviolate entities, since their substance is constantly changing.

What consequences might such a perspective have in practice for the law? One topic will be briefly considered here: organ transfer from cadavers. It will be possible to give only the briefest, vaguest and incomplete outline of the law here, which is governed by the Human Tissue Act 1961. In summary the Act states that a registered medical practitioner can remove organs after death for transplant if either:

(a) the deceased gave consent to the use by:

    (i) executing a written request while alive, which has not been withdrawn; or

    (ii) orally giving consent during his last illness; or

(b) the person in lawful possession of body (e.g. the hospital) after reasonable enquiries believes neither the deceased, nor spouse, nor relations have objected.

The legal regulation here is based on the view that our bodies are ours and our organs should not be removed and given to another unless there is the clearest evidence that the deceased or their relatives gave their consent. In practice many doctors are unwilling to rely on the Act if close relatives object to the transfer of organs, even if the deceased had consented to the removal.

The law and practice appear based on a perception that organ donation is in some sense 'unnatural' and that we need the clearest of consents from the deceased to permit it. The view expressed above would suggest that the transplantation of organs from one body to another is in fact a reflection of the normal interchange and interdependence of bodies with each other. The reception of an organ from another person can be seen as just another example of the mutable nature of the body. Donation of body parts and products should not be seen as a bizarre activity which the law should reluctantly permit people to do only if it is convinced they really want to and there is good reason to permit them to do so.

This perspective would then support the well known view in favour of an 'opt out' approach to organ transfer from the deceased: organs can be removed from deceased people for transplant unless they have clearly indicated their opposition. However, here the proposal in not made on the basis of the straight-forward utilitarian arguments normally relied upon (it is more important to save the lives of the living than be concerned about not respecting the unexpressed opposition of the deceased). Rather the argument is that organ donation reflects and supports the interchange between different bodies and between our bodies and that the world around us is an inevitable part of what it is to be a human with a body.

Jonathan Herring[1]

[1] This material is developed in my contribution to *Body Lore and Laws*, edited by A Bainham, M Richards and S Day Sclater (Hart, 2001).

Kenyan Jam Factory[1]

This summer I travelled to Kenya to do volunteer work at the JAM FACTORY, a community development project near Oyugis in the West of Kenya near lake Victoria. I went as part of a Travelaid team, a university based charity founded only this year by students who had just come back from doing voluntary work abroad. This year there were four projects: Kenya, Georgia, Sri-Lanka and Equador.

I had always wanted to go to Kenya as my parents were married there, while they were teaching near Thompsons Falls. However that was twenty-seven years ago, so I knew that the Kenya I was about to go to was likely to be very different from the one they had left. As I ran around in the few days before putting together sterile needles and having injections (including a fluorescent pink rabies injection costing £90!) I started to think 'you really have got out of your depth this time!'.

When the six of us got off the plane in Nairobi I still couldn't believe I had actually made it, and nothing had gone wrong. I wasn't going to

[1] JAM stands for 'Jesus and me'.

count my chickens though, having read about how dangerous Nairobi is. Luckily the transport to take us from the airport to the bus station turned up. We were taken through what looked like a greyer, more boring, more dirty version of every other city I'd ever seen, to the next panic: the bus to Kissumu was full. After confusing us for a bit while we were worrying about where on earth we were going to go, the man behind the desk casually decided that he'd lay on another bus. Happily this kind of random luck, when I didn't really understand what was going on, was to be repeated over the next two months. We ended up at the adjoining greasy café for my first taste of Kenyan food: rice, beans and fried cabbage. I was pleasantly surprised actually - like stir fry! We didn't dare leave the safety of our little café into the streets of Nairobi below, so we stayed there playing cards until the bus came, six hours after we'd arrived.

We met up with Elizabeth Fielden, the co-ordinator of the Amani project (which shares it's compound with JAM), in the New Generation Café - to become our favourite haunt in Kissumu on our many subsequent visits. Amani is a Christian Development project founded twenty years ago by Elizabeth, when she was sixty years old. She lived in a tent with just one other volunteer helper for two years. It has now developed into a lively community, employing about fifty people in a range of initiatives from AIDS education to teaching carpentry and household skills.

As we drove out of Kissumu towards Oyugis I got my first view of Kenya: little clumps of thatched mud huts, tiny spiky trees with flat tops, women with their children tied on their backs with kangas (patterned tie around skirt) working in the fields, little kids pushing along tyres with sticks or their little cars made of wire along the deep red earth. It was so colourful and so different from anything I had ever seen - everything I had hoped it would be. All six of us were sitting there with the wind in our hair, clinging on for dear life as we gazed at the snapshots of Kenyan life flashing past, grinning like maniacs!

A burst tyre at 100kph soon wiped the smiles off our faces though! Relieved to be alive, we attempted to mend it, but after snapping off one of the bolts it was decided that as we had not slept in quite some time we should give up and get a matatu. Matatus are little local buses: they stop wherever you flag them down and charge next to nothing, but they try to cram as many people as possible in and never get moving till they have people literally hanging out of the doors and luggage and goods tied to the top making them so top heavy it's amazing they don't just topple over! I've often had half a dozen chickens tied together under my seat, and seen matatus with sheep actually tied to the roof with all the luggage! They are usually so falling apart and so badly and speedily driven that it's hardly surprising to read the frequent stories in the paper about wheels coming off or drivers losing control, causing the matatus to overturn and kill people. The matatu was stopped by a police check

on the way. The driver reached out his hand to greet the policeman, slipping a bribe into his hand. Everything fine, drive on! This was so typical - you can get out of almost anything by giving a bribe of less than a quid. Eventually, we were dropped at the bottom of a long hill which lead up the twenty-minute walk to the present site of Amani.

It has come a long way from the original tent - including a conference centre for generating extra income, the offices of JAM, the Rainbow nursery school, a computer room, offices, woodwork and tailoring training rooms as well as Elizabeth's house, which is beautifully designed, her son being an architect.

The next day we met Kennedy, the co-ordinator of the JAM project, who was going to organize our activities. He is twenty-five and turned down a fast-track government traineeship to come back to work at JAM, where he had volunteered after finishing secondary school. He has twenty-three orphans living with him whose parents have died of AIDS. Originally the idea was that they could be looked after by the widows, two or three children to each one, but this didn't work, so now Kennedy and his family are looking after them themselves. People started to hear about him, and more and more keep coming but unfortunately he has had to start turning them away because he has to support them all himself, which costs about £130 a year per child - a bargain by our standards but impossible on a Kenyan salary!

The JAM Factory project started life as an offshoot of Amani and a holiday club for kids. It has now developed into a financially independent community-based project, and is soon to have its own offices. One of JAM's main activities is a widows' project encouraging women not to be 'inherited' by their late husbands' brothers - a local tradition partly to blame for the high incidence of HIV/AIDS in the area. As well as infecting the husband and his other wives, she will give birth to HIV positive babies. Sentenced to death from the day they are born, most will die before their fifth birthday. JAM has various projects for AIDS orphans and will hopefully soon be running an orphanage to care for those who have nowhere else to go.

The first Saturday we were there was a youth day, when local youths went to clean the local hospital in the morning before the main event in the afternoon with singing and talks. It was very AIDS orientated as about 50% of beds in Kenya are taken by people with AIDS-related illnesses. The place was absolutely filthy, used broken needles and nearly empty blood transfusion packets lying on the floor. The patients were two or even three to a bed, which consisted of a wipe-down plastic covered thin mattress on a rusty looking metal frame.

After the cleaning, each school group did a poem, song or dance. We gave a talk about safe, responsible sex. Listening to other speeches, I heard for the first time the ABCD slogan that fronts the AIDS awareness

campaign over there - it's even written inside condom packets. A is for **Abstinence**. If you really can't manage that then B is for **Being faithful** to one uninfected partner. If you can't do that then C is for **Condoms**. And if won't even do that then D is for **Death**.

At the youth day I found out the latest figures about HIV/AIDS. In Kenya overall 14.5% of people are HIV positive and in the western province, it's 30%. This may be because they have traditions that help to spread aids, such as wife inheritance, and also because they still practice a lot of traditional medicine. Male and female circumcision is still widely carried out, not so much in the Luo tribe where I was, but in the Kisii tribe nearby. The type of 'doctor' who would carry out these traditional procedures seems very unlikely to sterilize his instruments. Many people don't even think that AIDS exists: if you fall ill with AIDS they believe it is because you have broken one of their cultural taboos, and it is your punishment from God.

In Kenya, 700 people a day die of AIDS: every ten days you have the equivalent of the September 11 disaster, and 1000 people are infected every day. In 2000 there were one million aids orphans, which is expected to rise to two and half million by 2002. Children as young as seven are left to support their younger brothers and sisters. Out of the 35 million people with HIV/AIDS worldwide, 24.5 million are in Sub-Saharan Africa, even though only 10% of the world's population live in this region.

After running some errands in Oyugis, Kennedy took us to a local school. The others were busy singing and entertaining the younger kids. Thinking we would be doing the same, we followed Kennedy into the classroom, where he threw us into the deep end by saying we were going to teach them about AIDS! We had nothing prepared because originally we were supposed to be helping build a new kitchen and helping out with whatever Amani needed doing, so all we knew about AIDS was what we had been taught in school years ago! Anyway, we did our best. We explained to them how AIDS is transmitted, how it is not transmitted, how to prevent it, and then handed out little pieces of paper for them to write questions on. Nearly everyone wrote at least something. Questions ranged from 'Can you still get pregnant using the withdrawl method?' and 'Can young people get aids?' to 'If I don't have a condom can I use a polythene bag or some ice instead?'!

Rather worrying if unsurprising was the lack of resources available to them. Even if they did want to be safer, there was nowhere the children could go to for more information, and they could hardly ask their parents for money to go and buy condoms! We asked the headmaster if we could bring back condoms to hand out, but as the children were aged between fourteen and sixteen he said they were too young and shouldn't be doing that sort of thing anyway. This was an attitude we

came across frequently - people refused to accept that teenagers are not going to abstain. Statistics show that by the age of twenty most people have already had at least five different sexual partners. He eventually agreed to let us come back to do a condom demonstration and leave a box of condoms with him, so that if they wanted them they could come and ask (unlikely but better than nothing!). On the way out, the female teachers actually called us aside and asked if we could bring them some condoms for their own use!

When we got home we discussed this with Anna, a second-year at Cambridge who was doing AIDS research for her thesis. She had done interviews with local children and found exactly the same thing - there was just nowhere they could get information from. There were two empty buildings at the bottom of the hill, one of which was going to be an orphanage and the other was vaguely planned for a resource centre but had been left for the time being for lack of money to buy books or finish the building. So we decided to start a youth group. We named it SAFI, for Safe And Free Information. SAFI means 'clean', 'fresh' or 'cool' in Swahili, which admittedly would make it sound rather 'uncool' to people in England, but in Kenya I never came across the condescending attitude that is so common here.

Delighted now to have a goal, we set about planning everything that would be needed before the grand opening. We decided to paint the building white, with black stick people holding hands all the way round the outside to make it stand out from the road, as most of the houses are the colour of the red earth they are made of. We had a massive signboard made to go by the road, so people would know what it was. We made posters for the inside, with information about AIDS and other STDs and also how to use a condom properly.

The next day we set off back to the school armed with a box of one hundred condoms. We stopped on the way to find the most penis-like bananas for our demonstration - which was actually quite difficult because they have lots of small sweet bananas in Kenya! After the demonstration we split the children into small groups to let everyone have a go, which is when it all started to go wrong because the spermicide on the condoms made the bananas go black and burst which hardly helped in persuading them condoms were simple and safe!

Anna was now about to leave and wanted to get some youths together in a discussion group for the last part of her research. Predictably we sat around for about two hours with our massive jug of orange juice waiting for people to turn up. The discussion was worth waiting for though. When we brought up the issue of condoms it was met with a complete dismissal even by the volunteers who spent all their time promoting them! Only two people said they had ever used one, and the rest were coming up with things like 'Would you want to eat a sweet with its

wrapper on?' and 'Would you eat a banana in its peel?'. They were saying that Luos like to feel flesh upon flesh and there was no persuading them otherwise. They said that even if they were to suggest using a condom to their partners, it would be taken as an insult - as if you were accusing them of being unfaithful or having AIDS, or admitting to it yourself. Girls can't even suggest it for contraceptive purposes because by that age many are married, so saying you want to avoid pregnancy at all costs is showing lack of commitment. They also seemed to have very little faith in condoms - one of the volunteers even declared that the microscopic spaces in a condom were bigger than the diameter of the HIV virus and that condoms were only 30% effective. At least they didn't suggest using ice!

With this anti-condom attitude it's no surprise that there are so many teenage pregnancies. At the beginning of every school year the girls have a compulsory pregnancy test, and are then counselled if it is positive, because many of them try to perform an abortion themselves by taking overdoses or other strange potions, which seem just as likely to kill them as the baby. And as abortion isn't available from normal doctors or at hospitals, going to get it done 'properly' doesn't seem much safer.

The Kenyans were always so optimistic about everything, always relaxed and convinced that everything would turn out fine while we were sitting there worrying. They seemed to think nothing could hurt them. The sad thing is that they seem to apply this to AIDS, just avoiding the issue until it's too late.

I also heard a lot about child abuse. Apparently it's very common in schools and families, especially with orphans who have gone to their relatives to be looked after. Kennedy told me about a little girl who was living on her own as both her parents had died: one night a group of men, knowing she was on her own, went to the house and raped her one after the other. She was found dead in the nearby trees. This is why Kennedy wants the orphans to come and live with him. My father told me that when he was in Kenya it was widely believed that sex with a virgin could cure gonhorrea, which would lead to the rapes of children as young as infants, and unfortunately such beliefs are still prevalent. In Swaziland, the King, in an effort to combat AIDS, is forcing all young virgins to wear an umcwasho, a yellow and blue tastle, on their heads. Men who violate the umcwasho by even touching a virgin will be fined a cow. However, the girls fear that in a country where many men believe that sleeping with a virgin is a cure for AIDS, the umcwasho will make them walking targets.

A few days later we went to another school to teach about AIDS. This time we were a little more prepared, with empty coke bottles instead of bananas! The lesson went well - they could obviously understand

English better, as this was a secondary school. Secondary school is supposed to be started at fourteen and last for four years, but as children have to wait for money to be available, if it ever is, they often don't finish school until their mid-twenties.

We left a box of condoms on the table and told them we'd leave another behind the classrooms so that they could take them without having to tell anyone. But, when we finished the lesson, the teachers ushered us out of the classroom saying they needed to have a word with the kids and when they came out they took the box of condoms with them. We later found out through Bettie, who had overheard what they said, that they had told the students that we had been promoting condoms and that was bad and they should be abstaining, and so they confiscated them!

After the lesson we went into the staff room and met a man who said he was a peer educator. He was twenty-two and had attended a course on HIV/AIDS and sex education last year, and was now voluntarily going round schools in the area teaching a few classes. He showed us the teaching aid he had, with big pictures on one side and writing on the opposite side for him to read while they could see the pictures, so that he could reach the illiterate. He asked us if we could give him some information about the biological side of AIDS, how exactly it is transmitted and how it attacks the body. He said his knowledge wasn't detailed enough to answer the questions he was being asked as well as his own curiosity. Books were out of the question, costing the same in Kenya as they do here, yet salaries are about £30 a month, if you're lucky enough to be working at all. We told him about the new resource centre at SAFI and he was very excited about it. He said he would definitely be there at the opening party in two weeks time.

That weekend I stayed over at Bettie's house. She was teaching me to be Kenyan. I learned to carry things on my head, fetch water from the well, harvest maize, fetch water from the spring to do washing up, cook chapatis, and some basic Luo. It was great - all her little brothers and sisters were laughing at me and clapping when I finally made it across the compound with a little bucket on my head! They live on a big compound, basically the family land, where all the descendants of her great grandfather live, so there are about twenty-three little children running around! There were about eight little mud huts with one big room where each family lived. Bettie's mum gave me a very pretty katanga with peacocks on it. She gave the same one to Bettie too, so that when went travelling we could have matching skirts! They're all so generous, given that they have so little. They gave me a massive meal when I came back from helping harvest the maize - cabbage, rice, chapati and spaghetti! I felt so mean eating it, especially as they kept giving me more and more, and you know they can't really afford it, for after I've finished there are probably another fifteen children waiting outside to be fed.

Most mornings we spent down at SAFI, painting. We painted the outside and then used the leftover paint to paint the inside wall up to the bottom of the windows. We didn't have enough paint to paint all of it but it just made the mud walls, smeared with a cement made of earth mixed with water and cow dung, look a bit more cheerful. We had a great little band of helpers from Kennedy's house next door. I had one orphan holding my paint pot for me and another holding the 'ladder' (it consisted of two branches in an upside down V shape with a few smaller branches nailed across for steps) while I painted the top of the building. We had many more of them just standing around gazing at us. I suppose they'd probably never seen anyone paint a house before, especially with little stick men!

The Friday before the opening we decided to do a bit of publicity in town. We had as many leaflets photocopied as we could afford and made a banner out of a 3.5m piece of fabric and some poster paints, with some branches nailed on to it to hold it up. 'SAFI Youth Group opening party - Thursday 2.00' with more little stick men across the centre, this time wearing crazy outfits, alternate boys and girls all with different hairstyles. We then marched through the chaos of Oyugis market carrying our blue banner. In England people walk round you to avoid leaflets, but in Kenya, because they were free, everyone wanted them. The youth group was meant for 15-25 year olds and we had old women practically begging us for the leaflets!

As the day drew near we finished the last minute preparations: buying a massive crate of biscuits, sugar and teabags and setting up the site. We printed out all of the membership cards and sign-up sheets, and attached all the posters to a wooden strip on the wall, using a mixture of drawing pins and pieces of string! The JAM volunteers made a big shelter for everyone to sit under out of straw mats. I just hoped that some people were going to turn up!

Eventually the big day came. SAFI was looking great, with its stick men and women and black zig-zags around the windows. I pinned balloons to the top of the canopy using bits of twig. Kennedy had managed to find a tape player and a big loud speaker, which was blaring out music from the middle of our field! The widows were all there to make the tea in a massive pot balanced on three stones over a charcoal fire. They were all kitted out in aprons on which they had written 'JAM factory widows group'! The widows were the jolliest group of people I have ever seen. There were massive communication problems as they didn't speak any English and my knowledge of the Luo language is only enough to ask if they are fine or not, but they were just so friendly and full of hope and smiles all the time.

At three o'clock our smiles had somewhat faded though, as absolutely no one had turned up. There were the four volunteers, us, the widows,

Kennedy and some of his orphans who had come to look at the strange spectacle. Kennedy had arranged for all kinds of important people to come: the head of Heffa Project International in the West of Kenya (who had given the widows their cows), the head the HIV/AIDS awareness campaign in the region, who had agreed to supply the centre with free condoms, and various local government officials. At 3.30, with only five youths, which was shocking as we were offering not only a free party but free drinks, we started. Between every speech we had dancing, everyone was having fun laughing at us trying to dance Kenyan style, which involves shaking your bum and your knees at the same time - impossible! Then finally, at four o'clock, six more youths came in and by 4.30 the place was full of youths - thank God (only two and a half hours late)! The widows were all dancing away round their massive tea container but too shy to come out and dance at the front. They went round collecting the cups, too polite to take any of the biscuits that everyone was devouring until we actually took them to them. The peer educator from the secondary school had turned up, he told us that after the lesson, loads of the kids had come and asked him for the free condoms back, and all 200 of them were given out! By the end of the day we had signed up about 150 members!

I had a very rewarding time in Kenya. After travelling with Bettie I went back to Oyugis for the last week of my stay. I attended one of the SAFI meetings. It was great: everyone was so open. The volunteers had a teaching aid book from which they were asking questions about AIDS. They're also having regular debates about topics such as education for girls, and they've even started a drama club and a football team. Kennedy is planning to set up a medical clinic soon, which given the state (and distance) of the local hospital is much needed. I'd like to take a group of volunteers back next year to help with the building, do more aids awareness and hopefully take over some medical supplies if I can get some donated from companies over here. If anyone would like to find out more about helping the project or maybe sponsoring one of Kennedy's orphans through school, I can be contacted through College, and any help would be much appreciated.

Sarayna Little (2000)

The Nevill Coghill Poetry Prize

A new prize has been established to promote the writing of poetry in colleges. It is open to the Fellows, students and staff of Exeter, Lincoln, Mansfield, Merton, Somerville and St Hugh's.

This year the competition was judged by Tom Paulin, Bernard O'Donoghue, Jayanta Padmanabha and Cyril Barrett, who awarded the £500 prize to Donovan Rees of St Hugh's College for his poem 'Pig'.

Pig

We had been looking at how
The Incas had experimented with terracing
To see which crops grew best
At which heights and temperatures.
Each layer of the agricultural
Amphitheatre was the height of a man,
And as we descended
We felt like minor Dantes, disappointed
At how empty hell seemed.

The boys walked home with us.
They had been here before the Spaniards,
Speaking an older language,
And worked the terraces,
Each new generation figured
In concentrics like trees.
But they dusted their shoes with dry earth
That had seen them four times a day
As they scuffed it round this curve
In the path, in the intimate present
Of children, and ate our chocolate
Like all boys, unburdened by history.
Tacking back and forth between
Two points, they would know
Where it all led.
(When paths divide, we can see
Where they meet ahead: there are no
Trees on the campo.)

I remembered later how farmhands
Loaded pigs onto the bus, tied into bags
And grunting softly below our feet.
And as the plane took off into unclear skies
I strapped myself in tighter, and watched
As the screen holding the map of our route
Went blank and ungrounded.

Staff News

I am delighted to have been offered space in the *Register* to inform Old Members of some developments among the College Staff. Exeter is very fortunate in the current difficult conditions of full employment in Oxford to have a core of loyal, hard-working and caring staff, popular with Junior Members and conference guests alike, who pass on the tradition of friendly service to newer members and keep College functioning efficiently. They in turn are fortified by retired staff members who keep in touch with us and visit from time to time to regale us with marvellous tales of 'how things used to be'.

Prominent among the last is Bill Stone (now 88) who will be remembered by the more senior among you. Though now retired, he is still very much with us, trawling through the personal columns of *The Times* and *Telegraph* every week for news of Old Members, whose names he instantly recognizes.

Those who have gone down more recently will surely remember Sybil Pitter, Chris Caddick and Irene Jones, Scouts on Staircases 10 and 11, 5 and 7, and 3 respectively. The first two are, thankfully, still going strong but Irene died after a long battle with leukaemia last April. Her funeral in Blackbird Leys, attended by many staff, was a wonderfully uplifting occasion full of the joy and good-humour which had characterized her life. The previous October we also lost Alex Gold, half-brother and guardian of John Preston (who was quad-porter during the late 70s and early 80s). Though primarily employed as accommodation storeman, Alex often helped out on staircases and was well-known and popular among Junior Members, as the capacity turn-out at his funeral in the Chapel proved.

Other, less poignant but nonetheless sincere, farewells have been said to Ian Warwick who left last December after 9 years as Catering Manager to become Manciple of Jesus College, Cambridge; to Ray Morse (a Scout for 20 years) and his wife Margaret (a Hall assistant for 10 years) who retired last May; and John Hill, who left in July after 10 years in the Lodge for a life of active retirement in Spain.

Among those we have welcomed onto the Staff are Imrana Sharif as Steward's Assistant; Joan Himpson in the new, senior post of Academic Administrator; Sally Clarke in the College Office; in the Kitchen, our new Head Chef, Mark Willoughby and Third Chef, Simon Williams; and Ashley Coombes as John Hill's replacement in the Lodge. Clear signs of the changing times in which we live are the appointments of Mark Phillips as Computing Officer (and assistant to our Computing Systems Manager, Jonathan Marks), and Ted Lewis as Health & Safety Operative. These are new posts necessitated by the expectations of today's students (and Fellows!), and by the demands of modern legisla-

tion. Last, but not least, is Victoria (Tori) Lee who has arrived from St Hilda's and will be the new voice on the line when you call the Development Office. (And perhaps I should also mention Owen, born on 6 July to Debra Hickman from the Accounts Office. Debra is still on maternity leave but Owen has been to visit us and seemed approving!)

With a total of just 72 members of staff (including those in the Iffley and Woodstock Road Hostels), Exeter remains very much a small community where people know each other and an atmosphere not unlike that of an extended family prevails. Long may this continue.

Susan Marshall
(Home Bursar)

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 W B Stewart, Finance & Estates Bursar, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Pure Mathematics
Dr J R L Maddicott, Official Fellow (1985 Appeal), Librarian, Keeper of the Archives & Lecturer in Medieval History
Dr J D P Donnelly, Official Fellow (Nevinson) & Lecturer in Applied Mathematics
Professor R A Dwek, Professorial Fellow
Professor S Gordon, Professorial Fellow
Professor I D L Michael, Professorial Fellow
Dr M W Hart, Sub-Rector, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Politics
Professor J M Brown, Official Fellow, Tutor for Admissions & Lecturer in Chemistry
Professor R D Vaughan-Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Human Physiology
Professor G O Hutchinson, Official Fellow (Rossiter) & Lecturer in Classical Languages and Literature
Ms S E Marshall, Official Fellow & Home Bursar
Professor S D Fredman, Official Fellow (Quarrell) & Lecturer in Law
Professor H Watanabe, Official Fellow & Lecturer in German
Ms J Johnson, Senior Tutor, Official Fellow (Ashby) & Lecturer in English
Dr H L Spencer, Official Fellow & Lecturer in English
Dr M E Taylor, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Biochemistry
Professor E M Jeffreys, Professorial Fellow
Professor H C Watkins, Professorial Fellow
Dr F N Dabhoiwala, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern History

The Reverend S W P Hampton, Official Fellow & Chaplain
Mr J J Herring, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law
Dr P Johnson, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Management
Dr J Roeper, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto) & Tutor for Graduates
Dr A M Steane, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Dr 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
Professor F E Close, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Physics
Dr A J Blocker, Senior Research Fellow
Dr S Das, Reader, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Earth Sciences
Dr B Morison, Official Fellow (Michael Cohen) & Lecturer in Philosophy

Honours and Appointments

C ALBISTON (1972), appointed Police Chief of Kosovo by the United Nations.

P AUDI (1975), appointed by Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands to the order of the Dutch Lion for services to Dutch cultural life in 2000, appointed Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur by the President of France, awarded the Prins Bernhard Cultuurfonds Theaterprijs for his work as Artistic Director of De Nederlandse Opera in 2001.

J BROWN (Fellow), awarded a grant by the Leverhulme Trust to investigate carbon chain molecules of astrophysical interest.

N BYRNE (1972), awarded a National Teaching Fellowship by the Institute of Learning and Teaching 2001.

F CLOSE (Fellow), elected Fellow of the Institute of Physics, appointed OBE, appointed Vice-President of The British Association for the Advancement of Science, appointed Professor of Astronomy, Gresham College London, elected Member of Physics Advisory Committee, DoE Jefferson Lab, USA, appointed member of the Editorial Board of *Contemporary Physics* and *Journal of Physics.*

R M COHEN (1964), appointed Knight in the New Year Honours List 2001.

J M CRESSWELL (1968), appointed Deputy Head of Mission at the British Embassy in Berlin.

P JOB (1958), appointed Knight in the Birthday Honours List 2001.

P P KUCZYNSKI, appointed Minister of Finances in Peru 2001.

J A KUFUOR (1961), elected President of Ghana 2001.

J MADDICOTT (Fellow), gave the British Academy Annual Raleigh Lecture on History. His subject was 'Prosperity and Power in the Age of Bede and Beowulf'.

J K MCCONICA (1951), appointed an Officer of the Order of Canada 2001.

G E NOEL (1944), elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1999.

R PEACOCKE (1942), awarded the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion 2001.

J A QUELCH (1969), appointed Senior Associate Dean and Lincoln Filene Professor of Business Administration at Harvard Business School.

J M RHYS (1956), awarded first prize in the International Composers' Competition of the Hungarian Composers' Union for his work *Kinetika* in 2001.

J ROWLINSON (Fellow) appointed Knight in the Birthday Honours List 2000.

P SLEIGHT (Fellow), awarded doctor *honoris causa* from the Medical University of Gdansk and the Aspirin Foundation Senior International Award jointly with C Baigent, R Collins and R Peto.

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J WOLFFE, *Great Deaths: Grieving, Religion and Nationhood in Victorian and Edwardian Britain,* Oxford University Press, 2001.

H WERLIN, *The Mysteries of Development: Studies using Political Elasticity Theory,* University Press of America, 1998.

J WERYHO, *Return to Oxford,* Pentland Press, 2001.

Class Lists in Honour Schools 2001

BIOCHEMISTRY PART II: *Class I,* N Stambach; *Class II(1),* A J Fadden, J R Nicholls, Y Okada.

CHEMISTRY PART II: *Class I,* J H George, C A Keetch; *Class II(1),* M W Burton, S-J Grosvenor, C A Morton, S J Payne.

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(1),* S J Green.

COMPUTATION: *Class II(2),* J Rixon.

EARTH SCIENCES PART B: *Class I,* E R Bennett; *Class II(1),* B Fox.

ENGINEERING & COMPUTING SCIENCE PART II: *Class II(2),* A O Griffiths.

ENGINEERING & COMPUTING SCIENCE PART I: *Class II(1),* S H A Kwok.

ENGINEERING SCIENCE PART II: *Class I,* K S J Ng; *Class III,* S Bhandari.

ENGLISH: *Class I,* E A Dick, M J A Foster, E J F Hawkins, R Lidgate, J E Renton; *Class II(1),* L M Condon, F M Kennedy, L F Parry, L Stowell.

FINE ART: *Class I,* J M Walter.

LAW: *Class I,* L Arakelian, S J Lambert; *Class II(1),* R H Channer, I G Clarke, R E Coates, H L Finn, A L Gulliford, C L Milsom, W J Sawkins, A F Walker.

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class II(1),* N C Bollinger, C R S Gorman, P A Ladkin, A E V Morgan; *Class II(2),* A J Rounce.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES: *Class II(1),* S Ashcroft, D P Pettifer, E C Savory, J M Ward; *Class II(2),* A R Bradley.

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTATION: *Class I,* O D Lan.

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class I,* C F R Watts; *Class II(1),* D G Charles, E R Dickson.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class II(1),* N J Amis, M J Buttinger, J T Curtis, M Grant, M W Higgs.

MODERN HISTORY & ENGLISH: *Class II(1),* E E Nic Eoin.

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(1),* O C Bam, A-M C Bennett, H L Cottrell, H A Ingram, L R John, N L Palmer.

MUSIC: *Class II(1),* Z A Thomas.

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(1),* A Orosz.

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class I,* F Freyenhagen, B J Moxham; *Class II(1),* O E Holtaway, J H Jenkins, S J Lewis, H Lownsbrough, Y X Ong, P J Rushton, C L Shobbrook, J H Winfield.

PHYSICS PART B: *Class I,* R A Reid-Edwards; *Class II(1),* S C O'Keefe; *Class II(2)* N Baggott.

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY PART B: *Class I,* T E Bootle.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Class I,* D Burdakov; *Class II(1),* A Green, H C Miller, I Nadim.

PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & PHYSIOLOGY: *Class II(1),* A T A Gjertsen.

THEOLOGY: *Class I,* M McClenahan; *Class II(1),* C A Griffin, C R Sowerbutts, J H Waterfield.

20 Firsts, 62 Upper Seconds, 7 Lower Seconds, 1 Third

HONOUR MODERATIONS

MATHEMATICS: *Class I,* D C Speed, L A Willis; *Class II,* M J Pollard, S D Sharratt, S L Watts.

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTATION: *Class II,* B Liu, A T H Mok.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I,* M A Ray; *Class II,* K A Costain, E Hamlett, A Lai, D Powell, E M Powrie, G M N Usher.

MUSIC: *Class II,* A Kinder.

3 Firsts, 12 Seconds

GRADUATE DEGREES 2001

D PHIL
M Preston

BCL
T Hughes
M Sunghay

BM
K McDowall

M PHIL

M Abraham	Law
P Natzkoff	Economics
T Shawcross	Byzantine Studies

M SC BY COURSEWORK

A Ballinger	Computer Science
C Charles	Social Anthropology
D Crick	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
P Djojo Surjo	Computation
D Flowerdew	Mathematics & Computing Science
P Funke	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
B Ghica	Software Engineering
K Harada	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
S Jones	Applied Social Studies
S Kim	Economics for Development
S Lodhi	Diagnostic Imaging
W Mekwi	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
T O'Shaughnessy	Comparative Social Policy
J Roots	Software Engineering
A Talukdar	Mathematical Modelling

M ST

J Ambrose	European Literature
S Bacchini	General Linguistics & Comparative Philology
C Berkowitz	Modern History
C Boddy	European Literature
M Dheensay	Byzantine Studies

O Drakaki	European Literature
U Gillen	Modern History
A Haubold	Greek History
B Latimer	Women's Studies
L Pattinson	Women's Studies
E Surtees	Classical Archaeology
N Taylor	Women's Studies
L Tyler Osgood	English Local History

MAGISTER JURIS
E Gadbois
D Mendez Antillon
Z Xing

MBA
H Ramaran
R Rodriguez
C Tiedman

PGCE
P Wheaton

College Prizes

ALSTEAD PRIZE: Rebecca Bland

S S CLARKE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION: Sophie P Fry

COGHILL/STARKIE PRIZE: E J F Hawkins

FITZGERALD PRIZES: L Arakelian, P Benjamin, Eleanor Bennett, T E Bootle, D Burdakov, P Coles, E A Dick, M J A Foster, F Freyenhagen, Elisabeth J F Hawkins, Catherine A Keetch, Nicola A Kerr, Suzanne Lambert, O Lan, Rachel Lidgate, M Locke, M McClenahan, B Moxham, M A Ray, J Ng, R A Reid-Edwards, Julia E Renton, D C Speed, N S Stambach, J Walter, F R C Watts, Lisa A Willis

FLUCHERE ESSAY PRIZE: S Green

AMELIA JACKSON SENIOR STUDENTSHIPS: O D Lan, T Green

PATRICK PRIZE: Rachel Zammett

SIMON POINTER PRIZE: W W Evans, P Hobday

QUARRELL-READ PRIZES: N Baggott, Ella Dickson, Mary Grant, A Griffiths, S Lewis, Hannah Lownsborough, Lisa Parry, Julia Renton, P Rushton, Clare Shobbrook, J Winfield

Laura Quelch Prize: M J Buttinger, Jenny T Curtis

Skeat-Whitfield Prize: M Foster, L Condon

Lelio Stampa Prize: W W Evans

Peter Street Prize: Fionnuala Kennedy

Sir Arthur Benson Memorial Prize: M C Parfitt

Science Prize: J H George

University Prizes

BDH Prize: Y Okada

British Telecom Research and Technology Prize: O D Lan

Littleton Chambers Prize in Labour Law: Suzanne J Lambert

Denyer and Johnson Prize: M McClenahan

Emery Prize: D Burdakov

Gibbs Prize: D Burdakov

KPMG Prize: T Hughes

Vivien Leigh Prize: J Walter proxime accessit

Turbutt Prize in Practical Organic Chemistry: J E D Kirkham

Henry Wilde Prize in Philosophy: F R C Watts

Winter Williams European Business Regulation Prize: E Gadbois

Graduate Freshers

Kristin	Anderson	English	Middlebury College
Levon	Arakelian	Law	Cornell University
Nimalan	Arinaminpathy	Engineering	Cambridge
Gayatri	Bedi	Law	Delhi University
Jenny	Boon	Business Administration	Durham University
Alvaro	Cartea	Mathematical Finance	University of Chicago
Robin	Carter	Materials Science	University of Witwatersrand
Glyn	Clough	Computer Science	University of Leeds
Xavier	Correia-Afonso	Software Engineering	Goa University
Gersende	De Pontbriand	Music	Royal Holloway University of London
Estelle	Dehon	Law	University of Witwatersrand
Johanna	Dimopoulos	Classical Archaeology	University of Athens
Jesse	Elzinga	Study of Religion	Harvard
Stephanie	Frank	Theology	Williams College, MA
Jorge	Garufalias	Law	Universidad Catolica Boliviana
Jason	Georgatos	Byzantine Studies	UC Santa Barbara
Jonathan	George	Chemistry	Exeter College

Ultan	Gillen	Modern History	Queen's University, Belfast
Thomas	Grant	Applied and Computational Mathematics	University of Alabama
Lam	Ho	English	Brown University, USA
Huan	Huang	Statistics	China Institute of Finance & Banking
Florian	Huehne	Applied and Computational Mathematics	Berkeley
Adam	Jaffer	Social Anthropology	University of Wales, Lampeter
Katie	Jennings	Pharmacology	University of Manchester
Akihiro	Kido	Business Administration	University of Tokyo
Sung Hee	Kim	English	Sogang University, Korea
Gauthier	Lambert	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing	Imperial College
Oliver	Lan	Computation	Exeter College
Kieron	Leech	Business Administration	University of Sussex
Matthew	Lewis	Computation	Swansea
Eleni	Lianta	Archaeology	Exeter College
Emily	MacDonald	Astrophysics	Edinburgh University
Stephanie	Machleidt	Software Enginnering	Hamburg University
Michael	McClenahan	Theology	St John's College, Oxford
Claire	McCourt	History	University of St Andrews
Edward	Meinert	Software Engineering	Columbia University
Graeme	Muir	Business Administration	Aberdeen University
Colin	Namalambo	Diplomatic Studies	University of Leicester
Niall	O'Dea	Environmental Change and Management	Memorial University of Newfoundland
Maciek	O'Shea	Modern History	UCL
Ros	Oates	English	Sussex University
Davor	Pavlovic	Biochemistry	University of Huddersfield
Agris	Preimanis	Economics	Birkbeck College, University of London
Pablo	Reyes Reyes	Law	Universidad Iberoamericana
Giles	Robertson	Biochemistry	Warwick University
Satyen	Sangani	Economics for Development	Columbia College, New York
Teresa	Shawcross	Modern Languages	Wadham College, Oxford
Xiaojiang	Shu	Law	Katholieke Universiteit Leuven
Martin	Stamnestro	Theology	Durham University
Kirsty	Sutton	Business Administration	University of Manchester
Kian	Tauser	Law	Oxford - Konstanz Exchange Programme
Craig	Tiedman	Criminology & Criminal Justice	Exeter College
Alexandros	Vegiopoulos	Clinical Medicine	University of Freiburg
Elodie	Vialleton	English (Besse Scholar)	Université de la Sorbonne nouvelle
Sarah	Voitchovsky	Economics	St Antony's College, Oxford
Murray	Wesson	Law	University of Natal
Jonathan	Wikeley	Music	Cambridge University
Binnaz	Yalcin	Clinical Medicine	Nottingham Trent University
Julia	Zamorska	Social Anthropology	University College, Utrecht

Undergraduate Freshers

Daniel	Atkin	Earth Sciences	Tavistock College
Katherine	Batchelor	Literae Humaniores	St Michael's Catholic School
Andrew	Black	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Maritzburg College, Cape Town
David	Boot	Mathematics	Loughborough Grammar School
Abigail	Bradfield	Modern Languages	St Peter's Collegiate School
Christopher	Brough	Earth Sciences	Sevenoaks School
Anthony	Brown	Mathematics & Philosophy	St Gregory's R C School
Mary	Broydrick	Modern History	Vassak College, USA
Kate	Bugler	Physiological Sciences	Old Palace School
Timothy	Burke	Music	Hampton School
Lucy	Carr	Modern Languages	Upton-by-Chester High School
Oliver	Cheng	Mathematical Sciences	Leighton Park School
Elizabeth	Clarke	Modern Languages	York Sixth Form College
Thomas	Cochrane	Economics & Management	Ormskirk Grammar School
William	Collier	Classics & Modern Languages	Birkenhead School
Joanna	Condon	Mathematics	Thomas Hardy School, Dorchester
Michael	Cooper	Earth Sciences	St Mary's Sixth Form College
Charlotte	Copleston	Jurisprudence	Blundell's School
Katharine	Cox	Earth Sciences	Brighton College
Sarah	Davenport	Literae Humaniores	Hayesfield School
Gemma	Davey	Modern History	London Oratory School
Elsa	Davies	English	Farnborough Hill School
Michael	Davis	Music	Merchant Taylors' School
Barry	Dean	Modern Languages	Arnold School
Louis	Eggar	Modern History	Radley College
Luke	Elson	Physics & Philosophy	Carmarthenshire College (Llanelli)
Pamela	Findlay	English	Godolphin and Latymer School
Lisa	Fishlock	Chemistry	New College School
Hannah	Forbes	Engineering Science	St George's School, Weybridge
Matthew	Forrester	Theology	Brasenose College, Oxford
Helen	Fothergill	Physiological Sciences	Royal High School, Bath
Rebecca	Frankenberg	English	Stoke-on-Trent Sixth Form College
Jessica	Frost	Modern History & Politics	St Clement Danes School
David	Genn	Chemistry	Cricklade College
Madeleine	Gentle	Biochemistry	Richmond upon Thames College
Helen	Gibson	English & Modern Languages	Methodist College, Belfast
Martin	Ginestie	Mathematical Sciences	Winchester College
Jane	Goodenough	Literae Humaniores	Northampton High School
Jeremy	Gould	Modern Languages	St Olave's Grammar School
Sarah	Graham	Biochemistry	Prior Pursglove College
James	Graham	Biochemistry	St Ambrose College
Afsaneh	Gray	Physiological Sciences	Cherwell School
Matthew	Gray	English	Ballyclare High School
Matthew	Green	Modern History	Merchant Taylors' School
Hannah	Green	Modern History	Stanborough School
*Nikolaus	Grubeck	Jurisprudence	Individual
Raza	Halim	English	Westminster City School
Charlotte	Halliwell	Engineering Science	Stockport Grammar School
Simon	Hicks	Physics	Oundle School
Erin	Hoge	English	Columbia University
Marcus	Holmlund	Economics & Management	International School of Brussels

Robin	Hopkins	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	SACS High School, Cape Town
Jessica	Huth	Literae Humaniores	Westminster School
Robert	Javin-Fisher	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Lancing College
Chloë	Jenner	Chemistry	Fallibroome High School
Stella	Jiang	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Nanyang Girls' High School, Singapore
Niv	Kazimirov	Jurisprudence	University of Toronto
Dechen	Khangkar	Jurisprudence	Woodstock, India
Laura	Kimmel	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Columbia University
Andrew	King	Physiological Sciences	Wickersley School
David	Legg	Modern History	Clitheroe Royal Grammar School
Clare	Manassei	Modern History	St Mary's School, London
James	Marks	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Westminster School
James	McCaffrey	Physiological Sciences	St Ambrose College
Fergal	McLoughlin	Literae Humaniores	Stonyhurst College
Robert	Morris	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Bishops Stortford High School
Françoise	Mutti	Modern Languages	Otto Friedrich Universität Bamberg
Siobhan	O'Keeffe	Modern Languages	Sutton Coldfield Girls' School
Hannah	Parham	Modern History	Richmond School
Claire	Pelly	English	Sherborne School for Girls
Thomas	Pugh	Chemistry	St Paul's School
Thomas	Reynolds	Engineering Science	Olchfa School
Matthew	Rigby	Physics	Range High School
Rebecca	Rose	Chemistry	Peter Symond's College
Sumon	Sadhu	Biochemistry	Greenford School
Fabian	Schulz	Literae Humaniores	Freie Universität, Berlin
Alison	Schwartz	Jurisprudence	Canadian College, Italy
Laura	Seaton	Jurisprudence	Harvard University
Edward	Seed	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Individual
Emma	Shepherd	English	Driffield School
David	Stranger-Jones	Modern History & Modern Languages	Westminster School
Ewa	Szypula	Modern Languages	Springwood High School
Tse Wen	Tai	Mathematics	Taylor's College
Matthew	Thomas	Engineering Science	Sir William Borlase's School
Henry	Thorold	Physics	Westminster School
Paul	Truman	Mathematics	Falmouth Community School
Jonathan	Turner	Jurisprudence	Bromsgrove School
Ruth	Walker	Modern Languages	Belfast Royal Academy
Clare	Walton	Biochemistry	Reigate College
James	Waterfield	English	Devonport High School for Boys
Gillian	Waugh	Jurisprudence	Cranbrook School
Joanna	Whybra	Jurisprudence	Teign School
Nicholas	Widdows	Engineering Science	St Mary Redcliffe & Temple School
Anna	Wightman	Jurisprudence	St George's School for Girls, Edinburgh
Anthony	Williams	Physiological Sciences	St David's Sixth Form College, Cardiff
James	Willis	Physics & Philosophy	Kingston Grammar School
Ronan	Wyer	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Individual

Jade	Yee	Chemistry	Benenden School
Mark	Yonge	Physics	Churcher's College
Yao	Zhang	Mathematics & Computation	Monmouth School
Ricardo	Zimbron	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Charterhouse

* Great-nephew of former Fellow (Dr Dee)

Deaths

Eric Montgomery Andrews, Commoner (1954), formerly of Holloway County School. Died June 2001, aged 68.

Vernon Hedley Andrews, RAF Cadet (1943), formerly of Raynes Park County School. Died September 2001, aged 76.

Ernest Gordon Stackhouse Apedaile, Open Exhibitioner (1927), formerly of Christ's Hospital. Died 4 March 2001, aged 92.

Leslie Philip Banfield, Commoner (1936), formerly of Chichester Boys' High School. Died 22 May 2001, aged 82.

Rolf Olaf Barber, Commoner (1934), formerly of St Olave's and St Saviour's Grammar School. Died 2 December 2000, aged 89.

John Kenneth Backhouse, Commoner and Incorporated (1951), formerly of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Died 16 May 2001.

Brian Theodore Beal, Open Scholar (1957), formerly of Brighton Hove and Sussex Grammar School. Died 5 December 2000, aged 62.

Frank Holmes Beale, Commoner (1933), formerly of Bishop's Stortford School. Died 2 January 2001, aged 85.

Brian Dominick Frederick Titus Brindley, Open Scholar (1951), formerly of Stowe School. Died 1 August 2001, aged 69.

Henry John Laurence Bulkeley, Commoner (1935), formerly of Uppingham School. Died 23 October 2001, aged 85.

Joseph Daryl Canfill, Rhodes Scholar (1959), formerly of University of the South, Tennessee. Died 13 May 2001, aged 63.

Hugh Fraser, Commoner (1940), formerly of Wellington College. Died 5 July 2001, aged 79.

Robin Peter Giffard, King Charles I Scholar (1960), formerly of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. Died 6 May 2001, aged 60.

Leon Golberg, Commoner (1937), formerly of University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Died 1988.

Ralph Harry Gould, King Charles I Exhibitioner (1940), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 22 February 2001, aged 78.

Kenneth Malcolm Gregory, Commoner (1947), formerly of City of Bath School. Died 13 January 2001, aged 79.

Keith Hobbs, State Bursar (1943), formerly of St Olave's and St Saviour's Grammar School. Died 11 June 2001, aged 76.

Michael James Holden, Commoner (1958), formerly of John Ruskin Grammar School, Croydon. Died 20 December 2000, aged 67.

Philip Seaforth James, Fellow (1945), formerly of Trinity College, Oxford. Died 5 May 2001, aged 86.

Lewis James Julian, Commoner (1947), formerly of Liskeard County School. Died 26 April 1999, aged 72.

Thomas Hanley Keeley, Open Exhibitioner (1952), formerly of King Edward's School, Birmingham. Died 19 March 2001, aged 68.

Philip Korman, Open Exhibitioner (1939), formerly of King's College School, Wimbledon. Died 2000, aged 79.

Phillip Frederick Little, Radio Bursar (1944), formerly of Crypt Grammar School, Gloucestershire. Died 27 September 2000, aged 73.

Dennis Beaumont Mann, Commoner (1953), formerly of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Died November 15 2000, aged 70.

Alan Barrett May, Commoner (1932), formerly of Manchester Grammar School. Died January 2001, aged 87.

John Harwood Morley, Commoner (1955), formerly of Henry Mellish Grammar School. Died 3 May 2001, aged 67.

Laurence Hughes Ovens, Commoner (1948), formerly of King Edward VI Royal Grammar School, Guildford. Died December 1996, aged 69.

David Caldwell Ritchie, Commoner (1939), formerly of Cranbrook School. Died March 2000, aged 79.

Philip Rosenthal, Commoner (1935), Honorary Fellow (1979), formerly of St Lawrence College. Died 27 September 2001, aged 84.

Rhoderick Cartisser Salmon, Rhodes Scholar (1949), formerly of the University of Cape Town. Died 29 April 2001, aged 72.

Alexander David Shirreff, Stapeldon Scholar (1938), formerly of Sherborne School. Died 12 July 1999, aged 79.

Arthur Frederick Abbott Stamberg, King Charles I Exhibitioner (1923), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 29 July 2001, aged 97.

Ian Joseph Stewardson, Commoner (1949), formerly of King William's College, Isle of Man. Died 12 July 2001, aged 72.

Graham Swan, King Charles I Scholar (1968), formerly of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. Died 2001, aged 51.

Raymond Henry Tobias, Commoner (1928). Died 30 December 2000, aged 91.

William Joseph Walsh, Commoner (1962), formerly of Redhill School, Maidstone. Died 31 October 2000, aged 58.

Victor Gordon Wellings, Commoner (1937), formerly of Reading School. Died 19 June 2001, aged 81.

David Alexander Willey, Open Scholar (1949), formerly of Lancaster Royal Grammar School. Died 14 November 2000, aged 69.

Thomas Gerald Williams, Commoner (1932), formerly of Chatham House, Ramsgate. Died 28 October 2001, aged 87.

Marriages

James Allen (1993) to Helen Alvey on 7 July 2001.

Victoria Ashburner (1995) to Stephen Lawrence John Conway in Gateshead on 1 September 2001.

Ariel Ezrachi (1999) to Miriam Yacobsen in the Fellows' Garden, Exeter College, on 22 June 2001.

Liz Howard (1990) to Graham Matthews at Highbury, Moseley, Birmingham, on 15 September 2001.

Nicolas Alain Jackson (1994) to Lucy Elizabeth Cole (1998) in Exeter College Chapel, on 24 March 2001.

Matthew Lloyd (1981) to Justine Bradley in Exeter College Chapel on 17 April 2001.

Nicola Stambach (1997) to Jeremy Nicolas Brown in Exeter College Chapel on 8 September 2001.

Ewan West (1978) to Isabelle Gantly in Exeter College Chapel on 11 August 2001.

Births

To the wife of Ray Berg (1986) on 25 April 2000, a daughter Sacha Lauren.

To the wife of Samuel Best-Shaw (1989) on 5 November 2000, a son Adam James Michael.

To the wife of Roger Fink (1977) on 5 January 2001, a son Charlie.

To Dr Catherine Henstridge (*née* Malone 1990) and Dr Mark Henstridge (1990) on 17 February 2001, a daughter Isabella Eloise.

To Deborah Keys (1984) on 17 August 1998, a daughter Lucy and on 21 January 2000, a son Cameron.

To Alison Manaker (*née* Ehrlich 1985) on 24 April 2000, a son Eli Noah Manaker.

To Thomas Potter (1985) and Suzanne Potter (*née* Dering 1984) on 20 September 2001, a son Benjamin Gordon.

To the wife of Justin I'Anson Sparks (1990) on 14 May 2001, a son Tristan Horatius.

To Carin Westerlund (1998) on 7 March 2001, a son Björn.

To the wife of Max Willey (1973) on 11 September 1994, a daughter Sarah Catherine and on 24 September 1996, a son David Charles.

Advance Notice of Gaudies and Association Dinners

Winter 2002	1981-83
Summer 2002	1960-64
Autumn 2002	1984-86
Winter 2003	1996-98
Summer 2003	1965-69
Autumn 2003	Association Dinner
Winter 2004	1987-89
Summer 2004	1970-73
Autumn 2004	-1954
Winter 2005	1974-77
Summer 2005	1990-92
Autumn 2005	Association Dinner

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

Gaudies in 2002

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 5 January for those who matriculated between 1981 and 1983 (inclusive). Invitations have been sent out. A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 22 June for those who matriculated between 1960 and 1964 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out automatically in March. A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 28 September for those who matriculated between 1984 and 1986 (inclusive).

Old Members who have not attended a Gaudy for at least five years and whose own Gaudy will not occur next year are welcome to apply for a place in the 2002 Summer Gaudy. They should write to the Home Bursar by 1 March. Old Members of any year who live overseas and expect to be in the United Kingdom when a Gaudy takes place will also be welcome and should apply for an invitation by the deadline given.

Visitors to College

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

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

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

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

Please inform the Editor of any change of address.

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