

The Brazen Nose



Volume 54

2019-2020

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2019–2020



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EDITOR'S NOTES

by Dr Llewelyn Morgan, Vice-Principal & Fellow

The bit that starts every *Brazen Nose*, the editorial welcome, is of course the last thing written. Since it takes a while to extract a report on College music or finances or lacrosse from their authors, the material of this magazine for any given academic year tends only to be fully gathered and in need of editorial intervention quite a few months after that year's completion. It is thus at the best of times a feat of memory on the editor's part to sum up the relevant year, and these are not, I think we can probably agree, the very best of times.

The month of March 2020 wrought radical changes in life at Brasenose that remain with us in some form at the end of the year as I write, pondering what Hilary Term 2021 will be like—entirely online like Trinity 2020, or face-to-face tutorials (distanced, masked, well-ventilated) like this last Michaelmas Term? But there were two whole terms of 2019-20 before the first lockdown. In fact Covid-19 observed the Oxford term quite respectfully, the Classics examinations I was chairing in Hilary, which concluded on Friday of 8th, being effectively the last University activity before the shutters fell. That left all the marking, etc., for lockdown, but let's not go into that.

How normal it all was in Michaelmas and Hilary! Not humdrum normal, of course. An 80th-birthday dinner for **Graham Richards (Chemistry, 1958)** in October, and our first Equality Lecture in November, delivered by **Sarah Jackson (Classics, 1977)**, which you can read later in this issue; an event celebrating the great legal scholar Peter Birks, Law Fellow at Brasenose from 1971 to 1981; the grand opening of the Amersi Foundation Lecture Room in December by Theresa May, an opportunity to thank **Mohamed Amersi (EMBA, 2014)** for allowing us to create this fine (and badly-needed) lecture space at the heart of College; the visit of film director Kenny Lonergan in March; Mathematics Fellow Konstantin Ardaikov scooping the hugely prestigious Adams Prize in the same month. In addition, between the PPE Society, the Principal's Conversations and private initiative we remained well connected to contemporary developments—too well abreast of recent trends in art in the view of many students, who objected vociferously (and at Ale Verses even in song) to the Paolozzi statue *Portrait of the Artist* which is gracing Old Quad for the duration

of a generous loan from the Ingram Collection, curated by **Jo Baring (History, 1996)**. The College persists in imposing outstanding works of modern sculpture on its aesthetically conservative junior members, as you can also read about later on.

Yet, though Covid affected only one out of three terms in 2019–20, it is the story of the year. A society of learning is perhaps disproportionately vulnerable to a challenge of this kind, a restriction on human interaction, and I think we all know ourselves better, for good or ill, after this experience. It has reinforced my view that Brasenose is currently blessed with a superlative collection of College Officers: the response to such a serious and sudden crisis has been level-headed and creative, and two people deserve especial recognition: the Principal for his calm leadership, and the Domestic Bursar, Matt Hill, for his remarkable organisational energy and talent in conditions that have been, if one chose one word to describe them, unpredictable. But read Liz Kay's report on the Library to appreciate how everybody in this wonderful institution committed themselves to the task of educating its charges regardless. Personally, as a tutor, I have learned, or perhaps relearned, an essential lesson from delivering tutorials online in Trinity, and then face-to-face more recently: that there is something irreplaceable in the education of our students that comes from being in the same room with tutor and other students, and that remote communication can't supply it, even if it's much better than nothing. Aristotle knew that we are animals that only thrive in social settings, and that we feel, as humans, an inherent compulsion to know, but it's good to be reminded of that truth, and that the Oxford tutorial enacts a remarkably successful meeting of these two human impulses to be with other people and to understand.

That creative response I mentioned has brought us very close to really being together, mind you. The Principal's Conversations transferred with particular success to an online format—the international reach suits an Oxford college, and academia in general, and it will no doubt be something that in some form we retain. In big and small respects Brasenose displayed its powers of resilience: a key person in the Oxford-based Global Health Network's response to Covid, sharing high-quality data about the disease around the world, was housed and supported at Brasenose from March to September, another reason to be proud of how we responded.

When we do return to normal, some familiar faces will be missing. Two people quite synonymous with competence are Melanie James and Tina Hill. Melanie retired as the Principal's PA in Michaelmas, having filled the role for three successive Principals. She will be devastated at the thought of never again receiving desperate emails from me at this time of year asking her "What happened last academic year?" Tina, meanwhile, retired in March after 15 years in the Development Office, starting in its very early days. A regular experience when entering the office and asking a tricky question would be to see everyone turn their heads to look at Tina for the answer. Also formerly of that office, the heart of the operation that brings the *Nose* to you every year, Emily Bruce moved on to a new job at Merton College, and there would have been no *Noses* in recent years without her.

Competence is certainly a characteristic also of anyone who rises to be Professor of Civil Engineering in his 30s. Guy Houlsey has been Professor and a Fellow of Brasenose for very nearly thirty years, and retired at the end of the academic year. An incisive presence in Governing Body, he has also been for me an enlightening lunchtime conversationalist throughout my now twenty-three years at Brasenose. From Guy I have learned, for instance, why there are artificial mounds all around central Oxford, and what they have to do with the presence of the royal court in the city during the Civil War. **Alexandra Marks (Jurisprudence, 1977)** has effectively run the Brasenose Society for twenty-five years, transforming it in the process, and her retirement as secretary was marked by a dinner in London. I envy the ability of these colleagues to achieve definitive retirements. Like Frank Sinatra (and this is a comparison very regularly made) I have claimed to be retiring from my role as editor so often that no one will now believe me, but this time a replacement has been identified, Simon Palfrey, and since he is an English scholar some semblance of elegance in writing will certainly return to these pages. I have enjoyed my time as editor a lot; I hope you have a little, too.

A regular visitor to Brasenose, and a delightful, kind individual, was Peter Sinclair, Tutor in Economics from 1970 to 1994, at which point he took up a professorship in Birmingham. The obituaries we publish in this issue will give a better account of his academic brilliance and the respect his former students, including some rather eminent figures in recent history, felt for him; and the deep affection he felt for this

college. Two other people we lost actually died this past term, but it is artificial for me to wish their deaths away just because they fell outside the last academic year. John Davies has had a huge influence on the legal profession, and his former students, many of great eminence, candidly attribute their success to his teaching, which he continued to give to Brasenose students, even though he officially retired in 2001, up until just two years ago. Olavio de Assuncao, “Oly”, joined the Buttery in October 2008 as a Plate Room Assistant, working alongside his brother and his cousin. He leaves a wife and young family in East Timor.

Do please enjoy what follows, and thanks for having me.



THE KING'S HALL AND COLLEGE OF BRASENOSE

Tierced in pale: (1) Argent, a chevron sable between three roses gules seeded or, barbed vert (for Smyth); (2) or, an escutcheon of the arms of the See of Lincoln (gules, two lions of England in pale or, on a chief azure Our Lady crowned seated on a tombstone issuant from the chief, in her dexter arm the Infant Jesus, in her sinister arm a sceptre, all or) ensigned with a mitre proper; (3) quarterly, first and fourth argent, a chevron between three bugle-horns stringed sable; second and third argent, a chevron between three crosses crosslet sable (for Sutton)

The present foundation, dating from the 16th century, has a direct and unbroken connection with Brasenose Hall, which existed at least as early as 1262. The college was founded in 1509 by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton of Prestbury in Cheshire.

It was one of the first colleges to admit women as well as men and is open to graduates as well as undergraduates. Generous gifts and bequests over the centuries enable the college to offer scholarships and other awards for undergraduate and graduate study.

The corporate designation of the college is 'The Principal and Scholars of the King's Hall and College of Brasenose in Oxford'.

Note on symbols

- ρ Former Rhodes Scholar.
 - ★ Fellow or Honorary Fellow of another college.
 - ¶ Holder of a University post other than a statutory professorship or readership.
 - ‡ Holder of a statutory professorship or readership.
 - § Further information will be found in the notes at the end of the entry.
- A date in the left-hand column indicates the year of election to the current fellowship (or other position) held.

Visitor

The Bishop of Lincoln

Principal

2015 Bowers, John Simon, QC, BCL MA Oxf ★

Fellows

2009 Archer, Rowena Elizabeth, BA Brist, MA Oxf, FRHistS
Supernumerary Fellow in History

2013 Ardakov, Konstantin, MMath Oxf, PhD Camb ¶ *Tutor in
Pure Mathematics*

2017 Baldwin, Julia Clare, BA Oxf, DD Cantuar *Chaplain*

2019 Balunas, William, BA Carnegie Mellon, PhD Pennsylvania
Junior Kurti Fellow

2016 Bano, Masooda, BA MBA Pakistan, MPhil Camb, DPhil
Oxf *Senior Golding Fellow*

2018 Bettini, Fabiana, MA Perugia, PhD Macerata *Hulme
Junior Fellow*

2017 Betts, Alexander, BA Durh, MSc Brist, MPhil DPhil Oxf
Senior Golding Fellow

2017 Bird, Geoffrey, BSc PhD UCL ¶ *Tutor in Psychology*

2020 Birkby, Jayne Louise, MSci Durham, PhD Cambridge *Tutor
in Physics*

1999 Bispham, Edward Henry, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in
Ancient History*

2015 Bortoletto, Daniela, BSc Pavia, MSc PhD Syracuse ¶ *Professor
of Physics and Senior Kurti Fellow*

2010 Bourne-Taylor, Carole, MA Oxf, PhD Grenoble
Supernumerary Fellow in French

1986 Burd, Harvey John, MA DPhil Oxf, CEng, MICE ¶ *Tutor in
Engineering Science*

2016 Cox, Mary, BA Brigham Young, MSc LSE, DPhil Oxf *Junior
Golding Fellow*

2001 Davies, Anne Caroline Lloyd, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of
Law and Dean, Law Faculty*

2020 de Ferra, Sergio, Laurea Sapienza (Rome), MSc MRes PhD
LSE *Tutor in Economics*

2005 Dennis, Paul David, BA BM BCh BSc Oxf *Supernumerary
Fellow in Medicine*

- 2014 Dinas, Elias, BA Macedonia, MA Essex, PhD EUI ¶ *Tutor in Politics (on special leave until 2022)*
- 1995 Edwards, Anne, MA Oxf, MRCP *Supernumerary Fellow and Diversity and Equality Officer*
- 2017 El Masri, Yasmine, BSc MA Beirut, DPhil Oxf *Hulme Junior Fellow*
- 1997 Eltis, Sos Ann, MA MPhil DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in English*
- 2006 Foster, Russell Grant, BSc PhD Brist, FRS ¶ *Professor of Circadian Neuroscience and Supernumerary Fellow in Circadian Neuroscience*
- 2006 Gaffney, Eamonn Andrew, BA PhD Camb ¶ *Tutor in Mathematical Biology*
- 2009 Garman, Elspeth Frances, BSc Durh, DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of Molecular Biophysics and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2014 Goldberg, Paul Wilfred, BA Oxf, MSc PhD Edin ¶ *Professor of Computer Science and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2007 Goulder, Philip Jeremy Renshaw, BA MB BChir Camb, MA DPhil Oxf, FMGEMS, FRCPCH, MRCP, MRCPC ¶ *Professor of Paediatrics and Supernumerary Fellow in Clinical Medicine*
- 2000 Green, Abigail Frances Floretta, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ¶ *Tutor in Modern History*
- 2001 Groiser, David Simon, BA Sus, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Modern Languages*
- 2016 Häcker, Birke, MA DPhil Oxf, Dipl-Jur Bonn * ‡ *Linklaters Professor of Comparative Law*
- 2017 Hamnett, Gillian, BA Newc, MA MSt Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow*
- 1991 Houlsby, Guy Tinmouth, MA DSc Oxf, PhD Camb, FICE, FREng * ‡ *Professor of Civil Engineering*
- 2016 Hulme, Charles, BA DPhil Oxf *Senior Golding Fellow*
- 2017 Hunt, Pamela, BA MPhil Oxf, MA PhD SOAS *Hulme Junior Fellow*
- 2019 Innocenti, Stefania, MPhil Florence, PhD Maastricht *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2001 James, William Siward, BSc Birm, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of Virology and Tutor in Medicine*

- 2002 Jones, Jonathan Alcwyn, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of Physics and Tutor in Physics*
- 2009 Kennard, Christopher, MB BS PhD Lond, FMedSci, FRCP, MRCP, MRCS *Supernumerary Fellow*
- 2016 Kiaer, Ian, BA UCL, MA PhD RCA ¶ *Tutor in Fine Art*
- 2003 Krebs, Thomas, LLB Kent, BCL MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Ellesmere Tutor in Law*
- 2018 Krishnan, Sneha, BA Madras, MSc DPhil Oxf *Tutor in Human Geography*
- 2019 Larson, Greger, BA CMC California, DPhil Oxf *Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2007 Lewis, Owen Thomas, MA PhD Leeds ¶ *Tutor in Zoology and Tutor for Graduates*
- 2000 McKenna, Christopher Davis, BA Amherst, MA PhD Johns Hopkins, MA Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Management Studies*
- 2018 Maiolino, Perla, BSc MSc PhD Genoa *Tutor in Engineering Science*
- 2018 Mann, Elizabeth Hannah, BSc Birm, MSc PhD KCL *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2019 Milano, Silvia, BA MA Pisa, PhD LSE *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2011 Miller, Elizabeth, MA DPhil Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow and Director of Development and Alumni Relations*
- 1997 Morgan, Llewelyn William Goronwy, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ¶ *Professor of Classical Literature, Reynolds Fellow and Tutor in Classics, and Vice-Principal*
- 2017 Nag, Sonali, BA MA Hyderabad, MPhil Bangalore, PhD Port *Supernumerary Fellow in Education and the Developing Child*
- 2018 Nielsen, Carolyn, BSc Durh, ScM Baltimore, PhD LSHTM *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2005 Palfrey, Simon David, BA ANU, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of English Literature, Tutor in English and Fellow Librarian*
- 2010 Parker, Philip Christopher Liam, MA Camb, ACMA *Bursar*
- 2015 Perry, Adam, BCL MPhil DPhil Oxf ¶ *Garrick Fellow and Tutor in Law*
- 2017 Posada-Carbo, Eduardo, BA Bogota, MPhil DPhil Oxf *Senior Golding Fellow*
- 2011 Purcell, Nicholas, MA Oxf, FBA ‡ *Camden Professor of Ancient History*

- 2018 Quilty-Dunn, James, BA Boston, PhD CUNY *Golding Junior Fellow*
- 2012 Rauch, Ferdinand, MA PhD Vienna ¶¶ *Tutor in Economics*
- 1992 Robertson, Jeremy, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Organic Chemistry*
- 2014 Ruggeri, Andrea, BA Genoa, MA PhD Essex ¶¶ *Tutor in Politics*
- 2017 Shogry, Simon, BA Claremont, MA PhD Berkeley ¶¶ *Tutor in Ancient Philosophy*
- 2011 Smith, Simon David, MA PhD Camb *Senior Tutor and Tutor for Admissions*
- 2011 Strathern, Alan, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Early Modern History*
- 1997 Swadling, William John, BA CNAAL, LLM Lond, MA Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Law*
- 2005 Thun, Eric, AB PhD Harvard ¶¶ *Peter Moores Fellow and Tutor in Chinese Business Studies*
- 2007 Timpson, Christopher Gordon, BA BPhil DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Philosophy*
- 2016 Todd, John, BSc Edin, PhD Camb *Jeffrey Cheah Fellow in Medicine*
- 2018 Ullrich, Leila, BSc LSE MSc PhD Oxf *Golding Junior Fellow*
- 2013 Walsh, Edmond, BEng PhD Limerick *Supernumerary Fellow in Engineering*
- 2004 Wiggs, Giles Frederick Salisbury, BSc PhD Lond ¶¶ *Tutor in Geography*
- 2016 Willan, John, BA Camb, BM BCh DPhil Oxf, FRCP (Lond), MRCP *Supernumerary Fellow and Tutor in Clinical Medicine*
- 2007 Wilson, Mark, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Theoretical Chemistry and Dean*
- 2019 Winkel, Matthias, MA Oxf, PhD Paris VI *Supernumerary Fellow in Mathematics*
- 2015 Zifarelli, Gianni, Laurea Naples, PhD Max-Planck-Institute for Biophysics ¶¶ *Tutor in Medicine*

Emeritus Fellows

- 1991 Altmann, Simon Leonardo, MA Oxf, PhD Lond
- 1998 Birch, Bryan John, MA PhD Camb, MA Oxf, FRS
- 2010 Bogdanor, Vernon, CBE, MA Oxf, FBA*

- 2015 Bowman, Alan Keir, MA DLitt Oxf, MA PhD Toronto, FBA ★ §
- 2012 Boyd, Charles Adam Richard, BM Lond, BSc MA DPhil Oxf
- 2001 Cook, Peter Richard, MA DPhil Oxf ★ §
- 2016 Cooper, Richard Anthony, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2011 Courakis, Anthony Stylianos, BA Manc, MA Oxf
- 2017 Daniel, Ronald William, BSc Brun, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, CEng, MIEE §
- 2001 Davies, John Windsor, LLB Birm, BCL MA Oxf
- 2010 Evans, Robert John Weston, MA PhD Camb, MA DPhil Oxf
- 2001 Gasser, Robert Paul Holland, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2014 Haydon, Richard Geoffrey, MA PhD Camb, MA Oxf
- 1992 Hockaday, Thomas Derek, MA DPhil Oxf, FRCP
- 2011 Ingram, Martin John, MA DPhil Oxf
- 2009 Knowland, John Sebastian, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2003 Peach, John Vincent, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2017 Popplewell, David Arthur, MA Oxf, PhD Sus
- 2003 Proudfoot, Nicholas Jarvis, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, FRS
- 2008 Richards, Bernard Arthur, BLitt MA DPhil Oxf
- 2008 Richards, William Graham, CBE, MA DPhil DSc Oxf, FRS
- 2004 Rowett, John Spencer, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2008 Sinclair, Peter James Niven, MA DPhil Oxf
- 2010 Solymar, Laszlo, MA Oxf, PhD Budapest, FRS

Honorary Fellows

- 2012 Adams, James Noel, FAHA, FBA, CBE §
- 2006 Allen, Katherine Susan, BA Oxf §
- 2017 Amersi, Mohamed, BA Sheff, MA Oxf
- 2003 Baker, the Rt Hon Sir (Thomas) Scott (Gillespie), PC §
- 2010 Barton, HE Dominic Steven, BA MPhil Oxf
- 2010 Beatson, the Rt Hon Sir Jack, LLd Camb, DCL Oxf, FBA ★ §
- 1989 Blundell, Sir Tom Leon, BA DPhil Oxf, FRS ★ §
- 2013 Brand, Andrea Hilary, MBiochem Oxf, PhD Camb, FRS, FMedSci
- 2011 Bratza, Sir Nicolas, MA Oxf
- 2015 Burrows, the Rt Hon Andrew Stephen (Lord Burrows), Hon QC, LLM Harvard, MA DCL Oxf, FBA ★ §

- 2006 Cameron, the Rt Hon David William Donald, BA Oxf §
2011 Cashmore, Roger John, CMG, MA DPhil Oxf, FRS §
2016 Cheah, Tan Sri Dato' Seri Dr Jeffrey, AO ★ §
2018 Coyle, Diane, CBEOBE, BA Oxf, MA PhD Harvard, FRSA ★ §
2010 Crook, Joseph Mordaunt, CBE, MA DPhil Oxf, Hon DLitt Lond, FBA, FSA §
2019 Del Favero, James, MS, MBA, MA Oxf
2004 Gill, Sir Robin Denys, KCVO, MA Oxf
2018 Greenland, Duncan Taylor, CBE, BA Oxf
2013 Hill, Catharine Bond, MA Oxf
2018 Jackson, the Rt Hon Sir Peter Arthur Brian, the Rt Hon Lord Justice Peter Jackson, BA Oxf
1999 Janvrin, Robin Berry, the Rt Hon Lord Janvrin, CB, KCVO, MA Oxf
2013 Johnson, Michelle Denise, MA Oxf
1983 Judd, Brian Raymond, MA DPhil Oxf §
2013 Kent, Bruce, BA Oxf
1982 Kornberg, Sir Hans, MA DSc Oxf, PhD Sheff, ScD Camb, FIBiol, FRS ★ §
2017 Kosterlitz, John Michael, BA MA Camb, DPhil Oxf
2018 Marks, Alexandra Louise, CBE, BA Oxf §
2003 Mellor, Dame Julie Therese, BA Oxf, DBE
1990 O'Neill, Robert John, AO, BE Melbourne, MA DPhil Oxf, FASSA § ρ
2003 Palin, Sir Michael Edward, KCMG CBE FRGS, BA Oxf §
2019 Rose, the Rt Hon Dame Vivien Judith, DBE, BCL Oxf (The Rt Hon Lady Justice Rose)
1998 Saville, Mark Oliver, the Rt Hon Lord Saville of Newdigate, BA BCL Oxf
1994 Smith, Anthony David, CBE, MA Oxf ★ §
2015 Smith, Gerald, BPhil Oxf, MA St And
1982 Tötterman, Richard Evert Bjönson, DPhil Oxf
2013 Tucker, William Guise, BA Oxf, RA
2018 Turnbull, The Hon Malcolm Bligh, BA-LLB Sydney, BCL Oxf ρ §
1997 Vallance, Iain David Thomas, Lord Vallance of Tummel, Kt, MSc Lond School of Business Studies, MA Oxf, FRSA §

- 2010 van Heerden, the Hon Mrs Justice Belinda, LLB Stellenbosch, MA Oxf
 1993 Wates, Sir Christopher Stephen, BA Oxf, FCA
 2010 Wiggins, David Robert Priestly, MA Oxf, FBA §
 2013 Wightman, Nigel David, BA MPhil Oxf

Lecturers not on the Foundation

- Abecassis, Michael, DLang St And *French*
 Altshuler, Daniel, BA UCLA, PhD Rutgers *Linguistics*
 Azfar, Farrukh, BA MA Johns Hopkins, PhD Pennsylvania *Physics*
 Barber, Peter, BA MPhil DPhil Oxf *Linguistics*
 Bocksberger, Sophie, BA MA Lausanne, DPhil Oxf *Classics*
 Burkert-Burrows, Stefanie, Staatsexamen
 Eichstatt-Ingolstadt, PGCE Manc Met *German*
 Carroll, Ian, MPhil Oxf *Politics*
 Condliffe, James, MSc Imp, MEng DPhil Oxf *Engineering*
 De Vos, Maarten, MSc PhD Leuven *Engineering*
 Dorigatti, Marco, Dott Lett Florence, DPhil Oxf *Italian*
 Edwards, James, BCL MSt DPhil Oxf, MA Camb ★ ¶ *Law*
 Ferbrache, Fiona, BA PhD Plym, MRes Exe *Geography*
 Gibbs-Seymour, Ian, BSc MSc PhD Durh *Biochemistry*
 Gittos, Helen, BA Newc, MSt DPhil Oxf ★ ¶ *History*
 Grabowska-Zhang, Ada, BA DPhil Oxf *Biology*
 Grant, David, BM BCh Oxf *Medicine*
 Hackney, Jeffrey, BCL MA Oxf ★ *Roman Law*
 Harker, Anthony Henry, MA Camb, DPhil Oxf *Solid State Physics*
 Harrison, Pegram, BA Yale, *Management*
 MBA Lond Business School, PhD Camb *Management*
 Herold, Katharina, BA Goldsmiths, MSt DPhil Oxf *English*
 Jackson, Justin, MA MPhil Oxf, *Politics*
 MA Bickbeck, MSt Dip Camb *Politics*
 Jenkinson, Sarah, MChem DPhil Oxf *Organic Chemistry*
 Johnson, Steven, MA DPhil Oxf *Biochemistry*
 Jones, Polly, BA MPhil DPhil Oxf ★ ¶ *Russian*
 Katz, Jonathan Bernard, MA DPhil Oxf ★ *Classics*
 Kosmidis, Spyros, BA Panteion, MA PhD Essex ¶ *Politics*
 Kuznetsov, Vladimir, MSc PhD Moscow *Inorganic Chemistry*
 Leal, Dave, BA PhD Leeds *Philosophy*

Macklin, Philip, BSc MB ChB MScs Edin, MRCS (Edin)	<i>Medicine</i>
Middleton, Anthony N, MA Oxf	<i>Physics (Mathematics)</i>
Moran, Dominic Paul, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ★ ¶	<i>Spanish</i>
Ormrod Morley, David, MChem MSt Oxf	<i>Chemistry (Mathematics)</i>
Ozarowska, Lidia, BA Warsaw, MSt DPhil Oxf	<i>Ancient History</i>
Palano, Silvia, MA Oxf	<i>Economics</i>
Parker, Eleanor, BA MPhil DPhil Oxf	<i>English</i>
Pazos Alonso, Claudia, BA DPhil Oxf, MA Lond ★ ¶	<i>Portuguese</i>
Pinon, Carmen, BSc PhD Rio de Janeiro	<i>Psychology</i>
Robinson, Damian, BSc PhD Brad, MA Oxf	<i>Classical Archaeology</i>
Romer, Stephen, MA PhD Camb, FRSL	<i>French</i>
Sekita, Karolina, Magister Warsaw, DPhil Oxf	<i>Classics</i>
Shayani, Sahba, BA MA PhD UCLA	<i>Middle Eastern Languages</i>
Shore, Danielle, BSc MSc PhD Bangor	<i>Psychology</i>
Sillett, Andrew, BA MSt DPhil Oxf	<i>Ancient History</i>
Suryasentana, Stephen, BBA Singapore, BEng Western Australia, DPhil Oxf	<i>Engineering</i>
Triming, Lee, MA Goldsmiths, PhD RCA	<i>Fine Art</i>
Virdi, Arhat, MSc PhD LSE, MA Oxf	<i>Economics</i>
Vogel, Christopher, BE Auckland, DPhil Oxf	<i>Engineering</i>
Wilson, Christian, MA MPhil Oxf	<i>Music</i>
Winkel, Matthias, MA Oxf, PhD Paris VI	<i>Mathematics</i>
Wright, Laura, BA Oxf, MA Yale	<i>English</i>

Notes

Adams, James Senior Research Fellow, All Souls 1998–2010; Fellow, Academy of the Humanities of Australia

Allen, Kate Director, Amnesty International UK

Baker, Sir Scott Lord Justice of Appeal 2002–

Beatson, the Rt Hon Sir Jack Fellow, Merton 1973–94; Hon Fellow, St John's College, Camb; Lord Justice of Appeal 2013–

Blundell, Sir Tom Hon Dr Antwerp, East Ang, Edin, Sheff, Strath, Warw

Bowman, Alan Student, Christ Church 1977–2002; Camden Professor of Ancient History 2002–10; Acting Principal 2010–11, Principal 2011–15

Burrows, Andrew CUF Lecturer and Fellow, Lady Margaret Hall 1986–94; Norton Rose Professor of Commercial Law and Fellow,

St Hugh's 1999–2010; Hon Bencher, Middle Temple; Professor of the Law of England, Justice of the Supreme Court

Cameron, David Leader, Conservative Party 2005–16; Prime Minister 2010–16

Cashmore, Roger Fellow Merton 1977–9, Balliol 1979–2003; Professor of Experimental Physics 1992–2003; Principal 2003–11; Emeritus Fellow, Balliol 2004–; Chairman, UKAEA 2010–

Cheah, Jeffrey Hon Dr Flinders, Greenw, Lanc, Leic, Michigan, Monash, Oxf Brookes, Victoria, Western Australia; Gonville Fellow, Gonville and Caius College, Camb

Cook, Peter EP Abraham Professor of Cell Biology 2001–14

Cooper, Richard Junior Proctor 1982–3; Commendatore dell'Ordine al Merito of the Italian Republic 2003; Commandeur Ordre des Palmes Academiques 2012

Coyle, Diane Bennett Professor of Public Policy, Cambridge; Fellow, Office of National Statistics; Fellow, Academy of Social Sciences

Crook, Joseph Slade Professor of Fine Art 1979–80; Waynflete Lecturer, Magdalen 1985–6

Daniel, Ronald Junior Proctor 2005–6; Vice-Principal 2012–15

Gasser, Robert Junior Proctor 1968–9; Vice-Chairman, General Board of the Faculties 1978–80; Bursar 1982–2001

Judd, Brian Professor Emeritus, Department of Physics and Astronomy, Johns Hopkins

Knowland, John Fellow, Pembroke 1976–2001; Bursar 2001–9

Marks, Alexandra Solicitor Commissioner of the Judicial Appointments Committee

O'Neill, Robert Chichele Professor of the History of War and Fellow, All Souls 1987–2001

Palin, Michael Actor, writer, television presenter

Peach, John Chairman, General Board of the Faculties 1993–5

Rowett, John Assessor 1993–4; Warden, Rhodes House 1999–2006

Smith, Anthony Research Fellow, St Antony's 1971–6; President, Magdalen 1989–2005

Turnbull, Malcolm Leader, Liberal Party, and Prime Minister, Australia 2015–18

Vallance, Lord Hon DSc City Lond, Napier, Ulster; Hon DTech Lough, Robert Gordon; Hon DBA Kingston; Hon DEng H-W

Wiggins, David Wykeham Professor of Logic 1993–2000

NON-ACADEMIC STAFF 2019–20

Accommodation

James Hellyer	Accommodation Manager
Gill Walker	Head Housekeeper
Gabi Nacheva	Deputy Housekeeper - College
Edina Barath	Deputy Housekeeper - Frewin
Claudette Bishop	Scout <i>(from November 2019 until January 2020)</i>
Sandra Brown	Scout <i>(until October 2019)</i>
Maria Bura	Scout
Bobby Cox	Scout
Edison De Freitas Silverio	Scout
Rabie Deliallisi	Scout
Santos Dos Santos Gusmao	Scout
Emma Gomez Gil	Scout
Justyna Grochowska	Scout
Debbie Hall	Scout
Sandra Hall	Scout <i>(until August 2019)</i>
Sue Hounslow	Scout <i>(until June 2020)</i>
Kristina Jociene	Scout <i>(until December 2020)</i>
Alison Jones	Scout <i>(from January 2020)</i>
Monika Kaczowska	Scout
Vaida Kinciene	Scout <i>(until June 2020)</i>
Julie Lee	Scout
Valerie Mack	Scout
Emil Nachev	Scout <i>(until December 2020)</i>
Maria Nheu Felgueiras	Scout
Renata Pacholec	Scout
Leandro Pereira	Scout
Izadoro Pereira	Scout
Laura Ratkiene	Scout
Kathy Sheehan	Scout
Joanne Simms	Scout
Patricia Spencer	Scout
Malcolm Thomas	Scout
Fernando Tjing	Scout
Darren Watts	Scout

Velizy Wheeler	Scout
Steven Yousaf	Scout

Bursary

Philip Parker	Bursar
Matt Hill	Domestic Bursar
Gillian Chandler	College Accountant
Trish Coleman	Financial Controller
Neil Gould	Finance Assistant – Payroll
Laurence Guntert	Finance Assistant
Kerry O’Callaghan	Finance Assistant
Alice Watson-Thorne	Finance Assistant

Buttery

Pawel Chojda	Butler
Roberto Joao	SCR Assistant
Kim Smith	SCR Assistant
Stiliyan Chernev	Hall Assistant
Martin Wiseman	Steward
Becky Dandridge	Assistant Steward
Magda Szykowna	Assistant Steward
Olivia Newbold	Hall Assistant
Nathan Pyle	Hall Assistant
Monika Wojciukiewicz	Hall Assistant
Marito Bernardino	Plate Room Assistant
Olavio Deassuncao	Plate Room Assistant

Chapel

Christian Wilson	Director of Music
Ellie Raikes	Student Support Advisor

College Office

Henry Jestico	Academic Administrator
Karen Arnold	Graduate Administrator and PA to Senior Tutor
Bronwen Edwards	Admissions Officer
Joe Organ	Schools and Publications Officer
Nazifa Hoque	Academic Assistant

Conference Office

Norman Meyer	Conference & Events Manager
Amanda Gooding	Events Co-ordinator
Alice McCormack	Conference & Events Co-ordinator
Denise Rees	Domestic Administrator

Development Office

Liz Miller	Development Director
Tina Hill	Deputy Director of Management <i>(until March 2020)</i>
Julia Diamantis	Senior Development Officer
James Fletcher	Senior Development Officer
Harriet Partington-Smyth	Annual Fund Officer
Emily Bruce	Alumni Relations Officer <i>(until March 2020)</i>
George Balkwill	Development Assistant <i>(from April 2020)</i>
John-Paul Clough	Development Assistant

HR

Julia Dewar	HR Manager
Lorraine Amor	HR Adviser <i>(until December 2019)</i>
Paula Bracher	HR Adviser
Sally Penton	HR Assistant & PA to the Bursar

ICT

John Kinsey	ICT Director
Garrith Blackhall	Infrastructure Manager
Mona Beiraghdar-Ghoshun	ICT Officer
Bekki Tordoff	ICT Officer
Ali Nuheili	First Line Support Officer <i>(from January 2020)</i>

Kitchen

Lorraine Watkins	Head Chef
Erik Poslusny	Sous Chef
Stanley Zacek	Sous Chef <i>(from May 2019 until October 2019)</i>

Henry Crowther	Senior Chef de Partie
Chris Alexa	Third Chef
Andy Brookes	Third Chef
Tom Wardlaw	Junior Third Chef <i>(from February 2019 until April 2020)</i>
Hayden Whiting	Junior Third Chef
Ali O'Brien	Pastry Chef
Matt Ware	Pastry Chef
Jojo Creery	Catering Assistant <i>(from March 2020 until July 2020)</i>
Vanessa Nolan	Catering Assistant <i>(until December 2019)</i>
Fiona Palfreeman	Catering Assistant
Miriam Vargiu	Servery Assistant
Fakrul Islam	Head Kitchen Porter
Peter Smith	Kitchen Porter
Olivio Assuncao	Kitchen Porter

Library

Liz Kay	College Librarian
Sophie Floate	Antiquarian Cataloguer
Georgie Edwards	Archivist
Helen Sumping	Deputy Archivist
Lianne Smith	Library Assistant

Nurses

Lauren Doran	College Nurse <i>(from January 2020)</i>
Kate Tempest	College Nurse <i>(until September 2019)</i>

Porters' Lodge

Andy Talbot	Head Porter
Omer Tariq	Lodge Supervisor
Bernard Chylinski	Lodge Receptionist
Mark Eastley	Lodge Receptionist
Ray May	Lodge Receptionist
Andy Middleton	Lodge Receptionist <i>(until December 2019)</i>
Carol Rix	Lodge Receptionist
Iain Covell	Night Lodge Porter

Melchoir Fontaine	Night Lodge Porter
Tom Mceneaney	Night Lodge Porter (<i>until July 2019</i>)
Sam Morris	Night Lodge Porter (<i>until April 2019</i>)
Tenzin Sherab	Night Lodge Porter
Damien Thomas	Night Lodge Porter

Principal's Office

Melanie James	Principal's PA (<i>until December 2019</i>)
Anna Malkin	Principal's PA (<i>from January 2020</i>)
Kate Roberts	Deputy PA

Workshop

Cliff Jones	Clerk of Works
Mike Rochford	Workshop Manager
Andrew Wiffen	Maintenance Lead (<i>until December 2019</i>)
Danny English	Sports Groundsman
Billy Burnell	College Maintenance
Ryan Allen	Plumber & General Maintenance
Shane Jordan	Carpenter & General Maintenance (<i>from September 2020</i>)
Adam West	Carpenter & General Maintenance
Richard Harris	Quad Maintenance (<i>until March 2019</i>)
Rob Walker	Facilities Assistant

CLASS LISTS

Final Honour School 2020

NB: Students who did not want their names to be on public pass lists have been emailed for permission to be included in the *Brazen Nose*, and names have been removed if students have confirmed that they do not want to be listed, or if no response has been received.

ANCIENT & MODERN HISTORY

I Andrew Loy

BIOCHEMISTRY (BA)

II.1 Calum Flintoff

BIOCHEMISTRY (MBIOCHEM)

I Georgina Brown

I Amy Wolstenholme

II.1 Colette Neary

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

I Megan Cox

I Margot Greenen

I Angharad Morgan

II.1 Austin Turner

CHEMISTRY

I Benjamin Hemsì

II.1 Tobias de Mendonça

II.1 Caitlin Gold

II.1 Esme Haywood

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES

II.1 Emily Hobbs

CLASSICS & ORIENTAL STUDIES

I Asher Brawer

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

I Matthew Hewlett

- II.1 Thomas Harmer
- II.1 Charlotte Heynen
- II.1 James Smith

ENGINEERING SCIENCE

- I Michael Broome
- I Charles Fox
- I Jacob Green
- I Christopher Parsons
- II.1 Conor Gallagher
- II.1 Raaghav Krishnakumar

ENGLISH & MODERN LANGUAGES

- I Christopher Goring

ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

- I Madeleine Luszczak
- II.1 Hannah Lipczynski
- II.1 Isabella Welch

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

- I Samuel Day

FINE ART

- II.1 Sophie Nathan-King
- II.1 Erica Nuamah
- II.1 Madeleine Whitfield

GEOGRAPHY

- I Leonard Maassen
- I Larissa Machiels
- I Eleanor Pendle
- II.1 Sarah Berwick

HISTORY

- I Taina Duailibe Silva
- I Sophie Gunning
- I Antoni Porayski-Pomsta
- II.1 Eleanor Dodd
- II.1 Naomi Lane

HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES

I Leon Horvat-Savic

HISTORY & POLITICS

II.1 Samuele O'Connor

JURISPRUDENCE

I Zhi Hao Ip

I Vishal Kumar

I Emma Rawkins

I Daniil Ukhorskiy

II.1 Rowena Machin

II.1 Simran Sidhu

II.1 Henry Wheeler

LAW WITH LAW STUDIES IN EUROPE

I Philomene Tsamados

II.1 Amelia Weiss

LITERAE HUMANIORES

I William Freeman

I William Jefferies

I Maud Mullan

MATHEMATICS (MMATH)

I Matthew Buckland

MEDICAL SCIENCES

I Rosaline de Koning

I Thomas Griffiths

II.1 Hugo Astley

II.1 Sam Farrar

II.1 Ines Rayment-Gomez

MODERN LANGUAGES

I Jonathon Budd

I Thomas Fane

II.1 Louisa Cotterhill

II.1 Katherine Farquhar

MODERN LANGUAGES & LINGUISTICS

I Sian Hale

MUSIC

I Bethany Reeves

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS

I Allen Haugh

I Joseph Sibley

I William Stone

II.1 Damayanti Chatterjee

Sami Al Meri (Declared to Deserve Honours)

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES

I Adam Husain

II.1 Emily Matsagoura

PHYSICS

I Thomas Plews

I Kulbir Singh

I Oliver Squire

PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & LINGUISTICS

I James Akka

II.1 Tucker Drew

Katherine ffrench

GRADUATE DEGREES

DPhil

Moustafa Abdalla	Medical Sciences
Elizabeth Allen	Clinical Medicine
Natalie Barber	Structural Biology
Thomas Barber	Biomedical and Clinical Sciences
Roy Bartle	Engineering Science
Fergus Boyles	Systems Biology – Statistics
Elizabeth Briggs	Archaeological Science
Callum Brodie	Theoretical Physics
Richard Brown	Genomic Medicine and Statistics
Yinan Cao	Experimental Psychology
Laura Diment	Engineering Science
Benoit Duchet	Clinical Neurosciences
Kieran Gilfoy	International Development
Victoria Griffiths	Zoology
Jennifer Hebert	Psychiatry
Jamie Inshaw	Clinical Medicine
Sonia Khan	Education
Nada Kubikova	Obstetrics and Gynaecology
James Lamb	Theory and Modelling in Chemical Sciences
Kai Ma	Organic Chemistry
Cyrus Nayeri	Geography and the Environment
Anna Petherick	Politics
Daniel Rainbow	Clinical Medicine
Matthew Rees	Music
Virginia Schmid	Clinical Medicine
Md Shajedur Rahman Shawon	Population Health
Boris Sieber	Pathology
Robert Smith	Population Health
Anirudh Sridhar	English
Robert Michael Stass	Clinical Medicine
Kevin Tang	History
William Taverner	Synthetic Biology – Oncology
Damien Warner	Pathology
Xiaoyu Xu	Inorganic Chemistry
Erin Young	Education

MPhil (Res)

Xiao Mao	Law
Colton Wade	Socio-legal Research

Diploma in Legal Studies

Lucile Agostini	Distinction
Thomas Dosset	Pass
Paula Schindler	Distinction

BCL

Taylor Briggs	Distinction
Sarah O'Keefe	Distinction
Zachariah Pullar	Distinction
Natalie Tsang	Distinction
Cheuk Hin Edward Tsui	Distinction
Katharine Webster	Distinction

Magister Juris

Michael Cremer	Distinction
Rikke Rasmussen	Merit
Konstantin Sauer	Merit

Master of Fine Art

Samuel Blackwood	Distinction
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Master of Public Policy

Eric Cheng	Distinction
Zirui Huang	Pass
Innocent Mbaguta	Merit

MPhil

Xiyu Bao	Economics	Pass
Daniel Privitera	Economics	Pass
Alexandra Stafford	International Relations	Merit

MSc

Kan Keeratimahat	Mathematical Sciences	Distinction
Alexandros Konstantinou	Mathematical Sciences	Distinction
Fupong Ma	Mathematical Sciences	Merit

Conor Osborne	Mathematical Sciences	Distinction
Conor Gallagher	Law and Finance	Merit
Marilena Papachristodoulou	Law and Finance	Distinction
Hanna Reiss	Law and Finance	Distinction
Siddhant Sachdeva	Law and Finance	Distinction
Chloe Robins	Clinical and Therapeutic Neuroscience	Merit
Indra Van Assche	Clinical and Therapeutic Neuroscience	Distinction
Matthew Downer	Global Health Science & Epidemiology	Merit
Anna Gavan	Global Health Science & Epidemiology	Merit
Catherine Brima	International Health & Tropical Medicine	Pass
Tesse De Boer	Water Science, Conservation & Management	Distinction
Tianyang Shen	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry	Distinction
Oliver Whitaker	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry	Pass
Benjamin Parker	Biodiversity, Conservation & Management	Distinction
Bruce Winney	Biodiversity, Conservation & Management	Merit
Elena Gallina	Economic & Social History	Merit
Giles Bennett	Learning & Teaching	Distinction
Sarah Blair	Learning & Teaching	Pass
Jacob Byrne	Learning & Teaching	Pass
Eleanor Kavanagh	Learning & Teaching	Merit
Sarah Lazzarini	Learning & Teaching	Distinction
Eleanor Marr	Learning & Teaching	Distinction
Claire O'Neill	Learning & Teaching	Merit
Stephen Wawrzyniak	Learning & Teaching	Pass

MSt

Sarah Eaton	Classical Archaeology	Pass
Laura Hackett	English	Distinction
Zuoyu Zhang	Modern Languages	Merit
Maria Nicole Tonelli	History of Art and Visual Culture	Pass
Jennifer Pagliuca	Global and Imperial History	Merit
Maximillian Yuen	Medieval History	Distinction
Luke Allan	Creative Writing	Distinction
Ryan Bernsten	Creative Writing	Distinction

PGCE

Tamara Alonso Ares	Pass
Adam Hexley	Pass
Morgan Johnson	Pass
Itzaskun Olalde Scott	Pass

MBA

Marta Gallego Mena	Distinction
Martin Merello	Distinction
Ysita Casanueva Alejandro	Pass

EMBA

Carlos Moreira Duarte, EMBA	Distinction
Daniel Chen, EMBA	Distinction
Jun Gu, EMBA	Pass
Joshua Walter, EMBA	Pass

Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery

Alanna Wall	Pass
James Maye	Pass
Gautam Menon	Pass
James Tizzard	Pass

MATRICULATIONS 2019–20

Lucy Abel, *University of York*; **Lucile Agostini**, *Pantheon-Assas/Paris II*; **Mohammed Ahmed**, *Hazelwick School*; **Tamara Alonso Ares**, *Open University*; **Bennett Anderson**, *Tulane University*; **Samuel Anoyrkatis**, *Exeter Mathematics School*; **James Ashford**, *University of Exeter*; **Theophile Baggio**, *Universite Claude Bernard-Lyon 1*; **Joshua Bancroft**, *Ashby School*; **Shreyasi Banerjee**, *Woodford County High School*; **Aaron Barrie**, *Highgate School*; **Oana Bazavan**, *University of Manchester*; **Giles Bennett**, *Open University*; **Alexandra Bessette**, *Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore*; **Harry Best**, *Ladybridge High School*; **Finley Bettsworth**, *Jumeirah College*; **Edward Birch**, *Eton College*; **Lampros Bisdounis**, *University of Amsterdam*; **Samuel Blackwood**, *Sheffield Hallam University*; **Helene Borrmann**, *University of Bonn*; **Olivia Bourne**, *Blessed John Henry Newman RC College*; **Jamie Bowden**, *Eton College*; **Emily Brannigan**, *King Edward VI School, Northumberland*; **Taylor Briggs**, *Cambridge University*; **Catherine Brima**, *University of Sierra Leone*; **Maura Burns Zaragoza**, *Chelmsford County High School*; **Jacob Byrne**, *University of the West of England - UWE Bristol*; **Joseph Cary**, *Comberton Sixth Form*; **Siu Fun Cheng**, *University of Hong Kong*; **Yi Woon Chiong**, *University of Cambridge*; **Jack Churchill**, *Cardinal Newman Catholic School, Hove*; **Caroline Conder**, *St Helen and St Katharine*; **Louis Connell**, *St Aidan's and St John Fisher Associated Sixth Form, Harrogate*; **Sofia Cotterill**, *Newstead Wood School*; **Leona Crawford**, *Tonbridge Grammar School*; **Michael Cremer**, *Bucerius Law School*; **Phoebe Crockford**, *Fortismere School*; **Frederica Crouch**, *Ripon Grammar School*; **Carissa Cullen**, *Cheltenham Ladies' College*; **Rebecca Davies**, *Watford Grammar School for Girls*; **Tesse De Boer**, *Amsterdam University College*; **Jasmine de Braganca**, *Coloma Convent Girls School*; **Inigo De La Joya Peletier**, *Runnymede College*; **Yii-Jen Deng**, *Newstead Wood School*; **Daniel D'Hotman De Villiers**, *Monash University*; **Sarah Donarski**, *Leeds Trinity University*; **Elin Donnelly**, *Withington Girls' School*; **Matthew Doran**, *Guildford County School*; **Thomas Dosset**, *Pantheon-Assas/Paris II*; **Matthew Downer**, *Memorial University of Newfoundland*; **Joel Dungworth**, *Charnwood College*; **Joanne Dunphy**, *University of the Witwatersrand*; **Sarah Eaton**, *University of Western Ontario*; **Evan Edwards**, *Hampton School*; **Hannah Edwards**, *Sheffield High School for Girls*; **Alexia Faus**

Onbargi, *Durham University*; **Lily Finch**, *Dane Court Grammar School*; **Gabrielle Ford**, *Furze Platt School*; **Harrison France**, *St John's International Academy*; **Conor P Gallagher**, *Harvard University*; **Marta Gallego Mena**, *Universitat Pompeu Fabra, Spain*; **Rachel Gallina**, *Boise State University, USA*; **Helena Garth**, *Mossbourne Community Academy*; **Anna Gavan**, *Aberdeen University*; **Jennifer Goodier**, *Collyer's - The College of Richard Collyer*; **Daniel Gore**, *Westminster School*; **Clara Grasselli Nicol**, *Herschel Grammar School*; **Erik Green**, *Queen Elizabeth High School*; **Benedict Griffin**, *King's College School*; **Jeevadarshan Gurumoorthy**, *Langley Grammar School*; **Natasha Harper**, *All Hallows Catholic College*; **Thomas Haygarth**, *Fulford School*; **Jennifer Herrmann**, *Katholieke Universteit, Leuven*; **Adam Hexley**, *University of York*; **Lucy Higginbotham**, *Withington Girls' School*; **Agata Hodur**, *Fulford School*; **Zirui Huang**, *State University of New York*; **Ezra Jackson**, *Wilson's School*; **Wladyslaw Janczuk**, *Winchester College*; **Zhengxun Jin**, *Otto von Guericke University Magdeburg*; **Morgan Johnson**, *University of Nottingham*; **Carys Jones**, *Ysgol Gyfun Bro Myrddin*; **Olive Jung**, *Case Western Reserve University*; **Irem Kaki**, *Üsküdar American Academy*; **Abigail Keaney**, *Loreto College*; **Kan Keeratimahat**, *University of Warwick*; **Kadiza Khanom**, *John Leggott College*; **Alexandros Konstantinou**, *University College London*; **Oliver Kroboth**, *Graz International Bilingual School*; **Churl-Su Kwon**, *University College London*; **Hannah Kynman**, *Wolfreton School and Sixth Form College*; **Seoyun Lee**, *University College London*; **Haozhe Liang**, *Westlake Boys' High School*; **Meret Linnarz**, *Trinity College, Dublin*; **William Lloyd**, *Bristol University*; **Eleanor Lowe**, *University of Cambridge*; **Fupong Ma**, *University of Warwick*; **Cameron MacDonald**, *Aylesbury Grammar School*; **Ailei Mao**, *University College London*; **Samuel Marde Mehdiabad**, *Bristol University*; **Edward Margolis**, *Taipei American School*; **Maria Marinari**, *University of Manchester*; **Eleanor Marr**, *Institute of Education-London Uni*; **Thomas Martland**, *Chatsmore Catholic High School*; **Innocent Mbaguta**, *Griffith College Dublin*; **Christopher McKernan**, *University of Cambridge*; **Jonathan Medcalf**, *The West Bridgford School*; **Thomas Mewes**, *Ripon Grammar School*; **Daniel Millard**, *Calday Grange Grammar School*; **Joshua Mitchell**, *Lydiard Park Academy*; **Harry Moore**, *Bristol University*; **Orry Moore**, *Marlwood School*; **Ewan Murphy**, *Bruntcliffe High School*; **Claire Nash**, *Queen Elizabeth's Grammar, Alford*; **Charlotte Nejad**,

St Albans High School for Girls; **Robin Newby**, *The Coopers' Company & Coborn School*; **Elizabeth Nott**, *King Edward VI Handsworth School For Girls*; **Beverlyne Nyamemba**, *McGill University*; **Georgia Ofiaeli**, *Ampleforth College*; **Itzaskun Olalde Scott**, *Royal Holloway College, University of London*; **James O'Leary**, *Kenilworth School*; **Christopher O'Neil**, *All Saints Secondary School, Glasgow*; **Conor Osborne**, *University of Sussex*; **Eliza Owen**, *Camden School for Girls*; **Jennifer Pagliuca**, *University of Southampton*; **Marilena Papachristodoulou**, *Kings College London*; **Sophia Paraskeva**, *Haberdashers' Aske's School for Girls*; **Deepesh Patel**, *Wilson's School*; **Kunal Patel**, *Washington High School*; **Jordan Penn**, *The Brakenhale School*; **Eleni Petropoulou**, *Peter Symonds College*; **Kristiyan Popov**, *High School of Mathematics and Natural Sciences*; **Mari Preka**, *All Saints Catholic School*; **Zachariah Pullar**, *University of Exeter*; **Matthew Puttock**, *West Somerset Community College*; **Franziska Putz**, *University of Edinburgh*; **Rikke Juul Hesse Rasmussen**, *Copenhagen University*; **Benjamin Rienecker**, *St Paul's School*; **Hanna Riess**, *Ruprecht-Karls Universitat Heidelberg, Germany*; **Chloe Robins**, *Bristol University*; **Jonathan Routley**, *St Paul's School*; **Siddhant Sachdeva**, *National Law University Delhi*; **Saiyeda Sadiq**, *Denbigh High School*; **Leila Sanghera**, *Nottingham Girls' High School*; **Konstantin Sauer**, *University of Augsburg*; **Helen Scantlebury**, *The Hertfordshire and Essex High School and Science College*; **Matthew Schaffel**, *Bolton School (Boys' Division)*; **Paula Schindler**, *Ludwig Maximilians University of Munich*; **Ivan Shchapov**, *Moscow State Institute of International Relations*; **Tianyang Shen**, *University of Sheffield*; **Alexis Shklar**, *Wake Forest University*; **Gregory Simond**, *Holyport College*; **Augustus Smith**, *Ripon Grammar School*; **Elena Smyk**, *Bristol Grammar School*; **Etta Stevens**, *St Marylebone C.E. School*; **Alex Still**, *South Dartmoor Community College*; **Jan Stohanzl**, *Mendel Grammar School*; **Felix Stokes**, *Dr Challoner's High School*; **Thomas Stone**, *Bournemouth School*; **Alexander Sullivan**, *Institute of Education-London Uni*; **Franceska Tchapeu**, *Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School, Coventry*; **Jessica Tedd**, *King Edward VI High School for Girls, Birmingham*; **Ian Thomas**, *Birmingham City University*; **Adam Thompson**, *St Paul's School*; **Maria Nicole Tonelli**, *University of California, Davis*; **Bryony Toon**, *Quarrydale Academy*; **Jack Tottem**, *Monmouth School for Boys*; **Elena Trowsdale**, *Notre Dame Catholic Sixth Form College*;

Robert Truell, *Winchester College*; **Natalie Tsang**, *London School of Economics*; **Indra Van Assche**, *University of Cambridge*; **Emily Van De Koot**, *University of Birmingham*; **Colton Wade**, *Georgetown University*; **Chloe Walker**, *Conssett Academy*; **Laura Warmuth**, *Eberhard-Karls University*; **Jake Watson**, *Idsall School*; **William Whitehead**, *King Edward VI School, Staffordshire*; **Bruce Winney**, *University of Nottingham*; **Liberty Wright**, *The Henrietta Barnett School*; **Vivian Yeung**, *University of Birmingham*; **Zhi Cheng Andrew Young**, *Anglo-Chinese School*; **Alejandro Ysita Casanueva**, *Monterrey Institute of Technology and Higher Education*; **Yue Zhang**, *Devonport High School for Boys*; **Jiarui Zong**, *Nankai University, China*; **Alexander Zukauskas**, *University of Wisconsin*

COLLEGE PRIZES 2019–20

Undergraduate College Prizes:

First in Finals

Andrew Loy (Ancient & Modern History); **Georgina Brown** (Biochemistry); **Amy Wolstenholme** (Biochemistry); **Megan Cox** (Biological Sciences); **Margot Greenen** (Biological Sciences); **Angharad Morgan** (Biological Sciences); **Benjamin Hems** (Chemistry); **Asher Brawer** (Classics with Oriental Studies); **Matthew Hewlett** (Economics & Management); **Michael Broome** (Engineering); **Charles Fox** (Engineering); **Jacob Green** (Engineering); **Christopher Parsons** (Engineering); **Madeleine Luszczak** (English); **Christopher Goring** (English & Modern Languages - French); **Samuel Day** (Experimental Psychology); **Leonard Maassen** (Geography); **Larissa Machiels** (Geography); **Eleanor Pendle** (Geography); **Taina Duailibe Silva** (History); **Sophie Gunning** (History); **Antoni Porayski-Pomsta** (History); **Leon Horvat-Savic** (History & Modern Languages - German); **Zhi Hao Brian Ip** (Jurisprudence); **Vishal Kumar** (Jurisprudence); **Emma Rawkins** (Jurisprudence); **Daniil Ukhorskiy** (Jurisprudence); **Philomene Tsamados** (Jurisprudence with Law in Europe); **William Freeman** (Literae Humaniores); **William Jefferies** (Literae Humaniores); **Maud Mullan** (Literae Humaniores); **Matthew Buckland** (Mathematics); **Rosaline de Koning** (Medical Sciences); **Thomas Griffiths** (Medical Sciences); **Jonathon Budd** (Modern Languages - French & German); **Thomas Fane** (Modern Languages - French & German); **Sian Hale** (Modern Languages - French & Linguistics); **Bethany Reeves** (Music); **Adam Husain** (Philosophy & Modern Languages - French); **Thomas Plews** (Physics); **Kulbir Singh** (Physics); **Oliver Squire** (Physics); **Allen Haugh** (PPE); **Joseph Sibley** (PPE); **William Stone** (PPE); **James Akka** (Psychology, Philosophy & Linguistics).

First Class or equivalent in interim examinations (2019/20)

Xinglong Wang (Engineering, Part B); **Cameron Chisholm** (Mathematics, Part B); **Rhys Evans** (Mathematics, Part B); **James Forsythe** (Mathematics, Part B); **Jansen Sta Maria** (Mathematics, Part B)

First Class or equivalent in interim examinations (2018/19)

Georgina Brown (Biochemistry, Part I); **Amy Wolstenholme** (Biochemistry, Part I); **Megan Cox** (Biological Sciences, Part I); **Margot Greenen** (Biological Sciences, Part I); **Angharad Morgan** (Biological Sciences, Part I); **Hannan El-Amriti** (Chemistry, Part IA); **Benjamin Hems** (Chemistry, Part IB); **Timothy Jenkins** (Chemistry, Part IA); **Sarah Phillips** (Chemistry, Part IA); **Michael Broome** (Engineering, Part B); **Charles Fox** (Engineering, Part B); **Christopher Parsons** (Engineering, Part B); **Xinglong Wang** (Engineering Science, Part A); **Samuel Day** (Experimental Psychology, Part I); **Matthew Buckland** (Mathematics, Part B); **Cameron Chisholm** (Mathematics, Part A); **Rhys Evans** (Mathematics, Part A); **James Forsythe** (Mathematics, Part A); **Rosaline de Koning** (Medical Sciences, 1st BM Part II); **Rory Bedford** (Physics, Part A); **Joshua Form** (Physics, Part A); **Thomas Plews** (Physics, Part B); **Kulbir Singh** (Physics, Part B); **Thomas Spackman** (Physics, Part A); **Oliver Squire** (Physics, Part B); **Robin Timmis** (Physics, Part B)

Distinction in Mods/Prelims

Louis Connell (Jurisprudence); **Sophia Paraskeva** (Jurisprudence); **Leila Sanghera** (Jurisprudence); **Zhi Cheng Andrew Young** (Jurisprudence)

Undergraduate University Prizes

Caroline Conder (Chemistry): Turbutt Prize for 1st Year Practical Organic Chemistry

Samuel Day (Experimental Psychology): Congratulatory First

Christopher Goring (English & Modern Languages - French): Congratulatory First and proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize (Overall Joint Honour Schools)

Scott Hextall (Chemistry): Turbutt Prize for 2nd Year Practical Organic Chemistry

Adam Husain (Philosophy & Modern Languages - French): Congratulatory First, Gibbs Prize for Joint Honour Schools with Modern Languages and Gibbs Prize for Philosophy papers in the Honour School of Philosophy and Modern Languages

William Jefferies (Literae Humaniores): Gibbs Prize for Course II

Eleanor Pendle (Geography): Gibbs Prize

Daniil Ukhorskiy (Jurisprudence): All Souls Prize for Public International Law

Amy Wolstenholme (Biochemistry): Gibbs Prize

Graduate College Prizes

Distinction in Graduate Exams

Luke Allan	MSt. Creative Writing
Ryan Bernsten	MSt. Creative Writing
Carlos Moreira Duarte	EMBA
Daniel Chen	EMBA
Samuel Blackwood	MFA
Lucile Agostine	DLS
Paula Schindler	DLS
Kan Keeratimahat	MSc. Mathematical Sciences
Alexandros Konstantinou	MSc. Mathematical Sciences
Michael Cremer	Magister Juris
Taylor Briggs	BCL
Sarah O'Keefe	BCL
Zachariah Pullar	BCL
Natalie Tsang	BCL
Cheuk Hin Edward Tsui	BCL
Katharine Webster	BCL
Marilena Papachristodoulou	MSc. Law and Finance
Hanna Reiss	MSc. Law and Finance
Siddhant Sachdeva	MSc. Law and Finance
Conor Osborne	MSc. Mathematical Sciences
Laura Hackett	Mst. English
Maximillian Yuen	MSt Medieval History
Indra Van Assche	MSc. Clinical and Therapeutic Neuroscience
Tesse De Boer	MSc. Water Science, Conservation & Management
Tianyang Shen	MSc. Theoretical and Computational Chemistry

Sui Fun Cheng
Benjamin Parker

Master of Public Policy
MSc. Biodiversity,
Conservation & Management

Giles Bennett
Sarah Lazzarini

MSc. Learning & Teaching

MSc. Learning & Teaching

Eleanor Marr

MSc. Learning & Teaching

Marta Gallego Mena

MBA

Martin Merello

MBA

**ELECTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS,
2019–20**

IN BIOCHEMISTRY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Niles Huang, formerly of Radnor High School

Commoner of the College

Maya Misra, formerly of The Harpeth Hall School

Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Rhian Guar, formerly of Cardiff Sixth Form College

Commoner of the College

Rachel Martin, formerly of Ashby School

Commoner of the College

IN BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

William Bezodis, formerly of The British School, Warsaw

Commoner of the College

Angharad Morgan, formerly of Ysgol Gyfun Ystalyfera

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Megan Cox, formerly of Richard Huish College

Commoner of the College

Margot Greenen, formerly of Cite Scolaire International De Lyon

Commoner of the College

IN CHEMISTRY

TO THE JUNIOR CHEETHAM SCHOLARSHIP

Hannan El-Amriti, formerly of Clarendon College

Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Timothy Georges, formerly of Bournemouth School

Commoner of the College

Henry Grandage, formerly of Winchester College

Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Scott Hextall, formerly of Bishops Stortford College

Commoner of the College

Sarah Phillips, formerly of Sir William Perkins School

Commoner of the College

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT**TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION**

Katie Anderson, formerly of Yarm School

Commoner of the College

James Hoddell, formerly of Colchester Royal Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Samuel Ramsden, formerly of the Royal Grammar School,
Buckinghamshire

Commoner of the College

IN ENGINEERING SCIENCE**TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP**

Michael Broome, formerly of Thomas Telford School

Exhibitioner of the College

Charles Fox, formerly of Alleyn's School

Exhibitioner of the College

Xinglong Wang, formerly of Shenzhen College of
International Education

Exhibitioner of the College

IN ENGLISH**TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION**

Eleanor Cousins Brown, formerly of St Laurence School

Commoner of the College

IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY**TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION**

Lucy Chapple, formerly of Canford School

Commoner of the College

IN FINE ART

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Oliver Towarek, formerly of Warwickshire College
Commoner of the College

IN GEOGRAPHY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Amy Belben, formerly of Chislehurst & Sidcup Grammar School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Mia Simovic, formerly of Camden School for Girls
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY

TO THE JEFFERY EXHIBITION

Sophie Gunning, formerly of Reigate Grammar School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

William Adams, formerly of Colchester Royal Grammar School
Commoner of the College
Pierce Jones, formerly of Trinity School
and Performing Arts College, Newbury
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY & ECONOMICS

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Felix Dennison, formerly of Eton College
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Martin Dixon, formerly of Ryde School
Commoner of the College

IN JURISPRUDENCE

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Zhi Yu Foo, formerly of Hwa Chong Institution

Commoner of the College

Sanjana Gunasekaran, formerly of Leeds Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Laura Harray, formerly of St Paul's Girls School

Commoner of the College

IN LITERAE HUMANIORES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Andrew Lee, formerly of Bolton School

Commoner of the College

IN MATHEMATICS

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Cameron Chisholm, formerly of Malmesbury School

Exhibitioner of the College

Rhys Evans, formerly of Tadcaster Grammar School

Exhibitioner of the College

James Forsythe, formerly of John Cleveland College

Exhibitioner of the College

IN MEDICAL SCIENCES

TO AN EXHIBITION

Rosaline de Koning, formerly of International School of Zug
and Luzern

Commoner of the College

IN MODERN LANGUAGES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Ami Ganatra, formerly of Leicester Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Rebecca Hopper, formerly of Durham Johnston School

Commoner of the College

IN PHYSICS

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Rory Bedford, formerly of Winchester College

Commoner of the College

Joshua Form, formerly of Northallerton College

Commoner of the College

Radu Moga, formerly of National College Alexandru Papiu Ilarian

Commoner of the College

Thomas Spackman, formerly of Royal Grammar School

Commoner of the College

IN PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Lokesh Jain, formerly of King Edwards School

Commoner of the College

IN PPE

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

William Stone, formerly of Winchester College

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Damayanti Chatterjee, formerly of Herschel Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Fabio D'Aguanno, formerly of Liceo Classico Bartolomeo Zucchi

Commoner of the College

BLUES AND HALF BLUES 2019–2020

Jake Watson	Blue	Athletics
Maisie Johnson	Blue	Football
Katie Anderson	Half Blue	Rowing
Ben Parker	Blue	Rugby
Mattie Hewlett	Half Blue	Squash
Joe Sibley	Blue	Squash

Reports



JCR REPORT

by Pierce Jones, JCR President

You might be surprised to hear that this year has been somewhat unconventional for the JCR. As shocking as this revelation might come to some, I hope I'm able to ease your worries with a wholesome report outlining how far we've come as a JCR over the past year, but also showing how far we, as a community, have stuck to our roots as the happiest college in Oxford. Staying true to my character, I've tried to emphasise the drama of the past year within this report. If we imagine the year as TV drama, with highs, lows, tragedy and beautiful moments of celebration then, after you finish reading this report, you can wipe the tears from your eyes and go on with your daily lives. Let's begin.

Whilst the past year has been very untypical, I won't break with tradition so far as to forget the person who paved the way for the current JCR Committee to excel. Sarah Berwick conducted her presidency with kindness and a soft touch, Brasenose always felt like a happier place with her laughter echoing through its quads. She knew when to be stalwart too, and it's thanks to her hard work that the JCR managed to increase its grant significantly. Serving on her Committee as Entz Rep, Sarah was always there to support me, even more so after I was elected. I'm somewhat bitter that Sarah managed to meet **Michael Palin (History, 1962)**, Theresa May and **Mark Williams (English, 1978)** during her time as President and the pandemic has deprived me from any such pleasures, but Sarah deserves her time next to fame considering her dedication to the College! I'm sure Sarah will do brilliantly in the next stage of her journey and, as a friend, I wish her very well for the future. Her send-off at the Xmas Pantomime, 'The Grinch That Stole God of the Forge', was superb. Sarah and now College employee James Akka played each other as they assisted the 'funky detective' discovering who stole everyone's 'favourite' new addition to Old Quad. After a thorough investigation it was discovered Andy Talbot, ever the champion of the people, had disposed of the statue, much to our extreme disappointment of course.

Hilary Term saw the entrance of a new and sparkling JCR Committee: Alfie, Chris, Stef, Geneva, Mia, Ruth, Jago, Sanjana,

Freddie, Jake, Alec, Emily, Anna, Elena, Georgie and Andy. The JCR would be nothing without its dedicated committee and during the pandemic the selflessness and determination of some of the Committee members has amazed me. Below I describe some of the most memorable achievements of this Committee. Women*’s Officer Mia Simovic created Brasenose’s first ever ‘FemSoc’, hosting a range of really popular and inclusive events to engage JCR members in women*’s issues. VP Domestic Chris Summers decreased spirit prices in the bar by nearly half (!!!!) and introduced a College cocktail, which, as I’m sure you can imagine, made our bops considerably more entertaining. Charities’ Rep Andy was nominated for the SU RAG Charity Rep award for his excellent fundraising events.

Hilary Term ended on a sour note for a lot of undergraduate students. Our annual Spring Fling had to be cancelled as Covid cases in Oxford began to rise, and many of us left not knowing when exactly we would be able to return. For those of us that had final exams, eighth week of Hilary would be their last at Oxford; Trinity Term was conducted remotely with all JCR members completing our studies from home. We continue to hope that one day, once the world is safer, we can invite all those students who weren’t able to say goodbye to Brasenose and their friends back for one last celebration.

During our ‘Quaranterm’ the Welfare Reps, Ruth and Jago, and Entz Reps, Alec and Emily, really stepped up delivering virtual fun for the JCR. Entertainment ranged from online bops to a virtual murder-mystery night, and our welfare team held regular craft nights along with ‘bring your own’ Welfare Teas. The weekly quiz run by VPs Chris and Alfie was a JCR favourite. The challenge of adapting our formulae so radically and so suddenly was extremely difficult, on top of any personal stresses the pandemic may have caused, but they were always there to put a warm smile on our faces. Georgie, the IT Rep, also had a bit more work cut out for her than IT reps usually sign up for but was instrumental in helping us to move our JCR meetings online. Our annual Arts Week had to be cancelled, a great shame since we’d hoped to establish the tradition of making last year’s Drag Show a permanent fixture, but Arts Rep Elena Trowsdale treated us all to an online equivalent including movie nights and Bob Ross painting! Despite us all being apart, Trinity Term proved definitively that Brasenose is special because of the people, not just because of the place.

The end of Trinity Term saw discussions of racial inequality within Brasenose rise to the top of our agenda. Working with the D&E Rep Sanjana, and the new D&E Rep for Michaelmas, Liberty, I'm proud of the way in which the JCR has lobbied College for meaningful change. Papers requesting College appoint a Welfare Officer for BAME students and that the racial sensitivity training be expanded to include academic staff both passed at the E&D Committee of College. Liberty and I aim to complete this work before we hand over to a new Committee next year. Whilst Sanjana and Liberty deserve endless praise for the effort they've put into this work, the whole JCR D&E Committee stepped up exactly when we needed them and constantly inspire me, and other JCR members, to create a truly inclusive and anti-racist environment within the JCR.

The JCR Committee has seen a few changes over the past few years. The Domestic Rep has been promoted to the 'VP Domestic' alongside the traditional 'VP Academics & Careers'. We've created a new Freshers' Rep to ease the burdens placed on the Access & Admissions Rep. We have plans in the works to reform our Welfare team to make it more gender inclusive, and to create a new temporary position specifically related to Covid called the 'Health Rep'. Alongside decreasing bar prices and contactless washing machines, this year has certainly been one of large change for the JCR.

Anna Wright, the Access Rep, has constantly amazed me with her energy and enthusiasm. When news of how unfairly students had been treated on A Level results day came out, Anna jumped headfirst into the fray to investigate the possibilities of Brasenose reprieving students with missed offers. Anna also had the immense burden of planning a Covid-secure freshers' week with no past precedent to learn from and improve upon, and I must say, did so brilliantly. Other JCR Presidents told me their freshers had been saying Brasenose was 'the place to be', which I have to assume is a good thing.

The JCR VPs deserve huge thanks for continually keeping me sane during what's been a very trying period for the JCR. Alfie never ceases to crack a joke and make people smile exactly when it's needed, and his light-hearted but unashamedly nerdy posts are always a highlight. His advice is honest and usually hits the nail on the head: I would be somewhat of a headless chicken without him. I've paid tribute to Chris earlier, but his replacement, Irem, has been equally brilliant.

Her enthusiasm is infectious, and she constantly amazes me with her relentless desire to help others.

Brasenose continues to be a community above all, and the pandemic has proved that more than ever. This year has been incredibly tough for our members, and for the College as a whole. But despite that, we were still able to see everyone's smiley faces over a Zoom pub quiz, and still able to engage in extremely important issues over lockdown. Whilst I never thought I would bring myself to this low, I find myself oddly reminded of a quotation from Thor Ragnarok: Brasenose is a people, not just a place. We can be across the globe, or more recently trapped in our rooms, but we will always remain one large extended family.

HCR REPORT

by Jennifer Herrmann, HCR President

I have long tried to find a suitable analogy for the past academic year, and I am inclined to compare the HCR to a ship sailing through serene waters and stormy weather. Bear with me – these are unprecedented times.

In spite of a severely reduced crew, the first few months of our trip through 2019/2020 went relatively smoothly. Evie not only made a comeback as HCR Secretary, but also ran her third Freshers' Week, making sure that all freshers got their College families and were welcomed into life at Brasenose. Filling in for Social Secretary, she also organised well-attended exchange dinners at Somerville, Champion Hall and St Peter's College together with our then Social Secretary Zoey.

From Michaelmas onwards and throughout Hilary Term, our Social Secretaries Adam, Katie, and Jenny made sure that the social calendar of the HCR was filled to the brim. With incredible creativity and dedication, Jenny regularly decoratively transformed the HCR for our cocktail parties. We also got the opportunity to learn about the unpleasant parts of Oxford's past at an Uncomfortable Oxford Tour, which was organised by Adam and guided us to places around the city associated with some of the grimmer aspects of the previous centuries and present time. Meanwhile, Katie threw a showstopping combined Thanksgiving and St Andrew's dinner in our Old Library. Following

the Herculean effort of getting haggis, neeps and tatties from St. Cross over to the College in a semi-hot state, guests got to enjoy a wonderful evening in an incredibly intimate setting. And I have not even mentioned the special food-serving qualification Katie had to get for this event. Last but not least, our Social Secretaries treated the HCR to well-attended exchange dinners at Pembroke, Oriel and Christ Church.

Exchange dinners, however, did not remain our only chances for taking a glimpse behind the walls of our HCR, both metaphorically and literally. Especially worth mentioning in this context are the wine-tasting evening our Social Secretaries organised in Hilary Term in conjunction with the Bacchus Society, whose President Max Yuen happens to be a Brasenose member himself, and the whisky-tasting sessions likewise initiated by a group of 4th year students, who even once led us to Oriel's MCR for this occasion.

Christmas time this past year was not only marked by a festive atmosphere and the scent of Christmas cookies in the air, but also by a general craze about Brasenose-branded puffer jackets. Only due to Aneyn's colossal efforts of organising stash and accounting skills as HCR Treasurer was it possible to equip everyone with their long-desired jackets with the minor side effect of creating an overwhelming mountain of paper boxes in the HCR. And to round up the month of December, the Oxford Imps and their improvisational comedy gave us some great laughs at our Christmas Dinner.

Needless to say, the HCR's excellent second desserts, including delicacies such as truffled cheese, chocolate pralines, and port regularly left our many guests in awe and made for photographically-captured still lives. Beyond the impression this cornerstone of HCR life made on our visitors, it also enjoyed great popularity with the members of our own common room and drew an ever-growing interest from Brasenose's SCR. This was particularly evident in the context of our Blurbs events, which throughout Michaelmas and Hilary Term introduced the HCR and SCR to such diverse topics as the Higgs boson, the ethics of artificial intelligence, ancient dance, epigenetics and the longevity of whales, and drew an ever-growing crowd of attendees.

The Domestic Representative position has historically been difficult to fill, and for many months, Estella successfully mastered the mammoth task of serving as both President and Domestic

Representative simultaneously. For a change, and quite unexpectedly, the position then became highly contested in Michaelmas Term, before being enthusiastically filled by Ciaran, who proceeded to keep us wonderfully informed about such eminent and cherished events as Brasenose's Ale Verses.

Prior to the election of the new committee at the end of Hilary Term, Estella – pouring together all of the insights from her year as President – suggested one of the most substantial changes to the structure of the HCR Committee in recent years. The newly introduced distinction between Officer and Representative positions, as well as the creation of a number of new roles, most prominently including an Equalities & Diversity Officer position, was aimed at strengthening the HCR Committee's capacity to effectively represent the HCR as a whole.

Then came the rogue wave of Covid-19. Overnight, the HCR had to pivot to a very different, remote community life. If you have ever attended a remote work meeting, let alone any online social event, you will be very aware of the limitations of contemporary technology in this regard. Helene, Cyril and Lampros, our newly elected Social Secretaries, have been pivotal in keeping the social life of the HCR going throughout Trinity Term and organised well-attended events such as online pub quizzes and remote escape games. Meanwhile, Matthew and Miriam set up the HCR's very own online drop-in room via Discord, recreating the feeling of coming to our homely space in College and finding a group of Brasenostrials there to socialise and hang out with. Despite lacking the beloved component of chatty high-table dinner and second desserts, Blurbs were no less popular in Trinity Term. Invitations to Blurbs were extended to the whole Brasenose community, and we even had the pleasure of welcoming Prof Emeritus Simon Altmann as one of our online speakers. The talks gave us a glimpse into the work of epidemiologists and a hospital doctor's perspective on the Covid-19 pandemic, but also introduced us to the question of how states try to combat corruption and the mysteries behind Piero's Madonna del Parto.

Of course, none of this would have been possible without the excellent support provided by James, our Secretary and IT Rep, who never got tired of scheduling, hosting, and recording virtually all of our meetings and social events, and our Treasurer Ivan, who heroically kept the HCR finances together during these turbulent times.

Everyone's urge to have a change of scenery after months of holding out in one's room was particularly reflected in the incredible popularity of this year's punting scheme, which Estella kindly organised and which both JCR and HCR members made ample use of.

Lastly, this past year very important discussions have started to happen both within the HCR and throughout Brasenose College around matters of equality, and we dearly hope for positive and courageous steps for change. Bev, our Equalities & Diversity Officer, has passionately started to shape this newly created role and along with Ben, our LGBTQ+ Rep, and Manal, our Women's Rep, is working towards making everyone in Brasenose feel welcomed and supported.

With a record number of incoming graduate students this year, our Freshers' Rep Aneyn – with great help from our Welfare Officer Alexia – is now in the midst of running a socially distanced Freshers' Week, investing all of her time and energy in reconciling both parts of this obvious oxymoron. Our journey continues.

CAREERS REPORT

by Alfred Bullus, JCR Vice-President

The 2019-20 academic year enjoyed a strong start in terms of careers. At the beginning of Michaelmas Term, the JCR organised a careers fair within college with a range of professions and industries represented by recent Brasenose graduates. We were delighted to welcome a Civil Service fast streamer, an investor at JP Morgan, a publisher in academia, an actor in television and theatre, a consultant at Deloitte and a trader at Citadels. The feedback on the event was very positive and gave eager JCR members some very useful advice and insights.

Over the past year, the JCR's relationship with the University's Careers Service, and in particular our designated representative Polly Metcalfe, has only grown stronger, with one-on-ones and drop-ins continuing, in addition to the JCR advertising opportunities and events on a regular basis. We now plan on holding an annual talk for freshers early in Michaelmas so they can take full advantage of the opportunities on offer throughout the year.

In Hilary the HCR organised three wonderful Career Panels within college. The three talks featured current BNC graduates, and

the first focused on ‘Activists and Scientists’. We welcomed Lottie Hoskin, Research Fellow in Synthetic Biology here at Oxford; Elena Gallina, Social Impact Consultant at Humanista; and Alexia Faus Onbargi, Researcher at the UN. They spoke about how they came to participate in their industries, and how it has shaped their experience studying at Oxford.

The second talk had the theme ‘Corporate Industry’, and we heard from Alexis Shklar, consultant at Deloitte; Thomas Reyntjens, lawyer at Linklaters; Ziski Putz, Sales and Diversity Programming at LinkedIn; and Riccardo De Giorgi, Research Fellow in Psychiatry. They spoke about their experiences working for large, multinational corporations, and attempted to debunk some myths about their respective industries.

The third and final talk focused on ‘Bridging Academia and Industry’, and we heard from Lampros Bisdounis, Research Fellow in Neuroscience; Eleanor McGrath, Head of Grants at the Art Fund; and Churl-Su Kwon, neurosurgeon at Mount Sinai Hospital. Their thoughts on working at non-profits were hugely appreciated by the JCR and HCR.

Throughout Michaelmas and Hilary we also benefitted from the wide range of events offered by both College and the myriad societies within. In particular the Principal’s Conversations series continues to be a highlight for JCR members, and this year we welcomed **Antonia Romeo (PPE, 1993)**, Permanent Secretary at the Department for International Trade, and Kenneth Lonergan, Oscar-winning film director. A talk from the outgoing Royal Literary Fund Fellow at Brasenose, Rebecca Abrams, was also well received.

As we came to the conclusion of Hilary, it became apparent that due to what is no doubt a recurring topic, our plans for Trinity would be disrupted. The JCR had planned on organising a series of talks led by recent graduates about their career paths, but unfortunately this had to be moved to Michaelmas when, as I sit here writing this, we hope that careers events, along with everything else will start to approach some sense of normality. Until then, the Careers Service has performed admirably under the circumstances, and a wide variety of online talks and workshops were offered by them throughout Trinity and beyond.

Furthermore, Principal’s Conversations made a hugely successful migration online, and Trinity featured two very pertinent talks. The first was with Prof. William James, Professor of Virology and Prof.

Philip Goulder, Professor of Immunology, about fighting the Covid-19 pandemic. The second was with **Professor Diane Coyle CBE (PPE, 1978)**, Professor of Public Policy, and **Tim Harford (PPE, 1992)**, economist and host of the endlessly fascinating ‘More or Less’, about the economic and political effects of the pandemic. Both were very well attended.

The student body remains extremely thankful to all the speakers and old members who give up their time to participate at the many events that take place in College, and to their adaptability in these strange and unpredictable times.

ALE VERSES

by Mark Wilson, Professor of Chemistry, Dean and Fellow

Every year on Shrove Tuesday, Brasenose staff and students partake in a very peculiar tradition known as ‘Ale Verses’. This dates back hundreds of years when the College brewed its own ale and members of College would enjoy it together in Hall. Although Brasenose (sadly) no longer brews its own ale, we have kept the tradition alive!

Ale Verses this year began with a three-course formal meal in Hall. Soon after the plates are cleared away, all the students clamber up onto the tables. Jugs of warm ale (and non-alcoholic alternatives) are passed around and merriment breaks out as students begin to sing satirical songs about Brasenose, set to current popular tunes. This year we were again thankful to have Musical Director Christian Wilson (no relation) present to help keep us at least partially in tune.

Staff and students are all actively encouraged to submit tunes in advance, with lyrics ranging from events, characters or even buildings that have made an impression on them during their time at Brasenose. Ten songs were presented sung to the tune of compositions by artists ranging from Wizzard to Taylor Swift.

This year’s winning song was set to the tune of Robbie Williams’ *Angels*, written by two undergraduates and focussed on the arrival in New Quad of the *Portrait of the Artist* statue by Sir Eduardo Paolozzi, on loan from the Ingram Foundation.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES REPORT

by Liz Kay, College Librarian and Helen Sumping, Deputy Archivist

Two major projects revolving around our older/antiquarian collections had been planned for 2020. The larger of the two projects was scheduled to commence in July, so fortunately had not started when College went into lockdown. The smaller project was underway in as much as the books were being taken off site to be stored in preparation for remedial work to take place. We got in under the wire as the last truckload of our books to be taken off site was in fact the last truckload of books that the removal company moved for *anyone* before lockdown. The books are quite safe in storage but will not be brought back to college for some time yet.

During the first week of lockdown, library staff did as much as they could to keep going with the usual administrative duties and answering student enquiries. It soon became apparent that if we were to continue to support the students as much as we possibly could we needed to access the library, albeit briefly at first, on a regular basis. The College authorities believed that that this was important and so it was that we managed to provide a service of sorts throughout lockdown and beyond. Although the library assistant and antiquarian cataloguer were furloughed for many months, I continued to work at home four days a week, and on the fifth day would be in college with a list of scans to make and books to pack up and post to students. I was also able to leave books in the lodge for collection by those still living in college. While this service was a step in the right direction, more was needed, so when people had difficulty getting hold of certain titles, I ordered the books and had them sent directly to their homes. From March to September, BNC library books and books and from suppliers were sent all over the country and one or two also went abroad. We were glad to help our students achieve their goals in some small way, and recipients of the books were always grateful.

As summer progressed, careful consideration went in to planning how we could open the library safely to students and staff during Michaelmas while maintaining the calm library atmosphere that people know and love. At the time of writing, a plan is in place and we are grateful to those students involved in making welcoming induction

videos for the freshers to view before they arrive. In what has been a very strange year, our goal as ever has been to provide the best library service we can, whatever the circumstances.

ARCHIVES

College Archivist Georgina Edwards went on maternity leave in October 2019, and Deputy Archivist Helen Sumping returned from maternity leave in January 2020. After only a few months back at work the country went into lockdown, and as a result the Archives were closed. Helen returned to work in July, although the Archives will remain closed to onsite visitors for the time being. Our Archives Assistant Laura Hackett, who provided invaluable support over the last year, has sadly left having completed her studies.

Since January we have answered 86 enquiries. It has been quieter than usual, but things are starting to pick up. We have had several great donations to the archive collections this year, including a Tortoise Club tie, Brasenose Ball memorabilia, a gilt brazen nose, Brasenose Society papers, a portrait of Sir Francis James Wylie, and personal papers of alumni. We have also had the usual intake of papers and records relating to College property, administration and everyday life.

An exciting piece of news is that we have signed up to the new University digital records management system – DigiSafe. This means that our increasing number of digital records have a secure and easily-accessible home, and will be preserved for future generations.

Perhaps the best news for Library and Archives in 2020 was that our excellent Fellow Librarian Professor Simon Palfrey will continue in his role for another five years. We have valued the interest, support and understanding afforded to us over the years; not all colleges are blessed with such a committed Fellow Librarian.

PRESENTATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

1st October 2019 – 3rd September 2020

Presentations by Members of College – own composition

John Craig-Sharples

Georg Hermann: A Writer's Life, 2019.

Bill Donaldson

Sharing Reflections, 2019.

John Foster

Eggs with Legs and other crazy poems, 2019.

Jonathan Hall

Anxious Pleasures: Shakespearean Comedy in the Nation-State, 1995.
Reaction Formations: Dialogism, Ideology, and Capitalist Culture.
The Creation of the Modern Unconscious, 2019.

Chris Hirst

*No Bullsh*t Leadership: Why the World Needs More Everyday Leaders and Why That Leader Is You, 2019.*

Bill (Richard William) Lester

Do 30, Dad! Sketches of a 1930's Childhood at Mansfield and Geelong Grammar School, 1999.

William Swadling

(with Robert Chambers and James Penner)
Equity and Trusts LA2002 (level 5) LA3002 (level 6), 2019.

David Warriner

(translator)

Blood Song by Johana Gustawsson, 2019
We Were the Salt of the Sea by Roxanne Bouchard, 2018.

Michael Wilson

My Spiritual Journey, 2019.

Presentations by Members of College

Paul Dennis

Developmental Neurobiology by Lynne M, Bianchi, 2018.
The Brain and Behavior: An Introduction to Behavioral Neuroanatomy, 4th ed.

- by David L. Clark, Nash N. Boutros & Mario F. Mendez.
The A to Z of Medical Terms by A.L. Neill, 2015.
Quick and Easy Medical Terminology, 9th ed. by Peggy C. Leonard, 2020.
Antibiotic Basics for Clinicians; The ABCs of Choosing the Right Antibacterial Agent, 3rd ed. by Alan R. Hauser.
Genetics in Medicine, 8th ed. by Robert L. Nussbaum, Roderick R McInnes & Huntingdon F. Willard, 2016.
Heart of the Matter: Key Concepts in Cardiovascular Science ed. by Cesare Terracciano & Samuel Guymier, 2019.
The Biological Basis of Clinical Observations, 3rd ed. by William T. Blows, 2018.
Case Studies in Cancer by Richard J. Lee, Jeremy S. Abramson & Richard A. Goldsby, 2019.
Myelin: The Brain's Supercharger by Bernard Zalc & Florence Rosier, 2016.
The Nocturnal Brain: Nightmares, Neuroscience and the Secret world of Sleep by Guy Leschziner, 2019.

Sophie Gunning

- The Anglo-Saxon World* by Nicholas J. Higham & Martin J Ryan, 2015.
The Search for Modern China: A Documentary Collection by Pei-kai Cheng & Michael Lestz with Jonathan D. Spence, 1999.

Sïan Hale

- Cahier d'un retour au pays natal* by Aimé Césaire, 1983.
Meaning: A Slim Guide to Semantics by Paul Elbourne, 2011.
Combray by Marcel Proust, edited with an introduction, notes and bibliography by Leighton Hodson, 1996.

Presentations by others

Ian Lambert

- Slayer: The Story of a Fast Bowler. David Sayer (Kent and Oxford University) (1936 – 2017)* by Ian Lambert, 2018.

Christopher Skelton-Foord

- Geometry and Astronomy in New College, Oxford: On the Quatercentenary of the Savilian Professorships 1619 – 2019*, 2019.

CHAPEL REPORT

by Revd Julia Baldwin, Chaplain

What can I say? If the chapel year were, God forbid, likened to a football match, the most fitting description of it might be “a game of two halves”: pre-pandemic and, as I write, mid-pandemic. Throughout both halves, both seasons there has been much to be thankful for and much to rejoice in as well as lament and grieve.

When it comes to gratitude, James Nevett, our fantastic Bible Clerk this year, enjoyed stepping into the shoes of others as the second student to Experience East Ham in September 2019 through the fruitful links we have with our patronage parish in the Benefice of East Ham. James made several memorable visits to local primary schools and the local high school to talk to students about studying at university and reading history. He also enjoyed participating in St Bart’s ecumenical activities with the local Methodist circuit and an engaging discussion with Revd Quintin Peppiat, one of the priests in the team and a local Labour councillor. We continue to find mutual blessing in our relationship with the team parish in East Ham and were sorry we had to postpone our away day to East Ham for a joint evensong that had been planned for Trinity Term 2020.

In general, Michaelmas and Hilary terms gave students some excellent opportunities to explore the Bible from Genesis to Revelation in a series of eight study sessions jointly led by me and our ordinand on placement from Ripon College Cuddesdon, Sorrel Wood. Sorrel made a significant, scholarly and wholly positive contribution to Chapel life in the two terms she was at Brasenose and we wish her every blessing as she makes the transition to both ordained and married life. A key contributor to our discussion groups and bible studies has been Maud Mullan, who has exercised her role as HCR Chapel Rep with aplomb. Continuing our engagement with biblical study, Fr Nick King SJ explored with us the meanings of the parable of the Good Samaritan through translation of Greek gospel parallels in a February evening on translation.

In terms of chapel fabric, the organ and ceiling project continue and we are enormously grateful to the alumni who have contributed so generously to both projects. Inevitably we have experienced unforeseen delays owing to the impact of Coronavirus with our organ building

firm being furloughed, which has slowed down discussions, but we hope to submit final plans and sign a contract in 2021 so that works can then proceed on both.

Our Tuesday evening College Eucharists continue to see students offering excellent reflections – thank you to all those who contribute by preaching, serving, reading and interceding. Thank you too to our student reps from other faiths with whom we continue to build good relationships of mutual support. Our preachers at College Prayers in Michaelmas Term 2019 were: Ven Jo Kelly-Moore, Archdeacon of Canterbury, who memorably urged us to launch the academic year with an attitude of gratitude; Ms Cathrine Fungai Ngangira, ordinand from Cranmer Hall Durham, who was interviewed in our All Saints' Day Sung Eucharist; Revd Canon Dr Tim Bull FRSA, Diocesan Director of Ministry and Canon of St Albans, who offered reflections for Remembrance Sunday; Revd Jo Burke, curate of All Saints w St Peter, Luton, who gave an impressive sermon without notes that drew attention to the legacy of Dr Martin Luther King; and lastly Ms Sorrel Wood, our ordinand on placement who spoke powerfully about Christ the King.

Hilary Term 2020 gave us the chance to welcome: Dr Ed Kessler MBE, Founder Director of The Woolf Institute, Fellow of St Edmund's College, Cambridge and Principal of the Cambridge Theological Federation, who spoke at our annual Holocaust Memorial Service on the theme of standing together (it is published later in this issue); Revd Anthony Buckley, Vicar of St Michael at the North Gate and City Rector and Area Dean of Oxford, who enabled us to see salvation at our Candlemas Sung Eucharist; Rt Revd June Osborne, Bishop of Llandaff, spoke about a brilliant darkness and fondly recalled Robert Runcie's legacy at our annual Runcie sermon; Sorrel Wood tried to tempt members of the congregation with marshmallows at the beginning of Lent and in her last sermon with us on placement. We also enjoyed participating in the annual Intercollegiate Evensong at the University Church, where Archbishop Angaelos, Coptic Orthodox Archbishop of London, preached the university sermon, and joining again with other colleges at the University Church for a combined colleges and parish Ash Wednesday service.

Our BNC Chapel and Music YouTube channel was launched in Trinity Term as a response to the onset of the pandemic. College Prayers

has remained online for two terms to date; we were thrilled that invited preachers were happy to upload audio or video sermons for us to enjoy but disappointed not to meet them in person and not to be able to offer them Brasenose's usual warm hospitality. Professor Celia Deane-Drummond, Director of the Laudato Si' Research Institute, launched the term with a richly insightful sermon on creaturely wisdom and creaturely hope; Dr Bethany Sollereeder made us smile in considering a good God in a world of evil; Revd Canon Dr Peter Groves used his scholarship of the ancient world to pose the question whether we have souls and if so how they relate to our bodies; Revd Dr Hugh Jones, St Nicholas, Lincoln, shared with us 'visions of heaven' and perspectives from the psychology of religious experience; in our annual joint service for Pentecost with Lincoln, Rt Revd Graeme Knowles, retired Bishop of Sodor and Man, renewed us in the Spirit. All the services, concerts and contributions will remain available on the channel for at least a calendar year for those who are interested in joining us virtually.

In spite of the immediate challenge of Trinity Term moving online only, with the Chapel building itself closed from March to June and a number of events needing to be postponed, a quiet day cancelled and alumni marriages postponed, there has still been much to celebrate. Our worship, discussions, pub quizzes, joint examen prayer group with the Roman Catholic Chaplaincy, Sunday breakfast group and other events translated to an active, online presence through the wonders of MS Teams, Facebook, Zoom and YouTube; the latter has played host to some joyful concerts, student reflections in our BNC Thought for the Day series and regular online College Prayers. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank sincerely Christian Wilson, our Director of Music, for his Herculean efforts in multi-tracking the choir's individual contributions into beautiful anthems and services, some wonderful concerts arranged in person and very successfully online, as well as the undertaking of an excellent Choir Tour to Germany in December 2019. It's been a cause for congratulation too that the choir has contributed to several online services streamed by the Diocese of Oxford through sharing their recordings.

Whilst on the subject of music, we were all sorry to say farewell to Bethy Reeves, our senior organ scholar, who graduated this summer; it has been quite simply superb having her on the team these last three years and I'd like to thank her on behalf of all at Brasenose for so many

exquisite musical contributions and collaborations – she is missed. We're pleased that she has handed on the baton, quite literally, to Scott Hextall whose skill and dedication to chapel and music have been a gift to us all this year. Thanks too to the choir for their joyful presence and hard work at all times in some very challenging circumstances. It's been a joy to have choir member Alfie Bullus help in his capacity as Assistant Bible Clerk and treasurer to offer some support to James and make us smile at the chapel and choir Zoom pub quiz. James has been a very reliable and outward looking Bible Clerk this year on team Brasenose for which we're very grateful as a chapel community, and we are delighted he continues to serve in this capacity into our next academic season; a season which we trust will set its sights on God's hope not only in our midst but also on the horizon.

Chapel and Music People

Bible Clerk – James Nevett
 Assistant Bible Clerk – Alfie Bullus
 HCR Chapel Rep – Maud Mullan
 Senior Organ Scholar – Bethy Reeves
 Heberden Organ Scholar – Scott Hextall
 Ordinand on placement – Sorrel Wood

Occasional Offices: October 2019 – September 2020

Services were officiated by the Chaplain and took place in Brasenose Chapel unless otherwise stated. Many services were postponed owing to Coronavirus.

Baptisms

Lianna Featherstone – 26th January 2020
 Annabelle Featherstone – 26th January 2020

Weddings

Geoffrey Bird and Jennifer Cook – 29th August 2020

Funeral Services

Peter Sinclair – RIP 31st March 2020, funeral held in Norfolk and awaiting Brasenose memorial service post-pandemic

MUSIC REPORT

by Christian Wilson, Director of Music

In 1966, two years after his retirement from the concert hall at the age of 34, the Canadian pianist Glenn Gould set out a manifesto detailing his predictions for the influence of electronic culture on the future of music. He anticipated the decline of the concert hall through the 21st century and emphasised the role of ‘splicing’, ‘dial twiddling’ and other editorial processes as an essential part of the creative act for performers and listeners – processes that would no longer be the exclusive remit of specialist music producers. For Gould the assessment of the value of art according to a ‘confirmation of historical data’ was devaluing and limited. In electronic media he saw the opportunity for the performer to take on the responsibilities of editor, producer and even composer. Consequently, he predicted the emergence of a performing and listening culture for whom creative decisions would be malleable and the construction of the work in flux.

As I write, Brasenose students are sitting in their rooms on high-speed internet connections through which they attend virtual tutorials, seminars and lectures, access countless online databases and libraries, and fashion their thoughts adorned by streams of audio and visual media – all achievable without shedding a pair of pyjamas. Music is now offered individually and by virtual collaboration, with multi-tracking of voices and instruments, splicing and virtual dial twiddling using various intuitive audio-engines. Students use mobile phone and ensemble apps to record musical performances from bedrooms or shared spaces, and newly acquired microphones peer over distanced and masked performers from the antechapel and music practice rooms (don’t forget to wipe down the piano keys after use).

I guess that even Glenn Gould would have been shocked by the gear shift brought about by the Covid-19 pandemic. Such opposing musical behaviour may in fact reflect idealised trends between younger and older generations. The traditional concert as an archetype for discerning older listeners is perhaps a rarer exploration amongst a broader gamut of musical endeavours for the young. Natural resistance to modernisation is concentrated in the realm of classical performers like myself, where the frailty of an occupation propped up by the next

pay cheque (remarkably, concert promoters still favour these above the electronic transfer) and nourished by the warm communion and habit of live, interpersonal music-making and camaraderie, belies the profusion of, and investment in, numerous emerging alternatives. The shift to online music-making in Trinity 2020 was abrupt, but perhaps least of all for our students who are most adept at fashioning ideas through the catalyst of a richly enabling electronic realm abundant with music apps and sound/video-editing software.

Back in Michaelmas 2019 things felt simpler as we enthusiastically recruited a new cohort of choral and instrumental scholars, choir members, jazz orchestra members and music enthusiasts. A full term of concerts included an open celebration of the arrival of talented JCR and HCR freshers, a recital by multi-instrumentalist Organ Scholar Bethy Reeves (entering her final year), a recital of solo and choral music given by Choral Scholars and other members of choir, and our termly 7th week free-for-all fixture 'Music at Brasenose'. But the musical year began with the first in our programme of Platnauer Concerts when we welcomed back former Brasenose student **Joe Bradley (PPE, 2015)** with his group Wandering Wires for a celebration of electro-jazz with various 'world' influences. We were promised a genre-fluid treat and received just that as Brazilian rhythms surged through sampled sounds of industry and the streets of Oxford, over which the organic quartet weaved an intricate and melodious web. Look out for this wonderful group and its original style of jazz over the coming years as they perform at the country's biggest jazz venues and at international jazz festivals!

With little indication of the impending disaster, the schedule for Hilary Term was brimming with musical treats. The term would include recitals given by Scott Hextall (Junior Organ Scholar), the William Smyth Memorial Concert given by SCR and staff members, a recital given by our instrumental award holders, and another in our series 'Bach at Brasenose', in which Jonathan Katz and I presented the final two Partitas from Bach's Clavier-Übung I. Our guests for the Platnauer Concert in third week were the early music supergroup Gothic Voices who offered an unusual programme of 13th and 14th century music entitled 'Music for the Lion-hearted King' delivered with exquisite finesse to a full and enthusiastic chapel.

Freshly inflated by a healthy cohort of freshers, the Chapel Choir were in good voice, and particularly numerous in the tenors

and basses. Michaelmas Term was spent with half an eye on our upcoming choir tour to Köln and Bonn in Germany where we would present Advent programmes in various churches and cathedrals (see separate report). We continue to recruit singers through the central scholarship interview process in addition to our internal scholarship process with applications invited from both the JCR and HCR. Whilst the choral sound has been a little quieter this year, there has been a greater mobility and refinement than previous years. As usual, we've worked hard to broaden the repertoire, introducing the choir to new contemporary and romantic works, as well as Tudor and Baroque repertoire which enables us to feature our fabulous chamber organ gifted by **Malcolm Hodkinson (Clinical Medicine, 1949)** and his wife Judith. This beautiful organ will gain even greater value over the coming year as we formalise our plans for a new chapel organ within the existing historic Jackson case. Having initiated a tender process at the end of 2019, we were eventually able to settle on a favoured builder. The engine of progress has been significantly impacted by Coronavirus, and smaller artisan organ companies have been especially vulnerable to the resulting financial and social retractions. Nevertheless, we will soon be in a position to announce the outstanding candidate, heralding an exciting new beginning in the musical life of the college as we replace our waning organ and also restore our beautiful chapel ceiling.

Unfazed, and perhaps buoyed by hope for a swift return, students embraced the various possibilities for collaborative music-making during Trinity Term. Our choir continued to meet with online rehearsal videos and recording, then multi-tracking of individual voices for each broadcast service, producing some excellent results. A limit of two online 'Music at Brasenose' concerts during Trinity reflected my own apprehension rather than a lack of enthusiasm amongst contributors. Singers and instrumentalists presented performances from their bedrooms, often synching together performances from multiple locations. Unfortunately, we were forced to delay our final Platnauer Concert of the year, but I hope that Sarah-Jane Bradley and John Lenehan will return to present their programme 'The English Viola' over the coming year. It was a sad end to the academic year for our leavers, though we're fortunate to retain the majority of our choral singers and will welcome two new Organ Scholars to join Scott Hextall in the new academic year. I'm especially grateful for the musical gifts

and enthusiasm of our Senior Organ Scholar Bethy Reeves who now moves on to graduate study (piano accompaniment) at the Guildhall School of Music in London. As a multi-instrumentalist with a foot in many musical camps, Bethy's time at Brasenose has been characterised by her broad-ranging musical interests and an interest in community music-making which has encouraged and invigorated the creativity that has become a hallmark of musical life at Brasenose.

The scramble to provide musical opportunities at the virtual level has not been entirely comfortable, but the results are a healthy reminder that the essence of music does not reside solely in its objective tangibility, but something more mobile and much more fascinating. Philosophers of music have sometimes distinguished between musical works as accurate, idealised sound structures on the one hand, and those actively alluded to by processes of formation (sometimes represented in awkward opposition as Platonic and Aristotelian views). Over recent months we have certainly tended towards an investigation of the latter. But for many, the greatest satisfaction in music-making comes from the communal event, and whilst Gould's predictions may have come to pass, his model for a more interactive type of interpretation does little to acknowledge the authenticity of the event – the personal sacrifice and risk, learning in real time, and the imminent act of creation. Such authenticity is central to the liturgical event too, where community and confrontation are vital. As we continue to adapt and modernise, I expect that we will emerge from this period with new models for creating art as well as a freshly invigorated approach to live music-making.

During the Covid period, Directors of Music from around the university have compared notes regularly to gauge adaptive possibilities for musical life during the pandemic. Collegiate responses have been defined by the size of chapel choirs, available rooms, available software, and various other factors. However, it is clear that some colleges have struggled to piece together a valuable plan for the continuation of musical activities at a time when logistics have been stifled by lockdowns, changing tiers, and a stuttering trickle of governmental advice. I'm enormously grateful to our IT department, Domestic Bursar Matt Hill, and our wonderful Chaplain Julia Baldwin for working tirelessly and beyond the natural terms of their employ to ensure that new systems are implemented and that our

musical life continues to thrive. It is through their hard work and determination that we have continued to celebrate music at the heart of our college life, both online and on campus.

THE KING'S HALL TRUST FOR THE ARTS

by Paul Burgess (English, 1993), Chair

In the first half of this year we supported a number of projects as usual, ranging from student theatre projects at the 2019 Edinburgh Festival Fringe and various Oxford venues to some more unusual projects. One of these was Elena Gallina's *The New Woman*, a photography project in which she asks women in war zones, face to face, about the role of beauty in their lives. We've helped with the exhibition costs, although the exhibitions themselves have been delayed by the pandemic. We also supported *Creating A Play*, a series of arts engagement workshops with people who have experienced homelessness which was run in partnership with homelessness charities and culminated with final performance at Crisis Skylight Centre.

The second half of the year has, unsurprisingly, been somewhat quiet. As readers will doubtless know, the arts sector is reeling from the effects of the Covid-19 pandemic. Outdoor performances, galleries with limited numbers and performances filmed for home viewing only go a tiny way towards restoring the industry and providing paid work for its huge numbers of workers. Continuing uncertainty and the very real possibility of another lockdown make it impossible to plan, and the job losses mount.

The KHTA's main focus is student, fringe and early career work. And it is young people at this crucial stage, trying to move from cancelled student shows into a largely non-existent industry, that have been hit hardest. The arts sector is already tilted towards those who can work for free and fund their own projects. This problem will be amplified by the current lack of opportunities. Without financial help, those from poorer backgrounds will fall behind before they've even had a chance to start.

As a small charity there's only so much we can do to address this, but we can make a significant difference for a few people. We are looking to support any individuals or groups working at student/fringe/early

career level who are developing projects that can help rebuild our industry and support new talent; projects that are accessible and safe as well as artistically innovative. And we are looking to increase our fundraising. We provide both underwriting and grants, and in normal times, the returns from underwritten projects mean that the donations we receive can go a long way. This model is not really applicable at the moment so we will be seeking to increase donations, especially from alumni who benefitted from the arts as students but now have jobs that have remained secure throughout the pandemic.

The trust is delighted to welcome a new trustee, **Joe Strickland (Psychology, 2012)**, who will be formally joining the board at the next meeting. The rest of the board remains unchanged: **Mia Bennett (Mathematics, 1993)**, **Paul Burgess (English, 1993)**, **Charlotte Clemson (Music, 2007)**, **Nick Herbert (Mathematics, 1993)**, **Ellie Keel (Modern Languages, 2010)**, **Stephen Kyberd (Engineering Science, 2010)** and **Rikesh Shah (Mathematics, 1993)**. All are BNC alumni.

Do please get in touch if you'd like to know more about our work and talk about ways to help us. Details are on www.khta.org.uk, where you can drop us a line or subscribe to our mailing list, and you can also follow us on Facebook.

FINANCIAL REVIEW

by Philip Parker, Bursar

In normal times, there is a rhythm to college life that helps us navigate the constant activity with familiar patterns and well-worn routines. But these have not been normal times. It is a tribute to everyone across our community that the College continued to run so well at a time when everything changed, and changed again, often at short notice. The response was quick and effective, everyone worked well together, across the staff team, the academics and the students, and good humour was maintained nearly all of the time.

In March, the Hilary Term ended abruptly, but College never closed: we had about forty students living with us in college throughout lockdown, and as a minimum there were always porters in the lodge and some housekeeping staff were on site each day. We moved quickly

to working remotely, and prepared for Trinity Term to be on-line. Before Trinity Term was over, we started to prepare for Michaelmas Term, and the welcome return of most of our students. Virtually every operation and process had to be re-designed, but the Covid-secure plans and the “household” structures worked well: the initial flurry of cases ebbed away, and we had no student cases in the second half of Michaelmas Term.

It has been clear from the outset of the pandemic that the impact varied greatly from individual to individual. We furloughed up to 70 staff, but many others had to keep working, often with caring responsibilities or home schooling at the same time. The College was able to keep paying full salaries to everyone throughout the pandemic, even though the crisis has caused financial challenges to the College.

In the 2019–20 year, the College lost about £1.5m of operating income, with no student rents for Trinity Term (£0.7m) and virtually no conference business at Easter or over the summer, which also has an impact on income in the 2020–21 financial year. The endowment was affected by falls in rental income, but this impact was minimised by the diversity of the portfolio and by the “total return” policy which smooths the investment returns used to finance the day to day operations of the college. The College received £0.3m from the government’s Job Retention Scheme for furloughed staff, and we pared back costs on maintenance and other projects, and froze all recruitment.

As a result, operating income (excluding investment movements and capital donations) was £10.8m, £0.8m lower than 2018–19. Operating expenditure was £11.1m. The net operating deficit at £0.3m was therefore kept at manageable levels.

The College is very grateful for the generosity of our supporters. Even this year we received significant capital donations of £2.5m, with £0.8m for the endowment, and £1.7m for buildings including £1.0m for a new organ and £0.2m for the restoration of the chapel roof. Capital expenditure in the year was minimised, at £0.5m. With liquidity at a premium in times of uncertainty, and when the adage that “Cash is King” is more true than ever, the College was able to retain strongly positive cash balances throughout the year.

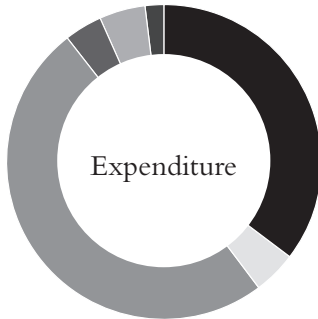
The endowment ended the year at £151m, as by 31 July the markets had partially recovered from the March falls caused by the pandemic, but were still a little below 2019 levels. The endowment continues to

fund about 40% of the College's annual operating costs.

Further analysis of the income and expenditure is depicted in the pie charts, and the full Trustees' Report and Financial Statements are available on the college website.



Income 2019-20	£000s
■ Fees	£2,612k
■ Domestic income	£1,766k
■ Conferences	£541k
■ Donations (excluding capital)	£769k
■ Endowment income	£4,529k
■ Other income	£567k
Total	£10,784k



Expenditure 2019-20	£000s
■ Tuition and Research	£3,935k
■ Student support	£500k
■ Domestic costs	£5,544k
■ Conference costs	£427k
■ Development & Alumni relations	£532k
■ Other	£199k
Total	£11,137k

Note to Income chart:

In addition the College received capital donations of £2.5m, with £0.8m for the endowment, £1.7m for buildings.

Note to Expenditure chart:

In addition the College spent £0.5m on capital projects.

Clubs



BNCBC

by Angus McKinney

Plagues and Floods. No, this isn't the Chaplain's Sunday service – rather a worryingly accurate synopsis of the year. Despite the ability of rowing boats to float, it turns out that too much rain caused most of the season to be on red and yellow flags, resulting in us not being able to row. Combine this with a global pandemic and the year becomes one of the worst for rowing on record (as well as a pretty rubbish year in general). However, the resilience of the squad has been incredible and fantastic memories have been made. With the purchase of a brand new 4+ specifically for the women's squad, we are raring to go and cannot wait for the year to come.

The year had a flying start; following the success of last year we had a bumper recruitment cycle with 70 novices eager to get out and row. The biggest impediment at first was the logistical challenge of getting 70 freshers swim tested and into boats – nevertheless, novices started to fill boats faster than we could put them out, and Christ Church Regatta was looking very positive with strong crews being fielded by both sides. Cambridgite Joe Cary led the men's side; tall and with previous sculling experience, he quickly earned the prestigious 3-seat in M1. He was closely backed up by Tom Haygarth and Ben Griffiths who both rapidly developed over the Michaelmas Term. On the women's side, the star novices were Catherine Zhang, Clara Grasselli, Megan Bunce and Sofia Cotterill, who put in a stellar effort alongside Natassia Walley who unfortunately was only with us for a term. Together, they created a fierce powerhouse making the W1 for Christ Church a particularly strong crew.

However, it was not to be. By second week the heavens had opened and the river was quickly put onto 'blue flag', meaning that novices were not allowed to row. The senior crews continued to train in Godstow in some particularly grim conditions, but the novices were forced to train indoors. Michaelmas was marked by ergs, circuits and tank sessions – not the greatest fun and naturally our 70 novices quickly diminished. A determined few stayed on and Oli Wilkes, our novice coach, got two crews together. Christ Church Regatta became an Erg-atta where our M1 was unfortunately pipped by Lincoln in the first

round. The women's crew won and made it through the first round but were unfortunately knocked out by Wolfson. Despite the disappointing end of the season, I have personally been in awe at the dedication and commitment that the novices have shown in the last year; against the harshest of conditions they have stuck at it and I fully commend them for that.

The seniors during Michaelmas faced similar challenges: yellow and red flags restricted our ability to get out on the water and our new coach Enya Lyons had some particularly nasty ergs, which doubled the incentive to not be in the gym (30s on, 30s off x 30 is particularly gruesome if you would like to try). My most prominent memory was attentively looking at the Isis river levels website, the BBC weather forecast at 11pm, and figuring out if the flags were going to change in the morning to allow for a 6am row. My desperation was such that 'Anu's Isis river levels' became my No.1 visited site on Google ... never a good sign. However, the hard work clearly paid off. At Avon Head the stern 4 of James Roper, Sam White, Robbie Frost, myself and Imre Juhász came first in the Op 4+ category, beating the Minerva Bath crew over the 3.2km race by 3 seconds. The women's side, struggling from a large loss of talented seniors, spent the time building a solid platform in the hope of creating a strong boat for torpids with the arrival of the powerhouse novices.

This brought us into Hilary. Trying to recover lost ground after Michaelmas, we had our annual rowing camp at Eton Dorney – our largest yet. In total 26 rowers came on the camp, which was a fantastic turnout – the campaign for Torpids was on.

Well ... for about a week.

The rain of Michaelmas was frankly a warm-up. In total there were only 11 days when we were allowed to row without restrictions – most of that time there was no rowing at all. Torpids was inevitably cancelled. We were gutted, but all our hard work did not go to waste. Adamant to show the fruits of our labour we entered Gloucester Head, and battered by wind, rain and boats (in a very chaotic start) we raced down the 5km course. The men came out with an outstanding win and the women a very impressive 4th facing some tough competition. Torpids was replaced with 'Warpids', an intercollegiate tug-of-war competition, with plenty of Pimm's to ease the pain. Here, the 1st Warpid survived three rounds before being eliminated to the eventual

winner Oriel, whilst the 2nd Warpids survived one round before being toppled. We blamed the Pimm's.

This brought us to Coronavirus; obviously there were no Summer Eights, but my heart goes out to our Blues. Toby de Mendonça, Jack Tottem and Katie Anderson navigated the ups and downs of last year with utter dedication and focus to prove themselves on Boat Race day. That day never came, with the boat race being cancelled for the first time, outside of wartime, since its inception. However, we greatly admire their tenacity and commitment, and we look forward to them walloping Cambridge next year. In brighter news, Jack Tottem will be Captain of Coxes next year, Katie Anderson will serve as Vice-President of OUWBC, whilst Toby is moving on to greater things!

We also have to say goodbye to Sam White and Hannah Lipczynski who have both been stalwarts of the club. Sam White has been critical in turning around the club, setting up the steering committee to help provide long term direction, as well as being the lynchpin in securing the new fleet of boats. Hannah has been there through thick and thin to support all members of the club, and has been a champion of the women's side. They are both going to be sorely missed.

In conclusion, it's been a tough year. However, we vow to keep our heads above the water (no matter how much it rains) and look forward to an interesting but exciting year. Things are on the up, and with the fantastic support that our alumni provide we are going from strength to strength.

FOOTBALL – MEN'S TEAM

by Samuele O'Connor

On a cold Tuesday afternoon in the deep ends of Cowley Road, the 1s faced league leaders St Hugh's, who had beaten us twice before this season. Keeper and vice-captain Harrison Ward was unavailable because of "labs", forcing myself to go in nets, a role I have never fully mastered. The game was a rough one, with an early mistake (shared equally between me and the centre back) causing us to be 1-0 down at half time. The quality of our midfield meant that we wasted more than a couple of chances, Ed Birch and Leone Astolfi coming close to equalising, and eventually St Hugh's were able to get a second goal

close to the end. Although at the time relegation was still a couple of weeks away, in my mind the St Hugh's match was where we dug our own grave.

This little anecdote represents the 2019-20 BNCFC 1s' season. Overall, we missed our target of avoiding relegation, and after only one season in the 3rd tier, we are back at the bottom of the college football pyramid. However, the season was not an entirely negative one, like the St Hugh's match, with some important moments that gave me hope for the future. Entering the season, I was worried about the quality of the team. Only five starters from last year's title winning team hadn't graduated. BNC's own James Milner, the man who can play in every position, Tom Harmer, was returning to team sports after a full year on the sidelines, because of "his back", or so he says. No-one knew whether he'd be able to kick a ball again (spoiler: he still can't). I spent the whole summer scouting the list of freshers, hoping to find the son of Thierry Henry or Diego Milito in there. I thought Head Scout Joe Organ had let me down, but come Freshers' week, I realised a strong crop of freshers had arrived, and although it took them most of Michaelmas to acclimatise to Oxford and college football in general, by Hilary the team had blended well, and in some instances reminded me of the quality of the 2018-19 team.

In terms of results, as I hinted above, Michaelmas was not kind to the black and gold. We won only two games out of the seven or eight we played: one was a dramatic 3-4 win against Trinity (who ended the season at the bottom of our division), and the other was a 0-6 thrashing of Oriel in the Hassan's Cup. The other matches were all 1-0 or 2-1 defeats, frustrating games in which individual errors (or pure lack of fitness) gave the other teams the edge over us. Our Cuppers exit, also against St Hugh's, is the perfect example. Down 0-2 at half time, we managed to turn things around with a much better defence in the second half, scoring a late goal and pushing until the 90th for the equaliser. Anyone who understands football knows that you cannot think in 'ifs', but during the winter vacation I was left wondering what could have been, had various mistakes, or various other small incidents, not happened.

By the start of Hilary, the team was geared up and motivated to turn things around. The first game of the term was our Hassan's Cup last 16 clash against Exeter, in the division above us. The 90 minutes

ended 2-2, with Birch scoring an important late penalty to keep us in the game. Despite a second yellow card early in the second half which left us with 10 men, we played some good football, and were unlucky not to win the match in normal time. By extra time, half the players had cramps, and the quality of the football plummeted. Again, the deciding factor was a single instance. Exeter had one chance during the 30 minutes of extra time, and they took it. Once again, I was left with a strong feeling of regret. Had one or two incidents gone our way, we would have easily won the match.

Nature then played a decisive role in the fate of our season. I'm not referring to Covid-19, rather the semi-torrential rain and subsequent flooding of January and February, which left us homeless, as the Brasenose Grounds (aka DTG) were unusable until 8th week. This led to many stressful calls to all the groundsmen of Oxford trying to book pitches for our remaining home games. It also strengthened my own personal bond with Danny Groundsman, who became some sort of an urban legend in Oxford, his videos of the pitch's condition bringing smiles and laughs all around. Returning to the first anecdote, the pitch at the end of Cowley Road, known as the Cowley Marshes, became our home away from home. We ended up playing three matches there (mainly because the pitches are owned by the Oxford City Council who didn't charge too much), of which one was the yearly Old Boys fixture in which the current students won on penalties after an exciting 2-2, in which Harmer scored directly from a corner, and fresher Wlad Janczuk made one of the best goal-line clearances I have ever seen.

Because of the floods, the 1s reached 6th week with five matches still to play. My organisational skills were stretched to their maximum, having to fit in these matches in less than three weeks. What followed was a real tour-de-force, with a match roughly every three days, and a classic 6-point match against Somerville, the only team we still had to play twice. The first of these matches was the St Hugh's match I wrote about earlier. Looking back, had we won that match we might have avoided relegation. The next two matches, against Balliol and Trinity, both away, gave us the 6 points we needed to give us hope. The Balliol match was perhaps our best match of the season. Having returned to the 3-5-2 that had brought us so much glory the year before, the boys in black and gold were able to mastermind a 1-3 victory. Ed Easton, who had until then spent more time looking for his boots than actually

playing football, redeemed himself with a clinical finish to open the scoring. As became quite common, I had benched myself for “tactical” reasons. My pitch invasion after Ed’s goal gave me a stern telling-off by the same referee who had tried to give me a one match ban in Michaelmas for some invented nonsense. As the match continued, it became clear that Balliol could not handle the midfield trio of Harmer, Harry ‘the House’ Lamaison, and fresher Louis Connell, who were dictating the play with simple but effective passes. Harry scored a fantastic goal from outside the box for our second, and after that it was simply a case of managing the lead. The Trinity match was similar. Again a 3-5-2, we won 2-1 and leap-frogged our rivals, leaving them in the bottom position that they retained for the rest of the season.

The penultimate match, at home to Somerville, was what the English call a 6-pointer. The rules were simple. Whoever won would get all 6 points, and if the match ended in a draw it was 3 points each. This concept was foreign to me, but after a tactical session at the local with some of the other 3rd years, I was convinced to accept their captain’s proposal. At this stage Somerville were 3 points ahead of us, so winning would have basically meant staying in the division. I personally feel we played some of our best football in that match, against a motivated team (they had a similarly good run in Hilary) who gave us very few chances. The match however ended 1-1, meaning that we had to win the last match against LMH by a stupid amount of goals (10 maybe?) and hope that Somerville lost their match against Keble, to stay in the 3rd tier. We treated the last match as a sort of testimonial to the various graduates: Harmer, Ward (not really though), and myself above all, with cameos for Sibley and Smith. The actual match ended 2-2, but I can remember fairly little except for another goal by Easton and finding myself at the end playing as a single centre back, with the D’Aguanno-Cary duo testing their luck in attack.

The final positions were the following: Balliol and Somerville (4th and 5th respectively) with 17 points, Brasenose (6th) with 13, Trinity (7th) with 12.

The 2019-20 BNCFC season must be considered one of transition. Under the captaincy of Fabio D’Aguanno, possibly the one of the best players to have graced DTG in recent years, I expect next year to be a memorable one. With the guidance of veterans Griffiths and Easton, who thankfully have another two years at Brasenose before facing the

real world, freshers such as Birch, Connell, Cary, Janczuk, Millard and Green are ready to lead the team to a rebound promotion. A special mention to Green who literally put the team above his own personal health. I would like to thank all the boys for their effort this season, and for not impeaching me for trying to have some training sessions.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

by Freddie Underwood

The 2019–20 season saw Brasenose rugby go from strength to strength, with some great results and very promising growth in numbers.

The first match of the season ended with a staggering score of Brasenose 53–5 Oriel, with tries from Harrison Ward (2), James Hoddell (3), Ben Rienecker, Duncan Smith and two from (trialist). Next came a 22–14 loss to Jesus, as the substitutes made the difference. The boys bounced back with a 27–17 win over Christ Church. Tries came from Ollie Lim, James Hoddell and Ben Rienecker, as well as Duncan Smith's 70 metre canter to the line, an early contender for try of the year.

Lincoln were next in a game quite literally overshadowed by some very tough conditions. An early siege from Lincoln saw them bag two tries despite some tenacious Brasenose defending. A classy move was finished by Tom Mewes under the posts, but this wasn't enough as BNC fell to a tough 12–7 loss. Enormous positives could be taken from our defensive display against a big Lincoln team, as well another dominant display all over the pitch from Rory Bedford.

Michaelmas concluded with arguably the display of the season against Pembroke, with Brasenose picking up a 34–12 win. Duncan Smith again contributed well, scoring two tries. Alongside him came well deserved scores from two fresher additions to the BNC engine room, Jack Churchill and Robin Newby, as well as a trademark powerful finish from Harrison Ward in his one-minute window of cardio-vascular functionality. A captain's try from Freddie Underwood rounded out the game and the season in style.

Hilary Term was plagued by terrible weather, which wiped out many of our games. Our first fixture of the new season therefore became by far our toughest as we faced up against Gonville and Caius

College. Playing a Cambridge outfit that boasted a varsity match starter in their forwards pack, the boys in black and gold performed admirably, falling to an agonising 15-13 as Underwood chose to go it alone despite a two man overlap, a captaincy decision that made Nasser Hussain sticking Australia in at the Gabba look like a masterstroke, and was promptly flattened by the Caius fullback, with the ball coming loose in the process. Nonetheless, for Brasenose to match up so well with a Caius side that has regularly won Cambridge Cuppers was testament to the progress made by the team all year. A string of cancellations followed, as well as a spirited loss to a Wad/Trin side that heavily outnumbered BNC. The final fixture of the season saw BNC face a Magdalen side in the quarter final of the Cuppers Bowl, and in keeping with the theme Brasenose again suffered a close loss with their substitutes (and our lack thereof) making the difference.

Overall, the progress of the team this year was remarkable, with many new players joining the fold and numerous fantastic performances despite a tough fixture list. A big thanks from me to every single person who pulled on the Brasenose jersey this year, with a special mention to Duncan Smith for being a stalwart for the club throughout his three years at Brasenose. I thoroughly enjoyed captaining the side and the future is looking very bright for BNC Rugby.

HOCKEY

by Jonny Cunningham

Under the truly inspiring captaincy of Lauren Levine, the 2019/2020 season has set up BNCHC for a number of strong seasons to come. With a number of key players taking tactical demotions to the University Blues teams, we were forced to experiment with our line up and tactics. We explored a number of innovative methods aimed at throwing off our league opposition, loaning our captain (self-proclaimed best player to grace a hockey pitch in BNCHC kit) to the opposition until they'd scored 3, negotiating a nexus loss despite winning, and warming up at the St Edwards pitch with the fixture at Iffley Road. We eventually concluded that the more traditional method of turning up to games with 11 players and scoring goals was in fact the easiest way to win games and we secured a 3-0 win against Jesus College. With the tide

seemingly turning we were optimistic about the prospect of a late-season winning streak. Our clinical two-pronged attack spearheaded by two of OURFC's finest, James Hoddell and Sam Green, seemed ready to slice through the St Hugh's defence in the last game of the season. Alas we were undone by our newfound focus on gameplay, and some tactical fixture timing negotiations from the St Hugh's captain left the fixture set for an early morning start after a BNC Bop. The result, inevitable. With only two players present we were forced to concede a 5-0 loss, and could only take away a consolatory pack of St Hugh's mince pies for the effort.

However, as a Cuppers-focused Hockey Club, the league season was an undeniable success as we set ourselves up for a long cup run with our refined gameplay and well-structured line up. As a result of a questionable draw from an even more questionable OUHC Cuppers secretary, we were drawn against Teddy Hall's 1st XI, previously Cuppers champions on numerous occasions. Knowing this would be a clash for the history books we recalled all our loanees, including Dilip Goyal, Tilly Morgan and Ben Hemsli from the OUHC Blues teams, and Joly Scriven from a yearlong loan abroad. Upon hearing this Teddy Hall realised the potential for an embarrassing demolition job at the hands of BNCHC. With the dubious backing of the OUHC Cuppers Secretary, the game was postponed to a later date, eliminating a number of key BNC players from contention. Despite this we still put out a strong 11 and delivered arguably the best performance from a BNC team in the last decade. With all individuals playing at an unprecedented level and the team demonstrating our new style of liquid hockey the game went to the wire. However, with Teddy Hall putting out a team that Eddie Jones would have named the United Colleges, with a number of imported players, we were unable to find the goals when it mattered and the game finished 2-1 to them. Special mention goes to George Drayson who performed valiantly on his debut in goal. Additionally, the game was a fitting goodbye, in a year cut short by Covid, to a number of players who have formed the stable base of BNCHC over recent years, in particular ex-captain Dilip Goyal. We look forward to continuing strong performances when College hockey resumes with an increasingly large squad and hunger to reach the highest stages of Oxford college hockey.



The Brasenose College Ball poster from 1962,
kindly sent in by Revd Canon John Shepherd (Theology, 1960)



An unpopulated Radcliffe Square in Trinity Term



Brasenose 2019 Group Photo, courtesy of Gillman & Soame



Matthew Doran's wild Scottish camping adventure, photo by Zachary Elliot



Matthew Doran's wild Scottish camping adventure, photo by Zachary Elliot



O&C Club Drinks and Year Rep meeting, 3rd March 2020



O&C Club Drinks and Year Rep meeting, 3rd March 2020



Messenger by William Tucker RA (Modern History, 1955)



Bethy Reeves at the organ of Alternberger Dom



Choir in front of Kölner Dom



Robert and Lynne Krainer

TENNIS

by Timothy Georges

Brasenose College Tennis Club picked up a decisive victory against Gonville & Caius College at the annual sports day in a series of one-set matches. Attendance at the event was excellent given the early start on a cold February morning, and we were met by a talented group of Cambridge students. Having warmed up with some tennis games we got straight into the action. Stellar performances from former and future tennis captains Bethy Reeves and Alex Still kept our spirits high and contributed to our victories in mixed doubles, women's doubles and women's singles, ending the day at three matches to one. Most notable of these results was Bethy's 6-0 victory in women's singles.

Bethy Reeves and Laura Bailey continued to play on the Oxford women's team as W3 and W5 respectively, representing the university in the BUCS tennis league. Their Varsity matches were postponed.

Overall the tennis club has had a quiet year due to the sunny months of Trinity being spent in our family homes. We hope that next year we can announce our return to the court with weekly tennis training sessions and a strong result in tennis Cuppers.

NETBALL

by Lucie Cotton

Brasenose netball had a great season this year, managing to put out two teams almost every week, and playing some highly competitive games! Thanks to everyone for their commitment and enthusiasm despite the hangovers and awkward lunchtime matches. The highlight of our year was definitely when we absolutely smashed Cambridge at the college sports day! We also had four Brasenose girls in the university netball club this year, which I believe is a record, and one we hope to maintain next season!

Special congratulations must go to the players who represented Oxford in this year's university matches: Lucie Cotton, Holly Skinner, Efa Jones and Fran Tchapeu.

Thank you to everyone who represented the team this year, and best of luck to Efa Jones as captain next year.

BADMINTON

by Zhi Yu Foo and Uma Vaidya

The men's team had a decent year, with mostly members of the JCR participating in the weekly sessions. In the league, we reaffirmed our emphasis on getting all players involved rather than playing our strongest squad weekly. The benefits of this approach have been pleasing, allowing the team to gain match experience against highly skilled players and adapting their own game, with a huge amount of enthusiasm being shown. Although we didn't win many matches, and with many more forced to be abandoned by the conspicuous lack of Trinity Term, we managed a respectable third place in the league, an accomplishment absolutely worth writing home about. We had high hopes for Cuppers, but unfortunately both the opposition and many of our regulars ran into scheduling difficulties, resulting in only half of the required games being played. We were forced to field an under-strength team that rushed down between lectures, while Christ Church managed to scrounge up a Blues player. Despite overwhelming odds and lacking home advantage, we're proud to say that the team gave a good account of themselves, pushing into a double-digit score before succumbing to admittedly superior firepower. We looked into completing the other games and staging a miraculous comeback, but our various commitments sadly made this impossible. Nevertheless, with the quality of players currently in the team and the injection of fresh blood, we look forward to going further next year.

The women's team had another great season; well, as great as it could get. In spite of (or maybe thanks to) our strategy of simply playing anybody who volunteered, we found ourselves sitting at the top of the league when play was halted. As for Cuppers, our matches were scheduled for Trinity, so none were played. Since the competition has stopped, and we naturally didn't lose any matches, we'll see that as an absolute win and claim a successful defence of our Cuppers title from last year. Having 'won' all there is to win, we're happy to report that the Brasenose women's badminton team remains the best until proven otherwise.

The mixed team had a less rosy season, but not through lack of effort – we're in second place, after all. Most of our opponents didn't

have the same burning fervour for badminton, and we had to prod them constantly to turn up for the matches. We could have claimed many of them by forfeit, but the aim was to let all our players get game time, and we eventually managed to persuade every opponent to play us. This was no mean feat, as evidenced by the large number of unplayed games between the competition.

Although a large number of our best and brightest have regrettably moved on to greener pastures, all of our remaining regulars have demonstrated their undying love for badminton, enthusiastically attending the weekly sessions and ensuring that our courts are never empty. A fair number of freshers have joined us, as well as some surprise additions from the second and third year, and we look forward to their continued involvement. Some members of the HCR, including newcomers and veterans, have been playing actively and participating in matches, which is great to see, though we would like to see more HCR representation next year. Turnout for our special holiday sessions was a particular highlight, and hopefully that tradition will continue to attract both newcomers and veterans.

We attempted a merger with Wadham College last year, with some of their players joining our Saturday sessions in exchange for contributions towards our expenses, but sadly the budding relationship has not continued due to low interest from the Wadham players. This was a missed opportunity, and we would like to explore similar arrangements whenever possible, reaching out to other colleges which do not have weekly sessions in the hopes of promoting friendly sportsmanship and more frequent intercollegiate interaction.

This year was admittedly not a classic as the badminton season traditionally ramps up towards the end of Hilary and finishes in Trinity. We achieved respectable results, but with none of the leagues or Cuppers being completed, the newer players missed out on game time and match experience. It has been a challenging year, and the situation in the coming months remains uncertain, but we remain confident that Brasenose badminton will be leading the charge when play resumes.

LACROSSE

by Taina Silva

In laxlife style, our lacrosse team once again exceeded all expectations. We made our debut on the field this year at the Cambridge sports day, where Gonville and Caius were truly put to shame. We scored within the first minute, winning 30-1, and the tabs stood absolutely no chance against the style of liquid lax that we've spent the last few years curating here at Brasenose.

After this astounding victory against our sister college, demand for more games skyrocketed, resulting in Oxford's very first in-college lacrosse tournament. Tensions were high and stakes even higher, as Uni parks witnessed the ultimate battle of the sexes. The BNC boys took on the girls in what was an epic day of lax. The game was tightly matched, with the boys narrowly taking home the victory.

As Hilary Term came to an end shortly after, so did Brasenose's laxing for the year. Our Cuppers tournament, which would have usually taken place in Trinity, was cancelled and we were forced to momentarily put away our sticks. That being said, I'm hopeful that our lax sticks won't stay in the porter's storage for too long, and that the BNC mixed lacrosse team will once again return to its former glory as Oxford's only sports team where any sporting talent is completely optional.

POOL

by Antek Porayski-Pomsta

Brasenose pool got off to a fantastic start this year with victory over a tough St Catz side. Unfortunately, the rest of the league performances were somewhat disappointing. It was in the Cuppers tournament where Brasenose's class on the baize shone through. Our promising run was stopped short by the pandemic only one win away from the grand final. Brasenose was represented by Will Adams, Sami Al Merei, Jamie Forsythe, Alexandru Petru-Pitrop, Antek Porayski-Pomsta, Josh Taylor and Freddie Underwood.

SQUASH

by Anna Wright

This year was a big one for Brasenose College Squash, with an approximately 500% increase in the number of students making it onto the team, and even more attending training sessions throughout term. An influx of squash novices coupled with the birth of weekly training sessions at the Queen's College courts has allowed for a nurturing of talent and I sincerely hope this year's new starters will carry the Brasenose squash team for years to come.

Despite only seven wins out of a potential 40 matches, our men's league team did exceedingly well, with a promotion at the end of Michaelmas, storming through to finish Hilary at the top end of division 2. This past year really has proved that organisational prowess pays dividends, with staggering 19-0 wins against Trinity and Magdalen as a result of their failure to reply to my emails.

A valiant effort was made by our men's Cuppers team, who made it into the third round before a loss by the skin of their teeth. Special mentions must be afforded particularly to Joe Sibley and Mattie Hewlett, ex-Blues and Brasenose captains respectively, who consistently thrashed their opponents in college matches.

We managed to enter a women's team into the women's league which, despite a string of losses, allowed the chance for our female players to experience a different atmosphere to the sport, whilst also gaining a number of tips and tricks from ex-Blues players.

We also played an external tournament against the Imperial Medics Society squash team, which involved 10 matches, a lot of losses and a lot of fun, sticking to the theme of the year that you don't really need to be good at squash to enjoy it.

Though the coming year is likely to be a challenging one for squash, I have full faith in next year's captain, Gus Smith, who has been one of the team's most dedicated players and attendees throughout the past season.

CROSS COUNTRY

by James Nevett and Jack Whitehead

2019/20 marks the third year of the College's cross-country club and it continues to go from strength to strength. This year, a cross-year captaincy-vice-captaincy was introduced which bore fruit in more runs across the week with higher turnout. Brasenose is now home to a passionate cohort of runners and BNCCCC was proud to accommodate many first years, visiting students and HCR students, as well as club veterans from the years in between. Captain Jack Whitehead and Vice-Captain James Nevett both represented the club in the Oxford Beat Society's second annual 10k run which raised £1,165 for charity.

James may have taken over at an apparent low point in the year for BNCCCC, becoming Captain in Trinity Term and during a global pandemic, but this did not stop our members thriving in their sportsmanship and teamwork through virtual challenges during lockdown. Some of our members engaged in the Take Five Challenge with the added bonus of raising money for the NHS. James Nevett took up his own Two Point Six Challenge, running 75km and raising over £260 for Beat.

BNCCCC will be returning to a very different Oxford than it is used to running around, but the nature of our sport, and the enthusiasm of our leading runners, will ensure that we rise to all of the challenges Covid-19 and post-Covid-19 will pose in creative and determined ways. Special thanks are due to Jack Whitehead for his captaincy this year and we look forward to seeing him on more runs in his remaining time at Brasenose. We are pleased to confirm our new Captain for 2020/21 will be Matthew Doran, with James Nevett stepping back into the role of Vice-Captain. Continuing the tradition of different years supporting and working together established by Jack, we look forward to Matthew's plans for an ambitious, collegiate club as we take our marks for Michaelmas 2020.

PPE SOCIETY

by Chengkai Xie

2019–2020 marks an unconventional, yet successful, year for Brasenose PPE Society. Even in the face of unprecedented challenges brought by the pandemic, the society has gone from strength to strength, bringing together the student, alumni, and academic community for multiple events throughout the year. This could not have happened without the hard work of our dedicated committee members, as well as the support and guidance of the Principal. Our thanks go to everyone who attended and supported our events.

Our year started by welcoming a former MP and MEP **John Bowis (PPE, 1963)** in Michaelmas Term. John spoke vividly about political lobbying and shared his insight into the contrasting political realities present in London and Brussels. This was followed by perhaps the highlights of this year's PPE Society's calendar, as tutors and undergraduates took part in two searing mock-election debates. In December, four PPEists and a historian came together to represent five of England's largest political parties, trying to win over the audience only weeks ahead of the General Election. The Principal kindly moderated a lively debate watched by students and tutors. Needless to say, our society's dear President – speaking on behalf of the Conservatives – did not poll particularly well with the assembled masses. In February, Brasenose politics lecturer Adam McCauley moderated a student Democratic Nomination Debate. Participants were grilled on issues healthcare, economy, and most crucially electability. A post-debate poll demonstrated the audience's overwhelming support for Bernie Sanders on the same night that he declared victory in the New Hampshire primary. Clearly, the opinions of the Brasenose community proved to be poorly reflective of both the British and American electorates.

In Hilary Term two outstanding former Brasenose alumni enlightened our current students with insights into public service and British politics. **Antonia Romeo (PPE, 1993)** talked candidly about the inner workings of trade deal negotiations from her perspective as the Permanent Secretary for the Department for International Trade. Students were impressed to see both current Economics tutor Ferdinand Rauch and former Economics tutor Peter Sinclair (who sadly has since passed away) putting their own economic insights to

Antonia in questions following her talk. **James Johnson (History and Politics, 2010)**, a former advisor to Prime Minister Theresa May during her years in Downing Street, engaged in a thought-provoking conversation with our audience about the relative electoral strength and future prospects of Britain's major political parties. Many of these insights proved particularly valuable to those PPEists engaged in the study of political sociology as the practical manifestation of their highly relevant course. To adapt to a virtual Trinity Term in the context of Covid-19, Brasenose PPE Society was forced to move its events online. We were fortunate to host **Roger Casale (PPE, 1979)**, a former MP and the founder of the New Europeans, in a live-streamed event. Roger looked back at his political career and shared his views on the future of Europe and Brexit. The event was ultimately successful in engaging a broad online audience, and received thousands of views.

In all, I am pleased to say that the PPE Society had a fruitful year, despite the pandemic. We are looking forward to the celebration of the centenary of PPE as a degree next year. We're currently in the process of building a suitably impressive termcard to match the magnitude of the occasion, so please get in touch if you are interested in speaking to the Brasenose student base! We'd be delighted to hear from anyone with relevant expertise!

THE ELLESMERE SOCIETY

by Sanjana Gunasekaran

This academic year has been unlike any other, and I must begin by congratulating all Brasenose law students for making it through an incredibly challenging and difficult year. The change to remote online learning and exams for Trinity Term was unusual for us all, but many students have still been able to achieve resounding academic success in these unprecedented conditions.

I am delighted to report that five finalists achieved firsts this year; Vishal Kumar, Daniil Ukhorskiy, Emma Rawkins, Brian Ip and Fifi Tsamados. On top of this, Daniil achieved the All Souls Prize for Public International Law, and Emma, who came third in the whole law cohort, earned the Gibbs Book Prize. Congratulations to all our recent graduates for completing their law degree in the most testing of circumstances.

Law Moderation exams were also moved to an online format and delayed to the start of Trinity Term this year. Despite these last-minute changes, our first years also managed to perform very well in the new remote exams. In particular, Leila Sanghera, Louis Connell, Sophia Paraskeva and Andrew Young were all awarded firsts. Again, congratulations to the freshers for completing a very unique first year at Oxford.

Finally, it would be remiss of me not to mention also second years Laura Harray and Zhi Yu Foo's success in the Cuppers Moot, where the pair reached the quarter finals of the competition. Laura also had great success in the Essex Court Roman Law Moot, where she was awarded first place.

It is difficult to cast one's mind back to Michaelmas Term given the tumultuous year we have had, but our Society's annual celebration, the Ellesmere Dinner, was a huge success this year. For the 98th annual Dinner, we were honoured to have Lord Sales as our guest speaker, who gave a fantastic speech about his career and his experiences on the Supreme Court bench. The dinner was, as always, a thoroughly enjoyable evening for all, and it provided alumni, professors and students with a special opportunity to come together and celebrate the Law and the community of Brasenose. It is deeply unfortunate that the 2020 dinner will not be able to go ahead as planned due to social distancing restrictions, but I hope that we can reconvene in 2021 for what will be an important milestone – the 100th anniversary of the Ellesmere Society.

Alongside our main Ellesmere Dinner event, the Society also coordinated several events in Michaelmas with our sponsors: Slaughter and May, Debevoise & Plimpton, and Sidley Austin. At these smaller events, both Law and non-Law students were given a valuable opportunity to speak to representatives from these prestigious firms, and gain an insight into the realities of a legal career.

Of course, I must extend my warmest thanks to the Ellesmere Committee this year. My most heartfelt thanks go to our Society President, Rowena Machin. Not only did Rowena give a brilliant speech at the dinner, but she was also always ready to help me with the tricky task of organising the event, and her advice on how to manage the role of Secretary was invaluable. Her presence around Brasenose, and most of all in the Stally, will be very much missed next year.

Additionally, Jonas Black, our Master of Moots, oversaw the annual Brasenose Freshers' Moot, which took place at the end of Michaelmas, and thanks to his hard work the freshers were able to gain valuable mooting experience.

Looking ahead, although there is much uncertainty surrounding this next academic year, I know that I myself and many others very much look forward to being back in Oxford and seeing our Brasenose peers (at a social distance!). I am confident that despite the difficult circumstances our students will still be able to achieve the academic success that our college is so renowned for.

THE ASHMOLE SOCIETY

by Chloe Summers

To begin, I would like to thank Antek Porayski-Pomsta, Taina Silva, and Samuele O'Connor for doing such a wonderful job last year, and for all their continuing support. Michaelmas Term began in traditional fashion with the annual Ashmole Drinks, which provided a lovely opportunity for everyone to get to know the first-year historians, as well as to welcome Dr William Clement as a new tutor. The first event of the term was 'Tapestry and Tea'; an engaging lecture given by our own Dr Rowena Archer about the Bayeux Tapestry, accompanied by homemade cakes made by our treasurer James Nevett. Rowena's all-encompassing knowledge of the time period made the event one of the highlights of the entire year. The next event of term was something a little different. Brasenose historians and other members of the college gathered in the JCR for a film night, wherein we watched the film 'The King', about Henry V's exploits and the battle of Agincourt. Next followed a thrilling weapons display and sword demonstration by the Linacre School of Defence, who showcased early-modern fighting techniques with both swords and bayonets. The last event of term was the History pub quiz, widely attended by both Brasenose undergraduates and staff, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Hilary Term began with an engaging lecture by Corpus Christi College's Dr Michael Joseph, titled 'WWI: a view from the Caribbean', which was widely attended by historians from both Brasenose and Corpus Christi. Dr Joseph's lecture focused on the relationship between

the war and ideas about empire and citizenship across the British and French islands. The last event of Hilary Term was the annual History Supper, which this year was accompanied with a lecture by Dr William Clement, titled ‘The Christ in the cabaret: putting a blasphemous bar crawl on trial in Third Republic France’. Dr Clement’s micro-historical tale was both hilarious and thrilling.

Lockdown offered a unique challenge to the Ashmole Society. Our first event of an unusual Trinity Term was a virtual lecture by Professor Abigail Green and Dr Tom Stammers, on their joint research project ‘Jewish country houses – at home in Britain’. The talk explored Jewish country houses as powerful symbols of national identity, and what the fate of these houses and their extraordinary art collections can tell us about the changing place of Jews and Jewishness in Britain – and Europe – in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The last event of the year was another virtual get-together. The society met over Zoom to celebrate the annual birthday party for Elias Ashmole, who would have been 403 this year. Dr Rowena Archer’s famous birthday cake recipe was circulated amongst the members to make the celebration complete. Dr Archer should be thanked for her endless support of the society and its members throughout the whole year, and especially during an unconventional Trinity Term.

I would also like to thank the kitchen staff for their help in organising the events, as well as Amanda Gooding who helped me navigate some difficult timetable clashes and rescheduling. Special thanks must also go to James Nevett, the treasurer, and Oscar Pepper, the secretary, for all their help and support in planning and orchestrating the events. Finally, I would like to wish good luck to next year’s committee: Rebecca Davies, Alex Still, Jenny Goodier, Ellie Smyk. I look forward to seeing what exciting events they organise, and I am sure they will make the most of the wonderful opportunity that running the Ashmole Society is.

THE ADDINGTON SOCIETY

by Tucker Drew

The spirit of debate has been as alive this year at Brasenose as it has ever been, with seemingly more Brasenostriils engaged across the university in debating forums than ever in recent memory. This year Brasenose

saw its students elected as senior officers in the Oxford Union, the Student Union, and across Oxford's major political societies. Brasenose also played host to a number of debates organized by the PPE Society, including ones on the 2019 General Election and the 2020 American Democratic Primaries.

This year, the Addington Society successfully hosted one large debate before Brasenose's closure in March on the topic of access, debating the statement: "This house believes Oxford is doing enough for access". The proposition, which featured Brasenostrials Chengkai Xie and Conor Gallagher, argued that new initiatives, like Foundation Oxford and Opportunity Oxford, provided "enough" support and were appropriate measures for the age in which we live. Furthermore, the proposition believed, as many do, that the main issues in access at Oxford stem not from the University or the colleges, but rather from the inequity of education in schools across the country. They placed blame on unfair school systems, private schools and unequal funding of schools for continuing and exacerbating the access problems Oxford faces.

The opposition, which featured Brasenostrials Kunal Patel and Isabella Welch, appreciated that Foundation Oxford and Opportunity Oxford were important steps in combating the access issues that persist in Oxford. The opposition felt strongly that as the collegiate university had the power to do more, the greater onus was thus on Brasenose (and Oxford as a whole) to do what it could to support access to higher education, not on schools.

With the closure of schools across the United Kingdom and across the world for many months in 2020, the answer, to this outgoing president, seems to be that the University and the College must do more than it has ever done before in order to continue making progress in the fight to create an ever more equitable Oxford. In debating what is done for access at Oxford and across the country, all parties agreed that more work was necessary, but disagreed on who should bear more responsibility in taking that work forward. Addington Society members are no doubt pleased that Brasenose admitted 79% of their UK undergraduate intake this year from state schools, 11% higher than the university average of 68%.

The Addington Society has been entrusted to the hands of Chengkai Xie for the 2020–2021 Academic Year. Experienced in crafting debates

across Oxford and for Brasenose's PPE Society, we should all be excited to see what Chengkai and his team will bring to the Addington Society this year.

THE ARTS SOCIETY

by Elena Trowsdale

As we all know, this year saw a complete halt of normal college life in Trinity Term. Covid-19 interrupted many activities. Alongside face-to-face teaching, College residence and examinations, the infamous Brasenose Arts Week was sadly cancelled in order to satisfy the important governmental restrictions. While Arts Week was a minor loss in comparison to many others that have been endured this year, it was still missed. The Arts Committee, currently 17 members strong, had planned for this year's Arts Week to be a growth from Louise Cann's success last year and a celebration of our community under the theme name 'On The Nose'. This title, hopefully an obvious reference to the College itself, provided a useful way to pull focus to the talents Brasenose already possesses as well as approaching ideas of identity in general.

In hindsight, I am grateful for the Arts-based opportunities of Hilary Term including the yearly Brasenose Arts Dinner which was enjoyed (I hope!) by the Principal and the students in attendance, chosen for their many contributions to the cultural wealth of the Brasenose community last year. It was a joyful celebration of student talent and featured a performance from the BNC Jazz Band, a speech given by Balliol student and student drama director/writer Sam Woof McColl and a reading of a satirical poem written and performed by Brasenose student Joel Dungworth. However, the artistic highlight of Hilary Term has to be the visit of Oscar-winning screenwriter Kenneth Lonergan who hosted a writers' talk and a screenwriting and playwriting workshop. Having had the pleasure of attending all three coveted events, I can say with confidence that they were not only incredibly inspirational but also an all-round success.

Towards the end of Hilary, planning for Arts Week events such as a drag-queen performance, life drawing, light projection and perfumery were under way as well as the audition phase of the Arts Week play

which would have been ‘Cyrano de Bergerac’, directed by Brasenose’s Katie Friedli Walton. Just a week later, lockdown was imposed and ‘The Arts’ seemed like a concept belonging only to the past or to some hazy and far-off future.

However, sometime during Easter Vacation, art began to change form and purpose for the students of Brasenose JCR. Instead of dying away in anticipation of a time when face-to-face performance and experience could be possible again, art became a vital part of Brasenose JCR welfare. Through a weekly art competition held by Jago Bruce and Ruth Holliday (Brasenose JCR Welfare representatives), with assistance from me, the JCR were able to digitally connect by sharing light-hearted artworks and poems. The ability to see objects made by fellow students helped to remind the JCR of our community, talent and positive presence in the world that felt so bleak and lonely.

In addition to the weekly art competition, I managed to run a digital version of arts week which was considerably reduced. This included a ‘Netflix party’, a way of watching a film together in real time digitally, an online Pictionary competition, a multi-media art competition entitled ‘100 noses’ and a celebration in the format of a Zoom call, to name just a few.

Luckily, in Michaelmas there is the exciting possibility of socially-distanced gatherings which could allow for a return of in-person Arts events such as Pater Society meetings, in which Brasenose students meet to discuss and perform their own writings. In addition to these, many more arts events are in planning stages such as socially-distanced life drawing and a film night. I am hopeful and excited for the imminent reintroduction of Brasenose-based cultural activities and weirdly grateful in a kind of bitter-sweet way for the Arts opportunities this strange and difficult year has brought with it.

Articles



A SENTIMENT APT FOR LOCKDOWN

by *Thomas Traherne (1653)*

*The Ey's confind, the Body's pent
 In narrow Room: Lims are of small Extent.
 But Thoughts are always free.
 And as they're best,
 So can they even in the Brest,
 Rove ore the World with Libertie:
 Can Enter Ages, Present be
 In any Kingdom, into Bosoms see.
 Thoughts, Thoughts can come to Things, and view,
 What Bodies cant approach unto.
 They know no Bar, Denial, Limit, Wall:
 But have a Liberty to Look on all.
 (with thanks to Christian Wilson)*

CLEETHORPES SCHOOL YEARS

by *John Bowers QC, Principal*

“Each stage of English education is designed for the benefit of those who will go on to the next stage, however unsuitable it may be for the rest.”
 (Peter Swinnerton Dyer)

I had a great state-school education in Cleethorpes – the Lincolnshire coastal resort that merges into its larger neighbour, the once-vibrant but now somewhat faded fishing port of Grimsby. The area is now reinventing itself in the renewable energy sector. Back in those days, the twin towns sat in different local council authorities and in separate local education authorities: Grimsby children went to Grimsby schools, and those from Cleethorpes, like me, went to schools in the resort. At 11 years old, Cleethorpes grammar schools also served the children from the outlying rural villages.

Primary school

My own primary school was just over the road from our house and I could go back home at lunch time to a warm meal. Reynolds Street

Primary School (now an academy) was a very nurturing environment with experienced, dedicated and skilled teachers. There was little staff turnover in those days. I was delighted to be able to donate equipment for their playground in memory of my mother when she sadly died. She loved everything about the school and I think she was really a frustrated educator. When I say this, I mean a frustrated formal educator (i.e. a school teacher) as she educated my family, the Jewish Sunday School and many local school students who visited the Grimsby synagogue.

In fact, my mother would have made an excellent school teacher but, having left school at 14 or 15 to work in a shop (starting by working the lift at the Guy & Smiths department store and then moving on to Immingham Docks to work as a production clerk during the War), she just did not have the opportunities which I fortunately did (indeed my whole generation was fortunate in comparison with hers).

In those days, men would not be seen at the school gate (and not in the maternity ward either). The school, like those in both towns, was overwhelmingly white and I remember the frisson of excitement when I was in the third year at school when it was announced that a 'brown' family would be coming to the area. All we children, for some strange reason (probably because of learning about the Pharaohs), assumed that this meant that they would be Egyptians, but they turned out to be Indian. We were all told by the teachers that we had to be 'extra nice' to them to make our new residents and pupils to feel 'at home'. Their neighbours weren't all as welcoming as they might have been, but the Indian children were safe and secure at our school.

Many of the children at the school were from quite impoverished backgrounds and what in those days were referred to as 'broken homes'; a set of twins lived in a caravan by the Cleethorpes beach. We thought at the time that was a very exotic lifestyle, although in fact they were usually off school because they had bad colds and worse. I often wonder what happened to them.

Clee Grammar

At the age of 11, children took the 11+ exam which determined their next education 'stream'. There were two wholly separate pathways: those who went to grammar school (Clee Grammar as everyone called the local Boys' and Girls' separate grammar schools) and those who

attended the local secondary modern schools (Beacon Hill or North Clee). A few pupils who were in between the two streams went to the Technical School in Grimsby (in Eleanor Street, now sadly in disrepair). There was no interaction between the schools (except for sport, sblings, some sex and much fighting!); they could have been a hundred miles away from each other, although in fact it was less than half a mile in actual distance.

The grammar school accepted about 18% of the 11-year-olds of Cleethorpes and surrounding villages and we received what might be called a classical education, including Latin throughout the school and Greek in the Sixth Form. The Sports Master constantly told us that we were in the top 17.8% of Cleethorpes and needed to act like it – although none of us were quite sure what that meant. If anything, it signified that we should act like gentlemen do (or did in some mythical past time).

The forms at the boys' grammar school were streamed into Latin for the most academic, German in the middle and Technical Drawing. This separation was carried out at age 12 (the first year being a tester year to see how bright children were).

The school's official name was the Clee Humberstone Foundation School – taking its name after the parish of Old Clee (which confusingly was a part of Grimsby not of Cleethorpes) and from the School's founder, Matthew Humberstone, who started life as an East End of London foundling – and it was loosely affiliated to the Church of England, with the Vicar of Old Clee as an *ex officio* member of the Governing Body. It was variously and confusingly called, at different times, Matthew Humberstone School, Matthew Humberstone C of E School, Matthew Humberstone Comprehensive School, and MHS (as well as other rather less polite things by the boys at the secondary modern). The School had opened in the nearby village of (also confusingly) Humberston in 1823 and moved to the Clee Road site in September 1882.

We had Christian worship each day at the occasionally anarchic all-school assembly, or at least most of the other pupils did. I joined with five or so Catholics and Jehovah's Witnesses who sat that one out (and we accordingly missed out on all important school announcements).

During the school holidays there was lots of seasonal work available in local factories (especially frozen food) for school students, but instead I worked on my uncle's market stall selling jewellery.

The Headmaster when I started there was a rather vague but tyrannical figure named Colin Shaw who wore a mortar board at assembly and a long flowing black gown at all times in school. He was universally known as ‘The Gaffer’ and his favourite oft-repeated instruction to boys was that there should be no ‘copulation in the quad’ at school parties (and a loud ‘Dieu vous bénisse’ when someone sneezed – he was also occasionally a teacher of French).

My mother used to say that he was frequently to be seen on Grimsby’s lively but ‘low-rent’ Freeman Street Market buying toilet paper at cheap prices for the school (this was the area where the fisherfolk lived). I think my uncle Louis, who ran a market stall, kept an eye out for the Gaffer’s habits.

There was a rousing school song: *Sons of the School*, which I can still recite word for word (and indeed, so can all of my own London-born and bred children!) There was also frequent singing of the (to some) rousing Latin song *Gaudeamus Igitur*, which the Gaffer thought impressed visitors to the school with our sense of purpose and joy (although to many of us it just seemed pretentious and preposterous). It was made famous by Mario Lanza.

Formal Speech Days took place at the rather grand (if run down) local ABC cinema (famous because the Beatles had played there in the early days) with worthy speeches of an uplifting nature from the Grimsby and Cleethorpes chapter of the Great and the Good. Getting to the ABC from our school meant negotiating and avoiding the perils of the North Clee Secondary Modern pupils who regarded ‘grammar snobs’ – and their school caps – as wholly legitimate targets. We usually came off worse. There were also Founder’s Day gatherings.

All of the masters (we did not call them teachers) wore gowns like the Gaffer and there was a slightly public school feel to the place, exacerbated by the fact that the central buildings had been erected in the 19th century in a vaguely gothic and traditional style. One of the differences to the way in which schools operate now was that there were then many out-of-school clubs including vigorous debating and film clubs supervised by teachers.

There were boys who served as Prefects, Co-ordinating Prefects, School Vice-Captains and a School Captain who demanded respect as much as (or more firmly than) the Masters, and their very presence was quite intimidating for an 11 year old, particularly if a school cap was

not being worn at the appropriate time and at a jaunty angle (and that was usually because it had been stolen by a second former!)

The prefects did not have to wear the otherwise rigid school uniform which ironically they policed (Do as I say, not as I do). The prefects and those other senior boys wore distinctive ties and an extra line of white braid on their black blazer cuff.

The Grimsby and Cleethorpes accent was very low in vowel sounds; some find it quite haaarsh. Norman ('Cess') Smith the French teacher said that it was the worst accent for speaking French in the country, although I doubt that he carried out a scientific linguistic analysis to support this conclusion.

Although my uncle was a scientist in the US, I dropped all science subjects as soon as I was able to, which in retrospect was unfortunate. For A Levels I did English, History and Latin. Curiously for a small grammar school in Cleethorpes we did have Greek as an option which I took to S Level.

Len Fields

At least two of my schoolfriends finished up in prison – as did the Deputy Head of the School, Len Fields. He was a large imposing man, with an unsettling habit of ingratiating himself with chosen boys on first-name terms in what was then a surname-using environment. Len – nicknamed 'Schultz' – came to Cleethorpes from a tough East End school and from nearly the start of his incumbency, there were ugly rumours about his conduct, sometimes with girls but mostly with young boys. He doubled as a C of E lay preacher and he was unmarried. I actually only knew him as an excellent teacher and a person who inspired me and opened my eyes to the possibilities beyond the Grimsby area.

Eventually, long after I left the school, Len was put on trial for interfering with boys and was sent to prison where he died by his own hand. He had previously been placed on the official List 99 which meant that he could not move to another school (but curiously he was allowed to stay in ours). These days, I suspect his card would have been more strongly marked at a much earlier stage and the children would accordingly have been better protected.

There were no girls at the school until it went comprehensive. I generally do not think that single-sex schooling is a healthy

environment because of the inhibitions and expectations that it inevitably builds up about the opposite sex, although the male environment certainly assisted our sporting achievements. There were only a few women teachers throughout my time at the school.

Children were bussed into the school from surrounding villages such as Healing, Humberston and Ravendale. Only a small proportion in the two towns went to the local private schools which performed poorly academically.

Comprehensivisation

National comprehensivisation of schools had actually started in the 1960s in Grimsby where the Highgate-School-educated Tony Crosland was the local MP. He had seen the system in action at Hereford School in Grimsby which had under one roof a grammar and secondary modern stream, with movement easily achieved between them as children develop, which they inevitably do.

I was one of the few pupil supporters of this process of comprehensivisation which took place in our school in 1973. The teachers were strongly opposed and did not keep this to themselves; they thought standards would go downhill with comprehensivisation. I however approached it not as an educationalist. I was very enthusiastic for it to come in on the grounds of fairness and because of the fact that too often people who failed the 11+ were thought of as failures for the rest of their lives and in effect thrown onto the scrap heap (and I also wanted to get girls in the school).

There was a poverty of aspiration amongst many in the Grimsby area which sadly still continues. To be seen as an educational failure at a young age had been the fate of my father who was highly intelligent, as was my uncle Raymond (seven years younger than he was) who went on to be Professor of Physics at Cornell University in the beautiful city of Ithaca in the USA, and a scientific advisor to the White House. My father was in the secondary modern stream in the East End of London and then had to join the war effort on the Arctic convoys. Raymond was able to sit out the war and go to his school (Coopers College) which was evacuated to Frome in Somerset.

Most of my fellow school students and *all* of the teachers at the Grammar School were dead against the school changing at all and certainly not in a comprehensive direction, and about twelve teachers

resigned and would not go over to the new school, which was very close geographically. The headmaster Mr Shaw even refused actually to set foot in the newly named Matthew Humberstone Comprehensive School.

The new school was created by merging the Boys' Clee Grammar with Beacon Hill Secondary Modern. The nearby Girls' Grammar school in turn merged with a different secondary modern. The two grammar schools were quite deliberately not merged with each other.

I now recognise however that I made a big mistake. In an indefinable (yet tangible) way, some of the values of the school were lost. This was not of course intentional, but the stress on academic standards declined. The new school was too big (there were about 1,700 students) and it was on two separate sites, which sowed division. A them-and-us attitude persisted between the former grammar and secondary school pupils – and between each set of pupils and the teachers from the other school. The place in many ways (big and small) did not gel and I suspect this came down from the staff room itself, although this has changed over the years.

What did improve was the sixth form, which had more scale and could cover more subjects. Many pupils used to leave the school at the age of 16 to go into their father's business or on the docks. In fact, many stayed forever in the Grimsby and Cleethorpes area (and rose to prominent positions in local politics and the professions). Others went away and then came back in their fifties to take advantage of the bracing sea air and the relatively cheap and good quality housing in the area.

The teachers

The most important influencers of my own career were two English teachers, and, funnily enough, both were from southern Africa. Johnny Roe was a polymath from what was then called Rhodesia (and I am sure he continued to call it by that name long after it was renamed Zimbabwe). He was very well read and incurably elitist, with the elegant manners of a Dirk Bogarde lookalike. He left for Australia when comprehensivisation occurred and he grandly announced in a notice attached to the school hall, 'There is a world elsewhere'.

I still remember the frisson of excitement in the school when CJ Driver appeared (always known to all as Jonty); to Cleethorpes he

passed as quite (well, very) exotic. He was about 32 when he arrived, and had been the chair of the National Union of South African Students and was put in 90-day detention there as an opponent of Apartheid (he is now cited in the Museum on Robben Island Prison). There were not so many folks like him in sleepy, inward looking little Cleethorpes. He also literally stood out from the crowd as he was about 6 foot 5 inches tall, and to us looked like a giant of seven feet. And he played rugby, which was a quite foreign game to us, and rugby union at that. And he was a published poet and author. And although he had taught in great public schools, and had travelled the world, he wanted to be the head of the sixth form at a comprehensive in our small town of Cleethorpes. And he lived close to the sea. And it was rumoured that he supported the Labour Party (although he was not keen when I sought to test this and took round some envelopes for him to address!) And he had been at Oxford University (and he would hate my beginning a sentence with And!). Interestingly in his entertaining autobiography (*Some Schools*, John Catt, 2016) Jonty said he saw ‘those five years at Matthew Humberstone as being, in some ways, the most exciting of all’ as a schoolmaster. He reminisced that ‘the hunger of the boys and girls to succeed, the delight they showed when they achieved university or college places, the enthusiasm of almost all my colleagues, the co-operation of parents in the education of their children, were I think unmatched in any other school I worked in.’ I am delighted that I am now Principal of the College where his daughter Tamlyn was (well before I arrived) an excellent JCR President and that I am still in touch with Jonty and his wonderful wife Ann.

I must mention Ben Leake, a geography teacher who lived opposite us in Reynolds Street. I cannot remember the reason for it but schoolboys at Clee always wanted to play tricks on him. Thus he was the less than proud recipient of twenty volumes of Encyclopaedia Britannica which he had not ordered, and once a boy brought in what he said was a cassava plant which his father had brought back from a visit he had made to Africa. His father had indeed visited Africa for work but the ‘plant’ was in fact a weed from his back garden. Ben showed it off to the class as the genuine article!

Teachers had and still have a high status in Grimsby and Cleethorpes, towns which do not have all that many high-status professionals. Many

of the big houses in People's Park (which despite its Communist style feel was the plutocratic part of town) were occupied by teachers.

Sadly in 2007 the 'new' school was placed in special measures for about a year. In September 2010 it transformed into Saint Andrew's College (a joint church school between the Church of England and the Catholic Church), based at the Matthew Humberstone Upper site on Chatsworth Place. St Andrew's College became the Holy Family Catholic Academy in September 2013, before closing in July 2017 and after death it has risen again (so to speak) as Beacon Academy, sponsored by the Wellspring Academy Trust, a much smaller school than ours. I visited the headmaster recently on behalf of the College. Part of our historic main site is now a local primary school, Bursar Street.

Many of my peers meet still together 'in exile', as we call it, in London for breakfasts and lunches (and we go to see Grimsby Town FC together), and there is an active Old Humberstonians Association for the long-gone boys' grammar which mounts an annual dinner in Cleethorpes at which I spoke one year.

I am very proud that my daughter is a teacher, fulfilling the satisfying career that my mother would have loved.

WILL PALIN: WHY I'M PROUD TO WORK FOR THE HOSPITAL THAT HELPED SAVE DAD'S LIFE

by Camilla Tominey

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On the day Will Palin was asked if he wanted to take charge of the £22m project to restore London's iconic St Bartholomew's Hospital, he received a telephone call from his father, Monty Python star turned globetrotting TV presenter, Michael. "I couldn't quite decide whether I'd go for it," explains Palin, 46. Until his father rang, telling him: "Oh Will, I'm going into Barts in four weeks' time to have my heart valve repaired'. It all just coincided."

Will had been previously engaged at The Old Royal Naval College, Greenwich, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, where he presided over

the £8.5m restoration of its Painted Hall. He admits that his father's hospitalisation, serious and worrying though it was, gave him the perfect excuse to travel across London to discuss his new role.

A second moment of familial synchronicity would come just a few weeks later. Having successfully come through the operation, Michael, 76, was taken to see the staircase painted by William Hogarth – one of the key parts of the nearly 900-year-old Barts restoration, and a major reason why Palin Jr took the job. “The nurse who was looking after him in his recovery said to him: ‘Michael, I’ve got a big treat for you. Something to get you moving again’, and he took my father in his gown across the courtyard and just proudly showed off the Hogarth staircase... The hospital have this incredible pride in the building and it’s part of their rehabilitation programme.”

The enormous canvases which Hogarth painted for the staircase are the largest he ever produced, portraying characters displaying virtually every ailment known to the late 18th century world. In the corner, Hogarth has painted a likeness of his beloved pug, Trump.

An extraordinary piece of work, it is made all the more rare and unusual by the fact that the artist was far better known for his scandalising caricatures of political and social life. “[Hogarth] wanted to demonstrate that actually he wasn’t just a popular satirist... So the opportunity to do something on this scale – a historical narrative within the walls of one of the most important institutions in the country – was an irresistible commission,” Palin says.

Escaping from the world of satire is something he knows well. He has the same crinkle-eyed, twinkly smile as his father, and a voice that’s uncannily similar. But “having a very strong personality in the family, like my father, can complicate your sense of self in relation to the world,” he explains. “So without getting too psycho-analytic about it, I was looking for something a bit different...”

The middle child, he grew up with his parents, elder brother and sister in north London. Palin Snr. has described himself as a “strict” parent, but says his relationship with his adult children is that of “good, close friends,” adding that there is “a terrific amount of humour” between him and Will, eldest Tom, who runs a business selling climbing equipment and Rachel, a Masterchef producer.

His brother once admitted that “there was a time – back when I thought I had to fill the shoes of a very famous man – when I denied

being Michael Palin's son"; although clearly in awe of his father's achievements on stage and screen, going his own way has always been important to the younger Palin, too.

His own path began to form when his uncle, an architect who worked on historic buildings, "would talk to me and take me around and... it's funny: I don't think I would have listened to my parents in the same way. "Having said that, my father was absolutely brilliant at supporting anything I wanted to do and was enthusiastic and interested in it. So maybe it was also wanting to get a sense of him respecting the fact that I could do something he couldn't."

After graduating from Brasenose College, Oxford, Palin studied architectural history at the Courtauld Institute of Art before becoming assistant curator at Sir John Soane's Museum. Greenwich was his first major heritage project, and among his innovations was the building of a special scaffold so that the paying public could watch the restoration of The Painted Hall taking place. The work was completed on time and on budget, earning Palin a host of plaudits and a shelf full of awards.

The Barts 900 project is far more expensive and ambitious: a complete restoration of the older parts of the hospital, designed in the 1730s by James Gibbs, in time for its 900th anniversary in 2023. "There's a lot of money to raise," says Palin, "But then you are dealing with a building that hasn't had any real repair or maintenance for a long time."

Barts, founded by the monk Rahere in 1123, has a long history of struggling for funds. Its key saviour, ironically, was Henry VIII who was persuaded, after the Reformation, to refound the hospital and grant it to the Corporation of London because his own act of dissolving the monasteries had removed most of its income.

But a key feature of the Great Hall (apart from a portrait of the magnanimous Henry) are the panels displaying the names of various donors from across the centuries who came to its rescue. The working part of the hospital, which is world-renowned for its heart, cancer and trauma treatment, includes a renovated, state-of-the-art West Wing.

But the North Wing, partly used for administration and accommodation but also for entertaining, has long been neglected. The roof is leaking and in need of replacement, some of the structure crumbling and the grandeur of its most beautiful areas in faded decay. In addition, there are plans to move the rather cramped, existing museum

to a bigger space and to convert what Palin calls “the rabbit warren of other spaces” in the building into functioning areas which can be hired out to raise revenue.

Clearly, the names of many more – and much bigger – benefactors will need to be added to those panels in the Great Hall. “The heritage is incredibly important, but you can link the past, present and future of the hospital together and all parts of the hospital can help each other,” says Palin. “The support we’ve had from the hospital has been fantastic. Even if you’re not interested in the art or the architecture, the North Wing and what it does for the hospital generates income, no question.”

Palin and his team will undertake a lengthy process of assessment under the watchful eye of Historic England before any work is begun. “Buildings are incredibly complex entities,” he says, “and not just physically but emotionally too, in what they do to you when you walk in and the way they make you feel. You have to try to maintain the same atmosphere and sense of transportation. There’s a real danger that if you overdo it, you lose the whole dimension of that experience.”

Whether the Government will contribute funds remains to be seen. “We’re always hopeful,” Palin says. “It’s a nationally important building with a great story to tell at a great moment in its history.”

“COVID-19 HAS TURNED THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE OFFICE FOR NATIONAL STATISTICS” – A VIEW FROM THE INSIDE

by David Bradbury (Ancient and Modern History, 1981)

Those aren’t my words, they come from the *Times* economic editor Philip Aldrick, writing in late June 2020. And a few days before that, those of you who were virtually present at a Principal’s Conversation will have heard **Tim Harford (PPE, 1992)**, now an influential FT and BBC commentator, say that “all around us we see a situation where the numbers really matter, they’re literally life or death... in the British case, the Office for National Statistics has done an impressive job in trying to get proper representative data about who has coronavirus.” Well, it certainly feels like we have been in the spotlight lately – the height of the first wave of the pandemic you might have seen the National Statistician on the Number 10 press briefing podium or a

couple of times on the Andrew Marr programme (and on the second occasion, those who switched over to Sky News merely to avoid the statistics will have found his deputy on that channel instead). As one of the team in the ONS press office, it's not my job to produce that data, but just helping the country's media find the figures they want and understand the figures they use has been quite a task in itself.

I won't bore you with the (largely unplanned) twists and turns of my career that took me from going down from Brasenose in 1984 with a degree in Ancient and Modern History to a job in the media relations office of the Office for National Statistics; suffice it to say that by 2000 I had fallen into a job that I felt I could do well, one that fitted my odd magpie-style mind and occasionally gave me the sort of fun intellectual challenge that I still from time to time crave.¹ After 20 years in that job, I won't pretend that I wasn't mentally slightly winding down towards retirement and looking forward to the prospect of spending more time in the Bodleian with books of early 17th-century history.

All that was to be radically altered by something that early in 2020 was no more than a cloud on the horizon the size of a man's hand, but one that has since grown to cut a swathe through our country and most of the rest of the world: the Covid-19 pandemic. Of course this has had huge effects on more or less everyone's working lives, as I know from talking to my friends from Brasenose and elsewhere: people who have had suddenly to switch their university teaching online and organise huge seminars via Zoom, or whose daughter was catapulted from final year medical studies to being suddenly a newly-qualified doctor in a renal ward many of whose patients were Covid-19 victims. So I should be – and am – grateful that as an employee of the government, my position and monthly salary was more or less guaranteed, and that I am still doing a job I understand, if in altered and more demanding circumstances. But that isn't to say that it has all been easy for me and the splendid team of press office colleagues I can call on.

Has my job changed? Yes, in two ways – the first more trivial, I think, and certainly one that's common to millions of others at this time. As an office, we have suddenly transmuted from an organisation based around two or three large offices into one that is still largely a big network of homeworkers held together by Skype and Outlook, held

¹ <https://blog.ons.gov.uk/2020/01/17/valuing-john-harrisons-work-how-much-is-that-20000-longitude-reward-worth-today/>

back only by those anguished WhatsApp messages from colleagues that they are having “connectivity issues” again this morning. But we have nonetheless held together, helped in my case by the fact our media relations team was split between three different offices all distant from one another, and so we were quite used to having to keep in touch mainly by phone or e-mail anyway. The second way is more profound: our work at the ONS has suddenly had the spotlight turned on it, as the *Times* has it, to a degree I’ve never known before. This has meant more press inquiries, more work for us, but what I am doing is as nothing compared with how hard some of our statisticians are working. We’ve done a huge number of things to respond to the pandemic, far too many to list here, but the best example is the one that Tim Harford pointed to: the Coronavirus Infection Survey.² If you’d asked me at the beginning of the year whether ONS could, in partnership with a number of other expert organisations, develop a wholly new medical survey with a very substantial sample size right across England, get it into the field, and analyse and start publishing the results in just weeks, I’d never have believed it. But our team managed it, and it was subsequently expanded into the other parts of the UK. As of 28 November, over 184,000 households in England alone have taken part. Of course it’s a matter of great pride to me that among our partners in this work, showing itself here as elsewhere right in forefront of our national response to the pandemic, is our very own Oxford University.

Is all this work necessary? Yes, I think it is, and I’d point to three pieces of evidence. The first is the regular citations we’re getting, not just in the press and on television, but also regularly at the daily Number 10 Covid-19 briefings. The second, less visible unless you look at the right part of the ONS website,³ is the Freedom of Information requests we get. You can see there how we have responded, but I can say we have had an absolute barrage of enquiries in response to the pandemic, from ordinary citizens whose sole motivation is a desire better to understand what is happening in these strange times and what underlies it. Thirdly, I can’t help but go back to Tim Harford’s

² <https://www.ons.gov.uk/peoplepopulationandcommunity/healthandsocialcare/conditionsanddiseases/bulletins/coronaviruscovid19infectionsurveysurvey/latest>

³ <https://www.ons.gov.uk/aboutus/transparencyandgovernance/freedomofinformationfoi/publishedrequests>

kind words I cited earlier: he prefaced them by saying that “one of the things the pandemic has taught us is the value of timely, accurate, trustworthy, comprehensive information.” Amen to that. And while, as I said, my contribution is small compared with that of others, it has been satisfying when something I’ve done has worked out well, such as helping get a much more balanced reporting of the June 2020 labour market statistics than happened the month before, complete with getting the Deputy National Statistician onto the Today programme to explain them straight away after publication (he has since become something of a fixture on that programme on labour market day each month). I even found time to co-author a book for the ONS, which came out in mid-October.

Finally, it would be wrong not to mention one sad way the pandemic has hit us in the ONS hard: in recent years Peter Sinclair did a lot of work with ONS as part of its Economics Experts Working Group⁴ alongside his former pupil **Diane Coyle (PPE, 1978)** who also starred in the Principal’s Conversation I cited earlier.⁵ I would often see him in our London office for the meetings of this group, and it’s still hard to accept that come the day we get back to working in that office, he won’t ever again be saying hello as he wanders past my desk. A long-standing colleague in our Newport headquarters, who met him but the once as far I know, responded to the obituary on our intranet: “So sad to hear this news. I went to a talk he gave about the economic uncertainties of Brexit a few years ago, and he was such a knowledgeable, lovely and engaging man.” What a tribute to Peter both as a human being and as a teacher that his passing could evoke such a response in someone whose sole encounter with him was so fleeting!

FINDING A VOICE

by Michael Malone (Jurisprudence, 1961)

I came up to Brasenose from Hulme Grammar School Oldham in 1961 to read History. I went down in 1964 with a Second in Jurisprudence. I was only the second member of my extended family to go to university (my mother’s brother, a chemist, was the first), but my father

4 <https://www.ons.gov.uk/news/news/onsexpanditseconomiccapabilityappointmentoftheneweconomicexpertsworkinggroup>

5 <https://www.bnc.ox.ac.uk/alumni/recordings/2284-pc160620>

had qualified as a solicitor (as a 'five-year man') before the War and after the War became Town Clerk of Ashton-under-Lyne (now part of Tameside, Greater Manchester) in his early 30s.

It was a huge adventure to make that journey from Lancashire to Oxford. As a family we had never had foreign holidays and I had only once travelled in England as far as London (to stay for a few days with my grandfather's brother and his wife). Apart from one or two of the staff at school, I had never met anyone who had been to Oxford (or even Cambridge). However I didn't find the atmosphere at Brasenose at all intimidating. I had read Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall* but I never met any of the aristocratic hooligans he described. I never even heard of the Bullingdon Club during my time in Oxford.

I'm sure that it helped that there were several other grammar-school northerners amongst the historians and lawyers and other members of the college. One of the lawyers was **Nick Stratford (Jurisprudence, 1961)**, who has remained a good friend. There were public schoolboys as well, of course, but I wasn't conscious of any class distinctions. The first person ever to tease me about my northern vowel sounds was a girlfriend, many years later. She had been to Cheltenham Ladies' College.

One thing which I did find strange was having a scout and also a lady to make my bed each morning (a bedder). I felt much less comfortable about that than I did about mixing with public schoolboys.

The main change from school was having to learn to manage my own time. It was far less common to have a gap year in those days than it is now. It was out of the question for me. At school I had been sitting in class all day for five days a week. Now suddenly I was seeing a tutor (**Barry Nicholas (Jurisprudence, 1937)** and **Ron Maudsley (Jurisprudence, 1945)** for the lawyers) once a week and deciding for myself when to work and for how long. Looking back, I think that a gap year would have been valuable.

I had plenty of spare time for sport and politics. The football team was captained by **John Haigh (Mathematics, 1960)** and the goalkeeper was **Jeffrey Burke (Jurisprudence, 1960)** (also a lawyer, but a year ahead of me). The high point for me was the goal I scored from 25 yards against the Huntercombe Borstal team (an away match for us). The low point was the 1963 season which was mostly lost to abnormally bad weather.

My political activities were mostly in the Labour Club, where I learned the truth of the adage that there are opponents in other parties but enemies in your own. I attached myself to the Gaitskellite faction. Several members of both factions had been to public schools, but it was never an issue. One of my fellow committee members was Robert Taylor, who became an influential reporter on labour relations and the unions.

However I knew hardly anyone outside my own college and the Labour Club. I had a severe stammer, which became less severe with people I knew well, but never went away completely. Indeed, when I first contemplated switching from history to law, Eric Collieu gently suggested that perhaps it wasn't the best possible career move. It was good advice but I didn't take it. I had acquired the stammer at the age of seven or eight (I've no idea how) and because of it tended to stay in my own bubble. A specific problem was that the thing which I found totally impossible to say was my own name, which made introductions rather difficult. One consequence was that the 'swinging sixties' rather passed me by. I can remember only two occasions in the three years when I even spoke to a woman except at Labour Club meetings. It didn't help that the undergraduate population was seven men to one woman.

I had had some speech therapy for my stammer when I was 14. My parents had not realised how severe the stammer was, because I stammered much less at home than I did at school. Also, my father had had a slight stammer as a child and had 'grown out' of it. They assumed that I would do the same. The stammer was never mentioned at school until I joined Ken Grace's Spanish class. He, to his great credit, spoke to me privately and suggested the therapy.

The speech therapist worked on coping mechanisms with me, such as techniques for relaxing the muscles and controlling the breathing. She also helped me to practise softening the voice when I met a complete block, so as to say the word in a slightly slurred way. I still stammered after the treatment, but the stammer became more manageable. It even gave me the confidence to go on a foreign exchange later that year, spending several weeks living with a French family and learning to stammer in French.

In the late 1960s and the 1970s I had a comfortable life as a solicitor in Bolton. I saw another speech therapist who said that the real problem was one of avoidance. I needed to tackle the issue head on. She got

me to make phone calls to places like hotels and restaurants, making general enquiries but starting by giving my name. I could see the logic of this approach, and it can be a successful one, but it didn't work for me at that time. I had also seen a hypnotherapist a couple of times, with a view to finding out what had caused me to stammer in the first place. I proved to be a rotten subject, completely failing to make the journey into the past. I was told by the speech therapist that this had been a pointless exercise, because the problem was not the initial cause but the fact that I had been practising the stammer for many years.

I wouldn't want to overstate the effect of the stammer on my life during these years. My working life was spent mainly in the office and when I needed to telephone anybody the receptionist got them on the line. I played sport and had an active social life with people I knew. The main impact was that I tended to avoid situations where I would have to introduce myself to strangers – cocktail parties for example – and I had loathing and contempt for comedians who told 'jokes' about stammering – which I suppose has made me more sensitive to racist and sexist 'jokes'.

My life changed in two ways in 1980. One change was wholly positive. I was introduced to Kate and we were married the following year. I thereby became stepfather to Richard,13, and Liz,10. Kate was a loving and supportive (but feisty) companion until her untimely death from cancer in 2003.

The other event in 1980 was a mixed blessing. I became a published author. The book purported to be a practical guide to discrimination law – specifically racial and sex discrimination.

My dealings with the publishers, however, gave me the crazy idea of becoming a publisher myself. So I started publishing books, whilst continuing with my day job as a solicitor. That was never a good move and it was compounded by my failure to specialise. The range included history, biography, crime novels, music, cookery and gardening – pretty well everything except pornography. Sadly, out of 30 books, published over a five year period, only one made any money – and that was a book on gardening, a subject of which I knew nothing.

The 1980 book also, however, indirectly caused me to take a midlife plunge into advocacy. I had met the lawyers at the Equal Opportunities Commission whilst doing the research for the book and they started to send work to me. I found to my surprise that I could question witnesses

and argue cases without stammering. I'm still not sure why. A less formal atmosphere than that of the courts? Confidence that I knew what I was doing? Having to speak in a slightly raised voice (in the same way that you don't stammer when singing)? Playing the part of an advocate instead of being myself?

Whatever the reason, I was simultaneously turning myself into a full-time employment lawyer, doing regular advocacy, whilst working hard to lose money as a publisher. Eventually the latter enterprise became a distant memory with all debts paid. I went on to spend the last eight years of my legal career as a salaried employment judge, sitting in Newcastle.

The stammer was more present in that role than it had been when I was doing advocacy, but it tended to show itself as a slight hesitation rather than a complete block. I cheated slightly, because we were supposed to introduce ourselves and our non-legal colleagues by name at the start of a case. I felt that stammering over my name wouldn't be a great start to a case so I just didn't do it. In most cases the parties were represented and the advocates knew who I was.

One aspect of the job which I enjoyed was helping to run training courses, both for fellow employment judges and for non-legal members. The courses for the latter included technical issues and also subjects designed to promote empathy. At a dozen of these courses I spoke about stammering and found it quite cathartic, even though I tried to make the presentation fairly humorous. Half of these talks were given after 'The King's Speech' came out and I had to adapt the content to bring that in.

Giving those talks, well into my 60s, taught me an important lesson. The more I spoke openly about the stammer, the less of a problem it became. I still stammer, particularly when saying my name, but I don't try as hard to avoid the high risk situations. If I get really stuck on my name, I'll say 'I'm sorry, I always stammer on my name'. That's usually well received and knowing that I can fall back on that approach reduces the risk of stammering in the first place.

So what I've learned, eventually, is that the therapist was right all those years ago to say that avoiding difficult situations is not the answer. And, for those who have children or students who stammer, tactfully raising the possibility of treatment, like Ken Grace at school, is preferable to embarrassed silence.

**SEEING LIGHT: A CRITICAL ENQUIRY INTO
THE ORIGINS OF RESURRECTION FAITH
BY PETER GANT (PHYSICS, 1957)
(Sacristy Press, 2019)**

reviewed by Christopher Penn (Jurisprudence, 1957)

Peter Gant was a contemporary of mine at Brasenose, matriculating in 1957, although our paths never crossed – whereas I read Law, he read Physics and later Theology at Cambridge. After ordination and a curacy at St Mary Portsea, he worked as vicar of a parish in the Black Country. Ten years later he resigned from parish ministry and joined the Civil Service, serving first as a Principal and then as an Assistant Secretary. In parallel, he continued his ministry on a non-stipendiary basis. Retiring early, he returned to Oxford to study under the New Testament theologian Robert Morgan of Linacre College. This led to the award of a further degree and to the writing of *Seeing Light*.

Like Handel's *Messiah*, *Seeing Light* sets New Testament testimony to the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ in the context of the Hebrew scriptures, focusing especially on the emergence during the Second Temple period (586BC–70AD) of afterlife beliefs and belief in the life of a world to come.

One always likes to see where an author is coming from. In an early section entitled 'The problem exposed' Gant reviews positively the emergence of post-Enlightenment critical historical science and its impact on the study of Christian origins. He discusses the work of figures like Reimarus, Ferdinand Christian Bauer and David Friedrich Strauss, all of whom raised issues that were seriously troubling for traditional Christians. For instance, in 1835, in his extraordinarily influential *Life of Jesus*, Strauss offered his own rationalising historical reconstruction according to which the emergence of resurrection faith was driven by psychological necessity. Jesus' disciples had somehow to reconcile their fervent messianic expectations with the tragic reality of his unexpected death. Major dissonance had somehow to be resolved. After a period of reflection, they concluded that Jesus' death was intended, that it served God's purpose and that Christ was alive and invisibly present with them. This conclusion was reinforced by self-generated, subjective visions of the risen Christ. Strauss's views remain

influential even today. Gant's own position does not become apparent until later in the book, but essentially, he is concerned to address two fundamental questions. One is the historical question addressed by Strauss, viz., 'What actually happened to bring about belief in the resurrection of Jesus?' The other is the practical question, viz., 'Is there more to be said about the resurrection of Jesus than historical scholarship can determine and articulate?'

Seeing Light is a scholarly book with a remarkable depth and range of reference. Using the Hebrew scriptures and other contemporary Jewish sources, the opening chapters chart the emergence of afterlife and resurrection beliefs in second-temple Judaism. The extreme variety of these beliefs and the lack of any settled orthodoxy are emphasised.

For Christians, problems begin with the Gospels. Although at one time believed to be historical accounts written by eye witnesses, it is now generally agreed that none of authors witnessed the events they describe. Mark, the earliest of the four, was written sometime between 66 and 75 AD. Surprisingly, Mark contains no account of any appearances of the risen Jesus. Appearance stories appear only in the gospels of Matthew, Luke and John, which were written much later, probably towards the end of the first century. Furthermore, these stories are riddled with inconsistencies and contradictions that cannot be explained away. As direct historical evidence for the resurrection of Jesus they are virtually useless.

Examination of the New Testament resurrection testimony as a whole reveals three principal strata. The testimony of the gospels is the most recent, and it is second-hand or worse. Much earlier and therefore potentially of more historical value are the writings of Paul in the mid-fifties. Paul has considerably more to say about the resurrection than is generally supposed. It is in one of Paul's letters that references to appearances of the risen Christ first appear:

'Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he was raised on the third day in accordance with the scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas [Peter], then to the twelve. Then he appeared to more than five hundred brothers and sisters at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have died. Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all, as to someone untimely born, he appeared also to me.'

Equally if not more important are several different strands of even earlier tradition which antedate the documents (mainly but not exclusively letters of Paul) in which they later became embedded.

After examining these earliest resurrection traditions and the testimony of Paul, Gant concludes that historically belief in the resurrection of Jesus emerged as a result of iterative interaction between visionary experiences and theological reflection on the events of Jesus' life and death. Earliest resurrection faith then generated further key understandings, especially the understanding that the resurrection signalled the dawning of a new age, the belief that Jesus would return in glory, the belief that the resurrection was part of God's overall redemptive purpose, and the conviction that as a new act of creation the resurrection must be associated with the outpouring of God's spirit on Jesus' faithful followers. Only towards the end of the book does Gant return to the problem of the gospels, arguing that, despite their lack of historicity, the gospel appearance stories have considerable theological significance. Based on striking precedents in the Hebrew scriptures, they testify to an understanding of the resurrection of Jesus as an encounter with the divine.

Throughout the book, honesty of interpretation shines through. Sensitive questions like the origin of the 'third day' tradition, the historicity of the empty tomb (which receives no mention in Paul's writings) and the probable fate of Jesus' physical corpse are not ducked.

Seeing Light is written in a style which flows easily along a logical path. The book is a substantial work of scholarship and the reader is greatly helped by summary conclusions at the end of each chapter. The intention, which is made explicit in the Epilogue chapter, is not to argue readers into belief. Rather it is to suggest that when the structure and nature of resurrection belief and theological language are properly understood, resurrection belief cannot be dismissed as irrational.

Readers, whether believers or agnostics, will find this book hard work, but rewarding. On the other hand, it has to be admitted that faith is a delicate flower for which such an enquiry is a challenge. Whereas one leaves a performance of Handel's *Messiah*, which covers much of the same ground as Gant's book, with a feeling that all is right with the world, at the end of *Seeing Light*, although intellectually well satisfied, one is perhaps a little bit more unsettled and questioning than one was at the beginning. But is this necessarily a bad thing?

STAND TOGETHER

by Dr Ed Kessler MBE

This sermon was given on Sunday 26 January 2020, Holocaust Memorial Day, at the Brasenose College Holocaust Memorial Service.

Tomorrow marks Holocaust Memorial Day, which commemorates the 6 million Jews and 5 million non-Jews who perished between 1933 and 1945. When the war ended in 1945, so had a whole way of life for European Jews; their numbers were decimated – of the pre-war Jewish populations of Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Germany and Austria, less than 10% survived; 1.1 million, mainly Jews, perished in Auschwitz alone.

The Holocaust, the Shoah, a biblical word that means destruction or desolation, implemented and facilitated by people baptised as Christians, raises deeply disturbing questions about the moral and spiritual credibility of humanity.

I would like to share with you a reflection on my first and only trip to Auschwitz. I have had time to ponder on an event so traumatic that it demands theological, ethical and spiritual thought. It also connects us to the theme, standing together. Like Nehemiah castigating his people, reminding them of their responsibilities, my visit forced me to confront some of my own.

Both Judaism and Christianity are grounded in revelatory affirmations of God as the Creator, Sustainer and Redeemer of the world. God is revealed not only in the natural order but also through the course of history, most especially in the election and covenantal formation of Jews and Christians whose destinies are indissolubly bound to God's ongoing involvement in the world. Since God is understood as the Lord of all history, the evil as well as the good is classically attributed to the inscrutable will of the Almighty. Disasters have, traditionally, been interpreted as punishment that serve to reorient the wayward, or as the necessary birth pangs of the messianic era. The logic of this generates an untenable conclusion: if God is not the author of the Holocaust, God at the very least shares responsibility for the tragedy.

During my stay, I wondered whether it is possible to reflect on the Holocaust as a revelatory event, to discern in it God's relationship to

humanity, and humanity's response. How are we to understand God in the context of such a catastrophe? The results of such inquiry can only be tentative and as one Jewish philosopher, Emil Fackenheim, has stated there can be no understanding of the Holocaust theologically: "One does not practice Holocaust theology for there cannot be such a discipline. There is only a theology that is threatened by the Holocaust and saves its integrity by self-exposure to it."

Among the places I visited was the Centre for Dialogue and Prayer. An encounter with its director, a friend, Father Manfred Deselers, began not with prayer or dialogue but with silence and listening. A story is told about Mother Teresa of Calcutta. What did she say to God when she prayed, she was asked. 'I don't say anything', she replied, 'I just listen.' 'And when you listen', she was asked again, 'what does God say?' 'He doesn't say anything', she replied, 'He just listens.'

When you stand in Auschwitz, however different you may be as individuals and as nations, or in our case as a German Catholic priest and an English Jewish theologian, you cannot escape the longing to recognise each other as brothers and that while words of our prayers are different, our tears and our silence are the same.

During the visit, the BBC, who were producing a documentary on Radio 4, asked to record me saying the *Kaddish* – the Jewish prayer of mourning – whilst standing in the ruins of the gas chamber. What was left were just blocks of bricks but you could still make out the chimney stack.

I couldn't do it. Saying *Kaddish* with microphones and sound crew seemed shallow and insincere.

I returned to Manfred's Centre and told him what happened, expecting sympathy for being put into this position. Instead, I received a scolding that I hadn't experienced for many years. 'Who am I,' he said, 'not to say *Kaddish* for the 6 million?'

'Don't you understand', he said, 'the *Kaddish* is not about you, it is about those who perished. It is an exaltation of God's name in the memory of those who were murdered.'

My spiritual pride had been pricked and the next morning, with not a little humility but also a sense of foreboding, I told the BBC producer that I would chant the *Kaddish* and I did.

As the survivors of the Holocaust grow older and die, the legacy of the Shoah will suffer the loss of an exceptionally powerful voice.

It is vital that Christians and Jews embrace the ethical demands of remembering this painful chapter in their history. We need to share the burdens of this legacy for our spiritual and moral credibility, which is inseparable from an honest reckoning with this past.

For many theologians, myself included, the Holocaust continues to raise questions about God's presence or absence, God's power and freedom. Perhaps we should simply concur with Elie Wiesel: God was present at Auschwitz, hanging on the gallows; or another well-known Holocaust survivor, Rabbi Hugo Gryn?

'I believe that God was there Himself,' he said, 'violated and blasphemed'. He tells how on the Day of Atonement, he fasted and hid amongst the stacks of insulation boards. He tried to remember the prayers that he had learned as a child at synagogue and asked God for forgiveness. Eventually, he says, 'I dissolved in crying. I must have sobbed for hours... Then, I seemed to be granted a curious inner peace... I believe God was also crying... I found God.' But it was not the God of his childhood, the God who he had expected miraculously to rescue the Jewish People.

Hugo Gryn found God in the camps, but God was crying.

I think God was silent as well. I will be listening carefully to God's silence tomorrow. And I will be grateful to the friendship of Fr Manfred who, like the prophet Nehemiah, reminded me of my responsibilities. And, I will say *Kaddish* on Holocaust Memorial Day.

Dr Ed Kessler MBE is Founder Director of the Woolf Institute.

WOMEN, FAMILY AND THE ECONOMY: THE GENDER-EQUALITY REVOLUTION

Equality Lecture delivered on 13th November 2019

by Sarah Jackson OBE (Classics, 1977)

Women have always worked. But we forget, or do not realise, the scale of change over the past 50 years.

The gender-equality revolution has not yet delivered what it promised. Women, families and the economy are being short-changed, and that will continue unless and until we are brave enough to ask some pretty searching questions about work and how it is organised; and act on the answers. And until we accept that the gender-equality

revolution is about equality for men, too, at home and at work.

I shall first look back fifty years, to remind us of what the world of work was like for women then, and consider the reasons for the huge increase in women's participation in the workforce.

The evidence is that gender diversity at work is hugely important for the economy but that, despite this, progress for women is very slow.

I shall also consider the impact of flexible working, which was originally envisaged as ushering in an age of increased leisure for all of us, but which rather has contributed to holding back equality for women and men.

And I shall conclude with evidence that fathers are beginning to make the same career compromises as mothers, and that there is hope that a generation which desires equality at home will demand equality at work and help to deliver the fundamental changes in how work is designed and organised which are necessary to complete the gender-equality revolution.

I shall talk about men and women, mothers and fathers, in general. The particular inequalities experienced by women of colour, lesbian and trans women, and by lone mothers, are beyond the scope of today's lecture.

I shall start with one particular woman. Janet Gaymer became the first woman senior partner of a Top 20 law firm in 2001. But in 1969, recently graduated from St Hilda's, she was rejected by a firm, still a top firm in the City today but whose blushes she spares by not naming them: "We are prejudiced against female articulated clerks, due to some unfortunate experiences in the past". Six years before the Sex Discrimination Act outlawed such practice, if not attitudes, as she says, you just shrugged and applied somewhere else.

It was a very different world. Men worked. Nine out of ten men were economically active in the early 70s. Women worked too, but only around half of them, making up around 30% of the workforce. The influence of the "marriage bar" lingered on, which in the 50s and 60s had required married women to give up work in many jobs – the civil service, the post office, the BBC, for example. For those who did work, the expectation was that wages were pin money. Till the late 70s, working women were routinely refused mortgages in their own right, or were granted them only if they could secure the signature of a male guarantor. A married woman's income still had to be declared

on her husband's tax return in the 1980s – so he knew how much she earned. And until 1990 married women were routinely taxed under their husband's tax code.

Today, fewer men work, around 80%, and more women, around 70%: the smallest gap since records began in 1971.

The past almost fifty years fall rather neatly into two periods. The 70s and 80s were a period of rapid change, when most of the increase in women's employment rates took place. Since the mid 90s society has had to make sense of a new normal in which men and women are increasingly equal in terms of their presence in the workforce but far from equal in how they are treated and as a result in how they are able to contribute.

Half a century ago, the UK economy began to change radically. Opportunities in employment and education opened up for women. Equalities legislation in the 70s made it easier for them to remain in or return to work after having children. Meanwhile, traditional male jobs — manufacturing, construction — declined from 40% to 15% of the economy today. The growth was in the service sector, jobs seen as appropriate to women, which increased from around half to more than 80 percent of today's economy.

Related changes in male earnings drove women in lower income families into work. Through the 70s and 80s the earnings of the lowest paid men declined sharply in real terms from 70% to just over half of median earnings, so it is not surprising that the biggest change in female workforce participation occurred among their wives.

The other group of women whose participation leapt up was the highest earners. Over that same period, the percentage of managers and administrators who were women doubled, for example: a reflection first of the rising levels of educational qualifications and then the greater continuing of employment made possible by new equality laws.

In the early 60s, fewer than one quarter of people in higher education were women, by the early 70s it was one third, and by the mid 90s almost half. That led to big changes in the professions. For example, new entrants to the law jumped from less than a fifth to around half, and to accountancy from 3% to around half.

And then working mothers returned to work after maternity, and they returned to work between births and sooner than they might previously have done. The economic participation rate for women with

no children didn't change particularly, while that of mothers jumped from 47% to 59% – and that's a trend which continues to this day: in 2019 71% of women with no children are in work, 75% of mothers with dependent children. In this respect, mothers are becoming more like fathers, with both more likely to be in work than someone without dependent children.

Three legal landmarks made this continuing employment possible.

Pay, first. Before 1970, it was common practice in the private sector and some parts of the public sector for there to be separate, and lower, women's rates of pay. For example, the Ford Motor Company had four grades for production workers: male skilled; male semi-skilled; male unskilled; and female.

The **Equal Pay Act 1970**, fully enacted in 1975 to give employers time to adjust, required equal pay for men and women working for the same or an associated employer in the same or equivalent work, and then from 1984, doing work of equal value, to enable claims where there is no direct male comparator. This continues to be a critical test point: for example, in a case settled this year by Glasgow City Council, some traditionally female-dominated roles such as catering or home care had been paid for years at up to £3 an hour less than male-dominated jobs such as bin lorry workers or gardeners; or right now, Samira Ahmed's case against the BBC.

The **Sex Discrimination Act 1975** made it illegal to discriminate on the basis of sex in employment, training or education, and also on the basis of marital status. It also introduced the concept of indirect sex discrimination. That is where an employer sets a requirement or condition which is on the face of it fair, because it applies to everyone, but which one sex or the other will be less likely to be able to comply with. Because women were then and are still more likely to be the primary carer in a family this has played a key role as women started to ask for reduced hours and flexible working. For example, a requirement that everyone start work at 9am may indirectly discriminate against a mother who can't get there until 9.15 because of school drop-off.

And finally, the UK introduced its first **maternity-leave legislation** through the **Employment Protection Act 1975**, although to begin with only about half of working women were eligible for it because of long qualifying periods of employment. But it did make it illegal for the first time to sack a woman because she was pregnant.

So by the mid 80s the working mother has become a thing. The Working Mothers Association had support groups across the UK. Employers were actively wooing working mothers — BHS, Boots, Midland Bank, Asda were all making the running in the 80s and 90s — by offering part-time roles and childcare support.

I'll take us swiftly up to date from there. Women, especially mothers, continued to enter and remain in the workforce, although the pace of increase slowed. Further legislative changes have provided longer maternity leave and pay as a day-one right, introduced the Right to Request (not to have) Flexible Working, and most recently Shared Parental Leave, which aims to enable greater involvement of the father in family life.

As mothers entered the workforce in greater numbers, genuine questions were raised about what was best for children. This tension continues to play within government today, with debates about the purpose of childcare and of parental leave: is it for the good of the child or the good of the economy by enabling female work?

In fact, there is now plenty of evidence of positive outcomes for the children of working mothers and for those of active fathers.

Harvard Business School has shown that adult children of working mothers are just as happy as those of mothers who stayed at home. Their daughters are more likely to work themselves. Sons do more childcare, and have significantly more egalitarian gender attitudes.

So here we are today, with pretty much half the workforce female: pretty much equality in terms of economic participation.

More women in the workforce has had a positive effect for the economy. Employers want and need women, who outperform their male peers at school and outnumber and outperform them at university. Organisations that retain women spend less on recruiting and training new workers—that's been the basic business case for decades. Plus, the evidence is overwhelming that gender diversity, that is, having a mix of men and women within an organisation, results in better performance and increased profitability. And gender diversity on executive leadership teams, specifically, not just the non-execs on the board, is consistently positively correlated with higher profitability. The international consulting firm McKinsey demonstrates this year on year: companies in the top quartile for gender diversity are 21% more likely to have financial returns above their respective national industry medians.

And yet: women continue to be underrepresented at every level. This is what the Gender Pay Gap reporting, introduced in the UK two years ago, illustrates so starkly. Put simply, the Gender Pay Gap is the average difference between hourly wages for men and women. Some argue that the gap is simply the result of the choices which women make. Over half of American men believe it is invented. It is not. It is the result of labour market segregation (what are seen as men's jobs are paid more); of unequal care responsibilities; of more men in more senior roles; and a percentage which researchers cannot assign to anything other than discrimination.

The pay gap among all employees (full and part-time) is 17.3% – better than it was 20 years ago, when it stood at 26.9%, but it's slow moving. In a nice coincidence, tomorrow is Equal Pay Day in the UK, the day on which women effectively stop earning for the rest of the year relative to men.

Every organisation which employs 250 or more people has to file its gender pay statistics; and almost every one reports the same picture. The further down the organisation you go, the more women you find. The further up, the more men. The Chartered Management Institute calculates that to have a 50/50 gender balance in management jobs by 2024, the UK needs to create an extra 1.5m women managers.

The annual Female FTSE, produced by Cranfield University, also demonstrates the lack of women's progress up the ranks. There are more women on company boards than ever before, but they still only make up a third of FTSE 100 directors and the percentage of female executive directors in the FTSE 100 sits at just 11%. Better than it was when the Index started in 2000, when it was 6% of all directors, and only 2% of executive directors. But progress cannot be described as fast.

Given the strong evidence in favour of gender diversity, what is holding back greater workplace equality?

Culturally, we are still deeply influenced by the antique roles of breadwinner and nurturer. It's perhaps not surprising, given how relatively recent and how major are the changes in who works and when. There is a perverse form of equality being reported by some fathers who find that taking, or merely asking about, shared parental leave results in disapproval and active detriment. Harriet Harman has written about asking teenage girls and boys about the impact of a baby

on their working lives. The girls expect the impact to be equal for them and the baby's father; boys expect bigger impact on the mother and, Harman says, they are "perplexed by the idea that progress in their own work will need to be balanced against the needs of their child."

Society shapes options and makes demands as though there is a full-time female carer at home. It starts with pregnancy. Despite the law, discrimination is rife. The Equalities and Human Rights Commission found that 77% of mothers surveyed had had a negative or possibly discriminatory experience during pregnancy, maternity leave or on their return to work. The research suggested that redundancy among mothers at some point during pregnancy, maternity leave or on return to work is considerably higher than the redundancy rate among female employees as a whole. And overall, 11% of mothers said they had felt forced to leave their job.

Then there is maternity leave and pay. A woman has 52 weeks leave, 39 paid; a man has two. Not much equality there. Maternity pay is about half the national minimum wage, at £148 per week. Just at a time when family costs are going up, new parents have to make decisions which are shaped in most cases by the mother's much reduced income. So, even though Shared Parental Leave has the aim of enabling parents to share the mother's 52 weeks, because it too is paid at £148 per week, it makes sense for the mother to take the majority of the leave.

And childcare. The net cost for a couple family on an average wage in the UK is 33% of their income, the most expensive in Europe, costing the average family much the same as their mortgage. When the man earns more, it seems to make sense for the mother to reduce her hours to reduce the need for paid childcare. And — those atavistic feelings about who works and who cares — most couples talk about childcare costs as being set specifically against the mother's earnings, rather than as a shared cost. But the lack of quality part-time jobs results in a real long-term loss to the mother, to the family and to the economy. Around 20% of jobs paying £20k or less a year are advertised as flexible, and availability drops sharply as salaries rise. It's hardly surprising that women who do not want to, or cannot afford to, work full-time find themselves with little choice other than to take a step down. Almost half of mothers on low or middle incomes, and 42% of those with degrees, take a lower skilled part-time job on return to work. The demand for good-quality work was underlined this year

when the insurance giant Zurich introduced wording on all job ads indicating that every role can be worked full time, part time or as a jobshare. Overall applications from women went up by 25% in the first three months, and from senior women by 40%.

The final barrier for the working mother (and indeed for the father who wants to play an equal role in childcare) is that services — the GP, the nursery, the school — call her first by default when a parent is needed. Research with parents further confirms that it is easier, that is, more acceptable, for the mother to respond and take time out of work than it is for the father, regardless of seniority.

When we turn to the workplace, we find the structural barriers. Work is based still on the notion of the Ideal Worker, full time, with a full-time homemaker to support him. Career progress is designed around this Ideal Man. For example, in the professions, the path to partner, requiring full-time full-on commitment, coincides with childbearing and childrearing years. Professional progress in academia is helped by participation in international conferences, not so easy if you have primary childcare responsibility. And, even in always-on 24/7 organisations, work is still built on a rigid Monday to Friday 9-5 model, which causes particular problems for anyone with care responsibilities.

The response by employers was, and on the whole continues to be, to try to fix the women. Provide childcare, provide flexible working, coaching, training and the ambitious woman can model herself on the successful man, and pass as an Ideal Worker. This approach reached its apogee in 2013 with the publication of *Lean In*, by Facebook COO Sheryl Sandberg. She promotes what women can do to help themselves, to make what she describes as the small changes in life that can effect change on a more universal scale. Learning to ‘lean in’ is about “tackling the anxieties and preconceptions that stop women reaching the top”.

Many employers have deployed flexible working as the key ‘fixing solution’, to attract, retain and progress women.

Flexible working is commonly defined as a type of working arrangement which gives a degree of flexibility on how long, where, when and at what times employees work. Most definitions miss out the crucial element, how much work is to be done. For many, it translates into flexibility about where and when to manage too much work.

But when people first began thinking about flexible working, in the early 70s, there were two linked ideas: that flexibility could help people (primarily mothers of young children) into employment; and that it could help workers achieve a better quality of life through improved work/life balance. The dream was to enable a new balance within couple households where fathers might increasingly share childcare responsibilities; and to replace traditional working patterns with more flexible alternatives.

One of the first studies I commissioned, *Quality of Life in the City* in 2001, identified the most significant barrier to change as culture. Desire for personal and professional balance was often interpreted as lack of career commitment. Outdated management techniques held back change. Since then, there has been an explosion of flexible working in banking, finance, professional services, the Civil Service. One of the leading exponents is Lloyds Banking Group, where flexible working is available to everyone, and every vacancy is reviewed for its potential to be worked flexibly. But even two decades on, those sectors struggle to progress women in their careers and into leadership. And in the UK workforce generally, although every employee has had the right to ask to work flexibly since 2014, and parents since 2003, the actual incidence of flexible working seems to have been broadly flat, or increasing very slowly, over the past 10 to 15 years. It seems likely that many employees make use of informal arrangements to work flexibly, either alongside or instead of more formal arrangements. This below-the-radar approach is particularly used by men. Flexible working today is very unevenly distributed across the economy, more common in the public sector than in the private, and in large employers than in small; less common if you are a manager, and less common if you are a man.

For part-time work specifically, the number of part-time workers has remained steady since the late 90s at around one quarter of the workforce, although over that period there has been a gradual reduction in the percentage who are women. Now nearly one quarter of part-time workers are men, although there is some evidence that men working part time and on low wages would prefer to be in better-earning full-time work.

And generally, flexible working is perceived as female. An analysis of the Growing Up in Scotland families dataset shows that low-paid

mothers and fathers are equally likely to have access to forms of flexible working, but that mothers are more likely to use them. Focus groups revealed that fathers were reluctant to ask, though some wished that they could do so.

So here we are. Mothers and fathers with dependent children are more likely to be in work than non-parents. In over 70% of couple families, both parents work. These dual earner households are contending with work which is structured on the assumption that there is somebody at home taking care of all family issues. The result of this mismatch is that while parents may be bringing home the money which the family needs, for many this is at the cost of time: it's a trade-off between the two currencies which are needed for families to flourish. And it's the women who bear the brunt, spending around twice as much time as men each day on housework and childcare.

The Modern Families Index is produced by the charity I led until last year. It is an annual survey of 2,750 working parents with dependent children living at home with them. It presents a consistent picture of the negative impacts of work on family life. When asked about the balance between money and time, in 2019 only a quarter of parents surveyed think they have enough money and enough time. For everyone else, the fit is not right.

Almost 1/3 say they have neither. These parents are being run ragged by work which doesn't pay enough and also doesn't allow enough time for family life. These are low paid workers, quite likely holding down more than one job or doing extra shifts, aiming just to make ends meet.

Another 1/3 don't have the income their family needs, although they do have time. We are likely there seeing people working fewer hours than they would like, or at a skills and pay level below what they could command, traded off for time.

And then almost one in ten parents say they have the money their family needs, but this comes at the cost of time. These are likely to be senior people in demanding roles.

Parents say that work overspill leads to unhealthy eating, less reading and homework with children, more arguments with their children and their partner.

Overall, the Index tells us that 29% of parents say that their wellbeing is poor often or all the time. And they blame work stress, work overspill.

Over half a million people suffered from work-related stress, depression or anxiety in 2016/17. That added up to 12.5 million lost working days. A report this year claimed working mothers experience 40% more stress than others at work. Stress leads to lost output for employers and the self-employed of around £40bn per year, and lost tax/national insurance revenue to the public purse of up to £14bn. It's a huge price we pay, and the biggest single cause of workplace stress, in almost half of cases, is workload.

Going back to the Modern Families Index, this is where another of the limitations of flexible working becomes evident. More than a third of parents who do work flexibly say that still their work/life balance does not work for them or their family. In the face of work overload flexible working may in fact make things worse, because of the mismatch between the individual's expectation about what flexibility should deliver in terms of quality of life, and the reality.

And, as I have argued, all the flexible working in the world does not seem to compensate for structural, cultural and societal inequalities. Women enter the workforce with better educational qualifications than men, but within a few years are earning less, are less likely to be promoted, and more likely to downshift in their career or step away completely. It is estimated that bridging this gender gap in work could add £150 billion to the UK economy by 2025.

Organisations have spent the past twenty year trying to fix the women, and women have colluded in this. Faced by workplaces which are designed for a full-time ideal male worker, we have tried to Lean In, we have taken on the brunt of caring, tried to be superwoman.

If we can't fix the women, it has to be time to fix work itself.

Some people are responding to the human impossibility of meeting 24/7 service demands via the same pair of hands or the same brain, by rethinking the structure of their organisations and how work can be delivered. The four-day week currently gets much attention, and works well in some settings. Pursuit Marketing is a small business in Glasgow where productivity gains have settled down around 30% over the past two years; Microsoft Japan reported 40% productivity gains from an experimental three-day weekend trialled this August. But it's not the solution for all. Although the quality of care increased measurably in care homes in Gothenburg across a two-year pilot, the local authority could not sustain the cost of the additional workers required; and this

year the Wellcome Trust pulled back from rolling out a four-day week at the same pay, unable to make the model work across all roles in the organisation.

It's going to take real courage and new thinking to tackle the 'how much' part of the equation, which is where the solution lies. The problem is that the productivity evidence is likely to suffer just as diversity evidence does. Leaders get it, intellectually, but it is easier, especially in the face of day-to-day operational pressures and costs, to keep on doing what we have always done.

So I believe that the change will come from men, many of them the sons of that 70s and 80s generation of working mothers, those men who have significantly more egalitarian gender attitudes, men seeking greater equality at home, and thus changing their behaviour and expectations at work.

Employee surveys have for some years picked up male resentment about family-friendly or flexible working policies being just for women. I often think about the words of a father who felt constrained in his choices: "I resent being relegated to the status of breadwinner". Fathers surveyed in the Modern Families Index express their wish to play a more active role at home and their frustration that work is not flexible enough. A minority have begun taking action, reducing their working hours or moving to a new employer to find a better balance between work and home.

It is evident that when men feel safe to become active fathers and, crucially, when they feel they can afford to so, they embrace the opportunity. UK-wide, the take-up of Shared Parental Leave hovers at truly dismal 2%. But in many big firms, take up is high, where it is well communicated and paid at wage-replacement levels. Aviva is getting a lot of publicity for their provision of 26 weeks leave at full pay to new mothers and to new fathers. The average length of time taken by new fathers has jumped from ten days a year to 146. They were first out of the blocks, but they are far from alone.

And although progress in formal policy and practice is primarily found in the corporate sector, there is a real grassroots change evident. Websites like daddilife.com and musicfootballfatherhood.com show a new generation of fathers is talking and taking action to create the kind of family and work equality they and their partners aspire to.

Change is organic, responsive and sometimes we don't really see it

happening till it has happened. Women at work have consistently asked for and fought for equality. From the women sewing machinists at Ford Dagenham striking for equal pay in 1968 to Janet Gaymer persisting and leading change for professional women, to Harriet Harman fighting for new equalities laws under New Labour, and indeed to Sheryl Sandberg, leaning in.

Change is needed now in how women and men think about themselves and their domestic roles. Change is needed at work – we all have to think differently about the ideal worker, and about how career progression fits alongside family life. And change is needed politically, to invest in childcare and leave for mothers and fathers as an essential part of the economic infrastructure of the UK.

Women have done their bit. Our sons want to be active fathers. But unless they translate that into workplace action in the way that we did, being willing to be the ones marked out as different, being the role models, making a nuisance of themselves, the gender-equality revolution is likely to get stuck and to continue to disappoint us all.

WHY PRINCIPAL'S CONVERSATIONS?

by Professor Robert Krainer

I have been asked by the Brasenose Development Office the following question: “Why help support Principal’s Conversations?” A preceding question should be: Why support Oxford in general or why Brasenose in particular? For me to answer these questions it is necessary to go back to the autumn of 1968 when I and my family first came to Oxford at the invitation of Norman Leyland and John Wright (Trinity). Norman was the Economics tutor and Bursar at Brasenose. He also was in the process of starting the first Management Studies program in Oxford and asked me whether I would be interested in teaching a finance course for the B Phil students in Management Studies. I agreed to come for the academic year 1968/69. Norman’s program was originally housed in what we in the US would call a brownstone house on the Woodstock Road. The organisation was called the Oxford Centre for Management Studies and they offered courses in accounting finance, marketing, organizations, and operations. In the beginning the program was part of the Economics Department. As a result of a benefaction

from Mr. Clifford Barclay, the Centre moved in the spring of 1968 to a new and somewhat startling building with a distinctive metal façade in Kennington, four miles outside of the city centre.

Eventually the Centre was renamed Templeton College as a result of a benefaction from John Templeton. In the mid-1990s it moved to the Radcliffe Infirmary on the Woodstock Road and became the Saïd School of Business as a result of a benefaction of Wafic Saïd. Templeton College was then merged with Green College. That is a very short history of Norman's creation that brought me to Oxford eight times between 1968 and 1999.

Why Brasenose? In Michaelmas Term of 1968 Norman proposed me for membership to the SCR. Membership of the SCR was quite an experience for me. Fellows like Robert Shackleton (French), Leslie Styler (Classics, Senior Tutor, and Chaplain), Sir Ronald Syme (Ancient History), Gavin McCrone (Economics), Michael Woods (Philosophy), Graham Richards (Chemistry), Vernon Bogdanor (Politics), and Barry Nicholas (Law) made a lasting impression on me. Somewhat later Peter Sinclair (Economics), Professor Peter Brunt (Ancient History), and many others had the same effect. In US universities, college education is organized around the various disciplines. Under this system I only got to know economics and finance scholars. The Oxford college system meant that for lunch or dinner I could be seated next to a mathematics scholar or theologian. Conversation here was much more varied than what I experienced at American universities. I learned a lot more about many subjects than what I experienced in the US. Dining in College was quite an adventure.

What about my wife Lynne? Many of the unmarried fellows made sure she experienced Oxford life. She was often invited to dinner in the College. In those days when she was invited to dinner the rule was that I could not dine in that night. I suppose that tradition is no longer practiced. Oxford also had a strong Newcomers Club set up for spouses of visiting faculty. The Club had a large number of activities ranging from country walks to trips to London, visits to Colleges, reading groups, marmalade making, and periodic dinners.

There were other things that made it attractive to visit Oxford as often as we did. That first year I was on the University basketball team. My being a member of Brasenose made me eligible to play in "The Match." We did beat Cambridge! Other activities that were important for Lynne

and myself were Choral Evensong at Christ Church, New College, and Magdalen. Over the years I found those services to be the equivalent of three martinis as a relaxant after work. Anyway after that first year we subsequently returned eight times. Those were good years in our lives and Brasenose played a big role in that. For that reason we wanted to return something to the College and University.

Why “Principal’s Conversations?” Our first thought was to endow a lecture that would be offered once or twice a year. We personally enjoyed the many special lectures offered by the University and colleges. I think it was Mr James Fletcher, Senior Development Officer, who suggested “Principal’s Conversations”. In any event Mr Fletcher, the Principal, and the Development Office made it happen. We have been able to attend two of the “Conversations” and thoroughly enjoyed them. We regret we are not closer to Oxford but the College keeps us well-informed.

A PATCHWORK LIFE

by Professor Stuart Weir (Modern History, 1958)

John Lennon has haunted me for much of my life. At a dinner party a few months ago, a fellow guest asked, ‘What was John Lennon like close up?’ I met and chatted with Lennon way back in the 1960s, we became friendly and he gave me one of Yoko Ono’s Smile Boxes as a gift. The metal box has a lid and when you open it, there’s a mirror inside to capture smiles.

My chats with Lennon, and then Jimi Hendrix in a penthouse suite in a Hyde Park hotel, became the highlights of my life for my children and their friends. What I didn’t expect is that they would colour my life, even as late as in my eighties, and add a false glamour quite distinct from the reality.

Lennon and Hendrix were just two of the hundreds of people I interviewed while working on *The Times* diary column in the 1960s – probably the easiest job I have ever had, as well as the best paid. My good friend **Robin Young (Modern History, 1957)** joined me there. From the diary office, while I ran a community association in De Beauvoir Town, Hackney, Robin bought more than 50 houses for a local housing trust. He commandeered a filing cabinet for his paperwork.

I left in 1971 to join Frank Field as director of the Welfare Rights Office at the Child Poverty Action Group. There I represented individual clients, campaigned for reforms in social security and set about educating social workers in welfare rights and creating a welfare rights community.

A patchwork life followed, as a pressure group worker, journalist and editor, quasi-academic, television consultant, parliamentary adviser and democracy facilitator in sub-Saharan Africa. I went on to Shelter, to found and edit a housing magazine with a title, *Roof*, given to me by the author Paul Johnson. And a term as a councillor on Hackney Borough Council.

In 1977, I jumped back into regular journalism as deputy editor of *New Society*. There was an unlooked-for BNC aspect to this move. My predecessor **Richard Bourne (Modern History, 1959)** (who went on to a distinguished career in Commonwealth affairs) encouraged me to apply; the then editor **Paul Barker (Modern Languages, 1955)**, brilliant and idiosyncratic, was a Brasenose man too.

I foolishly left the magazine to become editor of the Labour Party's *New Socialist* magazine, an unpleasant and precarious existence. I managed to upset both the right-wing party hierarchy (by refusing to conform to their wishes) and the Bennite left (by questioning Benn's reckless conduct), and finally both together by writing an article advocating tactical voting on the eve of the 1987 General Election. I was sacked!

It wasn't too bad. I worked as consultant on two BBC drama documentaries, *Spongers* and *United Kingdom*; part-wrote and edited *Manifesto* (1981), a joint left-wing programme for Britain; and went on to write columns and articles for various newspapers and *The Nation* in New York.

I was appointed editor of the *New Statesman* in 1987, provoking rage in the upper circles of the Labour Party who believed that the magazine was somehow their property, and many nasty smears. I made democracy a theme for the magazine and founded Charter 88, a popular movement for democratic reform in the UK, which went on to influence the Blair governments, but alas not where it mattered most. I resigned in 1990 on a matter of principle.

I moved on to a productive and creative time. In 1991 I became director of Democratic Audit at Essex University, a research

organisation that set out to measure the quality of UK democracy, using a methodology developed by Professor David Beetham who joined me as associate director. I wrote and co-authored loads of books and reports, including the first full analyses of quangos and another on civil liberties with Keir Starmer as one of several co-authors.

My part-time role at the Audit lasted for over 12 years and left space for a variety of initiatives. I worked as adviser to the parliamentary Public Administration Select Committee (2001–03); became an active consultant on *The People's Parliament*, a long-running series of Channel Four shows; joined the intergovernmental International Institute for Democracy and Electoral Assistance in Stockholm, in a project to make our Audit methodology universal and to put it to use around the world; and as an adviser to the British Council, a position that led on to a series of jobs working with Speakers and committees as facilitator on parliamentary democracy in Namibia, Zimbabwe and Malawi.

I am now a retired family man in Cambridge, with five children and nine grandchildren and a semi-active public life. I campaigned successfully with friends to achieve a community garden, a scooter park for young kids and a bridge linking two communities.

COURAGE AND RECONCILIATION

by Dr Andrew Sillett (Classics, 2006)

If there's one thing the coronavirus has given me, it's time. Time to think, time to reflect, time to remember. Time to imagine the places I would like to go but can't, or shouldn't. One place I long to visit, to stroll around, is my old college in Oxford, the oddly-named Brasenose, or to give it its full title the King's Hall and College of the Brazen Nose. When I can do so, I know exactly where I will head. Passing under the main gate on Radcliffe Square I shall walk straight through the Old Quadrangle (the early 16th-century part of the college) and proceed to the Chapel, a mid-17th century building in which I spent many happy undergraduate hours singing and praying with equal ineptitude.

Approaching the chapel door, I shall hover on the threshold and admire my favourite fixture in Brasenose – the inscribed memorial of Principal Thomas Yate, perched just above eye-level on one's left as one enters. On an elegant, unassuming marble oval are written the words:

H[ic]. S[epultus]. I[acet]. THOMAS YATE, S[acrae]. S[cripturae]. Theologiae Professor, a Collegii huius sociis, quos anno MDCXLVIII, ob fidem Regi, Ecclesiae, ac Deo egregie praestitam proscriptio nobilitavit, in Principalem electus, a parricidis democraticis qui Academiam sub visitationis praetextu devastarunt exauctoratus, dignus quem viri optimi sibi praeficerent et pessimi opprimer[e]nt, Regiis auspiciis anno MDCLX postliminio restitutus, iniuriarum immemor gregem sibi commissum non vi et imperiis sed benevolentia et exemplo rexit, literarum et pietatis studia promovit, aedificia instauravit, et rem familiarem auxit, tandem desideratissimus senex, collegii pater et patronus, et tertius tantum non fundator, post XX annorum pacatissimum in regimine decursum et vitae LXXVIII, positus hic corporis exuviis animam caelo reddidit, Apr. XXII Anno MDCLXXXI.

Here lies buried Thomas Yate, Professor of Holy Scripture and Theology. Elected Principal in the year 1648 by the Fellows of this College, to whom on account of the outstanding faithfulness they displayed toward King, Church and God their proscription brought renown, dismissed by the democratic assassins who laid waste Academe under the guise of a Visitation, worthy to be set up to rule them by the best men, and to be laid low by the worst, restored by principle of restitution in the year 1660 under royal auspices, forgetful of injustices he ruled the flock which had been entrusted to him with kindness and by example, not by force and with orders, advanced the studies of letters and religion, restored buildings, and increased the College's patrimony. At long last, an old man very greatly missed, father and patron of the College, and almost its third founder, after a most peaceful course of 20 years at the helm and 78 of life, he laid down the earthly spoils of his body here, and gave up his spirit to heaven on the 22nd April 1681.

The story that lies behind this memorial is an extraordinary one, and the language in which it is couched points to a desire both to acknowledge the injustices of the past and to move past them in a spirit of reconciliation.

The context for the *curriculum vitae* given here is that of Oxford during and after the English Civil War. On the basis of what I overhear from tour guides, I think it is relatively well-known that Oxford was associated with the Royalist cause during this conflict. It may be less commonly known that the court of Charles I was moved to Oxford after he was forced out of London, but any trip around the older colleges will introduce you to quondam lodgings of princes and courtiers, and a visit to Christ Church will show you that before it was used for feasting

in the Harry Potter films, the hall played host to the King's Parliament.

In the summer of 1646, the successful Siege of Oxford delivered the city into the hands of the Parliamentarians. Although the King and the larger part of his court escaped, a reckoning was due, and it fell upon the University and the colleges in the form of the Visitation. The Parliamentary Visitation of the University of Oxford began in the next year, and it was an ideological purge set in motion to reform the political and religious aspects of the University that had led it to follow the wrong cause during the Civil War, and to root out any affection for those old values which remained within the institution. Excessively Royalist or insufficiently Puritan Heads of House, Professors and Fellows were interrogated and removed from their posts, and replaced by thinkers and administrators more congenial to the Parliamentarians' tastes. In this cleaning of the Augean stables, the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors were removed from their posts, Heads of House were ordered out of office, Professors holding various Chairs were investigated, arrested and replaced.

Thomas Yate's election as Principal of Brasenose College took place in the middle of this ideological purge. The post of Principal of Brasenose had been held until 1648 by the Royalist Samuel Radcliffe. Radcliffe had been in office for 30 years by the time the Civil War began, and when the Parliamentary Visitors ordered him out of the College, he was old and infirm. After a year's resistance, refusing to make way for Daniel Greenwood, a long-serving Puritan Brasenose Fellow whom Parliament appointed to succeed him, Radcliffe died, still housed in the Principal's Lodgings he had inhabited since 1612. Following their deceased leader's rebellious spirit, the most senior Fellows who remained in College resisted the soldiers who had been sent in to oversee an orderly transition to the Principal appointed by Parliament. They gathered together in a private room and elected a younger Fellow, the 45-year-old Thomas Yate, to the vacant position.

The Parliamentary Visitors took a dim view of this act of defiance. Thirteen of the College's 16 Fellows were interrogated and expelled from their positions, Yate included. Greenwood took up the reins and started the slow process of putting the College back on its feet. Yate, on the other hand, absented himself from Oxford and kept his head down, taking up work as a solicitor. As Yate's memorial acidly puts it: *exauctoratus parricidis democraticis qui Academiam sub visitationis praetextu*

devastarunt – he was stripped of office by the democratic parricides (a reference to Parliamentarians' subsequent execution of Charles I) who destroyed the Academy (the location of Plato's school outside Athens) in the guise of a 'Visitation'.

Thus far a miserable, if familiar, tale. What follows, however, is rather more uplifting. With the Restoration and the return of Charles II in 1660, many of the Heads of House that the Parliamentary Visitors had imposed upon the Oxford colleges were themselves expelled from their posts. In spite of his careful governance of Brasenose, Greenwood was no exception. In tandem with the expulsion of three Fellows appointed under the Visitation, he was relieved of the office of Principal. Twelve years after his election in 1648, Thomas Yate finally became the ninth Principal of the King's Hall and College of the Brazen Nose.

The sense of indignation at Yate's exile is evident in the language of the inscription outside the Chapel. The people who removed him in 1648 are the worst men, *pessimi*, they are *parricidae democratici* (and it's hard to know which of those words is meant to carry the more venom). However, alongside these barbs composed on Yate's behalf by the Fellowship, there is another side to Yate's principalship that shines through in his memorial – the spirit of reconciliation, and a desire to heal and move past the divisions of the Civil War. Accounts of Yate's years as Principal show his firm desire to continue the work begun by his Parliamentary predecessor. The 12 years for which Daniel Greenwood had governed the College had not been easy ones for Brasenose's finances. Working closely (if, one presumes, uneasily) with the Royalist Bursar John Houghton (one of the three Fellows interrogated but not expelled by the Visitors), Greenwood invested sensibly and sought legacies, finally putting the College in a position to grow and move out of debt. The very building Yate's memorial graces only stands there today thanks to the building programme of Greenwood and Houghton. Thomas Yate did not turn his back on his predecessor's legacy in a spirit of anger, and he did not signal the ideological triumph of his own side by eradicating the Parliamentarians' contributions to his College's growth. Yate did not shun the Royalist Houghton for treacherously working with the Puritan Principal, he kept him on as Bursar, he completed Greenwood's building projects, he did not renounce the legacies secured in those difficult 12 years nor repudiate the money Cromwell's regime had invested in the College,

and he did not eradicate the four lectureships Greenwood had instituted.

Even more extraordinarily, a letter survives from the Bursary of John Houghton in which he debates the merits of Thomas Yate's argument that his deposed Puritan predecessor should be allowed to continue living at Brasenose's expense in Black Hall, a College building located on what is now Radcliffe Square. For all the unimaginable heat and violence in their political surroundings, Greenwood, Houghton and Yate understood the need to cooperate, live and work with each other in order to preserve the institutions and structures that allowed the spirit of academic inquiry to survive and, later, flourish.

Yate's active choice to close the bitter struggle that had created a 12-year gap between his election as Principal and his assumption of that office is deeply to his credit. As his monument explains, he was *immemor iniuriarum* (he put his grievances behind him) and he eschewed force and barked orders (*vis* and *imperia*) in his leadership of the fractured College, preferring to lead by example and with humanity (*exemplum* and *benevolentia*). It is, then, far from empty flattery for the Fellows to memorialize their deceased master Thomas Yate as 'almost the third founder of the College' (*tertius tantum non fundator*), after the two men responsible for Brasenose's creation William Smyth and Richard Sutton. Through forgiveness and forbearance, he had secured the College's future existence, and laid down an example for the country.

Choosing to live peacefully with the past, seeking reconciliation with opponents, and cherishing the collegiality and diversity of conscience, background and politics that supports true academic inquiry: those are truly foundational virtues. So here's to Thomas Yate, Professor of Holy Scripture and Theology, Principal and Fellow of Brasenose College, an *exemplum* to us all.

MESSENGER

by Llewelyn Morgan

In the last book of Homer's *Iliad*, Priam ventures out of the safety of the city of Troy and makes his way to the camp of Achilles, who is keeping with him the corpse of Priam's eldest son Hector and daily tying it to his chariot and dragging it around the walls of Troy. Priam is a vulnerable old man moving across No Man's Land in darkness to a

place of greatest danger, and there on the plain of Troy the god Hermes comes to meet him (*Iliad* 24.360-71, tr. Hammond):

“But the very god, the kindly one, came close to him, and took the old man by the hand and spoke to him with questions: ‘Where is it, father, that you are driving your horses and mules through the immortal night, when other men are sleeping? Are you not frightened of the Achaians who breathe fury? They are your enemies and intend you harm, and they are close by. If any of them were to see you coming through the quick black night with so many treasures, what would become of you then? You are not young yourself, and your companion here is too old for defence against a man who starts a fight with you. But I will do you no harm, and indeed I will protect you from any who would—I look on you as my own father.’”

The topic of this article is in fact the three-metre tall, solid bronze sculpture of a foot that is pictured among the photos in this issue of the *Brazen Nose*. What possible connection, you may ask, does it have to Hermes on the plain of Troy, and what connection does either have to Brasenose?

Valid questions, all of them, and the beginning of an answer to them is that the title of that sculpture, a work by **William Tucker RA (Modern History, 1955)**, is *Messenger*, and an account of the thinking behind it runs as follows: “Using the energy in the moment of lift of a foot leaping, Tucker describes through just one element of anatomy the idea of the classical messenger Hermes perhaps taking flight.”

William Tucker is an extremely distinguished modernist sculptor who also happens to have been a student at Brasenose, studying Modern History between 1955 and 1958. Earlier this year he contacted our Fellow in Fine Arts, Ian Kiaer, to offer one of his sculptures to the College. After some consideration, it has been agreed that *Messenger* will be installed in the near future at Frewin.

Frewin, as I mentioned last year (certain things have got in the way in the interim) is about to enjoy a major facelift. As my readers all well know, it is a fascinating spot, in many ways of greater historic interest than the College’s main site: a college in its own right once, St Mary’s, which once even hosted Erasmus. Frewin Hall, at its heart, has elements from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries but a cellar that dates back to the twelfth, and a façade we owe to an eccentric, chronogram-obsessed resident at the end of the nineteenth century,

Charles Shadwell. The Hall is going to be restored to its former glory in the next few years, with its ground floor suite of panelled rooms, dating to around 1600, turned into a student common room/library. A chat with the architect **Tim Lee (Modern History, 1990)** has left me very excited about the possibilities for my very favourite space in the entire College, the Norman cellar.

At the same time, a beautiful new accommodation building will be rising to the south of Frewin Hall, and the green areas of Frewin will be replanted and relandscaped. A gift from the greatest artist ever to emerge from Brasenose College, which will be a central feature of the new gardens, could not have come at a more opportune time.

Tucker's style of sculpture has evolved over time from purely abstract work to the more figurative style represented by *Messenger*. It remains the case that the impact of this piece derives, like any sculpture, from intangible things like size, material and texture as much as from any real object or associations it may evoke. But one of the best arguments for giving *Messenger* a permanent place at the heart of our educational establishment is the meaning conveyed by Tucker's sculpture, the rising foot suggesting the messenger god Hermes.

This brings us back to Hermes in the last book of the *Iliad*, lending his protection to Priam in the space between Troy and the Achaean camp. Because that is Hermes in his very element. We could consider this fascinating god the denizen of the spaces between, or the divine patron of transition, but in any case Hermes' special area of jurisdiction is connections. He is of course the means of communication, as the divine herald, between gods and humans, and in a moment like his descent in Book 4 of Virgil's *Aeneid* to instruct Aeneas to leave Carthage, one level of interpretation is to see the god as the action of the special capacity, reason, that unites gods and humans, according to the ancients. Aeneas when Mercury appears to him "sees reason" in more senses than one. Hermes/Mercury bridges other spaces, escorting the souls of the dead from this world to the next, and also as a patron of commerce. He invents the lyre and music; he could be understood as the inventor of language itself. He is the god of thieves and protection against thieves—again, that undefined territory in-between.

I quoted to my colleagues a neat summary of Hermes' jurisdiction from Arlene Allan, *Hermes* (Routledge, 2018), 18:

“We may, with [Robert] Parker, categorise this involvement [of Hermes] in mortal life according to the triad ‘transition/communication/exchange’: he moves individuals and societies from ignorance to knowledge (communication); from point A to point B (transition); and from want to satisfaction (exchange). Or we might, as previously suggested, prefer to think of these three general areas as subsumable under the single word ‘translation’ in its various shades of meaning. However, the idea of Hermes can be further articulated by identifying what is accomplished through his interaction. Collectively the evidence points to Hermes as the power behind purposeful individual and systemic movement *kata moiran* (‘according to destiny’): his is the power that makes connections and builds relationships.”

A college is a society of learning, and Hermes the messenger at so many levels a perfect embodiment of its ethos. Tucker’s statue, with beautiful economy, and a lovely tension between solid metal and the deft movement it represents, captures by means of a brazen body part, I would propose, the essence of the College of the Brazen Nose.

***THE AUTHOR’S EFFECTS: ON WRITER’S
HOUSE MUSEUMS BY NICOLA WATSON
(ENGLISH, 1977) (Oxford University Press, 2020)***

reviewed by Dr Bernard Richards (English, 1959), Emeritus Fellow

When **Nicola Watson (English, 1977)** was an undergraduate ‘theory’ reigned, and we were all sagely informed that the author was dead. Texts existed as collective constructions and it was regarded as derisory to think that they had been produced by human beings. This had no impact on the heritage industry though, and the houses of writers and their belongings were marketed with unabating vigour. Nicola looks at the burgeoning phenomenon in a highly readable study, and often does engage with ‘theory’ in an intelligent and witty manner. She has travelled with relentless energy to countless homes of writers, and cast a cold eye on the desks, the chairs, the stuffed animals of varying degrees of authenticity, the clothing, the skulls, the death-masks and life-masks of writers. Difficult to believe in the figurative death of the writer if you are looking at his or her skull. There are countless chuckle-worthy

moments in the book, such as when faced with Agatha Christie's museumified clothing she reflects that she 'really cannot have spent the majority of her life in evening dress.' Everyone knows about Flaubert's parrot, but Nicola considers Dickens's raven, Cowper's hare, Petrarch's cat and many others. It is an absolutely fascinating read.

It all relates to ways of looking at history. It can be a very abstract pursuit, especially when one is contemplating the march of legislations, hegemonies and ideologies, but it can also be very physical, especially if one believes, *pace* some theorists, in the referentiality of literature. Henry James's historian Ralph Pendrel expresses his wish in *The Sense of the Past*:

He wanted the hour of the day at which this and that had happened, and the temperature and the weather and the sound, and yet more the stillness, from the street, and the exact look-out, with the corresponding look-in, through the window and the slant on the walls of the light of afternoons that had been. He wanted the unimaginable accidents, the little notes of truth for which the common lens of history, however the scowling muse might bury her nose, was not sufficiently fine. (Book Second)

I know of no better account of the obsessive search for the palpability of the past. Many of us find that the view from the writer's study is of crucial importance: what was to be seen, what was the compass orientation? Nicola describes very well the view from Hawthorne's window overlooking the Concord River, near where the shot was fired 'heard round the world' (Emerson's 'Concord Hymn'). Having visited it myself I was glad to see that she notes his home-made desk: '(a simple hinged board that could be raised or lowered by a brace set in scaled notches)'.

I recall **Stephen Hawke (English, 1977)** saying 'Quite' in a seminar after Nicola came out with some incisive and elaborated remark. Here she is in 'Exit through the gift shop': 'Although the writer's house invariably imagines itself in this way as remembering the author's acts of writing, it may actually memorialize and materialize acts of reading.' You can imagine Stephen Hawke saying 'Quite' on this and many other occasions.

James again. Here is he is on Flaubert's house (since destroyed):

To the participating eye these things are but details in the little square picture made at this distance of time by his forty years at the battered table at Croisset. Everything lives in this inward vision of the wide room on the river, almost the cell of a monomaniac, but consecrated ground to the faithful, which, as he tried and tried again, must so often have resounded with the pomp of a syntax addressed, in his code, peremptorily to the ear.

There is something almost sacred in the diction here, and there has been a tendency for the visits described by Nicola to take on the seriousness of pilgrimages. Doubtless in the future the faithful will trek to Dean near Chipping Norton to see the shepherd's hut where **David Cameron (PPE, 1985)** wrote some of his autobiography, and to Wolvercote to see Nicola's literary shed, which already has a blue plaque.

Had the book been a tutorial essay I'd have given it Alpha minus – the minus because Henry James is mentioned only once, and Lamb House in Rye does not even appear. Alas the writing room where he dictated his novels to a dour Scot, William MacAlpine, was bombed in World War II.

CAROLE'S COVID CHRONICLE

by Dr Carole Bourne-Taylor, Fellow in French

MONDAY

Another week begins...

A.M.

1000hrs: click on to Microsoft Teams, to catch up with my finalists. They all seem to be in their bedrooms.

Lunch: Salad. Other half complains that there is no meat in it.

P.M.

Mark essays (v. cleverly, 'on screen').

1700 hrs: Channel Four News over a snifter to calm my nerves. Tell husband not to make derisory comments about Jon Snow's snazzy ties. Terminate Channel Four News, having absorbed enough virus statistics for this week already.

Dinner: Salad complemented by the residue of our Donald Russel

prime Aberdeen Angus weekend snack.

Settle down in Cinema Room to continue with our ‘Spiral’ box set. To bed, in anguish: Captain Laure Berthaud is in trouble again; will she extricate herself before final episode?

Note to self: remember to order another bar of Marseille soap for the shower.

Persuade my hairdresser to pop over to trim my *tignasse*.

TUESDAY

A.M.

Tell husband *not* to eavesdrop on my tutorials. Ever again. His feedback over breakfast is unacceptable. It is useless to explain to him that Caroline Proust (who plays Berthaud in Spiral) is *not* a descendant of Marcel Proust.

‘Team’ tutorials disrupted by husband rebelliously trying to operate the motor mower (I shall be glad when the gardener is ‘un-furloughed’).

P.M.

Mark essays.

Cleaner furloughed so getting used to dusting; plan to learn bedmaking next; have refused to take on *any* outdoor duties, furloughed staff or no furloughed staff. Put husband straight on my use of the verb, ‘to Hoover’ (see my spat in *The Times* with Sir James Dyson over his comments about ‘little Angelina’s love of French Lesbian poetry...’).

1900 hours: Rather stronger sniffer than usual to a) help concentration on Channel Four News statistics and b) to calm nerves induced by other lockdown-induced stresses.

Final episode of Spiral...

Notes to self:

- i) Remember to complete on-line Waitrose click-and-collect for pick-up on Friday: links to smart food deliveries provided by the Oxford & Cambridge Club don’t supply Eccles cakes or corned beef, which doesn’t please husband – probably scarred by the war years.
- ii) Remind husband to put out green wheelie bin which is already bulging with Amazon Prime boxes.
- iii) Purchase what I believe is called a ‘stylus’, so that I can annotate essays on screen, in the margin (like the old days).

WEDNESDAY

AM

Woke with sore head, not helped knowing that there is no further ‘Spiral Therapy’.

Tutorial interrupted by singing dustmen and noisy wheelie bins (known in the trade as ‘rumblers’; now I know why). Having trained other half to keep *well away* from study during MS Teams sessions, he now sulks, in divertingly full view, on garden bench, with ostentatious flask and Eccles cake at 1100 hours. Further diversion when he kneels by the pond, seemingly trying to drink the contents.....trouble concentrating on tutorial.

Over lunch, husband tells me he was merely watching newts.... whom have I married? Gussie Fink-Nottle?

PM

Succumb to a rehabilitative snorter before getting down to marking.

Yet another delivery from Amazon: how I wish I were there (the jungle, not the warehouse); speaking of which, I retreated to the gym (can’t bring myself to call it the Fitness Room, which sounds so ostentatious) to ‘cycle’ (on my ‘Peleton’, watching French film, to Bournemouth and back (in my dreams...)). Much refreshed – and safer for not being one of the 100,000 on the beach. Treat myself to a snifter.

We dine, silently, on a venison cutlet and some left-over foie gras.

Husband redeems himself a little by locating ‘Le Bureau’ on Amazon Prime. Thankfully, this is not a French version of ‘The Office’, rather, a series about ‘Le *deuxième* bureau’ (France’s answer to MI6). Redemption quickly eroded by spate of reminiscences about spouse’s experiences in a similar line (at least a hundred years before we met...). Take another tipple to calm my nerves as I settle down.

Note to self: discover the difference between ‘snorter’ and ‘snifter’; could be useful in embellishing French accent.

THURSDAY

AM

Tutorial interrupted by distant noise of coffee grinding. Window cleaner staring through lantern light in Garden Room, clearly fascinated that I seem to be talking to myself about Proust; ‘I’m actually giving a bloody tutorial! If you know what that is...’

Take pre-prandial G & T.

PM

Long Zoom chat with publisher about looming deadlines (a ‘zoom loom’? P’raps not), fortified by a Buck’s Fizz or two...

1900 hrs: Channel Four News now depresses me; further need to fortify oneself.

We dine on lobster bisque and moules farcies à la Provençale.

More of ‘Le Bureau’ – it would be exciting but for my husband’s asides.

Note to self: disconnect De’ Longhi coffee machine, or move it to the gardener’s shed. Don’t patronize window cleaner.

FRIDAY

Start the day with champagne and kedgeriee. It is the last day of 8TT20 (as far as I can remember), so no more tutorials and a chance to get down to some serious work..... Rather depressed by the cancellation of conferences in Transylvania, Malaysia and Lyon – nothing a regular mid-morning refreshment won’t cure.

Brace self for collection at Waitrose, hoping mask will do its job in ‘masking’ identity should we bump into colleagues: minder who looks like something from outer space (well, actually, if I’m honest, like an apiarist – and I’m not talking Ἀριστᾶϊος I’m talking ‘nutter with DIY visor and face mask, wearing plastic bags on each hand’) Fortunately no embarrassing encounters and, by slyly invoking two metre rule, manage to convey that ‘I’m not actually with him...’

Upon return, sink a couple of stiff ones, before light dinner in the garden. Comatose then awake, to find myself though still in the steamer chair, unfortunately still only by the pond. Slink into bed...

SATURDAY

AM Still comatose.

PM Manage to link up, via Zoom, with chum. Amazing what one notices during these ‘Brief Encounters’: puzzled by a little white square on wall of her bedroom (of course); have noticed these in other similar Zoom rooms.... Realise it is a rather novel plastic *light switch*! As we only have the Forbes and Lennox invisible plates where only the ‘antique brass’ toggle switch shows, I had not realised that they come in white plastic, too! I imagine their doorbell goes, ‘Ping pong’. Forgot about this revelation over a pre-prandial.

Wade through concluding episodes of Bureau box set. Better have a nightcap. Zzzzzz.

SUNDAY

AM

Awoken by dreadful din at 1100 hours. Husband aboard the ride-on mower again, trying to make the stripes that the gardener does so effortlessly....with a bit of luck, he'll reverse the damned thing into the pond. Why doesn't he just go and grind coffee in the shed at this time of day? A G&T helps....

PM

Over a Tattinger brut réserve, watch the weekly Glyndebourne broadcast; this week it's their 'Rinaldo' recording, set in a girls' school that reminds me of my teenage years. We reminisce and try to spot ourselves as the camera pans across the stalls.

Husband finds another bottle of Tatt....

A BRACE OF BRASENOSE BOUNDERS

On the evidence presented below, Brasenose was a rum place in the early decades of the eighteenth century. Charge sheets against at least two of our predecessors have been brought to my attention by the greatest source of strong material any editor could hope for, Stephen Green. Subsequently the authors of the two accounts, happily associated with colleges other than this den of iniquity, generously agreed that they could be published in the *Brazen Nose* as an example from which its readers would certainly benefit. They are republished from the *Oxford University Gazette*, 21 March 2002, and the blog of the Library at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, 8 October 2019.

Oration of the Senior Proctor on demitting office, 2002

Professor David Womersley

Just before taking up office, Sir, I read the following shocking sentiment: "Throughout all this business, the Senior Proctor has acted a part of the utmost villainy. Indeed, he embodies in his own person all that is most defective in the University." There are a number of former

Senior Proctors present here today, Sir; and you will have noted, as have I, those whose complexion has risen by a shade or two in the past few moments. Alas, they have incriminated themselves unnecessarily. My quotation was in fact written two hundred and seventy years ago, as part of the pamphlet war which followed the disputed election to the Keepership of the Ashmolean in 1732. At those words, “disputed election to the Keepership of the Ashmolean in 1732”, I seem to see a ripple of recognition run through the room. Nevertheless, let me quickly rehearse this famous chapter in the history of the University.

On 14 April 1731, John Andrews, a Fellow of Magdalen, was elected Keeper of the Ashmolean, and was duly installed three days later. But his appointment was not universally popular. In particular, the President of Trinity College, George Huddesford, resented Andrews’s election. Huddesford had run Andrews very close: there were six Electors, and three of them—Dr Shippen of Brasenose, the Bishop of Bristol, Dr Bradshaw, and the Professor of Physick, Dr Woodford—had supported Huddesford. But a change of Proctors then occurred, and the incoming men—Oliver Battely of Christ Church and Thomas Foxley of Brasenose—threw in their lot with Huddesford, who suddenly had five of the six electors in his pocket. This apparently so frightened Dr Andrews that on 14 February 1732, accompanied by Dr Shippen, he surrendered the keys of the Ashmolean to Huddesford in exchange for £50, and crept away back down the High Street, a shattered and defeated figure.

But how did it happen that Andrews’s election was reopened? Here, Sir, I am afraid it is impossible entirely to shield from blame one of your predecessors in the Vice-Chancellorship: the redoubtable Robert Shippen, Principal of Brasenose. In many ways, Vice-Chancellor Shippen embodied early eighteenth-century Oxford. His political ally, Thomas Hearne, tells us that Shippen was cunning, worldly, and indolent. Others report that he was a heavy and hardened drinker. And in the controversies which gusted across the University in those tempestuous years, he did not bother to disguise the fact that he was an unflinching Tory zealot.

However, Sir, Dr Shippen also had his weaknesses. Amongst the constellation of his virtues, continence in particular shone with only a faint and flickering light. For he was, as Hearne also tells us, a “strange lover of women”. Dr Huddesford (whose wife was uncommonly attractive)

understood well this aspect of the Vice-Chancellor's character, and he so arranged matters that Dr Shippen was ... well, shall we say, able to see more of Mrs Huddesford, and that more often, than he otherwise might. So, led on by the prospect of access to the pretty wife of the President of Trinity, Dr Shippen prevailed on the new Proctors to transfer their votes to Dr Huddesford, who thereby became Keeper of the Ashmolean, with £50 a year and nothing in the way of duties.

Much in this episode offers itself for comment in the light of the events of our year in office. What impact, for instance, might the Human Rights Act have had on these eighteenth-century misdemeanours? It certainly seems as if Mrs Huddesford's right to privacy was invaded. And what should we make of Dr Shippen's superb completeness of corruption, able in a single titanic act to fuse together adultery, malversation of endowment, intimidation, and maladministration? Had this year's Proctors encountered red-blooded sinners of Principal Shippen's calibre, Sir, instead of the trickle of piecemeal malefactors who actually came our way, you would have found us much more tenacious of the full range of disciplinary powers which the redrafted Statutes have taken from us.

But the real consolation in this episode, for anyone on the verge of taking up the Proctorship, is the example given by Mr Battely and Mr Foxley of weakness and incompetence. Surely, you think, I will be able to do it better than that. But will the incoming Proctors need to go back as far as two hundred and seventy years for their encouraging examples of incompetence? The question will be soon answered. After their celebratory lunches, and as they settle for the first time into the Proctorial chairs, there will come a gentle knock at the door, and Dr Gasser will enter, with a soft tread, bearing many files.

“Exiled infamous creature:” The Case of Philip Nichols

*Alexandra Browne
College Archivist, Trinity Hall*

On August 4th 1731, Philip Nichols was expelled from the fellowship of Trinity Hall. What was his crime, you ask? He was found guilty of stealing books not only from Trinity Hall, but also from the University Library, St John's, and Trinity College. His treachery was discovered

after the Librarian of St John's College began to realise certain books were missing from his library.¹

In January 1730/1, the St John's College Governing Body ordered the lock on their library door to be changed and entrusted one of their Fellows, James Tunstall, with the task of hunting down the missing books. Tunstall enlisted William Thurlbourn, a local bookseller who also noticed there were books missing from his shop. Together they made inquiries with London booksellers, watched out for books going up for sale, and looked through past issues of the *Daily Post* which advertised notices of book sales. Eventually Thurlbourn found an advertisement for a sale in November 1730 of five books that matched books missing from St John's. Nichols had made the mistake of giving his real name to the book agent, so when Thurlbourn found the book agent, he was easily able to trace the thefts back to Nichols. On 14 June Thurlbourn confronted Nichols. At first Nichols denied stealing the books, instead saying they were given to him by someone. When Thurlbourn pressed him further, he finally confessed.

Philip Nichols was educated at the "other place". He matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford in 1715 at the age of 16 and got his MA in 1722. He was made a Fellow of Trinity Hall in 1723, but he was not elected a Fellow in the normal way. He was nominated by the Master, Sir Nathaniel Lloyd, who exercised the right of devolution (which was the right of the Master to make someone a Fellow without the approval of the Fellows). After Nichols was found out, Lloyd stated in a letter that Nichols came highly recommended by Dr Irish, a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, but that "from the very minute [he] first saw him [he] said [he] did not like his look."² Appointing Nichols was a decision he would bitterly regret.

When Nichols' room was searched, in addition to a number of books, they also found 14 keys of various sizes, a pair of pincers, four screws, and a steel file. He used a variety of methods to obtain the books. In some cases he broke into the libraries using the aforementioned tools and in others he used keys that he had copied. One of the College's cooks testified that Nichols would come to him asking for paste, which

¹ Chadwick, Owen. "The Case of Philip Nichols." *The Cambridge Bibliographical Society*, vol. 1, no. 5 (1953): pp. 422-431.

² Letter from Nathaniel Lloyd to Dr William Warren, June 19th 1731, THHR/2/4/3, p. 70c. Trinity Hall Archive, Cambridge.

he then used to make impressions of the keys. In his letter of apology to the Master of St John's, he states that he got into the St John's Library using a key he had found and entered the library under the cover of night. One of the keys found in his room did indeed fit the old lock of the St John's Library.

Some books weren't even technically stolen because he had legitimately checked them out. Another one of the keys found in his room fitted into the University Librarian's desk, where the notes on borrowed books were kept. It was suggested that instead of stealing books from the University Library, Nichols had borrowed the books normally and then used his key to remove the borrowing records from the Librarian's desk.

It would appear that Nichols had been living a dissolute life for years before he began stealing books. His profligate lifestyle was well known to his peers at Trinity Hall. Nathaniel Lloyd was ashamed of his behaviour and he "long blushed for him."³ Lloyd gently admonished him, but Nichols lamented:

"happy had it been for [him] if [he] had then taken the right method, and had put on courage – honestly to confess [his] shame; possibly [he] might then have stopt there, and so have escaped the great load of guilt arising from the several Robberies, wch [he] afterwards most wickedly committed."⁴

The best explanation for how he came to be in such a desperate situation comes from a letter he wrote to Dr Chetwode, also a Fellow, on 19 October, 1731:

"Tis hard & to you I am sure it wd be tedious to tell by wt insensible degrees I arriv'd to such a height of villany as I did, you are no stranger to the scandalous debauch'd life I had led for some years before, indeed I had extricated my self from that affair & my debts were not so great but that I might have retrieved my self by honest means, but the silly shame of poverty it was that was the cause of my ruin, & push'd me on to all the robberies I afterward committed."⁵

³ Letter from Nathaniel Lloyd to Dr William Warren, June 19th 1731, THHR/2/4/3, p. 70c. Trinity Hall Archive, Cambridge.

⁴ Letter from Philip Nichols to Nathaniel Lloyd, October 17th 1731, THHR/2/4/3, p. 81. Trinity Hall Archive, Cambridge.

⁵ Letter from Philip Nicholls to Dr Chetwode, October 19th 1731, THHR/2/4/3, p. 79b. Trinity Hall Archive, Cambridge.

Once he was found out, he did not linger long. Instead of appearing before the Master of St John's to beg for forgiveness and plead his case to the Governing Body of Trinity Hall, he first fled to Holland and then to another undisclosed location.

Two days after Thurlbourn met with Nichols, the Fellows of Trinity Hall and the other librarians involved gathered evidence. By the end of the day, there was little doubt of his guilt. The following day, William Warren, a Fellow of the College, wrote a letter to Lloyd describing the situation. On 22 June, the Fellows issued a formal summons to Nichols to attend a meeting of the Governing Body on 7 July to make a case for himself. The citation stated they would proceed even if he did not show up. The citation was repeated two more times, with the last meeting being held on 3 August. In the final meeting, the witnesses swore to their depositions before the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the evidence was recorded in the presence of a Notary Public. On 4 August, the official expulsion ceremony was performed.⁶

The ceremony of expulsion was quite elaborate. All of the Fellows and scholars gathered in the hall and the Master sat at the high table. The bell was tolled and the Master asked each Fellow what ought to be done. They all said Nichols should be expelled. The sentence of expulsion was written in Latin and sealed with the College's seal. Then a card, pasted on the table with Nichols' name written on it, was to be cut off the table by the College Butler. Apparently this was quite a difficult task, and the Butler wasn't able to remove the card from the table. Had the card been removed, it would have then been kicked out of the hall. The sentence was also put on the College gates for everyone to see. In addition, Nichols was expelled from the University and deprived of all his degrees.

Although this case was quite the scandal at the time, Trinity Hall and, arguably, the University Library benefited far more than they suffered from the incident. Nathaniel Lloyd felt so guilty about appointing Nichols that he swore to never use the right of devolution again and he gave a considerable amount of money to the College to make amends. That money was used to do substantial building work that transformed the College into what it looks like today. At the University Library, the incident spurred on much needed reform to their borrowing practices. Before, borrowers were not compelled to return their books and could

⁶ Trinity Hall v. Philip Nichols, THGB/4/1/8. Trinity Hall Archive, Cambridge.

keep them for years at a time. One book found in Nichols' room had been borrowed seven years before.

Nichols did make his way back to England eventually. He moved to London and began writing for the *Biographia Britannica* in 1752. In 1763 he was embroiled in another controversy regarding the publication of Bishop Warburton's letters, and he openly admitted his scandalous past. Nothing else is known about Philip Nichols, the "poor penitent thief."

Travel



INTRODUCTION

Covid-19 did exactly what one would expect for most students' plans over the summer, travel or otherwise. But we print two reports of travel funded by the generosity of former Brasenose students, in one case a trip to Lithuania in search of a philosopher that was undertaken during the Christmas vacation and in the other a creative redirection of funds to a trek within the UK. Another account by Director of Music Christian Wilson of a Choir trip to Germany is also included, though it breaks every rule of this section, because it is life-enhancing.

KAUNAS TRIP REPORT

by Adam Husain (Philosophy & Modern Languages, 2016)

When it came to getting famous, Emmanuel Levinas (1905-95) made two mistakes. Firstly, unlike the rest of the philosophers who strode out of post-war France, smoking cigarettes and talking gibberish, he didn't write *chunky* impenetrable texts. He wrote small ones – not the kind of books an undergraduate can boast about. Secondly, his ideas weren't 'bestsellers.' While Sartre was encouraging young people to do whatever they wanted, and Derrida tried to 'deconstruct' the Man, Levinas' "big idea" was that we have an infinite moral responsibility towards other people. In his *Talmudic Readings*, Levinas discusses the moment in Genesis where G-d holds a mountain over Israel, encouraging the Jews to 'choose' between death and the Torah. This is the same 'choice,' says Levinas, that we have regarding social responsibility: there is collective responsibility, or collective death. You can't see that kind of thing flying off the shelves.

Maybe Levinas differed from Derrida and Sartre because he was deeply religious. Or maybe it was because, unlike many 'French thinkers,' Levinas wasn't actually French. He was a Lithuanian Jew, or Litvak, born in Kaunas – then a minor industrial town on the Russian Empire's westmost fringe. I wanted to pay a visit to his home town to find out more about the religious background in which he was raised; College, very kindly, agreed to fund the trip, making this wacky idea possible.

That was how we (I went with another Brasenostri) found ourselves flying into Vilnius. The problem lay in the difficulty of securing an

‘in.’ The Chabadi Rabbis didn’t reply to my e-mails, nor the Jewish Community Centre my Facebook ‘Friend Request.’ We only had three days in the capital city. On the first, we found our way to what was marked as the ‘Great Synagogue’: all that was left was a Soviet-era building, a car-park, and a clump of silver birches.

On the second, after a little while spent standing outside Vilnius’ only *extant* synagogue, a robust old woman, possessing only scraps of English, emerged from the first of two security gates and told us to go home. Our next stop, the Jewish museum – though very pleasant, with some nice paintings by a different Frenchified Litvak, Samuel Bak – gave us no further leads.

In fact, aside from another (or possibly the same) robust old woman on the desk, it was completely deserted. We left knowing that nothing had been achieved, and, with no contacts, it seemed that going to Kaunas the next day would be equally fruitless. On the way back to our accommodation, in the cold of a Baltic winter, we noticed a building lit up by two electrified Stars of David. Inside? A small shop selling bagels.

I thought that it couldn’t hurt to ask. The chap behind the counter was sweet, but bemused. What did we want with this guy, Levinas? How was *he* supposed to get in touch with him? When finally, thoroughly embarrassed, we turned to leave, a black-haired woman jumped out of the queue that had formed during our conversation. Levinas? Did we want Levinas? We were going to have to be more specific – it was a common surname. Oh, he was in Kaunas, was he? These boys – she pointed to two big Israelis – they were studying medicine in Kaunas, and could probably sort us out. The Israelis said very little. Taking a seat, the lady whipped out her laptop, discovered we were talking about a philosopher (dead), located his Facebook page, and called up the head of the Emmanuel Levinas Centre (who was a friend of a friend). He agreed to give us a Kaunas walking tour the next day. We expressed surprise at how quickly she found his number. ‘Oh, it’s a small community. Everybody knows everybody in Lithuania.’ When we left the shop to get dinner with this lady, we found that we didn’t have to pay for our cakes and teas. The Israelis had bought them for us and then left, still silently.

After a bewildering evening spent helping her choose between wedding photographers, we said goodbye to our Lithuanian friend. Back in our accommodation, I felt that since this chap was willing to

talk to us, I had better actually *read* some Levinas. I spent the night sitting in the bathroom, partly speed-reading the *Talmudic Readings*, partly wondering how I came to be speed-reading the *Talmudic Readings* in the middle of the night, in a bathroom in Lithuania.

As I read, it became clearer and clearer that one of the philosopher's defining qualities was humility. Every lecture begins with Levinas expressing his genuine embarrassment over speaking on the *Talmud*, when he knows he is not the best Talmudic scholar in the room. This is despite the fact that from 1946-61, he was the full-time director of a French school for Jewish education. I also stumbled across what seemed to me to be a contradiction in his thought. While on the one hand, Levinas believed in the project of the Jewish Diaspora, referring to the holy texts as the real Jewish 'soil' where they might find home, on the other, he was a staunch Zionist. Commenting on the first Jewish quest for the Holy Land, Levinas suggests that the moral failing of the spies that Moses sent ahead of him (Numbers 13:1-33) was probably their excessive concern for the original inhabitants of Canaan, whom they did not wish for Israel to supplant. He ties this example explicitly with the concerns of the day. Why did Levinas maintain a faith in European Jewry, whilst simultaneously suggesting the Zionism was *the* sanctified option, even in its most controversial aspect? I didn't care too much myself, I was simply relieved to have a talking point, if we fell into any awkward silences the following day.

Very soon into our meeting with the expert, it became apparent that this was not going to be a problem. He spoke quickly, almost nervously. He was clearly used to people knowing nothing Levinas – that is, beyond the name – and he opened by giving us the official life story. Born in Kaunas, a place where “to be Jewish was as natural as having eyes and ears,” in 1916 the family moved to Ukraine, most likely because the Russian High Command did not trust Jewish families to live too close to their front lines. Levinas returned to his home town a little after the Revolution, and stayed for a few years before managing to secure a place in Strasbourg for his BA. It was there he made an unlikely friend in the form of Maurice Blanchot. A lucky friend too, since it was Blanchot who hid Levinas' wife and daughter from the Nazis. Levinas himself survived because he had enlisted in the French army, earning a commission thanks to his translating skills. He spent the war in a POW camp, after his unit had been surrounded.

‘Levinas spoke or read at least five languages with near fluency,’ our guide Victoras said. ‘Hebrew, to read the Torah; Yiddish, so he could argue about it! Russian because that was the language of the Empire he was born into, German for the philosophers, and French because France was where he happened to live.’

It was only aged fifty-five that Levinas began lecturing in philosophy – and only then because another friend, Jean Wahl, had pushed him that way.

‘Levinas was writing in his *fourth* language. He was probably a little unsure of himself. After all, he wasn’t a Parisian. He came from the middle of nowhere.’

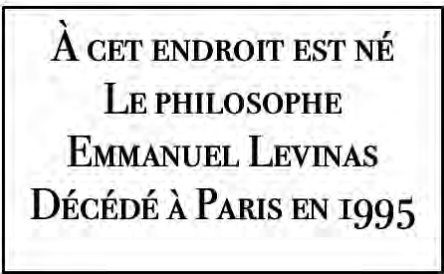
We walked out of the coffee shop we had met in. The main street in Kaunas is a long boulevard, and at one end there’s an ostentatious white cathedral, like a Lithuanian Taj Mahal. Directly opposite stood one of the many nondescript nineties buildings that littered this street – perhaps a phone shop, or a bank. Victoras pointed at it.

‘When I moved to Kaunas in ’89, that was still a communist bookshop. After the USSR fell, they tore it down. Now, we think – though it’s not been proven – that it was the bookshop of the Levinas family, where Emmanuel would have grown up. It’s not certain where exactly it was, because the addresses from those days were done in a loose, zoning grid system.’

We walked down an empty alleyway, one block over.

‘For some years, I was fighting to get this street named after Levinas, but you know the kind of idiots you get on a town council.’

At the end of the alleyway, there was a tiny plaque in French and, higher still, another in Lithuanian. They were mounted on an unpretentious, white building.



**À CET ENDROIT EST NÉ
LE PHILOSOPHE
EMMANUEL LEVINAS
DÉCÉDÉ À PARIS EN 1995**

By now it had gone three, and the light was fading quickly.

‘Lithuanians don’t care about Levinas. Of course they don’t. No one cares even though he married a woman from Kaunas – his childhood sweetheart. In the twenties, his family home moved. I’ll take you to where he would have visited, coming from Paris.’

It was scarcely far enough to be considered a move. We crossed the main boulevard again, then down a slightly wider street, and for a moment you could almost picture Levinas’ father, his mother and siblings, transporting their belongings by dogcart. It would have happened along this very route, less than a hundred years ago. Off this second, wider street, Victoras took us into a half-full car park, with one or two scruffy beech trees. At the far end, a group of men stood smoking.

‘Although we can’t know for certain, again because of the zoning grids, the Levinases would have lived somewhere here, maybe in that building. According to all accounts, they were shot right outside their home, so that would mean they died where we’re standing.’

This time, there was no plaque. No plaque in Kaunas for the rest of the Jews either, whose bodies would have fallen under archways, and slumped against doors, in nearly every road of the city. As Victoras explained, before World War 2 a full third of Kaunas’ population was Jewish. In Vilnius it was the same – in the town centre alone there were over a hundred synagogues. We saw no plaques in Vilnius, either, to mark their passing. Outside the Levinases’ last address, uncertain of what else to do, I snapped a photo with my iPhone.

‘Did he ever come here after the war?’

‘No. None of his family survived. Besides, it was a communist country then. For someone with his political opinions, it would have been difficult to find a visa. Sartre came here though, with Beauvoir, during one of their state-sponsored tours. I always wonder if he asked them how it was like, you know.’

We continued heading north, until we got to an abandoned park.

‘After battling for years, in the end I got lucky when they elected the new mayor. We got this place named Levinas Square.’

There was no street sign. On the left, a ghostly, Soviet funicular disappeared into the gloom.

‘Sartre and Beauvoir had a photo snapped in there, for propaganda purposes.’

At the other end of the street, just about visible to the naked eye, stood a square, white building.

‘That? Oh, that’s the Emmanuel Levinas Centre. I mean, it was.’

‘It no longer exists?’

‘No. No funding.’ With that, the tour was over.

We walked back through Kaunas. By now it was completely dark and seriously cold. Hard to imagine, as we crossed the newly tarmacked streets, the kind of life that had gone on here before. Yet it was once a centre of Jewish civilisation, a civilisation rooted to some kind of ‘soil,’ and one notion of home: the Pale of Settlement. To the Ashkenazis who escaped, it would have felt as if this history had vanished overnight. In the cities of Eastern Europe today, there are still precious few stones or plaques to mark its trace.

To be a Litvak after the Holocaust, what did that mean? Fear, I would imagine – and memories. It was a little easier to understand now, as we walked home, why Levinas felt Zionism to be a necessity – and why he felt he needed to uphold European Jewry also. Perhaps both were duties bequeathed on him by the dead. In his own words, the tragedy was ‘a call to man’s infinite responsibility, to an unending wakefulness, to total insomnia.’

SCOTLAND WILD CAMPING ADVENTURE

by Matthew Doran (Geography, 2019)

Hanging in Edinburgh’s Scottish National Gallery, the *Monarch of the Glen* is an arresting sight. A life-sized stag, with twelve-tine antlers, guards the bealach to a mysterious glen. In the flecks of lather on its muzzle, in its black eyes gazing through you, and in the billowing mist cloaking the purple-brown mountains behind, the romantic essence of the Highlands is caught. I was captivated – but only to be stunned further at every pass and valley curve as I walked and wild-camped in these mountains.

This September, I spent ten days hiking through the Cairngorms National Park and Western Highlands, gratefully supported by the Michael Woods travel grant. I had secured the grant based on my (rather ambitious) plans to solo thru-hike the Kungliseden: a 440km-long trail through the remote lakes, tundra and mountain birch forests of the

Swedish Arctic. Covid-19 scuppered that plan, of course, so I set about researching whether the UK contained any tundra landscapes. Which, it turns out, it does – in small pockets on the high plateau of the Grampian Mountains. I adapted my plan, teamed up with a fellow hiker from my geography course, and was soon bound by train for Aviemore.

The Cairngorms are the highest sustained mountain area in Britain; a barren, stony plateau deeply dissected by glacial corries that hide lochs and burns of the clearest waters. They are a bulky range but hold beauty in their colours and textures. I was struck by the burnt oranges, umbers and purple-greys of the autumn tundra, and the forests of yellowing birch and ancient Scots pines in the glens with their carpets of bilberries and fungi. Later, having caught public transport to Glen Affric in the Western Highlands, we felt as if we stepped back into a late alpine summer as we followed green glens out to the sea. Several times a day, I would question whether we had left the UK.

Some of my best memories of the trip are from our wild-camping spots: beside a copper-green loch in a pine forest the first night; the boggy heather above Loch Affric where we could see the milky bit of the Milky Way, and woke to find ourselves surrounded by golden mist at dawn; the spectacular hummock at the head of Loch Avon where we ill-advisedly camped (given the gale-force winds that night), surrounded by cataracts, granite crags and the pale beaches of the loch. We filtered water we hardly needed to filter, it was so clear, and got into a rhythm of pre-soaking our homemade dehydrated meals as we walked. I am really grateful for the opportunity to have disconnected so fully from the screens and notifications of modern life.

With the weight of my pack and our slightly overzealous plans to summit Munros, the going was physically tough – probably the hardest I have ever pushed my body. We were often still searching after nightfall for a sheltered place to camp, which combined with the rookie mistake of not packing enough snacks to gradually exhaust me. But it was a good exhaustion: I came back mentally refreshed for academic work and I feel so lucky to have been among Scotland's mountains in this year's fine autumn weather. I would like to thank College and the alumni who generously sponsor the Michael Woods grant for giving me the opportunity to experience these incredible landscapes and develop my hillwalking skills. I cannot wait to be back among them.

BRASENOSE CHOIR TOUR to KÖLN und ALTENBERG, 6.–10. DEZEMBER, 2019

by Christian Wilson, Director of Music

On Friday of 8th week of Michaelmas Term, members of Brasenose Choir embarked on a four-day tour to Germany. The tour had been deliberately planned to take place during Advent, integrating music for the season, and allowing the tour party to benefit from the Weihnachtsmarkt season. In my time at Brasenose, the Chapel Choir has always retained a significant number of German nationals – often among the stronger singers in choir. It seemed appropriate to explore these connections and to celebrate any potential associations and links to a particular area of the country. One such singer – Anne-Marie Nußberger (née Neise) – is from Köln and was recently married at the church of St Gereon–Merheim in the east of the city. After some investigation and discussion with venues, a tour naturally developed, centred on this area of Germany which is so rich in ecclesiastical history and German culture. Anne-Marie kindly agreed to be a tour leader on the ground whilst in Köln. Additionally, we were fortunate to have a number of older choir members among the group.

Our venues in Germany had requested the performance of music for the Advent season, and we were able to integrate much of this into the Chapel music programme during Michaelmas. Nevertheless, it was essential to galvanise the standards and confidence of a smaller group of singers with a number of extra rehearsals during 6th, 7th and 8th weeks, particularly as we included some new, taxing music, and one or two items with a Christmas theme.

Prior to departure, I provided tour information in booklets (hard and soft formats), through email, and through the tour operator's website. The tour company also offered an app which usefully integrated weather, flight, and other transport information from Germany. Within the booklets, I provided a historical background to Köln, and detailed information on museums, sights, churches, food, drink, and Christmas markets. A WhatsApp group was established to ease communication and particularly to ensure that everyone arrived at London Stansted in a timely fashion. Thereafter, transit became simpler, requiring some communication with coach drivers and simple head-counts or roll-

calls. We had been supplied with contact information for all coach drivers, the coach company, the hotel, and I had contact details for all venues. Thus, on arrival in Germany, we convened beyond security and, once at arrivals, I contacted our first coach driver. Our coach arrived within five minutes and we were at A&O Hotel/Hostel at Neumarkt in central Köln within half an hour – quite a contrast to the vagaries of the UK transport system.

Having settled in and briefed the group, we decided to make an initial trip for food and Glühwein at the Weihnachtsmarkt in Stadtgarten, a 15-minute walk from the hostel and through the trendy Belgian Quarter. We sampled various Wurst und Kartoffel delights before gradually retiring back to the hostel for an early night.

Many members of Brasenose choir have no choral experience prior to joining the choir, and one of my major musical concerns was the potential impact of placing a choir who have spent the majority of their musical life performing in the bone-dry, sandstone and wooden acoustics of Oxford into a vast, cavernous space such as Kölner Dom. Therefore, on the Saturday I had arranged an open rehearsal in the Basilica St Gereon – a stunning Romanesque church in Cologne, with a round nave, and a very resonant acoustic. The crypt here is one of the most peaceful places I've ever visited, with its ancient mosaics and relics and medieval paintings. Most choir members visited museums before we were kindly greeted at the church by the ebullient Kantor, Jürgen von Moock. We were given free rein of the building for several hours as tourists came and went.

Thereafter, plans had been made to visit the Weihnachtsmarkt am Kölner Dom and the Weihnachtsmarkt in der Altstadt. My blood-pressure was briefly raised as a large contingent made the most of the ice-skating rink at the Altstadt. We opted to convene for a group dinner at a traditional but quieter Brauerei that evening on the East side (Deutz). I'm not sure they have many English-speaking guests at 'Brauhaus ohne Namen', which made the experience all the more authentic!

The following morning, after a hearty Frühstück, we boarded a coach for the journey to Altenberg. The weather was filthy, but everyone was in good spirits. On arrival at Altenberger Dom we were soon met by cathedral organist Rolf Müller who made us feel warmly welcome. We had a brief rehearsal (45 minutes) before providing music

for the main Mass. During the service, Herr Müller introduced each choral item in the German fashion through a masterfully improvised Praeludium or Fughetta on the theme of the upcoming choral piece. This was a totally new experience for most of the choir, and for some, one of the musical highlights of the tour on account of Herr Müller's outlandish musical diversions and explorations! We sang Byrd's four-part Mass, together with Advent anthems by Mainz and MacMillan.

The choir sang particularly well and following the service I had arranged for our Organ Scholars Bethy Reeves and Scott Hextall to have an introduction and session on the large 'Klais' organ. This was a huge highlight for both of them (the largest and loudest organ they had ever played), and it wasn't long before they were shaking the foundations on 'full organ', both performing movements from Boëllmann's 'Suite Gothique'.

A more traditional Weihnachtsmarkt surrounds the Cathedral here during December, and we had built some time into the schedule to enjoy looking around and eating some local delicacies before boarding the coach for the return leg.

On arrival back in Köln, most choir members visited major galleries and museums around the city (including the celebrated Chocolate Museum). An early night was on the cards, though, due to the volume of singing and rehearsal the following day.

On Monday morning, we convened at Kölner Dom to sing the main morning service, providing anthems by Judith Weir, Guerrero, James Macmillan, and Paul Mainz. We were given a very generous introduction by the officiating priest, and after the service a standing ovation by the many hundred gathered in the nave of the cathedral.

This was a remarkable place to sing; so large as to provide little to no acoustic relay, and thus requiring a different kind of confidence to that of BNC Chapel. Nevertheless (and save for a brief though inevitable tenorial deviation) the choir sang beautifully.

There was time for a quick lunch before transit by tram to St Gereon-Merheim to the east of the city. Here we were greeted by the vicar and given a very generous welcome. After two or three hours of rehearsal, the parish laid on a wonderful tea reception for us, involving local cakes and other delicacies.

It really was far more than we could possibly have hoped for, and I'm sure that it's partly responsible for the elevated standard of singing

that evening. Bethy and Scott rehearsed their solo items at this time on the west-end organ. Anne-Marie had advised us to expect a fair audience of between 50 and 60. When we processed into the church there were well over 200 people.

Given the Brexit situation, and that I was unsure of exactly what standard of musicianship we might be imposing on our European audience, I felt it appropriate to offer a short speech, which I did in my pigeon German. I'm not sure if they were laughing with me or at me, but it seemed to lighten the mood a little. Indeed, this concert was the musical highlight of the tour, and the choral singing was buoyed by a warm and generous acoustic. I had the sense that everyone really rose to the occasion in such a friendly atmosphere. There was a unanimous standing ovation, and the applause seemed to last for almost 10 minutes!

As our audience left, they felt inclined to stuff cash into our pockets, which I insisted was returned to the church immediately. Perhaps perturbed by the charity and sensing an opportunity, one of our choir members emailed several of the central Christmas markets in order to offer our choral services on their main stage in a potentially cacophonous exhibition of unrehearsed Christmas repertoire. One of the main markets (Der Markt der Engel, auf dem Neumarkt) bit, and our return to the city centre involved a hasty and raucous race through various popular carols to the bewilderment of some locals. Fortunately, Bethy's mum had arranged a rather attractive version of 'White Christmas' for us, which we somehow pulled off with some aplomb.

The staged performance was given to hundreds of revellers and earned us free drinks at the market. Given that this was our final evening, we decided thereafter to move to Pääffgen Brauerei – generally regarded by the locals as the finest producer of Kölsch.

Our return flight left in the early evening of our final day, and scheduling no singing, I suggested a trip to nearby Bonn to visit Beethoven's house and take in the fresh Rheinisch air.

Following a river walk, some cultural exploration, and plenty more Wurst and Kartoffel, we returned to Köln to fetch our luggage and greet our coach driver. The first hitch of the tour then unfolded as the coach driver became stuck behind a major car accident. 75 minutes later the coach appeared and we still arrived at the airport with plenty of time to spare.

Without exception the behaviour of those on tour was exemplary, and we were fortunate that there were no illnesses, injuries, loss of personal goods, delayed flights etc. whilst away from home. I am certain that the tour was of substantial musical benefit to those who attended, honing listening and performance skills, and exposing singers to some of the world's most interesting acoustics and buildings. Köln may have been an unusual choice, but given its wonderful churches and the museums it offered, not to mention its proximity to other towns (Altenberg and Bonn), I am certain that the tour also provided an invaluable cultural experience for those who attended, many of whom had never visited Germany before.

News & Notes



NEWS & NOTES

We are always delighted to hear and share news from our Old Members and keep up to date with your achievements, marriages, births, publications, opinions and more! Below are some of the notices we were sent during the 2019–20 academic year, we hope that you will enjoy reading about your friends and contemporaries. If you would like your announcement to appear next year, please email it to: **development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk** or use our easy online submission form at **www.bnc.ox.ac.uk/submissions**

1967

Hywel Coleman: Hywel Coleman OBE is Honorary Senior Research Fellow in the School of Education, University of Leeds, and also a Life Fellow of the same University. His twelfth book, *The Condition of English in Multilingual Afghanistan*, was published by the British Council in September 2019. Later the same month Hywel was a plenary speaker at the UNESCO Conference on Inclusion, Mobility and Multilingual Education in Bangkok. A video of his talk, *The Restless Species and its Languages*, can be seen at <https://asiapacificmle.net/conference/2019/programme>; scroll down to Wednesday 25th September.

1970

Keith Cima: Retired from the RNLI (Thames Helmsman) end 2018. French nationality January 2020. Chairman SSAFA France 2019 -. Since March 2020 on the Covid front line employed by Protection Civile - a civil security organisation.

1973

Terence Chorba: Physician/medical officer at US Centers for Disease Control. Currently working in Covid response efforts. Completed LLM in the distance learning programme in Medical Law and Ethics at Edinburgh Law School.

1974

Professor Jonathan Culler: Fellow in French 1974–77, was elected a Corresponding Fellow of the British Academy.

1981

David Bradbury: Helped write a new book with author and journalist Boris Starling, *The Official History of Britain: Our Story in Numbers*, published on 15th October 2020.

1999

James Segan: I continue to practise from Blackstone Chambers and was appointed a QC in March 2020.

2015

Keziah Watson: Graduated with a Merit, Master of Arts (Global History) from the University of Birmingham, December 2019.

The Brasenose Society





BRASENOSE SOCIETY REPORT

by Amanda Pullinger (Modern History, 1984)

The Brasenose Society is BNC's alumni association. All matriculated BNC members automatically become a part of the Society when they leave. There is no membership fee.

The purpose of the Society

The formal object of the Society is the advancement of the welfare and interest of Brasenose College by:

- Encouraging closer relations between past and present BNC members and fostering the interests which they have in common.
- Keeping members of the Society informed of alumni events in the College.
- Any other methods which from time to time appear likely to achieve the Society's object.

The College's strategy is set by the Principal and Fellows. They decide what the College needs in terms of student support, outreach, development, fellowships or capital investment. The Society works with the Development Office to offer appropriate help where it can. It also represents an alumni point of view to the College.

Events arranged by the Society

The Society hosts two annual events in collaboration with the Development Office:

- The President's Summer Party, usually held in London.
- The Society Dinner, usually held in College during the University's annual Alumni Weekend in September.

Report on 2019-20 events

As with so much else this year, Society events have been massively

constrained by Covid-19. However, this allowed us the opportunity to trial the Zoom platform for our gatherings. The results were completely successful, allowing alumni from different time zones all over the world to attend, and without incurring any costs. We shall certainly be exploring how we can continue to use online meeting technology to facilitate our usual events, and more, in the months and years to come – however the Covid-19 situation unfolds.

The President's Summer Party

The 2019–20 President Amanda Pullinger (1984) hosted a Summer Drinks Party on 1st July on Zoom, and around 90 people attended. The Party had originally been scheduled to take place in the Fusilier Museum in the Tower of London. Preserving that theme, Amanda took the opportunity to have a “fireside chat” with Christian Wilson, the College’s Director of Music, who is also Organist of the Chapels Royal at the Tower. They spoke about Christian’s interesting career path and Christian shared stories about his unique experience working at the Tower of London and at Brasenose. Around 80 alumni attended, from as far afield as Pakistan and the US West Coast. Amanda encouraged everyone on the call to introduce themselves, which gave us all an opportunity to link up with old friends in a new and very effective way. People were encouraged to have a drink in their hand throughout the proceedings, and at the end we drank a toast to the College and each other.

Amanda has re-booked the Tower of London for the 2021 Summer Party and we are hoping that things will have returned to normal sufficiently by then for the event to go ahead as normal.

September AGM

The Society’s AGM was likewise held on Zoom. Around 25 attended, against the 12 who came last year.

The following officers and committee members were elected or confirmed at the AGM in September to run for the year from September 2019 to September 2020:

- President: Amanda Pullinger (1984) – elected for a second year, in the light of Covid.
- Vice President: Rod Clayton (1986) – likewise elected for a second year.

- Secretary: Penny Andrews (1979) was formally elected after performing the role on acting basis during the previous year.
- Treasurer: Nigel Bird (1969).
- Committee members elected/re-elected:
- David Bradbury (1981), David Clark (1970), Paul Dawson-Bowling (1962), Deirdre Duignan (1989), John Fawcett-Ellis (2014), Drusilla Gabbott (1982), Amanda Holland (1988), Jane Johnson (1987), Alexandra Marks (1977), Donald Rushton (1966) and Sarah Williamson Atkins (1984).

The Treasurer noted that the Society's funds remain in good health.

Liz Miller from the Development Office, and a member of the Committee, took a number of questions from the "floor", providing attendees with a valuable update of and insight into the College's current news and how it is addressing the challenges of Covid.

Again, it is hoped that the AGM will be able to be held physically next year. We are exploring the possibility of having a parallel online arrangement as well, to enable more, and more far-flung, people to attend.

Annual Society Dinner

Sadly there was no Dinner this year because of Covid.

Monthly Drinks at the Oxford & Cambridge Club

Monthly drinks continued at the Oxford & Cambridge Club on the first Tuesday of the month from October, until these were stopped by Covid. They will be resumed as soon as practicable.

These gatherings are open to all members of the Brasenose Society, and in the past both older and more recent graduates have attended. Please look out for the emails from the Development Office, or the information on the College website, with details of the dates, themes and venue address. It is helpful if you can let us know in advance that you plan to attend, but if that is not possible you are still welcome to turn up.

Alumni are welcome to join the Brasenose Society Committee

New members are welcome to join the Society's Committee if they feel they would like to be active in shaping the Society's activities or in helping the College and its students. Election to the Committee is at the AGM in September and there is a nomination form at the back of

The Brazen Nose. If you think you might be interested in joining and would like to attend a committee meeting as an observer, please let us know via the Development Office. The Committee meets three times a year. There are two evening meetings in London and one in Oxford on the day of the combined AGM and Brasenose Society Dinner in September. Committee minutes and accounts are available from the Development Office.

THE YEAR REP SCHEME

by Drusilla Gabbott (English, 1982), Year Rep Co-ordinator

The idea behind the Rep scheme

We aim for every year to have a Rep from within their own matriculation year. Their role is to encourage friendly year group contact, continuing bonds made at BNC. Having Reps is really helpful to BNC as a Year Rep provides continuity and personal knowledge of their year. For earlier year groups we have joint Reps, but in more recent years we often have both a JCR and HCR Rep to reflect the larger number of graduates in College.

What Reps are there to do

At its simplest, a Rep encourages occasional or regular get-togethers at convenient College events and if possible, arranges spontaneous meet-ups in pubs or private homes.

Ironically, we had just held a great Reps gathering at the March 2020 Oxford and Cambridge club drinks where we distributed a guide to arranging face-to-face events when Covid struck: and none of this has been possible this year!

Do get in touch with your Rep to discuss whether there is an appetite for Zoom events, online book clubs or a Year-group Facebook page: we recently launched one of these for my own year, 1982. Some year groups are small, and not everyone wants to be on Facebook, so you may feel that it is a better idea to club together into a few year groups if you'd like something like this. Even without it I'd say it can be very satisfying to follow the College on social media and share updates to friends.

Reps were able to participate this year in the lovely graduation film the College put together featuring **Michael Palin (1962)**.

Thank You, Hellos and Goodbyes

This year we welcome new Rep **Simon Borwick (1995)** and say a very profound thank you to **Sally Hammond (1975)** (co-Rep with **Liz Annesley (1975)**) and **Vivian Huxley (1969)** who have stepped down after very many years of excellent help. Sadly, **Peter Gant (1957)**, a recently appointed Rep with so many good ideas for the scheme, and a kind and talented person, passed away this year after a short illness. There are therefore new vacancies for 1957 and 1969 as well as a number of other years on the list which follows. Do get in touch if you'd be willing to serve!

Year	Year Rep	Info	E-mail
1949 & before	Mike Rountree		mike@rountree.net
1950	VACANT		c/o Mike Rountree
1951	Patrick Lowe		No email - Tel: 01451 820634
1952	Bill Higman		billhigman@btinternet.com
1953	John Buckler		john.buckler@gmail.com
1954-1958	VACANT		
1959	Robert Hawes		robert-hawes@tiscali.co.uk
1960	Robin Barron		robin.barron@sky.com
1961	Bill Roberts		kroberts@gmx.net
1962	Richard Woods		erwoods75@gmail.com
1963	James Edmiston		james.edmiston@btinternet.com
1964	Clive Evans		cpeevans@gmail.com
1965	John East		east.family@btinternet.com
1966	Donald Rushton	(Joint)	donaldrushton@hotmail.co.uk
1966	Duncan Greenland	(Joint)	dtguk@aol.com
1967	William Verdon-Smith		wg.verdonsmith@gmail.com
1968	Christopher Moss		cjwmoss@christophermoss.com
1969	VACANT		
1970	David Clark	(Joint)	dclark@pt.lu
1970	Stephen Smith	(Joint)	ssmith@woodvale.me.uk
1971	Moray Thomas		moraythomas@btinternet.com
1972	VACANT		
1973	John Bagshaw		johnm.bagshaw@gmail.com
1974	Graham Dransfield		graham.dransfield@gmail.com
1975	Liz Annesley		liz.annesley@btinternet.com
1976	Frances Stobbs		francesstobbs58@gmail.com
1977	Alexandra Marks		alexandra.marks@linklaters.com
1978	Nicholas Denton		ndjdenton@gmail.com
1979	Penny Andrews		plem.andrews@gmail.com

1980	Angela Booboyer		booboyer1@btinternet.com
1981	Ceri Hutton	(Joint)	cerihutton@mac.com
1981	Barry Peden	(Joint)	bazzoh@hotmail.com
1982	Drusilla Gabbott		drusilla@oxygen.uk.com
1983	Tony Murphy	HCR	anthonymurphy1@sky.com
1983	Sarah Shekleton	JCR	sshekleton@btinternet.com
1984	Amanda Pullinger		amanda.pullinger@gmail.com
1985	Lyndall Gibson		lyndall.gibson@orange.com
1986	David Foster		dfoster@omm.com
1987	Jane Johnson		janerajohnson@gmail.com
1988	James Drace-Francis		jdf35633@gmail.com
1989	Deidre Duignan		deirdreabduignan@yahoo.com
1990	Linus Gregoriadis		gregoriadislinus@gmail.com
1991	Graham Thomas		graham@gthomas.org
1992	Aman Merchant		amerchant@leading-concepts.com
1993	Alastair Dick	(Joint)	alastairdick@yahoo.co.uk
1993	Tom Cartwright	(Joint)	tom.cartwright@certainsurance.com
1994	Sander Evers		aegers@luc.edu
1995	Simon Borwick		simon@simonborwick.org
1996	Marcos Veremis		marcos717@gmail.com
1997	Rosenna East		rosenna.east@gmail.com
1998	Daryush Farshchi-Heidari		daryush80@hotmail.com
1999	Jessica Drapkin		jess.drapkin@gmail.com
2000	Laura Shtaingos		laura.shtaingos@gmail.com
2001	VACANT		
2002	Ellen Catherall		ellen.catherall@gmail.com
2003	Samantika Gokhale		samantikagokhale@googlemail.com
2004	Rhiannon Williams		rhiannon.williams@bakermckenzie.com
2005	Chris Tudor		christudor133@hotmail.com
2006	Andre De Haes	JCR	adehaes@gmail.com
2006	Jen Glennon	HCR	jenglen@gmail.com
2007	Charlie Furness-Smith	HCR	cdfsmith@gmail.com
2007	Lara Gouveia Simonetti	JCR	laragiuliana@gmail.com
2008	Elena Netsi		elena.netsi@gmail.com
2009	Christoph Voelk		voelk@sstv-law.at
2010	Robert Cashmore	HCR	robertcashmore@hotmail.co.uk
2010	James Johnson	JCR	johnson_jj@outlook.com
2011	Michael Young		mjry@live.co.uk
2012	Zed Kahale	HCR	zed.kahale@gmail.com
2012	Rosie Thomas	JCR (Joint)	rosie.thomas23@gmail.com
2012	Henry Zeffman	JCR (Joint)	henryzeffman@gmail.com
2013	Sarita Shah		saritakavita@hotmail.com

2014	Isobel Moseley	JCR	isobelmoseley@gmail.com
2014	Henrik Jacobsen	HCR	henrik.jacobsen@web.de
2015	Mehroz Ehsan	HCR	mehrozehsan@gmail.com
2015	Miles Overton	JCR	milesdoverton@gmail.com
2016	Rosie Duthie		rosieduthie@outlook.com
2017	Matteo Maciel	HCR	matteo.maciel@gmail.com
2018	Samuel Chau	HCR	samuel.chau.ck@gmail.com
2019	VACANT		

Might you want to be a Rep?

It is easy to communicate with your year as a Rep. BNC has a system which means Reps can send their Year messages at a touch via a single email link, protecting recipients' personal contact details safely and making the job un-stressful. An annual or bi-annual message about events, new developments or wishing people well usually suffices.

Reps' meetings are normally twice a year: once in College for tea before the annual dinner in September and at the March O and C Club evening drinks. You can join the annual meeting remotely but obviously, for the immediate future, all meetings will be remote.

Where there is a vacancy on the list, or even if there seems to be no formal vacancy but you'd like to get involved, please get in touch with me, **Drusilla Gabbott (1982)**, the Year Rep Co-ordinator (**drusilla@oxygen.uk.com**), or the Alumni Relations and Development Office on **development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk**. **David Clark (1970)**, our previous co-ordinator, also attends many events in non-lockdown times and if you come across him, he can explain it well.

As a 'thank you', under normal circumstances when there are no Covid restrictions, the College offers Reps the following benefits:

- Dining with a guest once per year at High Table (term time) as guests of the Development Office
- Free ticket to any event when more than five attend from their year
- Best available room when they stay in College for an event
- Free accommodation at their Gaudy

Drusilla Gabbott (English, 1982)

UPCOMING GAUDIES

In normal circumstances, Brasenose is delighted to invite each year group back to College around every seven years for their Gaudy. This involves a free dinner in Hall and subsidised accommodation in student rooms in College.

However, due to the ongoing Coronavirus restrictions, regrettably we have had to pause all in-person events, including all scheduled Gaudies, until further notice.

The following Gaudy dates were included in the previous edition; unfortunately, none of these have been able to go ahead on the originally planned dates – however, we plan to reschedule these on future dates once the current restrictions have been lifted.

Matriculation Year	Original Date of Gaudy	Current Status
1990–1991	Friday 20 March 2020	Postponed – new date TBC
1994–1995	Friday 26 June 2020	Postponed – new date TBC
1992–1993	Friday 4 September 2020	Postponed – new date TBC
2004–2005	Friday 25 September 2020	Postponed – new date TBC
1973–1976	Friday 19 March 2021	Postponed – new date TBC
1980–1982	Friday 25 June 2021	Postponed – new date TBC
1996–1997	Friday 24 September 2021	Postponed – new date TBC

We will send out emails / postal invitations in advance of the rescheduled Gaudies. If you have recently moved home or changed your email contact details, do please get in touch and let us know by contacting: **development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk**

ALUMNI RELATIONS AND DEVELOPMENT REPORT

by Dr Liz Miller, Fellow, Development Director

It has been a tumultuous year for many all over the world and the Brasenose alumni community has been no exception. My report this year is a story of two distinct halves: the period before Covid-19 impacted on the lives of all of us, and the time since. Before I progress with my report, my first word should be to honour those members of the Brasenose community who we have lost during the past few months – we will sorely miss them, and I know the College will want to memorialise them in a fitting and proper way as soon as we are able to do so. Similarly, my heartfelt condolences, and those of the entire Brasenose community, go out to those members of the College who have lost loved ones this year. The College is more than its buildings, it is a global family which supports and holds firm for one another in times of need. This year you have demonstrated that this is true time and again. Thank you.

It is important that we record the community's sincere gratitude to all Brasenose alumni and friends who have helped in the response to the coronavirus pandemic. Amongst the BNC community, we have medical professionals and research teams on the front line in battling the virus and finding a vaccine. Also, it is crucial to recognise that many more members of the community have been responding in their own vital ways: economists, civil servants, teachers, retailers, those in financial services, and those who have been home-schooling their children and caring for sick relatives. All of you and many others have done the College and society proud. We are forever grateful.

The methods that my team and I use to keep you involved in College life have changed dramatically over recent months, but the resolve of the Brasenose community to support one another has not waned. The current cohort of Brasenose students – around a third of whom started their time at university during lockdown – are very thankful for the support you have shown them through your donations to the College. In total, you contributed over £3.2million to the College last year – a fantastic sum. Around 1,000 of you supported our Annual Fund which remained steady at £525,170.

We were particularly heartened by your response to our Covid-19 appeal which raised over £100,000 in support of our students during this tumultuous period. At the start of lockdown, we did not have a clear understanding of what this period would mean to our students, and as restrictions change, so does our response in ensuring their experience remains a positive and safe one. Your support has helped us be agile to their needs and we are all very grateful.

Before lockdown restrictions were put in place, my team and I were delighted to welcome you back to College and to meet you in cities around the world for a number of alumni events and gatherings. In November, former students of Emeritus Fellow **Dr Bernard Richards (English, 1959)** gathered for a celebration of his long career at the College. In the same month, former students who matriculated 1986–1991 attended an evening of informal drinks in London organised by their year representatives.

The highlight of December was the grand opening of the Amersi Foundation Lecture Room – kindly funded by **Mohamed Amersi (EMBA, 2014)** and the Amersi Foundation. We were delighted to welcome St Hugh's alumna and former Prime Minister, the Rt Hon Theresa May MP to formally open the event. Mr Amersi's tremendous generosity transformed our principal lecture room into a twenty-first century teaching space which will help us in our academic endeavour even when we cannot meet in person – a stroke of enlightened forethought for which we are very appreciative. We were particularly grateful for Lady May's attendance given that the opening was just one week before the United Kingdom's 2020 General Election. In February, we were grateful to welcome back one of the former Prime Minister's special advisors, **James Johnson (History and Politics, 2010)**, who delivered a talk for our PPE students on life inside No. 10. Later that month, **Scott Frisby (MBA, 2008)** hosted a fascinating conversation and drinks reception, where alumni celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the lifting of the ban on LGBTQ+ personnel openly serving in the British Armed Forces. The panel involved a number of high-profile players in the case, including BNC alumnus **Michael Codner (Psychology and Philosophy, 1966)**, and Brasenose Principal, John Bowers QC. **Antonia Romeo (PPE, 1993)**, Permanent Secretary at the UK Department for International Trade, and **Sir Scott Baker (Jurisprudence, 1957)**, retired Court of

Appeal judge, also delivered fascinating talks for us at in-person events before the lockdown period.

Before travel restrictions were imposed, we were delighted to see many of you during Brasenose's trips outside the UK. You hosted us in Luxembourg, Singapore, Malaysia, and the Isle of Man. As ever, thank you for the hospitality, guidance, and kindness that you show the Principal, my team, and me while we visit you in your home cities.

Since lockdown, we have been disappointed to have had to cancel a number of in-person gatherings, including gaudies and jubilee lunches. Even though we are very much looking forward to seeing you at these in-person events as soon as we are able, we have been delighted by the support that our series of online seminars and talks have received. No fewer than six Brasenose experts have joined the Principal in his online *Principal's Conversations* series (the series is kindly supported by Robert and Lynne Krainer): Professor William James (Tutorial Fellow in Medicine), Professor Philip Goulder (Supernumerary Fellow in Clinical Medicine), **Professor Diane Coyle CBE (PPE, 1978 & Honorary Fellow)**, **Tim Harford OBE (PPE, 1992)**, **the Rt Hon Claire O'Neill (Geography, 1982)**, and **Clive Cookson (Chemistry, 1970)**.

Aside from seminars, we have held a number of social online events to keep the BNC community active throughout this period. The Brasenose Society, led by President **Amanda Pullinger (Modern History, 1984)**, has ensured that you continue to be in contact with your fellow alumni. The College's Director of Music, Christian Wilson, organised a number of musical recitals and I was delighted that a member of my team, John-Paul Clough, was amongst those featured.

I cannot complete my report without honouring the longest ever serving member of the Brasenose Alumni Relations Office, Tina Hill. In March 2020, Tina retired after 15 years of dedicated service to the College and to its alumni. She started in a two-person office, recently established to professionalise the College's alumni relations and fundraising. She retired from an office of seven people, with over a thousand donors per year, and millions having been donated to support the College and its mission. Over the years, she took on nearly every role in our team and coached us all through the ups and downs of our professional and personal lives. We hope that she and her husband Andy have a long and happy retirement with their children and grandchildren.

The last academic year certainly was a tale of two halves. With the University of Oxford leading the way in finding a vaccine to the coronavirus, here's to 2020-21, when hopefully we can meet in person again. Until then, my team and I look forward to seeing you virtually – wherever you are in the world, and whatever is going on in your life, I encourage you to feel safe in the knowledge that once you are a member of Brasenose – this incredible global community – you are always a member of Brasenose.

Donors to Brasenose



DONOR LIST 2019–20

Brasenose College wishes to record its gratitude to the following who kindly donated to the College between 1st October 2019 and 30th September 2020. The gifts are listed in the following format: year of matriculation, name of donor; former names are listed in italics, an asterisk indicates that the donor has sadly since passed away. We have tried to ensure that all gifts are recorded accurately but if we have made any mistakes please accept our apologies and do let us know so that they can be corrected.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| <p>1939 Dr G A Weeks</p> | <p><i>and one anonymous donor</i></p> |
| <p>1940 Mr J B Browning</p> | <p>1952 Dr D B Bigley</p> |
| <p>1942 <i>One anonymous donor</i></p> | <p>Mr B R Higgins</p> |
| <p>1943 Mr D W Hills</p> | <p>Mr W P Higman</p> |
| <p>Mr B D Wilson</p> | <p>Sir Michael Pike</p> |
| <p>1944 <i>One anonymous donor</i></p> | <p>Mr B Rudd</p> |
| <p>1946 Dr J I McFeeters</p> | <p>Professor W L Twining</p> |
| <p>Dr P G Philpott</p> | <p><i>and one anonymous donor</i></p> |
| <p>Mr D C H Simpson</p> | <p>1953 Mr I J Bartlett</p> |
| <p>1947 Mr L L Allen *</p> | <p>Mr D R Hoyle</p> |
| <p>The Right Hon Sir Roy Beldam</p> | <p>Mr B Norman</p> |
| <p>Dr T D R Hockaday</p> | <p>Mr R J A Sharp</p> |
| <p>Dr J M H Pearson</p> | <p>Mr P B Walker</p> |
| <p>Mr J W S Walton</p> | <p>1954 Lt Colonel T A A Adams</p> |
| <p><i>and one anonymous donor</i></p> | <p>Mr M C Allen</p> |
| <p>1948 Mr J W Babb *</p> | <p>Mr G H Jones</p> |
| <p>Mr M B Walters</p> | <p>Mr C P Lloyd</p> |
| <p>Mr M A Wilson</p> | <p>Mr B Sutcliffe</p> |
| <p>1949 Professor H M Hodgkinson</p> | <p>Mr G M Thomas</p> |
| <p>B Kent</p> | <p>Dr J B Wood</p> |
| <p><i>and one anonymous donor</i></p> | <p><i>and one anonymous donor</i></p> |
| <p>1950 Mr J B Cook</p> | <p>1955 The Revd Canon</p> |
| <p>Professor D O Edwards</p> | <p>Prof J R Bartlett</p> |
| <p>Mr A D Gidlow-Jackson</p> | <p>Mr J S Burn</p> |
| <p>Mr J G Grenfell</p> | <p>Dr R B Jones</p> |
| <p>1951 Mr T J D Dunphy</p> | <p>Mr A M Moses</p> |
| <p>Mr M N Karmel</p> | <p>Mr P J C Murray</p> |
| <p>Mr B J Moughton</p> | <p>Dr J E Pollard</p> |
| <p>Mr J A C Spokes</p> | <p>Mr J M D Rogers</p> |
| | <p>Professor W A Seed</p> |
| | <p>Mr K H Spaeth</p> |

- and two anonymous donors*
- 1956 Colonel B C Anderson
Mr P T Berg
Mr J H Buxton
Mr M J Clifton
Professor Emeritus P A Furley ★
Revd E B Hardy
Mr P J Mortlock
Mr R Murray
Mr G E Muspratt
Dr C I Roberts
Mr J J Rowe
Mr A C L Sturge
Mr R K Whiley
and two anonymous donors
- 1957 Mr P N Acheson
Mr B J Capon
Mr C P Cheetham
Mr C W Corlett
Revd P R Gant
Mr T L Holden
Mr S H James
Mr J A Knight
Mr M J Landry
Mr H G Owen-Hughes
Mr C F Penn
Mr J W Perry
Mr J D Rothwell
Mr A C Smith
Mr D M Veit
Mr J M Whiteley
Mr G R Whittle
and two anonymous donors
- 1958 Professor F R P Akehurst
Mr K M Boyd
Mr A R Cook
Dr M J Doyle
Mr A S Everest
Mr D W Flaxen
Mr J W Flecker
Mr C I C Harrison-Wallace
Mr P F Heaton-Ward
Mr R P H Helmer
Mr J V Hutchinson
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Mr D C Lawday
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Mr B Melbourne Webb
Professor W G Richards
Mr P F Skinner
Professor J D Stasheff
Dr M A Stern
Mr M J Theobald
Mr D R F Walker
Revd K Woolhouse
and three anonymous donors
- 1959 Mr J M Adamson
Mr R R Bourne
Mr S R Brown
Mr J R Calder
Mr W A Drapkin
Mr M R Eaton
Mr J B Fox
Mr M J Gillette
Mr R J S Hawes
Dr B Hesp
Dr M D Hughes
Mr S Itzcovitz
Revd Dr D A Jackson
Mr J M G Roberts
Mr B C R Tate
Mr C C Tipple
Mr A J M Walker
Mr D J Youngman
and four anonymous donors
- 1960 Mr R Bradbury
His Hon Judge Jeffrey Burke
Mr C M R Campbell
Dr T M Cooke
Mr R A Cox
Mr J A Dodds
Mr A C Dossa
Mr C N Hedderwick
Mr J A Holden
Mr L C Isaacs
Mr K H Lloyd
Mr J N Marshall
Dr P W Martin

- Mr R J A Martin
 Mr G V Mawer
 Mr A Miles
 Mr J J Penn
 Dr P J Plant
 The Revd Canon J M Shepherd
 Mr J S Swinburne
 His Hon Alan Taylor
 The Revd Canon
 J D Thompstone
 Mr R F Yalden
and three anonymous donors
- 1961 Mr R S Abdulla ★
 Colonel M A Benjamin
 The Revd Canon
 R W G Bomford
 Mr N P Clay
 Dr P R Dawson-Bowling
 Mr R Q East
 Mr P D Hancorn
 Professor A Hibbert
 Mr A A Kokinis
 Mr A H Latimer
 Professor J A Lewis
 Mr M D Malone
 Dr M F A G Roetter
 Mr J N Stratford
 Mr P J Turvey
 Revd J N Wates
 Mr J E Wesner
and two anonymous donors
- 1962 Dr P R Borthwick
 Mr R A Cockram
 Mr D A Cuthbertson
 Mr J P Dabbs
 Mr S E A Green
 Dr A R Harford
 Mr R Mitchell
 Mr D Robinson
 The Right Hon Lord
 Vallance of Tummel
 Mr E R Woods
and one anonymous donor
- 1963 Dr R A Bell
 Mr J C Bowis
 Mr J W Bows
 The Revd Canon P J Cotton
 Mr J R M Crompton
 Professor A W Easson
 Mr J S M Edmiston
 Mr C A Foster
 Mr M H Freeman
 Mr T Iwanami
 Dr A R Leech
 Mr W F Martin
 Dr R E McAllister
 Professor A N McKenna
 Mr G F Moore
 Sheriff A Pollock
 Mr N A Summersall
 Dr J Walker
 Mr H C Williams
 Mr J G L Wright
and one anonymous donor
- 1964 Sir Nicolas Bratza
 Mr M L Brayne
 Mr R A Cragg
 Mr C P E Evans
 Mr M J Farndale
 Dr M C Gregory
 Mr S S Housley
 Mr C D Marlor
 Mr H M Nowlan
 Mr D E Ord
 Dr J V Peach
 Mr C N Wain
and five anonymous donors
- 1965 Mr R A Chick
 Mr J H M East
 Mr A R Flower
 Mr G M Haworth
 Mr C R Holden
 His Hon Austen Issard-Davies
 Dr D M Jones
 Mr R C Kershaw
 Mr D C Marriott
 Mr F W J Meier
 Dr A B Murgatroyd

- Dr P J Palmer
Mr R G Thompson
Mr C C Wallis
Mr D R Walsh
and two anonymous donors
- 1966 Revd J M Acheson
Mr J S Ager
Mr E C Butlin
His Hon Judge Gerald Clifton
District Judge Stephen Day
Mr P L Hewes
Professor J M Kosterlitz
Professor S B Marston
Mr P J C Mosse
Mr N R D Orchard
Mr J W Ostroff
Mr T W Pearce
Mr R J Piper
Mr G W Robertson
Mr D J F Rushton
Mr A J Sillem
and five anonymous donors
- 1967 Dr N A Allen
Dr G R Beach
The Right Hon Sir Jack Beatson
His Hon Judge
Andrew Campbell
Mr A M Dean
Mr M P R Hamer
Mr M H Jarvis
Mr R C Lowson
Mr M T Mayer
Mr I Murray
Mr K J Plummer
Mr A F Rich
Mr J R A Rushton
Dr J Sagar
Dr M R Shuster
Mr J A Swift
Mr C G Tucker
Mr E J Zawidowski
and three anonymous donors
- 1968 Mr M A Anderson
Mr R W Billis
- Professor T N Corns
Mr C J W Moss
Revd D F Preston
Mr J W Sillem
Revd Canon Professor
D R Thomas
Dr C J Tyldesley
Dr M J Watts
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October 2019 – September 2020

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Raficq Abdulla (Jurisprudence, 1961)

by Mohamed M Keshavjee

First published in The Muslim News on 31st January 2020

The death of Raficq Abdulla in London on December 19, 2019, is a great loss that will be felt across several communities and organisations in Britain with whom he was closely associated for the last 50 years. A man of many talents, Raficq can be aptly described as a modern Renaissance man.

Born in South Africa, Raficq hailed from the Cape where his mother, Mosida Ismail, was the granddaughter of two leading imams – one of whom was sent specially to South Africa by Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, and the other belonged to an Islamic mystical tradition in Indonesia.

Mosida, the godchild of the veteran Cape politician Abdullah Abdurrahman, studied medicine at Edinburgh University in the late 1920s where she met her future husband Goolam Gool, a Guy's-educated doctor who played a prominent role in the social and political arenas in the Cape and who would become President of the National Liberation League in 1937.

Mosida and Goolam had one son, Reshard, who wrote the novel Cape Town Coolie and who ended up in Canada as a Professor of Philosophy and a writer. The couple divorced after a short marriage, and she later married Sheik Abdulla of Durban, whose mother, Rabia Bibi known as Raboobee, was said to have contributed to the establishment of the Natal Indian Congress by Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi in 1894.

Raficq was the only child of Mosida and Sheik Abdulla.

Following Sheik Abdulla's death, Mosida moved to England in 1958 where she worked as a gynaecologist and where Raficq was already

attending Epsom College. Raficq then went to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he read jurisprudence and was later called to the bar at the Middle Temple Inn in the early 1960s.

Raficq then spent most of his working life as a legal advisor with various organisations, his last formal position having been Corporate Legal Secretary to Kingston University. At the time of his death, he was a Visiting Fellow of the Faculty of Business and Law at Kingston University.

A writer, lecturer, public speaker and a broadcaster on several topics including art, law, Islam, identity, poetry, spirituality, diasporas, and the sacred, Raficq played an important contributory role, along with the al-Azhar-educated jurist-cum-psychologist Sheikh Mohammed Zaki Badawi, in portraying a more “moderate” and “humanistic” dimension of Islam in the UK.

Badawi and Raficq worked with Sir Sigmund Stenberg and Rev Dr Marcus Braybrooke on the Three Faiths Forum. Raficq’s work in the field of interfaith dialogue was recognised with the award of an MBE in 1999. Badawi also invited Raficq to become a member of the panel of the newly-established Muslim Law Sharia Council as one of three English-trained lawyers to ensure that the deliberations of the Council were in accordance with the public laws of the UK.

It was in the field of writing and poetry that Raficq excelled. He published two books of new interpretations of the work of Muslim mystics Rumi and Attar. These were *Words of Paradise: Selected Poems of Rumi* and *Conference of the Birds: The Selected Sufi Poetry of Farid Ud-Din Attar*. Raficq penned the script for the award-winning films *The Blood of Hussain* and *Born of Fire*, by the leading Pakistani film Director, Jamil Dehlavi, with whom he had studied at Oxford. He also wrote scripts for Channel 4 productions.

He chaired the UK’s Festival of Muslim Cultures (2006–2007) working closely with the social change curator Isabelle Carlisle to celebrate the pluralistic civilisations of the Muslim peoples. In 2006 Raficq was instrumental in setting up a conference in London in collaboration with the Chautauqua Institution of the US and the Ismaili National Council of the US to further the Abrahamic program established by Chautauqua Institution.

This was the first time that Chautauqua ventured outside New York for their programmatic work. He also spoke at the Chautauqua

Institution in New York. In 2016, to coincide with the Ismaili Centre's celebration of the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's death, Raficq published his book *Reflecting Mercury: Dreaming Shakespeare's Sonnets* in which he matched his poetic contemplation to each of Shakespeare's 154 sonnets.

The book was launched at the Ismaili Centre, London, by Lord Gowrie, a former UK Minister of Culture and himself a poet. The event itself was a cross-pollination of art and culture at which Raficq's poems were read in conjunction with Shakespeare's sonnets to the accompaniment of music performed by Katie Rose and her ensemble of Shakespearean singers, the Anima Acapella Group.

Raficq cared deeply about human rights and peace and for years worked closely with Exiled Writers Ink by participating in their literary activism events. He always looked for opportunities to help young writers and poets to express themselves through their writing. He mentored them in poetry and attended many of their reading sessions.

Raficq was also a dedicated supporter of English PEN and was for many years a Trustee on their board, contributing to the different aspects of their work. He assisted their Management Committee and Writers in Translation Committee. In 2014, he assumed the role of Acting President and guided the organisation through a period of transition with consummate skill and wisdom.

Raficq was deeply imbued with a sense of social justice. With his South African background, he was always sensitive to the needs of the "other" and made a point of helping those most marginalised in society. He also chaired the Happy Soul Festival (dedicated to promoting mental health in the black and minority ethnic communities) and was a non-executive director of St George's Mental Health NHS Trust.

In 2017 the Wandsworth Black Mental Health Conference in London entitled "Healing our Broken Village" conferred its highest annual award on Raficq for his outstanding contribution to the reduction of Black mental health inequities in the UK. The award was given to him for his advocacy for race and ethnicity as key factors in addressing black and minority ethnic mental health inequalities which enabled the space of innovation in the design and delivery of services to the various communities.

The citation mentioned that "Raficq Abdulla extended his support beyond the board room attending community and conferences,

speaking on our platforms and listening to peoples' expectations and hopes for better mental health services."

Over the past two decades, Raficq spent a great deal of his time reading, writing and lecturing to students in places as diverse as Dubai, Lisbon, Toronto, London and New York. From 2014 to 2018 he was involved with me as co-author of *Understanding Sharia: Islamic Law in a Globalised World*, published by the Institute of Ismaili Studies, London. During this time he was also a speaker at the annual Milad lectures in London and Toronto and contributed numerous articles to journals and chapters to book compilations of poetry, contemporary issues affecting Muslim communities and more particularly on Islamic Finance.

He attended numerous conferences on Islamic Finance in London and Frankfurt. As an English trained barrister with a poetic sensibility and an esoteric bent of mind, Raficq always veered towards constructive dialogue. He saw no real dichotomy between "eastern" and "western" thought and was universal in his outlook. He read prolifically but always with what he termed "a hermeneutic resolve." He was an individual with a prodigious sense of intellectual curiosity matched only by a commensurate sense of humility. He espoused reason and eschewed dogmatism in whichever form it presented itself.

Raficq's poetic voice shone through everything he wrote, but more poignantly in his grappling with Wittgenstein's logic in reading scriptural texts "[which] are seldom monolithic or monotonous unless they are read by minds or people so inclined or brainwashed to explicate them as such. This inherently ambiguous condition of language compels us to learn to receive different interpretations and dissonances that we may not find congenial." He firmly believed that by its very nature the practice of interpretation should help blot out bigotry, encourage debate, and accommodate the ethos of uncertainty, for failure to "take the route of reflection risks encouraging the preponderance of extremist thinking."

A deeply spiritual individual, Raficq did not wear his faith on his sleeves, but lived its ethical values of compassion, kindness and large-hearted tolerance and understanding each day, through everyone he met regardless of class, colour, gender or creed.

Raficq leaves behind his lifelong companion, his loving wife Marianne Rohlen, a practising existential psychotherapist from Sweden,

his son Adam who studied Classics at his father's college Brasenose, his nieces, nephews and great-nieces and nephews from the Gool family, the Rohlens, the Raboobees, the Abrahams, and the countless friends and admirers who found in his friendship great hope and inspiration – something he shared amply with all those who came into contact with him and for which he will always be remembered.

Laurence Leland Allen (Jurisprudence, 1947)

by Judith Allen and Ruth Parry

Our father Laurence Leland Allen (Laurie) died on 9 September 2020, aged 99.

Laurie was born in Liverpool in 1921 to Fred Leland Allen and Violet Lee Allen née Ellams. He attended Liverpool Collegiate School, where he discovered his life-long love of Classical Greek and Roman History, and then during the war served as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. He went up to Oxford in 1947 where he read Law. It was in Oxford that he met his future wife Katharine Jeanne Allen (Kitty) who was working as a radiographer at the Radcliffe Infirmary. They married in 1951.

After qualifying as a solicitor in Manchester, Laurie moved with Kitty and his two small daughters Ruth and Judith to Loughton in Essex, where he was a partner at Attwater & Lyle until he retired in 1987. He spent a happy retirement travelling, studying local history and reading widely. He was also a keen supporter of narrow-gauge railways, especially the Ffestiniog and Welsh Highland.

Laurie's memories of his years at Brasenose were some of the happiest of his life. The war was over and Oxford was the start of a new and more fulfilling time. Until the day he died his mind was still clear and he would recount with pleasure visits to the Trout inn, walks along the towpath (also cycling with a megaphone as he kept the rowing teams strokes regular), strolling around the city and best of all his hours of study in Brasenose. He kept his love of Oxford and his time at Brasenose his whole life, a time of opportunity and friendships, a place to stretch and test his keen intellect and most of all to develop as the kind, courteous and upright person we knew.

Kitty died in 1999. He is survived by his daughters.

Jeffery Babb (PPE, 1948)*by John Fitzgerald**First published in the Brecon and Radnor Express on April 8th 2020*

My friend Jeffery Babb died aged 94 on Monday 30th March at Bronllys Hospital near Hay-on-Wye following a diagnosis of terminal cancer just before Christmas.

I first came across Jeffery when he and his wife moved to Hay-on-Wye, and Liz and I moved to Glasbury-on-Wye in 2001. For a long time I perceived him as this somewhat eccentric gentleman, with his distinctive, wild, white hair, to be seen rushing about in Hay. This turned out to be a wildly inaccurate assessment of Jeffery and today I would say he was one of the most remarkable people I have ever met.

My perceptions changed when he and I were asked to help Hay Dial-a-Ride through a particularly difficult time and I quickly came to appreciate the wisdom and compassion that just oozed from his being, and began to learn about his remarkable life, inspiring generations of young people so that they came to enjoy the rich experience that music brings.

Because of the Second World War he was late going to Oxford University to study music, which led to a distinguished musical career as a teacher, conductor and much more. There were two schools with whom he had a long association and where he was greatly appreciated, Wheatley Secondary School in Oxfordshire and Grimsby Secondary School in Lincolnshire.

A report in the newsletter of the Grimsby, Cleethorpes and District Youth Orchestra described the end of an era, 39 years, as Jeffery prepared to move to Hay. He had been the first and subsequently the senior conductor and it stated that “it was impossible to fully express our gratitude for the enthusiasm, care, time, encouragement, knowledge and so much more that he has given us.”

A report in the Oxford Times described a reunion at Wheatley Secondary School in 2012 to celebrate Jeffery’s musical life and the teaching that inspired so many pupils, but this was only a part of the story. For example, he was the first General Secretary of the National Association of Youth Orchestras, conducting many events, and served for nearly 20 years on the UK Council for Music Education.

In addition, for many years he was the secretary and conductor of the European Music Summer School for young people held in alternate years in Germany and the UK. The Federal Republic of Germany awarded Jeffery the Order of Merit for work in the field of Youth Music Making between the two countries.

As I got to know Jeffery, I became more and more impressed by the extent of his achievements. His support of Glasbury Arts demonstrated that his passion and determination, even in his late eighties and early nineties, never diminished. The first time he came to the Glasbury Arts Harp Summer School Concert, during the interval he tottered to the front on his stick and spoke to every young harpist performing to provide encouragement. At the same event he was so impressed by one young singer/harpist that he arranged for a special assessment by a professor of singing who was one of his former pupils.

On another occasion, when a number of music students from Gwernyfed High School performed for Glasbury Arts members, he was (as was I) very impressed with a 15 year old who played on the piano a piece that she had composed for a GCSE course. On the way out Jeffery wagged his finger at me and said, "What are you going to do about that young woman? Her talent is so mature." I asked him if the piece could be arranged for the harp and he said it could, but it would be good if the young woman could learn to make the arrangement herself. To cut a long story short, with the cooperation of Gwernyfed High School and Monkton Combe School she did learn how to arrange it for the harp, and at the next summer school our now Director of Music, Eleanor Turner, played the arrangement and you could hear a pin drop. I watched Jeffery throughout the performance and he sat there with a big smile on his face.

It was this passion to enable young people to explore music that made him what he was and drove him. When Liz and I saw him on 17th March, he looked so frail and his voice appeared to be failing, but at one point he asked how Glasbury Arts was doing. I explained that since we had last talked our Harps in Schools Project had at last begun at Gwernyfed High School, not with three or four students as we had anticipated but with ten, all being taught in pairs and helping each other. As I paused, Jeffery clenched his fists, put his hands in the air and shouted (and I mean shouted) "Yes!". That one incident summed up everything that was special about him.

Jeffery was a devout Christian and I suspect he will be keeping an eye on Glasbury Arts from his heavenly home with his late wife whom he missed so much, and tut tutting and wagging his finger when he thinks we are not doing enough. He will be greatly missed.

John Baker (Animal Physiology, 1954)

by Hubert Moore (Classics, 1953)

John was born in Winterton, North Lincolnshire in 1935 and remained throughout his life a 'Lincolnshire lad.'

His life and mine coincided to a remarkable degree, at school, at Oxford and in later life when we both settled in Kent. He was sent as a boarder to Prior's Court Prep School and had the luck to witness the VE Day celebrations in Trafalgar Square on his journey to school in 1945. At Kingswood School we were both members of the same house, School House, and played in the same rugby teams. Curiously, we then became in successive years, 1953 and 1954, the first two Stallybrass Exhibitioners at Brasenose College, Oxford. John studied medicine at Oxford but for a short time we shared two things, a girlfriend (later to become my wife) and a car (a wonderful old Alvis). We also played for the BNC rugby team, which John captained in 1956-7. As a rugby player John made up for his relative slightness of build by his ferocious determination and a fearlessness that must have played some part in causing the acute back pain that plagued the last 20 years of his life.

After Oxford John trained at the London, now Royal London, Hospital. In 1961, while he was working as a junior houseman at the London, John took time off to marry Ruth Gibbon, a fellow Oxford graduate. Early in their married life, John and Ruth went off for two years in Uganda, under the auspices of the Ministry of Overseas Development. They thoroughly enjoyed their time there. In the second year John was sole doctor in charge of a 60-bedded hospital, carrying out complex surgical operations every day. For the rest it was "nineteenth century medicine with twentieth century drugs," as John described his work in Uganda. It was good that John Wood, his tutorial partner at BNC, was in Uganda at the same time.

Returning to England, he went into general practice in Kent, where he and a colleague set up the GP Training Scheme in Tunbridge Wells. It was inevitable that John would choose family medicine as his

speciality. He had two generations of GPs behind him in his family, he loved people and believed passionately in continuity of care for them. He saw his role as an enabler helping his patients to understand their illness and cope with it. If he could build a special relationship with them he could give them the best possible care. John was also passionate about keeping sick people at home if possible and, with support from patients, set up an organisation called 'Care Unlimited' in Paddock Wood, which made the national press under the title 'The Village that Cares'. 'Care Unlimited' was later superseded by the hospice movement.

Close to the 'village that cares', actually in Matfield, John and Ruth created a wonderful home. Their two adopted sons, Dominick and Christopher, were brought up here. "Dad," says Dominick, "was a busy man but was always there for you, ready to listen. Even when he was continually in pain, he retained his love of life, his sense of humour, his inquisitive mind and his power to generate happiness."

In the 1980s John and Ruth became involved in local politics: John served for 12 years as a parish councillor and later, after he retired from general practice, he joined Ruth as a borough councillor for Paddock Wood. In 1996 Ruth was elected Mayor of Tunbridge Wells. At this stage I saw more of John in his role as a very supportive Mayor's Consort, at a splendid series of events, the most notable for me being lunch in the Mayor's tent at the Kent v. Sussex cricket match.

Increasingly disabled by osteoarthritis, John died following a tragic accident when on holiday on the Scilly Isles. As an enthusiastic Fellow of the Royal College of General Practitioners (FRCGP), he had been a wonderfully committed, caring and thoughtful GP for 30 years. Ruth says his distinguishing feature was "an imperishable optimism which made him a well-loved doctor and a generous friend."

David Baldock (Jurisprudence, 1956)

by Ben Ralph (Mathematics & Philosophy, 2010)

David William Baldock, my grandfather, was born in Cranleigh, Surrey, in 1936. After boarding at Winchester College, and carrying out national service in Kenya, he went up to Brasenose in 1956 to read Jurisprudence. There, he was "universally recognised as a delightful person", according to his lifelong friend and BNC contemporary

Roger Murray, who was a great help in writing this obituary. Though he never excelled in the academic or sporting field, he was an integral figure on the college social scene, known for his “quiet sense of humour and unfailing courtesy”. Any organised form of sociality attracted him: the Phoenix Common Room, the Vampires, the Intoxicator boat at summer eights, or the Hornets cricket team (“an excuse for a general piss-up”).

During the fifties, Brasenose was a single-sex college, but David’s gregariousness was not restrained by this limitation. A “quiet operator”, the girls in his circles found him “very handsome”, and he was reputed to know all the various ways of secreting acquaintances in and out of the college walls well beyond the 10pm curfew.

However, it was not until after Oxford that he met the love of his life, Manon. Opposite him on a train, he had noticed a striking half-Spanish, half-Jewish-Hungarian émigrée and, as an opening gambit, offered her a share of his sandwiches. Extraordinarily, the ploy worked, and after a few months’ courtship, he proposed. In 1962, they were married, and a year later my mother, Anna, was born. Soon after this, they settled into Nightingales, a house in Surrey, where he would live the rest of his life, and where they raised Anna and three more children, Jan, Julia and Tim.

By this time, David was working as a solicitor for his family law firm, where he was by all accounts a trusted and respected lawyer. Testament to this was the fact that, during a period of mental ill health later in his life, he retained all his clients despite not being able to work for a period of time.

Nevertheless, while the law was his profession, his true vocation revealed itself later in life. Perhaps stirred by sightings of rhinoceros in the Kenyan jungle while on national service, or by his mother’s informal education in the flora and fauna of Surrey, his interest in the natural world grew from a hobby to a passion to an expertise. He was a scientist in a very particularly British way: his science was of careful observation and meticulous recording, best exemplified by Gilbert White and Charles Darwin, two men whose legacy was deeply impressed upon him.

He taught me, and countless others, how to tell the difference between a swift and a swallow, how to distinguish the call of a cricket from that of a grasshopper, and where precisely to brush against touch-

me-not to experience the thrill of its exploding seed pods. He was always modest with his capacious knowledge and eager to share with friends, family, colleagues, and especially children, whom he was able to captivate with expeditions to find badgers' setts in the wood, safaris through Normandy marshland, or peripatetic lessons on the life cycle of newts.

His interest was not limited to biology though: he was a keen reader of fiction and non-fiction, and had an especial interest in art and architecture. He was always a generous and informative guide around old churches recommended by Pevsner, art galleries across Europe, or a particularly interesting Corbusier building, and he was delighted when his nephew Edward, whom he greatly inspired, became a successful designer.

After his retirement at 60, he had honed his biological interests to the study of insects, with his first book, *The Grasshoppers of Surrey*, published in 1999. For the last 20 years of his life, however, he established himself as a world expert on hymenoptera, the order of insects that contains bees, wasps and ants. His study soon became home to treasure boxes filled with these insects: enormous African bees with dagger-like stingers; glittering jewel wasps with abdomens like rubies, emeralds and sapphires; and miniscule ants whose identity could only be determined by enumerating microscopic hairs on their hind legs.

His studies begun in the garden and woods around his home (where he recorded more bee and wasp species than have been found in Kew Gardens), widening to explore the surprisingly diverse ecosystems of Surrey, to making systematic studies of the bees and wasps of Portugal, the Balearic Islands, and parts of Africa. He collaborated with researchers the world over, who recognised his "extremely valuable scientific legacy", his "wonderful books on the Surrey aculeates", and saw in him "an example of an old person with child's eyes, full of curiosity".

He made one final trip to Kenya in February, supposedly for a holiday but never far from his insect net. While swimming in the Indian Ocean, he suffered a heart attack, and died shortly afterwards in Manon's arms. As a family – his wife; his children; his nephews, Edward and Johnny; his five grandchildren, Sam, Toby, Joe, Maria and myself; and his two great-nieces Rosa and Greta – we scattered his ashes on Mare Hill common, where he loved to walk, with the

ceaseless flitting of migratory swifts overhead.
He was a man who used to notice such things
He was a man who had an eye for such mysteries

Michael Ball (Natural Sciences, 1956)

by Clive Stott (Chemistry, 1957)

Michael Ball was my friend for over sixty years. I first met him when I arrived at Brasenose College, and was introduced to him by my friend Roderick Cannon (see *The Brazen Nose* Volume 49 obituaries) who was a year ahead of me. Like me, Roderick and Mike were both reading Chemistry; they had struck up a friendship and worked together in the laboratory – the Cannon Ball partnership.

Roderick and I had known each other at school and shared several interests (besides Chemistry), chief of which were steam railways and recreational mathematics. These had no special appeal for Mike, but he and I still had a lot in common. We shared an enthusiasm for music, but while I was content to listen, Mike's interest was practical too: he was an excellent violinist and played the instrument throughout his life, at school in the Leicestershire Schools Symphony Orchestra, and most recently in the Cardiff Philharmonic Orchestra.

He had attended Ashby de la Zouche Grammar School in Leicestershire but lived in Derbyshire, and that was where his loyalties lay. He was and remained a keen supporter of Derby County Football Club and he liked to quote Jane Austen in *Pride and Prejudice* "There is not a finer county in England than Derbyshire".

We were both Baptists, attended New Road Baptist Church, and were members of the John Bunyan society which met weekly. Before its meetings there were sandwiches to prepare, and while we were doing that Mike would entertain us all by singing songs from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas that he had taken part in while at school.

For his first degree he studied with Jack Bartrop, but after completing the course he joined Geoff Garton and worked on the production of large crystals such as yttrium aluminium garnet, which when doped with small amounts of other rare earth elements act as lasers. And one of the garnets he had made shone in the engagement ring he gave to Sally Price before their wedding in 1964.

Researching family history was one of Mike's enthusiasms, and it

resulted in the discovery of an unusual connection between student and supervisor – he and Geoff Garton shared a common ancestor!

But after gaining his DPhil, he changed direction and studied at Regent's Park College to become a Baptist minister.

His first appointment was in Ipswich, and while there he became interested in growing roses, and contributed articles to the magazine of the Royal National Rose Society. Although he had never been a scout or cub, he became deeply involved in scouting and was active in the leadership of the Baptist Scout Guild; his wife Sally remembers their family visit to an international scout camp in Norway.

After some time at Ipswich they went to Pontypridd, and subsequently to Sutton and then Llanishen, before retiring in Caerphilly. While he was in Sutton he was involved in the production of a new Baptist Hymn Book, published in 1991.

We visited each other on several occasions over the years, most recently in autumn 2018. Six months later he was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and it had already spread to his spine; little could be done. I visited him in May 2019 when he was in hospital; he was cheerful, and getting around the ward with a walking frame. He afterwards returned home, but died on October 6th.

Sally said of him, "I shall always remember his beaming smile", and I know that all who ever knew him would echo that.

You can see more about Mike Ball at www.clivestott.com if you enter the password: mball

Christopher Butler (English, 1959)

by Bernard Richards (English, 1959)

Chris Butler was an exact contemporary of mine, and we read English together. He was brilliant and impressive, and, above all charming and amusing. I probably learnt more from him than from my tutors. He had a very philosophic turn of mind, and turned it on English Literature to good effect. In his first year he had a room in Cloisters (now part of the Library), and was always hopeful that someone would be sick into his room, à la Brideshead, but it wasn't to be. We attended high-powered seminars, including one on aesthetics in All Souls with Stuart Hampshire and Edgar Wind. Week after week an American uttered the plaintive cry, 'but what about my sunset?' How we mocked him,

but the question of the sunset subsequently turned up in Christopher's book *Pleasure and the Arts* (2005):

“But even something that the individual can only experience ‘in him/herself’ – such as the taste of ice-cream, a kiss, or the sight of a good sunset – is not ipso facto beyond discussion in general terms. Many of us are enjoying the same sort of thing when we look at a Rembrandt or a Monet, and with very good reason.”

Chris had broad musical tastes, and undergraduate life is almost summed up for me by a record he used to play by Anita O'Day: ‘On the first bright day, the first bright day of May, I'll send you a big bouquet’. I have tried googling the song, and it fails to appear – which is always delightful and consoling, because it means something has slipped away from the ghastly maw of memory retrieved by machine. Chris ran a magazine called *Oxford Opinion*, which was one of the most brilliant and well-informed undergraduate publications since the war. I recall that it had an article in it by the appropriately named Turkish architect Biltin Toker on the necessity for truth in buildings – no plaster imitating wood, that kind of thing. That doesn't turn up on Google either.

Some time round about Finals we went together to a lecture by the major American luminary (or should that be lunimary?) and guru Richard Palmer Blackmur. That almost guaranteed that we would both become dons. The lecture rang the changes on some sentence about art liberated from imagination forms the life of dreams, dreams liberated from art forms the life of the imagination, etc. Afterwards Chris claimed to have understood it. As graduates we went together to Greece, and I can date it, because in some remote pasture a gnarled Greek peasant made an obscene gesture and uttered the only two English words he knew: ‘Christine Keeler’. Imagine, being at the perfect Doric temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassae in the middle of the Peloponnese on a bright summer morning, with absolutely no one else there! Et in Arcadia nos. The whole thing was so idyllic that I have never dared go back to Greece since. Brasenose gave Chris a travelling scholarship to investigate Venetian art. He went with the high-profile college aesthete Paul Woddis. I'd love to have been a fly on the frescoed wall during that trip. When he got married and was a student at Christ Church he and Gillian occupied the Brew House, a cottage on the south side of Hall – subsequently lived in by Auden. What a privilege and a pleasure to have known Chris, and how all his

friends miss him. The American alumnus of Brasenose Al Bernstein (alas, also deceased) said that Chris gave him the perfect image of what the life of the mind involved.

Christopher Butler (English, 1959)

by Peter Conrad

Looking back, it is impossible for me to imagine my life if Christopher Butler had not come into it in 1973. I know, from the messages they sent me after receiving the news of his death, that many of the people we taught feel the same: they unanimously recalled his kindness and hospitality, the joyous enthusiasm for intellectual work that he conveyed, and his unique capacity to talk brilliantly about any extra-curricular subject under the sun. I second all of that, but I think I can claim that his intervention in my case was even more decisive.

We met at an after-dinner discussion group I was occasionally taken to by John Bayley, who had been my tutor at New College – the kind of thing I always avoided in later years, but in those days it saved me from spending another miserable evening immured in All Souls worsening my state of curdled gloom by listening to Wagner. After one of these meetings, Christopher suggested that I might think of applying for the tutorial position Christ Church was advertising to replace J.I.M. Stewart, legendary as a waspish litterateur and an author both of detective stories and of novels about donnish politicking set in an antiquated but sleekly malevolent Oxford. I hesitated, because I had only once set foot in Christ Church, to hear W.H. Auden preach in the Cathedral, and I remembered that, before I set off on that Sunday evening in 1970, my New College cronies had warned me about the rugger-club hearties who supposedly ran riot there, waiting to pounce on intruders from the more bookish colleges north of the High Street. But I recoiled from the prospect of four more years at All Souls, and decided to take the risk. It was a providential move, and I never regretted it, which is why I stayed at Christ Church for as long as Christopher did. More than a colleague, he was a loyal and generous friend, a staunch moral support, and an admired intellectual soulmate. Richard Hamer's departure was wrenching enough, but when Christopher in his turn retired, I looked around, saw that things were not going to be the same, and followed him out the door as soon as I decently could.

I think of Christopher now as the big brother I never had – but certainly not as a Big Brother, because although he became Senior Censor soon after I arrived (taking over from Richard Hamer) and went on to become a University Proctor, he completely lacked the self-importance and bossiness that overtook others who did such jobs. He accepted those roles, he once told me, to show that academics were not impractical brainboxes but could actually be good at running things; having made his point, he happily returned to reading, writing and teaching. His great delight was not the exercise of power but the operation of intelligence, which for him was a vital joy and an almost athletic exercise, as well as a search for truth.

Having studied for a while with Isaiah Berlin, Christopher had the mind of a philosopher. One of his early interests was numerology and number symbolism, and this appreciation of abstract patterns lay behind his fondness for conceptual art and his decision late in life to learn the piano: mathematics and music both found house-room in that great domed head. Christopher truly possessed the universality that universities, in the days before myopic specialisation, were supposed to be about, and it pleased me enormously whenever he sent me a copy of his books inscribed – in that extravagantly florid handwriting, which hinted at aspects of personality that weren't always on public view – as 'another contribution to the Christ Church School of Universal Cultural History'.

During the days we spent cooped up together each December interviewing entrance candidates, I was always taken aback by the stealthy but unthreatening logic of his questioning: he had a way of coaxing people to reconsider the assumptions they were making and sharpening their perceptions, so that they ended up seeming brighter at the end of the session than they did at the beginning. My way of doing things was to extort a reaction by surprise, which often left the candidates baffled; Christopher's was the more patient and productive Socratic method. Despite his keen enthusiasm, his was a very serene presence during those marathons, and I never felt him tiring or sensed that his concentration was faltering. Every candidate, no matter how unlikely, had the benefit of his brain for twenty minutes.

When the hopefuls and the hopeless left the room, he and I had our disagreements, which Richard shrewdly refereed. An argument about one young woman was the occasion for the only tiff I had with

Christopher. Unable to win the argument by the rational means that Christopher employed, I had a tantrum, walked out, then realised that it was my own rooms I'd left in a huff. It was snowing in the quad, and I didn't have my keys so couldn't go home; my only recourse was to slink back in, trying not to look foolish. Christopher, however, apologised to me, though I'd been in the wrong – a gesture that was typical of his sweet nature, and perhaps of his capacity for ironic amusement. We were on less than friendly terms for a total of about five minutes in 35 years.

The only briefing I received before I turned up in October 1973 was succinct: I remember Christopher saying 'I take the first year, you take the second, and we share the third.' That gave him the rights to everything written after the accession of Queen Victoria. Incredibly enough, this was all undiscovered country in Oxford, where the English syllabus had only recently modernised itself by conceding that literary history did not end with the romantic poets but continued throughout the nineteenth century and even, a little racily, into the early twentieth. Christopher elected to teach Mods because modernity was what excited him, and since the 1970s were the years when critical theory was gaining favour he could also experiment with this boldly self-reflexive way of dealing with texts, which allowed readers or interpreters to challenge the authority of writers. He was placed in the vanguard, which left me to dose students with *The Faerie Queene* and *Paradise Lost* or *Rasselas* and *Clarissa*; it was something of a good cop/bad cop arrangement, but the role of bad cop was type-casting for me. Christopher once commented on the 'liberal and pacific instincts' of the critic, who works by 'interposing himself between the embattled artist and his bewildered audience'. Liberality and pacifism were his creed, while I preferred, I'm afraid, to do the battling and bewildering.

Christopher's choice of periods had nothing to do with accessibility or fashionability, and I have always thought that the rousing last sentence of his book *After the Wake* – a wonderfully ingenious and wry explication of procedures in writing, painting and music that he derives from Joyce's innovations in *Finnegans Wake* – propounds a personal mission. Typically, he introduces this by asking to be forgiven for his 'distressingly obvious pieties', but what he goes on to say is neither obvious nor pious. The book's aim, he says, is to ensure 'that we may meet the greatest of challenges to those concerned for the arts: that of inhabiting the present rather than taking refuge in the past'.

The challenge was taken up by the conductor Simon Rattle, for whom Christopher served as a tutor and mentor during the sabbatical year Simon spent in Oxford late in the 1970s: in a television series he made for Channel 4 on music in the twentieth century, Simon ends with a programme about Schoenberg, Webern and their descendants which gratefully borrows the title of Christopher's 'essay on the contemporary avant-garde'.

To be contemporary means being alive in your own time; it also means being, as actors say, 'in the moment'. Christopher was all those things, and his engagement with the people who were currently in the room and the ideas they had at this particular instant was what made him so invigorating as a teacher. I was struck by a word one of our former students used in an email she sent me after his death: she had seen him in the street recently, and commented that he was as 'vivid' as ever. She is a novelist, so not surprisingly her evocation of him was clinched by that 'mot juste'. In my head there is also a recurrent echo of something Gillian said when we were last together. Christopher had suffered a recent physical setback; when I heard about it, I came up from London to see him, and was collected from the coach by Gillian. On the way back to their house, I asked her how he had coped with a long and fraught convalescence. She flashed the brightest of smiles and, in her dual capacity as a wife and an acclaimed clinical psychologist, she said 'He's the ideal patient, because he is never bored!' Never bored, and never boring either. I found him in his cerebral retreat at the top of the house, commuting as usual between two computers, several piles of books, and his beloved piano. At one point I mentioned a recent recital of late and lengthy Schubert sonatas by Mitsuko Uchida – a demanding marathon at the end of which she came out, sat down again at the piano stool and silently held up two fingers poised half an inch apart, to reassure us that we were not going to be detained for very much longer. She then played one of Schoenberg's *Kleine Klavierstücke*, a spiky aphorism that lasts for less than a minute. Christopher laughed, reached out and took from the piano the sheet music for that particular piece, annotated in the margins in his loopy calligraphy. He had been working on it earlier that morning, as a technical and mental challenge – a daily reminder of the need to inhabit the present.

Of course Christopher could inhabit most periods of the past as well, and when not getting literally to grips with Schoenberg he said he had

been writing about Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* and attempting, with his usual combination of aesthetic delight and philosophical curiosity, to understand the meaning of the act of forgiveness that occurs during the finale in the dark garden. Here too he made me realise the temperamental difference between us, a complementarity that perhaps explained our friendship: the Mozart opera that has always preoccupied me is *Don Giovanni*, in which everyone behaves unforgivably.

I think of Christopher as an unofficial philosopher; if asked exactly what his philosophy was I'd have to say he was a hedonist. I'm not sure whether that counts as a philosophy or even an ethical system, but it is the clue to his intellectual orientation and to his personal behaviour. About half way through our time as colleagues, his persona underwent a change: he stopped smoking and his pipe – the symbolic prop of Oxford dons who belonged to a certain generation – disappeared forever. He compensated by becoming a wine connoisseur, overseeing the stock in the college cellars and going on oenophile expeditions throughout Europe that were organised by Richard Cooper, an old friend of mine from New College who got to know Christopher when they were Proctors together. When I remarked on his renunciation of tobacco, Christopher said, 'When you give up one pleasure you have to replace it with another.' That was his version of Bentham's felicific calculus.

His book *Pleasure and the Arts*, which is about enjoyment not analysis, followed logically. Here he disparages our current worries about 'the moral and political significance of the arts' – which, though he was too peace-loving a man to say so, has reduced the academic study of literature to an annex of identity politics – and instead argues that art exists to generate 'pleasurable emotions and feelings [which] are in fact very complicated modes of understanding the world'. After a larky introductory investigation of jokes, he goes on to rove omnivorously through the history of literature, music and the visual arts, taking in Rembrandt and Picasso, Richard Strauss and the jazz pianist Keith Jarrett, David Lynch and Nick Hornby. The emphasis always is on shared experience, and although in his preface Christopher ponders the unearned impersonality of 'the philosopher's "we"', he uses the pronoun more naively and more infectiously when he talks about the way personal appreciation is intensified by public participation, 'as when we laugh with others at the theatre or jump about at a rock

concert, or endure Arsenal in the rain' – or perhaps, I would add, when we discuss a literary work with one or two students in a tutorial. Those almost offhand phrases encapsulate Christopher's generosity of spirit, and the casual references to rock music and football catch the eclecticism of his sympathies.

I'm not sure how common it is for Oxford students, long after graduation, to maintain close friendships with those who taught them. It has happened to me, and I've often reflected that I hardly deserve it, given my grumpiness in earlier days; I can more easily understand why Christopher had so many devotees. Invidious as it is to single out any individual, I will mention Kate Teale, now an artist living in New York, who not long ago made a portrait of Christopher and Gillian that hangs at the bottom of their staircase in North Oxford. It is a perceptive and moving celebration of their affinity and interdependence: wise, genial, talented in different ways but supremely well matched as a couple, they look almost symbiotically linked, and they greet the world with a welcoming smile, just as they always did when opening their front door. A few days after Christopher's death, Kate wrote to me about him, and attached to her e-mail some of the photographs she took as points of reference for the portrait. The images came with labels, and a click was needed to open them; one label said 'Christopher and Gillian laughing', which warned me of a likely emotional shock. I still haven't had the courage to look at any of those photographs – as the poet says, *Nessun maggior dolore*. But I know that in future, when the loss of Christopher has become less painful, I will often go back to this little gallery, to hold onto at least the image of this pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving, vivid man whom I was so lucky to know and to work with for half a lifetime.

Paul Dear (Molecular Biology, 1985)

*First published on the website of the MRC Laboratory of
Molecular Biology on March 16th 2020*

Paul Dear, former Group Leader in the Medical Research Council Laboratory of Molecular Biology's PNAC Division, died on Wednesday 11th March 2020. Paul was most interested in developing new methods and technologies to improve research and information gathering, particularly in genomics.

Paul was born on 27th April 1962. He studied Natural Sciences at Gonville and Caius College at the University of Cambridge as an Exhibitioner, graduating with a First in Biochemistry in 1984. Before starting his PhD at Brasenose College, University of Oxford in 1985 he worked as a research assistant at the LMB with Greg Winter for a few months, and was responsible for the synthesis of the oligonucleotides used in the creation of the first humanised antibodies. In Oxford, working with Prof Peter Cook at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, Paul developed methods for linkage mapping of large DNA molecules, and was awarded a Junior Research Fellowship at St Edmund Hall. In 1992, he returned to the LMB, initially as a postdoctoral scientist in Terry Rabbitts' group, becoming a Group Leader in 1994. He left in 2015 and set up his own research company, Mote Research, at Babraham, just outside Cambridge, and was the company's CEO.

Paul's main area of research was in genomics, particularly the development of new technologies and techniques using single-molecule methods. This included genome mapping, haplotyping, sequencing of ancient DNA, and more recently, microfluidics and single-molecule DNA sequencing. His development of methods began from a theoretical analysis in his doctoral thesis, when he developed a new method for genomic mapping, the DNA fragmentation mapping method, essentially an *in vitro* analogue of classical linkage mapping, in which recombination and segregation separate linked markers with a frequency proportional to the distance between them.

His later research focussed on using molecule-counting methods to look at copy-number variations (CNVs), particularly in the early development of cancer. By looking at genomic variation in small clusters of pre-malignant cells, his group gained insights into the earliest events in carcinogenesis. The same approach was also used to look at cell-to-cell variation within normal tissues, and at the genomic alterations that take place in ageing cells.

From 1993 to 1998, Paul was also a consultant and instrumentation designer for Flowgen Instruments Ltd., and from 2013 was a molecular biologist at Base4 Innovation. Paul was the recipient of various MRC Inventor Awards, and in 1998 was awarded the Max Perutz Postdoctoral Research Prize.

Outside of research, Paul had many interests: aviation, geology, naked-eye astronomy, electronics and robotics, and music (piano).

At the LMB he was also known for his wry and witty replies to general building-wide emails, for example, on advising someone who was asking how to eliminate black mould from their home, he suggested: “take two tablespoons of baking soda and about 250ml of vodka. Set the baking soda to one side. Drink the vodka. Then move house.”

Greg Winter comments “I remember Paul with great affection, not only as a wit but as an extremely bright and original thinker, as well as a skilled experimentalist. Paul was immensely loyal and grateful to the LMB and to those who worked with him.”

Paul leaves behind his wife Denise and daughter Felicity, both fellow scientists.

Michael Egan (Jurisprudence, 1965)

by Bill Haddad

Michael Matthew Egan died August 31, 2020, after a long illness. Born January 9, 1943, he was the only child of Michael Egan and Mary Margaret (Kelly) Egan, both of Chicago. Mike grew up in Skokie and went to Loyola Academy in Wilmette. For college he went to Georgetown, where he majored in liberal arts and became a devotee of polo. After graduating from Georgetown in 1965, he read Jurisprudence for three years at Brasenose College, Oxford, then returned to Chicago to launch a career in real estate. He got active in Georgetown affairs and served a term as president of the Georgetown Alumni Association in Chicago. At the same time he became a figure in the theatrical renaissance here that took off in the late 60s: in addition to serving on the Auxiliary Board of the Art Institute, he was a founding member of one of the boards of the Goodman Theatre and was president of that board for a year in the mid-70s. He was also a founding member of one of the boards of Victory Gardens and was friends with several of the players who made their names at Second City as Second City was becoming world-famous. More recently he was for about a decade on the Dean’s International Council at the Harris School of Public Policy at the University of Chicago and was an advisor to the companies Eaglerail and Lissx.

In the half-century since his return from England he almost never missed the annual Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race Dinner at the University Club. For some years he was also a member of the University

Club as well as of the Arts Club, the Tavern Club, and the Racquet Club.

Mike's closest survivor is David Shawanokasic of Green Bay, Wisconsin, whom he took in as a teenager after David's parents had died. Besides David, Mike leaves cousins here and friends on both sides of the Atlantic. As one of them on this side writes, he "was beloved, ... lived life with abandon, was loyal and generous and loved by his friends."

There will be no funeral service. A memorial gathering will take place next year.

Richard Ferris (Jurisprudence, 1988)

by Michael Shaw (Jurisprudence, 1988)

Richard Ferris, known as Rick to his Brasenose friends, was born on 5 January 1970 to parents Richard and Margaret. Due to his father's career as managing director of Eastman Kodak in a number of different countries, Rick's childhood was an international one; born in Malaysia, he was christened in what was then Rhodesia, lived in Singapore until he was seven, then in South Africa from where he went to Haileybury School at the age of 12. When asked he would always describe himself as Scottish, as that was where his parents were from, although he only ever lived there during school and university holidays after his parents retired to Ayr when he was 16.

Rick was one of the first friends I made at Brasenose. He had a talent for getting to know people quickly and as a former boarding school pupil he seemed enviably at ease in the new surroundings of college. As I got to know him better I found that he was a man of wide interests, from literature (English had been his passion at school) and music to sport, where his particular strength was in racquet sports. Although a good squash player, his favourite game was real tennis for which he was on the fringe of the university team. He spent a very happy three years at Brasenose, and in our last year he and I had rooms two doors apart in Frewin Court where we probably distracted each other from our studies a bit too much.

After graduating in 1991 Rick and I, together with fellow Brasenose lawyers Andrew Hughes and Tamsin Nicholds, went to the College of Law in York to study for Law Society Finals and it was there that Rick met his future wife, Brona. Whilst at Brasenose Rick had secured a

training contract at City of London solicitors' firm Holman, Fenwick and Willan, chosen because of its strength in shipping law. Once there he found insurance law more to his liking and this became his professional specialism after qualifying as a solicitor in 1994. In 2003 he made the step from private practice into an in-house role as head of litigation with Riverstone. Four years later he joined insurance giant Aon plc as Deputy Legal Director. At Aon he rose to become chief counsel for the company's risk businesses in Europe, the Middle East and Africa, including re/insurance broking, risk and market consulting and captive management. It was a measure of the respect and affection in which he was held by his colleagues that so many wished to attend his funeral.

Rick and Brona married in 1998 and started a family with sons Matthew and Michael born in 2002 and 2004. As an only child who had been to boarding school Rick was always very family minded, taking a great and genuine interest in the families of his friends even before becoming a father himself. Once a father, he adored his boys who are now a great credit to him and Brona.

Rick's illness was first diagnosed in 2016 when it was discovered that a virus infection had caused scarring to his heart tissue and significantly reduced its function. For a few years it seemed that he would be able to manage this with medication and although forced to give up the red wines which he loved he otherwise carried on living much as normal. Sadly though, a deterioration in his condition put him in need of a heart transplant and it was at Harefield Hospital whilst awaiting a suitable donor that he passed away on 28 November 2019. Throughout his last few months in intensive care he remained very much the man I knew, continuing to show his characteristic concern for others even as they were concerned for him.

Rick was a man of many fine qualities; a devoted husband, dedicated father, loyal and true friend and respected colleague. Those who were privileged to know him will also remember his great and sly sense of humour, his tremendous ability to mimic accents and his love of a good steak, science fiction and technology. Above all though we will remember him as a someone who left us too soon with so much more to give.

Peter Furley (Geography, 1956)*by Neil Stuart and Charles Withers**First published in The Scotsman, February 28th 2020*

Peter Furley, who has died aged 84, had a distinguished career as a biogeographer in the Department of Geography at the University of Edinburgh between 1962 and 2001, being promoted to a Personal Chair in Biogeography in 1998. He had an international reputation in tropical biogeography and pedology, in particular for his work on the dynamics of savanna and tropical forest systems. He was awarded the President's Medal of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, chaired the British Biogeography Study Group for several years and among many publications co-authored *Geography of the Biosphere* (1983), a standard text in biogeography, and co-edited *Biogeography and Development in the Humid Tropics* (1988).

Peter Anthony Furley was born on 5th August 1935 and educated at Gravesend Grammar School. He won a scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford, which he took up after two years' National Service as a Flying Officer in the RAF. He graduated in geography and subsequently undertook a DPhil in soil science, also at Oxford. It was in Oxford that he met Margaret, who was following preparatory courses for university. They married on 23rd March 1963 at St Mary's, Battersea and would have four children: Niki, Andrew, Sara and Kirsten.

While at Oxford, Peter received the Vaughan Cornish Award, enabling him to work in Gran Canaria where the impact of volcanic processes on landforms could be seen in their effects on soils and vegetation. This research precipitated life-long interests in the plants and soils of the tropical world. Upon joining Edinburgh University's Geography Department, he established the first analytical laboratories in the Department, high up in an old building in High School Yards, much to the surprise of the University's Fire Warden. His Edinburgh position allowed him to become involved with overseas fieldwork. He was the Royal Scottish Geographical Society's Chair of Expeditions and in 1966 began work on the natural resources and development of Belize (British Honduras). Over the decades following, this underpinned long-running Departmental research programmes, and it was mainly as a result of Peter's activity and research leadership that Edinburgh became the leading British university concerned

with Belize. Numerous papers, monographs and expedition reports followed. Peter's first expedition to British Honduras was in 1966; he would return in 1970, 1980, 1983 and 1986, and helped produce the first agricultural census of the country.

In 1976, Peter became one of four founding professors of ecology at the newly constructed University of Brasilia, where he started a long association with Brazil, and with Dr Jim Ratter, then Head of Tropical Biology at the Royal Botanic Garden in Edinburgh. In 1977, Furley led a multi-disciplinary team assessing the natural resources of Brazil's centre-west regions, followed by similar work in Rondonia in the western Amazon. Using his RAF experience, Peter promoted the use of airborne radar in surveying these huge areas, forty years before radar surveys would become widely used. He returned to Brazil in the 1990s to head the Maraca Rain Forest Project – one of the largest scientific expeditions ever mounted in the Amazon.

From the 1980s Peter extended his interests and worked in Cameroon, northern Australia and in China as Visiting Professor of Soil Science at Yangling, Shaanxi Province. In 1996 he began a four-year link with the Laboratory of Tropical Resource Ecology at the University of Zimbabwe, teaching and researching fire and nutrient cycling in miombo woodlands. Latterly, Peter turned his attention to the conflict between conservation and development and to practical action to conserve forests. With John Burton from the World Land Trust and the 'Adopt an Acre' programme, he encouraged the collective purchase of parcels of forest land to ensure their conservation. Further Belize expeditions in 1988, 1991 and 1996 allowed him to undertake the first nationwide survey of the country's coastal mangroves, more than a decade before this became an issue of international concern. Peter worked tirelessly to promote the public understanding of science. He was deeply involved in the design of the 'Tropical Rainforest' exhibit for the Dynamic Earth in Edinburgh, and with the Natural History Museum in London, which opened its field station in Belize in 1993. That year, Peter convened researchers at the National Museum of Scotland for the first meeting of the UK-Belize Association – subsequently an annual gathering of academics, NGO staff and diplomats that continues today.

Peter retired from the University in 2001. As Professor Emeritus he continued researching, participating in expeditions, supervising

students and publishing, including *Savannahs: a Short Introductory Guide* (Oxford University Press, 2016) and a reference database of savanna soils for Belize in 2018. He remained President of the UK-Belize Association until 2014. Peter successfully underwent knee replacement surgery in 2019, but later that year a tumour was found that proved inoperable, and despite radiotherapy, Peter died peacefully on Friday 31 January this year. He is survived by his loving wife Margaret, their four children, and their family Cameron, Tom, Amelia, Jamie, Anna, Rowan, Luca, and Kieran. An inspiring teacher, passionate researcher and forceful advocate for forest conservation, Peter will be sorely missed by friends, former students and colleagues for his intellect, his kindness, the generosity with which he always gave his time, and his enduringly positive outlook.

A memorial ceremony was held at Aberlady Church on Friday 21st February 2020 to celebrate Peter's life, with a further commemorative event on 30th October 2020 as part of the annual meeting of the UK-Belize Association, which he founded. Held online because of the Covid pandemic, this allowed many of Peter's former students, collaborators and friends from both the UK and Belize to share their remembrances of the man many described as 'generous, kind and always optimistic'.

Frank Giles (Modern History, 1937)

First published in The Telegraph, November 1st 2019

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Frank Giles, who has died aged 100, edited The Sunday Times from 1981 to 1983, during two of the most turbulent and unhappy years in that newspaper's history.

Mild-mannered, gentlemanly and with political views slightly to the left of centre, Giles could hardly have been more of a contrast to the paper's new proprietor Rupert Murdoch, who, by Giles's account, believed that "subordinates are best spurred into action by a scarcely remitting hail of critical sticks and stones".

Giles fought continual, though not always successful, battles with Murdoch to preserve his independence as editor. His tenure came to an abrupt end, however, in 1983, following the debacle of the forged Hitler diaries, a deeply embarrassing episode for which Giles was not wholly to blame.

A long-serving deputy editor of the newspaper, Giles was 62 and considering taking early retirement when Rupert Murdoch, who had bought the Times titles in 1980, offered him the editorship in place of Harold Evans, whom he wanted to move to The Times.

“It did not occur to me for one minute to do anything but accept,” Giles recalled. Though there had been unfavourable publicity about Murdoch, he felt that guarantees Murdoch had given on editorial independence were hard and fast enough to stick.

To begin with, the job did not seem too difficult, though his relations with Murdoch were never easy. The Australian would turn up in his office on Saturday nights as the first proofs arrived and, jabbing with his fingers at some article, would say: “What do you want to print rubbish like that for?” or, pointing to some byline, “That man’s a Commie.”

Giles convinced himself that Murdoch’s performance was not sincere and evolved a simple technique of not answering his strictures on the basis that while Murdoch had a right to make them, he as editor had a right not to heed them. Relations deteriorated after Murdoch appointed Gerald Long, a former chief executive at Reuters, to be managing director.

“It was open season on Giles from the first day,” recorded Harold Evans in his memoirs. “Long had conceived one of his instant dislikes.” Long had a tendency to egg on Murdoch in his impulsiveness and to ape him in intolerance and rudeness. “It did indeed become apparent that Long, for reasons best left to the psychiatrist to explain, had decided to harass and criticise me as often and as strongly as possible,” wrote Giles in his autobiography.

Long’s forte was the pompous and insulting memorandum. On one occasion, after Long had instructed editorial staff not to make any increases in remuneration without the approval of himself or Rupert Murdoch, Giles wrote back insisting on his right as editor to make merit awards from time to time to his journalists.

“The matter raised in your letter,” expostulated Long in a lengthy reply, “is not a matter of principle, not a point at all, but an example of what appears to be your abnormal sensitivity about editorial prerogative.” The memorandum continued for two pages in this vein, though it grudgingly conceded Giles’s point. It was at this stage, recorded Giles, that he instructed his personal assistant to open a “Long insult file”. Within months it had become quite bulky.

In September 1981, in the midst of skirmishes with Long over the paper's editorial line, Giles found himself piggy-in-the-middle in an industrial dispute when the Sunday Times chapel of the NGA called a strike over wage differentials, to which Murdoch responded by decreeing that no member of staff would be paid until the NGA had promised normal production.

At a shocked and angry meeting, Giles had to tell his journalists that they were being sent home until further notice and would not be paid. Though his own salary was paid by News International, Murdoch's main London company, and was therefore separate from the dispute, Giles knew immediately that he would never retain the confidence of his staff if he continued to draw it, and he announced that he would wish to undergo the same sacrifices being imposed on them. "The dispute was settled quickly enough," he recalled, "but there had been a terrible breach of confidence".

His worst row with Murdoch and Long came in 1982 when Murdoch told him he wanted to get rid of the editor of the colour magazine, Ron Hall, and replace him with Peter Jackson, editor of the News of the World magazine, and that he intended to appoint Brian MacArthur, a former Sunday Times man, as senior deputy editor, an effective demotion for the political editor, Hugo Young. Murdoch made no pretence of consulting Giles, though the appointments would go out in his name.

Giles resolved to tell Murdoch that Young should not be demoted and that he would insist on meeting Jackson first, but while waiting to see Murdoch, he made the mistake of revealing his intentions to Long, hoping that he would for once be a little understanding: "It was about as sensible as to appeal to a crocodile for help in fording a swollen river," Giles recalled.

Long left the room and was closeted with Murdoch for 10 minutes or so. When he returned it was to say that unless Giles carried out Murdoch's bidding his editorship would come to an early end. There was nothing for it but to submit or be sacked; Giles submitted.

The end of his editorship was not long coming. In February 1983 Peter Wickman, the London correspondent of the West German magazine Stern, telephoned to say that he had an important proposition to make. The magazine, Wickman explained, had got hold of some diaries by Hitler and wondered if The Sunday Times was interested in serialising them.

Giles insisted that they must be allowed to see the material first, and after prolonged negotiations (during which it was decided that the diaries should be serialised in *The Times* rather than *The Sunday Times*), Stern agreed to show them to the historian Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper (Lord Dacre of Glanton), a director of *The Times* and an authority on Nazi Germany.

Trevor-Roper returned from a visit to Zurich, where the documents were being held in a bank vault, convinced the diaries were genuine. The decision was taken to buy the rights for \$400,000 and Murdoch rang Giles to tell him the material would be published in *The Sunday Times* after all.

The plan was to break the news of their discovery on Sunday April 24, following up in subsequent editions with excerpts from the diaries. On the Friday, however, Giles received several memoranda from *Sunday Times* staff emphasising the incomplete nature of the authentication process Stern claimed they had arranged. But he chose to rely on the testimony of Trevor-Roper, whose article confirming his view that the diaries were authentic appeared in *Saturday's Times*.

Unknown to Giles, however, Trevor-Roper was already having second thoughts, and early on Saturday morning had rung the editor of *The Times*, Charles Douglas-Home, to tell him so. Douglas-Home later confessed that he had decided it was better not to tell Giles; as Trevor-Roper had been in such a state, he (Douglas-Home) had felt it quite likely he was mistaken.

"Like Murdoch," Giles remarked, "he had become so immersed in the business of wanting the diaries to be genuine that he was unable to face the possibility that they were not."

So it was that at eight o'clock on Saturday evening, with his senior colleagues assembled in his room poring over the front page proofs with their banner headline "Exclusive: how the diaries of the Führer were found in an East German hayloft", Giles rang Trevor-Roper to describe the story they were running and to see if he had anything to add.

Trevor-Roper's response came as a bombshell. "I hope you are not going to make a 180° turn are you?" the assembled journalists heard Giles ask, followed by: "Oh you are, are you?" But by then it was too late and the paper with its banner headline duly appeared on the news stands the next morning.

Although Trevor-Roper had revised his opinion, no final conclusion had been reached before Giles went off on his annual holiday to Corfu, having arranged that no part of the diaries should be published before May 22. In his absence the blow fell. The German Federal Archives pronounced them blatant forgeries and The Sunday Times was forced to make a humiliating apology to its readers.

Giles later received a fulsome apology from Trevor-Roper exonerating The Sunday Times of any blame in the matter. Rupert Murdoch was not so forgiving, and within days the rumour factory of Fleet Street was humming with stories that he was about to appoint a new editor of The Sunday Times.

Sure enough, shortly after the general election, Murdoch told Giles that he wanted him to make way for a younger man. As his contract lasted a further year, Murdoch allowed him to stay on as “editor emeritus” for two years, and as a director of Times newspapers. “‘E’ means you’re out,” Murdoch told people who inquired. “‘Meritus’ means you deserve it.”

Frank Thomas Robertson Giles was born on July 31 1919, the son of a regular officer in the Royal Engineers. His father died when Frank was 10, leaving his mother extremely hard up. To make ends meet, she would take lodgers into their home at Fleet in Hampshire. Giles recalled spending long hours washing up at the pantry sink.

Giles was a sickly child, a bout of rheumatic fever having left him with a heart murmur. At Wellington College, an establishment “rampant with philistinism, homosexuality, sadistic masters and games worship”, he was inspired by a history master with the unlikely name of Rollo St Clair Talboys.

St Clair Talboys taught a form of history “in which a fair degree of fantasy was mixed with strict attention to taste and style”. His extolling of the virtues of Thomas More persuaded Giles he should become a Roman Catholic, until he was talked out of it by another master.

Giles began to win prizes for essays and compositions and succeeded, aged 17, in winning a scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford, to read History.

At Oxford, Giles became a good singer, in demand as a soloist at concerts, and a leading member of the University Madrigal Society, though he never learned to sight-read.

When the war broke out at the end of his second year, Giles received

a letter from his guardian, Major-General Sir Denis Bernard, who had just been appointed Governor of Bermuda. Assuming Giles's health troubles meant he would not be passed fit for active service, Bernard invited him to accompany him as his ADC. The two men left Britain for Bermuda in the summer of 1939.

Giles had no idea what the job involved but found a card index left by a predecessor listing all the important people in the colony with, on the reverse side, their strengths and weaknesses: "good bridge player", "drinks too much", "too free with the ladies", or, most damning of all, "GPO", or "garden party only".

During the war, Bermuda became the only safe air link between Britain and America and one of Giles's duties was to entertain visiting dignitaries as they passed through. Clement Attlee left his shaving brush and shoes behind, while Joseph Kennedy predicted a short war and terrible carnage in France and Britain. Giles also met Sir Keith Murdoch, father of Rupert.

In 1940, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor stopped off in Bermuda on their way to the Bahamas, and it was Giles's duty to look after them during the visit. Things began badly when the welcoming party of colonial wives failed to curtsy to the Duchess.

Things grew still worse after dinner. When the ladies had retired, the Duke remarked: "If I'd been King there would have been no war." Two months after Dunkirk, this was crass in the extreme; the Governor went scarlet, Giles recalled, and had to exert a great effort of self-control to stop himself from slamming out of the room.

Giles took copious notes of his impressions of the couple. One curious fact, imparted by seeing the Duke take a shower after a game of golf, was that he had no hair on his body, "even in places where one would most expect it to be".

Before his departure, the Duke marched into Giles's office and asked who had ordered the discourtesy shown to his wife at the beginning of their visit. Giles, dumbfounded, reached into a pile of cables and handed him the one from London which instructed that the Duke should be accorded a half-curtsy, but not the Duchess.

"It's all the Queen," he burst out. "My brother's all right. It's the Queen who's behind all this."

When, in 1941, Bernard was replaced as Governor, his replacement, Lord Knollys, asked Giles to stay on as his ADC, an invitation which

was renewed repeatedly until Giles finally left in 1942.

In late 1941, Lord Mountbatten paid a visit incognito on his way from the US to take up his new post as Commander of Combined Operations. Giles took him to a restaurant where Mountbatten, clearly out to enjoy himself, announced to the assembled company: "You'll be getting Indomitable (a newly commissioned aircraft carrier) here next week on her shakedown cruise. A fine ship," he bellowed, "and a tremendous addition to our air-strike capacity."

Giles knew this was secret information, but there was nothing he could do to persuade Mountbatten to lower his voice. His heart sank as he was approached by a young naval officer who demanded to know the identity of this blabbermouth: "I don't mind who it is, he is endangering the safety of His Majesty's ships."

After failing to placate the man, Giles eventually admitted who the stranger was. Rather to Giles's regret, the young officer collapsed into a fit of horror and remorse and asked to meet Mountbatten to explain his part in this protracted episode. Mountbatten, recalled Giles, "washed away the whole affair in a flood of bonhomie and pink gin". But when Giles reminded him of the episode after the war, he did not like it at all.

Giles hitched a lift back to Britain in 1942 on one of the US-made flying boats being flown to England for RAF Coastal Command. He took up a post in the directorate of military operations at the War Office and remained there until the end of the war in Europe.

After demobilisation Giles transferred to the Foreign Office as a temporary public servant and became the most junior of the four private secretaries to the Foreign Secretary, first Sir Anthony Eden then, after the 1945 general election, Ernest Bevin.

Giles loved working for Bevin, whose "Ernieisms" were a source of constant hilarity. "That fellow Beans" was the designation of the president of Yugoslavia, Benes. "Why don't we order some newts [Nuits St Georges] for our dinner?" Bevin would ask. "Nothing but clitch after clitch," he would say of somebody's speech in the House of which he did not think much.

Bevin's humour, Giles found, though undeniably coarse, was always witty and laced with mockery, often at the expense of Socialist intellectuals, whom he despised: "This is it, Giles," Bevin said on one occasion, as they stood side by side in front of a urinal, "the Socialist dream – the means of production in the hands of the people."

But Giles's career at the Foreign Office was to be short-lived; that autumn he failed the entry examination into the Foreign Service. For the time being, however, he stayed on and in 1946 accompanied Sir Archie Clark Kerr, Britain's Ambassador in Moscow, on an unsuccessful mission to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies to mediate between the Dutch and the Indonesian nationalists.

On his return to Britain, Giles joined *The Times* as a probationary foreign sub-editor and began writing leader columns. In 1947 he was appointed assistant correspondent in Paris. Two years later he became the paper's Rome correspondent.

From 1953 to 1960 Giles was the main correspondent in the Paris office, and analysed the gradual erosion and collapse of the Fourth Republic, the dramatic circumstances of de Gaulle's return to power in 1958 and his paternity of the Fifth Republic, as well as the Suez fiasco and the impact of war in Algeria.

In 1961, Giles joined the *Sunday Times* as foreign editor, after it had been bought by the Canadian tycoon Roy Thomson. In 1967 he was disappointed when the editorship went to Harold Evans, a younger colleague who had joined the paper in 1965. Giles was appointed deputy editor the same year, though he continued to work as foreign editor as well until 1977.

Giles wrote several books, including *A Prince of Journalists: the Life and Times of de Blowitz* (1962), and *The Locust Years: the story of the Fourth French Republic 1946-58* (1991). His autobiography, *Sundry Times*, was published in 1986.

Frank Giles married, in 1946, Lady Katherine (Kitty) Sackville, daughter of the 9th Earl De La Warr; she died in 2010. He is survived by a daughter and a son. Another daughter predeceased him.

Frank Giles, born July 31 1919, died October 30 2019.

Richard Gilman (Geography, 1957)

by Tom Gilman

Richard Gilman died peacefully on 6th November 2019.

Richard came up to Brasenose in 1957 to read Geography. According to many reports he spent a large portion of his time while up at Oxford playing bridge, a hobby that he enjoyed for the rest of his life. After leaving Brasenose he joined Marshall & Eldridge solicitors in Oxford

(which later became Marshall & Galpin) where he followed his father as the College's solicitor until his retirement in 2001.

One of the highlights of Richard's year was the annual Hornets cricket tour of local Oxford villages with old friends from Brasenose.

He is survived by his wife Jennifer, two sons and seven grandchildren.

Philip Grubb (Chemistry, 1958)

by Graham Richards (Chemistry, 1958)

I actually met Philip while we were still schoolboys at an annual Combined Cadet Force camp. He was at Bury Grammar School, very notable for their Lancashire Fusiliers yellow hackles in their caps. We were then freshman chemists at Brasenose in the memorable year of 1958 when National Service was stopped.

We were pupils of the legendary tutor John Barltrop and Philip gained a First in the era when less than five per cent of candidates managed this. He went on to do a DPhil with Barltrop, followed by a postdoctoral period in Wisconsin, before entering the chemical industry, firstly with Du Pont and then with ICI Central Laboratories at a time when ICI was outstandingly successful. He fairly quickly moved into patents and intellectual property in which he had an outstanding career.

He moved to Sandoz in Basel, rising to a very senior level and became Intellectual Property counsel for Novartis.

In 1982 he published *Patents for Chemists* with the Oxford University Press. This book was to have a very significant impact on the careers of a number of chemists, including some from BNC. The second edition published in 1986 was broadened to become *Patents in Chemistry and Biotechnology* and then in 1999 *Patents for Chemicals, Pharmaceuticals and Biotechnology*. He was an acknowledged international expert in a field which has grown in importance.

He leaves behind his wife Kay, son, daughter and five grandchildren.

Jim Hodges (English, 1951)

by Philip Nokes

Henry James Hodges, known to all as Jim, was born in Northampton in 1930. His mother came from a local family, but his father had been born in Herefordshire, coming to the area by way of military service

in the First War. Jim, the younger of two sons, attended Northampton Grammar School where his headmaster reckoned him the most popular Captain of School he had known “and very efficient with it”. Possibly more important to Jim at the time was being Captain of Rugby, Captain of Cricket, Captain of Tennis and recipient of the Birch Cup for best all-round athlete 1948-9. This surely boded well for one seeking entrance to Brasenose with its reputation as a sportsman’s college. But first there was National Service to be done with the 14th/20th King’s Hussars – or, to put matters rather more prosaically, two years as clerk in the orderly room at Catterick Garrison. In later years it afforded Corporal Hodges some amusement that a good golfing friend should be a retired general.

After his northern interlude Jim entered the Brasenose of Principal Last in Michaelmas Term 1951 to read English, one of half a dozen or so. **Dennis Russell (Chemistry, 1951)** has provided a sense of the place: “Brasenose always had a reputation for friendliness and this was noticeable in 1951. There was an after-war spirit; half of us had done two years’ National Service; there was a general all-round maturity.” The College was smaller, and an all-male community whose members were drawn almost exclusively from British public schools or grammar schools.

Much sport was only to be expected. Jim played for the College in the Rugby XV and the Cricket XI, and rugby for the University in the Greyhounds. Two years running he and **Martin Karmel (Jurisprudence, 1951)**, with no rowing experience, sought to initiate themselves in the mysteries of the river and rowed in the 4th (or was it 5th?) boat, which was invariably bumped. Jim was a member of both Vincents and the Brasenose Vampires. The latter, designed as a cricket cub that did not take cricket too seriously, had by this time extended its activities. He once proudly showed me his Vampire tie, expressing gentle regret that the authorities had later seen fit to close down this historic and increasingly wayward fraternity. Martin Karmel remained a lifelong friend, as did **Michael Charlesworth (English, 1949)**. Those two were not only fellow Vampires but also fellow Hornets, members of the College village cricket team. In later years they would become Old Hornets, as tourists playing over the August bank holiday weekend, sometimes putting up at the Dragon School when its joint headmaster was **Keith “Inky” Ingram (Classics, 1949)**, Vampire and Hornet. Another who remained a

friend in later years was Jim's fellow Hornet **Mark Kinkead-Weekes (English, 1951)**, a Rhodes Scholar from South Africa.

Jim duly emerged with a respectable Second, at a time when Firsts (and Fourths) were in short supply and Thirds were plentiful. C S Lewis was one of his viva voce examiners. A good sense of the man at this time is given by a trio of references. His tutor Ian Jack wrote: "I think very well of Mr Hodges. He has shown himself keen and industrious. He reads widely, thinks for himself, and writes well. The same qualities which one notices in his personal behaviour – honesty, reliability, and suspicion of pretentious posing – are conspicuous in his intellectual work. He is a very sound man." Jack goes on to speak to Jim's seriousness of purpose, equable temper and good sense of humour. For Leslie Styler, Tutor for Admissions, Jim was "extremely conscientious, friendly, with just the right amount of confidence, and a man of sincere religion and feeling." That last should not go unnoticed, for it was an essential if unobtrusive part of the man throughout his life. Not only was Jim a regular worshipper in the College chapel long after abolition of compulsory attendance, but he also attended services elsewhere. Later he would be a stalwart of his parish church. The jigsaw is completed by a third reference, from the University Appointments Committee, which speaks of Jim as "a very good type indeed, virtually Public School in manner and modesty and quite so in speech... Strongly to be backed – the authentic BNC type: the quiet, strong man with great reserves and yet a good mixer." In these testimonials there is instantly recognisable the man whom Jim's friends, colleagues and pupils were to know over the next seven decades.

Those references were provided in 1954 for the first, and only, post that Jim applied for – that of assistant master at Dauntsey's School. This minor public school of 300 boys, the majority boarders, and a common room of two dozen was at West Lavington in the heart of rural Wiltshire. In going there Jim followed much the same trajectory as his lifelong friend Michael Charlesworth, who left Brasenose for his alma mater Repton, contentedly teaching English there for his whole career and continuing afterwards to live in the village until his death in 2015. When Jim arrived at Dauntsey's the elderly headmaster had been at the helm for 35 years, but within four terms he had been succeeded by a younger man and Jim's apprenticeship had come to an end. Appointed to teach English, a little Latin and coach games,

at 25 he found himself also a housemaster, a role in which he was greatly assisted by his natural warmth and kindness. For the next 14 years he was one of a small group of young resident bachelor housemasters who, whilst not in any sense the powerful barons of some other schools, did much to create the largely benevolent ethos of the school. Jim's character stood both him and his charges in good stead here. There were also plays and operas produced, playing viola in the school orchestra (he had been taught by a pupil of Casals), school trips organised and overseen. In 1969 Jim became Head of English, gathering around him a department of bright and enthusiastic teachers. He himself never lost his joy and enthusiasm for literature, both inside the classroom and in his personal life. He welcomed the introduction of co-education in the 1970s, remarking approvingly how almost overnight the school had become a much gentler place. A former pupil has written of his reputation being such that pupils would scan their timetables in the hope that his initials would appear. Jim also proved a welcome and long-remembered mentor to many new teachers feeling their way through an often bewildering maze. In the words of a former colleague, "Jim was an extraordinary influence for all that was best in the common room – harmony, togetherness, good sense ... and the source for endless streams of good humour and leadership. His overall input to the life and progress of good relationships within Dauntsey's in my years was beyond measure." At his last assembly he received the rarest of standing ovations, a fitting mark of the respect and affection in which he was held.

1982 saw bachelorhood (and the bachelor's bungalow just beyond the school grounds) forsaken when Jim married Janet Brierley. For almost four decades it was to be the happiest of unions and with so many shared interests. Their home was a charming thatched cottage at the southern edge of the village. There Janet kept her hens and tended a large garden, a succession of whippets joined them, friends were generously entertained. In 1990 Jim retired from teaching. For 36 years he had been at the very heart of the school community and the classic all-rounder, one of the best exemplars of that tradition of a previous age. Nature abhorring a vacuum, he produced in quick succession two books on aspects of the school's history. Editorship of the school magazine for 20 years was exchanged with that of the parish magazine for the next 25. Its editorials became a delight to read, many of them worthy material for an anthology. Other

community involvement over the years saw Jim on the parish council, as chairman of governors of the primary school, as chairman of Wiltshire Schools Cricket, as a leading light in the local amateur dramatic society – a performance of *Murder in the Cathedral* in the parish church with Jim as Becket remains in the mind.

To the very end Jim maintained a close association with the school to which he had given so much, both formally through attending various events (he was a discerning connoisseur of speech days over more than half a century) and informally by keeping up with countless former pupils. His memory for the latter was extraordinary: at a moment's notice he could summon them up with some insightful and entertaining anecdote. In 1999 like Cincinnatus (or perhaps George Smiley) he received a summons to emerge from retirement during some crisis of the timetable. He was delighted to rejoin the common room for a year and serve under his fifth headmaster.

For one so eminently sociable there was always a life apart from school. As well as service to the community, there was the enduring interest in sport. Jim continued to play cricket into his fifties and golf into his seventies. There were not a few visits to race meetings at Wincanton, Newbury and Ascot, and cricket at Lords, sometimes as the guest of an old pupil. Until his sight began to fail he remained a voracious reader, mostly of 19th and 20th century English novelists. We would regularly discuss their merits, readily concurring on the excellence of *Middlemarch* and *The Portrait of a Lady*, but agreeing to differ over *Nostromo*. And there was Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time*, for which we shared a boundless admiration and to which Jim had introduced me in 1973. We spoke about it in our last telephone conversation.

Brasenose was to remain with Jim all his life. He kept up with friends made there, each year read with avid interest his copy of *The Brazen Nose*, and not infrequently wore a College tie. On his shelves was to be seen a copy of Joe Mordaunt Crook's book and on his walls hung prints of the college. He could easily be encouraged to reminisce on his time there. Reunions and gatherings would be attended almost to the end, his final visit being to a luncheon in late March 2017. I think he knew it would be his last.

Because of the lockdown restrictions there were not many of us in West Lavington churchyard for the short funeral service and burial.

But the high street was lined with those who came to pay their respects as the hearse went by. Jim's nephew gave an address, I Corinthians 13 was read and also "Fear no more the heat o' the sun" from *Cymbeline* (chosen by Jim himself). The weather was kind, the churchyard still freshly verdant, and our small gathering had a quiet intimacy about it as we said farewell to our dear friend. I could not help thinking how much Jim, with his benign and good humoured interest in his fellow beings, would have savoured the experience and spoken of it in later years in that gentle anecdotal way he had.

Henry James (Jim) Hodges, born 15th July 1930; died 24th May 2020.

Paul Kidner (Engineering Science, 1949)

By Rev. Laurence Kriegshauser, O.S.B.

Very Reverend Paul Kidner, O.S.B., monk of the Abbey of Saint Mary and Saint Louis in Creve Coeur, Missouri, died peacefully on Saturday, January 18, 2020. Born John Michael Kidner on August 17, 1931, in Oswestry in the west of England, he attended Ampleforth College from 1943 to 1949 and Brasenose College in Oxford from 1949 to 1952, earning a degree in civil engineering. He entered the monastery at Ampleforth and made his simple profession as a monk on September 22, 1953. He studied theology at the Collegio Sant' Anselmo in Rome from 1955 to 1959 and was ordained priest July 20, 1958. Immediately upon receiving his licentiate in sacred theology he was sent to Ampleforth's recently founded Priory in St. Louis, Missouri, where he taught mathematics and theology and coached several sports, some of which were quite new to him.

Not a man of many words, Fr. Paul was a careful, precise and patient teacher under whom many students attained highest scores in the Advanced Placement Examinations in calculus. He was calmly able to tease and be teased by students and younger monks. In 1973 when the Priory was granted independence from Ampleforth, he elected to cast in his lot with the young foundation, a commitment that would be confirmed when he became an American citizen twenty years later. In 1974 he succeeded the founding headmaster of the Priory School, Fr. Timothy Horner, as second headmaster, a position he held until 1983. From that year until his retirement from the School Fr. Paul served as Associate Director of College Counseling, spending much

time and effort helping each student find the right fit for his further education. When the Priory was raised to the status of Abbey in 1989, he was appointed by Abbot Luke Rigby to the office of Claustal Prior, responsible for the day-to-day running of the monastery. He was meticulous in making out weekly schedules, keeping close watch over Abbey finances, and never seeming to be flustered by *contretemps*. He was likewise meticulous in observance of prayer and the monastic routine. Fr. Paul's many contributions to the Abbey and School were recognized by the English Benedictine Congregation in 2004 when the title of Cathedral Prior of Peterborough was conferred on him.

Fr. Paul celebrated his golden jubilee of priesthood in 2008 and continued teaching until his retirement in 2015 at the age of 83. In this year he was honored with the Luke Rigby Award for outstanding service to Saint Louis Abbey. Early in his teaching career he began leading groups of boys on trips to Europe and frequently conducted float trips with students on the various rivers of the Ozarks. In later years he developed a fondness for Alaska where he spent time in the summer with alumnus friends. In 2018 he celebrated 60 years as a priest. A few months later he was diagnosed with colon cancer for which he was operated on in February, 2019. He endured patiently the many complications following this surgery and after a brief recovery was found early in 2020 to have a recurrence of the disease for which there was no treatment. He died only 12 hours after returning to the monastery and being admitted into hospice care.

If there was a watchword that would characterize Fr. Paul's life it would be service. He often preached on the theme and was a living example of it. Not given to rhetoric, he preached homilies that were succinct and always pointed and based on a solid theology. At Rome he came under the influence of Fr. Cyprian Vagaggini, O.S.B., a leader in the liturgical renewal of the Church in midcentury. From Oscar Cullmann he learned that the Church lives in the between-time between the "already accomplished" and the "not yet fulfilled," a tension expressed in every liturgy. A typical English Benedictine monk, he did not speak often of the spiritual life, but the scriptural citation on his ordination card revealed the source of his strength: "In the world you will have trouble, but be brave, I have conquered the world." Another glimpse into his spiritual life came in the first talk he gave to the faculty as headmaster, in which he said the main duty of the

teacher with respect to the boys was “to love them.” This he did with steady commitment and without fuss for nearly six decades.

Two of his maxims well expressed his character. “If a job is worth doing, it’s worth doing well.” He was meticulous in carrying out each of his many responsibilities. He gave a rare glimpse into the source of his strength in a homily to the school in which he said simply, “The saints are those who let God love them.” We believe that as he passed from this life he heard the words of his Savior, “Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter the joy of your master.”

Professor Sir Hans Kornberg

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Professor Sir Hans Kornberg, who has died aged 91, was Professor of Biochemistry at Cambridge University and Master of Christ’s College from 1982 to 1995; his academic studies ranged from early research into processes at work in the digestive system to later studies in the fast developing field of biochemical genetics.

Kornberg made his first of many discoveries while doing his PhD at Sheffield University. He was researching the behaviour of an enzyme present in the stomach which was thought at the time to be responsible for breaking down urea into carbon dioxide and water – a biological process which had been something of a mystery as it appeared to serve no useful function.

Kornberg was one of the first people to use radioactive carbon isotopes to measure when and where urea is broken down in the gut. As a result of his research he discovered that the process was the result of bacterial action.

Later, while working with the biochemist Hans Krebs at the MRC Metabolism Research Unit at Oxford, Kornberg elucidated the glyoxylate cycle, the mechanism whereby fat can be converted to a carbohydrate. The two men published the results of their researches in *Energy Transformations in Living Matter* (1957).

His interests progressed towards the borderline between biochemistry and genetics, in particular the investigation of how cells create “checkpoints” which enable them to control whether and when to let things in or keep them out, so as to maintain the integrity of the cell.

During the early 1990s he worked with the bacterium *E coli*, the food-poisoning organism. Its advantage to research scientists is that it can be grown on a single carbon source, a property which makes it possible to research the molecular structures that underpin the genetic system.

Hans Leo Kornberg was born in Germany of Jewish parents, Max and Margarete (née Silberbach) on January 14 1928. He was sent away as a refugee from Nazi Germany at the age of 11 to be brought up by his uncle in England.

He attended Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Wakefield, but left aged 17 with no clear idea of what he wanted to do. He had never studied biology, but found chemistry exciting, so he applied for a job as a junior technician in biochemistry, at 30 shillings a week, at Sheffield University.

There, he found himself working under Hans Krebs, who persuaded him to take a degree. So for three days each week he attended chemistry and mathematics lectures at the university. One day Krebs took him aside and said: "Don't come in next week, you're sitting the scholarship examination."

While taking his degree at Sheffield, Kornberg worked during his vacations as a cook in restaurants and as a technician in Krebs's department.

After completing his doctorate, Kornberg applied for a Harkness fellowship. He later recalled that his interviewer asked him of his PhD: "Are you not disappointed, Mr Kornberg, that your work has so little relevance to gastric physiology?" – to which he had to agree, before adding: "If I have not put a finding into the textbooks, at least I have taken one out."

The fellowship took him to Yale and to New York, where he worked at the Public Health Research Institute. It also required him to travel for three months and write on some aspect of American life. Kornberg chose American regional cooking, purchased a 1949 Buick and ate his way across 30 states. "It was one of the most enjoyable periods of my life," he recalled.

In 1960, after working at Oxford and lecturing at Worcester College, he took up a chair of Biochemistry at Leicester, from where he moved to Cambridge in 1975 as Sir William Dunn Professor of Biochemistry. The same year he joined Christ's College as a Professorial Fellow.

During Kornberg's years at Cambridge, the science of biochemistry

underwent a period of rapid evolution, in which Kornberg was always endearingly modest about his own contribution. He often pointed out that the results of his 40 years of research into bacteria filled less than one page of a 1,083-page textbook: "It cuts your achievement down to size," he observed. However, this never deterred him in his quest for knowledge, and to the end of his career he spent every possible spare moment in his laboratory off Tennis Court Road.

Kornberg became Master of Christ's in November 1982 – at the third attempt. In 1978 he had withdrawn from the contest when Sir Jack Plumb, the ebullient historian of the 18th century, had been chosen. In July 1982 he fought a close but losing contest with the diplomat Sir Oliver Wright, but Wright left to be Ambassador in Washington without taking up the post, amid reports of intrigues to rival CP Snow.

As Master of Christ's, Kornberg could not expect to rival the flamboyance and eccentricity of his immediate predecessor. Nevertheless the presence of a more gentle, courteous, almost paternal figure in the Master's Lodge came as something of a relief to many colleagues; and he was popular with undergraduate students.

After retiring as Master of Christ's in 1995 he emigrated to the US to take up a chair in Biology at Boston University.

From 1976 to 1981 Kornberg was chairman of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution. He was chairman of the Advisory Committee on Genetic Modification, from 1986 to 1995. He chaired the Science Board of the Science Research Council from 1969 to 1972 and served on several government committees.

Kornberg played an active part in university government in Cambridge as chairman of the Appointments Committee and as Deputy Vice Chancellor of the university. He was a governor of the Wellcome Trust, the charity which has a £25.9 billion investment portfolio to fund biomedical and clinical research, and as president of the British Academy of Science in the mid-1980s campaigned to reverse the government's policy of cutting the scientific research budget. In 1990 he was elected the first president of the Biochemical Society.

Among a number of directorships, Kornberg was director of UK Nirex from 1986 to 1995, and chairman of Senetek, a company which developed the first chemical test for Alzheimer's disease. He was elected FRS in 1965 and knighted in 1978.

He married first, in 1956, Monica King, with whom he had two sons and two daughters; she died in 1989. He married secondly, in 1991, Donna Haber. On his second marriage Kornberg became the first incumbent Master of Christ's to marry in the college's 500-year history; the ceremony was also the first Jewish wedding to be held in Christ's.

Sir Hans Kornberg, born January 14 1928, died December 16 2019.

Robert Levy (Jurisprudence, 1954)

by his family

Robert Samuel Levy, who died on November 28th, 2019 in a nursing home near where he lived in Acton, West London, was a distinguished solicitor, fine sportsman – who played cricket at Lord's – and a man of charm and wit. A natural raconteur, he was a beguiling after-dinner speaker. His photographic memory allowed him to amuse friends, who were legion, with a potpourri of cricket statistics, historical anecdotes and faultless renderings of Mae West's saucier dialogue. His heroes were Worrell and Weekes, Mannion and Matthews... and Marx (Groucho not Karl). He revelled in limericks and *The Goons* – his friends at Brasenose would gather in his room by his crude radio to listen to the weekly broadcast. He was word perfect in Noël Coward's lyrics. He could, said a friend, be 'short of fuse – he once got exercised over whether Tom Lehrer was a satirist or a polemicist.' But, as always, his affability returned and he soon started quoting Evelyn Waugh.

He was born in Hackney (within the sound of Bow Bells) on June 3, 1933 to liberal Jewish parents who moved to Edgware, where he remained until his father's sudden death from a heart attack in 1961. As an only child he was expected to excel. He did not disappoint. In 1939 he boarded at Akeley Wood prep school, Herts, where he showed early athletic prowess by winning the Victor Ludorum prize. He won a scholarship to Haileybury College (Lawrence House) where he played rugby both for his house and school and became an outstanding cricketer, opening the batting for the school for three consecutive years. After National Service he went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, to read law (1954-57). Again, he won a scholarship; but in both cases his father refused the money, despite needing the support. He considered someone else more deserving. It was generosity that Robert inherited, as he did his parents' form of Judaism. For Robert it was a lineage

that he revered, if not a religion he absorbed. An uncle changed his Jewish surname to be more accepted in his milieu. Robert refused such compromise. He was rightly proud of his name and his family history. 'I'm buggered if I'll change my name to join some wretched golf club.'

The happiest time of his life was Oxford: there were social clubs, freedom, games, debate. Such distractions led him to miss a First. But he didn't care and his ability shone through. He loved intellectual sparring; 'his memory for a key fact or phrase always gave him an edge but he never liked to exploit it,' recalls a friend. He also indulged what became his lifelong passions: film, theatre and music. And supping good wine. Later (and with a bit more money) he relished good holidays. He talked volubly in French and German (he had A-levels in both) – 'but not necessarily with the words in the right order' he admitted.

After graduation he returned to London where he joined a firm of solicitors (which became Campbell Hooper) who specialised in entertainment and property law. He stayed for 34 years and became a senior partner, eventually managing the Private Client department. With his talent for detail and affable presence he made himself indispensable to his many conveyancing clients. 'He was a marvellous chairman of any meeting, a wonderful mediator: astute, thorough and speedy. Unfinished business was soon finished if play was about to be resumed at Lord's,' recalls a colleague. Anita Gill, who took over from him, recalled that 'he was ahead of his time in terms of staff management; he was no misogynist, he brought women into the firm. He led by example.' He would not tolerate bullying by clients – some could be aggressive – but he always 'made clients feel important'. And to Robert 'principle mattered'.

In 1962 he married Mary Laver (née Warner) in Leeds. They lived first in Putney, then in Kent. A son, Michael, was born in 1965 and a daughter, Katherine, followed in 1970. Sadly, the marriage foundered and they were divorced in 1977. Robert, as always, was scrupulous in minimising distress to Mary or his children, to whom he remained a devoted and attendant father – and eventually became a very proud and happy grandfather to his four grandchildren, Thomas, Jack, Megan and Ella.

Athletic, learned and entertaining it was no surprise to his friends that he did not remain single for long. In 1979 he met Sheila Diviney. She was 15 years younger; clever and capable (working at British

Airways at that time) and – as one friend put it – ‘stunning’. They were together for 40 years, eventually marrying in 2015. They lived in a large house in Acton but finding their dining room too small for the entertaining they loved, they eventually moved to an adjacent road, to a larger Edwardian house they restored with immaculate taste. Too soon, however, Robert’s health deteriorated and he spent his last years in St David’s Home, Ealing, lovingly attended daily by Sheila.

Levy was a very talented cricketer, a stylish yet dogged batsman who also bowled very decent medium pace. Wisden records his tally for Haileybury as 14 wickets for 1950, 11 for 1952 (but omits 1951). His batting improved each year, his best average being 33 in 1952 (16 innings, 460 runs). In the same year he played in a (drawn) trial match for a Public Schools XI (Rest v Southern Schools) that was to play the Combined Services at Lord’s but he was not one of the three selected. His two best scores for Haileybury were both v Cheltenham at Lord’s: 84 (1951) and 117 (1952).

Some predicted a future county cap but National Service (in the Royal Artillery, whose guns made him slightly deaf) and law studies intervened. He played cricket for fun, becoming a stalwart of three fine club sides. One was The Frogs, founded by two Old Harrovians in 1903 (Edgar Tregoning and his brother), based on old boys from Haileybury and Harrow, for whom he played and captained regularly from 1956 to the late ‘60s, when family and work rather took over. He remained Secretary well into the 90s. He also played for and captained The Saints (based in York, founded by Capt Desmond Bailey in 1959), like The Frogs a wandering side. His friend and fellow cricketer Richard Green remembers Robert’s captaincy as ‘outstanding’. ‘He had tact, integrity and diplomacy.’ He was also a very talented and amusing after-dinner speaker and much in demand at cricket dinners. ‘He was very droll,’ says Richard, ‘without resorting to anything remotely risqué.’ Behind the scenes, Robert was a tireless organiser, arranging all the tours. Not always without a hitch. The first Northern tour started well with all players boarding the 9.18 at Kings Cross with tickets to York. As the train puff-puffed north an inspector eyeing their tickets looked quizzical. ‘Anything wrong?’ asked Robert. ‘Nothing,’ was the reply, ‘if you can exit the train at 60 mph. We don’t stop at York.’ A third team Bob (as Robert was known to his cricketing friends) played for was

The Privateers, founded by two fellow Haileyburians, Ian Bland and Michael Meacock.

Graham Prain, the current Frogs president, recalls Levy's hospitality at the Savile Club (where Robert was a director from 1997-2001) for the Frogs' anniversary dinner and Robert's 70th, and recalls Robert's conviviality. 'He was returning from a post-match pub session when he was stopped by a copper for going the wrong way down a one-way street. Bob told him he should know that in the car were two QCs, a senior solicitor and an articled clerk. 'Night all,' said the officer.

Levy was a trustee of the Savile following his membership of the General Committee and Jonathan Davis, who was the Savile's Chairman when Robert was a trustee, saw him frequently: 'He was extremely supportive of our (fortunately) successful efforts to save the Savile from ignominious financial collapse. He was always very friendly and his positive contribution did as much as anything to steady the Savile ship.'

Robert's other great passions, apart from cricket, were rugby and football. He played rugby for Haileybury and at Brasenose, where he also played for their wandering cricket side, The Strollers, as well as Oxford's 2nd XI, The Authentics. He was a member of Vincent's, a rather smart social club for Oxford's top sportsmen. He was a lifelong supporter and season-ticket holder of Arsenal ('We all make mistakes,' says his Brasenose chum Michael Garms, a Spurs fan). At the age of nearly 80 he took a neighbour's boy to the new Emirates Stadium and when Arsenal scored they both celebrated with the same wild high-fives. His historical sporting knowledge was phenomenal. Garms recalls Robert receiving from the MCC (of which he was a member for 50 years) a chronology of cricketing events of the last 30 years and immediately spotting two mistakes. He graduated to 'Death Row' – those seats at the back of the pavilion reserved for ancient members. He was a walking Wisden. Graham Prain noted that at Levy's office the entry code on the partners' WC was 3816 – Compton's run tally for 1947.

And until his last illness (dementia) robbed him of his forensic memory, he could tell you the stats of the great Arsenal teams, from Herbert Chapman's 1930s champions to Wenger's 'Invincibles'. He was fascinated by the psychology of sport, its drama and theatre. 'To walk through the Long Room at Lord's to face Hall and Griffith, or to take a penalty at Old Trafford in front of 60,000, is to some a dream, to others a nightmare,' he observed.

Robert was generous with his time and ability. He was Chairman and then President of his local residents' association. Sheila was an invaluable adjutant. When they married his delight was greater than when he scored a ton at Lord's.

He was, for ten years, a magistrate on the Ealing bench and a member of the Family Panel, adjudicating with impeccable fairness and compassion. It was a role he thoroughly enjoyed in retirement.

That he declined to pursue the limelight either in rugby or cricket – inexplicably failing to get a blue at Oxford – and that he preferred to exercise his legal brilliance as a solicitor than, more flamboyantly, at the bar – reveals his natural reticence. It was a reticence he brought to the local film club. A friend remembers: 'We met quite frequently in a different neighbour's house and a film was shown and discussed afterwards. The difference between us and Robert was that he actually knew what he was talking about, but didn't lord it. The one thing he demanded was that no-one talk during 'Some Like it Hot'. He mouthed each line. If Monroe had burst from the screen Sheila might have had competition.'

On his 80th birthday, in 2013, just out of hospital, he was brought downstairs to a surprise birthday party thrown by his devoted wife at which he gave an impromptu speech about the importance of friendship – 'the sine qua non of happiness.'

'If his wit was sometimes barbed,' said a friend, 'he was wholly benign and, more importantly, never banal, never boring.' Robert Levy was a modest man with little to be modest about.

Peter Lock (Modern Languages, 1951)

by his brother

Peter was born in 1931 in Desborough, Northants, where father was a GP for almost forty years. Because of our age difference – nearly four years – and because of the education system we were immersed in, our early lives, though parallel to some extent, did not overlap much, so we hardly saw each other for many years, until our late twenties or early thirties.

We went to the same boarding school, but were in different houses, and we were not allowed out in the evenings—or to the movies, for example. So Peter and I moved in completely different groups.

We were not allowed to go home during the term, and parents were not encouraged to visit. We were at school for eight months of the year, home for four, so school was the REAL world. But in spite of all this, Peter and I spent a good deal of time together in the holidays, played tennis in the summer, golf in the winter and so on. And at cricket, he persuaded me when I wanted to bat left-handed that there were no good lefties out there. Peter helped me with some schoolwork too: I remember that the multiplication tables were a problem for me, aged ten! He was on the school boxing team at fifteen and I was excused classes when there was a big tournament at school to watch him fight. He did well.

But when I was 14, Peter was off to the army to do his National Service for 18 months, and was sent to Germany, good for his languages and skiing, but there was not much home leave. Then to BNC, Oxford, with a competitive scholarship, but by that time, at seventeen, I was at a crammer in London to work on my exams to get into Cambridge, then I was off to do two years in the army: the government had put NS up from 18 months, just for me! After Oxford, Peter lived in Paris and then Madrid to work on his languages, and played a lot of bridge, then was off to teach at Bishops College School in Canada near Montreal, and then on to graduate school at UC Berkeley, California, in Romance Languages. I caught up with him there, after Cambridge, in 1959: with a Science degree I got a job in a research lab. Peter was recently married to Marion, and was working on his PhD exams and their son Chris was born in there 1960. We hadn't seen each other for some years, and a lot of things had happened to both of us.

Peter had described me to Marion as a quiet guy who was good at sports and liked reading. After a week Marion asked Peter: "When is this QUIET brother of yours going to show up?"

In a couple of years they were all off to Paris for Peter's research, and I caught up with them again there for a day or two since I wanted to cover the World Judo Championship in 1961.

They went back to Berkeley for Peter to finish his dissertation on Balzac, then to Dartmouth for his first job in 1962. I moved to San Francisco, to a lab at the UC Medical Centre, where I met Margaret also in a lab, in 1962. We were off to Japan in 1964/65 respectively, and got married there in 1965. We decided to try to get into grad school at Berkeley and Peter helped me with an introduction to Alain Renoir

(yes, one of THE Renoirs!) who was Chair of Comparative Literature, which accepted me. Margaret began Anthropology with an emphasis on Japan in 1966. We had caught up with Peter and Marion, Chris and Kim in Minneapolis where they had moved, as we crossed the USA in December, and spent Christmas with them.

Peter became Chair of the French Department at the University of Minnesota where he taught for many years and was much appreciated as a teacher. But in 1981 he took early retirement, and with his second wife, Melissa, bought a sailing-boat in England and began another chapter of his life. He and I had learned to sail on the Norfolk Broads in our teens, but this was something different.

They left England late in the season and had a rough time down the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay but reached the Canal du Midi safely and worked their way across to the Mediterranean. For the next several years they explored that part of the world: sometimes spending the winter teaching in Italy, or moving to England or back to the USA when Melissa visited her family. Friends as well as family would visit: Margaret and I sailed with them along the coast of Greece, visiting some of the smaller islands.

Peter wanted to sail across the Atlantic, so in 1986 in the Canary Islands, he presented himself to a young New Zealand couple with a small baby who had a boat and a plan to join the 'Cruise' to, I think, Barbados. They had the boat and he had the experience. The weather was pretty good, but the main problem was minding the baby. All went well, however.

At the end of the decade, he returned for the last time to Minneapolis where he remained. He joined the University sailing club where he taught new members, and as Minnesota is the 'Land of 10,000 lakes' there is plenty of scope for aquatic adventures. We kept in touch, visiting often, especially since our daughter, her partner, and our grandsons live there too, and after the pandemic prevented visits, we spoke often on the telephone. He will be very much missed by his many friends, former colleagues, and of course his family.

Tom Lunt (Chemistry, 1951)

by Tom Lunt

Dr Thomas ‘Tom’ Lunt (Chemistry 1951–1954) passed away peacefully, surrounded by his family, on Wednesday 8 April 2020. Tom very much enjoyed his time at Brasenose College where he rowed and played rugby – normally for the IIIs and IVs and once, his CV proudly records, for the IIs against Caius College, Cambridge. A strong Christian, Tom read his bible daily which was presented to him by his friends at St Ebbe’s and the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday. He also supported many charities including the Mission Aviation Fellowship and Crosslinks.

A dedicated Chemist, Tom pursued his passion for the subject with a PhD (1961) titled ‘Organic Compounds of Boron Containing Functional Groups’. He was supervised by Dr Mike Lappert first at the North London Polytechnic and then at the Faculty of Technology, University of Manchester. During this time he also undertook Russian language lessons which were to prove useful in his later career.

Following his PhD Tom worked in a variety of research positions including the Admiralty Materials Laboratory, Food Research Association and for most of his career at the Paint Research Association (PRA) which was then based in Teddington, south London. For much of his time at the PRA Tom’s work involved abstracting the findings of international scientific publications, which often required translation from other languages including Russian.

Diagnosed with the rare spinal condition of syringomyelia in the 1980s, Tom gradually lost the use of his legs and was confined to a wheelchair. He bore the loss of mobility with fortitude and his strong Christian faith and the love of his family and friends helped him to deal with this difficult change.

Tom refused to allow his loss of mobility to hold him back from his career and the pursuits and hobbies he loved. He had his vintage Riley car converted to hand controls, so he could continue to drive to club gatherings and often made trips to far flung gardens and nurseries to pick up unusual plants to grow in his garden.

Following the death of his first wife Beryl in 2003, Tom travelled widely in the UK and also further afield to Iceland and Australia. He always kept up with College news and attended Brasenose Gaudies

for many years, most recently accompanied by his wife Anne who he married in 2010, having met her at a Crosslinks conference a year or so before.

Pilgrim, scientist, explorer and gardener. Thomas Lunt (22/4/1932–8/4/2020) remains in the hearts of his wife Anne, children Tom and Christina, grandchildren Joseph, Peter, Samuel and Benjamin and many more family and friends who remember him with great fondness.

Donald Moyer (English, 1959)

by Michael Berendt (English, 1959)

Donald Moyer came to Oxford from Cornell University in 1959, at the age of 20. He joined a large intake of BNC freshers reading English Language and Literature. He had excelled at Cornell, where he was elected a Phi Beta Kappa and served as editor of the University's literary journal. He was the first to publish work by Thomas Pynchon, a contemporary at Cornell, when the young Pynchon was writing short stories and subsequently novels.

We were first introduced to Donald when he took a ground floor room in Brasenose New Quad. Here was someone out of the ordinary, American new wave, his face framed by an amazing shock of black hair which was enough to send my young nephew behind the sofa when he visited us at home. Our two tutors were Ian Jack and Brian Miller, a sharp contrast in character and style. I recall in a Miller tutorial one of us asking whether Tolkien was still alive. "I hope so" said Brian, "I'm having tea with him this afternoon". Such comments would leave Donald shaking with laughter.

At a grim restaurant in Stratford during a Shakespeare trip the rice for the main course tasted like rice pudding. Bernard Richards said to Donald that when the waitress came she would probably tell us that the dessert was . . . rice pudding. It was, and Donald laughed joyously, profuse sweat breaking out on his forehead.

The theatre was Donald's passion, not as actor or producer, but as a student impresario. He insisted that we should take part in Drama Cuppers, with an extract from Henry James' *Still Waters*. Brasenose Players was mentioned in dispatches. The crowning venture was a production in May 1961 of Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real* at the Oxford Playhouse, an experience which lived long in the memory –

and still does. It saw the forging of many friendships which still endure. Donald provided the impetus to cope with the inevitable vicissitudes of drama production.

Donald loved the dramatic monologues of Ruth Draper and occasionally performed them, beautifully. Two in particular were *A Class in Greek Poise* and *The Italian Lesson*. Phrases stick in the mind after all these years: “We all have to breathe, but very few people know how to breathe!”, “Such a picture – those two men – Dante was with Virgil, wasn’t he? ... and I suppose they were just stumbling along together”.

At the end of our second year Donald was persuaded by Paul Woddis to “invest” in a 1936 Alvis Speed Twenty, which we named Grendel, a warhorse of a car which took three of us to the Rose-Miller estate at Cawdor near Nairn in Scotland. Being in the land of Macbeth was an added pleasure for Donald. He never did learn to drive, so Bernard Tate took the wheel for the whole trip. Our host Michael R-M noted that people in this strict community had reported hearing a tractor out on the road on a Sunday.

Paul Woddis and his wife Helena, who was the star lead in *Camino Real*, remained close friends of Donald. Paul sadly died in February 2019.

After going down from BNC, Donald went briefly back to the US to study at Stanford University, Palo Alto. He then returned to the UK, resuming the many literary friendships he had made in Oxford and elsewhere. He rented a flat in Drury Lane and took a job with De la Rue Bull “teaching machines to understand humans” as he put it – an extraordinary revelation for his friends who had never conceived that he might do something so mathematical – the first computer programmer we knew. He continued to entertain in his flat and I recall an immense pile of spinach leaves on the floor as he prepared a meal for a gathering of friends.

London was a drama feast for Donald and whenever he and Linda visited London in later years theatre tickets had already been ordered in advance.

In May 1965 Donald agreed to act as best man at our wedding in Denmark. An impressive figure in morning coat and cowboy boots and always to be relied on for a lovely speech. Twenty-five years later he took the same journey for our silver wedding, this time accompanied by his wife Linda Cogozzo who remained his companion for the rest of his days.

The turning point of Donald's life came in 1971, when he was introduced to yoga, a passion which became the bedrock of his life. His first yoga class was with Penny Nield-Smith just around the corner from his London flat. In 1974 he moved to Vancouver where he became a yoga teacher. Two years later he travelled to India to study with yoga guru B.K.S.Iyengar, a journey he repeated several times in the '70s and '80s.

Donald's sense of humour never failed. He recounted his visit to Yosemite with his guru, who did a headstand on some ledge overlooking a precipitous waterfall. "We looked from a distance like baby sparrows in a nest".

At the end of 1976 he moved to San Francisco to continue his studies in Iyengar yoga and then joined the faculty. He founded The Yoga Room in Berkeley in 1978 and wrote for *Yoga Journal*. In 1988 Donald and Linda created the Rodmell Press, publishing quality books on Iyengar yoga, Buddhism, Taoism and aikido including two books of his own, *Yoga Awakening the Inner Body* (2006) and *Yoga for Healthy Feet: Practice from the Ground Up* (2016).

Rodmell Press was of course named after Virginia and Leonard Woolf's village in Sussex - a tribute to one of Donald's favourite writers. The company was sold in 2016.

Donald's remarkable reputation as a yoga teacher was reflected in the many tributes paid by friends and students when Donald succumbed to Parkinson's disease and was forced to curtail his activities. He retired from teaching in 2016. Two hundred people attended his "Coming of Age" party where he received a letter of recommendation and a signed photo from President Obama. He died in November 2019. All who knew him will remember his warmth of character, his sense of humour and his insight. To quote the comment of one of his students, "A wonderful man, a profound and patient teacher".

Gerald Niblett (Modern History, 1948)

by Caroline Errington

Gerald Niblett died peacefully on 6th June 2020, just short of his 93rd birthday. He graduated from Brasenose College, Oxford in 1951 with a degree in History, having had to delay the start to his university life when he was conscripted into the RAF in 1945 aged 18, and following

his brother John (Jack), who graduated with a degree in Maths in 1948, also from Brasenose. After Oxford, he joined Coventry City Council, where he spent his working life, retiring as Assistant City Treasurer (Exchequer) in 1985. Despite his lifelong love of history, Gerald qualified as a chartered accountant, initially with the IMTA, which later become CIPFA. During his career, he oversaw a huge period of change in the way local authorities served their community, including the computerisation of the housing benefits and rents system. A quiet and reserved man, the relationships Gerald built lasted all his life and he particularly valued his friendship with Keith Bridge, forged in their days together at Coventry, and which included the occasional “all-nighter” balancing the books. After his retirement, Gerald was asked to step in to help reconcile the accounts following the 1986 local government reorganisation and the abolition of the West Midlands County Council. He also continued to act as Treasurer for the Coventry branches of Relate and Arthritis Care and for the Scout Association (Warwick District).

Gerald leaves behind a wife Patricia and two children, Caroline and Jonathan, as well as four grandchildren.

John Rippon (Geography, 1958)

by David Lawday (Modern Languages, 1958)

I first met John – who has died aged 83 – in the autumn of 1958 when we arrived at Brasenose together and found ourselves in next-door rooms high above the beer cellar. Before the dinner bell on our first day he came into my room in tweed jacket and cavalry twill trousers asking if I might spare him a cigarette. That was all he said. He struck me as a caricature of the young English gentleman of our day. Of course, I said. Cigarettes were expensive for students and the social rule at the time was that when you gave one away you expected one back fairly smartly. We all smoked, especially those like me who had done military service or in John’s case state-sponsored agricultural work, which he did because of high arches on his feet. Minutes later he was back asking if I had another cigarette to spare. Uuuumm, of course I said. I’m sure I had those cigarettes back in due course because this was the somewhat skeptical start to a lifelong friendship. It turned out that we were both keen hockey players.

John was schooled in Suffolk at Framlingham College, where hockey and cricket were taught by one Norman Borrett, known to the boys as Swino, who won international caps at all he played and was reputed to be Britain's best all-round amateur sportsman. John excelled at both hockey and cricket despite the high arches. He had played minor counties cricket before arriving at Brasenose and was no doubt in line for a Blue but for the fact that he kept wicket and two top class wicketkeepers, A.C. Smith and Colin Smith (the former went on to play for England), were at Oxford at the same time and indeed were Brasenose undergraduates as well. At hockey he played for the Oxford University Occasionals, the Blues 'bench'.

John read Geography. His desire never to be seen trying too hard at anything had him settle for a Third – the gentleman's degree he called it. But he was in truth fascinated by geography and the travel that came with it. At Oxford his taste for travel was limited to rally driving. He had a Morgan sports car which he drove in competition in the Cotswolds. He patted and cherished the Morgan like a jockey with his pet mount. On the day we came down from BNC his technique worked a miracle too on a car I had, a green 1938 Ford convertible I had bought from a Brighton postman on which almost nothing still worked. The windscreen wipers and old rubber hooter hadn't worked since I came up. John volunteered to sell it for me on condition he kept anything above the 35 pounds I paid for it. We rode off under the Bridge of Sighs with a prospective buyer from New College with John assuring him, 'Here, look, perfect condition.' He turned on the windscreen wipers and hey presto they sprang into action. He squeezed the hooter and it made a nice burp. He sold it for 42 pounds.

After Oxford he worked first in advertising, which had Madison-Avenue cachet at the time, then in business consulting with McKinsey. But foreign travel became a large part of his life, the more exotic the better, though this was hard to tell from his domestic habits, since almost from the day he left Brasenose to his last he lived in the same rented Bolton Gardens flat in South Kensington. However, the South Seas were in his genes, inherited from a grandfather who in the early 1900s ran a profitable phosphate business which kept a tight colonial hand on mineral mining in the Pacific islands. Over the years John's travels took him to 65 countries, including 18 Pacific islands. The island count would have risen to 20 but for the fact he was advised to

give Nauru and Ocean Island a miss as they had suffered particularly rude exploitation by his grandfather's company.

Foreign travel brought John the love of his life. Bachelor Rippon conjured up various schemes to make it his livelihood. Among eventually doomed private projects he worked hardest on was a tourist discount venture in warm European locations. In a hotel in sunny Dubrovnik, then part of communist Yugoslavia, where he went hoping to sign up shop owners for his venture, he was attracted by a pretty, lively young girl at the reception desk. Overcoming his natural reserve, he asked her, no doubt half joking, if she might like to return to London with him. In other words, to defect. She did, on the spot. Her name was Abbie, a Slovene. There could hardly have been two more contrasting personalities – he tight-lipped, standoffish, she bubbling over. But the couple worked. For more than 30 years they lived together in the South Kensington flat and she became a precious companion on his continuing travels.

Abbie died before him. They had no children. After her death six years ago his health began to suffer too, though he was proud to be made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and also joined the Travellers Club. He often went to Lord's to watch cricket, which by then had made up for thwarting his prospects for a blue by making him a member of the MCC.

John died of pneumonia just before Christmas in Wiltshire, where his two sisters and closest family live. The South Seas were with him to the end. They feature in a futuristic travel book he had long been working on – a world of Star Wars airports in which tourists cross the globe in time-pods moving at the speed of light – for which he remained eager to find a publisher. He rated among his most satisfying achievements his part in the renovation of a ruined Wiltshire manor house dating from the Norman Conquest, first the abode of Odo, the king's carpenter.

Peter Sinclair, Emeritus Fellow

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Peter Sinclair, who has died aged 73 after contracting Covid-19, was an economist who inspired a generation of students at Brasenose College, Oxford, Birmingham University, and the Bank of England's Centre for Central Banking Studies.

As Fellow in Economics at Brasenose from 1970 until 1994, Sinclair focused his own academic work on monetary and international economics, closely tied to questions of practical policy in matters of public debt, regulation and tax.

But it was as a convivial and constructive teacher that he excelled: fascinated by debate, he held tutorials in cafes and after-dinner revision classes that ended in pubs, and took a charitable attitude to undergraduates who underperformed – one of whom recalled learning to interpret comments such as: “That’s very, very – very – interesting” as “signalling a terrible error”.

He was also brilliant at explaining complex concepts in simple language, illuminating the inefficiencies of European common agricultural policy by pointing out that the “butter mountain” accumulated by Brussels weighed more than the population of Austria.

Together with colleagues such as the political historian Vernon Bogdanor, Sinclair helped to build Brasenose's reputation as a leading college for the PPE course which forms so many of Britain's politicians, public servants and commentators.

Among his pupils was the future prime minister David Cameron (for whom Sinclair was “one of the kindest as well as the cleverest people I ever met”), the Bank of England deputy governor Sir Dave Ramsden, the BBC Trust chair Diane Coyle and the economist Tim Harford.

Harford remembered a difficult interview for college entrance: “While I was being grilled by the formidable philosophy tutor ... Peter was the one beaming and nodding and encouraging, as though everything was going brilliantly.”

Peter James Niven Sinclair was born in Hertfordshire on September 18 1946, the son of Walter Sinclair, an Australian-born engineer, and his wife Marian; he was educated at Gresham's School and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he initially read Classics.

After graduate studies at Nuffield College he took a job in the export department of Linde, a German industrial gas maker, then came second nationally in the Civil Service fast-track entry exam – but chose the academic life instead.

He moved from Brasenose to take up a professorship at Birmingham in 1994 and was director of the Bank of England's Centre for Central Banking Studies from 2000 to 2008, teaching central bank officials from all over the world.

At various times he also held visiting professorships at the University of British Columbia, Queen's University in Canada, the LSE and the University of Warwick, and lectured all over the world. He was Chairman of the Royal Economic Society Easter School and the International Economics Study Group, and was one of a panel of expert advisers to the Office for National Statistics.

Having served for some years as Brasenose's Junior Dean, Sinclair loved every aspect of college life and retained a close connection to it throughout his wider career. He became an Emeritus Fellow in 2008 and regularly returned from his home in Norfolk to chair the College's remuneration committee until the onset of his final illness.

Among his other gifts was a remarkable command of languages. He could converse in French and Japanese, had a smattering of Hungarian and Swahili – and on encountering a blank response from a waiter in a trattoria whom he had addressed in Italian, switched to fluent Polish instead.

Peter Sinclair's first wife was the Canadian-born economist Shelagh Heffernan, whom he met when she went to Oxford as a graduate student in 1978 and who was later a professor at Cass Business School in London. Shelagh died in 2010 after a long illness, and he married, secondly, the artist Jayne Ivimey, who survives him.

Peter Sinclair, born September 18 1946, died March 31 2020.

Peter Sinclair, Emeritus Fellow

*by the Principal, with a contribution by Ferdinand Rauch,
and with thanks to everyone who submitted their own tributes*

Peter Sinclair was Fellow in Economics at Brasenose College from 1970 until 1994, when he joined Birmingham University as a Professor. He was also Director of the Bank of England's Centre for Central

Banking Studies from 2000 to 2008. Those who knew him were always impressed by his humour, his warm, kind attitude, infectious enthusiasm and his broad curiosity. He extended this curiosity to his academic work, where he published widely across many fields in economics. His focus was on monetary economics and international economics, but he also published papers on public economics, the theory of economic policy and broader macro-economics. This is my attempt to give an appreciation of the man and his work. Although I only knew him for five years, he made an enormous impression on me, as he did on all others with whom he came into contact. The number of tributes to him over the last few days has been truly remarkable. I thank all those whose recollections I draw on.

Peter was born on September 18th, 1946. He grew up in London (mainly Stanmore) and Norfolk and was educated at Gresham's School in Holt and then Corpus Christi Oxford (where he started as a classicist). Thereafter he was a graduate at Nuffield College. His first job was in the export department of Linde AG in Germany.

His second job (appointed at the young age of 23) was at Brasenose. He had come second in the whole country in the gruelling annual Civil Service entry exam that year for the fast-track entry but decided a College career was more secure. Luckily for us: he taught at Brasenose for 24 years, mainly in economic theory, monetary policy and international economics. He was a Junior Dean for a few years. In 2008 he was made an Emeritus Fellow of the College. He loved everything about the College and contributed greatly to its governance right up to a month before he died.

It was his teaching for which he will be most remembered. He had a natural affinity for it. Peter taught successive generations of economists and many of them became leaders in their field, both in the public and private sector, including a Prime Minister, some Permanent Secretaries, highly successful business leaders, professors of economics and a worldwide Chief Executive of McKinsey.

His students came from all corners of the world. He is widely remembered as a teacher who was enormously generous with his time and for his thoughtful insights and constructive comments. He would often sit on the edge of his chair when explaining important theory. He had a rare facility for explaining complex concepts in simple language, which is especially crucial in economics. He helped numerous students, from

undergraduates to DPhil students of all subfields, across the university.

Two-hour tutorials were the norm rather than the exception. At exam time revision classes would start after dinner and go on long into the evening. It was not unknown for these classes to include a visit to the pub.

I am told that he was very charitable to those who had not performed to perfection in tutorials. As Diane Coyle said in her moving appreciation of him, “One learned to interpret comments such as, ‘That’s very, very – very – interesting,’ as signalling a terrible error”. Nigel Wightman adds, “Diane Coyle is quite right in saying that Peter’s enthusiasm for an essay was inversely related to its quality. We all worked that out. He was a ‘yes, yes, yes’ person rather than a ‘no, no, no’ person, or to be accurate, it was ‘yes, yes, yes, now let’s develop that a little further...’”

His contribution to the teaching of economics in the UK (and beyond) was immense not least because of the large number of distinguished economists he inspired.

I never had the pleasure of being taught by Peter, but I am impressed by the fact that everyone who came under his special spell. Apart from his academic brilliance, Peter was one of the kindest of men, a real gentleman in fact. He was jovial and generous. He never appeared pessimistic and was always free with advice or encouragement notwithstanding his tough work schedule. He was fascinated by ideas and debate. Peter had a special sparkle to him, with a combination of joy and intelligence—always with a twinkle in his eye.

He was a wonderful source of advice to me when I came in from the outside world as an ingénu to Oxford (and needed wise counsel). He always gave with such generosity of spirit and warmth. He made everyone feel as though they were the only person who mattered. I recall a lovely occasion when he came to our home in London for a dinner party which was largely comprised of those whom Peter had once taught. The awe and respect for him in the room was palpable.

His command of foreign languages was superb and he would always try to make someone from abroad feel at home by speaking a few words to them in their native tongue. I am reliably told that he was one of the five members of Brasenose Governing Body in the 1960s who spoke passable Hungarian and on one occasion he spoke to a student in Swahili. I saw him converse in Japanese and French. He was always genuinely delighted to see people.

I cannot resist one wonderful anecdote on this told to me by Nigel Wightman:

“The penultimate time we met, last year, we all went to an exhibition at the British Library (on early medieval manuscripts, on which of course he was an expert). We then went to dinner at an Italian restaurant and Peter struck up a conversation with the waiter, in Italian. He was puzzled as to why the waiter seemed puzzled. We then discovered that the waiter was in fact Polish, so Peter switched to fluent Polish and the two of them chatted away happily for several minutes.”

The role of Chairmanship of the Remuneration Committee is a taxing one in an Oxford College requiring both sensitivity and willingness to broker compromises. It was an obvious choice for us to ask Peter to do this, which he did willingly although he often had to travel from Norfolk. He last fulfilled the role in early February shortly before he was stricken with the coronavirus.

He genuinely relished the fact that so many of his students had done so well in their future careers and he kept up with them assiduously and knew exactly what they were doing, more than is usual for tutors. The press has inevitably concentrated on David Cameron as his student but there were very many more.

Brasenose had a remarkable team of PPE tutors during the years Peter was a Fellow; in particular Vernon Bogdanor for Politics, Anthony Courakis in Economics and Michael Woods and John Foster in Philosophy. They were quite different in personality and the sum was greater than the extraordinary parts. Brasenose rightly became known as the PPE College (and I say that as a Lincoln College graduate).

His academic work was usually closely tied to questions of practical policy, and his publications offer much concrete advice on monetary policy, public debt, financial regulation, optimal taxation inflation and trade. Some of the questions Peter was thinking about were ahead of their time, such as a paper on the relationship between technical progress and job destruction published in 1981 and an analysis of the optimal taxation of fossil fuel in light of global warming, published in 1994. Another area where Peter excelled was in monetary economics. He and Dick Smethurst ran a weekly seminar on the subject at BNC. Their discussion of the yield curve was seminal.

Having been at the forefront of the academic research on independent central bankers and inflation targeting in the 1990s, Peter was more

recently contributing to reimagining monetary policy in the “new normal” after the global financial crisis. True to form, Peter had been writing on how to rebalance the UK economy after the crisis. Given his interest in policy, it was quite natural that he spent time advising the Bank of England and other central banks, the Treasury, the Financial Services Authority and other institutions, bridging the gap between the world of academic insight and policy action. Peter also published highly scholarly papers. An example is a discussion of David Hume’s views on public debt in light of modern economic theory.

As Director of the Bank of England’s Centre for Central Banking Studies (CCBS) he taught central-bank staff from all over the world, both in London and overseas. Peter maintained a connection with the Bank of England after leaving CCBS in 2008, including as a visiting academic, advising on research and teaching graduate entrants for many years.

He had been at an earlier time a visiting professor at the University of British Columbia and Queen’s University in Canada, and he also lectured in China, France, Germany, Greece, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Lesotho, Poland, Russia and the US. He was until his death visiting professor at the London School of Economics and University of Warwick, and Chairman of the Royal Economic Society Easter School, and the International Economics Study Group.

In August 2016, Peter was elected by the UK’s statistics body, the Office for National Statistics (ONS) as one of five economists to sit on a new panel called the Economic Experts Working Group. The group meets six times a year and advises the ONS on issues such as how to measure the changing economy.

There have been many tributes flooding in to the College from the moment his death was announced. I mention in particular those by two of his former Brasenose pupils, Diane Coyle and Tim Harford. Tim, someone else who can make complex concepts appear simple, said that “Peter was an inspirational economics teacher and a wonderfully kind man”. Many of the tributes have a unanimity about them that he was the best economics teacher they had known and a strong influence on their careers.

His non-economics interests included architecture, history and languages. Peter was a great proponent of the EU and recently wrote a little piece “10 Reasons to Vote Leave” which was somewhat tongue-in-cheek.

His first wife Shelagh Heffernan, a distinguished economist, sadly died in 2010 after a long illness and in 2016 Peter married the environmental artist, Jayne Ivimey. They lived a happy life between the Barbican in London and Norfolk and he frequently visited us in Oxford.

Colin Milner Smith (Jurisprudence, 1957)

First published in The Times, August 26th 2020

Although a high-minded and studious commercial lawyer, Colin Milner Smith, QC, derived his greatest pleasure from his sporting pursuits. While representing the producers of the James Bond films, he was particularly chuffed to play Roger Moore, 007 himself, at backgammon. He obtained even greater satisfaction through outscoring the England batsman **Colin Cowdrey (Geography, 1951)** in the final of a cricket competition.

The demands of advocacy and, later, of a circuit judge, were not permitted to interfere with his love of games, particularly cricket. Milner Smith had followed Cowdrey to Tonbridge School and to Brasenose College, Oxford, as an exhibitioner, but had been prevented from gaining a Blue by the presence of another England cricketer in the making, Alan Smith. He was no relation but was a fellow wicketkeeper.

Hence Milner Smith played in just one first-class match, in 1958, while his namesake was taking an exam. Far from being deflated, he continued to keep wicket for a variety of clubs into his seventies. Weekends were sacrosanct: if he was not behind the stumps he was in the pavilion at Lord's, where he knew any number of MCC members.

He outscored Cowdrey, one of England's finest batsmen, for Old Tonbridgians in the final of the Cricketer Cup in 1972. He made 90 and Cowdrey 49 in a victory over Old Malvernians. The reward for the winners was to be flown to Epernay when the sponsors of the competition were Moët & Chandon. Milner Smith's brother, Martin, the more gregarious of the two drank so much champagne after another victory in 1984 that he was unable to give his speech at the celebratory lunch at Château de Saran, amusing himself by urinating into the hat of the portentous cricket writer EW Swanton, who had left it on a peg outside the dining room. Fortunately for him, his hosts did not notice as one brother stood in for the other.

Colin Milner Smith was the son of Alan Milner Smith, a lawyer who became town clerk of Lewisham in south London, and Vera (née Cannon). He grew up in Otford, Kent, and excelled at sport and academia at Tonbridge. In his two subsequent years of National Service a relaxed existence of drinking gin gimlets in Malta was followed by the grim task of being in charge of a marine landing boat during the Suez crisis, picking up injured commandos under fire. “He combined a touch of lunacy with utter charm,” his friend Ted Rose said. “Fancy electing to join the Royal Marines, then later being renowned as the most polite judge on his circuit.”

Alan Smith, who was in the same college at Oxford and who was to become chief executive of the Test and County Cricket Board, recalled Milner Smith as “a very nice chap” but surprisingly they never discussed the art of wicketkeeping. In his one first-class appearance, in the Parks against Sussex, Milner Smith brought off a stumping and was twice dismissed cheaply. Much of the rest of his time was spent reading history and then studying law, in which he got an upper second, and wearing a brown tailcoat in the Phoenix, believed to be the oldest of the Oxford dining clubs.

He then attended University of Chicago Law School. “My father always said it was an exciting time to be in America,” said his son, Alexander. “Kennedy had just been elected and there was a school of thought developing among lawyers which was to influence some of the president’s key advisers. By the time he returned to Britain, the Swinging Sixties had begun and my mother was part of that scene.” He met her through gatecrashing a party in Notting Hill.

A contemporary who became a close friend when he worked in the Middle Temple was Tony Blair’s brother, William, who is Alexander’s godfather. Several decades later, Milner Smith would be invited to Chequers. He would be predominantly a commercial silk — he met Moore through acting for Eon Productions over a dispute when a rival James Bond film, *Never Say Never Again*, was released in the early 1980s — before becoming a circuit judge in 1991. He wrote books concerned with the laws on gaming and betting.

Milner Smith was sensitive to any criticism in the press for being too lenient in sentencing criminals. “He would make every effort to prevent defendants from having to deal with sneaky questions,” said Alexander. “And he was prepared to be flown into the Maze in

Northern Ireland to do internment without trial hearings. A lot of people didn't want to do that."

He could always escape to a cricket ground or to another favourite venue, Glyndebourne for the opera. As well as attending matches at Lord's, he was a keen supporter of Kent and would watch them at Canterbury. Among the other clubs he played for was Limpsfield on the border of Kent and Surrey, for which he was to score more than 20,000 runs. He arrived late for one Limpsfield Strollers' tour of the West Country when he was supposed to be opening the batting and was out first ball but then propped up the bar until closing time.

"Colin played both days every weekend, three if it included a bank holiday, yet still contrived to appear in court on Monday mornings, evidently in complete control of his brief. Extraordinary really," said Rose. The only time this seemed a problem was when he was hit on the nose by a ball and was worried about his starring image. In the days before drink-driving restrictions, he would race home in his little white sports car late in the evening. "On one occasion, he took great delight in relating that the police had to admit in court that they had been unable to keep up."

Milner Smith married, in Gray's Inn Chapel in 1979, Moira Braybrooke, the daughter of Contessa Teresa Marcello Stopponi, who was the first public relations representative for Laura Ashley, having been taken on initially as a shop manageress. According to *Laura Ashley: A Life By Design* she had "style, good looks and an exotic family background". They made their home in Wimbledon and had two children: Alexander, who became a lawyer, and Camilla, a doctor. Moira died last year.

Milner Smith and his brother were nothing if not competitive. "My father was extremely generous with his time but parsimonious by nature," said Alexander. "If he could find a suit for £6, he would buy it. When Martin staged a party once, my father told him he had found the "champers deal of the century" and would bring this with him — only what he had in mind was not champagne but "Shampa" (Sovetskoe Shampanskoye, which was cheap sparkling wine from the Soviet Union). Generally they got on well but Martin took this very poorly. There was always a bit of needle about who was the better cricketer."

Colin Milner Smith, QC, was born on November 2, 1936. He died of the effects of strokes and dementia on July 10, 2020, aged 83.

Lawrence Stewart Ainslie Smith (Chemistry, 1945)

by Patricia Smith

The term 'Renaissance Man', while a tired and rather overused cliché, can never have been employed more accurately than with reference to Stewart Smith. A trained scientist with a keen intellect and endlessly enquiring mind, he was equally at home when discussing history, culture and politics.

He was born Lawrence Stewart Ainslie Smith in Calcutta to Lawrence and Doris Smith. At the age of five, he returned to England for his education, first in Kidderminster where he lived with his grandparents and then from autumn 1937 at Kingswood School, Bath, aged 10. His parents were in Calcutta for the duration of the Second World War and he was not to see them from 1939 until 1944, when they returned to England. In 1945 Stewart went up to Oxford University on a County Scholarship to read Chemistry. A member of Brasenose College, he played for the 1st XV Rugby team and rowed in the 2nd VIII achieving his MA in 1948.

His first job was as assistant chemistry master at Epsom College 1949-1952. However, Stewart craved adventure, and was accepted by the Colonial Service (H.M. Overseas Civil Service) onto the Devonshire Course to train as a District Officer.

Before his first posting overseas, he met Patsy McDonnell at a local dance and soon thereafter they became engaged. Stewart's first posting was in 1953 to Singida, Central Province, Tanganyika, East Africa. Patsy followed him shortly afterwards and they were married 1954 in Singida before he was transferred to Manyoni District.

Returning to the UK in 1956, Stewart worked briefly for Esso Research Ltd and then moved to CIBA (ARL) Ltd. as a research scientist working to find new polymers. This work resulted in three patents. In 1963 he went back to life as an educator, lecturing in chemistry and polymer chemistry at the Rugby College of Engineering Technology (later to become part of Lanchester Polytechnic, and later still, Coventry University).

Determined to complete his PhD which had been started in 1956, Stewart took a year's sabbatical in 1974-75 to complete his research working under the supervision of Dr Ian Ward, Professor of Polymer Physics, Leeds University. His work on the elasticity of polymers was

ultimately to provide research material used by the MoD. He was awarded his PhD in 1976.

Teaching, like research, was in Stewart's DNA and from 1976 until his retirement in 1989 he was Senior Lecturer, teaching degree courses and supervising his own PhD students.

Stewart was a committed member of his local church, St Andrews Parish Church, Rugby. He was an ardent bell ringer and member of the Universities Association of Bell Ringers. Such was his passion that he coordinated a programme to raise over £25,000 to recast and re-hang the ring of eight bells in the second bell tower at St Andrews. In order to raise funds he researched and published a family history of Billy Butlin.

As well as being an academic he had a wide range of cultural and sporting interests. He was a keen sportsman and rambler, an accomplished horse rider, a member of the local Philharmonic choir and in later life learned both to play the clarinet and to fly glider planes.

Cremated on what would have been his 93rd birthday, Stewart is survived by his wife of 65 years, Patricia, three children, three grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Michael Stahl Stegmann (Jurisprudence, 1956)

by Jeremy Lawrence

*Taken from the Bishops Old Boys Association,
the OD Union and written by Jeremy Lawrence.*

Michael Stegmann (Founders, matriculated 1952) was born in Pretoria and inherited from his father Edwin, an attorney, a generous quantity of legal genes, for two of his De Villiers great-uncles had been Chief Justices – and one of them, Sir Henry de Villiers, presided over the National Convention of 1908/09. Michael was educated at Waterkloof House Preparatory School (motto: “Work Hard, Play Straight”) before arriving at Bishops senior school in 1949. He was highly gifted academically; played right wing for the 2nd XV; and on the stage distinguished himself in the leading role of a play called *The Amazing Dr Clitterhouse*.

There followed a year at Pretoria University (where he found the atmosphere hostile) and two years at the University of Cape Town, obtaining his BA (Law) there. While at UCT he played the lead in *Camus's Caligula* at the Little Theatre.

Then at his father's old college, Brasenose in Oxford, Michael spent three years reading Law for a BA (Hons Jurisp) degree, at the same time studying at the Inner Temple in London – where in due course he was called to the Bar. At Brasenose he was a member of that college's famed Phoenix social club (a fellow-member of which, at that time, was Tarquin Olivier, son of Sir Laurence Olivier). The club's unusual garb included white tie and brown tailcoat.

In 1961 Michael returned to South Africa and, as he put it, to “the real world”. For some years he served as an articled clerk in Johannesburg (with Webber, Wentzel, Hofmeyr, Turnbull and Co). In 1965 he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court (Transvaal Provincial Division) and practised as a junior advocate for the next nineteen years. Then in 1981 he took silk – that is, was appointed a Senior Counsel. To his surprise he was offered an appointment as an acting judge only two years later; and in June 1984 he became a permanent judge. (About this distinction he was modest: “There were a great many silks senior to me, who ought to have been given the appointment.”) He retired from the Bench in 2004.

In 1963 Michael married Sarah Lewin in the Lady Chapel of Westminster Cathedral, London. She survives him, as do their three children Josephine, Matthew (Founders, matriculated 1985) and Hannah, and their three grandchildren Michael, Luke and Connor.

Michael was a devoted family man. He lived as full a life as his strenuous legal career permitted, enjoying hiking (especially up mountains), the Kruger National Park and, indeed, nature in general. Holidays were spent with his family at the Stegmann holiday home, Thule, in Plettenberg Bay.

Bill Sterling (1961)

by his family

ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μουσα, πολύτροπον

Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns

The Odyssey, trans. Robert Fagles

Bill Sterling dedicated himself to the word in all its forms, from epic poetry, recited aloud in its native ancient Greek or Latin, to fine conversation, to the teachings of the Buddha and his disciples; from an

extensive correspondence replete with limericks and riddles, to words of love and wisdom to family and friends, to the education of new generations in the communities he loved, from Andover to Anderson Valley High School. We honor his life and miss the joy of his presence.

William Wallace Sterling, known as Bill to everyone, was born July 3, 1939 in Pasadena, California. His parents were depression-era immigrants from Alberta, Canada. Bill was joined by two sisters, Susie and Judy, and spent his early years in Pasadena, where he attended Polytechnic School.

In 1948, when Bill was nine years old, his father became president of Stanford University, and the family moved to a home on the Stanford campus. Bill finished middle school in Palo Alto and then went east to Phillips Andover Academy. He loved Andover, where he discovered both true academic rigor and amateur ice hockey, and was an All-New England lacrosse player.

Bill returned to Stanford for college. He majored in history and cultivated his life-long passion for foreign and classical languages. He spent a year in Beutelsbach through Stanford-in-Germany, learning the language with high enthusiasm for its polysyllabic compounds. Awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, he traveled after graduation to study at Brasenose College, Oxford. He left Brasenose to marry Molly Merrill, whom he had met at Stanford, and to work in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Bill attended Harvard Law School, and then took a position at Heller, Ehrman, White & McCauliffe in San Francisco, specializing in commercial real estate transactions. He and Molly built a house among the redwoods in Mill Valley and raised two children, Alinor and Maury. He was an excellent lawyer, but the practice of law did not contain his interests. Dinner parties in Mill Valley mixed scholars of classical Greek with mythopoetic thinkers like Joseph Campbell. Bill taught himself Sanskrit and extended his knowledge of ancient Greek, Latin, and mythology. When he took his family for a three-month sabbatical to Crete in 1976, Bill was not able to communicate with the Homeric Greek he had learned, but made do with his German, which the locals had learned from the occupying German army during World War II. Bill also served on the Board of Hospice of Marin. He and Molly divorced in 1981.

Bill became a practicing Buddhist, studying with teachers from Zen and Tibetan lineages. In 1983, Bill married Yvonne Rand, a Buddhist

meditation teacher and settled with her in Muir Beach. Together with Yvonne, he founded The Callipeplon Society, a nonprofit organization centered on widening the understanding of Buddhism in the United States and on adapting traditional Buddhist teachings for the lives of American lay practitioners. Over several decades, he deepened his understanding of Buddhist teachings, often combining them with his interest in classical languages including Sanskrit, Pali and Greek. Bill was an amateur ornithologist and botanist, and in the many workshops and seminars he led jointly with Yvonne, he often incorporated his enthusiasm for natural history. As an outgrowth of his commitment to the practice of Buddhism, Bill supported a range of efforts to address the plight of the people and the land of Tibet. He served on the board of Tibet House in New York City and on the board of the International Committee of Lawyers for Tibet. After practicing law with Heller, Ehrman for 28 years, Bill chose to continue his legal work as a solo practitioner.

In 2005, Bill and Yvonne moved to the Anderson Valley. Bill taught himself Spanish, which enabled him to engage with the valley's Spanish-speaking community as well as to read Cervantes in the original. He expanded educational resources in the valley, tirelessly raising money for classes, equipment and capital projects and serving on multiple nonprofit boards. The rhythm of the valley's farming life suited him and Yvonne and their joint interest in the natural world. Dinner parties, for which Bill created and saved detailed menus, which he cooked himself, brought together students of Buddhism with new friends from the Anderson Valley. He dedicated himself to caring for Yvonne, who began during this time to suffer from Alzheimer's disease. Bill treasured his work for the Anderson Valley, the warm local community that surrounded and supported both him and Yvonne; afternoons at Anderson Valley Panthers soccer games; and rides on the Skunk Train, in furtherance of his lifelong passion for full-size and model trains. In the last year of his life, Bill founded a new nonprofit called Wings For Learning/Alas Para Volar: Better Education for Latinos in Rural Communities.

Bill died at home, suddenly and without pain, on December 1.

He is survived by his wife Yvonne; by his two children and their families, including two grandchildren and one on the way; by his two sisters, and his niece and nephews and their families; and by his two stepchildren and their families.

A memorial service was held in the Anderson Valley in January. Contributions in his memory may be made to Wings for Learning/ Alas Para Volar, at Wings for Learning, P.O. Box 853, Boonville, CA 95415, or to the Callipeplon Society, P.O. Box 678, Philo, CA 95466.

David Taylor (Physics, 1952)

*by Ian Boyd (Physics, 1952) with major contributions
from Ruth Taylor and Catherine (Taylor) Randall*

David Taylor was born in Shropshire in 1933, brought up in Coalbrookdale, and attended Wellington Grammar School. His family – mother, father and younger sister Patricia – moved to Kent when he was in the sixth form, and he attended Maidstone Grammar School from where he won a scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford to read physics matriculating in 1952. At that time there were still a few returned service men in the college together with a mixture of undergraduates from public and state schools which provided a friendly community with plenty of sporting talent. The physics tutor was Dr Desmond Bagguley who was rather a remote figure hard to get to know. Nicolas Kurti, a college research fellow, although not a tutor, was a demonstrator in the labs and a more inspiring friendly teacher.

David and I were partners in tutorials in our first year and also in the Physics laboratories for the three years of our undergraduate degree. I was a poor attendee at the lab due to my afternoons spent at Iffley Road track which put David at a disadvantage. We shared digs in our third and fourth years and spent each evening in the last weeks before finals having fun quizzing each other on complex physics topics. David took up rowing in his freshman year but was forced to stop when he cut his hand badly by putting it through a glass window. He had greater success with chess including playing for the College.

After getting a good upper second in Finals he enrolled for a PhD in solid state physics but decided after two years to switch to school teaching. His first teaching job was at Sherborne School in Dorset, where he rose to become Head of the Physics Department. In 1966, he moved to Spalding Grammar School in Lincolnshire as Deputy Head. He returned to Shropshire to take up the post of Headmaster of Adams' Grammar School, Newport, in January 1974, at the age of 40. He remained there for exactly 20 years, only the 16th Headmaster in

the school's long history (a Haberdasher school founded in 1656), and the last Headmaster to live in the seventeenth-century Headmaster's House.

David was Headmaster of Adams' Grammar School (now called Haberdashers' Adams) from 1974-1993. He was instrumental in saving the school from closure and enabling its survival as a grammar school during the turbulent times of the 1970s and 80s. He then oversaw the school's transition to Grant Maintained status and also introduced girls into the sixth form before he left. He made a huge contribution towards making the school the success it is today and will be remembered by many for his devotion, affection and loyalty to the school throughout his years of headship. His achievements were recognised when he was made a Haberdasher and Freeman of the City of London on his retirement.

David met Ruth Bryan in 1963 at a summer school in the USA. Ruth graduated from Bedford College, University of London, and became a history teacher. They were married for 56 years and had a daughter Catherine. Ruth was Head of History at Newport Girls' High School, and was herself involved in many areas of town, school and church life. David was delighted when Catherine followed him to Oxford, studying Modern History at St Catherine's College.

Outside education David was Chairman of the highly successful Newport Music Club for many years and an active member of St Nicholas's Church. On retirement, he was the Clergy Retirement Officer for the Diocese of Lichfield, Trustee of the Shropshire Historic Churches Trust for fifteen years and was closely involved with the rebuilding of Cosy Hall in Newport as a valuable civic amenity.

He also continued to take a role in the life of Adam's, and with Ruth co-authored a history of the school, *Mr Adams' Free Grammar School*, published in 2002. After moving out of the school house in 1979, the Taylors moved first to Church Aston, and then to Lilleshall, just outside Newport, where they lived from 1983 until 2014 when they moved to Hampshire to be near their daughter. David continued to play an active part in local life until very recently. In addition to his passion for education, David's wide interests included chess, astronomy, the history of science, travel, poetry, classical music and – for the last twenty-three years – entertaining his three grandchildren.

After retirement David and Ruth made two trips to New Zealand

where I was living and we resumed our friendship reminiscing about our Brasenose days and enjoying NZ wines and local fresh oysters.

Peter Vaughan

by Canon Gordon Dey and correspondents

This article first appeared in the Church Times on May 29th 2020.

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The Rt Revd Peter St George Vaughan, a former Bishop of Ramsbury, came from a medical family full of faith.

Born in 1930 in Shiraz, Iran, to CMS missionaries, he travelled as a baby in his mother's arms back to the UK. He was schooled in Cheltenham, to which he had been evacuated during the war, and later at Charterhouse. He was not sporty, and his pleasure in school was not one unadulterated. He attended Bash camps, together with Michael Green and David Sheppard. Despite these camps' focus on muscular Christianity, it was his faith that grew, not his sporting ability.

After National Service, he studied at Selwyn College, and then at Ridley Hall, Cambridge. During holidays, he spent time in his uncle's parish in Middlesbrough, where he worked in an iron foundry. The least practical of people, he did this so that he could understand everyday working life.

An encounter at a CSSM mission with Elisabeth Parker, a New Zealander, forged a relationship that would undergird future life and Christian ministry. Their contrasting personalities and yet common passionate faith and CMS family backgrounds set the scene for their married life.

As his curacy began in 1957 at St Martin's in-the-Bull-Ring, Birmingham, under the evangelist Canon Bryan Green, he met Canon John Holden, who says: "Searching for faith, and as a complete newcomer, Peter invited me to meet with him once a week for conversations; it was like a one-to-one Alpha course."

Peter lived with the four other curates in the rectory. Green joked that, although he himself was regarded as too great a risk to ever be called to the episcopate, most of his curates had become bishops. Here, Peter learnt his trade and his love of mission and challenging environments, and the need for ministry to respond creatively to social trends. This commitment to deprived areas he shared with Elisabeth,

reflected in the school at which she chose to teach.

He set up a boys' club, invited shoppers in the Bullring market to lunchtime services, and had a particular concern for the children in the St Martin's Sunday school, which was located in what was still then a slum area of central Birmingham. The same commitment led Peter, in retirement, to participate in a project supporting refugees and asylum-seekers in Swindon.

In 1963, Peter, now with Elisabeth, moved to Oxford, as Chaplain to the Oxford Pastorate, and Assistant Chaplain of Brasenose College, where he thrived on lively student debate and High Table discussion. Their two daughters, Sarah and Merle, were born in this period. The urge to engage in overseas mission work was irresistible, however, and, over the next eight years, they took on challenging ministry in Sri Lanka and in New Zealand.

With CMS, he was the last British Vicar of Christ Church, Galle Face, in Colombo, and was delighted that one of his curates succeeded him. He thrived on the multi-faith environment and forged lifelong relationships, returning several times in retirement to lead missions. He enjoyed the culture, and, although he never mastered the language, he did not fear the challenge of it.

When an insurrection broke out in 1970, they remained in Sri Lanka long after the expat community had left. His mother sent him the Church Times weekly and, in its folds, were all the medicines and necessities that were unavailable during rationing. Usually, packages mysteriously arrived empty, but the Church Times proved the safest mode of transport.

After five years, Peter moved with the family, now with son Richard, too, to New Zealand, where he was Precentor of Auckland Cathedral, and experienced a flavour of his wife's homeland.

Returning to the UK in 1975, Peter was appointed Principal of CMS's Training College, Crowther Hall, in Birmingham. He followed in the footsteps of Bishop Simon Barrington-Ward. On a campus of several training colleges which boasted 45 nationalities and a collegiate federation, this was a rich environment in which to teach and develop mission partners.

When he moved to Carlisle, to become Archdeacon of Westmorland and Furness, he was involved in the CMS Northern Council. Canon Mark Oxbrow talks of his and Elisabeth's being "energetic supporters"

of Faith2Share, a global network of mission agencies, born within and including CMS.

Bishop Chris Edmondson recalls: “When Peter was Archdeacon, he ‘got’ what I was about in my role as Diocesan Missioner for Carlisle diocese, and I know he prayed for me and was generally a great source of encouragement.” He also travelled miles in the days before SatNav, never once arriving late. He and Elisabeth loved the beauty of the Lakes, and did much fell-walking.

In 1989, Peter became Bishop of Ramsbury, the first bishop to be consecrated in Salisbury Cathedral in 900 years. His greatest pleasure was pastoral care of the clergy. The Archdeacon of Sarum, the Ven. Alan Jeans, recalls: “Although we had different theologies of mission and evangelism, Bishop Peter always gave space for my tradition and understanding, and soon he drew me into the Archbishop’s Springboard Mission Initiative... Bishop Peter was an encourager in his humility and graciousness.”

Building on relationships made while with CMS, he forged links, including the diocesan one, with Sudan, and was the Archbishop’s envoy. Confirming hundreds of refugees or ordaining priests, all of whom had walked for days to meet him and his Sudanese colleague, left a searing impression on him. The image of the Sudanese bishop holding the cross high while leading his people to safety through tracts of desert never left him. He also created a diocesan link with Latvia, and remained the Archbishop’s representative with the Church of Ceylon. While in Carlisle, he had forged links with the Church in Zululand.

Instead of retiring in 1998, he felt that he had enough energy for one last post, and was sent to Bradford diocese as a house-for-duty assistant bishop. This, again, was a post that he made pastoral, but he also immersed himself in parish life with me, the Vicar. He was as comfortable chatting to people, peeling carrots in the day centre on a large urban estate, as he was in getting to know people in the more prosperous little village.

Retirement when it came was in Lechdale, where he, now into his mid-eighties, regularly took the Sunday-evening services; he particularly enjoyed leading gatherings at the pub.

Peter’s ministry was greatly enhanced by his marriage and the life and vision that he and Elisabeth shared for 58 years. It was she who cared for him during his last years of growing dementia. These years

were ones of gentle mental and physical decline. Spiritually, however, there was no decline, and he was often able to provide wise counsel. When asked to pray, he seemed to be fully aware of the real needs of those around him. His gracious kindness was reflected in his last days, as he thanked the nurses who washed him, despite the pain and discomfort that this caused him. He was a man who lay his talents at the foot of the cross and used what he had to God's glory.

Peter died on 4 April, aged 89. His request for his funeral was simple: "It must be a Resurrection event." Those who made up the intimate number sensed that they were surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses" who shared in thanksgiving for a man who claimed nothing for himself, but in whom we constantly saw the resurrection life of Jesus being lived.

Bill Wardell (Physiological Sciences, 1959)

by Professor Graham Richards (Chemistry, 1958) with contributions from Richard Woods (Modern Languages, 1962) and Dorothy Wardell

Bill Wardell was a very distinguished medical scientist in the area of pharmaceutical research and drug development. He was solely responsible for major changes in the approval of new medicines particularly in the USA and undoubtedly responsible for saving the lives of many thousands of people.

His early years were passed in New Zealand where he was an adventurous boy who enjoyed spending time in the woods, experimenting with chemicals in the backyard shed, and later mountaineering. He was clearly the model for the boy hero of his mother's successful children's mystery series. He attended Christ's College where he was obviously destined for a significant future and was encouraged and inspired by its headmaster, Brasenose alumnus Reg Hornsby, to work towards admission to Oxford. Indeed Bill went on to do a pre-medical course in Dunedin from where a Commonwealth Medical Scholarship brought him to Brasenose and he became a medical student with George Gordon as his tutor.

Bill was quickly recognised as academically very able and highly organised, for example recording the things he needed to learn on cards. These he could study even while at the swimming pool, but were a clear indication of his talent at handling data. (He would go on

to spend the most number of years in statu pupillari at Brasenose of any graduate since WWII, earning a B.Sc./M.A.; B.M., B.Ch.; D.Phil.; and D.M.) Outside his studies Bill played sport and memorably became Secretary of the Phoenix Common Room. The PCR had largely been the club for rather upper class Englishmen, but largely because Peter Dawkins became Secretary it morphed into a Club populated by Rhodes Scholars such as Bob O'Neill and other colonials. I have a vivid memory of Bill performing a Haka on the dining table.

After taking Finals and before doing the clinical portion of the medical degree Bill interposed doing a DPhil in the Pharmacology Department supervised by Bill Paton. During his research years he and I shared a flat in Norham Gardens along with George Alberti of Balliol, later Sir George Alberti and President of the Royal College of Physicians who was also interposing a DPhil. It was during this time that we organised a skiing trip and much more significantly he met his American future wife Dorothy.

The clinical course involved Bill's doing house jobs and practising as a locum in England. He then took Dorothy to New Zealand to see his birthplace, working as a doctor and teaching at the University of Otago. There he obtained a Merck Fellowship in Clinical Pharmacology to the distinguished and pioneering Pharmacology Department at the University of Rochester where he quickly advanced to become a professor and created a new Center for the Study of Drug Development (now at Tufts). He retained involvement with patients and prescribing drugs for their treatment. This was a life-changing period. Having practised both in the UK and New Zealand he was aware of drugs which could cure sick patients, but they were not approved in the US by the FDA, even if they had been available and used for many years without problem overseas. Many people would just have moaned about this, but Bill sought out a National Science Foundation grant to look into it and collected quantified data which showed that the FDA was dilatory in giving approvals. He showed, for example, that a heart drug already used for ten years in the UK could have saved the lives of more US men in a year than had been killed in accidents.

This issue became a campaign with Bill testifying before the House and Senate, earning him the nickname 'Dr Drug Lag' and some hostility from politicians but praise from the national media and from patients. That campaign changed the way the FDA worked, enabling the agency

to consider efficacy in addition to safety, make speedier approvals, and incorporate more post-approval surveillance. These results proved positive from the point of view of the Pharmaceutical industry and they encouraged his sideline in pharma-economics. His next major issue was the length of time drug research takes with the result that the profitable period before patents run out proved to be very short thus discouraging much research. He advocated a system of possible patent extensions: popular with big pharma, but potentially devastating to some of the generic companies. Opposition was supported by Ralph Nader, but even worse much pressure was put on Bill going as far as death threats to him and his children.

Offers came in from the pharma industry, where Bill had notable success in introducing novel therapeutics and also the world's largest selling drug ever, Lipitor. When the biotech industry began to blossom, he moved to Cambridge (US) to head a company that engineered proteins for the industry. He later became medical SVP of a company conducting clinical trials (CRO) and heading its drug development sciences institute. In his later years he and Dorothy moved to Florida where he enjoyed daily swims and beach walks and he consulted nationally on drug development and approval.

In his last years he suffered from cancer and then sudden-onset dementia. Nonetheless he left not only an adoring family and many close friends, but also untold hundreds of thousands of people who are unaware that they are only alive thanks to Bill.

Michael Allan Wilson (Geology, 1948)*by Rosemary Wilson*

In Loving Memory

“Now Enoch walked with God,
Walked in a fellowship so close and sweet
That all the clamour of the crowded street,
The angry tumult of the busy mart,
Could not disturb his tranquil, yielded heart.
He walked with God.

So far he walked with God
That earthly loss and pain were left behind
And earthly anchors had no power to bind;
He left the harbour and put out to sea,
Bound for the deeps of love’s eternity,
Where souls meet God.

So close he walked with God,
He looked with God, and with that opened sight
He saw all shadows swallowed up in light.
He looked on men with God’s compassionate eyes
And ministered to their infirmities
And blessed their need.

So long he walked with God,
So intimate their talk - he could not say
When earthly twilight changed to Heaven’s day.
Only his Master spoke, “Earth’s paths are rough
And you and I have travelled far enough.
Come home with Me.”

Patricia St John 1919–1993

This beautiful poem exactly describes Michael’s life. He knew his life was coming to an end: he was not afraid – in fact, he was looking forward to leaving his failing body behind. He lived every day of his ninety-two years to the full. His daily meditation during the last twenty-five or more years of his life sustained him through many medical and other challenges. He was an immensely self-disciplined,

selfless, public-spirited, and thoughtful person – yet full of fun with a good sense of humour.

Born in Radlett, Hertfordshire, his father was a family doctor of a Yorkshire family and his mother Scottish, born in Cardross. Having found letters written from the trenches in WWI, he published his father's letters in a small book entitled "From Trench to Sky" as his father, having been badly wounded on the Somme, joined the Air Force and served all through WW2. Michael also wrote "Peter", his father's biography, and his own memoirs "Dios es.mi co-piloto" – in a ten-year project which he struggled to complete before he died.

He was educated at Marlborough and Brasenose College, Oxford, having served on the lower deck of the Royal Navy in the last years of the war. He joined J & P Coats, the Paisley cotton firm, and spent 28 fulfilling years in South America and the other seven in the UK. He had a real gift in managing his staff and remained in touch with many for over fifty years. He was brought up in the Church of England and well nurtured in his faith by the Christian faith of his family. His grandfather, Claud Allan, was an elder of Cardross church for forty years and Michael followed his lead for forty-two years. He was married to Rosemary (née Gammell) for sixty-two years and had four sons – Crispin and Andrew born in Chile and Richard and Alistair born in Brazil. He was devoted to them and his nine grandchildren.

May he rest in Peace. Deo Gratias.



Forms Overleaf



Nomination Form 2021

The Brasenose Society is the College's Alumni Association. All matriculated BNC members are automatically members of the Brasenose Society on going down, and there is no membership fee.

Our object is the advancement of the welfare and interests of Brasenose College by:

- Encouraging closer relationships between all BNC members and fostering the interests which they have in common.
- Keeping members of the Society informed of alumni events in the College.
- Any other methods which from time to time appear likely to achieve the Society's object.

The Society has a management committee. New candidates who would like to offer active help are welcomed for election. Every year the committee elects a new President and Vice President from among the Alumni or Fellows. The commitment to meetings is not onerous: three a year, two in London and one in Oxford.

I _____ Matriculation Year _____

being a member of Brasenose,

and I _____ Matriculation Year _____

being a member of Brasenose,

nominate _____ Matriculation Year _____

for election at the Brasenose Society AGM 2021 as a member of the Brasenose Society Committee.

*I, _____ (name of nominee),

being a BNC alumnus and member of the Brasenose Society, consent to the above nomination.

I should like to stand for election because *(please state your reasons in no more than about 60 words)*.

Signatures

_____ (Proposer) Date _____ 2021

_____ (Seconder) Date _____ 2021

_____ (Nominee) Date _____ 2021

* Complete only if nominee is neither Proposer nor Seconder. Once completed, please return this form to The Alumni Relations and Development Office, Brasenose College, Oxford, OX1 4AJ no later than Tuesday 31st August 2021.

If you are considering putting yourself forward for the committee, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office (+44(0)1865 287275, development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk) who can put you in touch with a current member to discuss the various roles available and the nature of the Committee.



Keep in touch

Help us to stay in touch with you and keep our records up to date by updating your information. You are invited to sign up for our online community where you can update your contact details, stay in touch with your peers, and book for College events at www.bnc.ox.ac.uk/alumni. Alternatively, return this form to The Alumni Relations & Development Office, Brasenose College, Oxford OX1 4AJ, or send a scan / photo to development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk

Title _____ Surname _____ Matriculation Year _____

Forenames _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Telephone _____ Email _____

Any further information _____

Information for *The Brazen Nose* 2020–2021

Please tell us of any news you would like to see appear in the *Brazen Nose* covering the period October 2020 to September 2021, including marriages, births, honours, achievements, distinctions etc.

Your news

Please return this form to The Alumni Relations & Development Office, Brasenose College, Oxford OX1 4AJ, or send a scan / photo to development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk

Data is used by Brasenose College in accordance with the General Data Protection Regulation (GDPR). For full details of privacy notices and other related documents please visit: <http://bit.ly/BNCPrivacy>

The College encourages the networking of alumni through the use of Year Reps. Year Reps are alumni volunteers who will contact their year group with a view to inform them of events and encourage participation. Reps now use a secure emailing system, and we do not pass on your contact details without permission. If you would NOT like to receive messages from your Year Rep, please let us know by returning this form and ticking this box .

If at any time you have any queries about the use of your personal data or wish to change the fact of, or extent of, use of your personal data, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

