From lights over London to a village in Ethiopia; from reflections on Dublin’s Easter Rising of 1916 to the rise of African women in transforming their continent; from the hyperactivity of life on the trading floors of the Square Mile to the more leisurely activities enjoyed by the members of the SAS, St Anne’s people are everywhere, changing, shaping and enjoying the world in which they move. The range and scope of this year’s issue of The Ship is as varied and engaging as ever. I thank all those who have given the time and effort to make it so by responding to the demands of an importunate editor. There are times when I feel more like an elderly worker in Shepherd Market than a professional journalist. I hope you find the product worthwhile.

My thanks to all the College staff who have contributed to the issue, in particular Kate Davy in the Development Office. And above all, our thanks to St Anne’s Principal Tim Gardam, whose departure we regret, but whose achievements in his 12-year tenure, this issue commemorates and celebrates.
Alumnae log-in area
Register for the log-in area of our website (available at www.alumniweb.ox.ac.uk/st-annes) to connect with other alumnae, receive our latest news and updates, and send in your latest news and updates. In the coming months, we will be developing this area of our website. If you already have an account with one of the other Oxford Alumni Online communities, you can use those details to login.

E-group
St Anne’s e-group is open to all alumnae and supporters of College. Our 2,400+ members benefit from updates and the latest news from St Anne’s, as well as receiving the monthly e-zine st@nnes. To subscribe please send an email, including your name and matriculation year to Kate Davy in the Development Office at kate.davy@st-annes.ox.ac.uk

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St Anne’s College
Oxford
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Moving on

JUDITH VIDAL-HALL

Change is all around, in the University, the town and in St Anne’s. It does not come without its challenges, but core values remain intact.

My editorial for this issue of The Ship has very much taken on its own shape, a shape dictated by events. The departure of our Principal, Tim Gardam, who will be much missed after 12 highly successful years, is at the centre of this. The departure of a head of house is always a moment of change, and Tim emphasises this in his Domus seminar: time not only for Oxford as a whole to move on, but for the College too if it is to remain at the top of its game.

It’s a theme echoed by Oxford’s new Vice-Chancellor, Professor Louise Richardson, the first ‘non-male, non-traditional and not even British’ incumbent in almost 1,000 years. We are lucky to have her Inaugural Address in which she, too, argues the need for change in Oxford if it is to meet the challenges posed by rapid technological change and globalization.

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Back in College change goes deeper yet with a number of senior appointments within the past year. The Librarian, Bursar and Treasurer introduce themselves here. And with the topping out of the library building, St Anne’s has turned its face fully to the world outside and taken its place at the heart of this new centre of the University.

And it’s not only the University itself that’s changing, at times so fast and frequently that, as Jackie Ingram says in her Oxford letter, it’s hard to keep pace: from Co-operative Society Hall to multi-media centre in the blink of an eye – and further change promised in the ‘golden triangle’ of the Cowley Road.

But there is far more to celebrate in this issue than the, at times, disruption of change. The enduring pleasures of the garden are recalled in this ‘Year of the English Garden’, which marks 300 years since the birth of the great gardener of the English landscape, Capability Brown. The Bursar honours our own gardeners, who, over the past 20 years, have done so much to transform the setting of the College into the enchanting environment of today. Gardens also figure prominently in our SAS branch reports.

We also have a dazzling pair of career columns this year, illustrated by some of the most remarkable images ever to light up these pages. Our donor column, which looks at life in the financial sector, does not stand on its own but is linked to other pieces, in particular an innovative piece on ‘Doing good better’, which highlights the connections between making money and using it to the best possible effect. Diana Good links the two in a piece that looks at the successes and failures of international aid.

And you will all welcome the return of Russell Taylor with his inimitable Alex, never short of a word or two on absolutely everything.

It is never possible in the limited space of an editorial to do justice to every contributor, but I would like to single out one more feature: the first of the Devaki Jain Lectures, given in 2015 by the distinguished African campaigner Graça Machel. This unique series of annual lectures will highlight the often unrecognized contributions of women in the South to the development of their countries. They, too, are the movers and changers of their world.

As always, I thank all our contributors who have taken the time to make this issue of the magazine such a good read. My thanks, too, to Kate Davy in the Development Office, without whom, as I say each year but have great pleasure in repeating, none of this would have happened. You all make it undeniably the best college magazine in the University.

Judith Vidal-Hall (Bunting 1957)
What’s in a name?

HUGH SUTHERLAND AND MAUREEN HAZELL

It’s not just a change of name that is transforming the nature of the College’s connection with alumnae. Social media often take the place of more conventional forms of connection, but there’s nothing like face-to-face encounters in the place we first met. The St Anne’s Society (SAS), formerly known as the Association of Senior Members (ASM), has embarked on a period of renewal and change over the past few years, chiefly due to the excellent leadership of our outgoing Joint Presidents, Clare Dryhurst and Jackie Ingram. As a member of the SAS Committee, and now Chair of the Oxford Branch, I and Maureen Hazell, SAS Secretary, would like to extend the heartfelt thanks of the committee and the Society to Clare and Jackie for their patience, their firm grasp of what needed to be done and their hard work in getting on and doing it.

Having taken over in difficult circumstances following the unexpected death of our President Jim Stanfield, they developed a new vision and purpose for what was formerly known as the Association of Senior Members and steered through a number of subtle yet vital changes to the way the organization works and is constituted. Some formal amendments to the constitution to codify and enable those changes will be proposed at the AGM and

Members of the SAS committee at its last meeting with departing Principal, Tim Gardam, 4 June 2016
we hope to have a new President to vote into office by then.

Most saliently, the new name marks and reflects the broad sweep of the changes, heralding an institution which seeks to welcome and engage everyone who has participated in the College, to foster a society of people with a shared experience and common aims based on the ethos and founding principles of St Anne’s. At its core is continuing fellowship.

The College is large by Oxford standards, having grown significantly over the past 50 years. Simply maintaining contact with the accumulated roster of its students – now some 720 – is a daunting task; seeking to build an active, connected community is doubly so. It’s worth remembering the excitement one felt during those years when we attended St Anne’s, meeting an amazingly diverse range of people from across the social, geographical, cultural and academic spectrum, coming together in one place. That diversity itself presents a challenge as people spin out from the College across the globe to new opportunities, courses of study, academic institutions, careers, relationships and families.

That St Anne’s has embraced the challenge and recognised the vital part that its alumnae play is evidenced by the work of the Development Office. This is a team of dedicated, professional staff who ensure that those who want to, are kept connected with College. They organize events, coordinate activities, communicate with members and provide the infrastructure of the networks we rely on for the SAS to operate. We thank them all for their hard work and support, as we do the domestic staff, who never fail to provide excellent care and hospitality – not to mention the food! – when we return.

The extent to which alumnae feel motivated to strengthen their connection to College after that first phase of the relationship with St Anne’s varies with the demands of work and family at different times, particularly in the early years after going down. Social trends also play a part, with technology in the form of social media transforming the way most of us now connect. While improved media such as email have helped people to get in touch and organize events, the at times contradictory issues of hacking and enhanced protection of digital privacy, can blunt that facility. College and the University have invested heavily in proper data protection and management of personal data to combat those trends.

Finally, while social media help to build an expectation that College members will want to connect, if you can broadcast your life and receive daily updates on the lives of others, why bother to meet up? However, there seems to be a second phase that alumnae go through somewhat later in life. We come to value what our time here meant to us, the importance of place, fellowship and of meeting people in person. We can only encourage other alumnae to make the most of the St Anne’s Society in whatever way they can. To paraphrase the motto: Get knowledge, get wisdom, but in all your getting, get out more.

Hugh Sutherland (1983), Oxford Chair and Maureen Hazell (Littlewood 1971), Secretary SAS
June 2016

The St Anne’s Society and College think it is important to preserve the history of St Anne’s, and particularly the life as led by its students, so future generations can find out what it was like to be a St Anne’s student in earlier years. The new Library cannot yet accommodate any personal artefacts, ephemera, e.g. student society histories, publications, photographs etc., but we do hope to be able to develop the physical archive in future and not rely on digital data. Please don’t shred your personal archive and please do NOT send anything to College yet but keep it safe until we can assess what resources and space are available. Further details will be available in The Ship, the Annual Review and in the e-newsletter in the coming months.
In his final contribution to *The Ship* the Principal reflects on the changes he has seen in Oxford in his years at the College. Its continuing success over the next 20 years, he concludes, demands a reshaping of undergraduate academic experience in line with the fundamental shifts in the outside world.

A head of house in Oxford should take care not be over-sentimental about a job that involves, in countless speeches, constant expressions of sentiment. In truth, I am glad that as an undergraduate I went to Cambridge not Oxford; if I had been a head of house at Cambridge, I would too often have been haunted by a vision of my 20-year-old self coming round the corner. At Oxford, I have had the freedom of disinterestedness; but I have no doubt at all that this job is the one that has mattered to me the most in my career.

It matters a lot that a Principal is elected not appointed. This has never been in my eyes an employer/employee relationship; it has always felt to me like the bestowing of a trust, one that one has a duty to repay. The role of the Principal is in counterpoint to what the rest of the College does. Running a college is like catching vividly coloured petals swirling and floating around you and seeing if you can mix them into some sort of a potpourri; or, to put it less fragrantly, to distil our collective intelligence into a common sense of togetherness that gives us common values and direction.

As Principal, you must hold a steady course through the returning gyres of the academic year, imbuing into its repetitious seasons that infectious sense of renewal that the Freshers feel each October. It is a job defined by the serendipity of constant random email traffic; there is nothing on which to focus for more than an hour at a time. The Principal sits at the interstices of everything and the centre of nothing.

But, maybe that is exactly why colleges work; for academics and students alike, a college is so much a place to be as a place to come back to – from the laboratory, the lecture hall and library, from sabbatical leave, vacation, the exam schools. It is not a place over whose operations academics and students want to ponder too much, it is somewhere from which you can face outwards towards everything else you may be doing. This is a good thing. Unhealthy colleges in Oxford, and there are some, are those that have Fellows whose lives and visions have shrunk to the confines of the Quad and High Table.

Oxford has changed markedly in the past decade. The most obvious has, of course, been in communications technology. When I arrived at St Anne’s, Facebook had only just reached Oxford from Harvard; the use of Skype was against University regulations. There were few laptops, no tablets and no 4G. Many tutorial reports were written by hand. We have yet fully to take on board the manner in which the digital consciousness of future generations is changing what a university should be; it has already resulted in huge changes in the way we interact; ought it therefore to change the way we think about the substance of our disciplines, and the way we expect students to learn? Is this a matter of a revolution in communication, or is it more fundamental still, changing the way we think, the way we process knowledge and relate to our culture?

If I ask myself what has been the most valuable new thing I have taken from being at St Anne’s, it undoubtedly has been the chance to make friends with scientists. I do not pretend to have fully understood the many seminars I have attended but I have learned a lot from the patient empirical optimism of the scientific mind, the methodical and precise evaluation of data, the working through of proofs and the belief in solutions. However, the quiet assurance of scientists that I have found so invigorating, and their prospectus of
constant improvement and future wellbeing, can seem confusingly at odds with the turbulence and darkening prospects that have swept over the world in the past decade.

It is quite sobering to realise how long ago was 2004. In my first months here, George W Bush won re-election to a second term; six months later Tony Blair won a joyless, but decisive third victory consolidating the hegemony of New Labour; until around 2008 our students of Arabic would spend their second year in Damascus, a relaxed city where they could study without any sense of threat. Fees for UK undergraduates were just going up from £1,000 to £1,500 a year. I see my time at St Anne’s divided by the financial crisis of 2007/08. It is only now apparent how it has changed the culture and assumptions of a generation.

Such is the apparent permanence of Oxford it is easy to ignore the seismic shifts in geopolitics we have lived through as if they do not really touch us; Oxford’s internationalism is an obstacle to our recognising how the world is closing down around us even as we are a bulwark of cultural connectedness that stands against that closing world. I worry that we fail to appreciate how out of tune is our belief in reasoned, evidence-based, international discourse with the growing clamour of protest against such norms. Communications, markets, access to knowledge have globalised, whereas politics, power and cultures, in reaction to these forces, are moving in the opposite direction. Given the brittleness of our current stability, I have to admit I can be frustrated by the tendency in some student politics to focus on issues of personal identity and their preference to sit in judgement on past centuries when we are faced in our own time by our own frightening challenges which it will be our students’ burden to try to solve: the rise of isolationist nationalism, the dysfunctionality of representative democracy, the growing power of state coercion in countries that are not democracies, and, in places, the barbarity intruding upon all that we take for granted. We should think of what has happened to those classmates whom St Anne’s students met in Damascus a decade ago.

These gloomy preoccupations ought to concern us in the University. Protected as we may be, what happens here is important to the world. You cannot travel as a head of house and not realise the privilege of being at Oxford. Everywhere I have been, especially in Asia, Oxford is, sometimes, almost embarrassingly, bathed in a light of idealistic impossibility in the eyes of those who will never get here. It is for them a
symbol of a better world. This is why the way we conduct our business matters.

Nothing has mattered to me more in my time here than the conversations I have had with our students. Their range of intellects, their growth as individuals, the charitable activity many undertake when not studying, their determination and concern for each other – all this I will miss deeply.

Ruth Deech has a good line in her speeches at alumnae reunions: ‘For each other,’ she says, looking out at a hall of middle-aged professionals, ‘you will always be 20.’ It’s true – these are the years that forge us, and our friendships and connections that shape a lifetime; but the experience of being 20 now is different to even ten years ago. This is a more austere, focused generation, but sometimes cautious to the point of repression when it comes to the impulsive exploration of ideas outside the next assignment. Adventurousness with ideas ought to be core to the intellectual/emotional muddle of being ‘sweet and 20’.

In saying this, I recognize the admirable intellectual connectedness in conversations I have had with many students, and their breadth of reading, in particular that of some scientists; many tell me that it is the quality of talk over meals in Hall that they will miss most when they leave. I am struck by the students with four good A Levels stretched across the arts and sciences who regret the paths not travelled even as they are fulfilled by their chosen degree. But there seems less time or permission now to think extravagantly.

I think this has a bearing on the worryingly increasing levels of student anxiety. I admit to a generational gulf in perception here; in grumpy mood, I fear we are condoning a generation in medicalising ‘Life’. However, I am persuaded that for this generation the world feels extremely fraught. As our JCR President explained to me, today’s students are on the double treadmill of degree and CV from the moment they arrive. Marks in finals determine access to an internship that in turn determines a successful application to a graduate trainee scheme. A façade of manicured perfectibility is assumed at that point in life when one should be free to make mistakes. Add to this the impact of student debt, and the change from grants to loans for maintenance funding, and the student of 2016 is in a very different place from that of 2004.

This combination of pressures risks fracturing the traditional pedagogic relationship on which Oxford is built. The increase in fees has, in fact, brought some improvements, calling time on the disheartening cynicism towards undergraduate teaching of a few years ago when a head of department was reported as saying that ‘teaching was for wimps’. Students are now more openly critical of inefficient course organization and poor communication. However, it has also brought a more reductive view of the purposes of a degree, where the syllabus can be seen as a product and a degree a return on investment. These trends, combined with the anxiety about anxiety, result in a growing demand for longer, less intense terms, for reading weeks, mark schemes, a desire for Oxford to be more like other universities. I think these tensions derive from the very changed society from which students come and into which they will go as adults.

At the heart of these student concerns is a wider consciousness that there is an ever more problematic interface to be negotiated between the academic depth of a degree, with all the pleasure and inherent value that comes from its intellectual stretch, and the very different demands of the world of work in a digital knowledge economy. I am not arguing for vocational degrees nor for qualities such as ‘leadership’ to be considered at admissions, as at US Ivy League universities, but I do not believe the current default position that, beyond the Careers Office, subsequent career outcomes are not a matter for us, is sustainable.

One of the most important debates the University needs to have is about the balance between depth and breadth in an undergraduate degree. Does the modern digital world, with its exponential increases in the connectedness of data and the consequently more protean
role of the individual in society, require a more connected intellectual framework to reflect the approach necessary to take into the world after university? Is there a way we can retain the seriousness of endeavour we expect of single honours schools but introduce greater range and connectedness? Our students increasingly want this, citing the more interesting combinations our American Visiting Students are allowed to study; our recently left alumnae reflect on the disadvantageous narrowness of aspects of their degree even as they appreciate what its rigour and depth still give them. We celebrate interdisciplinarity in research; we find it hard to embrace in our curriculum.

Oxford can sometimes suffer from a deadening culture of exceptionalism – present an idea, and if one detail of it is not fully thought through or does not quite stand up to remorseless scrutiny, that shortcoming is enough to put it back in a box, call for more data and ignore it for a decade.

So let me propose a framework for a reshaping of our undergraduate academic experience, if only so that it can be given initial consideration in 2026.

I propose that every undergraduate degree should be four years. They should be wider in the first year, but by the fourth year should have the same approach as a taught Masters course; humanities and social sciences degrees should follow the sciences, and convert the fourth year into a Masters degree, with some element of a research component. You would get a higher quality of student on taught Masters courses as a result. (I accept the more vocational degrees such as Law and Medicine remain three years). There should be an element of shared curriculum in the first year for all undergraduates - what about a compulsory paper in logic? Scientists should learn something of ethics and the history of ideas; humanities students should learn something of data management and quantitative analysis, and the history of technology and science should figure more.

Humanities students would have most to gain; I am struck by how many now feel they are unemployable in the private sector because of their lack of quantitative confidence. This is in no way to diminish the value of their disciplines; quite the opposite – what I fear is that the values of the humanities, which have informed every part of my life, will no longer take their vital place in our businesses and professions as they have in the past unless those trained in them have also the ability to engage to some extent on a quantitative plane. Bluntly, I fear I would today be considered unemployable in some of the jobs I have done.

Furthermore, every degree that does not currently allow for students to go abroad for some of their study should include this as standard, not necessarily for a year but for six months from April to September. The Long Vacation is far too long for students anyway. I have become convinced about this as a result of my conversations with our alumnae in Silicon Valley. Some of the most stimulating moments of my time as Principal have been as a result of conversations with St Anne’s former students working there – who incidentally read English, History, Materials, Biochemistry, PPE, Classics, Mathematics and Computer Science – and now work at the centre of technologies and a culture that are refashioning the future of all our lives. They have persuaded me that the way the world is going to be requires us to think far more about teaching the connections between intellectual disciplines, and their application to a digital society, if we are to continue to claim that an academic degree at Oxford is a credible preparation for a successful and socially valuable life.

Much of the above has been informed by conversations with our alumnae now at the height of their careers. We need to put greater energy into ensuring that they have an informed understanding of what we do; we in turn should listen more carefully to their responses, and spend time building a sustained critical relationship with them. Those who were once taught here are in the best position to enlighten us as to what we might now do differently. They haven’t anything to tell their tutors about their subject; they have a lot to tell us about why
From the Principal

their subject is valuable beyond the terms in which an academic has experience of it. Finding the right relationship with alumnae will be a critical factor in whether St Anne’s in the next twenty years can prosper.

I have come to see Development as the most creative part of the Principal’s job. We have raised £19.6m since 2007, the same figure as the value of our endowment in 2004. However, and much more importantly, I have met many more interesting and admirable people across the world as a result than ever I did in my career in television. I love the real shared sense of purpose, possibility and idealism that one can engender with a donor. I am always touched by how generous people are, open hearted in their preparedness to do something for their college, however much they can afford to give. When a donation becomes a deal, it loses its value. Our donors, great or small, invariably want us to do something with their money; it is for us not them.

We should unselfconsciously admire those who have gone on to be very successful in life even when they were, in terms of academic seriousness – the terms academics care most about – not necessarily shining examples. One of the dilemmas for universities is that, on the one hand, there has to be a belief that the ‘best’ students will want themselves to have academic careers, and these are the values that must be asserted over all others whilst they are here; while, on the other hand, we should recognize that the reason Oxford is considered one of the world’s greatest institutions is because of those who studied here whose achievements rest far from the confines of academia. For most people who care about this University, Oxford’s scholarship counts most because they tasted it at a brief formative time of their lives, and still feel it gave them a shape to their energies even though they have left it behind to do other things.

Being elected to St Anne’s as Principal was for me not simply a change in career but the beginning literally of a second life; I could not have asked for anything that could have grown my self-knowledge and wider understanding more than this. I could not be more grateful to the Fellowship for the opportunity. Equally, it is also necessary to know at what point it should all come to a close, and when one should cease to be the voice that speaks for what St Anne’s is, has been and might be.

This is an edited version of a lecture that Tim Gardam gave at the Domus Seminar at the start of his last term as Principal. He takes up his new job as Chief Executive of the Nuffield Foundation, one of the leading independent funders of social research in the UK, in September 2016.

Tim thanks supporters of St Anne’s at the June Garden Party
Brave new library world

CLARE WHITE

There’s a lot to do but it will all be worth it says our Librarian as she and her staff prepare to initiate the new Library

I first arrived at St Anne’s in October 1990 as a nervous undergraduate to read Modern Languages, excited to be taking up my place at Oxford, not quite believing it was true, wondering what lay ahead. In September 2015, almost 25 years later, I walked back into St Anne’s on my first day as the College Librarian, equally nervous, excited to be starting my dream job, still not quite believing it was true and wondering, above all, how I would ever fill the shoes of someone as highly regarded as the retiring Librarian, David Smith.

And what a year it has been. After years of discussions, planning and visions on paper, the new Library and Academic Centre rose rapidly out of the ground over the autumn months. By Christmas it looked like an actual building; by February we were celebrating the topping out and, as the building grew, so did the list of things to do in the Library in order to be ready to welcome students into the new reading rooms this October.

We took the first preparatory steps towards running the Library on two sites by installing an RFID (radio-frequency identification) system in September. This will help to keep the collection more secure by triggering an alarm if any books should wander from the Library without being checked out first. Around 85,000 volumes were tagged and a new self-issue machine installed. The students were so intrigued at how a pile of four or five books could be issued simultaneously by stacking them on a certain spot on the library desk, that not one of them complained about the appearance of security gates.

As the academic year progressed, we chose the furniture and fittings for the new Library, agreed on the finish of the desks, selected desk lamps, counted and re-counted chairs and had heated debates with the architect over why we couldn’t possibly agree to having furniture upholstered in orange or yellow fabric (some of us remember a childhood in the 1970s and have no desire to recreate the colour scheme). We measured all the shelves and all the books, we met with removal companies who specialize in book moves and watched the look of trepidation on their faces as they contemplated the logistics of moving the collections up and down the spiral staircase in the north room – that time-warp of original metal stacks tucked away off the corner of the main Library.

We planned which parts of the collection will move to the new building and which will stay in Hartland House, we rearranged some of the collections to simplify the move – and then we measured the books all over again – just to be on the safe side. All of this was carried out alongside the everyday tasks that keep the Library running. Little wonder that at times we felt like students in the middle of an essay crisis.

The thought that spurred us on is how wonderful it will be when we have finally moved into the new building. No more tables or sections of the floor acting as extra shelves, but over 1.5km of shelving to house the collections and allow them room to grow. Study spaces to suit a variety of tastes, from individual carrels to collaborative group breakout rooms, from large formal desks to cosy chairs with laptop tables. No more resigned faces as the Internet connection grinds to a halt once again, but instead, new PCs, better WiFi and copious power and data points throughout the building. The new Library will transform the facilities and also the service that we can offer our students. For the first time we will have suitable space within the Library to deliver information skills sessions to help students to build their confidence in carrying out literature searches and to help them discover the wealth of resources available in Oxford and beyond.
Our existing space in Hartland House is not being forgotten in the excitement of the move to the new building. We intend to keep roughly half of the collection in the current library (mainly the humanities books) and in time we hope to refurbish the reading rooms, restoring them to their former glory whilst updating them to support the same technology available in the new building.

Our aim is also to have a dedicated room to house our special collections and the College archives so that we can protect and preserve the many fascinating letters, notebooks, papers and photographs that record the vibrant history of St Anne’s.

The new Library and Academic Centre will mean much more to the College than additional room for books. From the quiet student spaces on the lower ground floor to the offices dedicated to research projects on the top floor, it will draw together many of the key activities of the College and give them a focal point under one roof.

Part of the architect’s brief was to design the interior spaces to be flexible, and the furniture has been chosen with this in mind. The airy seminar rooms on the top floor will adapt to provide space suitable for lectures, talks, boardroom-style meetings, teaching or group study. The outreach room on the first floor will welcome visitors and potential future students by day and be used for College events by night. When many of the students leave for the summer, the building will become a base for summer schools and conference guests. At the same time, the very existence of the new building has a deeper resonance for St Anne’s. It fulfills the long-held desire to transform the architecture of the front of College into something which is both attractive and makes a statement of who we are and what we do to all those venturing along the Woodstock Road. It also represents the steadfast support and generosity of so many former students and friends of the College. Without your donations, our new Library and Academic Centre would not have been possible and we are deeply grateful for what you have enabled us to achieve. It is customary in The Ship for the Librarian to remind alumnae that they are entitled to use the Library for reference, and the whole Library team would be particularly happy to see you over the coming months and to show you our new surroundings.

Since returning to St Anne’s, I have frequently been asked, ‘What’s it like to be back? Has the College changed much since you were a student?’ The buildings have changed, of course – work started on Trenaman House just as I graduated and plans for the Ruth Deech Building were still far off. Two aspects of College, however, remain strikingly the same. One is the friendly, welcoming atmosphere amongst students and staff alike. St Anne’s isn’t just a place to study and gain a qualification, or a place to earn a living, it’s a community where each member has a part to play and is encouraged and valued. The second is that Hartland House still smells the same! As soon as you walk through the door you are greeted by the familiar, comforting aroma of coffee tinged with floor polish. It’s a scent that tells you you’re home. I may have some way to go to fill those big shoes of David’s, but it’s very nice to be back.

Clare White (1990) Librarian
St Anne’s new Library and Academic Centre

As the new Library nears completion, we take a look at how the project has developed, changing the face of St Anne’s.

St Anne’s Gatehouse opened in 1966 to provide accommodation for a growing number of students. Demolition took just five days.

October 2014: the Gatehouse is removed enabling the construction of the new Library and Academic Centre.

Donors visit the new Library site following completion of the piling work and the basement excavation in May 2015.

View from the roof to the Tower of the Winds/Jim Meridew
New Library and Academic Centre

The building is looking fantastic now that the scaffolding is off. The inside is marching on and, though the ceiling’s acoustic plastering is taking a little longer than hoped, it’s coming together. The engineering systems are mostly installed; commissioning and testing has yet to start in earnest.

The best aspect for me has been helping to shape the skyline of the College I once studied at. The worst? Knowing that the original programme hasn’t been met and not being able to do anything constructive about it because it’s in the hands of the contractor.

Graham Aldwinkle (1990) Structural Engineer at Arup

Reflections from key members of the design team

The best part for me has been to see the building come to life, from a sketch to what it is now. It’s looking sharp and elegant, redefining the entrance and giving a new presence for the College on to the street.

Work with the team has been rewarding and the commitment of all to deliver quality is remarkable.

Working with the College as clients has been a pleasure and it fills me with joy to have Fellows coming to me to say how happy they are with the building.

As Graham says, the downside has been mainly timing. We should have finished towards the end of February... It’s now June. But it’s beyond our control.

Matias Musacchio Architect at Fletcher Priest Architects

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Matias Musacchio

Peeking out from behind the willow tree/Matias Musacchio

May 2016: new face on the street/Matias Musacchio

February 2016: topping out ceremony.
The furniture has been selected for the new Library and will include more relaxed seating areas in addition to desk space.

The new Library viewed from the College Quad. The Library is due for completion in autumn and will open to students in Michaelmas term 2016. There will be an official opening event in 2017 to which all donors to the campaign will be invited.
Reflections on the first year

JIM MERIDEW

All the usual – and not so usual – trials and mysteries of a first encounter, but some unexpected joys and many delights in a unique place

When asked by Judith if I would write something for The Ship my first thought was, ‘Wow, fantastic!’ followed by ‘What, me?’ I was quickly reassured. She felt that a more personal reflection of my first 15 months (I wrote a short piece for the 2015 Annual Review) and also some words on the gardens at St Anne’s in this ‘Year of the English Garden’ would be well worth the space. As I write this in my office, the trees on the quad are bursting into leaf, the magnolia is covered with the most exquisite blooms, the Ribes sanguineum ‘Pulborough Scarlet’ dotted throughout college (flowering currant to you and me) are smothered in beautiful raspberry pink blooms. The magnificent cherry at the top of Hartland Drive is full of buds waiting to burst into colour, a vivid cloud of sparkling white blossom. From a gardens perspective, a moment of hope and anticipation of the spectacular colours and shapes about to appear. Perhaps more on this later.

Set that against the other view from my office of two rather serious looking students in sub fusc, deep in conversation heading toward the wicket gate. Oh yes, it is Monday Week 1, Trinity Term – FINALS! I have my fingers crossed for them and all the other finalists.

Those two views – the students and the gardens – seem eternal and probably, to outsiders, a world apart from the normal day-to-day life on the Woodstock and Banbury Roads. So it was for me in January 2015 when I walked through the Lodge on day one. Of course, I had been here for my selection procedure some months before, but rather like the two students in sub fusc, my mind was full of other things – like making sure that I said all that I needed to say to the selection panel.

That first week, indeed the first few months, went past in a blur of people and events. What was this strange language that people used? ‘Your Pidge is in the Stray and your fob gets you in,’ was mentioned as a throwaway line on day one I think. Not wishing to appear stupid, I responded with, ‘Excellent. Thank you.’ Of course the ‘Stray’ was where the ‘Pidge’ was – silly me. Reflecting, in a quieter moment, I wondered exactly what was a ‘Stray’. As it turns out, Pidge was where the mail went and was short for pigeon hole, not particularly difficult. Some 15 months later, sadly, I’m none the wiser as to why it’s called the Stray. It just is.

Inevitably though, as time progresses, things start to take on a recognizable shape and the rhythm of the term unfolds in its splendour about you. Worryingly, it all seemed to unfold a bit too quickly for my liking with committee meeting after committee meeting following each other in rapid succession. I was told that is how Oxford runs - so I just learnt to run more quickly!

I’ve often been asked, ‘Do you miss the Royal Air Force?’ Like many others in Bursar roles, I had a former life in the military. The answer is always the same. ‘No not really, but I do miss the people.’ For me, people are what make an organization. I have been hugely impressed by the team that is St Anne’s and in particular, the Bursary who are the bedrock for the services the students and academics receive.
From the Bursar

In today's financial climate, there are, inevitably, competing demands. On the one hand, our prime reason for being here is to support the teaching and research. However, at the end of each term, we have to run conferences and events in order for the former to happen. It has been like that for many years but my perception is that the conference and events role has assumed greater prominence and has a direct correlation to the decrease in government funding. We have to do this to survive. Nonetheless, the conference and events team, so ably led by Lisa Simmons, is constantly seeking new ways to bolster the income. We are moving towards expanding our individual B&B business to take advantage of any spare capacity in the system. This is being marketed competitively (i.e.: to undercut our near neighbours!). So do please get in touch with the College if you would like relatively inexpensive B&B accommodation. Of course it is bed AND breakfast. Food. A college not only runs on committees but also on its food. My goodness, how wonderful the food is at St Anne’s. I vividly recall my first Domus Seminar in Hilary 2015. I had been here two weeks and I attended the lecture by Dr Francis Szale on regeneration of brain cells – most of mine were exhausted by the end and were beyond regeneration. Dinner afterwards bowled me over. I could not believe how good it was. Fifteen months later, I am still in awe of the standards the chefs achieve and how they maintain their passion for excellence. Raymond Killick has been Head Chef for over 25 years; his sole focus is being the best we can be. He is a fantastic role model.

The broader estate is where we perhaps do not quite scale the heights reached by the chefs. We have an interesting blend of buildings: Victorian houses, a beautiful Grade II listed Hartland House, iconic Wolfson and Rayne and a series of other buildings whose architecture, whilst striking, never quite matches the other bits of the estates. What do they all have in common? Maintenance. To varying extents, they all cost a lot to keep in good order. There is no doubt that some bits of the estate are looking a little tired. Often though, it all comes down to money. We have invested in the estate but the prioritisation that always accompanies the shortfall of income over expenditure means that those important little (and sometimes not so little) jobs get pushed to the right. We are in need of work on the Bevington Road houses to restore/upgrade; the how, is occupying mine and the Treasurer’s minds. The estate is always work in progress and will never be finished.

So looking back over 15 months what are my thoughts? By Oxford standards, we are a modern college and we do not have the burden of history stopping us from innovative actions. The new Library will be
a signature building that will be our face on the Woodstock Road and will showcase that innovation. We want the building to be a space where students and academics can work to expand their minds and develop their subject knowledge. I count myself enormously privileged and excited to be part of this team that is St Anne’s. Collectively, without forgetting our origins, we look forward with an open mind and a spring in our step.

Spring – I have conveniently come back to where I started: in the garden. I mentioned earlier the view seeming eternal but, of course, nothing could be further from the truth when it comes to a garden. If they are anything like mine, they are always evolving; so it is here. I spoke with a former Head Gardener – Simon Horwood – who was here 20 years ago and got him to walk round with me describing the changes that had taken place over the past 20 years or so. Simon was appointed by my predecessor bar one (Eric Bennett) over what Simon described as a coffee and cake interview. Eric’s instruction to Simon was, ‘The gardens need to evolve!’

And evolve they did. One tale relates to the black bamboo that is in the garden at the rear of 37 Banbury (now the IT office). By all accounts, Simon wanted to plant some bamboo in the garden. Dr Stuart Judge told him of a friend who lived in Boars Hill who had some bamboo. Heartened by this Simon set off in the college van (an old BT van in which you had to hold the doors shut while driving) to said house of bamboo. He recounts how the chap answered the knock on the door dressed in wellies and shorts. It was not until they had filled the van up with bamboo that he was made aware that this chap was the holder of the national collection of bamboo! Twenty years on and it is a magnificent clump of bamboo with glossy, ebony stems some 3 metres tall – a fantastic sight. In the Bevingtons, before the Ruth Deech Building came into being, all of the gardens had walls and each came with its own unique character. One Bev had a wild garden, two had a weeping willow. There was a commemorative birch tree in 10 Bev that had to be moved to the quad – it is looking wonderful. As each layer of discoloured bark sloughs away, a pristine new white skin appears, constantly renewing itself.

Looking round the Quad, the spectacular weeping willow, the wisteria rapaciously winding itself round the balcony, a hibiscus waiting to bud, represent the past and
the continuing evolution of the wonderful gardens in St Anne's. On the other side of the Quad, framing the entrance into Claire Palley, the Sarcococca (Christmas Box) did not do so well this year. Last winter it was wonderful. But I'm sure it will have given many students, in the dark depths of Hilary Term, pleasure over the years.

As I get to this point in the article, John has appeared outside my window! Who is John, what is he? (Apologies to Shakespeare!) John is the College gardener – we now contract out our gardens to University Parks. This means that the focus has shifted more to maintenance of what we have in place rather than the evolution that took place when we had our own gardeners. That said, I hope to be part of the evolutionary approach and rather like the birch tree on the Quad renewing itself, I hope to be able to renew some of the borders that have lost their definition. Perhaps some more exotic plants – cannas, lilies…who knows?

What I do know is that after 15 months I am delighted and fortunate to be part of a great team in a great College with great surroundings. Like spring, change is in the air. I’m thrilled to be part of it.

Jim Meridew Domestic Bursar is responsible for the College’s buildings, grounds, catering, accommodation allocation and cleaning, conferences and events.

Garden reflections

Thistles and all

‘The back garden of 27 Banbury Road was a jungle of thistles and brambles in 1962-63. Things were much more meagre in those days, still feeling post-war austerity. The same garden is now a joy!

The main lawn and trees were there of course but without the present lovely underplanting of spring bulbs. The lawn was always somewhere to lie out on and pretend that one was revising.’

Jane Darnton (Baker 1962)

Where was the garden?

‘Thirty-three Banbury didn’t really have a garden. Taken up with the nuns’ extension for their chapel. And the encroachments of the College lawns. As for College gardens, as opposed to the individual backs of the houses in which we lived, all there seemed to be were some venerable trees and smooth green lawns. No landscaping or planting. And though it’s hard to imagine, there was no actual ‘entrance’ to the College other than the individual front doors to the houses in which we lived. I hardly noticed the ‘gardens’ that confronted me in College: lawns and trees did not a garden make. The changes over the past 20 years or so have been stunning: a delight to visit and enjoy. Thank you.’

Anon
The scent of lilac...

‘When I went up to St Anne’s in 1960 I was allocated a room in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, 11 Norham Gardens. I remember the strong perfume of the purple lilac trees that grew outside my ground floor window, the spring bulbs and later the rose bushes in the garden where we used to study whenever the weather allowed it, in particular during the weeks before Schools. A large peaceful garden was a novelty and a delight for one raised and educated in urban Liverpool.’

Judith Altshul (Davis 1960)

... and birdsong

‘The walk through the gardens from the main lawn to the back of 27 Banbury Road, where I spent my first and second years, was one of the treats of my time in Oxford. There was an ancient gardener with whom I used to chat on the way, who always called me “my ducks” in a lovely Cotswold accent. From my rooms, both of which overlooked the garden of 27, there was always the sound of birdsong and in spring a view of blossom. I loved it.’

Frances Cairncross (1962)

More than just a business

JOHN FORD

As government support for further education continues to diminish, colleges need to find ever more creative ways of generating income

There is an ageing copy of the Oxbridge Careers Handbook of 1988 on my bookshelf at home. Within this there is a rather vacuous article from a young graduate trainee describing his first five years working in international banking. Life now seems to have run full circle. It seems bizarre looking back over that time, in what seems like a blink of an eye, but since those early diffident days I have been able to work with some great people, visit some fascinating places and experience a whole variety of different jobs within the industry. I even managed to survive the so-called great financial crisis of 2007/08 (just about).

So having begun my career just before the so called financial services ‘big bang’ in 1986 I was able to witness the end of the old style British banking sector and its evolution into what, despite its recent travails, is the globally dominant business that exists in the UK today. In the early 1980s US banks were beginning to move into London and were keen to hire graduates, even Oxford history graduates,
From the Treasurer

from Northern grammar schools with only a smattering of basic numeracy. I still think banking will offer a rewarding and interesting career to today’s graduates but it will quite rightly be more like a conventional service industry. There is no appetite from regulators, politicians or society at large for a return to the risk taking and financial arbitrage of the recent past.

So after 30 plus years in this particular field I was looking for a change. Looking indeed for a new career where I could apply my financial and commercial knowledge in a different context. I have always been attracted to the world of education. My mother was a school teacher (although she hated it). My father trained as a school teacher but never practised. However, he was an academic manqué and gained an MA from Manchester University in his late sixties. I have always had a strong connection with Oxford, particularly my old college, Queen’s. When the opportunity came up at St Anne’s, the recruitment agent insisted that I visit the College early on to get a feeling for the spirit of the place. In a sense that was it: even on a cold grey day in December it felt special and right for me. That impression was reinforced when I spent time with Tim and the other Fellows.

Much is written about St Anne’s being special, but for newcomers like me what impresses most is its open and friendly culture. I agree with the maxim that Oxford colleges are very much the product of their history and their architecture. In the case of St Anne’s, the former might be short but the latter is very open and eclectic, with some clear ambition on top. I was very struck by the lack of hierarchy and genuine friendliness right across the College.

As Treasurer I am part of a small management team that helps manage the College day to day. I have particular responsibility for financial management, making sure we can balance the books, pay for what we need to do and not run out of cash. St Anne’s has a well-deserved reputation for having been particularly innovative and enterprising over the years. It has had to be. The College is a collection of distinct activities which all exist primarily to support the provision of a first-class education. There is a question about education as a business and whether that is an appropriate way to describe it. However, there needs to be a commercial rigour about what we do to keep the College doing what it does best. The subtle management of this blend of priorities is another example of what makes St Anne’s special.

I am lucky to have taken over from Chris Wigg, who was well regarded as an excellent Treasurer. The College is in a sound financial condition. I am also very lucky with the Treasury team around me under Jackie Kuspisz, including Irene, Anita and Jenny, with the recent addition of Aysha.

We have a great deal to do over the next few years although we might take a breather from construction. As government support for further education continues to diminish, we need to continue to look at other ways to generate income. We do not want to be over-reliant on just one or two areas. Much has been written about how cheap borrowing is for Oxford colleges. As a former banker I know we need to look at some of these opportunities but everything we do needs to be sustainable and within the resources at our disposal.

I am looking forward very much to working with all the Fellows and Staff across the College, and in particular with current and former students, to make sure we are all doing what we can to keep St Anne’s special, both now and in the future.

John Ford Treasurer
From the Development Office

JULES FOSTER

Work continues on developing the alumnae community and facilitating connections across the world

In the past 12 months, we’ve continued to look for ways to engage with you through our events, the 1980s campaign, telephone campaigns, our lost alumnae campaign and by building up networks, for example, on social media. Thanks to your support we have raised a fantastic £4.5 million in 2014/15 including £530k to the Annual Fund and £3.1m to the new Library and Academic Centre. With work on the new Library shortly due for completion, we will be writing to all those who made donations towards book rests, the donor boards, desks, etc., to confirm the details for these. I’d also like to thank those who have spoken at careers events, facilitated outreach and access, and volunteered as a member of the SAS Committee (particularly Jackie Ingram and Clare Dryhurst who have now stepped down as joint Presidents) or in our regional branches throughout the UK.

In 2016, we welcomed Kelly Roddy to the Development Office to take up the role of Alumnae Relations Officer. Kelly is a first point of contact for all alumnae and can be contacted at kelly.roddy@st-annes.ox.ac.uk.

Below, I have included information about some of our key projects at present. Please do get in touch with the Development Office if you’d like to know more about any of these or the other things we are working on. I look forward to seeing many of you at our upcoming events in 2016/17.

1980s campaign
Thanks to the support of our 1980s alumnae, especially our campaign champions (fourteen alumnae who are driving this initiative forwards), £87,521 has been raised and we are currently looking to further increase involvement and engagement rates via one-to-one contact with champions, events, finding lost alumnae and encouraging people to become involved in College activities such as outreach work. In March 2017, we will be launching a 1990s campaign.

Tim Gardam Student Welfare Fund
With the Principal leaving this July, we launched a campaign to create an endowed fund in his name to mark his time at St Anne’s which will help ensure the costs of welfare support are covered in the years to come. St Anne’s has appointed a Dean of Welfare, to help students who need to share their worries with someone. The College has also put in place a network of peer supporters and Assistant Deans, and works closely with the University Counselling service. Tim would love to see a fund established to help the College to meet this intensifying demand. You can find out further details on our website.

Donations can be made online at http://tinyurl.com/studentwelfarefund.

There will be a farewell afternoon tea for Tim as part of the Alumni Weekend on Saturday 17 September. I hope that many of you will be able to attend this as well as the other events taking place at St Anne’s and across Oxford throughout the weekend.

Careers network
We have just re-launched the Careers Network to our current students and we are encouraging alumnae to sign up to this to offer support and mentoring. We are using the Oxford Alumni Community (www.oxfordalumnicommunity.org) to connect students with alumnae who have indicated that they are willing to help. This web platform is also designed to help alumnae connect with each other all over the world. We will encourage students to search for St Anne’s alumnae, by selecting St Anne’s College in the Directory. If you would like to be a part of this community and offer advice to current students, full details are available on our website: http://www.st-annes.ox.ac.uk/alumnae/benefits/careers/careers-network.

You can sign up with your Oxford Alumni Online Account (this is the same as for the University and St Anne’s login areas). If you need to register, you can do so via the University of Oxford website.

Jules Foster Director of Development
From the Vice-Chancellor

Adapt to survive

LOUISE RICHARDSON

‘Not traditional, not male not even British.’ Oxford's new Vice-Chancellor breaks the mould as she calls for a fast-moving University with the capacity to transform lives globally, and to show ‘agility’ in the face of a dramatically changing world, if it is to be successful in addressing the challenges of the future while building on its heritage.

As we think about the spires of Oxford, let’s not forget the people of Oxford, with whom we have shared this city for so many centuries and who have supported the University, housing and feeding us and working with us in our colleges, labs and libraries.

Scholars have been coming here to study, teachers to teach and students to learn, for so long that we don’t even know precisely how long. We do know that teaching existed here in 1096. We know that the University rapidly developed after 1167 when Henry II banned English students from attending the University of Paris, an early example of what might be considered regulatory over-reach, and an early indication that education is an international phenomenon. Indeed, the first known overseas student arrived in 1190.

We know that scholars have been thinking, writing and teaching at this University for a very long time. They were here for hundreds of years before the printing press, before Genghis Khan established the Mongol empire, long before Agincourt and even before the Magna Carta. Very few organizations or institutions have lasted nearly as long. This University, and others like it, and there aren’t many, have lasted this long because of the enduring value of what we do.

John Stuart Mill was elected Rector of my old university, St Andrews, in 1865. When he addressed the students he told them: ‘A university exists for the purpose of laying open to each succeeding generation . . .

the accumulated treasures of the thoughts of mankind.’ I can never hear that sentence without thinking immediately of the Bodleian and the Ashmolean. Mill went on to say:

The moral or religious influence which a university can exercise consists less in any express teaching, than in the pervading tone of the place. Whatever it teaches it should teach as penetrated by a sense of duty; it should present all knowledge as chiefly a means towards worthiness in life, given for the double purpose of making each of us practically useful to his fellow creatures, and of elevating the character of the species itself, exalting and dignifying our nature.
There is nothing which spreads more contagiously from teacher to pupil than elevation of sentiment, often and often have students caught from the living influence of a professor, a contempt for mean and selfish objects, and a noble ambition to leave the world better than they found it.

The world has changed since Mill spoke. At that time about thirteen-and-a-half thousand academic articles were published each year. Today the figure is over one-and-a-half million. There were 200 students at St Andrews, 1,400 in Oxford, and less than 10,000 nationally, as compared with 2.3 million today. The fundamental purpose of universities, however, has not changed, and that is why we have survived and thrived.

Universities do serve as guardians of our culture, but they also serve as engines of the economy, as drivers of social mobility, as foundations of our democracy and always, as generators of ideas. They have done so for hundreds of years and if we do our jobs well they will continue to do so for hundreds more years.

There is, of course, nothing inevitable about the survival of universities, and longevity in itself is no virtue. Many of the universities that existed both in Europe and Asia when Oxford began are unknown today. Those that have flourished have done so by staying firm in their commitment to their core values, while adapting to the changing world around them. As the famous Huxley-Wilberforce debate in the University Museum in 1860 made clear, Darwin’s insight was that it is not the strongest, but the most adaptable, that survive.

The Chancellor referred to my compatriot, Edmund Burke: like him, I am a graduate of Trinity College Dublin. Burke belonged to a small and distinguished group of Irishmen that included his contemporaries Castlereagh and Wellington, who were largely written out of Irish history, in part because of their role in British history. Burke famously wrote in his Reflections on the Revolution in France, that a society without the means of change is without the means of its own conservation.

This University has changed over the years. It has grown in size, in the range of the subjects taught and in the make-up of students and staff. I wonder what an early graduate would think if he were transported forward through time. He would be surprised by the comfort of our lives, the quality of the food, the luxury of electricity and cars, surprised by the absence of clerics and the presence of women, but the basic model would be familiar to him, scholars convening to study together and students travelling to learn from them.

The extent of the change might briefly be disguised by the ancient traditions we still practise. Our traditions draw us together as a community. They bind us to our predecessors and our successors, but it is our responsibility to ensure that they do not fossilise in our hands. They must not become an immutable bundle passed like a sealed package from one generation to the next. Rather, we inherit our traditions, we infuse them with our values, and we pass them on to the next generation, subtly altered, containing part of ourselves, and enriched from having been in our hands.

Our traditions remind us of our obligations to our forebears, they are a part of our conversation with our predecessors and our successors. If we permit our traditions to become a legitimization for the exclusion of others we do these traditions a disservice. We cherish our traditions but we must not allow them to become a rationalization for the protection of privilege. We must never forget just how extraordinarily privileged we are to live and work in this amazing place which for hundreds of years has been home – and remains home – to some of the most creative minds on the planet.

One can pick any field and marvel at the contributions made by scholars at Oxford. From Roger Bacon’s conception of science as the experimental study of nature in the thirteenth century; to William Harvey’s work on the heart and Thomas Willis’s work on the brain in the seventeenth century; to Dorothy Hodgkin’s discovery of the structure of penicillin during World War II; to the Oxford Knee today, people at Oxford have been responsible for some of the most important medical discoveries. Our current medics are continuing this trend
From the Vice-Chancellor

as evidenced by the fact that medicine at Oxford has been ranked number one in the world for the fifth year in a row.

The religious life of the country has similarly been greatly influenced across the centuries and across the denominations by men like John Wycliffe, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey, John Wesley and Cardinal Newman, not to mention the generations of clerics who have played such pivotal roles in their local communities. The intellectual life of the country, and far beyond, has been immeasurably enriched by the writings of philosophers such as Erasmus, Hobbes, Locke, Toynbee and Berlin.

I find it astounding to consider that this one University has been home to poets: John Donne, Gerald Manley Hopkins, Shelley, Auden, Eliot, and Robert Penn Warren; home to writers: Samuel Johnson, Jonathan Swift, John Buchan, Lewis Carroll, Oscar Wilde, Graham Greene, CS Lewis, VS Naipaul and so many others; home to extraordinary men like Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Halley, Adam Smith and Christopher Wren.

Their contributions to British life and to humanity at large are incalculable. It is no exaggeration to say that this country, and indeed the world, would be a much lesser place without their work. And let’s not forget, of course, that the University has educated 26 British Prime Ministers, 30 global leaders, 50 Nobel laureates and 120 Olympic medal winners.

This is both an awesome and inspiring lineage, and a huge responsibility. Their achievements should both inspire and humble us as we contemplate how we navigate the changing waters around us.

The challenge for us is: what are we going to do to prove ourselves worthy of this extraordinary inheritance? How are we going to continue to contribute at the highest levels across a range of disciplines? How are we going to enhance this legacy? It’s our turn. What are we going to do with it?

We have many advantages; we have access to the half of the population who were excluded throughout much of Oxford’s history. We have access to people from all over the world and greater means to bring them here. We have resources of which our predecessors could only have dreamt.

Just a month ago I attended the memorial service for the late, great, Professor Stanley Hoffmann. He was my teacher, mentor and friend, and I wish he were here today. He belonged to that extraordinary generation of European intellectuals who survived the catastrophe of World War II; he moved to America and devoted his career to trying to understand what had happened and how to prevent its recurrence and to appreciating what might have been lost.

Stanley was fond of paradoxes and always spoke in threes. He would have delighted to see someone at the helm of a famously traditional, male, British institution who was not at all traditional, male, or even British. Stanley would have delighted in the paradox of new twenty-first century theories of education discovering the powers of personalised education, long valued and practised in the traditional tutorial system of ancient colleges here. He would have delighted in the paradox of an institution often considered inward looking and British-focused selling 135 million educational books and resources in 63 languages across 150 countries last year alone, and 33 million students learning English with OUP materials.

We face many challenges but in homage to Stanley Hoffmann I will limit myself to three external challenges and three internal ones. Externally we face technological change, globalization, spiralling costs and pressure for value.

Advances in technology are transforming all our lives and in myriad ways. Students now arrive at university fully networked with their friends and family around the world. They are accustomed to instant access to information on the Internet, to watching films on laptops, and to reading books on tablets, and to doing all three simultaneously while eating lunch and chatting to their mother on Skype.

Interestingly, one of the trends in technological developments is towards personalization: of medicine, of our phones, our cars, our online newspapers and our
From the Vice-Chancellor

social networks. A personalized education is of course at the heart of what has always been provided in our Oxford colleges. Far from educating students for a particular job, we must educate our students with the flexibility and creativity to be prepared for jobs we cannot even imagine today.

Only a few years ago universities were being declared defunct, dead at the hands of Massive Open Online Courses. The initial wave of euphoria that greeted the arrival of MOOCs, in which world-famous teachers could teach their courses, for free, to anyone and everyone interested, has been tempered by the reality that the completion rate for these courses rarely hits 5 per cent, that those taking the courses tend to be well educated males in first world countries, rather than impoverished women and men in the developing world, and that successful business plans, the means by which participation is assessed, and costs covered, have not been developed. The early experience of MOOCs has demonstrated what has long been known here, that there is no substitute for the personal interaction between student and teacher.

But there is no going back: technology will transform how we operate.

The pace of change is accelerating at a breath-taking rate and we need to be able to keep up. Today most of us carry more computing power in our cell phone than existed on the Apollo space mission. In 2010, Eric Schmidt of Google pointed out that: ‘Every two days we create as much information as we did from the dawn of civilization to 2003.’ New technologies provide extraordinary opportunities through the powers of digitization to make our unrivalled collections available across the globe to anyone with access to the Internet. Technology provides challenges to our libraries but we can preserve the library as an intellectual hub of university life by bringing new technologies inside, adapting to the ways our students learn, educating them to be wise consumers in a world of information overload, teaching them the difference between information and knowledge, and instilling in them a desire for wisdom.

We must always remain open to the potential of new technologies and have the agility to exploit the opportunities they present us.

The much criticised – and more often consulted – world rankings and global league tables remind us that we are operating in a global market place. This is not a new phenomenon but the scale is unprecedented. We now compete globally for both academics and students. Nearly 50 per cent of our academic and research staff are citizens of foreign countries, along with 62 per cent of graduate students and almost 18 per cent of undergraduates. Globally an estimated 5 million students are studying outside their home country, a figure that has more than doubled in a decade.

As travel becomes cheaper and communications easier, as more countries offer instruction in English, as immigration policies become more restrictive in some countries, and others invest heavily in a targeted group of campuses, patterns of mobility are likely to change. We are already seeing early indications of this. We have also seen the rapid development of transnational education as universities establish branch campuses overseas either alone or in partnership with local universities.

In straitened times foreign students are major financial contributors. In 2011/12 the higher education sector as a whole generated £10.7 billion in export earnings for the UK. The real contribution of foreign students, however, is not captured by these figures: it lies in the diversity of perspective they bring with them. I used to teach classes to Master’s students in St Andrews (on terrorism). It is rare in these classes for more than two students to share a nationality. The quality of debate that takes place in a classroom in which nobody shares your assumptions, and yet everyone respects your right to an opinion, on a topic as charged as terrorism, is unrivalled. It is exactly the kind of education we should be providing our students to prepare them to enter a globalized world.

It’s not only students who are mobile, of
course. Academics are even more so. The brain drain is now a brain train as academics move across borders from one university to another in search of opportunities and resources. Half of the world’s top physicists no longer work in their home country and cross-border science collaboration (as measured by the percentage of internationally co-authored articles) has more than doubled. Oxford is well represented in this development. Our Centre for Tropical Medicine, for example, is conducting cutting-edge research at its labs in Kenya, Vietnam and Thailand, and numerous other countries.

Competition for students, staff and research funding is not in itself a problem – on the contrary, it can cause us to raise our game, to learn from others, to question how we do things and to figure out how to do them better. The trend towards globalization, nevertheless, will pose real questions for the place of universities as national institutions, as their students, staff, research funding and even teaching facilities become less and less national.

This brings us to the rising costs of education and who should pay for it. Derek Bok, former President of Harvard, once said: ‘If you think education is expensive, try ignorance.’ Education is expensive, and likely to become more so, it is also invaluable. The benefits of education, both financial and intangible accrue both to the individual and to the society in which they live and work. It seems reasonable to me, therefore, that the costs should be shared both by the individual and by society at large.

There are many factors driving up the costs of education: new technologies and global competition are two, another is investment in ensuring that those with the talent to be admitted have the resources to attend. These are all necessary costs, willingly incurred.

Less necessary is the ever increasing cost of compliance with ever more bureaucratic, ever more intrusive and ever less useful regulation, much of it, paradoxically enough, designed to ensure value for money. Instead it diverts resources – both financial and intellectual – from the central tasks of research and teaching. Strikingly there is little or no effort to measure the effectiveness of all these measurements and no correlation at all between the degree of public funding and the degree of bureaucratic control. There is, however, an incontrovertible and empirically-based correlation between the quality and the autonomy of universities.

In a time of limited national resources, insistence on value for money is understandable and we must be keenly cognisant of our obligations to the state that funds us. Our time horizons, however, are longer. If we continue to do what we do best we will inevitably help the country manage its future. If we can provide leaders for tomorrow who have been educated to think critically, to act ethically and always to question, these are the people who will prevent the next financial crisis; who will help us to grapple with the fundamental questions prompted by the accelerating pace of technological change, as we confront profound ethical choices about the prolongation and even replication of life. People who will force us to confront the costs we are imposing on the next generation by our wasteful use of the earth’s resources; who will articulate our obligation to the vulnerable, the poor, the victims of war, oppression and disease, wherever they live. If we continue to focus on research and teaching, we will produce both those destined to make transformative scientific discoveries as well as those who can assess the implications of those discoveries for the rest of society. These contributions may never be translatable to a spreadsheet, but they are invaluable.

In order to remain globally competitive we have no alternative but to become altogether more creative in devising ways of raising revenue to supplement declining public investment. Private philanthropy is one way, and Oxford has been highly successful in this regard, but we have to do more if we are to compete with the eye-watering endowments of our American competitors. Another way is to capitalize on the extraordinary talent in the university and energetically forge links with industry and other external groups to develop and
translate ideas born here. Again, we have led the way nationally in this regard but are behind many international competitors.

Simply put, if we are going to maintain a pre-eminent position in a fast-changing world we are both going to have to operate more efficiently and to generate additional sources of support.

As we address all these challenges, and many others, we have many advantages. We know that we continue to serve as a magnet for brilliant students and staff; we know that we are united by a belief in the power of education to transform lives, in the pursuit of truth as an end in itself, a belief in the value of what can’t be counted, a belief, in Seamus Heaney’s words, in ‘the books stand(ing) open and the gates unbarred’ in being ‘here for good in every sense’. It is as a community encompassing many perspectives but with shared core values that we will also address our internal challenges.

The internal challenges we face are very different.

First: How do we organize ourselves to ensure that we are creating the best possible environment for the remarkable academics and students drawn to work here? How do we ensure that we organize ourselves to respond with agility to opportunities as they arise? How do we organize ourselves to ensure that we use our most valuable and finite resource, our time, on the research and teaching that attracted us into academia in the first place? How do we ensure that the exceptional people drawn here derive real intellectual benefit from being in the company of so many others? In short: how do we ensure that the whole University of Oxford is greater than the sum of its many fabulous parts?

Second: How do we replace ourselves? How do we ensure that we are continuing to attract the very best students and scholars? In an increasingly complex world the best may not be those who look and sound like ourselves. They may not be those who naturally think of coming to Oxford. Those with the greatest potential may not be those who have already attained the most. We need to go out and seek them.

Third: How do we ensure that we educate our students both to embrace complexity and retain conviction, while daring ‘to disturb the universe’; to understand that an Oxford education is not meant to be a comfortable experience, an Oxford education is not intended to guarantee a livelihood? How do we ensure that they appreciate the value of engaging with ideas they find objectionable, trying through reason to change another’s mind, while always being open to changing their own? How do we ensure that our students understand the true nature of freedom of inquiry and expression?

These are the questions I bring with me to this role. These are the questions I hope to use to harness the extraordinary talents of the women and men who study and work here to help find answers. We need to figure out how to work more effectively together internally in order to compete more effectively externally, to advance this unique institution, to secure our place among the top universities in the world, and ensure that we stay there.

The time is limited, students have three or four years, I have seven, faculty have more but it’s finite too. Let’s all make the most of the time we have here in this privileged, magical, extraordinary place to leave it even better than we found it. Let’s keep our eyes firmly fixed on the future, without forgetting the traditions that bind us to our forebears and the values and interests that unite us to one another.

Please join me: it will be hard, it will be fun, but we owe it to those on whose shoulders we stand, and Oxford deserves no less than our very best.

This is an edited version of the admission address given by Professor Louise Richardson on her formal appointment as Vice-Chancellor on 12 January 2016. She joins Oxford from the University of St Andrews, where she was Principal and Vice-Chancellor for seven years. She was previously Executive Dean of the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard University and is an internationally-renowned scholar of terrorism and security studies.
It’s not only the centre of Oxford and the University that is changing. Take a walk up the Cowley Road into the city’s golden triangle where things are shifting even faster.

I moved back to Oxford in 1992. After 13 years in London and a year travelling it was a pleasure to return to the City I thought I had got to know as a St Anne’s student.

I found myself, by luck rather than judgement, living in the triangle formed by Cowley Road, Iffley Road and Howard Street. This was foreign territory to me. I can’t have gone beyond the Plain more than about three times as an undergraduate; life centred around St Anne’s, the central historic part of Oxford, the colleges, the Law library in St Cross, Oxford Playhouse and the Covered Market, with some sorties to the Phoenix Cinema in Jericho.

I do remember braving the uncomfortable seats and the terror of ‘Don’t look now’ at the Penultimate (as it then was) Picture Palace, but the Cowley Road was otherwise an unknown quantity.

I have now been living in East Oxford (not quite Cowley) for 24-plus years and feel it is my neck of the woods. I am sure there are lots of nooks and crannies I haven’t yet discovered; it is a place of very considerable diversity and one that certainly cannot be described as ‘set in aspic’.

On a cold and wet April day I wandered down the Cowley Road reflecting on what is there and what has gone. In my own immediate neighbourhood, trends and fashions have played their part in the businesses that have come and gone even while I have been around.

The wonderful hardware shop, originally established in 1910 and moved along the road to different premises (formerly a bakery) in about 1936, has been in the same family for three generations, but the two traditional butcher’s shops (one of which clung on until 2013) have gone. There were also two fishmongers (before my time). When I arrived, there was still a haberdashery/sewing machine shop, now an electric bicycle specialist; Darcy’s the tiny newsagent, now subsumed by the neighbouring halal butcher and general food store, itself formerly an electrical and TV repair shop – and one of the fishmongers before that – and a highly individual, independent bookshop. For nearly 30 years this was on the site of a former fish and chip shop until the bookshop itself finally closed in 2014 to be replaced by an organic health store.
Another site in the road has been, in turn, a photocopy shop, florist, retro household store and photographer’s studio. All are gone and it is now a design business: rather a case of blink and you’ll miss it if you think in decades. However, other places seem to have become established. The tropical fish store – alive and swimming, not for eating – has been open for over five decades. The vegetarian café, where a Dewhurst butcher operated, has for years been a haunt for those wanting hearty lunchtime fare and a place for children and friends to talk over drinks and cakes.

The area has certainly become more ‘foody’. The nearest pub, decidedly traditional and a trifle gloomy when I arrived, has been transformed by a change in brewery into a popular place for locals and students to drink and eat. Other hostelries range from a gastropub, which opened to much acclaim, to cocktail bars and places to hang out and watch football or listen to live music. One of the butchers has also become a family-run restaurant, which you will be lucky to get into without booking in advance. It is next door to what was a bike repair shop which gave job experience to young people but has since become the centre of pavement café life round here as well as offering brunches.

In 2007 a local author, James Attlee, published Isolarian, a quirky narrative ‘pilgrimage’ up the Cowley Road looking at the personalities, histories and roles of the shops and businesses there in a place he thought he already knew. The local book group to which I belong read it the following year and had an interesting evening in a Cowley Road curry house talking to the author about it. It is extraordinary how much the Cowley Road has changed even since then.

A slightly random attempt to remember this aspect of my past, dredges up recollections of the final remaining fishmonger; it lasted only a matter of months after I started to explore Cowley Road. Another one put up an attempt to establish itself since then, but it didn’t survive.

Other stalwarts included Mays carpet store (the victim of a fire in the 1990s and later a cycle shop). The old Co-operative Society Halls is now the site of a very popular venue for live music which has queues of young people outside in the evenings and earlier in the day one can see the bands’ equipment being unloaded from enormous vehicles.

More lately, a computer repair and accessory shop has closed; alarmingly vibrant-coloured gateaux have taken the place of cables and disks. The former offices of Basil Blackwell Books, built as a Conservative Club with hall, was later used as a music hall and cinema. It was reopened in 2008 to provide office space to organizations, many of them charitable concerns.

The newsagent also selling snacks and a variety of items you might need, has gone from opposite the larger supermarket and in its place is a café and adjacent deli. Food has become the main feature of the road’s provision for the local populace. I have counted 65 bars, restaurants, cafés, and fast food shops (this will probably change next week), and the recent trend appears to be for fancy cake shops and ice-cream/dessert parlours. There were five – though of the three ice cream places that popped up in recent times, one appears to be gone, already replaced by another, where once a cheap furniture store had been. Nor is there any shortage of places to have one’s hair cut; my current tally from the Plain to Magdalen Road being 10, depending on whether you want a barber or unisex salon.
While the ‘robemaker’, which for years displayed a barrister’s wig and gown in the window, and could make robes for clerics, lawyers and academics, has moved out of Oxford, it has been replaced by an enterprising tailor offering clothes alteration and repair alongside dry cleaning. There is, I think, only one laundrette available to those who don’t have access to a private washing machine, but four charity shops and at least three bookmakers as well as a pawnbroker, not to mention the nail bar.

On the other hand, there are some highly individual shops that maintain Cowley Road’s reputation for the unusual.

The corner shop, which offered knitting wool and buttons, was not able to survive here and the much-loved bead shop, where you could buy beautiful beads of glass or shell, singly or in little bags, or rifle about for second hand clothes or velvet curtains, has given up. It was a bike shop for a while and now seems to be a centre advising on ‘personal independence plans’. Opposite, an independent interior design shop offering colours one dreams about is near to housing for students, the site of which used to be home to a second-hand furniture store where I once bought a filing cabinet. There used to be at least three round here; the other two are now a private house and a tattoo parlour.

However, Cowley Road still has a vinyl record shop, the former premises where a jewellery designer displayed her wares is now a shop offering comics and graphic novels, a specialist in musical instruments with studio and recording equipment is another, while a third, with somewhat unusual opening hours, hires out lighting and sound equipment for parties.

The bank has gone but we still have a kitchen design shop, which has been there for 29 years. It is where Nichols, a baby-care shop, once stood and next door – the evidence displayed in a photograph – was the ‘Cowley Bargain Store’, an outfitter which also dealt in government surplus stores. Where Boots now trades, was once a school, long gone and presumably remembered by only a few – it was closed in 1936. The tool shop where I bought items for DIY when I bought my first home in the area, is a loss, but is now a second-hand clothes shop where you can find vintage garments from Italy or Germany. The UPP cinema is thriving with comfortable seats and better facilities. All this and a plethora of food stuffs both local and from other continents make Cowley Road, the centre of East Oxford’s street life, quite a gem.

I feel my age a little now. I have lived here longer than anywhere else. There are times when I look at some hoarding before a shop-front and think, ‘Oh! – what happened to that?’ Sometimes, it’s even, ‘What was there before?’

Going to London to my old haunts is even more of a shock! However, change is inevitable, our surroundings are not yet entirely homogenous and noticing the incremental shifts is one way to live in the moment and value what is available to enjoy right now.

To those who think that dragons lie beyond Magdalen Bridge, come and see what there is here, in the golden triangle of East Oxford.

Jackie Ingram (1976), who also took the photographs
We may think undergraduate life these days is radically different from an earlier generation. Think again: not everything’s changed.

I’ve just had one of those life moments. You get a whole slew of them in the upward arc of early adulthood: passing your driving test, voting for the first time, buying your first job, buying your first house (though the average age of the first-time property buyer is these days somewhere in early-middle-age). But then you have to wait a couple of decades before the senior life moments start to kick in. They may mark the beginning of your downward arc, but they are no less ecstatic.

Today I looked at my online bank statement and noticed to my surprise that, despite it being the end of the month, I wasn’t overdrawn. The direct debit to my 18-year-old daughter’s school had not been collected; and, I realised with growing excitement, it never would be again. School fees had ended, not just for the year but forever. It was the first step on the road to a condition unkindly dubbed ‘empty nest syndrome’, which I think should be more positively rebranded as ‘full wallet syndrome’.

On reflection I realised this was just to be a momentary financial lull before university kicks in in the autumn, but that will be considerably cheaper. Actually I’ve never understood why university should cost less than school. Surely you’re paying for a superior level of service? It’s a bit like the Ritz undercutting your local B&B. But perhaps academics just aren’t that financially literate.

Of course when I went to St Anne’s back in the early 1980s, university education was free; or, rather, it was funded by the taxpayer. That’s another thing I don’t really understand. Why should ordinary greengrocers and bus drivers have had to shell out from their taxes for a few snotty kids to get a degree and end up earning more than them? This anomaly has now been remedied and in today’s enlightened world taxpayers’ money is diverted instead to helping the more needy members of society (e.g. by bailing out bankers) and students have to borrow the wherewithal to fund their education.

On the whole that’s probably a good thing. If university is designed to be a preparation for adult life, then getting used to being in debt is an important part of it. After all, we need young people to be comfortable with taking out huge loans and blowing the money on material goods so as to fuel the consumer boom that’s going to be necessary if the global economy is ever going to recover from the financial crisis (now eight years old and counting). Ultimately, of course, we’re relying on those hard-working Millennials to pay off all that debt that we hedonistic Baby Boomers have accumulated.

My daughter is planning to follow in my footsteps and go to Oxford, though I have to confess, somewhat to my embarrassment, that it is nothing to do with me. I haven’t pulled any strings, called in any favours, dug out for blackmail purposes old photos of current admissions dons in their undergraduate days when they were members of right-wing drinking societies, let alone coughed up millions for a new IT block or library wing. I can’t even claim it was my idea for her to apply to Oxford. I think I actually tried to talk her into going to Cambridge for the entirely selfish reason that I thought it would be more fun for me to discover a new city on those regular parental visits, rather than revisit one that I already knew very well.

If the truth be told, I haven’t made much use of my Oxford degree. In fact I’m not sure I can even claim to have one at all, as my Bachelor of Arts certificate is still gathering dust on a shelf somewhere in the Sheldonian some 35 years on due to my never having got round to picking it up. I can’t say I’ve really missed it. My Oxford
contemporaries such as Hugh Grant, Nigella Lawson, Robert Peston and Ian Hislop have carved out successful media careers for themselves, no doubt using the Oxford mafia and giving each other legs up along the way. I have somehow stumbled through to middle age and have had something which might in poor light pass for a career without ever being required to compile a CV: an achievement I consider worthy of some form of citation in itself.

My daughter’s offer is not even from St Anne’s. When she originally showed an interest in Oxford and asked me which college I had studied at I dismissed my alma mater as drab and modernist and told her she wouldn’t like it. What I had failed to realise is that post-war ‘brutalist’ architecture is these days very fashionable among the young (perhaps because ugly modern buildings are the only sort of houses they can ever dream of being able to afford to buy). So when Tilly came up for the Oxford open day last year I arranged to take her along to St Anne’s, only to find to my embarrassment that the Gatehouse, whose carbuncular charms I had been proudly extolling had been demolished and replaced with a large hole in the ground. The hole in the ground, despite having in my opinion greater aesthetic appeal than the building that had once stood above it, didn’t impress Tilly and she slipped off to LMH instead, where she ended up getting an offer.

I can only speculate on how different her university experience will be to mine (perhaps this will be the theme for next year’s article), but even the four months of holiday between the end of her IB exams and the beginning of her first term at university will be unrecognisable from how things were in my day. Back then one did very little work during term time, considerably less during the holidays and certainly none at all during those months when one was between educational establishments and thus technically not even a student and so could claim a valid right to idleness.

This long summer break offered two possibilities for my generation. The more adventurous minded would bum round the Mediterranean. This was back in the days of national European currencies when one could live like a king in Greece or Portugal on a tenner a week. Of course, since the egalitarian advent of the Euro the whole of Club Med land is as ruinously expensive as Paris or Vienna. Option two, for the lazier students like me, was to sit around at your parents’ house watching cricket. Now cricket is a sport that was invented primarily for the purposes of filling up the time of retired gentlemen and students on their long vacations (this latter reason is why the game is played in the summer). Back in those days the players would pride themselves on making sure the game lasted the full complement of five days (and preferably ended in a draw). Hitting sixes was pretty much illegal. A couple of fours might be permitted over the course of a daylong innings, which otherwise consisted of forward defensive strokes. A modern test match, where the batsmen smash the ball all over the park and which is usually all over after three days, would have been utter anathema, as it would leave us students with nothing to do for 48 whole hours.

Tilly’s summer will be nothing like that. Instead she will be obliged to undergo a series of internships. This is supposedly a preparation for the world of work, but in today’s over-regulated office environment there is almost no useful task that can be given to an intern. They’re not allowed to do filing for reasons of client confidentiality. They can’t answer the phone because they don’t have the correct compliance qualifications to perform customer-facing roles. I even heard of one company where interns weren’t allowed to fetch the coffee because the carrying of hot liquids was banned under health and safety rules. Frankly, they might as well be watching the cricket.

The only tiny glimmer of hope is that Tilly has chosen to read English. At a time when most of my arty friends’ children are studying sensible, practical, career-friendly subjects like mechanical engineering and biochemistry, this seems an admirably reckless option. Checking out an online list of the most bankable degree subjects I see
that English Literature is in third last place, with only Marketing & Communication and Fine Art considered more useless (my own degree combination of Modern Languages and Philosophy is fourth from bottom). Tilly’s career earnings will probably be so modest that she will never have to pay back that student loan and the debt can be safely transferred onto her children’s generation. Perhaps our lives aren’t so dissimilar after all.

Russell Taylor MBE (1979) aka Alex
Champagne on Fridays?

GARETH HUNT

Despite recent evidence to the contrary, the City is not a barrel full of rotten apples and a career in investment banking can still be an attractive option, the rewards of which can be put to good use.

My parents did what many ambitious parents do: they brought me to see the dreaming spires when I was about 11 years old and I decided then that I wanted to study at Oxford. While a few students from my comprehensive school in Leicester had been to Oxford or Cambridge, it wasn’t a well-trodden path. One former student had told me that St Anne’s was state school friendly and so I applied.

I read PPE, having always been very interested in politics. I could have been a more diligent student and I’m deeply grateful to Nigel Bowles for persevering with me. I can’t remember a word of my Comparative Government, but I still re-tell Nigel’s stories about the Lyndon Johnson office recordings detailing how LBJ pushed the Civil Rights Act through.

I spent my summers on work experience at the BBC; I’d always wanted to be a political journalist. When I graduated I managed to get a job as a stock market reporter working for Dow Jones newswires. One day, a stockbroker who used to feed me market gossip took me out to lunch and suggested I come back up to the trading floor. I can remember extremely clearly the moment the doors of the lift opened onto the bedlam that was a City trading floor in the late-1990s. I knew instantly I wanted a job on that floor. It’s a decision I’ve never regretted.

I started work as an equity analyst and at the tender age of 22 was giving my opinion on whether Chief Executives with 30 years of experience running large corporations were doing a good job. I shudder to think about it now but console myself with the thought that nobody will have paid any attention to what I was writing. The City in the late-1990s was still in the middle of the boom. My firm had a custom of buying champagne on Friday if the equities division, where I worked, had a record week. At that time, they were buying champagne each and every Friday.

What we know now is that not everybody was playing by the rules. The transcripts of telephone calls obviously leave no doubt that the behaviour of some was immoral and criminal, but it wasn’t widespread or conspicuous in my experience. It’s easy to argue that we had a crisis because the City is a barrel full of rotten apples and it’s obvious that investment banking is considered less attractive as a career route as a consequence. In my view, the reasons for the crisis are much more systemic.

The UK had a debt-fuelled boom and everybody enjoyed the party. People loved the feeling they were getting richer as house prices went up every month, fuelled by ever-larger mortgages. Central Banks told us all that inflation had been tamed by exceedingly wise Central Banks, so we could all keep loading up on debt. Bankers, of course, were only too happy to oblige and lent money on the assumption that three years of good economic data encompassed the entirety of an economic cycle. My favourite City cliché is that one should always enjoy the party – but dance by the door. Sadly, it was locked.

I lost touch with College: I didn’t even visit Oxford for 20 years. I had met my wife at Oxford and she wanted our children to see the deer park and bell tower at her alma mater, Magdalen. I must confess I was less anxious they see the Gatehouse at St Anne’s. Having walked around Magdalen our kids asked to see ‘daddy’s college’ and the porter of St Anne’s very kindly took me at my word that I was a former student. We were standing in the central Quad when Tim Gardam bounded across the lawn and insisted he give my five-year-old daughter...
a cuddly toy, the St Anne’s mascot beaver. Having been away for 20 years it might seem strange that I became so rapidly reacquainted with College but one thing led to another at quite a pace. I started to make modest donations to the bursaries fund. I was delighted to hear that St Anne’s remains as state school friendly as ever, as Tim talked me through everything College was doing to reach out to students who might think Oxford is not for them. I wouldn’t have applied if someone hadn’t suggested there wasn’t a state school stigma, and the financial pressures facing today’s students must surely add to the uncertainty faced by some sixth formers considering an application.

In 2015, Stifel, the investment bank I work for, employed four interns from St Anne’s over the summer. Investment banking is not the glamorous job it was in the 1990s and we also have work to do to convince those who might not have family connections in the City that the days of the old school tie are long gone. The City might be Darwinistic, but it has become a visible meritocracy. The interns worked closely with one of our core industry teams. One of the interns on the financials group I work with had written his thesis on the formation of galaxies so we set him to work on a map of the UK’s payments infrastructure – it’s ridiculously complex and we never thought he’d manage it – after two days he came back with a diagram we use in most of our pitches to demonstrate just how clever we are. My colleagues were equally delighted with the quality of the candidates and we will be running a similar scheme this year. We are hopeful we can broaden our relationship further with St Anne’s, and my CEO, one of the few women to run an investment bank in London, will speak at Oxford later this year.

I’ve been hugely impressed and excited by the work St Anne’s is doing to ensure that Oxford is accessible to everyone regardless of background. But perhaps what has been most enjoyable is that despite 20 years of no contact at all I’ve become so easily reacquainted with the College that gave me such a large leg up all those years ago.

Gareth Hunt (1993) is a Managing Director at Stifel Europe leading Financial Institutions Corporate Broking.
‘Fail, fail again, fail better…’

WILLIAM GALINSKY

…says Samuel Beckett but our careers columnist this year says take it with a pinch of salt – the opposite can be just as true in the hugely enjoyable world of the arts

It doesn’t feel that long ago – now over 20 years – that I had just finished finals and Betty Rutson, my moral tutor, was gently quizzing me on what I was planning to do next. She had been surprisingly indulgent of the number of plays I had directed during my time at St Anne’s; what had in my first year been the official line of ‘your essays have to come before your theatre productions’ had, by my final year, become a more indulgent ‘if only your essays were as good as your theatre productions’ first uttered by my Czech tutor, the terrific and so sadly late Jim Naughton of St Edmund Hall, usually within earshot of Miss Rutson at one of my first nights.

Twenty years on what can I tell you about a career in the arts? Well, if it is going to happen you won’t choose it, it will choose you – or to quote David Mamet, if you have a fall back you will always fall back. During my degree (Russian and Czech) I was lucky enough to spend a semester studying at the Moscow Arts Theatre School as part of my third year. It was eye-opening in so many ways, not only did I learn a lot about theatre but also a lot about life. After St Anne’s I got a place at Drama Centre, a notoriously tough method-acting school in London, where I was accepted to study a two-year course, the Professional Instructors course – first year as an actor, second as an acting teacher. At that time (1995) there were no graduate theatre directing courses available and it was the theatre director Katie Mitchell, who met me for a cup of tea and a chat soon after I left College who encouraged me to go for it. She was fascinated by my Russian theatre experiences and said that she wished she had studied at Drama Centre after Oxford, so I knew my instincts had been right.

In that year, between Oxford and Drama Centre, I was lucky enough to work as a translator for the Brighton Festival, touring the UK with the Maly Drama Theatre of St Petersburg, an incredible theatre ensemble led by the wonderful director Lev Dodin. After the tour and before my time at Drama Centre began, they invited me to St Petersburg to watch them in rehearsal.

I spent one year at Drama Centre and then was champing at the bit to get some professional experience and so cut my studies short. I was an assistant director at Northern Stage, Chichester Festival Theatre and then the RSC. I then spent a few years directing shows on the London Fringe and teaching at drama schools. I had always wanted to be an artistic director and in 2007 I got the opportunity to become artistic director of the Cork Midsummer Festival in Ireland. Since then, first in Cork and since 2011 as artistic director of Norfolk & Norwich Festival, I have curated and produced works across a number of art forms.

I have been very lucky to work with some amazing artists, particularly focusing on theatre and performance in unusual locations. These have included a sculptural work on four miles of the Holkham Estate in north Norfolk by the American artist and director Robert Wilson as part of the London 2012 Cultural Festival; a grown up fairy tale called Wolf’s Child set in a forest at the National Trust’s Felbrigg Hall; my own production of The Tempest in a Victorian circus hippodrome in Great Yarmouth with a floor that can be flooded and, one of my...
strangest projects, a Chelsea gold medal award-winning flying garden created by Diarmuid Gavin which now resides full time in the remodelled Fitzgerald’s Park in Cork city. Looking back, it feels as though I spent the first ten years of my career in rehearsal rooms and theatres mainly training young actors, and the next ten years working anywhere but theatres, focused much more on unique audience experiences and working with artists in many different art forms.

In terms of embarking on a career in the arts there are a few practical things worth knowing but like all advice you should probably take it with a pinch of salt as the opposite can sometimes be just as true.

■ Keep your living costs low. London may not be the answer to everything. If you are a theatre director or a writer or an artist, living in a smaller place with cheap rents and a buzzing young artistic scene can be a good idea. The world is much bigger than London: Dublin, Berlin, Glasgow and, dare I say it, even Norwich (particularly for writers) are interesting and cheaper places with a great scene.

■ Don’t be ashamed of having to have a day job. You may well have to do crappy jobs to pay the rent and fund your art projects. That’s normal and human. You will probably need work which is flexible and doesn’t tie you down but sometimes even the most mundane jobs can lead to surprising things: the playwright Rebecca Lenkiewicz funded her way through drama school working as a pole dancer and wrote her first play Soho about this experience and the humanity of those she worked with; the novelist Eimear McBride spent years temping but managed to read the whole of Proust on a six-week secretarial job for a rail freight company.

■ Stay curious. If you want to work as a theatre director or producer see as much work as you can. Travel, broaden your horizons. Oxford can be a beautiful, cotton wool-lined bubble and it can be a shock once you leave; but stay curious: don’t stop reading, travelling, seeing work you never knew was possible. If you want to work in theatre then know that student theatre at Oxford is very conservative. There is a whole world out there waiting for you to discover and be inspired by! You will find it in New York, Brussels, Avignon, Vienna…

■ Grow a thick skin. There is going to be rejection and plenty of it. One thing to realise is that Oxford will have trained your mind in a very particular direction but often the creative professions require a different approach. The ‘lit crit’ approach of an essay is sometimes not the most useful thing for a rehearsal room.

■ Further vocational training is often a good idea. Very few student actors leave Oxford with what they need for a profession in the arts and even if you walk out of finals into a Hollywood role, you may well find later down the line you have missed out on the nuts and bolts ABC of a proper, rigorous actor training. What I learned in Moscow and at Drama Centre has been invaluable to me in the long term.

■ ‘Fail, fail again, fail better.’ Samuel Beckett’s advice might be the wisest of all. You may well have overcome great adversity to get to Oxford or you may well have sailed through your early life. For talented, bright people like yourselves, dear reader, success is the easy bit. It is how you pick yourself up and dust yourself off after you have failed that is the real muscle you have to develop. To quote Nina in the final act of Chekhov’s The Seagull it is the ‘ability to endure’ that is the most important thing in maintaining a career in the arts!

■ To quote Chekhov again: ‘If you want to work in art, then first work on yourself.’ This is a tough one and in your early-twenties it is sometimes not entirely clear what this means but self-examination and self-awareness are very important.

A career in the arts is great fun and very fulfilling. Good luck!

William Galinsky (1991) is Artistic Director of the Norfolk & Norwich Festival

www.st-annes.ox.ac.uk

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Careers: another take on the arts

Life in the fast lane: the perils and pleasures of working the streets

HELEN MARRIAGE

She closes the centre of major cities and stops the traffic in rush hour, but the heart of her work is the desire to interrupt the daily life of a city so that everyone – not just those with money and knowledge – can marvel at the artistic imagination and its power to change our lives. Helen Marriage explains why the arts make an exciting and fulfilling career choice.

I left St Anne’s in 1980 like many humanities students, really unsure about what I wanted to do or how to go about finding my place. Unlike most Oxford graduates, I got a job in a health food store in the Edgware Road, standing behind the till in my brown and orange nylon overall, with my hair neatly tied back, trying to behave. I lasted longer than you might expect, long enough anyway to read War and Peace from cover to cover under the counter until my old friend Michael Morris, now co-director of Artangel, happened upon me and told me to stop wasting my life. Within days he pushed me into working as administrator to an itinerant street theatre company who were making their way via Camden and the City of London to the inevitability of the Edinburgh Festival. I worked there for the summer, marshalling my happy band of actors, sleeping six to a room in a rented apartment, picking up the cash in a hat and running it to the bank – there wasn’t a job that I didn’t turn my hand to. I returned to London glowing with the joy of a summer spent outside, and got myself a job in an office.

But the bug had bit. As I sat at my desk in East Croydon, I knew that there were people out there, people like me, who were doing a job that was inspiring, revolutionary, full of hazard and producing live moments for audiences that changed the way they saw the world. I knew I had to find a way back.

In those far-off days the arts and cultural industry that we know today didn’t really exist. Of course there were the big institutions – the National Gallery, National Theatre, Royal Opera House and a few traditional rep or touring theatre and ballet companies – but the plethora of small companies working at the margins of various art forms wasn’t really part of the picture. I’ve never been interested in being swallowed up by a huge organisation, so I took myself off to City University, which ran
Careers: another take on the arts

one of the country’s only Arts Administration courses, to learn everything anyone might need to know about running a small arts business. And that’s exactly what I do today, although the small arts business, Artichoke, turns over millions of pounds and creates events that entertain millions of people.

It would be easy to detect an overall plan, a career path, a strategy – but to do so would be wrong. My so-called career has been a series of happy, or less than happy, accidents – hirings and firings – during which I’ve apparently only travelled from the streets of Edinburgh as far as the streets of London, but it’s a journey from arts ignoramus to arts iconoclast that has taken nearly four decades and seen me travel the world, working with some of the most interesting people on the planet. I’ve never been employed by an established arts enterprise and have always worked on the edges of the arts establishment, taking small ideas or organisations and turning them into something with greater impact. I’ve worked for community plays, cluster management organisations, international festivals and corporate giants, always trying to find a way to liberate the artists I’m working with from the constraining embrace of the dedicated arts space – the gallery, the concert hall, the opera house or the theatre. I don’t believe that great artists should only be seen in the hushed environment of a specialist venue, although I freely admit that

Lumières London 2016: Les Luminéoles, Porté par le vent. Produced by Artichoke, supported by the Mayor of London/Matthew Andrews
I’ve seen some wonderful work in these spaces. But that’s my point – I’ve seen shows there, but I know how to scour the pages of the newspapers for reviews, I have reference points across all art forms, I already know the things I like and those I detest – but I also recognise that for thousands and thousands of people, the arts are a mystery, irritant or an irrelevance.

So, together with my long-standing business partner, I founded Artichoke specifically to bring the work of the great masters of street performance, French company Royal de Luxe, to London. Checking back, the first invitation I sent inviting them to perform in the UK, was dated 1999. We finally presented their legendary show *The Sultan’s Elephant* in May 2006. It was a gestation longer than that of a baby elephant, as I battled to persuade the public authorities that there was some legitimacy in closing the ceremonial streets of our great capital for days on end for something other than a governmental, sporting or military commemoration. ‘Why would we do this?’ they asked. ‘Why wouldn’t you?’ I replied.

In the event, seven long years after the first glimmer of the idea, we and our French friends took to the streets, having closed the major roads in central London – The Mall, Piccadilly, Haymarket, around Trafalgar Square – on a rolling basis for four days and nights. It was unprecedented: an event that was not about anything, not commemorating anything, not selling anything, not celebrating anything. *The Sultan’s Elephant* just invaded the streets and invited residents and visitors alike to come out and play. Annoying to taxi drivers, maybe, but for the million or so people who came out to meet the giant mechanical elephant, the Sultan and his entourage and a tiny 24 foot high Little Girl, it was a captivating experience. London, ten months after the 7/7 bombings, was restored to a playground where strange and magical things were happening – familiar buildings transformed into a stage set; pedestrians ruling supreme and all traffic banished. A world city had turned itself upside down and inside out for a piece of theatre. Arts Council England’s slogan ‘Great Art for Everyone’ was born that May weekend. The event itself drew worldwide press attention and was praised by Baroness Mackintosh in a debate in the House of Lords. Our stakeholders were inundated with compliments and praise, prompting the question: ‘Could you do it again?’

Artichoke had recognised a public appetite for epic live events beyond the everything’s-possible-at-the-touch-of-a-fingertip digital output that dominates our lives. In the ten years since *The Sultan’s Elephant*, we’ve produced more than a dozen events, each one setting a benchmark for the way in which artists can transform our public realm, whether that’s a city centre or a remote coastline. At the outset every event seems impossible – or at least very, very challenging.

As a tenth anniversary, we returned to the same London streets with *Lumiere London*, a four-night extravaganza that saw 30 installations by an international cadre of artists, each interested in the potential of light to transform our urban landscape in the midst of the wintry darkness. Again we worked with the public authorities to ascertain how to create a safe pedestrian zone while attempting to keep London moving. A painstaking 18 months of negotiations finally saw us take control of the new development at King’s Cross, as well as all the streets from Oxford Circus to Trafalgar Square. The event footprint took in the whole of central London and involved complex traffic and crowd management planning. Although I still think of myself as a producer in the arts, these days only about half my time is spent talking to artists and curating their work. The rest of my working life is dedicated to negotiating with licensing officers, traffic planners, engineers, production managers, police and transport officials. Oh – and raising the money. Artichoke events are generally free to the public. It’s hard to ticket an entire city, so we don’t try. But this means that our on-going fundraising targets are huge. We very grateful for the continuing support of Arts Council England that pays for our overheads; every other penny we spend is raised through sponsorship and donations and pays for the events themselves.
I couldn’t have imagined when I left Oxford with my degree in English Literature that I was going to have such a varied and interesting life. I’ve spent a year as a Fellow at Harvard, pondering questions of ephemeral urbanism and city planning. I’m on an international speaker circuit that sees me talking about the transformation of the public realm. I received a very unexpected MBE for services to the arts. I’m on first name terms with bishops and generals, chief constables and mayors. But at the heart of my work lies the relationship between artists and their audiences, and Artichoke’s desire to interrupt the daily life of a city so that everyone – not just those with money and knowledge – can marvel at the artistic imagination and its power to change our lives. Artichoke aims to create live moments that live in the memory forever, and we hope that the 1.3 million people who turned out for Lumière on a cold, wintry January weekend in London this year are treasuring the magical experience of a world city transformed by that extraordinary artistic imagination.

**Helen Marriage MBE** (1977) is co-founder of Artichoke (www.artichoke.uk.com), one of the UK’s most innovative creative companies that puts on extraordinary shows that change the way people look at the world and make the arts speak to people who aren’t really interested in the arts. She ran the Salisbury Festival for many years and was instrumental in LIFT, The London International Festival of Theatre.
Setting the record straight

DEVAKI JAIN

Time to correct impressions on the role of women in the South

My return to Oxford in 2014, thanks to being awarded the Plumer Fellowship, gave me an opportunity to get a feel of what is being discussed by today’s students. When I was in Oxford from 1959–62, the headlines were about linguistic philosophy, about the philosophers John Hare and Iris Murdoch. Students were preoccupied with academic achievement and were by and large from the better off classes. A good thermometer of class was provided by the fact that most of the Indian students came from elite families.

On my return in 2014, I found a dramatic change in the characterization of students, their culture and the focus of their energy. One striking change I experienced was the emergence of feminism as a presence. Lady Margaret Hall was recognized as the focal point of women’s studies. Earlier it had been a small cell. Every college or most colleges now seemed to have a feminist group who met regularly and took their discourse seriously.

The Principal of St Anne’s, who knew about my deep engagement with the women’s movement in India and the fact that I was described as a ‘feminist’ as distinct from being in the women’s movement, was keen that I should meet the feminist group at St Anne’s and give a lecture on feminism in India. I was delighted.

When I described what we were doing in India there was a sense of surprise if not shock among the students. Like many others, they had assumed that it was only in the western democracies that feminism was a political force – and that what is called the Third World was a wretched place for women.

Yet having lived and worked throughout the southern continents for almost 40 years now, and been engaged with women scholars and women’s movement members in these countries, I knew that feminism and feminist expression were not only vivid but also strong actors in these countries. In fact, it was my belief that we have more space, more political presence and in some ways more power than feminists in the northern countries. My lecture evoked interest and also surprise.

It struck me then that the best gift I could give to St Anne’s for giving me initially the opportunity to study (I read PPE) and then the opportunity to return and participate, was to endow a lecture in the hope that it...
Africa through the eyes of its women

GRAÇA MACHEL

In May this year, the Graça Machel Trust announced the launch of a Women in Media Network (WIMN). It aims to change the way the media portray African women and children and is the latest initiative of an organization devoted to the participation and visibility of the women who are changing Africa.

To many of you, the image that is transmitted to you through the screens of your television and the media generally is that we, Africans, are dying of AIDS, poverty and all those kinds of things. I want to tell you a different narrative of African women: who we are, how we see ourselves, our struggles, our fears, our successes, our doubts – how we are shaping our Africa, for ourselves, for our children, for our grandchildren.

You may have been told of something called ‘Africa Rising’. Let me remind you, Africa has recently celebrated 50 years of freedom and the formation of the Organisation of African Unity. Those of you who follow these things must have heard the names of the heads of states and all those involved. But you didn’t hear a name or see the face of a woman during those 50 years of our liberation. And I fancy this is an indictment, maybe of ourselves as women: we have not been putting ourselves up front and saying, ‘We were there; freedom was achieved through the struggles and contributions and sometimes sacrifices of millions of women.’

So one of the things I am keen to do is to bring the names and, whenever possible the faces, of African women to the forefront. I established a movement to further this. New Faces New Voices (NFNV), a Pan-African advocacy group, is committed to the empowerment of African women across sectors such as finance, agriculture, media and science. NFNV is founded on the slogan ‘Multiplying Faces, Amplifying Voices’. When we look at African women, we look at only one single sector or one single walk of life. You may have heard of women in politics, but you have heard very little of women in business, women
Devaki Jain lecture

in science, women in media, women in culture, women in other sectors of life. You know very little and it is our fault. What I want to do today is to bring just a few of those names to your attention.

Africa has got to the point where a child now has to visualize a woman as head of state. Twenty years ago this was not a reality: children had no point of reference. Now we have Ellen Johnson, the first elected President of Liberia – and joint winner of the 2011 Nobel Peace Prize with fellow Liberian Leymah Gbowee (and Yemeni Tawakkol Karman) ‘for their non-violent struggle for the safety of women and for women’s rights to full participation in peace-building work’. Then we had Joyce Banda from Malawi; though she was there for a very short time, she was there. Now we have Catherine Samba-Panza from Central Africa. We also have a few Vice-Presidents of whom you may never have heard, Inonge Mutukwa Wina in Zambia for instance. We also have Prime Ministers: Amajila from Namibia, now in her forties and in my own country, Mozambique, we had a Prime Minister from the same generation. But these faces are not familiar because they are not brought to your attention.

We have, as I speak, a head of state in Mauritius who was elected unanimously by her parliament. Her name is Amina Gurig-Fakim. I don’t know if you’ve ever heard of her. We also have significant numbers of women in parliament in some countries: for example, in Rwanda where 56 per cent of parliamentarians are women; in South Africa, Namibia and Mozambique where they make up 40 per cent. Many other countries are making progress with 30 per cent; others are struggling to get beyond eight or nine per cent.

Why is this important? Because of the visibility. African women’s public presence is no longer a taboo, no longer something children struggle to see. But it does not mean that those women have been able to change structurally the balance of power in the above institutions. Achieving visibility is only the first step. The second step is that these women must change the nature of power, contribute to humanizing it, make it more sensitive and closer to people, enable it to represent their aspirations and allow people to realise their dreams.

I don’t think this is purely an African issue. For me, the idea of modern democracies and seeing through a feminist perspective, which is the title of our conversation today, is this: yes we do have elections, yes we have more women and, sometimes, even youth, in institutions of power. But that power is too far from people, the institutions expected to represent our people are distant and people themselves are struggling with their needs, with the implementation of their rights. We seem to be living in two worlds in which institutions are moving in one direction and people are moving and solving their own issues in another. This means that the presence and visibility of women in power has to be applauded. I do applaud it. But I also know that it is not sufficient. We need to move to the second step: to humanize power and influence the centres of power using the strength of women and their ability to connect, to multitask, to build relationships, often informal, but which can then go on to affect and improve the more formal structures. This has not yet been the case.

For instance, Phumzile Mlambo is United Nations Under-Secretary-General and Executive Director of UN Women. But within the UN family, UN Women is the poorest of agencies; it doesn’t have resources or much influence. So visibility yes; institutions yes. But does UN Women make much difference to what the UN is today?

Another South African woman, Nkosazana Dlamini-Zuma, is chair of the African Union Commission, the first time a woman has held that post. She has tried hard to change the way the African Union operates. She even instituted a year for celebrating African women. Next week (November 2015) we are going to have the First African Girls’ Summit where heads of state, heads of government and ministers, etc., are going to be discussing the way we have been treating the girl child in the continent. These are very good developments, but despite all this the reality is that the African Union has not fundamentally changed. There are other examples of women in positions of power – in finance, ministries of minerals and resources – crucial sectors in the development of the continent today, but
we need a fundamental change within the structures which are still marginalizing women.

2016 ushers in the official launch of the Agenda for Sustainable Development (SDGs), successor to the Millennium Development Goals (MDGs). The woman behind the movement to attain this is Amina Mohammed, a woman from Nigeria. I worked with her and she was extraordinary in bringing together all the different groups and millions of contributions that made up the new SDGs. She did a fantastic job – respecting different sensitivities, different points of view – but always focused on what was fundamental: making the SDGs more focused on people, on how we are going to lay the foundations of the building blocks of sustainable development. But in essence, if the SDGs are really to bring about a fundamental change, it will depend on the balance of powers within the member states of the UN.

So, Africa has powerful, energetic, focused women in leadership, but they have a long way to go in changing public/institutional structures if we are to open avenues for millions still to come.

Let me come to women in the economic sphere – finance, business and productive life. You have heard of Ngozi Okonjo-Iweala. Until recently, she was Minister of Finance in Nigeria and actually succeeded in shaking up the financial system in that country. She did a fantastic job in negotiating with the big powers to bring down the national debt of Nigeria, a major achievement. She is a woman, she is young – and she is recognized as one of the brightest minds in finance today.

Another very good example of a successful young woman, this time from South Africa, is Sibongile Sambo, the founder and head of the first aviation company owned 100 per cent by women.

And there are more examples of this extraordinary inventiveness coming from Africa.

You must have heard of Daphne Nkosi. She negotiated a big manganese deal in South Africa and, even in a business dominated by people in grey suits, is in control of a company employing 30,000 people in the mining industry. She is making a difference! As is another young woman you may have heard of. Rapelang Rabana, is another South African entrepreneur who, at just 23 years of age, co-founded Yeigo Communications, South Africa’s first free VoIP mobile services provider (Voice Over Internet Protocol, or more simply, phone services over the Internet). These names and these faces are not brought to our attention.

In Kenya, a young woman by the name of Juliana Rotich established a software platform called Ushahidi (Witness in Swahili), which monitored the post-election violence of 2007-2008. It was largely responsible for informing the world of events and helped identify all those involved in the violations of human rights at that time. In 2011, she was named Social Entrepreneur of the Year in Africa by the World Economic Forum and serves on its Global Agenda Council on Information, Communication and Technology. Yes, very young: still in her thirties!

You must have also heard of Hadeel Ibrahim, founding Executive Director of the Mo Ibrahim Foundation, which is making a huge impact on the continent on issues dealing with governance. In May 2015, Hadeel was appointed to the UN Secretary General’s high-level panel of experts to address humanitarian funding shortfalls.

You must have heard the name Dambisa Moyo, Zambian-born author of Dead Aid: Why Aid Is Not Working and How There is Another Way for Africa. She did her DPhil here in Oxford and today she is shaking up the whole aid world. When she first claimed that development aid for low-income economies was doing more harm than good, many of us were shocked and she was attacked as being too controversial. But she produced a convincing analysis of how many times African governments, relying too much on aid, didn’t unleash the ability of their own countries. Today, we recognize that if we are to be able to move on and become less dependent on aid the development of African countries relies on unleashing African resources, African manpower, African institutions. In 2009 she was named a World Economic Forum Young Global Leader.
Let me come now to science, a field in which we also have many good examples. One of the global challenges of our time is to invent vaccines that can clean up and prevent the epidemics that are affecting developing countries. Some of the best examples of scientists in this area are women. I am sure you have heard of Professor Quarraisha Abdool Karim of the University of KwaZulu-Natal. She is very much in the forefront of inventing a vaccine for HIV and is one of the laureates of the L’Oréal-UNESCO award For Women in Science.

We know of Dr Nagwa Abdel Meguid, an Egyptian geneticist who identified several genetic mutations that cause common syndromes such as autism, a condition that is affecting millions of kids in our continent, but which no one seems to know how to deal with. She is a Professor of Human Genetics and Head of the Department of Research on Children with Special Needs at the National Research Center in Egypt. She, too, is a winner of the L’Oreal-UNESCO Award For Women in Science.

I could go on and on but let’s move to the cultural field. You have certainly heard of – and I hope some of you have read – our young writers such as Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie of Nigeria. Her most recent novel, Americanah (2013), was selected by the New York Times as one of the 10 Best Books of 2013.

We Africans, are very good storytellers. A young woman said to me: ‘Women are born storytellers, we keep the history, we are the true guardians, we conserve things and we never forget. What I do is not clever or unusual, it is what my aunts and grandmothers did and their mothers before them.’ And she emphasised that today and in the future we have to recognize and value this – our own origins and identity.

Now let me go back and remember, with respect, Wangari Maathai, a Kenyan environmental and political activist. In 1977, long before anyone would look at the environment as a fundamental issue in development and sustainability, she founded the Green Belt Movement, an environmental, non-governmental organization focused on the planting of trees, environmental conservation and women’s rights. In 2004, she became the first African woman to receive the Nobel Peace Prize for her ‘contribution to sustainable development, democracy and peace’. She was also an elected member of Parliament. Long before anyone else thought of it, Wangari (she died in 2011) mobilized millions of women in Africa and in the world to pay attention to women as part of the solution to securing the sustainability of our planet.

As I have tried to say today, the emerging presence of thousands upon thousands of African women reshaping the continent, whether it is in business, the sciences or culture, has not had enough recognition or visibility. Even those who are not dependent on being elected fight: they build and gain ground through their intellect, their creativity, their inventiveness. These are the women who are telling a new narrative of Africa, a new narrative of African women. And I would like you to reflect on this and open your eyes to that.

I am not here to underestimate the challenges we face. I chair a partnership called the The Partnership for Maternal, Newborn and Child Health, launched in September 2005 because we recognize that Africa, Asia and Latin America, still have unnecessary deaths of women, new-borns and children. We have to deal with this, but it is not what defines us as societies. We are defined in a more positive way. We recognize our challenges and confront them, at the same time asserting ourselves in the communities of nations as productive and creative. We are an imagined giant! That’s the narrative of African women that I want to share with you today.

And there are two social groups who are re-defining that narrative – women and youth. I do not have time to discuss youth today, but these are our two majority groups: 52 per cent of Africans are women, 60 per cent are under the age of 25. These are the people who are going to turn – are turning – Africa around. Open your eyes, do your research, look into our communities, our networks. These are the people who are re-writing our narrative, telling the world who we are.

Graça Machel DBE is an international advocate for women’s and children’s rights.
Are the old unfair to the young?

FRANCES CAIRNCROSS

As the voting pattern in the UK referendum on the EU indicated, the divide between old and young appears to be growing. Introducing the speakers at this year’s seminar, Frances Cairncross outlined the growing importance of the question and the reasons behind it.

The subject we have met to consider today is one of the most important questions of our time, and it’s become important because of the astonishing demographic change that has taken place in our lifetimes. Two things have happened.

First of all, life expectancy has continued to rise, everywhere, pretty much all over the world, but whereas it was rising when many of us were young mainly as a result of the fall of infant, neonatal and early childhood mortality, which continued in the 1950s and 1960s, what’s happening now, and has been happening for the past 10 or even 20 years, has been a dramatic fall in mortality among older people. People who get past 60 are, on the whole, healthier and the result has been an astonishing rise in longevity. That’s one change.

The other change has been an astonishing and unpredicted decline in the fertility rate in pretty much every part of the world, the main exception being the Middle East and Sub-Saharan Africa. Almost everywhere else, and in an extraordinary range of countries – Christian, Muslim, Hindu – women, on average, increasingly have too few children to guarantee the replacement of the population. In other words, women have fewer than two children, with the result that what was once a pyramid with a few old at the top and a lot of young at the bottom, has become something that looks much more like a tree, with more old at the top and fewer young lower down. That change has been dramatic. And one of the consequences of this has been, and is increasingly going to be, a steady rise in the proportion of over 65s relative to those of working age. Globally, this proportion is about 16 to 100; by 2035, only 20 years away, it will have gone from 16 to 26. Globally, even including those countries where the population is growing fast, we shall have an enormous rise in the number of older people relative to the number of those at work. That is the background to our discussion today. And remember: on the whole, the old are much more likely to vote than the young.

Time to share the assets

DAVID WILLETTS

Compared to the baby boomers, life is tough for our younger generation as the economic evidence on housing and pensions so clearly demonstrates.

When I wrote my book The Pinch: How the baby boomers took their children’s future and why they should give it back, there were dozens, hundreds of books about post-war Britain that looked at it from the point of view of divisions of class, or gender, or ethnicity, but I couldn’t find a book that looked at Britain’s social and economic changes since the war from the perspective of different generations. I’m not claiming it’s an exclusive model that means everything we are familiar with from those other tensions in our society is suddenly irrelevant, but I do think looking at society from the point of view of different cohorts is a very important angle on social change, and also reminds us of the fundamentals of the social contract that holds us together. I’m not here simply trying to speculate; ultimately these types of arguments about fairness between the generations should be empirical propositions that are testable and falsifiable. Let me be clear what I mean and how I use the term.
There’s no final agreed definition, but I think the terms as I define them are quite widely shared. After the war, in 1945, there was a surge in the number of babies born in Britain. It reached a peak of 1 million babies in 1947 and remained quite high; right through until a second peak of the baby boom in 1964, that also saw 1 million births, there was no year when the number of babies born fell below 800,000. Those of you who follow the history of the weather will know it followed the very cold winter of 1963. Incidentally, 1947 was also a cold winter. 1964 was followed by a dramatic fall in the birth rate, down to about 700,000 a year in the 1970s.

Those two years, 1947 and 1964, were the only times in most of the twentieth century when Britain had more than 1 million births, and my definition of the baby boomers is those born between 1945 and 1965. It is only in the past year or two that Britain has gone back to having 800,000 births per year, so it’s a very unusual period: this is a very big cohort.

There was a conventional model among demographers, formulated by one of the world’s great demographers, Richard Easterlin, about what this means: being a big cohort was bad news. It’s an obvious proposition of social science: you go through life economy class not club class, you are in a crowded jobs market, there are more people jostling alongside you. The classic view would be, small cohort – good news; large cohort – bad news. That was the demographic view.

The argument I’m trying to advance is that it has turned out that the opposite is the case: being a big cohort is good news, being a small cohort is bad news. That, I would argue, is partly because of the functioning of modern democracy and because of the importance of the modern welfare state, which has changed the terms of the debate very radically. Not because individual baby boomers are bad people; there are bad boomers, bad people from every generation. I’m not saying this is a systematic plot by one generation to do damage to another, it’s more that because we weren’t thinking about our society in terms of the claims of different generations, baby boomers were doing things that worked for them without ever really considering what they meant for future generations. That’s the argument.

What I tried to do in the book was to offer some evidence. Since the book came out in 2010 there’s been a lot more evidence. One of the problems, because everybody was so used to analysing British society in other ways, was actually getting cohort-based data. When I was doing the research for this book, nearly a decade ago now, it was tricky. Today there is rather more data and more analysis of different age groups. But a good, stark way of getting into the evidence and seeing whether these arguments chime with your experience, is to take the two biggest assets that people build up during their lives. These are, of course, their pension and their house. Put those two together and that is essentially most of the personal wealth of this country. Even then – sadly it’s got even starker since – I was able to get some breakdown of what was happening to pension wealth and housing wealth.

Given the natural lifecycle effect, it’s no surprise if 55-year-olds have more money than 25-year-olds: that’s how the lifecycle works. The question is whether on top of those traditional lifecycle effects there were cohort effects as well: are those 55-year-olds doing better than 55-year-olds before or after? With pensions it was very clear what happened. In response to a set of pension scandals, pensions were regulated so that what was previously a rather hazy company promise to pay a company pension to us when we retired, we – and I do mean our generation – shaped a political consensus in successive bits of legislation. These began in the mid-1980s and went on for about 10 or 15 years and ensured that the pension promise should become more and more demanding on employers. We should have inflation protection, pension funds should be ranked at the top of the list of creditors if a company got into difficulties and there should be an insurance scheme to cover employees if the company pension scheme went bust. We piled on all those regulations and they are incredibly popular. It means that the security of our funded pension is probably greater than that of any previous generation. The only trouble was that it’s become so onerous that companies have stopped providing those pensions for future generations. It was a very clear trade-off. We got a once off shift towards a very high level of security for our pension promise, but made it so expensive and so onerous that future generations are never going to have a pension of the sort that we
voted for ourselves. You can see it in the distribution of pension wealth: most pension wealth, essentially, belongs to the baby boomers.

I now work at the Resolution Foundation, where I am the Executive Chairman. The Foundation looks at take-home pay and living standards, and one of the puzzles the economists have been wrestling with is that even as GDP starts to grow – and even GDP per head has started growing – why isn’t take home pay rising? Recent work at the Foundation has provided one part of the answer. It’s something I speculate about in the book, but now there’s empirical evidence that confirms the effect. When a company pension scheme closes to new members, if it’s got a deficit – and the requirements to plug the deficit are so much more onerous than they ever were before – they collect extra contributions from the company workforce. This includes people who aren’t even in the company pension scheme. So young workers are working hard to plug the deficits in the pension schemes to which retired employees and older employees of that company belong, but which are closed to them. This appears in the statistics as labour income, but it isn’t take-home pay for those younger workers; they are working to pay, literally, for our pensions, but with no similar pension promise available for them. That is what is happening in pensions.

You then look at the other main asset, housing, and it’s even more vivid. I suspect many people in this room own their own home. My experience as a constituency MP going to a local residents association, the members of which looked much like the audience here today, was of civic-minded people, almost all of them over 50, almost all of them owning their own home, who normally gathered to stop any new housing development. The local paper had a very simple model: housing development equalled bad news, a popular protest against a housing development was good news – and it was always on the side of the people who didn’t want any more housing built. If you try to put up new housing anywhere in the South East there will be massive opposition, Oxford being a classic case study. This is not because people are bad or evil, but essentially it means that we as the occupiers, as the owners, are making it very hard for the next generation ever to own houses on the terms that we did. And if you look at it in more detail, you find that when we took out our mortgages there was a period of very high inflation, which wiped away a lot of the burden of those mortgages. Inflation came at a convenient time for our age group. Meanwhile, we leave the generation behind us with very high house prices and, if they do borrow to buy their house, there’s no sign of any inflation that’s going to wipe away the debt the way it did for us.

It is tough for our younger generation and the stark economic evidence on these two classic assets brings it out very clearly.

What does all this mean both for our society and our politics? As far as society is concerned it has a rather peculiar effect. Because it’s so hard to get started in the housing market, you notice increasing age segregation, both in where people live and with whom they work. Employment is more age segregated: as the economy changes you are more likely to be working and living alongside people who are broadly your contemporaries. As a result, you end up in a more age segregated society. By and large – and this is a whole separate debate – you have considerable wariness about most intergenerational contact. In the past people were more relaxed about this.

As a result, although society is more age segregated, the shape of the family changes in the other direction. As family size shrinks you have fewer siblings and families become tall, thin bean shoot families: you have a great-grandparent, you have grandparents, you have parents, you have kids, so you have tall thin families in a wide, flat, age-segregated society. The family becomes more important and one of the barriers to social mobility in our country becomes, therefore, which bean shoot you belong to, what network of parents and grandparents you have above you. That is the form of intergenerational exchange that really matters because most other forms of intergenerational exchange weaken.

For me, as a former politician, the failure of politics to engage with these issues meant that a whole kind of language about the contract between the generations was lost. There’s a very interesting thought experiment, in which a group of people are asked to imagine that they are the Board of Trustees of a patch of woodland and must make an argument to explain the case
Gaudy Seminar

for keeping the trees or not keeping. One argument – and you may recognise this – roughly aligned with conventional political disputes. The value of this woodland does not just belong to us as the property owners, it’s a local amenity, the people in the nearby town come and enjoy it, we have an obligation to protect it because there’s a wider amenity value. That argument had some weight and some people voted for it.

There was a second argument, a more economically rational one. It said the timber in this woodland is worth £X,000 now, the price of wood is going up, if we delay and don’t cut down the trees now but wait, they’ll be worth more in the future; our company, our trust will be more affluent if we delay cutting the trees down. And that argument had some rational appeal and got some support.

The most powerful argument by far was the third argument, which said the only reason we have this woodland is because previous generations preserved it and passed it on to us, we have a similar obligation to pass this woodland on to future generations. That argument was much more compelling than either the egalitarian argument about amenity or an economically rational argument about maximising value. My view is that British politics has been impoverished by a conventional debate between the first two types of argument and a failure to embrace that third argument.

When you look at the social contract that holds a society together, my view is that this social contract, what makes us a society, is actually a contract between the generations.

The Rt Hon David Willetts, a former Minister for Universities and Science is now Executive Chairman of the Resolution Foundation, a think tank which has produced some of the most interesting work in areas of social and economic policy of any British think tank, and which is increasingly turning its attention to this area of intergenerational equity. He is the author of The Pinch: How the Baby Boomers Took Their Children’s Future and Why They Should Give It Back (Atlantic Books, 2010)

The old have got it easy

IAN GOLDIN

It’s not just in the UK that the younger generation are at a disadvantage, it’s a global phenomenon and no one, including politicians, is doing anything about it

Let me give seven reasons why I believe the old are unfair to the young.

The first is that they have given the young an extraordinary burden of debt, calculated in the UK at about £150,000 per child. Not only have they handed on a per capita debt, they are now giving them student debts, which the Institute of Fiscal Studies has estimated at about £44,000 per graduate. It’s rather similar in the US although it’s actually less there. We always imagine the US to be the place where students leave with great debt, but the US$35,000 (£24,000) estimate of student debt in the US is less than in the UK.

We are giving these young individuals starting in life an immense challenge to overcome: resolving the debt that we’ve created in our societies. The UK economy is £1.6 trillion in debt and the US much more. We kick the debt crisis down the road; they will have to pay it.

The second reason why I believe we are unfair to the young is because we’ve given them a wrecked economy, an economy characterised by stagnation and austerity. Across Europe and the advanced economies the prospects for growth and employment, for dynamism, are lower than they were for us at their age. We’ve created the financial crisis because we haven’t understood the technologies and tools and leverages that have been created, and as a result we have real catastrophes for the young in many parts of Europe: 60 per cent youth unemployment in the south of Europe, in Greece and in other places; even in the UK, youth unemployment is three times the level of the national average.

The young are particularly disadvantaged and it is a global phenomenon. If you
picked up the front page of the *Financial Times* today, you will have discovered that in India there were 2.6 million applicants for a position that was offering 386 jobs, and over 20,000 of these applicants had graduate degrees. This is a global phenomenon, where the young simply cannot get into the labour market because economies have been structured against them and will be compounded by automation in the workplace. This is one of the themes that the Oxford Martin School is working on. We estimate that many, maybe as many as half of all jobs will be lost going forward, and we haven’t thought through the consequences.

When this is compounded with demographics, it’s obviously a very dangerous cocktail. The demographic dynamics are the third reason why I believe the old are unfair to the young.

Median ages are doubling everywhere around the world over our lifetime: they are well over 40 in many societies, well over 50 in our societies across Europe and in Japan. In the UK it’s above 40, and people under 18 can’t vote so the elderly, as David has indicated, are increasingly dominant in politics. Dependency ratios – the ratios of how many dependents each working person has to take care of, how much they have to worry about, how much of their taxes will go to look after social security, health and other needs of the elderly – are rising dramatically.

While we benefited from defined benefit pension schemes, the youth of today have to save roughly 100 times more than we did for the same standards of living during their retirement. This is because when our systems were created it was assumed that average life expectancy on retirement was about seven to ten years, and average real risk-adjusted returns were around 4 per cent. Today, average life expectancy on retirement is already 25 years and will be over 35 years for the young, while risk-adjusted returns are under 1 per cent. That’s why you have to save so much. Where are the savings going to come from, and how will this impact on disposable incomes and consumption of the youth? The elderly will have to hold on to their savings because they are living so long, and the State will not support them in the way it used to do. So your kids will inherit your houses when you are in your nineties or hundreds and they’re 70. The elderly will be more reluctant to pass on their assets to the young and will be wealthier relative to the young. The young will have fewer assets and will have to work harder and harder.

Another way in which the demographics are playing against the young is that we are having too many boys relative to girls: there’s a big gender imbalance growing everywhere in the world. Already in parts of China there are 13 boys at the age of one for every ten girls, but even in our society and across Europe, across the world, every single country in the world has a gender imbalance because parents are choosing to have boys rather than girls. The reasons are obvious: when you live in a sexist society where the benefits for men are greater than for women – career prospects, income prospects, status, etc. – and where the girls no longer look after you in your old age and the technologies exist to allow you to choose, and you only have one child, then more people are choosing to have boys than girls. The average (of girls to boys) around the world is going down to 1.6.

When there are too few girls to go around you get a lot of very frustrated young men. This of course creates a vicious circle: too few young brides, declining fertility and this is one of the reasons why the projections of fertility are so low.

When you put this cocktail of demographics and economics together with bad power politics, you get rising extremism, such as we see in North Africa and the Middle East: very high levels of youth unemployment, very low median ages, around 22 or 23, and elderly people clinging on to power using the young as foot soldiers for their wars as we have always done.

And so we have this terrible phenomenon in Isis and in other parts of the world, where the young feel hopeless and turn to extremism. Given the lack of prospects because they don’t see the old being fair to them in the future, they don’t see a future for themselves in the world. That’s the fourth reason why I believe the old are unfair to the young: the sense of poor opportunities and extremism that emerges from this situation.

The fifth reason is that the young – single males, early-twenties, late-teens – tend to make up the majority of refugees and immigrants. We, the elderly in our better off societies in Europe, the US and elsewhere, don’t want to let them in. We would rather
have more elderly people who look more like us – from Eastern Europe or elsewhere – migrate across our borders than we would young people from other parts of the world. This, of course, does not make economic sense and is unethical.

The sixth reason why the old are unfair to the young is because the old have wrecked the planet and are giving the young a planet that has much worse resource capabilities than they enjoyed themselves. Whether it’s climate change, biodiversity loss, the destruction of the oceans and the fisheries, putting space craft up into space without working on how to get the junk down, pushing out antibiotics without thinking about the consequences – that antibiotics will no longer be effective for the young as they get older – the old are creating a growing series of dangerous global common problems. The spill over effects of rational actions which, accumulated over time, mean that the young will have a system which is much more fragile, a system which leads to much more systemic cascading risks and where many of the old solutions, be they antibiotics or exploring more resources – water, land or anything else – will no longer be available.

The young will not have rhino, or the fishing potential, or nature: they will not have optionality as we had in so many areas, and these are irreversible changes.

The final reason why I believe the old are unfair to the young is because the old, maybe because they won’t be around for as long, think more short term. They are unable to take on board long-term thinking and this was the focus of the Oxford Martin Commission for Future Generations. There’s a great deal of evidence that as societies are increasingly dominated by elderly people, they become more and more short-term in their horizons. Whether it’s in business, with market to market accounting – what some have called quarterly capitalism – the ageing of infrastructure, the focus on current problems, the kicking of the difficult long-term issues down the road, there’s a whole series of different areas in the public and private space where problems are not being resolved but are being left to fester. And it’s the young who are going to have to deal with them.

For these seven reasons I believe the old are unfair to the young.

Professor Ian Goldin is the Director of the Oxford Martin School, which promotes interdisciplinary studies. In October 2013, the Oxford Martin Commission for Future Generations produced its report Now for the Long-Term. He is Professor of Globalisation and Development at Oxford University and was previously Vice President and Director of Policy at the World Bank and prior to that Economic Advisor to President Mandela. His most recent books are: Age of Discovery: Navigating the Risks and Rewards of Our New Renaissance (Bloomsbury, May 2016) and The Pursuit of Development: Economic Growth, Social Change and Ideas (OUP, May 2016).

Look on the bright side

TERRY O’SHAUGHNESSY

Economists are not usually optimists, but here’s one who while playing against type comes up with some interesting evidence that runs counter to our other speakers’ conclusions

What helps me to be an optimist is that I came to Oxford from Australia via Cambridge. I have seen massive changes in my lifetime – in my subject, in the universities I teach in and the societies I have had the privilege to be a member of – and I see lots of reasons for thinking that the story you have just been given is incomplete and, in some ways, quite misleading: it leaves out crucial things, some of which are surrounding us as we speak.

Let me start by saying that I really enjoyed David’s book and as I read it bracketed with it another book that made a big impression on me: Thomas Piketty’s Capital in the Twenty-First Century that came out in 2013. You might think these two books are rather different, certainly their authors come from very different political traditions, but what struck me about both of these books, is...
that they are taking on large themes and attacking these themes head on. Both look at intergenerational changes in income distribution and both engage doggedly and creatively in the best way with many data sources, which they bring together in novel ways. I enjoyed that aspect of both books, David's in particular.

The other thing they have in common is that both books draw on literary sources and popular culture, not just on boring economics. Both tell stories in which the key actors are the family and the state, and leave out another actor: both have in common what they exclude as well as what they include. I'll come to this later.

Both see the post-1945 generation as having experienced a golden age. Nineteen-fifty-eight was a peak year for the meritocracy and for social mobility according to David; the 1960s and 1970s were the most equal decades according to Piketty. Both see a bleaker future, substantially bleaker in the variables that matter.

Now, using the data, is there any way we can get a handle on to show whether this is correct or not? We’ve already had a useful definition of who the baby boomers are: those born between 1945 and 1965. It’s useful to compare that generation with the other generations that are also described in David’s book. He offers a number of different generations, and it gets quite complicated if you have to keep them all in play, but let’s just focus not on the next generation, Generation X, who came along too quickly to be the children of the baby boomers, but the generation after that, Generation Y, people born between 1980 and 2000.

So the question is: have Generation Y had their birthright pinched, as the title of the book asks us to believe? We have to make a choice. If the baby boomers did particularly well as we’ve heard, is this because they were lucky or because they were clever and manipulative? My reading of the evidence is that the case for their being lucky is well established; I don’t think there’s much doubt about that. There were a number of variables that worked in their favour and there were a number of variables that have worked against the interests of Generation Y. A key point that David mentions is the fact that being in a relatively small generation should have pushed up real wages for them and pushed up work opportunities. But at the same time as this generational change was happening, we’ve also seen a big move towards millions of new workers coming into the global workforce, in Asia particularly, and globalization putting downward pressure on real incomes for lots of categories of workers in rich countries, including in the UK. That is bad luck, but it has nothing to do with the manipulative behaviour of the previous generation.

There is a political economy argument, which has been alluded to, namely that the old tend to use their voting power more than the young, and there is some evidence cited in the book on how pension provision is more generous in countries where the demographics are favourable to older people. I thought that was a slender base for the political economy part of the argument and we need to debate that, but in terms of the first part of the argument that the baby boomers were lucky, I think that’s clear.

But we have to face the fact that there’s something else going on, which has again been referred to, and this has to do with who is going to be better off of these two generations. The fundamental, underlying and obvious, point is that lifetime consumption for the baby boomers was very buoyant and we’ve all enjoyed it. But consumption levels now are much higher than they were when the baby boomers were first on the scene. My calculation suggests that per capita lifetime consumption for a typical baby boomer in the UK in today’s prices is about £1.3 million.

It’s obviously very difficult to estimate lifetime consumption for Generation Y. These people haven’t yet experienced their lifetime; they don’t know what their incomes and their consumption are going to be. I tried to do some calculations. I looked at lots of different data sources and thought about this quite hard; in the end I just made up the numbers.

But I was very conservative in this because lots of things can happen in the future and I will mention a couple of these things that I haven’t accounted for. But one thing I did account for, because I’ve been thinking about this hard and studying it quite closely, is the impact of the worldwide economic crisis that began in 2007/08. What that
seems to have done in many countries, including Britain, has been to reduce production. As well as cutting output it seems to have reduced the productive capacity of the economy. Now optimists say we will eventually get back on trend growth and will make up for this, but for the purposes of today I will be very pessimistic and assume that the entire effect of what happened in 2007/08 and in subsequent years is permanent: we never get back to the trend line of growth that we were on before, but that we start to grow, as we are growing, from that lower base.

Assuming that these effects are permanent we get a slightly more pessimistic answer, but even with those pessimistic assumptions, running this generation’s lifetime consumption forward, we get a figure of almost precisely twice as much as the baby boomers: £2.6 million each. In other words, this generation is going to be much richer in their consumption than the baby boomers.

But that’s not all: the other thing we have been told is that Generation Y is going to enjoy six more years of healthy life. How much do you value six years of healthy life? I value six years of healthy life quite a lot, but according to the current estimate the National Institute of Clinical Excellence uses for calculating a quality-adjusted life year, I’m supposed to value them at £34,000 each. If we multiply that by six we get another £200,000, add that to 1.3 million, the extra benefit that this generation gets over and above the baby boomers is 1.5 million. That’s a lot: they are going to be much richer than we are and that’s good.

This is what economic growth does and what Keynes talked about in the inexorable operation of compound interest. This is the inexorable operation of economic growth.

What this leaves out is some of the things that Ian mentioned. If we have environmental catastrophe, if the failure to solve the problems of climate change lead to social breakdown in countries like Bangladesh, and millions of people, not just hundreds of thousands, but millions, try to migrate to rich countries or to countries that are not built on river deltas, then the calculations change. Wars and other global shocks can easily make any picture look negative. But just as we have looked in the spirit of Thomas Piketty, we should go back and do what Piketty does and look at the actual cost of the catastrophes of World War I and World War II. These were enormous shocks, but shocks from which the economies of the world recovered. And they recovered for a reason. Again, I have put this little genie in a box.

But now I will tell you what’s in my box: what’s been left out by both authors. And this is why I’m an optimist. David says there are two places where the issues that he’s discussing and we’ve been discussing are discharged: the family and the nation state. I would add a third institution, in Edmund Burke’s words quoted by David at the end of his book: ‘a partnership of all science, a partnership of all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection.’

What does that describe? I suggest that it describes this institution, the University and, more broadly, the process of the construction and maintenance and transmission of knowledge. That’s what’s left out of his analysis, and also that of Piketty. If you want to think about the way in which knowledge has added to the potential for the flourishing of human life in the next generation, and the generation after that, think of two people, both members of my Cambridge college, Alan Turing and John Maynard Keynes. Neither had children but both magnified their impact on the world, not just in their current generation, but in future generations, through their transmission of knowledge to those generations.

And there are others. It’s one of the functions of a university. When you support and encourage and contribute to the creation and transmission of that knowledge, you are passing it on to the next generation, and that is why they are going to be richer than we are and good luck to them. And in doing so you’re not being selfish, you’re being extraordinarily generous and I commend you for it.

Dr Terry O’Shaughnessy is Tutor in Economics at St Anne’s specializing in Microeconomics, public economics and international economics, with a particular emphasis on the relationship between unemployment and inflation.

Dame Frances Cairncross (1962) was a student at St Anne’s and spent 20 years as a journalist on The Economist. She was Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, from 2004 to 2012. She is now Chair of the Court at Heriot-Watt University and a Trustee of the Natural History Museum.
Gaudy and Alumni Weekend 2016

17 – 18 September 2016

All St Anne’s alumnae are warmly invited to the annual Gaudy, taking place on 17 – 18 September 2016 to coincide with the Oxford University Alumni Weekend (https://www.alumni.ox.ac.uk/alumni_home). We hope that you can join us at some of the St Anne’s events over the weekend and take the opportunity to meet with old friends and fellow alumnae. Accommodation is available in College for alumnae and their guests (due to limited ensuite availability there is only one guest per person in the first instance) on a first-come, first-served basis for the nights of Friday 16 and Saturday 17 September.

Saturday 17 September

From 10.30am Gaudy registration and tea, coffee and pastries

11.45am Alumni Weekend Lecture: Designing with St Anne’s – masterplans, architecture and landscape by Keith Priest.

The inside story of several years spent unearthing hidden attributes of earlier masterplans and other good intentions from 1930 to the present day. And what does a building have to do to survive for 400 years?

Keith Priest studied at the Architectural Association School of Architecture, London. On graduation he was design director at Wolff Olins then founded Fletcher Priest Architects with Michael Fletcher. Their work spans urban design, architecture, interior design and design research with studios in London, Köln and Riga. Outside of the practice he was President of the Architectural Association and he lectures widely. Fletcher Priest Architects have designed the new Library and Academic Centre.

1.00pm Gaudy Lunch

2:30 – 3.45pm Gaudy Seminar: Our built heritage: a gem or a millstone? What’s worth keeping and why?

With competing demands on our resources and environment, how much do our historic buildings matter? Can we afford to keep them? How do we safeguard our heritage – past, present and future?

A discussion chaired by Dame Helen Ghosh, Director-General of the National Trust, with contributions from Dr Michael Fradley, a landscape archaeologist with a research emphasis on archaeo-topographical survey, Liane Hartley, alumna and co-founder of Mend, and Caroline Stanford, Historian and Head of Engagement at the Landmark Trust.

3.45 – 5.00pm Afternoon Tea and Farewell to Tim Gardam

All St Anne’s alumnae and guests are invited to an afternoon tea to say goodbye to Tim Gardam and celebrate his twelve years as Principal.

There is no charge to attend this event but if you wish to make a gift towards the Tim Gardam Student Welfare Fund, named in Tim’s honour to mark his time at St Anne’s, this would be most welcome. The College is creating this endowed fund to help to cover the rising costs of welfare support in the years to come. Further details are available on our website: www.st-annes.ox.ac.uk/alumnae/supporting/tim-gardam-student-welfare-fund

5.00 – 6.00pm Annual General Meeting of the St Anne’s Society (formerly known as the Association of Senior Members)

7.00 – 7.30pm Pre-dinner drinks reception

7.30 – 9.30pm Dinner

Sunday 18 September

10.30 – 11.30am Gaudy Service

To book your place at this event, please book online at http://tinyurl.com/gaudy2016. If you have any queries about the Gaudy and Alumni Weekend, please email development@st-annes.ox.ac.uk.
The Ship: We want your feedback

Please let us know what you think of this issue of The Ship. We would be delighted to hear what you have enjoyed or where you think we could improve the publication. Is there a feature you would like us to include, or is there a way in which you think we could develop the content? We would welcome your comments to ensure that The Ship continues to reflect the interests of our alumnae. You are welcome to include your name and matriculation year below or remain anonymous. If you prefer to email your comments, please do so to development@st-annes.ox.ac.uk

‘Class Notes’ for The Ship 2016/17

Please complete and return to the Development Office, St Anne’s College, Oxford OX2 6HS, or email development@st-annes.ox.ac.uk

Full name

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☐ I am happy for St Anne’s College and the University of Oxford to contact me by email about news, events, and fundraising.

Please note: Your data will continue to be held securely. For full details on the way in which your data will be held and used, please see the Data Protection Statement at http://www.alumni.ox.ac.uk/data_protection (or get in touch at the address above to request a hard copy).
In memoriam George Weidenfeld, Baron Weidenfeld, GBE

MATTHEW REYNOLDS

13 September 1919 – 20 January 2016

Creative hub and generator of cultural exchange

It is summer, and Umberto Eco is standing outside Hall in the warmish drizzle, chatting to a devoted group. Someone has asked him: ‘Maestro, what is the perfect translation?’ A symphony of words pours out of him and his hands soar and twitch like a conductor’s, one of them grasping a little white baton, a cigarette. Only Eco is trying to give up smoking and it is not a real cigarette but a plastic tube. All the same, as he sucks (in the very occasional pause) on his fake cigarette, he still projects a Rive Gauche cosmopolitanism and panache, the spirit of the Weidenfeld Visiting Professorship of Comparative European Literature.

It is summer, and Mario Vargas Llosa is lecturing in the MOLT. Or is it one of the other Weidenfeld Professors, perhaps Bernhard Schlink, or Nike Wagner, Martha Nussbaum, or Amos Oz. There have been many memorable airings of ideas, many moments of intellectual drama. Two that stick in my mind are Javier Cercas, speaking in vigorously Hispanic English, putting his finger on the ‘blind spot’, as he called it, that in many novels – including his own – he felt to be paradoxically a source of illumination, a puzzle that generates clarity. Or Ali Smith, standing professorially at the podium in dungarees, and giving us, not an academic discourse but a fiction of loss, love and reading, in which critical and philosophical reflections were intertwined.

It is summer, and translators and publishers, writers and readers, and of course dons and students are gathered for Oxford Translation Day and the award of the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize. Ours is unusual among translation prizes because it is not limited by genre or language: it is for a book of fiction, poetry or drama translated from any European tongue. The list of winners and shortlists over the past two decades forms a smorgasbord of continental creativity. A few of my personal favourites are Natasha Randall’s translation of Yevgeny Zamyatin’s We and Jamie McKendrick’s of Giorgio Bassani’s The Garden of the Finzi Contini (both shortlisted 2008); Michael Hofmann’s translation of Durs Grünbein’s Ashes for Breakfast: Selected Poems (winner, 2007) and Sverre Lyngstad’s of Dag Solstad’s Shyness and Dignity (shortlisted 2007); Ciaran Carson’s version of Dante’s Inferno (winner, 2003) and Peter Daniels’ of Vladislav Khodasevich’s Selected Poems (shortlisted 2014). An Internet search for ‘St Anne’s Weidenfeld Past Winners’ will give you the full list. In 2016, the field has been so strong that we have joint victors, Philip Roughton for Jón Kalman Stefánsson’s The Heart of Man (MacLehose Press) and Paul Vincent and John Irons for 100 Dutch Language Poems (Holland Park Press).

This wealth of thinking, conversation and encounter, this influx of creativity, languages, and plastic cigarettes, is all owing to the impulse and generosity of George, Lord Weidenfeld, who died earlier this year. I knew George only very slightly, towards the end of his life, as a figure who every now and then was driven up from London in a Toyota Prius to join the committee that oversees the Professorship. He edged painstakingly down the stairs and through the room; but when he sat and lifted his head his eyes were bright with puckish intelligence. Often he would make some apparently odd or even outrageous suggestion and the rest of us would only slowly come to see the point.
George’s association with St Anne’s goes back to the early 1990s when he met the then Principal, Ruth Deech, at a lunch. They discovered that her father, the journalist Josef Fraenkel, had been a mentor to him before he fled Vienna, aged 18, in 1938. And so it was that St Anne’s came to benefit from the energy, the open-mindedness and the talent-spotting brilliance that made him such an innovative and successful publisher, the one who took a risk on *Lolita*, and had the idea that Eric Hobsbawm might possibly be able to find a readership outside universities. He was a great generator of cultural energy, and a projector of institutions from the famous dinner parties that doubled as high-level seminars to the ‘Club of Three,’ a structure for fostering cultural and political conversation between Germany, Britain and France in the 1990s, and now the wider-ranging Institute for Strategic Dialogue which helped establish the International Prize for Arabic Fiction. He also established the Weidenfeld-Hoffmann Scholarships for students from emerging and transitional economies, and the Humanitas Visiting Professorships in pretty much every humanities subject you can think of, shared out between Oxford and Cambridge. As Ruth puts it, ‘He was always looking for a place to park the carrying out of his ideas’: we are extremely fortunate that one of his
favourite parking places was St Anne’s.

All the same, champions-league European intellectuals tend to bring with them, not only plastic cigarettes but other idiosyncrasies and demands. Not all of the Weidenfeld Professors have been alive to the distinctive Spartan charm of a flat in Wolfson or Rayne. George Steiner was happy to go for an after-dinner drink with our then Librarian David Smith, until they got within earshot of the College Bar: ‘This,’ he said, ‘is for animals,’ and turned on his heel. Roberto Calasso appears to have thought the duties of the Principal included seeing to his laundry. But these quirks are little things beside the energy and the vision that the Professorship and the Prize embody.

They stand for an idea of literary culture that is all the more worth asserting now than when they were set up in the 1990s. Of literature as not confined within separate monolingual channels controlled by nation-states, but rather proliferating across languages and cultures. Of translation as a full participant in literary creativity, not an anonymous servant. Of continuity between academic and imaginative writing. Of a Europe that is not walled off from the rest of the world but opens its intellectual borders to Africa, Asia, Israel and the Middle East. This year’s Weidenfeld lectures, by Marina Warner, have underlined this aspect of the enterprise. Titled ‘The Sanctuary of Stories’, they presented a view of narrative as creating imaginative spaces where people’s identities can travel, transform themselves or find shelter. Linked workshops looked at how stories and poems can emerge from Babelic places where languages meet and only partially understand one another – for instance when a non-Arabist (such as myself) tries to grasp the principles of Arabic metres with the help of the distinguished Palestinian poet Tamim Al-Barghouti, or when the Epic of Gilgamesh is translated, by Philip Terry, into contemporary business English, creating effects that are powerfully strange.

For some years, the Visiting Professorship and the Prize seemed rather at odds with the structures of the University. After all there was no degree course in comparative literature or translation. But with the establishment of The Oxford Research Centre in the Humanities (TORCH) in 2012/13 things began to change. One of the first interdisciplinary initiatives supported by TORCH originated in St Anne’s and was inspired by Weidenfeld’s example. Now called Oxford Comparative Criticism and Translation (OCCT), it brings together academics from across the various faculties of literature, languages and arts to explore how texts circulate and metamorphose between cultures, and to project new ways of thinking about literature in transnational and global contexts. Thanks to the generous support of an alumna, Maria Willetts (Ferreras 1974), OCCT is anchored in St Anne’s; and it will find a home in the new Library and Academic Centre.

We have launched research projects, developed international collaborations, held conferences and written books: a new volume on the resilience of borders is coming out later this year. We put podcasts and other material on our website: www.occt.ox.ac.uk. Graduate students and early career academics are especially involved. We like our work to circulate beyond the boundaries of the academy: we draw translators, writers and artists into our endeavours, and invite all interested people to participate in public-facing events like Oxford Translation Day. In the spring of 2016 a startling email came round from the centre of the University inviting proposals for ‘innovative, new degree courses’. So we submitted a proposal for a Masters degree in Comparative Literature and Critical Translation, to bridge the faculties of English, Oriental Studies and Modern and Mediaeval Languages. The powers-that-be approved, and the course is now being developed with a view to starting in 2018. There is much more to do: research to pursue, studentships to endow, new pathways to develop at undergraduate level. But in Oxford, now, the literary humanities are moving in a Weidenfeldian direction; and St Anne’s is at the heart of it.

Matthew Reynolds is Fellow and Tutor in English Language and Literature at St Anne’s, and chair of OCCT
The Wake: before and after

PAUL KINGSNORTH

‘What matters for a writer is writing,’ says the author of The Wake, an eleventh century tale ‘more truly relevant to where we are now’ than many contemporary novels, say reviewers.

Books do strange and unexpected and sometimes disturbing things, independent of their creators. It’s one of the saving joys of being a writer. Exhibit one: The Wake: my first novel and a labour of love and strangeness and stubbornness, a book that came from somewhere old in me and from somewhere outside me too, and that I thought would have a small audience if any audience at all. I expected to have to self-publish it, and that didn’t matter because books are not written to be published: the publishing is a bonus, and anything that happens after that is a privilege and usually a source of anxiety too. Writers are anxious people. Or is that just me?

But The Wake has been my most successful book, in worldly terms. It has been garlanded with praise. It won the 2014 Gordon Burn Prize and the Bookseller Book of the Year Award, was long-listed for the Man Booker Prize, the Folio Prize and the Desmond Elliott Prize, and was shortlisted for the Goldsmiths Prize. It’s found a great American publisher. It’s had rave reviews all over the place and I’ve now sold the film rights to the one person – the actor Mark Rylance – who I imagined playing the central character in my idle daydreams during the writing. I’ve sold a few of the things too.

This is all heady stuff. If it had happened to me when I was 25 it would have been a disaster, but I’m old and cynical enough now to take it in my stride. I’ve had enough years in which my writing was ignored or misunderstood to know that this is just another turn of the wheel. It’s been a welcome one, but I’ve been trying to get through it all by treating it as if I were an intrigued observer rather than a participant. As my wise and experienced publisher said to me just the other day: ‘Prizes are lovely, as long as you don’t mistake them for anything that matters.’

The Wake is an historical novel set in the deep mythic past. It is hung carefully on the known historical facts about the almost forgotten, decade-long war of underground resistance which spread across England in the decade after 1066. Most importantly – certainly most strangely – it is written entirely in its own language: my interpretation of Old English, recreated for modern eyes and ears.

The Wake is an ageless story of the collapse of certainties and lives; a tale of lost gods and haunted visions, narrated by a man of the Lincolnshire fens bearing witness to the end of his world. It was published in April 2014 by Unbound. The paperback was published in April 2015.

It’s interesting for me to think back to the very beginning of The Wake, and to try and trace its development. It’s been a nearly four-year process, and it began with the discovery of a book in a bookshop.
The book was called *The English Resistance* by Peter Rex, and it documented the hidden history of the guerrilla resistance movement that sprang up after 1066. I remember thinking even before I read it: what a great basis for a novel.

That, then, was the spark. Having decided to look further into it, I had to spend six months or so researching the period in order to understand how life was lived and what the historical context was. During that time, cocooned in the Bodleian Library, I ran through any number of possible ways of constructing the book. One early approach was an attempt to tell the story of the same period in history from varying perspectives: that of a man involved; that of a nineteenth century historical novel; that of a contemporary historian; and some other perspective I've already forgotten.

But it didn’t work, and the reason it didn’t work is that that voice of the first of those stories – the resistance fighter, who I had decided after reading an essay by historian Frank Stenton had to come from the Lincolnshire Fens – began to come through distinctly in my head. It was this man’s voice that eventually led to me creating the language of the novel: I could hear him speak, and he was not speaking in my idiom. I had to work the words around him, not try to make him subject to my speech patterns. And it became clear soon enough that diluting his story with others was not going to work: his story was where the meat of the thing was.

And so I began telling it: the tale of a Lincolnshire sokeman bearing witness to the end of his world. I didn’t know where it would take me or how it would end – I wrote several different endings before I settled on the one in the book – but I began it with a clear enough vision of who I was dealing with, and the language he spoke began to define what the book was to become.

Except that even this was not the end of it. Because Buccmaster of Holland, my main man, turned out not to be as straightforward as I had imagined; and neither did his story. It wasn’t just the language that began complicating matters. Another voice began to come through, and this one was older, and darker. It was speaking, it turned out, not to me, but to him. It took me some time to work out who I was hearing – and who Buccmaster was hearing – but when I did, I realized that there was a whole other layer to this story that I hadn’t considered when I began it. This was where the old gods, and the old spirits of pre-Christian England, began to assert themselves in a story that had not, when it began, been intended to feature them at all.

It’s strange what you hear when you start listening.

What matters? For a writer, writing. Robinson Jeffers advised his peers to ‘write, and be quiet’, and that is exactly what I intend to do now. I have plenty of work to do. One of the other things that happened to me this year (2014/15), as a result of *The Wake’s* success, was that Faber and Faber have lured me into their stable and will be publishing my three next books. I didn’t take much luring. In an age of corporate conglomerates and depressing e-books, Faber are the last great independent British publisher, one that still takes risks and does interesting things with physical books, and their backlist reads like a who’s who of most of the authors I loved when I was younger, from William Golding to Ted Hughes.

For Faber (and for Graywolf in the US), I’ll be writing a new non-fiction book – my first for a decade. It’ll be an examination of the implications of the rising age of the Machine, of all-encompassing technology in the age of extinction, and how we can stay rooted to places as it envelops us. It’s a biggy, and I’m looking forward to taking it on. But it’s a few years off yet, because I have something else to do first.

That something is the second novel in what, it turns out, will be a trilogy begun by *The Wake*. This wasn’t the intention when I wrote it, but I now see *The Wake* as the first of three books which delve into the mythical and actual landscapes of England across two thousand years of time, linked by their related protagonists and by other coincidences and connections. The next book in the trilogy, *Beast*, is set
in the present day. The final one will be set a thousand years in the future. Call me ambitious. Or call me an idiot. I don’t mind.

Paul Kingsnorth (1991) The Wake was first published in April 2014 by Unbound. Beast, the second book in the Buckmaster Trilogy, was published on 7 July 2016 (Faber & Faber)

‘The purity of an ancient fable with blinding flashes of what it means to be alive today.’

A woman for our time

GARY BROOKING

She began her professional life as a philosopher but became best known as a novelist. Today, Iris Murdoch’s philosophical work, strongly affected by her engagement with post-war Europe, is once again the centre of attention

Iris Murdoch matters. That is clear. Yet the question why she matters is worth asking. She was a remarkable woman, who was pre-eminent in many fields, maintaining many interests and intense relations with numerous friends. She was a philosopher at St Anne’s College, and it was in philosophy that her talents were first recognized. She was an insightful and original voice in philosophy, who questioned standard notions and developed challenging ideas in moral philosophy.

Her views in moral philosophy reflected the times in which she lived and her own experience. She lived during World War II and recognized that things were changing in morality and politics. She had seen at first hand the wreckage of people’s lives caused by the war in her work for UNRRA, an organisation dedicated to helping refugees at the end of the war in Europe. Throughout her life, her sympathies were engaged by the idea of Europe and the fate of Europeans. Likewise her philosophy reflected her interest in and knowledge of continental philosophy.

Although well versed in Oxford philosophy and aware of the Cambridge scene, after spending a year in Cambridge after the war under the supervision of John Wisdom, she aimed to bring to her philosophical perspective the ideas of continental European philosophy. She was knowledgeable on Kant and Hegel and she read Sartre, De Beauvoir and Merleau-Ponty. She liked the excitement and engagement of continental philosophy though she also valued the care and rigour of the Anglophone variety. Her first book was an excellent study of Sartre. It was sympathetic and critical, showing how Sartre opened up the idea of subjectivity and freedom, while limiting how the individual is to be seen in relation to others. Her moral essays, such as ‘The Idea of Perfection’ and ‘The Sovereignty of Good’ were notable in taking moral life seriously. Instead of seeing morality as a matter of subjective choice or ordinary language she aimed to make sense of an important way of seeing and acting in the world. She saw morality as mattering and as something in which one could get things right or wrong. She valued attending carefully to people and things in an effort to make the right moral decisions. She saw morality
as being realized in loving considered relations rather than in a series of decisions executed by atomistic individuals. Although she recognized that traditional religious and metaphysical accounts of morality might be unsustainable, she perceived how they presented morality in an important light that resonated with felt experience.

While developing a standpoint in moral philosophy, Murdoch also developed as a novelist. She became more famous as a novelist than as a philosopher, writing a series of thoughtful novels in which ideas mattered rather more than is standard in English novels. Her novels were entrancing in their tracing of complex webs of love between characters, who were often engaged in moral and developmental quests. Her great novels such as The Bell, Under the Net, The Sea The Sea and The Good Apprentice will last; they deal with big themes such as the nature of goodness, the quest for religious and personal redemption and the nature of life, while providing endless narrative twists and turns. Do the novels reflect Murdoch’s philosophy? Murdoch herself often denied that they did. But they do deal with some of the same themes as her philosophy and show how characters reflect forms of love and egoism, with which Murdoch was concerned. Her status as a novelist surpassed her reputation as a philosopher. Her novels have gone out of fashion somewhat as her interests and intellectuality are no longer in vogue, but they will continue to be read as they deal with the grand themes of the nineteenth-century novel in particular and engrossing ways.

Does Iris Murdoch matter? Her philosophy and novels are well-worth reading. A case can also be made for attending to her life, her adventurous relations with friends that are recorded in letters that she sent to them. A selection of these letters has recently been published under the title Living on Paper (edited by Anne Rowe and Avril Horner). Yet what makes her of most interest is how she connects the various parts of her life and experience. Her philosophy relates to lived experience, her novels portray experience and her friendships testify to the effort she put into loving relationships. She takes art very seriously and it is the concentrated attention of practising and observing art that she values. It contributes to the capacity to see afresh things that she values in moral life. Iris Murdoch matters a lot and for all these inter-connected reasons.

Gary Brooking is Professor of Politics at Oxford Brookes University and was the convener of a 2015 conference on Iris Murdoch.
A decade of centenaries

PATRICK GAUL

Easter 1916, which was celebrated throughout the Republic earlier this year, was at the heart of a troubled decade in Ireland. Other events, whose centenaries also fall in 2016 and in which many Irish men and women were involved, go unremarked and uncommemorated.

Ireland has just commemorated the centenary of the Easter Rising. On 24 April 1916 rebel forces took key strongholds in the city of Dublin and Pádraig Pearse proclaimed the first Irish Republican Government from the steps of the GPO in what is now O’Connell Street. This was just one, arguably the most important, in a long list of anniversaries in a decade of centenaries from 1912 to 1922, a pivotal moment in the course of Irish and British history.

The background to the 1916 rising included the 1912 government introduction of a Home Rule Bill (for the third time) in appreciation of the support of the Irish Parliamentary Party. That led, in the North of Ireland, to the formation of the Ulster Volunteers who increasingly feared the threat of government from Dublin.

The Dublin lock out of 1913 saw employers in Dublin refusing to recognize union labour. Jim Larkin from Liverpool led mass resistance until the people were effectively starved into returning to work in early-1914. Dublin at the time was regarded as the second city in the empire but witnessed near famine among people who dwelt in some of the worst slums in Europe.

There was, of course, a much longer history: since the Act of Union had come into force at the start of the nineteenth century, Ireland had been ruled from Westminster. Over the course of the century there had been attempts to bring in Home Rule for Ireland through the United Irishmen and the Fenians, who were in favour of using physical force, and Prime Minister William Gladstone, Charles Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary Party, who favoured constitutional methods. The first Home Rule Bill had been introduced in 1886; nearly 30 years later it was still not on the Statute Book.

1914 saw the outbreak of World War I and the first major split among Irish nationalists. Most favoured John Redmond’s constitutional path to Home Rule. Redmond secured a promise from Prime Minister Herbert Asquith that Home Rule would be deferred while the war continued but if the Irish joined in the fight against Germany they would have Home Rule when the war was over.

Those who favoured the armed struggle, Fenians like Tom Clarke, Irish Republican Brotherhood men like Pearse and the leader of the Irish Citizen Army, James Connolly, saw England’s difficulty as Ireland’s opportunity and planned an armed rebellion.

Of course, there were many who bitterly opposed Home Rule and this decade also saw the Curragh Mutiny of 1914 when the British army refused to obey orders to quell a rising of Ulstermen loyal to the Crown who had formed their own army to oppose Home Rule. ‘Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right!’ was the battle cry of Edward Carson, a wealthy lawyer from Dublin who became the leader of the Unionists. The Ulster Volunteer Force brought guns into Larne to get ready for the fight. The other
side brought arms into Howth just North of Dublin to prepare for their fight.

The Irish kept alive their hunger for sovereignty through commemoration. The parades to mark the 1798 rebellion in 1898, Robert Emmet’s 1803 rebellion in 1903, the memorials to the Manchester martyrs who had been executed in 1867, the annual pilgrimages to the grave of Wolfe Tone, all helped to reinvigorate the desire for national self-determination.

There were many forces and influences encouraging rebels onto the streets of Dublin in 1916: a flourishing of Irish culture and language in the late-nineteenth century gave a heightened sense of identity and difference; socialism; anti-imperialism; but perhaps most of all a sense of history, as evidenced in the commemorations above – and the words of Pearse, whose graveside oration at the funeral of the Fenian O’Donovan Rossa in 1915 made a huge impact:

They think they have pacified Ireland … but the fools … they have left us our Fenian dead and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

There was a strong sense amongst the rebels that they had a duty to rise against the foreign oppressor as had previous generations of Irishmen. Pearse again, after the fight was over: ‘We have kept faith with the past and handed on a tradition to the future.’

The Easter rising did not last long. The rebels were by the time the fighting started on Easter Monday divided and distracted, the numbers who turned out to fight were modest and the fighting was largely confined to Dublin. The battle was over in six days, crushed by the far superior forces and weaponry of the British army. Many of those who fought the rebels were, of course, Irish. And while the rebels fought the forces of the Crown, many Irishmen were fighting for the Crown in foreign lands.

Pearse surrendered on 30 April to avoid further civilian bloodshed.

The men who had fought for the republic were rounded up by British troops and marched through the streets of a city in ruins where the local population made a point of jeering at them and spitting on them. The rising had caused great suffering to the civilian population: food shortages, looting, innocent civilians, many of them children, shot in the streets. Hasty trials saw severe penalties, including the execution of 15 leaders, guaranteeing heroic status and immortality for the likes of Pearse and Connolly.

Within a short time those who had jeered the rebels took to commemorating them through badges and pictures, prayers, songs and stories. Inevitably these men and their deeds would come to be commemorated. In the words of WB Yeats whose 150th anniversary was celebrated worldwide in 2015:

I write it out in a verse –
MacDonagh and MacBride,
And Connolly and Pearse,
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

The executions created huge political controversy and turned public opinion in Ireland, England and the USA. There would have been more had Asquith not intervened. The executions of Éamon de Valera, who went on to become the great fixture of Irish politics for the following half-century, and Constance Markievicz were narrowly avoided. The little rebellion went global.
There was lasting resentment at the heavy-handed and indiscriminate tactics. These involved the internment in England and Wales of thousands of Irish men and women, many of whom had nothing to do with the rebellion. After an amnesty and release of prisoners in December 1916, men such as Michael Collins and De Valera returned as heroes. Others, who had fought to free small nations on the battlefields of Europe, were ignored in Ireland, then and in the decades since. Over the course of the rest of the war it became harder and harder for the British to recruit in Ireland.

Although 1916 was a pivotal point in the decade it was not the end of things. The men of 1916 went on to lead the fight against the Black and Tans as Ireland descended into chaos. Prolonged negotiations with the British government culminated in the Anglo-Irish treaty in December 1921, which set up the Irish Free State, confirmed the partition of six counties in Ulster and inevitably led to a bloody civil war in the following year.

But to return to 2016: we shall be commemorating the battle of the Somme, which started on 1 July and went on until November 1916. In Britain there is no question that this is the right thing to do. In Ireland it has been very different.

Over 200,000 Irish people fought in World War I. Tens of thousands died. At the start of the war the promise to those men was that there would be Home Rule for Ireland at the end of the war. They went to war as heroes and they fought a heroic fight. But they returned to Ireland not as heroes but as men who had fought for the Crown when Ireland was fighting for its freedom. Those men came to be largely forgotten in Ireland and have not been commemorated in the same way as those in England. This year it might be different: 100 years on, we are in a better position to commemorate them properly.

All of this history can be read in books and online, but some of it was part of my family history: the stories that were told, the reminiscences shared on family occasions.

My grandfather on my father’s side and his brother were on the Lusitania in 1915 when it was sunk by a German submarine patrolling the waters off the South West coast of Ireland. Over 1,000 people lost their lives. My granddad Bartholomew Gaul survived but his brother Richard died. My granddad did not live to a ripe old age: he died in his early-forties from tuberculosis in 1932 when my dad was a boy. Last year there were great commemorations of this event. There was a display in the Maritime museum in Liverpool. A delegation from Cork visited the Irish centre in Liverpool as part of their commemorations.

My granddad on my mother’s side, William Furlong, fought for Britain in World War I and was at the Somme. He was one of those Irish nationalists who ended up fighting for the Crown and I suspect he regretted that for many years. The story in our family was that he had sent his war medals back as a protest against British rule in Ireland but years later we discovered that was not the case (although we never saw the medals). History is part mythology.

My great aunt Kate, a sister of William, was a busy and active member of the Gaelic League in Liverpool 100 years ago and she knew many of those who fought in 1916 and in the subsequent civil war. She knew Michael Collins and Jim Larkin and on one famous occasion she sheltered De Valera after his escape from Lincoln Jail. She was arrested for her sins. She went on to do a degree in English at Birmingham University, an extraordinary achievement for a working...
class woman in the early-twentieth century. The Gauls and the Furlongs came from Wexford and were part of the great Irish diaspora that emigrated in the decades after the famine in the 1840s and settled in places such as Liverpool, London and much further afield. One of my grandparents, Mary Sloan came from Warren Point in County Down. In 1916 her brother and his daughter lost their lives in one of Ireland’s other major maritime disasters when two vessels, the Retriever and the Connemara, collided in Carlingford Lough. My great uncle, who was a ferry man on boats sailing from Carlingford Lough to Garston in South Liverpool, had visited Liverpool to go to a funeral and on his return lost his life along with about 100 others, a reminder that while momentous events are happening on the world stage, people are involved in their everyday dramas and tragedies.

We grew up with fragments of these tales and never really showed the slightest interest in them. Another thing I remember from my youth was visiting cousins and meeting their grandfather, Joe Hearty, who had fought on the side of the anti-Treaty forces in the Irish civil war. He would show us his medal proudly and we would listen to songs that commemorated the events. In the 1960s and 1970s, however, 1916 and World War I were ancient history, of little relevance to our lives. Had the world not moved on?

The recent commemorations have brought home some important lessons. It is important that we commemorate because it is a way of learning the lessons of history. Fifty years ago the remembrance of 1916 was more difficult for Ireland and Britain: 1916 was still a political minefield. There were all sorts of no-go areas. We were, of course, on the verge of the troubles that scarred the North of Ireland over the course of the next quarter of a century. Things look different now the Queen has visited Ireland and the Irish President has visited England. And of course there has been a lengthy period of relative peace.

But the events of 1916 still resonate: the reaction to the rising – large scale military force, summary justice, internment, widespread arrests – did not work then or many years later.

Commemoration also reveals the complexity of the problems people were wrestling with and it teaches us that there will not be solutions without understanding. The events of 1916 had their gestation period over hundreds of years. It is clear that some of the leaders knew that the rebellion in itself would not solve anything and was doomed to fail but the sacrifice did inspire others, not only in Ireland but in many parts of the British Empire such as India and Egypt. 1916 marked the beginning of the end of Empire.

The decade of commemorations has taught me much about how I look back at the past and try to understand it better; how I understand the world I have lived through and how to put the future into context.

The past I am talking about is a lot closer than it looked when I was an 18-year-old. That was partly because I had never been taught about it in any formal sense. What a wasted opportunity. I knew so many people who could have been the best teachers, people who had lived through the events that shaped a century. I did not need to read the books that I now devour as I try to understand who I am and where I came from. I could have asked my dad and his sister. I could have asked my grandmother and her sister.

Reflecting on these commemorations reminds me of what extraordinary people lived through those times and what extraordinary lives they lived. To me growing up they were merely ordinary and their old lives had little relevance to my youthful excitements.

My great hero was my father, whose young life was brutally interrupted by the outbreak of World War II when he was 18, the same age I was when I went to Oxford. He was in the navy for six years and was at D-Day. He definitely did receive his medals for fighting for his country and I still have them. I never asked him to tell me about his experiences and he hardly ever volunteered anything. His part in that history is largely gone and forgotten.

**Patrick Gaul** (1980)
In the nine months preceding the outbreak of World War II, an organized rescue effort that became known as the Kindertransport, brought nearly 10,000 unaccompanied child refugees to the United Kingdom. Predominantly Jewish, they were taken in and cared for by British families and institutions. Elisabeth Orsten’s diary records the feelings common to any refugee child struggling to understand what has happened while trying to cope with a new language, new culture, new world – and reminds us of our obligations to refugee children today.

Arriving in England in January 1939 with a trainload of fellow refugee children, Elisabeth Orsten (formerly Ornstein) was placed with a foster family with whom she spent the next 21 months. Separation from her younger brother was hard and 11-year-old Elisabeth confided her anxieties and challenges to the diary she had been given by her beloved nanny before she left Vienna.

Born a wealthy, ‘rocking horse’ Catholic, her baptism aged seven was encouraged by her non-practising, Jewish heritage parents but the children’s evacuation to England was the only way to secure their safety in the increasingly intolerant conditions of Nazi-occupied Austria. Her parents later managed to escape to the USA, where the family was reunited in 1940, the siblings travelling separately on two of the last children’s transport ships to cross the Atlantic. Elisabeth completed her education in New York where her father practised medicine and in 1948, she joined the Women’s Army Corps (WAC) and translated captured German military documents for three years. Her love for England eventually brought her to Oxford and St Anne’s.

From Anschluss to Albion explores her life until her arrival in New York, drawing significantly on her long-neglected childhood diary. As she explains in her preface:

*It may help to explain how a child feels when snatched out of its world and suddenly placed into another. Children do not easily express their feelings, especially when these are as complicated and ambiguous as is the trauma of adjustment to a new environment. A child that is torn between two countries and confronted by divided loyalties, perhaps even afraid of further displacement, in what stranger can it trust, to whom would it dare to complain?*

Part memoir, part extracts from the diary, From Anschluss to Albion shows Elisabeth struggling with her changed circumstances, fearful of losing her birth language, learning the mores of a new family, understanding how to behave with her acquired ‘sisters’
and anxious for the welfare of her brother George, who was fostered by another family. The following extracts, selected and printed with her permission, give something of the flavour of her book.

Settling into an Ursuline convent school in London and having ‘carefully memorised the one essential English sentence “I do not understand’,” Elisabeth encountered difficulties both social and linguistic:

I seemed to come home almost every day in tears. Years later, through one of those inexplicable flashes of illumination which unearth a long suppressed memory, I suddenly realised what must have happened and solved the verbal riddle to which it was linked. … Quite often the girls would also discuss the attacks by Irish terrorists, which were springing up all over England. … Since I could not really follow what was being said, and knew nothing of the political situation … the word ‘Irish’ and especially the term ‘IRA’ sounded very much like ‘Aryan’ to me. Understandably, I was extremely frightened and upset to be encountering this hateful word again, and remember sobbing ‘even here’ as I walked home. Undoubtedly someone there tried to find out what was wrong with me, and though I might have complained in a vague way about the behaviour of the other girls, the truth appeared to be so dreadful that I was much too afraid to admit what was really the matter. So when Aunt Evelyn (her foster mother), who naturally assumed that my classmates were at fault, went to the headmistress and demanded an explanation, no very satisfactory answer was forthcoming. … She informed the nuns that she had not rescued this child from the bullying of the Nazis to be bullied now by Catholic schoolgirls. Since she had promised to have me raised as a Roman Catholic, she agreed that I might continue with the private catechism classes which a German priest had been giving me at the convent school … (but) all other arrangements were cancelled and she removed me from the school, telling the nuns that she would pay the fees for my education in some smaller, more congenial institution.

Elisabeth’s perennial anxiety was being separated from her younger brother. The diary describes how he once came on a visit and shared his bitter complaints that in his new home he was:

Given only one face cloth to wash all of himself. Angrily exaggerating, he claimed to have caught whooping cough and an enormous cold because all the rooms were so chilly, and rejected all my attempts to encourage him, declaring firmly: ‘Altogether, it isn’t nice here.’ … This problem was solved when Aunt Evelyn purchased a sponge which I was allowed to send him. Remembering all my concern about my brother leads me on to admit, ‘I believe that at the time I took things much too seriously’, but then, to illustrate such misplaced seriousness, I mentioned that I had a long discussion with Seb (her foster family’s French governess) as to whether or not I wanted a new doll.

The adult Elisabeth observes her younger self’s irritation that others have borrowed her books without asking and her pleasure in a good school report, noting that her diary for 31 July 1940:

Originally contained only one sentence saying ‘Today absolutely nothing happened.’ However, later on I seem to have remembered that something did happen, because writing as small as I possibly can, I have squeezed in two more sentences which say ‘Only my Report came and I was quite pleased. Mrs C said nothing about the school…’ Perhaps she said nothing because she felt that I had already received sufficient praise; given all the wartime problems, she might also have been preoccupied by weightier matters.

Preparations for her journey to the USA were underway at this time but the child’s diary entries remain focused on making dolls’ clothes and gathering wild berries. Observing this, adult Elisabeth notes:

There still exists an impressive foolscap Certificate of Identity, stamped 3 August 1940 … in lieu of a passport, bearing my smiling picture … and its reverse side
stamped by the American Consulate in London, granting me an Immigration Visa (on 26 August 1940). And a postcard from the Refugee Children’s Movement Ltd confirms: ‘We have obtained your American Visa today, so there will be no need for you to come to the Consulate again.’ Obviously then, on at least one occasion, US officialdom had required a personal interview, and while at the Consulate that day, I had apparently written to my parents. The diary, however, which faithfully records the daily activities of the entire summer, appears to leave no room for such a visit!

There were conflicting opinions about the USA in Aunt Evelyn’s household; supplies from across the Atlantic were vital but Roosevelt’s commitment to any further action was questioned:

All around me I heard frequent ridicule directed at gum-chewing ‘Yanks’, at America’s total lack of culture and at US nomenclature, exemplified by their absurd emphasis on middle names or initials as well as by their propensity to appoint public figures whose ludicrous, polysyllabic names sounded Germanic rather than English. While some of these critical remarks might have gone over my head, I registered enough of them to realise that, in Nancy Mitford’s terminology, America was definitely non-U. Not surprisingly, I too accepted this worldview; the resultant snobbery made me hate the idea of having to leave civilised England to go and live in such an undesirable, barbarian country.

The final diary entry was written in New York on 3 July 1941, when Elisabeth, now almost 14, was settling into another new life and trying to analyse the situation she was in:

I’ve forgotten all my German dear diary, I haven’t had time to write till now. … (I left) a country in which I had lived nearly two years and which I truly loved, even if I did not care for, or hated a great many of its people. … I was going to a country towards which I was … strongly prejudiced, and I was going to meet my parents again, parents to which I was attached, but in whose midst I had always felt lost.

The memoir concludes with her observation that she was:

Still struggling with numerous selves that needed to be sorted out – the Austrian refugee who wanted to pass as English, the Jew who wasn’t a Jew but a Catholic, the upper-middle class girl reduced to living in what was practically a slum tenement, the child who rejected the claims of blood and preferred a distant foster-mother. … It would be a long time before all these different selves could be reconciled in some measure, allowing me to become a whole person. My childhood years in England were only partially responsible for all these difficulties of course, but their influence had been a profound one.


Excerpts selected by Maureen Hazell (Littlewood 1971)
Does international aid do the good it could?

DIANA GOOD

The aims are undoubtedly well intentioned, but do we ask enough questions about the outcomes of aid projects around the world?

I have a strong memory of a very old man in a school yard in Zimbabwe where, in the worst of the political crisis, teachers had received no pay and schools had been used as centres of intimidation and even torture. But this school had stayed open thanks to international aid. He walked slowly across the dusty yard of the school towards me and the NGO staff and said, ‘Do you people realise that you only have jobs because we are still poor?’ Even in this remote corner of Africa, he had seen many aid agencies come and go and was cynical.

After working as a lawyer in the City for 30 years, eight years ago I went to work in international development, four of them as a Commissioner with the UK aid watchdog. I learned a great deal and now realise what an important point the old teacher was making. Aid exists to alleviate the on-going desperate poverty of so many people in the world. But philanthropy has become a vast global industry which risks losing sight of the needs of the very people it exists to serve.

Aid is now receiving a lot of attention and rightly so. Since the government committed to the UN target of donating 0.7 per cent of gross national income to aid, the UK
International aid has gone up in five years from just over £7 billion to just under £12 billion. A massive increase. The media have been full of criticism with sensationalist headlines such as ‘Aid fuels corruption!’ put forward as an argument for abandoning aid. A Mail on Sunday petition has secured a parliamentary debate to encourage abandoning the commitment. But the issue for me is not whether there should be aid but how can we do it better? The taxpayers and, even more crucially, the poorest people in the world, deserve it. Peoples’ lives are at stake so what’s at issue is far too important not to be done as well as possible.

The need for aid is overwhelming. There are half-a-billion people who live on less than US$1.25 per day. With population growth and climate change the numbers are likely to grow rather than shrink. In Nigeria, the population is currently 170 million (with an average age of 19). In the next 25 years the population will reach 430 million. What are all those young people going to do unless they are educated, have food and jobs? Already we are seeing huge migration caused by extreme poverty, oppression and war.

In September 2015 the UN agreed the ‘Sustainable Development Goals’ (SDGs) to which all UN members have committed for the next 15 years. The commitment is to ‘leave no one behind’ by eliminating inequality throughout the world by 2030. A high aspiration, one which will push the global aid budget up to an estimated £95 billion per annum. The earlier Millennium Development Goals (MDGs) have made a significant difference but many are still way off track with 57 million children out of school at primary level and 67 million at secondary. It’s good to set high ambitions. But we need to look behind the bold talk to see how the aid is being planned and delivered. There are now 17 new SDGs (there were only nine MDGs) and 169 targets (far too many to remember), and the detail is still being worked out. One example is the target to end all violence against women and girls. I couldn’t agree more but we haven’t achieved that in the UK or the US yet so how is it going to work in Nigeria or the Democratic Republic of Congo? Yes: let’s set the ambition high but let’s be realistic about what can actually be done so that a real difference is made.

The money flow is huge. The UK government is the world’s second largest donor and will provide £40 billion over the next four years, equivalent to the entire GDP of either Croatia or Kenya. Spending this money needs a lot of people and there are

Education for women in Madhya Pradesh, India

[Image: Education for women in Madhya Pradesh, India]
countless players. There are state donors such as the UK Department for International Development (DFID), 30 or 60 UN agencies (depending on how you count them) with 50,000 employees worldwide, contractors, NGOs, foundations, evaluators, think tanks, academics, huge corporations, celebrities and many more. And the Zimbabwean teacher was right. Many do make careers out of it or burnish their reputations due to the fact that there are still so many poor. So it’s vital that aid should be fit for purpose.

As an international litigation lawyer and 11 years as a part time judge in the criminal courts, the world I knew was bound by rules and regulations where rights and wrongs were pursued in the courts and by regulators. By contrast, the aid sector exists to serve people with no voice, no ability to enforce rights, no knowledge even of what those rights might be, no access to justice and no rule of law. But it’s a world with very limited or no regulation or independent oversight.

In 2011, I was appointed as one of four Commissioners to the then new UK aid watchdog, The Independent Commission for Aid Impact (ICAI), which was created to be the independent scrutiny body reporting to Parliament on the effectiveness and impact of UK aid expenditure. In four years we published 46 reports on UK aid. DFID was required to respond to our recommendations and we followed up each year. In this time I learned a great deal about what works and what doesn’t.

On average, about 60 per cent of the aid we reviewed was working well with the need for some improvements but 40 per cent needed significant improvement. Aid was largely working well in terms of humanitarian relief tackling major disasters such as the Philippines Typhoon and drought in the Horn of Africa. But much more complex is the longer-term development work such as security and justice or preventing violence against women and girls. And this is all the more challenging now that DFID’s work is focused on 28 countries, of which 21 are rated ‘fragile or conflict affected’ such as Pakistan, Somalia, South Sudan and DRC.

So what’s good and what’s bad? Yes, there are programmes that go wrong or are badly designed in the first place.

One of the biggest issues is outsiders who make assumptions about what is needed rather than engage with the very people the aid is meant to help. When I was in Malawi, I was told of an NGO that had come to a remote village and told the people that what they did was build fishponds. So they did: and for two months the village had fish and were able to sell it in the markets but when the dry season came and the NGO had moved on, the pond dried up, the fish died and that was the end of that. I asked why on earth the NGO hadn’t checked whether there was a secure supply of water and why the community themselves hadn’t said so. But as the village elders told me, they trusted the ‘wisdom of strangers’ and why would they say no to two months of fish when they have nothing?

And I’ve seen bad programming and management. The worst programme I reviewed by a long way was Trademark Southern Africa (TMSA). This was a highly ambitious £100 million ‘aid for trade’ programme. Its goal was to establish a free trade area between 26 countries in East and Southern Africa and create a North South Corridor 4,000 kilometre road from Dar-es-Salaam to Durban. Only 21 per cent of the targets had been achieved, not the 83 per cent reported; the director of the private company had a salary of £230,000 per annum tax free; he and other staff received US$100 cash payments per day for attending international meetings on top of free flights, free hotel accommodation; only a tiny proportion of the 4,000 kilometres of road had actually been built although far more was claimed. And the programming failed to take into account the needs of the poor such as the risks of huge roads exacerbating human trafficking and the spread of HIV/AIDS. The programme was aberrant and was closed down.

By contrast, really successful programmes tend to be anchored in the community. I visited Tigray in the North of Ethiopia, which was the scene of the terrible famine that prompted Bob Geldof to start Live Aid. It is a dry and majestic land of huge plains and sacred mountains where terrible droughts have become a frequent nightmare. DFID has been supporting the Ethiopian government’s food security programme, which provides the people most at risk with either food or cash for work building schools, irrigation ditches and roads. I interviewed groups of women who told me
International aid

how their lives had been transformed. ‘Now no one is migrating as they did. We are illiterate but we are educating our children. Now no one dies in childbirth. My daughters will not put up with violence now,’ said one woman, the group nodding their heads in agreement.

Another said, ‘Before, this was a dry land. Before, women could make no decisions. Now I am on committees and I’m a self-help woman.’ She has set up a village pottery business and gave me some of her pots with immense pride. Another woman, who had been widowed and is bringing up five children, told me, ‘Women only had two purposes before, producing the children and doing the farming. Now I’m not afraid even if the programme stops.’ This success was a result of working to identify the people’s real needs at the outset and then engaging them in the process throughout. They helped decide what projects should be undertaken and who was most in need. The end result was not just a better-fed population but a whole host of other long-lasting and real benefits.

But for this programming, this population would have joined the migrants risking their lives to cross the Mediterranean. The humanitarian crisis is vast. In 2014 UNHCR figures showed that there were a staggering 59 million people in the world who had been forcibly displaced from their homes. Globally, one in every 122 human beings is a refugee and half of them are children. To me it is shaming that our Parliament could have refused entry to only 3,000 unaccompanied, traumatised refugee children. Such is the concern of the government that even such a small sign of humanity would enrage the anti-immigration, anti-aid voters. The UK is a significant donor in this space whether it is helping communities inside Syria to ensure access to water, hospitals and education, or working in refugee camps in Jordan, where refugees make up 20 per cent of the population, or helping countries avoid famine as in Ethiopia.

What can we all do? We need to be generous but questioning. In what other area of life do we hand money over without any idea as to how it is going to be used? Simply because it is meant to do good does not mean that it is doing good. My experience indicates we have to ask:

- Does the work put the ‘beneficiaries’ at the centre of the programming? The best work involves genuine engagement with the communities who are intended to benefit and are, of course, experts in their own lives.

- Is the work long term? Too often there is pressure to generate short term results and ‘announceables’ such as ‘we have educated 4 million children’. Test the reality of what this means. Did the children do more than enrol on day one? Can they read and write? Are there any teachers?

- Is the work realistic and tailored to tackle specific problems?

- How much is spent on marketing and hype? It may attract the donors’ attention but how much is left to make a difference?

- Does the website really explain what they do with the money? Look behind the images and the stories to how they actually make a difference.

I believe aid can and does do real good and that we have an obligation to help the most vulnerable and disadvantaged but that there is also a critical on-going need for robust independent scrutiny and questioning. I urge us all to keep the words of the old man in Zimbabwe ringing in our ears. Unless he or the 500 million people who live on less than US$1.25 per day would feel pleased with the work underway, then we all need to stop and ask ourselves: what’s the justification for what we are doing? Will the most vulnerable benefit? And is it really making the difference it should?

Diana Good (Hope 1975) was a partner with Linklaters LLP until 2008 and a Commissioner with the Independent Commission for Aid Impact from 2011 to June 2015. She is now a Specialist Adviser to the International Development Committee in the House of Commons.

Photographs courtesy of the author.
Doing good better

WILLIAM MACASKILL

How to find a career that is both personally satisfying and will make a difference

As Peter Hurford entered his final year at Denison University, he needed to figure out what he was going to do with his life. He was 22, majoring in political science and psychology. He knew he wanted a career that would both be personally satisfying and would make a big difference to the world, but he had no idea where to start.

Many people find themselves in positions like Peter’s. But how should young, socially motivated people like him think about their career decisions?

I founded a non-profit organization called 80,000 Hours (which refers to the number of hours you typically work in your life) in order to help people choose a career with a big social impact. We’ve coached hundreds of people like Peter. Based on this experience, and years of research at Oxford University, we recommend focusing on three factors that will help set you on the road to a satisfying and impactful career.

1. Personal fit

What we call ‘personal fit’ is simply how good you’ll be in a particular job. Of course, there’s nothing revolutionary in the idea of looking for a job you’ll be good at. The interesting question is how to go about doing so.

A lot of career advice encourages people to ‘look inward’, to discover their ‘passions’. We think that this is bad advice. Most people don’t have work-related passions and, even if they do, they are often in the same fields everyone else is passionate about (music, sports, etc.) which makes careers in those fields particularly competitive.

Instead, you should think of passion as something you cultivate, by finding work that you become excellent at. Not just a way to achieve fulfillment on the job, this is what will help you achieve your full social impact potential. But you can’t find this out by introspection (I never thought I’d be a good social entrepreneur until after I co-founded a charity, simply because I had no experience of management, or sales, or fundraising). Instead, take the attitude of an experimental scientist or investigative journalist – learn as much as you can about different jobs. Speak to people in different fields. Ask what traits they think are most important to success, and see how you measure up. If possible, actually try out different types of work: take advantage of work experience, internships, and short-term placements. Most importantly, in every case ask, ‘Is this something that, with work, I could become good at?’

2. Immediate impact

The next consideration is how much impact you’ll have within the job.

The most obvious way to make a difference is to work in the social sector: charities, NGOs, or corporate social responsibility.

Undoubtedly, these can give you great opportunities for direct impact. However, many non-profits achieve little – according to one estimate, 75 per cent of social programmes are found to have no impact when tested. And direct impact is not the only way to make a difference: you can work in a high-flying corporate career and do a huge amount of good by donating a lot of money, or you can go into journalism and advocate for important causes.
The crucial thing is the effectiveness of the organizations and causes you’re working for, funding, or promoting. Is the cause particularly large in scale, neglected, or tractable? Does the organization you’re working for, funding, or promoting evaluate their programmes and publish the results? Does this kind of social programme have a track record of success elsewhere?

3. Later impact

The final question is how much impact will this job allow you to have later in your career? People focused on getting rich will always consider how their current job improves their future prospects. The same should be true of people who want to make a difference, but this factor is often neglected among wannabe altruists.

At the beginning of your career, it’s generally more important to build skills, networks, and credentials (‘career capital’) than it is to have an immediate impact. When you’re just starting out, you don’t have many useful skills: you need to ‘level up’ before you can beat the bad guys. Most of your working hours occur later in life and that’s when you’re at your most influential.

What’s more, there are many ways of boosting your later potential that have a high return on investment, such as getting an advanced degree or an MBA, learning to programme, or building your network. Taking a few years to focus on this now can pay off with increased impact over a much longer period. For example, Rob Mather, who founded the outstandingly effective Against Malaria Foundation, spent many years building skills in strategy consulting before moving into the charity sector. This meant that by the time he set up AMF, he had an excellent grasp of how to run an organization well, and had earned enough not to need to take a salary – a major selling point to donors.

At 80,000 Hours we’ve condensed this framework into an online career decision tool. We’ve found that the biggest mistakes people make are focusing on an overly narrow range of options, sticking too much with the status quo, overestimating their chances of success, or merely going with gut instinct rather than making a more deliberative, reasoned decision.

Going back to our protagonist: Peter Hurford had always imagined that he’d go to grad school to continue studying political science. However, after reading our research, he widened his search considerably. He drew up a list of 15 possible options across a range of areas and spoke to people who knew about them. Based on that research, he was quickly able to rule out some of his options: consulting would involve a lot of travel, which he’d hate; medicine would require a lot of retraining.

Peter then focused on his potential impact later in life, and how well the different options would allow him to keep his options open. This made nonprofit work less appealing: it’s hard to transition from non-profit to for-profit work, whereas it’s comparatively easy to go the other way around. It also cast doubts on law school: he’d be committed to one path, learn a very specific set of skills and end up with considerable debt after three years.

By contrast, software engineering looked extremely promising. It would help him to quickly gain extremely flexible skills, pay him enough that he could donate a decent amount to effective charities and allow him sufficient free time to focus on non-profit projects.

As a result, in his final year at school he invested heavily in developing his computer programming skills. After graduation, this enabled him to get a job as a software engineer at a start-up in Chicago. He’s already having an impact – both through donations and charity work in his spare time – while simultaneously learning coding, statistics and business skills.

Peter’s path is not for everyone: a lot will depend on what you’re good at and what you could become good at. But by focusing on the factors set out here, you’ll give yourself the best possible chance to have a satisfying career and make the world a better place.

William MacAskill (2008) is the co-founder of 80000hours.org and the author of Doing Good Better: effective altruism and how you can make a difference (Guardian Faber Publishing, 2015). All author profits will be donated to the world’s most effective charities.
Everything in the garden is lovely for our members. We would be delighted to have you join us in your local SAS.

In June last year, 17 members and friends of the Bristol and West branch travelled north (relatively speaking that is) to enjoy a private tour of the house, gardens and famous fountain at Stanway House. The tour of the house showed us a much lived-in Jacobean manor house, still a family home of the Earls of Wemyss. Following the obligatory afternoon tea that accompanies all of our summer outings (a very good tea too), we were treated to a demonstration of Stanway’s 300 foot, single-jet gravity fountain and then left to roam the gardens and drink in the heavenly scents of herbs and flowers that perfumed the beautifully sunny afternoon.

The branch welcomed seven Freshers to the St Anne’s community at our Freshers’ Tea, hosted in September by Dawn Hodgson at her home in Bath. We are delighted that previous students from the region re-joined us for this and were able to pass on a few tips for surviving those first few weeks. Our branch covers a broad geographic region, and we invited freshers from Gloucester and Cheltenham, South Wales, Devon and Cornwall.

We held our ‘A Good Read’ meeting, hosted by Alison Dodd, in early November. The discussion this year ranged from a desire to reinstate Anita Brookner at the front of library shelves with A Closed Eye, to a debut novel depicting the life of the last woman condemned to death in 1820s Iceland, Burial Rites by Hannah Kent. Two books provided differing insights into life during the Second World War: a thriller/spy story from Ben Macintyre called Agent ZigZag, based on a true story, and Alone in Berlin by Hans Fallada, a fictional account (again based on real life) of the lives and struggles of people in an apartment block in Berlin. For those interested in reading a trilogy, Marilynne Robinson’s Lila is one of three books tracing the intricacies of lives in a small Iowa town in the early to mid-twentieth century. Finally, staying in the USA, Damon Runyon’s collection of short stories, Runyon on Broadway, provides enjoyable insight to a shadowy section of New York society. Several of us had read books recommended at last year’s meeting, and went off to fill our shelves in readiness for long winter nights curled up with other ‘good reads’.

On a sad note, we are sorry to report that one of our members, Betty (Elizabeth) Cook passed away in November. Betty had been a long-standing active member of the Bristol and West Branch and will be missed. Peggy Osborne (who met Betty at St Anne’s in her first term) spoke about Betty at the commencement of our ‘A Good Read’ meeting, paying tribute to her determination and groundbreaking success, among other things, in being the first female teacher at Bristol Grammar School. We remember her husband Jim who accompanied her on many St Anne’s Society events, as well as her daughter Penny, also a St Anne’s graduate.

In mid-September the Cambridge branch of the SAS visited two large gardens that contrasted markedly, both in their...
personality and in the sculptures that fill them: the Henry Moore Foundation at Perry Green and the Gibberd Garden near Harlow. Both gardens were delightful, and it was a pleasure to visit an area that most of us did not know well. Later in the month we welcomed three Freshers to the College at our annual Freshers’ welcome supper. We held our AGM in Cambridge in November, and enjoyed our usual pub lunch at New Year to recover from Christmas.

In March, ten of us, with friends, family and some Old Girtonians, visited two Cambridge libraries. We were shown around the Old Library of Trinity Hall by the Librarian, one of our members, and were intrigued to see the chained books and a display of incunabula and many fascinating documents. We continued to the Pepys Library at Magdalene College to inspect another historic collection. Five of us, plus friends, spent a day in King’s Lynn in late April, on a guided tour of the historic centre and an excursion to West Lynn across the Great Ouse River. The ferry service has been operational since the mid-thirteenth century.

We held our annual summer garden party in Fen Ditton in June on the weekend of the Bumps races, and are planning another day out in September to enjoy some autumn colours.

In our new incarnation as the St Anne’s Society, the London branch has had a busy year trying out new events to complement our traditional spring outing and AGM dinner.

In June last year we had great fun exploring the world of Argentinian wine and beef at Gaucho restaurant in Smithfield. We discovered how the various cuts of beef are complemented by Malbec wines grown at different altitudes in the Andean vineyards.

The annual Freshers’ event in September was hosted again by Accenture, where 14 Freshers and five second years enjoyed a splendid reception. The evening continued as usual in a local pub. Our AGM in November was as lively as always, with 50 members and guests enjoying dinner at Royal Overseas House. Our speaker, the archaeologist John Shepherd, gave a fascinating talk on the Roman London Mithraeum, now beneath a new office block in the City, and the plans to restore it for public viewing.

In early March Sunnil Panjabi (1983) kindly hosted drinks for St Anne’s alumnae at the Punch Tavern in Fleet Street, where we had a chance to recruit new members.

After requests from some members for a ‘scientific outing’, the April event was a visit to The Crystal, claimed by its designer, Siemens, to be the most sustainable building in the world. For some of us, the journey there was an experience in itself. The Emirates Air Line cable car from North Greenwich on the Jubilee Line offers superb views over the City, Royal Victoria Docks and East London.
The tour provided an overview of the building’s sustainable technologies, looking at parts normally closed to the public, including the ground source heat pump, air handling units, rainwater garden and rainwater harvesting plant. The Crystal produces 70 per cent fewer CO2 emissions than comparable UK offices, has no annual heating bill; and uses recycled water for flushing.

After an excellent lunch in the cafeteria, some of us toured the exhibition on urban sustainability. It looks at cities in 2050, the main challenges they will face and technologies which will make them more sustainable. There is a reading list at www.crystal.org.

In June we held a gin-sodden evening at Sipsmith’s distillery in Chiswick, followed by supper at a local pub.

Our publicity subcommittee are working with College on a project to encourage alumnae to record their reminiscences of College life verbally, as a shared resource for all SAS members. If anyone is interested in participating, please contact the Development Office.

We extend a warm welcome to any alumnae living or working in London to join us.

Our regular Midlands pattern is to meet for member events twice a year, inviting alumnae, friends and family.

On a lovely July Saturday, we covered a five-mile circular walk through very typical Midlands rolling countryside: flat terrain along canal and public footpaths, country lanes and over fields running through the grounds of the Packwood House Estate (NT). We do like to eat well and had an excellent pub lunch near the end of our circuit at The Punch Bowl in Lapworth. We spent two hours walking and an hour and a half eating: about normal for our amiable group. We always plan so that people can walk an easy circle, suitable for all ages, and eat, or just meet to eat if walking is a bit too much.

Winter events are indoors and we were lucky enough to have David Smith, our wonderful retired Librarian, come along and chat in an informal way about his experiences over a career as a librarian, and the exciting plans and developments of the new College Library. Things have changed in global communications since the start of David’s career; but happily, students and their love of books and the Library go on as strongly as ever.

We always give our Freshers a flying send-off to College just before they go up. The events are still very popular. Some things about student life have not changed in 50 years but the new ones need, and appreciate, the friendly advice of their peers. When leaving, one of this year’s Freshers instantly promised to come back next year as a wise, experienced second year. We are so lucky that St Anne’s has always felt like a family reaching across the generations.

July 2015 saw North West branch members return to the Buxton Festival for two very different events. Sarah Quill spoke on Ruskin’s Venice: The Stones Revisited, her project to trace and record Ruskin’s Venice. Her talk was illustrated with some of her many photographs juxtaposed with Ruskin’s nineteenth-century drawings. We learned much about Ruskin’s many trips to the city and his prescient sense of the dangers of unsympathetic, if not downright destructive, restoration of buildings and palaces.
Sarah has been photographing the architecture and daily life of Venice for more than 40 years, creating a unique and ever-growing photographic archive. After a stroll through the Pavilion’s exotic hot houses and a convivial lunch at The Old Hall Hotel, it was a quick dash to the Pavilion Theatre for a moving talk by Helen MacDonald on her book *H is for Hawk*, an account of how she survived the grief of her father’s death by training a goshawk named Mabel. Alongside that story is the intertwining one of T.H. White and his disastrous attempt to train Gos, a male hawk. Obsessed by falconry from an early age, Helen described her first close encounter with a goshawk in language both lyrical and transformative. Despite the book's tremendous success, Helen appeared genuinely surprised at the delight her work had brought to people.

The Freshers’ evening took its customary format in a Manchester bar, where four Freshers and five second and third years became acquainted. The food and drink lubricated the undergraduates’ conversations as we oldies reflected on the annual pleasure of the new students’ relief and growing confidence as they encountered people just like them. The best part of this rewarding evening is always the newcomers’ insistence that they be asked to come and help the following year.

The autumn event took place at Dunham Massey, a National Trust property, to view the Trust’s flagship WWI commemoration *Sanctuary from the Trenches*. In April 1917 Dunham Massey became the Stamford Military Hospital, having been offered to the Red Cross by its owner, Penelope, Lady Stamford to provide sanctuary to soldiers whose injuries, while not life-threatening, were of sufficient gravity to require medical care. By the time it closed, in February 1919, 282 soldiers had found sanctuary in Dunham’s beautiful surroundings.

The hospital’s main ward (Bagdad), the soldiers’ recreation room, the operating theatre and nurses’ station were all faithfully recreated and we were given (as the soldiers were) a hospital admission ticket on arrival. Each ticket carried the name and short history of a particular soldier, whose progress we were able to follow as we journeyed through the hospital. Each of the hospital beds in Bagdad Ward represented a named soldier whose plight illustrated a particular war injury. His story, the medical treatment he received and what happened to him when he left the hospital was told through archive photographs, letters and records kept by nursing staff. The attention to detail made for an enlightening experience of just one aspect of the conflict.

For two visiting New Zealanders, the visit was deeply personal, as they were able to trace a relative’s wartime stay at Dunham.

Following the winter’s traditional Manchester pizza suppers, our May event found us returning to Chester to visit the cathedral and explore the delights of this fascinating ancient city. An enjoyable late lunch in a nearby restaurant was followed by more exploring and choral evensong.

The Freshers’ event this year will be in September as usual and in October we shall return to Manchester for a visit to the John Rylands library and an exploration of one of Manchester’s newer districts, Spinningfields.

The Oxford branch organized four events for members and guests in 2015. In April, a small group visited the Ashmolean Museum and were given an expert introduction to some items from the Eastern Art collection. We had a private hands-on session looking at some specially selected pieces in the museum study room and were fascinated by some beautifully made Manju netsuke and prints illustrating traditional ghost stories.

Our June visit was to a stunning six-acre garden in Buckinghamshire. Kingsbridge Farm Garden is the product of 27 years
SAS regional branch reports

of care and dedication in transforming a farmyard into a beautiful garden. We enjoyed the colourful borders, abundant roses and peaceful woodland area as well as the views from the ha-ha over the countryside.

Elisabeth Salisbury served up another delicious supper for the 2015 Freshers at the home of Hugh Sutherland and Helen Salisbury.

In the autumn we were privileged to have Professor Elspeth Garman, the eminent macromolecular crystallographer, come to talk to us about her research work. She explained the complicated and labour-intensive technique of x-ray crystallography, which she uses to further the understanding of DNA, insulin and other molecules, which can lead to important advances. Her illustrated talk was an eye-opener: we shall never view chocolate in quite the same way again.

For the second time we held our AGM at The Plough in Wolvercote. Business was followed by a talk by Paul Tyler, former MP for North Cornwall, Lib Dem. spokesperson for Agriculture and Rural Affairs, Chief Whip and Shadow Leader. Now a working peer, and passionate about constitutional and political reform, he told us about life in the Lords, and some of his experiences serving on committees.

Plans for 2016 include an outing to Gloucestershire to the Woollen Weavers’ museum and a private tour of a garden in Eastleach. In the autumn we will have a view of the Wellby Collection of gold and silver items from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries recently acquired by the Ashmolean and described by curator Tim Wilson as ‘the most important accession of objects of this sort to any UK museum’ since the nineteenth century.

The speaker after our AGM in November will be Andrew Goodwin, Professor of Materials Chemistry. Details of the branch and our events may be seen on the St Anne’s website alumnae pages.

In 2015 the South of England branch organized three main events, in addition to our Book Group, which meets twice a year, and our annual Freshers’ Lunch in September. On 9 May we hosted a talk in Chichester by St Anne’s alumna Harriet Spicer, who was one of the founders of The Virago Press. Her talk, ‘All Our Viragos: the story of Virago Press and its impact on women’s literature’ gave rise to a very interesting discussion on women writers. Fifteen members and guests attended the talk and lunch in George Bell House, near Chichester Cathedral. It was followed by our AGM, where members shared ideas for future events.

On 30 May we made our annual visit to the Chichester Festival Theatre, to see The Rehearsal by Jean Anouilh, described as a ‘savagely funny and devilishly clever comedy’ and set in an elegant French château, where an amateur dramatic group are preparing a performance. After the play,
enjoyed by 10 members and their guests, one of our Committee members hosted tea in her garden near the theatre, where everyone could continue discussion of the play over tea and homemade cakes. In May 2016 we again visited the Chichester Festival Theatre to see Ibsen’s *An Enemy of the People*.

Our Freshers’ lunch was held in Winchester in September, with five freshers and two current students, who convinced the Freshers that St Anne’s is a welcoming and friendly college. This clearly worked as the last students left at 4pm!

We held a very successful family event for Halloween. Professor Neil Downie and his wife, St Anne’s alumna Dr Diane Ackerley, provided an afternoon of ‘Scary Science’ in Beech Village Hall. The invitation offered ‘an afternoon of suitably spooky science activities … feel free to dress for the occasion’. The invitation was eagerly accepted by about 40 people, including neighbours from Beech village, with children dressed as witches or spooks. The science activities were hugely enjoyable and were followed by a Hallowe’en themed tea and helium-filled balloons for all. The enjoyment can be seen in the photos. Our ‘thank you’ to the Downies received the reply, ‘It was great to have such an engaged audience.’

Our Book Group held two meetings. We discussed Antonia White’s *Frost in May* in November. We had been inspired to choose this book because Harriet Spicer mentioned that it was the first book to be reprinted by Virago in their ‘Virago Modern Classics’ series. The book was by no means popular among all the nine members who attended.

A ‘thank you’ from one of our members summed up our book group: ‘I wanted to say what a stimulating and warm-hearted gathering we all enjoyed yesterday; the session set a standard for lively disagreement leading to enlightenment.’ In March 2016 we held another Book Group meeting to discuss *Brooklyn* by Colm Tóibín. Once again we enjoyed a stimulating discussion followed by an excellent tea. As well as providing an opportunity for exchanging ideas and opinions about interesting books, the Book Group meetings help to raise funds for the St Anne’s Domus Fund, which offers postgraduate bursaries. As a result of donations at the Book Group meetings and the small profit we aim to make at our other events, the Branch was pleased to donate £500 to the Domus Fund in 2015.

I have greatly enjoyed my time as Chairman of the branch, mainly because we have such interesting members (currently about 40) and a friendly and supportive Committee, but I have decided that it is time to hand on the baton to Stella Charman. She has been an active member of the Committee for several years and will take over the chair in June.

Linda Deer Richardson (1966) compiled and edited reports from:

A most unusual year
BEN HARTRIDGE

St Anne’s JCR hit the national headlines this year – but for all the right reasons

As mental health has drawn increasing attention across the country, we have been putting student welfare squarely on the agenda. The JCR now offers a number of listening and advice services, from the elected Welfare Representative to intensively-trained Peer Supporters, that mesh together formal and informal support networks. In Hilary term, we hosted two speakers on two important areas: identifying the signs of mental illness compared to just feeling sad or nervous, and what steps can be taken once signs are spotted.

The Mary Ogilvie Lecture Theatre has been busy with JCR events this year. Charlotte Proudman spoke powerfully on sexism in the law and the legal profession. In Trinity, the St Anne’s College Arts Festival welcomed authors, poets, musicians and artists to perform and talk about their work. Add to this the return of Bops (themed fancy dress evenings) to the College bar and very popular open mic nights: the St Anne’s social scene is thriving.

For an external observer of the University of Oxford, however, this year might stand out for the wrong reasons. Students here have been accused of undermining free speech and refusing to engage with complex issues. Central to these accusations are the notions of no-platforming, safe spaces and trigger words that attempt to silence people who express views contrary to the presumed unspoken consensus.

The entire disagreement about these practices has become an ideological battleground, where the (largely right-wing) national press and the (normally left-wing) student assemblies sling mud at each other. The issue is of course more complicated. While the Oxford University Student Union (OUSU) and individual JCRs are overzealous in their promotion of, for example, safe spaces, it is not to say that the idea of safe spaces should be done away with completely. They ensure that voices that would otherwise be dominated are heard in the discussion.

Against this backdrop, St Anne’s JCR has had a unique experience this year. In Hilary we debated a motion calling for the statue of Rhodes at Oriel College to stay up; most other JCRs passed motions calling for the statue’s removal. The Telegraph reported that we had joined ‘the fight-back against [the] Rhodes Must Fall campaign’ before we had even discussed the motion, let alone voted on it. The student press were impatient for the outcome. The debate was the most difficult I have chaired. Despite this, it was conducted with remarkable dignity; the speakers on both sides were articulate and thoughtful. While there was the occasional careless choice of words, I was happy that there was no malicious intent and the complexities of the issues were explored thoroughly. In the end, the motion was defeated quite convincingly.

The recently-elected Vice-Chancellor of the University, Louise Richardson, has expressed concern that no-platforming, safe spaces and trigger warnings allow students to excuse themselves from hearing opposing views. They stifle students’ intellectual development and render us incapable of handling complexity. At a time when online and social media permit people to hear only the news and views they find most comfortable, forums such as JCR General Meetings have the potential to represent vital (and safe) spaces where students engage with differing opinions.

The above measures have been taken too far in political discussion at Oxford, to the extent that freedom of expression has been undermined and intellectual engagement with complex ideas has been stifled. Any critic of this must, however, remain aware that freedom of speech and safe spaces are themselves complex ideas that generate complex problems to which there are no simple answers.

Ben Hartridge (2014) JCR President
Facing up to challenges

MATTHEW GRACEY-MCKINN

Despite the challenges of the year, the MCR’s dedication to a spirit of inclusiveness, diversity, openness and free debate has enhanced its strength and unity

The year has been a challenging one for the MCR. Hilary Term saw the Rhodes Must Fall movement reach the College and the rise of concerns about anti-Semitism and no-platforming in universities around the country. Trinity Term will see debates about both the upcoming referendum on whether Oxford University’s Student Union should remain affiliated to the National Union of Students and, on the national level, Brexit. Throughout these challenges the MCR has remained committed to a spirit of emancipation and inclusiveness. Despite the potentially divisive nature of such politically charged debates, members of the MCR continue to demonstrate respect for the views of others, and engage in positive debate. This has allowed the MCR to weather the political storm well, maintaining its community and inclusivity.

Building on the successes of previous years, the Committee has expanded and improved on existing functions while also engaging the MCR community in new ways. Many of these new events have been run in conjunction with other colleges, involving our MCR more broadly in the University community.

Our social secretaries, Laura, Matthew, Lucy and Kate, have done a great job in creating and running social events. Hardly a day passes without some happening, and the great variety means that there’s something for everyone.

Our welfare officers, Emily and Ross, have also built on the work of their predecessors, organising yoga sessions, welfare teas and sexual health provision, and also introducing board game nights and other new events. Our women’s officer, Dianna, has also been busy, holding regular talks and film nights highlighting women’s issues and providing advice and support for any who need it. Tim, the LGBTQ+ Officer, has been a similarly active and valued member of the community. Together, our welfare, women’s, and LGBTQ+ officers worked with neighbouring colleges to create a series of events for Sexual Health and Gender Week, one of the highlights of the year.

Our Charities rep, Henry, has been tireless in inviting speakers from various charities to come to St Anne’s to speak and in encouraging a principle of effective altruism, so that the MCR’s charitable donations and activities have as broad an impact on improving the world as possible. (See Will MacAskill p.75).

However, as always, the focus of the MCR community is on academic matters, and this year has seen the continuation of the Three Minute Thesis and Poster Competitions, a fantastic opportunity for students and staff to engage with topics and research outside their usual remit. Further fostering a sense of interdisciplinary academic community are the popular Interdisciplinary Discussion Groups. This year will also see the re-launch of St Anne’s Academic Review, which we hope will showcase the fine work and high academic standards of St Anne’s MCR Community.

Matthew Gracey-McKinn (2014)
MCR President
Finals results: Trinity Term 2015

Results are shown for those students who gave permission to publish. A total of 117 students sat finals.

### Bachelor of Arts in Biological Sciences
- Haskell, Lucy 1
- Choo, Jia Wen 2.1
- Cook, Adam 2.1
- Hubbard, Tove 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Cell and Systems Biology
- Wang, Xining 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Classics and English
- Rickett, Elizabeth 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Computer Science
- Wright, Andrew 1

### Bachelor of Arts in Classics with Oriental Studies
- Damian, Mona 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Economics and Management
- Adams, Jonathan 2.1
- Selby, Andrew 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in English and Modern Languages (German)
- Battle, Cara 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in English Language and Literature
- Davies, Haf 1
- Fibert, Timna 2.1
- Haughton-Shaw, Eliza 1
- Lambert, Elizabeth 2.1
- Marshall, Zara 2.1
- Mcshane, David 2.1
- Moffat, Freya 2.1
- Nicholls, Ashley 1
- Simpson, Emma 1

### Bachelor of Arts in Experimental Psychology
- Bruckmaier, Merit 1
- Baker, James 2.1
- Ding, Jacqueline 1
- Sandkuehler, Julia 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Geography
- Brown, Lauren 2.1
- Hynes, Joanna 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in History
- Allin, John 2.1
- Causer, Meghan 2.1
- Dufton, William 2.1
- Ellis, Emily 2.1
- Fan, Xin 2.1
- Fuller, Tobias 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in History and Economics
- Mcpherson, Thomas 1

### Bachelor of Arts in History and Politics
- Richards, Caitlin 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Jurisprudence
- Bidd, Rhushub 2.1
- Carroll, Oliver 2.1
- Green, Alistair 2.1
- Hain, Michal 1
- Lack, Max 1

### Bachelor of Arts in Literae Humaniores
- Fielding, Lucy 2.1
- Gerrets, Isabelle 2.1
- Iles, Joe 1
- Krishnamurthy-Spencer, Jasmine 1
- Stockwell, Patrick 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Mathematics
- Stone, Joseph 2.1
- Wang, Kajwen 3

### Bachelor of Arts in Mathematics and Statistics
- Ge, Mengyang 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages (French and Italian)
- Smith, Hannah 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages (French and Spanish)
- Walsh, Alison 1
- Becker, Jemma 2.1
- Whitehead, Lucy 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages (French)
- Stephens, Anna 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages (German and Italian)
- Tyler, Naomi 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages (Spanish)
- Gadsden, Rosamund 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages (Spanish and Linguistics)
- Eve, Ruth 1

### Bachelor of Arts in Music
- Bowcock, John 1
- Perry, Francesca 1

### Bachelor of Arts in Oriental Studies (Chinese)
- Patet, Shyam 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy, Politics and Economics
- Bornstein, Alexander 2.1
- Davies, Jack 2.2
- Haria, Shivani 2.1
- Lock, Lillianne 2.1
- Mansell, James 2.1
- Macquarie, Robert 1
- Toenshoff, Christina 1

### Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy and Modern Languages (German)
- Storey, Clare 2.1

### Bachelor of Arts in Physics
- Thorn, Andrew 2.1
- Wallis, Emma 2.1
- Woodhouse, Sally 2.1

### BFA Fine Art
- Ioannou, Galatia 2.1
- King, Josephine 2.1

### Master of Biochemistry in Molecular and Cellular Biochemistry
- Brockley, Braven 2.1
- Millar, Robert 2.1

### Master of Chemistry in Chemistry
- Connolly, Michael 2.1
- Sivachelvam, Saranja 2.1

### Master of Computer Science in Computer Science
- Ford, Alexander 1
- Wilders, Xavier 1

### Master of Earth Sciences
- Bidgood, Anna 1
- Pain, Alana 2.1
- Roelofse, Chantelle 2.1

### Master of Engineering in Engineering Science
- Fong, Wai 2.1
- Ramasamy, Rohan 1
- Seo, Jordan Pao Hong 2.1
- Suguna Balan, Rabin 1
- Yu, Jeffrey Hong Cheung 1

### Master of Engineering in Materials Science
- Flavell, Gregory 1
- Hazi, Josef 1
- Leide, Alexander 1

### Master of Engineering in Materials, Economics and Management
- Feather, Charlotte 1
- Mollian, Calum 2.1

### Master of Mathematics
- Baker, Thomas 2.1
- Bergmann, Lutz 2.1
- Slack, David 2.1
- Sulzer, Valentin 1
- Triggs, Constance 1

### Master of Mathematics and Philosophy
- Bolt, Josef 1

### Master of Physics
- Brown, Jemima 2.1
- Lee, Sangjae 1
- Ridley, Matthew 1

### Medicine - Preclinical (3yr)
- Ananthan, Kiruthika 2.1
- Dowdall, Katherine 2.1
- Gallois, Jacques 2.1
- Gillett, George 1
- Mcgill, Shaun 2.1
- Pilkington, Darren 2.1

### Medicine - Clinical
- Campion-Smith, Timothy Distinction
- Robin, Sophie Pass

### Medicine - Graduate Entry
- Chen, Mitchell Pass
- Sammour, Roweida Pass
Graduate degrees 2015

**Bachelor of Civil Law**
Hardwick, Beth  
Van Romburg, Lucien  

**Bachelor of Philosophy**
Demaree-Cotton, Joanna  

**Doctor of Philosophy**
Alabort Martinez, Enrique  
Aslanidou, Ioanna  
Billingham, Paul  
Brittles, Greg  
Cavell, Alex  
Danial, John  
Davies, Dominic  
Espinoza Quintero, Gabriela  
Greenan, Charlotte  
Hakimi, Laura  
Herring, James  
Kadikov, Artem  
Kaul, Himanshu  
Lavan, Rosie  
Lei, Qin  
Leung, Ka Ming  
Lewis, Alexander  
Maguire, Eamonn  
Marcuzzi, Stefano  
McClanaghan, Conor  
McPherson, Ian  
Milligate, Tom  
Ortega Ferrand, Lorena  
Papageorgopoulou, Katerina  
Reuss, Thomas  
Schnabel, Manuel  
Sekita, Karolina  
Tchernychova, Maria  
Turner, Sophie  
Virvidaki, Katerina  
Whitley, Alan  
Wu, Kim  
Wu, Min  
Yang, Jie  

**Magister Juris**
Coendet, Thomas

**Master of Business Administration**
Ayoola, Babatunde  
Knoche, Julia  
Yao, Phil

**Master of Philosophy**
Abel, Tim  
Castaneda, Paola  
Gracey-Mominn, Matthew  
Kailas, George  
Lim, Yee Chui  
Mpofu-Walsh, Sizwe  
Pavlov, Vladimir  
Yorke, Rupert  
Zoffmann Rodriguez, Arturo

**Master of Philosophy by Research**
Miyandazi, Victoria

**Master of Public Policy**
Charniakovich, Ales  
Dajer, Diana  
Lee, Eric  
Salles Portela Castro, Mariana  
Tarraf, Amina

**Master of Science**
Adusumilli, Susheel  
Ahearn, Eve  
Badi, Yusef  
Bailey-Watson, William  
Barry, Terri  
Bent, Alexandra  
Bryan, Matthew  
Carr, Matthew  
Chadee, Aaron  
Chan, lat  
Chan, Peter  
Chapple, Ian  
Croci, Matteo  
Deepankar, Divya  
Dewar, Craig  
Fischer, David  
Galava, Denis  
Groth, Ophelia  
Heard, Charlotte  
Ichsan, Ayesha  
Jarvis, Myles  
Jeffery, David  
Kaim, Mati  
Kaufer, Libby  
King, Diana  
Kline, Taylor  
Kumah, Stephanie  
Lam, Ivan  
Leung, Helen  
Luminari, Diletta  
Mccormick, Brian  
Mcintosh, Iain  
Moss, Emily  
Moss, Simon  
Mulay, Radhika  
Nedovis, Robert  
Nicola, Tara  
Onobote, Michael  
Palmer, Cristen  
Pavlov, Chrystalla  
Phelan, Jason  
Posanipalli, Pramida  
Potikit, Kankanit  
Randriana, Zoavina  
Retief, Rudolph  
Saribekyan, Lily  
Shah, Rehan  
Sheldrake, Lydia  
Shuai, Xing  
Sinha, Suharsh  
Spence, Graeme  
Sukumaran, Nish  
Sun, Aaron  
Tong, Kelvin  
Velasco Arguello, Patty  
Vivash, Laura  
Walton, Olivia  
Yan, Wei  
Zhang, Li  
Zhang, Cheng

**Master of Science by Research**
Han, Yi

**Master of Studies**
An, Yoojeong  
Ball, Nicholas  
Banks, Anda  
Burke, Zach  
Champion, Jessica  
Clark, Thomas  
Cohen, Adam  
El Hadi, Sandra  
Kamil, Miriam  
Nicholson, Phoebe  
Smith, Michael  
Wilkinson, Honor  
Zhang, Shuang

**Master of Studies by Research**
Traschler, Thomas

**Postgraduate Certificate of Education**
Anderson, Megan  
Bemath, Anisah  
Brown, Katie  
Crawley, Alisa  
Fisher, Elizabeth  
Harris, Andrea  
Harris, Joe  
Jandu, Harpal  
Knot, Lizzy  
Maclean, Iona  
Mason, Sam  
Parsons, Jamie  
Saunders, Michael  
Watkins, Kate  
Winslow, Louise  
Wong, Umar

**Postgraduate Diploma**
Kaufl, Andreas  
Ostrowski, Sebastian
Governing Body
2016

Principal
- Position vacant

Fellows
- 2011 Abeler, Johannes, BSc Aachen, MSc Karlsruhe, PhD Bonn § Tutor in Economics
- 2011 Baird, Jo-Anne, BA Strath, MA Oxf, MBA Sur, PhD R’dg † Pearson Professor Educational Assessment
- 2011 Belyaev, Dmitry, MSc St Petersburg, PhD Stockholm § Tutor in Mathematics
- 2003 Briggs, George Andrew Davidson, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ‡ Professor of Nanomaterials
- 1990 Chard, Robert, MA Oxf, BA MA PhD California § Tutor in Chinese, Vice-Principal and Dean of Degrees
- 2000 Christian, Helen Clare, BSc PhD Lond, MA Oxf § Tutor in Biomedical Science
- 2005 Cocks, Alan, BSc Leic, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ‡ Professor of Materials Engineering
- 1991 Crisp, Roger Stephen, BPhil MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Moral Philosophy, Tutor in Philosophy, Uehiro Fellow in Philosophy
- 2000 Davies, Gareth Bryn, BA Lanc, MA DPhil Oxf § Tutor in American History
- 2015 Deane, Charlotte, BA Oxf DPhil Camb Supernumerary Fellow
- 1996 Donnelly, Peter James, BSc Queensland, MA DPhil Oxf, FRS ‡ Professor of Statistical Science
- 2010 Firth, Roger, BEd Lanc, MEd Birm, PhD Nott Trent § Tutor in Education
- 2009 Flyvbjerg, Bent, BA MS PhD Aarhus, MA Oxf, DrTechn DrScient Aalborg ‡ Professor of Major Programme Management
- 2016 Ford, John, MA Oxf Treasurer
- 2014 Foster, Jules, BA Liverpool Supernumerary Fellow and Director of Development
- 1981 Ghosh, Peter, MA Oxf § Tutor in Modern History, Jean Duffield Fellow in Modern History
- 2009 Goodwin, Andrew, BSc PhD Sydney, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ‡ Professor of Materials Chemistry, Tutor in Chemistry
- 2009 Goold, Imogen, BA LLB PhD Tasmania, Mbioeth Monash § Tutor in Law
- 2006 Gronie, Siân, BA MST DPhil Oxf § Tutor in English, Kate Dunn Elmore Fellow in English
- 1990 Groenover, Christopher Richard Munro, MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Materials, Tutor in Materials Science
- 2012 Hall, Todd, MA PhD Chicago § Tutor in Politics (International Relations) and Balfour Fellow in Politics
- 2000 Hambly, Benjamin Michael, BSc Adelaide, MA Oxf, PhD Camb § Professor of Mathematics, Tutor in Mathematics
- 1989 Harnew, Neville, BSc Sheff, MA Oxf, PhD Lond § Professor of Physics, Tutor in Physics
- 1984 Harris, David Anselm, MA DPhil Oxf § Tutor in Biochemistry
- 2008 Harry, Martyn, MA Camb, MPhil PhD City Lond § Tutor in Music, Dorset Foundation Lecturer in Music, Annie Barnes Fellow in Music
- 2005 Hazbun, Geraldine, BA MPhil PhD Camb, MA Oxf § Tutor in Spanish, Ferreras Willetts Fellow in Spanish
- 2015 Holmes, Christopher C, BSc Brigh MSc Brun PhD Lond § Professor in Biostatistics in Genomics
- 2005 Hotson, Howard, BA MA Toronto, MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Modern Intellectual History, Tutor in Modern History
- 1996 Irwin, Patrick, MA DPhil Oxf § Reader in Physics, Tutor in Physics
- 1999 Jeavons, Peter George, MSc Leic, MA Oxf, PhD Lond § Professor of Computer Science, Tutor in Computer Science
- 2007 Johnston, Freya, BA PhD Camb, MA Oxf § Tutor in English and Hazel Eardley-Wilmot Fellow in English
- 2015 Khan, Samina, BSc, MSc London, PhD Loughborough, PGCE Oxf Supernumerary Fellow
- 2007 Klevan, Andrew, BA Oxf, MA PhD Warw § University Lecturer in Film Studies
- 2015 Koutsoupias, Elias, BSc NTU Athens, PhD California at San Diego Supernumerary Fellow and Professor of Computer Science.
- 1999 Lancaster, Tim, MB BS MSc Harvard, MA Oxf § Reader in General Practice
- 2000 Lazarus, Liora, BA Cape Town, LLB Lond, MA DPhil Oxf § Tutor in Law
- 1997 Leigh, Matthew Gregory Leonard, MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Classical Languages and Literature, Tutor in Classics
- 2000 Lyons, Terence John, MA Camb, MA DPhil Oxf, FRSS, FRSE ‡ Walls Professor of Mathematics
- 1996 MacFarlane, S Neil, MA DPhil Oxf, AB Dartmouth College, MA MPhil DPhil Oxf § Lester B Pearson Professor of International Relations
- 1998 McGuinness, Patrick, MA Camb, MA DPhil Oxf, MA York § Professor of French and Comparative Literature, Tutor in Modern Languages (French), Sir Win and Lady Bischoff Fellow in French
- 2015 McKellar, Stephen, Shannon Colwyn, BA Rhodes MA DPhil Oxf Senior Tutor
- 2015 Meridew, Jim, Domestic Bursar
- 2015 Murphy, Victoria, B.A.H. Queen’s, MA PhD McGill Supernumerary Fellow and Professor of Applied Linguistics
- 1989 Murray, David William, MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Engineering Science, Tutor in Engineering
- 2007 Nelson, Graham, BA Camb DPhil Oxf Supernumerary Fellow and Lecturer in Mathematics
- 2002 O’Shaughnessy, Terence Joseph, BSc BE Adelaide, MPhil PhD Camb, MA Oxf Tutor in Economics
- 2011 Penslar, Derek Jonathan, BA Stanford, MA PhD Berkeley § Stanley Lewis Professor of Israel Studies
- 2012 Phillips, Ian, BPhil MA Oxf, PhD UCL Gabriele Taylor Fellow in Philosophy and Tutor in Philosophy
- 2003 Porcelli, Donald Rex, BSc Yale, MA Oxf, PhD Camb § Tutor and Ferreras Willetts Fellow in Earth Sciences and Lobanov-Rostovsky University Lecturer in Planetary Geology
- 2006 Pyle, David, BA PhD Camb, MA Oxf § Professor of Earth Sciences, Tutor in Earth Sciences
- 2013 Reed, Roger, BA PhD Camb Professor of Engineering Science
- 1997 Reynolds, Matthew, MA PhD Camb, MA Oxf § Tutor in English, Times Lecturer in English Language
- 2015 Rice, Patricia, MSc MA Warick, DPhil Oxf Supernumerary Fellow
- 2015 Rogers, Alexander, BSc Durham, PhD Southampton, Professor and Tutorial Fellow in Computer Science
- 2009 Rosic, Budimir, MSc Dipl Ing Belgrade, MA Oxf, PhD Camb § Professor of English Literature
- 1978 Speight, Martin Roy, BSc Wales, MA Oxf, DPhil York § Reader in Entomology, Tutor in Biological Sciences
- 1996 Sutherland, Kathryn, BA Lond, MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Biographical and Textual Criticism
- 2007 Szle, Francis, PhD Pennsylvania § Tutor in Medicine
- 2012 Tzanakopoulos, Antonios, LLB LLM Athens, LLM NYU, DPhil Oxf § Tutor in Law
- 2009 Vyas, Paresh, MA DPhil Oxf § Reader in Clinical Haematology
- 2007 Waters, Sarah, MA Camb, PhD Leeds § Tutor in Mathematics
- 2006 Watkins, Kathryn, BA Camb, MSc PhD Lond, MA Oxf § Tutor in Psychology
- 1996 Wilshaw, Peter Richard, BA Camb, MA DPhil Oxf § Professor of Materials, Tutor in Metallurgy and Science of Materials, Wolfson Fellow in Materials Science
- 2016 White, Clare, BA MA Oxf, MSc Wales, Librarian
- 2014 Wordsworth, Sarah, BSc Lond, MSc York, PhD Aberd Supernumerary Fellow in Health Sciences

Note on symbols
* 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.
§ Former Rhodes Scholar
A date in the left-hand column indicates the year of election to the current fellowship (or other position) held.
**Professor Jo-Anne Baird**, Fellow, Pearson Professor of Educational Assessment and Director of the Department of Education, was appointed as a Professor II in Psychology at the University of Bergen.

**Professor Andrew Briggs** and his co-author Roger Wagner launched their book entitled *The Penultimate Curiosity* published by Oxford University Press in February 2016. The book asks why it is that throughout the long journey from cave painting to quantum physics what we now refer to as ‘science’ and ‘religion’ – the attempt to describe the physical world that we can see, and the aspiration to see beyond the rim of the visible world – have been so closely entangled? It has been favourably reviewed in *The Financial Times* by John Cornwell announcing it as a ‘gripping work of history and reference (which) deserves to be read on both sides of the science-arts divide. Without espousing a particular faith or denomination, the authors have provided a much-needed antidote to the New Atheists’ promotion of science at the expense of spirituality, a campaign that has done much to coarsen and misinform public understanding of both.’

Professor Briggs has also been awarded two grants by the EPSRC for projects investigating Quantum Effects in Electronic Nanodevices (QuEEN) and Quantum Technology Capital, and two by the John Templeton Foundation Quantum for projects investigating simulators of Complex Molecular Networks and the Nature of Quantum Networks.

**Professor Roger Crisp**, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Uehiro Fellow and Tutor in Philosophy, will be Vice-President of the Mind Association from July this year, and then President for a year from July 2017.

**Professor Peter Donnelly**, Director, the Wellcome Trust Centre for Human Genetics, Professor of Statistical Science and Fellow of St Anne’s, has been awarded the 2016 Howard Taylor Ricketts award. This is awarded annually (globally) from the University of Chicago, for ‘outstanding achievements in the field of the medical sciences’. Ricketts was a doctor who pioneered research into bacterial infections, including typhus, in the early years of the 20th century.

**Professor Todd Hall**, Tutor in Politics and Associate Professor in International Relations, was co-winner of the DPLST Book Prize for 2016. This biennial award is presented to the author(s) of the book that best advances the theoretical and empirical study of diplomacy.

**Dr Imogen Goold**, Fellow and Tutor in Law, has been awarded the Des Voeux Chambers Oxford-HKU Visiting Fellowship for 2016. The Fellowship provides an opportunity for an Oxford Law Faculty member to spend one month visiting Hong Kong University thanks to the generous sponsorship of Des Voeux Chambers. She will be there in August and September working on the regulation of surrogacy and other medico-legal questions.

**Professor Patrick Irwin**, Professor, Fellow and Tutor in Physics, was awarded two STFC research grants in April as part of the following consolidated grants:


**Dr Matthew Longo**, Clayman Junior Research Fellow in Politics and Political Ideas has been awarded the 2016 Leo Strauss Award of the American Political Sciences Association for the best doctoral dissertation in the field of political philosophy.
The Penultimate Curiosity: How Science Swims in the Slipstream of Ultimate Questions

HOWARD HOTSON

Religion and science are commonly portrayed as mortal enemies. A new book, praised by scientists and theologians alike, suggests a far more interesting relationship.

Above the doorway to the Cavendish Laboratories in Cambridge, beneath a pointed arch filled with gothic tracery, a passage is carved in stone: ‘Magna opera Domini exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.’ This text, the Vulgate rendition of Psalm 111.2, was chiselled there in 1874 at the request of the first Cavendish professor, the brilliant physicist and ardent Christian, James Clerk Maxwell. A century later, when Latin was no longer an entrance requirement for Cambridge physicists, ‘a devout research student’ suggested that the same passage be re-inscribed in English above the far more utilitarian new doorway to the new Cavendish labs recently constructed in west Cambridge. Maxwell’s successor, the Cavendish professor Sir Brian Pippard, ‘put the proposal to the Policy Committee, confident that they would veto it’; but to his surprise ‘they heartily agreed both to the idea and to the choice of Coverdale’s translation’ from the original Hebrew, familiar from the Book of Common Prayer. So today, as one crosses the threshold of this sancta sanctorum of British science, one is reminded that, ‘The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.’

The ‘devout research student’ in question was Andrew Briggs, now Oxford’s Professor of Nanomaterials and Fellow of St Anne’s. The Penultimate Curiosity – a book which he has co-written with the leading religious artist Roger Wagner – can be regarded as a 450-page attempt to explain the paradox of the Cavendish doorways.

I say ‘paradox’ because modernity is so often defined in terms of secularization, and religion so often conceived as the archenemy of science. The pedigree of these ideas goes back centuries, to the Enlightenment’s secularization of Protestant claims that history progresses by freeing the mind from mediaeval dogma and superstition. But they were only given wide currency in the English-speaking world with the five dozen reprints of John Draper’s History of the Conflict between Religion and Science (1875) and Andrew Dickson White’s more substantial History of the Warfare between Science and Theology (1896). It is thanks to a long series of works descending from these – and continued most recently by Richard Dawkins’ best-selling The God Delusion of 2006 – that it seems paradoxical to find glowing testimonials on the dust jacket of The Penultimate Curiosity from the Astronomer Royal and the Director General of CERN alongside the former Chief Rabbi and the current Archbishop of Canterbury.
A less ambitious book might be content merely to demonstrate that the normal relationship between western science and religion has not in fact been one of perpetual war. A slightly more broadminded book might have argued that this relationship is fully symbiotic, with each transforming the other to the benefit of both. From St John’s Gospel onward, Jerusalem was as thoroughly reshaped by Athens as Athens by Jerusalem. That dialogue, to be sure, has been punctuated by episodes of dispute and disagreement; but the same holds for the discussions within the individual domains of science and theology. The Penultimate Curiosity does not give equal treatment to the transformation of theology by science, and this imbalance sometimes gives the book the air of religious apologetic. Instead, it is devoted primarily to exploring the more interesting side of this relationship: the sense in which the ‘penultimate questions’ pursued by science ‘swim in the slipstream of ultimate questions’ associated with theology.

What precisely is meant by this evocative metaphor? This book leaves its reader free to distil an answer from huge quantities of fascinating historical anecdote loosely knit together by sparse passages of crisp analysis. So perhaps the title is best expounded by illustrating the book’s thesis at its most impressively robust.

The immense effort to understand the world we call modern science is predicated on the assumption that the world is ultimately intelligible because it is governed by universal, mathematical laws. But what is the basis of that assumption? Viewed philosophically, the answer is not obvious. According to Karl Popper, this assumption rests on ‘a faith which is completely unwarranted from the point of view of science, and which to that extent is metaphysical’ (p.434). Max Planck is quoted to similar effect in a passage uncannily reminiscent of the Cavendish laboratories: ‘Over the entrance to the gate of the temple of science are written the words “ye must have faith”.’

Yet if the philosophical basis of this assumption is difficult to substantiate, its historical origin is more readily traced: to the domain of theology. Throughout the centuries-long gestation of modern science, the intelligibility of the natural world was guaranteed by belief in a single, beneficent rational agency who created that world and endowed it with universal laws governing the smallest particle as well as the longest process. Our capacity to grasp those laws was guaranteed in turn by the doctrine that we were made in the image and likeness of that agency, with enough of its rationality to perceive the marks of the Creator on the creation. Empirical study of the natural world was therefore a means of revealing the wisdom of the Creator, and could be regarded as both a right and a duty. Since the world was created for mankind, obtaining intellectual and practical dominion over nature was also part of the divine plan. The poetic statement that science swims in the slipstream of theology can be rephrased historically as the claim that biblical monotheism tinged with Greek metaphysics provided a series of interconnected premises invaluable (if not strictly necessary) to the genesis of modern science.

This is not to say that these premises were either revealed on Mount Sinai or discovered in the sacred groves of Athena. On the contrary, they evolved, very gradually, over at least two millennia in Europe and the Near East from a process in which the heritage of Greek natural philosophy and mathematics was reshaped by dialogue with the deepest principles of Judeo-Christian-Islamic monotheism and vice versa. Most of the book traces stages in this historical process from Athens via Alexandria and the Muslim world to the mediaeval universities and onward throughout the seventeenth century as far as Newton and the first Newtonians.

For the authors, discovering these stages was clearly a process of personal discovery, and this story is related as a series of excavations by gentlemen virtuosi straying far from their specialist fields. This is a slightly dangerous technique, since it can easily arouse suspicions of amateurism and tendentiousness; but that impression is misleading. In fact, Wagner and Briggs are themselves swimming in the slipstream...
of a huge amount of patient scholarly work undertaken at an exponentially accelerating rate as the history of science gradually emerged as a specialist discipline over the course of the past century.

If the maturity of any field is demonstrated by its capacity to revise its foundational assumptions, the history of science in the past generation has passed this test. Amongst the assumptions most thoroughly overturned by a century of scholarship is Draper and White’s thesis about the perpetual warfare between science and religion. That Hellenistic cosmology, early Islamic mathematics, or the scholasticism of the high Middle Ages drew much of their energy from theology is perhaps not surprising. That the same holds for many of the architects of the ‘scientific revolution’ – Bacon and Kepler, Leibniz and Newton, and even such arch-heretics as Spinoza – has been a more recent and surprising discovery. With the secularization of Newton’s legacy in the Enlightenment, to be sure, this trail cools. More could certainly be done to argue that modern science continued to ‘swim in the slipstream of ultimate questions’ in many currents of the Enlightenment, in German Idealism, and in the mind of Einstein as well as Maxwell, for instance. But within the pages of The Penultimate Curiosity, the contemporary application of this thesis remains an open question.

Yet the biblical motto above the doors to the Cavendish laboratory has other slightly different but no less powerful contemporary resonances as well. ‘The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.’ Why might these words resonate with scientists not consciously moved by ‘ultimate curiosity’? Do scientists today recognize themselves in this ancient description of ‘all them that have pleasure’ in unravelling the secrets of nature? Do they like to be reminded that the pure delight in discovery has helped sustain the western intellectual tradition since the dawn of recorded history? Do they agree that this pursuit of natural knowledge can legitimately be described as sacred both because it constitutes one of the most magnificent activities human beings are capable of and because it endows our species with so much of the value we possess? Do they perhaps even draw the conclusion that modern science is better served by these perennial values than by the short-sighted utilitarianism of our own day?

One task of intellectuals is to critique the dominant ideology of the age, and the overbearing orthodoxy of our own era is not the theology of any universal church but the secular dogma of neoliberal economics propagated in the interests of global capitalism. Like the Psalmist, Aristotelian metaphysics began from the principle that all human beings by nature desire to know. Neoliberal economics begins from the principle that all men by nature desire to maximize profit while minimizing effort.

Which of these two principles more nearly captures the motivation of the Astronomer Royal, the Director General of CERN, Oxford’s Professor of Nanomaterials, or his artistic collaborator? Which best sustains a culture adapted to raising ultimate as well as penultimate and antepenultimate questions?

For the time being, it seems, modern science still swims in the slipstream of ancient values and aspirations. But how long can it continue to swim against the current of the alien orthodoxy of our own age? The crass materialism of contemporary ‘modernizers’ may yet lead scientists to rediscover their ancient roots. Not the least significance of The Penultimate Curiosity is its contribution to a debate which is acutely political as well as deeply theological.

Howard Hotson is Professor of Early Modern Intellectual History and Fellow of St Anne’s College. The Penultimate Curiosity: How Science Swims in the Slipstream of Ultimate Questions by Roger Wagner and Andrew Briggs (Oxford University Press, 2016).
How to be your own wine expert

It only takes 24 hours says a leading expert on the subject. Why not give it a try?

What you see is what you get: it’s all there on the cover. ‘Red, white, rosé, fizzy, screwcap v cork, wine myths, how to … choose food and wine, matching … The 24-Hour Wine Expert by Jancis Robinson, the most respected wine critic in the world.’

And there you have it, a welcome antidote to the increasing warnings against the demon drink. According to the latest report on the subject in May this year, relaxing the licensing hours has not morphed UK drinking habits into a more restrained ‘continental style’ but has led to increased heavy drinking; binge drinking continues and, the latest – drink causes cancer. In summary: alcohol is one of the three biggest lifestyle risk factors for disease and death in the UK, after smoking and obesity, alcohol related accidents and illness cost the NHS £3.5 billion per year.

Not that The 24-Hour Wine Expert sets out to tackle the downside of drinking. On the contrary, this slim, pocket-sized manual offers advice and guidance to the increasing numbers in the UK who now prefer wine to beer and spend around £10 billion a year on their favourite drink, often without the knowledge to steer them through the growing range of wines now on offer. In her own words, Robinson ‘aims to make you a self confident expert in 24 hours’. In the process, she explodes the myths, debunks the snobbery, shares tips learned over 40 years in the trade and enhances the pleasures of drinking with succinct guidance through the wine jungle. Even if you only read the words of wisdom on the intriguing ‘black pages’ that punctuate the text, it will have been worth it.

Let a fellow traveller in the business, Giles James, wine consultant and brand manager, have the last word:

Having been involved in wine in one form or the other for the past 25 years I have read my fair share of books on the subject – and been subjected to some mind-numbing texts. One of the more memorable reads worked because it broke down the subject into bite-sized pieces, stripped it back to basics and gave one a sense that maybe the world of wine wasn’t so scary after all. I read that book when I first started out and it’s a pleasure to find another in the same vein.

Whether your knowledge is at a novice, intermediate or advanced level, this little nugget delivers a concise, simply laid out and easy to understand guide to developing your pleasure and understanding of wine. Its informative style makes it more than a training manual, rather a tool for continuous reference and help. Think of it as having your own personal pocket-sized Sommelier on hand whether out to dinner, hosting friends or on holiday.

Publications

Denise Bates (1978) *Historical Research Using British Newspapers* (Pen and Sword March 2016). Digitisation has made old newspapers more accessible to researchers. Based on practical experience, the book introduces the context and content of newspapers and the skills needed to get the best out of them as historical sources.

For further information see www.denisebates.co.uk/britnews


Marion Leigh (1968), *Dead Man’s Legacy* (Matador, 2015). Dead Man’s Legacy is the second novel in her Petra Minx series of adventure thrillers. The first book in the series, *The Politician’s Daughter*, was published in 2011. Birmingham-born Marion Leigh studied languages at Oxford University, worked as a volunteer in Indonesia and enjoyed a successful career in translation before turning to writing. Her print and e-books are available through major retailers worldwide.


On Monday 14th March, 2011, Andrew O’Mahony took his four-and-a-half-year-old son, Motik, to West Middlesex Hospital A&E after what had seemed to be a bout of gastroenteritis worsened. A little over two-and-a-half-hours later, Andrew and Yulia, Motik’s Mum, held their younger son’s hands as they heard the crushing words, ‘Time of death, 11.06.’ Motik died as a result of a rare congenital condition called Diaphragmatic Eventration. His doctor later said, ‘If I lived for a thousand years I would not expect to encounter what happened to your son again.’ That evening, Andrew sat down and began a letter to his dead son. Part love letter, part thank you letter, *Dear Motik* is also, as one reader commented, ‘a beautifully written meditation on the miracle and complexities of parenthood.’ Motik was an extraordinary person, and if the letter allows his spirit to live on and help others, then it will have served as a fitting tribute to his memory.

Andrew O’Mahony is a full-time father who lives in West London with his wife and sons. Since Motik’s death his work with West Middlesex University Hospital has brought changes to their care for patients and their relatives in A&E, and their training of medical staff for dealing with bereaved families, as well as the creation of a charity to improve the A&E department as a whole. He works part time for a world-leading data analytics organisation.


Anne Scott (Conway 1961), *Piers Plowman and the Poor* (Four Courts Press, 2004); *European Perceptions of Terra Australis* (Ashgate, 2010); *Experiences of Poverty in Late Medieval and Early Modern England and France* (Ashgate, 2012); *Experiences of Charity 1250-1650* (Ashgate, 2015).
Leonie Cassidy (Rhind 1975) was awarded an OBE in the Queen’s Birthday Honours in June 2016 for services to paediatric dermatology.

Sarah Chivers (Dustagheer 2001) and Tom Chivers (2001) are delighted to announce the birth of their daughter Martha at St Thomas’s Hospital, London on 2 May 2016.

Carys Davies (Bowen Jones 1978) has been selected as one of the New York Public Library’s Dorothy and Lewis B. Cullman Center for Scholars and Writers Fellows.

Carys Davies is the author of two collections of short stories. Her second collection, The Redemption of Galen Pike, won the 2015 Frank O’Connor International Short Story Award and the 2015 Jerwood Fiction Uncovered Prize. Davies also won the Royal Society of Literature’s VS Pritchett Prize and the Society of Authors’ Olive Cook Short Story Award. At the Cullman Center she will be working on a new collection of stories about love and morality in wild or lonely places.

Jo Delahunty QC (1983) has been appointed to the 1597 Law Professorship at Gresham College, London’s oldest Higher Education Institution. In her role as Gresham Professor of Law, Professor Delahunty will continue the 419-year-old tradition of delivering free public lectures aimed at the intelligent and interested public within the City of London and beyond.

Professor Delahunty will continue to practise at The Bar during her appointment and, as such, her lectures will reflect developments in law and society. The series of six free public lectures will deal with issues arising from her work with the law and legal processes around families and children, including cases of child abuse, radicalisation and cases that involve complex and contentious medical evidence. The hour-long free public lectures will take place at the Barnard’s Inn Hall, EC1N and full details are available at http://www.gresham.ac.uk/series/when-worlds-collide-the-family-and-the-law/

Celia Ferner (Moss 1969) was awarded an OBE in the Queen’s Birthday Honours in June 2016 for services to communities in Wales.

Christopher Howard (1991) has been announced as President of Robert Morris University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Prior to taking up this role, Dr Howard was president of Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.

Margaret Gilbert (Kripke 1965), Abraham I Melden Chair in Moral Philosophy and Professor of Philosophy at the University of California, Irvine, has been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which recognizes leaders from the academic, business and government sectors who are responding to challenges facing the nation and the world. With three other UCI colleagues, Gilbert will be inducted at a ceremony on 8 October 2016, in Cambridge, Mass.

Gilbert is recognized for her distinguished contributions to the field of philosophy, particularly her founding contributions to the philosophy of social phenomena. She is the author of six books, including Joint Commitment: How We Make the Social World (OUP, 2013 and 2015) and A Theory of Political Obligation: Membership, Commitment, and the Bonds of Society (OUP, 2006 and 2008).

Ann Spokes Symonds (Spokes 1944). Last year (December 2014) saw the publication of her latest book Also Rans: The Injustice of History (see 2015, The Ship). She hopes to see the publication of a local church guide and the re-publication of the story of the Oxford children who were evacuated to Canada and the USA in 1940. In November 2015, she celebrated her ninetieth birthday, and is still playing golf and gentle tennis to keep fit.
Positive hell

JOAN SHENTON

A saga of controversy, threats and the growth of student censorship

I was very excited when I heard that our half hour documentary *Positive Hell* had been selected for screening on 17 April at the London Independent Film Festival (LIFF).

We prepared a press release and were looking forward to a lively debate after the screening.

Our film tells the story of five individuals in the north of Spain who had been either intravenous drug users or alcoholics in their teens. They were treated in rehab units and overcame their addictions but they had tested ‘HIV’ antibody positive. Twenty-eight years on, when we filmed them they are fit and well having refused to take antiviral medication.

*Positive Hell* has already been nominated for best documentary at the Marbella International Film Festival, and selected for LACinefest, Digital Griffix online festival, and the Indie Festival 01.

To our dismay, on the day our press release was sent out, the festival director, Erich Schultz, wrote to tell us that he had ‘pulled’ our film. He said he had received warnings from four HIV/AIDS charities urging him not to screen our film. They threatened protests at the screening venue and at the festival sponsors premises ‘if we [LIFF] don’t comply’. Schultz said he had received 20 protest letters including one from the LGBT society at the University of London where he teaches and where all of his selection committee comes from. He wrote, ‘And now, my selection committee is unanimous in wanting to step away from screening *Positive Hell.*’ We were given no reason for this blatant censorship.

It seems odd that the committee that selected our film was suddenly unanimous in wanting the film withdrawn. However, it is not unusual for HIV/AIDS charities to receive funds from the pharmaceutical industry, always on the lookout for any challenges to their medical policies and their profits.

It is not the first time such interference has taken place. Only last January (2015) before the screening of *Positive Hell* at the Frontline Club in Paddington, the club received complaints from several groups objecting to the screening. Happily, the club ignored the complaints and we went ahead with a peaceful screening to a full house with a lively debate afterwards.

In an article following our press release publicising the ban, the online magazine *spiked* said the following:

> *spiked* certainly doesn’t share Shenton’s views on HIV/AIDS. But we are still worried about this act of silencing brought about by campaign groups and censorious students … At the heart of the decision to pull *Positive Hell* from the festival is the idea that words, or films, are dangerous, and that challenging the medical consensus would lead millions unthinkingly to change their course of treatment and suffer as a result. But Shenton and her colleagues are only airing an opinion … We must give people the right to make up their own minds, and we should trust them to do so, even about the most difficult of subjects. Shame on LIFF for refusing its audience that right.

Joan Shenton (1961) has produced and presented radio and television programmes for 50 years. Her independent production company Meditel Productions has won seven television awards and was the first independent company to win a Royal Television Society Award for an episode of Channel 4’s *Dispatches*. Her book *Positively False: Exposing the Myths around HIV and AIDS* (1998) was updated and republished in 2015.
Obituaries

Notice of deaths

Mary Abraham (1937) 10 May 2015
Elizabeth Aldworth (1940) 17 January 2016
Raymond Ardrey August 2014
Margaret Bagley (Tong 1952) 17 September 2015
Ruth Beesley (Ridehalgh 1938) 31 August 2015
Elisabeth Birch (Jenkins 1938) 07 December 2015
Ursula Bowen (Williams 1949) 28 April 2015
Megan Budge (Parry 1945) 14 October 2015
Betty Cook (Willcox 1952) 03 November 2015
Deborah Cooper (1939) 2016
Elizabeth Crawshay (Reynolds 1946) 06 October 2015
Hilary Cross (Payne 1965) 01 April 2015
Clare Currey (Wilson 1955) 26 April 2016
Barbara Edwarpdes-Evans (1946) 15 February 2014
Audrey Fader (Johnson 1944) 01 April 2015
Pamela Fairbank (Bradbury 1942) 07 January 2016
Nancy Flint (Marsden 1945) November 2015
Elizabeth Gloyne (1932) 08 September 2015
Joyce Gray (Edmunds 1944) 01 October 2015
Margaret Hardcastle (1954) 04 April 2016
Eva Holloway (Neumann 1937) 14 May 2015
Joyce Holmes (1940) 13 August 2015
Mary Hughes (Chetwynd 1950) 30 June 2015
Herbert Hui 30 August 2014
Barbara Hutton (Britton 1939) 02 October 2015
Gillian Innes (Lowe 1953) 30 August 2015
Deborah Jackson (Mansergh 1953) 04 May 2015
Terry Jones 14 September 2015
Elaine Kaye (1948) 21 October 2015
Therese Kennard (Walter 1942) 18 May 2016
Dorothea King (Haines 1933) 24 July 2015
Philippa Macleish (1945) 23 October 2015
Ian Mauder 04 December 2014
Miranda McIntyre Shennan (Mcintyre 1977) 19 April 2015
Susan McIvor (Revill 1961) 19 May 2016
Eileen Mitchell (Rabbinowitz 1946) 2015
Millicent Monk-Mason (1948) 29 January 2016
Janet Newson (Dawson 1954) 17 June 2015
Ruth Nineham (Miller 1941) 17 March 2016
Valerie Pearl (Bence 1946) 20 February 2016
Irene Pinder 21 October 2014
Clare Porter (Stubbs 1972) 02 October 2015
Elisabeth Prideaux (Griffin 1963) 10 June 2015
Jennifer Pugh (Murray 1949) 25 September 2015
Margaret Ralphs (Thomas 1937) 16 December 2015
Mariabella Rosalind Richards (Gardiner 1957) 1 March 2016
Henry Rollin (1964) 06 February 2014
Virginia Rushton (Jones 1963) 14 May 2015
Margaret Russell (Pinion 1944) 01 February 2016
Joan Saxton (Clark 1949) 08 April 2015
Vicky Schankula (Fairbairns 1966) 17 February 2016
Gythia Somervell (Fuller 1944) 23 December 2014
Elizabeth Strevens (1938) 01 March 2016
Joan Stuart-Smith (Motion 1948) 12 December 2015
Ann Venables (Richards 1949) 06 December 2015
Rosemary Waddington (Duggan 1967) 08 June 2015
Jane Wardle (1970) 20 October 2015
Neila Warner (Millard 1974) 02 November 2015
Brenda Watts (Benson 1951) 28 February 2015
George Weidenfeld 20 January 2016
Joyce Whittaker (Wilkinson 1942) 24 July 2015
Ruth Wickett (Cadoux 1943) 25 August 2015
Rose Wood (2014) 16 September 2015

Please note that some dates are approximate as no exact date was provided when College was notified.

Betty Rutson 29 July 1935 – 9 August 2016

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Miss Betty Rutson, Emeritus Fellow in French at St Anne’s. Her association with St Anne’s was a long one: as an undergraduate she read Medieval French Literature here from 1955 to 1958, in which she gained a First, then a BLitt from 1958 to 1961. She became a Fellow very soon afterwards, and retired in 2000. More than 200 people attended her retirement party, including former students that travelled from the US, Canada, Germany, France and Ireland as well as nearer home to wish her well. Her many contributions to St Anne’s include serving both as Dean and as Vice-Principal. She was for a long while also closely involved in University administration, as a member of the General Board, and Chair of the General Board’s Undergraduate Studies Committee. A full obituary will follow in The Ship 2016/17.

Correction
In the 2014/15 edition of The Ship, Susan Medlycott (Jones 1963) 14 May 2015 was listed. This is incorrect and should have read Virginia Medlycott Rushton (Jones 1963) 14 May 2015.
Elizabeth was born in 1921 in East Harting, Sussex. Her parents had met when her mother, a Scottish nurse, was caring for her father, who had lost a leg in World War I.

When Elizabeth was three months old the family returned to Abingdon, then in Berkshire, which was her father’s hometown. She attended the school of St Helen and St Katharine in Abingdon before gaining a place at St Anne’s College, then the Society of Home-Students, in 1940, where she was taught by such people as Tolkien and CS Lewis, an experience which lived with her for the rest of her life. While in Oxford, she did war work at the Bodleian Library, for which, she told us, she had to sign the Official Secrets Act, and fire watching, where she greatly enjoyed the view from the university roofs.

She gained her degree, and trained to teach in Oxford, starting a career which she followed until her retirement. She taught English, briefly, in Denbigh, North Wales and Southwold, Suffolk before moving to Bristol, where she spent 17 happy years at Colston’s Girls School, becoming senior English Teacher.

In 1966 she returned to Abingdon to care for her parents and took up a post at John Mason School, where she was Head of English, Head of Sixth Form and, finally, Deputy Head. She was a much loved and respected teacher, and many of her pupils remained in contact with her for the rest of her life.

Her mother died shortly after she returned to Abingdon and her father in 1974.

Elizabeth herself retired in 1980, having taught for 36 years, but continued to live a very active life. She retained a love of reading, learnt to paint, took an active part in the local church, was a member of the National Association of Decorative and Fine Arts Societies (NADFAS) and had many friends. She was diagnosed with cancer in June 2014. She died in Wantage on Sunday 17 January 2016. Her funeral was attended by 95 people, one for each year of her very active life.

Janet Watts (cousin)

Ursula Bowen passed away in Oxford on 28 April 2015 at the age of 84. Her career as an environmental biology teacher in the Oxfordshire area will be remembered by many. She was born in Windsor in 1930 and was one of the first pupils at Upton Preparatory School there before WWII. After attending Windsor County Girls’ School during the war years and then Malvern Girls’ College, she staged a memorable production in Windsor of 1066 and All That with her Upton School friends that cemented friendships she actively maintained through the rest of her life. Clothing rations were still in place, so her costumes for the show were pieced together painstakingly from fabric scraps, cardboard and milk bottle tops. She then went to St Anne’s, where she studied Zoology under notable mentors EB Ford,
Alistair Hardy, Charles Elton, David Lack and Niko Tinbergen, each of whom sparked her lifelong interests in science teaching, animal ecology, bird behaviour and nature conservation. At Oxford, she married Humphry Bowen, who shared and spurred on her natural history interests.

After University, she taught at Holton Park Girls’ Grammar School in Wheatley and then Rye St Anthony in Oxford, at each of which she was appointed Head of Science. With three children to support, she moved on to Lady Spencer Churchill College, a teacher training college in Wheatley, eventually heading the Science Department there, before becoming a Principal Lecturer in Biology at Oxford Polytechnic, where she remained until it became Oxford Brookes University. She was proud of her students who fondly referred to her annual field trip to observe birds at Slimbridge, where she was on the Education Committee with the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust, as ‘F@*k a Duck’ week. During the 1970s and 1980s, Ursula was also active on numerous other educational committees with organizations such as the Royal Society, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the British Trust for Ornithology, the Royal Society for Nature Conservation, the Society for the Promotion of Nature Conservation, the Council for National Academic Awards, and the Association for Science Education.

Ursula was a pioneer in setting up ecology centres and nature trails primarily meant for younger people. Through her volunteer work with the Berkshire, Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire Naturalists’ Trust, she published booklets on *Projects for Environmental Studies* and *How to Make a Small Pond*, both of which were reprinted and revised in several editions. She also instilled many schoolchildren (and adults) with a respect for conservation and ecology through the nature trails she designed at sites such as Chinnor Hill, Coombe Hill, the Warburg Reserve at Bix Bottom and the Field Studies Centre at Didcot Power Station, way ahead of the time that such activities were either trendy or mainstream.

Ursula did not slow down in retirement. She received her licence to ring birds in 1967 and continued to ring and record birds until she was in her seventies. She first moved to one of the Coastguard Cottages in Langston Herring, Dorset and then to Bagenham in Somerset, where she singlehandedly converted an old barn and developed a wonderful garden and bird habitat. Finally, she spent most of her last years in Nant Glas, Powys, where she was attracted by the nesting red kite population which, at that time, had not been widely reintroduced to the rest of the UK. In Wales she worked with the Radnorshire Wildlife Trust and chaired the Builth Wells Photographic Club. In addition, she researched and managed the replanting of the Hay Meadow at Penlanole, where she is remembered fondly for also planting the meadow around the Willow Globe Theatre with many of the wildflowers mentioned in Shakespeare’s plays. At her request, it was very fitting that Ursula was laid to rest in a willow casket at a woodland burial site overlooking the Uffington White Horse in West Oxfordshire. She is survived by her sons, Jonathan, William and Ben, a brother, Desmond and two grandchildren, Alice and Emma.

**Ben Bowen**

**In memoriam**

**Clare Currey (Wilson 1955)**

**15 November 1936 – 26 April 2016**

Clare was a very remarkable person who had a tremendous influence without ever needing to hit the high spot of publicity herself. The celebration of her life, held in the Friends Meeting House in St Giles in its sunlit garden full of forget-me-nots revealed in how many ways and how many people she motivated and encouraged – sometimes in a quite forthright manner but full of humour. In her room at Springfield.
St Mary, the large old St Anne’s hostel on the Banbury Road, Clare kept a Visitors’ Book signed by all the many people she entertained there: she was a tall good-looking girl with her dark hair in a bun and her own distinctive style of dress: not for her the rigid fashion of the fifties, of tight waist, full skirt, permed hair.

Clare’s family were Quakers and although she never officially became a member of the Society of Friends, she inherited the Quaker ethos of social concern and public service. As a small girl at Wychwood School in Oxford, she made a lifelong friend who came from Jamaica and stayed with her in Jamaica before coming up; this led to a lifelong interest in racial problems. While up at Oxford, as well as being Vice-President of the JCR with another Wychwood friend Gilia Whitehead as President, she became involved in JACARI, the Joint Action Committee Against Racial Intolerance; and at a British Council meeting she met James, her future husband, who worked with her on the Oxford International Committee for re-establishing links with Germany (it was only ten years since the end of WWII) and other continental universities. History, her degree subject, was never her greatest enthusiasm but all her life she was interested in literature, particularly poetry, and art. She got an Open University degree in Art History, not least to encourage a friend who was too hesitant to embark on Higher Education alone.

After a time working for Rowntree in York and as an assistant to a Cambridge academic doing aerial photography, she met up again with James, home on leave from the OUP in Cape Town. Following a whirlwind engagement and marriage they set off for South Africa together. Here Clare showed her fortitude in both open and clandestine (but always non-violent) work against apartheid.

She helped James design and produce the radical monthly *The New African* which was continuously harassed by the SA special branch. All copies of one issue were seized and the owners charged with obscenity and blasphemy. She herself contributed an account of the final days of the Rivonia trial, wondering what Mrs Sisulu and Mrs Mandela were feeling as they watched their husbands in the dock. In July 1964 James and Clare enabled Randolph Vigne the Editor of *The New African*, to escape to Canada by sea and they themselves fled South Africa to avoid arrest and interrogation.

Son Hal and daughter Tamsin arrived now that there was no danger of their having South Africa as place of birth on their passports. In rural Hertfordshire she encouraged women who might not otherwise have considered doing so to join her in taking A Levels at the local comprehensive school and even to get to Cambridge.

Clare was the driving force behind James Currey Publishers which, having started in 1985 in their Islington basement flat, became the leading publisher of academic books on Africa. Clare as the Company Secretary in charge of finances enabled the firm to survive, thrive and move to Oxford.

Cancer was successfully treated four years ago, but came back 18 months ago. With her customary stoicism she made little of the protracted treatment and was as active as possible to the last organising, to the delight of her four teenage granddaughters, photographs of her life. Though at first she insisted that she wanted no official memorial occasion, she finally helped to plan it. ‘I wish I could be there,’ she said. Her spirit was, and her influence lives on.

*Gabrielle McCracken* (Chavasse 1954)
In memoriam
Konstanty Jerzy Maria Czartoryski (2005)
9 Jan 1985 – 5 May 2016

Descended from Prince Adam Kazimierz and Izabela Czartoryski, cousins of the last king of Poland, and from Count Zygmunt Krasiński, a romantic poet ranked as one of Poland’s national bards, Konstanty Czartoryski was born in Munich in 1985. Following in the family’s Anglophile tradition, he came to St Anne’s in 2005 and also studied at the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art. On graduating in 2008 with a dissertation on Bruno Schulz, he joined Central Saint Martin’s College of Arts and Design in London, completing his MA in 2011 with a thesis on the human condition: the self in relation to mind, thought and body.

Over the years he exhibited work in Oxford (Modern Art Gallery & Ruskin), London (Oxo Tower Gallery, Cultivate Gallery and The Underdog Gallery), Madrid (Journey to the Centre of My Mind 2013), and at Spectra Art Space in Warsaw in 2015. He designed posters, record sleeves and scenography for film and theatre. His prize-winning sculpture commemorating the Orange Alternative movement is to be seen in the Leon Schiller Alley in Łódź. He worked in films and video – producing, co-producing, directing and co-directing, even acting. He appeared in A Marvellous Negative Capability (2011), a snide send-up of art critics’ jargon, and Porcile Remake (2013); he also collaborated on the series Raiders of The Lost Art (2014).

Musically active since his mid-teens – as player and band manager, concert organizer and promoter, radio jazz presenter and composer – Konstanty, or ‘Kot’ for short, was endlessly inventive, ever spouting new concepts and ideas. Lately, he dreamed up a new spatial vision for transforming the ancestral seat at Pełkinie near Jarosław in South East Poland, into a Contemporary Arts Centre, with a museum of modern sculpture set in the old landscape park.

Konstanty died tragically in Pełkinie on 5 May 2016. He was laid to rest in his great-grand-parents’ tomb at the Salwator Cemetery in Kraków, Poland.

Nina Taylor-Terlecka (1961)

In memoriam
Christine Davis (McGaw 1948)
1930 – 10 February 2016

Christine McGaw came to St Anne’s in 1948 from school in St Andrews, where she had family connections. Her boarding school (St Leonard’s) seems to have been modelled on the worst sort of boys’ school. They were taught golf and cricket and, on cold mornings, they had to break the ice on their washing-water. She read mathematics at the College then gained a qualification in statistics. After Oxford, she worked in statistics at the RIBA before spending a period teaching at Haberdashers’ Aske’s.

She then worked from 1963 with a little-known American company called IBM, just as computers started to become commercially available. A large 1401 computer, the first really mass-produced machine, might have an internal memory of up to 4,096 characters! Shortly afterwards, she became a (then rare) female manager.

Her real love, however, was music, which continued to the end of her days, even when in the grip of Parkinson’s. She sang with the Oxford Madrigal Society and, in London later, under Charles Kennedy Scott with the Oriana Madrigal Society and others.

Later, having married a fellow IBM colleague and adopted two sons, she moved to work for F International, a largely female company, where the central group at office
parties, busy talking shop, were women; husbands or boyfriends lurked around the outside, with nothing much to say to one another. Perhaps taking this role-reversal too far, the managing director, having given birth, was back at work within 24 hours.

One advantage of this organization was that it expected employees to do a lot of work at home, which made it easy for Christine to move to Bath in 1976, where her husband had a short contract. They enjoyed it so much that they continued living there up to the present.

Most of this time was spent in a large Queen Anne house with an extensive garden running down to the river. Christine was able to manage this house and her teams of programmers, raise her two boys and be Chairman of the Planning Committee of the local Parish Council, all while pursuing an active social and political life.

After a few years, however, she had to cut down on some activities and, finally, in 1988 she was diagnosed with Parkinson’s. It was a slow decline until she had to enter a nursing home three years ago. But she still did cryptic crosswords and recited great lengths of poetry from memory. She enjoyed concerts on Radio 3 and wanted others to share such civilizing activities.

Christine is survived by me, her husband, Peter and son Alexander.

Peter Davis

In Memoriam
Margaret Hardcastle (1954)
25 May 1935 – 4 April 2016

Margaret was an outstanding teacher who, while head of the history department at Wakefield Girls’ High School, enthused a generation of history students; several of her pupils have risen to high office in our national life or achievement in cultural spheres. Her teaching was scholarly but her lessons were often entertaining, as when she ended a lesson omitting the punch line when recounting a dramatic event. Margaret’s decision to teach was influenced by Marjorie Reeves by whom she was tutored both in mediaeval English history and in the newly-revived special subject on Politics in Florence in the Age of Dante.

Margaret served for many years on the Joint Matriculation Board, involved in developing the curriculum on history and in archaeology, attested by the large piles of meeting papers in her study. She was involved in research on several villages in Yorkshire, Cumbria and southern Scotland.

In her teens and early-twenties, Margaret enjoyed many walking and cycling holidays – she loved the countryside, especially that of her native Yorkshire, also the Lake District and the Highlands. In the 1960s and 1970s she used her geographical knowledge and map reading skills to plan and organize holidays with friends, always with a substantial historical and sightseeing content, in France, the mainland and islands of Greece, and in Turkey. In the early-1970s, when the Historical Association ran a pioneering holiday to China, among the participants were Margaret, Ella Simpson and I, friends since meeting on a train returning to Yorkshire after sitting the College entrance exam, together with our tutor Marjorie Reeves. A photo of us on the Great Wall appeared in The Ship.

Margaret was a keen musician. She played the piano, reaching grade 7 at the age of 14, and accompanied school choirs. She had a rich alto voice and at Oxford sang in the Bach choir. After graduating, she joined the Huddersfield Choral Society and was a member for 36 years, serving on the Society’s committee for 30 years, frequently writing programme notes for the Choir’s concerts and taking part in its tours and recordings. She was a great opera enthusiast. For 50 years she went to Glyndebourne every year and in her sixties and seventies was a member of the Glyndebourne Festival Society.
Several of Margaret’s ancestors had been Methodist ministers. While at Oxford she was a member of the John Wesley Society. She was a member of the Huddersfield Methodist Mission’s Governing Committee and at services would accompany hymn singing when needed.

Margaret was a keen member of and generous donor to the National Trust and was nominated a grand patron in her final years. Sadly, it was after attending a National Trust event hosted by Prince Charles in Windsor Castle several years ago, that Margaret sustained a heavy fall from which she never fully recovered.

Jill Hume (1954)

In memoriam
Deborah Gyllian Jackson (Mansergh 1953)
1 November 1933 – 4 May 2015

Deborah was an amazing person who lived an interesting and fulfilling life. But when I asked her to contribute a biography to *Cambridge Lives*, the collection of memoirs of Cambridge Branch members, she said no, her life was not interesting enough.

Judge for yourself!

Deborah spent most of her childhood in South Africa, where her father was head of Hilton College. She returned to England for secondary education, and spent her school holidays helping on the farm that her parents had bought in Cornwall. Her interest in farming stayed with her all the rest of her life.

At Oxford, where she studied modern languages, she was one of a group of friends who shared a house. She enjoyed annual reunions with her college friends. Deborah was excellent at sport: she played lacrosse for Oxford and later for Cambridge. She taught her children to swim and play tennis.

She studied Russian and was enthusiastic about new methods of language teaching. In 1967 she took a course in applied linguistics at Edinburgh University, where she met her husband Ted; they were married in 1968. A few years later, with two young children, she moved to Iran, where Ted was working for the British Council. She quickly learned enough Farsi to do the shopping.

When the family returned to England, Deborah resumed her language teaching part-time, and taught in various schools and colleges. She took great joy in being a mother and grandmother, and was dearly loved by her family.

Although she was always quiet and gentle, she was passionate about social issues, organic farming and the environment. In spite of serious health problems in her later years, she did voluntary work for the CAB in Cambridge, served as a school governor, and taught a U3A French class. She faithfully attended sessions of Sustainable Uttlesford in Saffron Walden, and was an enthusiastic WI member.

Deborah had a deep Christian faith.

She was active in Quaker meetings and continued to attend Church whenever she could.

Deborah was an active member of the Cambridge Branch. I got to know her in 2004 when we were both ‘volunteered’ to help Sarah McCabe plan and carry out her famous strawberry parties. Working with Deborah, and Sarah, was a delight. Deborah had a depth to her, a kind of stealth technology, that did not show on the surface. She was certainly quiet and gentle, but underneath was the steel that must have made her a formidable lacrosse player. Her daughter, Eleanor, remembered at her funeral that, when she was a child, she used to tell her mother that she was beautiful. Deborah disagreed, but, just as in saying her life was uninteresting, she was wrong. Photos show a beautiful young woman, and the woman I knew was both strong and beautiful. I can still see her, standing in Sarah’s kitchen in her pinny, ready to take on whatever needed doing.

Linda Deer Richardson

Thanks to Deborah’s family for the use of her biography.
In memoriam
Professor Terry Jones
14 February 1939 – 14 September 2015

Professor Terence Valentine Jones was an inspirational leader, a compulsive innovator, an inventor of genius and a brilliant all-round teacher. He had boundless enthusiasm and a genuine warmth appreciated by all who knew him. He was acknowledged throughout the world as one of the legends of high speed flow and heat transfer.

Terry graduated as a physicist from Oxford. He joined the Department of Engineering Science at Oxford as a doctoral research student. In 1968 he and his DPhil supervisor, Don Schultz, realized that the short duration wind tunnels and innovative heat transfer instrumentation used to study hypersonic flow could be profitably applied to gas turbine heat transfer and aerodynamics. They convinced Rolls Royce that Oxford had much to offer and started a partnership with the company which prospers to this day. Terry invented the first of many new wind tunnels, the Isentropic Light Piston Tunnel (ILPT). He and Don encouraged the University to buy the old Oxford Power Station which became the first Osney Laboratory.

The Osney Turbomachinery Group prospered and in 1975 they built a large ILPT, to Terry’s design, to test turbine cascades. This became the Oxford Rotor and is still in use. This was so successful that the National Gas Turbine Establishment (later to become QinetiQ) commissioned the research group to build a larger ILPT. This operated on the Pyestock and Farnborough sites for about 20 years. Recently, when QinetiQ closed down their turbomachinery research, Rolls Royce financed the tunnel’s return to Oxford, where it continues as the Oxford Turbine Research and is testimony to Terry’s innovative skills.

After Don Schultz died in 1987, it was appropriate that Terry should take over the leadership of the Osney group. In 1988 Terry was elected as the first Donald Schultz Professor of Turbomachinery. He moved from St Anne’s to a Professorial fellowship at St Catherine’s where he continued to expand the group adding more facilities and researchers.

Terry was the first to see that thermochromic liquid crystals could be used to measure heat transfer and this flowered into new techniques, now in use world-wide. As well as turbomachinery, Terry worked on innovative measurement techniques, industrial air coolers and cooling towers, molecular beams, shock waves and hypersonics. He published over 200 academic papers. He supervised 50 research students, instilling his rigorous methods and sense of discovery.

Terry was a gentleman, in every sense of the word. He shared his ideas generously, and always gave his time freely to all who sat with him in his ‘power station superintendent’s office’. Of course, this also meant that his meetings often finished late, as he continuously enthused over new concepts and ideas.

His fundamental approach to research problems won him great respect and affection from all who worked with him. His considerable achievements were recognized in the wider world. He led a team that was awarded the 1996 Royal Society Energy Award, complete with Gold Medals. He was a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society, a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Engineering and an Associate Fellow of the AIAA. In 2011, he was awarded the prestigious Silver Medal by the Royal Aeronautical Society for his lifetime contributions to aerospace. And, as recently as 2014, he was awarded a lifetime achievement award by the Mathematical, Physical & Life Sciences Division at Oxford.

The last decade was not kind to Terry, as he battled illness. He showed remarkable fortitude, remained cheerful of spirit and continued to participate in research projects, helping many of the latest
generation of students. He will be sadly missed.

**Peter Ireland** and **Martin Oldfield**

Ruth Deech adds:

Terry was a College man. Of course he was a researcher and a brilliant scientist, but for me and the women of St Anne’s, as we mostly were in the early-1980s, he was our dream Fellow. I am so glad he was there at a crucial time in our history. He was appointed as part of the drive to get more science Fellows and students after we went mixed in 1979. He was just the man to help us with the gradual build up of a first-rate school of engineering, from rudimentary to full size – as he did. It is fitting that we commemorate him here in a college, and from a college standpoint, because he was the embodiment of a university tutor that is rare, and may not be found or valued as much in future. He was the type of tutor that clever Freshers came to Oxford to find. Because he was uniquely able to balance the demands of research, supervision, teaching and administration in an equal fashion, he never made anyone demanding one of those services feel that he was giving priority to something else. His undergraduates felt he was their priority, as did his doctoral students at Osney, and the College. He didn’t count the hours. He was always generous with his time to discuss science and engineering and always on the look out for a new idea, no matter how busy. He loved jogging and would end his jog in the lab late at night to see what was going on, while boasting, I am told, of his low heart rate. Fellows of his generation – and mine – would spend extra hours with students who needed their help, would give them mock vivas, and would be happy to volunteer to serve their colleges, as Terry did, in administrative roles. Today’s pressures, the conformity demanded by assessment methods, and cuts mean we may not get that full-time dedication and respect for teaching as once we did.

Terry played a full part in university committees and also as Dean of the College. A perfect choice. He was my right hand man as Pro-Proctor in 1984 when I was Senior Proctor. One of the duties of the Proctors is to represent the University at the Oxford Remembrance Day parade by standing on a podium outside St John’s for some hours. It was a chilly November day. Shortly before the date an anonymous package of thermal underwear turned up in my pigeon hole in College. I now know that Terry’s specialty was ‘heat transfer’! And we shared the effort of giving up smoking around that time.

As one of his supervisees reported, Terry had told him that it was important for the University to remember that its primary purpose is to educate, and in this he was outstandingly successful. He went far beyond producing good scientists and engineers; he created an atmosphere of warmth and happiness at Osney that meant his team were all better people for knowing him. One said that he was the finest engineer and most inspirational teacher he had ever known; another that he had had an impact on their lives way beyond the successful thesis and career, spreading into their attitude to life and to problems encountered on the way. Another said, ‘My greatest supervisor, and I learned a lot more than engineering from Terry. We idolised him,’ adding that everyone who had a successful career in engineering after Oxford owed it to Terry.

Inspiration is the word that came to mind from so many of his students. One former student said that to him, the solution to a difficult research problem was as elusive as wildlife in a vast forest. But with Terry, it was as if a coat of snow had fallen on the ground, revealing in the woods the track of every rabbit, fox, squirrel and mole. Terry made visible that which was invisible to those who were too close to it.

Those who knew him recall charm, dignity, steeliness, a brilliant intellect, exuberance, enthusiasm, attracting respect and affection from his supervisees, passion, positivity, curiosity, innovation, calm, gentle, depth of knowledge, speed of thinking, lively and engaging presence, full of good natured humour, born experimentalist in and out of the lab, creative, patient, modest, kind, understated, courteous, farsighted, strategic and loyal. He was unflappable, fun, collegial, approachable, down to earth. He thought the best of everyone, laughed rather than complained when he was let
down. He had a huge impact on many lives. His advice was to avoid upsetting others even if annoyed, and to think long and hard before expressing anger. He had the rare gift of sharing his outside life with colleagues: his paragliding, for which he would cut a supervision short if the weather was just right; missing a ferry back to Britain in order to track down the best chocolatier in Bruges; never averse to telling a story against himself and educating by example not by preaching.

No one had a bad word to say about him and he never had a bad word to say about anyone else. His life was shorter than it should have been, but he lived it to the full. There is the painful awareness of a gap left, irreplaceable in College and Osney life, irreplaceable for his family, and irreplaceable in the fate and fortunes of students. But in another sense, in no way has Terry left us. He made the world a better place. His legacy is all around, indeed, it is not a legacy but a living joy, because his teaching, his solutions, his methods and his temperament were handed on to his research students, and from them to theirs, and on down the generations of engineers. The Terry Jones style is eternal.

Ruth Deech

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In memoriam  
Valerie Pearl (Bence 1946)  
31 December 1926 – 20 February 2016

My mother, Valerie Pearl was born 31 December 1926, in Newport, Gwent. She attended King Edward VI’s High School, Edgbaston, where she was Head Girl and won an Exhibition to St Anne’s to read History in 1946. Her Oxford DPhil was awarded in 1954.

Valerie was an influential historian of the seventeenth century, bridging the political divide between the Marxists (Christopher Hill was her DPhil supervisor and she and Morris, my father, lodged with the Hills as graduate students) on one side, and the Revisionists, particularly Hugh Trevor Roper, who became a close friend and whose scholarship was a model for her, on the other. Her ground-breaking book on city politics, London and the Outbreak of the Puritan Revolution (OUP, 1961), won many plaudits. It changed ideas about London in the period as well as the Civil War. Despite being in the middle politically, she had an edge of radicalism, critical of historical orthodoxies and the ‘doom and gloom’ school of historians, whom she thought sentimentalized and patronized the past.

She became a Research Fellow and Lecturer at Somerville before being appointed to a Readership at University College London in 1968, and Chair in 1976. As Professor of the History of London she was one of only a handful of women professors at London University at that time. She founded and edited The London Journal, an interdisciplinary periodical about the metropolis past and present, and was the first female Director of the Royal Historical Society. She also loved teaching, particularly her UCL graduate seminar in the 1970s, and relished a visiting professorship at Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania and lecture tours of India and Israel.

In 1981 she became the second President of New Hall, Cambridge, now Murray Edwards, and still proudly women-only. Her great achievement was to expand the college, both in physical buildings (through an innovative relationship with a Japanese Foundation) and in student and staff numbers. During her time the college grew by 25 per cent and climbed the academic league tables. She tirelessly promoted New Hall, which at that time was seen as on the fringes of Cambridge both academically and culturally, and helped it to become outward looking and at the centre of the life of the University. Starting the New Hall Women's
Art Collection, as a legacy of feminist artist Mary Kelly’s residency, was important. It now numbers many hundreds of works and has helped cement the reputation of Murray Edwards as a creative, un-stuffy and inspirational place to study.

Among other distinctions, St Anne’s appointed her an Honorary Fellow in 1994.

Valerie met her husband, Morris, who died in 2000, when they were both undergraduates. They often reminisced about their Oxford days, in particular the nightly evasion of the rather innocent nuns who were in charge of the St Anne’s hostel, Springfield St Mary, where she lived. I was born in 1955 and am also a St Anne’s alumna. Valerie was very close to her granddaughter, Rebecca, who continued the Oxonian tradition at Wadham.

Sara Holdsworth (Pearl 1974)

In memoriam
Rosemary Pountney (1969)
31 July 1937 – 30 March 2016

Rosemary Pountney had an international reputation as actor and scholar. She first attracted public notice as a schoolgirl of nineteen playing two formidable elderly ladies, Mrs Guzzard in T S Eliot’s The Confidential Clerk and Lady Bracknell in Wilde’s The Importance of Being Earnest. Her first roles precociously prefigured her subsequent portrayals of the dying and dead women of Beckett’s solo plays, Footfalls, Not I, and Rockaby. She jettisoned a place at Birmingham University in order to train for the stage, and only began her academic career late, first as a senior status undergraduate, and then postgraduate, at St Anne’s, in order to write her seminal DPhil. thesis on the manuscript development and literary structure of Beckett’s plays (‘the happiest time of my life’). In the later stages of her research she premiered Footfalls and Not I in Dublin in 1978, corresponded with Beckett, met him, and discussed his work with him. The fruit of her research, The Art of Shadows: Samuel Beckett’s drama 1956-76, was published in 1988. The rest of Rosemary’s life was divided between teaching contemporary drama at Winchester, Oxford (Jesus College, St Cross, and St Anne’s), and elsewhere; lecturing on Beckett; and performing his and other plays. An inveterate voyager, often recklessly disdaining health insurance even under the threat of imminent illness, she followed her triple passions for drama, teaching and travel throughout the English-speaking world.

Big-boned and hardy-handsome, the irrepressible victim of many vicissitudes, enviably endowed with defiant vivacity and great personal warmth, her final victory was to still the menace of terminal cancer by writing a valedictory autobiographical sequence sparking between prose and poetry, tentatively titled Flashes from All Over. To friends she said that, like Beckett, she wished to leave ‘a stain upon the silence’. The difference between her image, and his, is telling. She was a lifelong lover of bright clothes. Her flamboyant hats horrified her younger and more circumspect brother. And her memories are radiant. As a small child at her first post-war birthday party, she was ‘dazzled by coloured balloons, such things not seen in war’. On her first major expedition – a £500 Pan Am bargain ticket to go around the world in 80 days (a post-DPhil celebration) – she noticed ‘buffaloes with painted horns near Agra … Udaipur’s Lake Palace Hotel, an island of white lace transformed into architecture, brilliantly coloured creepers blazing against courtyard walls’. Another trip, from Samarkand to Bokhara, brought ‘sky blue domes, tiles fraying, spikily crowned with storks’ nests.’ Her eye was caught by a camel-drawn lawn-mower beside the Taj Mahal, and in Soviet Ulan Bhator, she noted wryly, ‘all the statues seem to be firing at the public’.

As an actress and discriminating lover of
Obituaries

literature, Rosemary naturally focussed on detail. When she played the restless ghostly May in *Footfalls*, her original Dublin director had required ‘a leonine pacing’ across the stage. In a later, private discussion, Beckett confirmed her opposite instinct: ‘A rasping shuffle was what he had in mind … achieved with emery boards attached to the soles of ballet shoes.’ Beckett was also anxious to have May’s pacing slow and finally stop in her last lap. ‘Like an old wind-up gramophone?’ Rosemary asked. ‘Yes. Exactly like that.’

**Imagination Shortfall**

I was visited last week by my ‘End of Life’ nurse – guaranteed to make one feel better.

What a title!

Couldn’t they have found a better name for her?

She spoke in honeyed tones which made me want to vomit, ‘Get her out!’ my head was screaming –

But she stayed two hours.

Questions, questions, on and on slowly noting it all down:

“Where do you want to die?”

“I don’t” was my reply.

**Ann Pasternak Slater**

**In memoriam**

**Elisabeth Prideaux (Griffin 1963)**

5 May 1945 – 10 June 2016

Bess was born in the Caribbean, on the island of Antigua, the daughter of a doctor and a nurse. Her childhood was idyllic and she described to her family how she spent carefree days cycling through the cane fields of St Kitts. It would have been a real shock to arrive in London in 1953, aged eight. She came over with her mother and sister, Mary, to see the Coronation and to further her schooling. An England just recovering from the war and with rationing still in place must have seemed a world away from the sunshine of the Caribbean.

Bess, however, was always quietly determined and this won her a place at St Anne’s to read Law, for which her quick, acute intelligence was particularly suited. Here she met a group of like-minded women who, she said, had a profound influence on her character and outlook. These were friends for life and she was in touch with them regularly, the last occasion just a few weeks before she died.

After Oxford, Bess moved back to the Caribbean for a period, to Montserrat where her parents were then living, taking her place as the first woman barrister on the island. She was very proud of this achievement, and kept all the press cuttings. One in particular, from the New York Post, her family treasure. It reads: ‘Calypso Isle Gets Girl Lawyer’.

She returned to England and in 1970 married Andrew. Soon Michael and Louisa were born and her life revolved around family in Tunbridge Wells and later Eridge, with lots of fun and games, jigsaws and riding, a time of great happiness. At the same time, she was lecturing in Law at
West Kent College, Tonbridge. When, in 1993 she moved back to London, she began teaching at the Inns of Court School of Law where she had a reputation for being exceptionally strict, a force to be reckoned with. Here, too, she made really good friends, and much-valued intellectual companions.

When Louisa became ill, Bess had to give up the teaching she loved and devote herself to caring for her. This was a difficult time, as her own health had started to deteriorate, but she nursed Louisa to the end, making sure she had the very best care and all the love she could give, whatever the cost to herself. Her family remember especially her sense of fun and her great enjoyment in playing games together. Holidays on the Isle of Wight always included long evening sessions of racing demon. And she was a very involved granny: she visited her three grandchildren every Friday.

Bess never lost her interest in other people, or her keenness to engage with those she met and express her strongly held political views. This could be a real challenge when finding carers, as her criteria included not just whether they could do the job: she also wanted an interesting back-story and a university degree or two, so that she could discuss the issues of the day over tea in the morning. She was a woman of principle and this manifested itself in every aspect of her life – she so disapproved of Amazon and its corporate tax policy that she refused ever to use it, though in recent years it would have made her life much easier.

Jennifer Baines (Smith 1963) adds: In September 2013 six St Anne’s friends (including Bess and Virginia Rushton) met for a few days to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of our first meeting in Bevington Road in 1963, the first time we had all six met for 30 years. We were based near Stockbridge, where Bess lived and, as she was housebound, we all visited her every day. Though in failing physical health, she astounded us with her stamina and her astute observations; her analyses of matters public and private proved that she had lost none of her forensic brilliance and wit.

Adapted by Jennifer Baines and others from the address given at her funeral by Michael Prideaux.

In memoriam
Mariabella Rosalind Richards (Gardiner 1957)
22 November 1938 – 1 March 2016

Rosalind was born and grew up in the idyllic surroundings of Springhead, Fontmell Magna, a location with which she was inextricably linked for her entire life. After leaving to go to Oxford, and then later raising a family first in London and then in Yorkshire, she returned to Dorset more than 20 years ago and began the renaissance of the elegant lakeside gardens.

After ten years of work, the challenge to make the garden interesting all year round has been met. A rich variety of plantings and landscaping provide variety, colour and form for every season.

Many trees and shrubs and bulbs have been planted, borders restored and new ones created, vistas have been opened up, paths widened, new walkways constructed and bridges replaced, secret places discovered and made inviting. Although work on the garden continues in order to fit it for use by groups of all ages, the essential atmosphere and magic have been preserved, especially the sense of mystery at the springs.

Rosalind was a woman of many talents – a musician, teacher and gardener. She was renowned for her enormous energy, passion and drive, often being described as a ‘force of nature’. Over the past two decades, under her guidance, the gardens at Springhead have been gradually coaxed back to their former glory and the air regularly filled with music.
Even as her health was starting to fail she still managed to design and oversee the construction of one of the grandest features of the gardens – the grass amphitheatre. Her dream of having a Shakespeare play performed in front of the grass amphitheatre by the lake was finally realized on a balmy summer’s night in 2015 when nearly 200 people gathered to enjoy a performance of *The Tempest*.

Her death is a huge loss to her family and to all those connected with Springhead. She leaves three daughters, Polly, Corinna and Tiffany, and a vast hole in Dorset society. However, she also leaves a legacy – an indelible stamp on a small part of Dorset which will endure for decades if not for centuries.

**Courtesey The Springhead Trust**

**In memoriam**

**Virginia Susan Medlycott Rushton (Jones 1963)**

25 April 1944 – 14 May 2015

Before Oxford, Virginia worked as an au pair in Paris looking after a naughty eight-year-old, Nicholas Sarkozy: a bracing preparation for reading French at St Anne’s. Oxford was an important time for Virginia and her college friends remained important all her life; they still recall her fair hair flying, her animation, her laughter and her singing in the corridor. Her energy and administrative skills benefited the college both in her capacity as JCR Vice-President and later as the founder of the North East branch of the St Anne’s Society.

Singing was Virginia’s greatest pleasure and the source of many friends, but her practical and organizational flair soon became apparent. She formed her own choir, the Polyphonic Singers. Her St Anne’s friends were roped in to this and her madrigal groups, and Annie Hunt has a memory of her and Virginia in skimpy brownie costumes providing musical accompaniment to *Twelfth Night* in Merton College gardens. Soon, however, she was accepted by Schola Cantorum and sang round the world with them.

By now Virginia had already acquired her reputation for elegance. Her first Oxford room at Bevington Road was an attractive, welcoming haven with a stylish coffee table and white porcelain teapot. Later, Sunday lunches appeared magically in her bed-sit in the Cowley Road; all her houses featured carefully chosen pictures and ornaments reflecting her individual taste, and delicious food on immaculately laid tables.

After graduation Virginia took a secretarial course and then worked for the University of Oxford Extra-Mural Studies Department. It was at Oxford that she met and married Julian and moved with him round other university cities: Norwich for UEA (where she did an MA in French and English Drama), Cambridge and Leeds. A loving and supportive mother and very proud of her sons Thomas and Edward, she was the first port of call for her family and gave unstintingly of herself whenever they needed her. She loved inventing games for her grandchildren to play and it was a special treat to have the whole family for Christmas.

Meanwhile she studied as a professional soprano under Laura Sarti, Paul Hamburger and Morag Noble. She appeared as a soloist in Israel, Ireland, Canada, The Netherlands and also developed lecture recitals on the Brontes. A fellow Schola member recalls her singing the Queen of the Night’s aria at a concert in Leeds with ‘such tremendous feeling and beauty – it was wonderful’.

Virginia was an inspiring music teacher who had the gift of releasing the creativity in others, whether adults or children. She set up the Second Chance Choir for people who had been told that they could not sing, opening up a world of music and creativity for them and winning a BBC Performing Arts award. She founded, raised funds
Obituaries

for and ran Operahouse Music Projects, a wonderful charity for which she devised projects ranging from inter-generational musical creations in inner London schools to inter-disciplinary projects involving the entire community of the Isle of Arran. Her ten years as a trustee of the Bronte Society and time on a variety of PCCs provided her with other opportunities to contribute her skills.

Virginia was a keen and knowledgeable gardener to whom the natural world often had a spiritual dimension. Her Christian faith was deeply important to her and she drew support from it in life’s crises. From time to time she contemplated some more formal study of theology, but no time was left for her projected Master’s degree. She found comfort in the great prayers of the Church especially in her last, difficult days.

Her Christianity was outward looking. She was the first to reach out when others were in trouble and was always loyally there for her friends. Her care for others was also seen in her long years on the Executive Committee and Council of the Incorporated Society of Musicians where she played an important role in the Benevolent Fund. When she moved to London about fifteen years ago, she threw herself into her new life: taught music, started choirs, developed charities, joined a theology group. Similarly, on her recent move back to Leeds, she showed typical flair when completely redesigning her charming old cottage and garden.

Virginia touched people in a way that changed their lives for the better and her honesty and integrity had an effect on those around her. As was said of another Virginia: ‘I always felt on leaving her that I had drunk two glasses of an excellent champagne. She was a life-enhancer.’

Adapted by Jennifer Baines and others from the address given at her funeral by Timothy Walker.

In Memoriam
Joan Cicely Saxton (Clark 1949)
27 February 1930 – 8 April 2015

Joan was born in Brighton, the second daughter of John and Cecilia Virginia Clark. She had a happy childhood, enjoying long walks in the Sussex Downs with her family – her father, although gassed in the Great War, was sufficiently well to accompany them and communicate his knowledge of the Sussex flora, which Joan never forgot.

In 1940, she was evacuated and billeted with the Townley family in an isolated cottage near Austwick, North Yorkshire with no electricity and no running water. The school had only one class and on Friday afternoons, pupils were required to rearrange the furniture so that the premises could be used as a Church on Sunday. She returned to Brighton and took her school certificate in 1946.

Joan went up to Oxford in 1949, where she existed on an extremely low budget living hand-to-mouth. Following her degree, she became a teacher at the North London Collegiate School, an independent school where she taught several of the Labour Cabinet’s offspring, including those of Douglas Jay, Hugh Gaitskell and others.

Joan stayed there for five years, until she married in August 1958 and moved to Leeds, where she became Head of Chemistry at Allerton High School. Helen was born in March 1962 and John in December 1963.

In 1968, she joined Lawnswood School, and in 1970 moved to Roundhay High School, where she resumed her real love, preparing pupils for university and, where appropriate, for Oxford or Cambridge. In 1971, Leeds Girls’ High School approached her with an offer to teach part-time there. She accepted and stayed there until her retirement, soon becoming a full-time
teacher and then Head of Chemistry. Her students’ results at A Level were outstanding and there were occasions when chemistry was so popular that the number of girls reading the subject exceeded those reading English. She prepared several generations of girls for University, including Oxford and St Anne’s. In 1992 she retired to Bramhope, West Yorkshire, with her husband.

Joan had a firm Christian faith and was a person of high principle never afraid to speak her mind. She was vivacious, made friends easily and was a good conversationalist. She remained lucid and alert to her last day. She entered into everything that interested her with enthusiasm and ingenuity. Joan was a voracious reader of everything from the English classics, to poetry, early science fiction and the current popular favourites. She was also a skilled dressmaker, a skill she learned from her mother, who worked for many years for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. She made many of the children’s and her own clothes to a high professional standard.

Joan loved and took great pride in her garden, and delighted in the birds who enjoyed its feeding stations thanks to the crude but effective anti-squirrel device she had invented. Unaware of her effect on everyone she encountered she taught us all so much by being the person she was: her warmth and generosity of spirit, her kindness and thoughtfulness, her honesty, enthusiasm and integrity, her love for and justifiable pride in her family.

Marian Osborne, our friend from her years in St Anne’s and one of Joan’s bridesmaids adds:

‘All my recollections of her – most of them from our younger days, of course – seem to make me smile. She had such relish for so many aspects of life and such confidence in it and seemed to ride every difficulty with ease and just enjoy doing it. I enjoyed her clear, vigorous thinking and what seemed a sort of heightened, enlightened common sense. And I loved her sense of fun and her faithfulness as a friend, even at a distance.’

J Edwin Saxton (husband)

In memoriam
Ruth Eleanor Tait (1974)
4 February 1953 – 26 November 2015

Ruth passed quietly away in London, England, on November 26, 2015, surrounded by her family and dear friends. Ruth was a loving wife to Andrew Doman, absolutely adored mother to Alex and Nicky Doman, a beloved sister to Pamela Bell (the late Tom Bell), the late John Tait (Sonia Plourde), the late Jim Tait (Cathie Chartrand), and her twin, David Tait (Andrée McNamara) and a most cherished aunt to Catherine, Jennifer, Kimberley, Kristin, Caley, Jamie and Chloé. Ruth was the daughter of the late Eleanor (nee Raymond) and the late Jack Tait. She was educated in Montreal at The Study and Neuchâtel, Switzerland. She graduated from Harvard University in comparative literature and from Oxford University in philosophy, politics and economics. Ruth had a distinguished business career in executive search and coaching. She was a gifted writer. In 1995 she published a book, Roads to the Top, an account of the journey of top business leaders in the UK. Ruth strongly believed in humanitarian efforts and was generous with her time and resources in contributing to many organizations. She was a shining light! “To know her was to love her,” in the words of one of her friends. Ruth had a lively intellect and zest for life. Her smile, warmth, compassion and generosity of spirit lit up the world…as did her hearty laugh! She was profoundly touched by the outpouring of love that she received in the last year. Thank you to all dear friends who so whole heartedly reached out to her. She lived and died understanding how much she was valued and loved. In the words of Raymond Carver:

‘And did you get what you wanted from this life, even so?
I did.

And what did you want?
To call myself beloved, to feel myself beloved on this earth.’

And so it came to be for Ruth.

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A total of £4,529,035 was gifted by St Anne’s alumnae, parents and friends between 1 August 2014 and 31 July 2015, to the following funds.

**Annual Fund** (greatest current College need): £536,929

**Student Bursaries and Scholarships**

- ASM Graduate Bursary: £500
- Bursary Fund: £15,957
- Claire Palley Bursary Fund: £8,000
- Dorothy Bednarowska Bursary Fund: £690
- English Henson Prize: £625
- GDST Bursary Scheme: £1,000
- Graduate Development Scheme: £375
- Hardship Fund: £500
- Jim Stanfield Memorial Fund: £4,267
- Kuala Lumpur Summer School: £25,000
- Marianne Fillenz Memorial Fund: £375
- Marjorie Reeves Memorial Fund: £1,576
- Monroe Bursary Fund: £400,000
- Sarah McCabe Bursary Fund: £131
- The 1979-1989 Endowed Bursary Fund: £125
- The Irene Dorner Bursary Fund: £25,000
- Year of 1955 Bursary: £60
- Year of 1962 Bursary: £588
- Law Book Bursaries: £1,000

**Student accommodation and buildings**

- Kitchen Fund: £1,150
- Front of College: £3,197,670
- Building Fund: £57,227

**Teaching Support**

- Classics Fellowship: £2,568
- English Appeal: £125
- Centre for Personalised Medicine: £90,000
- OCCT: £15,000
- Gabriele Taylor Fellowship in Philosophy: £13,925
- Ioma Evans-Pritchard Fund: £5
- Mathematical Sciences Fund: £92,697
- Devaki Jain Annual Lecture Fund: £20,000

**Library Provision**

- Library Fund: £206
- PPE Library: £4,763

**St Anne’s College Boat Club**

- Boat Club: £2,574
- Boat Club Sponsored Row: £7,598

Many of the fund totals are greater than the figures stated here which refer only to last year’s donations.

The Principal and Fellows acknowledge with deep gratitude the following alumnae and friends for their gifts (1 August 2014 to 31 July 2015):

**Pre-1944**

- Batchelor (Brown), Jean: 1944
- Beatty (Cocker), Audrey: 1944
- Beasley (Ridehalgh), Ruth: 1938
- Blake, Mary: 1941
- Bousfield (Calvert-Smith), Pamela: 1941
- Burt (Waite), Audrey: 1942
- Chapman, Gwendolen: 1944
- Duncombe, Ruth: 1942
- Hedges (Young), Wendy: 1944
- Horder (Wilson), Elizabeth: 1939

**1945 to 1949**

- Baier (Howe), Ursula: 1948
- Bailey, Margaret: 1948
- Baird (Dutton), Audrey: 1945
- Barclay (Hurst), Joan: 1949
- Barnes (Ponsonby), Mary: 1945
- Bowen (Williams), Ursula: 1949
- Budg (Parr), Megan: 1945
- Cosh, Mary: 1946
- Crawford (Reynolds), Elizabeth: 1946
- Forster, Helen: 1946
- Glynne, Dilya: 1948
- Gordon (Landau), Sylvia: 1948
- Hale, Barbara: 1948
- Honoré (Duncian), Deborah: 1948
- Horton (Butler), Carol: 1948
- Humphreys (Smith), Carol: 1948
- Jackson (Hurley), Barbara: 1945
- Jones, Madeline: 1949
- Kaye, Elaine: 1948
- Lewis, Keri: 1947
- Lowis (Harding), Olive: 1949
- MacDermott (Adshead), Mercia: 1945
- Markus (Cotter), Patricia: 1948
- Martin (Sandie), Patricia: 1948
- Matthews (Greenshields), Daphne: 1948
- Micklem (Monro), Ruth: 1949
- Milton (Ward), Irene: 1948
- Moffat (Black), Margaret: 1946
- O’Flynn (Brewster), Hazel: 1946
- Osborne, Marian: 1949
- Peaden (Morns), Valerie: 1945
- Price, Maureen: 1948
- Rogers (Edmonds), Gillian: 1947

**1950 to 1954**

- Allen (Franklin), Jennifer: 1951
- Amherst (Davies), Ann: 1951
- Arnold (Roberts), Anthea: 1954
- Bagley (Tong), Margaret: 1952
- Barlow (Finn), Maureen: 1950
- Barry (Morns), Elaine: 1951
- Beer (Thomas), Gillian: 1954
- Bergson (Leinson), Deidre: 1951
- Birch, Margaret: 1953
- Bobry (Stuce), Julia: 1954
- Brooking-Bryant (Walton), Audrey: 1953
- Brumfit (Ford), Margaret: 1954
- Bull (File), Anne: 1952
- Carus (Bishop), Sally: 1954
- Clover, Shirley: 1953
- Crockford (Brocklesby), Freda: 1952
- Dicker (Hallam), Sylvia: 1954
- Driver (Perfect), Margaret: 1951
- Dunkley (Eastman), Shirley: 1953
- Evans (Wightwick), Sylvia: 1951
- Evans (Trevithick), Elaine: 1953
- Everest-Phillips (Everest), Anne: 1950
- Eyseenbach, Mary: 1954
- Fairn, Alison: 1952
- Farris, Dianne: 1951
- Fox (Wheeler), Rosemary: 1951
- Gazdzik, Barbara: 1951
- Hallaway, Mary: 1950
- Harman (Bridgeman), Erica: 1952
- Hartman (Carter), Pauline: 1951
- Headley (Pinder), Mary: 1954
- Heath, Mary: 1950
- Hills (Earl), Audrey: 1954
- Smith (Gane), Ann: 1949
- Sparks (Davy), Margaret: 1949
- Strawson, Ann: 1946
- Stuart-Smith (Motion), Joan: 1948
- Tuckwell (Bacon), Margaret: 1949
- Venables (Richards), Ann: 1949
- Walters (Purcell), Anne: 1949
- Ward (Hawking), Sheila: 1949
- Whitby (Field), Joy: 1949
- Wolf (Eliot), Elizabeth: 1947
- Wolfe (Bailey), Mary: 1945
- Wolstencroft (Browne), Valerie: 1949
Hodgson (Giles), Dawn: 1952
Holland (Wilson), Valerie: 1952
Howard, Christine: 1953
Jackson (Mansegh), Deborah: 1953
Jessiman (Smith), Maureen: 1953
Julier (Johnson), Liz: 1951
Larkins (Rees), Fay: 1953
Lee (Stankiewicz), Krystyna: 1954
Lewis (Keir), Ann: 1951
Littlewood (Baxter), Joan: 1951
Lively (Low), Penelope: 1951
Loebel (Selipsky), Felice: 1954
Makin (Winchurch), Margaret: 1952
Marlow (Evans), Iris: 1953
McCracken (Chavasse), Gabrielle: 1954
Moughton (Parr), Elizabeth: 1951
Murray (Goffart), Claude: 1950
Newman, Sarah: 1952
Newson (Dawson), Janet: 1954
Orsten, Elisabeth: 1953
Parry (Lennon), Shirley: 1952
Peeler (Wynne), Diana: 1953
Penny (Gross), Jennifer: 1953
Pickersgill Draper (Pickersgill), Mary: 1952
Powell (Masters), Hazel: 1952
Pullar-Strecker (Fraser), Anne: 1954
Reynolds (Morton), Gillian: 1955
Robson (Moses), Anne: 1950
Rose (Clark), Sonia: 1953
Round (Church), Pat: 1951
Sainsbury (Burrows), Gillian: 1950
Saunders (Topley), Ann: 1950
Sherwood (Briggs), Shirley: 1952
Stringer, Judith: 1953
Taylor, Rosemary: 1951
Taylor (Macadam), Helen: 1954
Tomkinson (Minster), Norah: 1952
Tunstall (Mitchell), Olive: 1951
Wharton (McCloskey), Barbara: 1954
White, Gillian: 1951
Wightwick (Lyzel), Pamela: 1950
Williams (Wareing), Teresa: 1951
Wood (Gunning), Maureen: 1952
Wood (Russell), Margaret: 1954

Total given: £139,744

1955 to 1959
Abrams, Evelyn: 1957
Athey (Ogborn), Ruth: 1957
Bacon (Mason), Ann: 1957
Bannister (Taylor), Jean: 1958
Bell (Watt), Christine: 1957
Bernstein (Kidson), Sandra: 1959
Betts (Morgan), Valerie: 1956
Boyce, Susan: 1957
Brendon (Davis), Vvyy: 1959
Brod (Soafaer), Jessica: 1955
Brown (Beer), Christine: 1959
Cameron (Lungoed Thomas), Katherine: 1959
Charlton (Nichols), Anne: 1955
Christenfeld (Vincent-Daviss), Liddie: 1957
Clarke (Wood), Peggy: 1956
Clarke (Gamblin), Alice: 1957
Cochrane (Rose), Margaret: 1956
Collins, Norma: 1958
Colyer (Hibbert), Freda: 1959
Cross (Barlow), Rosemary: 1956
Cviv (Antrobus), Celia: 1955
Davies (Mornement), Margaret: 1956
Davison (Le Brun), Pauline: 1956
Dixon (Gawadi), Aida: 1957
Draper (Fox), Heather: 1957
Everest (Lupton), Diana: 1959
Fenn, Bridget: 1956
Findlay (Boast), Judith: 1959
Finnemore, Judith: 1959
Fleming (Newman), Joan: 1957
Fowler (Loyd), Lorna: 1958
Fuecks (Ford-Smith), Rachel: 1957
Gosling, Margaret: 1955
Graham (Portail), Mary: 1957
Grey (Hughes), Mary: 1959
Griffin (Dresser), Miriam: 1957
Hand (Bavin), Anne: 1957
Hardy (Speller), Janet: 1958
Hartman, Joan: 1958
Hayman (Croy), Janet: 1958
Hennessey (Tildesley), Freda: 1956
Hewitt (Rogerston), Paula: 1955
Home, Anna: 1956
Jain (Mandyam), Devaki: 1959
Jalloq (Taylor), Monica: 1958
Jenkinson (Hamer), Beatrice: 1956
Jones, Grania: 1959
Kenwick, Patricia: 1958
Knowles (Davis), Jane: 1958
Lewis (Hughes), Pauline: 1956
Linton (Stone), Dinah: 1955
MacDennan (Cutter), Helen: 1957
Magne (Lisicky), Vera: 1956
Mantle (Gulliford), Wendy: 1957
Matthias (Leuchars), Elizabeth: 1958
McCarthy (Cook), Jill: 1958
McMaster (Fazan), Juliet: 1956
Mercer, Patricia: 1959
Moore (Slcombe), Anne: 1955
Moreton (Stone), Jane: 1958
Newell, Wendy: 1956
Ockenden (Askwith), Ann: 1955
Ormond (Jasper), Leenee: 1959
Partridge (Hughes), Joan: 1957
Paterson, Mary: 1957
Paton (Hodgkinson), Anne: 1955
Paton Walsh (Bliss), Jill: 1955
Phillips (Simmonds), Anna: 1957
Powell, Helen: 1956
Rees (Jones), Margaret: 1958
Revi (Radford), Ann: 1955
Reynish (Anderson), Hilary: 1958
Reynolds (France), Sian: 1958
Roberts (Armitage), Judith: 1957
Robertson, Valerie: 1955
Robinson (Neal), Patricia: 1958
Rubins (Lewis), Pat: 1957
Rutter, Mary: 1956
Sasse (Robertson), Patricia: 1955
Scott (Groves), Miriam: 1958
Slocock (Whitehead), Gilla: 1955
Smith (Philpott), Christine: 1955
Statham (Mcconville), Daphne: 1958
Stevenson, Patricia: 1955
Stewart, Annabel: 1957
Strang (Nash), Jennifer: 1957
Thompson-McCausland (Smith), Catherine: 1959
Townsend (Meyersberg), Jessica: 1959
Varley (Stephenson), Gwendolen: 1956
Verrall (Silvester), Peggy: 1959
Watts (Webb), Angela: 1956
Wilson, Elizabeth: 1955
Wood (Chatt), Sara: 1958
Young (Clifford), Barbara: 1957

Total given: £50,368

1960 to 1964
Andrews (Devonshire), Irene: 1960
Archer (Weeden), Mary: 1962
Baines (Smith), Jennifer: 1963
Blatchford (Rhodes), Barbara: 1960
Broomhead (Lemon), Christine: 1960
Burling (Hudson), Hilary: 1962
Butcher (Macarthur), Mary: 1963
Buxton (Aston), Margaret: 1962
Coates (Symons), Liz: 1962
Compton (Fennell), Jennifer: 1961
Cook (Gisborne), Janet: 1962
Cour (Smith), Rosie: 1961
Cutler (Mccoll), Veronica: 1960
Darnton (Baker), Jane: 1962
Davey (Maconald), Elizabeth: 1960
Davidson (Russell), Jenny: 1962
Deech (Fraenkel), Ruth: 1962
Dennen (Howard-Johnston), Xenia: 1962
Dionisotti, Carlotta: 1961
Dusinberre (Stainer), Juliet: 1960
Ellis (Barber), Susanne: 1964
Evans (Kruise), Lesley: 1962
Evans (Moss), Isabel: 1964
Forbes, Eda: 1961
Freeman (Davies), Gillian: 1962
Goldsworthy (Wolff), Joanna: 1960
Graves, Lucia: 1962
Hague (Hannington), Judy: 1963
Harris (Dixon), Jennifer: 1963
Harris (Telfer), Judy: 1964
Hasle (Snajdr), Anna: 1962
Hibbard, Caroline: 1964
Howard (Warren), Liz: 1962
Howe (Shumway), Sandra: 1960
Hunt (Siddell), Ann: 1963
Jackson (Edenbrow), Anthea: 1960
Jones Finer (Jones), Catherine: 1960
Julian (Whitworth), Celia: 1964
Killick (Mason), Rachel: 1961
Kirk-Wilson (Matthews), Ruth: 1963
Kuenssberg (Robertson), Sally: 1961
Lambert (Bostock), Nina: 1961
Lang (Wicks), Jacqueline: 1961
Leech (Bailey), Barbara: 1963
Lipscomb (Rickman), Christine: 1963

Thank you

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Mace, Anne: 1962
Malone-Lee (Cockin), Claire: 1964
Mann (Ditchburn), Jill: 1961
Mole (Atkinson), Nuala: 1964
Moore, Susan: 1964
Moss (Flowerdew), Barbara: 1963
Murdin (Milburn), Lesley: 1961
Neville (Clark), Susan: 1960
Newlands (Raworth), Elizabeth: 1960
Newman (Worsdall), Julia: 1961
Packer (Sellick), Sally: 1964
Palmer (Allum), Marilyn: 1962
Paton (Parfitt), Sarah: 1960
Peagram (Jackson), Christine: 1962
Porrer (Dunkerley), Sheila: 1963
Prideaux (Griffin), Elisabeth: 1963
Reid (Massey), Su: 1961
Robbins (Cast), Stephanie: 1964
Robinson (Hinchcliffe), Susan: 1964
Rogers (Shaw), Felicity: 1961
Rushton (Jones), Virginia: 1963
Salinsky (Fasnacht), Mary: 1962
Saunders (Popham), Mary: 1962
Seymour-Richards (Seymour), Carol: 1963
Sheather (Hall), Judith: 1962
Shenton, Joan: 1961
Shipp (Nightingale), Phyllida: 1961
South (Hallett), Vivien: 1964
Spinks (Wallis), Leila: 1964
Stancliffe (Smith), Sarah: 1961
Stuart (Garland), Julia: 1962
Tate (Hardy), Valerie: 1960
Taylor-Terlecka, Nina: 1961
Tindall-Shepherd (Dunn), Wendy: 1963
Tricker (Poole), Marilyn: 1964
Tuck (Pye), Dinah: 1964
van Heyningen, Joanna: 1964
Van Noorden (Raphael), Sally: 1964
Vere (Spalding), Jennifer: 1961
Wagner, Rosemary: 1964
Walton (Turner), Gillian: 1964
Ward (Tubb), Christine: 1962
Waterhouse (Wright), Virginia: 1961
White (Pippin), Ailsa: 1962
Williams (Ferguson), Fiona: 1962
Williamson (Hodson), Valerie: 1960
Wilson (Ridler), Kate: 1961
Wilson (Higgins), Margaret: 1962
Winter (Fountain), Julia: 1960
Woodward (Hagestad), Margaret: 1961
Young (Cowin), Pat: 1961
Total given: £72,541

1965 to 1969
Alexander (Holland), Marguerite: 1965
Axe (Roberts), Patricia: 1965
Axford, Shelagh: 1968
Bazley (Hainton), Joanna: 1965
Belden, Hilary: 1966
Boehm (Lees-Spalding), Jenny: 1965
Breeze (Horsey), Fiona: 1965
Brett-Holt (Roscot), Alex: 1969
Brown (Lichfield Butler), Jane: 1965
Brown, Elaine: 1968
Bryan Schoeber (Bryan), Christine: 1965
Bynoe (Robinson), Geraldine: 1969
Cadwallader (Eckworth), Debby: 1968
Collin (Barlow), Trixie: 1966
Constable, Jeanne: 1969
Conway (Nicholson), Sheila: 1969
Cook (Clark), Cornelia: 1966
Cooper (Alexander), Patricia: 1966
Cooper-Sarkar (Cooper), Amanda: 1968
Coote, Hilary: 1967
Court (Lacey), Liz: 1968
Cowell (Smith), Janice: 1966
Curry (Rouillet), Anne: 1965
Dean (Stater), Valerie: 1966
Deeble, Liz: 1968
Derkow Disselbeck (Derkow), Barbara: 1965
Doran (Savitt), Sue: 1966
Drew, Philippa: 1965
Edgeley (Richards), Wendy: 1966
Edwards (Kent), Pamela: 1966
Ely (Masters), Hilary: 1969
Fairbairn (Raine), Marilyn: 1967
Fairweather (Everard), Pat: 1965
Feldman (Wallace), Teresa: 1968
Ferner (Moss), Celia: 1969
Fisher (Hibbard), Sophia: 1966
Forbes, Anne: 1968
Forrester-Paton (O’Toole), Josephine: 1968
Foster, Shirley: 1969
Fraser, Helen: 1967
Gallant (Cox), Rosamond: 1965
Grocock, Anne: 1965
Halle (Tovey), Helen: 1965
Hall (Wills), Caroline: 1966
Halls (Pettif), Judy: 1967
Hancock (Knox), Janet: 1967
Hanes (Foster), Katharine: 1965
Hare, Diane: 1967
Hart (Salt), Christine: 1966
Harvey, Judith: 1965
Haws (Buckman), Jackie: 1966
Holland (Tracy), Philippa: 1968
Howatson, Margaret: 1967
Hyde (Davis), Ann: 1966
Jefferson (Glees), Ann: 1967
Johnston (Maier), Susanna: 1968
Jones (Farro), Shelagh: 1966
Jordan (Draper), Cheryl: 1965
Kaier, Anne: 1967
Kavanagh (Harries), Shirley: 1968
Keegan, Rachel: 1967
Kenna (Hamilton), Stephanie: 1968
Kerslake, Celia: 1968
Kitson, Clare: 1965
Klouda (Iyengar), Lekha: 1968
Kuter (Howie), Irene: 1967
Lambley (Booth), Janet: 1966
Lamming, Robbie: 1967
Lanning (Creek), Rosemary: 1968
Laycock, Deborah: 1968
Lee, Judy: 1966
Lees (Nelsey), Pamela: 1968
Lurney, Margaret: 1965
Marett, Karen: 1967
Mckenzie (Bowswell), Belinda: 1965
McKenzie (Smith), Hannah: 1967
Morgan (Draper), Sylvia: 1969
Morrison (Hammond), Penny: 1966
Newill (Sykes), Bridget: 1966
Nicoll (Sampson), Cathy: 1966
Ogivie (Milne), Moira: 1965
O’Sullivan, Helen: 1969
Owen (Lyttton), Stephanie: 1969
Pendy (Gard), Patricia: 1966
Perry (Hudson), Penny: 1965
Pilcher (Mason), Anne: 1965
Pratt (Wedderburn), Caroline: 1967
Price (Fox), Meg: 1967
Randolph (Randoff), Sarah: 1967
Reeve, Antonia: 1969
Robinson (Sutton), Jill: 1967
Rooke (Perrett), Anne: 1965
Scott-Barrett (Linley), Charlotte: 1967
Sheppard (Raphael), Anne: 1969
Skelton, Judy: 1965
Sondheimer (Hughes), Philippa: 1969
Stubbs (Barton), Heather: 1968
Swindells (Inglis), Heather: 1968
Taylor, June: 1965
Taylor (Moses), Karin: 1968
Vaughan (Kerslake), Hilary: 1967
Whelan (Gray), Pamela: 1967
Whiten (Challoner), Susan: 1966
Wilson (Kilner), Anna: 1968
Wilson (Hay), Lindsay: 1969
Wolforth (Scott), Lesley: 1969
Wright, Joan: 1969
Yates (Crawshaw), Sue: 1967
Yates, Joanna: 1967
Total given: £46,503

1970 to 1974
Adams (Samuel), Kate: 1971
Andrew, Elizabeth: 1973
Ashley, Jackie: 1974
Aston Smith (Johnson), Julia: 1970
Barrett, Jane: 1973
Barringer, Terry: 1974
Bayliss (Dakin), Sue: 1974
Biggs (Perrin), Lynn: 1972
Browin (Baldwin), Lucy: 1972
Buchan (Enright), Dominique: 1970
Burge (Adams), Sue: 1972
Butler (Dawray), Gillian: 1972
Calder (Tapping), Patsy: 1970
Carter, Miranda: 1974
Clarke, Aileen: 1973
Clayman, Michelle: 1972
Cockey (Ward), Katherine: 1970
Darlington (Hill), Moira: 1971
Davies (Baxendale), Jane: 1970
Dick (Marx), Irene: 1970
Dorner, Irene: 1973
Dye (Shrimpton), Alyss: 1973
Dymkowski, Christine: 1972
Fallon (Geldart), Kathleen: 1972
Faure Walker (Farrell), Vicky: 1971
Ferguson (Marston), Catherine: 1970
Foister, Susan: 1972
Forwood (Pearce), Sally: 1974
Fowler (Gardner), Pamela: 1972
Fox, Jane: 1971
Fraser (Hawkes), Penny: 1974
Galley (Rice), Katie: 1974
Gibson, Anna: 1972
Gillingwater (Davies), Helen: 1974
Goldetz, Patricia: 1970
Grant (Ward), Melanie: 1973
Groult (Berkeley), Anne: 1971
Harnett (Turner), Penelope: 1971
Hasler (Abbott), Judith: 1974
Hatfield (Bratton), Penny: 1971
Higgs (Blackett, Nee John), Lyn: 1970
Hill (Davies), Valerie: 1971
Hollowell, Jennifer: 1974
Houlton, Jane: 1972
Hughes (Marshall), Susan: 1970
Hughes-Stanton, Penelope: 1973
Hutchinson (Keegan), Ruth: 1972
Irton (Montgomery), Frances: 1972
Isted (Rogers), Linda: 1970
Jack, Susan: 1970
Johnson (Davies), Helen: 1973
Joseph (Milloy), Anne: 1971
King, Rosanna: 1970
Kirby, Caroline: 1971
Kirk (Seconde), Louise: 1974
Kroll (Askew), Catherine: 1973
Lawless (Freeston), Sally: 1971
Le Page (Inge), Susan: 1973
Leighton, Monica: 1970
Lewis (Glazebrook), Jane: 1973
Littler Manners (Littler), Judy: 1972
Lloyd-Morgan, Cerdwen: 1970
Marron, Kate: 1970
Martin (Pearce), Mary: 1971
Maude, Gill: 1972
Mcghee (Kingham), Helen: 1974
Mcintyre, Elizabeth: 1972
Minikin (Kennedy), Gillian: 1971
Montefiore (Griffiths), Anne: 1972
Moran, Susan: 1974
Morgan (Egan), Clare: 1973
Musgrave, Rosanne: 1971
Nasmith (Mieszki), Lalik: 1971
Northover (Granshaw), Lindsay: 1973
Norton (Pirkis), Anne: 1974
O’Connor, Marian: 1972
Onslow (Owen), Jane: 1972
Ormerod (Tudor Hart), Penny: 1972
Osborne (Neal), Joelle: 1971
Ovey, Elizabeth: 1974
Parker (Russell), Gillian: 1974
Paul (Driver), Anne: 1971
Peacock (Spence), Helena: 1972
Pemberton (Scott), Tessa: 1973
Perkins (Thornhill), Melanie: 1974
Richards (Wardle), Alison: 1973
Ritter (Dornhurst), Anne: 1971
Rossiter (Hannay), Sue: 1971
Rowswell, Ann: 1974
Salkeld, Cecilia: 1972
Setchim (Andrews), Elizabeth: 1973
Simon (Holmes), Jane: 1973
Stothard (Emerson), Sally: 1971
Taylor (Clouting), Nicola: 1974
Thorn (Hawkins), Therese: 1971
Thomas (Parry), Kathleen: 1971
Thomas (Covington), Anne: 1974
Thurston (Hansford), Penelope: 1973
Tighe, Chris: 1970
Tooman (Glanvill), Jenny: 1971
Tonkyn (Mconeice), Shelagh: 1970
Tovey (Williams), Maureen: 1973
Turner (Davison), Katharin: 1972
Vodden, Debbie: 1974
Walker (Foster), Elizabeth: 1974
Ward, Jean: 1974
Wheater (Jones), Isabella: 1974
Whitby (Lodge), Mary: 1970
Wilkinson (Spatchurst), Susan: 1970
Willietts (Ferreras), Maria: 1974
Williams, Mary: 1972
Williamson (Thakurdas), Lyn: 1974

Total given: £202,227

1975 to 1979
Abermethy (Salveson), Rikki: 1978
Alderan, Collin: 1979
Alexander (Simpson), Liz: 1977
Almond, Cathy: 1976
Astles, Rosemary: 1975
Baatz (Watson), Yvonne: 1975
Baigent (Prince), Kate: 1978
Baker (Smith), Maggie: 1975
Bardsley (Riddell), Kate: 1975
Barnard (Langford), Caroline: 1979
Barnes (Gould), Amanda: 1979
Barzyczki (Potti), Sarah: 1976
Baxandall (Dwyer), Cathy: 1977
Benson (Graham), Julie: 1976
Bernstein (Bernie), Judith: 1975
Bevis, Jane: 1977
Blandford (Hawkins), Sally: 1978
Bowman (Ward), Christine: 1976
Bruce-Gardner (Hand-Oxborrow), Veronica: 1976
Carney, Bernadette: 1978
Carson, Denise: 1978
Cassidy (Rhind), Catriona: 1975
Charman (Rees), Stella: 1975
Clarke, Mary: 1976
Clout, Imogen: 1975
Cochrane (Sutcliffe), Jennifer: 1979
Collier (Boerm), Pauline: 1976
Colling, Mike: 1979
Constantine, Anne: 1977
Cramb, Evelyn: 1978
Crane, Mary: 1979
Crisp, Roger: 1979
Cummins (Chapman), Ann: 1977
Daniel (Evans), Catrin: 1975
Davis (Francis), Kelly: 1978
Desnica, Olga: 1976
Dey, Jennifer: 1975
Drummond (Behling), Yvonne: 1978
Dryhurst, Clare: 1979
Ellis (Eton), Rachel: 1975
English, Kirsten: 1979
Feeley (Matthews), Pauline: 1976
Fisher, Elizabeth: 1978
Freedman (Woollson), Hadassa: 1975
Fresko (Marcus), Adrienne: 1975
Garnett, Jane: 1977
Gornall, Gill: 1976
Griffiths, Hannah: 1977
Groom (Withington), Carol: 1977
Guerrini, Anita: 1975
Hadwin, Julie: 1976
Hague, Helen: 1976
Hampton, Kate: 1977

Harris, Dalbren: 1976
Harrison, Carol: 1975
Haywood, Russell: 1979
Hazlewood (Hazelwood), Judith: 1978
Hobbs (Galari), Efrosyn: 1977
Hodgkinson (Coe), Penny: 1977
Hudson, Julie: 1975
Hughes, Rosaleen: 1975
Hughes, Holly: 1975
Hurry (Williams), Olwen: 1977
Ingram, Jackie: 1976
Isard (Mcolglohy), Nicky: 1978
Jagger (Capel), Judith: 1978
James (Lucas), Cherry: 1977
Jones (Broome), Patti: 1977
Kearney, Martha: 1976
Keeble (Jaques), Helen: 1978
Kennedy, Ian: 1979
Kenrick (Warby), Ann: 1977
Large (Moore), Pip: 1979
Lawson (Tuffs), Helen: 1978
Leppard (Allen), Jo: 1976
Lightley (Edwards), Janice: 1976
Little, Tamasin: 1978
Lloyd (Chanter), Catherine: 1977
McClenegrohan, Pauline: 1975
McGuinness, Catherine: 1978
McKinnon, Christine: 1976
Micklem, Ros: 1975
Morecroft (Jackson), Angela: 1976
Nevkla (John), Sara: 1978
Nightingale, Linda: 1977
O’Brien, Sue: 1977
O’Donnell, Claire: 1977
Onions (Hine), Sally: 1977
O’Sullivan (Watt), Catherine: 1975
Ough (Payne), Alison: 1979
Owen, Catherine: 1975
Peters (Bigg), Suzanne: 1979
Philips (Palmer), Wendy: 1977
Phillips, Susie: 1978
Pickford (Atkin), Gillian: 1979
Pimperton (Milne), Lorna: 1979
Pomfret (Pearson), Carole: 1979
Rawle, Frances: 1976
Riley (Vince), Pippa: 1977
Robinson, Crispin: 1979
Russell (Gear), Moya: 1979
Ryan (Broderick), Mary: 1976
Scott-Thompson (Fox), Jane: 1976
Slater (Knight), Beverley: 1976
Smith, Lizzie: 1977
St John-Hall (Brown), Anne: 1978
Stainer, Mike: 1979
Staufenberg (Hill-Wilson), Penelope: 1979
Stead (Mcfarlane), Jane: 1977
Szczepanik (Murray), Lynette: 1975
Taplin (Canning), Angela: 1975
Tayeb, Monir: 1976
Vernon (Mcardle), Sarah: 1979
Wace (Rees), Pamela: 1976
Walker, Alison: 1975
Weiler, Isabel: 1977
Wessel Walker (Wessel), Donna: 1978
Wheare, Julia: 1977
Wightwick (Lombard), Helen: 1979
Wood, Lucy: 1975
Wright, Ellen: 1977

Total given: **£106,996**

**1980 to 1984**

Allum, Gina: 1983
Arah (Griffin), Jessica: 1983
Artingstall, David: 1982
Baker (French), Julie: 1980
Bancroft, Louise: 1980
Benson, Chris: 1983
Birdseye, Mark: 1980
Boddington, Andrew: 1980
Bone, Ian: 1984
Brodie, Pete: 1981
Burns, Julian: 1981
Citron, Zachary: 1984
Clarke (Hopper), Wendy: 1980
Cotton, Andrew: 1980
Cubbon, Alan: 1980
Davies, Ivo: 1984
Daymond, Andrew: 1981
Delahunty QC (Delahunty), Jo: 1983
Dixon (Day), Cathy: 1980
Dumbill (Weiss), Charlotte: 1984
England, Richard: 1982
Flier (Bernstein), Wendy: 1982
Flanagan (Getley), Kate: 1982
Foggo, Andrew: 1984
Fox (Wood), Sue: 1984
Francis, Rebecca: 1984
Funnell, Sarah: 1982
Garvey, Steve: 1980
Gaul, Pat: 1980
Glasgow, Faith: 1980
Godfrey, David: 1983
Gough (Cobham), Catherine: 1984
Graham, Mark: 1982
Griffiths, Simon: 1981
Guy, Wesley: 1983
Halim, Liza: 1981
Hewitt, Peter: 1984
Hill (Latham), Kate: 1984
Holme (Simon), Philippa: 1984
Hopkinson, Christopher: 1984
Horrocks, Richard: 1982
Ireland, Bill: 1984
Jenkins (Barnister), Catherine: 1981
Kam, Anthony: 1980
Khangura, Jasbir: 1982
King, Fiona: 1980
King, Helen: 1983
Latto, Andrew: 1980
Lawrence, John: 1984
Lonie, Craig: 1984
Mayo, Timothy: 1980
Mill, Cherry: 1981
Miller (Oakes/Romanczuk), Jane: 1981
Monaghan, Elizabeth: 1981
Montgomery, Bill: 1980
Morris, Elin: 1984
Murro, Rob: 1982
Myers (Pye), Kathryn: 1980
Nachoom (Wiener), Sharron: 1982
Nugee, Andrew: 1981
Orr, Frank: 1984
Osborne (Bilden), Stephanie: 1981
Parkman, Timothy: 1980
Percy, Helen: 1984
Phillips (Gray), Emma: 1981
Pollinger, Edmund: 1983
Rabinowitz (Benster), Suzi: 1982
Ratnam, Arun: 1980
Read, Justin: 1980
Roberts (Stiff), Nicholas: 1980
Rose, Stephen: 1983
Saunders, Matthew: 1984
Scott, Alastair: 1983
Shakoor, Sameena: 1980
Sochacka (Martin), Sheila: 1980
Spyeue (Herbert), Rachel: 1983
Stacey, Martin: 1980
Stone, Edward: 1983
Sutherland, Hugh: 1983
Swiften, Sally: 1983
Symonds, Richard: 1981
Taylor, Jeffrey: 1981
Thomas, Martin: 1982
Titcomb, Lesley: 1980
Weir (Luigi), Helen: 1980
Wilcox (Williams), Joanne: 1981
Williams, Anne: 1980
Williams, Edmund: 1981
Wilson Wheeler, Martin: 1983
Wood, Edward: 1980

Total given: **£67,800**

**1985 to 1989**

Adebiyi, John: 1986
Ball (Flanagan), Justine: 1985
Baxter, Jonny: 1986
Bray, Heather: 1985
Brewerton (French), Linda: 1988
Burrows, Peter: 1987
Butler, Jenny: 1985
Chilman, John: 1986
Chowdhury, Mohammad: 1986
Collins, Susanna: 1989
Culliffe, David: 1985
Donald, St John: 1986
Eades, Cynda: 1985
Eaton (Cockerill), Sara: 1986
Elliott, Edward: 1988
Elmendorff-Geldard (Elmendorff), Justine: 1986
Fazzio (Davies), Sarah: 1988
Fowler, Brigid: 1988
Freeman, Jonathan: 1987
Fuge, Rhian: 1987
Fulton, Guy: 1989
Furness, David: 1985
Gregory, Vanessa: 1986
Griffin, Oliver: 1986
Growcott, Simon: 1986
Hall, Kersten: 1988
Hanss (Mumford), Katharine: 1988
Hart, Christopher: 1985
Haynes, Gavin: 1989
Heath (Harrison), Dominique: 1987
Hennessy, Josephine: 1989
Holding, Bill: 1987
Howard, Andrew: 1987
Hubbard, Nancy: 1985
Hunt (Sanz), Eva: 1987
Hurrell, Richard: 1988
Huxter, Stephen: 1986
Isaac, Daniel: 1987
Johnson (Davies), Rhianonn: 1987
Johnson (Hall), Harriet: 1988
Laughton, Stephen: 1989
Lindblom (Jackson), Fiona: 1985
Little, Karen: 1989
Mankabady, Martin: 1987
McBain, Niall: 1986
Mora Glukstad (Mora), Miguel: 1989
Morgan, Rob: 1989
Mullen, Anne: 1988
Murphy (Harwood), Rachel: 1989
Nebhrajani, Sharmila: 1985
Nunn (Bright), Anne: 1985
Parr, Simone: 1988
Payne, Martin: 1989
Perrin, Julie: 1986
Pollitt, Graham: 1986
Raj (Thayakaran), Shivanee: 1987
Redman, Mark: 1986
Richards, Nicholas: 1985
Riley, Simon: 1988
Roberts, James: 1987
Sanderson, Andrew: 1986
Scott, Andrew: 1986
Shuttleworth, Gregory: 1985
Stancliffe, Rachel: 1987
Stephenson (Grattan), Dawn: 1989
Street, Michael: 1986
Swann, Simon: 1989
Tsang, Heman: 1988
Urmston, Richard: 1987
White, Richard: 1985
Williams, David: 1987
Williams, Paul: 1987

Total given: **£49,436**

**1990 to 1994**

Alexander, Danny: 1990
Appleby (Anderson), Amber: 1990
Baird, Rachel: 1990
Baker, Simon: 1994
Banks (Healy), Allison: 1990
Beck, Sarah: 1992
Bird, Alasdair: 1992
Booth, Heather: 1992
Borrowdale (Nichols), Claire: 1991
Bowley, John: 1992
Breward, Christopher: 1991
Bright, Daniel: 1993
Brown, Camilla: 1992
Brown (Page), Sarah: 1994
Bryson (McGregor), Barrie: 1991
Carpenter (Barker), Nancy: 1993
Chea, Henry: 1992
Corsellis, Peter: 1991
Crabtree, Paul: 1990
Donovan, Paul: 1990
Duncan, Garreth: 1993
Edrich, Ben: 1993
Endean, James: 1992
Faulkner, Stuart: 1991
Friar, Sarah: 1992
Gaskell, Alexander: 1991
Giddings, Benjamin: 1992
Girardet (Schafer), Ruth: 1990
Greig, Victoria: 1992
Gunatilaka, Ramani: 1992
Hamilton, Alexander: 1991
Hammond, Ben: 1992
Hammond, Nicholas: 1993
Hampson (Makepeace), Anna: 1994
Hawker, David: 1990
Hinxman (Jackson), Harriet: 1991
Huggard, Patrick: 1994
Hughes, Benedict: 1991
Hunt, Gareth: 1993
Hurley, Isabel: 1993
Illingworth, Robert: 1994
Ingham, David: 1991
Jackson, Gregory: 1991
Jamieson, Sheila: 1991
Johnson, Robert: 1992
Killeen (Fenton), Louise: 1992
Kingston, Charles: 1993
Lipscomb, Nick: 1991
Loughlin-Chow (Loughlin), Clare: 1991
Marken, Gareth: 1993
McDowell, Alex: 1992
Morgan, Rhydian: 1992
O’Dorman (Brown), Alison: 1994
O’Mahony, Andrew: 1992
Orwell, James: 1991
Paul, Helen: 1994
Percy (Truman), Sally: 1994
Pritchard (Breaks), Amanda: 1994
Probett, Rebecca: 1991
Sandis, Constantine: 1994
Schmidt, Simon: 1990
Scroop, Daniel: 1992
Shapiro, Leonid: 1991
Siame, Sebako: 1991
Slater, Shane: 1990
Smith (Parker), Helen: 1993
Spearling (Allhusen), Elnor: 1991
Thanassouls, John: 1993
Timpson (Still), Julia: 1993
Truesdale (Upton), Alexandra: 1990
Turano, Leslie: 1993
Tyler, Toby: 1992
Vassiliou, Evelthon: 1991
Viala (Lewis), Katharine: 1990
Wareham, David: 1990
Warner, Steven: 1990
Warwick, James: 1991
Watson, James: 1992
West, Colin: 1994
Weston, Mark: 1993
Wiesener, Sebastian: 1994
Wright, Nicholas: 1994
Total given: £42,914

1995 to 1999
Akhtar, Adnan: 1997
Allen-Pennebaker (Pennebaker), Betsy: 1995
Arnold (Henderson), Louise: 1998
Ashley, Paul: 1996
Ashley (Nevill), Sarah: 1996
Barber, Wesley: 1997
Barclay, Harriet: 1999
Beauchamp, Rose: 1997
Bonnal, Karine: 1997
Bourne, Jon: 1996
Bray, Francis: 1999
Bryson, Andrew: 1996
Butt, Sarah: 1998
Campbell-Colquhoun, Toby: 1996
Cayley, Emma: 1999
Cheema, Kamal: 1997
Christie, Sandy: 1998
Copstake, Phillip: 1999
Cottingham, Faye: 1995
Crichton (Hunter), Ele: 1996
Davies, Mike: 1996
Donohue, Joseph: 1997
Dunbar, Polly: 1999
Ewart, Isobel: 1998
Faull, Nick: 1997
Gardner, Rob: 1997
Georganta, Fonteina: 1998
Glennville (Foster), Hannah: 1999
Gray, Anna: 1997
Grimes (Williams), Vanessa: 1996
Hallwood, Janie: 1999
Hearn (Alton), Sarah: 1997
Heaton, Daniel: 1998
Henry, Simon: 1999
Hopkins, Lynsey: 1995
Horsley, Alexander: 1995
Houlding, Mark: 1996
Ingram, Jonathan: 1996
Innes-Ker, Duncan: 1996
Ip, Florence: 1998
Kanjil, Gulzar: 1997
Kent, Simon: 1996
Man, Bernard: 1995
Mather, Christopher: 1998
Maxim, Jon: 1996
McKnight, Patrick: 1997
Moore (Khinaung), Jo: 1999
Mussai, Francis: 1998
Pantos, Aliki: 1997
Patel, Alpesh: 1995
Phillips, Dan: 1997
Pont, Carla: 1998
Purchase, Mathew: 1997
Rooks, Gemma: 1997
Ross, David: 1996
Roydon, Karen: 1995
Russell-Mitra, James: 1995
Sargeant, Tom: 1996
Skea-Strachan, Nick: 1996
Stone, Chris: 1998
Sugdon (Bakewell-Stone), Petra: 1998
Suterwalla, Azeem: 1996
Tapson, James: 1998
Tordoff, Benjamin: 1998
Travis, Emily: 1999
Vaughan, Nicholas: 1995
Warren, Joseph: 1997
Weston, Daniel: 1998
Wiles, Michael: 1996
Williams, Charlotte: 1997
Wyatt, Paul: 1995
Total given: £50,369

2000 to 2004
Akehurst, Hazel: 2003
Aldridge, Sophie: 2003
Ashman, Ruth: 2004
Asver, AJ: 2004
Atkin, Lara: 2003
Aubry, James: 2003
Baderin, Alice: 2001
Baldwin (Eyers), Amy: 2002
Barlow, Timothy: 2002
Birtwistle, Heather: 2003
Brooks (Gilmore), Lindsay: 2001
Burghall, Johan: 2003
Carvounis, Katerina: 2000
Castle, Paul: 2000
Chana, Manisha: 2002
Chivers (Dustagheer), Sarah: 2001
Devenport, Richard: 2002
Dyke, Chris: 2000
Fisher, Philip: 2002
Fox, Sebastian: 2002
Garbett, Briony: 2004
Goodfellow, Edward: 2002
Griffiths, Robert: 2003
Grisci-Soler, Andrew: 2000
Guy, Thomas: 2004
Harris, Joe: 2001
Hollindale, Christopher: 2004
Humpage, Neil: 2001
Hunt, Tim: 2003
Hunt, Polly: 2003
Hurst, Chris: 2002

Total given: £50,369
Thank you

Huzzey, Richard: 2001
Hyatt (King), Jodie: 2002
Jayanth, Meghna: 2004
Jones, Gareth: 2001
Jones, Timothy: 2004
Kelly, Adam: 2004
Kempton, Oliver: 2001
Lally, Jagjeet: 2004
Langley, Clare: 2001
Larmouth, Sarah-Jayne: 2003
Lee, Edward: 2001
Lewis (Robinson), Kathy: 2000
Mao, Fei: 2002
Marlow, Julia: 2001
McDavitt, Joseph: 2001
McMahon, Helen: 2003
Michaelson, Allan: 2001
Newman, Terry: 2000
Opotowsky, Stuart: 2001
Pang, Stacey: 2004
Patel, Hiten: 2003
Pilkington, Felicity: 2002
Pritchard, Lorna: 2002
Read (Robson), Mary: 2003
Rees, Kathryn: 2001
Roberts-Evans (Roberts), Elin: 2002
Robins, John: 2001
Sarigat Abraham, Aarif: 2003
Shao, Ruobing: 2004
Sherrington, Alison: 2002
Sherrington, Richard: 2002
Stawpert (Hulme), Amelia: 2000
Still, Simon: 2003
Tahir, Wasim: 2003
Taylor, Carly: 2002
Tsayla, Melina: 2001
Waghorn, Philip: 2002
Wagner, Adam: 2000
Watson, Ruth: 2004
Webster, Ian: 2000
Wilson, Helen: 2003
Witter, Mark: 2000
Wyatt, Nicholas: 2003
Yates, Lorna: 2002
Young (Smith), Caroline: 2001

Total given: £41,963

2005 to present
Adams, Jonathan: 2012
Adusumilli, Susheel: 2014
Al Dalahmah, Osama: 2011
Antoniazzio, Andrea: 2011
Antwi-Boasiako, Richard: 2009
Aveson, John: 2005
Baker, James: 2012
Banks (Pudile), Anda: 2014
Barber, James: 2008
Barrett, Christopher: 2005
Batcher, Richard: 2007
Battle, Cara: 2011
Becker, Jemma: 2011
Bernath, Anishah: 2014
Berry, Stuart: 2010
Bidd, Rhushub: 2012
Bidgood, Anna: 2011
Bonham, Sarah: 2006
Bornstein, Alexander: 2012
Brown, Alexander: 2007
Bruckmaier, Merit: 2012
Coar, Oliver: 2012
Carter, Diana: 2006
Causer, Meghan: 2012
Champion, Jessica: 2014
Chan, Samuel: 2009
Chen, Mitch: 2008
Chowla, Shiv: 2007
Clarke, Stephen: 2006
Cohen, Adam: 2014
Connolly, Michael: 2011
Cook, Adam: 2012
Cucci, Matteo: 2014
Dajer, Diana: 2014
Davies, Jack: 2012
Davies, Haf: 2012
Deepankar, Divya: 2014
Ding, Jacqueline: 2012
Donohoe, Andrew: 2009
Doran, Patrick: 2011
Dowdall, Katherine: 2012
Dumeresque, Charlie: 2010
Dutt, Pamela: 2009
Dutton, William: 2010
Eagon, David: 2007
Eldridge, Lorren: 2011
Ellis, Emily: 2012
Espinoza Quintero, Gabriela: 2011
Evans, Martin: 2006
Eve, Ruth: 2011
Fan, Xin: 2011
Farmer, Sinead: 2005
Faulkner, Freddie: 2012
Feather, Charlotte: 2011
Fibert, Timma: 2012
Fielding, Lucy: 2011
Firth, Natalie: 2008
Flavell, Gregory: 2011
Fong, Wai: 2011
Freeland, Henry: 2007
Gaardsen, Rosamund: 2011
Galava, Denis: 2014
Gallois, Jacques: 2012
Ge, Mengyang: 2012
Gerretsen, Isabelle: 2011
Gibb, Gary: 2007
Gillett, George: 2012
Glynne Jones, Stuart: 2010
Graham, Katherine: 2013
Green, Alistair: 2012
Hain, Michal: 2012
Hare, Florence: 2012
Haria, Shivani: 2012
Haskell, Lucy: 2012
Haughton-Shaw, Eliza: 2012
Hawley, Mark: 2009
Hazi, Josef: 2011
Heavey, Anne: 2006
Hicks, Mark: 2006
Hodgkinson, Ruth: 2007
Houghton, Sara: 2009
Hubbard, Tove: 2012
Hughes, Laura: 2009
Hynes, Jo: 2012
Iles, Joe: 2011
Jarvis, Myles: 2014
Jeffery, David: 2014
Jones, Howard: 2009
Jones, Scott: 2010
Kaim, Matti: 2013
Khalqi, Alishba: 2010
Knoche, Julia: 2014
Koenig, Hanns: 2008
Krishnamurthy-Spencer, Jasmine: 2011
Kueterer-Lang, Hannah: 2006

Kumah, Stephanie: 2014
Lambert, Elizabeth: 2012
Large, Bitha: 2011
Larkin, Maryellen: 2013
Lau, Khim Heng: 2006
Leavitt (Karatziou), Joanna: 2008
Lee, Eric: 2014
Leide, Alex: 2011
Lessing, Paul: 2008
Leung, Helen: 2014
Lobanovska, Mariya: 2011
Lock, Lilli: 2012
Lowe, Andrew: 2006
Loy, Kuewei: 2009
Luminari, Dilietta: 2014
Macquarie, Robert: 2012
Mansfield, Ben: 2005
Maro Dufort, Bruno: 2012
Marshall, Zara: 2012
Maxwell, Tobyn: 2006
Mayer, Christina: 2007
McCormick, Brian: 2014
McGill, Shaun: 2012
McLellan, Calum: 2011
McPherson, Tom: 2012
McShane, David: 2012
Miah, Nishat: 2008
Millar, Rob: 2011
Moffat, Freya: 2012
Monaghan, Craig: 2006
Moss, Simon: 2013
Moss, Emily: 2013
Nicholas, Chris: 2009
Nicholls, Oliver: 2012
Nicola, Tara: 2014
Onobote, Michael: 2014
O’Toole, Thomas: 2005
Owbridge, Sarah: 2009
Pain, Alana: 2011
Parrott, Daniel: 2011
Patel, Sheena: 2005
Patrick, Christopher: 2005
Pavlou, Chryssa: 2014
Potik, Kankanit: 2014
Powell, Matthew: 2007
Rahim, Fardous: 2006
Ramasamy, Rohan: 2011
Ray, Oishika: 2012
Read, Andrew: 2012

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Retief, Rudolph: 2014
Richards, Caitlin: 2012
Rickett, Alice: 2012
Riddell, Matthew: 2011
Roelofse, Chantelle: 2011
Rosenbaum, Ben: 2011
Ridley, Matthew: 2011
Roelofse, Chantelle: 2011
Rosenbaum, Ben: 2011
Sammour, Roweida: 2011
Saribekyan, Lily: 2014
Scholten, Annette: 2014
Scholz, Anna: 2005
Scott, Rebecca: 2010
Selby, Andrew: 2012
Seligman, Henrietta: 2006
Seo, Jordan: 2011
Shah, Rehan: 2014
Shelldrake, Lydia: 2014
Shelley, Felicity: 2006
Shuai, Xing: 2014
Simpson, Emma: 2012
Smith, Barry: 2005
Smith, Hannah: 2011
Smith, Michael: 2014
Snow, Evelyn: 2012
Sordo-De Cock, Liviana: 2012
Stephens, Anna: 2011
Stockwell, Paddy: 2011
Stone, Joseph: 2012
Sudbury-Kaye, Ivo: 2006
Suguna Balan, Rabin: 2011
Suizer, Valentin: 2011
Sun, Aaron: 2014
Taylor, Eleanor: 2008
Thompson, Amy: 2007
Thornton, Mariah: 2011
Toenshoff, Christina: 2012
Tyler, Naomi: 2011
Unadkat, Jay: 2007
Utley, Mark: 2010
Van Den Bogaerde, Laura: 2011
Walkey, Claire: 2014
Walsh, Alison: 2011
Wang, Xining: 2012
Ward, Nick: 2006
Whitehead, Lucy: 2011
Widdows, Ryan: 2011
Wilkinson, Honor: 2014
Williams, Jonathan: 2010
Wood, Peter: 2005
Wood, David: 2007
Woolfson, Deborah: 2005
Worsnip, Alex: 2005
Wright, Andrew: 2012
Wu, Kim: 2007
Wynbourne, Sarah: 2006
Xi, Karen: 2012
Yao, Phil: 2013
Yin, Ying Xu: 2006
Total given: **£11,189**

**Friends**
Adams, Jonathan
Ahmed, Shadaba
Archer, Andrea
Argyle, William
Armstrong, Ben
Ball, David
Bates, Chris
Belton, Kevin
Bispham, David
Black, Hilary
Blackwood, Roger
Blyghton, Alan
Brunton, Timothy
Bugnion, Janie
Caple, Leslie
Carey, Helen
Carpio, Taras
Carr, Simon
Cavallero, Roderick
Chachamu, Miriam
Chitty, Geraldine
Collin, Martyn
Constantine, Simon
Cooling, John
Cunningham, Martin
Cutting, Geraldine
Dallison, Rose
Davy, Kate
Deech, John
Dipstale, Francis
Dixon, Sheila
Donohoe, Bernadette
Earl, Stuart
Egan, John
Firth, Carole
Fleming, Mark
Foard, Christine
Fox, A
Gardam, Timothy
Garwood, Lynne
Greaney, Andrea
Greaney, Declan
Grezczuk, Jill
Grove Annesley, Jane
Havell, Jane
Hooper, David
Huen, Isabel
Huen, Patrick
Ip, Fung-Ho
Jackson, William
Jardine, Ruth
Kelly, Margaret
Keymer, Thomas
Khng, Pauline
Kynaston, David
Levy, Marcia
Lewis, David
Lloyd, John
Macdonald, Muir
Marnott, Robert
Martin, Ralph
McCall, Marsh
McCall, Susan
McDevitt, Joseph
McKernan, Anne
Morgan, Huw
Paley, Simon
Patel, Rajendra
Pattisson, John
Plaat, Felicity
Pointing, Liz
Preuss, Andreas
Pyle, David
Ramsey, Vivian
Richards, Derek
Roberts, David
Roberts, Timothy
Robin, Philip
Rosso, Ravel
Royle, Kenneth
Russell, Libby
Sayers, Nicholas
Scott, Jon
Shelley, Susan
Shepherd, Neil

**Organisations and charitable trusts**
Allen & Overy LLP - London
Americans for Oxford Interest Account
Atkin Charitable Foundation
British Land Company Plc
Contemporary Watercolours
Dr Stanley Ho Medical Development Foundation
Emile Littler Foundation
Krow Ardelt GmbH
Mayer Brown LLP - London
SAS Cambridge Branch
SAS Oxford Branch
Tsuzuki University
Wolfson Foundation

**Legacy gifts**
Brew (Hutton), Anne: 1934
Caine (Temple), Pam: 1950
Clark, Ailsa: 1944
Colville (Watson), Anne: 1938
Edwards, Hilary: 1945
Horsfall, Jean: 1942
Lang, Margaret: 1944
Marsland, Pauline: 1947
Monroe (Burgess), Joan: 1941
Mottershead, Hester: 1941
Pawley (Herbertson), Margaret: 1948
Rossi, Marie-Louise: 1975
Stevenson, Olive: 1949
Plumer Society

The Plumer Society has been founded to acknowledge and thank those who inform the College of their decision to include a gift to St Anne’s in their will. Some members have asked not to be listed.

Alphey, Nina: 2005
Baker (Gibbon), Ruth: 1955
Bannister (Taylor), Jean: 1958
Beeby, Valerie: 1952
Belden, Hilary: 1966
Bennett, Eric
Blake (Condon), Richard: 1980
Boggis, Margaret: 1940
Breward, Christopher: 1991
Burton (Heveningham Pugh), Frances: 1960
Butt (Waite), Audrey: 1942
Bush (Hainton), Julia: 1967
Bynoe (Robinson), Geraldine: 1969
Carter (Palmer), Elise: 1942
Chadd, Linda: 1967
Chesterfield, Jane: 1977
Colling, Mike: 1979
Coo (Spink), Kathryn: 1972
Cosh, Mary: 1946
Cox (Ware), Frances: 1968
Crangoe (Elmer), Elizabeth: 1950
Crane (Begley), Meg: 1965
Darnton (Baker), Jane: 1962
Deech (Fraenkel), Ruth: 1962
Donald, Margaret: 1950
Dowdall, Deb: 1974
Dyne (Heath), Sonia: 1953
Evans (Trewhitt), Elaine: 953
Evans (Kruse), Lesley: 1962
Fisher (Hibbard), Sophia: 1966
Fleming (Newman), Joan: 1957
Flint (Parker), Joy: 1942
Foreman (Kremer), Susan: 1957
Forster, Helen: 1946
Fowler (Burley), Elizabeth: 1957
Fox, Clemency: 1956
Frank (Hoar), Tessa: 1951
Glynne, Dilys: 1948
Greenway (Denerley), Ann: 1959
Grocock, Anne: 1965
Halcrow, Elizabeth: 1948
Hale, Barbara: 1948
Hall, Kathleen: 1941
Hallaway, Mary: 1950
Hamilton (Pacey-Day), Susan: 1965
Hampton, Kate: 1977
Hensman (Hawley), Barbara: 1956
Hilton, Catherine: 1965
Home, Anna: 1956
Honoré (Duncan), Deborah: 1948
Hudson, Julie: 1975
Hunt (Siddell), Ann: 1963
Huzzey, Clem
Huzzey, Christine
Hyde, Caroline: 1988
Jack, Susan: 1970
Jarman, Richard: 1989
Jessiman (Smith), Maureen: 1953
Johnstone, Harry
Jones (Smith), Elizabeth: 1962
Julian (Whitworth), Celia: 1964
Kenna (Hamilton), Stephanie: 1968
King, Fiona: 1980
Kingdon, Janet: 1976
Kirk-Wilson (Matthews), Ruth: 1963
Lacey (Aykroyd), Juliet: 1962
Larkins (Rees), Fay: 1953
Lawless (Freeston), Sally: 1971
Lewis, Keri: 1947
Lloyd, Peter: 1983
Lunn, Fiona: 1977
Magne (Lisicky), Vera: 1956
Mann, Paul: 1988
Marks, Winifred: 1944
Massey (Glaser), Lili: 1967
McDonnell (Phillips), Marie-Louise: 1971
McEwan (Ogilvy), Lindsay: 1940
Moore (Stocombe), Anne: 1955
Mottershead (Roberts), Ann: 1977
Moughton (Parr), Elizabeth: 1951
Munro, Rob: 1982
Murdin (Milburn), Lesley: 1961
Newlands (Raworth), Elizabeth: 1960
Newton (Little), Clare: 1970
Nixon, Gill
O’Donnell, Claire: 1977
O’Flynn (Brewster), Hazel: 1946
Orr (Stones), Joy: 1944
Orsten, Elisabeth: 1953
O’Sullivan, Helen: 1969
Packer (Sellick), Sally: 1964
Pattisson, John
Paul, Helen: 1994
Perriam (Breach), Wendy: 1958
Pickles (Wilson), Jane: 1953
Pomfret (Pearson), Carole: 1979
Preston (Haygarth), Barbara: 1957
Revill (Radford), Ann: 1955
Robinson, Crispin: 1979
Rowe, Barbara: 1942
Sheather (Hall), Judith: 1962
Shenton, Joan: 1961
Simon (Holmes), Jane: 1973
Skelton, Judy: 1965
Speirs (Fox), Christine: 1947
Spokes Symonds (Spokes), Ann: 1944
Stanton (Beech), Mary: 1981
Stoddart (Devereux), Frances: 1955
Tayeb, Monir: 1976
Thirwell (Goldman), Angela: 1966
Thompson, Jean: 1942
Thurlow (Yarker), Molly: 1949
Tindall-Shepherd (Dunn), Wendy: 1963
Tjoa (Chinn), Carole: 1965
Tricker (Poole), Marilyn: 1964
Turner (Griffiths), Clare: 1986
Twamley, Delia*
Wagner, Rosemary: 1964
Walter (Chipperfield), Christina: 1954
Wells (Lehmann), Yvonne: 1944
Wheler, Heather: 1958
Whitby (Field), Joy: 1949
Willetts (Ferreras), Maria: 1974
Wright, Lynne: 1970
Yates (Crawshaw), Sue: 1967
Young (Tucker), Margaret: 1949

*Delia Twamley is leaving a legacy to St Anne’s College from her late mother’s estate (Phyllis Wray-Bliss, 1920).

Library donations
Gifts of their own work have been received from David Banister, Denise Bates, Liz Cashdan, Javier Cercas, Catherine Chanter, Marion Folkes, Peter Ghosh, Valentina Gosetti, Todd H. Hall, Gerladine Hazbun, Rebecca Henderson, Viola Ho, Matthew Leigh, Nora Martin, Nick Middleton, Andrew O’Mahony, Anne M. Scott, Ann Spokes Symonds

Other gifts have been received from Tahra Abdelmutaal, Jane Annesley in memory of her mother Clare Veronica Holder, Rebecca Armstrong-Benson, Tamuz Avivi, Jacob Cable, Roger Crisp, Paul Donovan, Joseph Fell, Peter Ghosh, Valentina Gosetti, Todd Hall, Abhishek Karnat, Andrew Klevan, Matthew Leigh, Colm O’Dwyer, Rosemary Poupointey, Michael Prinzing, Michal Przykucki, Ruiqi Shi, Bernie So, Susie Thomson (from the estate of her aunt, Doris (Elisabeth) Strevens), Timnea Venter, Virginia Programme at Oxford, Kate Watkins, Worada Wayrojpitak.

Legacies
Leaving a gift in your will gives you the opportunity to make a lasting impact and help to provide vital funding for the College. The Plumer Society is founded to acknowledge those who inform us of their decision to make a bequest to St Anne’s. Members will be invited to a Plumer Society event every two years, which allows us to thank our legators for their commitment. If you would like further information about legacies, please contact legacy@st-annes.ox.ac.uk.
Alumnae log-in area
Register for the log-in area of our website (available at www.alumniweb.ox.ac.uk/st-anne’s) to connect with other alumnae, receive our latest news and updates, and send in your latest news and updates. In the coming months, we will be developing this area of our website. If you already have an account with one of the other Oxford Alumni Online communities, you can use those details to login.

E-group
St Anne’s e-group is open to all alumnae and supporters of College. Our 2,400+ members benefit from updates and the latest news from St Anne’s, as well as receiving the monthly e-zine st@nnes. To subscribe please send an email, including your name and matriculation year to Kate Davy in the Development Office at kate.davy@st-annes.ox.ac.uk

Personal News
Please send personal news for The Ship 2016-2017 by email to development@st-annes.ox.ac.uk or by post to:
The Ship (Editor)
Development Office
St Anne’s College
Oxford
OX2 6HS

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Front cover photo – Students on the Quad – Trinity term 2016/Kath Bart

Development Office Contacts:
Jules Foster
Director of Development
+44 (0)1865 284536
jules.foster@st-annes.ox.ac.uk
Robert Nodding
Senior Development Officer
+44 (0)1865 284943
robert.nodding@st-annes.ox.ac.uk
Helen Carey
Senior Development Officer
+44 (0)1865 284622
helen.carey@st-annes.ox.ac.uk
Kate Davy
Communications Officer
+44 (0)1865 284672
kate.davy@st-annes.ox.ac.uk
Thomas Williams
Database and Research Officer
+44 (0)1865 274804
thomas.williams@st-annes.ox.ac.uk
Mary Rowe
Development Assistant
+44 (0)1865 284536
mary.rowe@st-annes.ox.ac.uk

Lost alumnae
Over the years the College has lost touch with some of our alumnae. We would very much like to re-establish contact, and invite them back to our events and send them our publications such as The Ship and Annual Review. A missing alumnae directory is available on our website (this can be searched by matriculation year https://www.alumniweb.ox.ac.uk/st-annes/lost-alumnae-directory). Please do let your contemporaries know if they are on these lists and ask them to contact us if they’d like to be back in touch.
From lights over London to a village in Ethiopia; from reflections on Dublin’s Easter Rising of 1916 to the role of African women in transforming their continent; from the hyperactivity of life on the trading floors of the Square Mile to the more leisurely activities enjoyed by the members of our SAS, St Anne’s people are everywhere, changing, shaping and enjoying the world in which they move. The range and scope of this year’s issue of The Ship is as varied and engaging as ever. I thank all those who have given the time and effort to make it so by responding to the demands of an importunate editor. There are times when I feel more like an elderly worker in Shepherd Market than a professional journalist. I hope you find the product worthwhile.

My thanks to all the College staff who have contributed to the issue, in particular Kate Davy in the Development Office. And above all, our thanks to St Anne’s Principal Tim Gardam, whose departure we regret, but whose achievements in his 12-year tenure, this issue commemorates and celebrates.