

Gazette Supplement



Encaenia 2016

Congregation

22 June

1 Conferment of Honorary Degrees

The Public Orator made the following speeches in presenting the recipients of honorary degrees at the Encaenia on Wednesday, 22 June:

Degree of Doctor of Divinity

MONSIGNOR TOMÁŠ HALÍK

Priest and author

Est in antiquissimo Pragae foro magnum monumentum Iohannem Hus, celeberrimum e martyribus Boiohemicis, in perpetuum commemorans. Illa in urbe terraque etiam recentiore tempore homines non pauci propter et Dei et libertatis humanae amorem periculum subierunt, supplicium dederunt. Hic qui hodie agmen honorandorum ducit, pro illorum virtute gratus Praemium Templetonianum, abhinc duo annos sibi adiudicatum, ad eos sacerdotes humiliter dedicavit qui in carceribus in metallis in castris captivos custodientibus perierant. Ipse ecclesiae subterraneae, ut vocatur, particeps iniurias diu patiebatur: per multos annos et in universitatibus docere et ad alias civitates peregrinari vetabatur. Confitetur se partim auctoribus Britannicis legendis ad fidem Christianam ductum esse, inter quos Iohannem Henricum Newman, et Oriensem et Collegii Sanctae Trinitatis alumnum, et (quod forsitan minus exspectes) Graham Greene Balliolensem nominat. Adfirmat se cum Oxoniam iuvenis primum viseret in horto nesciocuius collegii sedentem Deo obiecisse quod in tyrannide natus apud nos studere non posset. Quin potius apud patriam ad sacerdotium clam ordinatus et psychotherapia instructus ebriosos et pharmacis stupefactivis assuetos summa sollicitudine colebat. Medicus pastor scriptor et gregem suum et extra gregem palantes eadem diligentia curavit; ita doctrinam suam ad multas gentes diffudit. Oxoniam et ad eundem illum hortum abhinc tria lustra regressus doluit se parum Deo esse confisum; nunc dicit se et Deo et huic universitati grates habere quia a nobis honestetur. Immo nosmet

eum propter humanitatem sapientiam pietatem erga Deum hominesque eximiam laeto corde gratulamur.

Praesento theologum alta mente praeditum, reverendissimum dominum Thomam Halík, Ecclesiae Sancti Salvatoris Pragae rectorem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Divinitate.

Admission by the Chancellor

Caritatis exemplum praestantissimum, cuius in scriptis vetus sapientia nova ratione explicatur, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Divinitate honoris causa.

Paraphrase

In the Old Town Square of Prague there stands a large monument erected to the eternal memory of John Hus, the most famous of Czech martyrs. In more recent times too many in that land and city have undergone danger for the love of God and human freedom, and suffered for it. In gratitude for their heroism the man who today leads the line of honorands humbly dedicated the Templeton Prize, awarded to him two years ago, to those priests who perished in prisons, mines and concentration camps. He himself endured long privations because of his active part in what was known as the Underground Church: for many years he was banned from university teaching and from travel abroad. He declares that it was in part the reading of English authors that brought him to his Christian faith; among whom he names John Henry Newman, of Trinity and Oriel, and, perhaps less expectedly, Balliol's Graham Greene. He relates that on his first visit to Oxford as a young man he sat in a college garden and reproached God because having been born in an autocracy he was not able to study here. Instead, he was secretly ordained to the priesthood back home and after training in psychotherapy devoted himself to the care of alcoholics and drug-addicts. As physician, pastor and writer he gave thoughtful attention equally to his own flock and to those wandering outside it; and thus

his ideas have spread far and wide. Fifteen years back he returned to that same college garden and berated himself for insufficient trust in God; and now he says that he thanks both God and Oxford for this gift of an honorary degree. On the contrary: it is we who gladly thank him for his humanity, wisdom and devotion to both God and man.

I present a theologian of deep mind, Monsignor Tomáš Halík, Rector of the Church of the Holy Saviour in Prague, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Admission by the Chancellor

Noble example of charity, in whose writing ancient wisdom is interpreted with new understanding, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Degree of Doctor of Civil Law

THE RT HON LORD MANCE

Justice of the Supreme Court and High Steward of the University

Forsitan credas iudices semper tristes homines esse et severos, quibus placet torva fronte maleficos ad carcerem et vincula condemnare. Quod si putas, hunc virum rogo ut intende observes: risum saepe in labellis ludere, lucem in oculis micare percipies. At gravia sunt eius iudicia, magna in legibus interpretandis doctrina. Iurisprudentiae primum apud nos studuit, tum Londini causas de mercatura de navibus de argentariis dicebat. Postea de legibus quae inter nationes sanctae sunt pari sollertia disputabat iusque civile cum iure anglico comparabat. Summus causarum actor, non minore prudentia lites diiudicabat. Itaque haud mirum eum unum inter excelsissimos nostrae civitatis iudices creatum esse. Sed ne ad tantam quidem dignitatem sublatus Oxoniam omnino reliquit, quia antiquum suum magistrum in eisdem subselliis sedentem offendit. Mos ibi est iuniores prius sententiam dare, seniores sequi. Ipse dicit se sibi visum esse rursus ad condicionem discipuli reductum suasoriam suam coram praeceptore legere censuramque

exspectare. Alii quidem peritiam eius in legibus interpretandis melius explicare possunt; nos amicum dilectissimum salutamus qui ad altum huius Universitatis magistratum nuper electus est ut suo consilio (verbis utor quibus benefactores Cancellarii Curiae praesentantur) nobis in posterum prosit. Omnes speramus nos multos annos humanitate eius et sagacitate esse fructuros.

Praesento nostrae litterarum reipublicae fautorem fidelissimum et prudentissimum, Jonathan Hugonem Baronem Mance de Frogna, equitem auratum, in augustissimum Britanniae iudicium adlectum, Collegii Magnae Aulae Universitatis alumnus et socius honoris causa adscriptum, Universitatis ipsius Seneschallum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili.

Admission by the Chancellor

Amice gratissime, qui inter tanta negotia etiam nostra, sane minora, non dedignaris, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili honoris causa.

Paraphrase

Do you suppose that all judges are bleak personages, grim of brow, whose gloomy pleasure it is to dispatch malefactors to the dungeons? If so, please take a careful look at this man: you will often see a smile play upon his lips and a twinkle in his eye. Nonetheless his judgments are weighty and his legal learning deep. He first studied jurisprudence here, and then flourished at the bar in commercial, shipping and banking law. Later he also turned his attention to international law, arguing cases with the same acuity and making comparative examination of the civil and English common systems. Admirable as an advocate, he showed the same shrewdness as a judge. Small wonder then that he was duly appointed to the highest court in the land. But he found that even at such an elevation he had not left Oxford altogether behind, for he found his old tutor Lord Hoffman sitting on the same bench. It is the custom in that court for judgement to be given in reverse order of seniority. He claims that he felt himself to have been reduced again to the status of an undergraduate, reading out his essay and waiting for his tutor to tear into it. Others will be better able to explicate his mastery of his profession; for our part, we hail a well-loved friend recently appointed to high office in this university so that (to borrow the formula which introduces new members to the Chancellor's Court of Benefactors) his counsel may hereafter be of service to us. It is the hope of us all that we shall benefit from his humanity and sagacity for many years to come.

I present a wise and loyal supporter of our republic of letters, Jonathan Hugh Lord Mance of Frogna, Knight, Justice of the Supreme Court, graduate and honorary fellow of University College, High Steward of the University itself, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Admission by the Chancellor

Friend most deserving of gratitude, who amid such weighty business have not disdained our own more parochial affairs, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Doctor of Letters

MR PEDRO ALMODÓVAR

Director and screenwriter

Huius quem nunc produco magna est varietas. Multas enim formas ut Proteus induit, et ut Protea, haud facile eum vinculis vel suspenderes vel ad terram ligares. Atqui unicam suam indolem in omnibus fabulis monstrat: etiam colores eius ab aliorum coloribus discrepant. Ad nonnullos τόπους recurrit: pharmacopolas et legitimos et contra legem negotiantes, aëroportus et autocineta conductitia, fortes in parvis culinibus mulieres, carmina popularia et fabulas Americanas, itinera ad remotas Hispaniae regiones facta in scaenam saepissime prodiit. Tamen ars eius semper novatur et ut Lucretium ad integros fontes eum accedere iuvat. Nescio utrum comoedum eum vel tragicum aptius vocem; nam in spectatoriis et risum et lacrimas excitat. Scorta cinaedos pathicos (quae nomina secundum Edoardi Gibbon Magdalensis exemplum in hoc obscuro doctorum sermone decenter manebunt) adeo praesentat ut vitas eorum neque despiciat neque excuset. Cum iussisset 'Colloquere cum ea', πρωταγωνιστήν et atroci scelere noxium et nescioquo pacto misericordia dignum creavit: amor eius simul et pravus et quodam modo pius potest videri. Ipse erga se fidem et pietatem commovet; sunt histriones, praesertim sexus muliebris, qui semel et saepius in fabulis eius partes agunt: suam Penelopen ut Ulixes, ut Caesar suam Victoriam habet. Hunc versipellem grato animo honestamus. 'Quid feci ut hoc meream?' Nostra palata suscitavisti, pectora attigisti.

Praesento summum desultoriae scientiae magistrum, Petrum Almodóvar, spectaculi cinematographici inventorem et dispositorem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Tragicomoediae auctor lepidissime, qui spectatores permultos delectavisti commovisti obstupefecisti, ego auctoritate

mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

I now present a man of great variety. Like Proteus, he assumes many forms, and as with Proteus, you cannot easily tie him up or tie him down. And yet his unique personality is felt in all his films: even the colours are distinct from those of anyone else. Certain motifs recur in his work: time and again he gives us chemists and drug-dealers, taxis and airports, strong women in small kitchens, pop songs and American movies, and journeys far into *l'Espagne profonde*. Nonetheless, his work is constantly new and original: he could say with Lucretius, 'Tis to fresh springs that I delight to roam.' I am unsure whether to call him a comic or tragic spirit, for his films move both tears and laughter. He represents the lives of prostitutes and other more exotic fauna (who following the example of a Magdalen man shall remain in the decent obscurity of a learned language) in a style that offers sympathy without palliation. In *Talk to Her* the principal character is both guilty of a shocking crime and yet mysteriously deserving of compassion: his love is both depraved and yet in its way devoted. Our honorand himself inspires devotion and loyalty: several actors, and actresses above all, have taken roles in film after film: like Ulysses, he has his Penelope, and like Caesar his Victoria. We gratefully honour this shape-shifter. *'What have I done to deserve this?'* You have tickled our fancy and touched our hearts.

I present a circus-rider who leaps with mastery from horse to horse, Pedro Almodóvar, director and auteur, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Admission by the Chancellor

Brilliant master of tragicomedy, who have delighted, moved and startled innumerable spectators, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

PROFESSOR PAUL KRUGMAN

Economist

Adam Smith, in rebus oeconomicis eruditorum principem, non sine pudore Oxoniensem esse vindicamus, quippe qui nostram universitatem flocci non penderet. Sed forsitan in Elysio gaudeat opus suum postea apud nos tantam habuisse auctoritatem. Virum nunc produco qui doctrinam eius recte admiratus, monstravit quomodo ad usus nostri saeculi possit commodari. Cur et Francogallis Germani autocineta vendere possunt et Germanis Francogalli? Nonne opus est ut aut hi aut illi

mercede praestent? Ecce homo qui hunc griphum dissolvit; artibus enim oeconomiae et geographiae coniunctis acutissimo stilo explicavit quanti locus et spatium in commercio valeant. Sunt quidem inter oeconomiae studiosos qui tamquam in Platonis πολιτεία non inter nos homines dubios et inconstantes sententiam dicere videntur; hic tamen certissima mathematices dogmata humanae imbecillitatis experientia temperat. Scilicet ad res tetricas et obscuras in lucem trahendas multum et diu sudavit; sed rationem tanta perspicuitate reddere nititur quanta per difficultatem materiei licuit. Nec se in turre illa eburnea includit; immo magnam famam propter commentarios in *Ephemeride Neo-Eboracensi* editos est adeptus. Ibi utile dulci miscere solet; paginam saepe sale aspergit, calamum aliquando aceto tingit. Magnam laudem meruit quia populum educare non dedignatus est, maiorem quia in multis libris et commentariis vel doctissimos de rebus oeconomicis summo ingenio erudit.

Praesento morum et mercaturae explicatorem oculatissimum, Paulum Robinum Krugman, apud Universitatem Urbis Novi Eboraci professorem, praemio Nobeliano nobilitatum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Rerum oeconomicarum magister peritissime, qui et vulgus et doctos sagacissime instruxisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

It is with a touch of embarrassment that we claim Adam Smith, prince of economists, for Oxford, as he regarded the place as a waste of time. But perhaps he rejoices in Elysium to see the authority that his work has wielded over us since. I now present a man who, rightly admiring Smith's theory, has shown how it can be adapted to meet the circumstances of our own age. How is it that the French and Germans are able each to sell cars to the other? Should the terms of trade not advantage one of the two sides? Here is the economist who has solved this riddle: by adding geography to the discipline of economics he has exposed with great acuity the importance of place and distance to business. There are economists who write as though we lived in a purely rational Utopia rather than being the uncertain and inconsistent people that we actually are, but this man knows how to temper mathematical perfection with an understanding of human weakness. No doubt he has sweated long and hard in his task of dragging dark and knotty matters into the light of day, but he strives to

argue as lucidly as the difficulty of the subject allows. Nor does he shut himself up in the so-called ivory tower; indeed, his columns in the *New York Times* have become famous. There he provides entertainment as well as instruction: his page is often sprinkled with salt, and he has been known to dip his pen in vinegar. He has earned high praise for not disdaining the job of enlightening the general public, higher praise still for the many brilliant books and articles from which even the most expert economists have learnt.

I present a penetrating analyst of trade and human behaviour, Paul Robin Krugman, Professor at the City University of New York, Nobel Memorial laureate, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Admission by the Chancellor

Consummate master of the science of economics, who have shrewdly instructed the learned and the unlearned alike, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

PROFESSOR KAZUYO SEJIMA

Architect

Philosophus quidam architecturam musicae tamquam glacie concretae olim comparavit. Quam sententiam forsitan mutavisset si opera feminae quam nunc produco spectare potuisset; solidam enim materiem liquefacere videtur. Aspice aedificatiunculam quam abhinc septem annos pro pinacotheca Serpentina in paradiso Londinensi creavit. Muri, e vitro facti, curvamine modo cavo modo convexo flectebantur; tectum, quod columnae tenuissimae sustinebant, planum erat et e laminis ligneis aluminio amictis constitutum; quare pluvia cadente micabat, sub sole splendebat, omni tempore oculos iuvabat. Ex interioribus partibus omnis hortus sine impedimento spectari poterat, ita ut opus humanum et amoenitas naturae in unum coalescere viderentur. Ipsa dixit id aedificium inter arbores ut fumum vagari; et eheu, post paucos menses ut fumus evanuit. Sed licet in Britannia opus eius adhuc non tueri possimus, multa in Asia Europa America cum socio suo construxit. Quocumque ierunt sive in urbe sive ruri situi loci consulunt observantque vicinitatem. Nec turre superbas nec moles minaces ad caelum sustulerunt; vitro potius marmore metallis omni denique materie dummodo munda et fulgida uti solent. Aliquando formas quadratas maluerunt tamquam cistas acervaverunt, aliquando figuras invenerunt quibus fluxum aquae vel rerum in aqua fluitantium levitatem ad mentem evocant. Quodcumque demum fingunt, firmitatem cum elegantia, cum subtilitate leporem coniungunt.

Praesento architecturae magistrum ingeniosissimum, Kazuyo Sejima, praemio Pritzkeriano nobilitatum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Inventrix praestantissima, quae in aedificiis exstruendis et utilitatem et venustatem contulisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

A philosopher once declared that architecture was frozen music. He might have adjusted that opinion, had he been able to look at the work of the lady whom I now present; for she seems to make solid material melt and liquefy. Consider the pavilion which she designed seven years ago for the Serpentine Gallery in Hyde Park. The walls, of glass, curved in and out; the roof, held up by very thin columns, was flat and made of plywood sheathed in aluminium, so that it was a delight to the eye in all weathers, sparkling in the rain and shining in the sun. From inside the building there was an unimpeded view of the whole park, so that the beauties of nature and human ingenuity seemed to blend together. She herself said that it drifted among the trees like smoke; and after a few months, alas, like smoke it vanished. But although we can no longer see her work in Britain, she and her partner have had designs realised in Europe, Asia and America. Wherever they go, and whether they are in town or country, they take thought for the neighbourhood and consider the settings in which their buildings are to go. They have not thrust arrogant towers or constructions of crushing bulk skyward; instead, their interest is in clean and gleaming materials, such as glass, marble and metal. In some cases they have used cubic forms, like boxes piled one upon another; at other times they have found shapes which have the feeling of lightly floating or of flowing like water. But whatever they do, they combine strength with gracefulness and delicacy with precision.

I present an architect rich in invention, Kazuyo Sejima, winner of the Pritzker Prize, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Admission by the Chancellor

Eminent creator, who have brought both practicality and beauty to the designing of buildings, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Doctor of Science

DR CORNELIA BARGMANN

Professor of Neural Circuits and Behavior

Vergilius, cum in *Georgicis* de apibus disserere coepisset, dicit, 'In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria', dummodo sinant numina. Huic feminae sane adriserunt dei, quae e parvorum animalium studio satis gloriae est adepta. Per multos annos vermem quandam scrutata est quem anglice nominari non potest, a doctis caenorhabditis elegans nuncupatur. Quis putaverit elegantiam in tam pusilla carnis perpetuo se tortantis particula inesse? Simplicitate saltem non caret: nam in nervis huius vermis ter centum et duo, in nervis hominum fere ter millies millies sunt cellulae. Atqui haec scrutata quid vermiculi sentiant quid faciant immo (mirabile dictu) quid cogitent monstravit se ex his repertis mentem humanam melius explicare posse. Ipsis atomis et moleculis inspectis ostendit vermes vix minus accurate quam nos res olfacere posse. Tum odore butyri liquefacti est usa, quo tam hae bestiolae quam nos attrahuntur. Mox suo eas arbitrio mutare poterat, ita ut saporis quos antea diligebant odissent, quos oderant approbarent. Neque his quaestionibus solum incubuit, quae adhuc in tirocinio, dum cancri morbi naturam examinat, rem ad morbum mammarum sanandum utilissimam invenit; nunc ad studium humani corporis regressa, scientiam in vermium scrutatione partam ad cerebra hominum investiganda, opus sane difficillimum, summa peritia adhibet. Psalmista, ubi dixit, 'Ego autem vermis sum non homo', humilitatem veritati anteposuit. Si vermis essem, hanc feminam aliquantula timiditate respicerem, sed quia homo sum et non vermis, gaudere possum eam e minimis tot tantasque res patefecisse.

Praesento odorum venatricem sagacissimam, Corneliam Bargmann, apud Universitatem Rockefellerianam neurologiae professorem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Investigatrix animalium doctissima, cui licuit parva componere magnis, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

When Virgil began his discourse on bees in the *Georgics*, he declared that his subject of his work was little but the praise for it would not be – if the divine powers approved. The gods must indeed have smiled on this lady, who has won high praise from the study of small creatures. She has devoted many years to the study of a small worm which lacks an English name but has the Latin designation *Caenorhabditis elegans*. Who would have

expected elegance in such a tiny scrap of wriggling flesh? Simplicity at least it does not lack, as it has only three hundred and two nerve cells, whereas human beings have about a billion times as many. Nevertheless, by scrutiny of these worms' sensations and behaviour and even, remarkably, their thought, she made discoveries which, as she showed, could be applied to the study of the human mind. Investigating atoms and molecules, she demonstrated that the worms can smell things almost as well as we can. She used the scent of melted butter, which is as attractive to these little animals as it is to us. After a while she was able to alter them at will, making them dislike smells that had previously appealed to them, and like those that they had avoided. This has not been her only field of study: while still a graduate student she made a discovery which has led to an effective treatment for breast cancer. More recently she has gone back to the study of man, skillfully applying the knowledge that she has gained from the examination of worms to that acutely difficult subject, the human brain. When the Psalmist said, 'I am a worm and no man,' he preferred humility to the strict truth. If I were a worm, I would regard this lady with a touch of nervousness, but as I am a man and no worm, I rejoice that she has from such little things revealed so much.

I present a keen hunter-down of odours, Cornelia Bargmann, Professor of Neural Circuits and Behavior at the Rockefeller University, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Admission by the Chancellor

Expert investigator of living creatures, who have been granted the power of comparing small things with great, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

PROFESSOR MILDRED DRESSELHAUS

Professor of Physics and of Electrical Engineering Emerita

Primum homines Graeci adfirmare ausi sunt res omnes ex atomis esse constitutas; quas tamen duras et solidas ut micas salis vel harenae esse credebant. Nunc tamen seminibus rerum ipsis fabricationem esse implicatissimam docti reppererunt; inter quos haec femina nunc a me producta iamdiu locum praestantem occupavit. Atomii carbonii in formam crystallinam se colligunt; crystalli ipsa, quorum figura favo est similis, variis modis disponuntur. Aliquando ita se collocant ut adamas fiant, materies durissima; aliquando formam laminarum induunt, quae facile separantur; hanc propter causam stilo plumbato, ut dicitur, scribere possumus. Quas res diligenter scrutata haec femina abhinc quinque lustra fistulam tenuissimam ex

moleculis carbonicis fabricari posse praedixit; quod non multum postea evenit. Haec etiam praevidit quibus modis eae fistulae, simul levissimae et validissimae, vim electricam transmissurae essent lumenque vel iacturae vel abditurae. Iam in machinis electronicis construendis adhibentur, sperantque docti se eis ad radios solis in cellulis condensos esse usuros. Ipsa, quamvis in φροντιστηρίω suo elaboret, bonum publicum non negligit; praesertim pro virili parte (ut dicebant Romani) nisa est ut mulieres iustam partem in eis disciplinis vindicent in quibus sexus masculinus nimis polluit. Sed inter tot negotia tempore inani nonnunquam fruitur: si otiosa est, fidicula cum amicis canit; nempe tam in musica harmoniam quam in rerum seminibus desiderat.

Praesento rerum naturae indagatricem insignissimam, quam conlegae recte Carbonii Reginam nuncupant, Mildredam Dresselhaus, apud Institutum Technologiae Massachusettense Ingeniariae et Physicae professorem, Libertatis Nomismate multisque aliis praemiis nobilitatam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Atomorum regnatricem, quae arcana naturae in lucem produxisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

The Greeks were the first to argue that all matter is made of atoms, but they supposed these to be hard, solid objects, like grains of salt or sand. Physicists have since discovered the extreme complexity even of these basic components; among whom the lady whom I now present has long held a high place. Carbon atoms collect into crystals, and these crystals, arranged in a honeycomb pattern, can themselves be organised in a variety of ways. In some cases their structure turns them into diamond, hardest of materials; in others they lie in sheets, which are easily separable; that is the reason that we can write with a lead pencil, so called. Her close research into these matters enabled this lady a quarter of a century ago to predict the possibility of creating extremely thin tubes from these structures; which in due course came to pass. She also foresaw the ways in which these carbon nanotubes, which are both very light and very strong, would conduct electricity and emit or absorb light. They are already used in electronic devices and scientists hope to use them in future for harvesting sunlight in solar cells. She herself, for all her devotion to the laboratory, is public spirited too; in particular, she has striven manfully (as they used to say) to see that women achieve their proper place in

those scientific disciplines in which the male sex has predominated. Busy though she is, however, she has some free time on occasion, and then she plays the violin with friends, for she looks for harmony in music as in the elementary components of matter.

I present a most distinguished researcher into the nature of things, whom her colleagues rightly call the Queen of Carbon, Mildred Dresselhaus, Institute Professor (of electrical engineering and physics) at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom and many other honours, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Admission by the Chancellor

Ruler of the atoms, who have brought nature's secrets into the light of day, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

SIR JONATHAN IVE

Designer

Si monumentum Christophori Wren requiris, circumspice; si monumenta viri prope me nunc adstantis vis evitare, nescio quid consulam, nisi vis oculis versari obligatis. Nam opera eius ubique sunt; in laribus nostris, in tabulariis, in stratis urbium videntur. Habitum eorum instrumentorum mutavit quibus musicam auscultamus, telephonice colloquimur, epistulas per aethera emittimus. Per ipsum magna parte stat ut multi antea nigro colore allecti nunc album laudare malint. Nonne res passim vides ex aluminio factas quod fabricatores elegantiae ostentandae gratia scaberunt? Ecce homo qui hanc induxit venustatem. Atqui licet inventionibus eius utantur fere omnes, pauciores inventoris nomen sciunt: velut in aenigmate significatio, ita ingenium huius latet. Oedipus autem griphum Sphingos solvit; Oedipodos nomen illud ex huius viri operibus celeberrimum velut in gripho occulit. Multi opera eius imitari conati non prospere gesserunt, quia non satis intellexerunt eum arti et ingenio curam atque intentionem addidisse: nullum iota nullum apicem neglegit. Britanniae natus et educatus auctoritatem ad cunctas orbis terrarum partes propagavit. Quamobrem ut olim Vergilius, ita ego 'i decus i nostrum' pronuntio: nam tu etiam ad Californienses, gentem remotissimam, ingenium Britannicum attulisti.

Praesento simplicitatis admiratorem, munditiae fabricatorem peritissimum, Jonathan Paulum Ive, Excellentissimi Ordinis Britannici dominum commendatorem, artificum apud societatem Malum ducem et principem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Artifex ingeniosissime, qui utilitati elegantiam coniunxisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

If you seek a memorial to Christopher Wren, look around you; if you want to avoid a memorial of the man now standing beside me, I do not know what to advise, unless you are willing to go around blindfold. For his designs are everywhere: we see them in our homes, in offices, out in the streets. He has changed the style of the devices by which we listen to music, talk by phone and send our emails. It is in large part due to him that white has become the new black. Have you noticed all that brushed aluminium around, a sure signal of sophistication? Here is the man who introduced this elegance. Yet although almost everyone uses the objects that he has designed, fewer know the name of the designer: like the meaning of a riddle, his brilliance lies hidden. Now Oedipus solved the riddle of the Sphinx, and the name of Oedipus (in Latin form) conceals riddlingly this honorand's most famous creation. Many have tried to imitate him but have fallen flat, not appreciating that his success has been owed not only to his talent and expertise but to the care and concentration that he brings to his work: he pays attention to every jot and tittle, and dots every i. Born and educated in Britain, he has spread his influence all over the globe. So like Virgil, 'Go forth, I say, glory of ours' - for you have carried British genius even to farthest California.

I present a most skilled admirer of simplicity and creator of neatness, Sir Jonathan Paul Ive, KBE, chief designer at Apple Inc, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Admission by the Chancellor

Brilliant designer, who have joined elegance to practicality, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Doctor of Music

JESSYE NORMAN

Soprano, concert and opera singer

Mox erit festum Sancti Iohannis Baptistae; hac die, secundum Ricardum Wagner, Gualterius praemium optimi carminis fingendi abstulit Iohannesque Sachs a civibus suis honestatus est; apte igitur hoc tempore feminam in arte musica praestantissimam plausu et oratione celebramus. Non miror insignissimas e cantatricibus divas nuncupari; vox enim in qua vis lepos venustas miscetur ab alio mundo ad nos ferri videtur. Sed licet vox pulchra sit donum a Deo datum,

Dominus Noster eum laudavit qui talentis sibi mandatis ita usus est ut magnopere augerentur; quare simili modo hanc maxime laudo quia dotem suam naturalem summa arte atque exercitatione sedula amplificaverit. Nec antiquiorem nec nostrae aetatis musicam neglexit: et Elissam Henrici Purcell et Phaedram Beniaminis Britten splendide egit; tamen a musica undevicesimo saeculo vel paulo recentius inventa maximam famam est adepta. Cum amorem Isoldae moribundae exspirat, fit sonus ut lumina Spartanae illius puellae, τακερώτερα ὕπνω καὶ σανατώ, et cum illud extremum extremi carminis Ricardi Strauss canit - 'Forsthan hoc sit mors' - quis fletibus parcat? Heroides quarum personas haec saepe in scaena induit, praemature perire solent; etiam Aemilia in fabula Leonis Janáček, quam haec prima in Theatro Metropolitano Novi Eboraci egit, quattuor centum annos vixit, atqui tandem obivit; ars sola mortem habet contemptui. Catullus quidem, ubi voluit libellum plus uno saeculo esse mansurum, parum ingenio suo fidebat; Horatius adfirmavit se carminibus suis monumentum aere perennius exegisse; nos speramus artem huius feminae orbibus phonographicis servatam in perpetuum esse victuram. O sol pulcher! O laudanda,¹ splendor vocis tuae ut nobis ita posteris affluat.

Praesento cantatricem quae Circen allectatione eloquentia Orpheae adaequat, Iessicam Maiam Norman, Academiae Americanae Artium et Scientiarum Sociam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Musica.

Admission by the Chancellor

Philomela Americana, quae pectora hominum permultis in terris delectavisti et accendisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Musica honoris causa.

Paraphrase

It will shortly be the feast of St John the Baptist; in Wagner's *Meistersinger* this is the day on which Walther wins the prize in the singing competition and Hans Sachs is honoured by the citizens of Nuremberg; it is a fitting day, therefore, for us to honour a great musician with oratory and applause. It is small wonder that exceptional female singers get the name of diva, for a voice that combines power, charm and beauty seems to come to us from beyond our sublunary world. But while a lovely voice may be a gift from God, Our Lord praised the man who so employed the talents entrusted to him that he greatly increased them; and so in similar spirit I praise our honorand most of all because

¹Horace, *Odes* 4. 2. 46-7 ('O fair sun, o worthy of praise')

she has enlarged her gift by long practice and consummate musical understanding. She has not neglected earlier music or that of our own times, brilliantly impersonating both Purcell's Dido and Britten's Phaedra, but she is celebrated above all for interpreting works of the nineteenth and earlier twentieth century. When she breathes out the love of the expiring Isolde, her sound becomes like the glances of the poet Alcman's Spartan maiden, 'softer than sleep or death', and when she sings the final phrase of Strauss's *Four Last Songs* – 'Ist dies vielleicht der Tod?'² – who can hold back their tears? The heroines of the kind that she has played on the operatic stage have a tendency to die young; even Emilia Marty in Janáček's *The Makropoulos Case*, whom she was the first to play at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, dies at last, after a life four hundred years long; art alone can hold death in contempt. Catullus, in expressing the hope that his little book would last more than a century, trusted too little in his genius; Horace declared that the publication of his odes completed a monument more durable than bronze; we ourselves hope that this lady's art, preserved on disc, will live for ever. *Heil dir Sonne! Heil dir, Licht!*³ – may the splendour of your voice shine upon posterity as it does upon ourselves.

I present a soprano who equals Circe in enchantment, Orpheus in expressiveness, Jessye Mae Norman, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

Admission by the Chancellor

American nightingale, who have delighted and enkindled human hearts in many lands, on my own authority and that of the whole University I admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

ARVO PÄRT

Composer

Agmen honorandorum ut duxit ita claudit vir qui sub illa tyrannide Europam orientalem opprimenti natus et educatus a principibus civitatis diu deterrebat quominus ingenium suum ut voluit ostenderet. Primum culpabatur quia rationis dodecaphonicae studiosus parum populo esset utilis et debilitate atque licentia artis occidentalis attingeretur. Postea eo musicae genere exercito cui ipse nomen tintinnabulorum dedit, propter religionem in sonis fuit opprobrio. At dum hic domi vexatur, foris fama magnopere crescebat. Callimachus integros fontes e quibus ὀλίγη λίβας fluit lutoso flumini Assyriae anteponit; ita multi sonis chromaticis exsatiati, limpidos huius viri numeros gratis auribus hauriunt. Ad tales

modos ultima verba illius martyris quo has oratiunculas incepti bene adhibere possum: 'O sancta simplicitas!' Pulchritudinem autem et per consonantiam vocum in temporis quoque momento emissarum et per seriem punctorum contra puncta moventium fingit. Alii quidem musicam e paucis sonis fingere conantes saepius modos quasi machina non ingenio creatos canere videntur numerisque inaniter iteratis auditores fatigant. Hic ad cor loquitur; in ratione est affectus, ardor in tranquillitate. In cunctis operibus, non tantum in quibus verba sacra canuntur, reverentiam et pietatem erga Deum exprimit; non solum in superficie leporem sed etiam in profundis sapientiam gignit. Res quae saeculum vocantur nihil moratur, musica tamen eius passim diffunditur. Ita fabularum cinematographicarum χορηγοὶ saepe numeris eius utuntur ut luce inde mutuata fulgeant; ipse suo iubare splendet.

Praesento Euterpes antistitem praestantissimum, Arvonem Pärt, Praemio Imperiali multisque aliis praemiis nobilitatum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Musica.

Admission by the Chancellor

Summe tintinnabulorum magister, qui lenitate tua orbem terrarum vicisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Musica honoris causa.

Paraphrase

The line of honorands ends as it began with a man who, born and educated under the autocracy that once held eastern Europe in its grip, was for a long time hindered by the regime from following his natural bent as he wished. At first he was censured for his interest in serialism: instead of serving the people (they said), his art was tainted with western decadence. Later, when he developed the method that he has himself called tintinnabuli, he was attacked for the religious character of his music. But while he was harassed at home, abroad his fame was growing greatly. Callimachus famously preferred the fresh springs from which trickles a slender stream to the muddy Euphrates, and likewise many listeners, gluttoned by chromaticism, have drunk in this honorand's transparent sounds with grateful ears. To such music I may fittingly apply the dying words of the martyr with whom I began these little speeches: 'O sacred simplicity!' He creates beauty both from the harmonies of each chord and from the independent movement of the individual voices. Others who have essayed making music from minimal material have quite often tended to produce results that sound more mechanical than inventive, wearying the listener with pointless repetition. This man speaks to the

heart: there is emotion in his system, and passion in his calm. All his works, and not merely those set to sacred texts, breathe a religious spirit and a sense of God; he creates not only beauty of surface but wisdom in the depths. He is indifferent to fashion and the *zeitgeist*, and yet his music has spread everywhere. Film directors often use his scores in the hope of benefiting from his reflected light, but the brilliance with which he shines is his own.

I present an eminent hierophant of the musical muse, Arvo Pärt, winner of the Praemium Imperiale and many other awards, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

Admission by the Chancellor

Consummate master of tintinnabuli, who have conquered the world by mildness, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

2 Encaenia

The Public Orator delivered the Creweian Oration:

Public Orator: *Honoratissime Domine Cancellarie, licetne anglice loqui?*

Chancellor: *Licet.*

Public Orator: *Eheu fugaces, Postume Postume, labuntur anni...* You see, permission to speak in English does not entail a requirement to speak in English, and I begin with the famous words in which Horace laments the passing of the fleeting years. But we should not assume too elegiac a tone. Our ancestors showed wisdom in calling this day Encaenia, a festival of renewal. This is the season for goodbyes, but for looking forward also: to adapt the words of an Oxonian poet, if summer comes, can autumn be far behind? Before the leaves have fallen, there will new minds arriving here, new sheep to be fed, new mouths hungry to be filled. We can take pleasure in feeling ourselves to be part of the great process of time, in a long history which is one of continual remaking and refreshment.

This very occasion has known changes over the centuries. There was a time when the ceremony of Encaenia was an unruly affair. One feature was the Terrae Filius, a scurrilous jester, who treated the leadership of the University with open disrespect. One shudders at the mere thought of it. Naturally, this event is now a safe space. Nothing upsetting will be spoken, or at least not without a trigger warning in advance. Here we can learn from other institutions. The students' union at Edinburgh has decreed that at its meetings there shall be no heckling, no clapping and no laughter. The union at

²Is this perhaps death?

³Wagner, *Siegfried*, act 3 ('Hail to thee, sun, hail, light').

East Anglia has banned the wearing of funny hats. Well, perhaps we have some progress still to make.

Above all, this is the time when we commemorate our benefactors, the men and women who have thought well enough of this place to bestow their generosity upon it, and to challenge us in turn to live up to their faith in us. Among our admirers we can now number the Great Western Railway. You may have noticed when you arrive here by train that the signs no longer give only the name of the city: not a mere 'Oxford', but 'Oxford The City of Learning'. I like that use of the definite article: *The City of Learning* – beware of imitations. And the moment you step outside the station, we prove our point immediately: for there it is, the Saïd Business School, product of one of the most generous and far-seeing benefactions of the past half-century, complete with its ziggurat, already an affectionately regarded addition to the city's skyline – not a dreaming spire exactly, but if you want to conduct human sacrifice by the light of the full moon (do they still do that in business schools?) it is just the thing.

This is a time, too, to reflect on the purposes of a university. As usual, Mr Donald Trump puts it much better than I could. 'I'm very highly educated,' he has said. 'I know words. I have the best words.' There is our calling as teachers in a nutshell: we endeavour to educate our pupils as highly as we are able, and to educate ourselves in the process. We give them words, and we try to make them the best words. I remember the pleasure I felt when I first learnt that grammar and glamour are etymologically the same, from the Greek *grammata*, letters. For glamour is magic and magic is made from spells; spells are words and words give power – not empowerment, with its dreary baggage of grievance and competition – but the only power worth having: the power to discover and understand, and as best we can, to pass our understanding on to others.

This discreet and impartial oration does not take sides politically, but I will risk the admission that I cannot agree with Mr Trump in absolutely every respect. 'I have the best words,' he says. 'And the best word of all is "stupid".' There are a few words that I prefer myself, and among them are 'intelligent', 'thanks' and 'gratitude'. A magnificent gift from the A B Charitable Trust, through the generosity of Mr Yves and Mrs Anne Bonavero, is making possible the Bonavero Institute of Human Rights, which is to be built in the garden of Mansfield. I used to think that the Mausoleum at Castle Howard was the grandest garden ornament in Europe, but I shall have to change my mind. Of course, this building will be much more than an ornament to the college in which it is to stand:

its work will combine intellectual excitement with a subject that is of pressing concern to humanity.

The University's ministry of propaganda continues to be remorselessly positive. Last year, with the announcement of the results of the REF, we were able to report that the seven-year plan had been gloriously fulfilled. By contrast, *The Oxford Magazine* sometimes gives the impression that it would have rejected contributions from the late Arthur Schopenhauer for their excessively chirpy tone. The headline in its latest number is 'Can Oxford Survive?' I haven't had time to read it, but I'm dying to know the answer. This oration strikes a heartier note. However, Socrates, who was described in the nineteenth century as an honorary Balliol man, said that the unexamined life was not worth living (happy news for finalists), and in Socratic spirit I have been examining myself. I fear that in its frequent recitations of our sporting successes this oration may have allowed a note of vulgar triumphalism to intrude, some deficiency of finer sympathy for the bruised feelings of the university against which we were competing.

This was an odd mistake for a student of Greek tragedy to make: a reading of Aeschylus and Sophocles can tell you what happens if you get boastfully over-confident, and (spoiler alert) it is not good. On Easter Day the Boat Race was rowed with the usual fierce intensity, and (trigger warning) Cambridge won. At least, that is what the television and newspapers said, while our own website celebrated our glorious successes. This is what one might call the Arc de Triomphe principle: if you lose a big war, put up an enormous monument declaring that you won. Well, Napoleon won some of his battles, and we do indeed congratulate the women's crew and our two second eights on their victories. In the Varsity match our men defeated Cambridge for a record sixth time running, while the Cambridge women won decisively; we congratulate them for that and commiserate with our own team for defeat after a gallant struggle. I hope that by now I have shown just enough modesty to appease the gods, and that in consequence my wife will not murder me in the bath or reveal that she is actually my mother.

As it happens, Napoleon was a keen interest of one of our chancellors, Lord Curzon, and his collection of Napoleonic memorabilia now occupies a room in the Clarendon Building. I learn with a touch of misgiving that the Vice-Chancellor is moving her office to this room. Vice-Chancellor, is this wise? I can lend you a good biography of Napoleon. Be sure not to skip the last chapter. The inauguration of a Vice-Chancellor is always a significant event in the University's life.

When Caesar died, the Alps shook, statues sweated and the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. Here, when there is a change of Vice-Chancellors, a building falls down. When the last Vice-Chancellor but one arrived, the roof of this theatre gave way. To greet his successor, a house in the Iffley Road collapsed. The builders who were converting it blamed the misadventure on rain, a phenomenon known in Oxford, but apparently news to them.

This time we have broken with precedent, and instead of losing a building we have completed one: the Blavatnik School, one of the most spectacular additions to our estate for many years. It is a reminder that learning and beauty can walk hand in hand. That lesson is enforced, in another way, by the magnificent gift that we have had for the Ashmolean Endowment Fund from a donor in this country who wishes to remain anonymous. The late Kenneth Rose has left a grand bequest for an endowment in perpetuity for the purchase of rare books and manuscripts for the Bodleian. It was said in his lifetime that no party was complete until Kenneth Rose had arrived, and it is good to think that through his legacy he will go on spreading pleasure into the future.

Maintaining the unaccustomed note of modesty for a little longer, I observe that there are some areas in which we have to record limited success, or even outright failure. YouGov has recently published a list of the ten men and women most admired in this country. In the male list we can claim only Professor Hawking of Univ, who comes in at number 5, between Jackie Chan and Vladimir Putin. The women's list includes Aung San Suu Kyi of St Hugh's. But there is still no Oxford winner of the Confucius Peace Prize, awarded this year to Mr Robert Mugabe. Previous winners include Fidel Castro and (again) Mr Putin, who has taken to peace the proactive approach that King Herod took to child care. Anyway, I pass the information on to the Honorary Degrees Committee for their consideration.

But it is time to return to the right kind of boasting: in our students. A few of our outstanding prizewinners are available for viewing on this day only, before being released again into their natural habitats in libraries and laboratories. I ask them to stand now for your applause. The student experience can be heady stuff. The parfumière Ruth Mastenbroek has found her memories of reading chemistry at LMH so powerful that she has based a new scent on them, called, of course, Oxford. Oxford, she hopes, is a perfume that captures the thrill of leaving home for university. So if you want to go around smelling of boiled cabbage and stale beer, you know where to go.

The world needs students, but students need support. It is a pleasure to record four generous gifts from China: from the Hong Kong Jockey Club for the Hong Kong Jockey Club Graduate Scholarships, from Brights Oceans Corporation for the Brights Oceans Corporation Scholarships, from the D H Chen Foundation for the D H Chen Foundation Scholarships, and from the Victor and William Fung Foundation for the Fung Scholarships. The importance of China now and in the future goes without saying; we are grateful for a grand gift from Deutsche Bank for the Deutsche Bank Directorship and Lecture Series at the Oxford China Centre. The Wolfson Foundation has added to its long history of giving to this university with a munificent benefaction for the Centre for Quantum Science and Technology within the Beecroft Building.

We have had a lot of politics recently, and you may have hoped that this theatre would be a safe space. Alas, it is not to be. Today we celebrate; tomorrow we have an important decision to make. So far the war of words has seemed mostly to have been a private quarrel in the Oxford University Conservative Association. I notice that the leading Remainers come from colleges on the High: Mr Cameron of Brasenose, Mr Osborne of Magdalen, Mr Hammond of Univ. The most prominent Brexiteers have been Mr Johnson of Balliol and Mr Gove of LMH. North of the Broad one is further from the Continent. Since the last Encaenia the Labour Party has elected a new leader. The last time that it won a general election under a leader who had not been an Oxford undergraduate was 1929. Mr Corbyn is clearly sensitive to the point. He has appointed as his director of strategy Seamas Milne, who read PPE at Balliol. The speech that he gave to his party conference was written by Neale Coleman, who read Greats at Balliol – all, that is, apart from the jokes and the flourishes, which turned out to have been supplied by Richard Heller, who read PPE at – why, bless my soul – at Balliol. So the voice may be the voice of Corbyn, but the words are the words of the Broad.

Across the Atlantic too we continue to make our mark. Democrat voters in the United States may be fat-free and gluten-free, but they have had no choice of being Oxford-free. A year ago many of us had the chance, which it seems will now be denied to the American people, of voting Sanders in a general election, as Bernie's elder brother Larry was standing for Oxford West and Abingdon in the Green interest, although to judge from the voting figures, not many of us took it. As things stand, Democrats will be voting in November to send a wife and mother of Oxonians to the White House, and indeed for the only Oxonian president to return

there. The Australians have likewise found that there is no escape. Mr Abbott of Queen's has been ousted as prime minister, only to be succeeded by Mr Turnbull of Brasenose, the latest of four Oxonians to occupy the Australian premiership in the past forty years, three of them Rhodes Scholars. Before Mr Cameron's ascension, Brasenose's only prime minister had been Henry Addington, who lost office in 1804. You wait a couple of centuries for a prime minister, and then two come along at once.

As usual we can celebrate the election of a good number of colleagues to the learned societies. The British Academy has elected Professors Janette Atkinson, Dawn Chatty, Felicity Heal, Rana Mitter, Kia Nobre, Andy Orchard, Sally Shuttleworth and Annette Volting. The Royal Society has chosen Professors Steven Balbus, Martin Bridson, Bill David, Marcus du Sautoy, Artur Ekert, Antony Galfione and Gil McVean. In the New Year Honours Christopher Bulstrode, Linda McDowell and Keith Willett were awarded the CBE, Fran Bennett the OBE and Brian Mountford the MBE. This month's Birthday Honours have brought knighthoods to David Clary, Roger Scruton and Larry Siedentop and a damehood to Frances Lannon. Georgina Born, Edward Melhuish, David Palfreyman and Maggie Snowling have each received the OBE. We congratulate them all.

Each year we say goodbye to some heads of house. Tim Gardam is leaving St Anne's. Richard Carwardine will be succeeded by Steven Cowley at Corpus, Sir Curtis Price by Miles Young at New College, and Sir Mark Jones by Carole Souter at St Cross. The new Public Orator will be Jonathan Katz. He is an expert in Sanskrit as well as Greek and Latin; so goodness knows what languages he will be asking permission to speak in. Curiously, he will be the first person in this office, as far as I can find, to have earned a doctorate, and public oratory will at last break from the drab chrysalis of subfusc into the many-coloured splendour of a festal gown. One cannot quite claim, as is claimed of some jobs, that someone has to do it, as plenty of universities manage to survive without having a person wittering on in Ciceronian prose; but I wish him enjoyment of this peculiar post. My predecessor claimed that the great disappointment of his time as orator was his inability to secure an honorary degree for Miss Sophia Loren. I must report a similar failure in the case of Miss Penelope Cruz. But I got her into a Latin oration, didn't I?

We wish all those retiring many happy and fruitful years to come, but as ever, there are final farewells to remember, and I call to mind those friends and colleagues who have died in the past year, among whom were Asa Lord Briggs, Provost of Worcester, John Campbell,

Fellow of Worcester, Derek Davies, Fellow of St Catherine's, Christopher Duggan, Fellow of All Souls, Robert Elmore, Fellow of Kellogg, Robin Fletcher, Warden of Rhodes House, Glyn Humphreys, Fellow of Wolfson, John Jones, Fellow of Merton, Harvey McGregor, Warden of New College, Paul Langford, Rector of Lincoln, Peter Mathias, Fellow of All Souls, Sir Jeremy Morse, Fellow of All Souls, Claus Lord Moser, Warden of Wadham, Dennis Nineham, Warden of Keble, Patrick Lord Neill of Bladen, Warden of All Souls and Vice-Chancellor, Michael Sheringham, Fellow of All Souls, John Lord Walton of Detchant, Principal of Green, George Lord Weidenfeld, benefactor, Preben Wernberg-Møller, Fellow of St Peter's, Martin West, Fellow of All Souls, and Sir Christopher Zeeman, Principal of Hertford. *Requiescant in pace et in aeternum luceat eis Dominus Illuminatio Mea.*

The world knows of the Three Tenors. Less well known, but giving much enjoyment in their short showbiz career were the Three Wardens, Moser of Wadham, McGregor of New College and Neill of All Souls, who gave several concerts of piano music for six hands (there is more of it than you might suppose). It was not quite Horowitz and not quite Liberace, but perhaps there was just a touch of each. All three have died in the past year. And there is one other death that I will mention, that of the great Cambridge scholar Owen Chadwick. He and his brother Henry between them headed three colleges and occupied three regius chairs in the two ancient universities, a record that is unlikely ever to be repeated.

I have sometimes been asked how the Creweian Oration gets put together. Once again, Mr Trump takes the words out of my mouth: 'I'm speaking with myself, number one, because I have a very good brain and I've said a lot of things. I know what I'm doing, and I listen to a lot of people, I talk to a lot of people, and at the appropriate time I'll tell you who the people are. But my primary consultant is myself and I have, you know, a good instinct for this stuff.' Of course, it is not that I have a good instinct for the stuff but that the stuff itself is so good. We are all part of a great enterprise, every one of us. Sir Ronald Syme, the greatest Oxonian historian since Gibbon, ended his longest work, 'Men and dynasties pass, but style abides.' We shall all pass in our turn, and we shall almost all be forgotten, but the adventure of learning, teaching and exploring will go on. One of the pleasures of working in a university is to be part of a story that is never completed. But for now, *La commedia è finita. La farce est jouée.* That's all, folks. The End.