

The Brazen Nose

2016–2017



CONTENTS

Records

A Message from the Editor	5
Senior Members	9
Class Lists	19
Graduate Degrees	23
Matriculations.....	27
College Prizes.....	31
Elections to Scholarships and Exhibitions	34
College Blues	38

Reports

JCR Report	40
Careers Report.....	43
HCR Report	44
Library and Archives Report.....	45
Presentations to the Library.....	49
Chapel Report.....	51
Music Report.....	55
The King's Hall Trust For The Arts.....	59
Ale Verses.....	60
Financial Review.....	61

Clubs

BNCBC – Women's Team.....	65
BNCBC – Men's Team.....	65
Football – Women's Team	67
Football – Men's Team	68
Rugby Football	70
Hockey – Women's Team.....	72
Hockey – Men's Team	73
Cricket.....	74
Netball	75
Badminton	76
Croquet.....	77
Arts Society	78
PPE Society.....	81
The Ellesmere Society	82

Articles

Elias Ashmole: A Life in London and Oxford <i>by John Bowers QC, Principal.....</i>	86
Fons et Origo <i>by Dr Llewelyn Morgan, Tutorial Fellow in Classics</i>	89
My Memories of BNC <i>By Brian C.R. Parker.....</i>	92
BNC Novelists – Further Revelations <i>by Dudley Harrop</i>	94
Dr. Eric Albone and the Order of the Rising Sun <i>by Dr Eric Albone</i>	99
Gaudy Remarks <i>by Sarah Jackson</i>	102
A Lucky Life <i>by Professor Graham Richards.....</i>	106
I've Written a Book About Jesus <i>by Helen Dale</i>	109
Fifty Years Ago <i>by John Weeks.....</i>	113
Plants: Healers and Killers – A Review <i>by Edward Lavender</i>	118
Letter to the Editor <i>from Mr Brian Wilson.....</i>	122
BNC Real Tennis <i>by John East</i>	123
The Extraordinary Mr Woodgate <i>by Bill O'Chee.....</i>	124
Travel	
Introduction	138
Report on the Use of the Annual Fund, 2017 <i>by Abhilasha Joshi</i>	139
My Fringe First <i>by Cressida Peever</i>	140

BNC Does Berlin: The Zenith, The Nadir, and Everything in Between <i>by Bill Freeman and Bradley Johnson</i>	142
University of Oxford Medical School – Elective Report <i>by Jonathan Attwood</i>	149
Fieldwork in Otrar, Kazakhstan <i>by Katie Campbell</i>	152

Public Engagement with Research: The Wonders of Breastfeeding <i>by Deon Simpson</i>	153
News & Notes	156
Brasenose Society	165
Year Reps	167
Upcoming Gaudies	171
Development Office Report	172
Donors to Brasenose	176
Obituaries	192

EDITOR'S NOTES

Dr Llewelyn Morgan (Tutorial Fellow in Classics)

The best of many pieces of advice left me by my predecessor as editor of *The Brazen Nose* was that it was, above all things, a record. The articles may be engaging (I hope there is something to interest everyone this year), but what really matters are the matriculations, examination results and the yearly records of rugby, Ellesmere Society, chapel and the rest. When a sports captain is late with a report (when are they not?) an editor, unless s/he is their tutor, has little enough purchase on their conscience, but reminding them of their duty to ensure that their and their teammates' performance is preserved for as long as Brasenose College persists can sometimes work with the more romantic of disposition. If only they also understood that in-jokes are meaningless to any reader outside the team, and will be meaningless to any member of the team too in ten years' time.

As I prepare to pass on this role after five most interesting years, I note how Graeme Richardson's guidance also informed the articles I have found myself stimulated to write for the Nose in that time – on a former Fellow and former student of the College, both war casualties recorded in the Chapel, and this year on an archaeological discovery in the shadow of the same building. All of these were details of the College history that I suppose struck me as demanding to be recorded, not forgotten, whether people or academic institutions that predated Brasenose College. In the case of Druce Robert Brandt, a former Classics tutor killed at Ypres in 1915, it was an article that David Walsh had been kind enough to write in 2014 about the Brasenose experience of the Great War that led, ultimately, to my presence at my predecessor's grave in Talana Farm Cemetery on the centenary of his death, standing alongside his grand-niece.

A sharper awareness of the history of the College is one thing I shall take away from this job: the next editor will soon be fed up to the back teeth of submissions from me about its fascinating drainage system or a former Principal's taste in snuff. Something I shall miss, however, is the interaction with old members wanting to supplement or correct (always apologetically and politely) what they had read in the latest issue, or (very tentatively) offer their own material for publication. This

is an opportunity to remind readers that this is your college, and thus your record: do please continue to flood my successor with submissions. A personal note of gratitude before I move on, however. Every time an envelope has arrived from Stephen Green at the Charterhouse I knew that it contained precious potential content for *The Brazen Nose*. His capacity to sniff out a Brasenose connection in anything he reads is quite extraordinary, but his concern that things worth recording be recorded is only what comes naturally to a man who formerly looked after the archive, library and museum of the Marylebone Cricket Club at Lord's. Meeting interesting and delightful people is another joy of editing the College magazine.

We are a moderately-sized college in terms of physical footprint, and our Deer Park is by any standard a space of modest proportions, its very name an ironic acknowledgement that other colleges occupy more extensive grounds. But recent developments within, under and around the Deer Park have enhanced it remarkably. The recently renovated "Medieval Kitchen" (one of my activities in retirement from the editorship will be a campaign to rename this very impressive old academic hall) now looks across at the restored cloister below the (renovated) main library, a brand-new reading room connected to the old library above by a spiral staircase. The "Old Cloisters", as it is temporarily known, has instantly become the most beautiful interior in the College, while a bold replanting of the quad outside has made it seem twice as big as before: a Chapel Quad worthy of that alternative name, even. The rediscovered beauty of the library, not only the old cloister but the renovated main and History libraries upstairs, is less important than the wonderful workspace it represents for our students, needless to say. But add to that the spanking new state-of-the-art archive underneath the library, and the heart of the College, between the Library, the Chapel, the Kitchen and the Hall, has never looked so good. We are grateful beyond words to the hugely generous old members who made it all possible.

Where the Deer Park meets New Quad stands a newly planted tree, a *Cercidiphyllum japonicum* or katsura tree donated by Modern History tutor Dr Rowena Archer. According to the Royal Horticultural Society, *C. japonicum* has leaves that turn "yellow, orange and pink in autumn, when they smell of burnt sugar." Hence another name: "the caramel tree." This specimen was planted to commemorate two students, Matt Carver (Modern History) and Kieran Keel (Modern History and Spanish) who

died while undergraduates of the College. It was dedicated to their memory in a moving ceremony in May. Matt and Kieran's loved ones expressed surprise that the College still remembered them, but as I thought when I heard that, remembering is what a college does best.

A memorable event for the students was the biennial College Ball, this year on a theme of *Odyssey: A Journey into the Unknown*, satisfyingly Classical for your editor (who was also a singularly untested Senior Member of the Ball Committee), although it spent more time in outer space than Greece or Rome. Under the presidency of Alice Wilcock it was a stellar, so to speak, success and a tough act for the next Ball Committee to follow. (They manage it, though, every time.) Our results in Schools at the end of the year were exceptionally strong, and I can only conclude that these two successes are related.

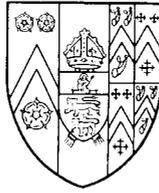
I last enjoyed a Ball in 1994 (I remember vividly the moment when May Balls and I fell out of sympathy: it was Newnham College, Cambridge and drizzly). In contrast, my greatest excitement this year was experienced at the SCR coffee machine when I realised that one of the people holding a conversation beside me was the celebrated BBC reporter John Simpson. I believe I concealed from him quite what a hero he is to me for the duration of our encounter, but you'll need to ask him. Brasenose this year has positively thronged with celebrities, it feels. Mr Simpson is a member of the Common Room, but we were also visited, whether to speak to student societies, or to take part in the Principal's Conversations (that have been a great success since John Bowers introduced them), by Jeremy Paxman, Kate Allen, David Blunkett and many more. In April an issue as critical as any to an Oxford college, secondary education, was addressed at an event in Lecture Room XI. Our Fellows in Education, Dr Sonali Nag and Professor Charles Hulme, spoke to a gathering of around forty teachers and educationalists, and the Principal chaired an illuminating question-and-answer session with a panel of head and senior teachers from a range of school types.

Dr Nag and Prof. Hulme (a Golding Senior Fellow) were two new arrivals to the Fellowship in January, along with Geoff Bird, Fellow in Experimental Psychology, and Ian Kiaer (Fine Arts). Meanwhile Birke Haecker, whom I remember as an undergraduate, returned as Professor of Comparative Law. We said goodbye to Dave Popplewell, who has already (I am pleased to say) been spotted back in the SCR, Ron Daniel, to whom as Dean and Vice-Principal as well as Fellow in Engineering

we as a College owe a very great debt, and Paul Klenerman, who left for Green Templeton College. Someone who both arrived and departed this year was Judith Brown, generously stepping in as Chaplain for two terms between the departure of Dominic Keech and arrival of Julia Baldwin. Judith, formerly Beit Professor of Commonwealth History at Balliol, is also a profoundly wise and calming presence.

Some we will not see again. Geoff Wyatt was a porter many former students will recall, warm but with a splendidly grumpy side when irritated, and students can be very irritating. Giana Kurti, who died in June at the age of 104, was the widow of Nicholas Kurti; and Reynaud de la Bat Smit was another eminent interim Chaplain who the JCR President of the day described as apparently having “every British rock icon of the 60s and 70s on speed dial.” One such, Steve Winwood, played guitar in the University Church at the deeply moving funeral of a very remarkable man.

A strange additional requirement of editing *The Brazen Nose* is having to pretend that the term just passed hasn’t happened. I am writing this, as I have written every such foreword, at the end of Michaelmas term, in mid-December. But it is a record of the academic year from October 2016 to September 2017, and not a second after. This year, however, it would be perverse to exclude an event that occurred at the very cusp of the old and the new academic year, the tragic death of Max Mian, a second-year Classics student. The impact of this on my subject and my college I cannot begin to convey. What I can say is that the community of Brasenose responded with warmth and humanity, came together for each other and for Max’s family in a way I knew it could but that still impressed me deeply to witness. Max will not be forgotten by his friends and contemporaries, by his tutors, by the College, or by this record.



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 (including CUF appointments) 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*
- 2016 Bano, Masooda, BA MBA Pakistan, MPhil Camb, DPhil Oxf,
Senior Golding Fellow
- 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*
- 2015 Bowler, Rebecca, MA MSci Camb, PhD Edin *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2012 Brown, Peter, MB BChir MA MD Camb, MRCP ¶¶ *Professor of Experimental Neurology and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 1986 Burd, Harvey John, MA DPhil Oxf, CEng, MICE ¶¶ *Tutor in Engineering Science*
- 2016 Cox, Mary, MSc LSE, DPhil Oxf, *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 1985 Daniel, Ronald William, BSc Brun, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, CEng, MIEE ¶ § *Professor of Engineering Science and Tutor in Engineering Science*
- 2001 Davies, Anne Caroline Lloyd, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ § *Professor of Law and Dean, Law Faculty*
- 2005 Dennis, Paul David, BA BM BCh BSc Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow in Medicine*
- 2014 Dinas, Elias, BA Macedonia, MA Essex, PhD EUI Florence ¶¶ *Tutor in Politics*
- 2014 Douka, Katerina, BSc Athens, MSc DPhil Oxf *Junior Golding Fellow*

- 1995 Edwards, Anne, MA Oxf, MRCP *Supernumerary Fellow and Diversity and Equality Officer*
- 1997 Eltis, Sos Ann, MA MPhil DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in English and Vice-Principal*
- 2007 Esteves, Rui Pedro Ferreira da Costa, BA MA do Porto, PhD Berkeley ¶ *Tutor in Economics*
- 2013 Fender, Rob, BSc S'ton, PhD Open ¶ *Tutor in Physics*
- 2014 Fogg, Kevin, MA PhD Yale *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 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 Biochemistry, Supernumerary Fellow and Tutor for Graduates,*
- 2015 Gibbs-Seymour, Ian, BSc MSc PhD Durh *Junior 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*
- 2014 Gripenberg, Sofia, MSc PhD Helsinki *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 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*
- 1991 Houlsby, Guy Tinnmouth, MA DSc Oxf, PhD Camb, FICE, FREng ‡ *Professor of Civil Engineering*
- 2001 James, William Siward, BSc Birm, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of Virology and Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Planning and Resources)*
- 2014 Jefferys, John Gordon Ralph, BSc PhD UCL ¶ *Professor of Neuroscience and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2002 Jones, Jonathan Alcwyn, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of Physics and Tutor in Physics*
- 2016 Katona, Linda, MSc DPhil Oxf *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2014 Keech, Dominic, BA MSt DPhil Oxf *Chaplain*

- 2009 Kennard, Christopher, MB BS PhD Lond, FMedSci, FRCP, MRCP, MRCS *Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2015 Ketchley, Neil, MRes MSc PhD LSE *Hulme Research Fellow in Sociology*
- 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*
- 2016 Lebedeva, Maria, MSci Moscow, PhD Nott *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2007 Lewis, Owen Thomas, MA PhD Leeds ¶¶ *Tutor in Zoology*
- 2000 McKenna, Christopher Davis, BA Amherst, MA PhD Johns Hopkins, MA Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Management Studies*
- 2011 Miller, Elizabeth, MA DPhil Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow and Director of Development and Alumni Relations*
- 2013 Momberg Uribe, Rodrigo, LLB Austral de Chile, LLM PhD Utrecht *Supernumerary Fellow in Law*
- 1997 Morgan, Llewelyn William Goronwy, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ¶¶ *Reynolds Fellow and Tutor in Classics*
- 2016 Nefes, Türkiye Salim BSc MSc Turkey, Phd Kent *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2014 Nieduszynski, Conrad, BA PhD Camb ¶¶ *Tutor in Cell Biology*
- 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*
- 2009 Pettigrew, Andrew Marshall, BA Liv, PhD Manc, FBA ¶¶ *Professor of Strategy and Organisation and Senior Golding Fellow*
- 1997 Popplewell, David Arthur, MA status Oxf, PhD Sus *Supernumerary Fellow in Psychology and Dean*
- 2011 Purcell, Nicholas, MA Oxf, FBA ‡ *Camden Professor of Ancient History*
- 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*
- 2016 Seródio, Paulo, BA Lisbon, MA PhD Essex *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 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*
- 2012 Toft, Monica, MA PhD Chicago ¶¶ *Professor of Government and Public Policy and Supernumerary Fellow*
- 2013 Walsh, Edmond, BEng PhD Limerick *Supernumerary Fellow in Engineering*
- 2015 Whelan, Robin, BA MSt Oxf, PhD Camb *Hulme Research Fellow in Humanities*
- 2004 Wiggs, Giles Frederick Salisbury, BSc PhD Lond ¶¶ *Tutor in Geography*
- 2016 Willan, John, BA Camb, DPhil BM BCh oxf, MRCP FRCP Lond *Supernumerary Fellow and Tutor in Clinical Medicine*
- 2007 Wilson, Mark, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Theoretical Chemistry*
- 2015 Wordsworth, Paul, BA MA UCL, PhD Copenhagen *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 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 ★ *E P Abraham Professor of Cell Biology*
- 2015 Cooper, Richard Anthony, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶
- 2011 Courakis, Anthony Stylianos, BA Manc, MA Oxf
- 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

- 1988 Judge, Harry George, MA Oxf, PhD Lond §
 2009 Knowland, John Sebastian, MA DPhil Oxf §
 2002 Millar, Sir Fergus Graham Burtholme, MA DPhil DLitt Oxf,
 FBA ★ §
 2003 Peach, John Vincent, MA DPhil Oxf §
 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
 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 §
 2004 Akers-Jones, Sir David, KBE, CMG, GBM, MA Oxf
 2006 Allen, Katherine, BA Oxf §
 2003 Baker, the Rt Hon Sir (Thomas) Scott (Gillespie), PC §
 2010 Barton, Dominic, 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, MBiochem Oxf, PhD Camb, FRS, FMedSci
 2011 Bratza, Sir Nicolas, MA Oxf
 2015 Burrows, Andrew Stephen, Hon QC, LL.M Harvard, MA DCL
 Oxf, FBA ★ §
 2006 Cameron, the Rt Hon David, BA Oxf §
 2011 Cashmore, Roger John, CMG, MA DPhil Oxf, FRS §
 2016 Cheah, Tan Sri Dato' Seri Dr Jeffrey, AO ★ §
 2010 Crook, Joseph Mordaunt, CBE, MA DPhil Oxf, FBA, FSA §
 2015 Feldstein, Martin, BLitt MA DPhil Oxf §
 2004 Gill, Sir Robin Denys, KCVO, MA Oxf
 1984 Hahn, Erwin, PhD Illinois, FRS §
 2013 Hill, Catharine, MA Oxf
 1976 Hodgkin, Sir Howard, CBE, Hon DLitt Lond, Hon DLitt Hon
 DSc Oxf
 1999 Janvrin, Robin Berry, the Rt Hon Lord Janvrin, CB, KCVO,
 MA Oxf
 2013 Johnson, Michelle, 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 ★ §
2003	Mellor, Dame Julie Therese, BA Oxf
1990	ρ O'Neill, Robert John, AO, BE Melbourne, MA DPhil Oxf, FASSA §
2003	Palin, Michael Edward, CBE, BA Oxf §
1998	Saville, Mark Oliver, the Rt Hon Lord Saville of Newdigate, BA BCL Oxf
1994	Smith, Anthony David, CBE, MA Oxf ★ §
2015	Smith, Gerald, MA St Andrews, BPhil Oxf, (checking with Liz actual qualifications)
1982	Tötterman, Richard, DPhil Oxf
2013	Tucker, William, BA Oxf
1997	Vallance, Iain David Thomas, Lord Vallance of Tummel, Kt, MSc Lond School of Business Studies, MA Oxf §
2010	van Heerden, the Hon Mrs Justice Belinda, LLB Stellenbosch, MA Oxf
1993	Wates, Sir Christopher Stephen, BA Oxf, FCA
2010	Wiggins, David R P, MA Oxf, FBA §
2013	Wightman, Nigel David, BA MPhil Oxf

Lecturers not on the Foundation

Antoniades, Chrystalina, BSc MRes PhD Camb	<i>Medicine</i>
Asudeh, Ash, BA Carleton, MPhil Edin, PhD Stanford ★	<i>Linguistics</i>
Bateman, Chimène, BA Camb, PhD Yale ★	<i>French</i>
Carroll, Ian, MPhil Oxf	<i>Politics</i>
Cavedon-Taylor, Daniel, BA Kent, MPhilStudies PhD Birkbeck	<i>Philosophy</i>
Dodd, Michael, MBiochem Bath, DPhil Oxf	<i>Medicine</i>
Dorigatti, Marco, Dott Lett Florence, DPhil Oxf	<i>Italian</i>
Edwards, James, BCL MSt DPhil Oxf, MA Camb ★ ¶	<i>Law</i>
Ferbrache, Fiona, BA PhD Plym, MRes Exe	<i>Geography</i>
Grabowska-Zhang, Ada, BA DPhil Oxf	<i>Biology</i>
Hackney, Jeffrey, BCL MA Oxf ★	<i>Roman Law</i>
Harker, Anthony Henry, MA Camb, DPhil Oxf	<i>Solid State Physics</i>
John, Simon, BA MA PhD Swansea ¶	<i>Modern History</i>
Johnson, Jennifer, BA Camb, MSt DPhil Oxf	<i>English</i>

Johnson, Steven, MA DPhil Oxf	<i>Biochemistry</i>
Jones, Polly, BA MPhil DPhil Oxf ★ ¶	<i>Russian</i>
Katz, Jonathan Bernard, MA DPhil Oxf ★	<i>Classics</i>
Kuznetsov, Vladimir, MSc PhD Moscow	<i>Inorganic Chemistry</i>
Lee, David, BA Oxf, MA Nott, PhD Brist	<i>Philosophy</i>
Macklin, Philip, BSc MB ChB MSc Edin, MRCS Edin	<i>Medicine</i>
Mathers, Richard, MMath Oxf	<i>Mathematics</i>
Middleton, Anthony N, MA Oxf	<i>Physics (Mathematics)</i>
Middleton, Lawrence, MEng Oxf	<i>Engineering</i>
Moore, Michael Darren (Kenny), MA Oxf, PhD Imp	<i>Pathology</i>
Moran, Dominic Paul, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ★ ¶	<i>Spanish</i>
Ozarowska, Lidia, BA Warsaw, MSt Oxf	<i>Ancient History</i>
Palano, Silvia, MA Oxf	<i>Economics</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>
Schlackow, Iryna, MMath PhD Oxf	<i>Pure Mathematics</i>
Sillett, Andrew James, BA MSt DPhil Oxf	<i>Classics</i>
Vogel, Christopher, BE Auckland, DPhil Oxf	<i>Engineering</i>
Wadham, Alastair Jake, BA MPhil Camb, DPhil Oxf	<i>French</i>
Williams, Matthew, BSc Brist, MSc DPhil Oxf	<i>Politics</i>
Winkel, Matthias, MA Oxf, PhD Paris VI	<i>Mathematics</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

Cameron, David Leader, Conservative Party 2005–2016; Prime Minister 2010–2016

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 Honorary Doctorates conferred by: Victoria, Flinders, Western Australia, Michigan, Monash, Leicester, Oxford Brookes, Greenwich, and Lancaster, universities and Gonville Fellow Benefactor of Gonville & Caius College Cambridge

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

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

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

Davies, Anne Fellow, All Souls 1996–2001

Feldstein, Martin Professor of Economics, Harvard 1969–

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

Hahn, Erwin former Visiting Fellow; Professor of Physics, Berkeley; Foreign Member, Royal Society; Member, National Academy of Sciences USA; Wolf Prize for Physics

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

Judge, Harry Director, Department of Educational Studies 1973–88

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

Kornberg, Sir Hans Master, Christ’s College, Camb 1982–95; University Professor and Professor of Biology, Boston 1995–; Hon DSc Bath, Leeds, Leic, Sheff, Strath, Warw; DUniv Essex, Leipzig; Hon ScD Cincinnati

Millar, Sir Fergus Camden Professor of Ancient History 1984–2002

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

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

Wiggins, David Wykeham Professor of Logic 1993–2000

CLASS LISTS

Final Honour School 2017

ANCIENT & MODERN HISTORY

- I Gregory Coates
- II.1 Ariane Laurent-Smith

BIOCHEMISTRY

- II.1 Rachel McCann
- II.1 Qi Pan
- II.2 Nabila Qureshi

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

- I Douglas Boyes
- I Joshua D'Aeth
- I Edward Lavender

CHEMISTRY

- I Alasdair Fowler
- I Rachael Ng
- I Milo Smith
- II.1 Michael Findlay
- II.1 Beatrice Freeman
- II.1 John Lascelles

CLASSICS & ORIENTAL STUDIES

- I Estella Kessler

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

- I Pranav Bharadwaj
- I Jack Tromans
- II.1 Oliver Hoy
- II.1 Isobel Phillips
- II.1 Andrew Richards
- II.1 Karina Shooter

ENGINEERING

- II.1 Nicola Dinsdale
- II.1 Rowan May

- II.1 Caspar Phillips
- II.1 James Turton
- II.1 Chenyang Wang
- II.1 Weiyi Zhang

ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

- I Harriet Astbury
- I Peter Kerr-Davis
- II.1 Annie Hayter
- II.1 Kierri Price
- II.1 Lucy Thompson-Sharpe
- II.1 Jessica Ward
- II.1 Emma Woodhouse

EUROPEAN & MIDDLE EASTERN LANGUAGES

- I Esme Bayar

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

- I Phoebe Freidin
- II.1 Elizabeth Pickford
- II.1 Elin Roberts

FINE ART

- I Louise Tidmarsh
- I Tianhao Xu

GEOGRAPHY

- I Chloe Wall
- II.1 Imogen Barnett
- II.1 Sophie Davidson

HISTORY

- I Megan Burnside
- II.1 Robert Belok
- II.1 Emily Boseley
- II.1 Daniel Charlton
- II.1 Henna Dattani

HISTORY & ECONOMICS

- I Yeming Li

HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES

I Olivia Homewood

HISTORY & POLITICS

II.1 James Broun

II.1 Louis Trupia

JURISPRUDENCE

I Molly Beck

I Paul Fradley

I Alexander Georgiou

I Martha Glaser

I Gabriel Lim

I Matthew Ward

II.1 Francesca Budd

II.1 Katharine Collins

II.1 Sophia Rolt

LAW WITH LAW STUDIES IN EUROPE

I Sarah O’Keeffe

II.1 Anastasiya Tropsha

LITERAE HUMANIORES

I Madeleine Walker

II.1 Tamsin Benns

II.1 William Szymanski

II.1 Isabella Warner

MATHEMATICS (BA)

I Edward Daniel

MATHEMATICS (MMATH)

I Adam Carver

I Peter Downing

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY

I David Carey

MEDICAL SCIENCES

(BA only – BMBCH results listed with graduates)

I James Tizzard

- II.1 James Maye
- II.1 Gautam Menon
- II.1 Ishika Prachee
- II.1 Alanna Wall
- II.2 Lee Murray

MODERN LANGUAGES

- I Emily Cunningham
- I Antonia Skinner
- II.1 Rebecca Borthwick
- II.1 Margherita De Fraja
- II.1 James Mooney

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS

- I Katharine Lyness
- I Georgina Tarr
- II.1 Lucinda Chamberlain
- II.1 William Feerick
- II.1 Vivek Gupta
- II.1 Jude Lenier
- II.1 Richard Sykes

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES

- II.1 Klara Janiec

PHILOSOPHY & THEOLOGY

- II.1 Emma Hemmings

PHYSICS (BA)

- II.1 Samuel Jenkins
- II.1 Lawrence Wang

PHYSICS (MPHYS)

- II.1 Matthew Burke
- II.1 Christopher Mullender

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY

- I Benjamin Singer

GRADUATE DEGREES**DPhil**

Mario Adamo	DPhil Ancient History	Matric 2013
Georgina Aisbitt	DPhil Experimental Psychology	Matric 2009
Adam Briggs	DPhil Population Health	Matric 2006
Ben Caldecott	DPhil Geography and the Environment	Matric 2013
Helder Carmen	DPhil Pathology	Matric 2012
Liam Cattell	DPhil Engineering Science	Matric 2008
Panayiotis Christoforou	DPhil Ancient History	Matric 2010
Susannah Cooke	DPhil Engineering Science	Matric 2000
Francesca Foronda	DPhil Condensed Matter Physics	Matric 2012
Mark Gilbert	DPhil Mathematics	Matric 2008
Sarah McHugh	DPhil Ancient History	Matric 2010
Tamara Moellenberg	DPhil English	Matric 2009
Antony Palmer	DPhil Musculoskeletal Sciences	Matric 2000
Giacomo Pirovano	DPhil Radiobiology	Matric 2012
Metta Pratt	DPhil Pathology	Matric 2012
Adam Stewart	DPhil Astrophysics	Matric 2013
Natalia Waights Hickman	DPhil Philosophy	Matric 2006
Alexis Wegerich	DPhil History	Matric 2012
Billy Woods	DPhil Mathematics	Matric 2013

MPhil (Res)

Maria Clara Natividade Martins Pereira	MPhil Law	Matric 2014
---	-----------	-------------

MSc (Res)

Nina Dalton	MSc. (Res) Psychiatry	Matric 2015
-------------	-----------------------	-------------

Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery

James Arnot	Pass
Jonathan Attwood	Pass
Devan Sinha	Pass
Kirsty Smith	Pass
Pok Tin Tang	Pass

BCL/MJur

Thomas Derval	Distinction	Magister Juris
Lakshmi Menon	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Shaun Tan	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Nazmus Tareque	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Vasileios Tsintavis	Pass	Magister Juris
Alexander Hermann Wentker	Distinction	Magister Juris

MPhil

Gabriella Crimi	Pass	MPhil Development Studies
Madeline High	Pass	MPhil Greek and/or Roman History

MSc

Sebastian Andersson	Pass	MSc Neuroscience
Ashleigh Arton	Distinction	MSc Biodiversity, Conservation & Management
Sunniva Bostrand	Pass	MSc Neuroscience
Timothy Burd	Distinction	MSc Theoretical and Comp Chemistry (EPSRC CDT)
Theodoulos Charalambous	Pass	MSc Law and Finance
Jean-Philippe Coiffard	Pass	MSc Law and Finance
Joshua Denton	Distinction	MSc Education (Learning and Tech)
Ragna Eide	Distinction	MSc Math Mod and Scientific Computing
Seamus Guerin	Distinction	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Vardan Hambarzumyan	Pass	MSc Pharmacology
Devrat Kaushal	Pass	MSc Math Mod and Scientific Computing

Sierra Kennison	Pass	MSc Biodiversity, Conservation & Management
Nicole Lester	Distinction	MSc Applied Statistics
Jessica Lumley	Pass	Master of Science Politics Research
Troy MacLure	Distinction	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Thomas Pak	Pass	MSc Math Mod and Scientific Computing
Jonathan Rawlins	Distinction	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Abishek Sankaranarayan	Distinction	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Darya Shchepanovska	Pass	MSc Theoretical and Comp Chemistry (EPSRC CDT)
Siobhan Stewart	Distinction	MSc Biodiversity, Conservation & Management

MSt

Esme Ash	Pass	MSt British and European History 1500–present (FT)
Francesca Anthony	Pass	MSt Classical Archaeology
Conor McGillan	Pass	MSt English (1900–present)
Oscar Heyde	Distinction	MSt Greek and/ or Latin Lang and Lit
Philip Schimpf	Distinction	MSt Modern Languages (GER)

Master of Public Policy

Ninon Godefroy	Pass
Linkson Jack	Pass
Chun Kit Jackie Liu	Pass
Claire McCullagh	Pass
Andrew Wheeler	Pass

PGCE

Elaine Chiekrie	Pass	PGCE – Biology (Oxford)
Hannah Evans	Pass	PGCE – English (Oxford)
Jemma Young	Pass	PGCE – History (Oxford)
Sebastien Zajaczkowski	Pass	PGCE – Mathematics (Oxford)

Riccardo Monni

Pass PGCE – Religious Education (Oxford)

Louise Stockdale

Pass PGCE – Religious Education (Oxford)

MATRICULATIONS 2016–17

Atharva Abhyankar, Watford Grammar School for Boys; **Ramy Aboushelbaya**, École Normale Supérieure; **Catherine Aldridge**, St Philip Howard School; **Juliette Allen**, James Allen's Girls' School; **Samuel Aroney**, Queensland University; **Ashleigh Arton**, Cape Town University; **Clara Atkinson**, Kingston University; **Angus Baird**, St Paul's School, London; **Amy Baker**, Kendrick School; **Thomas Barber**, Queen Mary, University of London; **Felix Bassier**, Bucerius Law School; **Max Bates**, Skinners' School; **Luke Bennell**, Bexley Grammar School; **Florence Berridge**, University of the Arts; **Manish Binukrishnan**, Manchester Grammar School; **Stephen Blake**, York University; **Sunniva Bostrand**, Manchester University; **Jana Bourhill**, Cheltenham College; **Nicholas Bowater**, Oxford Brookes University; **Asher Brawer**, City of London School; **Michael Broome**, Thomas Telford School; **Georgina Brown**, Reigate College; **Matthew Buckland**, Alcester Grammar School; **Jonathon Budd**, St John's International Academy; **Timothy Burd**, Cambridge University; **Katie Campbell**, York University; **Natalie Carter**, Ecclesbourne School; **Theodolous Charalambous**, Cambridge University; **Shaquille Charles**, Carnegie Mellon University; **Yinghe Chen**, Helsingin Suomalainen Yhteiskoulu; **Elaine Chiekrie**, University of Leicester; **Natalie Cobo**, Cambridge University; **Rachel Cohn**, Cambridge University; **Jean-Philippe Coiffard**, Université Paris II Panthéon-Assas; **Isabella Coolican**, Altrincham Grammar School for Girls; **Rowena Cooper**, Royal Holloway College, University of London; **Louisa Cotterhill**, Royal High School, Bath; **Emerson Csorba**, Cambridge University; **Tobias de Mendonça**, Exeter School; **Caroline Dehn**, Presbyterian Ladies' College; **Cal Demby-Harris**, Xaverian Sixth Form College; **Joshua Denton**, Oxford Brookes University; **Thomas Derval**, Université Libre de Bruxelles; **Ben Donaldson**, Bacup & Rawtenstall Grammar School; **Anne Dos**, Université Paris II Panthéon-Assas; **Hunter Doughty**, Virginia University; **Benoit Duchet**, Imperial College, London; **Ella Dunlop**, Canford School; **Rosie Duthie**, Douglas Academy; **Peter Edmondson**, Sale Grammar School; **Ragna Eide**, Brown University; **Hannah Evans**, King's College London; **Tabitha Everett**, Biddenham Upper School; **Thomas Fane**, Perse School; **Katherine Farquhar**, Haberdashers' Aske's School for Girls; **Jack Felton**, Durham University; **Jennifer Fiddaman**, Southampton University; **Aoife Forbes**, George Heriot's School; **Evangeline Foster**, Oxford University; **Charles Fox**, Alleyn's School; **William Freeman**, Charterhouse; **Ben Fuhrmann**, Bucerius Law School; **Conor Gallagher**,

Harrow School; **Robin Ganderton**, *Open University*; **Caitlin Gilmore**, *Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School*; **Ninon Godefroy**, *SOAS, University of London*; **Caitlin Gold**, *Aylesford School*; **Christopher Goring**, *Bexley Grammar School*; **Alicia Graham**, *Nonsuch High School for Girls*; **Jacob Green**, *Highgate School*; **Seamus Guerin**, *Georgetown University*; **Laura Hackett**, *Banbridge Academy*; **Sian Hale**, *Abbey School, Reading*; **Vardan Hambardzumyan**, *Yerevan State Medical University*; **Timothy Harding**, *Uxbridge College*; **Esme Haywood**, *Gresham's School*; **Jennifer Hebert**, *Pennsylvania University*; **Benjamin Hems**, *St Albans School*; **Leon Horvat-Savic**, *Dame Alice Owen's School*; **Charlotte Hoskin**, *Bristol University*; **Joshua Hothersall**, *Lancaster Royal Grammar School*; **Xinyu Hu**, *University College London*; **Adam Husain**, *City of London School*; **Tamara Ingamells**, *University of Nottingham*; **Nabihah Islam**, *Roehampton University*; **Linkson Jack**, *Royal Holloway College, University of London*; **William Jefferies**, *Reading School*; **Bradley Johnson**, *Selby College*; **Peter Johnson**, *University of Warwick*; **Adam Jones**, *Queen Mary, University of London*; **Benjamin Jones**, *University of Leeds*; **Tesni Jones**, *Ysgol Brynhyfryd*; **Lorna Jordan**, *Oxford University*; **Imogen Jury**, *King's School, Worcester*; **Devrat Kaushal**, *Delhi University*; **Sierra Kennison**, *University of California, Los Angeles*; **Thomas Kent**, *University of Lincoln*; **Raaghav Krishnakumar**, *Ibstock Place School*; **Nada Kubikova**, *Oxford University*; **Iona Lahdelma**, *École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales, Paris*; **William Lai**, *Rosemount High School*; **Georg Lansky**, *Bucerius Law School*; **Brian Lapsa**, *Katholieke Universiteit, Leuven*; **Alexander Lau**, *Alberta University*; **Ruby Lawrence**, *Redland Green School*; **Nicole Lester**, *Stellenbosch University*; **Severin Limal**, *Imperial College, London*; **Chun Kit Jackie Liu**, *University of Hong Kong*; **Alexander Long**, *Westminster School*; **István Paul Lukács**, *University of Medicine and Pharmacy of Targu Mures*; **Jessica Lumley**, *University of Kent*; **Ellen Lundstrom**, *Blue Coat School*; **Natalie Maalouf**, *St Benedicts School*; **Tomos Macdonald**, *Ysgol Dyffryn Conwy*; **Troy MacLure**, *McGill University*; **Tulio Marcondes Moreira**, *University of Dayton*; **Emily Matsagoura**, *European School of Brussels III*; **Elizabeth Matthams**, *Chelmsford County High School*; **Claire McCullagh**, *Western Australia University*; **Lakshmi Menon**, *National University of Advanced Legal Studies, Cochin*; **Max Mian**, *Norwich School*; **Samuel Miller-McDonald**, *Yale University*; **Crescente Molina**, *University of California, Berkeley*; **Riccardo Monni**, *University of East Anglia*; **Maud Mullan**,

Westminster School; **Jack Munns**, *Sydney Grammar School*; **Zoe Nahas**, *Charterhouse*; **Zara Naseer**, *Nonsuch High School for Girls*; **Cyrus Nayeri**, *Oxford University*; **Colette Neary**, *Dr Challoner's High School*; **Anne-Marie Neise**, *Oxford University*; **Lesley Nelson-Addy**, *Oxford University*; **Eunice Ngooi**, *Kolej Tuanku Ja'afar*; **Thomas Pak**, *Katholieke Universiteit, Leuven*; **Benjamin Parker**, *Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*; **Christopher Parsons**, *Adams Grammar School*; **Nicolas Perrault**, *McGill University*; **Constantin Pietschmann**, *British Columbia University*; **Thomas Plews**, *Wyndham School*; **Shailen Popat**, *University of Warwick*; **Danilo Pusceddu**, *Politecnico di Torino*; **Katherine Ramsey**, *Tiffin Girls' School*; **Jonathan Rawlins**, *Rhodes University*; **Arjun Reddy**, *Duke University*; **James Roper**, *Slough Grammar School*; **Robyn Salt**, *Farnborough Sixth Form College*; **Abishek Sankaranarayan**, *Anna University, India*; **Nathaniel Saul**, *Bishop Challoner School*; **Kimberley Savill**, *Victoria University of Wellington*; **Katherine Sayer**, *Wallington County Grammar School*; **Philip Schimpf**, *Heidelberg University*; **Loane Serrano**, *University of Edinburgh*; **Md Shajedur Rahman Shawon**, *Karolinska Institutet*; **Darya Shchepanovska**, **William Shingler**, *University of Nottingham*; **Edward Shorland**, *Reading School*; **Kulbir Singh**, *Dudley College*; **Cara Skikne**, *Rhodes University*; **Holly Skinner**, *South Hunsley School*; **Amy Small**, *Huntington School*; **Daniel Smith**, *Monmouth School*; **Isobel Smith**, *City of London Freeman's School*; **Madison Smith**, *Brynteg Comprehensive School*; **Robert Smith**, *University of Toronto*; **Miheer Sonwalkar**, *Leeds Grammar School*; **Oliver Squire**, *King's College School Wimbledon*; **David Stafford**, *University of Durham*; **Thomas Steer**, *Caistor Grammar School*; **Louise Stockdale**, *University of Durham*; **Shaun Tan**, *Oxford University*; **Michael Tansley**, *Pates Grammar School*; **Robin Timmis**, *Highgate School*; **Gaston Tourn**, *University of Buenos Aires*; **Philomene Tsamados**, *United World College of S E Asia, Dover Campus*; **Vasileios Tsintavis**, *National and Kapodistrian University of Athens*; **Cheuk Hin Edward Tsui**, *Victoria Shanghai Academy*; **Hannah Tucker**, *Watford Grammar School for Girls*; **Eleanor Turner**, *King Edward VI School*; **Takashi Ueda**, *Tokyo University*; **Luis Verdejo**, *National University of Ireland, Galway*; **Elsa Wakeman**, *Peter Symonds College*; **Ruby Walker**, *Scarborough Sixth Form College*; **Anzhou Wang**, *Victoria Junior College*; **Amelia Weiss**, *Bishops Stortford College*; **Alexander Hermann Wentker**, *Université Paris II Panthéon-Assas*; **Samuel White**, *Monmouth School*; **Timothy Wiens**, *St Mary's University*,

Canada; **Harriet Wigginton**, *Cockermouth School*; **Henry Williams**, *Judd School*; **Charlotte Witney**, *Saffron Walden County High School*; **Amy Wolstenholme**, *South Wilts Grammar School*; **Tsz Yan Wong**, *Oxford University*; **Lennaert Woudt**, *Harrow School*; **Menelaos Xenophontos**, *Queen Mary, University of London*; **Jiahe Yang**, *Peking University*; **Jemma Young**, *University of Sheffield*; **Maximilian Yuen**, *Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School*; **Brett Yuskiewicz**, *Universität Leipzig*; **Miriam Zachau Walker**, *Oxford University*; **Sebastien Zajaczkowski**, *King's College London*; **Karen Zhang**, *Pymble Ladies' College*; **Yunsi Zheng**, *Beijing Foreign Studies University*; **Daniele Zurbruegg**, *Gymnasium Hofwil*; **Matthias Zwanzger**, *Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile*

COLLEGE PRIZES 2016–17

Undergraduate College Prizes:

First in Finals: **Gregory Coates** (Ancient & Modern History); **Douglas Boyes** (Biology); **Joshua D'Aeth** (Biology); **Edward Lavender** (Biology); **Alasdair Fowler** (Chemistry); **Rachael Ng** (Chemistry); **Milo Smith** (Chemistry); **Estella Kessler** (Classics with Oriental Studies); **Pranav Bharadwaj** (Economics & Management); **Jack Tromans** (Economics & Management); **Harriet Astbury** (English); **Peter Kerr-Davis** (English); **Esme Bayar** (European & Middle Eastern Languages – German & Turkish); **Phoebe Freidin** (Experimental Psychology); **Louise Tidmarsh** (Fine Art); **Tianhao Xu** (Fine Art); **Chloe Wall** (Geography); **Megan Burnside** (History); **Yeming Li** (History & Economics); **Olivia Homewood** (History & Modern Languages – Spanish); **Molly Beck** (Jurisprudence); **Paul Fradley** (Jurisprudence); **Alexander Georgiou** (Jurisprudence); **Martha Glaser** (Jurisprudence); **Gabriel Lim** (Jurisprudence); **Matthew Ward** (Jurisprudence); **Sarah O'Keeffe** (Law with Law in Europe); **Madeleine Walker** (Literae Humaniores); **Edward Daniel** (Mathematics, BA); **Adam Carver** (Mathematics, MMath); **Peter Downing** (Mathematics, MMath); **David Carey** (Mathematics & Philosophy); **James Tizzard** (Medicine); **Emily Cunningham** (Modern Languages – French & German); **Antonia Skinner** (Modern Languages – French & Spanish); **Katharine Lyness** (PPE); **Georgina Tarr** (PPE); **Benjamin Singer** (Physics & Philosophy)

Distinction in Mods/Prelims:

Georgina Brown (Biochemistry); **Amy Wolstenholme** (Biochemistry); **Benjamin Parker** (Biology); **Michael Tansley** (Biology); **Benjamin Hemi** (Chemistry); **Luke Bennell** (Classical Archaeology & Ancient History); **Tess Pringle** (Classics & Modern Languages – French); **Peter Edmondson** (Economics & Management); **Miheer Sonwalkar** (Economics & Management); **Christopher Parsons** (Engineering); **Clara Atkinson** (Fine Art); **Ellen Lundstrom** (History); **Katherine Ramsey** (History); **Henry Williams** (History); **Maximilian Yuen** (History); **Leon Horvat-Savic** (History & Modern Languages – German); **Eleanor Martin** (Literae Humaniores); **Bradley Johnson** (Medicine); **Louisa Cotterhill** (Modern Languages – French);

Katherine Farquhar (Modern Languages – French); **William Lai** (PPE); **Jack Munns** (PPE); **Thomas Steer** (PPE); **Thomas Plews** (Physics); **Kulbir Singh** (Physics); **Oliver Squire** (Physics); **Robin Timmis** (Physics)

Undergraduate University Prizes:

Matthew Burwood (Physics & Philosophy): Gibbs Prize for Philosophy in Part B of MPhysPhil

Gregory Coates (Ancient & Modern History): Arnold Ancient History Prize for the best thesis in Ancient History in the Honour Schools of Literae Humaniores, Ancient & Modern History and Classical Archaeology & Ancient History

Emily Cunningham (Modern Languages): proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Paul Fradley (Jurisprudence): 5 Stone Building Prize for Trusts; Law Faculty Prize for Personal Property; Littleton Chambers Prize in Labour Law; proxime accessit for Wronker Law Prize; proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Alexander Georgiou (Jurisprudence): Wronker Law Prize; 3 Verulam Buildings Prize in Commercial Law; White & Case Prize in Comparative Private Law; proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Caitlin Gold (Chemistry): Turbutt Prize in Practical Organic Chemistry for experimental work and written submission

Walter Goodwin (Engineering): Gibbs Prize for team project

Leon Horvat-Savic (History & Modern Languages): Mrs Claude Beddington Prize for outstanding performance in German in ML Prelims.

Peter Kerr-Davis (English): Charles Oldham Shakespeare Prize for highest mark in Finals in Shakespeare

William Lai (PPE): Q-Step First Year Political Essay Prize

Edward Lavender (Biology): Gibbs Prize

Yeming Li (History & Economics): Dissertation Prize in British Maritime History awarded by the British Commission for Maritime History

James Maye (Medicine): Association of Physicians Prize for an innovative project demonstrating the promotion of academic medicine and nominated for British Society for Immunology Undergraduate Prize

Ben Singer (Physics & Philosophy): Gibbs Prize for Physics in Part C of MPhysPhil

Michael Tansley (Biology): Prelim Prize for Organisms

Graduate College Prizes:

Distinction in Graduate Exams:

Ashleigh Arton	MSc Biodiversity, Conservation & Management
Timothy Burd	MSc Theoretical and Comp Chemistry (EPSRC CDT)
Thomas Derval	Magister Juris
Joshua Denton	MSc Education (Learning and Tech)
Ragna Eide	MSc Math Mod and Scientific Computing
Seamus Guerin	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Oscar Heyde	MSt Greek and/or Latin Lang and Lit
Nicole Lester	MSc Applied Statistics
Troy MacLure	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Jonathan Rawlins	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Abishek Sankaranarayan	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Philip Schimpf	MSt Modern Languages (German)
Siobhan Stewart	MSc Biodiversity, Conservation & Management
Alexander Hermann Wentker	Magister Juris

**ELECTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIPS
AND EXHIBITIONS, 2016–17**

IN BIOCHEMISTRY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Josephine Pepper, formerly of Leeds Grammar School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Joseph Fisher, formerly of King's College School, Wimbledon
Commoner of the College

IN BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

James Hayley, formerly of Eton College
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Stephanie Wright, formerly of Walton High School
Commoner of the College

IN CHEMISTRY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Rachael Ng, formerly of Cheltenham Ladies' College
Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Elizabeth Brown, formerly of St Peter's School, York
Commoner of the College

Beatrice Freeman, formerly of King Edward VI Camp Hill School
for Girls

Commoner of the College

Colin Moody, formerly of Aylesbury Grammar School
Commoner of the College

CLASSICS & ORIENTAL STUDIES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

John Spiezio, formerly of Regis High School, New York
Commoner of the College

IN ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Wulfstan Bain, formerly of Latymer Upper School*Commoner of the College***Danielle Ball**, formerly of Nottingham High School for Girls*Commoner of the College***IN ENGINEERING SCIENCE**

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Liliane Momeni, formerly of Westminster School*Commoner of the College***IN ENGLISH**

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Peter Kerr-Davis, formerly of the Judd School*Exhibitioner of the College***Ella Williams**, formerly of Pates Grammar School*Commoner of the College*

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Benjamin Davies, formerly of Cooper School*Commoner of the College***IN EUROPEAN & MIDDLE EASTERN LANGUAGES**

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Anna Clement, formerly of Thetford Grammar School*Commoner of the College***IN FINE ART**

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Rufus Rock, formerly of Bedales School*Commoner of the College***IN GEOGRAPHY**

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Ciara Wilmott, formerly of Norwich School*Commoner of the College*

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Miles Overton, formerly of Southend High School for Boys
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Thomas Hurleston, formerly of Aquinas College
Commoner of the College

Timothy Mycroft, formerly of Notre Dame High School
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY & ECONOMICS

TO THE JEFFERY EXHIBITION

Violet Li, formerly of St George's School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Benjamin Dubowitz, formerly of Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY & POLITICS

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

James Fraser, formerly of the Royal Grammar School, Guildford
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Julien Goodman, formerly of City of London School
Commoner of the College

IN JURISPRUDENCE

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Alisha Wright, formerly of Douglas Academy
Commoner of the College

IN LITERAE HUMANIORES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Nicholas Hooper, formerly of Solihull School
Commoner of the College

Katherine Simmons, formerly of the School of St Helen & St Katharine
Commoner of the College

IN MATHEMATICS

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Sean Cuddihy, formerly of Royal Hospital School
Commoner of the College

IN PHYSICS

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Dan Kreso, formerly of Holland Park School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Joseph Clarke, formerly of Blue Coat School
Commoner of the College

Thomas Galligan, formerly of Urmston Grammar School
Commoner of the College

Jeremy Stanger, formerly of the King's School, Gloucester
Commoner of the College

IN PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Freddie Hinds, formerly of Forest School
Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Rachel Dunne, formerly of City of London Freeman's School
Commoner of the College

Benjamin Singer, formerly of Leighton Park School
Commoner of the College

IN PPE

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Benedict George, formerly of St Paul's School, London
Commoner of the College

Georgina Tarr, formerly of Bandon Grammar School
Commoner of the College

IN PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & LINGUISTICS
 TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Emily Tench, formerly of Lady Eleanor Holles School

Commoner of the College

BLUES AND HALF BLUES 2016–2017

Athletics	Holly Skinner	Half Blue
Football	Wulfstan Bain	Full Blue
Modern Pentathlon	Tom Spearman	Full Blue
Netball	Catherine Lavender	Full Blue
Netball	Elsa Wakeman	Full Blue
Polo	Heather Winsor	Half Blue
Ski Racing	Milo Smith	Half Blue
Water Polo	Neo She Woon	Half Blue
Yacht Racing	Marianna Voudouroglou	Half Blue

Reports



JCR REPORT

by Miles Overton, JCR President 2016–2017)

A friend told me that this report could contain utter nonsense, provided it had a good beginning and a better end. I assure you that what follows is not nonsense, but let me have a go at a good beginning. The Write Practice¹ suggest that there are three key tips to writing a ‘good beginning’. Firstly, you need a fantastic first line. Check. Secondly, you need to introduce your main character as soon as possible. Well that’s the JCR. Check. Thirdly you need to hint at what’s to come. I think the title above does that sufficiently well. Read on for more.

Before getting on with things, I’d like to thank Beth Jenkinson, my wonderful predecessor. Beth is the classic example of a person who looks like they know what they’re doing. Except that’s not just a façade. She genuinely does know what she’s doing. Beth effected real change in College, making it a significantly better place for us all to live, and sustained the excellent relationships between the JCR and SCR which have made my job as easy as possible. She always knew where to point me when I was feeling lost, and I have gained in her a true friend.

Michaelmas term began with the onslaught of (approximately) 100 new JCR faces, presumably, like myself two years ago, not knowing what was about to hit them. First term is, although a cliché, a real whirlwind, with different events and traditions seemingly amalgamating every night. It appears customary to write of the culmination of Michaelmas – the annual College pantomime – in this report, and I won’t disappoint avid followers of *The Brazen Nose*. This academic year’s story followed Hansel and Gretel (who manifested themselves as the charming Joey and Calum) as they arrive at college for Freshers’ Week, only to be abandoned by their college parents, and have to find their own way to Frewin for Parent’s Dinner. Along the way, they bumped into a number of somewhat familiar faces from around College, but tragically get separated. Gretel narrowly escaped the witch’s oven after she took up the offer of a Drop-In Session with an increasingly misanthropic JCR President (an alarming performance by Beth), with Gretel saved only by her successor – that’s me. And, on the approach to Frewin, Gretel learnt

¹ Three Ways to Write Good Beginnings. <http://thewritepractice.com/write-good-beginnings/>

the perils of the promise of a city where “the streets are paved with gold” as she passed a London banking firm’s event at the Oxford Union. With the pair reunited at last in Frewin, they proceeded immediately to get married, joined on stage by a cast of over forty to sing that wedding favourite, “All I Want For Christmas Is You”.

Michaelmas is also election term for the JCR, producing a new line-up of keen students ready to tackle the year ahead. The JCR certainly wouldn’t be what it is without its Committee. Tom H, Lydia, Phoebe, Maria, Rachel, Letty, Joey, Jas, Bethany, Phil, Sean, Dani, Tom M, Emily, Ella and Yaz have been a dream to work with. The hours of hard graft they have put into their roles since we were elected last Michaelmas have made the lives of every member of the JCR undeniably better, and for that we all owe them our gratitude. I told them I would be writing a piece about what the JCR had gotten up to over the past year, and asked each of them what one thing they were proudest of achieving as part of the Committee. A number of responses particularly struck me.

Emily, as Diversity and Equality Rep, worked to improve inclusivity and accessibility by upgrading the JCR and College Bar toilets to be gender neutral. Each year the College becomes that little bit more progressive and accommodating, and I am proud that Brasenose does not live up to the Oxford stereotype in this respect. Remaining on the theme of accessibility, Phoebe, Access and Admissions Rep, maintained Brasenose’s strong tradition as a flagship model for access across the University. From organising weekly school tours, which volunteer Brasenostrials from across years put hours of work into week in, week out, to this year’s Open Days which were more successful than ever! Off the back of an incredible Freshers’ Week, which I must thank each and every Committee member for – plus those on Freshers’ Committee who do not hold JCR positions! – Phoebe is now preparing for this year’s round of interviews. I couldn’t have done this job without Phoebe. She has acted as a strong pillar of support when I’m having a tough day, and I can’t thank her enough for all that she has done.

Tom H, Vice-President, not only stepped in for me when I was unavailable, and answered my persistently frustrating (I’m sure of it) requests to check over something, but also created a JCR Careers Guidance pack to illuminate the often intimidating world that lies beyond Brasenose. Meanwhile, Tom M, IT Rep, re-built the JCR website from scratch, particularly the room guide to assist the effortlessly professional

Lydia (Domestic Rep) with the tense process of room balloting. Bethany – Female Welfare Rep – is proud of moving the emphasis of College welfare away from food, such as by introducing welfare dog walks. She, along with Phil (the other half of the JCR’s welfare team), have been a backbone of College life this year, doing their best to ensure all of us are happy. I assure you that their best is more than anybody could hope for. They are both incredibly strong people and I admire them immensely. Maria and Joey, as Entz Reps, are, as somebody once called it, the ‘faces of College fun’². Maria is especially proud of organising a shiny new May Day event, and Joey has established a social media presence for BNC Entz in order to “preserve the great times we have/the terrible mistakes we make for eternity”. Delightful. Regrettably, I am unable to mention each Committee member in detail, but I have genuinely been able to rely on each and every one of them, and I deeply thank them for that. Indeed, we do work together as well as independently, and as a collective we birthed Frewchella³, Brasenose’s inaugural music and arts day festival (to complement the plethora of events spearheaded by Ella during Arts Week), plus fought for the creation of a formal framework for diversifying our somewhat homogenous College portraiture.

The JCR Committee aren’t the only lovers of organised fun in College. In May, we celebrated the biennial Brasenose Ball, fabulously curated by a devoted Ball Committee led by Alice Wilcock. Its theme of *Odyssey: A Journey into the Unknown* took us on an exploration of humanity’s interactions with space and the stars, continuing the tradition of outstanding Balls in college. Moreover, this year has seen a number of sporting achievements. Our women’s hockey team won cuppers (with St. Catz), and we won mixed doubles pool cuppers to name just two. A number of other students have put significant effort into creating two new Brasenose publications: *Nosejob*, an arts journal, and *Nosedive*, a diversity and equality zine. Frequently I am reminded by JCR Presidents of other Colleges that Brasenose appears to have it all, and I honestly cannot find a part of me that disputes them.

That brings us to the end of the report from us undergraduates. The academic year 2016/17 has been one of many triumphs for the JCR.

² That person was probably me.

³ Frewchella = Frewin (our accommodation annexe) + Coachella, although the event was actually held at the College sports grounds.

It strikes me, reading back through old volumes, that year on year, while the people who make up the JCR change, it continues to achieve remarkable things, to build and foster close relationships, and to act as a home for those who belong to it. This report may not have had a good beginning, but I certainly think it tells a great story.

CAREERS REPORT

by Tom Hurleston (JCR Vice-President and Careers Rep, 2016–2017)

The discussion and promotion of careers at Brasenose continue to be a source of strength for the college, with many new opportunities furnished by the ‘Principal’s Conversations’ held with John Bowers QC. At the beginning of Hilary term, Dame Julie Mellor, a Brasenose alumna and Ombudsman of the Health Service, returned to deliver a most insightful talk on the nature of the service and its place within the parliamentary framework. Her talk was followed later in the term by Jeremy Paxman who spoke on a broad array of topics, in ever sardonic style, from University Challenge and the BBC to the changing practice of journalism and political reporting. This journalistic theme continued into Trinity term as the college welcomed BBC News’ esteemed world affairs editor John Simpson, whose expertise on Syria and his thoughts on the phenomenon of ‘fake news’ proved to be most riveting at a time when their significance and prescience scarcely needed emphasis. Students also heard from Diane Coyle, Brasenose alumna and Professor of Economics at the University of Manchester, on the economic effect of Britain’s decision to leave the European Union, drawing on her experiences as editor of *The Independent* and as an advisor to the Treasury. These talks continue to be wide-ranging and entertaining affairs which offer students unparalleled insights into careers and the unconventional paths sometimes taken to arrive in such vocations. The Development Office is working with the JCR and the Principal to once again offer an ‘alternative careers fair’ during Michaelmas which would build on the success of last year’s ‘Careers Brunch’ that saw alumni from a variety of sectors return to meet students and advise them on careers. The JCR continues to welcome these opportunities and remains grateful to the Principal, the Development Office and alumni who ensure students are offered the chance to attend these events.

HCR REPORT

by Mehroz Ehsan (HCR President, 2016–2017)

The 2015–16 academic year began with a “Fresher’s Fortnight”, thanks to the HCR’s outgoing Committee: Matthew, Jiorgos, Philippa, Virginia, Madeline, Angus, Ryan, Ellen, Seamus and Gabriella. From highly anticipated cocktail parties and pub crawls that inevitably ended up at Maxwell’s, to games night, which has become a weekly fixture in the HCR, the Committee set high standards for the rest of the year. Ultimately, the relentless efforts of the HCR community helped Freshers feel at home and led Brasenose to being recognized with top graduate satisfaction ratings.

There were many physical changes to the HCR this year. Notably, a new 50 inch LED TV was installed, new gaming consoles were bought and the coffee machine was upgraded to cater to Brasenostrials’ ever-increasing caffeine needs.

There were two key departures this year. Our guardian angel, Elspeth Garman’s tenure as Tutor for Graduates came to an end. Over the course of the past few years she has worked tirelessly to provide an environment that acts as a springboard for graduates’ success. The Dean, Dave Popplewell, also bid farewell at the end of the year; the college will miss his leadership and calming presence. We welcome Owen Lewis as the new Tutor for Graduates and Mark Wilson as the new Dean.

Blurbs continued with some really interesting talks varying in topic from Unravelling Food Webs to Islamic Movements in Global Context and ‘From frogs to man: a look back over four decades.’ As always these events lead to a healthy debate and both SCR and HCR appreciated the discussion between the respective common rooms. The talks as usual were followed by the popular high table dinner and second desserts.

The limited space in college did not stop the HCR from having bigger events. The HCR hosted a number of bops with other colleges. In Michaelmas, we organised a joint bop with St. Catherine’s College, which was attended by over 400 people. In Hilary term, we organised a similar size bop with Linacre College. Trinity term bops were held at Linacre and Green Templeton College. We also had a number of exchange dinners this year: St Cross, Jesus, Kellogg, St Antony’s, St Hugh’s and Teddy Hall. We continued our tradition of the much-lauded second dessert.

Most of the colleges rated us as the best exchange experience they have had. News travels fast and we are now one of the most sought-after exchange spots in Oxford.

When Brasenostriils wanted to escape our college's walls, they found themselves with the Art Rep watching Twelfth Night and 1984 in London or relishing the BBC proms. To welcome the holidays, HCR members enjoyed the gardens of nearby Blenheim Palace all lit up at night. In Trinity Term, many of us exchanged afternoons in the library for those full of strawberries and prosecco on the Cherwell.

Tickets for the Trinity Term Garden Party sold out a few days before the event. Arjun Reddy and Eric Haney delivered on an exceptional day filled with Pimms, cocktails and an assortment of food. The evening also saw the return of the HCR awards after a year-long hiatus. Notable winners were Thom Diment as the HCR dad, and Matthew Speight and Philippa Collins, who were honoured with the most outstanding contribution by HCR members, while Eric Haney's much revered hairstyle won him the best hair award. Last but not least Elspeth Garman was given the title of HCR's Guardian Angel.

One of the highlights of this year's events was the exchange dinner with our sister college Gonville and Caius. The exchange was a huge success and we made sure that our guests from "the other place" knew what they were missing out on. We hope that this is the start of a yearly tradition.

The new committee – myself, Tim Burd, Constantin Pietschmann, Evie Foster, Nicole Lester, Joseph Keel, Eric Haney, Robert Smith, Florentine Stolker, Matthew Speight, Angus Fisk, and Benjamin Singer – all look forward to an exciting year ahead.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES REPORTS

by Liz Kay, College Librarian

Library Development Project

The wonderful student body of Brasenose coped splendidly with another year of disruption throughout the library. Library users were extremely tolerant under strained circumstances, putting up with huge amounts of dust and dirt, noisy building work, overwhelming paint smells and singing contractors! Thankfully, academic achievement appeared not to suffer.

Immediately after Christmas we moved the books back in to the Main and History libraries; no mean feat but with the aid of the book moving team we completed on schedule. The refurbished (yet not quite completed) libraries re-opened in January to be populated immediately by eager students. We had been a little concerned that our users may have become so used to working elsewhere during the refurbishment that they might not rush back to our lovely library. However, on the day of opening we were delighted to hear excited chattering outside and watch students file in and inspect the refreshed area, enthuse and then hurry to grab a desk for themselves.

The entire Main library looked amazing and it is worth noting special thanks to Campbell Smith. The company was awarded a 'Very Highly Commended' in the 'Highly Decorative' category at the 2017 Premier Trophy Awards for the painstaking decorations and conservation to the Wyatt ceiling in the Library.

Hilary progressed with both the Main and History libraries in use plus the Platnauer room acting as the temporary library for the sciences. Earplugs were once again the order of the day owing to the building noise, more dust settled and teething problems were ironed out. The newly stained and treated floor however proved to be less than ideal; it looked wonderful but many found the sound of footfall distracting, therefore we are installing a temporary runner to ameliorate.

The Easter vacation saw a flurry of activity in Old Cloisters. We all knew that timing would be tight, but when there was a hiccup with the stone staircase connecting the Main Library to Old Cloisters, a difficult decision was made: to open Old Cloisters as a reading room for Trinity without the connecting staircase installed. On this basis, all efforts focussed on getting books on to the shelves. We employed the Jamie Briggs book movers to carry the books over from the Platnauer Room but this time we shelved the books ourselves, revelling in the superb shelving created for us by David Haddock. We were ready to welcome students in to the new Old Cloisters Reading Room along with the new Collaborative Study Room at the start of term. The whole Cloisters area looked amazing and people enjoyed using it throughout Trinity. Disappointment about the lack of staircase soon evaporated once the space was functioning, albeit imperfectly, as a library.

The summer school season flew by with the conference team using the revamped Cloisters for canteen dining for the first time. Around the

middle of August work resumed on the stone staircase. More dust and noise ensued and eventually the magnificent staircase was revealed. It is genuinely exciting to have the spaces linked in what the Principal described as an historic moment for the College.

I write this as Michaelmas term approaches. All the books in the Main Library have been cleaned to remove the accumulation of dust, gold leaf is being applied to the pillars in the library, and Fellows are experiencing the warmth and atmosphere of Old Cloisters during their Fellows' Awayday. Finishing touches and snagging are now scheduled for the Christmas vacation but the Libraries (Main, History and Old Cloisters Reading Room) all open in 0th week of Michaelmas, offering Brasenose Students an impressive, welcoming environment at the heart of the College that is conducive to study; precisely what we set out to do.

Special thanks go to not only the Brasenose personnel closely involved in the project, notably the Bursar, Domestic Bursar and Clerk of Works, but to those contracted from outside the college:

- The Architect, Tim Lee for his vision, persistence and desire to get everything right;
- David Haddock for the sublime craftsmanship and joinery skills used to create supreme bookcases, desks and the spectacular Mashrabiya screens;
- Benfield and Loxley (main contractors) who carried out the work in Old Cloisters and the Main and History libraries under difficult circumstances. Those involved were accommodating of the College requirements and commitments - of which there were many - which made scheduling work difficult and conditions less than ideal for them.
- Of course, we owe our most sincere gratitude to the donors, without whom it would have been impossible to achieve the outstanding quality in terms of design and workmanship to which we aspired. Thank you for making this project possible, and providing new and upgraded library spaces for our special academic community.

Miscellaneous library and archives activities

The Library Redevelopment Project has consumed much of our time over the past year but here is a round-up of what else has been going on.

- Cataloguing of our rare and antiquarian books has continued along with condition monitoring of the area in which they are stored.
- Early planning discussions have taken place with regard to an exhibition in Trinity 2018.
- Additional bookcases have been installed in the Stally to help address the shortage of shelf space.
- Scholars and researchers have visited to study items held in the library and archives.
- The new Archives Store has been completed and archives moved in.
- The Archivist, Georgina Edwards went on maternity leave. We welcomed Helen Sumping as Georgie's maternity cover.
- A number of exhibitions took place in the Treasury and some guided tours led by a graduate student took place.
- We continued in our endeavours to meet the needs of our students and to create a happy working environment.
- Overall, it has been a busy and positive year for both library and archives. We are excited about working in our new and refurbished areas and look forward to showing our Oxford College Librarian and Archivist Colleagues around in 2018.

PRESENTATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

1st November 2016 – 30th September 2017

Presentations by Members of College – Own Composition

John Bowers

A Practical Approach to Employment Law, 9th ed., 2017

John Bowers with Jeremy Lewis, Martin Fodder & Jack Mitchell

Whistleblowing: Law and Practice, 3rd ed., 2017.

Martin Brayne

Gone to the Continent: The British in Calais, 1760–1860, 2016.

Michael G Brown

Analogue Computation: The Forgotten Technology, 2017.

Peter Crawford

Life and the Law: The Varied, Independent and Fulfilled Life of Peter Crawford, 2017.

David Favager

Hell to Pay? The Blasphemous Absurdity of Damnationism, 2017.

Stefan Fisch

Wirtschaftspolitik in Deutschland 1917 – 1990, 2016.

Abigail Green

Chapter 2 in:

Internationalisms: A Twentieth-Century History edited by Glenda Sluga and Patricia Calvin, 2017.

Donna T. Haverty-Stacke

Trotskyists on Trial: Free Speech and Political Persecution Since the Age of FDR, 2015.

Malcolm Hamer

Relational Database Practices: Bridging the Gap between the Theory of Database Design and Real-World Practices, 2017.

John Herson

Divergent Paths: Family Histories of Irish Emigrants in Britain 1820–1920.

Richard Holden

Offshore Civil Procedure: Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Man, 2016.

David Hunter

Apollinaire in the Great War 1914–18, 2015.

Michael Noël-Clarke

Prince Arfa, Memories of a Bygone Age: Qajar Persia and Imperial Russia 1853–1902, 2016.

Donal Nolan

Tort Law: Text and materials, 6th ed., 2017.

John Pritchard

A Railway Journey: Oxford to Whaley Bridge, 2017.

Brian D. Wilson

The Ever Eye Open, 2014.

Hong Kong Then, 2011.

The Trodden Way, 2016.

David Jackson

History of Netherdale by William Weatherhead, 2017.

Presentations by Members of College**Claud Broun**

Book of Common Prayer 1637, Scottish version.

Paul Dennis

How the Immune System Works, 5th ed. By Lauren Sompayrac, 2016.

Mims' Pathogenesis of Infectious Disease, 6th ed. By Anthony Nash, Robert G. Dalziel & J. Ross Fitzgerald, 2015.

High-Yield Neuroanatomy, 5th ed. By Douglas Gould and Jennifer K. Brueckner-Collins, 2016.

Mechanisms of Clinical Signs, 2nd ed. By Mark Dennis, William Talbot Bowen & Lucy Cho, 2016.

Netter's Introduction to Clinical Procedures by Marios Loukas, R. Shane Tubbs & Joseph Feldman, 2017.

Sidney Whitaker

The Art of Paul Valery: A Study in Dramatic Monologue by Francis Scarfe, 1954.

John Wintle

(in memory of Elaine Wintle 1953–2016, Law Librarian at Blackstone Chambers)

The Concept of Law by H.L.A. Hart, 1961.

The Law Reports 1865–2015 Anniversary Edition edited by Paul McGrath, 2015.

Presentations by others

David Cheifetz

Causation in the Law by H.L.A. Hart & Tony Honore, 1959.

CHAPEL REPORT

by Dave Leal, Lecturer in Philosophy

In the summer of 2017, Arsène Wenger celebrated 21 years as manager of Arsenal. The milestone prompted reflection by fans of other football teams upon their fortunes in the managerial–turnover stakes. (Even the red half of Manchester, once a paragon of stability, has latterly had its moments.) In these terms, the Brasenose chaplaincy has been, in recent years, more Vicarage Road than Highbury–and–Emirates. Since Graeme Richardson’s departure in the spring of 2014 four names figure in the role, all of whom appear in this report.

The first item of news is the departure of Dr Dominic Keech. Dominic joined the college, from a curacy in Wantage, in September 2014, and served as chaplain for two years and one term. He left us, after the now-traditional college celebrations of ‘Oxmas’ in November 2016, to take up the living of St Nicholas of Myra in Brighton. Dating from 1091, his new church may not have quite the antiquity of Graeme Richardson’s (St Peter’s Harborne boasting Saxon origins), but is a very significant appointment, and we wish Dominic well in his ministry in Brighton. We have been glad of news of him from current undergraduates who have been to visit, even if that news has to be retrieved after enthusiastic mention of his dog was first volunteered. It isn’t just Dominic who is missed! Dominic exercised a quietly effective ministry, both in the liturgical life of the chapel and in his welfare role, and brought a number of interesting speakers into the college apart from his invitations to visiting preachers, so that theological conversation extended beyond sermons into discussion of, for example, personality-type and prayer. Star Trek fans will be wondering whether references to that notable cultural milestone will continue when the chapel is under new management.

Dominic's departure was announced in the summer, too late to make an appointment for Hilary Term, so for the second time in recent years the college found itself advertising for a new chaplain whilst also seeking the services of a priest to serve as chaplain in an interim capacity. As in 2014, we could not have been more fortunate. Revd Judith Brown, formerly Professor of Commonwealth History at Balliol, agreed to serve as chaplain for one or two terms depending on our need. (I do not think she ever actually said 'as long as you need me'!)

As well as the normal priestly duties, both pastoral and liturgical, she has played the usual chaplain's part in appointments to college livings, and brought an historian's eye to the chapel, making some interesting discoveries along the way. Those who recall the east end of chapel will perhaps remember – may even have sat on, at a better-attended service of College Prayers – the seat cushions which lay on the wall pews to either side of the sanctuary. They will have been a memory of long generations of college members, dating back, it now transpires, to the earliest days of the chapel. They are hundreds of years old, and of their type the fullest and best remaining set in the country. Their slightly wax-crusted forms really are now, at least to those in chapel, just a memory, removed for storage pending possible restoration and conservation, and replaced with more modern seat cushions. Another recent innovation has been a new communion set, blessed by Bishop Humphrey Southern, Principal of Ripon College Cuddesdon, when he came to preach for us in Trinity Term. There is no intention of our retiring the late-15th-Century chalice, but it was felt wise to have a more everyday set for our regular communion services. It may be worth noting for posterity, though, that at the end of the 2016/17 academic year the infamous candelabra near the lectern is still, in the fine word of an earlier chaplain, *wonky*, and even the Professor of Commonwealth History Emerita was not equal to the task of restoring it to its symmetrical glory.

Recent graduates will know that the last College Prayers of the year has become a sort of Brasenose 'Nine Lessons and Carols', with a number of readings from former members of the college. This year it had a modest pruning, though students of English literature will be glad to hear that an excerpt from our first Nobel Laureate's novel 'The Spire' remains. Students of physics may speculate on the possibility of something by our second Nobel laureate appearing in future years.

Judith will continue to serve as chaplain until the end of summer 2017, and will be kept busy with Gaudies and weddings. She is perhaps glad to know that her service really will come to an end, though, as we welcome Julia Baldwin as our new chaplain for Michaelmas Term. Julia has served most recently as chaplain to the Bishop of Dover (sometimes referred to as ‘the bishop *in* Canterbury’, while the one with the actual Canterbury title gets on with more national and global matters), and in that capacity she has recently acted as chaplain to the Archbishop. We look forward to Julia’s arrival and her ministry as chaplain to the Brasenose community from Autumn 2017.

One other recent chaplain has figured significantly in the life of the college this year, though for rather different reasons. Reynaud de la Bat Smith served as chaplain for the one term between Graeme’s departure and Dominic’s arrival, Trinity Term 2014. He had served as a chaplain of a college of Durham University and then of a school in Cheltenham, so came to us with a wealth of experience of institutional chaplaincy, and established himself so quickly, and made links across the whole college community so well, that it still seems astonishing to think that he worked with us for such a short time. He had, even during his time with us, been suffering from cancer, and had undergone a variety of painful and invasive treatments before the distressing final stages of his illness in the spring of 2017. A number of folk from the college visited him during his time in Sobell House, the cancer hospice in Oxford, and Reynaud made a request to the Principal that after his funeral there be refreshments in the Hall at Brasenose.

The funeral was in the University Church, and was attended by a very large congregation, including present and former staff and students of Brasenose. A former pupil of Reynaud’s from Cheltenham College, Cameron Hoyler, gave a very moving tribute; a former tutor of Reynaud’s, the New Testament scholar Anthony Harvey, preached. The music expressed something of the range of Reynaud’s tastes and interests, including of course jazz (Sidney Bechet to start, and the Dixie Hummingbird’s ‘In the morning’ – an expression of joy in anticipation of resurrection – at the end). It is often a feature of funerals, or at least I have found it so, that one comes away having heard tales that make one wish that one had known the person better. True though that was in this case as well, there was also a vivid presentation and celebration of everything that had made Reynaud so special to so many in the college –

the pastor's commitment to his flock, his concern as scholar and activist for social justice, his love of music and of swimming, his delight in friends and love of family. The congregation then moved on to Brasenose, and the Principal then discovered that the guitarist who had appeared from the congregation to lead us in the first verse of the final hymn, a good friend of Reynaud's, was none other than Steve Winwood, ex-Traffic and (with Eric Clapton) Blind Faith. Out came the principalian equivalent of a selfie-stick in the form of the college guest book, and another legend of the musical 1960s was added to the names of the Fab Four.

The chaplain's life, and that of the chapel community, extend of course beyond its own walls, and beyond those of the college. Dominic and Judith both continued to engage with the college livings, particularly in the matter of appointments to them. The living of Clayton with Keymer has a new parish priest. Vocations to ministry are being tested, and old members who have gone on to ordained ministry serve amongst those for whom prayers are offered each Sunday evening, that old members in their several callings may know God's blessing and be a blessing to others. I enjoyed the hospitality of the parish of St Luke's Grayshott when I went to preach there in June, at the invitation of Moray Thomas, who retires in February 2018, so this seems a good place to hope for a happy transition from parish ministry for Moray and Annie. After much mention of former chaplains it is also good to note that Graeme and Helen Richardson have an addition to their family: Eva Miriam was born on the 22nd June, 2017, a sister to Matilda.

This year's guest preachers in Michaelmas Term were Dr Martin Wellings, minister of Wesley Memorial Church here in Oxford; Professor Sabina Alkire, Director of the Oxford Poverty and Human Development Initiative, our own Dr Carole Bourne-Taylor, Fellow in French Literature, and the Bishop of Buckingham, Dr Alan Wilson. In Hilary Term we welcomed Rabbi Jonathan Wittenberg and Mr Jonathan Aitken, the former cabinet minister, who spoke of his experiences while in prison. Richard Coles preached the Runcie Sermon, whilst simultaneously appearing on a (recorded) television programme, explaining to us that as a result of accepting our invitation he was not doing what the BBC would otherwise have had him do – give 'live' interaction to fans of his show through social media. Whether our congregation were quietly giving social media commentary on the sermon I do not know. On one of the Sundays, College Prayers was replaced, as has become customary,

by a joint service, in the University Church, for a number of colleges. This includes a massed choir and much cooperation of music directors and organists. Trinity Term's preachers were the new Vicar of the University Church, Dr Will Lamb; our own former chaplain, Dr Peter Groves; the Abbot of Mucknall Abbey, Stuart Burn, for our joint service with Lincoln College; and the Principal of Ripon College, Cuddesdon, the Rt Revd Humphrey Southern, who in addition to his preaching duties blessed the new communion vessels.

Amid the various changeovers of chaplain the regular life of worship in the chapel is of course supported and sustained by the students of the college, graduate and undergraduate. Special mention should be made here of William Bunce, who served as Bible Clerk for the year, and of Nicola Dinsdale, who has served as chapel treasurer for some time. The tradition of Tuesday communions including a sermon by a junior member continues, and the quality of the preaching on these occasions continues to be of a very high order. For those unable to attend on Tuesdays we always have the visiting preachers as mentioned above, which, to return to the footballing theme, might be regarded by some as the Championship to Tuesday's Premier Division. Our worship is also supported and sustained by its excellent musicians, under the direction of Christian Wilson. With one of our organ scholars, Fleur Snow, away on her year abroad, Sarah Hughes has been our sole resident organ scholar, assisted ably by others on organ and piano. Their contributions have been outstanding, and all those who engage with the life of the chapel have much to be thankful for in the musical life of the college.

MUSIC REPORT

by Christian Wilson, Director of College Music

It's been a year of change for music at Brasenose with the departure and arrival of college Chaplains, the celebration of our new chamber organ in chapel, and the temporary departure of a substantial collection of linguist musicians, including one organ scholar and a host of choir members. Nevertheless, the college's generous provision for music, together with the scheduling of regular musical events and the indomitable spirit and enthusiasm of Brasenose students, helped to sustain and augment collegiate

music-making, nurturing the talents of instrumentalists and singers of all standards and providing listening opportunities for enthusiasts.

One of the most rewarding facets of my role at Brasenose is the enthusiastic response from musical Freshers at the start of each year, and I'm constantly surprised by the number of talented students who wish to continue and develop their musical interests at Brasenose. The college's musical groups, practice rooms, clavinoVA keyboards, drum kit, and amplifiers are of immediate popularity and, for many students, these groups and facilities provide a welcome contrast to the intensity of lectures, tutorials, seminars, labs, and essay-writing.

The Fresher's concert in fifth week of Michaelmas helps to galvanise the musical interests of new students and was a generous affair this year involving numerous pianists and wind players of an excellent standard. In addition to the regular run of organ recitals, we continued to hold the popular 'Music at Brasenose' concerts each term on Fridays of 7th week. Elsewhere recitals were given by the Choral Scholars and Instrumental Award Holders. In Hilary Term, staff and SCR members joined to perform the annual William Smyth Memorial Recital with outstanding performances from all involved, including Jonathan Katz (piano), Kate Roberts on bassoon (who performed in duet with her husband Nick on cello), Andrew Talbot on trumpet, Matthias Winkel on oboe accompanied by Konstantin Ardakov on the piano, and Christopher Timpson on guitar. Once again, the event was brought to a rousing and cultured conclusion by Elspeth Garman who sang a number of traditional folk songs with audience participation.

An eclectic and world-class line-up for our termly Platnauer Concerts included guitarist Mark Anthony McGrath, who performed the music of Sylvius Leopold Weiss on 13-string guitar and his own moving arrangements of Celtic folk melodies on the acoustic guitar. In Hilary we welcomed the musically-progressive *Kosmos Ensemble* who brought their unique mix of Balkan, Greek, Japanese, Jewish, Scottish and gypsy traditions in a stunning performance replete with poetry and extemporisation. Finally, in Trinity, we were thrilled to welcome back a Brasenose favourite in Russian piano virtuoso Alexander Ardakov (father of Brasenose Fellow in Maths Konstantin), who performed an intense and passionate programme of Russian masterpieces by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov. The 2017–2018 season also promises a thrilling line-up!

Having been unable to appoint an organ scholar for admission in 2016, we were left with only one second-year scholar (Sarah Hughes) in residence whilst our third-year scholar and linguist (Fleur Snow) spent a year in France. In the circumstances, it was essential to locate some extra help and we found this in the talented hands of 16-year-old Harry Baigent – a student at Cherwell School. Harry was a valuable addition to chapel music at Brasenose, with a well-rounded technique and a mature attitude. His accompaniments were sensitive and his solo voluntaries were often thrilling. He proved a hit with the choir and used organ lessons during the year to study for the Associate Diploma of the Royal College of Organists (ARCO) which he gained with excellent results. I'm delighted to say that he has since been awarded an organ scholarship at another college in Oxford pending his A-level results.

Happily, there was considerable competition for the Brasenose Organ Scholarship at the trials in September 2016 and we were able to appoint an outstanding candidate in Bethany Reeves to come up to Oxford in 2017. Bethany joins Fleur Snow and Sarah Hughes to form a trio of female organ scholars – an Oxbridge first as far as I can ascertain! We hope to celebrate and memorialise this remarkable milestone over the next academic year.

In November 2016, a large package arrived in Radcliffe Square, delivered by van direct from a workshop in Garderen, the Netherlands. This was a new hand-built chamber organ, generously commissioned by Brasenose alumnus Malcolm Hodgkinson (Clinical Medicine, 1949) and his wife Judith. Organ builder Niels Klop delivered the instrument directly, completing the voicing and tuning in the college chapel. Then, on November 18th we were able to formally mark the arrival with a service of blessing and music involving Tudor verse anthems with the choir, and organ solos and duets. It is an exquisite instrument, compact and delicately-voiced, using wooden pipe-work throughout, and with a split keyboard allowing different combinations of sounds between right and left hands. The organ is also transposable up or down a semitone to suit different historic performing traditions. I'm pleased to say that, within a few days of its arrival, I had hosted numerous Directors of Music from around Oxford who were eager to hear and play the instrument. In Trinity term, we held a concert to celebrate the instrument in multifarious guises and forms, with an array of professional musicians including violins, viola, cello, theorbo, oboe, and soprano. In addition

to Organ Concerti by Handel and Vivaldi, we heard the instrument in a more intimate guise through works by Marcello, Pandolfi, and Purcell, including the latter's songs *Fairest Isle* and *Dido's Lament*.

As a college, we are extremely grateful to Malcolm and Judith for this gift which, I am certain, will deliver an enduring and superior musical legacy for many years to come. The musical life of the choir and the organ scholars was instantly enhanced by the arrival of the organ, opening the door to an area of repertoire we were previously unable to perform satisfactorily, particularly choral music of the early 17th- to late 18th-centuries. Indeed, the value of the instrument continues to grow as the health of the larger organ deteriorates beyond the bounds of economically viable intervention. A report on the material state of the large organ has now been commissioned.

In spite of this, Brasenose Chapel Choir continues to provide a popular and vibrant musical presence in college, enhanced through a programme of challenging repertoire, technical exercise, and individual vocal training for award holders. The music list for chapel services embraces a healthy balance between contemporary repertoire, early music, and popular classics, though the arrival of the chamber organ is naturally reflected by an increase in 16th-century polyphony and Baroque music. Various inter-collegiate and college events (both musical and social) help to galvanise the choral sound through the year, and to enhance the reward for choir members, and during Trinity Term we were excited to begin our preparations for a choir tour to Rome, rehearsing in chapel and at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. The tour included sung masses at two Papal Basilicas (Santa Maria Maggiore and San Paolo) a recital in the Pantheon and a concert at All Saints Anglican Church, with a repertoire covering a span of 500 years. Despite the intense heat, the choir performed with energy and polish and there was ample time to unwind and enjoy the Roman sites and delicacies, including an enormous group dinner on our final evening in the shadow of the Colosseum. Choir members are indebted to the college who generously subsidised a significant portion of the cost of this trip.

We were sad to bid farewell to our chaplain the Reverend Dominic Keech at the end of Michaelmas. Through his modesty, sophisticated insight, and charm, Dominic had a special ability to effect big changes without treading on the toes of those around him. I was privileged to

work with him (albeit for a short time) and I wish him every success in his future as Vicar at the Parish of St Nicholas in Brighton. We were blessed to have the opportunity to appoint a wonderful – though temporary – replacement for the interim period of two terms whilst the college advertised for a permanent position. With a glittering academic career, the Reverend Professor Judith Brown glided effortlessly through the complexities of college life and provided immeasurable support for my work and music-making in college during Hilary and Trinity. Again, I'm extraordinarily grateful to her, and I'm certain that the music at Brasenose has profited substantially by her presence in college. Finally, as we look forward to a new chapter in our musical life at Brasenose with the Reverend Julia Baldwin, I'd like to register my personal thanks to the Organ Scholars, Choral Scholars, and instrumentalists who give so much time and effort to music, and who, through their performances, support, and enthusiasm, make my role at Brasenose so rewarding.

THE KING'S HALL TRUST FOR THE ARTS

by Paul Burgess (English, 1993), Chair

The King's Hall Trust for the Arts continues to support arts projects in college, across the University and beyond. Set up at BNC in 1996 by many of the same group that ran the first Arts Week, our remit is to support education in the arts. This means the development of skills and artistic practice as much as education in any formal sense. We're particularly keen to support projects that might otherwise struggle to get funding. Often this means work that is small-scale and experimental.

We offer three kinds of support: underwriting for projects that generate an income, grants for projects that don't, and advice. Several trustees are arts professionals. Between us we can answer many questions and find someone else to answer those that we can't. Interestingly, requests for support are changing. There are fewer applications for term-time theatre productions, which used to be the focus of our activity, along with fewer requests for advice. On the other hand, applications for film projects and taking plays to the Edinburgh Fringe have shot up. We're constantly re-evaluating the best ways we can help support the arts at Brasenose and elsewhere. Do please get in touch if you have any ideas or wish to help: info@khata.org.uk.

The Trust's connection to the college is important to us. The current line-up of trustees is entirely made up of BNC alumni: Mia Bennett, Paul Burgess, Nick Herbert, Ellie Keel, Stephen Kyberd, Liz Owen and Rikesh Shah. We also aim to support projects involving BNC students. One example of this from last year was a musical, *Made in Dagenham*.

We're also keen to support individuals and companies as they develop, so we were pleased to support a darkly absurd film called *The Guinea Pig Doctor*. Made by a team whose previous film, *Saving Turtles*, we'd funded, this represented a step up in the company's ambition. Another project that stood out, this time simply for being unusual, was Anything Other Theatre Company's first play, *All of Me*. The request was to help fund a performance to partners, funders and community leaders in Gravesend, Kent. By supporting this small-scale event we could help launch a much bigger project, and also do something for a part of the UK with which we'd not previously had any involvement.

Of the many applications we received for the Edinburgh Fringe, we supported two. Both were artistically ambitious: one was new writing, *Girls will be Girls* by FourSevenTwo Production; the other, *Hotter*, was a devised piece by Transgression Productions. Both reflect our desire to support innovative projects rather than those that are run-of-the-mill.

You can find out more about us via our website, www.khta.org.uk. We also have a very new Facebook page: /KingsHallTrust. Do get in touch. We're always happy to talk about our work and any offers of help and support will be gratefully received.

ALE VERSES

by Miles Overton (Geography, 2015)

Every year, on Shrove Tuesday, Brasenose College's staff and students gather to celebrate a unique tradition: Ale Verses. This rather unusual evening dates back hundreds of years, to the days when Brasenose brewed its own ale, and members of College would huddle round braziers in Hall to keep warm. Ale Verses in 2017, however, looked a little different. The evening began with a three-course meal in Hall, including pancakes for dessert. Shortly after the food, students climbed onto the tables, sharing jugs of (optional) ale whilst singing satirical songs about the characters that live, study or work at Brasenose College, and various events from the

past year. Dr Dave Popplewell presided over the festivities, while Christian Wilson, our Musical Director, and two fabulous Organ Scholars (past and present) gave some much needed accompaniment to the enthusiastic student singers.

Both Brasenose students and staff are encouraged to submit lyrics set to the tune of popular songs. This year we sang about the very-Oxford problem that is struggling to find a seat in the library in the style of Rebecca Black (“library, library/can’t find seats in the library”); we reminisced about the University’s annual ski trip (“Coming out of Val Thorens/And I’ve been doing just fine”) to The Killers’ ‘Mr Brightside’; we celebrated the Rainbow Flag being flown yet again to celebrate LGBT History month; and the HCR (our graduate students) piped up to the tune of Adele’s ‘Hello’ (“Hello from the HCR/You might not know who we are”).

The winning song, however, was set to the tune of the classic that is ‘Where is the Love’ by the Black Eyed Peas, with lyrics in support of the University’s portrait diversification project (“Women workin’, they’re attainin’/But for their paintings we’re still waitin’... Where are the girls?”).

The talented lyricist commented “I think Ale Verses is a unique event that allows students to voice their experience of college life in a creative, fun and comedic way. There is such a community spirit when we sing the verses together in hall. The evening really sums up Brasenose’s character as a college”

FINANCIAL REVIEW

by Philip Parker, College Bursar

The College’s balance sheet has benefitted significantly over the last three years from growth in the endowment and donations and also from the issuance of £20m of 40-year loan notes.

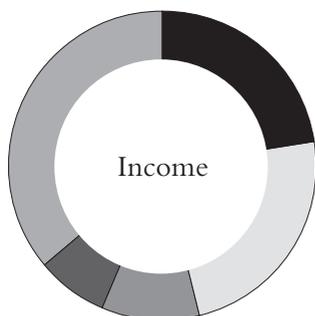
At 31st July, 2017, the endowment was valued at £138.8m. The portfolio has benefitted from strong capital markets and from the expert advice of the alumni on the Investment Advisory Committee. The result has been investment gains of £33.0m in three years, and an annualised return of 11.3%. In addition, the endowment has benefited from donations of £3.1m. The College draws down 3.5% each year

(calculated on a five year rolling average) and this transfer supports over one third of the operating costs of the College.

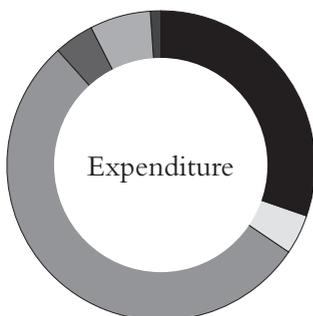
In total, the College has benefitted from donations of £10.5m over the three years. As well as the donations to the endowment of £3.1m, the College received £3.7m for the project to expand and restore the Library, and other gifts totalling £3.7m to support the rich variety of College life including Fellowships, student bursaries, graduate scholarships and capital projects such as the expansion of Lecture Room XI. Most donors support the College through the “Annual Fund”, which exceeded £0.5m for the first time this year.

In April 2017, the College took advantage of the historically low interest rates to raise finance by issuing £20m of unsecured loan notes with a fixed interest rate of 2.62%, repayable in 2057. This will fund the College’s plans to expand student accommodation at Frewin and on the edge of the Sportsground (subject to planning permission). The balance of the funds not required for the student accommodation will be invested in the endowment.

The underlying operational finances of the College remain healthy. Income was almost £11.0m, and costs were £10.3m, leaving a surplus of £0.7m. The College’s free reserves remain at the lower end of the target range, which is to have reserves sufficient to cover three to six months of expenditure. Further analysis of the income and expenditure is depicted in the pie charts.



Income	£000s
■ Fees	2,484
■ Domestic income	2,601
■ Conferences	1,118
■ Donations (excl. capital gifts)	831
■ Transfer from endowment	3,949
Other income	-
Total Revenue	10,983



Capital donations	£
To the endowment	403
For buildings	1,574

Expenditure	£000s
■ Tuition and Research	3,131
■ Student support	453
■ Domestic costs	5,551
■ Conference costs	440
■ Development and Alumni Relations	656
■ Investment management	99
Total Costs	10,330

Capital expenditure 2,074

Clubs



BNCBC WOMEN'S TEAM

by Emily Tench

The women's squad has had a highly successful season, with a greater focus on building a competitive but fun squad. In Michaelmas term, the novice women enjoyed racing at Christchurch Regatta, making it through to the second day. Meanwhile the Senior Women began a gruelling new training regime with regular erg and weights sessions and the dreaded 2k erg test at the end of term. Over the Christmas vacation, we ran our first ever training camp at Staines Boat Club and enjoyed a few very cold days of water and fitness training.

In Hilary term, W1 enjoyed training at Godstow instead of the Isis and made good technical progress on the longer stretch of river. Unfortunately, high river levels disrupted our preparations for Torpids and so W1 ended up only gaining one bump, rowing over once and getting bumped twice whilst W2 failed to qualify.

Following this disappointment, the squad was determined to improve. We trained even harder over the Easter vacation and in the lead up to Summer Eights. This commitment was rewarded with W1 bumping up two places in Summer Eights and W2 almost bumping out of the Rowing On Division.

We also decided to venture outside of Oxford this year and competed in our first external regatta at Abingdon Head and placed 2nd. We also sent a four to Women's Henley, which narrowly missing out on qualifying for a place in the regatta.

The squad now has over 15 committed members and we are hoping to build on the successes of the past year. We are really looking forward to next year, hopefully with more bumps and success at external events.

BNCBC MEN'S TEAM

by Steve McCall

In the first instance, on behalf of the rowers, I must thank the alumni, sponsors, college and coaches for the support they have given to rowing at Brasenose College. Success is often demonstrated by trajectory and I am glad to report that last year was a successful year for men's rowing at Brasenose College.

In terms of results from bumps racing, we had no men's crew receive 'spoons' at either Summer VIII's or Torpids in 2017. In context, this is a success for rowing at Brasenose as we had three sets of spoons during 2016 bumps racing. Success in bumps is predetermined by chance, hours of practice, commitment, good coaching and mentality. As a result, the path to blades does not have a linear relationship with hours of practice.

Torpids was a bittersweet affair for all crews but not without much drama. We had a Men's 3rd VIII entered to row which demonstrates the popularity of the sport in the college. However, competition was fierce and the Men's 3rd VIII did not get entered into a division. The Men's 1st VIII successfully fought off Exeter all the way to the head of the river in what looked like a painful row.

The Men's 2nd VIII was coxed excellently by our novice cox James Maye to secure a bump on John's 2nd VIII in a race that later got "klaxoned". On the Saturday of Torpids, the Men's 2nd VIII were just a couple of strokes away from blades, in a tumultuous ending to their torpids campaign. We must not forget that contending for blades, and in my opinion being the fastest boat in the division, with seven novices was a tremendous success for men's rowing at Brasenose.

We had a successful training camp at Dorney Lake in the grounds of Eton College. Here we trained three times a day and had an excellent week of weather. Everyone learnt how to scull, leading to multiple capsizes and some of which occurred in the vision of Olympians. We want to thank the college and the club for subsidising the most memorable experience of the year.

Summer VIII's is always difficult due to the nature of the "bumping out" rule. The Men's 1st VIII rowed over the first and last day, securing their place in Division II. During the race on Saturday, the piece outside Boathouse Island was one of the smoothest I have felt the boat run. It was an extra special day to row over and fight off St Hugh's, showing critics that Brasenose M1 deserved to be in Division II. The Men's 2nd VIII also had a successful Summer VIII's campaign during which they bumped twice. However, due to poor coxing by other colleges and a OURCs decision that went against them, they had another disappointing Saturday of bumps racing.

It was a privilege to take on this captaincy as a graduate student and illustrates the importance of both common rooms working together for a shared goal. Furthermore, the commitment of the men's squad was

incredible and I am glad to say that I rowed with many great people. The results are not always what you wished for but the community aspect to sport makes it worth the effort. The quality of the coaching was incredible and we as a club thank our coaches for their dedication. In particular, we thank James Powell for his devotion to the club.

FOOTBALL WOMEN'S TEAM

by Dani Ball

Brasenose's Women's Football Team had a superb 2016–17 season, winning a number of league matches and coming a strong second in the university's five-a-side tournament.

We had a series of strong performances in the league, including a stunning 6–1 victory over New College in our first match, aided by a hat trick from Tabitha Everett and excellent keeping from Emily Patterson, and a pair of victories over Jesus College, including a match which went down to penalties. Special mentions must go to the Stanford exchange students Maddie Chang and Sarah Manney whose prowess in midfield and defence respectively was invaluable in our first term of games.

Hilary term brought a number of cancellations due to issues with the pitch freezing over, but, undeterred by the relative lack of matches, the team braved the cold mornings and continued to train under a careful scheme developed by incoming captain Tabitha Everett. These training sessions brought new players into the team whose development throughout the term was one of the key reasons for our Trinity term success.

The university's five-a-side tournament marked the highlight of the team's year; we breezed through the initial stages with incredible performances from Alisha Wright and Tabitha Everett. Our semi-final performance proved us worthy of our place in the final in which we sadly lost to a Keble-Hertford team that we had beaten in the initial stages of the competition. Maud Mullan and Holly Skinner were strong additions to our team for the tournament, joining players from earlier in the season including Jasmin Yang-Spooner and Johanne Nedergard, as well as Aini Putkonen who played both on the field and in goal.

Our successes in the season would have been impossible without the influx of enthusiasm from freshers including Tabitha Everett, Alicia Graham, Caitlin Gilmore, Imi Jury, Matty Matsagoura, Zoe Nahas, Robin

Timmis, Elsa Wakeman and Madi Smith. Neither would they have been possible without the great play from older players such as Letty Barden, Emily Hobbs, Catherine Lavender, Johanne Nedergard, Emily Patterson, Isobel Phillips, Bethany Wise and Emma Woodhouse. Jemma Young also deserves a special mention for her brilliant play throughout the season.

It has been an absolute pleasure playing with and captaining this team, and I look forward to more successes under Tabitha Everett's captaincy for the 2017–18 season. She was an excellent player and team coach this year, and I have no doubt that she is exactly what our team needs.

FOOTBALL MEN'S TEAM

by James Scoon and Sean Cuddihy

With the glory of last season's Cuppers victory still at the forefront of College conversation, the only question on everyone's minds in freshers week of '16 was how on earth Brasenose's finest would be able to top last season's dizzying heights. The unprecedented interest from the HCR and wealth of fresh talent from our development squads only added to the hype. Much to everyone's relief this question didn't go long unanswered, and a series of draws and losses early on in Michaelmas confirmed that our fall from grace would be as swift as last year's rise.

As is often the problem with Brasenose 1st team football, the sheer quality of some of our players ends up working against us, as the university football club insists on not allowing their top players to dabble in the slightly less majestic world of college football. This year's casualties to class were Messrs Bain, Hurleston, Menon, not to mention Mycroft; however the concept of rest days was lost on Mr. Hurleston and by disguising the blues keeper, Mr. Mycroft, as an offensive midfielder we managed stay clear of relegation for the first time in the last three seasons.

Famously we don't like to dwell on seasons gone, but with most players' BNCFC careers only spanning three years it is interesting to remark on just how much our team has transformed from the previous year. The departure of several key figures in the starting line-up certainly left big boots to fill, most notably in goal. Although Mr. Demby-Harris stood at least a whole foot shorter than his predecessor, his results speak for themselves and we conceded the least number of goals of all the past four seasons. Another major concern for us was losing no less than three of the four defenders that had started all those months ago at Stade de

Iffley Road: a void that was filled primarily by the lion heart of Mr. Steer, accompanied often by Mr. Feerick and Mr. Sykes, provided enough alcohol had been consumed the previous evening to make his attendance worthwhile. At times we even called upon the permanently rusticated Mr. English, who would always ensure that after a fierce challenge on a boy ten years his junior, the turf was carefully put back into place.

At times it is difficult to summarise the success of a team over the course of a year, but in this instance it is not. Our hopes of retaining the Cuppers title were stripped from us in the round of 16 stage by an experienced Christ Church side, who also won our league in which we finished 5th. Looking forward however, we are lucky in so far as only a couple of players are retiring this year. The reliability of Messrs Richards and Gupta will certainly be sorely missed, but, under the new leadership of Mr. Flintoff, our thirst for League glory will be reignited and potentially once more the walls of Iffley Road will be painted black and gold.

As for our 2nd XI, another vaguely successful year flashed by. With an unexpectedly high proportion of the fresher cohort inexplicably more interested in chasing the oval-shaped ball, we were often a bit strapped for both numbers and talent. That said, the combined pools of a few plucky freshers, some 3rd year 2s veterans and the ever-present 2nd year 'fellas' ensured that we always turned out well.

In our league of 8 matches, we finished the season in 4th place with 13 points from a possible 24. The highlights were a 6–1 thrashing of St Anne's – in which Johannes Fuest bagged a hat-trick – and 4–1 win over LMH. Some historical defensive frailties were somewhat mended by new additions Tom Steer and Dan 'Scorchy Boy' Smith, while the surprise discovery of goalkeeper Tim Mycroft's outfield ability was a real treat for everyone. His contributions in the midfield made him a strong contender for player of the season, along with Richard Sykes, whose aggression and aerial presence, albeit confined to the centre circle, will be sorely missed next year.

Our Cuppers campaign was glorious while it lasted. The first round was a nail-biter against Pembroke: we led in the first half thanks to Hanson, but then needed his late equaliser to take us to extra time at 2–2. A Fuest strike and Mycroft penalty save then secured us a fantastic win. Next we faced Queen's. A stronger outfit than Pembroke, we found ourselves overwhelmed for much of the first half, and a goal down at the break. But we slowly managed to turn the tide and a stunning goal from

Ben Zelouf took us to extra time once more. There our bottle showed, and Cal Flintoff scored a classy winner to book us a place in the quarters. The less said about that quarterfinal the better...

Huge thanks go to all the players for their constant enthusiasm, and to the senior players for their leadership while I was injured for most of Michaelmas.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

by James Haley

Brasenose rugby has fallen on hard times in recent years, but the 2016–17 season has seen the winds of change sweep over BNCRFC. I am pleased to say that the rugby team has become a significant part of the sporting and social scenes in College.

Having struggled for sufficient numbers in previous years, the team found itself at the dizzy heights of division 5 at the start of Michaelmas. This, however, did not translate into weak opposition. The first match of the season, against Univ, was a particularly hard-fought affair. Both clubs were keen to stretch their legs after a long summer and to test their new ranks of freshers, resulting in a game of uncharacteristically high intensity. An early slipped tackle resulted in the loss of Cuddihy, a stalwart of the previous season, to a broken collar bone. The backs remained strong, and punchy runs from new centres Smith and Edmondson brought the score to 19–0 by half time. Tiring legs on both sides resulted in the second half being a scrappier affair that was more typical of Saturday morning college rugby. This played well into the hands of veterans in both teams, with the forwards revelling in the chance to display scrummaging skills honed since matriculation in Thursday night Anuba queues. The final score was an encouraging 26–10 to Brasenose, but the price paid for this win was high, with veteran player Tromans and rising star Edmondson taking injuries that would plague them for the rest of the season. Such injuries, combined with the closing night of a certain ‘bar and grill’ falling mere hours before, caused numbers to fall just short of the 15 man threshold in the next game against Merton–Mansfield. A fierce game of 10s followed, along with a hefty 13–point penalty against BNC. Through blood, sweat and tears – including one ambulance – as well as all other sporting clichés, Brasenose managed to claim a 32–22 win on the pitch, resulting in an unfortunate 35–32 loss on the books. Word of this new Brasenose force had clearly

begun to spread, with the next two fixtures, a match against Pembroke and a crewdate with St. Peter's, being won by forfeit due to insufficient opposition players. The final match of the term was played against Osler House, the winners of the 2016 Cuppers Tournament who had just entered the league this academic year, by default in the 5th division. A few ex-Blues players amongst the medics meant that we were simply outclassed, with a final score of 68–34. This left BNC at 2nd in the division at the end of the term, therefore just narrowly missing out on promotion.

Hilary term began with the first away match of the season against Oriel. Freshly demoted, the opposition were keen to prove themselves and could be found drilling hard before even the first of the Brasenose team had arrived. The team took this in their stride and produced perhaps their best performance of the year, claiming a win of 62–12. Fuelled by this confidence and clad in copious amounts of new stash, the team's combination of solid, dependable forwards and powerful running backs was unstoppable. The next two league games against Hilda's and Univ were easy wins at 65–12 and 95–7 respectively. Hopes were cautiously high going into Cuppers, marred by an unfortunate draw pitting Brasenose (23rd seed) against Jesus (10th seed) for the first round of the competition. Once again, the Brasenose team threw everything at it, and once again there were casualties, with both Munns and Hothersall sent off to the JR with broken bones. A streaming run from man of the match D'aeth secured a 17–12 win on the pitch and propelled the Brasenose optimism to uncharted heights. However, by the second round against 7th seed New, the burden of injuries became clear and BNC was forced to play with 14 men. Despite a valiant effort from our team, the opposition capitalised upon this weakness in our defence and, with the final straw of vice-captain Zelouf breaking a finger, ended our run in the main tournament with a 46–7 loss. Hopes to win the plate were also short-lived, with a loss against 11th seed CCC/Somerville spelling an end to Brasenose's Cuppers campaign. The final match to play of the season was the final round of the league against the previous term's rivals Merton-Mansfield. Determined not to repeat the technical loss of last time, a strong team was mustered for BNCRFC's final hurrah. For one last time, we assuaged our VK-induced hangovers, donned the black and gold and chased the geese off the pitch – and for one last time we won. A score of 34–24 brought our League Round 2 total to 4 wins, no losses and a points difference of 201, and secured our promotion to division 4.

The end of the season was celebrated with a team dinner at the ever-reputable establishment that is At Thai, with Smith and Vice-captain Yates being suitably rewarded for winning the Captain's Player and Players' Player awards respectively. Whilst the team will lose some valued players to the dreaded real world beyond university, the outlook is very promising for next year. I am confident we will be able to further build upon this success in years to come, and would like to thank College for their support, Danny for his tireless work on the grounds and also all the players who have contributed so much to the club this year.

HOCKEY WOMEN'S TEAM

by Rina Fang

This year, Brasenose Women's Hockey, despite getting off to a rather shaky start, celebrated a probably unexpected yet magnificent victory in Cuppers, as (the much smaller) half of the newly formed Brasenose and St Catz "Bratz" team.

The first match of the year was to be against our future teammates at St Catz, and we managed to "win" it through email bluffing despite having a grand total of two available players that day. In a strategic move that was unquestionably essential for our survival, our merged team saw fantastic success in League matches, winning all but one that was narrowly lost to Worcester. As a result, we finished the season top of our Division 2 table.

Spirits were high at the Cuppers Final against Quilda's, with Bratz hoping to take the crown from the incumbent Hockey Cuppers champions. The team was not hindered by many running the Oxford Town and Gown 10k just that morning, with the crowd of supporters on the sidelines treated to an excellent game that unfortunately saw an early goal by Quilda's. However, determination and excellent play on our side ensured that their lead was not sustained. We were very lucky that Brasenose's own Sports Captain Danielle Ball was able to transfer her university lacrosse goal-keeping skills to fill in for St Catz' goalkeeper last minute, making some fantastic saves that allowed us to extend our lead to gain a strong victory. Overall, this has been a fantastic end to the season and I look forward to playing and continuing our successes next year under the captaincy of Jana Bourhill.

HOCKEY MEN'S TEAM

by Oli Hanson

Having been relegated to the bottom tier of Oxford College Hockey last season, BNCHC was hoping for an enthusiastic crop of freshers to fuel the promotion charge...

First match of the season was a crushing 6–0 defeat by Magdalen, despite the fact that we managed a record 10 (!) players coming out to play for BNC. Our initial 8 (two were late searching for the venue!) worked tirelessly in defence keeping the scoresheet down to a modest 2–0 at half time against the vastly more experienced Magdalen side, with the kicking back (the term for a normal defender who has a goalkeeper's kicking privileges) fresher, Tom Fane, dominating their strikers on début. Also impressive was winger Manish Binukrishnan who was a great outlet to relieve pressure. Strangely, despite the half-time reinforcements, the second half took its toll and we leaked goals at regular intervals – a disappointing start.

The highlight of the season came at a league match against Exeter: with just 7 players – and the obligatory lack of 'keeper – we produced by far the most promising display of the season. Up against the rag-tag yet full-strength side put out by our Turl Street neighbours, we battled well from 3–0 down at half time to the point of nearly drawing level. Two opportunistic and well-taken goals, both from the stick of Brasenose veteran Paul Fradley, as a result of brilliant counter-attacking wing play by the two Bens, Dubowitz and Edwards, and we were right back in the match. Yours truly had the chance to make it 3–3, but a hit from the edge of the D was well saved by their enthusiastic keeper. The battling defending of former captain Matt Ward (including some choice words for one of their more arrogant players) was to no avail as the opposition sealed the result late into the second half by bundling the ball into our empty net.

Other than a couple of bright spots, our season was underwhelming; we finished bottom of the league and were knocked out of Cuppers in the first round, so things can only improve next year!

CRICKET

by Alex Thomas

It was a season of what could have been for BNCCC this year, as once more we fell short of that elusive Cuppers crown. Nevertheless an enjoyable season was had by all and Brasenose cricket remains in good health.

Despite the loss of several BNC cricketing stalwarts from last year, some successful winter net sessions, the arrival of some keen cricketing freshers and whisperings of a particularly handy South African post-grad meant optimism was high for the year ahead.

Three hard-fought wins at the start of the season boded well. Somerville were beaten by 13 runs, in a game still alive as it entered the last over; fresher Dan “Scorchie” Smith holding his nerve with a fine 4 over spell at the death.

Balliol were defeated by 17 runs in a 40 over thriller on the back of Pete Downing’s maiden BNC ton.

St.Catz eventually fell 21 short of Brasenose’s imposing score of 168 off 20 overs, built around 50 from the skipper Alex Thomas and fresher Ben Hems, whose ‘quick slog so I can get back for my tute’ became a match winning 63.

With a congested top half of the table, a calamitous batting collapse against bottom side Trinity left our title aspirations hanging by a thread. Defeat to St John’s the following week ended these hopes, as availability issues meant we could only put out eight players.

Mid table respectability was ensured with a final win against Wadham in a bizarre game where Brasenose racked up 192 in 20 overs, and then didn’t take a wicket in the Wadham reply until the 3rd last ball of the innings, with our opponents finishing on 181–1 off their 20.

This led us into our Cuppers campaign.

Keble were ruthlessly dispatched first in Cuppers. Our aforementioned South African Jonty Rawlins lived up to those early whisperings, ripping through the Keble top order, including sending their ‘Tics player’s off stump cartwheeling out the ground. Unfortunately, this was the last game before returning home to South Africa. Whether his presence would have changed the course of our Cuppers campaign still wakes me in cold sweats...

Avid readers of *The Brazen Nose* will remember the last year’s Cuppers quarter final against Merton–Mansfield, and this year’s game

drew remarkable parallels. MM batted first and scored 127, but finals had left us with a side short of batting. Brasenose's most clutch player, Nick Hooper, played a lone hand, but once he was run out we were always going to come up agonisingly short.

A note on BNCCC 2s. Traditionally this has been very much a social side, all about having a laugh on the field and drinking a few beers in the sun. But this year the 2s managed to combine this with actually playing some quite good cricket, and they finished the season unbeaten.

Finally, this year we held the inaugural 'Leavers vs Stayers' match, as a final hurrah for those leaving the warm embrace of BNCCC. Indeed, this year we bid farewell to a number of key players in our side in Pete Downing, Pranav Bharadwaj and, of course, Richard Sykes. A fantastic part of Brasenose cricket is the willingness of the recently graduated to come back in the quest for Cuppers glory, and one can be sure that we will see them in the black and gold baggy again.

Looking forward to 2018, hopes are high for another batch of talented Freshers to help take up the mantle in pursuit of Cuppers success.

NETBALL

by Ciara Willmott

The Brasenose College Netball Club (BNCNC) has continued to grow in strength and size in the 2016–17 season. The club welcomed a record number of freshers of both genders; increasing the number of members to well over 50. With quantity came quality, and a fresh input of experienced players and enthusiastic beginners quickly assimilated into last year's squad.

BNCNC put forward two teams into the college leagues in the last season. The A team played extremely well, with fantastic performances from players of all abilities (from first time players to the captain of OUNC) to finish third in division 1. The B team also had a first-rate season, working hard to move from the bottom of division 3 to the top; the team has high hopes of securing a promotion into division 2 this coming season.

The squads performed excellently in both the Women's and Mixed Cuppers tournaments in Trinity Term. The Women's A squad were disappointed to just miss out on a place in the semi-final after losing a close-fought quarter.

A highlight of the year for the club was definitely the arrival of our brand new, black and gold kit at the end of Trinity. Although it arrived too late to be worn by the girls in any matches last term, the squad took the opportunity to give it a test drive at Plush for the last BOP of the year; reviews were favourable. Looking forward, we hope the new addition will give our girls an edge next season as they compete to be crowned winners of the premier division!

The club also looks forward to welcoming Alicia Graham as our new Club Captain. Alicia has been a strong asset to the team since joining Brasenose as a fresher last October – we are excited to start a new season under her leadership.

We also must say goodbye to another generation of Brasenose Netballers who graduate into exciting new careers; the team looks forward to a reunion at what we hope will be the inaugural Old Girls game this coming year.

BADMINTON

by Louie Kachun

After a year-long hiatus, Badminton came back to Brasenose, and was a huge success!

Our weekly Badminton sessions were a great social place for all BNC students. Not only could JCR members from different years get to know each other better, we also had a few HCR members joining our training sessions. Sadly, the original courts we used to go to were no longer available. Given that there is a lack of courts near College, we had to venture out to Summertown. The new courts were a good 45 minute walk away from College, but we still had a great turnout every week. In the warmer months, we would organise a group of us to walk up to Summertown together, a perfect break from studying on a Saturday afternoon.

We also moved away from using email, creating a Facebook group to publish updates on training sessions and competition results. Through this, we were able to encourage more students to participate in Badminton, no matter if they've played before.

This year, we were able to put forth teams for all the men's, women's, and mixed leagues and Cuppers matches. All the players were very

enthusiastic, and had a great time. Our women's team went all the way to the semi-finals, which was a great result.

Given our great turnout this year, we are looking at increasing the number of courts we have per training sessions. Hopefully we will be able to advance into the finals next year!

CROQUET

by Joey Fisher

I believe it was Leo Tolstoy who once said, "all great literature is one of two stories; a man goes on a journey or a stranger comes to town". The story of Brasenose croquet in the summer of 2017 is therefore one of great literature; not only did we journey through the perilous rounds of croquet Cuppers but many strangers also came to play on our craggy lawns.

An astounding seventeen Brasenose teams entered into Cuppers this year in a tournament that saw 512 sides from across the university compete. All of these teams put in some great performances and did BNC proud, but three performed especially well.

Fisher and Thomas, two veterans of the old quad lawn, took it upon themselves to take young Baird and Shorland under their wings and guide them towards croquet stardom. While this team inspired many with their cross-year comradeship and continental style of croquet, unfortunately there was to be no fairytale ending for them. Many fingers were pointed in the backlash felt after their untimely exit from the competition, but ultimately it was decided that it was entirely Angus Baird's fault.

Cuddihy, Hurleston, Mycroft and Zelouf also made great strides in the cup, going all the way to the round of 16. Highlights from their season included many larger-than-life opponents and some naughty long distance roquets.

Returning champions Scoon and Richards paired up with new recruits Flintoff and Richardson hoping to make it a historical consecutive victory. Entering the competition as the number 1 seeds they must have been feeling the pressure, but their stunning tactical nous both on the field of play and battlegrounds of Nexus saw them breeze through the opening stages. The semi-finals against New were their undoing, however, and the team that had just beaten them went on to lift the coveted trophy. They had fun though, and when it comes to croquet that's all that counts.

ARTS SOCIETY

by Ella Williams

Arts Week came upon us in the third week of Trinity 2017, glittering and glistening through our college colours of black and gold: the theme was Alchemy. While maybe a little loosely related to the theme in places – is pole dancing alchemy? It’s certainly a form of magic to watch library-weary students attempt to haul their limbs into something resembling elegance – the general theme of transformation and states of change was an apt one for a year that could be described as nothing short of tumultuous politically. It was also perhaps fitting, seeing as Arts Week this year fell the day after the biennial Brasenose Ball. It thus required a great deal of shape shifting from sleepy attendees to muster the strength to put together a new stage in the remnants of the ball’s construction ruins.

Fittingly, Monday started with a very gentle bang with Tian, a third year artist, running a workshop on the art of Qigong (literally: “Life Energy Cultivation”) in Lecture Room XI – a remarkably well attended event given that most attendees had had a grand total of 10 hours sleep all weekend in the aftermath of the ball. Morning workshops continued all week – from life-drawing lizards to bark-horn crash courses to gold leafing and even a VIP guest, Maisy Mouse. Life drawing happened on the Tuesday morning – with a twist. The models in this case had long muscular bodies... and a thousand legs! The chance to draw millipedes and snakes – real snakes, not the kind that always steal your milk and never wait for you in the Hall queue – drew a crowd keen to get up close and personal. Masterpieces were made, with biologists turning out in droves to demonstrate who could correctly identify the muscular sections, as well as correcting my erroneous assumption that millipedes had a thousand legs. Alchemy was underway, with bullfrogs and other possible witches’ companions filling Old Parlour.

Wednesday morning heralded the arrival of the mysterious “Celtic Chris” with multiple horns and flutes in tow, all carved by his own hands from materials foraged from woodland. Nobody knew quite what to expect from the ‘bark horns’ he promised: horns that barked? Horns from sheep? Celtic Chris played everyone some lovely melodies on a simple carved instrument that raised hopes for everyone’s own creative endeavours. Unfortunately this instrument was not a bark horn, nor even

close to it in the effort required to create one. As it turned out, this involved a great deal of scraping and twisting of sticks, with the end result being strangely reminiscent of a dog barking, at least when played by me. These howls rang out across quad all afternoon, drawing out of their rooms those who had sworn not to be distracted by either the art or the sunshine, then driving them back inside by the relentless efforts to achieve an elusive singular note that the horn was alleged to produce. One such horn, rumoured to be Sam Quinn's, was left in Lecture Room VII overnight and discovered the next morning at the gold leafing workshop to much delight. It reemerged far shinier and possibly less usable, along with a variety of glimmering items such as lighters, water bottles, glasses and even a laptop. The theme of "Alchemy" that the week loosely followed was truly at work, as objects went from practical to golden but glued shut; a small price to pay for glamour.

Friday's morning workshop brought with it more star power than the shining leaves and celebrity draw of Celtic Chris combined: the author of *Maisy Mouse*, Lucy Cousins, arrived in Brasenose. It was tough to shoo away the onslaught of admirers, and not just for the fact that she is mother of esteemed Brasenose artist Rufus Rock. Everyone learnt how to recreate the iconic character and how you might draw subfusc on cartoon animals with no arms. The final product was a painting as wide as Lecture Room XI, testament to the talent of Brasenose students armed only with a kid's paintbrush, a mild hangover and a determination to remember what colours go into a peacock's tail.

In the afternoons, events ranged from a capella to plays to pole dancing, with great excitement arriving midweek with the appearance of BBC 1 in College. After a tense morning involving the transfer of boxes of furry spiders to those with film equipment on Old Parlour staircase (see life drawing above), the Alternotives a capella group took to the stage. Not to be overshadowed by the glitz and glamour of a BBC camera, we also had noted Oxford groups the Gargoyles and The Oxford Belles – whilst it seems like every group seems to claim the role as Oxford's original all-singing, some-dancing troupe, the Belles can claim their own star power as their most recent video was shared by cultural icons such as Ashton Kutcher and Olivia Newton-John, and the show they put on was worthy of admiration by *Grease* itself. The Gargoyles performed in the haunting atmosphere of the chapel, a space that became home to varied lunchtime recitals over the week, from Zoltan Kodaly's Duo to Brasenose's very

own choral scholars to an eerie version of the Pink Panther theme tune reverberating around New Quad.

We also had not one but two plays running this year: a new writing play entitled “Willy Shakes”, imagining the late and great William Shakespeare in the context of fresher’s week as a mechanical engineering student disillusioned with both flirting and the sciences, and a dynamic rehearsed reading of *Pygmalion*. Both were enthusiastically received by large crowds composed of friends and family members and even some paying guests, and feedback on both was great, with one very anonymous audience member remarking that Cal Demby-Harris pulled off the red officer’s jacket better than anyone else in College.

On Friday afternoon, following the debut of *Pygmalion* on the quad, Medieval Kitchen was transformed with poles and hoops for what was our most popular event of the week, according to Facebook’s algorithms. “Pole Dancing Workshop” reached 45k people on Facebook, something Brasenose Arts would love to claim as representative of the week’s popularity but unfortunately should probably note down as due to an irresistibly amusing illustration on the cover photo, amplified by the Facebook reach of our treasured Stanford exchange students and their friends in California. As it happens, a solid 20 or so people attended each session, and it was a sight to behold to see students hanging from the beams of MK (or rather, suspended close to – I can confidently assure the Domestic Bursar that no actual climbing of the architecture occurred).

Following the excitement of our viral success story on Friday afternoon was the Arts Week Formal, an eerily SCR-free event which meant that the gavel ended up in my not entirely capable hands. While I can’t vouch for much of what I said, it has been reported that I gave a speech. All I can recall is that the food was wonderful and I was probably a rather sappy and exhausted shell of a human by this point. I can also recall that the Northern Soul night that followed the dinner was a roaring success. Playing off Brasenose’s fondness for ceilidhs, and retaining the joy and mandated dancing of a ceilidh but with a name you can spell without googling, the night involved much moving of tables and some unexpected cameos from assumed non-dancers and even a porter or two. Rumour has it that the introduction of another regional-based instructional dance night was such a success that it inspired the JCR President-Elect to include St Patrick’s Day formals in his manifesto...

Saturday morning was naturally a quieter affair, with the final performance of ‘Willy Shakes’ taking centre stage in the quad. In the afternoon came a panel on Inequality in Film, boasting speakers from the BFI, Girls in Film and Another Gaze Journal as well as Jendella, an independent filmmaker and photographer. In the context of a year that was declared the “best year for black cinema” by the African American Film Critics Association, this panel provided a space not only to talk about the problems faced in the film industry but also to celebrate the exciting things happening in the industry right now. Following the panel, after deliberation between Brasenose’s thriving and warring FilmSocs, came an open-air screening of Baz Luhrmann’s *Romeo and Juliet*. The air was warm with the promise of the great summer heatwave yet to come, and the fairy lights we had swiped from the wreckage of the ball and haphazardly strung across the marquee’s framework glimmered like the sumptuous candles of the film.

The next morning the early summer sun rose on the same marquee, only slightly dampened by overnight showers that cleared to a blazing brightness by the time the annual celebration of Jazz on The Quad dawned. Our Music Rep and Organ Scholar, the multitalented Sarah Hughes, had managed to gather together a jazz band from the sweep of Oxford’s best. As they played, strawberries and Pimms were consumed, leaving everyone in a fruit-flavoured midday daze to round off the week.

PPE SOCIETY

by Alice Wilcock

This year has been another busy and exciting one for the Brasenose PPE Society. Founded in 2015, the PPE Society hosts talks with Brasenose alumni and policy makers relevant to Philosophy, Politics and Economics, with all common rooms welcome. In 2017 the society has been led by Alice Wilcock and Joseph Bradley with a committee of second-year students: Tom Steer, William Lai, Edward Shorland & Atty Abhyankar. As of January 2018, the new Brasenose PPE Society President will be Tom Steer. We hope to continue the great work that Vivek Gupta and Will Feerick, the PPE society founding members, did to engage students in all three strands of Philosophy, Politics and Economics.

We started the year with a fascinating talk by Lord Blunkett, former Home Secretary under Tony Blair. Lord Blunkett gave his views on

the future of the Labour Party and anecdotal stories about his cabinet experience. This talk was then followed by a thought-provoking question and answer session where Blunkett aired his views on topics ranging from Brexit to education.

Later in Michaelmas, the society welcomed Sir Malcolm Rifkind who gave very valuable insights into international relations and new security dilemmas. Sir Malcolm is a very senior Conservative politician who holds the record as the longest serving minister. His talk focused on Putin's Russia, offering a valuable insight as one of those in attendance at the original talks between Thatcher, Gorbachev and Reagan that brought about the breakup of the Soviet Union.

In Hilary, the eminent economist Ha Joon Chang gave a talk on Brexit, Trump and Le Pen and what the rise of populism means for development economics. This talk was both topical and relevant following the recent elections of populist leaders in Western Europe. He reflected on the aid policies of rich Western democracies and how the political changes may alter the foreign aid landscape.

Tim Roache, in Trinity, gave an interesting insight into trade union dynamics and their political impact. Mr Roache is well known for his position as General Secretary of the GMB union. The talk centred on Roache's life and career, inequality and the future of the Labour party.

We were lucky enough to host alumna and honorary Fellow, Kate Allen (PPE, 1974), at the end of the year. Her speech centred on border control rhetoric and the treatment of refugees in the UK. As Director of Amnesty International UK, her speech was filled with insightful experience and policy critiques. Since this event was held very soon before the 2017 election, students were keen to gain an understanding about what the election result would mean for human rights in the UK.

THE ELLESMERE SOCIETY

by Alisha Wright

This has been an incredible year for the Ellesmere Society. From tutorials, to dinners, to an impeccable performance by our students in their final examinations, 2016–17 has been a year of success. As Michaelmas Term began, we welcomed our incoming first year law students to Brasenose with our customary dinner and drinks event. This fun and insightful

group have been a great addition to our Society and we look forward to many more exciting events with them in the years to come.

As the year began, so too did a plethora of careers events. This year, the Ellesmere Society was very grateful to be able to host events with Slaughter & May; Allen & Overy; Clifford Chance; Sidley Austin and Baker McKenzie. From talks over tapas to presentations with prosecco, we are incredibly thankful to these firms for taking the time to speak with our current students, providing welcome guidance and helping them as they make decisions on their future. As ever, we are extremely eager to hear from any alumni who would be willing to share their experiences with us, whether that be as Barristers, Solicitors or other careers relevant to a law degree.

In November, the largest event on our calendar came around once more. The annual Ellesmere Dinner was a wonderful evening, with over a hundred guests attending to celebrate their various involvements in the field of Law since leaving Brasenose. His Honour Jeffrey Burke QC gave a fantastic speech, recounting stories from his time both as a Barrister and as a deputy High Court Judge, and giving an insight into his successful career.

Time must also be spent reflecting on the achievements of many of our students. Many took part in mooting competitions throughout the year. Anastasia Tropsha and Cherlyn Lee represented Brasenose in the traditional Inter-Collegiate Mooting Competition, with much success. Many thanks must go to Benjamin Zelouf (Master of Moots, 2016–17) who organized the participants for the competition. Ben also organized a moot on Criminal Law for the first years, alongside his predecessor, Katie Collins, giving them their first insight into the world of mooting. Seh Woon Neo also competed in a number of competitions, including the Shearman & Stirling Moot, the Herbert Smith Freehills Oxford Disability Moot, the 7 Kings Bench Commercial Law Moot and the Alternative Dispute Resolution Competition.

The year ended on an incredible high. Each and every one of our finalists received astounding results in their examinations and we remain in awe of their achievements. Special mention must go firstly to Alex Georgiou who achieved the Wronker Prize for best overall performance in Law Finals, alongside the Gibbs Prize for best combined performance in Contract, Tort, Trusts and Land Law, as well as the 3 Verulam Buildings Prize for Commercial Law and White & Case Prize

for Comparative Private Law. Paul Fradley also performed exceptionally well, receiving the Wronker Prize (proxime), the Gibbs Prize (proxime), alongside the Littleton Chambers Prize for Labour Law, the 5 Stone Building Prize for Trusts and the Personal Property Award. Paul also received the 1 Essex Court Scholarship for the BCL. Our finalists were at the heart of our Brasenose Law community, providing support and humour each day. We are very sorry to be saying goodbye to them as they go on to a variety of future pursuits, from further study to training contracts, across the world. We hope to see them all again soon!

As the year comes to a close, we have many to thank for supporting law at Brasenose this year. As ever, the Alumni Relations & Development Office providing exceptional support to the organization of the Ellesmere Dinner. We are also continually thankful to the tutors at Brasenose, who continue to provide incredible tuition and advice to all. My personal thanks must be given to Matthew Ward, the outgoing President of the Society, whose kindness and positivity has made my year as Secretary incredibly enjoyable.

I look forward to working with the incoming Ellesmere Committee as we embark on what I have no doubt will be another successful year.

Articles



ELIAS ASHMOLE: A LIFE IN LONDON AND OXFORD

by John Bowers QC, Principal

There were celebrations at the Ashmolean Museum on 19th May, 2017 to mark the 400th anniversary of the birth of its founder, Elias Ashmole. Ashmole was a true all rounder who left a legacy down the centuries, although his choice of subjects on which he lavished attention is somewhat surprising.

His achievements spanned the fields of antiquarian books, politics, astrology and alchemy. To me he is of great interest as a lawyer, as the Principal of Brasenose and most of all as a regular visitor to the wonderful museum which bears his name. He lived between Oxford and London as I do. It is Ashmole's surname which has lived on in the museum even though the original collection was that of Tradescant, a much less well known gentleman.

Ashmole grew up in modest circumstances, the son of a saddler. He was educated at Lichfield Grammar School, but did not attend university as an undergraduate. Instead he was tutored privately in law.

He qualified as a solicitor. At 24 however he was attorney in the Court of Common Pleas and attached to Middle Temple. He enjoyed a successful legal practice in London and in 1640 is recorded as having attended the trial of the Earl of Strafford.

In the English Civil War he was a committed royalist and was appointed a commissioner of excise by Charles I. He was given a military post at Oxford, where he served as an ordnance officer for the King's forces. In 1662, after the Restoration, he was a member of a commission for tracking down the valuables of Charles I which had been dispersed by the Parliamentary regime.

He was a man who collected "gongs" and was very active in reviving the Order of the Garter on which much of his time was spent. The Most Noble Order of the Garter, founded in 1348, is the highest order of chivalry and the third most prestigious honour (inferior only to the Victoria Cross and George Cross) in the United Kingdom. It is awarded at the Sovereign's pleasure as a personal gift. In 1672 Ashmole published *The Institution, Laws and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*. It appears at first sight puzzling that Ashmole should have spent so much of his energy on this, although it must be said that he was himself made Windsor Herald and the

heralds always have a major role in organising and attending Garter Day. This also explains the predominance of heraldic manuscripts in the great Ashmole MSS collection in the Bodleian. His third father-in-law was Sir William Dugdale who was Garter King of Arms.

I consider in turn his role at Brasenose, Middle Temple and then the Museum which bears his name.

Brasenose College

Ashmole's name appears in the accounts of Brasenose College, Oxford in 1644. His choice of college is probably explained by the fact that the family of his first wife Eleanor Mainwaring (1603–1641), of Smallwood, Cheshire had contributed more members to Brasenose than any other in that century.

Whilst in Oxford, he studied mathematics and physics, but not it seems in a formal course. He did not matriculate, nor did he take an Oxford degree. He did however develop an interest in alchemy and magic which are definitely not on our current syllabus! It is not entirely clear from our records but, while it was not unusual at the time to fail to advance to a degree, it is likely that his status was that of a “lodger” rather than a member of the College, although we are not certain.

In a 1770s biography of Ashmole – largely based on Anthony Wood who calls him ‘the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time’ – we are told that he eventually received a diploma as a Doctor of Physic from the University that was presented by Thomas Yate, Principal of BNC (whose portrait is in Hall) in 1669.

Middle Temple

He is recorded as having been admitted to Middle Temple on 9th November 1657, and called on 2nd November 1660 but this must have been as a ceremonial adjunct as this was quite late in his career.

Curiously he turned down the chance to become a Middle Temple Bencher (the ruling body of the Inn) on the basis of the distance from his home Lambeth to Temple. The minutes of the Middle Temple Parliament record him as having had a chambers in Middle Temple Lane up four flights of stairs.

His relationship with Middle Temple was somewhat fraught. On 5th November 1668 he and three others were fined for rising from the Bar

table before the Masters of the Bench had risen, although it appears that this was later remitted. He also had cause to complain that some barristers in the upstairs flat were throwing dirty water over him. On another occasion he was affected by a great fire which broke out at Middle Temple.

Ashmolean Museum

The original impetus for the Museum came from John Tradescant the botanist, who had bequeathed to Ashmole his museum of curiosities, in particular the vast and renowned collection of exotic plants, mineral specimens and other curiosities from around the world that he had gathered at his house in Lambeth. There was a bitter dispute surrounding this bequest which needed all of Ashmole's legal skills to resolve to his advantage. In 1659, Tradescant gave his collection to Ashmole under a legal arrangement by which Ashmole would take possession at Tradescant's death. But when Tradescant died in 1662, his widow Hester contested the deed, claiming that her husband had signed it while drunk without knowing its contents. The matter was adjudicated in Chancery in Ashmole's favour two years later: Hester was to hold the collection in trust for Ashmole until her death.

In time Ashmole supplemented it with his own extensive collections. His library included works on English history, law, numismatics, chorography, alchemy, astrology, astronomy, and botany. As regards alchemy, he appears to have been a collector of alchemical writings and a student of alchemy rather than an active practitioner of the art. On the other hand there are thousands of notes among his papers in which he seeks elucidation from a horoscope as to whether the heavens are properly aligned at a given moment for a particular action.

Ashmole presented both Tradescant's and his own collection to Oxford University, to which the material was transferred in 1682, thereby forming the basis of the Ashmolean Museum which is now one of the most famous in the world. Ashmole in bequeathing his collection to the University made it a requirement that it be suitably housed, and the first Ashmolean Museum, now the Museum of the History of Science on Broad Street, was completed in 1683. It is considered by some to be the first truly public museum in Europe. According to Anthony Wood, the collection filled twelve wagons when it was transferred to Oxford. The Bodleian Library also holds a significant collection of MSS and printed books collected by Ashmole.

He died at his house in Lambeth on 18th May, 1692, and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth on 26th May. A founding Fellow of the Royal Society in 1661, Ashmole was thus a curious mixture of true scholar (author of *The Antiquities of Berkshire*, for example) and exponent of what we see today as quack and unorthodox subjects. He was also a freemason.

FONS ET ORIGO

by Dr Llewelyn Morgan, *Tutorial Fellow in Classics*

It is with great excitement that I can announce the discovery this year, in the very heart of the College, of a hole in the ground. It is a well shaft, in actual fact, and it came to light during renovation of the Chapel Quad (or Deer Park, if you prefer) on the site of what had been for many years a flowerbed, just a few feet away from the wall of the Medieval Kitchen.

I think one generally assumes that the fabric of the College is not going to spring any surprises. It is, for all kinds of reasons, pretty well documented, after all. But we had no idea that this well was there. It appears on no surviving plans of the College, and receives no mention in our records. Yet there is still fresh running water at the bottom at it, and it also boasts a couple of enigmatic graffiti, "HG" and "18" (the well is about 5m. deep, so that might be its height/depth in feet), which suggests *someone's* been down it *sometime*. A lead pipe leads out of the shaft and presumably dates to whenever it was capped, no doubt part of a mechanism for providing pumped water from it.

There is no sign of this well on Loggan's engraving of the college from 1675, and the college records of drainage and water works thereafter are, we believe, fairly exhaustive. So it seems to be older than the late seventeenth century, and we also have a *terminus post quem*: in the fill of the well's construction trench archaeologists from Oxford Archaeology found a single sherd of pottery (Brill/Boarstall ware) datable to the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries.

That places us at a rather interesting period in the College's history, or even pre-history. Brasenose College, as we all know, was founded early in the sixteenth century, on the cusp of the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII. But the building to which the well is adjacent, and with which it was most likely intimately associated, is what is now known as the Medieval Kitchen, an extremely fine structure recently restored during the work to celebrate our quincentenary. The Medieval Kitchen

protrudes at a peculiar angle from the other college buildings, and where it meets the Hall is quite clumsily done, too. It is presumed to be a survival from before the proper establishment of the College, out of sight from the quad, which was incorporated into the new foundation. Assuming that the well and the Medieval Kitchen are indeed coordinated, it seems likely that the well predates the College proper, too.

In the fifteenth century this part of Oxford was a jumble of smaller academic institutions, the halls which preceded the establishment of the larger, endowed colleges. Then, as now, the vicinity of the University Church, St Mary's, was the heart of the University: in 1408–9 as many as thirty-two halls lined (the aptly named) School St. This now survives as the west side of Radcliffe Square, mainly taken up by one side of Brasenose College. It once extended from the High as far as the northern wall of the city, until it was blocked, some little time ago, by the construction of Old Schools Quadrangle of the Bodleian Library.

These academic halls were places where small numbers of students would live and receive lectures: they typically had the form of medieval town houses, a ground-to-roof hall with rooms attached, the hall for eating and lecturing, the rooms for study and sleep. On the site now occupied by Brasenose, there were as many as ten such halls: Broadgates, Haberdashers', Little St. Edmund, St. Mary's Entry, Salesurry, Brasenose, Little University, Ivy, St Thomas' and Shield. Brasenose Hall, in existence since the thirteenth century, had its entrance where the current College entrance is, and is its most significant precursor. The first Principal of The King's Hall and College of Brasenose (to give us our full title), Matthew Smyth, had been Principal of Brasenose Hall, and of course the new foundation adopted its peculiar, memorable name.

Over the centuries Brasenose College expanded to fill the space occupied by all these halls, but the portion of College with which we are concerned, the Deer Park, only really joined the College when laid out as a second quad in the seventeenth century, just a few years before Loggan sketched it. Falconer Madan's *Monograph I* in the splendid *Quatercentenary Monographs* produced in 1909 is a marvellous source of information on the site of Brasenose before the foundation. In his image of the site of Brasenose in 1500 the Deer Park is marked as the location of the academic hall known as St Mary's Entry.

St Mary's Entry, *Introitus Sanctae Mariae in Vico Scholarum* in contemporary records (an "entry" suggests a covered passageway leading

from School St., Vicus Scholarum, through to the hall proper), seems to have been a comparatively recent establishment, dating to the second half of the fifteenth century. It and Salesurry Hall were granted in perpetuity to one of the founders of Brasenose, Sir Richard Sutton, by Oriel College, their owner, on February 20, 1509/10 (at a rent of 13s. 4d). The Medieval Kitchen, meanwhile, “has a fine open-timber roof, apparently of an earlier date than anything else we have, and has every appearance of being an older building, incorporated into the College,” in the words of E.W. Allfrey (*Quatercentenary Monographs* III, 9). It seems clear enough that the Medieval Kitchen and the hall of St Mary’s Entry are one and the same, and that it and its associated well belong to that time just before the establishment of the College, at which point most, but evidently not quite all, of what preceded it was flattened and replaced.

One of my greatest pleasures is wandering around this city and imagining the very different appearance it had in the past. That may sound a paradoxical activity, since Oxford’s cityscape is already so very old. But Oxford is also a place where building has never stopped, and the centre of the University, Radcliffe Square, is especially transformed from its appearance 500 years ago. Our “Medieval Kitchen”, only debatably medieval and definitely not a kitchen, may well be a precious surviving fragment of that earlier, more ramshackle University of Oxford.

As for the well, proposals for its future have ranged from a wishing well for the use of students perpetually in need of good luck in examinations to a handy oubliette for those who haven’t handed their essays in on time. We will probably compromise on a feature in the Deer Park to complement the handsome new library reading room in the Old Cloisters.

There is nothing more evocative than a well for representing the distant, forgotten past, reaching deep down into the ground beneath us. A reading of recent issues of this record is evidence enough of the interest in the astonishingly rich history of our College that my editorship has stimulated in me. But my biggest error thus far as editor has been to neglect one of the most important guardians of our history. Elizabeth Boardman was Brasenose’s archivist for twenty-seven years, for me and many others a learned and generous source of guidance on the College’s history. She was also, every year without fail, the author of an article illuminating that history for readers of *The Brazen Nose*. Elizabeth retired in 2015, but there was no reference to her retirement, and no celebration

of her enormous contribution to Brasenose, in the last issue. I hope she will take this last paragraph of an article about the history that in this case we literally rest upon, and certainly forget to our cost, as an entirely inadequate apology for an unconscionable omission.

MY MEMORIES OF BNC

by Brian C.R. Parker (Modern History, 1941)

I was born in October 1921, so in October 2017 shall be 96 years old. My memories of BNC therefore go back a very long way, as far back in fact as January 1941 when I came up to BNC on a history scholarship. (In case anyone reading this is puzzled as to why I went up to BNC in January 1941 instead of in October 1940, the start of that academic year, the reason was that Alleyn's School, which I attended, was evacuated to Maidstone in Kent during the war to avoid the wartime bombardment of London and the logistics of getting from there to Oxford involved a delay).

The scholarship was called the "Thomas Wall Scholarship" and was what was called a "closed scholarship" as opposed to an open scholarship which anyone could compete for. It was available only to boys from Alleyn's School, Dulwich of which the eponymous Thomas Wall and I were both old boys. The money he used to endow the scholarship was generated by his successful business career as the purveyor of Walls Ice Cream and Walls sausages. I seem to remember the scholarship provided me with £100 per year.

During the war a number of Oxford colleges, including BNC, were taken over by branches of the armed forces. (I think in our case it was the R.A.F.) We undergraduates therefore had to be housed elsewhere. In our case we were given rooms in Meadow Buildings, at the back of Christ Church (which we knew as "The House") in St. Aldate's. I had rooms there for the three terms of 1941, before being called up for active military service in January 1942

Sometime during my university career – I can't remember when – a few of us undergraduates who enjoyed listening to jazz music decided that Oxford University should have a Jazz Club and applied to the University authorities to form one. They were a bit snooty about this, deeming the word "jazz" to be too sleazy a term to be associated with the name of such an august university as Oxford. However, they

were prepared to compromise if we agreed to change the name from “Oxford University Jazz Club” to “Oxford University Rhythm Club”, and so the “O.U.R.C.” was born. I was its first secretary and, as such, responsible for inviting musicians from the London jazz scene to come up to Oxford and play for us, and then re-imbursing them for their travelling expenses. One such was George Shearing, a blind pianist who later moved to the United States and became a world-renowned performer in concert halls and recording studios. Because of his blindness he was accompanied by his wife when travelling, and I remember going down to Oxford station to meet them off the train and putting them in a taxi to go to the accommodation we had booked for them.

During the war the Principal of BNC was W.T.S. Stallybrass, whom we affectionately knew as “Sonners” because his name had at one time been Sonnenschein. He took a keen interest in the welfare of BNC men in the forces and it was he who was instrumental in getting me released early from war service in Germany and able to return to England to resume my university career here at BNC.

When I went up in 1941 the university was awarding what were called “war degrees” to all of us undergraduates who were liable for war service. These were awarded, not in recognition of any academic achievement, but merely to recognise that we had studied at the university and might have gone on to get an academic degree had our studies not been interrupted by war service.

I spent the next 3½ years in the army doing training exercises up in Scotland, then coming south to cross the Channel in October 1944 on to the Normandy beach at Arromanches. My Royal Artillery regiment then took part in the 21st Army Group’s advance across northern Europe into Germany, ending up at Magdeburg in July 1945.

When the war ended in 1945 I was given an early release in order to return to Oxford to resume my studies (much to the chagrin of my fellow officers who would be staying on in Germany as part of the Allied Occupying Force for several months longer).

An unfortunate result of the timing of my two spells at the College was that I never actually had rooms in College. In 1941 I had rooms in Meadow Buildings behind Christ Church and when I returned for the two years 1945–47 the College rooms were occupied by undergrads who had come up to BNC during the last two years

of the war. I and others like me had to find accommodation in the town. In my case I had bed and breakfast ‘digs’ at 11 Iffley Road and cycled to and fro from there. I used to have lunch at a so-called “British Restaurant” at the bottom of the High, under Magdalen Bridge, and dinner in Hall at BNC. In those days food was rationed so our ration books were held by the College catering staff.

When I returned to Oxford in October 1945 I had great difficulty readjusting to academic life after 3½ years of active war service and decided to change my course of study from history to Politics, Philosophy and Economics (P.P.E). Those two years 1945–1947 were really hard work and the best I could manage was a third in P.P.E., awarded in 1947.

As the events I have been writing about happened some 70-odd years ago, my memory of them may well be a bit fallible. I have done my best to recall my experiences as a BNC man and I hope these reminiscences may be of some interest to more recent alumni/ae of the College.

BNC NOVELISTS – FURTHER REVELATIONS

by Dudley Harrop (English, 1955)

*Note: BNC authors are shown in **bold***

In my article in last year’s Brazen Nose I attempted to celebrate the remarkable number of distinguished authors, especially novelists, who had chosen to study at BNC. Consequently, I have spent much of this last year searching for their books in charity shops, supplemented by occasional purchases online. To date, I have accumulated around 40 volumes and have read just over half of them. Four alumni emailed me to suggest authors I had omitted and a trinity of friends were kind enough to read a few books to give me a broader perspective.

So where have I ended up? Was I right in suggesting that these BNC authors were something special? Answer – overwhelmingly YES!

If I had to choose a single book from these many worthy contenders it would be **Simon Mawer’s** *The Glass Room* (2009). The ‘hero’ is a house – modelled on the iconic Villa Tugendhat in Brno, Czech Republic, designed by Mies van der Rohe and completed in 1930. The story follows the fictional family who had the house built, their trials under the Nazi invasion and their escape to America. We then follow the subsequent fate of the house under Communist control and ultimate liberation. To me the book fulfills all the requirements of a great novel: a gripping story,

realistic and insightful characterization and superb depiction of the time and location. I wanted to read it all over again. Simon's more recent books *The Girl who Fell from the Sky* (2012) and *Tightrope* (2015) are also very impressive. Of the former, friend Bill said he felt a strong sense of terror throughout, leading to an unforgettable ending. If you are reading this, Simon, congratulations! We eagerly await your next offering.

'Offering'. The very word is like a bell to toll me back (apologies to Keats and his nightingale) to another very interesting BNC author – **Grace McLeen**. She has written 3 novels to date, all of them intriguing, compelling – and disturbing. *The Land of Decoration* (2012) has a 10-year old girl as narrator describing life with her Fundamentalist father and within her own fantasy world. After a terrifying incident near the end, we sense some form of resolution. *The Professor of Poetry* (2013) – redolent of Oxford ('the city of books') and of BNC ('the Deer Park') – recounts the story of a returning student, now in her 50's, meeting with her former tutor, who is still teaching there. What is really going on? Is this a happy ending? *The Offering* (2015) is told by a 30-year old female resident in a mental institution. The language is graphic, almost poetic. The unfolding story, narrated without emotion or comment, borders on the horrific. Friend Joan found that the book raised a number of uncomfortable questions for her. Personally, I rate all three novels highly.

How about our more established authors? Having been rather unmoved by **John Buchan's** *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1915), I was very impressed by *Greenmantle* (1916) – tight spots, narrow escapes, a trek across Europe by intrepid adventurers plus convincing local and historical colour. But eclipsing this was *Sick Heart River* (1941) – Buchan's personal favourite and the last book he wrote. It's an account of two adventures each separately seeking some elusive, spiritual goal in the wastes of Northern Canada and appears to echo Buchan's own situation as he nears death. A huge advance on the 'rattling good tales' of his earlier work.

Then there's **Charles Morgan**, immensely popular in his day but little regarded now. I very much enjoyed: *The Empty Room* (1941) – set at the beginning of WW2, little action, lots of talk and reflection, things thought but left unsaid. I found it captivating and read it in a day. *The Judge's Story* (1947) – complex and absorbing plot, subtle dialogue, a setting of London clubs, servants, dressing for dinner. Wonderful evocation of a lost world. Finally, *A Breeze of Morning* (1951) – his last novel. Elegant prose, this is a tense and beguiling account of being a child

in an adult world. I have two more of his books on my shelves, and at least five others to track down.

William Golding won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1983 and was knighted in 1988. Just as the theme of his best known work *Lord of the Flies* (1954) concerns the way a group of ship-wrecked boys reverts to savagery, so his sea-faring odyssey, starting with *Rites of Passage* (1980), describes how, at the time of the Napoleonic wars, a miscellaneous group of migrants on a leaky old sailing ship aiming to get to Australia similarly change in alarming ways. I read the last two in the trilogy: *Close Quarters* (1987) and *Fire Down Below* (1989). Apart from the description of human behaviour in this often perilous adventure, these stories are remarkable for the detailed knowledge of naval terminology, ship construction, the means of navigation and the, apparently authentic, language of the time. But there are seven more of his books to find and peruse.

We now come to **J G Farrell**, tragically drowned by a rogue wave while angling near his new home in County Cork. He was only 44 and, having won the Booker Prize in 1973, was regarded as a leading novelist of his generation. I read two of his 'Empire' trilogy. The first *Troubles* (1970) is set in Ireland, where the decaying Majestic Hotel and its largely decrepit English guests are matched by the growing local presence of the IRA. The second *The Siege of Krishnapur* (1973), set in 1857, relates a fictional incident during the Indian Mutiny. A tale of faded glory, Victorian values, bravery in the face of potential disaster. As the author says in his Afterword: 'The reality of the Indian Mutiny constantly defies imagination'. I haven't yet found *The Singapore Grip* (1978) in a charity shop but very much enjoyed the other Indian story he left half-finished: *The Hill Station* (1981). In all his books, his approach suggests satire and humour, but his messages are powerful.

Breaking news! Having made positive comments about Helen Darville's debut novel *The Hand that Signed the Paper* (1994) in my review last year, I was delighted to receive an email from Helen herself (now Helen Dale) telling me that her new novel *Kingdom of the Wicked* had just been published, with Part Two coming out early 2018. I've had time to read only a few pages – but what an intriguing opening! We are in Jerusalem in AD 31. A couple of Zealots in a donkey cart have just managed to smuggle a remotely controlled bomb past the Roman checkpoint, where legionaries in sculpted body armour have pistols tucked under their armpits. We then move to Herod's palace, where Pilate is struggling

with the language on JTN and switches over to a Roman news network where they talk Latin. After a pizza, he settles down to review a folder of photocopies concerning the imminent trial of Yeshua Ben Yusuf, who has been arrested after causing trouble in the Temple. We know what's coming. We are captivated. Well done, Helen!

John Mortimer is best known for *Rumpole*, but he also wrote a few novels and an autobiography *Clinging to the Wreckage* (1982). Many years ago I read and admired his novel set in Italy – *Summer's Lease* (1988) and have started *The Sound of Trumpets* (1998). This is a clever and entertaining satire on political life – not perhaps a true novel in my interpretation of the term.

You may wonder why I have not so far mentioned **Jeffrey Archer**, who became a member of Brasenose while studying at Oxford's Department of Education. There's certainly no shortage of his books in charity shops and he must be the most successful of all our authors in terms of copies sold. Last year I quoted 330 million copies worldwide and he will have sold a few more since then. I have, of course, read a number of his books in the past and for the purposes of this project I wanted to concentrate on authors I was less familiar with. But I have a few of his unread volumes on my shelves and will get round to reading them – promise!

Now, how about people I left out a year ago? Martin Laverty (1972–6 chemistry) emailed me about **Frederick Boyle** (matric. 1859). Martin came across him in relation to Sarawak (now Malaysian Borneo), a country which has fascinated both of them. FB was a barrister, traveller, war correspondent, prolific journalist – and expert on orchids. Apart from many other non-fiction works, he published seven novels between 1877 and 1894. They are mostly available as ebooks; I have yet to finish one.

Professor Graham Richards of the Oxford Innovation Centre (matric. 1958 and Emeritus Fellow of the college) emailed me about **Andrew Osmond**. Having established which AO we are referring to (there are at least two other authors with the same name) I read his excellent *Saladin* (1975). This is a gripping and totally convincing adventure that starts with the massacre of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics of 1972. Dramatic, tense, and fast-moving across Syria, Jordan, Lebanon and Israel. Andrew, who died in 1999 age 61, was a co-founder of 'Private Eye' – and thought up the title! While working at the Foreign Office, he met Douglas Hurd and together they wrote three very successful political thrillers.

David Neal (1984–9 biochemistry) emailed me about **Wilton Barnhardt**, an American who came to BNC to read for an MPhil while researching Henry James. David remembers him as an imposing figure striding across the Deer Park in greatcoat and motorbike boots. He also “played a mean boogie woogie piano, mixed a lethal brandy toddy and was a captivating raconteur.” While at Oxford, WB was working on his first novel *Emma who Saved my life* (1989). Having never heard of him before David’s email, I ordered 3 books online, for under £3.00 each. They duly arrived – three hefty volumes, with *Gospel* (1993) running to 788 pages including footnotes and an index! I’m anxious to get to grips with it, plus *Lookaway, Lookaway* (2013), a New York Times bestseller.

Another American who came to BNC, to complete a DPhil after reading Greats at LMH, was **Helen Dewitt**. I ordered her two novels on the internet and again received a couple of weighty hard-back volumes. *The Last Samurai* (2000) was well received by the critics and seems encyclopedic in its amassing of material; I’ve yet to discover for myself if it lives up to what it says on the cover. The other one I have yet to read: *Lightning Rods* (2012).

Finally, Clive Stott (matric. 1957) got in touch to remind me that **Reginald Heber** (matric. 1800) – whom I had mentioned last year – was a lot more than a hymn writer, having published numerous translations, imitations, accounts of his many travels in Europe and India and a good deal of poetry. Indeed, in his first year at Oxford he won the University Prize for Latin Poetry and in 1803 entered his long poem *Palestine* for the Newdigate Prize. He didn’t win, but received great popular acclaim, especially after it was published and set to music. I duly read his poem *Sympathy* with interest. Heber was very active as Rector of Hodnet and later as Bishop of Calcutta. I must visit his memorials in Hodnet and Malpas churches – not far away from me.

And that’s pretty well it. I have really enjoyed having this ‘focus’ in my reading programme and look forward to tackling the BNC books I haven’t read so far. My real aim has been to encourage other readers of our college magazine to enjoy these often excellent novels written by their co-alumni. Which raises an intriguing question: Is there something about the experience of being at BNC that enables so many of its graduates to glitter so brightly in the galaxy of leading novelists?

If there are still other BNC authors I should have mentioned, I’ll be glad to hear from you at: dudleyharrop@gmail.com.

DR ERIC ALBONE AND THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN

On 6th June, 2017, Dr Eric Albone MBE (Chemistry, 1959), co-founder and director of the Clifton Scientific Trust, was presented with the Order of the Rising Sun, Gold and Silver Rays at the Japanese Embassy in London, in recognition of his achievement in bringing post-16 school and college students from Japan and the UK together to work with scientists and engineers from both countries. Here, in his speech of acceptance, he describes the UK Japan Young Scientist Workshops.

Your Excellency, I am greatly honoured to receive this prestigious award from the Government of Japan. To be recognised in this ceremony is amazing. But this award, I feel, recognises also the dedicated teamwork of many colleagues and friends in both countries, without whom absolutely nothing would have been possible. Of course high on my list comes my family, and particularly Kumyul my wife, whose support over the years has been constant. And most importantly, I thank you all for coming to be here this evening, some from considerable distances. This too is a great honour.

Beyond this it would be invidious of me to select names for mention from the many who have contributed so much: teachers, central to the programme, scientists and engineers many of whom give their time and effort gratis, although we always make it a point of offering honoraria to the graduate and postdoc students who are involved. We thank them all, and also our facilitators, usually volunteer Japanese university graduate students or postdocs who play such a vital role in welcoming and supporting in their projects the often initially nervous Japanese students. This is the pattern in the UK; in Japan our colleagues closely follow our model, which is a remarkable endorsement in itself.

Each Workshop is one big team effort. It is hard work, it is huge fun, it is immensely rewarding, and very significantly the scientists, engineers, teachers and the schools they represent, as well as the facilitators, very often return year on year to be involved again.

In all this there is however one person I must single out for special mention, one person who has worked with me from the beginning. This is Dr Toru Okano who teaches at the Rikkyo School in England. We have collaborated closely since the mid-1990s. Through him these Workshops have become truly international, and an initiative which has momentum in both countries. Thank you so much, Dr Okano.

In addition Clifton Scientific Trust is greatly indebted to our Patrons, the Earl of St Andrews, Professor Dame Athene Donald FRS, Professor Anthony Cheetham FRS, and Mr Mouhssin Ismail, and particularly to the late Lord Jenkin of Roding. Patrick was a great supporter and it was he who started us off along this path to partnership with Japan. He would have been delighted with the recognition we are receiving today. As a non-scientist himself, he saw the point. In his own words,

Few activities are more “global” than science and technology, and in an increasingly global world these workshops convey this essential truth to young scientists in both our countries...

Indeed in our tormented world, global understanding and friendship must play an ever greater role in any education worth its name, and here UK-Japan Young Scientists play a role. I am reminded of the words of a student at our very first workshop in Bristol. She was a recent refugee from a particularly blood-stained part of Africa, and in her feedback she wrote,

It has made me realise how much differences we all have, yet we all have so much in common and can enjoy our differences instead of having conflicts.

Another student in the same workshop wrote,

At the beginning of the week, communication was a problem, but now it has been overcome and everything is exciting.

Yes, the workshops are about achievement in science and engineering, but at the same time they are about people, and we see the personal growth of the students from both countries involved through the workshop's international teambuilding encounter with science and engineering.

Finance is really important, of course. We have no endowment of our own and we thank especially the companies, charities, and individuals who have given such vital support over the years, and particularly this year we thank Barclays Bank, the Great Britain Sasakawa Foundation, Mitsubishi Electric, Toshiba and the Japan Women's Association in Great Britain who are all supporting our 2017 Workshops in Cambridge and in Kyoto. Thank you very much indeed.

We always ask schools to make a contribution but our aim in the UK is to engage as many able students from disadvantaged communities as possible, and here donations are vital.

Also, following the terrible 2011 Japan earthquake and tsunami, we have used funds particularly donated over a number of years by Rolls-Royce and Barclays to invite students and teachers from communities in the Fukushima and Miyagi prefectures, which have suffered so much, to be our guests in our Cambridge workshops. This is apart from in 2014 and 2016 when our Japanese colleagues organised fantastic reciprocal workshops for us in Tohoku University.

These workshops work magic, as anyone who has taken part will confirm. This is quite a lot to do with the scientists and engineers who structure the experience so admirably, and also to the input of the accompanying teachers who are part of the team, but much of the magic comes from the students themselves who are set free to be the creative people they truly are. Somehow the workshops generate great commitment and the students work extremely hard. Faced with the challenge of living and working in small international teams on a very tight schedule (just 3 days with their scientists), with fellow students from a very different culture, and in areas far removed from anything they experience in school, all under the tension of having to give public team presentations at the end of the week, one would expect the atmosphere to be worried and grim.

Not the case! True, the experience is very challenging, but there is much exhilaration and laughter. In just three days the students' achievements can be amazing. Last year the engineers in Cambridge were so impressed by the achievements of the students who took part in the jet-engine compressor-blade design project they had run with us over a number of years in the Whittle Laboratory that they presented a formal account of their experience at the American Society of Mechanical Engineers conference in Seoul. The achievements were ranked amazing and the contribution of the engineers – Dr Sam Grimshaw is with us today – was awarded Best Paper by the ASME Education Committee. This is but one example of amazing outcomes, one which has been presented publicly.

So how does this happen? The students are put in an environment full of opportunity, where their contribution really matters, where they can think for themselves and question, and where in spite of the tension of the presentations on the last day, they are not judged. Rather they judge themselves to make the fullest use of the great opportunity. And it is about teamwork, and it is the achievement of the team that matters. The science and engineering are important, but as well as the encounter

with amazing science and engineering, what they remember is the experience of working closely together in international partnership and forming friendships which bridge the continents. Teachers will tell you of lives changed. As one of our Patrons, Mr Mouhssin Ismail, Principal of the Newham Collegiate Sixth Form Centre in East Ham has written,

We have found that on their return, students who found it difficult to speak in front of large groups now have the confidence and skill to do so. Students who shied away from leadership positions are now putting themselves forward and leading a team to achieve a successful goal.

We have a slide loop running, just a variety of photographs which give a sense of the spirit of the workshops. You will see school students working in small international teams with British and Japanese scientists and engineers, you will see them giving their team presentations, you will see the amazing excitement they gain and the friendships they form, you will see a slide of happy teachers from both countries, taking back the experience to their own schools.

We believe we have come across an amazingly powerful model for engaging young people through science and engineering with the modern world and with their own futures as tomorrow's global citizens.

Again I feel greatly honoured, Your Excellency, to be recognised in this way by the Government of Japan.

GAUDY REMARKS

by Sarah Jackson (Classics, 1977)

from her speech at the Gaudy for 1977–79, 23rd June, 2017

Well, I am most surprised to be on this side of high table – and I can't imagine what my 19-year-old self would have thought. I didn't hope to die before I got old – I simply didn't believe that we *would* ever get old. But take a look at us now, so many grey heads and reading glasses. How we have grown up. We are surgeons and opera critics, teachers and judges and business leaders. '78 even boasts the Prime Minister of Australia. Our generation has done well – we were privileged to receive a world class education and we have made the most of it.

So when thinking about what I wanted to say this evening, I asked myself, how did I get here in the first place, and what do I owe Brasenose? And I thought too that it is easy to become comfortable with our success

and privilege. Easy to let ourselves believe that it is all merited, the result of hard work and talent.

How *I* got here was accidentally. I so admired my classics teacher at Perth Academy that I applied to his university – he was MA Cantab – so that would be Kent, right? Fortunately, I was able to make a second attempt at the UCCA form a year later, albeit still not applying to my teacher’s alma mater but to Brasenose, because I knew somebody here and having been at a mixed school, a mixed college seemed the natural choice.

Everyone has their interview story. I fielded questions from Leighton Reynolds about Horace, and David Stockton about history. Then they asked what I thought about philosophy. “What *is* philosophy?” I replied, meaning, oh help, I know nothing, we didn’t do stuff like that at my school. Michael Woods took this as a Gertrude-Stein-like profundity, so all I had to do was nod till it was over.

Did I deserve my place? Was I really the brightest and best? Arguably most important was my social capital – a family confident enough to support a second attempt a year later.

So in October 1977, here I was. And here is the first thing which Brasenose gave me. As a state school Scot with Highers, I was overwhelmed and overawed by the breezy confidence of so many of my private school peers, and I also bought into the myth of the A-level as gold standard. It took five terms and then Mods to show me that the school you went to and the kind of qualifications you got there are only part of the story. Give someone the right chances and their potential can be released.

On to London in the 1980s – I didn’t follow the majority route into the professions. I found my career in campaigning – at community level and then nationally. What I owed Brasenose then was a network of friends, supporting each other as we worked out who we wanted to be when we grew up. Now I had the donkey jacket and spikey hair, spikey red nails and a “coal not dole” badge – and perhaps I took it all a little too far – earnestly trying to convince Andrew Stuttaford, then embarked on a smart-suited career, that really *nobody* should *ever* be entitled to earn more than £80 a week. To be honest, my 1980s campaigning was not marked by success – stand out achievements include *not* saving the GLC and *not* saving the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua. Lost causes then were my speciality.

Forty years on I guess I have to admit to being that grown up, and it turns out that I have owed Brasenose a lot in my working life.

A turning point for me – as for many women – was having my first child. That's when it hit me that – even in the charity sector – the expectations I *had* had about combining my career with motherhood were not realistic. In 1992, motherhood required a fundamental downshift. I was lucky – a word I encourage young women today never to use, by the way – but, I was lucky to spot an ad for a Chief Executive, 30 hours per week, at the Working Mothers Association. I have been there – through two rebrands and a merger – ever since.

So, there was a 1990s Gaudy – Alexandra Marks was speaking – having recently become a partner at Linklaters. The question she asked was, where have all the women gone? I don't think we had realised how unusual our three years were – in '76 women were still quota'd, and from 1980 all the big name men's colleges were admitting women. But our undergraduate experience was 50/50 men and women. Alexandra compared that to the very few who were still there with her at senior level in the City 15 years later. She lamented the waste of talent; I asked her to lunch. She became one of my most effective and long standing trustees at Working Families as well as a generous donor. She helped to establish – and was the first member of – our Changemaker network, senior men and women who commit not just financial support to the charity but also their active efforts in their own organisations to change working culture to attract and retain talent however it comes, whatever it looks like or sounds like. Working Families has been an incredibly effective player over the past 20 years – not least in campaigning for and normalising flexible working and improving rights for fathers at work. Alexandra and others from Brasenose have been absolutely central to that.

I have also set up a new charity with 1974 Classicist Jeannie Lawson, now Cohen. She had become a classics teacher and watched with despair as classical subjects withered in the state education sector. Six years ago, we set up Classics for All, to fund and support state schools to reintroduce Classics – over 500 schools later, we are just launching a primary Greek project and have convinced the Scottish Government to reintroduce Classics as a teaching qualification. Classics has an undeserved reputation as difficult and elitist – the only thing which makes a subject elitist is teaching it *only* in elite institutions. It's striking that young people from immigrant families come to it with no preconceptions, and love it. Hats off to Oxford – even in 1977 I was able to take Mods B and was taught

Greek from scratch; and today Oxford Classics is open also to students who do not have Latin A-Level.

What Brasenose has done for me – lifelong friendships, and important connections for Working Families and for Classics for All – makes me think about the old boys network, reviled by my 1980s self as an exclusive club for the chaps. Well, we *all* talk about networking now – and really good things come from that – so open up the membership: elite is good, as long as it perpetually refreshes itself; when it becomes a self-perpetuating closed shop, that's *no* good. My serious message this evening is that we must open the doors of Oxford to the best in the country, we must seek out the most talented and not the most obvious. Think about an 18 year old: they come in every shape and size and background, educated in all sorts of institutions. Working Families works with many of UK's top companies, who understand that more diverse business teams perform better and are less likely to be weakened by groupthink. Diversity – by which *I* mean, and *they* mean, actively seeking out the best in whatever shape, gender, race, religion or educational background it comes – is fundamental for business success. I know college works hard to widen access to a greater diversity of undergraduates. Why then is such a large percentage of the intake, around 40%, still from the private school sector? Even the new House of Commons has managed to get it down to 29%. I want to see my college seeking out *all* the talents which our four nations have to offer: if our world class education really were made available to the brightest and best of all our young people, not simply those which the school system offers up, how the UK could fly.

We have been fortunate and privileged to have studied here. Oxford is for life, not just for three years. Look how many have returned this evening and how many of us have been to all or most of the celebrations across the last forty years. So let us celebrate this great college and this wonderful network of old friends.

Though let us pause to remember those who are no longer with us – we have had our losses – among them, Esther Kaposi, Mark Hetherington, Mark Thompson, and Will Gotley. I am sure there may be others – among them, sadly, Adrian Saunders, who died of cancer only two weeks ago, in Turkey where he had lived and worked very happily for the last twenty years.

So finally, shall we all meet again in 40 years' time? I have been looking at photos from 40 years ago and it is so long ago, which gives me

great hope that, although the years spin past ever faster, the next 40 years, god willing, will also last a long, long time. So I wish us all a very happy next four decades, and that college may continue to prosper and provide a great future for the very diverse generations who come after us.

A LUCKY LIFE

*by Professor Graham Richards (Chemistry, 1958)
from his speech at Breakfast with Brasenose, 7th June, 2017*

All of us who were at Brasenose had a very good start in life as is evidenced by the successes of many who are here this morning.

As well as having this background, perhaps the most important thing which influences one's career is luck. I want to illustrate this by showing just how big a part luck played in my own career.

I was lucky to get to Oxford given my own background. My mother was one of 14 children and left school at the age of 11. Fortunately I went to one of the Direct Grant schools before that excellent system was abolished. My next bit of luck was missing National Service by one day. At the time, foolishly, I was disappointed having been set to go into the Royal Marines. As it was I went up to Brasenose in 1958 and thus started my Part II in 1961. By sheer luck my project involved me doing some difficult integrals and I was one of the small number of lazy people around at the time who realized that any integrals could be done numerically using the new-fangled computer. Thus I became one of the first chemists to use the computer although neither my supervisor nor any of the older research students in the group had ever used the machine and everyone knew that computers had no future, especially in Chemistry. That computer was a Ferranti Mercury, at the time the best computer in the world, and boasted a 32K memory and was the size of a house. It was on that machine that the crystal structures of Dorothy Hodgkin were produced.

Finishing a DPhil in 1964 was really lucky as the foolish government created several new universities all at the same time and the existing ones doubled in size. Jobs were very easy to get and so I soon had my own research group and did accurate theoretical calculations on diatomic molecules.

Then out of the blue I received a letter from Anthony Roe who was working with Jim Black (later the Nobel prizewinner Sir James Black) at the pharmaceutical company Smith Kline & French, seeking inhibitors

of histamine in the gut. Anthony enclosed a theoretical paper which suggested that the two activities of histamine were related to there being two conformers of the molecule and I was asked my opinion of the paper, being one of the few people at that time in the UK doing theoretical calculations. I was not impressed by the theory but it could have been true, and so began a collaboration which quite quickly transformed my research from small molecules into using computers to aid drug discovery.

As computers developed and computer graphics became possible my work attracted more and more interest from the pharmaceutical industry.

The next step was bad luck. In 1988 my then wife died of cancer. The day after her funeral I rang my former Brasenose student Tony Marchington and said 'Tony, you know that company we have talked about for years: let's do it!'. That was the origin of Oxford Molecular Group Plc which was originally set up as therapy for me. Its success was all down to Tony who was one of nature's natural entrepreneurs.

While Tony was my student, for rather complicated reasons he part-wrote a film script about C.S.Lewis and was paid £3,000; a huge sum for a student at that time. What did he do with the money? He went and bought a steam roller. I thought the boy had gone mad until I learned that he took his steam roller to steam rallies and was paid £250. When he finished his DPhil he was hired by ICI, essentially to take my technology to the company and was given the biggest starting salary for someone at his stage. With his letter of appointment he went to the bank, borrowed £35,000 and bought a pair of steam ploughs and took them to steam rallies. But being Tony, he thought that they must be making more money running the rallies, so at the age of 24, six months in to his first job, he organized his own steam rally, making £45,000 in a weekend. By 1988 he had left ICI and was just running steam engines. Since that was a summer activity, we had the chance over the winter to raise funds and start the company.

We raised £350,000 of venture capital, just sufficient cash for six months. Tony was a great deal maker and we thrived. In 1992 we had an IPO, floating on the London Stock Exchange, selling a third of the company for £10 million. With the cash we expanded into the US, doing seven takeovers there and growing until we had the biggest slice of the world bioinformatics market; over 400 employees, and a market capitalization of some £450 million. We then screwed it up and sold the company for £70 million to two US groups.

In 1996 I became the first head of the Chemistry Department which had previously been three separate departments. The big thing in my in-tray was the need to build a new laboratory as the old ones were in a very poor state. The University gave me the site, but no money and I had to raise some £64 million. We had great help from a Government scheme, from The Wellcome Trust, from The Wolfson Foundation and E P Abraham as well as from BNC's Thomas Swan and from the Salters Company. We were however many millions short. Again luck played a big part. From my activity with spin-out companies I knew Dave Norwood, a chess grand master who had backed computer based companies having been convinced of their future when the IBM Big Blue machine defeated Kasparov. Dave and I agreed to a deal whereby he would provide £20 million in exchange for half the University equity share in any spin-out companies emanating from Chemistry for 15 years. By the time we had done the deal he had sold his company to the then recently public stock brokers Beeson-Gregory, so we had to convince their chairman Andrew Beeson of the mutual value of the deal. The meeting over lunch was not going well until Andrew suddenly looked at me and asked if it was a Vincent's Club tie that I happened to be wearing. It was and a mutual interest in sport meant that the deal went through. His interest in sport was in Real Tennis and the connection with my Brasenose pupil Spike Willcocks who was a world champion was a crucial piece of good fortune.

The new Chemistry Research Lab which is as good as any in the world is thus founded on luck, but attracts the best of students and is key in recruiting and retaining academic stars.

Beeson-Gregory were soon sold to the Evolution Group who looked at the deal we had done just involving a single department and generalized it to all subjects and many universities, setting up a subsidiary named IP2IPO Ltd. This was then floated and became IP Group Plc of which I was chairman for a while. This is now a FTSE250 public company with a market capitalization of about a billion pounds.

One of the first spin-out companies out of the Chemistry Department was Oxford Nanopore based on the work of Hagan Bayley, at one time a Fellow of BNC, which had Spike Willcocks as one of its first employees. Although still private, this company has a fair value in excess of a billion pounds.

Because of these lucky breaks the Chemistry Department has contributed at least £100 million to the University and is probably

one of the most successful departments in the whole world in respect of the creation of businesses and wealth, without, it must be stressed, compromising its pure research and teaching values.

In my dotage I am still involved with spin-out companies, in particular with Oxford Drug Design Ltd. This grew out of my screen saver project where I had 3.5 million people from more than 200 countries contributing time on their PCs to look for anti-cancer drugs. We have what looks to be some novel antibiotics which act at a new target and could be of enormous importance.

But it has helped to be lucky.

References:

Spin-outs. Creating businesses from university intellectual property

Harriman-House 2009

University Intellectual Property: a source of finance and impact

Harriman-House 2012

50 Years at Oxford

Author House 2011

Entrepreneurship. A case study from two viewpoints (with Tony Marchington)

Wet-Zebra 2016

I'VE WRITTEN A BOOK ABOUT JESUS

by Helen Dale (*Jurisprudence*, 2007)

by kind permission of *The Australian* (7th October, 2017)

My novel *Kingdom of the Wicked – Rules* took me 13 years to write. It has been a long time between drinks. *Rules* isn't all of it, either. Book II, *Order*, comes out in March, so apologies for the cliffhanger.

However, rest assured I haven't gone all George RR Martin on you. Everything is written, with only final editorial to complete.

I'm aware many people neither expected nor wanted me to write anything after *The Hand That Signed the Paper*. To those who wanted me to shut up and go away, I'm here to tell you while I went away (I have become one of those irritating expatriate British-Australians), I have no intention of shutting up.

Two years after *The Hand That Signed the Paper* was published in 1994, I began to research and write a historical novel set during the reign of the

Roman emperor Vespasian. Channel 9 even flew me to Italy, allowing me the time and resources to do further research, in exchange for appearing on one of its programs.

There was one problem: the book I started to write was bad. I persisted for a while, thinking I could draw on what I hoped was developing literary skill to iron out the wrinkles. Unfortunately, the manuscript turned out to be all wrinkles, so I abandoned it.

But the idea of some sort of Roman book never went away and when *Kingdom of the Wicked* came to mind, demanding to be written, I knew the book I originally wanted to write was the wrong book. This, I hope, is the right one.

Between writing the two novels, I became a lawyer and, consequently, *Kingdom of the Wicked* is a product of legal, rather than historical, theological or scientific imagination. This isn't to say that history, theology and science aren't important in the world I've written but to highlight that the book began with law.

Let me explain.

When I was in my second year at Oxford, a friend asked me if I'd seen Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ*. I had to admit I hadn't, and at his suggestion watched it. At its conclusion I found myself thinking about the Gospel accounts of Jesus' trial and execution from a lawyer's perspective. I realised I hadn't read them for many years and certainly not since qualifying in law. "If I were counsel, how would I make a plea in mitigation..." is a favourite parlour game, although more commonly applied to errant footballers and wayward celebrities, not religious figures.

What struck me at once was the attack on the moneychangers in the Jerusalem Temple. All four Gospels record it, and their combined accounts do not reflect well on the perpetrator's character. Jesus went in armed (with a whip) and trashed the place, stampeding animals, destroying property and assaulting people. He also did it during or just before Passover, when the Temple precinct would have been packed with tourists, pilgrims and religious officials.

I used to live in Edinburgh, a city that has many large festivals. The thought of what would happen if someone behaved similarly in Princes Street during Hogmanay filled my mind. It seemed obvious to me Jesus was executed because he started a riot. Everything else – the Messianic claims, giving Pilate attitude at trial, verbal jousting with Jewish religious leaders – was by the by. Our system would send

someone down for a decent stretch if they did something similar; the Romans were not alone in developing concepts of breach of the peace, assault or malicious mischief.

In response, my friend suggested wryly, while Pilate was locking up the ringleader, perhaps the disciples each copped an anti-social behaviour order. I laughed, but I also wondered: how would we react to Jesus if he turned up now?

My answer was not one I much liked: I thought we'd mistake him for a terrorist. There was a period in the 1960s and 70s when Jesus was conceived of as a bit of a hippie, certainly a pacifist. But the figure belabouring the ancient world's equivalent of bank tellers with a whip does not look like a pacifist to me.

Then there were his politics: socially conservative (he railed against divorce), redistributive, even socialist (he railed against the rich), egalitarian (he railed against the treatment of the poor). He wasn't too impressed by the Great Satan of his day, the Roman empire, either. His Judaeon contemporaries referred to the Roman Empire as "the kingdom of the wicked", whence the title of this book.

For a while, I thought of transplanting Jesus to Britain or the US and watching the story unravel as I told it, but every version that played out in my head turned into Waco or Jim Jones's People's Temple. Those stories are terrifying and confronting – as well as fascinating – but they are not the stories I wanted to tell.

Finally, instead of bringing Jesus forward in time and placing him in modernity, I thought to leave him where he was and instead put modernity into the past.

What, I wondered, would have happened had Jesus emerged in a Roman Empire that had gone through an industrial revolution? Other things being equal, what would modern science and technology do to a society with different values from our own?

This meant I tried to conceive of a world where a society unlike ours produces the template of progress and growth that all others then seek to follow.

It is a commonplace to point out that Roman civilisation was polytheistic and animist, while ours is monotheistic but leavened by the Enlightenment; that Roman society was very martial, while Christianity has given us a tradition of religious and political pacifism; that Roman society had different views of sexual morality and marriage.

In short, I had to imagine an industrial revolution without monotheism or the Scottish Enlightenment. I could not stray too far from the West as we know it, however, for while we may have lost Rome's ancestor worship, multiplicity of gods and goddesses, candy-coloured religious art (Roman statues and temples were brightly painted, as they are in Hinduism) and filial piety, Europe in particular has kept much of its law, and the great bulk of Roman law was conceived of and employed by polytheists.

Sometimes this non-Christian heritage is obvious: the toleration of homosexuality, abortion and concubinage; easy divorce; appointing an heir whose job it is to undertake regular ritual appeasement of ancestral spirits.

Sometimes, however, Roman law is different from the English common law only in its details. It also provides an orderly way of resolving disputes over everything from who owes money to whom, to who sideswiped whom.

Both systems (and, in the context of human history, neither Roman law nor common law have any serious rivals) were clearly developed by peoples with a genius for intelligent legal organisation and the ability to change bad law and retain good law. Both systems show a sophisticated understanding of the gains to be made from trade and the embedded nature of private property.

The best speculative fiction persuades you that its alternative world is real: it convinces you to suspend disbelief. It does this by constructing plausible points of departure from actual history.

In *The Man in the High Castle* (Philip K. Dick), Franklin Roosevelt is assassinated and replaced by a nonentity. In *SS-GB* (Len Deighton), Operation Sea Lion is successful. In *Pavane* (Keith Roberts), Elizabeth I is assassinated and the English Reformation doesn't get off the ground. While I am more interested in working out the way people relate to each other and to society rather than in the intricacies of interlocking technical developments, I've been as careful as I'm able in constructing my points of departure.

Kingdom of the Wicked is also what Brasenose College, Oxford got instead of a DPhil in Law. I was reading for one after completing my Bachelor of Civil Law there. Producing a novel made it clear legal academe was not in my future (novels are great, but Law faculties prefer 120,000 words on... Law). My scholarship ran out (as they do); I went

back into practice, continuing to write at night after work, using some of my more flamboyant colleagues and clients as raw material. Yes, it's true – do not annoy the writer. She may put you in a book and kill you.

I was pleased I could still write fiction. After the book I started in 1996 crashed and burned, I decided that novels probably weren't for me. I also continued to get a great deal of abuse – even while overseas – and had no desire to add to it. However, there's no escaping the fact *Kingdom of the Wicked* demanded to be written.

There was a long period where I came home from work – whether tutoring or working as a corporate solicitor – and simply sat down and wrote. For hours. The completed manuscript was 300,000 words long and – as my publisher said – simply had to be divided into two books, otherwise only a hardback edition was viable.

My comments have strayed far from the story of Jesus and the moneychangers in Jerusalem's Temple, but context is useful, if only to illustrate what interested me when I started writing.

I am wary of attempts to distil books into a single theme, but if there is one thing that exercised my mind while writing *Kingdom of the Wicked*, it is the relationship of the two missionary monotheisms, Islam and Christianity, to science, technology and the Western use of a form of religious tolerance that a pagan Roman would recognise but for a long time was in abeyance in the West and elsewhere.

Rather than attempt to say how that relationship should work in so many words, I used fiction to explore my own confusions, doubts and concerns.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

by John Weeks (English, 1967)

I entered Brasenose College fifty years ago, in the Michaelmas Term of 1967.

Since then I have seen many editions of *The Brazen Nose* and, more recently, *Brazen Notes*. In those publications I have read accounts by alumni of their experiences of the College. The recollections of many of my predecessors, many of my contemporaries and some of my successors seem to me to exhibit a sameness. They are invariably positive narratives, often of the easy continuity through Prep School and Public School into the College. They contain affectionate anecdotes of the eccentricities of

Dons, they celebrate the intellectual acuity of tutors, they recount feats achieved on the river and the rugby field, they hymn the comradeship of College life, they enthuse over lasting friendships made during undergraduate years, and they reflect warmly on reunions at College dinners and gaudies.

Mine was a different experience.

To begin I must go back some way. I was born in Fulham, London in 1949. In common with many on low incomes in those years following the Second World War my family lived in a multi-occupied house. My parents rented two rooms and a kitchen, with use of a shared outdoor toilet in the yard behind the property.

Our fortunes changed when my father got a job in Coventry, a city which experienced an economic boom in the late fifties and sixties. We were granted the tenancy of a terraced Council house on an estate of Council houses on the outskirts of the city.

At the local Junior School I passed the Eleven Plus examination. While most of my friends went to a nearby Secondary Modern School, I bussed into the centre of Coventry to one of its two Grammar Schools.

I took A-Levels in Latin, Ancient Greek and Ancient History. One of my masters was a Brasenose alumnus. No one in my family had ever attended University, nor had I ever heard of the College, but he urged me to apply to Brasenose. After sitting the Oxford Entrance examinations and attending for interview I was awarded an Open Exhibition to read Classics. Having got a First in Classical Mods, I was promoted to Scholar. I then changed course, and my final degree was in English.

I remember the culture shock from the first day when my father squeezed our little car in amongst the Humbers, Jaguars and Rovers parked in Radcliffe Square. With difficulty we manoeuvred my trunk from its place across the rear seats of our two-door Ford Anglia.

One of the induction rituals of the College in those days was the Sherry Party. At my first one a College servant approached me with a laden tray. He asked, "Would you like sweet or dry, sir?" I had never tasted sherry in my life. The only alcohol in our house was stout. My parents shared a single bottle between them over Sunday dinner. Having no idea of the difference I took the glass nearest to me.

I had been told of a distinctive quality of the Oxford College System. I would enjoy not only an Academic Tutor, but also a Moral Tutor. The latter would be responsible for my general welfare.

On going up I received a letter informing me of the name of my Moral Tutor. I guess he must have been present at some of those Sherry Parties, but in four years as an undergraduate of the College I never met him once.

I had to learn new terminology. At home dinner was the meal we ate in the middle of the day. We had tea together at 5.30 pm, when my father returned from work. I can remember the hunger pangs from waiting for Dinner in Hall at 6.50 pm.

Dining in Hall I encountered food I had never eaten before – kedgeree, frankfurters with sauerkraut, gazpacho, brown trout and jugged hare.

I learned there was a television in the Buttery. One day, wanting to catch some item on the afternoon news, I popped for the first time into the basement below one of the staircases in the New Quadrangle. I was amazed to discover many of my colleagues there downing pots of tea and rounds of toast, things for which I had neither the leisure nor the money.

The differences between undergraduates were soon apparent. In those days Local Authority Maintenance Grants were sent to the College. There was an office near the Junior Common Room. Those in receipt of Grants were required to queue there at a hatch to collect their cheques. As we stood in line other freshmen would saunter past on their way to the JCR. Some stopped to enquire what we were waiting for. They received our answers much as an anthropologist might on learning of some ritual practiced by an Amazonian tribe. For many of them Local Authorities and Maintenance Grants were features of a world of which they knew nothing.

We all seemed to recognise quickly who had come from a Grammar School and who was from a Public School. And in every year's intake there were a few Grammar School men who swiftly acquired sports jackets of a smarter cut, polished their accents and threw themselves into Conservative politics. Their postures and performances were, I think, unconvincing in equal measure, both to the rest of the Grammar School set and to the Marlburians, Wykhamists and Harrovians.

College servants and scouts appeared adept at discerning differences of class and wealth. They soon spotted which undergraduates were likely to be big tippers at the end of each term and many of them managed their cordiality with that in mind.

I was fortunate in the scout who served me for the two years that I lived in College – Bert Pennylarter. He was an upright and courteous

man. In my first week of residence I tried to persuade Bert to call me by my given name. I felt uncomfortable being addressed as “Sir” by a man who had served in the British Army and who was old enough to be my father. Bert would have none of it.

On Monday mornings at 9.00 am for my first three terms I had a Greek prose tutorial with Leslie Styler. Every tutorial throughout those three terms began in the same way. I would knock at the door of his rooms as the bells of St Mary’s church chimed nine. His servant showed me into his study. I would sit and wait there alone, usually for about ten minutes. Eventually, Styler would amble in, befuddled and unshaven. He looked as if he had risen from his bed only moments before. The tutorial would then begin. Five minutes later his servant would enter, pushing a wheeled trolley on which were a china cup and saucer, a silver coffee pot, a dish of butter, a plate of toast and a jar of marmalade. While I defended my translations into Attic Greek of slabs of Carlyle, Macauley and Gibbon, Styler ate his breakfast.

I was angered, not amused, by that ritual. For me my studies were a serious business. I knew how hard I had worked to get to Oxford. I knew how much my parents were sacrificing to keep me there. My mother took cleaning jobs to supplement my father’s wages.

On changing course to read English I attended tutorials with Brian Millar. I remember one occasion when he insisted that I should read a particular book in preparation for my next essay. I searched everywhere for it. The English Faculty Library’s copy was not retrievable in time. The College Library had no copy. The Bodleian’s copy had been stolen and a replacement was still awaited.

I knew that Millar had a copy sitting on his shelves. I went and asked him if I might borrow it. I could not have inflicted more shock and pain if I had walked across the room and punched him on the nose. I was dismissed from his study, having been made to understand that I should never again commit an action of such gross impertinence.

I did make efforts – but not enough – to engage with those whose backgrounds differed from mine. One conversation over dinner comes back to me, with a fellow freshman who had dashed into Hall at the last minute. When he had regained his breath, I asked him if he had had a good afternoon. He replied that he had enjoyed a splendid time. He had been out beagling. I knew what a beagle was but I had only a hazy idea of what beagling involved. He was wearing jodhpurs under his gown.

On another occasion I listened to two men discussing a party one of them had held in his rooms the night before. They had seen a fellow student slip one of their bottles of wine into his raincoat pocket as he left. They spoke of that incident with utter incomprehension. My parents had taught me that all theft was despicable. Nevertheless, I was able to imagine how easy it might be to succumb to temptation when presented with such careless abundance. To use words coined many years later by Nadine Dorries, they were “rich boys who just didn’t get it”.

Many a time, sitting in Hall on those long benches beneath wooden panelling and dusty portraits I would look around and ponder how many others there would be returning home for the vacation to a Council House on a Council estate.

The College seemed to me to communicate a pervasive and profound indifference. Its message was – “This is the way we are and this is the way we have long been; we shall neither explain nor justify our ways; it is for you to find out what they are and to adapt to them; whether or not you do adapt, and whether or not that is at any cost to you – those are matters to us of the utmost disinterest”.

Over the years since then I have from time to time spoken with men who went to Oxford Colleges in the sixties from backgrounds similar to mine. I know from those conversations that I was not alone in finding the experience bleak and alienating. More recent testimony to that effect was given by Lucy Kellaway (LMH 1978) in her contribution to the “My Oxford” column in *Oxford Today*. (Trinity Term, 2017 edition)

I was a white, working-class young man, from a low income household. The End of Admissions report published by UCAS in 2016 showed that the gap in entry rates between rich and poor people had widened for the first time in some years. It stated that the wealthiest fifth of eighteen year olds were 3.8 times more likely to get a place at University in 2016 than those from the most disadvantaged backgrounds. The Chief Executive of UCAS, Mary Curnock Cook, wrote that “nearly three quarters of the group least likely to enter university are men, most are from lower-income families, and nine out of ten are in the white ethnic group”.

I acknowledge the work done by Brasenose College to encourage applications from those less likely to aim for Oxford. I took heart from the words of Beth Jenkinson in her JCR Report –

“Brasenose has become a tangible possibility for people who come from schools that don’t traditionally have many Oxbridge applicants, or who don’t enjoy the advantages that many of us have.” (The Brazen Nose, vol. 50, 2015–16)

My own experience fifty years ago validates a point made by the Principal of Mansfield College. In a letter to the *Guardian* (11 March 2017) Helena Kennedy celebrated the success of her College in increasing its offers made to students from the State sector, but she went on to comment that those efforts alone are not enough – reaching out in that direction also “means creating a welcoming and highly supportive environment”.

The lesson I draw from my time at Brasenose is that it is necessary to build a positive and open culture within the College, a culture which celebrates difference, by drawing out and valuing what is distinctive in all the varied backgrounds represented in the student body. And one element in that culture must be a practice of pastoral care which is proactive.

PLANTS: HEALERS AND KILLERS – A REVIEW

by Edward Lavender (Biological Sciences, 2014)

In his new book *Plants: Healers and Killers* Michael Radcliffe Lee (Medicine, 1953), Emeritus Professor of Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics at the University of Edinburgh, reminds us of the immense power of plants: of their capacity to heal, and their capacity to kill. Through sixteen case studies, Professor Lee skilfully navigates the reader along the epic journeys across space and time that have been made by plants on their way to becoming both healers and killers – often both at the same time – and the many role reversals along the way. Spanning history, folklore, politics, religion and science, these beautifully illustrated tales demonstrate a remarkable depth and breadth of knowledge. As Professor Lee describes in the introduction, ‘caught up in this book are murder, suicide, trial by ordeal, accidental poisoning and drugs which have changed the face of modern medicine’: tales of the power of plants told with authority, humour, awe and humility. ‘From the dark rainforests of South America to the operating theatres of the world’; from high profile attempts of poisoning to modern anti-cancer and anti-malarial drugs; from ancient myths, texts and traditions to cutting-edge science and modern research journals; across the Americas, Africa, Asia and

Europe; and from thousands of years ago until the present, this book serves as a valuable reminder of the enormous importance of plants, making clear the deep interrelationships between human development and plants, with events in human history and contemporary societies often contingent upon the influences of this, oft neglected, taxon.

Throughout the book, which often reads as a murder mystery, Professor Lee emphasises the ‘dual nature’ of plants – their capacity to do harm as well as good – with many twists, surprises and ironies. Take *Ephedra sinica*, a plant which was originally recognised for its medicinal properties in Chinese Traditional Medicine and later became used to successfully treat a range of conditions, including asthma and hay fever. However, subsequently replaced by other drugs, this once life-changing ‘healer’ has also revealed a darker side, and now fuels a tragic epidemic of methamphetamine (‘crystal meth’) addiction and related deaths in North America: once healer, now killer. Professor Lee makes the pervasive, often inspirational and often tragic impacts of plants on human society abundantly clear.

The ergot fungus (*Claviceps purpurea*), a member of the Ascomycete family, is a contrasting case – once killer, turned healer, and now turned killer again – which has arguably had an even greater influence on human societies than *Ephedra*. This remarkable fungus infects rye crop and, in some areas, has been responsible for considerable yield losses and related famines. The fungus also causes ergotism in humans, a disease caused by consuming the infected rye, which can be fatal. Yet the ergot fungus has also been found to contain beneficial active compounds, such as ergotamine, which was once used to treat vascular headaches, although later revelation of the toxic effects of this drug has led to a decline in its usage. Nevertheless, another – ergometrine – remains important in obstetric therapeutics, while a by-product which emerged during its synthesis – lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD – has simultaneously become responsible for immense human damage [and some excellent rock music. Ed.] through its usage as a recreational drug. Over two hundred active compounds have been identified from this fungus alone, raising intriguing possibilities about how these fickle relationships might continue into the future. Now, however, the capacity of plants and fungi to both benefit and harm humans through direct and indirect pathways – so clearly articulated by Professor Lee – serves as a cautionary reminder of the complex and intimate interactions linking human wellbeing to these components of the natural world.

While many plants have histories laced with folklore, modern science adds another layer of mystery to these ancient accounts. Foxgloves (*Digitalis purpurea*), popular ornamental plants, are another two-edged sword and a case in point. The name, possibly derived from ‘folks’ glove’, in a reference to the ‘little folk’ (fairies) once thought to lurk in the bells of the flowers, captures the essence of their fickle nature. While used in folk medicine for many long-past generations, the foxglove is also perilously poisonous. More recently, scientific developments (especially the pioneering work of William Withering and later authorities), have revealed the specific compounds underpinning the powerful effects of this common plant, and the molecular pathways through which these effects are expressed, in increasingly intricate detail. Professor Lee reveals these extraordinary changes from superstition to science and the intriguing work of the characters involved in this transformation, while recognising that although science has removed much of the superstition surrounding plants such as the foxglove, in so doing, it has only enhanced the mystery, fascination and wonder of these remarkable works of nature.

One plant family which appears throughout the book is the Solanaceae, a family rightly renowned for containing many precursors of pharmacologically-active compounds. Examples elucidated by Professor Lee include deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*), and the ‘humble’ potato (*Solanum tuberosum*). In the latter, for example, Professor Lee describes a case of ‘triumph and disaster’ extending from the initial cultivation and gradual domestication of the potato in the high Andes perhaps over ten thousand years ago, to its growth and export as one of the major global staple crops today. An incredibly important triumph, to be sure, but one also riddled with catastrophe, as made so grievously clear by the Irish Potato Famine in the 19th century. Later failures of the British potato crop in 1916 came dangerously close to causing further tragedy amid growing malnutrition and the German submarine blockade, a cautionary tale of failure to learn the lessons of the past, and the intimate reliance of human populations on plants for survival. In this context, it may be surprising to learn that potato blight remains a significant problem in the UK today, emphasising that the implications of the line of work embodied in this text are far-reaching and increasingly relevant.

Perhaps no book on plants and medicine would be complete without an account of the discovery of the medicinal properties of Peruvian bark

(*Cinchona officinalis*), from which quinine, a drug which has saved the lives of millions affected by malaria, is derived. In his characteristic style, Professor Lee uncovers this journey – ‘a story involving bravery, generosity, greed, exploitation and the colonial ambitions of the great European powers’ – from the search for the tree to the molecular mechanism of action, with expert clarity and admiration. And, as for *Cinchona*, so too for the calabar bean (*Physostigma venenosum*), St. John’s wort (*Hypericum perforatum*), the mandrake (*Mandragora officinalis*) and other such plants which Professor Lee uncovers in this *tour de force* account of these healers and killers.

Looking ahead, this book also highlights many stimulating knowledge gaps and research questions. For the first time, the precise molecular and genetic mechanisms underlying the healing and killing capacities of plants are beginning to be mapped out in detail, and their evolutionary relationships uncovered. New technologies, including high-throughput chemical screening, mathematical modelling and genomic and genetic tools, and the unequivocal relevance of the topic, make this an increasingly exciting time for research in this area. Not only have the plants revealed by Professor Lee been of immense scientific importance (for instance, a number having been integral to the revelation of the major molecular players in the mammalian nervous system, along with the receipts of several Nobel prizes); this book also reminds us that, for too long, it has been tacitly assumed that plant-based drugs might one day soon become antiques of a by-gone age, replaced by more effective synthetic drugs.

Now, with increasing concerns of a slow-down in the rate of production of synthetic drugs, and a growing appreciation of the immense value contained within existing plant diversity, interest is once again returning to the incredible resources contained in plant diversity worldwide. This is emphasised by the recent development of promising anticancer drugs from yew (*Taxus spp.*) trees. In this case, as Professor Lee explains, compounds with anticancer properties were initially discovered in the Pacific yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), but are produced in insufficient amounts in this species. However, an appreciation of the evolutionary affinities of the Pacific yew to other species eventually led to the identification of an intermediate compound in the European yew (*Taxus baccata*), which can be extracted and converted into a powerful anticancer drug. With several yew species threatened, this illustrates another compelling reason for safeguarding plant diversity into the future. In this context, these

accounts also remind us of the value of ethnobiology, which documents relationships between people and biodiversity in different cultures, in the discovery of plants especially valuable for human wellbeing – as is clear from the journey made by *Ephedra sinica* from ancient Chinese traditions to wider medical use, as well as that made by snowdrops (*Galanthus nivalis*), whose transition from myth to therapy is now improving the palliative care of those suffering with Alzheimer's disease.

Whether as healers or killers, through direct and indirect pathways, as crops, drugs and poisons, the relationships between humans and plants have arguably never been more important, or more interesting. Through these enjoyable, accessible and diverse stories, Professor Lee emphasises the need to move away from complacency, with an inspirational call to action making clear the need for the conservation of these incredible organisms. One wonders where the fickle, complex and yet overwhelmingly important relationships between humans and plants over the past few thousand years, as revealed by Professor Lee, might take us over the next few thousand.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

from Mr Brian Wilson (Jurisprudence, 1943)

Sir,

The article on Bishop Hall of Hong Kong on page 109 of the 2015–16 edition of *The Brazen Nose* looked at the theological side of the bishop's life. I served in Hong Kong from 1948–83 in the now defunct HM Overseas Civil service, coinciding with Bishop Hall's postwar period there. I met him a number of times and always regarded him as a thinking stalwart. As an infantry officer in WWI, he was awarded the Military Cross and Bar.

When I was a District Officer in the New Territories of HK 1950–54, he once called on me to present an enormous lemon from his unusual tree on his property at the Sha Tin end of the NT. When my wife and I first visited Macao in 1950, we searched the Protestant cemetery there for the grave of Chinnery, a leading painter of the Far East in the mid-19th century. We eventually found the grave (and the cemetery) to be neglected and overgrown with bushes and mini trees. On our mentioning this to Bishop Hall (who was Bishop of HK and South China; not just HK alone), he was good enough to arrange for the cemetery's proper

upkeep. When Mao Tse-tung started to persecute Chinese Christians in Kwangtung, Bishop Hall at once took steps to assist them. At an early postwar stage, before anything of the sort happened in the UK, he ordained four women priests (two European, two Chinese).

When I attended a Christmas Day service in St John's Cathedral in HK, he astonished the more conservative members of the congregation by carrying a portable gramophone up to the pulpit before his sermon, to play *The Little Drummer Boy*. This was before the piece became a popular Christmas anthem.

Years later, at a function in BNC, I paid my respects to Sir Noel Hall, the then Principal of BNC and brother of Bishop Hall.

BNC REAL TENNIS

by John East (Jurisprudence, 1965)

Leaving an assessment course for aspiring young partners of Clifford Chance a day early, I flew out at the last possible moment on 17th January, 2017 to join the GB Over-70s Real Tennis Team of three doubles pairs playing in a round robin competition against the USA and Australia (France sadly withdrew at a late stage) in Hobart, Tasmania. Richard Tanfield (1962), who moved to Philadelphia some 35 years ago, was amongst those representing the USA. The hospitality and weather were both wonderful, and Hobart is an extremely pretty city in such circumstances, and it also curiously boasts the oldest existing real tennis court in Australia. Both GB and Australia beat the USA, but unfortunately GB just came second to Australia in the decider. I was within two points of taking the deciding set with my partner, but Australia on their home court just edged it.

Richard, myself and all the other contestants then all flew up to Melbourne for the individual and doubles competitions known (perhaps a little pretentiously) as the World Masters Over-70s Real Tennis Championships, which are held at different venues every two years. Again, the weather and the hospitality were wonderful, as was the organisation at this two-court purpose-built real tennis centre almost next door to the Australian Open Lawn Tennis venue and the Melbourne Cricket Ground. It seems that in January each year Melbourne virtually grinds to a halt except as regards sport. Richard Tanfield and I paired up for the doubles tournament and again were just edged out by an Australian pair

in the semi-finals. In the singles, however, Richard and I both upset the seeding by winning our respective Semi-Finals and then I beat Richard 6–2, 6–1 in the Final to take the World Championship. Although given BNC's sporting prowess in the past this may be a false assumption, it seems possible that this may have been the only world championship ever in which two BNC alumni have played against each other in the Singles World Championship Final of any sport!

Subsequently, over the weekend of April 8–9 at Wellington College in Berkshire, Richard flew over from Philadelphia and achieved revenge over me in the UK Over-70s, beating me 6–1 in the semi-final (somewhat rudely as I was putting him up for the weekend), although Richard sadly failed to capitalise on this, as he then lost in the final. I had some consolation, however, as I went on to win the doubles with my partner Robin Barlow, which added up to two trophies for my first season of Over-70s real tennis. Richard East (also 1961) came along to offer enthusiastic support and advice to both his brother and his great friend Richard Tanfield. Again Brasenose was very well represented at the weekend.

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR WOODGATE

by Bill O'Chee (*Jurisprudence*, 1984)

If asked to nominate the greatest oarsmen of the nineteenth century, most would probably nominate Muttletbury, Goldie, Nickalls or Amptill. These were the figures who dominated its last two decades, men whose exploits were documented in the pages of *Sporting Life*, and whose likenesses were preserved for posterity in *Vanity Fair*.

However no proper account of nineteenth-century rowing is complete without consideration of Walter Bradford Woodgate, one of the most prolific Henley oarsmen of all time, whose influence over the sport extended for almost half a century.

In rowing's first sixty years as an organised sport, Woodgate's career is undoubtedly the best attested. Not only are his races recorded in fine detail in the extensive Minute Books of the Brasenose College Boat Club, but he also wrote a lengthy book, *Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman*. These contain many colourful anecdotes largely missing from the record of the nineteenth century.

Born in 1841 to a Churchman, Canon Henry Arthur Woodgate, Woodgate was educated with his younger brother at Radley College before going up to Brasenose College, Oxford. His brother chose instead to go into the Army, rising to the rank of Major-General before being killed at the Battle of Spion Kop in the Boer War.

The young Walter Woodgate had already developed into something of an oarsman by the time he matriculated at Oxford, although by his own admission he was slightly built and weighed only 9st 10lb in his first year.

He was a member of the Radley College 1st VIII of 1858, which rowed a match race at Henley that year against Eton College, a few weeks after the Henley Royal Regatta. Although Radley had only 150 boys, they made decent showing against Eton, and finished about two-thirds of a length down.

Upon going up to Brasenose, Woodgate threw himself into the aquatic world on the Isis, but also found time for other pursuits, including amateur dramatics.

Being so slight, and by his own admission somewhat effeminate in his appearance, he was sometimes called upon to play female parts in various college theatricals. In fact, he earned the sobriquet of Lady Barbara after playing that role in the College play in 1859. The name was to stick with him for several decades.

He was someone of noted athletic ability, as well as possessing not a little streak of hard-headedness, which showed itself on many an occasion.

Woodgate's rowing prowess meant he found a place in the Brasenose College Eight (known as the Childe of Hale) in 1859. Photographed that year, he is clearly small of frame and stature, although his ability was beyond doubt in a crew which made five bumps in the six days of Eights.

The following year, the Brasenose Eight had an indifferent year and rose only one place, from fourth to third.

At the end of the summer of 1860, Woodgate teamed up with Henry Baxter, then Brasenose College's pre-eminent oarsman, to win the O.U.B.C. Pairs. In November Woodgate rowed in the three seat of the Brasenose College crew which won the O.U.B.C. Fours. The crew was pictured afterwards on the water, with Baxter at stroke, John Vavasour in two and Weldon Champneys in bow.

In Oxford's preparations for the Boat Race, both Woodgate and Champneys rowed in the Trial Eights, with Woodgate stroking the

winning crew. However, only Champneys rowed in the Blue Boat the following term.

The Brasenose College Boat Club Minute Book cryptically states he was “unavoidably absent” come the Boat Race, as he would otherwise have most likely rowed in the Blue Boat. It would appear from later records of the Committee that Woodgate had been down that term, although it is unclear if this was as a result of a rustication, or some other circumstances. Woodgate himself gave no account in any of his later writings.

Woodgate certainly was back in Oxford in the Trinity Term of 1861, and not surprisingly returned to the College Eight.

Brasenose College being head in Torpids, and with Champneys and Woodgate sitting in the Eight, there was every expectation that Brasenose would achieve the two bumps necessary to rise from third in Eights to Head of the River. Ahead of BNC were Exeter, and Balliol, the latter starting at head.

However, a week before the commencement of the races, Woodgate, who was stroking, “met with a serious accident in which his hand was so seriously injured that he was unable to row till the third night of the races.”

In actuality, he had been the victim of his own cox. During some animated shenanigans over dinner, Charles Parkin had taken a swipe at Woodgate’s face, forgetting for the moment that he had a knife in his hand. Woodgate realised the immediate danger and parried the knife with his right hand, receiving a deep wound which required stitching, and forced his temporary retirement from the crew.

Although Eights was a disappointment, Woodgate proved his pre-eminence on the Isis by winning the O.U.B.C. Sculls, and it was decided that the College should send a delegation to Henley. A coxed crew was entered for both the Wyfold Challenge Cup and the Visitor’s, built around Woodgate and Champneys, who also entered the Goblets.

Woodgate’s first Henley Royal Regatta would begin on a controversial note that would seemingly recur in following years. On this occasion, there was a dispute over the scheduling of races, which would have seen Brasenose rowing a series of heats at 45 minute intervals on the first day. In the end, it was resolved by rowing the Visitor’s as a single race, which Brasenose lost to First Trinity, Cambridge.

However, the Brasenose crew did win the final of the Wyfold by six lengths. Moreover, Woodgate and Champneys combined to win the Goblets, easily beating the Cambridge University Champions, Burney and

Channel. It was the first of five victories that Woodgate would achieve in that event.

The following year, 1862, Woodgate made his first appearance in the Oxford Blue Boat, where he rowed at bow. The result was a resounding win for Oxford.

His *Reminiscences* also contain a somewhat grisly tale of the efforts of both crews to create a degree of *entente cordiale*. It was agreed that they would hold a “cat hunt” the night before the race. The Oxford crew acquired a cat which was locked in the sitting room at the Cambridge crew’s hotel. Both crews watched on while it was exposed to the attentions of Woodgate’s dog, a notorious devourer of cats. When the inevitable outcome was reached, the cat was “given a watery tomb” that night, only for it to float past both crews as they sat on the start the next day.

A number of photographs of the Brasenose Boat Club at about this time are preserved in the photo album of Robert “Bobby” Shepherd. In one, Woodgate and Champneys are captured at the end of the Henley Royal Regatta in 1862. They are shown posing near the Henley Bridge. Both are dressed in Childe of Hale blazers, although the cut is unrecognisable as such nowadays. They wear white trousers and dark shoes. Champneys has on his black and yellow bumblebee zephyr, as well as a scarf and monocle. At Woodgate’s feet is his loyal dog Jenny.

It was to be a golden year for Woodgate and his college. In the final of the Diamond Sculls, Woodgate and E.D. Brickwood rowed perhaps the most extraordinary match ever seen at Henley.

Brickwood went off at a scorching pace with the hope of not only getting ahead of Woodgate, but also moving across to the Bucks side to gain some shelter from the strong wind. Brickwood opened up a lead of over a length, however by Remenham, Woodgate had closed the gap. At this point both scullers engaged in a cutthroat but delicate game as Woodgate tried to pass, and Brickwood tried to prevent him from so doing. As they closed on the finish, Woodgate drew level by the Poplar Point. The crowd was now wildly cheering their respective favourites as both men surged, stroke for stroke, towards the line. Woodgate seemed to have clawed a slight lead, but in the last stages of the race, he inexplicably veered back towards the Berkshire bank and ended up almost in front of the judge’s chair on the finishing line. The cheering continued, and when the result was announced, it was a dead heat.

The regatta had never seen a dead heat before, and although both oarsmen were exhausted by their efforts, they were instructed to proceed back to Temple Island for a re-row.

This race, too, saw both scullers go off at a great pace, but Woodgate succumbed by Remenham, leaving Brickwood to claim his second Diamond Sculls.

For Woodgate, that was just the opening stanza of the final day. He and Champneys retained their Goblets title. The College also won the Stewards' Challenge Cup. The same crew rowed the Visitor's although they had to change cox, as Parkin, now a curate, was ineligible to compete. Edward Parr, a Harrovian with seemingly no rowing experience, was put into the boat in his place. Brasenose won easily over Third Trinity, making Parr the only cox to win at Henley in his first and only rowing race!

Happily, the Four, along with the fortunate Mr Parr, were also photographed, with the image surviving to the current day.

Of Woodgate, *The Field* was to observe, "That this gentleman is one of our best amateurs there can be no question, as he lacks neither strength, lasting power nor pluck." This reputation was sealed a few weeks later when he avenged himself on Brickwood by winning the Winfield Sculls on the Tideway, becoming the first Oxford man to do so.

1863 was Woodgate's last year as an undergraduate, although he would remain involved in the Boat Club for some years. It was also the year in which he founded Oxford's famed Vincent's Club.

Not surprisingly, it had its genesis not just in his legendary hard-headedness, but also on the river. He had been haled on the riverbank in Hilary term by two members of the Merton crew, and invited to meet to discuss some matter or other at the Union. Woodgate had a low opinion of the Union, and refused to set foot in the place.

His friends then challenged him as to when he was going to found a club of his own, which he had apparently been boasting to do for some time. Once challenged he could not back down, and set about establishing the club within a week.

Originally situated above the publishers of the same name, Woodgate established Vincent's with thirty-six members from among his friends (ten of them Brasenose men).

The new club was not slow to capitalise on a general dissatisfaction with the Oxford Union Society. As Woodgate explained:

The Union tabooed tobacco and had no drinks, not even temperance, in those days. There was some doubt whether proctors might intervene if we sold drinks, so, for safety, we decided on free beer, tea and coffee for all members.

The move was typically Woodgate, displaying a strong view about what constituted good comradeship, and an alacrity in circumventing any bothersome rules. For all that, or perhaps because of it, Vincent's thrived, and continues to do so today.

In the Boat race that year, Woodgate again rowed in the Oxford crew, which vanquished their Cambridge opponents as easily as the previous year's crew had done.

In Eights, Brasenose only rose one place, and were denied the Head of the River. However the College decided to enter an eight in the Grand Challenge Cup, as well as the Ladies Plate. A four, featuring Woodgate, was entered in both the Stewards' and the Visitor's. Shepherd would combine with Woodgate in the Silver Goblets, and Woodgate would additionally enter the Diamonds.

Brasenose were perhaps unlucky to lose to a very fine contingent from University College, Oxford in the finals of the Grand, the Ladies Plate, and the Steward's. Woodgate also lost in the first round of the Diamonds.

However, they took home the Visitor's as well as the Goblets.

The following year, Woodgate was the only Brasenose entrant at Henley, where he finally won the Diamond Challenge Sculls by three lengths over E.B. Michell of Magdalen College, Oxford.

For Brasenose to win the Head of the River in 1865 would require them to bump Trinity, who had been in that position for the previous four years.

Achieving this feat was a task left to a crew that was not without promise, albeit on paper not boasting the same talent as in previous years. Gone were the likes of Woodgate; his Goblets partner, Robert Shepherd; and a number of other noted oarsmen.

By all accounts, there was not much to separate the top five boats in terms of speed, although it was suspected that the BNC crew was perhaps the fastest. On the first two nights, this proved to be true, as Brasenose closed on Trinity, but were short of achieving a bump.

On the third night, Brasenose started to close on Trinity as the crews proceeded up from the Gut to the Crossing, only to finish one foot short of their quarry at the finishing post.

The opinion of Brasenose partisans was that Trinity's time at the Head of the River might perhaps have been at an end. However, the bump still had to be effected, and bitter recent history had shown how elusive that bump could be.

At that point, an unexpected hurdle presented itself. The Brasenose two man had been unwell for the first three nights, and was unable to continue. A replacement had to be sourced at short notice, and one who would not slow the boat. The answer to this dilemma was to be found in none other than the redoubtable Woodgate, who was only too pleased to step in for the remaining three nights.

The final result between Brasenose and Trinity still lay in the balance on the final night of racing.

As it happened, Trinity got off to a bad start, and Brasenose were within half a length by the Gut, finally achieving the bump just after Saunder's Bridge.

After more than a few years of frustrated ambitions, both individually and collectively, 1865 finally brought jubilation again to the Brasenose College Boat Club, although there were others who were not so pleased with the result. The Minute Book records:

A dispute arose after the races about allowing old members to come up and row when their assistance would enable the crew to make their bump, Brasenose being particularly blamed for allowing Mr. Woodgate to take an oar, but it is only fair to state that other colleges did the same.

Brasenose were allowed their bump, for the practice of getting past members to row was not a new one. Nor, indeed, was Brasenose the only college to do so. Three other colleges also imported past members; ironically all were colleagues of Woodgate's in the Kingston Rowing Club crew training at the time for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley.

This crew raced London Rowing Club in the final, with Woodgate and his friends leading off the start, and in spite of London closing to about three quarters of a length before Remenham, the Kingston crew rowed away, taking their water at Fawley, and winning by two lengths.

Woodgate's other entries for Henley were less successful that year. Rowing with Wells from Kingston Rowing Club, he was defeated in the first round of the Goblets.

In the final of the Diamond Sculls, Woodgate had a direct entry as the reigning champion. He and the Cambridge sculler, Lawes, were much

fancied, and the betting had them as equal favourites, with Michell of Magdalen College an outsider. Off the start, Michell got a quick lead, only to be overtaken by Woodgate with Lawes half a length behind him. At Remenham, Lawes closed on Woodgate, and Michell clung close behind. Both of them traded places as they slowly crept past Woodgate, so that at Fawley, Michell led, with Lawes a length behind and Woodgate behind him. The final result was Michell by three to four lengths over Lawes, with Woodgate two and a half lengths further back in third.

1866 was the first year that Woodgate coached the Oxford Blue Boat, who achieved a comfortable win by three lengths over their light blue opponents in the Boat Race. He was to coach Oxford again in 1867 and 1868, in 1875, and from 1881 to 1883. In every case, Oxford was victorious.

In the Grand Challenge Cup, the Kingston crew which Woodgate prepared were the defending champions, and so only rowed the final. The boat contained Woodgate at seven, and two other Brasenose men; Frederick Crowder and Godfrey Meynell. The race was to have been between Kingston, Cambridge Black Prince, and the Oxford Etonian Club, however Black Prince decided they had no chance of winning and withdrew, leaving Kingston in the centre and the Oxford Etonians on the Berkshire station. Kingston were in front by a quarter of a length at Remenham, although the Oxford Etonians spurred to take the lead by a third of a length at Poplar Point. There Kingston replied, but the bend favoured the Etonians, who hung on to win by “a couple of yards” at the end.

That was not the end of Woodgate’s regatta, though. He had managed to infuriate the Stewards by entering in the Goblets twice. The first entry was in his own name, and had him paired with M.M. Brown of Trinity College, Oxford, who had been the Blue Boat stroke for the previous two years. Woodgate’s other entry was for Kingston Rowing Club under the name of Wat Bradford, and had him matched by E.L. Corrie.

As Woodgate was no longer the reigning Goblets champion, the intention was to make sure that he had a good draw through the heats and into the final. However, there were only four entries in total, with Woodgate crews making up half of the field. Woodgate decided his more favourable opportunity lay with Corrie, and the combination with Brown was withdrawn. This resulted in a three boat final, with Woodgate and Corrie in the centre, Kemble and Forster of New College on the

Berkshire station, and Kinglake and Chambers from Leander on the Buckinghamshire station.

The Leander crew rowed into a boat immediately after the start and played no further part in the race. Meanwhile, the New College crew took a slight lead over Woodgate and Corrie, which they held as far as Remenham, where they were slowly overtaken. In their desperate efforts to recover their lead, the New College bow man pulled the boat around and they steered into the bushes, allowing Woodgate to register his fourth win in the Goblets. The Stewards appear to have been less impressed however, and immediately passed a rule preventing athletes from entering under assumed names, so as to avoid any more such antics.

Woodgate spent the summer of 1867 coaching the Brasenose College Eight, who started at Head of the River. With preparations going well, the crew was rocked the night before the races were to commence when Crowder injured himself, such that he was not able to row. With the headship at stake, and no second crew from which a suitably trained rower could be drawn, it was decided that Woodgate himself should step into boat until Crowder recovered. Having been in Oxford for some time, Woodgate was able to do this, as he had been in residence for more than ten days before the races – an ironic beneficiary of the very rule which had been introduced to prevent old members such as him racing for their colleges.

As it happened, the defence went almost without a hitch, although a broken oar after the five minute gun on the Friday caused no little consternation. It was swapped with just ten seconds before the start, and the crew maintained its place on the river.

At Henley that year, an Oxford Radleian boat was entered for the Grand, with Woodgate rowing in it, but they were beaten in the first heat by London Rowing Club.

The Silver Goblets resulted in a straight final, with Woodgate again changing partners, and teaming up with R.T. Raises to row as an Oxford Radleian crew, while Corrie rowed with Woodgate's other partner from 1866, M.M. Brown, as Kingston Rowing Club. The third entry in the final was a London Rowing Club boat comprising Willis and Graham. On this occasion, Woodgate did not manage to retain the Cup, losing to Corrie and Brown, with the London Rowing Club crew in third.

That year, Woodgate also rowed over to win the Wingfield Sculls on the Tideway.

In 1867, Woodgate had attended the International Regatta in Paris, and had observed how a Canadian crew from St John's, New Brunswick, had rowed a four without a coxswain. In typical fashion, Woodgate decided that Brasenose should do likewise, and in 1868 entered a crew for the Stewards' accordingly. A boat was specially built by Messenger, which had no fifth seat, and was steered using wires attached to levers employed by one of the crew.

In fairness, Woodgate wrote to the Stewards advising them of his intentions, noting that he was within the literal wording of the rules which stated that the race was for four oared crews.

This prompted a strident protest from W.W. Wood of University College. While conceding that "it is not actually stated in the rules that eight and four oared boats are to carry coxswains" Wood complained that it was contrary to the rules of the University Boat Clubs, somehow contrary to the unwritten "general law of boat racing", and contrary in addition to long established custom.

A fair reading of the rules suggests that Woodgate was entirely within his rights, but perhaps because of his shenanigans the year before, the Stewards were not inclined to indulge him. A few days before the regatta they passed a rule requiring all eights and fours to carry a coxswain. Eventually Brasenose nominally assented, but Woodgate would not be dissuaded from his idea, and they made it clear, following the precedent of the seven-oared race, that they would take it upon themselves to dispense with any part of their boat or the complement of the crew after the race had started.

In reality, they had little choice. They were unable to change the boat, and were faced with the prospect of either withdrawing, or employing their strategy and at least making a point.

The race itself was a three boat first heat with the Kingston Oscillators on the Bucks station, Kingston Rowing Club in the middle, and Brasenose on the Berkshire station. This proved a convenient lane, for they rowed without a cox to the start, and pulled in to the bank. Francis Weatherly, who had coxed the Torpid that year, climbed on board and perched on the stern. As soon as the start was given, Weatherly jumped overboard.

The crew – comprising Crofts in stroke, Woodgate at three, Rumsey in two, and Wheldon Champneys' younger brother, Francis in the bow

– then set off in pursuit of the other two crews. The other boats were caught and passed in short order, and Brasenose won easily in the very fast time of 8 minutes 35 seconds. This made them 53 seconds faster than the next crew. The Stewards would have none of it, and promptly disqualified the Brasenose crew.

That was not the end of the controversy, because it was well noted that while the Stewards had insisted on the crews carrying coxswains, they did not specify a minimum weight. While the Kingston Rowing Club crew carried a coxswain who weighed 7st 3lb, the Oscillators coxswain weighed a mere 4st 9lb, which the press observed made a mockery of the very rule the Stewards had passed. Moreover, it was noted that the Brasenose crew was given no notice of the protest against them, which was heard in their absence. When they enquired the next day for the reason for their disqualification, no official was willing to offer an explanation.

The same Brasenose crew was entered for the Visitor's Challenge Cup later that day. Their point made, and their fate certain, they withdrew, leaving Black Prince from Cambridge to win the Cup with a row over.

That year, both Crofts and Woodgate were originally entered in the Diamonds. Also entered was Michell of Magdalen College, Oxford who had beaten Woodgate to take the title in 1865 and 1866. Woodgate was evidently keen to even the score, but Michell had insufficient training and withdrew. Woodgate said he would not row unless to meet him, and withdrew also, leaving Crofts to defend his title as the only Brasenose representative. In the final however, Crofts, was defeated by Stout from London Rowing Club by two lengths.

Woodgate and Crofts were also entered in the Silver Goblets. In their first race, they were drawn against a crew from Burton-on-Trent. The Burton crew took an early lead, however the Brasenose men "rowing in splendid form" passed them in the bay before Remenham, then rowed away to win easily.

In their final, they met another Burton-on-Trent crew, whom they led off the start, and beat easily to take the title.

This was Woodgate's final race, for he retired at the age of only 27. In a postscript to the events at Henley, the following year the Stewards introduced a race for four oared boats without a coxswain. Woodgate not only got his vindication, but the event ensured the popularity of coxless fours throughout the rowing world.

There is no doubt that Woodgate was considered one of the outstanding oarsmen of his age. That much we know because it is recorded in opinion at the time. His record at Henley is also significant. He won the Visitor's Challenge Cup twice, the Wyfold Challenge Cup once, and the Silver Goblets five times. He also won the Diamonds once and the Stewards' once, and rowed in a Kingston Rowing Club crew which won the Grand. Additionally, he rowed in the Oxford Blue Boat twice.

Only two men have bettered Woodgate's record: Guy Nickalls and Sir Steven Redgrave. Neither reached Woodgate's total of eleven Henley titles in as little time as he did.

Although he returned to the Isis many times as a coach, Woodgate was now busy crafting a career as a barrister and a writer. He was rowing correspondent for *The Field*, and wrote a number of books, notably *Boating* and *Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman*.

Twenty-two years after going down, Woodgate still held considerable influence over the Brasenose College Boat Club, and the College generally. One need look no further than the admission of W.F.C. (Claude) Holland. The young Holland was the son of Woodgate's Radley cox, W.J. Holland, who had chosen to send his son to the College on the basis of his friendship with Woodgate. More importantly, the young Holland had stroked the Eton crew that won the Ladies Plate in 1885.

The problem was that Holland had performed poorly and didn't matriculate. Woodgate called upon Principal Craddock in December 1885, and found him gravely ill. Unperturbed, he pleaded Holland's case, which Woodgate described as a "disaster".

Notwithstanding his illness, the Principal instructed him:

"Then don't let him go to any other college; promise that; send him again next January; he can matriculate and reside at once, without losing a term. Let him take the same books; he is sure to do much better this time; they always do. You promise me this!"

True to his prediction, Holland "tried his luck the next month; and as a matter of course passed in." Claude Holland would be Principal Craddock's final gift to the Boat Club; he died at the end of January after 34 years as Principal, and this was Woodgate's last meeting with him.

Claude Holland would become one of the greats of the Brasenose College Boat Club, winning the Grand three times with Leander, the

Stewards' and Visitor's once each with Brasenose, as well as making four appearances in the Blue Boat.

In perhaps characteristic fashion, the oldest Brasenose man to enlist in the First World War was none other than Walter Woodgate who joined up in July 1916 as a private in the 7th City of London Regiment (Veteran Athletes Corps). He was 74 at the time, and clearly too old to serve on the frontline, but saw out the war in a garrison battalion.

Walter Woodgate died in 1920, having lived what was, by any standards an incredibly full life.

Whilst firmly rooted in the Victorian era, he was also thoroughly modern. He was an innovator, a ruthless competitor, notoriously opinionated, and an incredible athlete. It is doubtful the rowing world will see his like again.

Travel



INTRODUCTION

I always tell my students that the derivation of vacation from Latin *uacare*, “to be empty” is dangerously misleading. Vacations in my subject are when you read the lovely Latin and Greek literature that you have no time to read in those hectic eight-week terms. But even a martinet like Dr Morgan is prepared to allow that stepping out of the library is a healthy option once in a while. I myself took a three-day trip to Cartagena in Spain over the summer to test a theory about an ancient source, and it proved an excellent strategy for clarifying my thoughts. And yes, the delightful boat tour around a harbour described by the great Genoese admiral Andrea Doria as the most secure anchorage in the Mediterranean alongside “June and July” was strictly a matter of research. My trip to Murcia was not paid for from the Annual Fund, of course, nor from any of the travel funds (Profumo, Michael Woods, Holroyd Colliou Stelling Hall) that the generosity of former students, as with the Annual Fund, has made available to current undergraduates and graduates. In what follows we publish a selection of the reports that recipients of these awards are asked to provide on the travel or other activity they undertook with this support, and we hope we manage to convey the range of activities, as diverse as our students, that you so generously support, and the huge value students derive from these opportunities.

It was hard selecting which to publish, but let me give you just a flavour of the rest. Robert Smith, writing a doctorate in Population Health, was able to let off steam playing the expensive sport of Ice Hockey for the University, while Victoria Griffiths travelled to the International Congress for Conservation Biology 2017 in the other Cartagena, Colombia, a major opportunity for networking in her subject, and gave a presentation there. Meanwhile Christopher Goring got “to hear actual French people speaking actual French in actual, honest-to-God France” a long way from Paris, in Montpellier; Clara Atkinson enjoyed an inspirational few weeks at an artists’ collective on the border of Poland and the Czech Republic; Daniel Charlton travelled to Wittenberg in pursuit of Luther and his contemporaries; Kartika Saraswati travelled to Denmark to find out why Danes are so happy; and Elizabeth Matthams and Benjamin Donaldson pondered organised crime and Greek temples in Sicily.

Katharine Waldron and friends trekked through the Stubai Alps in Austria, and she found it so inspirational that she hopes next year to visit

Ladakh in the Himalaya. Libby Brown stayed closer to home, using a grant from the Annual Fund to pay for food and accommodation while she conducted research into stambomycins A-D, macrolide antibiotics with promising anti-tumour activity, at the Oxford Chemistry Research Labs under the supervision of Professor Edward Anderson: the experience has persuaded Libby that research may be the career for her. Former HCR President Sam Forbes gave both a paper and poster on his current and future research into colour cognition at the Cognitive Science (CogSci) Conference in London, and Nic Koslover undertook a gynaecology and obstetrics placement in Galle, Sri Lanka, and in his free time visited the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy, which makes me very jealous, and got bitten by leeches in the Sinharaja rainforest, which doesn't.

REPORT ON THE USE OF THE ANNUAL FUND, 2017

by Abhilasha Joshi (Pharmacology, 2013)

Earlier this year, I was selected to present my DPhil research at the Gordon Research Conference on 'Inhibition in the Central Nervous System' in Les Diablerets, Switzerland. The meeting was focused on the fundamental mechanisms of inhibitory brain activity in health and disease and was an ideal platform to share my work.

Animal behaviour is coordinated by biological rhythms over multiple timescales. In the brain, rhythmic oscillatory activity is thought to support behaviour through temporal windows of circuit computation. During my DPhil, I explored the mechanisms underlying this coordination via the activity of diverse rhythmic neurons. The location of the meeting was ideal with loads of birding and hiking opportunities, and away from the stresses of city life, but this also meant that the costs associated towards the registration and travel were high. So, I applied for the Brasenose Annual Fund to support my travels to the conference.

The application process is straightforward (just one page!), requires a short support letter from your supervisor and the college office is very helpful and efficient in processing the refund. I am grateful both to the organisation committee for selecting me, and the annual grant for part-funding registration costs, so that I could concentrate on the science and presentation. At the conference, I was selected to present a talk based on my research on the two neuron types that I discovered in my DPhil. This was

the first chance of sharing my research work with the wider neuroscience audience and a unique opportunity to learn from the diverse questions that neuroscientist's address all over the world. A big thank you to all the alumni who contribute the annual fund and support student activities.

MY FRINGE FIRST

by Cressida Peever (Creative Writing, 2015)

The largest arts festival in the world, The Edinburgh Festival Fringe, welcomes over 3000 shows each August, with performers, writers, directors and audience members from across the globe. It's a must for anyone with a passion for theatre.

An aspiring playwright, I set myself the challenge of producing my first full-length play for the 2017 Fringe on the advice of playwright Gareth Jandrell; he told me that early in my writing career I should produce my own work, as it would give me a deeper respect for all those people working together to make the play happen. He was definitely right about that.

I think that when you write it's easy to become a control-freak; you've spent months carefully crafting the words on the page, and you want your spectacular creative vision to be realised. But that's the worst attitude for the theatre, which has collaboration at its heart. So the first – and perhaps most obvious – lesson that I had to learn was that I physically couldn't do everything. Even if I were directing myself acting in a one-woman show, I'd still need someone to control the lighting.

And my play was more ambitious than that. I had seven characters, several settings that would require complicated scene changes, and a lot of sound cues. Thankfully, Oxford had lots of talented students who wanted to get involved. Through Oxford University Dramatic Society I found a director, actors, a technical manager and a composer, all willing to spend their time (astoundingly) on *my* play.

My comedy drama, *Sex Education*, deals with the way that Sex and Relationships Education (SRE) is taught in UK schools today. The guidelines currently in use were written 17 years ago, before widespread use of the internet and smartphones. The way that young people come into contact with sex and relationships has changed dramatically since then, but our teachers aren't being given the support they need to offer a more relevant curriculum.

Sex Education follows Rebecca, a teaching assistant, who convinces the teacher she is shadowing to take a more daring approach to SRE. The drama was set both in those lessons, and also in the free time of the students. I wrote it as part of my MSt in Creative Writing during the last year, for which I've been studying as a part-time student.

When we travelled to Edinburgh after three weeks of rehearsals, we had a grand total of 7 tickets sold, out of a possible 294 (42 seats for 7 performances). It would be humiliating putting the show on each night to an awkward audience I could count on one hand. So we had a lot of promoting to do. Every day, rain or shine, our company went en masse to the Royal Mile to hand out flyers and shout about our play, vying for attention with the other thousands of performers doing the same thing.

It was exhausting, but it worked. On our first night we had an audience of around 30, who sounded like they enjoyed themselves. Maybe they enjoyed it so much that they told their friends, because on the second night we were equally full. And so it went on; at the beginning of each day I'd wake up, check our ticket sales and my stomach would drop to see single digits. But by the time the show rolled around each evening we had a healthy crowd, and even sold out on the Saturday night.

The company was fantastic; despite our gruelling day-schedule, they never let the audience guess how tired they were. To give an example, about two minutes in to one performance, one of the actors opened his mouth to deliver his first line and was struck with a violent nosebleed. He had to dash offstage, blood pouring down his white shirt. The poor audience was baffled, not having got to grips with the play enough yet to know whether this was a planned stunt and an impressive theatrical trick. The actors remaining onstage reacted perfectly. They worked their way through the scene without him, and when he did reappear (an entire tissue wedged up his nose to stem the bleeding), the cast made it part of his character and weaved it into their interactions with him. It's a testament to how confident and comfortable they were with the script and each other.

Despite our healthy ticket sales, taking a show to the Fringe is a very expensive endeavour. The costs of the production alone (marketing; venue fees; Fringe fees; props, etc.) were in excess of £2,000 despite my spendthrift approach, and we had to organise accommodation on top of that. Having just finished paying for my Master's, I wasn't in a position to front the entirety of these costs.

We were very privileged to receive funding from the Brasenose Annual Fund to support a portion of the expenditure. The support from the Annual Fund, along with additional fundraising, meant that the rest of the company only had to contribute to their own living expenses, so that the cost of taking part didn't pose a significant barrier to anyone wanting to be involved. As such, the company was formed of a diverse group of students, which I think is essential to the creative process.

This experience was transformational: I learnt the logistical elements of theatre production; I was able to strengthen my writing through the opportunity to workshop it during rehearsals, and then again through audience feedback; and it's given me the confidence and the energy to keep writing, and continue to look for opportunities to further my playwriting career. I met a fantastic group of people, two of whom I am already collaborating with for a new play.

So if you support the Brasenose Annual Fund: thank you. I know that your support will have a lasting impact on me and the rest of the company. I look forward to supporting the fund and future students myself if I ever make a profit on a show.

BNC DOES BERLIN: THE ZENITH, THE NADIR, AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN

by Bill Freeman (Classics, 2016) and Bradley Johnson (Medicine, 2016)

Day 1

Our visit coincided with the final stages of the German National election campaign – something immediately noticeable from the presence of at least one political poster on every single lamppost. By the time we reached Unter Den Linden, we were sick of the sight of Stefan Gelbhaar. Berlin's famous central gangway in its present state has little to recommend it. So extensive are the works on the installation of a new U-Bahn line that, during our first excursion into town, we felt as though we'd arrived to survey the city while it was still under construction, a good few months before the grand unveiling.

At the end of Unter Den Linden stands the Brandenburg Gate, which does not in fact make as striking a first impression as one would expect of Germany's national monument. It seems wedged, stifled even, between

a collection of sprawling and faceless embassies – a good situation diplomatically, a bad one aesthetically, and one that lends the heart of Berlin a clinical atmosphere.

This is not a city to shy away from the less glorious episodes in its past. A great portion of land has been given over to the Denkmal für die Ermordeten Juden Europas (Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe). This expanse of rectangular concrete monoliths of varying sizes form their own landscape. Its scale is immediately impressive even in pictures. But the memorial is designed to be immersive, and its profundity can only be experienced first hand. Looking over the surface, it resembles a mass of sarcophagi, united in their regular arrangement, personal in their variation (we would later see something eerily similar in the crypt of the Berlin Cathedral). As you progress inwards, you become increasingly claustrophobic and disorientated, losing yourself and others around you in a paradoxical maze of formal conformity. The sense of helpless terror conveyed here is perhaps the closest art can take us to the ruthless silence of the 20th Century atrocities.

The permanent subterranean exhibition below the memorial is poignant in its commemoration of the victims and crushing in its detailed documentation of the extent of human cruelty. Large, wordy information boards are predominant, just as we would later see in the Topographie des Terrors. Exhausting as that is, bare-faced facts are the only way one can begin to appreciate the moral bankruptcy of an entire nation.

Having gawped in disbelief at pictures of the Berlin Cathedral, I knew it would have to be one of the first stops on our journey, to prove to me that such a thing could exist. I can't imagine that anyone, no matter how embedded in Berlin, could walk past this astounding building without taking a moment to try to grasp the sheer weight of visual information before them, and fail in the attempt. The green of the corroded copper domes is unearthly. It's as if some interstellar object, some wonderful spaceship, has chosen this moment, this place where you stand, to touch down and present to you a glorious world of expressive possibility.

By all accounts Berlin's best currywurst vendor is tucked under a railway bridge at the centre of a busy junction. Standing at a table by the service window at *Kannopke's Imbiss*, I had my first taste of German cuisine. It was not pleasant. The texture of the sausage was like rubber, its taste overpowered by a lake of ketchup dusted with curry powder. But

the chips were good and the beer welcome at the end of a long journey. We would soon come to the conclusion that given the cosmopolitan and outward facing identity of today's Berlin, to limit oneself to strictly "German" or even "local" specialities constitutes more of a betrayal of the real city's diverse personality than sampling the French, Italian, Chinese, Korean, American, and Mexican vendors that make up its thriving food scene. It is indicative that *ciao* is a standard valedictory here.

Day 2

We knew that it would be a feat to accomplish all we set out to do in our packed schedule of museums and galleries strewn across the city map. One substantial challenge was to conquer Berlin's famed Museumsinsel in one day – an undertaking from which our *Lonely Planet* guide tried strongly to dissuade us. Thanks, however, to a detailed plan executed with military efficiency, we managed to take in all five of the island's museums by closing time.

The running order went as follows:

1. The Altes Museum – A concise and intelligently presented guide to the art of ancient Greece and Italy, with an impressive rotunda, each alcove displaying an imposing likeness from the Olympian Pantheon.
2. The Neues Museum – Sprawling variety to match the British museum, though lacking the crafted harmony of the Altes. The Nefertiti bust displayed here truly is as beautiful as everyone says it is. You walk into a corner room, in the centre of which, a solitary glass cabinet holds the likeness of a breathtakingly beautiful woman in stunning isolation. You feel she permits your presence. And then you notice the exquisite detail of the seventh vertebra rendered as a tiny bump at the base of her swan-like neck.
3. Pergamon Museum – A breathtaking and seamless presentation of ancient architecture, painstakingly reconstructed with original fragments in their place amongst faithfully reproduced material.
4. Alte Nationalgalerie – An elegant largely neoclassical collection of sculpture and canvas housed in a majestic imitation of a Greek Temple. I was acquainted for the first time with the work of Caspar David Friedrich, who featured prominently here. I found him a fine Romantic conjurer of cinematic and transporting scenes.
5. Bode Museum – In order to gain the fullest experience of these pieces, you would have to be either a believer in or a student of

the Christian faith. Amidst the relentless tunnel vision of crucifix after crucifix, the material felt terribly limited compared to the vivid variety in the subjects of the mythological and pagan sculpture in evidence elsewhere on the Museumsinsel.

The Museumsinsel is, in short, a collection of beautiful constructions housing collections of beautiful constructions. In this carnival of Renaissance and neoclassical architecture, you can feel the spirit of a nation transported by love for an idealised antiquity.

What happened to us on that evening defies coherent explanation. I had decided upon a certain attraction called *Monsterkabinett* from the ‘Quirky Berlin’ section of our Travel Guide, partly because I felt our itinerary was in need of a quirk-injection; mainly because I enjoyed saying *Monsterkabinett*. We joined a few people hanging around the top of a rickety iron staircase for the exhibition’s last showing at 10:30. An impish woman dressed in green emerged and ushered us down into a dark basement where, from the blackness beyond, we heard a voice incessantly whispering “Tick Tock Tick Tock”. It occurred to me that I would be lucky if I got out of this as anything more than a quivering wreck.

Soon the first of many surreal mechanical creatures burst into life, assaulting us with a distortion of light, sound, and texture. Among the inmates were numbered a giant six-legged duck in a dress, a huge mechanical spider, and for the grand finale, an arrangement of three leathery mouths on retractable necks extending from one massive set of jaws, with which we were locked in a hall of mirrors for a good ten minutes as it performed a strange musical display. Returning to the air above, I felt like I had undergone some kind of postmodern initiation into a mystic cult.

Day 3

Our third day was spent in the east of the city, where we began to see evidence of the France-in-Germany phenomenon we would later discover in Potsdam. Breakfast was at an exquisite café attached to a bookshop, the Café Wintergarten im Literaturhaus. This is clearly a haunt for the local litterati, identifiable by their trimmed beards and meticulously folded pocket squares. In this peaceful place, the speech is articulate and softly spoken, the cups delicate in their clinking, the fountain water light in its playing. Even the wasps are polite. We sat at an outdoor table enjoying a delicious selection

of pancakes, breads, fresh fruit, syrup, and honey, accompanied by the best coffee we had had for a long time, and felt quite contented.

Reluctantly we left this demi-Paradise to honour our planned visit to the museum next door, which presents the life and work of the artist Käthe Kollwitz. Kollwitz dedicated herself unflinchingly to the portrayal of the struggles of downtrodden communities she saw ravaged by war and poverty during the first half of the 20th century. Her regularly monochrome compositions are characterised by a stark solidity. She combines forms in close, self-contained structures that lend her sombre scenes a supportive quality. In only one work of her entire corpus is her subject shown smiling.

Well fortified for the afternoon ahead we passed between the twin shields of the two warriors that bracket the gates of Schloss Charlottenburg. Outside, the building is reserved and stately; inside, the scale and ornamentation of every room is heart-stopping. The ballroom is a hymn to Rococo. Every fixture, every corner and cranny is creatively exploited as the setting for some intricate motif from the cornucopia of nature's bounty – spiders, flowers, seashells everywhere you look. We would later see this extravagant beauty as only a foretaste of what awaited us at Potsdam. Charlottenburg's brilliance was dimmed somewhat by the fact that half the exterior was obscured by scaffolding and half the interior filled with porcelain. Bloody porcelain. Rooms and rooms of the stuff. The obsession with *Weisses Gold* that gripped the German elite in the 18th century has placed an inordinate and lasting material burden on their palace inventories.

Directly opposite Charlottenburg stands the Museum Berggruen. Compact it may be, but it houses a stunning collection of some of the finest works in the classic modernist corpus. Here you begin to understand why these artists have earned the right to be referred to by their surname only: Giacometti, Cezanne, Klee, Matisse, Chagall. I regret having scheduled our visit so close to its closing time. I could easily have spent a day here, two days even.

Day 4

Gemäldegalerie – an extensive collection of valuable paintings by the masters. Albrecht Dürer's "portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher" manages to capture the essence of the subject's personality. The artist has added a delightful feature in the reflections of a window behind the artist in the subject's eyes.

Kupferstichkabinett – A petite and underrated museum featuring an exciting union of art and music. Especially memorable was a piece from Matisse’s *Jazz* collection. In a few strokes of his scissors he conveys the colour, delight, and spontaneity of this genre.

Thanks to Brad’s uncanny mastery of the Berlin public transport system, we soon arrived at the Hamburger Bahnhof on the other side of the city. An old railway station of bright stone extends on either side of the entrance and encloses you in a maze of modern art. I kept wandering into the toilets thinking they were installation pieces. Expansive installations range down a corridor stretching as far as the eye could see, each as more imaginative and disconcerting than the last. You then witness an explosion of colour on entering a display of the spectacular pieces by the creative duet of Warhol and Lichtenstein.

Day 5

We ventured a fair way outside Berlin to visit the Palaces of Potsdam – the retreat of Frederick the Great. Our experience left us with a great admiration for this keen cultivator of art. The Potsdam palaces sing of extravagance. Indulgence reigns supreme in the king’s own ‘little vineyard’ where Bacchus frolics across every surface. Above the door to the Sanssouci palace dining room, a quotation in French – which Frederick spoke better than he did German – reads “When the dawn in all its brilliance returns, may it still find us here discussing poetry and love.” Amidst all the aesthetic perfection of Schloss Sanssouci (whose name means “without care”), I couldn’t help but be reminded of Michael Jackson’s Neverland Ranch. Here was another brilliant and damaged soul trying desperately to regain the carefree childhood they feel was denied to them. The only person allowed to criticize Frederick was his music teacher, who did so by way of a polite cough.

Inside the even grander Neues Palais at the other end of the park, the scars of post-war occupation were still in evidence. After looting most of one room’s artwork, Soviet soldiers garrisoned in the palace had daubed in red on the wall “Death to the German Occupants.” I recall too that one of the boards in the Neues Museum had detailed how the *Schatz des Priamos* ‘discovered’ by Heinrich Schliemann was also looted by Soviet soldiers and taken back to Russia, “where it is still kept today in breach of international law.”

Day 6

Our exploration of the Cold War Division did not turn up as many horrors as we had feared. The interactive DDR (Deutsche Demokratische Republik) museum, though it had the lives of a trapped population as its subject matter, provided some levity in such displays as a driving simulator built in a DDR “Trabi”, and state-sanctioned children’s programmes. Back on the street we observed a remarkable quirk left over from the Division. At one end of the street stood our slim western red man, but at the other, the fat little DDR Ampelmann stretched out his arms.

We reached the start of the kilometre long East Side Gallery of street art along the Wall’s largest surviving section. The gallery, artistically explosive and inviting, plays an important role in Berlin’s reaction to its past. The city both acknowledges what has gone before and yet has managed to become a thriving and inclusive space for creativity.

Day 7

First it was a stop at Kauf Dich Glücklich for waffles and superlatives before we finally climbed the Reichstag. Having glimpsed Angela Merkel in the main assembly chamber, we started up the dome – a beautiful and environmentally-sensitive beehive structure designed by Norman Foster – where we ended our trip gazing out over the roofs of the metropolis whose streets had proved so fecund.

There were two things we used to think we could say confidently about the Germans. They are a people who one, lack a sense of humour, and two, do terrible things to meat. Having returned from our first trip to Germany, we can report that while, regrettably, the latter charge stands, they may be thoroughly acquitted of the former. There are humour and colour to be sure, but, more than these, memory. To explore Berlin is to feel the contours of history in a city whose landscape has reached the highest and lowest points in the political and cultural life of the world. Here you will find the zenith, the nadir, and everything in between.

We extend our thanks to the Brasenose College Michael Woods Grant whose generosity partially funded the trip and allowed us to pursue such an extensive schedule.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD MEDICAL SCHOOL – ELECTIVE REPORT

by Jonathan Attwood (Medicine, 2011)

For the first three weeks of my elective I joined the Paediatric Neurosurgery team at the University of California, San Francisco. Dr Nalin Gupta made me feel very welcome amongst his team, and allowed me to observe closely every operation being performed in the department, as well as attending Resident rounds, clinics, and teaching conferences at the Medical School. I learned about a wide variety of neurosurgical diseases and observed a terrific series of neurosurgical procedures, which were performed by world-renowned surgeons using the very latest evidence-based approaches and the highest-specification equipment. These included:

- Ventriculo-peritoneal shunt formation for post-meningitis hydrocephalus
- Brainstem cavernous malformation resection via retrosigmoid approach
- Vagus nerve stimulator insertion for drug-resistant epilepsy
- Transphenoidal pituitary fossa surgery for resection of an infected Rathke's pouch cyst
- Gross total resection of a frontal lobe tumour
- Intramedullary epidermoid cyst resection from the spinal cord
- Resection craniotomy with intra-operative electro-corticography for drug-resistant epilepsy

Spending three weeks immersed in the activities of the team helped me to gain a valuable insight into the demands of working as a neurosurgeon, including both the technical and professional demands as well as the personal and emotional. The experience clearly demonstrated to me the potential for creating profound benefit in the lives of patients with challenging conditions, and the focused and methodical manner in which these benefits are won. I grew to be inspired by, but also to respect, this application of precise, diligent work towards the goal of preserving or even restoring patients' neurological functions and individual abilities. I also could not help but be impressed by the dedication of every member of the team towards performing each operation to the absolute highest standard and keeping the chances of complication to an utter minimum.

I was especially grateful for the length of my stay with the team, which allowed me to follow patients through the course of their surgery and post-operative recovery, and to see the remarkable impact good outcomes can have on patients and their families. Through my time at UCSF I have certainly achieved my objective of gaining experience of the realities of Neurosurgery, and have found the experience completely engaging and at times inspirational.

I had been staying with a friend from secondary school while in San Francisco, and after my three-week placement there I took a short break to visit other friends and family who are living and studying in the USA. I was fortunate enough to be able to visit a fellow Oxford medical student on his elective at UCLA in Los Angeles, as well as visiting my great uncle's family in Ohio, before meeting up with my parents who were on holiday in New York City, and finally visiting another friend from secondary school who was studying at Yale University in New Haven. While in New York, I arranged to meet up with Dr Scott Small who runs a Neuroscience research group at Columbia University. We discussed careers in Neuroscience and how best to combine clinical and academic work, including options in the US and the UK. I found the discussion very helpful and will be keeping in touch with Dr Small in the future.

I spent the second half of my elective in Boston, where I joined Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital for a four-week exchange clerkship in Neurology. I was once again made to feel completely welcome among the doctors and students, and was immediately struck by the wealth of teaching and instruction taking place in the department. 'Noon conferences' took place daily, exploring the principles of neurological history-taking and examination, approaches to rare and challenging presentations, and the evidence behind the most recent molecular treatments. Furthermore, weekly grand rounds in the hospital's historic Ether Dome focused on the broader trends across Neurology today, and weekly Neuropathology 'brain cutting conferences' provided the uniquely privileged experience of discussing a complex neurological case before dissecting the patient's donated brain tissue and directly visualising their pathology. I simply could not have asked for any more or better opportunities to learn!

Outside of scheduled teaching I spent my first two weeks working with the inpatient Paediatric Neurology team. I was involved with the

care of patients with meningitis, neonatal stroke, an arterio-venous fistula bleed, hypoxic ischaemic encephalopathy, high-grade astro-cytoma, acute demyelinating encephalomyelitis, Angelman syndrome, Smith-Lemli-Opitz syndrome, adrenoleuko-dystrophy, tuberous sclerosis complex, ventricular fibrillation arrest, benign paroxysmal positional vertigo, functional tremor, and catatonia. The team were terrific at involving me in the patients' care and teaching me on the go. In my second two weeks, I attended a wide variety of outpatient clinics and multi-disciplinary team meetings in both paediatric and adult Neurology. These provided me with further insight into the often complex pharmacological management and long-term rehabilitation of patients with neurological conditions. In addition to this, I was invited to observe a number of neurosurgical operations while at the MGH, including gross total resection of temporal lobe glioblastoma using intra-operative MRI.

As I come to the end of my elective, I am so grateful to have had this opportunity to develop and contrast my experiences in Neurosurgery and Neurology beyond the short exposure I received in Medical School in Oxford. Having the time and space to immerse myself completely in these areas while being abroad and at this stage in my training has been a special privilege. I have done my best to get as much as I can out of every moment of this time, and I am confident that I have achieved my objectives of gaining further experience in these specialties with a view to my future career, as well as learning of the opportunities to pursue clinical and academic work within these fields, both in the UK and in the USA. I will continue to reflect on the experiences I have gained while away, but already I feel well-placed to make the decision to pursue a career in academic Neurosurgery in the UK. I am returning home highly motivated to prepare myself for application to the Neurosurgery training programme after my Foundation years, and eagerly anticipate meeting the many challenges that this specialty will afford.

I have thoroughly enjoyed every aspect of my medical elective, and am very grateful to all those who have made my experience possible. In particular, I must extend special thanks to The Society of British Neurological Surgeons, The Enid Linder Foundation, and Brasenose College Annual Fund for their kind and generous support.

FIELDWORK IN OTRAR, KAZAKHSTAN

by Katie Campbell (Archaeology, 2016)

I received a grant from the Annual Fund to supplement my research allowance, which enabled a fieldwork trip to the site of Otrar in southern Kazakhstan. The city of Otrar was founded in the early centuries of the first millennium BC, growing into a major economic and cultural centre by the 9th century. It steadily grew in influence and wealth under the Qarakhanid dynasty through the 11th and 12th centuries, benefitting from relative stability and a boom in ‘Silk Road’ trade. However, the city’s residents made the unfortunate mistake of robbing and massacring a trade caravan sent by the Mongol Khan, Genghis in 1218, and he subsequently declared he would destroy Otrar and the other prosperous mercantile cities across Central Asia. According to the Persian descriptions of the historians Juvaini and Rashid al-Din, the Mongols arrived at the city walls in the winter of 1218/19, besieging the city for several months before finally breaking through the defences, razing the city and massacring the population.

My DPhil research focussed on how the Mongol Conquests affected urban life across Central Asia, examining the extent to which the historical descriptions are realistic, based on the archaeological remains and charting the resilience and adaptation of cities in the two centuries after they fell under Mongol rule. Otrar has been extensively excavated by Soviet and subsequent Kazakh teams over the past 50 years and remains of the Mongol and Qarakhanid period are well-published. This project aims to re-investigate these earlier excavations in the light of more recent research in the region, as well as taking environmental samples for scientific dating, in order to refine the exact chronology of the destruction, rebuilding, and subsequent destructive events as the city continued to be fought over by warring Mongol khans. In addition, the thesis will examine the extent to which craft production, industrial processes and domestic life developed, declined or altered in the two centuries after the Mongol conquests to chart practical changes within the city.

As a result of funding from Brasenose I was able to travel to Otrar, and worked alongside a team from Almaty, enabling a thorough survey of previous excavation areas and the initial investigation of a few areas to take samples. This confirmed the site is suitable for use as a case-study for

my research, and began to identify the exact layers which relate to the Mongol Conquest and its aftermath, which is crucial to situate further excavation at the site in the most appropriate place. Most importantly it allowed me to meet the museum and library staff at the site, and learn from a group of experienced Kazakh archaeologists whose expertise in understanding the site and its material culture is unmatched.

PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT WITH RESEARCH: THE WONDERS OF BREASTFEEDING

by Deon Simpson (Population Health, 2014)

The Brasenose College Annual Fund helped me to develop a two-game, table top activity – The Wonders of Breastfeeding – to share information about my DPhil research with the general public. My DPhil research aims to further the understanding of what enables women to breastfeed in the UK, and to inform targeted interventions to improve breastfeeding rates.

About the activity

The Wonders of Breastfeeding begins by bringing to life the compositions of breast milk and infant formula, using white and coloured counters to mimic what each milk contains. The public is invited to discover how special components of breast milk, which are not present in infant formula, make breastfeeding more beneficial for the health of mothers and children than infant formula feeding.

Having been convinced of the health benefits of breastfeeding over infant formula feeding, the public is then challenged to build the tallest and sturdiest tower possible by stacking various coloured pieces on top of each other. Each piece represents a factor or strategy that influences breastfeeding. This game encourages the public to consider why only 1% of mothers in the UK breastfeed exclusively to 6 months, although over 80% of mothers are just as aware as they, the public, now are of the health benefits of breastfeeding.

Outcomes

Since its inception in March 2017, *The Wonders of Breastfeeding* has engaged nearly 200 people during three public engagement events in Oxford: Headington School Science Fair; Oxfordshire Science Festival; and Curiosity Carnival/European Researchers' Night. My evaluation data

indicates that most players of *The Wonders of Breastfeeding* had increased their awareness and understanding of the health benefits of breastfeeding and why some UK mothers may be less enabled than others to breastfeed as long as they desire. I also acquired valuable public engagement skills, including communicating complex and sensitive scientific information in an accessible way to diverse groups.

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 2016–2017 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**.

Released on Friday 16th June, the Queen's Birthday Honours List recognises the achievements of extraordinary people from across the UK. Among the recipients are four alumnae of Brasenose College who have been of service to the country in a diverse range of fields.

- Professor **Polly Arnold OBE (Chemistry, 1990)** is Crum Brown Chair of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh; she was awarded the OBE for services to Chemistry and women in STEM.
- Professor **Emily Jackson OBE (Jurisprudence, 1986)** is Professor of Law and Vice Chair of the Academic Board at London School of Economics. She was awarded the OBE for services to Education.
- **Alexandra Marks CBE (Jurisprudence, 1977)** is Crown Court Recorder, Criminal Cases Review Commissioner, Judicial Appointments Commissioner and Chair of the Prisoner's Education Trust. She was awarded the CBE for public service.
- **Lucinda Riches CBE (PPE, 1980)** is Non-Executive Director in the UK for Financial Investments. She was awarded the CBE for services to British industry, charity, and financial services.

Across the entire list, there were 554 successful women candidates representing 50% of the total number of honours awarded.

The rest of the entries are organised by matriculation year:

Ian Bartlett (1953) published “‘Blessed is he’: an overlooked early anthem by William Boyce,” in *The Musical Times*, Summer 2017

Aditya N.D. Haksar (1954) “Since my time at BNC six decades ago, and then as a diplomat, I have increasingly spent it in translating ancient

Sanskrit classics in an effort to bring some into the mainstream of modern reading. You would be interested to know that two came out last year: the famous epic poem *Raghuvamsam (The Line of Raghu)* by Kalidasa, as a Penguin Classic, and a thousand year old satire from *Kashmir, Darpa Dalanam (The Ending of Arrogance)* by Ksemendra, from Asala, Bangalore. Another is coming out, also as a Penguin Classic, next month. It is of the well known *Shataka Trayam Verses (300 Poems - Musings on Life, Love & Renunciation)* by Bhartrihari. I hope it too will be well received like my other work, some of which is, I believe, already in BNC library.”

Michael Patterson (formerly Richards, 1958) married Anastasia Sanika in July 2014. Now living much of his time in Greece, both in Athens, where Anastasia teaches, and on Mount Pelion in an idyllic spot overlooking the Aegean. Alumni are welcome to drop in here for a coffee or something stronger (contact profmpatterson@aol.com). Continues to publish on theatre, most recently editing and contributing to a book for Methuen/Bloomsbury on theatre directors, Max Reinhardt, Leopold Jessner and Harley Granville Barker, writing entries for the Digital Theatre Encyclopaedia, and revising and updating his Oxford Dictionary of Plays.

Derek Winterbottom (1962) has long ceased to teach history, coach rowing or be a school governor and he and his partner Marilyn Roberts routinely divide their time between the Isle of Man, Tenerife and London, as well as travelling – most recently to Canada, the USA, India, Vietnam, Cambodia and the UAE. Derek has written more than twenty books in the fields of history, biography, local history and education, including *The Grand Old Duke of York* (Pen and Sword, 2016), a biography of George III's second son, Prince Frederick, which argues that he was not a nincompoop as the famous rhyme about him suggests, but a very nice chap, a competent general and an outstanding military administrator who presided over the defeat of Napoleonic France. More details on his website at www.derekwinterbottom.com.

Allen Foster (1963) writes: “the Governor of North Carolina recently awarded me the Order of the Long Leaf Pine, with rank of Ambassador. This Order is the highest order bestowed by the State of North Carolina to people who have made significant contributions to the State.”

Jonathan Copus (1963) “I have been made a Fellow of the Institute of Patentees and Inventors, largely because of my stint as Chairman of the Institute’s Education Committee. My contributions to the world of invention have been mainly in the fields of electronic microbicidal technology and the control of high-voltage generators through the application of transconductance – though transubstantiation might be considered a likelier concern for a theology graduate. My one sadness is that with the loftier postnominal ‘FInstPI’ I can no longer style myself a minced pie (MInstPI), as Members are universally known. Address-label compilers please note.”

Hywel Coleman (1967) writes: “My two most recent publications are *Language and Social Cohesion in the Developing World* (published in Colombo, Sri Lanka, in 2015 jointly by the British Council and GIZ, the German Agency for International Cooperation) and *Multilingualisms and Development* (published in the UK in 2017 by the British Council). I continue to live in Indonesia, where I was granted Permanent Resident status in 2016.”

Malcolm Hamer (1967) has published his fourth book, *Relational Database Practices: Bridging the Gap between the Theory of Database Design and Real-World Practices* (2017).

Chris Spring (1969) “It has been a busy year for me, both as artist and writer/curator. Following a residency at Ifitry in Morocco I developed a series of ‘lumographs’ created using local pigments mixed with oil and compressed charcoal, then back-lit with custom made LED light panels. See my website www.chrisspring.co.uk. Sadly my studio, in common with three other studios I have occupied over the past fifteen years, will have been turned into flats by the time you read this, as the cultural desertification of London gathers pace.

As writer/curator I co-authored the book *South Africa: The Art of a Nation* and co-curated the exhibition of the same name at the British Museum. Middlesex University awarded me the Ken Goulding prize for my doctoral dissertation: *A Way of Life: Considering and Curating the Sainsbury African Gallery*.”

Malcolm Greenwood (1969) “After approaching 40 years as a professional translator, the last 30 years freelance, I have felt it is right

to retire, thankful for a steady flow of work over the years from clients – most of whom have been a pleasure to work with during a generally happy and satisfactory career. I now hope, among other things, to spend some time with the books that have been piling up, waiting to be read. I might even think about writing one.”

Saul Hillel Benjamin (1970) writes: “In September 2017, I was named by Billy Collins, Pulitzer Prize Winner and recent U.S. Poet Laureate, as one amongst a dozen or so poets worldwide acknowledged in the 2017 Vice-Chancellor’s International Poetry Prize competition. My book, *At Summer’s End*, is now en route to 1st tier New York City publishers. Not exactly what either my PPE or DPhil Theology tutors would have anticipated. Nor I. Meanwhile, and vastly more significantly, I delight in the daily discoveries of my five-year-old son Noah. Late to fatherhood, yet more unanticipated journeys.”

Con Coughlin (1974) has been appointed a Senior Visiting Research Fellow in the Department of War Studies at King’s College, London.

His most recent book, *Churchill’s First War* (Macmillan), made the short-list for two literary awards (alas it did not win!) – The British Army Military Book of the Year and The Political Book Awards.

David Hunter (1975) has written a book on the war years of the leading French poet, Guillaume Apollinaire. The book, entitled *Apollinaire in the Great War 1914–18*, is published by Peter Owen and follows the poet’s period of service as an artilleryman and infantry officer, during which he wrote hundreds of letters and many poems. It combines history, biography and literary comment, presenting the French view of a conflict often seen largely through British eyes.

Clive Munday (1975) was ordained in Hereford Cathedral on 2nd July, 2017, and is now serving as curate in the Bridgnorth and Morville Team Ministry

Revd Matthew Baynham (1975) graduated with a PhD in English Literature from the University of Aberystwyth in 2016.

Geraldine Brodie (1976), writes: “I’ve been promoted to Senior Lecturer in Translation Theory and Theatre Translation in the Centre for Translation Studies at UCL. I also have two books out this year. *Adapting*

Translation for the Stage co-edited with Emma Cole (Bristol University), published by Routledge in June 2017, and my monograph *The Translator on Stage*, which will be published by Bloomsbury in December 2017. I also became a Senior Fellow of the Higher Education Academy in October 2016.”

After a career in academic teaching and journalism, **Imre Salusinszky (1978)** was Media Director for the former Premier of NSW, Mike Baird, between 2013 and Baird’s resignation earlier this year. Now semi-retired, Imre is working on a book about the terrorist attack on Sydney’s Hilton Hotel in 1978, and writes a weekly column for the Sydney *Sun-Herald*. He still occasionally sees his Brasenose contemporary, Malcolm Turnbull. Imre recently visited Oxford for the first time since 1983 and caught up with a number of old friends from BNC.

Roland Johnson (1983) published his first book, *Age of Wisdumb*, which exposes how ancient belief memes still infect modern society and what this means in terms of objective truth determination.

James King (1984) “I graduated from BNC in 1987. I’ve lived in France ever since, except for the ten months I spent in Budapest in ’88 – ’89 when I somehow managed to acquire fluency in their very beautiful language. I’ve kept it up over the years and recently won first prize in the category for non-native speakers in the annual pronunciation contest at the Hungarian Institute in Paris.

I’m now living in Limay, to the west of Paris, with my French wife and three dual nationality children and am in the process of applying for a French passport, for obvious reasons! I make a living from my painting, sculpture and printmaking which can be viewed on my website: www.jamesking.free.fr.”

Andy Ford (1984) writes: “After 23 years at PwC, 12 of them as a partner, I decided to retire at the tender age of 51 to try my hand at a few other things. I am now a postgraduate student at University of Reading, focusing on thirteenth century economic and social history. I am a trustee of a London-based arts charity and also of a food bank charity in South Buckinghamshire. I am also involved in a range of conservation and heritage projects. Much to my surprise, I am also now teaching people how to row, a sport I never even attempted while at university.”

Lucy Blackburn née Hunter (1985) “I have returned to higher education and am currently studying for a PhD at the University of Edinburgh, funded by the Economic and Social Research Council. My subject is the use of student loans in the different UK student funding systems.”

Jonathan Wattis (1986) has been promoted to Professor of Applied Mathematics at the University of Nottingham.

Lucy Alexander (1986) was married in Washington, DC on April 1 to Braden Murphy. BNC friends Karen Bassett née Sutton, Sean Gregory, Kathy Hughes, Jill Kent, Ed Parker, Julia Sturmy née Hanmer and partners all joined the happy throng.

On 1st September, 2017 **Chris Lawson (1988)** completed an unsupported pilgrimage on foot from St. Malo in France to Bruges in Belgium. A distance of about 600 miles was covered in 38 days. This takes its place amongst a career tally of seven pilgrimages to Compostela (three of them from Paris); three walks from Catania in Sicily to Rome (one of which was extended to Norcia); one solo pilgrimage around Greece from Athens, around the Peloponnese, across to Patras and Delphi then on to Larissa and finally summitting Mitykas peak on Mount Olympus; one walk from Nazareth, across to Acre, down to Jaffa, through Jerusalem and Bethlehem, on to Jericho, then straight down through the Negev desert to Eilat, across the border into Egypt and finishing on Mount Sinai (this took place during the Gaza war – missiles and bomb shelters were involved – he wishes to point out that it was necessary to hire a bedouin guide and two camels to cross the Sinai Desert). Finally, Chris is believed to be the current Vatican record holder for solo unsupported pilgrimage on foot from London to Rome. This feat was achieved by walking the 1200 miles via Francigena in just 50 days. He was told on reaching the pilgrims’ office in St. Peter’s Square that no Englishman had done this faster since Martin Luther began preaching in Wittenburg. He hopes these modest achievements will inspire current Brasenose students to similar and greater endeavours.

Kate McAlpine (1991) completed her PhD in Human and Organisational Development and moved back to the UK with **Jo Anderson (1990)**.

Angus Johnston (1993) and Kerstin Fischer welcomed their daughter Stella Mairi Fischer-Johnston to the world in June 2017.

Simon Borwick (1995) married Rachel Smith in the College chapel in July 2016, and they had a baby boy (Thomas) in August 2017. Simon is a Director at PwC in London, where he specialises in information security and privacy strategy.

Ian McKinney (1998) and Rachel Cooper are pleased to announce the birth of Felix Yuval Cooper McKinney, on 3rd May, 2017.

To **Fraser Kerr (1998)** and **Hannah Kerr née Jones (1998)**, a daughter, Imogen Zenna Sophie, born on 5th December, 2016.

To **Katherine Gribbon née Harrison (2001)**: a baby girl, Emilia Florence Gribbon, born 17th February, 2017, sister to Alexander (born 20th April, 2014).

Georgina Barney (2003): “In June 2017 I published *GB Farming: An Island Journey*. Ten years in the making, it is a collection of my writing, drawings and photography from a journey I made around fourteen UK farms in 2007, after I graduated from Brasenose and The Ruskin School of Fine Art. The publication includes an introduction by François Matarasso, writer and researcher of community arts, as well my artwork from a subsequent ten years exploring *Art and Farming*. The book is available as a limited edition alongside prints and original artworks from my website www.georginabarney.com.”

Christopher Tudor (2005) and **Juliet Hogarth (2007)** were married on 8th July, 2017 at Christ’s Chapel of God’s Gift at Dulwich.

Josh Kinlaw (2006) writes: “I have been appointed Assistant Professor of History and Humanities at The King’s College in New York City, effective August 2017.”

The grandfather of **Gaby Carnwath (2000)** was once churchwarden of St. Mary’s Church in Henham, Essex, and the christenings of her father, uncles and aunt all took place there. More recently **Bryn Reynolds (2006)** was also baptised there, and for all these reasons it made a most appropriate location for the wedding of Gaby and Bryn on 19th August, 2017.

Teymour Shahabi (2007) published his first book, a young adult mystery titled *The Secret Billionaire* in late 2016. The book tells the story of three boarding school students who embark on an adventure to uncover the mystery of a missing fortune – and its unidentified owner. It has won the Best Young Adult Book Award at the Florida, Great Midwest, and Northern California Book Festivals.

Richard O'Brien (2008) was one of six winners of the Society of Authors' Eric Gregory Award 2017, awarded for collections of poems by authors under 30.

The Brasenose Society





BRASENOSE SOCIETY REPORT

by Harry Nicholson (PPE, 1982), Brasenose Society President, 2016–17

This report covers the twelve months to the Society's AGM in September 2017.

The Brasenose Society

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

The purpose of the Society

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 Brasenose Society works with the Development Office to offer appropriate help where it can. It also represents an alumni point of view within these deliberations.

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.

Alumni are welcome to join the Brasenose Society Committee

The Society has a Committee. New members are very welcome if they feel they would like to be active in helping the College and its students.

Election to the Committee is at the AGM in September and there is a nomination form in 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.

Events arranged by the Society

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

- The President's Summer Party, held in June in London
- The Society Dinner held in Oxford during the University's annual alumni weekend in September.

We also hold regular informal drinks at the Oxford & Cambridge Club in Pall Mall, on the first Tuesday of the month (except over the summer and at Christmas/New Year) at 6.30pm.

Report on 2016–17 events

The President's Summer Party

The 2016–17 President Harry Nicholson (1982) hosted the Summer Drinks Party at The Vista, More London Place in June. Around 100 alumni attended. The weather was fine, the views of London were sweeping, and the company most enjoyable.

September AGM

The following officers and committee members were elected or confirmed at the AGM in September to run for the year from September 2017 to September 2018:

- President: Penny Gilbert (1978)
- Vice President: Paul Silk (1970)
- Secretary: Alexandra Marks (1977)
- Treasurer: Nigel Bird (1969)

Annual Society Dinner

The evening was attended by 110 alumni and their guests, with approximately half from the thirty five years 1945–1980, and the other half from the thirty seven years since then. The Principal made a lively speech, updating the Society on the latest developments at the College. Everyone enjoyed a fine dinner in the candlelit hall with friends and colleagues, old and new; many carried on afterwards in the bar.

Monthly Drinks at the Oxford and Cambridge Club

The Drinks, held on the first Tuesday of the month except over the summer and at Christmas / New Year), are well attended both by older alumni and recent graduates.

All members of the Brasenose Society are invited to the drinks, with some events being themed, eg, rowers, historians, to provide an extra draw.

Please look out for the emails from the Development Office, or the information on the College website, with reminders of the dates, themes and address. If you can let us know you are attending that is welcome, but otherwise please do just turn up.

THE YEAR REP SCHEME

Each Matriculation Year is allocated a Year Rep who is responsible for communication with those individuals. If you would like to get in touch with yours please contact Drusilla Gabbott, the Year Rep Coordinator, through the Development Office (development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk).

“I think this is a great scheme. Very rewarding for comparatively little effort”
Recently appointed Rep, 2014

A BNC year rep is definitely ‘a friend raiser not a fundraiser’. BNC asks the rep to keep in touch with events on the college calendar and with their year group, exchange news, and if possible arrange get togethers: either at College occasions (of which there are many) or informally. The role is very helpful to BNC as a year rep provides continuity and irreplaceable personal knowledge of their year group. This can be of great practical relevance, for example when approaching gaudies, which alumni hate to miss but occasionally do because they’ve accidentally not kept college au fait with their movements.

In some years there are joint reps, and for more recent years we often like to have both a JCR and HCR Rep to reflect the increase of graduates in college.

Matriculation	Year Rep	Email Address
1948 & before	c/o Mike Rountree	
1949	Mike Rountree	mike@rountree.net
1950	VACANT c/o Mike Rountree	
1951	Patrick Lowe	bangupfarm@btinternet.com
1952	Donald Blakeley (Joint)	
1952	Bill Higman (Joint)	billhigman@btinternet.com
1953	John Buckler	john.buckler@gmail.com
1954	VACANT	
1955	VACANT	
1956	VACANT	
1957	VACANT	
1958	VACANT	
1959	Robert Hawes	robert-hawes@tiscali.co.uk
1960	Robin Barron	robin.barron@sky.com
1961	Richard East (Joint)	richardqeast@gmail.com
1961	Bill Roberts (Joint)	kroberts@gmx.net
1962	Nick Kennedy	nixtek@gmail.com
1963	James Edmiston	james.edmiston@btinternet.com
1964	Clive Evans	cpeevans@gmail.com
1965	John East	east.family@btinternet.com
1966	Duncan Greenland (Joint)	dtguk@aol.com
1966	Donald Rushton (Joint)	donaldrushton@hotmail.co.uk
1967	William Verdon-Smith	wg.verdonsmith@gmail.com
1968	Christopher Moss	cjwmoss@christophermoss.com
1969	Vivian Huxley	robert@huxley15.plus.com
1970	David Clark (Joint)	dclark@pt.lu
1970	Stephen Smith (Joint)	ssmith@woodvale.me.uk
1971	Moray Thomas	moray@thethomas.org.uk
1972	Charly Lowndes	charly.lowndes@gmail.com
1973	John Bagshaw	johnm.bagshaw@gmail.com
1974	Graham Dransfield	graham.dransfield@gmail.com
1975	Liz Annesley (Joint)	liz.annesley@btinternet.com
1975	Sally Hammond (Joint)	sallyh75@btinternet.com
1976	VACANT	
1977	Alexandra Marks	alexandra.marks@linklaters.com
1978	Paula Carter	paula@carterleno.co.uk

1979	Penny Andrews		Penny.Andrews@Rothschild.com
1980	Angela Boobyer		boobyer1@btinternet.com
1981	Barry Peden	(Joint)	bazzoh@hotmail.com
1981	Ceri Hutton	(Joint)	cerihutton@mac.com
1982	Drusilla Gabbott		drusilla@oxygen.uk.com
1983	Tony Murphy	HCR	anthony.murphy@bnc.oxon.org
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		deidreabduignan@yahoo.com
1990	Linus Gregoriadis		linus.gregoriadis@contentive.com
1991	Graham Thomas		graham@gthomas.org
1992	Aman Merchant		amerchant@leading-concepts.com
1993	Alastair Dick		alastairdick@yahoo.co.uk
1993	Tom Cartwright		thomas.cartwright@ashursts.com
1994	Sander Evers		aevers@luc.edu
1995	VACANT		
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@gmail.com
2004	Rhiannon Williams		rhiannon.williams@bakermckenzie.com
2005	Chris Tudor		christudor133@hotmail.com
2006	Andre De Haes	HCR	andre@backed.vc
2006	Jenny Glennon	JCR	jenglen@gmail.com
2007	Charles Furness-Smith	HCR	cdfsmitth@gmail.com
2007	Lara Gouveia Simonetti	JCR	laragiuliana@gmail.com
2008	Elena Netsi		elena.netsi@gmail.com
2009	Christoph Voelk		christoph.voelk@ra-awz.at
2010	Robert Cashmore	HCR	robertcashmore@hotmail.co.uk
2010	James Johnson	JCR	johnson_jj@outlook.com
2011	Michael Young	JCR	mjry@live.co.uk
2012	Zed Kahale	HCR	zed.kahale@gmail.com
2012	Rosie Thomas	(Joint)	
2012	Henry Zeffman	(Joint)	henryzeffman@hotmail.com

2013	Shrikanth Siddarth	siddarth.shrikanth@gmail.com
2014	Henrik Jacobsen	henrik.jacobsen1991@gmail.com

Where there is a vacancy on the list above, or even if there seems to be no formal vacancy but you'd be interested in getting involved, please get in touch with Drusilla Gabbott (1982), the Year Rep Co-ordinator (**drusilla@oxygen.uk.com**), or Emily Bruce, the Alumni Relations Officer (**emily.bruce@bnc.ox.ac.uk**), to discuss the role and what it involves.

Reps meet twice a year: once in college for tea before the annual dinner in September and in March at the Oxford and Cambridge club evening drinks. There is now a facility to join meetings in College remotely via conference call.

As a 'thank you' 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

We would like to record our thanks to David Clark (1970) who stepped down this year as Year Rep Co-ordinator but retains an advisory role and a rep position of his own and is also still happy to talk to anyone about becoming a rep at **dclark@pt.lu**.

Anyone perusing *The Brazen Nose* will see that David's tenure was highly successful; he approached many new reps and has made this scheme one of the best in Oxford. We are very grateful to him for his enthusiastic contribution.

UPCOMING GAUDIES

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

‘Save the Date’ emails and postal invitations will be sent out in advance of your Gaudy. If you think we may not have your current email or postal address, please get in touch on **development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk**.

Year Groups	Date of Gaudy
1967–1969	16 th March, 2018
1986–1987	22 nd June, 2018
2010–2011	21 st September, 2018
1960–1962	15 th March, 2019
2002–2003	21 st June, 2019
2012–2013	13 th September, 2019

ALUMNI RELATIONS AND DEVELOPMENT REPORT

by Dr Liz Miller, Fellow, Development Director

It is my pleasure to report that the 2016–2017 academic year has, yet again, been very busy for alumni relations and development at Brasenose College. The Principal, Fellows, my team and I have thoroughly enjoyed seeing you all at events in the UK and around the world, having you dine and stay at the College and, of course, helping you make a lasting impact on the College through charitable contributions as well as making provision for us in your Wills. Thank you!

Thank you for your continued support of Brasenose and commitment to providing a world-class education to some of the brightest minds in society. An Oxford and, in particular, a Brasenose education is a true service to civilisation – we hope you are proud of the encouragement, environment and resources you provide to support our community.

In particular, we are glad to report the extension and refurbishment of the library is complete and beautiful. Dozens of you have contributed named chairs, desks and bookcases (some opportunities are still available!). On to the next big project, we were delighted to receive a donation from the Amersi Foundation to extend and renovate Lecture Room XI (on New Quad). In my next report, I look forward to telling you about this new space and the events and lectures that we have planned for it. Both of these projects came about at the request of our students and Fellows, and the Brasenose alumni community should be proud to have made them a reality for us. Our sincere thanks, that of the whole College community, goes to those who have made these projects possible.

We were delighted to welcome back hundreds of you and your guests to parties at College, around the UK and the across the globe. This was the gaudy year for 1963–66, 1977–79, 1988–89 and 2008–09 and we also held Golden and Diamond Jubilee Lunches (for those celebrating 50 years and 60 years since matriculation, respectively) throughout the year. As we have expanded our events calendar and held more outside Oxford than ever before, you have been incredibly generous in hosting parties in your homes, offices and clubs. In no particular order, our sincere thanks goes to Richard Hughes (Jurisprudence, 1981) for hosting a

spectacular 1509 Society Summer Party at the Balcony of Norton Rose Fulbright LLP; the awe-inspiring views were matched only by the generosity of his hospitality. Richard also hosted one of our *Breakfasts with Brasenose* at his firm in November. Emeritus Fellow Vernon Bogdanor gave an informative and topical talk about the constitutional implications of Brexit. At another breakfast session, Emeritus Fellow Graham Richards educated us with his experiences of the commercialisation of science and the impact of Brasenose throughout his life. Our thanks are owed to him and to his former student, BNC Society Vice-President Penny Gilbert (Biochemistry, 1978) for hosting us at her firm, Powell Gilbert LLP.

Beyond the south-east of England, you have helped us get the BNC community together around the UK and the world. In Belfast, Michael Humphreys QC (Jurisprudence, 1989) organised a gathering of our very engaged community in Northern Ireland. During our annual trip to Hong Kong, Rupert McCowan (Geography, 1984) organised a gathering at the China Club. In Australia, Graham Craig (PPE, 1974) and Jenny (Materials Science, 1978) and Phil (Engineering Economics & Management, 1975) Boddington hosted parties in their respective cities of Melbourne and Sydney. In the United States, Kurt Beyer (PPE, 1990) held a gathering in his bar in San Francisco. Finally and particularly, thanks must go to Dominic Barton (Economics, 1984), who has hosted our annual New York City reception at McKinsey and Company for five years. A particularly generous act which has stimulated huge affinity in New York. Our deepest thanks to them all.

This year, you again supported BNC more generously than ever before. You gave more than £2.8 million in support of the library, expanding our lecture space, fellowships, scholarships and our Annual Fund. We were incredibly excited to learn that our Annual Fund received donations totalling over £500,000 – the first time we have broken the ‘half a million’ barrier! Your financial support makes such a difference to Brasenose and all those who live and study here. Brasenose could not hope to be a competitive world-leading institution without your contributions. Whatever and however you donate financially to BNC, you should be proud that you are making a big difference to the College and its students. Please remember the most common gift to BNC is £20 a month. Not a penny goes unnoticed and not a penny is wasted. Thank you so much.

508 years ago our College was founded on the benefactions of William Smyth and Richard Sutton. Since then, members of the community have been generous and inspired enough to make lasting contributions to Brasenose. My team and I are left in awe on a daily basis by the regard in which this place is held and your desire to leave your unique mark from which future generations can benefit. Thank you for contributions and thank you for making Brasenose the happiest College in Oxford. I hope to see you very soon.

Donors to Brasenose



DONOR LIST 2016–17

Brasenose College wishes to record its gratitude to the following who kindly donated to the College between 1st October, 2016 and 30th September, 2017. 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.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1938 The Revd R Drown | Mr R E B Tötterman |
| 1939 Mr D J T Lawman * | Mr M B Walters |
| Mr E J Pelz | Mr M A Wilson |
| Dr G A Weeks | 1949 Professor B R Judd |
| <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | Bruce Kent |
| 1940 Mr J B Browning | Mr D E Marquardt |
| Mr G Hood | Mr A O'Hea |
| <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> |
| 1941 <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | 1950 Professor S J Brademas * |
| 1942 <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | Mr J B Cook |
| 1943 Mr G M A Harrison | Mr J A Cope |
| Mr D W Hills | Professor D O Edwards |
| Mr B D Wilson | Mr D M Froome * |
| <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | Mr A D Gidlow-Jackson |
| 1944 Dr B S Freeman | Mr J G Grenfell |
| <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | 1951 Mr R D Allan |
| 1945 Mr G Wilkinson | Mr T J D Dunphy |
| 1946 Dr J I McFeeters | Mr M N Karmel |
| Dr P G Philpott | Mr B J Moughton |
| Mr D C H Simpson | Mr J A C Spokes |
| <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> |
| 1947 Mr L L Allen | 1952 Mr D G Blakeley |
| The Right Hon Sir Roy Beldam | Professor A D S Fowler |
| Mr J M Button | Mr D S Gilbert |
| Dr T D R Hockaday | Mr W P Higman |
| Dr J M H Pearson | Sir Michael Pike |
| <i>One Anonymous Donation</i> | Mr N Quail |
| 1948 Mr J W Babb | Mr B Rudd |
| Mr M J Coupland | Mr T J Rutter |
| Mr F G Till | Mr D J Taylor |
| | Professor W L Twining |
| | <i>Four Anonymous Donations</i> |

- 1953 Mr I J Bartlett
Mr D R Hoyle
Mr M H Millyard
Mr R N R Peers
Mr R J A Sharp
Mr P B Walker
- 1954 Lt Colonel T A A Adams
Mr M A Brunt *
Mr A J Gates *
Mr C Haines
Mr G H Jones
Mr R S Levy
Mr C P Lloyd
Mr J R Martindale
Mr J B Milburn
Mr G M Thomas
Mr M D Whitehead *
Dr J B Wood
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1955 The Revd Canon
Prof J R Bartlett
Mr J S Burn
Mr J N Coombs
Mr J J Dilger
The Revd P A Jepps *
Dr R B Jones
Mr A Kellett-Long
Mr A M Moses
Dr J E Pollard
Professor W A Seed
Mr K H Spaeth
Three Anonymous Donations
- 1956 Colonel B C Anderson
Mr P T Berg
Mr M J Clifton
Mr D Evans
Professor Emeritus P A Furley
Mr B S Knowles
Professor Sir Hans Kornberg
Mr P J Mortlock
Mr R Murray
Mr G E Muspratt
Dr C I Roberts
Mr I P Sinnott
- Mr A C L Sturge
Mr R K Whiley
Four Anonymous Donations
- 1957 Mr P N Acheson
Mr B J Capon
Mr C P Cheetham
Mr C W Corlett
The Revd P R Gant
Mr R M Garrett
Mr M C Greenstock
The Revd D W Heal
Mr T L Holden
Mr S H James
Mr M J Landry
Mr H G Owen-Hughes
Mr C F Penn
Mr J W Perry
Mr J G Read
Mr J D Rothwell
Mr F J Shekleton
Mr A C Smith
His Honour Judge Colin Smith
Mr D M Veit
Mr J M Whiteley
Mr G R Whittle
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1958 Mr K M Boyd
Mr A S Everest
Mr D W Flaxen
Mr J W Flecker
Mr P F Heaton-Ward
Mr R P H Helmer
Mr J V Hutchinson
Mr J F Kent
Mr R A F W Kyle
Mr D C Lawday
Mr S R Matthews
Mr B Melbourne Webb
Mr R F A Page-Jones
Mr P A Rawley
Mr P F Skinner
Professor J D Stasheff
Dr M A Stern
Mr M J Theobald
Mr D R F Walker

- Mr J Wise
Five Anonymous Donations
- 1959 Mr J M Adamson
Mr R R Bourne
Mr S R Brown
Professor I C Butler
Mr J R Calder
Mr W A Drapkin
Mr M R Eaton
Mr J B Fox
Mr M J Gillette
Dr B Hesp
Dr M D Hughes
The Revd Dr D A Jackson
Mr D R Moyer
Mr J M G Roberts
Dr H J Rosengarten
Mr B C R Tate
Mr C C Tipple
Mr A J M Walker
Mr D J Youngman
Five Anonymous Donations
- 1960 Mr R Bradbury
His Honour Judge Jeffrey Burke
Mr C M R Campbell
Mr R A Cox
Mr A C Dossa
Mr C N Hedderwick
Mr L C Isaacs
Dr R M F Linford
Mr J N Marshall
Mr P W Martin
Mr A Miles
Mr J J Penn
Dr P J Plant
The Revd Canon J M Shepherd
Mr P Sunderland
Mr J S Swinburne
His Honour Alan Taylor
The Revd Canon J D
Thompstone
Dr A Thomson
Mr D W Thornton
Mr R F Yalden
Four Anonymous Donations
- 1961 Colonel M A Benjamin
Dr P R Dawson-Bowling
Mr R Q East
Professor M S Feldstein
Mr C T Graham
Mr P D Hancorn
Professor A Hibbert
Mr A A Kokinis
Mr A H Latimer
Mr M D Malone
Dr M F A G Roetter
Mr W W Sterling
Mr J N Stratford
The Revd J N Wates
Mr J E Wesner
Mr P A Wilkinson
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1962 Mr R A Cockram
Dr G L Cook
Mr J P Dabbs
Mr S E A Green
Dr A R Harford
Mr N C J Kennedy
Mr R Mitchell
Mr D Robinson
Mr J R Sanders
The Lord Vallance of Tummel
Mr E R Woods
One Anonymous Donation
- 1963 Mr R S Ager
Mr A J P Ayres
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
Dr A R Leech
Mr W F Martin
Dr R E McAllister
Mr G F Moore
Sheriff A Pollock

- Mr M E Schantz
 Mr N A Summersall
 Mr H C Williams
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1964 Sir Nicolas Bratza
 Mr R A Cragg
 Dr S J S W Curry
 Mr C P E Evans
 Mr M J Farndale
 Mr G Fuller
 Mr M Hodgkinson
 Mr C D Marlor
 Mr H M Nowlan
 Mr D E Ord
 Dr J V Peach
 Mr E G Seymour
 Mr L B Smith
 Mr C N Wain
Seven Anonymous Donations
- 1965 Mr J A Barker
 Mr R A Chick
 Mr J E Cox
 Mr J H M East
 Mr A R Flower
 His Honour Austen Issard-Davies
 Dr D M Jones
 Mr R C Kershaw
 Dr J F Linn
 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
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1966 The Revd J M Acheson
 Mr J S Ager
 Mr S M Boldt ★
 Mr E C Butlin
 His Honour Judge Gerald Clifton
 District Judge Stephen Day
 The Revd C S P Douglas Lane
 Mr D Eimerl
- The Right Hon the Lord Janvrin
 Professor J M Kosterlitz
 Mr P J C Mosse
 Mr N R D Orchard
 Mr J W Ostroff
 Mr G W Robertson
 Mr G D Rowe
 Mr D J F Rushton
 Mr A J Sillem
 Mr M I Whitehead
Five Anonymous Donations
- 1967 Dr N A Allen
 Dr G R Beach
 Sir Jack Beatson
 His Honour Judge
 Andrew Campbell
 Mr A M Dean
 Mr M P R Hamer
 Mr M H Jarvis
 Mr R C Lowson
 Mr S M A Mawer
 Mr M T Mayer
 Mr I Murray
 Mr K J Plummer
 Mr A F Rich
 Mr J W Roberts
 Dr J Sagar
 Mr S A Silvester
 Mr J A Swift
 Mr C G Tucker
One Anonymous Donation
- 1968 Mr M A Anderson
 Mr R W Billis
 Professor T N Corns
 Dr A C Hill
 Mr J A Moffat
 Mr C J W Moss
 The Revd D F Preston
 Mr D C Pring
 Dr M J Watts
 Mr P W Wharton
One Anonymous Donation
- 1969 Professor S J Abbott
 Mr A L Anson

- Mr K H Ardron
 Mr A Behagg
 Mr N J Bird
 Mr C D Brims
 Mr S P Duffy
 Mr D A Gibson
 Mr M H Gracey
 Mr J Hartup
 Mr A Hodgson
 Mr R B Morris
 Dr C J Spring
 Mr P A Thomas
 Mr M A Timmis
 Mr R L Trope
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1970 Mr D O Clark
 Mr K C Cummins
 Mr J Czerniawski
 The Right Hon Stephen Dorrell
 Professor J Fender
 Mr I L Goddard
 Mr M J Harty
 Mr G W Holliday
 Mr G H Hunt
 Mr R P McKearney
 Mr J A V Oakes
 Mr D S Pears
 Sir Paul Silk
 Dr K S Thomas
 Mr M R Wyatt
Four Anonymous Donations
- 1971 Mr N J Bennett
 Mr W C Bogan
 Mr F T Bolding
 Mr T J Brewer
 Cllr G G Hall
 Mr A S Ince
 Mr R J M Paul
 Mr A C D Smith
 The Revd J P Spencer
 Mr J S Virdee
One Anonymous Donation
- 1972 Mr R J Barr
 Mr C B Berkeley
- Mr P J Cresswell
 Mr G K Griffiths
 Mr D J Millward
 Mr J P Rutherford
 Mr P J Sumner
 Mr T M Wormington
One Anonymous Donation
- 1973 Dr N P Bird
 Dr D P Birkett
 Dr T L Chorba
 Mr R H Cleva
 Mr J C Gracey
 Mr T N Hone
 Dr P J Kalis
 Mr P N Linscott
 Mr J R Oppenheim
 Mr R Paver
 Mr P J Scanlan
 Professor J B Wintle
Three Anonymous Donations
- 1974 Mr G M Borababy
 Mr R S Casalis De Pury
 Mrs J S Cohen *née Lawson*
 Mr J R Crosby
 Dr A Edwards
 Ms E A Gallagher
 Mrs J S Maitland *née Reid-Kay*
 Mr A T Morris
 Mr S J Rogers
 Mr R H Rosa
 Mr A M F Todd
 Professor J R Turner
 Mr M H Walton
 Mrs R M S Wilkinson *née Metfield*
 Mr P E Yea
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1975 Mr J C T Allen
 Mr P W W Disney
 Mr J R W Duncan
 Dr T P Enevoldson
 Mr M E Eveleigh
 Ms V L Happer
 Mr A K Hug
 Mr D J Hunter

- Mr S W Lister
The Revd C I Munday
Mr R M North
Mr M A Prinsley
Dr M J Reader-Harris
Mr M N Rogers
Professor D K Sarkar
Dr A K Simpson
Mr J M Standeven
Mrs S J Stichbury *née Dixon*
Mr N R Withington
Five Anonymous Donations
- 1976 Mr M B Anderson
Mr J P C Bailey
Ms C B Hill
Mr M P Irving
Mr S J B Ring
Ms M E Stokes
Mr D G Westcott
The Revd H E Wright
One Anonymous Donation
- 1977 Ms A M Brown *née Rolfe*
Professor C J Flint
Mr I G Garden
Miss S P Hanks
Miss C R Harris
Mr J L Lever
Mr C S Mitchell
Mrs C A Pottinger *née Rhodes*
Mr S J Sedcole
Dr L M Smith
Mr T A J Wright
Mr D C Zeffman
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1978 Mr P S Boxall
Ms P H Carter
Mr N D J Denton
Mr M A L Everard
Dr C J D Hetherington
Mrs H E Lane *née Owen*
Ms A L Morrish
Mr M J O'Sullivan
Mr S P Richard
Dr M Rolfe
- Mr C A Woodrow
Five Anonymous Donations
- 1979 Mr D G Barker
Mr H A Economides
Mr M A Forde
Mr N J P Fox
Mr T R W Hammond
Mrs K Lamb *née Jones*
Mr J J Legge
Mr A C Malcolm
Dr C S A Melville *née Taylor*
Mr C N Smith
Mr M F Yates
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1980 Mr I Bannister
Mr M J R E Birtwistle
Mrs A J Boobbyer *née Croot*
Mr C D Cardozo
Mr A J Darby
Mr A D Gardner
Mr J J C Herzig
Mr N J A Langman
The Revd A P Law
Dr M A Reeve
Ms L J Riches
Mrs B L Roe *née Anderson*
One Anonymous Donation
- 1981 Mr P S A Bladen
Mr D S Bradbury
Mrs N J Bradbury *née Pope*
Mr S A Coppen
Ms C A Gordon
Mr R M Hughes
Mr A F S Keddie
Professor D S Levene
Miss T C O'Neil
Mr B V Peden
Mrs J K Tulloch
Dr G J Walley
Captain S J A M Webber
- 1982 Dr R M Berman
Dr C I O Brookes
Mrs S M Carruthers *née Bell*
Ms A J Coates

- Ms D C Gabbott
 Mr A P R Harpin
 Dr I M Jauncey
 Miss S V Jones
 Ms S J Lynch
 Mr P Macfarlane
 Mr G J McGrath
 Ms J Nicholl
 Mr H H R Nicholson
 Ms C L Perry *née Richens*
 Mr R W Pitcher
 Dame Vivien Rose
 Mr D J Schofield
 Mr M J Trevelyan
 Miss N D Woodford
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1983 Mrs J Barron *née Stroud*
 Dr H A Chalmers
 Mr S K Cox
 Mr M J Elston
 Mrs C L Green *née Taylor*
 Mr N A MacManus
 Mr M E Mitchell
 Mr A S Murphy
 Mr K D O'Connor
 Mrs S J Robinson *née Brown*
 Ms J S Smith
 Mr J P Telgarsky
 Mr C D Turnbull
One Anonymous Donation
- 1984 Dr S J Ambler *née Lintin*
 Lt Cdr P R F D Aylott
 Mr M Boulton
 Mr R A A Franks
 Professor A P Geddes
 Mr C M Y Harris
 Mr M Harris
 Mr J B Hawkins
 Mr M I Knight
 Ms J C D Liston-Smith *née Smith*
 Mr G H Mead
 Mr C N P Moore
 Mr S R Morris
 Mrs B F M Russell *née Brooks*
 Mr D Somen
- Dr H E Sperry *née Leyland*
 Ms M O Zinkus
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1985 Mr S A Bercu
 Mr R J A Bull
 Ms O M Daly *née Frith*
 Mr D J P Devereux
 Professor D H Fairbrother
 Mr H D Fairfull
 Dr H C F Heywood *née Smith*
 Mr R J Hollows
 Ms J C Kershaw Tustain
née Kershaw
 Ms T K Kimber
 Mr A M Mills
 Mr A B Palmer
 Dr P D Pester
 Mrs P J Ramsay *née Johnson*
 Mrs P M Sales *née Hull*
 Mr J Sharpe
 Mr E J Shedd
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1986 Ms L B Alexander
 Mrs S Bates *née George*
 Dr R E Clayton
 Mr M A Dear
 Ms C M Duncan
 Mr N C Dutton
 Ms A G C Eilledge
 Dr J A Gunby
 Dr K E Harman
 Dr T H W Lillie
 Lady Medina Marks *née Cafopoulos*
 Mr C M J McGrath
 Mr W H Nash
 Mr D M Pullan
 Mr C J Reed
 Mr J D Robinson
 Dr T J Whitaker
- 1987 Mr J H A Alpherts
 Mr P Bayman
 Mr E W Datson
 Mrs N J Farrant *née Moorsom*
 Mr D R Horner

- Ms L E Hulme
 Dr T G Kimber
 Mrs E Marin-Curtoud *née Saxton*
 Mr S J P Strafford
 Dr K D Welch
 Mr O J White
- 1988 Mr B P Bush
 Mr P Cliffe
 Mr G B Colville
 Mr R L Fleming
 Mr S M Glaze
 Mrs D M Heywood *née Ingram*
 Dr A K Holland
 Mr J M Hood
 Mr M E P Humphreys
 Dr J H C Jones
 Mr T E Kilroy
 Dr D H Lloyd-Thomas
 Mrs C E Matchett
 Mr I Middleton
 Ms E Morgan
 Mr I J Popplewell
 Dr P N Raven
 Mrs K M Sherpa *née Ball*
 The Baroness Smith of Newnham
 Ms L S Solymar
 Mr A M Ward
 Mr R L Wolffe
- 1989 Miss S J Blizzard
 Mr R E Butcher
 Mrs D A B Duignan *née Collins*
 Mr B R G Faircloth
 Mrs J H Faircloth *née Clayton*
 Ms V L Fea
 Mrs R L Fell *née Hunter*
 Mr J P Hayes
 Mr M R Humphreys
 Dr K A Johnson *née Brain*
 Miss K E Le Quesne
 Mr C S Lightbody
 Ms W J Lippmann
 Miss C L May
 Mr R J B Naylor
 Mr A J Priest
 Mr D L Stevick
- Mrs K J I Vaughan *née Rainbird*
 Mr G E Wilson
One Anonymous Donation
- 1990 Mr A G Astley
 Mr P D Barclay
 Miss N Barnett
 Mr J W Browne
 Mr T R Coppel
 Mr M Counsell
 Mr J D Cox
 Ms T A Driver
 Dr J E Feerick
 Mrs L M O B Greenacre
née Hartley
 Mr L C Gregoriadis
 Mr A N Hartley
 Mrs S E Kleinwort *née Busby*
 Dr D L Lee
 Mr C P Mills
 Mr D Sharma
 Mr D S Toube
 Dr F J Whalley *née Watt*
 Mr A J White
 Dr A R Wright
One Anonymous Donation
- 1991 Mr S C Ansley
 Mrs J I Blackshaw *née Leach*
 Mr J M Davies
 Mr A J Hadfield
 Mr M B Jannaway
 Mrs M R Joseph
 Mrs A C Lawrence
née Edmondson
 Mr P G McGrath
 Mr A G Owens
 Mrs E C Pasco *née Milbourn*
 Mr C J Townsend
One Anonymous Donation
- 1992 Mr P C Barrett
 Mr J S Glueck
 Mr S L Goldstone
 Mr P G Roberts
 Mr K Seeger
 Dr P Slomkowski

- Mr L M Taylor
Mr S Todd
Mrs N M Vine *née Sheffield*
Mr G E I Williams
Mr G R Wilson
Mr Z Wilson
- 1993 Mr R A Babington
Miss A K Bennett
Mr S C Birt
Mr P D Burgess
Mr T F Cartwright
Mr J M Cogan
Mr S P Daley
Mr T H Furlong
Mr J H M Gray
Mr A C Johnston
Mr R G Pavey
Mr P S Shea
Mr O P Smith-Jaynes
Mrs R A Wickham *née Crowe*
One Anonymous Donation
- 1994 Mrs M J Annetts *née Morris*
Mr P J Baker
Mr J A G Carew Pole
Mr R H Chapman
Ms S F Churton *née Godwin*
Dr D Haverty-Stacke *née Truglio*
Mr L A Kiely
Ms A R G King *née Jarjour*
Mr D E Klass
Mr C L Warren
One Anonymous Donation
- 1995 Mr D M Brocklebank
Dr J M Cornwell
Mrs R M Dare *née Green*
Mrs J Gatehouse *née Barrow*
Mr J A Hanson
Mr B T K Hassell
Mrs L K Hassell *née Janov*
Miss J A Higgs
Mrs C R Kenny *née Murphy*
Mrs S A Sheldon *née Campbell*
Ms E M Sheridan *née Clinch*
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1996 Dr M E Burgess
Mr H C Embuldeniya
Mr J M Fletcher
Mr H J Fyson
Mrs K L Fyson *née Trees*
Mr C P McCandless
Mrs S E McCandless
Miss A L Pearce
Mr N W Waring
Two Anonymous Donations
- 1997 Mr T H Baker
Dr A Benckendorff
Mr J P M Culver
Mr T H Ellis
Mr M A G Forbes
Mrs H M Helliar *née Kernan*
Mrs S T Johnson *née Foster*
Dr M Woznica
- 1998 Mr C P Andrews
Mrs C E M Bridgeland
née Mackenzie
Mr C D Bridgeland
Mr E Q F Brown
Mr J E Delaney
Dr M A Dipp
Mr J A Goldsmith
Dr D J Huggins
Mr J K P Hui
Mr C W H Kendall
Dr J G H Knight
Mr E A Walker
Mr D J Webster
Mr A P Zalocosta
- 1999 Mrs K Benham *née Holness*
Ms C Carpenter
Miss J N Drapkin
Mr R J Goss
Miss E H Lee
Mr M J Reid
Mr J J Segan
Mr J E Turner
Two Anonymous Donations
- 2000 Mrs E C Attwood *née Campbell*
Mr J Boardman

- Miss J P R Buckley
 Mrs E Cheong *née Lin*
 Mr E L Davey
 Mr C J Hope
 Mr P M E Offland
 Miss E C Payne
 Mr A Sinha
One Anonymous Donation
- 2001 Mr J A Clarke
 Mr T D Devine
 Mr S A Fickling
 Mrs C L Fitt *née Poulson*
 Mr A T Hepburn
 Dr A E Johnson
 Mr C J W Martin
 Mrs A Metcalst *née Coutts*
 Mr D G Mills
 Mr P Osafo-Kwaako
 Mr H Suzuki
 Miss K A Windham
- 2002 Mrs E S J Catherall *née Coombe*
 Miss E H Y Chan
 Dr G R Chapman
 Mr C L Griffin
 Mr F Groene
 Mr S C Harper
 Mr N Ho
 Mr N E Hunter
 Mr D T Jones
 Mr J A Pritchard
 Mr T H Sawbridge
 Mr C D Shucksmith
 Mrs J K Tobbell *née Morgan*
- 2003 Miss N F Brown
 Miss M Cumming
 Mrs V Gakic *née Gordon*
 Miss F Herring
 Mr P Z Ho
 Mr J G Kiefer
 Ms T Mohan
 Mr C C Phillips
Two Anonymous Donations
- 2004 Miss S H C Cooke
 Dr Y Cui
- Mr A T J Hulme
 Miss E J R Nicoll
 Mr H J Southcott
 Mr A W Walls
 Mr N I O Wood
- 2005 Mr A Barnes
 Mr R H P Benson
 Mr P Bransden
 Mr D J Dean
 Mr S Fauth
 Miss A S Rand
 Mr T H Roscoe
 Mr A Weeden
- 2006 Miss F B Afzal
 Mr S N Ball
 Miss L Hingley
 Dr A P Lomas
 Mr J P Marshall
 Mr M F Neve
 Miss S Steel
Two Anonymous Donations
- 2007 Mr C F Adams
 Dr A N Allen
 Mr V Bagaev
 Dr H Casey *née McKinnon*
 Mr J A Coates
 Miss D A Findley
 Mr M D Harman
 Ms M Hartman
 Mr L S N Ridgway
 Ms A Saller
 Mr T E Shahabi
 Mr A Singhal
 Dr R H Snell
- 2008 Miss M M Brooks
 Mr S K Frisby
 Mr B J E Guérin
 Dr M D J Richardson
 Mr W T W Seto
 Miss S L Tai
 Mr A R Woodgate
Two Anonymous Donations
- 2009 Mr K Agha
 Mr K R Audit

- Dr M Dwinal
 Miss A Graham
 Mr T Kidney
 Mrs E Lewis *née Sadgrove*
 Miss E K Ross
 Mr C Royle-Davies
 Dr M L Tetlow
 Mrs C B White *née Hogben*
- 2010 Mr S Lockhart
 Mr C J Macgregor
- 2011 Miss I Kok Kalayci
 Mr D Patterson
 Ms L Taylor
 Miss C Wayne
- 2012 Mr J W Flowers
 Ms F R Foronda
 Mr M Gilbert
 Mr T Hill
 Mr J C L Hunter
 Mr A P Johnson
 Miss C Perfect
 Miss A Saunders
 Mr R Schatz
- 2013 Dr A Oswal
 Dr H Riaz Khan
 Mr W H Yap
- 2014 Mr C B Holkeboer
 Miss H Tubman
- 2015 Mr S S Acharya
 Mr P Christofi
 Mr D M Powell
 Mr S J Spier
- Fellows & Lecturers of Brasenose
 (including Former)*
- Dr S L Altmann
 Dr C A R Boyd
 Professor R Cashmore
 Professor R A Cooper
 Professor D W Howe
 Professor J A Jones
 Professor S M Lea
 Dr E J Miller
 Professor J Robertson
- Professor J H Schuster
 Professor S M Treggiari
née Franklin
 Professor S Vogenauer
 Dr A Weir
Three Anonymous Donations
- Friends of Brasenose*
- Mr P Apostolides
 Professor P B Carter
 Mrs U Cass
 Mr D Cavanagh
 Mrs S Cheetham
 Mr J K Fletcher
 Mr K Higgins
 Professor R E Krainer and
 Mrs L Krainer
 Mrs T J Mason
 Mrs H Palmer
 Mr S Robey
 Mr G M Timmermans
 Mr S Warshaw
 Mr C Wilson
 Mr S Yamshon
 Mrs M Zajac
- Corporations, Foundations & Trusts*
- Americans For Oxford
 Chapel Collections
 Charles Skey Charitable Trust
 Give as you Live
 Google Inc
 Microsoft
 Oxford University Gift Aid
 Oxford University Student
 Challenge Fund
 Pfizer Foundation
 Richard Marriott Trust
 The Amersi Foundation
 The Golden Bottle Trust
 The Verdon-Smith Family
 Charitable Trust
 The Wilkinson Foundation
 The William Delafield
 Charitable Trust
 Tufton Charitable Trust

We take this opportunity to remember the following alumni and friends who were kind enough to make provision for Brasenose in their Wills.

	1937	Professor V P Whittaker
	1947	Mr D A Emms
	1949	Mr A B Davidson
	1950	Mr P C Pritchard
	1951	Mr H Pearson
	1952	Mr M F Smith

THE ALEXANDER NOWELL CIRCLE

Like all Oxford Colleges, Brasenose owes its very existence to the generosity of its benefactors who have ensured that it has continued as a centre of scholarship and preparation for life for over 500 years. The Circle is named after Alexander Nowell, a Fellow, then Principal, of Brasenose, and one of the most energetic and committed supporters of the College. Membership of the Alexander Nowell Circle is open to all those who have notified us of their intention to join generations of Brasenose Members by including a gift to the College in their Will. We are very grateful for their generosity and are delighted to take the opportunity to honour them below. If you would like information about leaving a legacy to Brasenose, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

1943	Ronald Frank Brown
1946	David Charles Hirst Simpson
1947	John Anthony Cecil Walkey Gillett
1948	Michael Baraf Walters
1948	Michael Allan Wilson
1949	Christopher Guy Barlow
1949	William Harold Clennell
1949	Alan O'Hea
1950	John Brian Cook
1950	Christopher John Everest
1951	James William Donaldson
1951	Barry John Moughton
1953	Robin John Alfred Sharp
1954	John Winskill Baker
1954	James Openshaw Bullock
1954	Dudley Edmund Coryton Green
1954	Charles Paul Lloyd
1954	Richard Ian Paul Moritz
1954	Jon Vivian Pepper
1954	Brian Sutcliffe
1955	John Raymond Bartlett

1955	John Coates Edwards
1955	Elliott Frederick Kulick
1955	William Kevin McInerney
1955	Julian Russell Story
1956	David William Baldock
1956	John Hardcastle Buxton
1956	David Godfrey Franks
1956	Anthony David Smith
1956	John Anthony Spalding
1956	Anthony Frederick Winder
1957	Peter Robert Gant
1957	Peter Dennis Thickbroom
1957	David Michael Veit
1957	Geoffrey Robson Whittle
1957	Robin Kenneth John Frederick Young
1958	Alan Samuel Everest
1958	Barry Melbourne Webb
1958	Peter Frazer Skinner
1958	Martin Adam Stern
1958	Graham Williams
1959	John Driver
1959	Martyn David Hughes
1959	Michael Richard Fulke Noël-Clarke
1960	Geoffrey Vaughan Mawer
1960	John Deaville Thompstone
1961	Richard Quentin East
1961	Charles Anthony Linfield
1961	Nigel John Petrie Mermagen
1961	Peter James Turvey
1961	John Norman Wates
1962	Stephen Adrian Craven
1962	Stephen Edgar Alexander Green
1962	David Roy Witcher
1962	Edward Richard Woods
1963	Jeffrey Howard Archer
1963	Anthony John Patrick Ayres
1963	John Winston Bows
1963	David Michael Cox
1963	Frank Kingston Lyness
1963	William Frank Martin

1963	Robert Gavin Loudon McCrone
1963	Matthys Konrad Rutger Van Huyssteen
1963	Hugh Crawford Williams
1963	John Gordon Laurence Wright
1964	Anthony John Garratt-Reed
1964	Stuart Mark Saint
1964	Peter Stewart Tilley
1965	Robert Aron Chick
1965	John Hilary Mortlock East
1965	Austen Bruno Issard-Davies
1965	Frederick William Jr Meier
1966	Gerald Michael Clifton
1966	David Rupert Fenwick Cox
1966	Robin Charles D'Aubyn Hirsch
1966	Timothy William Pearce
1966	Gareth Wyn Robertson
1966	Graeme David Rowe
1966	Anthony John Sillem
1967	David William Pitt Casey
1967	Robert Campbell Lowson
1968	Roger William Billis
1968	John Christopher Lowe
1968	Christopher John William Moss
1968	Nigel Christopher Pitt
1969	Francis Rodney Abbott
1969	David Arthur Gibson
1969	Barry May
1970	David Owen Clark
1970	John Fender
1970	Evan Paul Silk
1973	Patrick Alexander Irwin
1973	Paul Nigel Linscott
1973	Henry George Lewis Russell
1974	Klaus Wolfgang Hulek
1974	Nancy Margaret Hulek
1974	John Rodney Turner
1975	Patrick William Wynn Disney
1975	Robert Thomas Kerr
1975	Colin Ian Nicholls
1975	Alistair Knox Simpson

1975	Neil Robert Withington
1976	Martin Francis Damian Baker
1976	Rebecca Elizabeth Hargreaves-Gillibrand
1978	Dennis Man Shing Chow
1981	Peter Stuart Andrew Bladen
1981	David Savile Bradbury
1981	Jeannie Catherine Anna Holstein
1981	Richard Michael Hughes
1982	Ian Michael Jauncey
1983	Anthony Stuart Murphy
1984	Matthew Ian Knight
1984	Amanda Joy Pullinger
1986	John Fletcher
1990	Matthew John James Charlton
1990	Simon Stuart Dean
1990	Andrew Paul Suckling
1993	Daniel Toby William Ridgway
1996	Nicholas Andrew Alexander Donovan
1998	Joseph Adam Goldsmith
2001	Stephen Jarrod Bernard
2008	Anthony John Ring

and a number who wish to remain anonymous

Obituaries



DEATHS NOTIFIED

October 2016 – September 2017

The editor welcomes correspondence concerning any members of Brasenose who have passed away; personal reminiscences of all lengths are welcome. Please do let us know if you would like to provide an obituary by contacting: development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk, or call +44 (0) 01865 287275.

** denotes full obituary*

Name	Matriculated
Brian Christopher Samuel Bean	1960
Andrew John Edward Bell *	1981
Rudolf William Billigheimer	1950
Stuart Murray Boldt	1966
Peter Geoffrey Botham *	1966
William Arthur Francis Brister *	1942
Richard Cavendish *	1950
Anthony John Gervase Chesterman	1954
William Jeffery Christmas *	1969
Colin Alexander Crole	1949
Richard Arthur Czerniawski *	1962
Geoffrey Norman Dale	1951
Wilfred Martin Vernon Dean	1938
Reynaud de la Bat Smit *	Interim College Chaplain, April–August, 2014
Henry Arthur Cecil Dod	1939
Francis Gerard Traynor Dunphy *	1954
Arthur David Pearson Dyer *	1948
Simon David Moore Everton	1970
David Marten Froome	1950
Brian John Frost *	1952
Mark Jan Fudakowski	1954
David Rudolph Gallagher	1935
Kenneth William Garrett	1966
John Anthony Grant *	1943
Martin John Harrison *	1952

Howard Hodgkin *	1976
Daniel Ayrton Hollis *	1942
Anthony Neil Howell	1956
Iwan Elfan Hughes *	1946
Kenneth James Hunt	1952
Colin Edgar Johnson	1956
Vincent Wendel Jones *	1953
Neville Hugo Sale Judd *	1960
Giana Kurti *	
David John Theodore Lawman	1939
Alexander Dominic Marr (died 2014)	1985
Anthony David Moorhouse	1947
Karl David Francis McFarlane Norrington	2004
Ian David Outen *	1987
Peter David Potter *	1951
John Arthur Punshon *	1954
Mirza Rafi Raza *	1954
Neil Gordon Rennie	1955
Patrick Thomas Rooney	1949
Adrian Christopher Stuart Saunders	1978
David Michael Sayer *	1957
Stig Torsten Stenholm	1964
Paul Frederick Stewart	1955
John Arthur Towner	1958
Helmut Heinrich Sigisnund von der Heyde	1945
Philip Roy Walker	1942
Michael David Whitehead	1954
William Rayley Wickham *	1947
Robert Barry Woolham	1958
Basil Robert Youngs	1944

Andrew Bell (1981)

by Christine Gordon (1981)

All those who knew Andrew (Andy) Bell were enormously shocked and saddened by the news of his sudden and untimely death on Sunday 4th June, 2017 at his home in Las Vegas.

He was born in 1963 in Yorkshire and attended Bradford Grammar School. There he developed a love of classics and, inspired by the books of David Stockton, applied to Brasenose and arrived in 1981 as a Platnauer Scholar to read classics, seemingly effortlessly gaining first class honours in moderations.

Andrew was a formidable intellect and scholar, but at Brasenose he will be remembered for his flamboyant style and charm, a splash of individuality and amiable eccentricity, a large bear-like figure sporting fireman's trousers and always wearing a jacket and tie. He was a confirmed animal lover and vegetarian, loved marmite, twiglets and Echo and the Bunnymen, laughed a lot and was entertainingly discursive and constantly convivial, an ebullient character who added vivid colour to his surroundings.

After gaining his B.A. in Literae Humaniores at Oxford in 1985, he departed for the United States, settling first in 1985 at Marlboro College in Vermont, a small private liberal arts college, where he began his academic teaching career, living in a log cabin in the woods on the college campus, and delightedly observing racoons from his window.

After three years at Marlboro he moved to the West Coast of the United States to Stanford University. There he taught and lectured in the classics and humanities as a graduate fellow and worked towards his PhD in Classics, which he was awarded in 1994. His book, *Spectacular Power in the Greek and Roman City*, was the fruit of his PhD research and was first published in 2004, with an Oxford University Press paperback edition coming out in 2006.

A tenure track job as an Assistant Professor followed at the University of Las Vegas, Nevada (UNLV), where Andrew would live for the remainder of his life. He gained tenure at the University in 2000 as an Associate Professor of History and also served for three years as the Associate Dean for the College of Liberal Arts at UNLV. He held numerous professional and administrative positions, including acting as selector for the Nevada State Committee of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, and Outreach Co-ordinator in Nevada for the American Philological Association.

He loved teaching and considered education to be a tremendously important and meaningful vocation, from which he derived enormous satisfaction. This was recognised in the honours he received for teaching, in 2009 receiving the Rita Deanin Abbey Award for Teacher of the Year, the UNLV Alumni Association Student-centred award in 2004–5 and the Regents' Academic Advisor Award in 2011. He was beloved by his students who described him variously as “awesome”, “amazing”, “a great teacher with an encyclopaedia of knowledge”, and “very kind”, “caring and helpful.” He was also very highly regarded by his colleagues and leaves an enormous gap for them, as well as for his family and many friends. A Life Celebration and Memorial Service was held for Andrew at UNLV on 15th September, 2017.

Andrew largely eschewed the delights of the strip in Las Vegas, except when he was acting as friendly tour guide for visitors curious to experience the phenomenon, preferring the comforts of his home and the proximity of a good university library, with trips out to savour the beauty of the surrounding desert in Nevada and to the national parks in neighbouring States. He was always proud of his Yorkshire roots, but he had happily adapted to the heat of Nevada, enjoying the swimming pool in his garden, overlooked by a model giraffe, which he had artfully placed in the surrounding hedge.

More recently, Andrew naturalised as an American and at his naturalisation ceremony he was asked, perhaps because he was wearing an interesting tie and jacket, if he would mind saying a few words. Andrew was delighted to do so, and commented that the presiding Federal Judge was clearly surprised, but rather pleased, how at length he expounded on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Andrew is survived by a daughter, Megumi, parents Peter and Susan, a sister Alison, and her children Michael and Katherine. We join them all in mourning Andrew's premature departure from this life, whilst celebrating the love, friendship, humour, joy, and erudition that he brought to ours.

Peter Botham (1966)

by Anthony J. Garratt-Reed (1964)

Peter came up to Brasenose from Manchester Grammar School to read Physics in 1966. At that time I was a third year undergraduate, also reading Physics (though our paths first crossed through clubs we both

joined), and often welcomed an invitation to Peter's room for coffee after Hall. Peter was an avowed humanist, a great debater, widely read (he later enjoyed researching James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* in his spare time), well able to state his own case, capable of asking probing questions, and quick to see the inconsistencies in his opponent's arguments, pointing them out with cogency and fervour. However, he had the gifts of humour and courtesy, so one always left his room after a post-prandial conversation feeling reinvigorated, and, I might add, often with seeds planted that might lead to a reevaluation of one's own ideas.

As I stayed on in Oxford for a DPhil, my contact and conversations with Peter continued until he too graduated in 1969, and, in turn, started work on a Doctorate with our former Tutor, Desmond Bagguley. As a member of the Hulme Common Room, Peter was elected President in 1970, holding that office for two years. At the time, the HCR had a nominal partnership with the MCR at St. Hugh's College, although few people (on either side) took advantage of it. Peter felt that if we claimed to have the partnership, it should be seen to work, and contacted his counterpart at St. Hugh's, Kathy Burk. She wholeheartedly agreed, and so, amongst other things, Champagne and Strawberry teas on the lawn at St. Hugh's became a regular fixture in the HCR Trinity Term calendar.

That was an era when many things were changing at Brasenose. The issue of the admission of women undergraduates was under discussion, women to be admitted initially as graduate students. An increase in the number of graduate students was leading to uncomfortable crowding in the HCR at the same time as the college was trying to expand the facilities offered to those students. Peter was a leading advocate, through the College Consultative Committee, in these issues. When the idea for a new HCR was raised, Peter worked tirelessly with Simon Altmann, the HCR's Senior Member, to see that it came to pass. The result was the conversion of the former cloisters in the Deer Park (the space below the library, which recent members will think of as the "Old" HCR! [And current students as the Old Cloisters reading room of the Library, Ed.]) into a comfortable space for relaxation, fitted with a small kitchen, a bar, and a television room. Peter was enthusiastically involved at every level, from the floor plan to the choice of chairs, and the selection of art (are the Dali prints now hanging in the "New" HCR?). The result though, along with the HCR programme Peter arranged, was that graduate students felt far more connected to the college than they had before.

Peter's public service to the HCR anticipated his career choice, for having received his D.Phil. in 1973, he joined the Civil Service in the Department of the Environment. Over the years, he was involved in projects as specific as redevelopment of derelict land in Liverpool (including planning the International Garden Festival), as significant as the corporate planning for the regional Water Authorities (which included a visit to California to learn how regulated private water companies operate there), and as far-reaching as leading the review of the South West Regional Planning Guidance, which has been described as setting the framework for development in the region, and Peter's most substantial achievement. Several of his former colleagues wrote tributes to his widow, and they were unanimous in commenting on Peter's outstanding vision of the context of his work, at the same time having a detailed grasp of the technicalities involved. He was seen as skilled in communicating with all stakeholders in complex, and sometimes politically charged, issues, and as someone who had an "assured touch in soothing ruffled feathers when difficult decisions had to be given". In another quote, "I would state more generally that in over 30 years of working in the Civil Service Peter was the most impressive Senior Civil Servant I knew" and, perhaps significantly, "He visibly enjoyed planning work and the opportunities it offered to make a difference to the real world".

Sadly, though, a long life of good health was not to be his lot. A cancer survivor at a relatively young age, he had other periods of poor health, finally being obliged to take early retirement at the end of 2003.

While in Oxford, Peter met Liz Stant, a Lancashire lass, training to be a teacher, with whom he shared a passion for music. They married in 1970 – Peter's best man being fellow BNC undergrad Eric Butlin. They did not have children, but did enjoy travel, including a visit to me in the United States, and to their friends Ken and Wendy Robinson in Canberra, Australia (Ken was a fellow student of Peter's in the Clarendon Laboratory). After attending an evening class on bird-watching in 1985, this became a focus of many of their holidays, a project for Peter being to see as many of the bird families as possible. Peter's love of music was lifelong – he had a piano in his room on staircase XV. He had an extensive repertoire of 19th and 20th Century music, as well as Bach's *Goldberg Variations* and Scarlatti Sonatas, though he returned most often to Beethoven. Radio 3's *Hear and Now* was a regular listening choice, and he had a particular interest in the music of Stockhausen and Harrison

Birtwistle. It was to music he turned for solace as his cognitive abilities declined. After he had lost the ability to read music he enjoyed several sessions at Music Space in Bristol, a charity providing therapy through music, where Michelle Scott encouraged him to improvise on the piano. In the end, Alzheimer's Disease claimed his life on 22nd December, 2016. His memorial took the form of a recital in his local church in Somerset, at which a standing-room only audience (including Kathy Burk) enjoyed a selection of Peter's favourite pieces.

Peter leaves his wife of 46 years, Liz, and will also be missed by his sister, family and friends.

I would like to thank Liz for her help in preparing this appreciation of Peter's life.

William Brister (1942)

by kind permission of The Guardian (1st August, 2017)

As chief inspector and then deputy director of the Prison Service, William Brister, with whom I worked as a prison governor and who has died aged 92, was committed to the mission of rehabilitation.

Born in Cairo, the only child of Arthur Brister, an RAF group captain, and his wife, Velda (née Mirandoli), Bill was educated by Benedictine monks at Douai Abbey, Berkshire, later becoming president of the Douai Society. In 1942 he went to read law at Brasenose College, Oxford, but his studies were interrupted by wartime service in the Intelligence Corps. He graduated in 1949.

At this time the Prison Service offered a secure salary and a house to live in, but it was above all a deep sense of duty and service, and a firm belief and commitment to the Prison Service's mission of rehabilitation, that underpinned Bill's career. Rehabilitation was not, in his eyes, an "add-on", but fundamental, and a demonstration of his Christian belief in the capacity of those who have taken a wrong turning to change, flourish and contribute to society.

Trusted by all, he was efficient and skilled at giving an institution a sense of purpose and identity.

In 1949 he went as assistant governor to Lowdham Grange borstal, an open training establishment for young offenders, and after three years moved to the Prison Staff College at Wakefield. Posts followed on the Isle of Wight at Parkhurst and Camp Hill, at Strangeways, Manchester, and

at two borstals, before a move in 1969 to Prison Service headquarters, where he was concerned with the design and construction of new establishments, and as governor to Ashford remand centre.

Other difficult and sensitive assignments included service in Northern Ireland as adviser on prisons (1973–75) to Lord Windlesham.

Recalled to England, and experienced in governing all kinds of penal establishments, in 1982 he was appointed deputy director general of the Prison Service, a role in which he stayed until his retirement in 1985. The post of director was still reserved for career civil servants, who relied on Bill's knowledge and loyal support.

Interested in people to the end, two days before his death Bill was discussing with a care assistant the differing views of Jesus in the Qur'an and the New Testament. Both men were enjoying a conversation that demonstrated Bill's incisive mind, deeply ingrained faith and ability to communicate positively with those he met, whatever the occasion.

His wife, Mary, a teacher, whom he met as an undergraduate at Oxford and married in 1949, died in 2012. Their son David died on an army mountaineering expedition to Mount Nuptse in 1975.

Bill is survived by his daughter, Anne-Marie, son Anthony and grandsons, Paul, Gregory and Richard.

Richard Cavendish (1950)

by kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group (4th November, 2016)

Richard Cavendish, who has died aged 86, was an authority on magic, myth and witchcraft whose bestseller *The Black Arts* caught the imagination of spiritual questers at the tail end of the 1960s.

Dabbling in astrology, black magic and necromancy was all the rage at the time of the book's publication in 1967, and the notorious occultist and voluptuary Aleister Crowley had been reinterpreted as an exemplar of countercultural freedom. According to Gary Lachman, a biographer of Crowley, *The Black Arts* (subtitled *An Absorbing Account of Witchcraft, Demonology, Astrology and other Mystical Practices Throughout the Ages*) "was part of Mick Jagger's favourite bedside reading". Anthony Powell in *The Daily Telegraph* described it as "the standard work on contemporary occultism."

Cavendish himself was agnostic about the beliefs and practices he documented. Many of them, he conceded, were "literally embellished

with lunacy”. Even so, he kept a crystal ball on the mantelpiece in his study in Putney, and while at primary school his daughter would bring out his Ouija board when inviting gullible friends round for séances.

By nature gregarious, he was friendly with white witches and would happily visit Stonehenge with druids, but he was careful not to dabble with the dark arts. He viewed the whole area with a mixture of fascination and respect, and he understood its appeal. “I think basically it is a terrific reaction against materialism,” he told an interviewer in 1970. “They are turning towards mysticism and yoga because all these things involve looking inside yourself for the truth. The current catchphrase, ‘doing your own thing’, is very applicable to magic and mysticism.”

As an author he was scholarly but breezy in style and always aiming at a general audience. “It’s these odd corners of the human mind that I find fascinating,” he said. “What excited me too, about all these subjects, is the marvellous poetry and insight into human nature and the situation of man in the world.”

The son of an Anglican clergyman, Father Philip Cavendish, and his wife Mary, Richard Cavendish was born at Henley-on-Thames on 12th August, 1930. He was the oldest of four siblings and his early childhood was spent at Clovelly, in the rectory in which the author of *The Water Babies*, Charles Kingsley, had been brought up.

He was taught at home by his father before going on to Christ’s Hospital, where a contemporary was the future MP and philosopher Bryan Magee.

Richard hated school but passionately enjoyed his National Service, which he served in the education corps, mainly in the Far East.

He then went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he received a Third in History and played the drums in a jazz band created by his great friend Peter Heneker (whose father David wrote catchy songs for West End musicals).

It was in Oxford that he met his future wife, Jean Hay, a beautiful American of Scottish origin. He had fleetingly glimpsed her reflected in a mirror in Woolworths; then they met in a jazz club. They were married in 1954; Magee, by then president of the Union, was best man. Magee would remember their time at Christ’s Hospital together in the second volume of his memoirs, which he dedicated to Cavendish; lifelong friends, the two shared a love of Wagner and visited Bayreuth together.

The 6ft tall, blue-eyed, dark-haired Cavendish and his young wife struck their friends as intensely glamorous. He worked for a spell at a

City insurance firm, but disliked bureaucratic life; they soon upped sticks to live in New York and then Hollywood, before returning to Britain in the early 1960s. He tried his hand at writing novels and the couple relished living on the fringes of show business.

No one was quite sure what sparked Cavendish's interest in the occult. It took his liberal intellectual friends by surprise. Possibly it sprang from a reaction against his upbringing, steeped as it was in institutional Christianity, an environment in which – as he felt – nothing could be questioned. Cavendish developed a mistrust of institutions and was a relentless questioner.

After the success of *The Black Arts* he went on, in the 1970s, to found and edit the weekly magazine *Man, Myth and Magic*, bringing the Romanian historian of religion Mircea Eliade onto the board. Its contents were repackaged in the mid-1990s as a 21-volume partwork entitled *Encyclopaedia of the Supernatural: Man, Myth and Magic*.

Meanwhile, his books continued to attract approving reviews, notably *The Tarot* in 1976, for which Margaret Lane in *The Telegraph* “[cast] a pleasantly insidious spell over the reader.” It features several extensive illustrations as well as instructions on how to interpret and meditate on the cards – with a warning that the process should not be undertaken lightly.

A History of Magic (1977) was a comprehensive study in which Cavendish observed, with sly humour, that “a fondness for histrionics is a necessary characteristic of magicians, and so is power-hunger.”

King Arthur and the Grail (1978) probed the ancient origins of the mythology of the Arthurian Cycle, the meaning of the Grail and the symbolism underlying the story of the Fisher King. There were other popular titles in the vein such as *The Powers of Evil in Western Religion, Magic and Folk Belief* in 1975 and *Visions of Heaven and Hell* in 1977.

However, feeling that he was starting to exhaust the possibilities of his specialist area, he branched out into comparative religion and, particularly, general British history.

Ever adaptable, he wrote or contributed to guidebooks such as *Explore Britain's Coastlines* (1993) and *100 Wonders of the World* (2004) for the Automobile Association, and an A-Z gazetteer of Britain. He edited *Out of Town* magazine for a time, and his long-running column in *History Today* gave him great pleasure; he would work on it in Kensington Library. His last book was *Kings and Queens: A Concise Guide*, with Pip Leahy, in 2007.

Richard Cavendish's marriage was dissolved in 1987; he is survived by a daughter, the journalist and former head of the Downing Street policy unit, Baroness Cavendish of Little Venice.

Bill Christmas (1969)

by Jonathan Chishick (1969) (extracted from the eulogy at Bill's funeral on 7th June, 2017 given by his long-term friend Mike Knee)

Bill Christmas, who died at the age of 67, was probably the best Engineering student BNC ever had. To quote his tutor, Professor Solymer: "Bill was unique. In my 31 years as a tutor there was nobody else even remotely in the same class as Bill. He was so good, so modest, so willing to help others that I started an entirely new venture with him. In his third year I asked him to give revision tutorials to some of the first year undergraduates who had had problems with the syllabus. I thought Bill would give a better explanation than I could give. He accepted that challenge with enthusiasm. There was never anyone who I could have asked to do anything similar."

Bill was born in Hereford on 25th January, 1950 to Christine and Jeffery Christmas, who had decided to call him John, but when he was born he looked like a Bill so they christened him William. He went to Hereford Cathedral School where he developed a love of music and cycling. From Hereford he won a scholarship to BNC to read Engineering Science. After graduating with a double first he joined the BBC Research Department, working on new technology which we now take for granted in the fields of digital video and audio. This was followed by a spell at BP after which he found his professional home in Guildford, at the Centre for Vision, Speech and Signal Processing at the University of Surrey, for 25 years. It is said that he went into Sainsbury's for some shopping and came out with a job at the University after chatting with one of his MSc lecturers about wanting to leave BP. He was very happy at Surrey; he helped a lot of people, supervised many students, made many friends and was much loved. He didn't fancy being a lecturer so they created a permanent research post for him. Bill was central to the life and soul of the Centre for 25 years, he would always give his time and energy to supporting other researchers whether it was getting to the bottom of a tricky mathematical problem or finding an elusive coding bug. He never questioned giving his time freely even if faced with deadlines in

his own work. His selfless positive attitude was invaluable to the Centre – his contribution was always understated and never with the expectation of anything in return but was a catalyst for hundreds of researchers to achieve their potential and contribute advances to the field. His friendly attitude to research and helping others created the ethos that is a major strength of the research Centre today. One might ask what Bill actually did at Surrey. Apart from his celebrated organization of an annual walk, and his successful mission to get colleagues to take proper lunch breaks (to everyone's benefit), he did many important pieces of research, but to pick one: automatic annotation of sports videos, otherwise known as teaching computers to watch television. This was because Bill generally couldn't be bothered to watch television himself, he didn't even own one for many of the years he was making major contributions to the industry.

Bill had a great love and aptitude for music. He had perfect pitch and as an engineering experiment while at BNC he managed to whistle the correct tones to make a free phone call from the public phone in the Porters' Lodge. He played piano, bugle and cello as a child, but the instrument that was really "him" was the French horn. He played at Music Camp, where he also volunteered to empty the chemical loos, in the Wimbledon Symphony Orchestra where he's remembered as being very supportive of other musicians, and he played in wind quintets. It was at Music Camp in 1981 that he met his wife Shenka who survives him. Sadly, his lip went and he turned to singing, joining two church choirs in Guildford and he took up the organ in 2000, just for his own enjoyment.

Bill was a keen cyclist, cycling everywhere covering large distances. He was active in improving cycling in and around Guildford, through the work of Sustrans and the Guildford Bike User Group. Bill started to feel breathless on bike rides a year ago, but his illness was not diagnosed fully until February this year. He was calm and cheerful throughout his last four months, and determined to get better until the last few days, when the doctors told him gently that the end was near. From that point he faced death calmly and without fear. Bill had no children but many godchildren.

Richard Arthur Czerniawski (1962)

by James Edmiston (1963) and Jan Czerniawski (1970)

Entirely tri-cultural, Richard/Ryszard/Ricardo Czerniawski was that rare being: a Pole in Exile actually born during the Poles' dramatic

wartime Odyssey. He was born in the Polish Hospital in Tehran on 8 February, 1943. His parents, both from the eastern half of Poland seized in 1939 by the Soviet Union, had married a month before the war broke out. His father was captured leading a company attempting to escape into Romania to continue the fight against Germany and duly sent by the Russians to the Gulag, and his mother was deported to Siberia with a million other Polish civilians a few months later. Freed following the German invasion of Russia, Richard's father was able to arrange for his wife, now with a baby daughter, to be released and to join him in Uzbekistan, where he was running one of the Poles' collection stations formed to create a new Polish army from the surviving freed deportees. Hardship caused the death of their daughter shortly after arrival.

The Polish forces were permitted by Stalin to depart to Persia to defend the Middle East oilfields, and eventually moved on to Egypt and the Italian Front, but Richard's mother was "invalided out" of the forces with Richard's arrival. The pair were a year later shipped with other civilians to Tanganika to await the outcome of the war. Here Richard exhibited early signs of his propensity to explore and discover, wandering off over a deck crowded with sleeping refugees to be rescued by an alert sailor short of a dip in the Indian Ocean, and later as a five year old leading his first mountaineering expedition – to Kilimanjaro – fortunately retrieved from the bush by local tribesmen. After the war ended, Richard's father, along with all Polish forces fighting in the west, was allowed to move to Britain, and Richard and his mother joined him, arriving at a Polish military camp at Amesbury Abbey in 1948. Again Richard's wanderlust came to the fore, hitching a lift in a truck with a Polish soldier, cheerfully arriving back a few hours later when the nearby river was being dragged: the soldier got off lightly with 7 days' arrest, Richard less so: he was confined to quarters for a time and under permanent guard subsequently.

Finally settling in Leicester the young Czerniawski showed considerable athletic talent at the Wyggeston School, appropriately pole-vaulting in the schools' AAA championships at county and national levels, and naturally applied to Brasenose, to read chemistry. While at Brasenose, Czerniawski earned Blues in athletics and gymnastics. As with many undergraduates, finances were a burning issue. Richard, essentially a practical man, honed his extra-curricular activities in automobile engineering and successfully effected a motor car servicing and repairs facility for fellow undergraduates and even for the Principal himself.

His final departure from England was not uneventful. A BNC contemporary recalls being delayed outside Victoria Station when returning from the Continent. On arrival at the neighbouring platform, the paralysis of the whole of Southern Region of British Rail became apparent. Exasperated BR staff and one innocent-looking Czerniawski were struggling to load a seventeen foot fibreglass pole into the guard's van clearly not designed for such cargo. They were in the course of time successful, yet it produced a more original excuse for tardiness than "leaves on the line." Czerniawski had been persuaded by a former Wyggeston teacher to take up a post at the British Council School in Buenos Aires. He taught for five years, the schedule allowing him to train in pole-vaulting and to mountaineer. In the former he failed to live up to his promise as a potential Olympic starter for lack of suitable coaching for technique with the new-fangled fibreglass pole: maybe just as well, since he had no country to represent. He had never acquired British citizenship, and had travelled to Argentina on a stateless person's travel document valid for all countries except Poland: taking up Iranian, Polish or Argentinian citizenship were non-starters for quite separate political reasons! In the mountaineering activity, apart from taking schoolboys into the mountains, he became a recognised expert on the Patagonian Andes, wryly remarking that one moved up the expert hierarchy occasionally as sadly a higher name was scratched.

He relished the relaxed Argentinian attitude to life, but was active in both the British expat and Polish exile communities. He regularly entertained and helped visiting Nosemen, and his contact with the Embassy ensured that such travellers were directed his way. A lifelong patriot, in 1969 he led a Polish (exile) expedition which climbed four hitherto unconquered Patagonian peaks, naming one "Monte Cassino" and another after General Anders, who had commanded the Polish Second Corps which had taken the monastery in the epic battle 25 years earlier. Needless to say, Poland's Communist regime, which had deprived Anders of his citizenship, was duly annoyed. His opposition to the regime did not stop Czerniawski from entertaining Polish sporting and cultural delegations visiting Buenos Aires.

He was a dedicated, enthusiastic schoolmaster, but his passion was engineering. He went on to work for Hawker Siddeley, and then as contractor for Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd who were building Argentina's second nuclear power station near Cordoba. His love of

freedom from inter alia the shackles of corporate existence caused him to set up his own engineering business, specialising in high-tech welding, manufacturing all manner of pressure vessels for industrial and, remarkably, medical use. An enemy of bureaucracy and a natural improviser, he struggled continually with the vicissitudes of the Argentinian economy and politics, often having great problems with endemic hyperinflation, currency devaluation and economic crises. Nonetheless he held his head above water, and was loyal to his workers, keeping them on at times when orders were scarce.

Unable to free himself of professional duties, his visits to the Old Continent were rare, but he immensely enjoyed catching up with contemporaries: he managed to time his visits to attend the odd BNC Society event, one gaudy, and most recently in February 2015 a get-together of scientists with Simon Altmann and Jack Barltrop. Late in life he was able to visit Poland a few times, and even acquired, or rather confirmed, his Polish citizenship, aided by his parent's marriage certificate which his mother had amazingly preserved through her travels.

The difficulties and stress of running an engineering business in a troubled economy took their toll of Richard's health. He had aged and slowed down visibly in recent years. Once dynamic and with a great heart, it was his heart that gave way. He leaves a wife and two daughters in Argentina.

Reynaud de la Bat Smit
(Interim College Chaplain, April–August, 2014)

Sermon by Anthony Harvey, 2nd June, 2017

There is a verse in the First Letter of Peter which has been in my mind all the time I have been thinking of Reynaud in the last few days. I shall quote it in the King James Version of the Bible because I believe that here, as so often, that version catches the nuances of the Greek words more faithfully than any modern translation: *As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.*

There are particular words in that verse which have struck me. The word *gift* in the first phrase is not quite right even in that version. The original word is one we use ourselves, *charisma*, which is not just a gift, it is the very particular and characteristic combination of ability and character which makes each one of us special in God's sight and special in the sight

of all who know us. It is certainly charisma, more than just gift, that we need to think of when we try to capture in a few phrases the life of a truly gifted person such as Reynaud in the days after his death.

But after that the passage goes on to use three words, each of which takes us a good deal further. First, *minister*: 'minister the same to one another', which is not the same as 'serve' (the usual modern translation). Unlike 'serve', 'minister' takes a direct object – you can minister *something*, as well as *to someone* – and means a kind of generous handing out: the minister holds as much as he can in his hands and then passes it on to others as liberally as possible. Ministering one's charisma means not keeping it to oneself but handing it on generously to others. That was how it was with Reynaud as a teacher, but also as a conversationalist, as a colleague, as a friend. He ministered his charisma.

Then: *stewards*. That is certainly a correct translation. But the concept needs monitoring. A lot of our stewarding is protective, conservationist. We have been entrusted with something precious, and we must keep it safe and in good order – a priority, it often seems, for church people. But a charisma must not be treated like that. Jesus told the parable of the good and bad servants, one of whom took the precious gold coin he was entrusted with and buried it in the ground. Yes, that was the right thing to do – for safety. But no, he should have taken a risk, invested the capital. Charisma given by God is for exploring and nurturing, for development, for fertilisation and increase – that is, for good stewarding. Which again is how it was with Reynaud. For a while he was my pupil and I may have sowed some seeds in him; but in his soil they grew into truly god-nurtured plants that caused something in myself to respond and grow each time we talked. That was his good stewarding of his charisma. In that sense he stewarded his knowledge, his ideas, his inspiration.

And now for the really significant word: in English, it is *manifold*, the manifold grace of God. But here I really have to go back to the original. There is no English word that properly conveys the sense of it. The ancient Greeks did not have a vocabulary for colours like ours; what they noticed more was the texture, the variations within a range of colour, the sheer intricacy of shades and surfaces. Let me give you the Greek word: *poikilos*. It described a rich and subtle interplay of colours and contours, such that words like dappled, speckled, are needed to fill out the meaning, as Gerald Manley Hopkins realised, who also called it fickle, freckled. Now apply that to the grace of God: *poikilos*, not just varied or manifold (as in the

English translations), but pied, dappled, variegated, surprising – and you get somewhere closer to the meaning. Once again this takes us back to Reynaud. Indeed think of the range of music he chose for this service. Some of us may have been surprised by it; but his tastes and passions were astonishingly varied, manifold, yes *poikilos*, in Hopkins' phrase 'counter, original, spare, strange'. These words describe an intellect and an imagination that were open to wide horizons of beauty, of achievement and of truth. For him, God's grace was indeed *poikilos*, the inspiration for a life endowed with a unique range of gifts, achievements and aspirations.

He would not, of course, have put it like this. He was less conscious of the goals reached or enterprises completed than of the heights he had failed to scale, the causes that he strove for but could not bring to fulfilment, the progress towards a personal and social justice in the world that he was committed to promote yet saw continually frustrated. Reynaud set the bar for his own life and work astoundingly high. Whether in swimming or mountaineering, whether promoting proceedings against alleged war criminals or campaigning against genital mutilation, the aim was nothing less than the furthest any human enterprise could go. Give him the Hellespont, I always thought, he would attempt to swim it. Give him the President of Sudan, he would work to bring him to the international criminal court. Was this a kind of extremism, or a lack of realism? I would say rather, it was a Christian charisma. Jesus did not set us standards we must adhere to and then be content with; he placed the object of our aspiration just beyond the boundary of what we think is possible for us. Anyone, he taught, can go a certain distance; sometimes even the most surprising people like Samaritans or taxgatherers can be notably good and generous. But you, my followers, how much more should you be doing? You should be pushing the boundaries, showing what is possible, exploring your charisma to the limit and taking all the risks involved. This, at any rate, was how it seemed to Reynaud.

There were of course limits imposed by family cares and loves, pastoral concern for students and friends, the ordinary obligations of civil life. None of these he neglected or strove to override. Even the lethal cancer he came to accept. Yet his charisma, in its varied colour and texture, its many-sidedness and boldness, was surely one he received from God, which he then zealously stewarded and generously ministered. And so he challenged us to raise the bar in our own lives, to ask how much more is asked of us, and, like him, to minister to one another, as good stewards,

the manifold – yes, pied and dappled, all things counter, original, spare, strange as Hopkins has it, *poikilos* as the Greek has it – to minister to one another the varied and manifold grace of God.

Gerry Dunphy (1954)

by Louis van den Berg (1955)

Gerry was born in New Malden, Surrey on 25th August, 1934, and went to elementary school there until the outbreak of WWII, when he and his brother Dermot were evacuated to Dublin to stay with their grandmother for six years. There he picked up a solid grounding with the Jesuits at Belvedere College, as well as a strong Irish brogue which stayed with him for the rest of his life (albeit with some transatlantic overtones). After the War he returned to England where he completed his schooling at Wimbledon College, before going up to BNC in 1954 to read PPE. On graduating in 1957 he took a traineeship in the construction industry, but left in 1961 to seek his fortune in the United States.

In the early 1960s, the area around Capitol Hill in Washington was in a bad way. The building stock was run down, but the banks were refusing to lend money to what was a predominantly black and Hispanic population. Gerry, who had started a business of restoring and developing properties in the area, decided to take up their cause, leading a group of activists to complain about this discrimination, and even suing the banks for their refusal to grant mortgages. Those who know how single-minded Gerry could be will not be surprised to hear that the campaign proved very successful. Mortgages came through and renovation gathered pace. The business developed into a very significant enterprise which he ran for over 40 years, latterly with the help of his three sons, Philip, Brendan and Colin. However, Gerry's interest in this area of Washington was more than commercial. He helped to found the Capitol Hill Brokers' Council and he also served as President of the Capitol Hill Restoration Society, CHAMPS, and Capitol Hill Village (for which donations were invited at his funeral).

Gerry held views on many and varied subjects – views that were invariably emphatic, though not necessarily consistent. He was a prolific letter-writer to *The Washington Post*, and a vociferous opponent to many goings-on in his own Church. He often attributed his success to his grounding with the Jesuits (and the Royal Artillery); and significantly the nickname his sons gave him was 'Padre'; but one wonders whether it may

have been those same early influences which left him with a certain angst in his later years, as his health slowly declined.

Gerry maintained a great fondness for Britain, his British family, his school and his College. He was proud of his British passport, which he never relinquished. In later years he would fly over from Washington annually in September to stay in College for a few days, taking in the BNC Society AGM and Dinner, and meeting up with his old friends and family. His generosity towards the College reflected his appreciation for the welcome he so looked forward to, year after year.

Gerry passed away peacefully at his family home in Washington on 5th June, 2017, aged 82. His funeral took place at St Peter's Catholic Church on Capitol Hill, where he had been a parishioner ever since his arrival in Washington. He devoted himself to the community, coaching various sports, helping with the local boy scouts, serving in the soup kitchen. His sons Philip, Brendan and Colin all went to the parish school, where he sat on the Board for six years. As well as his sons, he is survived by three grandchildren; brother, Dermot; former wife, Frances; 42 first cousins; and numerous extended family and friends.

David Dyer (1948)

by Elizabeth Fahie, daughter of David

Arthur David Pearson Dyer (David), died peacefully after a short illness on 19th November, 2017 and his funeral was held several weeks later at St Carthage's Church in Parkville, Melbourne, Australia.

David was born on Easter Sunday in 1927, in Giggleswick, Settle, the second child of Marjorie and Arthur. His father, a WWI veteran who had seen action in the fields of France, was a schoolmaster and later headmaster. His mother, with whom David enjoyed a particularly close and loving relationship, supported her husband at the English boarding school where he was Head. David's secondary schooling took place at Bromsgrove School where he was Head Boy in his final year.

Having completed his secondary education, David joined the Fleet Air Arm of the Navy where he served for two years. This was a relatively brief though significant period in his life, providing him with the opportunity to live and work alongside other young men from a range of backgrounds and life experiences. He learnt much during this time that he took into future relationships and which influenced his developing world view. As the

war ended in the year of David's 18th birthday he never saw active service and upon leaving the Navy commenced university studies at Brasenose College Oxford. Some lifelong friendships were forged at Oxford, in particular with Nigel and Val Creese. Nigel, as headmaster of Melbourne Grammar in Australia would later become a close colleague of David's and they shared a tremendous mutual respect for one another right up until David's death. University was evidently a source of great enjoyment and David maximised his participation in sporting, academic and social pursuits.

David read English and History at Oxford and upon completion of his degree was encouraged by another great friend from BNC and South Australian Rhodes scholar, Tony Jose, to travel to Australia. Securing a teaching position at St Peter's College, Adelaide, David embraced all that Australia of the 1950s had to offer, and particularly the opportunities of exploring the outback and coastal regions – camping and hiking with friends and colleagues. He remained at St Peter's College for nine years, returning briefly to England to teach at Portsmouth Grammar School and gain his Diploma of Education. Returning to St Peter's College in 1956 to a position of housemaster he met and later married Betty McFarlane, a South Australian nurse. In August 1960 David successfully applied for the headmastership of the then Ballarat College and the young couple and their two children moved to Ballarat where they were to remain for a further six years.

In 1966 the family (now with three children), moved from Ballarat to Melbourne where David took up the position of head of Camberwell Grammar School where he remained until his retirement in 1987. During these years he led the school into a new era of growth, capital development and academic, artistic and sporting excellence, always though with a firm commitment to ensuring the education offered by CGS was accessible to as many young people as possible.

David's contribution to education did not end at the front gates of the school of which he was headmaster. He served on the Whitlam government appointed School's Commission in the 1970s and later was Chair of the Block Grant Authority, touring the country and providing advice to Government about funding priorities. These experiences strengthened his commitment and belief that educational opportunities must be just, inclusive and open to all and on Australia Day 1983 he was awarded an Australia Medal for services to education. After his retirement

he remained actively engaged in educational policy and continued to contribute through participation on committees, school councils and boards and as a mentor to younger Principals and those aspiring to positions of leadership.

In his retirement both David and his wife Betty were able to fulfil their love of travel both abroad and within Australia, visiting fascinating places and thriving on meeting new people and learning about different cultures. David also found renewed expression in his social justice commitments through his support and advocacy for asylum seekers and refugees, his efforts to support the homeless, and his regular forays into educational policies to argue that educational opportunities should be shared by all children.

He also focussed on the most important relationships in his life, with his wife of almost 59 years, his children and their partners and his seven grandchildren. They, along with his sister Elizabeth will forever love and remember him as a man of passion and integrity who cared about the world and the legacy he was leaving for future generations.

Brian Frost (1952)

by Lewis Frost

We remember with gratitude and love the life among us of Brian, who sadly died in March after an illness bravely borne with the care of his loving family. Brian was born in Stanford-le-Hope, Essex in 1932, son of Edward and Elsie. He grew up in Gidea Park where he and his brother were members of the local scout group. During the war, Brian and his brother Ian and sister Mary lived out long periods of the war in safety with three maiden aunts, who lived in the old mill house in Tolleshunt Major. With many uncles farming in the area, Brian developed a great fondness for his aunts and uncles and their farming way of life, in particular his uncle Hayward, whom he loved for his 'quiet wisdom'. After studying at Brentwood School, where he was Head Boy in his final year, he completed his national service and went on to join Brasenose College, Oxford University. On completing his degree in history, and dissertation on the English civil war and revolution, he attended law school and was articled with solicitors in Moorgate. He met his Canadian partner Shirley around this time, at a New Year's Eve party in Gidea Park. After qualifying as a solicitor, he followed Shirley to Montreal and worked for

Canada Trust Company. Shirley was living with her sister Gail, they both worked as nurses and with Brian, made many lifelong friends.

Brian and Shirley married in Canada and came to England to live. Rather than working in the city, Brian struck out on his own, setting up his own legal practice in Chelmsford. He was supported in his early days by farming relatives and by his Uncle, Henry Frost, who was the Labour leader of Maldon Council at the time. One of his most notable cases as a solicitor was the dispute he won for the Essex Bee Keepers Association, who alleged that bees were dying due to the contamination of orchards by pesticide used by a local farmer. Brian proved the case with the help of research students from Essex University, and it set a new legal precedent. In addition to his professional work, he was a strong supporter both of his church, Christ Church (URC), where he set up a book group, and many other local organisations and charities.

He was a founder member of the Chelmsford Society and remained secretary for several decades, one of the 'twin pillars' of the society. As a civic organization, they saved Hylands House from demolition and resisted crude commercial developments, creating the green riverside area 'Bell Park' in Chelmsford town centre. Over the last 18 years of his working life, Brian sat in court as a Deputy District Judge in Brentwood, Harlow, Maldon, Basildon, Chelmsford, Colchester, Norwich, Bishops Stortford, Luton, Watford, Braintree and Sudbury. After his wife Shirley died in 2005, Brian kept in touch with the Canadian family and friends, as he did with many other long held friends from school and university, he enjoyed a busy social life. Brian is survived by his three children, Sandra, Lewis and Virginia and five grandchildren.

Sir Anthony Grant (1943)

by kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group

(17th October, 2016)

Sir Anthony Grant, who has died aged 91, was for 32 years Conservative MP for, in turn, Harrow Central and South-West Cambridgeshire, lamenting on his retirement that in that time Parliament had lost "influence, prestige and power", largely to the media.

The moderate, moustachioed Grant was most influential under Edward Heath, as a junior trade, then industry, minister and party vice-chairman for candidates. This latter role brought him grief as he was

blamed, unfairly, for a “cull” after the two 1974 elections which the Tory Right claimed was aimed its way.

Grant insisted that candidates were chosen by a committee on which he did not have a vote, and on which he had put several prominent opponents of the Common Market. He said he had never been instructed to drop candidates by either Heath or Margaret Thatcher, who retained him for the first year of her leadership.

He himself wanted more women candidates, and more from industry; he resented accusations of favouring “public-school men, Guards officers and other grantees”.

He left the Commons bemoaning the rise of the “identikit candidate” with no experience outside politics and solely interested in a ministerial job. MPs, he reckoned, were spending 75 per cent of their time on work more properly undertaken by a local councillor.

A whip in opposition, Grant was an outspoken supporter of a men-only Whips’ office; he once declared that if the tradition were broken, he would “take my whip’s tie out into New Palace Yard and burn it”. When in 1996 Jacqui Lait became the first female whip, Grant, ever the gentleman, presented the tie to her.

Grant was a lifelong champion of small businesses, and responsible for them as a minister.

He reckoned industrial relations were best in small firms: when a company’s chairman told him they were the province of a “nice man whose name he had temporarily forgotten”, they were poor; when the boss handled them personally, they were harmonious.

He also had a strong sense of business ethics. When the enormity of the Guinness takeover scandal was exposed in 1987, he told the House: “Some people who have entered the City are long on cunning and short on morals. It is a pity some of the energy and talent used in shuffling paper in takeover deals is not used in existing productive business.”

In 1985, however, Grant lost his Commons researcher’s pass after it emerged that he had given it to an employee of the Good Relations PR agency, which retained him as a consultant.

As a solicitor, Grant bemoaned the “incessant wail for more legislation” when enforcing existing laws would suffice.

The legislative burden, he felt, left some ministers “ludicrously overworked”; he suggested defence and Foreign Office ministers should share the burden as they had no Bills to put through.

Grant conducted a long-running campaign to prevent undefended divorces being transferred from the High Court to the county courts; he believed this would erode the status of marriage. He became equally concerned at the devaluation of the standing ovation at Conservative conferences, observing in 1987: "Journalists now consult their stop watches, like timekeepers at the Olympic Games."

Mrs Thatcher made it plain from the moment she dropped Grant as party vice-chairman that he was unlikely to figure in her government; the moustache did not help. He, in turn, would criticise her for "too much emphasis on money and the services sector", but politically moved some way in her direction.

As long-serving president of the Guild of Experienced Motorists, Grant campaigned for more driver training, particularly after a rash of accidents followed completion of the M25. He demanded more effort to reduce the four-fifths of fatalities not caused by drink, and voiced outrage when a judge refused to disqualify a woman caught speeding at 103 mph.

John Anthony Grant was born at Surbiton on 29th May, 1925, the son of Arthur Grant, a physics professor, and the former Florence Webb, and educated at St Paul's. After war service as a captain in the Third Dragoon Guards, latterly in the Far East, he went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, and in 1952 was admitted a solicitor.

He became national Young Conservative chairman, and in 1959 fought Hayes and Harlington. After the loss of Orpington to the Liberals in 1962, he was short-listed there, but it was at Harrow Central that he found a seat for the 1964 election.

Heath soon appointed Grant an Opposition whip, and when he led the Conservatives to power in 1970, made him Parliamentary Under-secretary for Trade, responsible mainly for shipping.

One challenge was pollution from wrecks: that October he went out to the blazing, leaking Liberian tanker *Pacific Glory*. He tried to persuade supertanker owners to adopt double hulls, and pushed through legislation enabling the government to act when a ship polluted waters just outside the three-mile limit.

Grant's other headache was collisions in the Channel caused by ships going the "wrong way". After six sank in three weeks in 1971, he called for clearer and stricter navigation rules.

A four-nation conference brought integration of air-sea rescue and a radar station to track miscreants; on some days up to 30 were detected

out of lane, Grant exclaiming: "This is madness!"

He also announced a total ban on the import of tiger, snow leopard and clouded leopard skins, hoping other countries would follow suit. Anti-fur campaigners complained that the ban did not apply to coats.

In 1972 Heath made him deputy to Christopher Chataway, the industrial development minister, and effectively minister for small business. His priority was to assess the impact on small firms of joining the EEC.

When the economy turned late in 1973 as the oil and coal crises bit, Grant shielded small business from the impact; during the three-day week, he told the House most were coping. When Heath, disastrously, called a snap election, Grant was on his feet taking a Companies Bill through.

After his defeat, Heath appointed Grant a party vice-chairman. Before that October's election Grant warned hopefuls that too few of them were ready to take on Labour-held seats. In January 1976, Mrs Thatcher replaced him with Marcus Fox.

From the back benches, he successfully promoted Bills to crack down on bogus trade directories and keep convicted hooligans out of pubs. He also pressed, against the leadership's wishes, for an elected European Parliament. In 1978 he was elected to the 1922 Committee executive, serving until his retirement.

After Mrs Thatcher's victory in 1979, he chaired the Conservative backbench trade and industry committee. He also served on the Council of Europe (chairing its economic committee) and the Western European Union. In the House, he piloted through a Bill permitting speed humps on residential roads.

Grant secured a niche in parliamentary history on Budget Day 1982, when he was allowed to question the junior health minister Geoffrey Finsberg from the gallery as there was no room on the Tory benches.

Knighted in 1983, his Commons career nearly ended that spring. The Left-wing Tory Hugh Dykes defeated him for a new, combined, Harrow East only for Grant's supporters to have the vote overturned. Grant then withdrew, disowning the move to reinstate him.

His chivalry looked suicidal, but on the eve of the election he was selected for South-West Cambridgeshire; local Tories had rejected their candidate, Hugh Simmonds, because his wife belonged to the League Against Cruel Sports. He took the new seat by 13,867 votes.

A consultant to Barclays Bank, Grant sponsored its Bill to merge its domestic and international operations, coming under fire from Labour MPs who wanted it to pull out of South Africa; he had led a trade mission there as a minister.

His links to the NHS contractor Pritchard Services also came under fire from the health union COHSE after he co-sponsored a Commons reception for the company, having called for more NHS work to be put out to tender.

Grant's new constituency loyalties led him to vote against successive rate support settlements, oppose the expansion of Stansted Airport, and protest when Valerie Howarth, head of Brent social services during the Jasmine Beckford case, was given the same job in Cambridgeshire. Maurice Beckford had been jailed for the manslaughter of his four-year-old stepdaughter, and social workers' role had been questioned.

Grant became a leading campaigner for reform of the General Medical Council, and action against deceitful and incompetent doctors.

"Nothing the GMC has decided," he declared, "gives me any confidence it can adequately regulate the affairs of the medical profession."

As Europe divided the party under John Major, Grant came out strongly for the Maastricht Treaty.

He called for a "period of silence" from Heath and Mrs Thatcher over Europe, then accused Cecil Parkinson and Norman Tebbit of "disloyalty". Tebbit, in turn, accused Grant of being a Vicar of Bray. He stood down at the 1997 election.

Anthony Grant was a Liveryman of the Company of Solicitors, and twice Master of the Guild of Freemen of the City of London.

He married Sonia Landen in 1953; she died in 2009. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

Martin Harrison (1952)

by Bryan Harrison

Martin, aged 83, died peacefully at home on 21st June, 2017, after a long illness bravely and cheerfully endured. He graduated from Oxford in 1955, and almost all his professional life was spent teaching physics to students at Marlborough College, Wiltshire. He was also a gifted all-round sportsman.

When WW2 broke out, the Harrison family was on holiday, staying at a farmhouse near St Austell, Cornwall and, having made enduring

friendships with the Cornish farming family, remained there until 1943, then returning to Surrey for brother Martin's and my secondary education at Whitgift School, Croydon. Martin's love of the ambience and the happy times spent at the farm remained with him for the rest of his life and he celebrated his 80th birthday there.

At Whitgift, Martin's sporting talents came to the fore. He became the scrum half in the School's rugby 1st XV, Captain (opening batsman and wicket-keeper) of the cricket 1st XI and Captain of Athletics. He was also a House Captain and the senior NCO in the RAF Section of the School's Combined Cadet Force. On leaving school he read Natural Sciences (Physics) at Brasenose and continued his sporting activities, which included membership of BNC's champion 'Cuppers' rugby side, appearing as a scrum half for the Oxford Greyhounds, playing cricket for the Oxford Authentics, and a Half-Blue for Rugby Fives in 1954 and 1955. Martin's success in sports was not attributable to a massive physique but to great agility, quick thinking, a good eye and tactical ingenuity.

After university and National Service as a junior officer in the RAF, Martin sought a school-teaching appointment as a physicist, hoping that this could be combined with coaching rugby and/or cricket. Marlborough College offered him just such a position, which he occupied until he retired in 1988. His aim was not only to impart the principles of physics but also to get his young charges to understand them, and he co-authored a well-respected book written with this objective in mind. He also continued to play rugby, now at county level, for Dorset and Wilts.

Before long he met and married Anna, also a young teacher, and they immediately set sail for his one year secondment to Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, USA. In preparation for this he equipped himself with a generous supply of indigestion tablets, perhaps to guard against rigours of married life, though he need not have worried because Anna became an accomplished cook and a charming, thoughtful hostess. They were a devoted couple and the family was enlarged by the addition of John and Mark. Martin was a proud, conscientious father, always there for the boys when the need arose. Many long vacations were spent in north Cornwall, close to the coast, where Martin was rebuilding a derelict cottage, mostly with his own hands, a task requiring many skills.

Back in Marlborough, Martin joined the Samaritans, regularly manning their telephone line overnight to offer help and advice to those in need,

ranging from victims of domestic violence to those with suicidal thoughts. He became more active in church and community affairs. He was appointed Lay Pastoral Assistant in the Church, giving Communion to those unable to attend. He and Anna both sang in the College choir and became involved in nature conservation. In 2016 they celebrated their Golden Wedding.

Martin was an extremely self-effacing man. But his success as an educator and games coach is clear from the many appreciative letters received by Anna since his death. He had a strong sense of humour and made warm friendships with people in many walks of life. He was kind and generous, especially to his grandchildren and several godchildren. He had increasingly severe health problems in later life but was never heard to complain and continued to enjoy many things, ranging from watching cricket at Lords with John and Mark to surveying, with Anna, the bed of the river Kennet for caddis fly larvae.

He made a difference to many lives, and will be much missed.

Sir Howard Hodgkin
(Honorary Fellow, 1976–2017)

by kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group (9th March, 2017)

If there's one artist of our time whose work embodies the sheer physical and emotional pleasure of being alive, it is Howard Hodgkin – indeed, it is almost impossible to believe that the great man is no longer with us. Those zinging contrasts of ultramarine and orange, of turquoise and vermilion, seem to go straight from the retina to some serotonin-producing corner of the brain, making the viewer feel instantly better about the whole business of being on the planet in general – and standing in front of one of Hodgkin's paintings in particular.

Colour, simultaneously the aspect of art that gives the most pleasure, and the most difficult to define and discuss, was everything to Hodgkin – which isn't the same as it being his sole preoccupation. To try to sum up his approach to it in a few trite sentences would be an insult to everything he stood for. Nonetheless, it's fair to say that his ability to enmesh contrasts of colour with contrasts of tone (light and dark) produced some of the most memorable and distinctive images of the past half century: paintings that may appear completely abstract, but which represent moments and memories that had great meaning for Hodgkin himself.

A large man, usually genial, but occasionally prickly or morose – and sometimes all three in quick succession – Hodgkin was, from a journalistic point of view, a marvellously inconsistent interviewee. The first time I interviewed him was by phone, from a motorway service station near Taunton. “Oh,” he said with an expansive chuckle, “I know Taunton very well!” He went on to describe, with some intensity, how he had been sidelined early in his career, because his privileged background (he went briefly to Eton) didn’t fit with the egalitarian tenor of the Sixties. As to the meaning of his paintings, they could be best summed up by the comment of an acquaintance who had described them as like “a swift flow to the heart”.

The next time I encountered him was in his studio, an airy converted dairy in Bloomsbury, surrounded by paintings, many painted on canvases with existing frames or on the back of other paintings so that the framing rectangles became part of the exhilarating patterns of streaks splashes and surging stripes, in hot colours that evoked travels in India, a country he visited many times. Feeling quite moved, I said how well that comment about a “swift flow to the heart” summed them up.

Sprawled back in an armchair (he was by this stage having difficulty walking), Hodgkin claimed, however, that he had never heard the phrase in his life before. Nor had he ever been to Taunton, while the story about his early neglect was “absolute rubbish – I probably said it to see what it would sound like.” He proceeded to be magnificently rude about at least three of his well-known contemporaries, while dismissing the entire artistic output of a large part of the world.

Far from being repugnant or making him appear bitter, this bracing frankness, and many wild inconsistencies with the facts, seemed evidence of a life-enhancing eccentricity. The fact that you knew you might be given a completely contradictory view on another occasion was all part of the game.

Hodgkin lived in a world of colour. He began collecting Indian miniatures – small paintings produced between the 16th and 18th centuries – as a schoolboy, and their strong colours and decisive shapes not only influenced his art, but framed his entire existence. Entering his house, you passed through a deep crimson corridor hung with these paintings, into a vibrant turquoise sitting room adorned with spectacular gilded rococo mirror, marble busts and reliefs. It was like being inside one of his paintings.

Born in 1932, the son of an executive at ICI, Hodgkin was the cousin of Roger Fry, the influential Bloomsbury Group critic, who coined the

term Post-Impressionism and was instrumental in introducing the art of van Gogh and Gauguin to Britain – and Hodgkin was aware of having been born, in a sense, into the exploration of colour and form.

A pivotal moment, he told me, came as a teenager, when his father gave him a copy of the seminal book *Matisse, His Art and His Public*, by the then director of New York's Museum of Modern Art, Alfred H Barr. Hodgkin immediately repaired to bed and didn't get up till he'd finished the book: impressed not so much by the appearance of Matisse's paintings, but by the great French artist's conviction that being an artist was a "moral" calling. As to in what that morality resided, Hodgkin would say only that I should look at Matisse's paintings – and by extension, of course, his own.

Far from simply providing hedonistic escapism, as might be assumed, Hodgkin's paintings carry a moral dimension, not only in the necessity for every brush mark to contain complete conviction, but in the fact that colour itself, applied in permutations that really sing and resonate, has its own intrinsic truth.

After his breakthrough exhibition at London's Serpentine Gallery in 1976, Hodgkin's career followed a continually ascending arc of success, causing some to write him off as an "establishment" artist, as producing art that was essentially decorative and related to nothing beyond itself. I remember wondering, as an art student, having been initially impressed by that exhibition, what Hodgkin's paintings were contributing to the wider struggles of the time.

You grow into the realisation, of course, that art operates on many levels, that not everything can be reduced to glib formulae of social relevance, and that in the hands of an artist such as Hodgkin, shape, texture, tactility and, above all, colour, are a life force in their own right.

Daniel Hollis QC (1942)

by kind permission of the Times Newspapers Ltd.

(17th November, 2016)

Dan Hollis was one of the foremost criminal barristers of his generation and a longstanding head of his own chambers whose laid-back charm, wit and minimalist but deadly effective advocacy gained him the respect of his peers. His style adhered to the principle that less is more. It was this characteristic that informed perhaps his most notable contribution

in court when he delivered what is thought to be the shortest closing speech for the defence in a criminal trial.

Standing to address the jury, Hollis chose not to launch into a long peroration. Instead he simply shrugged his shoulders and then sat down again, as if to say there was no more to say or perhaps suggesting to the jury that no one could possibly convict on the evidence before them and they must know that.

On that occasion he received a note from his client thanking him for his “speech” and saying it had made a great impact on everyone, including his codefendants who were all members of a gang of bank robbers based in Wembley. All their convictions were later quashed thanks to Hollis’ performance.

That sort of approach in front of the bench took both nerve and courage and Hollis used it at the other end of another trial when he delivered what is thought to be one of the shortest opening speeches for the prosecution in a murder case. He rose before the court and said to the jury that a man had been stabbed to death. Then he gave the date, the time and the location – the market square in a certain town – and revealed that three witnesses had seen the man in the dock do it. He concluded by saying that he would now call the first of them to give evidence.

As one of his longtime colleagues, who observed the first of these two performances, put it: “It was the brevity of his advocacy that was so effective. Dan was devastatingly charming but equally dangerous. He was one of those people who could put it in very few words – perhaps with a raised eyebrow or a knowing smile – and get away with it.”

Some, including his second wife Stella, used to joke that Hollis was actually bone idle but his record of success in big cases spoke for itself. Just as he performed in court, he ran his chambers – now the QEB Hollis Whiteman chambers at Laurence Pountney Hill off Cannon Street – with the lightest of touches, always seeming to know exactly what was going on without anyone quite understanding how.

Daniel Ayrton Hollis was born in Blackheath in 1925, the son of Norman Hollis and Phyllis (née Ward) and the grandson of Henry Park Hollis, the first astronomy correspondent of *The Times*. His early years were spent in Blackheath. In 1937, aged 12, Hollis suddenly found himself uprooted when his father, who worked for P&O, was posted to Australia. The family moved to Melbourne where Hollis attended Geelong Grammar School and became captain of rowing.

After the fall of Singapore in 1942, the family returned to Britain, travelling on the last P&O ship out of Sydney across the Southern Ocean, through the Panama Canal, evading U-boats that were waiting in the Caribbean. Before leaving Australia, Hollis had taken, and passed, his matriculation exams a year early, and with those results and a letter from his headmaster he was accepted to read jurisprudence at Brasenose.

During his first year at Oxford, aged 17, he joined the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve as a midshipman and spent much of his time learning Morse code and how to read charts in preparation for naval service. From 1943 to 1946 Hollis served first in the North Atlantic and then in the Mediterranean as a navigation officer on escort vessels.

After VE day, which he spent on leave in Liverpool, he was on his way to southeast Asia when the atom bombs were dropped to end the war. He spent the next year around Hong Kong and was demobilised in 1946 in time to resume his Oxford degree. He graduated in 1948 and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1949. He married Jill Turner, whom he had met at Oxford in 1950. They had twins – Sarah, now a consultant psychiatrist, and Simon who died in his mid-30s.

Hollis's early career as a barrister was in a common law set at Harcourt Buildings, where he discovered that he preferred oral advocacy to paperwork. He sought the advice of Mervyn Griffith Jones, a leading criminal barrister, who introduced him to a young clerk, Michael Greenaway, and suggested they both join the criminal set of Christmas Humphreys who had just been promoted to the bench. The advice was followed and the foundations of a chambers that was to become Dan Hollis' chambers at Queen Elizabeth Buildings were laid.

Having divorced his first wife in 1960, Hollis married Stella Hydleman, also a barrister, in 1963. She survives him. They had a son, Gideon, now a solicitor working in the City. He took silk in 1968 becoming head of chambers that year, a position he retained for 27 years. Greenaway was his senior clerk until he retired a few days after his 70th birthday in 1995.

Hollis sat as a commissioner and then a recorder at the Old Bailey from 1971 to 1996 and was a deputy High Court judge from 1982 to 1993. He was a Bencher of Middle Temple from 1975 where, as master of silver, he used his interest and knowledge of silver and modern craftsmanship to add new pieces to the inn's collection.

Hollis was a strikingly handsome man. In the early 1990s the artist June Mendoza met him at a judge's lunch at the Old Bailey, was struck by

his appearance and asked to paint him. The resulting portrait still hangs at the top of the stairs in his old set of chambers.

Daniel Hollis QC was born on 30th April, 1925. He died on 4th September, 2016, aged 91.

Iwan Hughes (1946)

by Peter Hughes

Dr Iwan Hughes, who has died at the age of 88, spent 29 years as a GP in the Kidlington and Yarnton area. Renowned for his diagnostic skills, he always endeavoured to put his patients' welfare at the heart of the practice.

He was also a magistrate in the local area and after that worked for the witness service. After retirement, he moved to Cassington and became chairman of the parish council.

He was also the doctor at Kidlington Airport and helped in the rescue of a light aircraft in 1968 that crashed into a hangar. He had to climb onto the wing of the aircraft to help the pilot and was subsequently told it was a very dangerous thing to do due to the risk of fire.

Iwan was born in the Welsh mining village of Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen on 28 July 1928. He won a scholarship to Hereford Cathedral School and then a scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford to study medicine.

He qualified as a doctor in 1953 and whilst doing his house jobs at the Radcliffe Infirmary, he met his future wife, Patricia. They married in August 1955 and had twin daughters in 1957, a son in 1958 and another son in 1960.

He was called up for national service and served in the RAMC, rising to the rank of acting major. He left the Army in 1961 and joined the medical practice of Dr Jerzy Nowakowski covering Kidlington and Yarnton. He lived in Yarnton. He spent the rest of his career in the practice, retiring in 1991.

He died peacefully on 16th October, 2016 at a nursing home in Yarnton with his family at his bedside. He is survived by his wife Patricia, his two daughters, Stephanie and Sara and his two sons, David and Peter.

He had nine grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Vincent Jones (1953)

by kind permission of Justin Jones

Vincent Wendel Jones was born on 31st March, 1930 in Long Beach, California to John W. and Lydia Nielsen Jones. He passed away on 11th June, 2017 at age 87 in Walnut Creek, California.

Vince was the youngest of three children (alongside Lucile Wilner and Spencer Jones). He was three years old at the time of the Long Beach earthquake, which was his first vivid memory. He attended Woodrow Wilson High School in Long Beach and served as the school's first student body president. He then moved to New Hampshire where he attended Dartmouth College. At Dartmouth, Vince studied Political Science and played on the varsity football team. He also developed an interest in flight during this time and earned his private pilot's license. He graduated with honors (Phi Beta Kappa) in 1952, and was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship to attend Oxford University.

At Oxford, Vince studied Philosophy, Politics, and Economics and took up the game of rugby. He played in the Varsity Match vs. Cambridge, and later as a team captain he toured Australia competing with the American All-Star team. During his time in England, he piloted a small plane on many adventures with classmates. When he returned to the states, Vince attended Stanford Law School where he earned his law degree in 1957. After graduation, he married Laurine Ellis. They later divorced.

After earning his law degree, Vince joined the law firm of Brobeck, Phleger and Harrison. Several years later, he was recruited to work as General Counsel for Hilp & Rhodes, a commercial builder in San Francisco.

In 1964, Vince joined the western region of Sears, Roebuck, and Co. and returned to southern California. He eventually moved to Chicago to work as General Counsel for the Sears subsidiary, Coldwell Banker.

In his later years, Vince lived in Concord, California near family and actively pursued many business interests. He enjoyed attending his grandchildren's sporting events, staying abreast of current events, and overseeing projects in southern and northern California. He is survived by his four children: Lydia Jones, Valerie McCubbins, Justin Jones, and Emily Larsen; thirteen grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren

Hugo Judd (1960)

by Richard Bradbury (1960) with contributions from many friends – notably Richard Griffin, who wrote Hugo's Obituary in New Zealand

Hugo was born in Canada. His father was South African and his mother English but born in Japan. When he was six, the family moved to Christchurch, New Zealand. His older brothers were born in Hong Kong and London and the family was always very cosmopolitan. It was only after his mother's death that he discovered that his maternal grandmother was in fact from New Zealand. Hugo was a Kiwi at heart, becoming a naturalized New Zealand citizen in 1957. He died at home in Mapua, near Nelson, on New Zealand's South Island on 2nd May, 2017 aged 77. As one would expect of Hugo, his death was sudden. Friends had found him in fine fettle just a few days before: a dreadful shock for his wife Sue and his family – but totally in character.

Hugo arrived in Oxford in 1961 following a good degree from Canterbury College, Christchurch in German and Russian. At BNC he read the same two subjects getting an Oxford degree in a further two years. Why he chose to read German and Russian as an undergraduate in Oxford after his New Zealand degree in those very same subjects was a bit of a mystery to his friends, but not something to dwell on because one feature of being a friend of Hugo back in the 1960s, or later for that matter, was that there was little time for speculation – his and therefore our lives were run at such a frenetic pace! With the benefit of hindsight, there are grounds to believe that Hugo had an amazingly clear vision of the route ahead for his career, although this was never apparent at the time. Most of us were just aiming for a degree, but he saw Oxford as the place where he would meet a broad range of people from around the world and this, in many cases, he did. For us more modest mortals, we were happy to indulge and encourage his extraordinary capacity for crazy activities and “Fun” with a capital “F”.

In an attempt to maintain some sort of normality in this review of Hugo's extraordinary, entertaining and successful life, let us continue with his career after Oxford. We can return to the escapades and the absurdities of our time together at BNC later.

The New Zealand Foreign Service saw the potential, and recruited Hugo whilst he was in the UK. Thus began the process of forging a diplomat of moment. What appears not to have been of concern to the

Foreign Service was the sardonic wit, the healthy disdain for formulated behaviour and the carefully managed bloody-mindedness. All served him well as his career blossomed.

A first posting to Geneva satisfied his Europhile proclivities. An elegant environment, elegant women and challenging ski fields meant he had to be winkled out by the hierarchy to fill a critical post in the NZ Saigon Embassy at the height of the Vietnam War. The offer of finance to transfer all personal effects, including the car (now a red Alfa Romeo), may well have swung the deal.

If an unattached bachelor needed to make an impression in the chaos of South Vietnam in the late '60s, then weaving his way past the heaving bars and cafes of down-town Saigon in the red Alfa (skis still attached) did the trick. However, his sociability and communication skills quickly won the respect of the Americans, his NZ colleagues, the diplomatic community in general and the itinerant journalists too.

Hugo took many steps up the Foreign Affairs escalator. Next was Chargé d'Affaires, responsible for the restoration of New Zealand's representation in Moscow. Hugo and his new wife, Catherine Isaac, dubbed by a visiting journalist "a golden Kiwi couple", opened Soviet political doors and charmed Western diplomats with a combination of conversational Russian, duty-free Steinlager (a New Zealand beer) and black market Beluga Caviar at Friday soirées.

A similar approach to high-level negotiations was, subsequently, just as successful in Washington. Hugo, now a minister at the New Zealand Embassy, was a critical player in ensuring that disparate NZ government agencies operating in the US capital were relocated into the new embassy on "Observatory Hill", a prime location nextdoor to the residence of the American vice-president. It was in Washington, too, that the ubiquitous red V8 Ford Mustang convertible, destined to be his muscle car of choice for the next 40 years, made its first appearance. It's no good: even when discussing his extraordinary career, cars tend to come into the picture!

In the early '80s he became Ambassador to Austria and Eastern Europe. For Hugo, the time-tested formula still applied: a mixture of cosmopolitan charm and sociability and a hard-headed analysis of trade opportunities resulting in a range of repressive Communist dictators being exposed to New Zealand diplomacy by a master of the art. For example, when New Zealand Rail invested in competitively priced Hungarian rolling stock, Hugo was there to help oil the wheels of the

deal. In the course of the negotiations, Hugo, whose usual role was one of restrained professionalism, challenged visiting New Zealand Prime Minister Robert Muldoon on details of process. Questioned later, the Prime Minister, a notorious critic of Foreign Affairs officials, hesitated menacingly before responding, "Ah... on this occasion the ambassador may have been right". Possibly the only concession Muldoon ever made to a New Zealand diplomat.

For various reasons Hugo opted out of the postings game in the late '80s. Appointed Deputy Secretary in Wellington's head office, he instituted a new regime of engagement with the public that was articulate, open and media-friendly. But if you are not available for posting you are not in the race for the top. Government House offered an alternative and once there Hugo took control, adroitly side-stepping a system which divided management between a Comptroller and the Governor-General's private secretary. The quality of the wine and canapés improved immeasurably and Government House morphed into a restrained "Party Central", at least as often as Hugo could swing it. Nevertheless, he served as trusted adviser to four Governor-Generals.

Hugo's marriage to Catherine had ended in divorce but a new life partnership with Sue Morgan extended into retirement on the Waimea Estuary and, when not enjoying hospitality from a seemingly inexhaustible list of friends from around the globe, so-called "Chez Sugo" hosted gatherings of local friends and new arrivals to the "Top of the South".

The Suter Gallery and the Adams Festival sought his services. He founded the local chapter of the New Zealand Institute of International Affairs in Nelson and quickly grew the event into the most successfully attended discussion group on international affairs anywhere in the country. Adventures continued on the back of so-called classic car rallies that would have lacked rigour, and possibly some of the hangers, without Hugo's contribution to their organisation.

Hugo acknowledged that he lived on borrowed time. Sixteen years ago he only just survived a dawn rescue from Awaroa followed by miraculous vascular surgery in Nelson Hospital. Sadly he could not escape the clutches of the Reaper this time.

Now we must turn again to the glorious years at Oxford and here we are indebted to many contemporaries who have contributed to this piece. It is clear that Hugo has had a brilliant career and that his time

at Oxford was a significant early step towards this. What is also clear is that his academic studies at Oxford, whilst no doubt diligently pursued, were less important to his future than the exposure to the Oxford scene and the opportunity to meet fellow students from around the world. He certainly did meet many international High Flyers but he also met many more ordinary mortals whose lives he enriched, for example his fellow students at BNC.

Hugo arrived in Oxford in September 1961 to start his two-year course. He was not given rooms in college and was in digs somewhere in Oxford: nobody seems to know where. In the first week of November, Roger Martin and I were deciding what we might do that was different from the University Mountaineering Club's regular trip to Snowdonia, and we thought that we might try to beat the Cambridge record of getting from the top of Snowden, the highest peak in Wales, to the top of Ben Nevis, the highest in Scotland, via Scafell Pike, the highest in England. This was, by any measure, a silly idea, particularly as we did not have a suitable car to drive between the three mountains and we were proposing to start on the escapade "tomorrow" with limited time for planning and at a time of year when the mountains were "treacherous", covered in snow and ice. Cambridge had tackled the task in full summer after detailed preparation involving procuring the services of a racing driver and his modern 3.8-litre Jaguar.

It is probably fair to say that Roger and I were ready to find Hugo. We enquired whether anyone knew of a member of college with a fast car who could help. Well, we had to compromise: we found a new man in college who had a slow car which he could drive fast, Hugo! His car was the infamous 1954 VW Beetle, bought second-hand in Germany shortly before his arrival in Oxford. In the hands of anyone but Hugo, it was slow. In Hugo's hands it was still not fast but much faster than it was reasonable to expect.

Needless to say, we did not match the Cambridge time but we did achieve 17 hours 45 minutes against their 17 hours 15 minutes. Hugo helped us in many ways in addition to reckless driving. He backed up the "Pyg Track" (not a road) on Snowden for nearly a mile to shorten our dash down the mountain but spoilt this by spinning off into a ditch shortly afterwards. We pulled the car out and continued but, due to a fractured fuel pipe, ran out of petrol in Lancaster at 3 o'clock in the morning. In Scotland we were stopped several times by the police who were looking

for two escaped prisoners: we seemed to match the description! On Ben Nevis, there was a blizzard and four feet of snow and the RAF Mountain Rescue Team tried to stop Roger and me doing the last leg of our challenge up the highest mountain in the UK, in the dark and ill equipped. Well, we could not let our driver down by not completing our part of the bargain. Foolhardiness prevailed and we completed the challenge: even the batteries in our torches just managed to last the ordeal.

All in all, we felt that we had won a moral victory by doing the challenge in winter and without detailed planning but, most importantly, we had made a new friend who showed us that there were no limits to what we might achieve, however stupid the objective or however impractical the means.

Fellow student Simon Leigh (a charming Aussie) reminded me of our dicing with disaster at the Tony Marsh Racing School at Finmere near Buckingham. Finmere was a disused airfield and we were able to drive a circuit including the main runway with its ferocious left turn at the end. We did this in our own cars – rather boring – but were then let loose in the School’s single seater, not exactly Formula 1 but, for us, a step up from the VW Beetle. There were distance markers near the end of the runway to tell you when to brake, 150 yards, 100 and 50. We all hit the brakes at 150 and that was exciting. Not Hugo. Lap 1: braked at 100 yards and recovered via the grass after losing it. Lap 2: braked at 50 yards and spun off into a large circular dispersal area. Lap 3: did not brake at all. The car, going sideways, caught a ridge on the runway, flipped over, bounced on its nose upside down, pushing Hugo out of the cockpit onto the tarmac, bounced on his head back into the cockpit but then landed on his elbow, still in the car; finally ending up back on the wheels but going fast backwards away into the distance. We were all horrified and dashed over to see if he was still with us. All, that is, except Simon, whose main concern was the state of the beautiful gold-painted helmet that he had lent Hugo. Hugo suffered a lot of pain for a long time from his elbow but the helmet, having done its job, was done for. I was particularly amused by Simon’s comment on the incident: “Well, that was enough motor racing.” So we went parachuting instead.

Before leaving Simon Leigh, I would like to compare his skiing with that of Hugo. Both were brilliant skiers but they were complete opposites: Simon was a style fanatic: he did not mind how often he fell over (not that he did very often) as long as his skis remained perfectly

together. Hugo, on the other hand, did not mind what he looked like as long as he never fell over. I leave it to others to work out the psychology of this.

Whilst we all loved Hugo enormously, he had one very annoying trait: it did not matter what we got up to, Hugo always seemed to have done it before – and was good at it. Driving, skating, ice hockey, skiing, swimming, gymnastics: you name it, he was good at it. He was even a devil at croquet. Where did he learn that, for goodness sake?

And then came our last year, 1962/63: the great freeze. After Christmas we all re-assembled at college for revision, hard work and finals. But everything was icebound, including the rivers and lakes. Well, we thought, we must enjoy this: it won't last long, and then we can knuckle down to our studies. How wrong we were: it lasted for weeks! Each morning we went skating on the Cherwell and once skated all the way to "The Swan" at Islip for lunch. Hugo was a very good skater of course, unlike the rest of us. Several times in the afternoon we drove over to Blenheim Palace to skate on the lake. We had to use field hockey sticks and a circular can of fish as a puck, but it was an attempt to play ice hockey and Hugo was good at it, of course. But then we discovered Bablock Hythe, a village on the Thames just north of Oxford where there was a car ferry across the river. The ferry had ramps down into the water and this allowed us to get our cars onto the frozen river. The local pub was very helpful and set up floodlights and we spent many evenings driving up and down the Thames, mostly missing the ice-bound boats moored along the bank. The best fun was the row of welly boots set up as a slalom course: very testing, but you can guess who was good at it! We had an amazing time and our ring leader was, of course, Hugo!

We should also remember that Hugo had a very enquiring mind and was always keen to do research, so long as it involved the VW Beetle. Simon Leigh reminds us of the time when Hugo decided to drive his car into the river to see if it would float, as VW advertised that it would. It didn't, and they limped home very wet.

Paul Dawson Bowling remembers a visit to Exmoor when Hugo decided that they should find out how far the car could be tipped over before it rolled onto its roof. As it happened, a passing hunt saw this and its leaders cantered over in their pink to see if they could help with what they assumed to be mechanical misfortune. When Hugo explained, in his best-bred tones, that it was a simple experiment to test a hypothesis,

they plainly adopted the view that he was insane and trying to make trouble. Thereupon Art Latimer, a tall and delightful American, fanned the flames by saying in his matchless drawl, “Sir, I will thank you to keep your horses under better control; their behaviour, like yours, is upsetting our car”. One of the horsemen was just about to try and horse-whip Art; he lifted his whip; but there were big men in Hugo’s company and it did not happen; instead the hunt just muttered and rode off.

There has never been a better illustration of the indestructability of the VW Beetle but VW never used him for their publicity. Towards the end of our time at BNC, the Beetle’s engine finally blew up. How it lasted as long as it did was a mystery. Hugo took the car to the Oxford VW Agent and explained his problem. To our amazement, VW said that, even for a ten year old car, this should not have happened and fitted a new engine free of charge. Little did they know!

Even after our student times you could be sure of excitement if you were with Hugo. During his posting to Geneva, Liz, my wife, and I were being driven by Hugo in his two seat Alfa Romeo. Liz was perched somewhere between the handbrake and the gear lever and somewhat uncomfortable. Noticing that we were going extremely fast and that we were still in the City, she enquired whether there was a speed limit in Geneva. As we screeched round a corner, Hugo muttered that it was all fine as he had Diplomatic Immunity. We were not entirely sure that even New Zealand’s Diplomatic Immunity would do the trick in what seemed a very likely and imminent crash. But, of course, we survived, again!

Enough, enough, there is much more. Apologies to the providers of the many stories being kept in reserve for another day.

Hugo was not a cat – cats only have nine lives – but he was still mortal – how did he survive for so long – no idea – thank goodness that he did – we miss him – but we can still dine out on our tales of times together.

Giana Kurti

**(widow of the late Professor Nicholas Kurti,
Senior Research Fellow 1947–67)**

by kind permission of Susannah Kurti

Giana was born on 15th April, 1913, at the Red House, Chilwell, Notts, to Brigadier General Charles Tyrell Shipley and Joyce Shipley (née Carmichael). She had an older half-sister, Sally, and an older half-

brother, Moses. They moved house in England frequently and in 1922 moved to Italy for three years. Giana's first experience of school was boarding at the Poggio Imperiale in Florence, where she developed a love for the language and literature of Italy.

From 1926 to 1927 the family visited South Africa, where her mother had been born. On their return to England she attended St Mary's School, Calne. Unusually, despite having "no aptitude for sport", Giana was made Head Girl. She also "discovered she was good at exams" and won a scholarship to Lady Margaret Hall, where she read Italian.

After her father's death in 1933, she moved to London and took various secretarial jobs, including at The Times Book Club. She went to theatre and ballet performances, and took dance classes. She started working for MI5 before the war, and during her employment was based in Wormwood Scrubs Prison and Blenheim Palace! After the war she spent six months in Rome, seconded by MI5 to the British Embassy.

On 24th September, 1946 she married Nicholas Kurti, who had returned to Oxford in 1945 after working on the Manhattan Project: her ease and elegance complemented perfectly Nicholas' bombastic brilliance. Susannah was born in 1948, and Camilla in 1952. Giana attended the very first Edinburgh Festival in 1947, and from 1951 was a regular at Glyndebourne, becoming a member.

In the 1950s and 1960s, there were family summer holidays on the Gower Peninsular in Wales, and Europe: Brittany, Arcachon, Strobl am Wolfgangsee, Budapest; and also holidays associated with conferences: Lake Como 1956, Crete 1967, St. Andrews 1968 where she witnessed Russian scientists apologising to Czech colleagues for the invasion of their country; and from 1992 using her Italian at the International Workshop on Molecular Gastronomy at Erice, Sicily.

Two sabbaticals in the USA (1956–57 in Berkeley; 1963–1964 in New York and then Berkeley) enhanced Giana's ability to connect with people, forming deep and lasting friendships that sustained her throughout her life. This gift was also evident in the way she developed friendships independently with people she got to know through Nicholas' involvement with Brasenose, the Clarendon Laboratory, The Royal Society, and visiting Hungarian scholars.

Their round-the world-trip in Summer 1964 was an experience that she appreciated enormously and made a lasting impression on her: Fiji, Australia, New Zealand, China, Thailand, Cambodia, India, Persia.

Italy and its culture gave her great pleasure: The Oxford Italian Association; visits to exhibitions of Italian art; Italian classes which led to her hosting the Italian Conversation Group till Summer 2016; and holidays in Italy with her daughter Susannah. Giana's love of English history and culture was enhanced by National Trust visits, and short breaks in English cities and towns, from York to St Ives, with her other daughter Camilla.

In Oxford her activities included volunteering at the University Newcomers Club and Summertown Oxfam Shop, going to theatre and dance at the Playhouse and outings with the Friends of the Ashmolean and Wolvercote Horticultural Society.

Nicholas and Giana's generous hospitality extended to friends and family of all ages from all over the world. After Nicholas' death in 1998, Giana continued to enjoy this contact, making visits in England and Hungary, and welcoming everyone to the house in Blandford Avenue.

Ian Outen (1987)

by Paul Fitzgerald (1987) and Mark Johnson (1987)

Ian Outen, who died on the 9th March, 2017, aged 47, was a partner in the City law firm Dentons LLP.

When Ian was applying to the firm, then under the catchy name of Denton Hall Burgin & Warrens, his law tutor, John Davies, acting as a referee, wrote to the firm, describing Ian as '*a hard-working and well organised man, as well as a likeable one – well balanced and unassuming; behind the relaxed manner there is very considerable determination and stamina. I think he will be an excellent solicitor.*'

So it proved to be, and Ian was with the firm for nearly 25 years, from 1992, joining the property department on qualification in 1994. The '90s and early 2000s were periods of rapid activity in the property world, and Ian was heavily involved; the boom time saw him increase his own practice, buying and selling substantive portfolios and often putting together complex schemes with tax and other structuring elements involved. When the 2008 financial crisis hit, Ian successfully changed his practice to focus on investment and housing finance. He was promoted to partnership in 2005. He was a lawyer clients trusted and liked; 'clever', 'steadfast' and 'a man of integrity' are just some of the tributes paid by

them since his death. An excellent mentor, his colleagues particularly valued him for his generosity with his time and expertise, his honesty and his supreme calm under pressure.

But for all his friends, that is not how we will remember Ian. As the recruiting partner recalled at Ian's memorial service at the Apothecaries' Hall in London in June this year, on his application form for a training contract back in 1990, the first item Ian had proudly listed in the 'Social Activities' section on his CV was him being a "partner in *Beatbox Discos* – an independently run mobile disco", which made Ian's application particularly egregious, and successful.

Those BNC alumni who were at college around 1989–90 may remember Beatbox 'bops' organised by Ian and the Entz Rep Mark Johnson; I shall always remember the curious sight of Ian holding a telephone receiver to his ear while the records turned; I think he was precisely 'cuing in' the next song (Milli Vanilli, anyone?!); that said, this was the era before everyone had a mobile phone, so who knows?

Ian's application went on, 'co-organiser of entertainments at Brasenose for two years, including a notably large outdoor fireworks concert'. Remember 'Treason' at the BNC sports field on a soggy November Saturday in 1990? That nascent legal brain was already practising a lawyer's very particular way of defining things, with the description as *notably* large.

Friends will treasure the music and laughter we shared with Ian over 30 years. Eclectic tastes in music from early house to acid jazz, LPs often shared on Staircase 15 over a bottle of Bulgarian cabernet from Oddbins on the High. Laughter from his razor sharp, skittish wit – the master of sending up the absurd or ridiculous; or in the form of brilliantly executed practical jokes, such as the time he rearranged the furniture in a friend's rooms, leaving a very convincing note from the Domestic Bursar explaining that the sleeping quarters were henceforth 'strictly out of bounds due to the presence of dangerous polycarbide substances'.

Ian David Outen was born on the 12th June 1969. Having attended Bishop Vesey's School in Sutton Coldfield, he came up to Brasenose in October 1987. As his wife and friends from Oxford remember, he was more 'Brummie than plummie'; at a time when many 18-year-old undergraduates chose to reinvent themselves, Ian stayed true to himself. Not for him the foppish foulard, tweed jacket and the Brideshead routine: what you saw was what you got, and what you got was a fantastically witty, wry, kind and thoughtful man.

This was Ian's hallmark throughout his later life; as a City solicitor, he had a deep social conscience, volunteering his culinary skills at the breakfast sessions at the Whitechapel Mission in which his law firm was involved. He was proud to hold the record for the most fried eggs in one pan.

Surprisingly too, perhaps, for a lawyer, Ian was unmaterialistic. His most treasured possessions were his beloved books, CDs and cycling gear. For, despite his protestations, he had become a MAMIL, a middle aged man in lycra. In fact, he had a worryingly large amount of it. As his wife said in her eulogy, Ian was unpretentious and loved the simple things in life: a beer, a roast, and a fire, whether a bonfire at the allotment or in his precious stove at home.

Ian's greatest pleasure, however, was in his children, Thomas and Flora. Ian was a most loving, devoted, fun and fair father.

He was diagnosed with a grade 4 glioblastoma in May last year. That his brilliant brain should harbour the cancer seems the ultimate irony, and injustice. All through the time after he fell ill he never once expressed sorrow for himself or raged at the terrible thing that had happened to him; Ian being Ian was just going to get on with it whatever it was. He was incredible, and throughout his illness showed dignity, humour and courage; "he had been dealt a bad card" was all that he would say. He must have experienced fear and sadness, but he wouldn't let his family or friends see it.

Ian is survived by his children and his wife Vicky, herself a Somerville law graduate – a match made in the law libraries of Oxford. Ian claimed he first fell for her aged 18, during Mods examinations in the Hilary Term. He moved with his customary decisiveness and speed, and taking a mere 15 months, finally asked Vicky out on Valentine's Day 1990. They married in 1999, 'Ian playing the long game,' as Vicky has said. The long game cut tragically short.

Peter Potter (1951)

by Ann Potter

Peter D Potter chose to apply to BNC on the basis of the connection with the Bishops of Lincoln: he was at school in Lincoln. He was astounded to be awarded a state scholarship in Chemistry, and at interview he was brave enough to ask whether he might change to Mathematics or Physics. He ended up studying the latter.

He enjoyed music, boating and debating, but he found simply wandering the Oxford streets to look at the buildings enthralling. He used to row in the early mornings on his own, and was asked why he did by a coach. He told him that he just liked watching the water, and was self-taught and had only rowed with a friend. For a short time he rowed in the official squad but as he was on the short side was then asked to cox. He particularly enjoyed Torpids, and kept the records of the races he had been involved in for many years.

He used to tell an entertaining story about a Rugby “injury”. Like many rugby players he went into hospital for a cartilage trim, but woke up in intense pain and shouted for painkillers. The nurses were very cross and said he must be quiet. He continued to yell for a doctor and as it happens a passing BNC man said he had just qualified and would take a look. The doctor telephoned and found a bed for Peter, booked a surgeon on standby and took out the inflamed appendix that had been causing Peter’s discomfort.

On leaving Oxford he did National Service in the Navy and volunteered for submarines as he was frequently seasick. The ships he was sent to in the event failed their sea trials but he saw some interesting places. He was commissioned and served in Derry.

His first job was with a company which sent him to the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. As soon as he could afford a car he used it to drive into Oxford twice a week and thoroughly enjoyed himself. More recently he returned for a Gaudy and stayed in college with his contemporary Michael Flint (1952) to help with his guide dogs.

John Punshon (1954)

*by Paul N. Anderson, Professor of Biblical and
Quaker Studies, George Fox University*

When William Penn, whose portrait still adorns the walls of Christ Church College, was expelled from Oxford in 1661 for his nonconformist views and alternative worship venues, who would have thought that one of Oxford’s alumni three centuries later would become one of the leading Quaker interpreters and ministers of the late 20th and early 21st centuries? Having experienced a number of faith traditions in his earlier years, John Punshon actually joined the Friends movement while at Oxford. A lover of Newman and the aesthetic spirituality of the Oxford Movement, and

having experienced the biblical vitality of his grandfather's rural Baptist church during the Second World War, John came to appreciate the simplicity of Quaker worship during his Oxford years, and his life has been given to interpreting that faith in practice ever since.

Born in 1935 to Arthur and Dorothy Punshon in Hackney, east London, John received a strong classical education, accompanied by an intellectual curiosity, which served him well at Oxford and beyond. Despite being stricken with polio at the age of fourteen, he lived a full and productive life. With a quick wit and a twinkle in his eye, he inspired thousands with his teaching and public ministries in Britain, Africa, the Americas, and worldwide. John passed away on 10th March after a second battle with myeloma. He is survived by his wife Veronica, their children, Tom Punshon and Sophie Miller, and their grandchildren, Victoria and James Punshon and Tabitha and Esther Miller.

Memorial services were held at Milton Keynes Friends Meeting on 7th April and at Wanstead Friends Meeting in London on 12th August, where his ashes were interred. John and Veronica were married there in 1962. At both memorial services the sharing of memories was full and extensive, and loving appreciation continues to be expressed to the family from those who have known John and have been touched by his many ministries over the years. Incidentally, upon visiting Wanstead's burial ground, one may also run across the gravestone of Elizabeth Fry, which John had helped to rescue several years earlier. In that sense, he rests in good company!

As an adolescent, John Punshon applied himself to his studies, and was ever the full participant in extracurriculars while at school and college. Recorded in *The Brazen Nose*, J.A. Punshon is listed in the second rowing position in the Second Torpid during Hillary Term, 1955, although glory-garnering outcomes have gone unreported. Enough of sport, though; the Brasenose Players of 1956, in their performance of *Saint Joan*, lists J.A. Punshon as playing the role of Peter Chaucon, Bishop of Bauvaix. Despite the rain sustained in the garden performances, the play was rumored to be worth seeing, and according to *The Brazen Nose*, "rumor did not lie."

In commenting on Punshon's performance in particular, *The Brazen Nose* reports: "The Archbishop was a splendid prelate – of somewhat D'Oyly Carte precision and stiffness." And, according to The Buchan Society's report of 1956–57, John served as the chairman of the organizing

committee. After a charter was drawn up, the college debating society was inaugurated in January of 1957 with Punshon continuing to serve as an officer. Debates on politics, economics, and governance in British society were thus debated energetically. *The Brazen Nose* concludes its coverage of the debating society thusly: “The Society has now reached the age of discretion, at least. Let us hope that its growth will be as healthy in the future as it has in the past.”

Following his time at Oxford, Punshon continued to be active in politics. As a researcher, legal clerk, and barrister in London (1957–76), John stood for Parliament in 1964 and 1966 (Labor, Ilford North), though unsuccessfully. He served as a City Councilman (London, Burrough of Leyton, following in the trajectory of Lord Sorenson, a lifelong friend of John’s parents and family) from 1958–64. He also taught at Stratford Grammar School (1961–67) and Corpus Christi High School (1976–79).

Following his political and teaching service in London, John was appointed the Quaker Tutor at Woodbrooke in Selly Oak, England (1979–1990), later serving as a Visiting Professor of Quaker Studies at George Fox College in Newberg, Oregon (1990) and as the first Geraldine Leatherock Professor of Quaker Studies at the Earlham School of Religion in Richmond, Indiana (1991–2001). A member of Whitewater Friends Meeting, he became a recorded Friends minister in Indiana Yearly Meeting (1993). Following his service at ESR, John and Veronica returned to England, where they lived in Milton Keynes, and where John participated in civic and ecumenical leadership.

John was a frequent speaker at yearly meetings, churches/meetings, and colleges/universities around the world. He ministered in Kenya and Honduras and delivered the Johnson Lecture at FUM (1987, *Patterns of Change*), the Swarthmore Lecture in London Yearly Meeting (1990, *Testimony and Tradition*) and the Western Yearly Meeting Quaker Lecture (1993, *Enriching the Worship*). He also wrote several articles on Quaker theology and history for encyclopaedias, dictionaries, and Festschriften.

His books include a concise treatment of Quaker history (*Portrait in Grey*, 1984), an invitation to Quaker unprogrammed worship (*Encounter with Silence*, 1988), and a thoughtful analysis of the evangelical tradition among Friends (*Reasons for Hope: The Faith and Future of the Friends Church*, 2001). John also contributed many essays to *The Friend*, *Friends Journal*, *Quaker Life*, *Evangelical Friend*, and *Quaker Religious Thought*, and

his Pendle Hill Pamphlets include *Alternative Christianity* (#245) and *Letter to a Universalist* (#285).

In sharing about his faith in practice at Milton Keynes Friends Meeting, John concludes his overview of his adventuresome life and its fulfilment as follows. “It is really very simple. I love God, I read my Bible, I say my prayers and I try to be good. That is my faith in practice.”

Rafi Raza (1954)

by Rosemary Raza

Rafi Raza was born on 31st July, 1936. As M.M. Rafi, he read Jurisprudence at Brasenose from 1954–57. (Traditionally, many Muslim families do not have European-style surnames. To avoid confusion over his name, Rafi adopted his father’s name, Raza, as a surname, and in his subsequent career was always known as Rafi Raza).

After being called to the Bar (Inner Temple) in 1958, he returned to Karachi, Pakistan, where he practised as a lawyer, and at the same time became involved in his great interest, politics. In 1967 he was associated with Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in the formation of the Pakistan People’s Party. From 1968–69 he was briefly Legal Counsel to the recently established Asian Development Bank in Manila, but resigned to return to politics in Pakistan. He accompanied Mr Bhutto in the consultations surrounding the breakup of Pakistan and creation of Bangladesh in 1971, and when Mr Bhutto became President of Pakistan, was appointed his Special Assistant and chief of staff, later becoming a Senator and Federal Minister for Production, Industries and Commerce. As the party’s constitutional expert, he was also instrumental in drafting the new Constitution. He remained in government till 1977, when the army re-entered politics. He subsequently returned to law and writing, moving between London and Karachi, with a brief reappearance in politics in Pakistan in 1990. He married a Somervillian, and their two sons both went to Oxford, the older as a medic at Brasenose.

David Sayer (1957)

by John Sayer (1951)

David was born in Romford, Essex on 19 September 1936 but was educated in Kent, at Maidstone Grammar School (1946 to 1955), and excelled at cricket from a very young age. At school he was Captain

of the Cricket first XI and he played first XV Rugby, playing also for England Schoolboys in both sports. He gained an Open Exhibition in History to BNC in 1955 but did not go up until 1957, after two years National Service in Germany.

It was not until 1953, that Dave and I played formally against each other, school versus old boys. I came back to Maidstone without having touched ball or bat that year. David invited me to a quiet net practice at school, to 'get my eye in'. Cricket nets in my day had been uphill by the pavilion, grass safely dampened under the poplar trees. But when we got there, I found there were new downhill concrete and matting nets, and in no time balls were buzzing past my ears like hornets. David had already become a remarkably fast bowler. An anecdote related by a former Mote CC player has it that when the Mote played against MGS in the summer of 1953, David was the fastest bowler he had ever faced and he was bruised through his pads!

The following year, his last at school, David was called into the Kent side to play against Sussex, stalwart Fred Ridgeway having pulled a muscle. But David too had grown into a fast bowler without any skilled physical preparation for his whole body; in the second innings he broke down and could hardly bowl. His contemporary, Frank Tyson, was the first fast bowler to have trained his body to take the strain; sports therapy had no place in the MCC. But by 1958, after conscription, David was in full flight again, opening the bowling for Oxford. Wickedly, one of his best performances that year was against his own county, Kent, 6 for 44. He made that good later in the same year, achieving his career best for Kent in his third game for the Club: 7 for 37 in a match against Leicestershire. In that game his match figures were 10 for 67.

David had three years at Oxford. His Open Exhibition had been the result of a very quick mind and accurate memory, and he went through the initial stages conscientiously and impressively. Fellow historians like John Sweetman (1957), a lifelong friend, expected him to excel in finals; but each Summer was spent in the Parks, and his Blue, with 5 for 41 against Cambridge, meant more than his honours degree. BNC remained part of his life, the college Gaudy always a seven-year high point. Twenty years after he had gone down, my daughter (Gwen Sayer, 1979, now Gwen Armstrong) was commissioned to bring back his annual case of Brasenose sherry, and was welcomed by Jack the Wine with a plethora of nostalgic anecdotes about her uncle.

David's heyday was also a turning point for cricket. The world was divided between Gentlemen and Players. The Gentlemen (or Gentlemen of Marylebone Cricket Club, founded in 1787, which governed the game across the Commonwealth) were distinguished from the Players, who were paid for their services. County and national teams were always captained by Gentlemen, allegedly free of self-interest, serving the game as officers served the Queen. David came into cricket as an amateur and Oxford Blue gentleman, but without any of the customary means or smooth trappings. Amateurs were offered generous expenses to have everything done for them, sometimes exceeding the pittance paid in those days to Players. As a talented amateur without means, David was offered a sinecure by a Kent supporter and went through the early cricketing years nominally as personnel manager for Molins packaging Company; remarkably, the personnel did not suffer during his absence for Kent during the Summer, or during MCC tours in the winter.

The biennial Gentlemen versus Players matches had been the most important of the year, apart from Test Matches. The only problem was that for about ten years, the Gentlemen had come nowhere near defeating the Players. David was an anomaly, his 6 for 68 for Gentlemen against Players in 1959 was hardly the done thing. Reporting on that match, Denis Compton, every schoolboy's cricketing hero, described David as a yard faster than the fiery Fred Trueman. Behind the stumps, Godfrey Evans also confirmed he was for five overs the fastest bowler he had ever played with. Relationships on tours for MCC, notably to New Zealand in 1961, were uneasy. David saw through the cant too clearly, and was no diplomat. In 1962 things came to a head. The Players had formed a union, the Cricket Players Association, and in no time the hallowed distinction between Gentlemen and Players was gone, Players in future captained county and national teams on merit. Perhaps gentlemanly conduct soon went too. David joined the Kent professional staff in 1961 and opened the bowling regularly to 1968, thereafter scaling down to medium-fast. One-day county matches were introduced in 1969, and in the 1970s, the tycoon Kerry Packer in Australia and the Indian Cricket Board commercialised shorter, more colourful and more lucrative slogging matches. Cricket helmets became common in the 1970s, as younger players targeted each other more and more. David played occasionally for Kent through these changes, while captaining the Mote CC, and was even recalled by Kent in 1976 at the age of 39, 21 years after his first-

class début. His final game for Kent was against Glamorgan in the John Player league. As a fast bowler his first-class career average was 23.6 and for Kent he took five wickets in an innings 19 times. After his playing career David ran his own modest insurance agency in Lenham and then from home. He was a loyal lifelong Kent County Cricket Club supporter and acted as their insurance broker.

Many of my generation and the next remember the sheer poetry of motion when he was bowling, or the thrill of this large frame scooping up balls on the boundary and running out batsmen unaware of his throwing power. When I once asked him how he would now categorise cricket, he shrugged it off as ‘entertainment’, but he continued to play the game as before. It was the centre of half of his life. Cricket did nothing to prepare him for career change beyond the hallowed turf or for domestic life, but he became a legend, enshrined in Wisden Almanack and cricket archives and pleasurable memories. It cost, though, the penalty of fast bowling over so many years taking its toll: he used to joke latterly about “bowling off a short run today”. That was typical of his dry humour even in adversity. His kindly challenging, quizzically arched eyebrow and self-deprecation remained with him. David leaves a widow Carol, their two daughters Alexandra and Vivienne and their families. His funeral at the Holy Cross Church, Bearsted, brought together a throng of cricketers, family and friends across the generations, with tributes from all sides.

Bill Wickham (1947)

delivered by Sir David Clarke at Liverpool Crown Court in June, 2017

I am grateful to be invited back to speak about my much loved and admired predecessor Bill Wickham, whom I have known as a colleague and friend since being a very young pupil in February 1965. Although he was already in his late 30s, he was the junior member of chambers until I joined. Our lives were controlled by the clerk, Herbert McMath, and it was Herbert who decided that Bill should share a room with Michael Morland, later Sir Michael, so that Bill could learn some civil and Michael could learn some crime.

Bill’s most obvious characteristic, as a barrister and as a judge, was his directness. He got on with the job and expected others to do the same. He had boundless energy and enthusiasm, and his throughput of work was phenomenal. He did not waste words, and he did not appreciate

those who did. So I feel a special responsibility this morning to follow his example and to keep it short, so that the court can soon get back to its primary task of trying criminal cases and sentencing offenders.

Bill grew up in West Lancashire and was educated at Sedbergh, some years ahead of others who achieved distinction in the law, notably Lord Bingham who was perhaps the finest LCJ of all in recent times. Then, after army service, he went up to Oxford, to Brasenose, always known as BNC. There he was one of a particularly close-knit group of four friends Bill, Ted and two Johns. Ted Wells was later a very able member of Liverpool's small Chancery bar but died tragically young, his son Graham, Bill's godson, being a well known member of the Circuit. The two Johns, Owen and Leonard, and in due course their wives, remained lifelong friends of Bill and Elizabeth. Both Johns had successful careers at the bar and on the High Court bench.

It was a surprise to me to learn that after Oxford, Bill entered Chancery chambers as a pupil. Less surprising is that he soon found that this was not for him. He applied to and was accepted by the colonial legal service, but first spent two years in London criminal chambers where he really learned his trade. In 1953 he was posted to Aden as a resident magistrate.

After his first two tours of duty as in Aden, he returned to England and married Elizabeth in May 1957, almost 60 years ago. Their two daughters Katharine and Sarah were born in Aden, their son Christopher in Dar-es-Salaam after the family had moved to Tanganyika, as it was then, where Bill served as legal assistant to the law officers.

In 1963 Bill completed 10 years and it was to Wirral and Elizabeth's roots that the family returned. They moved into a beautiful house in Vyner Road South, built for them during their last year in Tanganyika, and have lived in it ever since. Bill joined 10 Water St and cheerfully tackled the diet of junior work which we all did at that time, which took us criss-crossing the north-west and North Wales from one magistrates' court to another, and once I joined as a pupil I travelled a good deal with him. The second Mersey tunnel was yet to open, the old tunnel was always impossibly congested and he taught me how to reach all the outlying courts by train or bus, sporting our then obligatory bowler hats.

It wasn't all crime. Bill did his share of the running-down cases and undefended divorce work which were our staple diet in those days. In about 1970 we were against each other in lengthy county court litigation

about the feeding of pigeons in the street, a vivid memory about which I have spoken on other occasions. But Bill developed a thriving criminal practice, particularly heavy prosecution work in Lancashire for a particular solicitor who acted for Lancashire Police in those pre-CPS days. It included a number of long fraud cases, and others which he conducted on his own; some lasted as long as two or three weeks, a length of trial regarded as most unusual at that time.

In 1975 Bill was appointed to the circuit bench, sitting first in the Midlands for some years before being gratefully repatriated to the Northern, where he had a further period in Manchester before obtaining a prized slot in Merseyside. I say Merseyside deliberately, because his regular court was not in St George's Hall or the Sessions House but in an overflow court on the first floor of Bromborough Police Station. Those who, like me, sat as Recorders in the second court in that building, had the happy and convivial experience of sharing his retiring room, eating our sandwiches with him and hearing his trenchant views on the cases which he was trying and the performance of those counsel who appeared before him. He had high standards, and expected them of others; his courtroom manner was always brisk and direct, but never pompous. With him, you always knew where you stood.

On the opening of the QE2 Law Courts in Liverpool in 1984 he moved into the penthouse and occupied court 6-2 until the retirement of the much-loved Sandy Temple at the end of 1991. His throughput of work remained greater than any other court in the building, particularly his neighbouring court 6-1, the first occupant of which did not generally sit long hours.

Bill's appointment as Resident Judge and Recorder of Liverpool came as a surprise to some, but only because the post had hitherto generally been filled by silks. This was, of course, long before the days of the Judicial Appointments Commission, and Bill was offered the post by the then SPJ, Lord Justice McCowan, another BNC man who knew him well. It turned out to be an inspired choice. He did a superb job. He set himself high standards and expected them of others. He inspired the loyalty of the court staff, particularly his efficient usher, who later worked with me and my successors in this courtroom for so many years until his retirement. And he inspired the loyalty and admiration of a group of regular spectators in the public gallery, remembered by many of us as the Wickham Wanderers. When I succeeded him they were renamed the

Dave Clarke Five, but I think they were disappointed in me and they gradually drifted away.

Bill was known as a stern sentencer but his sentences reflected the seriousness of the cases he tried and were not often reduced on appeal. On his appointment he had promised that defendants in his court would have a fair trial, and if convicted would receive their just deserts. The Court of Appeal usually respected and upheld his sentences. On Bill's retirement in 1997 the late Mr Justice John Kay told the story of sitting with the LCJ and another judge on an appeal against sentence from another part of the country. They were inclined to uphold a sentence of 10 years which John considered too long. They only relented when John pointed out that Bill Wickham would not have given more than 8 years for the offence.

Bill retired just 20 years ago at the age of 70. I think he was sad to go, but he went on to enjoy, with Elizabeth, a long and busy retirement. He took up bowls and became chairman of the bowls section of Oxton Cricket Club. He swam two or three times a week to keep fit, until his mid-80s. He had always been an active and fit man, a lifelong fell-walker since his days at Sedbergh, and spent many happy hours on the hills of North Wales and The Lake District, sometimes with his fellow judge and Brasenose man, Gerald Clifton. He tended his beautiful garden which gave him great enjoyment. He and Elizabeth indulged their lifelong love of opera and the theatre.

Reference to theatre reminds me not to forget his membership of Birkenhead Dramatic Society and his participation in their productions. He had fine comic timing – when it was called for. I bring to mind his hilarious performance in Alan Ayckbourn's domestic comedy *Bedroom Farce*, particularly a scene which involved him and his stage wife eating pilchard sandwiches in bed. That may surprise some of those who only knew him in court.

And above all, he was a family man who enjoyed a long and happy family life, full of achievement and fulfilment. On behalf of those past and present, who work or have worked in these courts, we offer our condolences to Elizabeth, to their children Katharine, Sarah and Christopher who are all with us this morning, to Stuart, Simon and Anne, and to their seven grandchildren Carl and Zoe, Matthew and Alexander, and Adam, Charlotte and Lucia.

We will all miss him, but they will miss him all the more.

