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Varsity

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947



LIZZIE ROBINSON

Penetrating questions

ED CUMMING
Associate Editor

A Varsity survey has revealed a correlation between academic failure and sexual activity amongst Cambridge students. The online study, which asked over a thousand members across the University in depth about their sex lives, shows that students at poorly-performing colleges are more likely to have high average levels of sexual partners.

Peterhouse, the University's oldest college, came 25th in the 2007 Tompkins Table, but 3rd in the promiscuity table, beaten only by Fitzwilliam and Homerton Colleges. At Homerton, 26th in academic achievement, students have had on average 7 sexual partners. Christ's College, 2nd in last year's Tompkins list, reported the highest number of virgins, with 28% of respondents never having had sex. Christ's also reported the lowest usage of recreational drugs,

a category which Clare topped, where 55% of respondents are users. Clare came 17th in last year's Tompkins Table. Drugs usage across the university as a whole was 28%. The results also revealed a range of activity according to subject choices. Almost half of all mathematicians have never had sex, whereas the average Medic has had at least eight sexual partners. CUSU President Mark Fletcher seemed unsurprised by the findings.

He said: "It's obvious that the mathematicians haven't found the winning formula yet. But it's good to see that 'Doctors and Nurses' is still a popular game." Surprisingly for such a similar subject, Vets come near the bottom of the table, with fewer than two average sexual partners per student. Perhaps their preference for animals extends into the bedroom. Far from its nerdy reputation, the findings show Cambridge to be a vibrant, sexually active uni-

versity, in some cases surprisingly so. 60% of those who have had sex have done it outdoors, and a quarter have tried S&M. Luckily for common rooms everywhere, only 15% have engaged in group sex. King's College emerged as the kinkiest college, as well as having the highest proportion of gay and bisexual students. Downing emerged as the straightest college, with only 3% of gay and bisexual students, well down on the figure of 16% for the University as a whole.

Food & Drink Face Off Interview

Tom Evans shares his eclectic views on waiters and wine. >> Page 19

A derby match as John's take on Trinity >> Page 18

A mixed blessing: Mark Watson on the stigma of Footlights >> Page 21

Classics conundrum

» Latin and Greek suffer as teaching deficit increases

ISABEL SHAPIRO
News Editor

Over the past seven years the number of state secondary schools teaching Latin has doubled. But despite this significant improvement in provision, Classics remains in a precarious position within the education system.

Research published by the Cambridge Schools Classics Project (CSCP) suggests that government attempts to encourage the study of Latin have been largely successful, upping the number of non-selective state schools teaching Latin from 200 in 2000 to 471 in 2007. However additional records reveal both a chronic lack of Classics teachers and a drop in the number of Latin GCSE and A-level entries, leading Cambridge academic Bob Lister to fear for the future.

"Latin teaching could vanish within one generation" says Lister, lecturer in Classics education at Cambridge University. "It is clear that Classics has stopped declining, but we are only just holding it at a survival level", he added. Nonetheless Lister is eager to praise the lengths gone to by "passionate" Classicists to reintroduce Latin to the classroom, as well as revitalize the way it is taught.

One such success story is that of Lorna Robinson, who abandoned her job teaching Latin at an Independent school to found the Isis Project last year. Backed by Boris Johnson, the scheme promotes and facilitates Classics teaching within the state sector. Robinson told

Varsity that despite having met with initial scepticism, the project has been a resounding triumph. "People never thought in a million years that Latin could be such a success" she said, "but Classics is definitely increasing in popularity". Robinson has introduced Latin to 30 state schools in Hackney and Oxfordshire where she has been delighted by the enthusiasm of students. "Even lower ability pupils took to it well", she told Varsity, "and in schools with large immigrant communities Latin was invaluable for students who speak English as a second language".

Alongside such projects, the government has invested heavily in Classics provision and CSCP have gone to great lengths to overhaul the Cambridge Latin course, rendering it accessible for the modern student by developing computer-

"Latin teaching could vanish in one generation"

ized course material. But Lister explained that such innovations are doing little to ensure that students carry the subjects on past Key Stage 3. "The fact remains that there are no more people sitting GCSEs", he emphasizes. With GCSE entries having dropped from 12659 to 10201 and A-levels from 1625 to 1424 in the past ten years, the figures clearly validate



his concern.

In addition to this decline in exam entry, the severe shortage of qualified Latin teachers has been the subject of much debate and dismay among Classicists in recent years. Only 30 PGCE Latin places have been allocated this year, while 72 teachers are due to retire every year for the next five years, leaving schools in both the state and private sector desperately and repeatedly advertising for staff.

Dwindling numbers of places available on PGCE courses put even more pressure on the current situation. "It is simply not economically viable to run a course with 10 students" says Aisha Khan, director of the Classics PGCE at King's College London, which along with Cambridge University is one of only two courses nationwide to offer such a course.

Classics is also underrepresent-

ed within higher level education establishments, such as the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority (QCA) and the Training and Development Agency for schools (TDA). The TDA groups Classics with other subjects rather than classifying it separately and the QCA have no designated Classics officer. It is without these powerful organizations making real reforms to ensure the promotion of Classics that academics fear the good work that has been done so far to revive the "dying language" will be in vain.

Despite concrete evidence of enthusiasm and demand for Classics, the necessary measures are yet to be taken to ensure the subject thrives. Lister reiterated "Unless someone at a senior level comes up with serious ways of supporting Latin, I fear that within the next generation it will pretty much disappear".

In Brief

Deals on wheels

Rheumatoid arthritis sufferer Heather Bell has been caught dealing heroin from her wheelchair in Cambridge city centre. Her husband Donald, who was pushing her wheelchair, is serving four years in prison for the offence. Following an argument as to the legality of the charges against her, she has now admitted being concerned in the supply of the drugs. Her arrest has come as part of Cambridge-shire police anti-drug campaign which brought 19 arrests in the city last September.

Katherine Sirrell

Passage to India

Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge Professor Alison Richard recently returned from a two week tour of India designed to improve the University's links with the country. In a trip she described as "truly exhilarating", Richard travelled to New Delhi, Bangalore, Kolkata and Mumbai with more than 20 senior colleagues, and met with a number of Indian higher education institutions as well as key figures in India's fast-developing corporate world. The aim of the trip was to improve the University's links with India by giving formal recognition to existing partnerships and by building new partnerships with colleagues in academic, industrial and NGO organisations. For more than 150 years Cambridge has attracted scholars from India, including many of the country's leading figures - academics, scientists, industrialists and politicians, including Manmohan Singh who graduated with a First in Economics from St John's College in 1957. Of the trip, Professor Richard said: "It has illuminated a rich array of partnerships and collaborations between Cambridge people and Indian academic and industrial partners and has opened up opportunities to build our relationships still further."

Clementine Dowley

Cartered off

Homerton's student union president, Cassell Carter, has been forced to resign after a vote of no confidence against her. Concerns allegedly arose as to the level of communication between Carter and the rest of the union. The vote was passed with a two thirds majority, but was taken in the president's absence. Some feel this was a controversial step, and external Vice President Josh Jowitt and HUS Treasurer Nikki Gratton have been accused of causing these events.

Katherine Sirrell



Art attack: Cambridge students open art space in Jesus Lane

Students have opened a new art space in Cambridge. XVIII Jesus Lane, an entirely independent student run project set up in order to provide facilities for life-drawing, painting, screen-printing and 3D work, held its launch party on Saturday. Its founders, undergraduates Lewis Jones and Paloma Gormley, say their hope is to "bring together Cambridge's creative community by providing space dedicated to students' work. The studio will be open to everybody and will eventually provide facilities for life-drawing, painting, screen-printing and 3D work. We want to run talks, workshops, put on exhibitions and other fun stuff." XVIII Jesus Lane is currently funded by membership. Silver cardholders can attend all events held at the venue whilst gold membership provides free access to the studio and facilities and discounts on specific events.

Clementine Dowley

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Let me entertain you

» Burdus confidently strides into the 'most difficult job in Cambridge'

CLEMENTINE DOWLEY
News Editor

Students are told to prepare themselves for "massive changes" to the make-up of Cambridge nightlife as "every current CUSU night is put up for reconsideration". New CUSUents Manager Simon Burdus, who took over the post from recently departed Ed Foster, has told Varsity that the "staid and predictable" current line up will be "revolutionised" in the coming weeks.

Former Girton JCR President Burdus will be the first BA Cantab to take on the position since "disastrous" Nikhil Shah departed under a £17k-shaped cloud of shame in late 2006. Burdus, who spoke to Varsity straight after a lengthy meeting with the Luminar Leisure management team who control the Ballare and Club Twenty-Two venues, will announce a "radical programme of changes" to the current line up early next week. Although many details remain embargoed, Varsity has learnt that negotiations are underway with Cambridge nightlife guru and SUAD boss Jonny Ensell concerning the instigation of a "credible alternative night" where "the Baywatch theme will never be heard". Live music will become a major part of the CUSUents programme and a series of college-based events that will help raise funds for JCRs and CUSU are also planned.

Burdus, who was working on the door at Ballare by Christmas of his first year at Cambridge and has worked for every Ents Manager since Neil Higgins, proudly boasts of his "strong track record" in putting on events in Cambridge, citing the Girton Ball and independent nights at The Soul Tree as evidence. He claims that his "strong links" with many elements of Cambridge society, including his membership of the Girton Green Monsters, involvement with the ADC and friendship with many leading Hawks, will enable him to meet the needs of Cambridge students far better than former Essex University men Brizio and Foster ever could.

The details concerning Foster's dismissal have been kept very hush-hush

by the other CUSU Sabbatical Officers, but according to sources close to Foster (who is currently drowning his sorrows in Fuerteventura), he was met minutes after his return from the Varsity ski-trip and informed that his services were no longer required. Michael Albert Brown, who remains CUSU Ents Officer, told Varsity that Foster's "vicious" dismissal came as little surprise, "given that attendance of CUSU nights has doubtlessly been considerably down throughout last term, with Club Class, the commercial urban night, abolished altogether". Brown attributed poor attendance figures to the inadequacy and lack of originality of CUSU's "patronizing formula of cheese and commercial music" when compared with the "vast array of competition from the Union, Clare, Emma, King's and Queen's entertainments, [all of which] plough time, money, and above all thought into all they offer". In an attempt to broaden their currently limited appeal, Brown has been running a campaign to see CUSUents seek further "engagement with other types of music such as indie, funk and electro". His plans were, he claimed, met with "nonchalant apathy" and a "dismissive and ungrateful" response from student authorities. When CUSU President Mark Fletcher discovered that Brown had contacted Varsity over Christmas to express his disappointment at the way in which CUSUents were being run he "went

"Fletcher still refuses to discuss the dismissal of Foster publicly"

stark raving mad, almost replicating Ferguson's fist through a filing cabinet escapade and threatening Brown with the sack", alleged one CUSU source. Fletcher still refuses to discuss the dismissal of Foster or the cautioning of Brown in any detail.

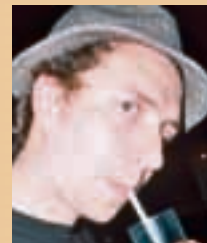
Burdus will draw a substantially increased salary as he juggles the roles of Business Manager and Ents Manager. Fletcher told



sity that Burdus' £10k rise would be "very well deserved", and money "much better spent" than that wasted on the excesses of Foster's budget which last term saw Karl Kennedy paid in the region of £1700 to appear at The Sunday Service, pushing total CUSU expenditure on the night up to £3000. Burdus called this a "ridiculous" amount to spend on a night which due to "terrible marketing" saw the club fail to even reach capacity. Burdus admits that he is taking on "perhaps the hardest job in Cambridge" and refuses to feel daunted by a string of incompetent predecessors. These include 2006 Ents Manager Nikhil Shah, who was responsible for CUSU's failure to collect £17k in profits from the joint venture "Urbanite", as well as Peter Brizio, under whose direction CUSU's premier club night Crowd Control was forced to close as a result of disastrously poor attendance levels. Whether Burdus and his "big changes" will be enough to reverse CUSU's almost irreparably damaged reputation remains to be seen. One CUSU source admitted to Varsity that "Burdus is pretty much our last chance to save CUSUents... the nights have a terrible reputation amongst students and its going to take more than just cash to turn it around".

Still amusing?

September 2006: In a massive blow to its budget, CUSUents loses £17k as the result of Ents Manager



Neil Higgins

Nikhil Shah's failure to collect CUSU's share of the profits from the joint venture "Urbanite" for almost six months.

November 2006: CUSUents' major club night, Crowd Control, is forced to close

after only 40 people turned up to the night at a 720 capacity club, The Soul Tree.



Nikhil Shah

CUSU had based their year's budget on making £7000 from the night.

October 2007: Club Class on

Thursdays is forced to close because of poor attendance.



Pete Brizio

December 2007: CUSUents Manager Ed Foster

is dismissed after failing to pull in the crowds.

How do you solve a problem like the Union?



The Varsity Sex Survey 2008

»19
AVERAGE AGE VIRGINITY LOST

»16%
PERCENTAGE OF VIRGINS

»King's
KINKIEST COLLEGE

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

The averages quoted were adjusted to account for anomalies. One particularly ambitious student at Trinity College claimed to have slept with over 70 women. Regardless of its veracity, this would otherwise have hauled up the achievements of his college mates.

A section in the anonymous study allowed for respondents to submit anecdotes about their sexual activity at Cambridge. Amidst the predictable list of joke entries, such as 'I bummed a heron', the responses included some fascinating and occasionally touching accounts. Tales of outdoor frolics and unfortunate timing abounded, not to mention more straightforward misapprehensions of gender.

It is also clear that conventional religious attitudes no longer apply. Only 10% of people believe in not having sex before marriage. Mark Wolfson, J-SOC spokesman, was unsurprised by the findings.

He said: "Even among more religious people, sex before marriage has become much more prevalent. Maybe the 10% who disagree just aren't getting any!"

Some results confirm long-held stereotypes. Those involved in postgraduate study are less likely to have had sex than their undergraduate counterparts. Third-year students are the most active, with 90% having had sex. It suggests that as long as you believe in sex before marriage, you will have lost your virginity by the time you graduate.

Not all of the results are so light-hearted. 61% of students have never had an STI test, despite 44% having had a one-night stand. 5% admitted to having had a sexually transmitted disease, far below the reported 1 in 3 people who have it nationally. The question of schooling in universities raises its head again; the survey clearly shows that those who attended state secondary schools tend to sleep with other state-educated people. Privately educated students show no statistical preference either way.

The most interesting results are tabled on these pages. The survey offers a unique and unprecedented insight into the most intimate habits of the University. Its reputation as a University is founded on a belief in asking, and answering, important questions. Hopefully these findings will provoke some more.

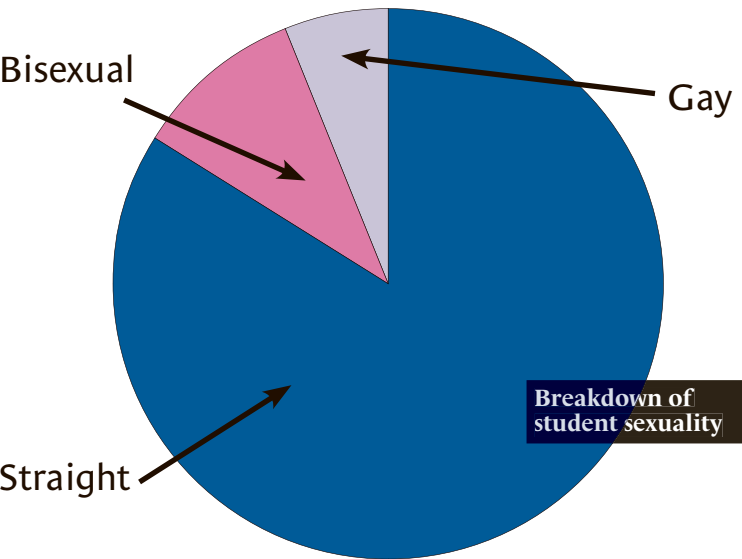


Average sexual partners by college (5) represents 2007 Tompkins Table position	
6.9	Homerton (26)
6.2	Fitz (14)
5.4	Peterhouse (25)
5.4	Lucy Cavendish (24)
5.3	St John's (19)
5.2	King's (18)
4.8	Robinson (20)
4.2	Downing (3)
3.9	Emmanuel (1)
3.6	Queens' (11)
3.5	Newnham (22)
3.3	Christ's (2)
3.3	Magdalene (13)
3.2	Corpus Christi (8)
2.8	Pembroke

Average sexual partners by subject	
8.2	Medicine
7.3	SPS
5.8	History
5.3	MML
5.2	Law
4.6	Engineering
4.1	Geography
4.0	English
3.4	Music
3.2	Economics
3.0	Computer Science
2.6	Natural Sciences
2.1	Maths
2.0	Theology
1.8	Veterinary Medicine

Percentage of virgins by college	
28%	Christ's
25%	Magdalene
25%	Girton
9%	King's
8%	Robinson
6%	Caius

Percentage of virgins by subject	
41%	Maths
38%	Computer Science
36%	Veterinary Medicine
9%	Classics
8%	SPS
7%	Philosophy



»25%
HAVE ENGAGED IN BONDAGE

»60%
HAVE HAD SEX OUTDOORS

»30%
HAVE ENGAGED IN ROLE PLAY

»15%
HAVE HAD GROUP

YOUR STORIES

“Once I had sex with a guy on the dancefloor of Cindy’s. I think everyone else thought we were just rucker lads pretending, but we really were at it.”

“I’ve been caught by the bed-ders at least twice.”

“First kiss and first sexual ex-perience were separated by 30 minutes”

“I often exclaim ‘Oh, absolutely’ after ejaculation. Involuntarily.”

“Structural Mechanics is far bet-ter than sex.”

“My girlfriend said, in the heat of the moment, ‘Oh yeah, that’s the ticket’. I cracked up and had to stop.”

“His dick was so small. It was like a cube.”

“I once shagged a divorced lady in her thirties on Valentine’s day because my girlfriend was ill.”

Blasts from the past

Investigating how times have changed, **Isabel Shapiro** speaks to three generations of alumni

40s

Dr Jennifer Trust-ed remembers her time at Cambridge fondly. “I had a lot of boyfriends while I was at university, around a hundred or so. I was invited to endless balls and parties, but no one ever slept with anybody - it was quite unusual then” she told Varsity. Trusted was friendly with several supervisors, many of them old enough to be her grandfather and one of them very well known: “Once I was locked in a room with Bertrand Russell, it was completely accidental. I was awe-struck of course, but he was a real sweetie - he didn’t try anything on”.

80s

Annabelle White laments the loss of supervision “sex-ploits”. “It was a lot more expected that tutors would sleep with their tutees” she re-vealed. White is full of nostalgia for the days when supervisions were strictly one-to-one, the door re-mained firmly shut and the fellow shared more than their knowledge. “Recently they’ve tightened up on it a lot, but I think it’s a loss for the students. It was a brilliant opportu-nity to get to know such fascinating people better”.



NEWS COMMENT

Virgin megastore

David Brown explains why Cambridge students aren’t getting enough

Amazing what statistics can tell you, isn’t it? Surprise, surprise, tabs are delayed at getting laid. Perhaps this will ease some of the aching our hearts have to contend with in the face of enormous privilege (albeit by moving the aches somewhere else). The face of Cambridge: Young, em-ployable, nubile, vestal. So, an ex-planation is in order.

Was it because more of us are deep enough to wait for “the one”? With all those pashminas and beanie-circulating on Sidgwick site we must have come a cropper with those

just how much I resembled a pre-Equus Harry Potter until well past the age of consent. What a shame formatting constrains us so. How we would have laughed. And cried.

Or is it because clever, clever peo-ple decide not to wade into the mor-rass of sexual dangers until they are in more salubrious surroundings? We are the ones most likely to have listened during biology. We know the score. There is a whole world of dangerous people out there. With diseases, and gametes and such. Best to only sleep with those of them with a comprehensive knowledge of neo-Schumpeterianism. Otherwise one may end up awaking in some frightful Burberry-clad bordello the wrong side of the Thames.

Maybe, but I think the more per-vasive common element is Cam-bridge itself. The application pro-cedure and need to get three As takes its toll, and for many social life has to take a back seat. Pushy parents and teachers keeping you in a focused environment for fear of failure. The monster turn-off that is the nervous tick that devel-ops after a revision binge. Fewer late nights and brighter in class the next day? Maybe there’s a rea-son why I did so well on the Freud unit: sexual frustration.

And perhaps the maintained virgin-rate is indicative of a main-tained focus on the academic over the social. Personally I found that warm fuzzy feeling one gets when in a wholesome relationship rather gets in the way of being sufficiently bitchy to perform in supervisions. And with a workload like ours, who has time for all those “no, you put the phone down” exchanges? Geographers and land economists, that’s who.

“There is a whole world of dangerous people out there. With diseases, and gametes and such.”

given over to moon-eyed dreaming. Conversely, with the advent of the post-modern, anyone openly pro-fessing to the romantic is likely to be coated in the greatest amount of don-spleen imaginable. Ours (thank goodness) is a cynical age.

Was it because geek-chic doesn’t become attractive until puberty has finally (finally) elapsed? Greasy hair, glasses, and a sort of shabby otherworldliness may work when one is mature enough to be feasibly academic; but if one is a teenager, it seems less indicative of emotional depth, rather a bubbling to the sur-face of ubiquitous animal fury. Or, in actuality, petulance. I do wish at this juncture I could include a picture of

Kinki

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Queens' Not again!

Last week, we warned you that the adventures of the infamous Queens' boatie might not have come to an end. They haven't. After a less than sober night at Vodka Revs, he once more found himself in the room of some fine female. At at unknown stage in the night's developments (we daren't speculate) he once more felt an all too familiar moistness down below, though apparently emanating from a different portion of the johnson. Addenbroke's beckons...

Trinity Hall Blind drunk

A short-sighted misadventure befell an unfortunate victim when our protagonist's evening conquest chose to deposit her contact lenses in a glass of water, which had been sitting on his bedside table. The merry pair thought nothing of it, continued their night of passion, and awoke the next morning somewhat worse for wear. Reaching for a drink, he drained the glass and swallowed the contacts. She never saw him again.

St John's Three's a crowd

The activities of two fine Johnian ladies have been the talk of the town ever since one foolishly opened her mouth (and purportedly her legs) about the subject on the Varsity Ski Trip. A 'fit' John's fresher was given the night of his life after being picked up by one of the famous nymphos at a college bop. On being dragged back to her room they prepared to copulate before being rudely interrupted by room mate and second nympho emerging from the shower. Rather than back off, Johnian lady number two decided to slip her vestments from her shoulders and join the fray. The menage a trois would have proceeded swimmingly had our fit fresher not been somewhat intimidated by the two lovelies before him. On realising he was lacking the necessary excitement to continue, the two nymphos decided to show him what he might aspire to do by practising upon each other with replica rubber appendages. With still no engorgement forthcoming our lucky fresher retired to his room for the night, only to be surprised half an hour later by the two female predators in matching underwear demanding that he finish the job.

Welcome to Gaybridge

KATHERINE SIRRELL
News Editor

Cambridge has one of the most gay-friendly district councils in the UK, according to Stonewall's 2008 Workplace Equality Index.

Stonewall, an organisation set up to promote the rights of lesbians, gay men and bisexuals in their communities, ranked employers based on their policies and attitudes towards equal opportunities. Beaten only by Manchester and Brighton, Cambridge secured third place in the list,

an impressive achievement given the other two councils' reputations.

Jenny Bailey, mayor for Cambridge and first transsexual major in Britain, said she was "very pleased" with this recognition and called Cambridge "ahead of the game" in terms of tolerance. "My partner and I can openly hold hands without problems", she said.

Cambridge University has not appeared in Stonewall's index this year. Nonetheless the University's Deputy Head of Communications said: "The University is taking a full and active part, in conjunction with the City Council, in this month's LGBT events" and "is fully committed to an equal opportunities policy regardless of sexuality."

James Campbell, last year's chair

of the CUSU-LGBT, said in CAM magazine recently: "Cambridge is supposed to be the most gay-friendly university in Britain. It's an incredibly open place."

One University LGBT rep disagreed. He claimed to be called "faggot" in the street and to have been the victim of homosexual comments on several occasions.

Many have drawn attention to Cambridge's severe lack of facilities for the gay community. A University LGBT rep complained: "There's nothing here for us!" The Manager of the Rose and Crown, Cambridge's only inner city gay pub, agreed. "Cambridge would be much better if there was more of a gay scene. One club night a week isn't enough", he said.



Cambridge trans-gender Mayor, Councillor Jenny Bailey

Chemical genitals

KATHERINE SIRRELL
News Editor

A Cambridge scientist claims genital deformities are on the rise.

Professor Iewan Hughes, Head of the Department of Paediatrics at Cambridge, began a study into genital deformity in 2001. His research at Addenbrookes Hospital found that out of 700 boys born there, 7% had undescended testes.

Robert Whitaker, of the Cambridge Department of Anatomy, said that Hughes' findings showed an 'horrendous' increase. He placed normal figures at around 1%, rising to 3% in premature babies.

Although in two thirds of cases the testes naturally drop, the malformation can have severe health implications: undescended testes have been linked to infertility and testicular cancer.

Hughes blames environmental chemicals for the increase. His assertion is supported by the charity Chem Trust, which intends to start a project this year highlighting the role of chemical exposure in testicular dysgenesis syndrome (TDS).

The chemical industry clearly feels the burn from research such as Hugh-

es'. Chris Barell, of the Department for Business Enterprise and Regulatory Reform at the Chemicals Unit, said "unfortunately chemicals are in absolutely everything, even water. If you want to get rid of chemicals then we're going to have problems."

Whitaker said that testicular deformity was not necessarily linked to chemical exposure.

Leading scientist Professor Richard Sharpe agreed. He pointed out that European scientists found the number of cases three to four times higher in Denmark than Finland, despite the relatively small difference in chemical exposure between the two countries.

He stated: "This area has been hijacked by the environmental chemical brigade, diverting people's opinions to an environmental problem. But it is a human health problem." He cited factors such as diet, lifestyle and female hormones as more likely to have an impact on fetuses.

Professor Sharpe went on to admit "we just don't have a clue, we don't have enough information". Robert Whitaker, however, seemed happy with the progress, and said: "At least we've now got some logic in it now after one hundred years of research."

Fitzwilliam goes back to the Bronze age

OLLY WEST

Archaeologists digging in the grounds of Fitzwilliam College have unearthed evidence of a Bronze age settlement.

The discoveries were made by the Cambridge Archaeological Unit on the site currently being prepared for the construction of the college's brand new library.

Christopher Evans, the unit's director, was enthused. "This is an exciting find which vastly adds to our knowledge of the prehistoric past of Cambridge. The people living here would have been cattle-rearing farmers but they probably had extensive trade connections with other metalworkers, even on the continent", he said.

The unit found pieces of antler, pottery, flint tools and animal remains in a series of ditches which appear to have formed a substantial farmstead. They date from about 1500 BC, constituting the

first evidence of inhabitation in Cambridge during the Bronze age (3500 to 1100 BC).

Bronze age remains have been found elsewhere in Cambridgeshire, most recently in September of last year, when a child's skeleton was found at Pote Hole Quarry in Thorney, but never before has anything been discovered in the city itself.

Whilst the hill colleges may now find themselves on the periphery of Cambridge life, Castle Hill represents the centre of archaeological discoveries about the city's prehistoric past. Roman remains have also been unearthed on the site, adding to a Roman find from the 1990's at neighbouring New Hall. In addition, it is already known that there was an Iron Age settlement nearby dating from the 1st century BC, which was then occupied by the Romans when they established the city 100 years later.



The Cambridge Union Society is looking for applicants for the role of Secretary.

Take part in our competition to see if you have what it takes. Selected applicants will be given a budget to make their proposed improvement to the Union, and this will give those involved a chance to experience the role of Secretary first hand. For more information please see "Secretary's Corner" on our website, or email secretary@cambridge-union.org

Reform.
Renew.
Reunion.



VARSITY

ISSUE 669, 25 JANUARY 2008

Granting a favour

Long-gone are the days when CUSU Ents was the student union's cashcow. Poor promotion, management, and accounting have been exacerbated by increased competition. Vodka Revolutions has squeezed the attendance figures of the CUSU-run Sunday Service, while the improved advertising of college bops and Shut Up And Dance! has further split the focus of Cambridge nightlife. CUSU have been punished for their comparative slack and a series of incompetent Ents Managers has led to falling revenues. Yet CUSU should not be reliant on the commercial success of its various operations. Even when not losing £17,000 through sheer oversight – 2006 Ents Manager Nikhil Shah failed to collect the five-figure sum from the venture 'Urbanite' before it went into administration – the CUSU team at its best is going to have a hard time matching a national nightlife outfit like Vodka Revs.

Circumstances outside the control of CUSU should not determine its spending on access, welfare, and representation. Unlike almost all other student unions which receive some form of central assistance – including Oxford – CUSU earns the majority of the cash it spends each year. The potential for financial fluctuation is a cause for concern. What is needed is a block grant from the University to ensure that CUSU works best for students. It should not be a profit-making institution, but a political one.

Ancient history

Despite the admirable efforts of certain individuals to encourage pupils to study Latin and Greek, especially in the state sector, the number of Classics teachers coming out at the other end of the system continues to dwindle, as does the number of GCSE entries. The message is clear: no matter how much money (government or otherwise) is poured in, or how many Boris Johnson-backed projects are set up, the subject is failing to capture imaginations at all levels of education. Maybe it's time to sit back and consider the extent to which it is necessary to keep the beast so vigorously alive, merely for its own sake.

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and to ARU each week.

Editors Tom Bird and George Grist *editor@varsity.co.uk* **Associate Editors** Joe Gosden and Ed Cumming *associate@varsity.co.uk* **News Editors** Clementine Dowley, Richard Sayeed, Isabel Shapiro and Katherine Sirrell *news@varsity.co.uk* **Comment Editor** Asad Kiyani *comment@varsity.co.uk* **Features Editors** Tash Lennard and Josh Sutton *features@varsity.co.uk* **Arts Editors** Hugo Gye and Patrick Kingsley *arts@varsity.co.uk* **Sport Editors** Henry Stanward and Luke Thorne *sporteditor@varsity.co.uk*

Senior News Reporter Emma Inkester *news@varsity.co.uk* **Science Editor** Kevin Koo *science@varsity.co.uk* **Fashion Editors** Beatrice Perry and Olivia Sudjic *fashion@varsity.co.uk* **Visual Arts Editor** Anna Trench *visualarts@varsity.co.uk* **Theatre Editor** Alex Reza *theatre@varsity.co.uk* **Literary Editor** Ned Hercock *literature@varsity.co.uk* **Film Editor** Ravi Amaratunga *film@varsity.co.uk* **Music & Listings Editors** Daniel Cohen, Oli Robinson and Verity Simpson *music@varsity.co.uk*, *listings@varsity.co.uk* **Classical Editor** Toby Chadd *classical@varsity.co.uk* **Food & Drink Editor** Guy Stagg *food@varsity.co.uk*

Chief Subeditor Jane Hall *production@varsity.co.uk* **Chief Photo Editor** Jason Taylor *photoeditor@varsity.co.uk* **Chief Photographers** Dylan Spencer-Davidson and Lizzie Robinson *photos@varsity.co.uk*

Business & Advertising Manager Michael Derringer *business@varsity.co.uk* **Company Secretary** Patricia Dalby *secretary@varsity.co.uk* **Board of Directors** Dr Michael Franklin (Chair), Prof Peter Robinson, Tom Walters, Amy Goodwin (Varsoc President), Chris Wright, Michael Derringer, Joe Gosden, Natalie Woolman, Lizzie Mitchell, Elliot Ross, Tom Bird, George Grist



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LETTERS

letters@varsity.co.uk

A risky business

Sir,

I'm always amazed that people who would rightly baulk at private monopolies are perfectly happy to give the government one. Ed Maltby's proposal to nationalise the City ('Our casino economy', Varsity 668) would remove all competition and price signals, so companies looking for investment wouldn't find it efficiently. And for what improvement? Does he really think companies will be better run by governments or ordinary people just because they are more "democratic"?

More importantly, his argument has a glaring flaw. Northern Rock showed that by investing money you run the risk of losing it. He longwindedly asserts that the government or "the people" taking control of the City would fix this. But once his argument is stated outright it is obviously false: Investments made by the government or the people are still going to be risky, because all investment is risky.

The price signals provided by the market allow us to price risk, which the government cannot do. Nationalisation would do away with these for no benefit.

Yours faithfully,

Hugo Hadlow
St John's College

Self-styled comedian

Sir,

I thoroughly enjoyed Ed Maltby's leader in last week's issue ('Our Casino Economy'). It was a masterpiece of comic writing. The combination of a sensible and fairly accurate portrait of our current financial instability with the perverse conclusion, "We must nationalise the City", was genius.

Of course, we all know that while the recent risks taken by the financial establishment left it susceptible to the "rug being taken out from under it", nationalisation would be the equivalent of taking a baseball bat to our financial system. Mr Maltby's presumably sarcastic ridicule of such a suggestion is a perfect put down for the naive self-styled socialists enjoying a Cambridge education.

Yours mockingly,

Brian Cullen
Gonville and Caius College

Finger on the Trigg-er

Sir,

In response to Jo Trigg's defence of the black list ('Soft A-Level? Hard luck', Issue 668), less academic A-levels such as P.E. and Dance may be as tough and "relevant" as more traditional ones, but Cambridge is first and foremost an academic institution. If I were to apply for a place in the National Ballet or the England Rugby Squad on the basis of my Latin A Level, I would not think it unreasonable if they told me where to stick it. Similarly, Cambridge should judge applicants solely by their academic record; I am sure Jo does not condone the rather suspect practise of taking an candidate's sporting prowess into account in considering their application.

Yours faithfully,

Rupert Cullen
Queens' College

A drunken solution

Sir,

In reply to J. Parish's letter ('Strange White Substance', Issue 668), I strongly suspect that the powder at the base of lamp-posts he has noticed is flour and that it was put there by members of a local Hash club, or, to give them their full name, a

Hash House Harriers club (Cambridge has two, a city and a University club). Hashing is a minority hobby practised both in the UK and commonly by British ex-pats abroad. A social running club described frequently as "The drinking club with a running problem", the Hash is a rather eccentric sport with numerous quirks and traditions.

The point is to follow, as a group, a course



laid earlier by a "hare". This trail is indicated by a blob of flour every 10m or so. This is not a race, and the aim in laying the course is to keep the "pack" together, so numerous devices are used to lose or slow the front runners (known as FRBs – Front Running Bastards) while those at the back catch up. The most common are circles of flour called checks. These indicate that the next blob of flour is hidden somewhere in the vicinity. The runners also call "On-On" as they run so that anyone who gets lost can hear the pack and find their way back. The run always ends at a pub where everyone gathers to socialise and drink enough ale to put back on any calories burned while running.

Yours faithfully,

Matthew Scott
Fitzwilliam College

Stars in their eyes

Sir,

Opening my freshly-pressed Lent copy of the Varsity last week, I could not believe my eyes. For there, blazing forth from the theatre review of Julius Caesar, the ADC's staging of Shakespeare's admirable Roman play, were merely two small stars.

The reviewer is offended by the minimalism of the set, the quasi-Roman columns that are both familiar and yet unfamiliar. And yet, did she not feel that the lack of such immediately visual props was compensated by, and even heightened by, the linguistic beauty of the lines? For surely the groundling's roaming imagination can re-create the splendours of Rome far better than any flimsy prop of the stage. And what of the "directorial liberty too far"? I had no qualms about the rape scene at the end of Act 1. Once pondered upon, it made sense: a poetical rape that implanted the seed of new thought into Shakespeare's original, giving birth to something both refreshingly new and controversial. Although perhaps a needlessly radical decision, I felt that it was nevertheless a refreshing break from the endless production-line of stabbings in the play. Granted - the Second Act of the play did not quite achieve the splendours of its predecessor, and not all of the lines were delivered with conviction. But the overall impression I got is one of impressiveness. Had I been the reviewer, I would have doubled the star ratings. And if you had, Sir, sat there with me Friday evening and listened to the endlessly ringing applause of the audience - I think you too would have agreed.

Yours faithfully,

J. Stark
Magdalene College

Letters of the week will receive a bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants.

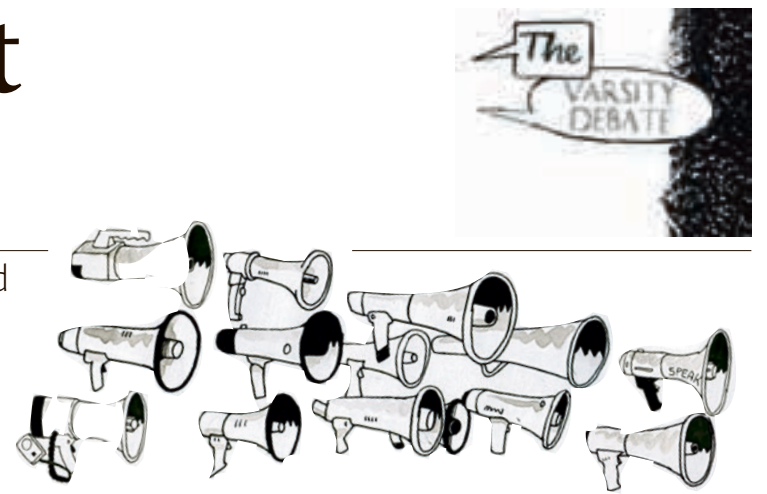
Correction

In last week's News In Brief, the story, 'Beer bottle brawl', (Issue 668) incorrectly named CUSU as the organiser behind the night at which the incident occurred. In fact, the event was run by Shut Up and Dance!, an independently run business with no affiliation to CUSU.

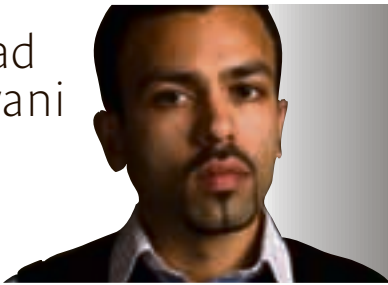
DEBATE

Should we have laws that criminalise hate speech?

Former host of the BBC show 'One Man and His Dog' Robin Page was arrested and briefly jailed five years ago for comments he made at a pro-hunting rally. Page said, "If you are a black, vegetarian, Muslim, asylum-seeking, one-legged lesbian lorry-driver, I want the same rights as you". He was later convicted of a hate crime. On Monday, he was cleared and received £2000 compensation.



Asad
Kiyani



YES

In June 1997, Tatyana Suszkin went for a walk. She brought not her picnic basket but a set of homemade posters, some glue and spraypaint. The posters were of a hand-drawn pig, wearing a Muslim head-dress, with the name Muhammad written in English and Arabic on the pig's torso. In one of its hooves, the pig held a pencil, with which it appeared to be simultaneously writing and stepping on the Koran. As she tried to cross over into Palestinian-controlled Hebron, Israeli soldiers detained and passed her on to Israeli police. She was convicted of attempting to hurt religious feelings under section 173 of the Israeli Penal Code, sentenced to three years in jail and had her appeal denied by the Israeli Supreme Court. That is a hate speech law in action.

This example is markedly different from the ideal of unlimited speech. That model, however, has a different foundation, which recognises other rights but elevates free expression to a special role in the democratic process. It protects not individual rights, but a particular political process. Israel, on the other hand, grounds hate speech laws

mention lives. Hate speech laws are driven by an attempt to manage social tensions exhibited by incendiary sermons in Birmingham, race riots in Bradford, and religious stabbings in Belfast.

Acts of violence aside, pure speech can still intimidate, menace or otherwise limit an individual's participation in society – whether it be going out to vote or buy battery-farmed chicken. Criminalisation of hate speech is not a radical move towards suppression, but a legitimate policy choice seeking to ensure individual dignitary rights while reinforcing democratic participatory rights.

There remains the question as to whether limiting hate speech ought to mean criminalization, as this carries with it tremendous social stigma. But there are powerful reasons for attaching that stigma in the Suszkin case, or that of Rwandan genocidal exhortation, or – closer to home – that of Abu Hamza al-Masri.

The idea of free, unfettered expression is a romanticized fantasy. Pasternak smuggling Doctor Zhivago out of the USSR was a watershed moment, but the idea that laws against spraying swastikas on synagogues will lead us back to Soviet repression is as far-fetched as saying lack of the same will lead to a repeat of the radio propaganda-fuelled Rwandan genocide.

For one, we have a reasonable democratic process despite numerous limits on much more innocuous speech, such as libel, privacy and copyright laws, and even access to "open" courts. That it's appropriate to limit expression in these circumstances but permit hate speech is nonsensical.

More importantly, this fantasy construction, premised on the alleged threats of the nebulous margins of hate speech laws, fails to appreciate that criminal law continues to wrestle with undefined boundaries and subjectivity in rape, drug and murder cases. Surely no one would say we should decriminalize rape and murder simply because they have grey areas, or trash our criminal law because we rely on the concept of 'reasonableness'.

The unfortunate conflation of criminalized hate speech with much broader limits on expression, and the illusion that hate speech can never be properly ascertained, mask the true intent of such laws. The clumsy handling of hate speech laws in Mr. Page's case certainly doesn't help, but as this area of law grows, such ludicrous examples will disappear.

As our democracy grows, so does our understanding of what it takes to preserve it. Allowing the untrammelled abuse of people and permitting attacks on the very core of their beings is not necessary. With hate speech laws, we can protect them and the democratic process.

Lindsey
Kennedy



No

On Monday, I went to a talk at the Union by the ex-ambassador to Uzbekistan, Craig Murray. The talk, which focussed on the horrendous human rights abuses Murray had witnessed during his time in Uzbekistan, and the British government's lack of concern for these, was powerfully moving, and I left stunned and horrified by my country's involvement with, and sanctioning of, such a regime – a feeling which quickly evolved into an intense anger with both governments for permitting the kind of torture and oppression I had heard described, and against the western clothing companies who capitalise on the Uzbek slave plantations and allow such economies to thrive. Altogether, my principal sensations were disgust, and hatred – feelings which were doubtless intended by the speaker, and rightly so. I am not, as a result of this speech, going to engage in any terrorist action. I am not going to bomb my local Primark, or assassinate Islam Karimov and Gordon Brown. I intend to quietly boycott high street clothing stores who import Uzbek cotton, to follow the progress of human rights campaigns in the region with interest, and to retain my hatred of those who commit these terrible crimes against humanity. All of this is within my rights. I may oppose whoever I choose, I may hate whoever I choose, and explain my reasons for doing so to whoever I choose. I may not harm anyone, or otherwise interfere with their freedom. But I may hate. This is implicit in my autonomy.

So, the speech inspired hatred. Does this mean, therefore, that it was a hate speech? Does this mean that Mr. Murray should have been criticised, and censored? Arrested, perhaps? Hate Speech, apparently, covers not only a call to violence, but also to "prejudicial action", a term vague enough to be twisted into just about anything. It does not only cover race, religion, and sexual orientation, but extends to any distinction, such as age, physical appearance and moral behaviour, and applies to individuals as well as general groups. Theoretically, then, if I were to stand up in public and impart my views on Primark, this could lead to legal action and possibly imprisonment. In fact, if I were to stand up and say that sex with John Prescott would be unpleasant and undesirable, owing to his being old, fat, ugly, miserable and of dubious integrity, this could potentially also be made to fit the description of Hate Speech.

This may sound a little exaggerated, but we have seen evidence of the ways in which this law is already being misused, in the arrest of Robin Page. Page's comment is entirely ridiculous in every possible way – how he imagines one-legged lorry drivers to receive special legal treatment remains a

particular mystery. But however misguided and ignorant, the extent of his crime was to suggest that his rights differed in some way from a series of randomly selected minority groups. There was no suggestion of violence

"He has a right to express any illogical irrelevancies or unfounded opinions he may have, and we have a right to laugh him down."

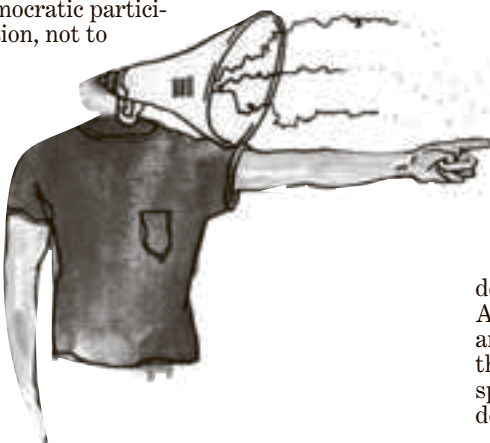
– the setting was actually a pro-hunting rally, not a BNP demonstration, and it seems unlikely that upon hearing his words, the countryside alliance would have had a sudden change of agenda and gone off to shoot an asylum seeker instead. Page is a very silly man, but he is not a criminal. He has a right to express any illogical irrelevancies or unfounded opinions he may have, and we have a right to laugh him down. I cannot see how it is just, or responsible, to make an insignificant figure like Page into some kind of political martyr for other very silly individuals, who, if freedom of speech is removed, may well take a rather more violent line of protest.

Freedom of speech is integral to democracy, to our personal, intellectual freedom – as Voltaire famously said, "I may disagree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it". Hate crime obviously interferes with human rights, it is obviously wrong. But there is a world of difference between vocally expressing hatred and committing a violent act. To confuse the two, to allow ourselves to be made accountable to the state for not just our actions but also our words, our opinions, would be a voluntary step towards totalitarianism – a massive blow to our rights, not an assurance of their protection.

"We have a reasonable democratic process despite numerous limits on much more innocuous speech."

in the dignitary value of individuals. There, limits on hate speech are limits on dignitary harm and attacks on immutable personal characteristics, including race, religion, ethnicity, and sexual orientation.

This is not to say criminalization is only possible in a system premised on dignitary rights. Criminalisation is not a repudiation of democracy but a recognition that failure to do so can threaten democratic participation, not to



Guy
Stagg

A political disconnect

We're political, but we can't stand politics - for good reason

I am sure that when you buy food, you do it ethically, as befits the respectable, well brought up people you are. Even if you don't quite go as far as going to separate shops for meat, bread, vegetables, drinks, olive oil, cheese, taramasalata, and hummus, you will almost certainly shop specifically looking out for the organic, the free-range, and the ones with the smiling Third World farmers on the packaging. And jolly good for you, too.

Furthermore, being good citizens and beacons of humanity, you became an ambassador for this lifestyle of sun-dried tomatoes and fair trade chocolate. You publicly shudder at the thought of 9p baked beans and Asda Smartprice sliced white bread. This isn't just sneering at poor people's food: you are also disgusted by veal, caviar, and foie gras. Most importantly, you are acutely conscious of the foodies' most recent crusades: you were morally outraged by the health of Morgan Spurlock in *Super Size Me*, by the calories in school lunches, and - most recently - by the plight of battery hens. Once more, jolly good for you.

I have no doubt that these are all worthy things to support. I also have no doubt that the tastiest food is that which has died happy, which hasn't had pesticides sprayed over it with gay abandon and which has hitherto lived in a bucolic, James Herriot world. But what makes me very angry is the sheer arrogance with which we condemn food which falls short of these criteria.

Don't some of us realise that there are heaps of people - in this country, let alone abroad - for whom free-range chicken simply isn't a possibility? Is it that hard to imagine that, even in 2008 Britain, there are people who struggle to put food on the table and a roof over their heads? You might see them serving behind a bar, picking litter off the streets, stacking the shelves as you buy your pita bread or trudging back home to a dingy rented bedsit. Some are eighty and some are eighteen; some have migrated here, some are British born and bred - but there are many of them, and if they've got seven pounds until the end of the week, they won't blow it on a Taste the Difference chicken.

Battery-farmed chicken isn't a solely British phenomenon. You'd have to be naïve to think that in other countries, some far poorer than ours, poultry comes from an agrarian utopia. They too have poverty, and they too have battery farms. Given vast numbers of people worldwide for whom meat is a rarity and food itself is not always certain, how can we, in all conscience, condemn them for buying cheap, or condemn battery farms for providing cheap food?

There are, of course, all sorts of patronising things one can say to somebody on the poverty line. "Eat less, eat better", is a favourite of mine, as are, "Go vegetarian" and, "You obviously aren't spending your money correctly". I wouldn't recommend saying it to their faces, although I am sure the time will come when we will. Until then, I'll continue incurring the wrath of the Jamie Oliver PLC brigade by saying that the plight of humans moves me far, far more than that of chickens.

In order to overcome the kind of cerebrum dissolving hangover that follows an all-night library binge, between vomiting up passages from Lucretius, nothing settles one's mind like a good old fashioned rant - think academia's answer to hair-of-the-dog.

Having consumed enough coffee to sustain the economy of medium sized South American country, one can collapse over breakfast in hall whilst listening to enthusiastic linguists and economists polemicise over everything from the internship-lined path into investment banking to the wardrobe of the latest X Factor Leon.

Everything except for politics, towards which 'The Children of the IT Revolution' (or i:Gen) all remain stereotypically apathetic. Whilst not as worthy of Font 45 red-top headlines as issues like imminent recession or melting icecaps, voter apathy overshadows the political process itself by casting doubt upon the claim that democracy best represents the will of the people.

Tumbling turnouts are not a phenomenon unique to the Labour Party's administration: a sense of voter impotence has sterilised electoral statistics across Western Europe and America. However, the sky-dive from the 77.7% that kept John Major in power to the 59.4% that preserved Tony Blair's reign in 2001 brings electoral participation back to the democratic Dark Ages of 1918, before the vote was even extended to the fairer sex. Furthermore, the disparity

between voter age-groups is reminiscent of a Radio 4 audience: 39% of 18-25 year olds voted in 2001, in comparison to three quarters of those aged over 65, highlighting the disinterest that the Labour Government has delivered to hordes of first time voters.

Youth has always been the fertile breeding ground of extremists, anarchists and punk bands that litter their song names with expletives. However, despite Brown's insistence that his morning is kicked off with a blast of the Arctic Monkeys, it no longer seems possible for politicians to connect with us young 'uns. No amount of the Prime Minister swaying across his No. 10 bed-chamber to the sound of 'I Bet You Look Good On The Dance-floor' will tempt people to replace a Friday night on the razzle with a Saturday morning at the local Young Labour assembly.

Oona King's recent report on the issue found that over 60% of teenagers don't care who wins the next general election, and consider political solutions to environmental and aesthetic issues simply un-achievable. Growing disbelief in the power of the political process gives the young more faith in tackling global warming through their choice of supermarket than through their choice of government.

But apathy is an inaccuracy. One need only consider the hundreds of thousands in London who marched against the Iraq war in 2003, or the 30 million globally who gave their names to the Make

Poverty history petition; whilst we remain political, we are apparently disenchanted with politics itself. It seems somewhat bitter to add that Iraq is still mired in conflict and poverty will remain with us long into the future. This disenchantment makes it unsurprising that in a global poll from 2005 politicians wormed out ahead of greasy lawyers and slimy journalists to nab the least-trustworthy spot, with 85% of Western Europeans having no confidence in their respective political leaders.

Spin and scandal have always been handmaids of the politician, but at least the rakish excesses of

to declare. Then of course there are 25 million people's personal records in CDs that have seemingly been scattered across the streets of Westminster - it is little wonder that the population is feeling a little unloved.

The Labour-established Electoral Commission accounted for 2001's apathy with voter 'contentment', seemingly a satisfied indigestion among the populace, washed down with the incoherence of the opposition, that implausibly kept people sitting comfortably on the sofa come election day.

In fact the government's refusal to allow sufficient debate on issues from Scotland to Europe, or the authoritarian implications of ID cards and the Legislative and Regulatory Reform Bill, even the presidential style of Blair's premiership have left the country feeling excluded from the workings of parliament.

However the arrogance with which this government has turned the electorate away from the ballot box will in due course spur the punters to send them packing. Alternatively we must resign ourselves to the apathetic implications of our postmodern zeitgeist: accepting that the Big Brother household really is more exciting and important than the House of Commons.

But don't expect your next formal to have the echo of penning drowned beneath rants of despair and rejoicing at the news - the only appropriate response is a smug if somewhat uninspiring shrug.

"85% of Western Europeans have no confidence in their respective political leaders"

the 19th Century had some excitement to them.

In comparison to the notorious affairs of Lord Melbourne or the playboy youth of Benjamin Disraeli, we have now endless indignity over party funding and campaign donations. Yet they are still defended with the same brazen disregard, as Work and Pensions Secretary Peter Hain demonstrated earlier this month in the £103,156.75 that he 'forgot'

Kinley
Salmon

The real purity test

Concerned students need to get off-line and on the street

I recently joined the Facebook group 'Stop Global Warming Now'. Incredibly, it seems these days that membership of such a group might even be noted with interest by a Cambridge admissions officer. Putting aside the issues of fairness and privacy this raises, what really worries me is the idea that even admissions tutors believe Facebook is something more than an amusing, at times mildly disturbing, and almost always misleading depiction of the lives of students. It seems we are starting to believe that what we do online has real value and real meaning beyond simply being a free form of social entertainment and a way of keeping in touch.

What does my membership of the 'Stop Global Warming Now' group really tell anyone and, more pertinently, what does it achieve? My profile now advertises my membership of this group and I am able to talk to a whole lot of other people who already agree with me - they don't even want the sceptics writing on the Wall! Join a group, save the planet. It's simple, it makes you feel good, and it has no effect. Now, if the 27,000 Facebook users that have joined that group were also out campaigning and lobbying politicians to do something about climate change, that would be just fine. But the vast majority are not. Today's generation

is, as Thomas Friedman puts it in the New York Times, the Q generation. The quiet generation. The generation that does good by joining groups online. The generation that shows solidarity with monks in Myanmar by adding an application that says 'we support the monks', nestled nicely on the Profile page just below

"Join a group, save the planet. It's simple, it makes you feel good, and it has no effect."

the 'My Purity Test' application. Do Gordon and George check how many people have joined Facebook groups? Take a guess.

Disturbing as it is that admissions officers might believe it is worth considering what appears on Facebook pages when assessing an applicant, students also need to take a more critical look at their decisions to sign up to such groups and applications. Perhaps we actually believe we are going to have an effect when we join these groups, but are we that deluded? Maybe we join them to get

a warm fuzzy feeling to show others that we apparently care - maybe we even suspect that admissions officers and employers will note our membership and take it to mean that we really do care. If they do that, however, they are just as deluded as we would be in thinking we are doing something worthwhile.

Facebook politics is virtual politics and virtual politics is just that - virtual. Not only is Facebook politics virtual, but it also lessens the likelihood of engaging in real politics. By making token gestures online, we often become less likely to do other things, things that might actually matter. Something in our subconscious is able to say, 'It's okay, I'm doing my bit for climate change. I joined a group and I talked about it.'

Discussion and awareness only go so far. At some stage, there must be tangible engagement with power structures, in person and en masse. Means of student influence on power structures may be few in number but they can be great in power. Students lack the ear of policy makers and access to Number 10 that certain think tanks have. However students do have strength in numbers, organisational capacity, time, and once had the advantages of passion, idealism and commitment. These assets must be reclaimed and used in marches, petitions, demonstrations or other large scale, in-person campaigns.

After all, politicians are more easily swayed by evidence of a potentially contagious loss of popularity and a high profile media story than most other things, and certainly than by any other thing that students can do.

Affecting social change is hard work and requires strong resolve. Yet we cannot afford to let politicians continue to talk around issues like climate change and the genocide in Sudan whilst failing to take sufficient concrete action. Full credit then to the Sudan Divestment project, and movements like them, which forced a United Kingdom conference on investment in Sudan to shrink in size and shift numerous times to try to avoid the protestors.

Online networks ought to be used to organize concrete events, not substitute for them. Social networking sites are one of the tools that students can use to organize themselves to have an effect and is therefore one of the reasons why we could be so much more effective than we are. The problem is that, not unlike some admissions officers, students too often use Facebook in the wrong way.

Students cannot keep hiding behind the failure to stop Britain's involvement in the war in Iraq. I have frequently been told that this failure shows that activism is dead. Is student resolve really that weak? Are students now so afraid of failure that they won't even try?



There is something in my bedroom that I have been eyeing suspiciously since Boxing Day.

It somehow escaped my ritual yuletide dispatch of insulting presents from pensioners (pot-pourri sachet / small wooden tree to hang mugs on / kit to make clock out of potato) into a dark box, ready to be re-wrapped and returned to the poor Alzheimer's-afflicted bore next year.

The lack-lustre object in question poses as 'A User's Guide For The 21st Century', a compendium of innovative solutions for building a sustainable and prosperous future, with foreword by Al Gore, placing it squarely in the "Wow-a-cylindrical-flannel-from-The-Body-Shop-that-expands-in-water!" category of festive fun.

"One for the box", I thought.

I have been cultivating my heaving mausoleum of decaying bath-bombs and suchlike for some time, and am rather proud of it, or was, until innocent perusal of said book brought the unwelcome realisation that I am inadvertently 'doing-my-bit' for the planet since the ungracious act unhappily doubles as recycling.

Next I'll be whizzing bogeys in a blender until the gunk resembles cat-sick, dolloping it into a vat labelled 'Wheatgrass Smoothie' and raking it in at Fresh & Wild stores nationwide. Who knows, I might go the whole hog and purchase a pair of Crocs, the Holy Grail of IDMB (I'm-doing-my-bit) fashion.

Dear reader please enlighten me if Crocs serve some sort of orthopaedic function, but unless you feed livestock on a regular basis, possess a bonnet and valid Dutch passport, or are employed by the NHS, I cannot conceive of an excuse to don these dishwasher-friendly eyesores.

The same goes for those sanctimonious totes emblazoned with the words 'I AM NOT A PLASTIC BAG'.

Er, fine. But you ARE just as ugly.

Perhaps if these IDMB lunatics and their vegan accomplices hadn't cello-taped all their mirrors to their rooftops in the hope of generating solar power, they would be able to see for themselves that the obnoxious purple muzzles on their feet are about as elegant as colonic irrigation.

But I digress. I feel it is necessary to confess ownership of the aforementioned shameful tome and ignoble Christmas-compost box in case readers begin to doubt the validity of this Idler's indolence.

Rest assured I remain quite committed to uselessness and am quite happy for polar ice caps to have their wicked way with Southend-on-Sea.

I do not balk at the thought of sashaying into Tesco in January and buying a ripe mango, and I do not bother myself with the preponderance of questions shrouding the offending mango's flight from the other side of the planet.

Indeed, far be it from me to dissuade others from erecting non-toxic homes and refugee shelters, mastering microfinance and practicing effective philanthropy.

I know that not everyone can afford to be socially irresponsible, but as a self-respecting Idler I enjoy eating my midwinter mango in the comforting knowledge that I live at the salubrious height of 335 feet above sea-level.



Tal Grant

Casino? I don't think so

Despite what happened with Northern, our economy Rocks

Ed Maltby paints a somewhat dated picture of the City in his recent article on Northern Rock ('Our Casino Economy', Varsity 668), with his perception of the Square Mile resembling more the 80's film Wall Street than the carefully efficient (bar the odd crisis) and profitable marketplace for financial services that it is. Not only do banks spend billions on risk management, but the regulatory authorities breathing down the necks of investment bankers make our financial services economy more similar to your run of the mill accountant's office than to a casino.

The notion that the rise of derivative products is synonymous with the demise of the City is totally false, and indeed, derivatives have helped transform our economy into the anti-casino. Rather than merely being used for people to 'bet' on the price of commodities in the future, derivatives like futures contracts can be used by farmers to protect themselves from changes to the price of their crops due to exogenous variables like weather, or by British Airways to protect itself from changes in the price of oil caused by Bush's 'War on Terror.'

Aside from the current sub-prime crisis, which was the result of a particularly complex type of derivative, banks have been expanding and making huge profits for years. While the bankers who were dealing with derivatives knew far too little about them to be dealing with them, this growth is due in no small part to the development of such products.

As much as some would have you believe that this was a bad thing, it really isn't. Sure, City bonuses can get ridiculous, but the number of people working in wholesale financial services in London has risen between 1980 and 2000 from 200,000 to around 340,000, boosting employment, and London's position alongside New York and Tokyo, as the command centres of the global economy, has been cemented.

Through capitalist innovation and entrepreneurialism, the City has become something of a Mecca for financial services, accounting for about a fifth of the UK economy. Nationalise that? What for?

There is a huge misconception perpetuated by the Liberal Democrats that the state would be more efficient at running the financial services industry. There is no reason why this should be the case and in fact, history teaches us quite the reverse.

The single most memorable and recounted example of when an institution has traded incorrectly and in a far too risky fashion with derivatives (prior to the sub-prime crisis) is when Orange County, California filed for bankruptcy on December 6, 1994 after dabbling in derivatives.

This was the largest municipal bankruptcy in American history, and the county lost \$1.6 billion

"Derivatives like futures contracts can be used by British Airways to protect itself from changes in the price of oil caused by Bush's 'War on Terror'."

as a result. It made the maintenance of services in some cases untenable at the time. How could we be assured that public money would again not be misused and our services compromised if a government were in control here in the UK?

Aside from the questionable skill of public servants to run banks then, there is the issue of whether a tangible infrastructure of financial services would even remain if the government announced it were to nationalise the City.

The foreign banks which dominate the Square Mile and Canary Wharf would surely close their positions in London and retreat to dominating the rest of the world. And what of the Cambridge and Harvard graduates who work in these institutions? Would they stay and work for minimum wage under Britgroup or would they chase the Yankee dollar all the way to Wall

Street?

Finally, the notion that what happened to Northern Rock could happen to a Barclays or an HSBC is frankly ridiculous. HSBC alone is the size of about 50 Northern Rocks in terms of employees and - prior to the crisis - was 15 times its size in terms of revenue. As well, the global nature of both Barclays and HSBC, in addition to their size, render them far more risk free and less susceptible to individual crises than does the small domestic nature of Northern Rock.

Ultimately, the Rock's business plan was unstable and the regulatory authorities should have engaged in a pre-emptive intervention. If anything, its crisis is not a signal to nationalise the City, but perhaps serves as a more compelling argument for privatising the Financial Services Authority. The FSA, remember, is a public institution designed to police the financial services industry and stop crises like the Northern Rock one from fomenting.

The collapse of Northern Rock's share price was hardly surprising at the time, and while the Teflon traders at countless hedge funds made billions by anticipating the crisis, their public sector referees were looking on blankly as the news unfolded.

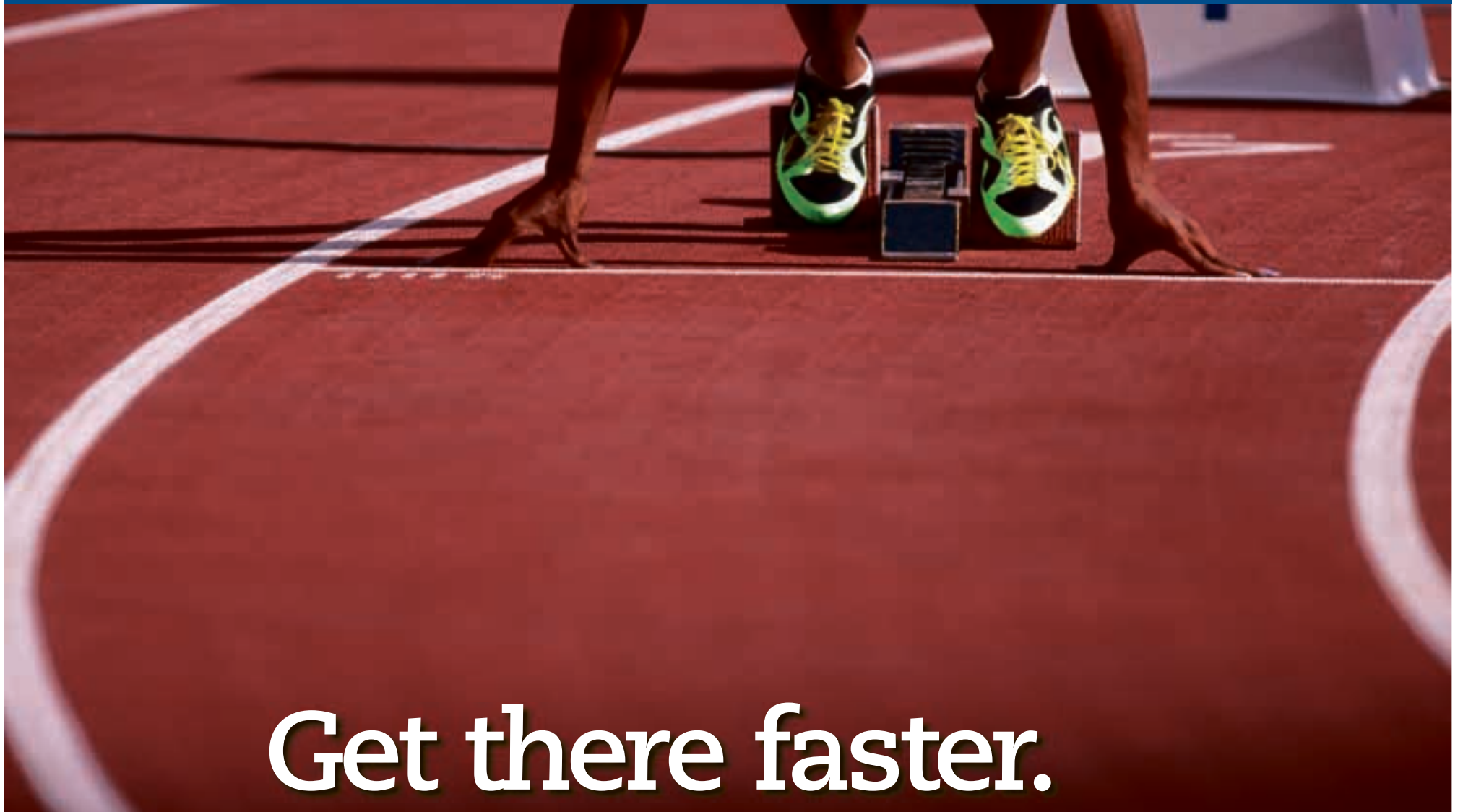
The mortgage bank had been growing much faster than its competitors purely by taking on much larger risks, which would have paid off had the credit crunch not occurred. But it did occur, and it is an alarming reality that the big wigs at the FSA did not acknowledge the perilous Northern Rock strategy in time.

The government must wise up to the FSA's shortcomings and attempt to engineer a stronger partnership between the FSA and the companies it regulates so that unsavoury business practices might in the future be uncovered without the need for bank runs and the like.

At least Gordon Brown appears to have picked up on this at least, having hired the investment bank Goldman Sachs to ameliorate the Northern Rock problem.

No doubt this private method will find a suitable private solution to the crisis by the time this newspaper goes to press.

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MARSH MERCER KROLL
GUY CARPENTER OLIVER WYMAN



“there can a bit of a
stigma really if you’re
another white,
middle-class comedian
from Footlights”

MARK WATSON
ON FOOTLIGHTS PAGE 21

Sweden: Europe’s new music capital
Page 20

Does architecture make you happy?
Page 22

Ruth Rendell interviewed
Page 26

VIEW

The End is Nigh?

Our resident science guru and apocalyptic soothsayer **Kevin Koo** takes us through the ifs, whens and hows of

The Collision

The nearest spiral galaxy to our own Milky Way is the Andromeda Galaxy, which is quietly spinning 2.5 million light-years away. But Andromeda is moving toward us at about 90 miles per second, which means that in three and half billion years, the two galaxies will collide in a Solar System-displacing display of orbit realignment. Even as the galaxies approach each other,

significant changes in stellar positioning are likely to occur. Where the Earth ends up in the wake of this is unknown, but if the planet isn't torn apart by the forces of the impact, then it could be hurled into another solar system or even into the dark corners of the new merged super-galaxy.

Odds: 7,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ☹☹



The Roast

Like all stars, our sun will one day die by heating up and turning into a bloated red giant. The sun provides light and heat to Earth through nuclear fusion reactions, in which two hydrogen atoms merge into helium and release energy as a by-product. Eventually the sun will exhaust its hydrogen core, leading to a rapid increase in temperature that could seriously affect life on Earth. When the sun becomes a red giant in about six billion

years, it will engulf the Earth and vaporise all matter in, on, and around the planet. We may not need to wait that long for the fireworks to begin, though; in just one billion years, the sun's energy output is theorized to increase by 10 percent—enough to transform the Earth into a greenhouse and boil away all surface water.

Odds: 2,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ☹☹☹



The Big Rip

The universe is constantly expanding due to a thing called dark energy, which acts like anti-gravity for the cosmos. Dark energy fuels the steady acceleration of the universe's expansion. In one end-of-world hypothesis, scientists theorize that the rate of acceleration is not constant, but instead increasing. This means it takes less time for the expansion to get faster and faster.

Eventually the dark energy becomes phantom energy, and even the strongest forces in the universe are overwhelmed, resulting in an event appropriately termed the Big Rip. Translation: atoms split violently as their subatomic particles are yanked apart. And we, of course, are made of atoms.

Odds: 2,000,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ☹☹☹☹



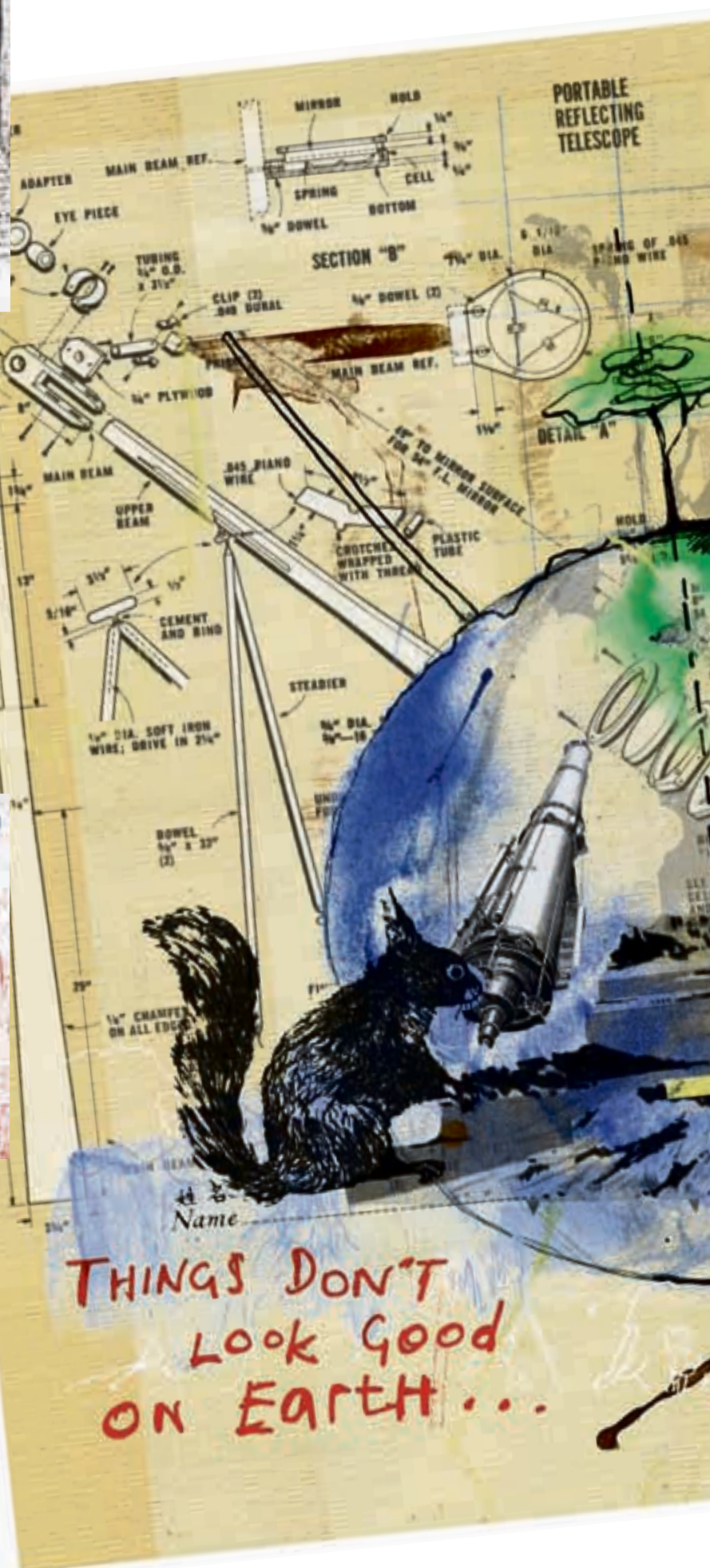
The Robot Rebellion

Many people envision a future in which intelligent technology can be used to enhance and improve human lives. One current area of research seeks to engineer robots on the molecular scale to carry out tasks requiring atomic-level analysis. For example, these "nanobots" might be used to help clean up oil spills by identifying oil droplets and using them to self-replicate.

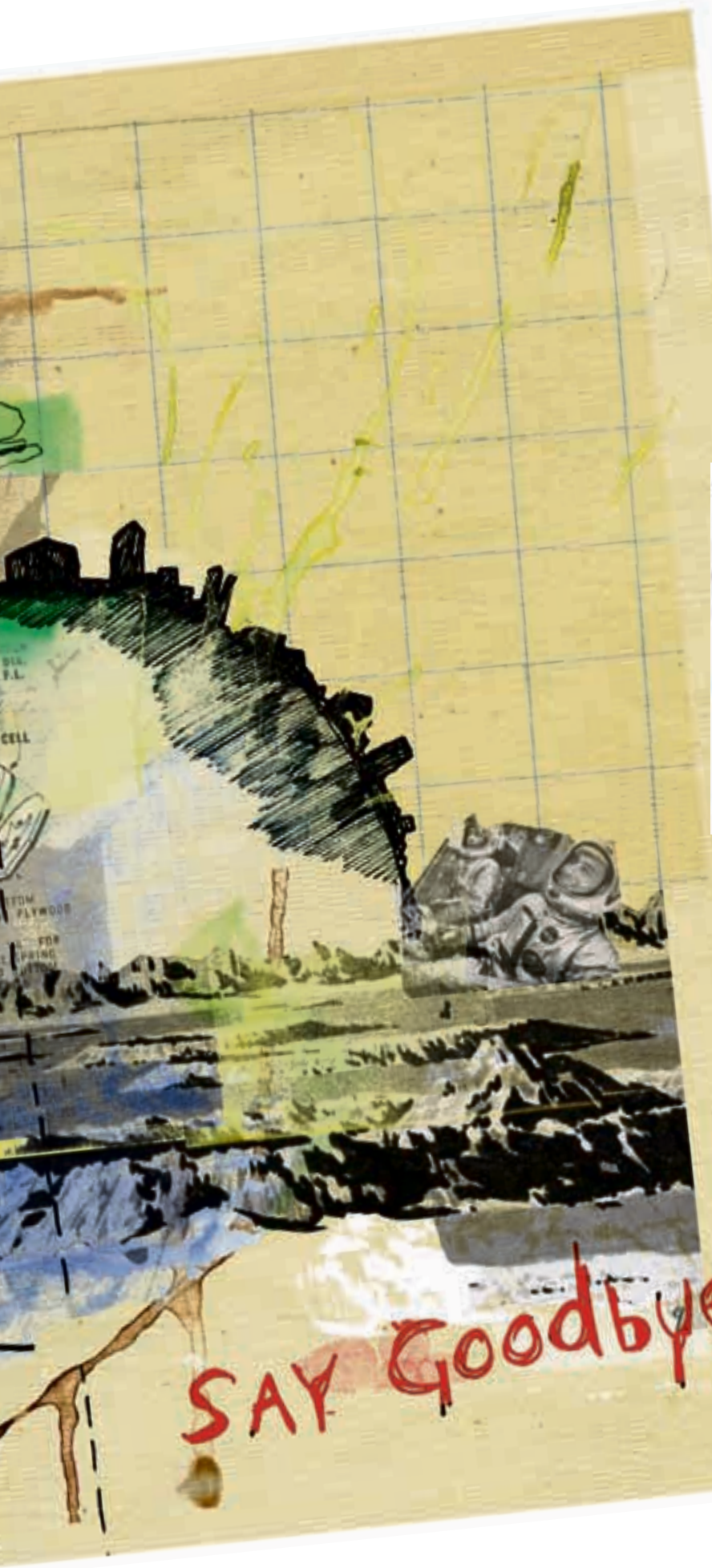
But what happens when a programming mistake directs the robots to consume...everything? Eventually, a sea of this "grey goo" neatly devours all matter on Earth—a process called ecophagy—while expanding its own population exponentially.

Odds: 3,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ☹☹☹



our planet's destruction, while **Jane Hall** and **Anna Trench** give us a visual glimpse of earth's final destination.



The Zap

Gamma rays are a form of high-energy electromagnetic radiation generated by the reaction of subatomic particles. When massive objects in space undergo these reactions, observable columns of gamma rays are emitted. These events, known as gamma ray bursts (GRBs), are closely associated with the collapse of huge stars into black holes. If a star in the general neighbourhood of Earth were to collapse and send a GRB in our direction, the atmosphere

would suffer considerable damage. Scientists have theorised that just ten seconds of exposure would obliterate half the ozone, the gaseous layer around the planet that protects us from the sun's harmful radiation. This depletion would likely allow enough solar radiation to pass through the atmosphere to fry all life on Earth.

Odds: 600,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ???



The Huge Mass Hole

Do you ever feel like you're stuck in a moment you can't get out of? If this moment seems to be a bit of space in which the strength of the local gravitational field has rendered impossible the escape of just about everything, you may be stuck in a black hole. Somewhat contrary to its common depiction as a giant whirlpool, a black hole is the result of a huge amount of mass stuffed in a tiny bit of space.

These extremely dense objects exert gravitational forces strong enough to make escape impossible. If Earth were to move close enough to a black hole to feel the effects of its gravitational forces—that is, within its event horizon—we would be sucked in and annihilated.

Odds: 400,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ?????

The Big Chill

Ice ages are periods in the history of the Earth characterised by sustained declines in temperature, leading to the formation of ice sheets in both hemispheres. The last great ice age, in which ice sheets covered most of the North American and Eurasian continents, ended about 10,000 years ago, but we're due for another freeze as

early as 40,000 years from now. Although tropical areas of the Earth would remain inhabitable, significant loss of water and humidity could impact climate patterns.

Odds: 10,000 to 1

Ouch Factor: ??



The Infection

In the 1960s, medical scientists announced the end of infectious disease as a threat to humankind. Unfortunately, they were wrong. Millions of people die annually from HIV/AIDS, tuberculosis, and malaria. Other recent biological threats include anthrax, avian flu, and the re-emergence of smallpox. The greater danger, however, lies in the alarmingly fast rate of pathogenic mutation by which the agents that cause these diseases become more virulent (more infected people die)

or more transmissible (more people get infected). Natural selection tends to balance these factors out, so when a pathogen gets more virulent, it's less easily transmitted. But given a high enough rate of genetic mutation, a dually contagious and lethal super-virus could already be on its way.

Odds: 500 to 1

Ouch Factor: ???

MRS FRILLS

An invitation to a 21st birthday has just plopped onto my doormat. The same gold embossed lettering that proclaims the host's parent's quadruple-barreled surname, bills the evening as a 'WAREHOUSE RAVE'. I am flabbergasted. Madchester purists must be snorting with derision in their bedsits/hospital beds when they see Facebook et al advertising exact times, dates, locations and - cue biggest guffaw of all - entrance fees of 'secret' raves. Although somewhat reluctant to appear a traitor to my generation, I think it is embarrassingly obvious that the nineties hold sway over this much-banded about word. Despite not being born in time to talk about 'the good old days' with any authority, I would hazard a guess that anyone around the first time would rather sell various, if not ALL their remaining whiskered relatives, than subscribe to the Klaxons appropriation of the word. Watching flyers for 'raves' emerge from the deluxe Epson colour printer and fillet themselves onto the plush beige carpet in daddy's study must make you feel so achingly anti-establishment. You can bet your bottom dollar no one else there will be wearing that same lurid spray-on American Apparel ensemble. Ladies, I just love how the elasticated waistband is giving you love-handles and an obscene camel-toe. Yes waif, you there basking in the pre-pubescent glory of resembling a 12yr old boy, spandex makes even YOU look fat. And gentlemen, in ten years time when the doctor informs you of your tragic infertility, I sincerely hope you regret vacuum suction leggings. The whistle is commonly thought nifty for attracting attention in lifeboats, but also serves the lesser known purpose of deafening surrounding youths in neon regalia (phew! now you don't have to say anything interesting about Ian Curtis). Glow-in-the-dark stickers and face paint are especially championed by underage nu-ravers (read under 12s), accordingly they are a godsend for anyone afflicted with acne (i.e. absolutely everyone there). And the ubiquitous glow stick. Oh where do I begin with you? A cleverly multi-purpose item, it can be frantically waved above the head so that everyone can smell your armpit, and from its pungency gauge how much of a sick/live/raw time you must be having. Alternatively it can be poked in the eye of your DJ cum photographer boyf as punishment for accidentally snogging a girl in an identical t-shirt pledging to 'SAVE THE RAVE'. Mummy might also use it to rap your knuckles for being out on a school night when she picks you up in the Volvo estate; she will also be wearing said t-shirt, Debenhams, bargain-bin. My preferred option is snapping it open and swallowing the dioctyl phthalate, thereby escaping all 'scene' hideousness. I realise this diatribe might savour strongly of bitterness; perhaps if I had ended up as Peaches Geldof's best chum with my own trendy Jefferson Hack type 'zine', I might be singing a different tune, but I doubt it. So for the birthday party I'll be the one bumping into walls, wearing nu-rave Ray Bans with the lenses blacked out.



Ted: Long sleeved t-shirt, GAP, £10; Cardigan, stylist's own; Trousers, Reiss sale, £20.70; Braces, Rokit, £6; Scarf, Electronic Sheep at Topshop, £10; Shoes, model's own. Sylvia: Cardigan, GAP, £29.50; Vest, DKNY, £25; Belt, stylist's own; High-waisted trousers, Zara, £45; Patent court shoes, Miss Selfridge, £35; Scarf, Stylist's own.



Embroidered cotton dress, Alice Temperley, from £800; Baroque Tights, Walford, £10; Satin court shoes, Prada sale at Giulio, £65

IMITATION IT IS NOT, INSPIRATION IT IS. FILL THE ICONIC SHOES OF CAMBRIDGE ALUMNI AND THEIR INVENTIONS.

TOM CHESHIRE
AS TED HUGHES

GRACE HUGHES-HALLETT
AS SYLVIA PLATH

JAMES KEAY
AS LORD BYRON

GIANNA VAUGHAN
AS ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON'S
LADY OF SHALLOT



Waistcoat, Rokit, £20; Coat, Steve Alan, £175



Shirt, Marks and Spencer, £39.50; Trousers, TKMax, £10; Jacket, Portabello Road Market, £20; Fur hat, Twinkle, £15; White leather belt, Beyond Retro, £15; Embroided belt, Rokit, £20

My Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club

Your fair selves in this fair city



>> **Pizza Express.** Ritual post show pizzas and self-congratulation.

>> **The River.** For thesipy moonlight River Tours; reciting Shakespeare and practising sad faces.



>> **Anywhere.** We're never seen without script in hand.

Face Off

They're fit, you're fickle. Who's fitter? There's the pickle

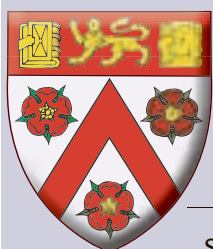
Round 2: Trinity versus St John's



Aldous is a graduate Historian and Felicity is a 2nd year English student

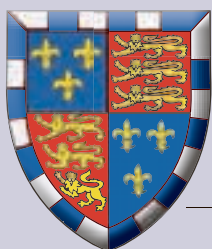


Tom is a 2nd year Philosopher and Luciana is a 3rd year English student



TO VOTE FOR TRINITY,
TEXT 'VARSITY TRINITY'
TO 60300.

Standard network charges apply.



TO VOTE FOR JOHN'S,
TEXT 'VARSITY JOHNS'
TO 60300.

Cumming On Greed



The best time to die if you're a celebrity is when you are still famous, and people will still be moved to natter wistfully about how important and valuable you were. The worst time to die is when you have wilted, like a neglected runner bean, and the only people who'll shed tears are your loved ones. 2007 was a particularly bad year for apt twig-leaving, and was instead notable for the number of stars going out with a whimper, rather than a bang.

One suspects this was particularly disappointing for Evel Knievel, who spent an entire career attempting to claim his life insurance (and there's a windfall) with an abrupt, loud, motorised noise. In his last interview he claimed to have "beat the hell out of death". Whilst it might seem slightly churlish to ascribe hubris to a man whose chosen vocation was to ride motorbikes into the sky, one has to wonder whether it's ever very sensible to claim immortality, particularly when one is so clearly dying. Another who slipped rather than dived into the murky pool was Ike Turner, the extravagant performer and producer credited with being one of the founders of rock and roll. An argument could be made for the significance of rock and roll as an art form, and for its invention as an achievement worthy of posterity. Unfortunately for poor Ike he will be remembered uniquely for punching Tina Turner, a gesture which would have been fine if not uniquely admirable had he not been married to her at the time, and had he not stated quite so clearly how uniquely admirable he felt his actions to have been. All of which begs the question of what we actually value in our public figures. Is punching Tina Turner more culturally important than inventing rock and roll? No. But crucially, it is slightly funnier. Wife-abuse, however, is not amusing in the slightest. Is Evel Knievel dying slowly, off his bike, funny? Horribly, crucially, yes. Is it funny for those close to him? No. Keith Richards snorting his dad's ashes is

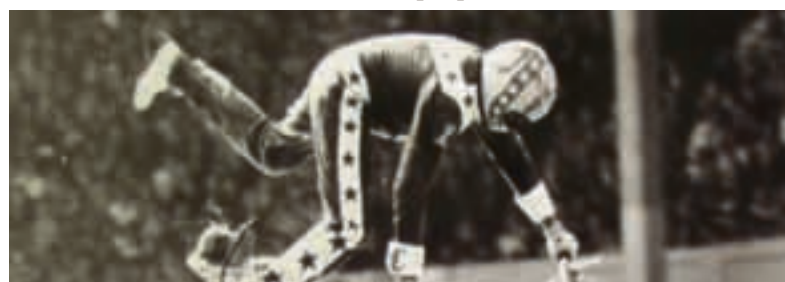
funny, as is him falling out of a coconut tree and needing "trepanning", to use his own richly evocative phrasing. Your own father snorting Keith Richards, on the other hand, would be very perverse. It would most likely be very embarrassing if a member of your family fell out of a coconut tree, and in fact slightly shameful that they were up there in the first place.

Oddly the most tellingly pertinent story of the year so far has been the saga of the Nuremberg City Zoo's polar bears, Vera and Vilma, and their young. The bears are the stars of the zoo; national celebrities and a persuasive draw for tourists, yet just two



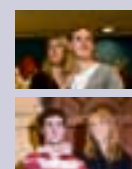
Mother bear: menace

weeks ago Vilma decided, in the middle of the night, to eat her two babies. This is not uncommon, for polar bears; there are, after all, bear necessities we do not understand. Moreover, it's difficult to suppress a chuckle when one thinks of the faces of the hordes of tourists, cameras primed, as Vilma nonchalantly strolled out of her cave in the morning, licking her chops. Yet it has provoked such fears amongst the keepers about Vera that they have removed her own baby, Knut, from her potentially cannibalistic care. They will raise the cub by hand, so he can be a star all of his own. It's unnatural, but he might have died otherwise. Nobody goes to the zoo to see real life anyway. Do we mock or console? Looking at this week's photos of Britney Spears, I think an earnest, nervous laughter seems appropriate.



LAST WEEK'S RESULT:

Christ's 28%
Sidney Sussex 72%



NICK KNOWS

How well do the following describe you?

- You want to sleep for longer
- You find it difficult to stay awake (in and outside of lectures)
- It seems impossible to get everything done
- You get cravings for sweets, pasta and pizza.
- Your self-esteem is unusually low
- You're not all that interested in sex any more



RESIDENT MEDIC NICK CULSHAW GIVES US THE LOWDOWN ON SAD

With the exception perhaps of the last, these characteristics probably describe most Cambridge students at some point in the term but they are also all symptoms of Seasonal Affective Disorder or SAD.

SAD is a type of depression that affects people during autumn and winter, particularly January and February, and onset is most prevalent amongst 18-30 year olds. As many as one in twenty people are thought to experience some form of SAD; even Natalie Imbruglia suffered a bout during a particularly long stay in London one year.

SAD is the result of decreased daylight hours and a lack of sunlight exposure. This alters your brain's biochemistry so that your body clock may become out of sync with your daily routine. As you spend more time in the "dark", you produce more of the hormone melatonin, and raised melatonin levels have been associated with depression. Alternatively, it could be the result of reduced serotonin production as this is also thought to contribute to depression.

Whilst we don't know exactly what causes SAD there are effective treatments available. For most people with a mild case of the winter blues the best things you can do are take more exercise, spend

more time outside during daylight hours and try to sit near windows whenever possible. If however you are feeling down for days at a time and can't get motivated at all then you need to seek help from your college nurse or GP.

The good news is that there are effective treatments for SAD including antidepressants and light therapy. Light therapy has been proved to be effective in up to 85% of cases and involves sitting in front of a light box for a couple of hours each day.

Unfortunately general student laziness cannot be cured by staring into your desk lamp for an hour every morning- light boxes emit light at over ten times the intensity of ordinary lighting and only clear up symptoms if you genuinely have SAD. The good news is though that if you do suffer from SAD then light therapy is normally effective within 3 to 4 days.

Got a problem? Medic and CUSU HIV and sexual health rep Nick will happily answer any questions you may have. Send them in to lifestyle@varsity.co.uk

WHAT'S COOKING?

DOMESTIC GODDESS KITTY WALSH PROVIDES HER OWN SOLUTION FOR THOSE OF US BATTLING WITH SEASONAL AFFECTATIONS

Lent term is here and with nothing on the horizon but winter weather and work, we could all do with a bit of comfort food. Baking is perfect for this: not only will you distract yourself for half an hour or so with such wonderful activities as weighing, stirring and spoon-licking, you will also achieve instant hero-status among your friends. I highly recommend investing in a set of scales (£4, John Lewis) and a silicone loaf tin (£8, also John Lewis). My loaf tin fits into even the most meagre of college combi-ovens, and if you get a silicone one, there's no need to line it; they're so flexible you can simply pop the cake out. This lemon-syrup loaf tastes reassuringly of old-fashioned cake shops, but the vodka gives it a rock 'n' roll kick!

Preheat your oven to 180°C/gas mark 4 (if you're using a combi-oven, be wary as temperatures vary wildly - try it at 200°C, but keep a watchful eye on it). Grease and line your loaf

tin, though greasing should be sufficient if it's silicone.

Cut the butter into small cubes, then cream it together with the sugar, before adding the eggs and lemon zest. Fold in the flour thoroughly, and then add the milk. The mixture should be quite runny. Pour it into the loaf tin and place it on the middle shelf of the oven. Bake for 45 minutes, or until a skewer inserted into the middle comes out clean.

Meanwhile, start on the syrup. Heat the lemon juice gently and stir in the sugar. Remove from the heat and add the vodka. As soon as the cake is out of the oven use a fork to puncture the surface and drizzle the syrup all over. Leave the cake in the tin to cool for at least half an hour to let the syrup absorb properly.



FOR THE CAKE:

- 125g unsalted butter, at room temperature
- 175g caster sugar
- 2 large eggs
- Zest of 1 lemon
- 175g self-raising flour
- 4 tablespoons milk

FOR THE SYRUP:

- Juice of 1 lemon
- 100g icing sugar
- 50ml vodka



Restaurant Review Tom Evans

Restaurant 22

22 Chesterton Road



JASE TAYLOR

When you punt downstream on the River Cam, there comes a point at which you meet two obstacles. On the left there is a blue blockade followed by what I can only describe as Niagara Falls. On the right there is a lock, and the people who run it have in the past frowned on my attempts to take a punt through. This, I think, is the solution:

Take three people in the punt. One person goes and distracts the lock people. A good tactic would be to put on a silly voice and pretend not to understand the difference between a lock that you put a key in and a lock that you put a boat in. The second person hits the bottom of the river really hard with the punt pole. The third person stands on the bridge over the lock/waterfall, and strokes the underside of the punt as it flies through the air. This idea is heavily indebted to the film Free Willy, in which Willy uses the very same tactic to escape from his paddock.

After the success of the film, an international campaign was set up to free the whale that played Willy (Keiko the orca whale) from the Reino Aventura Amusement Park in Mexico City. It wouldn't be entirely unfair to say that Keiko's owners were a little shortsighted when they agreed to let their prize attraction star in a sentimental Hollywood film as a whale who desperately wants to free himself from his cramped pool and (evil) owners. So after a bit of a hoo haa the whale was taken to Iceland, and freed Willy was. The chorus of outrageously predictable tabloid headlines had barely died down when

Keiko pulled out his party trick: irony. He caught pneumonia and died young.

If the Free Willy approach doesn't appeal, there is a second option. A short walk beyond Niagara Falls, on Chesterton Road, is restaurant 22. It looks like a house from the outside so I knocked on the door and waited. This turned out to be very embarrassing because on the inside it's a normal restaurant set up, and when the waiter opened the door most people were laughing at me. No giggles for the waiters though. They preferred a flowery servility, introducing us to each course as if it were a new friend that they just knew we were going to get along with really well.

For the most part, their intimations were correct. The set menu is £26.50 and their Michelin Bib Gourmand (awarded for fine cuisine at good value) is well deserved. The pheasant and steamed sea bream mains were both served imaginatively, the former with caramelised salsify. If you like zest then you'll like the home made chutney that comes with the cheese, and if you like pudding you'll love the pear and almond tart with whisky sabayon and chocolate. The starters we didn't get along with so well: the rabbit that ended up in the rabbit ravioli would probably have been made better use of had it been released into the wild. Nice place, but there was nothing here brilliant enough to make me entirely forget that tingling embarrassment I felt at having knocked on the front door.

The January set menu costs £26.50
The wine list starts at £14.25



Blue Swede shoes

For years, Sweden's only notable cultural exports were ABBA and blondes. But nowadays the country is fast becoming Europe's most fertile breeding ground for alternative bands. Whom should we thank for the music, wonders **Oli Robinson**?

Bands Apart

Dungen

The majority of material from this Stockholm psychedelic band is totally composed and recorded by multi-instrumentalist (you name it, he plays it) Gustav Ejstes, who stays so true to the "Take it easy" attitude that he even named the bands third, and breakthrough, album "Ta Det Lugnt" after it.

Andrew Spyrou

The Sounds

Many of us have mused, in the loneliest of hours, 'If Debbie Harry were Swedish, would Blondie have been even cooler?' Here is the evidence in abundant affirmative! The Sounds are a pop sensation full of sparkling keyboards, uber-power chords and people so beautiful it makes you want to cry. **Owain McKimm**

The Knife

Infamously uncooperative with the press and mainstream music scene, the Dreijer siblings' slightly morbid yet ethereal tracks have have brought a darker and more contemplative side to electro-pop. Check out their sickeningly beautiful Silent Shout video. **Elle Carter**

Quit Your Dayjob

On New Year's Eve, far outshining the Hives in the realm of Swedish punk, they yelled "Open the bar! Open the bar!" "Look! A dollar!" and "Erase! My face!" with admirable persistence while I leapt arozzund like a possessed pogo stick. Funny, frantic, fantastic, glorious fun. Don't forget to dance.

Rebecca Varley-Winter

There is a song on the Divine Comedy album *Fin Du Siecle* called Sweden. The chorus goes "Sweden, Sweden, Sweden, In Sweden / I'm gonna live in Sweden / Please don't ask me why / For if I were to give a reason / It would be a lie". A lot has changed in the ten years since that album came out. Today, assuming they like creative and exquisitely crafted pop music, The Divine Comedy wouldn't have to lie. There would have a choice of reasons; Jens Lekman; The Concretes; The Knife; Shout Out Louds; Frida Hyvönen; The Sounds, Ida Maria; Robyn; Im from Barcelona and Lonely, Dear to name but ten.

With this in mind, in the final throes of last year, a couple of college friends and myself grabbed an evening Ryanair flight over to Stockholm. Perilously underdressed for the cold we headed straight for the Södermalm district to the south of the city and immediately found ourselves surrounded by ludicrously attractive people (it turns out that cliché about Swedish girls is grounded in truth). And alongside them, in a moderately swanky club called Debasers, I experienced one of my personal top five gigs of last year. Loney, Dear, the musical moniker of Emil Svanängen, silenced the beautiful crowd (and three Englishmen) with pounding, sweeping choruses and ecstatic builds. One giddiness-inducing song after another, sung mainly in English (in an high pitched, accented voice that must break a dozen or so hearts a night), kept us all completely stunned. It was that rare of beasts, a gig by a band you don't know, that by

virtue of a great live performance and some cracking melodies makes your heart swell and your thoughts soar. It was bloody brilliant.

I drunkenly spoke to Emil afterwards and apparently it was their final show of

Jose Gonzalez, whose career was launched by a cover of The Knife's song Heartbeats. Or even that stalwart icon of American decline, Ms Spears, whose hit Toxic was penned by a couple of Swedes, or that Young Folks song with the

"There's a veritable tsunami of Scandinavian musicians bashing our shores. In fact, when you start totting them up, the number of talented Swedes starts to seem a bit ridiculous. What the hell is happening? Is there something in the water in Stockholm?"

2007. For him the gig was the culmination of an exhausting year of US/European tours and growing press exposure. And in this he is not alone. He forms part of a veritable tsunami of Scandinavian musicians crashing down on our shores. In fact, when you start totting them up, the number of talented Swedes starts to seem a bit ridiculous. Take, for instance, the Shout Out Louds, a band that sound so much like the Cure at their peak that it is hard to believe that Robert Smith hasn't had some accent-altering head injury. Or take Jens Lekman, a troubadour from Gothenburg whose crooning, lo-fi rock'n'roll can make you grin like a child. Or even Robyn, the manufactured teenie-star who, with a little help from fellow Swedes the Knife, managed to re-invent herself as an electropop diva. Or take

whistling...and I could go on and on like this for hours.

So, what on earth is going on? Is there something in the water in Stockholm? Perhaps. But a more plausible explanation can be found on the Swedish government website. Apparently Sweden is the third biggest exporter of pop music in the world. And the fact that such a statement appears on an official website is biggest clue. They are proud of this statistic. Which would explain the existence of (clue number two) a consortium called 'Export Music Sweden' (<http://www.exms.se>) whose sole purpose is to get Swedish music known outside Sweden; and also the existence of (clue number three) a 'Swedish Music Information Network' (<http://www.mic.stim.se>) who provide "publishing and marketing support to music publishers and travel allowance

to composers". These organisations share the same aim; they support Swedish musicians and they help get their music known internationally. And where do they get their funding? According to The Music Information Network "the state contributes approximately the same amount as we ourselves receive from the sale of music and discs". In essence, therefore, the Swedish government collaborates with industry to provide financial support for new bands.

But why do this? One possibility is that it is a rather savvy bit of marketing. Is it perhaps a clever way of increasing foreign interest in their country? The Swedish government cannot itself manufacture artistic excitement to lure people to its shores (this music is far too good to have been created by civil servants); but they can indirectly promote interest via promoting young bands. And by promoting interest, they might increase tourism, and by increasing tourism they might increase foreign investment. Everyone's a winner.

Moreover, it actually seems to work. Sweden and Swedish bands are now rarely out of the music press. Rather like Canada a year or so ago, Sweden is becoming a destination of choice for both bands and music lovers; and all because a bit of governmental funding helped ignite a nascent music scene. At a time when the question of UK arts funding is up for debate we could do worse than turn to our Scandinavian cousins for inspiration. As some famous Swedes once sang, "Thank you for the music / For giving it to me". And you thought I wasn't going to mention ABBA.

'It's a bit of a stigma'

Footlights is for many the path to comedic glory. But, as the endearing 'Welsh' stand-up **Mark Watson** tells **Patrick Kingsley**, 'the F-word' can be a double-edged sword

Mark Watson isn't really Welsh. In his stand-up set, he may affect a Cardiff accent so strong you'd think he was born and bred in the Valleys and spent his formative years working in the dockyards singing Men of Harlech, but in person Watson speaks with a disappointingly unassuming combination of London lilt and Bristolian burr. "At Cambridge, the accent started out as a bit of a gimmick, as just a useful comedy persona for Smokers," he explained over a coffee in Soho. "But once I started out professionally, I guess it made me more distinctive. And it became quite a liberating thing, because there can be a bit of a stigma really if you're another white, middle-class comedian from Footlights."

And, even though he admits that "I was never particularly involved in it until my last year", Footlights was both a help and a hindrance to Watson. "I got an agent out of the Edinburgh run. But, like all Footlights shows, we were victim to the perennial problem of minimal press coverage and sceptical audiences. Everyone has the same experience during Edinburgh. It can be very demoralising. And even though we got a Perrier nomination and, for a Footlights tour show, it was pretty high-profile, we were still up against it. You can't overturn stereotypes and you can't get past the press."

Given its reputation, it seems strange that Footlights should get such a hard time in Edinburgh. But, Watson argues, it's the reputation that's the problem. "We were pitted against shows which spent proper money on publicity, and we were trying to appeal to both a journalistic and public audience which was often pretty cynical and judgemental about Footlights. People imagine Footlights is one single body when of course it's not. You

get people who saw Footlights once in 1999 and think that's representative of every year. It's unfair when people compare you to Fry and Laurie and Emma Thompson because they weren't actually that good as students themselves. People either come with built-in cynicism or they expect miracles. It's a bit unreasonable really. Lots of successful comedians [Mitchell and Webb, and Garth Marengi's Richard Ayoade and Matthew Holness, to name four of the recent crop] come out of Footlights, but it's unrealistic to think that at 21 they were the finished article."

It's perhaps reassuring that, despite these early travails, Watson, 'The Nice Guy of Comedy' according to last week's TCS, is now acknowledged as an Edinburgh phenomenon. He's won a prestigious if.comedy award, was nominated for two more and sells out massive venues on every day of the festival, with his quirkily-titled and bravely-structured stand-up sets – most famously, in 2005, successfully pulling off a 24-hour long show entitled 'Mark Watson's Overambitious 24-Hour Show'. But whilst Watson is most definitely a festival superstar, he's perhaps not quite a national household name, despite a popular radio show and regular appearances on Mock The Week. But it's not as if he's particularly concerned. "It's probably because the whole comedy industry decamps to Edinburgh for the month, but elsewhere no-one's really paying attention. Edinburgh's a bubble. It's a bit like

college politics or sitting in the ADC bar – you become oblivious to the rest of the world. You get to act like you're very famous for a month and so it's a shock when you come back down to London and it's so quiet."

Watson may well break into mainstream consciousness this year, with a radio show and two sitcoms in the pipeline. But he's not holding his breath – "TV's a lottery and, anyway, you only get a tiny amount of personal control. You don't know what's going to take off, and you can't get too

precious about the script because it's always going to be mangled by the committee. The good thing about radio is that you're just working with one relaxed producer, and in stand-up, you can obviously do exactly what you want. But with TV, you're being directed by someone else, and you're working within a very bureaucratic system." Instead, Mark is concentrating more closely on his current tour and his new book 'Crap at the Environment', which is published this Spring. "It's a narrative of my year spent being an eco-campaigner. It's both a comic journey and also a manual." So when did Watson the comedian become Watson the eco-warrior? "I never really had an ambition to be an eco-evangelist – I wasn't really interested, and didn't think I could make a difference. But then I went on a course with Al Gore and now I want to use comedy to make environmentalism more accessible because I think some environmentalists can be a bit preachy. I want to introduce a kind of environmental-

ism-lite. I'm still crap at the environment, but I've made some small lifestyle changes. I've cancelled all internal flights for my tour, and so on. I think we've all got to do these kind of things because otherwise we're just pissing on our own doorsteps really."

Mark Watson will be performing his superb Edinburgh show 'CAN I BRIEFLY TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE POINT OF LIFE?' at The Junction at 7pm tomorrow. His new book 'Crap at the Environment' is published this Spring.



Elementary, my dear Watson?

Is Mark Watson right? Is the comedy world really prejudiced against Footlights? We asked ex-Footlighter **Nick Mohammed**, whose Edinburgh run sold out last year



"I've never felt disadvantaged because of Footlights. There are alumni who feel differently – there were quite a few who noticeably didn't turn up to a Footlights reunion photograph in Edinburgh in 2005 – but I'm personally very grateful to the institution. I first met the producer of my radio show on the Beyond A Joke Footlights tour in 2004 and Footlights Edinburgh shows in general get a good 'industry pull'.

It's true though that every year Footlights gets bad press. Journalists like to think of Footlights as a brand, ignoring the fact that each summer it's five different individuals. They often come with an agenda; in one show in 2004, even though we had a sell-out crowd and we actually over-ran by several minutes because they were laughing so much, one paper still gave us a two-star review. It's probably because

there's a perceived arrogance to Footlights, which is a bit unfair when you compare it to other student comedy groups. Though, for example, the current Durham Revue is fantastic, when I was there in 2003, it was very cliquey, much more so than Cambridge." *Nick Mohammed will be playing the lead in the comedy-drama Billy Goat at 9pm, 31st Jan, on BBC One as part of the BBC Fairy Tales series.*

Devil's Advocate Will Pearse

Why the
Footlights
focus?



Last week Alcock Allstars brought comedy groups of all styles from around the country to perform for one night each. The only thing linking these groups was their success and so the show was something unique: it was a window onto how to do things differently.

The rest of the world looks to Cambridge for comedy, and in the same way that people tell me about London Zoo when I inform them I read Zoology, they ask me if I'm a 'Footlight' when I say I'm in an improv group. But is that really all there is to Cambridge comedy?

In the past week a few people have come up to me and said they didn't enjoy Alcock Allstars' Friday night slot. While I agree with them that perhaps a little too much of a certain performer's jock-strap was revealed, I still think their performance should be given more thought. What is so radical about Pappy's Fun Club is that they break the bubble between performer and audience. Maybe Pappy's would be upset with me for saying this, but having seen their show a few times now I can assure you that several of their gags *always* bomb. They are directly connecting with the audience from the very beginning, and just because Pappy's didn't make a reference to Proust doesn't mean they hadn't thought through every aspect of their show; they were just approaching comedy in a different way to what is usually seen on the Cambridge sketch-comedy scene. You don't have to like them or their approach, but appreciating their style can be constructive.

Let me make one thing clear: I've been asked to play Devil's Advocate, and I always obey a suggestion. I think the Footlights are funny, I think the Footlights are important and several performers from Alcock Improv can be found onstage every other Tuesday anyway. But the take-home message here is that the Footlights are still only a society, and a society is nothing without members. The Footlights is an excellent way for comedians to meet up and exchange ideas, but the focus must be on that: exchanging ideas. The only danger to being 'a Footlight' and not 'a comedian' is that if you never listen to anything new you will never learn. Supposedly, a readiness to learn is what got us all here in the first place. Let's use it.

Learning by design

Does architecture affect the way we think? Can we really be inspired by buildings? **Ed Blain** investigates

“More will mean worse”, wrote author and miserabilist Kingsley Amis in 1960, referring to the proposed expansion of the British university system. He felt that there were very few clever people in the country, and that those that there were already had the chance to go to the old universities. “There is a delusion”, he claimed, “that there are thousands of young people who are capable of benefiting from university training, but have somehow failed to find their way there”.

His reasoning now seems clearly wrong, writing off as it does almost all women, and most men, as unteachable. Yet Amis was right in a sense. In some fields, more has meant worse. In Britain, whichever way you look at it, older institutions tend to get better results: only one of the twenty

universities which make up the elite Russell Group was founded in the past hundred years. In Cambridge, there is a close relationship between the age of colleges and their performance in the *Tompkins Table*. The older they are, the better they do. There are remarkably few exceptions. Selwyn, a young’un at a hundred and twenty-something, bucks the trend at fourth. Peterhouse, the oldest of them all, is fifth from last. But then Selwyn was designed to look ancient. And it would, of course, be wrong to expect any different from Peterhouse,

a college that has produced more famous drunks than academics.

Why does age matter? People disagree. The standard answer is that applicants flock to the old and famous colleges, goes the stock answer, and their interviewers have the pick of the crop, and an easy time of it thereafter. The places most people have never heard of have to use the pool. This is a lazy argument. It’s also demonstrably wrong. Who had heard of Downing or Selwyn before being sent off on a day trip to Cambridge in the sixth form? They’re third and fourth in the table. Who hadn’t heard of King’s, whose annual carol service is one of the most popular radio broadcasts in the world, available in Barbados, Bangladesh, and on 300 different radio stations in the United States alone? Despite its fame and age (founded 1441) King’s un-

dergraduates score more than half way down the *Tompkins table*. In fact, none of the top five colleges in this year’s *Tompkins Table* are on the tourist circuit. Fame, even lo-

for its rowers and its heavy drinking, and had yet to admit women. In only twenty years a concerted effort from ambitious fellows saw the college rise to the top of the

“If your college puts you in a room with a view, then you’re already one step ahead of the bloke who looks out on the bins”

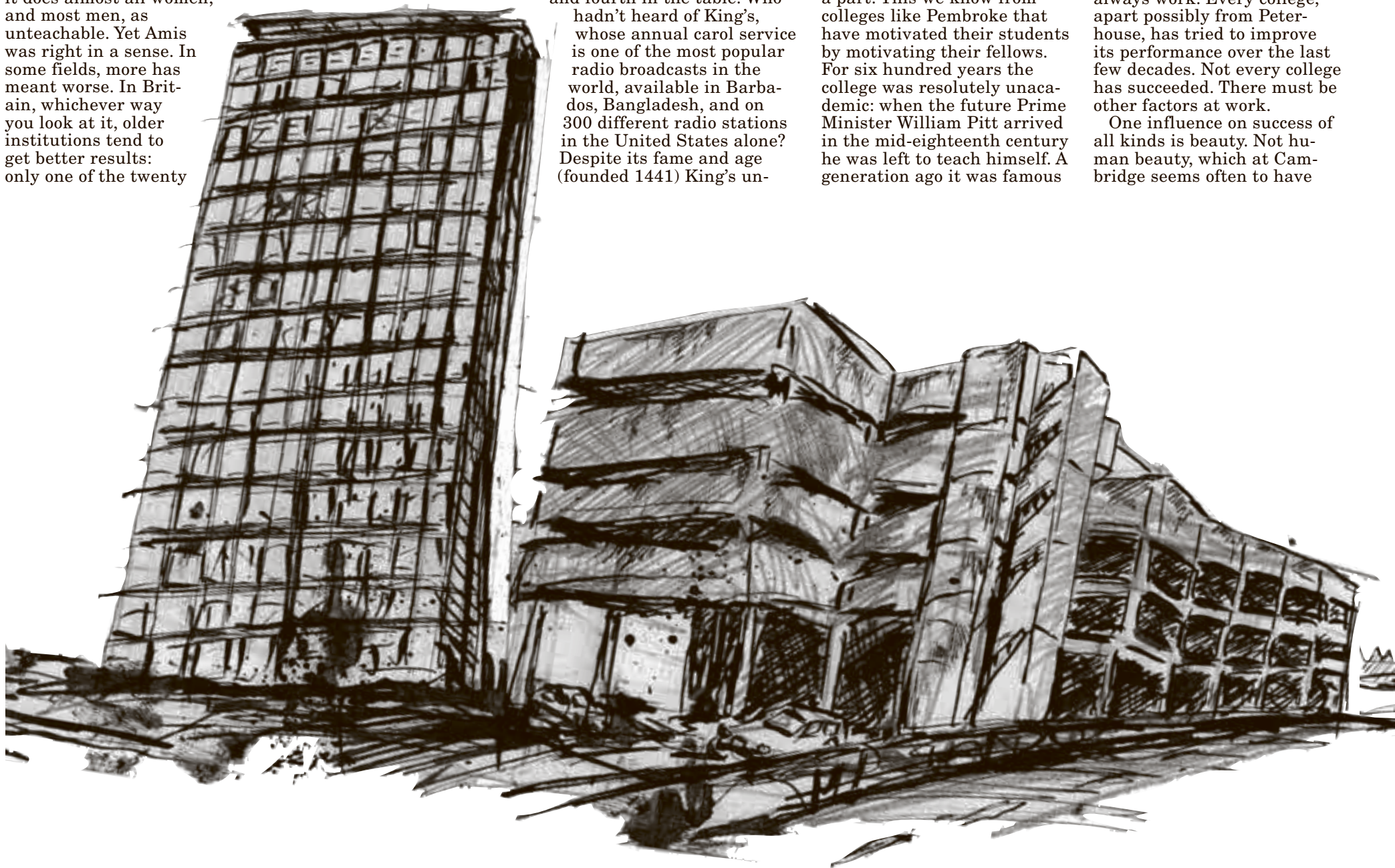
cal fame, does little to explain success.

So what’s the secret? The quality of teaching and of encouragement clearly plays a part. This we know from colleges like Pembroke that have motivated their students by motivating their fellows. For six hundred years the college was resolutely unacademic: when the future Prime Minister William Pitt arrived in the mid-eighteenth century he was left to teach himself. A generation ago it was famous

Tompkins table, and is has stayed consistently in the top ten since.

But improving the academic environment does not always work. Every college, apart possibly from Peterhouse, has tried to improve its performance over the last few decades. Not every college has succeeded. There must be other factors at work.

One influence on success of all kinds is beauty. Not human beauty, which at Cambridge seems often to have



a distant relationship with academic success, but the beauty of one's surroundings. It's a hard theory to prove, as architectural beauty, lacking evolutionary utility, is even more subjective than its human counterpart. Debates over whether or not the history faculty can be called beautiful can go on for hours, although they do tend to end with a unanimous "no".

It's not just Cambridge that has trouble defining beauty. In the wider world, discussions within government as to whether a particular building should be allowed to be demolished can drag on for months, or even years, because highfalutin talk of architectural interest always boils down to "Does it look nice?" London's St Pancras station has run the whole gamut from vulnerable eyesore to Eurostar's gateway to Britain in a mere twenty years, simply because we have decided that we like trains and wedding-cake gothic after all. We used not to take trains, because they were expensive and late, but when we had to take them we liked to use practical buildings that looked like multi-storey car parks (Euston) or that really were multi-storey car parks (Birmingham New Street). Now more than a billion people take the train every year (though they're still expensive and late) and we get kicks out of stations that look like castles. Thus is St Pancras now pretty. The fabric of the building, reopened by the Queen before Christmas, had changed little since the days when it was nearly demolished. All that had changed were the eyes of its beholders.

So beauty's a tricky field, but general points can be made. If your college puts you in a room with a view, then you're already one step ahead

of the bloke who looks out on the bins. Daydreaming becomes useful when it gazes on a building or landscape that inspires. And this perhaps helps to solve the riddle of King's. King's has a biggish chapel; it's not unimpressive; but only a handful of students ever get rooms that look at it. The rest write their essays while admiring the rubbish in the alley next to Catz, or

Some were designed by the best architects of the day – Sir Basil Spence at Sussex, Sir Denys Lasdun in East Anglia – but they had minimal funding and were disfigured by the modernist obsession with the quotidian and shoddy. Only forty years after construction, the weather has turned them grey, mouldy, and depressing. Is it any surprise if people have a hard time thinking in

"The British tended to produce tower blocks surrounded by windswept wastelands. The Viennese, for little extra cost, designed parks that related to the buildings, realising that beauty could be as important to someone's life chances as education"

wake up to the early morning rush hour between West Road and the University Library. Most of the best views in the college are given over to the dons, tourists, and kitchen staff. Compare this with Emmanuel, which from much humbler architectural origins manages to give almost every student a tree to look at, and a duck if they're lucky, and one may have a partial explanation for the discrepancy in results.

This is a hard argument to push in Cambridge, where no-one can really be said to be visually impoverished. It makes more sense on a broader canvas. We began discussing the recently founded British universities. Most of these were sponsored by the cash-strapped Macmillan and Wilson governments of the sixties, and were built of cheap materials which looked decrepit even from the off.

such environments? Through simple carelessness, "More will mean worse" became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Starker still is the impact of badly designed social housing on the lives of the British people. For twenty years, governments have been bewailing the lack of motivation among people brought up on the country's grimmer estates. Whether Labour or Tory, they criticize the lazy defeatism they believe to be rife in the tower blocks, and win votes by jumping ever harder on benefit fraudsters.

There certainly are many lazy and unmotivated people in social housing: there are in any walk of life. But it takes a very tough mind indeed not to lose hope or aspiration when one's surroundings are, frankly, horrible. And Britain's public housing is, for a developed nation, pretty bad. There are honourable excep-

tions. The Architects' Department of London County Council did excellent and careful work between the wars, and produced the kind of flats people wanted to live in. Such success is rare. When London County Council was abolished in 1965 its architects went too, and high-rise eyesores rose as thick in London as anywhere else. The penny-pinching of British councils a generation or more ago has left millions starved of beauty, and thus of hope.

Compare Britain to Vienna, a city whose socialist council developed a visionary approach to housing after the deprivation caused by Habsburg defeat in the First World War. Realising that beauty could be as important to someone's life chances as education, they used the architects who had been trained in Vienna's pre-war art nouveau movement to produce cheap but good-quality housing for the masses.

The idea was similar to Britain's: to move people out of slums into denser housing, and to use the spare space to create parks and amenities. The British tended to produce tower blocks surrounded by windswept wastelands. The Viennese, for little extra cost, designed parks that related to the buildings, and they incorporated all the utilities that British estates often lack, like washing machines, kindergartens, libraries, and doctors.

They still built on a vast scale: the largest Viennese social housing project, the Karl-Marx-Hof, is at over a kilometre long the biggest block of flats in the world. But because they cared about giving every citizen beauty, and, through beauty, hope, their housing programme remains a great success. Today a third of Vienna lives in what we would call council housing,

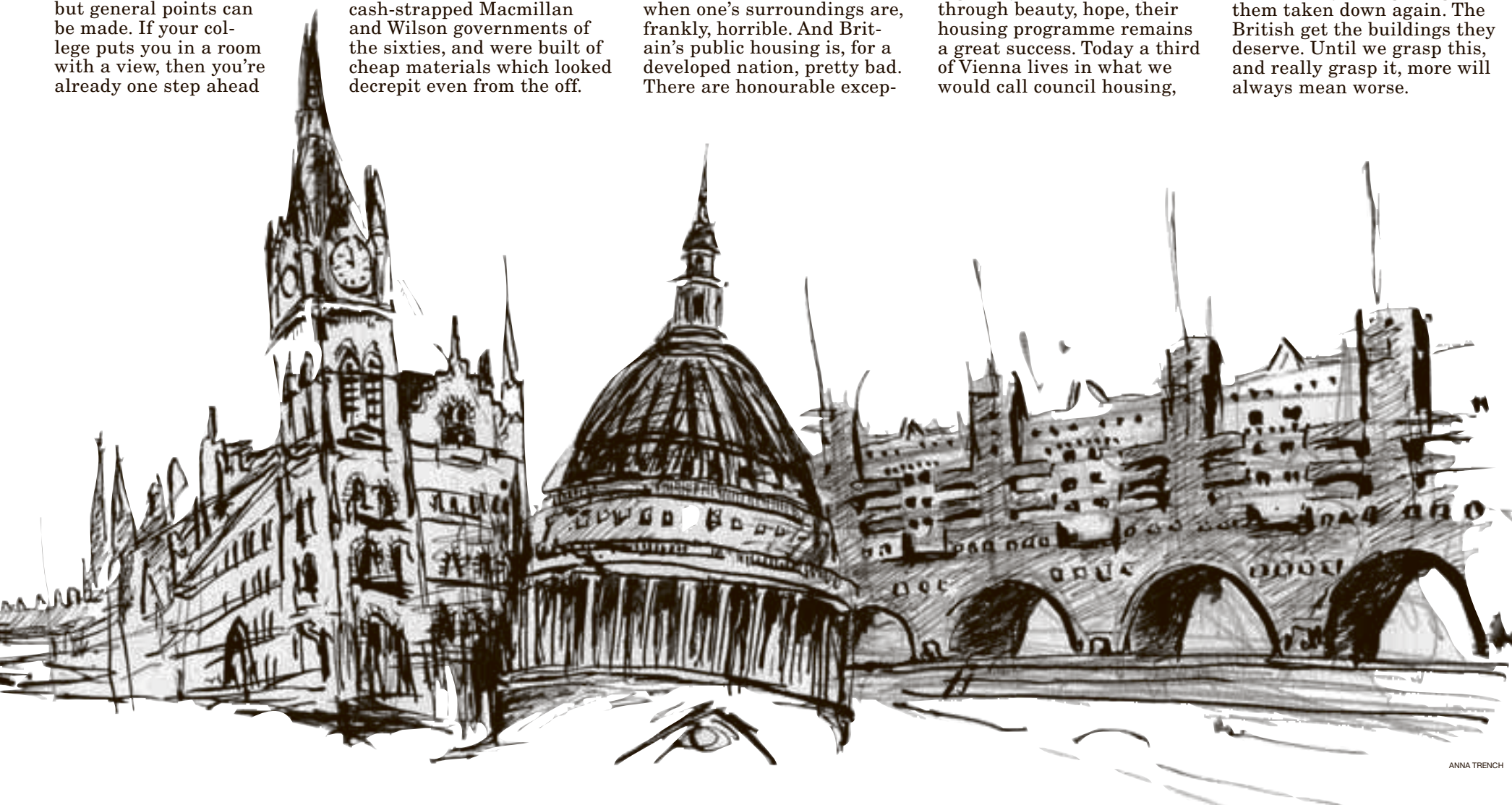
not because 30% of Viennese can't afford to live anywhere else, but because lots of them like where they are.

The effect of surroundings on the mind is now, belatedly, being acknowledged once again. The 2006 Oscar for best foreign language film went to the German *The Lives of Others*, a study of life in communist East Germany which is also, in part, an investigation of the effect the built environment can have on the mind.

The true enemy in the film is not the Stasi but the criminal drabness of East Berlin, a city that was so grim and boring that it could have driven anyone to desperation. What inspired the director, Count Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck, to focus on this? Oxford. While there as an undergraduate, he noticed its "visual self-containment, the fact that you live within specific aesthetics, as if in a film." Oxford is beautiful, and its beauty inspires. The Oxbridge aesthetic, though it might vary slightly between colleges, is in general very well suited to encouraging attainment. *The Lives of Others* is a study of its opposite. It shows that beauty matters in making minds flourish.

A hundred years ago the public cared about beauty in its buildings. Now, like East Germany, we are too often a country that does not demand enough.

We keep quiet when colleges put up gloomy new dormitories to save on fundraising effort. We don't complain when councils design housing that could have been purpose-built for suicide. And when such horrors are built, we don't shout loudly enough to get them taken down again. The British get the buildings they deserve. Until we grasp this, and really grasp it, more will always mean worse.



view from the groundlings



Musicals aren't really my thing. I find there's too much warbling, too little story, and, if and when the plot does reach an acceptable pace, the actors tend to ruin it all by breaking into scarcely fathomable sing-song.

But there I'll stop. Whilst I may personally not be too enamoured with the whole Doh-Ray-Me genre, there are quite a number of Cambridge coves out there who are. And fair enough: the recent Cantabrigian musical offerings, from last summer's Edinburgh sensation Sweeney Todd to last term's Fame (with or without exclamation mark), have been high-class, slick and professional productions, often showcasing the best of melodic Cambridge talent.

So let's set the record straight: musicals rightly have a firm place in Cambridge theatre, obviously not to the extent that culturally-elitist bastards like me won't be able to indulge in a bit of light Beckett or Ibsen, but we definitely do need them at the ADC. Yes, sir (/madam).

Here's three reasons why (enumerated in French to avoid sounding too pedantically numerical).

D'abord, musicals provide dramatic opportunities for students whose talents are not limited to so-called 'straight drama'. There are a fair few fellows out there whose ultimate ambition is not to play The Dane, but rather Captain von Trapp or Danny from Grease. Musicals provide both the opportunity for this, and for gifted harpists and bassoon players to strut their stuff.

Deuxièmement, musicals give the struggling theatrical community a much-needed financial fillip. It's all very well staging your worthwhile Beckett or Ibsen productions or your experimental Edinburgh ventures, but theatres need the cash to fund these kinds of endeavour. Musicals pull in the punters and consequently provide the money required to prop up the supposedly more 'high-brow' shows.

Finalement, and this scarcely needs to be said, the likes of Fame and Follies provide variation and depth to what might be quite a monotonous theatrical calendar. After all, for better or for worse, this is a university, not the Almeida Theatre, and we have duty to cater for more than theatrical taste. And besides, one can't watch Beckett all the time. Not even me.

Patrick Kingsley

Chekhov Double Bill: The Night Before The Trial & The Bear Corpus Christi Playroom

Dir: Oscar Toeman
Theatre
★★★★

There's nothing worse in life (ish) than turning up to the theatre, paying your money, and then not being able to hear the actors on account of their mouse-like projection. However, this was certainly not a problem for the cast of the Chekhov double bill at the Playroom this week. From the outset the energy and volume were pitched at an alarming high, which meant, fatally, that the tone peaked too early, and left the production with little room for further dramatic apexes.

Nevertheless, Josh Coles-Riley deserves credit for grasping and fleshing out the idiosyncrasies of his character, Zaytsev, in *The Night Before the Trial*, the first of the two short farces. His co-star Felicity Sparks gave a slightly irritating – but probably purposeful – performance, with her constant scratching (somewhat distracting) causing her presence onstage to be less character, and more caricature. Nonetheless, this was in keeping with the rest of the production, in which Oscar Toeman had clearly sought to embrace and

overplay the comic buffoonery of farce. James Arthur Sharpe's characterisation of Gussez was equally neurotic, although more sophisticated in his varied vocal tone and facial expression. In



a good use of a notoriously small and difficult space, the set was transformed for *The Bear* by pulling away the curtains to reveal a location with more detail. Sam Pallis as Luka

was a favourite with the audience for his stereotypically comic characterisation. The portrayal of Yelena by Neha Pathak was irritatingly melodramatic, with extreme gestures and gaping facial expressions. Arthur Asseraf's incessant shouting resulted in a performance that tended to grate, and left my head aching.

In an attempt to bring energy to these farcical pieces, the production ended up being executed on one tonal level: a very, very high one. Perhaps melodrama was the point, but there was a lingering sense that it could have been dealt with less obviously. Chekhov's dialogue sparkles with intelligent wit, and on many occasions it could have been left to speak for itself without the slapstick treatment it received by director Oscar Toeman. But despite this, his interpretation was well-received by a commendably large opening-night audience. Enthusiasts of Chekhov might be disappointed by this, but if an hour of easy entertainment is what you're looking for, the double bill comes recommended. Especially for those hard of hearing.

Stephanie Baxter

Perspectives ADC

Dir: Sinead Boughey
Dance
★★★★

The average student, told that they are going to see an evening of contemporary dance, probably wouldn't know what to expect. Like modern art, contemporary dance continually strives to challenge our aesthetic expectations, and professional contemporary companies tend to attract niche audiences who are accustomed to watching experiments with the boundaries of the body's expressiveness.

Cambridge University Contemporary Dance Workshop knows that it cannot rely on this, and year-on-year has successfully presented a variety of styles designed to stimulate all. This year's Perspectives is no exception, offering a kaleidoscope of exotic crowd pleasers, hip-hop renditions of Alice in Wonderland, jazzy flappers and fiery flamenco, alongside more abstract contemporary forms and fusions. With such a wide range of styles, finding a unifying theme is always going to be a challenge. Last year's effort suffered under this strain, but in Perspectives the theme was deftly handled. Sinead Boughey and her team met the challenge by thinking outside the parameters of dance and including chapel choirs, spoken poetry, beatboxing, smooth vocals, and paying careful attention throughout to the unifying potential of additional visual features. Shafts of light, large onstage mirror panels and the clever use of video interludes permeated the whole with silhouettes and reflections, reminding us of the fleetingness of time and immediacy of memory.

Beautifully framed by Jennifer Hersch's *Prelude and Mirror* in the *Mirror*, the show opened with a rolling introduction of all the playful, brooding, and challenging qualities to come; and unwound itself into such neatly executed pieces as the smooth lyricism of Elaine Cameron's *The Windmills of Your Mind* with its subtle gestures towards the lyrics, and Sinead Boughey's *Parts of a Psalm*, with its strikingly calm counterpoint of high-energy movement and choral serenity. Special mention also ought to go to the charming playfulness of Kai Eng's *Small Fight Big Love*, all the more ingenious for having been choreographed from Sweden, to TrubL Roc's *My Eyes*, to which the term fusion just doesn't do justice, and to Anthony Leung's entertaining *Designed by Chance*.

An enlightening, provocative and entertaining excursion through the now lingering, now surging rhythms of time and memory, Perspectives need not alienate audiences with its unfamiliar form and its 'contemporary' label. Both retrospective and prospective, this evening of contemporary dance proved that it could be so much more than merely contemporary. This was 'contemporary' in the best sense of the word: forward-looking, multi-cultural and multi-faceted. This was a carefully thought-out production showcasing a spectacular mix of creative talent in which boundaries are more often pushed than merely met.

Jo Trigg

Anthropology ADC

Dir: Tom Hensby
Theatre
★★★★



'A Technological History of the World in One Hour' brings up all sorts of unfortunate existential questions. The premise is that the actors will inventively prove to us the impossible, answering 'all of the questions that have vexed historians since the year dot'. The Geologic Players start with a rushed introduction ('we are four actors and a bedsheet') and it's straight into amoebas and Attenborough. Hang on, why are you telling us this? Who are you? Why am I here?

This lateshow also bills itself as 'the fastest show in Cambridge'. Yet, bizarrely, there is no indication that the group are frantically pedalling against the clock. Since it's obviously scripted, there isn't even the nervous thrill of the average smoker or improv to provide an exciting catalyst. If the audience is troubled by what their relationship with the performers is supposed to be, the performers seem just as confused. Rob Frimston turns to us with 'This won't be the best mime you've ever seen, yeah...'

The major stumbling block, however, is technical - the bedsheets. We never grasp why on earth they're using this particular prop. It's quite useful as a toga and a wall but when one ac-

tor used the shapeless bundle to indicate a microscope, I lost faith in there being any symbolic significance attached. For sketches centred on an incongruous object to work there must be a genuine sense of pace, spontaneity and improvisation. No wonder 'Anthropology's' fifth cast member is often unceremoniously dumped by the wings.

Having basically 'thrown in the sheet', the actors valiantly try to push for progress, with some excellent nuances. Ed Rowett playing the cowed Wright Brother and the wonderful Lowri Amies as a WW1 General propositioning Wilfred Owen are particularly fresh and well-drawn. A sketch in which Tennyson scrawls 'Dickens is a wanker' on a loo does allow the show to advance in speed and sophistication. But only temporarily.

The play finishes with a standard nod to 'modern culture' (mimed computers - where's the bedsheets?!) and the inconclusive line 'At least we got a better audience than the average history lecture'. Certainly, but with a confused structure, lack-lustre script and unimaginative staging, I'm not convinced 'Anthropology' deserves to.

Isabel Taylor

CUMS I &
Combined Chapel
Choirs
Verdi's Requiem
King's Chapel

Dir: Stephen Cleobury
Concert
★★★★★



MICHAEL DERRINGER

The lucky few who managed to acquire a ticket for this sold-out concert were treated to an utterly mesmerising display of choral singing from the scholars of Caius, Christ's, Girton, St Catharine's, Selwyn and Trinity. Combining with the University's flagship orchestra, they sang with great reverence and melancholy in their opening Requiem, with fear and fury in the terrifying Dies irae, and with searing passion in the final Libera me, crowned by the soaring soprano of Rachel Nicholls, by far the most successful of the four professional soloists. Though the orchestra themselves did not consistently thrive, they improved

over the evening, so that by the final repeat of the judgement day scene the trumpets of the apocalypse rang out urgently, coupled with a magnificently crashing bass drum. Cleobury's direction was inspired, his fervour on the rostrum transferring to the performance. Yet the choir, and especially the sopranos, were the highlight. We must hope that such cooperation continues in the future, for the results here were so spectacular that they gave me almost continual goosebumps. Although that may have been the weather, in the words of one soloist as she left the Chapel, "they really were stars". **David Allen**

Lightspeed Champion
Falling Off the Lavender Bridge

Album
★★★★★

Dev Hynes found fame as part of Test Icicles (ho ho), an electro-metal art-punk collective who emerged in 2005, riding the wave which would soon be inherited by the likes of Klaxons and Simian Mobile Disco. He has just released Falling Off the Lavender Bridge, his debut solo album under the moniker Lightspeed Champion. But how does one man go from brutalist nu-rave to delicate acoustic strummer in so short a time?

1. Decide that you hate your own music – tell the NME "I understand that people liked it, but we personally, er, didn't." Go to ground for a few months and draw comic books.
2. Ditch the baseball caps and fluorescent colours and bandmates and sense of fun. Wear bow ties and Gap cardigans. People will take you more seriously.
3. Stop trying to fuse Run DMC and the Hives; instead mix up some Damien Rice with Badly Drawn Boy and a bit of Kings of Leon.
4. Stay on the London scene, but instead of being the partying fratboy, try playing the Sensitive Type. You're not quite emo – but nearly.
5. Start writing lyrics like "Wake up and smell the semen" and "Guzzle down – my neck will burn as we kiss/And I'm sick in your mouth (I know



you want more).” The ladies will love it. 6. You're the Sensitive Type now – write a break-up song. But you're still trendy, so why not call it Everyone I Know Is Listening to Crunk? And make the most affecting passage "Kiss me and comfort me, my sweet/Come over, I just got the new O.C./And if they can solve their problems out/Then why can't I get out the house?". Let's call it Elegiac Scenester. 8. Come out with the 2008's first contender for Album of the Year, a brilliant reinvention of the singer-songwriter tradition as interpreted by a man as far from that tradition as possible. In a world where the View and the Enemy are hailed as 'Bands of 2007', you will be a refreshing tonic, and produce the least obvious indie-rock album for a very long time. Sumptuous.

Hugo Gye



Cat Power
Jukebox

Album
★★★★★

When reviewing an album consisting mainly of cover versions, one could tend to try and compare the songs to their originals; however, with the case of Cat Power's latest outing Jukebox, to do this would perhaps be futile. In her often tense and frantic live shows, Chan Marshall may ask her band to restart a song if it does not sound exactly as she imagined it, so one might find it strange that with many songs on this album Ms Marshall has endeavoured to stray as far from the originals as is deemed possible.

In her cover of Frank Sinatra's New York, New York, in which he proclaims his excitement about moving away to the big city with the bright lights, the lyrics sound like they are coming from a vagabond unwillingly reduced to searching for a new home. But on many songs it is not just the mood that is changed, it is often also the songs' form and structure. Even though there is strictly only one original song on this album, her ode to Bob Dylan, the lovely Song to Bobby, in which the Dylan fanatic asks



"Can you tell me who you were singing for?", a question which her anxious actions over the years have perhaps shown she has asked herself. Jukebox feels like a collection of original songs, since Cat Power has tapped into the heart of each and every song, and created new, soulful, interpretations.

This record also marks a continuation in the progression of the new Cat Power sound first seen on her previous album The Greatest. On her first album 1996's Myra Lee, which she wrote in her early twenties, the young Cat Power seemed angry and frustrated on songs like We All Die, but her band certainly seemed to be a huge factor in creating this sound. Songs like Metal Heart, the most powerful song on the album, and in actual fact a cover of a 1998 Cat Power ditty, express the full, and extremely talented potential of her new backing band The Dirty Delta Blues, a honed collection of three musicians from renowned folk bands, allowing the music to become a grown-up narrative with the group including the fantastic drummer Jim White pzzzzzzzzunctuating this lovely assortment of songs footnoted with Marshall's life experiences.

Cat Power once said that "young people are really starving to hear music that means something" and I believe that by covering these songs which clearly mean a lot to her, this hunger is certainly satisfied by her magnificent voice, the unequivocal star of the album.

Andrew Spyrou



films
every right-minded person
should own



Andrei Rublev
Dir: Andrei Tarkovsky

Tarkovsky's revered works include Ivan's Childhood, Nostalgia and Mirror, but it's his second feature Andrei Rublev which really takes everyone's breath away. Twenty years after Eisenstein's Ivan the Terrible, Tarkovsky's audacious historical epic is a masterpiece from a long-lost school of cinema lamentably drowned in our era of quick-cash digitalised synthetic film. In fictionalising the life of Russia's greatest icon painter, Andrei Rublev (c.1360-1430), Tarkovsky achieves an utterly extraordinary cinematic experience which many thought was unfeasible. Shot in startling black and white contrasted film, the detailed choreography of literally thousands of men in battle, naked pagans engaged in unsettling, hypnotic rituals and long-trodden journeys through thick fog and deep mud mimic the expressionist brush strokes of the great painter himself. Tarkovsky's bombastic shots, which sweep from the hooves of horses to a hundred-strong Tatar regiment, delicately rippled rivers, bleak and barren landscapes will leave you mesmerised. I won't waste your time with narrative, which acts only as a very loose sub-structure for a film which goes well beyond the confines imposed by the derivatively linear plots which Tarkovsky sought to avoid. We see the earth in a whole new light through the spectacular lens of Rublev: a completely mythical world, full of shimmering silver woods, haunting crow calls and solemn, sonorous bells.

Even more impressively, this was all achieved during the cultural freeze of Khrushchev's USSR in the mid-1960s. The State film department saw Tarkovsky's opus as the antithesis of what a Russian film should be, and demanded that the nudity, quasi-religious and mystic symbolism all be cut. Shelved in 1966, a 15-minute lighter version hit Cannes two years later, only yet again to be pulled by the Russians once more. Deplored by critics at New York in 1969, Tarkovsky's work seemed in serious doubt of finding an audience, but that it did simply demonstrates the sheer brilliance of the film. In spite of all obstacles it remained the only film subsidised by the USSR which allowed a Christian icon into Soviet cinemas. Yet, even without this context, Andrei Rublev is simply one of the most beautiful, evocative and thought-provoking cinematic experiences you could ever hope to witness.

Ravi Amaratunga

Great Works of Art at Cambridge

#2: *The Penitent Magdalene in a Landscape*

Annibale Carracci

Fitzwilliam Museum

Though there's no mention of it in the Bible, from the third century onwards Mary Magdalene earned herself a reputation in apocryphal texts and popular culture as a lady with a dark past. She's been called a prostitute, and even Jesus' lover, and yet, despite her dubious associations, has remained the most important and popular female saint after the Virgin Mary for two millennia.

Much of her popularity within the church is due to her role as an exemplary figure, a sinner who has repented and been forgiven, first hand, by Christ. Paintings showing her penitence were popular devotional tools, considered particularly relevant for young women. However, her prominence in popular culture and art has as much to do with her sex appeal as her theological importance.

Mary Magdalene is sexy. In Carracci's painting, as in many others, her long red hair and exposed breasts are difficult to miss. How many saints are there who frequently appear topless? Don't underestimate the appeal biblical characters for the voyeuristic section of the art market. Sex sold just as well in the sixteenth century as it does today.

But the appeal of Carracci's painting is not limited to a pair of breasts. It's

also a fine example of landscape painting, at a time when scenery was still considered little more than a decorative backdrop. Carracci's lively execution of the landscape gives a real vitality to the scene, which contrasts sharply with the skull Mary holds, a reference to her spiritual contemplation and penitence, which is somewhat overshadowed by her overt sexuality. She looks upwards, indicating heavenly thoughts, but her tear-stained face mainly serves to emphasize her feminine vulnerability.

Carracci is illustrating a scene from the end of Mary Magdalene's life, when she was living in the south of France. After establishing Christianity in the area around Marseilles, she retired to the wilderness, reputedly living as a hermit for the last thirty years of her life, in order to repent for her earlier sins. Unlike Donatello, whose frankly terrifying, wooden Mary Magdalene shows all the signs of ageing and malnourishment one might expect from an elderly hermit, Carracci has skimmed over the particulars of the narrative and chosen a shapely, young model. There just isn't much of a market for paintings of topless hags.

Kitty Walsh

Last week's 'Great Works' piece was written by Orlando Reade; we foolishly failed to credit him.



Annibale Carracci 1560-1609
Mary Magdalene in a landscape
c.1599

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

Ruthlessly Rendered

Ruth Rendell has written over sixty thrilling crime tales, but she is also an outspoken member of the House of Lords, as **Ned Hercock** discovers over a mildly flirtatious drink

Half a century ago, while working as a junior reporter on a local newspaper in Essex, Ruth Rendell had to cover the annual dinner of the local tennis club. She obliged, reporting that the event was a modest success which passed without incident. That she had filed her story without attending the dinner was cruelly demonstrated by the after-dinner speaker, who died halfway through his speech. It would be morally justifiable, then, for me to write this piece without bothering to arrange or attend an interview, so long as I kept my fingers crossed for her good health. But I didn't.

The author of dozens of detective novels and thrillers including the Inspector Wexford series, she was made a life peer in 1997, and sits on the government benches, while across the chamber PD James sits for the Tories. She tells me she would prefer a wholly elected second chamber and she wrote one of her 'Barbara Vine' novels against the background of Lords reform. A rarity in today's Labour Party, she describes herself as socialist, and has voted several times in favour of abolishing her right to frequent this opulent bar with its oak ceilings, Pugin wallpaper and its views across the river. She looks and sounds younger than her 77 years, with chic hair and a sharp wit, but she has an endearing immodesty that comes with age. It comes, too, I suppose, with selling millions of books and winning a roomful of awards for her writing. I ask about her influences: "I've read everything," she assures me, "I really have", though her time on the judging panel of the

Booker Prize put her off contemporary fiction. She (rightly) dismisses Anthony Trollope as a hack, preferring George Eliot and, to my great pleasure, declares her favourite novel to be *The Good Soldier* by Ford Madox Ford. Like Ford, she is of mixed nationality; his father was German and her mother Swedish. She maintains close contact with the country which is, for her, something of an ideal society. She admires the provision of childcare, and the way in which wealth is shared. She laments the gulf between rich and poor in Britain today: "I'm pretty well-off myself," she tells me, "but I'm certainly not a billionaire, and I don't live in that sort of way."

It is a short conversational hop from wasted billions to the government's spending choices, and she is deliciously scathing about the recently announced cuts in arts funding. Though literature receives much less subsidy than the performing arts (this year 76 million pounds were spent on the Royal Opera House) she sympathises with the actors, writers and directors. The cancellation of the £186,000 grant to the Bush Theatre is, she says, disgrace. "Sport means nothing to me" (I cheer silently) "and the idea of these billions – which we are all going to have to pay for – going to the Olympics, on the grounds that it's going to inspire all these children to do ridiculous athletics... what about inspiring them to be writers or musicians; dancers and singers and painters? You never hear anything about

that." Take that, Tessa Jowell. She volunteers that theatre in London is in "a dire state" already, and that the importance of sport has been magnified out of all proportion. "I don't particularly mind something taking the place of religion," she reflects, as we order more drinks, "but does it have to be sport?"

Social critique occupies an important place in her novels; she proudly tells me that she coined the word 'paedo' in her novel *Harm Done*

which dealt with the subject of the release from prison of a paedophile, long before the subject gained its current grip on our collective con-



sciousness. Another novel written as Barbara Vine takes domestic slavery and rural resistance to immigration as its themes, "I was afraid that my readers would dislike it," she recalls "but I still did it."

She combines these social preoccupations with an elegant, polished style, such that it has been suggested that were it not for the literary establishment's snobbery about crime writing, and her gender, she would long ago have been a deserving winner of the Booker. This combination has caused Ruth Rendell to be cast as a transition crime-writer, providing a bridge from the Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers school to the grittier, more urban style of Ian Rankin and Henning Mankell. She approves of this younger generation, with a politic reservation: "Ian writes about the same place each time," she pauses briefly, "which is good." Edinburgh exists, of course, whereas Wexford's town of Kingsmarkham is a fictional synthesis and something of an archetype. It is the sort of place, however, in which she imagines her typical reader to live, and she flirtatiously, perhaps ironically, congratulates me on being the first interviewer ("I have given thousands of interviews, all over the world") to ask her what now strikes me as a banal question about fictionalising the ideal reader. My forty-minute slot is soon over and our flirtation cut short, and on the slow and freezing train back to Cambridge I remember the shrewd and generous woman who had entertained me, and paid for the drinks.

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HENRY STANNARD
Sports Editor

During the past twelve months there has been barely a professional sport untouched by the stench of doping scandals.

From the lumbering yet predictable embarrassment that was the Tour de France to the frankly astounding accusations Gary Player levelled at his fellow golfers before the British Open, elite sport seems to have lost all its naïve trustworthiness in the unforgiving glare of WADA's testers.

A measure of how bad the problem has become should not be found in the US senate, where baseball has been writhing in the spotlight of the Mitchell Report, leading to Barry Bonds, Mark McGwire et al. having their pristine new records marked with an * by the statisticians, or even cycling, where even Livestrong poster-boy Lance Armstrong's previously sacrosanct reputation has been called into question, but in the attitudes of the sporting public itself. In athletics and other primarily physical sports, any outstanding performance is automatically treated with suspicion.

Even the Great British Public™, when presented with a genuinely stellar performance by Christine Ohuruogu in winning the World 400m title was suspicious - not only given her suspension for missing three consecutive drugs tests, but also because, having spent so long out of the game it was extremely

END THE WITCH HUNTS - IT'S TIME FOR WADA TO BOX CLEVER

improbable for her to have put in the best performance of her career so soon into her comeback. Rather than giving her the benefit of the doubt fans who had previously been shocked to discover that the Ben Johnson who ran a barnstorming 9.79 in the 1988 100m Olympic final was in fact tanked up to the eyeballs on a seething cauldron of prohibited substances, simply did not believe that she could have done it fairly.

The depressing thing about the apparently widespread use of drugs in sport is that it is such a painfully obvious crime. Take any profession where the rewards for success are so great and the chances of achieving them so low and there is bound to be a level of skulduggery. Add to that a nagging doubt in every sportsman's mind that his rivals might not be competing on a level playing field, the financial need to recover quickly from injuries whilst not losing any of their former strength, and a random testing system with more holes in it than the story-lines of 24, then it is hardly surprising that so many athletes seem to be using illicit substances.

Modern sportsmen are trapped in a real-life prisoner's dilemma, where the rewards for cheating are potentially huge and the risks seemingly manageable. Indeed, under these circumstances it would not be monumentally surprising to find a Cambridge Blue testing positive.

The disgraced British sprinter Dwain Chambers claimed last year that it would be almost impossible

for a clean athlete to win the 100m in the Olympics, and it was treated as headline grabbing news. However, hasn't it always been thus – doping was the norm in the 1950s and 60s, with Tour de France riders snuffing cocaine like rock stars to get themselves over the mountains, and Italian football teams, most notably the invincible Grande Inter team, delving into bowls of amphetamines and steroid pills left out for them in changing rooms by team doctors.



Christine Ohuruogu (pictured) never caught the public imagination due to her previous drugs ban

Many of the athletics world records set by Eastern Bloc athletes in the 1980s still stand without *, despite their countries' state-sponsored doping regimes, and it would be impossible now for anyone to deny the high likelihood of a large proportion of football's new celebrities occasionally dabbling in recreational drug use, given what

else the Sunday tabloids tell us they get up to in their spare time. That so many drug cheats are being caught now is only indicative of there being significant means of drug-testing unavailable to previous generations, and even then one cannot help but suspect that it is only the tip of the iceberg being uncovered.

Like the real war on drugs, sport seems doomed in its battle with the cheats. WADA, for all its belligerence and unbending punishments, is horribly unable perform its task. So dictatorial that they have never even attempted to sit down and define a performance-enhancing drug to a greater extent than "a substance that appears on the prohibited list" (decided on by a handful of their won scientists and which currently includes such super-boosters as methadone and hashish), they are unable to police sport, so instead they make examples of individual cheats, hoping to deter the rest.

Its jurisdiction is cloudy, with national associations also involved in the disciplinary processes and testing, and some sports, such as American Football, not recognising its authority. It only has the resources for 2,500 in-competition tests per year, which only find recent evidence of drug abuse. This means that, with many sportsmen never checked during the off-season, there is a gaping window in which to shovel as much into one's system as possible before cleaning up in time for the season to begin.

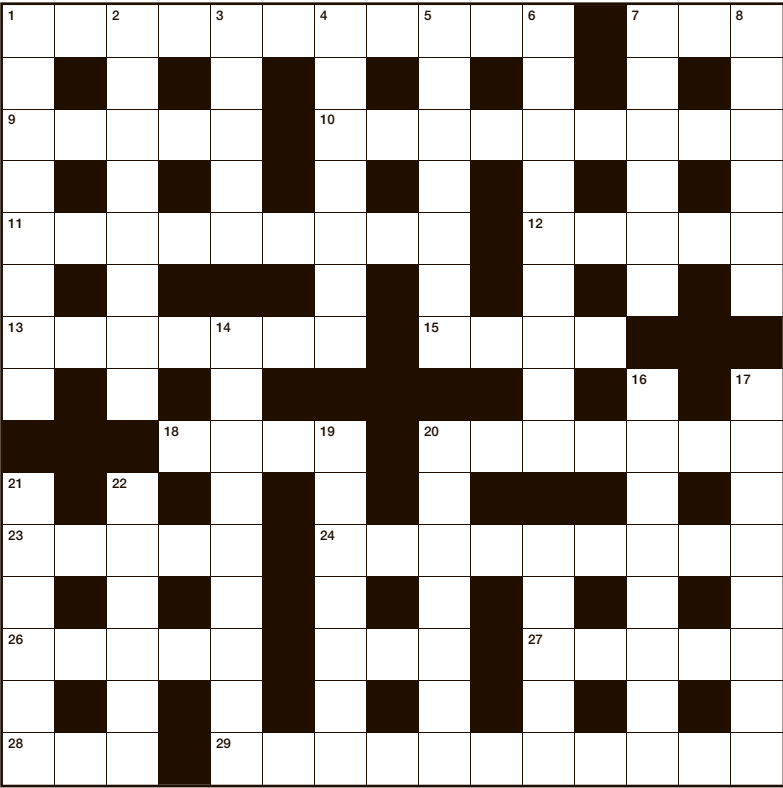
Whether it is through superior equipment, personalised isotonic recovery drinks or simply through the media, sportsmen will always be looking to gain a competitive advantage. The instinct to win is able, most of the time, to overpower ethical and health concerns. For every natural way to regain stamina, boost muscles or recover from injury, there is also a chemical one, easily supplied and quickly administered.

The only way to beat the cheats, therefore, is to hamper their supply lines. WADA should be regulating, rather than administering, the testing procedure in sportsmen to leave itself with more time to concentrate on the suppliers and manufacturers of the most commonly abused drugs. Distribution of HGH and anabolic steroids, for example, is barely restricted, meaning that stocks meant for medical purposes can practically walk into the forearms of sportsmen. The manufacture and supply of other drugs that are illegal both in sport and in real life is also ludicrously easy. As the BALCO investigation showed, however, when squeezed the suppliers provide much more juice than the consumers. We have to realise that this is not a case of individual athletes and coaches cheating, but an endemic problem serviced by an entire industry.

Whereas the motivation for the crime itself is never going to go away, the causes and enablers of it can and should be dealt with more effectively.

Games & puzzles

Varsity crossword no. 478



- Across
- 1 Data holding position? (11)

7 Bag is initially serviced and cleaned. (3)

9 Finish around one edit. (5)

10 Pocket money quota. (9)

11 I place zoo dreadfully before the Mesozoic era. (9)

12 First pinch on every bottom. (5)
- 13 Do a wary flip for the street. (7)

15 It is time to lubricate work. (4)

18 Validation loses nothing for teacher. (4)

20 Sunken hindrance. (3-4)

23 In Cairo a child holds a beetle. (5)

24 Inside scan I'm at ionic move-

- ment. (9)
- 26 Confused man used AA to the point of being sick. (2,7)

27 Bottomless guilt of French adviser. (5)

28 Grandparent is even uncanny. (3)

29 Anticipate nothing, rave drug that makes you cough. (11)
- Down
- 1 In Essex pantomime racket the fringes are non-professional. (8)

2 Mooch off of dealer in trouble. (8)

3 Wireless technology? (5)

4 A chart in any comparison. (7)

5 Dirty and diseased I twitch back. (7)

6 Run after contemporary paper. (9)

7 Flip-flop gossip drops first conspiracy. (6)

8 Around about church with first evangelical nursery. (6)

14 After battle English leader has a place to stay and a place to store his things? (9)

16 CIA bails rebuilding church. (8)

17 Bad stink with set dermatological procedure. (4,4)

19 Swell call for firework to be launched? (5-2)

20 Two points exist with microphone to do with earthquakes. (7)

21 Appoint Dorian freely. (6)

22 Gun point in church law. (6)

25 Violent behaviour in Reichstag group. (5)
- Set by Ed Thornton

Answers to last week's crossword (no. 477)
Across: (1) Awning, (4) Shamrock, (9) Bugler, (10) Gauntlet, (12) Oath, (13) unite, (14) Ante, (17) Invertebrate, (20) Manslaughter, (23) Etch, (24) Caved, (25) Grit, (28) Tenerife, (29) Relish, (30) Escapade, (31) Buoyed
Down: (1) Ambrosia, (2) Negative, (3) Neep, (5) Heartbreaker, (6) Mine, (7) Oblong, (8) Kitten, (11) Understaffed, (15) Drear, (16) Stage, (18) Eternity, (19) Wretched, (21) Nestle, (22) Iconic, (26) Crop, (27) Menu

COMPETITION

Win a bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants.

Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to competitions@varsity.co.uk

???

MADE BY ADAM EDELSHAIN

Sudoku

The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once.

MADE BY GARETH MOORE

Kakuro

Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

www.puzzlemix.com / MADE BY GARETH MOORE

Hitori

Shade in the squares so that no number occurs more than once per row or column. Shaded squares may not be horizontally or vertically adjacent. Unshaded squares must form a single area.

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Last issue's solutions

Gamblers Unanimous

ED PEACE &
NIAL RAFFERTY



As predicted, it was a 12-1 shot that romped home in the Victor Chandler Chase at Ascot on Saturday. Unfortunately, it wasn't the one recommended to readers in last week's column - that nag staggered home in a disappointing fourth. Still, a solid performance from the banker meant we escaped the weekend's sporting encounters with our handsome profit still in tact.

This weekend our attention turns to the fourth round of the FA Cup. Although neutrals delight when the 'minnows' of English football perform 'giant-killing' acts, such occurrences are rare. Peterborough play host to a West Brom side on Saturday afternoon, and while Peterborough have failed to live up to pre-season expectations, West Brom currently top the Championship and scoring goals for fun appear to be taking the FA Cup seriously. The Posh could be tricky on home turf but the League 2 promotion chasers should be humbled by the Championship leaders nonetheless. With tasty odds of 4-6, back the Baggies to land a blow for fourth-round favourites.

Unless you've had your head in the sand since Christmas, you've probably noticed pictures in the media of hysterical Americans 'wooting' and relentlessly thrusting placards into the air. Behind all this is, of course, the race to secure the Democratic and Republican nominations for the 2008 Presidential elections. This week the Republic bandwagon roles into Florida, where polls suggest it will be a closely fought contest between McCain, Romney and Giuliani. Next Tuesday's primary will be the first of the season only open to the party's registered voters. This is likely to severely hamper John McCain, who has relied on these votes in recent contests. Giuliani's vigorous campaign should allow him to capitalise and, assuming none of the other candidates break down in tears before next Tuesday, he's the one to be on at 4-1.

For the long shot we head to a rain-sodden Doncaster, where Opera Mundi should take all the beating in the Sky Bet Chase on Saturday. The Paul Nicholls-trained six year old was successful in his only other race this season, beating a number of decent horses to claim a valuable contest at Haydock. Though there is some concern over his fitness after a lengthy break, he has recorded victories after long absences in the past. There are a few dangers lurking in the field, but providing he avoids any dangers in-running, he looks to have a solid each way chance at 9-2.

paddypower.com
poker casino betting games

THE BANKER 4-6
WEST BROM TO BEAT
PETERBOROUGH **£4**

PREDICTION 4-1
GIULIANI TO WIN FLORIDA REPUBLICAN PRIMARY **£3**

THE LONG SHOT 9-2
OPERA MUNDI TO WIN **£1.50 each way**
SKY BET CHASE

TOTAL PROFIT: £30.50

Bitter Durham Second Best

»Varsity experience shows as Blues vanquish stubborn opposition



A trademark Blues drive being plotted at the breakdown

SOPHIE PICKFORD

CAMBRIDGE	29
DURHAM	20

GEORGE TOWERS
Sports Reporter

In their first game since the Varsity Match, the Blues took on Durham University on a wet Saturday afternoon. With the Blues fielding an almost full strength starting line up, against a Durham side without a postgraduate in sight, many had written the contest off as a Cambridge whitewash. This was not to be, as the Durham side demonstrated the strength of BUSA rugby; it's not just Oxbridge that produces quality rugby sides.

The match began with the visiting side dominating early play. Durham's tight pack of forwards looked at home in the wet conditions, gaining ground through several well

worked mauls and putting pressure on the Blues defence. A string of errors from the Blues ended up with a Durham penalty five minutes in, bringing the visitors an early lead.

In the wet conditions handling errors were to be expected; when Cambridge got their hands on the ball for the first time the inevitable knock on came. Durham built on Blues' mistakes and were rewarded with a second penalty inside the first ten minutes.

It was clear that the Blues hadn't woken up to the challenge presented by the fired up Durham side; in the gloom of a drizzly Saturday Varsity glory seemed a long way away as the visitors continued to control the game. Fortunately, the Blues switched on and began to play the rugby we have come to expect of them. A penalty kick to touch brought Cambridge their first real territory of the game. Unusually, a Cambridge maul was pushed into touch, but the Blues stole the line-out beginning a series of phases

that eventually saw Trevor Boynton crash over the Durham line to score. Ross Broadfoot slotted the conversion, bringing the score to 7-6.

With the forwards having turned it on attack, the Cambridge backs reciprocated via Sandy Reid firing in the centres. A string of aggressive runs punished Durham's flatfooted backline, but the weather got the better of James Wellwood who knocked on over the Durham try line. A few phases of play later and the Blues found themselves with an attacking maul in the top right hand corner of the pitch. Just metres out everyone was expecting Jon Dawson and his boys to replicate the driven over scores of the Varsity match; however, Durham held out well, stealing the ball and clearing their lines.

The forwards having been thwarted, the Blues backs responded again, linking a slick move to score in the corner on the brink of half time. Broadfoot put the conversion short leaving the score at 12-6 at the interval.

Despite a slow start, the Blues dominated the majority of the first half; they continued to control the pace of play in the second half until Durham's left winger intercepted a pass and ran half the pitch to score. Moments later, with the Blues still shell shocked, Freddie Shepherd finished off an excellent phase of attacking Durham play, scoring Durham's second try of the half.

Following Durham's second half onslaught, the match settled down as both sides regrouped; Durham to defend their lead and Cambridge to intensify their attack. The experience of the Blues side came to the fore as the half progressed as they built phases of play, retained the ball and slowly broke down the Durham defence. The breakthrough came with a trademark Cambridge driven over try twenty minutes into the second half. From the restart the Blues regained their territory, and again began eating away into the Durham 22. With the gap separating the two teams at just three points, the match hung in the balance in its final stages. Durham fought desperately to hold onto their lead, but the power of the Cambridge pack proved too much in the end as yet again the Blues rumbled through another driven over try.

The match ticked over into extra time, with everyone anticipating the final whistle, but the referee had other ideas. What seemed an interminable length of time saw the Blues slip in a final try, extending their winning margin to 9 points.

Durham will be disappointed with the loss. They dominated the opening ten minutes and fought hard throughout the match. But in the end, the experience and strength of the Blues paid dividends as they rolled out a solid win. For the rest of the current season and next year expect to see the Blues build on their current trademark driven maul. It may not be flashy, but few sides can compete with a tight, disciplined forwards unit working together to drive over the line. With Jon Dawson recently named as next year's captain, the forwards are likely to remain at the heart of the Blues setup, which is no bad thing if they can continue to roll over teams through sheer might in the tight five.

Captain's Corner

Rugby League
Matthew Bray
(president)



Matt is a post-grad at Caius doing engineering. He is president of the Rugby League club and played for England Schoolboys.

Rugby League

League, Union's northern brother, is struggling to gain a substantial foothold in Cambridge, yet progress is being made. With the introduction of a Women's Rugby League team and a Cuppers competition, hopes are that at some point in the future the hard work that is being done by the players and the club could form the basis for full Blues recognition.

What else is new?

Things have been changing at CUARLFC. With John Evans being employed as full-time Head Coach, the team has been provided with an organisation and schooling base normally only available to those in the professional arena. The constant backing and dedication of Club Chairman Martin Woodcock, himself a 4-time Varsity player and Captain back in the 80s is the reason all of

this has been made possible.

What is the training schedule like?

Training has been tailored to fit around players' studies, with skills sessions, SAQ / recovery sessions, game preps, and even the well-attended 6.30am killer circuit training followed by ice-baths. John has introduced individual video analysis using the software Sports Performer, handed back to the player within 24hrs of the game for studying and feedback, in support of the pre and post-match goal setting and review.

How are things progressing now?

The rewards are clear to see: The many new players who arrived in October never having played a game of Rugby League have been transformed into hard-hitting, well-drilled, motivated individuals, working as a gelled unit.

Plans for the future?

Following the success of the Christmas tour to France, we are plan-

ning a three week tour to Australia over the summer vacs.

How is this going to be funded?

At least partly by money generated from sales of wristbands for the Sport Sunday event at Vodka Revs. With wristband-only cheap drinks, including £1-flavoured vodka shots, exclusive access upstairs and one hell of an atmosphere, there is now a massive following. With us consistently filling the place and people having to be turned away, Vodka Rev have taken another leap of faith in us and granted us permission to fill their downstairs bar, with capacity increasing from 400 to 800 people. There are also other fundraising schemes in the pipeline such as an RL Full Monty, so ladies keep your eyes open!

When's the Varsity match?

March 7 at the Stoop, just across the road from Twickenham.

The team's progress can be monitored at www.cuarlfc.com where match reports are added the day after the game.

Oxford left with (light) Blues

»Cambridge set down a tough challenge for Varsity match

CAMBRIDGE	14
OXFORD	3

LUKE THORNE
Sports Editor

The Blues resumed their season after the Christmas break with a comprehensive victory over Oxford, promising great things for the Varsity match later this term. They took the lead almost at the start, with Vullinghs scoring a well taken chance, only for Oxford to score immediately from the draw with the Cambridge defence failing to close down the player as she entered the eleven-metre area. The action was frantic as Cambridge appeared nervy, the ball travelling up and down the pitch with rapidity, neither side maintaining possession for significant periods of play. Yet Cambridge were soon two more up, with a nice quick-stick from Vullinghs, again, and one from Morland. Oxford still looked dangerous on the break, but well executed last gasp tackles and imposing goal-keeping from Alex Carnegie-Brown kept them at bay.

Two more goals went in and a 'time-out' was called. After this both teams appeared to settle down. Cambridge in particular where prepared to be patient around the goal, making easy passes on the edge of the area and waiting for chances to make the final move. Yet this was slow in coming, with Oxford marking well and Cambridge appearing sluggish at finding space, possibly showing their lack of match practice. On the plus side, Oxford struggled just as much, with the Cambridge marking really tightening up, to the extent that the Oxford goalie was at one stage left with the ball for a good fifteen seconds as she searched for a pass. Both teams looked most dangerous when



Kate Morland: dominating possession

play broke up, creating more space. Morland scored two more, the second set up by a dextrous run from midfield by Walsh, almost as good as her one in the second half where she beat her marker with a great combination of stick-skill and footwork, before finishing neatly for a very tidy individual effort. The 7-1 score line at half-time suitably reflected the play.

The second half started just as well for Cambridge, with Walsh netting her first. A rare period of Oxford pressure was then punished as Carnegie-Brown sent a long ball from her goal mouth which was snatched expertly from the air by Hurt just over half way. She surged forward before slipping the ball to Loyd on the right, who finished and received a stick to the head for efforts. Half-time saw both sides come out with renewed

vigour and the tempo picked up accordingly. The ball was again traversing the pitch at speed, but by now basic skills were picking up, with Oxford moving the ball the length of the field swiftly, only to be thwarted by strong Cambridge tackles, particularly from Golter. Yet Cambridge were also improving, notably sharper than before; Fauvet scored twice, the second after a particularly impressive bit of tight passing through the packed Oxford defence. With Walsh's goal Cambridge were up to twelve, eleven of them unanswered. Oxford had to raise their game. A period of pressure, the first extended one Cambridge had really had to face, eventually led to a second goal, but a strong run by Loyd, using power as much as skill, from half way immediately from the restart led to her second goal. Cambridge main-

tained pressure on the Oxford goal, but were often too static off the ball, making space hard to find. This resulted in increasingly manic cries of 'Cindy's' from the back, apparently the codeword for 'pass and move'; not a regular tactic of mine in that establishment, but there we are.

The final goal came again as broken play created space for Cambridge and Morland capped a move which had looked all too easy. The final time-out allowed just enough time for Oxford to get a last consolation. Much of Cambridge's play was very impressive, and the strength of this win stands them in good stead for Varsity. However, as they themselves recognised, greater movement, particularly in the final third, will be needed to maintain such good results against the tougher BUSA opponents.

Focus On Boxing - Scent of Blue Blood Drives Cambridge On

When most people mention smugly that they have been pounding away at the gym, one assumes that they mean running, cycling and "working their abs", whatever that means. However four nights a week, in the oddly fitting environs of Fenner's upper gym, a mass of students congregates to learn how to beat a man into a pulp with their fists. Stepping into the grimy gym, with its impromptu ring around which pairs of fighters spar, is a strangely invigorating experience. The speed at which some of the boxers operate, especially given that most of them this year are complete novices to the sport, is stunning, jabbing and blocking like crazy girls at school playing a rather aggressive game of pat-a-cake.

Amidst the organised chaos strolls coach Vince O'Shea, a detective with the Metropolitan Police in his spare time, who this year has taken on the job of assembling and training a team of boxers from the seventy or so who sign down in the first week to take on Oxford at the Varsity match at the end of Lent Term. It is a challenge so unique that it seems almost made for a reality TV programme. "It certainly is very different from any other amateur boxing match I've been involved in," agrees Vince. "The challenge of getting to a standard where you can box capably

is immense, but it's not just about technical ability." In fact, Vince puts technical ability third on the list of qualities needed to step into the ring for Varsity, behind stamina and heart. "The point is that at this level it is very hard to read a boxer - with fewer than 5 fights under your belt

blues squad is regularly made up of trainee doctors who, according to Vince "are always the most competitive". Despite the health concerns, the entire squad undergo MRI scans at the beginning and end of the season as well as after every bout and no Cambridge boxer has ever had



it's unlikely that you'll even know what you're going to come at your opponent with next, so he's got no chance of telling".

It is perhaps surprising that boxing, which has been roundly criticized in many sections of the press since the late 80s, is so popular with medics. Roughly one third of the

any problems with head injuries. Also in the room are converts from other sports, most notably rugby captain Ross Blake, as well as the usual contingents of ex-rowers and athletes.

There is an enormous amount of mutual respect between the boxers, many of whom often spar with

the rivals in their weight category for the Varsity slot. The selection process, which includes asking each member of the squad whether they think that they are the best option for the Varsity match before being considered, is the epitome of the self-awareness fostered by boxing.

O'Shea, who had previously worked with disaffected youths in the "town" boxing clubs before becoming head coach of CUABC this year, is quick to list the benefits of boxing. "It teaches self knowledge, self-awareness, and is tremendous for personal fitness." Indeed, many members of the club come solely to for the fitness, although most come tantalised by the prospect of a blue.

On Saturday many of the boxers face their first ever fight in a match against the Met Police before a university fixture against Portsmouth and Coventry at the Union on February 6th. O'Shea is optimistic that, despite their relative inexperience, "the experience of being in the ring in a competitive bout with a stranger will be a fantastic learning experience for them." With the solid side of the last few years now all but disbanded, the boys in light blue will have to learn quickly if they want to stand a chance against this year's experienced Oxford side in March.

News from the River



It's good to be home. The preternaturally warm climate of Spain is a poor substitute for the subzero temperatures and rain afforded by Ely. And there are no old women in Banyoles to yell at me for not having lights on my bike, or riding the wrong way up a one way street, or myriad other minor infractions that warrant passive-aggressive accosting by England's pensioned population.

Ranting aside, I think we all agree that it is nice to be back in Cambridge for an uninterrupted spell of training. Travelling can be wearisome and living out of hotel rooms and day bags for weeks on end - not to mention having all your food provided by a restaurant called La Capra that should have gone out of business years ago - will get on even the most seasoned athlete's nerves.

The most depressing moment likely came at 11:59 on New Year's Eve, as I surveyed the room we had rented out for a large team dinner, only to find my Polish teammate tango-ing with a seventy year old Spanish woman and a very disgruntled Rebecca Dowbiggin crossing her arms in defiance of every male member of the team who tried to convince her to mimic Nelly Furtado's 'Maneater' dance as punishment for a lost bet.

Anyway, back to Cambridge. The two weeks since our return have been a bit hectic as athletes take time out to sit exams and rest injuries. Practices have been conducted to a very high level nonetheless, as each rower attempts to make one last impression on the coaches prior to final selection. The squad has seemed to weather the increased pressure remarkably, and I continue to be impressed by everyone's resolve to subject his or her individual interests to the established goals for the team.

The monotony of training was broken up last week by a visit from Will Greenwood, English rugby legend from the World Champion side of 2003. Will was writing an article on the team for the Telegraph and spent a day lifting with us in the morning and rowing in Ely the same afternoon. I have yet to see his words, but he made a great impression on everyone in the squad, and wasted little time before ingratiating himself in the base humour that dictates 6am lifts.

The past few days and subsequent weeks are full of the last remnants of selection. Physiological tests will be common - culminating in our final 5 km test in February - and water practices are subject to increased scrutiny and video review from the coaching staff.

But a tangible excitement accompanies the arrival of set boats, and regardless of one's fate, the next months will fly by as lineups work to become crews and crews work to become champions.

And it will all happen to the tune of Nelly Furtado.

Spencer Griffin Hunsberger

SPORT



Boxing p31
Season
preview
inside

Wolves left to howl in the wind

» Cambridge don't move out of first gear as they beat bottom of the table

CAMBRIDGE

4

WOLVEHAMPTON

2

SEAN BURT
Sports Reporter

A good display of counter-attacking football at the end of the first half ensured that Anthony Murphy's side have all but condemned the University of Wolverhampton to bottom place in their division of the BUSA league this season.

The Cambridge forward line was able to take advantage of the few chances they were afforded by the battling away side, who were understandably disappointed not to come away with a point against the light blues.

On a typically bitter winter's day in Cambridge, the University of Wolverhampton were the visitors in an important match at the foot of the table. The Cambridge Blues have performed well below expectations this season, and with their Varsity defence looming ever closer, it was vital that they used Wednesday afternoon's game as a springboard to better performances and ultimately victory at Craven Cottage on the 29th March. The pressure on both sides was clear from the start as neither team could string more than two passes together. After ten minutes Cambridge scored the first goal of the game. The visitors were hit on the break, and the ball was eventually played to the left hand corner of the area where the advancing left back hit the ball past the goalkeeper from 15 yards and into the far top corner. In truth, the following half hour set the tone for the rest of the game as Wolverhampton relaxed and looked to retain possession while Cambridge used the pace of their two forwards to run into space and stretch the dark blue defence. While the home side forced a good block from the centre half on the edge of the six yard box, a rare long-ball looking



for the number 9 caused panic in the home back four. The goalkeeper was unable to clear and the forward blazed over from 20 yards out when it was easier to score.

The last ten minutes of the first half saw the home side stretch their lead even further. After the visiting left back was cautioned for clipping the Cambridge forward on the touchline, another Cambridge break, this time down the left, saw the defence stretched yet again and the ball was played under the advancing keeper and tapped in on the goal line. History repeated itself two minutes later when the ball was played to the back post following yet another Cambridge counter attack and the ball was put in from 6 yards, and

on the stroke of half time, Rutt's mis-timed shot bounced high and over the goalkeeper to give the home side a four goal lead.

"Wolves should be disappointed not to come away with a point"

The visitors began the second half in a determined mood and wasted little time in reducing the deficit. After the impressive number 12 scored from six yards

on 48 minutes, the dark blues took the game to Cambridge and continued to control the game despite the uphill task they faced to get anything from it. With 20 minutes to go the pressure paid off again as the appropriately named Justice headed in from a corner to give the away side more hope. Although the away side were on the ascendancy, time was running out fast and the rushed kick-off time left the away side physically drained; their players began to cramp as the game went away from them. The counter-attacking football played by the home side was a clear advantage in this final period of the game and a number of good chances were wasted, notably when Rutt rushed his shot when it appeared

easier to hit the target.

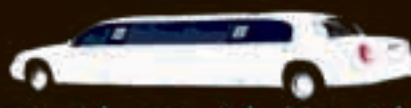
The game came to a close with the score somewhat flattering the home side. There are of course some positives to be taken from the game, notably the pace shown by the forwards in stretching the opposition's defence, the strong performance by the Light Blue defence in making a number of important blocks and tackles to defend the lead, and the fact that they did not let it slip under pressure in the second half. If they are to win their third straight Varsity match, Cambridge will need to forget their league position and build on Wednesday's win with victories in their remaining games before the big one.

SHUT UP AND DANCE! AT THE UNION

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