



**The Horningsea Snake**



(see the [NHS website](#) for current NHS guidelines on COVID-19)

## ***Parish Council meeting***

**10th April 2020, video via Zoom**

Members of the public are of course welcome. The Zoom meeting details will be published closer to the time.

The [agenda is on the village website](#).

## ***A CONCERT FOR HORNINGSEA ...in celebration of living in our very special village***

**SUNDAY 21st June at 18:00 ...by Zoom**

In celebration of midsummer in Horningsea there will be a concert with all of our resident talented performers taking part. This will be a Zoom concert - the Zoom invitation and details of how to join will be circulated in mid June. We thought about doing the concert "live" in the open air but it seems we would be breaking the guidelines (and this glorious sunny weather is unlikely to last until then!).

Performers lined up so far include various young musicians and singers, possibly jazz piano & saxophone, singers, possibly a banjo player, readers of poems and prose ...

If you would like to take part and have a favourite party piece to perform can you contact either Lindsay Davies (ldathorningsea@gmail.com) or Frank Hopkirk (frank.hopkirk@btinternet.com), if you have not already done so.

## ***There's a snake in the playground!***

The "Horningsea lockdown snake" was started in the Jubilee Gardens with painted stones. This was inspired by Leighanne when she spotted it in another village. Anyone

-grown ups and children- is more than welcome to contribute by adding more stones. Let's see how far we can get!

## **Village shops, pubs and services**

### ***Takeaways at The Plough and Fleece***

*Mary Corless*

The takeaways will still be available on Friday and Saturday evenings 18.00 until 19.30. Until further notice.

Ring through on 01223 860795 during the above times to place your order. Please be respectful of others when picking up your order.

For times and menus, please look on the [Facebook page](#) or the [pub website](#). You can of course also call the pub to place your order on 01223 860795.

<https://www.facebook.com/PloughandFleecePub>

<http://www.ploughandfleece.com/>

### ***Church services***

*Lindsay Davies*

It is very frustrating but the rules in relation to churches have not changed. The church has to remain locked and cannot be opened even for private prayer. The Vicar is allowed in on condition he then locks the door! Meanwhile we are thinking about how we can keep people safe and at a distance when we are finally allowed to reopen. When this happens we will need to organise a team to clean the church, so if you are willing to help out when the time comes can you let one of the church wardens know.

Thank you in the meanwhile to all those who have continued to look after the churchyard, particularly Michael Gingell who cuts the grass, the Friends who look after the flowers in front of the memorial stone, this who have tidied around grave stones and those who have been finding suitable plants to increase our biodiversity.

### ***Local food deliveries***

*James Carruthers*

*The list is updated regularly, but see the village website for the most recent list.*

<http://www.horningsea.net/archives/3442>

It is surely safer to have your shopping delivered than to go to the shops. In an effort to try and avoid going to the shops some villagers have recommended companies that will deliver to our doors to compliment the more obvious supermarket deliveries. Some on this list will take telephone orders, but would obviously prefer online ordering where possible.

**Milkman Services:** Both of the top two companies are now both processing new Horningsea customers. They do more than milk of course and I encourage you to check out their surprising range. There was a week delay between me registering and being accepted.

- **Plumbs Dairy** <https://www.plumbs-dairy.co.uk/>
- **Milk and More** <https://www.milkandmore.co.uk/>
- **Fisher & Woods** for Fresh Fruit and Vegetables and some Dairy.  
sales@fisherwoods.co.uk 08442092666. <https://fisherandwoods.co.uk/> Delivery is free if you mention "Cambscuisine" or collection from Saffron Walden
- **Stilton Butchers** [www.stiltonbutchers.co.uk](http://www.stiltonbutchers.co.uk). 10% discount using Cambscuisine code "CC2020" Home delivery available.
- **Marrfish** [www.marrfish.co.uk](http://www.marrfish.co.uk) Home delivery available.
- **The Cornish Fish Monger** [www.thecornishfishmonger.co.uk](http://www.thecornishfishmonger.co.uk) 01726 862489. Home delivery available
- **Cowlings Family Butchers**, Ditton Lane [www.cowlingsbutchers.co.uk](http://www.cowlingsbutchers.co.uk) 01223 295314. (April 14, 2020) Home delivery not available.
- **The Gog Magog Farm Shop** [www.thegog.com](http://www.thegog.com) make a list and turn up for contactless, stay-in-car service. The usual Farm Shop fare of greengrocery, deli, dairy and butchery are available.
- **Culinaris** [www.culinaris.co.uk](http://www.culinaris.co.uk) An artisan foodie shop on Mill Road for general food and ingredients with home delivery available.
- **Kale and Damson** [www.kaleanddamson.co.uk](http://www.kaleanddamson.co.uk) 01223 632111. Greengrocery and dairy with free delivery for orders over £30.
- Local pubs and breweries doing deliveries  
<https://www.cambridge-camra.org.uk/where-to-get-beer-during-a-pandemic/>
- **Cambridge Fruit company:** <https://www.cambridgefruitcompany.com> deliver Fruit and Veg boxes, Plus they can include meat boxes from Andrews butchers (on Mill road) and also some cake trays!

..and of course, Rosemary Newsagents in Waterbeach. They can be contacted on 01223 571646 [www.rosemarynewsagents.co.uk/](http://www.rosemarynewsagents.co.uk/)

### ***Horningsea Assists - mutual aid group***

Don't want to leave home because you are self-isolating? Do you need someone to do your shopping, cook food, walk your dog, pick up a prescription etc.? Feeling isolated and need a chat? We want to ensure that nobody is left isolated or without what they need. We won't ask anything of you in return and we will respect your self-isolation.

#### **Ways to ask for help:**

- Post in the Horningsea Residents Facebook group.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/HorningseaResidentsAssociation/>

- Email [horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com](mailto:horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com)
- Call: Graham Haynes on 07723 472858
- Message or WhatsApp someone else in the village who can get your request out.

To offer help post in the help-offered thread in the Horningsea Facebook Group or email [horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com](mailto:horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com).

Please ensure that your neighbours are well. A phone call can make a difference to somebody alone.

<http://www.horningsea.net/archives/3442>

## **Horningsea past**

### ***My Horningsea adventure - part 4.***

*Vee Saunders.*

Before I continue with my journey , I would like to correct a typing error in my last story. I had typed that the 'Old Village Hall' had been a WWII Hospital ward, I should have typed WWI. I can hear my History mistress telling me with regular impatience that "Historical facts must be correctly stated" Having been duly ticked off by Miss Walling in my memory, I will now happily join you in the next part of my Horningsea journey. Whew!

As the months and years ticked by, I have been very fortunate to make close, valuable friends in the Village. I think it was Molly Marshall (see photo) who was the first to seek me out and introduce herself to me, by knocking on my front door one Sunday afternoon. I was greeted by a smiling Molly, who I had seen around the Village, but we had never spoken, so it was a pleasant surprise to see her standing on my doorstep. Naturally I was delighted to invite Molly to join me and we had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon chatting together and getting to know each other over a cup of tea.

I very soon discovered what an interesting and well educated woman Molly was and enjoyed over the many years of our friendship , hearing about her interesting and extraordinary life. But most of all it was the years Molly spent as a young woman in her early twenties living and surviving in Finland ,which within months of her arrival allied itself to Nazi Germany.

Molly arrived in Finland in 1939 just before WW2. She joined a Catholic Community to help and educate young Catholic girls . Once war was declared in Europe, Molly as a British citizen found herself living on enemy soil.

Molly being the courageous woman she decided she had no choice but to stick it out despite the fact she would be classified as an enemy alien. Molly would talk with fondness of her Finnish friends and told me with some conviction that on the whole the Finnish Authorities were generally supportive as long as she obeyed the rules . Nevertheless there were constraints and the German Military were very much in evidence.

Teaching herself to speak Finnish and Russian Molly became an important part of the Catholic Community, working with the Priests, becoming a Reader, plus her duties with the girls and young women. I always felt Molly found her life within the Catholic Community to have been very fulfilling.

Molly explained they lived a pretty normal life in general but naturally there were worries and concerns about air raids and the general inconvenience of war. Once a month Molly had to report to the Deputy Chief of Police which didn't hold too much concern as he was generally very considerate. It wasn't until one morning Molly received an URGENT ORDER to report immediately to the Police Department, where on arrival she was taken to the Chief of Police. Molly described him to me as an extremely unpleasant man, who smoked consistently throughout the interview, blowing smoke into her face. She felt he was trying to emulate the Gestapo! He coldly announced she had been reported as having stolen a German Passport "What have you got to say about that" he snapped.

According to Molly she replied "Why on earth would I want to steal a German Passport when I have a perfectly good British Passport, once you return it to me". I am not exactly sure what followed, but Molly was allowed to return home feeling very anxious there must be a spy in her midst who had taken a dislike to her.

This precarious way of life continued until 1944 when on returning home from Mass early one morning her friend informed her she was to report urgently to the Finnish Authorities. On arrival at the Police Station she was taken immediately to see the Deputy Chief of Police. He took Molly into an anteroom, explaining his office had been recently bugged and The German High Command were taking over within hours.

The Finnish Authorities were hastily arranging for the British Wives of Finns to be sent to Sweden and he was prepared to include Molly if she agreed. He strongly advised Molly to accept his suggestion, explaining once the Germans took Command, he would be powerless to protect her. Molly agreed and was given just 11 hours in which to gather together her most precious belongings and to be at the Docks at a given hour.

They were taken to Sweden and 3 months later were flown in a Lancaster bomber to somewhere in Northern England. As soon as Molly was able, she decided to move to Cambridge to be near her Uncle Bernard who was a senior Priest at *Our Lady and The English Martyrs* in Lensfield Road. In 1946 Molly moved to Dock Lane in Horningsea aged 30 years. She lived a happy life, contributing to life within the Village. The



Horticultural Show was one of Molly's main interests and year after year she entered her produce and assisted at the Shows.

It was some years after Molly moved into the village that our dear friend Margaret Dorrington and her husband Sid moved into Rosemary Cottage , St John's Lane. Molly and Margaret soon became good friends both working hard to help restore St Peter's Church , which in many ways probably helped to bond their friendship. It didn't take long before Margaret and Molly became firm friends. They used to meet regularly for coffee and one day they started to talk about their lives during the war. On one of those occasions Molly told Margaret about her journey from Finland to England. I wasn't present, but they told me how excited Margaret had been, because having held an important position in the Foreign Office she had played a leading role in organising that very journey for the group of British women's return to England.

What an incredible coincidence that Molly and Margaret ended up as neighbours living just across an orchard from one another in a little English Village. Margaret told me how it closed a chapter for her, as she had often wondered who those British women were as everything had to be top secret.

As my dear friend grew into frail old age I invited Molly to come and live with me, which she did until she needed more assistance and moved very happily to Hatley Court in Waterbeach where she quietly died aged 98 years.

I feel truly blessed to have been able to call Molly a friend, who lived her life through her deep faith, her love for her country and her passion for learning. Rest in Peace dear Molly.

## [Horningsea cooks and bakes](#)

Please send in your recipes to share with your neighbours

### ***No-Bake Cookies***

*Clare Harding*

*(Fun for kids with supervision over the boiling bit).*

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 ¾ cups/350 grams granulated sugar</li> <li>• ½ cup/120 milliliters whole milk</li> <li>• ½ cup/115 grams unsalted butter</li> <li>• ⅓ cup/30 grams unsweetened cocoa powder</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• ½ teaspoon fine sea salt</li> <li>• 3 cups/280 grams quick-cooking oats</li> <li>• ⅔ cup/160 grams smooth or crunchy peanut butter (not natural)</li> <li>• 1 teaspoon vanilla extract</li> </ul>
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1. Line two large sheet pans with parchment paper. In a saucepan combine the sugar, milk, butter, cocoa powder and salt. Bring ingredients to the boil over medium heat, stirring constantly and being careful not to let the mixture burn, then cook until the cocoa powder and sugar have





fully dissolved, about 1 minute. Remove from heat.

2. Add the oats, peanut butter and vanilla. Stir until well combined, then let cool for about 15 minutes. Drop heaping tablespoonfuls onto the prepared sheet pans, gently pressing the center to flatten slightly. (You should have about 36 cookies.) Chill for a few hours until firm. Store in an airtight container at room temperature for up to 1 week

## Lockdown thoughts

### *Whitsun*

*Rev. Alun Ford*

Before the lockdown, I went to the Steve McQueen retrospective at the Tate Modern. I had seen a couple of his feature films — *Hunger* (2008) and *12 Years a Slave* (2013)—so I knew I was to encounter the work of someone with vision and integrity. I wasn't expecting to find myself so moved by its force, and its moral intensity. Two pieces struck me particularly: [Ashes \(2002-2015\)](#) and [7th Nov. \(2001\)](#). Both explore violence, masculinity, and the perspectives we take on them. McQueen explores this last point in different ways. *Ashes*—which tells the story of a young man's death because of the market for drugs—consists of two films projected simultaneously onto opposite sides of a screen. *7th Nov.* consists of an audiobook played over a single 35mm image projected onto a screen. The audio is a recording of a man recounting a deeply traumatic event in monologue. The image is of the crown of a man's head, as he lies down. It gives the impression of a mortuary slab, or an operating table. We are encouraged to question what perspective we take on people—and whether that perspective is complicit in the violence we perform on each other.

Over the river in the Tate Britain, McQueen was exhibiting his project [Year 3 \(2019\)](#). This is a very different work, comprising hundreds of photographs of London schoolchildren in year 3. Perhaps it is a sign of age—the Vicar's going soft with it—but I was reminded of my school photograph and the possibilities that lay beyond childhood. I think of my openness to that possibility and, quickly, wonder where it goes when we have left childhood behind. To see the Tate filled with images of children from all backgrounds seemed to me to fill that institution with life, expectation, and the sense that we are all to become something. What shall I become? What shall become of me? I remember those questions, asked childishly, but still being answered now as we negotiate the perspectives taken on us, the perspectives we take on ourselves, and—for some—the trauma of various sorts that we encounter.

May ends and June begins with Whitsuntide. In this short season, which is the culmination of all the Easter celebrations that began so long ago, the Church remembers the gift of the Holy Spirit after Jesus's Ascension. It is significant, I think, that at this point in the story Jesus has left



the disciples and something new has come. By going, Jesus leaves the disciples to make what they will of their experience and to set about their lives with expectation and promise. There is no monolithic experience from which the disciples should set out, no universal, determining perspective from which they are to speak. Each disciple—universally—receives the gift of the Holy Spirit and speaks as he can. In receiving and in speaking, they are set forth on a new path, expectantly and with a sense that they ought to become something. They begin this new phase of their life understanding what it means to 'become as little children' in order to 'enter the kingdom of heaven' (Matthew 18. 3).

Whitsun, then, gives us permission to ask, as if we were children, what shall I become? The story isn't over. It is just in a new phase, that might—that most likely will—require a new perspective on ourselves, and on others.

## ***Letter from Lockdown***

*Richard Pleasants*

I met a friend of mine during my daily exercise ration last week. He was wearing shorts, a tee shirt advertising a fashionable motorcycle store in LA and a baseball cap. He had walked about 6k. He told me, from a safe distance, that his annual trips to Monaco and Le Mans would almost certainly not happen this year and that he was soon to become a great grandfather. This means that there will be four generations of him.

When he was a boy there were cars and planes and trains and cruise liners and telephones and televisions, but people did a fair bit of spitting. When I was a boy, some years later, people smoked in maternity wards and very young women dressed as schoolgirls and showed their underwear whilst dancing on prime time television before going home with Jimmy Savile, and this was considered normal, but apart from that most things were pretty much as they are now. Yet as few as ten generations ago things were very different indeed. Apart from the absence of cars, planes, trains, cruise liners etc there were almost no schools and no hospitals, which meant that if you developed a slight cough you would die. They hadn't even got to the stage of pushing children up chimneys or into the mills, because there weren't any. So in the absence of smartphones and tablets they entertained themselves with public hangings. This was their normal.

There's a lot of talk in this pandemic about getting back to normal. For a lot of people this means watching the football and driving somewhere where, without getting out of their car, they can buy a portion of ground-up corpse sandwiched in a bun and then eat it on the way home, discarding the carton on a grass verge before they get there. On this basis I rather hope the lockdown lasts quite a bit longer. There has however been some talk of the 'new normal' though nobody has been very clear about what form this may take. There is a saying that a camel is a horse designed by a committee. If the committee is 7.5 billion strong and the task is to reshape the world, it may be tricky reaching a consensus. In the absence of a better form of governance than democracy, we are confronted with a position where the most powerful man in the world is one who thinks injecting oneself with Domestos is a good idea, and whose grasp of the



meaning of sarcasm is as foggy as his grasp of medicine. His measure of normality is extracting as much oil as possible, and burning it.

Although everything we know about the world is relearned (and added to massively) with each generation, normality is still a relatively slow-moving condition, being generally a reactive rather than proactive process. Many of the world's institutions - not least religion - depend for their very existence on the absence of fresh thinking.

So who is going to stick their head above the parapet and design the new normal - to specify some positive good rather than simply circumventing the proven bad? For many of my generation, John Lennon's 'Imagine' was brave sketch design for a Utopia: a world free of racial, nationalist and religious conflict. But these days Lennon would be well behind the curve by not mentioning the undesirability of having a chilled air-conditioned room to keep your fur coats in - as he apparently did. We don't yet regard rolling some dried leaves in paper before putting them into your mouth and setting fire to them as abnormal, nor is putting a slice of dead pig between two pieces of bread and eating it - but one day we will. Of course, climate change will be right at the head of the queue as something to be addressed in our new *modus operandi*, and rightly so, but while the world is still run by the old and the inert, it will be a huge boulder to shift.

I search for fragments of hope - and find some. Two boys pass me on bicycles, neither spitting nor swearing, but instead politely wish me 'good morning'. And a phone box, no longer containing graffiti or urine (nor incidentally, a phone) but instead - books.

## ***Do not try this at home***

*John Wilson*

In the early 70s I joined a ship in the West India Docks for a long voyage to the Persian Gulf and Far East. A few days before sailing the deep sea crew making the voyage joined. Some were old ship mates from other ships, but the majority were unknown to each other. Before we sailed a TV company used the ship to film an episode of *Z cars*, a popular tv series of the time. The actors including the star of the show Stratford John gave a party in the ship's bar which turned out to be a great night, but more importantly brought everyone together for the first time. Looking back from the lock gates as we passed out into the River Thames it is now hard to believe that the West India Docks are now part of Canary Wharf with very little of the docklands remaining.

We sailed the morning after the party, a crew of about 20 plus deck engineers and catering officers setting off for the six week trip to the Persian Gulf where we were to unload at thirteen ports in high summer. As we left the I remember seeing a lorry with the distinctive "Dents of Hilgay" logo crossing the bridge at the top of the locks and wished I could be hitching a ride home. I expect that throughout the ship we all had similar thoughts, however, we had signed "the articles" and they would contract for a period of two years, unless the ship returned to a port between Brest and the Elbe. The voyage to the Gulf was round the Cape and should have taken just six weeks, however,

as we neared the Straits of Hormoze we received a message to proceed to a place called Salalh where we were to rendezvous with a Dhow off the coast.

Anchoring off the coast the Dhow, manned by very rough looking locals, came alongside. Over the next few days we unloaded large crates from our hold onto the dhow. However, it was not until some time later that we were to find out the sailors were actually soldiers and what happened at the [village of Mirbat](#) further along the coast. Once unloaded we proceeded into the Gulf for a long, hot thirteen port discharge, bear in mind that the ship was not air conditioned and although many of these ports we visited are now thriving cities and holiday destinations they were then just dhow harbours on the edge of the desert, with no possibility of going ashore. Once we were empty we left the Gulf receiving orders by radio to go to Borneo to load timber for Hamburg and Immingham.

It took a further ten days to reach the Rajang, including a short stop at Singapore for fuel. One of the engineers decided that he had had enough and jumped ship, catching a flight home. The thought of another three months was too much. The Rajang river leads deep into the jungle where locals came down in rickety craft bringing the timber alongside the ship. They also set up a shanty town on the deck where they lived for the duration of our stay. One source of entertainment was to go to their galley to try some of the local delicacies.

From the Rajang we went to Miri, anchoring off and loading more timber. However, not before anchoring in a quiet bay where we had a couple of days off. I can't remember what the head office was told but probably that we needed to make a repair to the engine. A suckling pig had been procured and to the recordings of "James Last Polka Party" the only working tape available, we had a good couple of days off, including swimming from the ship, probably not the most sensible thing to do considering what lurked below.

At Miri we completed loading more timber and thought that we would be homeward bound, but a message came by radio to proceed to Taiwan to fill the remaining space with goods for Hamburg. Finally and fully loaded we set off from Taiwan on a nonstop voyage of about 48 days back to Hamburg. We were quite apt at making our own amusement and planning the voyage back so we decided to plot a course past places of interest on the way. There were no satellites to track us and as far as the company were concerned we would report our progress once a week.

The passage down the China sea gave us time to pass scenic islands and mountains including Sunda Straits, where the island of Krakatoa is located. This was the site of the largest explosion the world had ever seen as the whole island volcano blew up causing devastation that swept round the world. Unfortunately my camera broke so I had no photos of it. It still smoked and seemed sinister and we were glad to see it slip beneath the horizon. It was about this time that the plan was hatched. Several recreational daily activities were going on. The long wire with large hooks and gunny bag were streamed daily in the hope of catching a shark, reeling in and resetting the bait became a daily ritual with cans of beer served by the chief steward. It had long been noticed that the Second officer was a man who had a tendency to routine. His life

at sea was very regimented. Each day he would have his dinner at exactly the same time having sat in his chair for half an hour reading. On his return to his cabin another half hour of reading before going to bed so as to be ready to start his watch at midnight through to four in the morning.



*(Spot the author)*

Once we were clear of the Sunda straits each time he went for his dinner his chair would be taken out of his cabin and using a special jig the engineers had made, a very small amount of the four legs would be removed.

Bearing in mind the voyage still had over forty days to go the daily amount removed was minuscule. The idea was a sweepstake on which day it would be that he noticed what had been happening. As the days passed the well oiled machinery of removing the chair, spiriting it away to the engine room and removing a few millimetres of leg took place, taking great care that the new cuts were covered and everything was replaced exactly as before in time for him to return to the mess room. Each day the second mate returned to his cabin, settled in for his pre sleep read, not realising what had happened. Those in the know who passed the open door of his cabin could see that chair was obviously getting nearer to the ground. About two weeks later it was noticed there was some shuffling around the cabin but so far he had not twigged.





Then one evening about when we were approaching the Canary Islands his cabin door burst open, followed by the chair flying into the passageway and many expletives, as he realised what had occurred over the past weeks. The second mate took it in good spirits receiving the winnings of the sweepstake and the chance to drink it while someone else stood his watch.

We slowly headed into the North Atlantic. Tropical uniforms were stowed away as the grey skies and rolling Atlantic seas slowed our progress. However as we neared the Channel the mood of the ships company lightened, a condition commonly known as "the Channels" swept the ship. I am sure a psychiatrist would have another name for it. The shark line was stowed, The Second Mate had a new chair, while the radio picked up English radio stations and the loom of familiar lighthouses rose over the horizon finally rounded Ushant, the most westerly point of the coast of France and set off up the English channel. Excitement grew as we picked up the English coast and made our way passed the Isle of White, Dungeness and on to the Dutch coast, finally rounding the Texel light vessel and heading for the Elbe light vessel and finally off paying off and going home from Hamburg. The end of a long voyage.

Perhaps we will all be getting "the channels" soon. When this period of lockdown has passed. I only hope that no one has gone to the lengths that we used to do to make life interesting and keep cheerful otherwise there may be a number of very short legged chairs heading for the tip.

## ***Prophecy and Transformation in a time of Coronavirus***

Alan Moore

*Come to the edge, he said*

*They said: We are afraid*

*Come to the edge, he said*

*They came*

*He pushed them... and they flew*

(Apollinaire)

It is in the leap of the imagination, made flesh in the fully committed creative act, that we can bring new ideas and realities into this world, a new way of seeing and being. Coronavirus has brought us at great speed to a moment of transformation. It is a tragedy but one that offers an extraordinary space for us to reimagine what a better future might look like for us all.

We look to science for ways to manage the virus but we must also turn to artists to explore how we are in this universe, how we relate to the world and to each other physically, mentally and spiritually. Artists are the cultural astronauts of our time, the best of them holding the horizon line with a long view. When civilisations fall, the only thing left is art in its varied forms that we then revere in museums and libraries around the world.

In 1987 there was a group exhibition held in London with three artists, Mark Rothko, Joseph Beuys and Yves Klein. These three represented the shifting of contemporary art to explore the greater existential questions we as a humanity face. They were prophets describing a different type of world that was more conscious in multiple ways.

Rothko sought to explore the spiritual plain and cared deeply about society. Beuys looked into our universe and the universal patterns of ideas. He was invested in the possibility of a new social order, approaching his work as a shamanic healer. Having grown up in the ashes and rubble of WW2, Beuys synergised ecology, politics, and science and drew upon a vast range of sources that informed his work. Beuys and Rothko saw themselves as explorers of a new age.

Klein explored the idea of transformation. He saw himself as a messenger of great tidings, a new man with a new art for a new world. A world in which art would be a language of pure emotion communicated directly between perceptive individuals.

These three were all asking the questions only we humans can ask: Why are we here? For what reason do we exist? What are the values that underpin what matters most to us? What kind of world are we trying to make? As world makers they were all saying, in their own ways, we need a different consciousness. We need to transform, but to what?

In the background, informing the work of these artists, were Rudolf Steiner and Max Heindel, both of whom believed that at some point in the third millennium man, by his own efforts and strength of powers of thought, would be able to transform himself — that we could escape the material age and enter a new evolutionary phase of vastly



greater spirituality and sensibility. To me, this transformation is about bringing what the philosopher Iris Murdoch would call "the good" into this world. In her book "The Sovereignty of Good," she writes, "the concept of good is not the name of an esoteric object but the tool of every rational man." We certainly need every human to be rational at this very moment in time.

The seeking of the good and the bringing of the good into the world confronts the selfishness of a neoliberal economy. The universal virtue of good and the need for a more transformative and regenerative society has been veiled for too long. We are now on the edge: one third of the world's entire wealth is held offshore; we are beset by plague, fire, pestilence; the glaciers are retreating, calving themselves into the oceans at breakneck speed.

Before the virus struck there was already a shifting in the discussion of what type of world we want to live in, fuelled by a generational shift in values, knowledge, and understanding of how our world is not working as it should. Our children's generation has got no ticket to the future. They have no automatic job. They won't have jobs for life. They won't have pensions. Many of them know they won't ever be able to afford to buy a house. Yet, despite all of this, they are steeped in values. They think a lot about the environment and are deeply concerned with social responsibilities, equality, and diversity. This is a generation that reflects on what a meaningful life looks like and how to create one, that we can no longer afford the mantra of business 'profit at all and any cost'. It is a mantra that is killing us.

What has this moment of collectively staring into the abyss shown us? That we are one species, that there is no "I" without "We," that there is no life without community. In turn, social distancing has demonstrated the disorientating surrealism of shopping when we can't be together even as strangers. Collective action is the only way humanity works. Nature is calling us, because we are Nature. We all have spiritual needs that have to be fed. The economy as it currently exists is failing us.

The shift overtaking us is not a new political, religious, or philosophical system. It is a new mind, a world view that is not religious, political, or even philosophical. I think it comes from the source idea of seeking the good. We have been sold the idea of individualism, but not individual responsibility, in an economy based upon material consumption. But we give up our individual responsibility at our peril. The claim for individuality over humanity's connectedness comes with a hefty price tag; a lack of consciousness about ourselves in the world and what others will do to us to keep us in our somnambulistic torpor. The curator Jane Seymour wrote, "it is easiest to be a prisoner, to pretend, to anaesthetise oneself against taking responsibility of individual freedom".

Many artists believe when life becomes fully conscious art as we know it will vanish, and what is to come will be greater than anything we have ever known. This is something Beuys truly believed in. He also believed we all possess the capacity to make creative acts, that we all possess an inherent creative potential. It makes for a compelling proposition.

We need an artistic response to this world, one that seeks to heal and regenerate. This is the moment of opportunity to remake our world, to seek the good and manifest it in all that we create. If we are able to build a future worth living in, we must achieve equilibrium between economy, ecology and community. Once we imagine the possibility of something it has a chance of life. Our imaginations are fired by suggestion, not by direction, and it is in that leap of imaginative creativity, so compelling in its elegance, that we are able to will a new reality into existence.

## Advance Events

### ***Horticultural Show cancellation***

*Jane Tunnacliffe*

Sadly we have had to cancel the Horticultural Show this year because we cannot run it safely with the current restrictions. We have waited until the last minute to make this decision but it looks highly likely that we will still be social distancing in July.

But, fear not, the Show will be back next year on Saturday 10th July 2021, so put the date in your diaries and start planning/practising your entries early!



### ***HRA Calendar of events for 2020***

**Forthcoming Dates for Diary 2020-21 (don't write in pen).**

- 4<sup>th</sup> July Village Day
- 19<sup>th</sup> September Apple Pressing
- 1<sup>st</sup> November Bonfire Night
- 29<sup>th</sup> November Christmas Tree Lighting
- 20th January AGM
- 30th January International Night

## Reports

Please send in reports and photos of Horningsea and relevant events to [horningseanews@gmail.com](mailto:horningseanews@gmail.com)

## ***Playground out of action***

*Graham Haynes, Chair HRA*

Unfortunately the playground was recently ruled to be unsafe by a RoSPA inspection. As a consequence it is now out of action and should not be used. Both the HRA and the Parish Council are working hard to gain funding to replace the playground

## **Notes**

### ***Trialling Traffic Restrictions at Clayhithe Bridge?***

Traffic through the High Street has been quiet during lockdown, even more so last week with the temporary road closure at Waterbeach. However, as lockdown eases, and with packed trains no longer a good option for getting into Cambridge, the village will soon be backed up with traffic again at rush hour, with cars speeding through at other times. This means inevitable noise, air pollution, and further accidents in the village. In the medium term, Waterbeach new town will contribute new waves of commuters looking to use Horningsea as a rat run, as the planned A10 improvements will take many, many years to make any difference.

Recent accidents caused by speeding vehicles have included the wall of the children's playground being demolished, a car crashed through the side of a cottage, and a car demolished a front wall and ended up in somebody's front garden.

As part of the Covid response, government funds (see link) are available to trial a solution in the form of traffic restrictions at the Clayhithe bridge, likely as some form of temporary block. Clayhithe Road could become a quiet byway serving as a safe and pleasant bicycle access route to Waterbeach and the station. Traffic through the village would be significantly reduced. Other vehicles would have to go via A14 and A10, which would of course be somewhat inconvenient for many of us, some of the time.

How would you feel about trialling these restrictions for a period of one-two months over the summer? Could the benefits outweigh the inconvenience? What exceptions would be needed- emergency vehicles, farm traffic, vulnerable groups?

It could be a struggle to justify restrictions if we ourselves are not prepared to accept some inconvenience...

There's a Facebook poll in the [Horningsea Residents Facebook](#) group.

Alternatively [this poll](#) is outside of Facebook and mirrors and asks the same questions.

### ***Public Calendar of Horningsea events***

There's a public calendar to share Horningsea events. This is a busy little village and it can be hard to keep track of all the different events. Anybody can view the calendar with this link:

<https://goo.gl/4592dL>

You can also add it to your own calendar directly using the following link:

<https://goo.gl/MrNWfg>

### ***How to submit news to the Herald***

The only guideline for news is for events and articles that are of direct relevance to the inhabitants of Horningsea. The Herald does not accept advertising, but one off "news items" may be used to publicise your "service". To submit news items either email "horningseanews@gmail.com" or submit them via Twitter.

<https://twitter.com/horningseanews>.

In these lockdown days all villagers are invited to send in recipes, thoughts on lockdown, photos of the village past and present, your hobbies! If it interests the editorial team then it gets published!

You must submit by the 2nd or 4th weekend of the month, the Herald being published before the first and third weekends of the month. Submission of any news items implies consent to any editing and the editorial team's decision is always final. **Always send as plain text via email.** Do NOT send formatted documents as then the editorial team need to remove all the formatting. Do NOT send articles as PDF. Stay under 700 words, preferably less. Attach any photos to the email. If you send in a PDF or image of a poster/flyer then attach a paragraph of text to go into the Herald as well. The editorial team are not retyping out a poster!