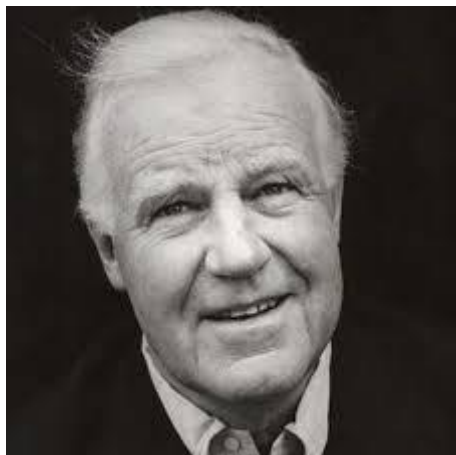


Jocelyn Stevens

Born 1932. Entrepreneur, newspaper man, and public servant.
Available online at www.livesretold.co.uk



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1. Introduction



Sir Jocelyn Edward Greville Stevens, CVO (14 February 1932 – 9 October 2014) was the publisher of Queen magazine and a London newspaper executive. He was also Rector of the Royal College of Art, and Chairman of English Heritage.

Stevens attended Eton College and Trinity College, Cambridge, and Sandhurst, where he won the Sword of Honour. He went on to do national service in the Rifle Brigade. He built a career in journalism and publishing. In 1957 he bought the British high society publication *The Queen*, which he revamped, renaming it *Queen* and hiring Beatrix Miller as editor. He hired Mark Boxer as art director and Antony Armstrong-Jones, future husband of Princess Margaret, as photographer.

In the 1960s he provided financial backing for the first British pirate radio station Radio Caroline. In the 1960s–1970s he was named as managing director of the *Evening Standard* and *Daily Express* newspapers. Stevens was Rector of the Royal College of Art from 1984 to 1992 and then Chairman of English Heritage from 1992 to 2000. In 1992 he was awarded a CVO for his part in curating the Sovereign Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and he was knighted in 1996.

Stevens was born in Marylebone, Central London, England. He was son of Major Charles Greville Bartlett Stevens and his first wife Elizabeth ("Betty"), daughter of the publisher Sir Edward Hulton, 1st Baronet and his second wife, the music hall artist, actress and singer Millicent Warris, known by the stage name Millie Lindon.

2. Desert Island Discs

The following chapter was transcribed and archived in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from the BBC website at www.bbc.co.uk. Jocelyn Stevens was interviewed for the Desert Island Discs programme by Sue Lawley; the programme was broadcast in August 1993.

Sue Lawley: My castaway this week is an entrepreneur, newspaper man, and public servant. He is now sixty. During his lifetime he has re-vitalised Queen magazine, launched Radio Caroline, saved the Evening Standard, and served as managing director of Express Newspapers. At the moment he is deputy chairman of the Independent Television Commission, and Rector of the Royal College of Art. That he has done so much is due to two things - his great wealth and his enormous energy.

He works in London, but spends his weekends in Gstaad. Flamboyant and glamorous, he epitomises the jet set. Hardworking and anxious to do a worthwhile job, he's looking forward to taking over as Chairman of English Heritage later this year. He is Jocelyn Stevens.

There's only one question to ask after an introduction like that. Are you exhausted? How have you managed to pack so much in?

I've never felt better. It is an extraordinary thing, but I've always longed to be old. I don't know why. And now I am sixty I feel terribly well and very energetic.

Is there are downside to that kind of boundless energy? Are you a man who is easily bored?

No. I've never been bored. And that's why I rather anticipate being cast away. I have to say I do get terribly angry, because I am very intolerant about people who let one down, and let themselves down. So I regard life as a struggle. I don't regard it as a laugh or a permanent joy. In fact nobody could describe fourteen years as he head of a newspaper as being anything but the most unbelievable grind. But there was huge satisfaction in it. I don't want to give you the impression that I was a happy jolly swagman swinging through life. I don't think I've done that at all.

And what kind of music are you planning to take with you, and how have you chosen all eight of your records?

Well I've chose eight records each of which means something to me and will remind me of very good times, or very important times in one's life. Music is far the most emotive way of remembering anything. That's why I think it's such a good idea to be allowed eight records; much better than eight books.

What is your first record?

It's called *Begin the Beguine*. I think it's the first record I remember. It dates back to when I was eight. My stepsister, who was an extremely beautiful teenager and apparently in love had a wind up gramophone with two 78 speed records: *Night and Day* and *Begin the Beguine*, which she used to play continuously. When she was out with my stepbrother I used to listen to them secretly, hoping that some of the magic would rub off.

[*Begin the Beguine*, sung by Bing Crosby]



Betty Hulton, the mother of Jocelyn Stevens, wearing amethysts at the Jewels of the Empire Society charity ball in 1930. Held in the art deco splendour of the Park Lane Hotel, it was attended by the cream of London society. The highlight of the evening was a pageant of 'living jewels', notable women dressed to represent the gems sourced from the territories of the British Empire.

Let's start at your beginning. You had a very tragic start in life, didn't you, because your mother died as a result of your birth. What happened?

Well she got septicaemia at the time I was born. In those days there were not drugs such as penicillin around septicaemia could be very serious. The story, which I never really heard directly, as you can imagine, was that they had to choose between saving my mother or myself. She was a very strong

Catholic, and they decided to save me. Which I would now think was an entirely wrong decision.

How old were you then when she died?

Eight days.

And how old was she?

She was about twenty four.

And your father. How did he react?

My father was absolutely destroyed by this. He was not a Catholic. My mother was a Hulton, and he felt very badly about them. He felt that they had, with me, killed his wife. For ever afterwards I always believed, and he never denied, that he saw me as the murderer of my mother.

Did your father see you very much?

Not very much, no.

So who brought you up then, in those early years?

Well, there were these extraordinary grandmothers. There was his mother, who was a very sweet little old white haired granny, rather artistic and very shy and sweet. And my mother's mother who my grandfather had married after seeing her play Puss in Boots at the Playhouse in Manchester, and fancied her for her very good long legs. She was a kind of Gaiety Girls and she was quite different. She was extremely tall and red haired and beautiful and wildly socially ambitious.

Did you live in her house?

No I lived in my own house in London. I had my own little staff. I had my own Rolls Royce, my nanny, and my personal priest.

You as a small baby had your own house?

Yes.

This entourage looked after you, and the grandmas came to visit?

Yes they came to visit.

But who took you out in the day? How were you looked after?

The chauffeur used to drive me round Hyde Park.

And what were you dressed in?

Entirely in satin.

Baby blue and white satin rompers?

I don't remember too much about those days. I do remember being entirely in satin, and this was verified by my to be stepbrother. His first memory of me is sitting in this huge nursery with a bright blue carpet dressed entirely in white satin.



Millie Lindon (above) was Jocelyn Stevens' maternal grandmother. She was born Fanny Elizabeth Warris in 1869. She was an English music hall singer and socialite. According to cultural historian Richard Anthony Baker, her life was the "most astounding example of social re-invention" among music hall performers who, previously, had been "regarded socially as the lowest of the low". She started working in music halls under the name Millie Lindon (a version of her mother's maiden name), and in 1895 married another music hall performer, the "eccentric comedian and contortionist" T. E. Dunville (Thomas Edward Wallen), who then managed her career. She and Dunville divorced in 1902; he later killed himself.

In 1906 and 1909, she had two children with newspaper owner, Edward Hulton, the founder of the Daily Sketch, who was himself married at the time. Hulton and Minnie Lindon - who at that point used the name Miss Warris-Lindon - married in 1916, but he died in 1925.

In his autobiography her son gave a vivid account of Millie's lifestyle – "In the morning, she spent an hour or two making up her face, ate an enormous breakfast, wrote letters and pottered about among her rococo furniture before driving to lunch. She was well known at all the fashionable restaurants of the day, such as Quaglino's." He also referred to a succession of her "gentleman friends", including a former president of Peru, a Uruguayan colonel, and a military man who she claimed was the original "Galloping Major" of the popular song. After Edward Hulton's death, she married Major General John Thompson in 1928; they were divorced in 1937. She then married a Czech nobleman, Baron Otto Sklenář von Scaniel, in 1938. She died in Taormina, Sicily, in 1940.

Record number two?

The scene at the end of Act 2 of *Götterdämmerung* when Siegfried, the world's greatest hero, influenced by drug, betrays his love for Brunhilde, and is stabbed to death in the back by the ghastly Hagen. I have chosen his funeral oration, which is sung as his body is carried back to the hall of the kings. I really got involved in all this last autumn at Covent Garden when I saw the Ring for the first time in my life. I was absolutely carried away by it. And this is a dramatic climax, as far as I am concerned, of overwhelming power.

[Siegfried's Funeral March from *Götterdämmerung*, by Richard Wagner, played by the Vienna Philharmonic]

Your mother's family were the Hultons, the press dynasty, and she left you I think the best part of a million pounds when she died?

Yes.

But she left you something else too, a series of letters. Can you tell me about those?

The letters were a sort of diary, really, written from the moment she knew she was pregnant. They were addressed to 'J, who I shall never know'.

So she knew that your birth would possibly result in her death?

She must have done. That was very strange. The book of letters was simply wonderful. All about her concern for the times we lived in. She was tremendously socially conscious. She ran a home in the East End for poor people, and worked herself in that field. She wanted me to be aware of one's responsibilities.

Your father remarried, didn't he, when you were about six years old. How did that change your life?

He married a Scottish lady whose husband had died. That's how I came to gain two wonderful stepbrothers and a stepsister and moved to Scotland. And I believe my stepmother probably saved my life. I would have grown up as a monster.

But then there was more trouble in store because after prep school you went off to Eton, where apparently you suffered because you were terribly pretty?

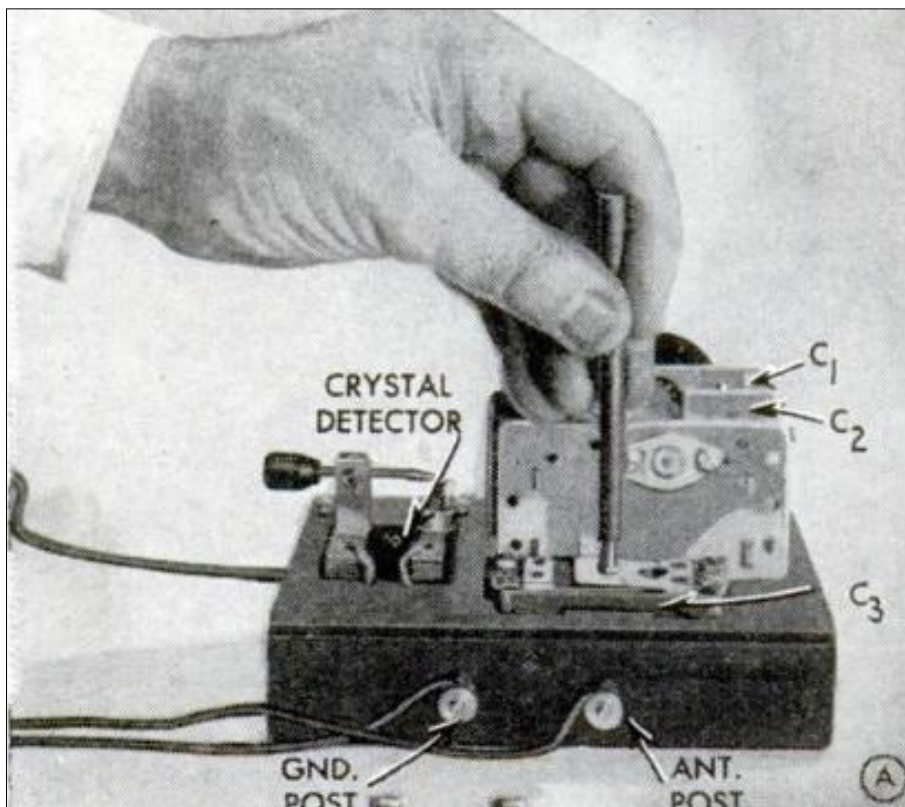
Eton, probably like all the other public schools at the time, although I think it's less so now, was rife with homosexuality. I was a very small boy, and small boys are always prey to large boys. I hated all that.

I read a description of you, does this ring a bell, that 'he was a boy with a lock of yellow hair hanging almost to his chin, a carriage like a regimental sergeant major, and the angriest blue eyes'. Does that sound right?

The angry blue eyes are I suppose true. I always felt I've had to struggle. I think it must relate from those earliest strange days really. I've always thought of myself as an orphan in a strange way. You can see I really had no one person, during those strange years, who one felt particularly attached to. It was very unnerving really.

Record number three?

Record number three is My Very Good Friend the Milkman. That is an Eton record. Communications at Eton were very primitive in my time. I had a crystal set, which I made myself, which I hid under the floorboards of my room when I wasn't using it. When I was rather senior we got a gramophone and that's how I got to play Fats Waller. I think I like him so much because of his irreverence and magical touch which was so cheerful.



A 1945 crystal set.

[My Very Good Friend the Milkman, by Fats Waller]

After Eton came National Service in 1948. Which regiment?

The Rifle Brigade.

Why?

My father was in the Rifle Brigade, my eldest stepbrother was in the Rifle Brigade. And it was a regiment that I very much admired.

And what rank did you go in as?

A rifleman, with everybody else. Joined up at the depot in Winchester. We had our belongings remove, and our hair cut off. We slept 36 in a hut.

You sound as though you enjoyed it?

Loved it.

You won the sword of honour?

Yes. I was determined to do that. I wanted to be the best cadet.

What did you have to do to win it?

You had to be very good at everything. And you had to be a leader.

And how much did it mean to you to win it? Obviously an awful lot.

It meant a great deal, yes.

But your father didn't come to the ceremony?

No. And that very much disappointed me. It was absolutely typical!

But you absolutely minded?

Of course.

Going back to your early life, after National Service you went to Cambridge. Why did you go to Cambridge, as you don't sound as if you had any academic aspirations?

I went to Cambridge because I was quite good at rowing at Eton, and in those days university entrance was rather more lax than it is now. One evening after the Henley Regatta my House Tutor came to me and said 'You can have a place at Trinity College Cambridge, if you wish. They all saw you row and they were very impressed'. So I thought, well that sounds rather nice, so I said thank you very much.

Did you have any ambition then? What did you want to do with your life?

Be a journalist.

How did you know that?

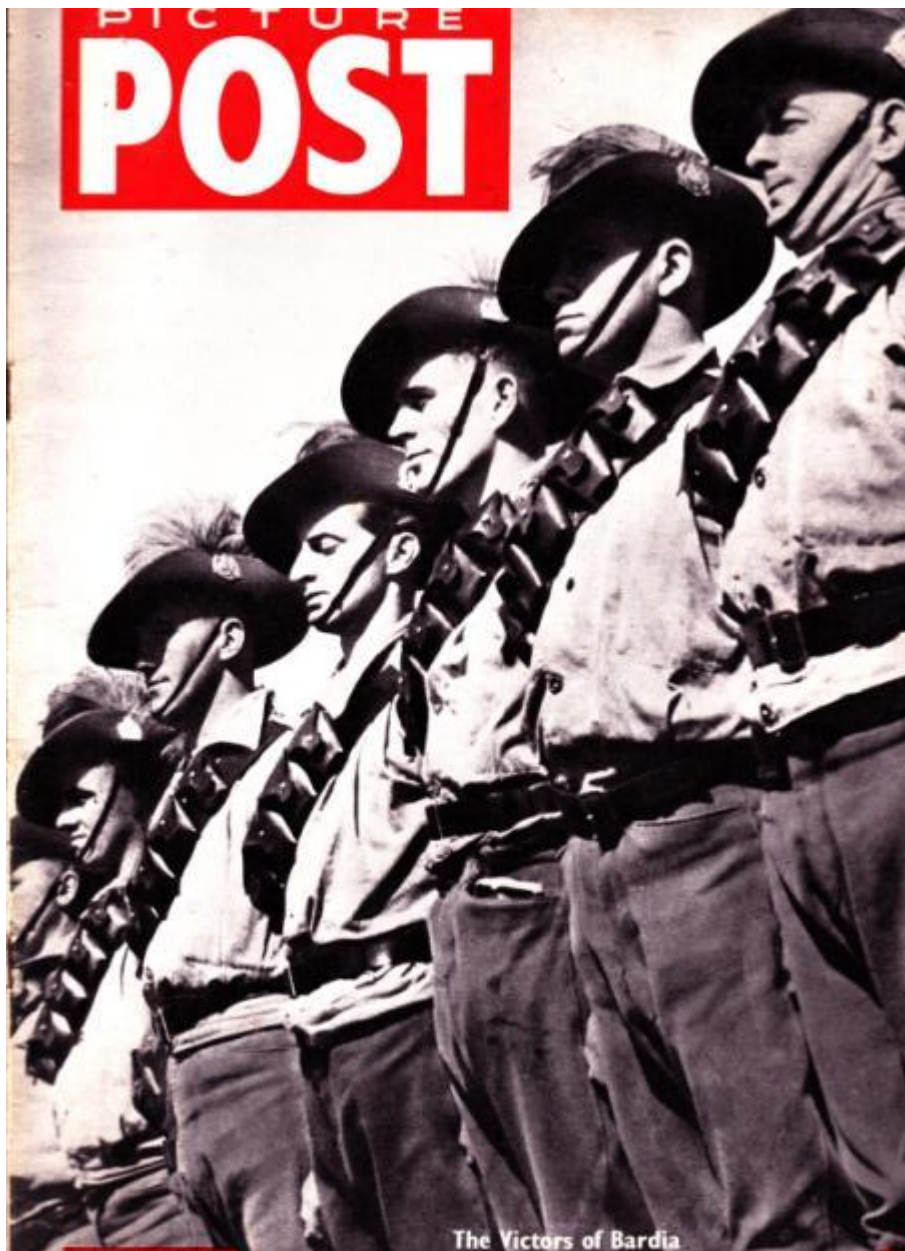
I never had any doubts at all about what I would do. I was hugely impressed by my uncle. Picture Post was a heroic enterprise of my life, in journalistic terms, during the war. Which he had founded and ran. When I lived with him the journalists came, the editors came, it was the most glamorous life I can ever imagine.

So you went to serve your apprenticeship with him, did you?

Yes. I got stuck into journalism in Cambridge, with varied results. And then immediately I left I joined him at £4 a week.

£4 a week, but uncle Teddy was the boss?

Absolutely. The Chairman.



The Victors of Bardia. Picture Post January 1941.

The next piece of music?

I've chosen a piece by the Green Jackets on parade called I am Ninety Five. It was the regimental marching song. I have done that because it reminds me of a very silly story in Germany when we were stationed there. At the Green Jackets we always prided ourselves on doing everything different from everyone else. And of course better. One of the things we did was march at 144 paces a minute, whereas all the other regiments marched at 120. Somebody forgot that when they planned a big farewell parade for the head of the allied forces in Germany. We were at the back of the parade, and we set off at 144 paces a minute. We crashed into everyone in front and caused absolute chaos and much rage. I don't think we've ever been asked to parade with anybody ever again.

So this is a fast march that reminds you of that.

[I'm Ninety Five, by the regimental band of the Green Jackets.]

You came into your inheritance when you were twenty one. What was the first thing you bought?



Advertisement for the Aston Martin DB2.

I bought on the day I was 21 an Aston Martin DB2. It was the third one to have been built, so it was the very latest sports car.

And you wrote it off?

I was driving back from my birthday lunch on that same day. I am glad there were no such things as breathalysers in those days, as I don't think I can have been very sober. I was driving extremely fast through Eaton

Square, and I lost control and hit an island in the middle of the road and cut it almost in half.

The island or the car?

The car.

You wrote it off completely?

Yes.



Eaton Square, London SW1. Where Jocelyn Stevens' birthday present to himself of an Aston Martin DB2 met its end on the day that he bought it.

That's the sort of story one reads about you, and doesn't really know whether to believe it or if it is apocryphal. And there are so many stories like that. Stories of you throwing typewriters out of windows in a rage and cutting off transatlantic telephone calls with pairs of scissors. And firing someone over the tannoy. Are these stories all true, more or less?

Yes. Most of them are I'm afraid. Most of them date from the days of Queen magazine, which was sixties, where we had the most enormous fun for ten or eleven years.

You obviously occasionally made some people cry. You got a reputation for being a bit of a bully.

Oh yes. I got desperate, and I still do, when things aren't right. I am a mixture. I think I am actually quite good at teaching people. It mixes with a terrible intolerance about things that don't work. I think it's inherited. My grandfather used to smash clocks that didn't work. He said a clock is meant to tell the time. If it doesn't tell the time it is useless. Once he struck a Louis

XIV clock on the mantelpiece in the French Embassy and smashed it to the ground, and gave that as an explanation. It was a very grandfather thing to do. I wasn't trying to ape him, but I heard about that afterwards.

And what is record number five?



A production of Puccini's Tosca at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Tosca. The song in which Tosca realises that she is the price that Scarpia requires for saving the life of her lover. I got into opera when I was working in Fleet Street. About 85% of my 14 hour days was spent dealing with the unions. We never had total peace at our three plants in the country. One day Lord Goodman, who was chairman of the Newspaper Association, sold to my chairman and Rupert Murdoch the idea that they should apply some of the 'wages of sin' as he called them, that they had earned, to the arts and should rent a box at the Royal Opera. I was one of the beneficiaries.

I would break off my negotiations with the unions in the evening, go to see some dramatic scenes in an opera, then go back, greatly fortified, and battle the unions.

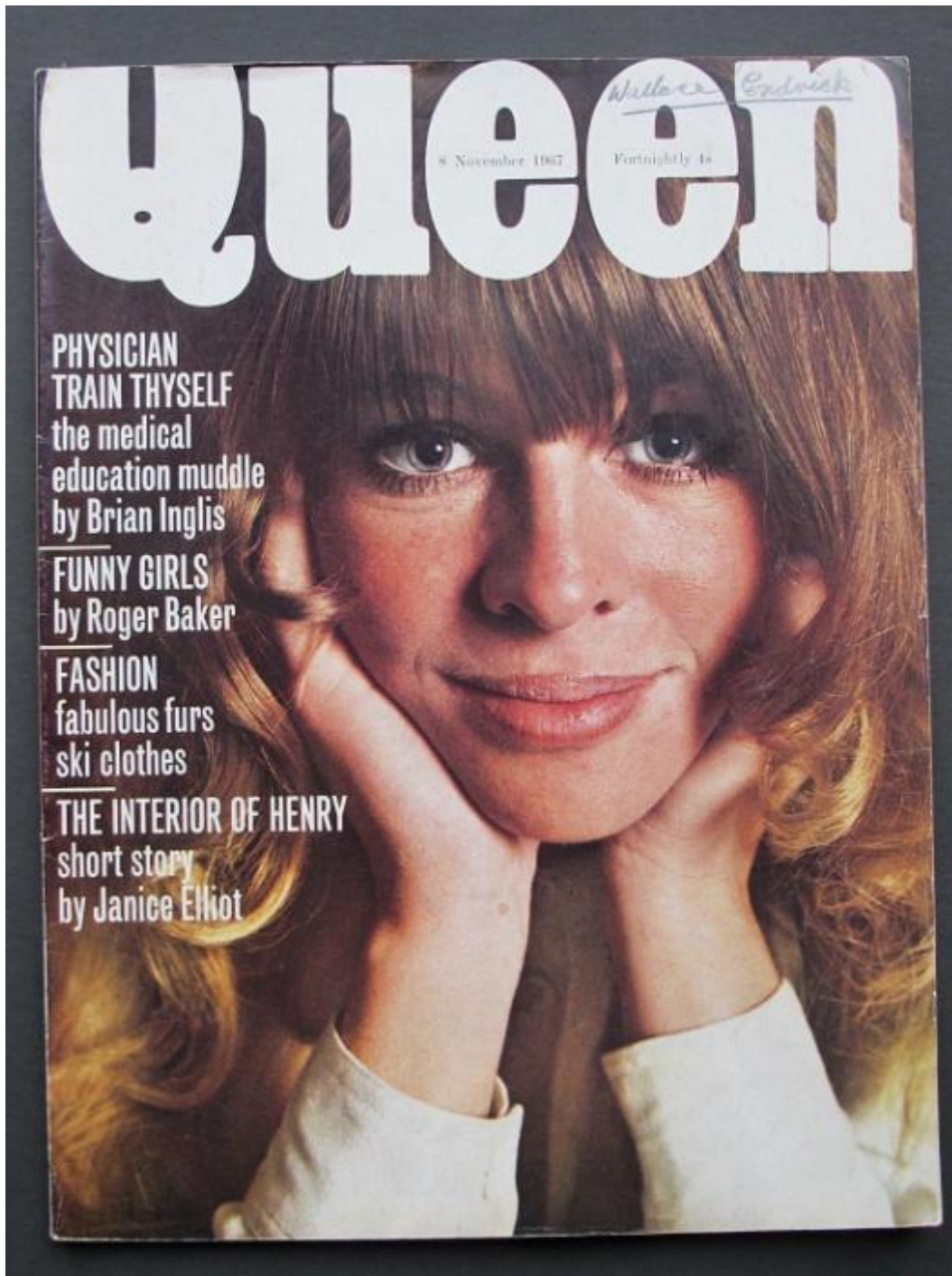
[Vissi d'arte, from Tosca by Giacomo Puccini.]

Maria Callas, singing part of the aria Vissi d'arte with the orchestra of La Scala Milan. And memories of Jocelyn Stevens' battles with the Fleet Street print unions.

You mentioned Queen Magazine. That was something that you bought for yourself on your 25th birthday. How much did you pay for it?

About £10,000.

And it was a very genteel, not to say stuffy, fortnightly society magazine. Tell me what you did with it and how you did it.



Queen magazine, November 1967. The cover photo is of Julie Christie.

The first thing I did was to ring up Mark Boxer, who was my compatriot from Cambridge, where we did underground publishing. And the photographer Tony Armstrong Jones. We were the triumvirate. And we sat down and developed a kind of plan, although we didn't know it, which was satirical in rather a gentle way. Quite a witty way. I was quite angry at that time about England. 1956 was a year of revelation. It was the year of Suez

which for many of us of my generation was a revelation that England no longer had any power. We hadn't come out of the war as winners. We had come out of the war as losers. We were just posturing as a world power. And I thought one could work out that anger with wit, and commercial success, not with a sledge hammer but with an epee. We started to do that through Queen magazine.

You ended up interviewing Prime Ministers, didn't you?

Yes. We became very ambitious. All the other magazines were really very dull. Like most of England they came out of the war thinking that not very much had changed. There was this extraordinary outburst of talent that came out from all over the place. New photographers appeared, where there were none before. Nobody else would publish their pictures, so we just left the door ajar, and talent just poured in.

There's a wonderful story too, isn't there, about Tony Armstrong Jones taking rather a suggestive photography and it being printed in the same week that he became engaged to Princess Margaret?

Yes. That's right. It was of a rather dark girl friend, with very few clothes on. We started using photographs as full pages, which was regarded as outrageous, not because they were of dark girls with few clothes on, but just as a whole! When Princess Margaret went to introduce Tony to her mother, and said 'He's a photographer, Mummy', Her mother said, of do show me. The copy of Queen they happened to pick up contained this photograph. 'Oh', said the Queen Mother!



1962 photograph by Anthony Armstrong Jones of his wife, Princess Margaret, wearing a tiara in the bath.

Obviously they were fun days. You were part of what was known then as The Princess Margaret set, which was very jet settee, weren't you?

I suppose so. But I never thought of it like that.

How important is it to you to be what you might call where it's at? Where the smart set are, having fun. We know that you enjoy extravagant parties in Gstaad and so on. Is that an important part of your life, the overt enjoyment of it? I don't say that to accuse you of being dilettante or a hell raiser. Is that an important part of your life?

Not really. The newspapers, you see, don't fit into that picture at all. The newspaper management life, fourteen years, looking back at it, was sheer grinding hard work. It broke up my marriage. It was terribly damaging on the family. I was completely unliveable with. I left every morning and came back late, dead. The telephone would start ringing as soon as you got home. It was like being in some other world.



The interior of the Art Deco Daily Express building in Fleet Street. The exterior was an equally remarkable example of 1930s design.

When I finally left the world of newspapers, thank God I was fired by Lord Matthews. It wasn't a minute too soon. I made a speech to the staff, and I ended up saying that since I left I had applied to rejoin the human race, and had been refused.

Record number six?

Record number six is You are the Sunshine of my Life. I have chosen this song as a tribute to Vivien Duffield, with whom I have lived for just over fifteen years, who I love very much, and who has made me very happy.

These have been very happy years. The newspaper years were not happy years really.

[You are the Sunshine of my Life, by Stevie Wonder.]

Eight years ago you were appointed Rector of the Royal College of Art. According to which reports you read you are either a disaster or a godsend. At least your impact wasn't neutral. What is your assessment of what you have tried to achieve there?

Well, this wasn't a very smart job, going back to something you said before. In fact the place was in a terrible mess. So one had an immensely hard time to re-build the structures and the self confidence. And get good people. It's an astonishingly exciting place now. It is an extremely elitist place. It is the only postgraduate college of art and design and communications in the country - in Europe in fact, wholly postgraduate. It has now regained an excellence which is totally accepted internationally. The staff are terrific, and I wouldn't swap a single one of the course directors or the professors. The mood is so up. The number of student applications is up again from last year's record. We've completely re-built it. From seven awful buildings into two wonderful adjacent buildings.

As someone has said, a critic actually, if Jocelyn Stevens can do to English Heritage for example what he has done to the Royal College of Art, then he will have done a very good job. The thing is to find good staff and leave them with good morale. That is undeniable.

So you move on to English Heritage. They must be trembling in their shoes. I read that you have already said that you have radical plans for Stonehenge. What on earth are you going to do to it?

Stonehenge is a ghastly story really. There is a structure five thousand years old, arguably our oldest structure in England. One of the two World Heritage Sites in England. Which we the moderns have driven two roads both sides of. One's so close that heavy lorries vibrate it. We have built car parks and tunnels. It is totally surrounded by ugliness, which we have created. It is one of the places that English Heritage is entrusted with the care of, along with 400 others. I am determined that we can get together. It is like all English problems; it is half owned by somebody, somebody else has something else, somebody has something else. County Councils, local Councils. Nobody can get together, and nobody can agree a solution. It's an absolute disaster, and we have got to get it right. And that is one of the things I am hoping to do.

And you relish the idea of conflict to come?

Well, conservation is bound to be controversial. If you say something and stop a road being built, you annoy fifty percent of the people. If you build

the road you annoy the other fifty percent. But we've got a wide range of experience and skills in English Heritage. We've got good staff, and we are obviously going to get most of our decisions right.



Stonehenge.

Record number seven?

I thought it would be entirely appropriate for the new job to choose *The Stately Homes of England*.

[*The Stately Homes of England*, written and sung by Noel Coward.]

You say are looking forward to your sojourn on the desert island. Won't it be rather quiet for a man who enjoys parties, who likes people, who thrives on conflict. I don't quite understand what you are going to enjoy about it.

I will find something. I am very very practical. I am very good with hammers and screwdrivers and those kinds of things. Carpentry. And I am sure there will be animals. I am extraordinarily interested in what is around at all times.

But you will in a sense be orphaned again, won't you?

Yes. But that is a condition that I am very very well trained for. My early life has given me huge reserves. I am just not frightened of anything.

Last record?

The Best of Times is Now. I chose this song because I really believe it. As has recently been reported, Vivien and I love giving parties. We actually enjoy ourselves a lot. And with the children. We laugh a lot. This song has

become our kind of signature tune. It is beautifully played at parties for us by a sensational orchestra called the Lester Lanin Orchestra, under a terrific leader called Charlie McCartney. They played at my birthday in February. It's our kind of marching song.



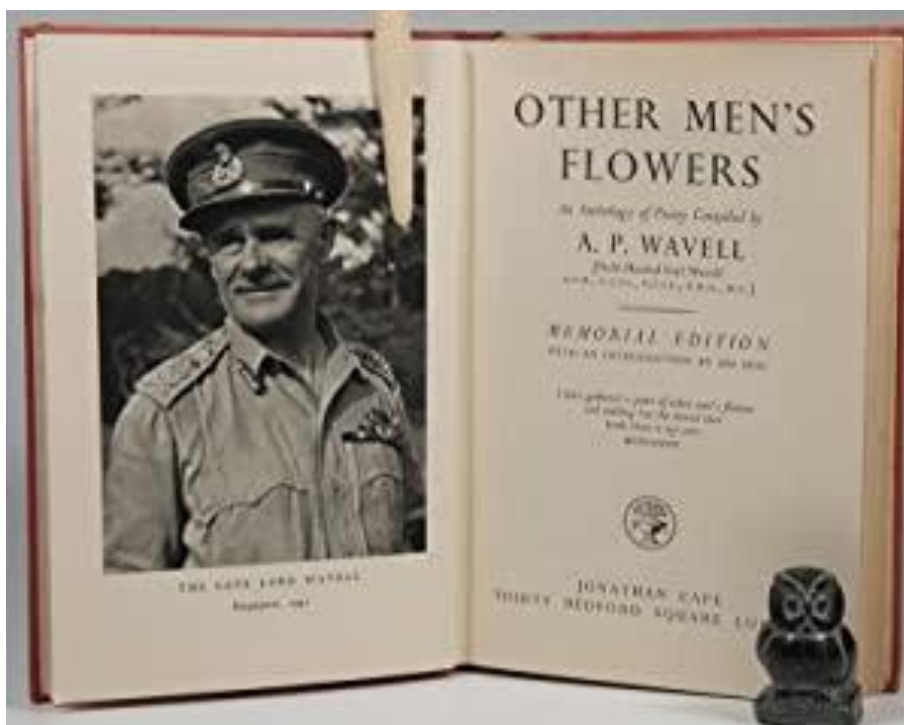
The Lester Lanin Orchestra.

[The Best of Times from the original cast recording of La Cage aux Folles.]

If you could take only one record, which would it be?

You have probably guessed, the Gotterdammerung.

And one book, other than the Bible and Shakespeare?



Other Men's Flowers, which is a brilliant anthology of poetry selected and annotated by the late Field Marshal Wavell. It was published in 1944 and is still going strong.

And your luxury?

My luxury, which I hope you will accept as being within your rules, is one mile of the River Test. It is the most beautiful river in the world. Beside which I could sit and never never be bored.

But you might fish in it. You might use it for all sorts of practical purposes to feed yourself.

No, I promise that I would just look at it.

I am getting a bit worried about tracts of land being taken to this island, but I can't quite say no. From now on no more land, but for you, Jocelyn Stevens, a bit of the River Test. Thank you very much indeed for letting us hear your Desert Island Discs.



The River Test.

3. Obituary by Chris Maume

The following obituary by Chris Maume, forming chapters 3 to 7, was archived in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from the website of the Independent at www.independent.co.uk. It was published in October 2014. Some additional images have been added.

Sir Jocelyn Stevens: Newspaper executive who helped rescue the 'Evening Standard' and 'Daily Express' and funded Radio Caroline



Stevens, with arm raised, and 'Daily Express' colleagues at the end of a print strike in 1971 (Evening Standard).

Jocelyn Stevens spent his career saving lost causes and lame ducks, beginning with Queen magazine, moving on to the Evening Standard, the Daily Express and the Royal College of Arts, and most recently English Heritage. There were plenty of casualties along the way – "Piranha Teeth", as Private Eye referred to him, took pride in having sacked 11 RCA professors in one day – but he generally got the job done. "I just hate to lose," he once said.

4. Early Life

Jocelyn Stevens was born into money, but his mother Betty, daughter of the press baron Sir Edward Hulton, died shortly after he was born, and his father never quite forgave his son for her death, packing him off into a flat off Baker Street, with a nanny, priest, cook, maid and chauffeur for company. His father remarried and he was sent to live for a time in Scotland. He went to Eton – he reached the finals of the Public Schools Boxing Championship – then got into Cambridge thanks to his rowing abilities, only to be sent down for taking time off to go skiing and sending his tutor a postcard reading "Wish you were here".

He did his National Service in the Rifle Brigade, and then on his 21st birthday he came into an inheritance of £750,000 from his mother, whose family had owned the Standard and the Picture Post. For a while he lived in the gossip pages – the day he received his legacy he bought an Aston Martin, which was wrapped round a lamp-post in short order – but he also studied at the London College of Printing and worked on Lilliput magazine.



5. Fleet Street



Jocelyn Stevens with a copy of Queen magazine.

As a 25th birthday present to himself he bought the ailing society magazine Queen, bringing in his chums Marc Boxer and Tony Armstrong-Jones to help turn it around. They transformed it into the house paper of the Chelsea Set – but, he told the journalist Nigel Farndale, when he got bored with it he sold it to a man who happened to be sitting at the next table at Claridge's.

In 1964 he put up the money for Radio Caroline, then in 1969 became managing director of the Evening Standard, with orders to save it. He did so in three years, and moved to the Express with similar orders, though he was unable to halt its long-term decline. He became overall managing director of Beaverbrook Newspapers, then in 1979 founded the Daily Star with Lord Matthews. The pair clashed repeatedly, however, and he was sacked two years later.

Though he affected not to give a damn what anyone thought of him, he was careful enough about his image to go through the cuttings libraries of the papers he was involved with and remove the files on himself. "Terrible of me, really," he confessed. "But I wanted to be able to start again."

6. Public Service



An exhibition of student work at the Royal College of Art.

In 1984 he became Rector and Provost of the Royal College of Art, whose fortunes he turned round in an eight-year orgy of blood-letting. By the time he left, 17 departments had been reduced to four. "When I arrived, a lot of resignations were already waiting on my desk," he recalled. "These were professors who hadn't been working. Turning up and getting paid for nothing. They knew they wouldn't last."



From 1992-2000 he was Chairman of English Heritage (above). He described taking a call from Michael Heseltine offering him the job: "I said I didn't know much about English Heritage except that I hated it and he said, 'Got it!' They wanted a fox in the chicken coop."

In fact he proved surprisingly sensitive, fighting to keep listed churches open, overseeing the restoration of the Albert Memorial and persuading the government to improve Stonehenge by sinking the roads running by it.



Jocelyn Stevens drove the massive project to restore the dilapidated Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens (above). The following description of the project, written in October 1998, was archived in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from the BBC website at www.news.bbc.co.uk:

The Albert Memorial, one of the UK's most ambitious restoration projects, has been unveiled by the Queen in London's Kensington Gardens. Queen Victoria's monument to her husband has been under wraps for most of the last decade as craftsmen worked to restore it to its former gothic glory. The Queen unveiled the revitalised monument to her great-great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, amid a blaze of fireworks, which culminated in a pyrotechnic display of the words 'Albert Saved'. It is thought that the restoration, which cost more than £11m, was the most complex ever undertaken anywhere in the world.

The English Heritage project came in one year ahead of schedule and nearly £3m under budget. Resting under a scaffolding cover for eight years, the Albert Memorial was a

sad shadow of its former self. The centrepiece, a great gold leaf figure of Prince Albert, had been in a poor state since it was deliberately blackened during World War I to prevent it becoming a target for Zeppelin bombing raids or domestic anti-German sentiment. In addition, the memorial's marble statues commemorating the achievements of Victorian era were heavily stained and broken.

Its exuberant façades in the Victorian Gothic style were cracked and much of its detailed mosaic work had fallen off. But on Wednesday, after a vast restoration programme which was largely funded by the government, its splendour was again on show.

7. Family

In 1956 Jocelyn Stevens married Jane Sheffield a lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret, who married his friend Tony Armstrong-Jones. They had four children, one of whom, Pandora, suffered from drug addiction. He broke into her squat and removed her, checked her into rehab and had her dealer hunted down and arrested.



Now 61, Pandora (above) used to be a 'rampant crazy girl' (her words) with a penchant for dancing on tables and generous present giving. 'The dancing on tables went on for quite a long time until I was about 38 when I thought I was a bit too old,' she says. She continues to give presents. Today, she hands me a blue woven friendship bracelet made by the women of Bela Vista. Pandora first visited this impoverished part of Mozambique in 2017. She believes these wise, kind-hearted women who live hand-to-mouth saved her, in a sense.

Pandora is a recovering addict who was diagnosed with bipolar 30 years ago, which means she suffers manic highs and crashing lows. She says for much of her life she was 'searching, always searching to fill a hole I was never able to fill'. (Photo and text archived in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from the Daily Mail of 7.8.2020.)

Pandora, who got her life back on track and is the mother of the models Clara and Poppy Delevingne, recalled, "He once hauled me out of the overdose ward in New York, and put me into a loony bin in Switzerland and used to sit there, holding my hand and saying, 'Blood is thicker than water.'" One of his sons, Rupert, was brain-damaged at birth and died when he was 22. His other son, Charles, made a career in the computer industry. He settled in Seattle, USA, the where his employer Microsoft has its headquarters.



The model Cara Delevingne, daughter of Jocelyn Stevens' daughter Pandora.



Charles Stevens, son of Jocelyn Stevens, was born in 1957 and lives in Seattle, USA. He is a former Microsoft Corporate Vice President, Enterprise Sales and Partner Group. Joining Microsoft in 1984, Charles Stevens held a variety of a senior management positions in both the sales and marketing and product development groups during his career, including managing Enterprise Sales, Microsoft's Asia region, and leading new business strategies in Unified Communications, Enterprise Servers (Storage), and Office productivity and database software. Since leaving Microsoft in 2006, Charles has been on the board of Open Interface Inc. (acquired by Qualcomm) and AVST, an enterprise communications software company. He also served on the board of WebMD and as an advisor to several start-ups.

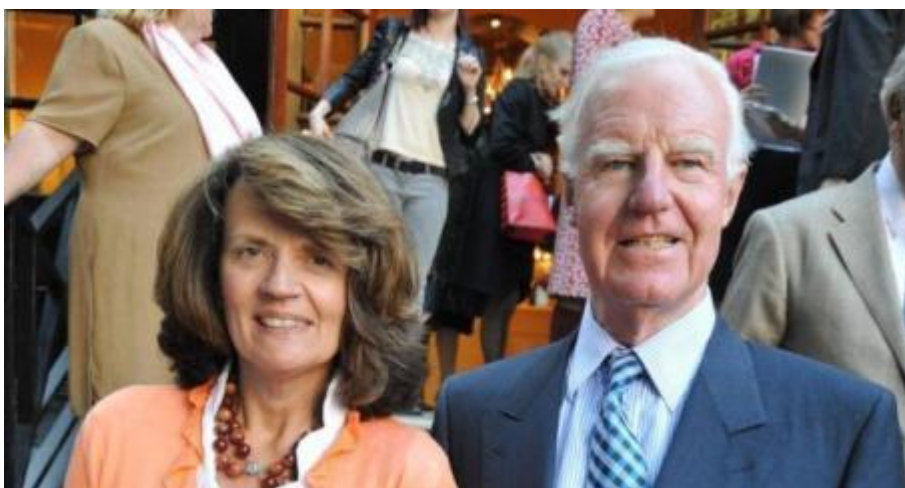
He is currently a board member of United Way of King County and Seattle Children's Hospital. He holds an MBA from Harvard Business School and a Bachelors of Arts

degree in History and English from Bristol University. (Photo of Charles Stevens and text archived in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from the Crunchbase website at www.crunchbase.com.)



Jocelyn Stevens with Vivien Duffield.

Jocelyn Stevens and Jane were part of Princess Margaret's Mustique set, but parted in 1979. To mark his 50th birthday in 1982, he flew 130 friends to Gstaad for a ball at which every table was decorated with a tree of jewels. He next enjoyed a long-term relationship with the formidable philanthropist and Selfridges heiress Dame Vivien Duffield, and in 2005 he married Emma Cheape, 22 years his junior, daughter of the Scottish businessman Sir Iain Tennant.



Jocelyn Stevens with Emma Cheape.

Jocelyn Stevens was mercurial, dynamic, sometimes bullying, undeniably effective. Stories about his singular style are legion: sacking a secretary over the Tannoy, throwing a fashion writer's typewriter out of a fourth-floor window, cutting a phone wire with scissors to cut off a caller who was

making him angry (which wasn't difficult). "Most of the stories that you hear are true," he said. "I think you have to make enemies."

Jocelyn Edward Greville Stevens, journalist, publisher and public servant: born 14 February 1932; Kt 1996; married 1956 Jane Sheffield (divorced 1979; two daughters, one son, and one son deceased), partner to Vivien Duffield, married 2008 Emma Cheape; died 12 October 2014.



Jocelyn Stevens getting together with Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Winston Churchill at their seated statues in Bond Street, London. All three appear to be enjoying the encounter.

8. Postscript

This life story of Jocelyn Stevens was archived from internet sources in 2021 by Alex Reid, the editor of the Lives Retold website. Alex Reid got to know Jocelyn Stevens when Reid was Chairman of Council at the Royal College of Art (equivalent to a non-executive chairman) and Stevens was Rector (equivalent to managing director). Reid adds this personal reminiscence of Jocelyn Stevens.



The Daily Express building, Fleet Street, London.

Jocelyn Stevens was a larger than life character, whom it was a privilege to know. He was an accomplished raconteur, and one story he told of his time running the Daily Express sticks in the mind.

He explained that the canteen at the Daily Express building in Fleet Street was frequented, under a kind of informal exchange programme, not only by the employees of the Daily Express, but also by the employees of the other Fleet Street newspapers. A kind of migration which provided them with a change of scene for lunch. But this rather laissez faire arrangement did present a problem. People kept pinching the cutlery, presumably to take home. So the Daily Express canteen was always running out of cutlery.

Stevens decided to put a stop to this by introducing a scheme whereby users of the canteen would have to pay for their meal, but also pay a deposit for the cutlery. The deposit would be returned after the meal in exchange for their cutlery.

But the scheme did not work as planned and had to be abandoned. When the scheme was introduced, the Daily Express canteen found it went from cutlery scarcity to cutlery glut. Suddenly they seemed to have much more cutlery than they had started out with, and the quantity was growing all the time.

It turned out that people were pinching cutlery from the canteens of the other newspapers up and down Fleet Street, and turning it into cash at the Daily Express.
