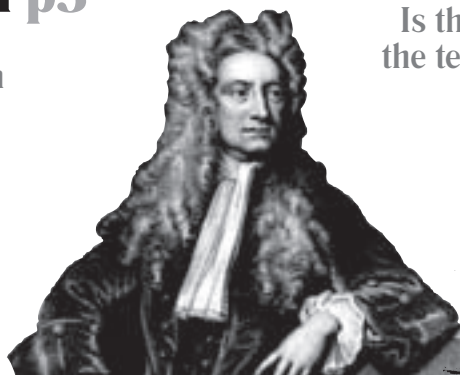


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VARSLITY

Friday November 20th 2009

The Independent Student Newspaper since 1947

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Last bar standing

» Sidney Sussex bar faces action from College Council

Matthew Symington
Senior Reporter

The future of Sidney Sussex College Bar is uncertain this week after the College Council raised concerns over the bar's prices, financial management and student behaviour.

A heated open meeting took place in the College on Wednesday night during which Council members and students exchanged views on the matter.

The popular venue is the only College Bar in Cambridge which remains fully run by students and is well known among Cambridge undergrads as the cheapest place to buy a pint. Currently a student can buy a pint of Carlsberg for £1.30.

However, senior members of the College have spoken of their shock at the low prices of alcohol, particularly spirits and alcopops. The police, too, have expressed concern about the propensity for irresponsible drinking.

College Council is also worried about the fact that the bar has made a loss in the last two terms. In 2006, the Council passed a motion which stated that if the bar made a loss for two consecutive terms it would be closed.

In response to a loss of £350 in the last financial year the Council and Sidney Sussex College Students' Union (SSCSU) have set up a working group to discuss the future of the bar. Council members of the

working group want to see the bar's prices raised to 90% of the Cambridge College average, which in most cases would mean doubling them. They also want to employ a professional bar steward to assist bar staff on the busiest nights of the week, and place a senior member of the College on the bar committee.

Furthermore, the Council want to begin charging the bar rent to the tune of £21,000 a year. Not charging rent on a commercial operation running on College property is considered a financial subsidy which undermines the College's charitable status. Donors to the College have complained that their money could be contributing to cheap alcohol.

However, students fear that the proposals are simply a means of moving the bar into professional service. At an Open Meeting on Wednesday, one student said, "Putting up the prices at the bar won't make any significant contribution to a subsidy of over £20,000. It just seems as if you're trying to mother us." Another exclaimed, "Surely charging rent of £21,000 is just signing the death warrant of the bar!"

Other students were concerned that raising the bar prices would simply force students to find cheap drink elsewhere. One student raised this issue, saying, "There is a real risk of forcing people from the bar to buy cheap alcohol at Sainsburys. So you're forcing people from a controlled social atmosphere to drink on their own or in the TV room."

Another said that students "would be compelled to wander around town. I genuinely think there would be more incidents of students finding themselves in bad situations."

Speaking to *Varsity*, Sidney Bar Secretary Rosalie Tostevin said, "The student body is unhappy with the way the Council has handled this matter. The main issue is looking at the future of the bar. They say 'do what we want or we will take

Continued on page 2

MICHAEL DERRINGER



Queen seals 800 years

The Queen arrived in Cambridge yesterday to help celebrate the University's 800th anniversary. Prince Philip, the Chancellor of the University, was also present. They were joined by a congregation of students and fellows in Senate House, where Her Majesty sealed 800 'Letters to the Future' from University staff, students, alumni and community members. The letters will be opened in 2109 to celebrate the University's 900th anniversary. The Queen described the 800th anniversary as "a wonderful occasion to reflect on the enormous contribution Cambridge University has made to the life and well-being of this country, and many others throughout the world." JOEL MASSEY

Reports of Mahal's death greatly exaggerated

Varsity News

The managers of the Bombay Brasserie, more commonly known as the 'Mahal', have asserted that their restaurant will be remaining open, despite rumours of its imminent closure.

Speaking to *Varsity*, S. Ahmed, who runs the popular swap venue, was adamant that the Bombay Brasserie would not be closing. Last week students were saddened by news that curry house had been put on the market, but the sale of the property's lease will not necessitate closure or even a change of management.

"It's up to the owner who comes and buys it," said a spokesperson from Salik & Co, the property's estate agent. "They might just keep it how it is, if they're happy with how it's being run."

The restaurant is priced at £38,000 per annum for 15 year term.

The news of sale has prompted a drive to redevelop the restaurant's business plan. Mr Ahmed hopes that improved service and new deals, such as a free bottle of wine for parties over ten, will increase the success of the popular curry restaurant.

An unusually high rate of damage may affect the business' forecast, with 20 to 30 glasses broken, on average, per night.

£21,000

Amount College authorities consider charging as yearly rent for use of JCR

£350

Loss made by Sidney Bar in the last financial year

James Fox

On the mythologisation of the Great War



p9

In Brief

Kissinger visits Cambridge

Dr Henry Kissinger visited Pembroke College on Wednesday evening as part of the Xchanging German Xcellence Lecture series. The visit had been kept under wraps and only invited guests were allowed to attend. The Nobel Prize winner, who was at the heart of US foreign policy making in the 1970s and has since been an influential advisor to other US and international governments, spoke of the global financial crisis, the EU presidency, Afghanistan, and modern methods of warfare amongst other things. The whole evening was recorded and will shortly be available to watch on Pembroke's website.

Synecdoche, Cambridge

Confirmation of Cambridge's international renown came from an unlikely source recently: American rapper Lil Wayne has name-checked the University on his latest mixtape. 'Ice Cream Paint Job', the second track from the mixtape No Ceilings, features the line "She give me good brain like she studied at Cambridge." This witticism from the popular rapper, whose real name is Dwayne Carter, is believed to be an obscene form of synecdoche, the rhetorical technique whereby a part of something is used to stand for the whole.

Origin8 wins Telegraph Magazine Award

Popular Cambridge cafe Origin8 has been named Best for Food and Drink in the local shop category of the *Telegraph Magazine Awards*. Located on St Andrew's Street, the deli-cafe was set up two years ago and sources its food from local small-scale suppliers. Its success reflects a real concern amongst consumers for food that has been reared and grown ethically and a desire for fresh local produce.

Get involved

If you would like to find out how to write for Varsity, come to one of our weekly meetings.

News: Monday 4pm. Sidney Sussex College bar.

Magazine: Wednesday 5.30pm. Maypole Pub (20A Portugal Place).

Alternatively, email the relevant section editor (right) with your ideas.



ALASTAIR APPLETON

Sunday night saw the illumination of the city's Christmas lights. Musicians and performers played for a large crowd in the Market Square throughout the afternoon, and at 5pm the switch was pulled by Craig Chalmers, star of 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat' at the Cambridge Arts Theatre.

Police will wear headcams to detect drunken behaviour on weekends

Gemma Oke
Senior Reporter

Cambridgeshire Constabulary have unveiled new plans to equip officers with 'headcams' for patrols on Friday and Saturday nights.

Officers trialled the cameras on patrol for the first time over the weekend to check for anti-social behaviour in the southern towns of Cambridgeshire, including Cambridge itself.

Police say that the headcams, which have been in use in Peterborough for nearly two years, will help them obtain good quality evidence at crime scenes, public order incidents and domestic violence incidents.

Because the footage from the cameras can be used in court, it is hoped that police will be able to successfully prosecute offenders in instances where victims may be reluctant to give statements. In neighbouring forces, the cameras have led to an increase in the number of offenders being charged and prosecuted successfully.

The cameras are expected to play a key role in extra night time patrols in the lead up to Christmas, following on from a successful pilot last year, to tackle alcohol-fuelled incidents of crime and anti-social behaviour.

Inspector Ian Lyons is optimistic about the impact the headcams

will have on making patrolling more effective in the city. He said, "This was trialled on the division quite some time ago and we are now in a position where training has been rolled out to reactive officers, neighbourhood officers, PCSOs and soon to be trained are Special Constables.

"The cameras will be worn by officers attending incidents in Cambridge, Ely, Histon and Sawston. It is hoped that as well as gaining good quality evidence, it will help keep the public and officers safe if offenders know they could be captured on film."

Some students, however, were unhappy with the suggestion of cameras, expressing concerns they could infringe on personal privacy.

"The seems another example of an ever extending big brother state," said Simon Glasson, a SPS student at Caius.

"When we're already one of the world's most filmed countries, extending surveillance seems ridiculous, and is a potential threat to civil liberties."

A recent *Varsity* report highlighted the extent of violent crime in Cambridge, reporting 14 arrests in the city centre in a single weekend this term. A spokesman for the police told *Varsity* in response that violent crime had fallen in the past year, with 85 fewer reported incidents between January and June of this year than in 2008.

Sidney students fear for future of College bar

Continued from page 1

the bar away' – which is just enforced management."

Freddie Iron said, "We're making sensible decisions on pricing. Prices should increase but nowhere near to the extent suggested. This year the bar committee has made a lot of effort to remain within licensing laws."

Assistant Finance Manager Natalie Catherwood added: "It's worth remembering that the College Council did approve our prices at the beginning of term."

But Fellows have remained confident that an agreement can be reached with the student body. Speaking to *Varsity*, Director of Music Dr David Skinner said, "The fellowship at Sidney recognises that the student-run bar is something which many students here value very

highly indeed. What we have to do as a community is take the measures which will secure its future as a pleasant place for sociable, affordable, and responsible drinking.

"The conversation which has opened up between Senior and Junior Members about how best to do this is vigorous and lively – it would be a poor community which couldn't manage this and still retain basically good relations."

JCR President Lydia Green said the issue had not eroded respect toward College fellows, telling *Varsity*, "The excellent relationship between Senior and Junior members has always been something we're all very proud of at Sidney, and I'm certainly hopeful ... that we can come to a conclusion that suits everyone."



The Sidney Sussex Bar Committee

MATTHEW SYMINGTON

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Music Faculty's planned sell-out to evangelicals

» Church group rental would prevent student use of West Road Concert Hall

Helen Mackreath
News Editor

Cambridge University Music Faculty plans to displace its own students by renting out its West Road Concert Hall to Kingsgate Community Evangelical Church every Sunday evening. This will be part of a five-year contract worth £35,000 per year.

The move will be hardest hitting on Cambridge University Music Society (CUMS), who have been told that they will be restricted to

three Saturday night performances in the hall a year. It will also force the several world-class organisations who use the hall, such as the Endellion String Quartet, the Academy of Ancient Music and the Britten Sinfonia, to re-arrange their schedules.

But while these professional organisations can fall back on other concerts elsewhere, CUMS is dependent on the hall for their funding and student music making.

Andrew Browning, President of the Cambridge University Chamber Orchestra (CUCO) and Cambridge University Music Club (CUMC),

impressed the financial implications that this move could have. He told *Varsity* that CUCO rely on the ticket revenues for funding, which are greatest at the weekend due to higher attendance. If Sunday evening is monopolised then it forces all events onto Saturday evening. However, since professional music groups are able to pay more money than the student music groups, this may result in the student musicians being "squeezed out"; this in turn would seriously diminish their funding.

Browning went on to highlight the positive relationship that student University music groups have with the Music Faculty and expressed the hope that this matter would be resolved in the students' favour.

Anger has been levelled at the Music Faculty for sacrificing academic excellence for financial gain. Toby Chadd, former *Varsity* Classical Music Critic, accused the Music Faculty of "selling itself out to the highest bidder over the academic, musical and intellectual needs of the University". He also attacked the disregard which the rent of the Concert Hall showed to the "University and city's need and privilege in having these world-class organisations performing in Cambridge on a regular basis". Above all he expressed concern that "the University's primary music society is being stopped from using the University's concert hall when it needs to, because the hall prefers

the cash of a Peterborough evangelical church to the music-making of its students".

Angela Scarsbrook, member of CUMS I, expressed concern at the "restriction" that this move will place on University music societies. She highlighted the impact that this will have on rehearsal time, pointing out that the concert hall on West Road is the only room large enough for a full symphony orchestra. Sunday night is one of the most important times for rehearsals and its monopoly by Kingsgate Church will impede the ability of CUMS to practice.

At this stage University authorities are remaining silent. Cambridge University Music Faculty declined to make a statement until their Faculty Board Meeting, scheduled to take place next week.

John Willian, Chairman of Hazards Chase, the musicians management company in charge of the Endellion String Quartet, also emphasised the delicacy of the situation and did not wish to make a comment at this stage for fear of inflaming it further.

The Concert Hall is the only substantial auditorium in the University and as such has been used for a number of important events, such as the hosting of the Chinese Premier in February of this year and the broadcast of BBC Radio 4's Any Questions a few weeks ago. This contract will prevent any event happening on a Sunday evening for the next five years.



CUMS performing at the West Road Concert Hall last year

Newton voted Greatest Cantabrigian

» Physicist and mathematician tops Varsity poll

Varsity News

Cambridge students have voted the physicist and mathematician Isaac Newton is the Greatest Cantabrigian of all time. Newton discovered universal gravitation and the three laws of motion; built the first practical reflecting telescope; discovered the spectrum of colours in white light; and developed the theory of calculus.

Over 900 votes were cast in the poll on *Varsity's* website. Charles Darwin came a close second with the poet Lord Byron coming third. Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister who helped win independence from the British Empire, came a convincing fourth.

In reaction to the result Lord Rees of Ludlow, Master of Trinity College and Professor of Cosmology and Astrophysics, claimed "I'm delighted that Newton topped the poll. Indeed he would probably win a poll as the number one scientific intellect of the last millennium."

However, Rees continued that Newton's personal qualities did not match his genius. "He was an unappealing character – obsessive and solitary when young; vain and vindictive in his later years. Darwin would have been a far more pleasant

person to meet!"

Trinity College did particularly well in the poll, as was noticed by Prof. Michael Proctor who told *Varsity* "As a Fellow of Trinity and keen rower I'm very pleased to see Trinity come First and Third in this contest!" Byron, who came third, led a rather different University career to the distinguished Newton, famously keeping a bear in his room in protest against not being allowed to keep dogs.

Darwin was a similarly undistinguished student, and is according to Prof. Forrester "a great comfort to undergraduates who don't seem to have much of a direction in life."

What qualifies greatness is a difficult question. Despite being a Mathematics Professor, Prof. Iserles was willing to state his prizing of an

individual's artistic achievements over scientific in reaction to our poll. He told us "personally I would have voted for Lord Byron. Had Newton not been born somebody else would have sooner or later invented the calculus and discovered the laws of motion. But had Lord Byron not written 'Childe Harold', nobody ever would have written it."

In a 2005 poll by the Royal Society, scientists and the general public were asked whether Newton or Einstein had a greater influence on the history of science, and Newton won convincingly. Newton was an intensely religious man, believing in secret to be the son of God, and oddly spent far more time in his later life writing on religion than on the natural sciences he is now remembered for.

Place	Name	College	Percentage
1	Isaac Newton	Trinity	23.6
2	Charles Darwin	Christ's	20.6
3	Lord Byron	Trinity	10.8
4	Jawaharlal Nehru	Trinity	9.7
5	Bertrand Russell	Trinity	8.5
6	John Maynard Keynes	King's	6.4
7	John Milton	Christ's	5.9
8	Germaine Greer	Newnham	5.1
9	Peter Cook	Pembroke	4.7
10	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	Jesus	4.5



"He surpassed the human race with his intellect". Quotation inscribed in Latin on Newton's statue in Trinity chapel

Cambridge Amnesty wins national award

Duncan Evans
Reporter

Cambridge University's Amnesty International branch have been awarded one of the organisation's 'Raise-Off' prizes as 'Best Fundraisers' for the second year running. They were given the award, after raising £5,469.75, during Amnesty's student conference at the Human Rights Action Centre in London last weekend.

This amount, the highest collected by any student group in the country, represents over a quarter of total donations obtained by thirty-eight UK universities and was raised through a range of activities. These included sponsored letter writing; a fashion show featuring ethical designers Noir and Izzy Lane, with talks by Lily Cole and Sam Roddick; a 'Secret Porters' Ball' comedy night; and a publicity stunt supporting Ethical Investment for the University on Senate House Lawn.

In addition to being awarded the prize, CU Amnesty International also saw their current Chair, Hannah Perry, elected to the Student Action Network, which oversees all student campaigning for Amnesty, and is responsible for organising student conferences.

The Cambridge students were also among over 150 Amnesty activists to participate in a demonstration in Hoxton Square. This called for Shell to stop using gas flares in the Niger Delta as part of the 'Demand Dignity' Campaign. Students held burning torch 'flares' and were dressed in white jumpsuits. They collected 285 signatures for the campaign from passers-by.

Catherine Lough, an Amnesty member at the conference, stressed the importance of the campaign.

"Gas flares are cancerous, have a hugely detrimental impact to communities in the region, and have been illegal in the Delta since 1984," she said.

Other campaigns that took place on the weekend included focus on the identity of being an activist, the restriction of access to clean water in the Gaza Strip, and a 'Stop Violence Against Women' campaign, on rape during conflict in the Democratic Republic of Congo.

Cambridge Amnesty's other activities include letter writing and the cage campaign.

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Students protest over arms trade involvement

» CUSU campaign over longstanding investments in arms trade

Anna Fahy
Reporter

Students have called attention to unethical investments in the University in a flashmob protest this week.

Brandishing cardboard guns and dressed in their college gowns, the 25 strong group gathered outside King's on Wednesday. They hope to raise awareness of the University's unethical investment adventures as part of CUSU's Socially Responsible Investment Campaign.

The chief concern of the campaign this year is investment in Arms companies, such as BAE Systems, which have a dubious record concerning ethical practices.

Trinity invests £1.134 million in the company, Queens' £388,888 and Magdalene £135,400.

The University itself has refused to comment on its specific investments but according to Bryony Hopkinshaw, the CUSU Socially



Students on the march outside Senate House

Responsible Investment Officer and organiser of Wednesday's protest, it is probable that they will hold stakes in the company.

"It is likely that they will have some money in BAE Systems as

BAE is a large company and they have no policy to do otherwise" she said.

Similarly, Colleges who allow banks to control their investments rather than holding shares on their

own behalf are likely to have money in the highly profitable company.

Selling weaponry and arms all over the world, BAE Systems has been accused of bribing political officials so as to secure contracts in countries such as Tanzania and the Czech Republic. The company has also been heavily implicated in human rights abuses; in October of this year, armed vehicles sold by Alvis, a sub-company of BAE, were used to attack unarmed protestors in Guinea, West Africa. At the time

of sale, the vehicles were cited by Alvis to be necessary for border control.

Despite introducing a new 'Statement of Investment Policy' this summer, the University has made no progress in attempting to change its involvement with such companies. CUSU's Socially Responsible Investment Campaign asks that the University not invest in companies that are involved with the infringement of human rights, or that provide products that will be used to do so.

Wednesday's protest was an attempt to jolt the University into action. Beginning at King's, moving on to Great St Mary's, the protest stopped at the office of the University Registry, who has the final decision on the Social Investment Policy.

One protestor remarked that the choices the University makes concerning its finances seem well hidden, and stressed the need to raise awareness of the cause. "It's good just to get people thinking about it", they said.

Whether the protest has made a practical difference remains to be seen, and campaigners are arranging to meet with College fellows and bursars to discuss the ethical viability of their policies.

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£112,000 worth of cannabis found in cottage near Girton

Anna Harper
Senior Reporter

A new cannabis-growing method, involving hanging baskets, was discovered during a police raid in Girton on Thursday.

Police officers raided the Girton cottage, packed with "more than 400" cannabis plants, at 8am. The powerful "skunk" plants were thought to have a potential street value of £112,000.

Officers seized more than 70 plants growing in makeshift "hanging baskets" suspended from ceilings.

Pe Gavin Guy was amazed by the "experimental" method of growing the plants: "It was very pretty and certainly different. I have been doing this job for a while now and

have never seen anything like it.

"The baskets were made from a bin liner which had holes cut in them for the plants to grow from the sides. The person has obviously been experimenting with ways to grow cannabis in small spaces.

"This was a great success for the neighbourhood policing team who were given the tip-off from a member of the public which led to the discovery of the plants,"

Guy urged citizens to "keep an eye out for anything suspicious, such as homes that always have the curtains drawn which have little activity.

"We won't just go and kick the door down, but will pursue other lines of investigation before taking that step."

A 28 year old man has been arrested.



An official in awe at a jungle of smokeable weeds

News Feature

Climate Watch in Cambridge

» Cambridge goes greener by joining environmental scheme

Anisha Sharma
Reporter

As world leaders prepare to tackle climate change at Copenhagen this month, the University of Cambridge is running its own raft of environmental initiatives.

After signing the Cambridge Climate Change Charter in 2007, the University will join an emissions purchase and capping scheme next April.

Under the CRC Scheme, the University will buy an allowance equal to annual levels of emissions. A 'cap' is then placed on their total allowance to achieve an overall emissions reduction target.

It falls to the University to determine the best way of reducing emissions, by buying extra allowances or improving energy efficiency. Money from purchased allowances will be redistributed amongst all the scheme's participants according to their success, so organisations that fail to improve will provide remuneration for their successful counterparts.

The scheme targets large public and private sector organisations, collectively responsible for about 10

percent of the UK's emissions.

Martin Whiteland, Environmental Officer for the University, is positive about the scheme's potential. "It gives us an added financial incentive to reduce emissions," he said. "We calculate our carbon emissions, and purchase allowances at £12 a tonne. If we perform well, we'll get some of that money back".

Other schemes include the Salix programme, which established a

£12

Cost per tonne of carbon allowances under the CRS scheme

£600k

Worth of fund ring established for ongoing energy conservation work

£600k fund ring for ongoing energy conservation works. So effective it was used as a model for universities nationwide, it has funded a scheme which gives financial incentives and penalties for the energy use of individual Departments. Insulation improvements and automatic lighting have also been funded, and all new building will require

environmental assessment.

Changes will be monitored by an Environmental Strategy Committee. Representatives from Colleges, University Departments and Faculties, and CUSU will address a lack of student involvement and inter-collegiate dialogue. Until recently, energy efficiency matters were dealt with by a Sub-Committee, which CUSU representatives could submit agenda points to, but neither attend nor view minutes for.

The situation was frustrating for Ethical Affairs Co-Chair Joan Groizard Payeras, who said the University needed "to maximise the input of student opinion, especially since mandatory emissions targets are coming in, and awareness of environmental performance is higher than ever."

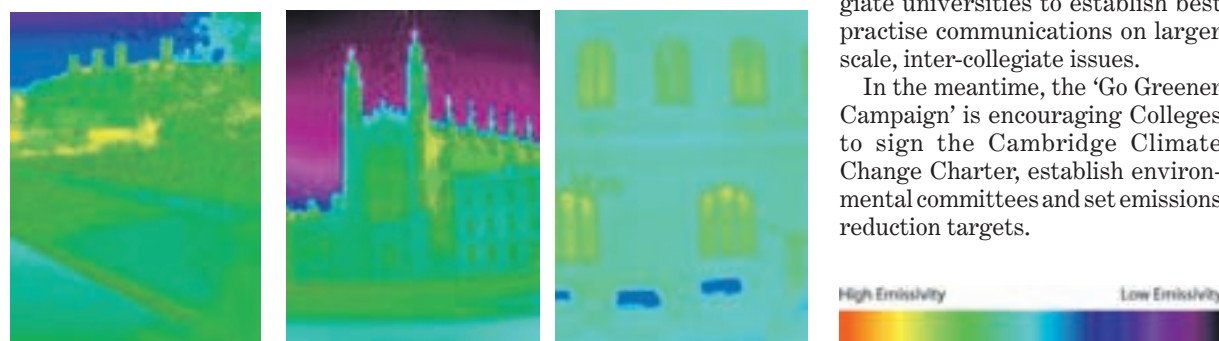
For CUSU, the important thing is to facilitate clear communication and good practice.

"You can focus too much on awareness," said Charlie Cotton, CUSU environment officer. "People hear enough about climate change. What they need to hear about is action."

Cotton has set up a Wikipedia site for Green Officers to provide information on activities which have worked well within their Colleges.

He is now contacting other collegiate universities to establish best practise communications on larger scale, inter-collegiate issues.

In the meantime, the 'Go Greener Campaign' is encouraging Colleges to sign the Cambridge Climate Change Charter, establish environmental committees and set emissions reduction targets.



Thermal images of (L-R) of Clare, King's Chapel and a University office. The chart shows the amount of heat lost, an effect exaggerated at windows (far right)

CUECS - Counting the Cost

A cornerstone of the University's green efforts, the Cambridge University Environmental Society's (CUECS) annual survey ranks Colleges according to their success at water conservation, energy reduction, recycling and environmental management.

The student-run society offers free environmental consulting to Colleges and hopes to encourage progress through competition and support.

CUECS' Benjamin Russell says a lot of work is going on "behind the scenes" in colleges, but that there were many constraints on progress.

"Colleges need to be persuaded that it's worth their while to invest in efficiency," he said. "At Pembroke, for example, about £100,000 is spent on electricity. By spending just £15,000 worth of loft insulation in hostels, we can start making money back in a couple of years. Often Colleges say there's nothing they can do, because of, say, Listed Buildings. But there are always steps that can be taken, even if they're subject to limitations."

Russell expressed concern that lifestyle changes could take precedent over infrastructure, skewing the focus away from larger alterations and on to, say, switching off lights or chargers. "It's important to keep a sense of scale," he points out. "Switching your lights off is great, but the brightest bulbs are only about 21 watts, whereas a portable heater uses 2100. In one College some students were using three to four times the volume specified on their electricity payment. We found this occurring in parts of the College where the central heating was rubbish, so all students had to use portable heaters." The collegiate system, too, can make effective changes difficult. "People making decisions often don't have all the info, and will base things on other people's decisions or initial system costs alone. The fundamental thing about Cambridge is that Colleges are independent, and you can't force people to do things" Russell said. "CUECS allows Colleges to compare progress, and provides a forum to work towards and achieve success"

ENERGY USE RANKING

Ranking	College	kWh per capita per day
1	Lucy Cavendish	7.5
2	Girton	23.9
3	Sidney Sussex	29.4
4	Selwyn	34.8
5	Trinity Hall	35.3
6	Jesus	41.6
7	Pembroke	61.4
8	Newnham	61.6
9	Wolfson	62.0
10	Downing	72.0
11	King's	79.9
12	Trinity	128.9
13	Clare	21.1*
14	Fitzwilliam	25.1*
15	Robinson	30.3*

*According to CUECS, the amount of energy use ranges enormously between Colleges. Of the 13 Colleges in the University, 16 failed to return their CUECS surveys; Clare, Fitzwilliam and Robinson submitted incomplete information. Energy use is one of four categories, with water usage, recycling and management, which concentrates in staffing and committees.

College Profiles

Mingjuan Tan sees what four Colleges are doing to cut back on waste

Pembroke's consultative committee allows for collaboration between the College administration and JCR. Green Officer Oliver Jones notes the good staff turnout at these meetings. He also highlights the fire and environmental warden scheme, which gives students a 15% room rent discount in return for clearing recycling on their staircase. Not only does this scheme ensure recycling efforts are followed through, it also encourages student participation and raises awareness. Pembroke was one of the first fairtrade Colleges, and is known for its ethical food. Supportive staff members, like the catering manager, were pivotal in implementing such changes; Jones credits the 'fantastic structure' which 'provided huge motivation' to Green Officers, hence ensuring continuity.

Energy: 7
Recycling: 12
Management: 2
Water: 2

Churchill didn't participate in last year's CUECS; filling it in, they said, was too time consuming. "Last year the Bursar and I agreed that we would actually achieve more by focusing on getting things done," environment and ethics officer Soniya Ganvir said. The College also runs a fair trade shop, supplied by Traidcraft and stocking basics like pasta. "Student response has been great", says Ganvir, thanks to the close-to-cost prices and Churchill's distance from town. Energy-wise, Churchill uses a Combined Heat and Power (CHP) system to produce 50% of its electricity on site. However, the College no longer uses energy saving light bulbs, as some students and conference guests 'took them home'.

No Submission

Selwyn topped last year's Recycling League Table, a feat JCR Green Officer Dan Gray attributes to an "incredibly supportive" College administration. They've focused on getting accessible and convenient recycling boxes, which are now on most corridors, and at least in every block. 4th place in the Energy table, Selwyn has energy-saving lightbulbs in rooms, as well as automatic lights in bathrooms, corridors and laundries.

Energy: 4
Recycling: 1
Management: 11
Water: 11

Lucy Cavendish was 1st in both the energy and water use tables. Last year, an environmental consultant helped out by analysis and advice, but money is a perennial problem. Innovative ways of getting around this include an "adopt a window" scheme, set up by a Fellow to allow sponsors to pay for double-glazing. Green Officer Nicky Rudolph suggests that being a mature College might also help, as students who have owned a house previously will be "aware of the cost of energy and so try to minimise their use".

Energy: 1
Recycling: 9
Management: 12
Water: 2

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Politico



Round-up: CUSU Council Meeting Monday 16th November

The fuss of a fortnight ago, with a sudden resignation and presidential apologies, seems to have blown over nicely.

This Monday, Council opened with a short and uncontroversial statement concerning proposals for a joint welfare officer with the Graduate Union, the change being that only graduates and third-year undergraduates may be candidates. In return, CUSU receives some bargaining chips for any future merger. Some members of the Council were concerned about the apparently secretive way in which this was achieved but such worries are precisely the reason change is so rare in CUSU's layers of bureaucracy and why any such evolutions should be welcomed.

Renaming the UL has become a very contentious issue among the dons and the traditional media but doesn't seem to have riled the student psyche to any great extent – we're liberal and easy-going like that. Instead, Council passed a motion to support the proposal on the condition that any cash doesn't dictate academic activities and the donor companies are "socially responsible".

The headliner, elections to the CUSU executive, was a calm and ordered affair with none of the arguments and blow ups that help make College hustings so very much fun. Two council heavyweights fought for the coveted position of CUSU Chair; bulletin regular Fatima Junaid ultimately prevailing. Candidates for the Access positions were elected uncontested, but stood out as the most passionate and clued up contenders of the evening. Many of the less sexy roles are left vacant, however, which is not great for the students' union but could yet prove to be your path to power if you have a particular penchant for room rents or sexual health.

Council next meets on Monday 30th November at 7:15pm in the Small Examination Hall, New Museums Site. Preceded by an open meeting at 6:45pm, all your Christmases have come at once.

OLI MCFARLANE

Varsity Profile: Sonic Manipulator

Claude Woodward - "at the very least he is doing something unique"

Claude Woodward considers himself a "serious musician". Despite initial scepticism, speaking to the noisy, space suit-clad busker compelled me to admit that at the very least he is doing something unique.

"I played piano as a child and got into synths at the dawn of the 1970s", Woodward explains. "I quickly realised that interesting electronic musicians had to find new ways to manipulate the timbres and tones. That's something I've been passionate about, so I began making gadgets to interface my body with the Synths."

The Australian busked in Melbourne before coming to England last Spring to engage with our "intense culture and festival scene". A key factor in his move was also the bulky suit which made Melbourne "uncomfortably hot and dry".

The key to Woodward's performance is the "Claudatron", a small synthesizer which allows sound to be manipulated using a two axis joystick. It rapidly becomes apparent that the manic dancing is for far more than just display.

Questioning the reasoning behind his spaceman persona I was told; "Basically, a DJ friend of mine had

booked me a set about ten years ago. When I turn up, I find his wife has made me my first space suit without even asking me". "At first I really objected to hiding my face behind the helmet. Over time though, I got used to it and it helped me to really become the alien." By "becoming the alien" I took him to mean that, hidden behind the suit, he totally engaged with the music. After watching him perform I'd say that is a feat he undoubtedly achieves.

The alien persona comes from the fact that "the Claudatron sounds like a Theremin and in the 1950s Hollywood made the sounds synonymous with science fiction."

As somebody who knows nothing about music, attempting to get together an amusing interview, I was unhelpfully, perhaps mistakenly, impressed. Hopefully Woodward's plans to avoid a council clampdown on noisy buskers will save the comedy of the situation; look forward to seeing a pimped out electric wheelchair replete with massive speakers and driven by a long-haired Australian in an alien outfit, roaming our cobbled streets.

Visit www.sonicmanipulator.com for more information. JAMES COUNSELL



Claude and his "Claudatron" last weekend in Cambridge

Union Ascendent

Membership rocketed and Ents took off at The Union this Michaelmas

The Cambridge Union Society (CUS) has witnessed an "unprecedented increase in membership". Figures released on Monday showed that 1,800 new members joined this term, doubling last Michaelmas's figure.

James Wakeley, Director of Recruitment, stated: "This year, the Union made a concerted effort to reach out to people". "We held a stand at the Anglia Ruskin University Freshers' Fair, hosted the 2009 Freshers' Ball ... and also offered membership discounts to students in receipt of a full government maintenance grant." The new design of the Term Card (pictured) and its comprehensive content have also unquestionably increased attendance. President Julian Domercq commented that he was "especially pleased" with the turnout for the Ball. "It drew a capacity crowd despite being right in the middle of Freshers' Week".

CUS is best known for its world-famous debates and this term has seen a number of fiercely-contested topics. The Feminism and Middle East debates proved especially controversial. Domercq notes that, "a memorable moment was a member standing up and taking Edwina Currie to task for her affair with John Major". Unforgettably, former Australian Prime Minister John Howard elicited a response he had not bargained for when an

Australian student threw a boot at him. The incident made headlines in national Australian newspapers.

The prestige of CUS speakers has always been one of the Society's key selling points. Host of *Mock the Week* Dara O'Brien and comedienne Jo Brand drew huge crowds. One first-year admits she joined the Union simply to attend the pre-speech dinner with O'Brien. "I'm a little bit in love with him and it was worth the price," she said.

CUS does not pay speakers' fees, stating on its website that "the honour of the invitation is sufficient payment". The Society does not receive funding from the University, despite the £1,000 per day running cost. Membership subscriptions therefore make up the greatest portion of its income, with students charged £74.50 for annual subscription or £144.50 for life membership.

Jonathan Laurence, Cambridge Union President-Elect is excited by prospects for next term: "Our line-up for Lent is already coming on very well indeed. Topics we'll debate include press freedom – where a highly controversial newspaper victim will take on a national newspaper editor ... Other individual speakers include two former heads of government and two top comedians. The Michaelmas term has set the bar high indeed but my team have all worked hard to keep up their good work." CLAIRE GATZEN



Hi! Society: Cambridge Super 8

What do Oliver Stone, Peter Jackson and the Coen Brothers have in common? Aside from being famous directors of course, they all started their filmmaking career working on Super 8.

To begin with, a little precision. Super 8 is not the name of a newfangled psychoactive drug, nor of any Herculean, American grocery retailer. Super 8 is a motion picture film format that has been developed by Kodak since 1965. It was the first format before the introduction of video and paradoxically, it is in the present age of digital video filmmaking and the internet that it is enjoying a revival. The Cambridge Super 8 Group are central to this, running the only annual International Film Festival dedicated to the Super 8 format in the country, every April since 2007.

Five years ago a group of friends living in Cambridge, among them Thierry Bonnaud, a French chemist and Tony Clarke, member of the University Careers Service's staff, took part in the "Straight 8" contest where filmmakers are invited to shoot and edit on a single Super 8 cartridge and admire the results on a big screen.

Thierry, now President of Cambridge Super 8, recalls: "We suddenly discovered very good films that may have disappeared because no one was screening Super 8 anymore". Soon enough, the first Cambridge Super 8 film festival was organized with no funding and four

people watching over 150 films in the selection process for the festival. The group has now grown and includes many students of the University.

Thierry believes "that Super 8 film is a crucial art form which we should protect rather than just give up." Indeed, Super 8 cameras can be found for as little as £1 online, making it ideal for any interested amateur.

In addition to the annual film festival, the society organizes many activities revolving around Super 8 film-making. For more information or to get involved visit www.cambridge-super8.org. AURITE KOUTS





Homerton

This Monday, it was announced that Carol Ann Duffy (pictured) will become an honorary fellow at Homerton as of the new year. Working at Manchester Metropolitan University since 1996 and studying at Liverpool University, the poet was awarded the fellowship after a vote by the college council and other fellows of Homerton. Duffy was chosen on account of the highly regarded work she does with students and young members of the community.



On top of the CBE and OBE awarded to her in 2001 and 1995 respectively, in

May this year Duffy took over the post of Poet Laureate from Andrew Motion. This makes her the first female and the first Scottish Poet Laureate in the 400 years the position has existed. To note the honour of the position, Duffy planned to donate the £5,750 that come with the position every year to the Poetry Society, creating a new annual prize.

College Watch



Queens' College

A foam party organised by Queens' College last Friday evening took an unpleasant turn as two students were badly injured during the evening's fun and had to be taken to Addenbrooke's Hospital. A student from the College commented that "although there wasn't a disturbance at the event, it was inappropriate to host a foam party. The floor was inevitably going to become slippery and unsafe". The event's organiser defended the accident by stating that all the necessary risk assessment forms had been filled out prior to the event.



Corpus Christi

Students at Corpus Christi College failed to heed the words of warning from their JCR President that featured in this column just weeks ago. A further email from the Dean and Senior Tutor reports the "disgusting state" of the bar and damage to the College discovered by the bedders on Monday morning.

A particularly busy Sunday, with a number of swaps finishing their nights in Corpus, led to numerous glasses being deliberately smashed, toilets being blocked with vomit and two large chunks of stone went missing from the walls of Old Court (pictured below), held to be the oldest court in the University. With no group or individual as yet admitting responsibility, the College's reaction so far has been to ban students from accessing the bar after serving time. LUCY JOHNSTON



Cambridge Spies



The Princess and the Pee

The tale of a roused "Sleeping Beauty" received an altogether heinous slant last week, care of Robinson's own (perhaps hispanic?) answer to the tale's requisite Prince Philip. Waking alone after a night of post-swap romance, this less than charming prince discovered his distressed damsel cowering on a nearby couch. Telling of how she'd been woken by him mistaking their place of rest for the room of rest, as it were, she was quite pissed off to be quite pissed on by our quite pissed protagonist and had left him in his own wee mess.

Flowered Bedding

The Fellows' Garden at the College of God displayed a vivid array of Blues this week: a plethora of violets, myriad hydrangeas and then the odd, burly sportsman romping in the bushes. Having failed to find his room key, our Casanova hoped to woo his lady with green fingers and dirty hands. Yet, the enchanting re-enactment of the Story of Creation which he had planned, fully-fitted with twinkling stars above and bare earth below, was not so secret and the pair, spotted making good use of the flower beds, will surely have left with more than just their consciences soiled.

Taking the Piss

Amid after-dinner japey at one College bar this Sunday, a distinguished male, submitting to a dare, attend to an unsatisfied penchant for top tittle and polished off a bottle of his own personal distillation. Determined to get both on the piss and his own inside him, he guzzled the still-warm 2009 vintage which, to the delight of onlookers, failed to settle and came straight back up along with the usual Bombay fayre which had preceded it. In a final act of graciousness, our he took a fresher, along with all his own freshness, back to his very own Warren. He refrained from offering a her drink...

Imperial College London

Sir Roy Anderson, the Rector of Imperial College London has resigned from his post after serving for just 16 months. According to *The Times*, Sir Roy is relinquishing the position in order to focus on his "deep and abiding research interest in global health", the fight against infectious disease being the field in which he made his name. This was the explanation which he stated to university staff and students in an email. Sir Roy took up the £370,000 per year post in July 2008. At the end of this year Sir Keith O'Nions, the Director of the Institute for Security Science and Technology at Imperial, will become acting Rector until a replacement is found.

Oxford University

Dr Toby Ord, a post-doctoral research fellow in Ethics at Oxford, has vowed to give £1 million to charity before he retires. Ord has made this promise due to the launch of new society Giving What We Can, encouraging members to pledge 10% or more of future earnings to charity. He currently earns £33,000 per annum and has decided to cap this at £20,000, in order to donate £10,000 a year to charities he will choose from a selection deemed the most cost-effective by the society, according to *Cherwell*. Ord estimates he can save 500,000 years of healthy life for some of the poorest people in the world. He has also already enlisted two well-known moral philosophers to join him in pledging.

University Watch

Sheffield University

Dr Brooke Magnanti (pictured), who studied for her doctorate in Informatics, Epidemiology and Forensic Science at Sheffield, revealed that she is the former escort behind the anonymous "Diary of a London Call Girl". Magnanti hid under the pseudonym "Belle de Jour" and even her agent was unaware of her true identity. Many critics have speculated that her blogged accounts are untrue. The revelation of Magnanti's identity brings with it the fact that she was actually a prostitute in London for 14 months. She took up the £300 per hour job through a London agency in 2003 while finishing her doctoral thesis due to a lack of job prospects in her chosen field and lack of funds. She has since gained a book deal and a television adaptation starring Billie Piper.



London School of Economics

LSE Student Union (LSESU) officials visited all the college's halls of residence last week as part of their "Your Hall - Your Call!" consultation. This intends to gather feedback and opinions on many issues relating to life in halls and the governance of hall committees. The exercise marks the biggest movement by a student union to gauge satisfaction and move forward with what students want, according to the LSESU. Although turn-out at sessions in different halls varied somewhat, discussions were productive and officials will break down the suggestions offered by each hall in order to make feedback from the initiative more relevant to individual halls.

Brown University

On Saturday night, four men were arrested following disorderly conduct at a party themed "Scandalous", hosted by the Brown University sorority Delta Sigma Theta. The arrests were made after fights between partygoers escalated. The university security guards were forced to call the city of Providence's own police force. It is unknown whether or not the men in question are students at the university as non-students were permitted to attend the party on the condition that they had notified the sorority in advance. As a result, the police chief has suggested a ban on parties sanctioned by the university itself. ESMENICHOLSON

Russian, British and American dignitaries headline Cold War conference

» Mikhail Gorbachev hails “important” two-day event at Churchill College

Emma Mustich
News Editor

On Wednesday and Thursday of this week, the Churchill Archives Centre held its largest conference to date. ‘The Cold War and Its Legacy’ attracted hundreds of international visitors, and was hailed by Mikhail Gorbachev as an “important” event.

Professor David Reynolds called the conference “a very rare chance” to hear eyewitnesses and historians reflect together on the forces and events that have shaped our world.

Among those who spoke at the conference were Russian Deputy Foreign Minister Grigoriy Karasin; Susan Eisenhower, granddaughter of President Eisenhower; Lord Powell, former foreign affairs advisor to Margaret Thatcher; former American Senator John Warner; and Hugh Lunghi, translator for Winston Churchill at the Tehran, Yalta and Potsdam summits.

Letters from Mikhail Gorbachev, Margaret Thatcher, and Nancy Reagan marked the opening of the conference and encouraged reflection on the twentieth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall.

“Few events cut the fabric of history into ‘before’ and ‘after’”, Gorbachev wrote. “The end of the Cold War is one of them.”

“A new world order is replacing the old, twenty years after we are closer to this goal but there is still a long way to go and the road as we feel already will be bumpy.”

“To meet new challenges, we need to change our mentality just as we did to end the Cold War; we need to take down the wall that separates us from our future.”

The conference began on Wednesday with a forum in which His Excellency Grigoriy Karasin and

Susan Eisenhower shared the stage.

The appearance of Karasin, a senior Russian official, was one of the main drawing points of the conference,



His Excellency Grigoriy Karasin since Russian Cold War perspectives of the type that Karasin offered are rarely heard in the West.

Karasin told a packed audience, “We continue to feel [the Cold War’s] implications today. What is needed is a clear and fair assessment of the period.”

At first, he claimed that there are “no simplified unambiguous answers” when it comes to the question of blame for the start of the Cold War.

However, his speech was not entirely devoid of blame for Western powers. After the defeat of fascism in World War II, Karasin said, the USSR’s Western allies resumed the “same old track of ideologically charged policy” he believes they trod before the war. After its major sacrifices in the War, he went on, Moscow was “unable” to begin another major conflict.

He went on to suggest that those who would discover who won and who lost the war were “doomed

to failure”, since Russia “simply withdrew”.

Karasin urged Western countries to “open their archives” in order to shed light on the complex realities of the postwar period. He finished on a conciliatory note, expressing his support for the signing of the Lisbon Treaty and calling for “tripartite co-operation” between Russia, the EU, and the United States.

Speaking to *Varsity* after his presentation, Karasin said it was important for Russia and the West to move beyond the tensions of the past, but at the same time “not to forget” what happened in the Cold War period.

“We have to analyse the past, we have to be critical, but to the extent that it will help us to move ahead together.”

“It’s a bit difficult for today’s students to understand [the Cold War] because they didn’t live during those years.”

“For yourselves, it’s more a historic essay, a piece of how things were when your parents were young. That

was the same with my generation discussing the Second World War; it was the war of our parents.”

Lord Charles Powell, who also spoke in a panel on Wednesday, told *Varsity* it was essential to boost understanding of the conflict among modern students.

“The Cold War was a pretty defining period, stretching over 40 years of head-to-head confrontation of two vast military alliances, with a constant sense of impending danger and even the possibility of nuclear annihilation.”

“To know the recent history of what was the Soviet Union, now Russia, and China and so on, tells you an awful lot about how to deal with them in the future.”

Susan Eisenhower, famous in the US for crossing party lines to support Barack Obama last year, said the conference painted a “very complex picture” of the Cold War and praised the diversity of speakers.

“It’s going to be very hard to explain” the Cold War to modern students, she told *Varsity*. “How do

you explain the fact that everybody continued to [build nuclear weapons] so long after it was necessary?”

She stressed the importance of educational events such as the conference, explaining that boosting understanding of the conflict would help both sides to be more reasonable in the future.

“There was this great silence during the Cold War. Obviously, there were debates going on, some quieter than others, but there was a generalised feeling among the population that the subject was too complicated; at some point it became crazy.”

The Churchill Archives Centre holds the papers of Sir Winston Churchill and Lady Margaret Thatcher, in addition to over 570 other collections of personal papers. The conference was produced in cooperation with the Howard H Baker Jr Center for Public Policy at the University of Tennessee.

For extended coverage of the conference, visit varsity.co.uk



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THE ESSAY: The Myth in the Wreckage

The First World War still resonates with us, and never more so than in the month of Remembrance. But the conflict's grip on the national imagination is down to more than the number of casualties, argues JAMES FOX

Let us start with two images. The first dates back to Saturday October 21st 1905. It is a panoramic photograph of Trafalgar Square – the centre of the largest empire the world has ever known. Rain is falling hard but the belligerent crowds there are singing, dancing and making merry. Their attentions are focused on Nelson's Column, which is decorated specially for the occasion with flowers, bunting and Union Flags that flicker in the wind. The occasion, of course, is the centenary of the Battle of Trafalgar. And this was how wars used to be remembered.

I watched the second image live on BBC One the Sunday before last. It also showed – in similarly grim autumnal weather – a group of Londoners commemorating a war that had been fought a century earlier. And although the events took place just a few hundred yards apart, they could not have been more different: the grand monument to a victorious Admiral had become a modest tomb for the anonymous dead; the ticker-tape, bunting and flag-waving had been replaced by funereal poppy wreaths; and there were no longer any jingoistic songs, chants and fanfares. There was only silence.

You could be forgiven for thinking we had been defeated in the First World War. But the three long hours we have stood silent since the Armistice has surely been sufficient to learn that much more was lost in its winning. We all know those wretched stories – burnished with decades of over-use – about naive and adventurous young men volunteering for active service, waving farewell to their families convinced they would be back for Christmas, and ending their lives as screaming soldiers floundering in limb-littered, pestiferous trenches.

But it was not just the fathers, the sons, the husbands and the brothers that we lost – it was all those optimistic beliefs that died with them: that wars were always worth fighting, that a nation was always worth the sacrifice, that God was on the side of the victor, and that the world could only ever get



MICHAEL LOVETT

better. After the war these once proud convictions sounded like the inane ravings of a civilization that could only be described as “an old bitch gone in the teeth”.

Perhaps, as Paul Fussell once warned us, “every war is worse than expected”. But in its iconic conversion of doomed innocence into irredeemable experience the Great War quickly became modern Europe's ‘original sin’ as well as a unique emblem of the futility of all war. It is this brutal alchemy of the spirit that explains the unmistakable difference between the memorial ceremonies of 1905 and 2009 – from victory as carnival to victory as funeral. And it is this that also explains why, like some ancient Eastern tyrant, the 1914-18 war still insists on retaining the ‘Great’ in its title.

But was the war really that great? After all, it only killed 2 per cent of the British population – no more than emigrated in the four years before it and considerably less than the victims of Spanish Flu after it. Yet we do not talk of a ‘lost

generation’ when we discuss those events. Indeed, probably very few of us are aware that they even took place. The crucial difference is this: only the war has been mythologized by artists, memoirists and historians. Our rituals of remembrance today participate in the ongoing construction of that myth. But myths, of course, are not realities, and our apocalyptic formulations of the war are just as bombastic as the heroic accounts of Homer, Herodotus and Tennyson that they always aspired to contradict.

I am not suggesting that the First World War was an insignificant detour in European history. In the United Kingdom we still live with its legacy every day, and not only because it catalyzed Irish independence, gave women the vote and delivered the knockout blow to our long tradition of a liberal State. Even those who are flummoxed twice yearly by daylight saving time or struggle to find a pub open after 11pm ultimately owe their inconveniences to the conflict. Those who objected to the war in Iraq are

also the unconscious inheritors of a pacifist tradition that was inaugurated on the banks of the Somme.

The question we should really be asking is why, almost a hundred years down the line, the Great War still so disproportionately haunts our cultural imaginations, and our national identity. Why, for instance, does that famous valedictory sequence of the *Blackadder* protagonists going ‘over the top’ resonate with so many of us so profoundly? Why does Remembrance Sunday – an event that gains popularity with every year – continue to feel (incorrectly) like a commemoration of that conflict alone? And why can most of us recite whole passages by Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke and Siegfried Sassoon but not name a single poet of the Second World War?

I suspect the answer is not quite as democratic as those countless tombs to ‘unknown soldiers’ suggest. Because a particularly marked consequence of the war was the disproportionate damage it did to the British elites. Countless estates that had passed nimbly

through the generations for centuries lost their heirs; twenty-two MPs (and the sons of Herbert Asquith, Andrew Bonar-Law and Stanley Baldwin) died on active service; thousands of public schoolboys graduated into an eternal Gap Year; and of the many Oxbridge undergraduates who joined the forces as junior officers a staggering 25 per cent were killed in action – double the national average.

It was precisely these groups that codified our understandings of the war: Brooke and Sassoon were alumni of King's and Clare colleges in this city, while Robert Graves, Edmund Blunden, R.C. Sherriff, Vera Brittain and Laurence Binyon studied at Oxford. The ‘lost generation’, then, refers not to the death of the average Tommy but rather to the depopulation of the country's privileged classes; those starlets who, so custom had it, were destined to be leading the Empire into a glorious future. In mourning the evaporation of their own social influence, these unrepresentative groups became instrumental in shaping the way that all of us remember the conflict today.

As we approach the centenary of the First World War it is more necessary than ever to evacuate the miasma of myth from its wreckage. The deaths of Henry Allingham and Harry Patch in July this year (the latter so beautifully marked by Radiohead's tribute to him) leave just three veterans of the conflict still alive: Claude Stanley Choules, Frank Woodruff Buckles, and John Henry Foster Babcock. As the months proceed, we are inching ever closer to a decisive historical moment when, at a hospital, under a bed-sheet or in a well-worn armchair, the Great War will slip quietly but definitively out of living memory.

Dr James Fox is a Research Fellow at Churchill College and a member of the History of Art & Architecture Department. He has published widely on the First World War, and is currently writing a monograph on the subject.

Underrated

Week 7: Norman Hartnell



When the Queen met Jacqueline Kennedy in 1961, her gown, a jewel-blue meringue, miserably lost a sartorial duel with the First Lady's starkly modern ice grey column

dress. Norman Hartnell, the designer of the Queen's crinoline confection, was already fighting a losing battle against legions of 60s youth clad in Mary Quant's miniskirts, trying to maintain his reign over the London Fashion scene that he created forty years earlier. The ornate monarch he made his name dressing was slowly but surely becoming mumsy.

“Simplicity is the death of the soul,” proclaimed Hartnell, who made sure his dresses were never spared from lashings of sequins and fringe. Now, after years of going back and forth between sparse minimalism and heady glamour, fashion is again feeling

the influence of Hartnell's elaborately crafted rich aesthetic – from Galliano's opulent take on full-skirted historical court dressing at Dior to Decarnin's head-to-toe sequins at Balmain; just as it did when these houses were led by their namesake designers.

Hartnell's innovations are perpetually unjustly forgotten because he experimented with so many of them. They are therefore attributed to those who brought them to full fruition. Hartnell's Royal crinolines, for instance, directly inspired Dior's post-war voluminous ‘New Look’ silhouette.

Hartnell read MML at Magdalene but dropped out before

graduating, having invested most of his time designing and acting for the Footlights. In London, his lavish designs attracted the likes of Noël Coward, Vivien Leigh, and, from 1935, the young princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, who would become his emblematic clients.

Hartnell's importance is twofold. Firstly, he was the first designer to display an academic interest in the history of costume, as seen in his scholarly book *Royal Courts of Fashion*. His sensibility for the splendour of the art historical past helped define a Royal British look that, after a demoralising abdication, helped restore a sense of authority to the monarchy.

Touring Europe just before WW2, a dazzling Queen Elizabeth looked regal and powerful in Hartnell's visual feasts of Rococo-inspired satin, causing Hitler to call her “the most dangerous woman in Europe”.

Furthermore, Hartnell foresaw not only the experimental innovation that defines English fashion, but its high-street accessibility. Along with his couture business, Hartnell mass-produced innovative clothes conforming to wartime rationing. Hartnell's achievements are now due to shine again, whether from the glint of the hand-applied crystals of a Dior dress or the machine-tacked sequins of a Topshop frock. BENJAMIN SEIDLER

VARSITY

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Selling out the students

Last week we reported on the University Library's potential re-naming after a donor. This week we have revealed the Music Faculty's plans to rent their concert hall to an evangelical church, to the serious detriment of student performances. If this worrying trend of selling out continues, then students will be left wondering whether they remain the primary concern of the University.

It is undeniable that University buildings need to find extra ways of raising capital. We have long been members of conference centres which occasionally act as Colleges, and although this makes it near impossible to secure vacation residence, it is accepted as a necessary means for Colleges to keep in the black.

However, raising money should only ever be a secondary concern, in service of the University's primary function of education. So when this secondary concern directly impinges upon education, as with the Music Faculty's plans, a depressing precedent is set. Music is a unique subject as extracurricular performances are vitally important to the course, and the students consequently partake in an admirable variety of activities which lend our University a dynamism and excitement. To impinge upon these activities in favour of Peterborough Evangelists from is ridiculous.

It is yet another example of the market's unwelcome encroachment on University life. Coleridge may have come last in our Greatest Cantabrigian poll, but he had some pretty clever things to say about society. If the "ideology of greed" was to rule us, Coleridge claimed it must be counteracted with a collectivising and civilising "Spirit of the State". Universities in his view were key to this. By naming its buildings in honour of donors and selling its spaces from the students, the University of Cambridge is beginning to counter-act one of its prime purposes.

Raising the Bar

It's easy to forget how much bureaucracy goes on in College. When socially sipping in your doorstep watering-hole, you may think all you're doing is harmlessly enjoying a ridiculously cheap Carlsberg, but you may in fact be helping to endanger your loved abode's charitable status. To keep any College-related fun running smoothly always involves the toeing of a pretty draconian line, and the result of adhering to these dictatorship-like rules usually equals a subtraction of said fun.

Poor Sidney. The last independent bar is facing the authorities' wrath. It is doubtful that's there is even a grain of truth in the suggestion that a cheap, accessible bar contributes to lower exam results. If you want to drink, you'll find a way to drink wherever and whenever. It would, after all, only take a Sidney member a minute more to cross the street and buy a six-pack themselves.

Letters to the Editor

Notice that your shortlist for the greatest ever Cantabrigian (November 13th) seems



to focus on the traditionally "big" colleges, such as Trinity and Christ's. Perhaps I may state the cases for a few from my own, rather smaller college: Henry Cavendish discovered hydrogen and measured the Earth's density, Charles Babbage of course

invented the computer, Lord Kelvin worked on the transatlantic telegraph and the discovery of absolute zero, and Frank Whittle invented the jet engine. Need I say more? I feel any or all of these greats merit a place on your shortlist rather more than certain suggestions.

**Edward Winfield
Peterhouse**

Your 'Greatest Cantabrigians' piece undoubtedly featured an impressive line-up of eminent alumni (and Germaine Greer); but there were notable omissions. Could you really



Robert Staggs

Am I a 'real person'? Are you? What was once a question for Cartesian philosophy is now a matter of public politics. For I keep reading about 'real people' who are getting 'real help' in this recession. Some are even getting 'real help now', the lucky devils. Then I keep wondering if there is a difference between real and unreal help. I had always assumed that one either helps or doesn't help, and that questions of falseness don't need to intrude. But I am always wrong these days, especially on the internet, where any thinking defence of politicians slams up against sentences containing the words 'expenses', 'snouts' and 'trough'.

Maybe it would be easier to work out what political 'unreality' is. Certainly easier, in fact, because the public have already done it. 'Unreality' is the 1997 flag-waving, Cool Britannia stuff when Peter Mandelson would twirl his finger adventitiously and Tony Blair's goodwill grimace would beam out. It didn't last long. Little cracks started appearing around Blair's mouth, cracks showing the responsibility of office. His hair went authority-grey and the smile became a moat around his face, keeping the ignorant and unimportant at a distance. So once 'unreality' had, so to say, 'got real', there was the difficult choice between admission and maintenance. Could the government admit it had stopped the theatric(k)s? Not



Are you a 'real person'? Do you live in a 'community'? In that case you can't be a politician

exactly, but they could keep using 'unreality' to their advantage. Hence, the invention of 'real people' – with its corollary, 'unreal people'.

This wasn't the intellectual property of the governing Labour Party. Much of it derives from the Conservative Party, who were the first party to politicise 'common sense' (now extended to 'unity' or, especially in America, 'bipartisanship'). 'Common sense' eliminated the need for 'division' so everyone started to have it, at least as a canopy to enshade different approaches to government. Those who dissented from 'common sense' could not be 'real people' since they had forfeited the vague feeling of commonality with establishment opinions that all 'real people' have. You see where this is heading, I hope: backwards, to the 1930s. From 1920s Recession to 1930s Repression – these are movements that can be easily re-done.

I am also unsure how 'real' and 'unreal' people work alongside 'communities', which are Obviously A Good Thing. Sometimes 'communities' are geographically arranged, sometimes ethnically arranged, sometimes religiously arranged, but they are always approvingly arranged. 'Communities' appear to be refractions and distillations of 'real people'. The 'unreal' people sit outside 'communities', presumably resentful about not being included (which is the impulse of the age).

After all, that is what 'unreal' people do: sulk and don't join in.

But the brainchild has boomeranged. One community that is not made up of 'real people' is that at Westminster, variously known as 'the Westminster bubble', 'the political class', 'the political elite' and, on the internet, as 'troughers'. (The internet, by the

way, is the most obviously unreal community – but it keeps marketing itself as representing those ubiquitous 'real people'.) In perpetrating and perpetuating myths about themselves, politicians are now having to self-abnegate like a huddle of fallen saints. No one was prepared to defend their expenses as the price for doing a good and difficult job. Everyone was willing to accuse everyone else of 'divisive' politics, of 'spin' (as though manufactured lying was as routine as a washing machine cycle), of not providing 'real help' to 'hardworking families'.

But no one realised that the public has no special talent for discriminating between the accuser and the accused when the House of Commons is involved. Everyone is, we are told, as bad as each other. (Oliver Cromwell gets quoted approvingly here, always a bad sign.) Once *the Daily Telegraph* had hit the newsstands with duck houses and moats, there was no sustained sense of public shock. Rather, a confirming tone set in – as though this was to be expected. And it was, because no politicians like to admit they have feelings that can be hurt, families to be protected, and kindnesses that have been put to good use. How could they have such things? They are not 'real people'.

There has been nothing especially cynical about such silly contortions of language. The 'political class' has not been reading Machiavelli or Marx; they have not been reading at all. When Members of Parliament rally round and defend their collective reputation – as when *the Sun* dumbly attacked Dr Gordon Brown of the University of Edinburgh for supposedly making seven spelling mistakes – they get applause rather than abuse. If only they could do this more often... The impending problem is not MPs' snouts down low in the trough. It is MPs' heads hung low in the expectation of public shame. They will not be on the lookout for the ensuing dangers.

not have spared at least one of your many poets in favour of William Pitt, our greatest Prime Minister? He ran the country from the age of 24, stood up against Napoleon, stabilised the country's rocky finances; and all while drinking a bottle of port a day from the age of 17. He was Cambridge through-and-through: not only did he matriculate at Pembroke aged 14, he was also MP for the University for 22 years. Surely such a political powerhouse must be worth more than yet another second-rate Romantic.

**Hugo Gye
Trinity**

Although Julia Rampen's piece on women-only colleges (November 6th) contained many sentiments

with which I agreed, I was surprised by her failure to acknowledge the role of Lucy Cavendish college. For women aged 21 and over, it is not only a 'grad' college (I am an undergraduate) but is also a welcome opportunity for women who have had their education interrupted. Feminist idealists concerned with women's education should look to Lucy and applaud.

**Annabel Banks
Lucy Cavendish**

According to official NHS statistics for April-June 2009, the percentage of people who successfully quit smoking has declined, to 9% below that for 2007/8 when the ban first came into effect. People have not stopped lighting up; they are just forced to endure sub-zero

temperatures and frostbite to do it. Is the growing resistance movement a typical British reaction to government interference with our human right to give ourselves lung cancer? I would argue it is because smoking is just innately cool. Fact. Smokers are more interesting people because they dare to challenge the status quo. It is also a very pleasant sensory experience. So go on, buy yourself a pack today. It's not peer pressure, I'm just persuasive...

**Jessica King
Homerton**

Email letters@varsity.co.uk by Wednesday lunchtime for the chance to win a bottle from the Cambridge Wine Merchants. Letters may be edited.



Soňa Urbančíková

The EU isn't just a threat to national independence, it's very little help to its troubled member states

Three weeks ago, when the fate of the Lisbon Treaty was still in the hands of the Czech President, I received a circulating petition addressed to him. An eminent bunch of Czech scholars and artists were asking their head of state to kindly stop embarrassing the country Europe-wide, and, if only for his own good, promptly sign the document. I supported the initiative, though I doubted President Klaus would let it interrupt his moment of glory in the spotlight of European politics. Postponing the process of ratification was the last thing the EU needed. Not because the superstate's constitution is in any way desirable, but simply because the hopeless fight against it directs our attention away from the EU's real flaws.

The case of Ireland proved that opposing Lisbon was futile. So generous is EU democracy, that when a country rejects a document in a referendum, Brussels gives it another chance to answer correctly; and even if it fails again, there will be another chance; as many chances as needed, until everyone gets it right. The exceptions the Irish gained by their second go – taxation, family issues and state

neutrality – as well as Britain's, Poland's, and the Czech Republic's partial opt-outs from the Charter of Fundamental Rights in themselves show that, despite local objections, ratification of the Treaty was deemed inevitable by Brussels. The argument about loss of national sovereignty simply proved an ineffective one.

Of course the threat of accumulation of power in Brussels is justified. The Treaty creates over fifty new competencies for the European Commission, European Parliament and European Court of Justice; it replaces the unanimous consensus-

“Lisbon makes much less impact than joining in the first place”

based voting system with the qualified majority one, based on a ‘double majority’ of 55% of member states; even worse, it removes the national vetoes in areas such as ‘fighting climate change’, energy security and emergency aid.

In practice, however, this is not nearly as revolutionary as joining the EU in the first place. It has been clear since Maastricht that the EU project aims beyond the post-war ‘free internal market’

ambition, and that the logic of eastward expansion would have to bring either wider compromises or a tighter alliance. In 2001 a declaration issued at the EU's Laeken summit called for a ‘Convention on the future of Europe to look into the simplification and reorganization of the EU treaties’, and when two-and-half years later the Convention signed a constitutional treaty in Rome, it was clear that a constitutional treaty in one form or another would eventually have to be ratified.

Yet the countries joining in 2004 paid little attention to this. EU membership was a sign of recognition by the West; a promise of democracy, transparency and legal protection against the authoritarianism to which they had been historically fragile. In July 1997, when the EU was opening its entry negotiations with Central Europe, the European Commission reported a whole catalogue of human rights abuses and democratic deficit committed by Slovakia's government. As a result, the country was made to sit at the back of the class in the Balkan B-stream until the government was replaced in 1998. If within the EU such post-communist excesses were not to be tolerated, it seemed worth compromising ‘national sovereignty’ with the Brussels leadership.

But the EU's competence was badly overrated. In 2006, when

Hungary rioted to demand PM Gyurcsány's resignation after his leaked-tape confession that his government had “screwed up. Not a little, a lot”, Brussels did nothing to support the rioters. Gyurcsány did not resign until March this year.

The EU is hardly a check to domestic malaise. In June this year, Slovakia's former Minister of Justice Štefan Harabin was elected the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. An unsavoury character with alleged connections to the Albanian mafia, Harabin does not seem very concerned with EU standards of transparency. Slovak NGOs expressed hope that Brussels would not allow this appointment; yet, five months in office, Harabin is following his usual practices. Brussels does not mind.

The EU clearly knows little about the politics at its fringes, and has little ambition to affect it. Encroaching on countries' national sovereignty is a key aspect of Brussels logic, and Lisbon is only the most recent example. But there is another question apart from whether Brussels is dangerous: whether it is at all useful. The EU has been highly ineffective in issues beyond the megalomaniac ‘fighting climate change’ projects. So thanks to the Czechs for ending the Lisbon negotiating saga: it finally gives us time to consider if we want to remain a part of this over-ambitious European Commonwealth.

Not-Sci



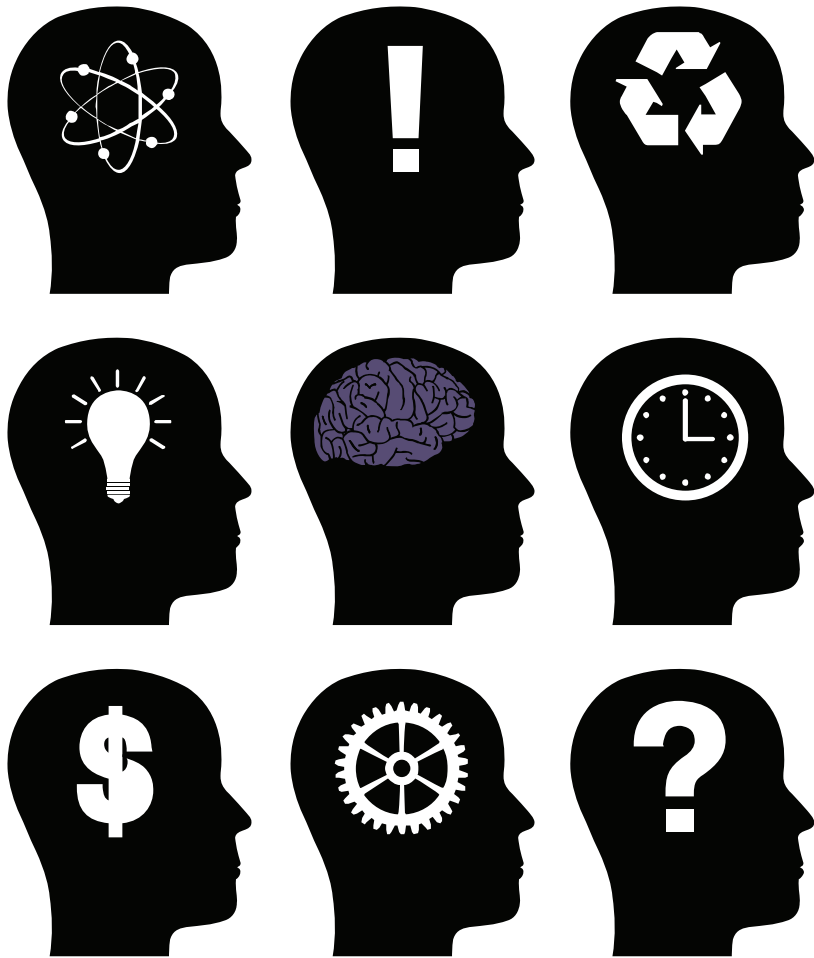
Richard Dawkins' face in a prawn cracker

When Steven Tyler from Aerosmith sang “I got my own religion. Yeah, it's right here in my hand”, he was presumably echoing Albert Einstein who declared: “I am a deeply religious nonbeliever – this is somewhat a new kind of religion.” The word ‘religion’ has transcended time and culture, unaffected by the advance of its alleged nemesis, science.

The ‘conflict’ between science and religion has not made any progress simply because scientists cannot disprove the existence of God and religion cannot prove his existence beyond personal experience. Being an atheist does not mean I am going to throw rotten atheist apples or prayer mats at those who aren't.

Fierce arguments from Dawkins and the like, sensationalised by the mainstream media, give the impression that religion and science are completely incompatible. This is debatable. Isaac Newton and Michael Faraday were both devout Christians and in the past 800 years, Cambridge has seen a list of religious scientists far too long to mention.

Several subtle points are worth noting. First, science is about basing your opinion on empirical evidence. If that is unavailable, the only logical conclusion is that you are none the wiser for scientific knowledge. Second, I know many religious scientists in Cambridge who attend synagogue, church and temple services. Without exception, they all publish papers and present their work with the aid of empirical evidence and physical research results. They don't say, ‘This theory is verifiable or this exists because God/Jesus' face in a prawn cracker told me it does, but I have no data for peer review.’ Scientific discovery and questioning, including Darwin's evolution, is concerned with the mechanics of how things happen and how they fit together in a way that abides by known, tried and tested physical laws. Religion is more focused on the question of ‘Why?’ At this fundamental level, it is hard to see a conflict. SITA DINANAUTH



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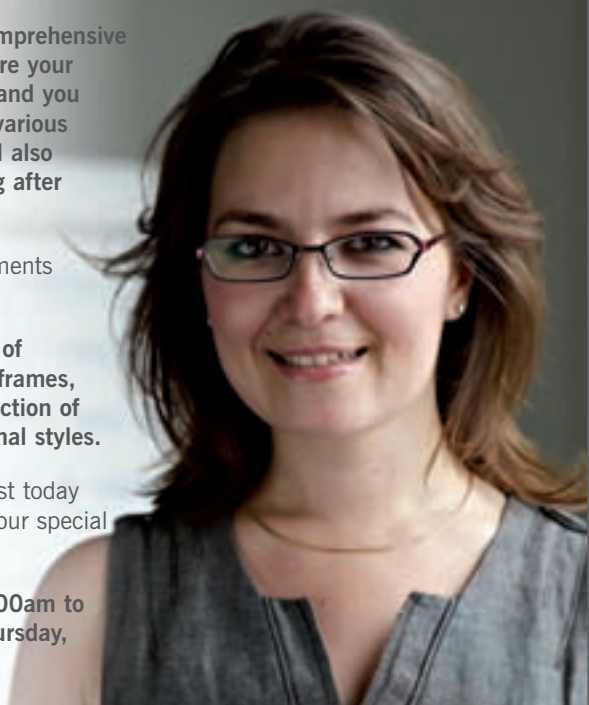
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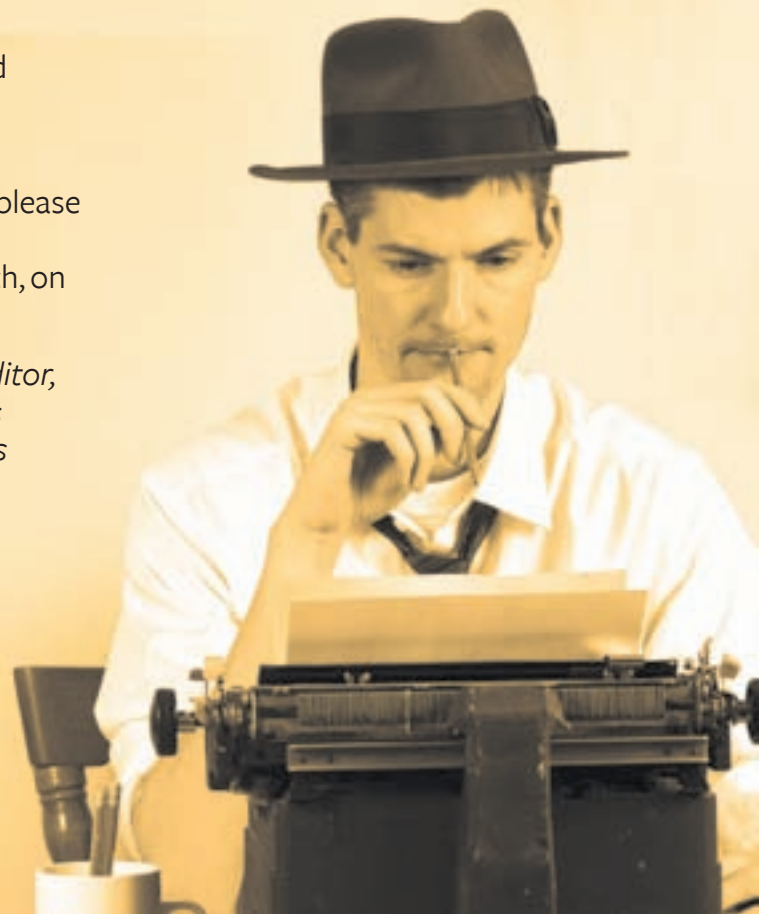
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Features **p18**

Heavenly virtues (sins are so over)

VARSIITY

Vulture

Arts, Features, Reviews



Fashion **p16-17**

Getting grainy on the streets



'He was disappointed with the world, so he built one of his own': Leland about Kane's palace in *Citizen Kane*

All's Welles That Ends Well

James Garner takes a retrospective look at Orson Welles' classic, *Citizen Kane*, on the eve of its re-release.

Maurice Greene, the American sprinter who ruled supreme at the start of the century, has a large tattoo on his right forearm. Unfortunately for Mo, this piece of body art becomes ever more ridiculous. It reads 'GOAT': Greatest of All Time. Even before Usain Bolt it was ridiculous; let alone Jesse Owens and Bob Hayes. In truth, there are few fields in which a GOAT can be sensibly agreed, however appealing the concept is in abstract.

In cinema, *Citizen Kane* is the GOAT, inked into that position by half a century of critical polls. Certainly it was hugely innovative, and has proved hugely influential, if these are the marks of greatness. For the uninitiated: it's the story of press baron Charles Foster Kane, told through the eyes of a reporter seeking to understand Kane's dying word, 'Rosebud'.

Sprinting again: you're unlikely to have heard of Bob Hayes but you've surely heard

of Jesse Owens. That's because Hayes ran really fast and Owens defeated Hitler. Owens has a narrative. So does *Citizen Kane*. It's Orson Welles, just 25, realising an artistic vision before his difficult reputation saw him denied such latitude again. It's the attempts of William Randolph Hearst, on whom Kane was based, to have the film destroyed, or at least discredited. Heck, it's the whisper that the elusive 'Rosebud' was Hearst's pet name for his mistress Marion Davies' clitoris.

Forget that. Is *Kane*, as an actual piece of cinema, the greatest? It's greatly cinematic – even obnoxiously so. Dan Mecca has called it “the best 2-hour lesson in filmmaking money can buy,” with “Welles employing nearly every kind of visual technique... from fade-outs to noir-lighting to time lapse to deep focus.” This was meant as praise. It's why *Kane* is so revered by filmmakers and cinéastes but also why it left the public cold

in 1941. The public doesn't want technical brilliance; it wants emotion.

Indeed, *Citizen Kane* is not so much the best directed film ever as the most directed. Welles' fingerprints, strewn through the reels, make it impossible to forget you are watching a film. Direction should augment the story but Welles gives the impression that the story is a mere springboard for his technical gymnastics. The pity is that it's a good story.

Director Peter Bogdanovich has written of *Kane*: “there's an extraordinary feeling...of everything being possible.” It's only a feeling though, a feeling sparked by Welles' refusal to accept the limitations of cinema. He tried to emulate the Great American Novel in two hours, to say something about everything. He fails to say anything about anything, save Charles Foster Kane. And Charles Foster Kane is utterly unknowable, perhaps deliberately, certainly infuriatingly. You could say

the same of Daniel Plainview, protagonist of *There Will Be Blood*, another film which projects grandiose importance, and another which deserves the cryptic epithet Pauline Kael ascribed *Kane*: “shallow masterpiece.”

Welles' over-ambition is divisive: to some such vision is a prerequisite of greatness; to others, a prelude to failure. And *Kane* is flawed. There are no likeable characters, too much is revealed at the start, and its finale becomes less clever each time you consider it. More modest classics like *Sunset Boulevard* or *To Be or Not To Be* may not proclaim their greatness but they are virtually flawless.

So then. *Citizen Kane*. Good? Unquestionably so. Great? Self-consciously so. The Best? Unquestionably not. You have to see it though; it's the GOAT.

Citizen Kane is showing at the Arts Picture-house from November 27-30th.

Why shop at Sainsbury's?

For an inspiring alternative to the rush hour queues at Sainsbury's, head down Mill Road. Perhaps the most diverse and cosmopolitan shopping street in Cambridge, it offers a wealth of culinary options, from ethnic bazaars to hippie health foods, many with an ethical approach.



The Cambridge Farmers Outlet – 8 Lensfield Road

One of the great unsung secrets of Cambridge, this cheery farm shop (above) opened just 15 months ago. It stocks food and drinks from 26 different farms in the Cambridgeshire area, accepting whatever produce is brought in, which means that their food is always fresh, seasonal and local. Recent unexpected buys have included quinces – Isaac Newton's favourite fruit – and a shoulder of venison that fed four for £8.

Al-Amin – 100-102 Mill Road

The diminutive façade of this shop-cum-post office offers no clue to the Aladdin's cave of products within. From a fruit and veg section that stocks plantains and coconuts as well as more traditional fare, to a halal butcher's counter and an extensive freezer department, this independent shop has a selection of products to rival a supermarket. Their ethical policy also offers peace of mind – their carrier bags proudly proclaim their commitment to fair trade, human rights and environmental causes.

Seoul Plaza – 91-93 Mill Road

One of Mill Road's many East Asian shops, Seoul Plaza sells a range of Chinese, Korean and Japanese products. Try the fragrant and refreshing Umeshu, a sweet Japanese plum wine traditionally drunk on the rocks, or calorie-laden Skippy peanut butter, popular in both America and the Far East.

Arjuna Wholefoods – 12 Mill Road

Founded in 1970, Arjuna Wholefoods has been supplying alternative foods to Cantabrigians for decades. The shop is run as a co-operative and the staff are extra friendly, particularly if you want to discuss 'the wonders of tofu'. Their stock extends way beyond the lentils and dried apricots one might expect, including ethical toiletries and organic beer and wine. They also have an extensive fresh produce section, with daily baked bread and locally sourced fruit and veg wherever possible.

KITTY WALSH

Getting over the buttery blues

Fed up with College food? Meal Deals not cutting it anymore? Fear not: we asked **Sam Frost**, Head Chef of Magdalene, and **David Harwood**, Catering Manager of Pembroke, for some quick, easy and – most importantly of all – cheap recipes.



Quick Pasta Carbonara (for 4 people)

Preparation time: 10 mins
Cooking time: 10 mins

Ingredients

400g dried spaghetti
2 tbsp vegetable oil
200g diced ham
3 eggs
3 tablespoon single cream
salt & pepper
3 tbsp chopped parsley
4 tbsp parmesan cheese

1. Cook pasta in large pan of salt water until al dente.
2. Beat eggs, cream, parmesan and parsley in bowl.
3. Heat oil in a frying pan and fry ham until it goes crisp.
4. Turn heat down low and add drained pasta and cream mix to ham – stir until combined.
5. Remove from heat and stir until eggs are lightly cooked and creamy, serve immediately. For a vegetarian option replace ham with mushrooms.

For tasty winter comfort food, which effectively feeds

four people for under a fiver and only takes 10 minutes to make, carbonara is hard to beat. All the ingredients are cheap and easy to have hanging around. By the time the pasta is boiled, the sauce is ready to be mixed in with minimal mess. It's difficult to go wrong, even if cooking is not your strong point – just be careful not to overheat at the end and coagulate the eggs. Try with bacon for an extra kick.
NATALIE LAWRENCE
(RECIPE BY SAM FROST)

Total cost: £6.27*
Good for: comfort eats

*ALL PRICES FROM SAINSBURYS



Green Lentils con Chorizo (for 4 people)

Preparation time: 15 mins (excluding lentils)
Cooking time: 60 mins

Ingredients

1 chorizo sausage for cooking
1 onion peeled and diced
1 head of garlic peeled and chopped
2 medium sized carrot peeled and diced
1 large potato peeled and diced
1 bay leaf
2 tbsp olive oil
salt

1. Soak the lentils overnight in water until they soften.
2. Finely dice the onion, carrot, garlic and chorizo and pan-fry in two tablespoons of olive oil for 4/5 minutes. The chorizo will release paprika-coloured flavouring – don't drain this off.
3. Add the bay leaf and cover with water mixed with a stock cube.
4. Simmer for 40 minutes.
5. Add the peeled and small diced potato and simmer for a further 20 minutes.
6. Serve with toasted garlic bread or top with a nice pork chop for a more substantial meal.

As the picture (left) suggests, this is a somewhat misleading title for the "One I Prepared Earlier". The dish did have a touch of the classic vegetarian food look – murky and bland, though without the moral benefits. For a student with an essay deadline fast-approaching, the overnight lentil soak makes it less than ideal for a quick fix. However, with some fine tuning, a patient cook and a bit of ketchup, the dish would be great for those who favour lentily, near-virtuous goodness: perfectly decent, and certainly cheap to make. ANNA HARPER
(RECIPE BY DAVID HARCROFT)

Total cost: £5.52
Good for: virtuous diets

Vegetarian Breakfast (for 4 people)

Preparation time: 10 mins
Cooking time: 35 mins

Ingredients

450g potatoes
220g button mushrooms
3 tomatoes (quartered)
4 eggs
2 tbsp chopped parsley
salt & pepper

1. Fry the potatoes in a pan.
2. Leaving the potatoes on a low heat,

fry mushrooms, tomatoes and eggs.
3. Season the potatoes with the parsley, and serve immediately.

What happens when you get a *Varsity* team into a kitchen, devoid of most cooking equipment, to make breakfast? You get burnt mushrooms, eggs cracked in mugs, a fried egg that looks like a shrivelled hand and the photographer relentlessly shouting for cups of tea amid the mayhem. Aside from all the

Total cost: £6.40
Good for: fatty veggies

chaos, the recipe for the vegetarian breakfast was relatively easy to make. Fry potatoes, fry tomatoes, fry mushrooms, fry eggs. Frying potatoes, however, will take you ages – boil them first. If you excel in frying breakfast-related produce, have a budget of £2 per head for four people and are suitably hungry then the Vegetarian Breakfast is the breakfast for you.
TANYA IQBAL (RECIPE BY SAM FROST)





A mountain out of a molehill

Nick Griffin's appearance *Question Time* was a stark reflection of British politics. **Matthew Symington** talks to ex-fascist and activist **Ray Hill** about the British National Movement and fighting the far right.

Ray Hill has just finished his speech at the Union and all around me people are rising in a standing ovation. Small wonder, really; Hill's story is a compelling one.

Lured into the ranks of the National Front in 1960s Leicester, Hill soaked up the anti-Semitic literature his mentors bombarded him with. Yet from the late 1970s until the early 1980s Hill acted as a mole first in the South African National Front, then in the British Movement here in the UK. In 1984, Hill openly took part in a Channel 4 documentary investigating the true face of British Fascism; his subsequent experiences were proof of the terror which he had exposed.

Twenty minutes after his Union appearance, Hill and I are sitting in a room in Cambridge's Jewish Centre. I had not been one of those who stood at the end of Hill's speech; perhaps because I had more time to question him, and wanted to draw my own conclusions on the man, mostly because I wanted to get to the bottom of how he had pulled himself out of an all-consuming ideology and pledged himself so wholeheartedly against it. With difficulty, I was to learn.

First things first: Hill cautions against confusing activists with leaders, and voters with activists. "There is nothing more dangerous in this country than a strong, intelligent white working-class lad with no education, no prospects and no hope in life!" he had declared at the Union.

The *raison d'être* of Hill's campaign against fascism is to resolve the disconnection between the 'liberal elite' (apparently made up of our governors) and the white working-classes on whom the fascists rely for votes. Those on the centre-right have often said that the government's dismissal of objections raised against immigration has contributed to the rise of the BNP. I ask Hill if he thinks this is true: "Almost certainly. My politics are generally slightly left of centre but I think the government's immigration policy has

been irresponsible.

"I got involved [in Fascism] for the best possible motive; I wasn't motivated by hatred but by poverty and frustration. However I think I was becoming twisted, I was halfway there! My wife recognised it and I recognised that she was right so I was very fortunate. If I hadn't been married to who I was married to I might have got in too deep to have been able to pull myself out. That never happened; I was never 100% in there, they never had me – thank god!"

And yet those in the Movement who courted Hill were wealthy and educated. Indeed his most important mentor, Colin Jordan, was a Sidney Sussex alumnus. What motivated these guys? "That is the \$64,000 question! I just do not know; there is no

I was getting phone calls saying 'we'll get you, you bastard.'

excuse for it. [Jordan] went to Cambridge. He was a very clever man, a capable speaker, a good organiser... such a sad waste, somewhere along the line the guy got twisted, and it could have happened to me. He had the opportunity to pull himself out of it like I did and he chose not to do so.... these people made their choices. [They] will probably always exist. The best we can hope for is to cut off their life-blood, and their life-blood is the frustrated white working class."

In 1969 Hill, entrenched in poverty, moved to South Africa to become a miner. Several years of political inactivity followed until in the late 1970s Hill was encouraged by some Jewish friends to infiltrate the South African National Front and pass on information. I ask Hill how he could switch from being a far-right die-hard to becoming a Fascist saboteur: "There was a long period in South

Africa when I was completely uninvolved in politics," he answers, "but I was unfulfilled. I guess if I've made a mistake I try to put it right, and I had made a monumental mistake."

The role gave rise to conflicted feelings, Hill describes meeting an Indian family squatting on the roadside after being evicted by the South African police: "This reinforced my already established hatred of fascism, but also made me do a bit of soul searching. You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. And I had to make contributions to the National Front, and perhaps part of the contributions I'd made led to these poor bastards being where they were. To that extent it was a very traumatic event."

Hill returned to Leicester in 1979 and rejoined the British Movement. This time, though, he was under the auspices of *Searchlight*, an anti-fascist magazine for whom he collected information. In 1981 he uncovered an alleged bomb plot on the Notting Hill Carnival: "I found out about the bomb plot in Paris. I actually got one of the guys on tape implicating himself in the plot; I went into a bar with a recorder on my briefcase and he blurted it all out. I'd got him! But of course that isn't acceptable as evidence. It wasn't sufficient to get him nicked but it was sufficient to prevent the plot being carried out."

The plot is evidence, Hill claims, of the "intrinsically violent, terrorist" nature of British fascism. His experiences after his 1984 exposé add weight to the claim. "After the programme for Channel 4 was made we had to move, but they found us after about a year. One night some guys crept round and left a gas canister with a blowtorch propped against it outside my son's bedroom – if it had went off nobody in the room would have survived."

More than just thuggery, then. I ask him how high up the Fascist hierarchy he believed these threats were being sanctioned: "High. I was getting phone calls saying 'we'll get you, you bastard.' They said they would

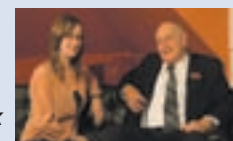
bring boys over from Italy to do it. We had to leave."

Our thirty minutes is almost up and I only have time for one more question. This man has stared in the face of fascist terror, he knows more than most about what's at stake – I ask him if he thinks political censorship is an acceptable tool to fight fascism. He responds thoughtfully: "I think we've reached the stage where we have to be very distinct in what we mean by censorship. I support wholeheartedly the no-platform-for-fascists policy that most universities have.

"I can't stop them renting the room in a building around the corner from me to spread this poison if they want to, but I don't have to let them into my front room. So what I shall concentrate on doing is to encourage all decent organisations, all decent pub managers, all decent breweries and controllers of any buildings which could possibly be used for that purpose to simply not give them that platform. I don't consider that censorship I just consider it the exercise of my individual freedom."

A fair point. This man is full of fair points – in my experience the Union has never hosted a speaker who has so frankly and openly washed away the preconceptions of the audience. You can't help but be taken aback by the conviction with which he expounds the case against fascism, a conviction honed not just out of his own experiences inside the BNP, but out of his underprivileged background in the kind of community upon which the BNP depends. The next time Nick Griffin is on *Question Time*, let Jack Straw stay in Westminster and put Ray Hill on the panel instead.

Watch our two minute interview with Ray Hill now
www.varsity.co.uk







Two Heavenly Virtues of Cambridge

Week 7: Diligence

I need a job. I didn't realise this until Wednesday, when suddenly everyone in our house was gripped by the Graduation Fear. One of my favourite daydreams is to imagine the inhabitants of our merrily dysfunctional home all transferring to a rambling London abode, with four spacious floors and an acre of garden in St John's Wood. I was happily spinning the story of how we would return from our stimulating, creative, well-paid jobs, to a hearty meal rustled up by our jolly Victorian cook, when I was interrupted by one of my housemates. "Except that's not going to happen, is it? Because two of us are going to be struggling writers, two of us struggling musicians, one a sexually dissolute novelist, one an unemployed architect and the other a sleep-deprived City worker who will soon grow tired of funding the rest of us."

A gloom descended upon the table and my joyously impossible future disappeared in a puff of reality. Suddenly I was confronted with an alternate vision, that of living in a flat a fifth the size of my

current bathroom, spending my days calculating sums on an abacus for Boredom Inc.

It was time to Sort My Life Out. That night I decided to have an earnest careers discussion with Dissolute Would-Be Novelist. However, when I mentioned employment he burrowed under the duvet for half an hour and I only managed to coax him out by playing the theme song from *True Blood* – when he discovered my deception he sulked and said "Let's just have some rum and talk about the career progression of Philip Roth." But I persisted – for once we would both have a serious discussion – I would not start talking about my womb, and he would not mention Marcus Garvey.

In the end we managed to establish that his ideal professional future would be either a) marriage to a generous dowager who would allow him to pad

contentedly around her well furnished flat and eat olives out of the fridge or b) working in space. "You mean like being an astronaut?" "Well, maybe, but really I'd just want to commute into space daily or something from the top of our house.



LUCY NURNBERG

Collect space rocks, look for water. Something like that." We both sat in silence for a while. "Or I could go into advertising." We moved on to my job options. "Well, what are your skills?" Five minute pause. I check Facebook. "I can do a reasonably good impression of the accents of most American states."

"It's not really a transferable skill is it?" I shake my head sadly, and mooch upstairs to watch *The Thick of It* and send tipsy, flirty emails to Guardian journalists.

I think the essential problem is that I lazily ignore the advice to flesh out my CV, to develop hard-bitten interview skills, and stop blinking so much when I'm nervous, and rather hope that my innate charm will carry me through. Even if I know logically that it's good advice not to lie on a résumé, a small but not inconsiderable part of me scoffs that honesty

is overrated. That part can't help the quiet conviction that my CV full of outlandish exaggeration and half-truths will land on the desk of a cigar chewing newspaper tycoon, who will chuckle "The kid's got chutzpah!" and make me editor of a colour supplement. Or that I'll be strolling down a London street and a limousine will pull up, the window will roll down and the voice of a publishing svengali will boom out, "Hey you! You look like your first novel would be a winning combination of thought-provoking life lessons and sass. Have a hundred grand advance and we'll talk."

But then the harsh reality of the fact that my greatest summer achievement was getting through three DVD box-sets in a week sets in, and I know that I need a new plan. And so I am determined for the rest of this year to go to every relevant careers event, to find out what exactly 'people skills' are, to work out, painful though it might be, what I actually want to do with my life, and to stop considering urban spaceman as a job option.

VICTORIA BEALE

HOT



SOLANGE KNOWLES
Beyonce's little sister covers experimental track *Stillness is the Move*. Nice one, Little Knowles. <http://tinyurl.com/yehndua>

OCTOMOM
Channel 4 programme featuring the plastic surgery-addled mother of sixteen. Car crash TV at its finest.

THE SARTORIALIST FOR BURBERRY



Trendsetting photographer snapping pics of beautiful people (left) in beautiful coats? Yes please.

TWILIGHT OMG the new movie opens today! Cue shaking, crying, etc.

BELLE DE JOUR Became a call girl to fund her PhD. Look upon ye future, grads, and despair.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS PUT UP EARLY We'll start feeling merry when we goddamn feel like it, thank you.

JORDAN Clawing her way back into the public eye

on the new season of *I'm A Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here!* Give it up, love. Just give it up.

SKINS FOR MTV The definitive UK teen show is being remade for America. The setting? Baltimore.

NOT



Shadow Puppet Guide



Week 7: The Goose

My week by Stacey Tracy, Blueprint fan*



CLAUDIA STOCKER

Sunday

OMG. Have just seen Oli Hunt in Sainsbury's. Literally nearly passed out. Saw him buying orange juice and Lemsip. If he is ill for the concert on Tuesday night I will literally die. V. worried.

Obv. v. sad that Zed has left the band. Felt a bit like I did when Bryan chucked Westlife for Delta Goodrem. But maybe Zed will be a Robbie, not a Bryan. Have put all work on hold this week. Can't concentrate on anything. Haven't been this excited since The Smash Hits Poll Winners Party was televised in 1999 (when Scott from 5ive won best haircut third year in a row.) Have looked up all the boys on Facebook. Thought it might be a bit cringe to add them as friends. Have settled for poking them all.

Monday

OMG. Ed Stephenson just poked

me back. He is officially my favourite member. Like Ronan, or Nick Carter or Scott. I was literally in love with Scott for, like, two years. Also, my friend Sarah says that she heard that her friend from Pembroke's sister who graduated last summer once kissed Ed in Fez. I am so jealous. Am making a banner for tomorrow night which says 'Ed: You Are My Blue-Prince.' He is literally so hot. And he did play one of the princes in *Into The Woods* in my first year so it works on two levels. I am definitely an original fan. I was going to the boys' musicals at the ADC before Blueprint was even assembled.

Tuesday

OMG. Matt has just poked me back. I've written a new banner which says 'I Heart Matthew Eberhardt.' Feel a bit disloyal to Ed but I could always stick the banners back to back and rotate them every

song. On second thoughts, I'm a bit worried about favouritism. I might want to hedge my bets. Matt and Ed might have girlfriends for all I know. Have settled on: 'Dan Garsin: My Original Sin' and 'On The Hunt For Oli Hunt.' I'm struggling with a James Partridge pun. Still don't know how I feel about him replacing Zed.

Wednesday

OMG. That was literally, *literally*, the best night of my life. I have literally never screamed so hard. Ever. And I've been to some pretty emotional concerts. I saw Busted's last concert before they split. I'll never forgive Charlie. I always knew there was something untrustworthy about him and his caterpillar eyebrows. And I saw Boyzone perform for the last time as a fivesome last summer. Sad face. But last night, was, like, a new beginning. I haven't felt this

way about a band since the golden age of 5ive's *If Ya Gettin' Down* and 5ive were actually my *life*.

The boys were *soooo* amazing. Oli Hunt is like the fittest person ever. Like Mark from Westlife was until he got a bit fat. And he's got this amazing JT falsetto. Not that I like JT. He basically murdered 'N Sync.

When they did the Westlife medley I literally nearly died of happiness. *Flying Without Wings* is like my all time favourite song ever. I would so have that at my wedding. Or maybe *Queen of My Heart*. Or *Unbreakable*. Defo something by Westlife anyway.

Am completely in love with James Partridge. Zed, who? When he did Sean Kingston's *Beautiful Girls* I literally felt he was singing it just for me. Swoonacious. Am literally going to marry all of them.

* As told to Rafael Meruna

Come Together



Boys who are girls who like boys to be girls who do girls like they're boys who do boys like they're girls... Sometimes, all you need is chastity. Chastity, and a plan.

Move on, you kids who read for the filthy anecdotes and an affirmation of your own bad habits. This is a week of chastity. I thought about getting in the infamous story of the Starburst Cluster, but you've heard that one before, and you probably don't want to hear it again.

Instead: my personal tutor. My personal tutor is not a man of many words. He specialises in insects – something to do with insects – and he was absent all last Lent term researching beetles in South America. He grew a hugely impressive beard and it stuck. He has his little repertoire of concern. “Have you got any personal problems? Are you healthy?” “He tends to fall asleep,” a third year told me, pre-first encounter. “You have to keep him interested.” So first meeting, I ended up telling him I

was bisexual.

He woke up, at least. He muttered something about parthenogenesis, and he was, as it transpired, rather intrigued. “It doesn't really matter, I don't think,” he said, “about boys and girls. All that matters in sex,” he said, “is chemistry. And that is something you either have, or have not.”

A year and a half later: our termly meeting. Problems, numerous. Liver, shrivelled. Swine flu, averted. “And how goes chemistry?” The Beard asked. Sly fox. My fury, at Anna's empty virginity wine bottle, probably torpedoed by PanzerFresher, hadn't abated. We had chemistry. Her vinyl and her evening visits and my refusals. And fate. The vomit-clogged sink which dumped her next door to me. All of the missed evenings spent fantasising about fucking Charlie.

“So you see,” I said, “it's complicated.”

We sat in silence. I imagined him groping Argentine breasts in a salsa club in Buenos Aires.

“All you need,” he said, “is Didier Dagueneau Silex. 2007.”

I just looked at him. Slowly, a plan began to form. A little cheesy. A little expensive. But worth it.

I made the Laithwaites order that evening. I hadn't seen PanzerFresher on our corridor all week. The Neanderthal nightly groans had subsided. “They're on the rocks,” Charlie reported. “He plays ice hockey. They have cheerleaders.” Charlie was dressed as a baboon. Pink cardboard was sellotaped to his ass. I struggled to recall what the appeal had been.

I listened to the Beatles through the wall and waited for the bottle to arrive.

BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

If like me, you are an 80s baby, and the dulcet tone of Sir David Attenborough used to lull you to sleep in pre-pubescent years, then this is for you.

Following on from epic documentaries such as *The Blue Planet* (2001) and *Planet Earth* (2006), Attenborough embarks on a new project aiming to capture all species in action. The advancement in cinematography alone is sure to leave age-old fans gasping for more. Before you object, this is not just a programme for Natscis.

Attenborough, Britain's best known and best loved natural history broadcaster has an inexplicable manner of engaging the scientist buried deep within us all. Whether you're a bird or beast lover this is the place to discover weird and wonderful natural phenomena worldwide. The immense panoramic shots, captured by powerful hot air balloons, which spiral over vast expanses of ice in the Antarctic, or herds of reindeer in the Alaskan tundra, truly evoke the overwhelming sophistication of our planet. The minute slow-motion cameras reveal such

marvels as a mother rufous sengi outrunning and outwitting a predatory lizard, and nine foot-long Komodo dragons tearing shreds from one another in what looks worryingly like a mating ritual. Such detailed accounts of the daily struggles our fellow creatures must endure simply to reproduce certainly brings essay crises into perspective, and is a somewhat therapeutic reminder of the big wide world waiting to be explored post-graduation (although I am dubious as to how many of us will make it to wilds of the Poles). Moreover, such descriptive delights as “Reptiles and amphibians look like hangovers from the past” provide unexpected humour.

What remains most impressive of all, though, is the effort and patience of the television crews. Exposing themselves to very real dangers by spending days in freezing arctic conditions to capture the perfect shot of a Weddell seal pup's first water venture, or waiting weeks for the death of a poisoned water buffalo, shows a determination and dedication to the public that demands tremendous respect.

Indeed, those of us who never ventured abroad prior to university in search of ourselves or a new perspective of the world can now benefit from Sir David's help in filling the holes in our life experience. Who needs a gap year when you've got iPlayer? TILLY WILDING-COULSON

Life is on every Monday on BBC One and is available on iPlayer.

Food and Drink

Grantchester: punting, Rupert Brooke and good food? Tanya Iqbal finds out.



The Orchard: taste the literary heritage goodness.

If you're at Cambridge and you haven't yet partaken in the Grantchester pub-lunch-experience, then you are massively missing out. Tempus fugit. Carpe diem. Memento mori. You only live once, etc. So get over the fact that you always have work, and take up a more laissez-faire attitude to academia for an afternoon and go.

Grantchester is only a twenty-five minute walk away from the Sidgwick Site and as long as it is sunny you can guarantee it will be worth the (minor) effort. Once you have walked through the pretty meadows that lie between Cambridge and Grantchester – watch out for the bulls en route (don't wear red) – you arrive at the pink and green building which is the Red Lion. Try not to be put off by the unattractive outer décor – the food served here is hearty and delicious, and the portions are nothing short of generous. They serve fish and chips, burgers with thick-cut fries and a seriously tasty mushroom risotto among a variety of other dishes. During weekdays, the pub tends to be very quiet but on the weekends, and especially Sundays it is, as expected, suitably raucous.

Just down the road from the

Red Lion pub is the Orchard. The Orchard is a fairytale corner of Grantchester; huge trees with sprawling, twisted branches create little alcoves in which there are deck-chairs and tables where you'll find robins perching. In the autumn, apples and pears which have fallen from the trees lie strewn across the grass. The Orchard is the quintessential destination for the quintessential afternoon tea. You can eat scones where Virginia Woolf ate scones, sip tea where Wittgenstein sipped tea, crunch poetry where Rupert Brooke crunched poetry. The scones are huge and delicious and ideal served with clotted cream and strawberry jam while the cakes are all home-made classics, baked to perfection: take your pick from Victoria sponge, chocolate fudge, coffee and walnut, apple pie, carrot, or the gluten-free but equally delectable Dime slice, Snickers slice or lemon cheesecake.

The Orchard is idyllic at any time of year – it is undoubtedly one of the best things about Cambridge, especially following a delicious pub lunch, so set down your laptop, grab your copy of Brooke and head over to Grantchester to bask in its afternoon tea-based brilliance!

Recipe: Chavvy Delight

If you're lazy and don't want to go to The Orchard, then here is a recipe that will quell any sweet-food cravings. This recipe may or may not be the recipe for fruit trifle, with added sprinkles, cider and Angel Delight.

Ingredients:
2 (8 or 9 inch) white cake layers, baked and cooled
2 pints fresh strawberries
1/4 cup white sugar
1 pint fresh blueberries
2 bananas
1/4 cup orange juice
1 packet instant vanilla pudding mix
2 cups milk
1 cup heavy whipping cream
1/4 cup blanched slivered almonds
12 maraschino cherries

Multi-coloured sprinkles
Angel Delight
Cider

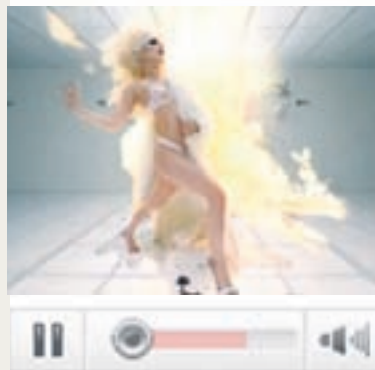
Method:
Slice strawberries and sprinkle with sugar. Cut bananas into slices and toss with orange juice. Combine pudding mix with milk and mix until smooth. Cut cake into 1 inch cubes. Use half of cake cubes to line bottom of large glass bowl. Layer half of all the fruit. Spread half of pudding over the fruit. Repeat layers in same order. In medium bowl, whip cream into stiff peaks and spread over top of trifle. Garnish with maraschino cherries, slivered almonds, a whole tub of multicoloured sprinkles, a dollop of pre-made Angel Delight and a generous splash of cider.



Our Tube

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Gaga's mindblowing new video references everything from *True Blood* to *Dr No*, by way of *Thriller*. Oh, and she sets a guy on fire with her bra. Sold yet?

The Book is Dead. Long Live the Book?

Does the advent of the e-Reader, the blog, and amazon.co.uk spell the end for the publishing industry? Five bibliophiles ask what the future holds for the slightly foxed paperback.

The Espresso Book Machine

I have a recurring nightmare in which I am consumed by a longing, both for the opportunity to buy and consume an espresso and for the means to purchase the hard-to-find G.K. Chesterton classic, *The Man Who Was Thursday*. I awake wrapped in sweat. I had given up hope of ever sleeping again, until in April I read an article, suggesting that Andrew Hutchings, chief executive of Blackwell, had masterminded a cure.

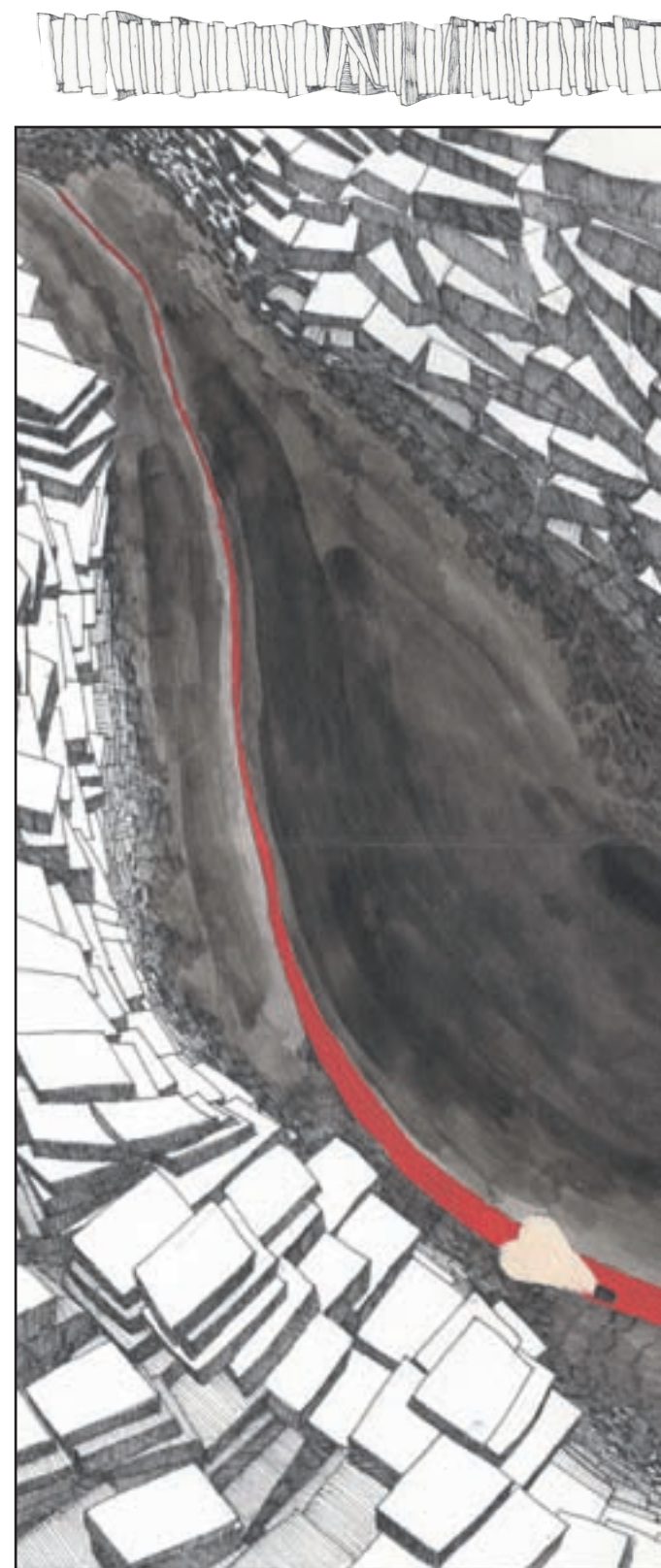
In a move that Hutchings believed “could change bookselling fundamentally”, Blackwell have unveiled an in-house printing service, which makes possible the printing and binding of both freely available digital content and out-of-print texts. Over half a million titles are available. Blackwell print-on-demand service is provided by ‘The Espresso Book Machine’, an industrial laser printer capable of printing around 40 pages per minute, leaving the customer just enough time to grab a titular espresso as their book is created. So has Hutchings cured me?

The reality of the print-on-demand phenomenon is still too awkward and frustrating to transform my nightmares into bibliophilic fantasy. Finding a book to print is not straightforward. The customer chooses a title from the selection offered by publishers collaborating with Blackwell; a choice which can be made through the complicated and user-unfriendly interface on Blackwell website.

When I arrived in Charing Cross, the interface problem becomes apparent. It took ten minutes to find the files, followed by another twenty minutes to print and bind. The machine’s operator was blunt. “Whoever designed this made it difficult to use.” (And didn’t waste time thinking about the aesthetics.) If the title is available online, ordering it from Amazon is cheaper and easier. The online library is an odd, labyrinthine net, replete with manuals for car parts and entomological field guides. The books are not pretty. The binding is very glossy, sticky even.

I have my Chesterton novel now, but given the protracted printing process, I drank more than the one espresso. The nightmares are history, but only because I’m totally wired. Print-on-demand is not the future of bookselling.

ROBERT THOMAS



The e-book

At the heart of the British Library in London is the King’s Library Tower, an imposing steel-and-glass structure built to house the private library of George III. The Collection, donated to the nation in 1823, holds some 84 000 volumes, including a Gutenberg Bible and Caxton’s first edition of *The Canterbury Tales*.

Tucked away behind this temple to the printed word is a lime green sign welcoming readers to the “virtual bookshelf”, inviting them to “explore the future of reading”. Beneath are four Sony Portable Readers, the company’s latest foray into the burgeoning e-book market. With each device theoretically capable of holding up to 40,000 volumes, these gadgets, no larger than a paperback, could between them store the King’s Library almost twice over. I approached the idea of trialling an e-book with scepticism. I picked up the Reader and tried to read something. Foxed by an admittedly uncomplicated menu, I seemed only to be able to access a table of contents. In German. After a few

minutes of fiddling I did manage to read a few pages of *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*, tracing my finger across the screen to turn each page and trying to ignore the pixels dissolving and then reappearing to form the words on the screen. It is easier on the eyes than reading from a computer or television screen, but it still doesn’t measure up to the simple joy of flicking through a paperback. It’s all rather cold and unromantic. There was no feeling of excitement as I opened the front cover for the first time (there was no front cover), nowhere to indulge the jealous desire to pen my name onto the first page, to take possession of the book and make it my own. Given that much of the demand for the Kindle, Amazon’s answer to the e-book, is being driven by the romance and erotic romance, one might be tempted to observe that someone looking to read Lori Foster’s *Real Men Last All Night* would probably feel let down by a battery that doesn’t.

Though the number of books available in electronic formats is increasing, there are still considerable gaps in online catalogues. Amazon, for example, offers *Rosie: Her Intimate Diaries*, “a delicious and voluptuous voyage of

endless arousal” but not *Cider with Rosie*, Laurie Lee’s classic account of a Gloucestershire childhood. If the e-book and the much-hyped Kindle prevail over traditional paperbacks, gone would be the days of lugging hefty tomes from place to place, of being stuck on the beach without a word to read, of trekking through endless corridors in search of a book. But gone too would be the pleasure of browsing dusty bookshops, of third-hand dog-eared paperbacks passed from friend to friend, of small-scale, independent publishers, and of a cultural aesthetic that has taken almost a thousand years to develop. DAVIDSHONE





MICHAEL LOVETT

The Blog Turned Book

The phenomenon of blogs turned into published books – or ‘blooks’ – is recent enough to still have publishers and agents talking about it as the next big thing – and established enough to have its own ‘Blooker Prize’. Although this novelty in publishing has generally been met with interest and curiosity, some argue that ‘blooks’, by making amateurism acceptable, are a false move for the publishing industry.

There are parallels between the frenzy over such success stories as *Belle du Jour* – the allegedly true diaries of an anonymous London call girl (unmasked this week as research scientist Dr Brooke Magnanti), first published as a *Guardian* blog before being turned into a bestseller and a TV series – and the overnight sensations found by shows like the X Factor and Pop Idol. Amateurism, in publishing as well as music, has become not only acceptable, but formidably commercial as well.

But are blooks really doing anything new? Or is the controversy that surrounds the phenomenon nothing but a publicity stunt – a new gloss over a format that has existed for centuries? Since blogs are naturally written in short vignettes, over a long period of time, and usually personal in tone, they tend to resemble the diary format. The ‘blook’ is, essentially, a techno-savvy diary.

Where explorers have traditionally published their journals, sinners have published their confessions, and columnists have published their columns, now bloggers are publishing their ‘blooks’. Had De Quincey had access to the internet, he too would have written a blog and perhaps he would have been picked up by a publisher and offered a contract for his confessions.

The defining characteristic of the blog format is that it creates a dialogue between writer and readers, before the publishers even come knocking. This notion of collaboration acts more as a means for the writer to gain popularity (and, possibly, to feign intimacy) rather than anything more substantial. It is a useful selling point (and a canny bit of pre-publication market research) rather than an intrinsic quality of the writing.

The phenomenon of the ‘blook’, doesn’t pose any real threat to the traditional format of the book. After all, the move to publish these blogs suggests that leafing through pages is still preferable to tedious scrolling down. The idea that the blogging-to-book process is any more intimate than any other publishing process is a marketing strategy at best, designed to flatter not only the reader’s ego, but the author’s too. CHRISTIANASPENS

Poetry goes digital

No account of twentieth century poetics could be complete without some mention of the trail blazed by Harriet Monroe, the poet-cum-essayist-cum-founder of *Poetry Magazine*. Writing and editing prolifically between 1891 and 1936, during the halcyon days of the Modernist movement, Monroe cut an inspired and remarkable public figure amongst the literary establishment, advising poets as important as Hart Crane and Ezra Pound. Announcing her generous editorial attitude, Monroe declared “The Open Door will be the policy of this magazine – may the great poet we are looking for never find it shut, or half shut, against his ample genius!”

Today these enduring and inviting tenets are maintained by the Poetry Foundation, an online organisation which, whilst allowing visitors free access to its content on their computers, continues to distribute *Poetry Magazine* in printed form. Katherine Coles, director of the Poetry Foundation’s Harriet Monroe Institute, is eloquent about her budding project to “ensure a vigorous presence for poetry in various forms of new-media outlets.” The conviction behind this rather weighty aim is illuminated by an extensive archive of audio

recordings and lectures, blogs, and video documentaries which complement a searchable archive of verse that includes excerpts from everything from Chaucer to children’s nursery rhymes.

After immersing myself in some of Poetry Foundations offerings (the chance to hear three separate recordings of Pound’s *Cantico del Sole* being a particular delight) I begin to wonder whether Coles’s comment that “We don’t expect new media to replace the book, though we do think the book will change somewhat” isn’t slightly tentative, hedged and overly even-handed. Though much better staffed and funded than is typical for a website of its kind (its team is made up of two distinctly different parties: academics and ex-investment bankers and is backed by a \$200 million grant) the Poetry Foundation deploys its resources with the same openness endorsed by Monroe almost a century ago, allowing great poetry to animate accessible technology with a view to building a larger and more sensitive community of readers. If literary history must take an electronic turn, this might just be a valuable one. ELIOT D’SILVA

The Independent Bookshop

James Daunt, founder and manager of Daunt Books has little sympathy for predictions about the end of the bookshop at the hands of all-conquering warrior amazon.co.uk. Daunt estimates that the curse of the Independent Bookseller is to “sit there convinced that the end is nigh and not invest in people or their premises”. If there is one thing Daunt Books does well it’s people and premises. Their flagship shop in London’s Marylebone High Street is a former Edwardian bookshop complete with oak bookshelves, a light-flooded atrium and William Morris wallpaper. The intelligent, knowledgeable Daunt staff, who rotate between the four branches, never ask customers if they could spell ‘Dostoyevksy’ while they peer blankly at an online catalogue.

Daunt Books has continued to thrive where others have

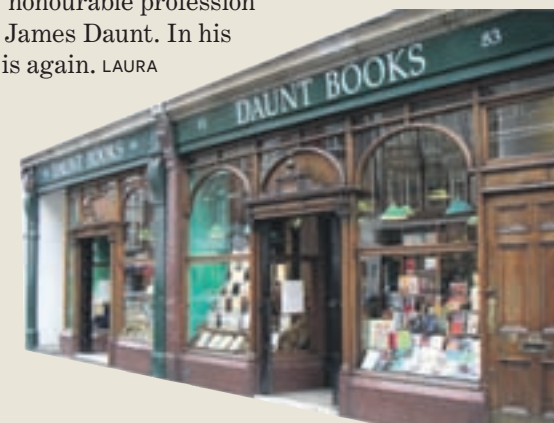
floundered, overwhelmed by Amazon, Waterstone’s and Tesco. Daunt opened his first shop in Marylebone High Street in 1990, just in time for the 1991 recession. The shop lost money for four years. A second shop in Soho opened in 1996 and closed soon after. James Daunt has weathered enough storms to be sanguine about gloomy predictions about the future. Bucking all trends, Daunt Books has opened a further three stores in Belsize Park, Hampstead and Holland Park.

Daunt is sceptical about the major booksellers’ stack ‘em high, sell ‘em cheap methods. Daunt has so far resisted “promotions as inane as 3 for 2” and laments that it’s a “depressing way to do it”. “Tesco,” he concludes “is never going to be a Heffers”.

If the Daunt Bookshop has become a destination, then the canvas Daunt Book bag has become an unlikely fashion icon. Designed by Diana Liu, the bag achieved cult status when it was photographed on the arm of model Anouck Lepere outside the Tuileries on the Sartorialist Blog (a shining example, incidentally, of the

blog turned book.) The green and white Daunt bag is now the sine qua non in the wardrobe of any aspiring blue-stocking about town.

Daunt Books has survived where others have struggled because of its informed staff, its thoughtful buyers and its own highly defined brand, from the oak shops windows to its distinctive bag. “Bookselling was a perfectly honourable profession” observes James Daunt. In his hands, it is again. LAURA FREEMAN



Of fairy tales and folklore

As the nights get longer and darker, **Elizabeth Dearnley** welcomes the return of folk legends and fairy tales told round the fire.

Once upon a time there was a girl living in a wood. Or a cowherd's youngest son. Or a prince seeking adventure. Or a malevolent witch. The details may change, but the impulses guiding the telling of fairy tales remain the same. She will be beautiful, and he will be handsome, and evil will be vanquished and they will live happily ever after. But within this overarching narrative is a kaleidoscope of possibilities. Shake the tube, and a different glittering tale is formed. And this reforming has happened again and again; throughout human

history, from neolithic campfires to the sugary technicolor of Disney, fairy and folk tales have formed an essential part of the way we see and understand the world.

November, A. S. Byatt tells us in her fairy tale-suffused novel *Possession*, is the traditional Breton storytelling month. And as autumn shivers into winter, the idea of gathering round the fireside swapping tales has always seemed particularly attractive; in the chillier parts of the world, people have

traditionally told stories to keep out the cold through the long winter months, with the black night just outside.

These stories have always been about more than mere entertainment, however. Almost all share a fascination with the unknown, with what lies just beyond the safe, flickering pumpkin-orange warmth of the hearth. What we know today as 'fairy tales' were once much less cosy than their prettified modern counterparts, which are invariably the result of a bowdlerising nineteenth century desire to make them suitable for children. Tales about the land of 'faery' in the original, otherworldly sense of the word deal with that uncertain, glimmering space between the safe human world and the supernatural. We tell and listen to these stories to learn how to cope with difficult situations, to confront our fears, and to understand what it means to be human.

Now, as the nights draw in and the Siberian winds whistle across East Anglia, is a good time to reread, or perhaps encounter for the first time, some of these stories which teeter between the sweet and the sinister; tales of snow queens, of girls in red hoods, of wolves, ice, darkness. The well-known stories of Little Red Riding Hood and Hansel and Gretel offer their audiences a basket of grandmother-bound honey cakes and a house of marzipan, but also

abandonment, danger, and the importance of being resourceful. Traditional Russian tales tell of the wise Vasilissa, who attracts the tsar with her weaving skills, but also of the sorceress Baba-Yaga, who lives in a house on chicken's feet and flies around in a mortar and pestle. In medieval English romances, one can find stories of knights riding out into tangled forests to encounter shimmering, unearthly women who may or may not wish them harm, such as the Arthurian tale of Sir Lanval.

As well as traditional tales, many writers have reused and recast fairy tales in their work. Angela Carter's *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories* offers feminist reworkings of traditional tales in gorgeous, eldritch prose, while, more recently, Neil Gaiman's *Sandman* and other fiction weave fairy tales, legends and mythologies together in impishly imaginative ways. In film, fairy tale imagery finds its way into Tim Burton's cinematic world of striped stockings and cobweb-tinselled forests; this month, Terry Gilliam's *The Imaginarium of Dr Parnassus* uses the familiar motif of a man making a deal with the devil to dramatic big-screen effect.

So this winter, curl up by the fireside and lose yourself in the dark glitter of fairy tales. Just take care not to stray too far into the shadows outside.



KATHERINE SPENCE

Three tales to try this winter

Cold, A. S. Byatt (in *Elementals: Stories of Fire and Ice*): chilly modern fairy tale about an ice princess and her glass-blowing prince lover.

The Bloody Chamber, Angela Carter: a retelling of Bluebeard with a feminist twist.

The Juniper Tree, Barbara Comyns: haunting, novel-length version of the Grimm tale of a woman's relationship with her stepson.

How it is. How it was. Ten Turbine Years.

As the tenth Turbine Hall installation is unveiled, **Lucy Whelan** reviews **Miroslaw Balka's** *How It Is*

The details of the tenth Turbine Hall commission were kept strictly under wraps until its opening on the 13th October. But now, unveiled, stands what *the Daily Mail* are calling a "giant black hole" – and for once, they are not far wrong.

The "black hole", or, *How It Is*, by Polish artist Miroslaw Balka is a massive steel construction that fills the hall, and heightens the industrial atmosphere of the Tate Modern. From the outside it looks like a shipping container on steel stilts; from underneath it looks like an ominous railway track, stretching into the distance. A ramp takes you closer and closer to a vast, black edge that looks like it might really be a rip in the fabric of space. The walls inside are lined with a felt that absorbs five times more light than ordinary black paint: the very air you are swallow-

ing is jet-black. It is unsettling and delicious – and, if you can ignore the screaming school-children around you – it is a radically unique experience. But – hold on – let's not get carried away about how cool this is. Anish Kapoor does 'cool', but creating 'oooh'-factor has never been Balka's game. So far, the media have tended to focus on the awesomeness of the black hole experience, as if it were a theme park ride. But it is clear this work can only be interpreted by looking at the artist's continual referencing of memories, both collective and familial, of suffering and oppression during and after the Second World War.

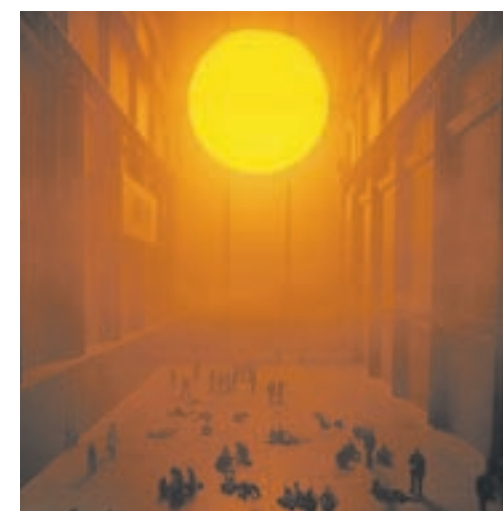
The Samuel Beckett novel from which Balka's installation takes its name sheds some light on this darkness. The character of Beckett's novel crawls through unending mud. Recited, in a constant murmur, are memories of his past: "things things always and memories I say them as I hear them murmur them in the mud." The

intention behind Balka's darkness seems to be that it should similarly surround us, to the point where it starts to seep inside.

Balka is not normally an artist of large, nearly formless works: on the contrary, he is a collector by nature, and his art, apart from sharing the steely industrial quality of *How It Is*, is normally very piecemeal. Balka's art is usually a domestic, eclectic affair, using a variety of materials. His studio is packed with memory-laden materials for use in his work – a photograph of his mother, frayed labels from cheap wine he drank when growing up near Warsaw. These are beautifully combined in an almost therapeutic recycling process, as Balka creates personal objects that reflect Poland's past more generally. This past is a painful one: working and creating art through the impossible times of the Soviet Union, such recycling was once, for Balka, a matter of necessity rather than choice.

Balka also refers frequently to the horrors of the concentration camp at Treblinka. In the artist's home town of Otwock there are still those who can recall the day when 8,000 Jews were forced to Otwock station to be taken to this camp. For Poles – who have only been allowed to discuss their own history freely (and accurately) since the fall of communism twenty years ago, WWII is not so far away.

Balka's art lies in an evocative reflection of scars: his works are memorials. While his Turbine Hall work has a new simplicity of form, his concerns remain unchanged. Balka would normally articulate the memories of the people of Poland through materials such as ash, soap, salt, and cloth. In this work it is the darkness that is thick with memories and meanings. These memories which Beckett heard "murmur them in the mud" have been packed up by Balka, so that they have become unspeakable.



From left to right: Miroslaw Balka's black hole, Anish Kapoor's trumpet, Carsten Holler's slides and Olafur Eliasson's sun

MUSIC

PAUL SMITH



Loveable, cuddly and with a faint stench of alcohol, we'd love a Seasick Steve for Christmas.

Seasick Steve

THE CORN EXCHANGE, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 15TH

★★★★★

As an expansive crowd snaked around the perimeter of the Corn Exchange in advance of the show on Sunday night, a small band of buskers played in the corner of the Guildhall. Eventually attracting their own crowd of customers from The Cow and passersby, it was a fitting opening to an evening with a musician who, until recently, was very much part of the busker fraternity.

Seasick Steve is no innocent, and on Sunday night he expertly exploited the niche of the deconstructed blues player. With no support act and a few scantily draped fairy lights for a stage setting, the projected message was clear: the blues is a dish best served pure, and delivered

by an individual possessing the necessary shaman-like qualities only obtainable through a lifetime of hand to mouth hardship.

His opener, 'Man from Another Time', played directly into this mythology, Steve placing himself in an bygone golden age of bum-dom. Denying all pretensions, he claims that "all I can keep doing is playing what's in my heart". With his baseball cap and checked shirt (soon removed to reveal a wife-beater), his allusions to his time spent in "an institution paid for by the government", and a claimed preference for tractors over Ferraris, Steve worked hard to convince that he is the ultimate American hobo. What was unexpected for the cynics, however, was his disarmingly gentle charm which gradually works its way into even the most hardhearted the startling conclusion that Seasick Steve could actually be genuine.

His "junk-yard" of homemade

instruments such as the Diddley Bo, replete with a functionless Chevrolet door-handle and dangling Christmas decorations which, by his own admission, "don't sound very good", combined with his Hillbilly body jerkin', foot tappin' and stooped-back stalkin' across the stage are infectiously likeable.

His life story was told with accompanying blues licks. The war-scarred step-father who used to "beat up on" him and his brother and the induced homicidal thoughts stayed only by a revelation. His eventual decision to leave home aged 14 and live rough were all concluded with a personal triumph that proved engaging and emotionally involving: "I don't get spare change now!"

By the end of the show, when the house lights came up, no one in the sold-out Corn Exchange could doubt that Steve is as good a candidate as any to sing the doghouse song.

THOMAS KEANE

Gemini

CLARE CELLARS, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 15TH

★★★★★

Jim Hart's Gemini played the Clare Cellars to promote their excellent sophomore album *Narrada* on Sunday night. Their two forty-five minute sets consisted of original songs as well as a rendition of Wayne Shorter's 'Infant Eyes' and a new unpublished track. The quartet features Hart on vibraphone, Ivo Neame (who is better known as a pianist) on alto sax, with Jasper Hoiby on double bass and Dave Smith on drums. The group is emblematic of the precociousness and diligence of the young London scene; its members are concurrently up-and-coming and firmly-established.

The vibraphone is an oscillating electric percussion instrument

which resembles a large xylophone in appearance and timbre. Hart's style is influenced in particular by vibes legend Bobby Hutcherson, a seminal performer and composer in the 1960s out movement.

Smith began 'Dark Moon' at a furious tempo, extracting fabulous tones from his kit. The group pounced on the number – the consistently melodic and contemplative Hoiby went up a gear and started to strum-pluck his bass as Neame tore into the tune with a John Zorn like intensity. Towards the end, drums and vibraphone were left to play the head in perfect unison, Hart's mallets scuttling up and down the keys as Smith stabbed the toms like a boxer hitting a speed bag.

The musicianship on display was simply outstanding as the group meticulously unlocked Hart's challenging compositions with unostentatious virtuosity. But the

extent of their success derives from the fact that they thrilled and entertained a largely unknowing audience, playing songs with shifting time signatures and obscure harmonies that never seemed broken-up or contrived.

The combination of the delightful ambience of the majestic Clare Cellars and the consistently strong programming of its jazz sight is always a hit, so it was a pity to see a poor attendance.

JONATHAN LIFSCHUTZ



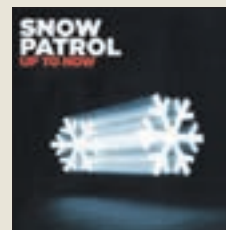
Jazz and shit with Gemini

New Releases

Snow Patrol

UP TO NOW

★★★★★



Up To Now is a catalogue of the omnipresent stream of tedium that Snow Patrol have so far produced. 30 stupefying tracks form a two hour vacuum of musicality and lyrical sense. The songs are often so bland that it is impossible to distinguish between them. Three songs have riffs made up of empty fifths. All have Lightbody's vocals which are limp, strained and breathy.

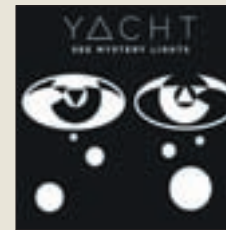
The most famous songs: 'Run' and 'Chasing Cars' are senseless musical wallpaper. They are perennially used at 'emotional' moments on television but have limited independent worth. Elsewhere, Martha Wainwright's voice lightens the leaden texture on 'Set the Fire to the Third Bar'. 1998's 'Starfighter Pilot' is the best track. A fey vocal over a grungey guitar thrash with synth interjections and baffling chord changes it is juvenile and derivative but pleasantly silly.

Light up light up? *Up To Now* is just dull. EDWARD HENDERSON

YACHT

SEE MYSTERY LIGHTS

★★★★★



See Mystery Lights is a series of fun, experimental excursions into electro dance from the Portland Duo. It has more analog bleeps and chirps than HAL the homicidal computer from *2001: A Space Odyssey*, but YACHT's newfound pop sensibility keeps the album approachable and away from needless abstraction and indulgence.

Fevered dance-outs like 'I'm In Love With A Ripper' and 'Summer Song' make the album a success, but these stronger tunes somewhat frontload the record. The tracks in the later part of the album, although delightful, are just too sugary sweet to beg repeated second and third listens.

This division in material is frustrating, given the strength of so much of *See Mystery Lights*. Yet the record is definitely worth a spin. When YACHT nails it, it's clear that if they had just held their focus a bit more they would've really gone in for the kill here. PETER MORELLI

Jamie T

THE MAN'S MACHINE

★★★★★



The Wimbledon wordsmith's new single comes in the form of an EP, granting fans four extra songs. But it's a risk to release tracks that didn't make it onto an album, and on *The Man's Machine* it shows. While the single's riotous chorus and sampling is kept in check by Treays' swaggering voice (seamlessly rhyming kings and queens with amphetamines), there is no such balance elsewhere. The lo-fi sound which crowned his first album is replaced by over-production.

Before Treays only rapped about his friends from the street, now it appears he's invited them into the studio to produce. What else can explain the incongruous sound effects, the jolting changes of pace and the unrelenting ska melody (on 'Man Not a Monster') which overcrowds most of the songs? It's only in 'Believing in Things...' that we get a hint of that redeeming elegiac quality that underpins his most perceptive insights. ZELIJKAMAROSEVIC

Shut Up & Dance

HOW THE EAST WAS WON

★★★★★



How The East Was Won constitutes the first comprehensive anthology to try to map the history of one of the most important labels of the British dance scene. A complete collection overseeing the duo's career over the last two decades, it kicks off with rough, jungle beats evoking illicit outdoor parties, before offering slick, better produced tracks which retain the same raw edge of their earlier days.

The 3-disc set could be divided into these three ages: the hardcore opening, a millennium-heralding drum and bass and breakbeat period (highlight of which: "Arrest the President") and finally a more garagey, 2-step toned feeling that has come to define their noughties.

The songs have an urban, nineties-London sense throughout and make for an interesting documentation of the exciting trail that the electronic music scene has trodden in Britain since the late eighties. MICHAEL BROWN

FILM AND ARTS

To The Moon

EDITED BY CAROL ANN DUFFY

★★★★★

Ever since her inauguration as Poet Laureate this May, it's become increasingly clear that Carol Ann Duffy will not stay still. In the past month alone we've witnessed the publication of her *New and Collected Poems for Children, Mrs Scrooge: A Christmas Tale*, and now this appealing if somewhat wishful anthology of what Duffy terms *Lunar Poems*.

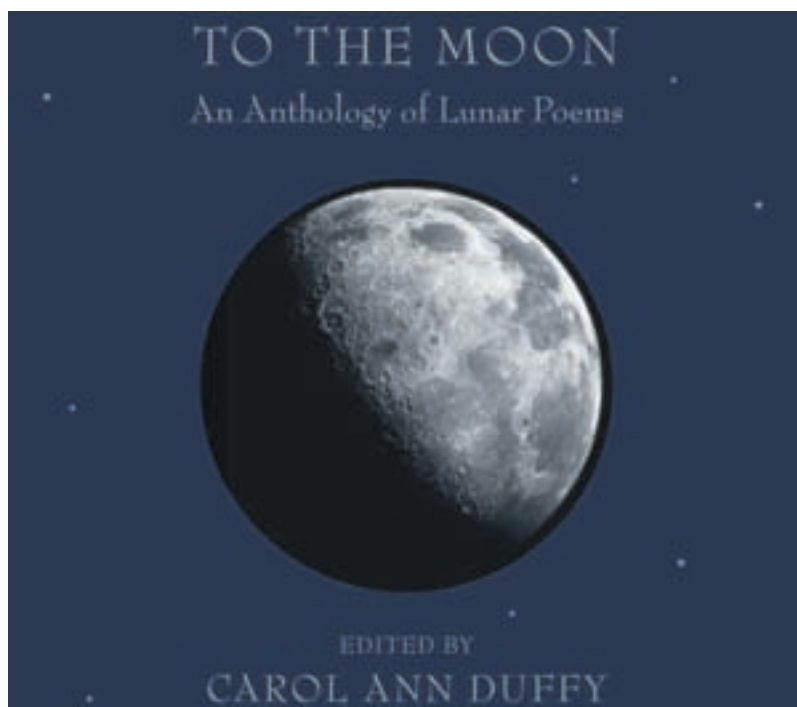
Although readers familiar with her poetry are likely to have already passed judgement upon it, we are now invited to make decisions about her reading habits. For Duffy, the material collected here is representative of a larger artistic truth, namely that "the moon has always been, and always will be, the supremely prized image for poets – a mirror to reflect the poetic imagination; language's human smile against death's darkness." While there is something overdetermined in such a cloying metaphysical generalisation, a darkness is pulling observably over our skies this autumn from as early as 4pm.

The purpose of *Lunar Poems* is to show just how symbolically pregnant the moon has been for writers, a brightness visible out of the darkness which "gives us a real sense of our time on this planet". To do so Duffy ranges chronologically across literary history for examples to prove her hypothesis,

carefully devoting equal attention to ancient, Renaissance, Romantic and Modernist verse.

Many of her suggestions suffer, from a sense of predictability. It is admittedly comforting to linger over Edward Lear's 'The Owl and the Pussycat' once again, before being lead gently into Arnold's 'Dover Beach' by way of Robert Browning; but comforting the reader like this is unlikely to provide them with any startlingly existential sense of their time on this planet. These accepted classics are a long way from Hart Crane's

warped 'Chaplinesque', which appears (somewhat incongruously) midway through the volume. Crane's tense lyric interrupts a string of seven poems each with the word 'moon' in their title, and seems to have had the status of 'Lunar Poem' foisted upon it by Duffy. Its lines "...but we have seen / The moon in lonely alleys make / A grail of laughter of an empty can" are governed by the moon, but more poignantly allow the figure of Charlie Chaplin to surpass his clownish nature under its milky transcendent glow. ELIOT D'SILVA



Carol Ann Duffy's next collection will be entitled: Ode To The Flasher

A Serious Man

VUE

★★★★★

"I know you hit a rough patch," Larry Gopnik is told near the end of the film. That's the understatement of the year. For 105 minutes the Coen Brothers throw shit in the face of Larry Gopnik, and, by proxy, the faces of the audience. I can't say I enjoyed it. At best it sparks a few good laughs but only because, amidst the unrelenting shitstorm, the audience grasps anything resembling entertainment.

The Coens' last outing, *Burn*

After Reading, was an inconsequential piece (I know that was the intention; it only made it more irritating) carried by the star-power of Messrs. Pitt and Clooney. Here they eschew stars and attempt to craft a meaningful, sympathetic lead. Sadly, Larry Gopnik is simply pathetic.

Gopnik finds himself surrounded by marionettes. You can see the strings moving these characters, but their puppet masters haven't mastered many of the strings. Consequently the supporting characters only ever pull up their arms, extend their elbows, and throw shit in Larry's face.

Gopnik is likely to miss tenure, his wife wants to leave him, his

kids are brats, his brother a leech, he has no friends, and the rabbis he visits for advice offer only meandering anecdotes. Gopnik also has no talent or ambitions. He's a loser. Woody Allen has made this film better (*Crimes and Misdemeanors*) and funnier (*Deconstructing Harry*). Plus, Allen's lead characters are sympathetic because they actually have personalities.

When the Coens run out of steam they decide dream sequences will pad things out, they decide Gopnik's son can get stoned before his packed out bar mitzvah and they throw in a foxy neighbour with scant morals and surplus marijuana (in suburban Minnesota, in 1967). So, despite the slow pace, a pervading sense of frustration – heck, despite the fact it's dull – it's also highly implausible.

For the third time in a row, the Coens end on a cop-out. Leave your story in the air once and it might be interpreted as cleverness; do so thrice and it can only be interpreted as laziness.

This is the Coen Brothers on autopilot and, while the film has a few neat comic touches, and a brilliant prologue, it fails. The Coens have bought into their hype but they have nothing new to say on the topic of a middle-aged man lacking purpose. They are certainly able film-makers; they are not philosophers. The sooner they realise that the better. JAMES GARNER



You want to go and see the new Coen brothers film? Are you being serious?

Arts Comment

It's all Greek to me. Cambridge's great unsung acting opportunity.

Lizzie Mitchell



Once a year, the Marlowe Society brings in a professional director and Cambridge thespians come from far and wide to join the audition queue. But what of the other professionally directed Cambridge theatrical production, and why the grievous neglect by the ADC crowd?

In January 2010, casting will begin for next year's Cambridge Greek play. It's *Agamemnon*, one of the most powerful tragedies ever written, and the acting parts are great. Clytemnestra at her height is a woman to compete with any god or man; her husband certainly doesn't stand a chance. But more than that, *Agamemnon* 2010 is a pretty unique opportunity. Cambridge only puts on a Greek play once every three years, so the majority of undergraduates will only be around for one turn of the tragic cycle. Last time *Agamemnon* was performed in Cambridge was fifty years ago. Even a career in professional acting is unlikely to offer ancient Greek dramatics in abundance, and in the grand scheme of Theatrical Opportunity, this is about as close to once-in-a-lifetime as you get.

The Greek play has always been a plum opportunity for Graecophiles, and rightly so. The trouble is, though, that it sometimes risks being seen as the exclusive preserve of the academically, rather than the theatrically, inclined. Every three years a handful of Hellenists appear from outer space, burble out a series of incomprehensible mutterings every evening for a week, and then disappear back into the void.

This shouldn't be the case. Perhaps one reason why it's so often overlooked is that the Greek play doesn't fit the typical ADC pattern, the short sharp rehearsal scramble and quick turnaround that Cambridge actors are used to. Being realistic, the language barrier probably

slots in there somewhere as well. But with a healthy ten-month gestation period from auditions to performance, not only is there ample time to learn the (potentially gobbledy-)Greek, but there's also space for workshops and masterclasses in physical and musical theatre to be built into the rehearsal process. This is slow theatre, and with it come all the benefits of a truly civilising pace.

It's also, strange to say, very modern theatre. The performance of a fifth century BCE Greek tragedy in 2010 isn't something to be regarded purely as an academic exercise. There is an incredibly alive tradition of reinvention and reinterpretation of these plays, and any new production of *Agamemnon* is playing into a conversation of the last twenty years as well as the last 2500. And there's certainly more to this *Agamemnon* than just the Greek – from the perspective of eleven months' distance, it looks set to be a moving, singing, multimedia-embracing performance, with a freshly-composed musical score and not a himation (ancient Greek overcoat – forget that – you won't need to know it – there won't be any) in sight.

Quite clearly this isn't the kind of play to suit everyone. There's a lot of process before the pay-off, and it's a complex enough process to require a considerable degree of commitment. But it's a serious and professionally-led production and it's at least worth having on the radar, even for those who usually think of themselves as more the Beckett than the Aeschylus type. With a professional director, musical director and set designer, and full funding and support for theatrical and technical high-jinks, it's a windfall opportunity for Cambridge actors which deserves more attention than it gets. Very occasionally, Greeks bearing gifts turn out to be an OK prospect.



Greeks bearing gifts: The tragically overlooked Greek play

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we must discuss a very serious issue: your future. 'Planning on selling your soul to investment banking when you graduate? Think it will make you happy? Think the money will wash away your misery?' Well yes I know the answer from most of you will be 'No, Luvvie! I plan on flouncing around The Strand, with a dilapidated velvet jacket strewn over one shoulder, accompanied by a similarly-passionate-posse of liberal Luvs and Luvsesses, who heart literature and believe in the higher art that forms the basis of all humanity, you Nancy Boy!'

Buuut, for those out there, who, you know, may be looking for a *proper* job, and hear the call of Goldman Sachs jangling through the bank deposit every time you get £10 out in Market Square may find Toby Jones' questions rather pertinent. Toby Jones is the director of *Going Short*, a new play by Issy McCann, which won the RSC/Marlowe Other Prize for new writing, and explores the world of investment banking (!), previewing at the ADC this week.

Now enough with all the seriousness, because – must contain excitement! Think cold bath, think lecture, think investment banking – it's only bloody Christmas! So that means Panto time! *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* hits up the ADC for a whole fortnight.

Actress Mel Heslop says, "with over 100 company members and 1,000 prop sausages, the show promises to be a spectacle- so why get festive only once?" (yes sausages! yes festive!) Actor James Walker notes the "absurdly elaborate costumes, and even more absurdly elaborate revolving set" (yes revolve!), which Director Matt Bulmer translates into, 'Welcome to the Cave of Wonders. Welcome to the Place to Be' (hell yes!). According to Actress Ellie Ross, when it comes down to it, "it is also more fun than you can shake a stick at". So put down that stick, and get involved (YES!). LAUREN COONEY

The Caucasian Chalk Circle

ADC MAINSHOW
★★★★★

Ah, the sweet smell of fresh meat...the big thespian stork has arrived with several new bundles of joy just waiting to be subjected to the theatre reviewer's keyboard-bashing. Well, as the week-of-scrutiny kicked off, this brood was clearly determined to please.

Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* is a parable about a young girl, Grusha, who rescues the baby of her fleeing mistress following a coup, during which her master is beheaded and she must hide from the 'Ironshirts', soldiers who work for the leading rebel, the Fat Prince. Eventually, the civil war ends, and Grusha wins a custody battle against the biological mother of the baby after she refuses to hurt him by pulling him from inside a circle drawn with chalk.

The thing about this play is that the complexities of the parable imply that there is a lot going on, when actually it's quite simple – a comment or two is being made about the flaws of the class system, and a lesson on the qualities of a true, loving mother is being taught. There are moments in Lydia Onyett's production when it looks as if control of this ambiguous plot is proving rather elusive, but on the whole the cast should be pretty pleased with themselves.

Holly Crook is engaging and endearing as Grusha from the moment she opens her mouth and starts wringing her hands, and makes a very satisfying switch from doormat to heroine when she is at loggerheads with the bewitchingly insane, shrieking Governor's wife (Rachel Wilkinson). Georgia Ritter's Jack Sparrow-esque swaying and swaggering as Azdak takes a bit of getting used to but is admittedly effective, and a big hats off to Amrou Al-Kadhi for being bloody creepy as the cowardly, predatory husband to Grusha. The chorus deserves a mention for being confident, assuredly slick and for making the most of their one-liners without taking away

from the rest of the action: the spear-wielding Ironshirts also grew on me in the second half, snickering and snarling away like a bunch of playground bullies on the rampage.

There are some things that didn't quite push my buttons: I've got to say, the background music is a nightmare...there's nothing like the sound of a polyphonic ringtone to kill the mood during a scene of emotional turmoil and indecision. I was also a little underwhelmed by the scene that the entire play builds up to: more should definitely be made of the chalk circle scene, and using a spotlight for the circle is a bit of a cop-out. I was also confused as to whether the blanket

that is fought over is meant to represent the baby, or whether its unravelling was a first-night slip up: as I'm in a cheery mood I'll go with the former. On that note, the Singer is mostly a steadfast and reliable narrator throughout, but I do think he could pull off his parting lines with a little more decorum: the effect of his omniscient presence is slightly deflated by his sudden scampering down from the railings and skidding into the spotlight. OK, bitching over: it's not perfect, but there are some faces in here that we're going to be seeing a lot of in the future, and they can be proud of their debut on the ADC stage.

JEMIMA MIDDLETON



JAMES GRAVESTON

Blueprint

ADC THEATRE
★★★★★

Have you ever seen a standing ovation at the ADC? From our last minute bartered for seats at the back of the otherwise sold-out auditorium, we could see eager female fans with pre-prepared love-smears, knickers, banners and plenty of gusto, dancing on their feet for a solid hour.

That's not to say that the boys were holding back – though of course they were in the minority. Shouts of 'Stevvo' and 'We Want More' pushed out in manly growls, proved that the bandmates' drinking society buddies were in full attendance, pint in hand. Blueprint: the boys wanna be them, the girls wanna be with them.

Their success is hardly surprising considering the blueprint formula the band follows. You got the one that can sing – Dan Garsin took MJ's lead in 'I Want You Back' to new heights; you got the one that can dance – Matt Eberhardt emulated the sensuality of Take That's Jason Orange in 'Pray' beautifully; and you got three perfect poster pinups (newbie James

Partridge, Oli Hunt, and Ed Stephenson). Considering the flood of female totty milling around after the show, none of these buff botties need fear the dreaded drought plaguing most Cambridge undergrads.

Their initial entrance, appearing through a smoke haze in gowns to the wails of Enya, could be confused with the tragic aftermath of a friend's drunken failed formal. What followed was an array of popstastic tunes from our childhood, executed with a confidence and precision that would have Simon Cowell readjusting his belt. Credit to Ed Stephenson for managing most of the arrangements, especially the 'mash-up' of Sean Kingston, Ben E.King, Snow Patrol, and Sting.

Ellie Awford did a great job of replicating cheesy boyband choreography, particularly in the songs that included female dancers, and Miri Gellert showed balls (or rather, bust) in their rendition of Busted's 'What I Go to School For'.

Don't worry if you missed out: rumours are that St John's and Trinity are in a bidding war for a Blueprint monopoly in May Week. Alternatively, if you are heading to Tokyo, we've heard they are going to be massive in Japan. GEORGE WOODHAMS AND LAUREN COONEY

Black Comedy

ADC LATESTSHOW
★★★★★

When a play starts and the stage lights don't come up, it's usually not a good sign. Even in a Freshers' Late Show. But that's how things work in *Black Comedy*, a farce written by ADC alumnus Peter Shaffer. Light is dark, honesty is cruelty, and philosophy springs from the mouth of a ridiculous German electrician.

Shaffer is probably best known as the dramatist behind *Equus*, and *Black Comedy* is no bit of frippery either. The inclusion of a highly stereotypical gay character, Harold Gorringer, is a mark of Shaffer's bravery, given that the play was first performed in 1965.

Sculptor Brindsley Miller and his fiancée Carol Melkett await the arrival of a German millionaire, George Bamberger, who has taken an interest in his work, and they decorate their London flat with antique furniture purloined from a neighbour. For the first few minutes the play is bathed in darkness, but when a fuse in the basement blows, the lights come up, and suddenly,

paradoxically, there's nowhere to hide. Classic farce ensues, but things take a darker turn when Brindsley's mistress, Clea, unexpectedly enters the fray.

Isla Fisher pitched her simpering Carol perfectly. Will Karani's nervy Brindsley was likable. Still, Brindsley wasn't quite as fleshed out as the other characters, and given that he is the character who carries the play, the whole production suffered a little. As Colonel Melkett, Will Seward was booming, irrepressible and worked his facial muscles almost to death. He was repaid with the adulation of the audience.

Lewis Owen as Harold Gorringer was a master of the Paul O'Grady school of camp, though his accent did waver at times. Brid Arnstein's Clea was excellently understated; a chilling enigma. Arnstein came into her own late on after having to make the best of the weak early lines she was dealt by Shaffer. James Swanton was Einsteinian, manic and magnetic as the electrician Schuppanzigh and unlikely bringer of light.

James Hancock-Evans and Emma Makinson directed a smooth rendering of Shaffer's picture of 1960s social and artistic hollowness. But Edward Quekett's lighting brought it into bleak relief. CHRIS KERR

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ "Serious assault with a dangerous weapon" ★★★★★ Chalk on an old, dry blackboard ★★★★★ Un-Ironed shirt ★★★★★ Chalk Circle of Life ★★★★★ Fat Prince in a candy store

THEATRE

Look Back in Anger

JUDITH E. WILSON STUDIO

★★★★★

“All I want is a little peace,” says Alison, Jimmy’s long-suffering wife. If that’s what you’re after, you won’t find it here. No good production of *Look Back in Anger* is ever going to make for an easy evening, and this is very good, the kind of theatre that chews you up and spits you out at the other end, speechless.

Down the ugly plastic steps into the English Faculty basement, disbelief could be abandoned at the door of the Judith E. Wilson studio. The set was dark and messy, all newspapers and sweets scattered beneath suspended scenery.

Wooden boards sketched a roof; a screen of moving light made a great writhing window amidst the stagnation of the 50s Midlands flat.

This is the original slice of disillusioned British drama. Screw escapist heroics: you’re stuck with Jimmy Porter, a smart ball of working class rage. He smokes his pipe and curses church bells; he insults old flat-mate Cliff and inexorably baits Alison. Osborne’s script could be played to insufferable angst, but this production’s far better than that. The chirpiness of the 50s tunes between scenes evoked several smiles, particularly when its lyrics made for brutal irony. ‘Witch Doctor’ has never held such poignancy. And it wasn’t just music enlivening the changeovers, for the characters bustled about stage, waltzing or moping as their situation demanded. In betraying her companion and replacing her as Jimmy’s lover, Alison’s friend Helena (Anna

Maguire) danced about the furniture, dispensing her belongings in smooth usurpation.

These sequences were just one aspect of the play’s physical bravery. Jimmy and Cliff’s friendship burst into mock brawls that are going to bruise for weeks once this is over, and the former’s latent irritations exploded once in a while into the desperate, restless performances of an exceptional man rendered dull by circumstance. The highlight of Monaghan’s fantastic performance wasn’t these bitter dramatics, however, but his unrelenting tension: the flicker of annoyance over a paper, or the unpredictable softness of an embrace. By such subtleties, he ensured that Jimmy was terrifying

for being a human being, rather than an Angry Young Man.

Other performances were prone to a tremble. There was little of the intimacy of old friends to the reunion of Alison (Katy Bulmer) and Helena, particularly in contrast to the boys’ chemistry. In narrating Alison and Jimmy’s history, Bulmer adopted a strange garble which somehow managed to be both manic and monotonous, yet all was forgiven in her final breakdown. It was the most beautiful and destructive conclusion to a production that I can remember. In its wake, the bow was downbeat and the exit solemn. You know it’s good when the post-applause silence can endure those ghastly white walls, all the walk back into the night. ABILGAIL DEAN



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Marvin’s Room

CORPUS PLAYROOM

★★★★★

Picture the scene: an early cast meeting, director pacing the floor. “Howdy guys”, she says, with boundless enthusiasm. “Come down to the front y’all, and show me your best American accents!” If scores of British actors have fallen at the Yankee hurdle, what’s to stop the cast of *Marvin’s Room* – an early nineties American classic by Scott McPherson – sounding like a stroke-affected Dick Van Dyke, or worse, Gwyneth Paltrow?

The answer, predictably, is a bit of a mixed bag. Bessie and Hank, played by Kiran Milwood-Hargrave and Luka Krsljanin respectively, pull off a very convincing, but unplaceable drawl; others are less successful, veering from Kansas to Dublin via South Kensington at dizzying speed. Perhaps this is a clever reading of the characters, who all appear to be borderline bipolar, but I doubt it.

A quick summary then: Bessie has leukaemia, and needs a transplant from a relative. Cue

the arrival of neurotic sister Lee (Katy Alcock), her Ohio beefcake first-born Hank (straight from the mental institution), and his younger brother Charlie, played with refreshing lightness by James Barwise. Marvin, on the other hand, chills in his room off stage, one-eyed and diabetic. He’s been dying for 20 years.

All in all, a bit of a sorry tale. McPherson was moved to write after the death of a lover from AIDS. He met the same fate at just 33 years old. Bessie may be on the brink, but it is the uncertainty surrounding the guy in the back that really brings out the characters’ true feelings. “Don’t you ever wish he would just die?” says Hank to Bessie in the Florida moonlight, close enough to the sea to taste it. Talking about how the intimacy of the Corpus Playroom lends itself perfectly to some productions, is more of a

Varsity cliché than “This Smoker was a bit hit and miss”. Then again, it ain’t a cliché for nothing, and perfectly applicable here.

So what happened to the rest of those coveted stars? The main problem was that the promise of a ‘darkly comic’ production failed to materialise. Mark Wainwright’s Dr Wally, though blessed with the odd gem (on taking a bone-marrow sample: “It’ll make a slight crunching noise”) at times felt like a directorial reaction to the sincerity of the other characters. I love dark – I’m thinking of redecorating my room in burgundy. Those with different tastes in interior design, however, should readjust their palettes for what is still a very watch-able, if not ‘darkly comic’ play. ALISDAIR PAL



JAMES GRAVESTON

Creative Writing Competition



Each week we set a different creative writing exercise. The people who submit the running-up and winning pieces have their work printed in the next week’s *Varsity*, and the winner is rewarded with two free tickets to an ADC Theatre show.

Week 7: Prose Poems

Winner: Mother Sea

by Zeljka Marosevic

When we were children we poured out gifts from our small hands. Shells from the sea shore, smooth stones. Tiny birds. And from our mouths she sells sea shells on the sea shore she sells sea shells on the sea shore. They were sirens, calling us back. We fell for them, tumbled and scraped knees but they picked us up. No they were mermaids, the smell of the sea in their long hair tumbling, unfurling waves. The first time we touched the dead. But they were alive then they were singing humming our beginnings sea shells and she sells and sea smells and she smells of the sea. Worth all of our offerings, for she smiles at me.

Runner Up: A Prose Poem

by Edward Herring

Dawn dawns with the sun in one’s stomach. Heavy turns on an axis of rib carpet-burned by one’s best friend’s floor. Heaving, beleaguered, one eye shrinks to all that matinal stuff, the other gives a wink. Spurned churn of a whirligig tummy, turmeric-tanned and something circular-brown swilling. Must be, eternally turning to the tune of night, something something. Gurning, groaning, alone and moaning. Alienate alien duvet, limp kick of the sheet, seething colon and on one’s feet. Creeping creak through the sleeping, nuzzled, breathing, teething stuff, who knows what. One spends a lifetime getting the door latch going. Green, nervy and low. Door-draft on sweat patch, slow to task, muscles preening the gutrot on the grow. A Beige Coiling Drop. One rushes, perturbed-stir weighing, shoe-stuffed stumble and hoping, freighted belly-mush, cackling heel in honking step-stress - one wends to the flush. Grimaced gut, air-tight hold until the door is shut. Lower vestige torn down, double check the lock, seat clapped in crown. Behold and lo one lets the contents go! A soft scud on the porcelain white. One sights outside an ear of snow.

Second Runner Up: Struck

by James Coghill

Next week’s competition: Centos. Derived from the Latin word for patchwork, the Cento is a poetic form comprised of lines taken from other poems. Get a little intertextual this week, and borrow a selection of your favourite lines or phrases to be collaged into a new piece of writing. Good luck! Send submissions to Eliot D’Silva at literary@varsity.co.uk no later than 9am on Monday, November 23rd for the chance to win two tickets to the following week’s ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.

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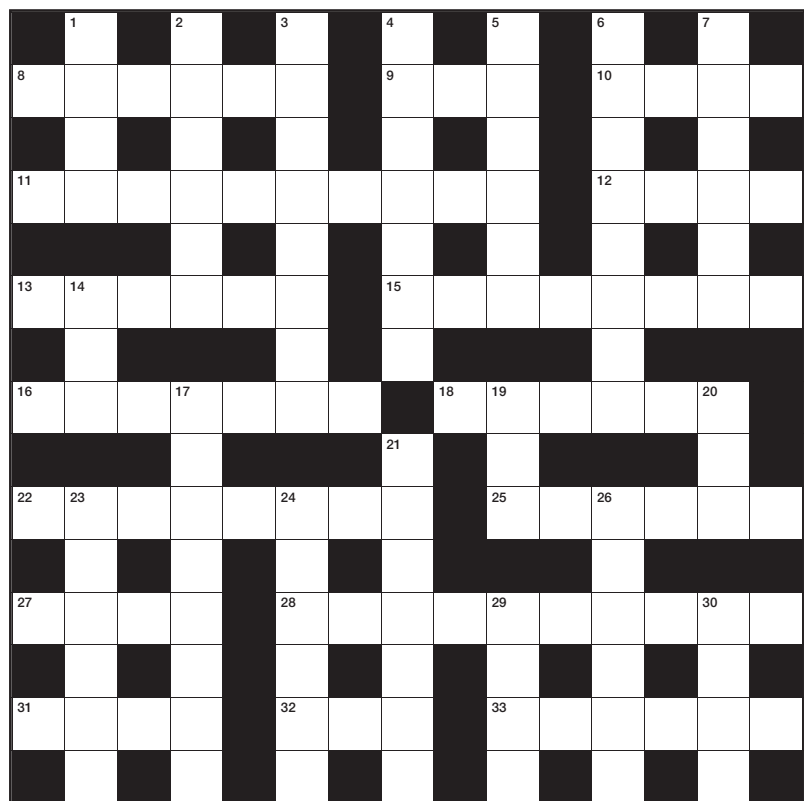
VARSLITY



Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

no. 515



Across

- 8 In a cow's moo, there's something flawless. (6)
9 Inside arena, don't bother. (3)
10 Actual money! (4)
11 Benin Civil war cannot be stopped. (10)
12 King of pop dislikes the Pink

- Floyd album. (4)
13 Rub one out in a coffee bar? No, bro, that's messed up! (6)
15 Note Italian city takes Al, not I - that's illegal. (8)
16 His political view is over with. (7)
18 Express displeasure with soldier, drug gets the blame. (6)
22 Shock emergency room with

- song. (8)
25 The usual method with a boat is capital! (6)
27 They say I love Latin shells. (4)
28 Hit holiday trousers are singular. (6,4)
31 Complete lake. (4)
32 Network is as easy as one, two, three. (1,1,1)
33 Virgin at a hen party? (6)

Down

- 1 Operative of 14 has two forms of street address. (1-3)
2 Proceed, lady streaker. (6)
3 Hacker uses IT to break punishment (5,3)
4 Biomechanics without Enoch is broken feet. (7)
5 Scale of gold - french label. (2-2-2)
6 Slow cooking poet. (8)
7 Spanish food for my secretary, Ms. Fitzgerald. (6)
14 Hoover's gang are just a crazy little lie. (1,1,1)
17 Editorial lacks a little insight and there's confusion as to how well it's suited. (8)
19 There's little time in the open meeting for resistance. (3)
20 I am inside the golem! (3)
21 Hold gun on canal gate. (7)
23 Small town prince. (6)
24 AA bill is disconcertingly lippy. (6)
26 Street customer is baptist. (2,4)
29 I'm a massive priest. (4)
30 Broken cane causes facial scarring. (4)

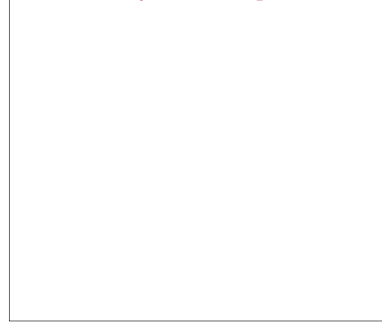
Set by **Hythloday**

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.

9			5	3				2
		3	8	9	4	7		
		5	2		6	8		
1								6
8	3			4			7	1
4								8
		1	7		8	5		
		7	4	3	2	1		
6			1	9				7

The Varsity Scribblepad



Last issue's solutions

8	2	3	2	1	5	2	5	6	1	3	4	9	1	6	5	3	4	7	8	2
6	1	7	1	3	7	1	6	5	5	4	1	5	8	4	1	2	7	3	9	6
9	3	4	8	5	3	5	2	4	2	1	6	4	9	3	7	8	2	1	5	5
1	2	9	7	1	7	4	2	7	2	2	1	6	8	2	4	5	9	7	3	3
2	8	9	8	2	3	4	2	1	6	2	7	5	2	9	4	6	1	5	3	7
1	2	7	2	1	2	6	1	5	5	6	3	6	7	1	9	5	3	8	2	4

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).

			11	22					
		8					6		12
		17				8			
						21			
		16	11	19					
28							14		
	13				12				
					8				

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.

6	7	5	2	6	4	4
5	6	2	3	2	4	1
7	3	3	4	5	4	6
4	2	7	6	7	1	5
6	4	1	2	4	2	3
3	1	3	4	3	6	5
1	4	6	2	1	5	7

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 514)

Across: 7 Tenner, 8 Tea times, 9 Man-of-war, 10 Assign, 11 Postgraduate, 13 Kindle, 15 Sodium, 18 The whole time, 21 Muesli, 22 Sea birds, 23 Stiletto, 24 Step-up. Down: 1 Pedagogic, 2 Unwonted, 3 Drawer, 4 Caravans, 5 Tissue, 6 Hedge, 8 Tirade, 12 Bummed out, 14 Elegists, 16 Detailed, 17 Physio, 18 Tussle, 19 Liaise, 20 Punts.

Blues women outclass Warwick

» Yet another win for rugby Blues as coach questions team's ranking

 CAMBRIDGE	38
 WARWICK	0

Tom Woolford
Sports Reporter

Cambridge continue to make a mockery of their place in the second tier of the BUCS Rugby league. This time it was Warwick University who failed to register points against the dominant Light Blues.

At least at first, Warwick's forwards looked a match for their Cambridge counterparts. The Blues were limited in attack, relying on constant recycling after two or three yard gains in each phase. But Cambridge kept their discipline and were rewarded for a spark of invention in the tenth minute as captain Talia Gershon emerged from the chaos caused by a Cambridge kick behind the Warwick line and went through for the first try of the match.

Although Warwick lacked

imagination in attack and never threatened to score, throughout the match Cambridge had to work hard to prize open their solid defence. But Cambridge did what they do best: they dominated possession and especially territory, made few errors, and were generally selective in choosing when to kick and when to run. The forwards were efficient and powerful, led by an unassuming but excellent contribution from Emily Matthews who turned many stationary stand-offs into effective driving mauls.

Cambridge's scoring opportunities emerged from this solid foundation.

Kate Robson touched down in the 23rd minute, Cambridge switching play inside after stretching Warwick down the left of the field. The space created by a Cambridge scrum ten minutes later afforded winger, Hazel Chimer, to outsprint the Warwick back line down the right.

Cambridge continued to pile on points in the second half, the rattled Warwick backs simply flinging the ball in hope rather than picking out passes, and Chimer claimed a second, a third and a fourth in the last ten minutes.

Despite Chimer's four tries, Kate Robson was the star performer

and a revelation at outside centre. Her link-up play with inside centre Laura Britton was telepathic, her running was forceful and direct, and her tackling was so hard and quick that in the second-half the Warwick backs were flapping to get rid of the ball before taking the hit from Cambridge's season top-scorer. Not surprising perhaps after she had put the opposing inside centre out of action with a broken nose.

Coaches "Roo" Hanrahan and Andy Ireland were not at all surprised that their Blues side registered another easy win. Ireland explained the Blues' unbeaten record: "We spend eighty percent of time in training on tackling and rucking and it's clearly paying off." Having described Warwick as "the real test" a fortnight ago after cruising past Bedford, it is plain to Hanrahan that Cambridge are out of place in this division. Asked if the league was a big enough test, he was unequivocal: "No. And if the University would give our players Wednesdays off and the funding we need then we would be in the Premier division. These girls are not getting the standard of rugby they deserve."



Cambridge's Andrea 'Bob' Turner breaks through a weak Warwick back line TIM JOHNS

Bishop's bow down to the boys in blue

» Men's hockey team continues successful season with convincing victory

 CAMBRIDGE	3
 B STORTFORD	1

Dan Quarshie
Sports Reporter

After last week's disappointing result, a slightly depleted Blues side turned in a polished performance to dispose of a youthful Bishop's Stortford team with relative ease.

The score line did not reflect Cambridge's dominance throughout the game, as the opposition, seemed resigned to defeat from the off, camped in their own defensive third for the majority of the game. In spite of Stortford's blatant

damage-limitation tactics, it was not long before Cambridge took the lead, Jackson capping off a period of sustained early pressure with a close-range finish.

The opposition struggled to win any meaningful possession as they were squeezed by the Light Blue press and the Cambridge attack was soon causing more problems for the opposing defence. A well executed penalty corner routine doubled the Blues' lead as Nick Parkes struck below a despairing Stortford keeper. The Blues were clearly pleased with their first-half performance and the half-time message from the captain was clear: 'more of the same'.

The second proved more frustrating to Cambridge, as the ever-retreating opposition packed out their own penalty circle in an attempt to preserve their goal difference. The Blues' slight over-



eagerness to score occasionally allowed the opposition skipper to show off his skills on the counter-attack, but it seemed that Cambridge could not over-commit as Dave Saunders' ruthless defending systematically thwarted all impending threats. A moment of brilliance from man of the match Parkes made it three for the Blues, the rangy Scot beating a handful of opponents with

a powerful run from midfield before unleashing a stinging reverse-stick bludgeon, which proved too hot for the opposition goal-keeper to handle. Stortford persisted with their negative tactics, and with minutes remaining, won a penalty corner on the break. A high dragflick denied keeper Morrison his clean sheet, and resulted in a final score line that flattered the opponents.

Although the three points keep Cambridge in second place in the league, it was not all good news for the Blues; a yellow card for influential midfielder Parkes results in him missing a tough fixture away against Havering this week. The squad will be glad to have him back when they face National League side Sevenoaks, rumoured to feature former Blues stalwart Nick McLaren, in Round Four of the National Men's Cup on Sunday.

The Anorak

Football

League Division 1:

Fitzwilliam 0-1 Downing
Pembroke 6-2 St Catharine's
Emmanuel 2-4 Trinity

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	4	4	0	0	10	4	6	12
TRINITY	4	3	0	1	10	5	5	9
GIRTON	3	3	0	0	7	4	3	9
JESUS	3	2	0	1	9	4	5	6
FITZWILLIAM	3	2	0	1	8	3	5	6
PEMBROKE	4	1	0	3	7	8	-1	3
CHRIST'S	3	1	0	2	6	7	-1	3
EMMANUEL	4	1	0	3	7	10	-3	3
ST JOHN'S	3	0	0	3	4	12	-8	0
ST CATHARINE'S	3	0	0	3	6	17	-11	0

League Division 2:

Homerton 1-3 Gonville & Caius
Darwin 2-4 Churchill
Long Road 2-1 Queens'
King's 1-4 Selwyn
Clare 2-5 Trinity Hall

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
GONVILLE & CAIUS	4	4	0	0	13	3	10	12
LONG ROAD	3	3	0	0	12	3	9	9
CHURCHILL	4	3	0	1	12	5	7	9
SELWYN	4	2	1	1	10	8	2	7
QUEENS'	4	2	0	2	10	9	1	6
TRINITY HALL	4	2	0	2	11	15	-4	6
HOMERTON	3	1	1	1	6	4	-2	4
DARWIN	4	1	0	3	9	8	1	3
KING'S	4	0	0	4	6	17	-11	0
CLARE	4	0	0	4	4	21	-17	0

Men's Hockey

Division 1:

Robinson 9-0 Old Leysians
Emmanuel 3-3 Jesus
Downing 5-1 Churchill

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
ROBINSON	4	3	1	0	24	7	17	10
DOWNING	5	3	1	1	15	15	0	10
OLD LEYSIANS	4	3	0	1	25	11	14	9
EMMANUEL	3	1	1	1	7	7	0	4
ST JOHN'S	4	1	1	2	7	10	-3	4
JESUS	3	0	1	2	6	12	-6	1
CHURCHILL	5	0	1	4	4	26	-22	1

Rugby Union

Division 1:

Downing 10-12 John's
Catz 7-51 Girton
Jesus P-P Trinity

	P	W	D	L	F	A	D	Pts
ST JOHN'S	6	6	0	0	270	18	252	24
DOWNING	5	3	0	2	83	56	27	14
TRINITY	5	3	0	2	102	83	19	14
JESUS	4	3	0	1	147	60	87	13
GIRTON	6	1	0	5	92	181	-89	9
ST CATHARINE'S	6	0	0	6	22	318	-296	6

Absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge

More details have emerged regarding the mysterious disappearance of the Real Santander squad two weeks ago. It emerged that, in an effort to recreate the WAG culture of English football, players had hitch-hiked to the annual Colombian beauty pageant. Alas, señorita Colombia was not charmed by the boyish looks of the team. Journalist Gynna Ariza stated: "credit to them, they gave their best but it wasn't enough. Just keep working on the training ground."

Star-spangled sport

Not many people know Cambridge has an American football team, but the ARU Phantoms and Cambridgeshire Cats are fruit of the game's growing popularity in the UK. What's all the fuss about?

When the New England Patriots faced the Tampa Bay Buccaneers at Wembley last month, it was the third regular season NFL game in the UK in three years. There are currently over 40 competitive University teams here, British club sides play in Europe and the GB Lions finished fifth in the recent European Championships. Closer to home, the Cambridgeshire Cats and Anglia Ruskin Phantoms play regular matches at Coldham's Common.

Yet this success is in fact part of a second wave of interest in the sport in this country. The first NFL games in the UK were in the early 1980s. The patriotically titled "American Bowl" was an annual one-off pre-season game between two randomly selected teams in the old Wembley Stadium and attracted sizeable crowds. At this time the Cambridgeshire Cats were formed, entering senior competition in 1985. In their first season the Cats finished top of the A1 division with an 8-0 regular season and crowds often exceeding 600. This was a time when, as Phantoms coach Graeme 'Geordie' Saint says, "thanks to the disinterest in soccer after the problems in the game in the 80s, American Football was huge here".

However, the success of Italia 90 was almost a nail in the coffin for the sport in the UK. "American Bowl" attendances dwindled as fans grew bored of watching games with no edge played by fringe players, and the last of these to be played in London was in 1993. The Cats, too, ran into problems. The withdrawal of a sponsorship deal eventually forced them out of competition for two years as league fees could not be paid.

The Cats reformed in 1992 and went on to enjoy their most successful period, but the NFL struggled to expand. The World League of American Football, founded in 1991, imploded by 1993. From these ashes rose the phoenix of NFL Europe which lasted 12 years. Yet low crowds could not sustain the financial input from the NFL, who were losing \$30 million a season in the project. In 2006, a bizarre last-ditch effort was made to save it by changing its name to NFL Europa but by the summer of 2007, the concept of a foreign football league was laid to rest.

So began the NFL's "International Series", finally providing fans outside the US with a chance to see competitive games between genuine NFL teams. The first game at Wembley in 2007 sold 40,000 tickets within an hour and a half of sales.

It would certainly appear that the NFL's popularity in the country is at an all-time high. Current proposals also include introducing an extra regular season game for every team that would take place abroad or even starting a franchise in London.

It was good timing for the Phantoms, who were formed in 2003 by a former PGCE student. The ARU side rushed into the league and struggled early on. "The first days were pretty legendary with squads of 14 turning up for games and two getting injured on the opening kick-off. Yet everyone is surprised by how hard we



play and now we're looking for a cutting edge", coach Saint remarked.

Cambridge University members have previously played with the Phantoms but this will change next year as all teams must align with a single institution. The Cambridge University Pythons were quite successful but have been defunct since 1997, but there may be hope for a Blues side. "I am very keen to see a Cambridge side compete in the BUAFL and to develop an event which pits Cambridge against Oxford," said Andy Fuller, BAFA Director for Student Development.

This may be possible. "Cambridge Uni is prime for a team. With North American Students it would have a natural base of top end talent and this would inspire others", believes the Phantoms' coach. "It could reach the levels of ice hockey." More information: www.angliaphantoms.co.uk.

JAMES GILBERT & OLLIE WEST



Two Great Britain Lions take down an opponent during last Saturday's 14-6 victory over France

American Football 101

Resident gridiron expert James Gilbert talks basics

At first glance this sport appears to be a strange version of rugby played by freakishly proportioned men in full body armour. It sort of is.

Your team's principal objective is to move the ball down the 100 yard field into the opposition's endzone. This earns you a touchdown (6 points) and the right to a "point-after attempt". Rugby equivalent: try and conversion. If a team has a drive which gets close to the hallowed land but stalls, they can attempt to kick a 3 point field goal from their final position. How does a drive stall you ask? Please, read on.

The kick-off, also similar to rugby, involves one team booting the ball as far as possible. The receiving team catches the ball and runs it back; wherever he is tackled the drive begins. When a drive starts, the team with the ball has 4 downs (attempts) to progress ten yards from their starting position. If a play passes that 10 yard mark, the team receives a new set of downs from wherever their player was tackled.

If you are tackled before the mark on your 4th down the opposition gets the ball where you were stopped. Obviously therefore, often a team on their 4th down will punt the ball away to pin the opposition back into their own half. If you are lucky enough to reach opposition territory but the drive flounders, you may opt for a field goal attempt. Simple.

All professional rugby players are fit, fairly fast and strong. On the other hand, American football gameday "rosters" have about 50 players. Only 11 are ever on the field at one time, and coaches make unlimited, rolling substitutions. Certain players have certain skills appropriate for certain situations, each falling into a category: offense, defense and the unfortunately named "special teams". For starters, get your heads around these:

OFFENSE:

Quarterback: Boss of the offense, pretty boy who gets all the credit, money and models. Starts play throwing the ball to a receiver or handing it to a running back.

Running back: Does what it says on the tin, receives hand-off and makes haste to that elusive endzone.

Wide receiver: Code-breakers. "Red cowboy blue 37 split X" = "run 10 yards, go left", obviously. Fast and can catch.

Offensive lineman: More often than not, 6'5" and 140kg. Very strong, very slow. Job: to form a protective wall for the skillful players behind them.

DEFENSE:

Defensive lineman: Responsible for breaking said human wall. Some of the most freakish athletes in the world. Usually 6'7" and 130kg and able to run 100 metres in 11 seconds.

Linebackers: There to figure out what the offense is doing, adapt and disrupt it.

Defensive backs: "Anti-wide receivers". A simple task at hand: under NO circumstances let the receivers have the ball.

SPECIAL TEAMS:

Kicker: Yep. You guessed it. They kick.

Rugby for wimps?

Rugby League Blue Joe Pitt-Rashid finds out

Twelve o'clock on Sunday afternoon and I was alone in a large field somewhere beyond Mill Road waiting for the Phantoms, Anglia Ruskin's not-quite-lean, fairly mean American Football Team who were currently living up to their moniker. As a rugby player I was in a strange new world, but what to expect? Would the derisive scoffing and accusations of wimpishness frequently levelled at American Footballers by the rugby community be justified? Or would my American High School dreams of cheerleaders, melodrama and eternal sporting glory come true?

Sadly my hopes were dashed when a few lonely figures approached across the grass. Without cheerleaders. But they did have helmets, shoulder pads and quite snazzy shirts. All was not lost.

Ambivalence beckoned during the pre-training cig-break but

then someone pulled out some talcum powder and quite a lot of lycra and things started to look up. Soon enough I found myself buried under a few kilograms of plastic armour, peering out at my team-mates for the day through a small white cage. The up-down, run around, slap your helmet, hit the ground warm up drills quickly put any doubts about the grit of the assembled players to bed.

A particularly enjoyable aspect of American Football is the opportunity to focus on a very small skill set. Run fast, turn round, catch ball that is travelling quite quickly towards your face (if the quarterback has done his job right). Alternative job descriptions include being so big then no one can run around you or doing everything in your power to cripple said quarterback.

Does the armour soften the blow? No. Are the hits just as big? Maybe bigger. The game does stop after every play but as a consequence every single movement is made at nothing but one hundred percent intensity and the potential for attack from any angle makes defence against impending linebackers futile. This became only too apparent after several of the head-to-

head collisions that seem to constitute the game.

It's tempting to be very British about flame emblazoned shirts and bleeding-heart enthusiasm but when faced by such rooting-tooting, adrenalin boosting and genuinely exciting stuff, I found it difficult to remain stoic...



A Phantom Menace: the ARU team give out some hits in training

Downing Marsh-all Fitz to remain top

» Blustery conditions make it tough as Downing edge a scrappy top of the table clash



Olly West
Sports Editor

In conditions which neither side really had the quality or composure to deal with, it was inevitable that the first goal, when it came, would be both scrappy and decisive. Downing captain Tom Marsh's close-range effort was not pretty, but it was enough to ensure that last year's league champions maintained their 100% record and that Fitz lost theirs.

On the half hour, the visitors' James Corcut hit his free-kick low and hard towards the goal and, after Fitz captain James Gillingham saved low to his right, the ball rebounded back into the danger zone, where Marsh reacted first to give his side a lead they did not lose.

The handful of spectators at Oxford Road were greeted by swirling winds intermittently accompanied by heavy rain on a truly horrific Saturday afternoon which decimated any chance of a high-quality game between two of the division's pacesetters.

As Fitz captain James Gillingham said, "It was a scrappy game

in conditions hardly conducive to good football. I'm disappointed but won't over-analyse the performance. I didn't feel Downing were that impressive and they will drop points. We'll be challengers."

Marsh had a rather different take on events. "We were good value for our win and far more threatening in the final third. A bit more composure it could easily have been 3 or 4", he said. That it was not was symptomatic of the way the defences dealt with the conditions much more competently than the forwards.

Downing certainly adjusted more

quickly as their physicality going forward put the home side under pressure early on. Sam Isaacs' pace threatened down the right as Fitz were not allowed to settle nor given the time on the ball required to play the short passing game in such conditions.

Chances were few and far between for both sides. Apart from a Dan Sellman goal correctly disallowed for offside, Downing were unable to make the most of the gaps that gradually appeared as the home team pushed more men forward – Fitz centre halves Tom Johnson and Mark

Stettler particularly impressive.

Marsh too was dominant at the back as the absence of Fitz' injured top-scorer Danny Kerrigan was strongly felt. The introduction of fresher Evans brightened up their play in the second half but the closest they came was ten minutes from the end when left back Dummet smashed a shot just wide of the left-hand post after one of the few fluent passages of play the match produced.

In the end, Downing looked the more confident and assured team and it was this, rather than any expansive football, which won them

the game. It is certainly important to have gained ground on their challengers, but they do not look unbeatable. Little suggests that it would be wrong to assume it is anyone's league at this stage.

Fitzwilliam College AFC (4-4-2)
Subs: Evans (Shalabi), Dummet (Cunningham)



Downing College AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Marsh
Subs: Owen (Hagyard), Clare (Corcut)



Fitz come under pressure from a Downing corner

WILLIAM CAIGER-SMITH

The Sporting World

Week 7: Russia

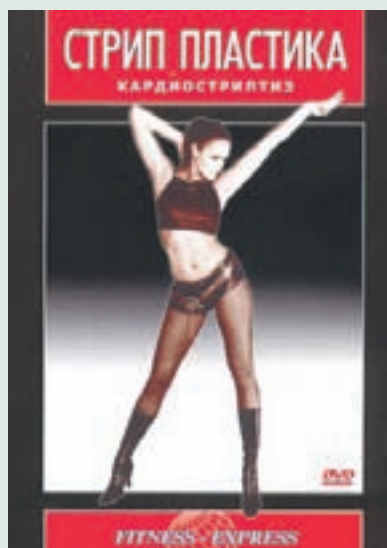
Almost three months here and I'm getting through my to-be-done-in-Russia list. Copious amounts of cabbage. Tick. Intravenous vodka. Tick. Find the bear for my fur coat. Tick.

The next thing on my list was to find a sport to keep me going through the Siberian winter. Ballet seemed the logical choice in a country that churns out hundreds of internationally acclaimed dancers. Every second square inch of wall has some form advertisement for a dance school, none of them offered this more classical of forms. When I eventually did find a class, I discovered that the Russian definition of 'beginner's ballet' is for those who have been dancing since they were five, but are not quite old enough to be professionals. There was no option but to try out the most popular dance here in Irkutsk, that which stands proud of place on every advert all over town: *Strip Plastika*. None of the westerners here had heard of it before, so all in the name of research, it was time for a lesson. I walked into the first dance school I came across and had a look at the timetable – *Strip Plastika* was on 8 times a week. Perfect.

I arrived at my class slightly flushed, partly due to the -15°C

outside, but mostly due to the imminent humiliation. Off came my coat and we were straight into bending, grinding, wiggling, twisting and contorting: *Strip Plastika*, it gradually dawned on me, is striptease minus the stripping bit. It was at this point that I realised where all the young Russian women had learnt the extraordinary, if slightly vulgar, moves that they so expertly flaunt on the nightclub dance floors.

Having made enough of a fool



The appropriately named Strip Plastika fitness DVD, Kardiostriptiz

of myself trying to keep up with the routine, I then became aware of the rather bigger faux pas I'd made – somehow I'd not quite understood the dress code. While getting ready, a little naively, I had thought it would be passable to wear my plain black tracksuit bottoms. My teacher's electric pink, lycra, flared trousers and four inch cerise high-heels indicated otherwise. I did not have long to think about it though, as she was quick to explain that she preferred all her students to be in short-short mini-skirts, and gestured to the example being set by the only other girl who had turned up for the session.

For future reference, you should know that the only crucial piece of kit for *Strip Plastika* is a red trilby hat. Apparently, it is absolutely necessary to accentuate the movements of your body. How exactly it does this? I am not sure and unfortunately, I will never find out as just the one class was enough to satisfy my interest in *Strip Plastika*. Instead, I take my hat off to those Russian girls strutting their stuff in the nightclubs of Irkutsk; it's not as easy as at first it may seem. Maybe one of the town's other dance specialities could suit me better, and there is no shortage of choice. It's time to try *Tecktonik*, *Ragga-Jam*, *C-Walk*, *Funk Styles* and *Waacking* for size... ELEANOR DALGLEISH

Volleyball victory for Blues



Ed Thornton
Sports Reporter

In a two-hour epic, the Women's Volleyball team showed stamina to overcome a strong Loughborough. Only last week Cambridge had lost 3-0 to the same opposition but with coach Jon Clarke back on the sideline after two weeks out, the Blues were determined to turn it around. "They're going down" claimed captain Sarah Greasley, with Clarke adding soberly "I think we can beat them at home." It was set for an all out battle and that is what we got.

Despite many good players, Cambridge has had problems playing as a team as ten of the fifteen strong squad are new this year. Luckily the game began slowly, allowing the team to settle, and the first set had the feel of a warm up. The Blues eventually took the set but play was formulaic and neither side managed anything more than a run through of the classic three hit combination.

The second set was a different kettle of fish; the tempo increased as play became more fluid and both

sides made some impressive kills. Neither side could break away and the set became something of a marathon. Even with Blue substitute Petra Schwalie's presence at the net Loughborough eventually overpowered Cambridge to clinch it 34-32. When the away team took this momentum into the third set to lead 2-1 Cambridge were in danger of letting the match slip.

From then on it was a classic underdog's comeback. Remembering the previous week's defeat the Blues made a firm decision it would not reoccur, taking the fourth set 25-16. Loughborough, with no coach and only two substitutions, had no answer to a galvanized opposition. The away side's star player, Laura Hodgkinson, held the key to their attack and when Cambridge closed her out, her team ran out of ideas.

The much louder, more motivated team, Cambridge confirmed their win 15-10 in the final set. A determined display, with spectacular diving saves allowing the home team to keep the ball in play, exhausted the visitors who could not keep up.

Afterwards a smiling Greasley was pleased with the performance. Loughborough may not be the GB training ground it once was but is still one of the strongest teams around. All bodes well for Cambridge's hopes of making it to the championship this year.

Rugby for wimps or the ultimate physical and tactical test? American Football making its way over the pond



Featurep30

SPORT



Defending champions Downing fend off Fitz to stay top of Division 1

Footballp31

Blues' worries put to bed by win

» Cambridge through to third round of cup after dominant display against Bedford



Vince Bennici
Sports Reporter

It was a case of déjà vu on Wednesday as the Blues lined up against the University of Bedfordshire (Luton) at Fenner's for a second consecutive week, this time in the 2nd round of the cup as opposed to the league. After last week's draw, no-one expected an easy encounter, and so a strong side was fielded in spite of the growing list of absentees; Burrows joined fellow Fitzbilly Hartley in the centre of midfield to fill the gap left by Johnson who had decided to assume the role of coach in order to rest the niggling thigh strain that was aggravated last week. One positive sign was the return to the starting line-up of top scorer M a t t

Stock (below left), whose penetrative pace was greatly missed the week before.

Before the game Johnson made it clear that the league was his priority, next week's away fixture being a must win top of the table clash against Bedfordshire (Bedford) – not to be confused with this week's opponents Bedfordshire (Luton). However, the Blues were still eager to correct last week's result and maintain their unbeaten record.

Playing at a high tempo from the first whistle the Blues dominated every area of the pitch, Burrows delivering his finest performance of the season as the midfielder remained compact and outplayed Bedfordshire. Matt Cook, given his first real opportunity in the first team, also impressed as his astute runs and awareness found him space for a couple of half-chances that he could not quite convert. The closest the Blues came to taking the lead was a back post sitter that James Day volleyed over the bar from five yards, a miss he would later atone for when an almost identical delivery from Baxter's free-kick this time found his head rather than his left boot: relishing his appointment as stand-in captain, Day did brilliantly to overpower his marker and stoop to head Cambridge in front. The Blues looked to double their lead when Burrows broke from midfield and released Stock, the forward's usual clinical finishing a little inaccurate as the keeper pulled off a fine save.

As the Blues went two up mid-way through the second half – Baxter's volley parried into the path of Stock whose miscued shot still found the net – Johnson decided to make



WILL CAIGER-SMITH

Creator of two goals Mark Baxter on the ball

some changes, bringing influential players Stock and Baxter off in an attempt to keep them fit for next week. Hylands and Spencer came on their places, the Blues switching to an effective 4-5-1 formation, with Cook continuing his fine display as a lone forward. With virtually his first touch Hylands came agonisingly close to stretching the lead, his diving header rebounding off the post. It was an interesting first experience of Blues football for Jamie Spencer, the debutant winger committing two fouls, barely touching the ball but still finding his name in the scorers' column. Sliding in to prod home the fumbled ball, Spencer rounded off an impressive Blues performance that sees them progress to the third round of the competition.

With the winter tour of La Manga

fast approaching Johnson has some difficult decisions to make as to who will make the 19 man squad that will travel for their intensive week-long training camp. Long-term injuries Max Little, Chris Gotch, Dan Kerrigan and Matt Amos are apparently close to recovery and the Blues' strongest XI – which, with the exception of Stock's strike partner, seems relatively fixed in place – are certainties to be included, and so the tough decisions will involve the players on the periphery of the starting line-up.

In midfield Burrows, Hylands, Broadway and Wolke will probably fight it out for seats on the plane, while strikers Kerrigan, Gotch, Amos, Laakso, and now Cook have all shown enough quality to merit inclusions. The number of selection dilemmas for Johnson and

coach Wilson to resolve already this season speaks volumes for the strength and quality of the entire Blues squad, such a wealth of talent a great achievement for University football.

Cambridge University AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Day, Stock, Spencer
Subs: Spencer (Baxter), Hylands (Stock)



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