

Martlet

Newsletter of Pembroke College Cambridge
Issue 26 Spring 2022

Back on Track

The Master, Lord Smith of Finsbury

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Since the summer of last year, we've been inching our way back to normality for College life and for the opportunities we can provide for our students – despite everything that the Omicron variant has been throwing at us in the process. We've been doing supervisions and seminars in person, we've been holding formal halls, we've been listening to the Choir gloriously singing at Evensong in the Chapel, we've been playing football and rugby and rowing on the river, and perhaps most importantly there are tantalising plans in preparation for the May Ball in a couple of months' time.

I knew that we were back in business when I managed to persuade the Secretary-General of the United Nations, António Guterres, to come and speak as part of a roundtable discussion on climate change in the Old Library, whilst he was in the UK for COP26 – see the article by Lord Rowan Williams about the roundtable on the facing page. I knew, though, that this wasn't going to be an ordinary visit when Guterres's security team turned up three days beforehand to walk through every second of his visit, to scout out the Master's Lodge where he would be staying, and to ensure that nothing at all was left to chance. It turned out to be a riveting discussion: the Secretary-General, Lord Williams, Professor Richard Sennett, and two students, all talking about 'the ethics of climate change'. I was especially proud of the students' contributions, and the questions that came from the students in the audience; it made us realise that if we are to have any chance at all of solving this huge challenge for humanity, it's going to be young people who do it.

In Easter Term we will be hosting the Jo Cox Memorial Lecture, in honour of our former student who was cruelly murdered six years ago. For some reason this annual lecture had its first two or three iterations at Murray Edwards College, but it has now – I'm delighted to say – been transferred to Pembroke, and we will be hosting Baroness Sayeeda Warsi to deliver the lecture and answer questions. That same evening we hope to unveil the new portrait of Jo Cox we have commissioned for Hall, from portrait artist Clara Drummond; and Jo's sister Kim Leadbeater, who is now the MP for Jo's old seat of Batley and Spen, will come to do the unveiling.

Some time ago a group of our alumni approached me with a novel idea. They had all been students here when James Campbell, our beloved Fellow in Law, had been prominent in the College, and they had been taught by him not about law but about the playing of the bagpipes, at which he was a renowned expert (see the article about this by Robert Porter (1984) in last year's *Martlet*). Wouldn't it be a good idea, they asked, if we organised a bagpipe competition here in Pembroke for a James Campbell Medal? It did seem to me to be a brilliant idea, and something splendidly out of the ordinary, so a few weekends ago the College Chapel rang to the sounds of bagpipers from across the University (sadly, none yet from Pembroke) competing for the new Medal. It's a beautiful silver medal, generously provided by an alumnus, and it has the College crest on one side and an image of James Campbell on the other.

I was also very proud of Pembroke when we decided we wanted to sponsor a new Cara scholar here. Cara is the 'Committee for At-Risk Academics', started in the 1930s to rescue academics from Hitler's Germany, and it helps to bring scholars fleeing from countries of war and destruction



Portrait of the Master by John Glover (2017)

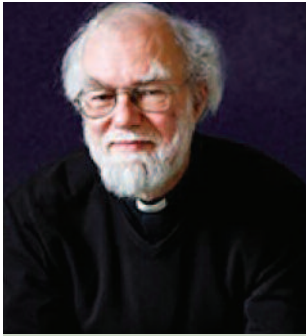
to the safety of British Universities, to re-start their work and their lives. We have already hosted a Cara scholar from Syria, and we are now hosting a female academic from Afghanistan who is fleeing from the Taliban takeover. We launched a 'Giving Day' in order to raise the funds to enable us to do this. Three of our Fellows did a sponsored cycle ride; our Deputy Bursar ran 70 kilometres; our catering staff ran a street food festival; our rowers did an ergathon race; our students did a bake-off; and our alumni were asked through the course of a day if they could contribute. An astonishing total of £98,000 was raised, and I'm enormously grateful to everyone who contributed so generously to what is a truly important cause.

Thanks to the generosity of our alumni, we are also now making remarkable progress with the development of the Mill Lane site, directly across the road from the Porters' Lodge. 75 Trumpington Street has gone; the back extensions behind 4 Mill Lane have also disappeared; most of Miller's Yard has been knocked down; the Mill Lane Lecture Block is about to go; and work has started on some of the new buildings that will form this new part of the College. We are inevitably, along with the whole of the nation's construction industry, facing uncertainties over supply chains and the sourcing of some materials, but we're still confident that we are on track. It's thrilling to see all of this actually happening now, after all the waiting and the planning and the preparation. There's still another two to three years to go, but we're well on our way.

Looking back over the last couple of terms at what we've been able to achieve despite the pandemic makes me proud to be part of the Pembroke community. There's always more we can do, of course. But I'm very struck that whenever they do surveys of students across Cambridge and ask 'if you weren't at your present College, where would you like to have been?', Pembroke comes high up the list. Long may this be so.

The Ethics of Climate Change

Rowan Williams, The Lord Williams of Oystermouth, on a roundtable discussion with UN Secretary General, António Guterres



Rowan Williams retired as Master of Magdalene in 2020, and now lives in Wales. He is the author of numerous books on theology, literature and other subjects, and his *Collected Poems* were published by Carcanet in 2021.

Last November, Pembroke hosted a spirited discussion just as the United Nations Climate Change Conference, COP 26, was getting under way in Glasgow. António Guterres, Secretary General of the UN, was the chief guest for the College event, and he led a session which left a very engaged audience challenged in all kinds of ways – not least by the harshly realistic perspectives offered by several younger speakers, including some closely involved with climate activism in and beyond Cambridge. For them, expectations of the COP26 event were vanishingly low. The only adequate response to the crisis was grass-roots action, direct non-violent interventions of the Extinction Rebellion style. Anything coming from high-level international bodies was bound to be too little, too late.

If we ask what an adequate and intelligent response to environmental threat on an unprecedented scale looks like, it is hard to disagree with the view that it doesn't look much like what is being offered at the moment by any major government or by any global forum or agency. Carbon-neutral goals are declared, but with alarming lack of detail about how transition is to be supported; and even the goals are notably modest against the background of a growing conviction among climate scientists that the 'tipping-point' of irreversible acceleration in global temperature rises is closer than we thought. It is not surprising that the focus of many, especially but not at all exclusively among the under-35's, is on radical activism and pressure for a change of lifestyle, beginning locally.

But one thing the discussion in November brought to the fore – a point strongly emphasised by the Secretary General – was that it is possible to identify a couple of things that could be done (and could *only* be done) at international and governmental level. First among these was the release of funds promised to the less advantaged economies of the world to support transition to drastic reductions in fossil fuel consumption. Commitments given in the last decade have yet to be honoured; and – Secretary Guterres argued forcefully – the timetable for fulfilling these promises has been far too leisurely. The rate of environmental degradation is not steady or tightly predictable; and the effects are more like a geometrical than an arithmetical progression – that is to say, the effects do not accumulate

by fixed amounts but multiply. If a settled amount of promised funding is delivered over a five or ten year period, the problem is that the challenge at the end of the period is far in excess of what it was at the point of promising. The slower the delivery, the more ineffectual it is.

To put it another way, the choices we make today will determine how much freedom we have to choose tomorrow. If those choices are poorly directed and sluggishly activated, there is less and less that we are going to be able to do in a worsening situation. It is a point not often enough foregrounded in public debate about climate change.

And that relates to a second issue flagged in November's event by some participants. The effects of climate change have a cumulative bearing on international stability. We have already seen the phenomenon of 'climate refugees': as areas of the world become more or less uninhabitable because of rising water levels, soil degradation or unfeasible temperatures, there will be displacement on a massive scale. And this will also produce conflict over scarce resources, and alarming political imbalances according to who controls those resources. We can respond to scarcity by recalibrating our habits of consumption, or we can enter a new round of searching for resources at any cost. Think of the ravaging of the Amazon basin, and you can see what the preferred strategy is likely to be.

And suddenly, less than six months after our meeting, we are beginning to see what this scenario might look like in reality, as we confront the impact of the war in Ukraine. Sanctions against Russia will mean challenges to our oil and gas supplies; and punitive action by Russia itself will intensify the problem. Existing levels of consumption leave us at the mercy of the big fossil-fuel providers (a lesson we should have learned from the history of oil prices in the 1970s and after) – a set of countries not notably friendly to participatory politics or human rights. At best, we find ourselves with deeply embarrassing allies (Saudi Arabia); at worst we may find ourselves bullied into inaction in the face of aggressive and violent geopolitical adventuring (Russia). It is – it must be said – to the credit of Western European nations that they have generally bitten the bullet over the cost of sanctions against Putin's Russia (Germany in particular faces serious consequences). But there is still, on both sides of the Atlantic, a school of thought that sees this as the trigger for fresh exploration and exploitation of resources nearer home – ignoring the crucial point about how short-term reactions of this kind inexorably limit our freedom (including our capacity to resist political bullying) further down the road.

Reflecting on November's event as the Ukraine nightmare continues to unfold is a sobering affair. There are steps that only governments can take; and direct action, lifestyle change, and public pressure on elected leaders are not mutually exclusive courses of action. But the question that currently keeps me awake at night is whether the conflict in Eastern Europe can be seen by our political leaders in the European/North Atlantic world as an opportunity to think harder about the implications of our dependency levels – implications not only for the sheer physical sustainability of our common life in the medium to long term, but for our political integrity and our capacity to act for the protection of vulnerable communities around the globe. There are no short answers; but November's discussion proved to be prescient in some unexpected ways. The College deserves real gratitude for helping it to happen.

Panellists, left to right: Richard Sennett, Maryam Grassly, Anjum Nahar, Rowan Williams, António Guterres, Chris Smith.



An Amphibious Plate-Spinner...

Robert Mayhew on becoming Senior Tutor

Senior Tutor is, perhaps, the role where an insider's knowledge of the intricacies of both Cambridge and of Pembroke is needed more than any other. As such, I would see it as a sign of Pembroke's confidence in itself as a community rather than in me as an individual that the College appointed an outsider to the role of Senior Tutor last summer. My own university education was undertaken in the Oxford collegiate context (I read geography at Hertford College and took my DPhil at St John's College). I also had three of the happiest years of my career as a Junior Research Fellow here in Cambridge just up the road at Corpus. That, however, was over twenty years ago, and my experience as an academic has been in the Russell Group, spending the previous seventeen years at the University of Bristol. In Bristol I was variously a Senior Tutor, the Warden of a Hall of Residence for a decade, an Admissions Tutor, and a Chair of Examiners, but I am not sure that even this combined quite prepared me for becoming Pembroke's Senior Tutor.

A job description is one thing, doing the job in question is quite another. As Pembroke's first full-time Senior Tutor, alumni might wonder reasonably enough what takes all the time. After all, until comparatively recently the role was half of a Fellow's time, and latterly Dan Tucker as my predecessor discharged the role with acumen and grace under the fire of a pandemic on which he led the University's response in only three-quarters of his working hours (I won't ask how many hours he was working...). In truth, many colleges are now appointing a full-time Senior Tutor, and I feel that the main reason is the range and complexity of student welfare issues we now encounter and the ways in which these impact on students' academic progress.

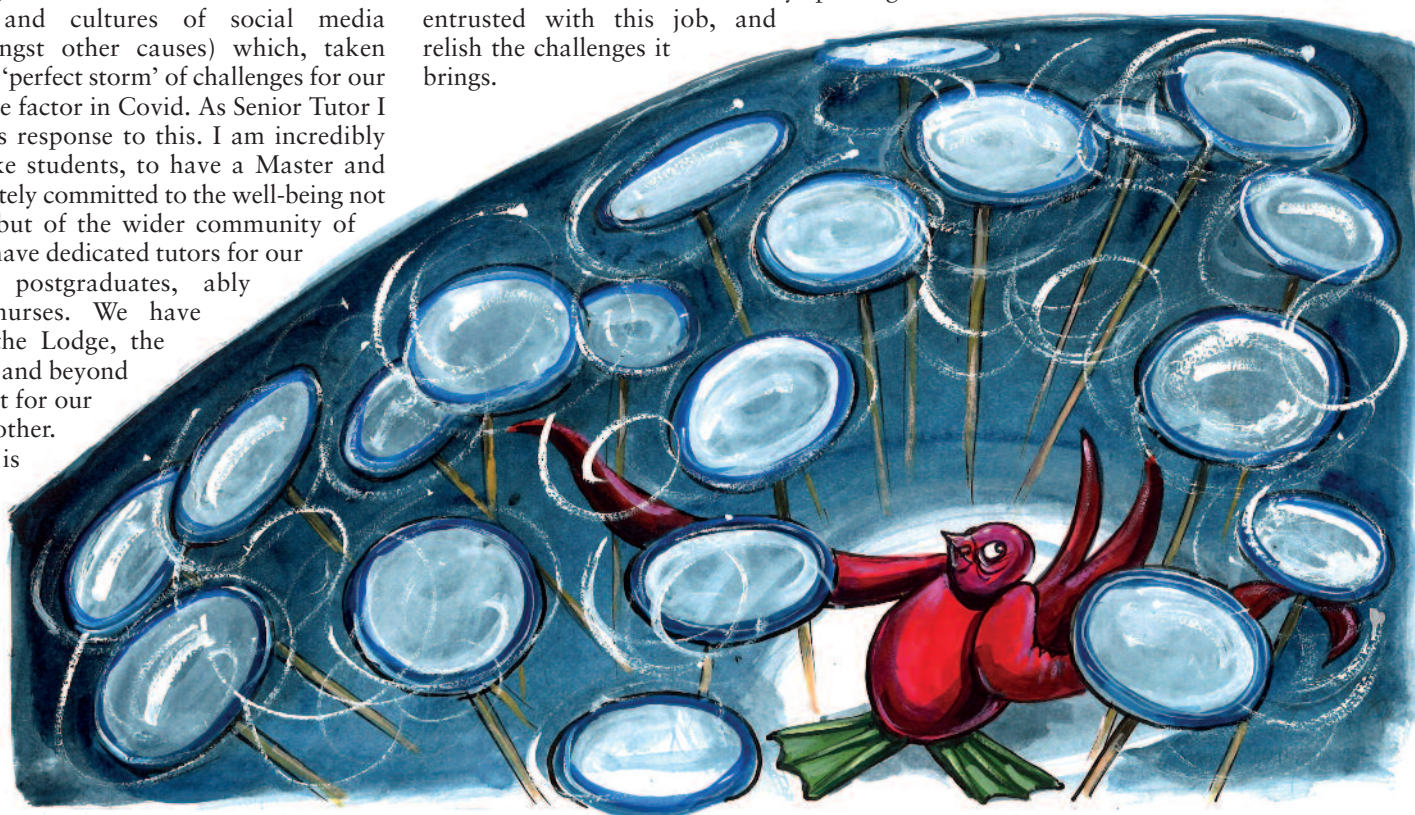
While it is all too easy for certain sections of the press to dismiss this as a 'snowflake generation', the reality is that there are clearly structural issues around academic assessment regimes, the commercialization of undergraduate life, and cultures of social media communication (amongst other causes) which, taken together, are creating a 'perfect storm' of challenges for our students even before we factor in Covid. As Senior Tutor I coordinate Pembroke's response to this. I am incredibly lucky, as are Pembroke students, to have a Master and Bursar who are completely committed to the well-being not just of our students, but of the wider community of Fellows and staff. We have dedicated tutors for our undergraduates and postgraduates, ably supported by our nurses. We have wonderful teams in the Lodge, the Served, Housekeeping and beyond who all keep an eye out for our students and each other. Pembroke, then, is uniquely well placed to look after its own and I am privileged to lead this effort.

Beyond the care of our students the Senior Tutor also, of course, has a major role to play in the life of the College, with the remit being

extraordinarily wide. Within my first month at Pembroke my duties ranged from adjudicating whether buying a new brand of bread was adequate grounds on which to rescind a fire alarm penalty, to dining with the Secretary General of the United Nations. While Pembroke's other Fellows disperse to their Faculties around Cambridge, I am always based in Ivy Court as a 'centre of calculation' (as historians of science might say), coordinating the life of the College for Fellows and students. The Senior Tutor, then, is an amphibious being who is part academic (I continue to lecture in geography, and interviewed this year for the historians) and part manager.

As I write, British universities are wracked by strike action: in good part this is driven by the disconnection between the management of universities and the academics who deliver teaching and research. It is a relief, then, that the Fellowship at Pembroke continues to engage actively in all matters of collegiate governance – and I hope, reciprocally, that appointing an academic like myself as Senior Tutor helps to keep the channels of communication open. My job as I see it is to keep that sense of connection and dialogue which makes the College a happy, inclusive community with a shared purpose. Trying, of course, to keep all parties happy is rather akin to a circus plate-spinning act. I hope there haven't been too many items of broken crockery on my watch to date.

Nearly one year into the job, I am hugely grateful to Dan Tucker who offers advice as the *éminence grise* and to Mark Wormald for similar wisdom in times of trial (the *éminence plus grise*, perhaps?). To revert to my previous metaphors, I've learned that the Senior Tutor is an amphibious plate-spinner. If this makes my role sound like a blend of David Attenborough and the magician Derren Brown, the literal truth is simpler to convey: I try to keep everyone happy and focused on our academic telos in the turbulent times that face Pembroke, its students, Fellows and staff. I feel truly privileged to be entrusted with this job, and relish the challenges it brings.



Turning Over a New Leaf

Sarah Claydon on becoming Head Gardener



2021 was a big year for the gardens at Pembroke. Nick Firman retired after over 50 years as the Head Gardener here. I have come to realise that he was so intricately entwined with the gardens that his influence and presence is literally everywhere you look around the College. However, gardens don't stop; they are, after all, living things. The team carried on and in August I stepped into the same boots as Nick. One of the biggest worries of the gardens team, and other persons connected to the department, seemed to be toilet provisions. If that was the biggest worry, I thought, all was going to be fine. I like to think I'm settling in pretty well.

For the curious, a bit about my background. I'm a Cantabrigian. I was born on Mill Road at the old maternity hospital and never really left the area. After finishing school at Hills Road Sixth Form I followed my passion for theatre and became a technician specialising in lighting and events. I spent a lot of time in the dark working on lighting, so my spare time was spent outdoors. If I wasn't in a field camping with Guides and Scouts, it was in the garden relaxing, which soon turned to pottering. I swapped one type of bulb for another and re-trained.

Trinity Hall took a chance on me, just as they were developing their new accommodation on Storey's Way. A highlight of my time there was designing a temporary nursery in the tennis courts that would keep the 6,500 plants alive through the hot summer and the more suitable autumnal planting season, after the contractors missed the spring completion date. Trinity College then took me on as their Deputy Head Gardener. It was a tumultuous period in the gardens there, especially from the staffing point of view but also because of the massive renovation of Trinity's New Court. I'd got to a point where I felt I needed a change, but where do you go from the Deputy position of the largest college gardens in Cambridge?

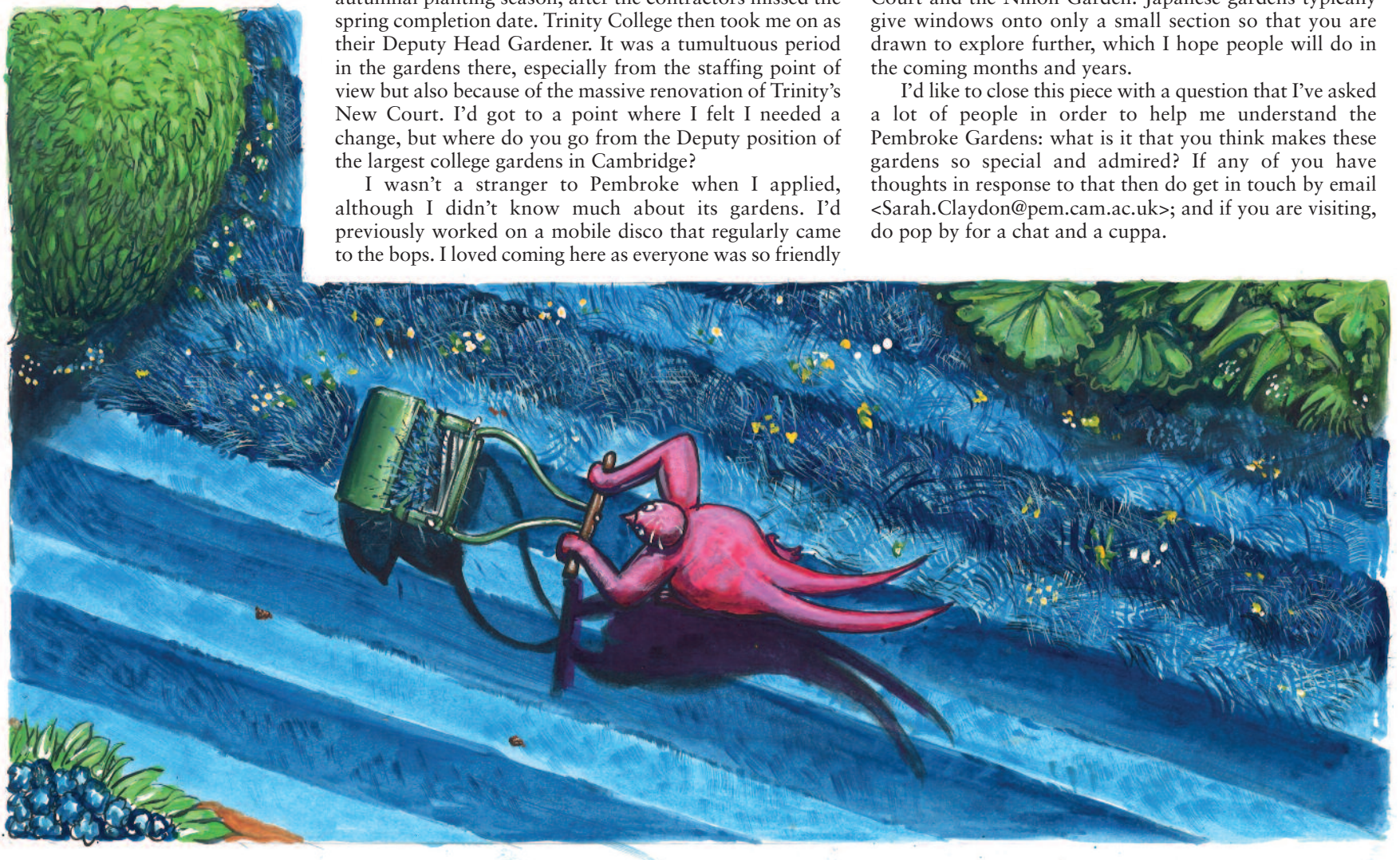
I wasn't a stranger to Pembroke when I applied, although I didn't know much about its gardens. I'd previously worked on a mobile disco that regularly came to the bops. I loved coming here as everyone was so friendly

and helpful. Since starting I still get the same feeling I did then, although with less alcohol in the air around me! The whole College has been incredibly welcoming and I feel very 'at home' and calm here.

After all this, you might be wondering what will become of the gardens at Pembroke during my tenure. I am keen on creating year-round interest for humans and wildlife and, as I get my head around the site, I'm thinking about how we can extend the season and engagement with the planting by using more sustainable techniques and resources. We're looking at adding in more winter-flowering and scented plants and also more bulbs for the spring. Colours are also important, so trying to add in extra splashes to pull one's eyes around the space is important all year round. In the meantime, trying to get the planting to be wildlife-friendly, adding more wildflower areas and creating wildlife corridors to link up with our neighbours, is an extra fun challenge to have.

The other element to consider is that the College is really interesting in how it has developed because, as we are all aware, it isn't the traditional Oxbridge courtyard layout. Instead it has lots of interconnecting spaces that flow from one to the other. Ensuring that the 'flow' is effortless means looking at the planting to blend from one area to the other. Also, having windows from one area to another adds a whole other dimension to the garden. It all links nicely to the latest phase of development in Foundress Court and the Nihon Garden. Japanese gardens typically give windows onto only a small section so that you are drawn to explore further, which I hope people will do in the coming months and years.

I'd like to close this piece with a question that I've asked a lot of people in order to help me understand the Pembroke Gardens: what is it that you think makes these gardens so special and admired? If any of you have thoughts in response to that then do get in touch by email <Sarah.Claydon@pem.cam.ac.uk>; and if you are visiting, do pop by for a chat and a cuppa.



Marvellous Miscellany

Elizabeth Ennion-Smith, College Archivist, on the rich variety of Pembroke's Archive

Shoes, LPs, ministerial boxes, clothes, animal bones, architectural models and plasterwork: just some of the more unusual items that have a home in the College Archive. Of course, you will also find the expected paper and parchment documents, along with photographs, maps, plans and weighty volumes of accounts. The College Archive and collections of personal papers provide a fascinating insight into the history of the College and its members. The variety of items makes picking favourite items, as I have been asked to do for this piece, particularly difficult! When I stand in the store and look around I am faced with documents going back to before the College's foundation; there are over 700 years of history to select from.

Avoiding the obvious choices such as the Foundation Charter and Papal Bulls, I find the plans drawn up to aid the management of some of the College estates truly beautiful. For Framlingham, a small town in Suffolk, about 60 miles due east of Cambridge, there is a superb volume of plans documenting the castle and mere, and surrounding areas. It was prepared by Isaac Johnson in 1789-90. Within this volume you can see a detailed plan of Framlingham Castle, which is still owned by the College today. The Archive also holds a volume entitled *The History of Memoirs of Framlingham & Loes-Hundred in Suffolk* presented by Robert Hawes. As well as giving a history of Framlingham and surrounding parishes, there are hand-drawn illustrations, including one of each of the parish churches. An invaluable resource for showing the state of the parish churches in the late 1700s.

In contrast to the extensive estate papers, student records are smaller in quantity but provide a fantastic picture of student life through the ages, both from an academic perspective and the more informal side of student life through club and society records (see Dominic Janes's article in the 2020 *Martlet* about the history of College clubs). We can trace almost all our students, making use of our earliest surviving Admission Register which begins in 1616. Even though entries only give brief biographical details the Register is a wonderful resource. Before 1616 it is still possible to trace students using University records and other College records such as registers and account volumes. From 1924 onwards individual students have each signed their name into the Matriculation Book, something many of you reading this article will have done! Looking at the non-academic side of student life, we are lucky that an excellent series of sports photographs survive from the early part of the twentieth century. The College was clearly doing well in several sports



1911 College Boat Club members with two dogs.

as many feature trophies. Dogs also pop up frequently in the photographs, particularly those of the College Boat Club – early team mascots perhaps! It is also interesting to look at the kit worn by those in the photographs – very different to today's sportswear.

The surviving Archive records allow us to see an incredible level of detail about day-to-day life for past students and Fellows. Library registers detail the books that Fellows and students had access to, and in some cases list the books they borrowed. Tutors' account books allow detailed student spending to be analysed. One particularly interesting volume covers the period 1850-1876 and is titled *Rev. J. Power's Pupils to J Hall and Son Booksellers*. John Power was described as 'one of the most beloved and honoured among the Heads of Houses' by the *Cambridge Review* upon his death in November 1880. An undergraduate at Pembroke, he went on to fulfil the roles of Tutor, Proctor, Master, and served three terms as Vice-Chancellor of the University. As Tutor, Power was responsible for administering undergraduate finances, hence his booksellers account book. J. Hall and Son were a Cambridge bookselling, stationery, publishing, and printing firm based in Trumpington Street, believed to have been started in 1798. Within the volume are a series of entries for 'Sweeting Esq', that is Alfred Sweeting, admitted to the College in 1850 and later Vice-Principal of the Durham Training College for School Masters. We can see in his list of purchases references to the purchase of parts of Charles Dickens's novel *Bleak House*. The latter was originally published in twenty monthly instalments, and the account book allows us to see that for the latter half of 1852 Sweeting was purchasing them. He was also buying envelopes, stamps, pencils and what are noted as 'MS books', presumably blank notebooks for lectures.

In addition to information about students, a surviving visitors' book for the Master's Lodge enables us to see who was visiting the College. Covering the period 1912-1927, when William Hadley was Master, there are signatures of Arthur Bliss (composer), Harry F. Guggenheim, Mary Penrose Thackwell (illustrator), Neville Bulwer-Lytton (Olympian and artist), Alan Wace (archaeologist and director of the British School at Athens (1914-1923)), to name but a few of the eclectic set of guests. Visitors' books come in many styles, and Hadley's, which record just a name and address for each guest, contrast with that belonging to Barrie Cooke and Jean Valentine (acquired by the College as part of the Barrie Cooke papers), which contains poems, drawings, photos and prose.

As I alluded to shoes at the very beginning, it seems only fair to end with a note to explain how we have shoes in the Archive. A pair of what are believed to be workman's boots were discovered under the Nave of the United Reformed Church works as part of the Mill Lane development. They were passed to the Archive for care and preservation!



Lizzy Ennion-Smith joined the College in April 2019 as Archivist, having previously been Archivist at St Catharine's College for almost ten years. She trained as an Archivist at University College London and has spent most of her career in the Archives of various Cambridge colleges.



View of Framlingham Castle.



Workman's boots.

Anna Lapwood: Pulling Out All the Stops

Sally March, Development Communications Officer & College Recorder
interviews Pembroke's Director of Music



‘It’s such a huge instrument, you feel the air shake in the room. There are some stops that are so quiet that you don’t actually hear them, you just feel them instead. And then when it’s loud, the walls shake and the ceiling shakes, and the floor shakes and so the whole hall becomes part of the instrument’.

Anna Lapwood’s eyes gleam as she describes what it’s like to play the organ at the Royal Albert Hall. The size of a three-storey house, weighing 150 tonnes and with 9,999 pipes, the Henry Willis Organ is such a powerful instrument that while preparing for her BBC Proms performance last September, she could only rehearse late at night.

Anna has recently been appointed one of four ‘Associate Artists’ by the Royal Albert Hall. This allows her to pursue two of her passions: promoting and encouraging the work of female composers; and encouraging more people, especially young people, to play the organ.

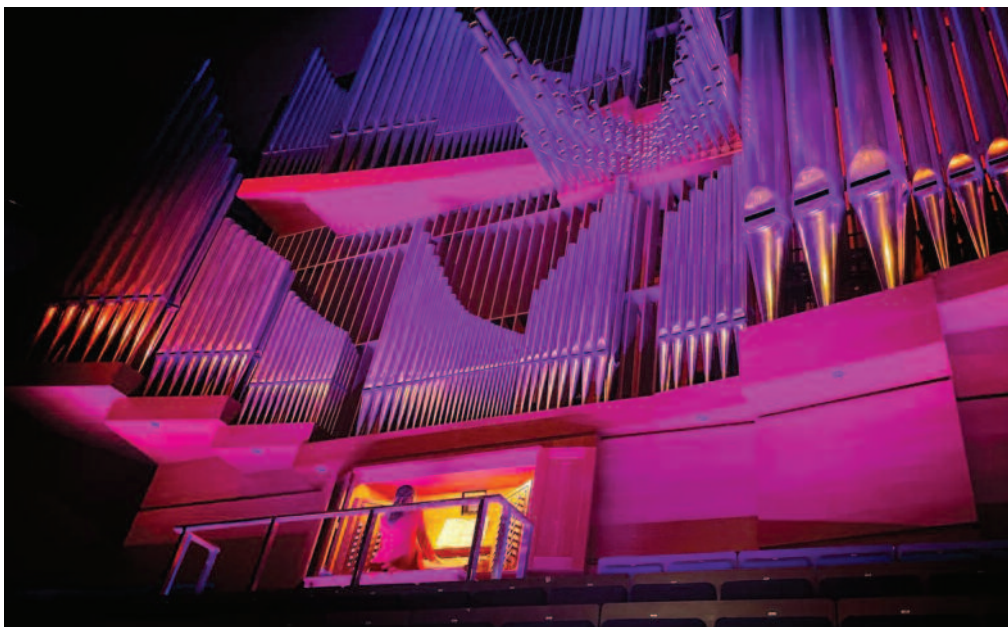
‘Can you imagine being an 11-year-old and being able to have a go on an organ like that? It would stay with you the rest of your life’.

As well as having a keyboard, you play with your hands, the organ has an entire keyboard that you play with your feet, meaning that your left hand is not the baseline, as it would be on a piano, but the middle. Even for accomplished piano players, learning to play the organ involves a process of ‘rewiring’ the brain that can take a couple of years.

‘That’s why when I first started, I hated it, because it was the first instrument that I found I couldn’t instinctively get to grips with relatively quickly. I was a Grade 8 piano player and I was suddenly stuck on Grade 3 organ’.

Often children are being actively discouraged from trying the organ until they have at least Grade 5 piano, something Anna disagrees with: ‘If they want to try the organ let them try the organ, however old they are, and get them excited about it’. She also wants to change the perception that the organ is only for church music. She makes the point that it should be seen as an instrument that’s part of the wider classical tradition – and beyond. She enjoys subverting people’s perceptions of the organ by playing music such as AC/DC’s *Thunderstruck* or Survivor’s *Eye of the Tiger*.

Anna playing the organ of Bridgewater Hall in Manchester. (It has a mere 5,500 pipes!).



Anna is a keen user of social media channels to promote the instrument. Her recent performance of *Interstellar* received 100,000 likes on TikTok. The hope is that these performances then encourage the curious to linger and watch more pieces, including those by Bach, Messiaen and others. Through #PlayLikeAGirl she also encourages more girls and women to play.

As an ‘Associate Artist’, Anna will be able to include the Royal Albert Hall organ in non-classical events and give young people a chance to ‘have a go’. She will also help commission new music for it, including an organ concerto, and a new fanfare for non-classical events. She has also recently published, *Gregoriana*, a new book of instrumental music which features twelve original pieces by female composers and is aimed at young people learning the organ.

Working with female composers is something she relishes, but wasn’t something she had anticipated being able to do when she started as Director Music at Pembroke in 2016. ‘Now’, she reflects, ‘it’s become such a huge part of who we are as a College music department’.

The College choir has grown to 32 and Anna thinks this is because of the variety of works that they and the Girls’ Choir get to perform. Alongside Evensong and other services, Anna delights in the opportunity to involve them in ‘wacky’ projects with such as collaborations with the Swingle Singers, Gareth Malone, and the BBC. She also makes sure that they have the opportunity to work with living composers, such as Kerensa Briggs and Kristina Arakelyan.

‘There’s something about a composer writing with you and your group or your instrument in mind. And it’s so special bringing it to life for the first time and you get sent something which is just dots on a page, and then you can make it a piece of music that has an emotional effect on people. There’s something really moving about that. And I think it’s great to let the choirs be a part of that experience and see music as something fluid. It’s not fixed, it’s something that they can be a part of, I think that is so valuable for them’.

The choir’s last Christmas disc includes two pieces written by members, and three pieces written by the girls’ choir. ‘I think it’s very strongly linked to the fact that we’ve worked with composers, and they come in and get to meet them and chat to them. And they’ll say, “Oh, in bar five, can we try that slightly differently?” So, they see that this piece of music isn’t a fixed thing, it has the potential to change’.

Being Director of Music at Pembroke has given Anna the opportunities and confidence to try new things, such as presenting BBC Young Musician of Year, performing at the Proms and at the BAFTAs. In turn, she has fed these experiences back into her work with the College choirs, giving them a unique identity and raising their recognition, not just among the music community of Cambridge, but nationally and even internationally.

‘And [in return] they’ve helped me realise that, actually, it’s about nurturing the individuals and making them feel valued and appreciated and making them want to do it for themselves’.

Anna’s album *Images* is available from Signum Records and available from all good record stores. Two new Choirs of Pembroke College, Cambridge, albums will be published towards the end of 2022.

The Strange Afterlife of Prussia

Marcus Colla, Pembroke's Mark Kaplanoff Research Fellow in History, discusses the topic of his first monograph

One hundred and fifty years ago, Prussia was one of Europe's Great Powers. And yet, come the end of the Second World War, this former goliath simply ceased to exist. In a remarkable act of historical reckoning, the Allied Control Council, which controlled Germany after its capitulation in 1945, condemned the Prussian state to history as 'the abiding bearer of militarism and reaction in Germany'. Prussia, so ran the argument, had planted a uniquely aggressive, chauvinist, militaristic, and expansionist spirit at the heart of Germany. What followed was a classic instance of *damnatio memoriae*. Statues honouring Prussian military heroes and statesmen were ripped down. Streets and schools were renamed. Though it may have looked merely symbolic, Prussia's obliteration was in fact a fundamental component of the 'denazification' process that followed the Second World War. A new, peaceful Germany could not be built on Prussian foundations.

But was it possible simply to condemn a Great Power to oblivion by political decree? Could identities and memories be transcended so easily? These are the questions with which I began to concern myself when I set out to investigate Prussia's afterlife in the years following its dissolution. In particular, I was interested in how the Prussian past was dealt with in communist East Germany – a state which staked its identity on being the heir to Germany's proudest progressive traditions.

The communists were certainly prone to symbolic gestures. Most famously, in 1950 they tore down the old Prussian Royal Palace in the centre of (East) Berlin. On its site they built a Red Square-style parade ground, where every May Day tens of thousands of beaming red-clad youths would march before a tribune of party elders. Nearby, an equestrian statue of the legendary eighteenth-century king Frederick the Great was torn from its pedestal that same year. Other Prussian buildings were repackaged and repurposed, placed in the service of constructing a new socialist society that comprehensively broke with Germany's burdened past.

But, in reality, the Prussian past was rarely far from the surface. For one – as the communists quickly discovered – it was hardly possible to tell a 'progressive' story of German history without engaging, on some level, with Prussia. Prussia was not all tyrannical feudal landlords and soldier kings. After all, Karl Marx himself was a Prussian. In Imperial Germany, Prussian cities also became bastions of working-class agitation. And the communists brazenly celebrated Prussia's partnership with Tsarist Russia in the War of the Fourth Coalition against Napoleon as concrete historical evidence that Russia had always been Germany's best geopolitical friend.

Nevertheless, even if the Prussian past was far from taboo in East Germany, it was still circumscribed by party dogma: the notion that Nazism was an outgrowth of 'Prussianism' more or less remained official doctrine. But this changed – and changed dramatically – from the end of the 1970s, as the GDR experienced what foreign observers termed a 'Prussia Renaissance'. Exhibitions and books on Prussian history met a huge resonance among the wider public, and Prussia also became an immensely popular theme in creative works. Most astonishingly of all, in late 1980, party officials brought back the monumental statue of Frederick the Great to the very site in central East Berlin where it had stood until 1950. The move galvanized East

Germans and foreigners alike to speculate on the mysterious relationship between history and power in the GDR. 'Old Fritz is back, I kid you not – he's standing there on his old spot!' ran a popular ditty at the time.

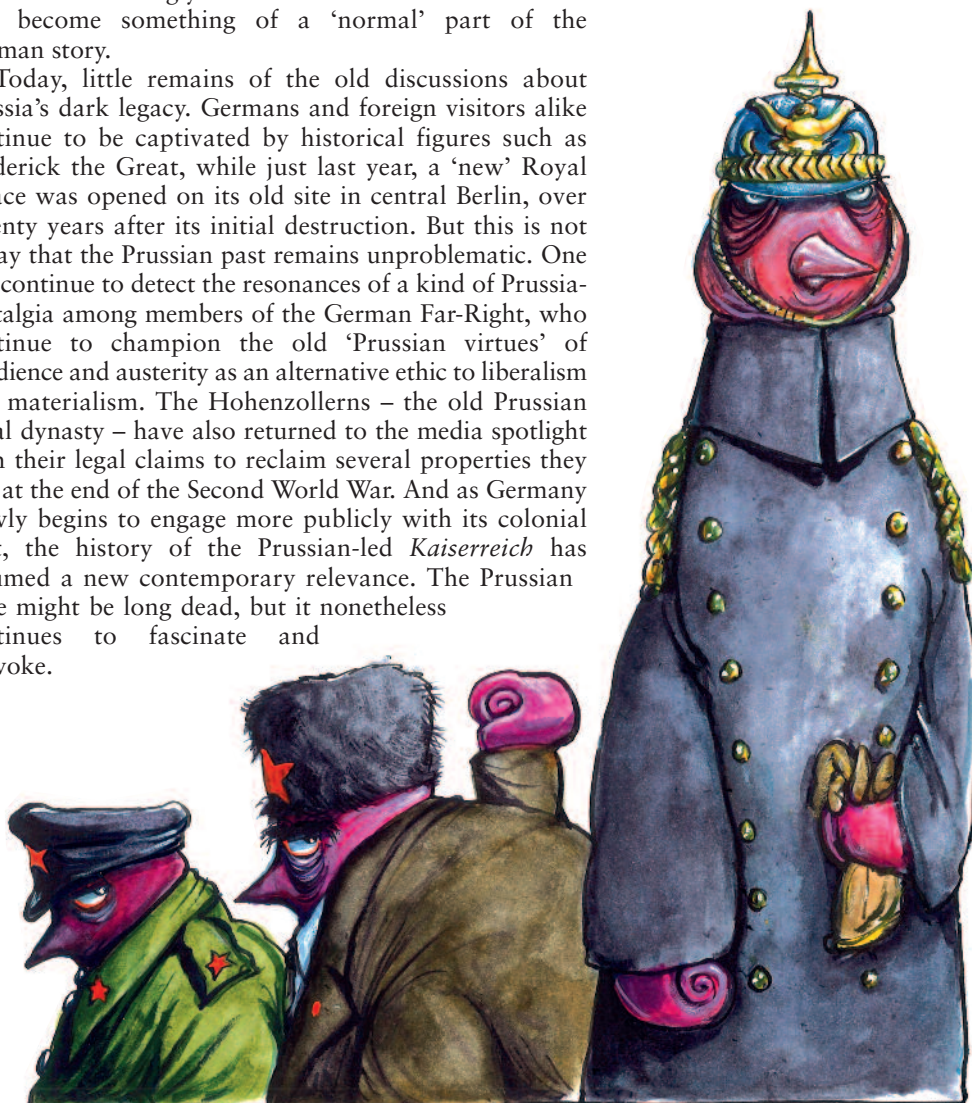
What was going on here? Sure, Prussia had never been as absent in the GDR as clueless foreign observers had often assumed. But rehabilitating an old king renowned for his conquests in the East? This was something altogether different. Observers in the West were puzzled, while those in Poland were anxious. Was the authoritarian East German state harking back to Prussia as a talisman of an authoritarian, regimented state run on military principles? Or was this rather a more banal affair – more about returning some splendour to the urban centres of old Prussian cities: a Prussia cynically stripped of its troubling political connotations?

For their part, many ordinary East Germans were sceptical about the whole enterprise. The regime's constant historical gymnastics had become wearisome. In the GDR, as all across the Eastern Bloc, citizens joked that 'the past' under communism was harder to predict than the future. But, at the same time, many were thrilled that such a critical part of German history – and indeed of their own identity – could once again be talked about so openly. The GDR's turn back to Prussia was immensely popular. Prussia had seemingly shed much of its historical burden and become something of a 'normal' part of the German story.

Today, little remains of the old discussions about Prussia's dark legacy. Germans and foreign visitors alike continue to be captivated by historical figures such as Frederick the Great, while just last year, a 'new' Royal Palace was opened on its old site in central Berlin, over seventy years after its initial destruction. But this is not to say that the Prussian past remains unproblematic. One can continue to detect the resonances of a kind of Prussia-nostalgia among members of the German Far-Right, who continue to champion the old 'Prussian virtues' of obedience and austerity as an alternative ethic to liberalism and materialism. The Hohenzollerns – the old Prussian royal dynasty – have also returned to the media spotlight with their legal claims to reclaim several properties they lost at the end of the Second World War. And as Germany slowly begins to engage more publicly with its colonial past, the history of the Prussian-led *Kaiserreich* has assumed a new contemporary relevance. The Prussian state might be long dead, but it nonetheless continues to fascinate and provoke.



Marcus Colla completed his PhD at Cambridge in 2019. His first monograph, *Prussia in the Historical Culture of the German Democratic Republic: Communists and Kings*, is forthcoming with Oxford University Press.



Divining Nature

Madeleine Hahne (2020) on Sacred-Land Narratives and Climate Action



Madeleine Hahne is studying for her PhD in the Department of Geography. She is a Gates Scholar and an Honorary Scholar of the Woolf Institute.

Summer grass rippled around my knees like sea-waves. Above me, intracloud lightning broke in thunderous flashes, illuminating the night with fiery, jagged branches. Hot rain had come and gone, and hundreds of starlike fireflies bobbed above the meadow. In the distance, a temple shone snow-white against the darkness. It seemed the world had inverted. Battles raged above and the gentle peace of the heavens reigned below. To me and my family, this was sacred land.

I stood in Nauvoo, Illinois, a city built on the banks of the Mississippi river over 150 years ago. Once larger in population than Chicago, Nauvoo was established by Latter-Day Saint (Mormon) pioneers, including my ancestors, who dreamed of building it into a religious paradise, a Zion. Political strife and the assassination of their leader Joseph Smith led to them being driven away from Nauvoo. Over subsequent months and years, believers would walk thousands of miles across the great curve of the earth seeking a new home. As they walked, they imbued the land with stories of places where they had died in battles, where they had frozen, starved, or seen miracles. Places which, by virtue of those people's sacrifices, became sacralized to modern believers. I learned the names of the sites as a child: Sugar Creek, Grand Encampment, Winter Quarters, and of course Salt Lake City. Dozens of such places dot the country, making large swaths of the United States sacred ground for Latter-Day Saints. My family visited many of those places that summer, on what we called a road trip, but which was effectively a pilgrimage.

The concept of sacred land is as ancient as humanity and as extensive as the earth itself. It holds that godly power can be imbued in a physical vessel, just as water from a pure river can be poured into a vase. The holiness of the vessel can then be accessed through physical proximity to it, allowing believers to be blessed, enlightened, or somehow changed as a result. Such a

conception of sacredness animates the veneration of everything from the skull of Saint Stephen to the Ganga and Yamuna rivers. Many faiths, including Catholicism, Islam, Hinduism, and most forms of Animism see sacredness in this way.

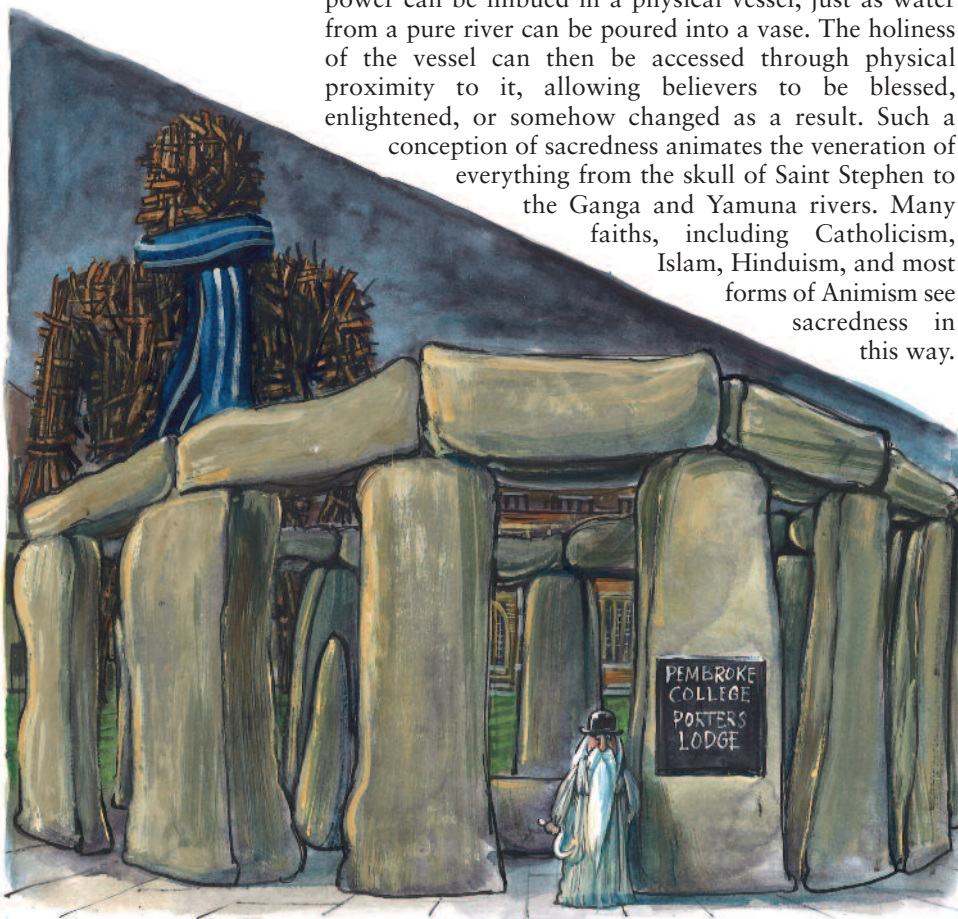
Belief in sacredness has led to the protection and preservation of tens of thousands of holy sites throughout the world.

As the awe-inspiring thunderstorm I experienced in Nauvoo made clear, sacred land is intrinsically bound up with the natural world. The storm I witnessed was not out of the ordinary for a summer evening. However, climate models predict that such storms will become more frequent, thereby increasing the intensity and regularity of severe flooding in Nauvoo. Already, volunteers make heroic efforts to sandbag key sites every time it floods, and so far these efforts have succeeded. That response is in line with the theological and cultural responsibility of believers toward their venerated sites.

Yet the greater threat, climate change and the increased risk it brings, remains largely unaddressed religiously. That lacuna is common in my area of research as a religious and environmental scholar. I have rarely seen the sacredness-climate action argument used by Western, non-indigenous faith traditions. The confluence of two major historical factors contributed to the background of this state of affairs: the rise of Protestantism, and the hegemony of scientific naturalism. Martin Luther (1483-1586) had harsh words for sacred sites, stating that by venerating them, believers were misunderstanding God's omnipresence and trying to earn a salvation which could only be given. He and other key protestant founders denounced the practice of object veneration generally, thereby fostering an era of iconoclasm and the desacralisation of holy sites. While there is evidence that some branches of Protestantism have recently begun to embrace pilgrimage, the practice is still fairly rare. Theological desacralisation was then fortified by the Enlightenment insistence that science could debunk religious enchantment, removing the necessity for miraculous, godly intervention in nature. When Enlightenment thinkers and their intellectual descendants looked at a sacred mountain, they often saw geology, volcanology, and biology, not Godly power and holy presence.

By the time the environmental movement took hold in the 1970s, the idea of sacred land had faded from the larger zeitgeist of many Western nations, preventing sacredness narratives from playing a significant role in environmental discourse. Though indigenous communities did (and do) relate environment and sacredness, their voices continued to be unheard or superseded by other more dominant narratives. Where my pioneer ancestors, for example, often saw untouched wilderness which they could claim and build into their theological framework, many Native American residents have seen their sacred places being violated.

Even still, sacred-land narratives have the potential to play a mainstream role in environmental discourse. Billions of people belong to religions which have sacred-land theologies. For these people, the connection between climate change and sacredness is already theologically latent and need only be more widely expressed. Along with scripturally based earth-stewardship narratives, sacredness can contribute to powerful theological reasoning for climate engagement. Protecting Nauvoo and its inspiring stories of miracles, perseverance, and fraternity has the potential to motivate Latter-Day Saints toward action, just as similar sacred sites throughout the world can inspire many others.



Caring about Disadvantage

Christine Fowler (2020) on her work for the Cambridge Students' Union's 'Class Act' campaign

UCAS's *Good Practice Briefing For Care-Experienced Students* for Higher Education providers states that 'Reliable, consistent relationship-based support is very important for care-experienced students'. I believe this to be true, because for the majority of such students having a consistent role model, confidant, and adult in one's life is a rarity. In that respect, the Oxbridge system of having a personal Director of Studies (DoS) and a pastoral Tutor is particularly helpful. Having two working adults whom one sees consistently twice a term does provide some stability. However, this experience can only be helpful if one feels comfortable with one's appointed DoS or Tutor, and for me, especially, it's been a difficult process to build a bond of trust with a stranger one only sees for ten minutes at a time.

Luckily for me, though, my DoS was also my supervisor for a lot of my first-year teaching, and so I was able to build a good working relationship, one I am very grateful for. Some care-experienced students are not so lucky, and are faced with the unspeakably discomfiting sense that their background circumstances are alien to most University staff. Obviously, everyone's experience of care, estrangement and/or homelessness differs, but there are still common feelings and experiences among them that others will never fully understand if they have not been in a similar situation.

Accepting the offer to study at university can turn out to be an acceptance of making oneself feel isolated – an acceptance I didn't fully realise I had to make until I came up to Cambridge. I come from a small town, where the vast majority of the population is working class, living from paycheck to paycheck, and working various jobs to make ends meet. When I was placed under the care of local authorities, I was not a rarity or an exception in my school or in my town; I had friends who had been adopted, been in foster care, were estranged from family, and so I never really thought of my situation as particularly unusual. It was a shrug-of-the-shoulders circumstance.

Applying for university changed that. Applying for student finance changed that. Cambridge changed that. I felt myself to be regarded as a tick box of diversity statistics, of charity. I became a label. My circumstances were now a defining part of my identity.

During my first year I felt alone in my experiences but also shameful of my feelings towards others. I'd sit in my room feeling sorry for myself whilst my friends FaceTimed their parents or took them out for Week Five dinner. On one hand it gave me great pleasure that my circumstances weren't the norm; that it was possible instead to have consistent, present, loving parents. On the other hand, I felt anger that the world hadn't dealt me such luck. This led me to write a 'Camfession' for the collective project Camfess, which enabled me to reach out to others who identified as either care-experienced or estranged. I was overwhelmed by the response. The fact that there seemed to be nothing directly available, no community or space for socially disadvantaged students when there was such a vast number of students interacting with my post made me angry. I felt the University had failed to facilitate relationships between us.

So, I wrote for *Varsity*. And that led me towards 'Class Act', a student-run campaign for students who identify themselves as being socially disadvantaged. It's a campaign that I wish had been more visible and active when I first came up to Cambridge; it hadn't been because it had unfortunately fallen into abeyance during Covid. When the campaign was becoming more active again I ran for the election of its Care-

experienced, Estranged and Homelessness Officer and I was pleased when I was elected.

The first thing I set up with Class Act was a Sibling Scheme. Like the scheme of college families, the Sibling Scheme pairs disadvantaged students, providing a support network, a possible confidant or just simply another friendly face to meet online or in person. As a new venture it is small at the moment, but I hope it will continue to grow with the help of Class Act's future Care representatives. My aim is for the scheme to grow into an alumni network in ten to fifteen years' time that will provide mentoring, advice, and perhaps even work placements.

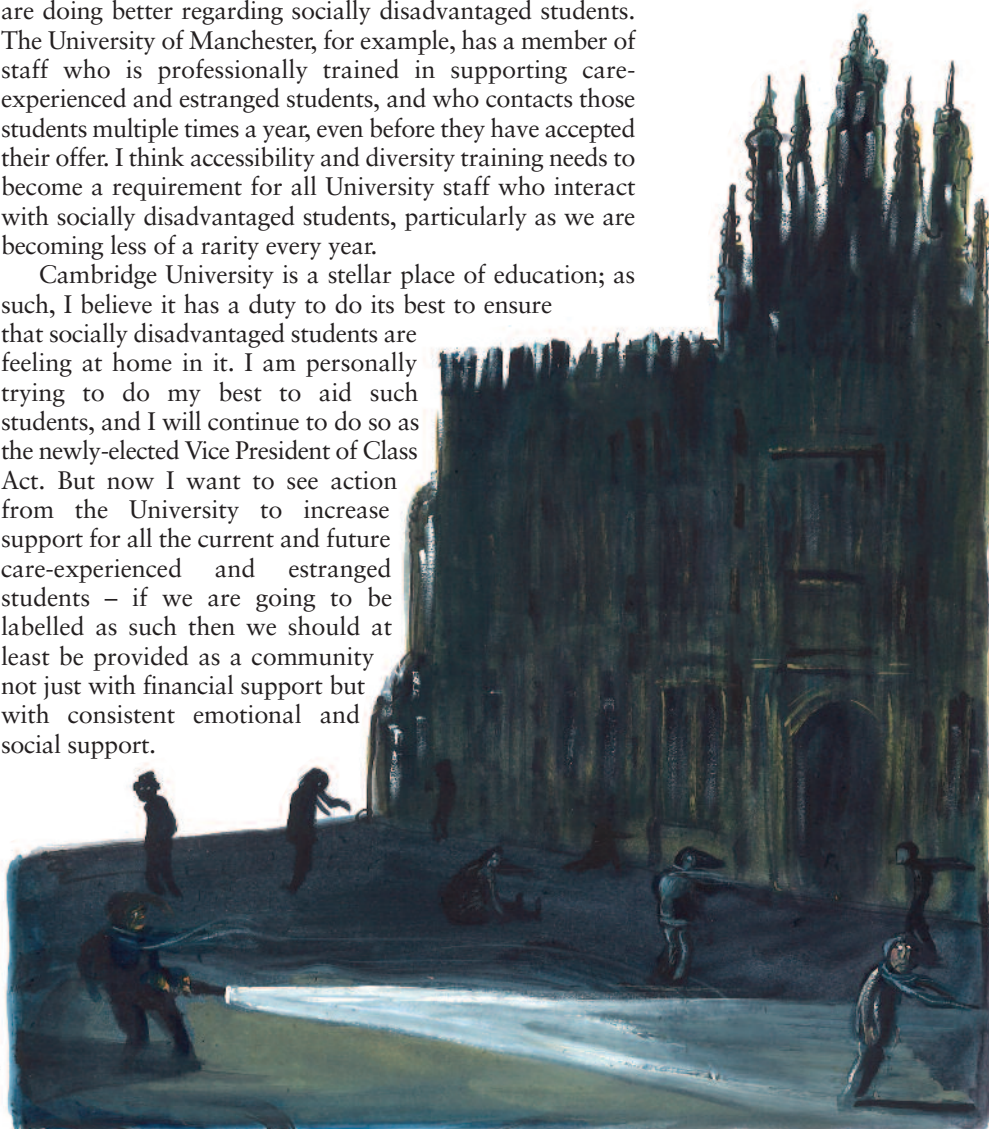
The need for alumni involvement stems from the fact that for most care-experienced and estranged students who leave university, they also leave the care of social authorities and are left entirely on their own. So, whilst graduation for many is a massive happy celebration, I can't help but see it as a daunting flashing sign that I'll need to have a job secured. I'll need to have accommodation secured. I would do anything to be able to speak to a care-experienced alumna or alumnus, a role model with whom I can identify, and I hope that what I started this past year will one day be able to facilitate that.

The University still needs to step up, though. It should not always be up to students like me; the University as an educational institution has a duty of care. Other universities are doing better regarding socially disadvantaged students. The University of Manchester, for example, has a member of staff who is professionally trained in supporting care-experienced and estranged students, and who contacts those students multiple times a year, even before they have accepted their offer. I think accessibility and diversity training needs to become a requirement for all University staff who interact with socially disadvantaged students, particularly as we are becoming less of a rarity every year.

Cambridge University is a stellar place of education; as such, I believe it has a duty to do its best to ensure that socially disadvantaged students are feeling at home in it. I am personally trying to do my best to aid such students, and I will continue to do so as the newly-elected Vice President of Class Act. But now I want to see action from the University to increase support for all the current and future care-experienced and estranged students – if we are going to be labelled as such then we should at least be provided as a community not just with financial support but with consistent emotional and social support.



Christine Fowler is in the second year of her English Literature BA at Pembroke.



Building a Haven of Peace

Matthew Mellor, Director of Development



At the time of my writing this the war in Ukraine has the potential to spill over and out of control. By the time you read this, I hope the conflict has been resolved in a way that the Ukrainians and everyone else can all live with.

The situation boiled over as we prepared in Pembroke to raise funds for a Cara scholar to seek sanctuary in Cambridge and pursue her research here. Thanks to you, and to gargantuan efforts from the entire College community, we more than achieved our fundraising goals. It said a lot about the College's community spirit that I am sure you recall and that we still very much enjoy. The unwritten College motto that Pembroke is a place where everyone wants you to do well is apt, and it is what makes me and my colleagues in the Development team proud to be part of it and to work for its continued improvement. You, Pembroke members, play a huge role in this and we are very grateful for it.

However, while global peace is fragile so can local peace be. The extraordinary disputes and disagreements between people in other colleges at present do not just make me think, 'there but for the grace of God...' but 'what lies around the corner for Pembroke?'. Gratifyingly, I cannot think of or imagine anything disputatious for us right now, and what I most sincerely hope is that should there be something negative we would handle it with the same good grace and wider community spirit as we have approached the positive.

On that positive note I am duty bound to keep you up to date on the College's fundraising efforts – your fundraising efforts – to create our extraordinary spaces on the Mill Lane site. I am now overwhelmingly confident that we will smash through our minimum £75 million target and make significant inroads against the stretched 'target' of £85 million, at which point we can say that this monumental statement about Pembroke's perpetual future will be achieved without borrowing from the College

endowment or incurring further indebtedness to other sources. We owe you a huge Thank You for making this happen and responding so actively and positively to the Dolby family's generous matching pledge. I cannot wait to tell them that we have exhausted it!

With great buildings comes great responsibility. Just as the College has long treasured and fostered its ancient site, so the opportunities afforded by Mill Lane will be seized. So many of you have made a mark in the exciting Auditorium which once was Emmanuel United Reformed Church by having an inscription on the chairs in there, and I am sure that Anna Lapwood and her successors as Director of Music will continue to advance Pembroke as a centre of excellence and participation in that noble art form.

Our Gallery will display both artistic treasures and showcase the work of our students and academics; it will be a place where the College community can understand better the breadth and depth of cultural and scholarly ambition in Pembroke. Our Learning and Well-being Centre will not just be a few rooms for teaching but will be a creative and inspirational place both for the residents of the College and for visitors – be they alumni, people from the town or, very importantly, prospective students. The Interspace will continue to inspire with its active 'living experiment' in the power of computer science to make a positive difference in matters of global and urgent importance, such as in the way we address climate change. A quiet space will be a vital location for people wishing and needing to escape from the various stresses and strains that life keeps throwing at us.

A decades-old tradition of partnership will be embodied by our Partnership Centre, on the first floor of Milstein House (formerly known as Stuart House), and my colleague Dr Kate Parsley, who manages the Corporate Partnership Programme, is full of ideas to make best use of the space. Adjacent will be the Ferguson-Nazareth Room, a brilliant recital and meeting space which I can already envisage being the most sought-after spot in College, while on the ground floor Café 84 will be a vibrant social centre for resident and non-resident members, and other visitors, all the while marking the momentous year 1984 when Pembroke finally admitted women.

And then there is the Ray and Dagmar Dolby Court, which will bring even more of the Pembroke student body closer to the beating heart of the College community and, we trust, will mean a true enhancement of that collegiate spirit. Not only will it be architecturally impressive, but it will be ground-breaking in its approach to heat and light control to the extent that it will be an ecological beacon to the rest of the city.

The names on the buildings, on the chairs and in the donor boards and lists go to prove that every gift has mattered, continues to matter and will be appreciated in perpetuity. Thank you. In short, this represents a new chapter in the College's history, a great and positive step – and don't we need something positive to think about right now?



From Pembroke to Iran, in 1972: An Absolute (Old) Banger of an Adventure!

Richard Braund (1969) and Howard Slatter (1969)

Fifty years ago, in 1972, the two of us, Richard and Howard, joined forces with fellow undergraduates Chris Maile (1969) and David Tillson (1969) to go on an overseas summer adventure. Months earlier we had settled on Iran, about which we knew very little, as our chosen destination. Chris had negotiated the £90 purchase of a 1964 VW split-screen van from the University Expeditionary Society. The van was forced through its MoT, and we had kitted it out appropriately; the final touch was Chris's painting of the College arms on its side.



On 17th July we all duly boarded the hovercraft to Calais and began our memorable journey. We spent the next three days driving through France, Belgium and Germany, then into Austria. After crossing into northern Italy through the Brenner Pass, Richard and Howard enjoyed some great mountain birdwatching as we all walked up into the Dolomites (many more birdwatching opportunities were to come, not always appreciated by Chris and David). By now, one of the wheels on the van was starting to develop an ominous rhythmic noise, to be christened the 'klunk'.

We entered Yugoslavia and set up camp beside the Adriatic at Ičići (nowadays Croatia). Four days of seaside leisure followed, except that the 'klunk' needed investigating. Richard and Howard took the suspension unit from the offending wheel by bus into Trieste. We then smuggled the repaired part back across the border. Chris reassembled the wheel the following day; stubbornly, the 'klunk' remained!

Moving on through Yugoslavia (Croatia to Montenegro to Kosovo) we camped by the roadside near Peć (now Peja) after a perilous drive on a dirt road over the mountains from Titograd (Podgorica). We were awakened at dawn by villagers leaving home on horse-drawn carts, all setting off for a day's work in the fields. Picturesque and evocative but very impoverished.

We passed through northern Greece and entered Turkey, crossed the Dardanelles, and proceeded to Ankara after a brief stop at the ruins of Troy. The long drive across the Anatolian high plateau took us through beautiful scenery of rolling hills and fields. Whenever we took a break on an apparently empty road several curious and friendly local boys would immediately appear out of nowhere, as if from holes in the ground.

On 9th August we crossed into Iran and spent that night in semi-desert. Beset by camel spiders and a scorpion, we decided to sleep in the van, where there was room for three

tall ones in the back, and one short one across the front seats.

Stopping off in Tabriz to experience our first taste of Iranian bazaar haggling, we journeyed east and swam in the brackish Caspian Sea. We continued into the Alborz mountains, through spectacular gorges and high passes, taking a walk up to 3000m. We gave a lift to a woman who was desperate to escape from a lorry driver and was clearly frightened for her life. The drive back down on gravel roads, round a large number of hairpin bends, was particularly challenging, as the brakes were none too reliable!

We then headed for Tehran, and the luxury of a campsite with swimming pool. David alone braved the chaos of the city's anarchic traffic! Then sightseeing, visiting the bazaar, archaeological museum and the Shah's crown jewels. Three days later we drove to Isfahan, where we again became good Western tourists, visiting the two mosques Masjid-e Sheikh Lotfollah and Masjid-e Shah. Their architecture was, we felt, the most beautiful any of us had ever seen.

The route southwards from Isfahan took us firstly to Persepolis; Darius's magnificent restored palace, with most impressive bas-relief panels on the staircases, has been perfectly preserved for over 2000 years. Then onwards to Shiraz, another exquisite city – particularly the Vakil mosque and the Shah Cheragh mosque and mausoleum.

While returning north to Isfahan the fourth gear on the van started to misbehave, and the following day it packed up altogether. Our planned visit to Kermanshah was abandoned, and we decided to head 'straight' for home in the hope that we would make it back. We were now faced with 3,500 miles driving at a maximum speed of ... 40 mph!

Our final stop in 'tourist mode' was in Istanbul, where we visited the beautiful Sultan Ahmed mosque. We were now moving as fast as we could in a homeward direction. Returning north through Yugoslavia, on 2nd September we drove 600 miles through Germany, and recorded a top speed of ... 66 mph downhill out of gear. We arrived at Calais, by now push-starting the van as the starter motor had failed. The following day we were back in England, after nearly seven weeks and 9,600 miles of advertising Pembroke College.

All this was seven years before the exile of the Shah and the establishment of the Islamic Republic. We were blissfully unaware of the religious and political movements of the time, and now count ourselves as most fortunate to have been able to visit Iran completely unhindered.

Postscript: Howard bought the van off the others for £40. It was destined to last him only another eight months; after a gearbox rebuild the engine blew up, and the van was sold for scrap. But Chris saw it again about twenty years later, still instantly recognisable in its College colours!



Richard Braund completed his degree in Engineering in 1972, returning to Pembroke in 1993 to take an MPhil in Environment and Development at the Department of Geography. During the course of his career in consulting, civil engineering, and environmental management, he spent twenty years living in Africa, the Middle East, and South-East Asia, and returned to Iran for work on four occasions. He retired in 2013.



Howard Slatter gained a PGCE at Pembroke in 1973 after reading Mathematics and then Operational Research and Statistics. He taught mathematics in several schools, spending most of his career at The Leys School in Cambridge. He retired in 2008.

From left to right: Howard Slatter, Richard Braund, David Tillson, and Chris Maile at a reunion a few years ago.

Gossip



From the Gossip Editor

Pembroke College takes its responsibility under the GDPR for processing your personal data safely, appropriately and with transparency. Please be aware that as the *Martlet* is published online any contribution to the Gossip will be publicly accessible. If you would like to know more about our data protection policy and privacy notices please go to www.pem.cam.ac.uk/dataprotection. If you have any questions or concerns please contact dpo@pem.cam.ac.uk.

I have used the form of names with which letters have been signed, and have throughout omitted titles. The date above each entry is the date of matriculation.

N.B. When sending in news (180 words maximum please!), do please indicate your matriculation date, and, if possible, that of other Old Members you mention. Deadline for contributions to the 2023 *Martlet*: 19 March 2023.

Gossip should preferably be sent to me, Colin Wilcockson, by email cgw20@cam.ac.uk

Alternatively, send by post to:
Colin Wilcockson
Pembroke College
Cambridge, CB2 1RF

Notification about published books should be sent to:
Nick McBride
The Editor
Pembroke Annual Gazette
Pembroke College
Cambridge, CB2 1RF
Or by email to him at: njm33@cam.ac.uk

With best wishes,
Colin Wilcockson

1950
John Grayling, writes: 'Reading the article about Nick Firman in *Pembroke's Gazette*, and his memory of Meredith Dewey, reminded me about a Meredith story which might be worth putting on record somewhere. Our organist and choir master was, if I remember, Bernard Williams. He asked Meredith if it might not be appropriate for the Choir (in which I was a Bass) to process into Chapel for Sunday services. The answer was "No". Bernard then asked if the subject was closed? "No", said Meredith, "it has never been opened!" One never forgot Meredith!'



1961
Peter Radford writes: 'The article by Robert Porter (1984) in *Martlet* 25 evoked for me the memory of an event from some twenty years earlier. Time has stripped some of the detail, but not the essence. At the time, I was a research student in the then Mathematical Laboratory (now the Department of Computer Science) and I arranged to play squash with a fellow research student. We agreed we would play on one of Pembroke's courts, at the playing fields on

Grantchester Road. I don't recall what time of year it was, but it was early evening and it was dark. We warmed up and started our match when a weird noise surrounded us. We stopped playing, put down our rackets and went upstairs to investigate. By the time we got there and looked into the other court, we could see that James Campbell was now practising his bagpipes! The Pembroke squash courts must have been an ideal place for him to practise, but I wonder how many other people played a game of squash with a bagpipe accompaniment!'

1963
Andrew Patrick writes: 'Who would have thought that a stumble over my carpet on the way to bed could result in a fractured hip? Well, I managed it! Somehow, I got into bed and slept without keeping Jenny awake all night. (It didn't occur to me that I'd done anything serious.) Next day, two doctor friends lent me some arm-crutches, but when they saw the awkward way I was standing they were in no doubt what I'd done. So off to Warwick A&E, who said the same thing. Two days later I had a brand-new hip replacement. Friends in our village said, "That's one way to jump the queue."'

1964
Euan M. L. Temple writes: 'I retired as a solicitor in 2013, continued with business consultancy until 2022. In 1994 I wrote two books on EU Public Procurement and was nominated in "Euromoney" as one of the World's leading Merger and Acquisition lawyers. I was one of the only three UK lawyers who were nominated for this outside the City of London. President of Eurolegal International Lawyers Network 2014-date. Hockey Coach, South Notts Hockey Club 2013-date.'

1968
Jem Poster has drawn on more than twenty years' experience of teaching creative writing for the universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Aberystwyth to produce (in collaboration with Sarah Burton) a handbook for fiction writers, *The Book You Need to Read to Write the Book You Want to Write* (Cambridge University Press, 2022).

1969
Anthony Fitzsimmons now teaches a core module on the Cranfield EMBA programme. Its subject is Reputational Risk Management, and it is constructed around his book *Rethinking Reputational Risk* (Kogan Page, 2017).

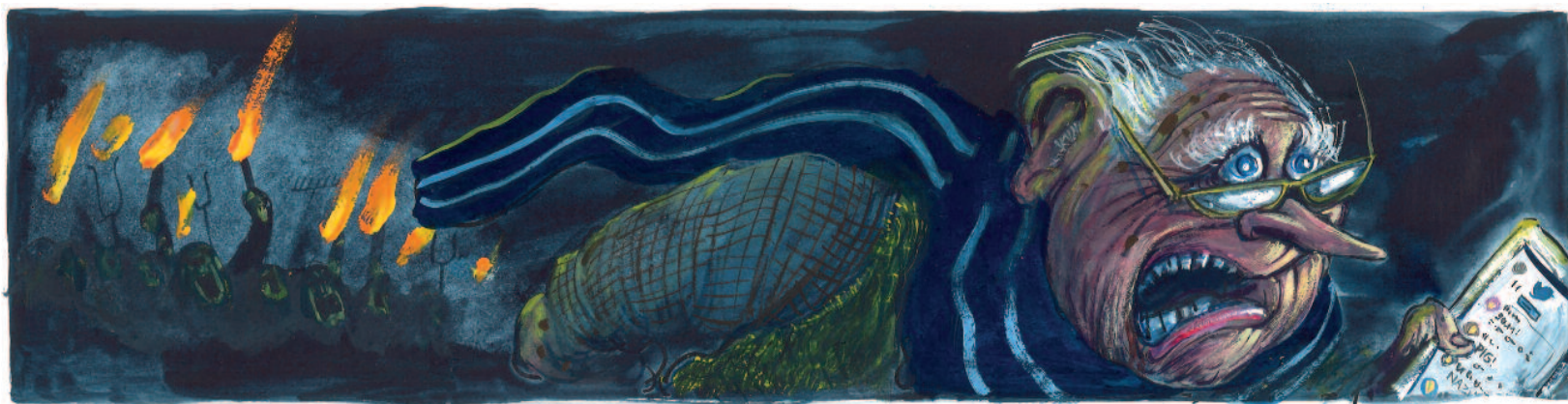


Peter Jepson writes: 'As a member of Ontario Adventure Rowing, I am helping to organise "Bays and Islands", the World Rowing Tour 2022, which, viruses willing, will take place in Eastern Ontario, along the Bay of Quinte (my home waters these days) and among the 1000 Islands, in September. Six days of rowing, 200 km, plenty of opportunity for the fifty participants from all round the world to sample the local wine: <https://worldrowingtour2022.ca/>. It will be widely publicized, and accompanied by a Watersports Fair, all with the intent of getting more local people onto the water. Unfortunately, I will be following the tour in a motorboat rather than rowing, but,

after-market hip joints and all, I do try to keep fit. I celebrated fifty years on a sliding seat in 2019 by entering (and completing!) the Canadian Sculling Marathon. There's no rowing in this part of the world in February, but come April I should be hearing the bubbles again run under the open-water single which I built twenty years ago.'



1970
Chris Hall writes: 'After graduating in history I qualified as a chartered accountant and in 1978 moved to Hong Kong where I still work as a tax consultant. I have to keep working because I am addicted to buying antique Chinese textiles. The Asian Civilizations Museum in Singapore arranged an exhibition from my collection entitled "Chinese Fashion 1876 – 1976" to display Chinese costume from dragon robes to a Mao suit, which I bought especially for the exhibition. Hong Kong has been comparatively mildly affected by COVID. We have had only 213 deaths since the beginning. Nonetheless we do have restrictions as bars have been closed. When restaurants but not bars were allowed to remain open until 10pm, most of Hong Kong's bars suddenly turned themselves into restaurants by providing free olives to eat in addition to a drink. One advantage of COVID is that we have more time to do things. I wrote an article on old Chinese underwear which is not as exciting as some may hope.'



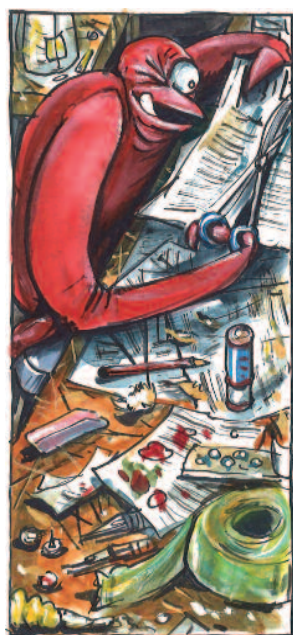
Most people's underwear is plain and boring to look at. The highlight of my article is underwear made from bamboo: cotton threaded through small tubes of bamboo to make something like a string vest.'



1972
Rick Hudson (Hoare) writes: 'While at Pembroke I led two expeditions to Greenland and another to the Himalayas, a situation that did not impress my PhD supervisor at the time. Now, after retiring as VP Engineering of a hi-tech firm while holding an adjunct professorship at the local university, I remain in good health and continue an active life, based on Vancouver Island, Canada. Scaling back my wilderness ambitions, for the past decade I have owned a trawler with which my wife and I have explored the fjords and island chains of the British Columbia coast. There are still plenty of mountains, but seen from a more modest elevation. There is an active Ox-Cam group on Vancouver Island, but I have yet to meet another Pembrokian, and would enjoy hearing from anyone of that ilk, via the College.'

1981
Mark Batey writes: 'This is to let you know of my first published book, at the age of 60! Entitled *Grace*, it is a whole life story of Northumberland's Victorian

sea-rescue heroine, Grace Darling. The brave rescue itself may be known from primary school, and Grace Darling's name endures two centuries later on holiday homes and the like in the north-east, but her life before and after that fateful night, and the toll of sudden fame upon her, are I think less well appreciated. Four years after the rescue, Grace died aged 26 in the village of Bamburgh, where she was born. Published by Clink Street Publishing, the book is available now in paperback and ebook formats. I hope that my second book, a novel set during the Battle of Britain, will be published soon.'



Michael Wilcockson writes: 'I was ordained deacon at Christ Church Oxford in 2018 and priested a year later in Eton College Chapel. After 23 years of teaching at Eton we moved back to the Cambridge area and settled in the village Linton. Here I completed my curacy whilst also teaching theology and philosophy part-time at The Perse Upper School. I am now Associate Priest at St Mary's Church, Linton and also Rural Dean of the Granta Deanery as well as being much involved as a senior

examiner to the setting of A Level Religious Studies.'

1983
Paul Hobbs has just completed a series of thirteen icons and a booklet on the contemporary persecution of Christians under the title *Unknown Martyrs*. He will be touring this work in the next few years. Ridley College is planning to host the exhibits in June 2022.

1987
Maggie Shrimpton writes from Southeast Mexico: 'I read for the MPhil in Latin/American Studies in 1987, and moved to Mérida, Yucatán in 1989, where I began a career as lecturer-researcher in Latin American and Caribbean literature in 1990, at the Autonomous University of the Yucatán, based in Mérida. Our literature department is in the unusual but very fortunate position of being located within the Faculty of Anthropological Sciences, and started out directly linked to the School of Anthropology (1988). I am delighted to communicate that our full four-year undergraduate degree course in Latin American Literature (of which I am one of the founding members) has now completed its first twenty years, and continues to be very popular amongst students. I completed my PhD at the University of Havana, exploring literary connections between the mainland and island Caribbean, studying a corpus of contemporary Yucatecán literature. Over the last twenty years, and in collaboration with scholars across the region, I have been fortunate to make important contributions to our understanding of the mainland Caribbean region. I live in Mérida and have three adult children.' maggiesshrimpton@yahoo.com.mx



Anna Wanders (née Macpherson) writes: 'Having planned to write a short note about taking a new job as a university lecturer, I realised I wanted to write a more profound note of thanks, having read of the passing of Dr Jackson in the *Pembroke Gazette*. Dr Jackson changed the life of this state school girl, when he gave her an offer to come to Pembroke to read Natural Sciences 35 years ago. I have such happy memories of an animated discussion with him about the placebo effect and this was my gateway to Pembroke and beyond, for which I will always be grateful.'

1989
Peter Duff writes: 'No great reason to write in, other than the acknowledgement of the general passing of time. Thirty years on since I left: decent career, three beautiful children, and more cats and dogs than the average rain shower. A regret though that so many acquaintances are now sepia tinted – which was emphasised to me by a recent coffee with a cherished old Director of Studies, both of us a generation on but both still with mischievous glints in the eyes.'

1994
Sarah Simojoki (née Simons) and Tapani Simojoki (1995) live in Fareham, Hampshire, where Tapani is pastor of the Lutheran church, and Sarah works as a learning support assistant and English teacher in a junior school. They have four teenage children, the eldest of whom is in her first year reading English at Pembroke.

2008
Will O'Hara writes with the news that he married Melanie Wood in Chicago, Illinois, on 31 July 2021.



Poet's Corner



Alex Houen is an Associate Professor in the Faculty of English, and is a Fellow of Pembroke, where he is also Editor of the *Martlet*. His first full collection of poetry was *Ring Cycle* (Eyewear, 2018), and his most recent collection is a chapbook, *Malapartings* (Equipage, 2021), which features poems inspired by those of Curzio Malaparte. He also co-edits the online poetry journal *Blackbox Manifold*.

On Balance

for my daughter, aged 2

Morning is a family trip to a troglodyte city
of caves to picture how the Neolithics
were always between a rock and hard
people. I take a long shot
of you looking minute out to hills and river —
it looks as though the cave is set to chew
you into view. When you let the camera drop
our faces fall. Some instant distance never stops
feeling like the more you
try to cross it sadly it will never
let you bridge it. No wonder humans rarely dwell long out-
side of rectangles these days. Then we remembered
the nearby zoo's endangered kebabs ('Susliks'?)
and fell back to making up our trogloditty

about those birds that looked like massive dusky muscatels.

Caves, trees, clouds, trucks, snakes,
birds, lily pads, dragonflies, fish —

is it because they seem never to fall
that you have so much time for these things?

I think a soul, like a snake, is only the matter
that's living as it: precarious, innocent, irrevocable, enveloping
what it's not until it seems there's no stopping
the little life it stretches to. Think of water
scattering like mercury into tiny quivering
mutable lenses that make up more than its total
when dropped onto a lotus leaf. Think of the flash
of astonishment in Poussin's *Landscape with a Man Killed by a Snake* —
how the man recoiling at the scene repeats in muscles

of his limbs the undulations of corpse and snake.

By evening the morning's changed into a primal
scene: you surrounding your own falls with comic walk;
a Sifaka monkey in flouncy pyjamas
prancing round a trampoline. A red kite circling its chance
as lizards ampersand the sun for shade.

I don't pray like Yeats that you'll turn out to be
someone with thoughts like a 'linnet'; someone who's a 'hidden tree'.
I just hope you'll keep throwing yourself open as water made
more gifted, more charismatic, by its accident.

Beware those who bare their daily dramas
as a shelf-life or endless exile of the face. Beware all talk
of despair: every body harbours ways of balancing what's truly dismal
with a bouncing off the day that never breaks.

