

pelican

The magazine of Corpus Christi College Cambridge



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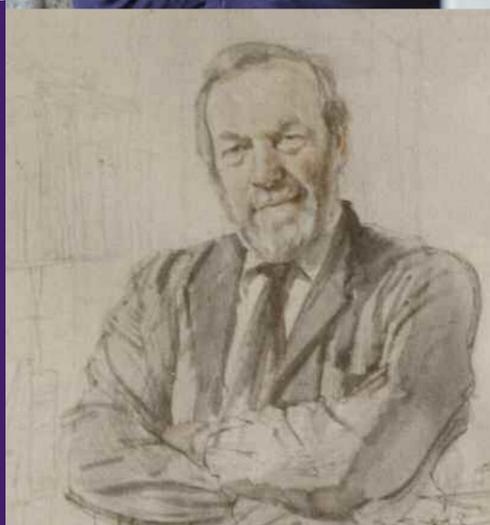
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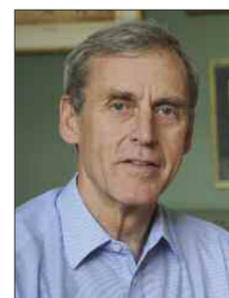
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Master's Introduction



A year ago I wrote a foreword to a *Pelican* issue with special focus on Leckhampton; and this summer it's our top news in the College. The new building is complete, and all agree that it fits in excellently with its surroundings and promises to provide first-class accommodation for our students. Its first occupants will be those who are having to vacate the George Thomson building, which is due for a major refurbishment – the 50-year curse of a 1960s listed building! But it does mean that, in a year from now, and after redecoration of our house in Trumpington Street, all our student accommodation will be in top-notch condition. We are being honoured with a visit by our Visitor, the University

Chancellor Lord Sainsbury, who will open the new building at Leckhampton in mid-September. We shall have some pictures of the ceremony to show you in the Michaelmas edition. It is still not too late to become a Founder Member (if you would like to make a donation of £250 or more), or to dig into deeper pockets, if you have them, to have a room at Leckhampton named after you.

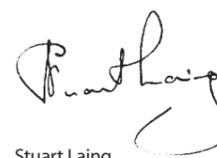
Another September event we're looking forward to is a visit to Hong Kong with one of our Honorary Fellows, Sir Terence Etherton, in order to meet Corpus alumni from China and South East Asia. This will be an occasion to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Nicholas Bacon Society, our society for Corpus lawyers. And this will be the first time we have staged an alumni event in the East. I should add a special word of thanks to Corpus lawyers, who have contributed generously to the Nicholas Bacon Fund, the revenue from which goes to help students in need. We have some photos of the 40th Nicholas Bacon Society dinner on page 39 of this *Pelican*.

We hope you will enjoy this summer edition of the *Pelican*. Congratulations to our editor, Elizabeth Winter, who has produced a series of really interesting articles, including interviews with two of our knighted alumni, Stephen Lamport and Mark Elder, interviewed by two of our eminent journalist alumni, Robert McCrum and Simon Heffer. Stephen was my colleague in the Foreign Office, and Mark my contemporary at Corpus; and it's a pleasure to see their lives and achievements celebrated, and illustrated, in this *Pelican* and we are very grateful to Robert and Simon for giving their time and skill to produce such interesting features for the magazine. There are also interesting articles about the late Ray Page, a much-loved lecturer and researcher in Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic studies; about Emma Spary, one of our team of historians who have inspired our history students to excellent results this summer; and Old Member Tim Carter explains why he wants students to better understand the field of disease prevention.

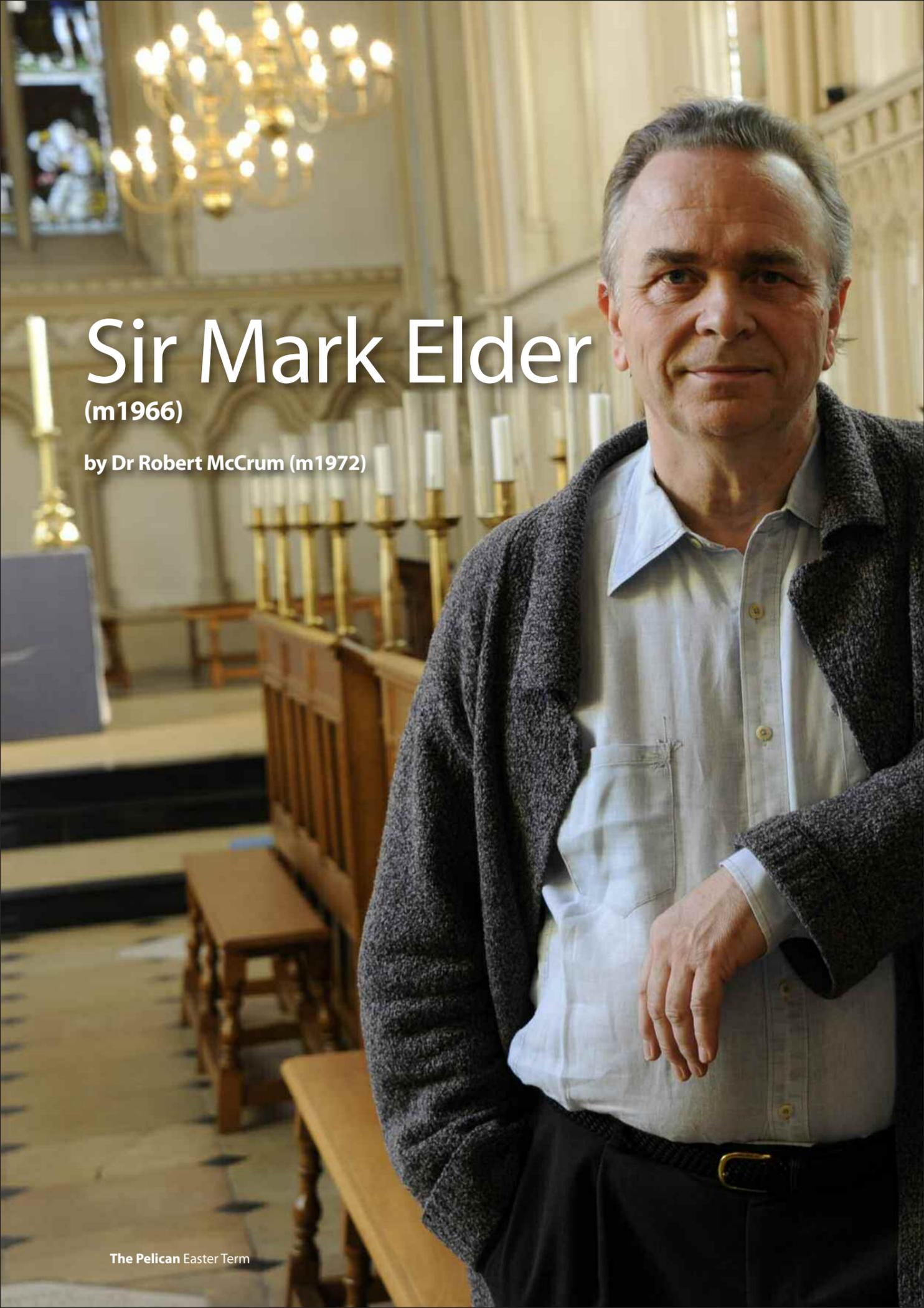
Looking at the articles about our students, I have no doubt that you will enjoy the pieces by marathon-runner Rob Payne, Uzbek Japanologist Sherzed Muminov, and Ryan Harper, the first of our Dyson scholars. Sir James Dyson generously funds a post-graduate student in engineering, in memory of his father, a Corpus alumnus.

I can't finish this introduction without mentioning our exceptional exam results this year. The College achieved third place in the Tompkins table, rising from twelfth place last year. Congratulations to all our students, lecturers, and directors of studies for this superb result.

We hope you will enjoy this *Pelican*; and we hope also that you will come back to the College, for example by taking dinner at High Table with some of your friends. Our community is a stimulating one, and becomes all the more interesting when Old Members join us.


Stuart Laing





Sir Mark Elder

(m1966)

by Dr Robert McCrum (m1972)

This summer an extraordinary orchestra will assemble for the first time at Snape, Aldeburgh in Suffolk, under the baton of Sir Mark Elder. The musicians, from all over the world, auditioned on YouTube and will meet for the first time in Aldeburgh. Created for the London 2012 Festival, the Aldeburgh World Orchestra will spend two weeks with Elder rehearsing music by Britten, Shostakovich, Mahler and Stravinsky, as well as a new work by Charlotte Bray, an Aldeburgh Young Musician alumna. This venture is the latest demonstration by Elder of his commitment to young musicians and bringing music to wider audiences. Today, Elder is one of a handful of truly outstanding international conductors whose charismatic performances on the concert platform or opera house engage audiences everywhere. He has had a remarkable career to date. But as he tells Robert McCrum, he knew even as a very young boy that music would be his life.

When Mark Elder was ten years old, and a chorister at prep school in Canterbury, he was taken to Glyndebourne, where he fell in love. 'It was,' he says, 'the first theatre I ever went into, and really it changed my life. I became captivated by the idea of theatre'. He pauses in recollection. 'I adored the smell of Glyndebourne,' he says.

Today, we are meeting in the Master's Lodge. Late winter sun floods the sitting room, and Elder is describing how he came to Corpus in 1966, (from Bryanston, and prep school in Canterbury). 'Corpus gave me a music scholarship,' he says, 'because they wanted to have a music scholar. My director of studies, David Willcocks, was actually across the road at King's.' The College already had a proud record of producing outstanding musicians, as Elder is pleased to recognise. He mentions one or two distinguished contemporaries such as John Pryce-Jones (m1965) and Edward Higginbottom (m1966). Elder's move to Corpus was the satisfying culmination of a thorough apprenticeship. 'I knew throughout my teens, instinctively, that I had to be a musician. I was a chorister in Canterbury and when I was young I played both the piano and the bassoon. From the beginning, I always loved the sensation of making music within a large group.'

Elder's parents had made good choices for their son, but neither could have anticipated the outcome of their educational decisions. His father was a dentist 'with very little appreciation for the arts', according to Elder, 'though he was very religious, and my being a chorister appealed to him.' His mother, on the other hand, 'was a music lover.' And so, by the age of ten, Mark Elder was not just a chorister, but a young musician who was discovering that the world of music was his future.

In anticipation of our meeting, I had wondered, in an abstract sort of way, about the career path of a young conductor. How do you decide to pick up the baton, and start bossing an orchestra? At what point do you move from the music desk to the podium? Elder's account of his career attributes his success to an evolution of taste and experience.

'Being a chorister,' he says, 'exposes you to the rigour and daily routine of music. I also learned to read anything at sight. At a very young age — ten, eleven, twelve — I was learning musical discipline and responsibility.' Every chorister's path was different. One of his fellow choristers was the wine specialist, Oz Clarke. But Elder also experienced a vocation. 'I knew what we were doing was something special,' he says, speaking of his schooldays at Canterbury, 'and it gave me something I never wanted to be apart from.' Today, the striking quality of the mature man, the residue of that training, is the intense discipline and dedication involved in being a conductor. But Elder conceals a passionate side, too. 'I cried and cried when I realised my voice was breaking,' he says.

Through a combination of luck and determination, he made the transition from the cathedral world of boy soprano into a much wider musical world that embraced not only his newly discovered baritone voice, but also opera, symphonies, concertos, chamber music. His biggest career decision as a very young man about to leave school was: College or Conservatoire? (Ivory tower or rehearsal room?) When he won a music scholarship to Corpus everything fell into perspective, giving him 'the realisation that I didn't want to spend my life playing the bassoon.'

Cambridge, however, was not exactly a natural choice. 'I was never terribly academic,' he confesses, 'I was sort of OK.' He took a while to find his feet, and he says that his first few terms were a struggle. 'My beginnings here were not happy,' he repeats. 'The music course didn't turn me on.'

Possibly, this was a blessing in disguise, because at this early stage he was still a would-be musician not a conductor. In what he calls 'this time of limbo' he began to look outside the narrow confines of the music course. 'I was,' he says, 'drawn away from academic study towards performance.'

It was, in fact, as a humble bassoonist that he first got involved in undergraduate opera at the Arts Theatre. Telling the story of his conversion to opera against himself, he describes how he had come home to find his mother in a state of mystified excitement on her son's behalf. 'A Mr Snowman rang, dear. They want you to be part of something called — I think I've got this right — *Ariadne Auf Naxos* by Strauss.'

Young Mark Elder was as puzzled by this message as his mum. 'I thought Strauss wrote the *Blue Danube*,' he remembers. 'I had never heard of Richard Strauss. I didn't know who Ariadne was. *Auf* meant nothing. And I had even less idea about Naxos.'

But Elder immediately said yes to the invitation. 'I was incredibly excited.' After that he discovered 'an absolute yearning to find out more about opera, which had become the most exciting thing in my life.'

In hindsight, perhaps this was not such a surprise. Elder had done a lot of acting at school, and also in his first terms at Cambridge. Were there no other distractions? No love-affairs, no girls? He shakes his head. 'I had no real girlfriends in Cambridge,' he says, 'I was a late developer!'

He did form, however, lasting friendships with many of his contemporaries. One such was David Pountney, a John's man with whom he became friends for life. 'We both had a dream of putting on a show, and one summer at his house,' Elder recalls, 'we just said to each other, 'Let's do this. Let's put on an opera.' So we did, me conducting and David directing and, you know, inventing the idea of putting on an opera was one of the most rewarding things that ever happened to me. It was Scarlatti's comic opera *The Triumph of Honour* and we did it at the beginning of my second year. It was a degree of creativity I'd never had before.'

'The marriage of music and drama on that ADC stage was showing me the future...' he continues. 'It was a stepping stone into the profession.' Later, he and Pountney put on Smetana's *The Kiss*, and by the end of his final year, Elder was doing Rossini and Kurt Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins*, in the Cambridge Festival.

His first paid job was on the music staff at the Glyndebourne Festival (for which he was paid £24 a week). He was there for two summers, in 1969 and 1970, and then he was invited to audition for Covent Garden. There he met the conductor Edward Downes who had just been appointed as music

director of the Australian Opera. 'We worked together very happily in London, and one day Ted invited me to go to Sydney with him.'

Ted was more than a mentor, he was 'an encourager'. He could be blunt and short-tempered, but he was above all a worker. And so was Elder. 'I owe Ted such an incredible amount,' he says, 'and we became very close friends.'

As for Australia, he admits 'it took me the first year to accept the country for what it was. In the second year, I fell in love with it and formed a bond with it that exists to this day.'

Australia was the ideal place for a trainee conductor to make mistakes, try things out, and find his feet. The country was a mirror to the young maestro, making the transition away from its former dependent Commonwealth status into the dynamic society we know today. 'Yet in the early 1970s,' Elder remembers, 'I saw a list of Government portfolios in the Australian press. The last one listed was, unbelievably, Environment, Aboriginals and — the Arts.'

However, this was the era of the birth of the Sydney Opera House and the placing of Australian opera on the world stage. 'When I arrived,' says Elder, 'the Sydney Opera House was a famous building site, but by August 1973 it opened, and on the second night I conducted Verdi's *Nabucco*. It was an amazing experience.'

A year later, when he returned to the UK from Australia, he joined the English National Opera under the charismatic leadership of George Harewood. In May 1979, as Britain was about to vote Margaret Thatcher into office, Harewood confided to Elder 'I want you to be the next music director.' Elder thought he had two years to prepare. But by December, his predecessor had resigned and Elder found himself with just two weeks to get ready.

This was to become a golden era for the ENO. Elder suggested David Pountney as Director of Productions; a few years later Peter Jonas was appointed Managing Director to follow Lord Harewood who then became Chairman. Elder's dream team was finally in place. He was just 35 years old.

During the 1980s the ENO staged some remarkable, cutting-edge productions. Dvořák's *Rusalka*, Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, Berg's *Wozzeck* and Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* were all presented in dramatically new ways. There were also memorable, landmark productions of Handel's *Xerxes*, Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Britten's *Billy Budd*.

During his time at the ENO Elder took the company on hugely successful tours both to the USA where they performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and to Russia - to Moscow, Kiev and St Petersburg. In 1991 he was awarded an Olivier Award for his work with the ENO.



However, after a wonderful 12 years at the Coliseum, he began to yearn to have his own British orchestra, one he could build and shape within a community. 'I felt that if music was to grow in this country,' he says, 'we needed to work out how music is perceived in ordinary people's lives. One could never effect much change in London. The public is too big and too international. Only in a more intimate city could one really explore how an orchestra fitted into the broader picture of the community.'

All through the 1980s, he had been close to Simon Rattle while he was in Birmingham, and the two of them had often shared the problems of running an orchestra. By the early '90s, however, Elder wanted a break from institutions, and felt he needed to spread his wings. Accordingly, having left the ENO, he accepted commissions to conduct all over the world. He was already music director of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra in Rochester, NY, the home of Kodak. Otherwise, he was globe-trotting, like every international musician.

This could not last. 'I needed a base,' he says, looking back. 'I think I'm good in a long-term relationship.' In 1999, rather to his surprise, the leaders of the Hallé Orchestra came knocking at his door. At first, he said no - and a no from Mark Elder is usually a decisive thing. 'I wouldn't agree to do it until the finances were secure,' he says firmly.





'I had to be convinced that the city's leaders really wanted to renew the Hallé. The orchestra had to look into the abyss. They had to realise that being saved wasn't automatic. The orchestra – who were not a happy bunch – had to change their attitude.'

Gradually, increasingly persuasive approaches by the Hallé were made, and suddenly, it began to look like a possibility. 'I thought, if this could be made to work,' he says, looking back on his decision to take on what seemed to many like a poisoned chalice, 'it was what I had always wanted: a marvellous orchestra serving a community.' Elder was not oblivious to the past. The legacy of Hallé himself and Barbirolli was remarkable. It was a very much *loved* orchestra within Manchester. Despite its crisis, somehow it had not lost its inner energy.' By the turn of the millennium, he was installed at the helm, and getting a reputation for new ideas about repertoire, concert performance, and style. He began to engage directly with the audience, explaining points about the piece they were to hear, building a relationship and drawing them in.

His time at the Hallé has been transformative for the orchestra, raising its profile both at home and internationally and leading it to the highest critical acclaim and several awards. During his tenth anniversary with the orchestra they performed a complete cycle of Mahler symphonies which marked the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth. He has conducted the Hallé in tours in Brazil, Chile and Argentina, Germany, Austria and Spain.

Apart from his directorship of the Hallé, Elder has enjoyed successful operatic engagements at the Met in New York, Opéra National de Paris, Glyndebourne, the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Teatro Comunale, Florence and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. He also conducted a highly acclaimed performance of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* in concert with the Hallé. Music critic Dominic McHugh wrote of the concert: 'Although it was largely a musical triumph from start to finish, the Hallé's concert performance of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* was perhaps more significant as a statement about the role of the orchestra in Manchester... Elder's inspired leadership was unquestionably the foundation on which the performance was built.'

With all his achievements and success, which include a CBE in 1989 and a knighthood in 2008, he remains an avid worker. When he takes on a new score, he says 'I'm a great believer in letting it marinate. I'll do it bit by bit. I learn the score like a script.' Unlike some conductors, he has no problem with listening to previous recordings, and insists that the text holds the key. 'The best opera conducting comes from the text,' he says. 'It must come from the words. I speak Italian, French and German, but it can get difficult in Polish.'

Our conversation drifts into the relative merits of different venues. He hasn't returned to the Sydney Opera House ('the pit is too small'). The Coliseum, long and barn-like, is 'not easy for Mozart, but it works very well for Wagner.' Covent Garden is 'great for the Italians'. He loves the

Bridgewater Hall in Manchester which not surprisingly, he believes 'is better than Birmingham'. What about his favourite venue? Apparently, the Musikverein in Vienna is 'exciting', but in the UK it's 'a little known secret' that the Royal Concert hall in Nottingham though 'not so great to look at, is perfect for music. Inside, it's a beautiful hall, with a wonderful audience'. Again, the key thing for Elder is that he and the Hallé have developed a relationship with Nottingham over many years. 'Musicians,' he says, 'have a responsibility to promote live music, to reach out to the next generation, and to develop the sense of connection with the audience.'

We all know what it's like to be in a concert hall for a thrilling concert, to experience the seduction of great music. What, I wondered, is it like to conduct an orchestra at full tilt, to ride on the crest of that musical tsunami? There's a pause.

I know, from the cuttings, that he's described himself as 'quite a physical conductor'. He once met Sir Adrian Boult backstage at the Royal Albert Hall after a rehearsal, when they were sharing a Prom. It was a baking hot summer's morning. Boult was wearing a freshly ironed light blue shirt, and Boult, who did not perspire, remarked to Elder 'I see you're one of the sweaty ones!' Now in answer to my question about what it is like to conduct an orchestra at full

tilt, he says: 'It's the realization that the balance of energy between the conductor and the orchestra has to be perfectly poised. When it unfolds as it should, when the energy between me and them, them and me, is right, it's thrilling. The art of conducting is finding the perfect balance between head and heart. We all have to strive for a synthesis of emotion and rigour. There has to be this equilibrium between precision and passion.'

This equilibrium between rigour and passion to which Elder's audiences respond so enthusiastically was articulated well in a citation by the Royal Philharmonic Society when he was named Conductor of the Year, in 2006. Whilst noting that he had fostered exceptional musical standards, it went on to say he had created pride at every level of the organizations he led, and enthralled audiences with both the sheer impact of his music making and his passionate advocacy for music.

Our time is almost up, but before the winter sun falls too low, we move from the Master's Lodge to the Chapel to take some photos, and Elder stops for a moment by the choir stalls. He is clearly at ease back in this small, unchanging section of College. He looks around for a while, then turns to the photographer, who asks him if he likes being back in Cambridge. 'Yes. Yes, I do. It was here, you know, that so much started.'

Robert McCrum is a writer and editor, and Associate Editor of The Observer.

Sir Stephen Lamport (m1970)

by Dr Simon Heffer (m1979)

FOR A MAN WHOSE FIRST AMBITION WAS TO BE AN ACADEMIC HISTORIAN, SIR STEPHEN LAMPORT HAS ENDED UP BEING A WITNESS TO SOME RATHER REMARKABLE MOMENTS IN HISTORY.

Stephen Lamport was in our embassy in Tehran in 1979 when protestors tried to burn it down. He was The Prince of Wales's private secretary when Diana, Princess of Wales, was killed in a car crash in Paris in 1997. He was at Royal Bank of Scotland for five years under 'Fred the Shred' Goodwin, until he left a few months before the bank's crash in 2008. Most recently, he was in charge of the arrangements for the wedding of The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge in Westminster Abbey. And none of this was remotely in the plan.

'I've had a career that's been rather unpredictable and unplanned,' Sir Stephen tells me in his book-lined office in the Chapter Office at Westminster Abbey, where he is the Receiver General. 'I went up to Corpus in 1970 with a tremendous love of history, which I still have, and the idea was that if I did well enough I would stay on and do research – and that was my firm intention at the time. But Corpus then had a great part in shaping what went on later in my career.'

'A new master arrived at the start of my second term in the form of Sir Duncan Wilson. He had just retired as our man in Moscow, and I got to know him and his wife very well during my time at Corpus. He was kind, he was generous, he was immensely wise, and he was very encouraging and supportive. It was through him that I conceived the idea of joining the Foreign Office.'

Sir Stephen professes a great debt to Sir Duncan. 'He opened to me a world I'd had no previous connection with at all. It was what he had been, and done, that really inspired me.'

He had travelled relatively little, apart from a gap year in Iran working in a copper mine. He was not a modern linguist. Of his three years at Corpus he says: 'I probably worked too hard – but I thoroughly enjoyed the work – and I owe to Chris Andrew, who was my director of studies, the fact that I was put in supervisions with some extraordinarily interesting people – such as Quentin Skinner, who supervised me for two terms on political theory. They were one to one supervisions. We'd start with a full bottle of dry sherry and finish when the bottle was empty. They were happy days. I made a lot of friends at Corpus, to some of whom I'm still very close. I was a grammar school boy, and Corpus opened up a whole new world for me.'

He passed the Foreign Office exams and completed the entry procedure. Unusually – and with Wilson's help – he deferred entry for a year, while he studied at the University of Sussex, doing a degree in international relations: his thesis was on the Prague Spring.

In 1974 he embarked upon 15 years at the Foreign Office. 'I had interesting jobs and served in interesting places. I found myself part of a world that had a remarkable sense of common purpose. It was a very special environment in which to work. It was a world in which one was working with people of extraordinary intelligence.'

The FO did not keep him idle. 'Within 10 days of joining I was on a plane to New York, and served out the year at the General Assembly of the UN. I came back for 9 months doing some rather dreary UN work – but then I was posted to Iran.'

Was this because of his experience in the copper-mine? 'No, it was just a bit of Foreign Office whimsy. I spent just over 4 years in Tehran. I was there for the fall of the Shah and the arrival of Khomeini, and the first year of a new, very narrow-minded and difficult regime.'

Being a British diplomat during the revolution was testing. 'Britain was very close to the Shah, and the Shah was toppled by a mass movement of protest which regarded Britain as a prime enemy.' November 5 1978 has lodged in his memory, 'when the crowd burst through the gates and set fire to the embassy building, in which we were all trapped on the top floor. We were there for about an hour as the flames licked around the building. Eventually they let us out and the fire brigade arrived, but not before a substantial part of the building was wrecked. It was not a comfortable time, but it was an exciting one. It showed me that when it comes to it, even the most autocratic ruler depends on popular consent to rule, and when that consent goes, the regime crumbles.'

He had met his future wife, Angela, in New York, and by coincidence she was posted by the Foreign Office to Tehran in the middle of the revolution. 'We got engaged in the ambassador's garden in the summer of 1979, and came back just before the US hostage crisis. In the end the British embassy packed up and was put under the protection of the Swedes. It had been the biggest British mission in the Middle East. She and I were among the last 12 left. They were not easy times.'



He became Iran desk officer in London, a job he held when the Iranian embassy siege – famously broken up by the SAS – took place. ‘I used to go to all the Cobra meetings,’ he says, referring to the Whitehall committee of officials and politicians that deals with security crises. A by-product of this was that it was at one such meeting he first encountered Douglas Hurd, then the Foreign Office Minister of State in charge of the Middle East.

Sir Stephen said he found Hurd ‘quite intimidating’ to start with, and when he heard he was looking for a new

book’. Sir Stephen was intrigued by the prospect, and luckily had some inspiration. ‘I was walking the dog on a frosty day after Christmas when the plot came into my mind. Douglas and I developed it on a trip to Sri Lanka and the Maldives. The book worked, I think, because we understood how each other’s mind worked. It was called *The Palace of Enchantments* and was essentially a tale of failure.’ How did they split up the work? ‘We agreed we’d write the bits we felt most comfortable with. I wrote the scenes set abroad and in the family, Douglas wrote the political and governmental

helping to decide where to post them. One day the call came to replace the deputy private secretary to The Prince of Wales. He went to talk to the incumbent to see what the job entailed, in judging who might be recommended for it. ‘It was a job about which I knew nothing, but which sounded completely fascinating. I was due to be posted quite soon, and I decided to put my own name up for it.’

The Foreign Office recommended four candidates. ‘I was summoned up to Sandringham one dank, dark

Peterborough, to be told that the Prince wanted me to do the job.’

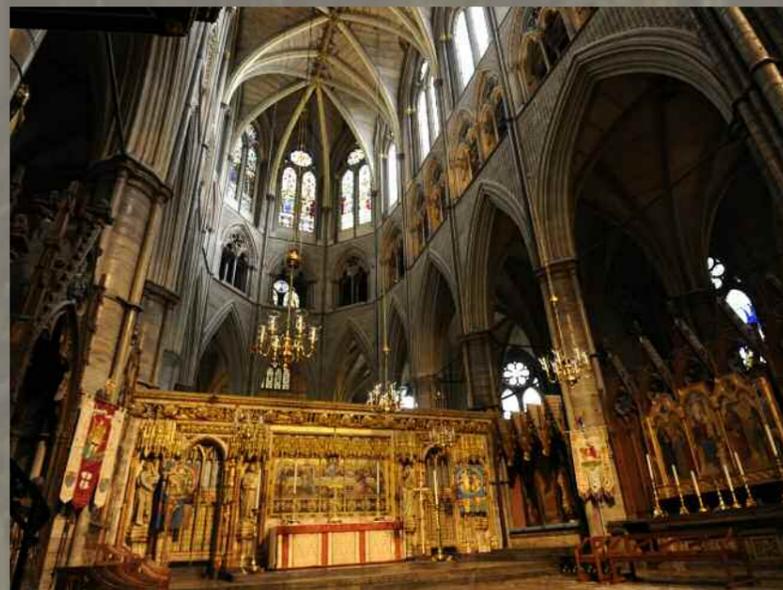
He was seconded for the usual period of two years which (as was also not unusual) was extended. ‘But then the private secretary left, and I was asked to succeed him – and I did that job for six and a half years, so I was with the Prince for nearly 10 years altogether.’ He says they were ‘immensely satisfying, colourful years. One felt one was doing something of real value.’

But they were also years of drama and crisis. ‘The Princess of Wales was killed

hard and tough it was I had a very powerful sense that it mattered; to go on helping, and to go on doing one’s best. And the Prince’s reputation was turned round.’ He has a high regard for his former boss. He admires ‘the way the Prince relates to individuals, the way in which he takes up with such passion and determination causes that are important to him, the way in which, despite how he is perceived, he has an extraordinarily informal and personal way, and a very powerful and winning way with people.’ Referring to the disadvantaged young people the Prince meets through the work of the

wanted to know how it worked, and to have something that added to my experience. I was offered a job as a director of RBS, to set up a relationship for the bank with government both here and in Brussels. I went for two years and stayed for five.

‘At the time I thought I had achieved quite a lot; that was before the great crash of 2008. But I knew that working in the City wasn’t what I was here to do, it wasn’t a world I particularly enjoyed, and it wasn’t a world that made the best use of me. So I stepped down from the bank at the end of



private secretary was surprised to be interviewed. ‘We had a chat, and he offered me the job – and I had two deeply fascinating years working for a remarkable man whom I respected extremely, and with whom I became close friends. We ended up writing a novel together, and we travelled a lot in the Middle and Far East and to America.’

Hurd was very used to writing fiction with somebody else – he had had a collaborator in the past – and it was on a train one day from Brussels to Strasbourg that he said to Sir Stephen ‘I think you and I ought to write a

stuff. If you read the novel, though, I don’t think you would be able to spot two different hands.’

The writing bug has not passed. ‘One day I shall do it again, on my own,’ he says. I ask him whether he has kept a diary. ‘Yes,’ he admits. ‘It will be one of my retirement projects.’

Once Hurd moved on to the Home Office in 1983 Sir Stephen worked for Malcolm Rifkind, and then was posted to Rome in 1984 for four years. On his return from Italy he found himself planning the careers of senior members of the Foreign Office and

November afternoon. I’d met The Prince of Wales once before, in Rome. Now, he was on his own. We had tea together in his study, and a very interesting conversation lasting three quarters of an hour. I thought to myself immediately afterwards that if I didn’t get the job, the interview had been a very remarkable experience in itself.’

However, before the car taking him from Sandringham had even reached Peterborough station for the train back to London the driver’s pager went off, telling him to ask his passenger to ring the Prince’s private secretary – this was before mobile phones. ‘I rang from

in Paris. The Prince’s reputation at the time faced huge challenges.’ Was there ever a moment when he just put his head in his hands and wondered why he was doing that job? ‘No, there wasn’t. It’s a world you can’t really be prepared for from the outside because it’s like nothing you have experienced. By the time the Princess was killed I’d been with The Prince of Wales for four and a half years. However difficult it was – and it was at times extremely difficult – what kept me going, and what stopped me putting my head in my hands, was the importance of getting things right, and the sense I could contribute something worthwhile. And however

Prince’s Trust, Sir Stephen says ‘his ability to understand and help those people is huge. The way he’s done his job has helped the family at large to move on. He is an inspirational and extraordinary person to work for.’

However, at the end of his decade with the Prince he saw there was no going back to Whitehall. ‘After a certain amount of time you can’t actually go back – not least because nobody knows what you are doing. The world had changed, the Foreign Office had changed, and I decided to move on.’ He went, instead, to the City. ‘I hadn’t had any direct experience of it and I

2007 – interesting timing as it turned out – without quite knowing what I was going to do afterwards. But I knew that when the right job came about I would recognise it.’

A friend told him at the time that the period of not knowing what would happen next ought actually to be quite useful – ‘like purgatory – a necessary state before going to a better world.’ Then, his father saw an advertisement in *The Times* for the new Receiver General for Westminster Abbey. ‘It is one of the great unknown jobs of this country,’ he says. ‘I was shortlisted, interviewed and appointed.’

'The job is marvellous, because it has huge variety, huge meaning, to run and get right a hugely important national institution – the national shrine, the coronation church, the Queen's church. It's a royal peculiar, it has no accountability to the Archbishop or the Bishop of London, only directly to the sovereign – and that has been the case for the last 450 years, although every monarch since the Conquest has been crowned here.'

His responsibilities are widespread 'I am essentially the Chief Executive. I am responsible for everything that is non-liturgical – people, fabric, finance, fundraising, policy, relations with the palaces and with the government. We employ 200 people, and have 500 volunteers. We are entirely self-supporting – we get no help from anybody. We have about a million paying visitors a year, and another half million people coming to services – our annual income is about £10-11m. That is enough for us to keep going on a day-to-day basis. It pays for our basic functions as a national church and it

pays for the upkeep of the fabric. Parts of the Abbey are 1,000 years old, and any fabric intervention is hugely expensive. But the need is constant.'

His greatest challenge in the job so far was the Royal wedding last year.

His greatest challenge in the job so far was the Royal Wedding last year. 'We knew in the beginning of December – so we had almost five months to prepare. When the engagement was announced there was a period of about three weeks before a decision about the venue was made. During that time we had a private visit from Catherine Middleton, to have a look at a place she didn't know at all. I think the couple chose the Abbey because it's a combination of a building of staggering beauty and real intimacy, and that appealed to them.'

There was an enormous amount to do, and not just because of the wedding. 'The life of the Abbey had to go on, and it did. The wedding was 29 April, a week after Easter, which is the biggest liturgical festival of the year. We'd had the Maundy service with the Queen in the Abbey a week before. Then, on Easter Monday, we'd had the annual Anzac service, and that was three days before the Royal wedding.'

'I chaired planning meetings once a week here, and there was a much larger central planning committee in Clarence House that I attended. That met with increasing frequency the closer we got to the wedding – it included people from the palaces, Whitehall, the police, the Army, the Abbey, everybody – the wedding was a huge collective effort, the sort this country does better than anybody, anywhere.'

Obviously, his main concern was that the Abbey part of the day should run like clockwork. 'For us of course the centrepiece was the service. It had to be perfect. On the day 2.2 billion



people – one in three of the world's population – watched the wedding. It worked because it had been meticulously planned to the last detail.

'I remember coming into the Abbey very early on the morning of the wedding. It had been very still overnight, the red carpet had been laid only the night before, the trees and flowers were all in place, the trees had lily of the valley around their bases and the scent was heavy in the Abbey. I remember thinking that actually, barring the cataclysmically unexpected, there was no reason why the day shouldn't be a terrific success.'

You would expect me to hand on some legacy of how to do it right...

He senses he knows why it worked: it managed to be a magnificent public, but also intensely private, event simultaneously. 'The Abbey is a series of small Gothic spaces, and even though the church was full with 2000 people, the couple were married in the beautiful, enclosed Sacrarium in front of the High Altar, surrounded by people they knew, who occupied a rather enclosed, intimate space. It was deeply moving as well as stunningly beautiful.'

He had worked from no blueprint. 'It was planned from day one as a totally new, novel event.' Has he prepared notes for a successor, for when such an event has to happen again? 'You would expect me to hand on some legacy of how to do it right,' he says.

He has two immediate projects taking the Abbey into the future. The first is a restaurant beneath the Chapter Office, the first of its kind for the Abbey, which will add to the fundraising potential and improve the quality of their time in the Abbey for visitors. That is near completion. 'A bigger project, over the next four or five years, is to open up the triforium – the first floor level of the Abbey that is part of the Henry III church. It is never used and has been for 600 years a dumping ground.'

'It will be a wonderful place to put our museum, to display things we can't normally show – manuscripts, glass, vestments, records, other artefacts – and when you are up there it gives you the most fantastic view over parliament and the rest of the Abbey. Betjeman called it the best view in Europe. It is. It will be genuinely transformational to the visitor's experience of the Abbey. But first, we have to raise the money to do it. The project will be quite a triumph.'

Does all this ever give him sleepless nights? He denies being the type. 'Never, I don't do that. Never in all my career have I done that.' Given the tasks he has had over the years, it is probably just as well.

Simon Heffer is Editor, Mail Comment Online and political columnist for the Daily Mail.

Professor Raymond Page (1924–2012)

by Dr Elizabeth Boyle (m2002)

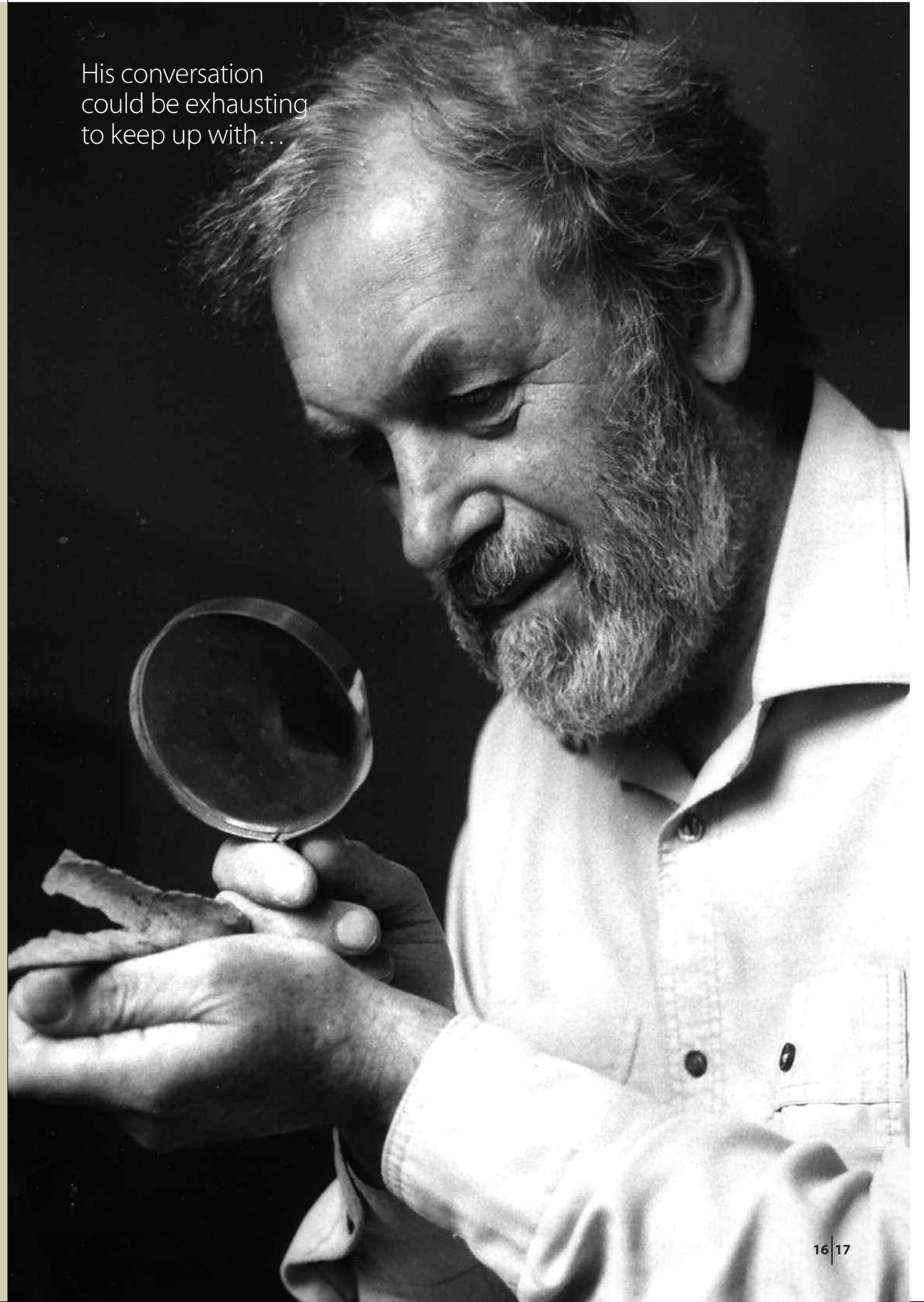
PROFESSOR RAYMOND PAGE (M1962), A LIFE FELLOW OF CORPUS, DIED IN MARCH AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF ILL-HEALTH. PROFESSOR PAGE WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING EXPERTS ON RUNES, THE WRITING-SYSTEM USED IN GERMANIC SOCIETIES FROM THE ROMAN PERIOD ONWARDS. IN PARTICULAR, HE SPECIALISED IN DECIPHERING, AND INTERPRETING, THE RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND, THEREBY UNLOCKING A VITAL SOURCE OF EVIDENCE FOR THE EARLY HISTORY OF BRITAIN. BUT THIS WAS BY NO MEANS HIS ONLY INTEREST, AND HE WAS WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS WIDE-RANGING CONTRIBUTIONS TO MEDIEVAL HISTORY, PHILOLOGY (THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES), PALAEOGRAPHY (THE STUDY OF WRITING), AND CODICOLOGY (THE STUDY OF BOOKS).

Ray was born in Sheffield in 1924, where he was educated at King Edward VII School. During World War II he became a mechanical engineer and served in the Navy. After the war, he went to study English at the University of Sheffield. He subsequently studied in Denmark, and then became a lecturer at the University of Nottingham, where he also completed his PhD in 1959. He remained there until 1962, when he came to Cambridge – to the Department of Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic (ASNC) as a University Lecturer, and to Corpus as a Fellow. He was appointed Fellow Librarian of the Parker Library in 1965, and in 1984 was elected to the Elrington and Bosworth Chair of Anglo-Saxon. He retired in 1991, but continued to publish for many years thereafter.

Corpus is, of course, internationally renowned for its unrivalled collection of manuscripts, ranging from unique copies of Anglo-Saxon texts through to superbly illustrated medieval Arabic fables. Most famous of all, perhaps, is the sixth-century Gospels of St Augustine, reputed to have been brought to England by St Augustine of Canterbury as part of his mission to convert the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. One of Ray's great responsibilities as Parker Librarian was to

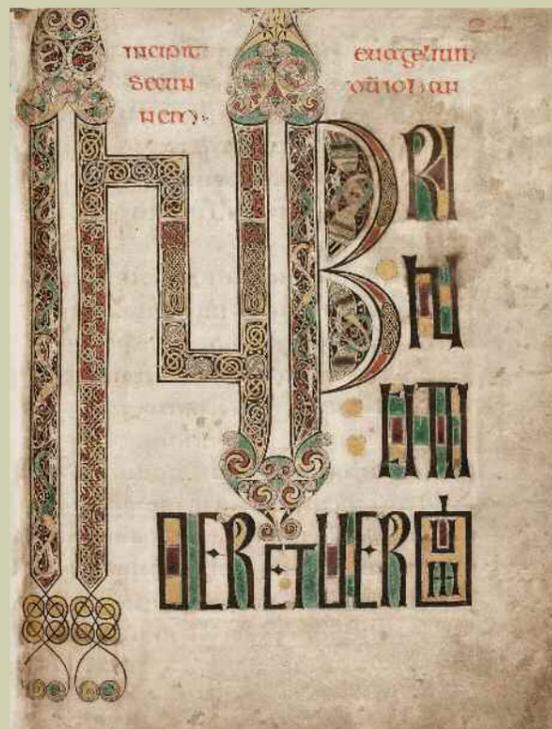
accompany the manuscript to Canterbury for the swearing-in of new archbishops of Canterbury, or for the visit of Pope John Paul II in 1982 (for the latter, Ray claimed to have tucked one of Corpus's other treasures – a copy of the Thirty-Nine Articles, the defining document of Protestantism in England – inside the flyleaf of the Gospels, which, if true, would be a characteristically iconoclastic act). Ray took his role as guardian of the Parker collection very seriously, and regarded the preservation of the manuscripts as being of the utmost importance. The consequences of this focus on preservation were twofold: on the one hand, scholarship now abounds with stories of various eminent researchers whose egos were bruised by being denied access to the Parker collection; but on the other, Ray was responsible for setting up the College's flagship manuscript conservation studio, which in turn led to the establishment of the Cambridge Colleges Conservation Consortium. He may have been characterised equally as 'the kindly silver-haired librarian' and 'the silver-haired master of silver-tongued vituperation', but his role in ensuring that Cambridge's many priceless manuscripts will be looked after for generations to come was of incalculable importance.

His conversation
could be exhausting
to keep up with...



Ray's scholarship was in some way shaped by his work at Corpus and, as noted in his obituary in *The Daily Telegraph* (22 March 2012), Ray continued to spend much time in the College after his retirement: 'Page negotiated the use of a small office in Corpus, up a series of narrow staircases; he called it Paradise, because it was so hard to reach'. He had given the Sanders Lectures in Bibliography at Cambridge University Library in 1990 on the subject of the Parker collection (which forms the great majority of the College's manuscript holdings), and it was in 'Paradise' that he prepared the lectures for publication as *Matthew Parker and his Books* (1993), the authoritative analysis of the collection and its historical context.

Ray was a master of the art of presenting complex scholarly material in a readable and accessible manner. In an age when reaching a wider audience is often confused with 'dumbing down', Ray's publications for the British Museum, and particularly his *Runes* (1987), are exemplary works of concision, accuracy and clarity. But these more popular publications built on decades of specialist research, during which Ray was at the forefront of his field. Runic script had long been hijacked by charlatans and 'New Age' devotees, who presume that, because the script seems at first glance to be mysterious, it must possess some mystical significance. One of Ray's most important contributions to scholarship was to show the quotidian and practical nature of many runic inscriptions, and to reclaim them as the object of serious historical study. Like most scripts, runes could be used in a wide variety of contexts and for a whole range of purposes; from the monumental, such as the magnificent Ruthwell Cross, erected in the early medieval kingdom of Northumbria, to the mundane (but no less interesting), such as recording manufacturers' names on



everyday items, including combs and weapons. Understanding runic scripts gives access to a wide variety of historical sources for the study of the economy and cultures of early medieval Britain, Ireland and Scandinavia. Ray's *Introduction to English Runes* (1973) laid the foundations for the study of this important body of material. Other significant publications include *Life in Anglo-Saxon England* (1970); his Dorothea Coke Memorial Lecture, entitled 'A most vile people': *Early English Historians on the Vikings* (1987); *Chronicles of the Vikings: Records, Memorials and Myths* (1995); and (with Michael Barnes), *The Scandinavian Runic Inscriptions of Britain* (2006).

For connoisseurs of good criticism, Ray's book reviews are essential reading. One particularly infamous example was his review-article entitled 'A Tale of Two Cities' (*Peritia* 1, 1982), in which the devastating rapier-thrusts of his wit were combined with a serious dedication to the highest scholarly standards: 'It is of course no shame to be rusty in Old English. A man may go through the world with a sparse knowledge of Old Norse philology and still hold his head high. A skill in the literatures of these languages is something many eminent people manage to do without. Whether a man can write a book on Viking Age York and Dublin with these deficiencies is a different matter'. One would not wish to be on the receiving end of such an effective skewering. In the same review, Ray went on to note wisely that in the move toward 'interdisciplinarity', the 'inter' must not be at the expense of the 'discipline', an observation which raises wider issues about the direction of medieval studies, which are still highly pertinent some thirty years later.

His obituary in *The Times* (23 March 2012) captured his personality precisely: 'Blessed with a quick tongue, a panoramic frame of reference and a witty and fertile mind, Page often used humour to hold the world at arm's length. His conversation could be exhausting to keep up with, a polyglot patchwork of allusion, quotation and terrible puns, delivered deadpan, but with a sneaky twinkle from bright blue eyes. And while unwilling to meet pretension with unmerited praise, or accept assertions unchallenged, Page was intrigued by genuine expertise, whatever the field, and had great respect for other people's interests and views, whatever their age or background'. Ray was also a renowned drinker, particularly of ale and whisky, and for his seventieth birthday he was presented with a gift which combined his love of drink with his love of scholarship: a wooden box of the sort used to store medieval manuscripts, with 'The Runes of Jura' inscribed on the spine. Inside was a bottle of Scotch in a custom-built cradle. Thereafter he would announce: 'Let us consult the Runes of Jura'.

In 2009, Ray and his wife, Elin, were the guests of honour at the annual subject dinner for Anglo-Saxon, Norse & Celtic in Corpus. The current Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Simon Keynes (Trinity), gave a wonderful, witty and moving speech in which he paid tribute to Ray's skill and dedication as a teacher. Professor Keynes had attended Ray's lectures as an undergraduate, and still has the notes which



he made there; and so he entertained everyone assembled – and particularly Ray – by reading out some of those lecture notes, in which Ray's wise but acerbic voice rang out recognisably. Sadly, ill-health meant that this was the last subject dinner which Ray was able to attend; but it was a fitting testimony to such a towering figure in ASNC and in Corpus.

Ray is survived by Elin, whom he married in 1953, and his two daughters. His son predeceased him, a tragedy which marked Ray forever. Ray endured his long and debilitating illness with a good nature which surprised those more accustomed to his fierce scholarly reputation, but which came as no surprise at all to those who had experienced his overwhelming kindness, humanity and great love for his family. At the emotional, but celebratory, funeral service which took place in Corpus chapel, Ray's daughter, Caroline, read a passage from one of the most significant texts produced in Anglo-Saxon England, namely *The Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, by the Northumbrian monk, theologian and historian, Bede (d. 735). Bede describes how Edwin, king of Northumbria, was considering conversion to

Christianity. Edwin asked his counsellors for their views on the matter, and one of the king's men replied thus: 'This is how the present life of man on earth, King, appears to me in comparison with that time which is unknown to us. You are sitting feasting with your ealdormen and thegns in winter time; the fire is burning on the hearth in the middle of the hall and all inside is warm, while outside the wintry storms of rain and snow are raging; and a sparrow flies swiftly through the hall. It enters in at one door and quickly flies out through the other. For the few moments it is inside, the storm and wintry tempest cannot touch it, but after the briefest moment of calm, it flits from your sight, out of the wintry storm and into it again. So this life of man appears but for a moment; what follows or indeed what went before, we know not at all.' (Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, II. 13). It is indicative of the intellectual riches of the literary culture of early medieval Britain that this understanding of human life and death has not been superseded in the 1300 years since it was written. In Ray's 'briefest moment' of light and warmth, he made an enduring contribution to the illumination of that history and culture.

Dr Elizabeth Boyle is Director of Studies in Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic at Corpus and a Leverhulme Early Career Fellow in the University of Cambridge.



Dr Emma Spary

Fellow and Lecturer in Modern European History

AFTER AN EARLY START AS A SCIENTIST, EMMA SPARY TURNED TO HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY. SHE NOW COMBINES THESE DISCIPLINES IN HER RESEARCH, AS SHE EXPLAINS HERE.

I must confess to being quite surprised at finding myself, in mid-career, as a Fellow in history at Corpus. I first came up to Cambridge to read natural sciences, with the ambition of going into marine zoology or else botanical palaeontology, at that time at the cutting edge of the field. My interest in science has not diminished, but already in my first year as an undergraduate, at Newnham, I realised that science did not answer certain key questions about how natural knowledge developed, or how researchers reached agreement about the results of experiments. It was my contact with history and philosophy of science, one of the second year options, that began to give me answers to these questions, and that proved a turning point in my studies and my career. It led me on to specialise in history of science in my final year as an undergraduate, and from there to go on to postgraduate work and a Research Fellowship at Girton College, followed by jobs at the University of Warwick as a Research Fellow, at the Max Planck Institute for the History of Science in Berlin as a Senior Researcher, and then at the Wellcome Trust Centre for the History of Medicine at UCL as a lecturer in eighteenth-century medicine.

I returned to Cambridge in October 2010, as a Lecturer in Modern European History at the Faculty of History, in effect a sideways step from my long association with the Department of History and Philosophy of Science here, where I still offer some teaching every year. At that point, I also accepted a Fellowship at Corpus. I have very much enjoyed coming back to the Cambridge fold, and especially experiencing the intensive, rewarding and rich teaching environment that Corpus historians collectively create.

Today—after a long period of moving between the fields of history of science, history of medicine, and cultural history—I find that, in the view of many colleagues and students, I have switched allegiance from the sciences to the arts. For me it seemed an obvious progression from studying the formation of scientific knowledge to asking bigger questions about how particular societies, including our own, establish what counts as credible knowledge, scientific authority and proof. In my case, I have devoted the last decade or so to looking in depth

at the conditions for scientific practice and the definition of reliable knowledge in one particular setting, eighteenth-century Paris. My forthcoming book *Eating the Enlightenment* (due to appear in September 2012) does just that, comparing the experiences of French botanists and philologists, doctors and divines, cooks and consumers as they confronted an upsurge in exotic foods entering the Parisian diet after 1670, and variously critiqued or embraced the fundamental transformations in learning and everyday life in their own society. At the centre of these debates, often wittily framed in satire or verse, were a series of thought-provoking questions about the nature of modernity, consumption, appetite and artifice which, much as for our society today, coloured eighteenth-century consumers' views of how to eat healthily, ethically and naturally. As the title of the book suggests, the question of who could possess knowledge or enlightenment about food was absolutely central at every stage.

As an historian of science by training, I have the happy advantage of being able to ride over traditional chronological boundaries adopted by historians without constraint. My first book, *Utopia's Garden: French Natural History from Old Regime to Revolution* (Chicago, 2000) did precisely that, carrying on the story of natural history as it was practised in Old Regime Paris into the troubled years of the Terror and Directory. The naturalists remained the same; the secondary literature, however, had created a disjuncture: histories either ended in 1789, or began in 1793 and continued into the nineteenth century. I wondered, instead, how it was that this institution managed to fare so well through the vicissitudes of the Republican years. Not only were all of its naturalists spared imprisonment or death, they found themselves in charge of a new, well-funded institution with five times its former surface area, part of a grand plan for educating the Republican citizen about moral virtue through exposure to nature. This success contrasted strikingly with the standard narrative in the secondary literature about the sciences as being under threat and disorganised all through the period of Jacobin rule. So the study came to focus on the implications of doing science in periods of political extremism.

To some extent, looking back, I suppose that the questions I was asking were themselves structured by the extraordinary political events taking place a few years before I began the research for the book. As the daughter of a businessman who used several European languages in his work, I experienced an itinerant childhood, travelling widely in Italy, Germany and France. At the time of the fall of the Berlin Wall, I watched on my parents' television screen the concrete blocks tumble not far from Frankfurt am Main—then the capital city of West Germany, but soon to be displaced by Berlin and Bonn. It is this part of the world which I still think of as home, in certain respects; when I first arrived in Cambridge as a teenager, the forests and snowy Christmases set in picturesque German villages were a big contrast with the city's milder climate and flat landscapes. A considerable part of my childhood education was spent in the German school system, so the decision to work on French history came as a surprise, even to me, for my German is still much better than my French. However, that early experience did open doors, career-wise, when I was later appointed to a research position in Berlin.

Even today, being able to speak three of the main European languages allows me to attend conferences all over Europe, and to forge close working relationships with German and French scholars. I have translated scholarly papers from both German and French into English for scholars whose outstanding work might not otherwise penetrate the Anglophone historical world; I have co-edited volumes and organised workshops in other European languages, although I do tend to present my own work in English, as I believe that to present in one's native language allows for more subtlety of expression (as a translator, I know all too well how difficult it is to capture the complexities of language at a scholarly level). For the same reason, I enjoy listening to and reading papers in other languages. One of my most recent enterprises has been to edit a special issue of the journal *Studies in History and Philosophy of Science*, consisting of five papers, written by a Romanian, a Croat, a Hungarian, an Austrian and a German! With our common knowledge of German and English, we were able to put together a unique collection of scholarly essays on the history of eighteenth-century Habsburg medicine. So at one level, I regard myself as a sort of linguistic conduit for historical writing and methodology between European cultures. At another, I also see myself as in essence a European, rather than as belonging to any one country. I am very enthusiastic about encouraging my students to try out languages other than English during their historical studies.

The choice between sciences and humanities was a difficult one when I was at school, for me at least. I settled for science because I liked the methodological rigour and the precision, and also the maths. Very often I encounter historians, at all stages of their careers, who find the prospect of studying scientific knowledge from an historical standpoint a slightly worrying one, however. 'I gave up science at the age of 13', they say. Or: 'I don't know anything about science, so I can't include it in my historical account'. Quite commonly, what I do is regarded as somehow superfluous to 'real' history, on the basis that the natural sciences were only practised by, or familiar to,



members of the social elite, so historians can afford to ignore them. Can we? In lectures I point to the many ways in which everyday life, even the material environment of the lecture theatre itself, the students' clothes, possessions and modes of transport, have been transformed since the eighteenth-century by such things as the emergence of industrial chemistry, the imposition of universal standards of measurement and time-keeping, the rise of colonialism, and the mechanisation of production. In all of these areas, scientific experts played key roles in a process of change which began to affect the everyday life of city-dwellers across Europe by the eighteenth-century, and snowballed as industrialisation gathered pace. The claim that the sciences would facilitate the reform of daily life was made in scientific texts from the late seventeenth-century onwards. My own research has studied industrial chemists in late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century France, artisans and small businessmen who often found the Revolution an ideal opportunity to expand, capitalise and mechanise their production. Many, if not most, had close ties to the capital's scientific institutions. Recently, I edited a book with a colleague in Berlin on how knowledge and practice intersected in the labour of chemical artisans in the early modern period. Knowing, from my own past history, how profoundly the existence or absence of guilds had affected the emphasis on artisanal skill and thus the standards of daily living in Germany and Britain, I became interested in the history of the Parisian guild system, exploring how artisans (pharmacists, distillers and others) interacted with the state and with scientific institutions over chemical knowledge and practice.

Following the same line of enquiry about the interactions between scientific expertise, commerce, production, consumption and governance has also led me, most recently, to investigate the rise of scientific food experts in eighteenth-century Paris. It has been a richly rewarding seam to mine, thanks to the extraordinary state of preservation of the French archives. In my current project, I consider foods with which we are now very familiar, as consumers in an industrial age, but which are quite unfamiliar to historians of my period, even though they were being produced on an industrial scale and by means of mechanised production and steam power by 1800 or soon after: gelatine, beet sugar, potato starch and so on were rapidly becoming part of ordinary dietary experience, particularly in cities. Given my subject matter, I have to disappoint many people who hear me present at conferences and seminars. I have yet to undertake the historical recreation of any recipes, contrary to their expectations about the side benefits of working on the history of (particularly French) food. Somehow the notion of recreating gelatine is not so appealing! If pressed, I will freely admit that I love food; but I cultivate an ironic distance from the recent apotheosis of *gastrohistoire*, and—knowing its history—I'm not particularly swayed by the mystique of wine connoisseurship; I'm more interested in the effects of Chaptalization on the wine industry. Lastly, I worry a lot about how the French will view my claims that the industrialisation of food production in their country was well advanced even before the invention of gastronomy...

'If preventable why not prevented?'

Dr Tim Carter (m1962)

MY TITLE IS A STATEMENT MADE BY KING EDWARD VII WHILE VISITING A TB SANATORIUM IN THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY. IT CONTINUES TO BE A KEY QUESTION IN HEALTH AND ONE THAT HAS BEEN A LARGE PART OF MY WORKING LIFE FOR THE LAST 40 YEARS. I WILL START AT THE END!

I was enjoying conversation with current Corpus medical students at the dinner in hall after my fellow undergraduate of 1962, Colin Blakemore, had given a brilliant and thought-provoking Clark-Kennedy lecture on modern brain science. All the medics I was talking to were full of enthusiasm for hospital-based clinical medicine, its cures and its underlying science, but it took the two vets within conversational range to show any real understanding of or enthusiasm for disease prevention. My thoughts were that if the next generation destined for the top end of the medical profession does not think in terms of prevention then, while they will prop up the ill and keep them going a bit longer, they will do little to stop them becoming ill.

I, like many readers, receive repeated pleas for funds from alumni organisations; one for each stage of my education and two for Cambridge. I decided that for me a targeted gift would be much more rewarding than a simple donation. I also hoped to achieve a bit of 'social engineering' by making those at Corpus more aware of the fascination of prevention. So I decided to fund a bursary for the next five years to help with elective and similar expenses for students, not just medics, who wish to investigate any aspect of disease prevention. Proposals could be for biomedical, legal, economic, historical or other topics, but would need to relate to prevention and not cure or care. My aim is to

continue this funding for a longer period if it encourages students to take an interest in prevention.

But why do I feel this way? At Corpus I was one of those who dipped into a range of subjects – adding geology formally to my medical studies as well as botany, by casual attendance at some lectures. I, like so many Corpus medics, was influenced to think widely by Peter Lewis and when he heard I was going on a university geological expedition to Spitsbergen he was keen that I should know about his earlier work there on diurnal rhythms under 24 hour daylight and collect some further samples. Unfortunately the time-scales of the geologists in my group didn't make them good subjects to collect timed urine samples from, but it was fun trying! Peter's approach to the control systems that ensure the effective functioning of the body, which often featured in supervisions, stayed with me. They are good models for any a well-founded system of prevention, with their actions, responses and feedbacks, which determine whether the actions are appropriate and adjust them as needed.

The medical course at UCH included an opportunity for an elective period and I spent mine with the many sided chemical giant that was ICI, now sadly dismembered. I found the integration of medical advice from a wide range of people, each just as clever and skilled as the ICI medical staff, so refreshing

after what I felt was the arrogance of the teaching hospital consultants of the time. This led me to think that preventing the health risks from work could be the basis for a great career. I was pleased to be advised by the ICI chief medical officer, when I saw him after my elective period, that the best way into the subject was to gain wide experience for a few years, do a diploma course and apply for a job – none of the rituals of higher medical education to worry about then! So after my two house jobs, one at the bottom of a teaching hospital medical ant heap and one in York where there was scope to really learn, I set off round the world for three years with work in Newfoundland, Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea.

I was influenced to think widely by Peter Lewis

After this I became one of the few doctors to start in occupational medicine as a first choice, by doing the new master's course at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. This was and is an institution with a strong focus on preventive medicine worldwide. After a brief period as a lecturer there I moved into the petrochemical industry with BP. This was at the time when the essential chemical building block for PVC





The science and politics of prevention were fascinating.

plastic, vinyl chloride monomer, had been found, initially in animal studies and then very soon after in workers, to be the cause of a rare form of liver cancer. In the UK BP and ICI were the main producers, each with cancer cases, each with a public reputation to defend. The adequacy of the steps taken to reduce risks and whether these were altruistic or expedient initiatives taken by the producers or consequences of media and governmental pressure remains controversial to this day. This experience provided me with a challenging introduction to the world of disease prevention. Action was imperative in a time of great worry and concern, both about risks to workers and about the continued manufacture of an essential material. The science and politics of prevention were fascinating, with skills from a huge range of disciplines needed to reduce the risks and provide continuing support for those harmed.

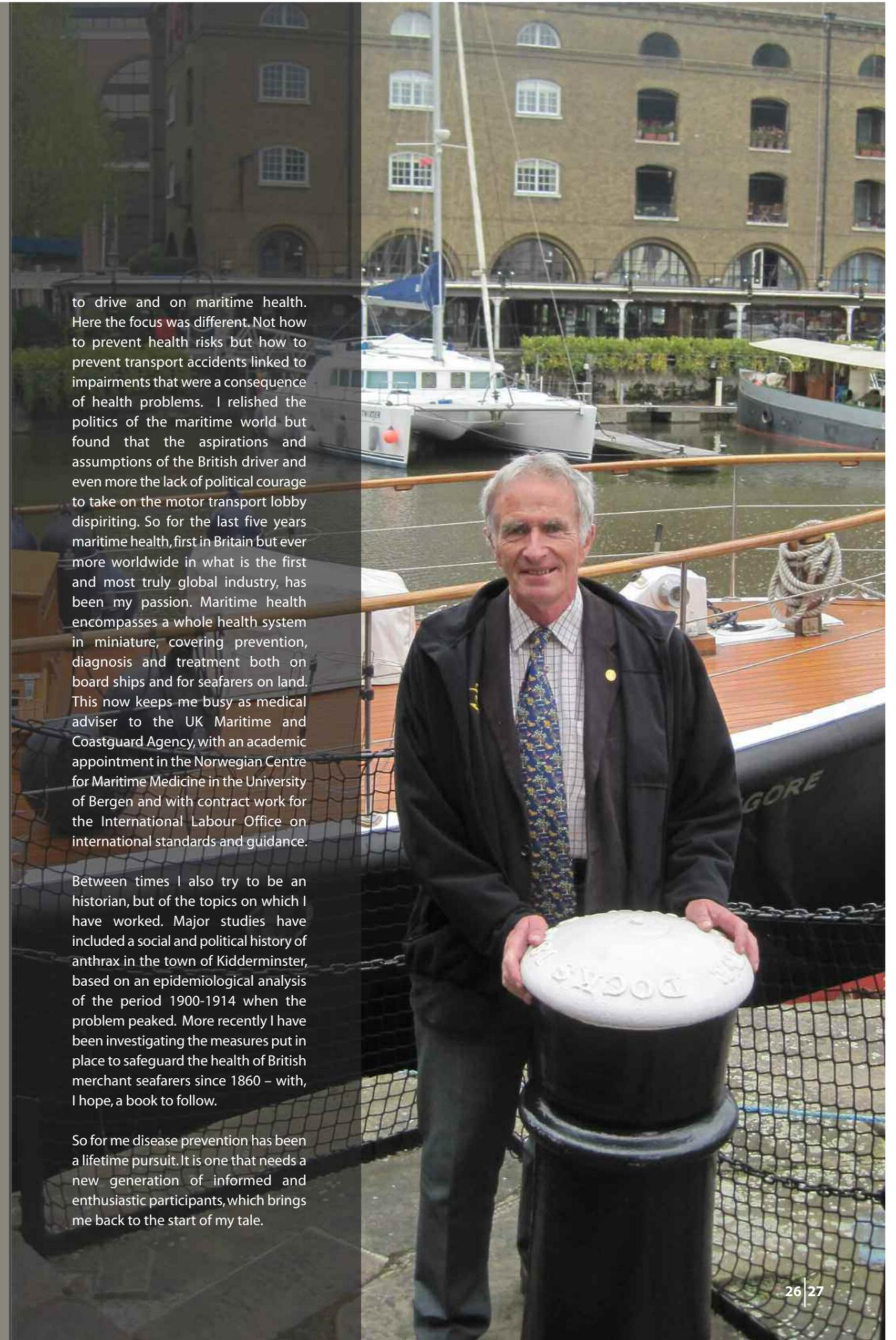
Some of the company directors I advised had started their careers as shift managers on the plant where cancer cases originated and knew the workers affected. This provided me

with high-level support for a range of health protection initiatives and a stimulating few years as I put them in place. This experience also led to me becoming the medical director of the Health and Safety Executive, at an age when I felt rather too young for such a post, and younger than most of the staff working with me. Here the introduction of measures to protect the health of workers from risks ranging from asbestos to zoonotic diseases, and arguing the case with employers and trade unions, kept me busy for 12 years. There were some victories – for instance persuading my colleagues in HSE that it was just as important to investigate the musculoskeletal problems of thousands of supermarket checkout workers as to look at the effects of chemicals used by a few dozen people. There were some defeats – like my attempts to achieve a legal requirement for the provision of occupational health services in some industries, and some misperceptions – for instance persisting with the view that it was more important to continue to focus on small highly exposed groups of workers in the asbestos industry rather

than considering the far larger numbers with lower levels of exposure in the building trades. All these experiences made me ever more convinced about the limited perspectives of many of my fellow medical professionals, while finding that many of my perspectives on health protection were shared widely across a range of non-medical disciplines.

My time at HSE ended with a large management job during a round of contracting out and cuts under prime ministers Margaret Thatcher and John Major and, as my heart was not in the task of cost and staff reductions, this was the time for me too to make a move. I joined the ranks of self-employed consultants for a while, with some fascinating projects – notably on the health care needs and health risks of volcanic dust on the island of Montserrat in the Caribbean. Suddenly old geological knowledge came into its own again!

I found after a couple of years that I preferred continuity to a project-based lifestyle and so I moved from work on health risks of work to working in the Department of Transport on fitness



to drive and on maritime health. Here the focus was different. Not how to prevent health risks but how to prevent transport accidents linked to impairments that were a consequence of health problems. I relished the politics of the maritime world but found that the aspirations and assumptions of the British driver and even more the lack of political courage to take on the motor transport lobby dispiriting. So for the last five years maritime health, first in Britain but ever more worldwide in what is the first and most truly global industry, has been my passion. Maritime health encompasses a whole health system in miniature, covering prevention, diagnosis and treatment both on board ships and for seafarers on land. This now keeps me busy as medical adviser to the UK Maritime and Coastguard Agency, with an academic appointment in the Norwegian Centre for Maritime Medicine in the University of Bergen and with contract work for the International Labour Office on international standards and guidance.

Between times I also try to be an historian, but of the topics on which I have worked. Major studies have included a social and political history of anthrax in the town of Kidderminster, based on an epidemiological analysis of the period 1900-1914 when the problem peaked. More recently I have been investigating the measures put in place to safeguard the health of British merchant seafarers since 1860 – with, I hope, a book to follow.

So for me disease prevention has been a lifetime pursuit. It is one that needs a new generation of informed and enthusiastic participants, which brings me back to the start of my tale.

The playground can be a scary and intimidating place for these young adults.

Rob Payne (m2008)

PHD STUDENT OF EARLY MIDDLE ENGLISH, RAN THE LONDON MARATHON TO RAISE FUNDS FOR ROMSEY MILL'S ASPIRE GROUP.

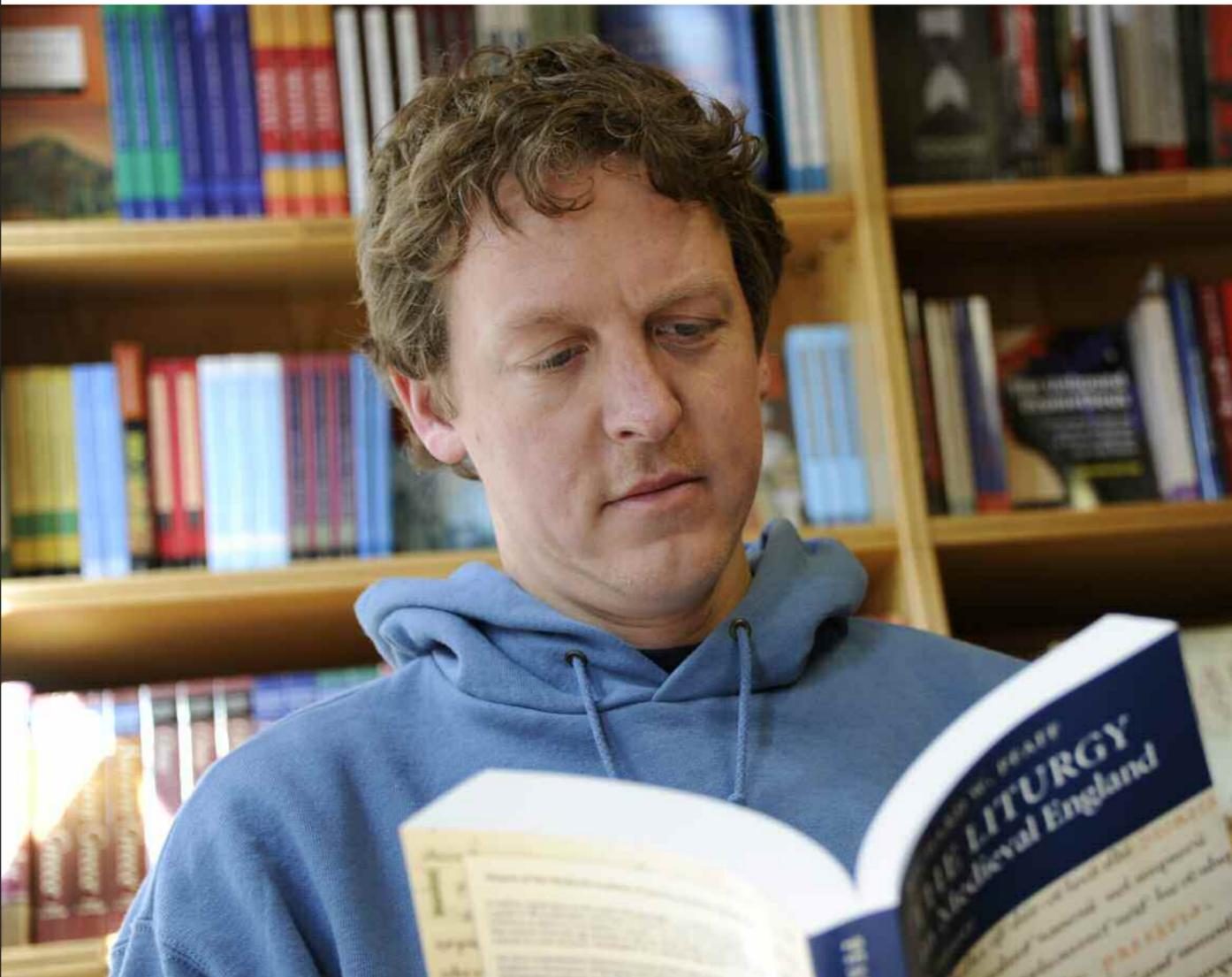
On the 22 April I ran the London Marathon in a time of 4 hours 22 minutes and 56 seconds. It was the culmination of a 16-week training plan that saw me running 5 times a week with long runs on a Sunday of anything up to 4 hours. I have to admit that, initially, when the race was over I was not entirely happy with the time as everything prior to the run, including previous half marathons, had suggested that I would be much closer to, and hopefully under, the 4 hour mark but, after a disastrous water stop, which saw me severely turn my ankle on a discarded bottle and a demoralising section through Canary Wharf, I went through the 20-mile barrier with only one hope: to finish in whatever time I could. I am happy to say that I did this and that I can now reflect on the day as a great achievement and the time as a solid first attempt at the marathon distance – although I did swear that I would never do it again (we will have to see)! It may sound clichéd but the amazing support of my friends, family and College was ever present in my mind during that final hour. I cannot, however, give them all the credit, as I had confidence before the race that my legs would get me round based on the hard work and training I had put in, but the support, good luck messages and the £3000 worth of sponsorship I had raised for my chosen charity, the Aspire group at Romsey Mill, really did make putting one leg in front of the other for that final push that little bit less painful! I am astounded and humbled by the contributions that came in from the Fellows, staff and students of Corpus and I am very proud to have worn the College crest on my running top as a symbol of this. Thank you.

Prior to beginning a PhD in early Middle English at Cambridge I worked, on two separate occasions, within an Education Support Department of a main-stream secondary school. I became aware very shortly after joining the first of these two departments that dealing with their own condition was not the only problem facing young adults growing up with conditions such as Asperger's Syndrome. Puberty and teenage years are periods that can be difficult no matter who you are or what your social and educational background. These are times when young adults explore ideas of 'self' and 'difference' and when acceptance and social interaction within peer groups becomes of the utmost importance. For many youngsters a strangely conflicting emotional fight takes place within themselves, a

fight for their own autonomy whilst also craving the social acceptance that can only be given by their own age group. Now imagine how difficult that must be if you have a pervasive development disorder. It must be extremely confusing. Life is complicated enough during these teenage years without having the added complexity of being unable to read non-verbal signals and having the struggle of communicating your own emotions and read them in others. Your behaviour is quickly seen by others as inappropriate. You are 'weird' and 'strange'; you're accused of being 'different'. But actually, you are not so different; all you want to do is play football.

Life is complicated enough during the teenage years.

Most professionals who work alongside young people with learning difficulties in the mainstream education system will probably tell you that the time the support worker and the student most fear is when the structure of the classroom is taken away. The playground, sports field or lunch hall can be a scary and intimidating place for these young adults; an unforgiving place. This is why I was so attracted to the idea of the Aspire group at Romsey Mill and why I contacted Ruth Watt, Programme Coordinator, and asked if they needed any volunteers. Like most things that work well in life the premise is simple: create a safe environment for those who attend and provide a range of activities. There is no pressure to socialise but with some of the more regularly experienced anxieties and judgments removed a level of interaction between peers can and often does take place. For many of these youngsters it is the highlight of their week. Who would have thought that an hour of playing football with a man who is under the delusion that he can turn on a sixpence like Messi or curl it around the wall like Ronaldo could be so beneficial? I am happy to say that it is. That is not to say that it wasn't without controversy; there were the weekly incidences of diving, handballs, fouls, balls being lodged in the ceiling and, of course, the more memorable occasion of the goal that was not a goal!



Half-time always arrived with a cheese toastie and our weekly predictor league games. A group of 5 or 6 boys would try each week to predict the results of the Premier League – sweets were awarded on the basis of predicted wins and correct scores. Does all this sound familiar? Well, it should do, as these are the actions of any 13- or 14-year-old boy – except that quite often these boys are not 'allowed' by their classmates to play football within their year group; they simply do not feel comfortable or are fearful of social settings and making societal mistakes that they are unable to recognise and which may lead to confrontational situations. Yet, there is nothing so rewarding as participating in a predictor league with a group of Aspire boys. Imagine a situation where you no longer need to print off the scores from the previous week because one of the boys could not only tell you who won and what the score was but also who scored and in what minute for each of the games that had taken place in the Premier League that weekend. Of course, I still had to print them off, in the interest of fairness, as these boys want to win and, like any other boy of that age, are prone to cheating – especially

when sweets are at stake. You might also ask whether such knowledge of previous football results advantaged them greatly. Well, let's just say that they always seemed to do somewhat better than me! However, picking a winner of a football game is not always an objective experience and, even if you can list the results of a match between two teams, home and away, for the last five seasons, the heart can rule in a 14 year old boy when it comes to football and it can cost you dearly if you pick your beloved West Ham United (this was prior to their relegation) to beat Liverpool against the run of previous results and known form - but we all have hopes don't we?

I was very sad when my timetable for completing my PhD squeezed my time and meant I was no longer able to give my Thursday afternoons to the Aspire programme because volunteering at Romsey Mill was as beneficial for me as it was for the boys I worked with. I am happy that, through the opportunity of running the London Marathon, I was able to help just a little bit more:
<http://www.justgiving.com/Rob-Payne>.

Sherzod Muminov

(m2011)

SHERZOD FIRST CAME TO THE UK FROM UZBEKISTAN SIX YEARS AGO WHEN FEW PEOPLE HAD HEARD OF HIS HOME COUNTRY. HIS JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE CAME VIA MANCHESTER AND TSUKUBA UNIVERSITY IN JAPAN. HE HAS NOW EMBARKED ON A PHD IN SOVIET-JAPANESE RELATIONS IN THE AFTERMATH OF WORLD WAR II.





I come from Uzbekistan, a former Soviet republic in Central Asia known in these parts as one of the Stans, and also by its proximity to Afghanistan. One of my friends jokingly calls the whole region I come from 'Pipelandistan,' but my country is not as rich in oil as its northern neighbour, Kazakhstan. At a meeting with elderly members of a Manchester charity six years ago, one lady asked me about my country. When I said 'I'm from Uzbekistan, madam,' she asked 'East Pakistan? I thought it was called Bangladesh these days.' Nowadays, coming back to the UK after so many years, I am heartened to learn that more people know about my country.

If someone had told me 5 years ago that I would one day become a student at Cambridge and Corpus, I would not have believed them for a second. Neither am I a believer in supernatural forces or the supreme logic that predetermines the events in our lives. Yet when it comes to my journey to Cambridge, I am compelled to believe that luck was on my side.

By the time I started my second master's at Tsukuba University in Japan, I was seriously considering a career in academia. My research master's degree from Manchester in international relations meant I could have applied for a doctorate without acquiring another master's, but my first MA was very general in scope, built on a strong philosophical foundation, but with no specific focus. I felt that I needed to specialise in something if I

were to be accepted to a competitive doctoral program. So, when a chance to go to Tsukuba and pursue a two-year course with a full scholarship from the Japanese government presented itself, I knew this was an opportunity to widen my knowledge of the country, its culture and language.

I spent my second year in Tsukuba writing my thesis, preparing for the Japanese Language Proficiency Test (JLPT) and applying to doctoral programmes in several countries. That year was not to be my year: I had numerous offers of a place, including one from St Antony's College at 'the other place', but none of these offers came with a full scholarship. I took the JLPT on an unbearably hot July day, submitted my thesis and started to pack my bags to return home. With no doctorate in sight, I decided to take a year off with my wife and newborn son and try my luck once again.

The next three months I spent in what one of my favourite writers, Paul Auster, calls Babyland, 'a country where sleep is forbidden and day is indistinguishable from night, a walled-off kingdom governed by the whims of a tiny, absolute monarch.' When I was not pacing the floor with my baby son in my arms, I was patiently checking the profiles of academics at numerous universities, writing emails to them introducing my research interests, and sending in doctoral applications to admissions offices of

universities in distant corners of the world. It was then that I came across details of a scholarship to pursue a PhD at Cambridge and within a few minutes I was reading the academic profile of the man who was to become my supervisor, Dr Barak Kushner, Fellow of Corpus. I could see that Dr Kushner had done research in the field of my own interest, war memory and history in Japan and East Asia in general. I emailed him that very day, asking his opinion about my then half-baked research proposal. Several hours later, I received a very warm and encouraging reply from Barak and, excited and inspired, started my Cambridge application.

Fast forward a couple of months and I was already receiving offers from universities, including two PhD offers from my alma mater, Manchester and a prestigious four-year scholarship at the European University Institute in Fiesole, the picturesque suburb of Florence. The offer from Cambridge was last to arrive and by that time I was already halfway through my Italian visa application. But once I received it, there was no question of going anywhere else; neither Manchester with its familiar streets and the football club that I watch every week (yes, I am a Red Devil!), nor Tuscany with its scenic landscapes, generous sun and famous culinary tradition could lure me away from Cambridge.

I chose Cambridge because I consider it one of the very few great places in the United Kingdom to pursue a degree in Japanese studies. The Faculty of Asian and Middle Eastern Studies has a long tradition of teaching Japanese and other Asian languages and cultures, and boasts world-class academics who set high standards for their students but help them every step of the way. Before coming here I already knew that in researching a topic like mine, on Soviet-Japanese relations in the immediate aftermath of World War II, Cambridge was perhaps the best place in the world. I knew this because I had read the faculty pages, including the profiles of current PhD students, many of whom have become my good friends since I arrived in Cambridge. I knew I wanted to be among these people on a daily basis, to work closely with people like Dr Kushner and others. I learned that Cambridge University Library houses one of the most extensive collections of Japanese sources, both primary and secondary, in the UK, and Cambridge's proximity to London would make it easy to benefit from the resources in the British Library. To my mind, there were many advantages and no disadvantages to choosing Cambridge, and despite having a lucky year with numerous scholarship offers, there was never a question that I would go anywhere but Cambridge.

In my Cambridge application, I put Corpus down as my first choice college. There were various reasons for this. Firstly, I decided to choose Corpus because my future supervisor was a Fellow here. Secondly and more importantly, having looked through the College website, I was impressed by the atmosphere of a tightly-knit community of scholars and friends that makes Corpus a great place to study. I don't currently live at Leckhampton, but spending just a few evenings in the TV room was enough to see how friendly and open the postgraduates are in this College. There is a feeling of a community of like-minded people who, despite coming from different countries and studying various subjects, can easily reach mutual understanding and engage in enjoyable interaction.

Later, having familiarised myself with the history of Corpus, I felt proud of being a member. As a participant in the 2012 Telephone Campaign, I had the rare opportunity of talking with a great many Old Members. Through these very warm and inspiring conversations I learnt more about Corpus than I could ever find out from the College website or an encyclopedia entry. This experience helped me to see its history in a new light, to comprehend the centuries-old tradition of companionship in learning, the joys of socialising with like-minded souls, and the rewards of hard work. Every Old Member inspired me to excel in my research; listening to their stories about their own lives, I once again became convinced of the importance of education in life.



Ryan Harper

(m2005)

RYAN HARPER ARRIVED AT CORPUS IN 2005 FROM NEW ZEALAND ON A GIRDLER SCHOLARSHIP. AFTER GRADUATING IN ENGINEERING, HE SPENT A YEAR AND A HALF WORKING FOR J P MORGAN, BUT THEN RETURNED TO THE COLLEGE TO START A PHD AS THE FIRST HOLDER OF THE ALEC DYSON BURSARY. THE BURSARY WAS ESTABLISHED BY SIR JAMES DYSON IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER, WHO HAD BEEN AN UNDERGRADUATE HERE IN 1934. ITS AIM IS TO SUPPORT A STUDENT THROUGHOUT A PHD IN ENGINEERING OR RELATED FIELD. RYAN'S RESEARCH INTERESTS ARE IN CHEMICAL LOOPING COMBUSTION, WHICH HOLDS EXCITING PROMISE FOR WAYS OF PRODUCING CLEANER ENERGY SOURCES, AS HE EXPLAINS HERE.

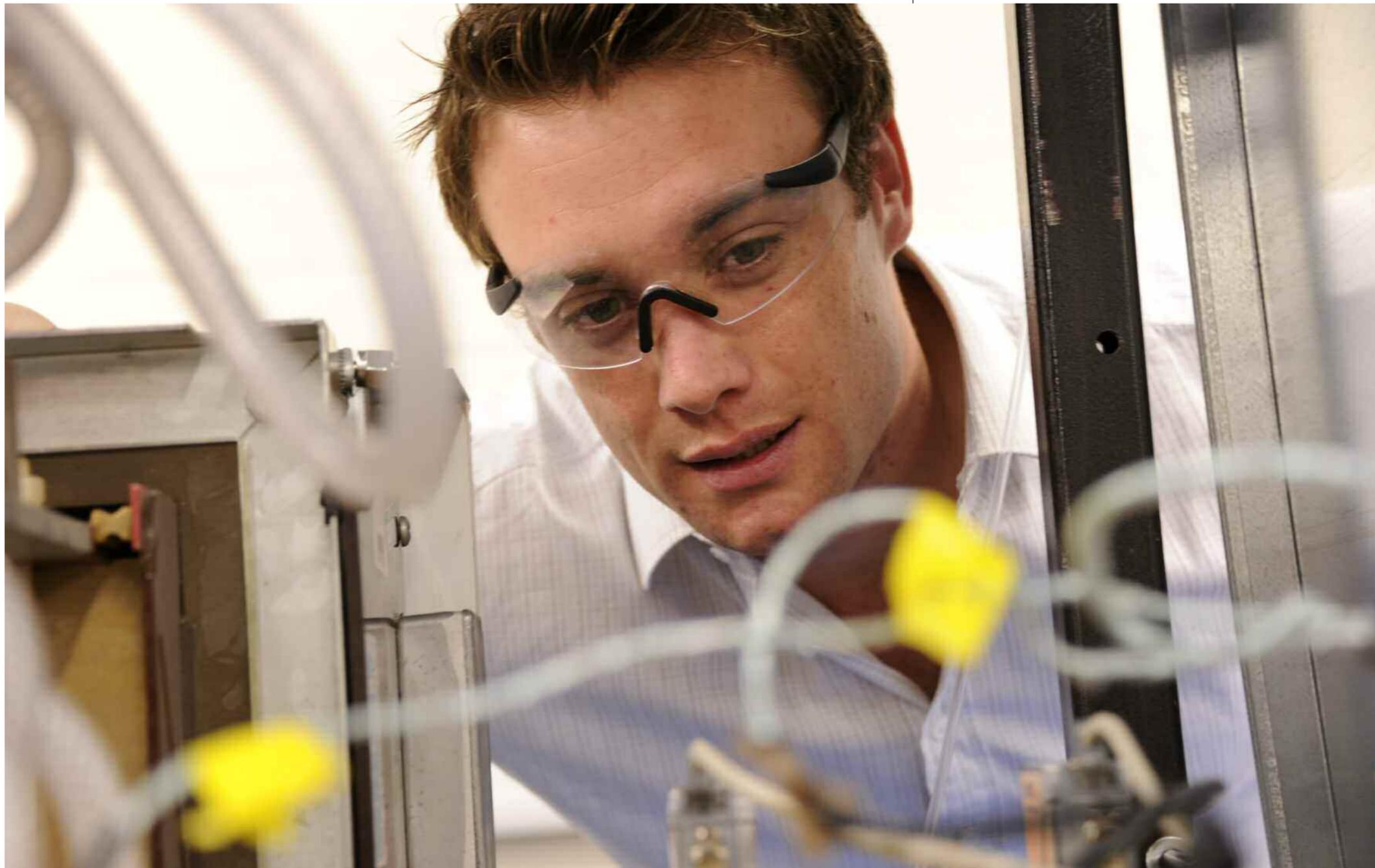
St Patrick's Day always brings back a special memory for me, as in 2005 it was the day I found out I had won the Girdlers' Scholarship. Six months later I found myself plucked from the first semester of a mechanical engineering degree at the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand, and commencing (or should that be re-commencing?) my undergraduate studies at Corpus Christi. The Worshipful Company of Girdlers, a City of London based livery company, has had an association with New Zealand since 1933, and in 1952 began sponsoring New Zealand school leavers to study at Cambridge. When I first came up to Corpus I was the 41st young New Zealander to begin this unique and wonderful experience; in such a small and friendly College it was very welcoming to be known as the 'new kiwi' by the other undergraduates right from the outset.

My four years reading aerospace engineering were as formative and exciting as any undergraduate experience, particularly when living so far from home. Highlights included representing the University at rugby union, athletics and modern pentathlon, serving on the committee of the College JCR and the Hawks' Club, assisting one of my supervisors with writing a book on mathematical modeling and, of course, the presidency of the College's unofficial (and infamous) male 'dining' society, the Pelicans.

As I came to the latter part of my studies it became apparent to me that, despite an unwavering passion for the subject at an intellectual level, engineering in the professional field did not appeal to me. Having seen so many of my Oxbridge

contemporaries turn their hand to jobs in the financial sector, and being an ambitious, competitive 20-year old (with a rather short attention span!), I decided to take the plunge and tackle an investment banking internship with Crédit Suisse in my penultimate summer in Canary Wharf. I absolutely loved the fast-paced, dynamic environment of the trading floor, and by the time I had returned in autumn of 2008 for my fourth and final year as an undergraduate, I had my heart set on a job in the City. Unfortunately, this coincided with a rather bleak period in the history of financial markets, and as a result the graduate intake of investment banks was greatly reduced. My student visa was due to expire a few months after graduating, and the list of firms that were willing to sponsor a work permit for a non-UK/EU citizen were limited to the large multinational banks which, of course, were the most competitive to get into. Finally, after a torrid week of no less than 20 job interviews in February, I finally received offers from three firms, and ended up accepting a job as a bond salesman with J P Morgan in London. The bull market days of Oxbridge graduates being able to take gap years after graduating with guaranteed City jobs, complete with sign-on bonuses, were over; my first day at work (initially on a temporary 10 week contract) was less than 48 hours after I graduated from the Senate House in June 2009.

The year and a half I spent at J P Morgan was one of the most challenging and enjoyable periods of my life – never had I been so far outside my comfort zone or faced as steep a learning curve as I did in the first few months on the trading floor.



Such an environment is a very hierarchical and testosterone-fueled one, amplified by the long hours and early mornings that leave you perpetually short of a few hours sleep. I found myself in the fortunate position relative to many peers in that I genuinely found the job interesting and the asset class (convertible bonds) absorbing on an intellectual level. After a tough first few months I began to find my feet in the role, began covering clients and generating business for the firm. I loved what I was doing and at that point, the idea of returning to university was far from my mind.

It was during my final year at Corpus that the relationship I had with my subject had profoundly changed. Despite being passionate about engineering, I had struggled to enjoy my

first three years in the subject as I had found the teaching focus was on complex and often contrived mathematics, rather than real world engineering problems. Essentially, I found it difficult to motivate myself to master what was (for me) mathematical hoop-jumping, in lieu of more interesting project work. However, in the MEng year, the academic focus shifted very drastically back to the parts of engineering I found interesting. My Masters' thesis, entitled 'Production of Very Pure Hydrogen Using Redox Reactions of Iron Oxides' was by far the best piece of work I produced as an undergraduate, both in terms of personal enjoyment and academic grade. After four years at one of the world's greatest universities, I felt that it was only in my last 6 months I'd begun to get out the academic experience that Cambridge is

renowned for. 'Just in case a job in banking falls through', I thought to myself, 'I'll put in an application for a PhD'.

Sure enough, this rather speculative backup plan would eventually lead to another life-changing 'St Patrick's Day'-type phone call, this time on behalf of the Dyson Foundation by way of the Development Director at Corpus Christi. This second phone call which would abruptly change my life came on a quiet day at work where my phone vibrated in my pocket, and when I pulled it out to check it, the number began with 01223 - Cambridge. When I was eventually able to make contact, I was first asked by Liz Winter if I had heard of James Dyson (like any British engineering graduate, of course I had!), and then was informed that his charitable

foundation had decided to set up a PhD studentship in engineering, and that the trustees had selected me as the inaugural 'Dyson' scholar. Obviously this opportunity represented big changes for me: leaving the job that I had fought hard to secure after less than 2 years, leaving London where most of my friends from Cambridge had inevitably ended up, giving up a high-paying job to go back to being a student, and returning to the same university, the same College, where I thought I had closed a very enjoyable chapter of my life for good. I think one of the biggest unknowns that any prospective PhD student must gamble on is their choice of subject and their allocation of supervisor. In this respect, I had the big advantage of knowing who my supervisor was and what I would be researching: primarily an extension of the work I did in my Masters, which I loved. In fact, so high was the esteem in which I held my supervisor, Dr Stuart Scott, and so tantalising was the prospect of association with the Dyson Foundation, I finally decided this was an opportunity I couldn't pass up. I had always wanted to do a PhD in rather vague terms 'someday'; all of a sudden it was becoming a reality, which was tremendously exciting. Fortunately for me, 18 months into the PhD program, that excitement is yet to wear off.

My research at Cambridge is in the area of thermodynamics, namely a process called Chemical Looping Combustion (CLC). Combustion takes the general form of fuel and gaseous oxygen reacting to form water and carbon dioxide, releasing energy. CLC's point of difference is that the oxygen for combustion is provided chemically by a solid 'oxygen carrier', rather than from the atmosphere. This means that the resulting carbon dioxide waste is produced in pure form, rather than diluted in nitrogen as is the case in regular 'air-breathing' combustion processes. This has meaningful implications for coal-fired power plants, in that the capture and storage of carbon dioxide becomes achievable with a realistic and manageable efficiency penalty. As the world looks to meet its accelerating demand for energy in an environmentally sustainable manner, using coal (a much more abundant fossil fuel than oil or gas) in a 'clean' way, to supplement the growth of renewable energy sources, is an increasingly attractive proposition. One of the major technical hurdles remaining in CLC is the development of a suitable oxygen carrier that is cheap to manufacture, safe, and effective over a long enough lifespan to be economically viable. My PhD research primarily focuses on the testing and development of such oxygen carriers and their optimisation for various CLC processes.

One of the major goals I had when deciding to undertake postgraduate study was for my research to be more than solely academically based. I wanted to create something, to be entrepreneurial, to contribute to a new business, so that everything I did in the lab had tangible value in the real world. With those ambitions in mind, I was extremely fortunate that my supervisor decided to collaborate with

Gas Recovery & Recycle Ltd (GR2L), a technology start-up company founded by a Cambridge alumnus, Dr Rob Grant. Chemical Looping Combustion has several interesting applications beyond clean combustion of coal which GR2L look to capitalise on. These primarily centre on CLC allowing combustion to take place in an air/oxygen free environment. Working with me and my supervisor, GR2L have developed a novel way of recycling argon gas, a major capital cost in the production of silicon wafers for use in solar panels. The photovoltaic industry, which is rapidly growing globally, produces very pure monocrystalline silicon by melting raw silicon in vacuum furnaces, while simultaneously pumping argon gas to sweep away the combustible impurities. This crystallisation process is done in an absence of air, and at present the industry standard is to simply vent used argon to atmosphere. We have developed and patented an argon recovery system that uses CLC to remove the impurities and recycle the argon purge gas, greatly reducing operating costs for photovoltaic manufacturers. More information can be found at www.gr2l.co.uk.

One of the most enjoyable parts of coming back as a PhD student has been supervising undergraduates. To be honest, like most I initially undertook the role because the pay is good and the work (for someone who took the same courses a few years ago) is relatively easy. I have been genuinely surprised at how much I have enjoyed teaching. I remember when I was supervised as an undergraduate; for every brilliant supervisor who had great teaching skills and was passionate about the material, there was another usually stressed, strung-out graduate student who had barely read the example problems. I have always strived to fall into the former category, writing my own practice problems to supplement the work the students are given, and setting a small 'exam' for my supervisees to do over the Christmas holidays. The students tend to notice and appreciate the extra effort, even if it is something as small as distributing copies of my own revision notes which I have kept over the years. When a few of my students took the time to send me Christmas cards thanking me for the help I'd given them during the term, I was absolutely chuffed.

I have been extremely fortunate to have benefited from two of Corpus Christi's important relationships; both recent, with the Dyson Foundation, and long-standing, with the Girdlers' Company. I owe a great debt to the College for the opportunities it has given me, and having spent a large proportion of my formative years within a few miles of Trumpington Street, the profound effect it has had on me cannot be underestimated. Taking the time to reflect and write this article has made me more determined than ever to get the most out of my remaining time here as a PhD student.



The Nicholas Bacon Society Dinner in March 2012.

40 Years On

THE NICHOLAS BACON LAW SOCIETY

PROFESSOR ROBERT UPEX (m1968), THE FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE SOCIETY, RECALLS HOW IT ALL STARTED.



As the first Chairman of the Nicholas Bacon Law Society I am delighted to have been asked to contribute an article to the *Pelican* about its foundation forty years ago.

The Society was set up during the academic year 1971-1972 and its first dinner was held during the Lent Term of 1972. At the time, the number of lawyers in the College was small indeed. I matriculated in 1968 and in that matriculation year there was only one undergraduate who came up to study law for all three years. It was more normal to spend two years reading for another Tripos and to change to law in the third year, which is what two of us did. (It was possible to do this at that time, because the number of 'core subjects' required by the legal professions was smaller than it is now.) By the time the Society was set up in late 1971, the minutes of the Committee Meetings record the numbers as follows: 3 in their first year, 2 in their second year, 8 in their third year (of whom at least half had changed from another Tripos) and 4 in their fourth year. The four of us in the 4th year were reading for what used to be called the LLB but has subsequently been renamed the LL.M. It is worth recording that there were no PhD students at that time.



Professor David Ibbetson.



Sir Terence Etherton with students.



Nicholas Bacon.



Nicholas Bacon's portrait.



Philip Murray.



Philip with Sir Terence Etherton.

The Director of Studies at the time was Graham Routledge, who was also Dean of Chapel. Interestingly, both the law dons in the College at that time were ordained clergymen and Diocesan Chancellors, the other being Chancellor Garth Moore. The idea for the foundation of the Society came from Lord Justice Lawton (m1930), an Old Member of Corpus, who suggested it to Graham Routledge. He convened a meeting of all those reading law in the College. The idea was greeted with enthusiasm by all present and I emerged from the meeting as the Chairman. Gavin le Fleming Shepherd (m1969) was the Secretary and Graham Coy (m1971) the Junior Treasurer. Lord Justice Lawton became the first President of the Society.

THE COLLECTION OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

The three of us set about our work. The minutes of our first meeting (on 20 November 1971) show us addressing the main issues: the collection of subscriptions (set at 50 pence), the compilation of a list of Old Members who had read law at Corpus and the choice of a suitable name for the Society.

The minutes of the next meeting record that the Junior Treasurer was finding members 'most reluctant' to pay the subscription. They also record that the Secretary had made enquiries about the name of the Society and that one of the members, one T M E B Etherton (m1969) (now the President of the Society) had suggested that it be named after Sir Nicholas Bacon, a member of the College in the 17th century who had later gone on to become an eminent lawyer and a Privy Councillor. Terry Etherton later told me that the reason for his suggestion was that he had seen a portrait of Bacon whilst dining as a law student in Gray's Inn and the discovery that he was a Corpus man had prompted the suggestion. The minutes of a later meeting (on 10 March 1972) record that the Chairman reported that Lord Justice Lawton had 'heartily approved' of naming the Society after Bacon. The Chairman went on to suggest that the name should be the 'Nicholas Bacon Law Society' rather than the 'Nicholas Bacon Society' as he 'felt that the former would obviate the necessity of

explaining the purpose of the Society to anyone to whom the name was mentioned'. So it came about that the Society received its name.

During the course of the first year, various activities were organised, including the first dinner of the Society. Approaches were made to Old Members to come and give talks, including Sir Peter Foster (m1931) (a judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court) and James Lumsden (m1933), an Old Member of the College who was Chairman of Burma Oil. There were also various informal gatherings.

The minutes of the meeting held on 5 February 1972 record a discussion on the subject of Moots. The Committee had been sounding out the opinion of the members on this matter, but 'it was found that apathy prevailed generally'. How different is the attitude 40 years later!

As the academic year drew to its close, the Committee addressed its mind to the election of the new Committee. A note was sent out to all the members of the Society in May 1972 inviting nominations for the three posts and setting out the procedure which we intended to follow. No election was held, as there was only one nomination for each post. The candidate for the post of Chairman was T M E B Etherton, proposed by me and seconded by T A Cole (m1969). Graham Coy became Secretary and Charles Anderson (m1971), Junior Treasurer.

I was both pleased and honoured to be asked to speak at the 40th annual dinner of the Society, held on 10 March 2012 in Hall. The second Chairman of the Society, now Lord Justice Etherton, has gone on to be the third President of the Society and the numbers present at the dinner reflected the growth of law in Corpus over the last 40 years. It was indeed a special gathering and a fitting celebration of the Nicholas Bacon Law Society's growth and success.

Robert Upex

Philip Murray (m2007), Chairman for the NBLS's 40th year.

The Nicholas Bacon Law Society is one of the College's most treasured assets, and has just celebrated its fortieth anniversary. After three years as an undergraduate lawyer at Corpus and one year into my PhD, I was privileged to be elected Chairman for the Society for its fortieth year. Organizing the Society's Fortieth Annual Dinner was a significant challenge, but with the assistance of other Nicholas Bacon Committee members, former Chairmen, the Development Office, and our President, the Rt Hon Sir Terence Etherton, I hope the dinner was a success.

Over 80 current and former Corpus lawyers met to celebrate the Society's anniversary on Saturday, 10 March. Old Members flew in from as far away as Hong Kong, New York, and Edinburgh to toast the Society's health. We were treated to six delicious courses from the College kitchens and some very decent wines from the cellars. An excellent history of the Society was delivered by Professor Robert Upex, the Society's founding Chairman. His enjoyable words are reproduced in this article, too, and make for interesting reading. As well as the current past President, the Society's former President, the Rt Hon Sir Martin Nourse (m1952) was able to join us. Another prestigious President, the Rt Hon Sir Murray Stuart-Smith (m1948), was unfortunately unable to attend the dinner, but we were grateful to receive Sir Murray's kind words of praise for the Society, and he was well represented by his son Jeremy Stuart-Smith QC (m1974), another of the College's successful lawyers. The society's first President, the late the Rt Hon Sir Frederick Lawton, was graciously represented by his son, Tony.

It is the close connection between current students and Old Members that makes the Society a success, and one of the College's most special student societies. This is not only manifested at the Annual Dinner, where students and Old Members have the opportunity to meet and talk with one another. During my term as Chairman, the Society benefitted greatly from talks kindly delivered by Old Members. The Hon Lord Hodge (m1972), of Scotland's Court of Session, delivered a very well-attended talk on the Human Rights Act 1998, and the relationship between Scottish courts and the UK Supreme Court. On another occasion, Robert Wilson (m1970), of City

firm Holman Fenwick Willan LLP gave a talk on life at a commercial law firm. Society members with an interest in the Bar were coached on mooting and given advice on applying for pupillage by His Honour Judge Martin Edmunds QC (m1979). His enthusiastic coaching stood first-year students in good stead for their participation in the Annual Freshers' Moot, which was kindly judged by His Honour Judge Michael Yelton (m1968). Later in the year, first year students were shown around the Royal Courts of Justice by Sir Terence Etherton, and treated to lunch at Gray's Inn. That same day, students were entertained at the offices of Freshfields Bruckhaus Deringer LLP by Wendy Tsang Man Pun (m2003), George Swan (m1996), and Kier Liddell (m1997), all of whom became solicitors at the firm following law degrees at Corpus. Thanks are due in abundance to all those Old Members who have assisted with the Society during the last year, and the Society looks forward to similarly benefitting from Old Members in its future years.

Corpus law students have also benefitted from another important connection with Old Members. Through the Nicholas Bacon Fund, Old Members have kindly supported many Corpus law students in need of economic assistance. Those succeeding in Tripos examinations have also been rewarded for their success through scholarships paid from the Fund. The economic security the Nicholas Bacon Fund provides means that all law students at Corpus are able to get on wrestling with Constitutional Law, Trusts, and Contract, and making applications to solicitors' firms or barristers' chambers, without the real-world worries that too many students have to deal with these days. For this, the we are extremely grateful.

All of this makes the Society something very unique in Corpus, and, indeed, in the University. The 40 years of close connections between students and Old Members is something we celebrated at the Fortieth Anniversary Dinner, and something I have no doubt we will continue to celebrate for many years in the future.

Philip Murray, Chairman, 2011-2012.

The Academy of Ancient Music

EARLIER THIS YEAR CORPUS OLD MEMBERS ENJOYED A CONCERT AT THE WIGMORE HALL WITH THE ACADEMY OF ANCIENT MUSIC. THE PROGRAMME INCLUDED A PRE-CONCERT TALK, DRINKS RECEPTION WITH MUSICIANS AND BENEFACTORS, AND A DINNER AFTERWARDS. THE EVENING WAS A GREAT SUCCESS AND CORPUS HAS NOW ARRANGED FOR FURTHER CONCERTS AND HOSPITALITY WITH THE ACADEMY NEXT SEASON. DETAILS OF THE CONCERTS IN QUESTION WILL BE ON THE WEBSITE AND IN EMAIL UPDATES.



The history of the Academy of Ancient Music is the history of a musical revolution — and it's a story that starts here in Cambridge.

The founder of the orchestra, Christopher Hogwood, fell in love with the idea of 'period' music whilst an undergraduate at Pembroke, Cambridge. For over a century, baroque and classical music had been played on modern instruments and in modern styles, disregarding composers' intentions. But a movement had begun across Europe to explore original soundworlds, using the instruments Handel, JS Bach and Mozart would have known and connecting with the spirit in which they wrote their masterpieces.

The idea of 'period' music was new, and didn't have the support of traditional music establishments. Christopher Hogwood, though, was convinced that this was a vital and invigorating way to approach music, and he gathered together a group of like-minded musicians. Hogwood approached Decca, who had the vision to ask the musicians to meet for the first time at their studios. In 1973, at a recording session in London, the Academy of Ancient Music was born.

Over the forty years since then, the orchestra has recorded over 300 CDs and played live on every continent except Antarctica, winning Brit and Grammy Awards for the quality of its musicianship. The early days of the AAM were characterised by a spirit of adventure, resulting in the first-ever recordings on original instruments of the Mozart symphonies. Over the past five years, the orchestra has given the first-ever performances in China of JS Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*.

The AAM's ethos is to explore the way music was first performed: the instruments that were used, the size of the orchestra, even the way that trills were played. One of the first things many people notice is that there are usually fewer players than a modern symphony orchestra — which reflects the smaller orchestras that existed in the eighteenth century. The result is that the original balance between the instruments is restored, allowing each to shine through. And

the instruments themselves are different. The stringed instruments use metal, not gut strings. The violinists don't use chin rests, and the cellists grip the instruments between their legs rather than resting them on the floor. The result is a more striking, visceral sound, less homogeneous than modern instruments. The same is true of other instruments: the trumpets don't use valves, but are made of a continuous piece of tube which is controlled by finger holes and the lips. It's a lot riskier to play than a modern trumpet, but has a much more gentle, lyrical tone (in one concerto, Bach pairs a flute and a trumpet, which speaks volumes about how gentle original trumpets can be — and demonstrates how important using original instruments can be).

Another striking difference is that, for a lot of baroque and classical music, the orchestra is directed by a harpsichordist or violinist rather than a conductor. Again, this is how this music was first performed, and it establishes a very direct, musical connection between the players.

It's not just about technical differences though. Composers expected musicians to contribute creatively to music-making: original scores have far fewer editorial markings than modern editions, and so players are required to constantly engage with the music and make informed decisions. Much of the vital early work of the AAM was in uncovering original scores, stripping away centuries of editorial markings — and this continues in the work behind every performance.

The AAM remains rooted in its home cities of Cambridge and London (where it is Associate Ensemble at the Barbican). In 2006, Christopher Hogwood stepped down as Music Director and was succeeded by Richard Egarr. Egarr was organ scholar at Clare College whilst an undergraduate, and it was in Cambridge that he first fell in love with period instruments — and indeed met and performed with many of the fine musicians with whom he has since collaborated, including violinist Andrew Manze.



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