

THE MELBOURNE GRADUATE

Vol. 69 No. 1

April, 2016



Annual Report 2015-2016

The Graduate Union of The University of Melbourne Inc.


*EVERYBODY IS A GENIUS. BUT IF YOU JUDGE A FISH ON
ITS ABILITY TO CLIMB A TREE, IT WILL LIVE ITS WHOLE LIFE
BELIEVING THAT IT IS STUPID.*

Albert Einstein (1879 - 1955)

Annual Report of The Graduate Union of The University of Melbourne Incorporated

Editorial: The Publications Team

Printed by: City Copy



*The Melbourne Graduate
April 2016 – Volume 69, Number 1
Periodical Publication of The Graduate Union
Print Post Approved PP337834/00022
Incorporated Association Registration Number A0023234B*

OUR MEMBERS

His and Her Reflections of Joan and Geoff Harcourt, both graduates of The University of Melbourne, in the year of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary 2015.



Geoff Harcourt in Cambridge 1982

HIS - GEOFFREY HARCOURT

I started a Bachelor of Commerce course at The University of Melbourne in 1950 but I did not meet Joan until 1953. I was then a final year Honours student and the economics tutor at Queen's College. At the mid-year Queen's Ball one of my students brought Joan and I congratulated him on partnering the belle of the ball. Subsequently, just before Swot vac, six Women's women asked six Queens/Ormond men to a revolving supper in Women's on Saturday night. Joan was one of the invitees and I was so taken with her that I later asked my student "was he still going out with Joan

Bartrop?" (I had found out her name by then). He said "no".

After the supper party I pinched the hand bell that was used to wake the women each day. At tea and biscuits after Chapel in Queen's on Sunday – Women's women sang in the Queen's choir – I was fooling around saying how as a Tutor I would return the bell to the redoubtable Myra Roper, the Principal of Women's, and apologise for the unseemly behaviour of the Queen's undergraduates. Joan seemed to think this was a lark so next day I rang her to ask her to come to see Moulin Rouge, then showing in Melbourne. She graciously responded "are you kidding?" – She had only seen the larking around side of me. Anyway, we went to the flicks and started seeing each other almost daily, our senses no doubt heightened by Spring/early Summer weather and the trauma of swot vac before Finals. In early December we were baby-sitting for her Auntie Marj and I proposed to Joan after supper of a brown boiled egg and brown bread toast, the night before I was to be interviewed for the Rhodes Scholarship. Luckily I was runner up to Duncan Anderson (Rhodes Scholars could not be married in those days). Joan was taken aback by my proposal after only a few weeks of knowing each other. Fortunately, she went during the long vac to the Annual Australia-wide SCM conference, the theme of which was "courtship and marriage." On the way home she was concussed in a car accident. The two events led to her saying 'Yes.' We announced our engagement on the day we both graduated in April 1954.

I was awarded the Atchison Travelling Scholarship to do a PhD at Cambridge. We married on July 30, 1955 in Queen's Chapel and two weeks later had a five week honeymoon as we sailed to the UK and to King's College, Cambridge, Keynes's College, so then the Mecca of all aspiring economists. I had the usual share of research blues in Cambridge but being married kept me on our even keel. Joan was the first librarian of the newly opened Vet School and she rode to

work each day on a Lambretta we dubbed “Lucy the languishing Lambretta” (after a character in a film, “Lucy the languishing Librarian”). Lucy also took us around England and Scotland in the long vacs.

I was appointed to a Lectureship in the Economics Department at Adelaide University in 1958, a wonderful department with many young people, headed by a then very young Professor, Peter Karmel. Pat and Bob Wallace, our great friends from Melbourne, had preceded us and there I first met my greatest Australian friend and mentor, Eric Russell. He and Judith were extremely kind to us as we settled into Adelaide life – a very happy time which saw the birth of our first two children, Wendy in 1959 and Robert in 1961.

In August 1963 we went back to Cambridge for my first study leave. To my utter amazement, I was asked to apply for a University Lectureship in the Cambridge Faculty, then possibly the best in the world, by Joan Robinson (who was already my greatest Cambridge mentor). I was offered the post but, as I was on leave, I felt a moral obligation to return to Adelaide, so I asked for three years leave without pay to take up the University Lectureship and also a Fellowship at Trinity Hall as their first ever teaching fellow in economics. (The Vice Master clinched my election by pointing out that even if it were to be a disaster, it would only be a short-run one.)

We stayed in Cambridge for what was probably the most exciting and productive years of my life and the happiest period of our many happy years together, until we returned to Adelaide at the end of 1966, arriving in early 1967. Our third child, Tim, had been born in Cambridge in September 1965.

Back in Adelaide, first as a Reader and then elected to a Personal Chair in September 1967, having been thoroughly briefed on the background to the Vietnam war by knowledgeable friends in Cambridge, I threw myself into the emerging anti-Vietnam war movement. I was selflessly as ever supported by Joan, who had to handle most of the hate phone calls, death threats and so on. Neal Blewett and I were the two moderates on the Committee of the Campaign for Peace in Vietnam (CPV) in South Australia. I spent two and a half days a week for about seven years on anti-war activities. Our fourth child, Rebecca, was born on the 10th May 1968, the day the French student riots started – when else? Joan and I had always been politically active in Adelaide, both of us in the ALP, the Student Christian Movement (SCM), and Immigration Reform, I in the Howard League for Penal Reform, and Joan was a pioneer for abortion reform and she also stood as an ALP candidate for the Upper House in SA when Rebecca was on the way. In addition, I played cricket for Adelaide University in the summer and Aussie Rules with the mighty Blacks, Adelaide University’s remarkable Australian Rules Football Club, in the winter.

In August 1968 I was asked to write the survey article for the second issue of the newly established Journal of Economic Literature, a journal of the American Economic Association with a huge captive readership. I was asked to survey the issues associated with the debates on capital theory between Cambridge, England and Cambridge, Massachusetts, of which I had been a witness, asked by Joan Robinson to sit in on the exchanges between her and Ken Arrow and Bob Solow who were on leave in Cambridge in the 1960s. The article was published in June 1969. That article and the subsequent book of the same title, *Some Cambridge controversies in the Theory of Capital*, published by Cambridge in 1972, gave me an international reputation.

We were back in Cambridge in 1972-73 with our four children. I was again on leave from Adelaide and was a Visiting Fellow of Clare Hall. I was urged to return to Cambridge by (some of) my colleagues there, but we felt we must return to Australia because I was on leave and, furthermore, my mother had had a severe stroke in Melbourne.



*Harcourt's wedding day, Queen's College,
Melbourne University, July 30, 1955*

Tragically, Eric (my mentor) died in February 1977 after playing squash, and my mother died in early 1981. In May 1981 I was offered a lectureship at Cambridge and a Fellowship at Jesus. When the phone rang at our home, a voice said: "Jesus calling," so what could I say but "I come"? Joan, with her usual great selflessness, and I selfishly, accepted, and returned in September 1982 for 28 years. Joan joined me in December with Rebecca who most selflessly came too. Tim started at Adelaide University in 1983 and Wendy and Robert had either graduated or were near to doing so from Adelaide.

At Cambridge my main research project was to document the intellectual history and contributions of Joan Robinson and her circle. In the end, overwhelmingly in collaboration with Prue Kerr who had been my undergraduate student at Flinders, Master's student at Adelaide and PhD student at Cambridge, there are over 100 essays, several edited books and a 2009 joint biography of Joan Robinson (who died in 1983). I had a large teaching load in the Faculty and Jesus, I always had 8-11

PhD students on the go. I was on the University Council for eight years, and many Faculty committees. I was also President of Jesus for three years, ably supported by Joan, and an active cricketer and runner (not jogger). Between September 1992 and September 1994 I had four attempts to die and again it was Joan who bore the brunt of these episodes and their aftermaths.

While in Cambridge we returned to OZ each year, to see parents while they were alive, and other family and friends. We kept our links with Melbourne University and especially Graduate House where we periodically stayed.

On our 55th Wedding Anniversary on 30 July 2010, we returned permanently to OZ, settling in Sydney where three of our four children now live. Our Diamond Wedding was last year and we had parties in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. The party in Melbourne was at Queen's where I had spent four life-transforming years, including meeting my first mentor, Joe Isaac, who tutored me in 1950. For the Melbourne party we stayed at Graduate House where much fuss was made of us! Our ties with Melbourne University remain strong. I am a Life Member of The Graduate Union and I cherish the Honorary Degree awarded to me from The University of Melbourne in 2003. In 2002 I was the Sugden Fellow at Queen's and we spent a wonderfully happy few months living in Queen's, catching up with old Melbourne friends and relies. I was also a Visiting Professor at the Melbourne Faculty.

I always say my life only really began when I married Joan. I count myself the most fortunate of persons to have had such a wonderfully full and varied life with such a remarkable person as my team mate, living in the uniquely stimulating environment which great universities create.

HERS - JOAN HARCOURT

60 years of an eventful life throws up many memories. However, it also has been an opportunity for us each to reflect on our life journeying together. In my family of three children I was the only girl. In my final year at school, my Mother explained to me that it would not be possible for me to go to University as it would be more important for my brothers to have that opportunity. So I was found a job in the local library in Ballarat, my home town. The female Librarian, Marjorie Ramsay, was young, very able, a graduate of Melbourne University and MA of Library Science. She prepared the other young library assistant and myself to sit and pass the Preliminary Library Certificate. While my parents were overseas still, Commonwealth Scholarships were announced. By the time my parents returned I had a Commonwealth Scholarship and was enrolled in Arts at Melbourne University, and booked into the Princess Mary Club, a Methodist Women's Hostel in the City.

I was a shy, quiet girl. I wouldn't undertake teaching as that would mean a three year commitment after graduation. Later I didn't switch to honours, although I had had a letter encouraging me to do honours, as it would mean another year at University. (Too late, my attitude about being at the Shop for four years changed.) I also felt a little guilty as I had gone to University and my brothers hadn't. Towards the end of my second year, I applied for accommodation at Women's College and was offered residency. My world expanded educationally and socially.

I was one of a group of Women's women who sang in the Queen's choir. Several Sunday evenings I noticed this young man sitting in the back row of the pews opposite and wondered who he was. There was something about him. Later, during Swot vac. a group of us decided to play a prank on the men of Queen's while the men were dining in Hall. Unfortunately, one of the tutors was not in Hall and caught us. The alarm was raised and we endured the punishment of being dunked under the showers. I remember this unknown man (to me) I had seen in chapel, over-enthusiastically urging our captors on, as they dragged us to our doom.

Our next meeting was at Women's College open night supper. Our group of six women invited six men to a revolving supper, each woman providing a course (mine was chocolate ripple cake). Geoff was invited by one of my friends, so I learned his name, but we didn't exchange a word with each other. I had invited another Queen's man (not the one Geoff spoke with after the Queen's ball).

On the following day, Sunday, after the evening service, we all gathered in the Master's Lodge for tea and biscuits. We enjoyed hearing Geoff's tale of his prank of stealing the Women's College bell the evening before and his plan to return it to our College in his role as tutor. I was one of those who escorted him back to college. I was totally amazed when he rang the next day and invited me to a film. I had only known him as a prankster at that time. But I did want to see Moulin Rouge, so I accepted and found that I felt very comfortable with him. Also I enjoyed his wit and generosity. (I always have said, and still say, that I married Geoff because he made me laugh, and helped me make up my mind.) For the next weeks we enjoyed sharing time together, as we triggled (walking the three sided footpath around College) in the evening, after preparing for exams during the day.

Geoff proposed after only six weeks, while we were babysitting my young cousins. I was flattered but surprised. I was about to return to live in Ballarat, my home town, and totally unsure of what to say. When the train arrived at the Ballarat Station, my mother and brother met me, mother happy that after three years in Melbourne I was returning home. There and



*Trinity Hall days in Cambridge, 1965
Tim is 6 weeks, Wendy 6 and Rob is 4.*

then, I told her with a laugh, that Geoff wanted to marry me. Her face fell. I realised this was serious.

In Ballarat I continued my holiday job as a telephonist at the Ballarat Telephone Exchange. During that time Geoff came up regularly at weekends to Ballarat. Some weekends I visited Geoff in Melbourne.

I was still not sure whether to accept Geoff's proposal, so I decided to attend the Student Christian Movement (SCM) conference on Marriage to be held in Armadale. On the way home, travelling by car with friends, on a very bumpy road at the end of a long day, the driver, tired, dazzled by the sun in his eyes, missed a turn and crashed into a tree. Sitting in the front passenger seat, I was concussed, in shock, in pain, totally immobile. Nola, who at that time was in the back seat behind the driver, saw what was about to happen, leaned forward to grab the

wheel, and had her jaw broken. Graeme had several cracked ribs. We ended up in hospital in Foster. After the crash I saw double for a few weeks.

The talks and discussions at the conference, and the shock of the accident helped focus my mind on what is really important. Geoff had given me a deadline. I had to make up my mind by April. I always work to deadlines, so by April I accepted his proposal and we announced our engagement on the day of our Graduation, 10 April, 1954. Geoff's twin also graduated then. I don't think seeing double had any influence on marrying a twin!

In the second half of this year I attended The Public Library of Victoria Library school in Melbourne, to complete my Library qualifications. (The first half of the year, the Preliminary Certificate examination I had passed before I went to University.) Living again in Melbourne was an opportunity to have time with Geoff, our friends, his family and my own extended family in Melbourne.

The next year, back in Ballarat I held the post of Librarian-in-Charge of the Adult and Children's Lending Libraries, at the Central Library of Ballarat Municipal Libraries. I also prepared for marriage, learning, typing, and dressmaking. I crocheted lace table mats as well as reading. Working in a library was brilliant for access to many books, and archival material. I also gave some talks on children's books, a great way to learn more about children's authors and children's interests. Post war, the quality, variety, and number of children's books available in libraries was exciting. (A different world now, in this multimedia age when books are being given away, and bookshops closing.)

We married in Queen's Chapel, on July 30 1956, a cold windy wintry day. As we left Queen's chapel, under the arches, a gust of wind blew off my veil. My bridesmaid put it on back to front, so I gave my beautiful flowers to Geoff to hold, while I put it my veil on the right way. When Mother went to get the newspaper photos she heard "that was the wedding where the groom held the flowers". A good omen as Geoff has always been generous at buying me



60 year Diamond Wedding Celebration, Sydney, August 1, 2016

flowers. Another foretaste of what was to come was his friends hoisting him up on their shoulders, and carrying him off in triumph. I was left standing alone in my full bridal regalia.

My cultural conditioning was that of a woman of my time and place. A woman's job was to support the men. The television serial on Channel 2, 'The Doctor Blake Mysteries', captured my period as a young woman in the early fifties exactly as it is in set in Ballarat in places I know well. The only difference to my time there being the number of murders.

A woman's was a supportive role for the husband. Both our Mothers, who were highly skilled teachers, gave up their professions when they married. I continued with my profession of Librarian when I was married, but when we returned to live in Adelaide, Geoff had to complete his PhD and also start a course of lectures, so I stayed home and became a homemaker (commonly in the 50s considered an important role for educated middle class women). I found this very difficult, in a new city with no networks of relations and friends. I began to look for a library position when I became pregnant with our first child. I began to make friends. When our daughter was fifteen months, my lovely next door neighbour who taught at a small private school, offered to mind Wendy, while I taught English Literature, one afternoon a week. This job was a lifesaver.

When we returned to Cambridge, on study leave in 1963, we had two children, Wendy was four and Robert, two. When Geoff was appointed as a Lecturer in the Economics Faculty and as a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, we enjoyed making a new life and friends. In those days, there was a University Wives Club for women, so once a term at lunch time we were shown around one of the men's colleges, although women were not invited to dine in Hall in men's colleges. When we lived in Cambridge in the 1955-58 there were only two women's colleges, Girton and Newnham, and 21 men's colleges. This was changing. In 1964, New Hall, another college for women was founded and in 1956 Lucy Cavendish was founded for women graduate students. In 1964 Darwin College was founded as a graduate students college and was the first to admit both men and women. (This is very different now. Twenty three colleges admit both men and women students as undergraduates and post graduates. The other seven colleges restrict entry by age of the undergraduate, or admit only women, or admit only postgraduates. The Head of a College may be Woman or Man.)

As we were to stay longer than one year, I agreed to take part in a Survey for the State Schools Association. The task was to interview parents to find out if they were interested in establishing kindergartens for children. In Adelaide there were very good free kindergartens. Wendy to her

great delight had started at the kindergarten near us, a few months after her third birthday. I found myself (with professional advice from some Social Scientists who were friends,) devising the questionnaire, bringing it to the Committee, then finding interviewers and interviewing. (I had had some experience of this as a student, as one of the interviewers for the Poverty Survey, and later, a Savings Survey.)

The other decision we made was to have another child - our plan had always been to have four children. After Tim was born in 1965 I didn't have time for coding the results of the survey. Luckily (for it and me) another Social Scientist took up this challenge.

Arriving back in Adelaide at the end of 1966, we chose to have another baby. In Cambridge, I had read in a Medical Journal how to change slightly the odds of having a girl.

Some months later I was home stirring the soup, listening to Jennifer Adams, a Liberal Member of the South Australian government on the radio. She said that there should be more women in Parliament. Geoff came home. The Central Office of the Australia Labor Party had told Geoff that the candidate his branch had put up was unsuitable. I said jokingly, "well you better put me up." His face expressed total astonishment. Immediately he was on the phone to Chris Hurford. I was now a candidate, one of a team of two, for the Upper House of the South Australian Parliament. We were candidates for the ALP for the half of Adelaide who always voted for the Liberal Party. At that time, among criteria for the Upper house were property qualifications. Depending on the amount of property you owned you had more than one vote. Many women didn't own property in those days, or even share a joint account with their husbands.

When I realised I was pregnant, Geoff rang Chris Hurford again, who said "great, Lorna is having our fourth too". I didn't think this was quite the same. I was seven months pregnant at the time of the elections. Luckily I am well when pregnant. The election results showed that we had increased the vote for Labor from one quarter to one third. By the next election, Don Dunstan had got rid of the property qualification. Each two of the women who later stood for this seat, became successful politicians: one became a Senator for South Australia and one became a member, then later President, of the Legislative Council of South Australia.

When we returned from Cambridge we found the country gearing for war in Vietnam. We had been living in England, so we hadn't been subject to the Australian government's campaign and messages. I had studied International Relations during my degree course at Melbourne University so knew something of the history that had led up to this situation. We also had been in England earlier when the UK and France undertook the disastrous Suez invasion. That decision divided the country at the time and taught us that governments can make bad mistakes. So we were opposed to the war in Vietnam. I went on some protests along with other women, but with children couldn't be as active as I might have been. Some saw us as traitors, not seeing that we were trying to save young men from being conscripted and maybe killed in an un-winnable and immoral war.

As Geoff was prominent in the Anti-Vietnam War Campaign, we were harassed. We learned each evening to turn the phone down, put a note on the door saying that we hadn't ordered concrete, or manure, or taxis. Luckily we survived the death threats and an actual attempt. One night someone tried to blow up our car in the carport, on the other side of the wall by our bedroom. Luckily I had filled the car with petrol the day before, so next morning when I drove the car up to our local garage, and complained about the filthy rag they had stuffed in our petrol tank, the garage owner pulled the rag out to find it all charred. There had not been enough air in the tank to blow us up.

I was very glad when we left with our four children to live in Japan during the 1969/70 long vacation. All the faculty came to the airport to see us off. I wonder if they didn't expect to see us again. This was a turbulent time of peace marches, protests and arrests, both here and in Japan.

In Tokyo, Geoff went each week day to Keio University to write his book. With the children, ages ten, eight, four and 18 months, I travelled by Japanese Underground Rail and sometimes bus, to visit temples, parks, and shops. Wearing a kimono, I carried Rebecca, the baby, on my back, in a velvet sling, Japanese style. Walking behind us, people saw a dark haired toddler. When they passed us and saw blue eyes and pink cheeks they looked startled. Becky was forever being photographed, as in those days there were not many western tourists in Japan. Sometimes Japanese mothers invited our older children to their homes to play with their children so they had the opportunity to hear English. Our older daughter was taught music and the three older children attended an art class. We were shown great hospitality and kindness by Geoff's colleagues and also our neighbours.

When back in Australia, I enrolled in Psychology lectures at Flinders University in 1970 and 1971, as the University of Adelaide had opened a kindergarten. Having school age children I had become interested in child development and education. I planned to work as a Psychologist in schools, and needed two more years to complete a major in Psychology. In 1971 there were few older women students. I was 38 and the nearest woman student to me in age was 25, who felt old among 17 year olds. By then social pressures for women to stay home were easing, and younger women challenged the mores of the fifties. Sometimes older women felt invisible. It is hard to remember that many women couldn't take out a mortgage, to buy their own home. Several years later the government released money for retraining, so there were many older women studying at Universities. Also fees were demolished.

In September we went back to Cambridge for Geoff's study leave year, 1972-3. We lived at Clare Hall, recently founded as a graduate college which also catered for visiting academics. We lived in a comfortable modern house, in a community of scholars. The college had recently won an award for the architecture, so tourists were forever walking through the courtyard, peeping in our windows. The children went to school, the younger ones to the same primary school their older siblings had attended in the 60s, the older ones sat the 11+ and were admitted to the local grammar schools. I sat in on Psychology lectures.

When we returned to Adelaide, the qualifications for my intended course had been raised. I now needed to take another year of Psychology and also a Diploma of Education. When I was about to do the Dip.Ed. I was offered a job as a psychologist in a school if I took the Dip.Ed. part time. I decided with four young children and a busy husband that would be too much, so I enrolled to take the Dip. Ed full time.

I taught full time at first, then later changed to part time. Geoff had a dual appointment with the University of Toronto as well as Adelaide. He spent two terms in Toronto, in 1977 and 1980. The younger two children and I joined him for six weeks in 1977. Wendy was at University and Robert was in later years of high school, so they stayed in Adelaide. In 1980 Wendy married; she was still studying at Adelaide University. She and her husband took a gap year and returned to Adelaide University to do honours the following year. They came to stay with us in Cambridge when we went there for Geoff to give lectures, in the second half of 1980. Robert was in his final year of school and he and two close friends stayed in our house.

In 1981, back in Adelaide, I taught part time, and one day a week also worked as a volunteer telephone counsellor at the Women's Switchboard, an Advisory Service, which has been set

up by the Premier, Don Dunstan. Women from all over the State of South Australia could phone without charge for help with their problems. We had a small staff of excellent paid staff, including several who could speak several languages. Our training was excellent; I learned a lot.

In 1982, after much soul searching, we returned to live in Cambridge, Geoff to be a Lecturer in the Economics Faculty and a Fellow of Jesus College. We hoped both the younger two children would come with us. However, Tim chose to stay in Adelaide, attend University and live in Lincoln College. Rebecca came with us. Having always been one of four, she now was an 'only'. She missed her siblings, and friends, as did we. After some months we booked Rebecca into a boarding school in Adelaide but in the end she chose to stay in Cambridge. The other children came for long holidays, and in a few years both Wendy and Robert were also living in Cambridge, Wendy to complete her ANU Ph.D. and Robert to study for his Ph.D. at St John's College. Tim would stay with us in University vacations and we came back to Australia each year. After graduating in Adelaide, Tim went to do a Master's course at St Pauls Minnesota. This for him, took one year, instead of two. (He wanted to avoid another winter in the States.)

While studying Psychology at Flinders University in Adelaide, one of the modules was 'Introduction to Counselling.' I found this course fascinating, realising I knew little about the unconscious. When we returned to live in Cambridge I was 50 years old. Among those we had studied was the Swiss Psychiatrist, C.G. Jung, who taught that up till 50 years of age, people are establishing themselves in the world, after 50, they look within: What is life about? Who am I? What is my role in the world? I needed to explore these issues as we were in a new situation, having left family behind in Australia to live permanently in Cambridge and we were moving into the second half of life.

I worked in Marshall Library of Economics while studying, first a counselling course, then Analytical Group Work, then Gestalt Therapy. After completing these, I left the Library and worked as a Counsellor at a Young People's Counselling service, and also taught Stress Management in Doctor's Surgeries. Later I worked privately as a Therapist. I completed four years training as a Body Psychotherapist, including training in Trauma work. Also I studied another form of Therapy known as Family Constellations. Finally I trained for seven years with Marion Woodman's BodySoulRhythms™, work based on the teaching of Jung, both theoretically and experientially, and became a MWF BodySoul Leader. Since returning to Australia I have been leading and then co-leading Marion Woodman Foundation Affiliated Workshops, now Community Workshops, in Sydney and in Victoria.

I have a very fortunate, life, being able to follow my interests and meeting amazing people, in our 60 years together. We have been blessed with four lovely adult children, who contribute so much to society, as do their partners, and four beautiful grandchildren. Each new family member has enriched our lives immeasurably, broadening and deepening our understanding. We are still enjoying life and learning from experience, including the mistakes, adjusting to changes in health and energy as we age.

We appreciate the love and support from family and friends, in good times and bad, in past years and now. Geoff still helps me make up my mind, but even more than his decision making I value his humour, generosity, love of people, of good food, and deep compassion.

We are very grateful to the Harcourts for these fascinating perspectives and for rich historical glimpses of a different time for academics, for women and in global politics. Thank you.