

Gazette Supplement



Encaenia 2022

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 Civil Law

BERNARD TAYLOR

Ecce, Domine Cancellarie, coram adest qui agmini hospitum insignium procul alicunde receptorum exordio sit candido; produco e nostris hominem cum familiarem tum laudatum, apud quem consilium firmum, officia constantia ac fidelia hodie revochemus Universitati et curatoribus nostris impertita. Cum ad ea respicio quae confecit, in dubitationem adducor: qualisnam Doctoris ad gradum supplicabo ut admittatur? Chemiae peritum se praebuit, ut callide ac scienter prodesset vel hic alicubi vel etiam patriae gubernationi, necnon columnen suppeditavit quo sustentarentur aedes nostrae ecclesiasticae et cathedrales - ubi, ut eloquenter dicit, celebratur, animi coluntur, memoriae servantur, cives congressi colloquuntur, nam ibidem refugium datur, religiones observantur, omnibus fere auxilium invenitur, quaslibet religiones colant aut reiciant. Nonne mirati spectavimus quemadmodum impedimenta atque pericula rerum aeriarum vel iurum superaverit, et urbana et agraria administraverit, et artium et scientiarum patrimonium nostrum tuitus curaverit? Mihi autem ante omnia fabulis musicis studentis amoena ea placent quibus cum nomine anima Garsingtoniana fovetur - nam et ibi opera officii huius profecerunt, spiritu et elegantia creverunt. Atenim nuper audivimus, quod his temporibus fortasse displicet audire, senes saepe, ut videatur, in talibus scaenis dilectis vexare licere vel etiam irridere. Aliquando tamen, ut apud Wolfgangum Amadeum vel Iosephum semper viridem apparet, quidam firmioris generis esse se praebent; quorum voces nunc mansuefacere velim, ut honorandus noster posthac oratorem hunc senilem his verbis revocatis mente teneat: senex iste mihi benedixit! Huc accedat quod, etsi me nullo modo Commendatorem appello, nihilominus hunc virum commendo, simul obsecrans ut tecum, Domine Cancellarie, et hic 'auscultet, nam brevius modo commoror'.

Praesento negotiatorem peracutum, civem in munificentia impigrum, huius Universitatis amicum diu stabilem, Bernardum Taylor, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Commendatorem, Collegii Collegium Sancti Iohannis Baptistae socium, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili.

Admission by the Chancellor

Artium et scientiarum socium assiduum, apud nos consilii auctorem et duces, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili honoris causa.

Paraphrase

My Lord Chancellor, behold in person a resounding overture to our array of distinguished guests from far and wide; I introduce an imposing, albeit familiar figure from inside our numbers, whose presence with us recalls long and faithful service and counsel to our University and its governance. His accomplishments are such that I might have presented him for a degree in almost any category. For here is a proven scientist who has lent his expertise to the management of bodies not only in Oxford but at a national level, and here also a stalwart support and sustainer of our churches and cathedrals - places, as he says so eloquently, of 'celebration, culture, commemoration and community gatherings, places of sanctuary and worship, and a resource for people of all faiths and none'. His skill in triumphantly traversing the minefields of worlds financial and legal, his stewarding of both city and countryside, his protective oversight of our artistic as well as scientific patrimony, all of this we mark with wondering eye. But above all my taste is for opera, and the pleasant pastures that have fostered the name and spirit of Garsington, for there too the Taylor's work is worn with pride and elegance. Now it has recently been pointed out, perhaps unfashionably, that old men often seem to be regarded, in that hallowed repertoire, as fair game for discomfiture or even ridicule. But let us note some stern exceptions. I call to mind some characters in Mozart and Verdi, and allow myself, Lord Chancellor, to tame their voices. May our honorand long remember this old orator with the thought: *Quel vecchio benedivami!*¹ And further, myself no Commendatore, I nevertheless commend him, and beg you, and him, 'hear, since short is my stay':

I present an astute businessman, diligent philanthropist and long-standing friend of this University, Bernard Taylor CBE, Honorary Fellow of St John's College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Untiring ally of arts and sciences, guide and counsel to our endeavours, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

¹ *Rigoletto*, Act 1.

² ('Parlo, ascolta, più tempo non ho?') *Don Giovanni*, Act 2, Scene 15.

Degree of Doctor of Letters**SIR LENNY HENRY**

... τοῦ δὲ γαργαλίεσθαι μόνον ἄνθρωπον αἴτιον ἢ τε λεπτότης τοῦ δέρματος καὶ τὸ μόνον γελάει τῶν ζώων ἄνθρωπον.¹

Hominibus inest, ut mihi videtur Aristoteles censuisse, vel ob titillationem vel iocationem ridere, etsi et alia ad humanitatem definiendam quaerenda sunt. Sed multo post scilicet eum Gallicus quidam monuit - id quod momenti erat - hoc quoque proprium nostrum esse, quod non modo ridemus sed ipsi ridiculi apparemus. Ecce amici hodie nostrum agmen ducit qui puerulus olim Dudeleiensis expedire cognovit aliis animos in hilaritatem traducere, quo facto condiscipulis eum minus procaciter lacessere libebat. Quid? Audimus nil adesse quod hic non risu dignum praebere valeat, ut recte in ordinem praeclarum surrexerit quinquaginta Britannorum ridiculissimorum. Qui voce sua nos delectat atque habitu, necnon eis partibus quas tam subtiliter nos stupefaciens sustinet. Sed et hoc miramur, quod intellegit ea lepidissima habere oportere qualia minime noceant, nullo modo violent. Immo imprimis facetiae breviloquentia impressae ei cordi sunt, quibus etiam omnibus aliis praecellit. Iamdudum enim sale facetisque admodum benignis comoediam vero comiter fovet, ut res nostrae feliciores floreat. Ne tamen omittamus quae in scaena theatri cum comoediae tum tragoediae effecit - ibi enim dicitur certo decore egisse, praesertimque ita praestitisse ubi Othello eum verbis ac sensibus invidiae, suspicionis, diffidentiae totum arreptum involvisse visus esset. Et commendo vobis ea quae de se ipso scripsit, ea quae iuniores artis generis sui prudenter et acriter docet ut arte perficienda magna spectent.

Praesento comoediae, artium theatralium, beneficentiae denique cultorem impigrum, dilectissimum, Lenworth Georgium Henry, equitem auratum, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Commendatorem, Universitatis Urbis Birminghamiae Cancellarium, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Legate dignissime Thaliae Melpomenesque, qui risu, scribendo, impetu animi permultis felicitatem humaniter restituit, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

That man alone is affected by tickling is due firstly to the delicacy of his skin, and secondly to his being the only animal that laughs.¹

If I understand Aristotle correctly, laughter, whether caused by tickling or by listening to a joke, is a condition of being human - not a sufficient condition, but perhaps a necessary one. Long after he said that, a Frenchman will have taught him the necessary lesson that 'our own peculiar condition is that we are as fit to be laughed at as able to laugh.'² My friends, our line is led by one who, as a lad growing up in Dudley, learnt the strategy of making others laugh at him and at themselves, for when finding him funny his schoolboy tormentors tormented him less. It has been said that he has the gift of making anything sound funny, and so he has duly earned his place in the illustrious list of the fifty funniest Brits. We laugh at his voice, his gestures, the devastating accuracy of his impersonations, but he is admirably aware that the best humour does not hurt or victimise. It is the one-liner he loves best, and in which he excels. And his good-natured wit and energy have for decades fostered comedy in making the world happier. Let us also record his proven prowess on the theatrical stage, not in comedy alone but in Shakespearean tragedy - 'a performance', said a critic, 'of dignity which peaks when Othello's jealous inferences begin to grip his whole being.' Further, though, I must commend to you our honorand's writing on himself, and the wise and acute advice he gives to younger comics on their craft and their aspirations. 'Craft', he says, 'is everything.'

I present a tireless and much-loved supporter of comedy, drama and charity, Sir Lenworth George Henry, CBE, Chancellor of Birmingham City University, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Admission by the Chancellor

Worthy envoy of Thalia and Melpomene, whose personality, whose laughter, whose writing, whose energy have helped to restore happiness to so many, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

¹ Aristotle, *Part. Anim.* 673.a.7

² Michel de Montaigne, *On Democritus and Heraclitus*.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM CHESTER JORDAN

‘Hic sunt tigres’, ut facile in mentem revoco, ita a Princetoniensibus recte dici potest. Ecce ex locis illis augustis procedit qui splendide candet, qui iam pridem apud Americanos rerum gestarum medii aevi studiosus eminet, qui propter ea quae ipse passus cognovit dignus est qui clare honesteque affirmet talia studia nostra multi referre. Spectate, precor, quam primum Encaeniam aliam quandam – officium dico ‘Initii’ anno propiore apud Universitatem Catholicam Americanam celebratum. Ibi enim de Roberto Sorbonensi narravit in Francia Septentrionali abhinc amplius mille annos servorum filio nato. Qui contemptione aliorum molliter lata, rebusque iniquis superatis, effecit ut inter omnes maxime fere studiis, et optime Academiae, prodesset. His relatis, vitaque sua ipsius item tradita, hunc decet scholares hortari ut iunioribus, quibus aliquando obviam fiant, bona atque beneficia eruditionis oblata praebeant. Et quae indagat, qualia docet, haec multa ac varia nobis miratis videntur. Hoc enim ducente de gubernatione regum didicimus, de vita actionibusque Ludovici Noni cognomine sancti, de moribus et administratione monachorum Britannorum et Gallicorum. Accedit etiam quod de mutuis rebus Iudaeorum Christianorumque certiores nos facit, de pecunia mulierum, de inopia ac fame, de servitio. Omnia argumento admodum accurato usus expromit, admirationem movens docet, ut discipuli eius iam late ubique apud collegia multa et praeclara adsint videndi. Itaque tali exemplo fructi et aequitate observata intellegere conemur quae antehac obtiterint, quomodo meliora sint inventa. Monet hic ne temporibus maiorum nostra imponamus, neve acta priora velut exempla ad hodierna vel ad futura adhibeamus. Ut praeiudicare fugiamus, hoc aliquando nil nisi ‘somnia excelsa’ esse videbatur; ecce qui multi facit, dulce habet, ita vero somnare.

Praesento, Domine Cancellarie, flumen verum ubertate ac perennitate praeditum, inter historicos ducem, Willelmum Chester Jordan, Academiae Britannicae Socium, apud Universitatem Princetoniensem Professorem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Inter eruditos praestas qui ‘aut discere, aut docere, aut scribere dulce habent’. Ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

In Princeton, as I well remember, it may be truly said: ‘Here there be Tygers.’¹ And here, forth from Princeton’s historic corridors, is one who burns bright indeed, a scholar who has for decades led the study of Medieval History in the USA. He is also one who can tell, with the vivid clarity and integrity of personal experience, how History matters. Tune in to another Encaenia – for so I might term the 2021 ‘Commencement’ of the Catholic University of America.² In his address to the students he relates the story of Robert de Sorbon, born in Northern France in 1201 the son of serfs, who overcame disadvantage and prejudice to become one of the greatest ever benefactors to education and to the best purposes of a university. That story, and our honoree’s own comparable story, enable him to call students to ‘preach the beatitude of education’ to those youngsters whom they encounter throughout their lives. His own research and teaching cover an astonishing range of subjects. From him we learn much about royal governance, the career and achievements of the hallowed King Louis IX, monastic life and administration in Britain and France, relations between Jews and Christians, women and credit, famine and serfdom. His writing is full of evidence and argument, his teaching widely admired, his former students spread liberally in many leading colleges. Let us attempt, under guidance such as his, to understand objectively the problems and solutions of the past. At the same time he cautions us against reading our present into the past, or finding in the past a ‘blueprint’ for the present and the future. Objectivity, he says, though it has been described as merely a ‘noble dream’, is nevertheless a ‘dream worth dreaming’.

I present a veritable river whose flow is rich and constant, doyen of medievalists, William Chester Jordan, Professor at Princeton University, Fellow of the British Academy, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Eminent that thou art among scholars who ‘delight in learning, teaching and writing’³, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

¹ ‘Found in a medieval manuscript.’ See the short story of that title by Ray Bradbury (1951).

² www.youtube.com/watch?v=6tQO3We5bxo

³ Words of the Venerable Bede, patron saint of historians.

PROFESSOR THEDA SKOCPOL

Inter terminos aliis opus esse cognovimus, aliis potius violatis frui solemus. Nunc ex agmine procedit quae transcens finibus scientiisque collatis lumen adhibuit rebus inopinatum quas omnes magni facimus. Hoc enim ante omnia curare monet, ne ulli viae vel rationi omnino captati addicti fiamus. Sive eam historicam agnoscamus, seu reipublicae vel communis vitae morum scientiae antistitem, verum etiam omnium horum summam comprehensam superat. Mente enim integra rationem secuta hortatur ut denuo cogitemus quibus de causis nationes ad novas res adducantur, unde populis dominationes contingant, quonam modo status civitatum turbentur aut in meliora corriganter, quaenam denique afferant cives coniuncti vel consociati ad ea beneficia quae nuper inter primos alius quidam apud nos honorandus ‘opes civiles’ nomine vocavit. Haec et collegae eius olim a Theae Circuli fautoribus benigne ‘liberales’ vocati sunt, nec tamen ut eis odio forent. Nam omnes discipulos suos docet aliis in talibus rebus versantibus vel agentibus ita uti, quamvis animis dissideant, ut mutue comiter ac sincere colloquantur. Quod praeceptum apud nos bene scimus colendum esse. Respicite quantum in investigationibus huius nostra quoque intersit; spectandum modo est quae eveniant cum extra magnas urbes regiones aliquae propter moderationes impositas advenis careant, nempe ubi ad agros colendos vel ad alia peragenda requiruntur. Iamdudum, ut haec animadvertit, Universitatibus cum vita communi minus minusque est commercii. ‘Reticuli’ igitur nomine concepto in animo habet indagatores et gubernatores nostros, et quae utrique perspiciunt, hortari ut una ad eadem conitantur. Peritorum - ut qui neve desint neve unquam superfluere putentur - utinam utilitas magistratibus nostris manifesta videatur.

Praesento igitur veram scientiarum vitae communis peritam, quae ad morum et sermonum liberalium utilitatem agnoscendam nobis fidem restituat, Thedam Skocpol, apud Universitatem Harvardianam Professore, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Velut pontium ita societatum fabricatrix, quae studia varia et dissidentia ipsa socia conciliat, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

Some boundaries are useful in themselves, others more so in the breach. Next in our distinguished line is one who by crossing boundaries and combining disciplines has cast new light on subjects that matter to all of us. ‘The important thing’, she says, ‘is not to be captured by any one given method or school of thought.’ We may call her a historian, or political scientist, or sociologist, but in truth she is more than the sum of all of these, for her open-minded pursuit of evidence has invited us to think afresh about what forces make states face revolt, what are the social origins of dictatorship, how revolutions work, what constitutes a welfare system, what drives social and political reform, and above all what are the roles of civic groups and associations in the development of what another of our recent honorands pioneeringly termed ‘social capital’.¹ She and her young researchers have been generously described by a Tea Party organiser as ‘liberals - but they’re not so bad!’, for she teaches all her students to engage in mutual respect and open dialogue with political thinkers and activists with whom they may disagree. We know we must admire this principle in the academy. There is for us an evocative ring in her investigations, of what happens, for example, when outside the big cities some US counties suffer restrictions in immigration precisely where people are most needed for agricultural and other work. Over many decades, she notes, there has been a collapsing of bridges between the universities and public life. Her ‘Network’ aims to bring the insights of scholars into greater engagement with government policy. Expertise - we can never have too much of it - must be made more attractive to our legislators.

I present a true social scientist, one who may help to restore faith in truly liberal values and arguments, Theda Skocpol, Professor at Harvard University, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Builder of bridges, ally and reconciler of disparate disciplines, scholar and writer extraordinary, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

¹ Professor Robert Putnam, Hon DLitt (2018)

WIM WENDERS

‘Si quo opere huius generis certiores fimus res mutari posse, id mihi met magnum vero videtur.’

Medicus fieri poterat, vel philosophus, sed ea quibus huic puero vel adulescenti placebat incumbere – scribendi artem dico vel pingendi vel photographica conficiendi – haec omnia credit tantum narrationibus cinematographicis creandis optime in unum conferre potuisse. Et gaudemus quod ita miri ingenii imaginum factus est creator motorque, nam in tali animatione magister perspicitur. Secundum hunc, ut audimus, videre et arbitrari multum differunt; nam in videndo omnino abesse ut opinemur, immo re vel persona altera conspecta, vel externis nobis praestitis, nos nullam ad opinionem adduci, sed haec revera intellecta nos perspicere, ut modo videndo veritatem capiamus coniectam. Nostrae aetati veritas saepe difficilis videtur captu; ecce qui praesentia imaginum oblata ad vera concipienda nobis subveniat, sive homines ita contemplantibus sive loca agrestia aut urbana. Simul tamen intellegit ipsas imagines, si quis malus eis usus nobis invadeat, infeste tractari posse. Liceat mihi per me opus aliquod commendare, Terrae Salem; ubi hic more doctoris imagines ab egregio photographo Sebastiano Salgado admirabiliter effectas in motum narrationemque commoventem transtulit, ut inde veram peregrinationem quandam excipiamus, ab locis desperationis tandem in spem felicioris fortunae conducamur, ideoque confidamus vires devastantes naturae posse repugnari. Haud tamen negarem et aliter vitam humanam identidem huius fabulis operibusque tam artificiosis collustratam et corroboratam esse, id quod a Parisiis Texanis usque ad Vaticana vel ad vigiliis angelicas Berolini etiamque ultra videtur. Idemque apud opera admodum laudata quae una cum aliis scriptoribus atque artificibus tam praeclare produxit.

Praesento vobis scriptorem, photographum VIM fortem habentem, Germaniae Recentis et semper recentioris Theatri Cinematici verum lumen, Ernestum Willelmum Wenders, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Verbi et imaginis magister, cuius imagines motae nos identidem in nova patefacta Veritatis promovent, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

‘Any film that supports the idea that things can be changed is a great film in my eyes.’

He might have become a doctor, or a philosopher, but of all those things that he has liked doing, writing, taking photographs and painting, he believes he could not have put all of them together in any better way than with film-making. We rejoice that he became such a conjurer of images, narratives and observations – for in such animation is revealed the master¹ – who says that seeing is different from thinking, for ‘there are no opinions in seeing; in seeing you can come to a view of another person, an object, the world, that doesn’t imply an opinion, where you just confront the thing or person, take it on board, perceive it. It suggests you can have truth and understanding just from seeing.’² These days truth so often seems elusive, but here is one who may help us to catch it in the immediacy of what we see – of persons as well as landscapes and cities – while also knowing that in the wrong hands images can be dangerously manipulated. I commend to you ‘The Salt of the Earth’, a documentary in which our honorand, as co-director, spirits into movement and moving narrative the astonishingly captured still scenes of master photographer Sebastião Salgado, and presents thereby a journey from scenes of human despair to ultimate optimism, in which we see that, as he suggests, ‘the destructive power of nature can be reversed.’ But life is constantly re-examined in so many of the stories that his filmic masterpieces tell, from Paris (Texas) to the angelic oversight of Berlin, to Rome and beyond, and through the masterly collaborations he has shown with other artists and writers.

I present Wim, a powerful writer, photographer and luminary of the New and ever newer German and international cinema, Ernst Wilhelm Wenders, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Master of word and image, whose moving images stir us with ever newer intimations of human truths, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

¹ Cf Goethe: ‘In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister’.

² W Wenders, *The Act of Seeing: Essays and Conversations*, transl Michael Hofmann (London, 1997), p 46 f.

Degree of Doctor of Science**PROFESSOR ARA WARKES DARZI, BARON DARZI OF DENHAM**

Adest Armenius insignis, familia natus multum peregrinata, quem nos decuit, immo iuvat, Britannum adoptasse, qui sanitatem nostram scrutatus quemadmodum temperata sit contendit ut posthac magis haec floreat. Recordemur illum olim nuper senatorem creatum collegam quendam, qui paullo ante sibi oratione refragatus erat, in vitam rettulisse. Haud scio an multum prius hic puerulus Bagdetae meningitide morbo affectus tum primum officii vere vitalibus valetudinarii observatis semitam suam futuram agnovisset. Qua lustrata multum respexit apud valetudinaria nostra, nec solum ipse medici officio functus sed etiam ea diligenter contemplatus quae permulti humiliore minorisque aestimato loco, quantaevs ipsi essent aestimationis digni, efficiebant, quos diutius, ut puto, simul et requisivimus et neglegere soliti fuimus. Visne aliquid melius facere? Primo, monet hic, illud metare. Et quae nostra metatus est, illa et deficere videt et meliora fieri posse. Condiscipuli Dublinenses dixerunt eum habitum placidum, temperatum praestare, sese tamen eum melius novisse, revera in scientia studiosum, et in medicina impigrum et in officiis regendis. Chirurgiam adhibet levissimae actionis, scopum tamen certum petentem; in machinis roboticis dirigendis vi animi ducit, multa denique investigata scripsit. In rebus publicis versatus - cursum honorum, ut videtur, propter sollertiam modo ascendit - hoc in animo habuit, aequitati inter ordines nostros consulere. Unum praeceptum ei semper bene suffecit: Si aliquid facere veteris, quare veteris rogato. Audio huic in insula remota residenti ‘Certe, Praefecte’ oblectationi fore. Audeo igitur novum titulum pro hoc saltem tempore proponere: Այո, Լախարար, քանի դեռ այդ Լախարարը Ղուք էք – ‘Certe, Praefecte, si tu quidem Praefectus eris.’

Praesento chirurgum, indagatorem, reipublicae consultum insignem, hominem humanum ac beneficum, Aram Warkes, Baronem Darzi de Denham, Regiae Maiestatis ex Intimo Consilio, Ordini insigniter Meritorum adscriptum, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Equitem Commendatorem, Regiae Societatis Sodalem, apud Universitatem Londiniensem Professorem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Domine, proles et Hippocratis et Mkhitaris Heratsi, qui in chirurgia ut clavi ita oculis nostris foramen praestitisti quo melius ad meliora prospiciamus, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

Here stands a distinguished Armenian, one of a much-travelled family whom we proudly own as Armenian-British, who has examined the health provision of our nation, and sought to help plan its future. His first great achievement in our Upper House, let us remember, was to save the life of a fellow parliamentarian who had just opposed him. It was perhaps in early childhood in Baghdad that a brush with meningitis introduced him to lifesaving hospital medicine and thereby set him on his chosen path, along which he has seen much of the life of our hospitals, and not only as a doctor but from close observation in those less glamorous, less recognised, but no less crucial, corners of service that we have too long taken for granted. You can only improve things he says, if you measure them, and his measurements have found our performance both wanting and capable of improvement. His fellow Dublin students once said that, while he appeared ‘calm and collected’, they knew him better. He is in truth a tireless and questioning scientist, clinician and leader. ‘Minimally invasive’ but finely targeted is his surgery, inventive his pioneering of robotics in medicine, copious his research and writing, and in his political career - I note that he was appointed to a ministry on grounds of expertise alone - his aim has been to reduce inequalities in our society. He has always observed a fine principle: when told not to do something, always ask ‘why not?’ I understand that his desert island entertainment would be ‘Yes, Minister’. For the moment I venture to suggest a new title: Այո, Լախարար, քանի դեռ այդ Լախարարը Ղուք էք - ‘Yes, Minister, if that Minister is you!’

I present a surgeon, a scientist, a policy-maker of great distinction, and above all a kindly and effective human being, Ara Warkes, Baron Darzi of Denham, PC, OM, KBE, FRS, Professor at Imperial College, London, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Lordly scion of both Hippocrates and Mkhitar Heratsi, who have given us a keyhole through which to glimpse a better future, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

DR MO IBRAHIM

πολίτης δὲ κοινῇ μὲν ὁ μετέχων τοῦ ἄρχειν καὶ ἄρχεσθαι ἔστι, καθ' ἑκάστην δὲ πολιτείαν ἕτερος, πρὸς δὲ τὴν ἀρίστην ὁ δυνάμενος καὶ προαιρούμενος ἄρχεσθαι καὶ ἄρχειν πρὸς τὸν βίον τὸν κατ' ἀρετὴν.¹

Nonne credidit Aristoteles cives etiam variis reipublicae formis usos honeste atque efficaciter officia satisfacere posse? Sed ubi honeste ducendo gubernatur, talem 'politeiam' haud minimi faciebat. Quam virtutem cum miramur tum persaepe scimus apud eos deesse qui nobis praepositi sunt, aut potius se praeposuerunt. Audio apud Sudanenses inter alias Africae gentes in proverbio esse qui digito ad aliquem intendant eos non semper sentire ad ipsos sese digitos ceteros suos intentos esse. Caute igitur intendamus! Cognovimus magistratum nostrorum eorumque munerum odorem tentandum esse. Virum produco, Domine Cancellarie, qui satis cauto digito intendit, contendit tamen nihilominus ut alibi reipublicae mores in statum prosperum ac salutarem provehantur; nam ibi animum praestat ubi ingenium videt antecellere, et bona affectata perfici. Ipse machinalis scientiae valde peritus hic incepta varia summi ingenii excogitat, ut propter ea quae valde enixus collocat Africanis innumeris iam factas data sit - beatam hanc MOBilitatem animi! - undecunque colloquendi operamque conferendi. Merito profecit, recte inde auctoritatis et gubernandi moribus per illam continentem optimis profuit. Visis eis quibus hic sumptibus suis subvenit, optandum est ut posthac minores quoque talia exempla secuti futura quaedam firmiora, felicitiora condere possint. Iam annos aliquot lentius, incertius plerumque nos homines progressi sumus; munera huius et providentiam oportet considerare ut spei ac confidentiae MOMenti vis conferatur ubicumque maxime ea opus esse videatur. Et domi quoque mores ab eo foris promotos nobiscum volvere decet.

Itaque praesento qui re ipsa gubernatis et recte gubernantibus amicis se praebuit, Mahometum (Mo) Ibrahim, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Paraphrase

A citizen is generally one who shares in governing and being governed, although he is different according to each form of constitution, but in the best he is one who has the capacity and the will to be governed and to govern with a view to the life in accordance with virtue.¹

Aristotle can envisage virtuous and effective participation in more than one form of constitution. But he is also aware of the value of true leadership - that admirable virtue that is so often found wanting in those who are placed, or have placed themselves, in authority. Now there is, I am told, a Sudanese proverb, apparently shared by other African countries: 'those who point a finger at others are not always aware that the remaining fingers are pointing in their own direction.' Let us do so only with due caution. We are aware that our own institutions of government and governance are deserving of scrutiny. Chancellor, here stands a man who, while also being cautious in pointing the finger, seeks to bring about the most effective salutary political changes through recognising and encouraging talent, aspiration and achievement. Himself a brilliant engineer, he is an entrepreneur whose ideas, efforts and investments have brought mobile communication within the reach of countless people in Africa, and who has used his justly earned success to promote the values and culture of good governance and leadership throughout that continent. On the example of those his foundations have rewarded, let us hope that future generations may build greater stability, happiness and prosperity. These last years have slowed and threatened progress in most of the world, and the vision of our honoree's foundation may raise momentum and confidence in places where these are most to be desired. Let us, too, at home learn for ourselves from such values as Mo promotes abroad.

I present a philanthropist in the strongest and truest sense of the word, Mohammed Ibrahim, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Admission by the Chancellor

Verbi et imaginis magister, cuius imagines motae nos identidem in nova patefacta Veritatis promovent, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Communicator afar, protector and promoter of leadership and responsible governance, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

¹ Aristotle, *Politics* 1284a.

DR JANE LUBCHENCO

Ecce sub Oceano viridum frondentia ramis
silvarum decora; ecce animis capiuntur et illic
mutua permotis semper certamina rerum;
omnia percipiunt oculi, spirantque per undas
corpora. sic etiam qui nunc habitamus in orbe
terrarum cernamus, et hic subtilia sensu
spirantes, longinqua alios fortasse colentes.

Producitur nunc quae mentes nostras ab altera in alteram
regionem dirigit, ab oceano ad terram dico, a profundis
scientiae biologicae in tempora fortasse minus remota ubi
hunc orbem certe admodum a nobis frequentatum tutius
colamus. Olim tanta erat fiducia, tanta neglegentia nostra ut
oceanum declararemus propter magnitudinem in aeternum
incorruptum fore, pauloque post desperantes eum propter
eandem irreparabilem esse. Sed haec femina comprehendit
illa profunda nunquam iam neglegi posse, ut quae certe
miranda sint sed praeterea hominibus universis sint saluti
ac valetudini. Ibi enim vires maximae utilitatis invenimus,
quae et renovandae videntur dummodo sciamus quo ventus
res vertat, ut ita dicam. Et inde datur quo nos alamur, quod
caute metiendo colere possimus. Quam peritiam et aliis
benefico modo diffundit; acu enim vere magnetica ipsius
collegarumque eius ad melius intellegendum ducimur
quantas opes Natura per maria impertierit, quibus circumdati
nos lucem novam ex oceano ortam videamus, ut Latine
diceret poeta. Huic, apud universitatem suam collegarum
prudentia fructae, primae generis sui, ut puto, licuit ad
'fractiones' pactionis spectanti pariter et domui et officii
consulere. Nonne hoc facto fractoque certissimi fimus minus
aliquando maius contrahere?

Praesento nuntiam sanioris status oceanorum et populi et
reipublicae opum, Jane Lubchenco, apud Universitatem
Civitatis Oregoniae professorem, Regiae Societatis inter
socios externos adlectam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad
gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Propugnatrix regni Neptuni, Nereidum soror fida, quae
scientiae providentia et matrem Naturam et nos eius
liberos improbos procuras, ego auctoritate mea et totius
universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia
honoris causa.

Paraphrase

The world below the brine,

Forests at the bottom of the sea, the branches and leaves...

*Passions there, wars, pursuits, tribes, sight in those ocean-
depths, breathing that thick-breathing air, as so many do,*

*The change thence to the sight here, and to the subtle air
breathed by beings like us who walk this sphere,*

*The change onward from ours to that of beings who walk
other spheres.¹*

Behold here one who points from realm to realm - from
ocean to land, and from the depths of biology to a safer
future for all of us in our in our humandominated planet.
Such was human confidence and carelessness that once we
said the ocean was 'too big to fail', then later we despaired
that it was 'too big too fix', but this lady has rather found
those depths 'too big to ignore', a source of wonder in
themselves but, further, a source of healing and security for
the world. For there is energy, renewable as long as we know
which way the wind is blowing, and there too is nourishment
than can be managed, husbanded. And such science is one
she diffuses to great effect, for the COMPASS² of her and her
colleagues leads us to greater understanding of the natural
bounty that surrounds us in our waters, so that once again
a new dawn may be seen to rise from the ocean, as the Latin
poet would say. Once her University had the wisdom to allow
her - the first, it seems, of her genus - a 'fractional' contract
that allowed child-rearing and profession equal weight.
What greater proof than that fraction, that less is more?

I present a herald of healthier oceans, healthier people, and
healthier economies, Jane Lubchenco, Professor at Oregon
State University, Foreign Member of our Royal Society, to be
admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Champion of Poseidon's realm, sister to Nereids, who
with scientific vision tend both Mother Nature and us, her
wayward children, I on my own authority and that of the
whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor
of Science.

¹ Walt Whitman, *The World Below the Brine* (1860)

² The 'Communication Partnership for Science and the Sea', founded
in 1999, has worked to train and assist scientists in their effective
engagement with journalists, policymakers and community leaders.

PROFESSOR SUSAN SOLOMON

*Denique iam tuere hoc, circum supraque quod omne continet
amplexus terram...*

Ecce iterum quaedam e profundis orta - quae in duritiiS CUBAntibus nobis exemplum praebeat, quae iam aetate ineunte, amoenitates oceani silentio submersas mirata Gallice praesentatas, se ad illecebras rerum naturae adlectam sentiebat. Adulescens autem studio chemiae provocante ita mutata est ut revera ad astra appropinquatura esse videretur. Paulo post, in regione antarctica investigatoribus praefecta, multum profuit ad demonstrandum stratum ozontis re quidem tenuatum esse - quod mirum opinione modo antehac coniectum erat. Huic accedit quod ea ducente cognovimus quibus de causis hoc detrimentum tam perniciosum nobis obvenerit; ut hoc exploratum intellegeret, solis et lunae varias claritates consociatas conduxit. Vere vatis more abhinc multos annos declaravit se nuper anquirere incepisse quomodo chemia ad mutationes tempestatum attineret. Et confidere velimus haec talia et tanta studia olim nobis auxilio fore, ut non iam nimium Phoebi ardorem metuere cogamur, sed opibus et beneficiis ab eo forte oblati mente pacata receptis fruamur. Ne omittam hanc honorandam studiis et historicis quibusdam serviisse; arguit enim Scottum illum magnum comitesque eius a polo redeuntes, liceat semper incerta sint mortalia, tantundem asperitate caeli periise superatos. Domine Cancellarie, tuere, quaeso, feminam non modo callidissimam sed ingenii calidi, ut dicimus, cuius tamen nomen moli conglaciatae in perpetuum tributum est. In perpetuum dico, nam moles huius generis etsi a divis exstructae sunt, sicut monumenta omnia manu mortali exacta moventur et tandem tabescunt, sed nomina et gloriae eorum, cum non propter materiam subsistant, vivent vel glacie vel aere perennius.

Nunc praesento eam quae cum profunda cognovit tum alta, immo in altis profundissima percepit, lacunas denique minitantes repperit, heroida eponymon regionis meridionalis, Susannam Solomon, apud Massachusettense Institutum Technologiae professorem, Regiae Societatis inter socios externos adlectam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Quamvis in utraque sede floreas, *Mente et Manu*¹ humaniter res summi ad vitam terrestrem momenti scrutata, ratiocinata, interpretata es; quare ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

*And then look at the sky,
which overhead and all around contains
all earth in its embrace...¹*

And here is yet another paragon risen from the deep, for she, indeed a scuba diver, is one whose childhood fascination with the natural order was inspired by the silent beauty of Cousteau's *Undersea World*. But chemistry and its study transformed her as she grew, and truly the stratosphere beckoned; a little later, an authoritative leader in Antarctica, she helped to show that our strange notion of a hole in the ozone layer was a fact; and what is more she led the way to understanding what caused this baneful depletion, conscripting an alliance of sun and moon and their variously illuminating radiance to help her diagnosis. What prophetic words she spoke in 1997: 'I'm beginning to work on the way that chemistry enters into climate change.' Such work, we trust, will help us one day, while yet living, to fear no more the heat o' the sun, to receive and face with more confidence the true bounties that Phoebus may bestow. And this our honorand's science has also served history; she has shown how, long ago, exceptionally inclement weather was as much to blame as human frailty when our great Scott and his companions perished on their return from the Pole. Here, my Lord Chancellor, is a woman of brilliance and warmth after whom an Antarctic glacier has been given a name and immortality - for divinely fashioned glaciers themselves, like manmade monuments, may move and melt; but their names and distinction, those less material things, live on, more enduring than ice.

I present a fathomer of depths and of heights, and of depths on high, a perceiver of voids and eponymous heroine of a southern clime, Susan Solomon, Foreign Member of our Royal Society, Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Amphibious yet so human scientist, whose investigations and calculations both detect and explain matters of supreme importance for life on earth, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

¹ MIT motto

¹ Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura* V, 318 f1. (Transl. Ian Johnston)

2 Encaenia

The Public Orator delivered the following introduction to the Creweian Oration:

Public Orator: Insignissime Domine Cancellarie, licetne anglice loqui?

Chancellor: Licet.

Public Orator: Bonum est!

or rather - ‘That’s, like, awesome!’

Latin has its uses, even apart from its ancient beauty and fine literature. We learnt recently, if I may put it this way round, that knowledge of it can even ease your handling of the Northern Ireland Protocol. Perhaps that helps explain why our number ten classicist, still trying to get Brexit done, was until now slow to suggest scrapping that troublesome document.

Here we see Latin as the continuation of a tradition greater and longer lived than ourselves. And today we have used it to honour those who represent that greater world of progress and achievement in and out of the Academy. But now we may turn to English to thank our friends and benefactors, obedient to the will of Nathaniel Crewe. Awesome! Well, English is a changing language, as one of our Linguistics Professors here has noted recently. Soon the dominant dialect is likely to be MLE - ‘Multicultural London English’. It’s already catching on, like, really fast. My colleague explains that change is always underway, and confirms what I have suspected for some time now, that ‘we don’t speak in the same way people did in the time of Shakespeare or Chaucer.’

I must stress I say all this *in English* - admittedly in my own marginal dialect of British RP. Last year one of our honorands - a US Senator, no less - said after the ceremony that I had continued to speak Latin for this next half hour - fresh evidence of our two nations divided by a common language, but probably not a threat to our ‘special relationship’. Were it so, I would take heart from a book called ‘When Allies Differ’ by the political scientist Louise Richardson; she wrote cautiously, but I think optimistically, at what we thought was the end of the Cold War, of our alliance - ‘likely,’ as she saw it, ‘to survive the passing of the reasons for its coming into being in the first place.’ See before us here living proof of our respect for the special relationship, and our admiration of the brightest and best. Half of our honorands from outside our immediate circle are from that greater realm within the Anglosphere. In last year’s delayed Encaenia we celebrated the centenary, though one year late because of the pandemic, of the year when women first collected their degrees in this building - a building now its 353rd year. Two of our honorands were then still unable to come, but we are so much the more delighted to welcome them today.

There remain some cultural imbalances to attend to. The first among this year’s welcome donations that I note today ensures a bright future for American Football at Oxford. Our new pitch was opened in May at the University Parks. Please admire, in a [photograph on our Development Office website](#), the Oxford University Lancers Club rejoicing in a Varsity victory; with them you may also see the club president and the donor, veteran of the game Ryan Millsap, whose gift is also set to help young players with financial support and training.

I must also mention the generosity of the Bank of America, which seems to have put some trust in our financial responsibility (or perhaps sees the desirability of encouraging it) and has invested in our Smith School of Enterprise and the Environment, with funding to support carbon capture and sustainable finance research. As I understand it, this is the first partnership of its kind for Bank of America in Europe.

Am I alone in immediately seeking a second opinion when reading that we have yielded supremacy in the World University League? We yield to Cambridge, and actually worse - it’s to MIT and then Cambridge and then Stanford. Alas, the second opinion I found confirmed the diagnosis. Let us then graciously, if provisionally, celebrate runner-upmanship. After all, even our noble Queen is a so far a gracious runner-up to Louis XIV in length of reign, though ultimate victory appears within her reach. And remember, Louis XIV was himself only runner-up to the Sun.

Lunatics that we are, we may in any case prefer moon to sun. I am reminded by the Master of Campion Hall that my admired and lamented predecessor, Oxford’s first Public Orator, Edmund Campion, a hero of mine ever since, as a teenager, I first read Evelyn Waugh’s biography of him, gave a speech *coram regina*, that is to say in front of Queen Elizabeth I, at Commencement, as it was then called, on 27 June 1566. Campion compared the relation of the monarch to the University to that of the moon to the seas, and thereby stylishly managed to honour the Queen while also registering a plea for distant government.

Campion Hall, our esteemed Jesuit foundation, has marked its 125th year, among other ways, by hospitably receiving on long-term loan from All Souls the fine altar piece by Anton Raphael Mengs, now returned after its sojourns in the Ashmolean and the National Gallery. It is a *Noli me tangere*. Do go along, admire this wonder, and be touched by it.

Veterans, or survivors, of this ceremony will know that I like to mention one or two of our anniversaries in town, gown and garden. We are quite good at anniversaries, and I suppose we should get better at them - at least there are more of them - as the years roll on. But as they proliferate, so the risk also grows of omitting even the most important ones. Gardens first. We are about to celebrate, with music, poetry, drama, food, and of course botany, the quatercentenary of our glorious Botanic Garden, now more open than ever to the public. I cannot conceal my pleasure that the Orator has been asked to help that celebration.

And some further news on Catholic Oxford. Last year I carelessly omitted the 800th anniversary of the arrival of the Dominicans. They came to England in early August 1221, visited Canterbury and London, and within days had established their first community, inside the city walls of Oxford, England’s intellectual capital even then; they then settled into the life and teaching of the early University. Please follow my example and read more about them, and their later vicissitudes, on the website of our Blackfriars Priory.

And what of the Benedictines, paragons of both hospitality and education? A ‘unique community at the heart of the University of Oxford’, correctly says the St Benet’s Hall website, with a warm and neat description of the Hall’s character, its mission and its wide religious and social diversity, by its Master, Professor Richard Cooper. Financial

difficulty has brought a halt to its admission of students and its academic programmes. Its spirit lives on in what we may hope is merely hibernation.

On an equivocal note we remembered another 800th, with a heartwarming commemorative and restorative service in Christ Church Cathedral, a fine location, in my view, to start a reconciliation. It was in 1222 that the Synod of Oxford introduced severe restrictions on the lives of Oxford's important Jewish community, with decrees that were followed by more anti-Jewish laws, and eventually the mass expulsion of England's 3,000 Jews in 1290, not to return for three and a half centuries.

But let us also mark, and celebrate less equivocally, another that I missed last time round, for we have just passed the 150th anniversary of the University Tests Act, which prevented the colleges at Oxford, Cambridge and Durham from religious discrimination in admissions and most appointments, thus perhaps initiating a course of gradual - painfully gradual, you might say - growth in freedom and diversity of our academic body.

Our lifeblood here is mixed, and any suggestions of national insularity may focus the mind on our ability and our will to welcome newcomers. My colleague the President of Reuben, our newest college, was able to join a 'remote' conversation from the Union with the President of Ukraine and inform him that twenty refugees from his country will benefit from free graduate studies and grants for living expenses from this University. We understand that the Kharkiv National University, the second oldest university in Ukraine, had no buildings left intact by the end of March. I know you will forgive me for repeating some words I have used before. Part of our mix comes from those who have fled from tyranny and chaos elsewhere and found peace, freedom and opportunity in our country.

Earlier I praised runners-up, or perhaps (in MLE) runnerups. But we may also take satisfaction in top-ranking performance. Down there I see some of our own brightest and best, from among this year's prize-winners in our several divisions, the already gleaming stars of the future. You may admire their names and their distinctions on page 24 of the booklet. In a schoolmasterly moment that I treasure on each of these occasions, I ask them to stand and, with all due modesty - that is to say, not too much of it - accept our applause.

Now, *discipuli*, I am sure you know your Sheldonian. In this early modern building, with its early modern seating and other comforts, are certain older features, such as the open air of the ancient theatre, or better still, considering the English climate, a 17th century revelation of the heavens themselves. Look up, and observe Truth itself - yes, you see it now, there *is* such an entity - descending on the arts and sciences and dispelling Ignorance and Spite and Prejudice. Look through, *Ad Astra*, to the stars, and aspire to join them. Truth, and virtue - let's say the *ethical*. You know, Socrates is out there somewhere, enjoying sublime weather and a good interfaith chat with Edmund Campion and others. He knew these things are hard to learn and perhaps impossible to teach. But he will want to know that when you rise to high places in academy, or state, you will remember that they must be kept in view, and that *your* University days helped you to do so.

Stars seem to have inspired the naming of a recently endowed initiative that will make opportunities for talented students from under-represented backgrounds. I hope I correctly understand the appellation 'Astrophoria Foundation', to which I am proud to say my own college is one of those that have signed up. My guess is that it aims to *carry* these students happily into *stardom*, starting from the launchpad of a new one-year foundation course, added to those we have already happily put in play. We look forward to seeing those students too, down there in that same row on some such occasion as this.

And before we descend from those heights, let us keep the lens for a moment on AstraZeneca. A new book, at once diverting and alarming, bearing the title 'Chums', shines rather dismal light on some of the more recent contributions this University has made to our national politics. The protagonists of this drama, or sequence of dramas, are there dubbed an 'Oxocracy'. For what it's worth, I'd say the blame might be spread a little more generously than just Oxford. To borrow some recent international language, no, Britain in not squeaky-clean, Britain is what it is. I omit the next bit. In any case I believe we often, if not always, get the leaders we deserve.

But take heart, for our alumnus and former colleague Lord Adonis has comfortingly said, in reviewing that book, that our 'current public profile' has little to do with the old Union hacks but rather with such as the vaccine heroes. New Year and Birthday Honours lists include numerous Oxford University names that would justify his plaudit - Dames and Knights and Commanders and Others that return a little latter-day lustre (much needed, I believe) to that so tarnished name of that Behemoth, the British Empire. These colleagues, individually and collectively, have rendered invaluable service to science and public health or in other ways kept our arrangements of research, teaching and public engagement functioning and flourishing during times of pandemic anguish.

Such work depends on support. Not so long ago we thanked and honoured the pioneering Serum Institute of India and its founder Dr Cyrus Poonawalla. Their extraordinary achievements in manufacturing affordable vaccines for the developing world are matched by their support of research. We are now to have, through the Natasha Poonawalla Foundation, Serum Life Sciences and Dr Cyrus, a Poonawalla Vaccines Research Building, to house the headquarters and main laboratory space of our Jenner Institute, whose teams brought the Oxford University/AstraZeneca COVID-19 vaccine, and will lead new projects such as the development of a malaria vaccine.

Also with us today, and warmly welcomed, are representatives of the Login5 Foundation, which has made a substantial grant to our Department of Zoology and the Oxford Martin School to research means of reducing unwanted environmental effects of agriculture; if I understand the project correctly, we have here one among many that will strengthen links between academic research and the guidance of responsible public policy.

This year no fewer than eight of our colleagues have been elected Fellows of the Royal Society, and ten of the British Academy. Oxford is now largely a research university, says Lord Adonis. Well, yes, but we continue to do the odd bit

of teaching, and here too we are munificently supported by benefactors. I take special pleasure in thanking the Stonehouse Educational Foundation not only for endowing a graduate scholarship for doctoral study in Classics but for supporting, for many years into the future, our outreach through tuition to school pupils who will have no other opportunities to study Latin and what some of us here still call the ‘Classics’. I am ever mindful that when, in 1969, I told a student in Leipzig that that was my intended course at University he smiled warmly and said he had not realised that Marx and Lenin were so much appreciated in my country.

Both research and teaching will benefit greatly from additional funding to the new Humanities Centre from Mr Stephen Schwarzman. Even before the physical construction of the centre starts, we already have in its Institute for Ethics in Artificial Intelligence a healthy team studying ethical questions posed by artificial intelligence. This is only one among many projects, but it reminds us that a certain amount can be achieved even without buildings.

And here some stirring thoughts, or at least some stirrings of thoughts, have come from what were once unlikely sources. A Union debate was recently conducted on the motion: ‘This house believes that Artificial Intelligence will never be ethical’. A robot (actually a virtual robot) spoke for both sides. I could not attend, but I believe the argument was impeccably balanced. In the autumn I went to the Ashmolean to hear Ai-Da’s reflections on Dante and other subjects. May I call this colleague ‘she’ and ‘her’? The name does suggest some kind of up-to-date, state-of-the-art femininity, and I remember reporting a little while ago that she had fired the passions of at least one visitor who met her. I too was charmed. To be completely frank, I found some of her ideas, and particularly her poetry, a little too formulaic, but in answer to the question, ‘Often Artificial Intelligence is presented as a kind of threat to humanity - what do you think about that?’ she answered, ‘Humanity is a threat to itself.’ Now that’s what I call being well taught.

Some of our buildings contain those older vehicles of culture and learning, books, manuscripts and artefacts. The Bern Schwartz Family Foundation have donated an important archive of portrait and other photographs by Bern Schwartz, and have endowed a much-needed curatorship of photography in the Bodleian Library. And at the Ashmolean Museum, through the generosity of the late Mrs Jaleh Hearn, her daughter Zara Bone, and the Silberzweig foundation, we are to have a curatorship to look after the Ancient Middle East collections, which are widely deemed among the most important in the world.

Museums and libraries preserve the knowledge and memory of what preceded us and even made us what we are. They offer some kind of immortality, I suppose, where we need it. But let us keep alive the thoughts those colleagues, too, who passed away this year. The names I have myself respectfully gathered are many, their contributions great, their memory precious.

I call to mind Tony Wrigley and James Adams, Fellows of All Souls; Piers Nye, Godfrey Fowler, Joseph Raz and Roger Lonsdale of Balliol; Bruce Kent, Brasenose; Gerard Hughes, former Master of Champion Hall; Richard Hamer and Simon Preston of Christ Church; of Green Templeton, Jeffery Burley,

Crispin Tickell (one-time Warden of then-Green College) and Roger Undy (one-time Dean of then-Templeton College); Harris Manchester’s Thomas Moyle; Tony Cockshut of Hertford; Fred Taylor and Christopher Foster, Jesus College; John Axford of Kellogg; David Andrew, Ann Hudson and Alain Viala of Lady Margaret Hall; Richard Bird, Lincoln; Roger Smith, Charles Young, Oliver Braddick, Ray Freeman and former President Anthony Smith of Magdalen; Vassos Karageorghis, Courtenay Phillips, Derek Bergel, Gavin Lightman and Robert Krueger of Merton; Laura Marcus and Joseph Horowitz, New College; David Cox, former Warden of Nuffield; Gordon Macpherson and John Elliott, Oriel; Martin Edwards, Allen Hill, The Queen’s College; Monna Besse and Michael Kaser, St Antony’s; Alan Jones, Donald Richards and former Master Richard Repp of St Cross; Nigel Palmer, St Edmund Hall; Ann Buchanan, Joanna Rose and Louisa Service, St Hilda’s; Anne Hudson, Geneviève Adams and Gillian Cohen of St Hugh’s; Francis Warner and Stuart Turnbull of St Peter’s; Sarah Broadie and former Principal Fiona Caldicott of Somerville; Mike Inwood of Trinity; and of Wolfson College Julie Meisami and Martin Wood. To all our late lamented colleagues we say *Lux perpetua luceat eis*.

Vice-Chancellor, I return for a moment to our Queen, for by her courtesy I may now at last address you in Latin as *Domina* Vice-Cancellaria, as *Dominae* are the ‘true’ - I mean *etymological* - ancestors of Dames as well as many of our Dons. *Nos duxisti*, you have led us, our University and our Colleges, through times we might well describe, in that modern phrase, as ‘challenging’, and we have survived, and in many ways flourished against the odds. Next year we lose you to the gain of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. I think we need no reminding that you have been a specialist in terrorism - I refer of course to a former research area of yours - but I am assuming you will not return to that now. You will, we are sure, continue to foster the best of special relationships, and we shall cherish those values and vital freedoms you have kept under scrutiny here, the advancement of research, access to higher education, and the indispensability of free speech, debate and the invigorating power of opposition. As readers of our own *Oxford Magazine* will know, never for us the sinister concept of ‘fostering a collective understanding’; we have seen too much of that elsewhere in the past and in the present.

Pain, the Stoics would have said, is a ‘moral indifferent’. Actually at least in this matter I’d go more for Andrew Carnegie’s words: ‘When fate hands us a lemon, let’s try to make lemonade.’ Pain *relief*, on the other hand, is no moral indifferent, whether for the Stoics or any of the rest of us, and it is foremost among the many specialities and accomplishments of our future Vice-Chancellor, now set to continue, all the way from Merton College, her fascinating life’s journey. I dare hope I will be asked in due course to welcome her formally in Latin.

Continuity and change, we welcome both, while in both, as we hear in Psalm 27, *יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי אֹרֶךְ יָמַי* - *Domine illuminatio mea*, and later again, ‘The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?’

But now I look across and proudly hand over to one, both classicist and poet, who can, and does, show us true poetry in her own work and the language of so many others - I confidently include MLE among those idioms of present and future. I give you Professor Alice Oswald.

CREWEIAN ORATION 2022

The Professor of Poetry delivered the Creweian Oration 'in commemoration of the Benefactors of the University according to the intention of the Right Honourable Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham'.

Thank you for those speeches. It is wonderful to hear the Latin language and to remember the Romans, whom I value above all for their attitude to triumph. We are poorly dressed today, compared to the purple and gold cloaks, red boots and red painted faces of Roman generals at their award ceremonies. And we do not have here with us that quiet public servant whose task was to walk alongside the victor whispering every so often: 'you are not divine... you are not divine'.

We might all be helped by such a character; but I want to suggest, in the light of the orator's praises, that we could be doubly helped by the presence of a second public servant whose task was to whisper in the other ear: 'you are quasi-divine, you are quasi-divine...' and maybe a third public servant with a megaphone calling out the correct definition of quasi-divinity.

Goethe, the German playwright, said: it is quasi-divine to see things not in terms of what pleases but in terms of what IS. He developed the faculty to see what IS through patient attention to something beyond the self... a daily habit of coming out of character, shifting perspective, listing data, suspending judgement, beginning again. What emerged - in both Goethe's science and his poetry - was a non-despotic faculty, a vegetal or beehive habit of always seeing multiple points of view.

We must all keep whispering and shouting to each other the importance of this quasi-divine faculty. It is called imagination and anyone, however human, can possess it. Imagination is different from knowledge. It cannot be measured. It is a kind of magic which lets a film-maker collaborate with his subject; and alerts the financier and the entrepreneur to a polyphony of needs; and makes a scientist pursue more than human truths and compels a marine ecologist to devote her life to deep sea creatures; social history and mediaeval history might be mere statistics without imagination... and who would be a surgeon these days without a quasi-divine compassion to spur him on? As for humour (that on-going war against pomposity), well Homer called humour asbestos, meaning that once laughter starts up it cannot be extinguished. To be a mouthpiece for immortal unquenchable laughter is surely one of the first signs of quasi-divinity.

When I think of all these professions with their particular excitements, when I consider how each expert connects to an array of others... so that, for example, the film-maker works with the photographer, the photographer works with the migrant, the miner, the hunter, the forest, the forest works with the atmosphere and the atmosphere works (so far!) with each one of us... when I consider how a similar trail of collaborators connects to each person being honoured today, then it occurs to me that we are gathered here primarily to praise one thing: the ability to hold multiplicity in the mind. And I thought I might underline that rare skill, by reading you one of John Clare's poems, *Autumn Birds*. Listen to the sound of Clare's imagination meeting and containing multiplicity!

Autumn Birds

The wild duck startles like a sudden thought
And heron slow as if it might be caught.
The flopping crows on weary wings go by
And grey-beard jackdaws noising as they fly.
The crowds of starnels wiz and hurry by
And darken like a cloud the evening sky.
The larks like thunder rise and suthy round
Then drop and nestle in the stubble ground.
The wild swan hurries high and noises loud
With white necks peering to the evening cloud.
The weary rooks to distant woods are gone;
With length of tail the magpie winnows on
To neighbouring tree and leaves the distant crow
While small birds nestle in the hedge below.

Through the lovely profusion of that poem, I want to thank each one of you for not giving up on imagination. When a culture gives up on imagination its people can no longer think patiently out beyond themselves, can no longer imagine what it is like to be a refugee or an invalid or a wild swan or an oak tree or any member of the 'world below the brine'. And all kinds of abuse follow on from that.

In this country we have begun to wonder whether our leaders have given up on imagination, since it is no longer funded in schools or encouraged in universities. Imagination is not the only thing we need, but we do need it... desperately...and without the government's support, it falls to the rest of us to remember its importance, so that the next generation needn't be locked into merely subjective thought-forms. For that reason I am grateful to the people being honoured today and to this university for rewarding them and to all the proctors, beadles, administrators, singers, students, polishers, lunch makers, chair-setters and tidiers away, to the scroll-makers and the trumpeters and most especially to the three window cleaners whom I saw in this room on Monday unblocking a path for the sunlight... to them and to any other quasi-divines who have walked and whispered in our procession, I offer my brief Latin comment: bravo!

