

Gazette Supplement



Encaenia 2017

Congregation

21 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, 21 June:

Degree of Doctor of Civil Law

BRYAN A STEVENSON

Apparere homines pares nasci divinitusque iuribus quibusdam inviolatis donatos, inter quae haec adhibeamus, vivendi et libertatis et expetendae felicitatis, hoc abhinc complures annos palam affirmatum est. Haec quae vocantur iura hominum ut in rebus quoque valere videantur auxilio fuit hic qui hodie agmen honorandorum ducit. Cui adulescenti magister sapiens Alabamensis olim indicavit poenam illam ultimam ideo capitalem vocari quia ei quidem poenam darent qui capite, id est pecunia, carerent. Ipse viros coram contemplatus est capitis damnatos absente omni deprecatore, aliosque de delictis condemnatos quae nunquam admiserant, puerosque propter minora quam capitalia omni spe liberationis privatos in carcere tota vita tabescere. Itaque quae antea legum studiosus aliquantum a veritate remota habuerat nunc cum hominibus deiectis et detrusis et in vincula coniectis congressus eadem iam maximi momenti visa sunt. Cum scienter tum liberaliter in causis agendis praestitit, ut apud iudices etiam supremos nonnullis maximo in discrimine versantibus consulere valeret. Iuris Aequi, ut vocatur, consilio usus effecit ut permulti, quos propter statum vel originem vel paupertatem civibus expedire videbatur negligere, aequa iustitia fruerentur. Scelera omnia redimi posse hic acri ac firma mente asseverat; unum enim quemque nostrum pluris esse aestimandum quam quod pessimum fecerit. Scriptor quoque haudquaquam contemnendus videtur; quis enim orator melius illa dicat quae hic in Misericordia Iusta expressit, mores nostros ita vere pendit si respiciamus

quemadmodum erga pauperes, exclusos, condemnatos nos geramus?

Praesento iurisperitum misericordem, magistrum prudentem, auctorem facundum, quem consiliorum alius socius iustorum bonique publici alibi promovendi iuxta Nelson Mandela posuit, Bryanum Stevenson, apud Universitatem Urbis Novi Eboraci Scholae Iuris professorem, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili.

Admission by the Chancellor

Iurisconsultorum peritissime et humanissime, qui ad iustitiam pro omnibus servandam fortiter et acriter luctatus es, ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili honoris causa.

Paraphrase

In the year 1776 it was famously said to be held a self-evident truth that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, and that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. The man who leads our line of honorands today has helped to bring this principle closer to reality. In his youth he was told by a wise preceptor that in that part of his country, Alabama, capital punishment meant that *them without capital get the punishment*. With his own young eyes he saw men on death row who lacked legal representation, prisoners condemned for crimes they had not committed, and children sentenced, for nonhomicidal offences, to life imprisonment without any hope of parole. His study of law, he tells us, had seemed abstract and disconnected until these meetings with the desperate, the dispossessed and the imprisoned made it all critically important. In the altruistic pursuit of his profession he has excelled, and on several occasions successfully defended the interests of the vulnerable before the highest court of his land. With his *Equal Justice Initiative* he has ensured fair treatment for many whom,

for reasons of class or race or poverty, society had found it more convenient to shun. A firm and fearless believer in human redemption, he tells us that each of us is more than the worst thing we have done. He has shown himself also to be a writer of considerable power. An orator could hardly better the words of his *Just Mercy*: 'The true measure of our character is how we treat the poor, the disfavoured, and the condemned.'

I present a compassionate lawyer, wise leader and eloquent author, whom a fellow campaigner for rights and social progress in another country has placed alongside Nelson Mandela in distinction, Bryan Stevenson, Professor at the New York University School of Law, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Admission by the Chancellor

Most excellent of lawyers and humanitarians, who have fought with courage and conviction to guarantee justice for all, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Degree of Doctor of Civil Law

THE RT HON BARONESS WILLIAMS OF CROSBY

Sunt qui putent senatores nostros ordinis superioris aliquando extra fines officii sui excedere, vel etiam utilitatem iam omnino exhausisse. Quam nunc produco, cum utriusque ordini interfuisset, nobis comprobare potest illam augustiorem curiam, unde nuper secessit, assidue eadem volutare quae praecepta habemus, eadem memorare quae nos ad rempublicam Regni Uniti spectantes maximi facimus. A parvula decursum illustrem iniiit; ut omittam quae famula Isis in annales rettulit, quanta in studiis scholaris effecit, ne illud quidem dicam qualis in proscaenium theatri nostri prodierit, quantum denique certamen cum Disputantium Societate Oxoniensi inierit - sufficiat meminimus eam idcirco

impudentiae accusatam esse quod flagitasset ut feminae admitterentur; hic in ore quidem omnium esse edixit quanta animi et loquendi libertas, quanta opportunitas sui promovendi omnibus ubique daretur. Inde eius vigorem iuvenilem agnoscamus, quod puellula in genu sedens cum Jawaharlal Nehru scilicet de libertate optata eius patriae loquebatur, quod ad summos forulos patris ascendebat, quem Aquinatis Summam recitantem auribus arrectis audiebat, candidatumque infans voce fortasse puerili commendabat. Mox augebatur spes eam, cum capax imperii videretur, inter magistratus etiam summum obtenturam. Eadem postea sane effecit ut societates quattuorvirorum aliquid melius audirent. Illa autem, ut memoramus, praesente et officiis functa stipendia Rhodesiana primum feminis quoque conferre licuit. Libros etiam scripsit non paucos. Titulos respice: *Res Publica pro Populo Gerenda, Iuventus Otiosa, Deus et Caesar*. Nonne te haec monent ut nova cogites? Quare iterum ad almam matrem hanc recipiens

praesento verum columen liberae reipublicae, Shirley Vivianam Teresam Brittain Baronissam Williams de Crosby, eximii Honoris ordinis comitem, ex intimo Regio concilio, Collegii de Somerville alumnam et sociam honoris causa adscriptam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili.

Admission by the Chancellor

Iustitiae et aequitatis propugnatrix, quae rebus vel domi vel foris in dubium ductis moderationem praedicavisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili honoris causa.

Paraphrase

Some think that our upper house occasionally oversteps its responsibilities, or has even outlived its usefulness. I now introduce one who, after long service to both our houses, can reassure us that that higher chamber from which she has recently retired 'keeps close to its heart the fundamental principles and values of this country, and flags up the things that are most important about the United Kingdom.' Her preparation for a distinguished career began early in life. I speak not only of her years as a scholar at this university or of her impressive achievements on the *Isis* magazine and at Somerville College, as an actor with OUDS, and in engagement with the Oxford Union, where she was accused of impertinence in campaigning to get women elected. 'This is a University,' she wrote, 'where there is much lip-service to freedom of thought, speech and opportunity.' As testament to her youthful activism, we know that as a small child she sat on the knee of Jawaharlal Nehru, perhaps

discussing with him his country's path to freedom, climbed her father's bookshelf and listened spellbound as he read to her from the *Summa Theologica*, and as a babe in the pram campaigned for him to be elected to Parliament. Many saw her rising to high, even the highest, office. She gave Gangs of Four perhaps a better name than they might otherwise have kept, and let us remember that under her watch as a government minister the Rhodes Scholarships were first opened to women. Among her many books the titles alone – *Politics is for People, Youth without Work, God and Caesar*, and many others – give pause for thought. Welcoming her back to her alma mater,

I present a staunch defender of our democratic system of government, Baroness Williams of Crosby, Companion of Honour and Privy Counsellor, graduate and honorary fellow of Somerville College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Admission by the Chancellor

Campaigner for justice and fairness, who have sounded the voice of moderation in times of national and international need, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Degree of Doctor of Letters

DR ROBERT DARNTON

Ecce proximus in agmine scholaris quondam Rhodianus altivolans. Num quando forulos et ille ascendit bibliothecae maximae, quam insigni modo custodiebat? Libri autem ab ipso scripti – quis eos numerare valet? – multas per terras linguis variis laudantur, nec facile ad summos eos coacervatos ascendere possimus. Nec tantum ad astra per eos itur luminis plena, sed in profunda scientiae, immo longe lateque hic annalium ἀρχιγέτης Gallicorum pertendit, cum hoc librorum per aethera legendorum saeculum illustret. Iam nobis mortalibus datur reipublicae litterarum eruditionem minimo unius digiti ictu advocare, ut more pyramidis lectioni cuivis superiori identidem aliae ac novae materiae complurium generum opulenter subiciantur, scripta dico et picturas et cantus vocis lyraeque. Attamen libri supersunt. Nam, ut hic nos monet, quae scripta edimus mundum quendam conficiunt perpetuo augendum, neque unquam necesse est ut altera vulgandi ratio alteram summoveat. Sed huic studioso, ut qui repugnantiam rerum etiam diligit, cordi sunt et censores et quae prohibent – id quod inter ista 'vendibilia proscripta' videmus – ut iudicio censorum et illius et recentiorum regnorum aliquam laudem tribuat. Cum se bibliothecarium respicit, uno modo verbo gaudere velit, patefactione. Multa tamen eorum quae nobis ut historiarum auctor

patefecit eo magis miramur quia antehac obscura erant vel etiam occulta aut silentio oppressa. Quid? Investigator sagacissimus vi ingenii vetera cum recentibus in scientia, in annalibus, in librorum studiis consociat. Eundem velut alterum Diderotem collega olim iuvenem appellavit valde animosum sed summa pericula allaturum. Cui periculo libenter obviam eamus.

Praesento studiosum et bibliothecae custodem mire acrem et eruditum, Robertum Choate Darnton, apud Universitatem Harvardianam professorem et bibliothecarium emeritum, Collegii Divi Ioannis Baptistae socium honoris causa adscriptum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Investigator exploratorque alacer, qui et annalium et scriptorum occulta loca retexit et interpretatus es, ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

Did the former Rhodes Scholar and intellectual high-flyer who stands next in our line ever climb the bookshelves in that great library of which he was a distinguished custodian? His own innumerable writings, praised in many lands and languages, would take some scaling, for they lead us to stellar realms of Enlightenment. But they also plumb great depths, and indeed the scholarship of this doyen of French history reaches out through manifold dimensions, for he is an eloquent champion of the e-book era. Now we, mere mortals, beckon the scholarly world at the slightest movement of one finger, and it is a great pyramid-like world where the surface narrative may be enhanced by layers of documents, pictures and sounds. And yet the book itself lives on; for, as he tells us, publishing is an ecology constantly enriched, and one medium need not displace another. This lover of contradictions makes censorship and its agents as attractive as that which is censored – witness his study of those 'forbidden best-sellers' of pre-Revolution France – and puts in a good word for the good taste of censors in this and other *Anciens Régimes*. Our honorand would happily sum up his achievement as a librarian with the one word 'openness', yet the glory of much that he newly reveals as a historian is magnified by its previous obscurity, or even its earlier suppression and secrecy. But this consummate detective creatively allies old worlds and new in scholarship, in history and in book-culture. 'Un garçon plein d'esprit mais extrêmement dangereux', reads a colleague's imaginary Parisian police report on him. Let us joyfully brave the danger, as

I present a scholar and librarian of astounding energy and achievement, Robert Choate Darnton, Professor and Librarian Emeritus of Harvard University, honorary fellow of St John's College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Admission by the Chancellor

Joyous investigator and explorer, who have revealed and interpreted hidden realms of history and the written word, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Degree of Doctor of Letters

FRANK GEHRY

Venustates visum persequi - quod vix opus est admonitu - architectus antiquus nos docuit. Quod nobis hodie nonnullis in urbibus facilius fit cum aedificia conspicamur sculpta, ut ita dicam, ab eo quem nunc produco. Hodie enim in urbe Angelorum veteri illo Aquifolii insigni neglecto novum municipii signum oculis intuemur, magnificentissimum 'Ωιδεῖον. Urbem Novum Eboracum qui despiciunt caelicolae advena recepto laetantur caeliscalpio sinuosa forma totius urbis procerissimo. Est etiam inter aedificia Flaviobrigae museum e vitro et lapide calcario metalloque titanio exstructum, quod ripis Nervii fluminis maximo ornamento est. Hic animantium naturam contemplatus vitam inde rebus inspiravit inertibus et adhuc non multa artifici offerentibus, ut ea quae construeret tamquam corpora cute praedita luce ac vigore ardenti moveri viderentur. Num igitur architectura immobilia praestat? Haec eius opera vere vivunt et ante oculos nostros commoventur iterum iterumque mirantes. Quid? Praegae quoque domus una in bina velut corpora scinditur, quae ita simul eleganter saltant ut spectantibus cor visumque delectent mimosque celeberrimos in mentem revocent. Neque quotidiani usus commoda negliguntur; olim enim supellectilem fecit qua posteri laetarentur, simplici materia usus - 'oras commodiores' vocabat - utinamque architectus ille, cuius inter miracula nunc sedemus, et ipse nostri miseritus esset! Inter opera huius piscium elegantia perfecta saepissime repetitur, qui propter aetatem singularem etiam Graecos artesque illorum longe superant. Ecce pisces lucidi extra aquam natantes, ecce Barcinonensis magnus! Ausim dicere Persici sinus pisces pulcherrima formarum compagine Musei Guggenheim Saadiyatensis conspecta posthac amatorem suum ipsos invicem amatuos.

Praesento architecturae magistrum animoso et raro ingenio, Franciscum Owen Gehry, Libertatis Nomismate inter multa alia

praemia decoratum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

Admission by the Chancellor

Magister formae aedificandique ingeniose, qui operibus quasi animatis nos attonitos movisti, ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Paraphrase

An ancient architect has told us, though we need no reminding, that the eye is always in search of beauty. That search is made easier for us today in many cities by the astonishing sculpture-like buildings created by the man I now present. In Los Angeles we look beyond the venerable old Hollywood sign to the new city symbol of a magnificent concert hall; the heavens above New York rejoice to receive a newcomer in the city's tallest and most sinuous skyscraper, and in Bilbao a museum of glass, titanium and limestone graces the bank of the Nervion River. Our honorand, drawing much inspiration from the animate world, has breathed life into inert and unpromising materials, for the bodies of his structures are as of skin, pulsating with light and energy. No longer can we say that architecture is static, for here are buildings that live and move as we contemplate them ever anew. Indeed in Prague one house divides itself in two bodies which join together in dance, charming both the eye and the heart as the onlooker thinks on Fred and Ginger. Nor is simple comfort excluded; once he designed furniture, in simple materials, to gladden posterity - 'Easy Edges', he called his designs - and would that that other architect, amidst whose glories we now sit, had felt such pity! A commonly recurring theme in his work is the perfect elegance of the fish, which in its marvellous age outdoes the revered antiquity of the Greeks and their arts. We wonder at his 'fish lamps' that luminously live and swim out of water, or the great 'El Peix' in Barcelona, and we confidently say that the fish of the Gulf will return his admiration as they gaze on the cluster of beautiful shapes forming the Guggenheim-to-be of Saadiyat Island.

I present an architect of bold and uncommon vision, Frank Owen Gehry, winner of the American Presidential Medal of Freedom and many other honours, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Admission by the Chancellor

Inventive master of form and construction, whose animated creations have moved and astonished us, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Degree of Doctor of Science

PROFESSOR EUGENE BRAUNWALD

'Omni custodia serva cor tuum quia ex ipso vita procedit.' Quod in proverbiiis sollemniter iussum legimus hic qui in medio agmine stat, ut qui sapientia et animi firmitate et summa artium medicinae et disciplinarum praecellat, nobis id observandi facultatem dedit. Tyrannis quidem haudquaquam gratiae agenda si quid boni invite fecerunt, grato tamen animo recordamur nonnullos rerum indagatores e manibus saevis elapsos abhinc octoginta fere annos in fines nostros vel in Civitates Foederatas incolumes venisse. At tum etiam in scholas medicinae non omnibus intrare licuit; immo hic juvenis ultimus in classem universitatis Novi Eboraci admissus est, in qua tamen paullo post primum locum obtinuit. Atqui naturali cordis affectu permotus non statim sed postea se summam laudem obtinuisse cognovit, cum pater et testimonium et praemium pro eo accepisset. Iam usque ab illo tempore ab eis medicis summo studio dissensit qui nimium confiderent morbos quosdam idcirco fato fieri ne praeter naturam vivendo superessemus. Hic investigationibus suis nos non modo ad cognitionem novam, sed etiam ad novas cordis morborum curationes eduxit. Eo collegisque eius praeaeuntibus tandem ad gravissimas aegrotationes rationibus nuper inventis allevandas processimus; unde intellegitur quomodo arteria obstructa chirurgia adhibita depurgari, quam salubriter cholesterolum illud perniciosius vel in summo vitae periculo edomari possit. Quibus inventis homines servati sunt innumerabiles. Gaudent etiam Oxonienses quod hoc acriter instigante una cum Harvardianis haec studia exercere soliti sunt.

Praesento medicum insignissimum, qui cordis occulta vere patefecit, Eugenium Braunwald, apud Scholam Medicinae Harvardianam professorem, ut admittatur honoris causa in gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Aesculapi vera suboles, quem omnes ubique novae cardiologiae patrem vocant, ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

'Keep thy heart with all diligence,' says the proverb, 'for out of it are the issues of life.' And here in the midst of our honorands is a man whose wisdom, determination and skill in the arts and science of medicine have allowed us to obey that solemn injunction. Tyranny should never be thanked for its unintended gifts, but with heartfelt gratitude we reflect on the escape of numerous scientists from oppression some 80 years ago, and their safe

arrival in our country and in America. Even there this young man found quotas at medical schools, and was the last to be admitted to his class at New York University – a class in which he soon stood first in rank. Following other dictates of the heart, he went on his honeymoon and missed the graduation ceremony, only to be told afterwards of his distinction, for his father had collected the diploma for him, along with his prize. Since then he has devoted his life to countering the fatalism he found among doctors, a view that some illnesses were simply nature's way of ensuring that we do not outstay our allotted span of life. His research has wholly changed both the understanding and the treatment of heart disease. From him and his colleagues have arisen ultimately the modern treatment of acute coronary conditions through surgical interventions to open blocked coronary arteries, and from them we have learnt the effectiveness of LDL-cholesterol reduction in high-risk patients; such work has saved the lives of millions. Oxford rejoices in her collaboration with Harvard in these studies, a collaboration for which it has our honorand and his personal enthusiasm to thank.

I present a most distinguished doctor, a true revealer of the secrets of the heart, Eugene Braunwald, Professor at the Harvard Medical School, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Admission by the Chancellor

Worthy scion of Asclepius, known everywhere as the father of modern cardiology, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Degree of Doctor of Science

PROFESSOR JOAN ARGETSINGER STEITZ

Lucretius quidem, qui carmen immortale de rerum natura condidit, pulcherrimam ex atomis peperit poesim. Esto, ei gratias habemus. Sed quanto maiore gaudio scribere potuisset si bene intellexisset quales praestigias ista pauxilla atque minuta gregatim manipulis confectis inferrent. Huic enim et oratores et rerum investigatores laeti adrideant, quod moleculae quaedam, quasi linguarum peritae essent, ad statum illum vitalem mire *πρωτεϊνοῦσα* et 'transcribunt', ut dicitur, et 'translationem' exercent. Magis etiam et clarius fortasse de ipsa vitae materia meditatatus esset si hanc novisset quam nunc produco. Haec studiosa quae antea firma ac certa habita erant redarguit, pulchritudinem multiplicem ludi illius quasi linguae a moleculis facti demonstravit, viam denique virorum tantum pedibus antea tritam mulier aperuit. Et ibi mira quidem sed solita munditia ostendit quorundam ante ut inutilium relictorum

stuDIA NEquaquam inania esse habenda; finibus enim aliis illa etiam a matre natura propositis beNE ADIUNCta esse. Ut hic societatem cernamus divae illius et investigatricis nostrae, quae rationes corporibus nostris innatas priusque reconditas in lucem protulit. Cavete morbi! Vestris hae copiae vestigiis instant! Olim fere aberant, immo excludebantur mulieres ab his scientiis tractandis. Sed ex Medio Occidenti lux; haec enim Minnesotae filia in harenam omnibus exemplo successoribus impavida progressa, haec 'quam tota cohors imitata' in collegia invectast quod duplex a feminis posceretur labor et successus cum dimidium virorum mercedis acciperent. Qua scrutante licet et postulARE NE moleculae illae neglegantur et affirmare feminas hoDIE NEquaquam viris impares esse.

Praesento scrutatricem insignem primarum vitae materialium, Johannam Argetsinger Steitz, apud Universitatem Yaleanam professorem Regiaeque Societatis inter sodales externos adlectam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

Admission by the Chancellor

Linguarum molecularum interpret *πρωτεϊνοῦσών*, quae inter studiosos praestantissima pro aequitate propugnasti, ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Dextoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Paraphrase

In his immortal work 'On the Nature of Things' Lucretius made great poetry out of atoms – and for this we thank him. But how much more fun he might have had if he had really known some of the tricks these gregarious little creatures get up to when in suitable molecular company; to the delight of orators as well as scientists, their play is said to be much involved with 'transcription' and 'translation' as they head wondrously for the vital entity of the protein. Had he known the lady whom I now present, the poet could have mused even more on the stuff of life. Here is a scientist who has overturned dogma, who has shown us greater complexity and beauty in that linguistic play of the molecules, a woman who blazed a trail in a world crowded by men; and with characteristic fastidiousness she showed that some of what was disregarded by them was not just so much 'junk' DNA, but was employed to good purpose by Mother Nature. Here is an alliance of that deity and an investigator who has uncovered secret mechanisms of our bodies. Diseases beware! These formidable forces are on your track! There was a time when women were almost absent – nay excluded – from such fields of study. But light came from the Midwest, for this daughter of Minnesota fearlessly entered

the arena, a model for new generations of researchers. She, whom Virgil might have said 'the whole cohort follow', has railed against an establishment in which a woman is expected to be twice as good as a man, for half the pay. RNA has earned new respect from her attention, and she has demonstrated that science is in the DNA, be we men or women.

I present a brilliant observer of the genetic foundations of life, Joan Argetsinger Steitz, Professor at Yale University and Foreign Member of our Royal Society, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Admission by the Chancellor

Interpreter of the language of genes and proteins, champion of equality among scientists, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Degree of Doctor of Music

PROFESSOR JUDITH WEIR

Quidnam nos in rebus incertis versantes potius celebremus quam ingenium eius quae fabulam melicam composuit 'Consolationes Doctrinae' inscriptam? Maiores nostri credebant concentum illum caelestem, quem agnoscerent tantum mathematici, auribus nostris percipi non posse. Quo magis hanc feminam honorare decet quae de Martis stella modos attulerit, nosque docuerit hos cantus, etsi tam longo spatio commutatos, colonos tamen quosdam suorum Scotorum olim cecinisse. Quam ultimam in agmine videtis, haec non modo alienae stellae et lunae siderumque, sed terrestris etiam mundi numerorum nos participes reddidit. Facetiis enim acerrimis et verborum et modorum usa fabellas sonis dulcissimis ornatas a Scotia, a regione Serica, Germania, Hispania, Austroslavia tractatas nobis offert. Haec etsi modorum haudquaquam imperita est recentiorum, opera parere solet quae omnium fere auribus vere placeant. Eadem etsi ex usibus multarum gentium materiam electam haurit earum modos lepidos numerososque sermonibus adiungit qui nullius esse videri possint nisi ipsius; huius enim carmina et rerum veritatem lucidissime explicant, et animos vi paene magica fascinant. Namque 'Imbrium Adventum' celebrans, modisque ipsis concentuque velut poeta usa, etesios Indicorum imbres audientibus revocat adventuros, oblectaturos, laetitiam laturos. In fabulis autem sua ipsius verba ita expedit ut omnia auscultantes intellegamus – id quod raro aliter conceditur. In officio exsequendo hoc magni facit, ut artis musicae beneficia aetati omni civium conferantur. Ut sapiens quidam olim censuit, dummodo regi musica placeat, valent cives. Hac denique magistra creata, nonne sperare nos admonet Regina fore aliquando ut, remotis discordiae causis,

concentu tandem consensuque animorum
rursus fruamur?

Praesento igitur inventricem creatricemque
musicae pulchritudinis peritissimam,
Judith Weir, Regiae Musicae Magistram, ut
admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris
in Musica.

Admission by the Chancellor

Incantatrix artificiosa stellarum et
elementorum musicae, quae artibus Orphei et
Reginam et patriam delectas, ego auctoritate
mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad
gradum Doctoris in Musica honoris causa.

Paraphrase

How, amidst uncertainty, could we not
celebrate the creator of an opera entitled
The Consolations of Scholarship? The music
of the spheres, said the ancients, is for most
mortals not an audible phenomenon, but a
mathematical idea; let us honour one who
has revealed the sounds of music on Mars,
and has disclosed further that what we hear,
refracted through this vast distance, is a
music played there by a colonising band of
her Scots compatriots. But not only is this
lady, who completes our line of honorands
today, a communicator of those *Airs from
Another Planet* and of *Moon and Star*; she
presents also an earthly universe and tells,
with the keenest wit in words and tones alike,
melodious tales of Scotland, China, Germany,
Iberia and the Southern Slavic lands. Here
is a modernist whose music is actually *liked*
by many, one who draws inspiration from
the folk music of many lands but lovingly
places these lively sounds and rhythms
at the service of a language inimitably her
own. Here is music that lucidly speaks,
explains, and bewitches the imagination. In
her *Welcome Arrival of Rain* the notes and
beautiful orchestration evoke like a poem the
anticipation, joy and fulfilment of the Indian
monsoon. In her operas the composer's own
libretti are written and set so skilfully as to
grant us that all-too-rare bonus: we hear the
words! As Her Majesty's musician, she sets
great store by bringing music to all, young and
old. A sage once opined that if the monarch
loved music, all would be well with the land.
In appointing this artist as Master of her
Music, Her Majesty cannot but give us hope
that, despite all fractures in our land, pleasant
harmony will one day reign.

I present Judith Weir, CBE, Master of the
Queen's Music, most able creator and revealer
of the beauties of musical sound, to be
admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of
Music.

Admission by the Chancellor

Masterly invoker of the music of spheres
and elements, who enchant Queen and

country with the arts of Orpheus, 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 following
introduction to the Creweian Oration:

Public Orator: Honoratissime Domine
Cancellarie, licetne anglice loqui?

Chancellor: Licet.

Public Orator: *Das alte Jahr vergangen ist...*

How better to express our feelings than in the
words of our Victorian translator Catherine
Winkworth, English verse in partnership here
with an old Lutheran song in the language of
our close European neighbours and relatives.

*The old year now hath passed away;
We thank Thee, O our God, today
That Thou hast kept us through the year
When danger and distress were near.*

Certainly an eventful year has passed since
the last Encaenia. But, as we are so often
reminded, Encaenia means 'renewal', and
renewal often means *plus ça change*. The
next day in 2016, you may remember, we
went to vote; a majority, it seems, in Oxford
might have preferred a different result, but
our graduates battled it out elsewhere and
we awoke to the vision of a future perhaps
at once more insular and more global. The
referendum prepared the ground for nearly
three frenetic weeks of bumps, banana
skins, long knives and goodness knows what
stratagems and intrigues in and behind the
playground of what my predecessor once
called our 'Lower Thames Campus'.

The victory, that time, went decisively to St
Hugh's, Geography; or as *Oxford Today* later
reported a little less parochially, the score was
now Oxford 27, Cambridge 14, a somewhat
better record than the Boat Race, though we
must give praise where praise is due, this time
to our men's one-and-a-quarter length victory.
It - I mean rowing - is a gentlemen's and
gentlewomen's sport, and I here congratulate
the Cambridge women's crew for beating
us by eleven lengths. Various journalists
asked how we did it - the prime ministers,
that is. Here the praise - or was it blame? -
was thrown variously at the Oxford Union
Society, described as a 'children's parliament'
(plausible, thought the BBC), PPE (surely
not!), or was it simply the good old network
of personal connections and 'meeting the
right people'? Lord Heseltine (Pembroke, PPE,
former President of the Union) commented
at the time that he was not worried about so
many political leaders coming from Oxford, as
long as they are up to the job.

A little later in the year *Oxford Today* marked,
in a fascinating article, the centenary of a
political assassination in which an Oxford
alumnus is now believed by many to have
played a discreetly leading role in changing
the course of history. This was the dashing
figure of Felix Yusupov, founder of the
University's Russian Society and member of
the Bullingdon Club. The murder victim was
Grigori Rasputin. Tempting perhaps wider
reflection on the possible interference by one
country in the political affairs of another, our
author asked what claim Oxford can make
to have influenced the Russian Revolution.
He leaves us with some good material with
which to ponder the question. What is well
attested, though, is Yusupov's pragmatic
approach to his studies. When, with his finals
looming, he was asked by a friend whether
the time had not come for him to do some
reading, he answered, 'I do not think so...
I shall do what I do in St Petersburg. I shall
invite the examiners to breakfast, and I shall
put an envelope with £100 on each one's
plate.' Well, in some senses at least the times,
they are a-changin', as we have learnt, or
relearnt, to sing. Perish the thought that any
of us could be seriously tempted by such an
offer now.

It would be immodest, and inadmissible,
for us to remind ourselves that we once
topped the World University Rankings, and I
therefore pass over this minor news item in
bashful silence. In our new world we continue
to forge scholarly and pedagogical alliances
with other countries, and from the Near and
Middle East comes warmth and light in some
significant donations and sponsorships.

Comfort apart, chairs can be insecure
structures, whatever their antiquity and
importance. In the last few decades Arabic
studies at this university have attracted large
numbers of students and scholars, partly
because of the importance of the subject
itself but also through the distinction of
recent occupants of the Chair established
in 1636 by Archbishop Laud while he was
Chancellor. Such distinction is now rewarded
as a munificent re-endowment comes
from Mr Abdulaziz Saud Al-Babtain, firmly
securing its future. Mr Al-Babtain is not only
a businessman but a distinguished published
Arabic poet, and as East meets West we
hear poetry even in the renaming itself of
the professorship as the Abdulaziz Saud Al-
Babtain Laudian Chair.

But that is not the only good news from the
Arab world, for in November the Dubai *MENA
Herald* announced that the Mohammed
bin Rashid Al Maktoum Foundation and
the University of Oxford have, with major
financial support from the former, established
a graduate scholarship programme for
gifted young students from the many Arab

League countries at this 'prestigious British university' - one that is expected to 'last for centuries'. I take that 'one' to mean the scholarship scheme, but if the programme is to last so long, then I believe it follows that the University itself is expected to survive, at least as predicted in Dubai.

Archaeology and preservation are particularly conjoined in these uncertain times. The Arcadia Fund, founded by Lisbet Rausing and Peter Baldwin in 2001, has been a leader among supporters of projects to identify and protect sites endangered by conflict, urbanisation and agricultural practices. Now they have made a generous grant towards our EAMANA project (Endangered Archaeology in the Middle East and North Africa), which has already documented 100,000 sites in the area and will be greatly helped in its work on sites in Syria, Iran and Iraq.

From further east we, and more specifically the Blavatnik School of Government, whose extraordinary new building we greeted last year, absorb new light from the Japan and the Kyoto Prize. The Inamori Foundation has made us a magnificent gift allowing us to be the home of the 'Kyoto Prize at Oxford', inviting the laureates here and educating our students and colleagues about the aims both of the prize itself and of the foundation. With some pride we may even claim that Oxford marks an end-point, for here we stand as the final stage of the prizewinners' itinerary after they receive the award in Kyoto and speak at an international symposium in San Diego. I may add that the Blavatnik School has also benefited by a grant from the Africa Initiative for Government, to fund fellowships and scholarships for West African students coming to Oxford to study for the Master's degree in Public Policy.

At the end of May we saw the completion of a long project. Lady Margaret Hall, which started life in 1879 in a single house in Norham Gardens, now has, thanks largely to its own alumni and friends, a large and beautiful complex of buildings and a new graduate centre. College publicity names among its distinguished alumni the British politician Michael Gove, and we note that students who previously had to live out have now been brought back into home accommodation. Buildings apart, LMH now has in train its pioneering foundation year, one of the University's schemes that should enable young people from under-represented groups to gain access to an Oxford education.

Carefully negotiating the banana-skins in this our Republic of Letters, we are naturally suspicious of presidential rule; we make our decisions through the strong and stable institutions of Council and Congregation and committee recommendations. Our Vice-

Chancellor informs and advises us, and Pro-Vice-Chancellorships are clearly no sinecure. It has been deeply reassuring to see the appointment of a distinguished neurologist and clinical researcher, Professor Alastair Buchan, added to their number to lead our Brexit strategy, where our minds and our body politic will most need him.

In medical research itself, the Nuffield Department has continued to receive generous support from the Oak Foundation, towards funding posts and important projects concerning Nepal, Vietnam, Zimbabwe and Kenya, and Obstetrics and Gynaecology were earlier this year awarded a large grant from the Larsson-Rosenquist Foundation for a global research project to improve the health and development of preterm infants.

Among our priceless treasures is that home of treasures, the Ashmolean Museum. Thanks to the Heritage Lottery Fund numerous works of art have been saved for the nation and for us here in Oxford. I may mention the hoard of coins from the time of Kings Alfred the Great and Ceolwulf II, found in nearby Watlington and kept now by the Ashmolean after the necessary funds were raised. Here is English coinage that seems set to keep its value; we might think of burying some of our own, and waiting for its stock to rise. I commend to you the touching photograph you may find on the museum website, in which the staff may be seen posing in elegantly grateful demeanour.

We may also remember that the Lottery Fund, together with a marvellously speedy and vigorous campaign and donations from local people, visitors and Friends of the Ashmolean, helped the museum to keep our High Street in place - that is to say the 1810 oil painting by Turner, which had been there only on loan for many years. 'One of the most beautiful streets in Europe', says the Ashmolean, with justifiable pride. You will see no buses in this most serene of townscapes, no bars to traffic, for there is no traffic. But Turner did add, 'for colour' we are told, some gowned members of the University offset by townspeople and clergy.

Bicycling was as yet unknown in 1810, but our present-day cyclists have a new figurehead in none other than our Vice-Chancellor, who joined a group from Harris Manchester and rode from Oxford to Cambridge, raising a million pounds for student support. To save me from error I have been reminded that over the centuries many vice-chancellors have travelled between Oxford and Cambridge, but you, O Insignissima, are almost certainly the first to have done it on a bicycle. We congratulate you, and thank you. I feel sure that on this occasion you compromised your otherwise admirable distrust of safe

spaces, and exchanged academic cap for crash helmet.

Fundraisers know only too well that it often takes money to raise money, and once again we should gratefully remember the Lottery Fund for what is nowadays described as a kick-start, namely the starting donation to the Ashmolean's campaign back in 2013, on the impetus of which it has been remarkably successful in increasing, by many times, its endowment fund. But, as the politicians say, there is still some way to go, and I hope it is no abuse of my position here to recommend friendship - becoming a Friend, that is, of our beautiful and immensely distinguished museum.

Another of the team, Professor Nick Rawlins, has lived up to his title of Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Development and External Affairs and put our seal on an agreement with the Taiwan Ministry of Education, thanks to whose gift and collaboration we shall be receiving, over the next five years, 25 Taiwanese doctoral-level graduate students of exceptional academic merit. We welcome here today the representative of that ministry and salute this excellent partnership.

Among the many lessons I learn from previous orators is that modesty should not be taken too far on these occasions. Let us enjoy great pride in our colleagues recently elected to our foremost learned societies.

The British Academy is from July this year to have as its new president Sir David Cannadine, the editor of our homegrown *Dictionary of National Biography*, and recently elected Fellows of the Academy include our own Michael Macdonald, and Professors Stephen Broadberry, Patricia Clavin, Judith Freedman, Elizabeth Eva Leach, Catherine Morgan, Duncan Snidal and Fiona Williams. Joining the Royal Society as new Fellows are Professors Tony Bell, Yvonne Jones, Alison Noble and Yadvinder Malhi, and Sir Nigel Shadbolt.

Here today are a number of this year's prizewinners, all without a doubt making their early steps towards such honours as we have just noted. I am proud to invite your acclamation as I invite them to enjoy your approval; but before I do so I take the opportunity to add four names - more are still to come - now received but too late for inclusion in the printed programme. These days the Creweian Oration is a vernacular affair, but we still honour those students who have distinguished themselves in winning the Chancellor's and Gaisford prizes in Latin and Greek prose and verse composition - Domenico Giordani, Marina Garanin, Thomas Kelly and Il-Kweon Sir. Please stand, prizewinners, as we applaud!

50 Oxonians were honoured in the New Year's list this year, and many more among the recent Birthday Honours, a list you may find elsewhere, but if I may pick out one name from that distinguished line-up it must be an MSc student of Kellog College, and Paralympic gold-medalist rower, Grace Clough. Take a look at her story on www.britishrowing.org, and be inspired.

As always, there are changes at some of the helms in our fleet. Miles Young succeeded Sir Curtis Price as Warden of New College, Professor Steven Cowley succeeded Professor Richard Carwardine as President of Corpus Christi College, Carole Souter succeeded Sir Mark Jones as Master of St Cross, and Helen King succeeded Tim Gardam as Principal of St Anne's College, where Robert Chard had been Acting Principal in the interregnum. In the near future we say goodbye to Alice Prochaska, who will be succeeded by Baroness Royall of Blaisdon as Principal of Somerville, and to Dame Hermione Lee who retires as President of Wolfson, handing over to Philomen Probert as Acting President until Tim Hitchens takes up the presidency in early summer 2018. Hilary Boulding will succeed Sir Ivor Roberts as President of Trinity College, and Roger Goodman, currently Head of the Social Sciences Division, succeeds Margaret MacMillan as Warden of St Antony's.

Encaenia is in essence a joyous occasion, but this is a day on which we also remember friends and colleagues who are no longer with us. Among those who have died during this past year let us call to mind Pamela Sue Anderson, Fellow of Mansfield and Regent's Park, Jean Austin, Fellow of St Hilda's, Francis Barnett, Fellow of Trinity, James Dalton, Fellow of Queen's, Cliff Davies, Fellow of Wadham, John Davis, Warden of All Souls, Jan-George Deutsch, Fellow of St Cross, Sir John Hanson, Fellow of Green College, Derek Parfit, Fellow of All Souls, Geoffrey Raisman, Fellow of Oriol, Kurt Schoenenberger, Fellow of Oriol, Barrington White, former Principal of Regent's Park, and Miles Williams, Fellow of Hertford. I fear the list may, sadly, be longer, but here are the names I have from personal knowledge and through studying the *Gazette*. Yes - I have reached the age at which one turns to that page first.

We wish many long, happy, active and, if we may be so fortunate, collaborative years to all those who retire this year. Your orator was elected at the age of 66, and in his first year of office has reached 67. At such an age one's thoughts focus willy-nilly on inter-generational fairness, and the classicist turns, well, perhaps not quite so willy-nilly, to Cicero's thoughts on old age. In his undying treatise *De Senectute* that orator of orators has his principal oldie, Cato, say with unimpeachable logic that 'the old man's

condition is better than the young man's, since what the latter merely hopes for, the former has already attained; for the one wishes to live long, the other has lived long.'

The influence of the President of the United States, and his *obiter dicta*, on my predecessor's rhetoric last year will have left an indelible impression. The State Visit has, I understand, been postponed for the moment, but I heartily declare my partiality and agree with Tim Garton-Ash as he looks forward to celebrating free speech and debate, and to seeing Mr Trump given, if and when he does come, a platform at the Oxford Union. Yes, we do indeed like our politicians to come and face the music. For our own leadership I think Anthony Trollope has the best words, if I may give them an only slightly changed context, towards the end of his political novel *Can You Forgive Her?* 'There is some life,' he writes, 'in starting for a long journey, and the life is the stronger and the fuller if the things and people to be carried are numerous and troublesome.'

This is a year in which the Orator relishes the privilege of handing over to the Professor of Poetry for the second part of his Oration. My Lord Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, colleagues and friends, I end where I started, with renewal. This year we mourned the loss of Professor Sir Geoffrey Hill, who two years ago stood in the box opposite mine and with eloquent economy acknowledged the University's recognition of 'intrinsic value' in its choice of those persons of international distinction whom it has chosen to honour at this ceremony. I am confident that he would have given the same acknowledgement today. We now have a new Professor of Poetry, whom it has been our pleasure and our good fortune to read and to hear lecture in this, his first year of office. Let us now turn from prose to poetry, as I give you Professor Simon Armitage.

CREWEIAN ORATION 2017

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'.

My Lord and Chancellor, allow me to echo and endorse those expressions of thanks made by the Public Orator. And to the University's generous benefactors, it is my pleasure to acknowledge how you have created opportunities that are impossible to anticipate or quantify, for individuals you might never meet and for lives yet to be lived. So like a fussy parent concerned that his offspring will forget to write letters of gratitude for gifts and presents, let me thank you on their behalf and assure you of their appreciation.

As far as I can tell from previous orations, the other duty of the Professor of Poetry at Encaenia, every second year at least, is to offer something of a *Thought For The Day*. I don't know what happens in the intervening years - presumably everybody goes home spiritually unfulfilled and morally disconsolate. Or the champagne gets opened ten minutes earlier. But with that philosophical duty in mind, let me begin by offering a metaphorical glimpse of two items of peculiar literary interest: the first a large bedspread of many colours and diverse origins from the 1950s; the second a letter several pages in length and dated 10 January 1837. I'll return to them later, and leave them for now like objects awaiting description and evaluation, clutched in the arms of hopeful punters queuing up in the background of *The Antiques Roadshow*.

In his recently published book *The Road to Somewhere*, the cultural commentator David Goodhart contentiously divided the population of these islands into 'Anywhere' and 'Somewhere' people, the 'Anywheres' being in the main an educated, liberal, metropolitan and culturally fluent group, paying for their skinny mochaccinos and artisan rolls with mobile phones and contactless debit cards in the hipster bars and pavement cafes of the nation's bohemian quarters, the 'Somewheres' being a traditional, socially unadventurous rump of folk, often rooted in smaller regional communities and adopting the ostrich position when confronted with the prospect of a changing world. As an articulation of an apparently widening faultline in British society, and as a way of interpreting recent national ballots, the model was as divisive as its own schema, characterising millions of people by way of loosely fitting, off-the-peg labels and hastily sketched attitudes. The theory might have a counterpart in anthropologist Ralph Linton's distinction between ascribed and achieved lives; that is to say between those who perform according to the expectations occasioned by their situation at birth, and those who attain a position in life beyond what would have been anticipated or predicted. It's another crude partition, but from time to time such categorisations can offer a finger-in-the-wind test by which we might reflect on our attainments, and the extent to which we have performed according to expectations, or despite them. And a ceremony such as this, orchestrated by one of the oldest educational and cultural institutions in the known universe, would seem to be an ideal opportunity for such reflection. Put simply, how many of us sitting here today grew up with the idea that our participation in such an occasion was always a possibility, perhaps

even a likelihood, and how many of us are pinching ourselves?

I invoke this idea in relation to two anniversaries. 60 years ago the American poet Robert Frost received an honorary degree from Oxford University. Frost was 83 in 1957, and by that stage not just a grand old man of letters and a national treasure - probably the last poetic national treasure America would recognise - but also something of an ambassador both for literature and the United States, his voice and opinions being heard within increasingly influential circles. It is plausibly suggested that at the poet's bidding, letters from President Eisenhower's office had made both Oxford and Cambridge University aware that Mr Frost would be travelling to England and would be available for recognition, and that both establishments duly obliged by coughing up the appropriate accolade. It's not for me to speculate on whether this university was once amenable to such high-powered suggestions. And in any case we live now in more transparent and accountable times; I can't imagine the present American administration makes many requests on behalf of its poets these days - despite its obvious love of literature and the arts - but even if it did, those overtures would surely fall on deaf ears. In Frost's case, even if we can't be certain about the circumstances leading to his award, we can, I think, be fairly confident about the poet's eagerness to accept it. Frost's literary persona was of a straight-talking man-of-the-land, a poet dispensing nuggety truths and fireside wisdom in the form of metrical quatrains and rhyming couplets, a poet referred to by Oxford's Deputy Public Orator at the time (in Latin, of course) as a farmer and a 'husbandman' in love with the solitude and neighbourliness of the countryside. This in contrast with versions of Frost the person, characterised by some biographers as a supreme egotist, sycophant and back-stabber, always keen to hitch up the greasy pole of fame, preferably by standing on the heads of contemporaries, especially those he judged to be rivals.

Frost was a poet of delineation, someone who emphasised hierarchies, structures, demarcations and stratifications in the form of walls, fences, roads, gates, times, seasons, boundaries and zones, and on the page at least tended to position himself on the humanitarian and benevolent side of those lines. His was an achieved life, if not from nowhere and nothing then from relatively unassuming beginnings, an achievement embodied and at the same time parodied by one of the items I dangled in front of you earlier. By later life Frost had become a serial collector of awards, prizes and decorations, and at some point, it is reported, decided to

remove the hoods from all the gowns and robes presented to him from his various honorary degrees, and have them made into a quilt.

The aforementioned letter was posted in Yorkshire and its red wax seal broken open in Westmorland a few days later. The recipient was the poet-laureate-in-waiting William Wordsworth and the sender one Branwell Brontë, black-sheep brother to the soon-to-be famous sisters, the boozier, drug addict and scandal-maker whose 200th birthday we celebrate, or at least acknowledge, in six days' time. Like Frost, Branwell's life was also achieved, but in the downhill direction. In his younger years, effortlessly articulate and precociously talented, he was destined for stardom in one or possibly both of the noblest artistic pursuits of the day - poetry and oil painting. His father, Patrick Brunty, the first of ten children born to a farm-labourer in County Down, had achieved the near-impossible by advancing from rural and remote Drumballyroney to Cambridge University by dint of faith and hard graft alone, so for his own gifted, favoured and home-schooled son, the sky was the limit. Branwell's letter to Wordsworth is a desperate and at times embarrassing plea for recognition, and the extract of a poem he includes, entitled *The Struggles of Flesh with Spirit*, is a dreamy and clichéd effort by an easily influenced 20 year old under the spell of the Romantics. From his headquarters in Grasmere, fortified by steep-sided fells and behind the moats of deep, glacially incised lakes, Wordsworth chose not to reply. Just as *Blackwood's Magazine* chose to blank Branwell's repeated offers of his services as a contributor. Branwell was a second-rate poet and a middling painter, but he could definitely write and he could definitely draw. Unfortunately, something in his character couldn't deal with the rejection, which often came in the form of resounding silence, and his decline into an alcohol- and laudanum-induced paranoia and psychosis is now the stuff of legend, book, film, television drama, t-shirt, teapot and other dark-humoured or queasy memorabilia.

Branwell Brontë's plea to the great bard was ill judged in its tone and style, but came from someone whose only audience had been the sheep and the moors, who was looking to find recognition and affirmation beyond his immediate circumstances, but had none of the contacts or the courtesies of the day to make himself known or heard. Robert Frost's first thought, once he began climbing the rungs of success, seems to have been to pull the ladder up behind him. A charitable interpretation of his quilt of many colours might be to think of it as an expression of his insecurities and vulnerabilities, but,

as a metaphor for vanity and selfishness, the idea of a man sleeping soundly under a counterpane of praise and commendations has an almost biblical irresistibility about it.

My conclusion is a short appeal, based on the assumption that all of us in this magnificent venue today, whether having arrived here by determination or design, have benefited from being on the receiving end of compliments and have derived confidence from congratulation. And that we, the complimented and congratulated, rather than bed down in the blanket of accomplishment, should always be ready to respond in kind, no matter that credit and acknowledgment might be clumsily sought, or unconventionally petitioned, or asked for by awkward tongues.