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The Cambridge reforms begin

»Leaked report reveals “deliberate defiance” of HEFCE



Alison Richard at Cancer Institute opening last week. The proposed reforms will see greater accountability for the role of Vice-Chancellor MICHAEL DERRINGER

LIZZIE MITCHELL
Chief News Editor

As Oxford continues to be hounded into governance reforms by the government, a green paper leaked to *Varsity* this week has revealed that Cambridge is now initiating reforms of its own.

Oxford Vice-Chancellor Dr John Hood received a letter from the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) on January 10 2007 urging him to try once again to force radical reforms through the University's Congregation. These reforms would have given the Oxford Council a non-academic majority for the first time in the University's history. Oxford and Cambridge are the only two universities in the country that do not comply with the government agency's guidelines on university governance. These stipulate the desirability of having an external majority on university governing boards, in part

for the “corporate life” that they would ideally bring with them.

Yesterday, *Varsity* managed to gain access to a leaked green paper currently under discussion by the University Council containing a set of proposals to reform Cambridge's governance structure. If passed, the proposals outlined in the document would introduce greater accountability in the University and therefore go some way to placating the government agency. But they stop far short of the radical reforms suggested by HEFCE. Indeed, one senior Cambridge academic suggested to *Varsity* that the proposals may actually have been drawn up in “deliberate defiance” of HEFCE.

A source on the University Council told *Varsity* that these proposals had been adapted from last year's unpublished Wilson Report, a copy of which *Varsity* was also able to obtain. The initial set of proposals were drawn up while debate raged over the Oxford reform proposals last summer. They

suggest altering the membership of Council by increasing the proportion of external members. The Report was delivered to the Board of Scrutiny on November 9 2006 and discussed by the Board on November 23. It has also been made available to the University Council.

The confidential green paper was issued to the University's Council yesterday. Building on the Wilson Report its propositions to make the role of the Vice-Chancellor more accountable, when taken in conjunction with the previous proposals to increase the number of external members sitting on Council, appear to indicate that HEFCE's letter to Dr Hood has now been at least partly taken into account.

But serious concerns have been raised by members of the academic community over the consequences of defying the government, and fears have been expressed that failure to fully placate HEFCE will lead to reform being forced on Cambridge from outside the University. Over 30

per cent of Cambridge's income last year came from HEFCE, and there are fears that the government could use the threat of cutting this funding as a major lever in driving change.

Professor Anthony Edwards, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, told *Varsity* that “HEFCE operates by financial threat. When putting pressure on Oxford it showed itself remarkably ignorant of Oxford's constitutional arrangements”.

Cambridge Senior Proctor Dr Frank King told *Varsity* that “there is no need to reform the Constitution”. He added “He who pays the piper calls the tune and HEFCE pay us a good deal. They may have a right to dictate how we should run ourselves but I have a right to call this bullying.”

Professor Gillian Evans argues that the addition of further external members to Council “would not achieve what HEFCE wants, which is a majority of externals. Oxford already had four. HEFCE still bullied it.”

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Home of the Greats, but a place for the modern artist in Cambridge?



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»Fashion

Glasses and bargain bins. *Varsity* puts the geek into chic



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»Food

Adam Kessler cooks up a locust storm



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ONLINE

➔ Science

The mating habits of seals and embryonic cell research

➔ Reviews

Sartre's *No Exit*



Clare student out of hiding

»Guest editor of *Clareification* defended by National Secular Society

NIKKI BURTON

The second year Clare student responsible for last week's publication of the Danish cartoon is back in Cambridge, Acting Senior Tutor Dr Patricia Fara has confirmed. This follows a period in which "the guest editor of the edition of *Clareification* was asked to leave Cambridge temporarily for safety reasons". The student's return coincides with meetings now taking place to ascertain the repercussions of the incident.

The issue of *Clareification* published on Friday February 2, which has sparked international media interest, was re-titled *Crucification* and focused primarily on religious satire. It published a cartoon of the Prophet Mohammed, originally featured in the Danish newspaper *Jyllands-Posten* in September 2005. The magazine also included critiques of various religious passages and offered editorial opinion on the Koran and the Christian Gospels amongst other religious issues.

The magazine has provoked reaction among members of the Muslim community. Hicham Kwieder, Chairman of the Mosque Committee at the Abu Bakr Siddiq Islamic Centre in Cambridge, wrote to *Varsity* expressing "sorrow and anger" on behalf of the Committee and congregation. He noted the publication of "material which deliberately insults the honour of the Blessed Prophet Mohammed", stating that "the Mosque condemns this provocation in the strongest terms". He added "Incitement to religious and ethnic hatred is at all times immoral, and its consequences for harmony between communities and nations can be grave".

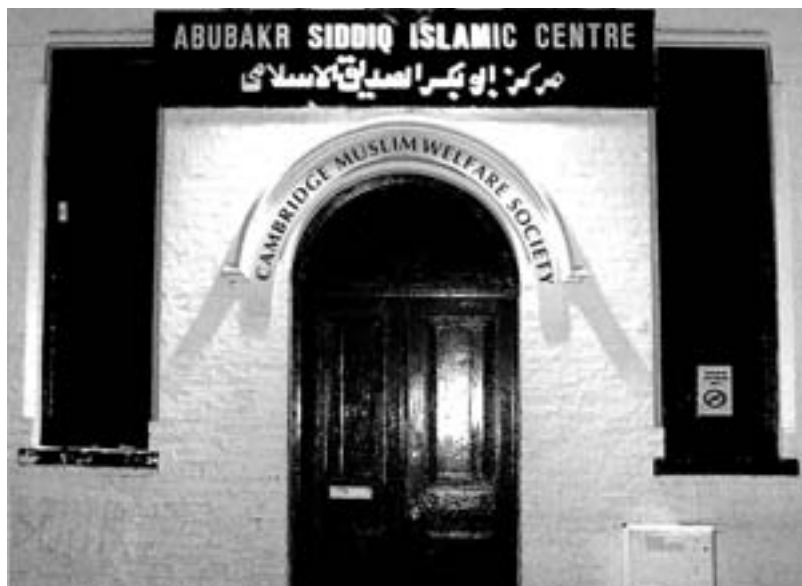
The College has been keen to disas-

sociate itself from the views expressed in *Clareification*, and has publicly announced that disciplinary measures are underway. Dr Fara confirmed that "this may include the setting up of a college Court of Discipline to decide upon action to be taken". She said that the institution "has been in close contact with leaders of the local Muslim Community, and also with other religious leaders, to apologise for the offence that has been caused". Face to face apologies were made at the Cambridge Islamic Centre. Kwieder has agreed that "the College and University in no way bear responsibility for this publication and the views which it contains".

But there has also been criticism of the University's "attack" on the guest editor. President of the National Secular Society Terry Sanderson declared "We are shocked that the staff and even the student union at this supposedly liberal college have joined

"it is disgraceful that no one is standing up for this young man's right to be rude about religion"

the attack on this student because he had the temerity to poke fun at religion. Free expression is such a precious commodity and is under such ferocious attack at present from religious interests that it is disgraceful



The Abubakr Siddiq Islamic Centre on Mill Road

DEBBIE SCANLAN

that no-one is standing up for this young man's right to be rude about religion – even about Islam".

Sanderson wrote to the Master of Clare College, Professor Tony Badger, Dr Fara and President of Clare Student Union Calum Davey to register "profound disquiet" at the College's reaction. He highlights the inaccuracy of labelling the incident as "racism", contending that "satirising religion – even if that religion is Islam – is not racism, as this episode has been dubbed. Religion and race have very different characteristics".

MediaWatchWatch, an organisation established to protect freedom of expression, has also condemned local press for describing the cartoon as "racist" and referring to other content as "vile material". On their website they argue that "The [guest editor of

Clareification did nothing wrong. The only abhorrent thing about this affair is the fact that he now finds himself in hiding, he has been condemned by people who should be supporting him, and will apparently be punished for committing no crime."

Dr Fara defended her position, claiming "I have never accused the guest editor of being a racist". She added "I have been personally accused of calling Muslims 'a race' when they are not".

Clare College has declined to comment on whether other students involved in the publication of *Clareification* will be involved in disciplinary proceedings. When questioned about any development in events, Dr Fara would only say that "the process is already underway and there have been several meetings".

In Brief

Drop in number of city police

In a public meeting on Thursday, Insp Martin Gregory informed residents that the number of officers on patrol and those ready to respond to emergency calls had fallen to just twelve, approximately half the usual level. The shortage was caused by a major drugs bust requiring 100 officers. Cllr Geoffrey Heathcock told press that "Twelve isn't good enough, not by any stretch of the imagination... I'm not impressed."

Nikki Burton

City transport under attack

Cambridge bus operator Stagecoach has decided to extend its discounted travel scheme for University staff and students until the end of June 2007. This initiative allows members of the University to travel for 50p on major 'Citi' bus services. The announcement coincides with criticism from local businesses of Cambridge's public transport. Terry Holloway, Chief Executive of the Marshall group, described the city's transport system as "appalling", saying congestion is bound to get worse.

Parisa Razaz

Decline in HE course subjects

Recent national publications have shown a vast decrease in the availability of science and language higher education courses. The sharpest fall is in chemistry courses, 31 per cent of which have been dropped. Alan Malcolm, Chief Executive of the Institute of Biology, said that a lack of science subjects at university level could affect Britain's ability to tackle issues such as global warming and pandemic diseases. He suggested the shortage of science and maths teachers at secondary schools may have contributed to the decline.

Esther Lousada

Cannabis factory at Hill's home

Stephen Hill, 56, owner of the Natural Store on Mill Road, has been arrested following the discovery of a cannabis factory at his home. The detached house in Swaffham Bulbeck contained nearly 200 plants, totalling almost one and a half kilos of cannabis. Hill was absent at the time of the raid, but was arrested at his shop later that day. Hill pleaded guilty to charges of producing cannabis and possession with intent to supply.

Ada Gokay

Letter bombs had Cambridge stamp

Seven letter bombs have injured nine people in the past three weeks, some carrying a Cambridge postmark. Three were sent to forensic science laboratories and a further three were addressed to organisations associated with motoring fines and fees. These incidents recall the spate of attacks in August 2006, in which a letter bomb was sent to the Cambridge Labour Party offices.

Tom McGee

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Leaked report

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

"Changes should come from within and be made by those thoroughly familiar with the current legal position... No one has yet explained what supposed problems the 'reform' and 'modernisation' of Cambridge are meant to solve."

But while several academics have argued that the measures proposed by the Report will be largely ineffectual, a senior University academic has suggested that the Wilson Report is in direct and deliberate defiance of

"HEFCE may have a right to dictate how we should run ourselves but I have a right to call that bullying"

HEFCE, and that no appeasement is intended in its proposals.

The main substance of the green paper consists of proposals which would enable the Vice-Chancellor to be more effectively held to account. Although no

precise reasons are given, references are made to "tension between the Vice-Chancellor's role as de facto chair of the Council and her accountability to the Council for her performance as Vice-Chancellor". The report states that "it is desirable that these ad hoc arrangements be provided for more formally".

The report also points to a further tension between the Vice-Chancellor's twin roles as Chair of Council and "the University's principal officer leading the business of the University". Two models for the resolution of this issue have been put forward. The first is that "an external, independent member of the Council be appointed chairman". The second is that an external member be appointed deputy chairman. The general inclination of the Council is towards the second.

One senior University academic told *Varsity* that these references are "almost certainly" not a reflection on the performance of the current Vice-Chancellor, Alison Richard. The issue of "control" of the Vice-Chancellor came up in the last governance discussions of 2003 but its disappearance from recent discussion could, according to the academic, be explained by Richard's recent appointment to the post at the time.

Richard refused to be drawn on the importance of the University's structure as a self-governing body of academics. HEFCE declined to comment on the state of governance at Cambridge.



Tony Blair yesterday unveiled a new government funding initiative to encourage donations to universities at Brunel University in West London

DOWNING STREET

Blair seeks US-style funding

»PM pledges £1 for every £2 raised by universities in private donations

»Cambridge University 800 Anniversary Campaign reaches half billion

ELLIOT ROSS
News Editor

The Prime Minister yesterday announced a radical new scheme which will allow Cambridge and other elite universities to build up massive endowments to rival their American counterparts. The move will be a further boost to the University, which this week revealed that the 800th Anniversary Campaign to raise £1 billion by 2012 is well on course. Over £500 million has been raised in the first five years of the campaign.

Mr Blair told an audience at Brunel University, "Student applications are not only rising again, but they are at their highest ever level. However, it is important that our universities have every opportunity to raise the resources they need. That's why this fundraising plan is so important. It will incentivise all universities to raise more charitable and private funding. Increasing voluntary giving is a vital step in enabling insti-

tutions to build up substantial endowments over the longer term, so that they can improve infrastructure, teaching and student bursaries."

Blair promised to match every £2 donated to universities by alumni, philanthropists and businesses with £1 of government funds up to a maximum of £2 million for each institution. The government has ring-fenced £200

"it will incentivise all universities to raise more charitable and private funding"

million over three years for the initiative. Downing Street said the aim was "to create a lasting culture of giving, while boosting funding from for-

mer students". The proposals will directly affect 75 universities in Britain, while the rest will receive financial support in setting up fundraising centres. Existing public funding for universities will not be reduced as a result of the innovation.

The move builds on work begun last year, when the government announced that it would give £7.5 million in matched funding over three years to help 27 universities in England set up development offices to increase income from private donations.

Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard told *Varsity* that she thought the idea was "terrific". It is anticipated that Cambridge will be eligible for the full £2 million. Richard described the figure as "a lot of money" and said it would be "enormously welcome" but that "I honestly haven't thought about how we would designate it".

Asked about how she felt on having reached the halfway mark in the 800 Anniversary Campaign, Richard said "I'm sitting here feeling pleased before I start contemplating the next

mountain we have to climb... Philanthropic support is an essential complement to the funding that we receive from taxpayers and from fees and enables us to sustain our position as one of the world's great teaching and research universities".

Top American universities such as Harvard and Princeton make use of enormous sums, created through matched funding schemes, to ensure that no one is forced to turn down a place for financial reasons.

Last year a Sutton Trust report pointed to the need for the establishment of a similar scheme to be established in the UK in order to set up such scholarships.

At Harvard, the massive sums raised from former students are used to assist undergraduates from less privileged backgrounds and cover some or all of the \$43,655 fees (about £22,400) paid for tuition and living expenses. Students from wealthier families are required to pay the full amount. Harvard received \$595 million (£305 million) last year from 89,000 individuals, bringing its total endow-

ment to \$29.2 billion (£14.9 billion), nearly a third of its total operating budget. Sixty-two per cent of individual gifts made were of under \$100. Harvard is one of 207 universities in the US that regularly raise more than £100 million in donations each year.

The US spends 1.2 per cent of gross domestic product (GDP) on universities, and that money is doubled by private donations. In Britain, state funding is 0.8 per cent, with philanthropic donations totalling 0.3 per cent of GDP.

Estimates at the end of 2006 found that the University of Cambridge has an endowment of £4.1 billion, £2.9 billion of which is tied to the colleges. Most of this money comes from large donations by benefactors, rather than from large numbers of small donations. Oxford and its colleges now hold £3.6 billion, while Cambridge is arguably the best endowed university in Europe.

Cambridge received £108 million in donations last year. Across the UK in 2006 only 13 out of 120 universities raised more than £5 million.

Varsity campaigns to 'Bring Back Disco' to Kambar

ADA GOKAY

In a campaign to 'Bring Back Disco', *Varsity* is fighting to rescue half of the Kambar 'Back to Disco' sign stolen on Saturday February 10. The sign, which directed loo-goers back to the dance floor, has been with the club for almost thirty years. "We used to have an illuminated dance floor, just like Saturday Night Fever", said Richard Reynolds, Kambar's owner. The sign has been at Kambar since 1979 and is, Reynolds claims, as much a part of the nightclub's identity as the building.

Rather than being removed in its

entirety, the sign was snapped in half, preventing any return to its original state. The word "Disco" has disappeared. This act of theft follows the sign's appearance in *Varsity*'s 'New Rave' fashion shoot last week. *Varsity* has determined to try to convince the perpetrator to return it, and make Kambar whole once again.

Kambar is one of Cambridge's oldest nightclubs and is loved by many, especially students, for innovations such as the replacement of security with tar-coated roof beams and unlockable toilets. First built in the mid-17th century, it has undergone many reinventions since then and has been used as a

butcher's shop, a teasshop and a restaurant in the years leading up to its current incarnation as a club.

Richard and his wife, Sue Reynolds, are offering a £50 reward to anyone bringing back the stolen half of the sign. The missing word 'Disco' is thought to indicate that this robbery was intentional.

"On Saturday there were lots of students in, as usual", said Sue Reynolds. "I assume it must have been one of them". The owners of Kambar have no wish to scare the sign-thief and are more concerned for its safe return. We urge anyone with any knowledge of the incident to contact *Varsity* immediately.



Kambar fashion shoot in last week's issue of *Varsity*

TERRY LONGLEY

Students split over Homerton row

»Proposed JCR/MCR division sees tempers rising over “chaos” at Homerton open meeting

ELLIOT ROSS

Consternation is growing at Homerton College after an open meeting of the Homerton Union of Students (HUS) saw fierce debate over the possibility of a split into separate JCR and MCR bodies.

At the open meeting on February 6, members of GradSoc, the graduate component of HUS, announced a desire to split from the JCR. At present, undergraduate and graduate students at Homerton are represented by a single organisation, HUS.

The morning after the meeting, three Homerton undergraduates wrote to HUS President Alex Boag to express their “absolute dismay” at the manner in which it had been conducted. The trio wrote “The meeting descended into chaos, with the HUS Executive, Graduate President [Daniel He] and Chair behaving totally unprofessionally”. They added that “the HUS Exec let the undergraduate population down. The Executive appeared to be taking the ideas and reasons for a split JCR and MCR as a personal affront”.

The students went on to describe the descent of the meeting into a “slagging match”. They were espe-



Alex Boag, President of Homerton Union of Students

DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

cially critical of the Chair and advised Boag that “if the Chair felt the need to make sarcastic comments or attempt to engage in the debate, she should have stepped down and been replaced”.

Boag insisted that the meeting

had been “lively but very productive”, admitting that “some of the Exec did certainly see a lot of the comments being made [by GradSoc] as an attack on [their] work and efforts”. She spoke of her Chair as acting “perfectly suitably”.

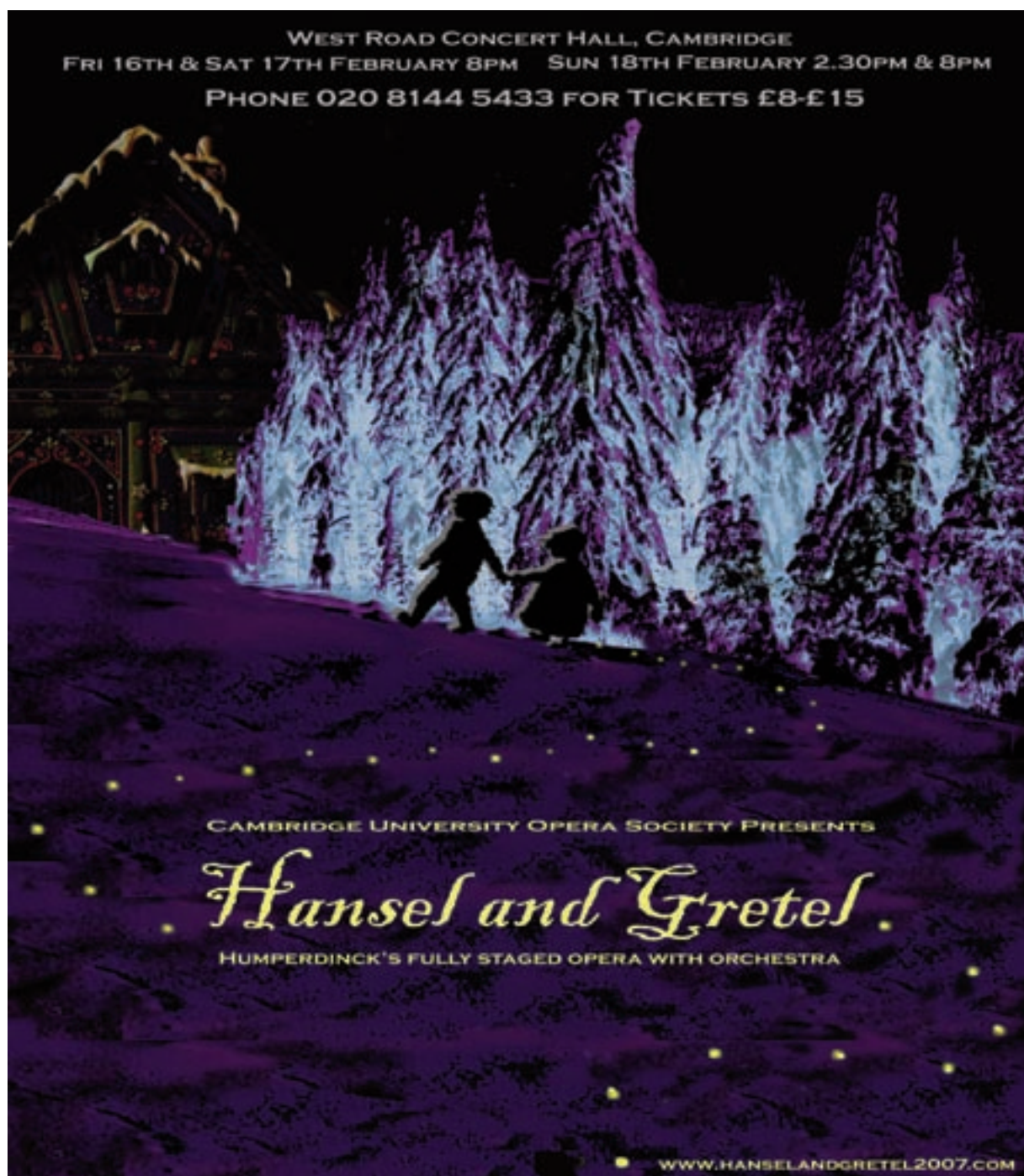
Another student present at the meeting admitted that “tempers were rising” but defended the conduct of the Executive, saying they “did a really good job of keeping things under control”.

HUS currently benefits from an

undivided budget and there are fears that in the case of a split, student services would suffer “at all levels”. At present Homerton is the only college with a paid sabbatical president. A first year Homerton student expressed concern that “if a split were to occur, the budget may not cover the cost of a sabbatical JCR president, and students would not have the undistracted support we currently receive”.

But undergraduate Joe Creswick expressed doubts at the likelihood of a JCR/MCR split. “Because of the structure of the HUS it is very difficult to get anything done without the Exec on board.” He added that he and fellow student Ruth Butterworth are “in favour of a JCR/MCR split as it would negate the need for a sabbatical president, allowing funds to be spent elsewhere”, citing ents as an example.

Presidential elections have been postponed until next term, an unusual step and one which suggests that the issue is by no means closed. A further open meeting is planned for March 5. A motion will be brought proposing a JCR/MCR rupture. Senior Tutor Peter Warner promised the College’s “complete support” for any decision reached.



Protest against college arms investments

KATE O'RAGHALLAIGH

On Saturday 11 February, Cambridge Students Against the Arms Trade (CSAAT) staged a mass demonstration in protest against college arms investments.

The demonstrators, some of whom were dressed as arms traders, assembled at the Guildhall at 1pm. They then marched through town past St John's and Trinity, two colleges which have been specifically targeted by the campaign after their investments in UK arms companies were revealed last year. The protesters finally rallied outside Senate House at 1.30 pm.

“we want colleges to make a positive commitment to actively oppose the arms trade”

Campaigner Edward Maltby told *Varsity* that “we want colleges to make a positive commitment to actively oppose the arms trade”. Another demonstrator, Thomas Lalevée explained that behind Saturday's event was the intention of “giving CSAAT a strong visible presence and showing the University how much we care about this issue”.

Lalevée hopes that the demonstration, along with a petition

signed by 1000 students against arms investment, will raise enough awareness to encourage students to start their own campaigns within individual colleges.

When asked by *Varsity* about the success of Saturday's march, fellow of Trinity College and member of CSAAT Suchitra Sebastian said “What CSAAT has achieved is a start. We hope that in the coming months, students and fellows can act in concert to bring about the necessary changes”.

CSAAT was set up in 2005 following an inquiry placed by the national Campaign Against Arms Trade (CAAT) under the Freedom of Information Act. This sought to estimate the number of UK universities investing in arms dealers such as BAE Systems, Rolls Royce and Smiths Group.

The results of CAAT's 2005 inquiry revealed that in Cambridge, Trinity College is the largest university investor in BAE Systems, with something approaching 800,000 shares in the company. Ten other colleges including St. John's, Churchill and Darwin admitted to holding shares in arms companies, collectively making the University the largest investor in the arms trade of all higher education institutions, with a total of 1.6 million shares in the six largest arms dealers in the UK.

A second survey which was carried out by CAAT in March 2006 further revealed that Trinity Hall is the second largest UK investor in the arms trade, with just over £1.2 million invested in Rolls Royce and Smiths Group, accounting for 1.7 per cent of their total investments. Trinity College are yet to reveal their current investment position.

Archers overjoyed

»Stolen statues restored to Lord Archer's garden as thieves caught

MATT GREGORY

Seven highly valuable bronze statues stolen from the Grantchester residence of Lord and Lady Archer were recovered by police on Monday 12 February.

The statues consist of five bronze sheep, a naked shepherd and a girl doing a handstand. They were discovered at a property in Black Pit Drove, Willingham. The thieves had been captured on CCTV camera at The Orchard Tea Gardens as they stole the pieces between 6.15 and 6.45pm on Tuesday 7 February. They made their escape in a white Transit van.

Lord Archer, former Conservative Party Deputy Chairman, MP and bestselling novelist, congratulated

“Archer congratulated and thanked the police for the discovery”

and thanked the police for the discovery. Expressing her relief that the statues had been found in one piece, Lady Archer told Varsity she was “really delighted to have been rung by Cambridgeshire police on Monday evening”. “My husband and I are extremely lucky”, she added. Police had initially thought that the sculptures, whose material makeup is particularly valuable, may have been transported east to be melted down.

The sentimental value of the sculptures was the principal motivation for the £1,000 reward offered by the Archers for the sculptures' detection. Speaking to Varsity about the significance of the bronzes to the family, Lady Archer said “we are very fond of both pieces”. “Handstand has been with us since 1986”.

Lady Archer, who is chairman of the Addenbrooke's NHS Trust, remains adamant that the sculptures will once again be put on display as the central focus of the garden. But she anticipates that “secu-

rity upgrades will be necessary” if the statues are to remain in the garden in the future.

The sculptor of the bronzes is Christopher Marvell. Marvell gave them to the Archers as a gift in 1998. Thought to be worth tens of thousands of pounds, the extent of the damage done to the sheep and shepherd is not yet known. There is a chance that the statues may require restoration work before they can be returned to the Archers' garden.

The Old Vicarage, the Archers' Grantchester home, received a notable visitor last year. Baroness Thatcher, perhaps the only Conservative peer to have occupied more column inches than Jeffrey Archer, unveiled another statue in his garden.

The statue is of Rupert Brooke, the First World War poet, who immortalised the residence in a 1912 poem “The Old Vicarage”. That poem includes the words “Cambridge people rarely smile, / Being urban, squat, and packed with guile”.

Lord Archer, 66, has pursued a chequered political career. As an undergraduate at Brasenose College, Oxford, he successfully involved The Beatles in his fundraising drive for a then minor charity called Oxfam. In 1969 he became the fifth youngest MP to be elected to the House of Commons.

In 2000 he ran an abortive campaign for London Mayor. Then Conservative leader William Hague famously described Archer as a candidate of “probity and integrity. I'm going to back him all the way”. Some weeks later, in the wake of *News of the World* allegations, Hague announced “this is the end of politics for Jeffrey Archer. I will not tolerate such behaviour in my party”.

Archer came under considerable press scrutiny during his high profile trial in 2001. He was convicted and sentenced to four years imprisonment for perjury and perverting the course of justice in a 1987 libel action against the *Daily Star* newspaper. The paper had alleged that Archer had sex with a prostitute in 1986.

He has returned to the media spotlight and is currently one of 12 “famous faces”, along with Ingrid Tarrant, the estranged wife of Chris Tarrant, Stan Collymore and Blur bass guitarist Alex James, to appear in “The Verdict” currently being aired on BBC 2.



Stolen bronzes have been returned to the Archers

ARCHER FAMILY



St John's

A fluid linguist

A French and Spanish student, normally known for a manner both studious and aloof, lost all sense of place and purpose after a boozy Valentine's Day feast. Returning to his room with an eager young Classicist in tow, he sadly misdirected his romantic inclinations. She could only look on, appalled, as the boy, described by his friends as “strictly Caledonian”, casually debagged himself and proceeded to urinate all over his desk, drenching his smart laptop. Prodding him with a handy lacrosse stick, she made ever more desperate entreaties that he desist. “Stop peeing! What are you doing?” “Go away”, was his gruff dismissal. The shocked Parthenon enthusiast awoke with only a vague recollection of the night's unhappy denouement and convinced herself that it had been but a disturbing nightmare. Alas, her soggiest fears were confirmed when the sobered linguist discovered that his once-crisp Spanish essay had suffered grievously under his ill-advised nocturnal emission. Our spy understands that he was nonplussed by this development and submitted his original draft for consideration, unrevised.

Guildhall

Not quite damned

The Christian Union's Cross Examined campaign has already come under the scrutiny of Spies' beady eyes and this week it made a less than seasonal contribution to one student's Valentine's Day celebrations. Two graduates, concerned at prevailing Babylonian tendencies in their former college, delivered a stern warning to a young man oft noted for his enthusiastic approach to romance, informing him they were “worried about the state of his soul at present”.

Ballare

Food for thought

Thoroughly the worse for wear at a well known drinking venue, a stripey chump mistook some inconveniently placed talcum powder for fishfood and gave a nearby fish a generous double portion. It died. Later on, his ignominious expulsion was announced by the DJ at Ballare and he awoke to find his bed soaked in pungent vomit.

CUSU rejects claims that top-up fees will save you money

CHRIS WILLETT

CUSU and the National Union of Students (NUS) have criticised a report claiming that top-up fees have a positive financial effect on students.

The report, commissioned by Universities UK and released on February 7, said that as a result of the re-introduction of maintenance grants, new bursaries, an increase in the

threshold for loan repayment, and the fact that fees no longer have to be paid up front, students will be better off during their studies.

It is also argued that students paying top-up fees are likely to be wealthier in the long run. The report states, “Although the ‘list’ price of higher education has increased, the ‘net’ cost incurred by students has not”, with the Chief Executive of UUK citing the benefits of “enhanced career opportu-

nities and employability”.

But NUS President Gemma Tumelty has suggested that the figures are likely to have been inflated by the big pay packets of individual graduates. She said “Top-flight graduate recruiters may offer starting wages that offset the cost of fee repayment – but what student nurse or social worker can expect the same?”

This sentiment was echoed by CUSU President Mark Ferguson. He

told Varsity “Of course there are those who have benefited from the change in funding systems, but there are also those who are still betrayed by the system.” Ferguson added that the debate should be focused on the effects of fees on student demographics and not on “self-congratulatory backslapping”.

The report's publication comes as the University and College Admissions Service (UCAS) releases its figures for 2007 applications.

These show a 6.4 per cent increase in applicants on last year, a statistic that represents a reversal of last year's dip in applications.

But there are fears that this could propel the case for an increase in the cap on university charges, which are expected to come under review in 2009/10. It is believed that members of the Russell Group will push to have the cap raised from £3,000 to £7,000 to cover teaching costs.

The way Cambrid

»The problems inherent within an 800-year old governance system

REBECCA LESTER
Investigations Editor

The University of Cambridge is an 800 year-old academic institution. On paper it appears to be a democratic system. The framework for thorough scrutiny already exists within the University. But in practice the structure of governance allows for democratic mechanisms to be bypassed.

Alarm bells rung last month after proposals to remove South Asian

“at once the most democratic academic body in the country and the least democratic in the world”

Languages from the Tripas were made, as Dr Stephen Cowley told Varsity (Issue 650) “secretly and without proper authority”. The Senior Tutors’ Committee was advised by the University’s Councils of the Schools not to admit any more students to study Hindi and Sanskrit. University procedures intended to ensure democratic decision-making were apparently circumvented. In spite of this, the languages will remain in the Statutes and Ordinances as if they had never been scrapped.

The power base within the University is fractured and disparate. Final decisions relating to governance, educational provision and resource allocation are taken by Regent House. All matters discussed at Regent House are passed by a vote and can be approved by simple majority. But there are ways around this. Motions, or Graces, are presented to Regent House by the Council, but if no objection or amendment is made to the proposal by at least 25 members within ten days then the Grace is automatically passed. One member of the General Board expressed concern to Varsity at such a possibility.

In a speech to Regent House last week Professor Gillian Evans raised concerns about the “Council’s midjet report” and asked “why are we not getting an Annual Report from the Monday Morning Meeting of the Senior Management Team if that is where the University is really run?” She went on to discuss the potential problems caused by the use of “one page summaries” for dealing with matters of governance, which, although they aim to be able to “show at a glance where any potential problems lie,” in practice leave “operational compliance” to “the senior management”.

CUSU President Mark Ferguson argued that “the University can at

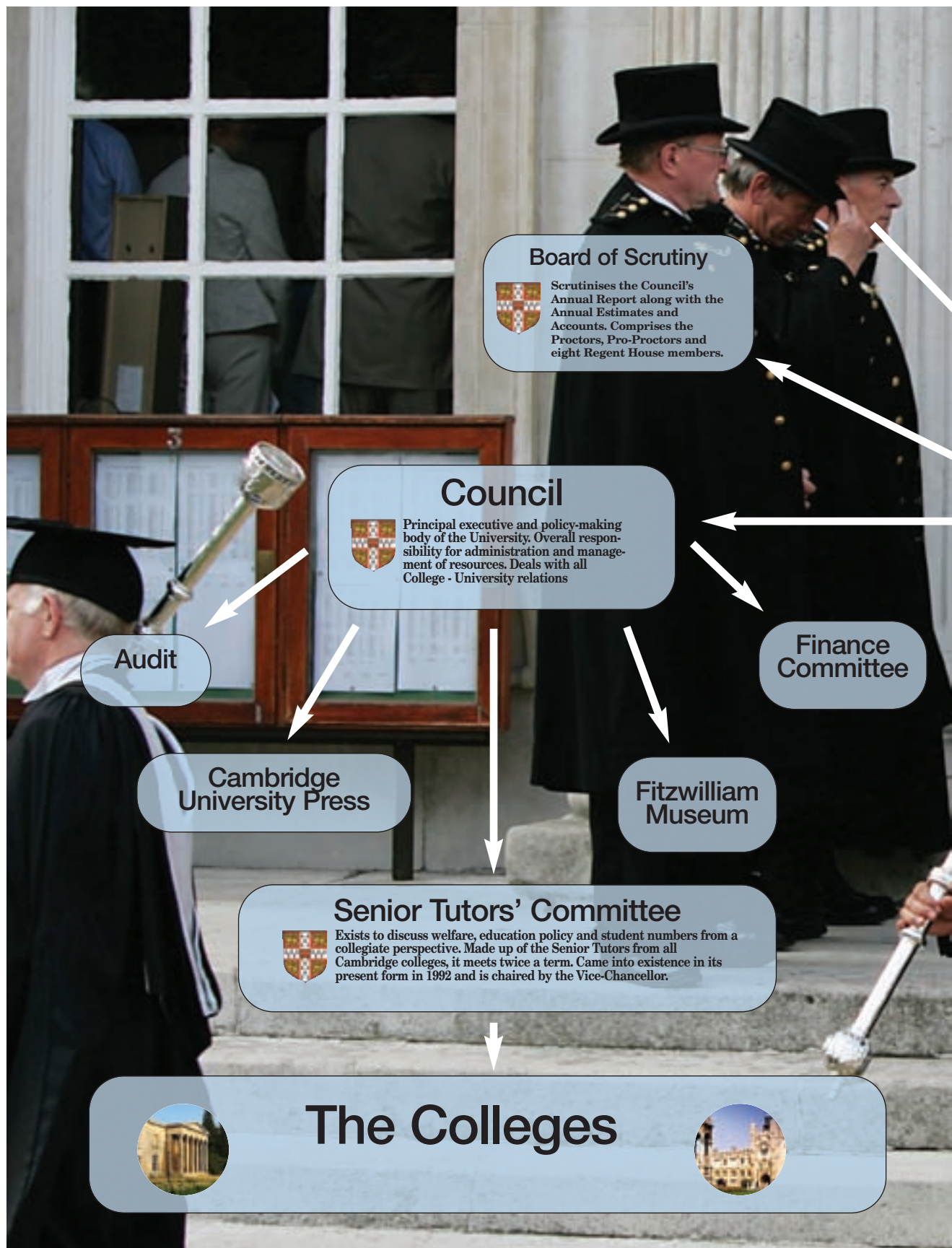
£178m
funding from
HEFCE for 2005-06

£564m
total funding
received for
academic activity
2005-06

3,800
members of
Regent House

3
student
members on the
University
Council

37.5%
increase to
Alison Richard’s
salary compared
to predecessor



once appear to be the most democratic academic body in the country and the least democratic body in the world”. He described the University system as being “fundamentally flawed” in many ways.

Accusations are constantly being made that students are given little say in the University’s governance system. Students still have no representation on the Councils of the Schools, committees that dictate exactly how and what students study. The Councils of the Schools have been taking on an increasingly central role within the structure of the University with greater responsibility for resource allocation. A proposal

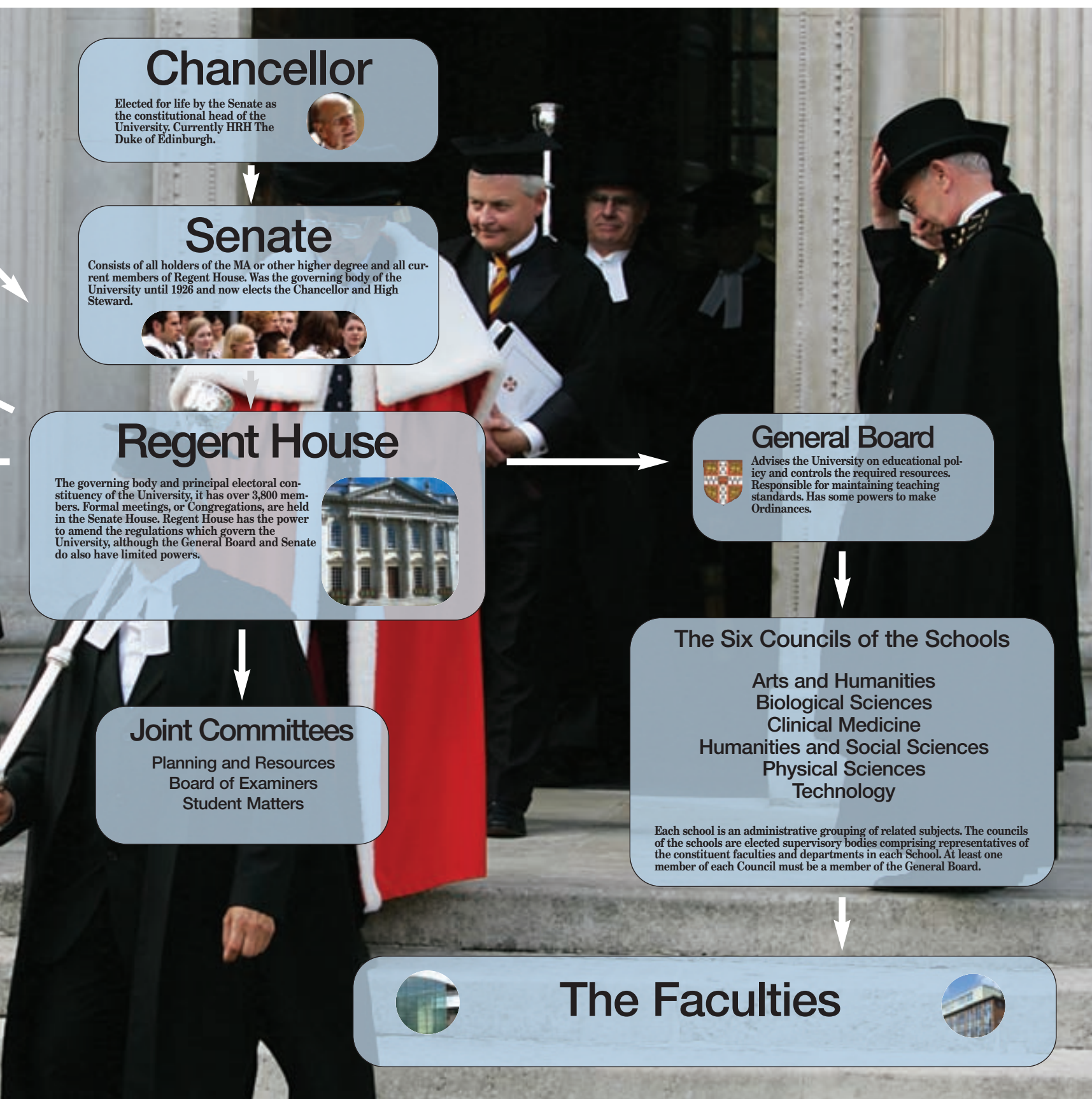
will soon be presented to Regent House to include student members on the Councils. The proposal has been heralded by one Council source as a “major leap” in student representation within the University.

Three student representatives currently sit on the University Council. But during meetings they can be excluded from proceedings that are designated “reserved business”. This can include matters relating to named persons or, on occasion, any other issue at the Chairman’s discretion. Recent issues discussed under the “reserved business” blanket have included the appointment of a new Registrar and the performance of

the Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard. Ferguson, a member of the Council, stressed how important it is that such discussions are closely monitored by representatives of the student body.

The main bone of contention for CUSU is the lack of weight given to student input within the University governance structure. According to Ferguson, “Students are often not treated as full members of the Council”. CUSU Education Officer Jacob Head feels that many University powerbrokers still hold the view that students are likely to disregard long-term planning and development in favour of short-term issues that will affect them more directly.

ge really works



The Power List

Prince Philip Chancellor



Elected for life by the Senate as the constitutional head of the University. The Chancellor has important statutory duties, supports the day-to-day work of the Vice-Chancellor and confers Honorary Degrees.

Alison Richard Vice-Chancellor



Within the University, Richard is Chair of the Council and the General Board. The Vice-Chancellor is the University's principal external officer, carrying out duties which include leading development and fundraising campaigns.

Tony Minson Pro Vice-Chancellor



Former Chairman of the School of Biological Sciences and Professor of Virology, Minson is Pro Vice-Chancellor for Planning and Resources and also a member of the committee that will consider applications for the new Registry.

Melveena McKendrick Pro Vice-Chancellor



Professor of Spanish Literature and Culture and former Chair of the Modern and Medieval Languages Faculty Board. McKendrick was Senior Tutor at Girton for seven years and is a current fellow of the British Academy.

Timothy Mead Registrary



Due to retire in October 2007, Mead is the principal administrative officer in the University and Head of the Unified Administrative Services which oversees the effective management of University estates, finance and personnel.

Lord Rees Master of Trinity



Professor of Cosmology and Astrophysics and former member of the University Council, Rees is also the Astronomer Royal, President of the Royal Society and the Chair of the Honorary Degree Committee.

John Sissons Regius Prof. of Physic



Ex-officio Head of the School of Medicine and associate Medical Director and Governor of Addenbrooke's Hospital. The Regius Professor provides strategic leadership both within the School, and in its relationship with the NHS.

A hierarchy within Council appears to be revealed even in the seating arrangements for Council meetings. These take place in the Council Room of the Old Schools, where members are typically seated on antique furniture, with the exception of student representatives, who still sit on "temporary chairs".

There are students on several of the smaller committees, in many cases CUSU Sabbatical Officers. But there are many obstacles to representation on important bodies, most notably the Bursars' Committee, which, as a 'private body', is not required to make its minutes available under the Freedom of Information Act.

In theory, the University is run by committees and syndicates. But there is increasing concern that too much influence is concentrated in the hands of a powerful few. In a Senate House discussion of January 23, proposals were put forward to replace the Chairman of each Council of the School with a Head of School. This move has been criticised by the Council as amounting to "greater centralisation of decision-making within the University". Proponents of the changes defended the innovation on the grounds that it will lead to "speedier and better informed decision making". Dr. Steven Cowley, a member of the Council, questioned

these proposals. In his speech to Senate House he stated that although "one might argue whether or not this change [will] result in greater centralisation of decision-making... it will result in the greater centralisation of something; certainly influence and probably power". Cowley warned that the proposed change "seems to weaken the system of checks and balances, and possibly moves the University too close to Deanesque management".

This is a criticism that has been made at college level as well. The JCR President at one of Cambridge's more traditional colleges told *Varsity* "Students are no

longer here at the beneficence of the fellows but are part of a high-pressure and high-cost system and expect a more professional service and all the trappings of modern institutions". He continued "change in Cambridge takes generations. The current senior fellows were undergrads here half a century ago and, as such, are living in a different world to the current crop. It wouldn't surprise me, either, if they were very different to the masters of their time. When someone from my generation becomes master things will be different but, as with everything in Cambridge, this is going to take time - and lots of it."



Having been shown to our table we found a single red rose placed over the gold 'Valentine's' menu. It was just on the right side of tasteful, though I had to admit I still felt a little bit squeamish, especially because there seemed to be very few other Valentine's couples in the restaurant. The two men sat beside us (who also had a rose) didn't appear to be lovers, more like mates who hadn't been able to find girlfriends and so had acquiesced to homosexuality for the evening. They wore fleeces and didn't say anything to each other throughout the meal, though I noticed one of them took the rose and the menu with him when they left. As a couple, my girlfriend and I were more conspicuous, being dressed up for the occasion and prone to hazy, lingering glances across the table.

I had tried very hard this time around. Last year I had taken my girlfriend to the pub, bought her a pint and generally refused to rise to the occasion. This year, however, it was all to be different. Back at college, my room was unnervingly tidy and littered with scented candles

"My room was littered with scented candles that I had bought in bulk from Tesco the night before"

that I had bought in bulk from Tesco the night before. I was going to come into my own as a strong, enigmatic, silent type. I was going to atone for our many nights together when I had glutted myself on pizza and chips and sat wailing in the corner at my discomfort with my engorged belly flopped over my belt. I was going to be, for once, Guy Candy of the highest order - sharp, complicated, and just a little bit dangerous.

Lowering my eyelids to what I assumed was a kind of sexy squint, I clasped my girlfriend's hand and looked meaningfully into her eyes. "Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked. "Are you drunk?" "Yes" I had to admit, then reached slowly for my wine, keeping my eyes fixed with hers, and clumsily knocked the contents of my glass across the table. "Well done knob-head" my girlfriend scorned. A few courses and a crushingly expensive bill later we piled into a taxi and headed home. "I noticed somebody had put something in your pigeon hole" she mentioned on the journey. "I think you've got a secret admirer". "Have I!" I exclaimed, my faith suddenly, joyously restored in my powers of attraction over the opposite sex. "Oh" I said, realising. "It was you wasn't it". I felt the facade of my willful manliness crumble, but I didn't really mind. The pressure had been lifted and I was safe once again to let my belly flop over my belt.

A legacy to cherish?



MIKE KIELTY

May, 1997. Remember it well? Long summer days, the joys of innocent infancy and, yes, Labour winning the election. Red flags flew to the tune of "Things can only get better" and a politician claiming 'whiter than white' integrity ascended the steps of No. 10. A new era had begun, presaging the end of the old-boys network and grubby backhanders in the corridors of power. This leader would follow 'the third way', an ostensible rejection of the extremes of political opinion in favour of a path more amenable to all. The offensive stench of Tory sleaze would be replaced by the fresh odour of Tony, an 'honest kind of guy'. HMS Britain was off the rocks and back on course.

A decade on and the stink of corruption from No. 10 seems worse than ever. Blair's cherished legacy, already tarnished by the mediocrity of reforms at home and a costly failure in Iraq, now seems set for a final *coup de grâce*: a cash-for-honours scandal that bears all the hallmarks of ugly political nepotism.

It's a cliché that all political lives end in failure. Churchill's wartime heroics were rewarded with heavy defeat to Attlee's Labour Party in 1945 and, although he subsequently resumed power, his premiership never regained its wartime glow. Despite presiding over a period of relative peace and prosperity, Clinton left the White House with that unrelenting expression "I did

"A scandal that bears all the hallmarks of ugly political nepotism"

not have sexual relations with that woman" ringing in his ears. Blair has by no means bucked the trend: whatever the outcome of the police

investigation, he will cede power under a cloud.

In the sunset months of Blair's leadership, many of the policies he might have wished to see inscribed on his gravestone lie in tatters. Ten years have passed, yet poverty still overwhelms Africa, global warming is still only a peripheral issue for the world's greatest polluters, and the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have no neat resolution in sight.

Along with Iraq, it is perhaps Blair's style of leadership that will leave the strongest aftertaste. He has traded on the values of empathy and trust, privileging a sense of emotional

authenticity over the firmness of a purely ideological stance. And yet, there was little indication of empathy in ignoring Iraq war protestors; the cash-for-honours debacle is set to undermine his notion of trust as nothing more than a harmful parody.

Although they may offend or alienate whilst in power, political figures tend to soften in the public's memory once removed from the limelight. Clinton is honoured as the antithesis of his naïve successor; Churchill has been elevated to the rank of "Greatest Briton" and even the hapless John Major is now associated more with cricket and warm bitter than sleaze. Time salves old wounds and removes the immediate prejudices that charge our response to politicians.

It is a maxim of British politics that one must judge a leader by the actions of their successors. Thatcher's success in transforming the face of the nation meant that, in her wake, Labour could never hope to win an election with a leader more left-wing than Blair. The Conservatives may look forward to the next elections with the hope of returning to power; but this is only through the thoroughly Blairite pledges of a 'modern, compassionate' type of politics. It's all a lot more New Labour than Norman Tebbit.

So as HMS Britain sails off on to the horizon, Captain Tony may be leaving a ship on the verge of mutiny, but any change of leadership is unlikely to bring a change of course. Given a few years (or even a few months), we may well find that, far from being cast overboard, he becomes a cherished memory for a new set of malcontents. Legacy, as Churchill would attest, does not lie simply in the tangible results of policy. In our nostalgic remembrance, as well as the practices of later governments, a political life may live on and be renewed. We may not have seen the last of that old toothy grin just yet.



ILLUSTRATION BY PIPPA CORNELL

Scary stories from the stacks



OLIVIA DAY

A University of Cape Town professor and a Cambridge undergraduate were walking down the steps of the Smuts Memorial last summer and discussing what a small world it was. Over a leisurely lunch, talking about the relative merits and downfalls of dissertation titles, conversation was punctuated by those diversions that, when overheard, are completely nauseating. "Oh, do you know X, he's my ex-colleague's son's best friend's squash partner?" "No! But he lives down the corridor from my supervision partner's college son's sister." And so on. When tattle turned to the University Library, however, the tone became suddenly animated: He knew Bird-Man and Penguin Boy, and though both confessed themselves too afraid to approach the bookish Trojans to read their name tags, suddenly English undergraduate and 60-year

old professor of Modern African History were joined in an earth shattering moment of discovery: Cambridge UL librarians are the scariest in the whole world.

These guardians of the bookstacks eye you so carefully as you hand over the *History of South American Amphibians* that you might wonder if (i) they were asking themselves if you might be merely after a new doorstop; (ii) they were using their inbuilt Iris Recognition System to identify overdue library-fines, or (iii) they were daring you, kiddo, to stub out your next cigarette on page 213 and try and bring that book back. I was only too pleased to hear from my professor friend that having the fancy title makes them no more fraternal.

Alongside this motley crew of literati-in-league are those who perpetuate this cruelty and who, in what can only be described as a masochistic display of martyrdom to their thesis, bolster the power of said guardians with brio. These people have buried their identities, personal relationships and quite possibly their hopes of any paid profession in order to walk into the Library every morning and, sluggishly pushing those gilded doors like literary Stepford Wives, reach towards the ultimate prize: the day when they, too, can order *their own*

thesis from the West Room. Last year, I was approached by a woman who announced "I've come all the way from Cardiff to find my new book on Newton." I kid you not.

The UL is a stalker's paradise. There are enough empty bookcases in the North Front for all manner of peeking through the darkness. Have you ever noticed how many of those timed switches don't actually work (read permanently disabled by some weedy nutcase in an 'I love Plato' t-shirt)? And do you really know if all those trolley-pushing drones are actual employees - trolleys that, I might add, are always curiously empty?

The UL is also an OCD sufferer's paradise. If you have ever seen the look of terror twist on bookish faces during a library fire alarm, you will know precisely the dangers of breaking such an intricately planned daily routine. A rough estimate might suggest that approximately 63.4% of UL attendees arrive at exactly the same time each day, leave according to an equally regular schedule, sit on the same beige seat in South Front 3, and cut their cheese scone at 8 minutes past lunchtime with exactly the same perpendicular stroke of the knife.

Germaine Greer wrote in the *Guardian* this week on the wonders of the public library. "Where once

libraries went to considerable lengths to keep people out", she effuses, "now they struggle to entice all kinds of people in, the young, the poor, the lame, the blind." One imagines she did not have our own UL in mind. With the rate of library fines, the creaky buildings reminiscent of World War Two bomb shelters, and the murky pull-cord lighting, "the poor, the lame and the blind" who leave the building might not have arrived in such a state.

Returning to our favourite librarians: it would be possible to be angry, to rail at the unfairness of staffing a university library with the type of people who petrify readers to the extent of dissuading them from actually reading the books (while themselves no doubt working their way through the Ladybird books at lunchtime and throwing Milton at the dog when they get home). But it is precisely these fantasies that make the UL, rather than an object of ire, a place of fascination with urban myths stretching as far as the slopes of Table Mountain. If this article has intrigued you enough, it is always possible to peruse Charles E Sayles' 1905 tome, *The University Library, Cambridge*. Order from the Rare Books Room, classmark Adv.d.119.4. Show your unabashed love of our beloved bibliothèque; just don't expect a smile.



Clareified speech

»Like it or not, Cambridge has entered the cartoons row



JAMES NOYES

It is exactly a year since the Danish cartoons dominated our newspaper headlines, pushed demonstrators onto London's streets, and led to riots throughout the Middle East. How would Cambridge mark such an unpleasant anniversary? My fear was that a maverick don might give a controversial interview. Instead, an undergraduate has taken this role upon himself. His actions would be unremarkable were it not for their exclusivity: *Clareification's* moment of madness represents only the third of its kind in Britain. The question for us now is whether we take the challenge seriously or not.

For most commentators, the cartoons controversy was a matter of free speech conflicting with religious sensitivities. Judging by the comments left on *The Times* website, this remains peoples' main concern. "Freedom of expression is well and truly dead in the very cradle of liberty", laments one

writer. In response to the rumour that Clare College might send down the offending student, others ask how our elite institution can bear to curtail its own liberty.

A university should not be trapped within forced oppositions like this. Our concerns differ from those of a newspaper: Freedom of speech is a bugbear for the media; we should be more worried about the quality of that speech. To target liberty against Islamophobia as another example of civilizations clashing is to miss the mark. Our role in an elite institution is to question the assumptions that are fed our way.

There can be little question that the cartoons were Islamophobic: they were designed to mock a prophet who is precious to Muslims at a time when Islam is passing through a particularly painful chapter. At the same time, the freedom of speech is a right that few of us would wish to see jeopardized.

The real issue is why we would be content to leave this conflict dumped at the crossroads. A university is best placed to pick its way through the complex histories behind the Danish cartoons and advise journalists and policy-makers in the wider world. That it has been left to a vulnerable undergraduate to make a reckless gesture should tell us something about the void he thought he was filling.

What could be the *Clareification*, we might ask, of a Muslim's disquiet not with the manner of free speech but the matter of depicting a prophet at all? The differences between a Sunni mosque devoid of such an image and the Shi'ite posters one might find in a Karbala market reflect tensions of great significance. Contained within a

caricature of Mohammed is a theological thread that can be traced from scripture to an event like the destruction of the Bamiyan Buddhas in 2001. Nor is it unique to Islam. A trip of just fifteen miles up the road would take us to Ely's lady chapel where we can see the effects of a puritan hatred of images on a wall of statued saints.

These moments of conflict between and within religious groups are given even more weight when we consider the social issues of division and immigration. What does *Clareified* free speech really have to say about such long and global struggles being played out in our society today?

This week, the French satirical weekly *Charlie Hebdo* is engaged in a

"The question now is whether we take the challenge seriously or not"

court case against two Islamic organisations which are suing for "public insults against a group of people because they belong to a religion". The magazine has responded with a barrage of new cartoons lampooning Mohammed, Muslim leader Dalil Boubakeur, and the Qur'an. Presidential hopeful Nicolas Sarkozy, with one eye on the April elections and another on the riots that have

ripped through the *banlieues*, has publicly defended the caricatures. For the French, as with other European countries, these matters go to the heart of a debate surrounding the assimilation of new religious influences within an established constitution. Britain remains unusual in that it is still defining, rather than implementing, its multicultural model.

To compare Charlie and Clare in this way is to bear witness to how differently we do things here. According to the newspapers last weekend, both the president of Clare's student union and the senior tutor have issued apologies for the publication and have distanced themselves from any ramifications. One report even has the guest editor hiding out in a safe house, fearful for his well-being. This curious blend of public scapegoating and private sympathy is a telling illustration of how the British deal with religious conflict. But it goes nowhere to resolving the issues at stake.

Individual nations and institutions engage in the dialogue between religion and society in different ways. As a British university, we must be conscious of the doubly unique role it can play in that dialogue. To accept the simplistic clash between religion and free speech is as poor a reflection of our abilities as playing with cartoons. So too is leaving our youngest members to make mistakes and then threatening them with expulsion. It is our privilege to be at the forefront of social, religious and constitutional debate. How we hold ourselves through this episode will say a great deal about how much we value that privilege.

Stopover from Switzerland

LINDA VOGEL

Nach de erschte 1000 km vo minre Reis vo Zürich sitze imene grosse Bus und befinde mich irgendwo i de englische Wildnis zwüsched de britannische Hauptstadt und de beriehmteste Universitätsstadt vo Europa während näd mir es englisches Omi i ihres Telefon säuslet und sich über d'Entwicklig vo ihrem Enkelbueb erkundigt. Ihri höchi Stimm haltet mich vomeme erholende Nickerchen ab und führt dezue, dass ich afang mich mit de verbifahrende Bilder z'unterhalte. Die schwerfällige Reihenhäuser us Bachstei und di chline Lädeli mit veraltete Schilder und Schriftzüg werded immerwider dur wiiti, eher kahli Wieseebene unterbroche. Ich bin überrascht wie fremd mir alles vorchunnt, obwohl ich eigentlich denkt han Engalnd chli zkenne. Überraschenderwis befinde ich mich endlich inere grosse Stadt und bin umgäh vo englischem Englisch, won ich vor es paar Stund no recht schön und sympatisch gfunde han, wird mer doch chli z'englisch.

Zwei Täg spöter han ich mich aber scho lang da dra gwöhnt; nur no mit de Umgangsforme hani no so mini Müeh. Vorallem s'luute und überschwengliche Begrüssigs- und Abschiedsverhalte vom Engländer het mich als zrugghaltendi Schwiizerin erstmals eifach nur befremdet und eher igeschüchteret, obwohls glaub zimli de umgekehrti Effekt sött ha. Ufes nur fründlich gmeints "schön dich kennezerne" (wonich mir anschienend scho nur nacheme zweiminütige Gegenüberstah verdient han) han ich mich natürlich geht gfühlt und höflich "thänk ju" erwidert. Won ich nacher vo mim halbenglische Begleiter zrechtgwiese worde bin, dass die erwarteti Antwort eigentlich es "ju tu" gsi wär, isch mir erscht bewusst worde, dass mini Antwort wohl zimlich arrogant gwürkt het.

Zum Glück chunts nur selte zu so peinliche Interaktionen, da ich ufgrund vo minre illegale Unterkunft im Zimmer vomene Student zwunge bin, mich so unuffällig wie möglich zverhalte. De täglich Bsuech vo de Putzfrau machts mir aber nöd eifach mich unbeobachtet zfühle. Zum dene uswiech han ich mir also täglichi Spaziergänger durs Zentrüm gönnt, was dezue geführt het, dass ich d'Stadt immer chli besser kennegeleert han. Won ich aber bim erschte söttige Usflug a de Kasse gstande bin hani gemerkt dass mini Pounds scho sit 20 Jahr da nüm im Umlauf sind (min Vater het si nach gueter schwiizer Art über Jahrzehnt uffbewahrt). Witeri Apassigsschwierigkeite hani im Gourmetbereich gha: won ich mich mit brüchigem, stinkigem Chederchäs ha müesse abfinde, hend mir die duftende Löcher vom schwizer Chäs scho chli gfehl. Obwohl ich mich schwer a gwüsse Eigeheite vo de englische Kultur wird chöne gwöne, gfallts mer immer besser da und ich glaub sogar en Ort gfunde zha, won ich mal für länger Zitt chann verwele.

Varsity

Age-old reform

Many academics are only too happy to explain why an 800-year old University with a strong tradition of democratic self-governance should never allow itself to be dictated to by a small government body set up only fourteen years ago. ‘Who are they to tell us what to do’ is a frequently heard sentiment, occasionally followed by references to the fact that Cambridge as an institution can trace a stable history back further than the British government itself. Its 1209 foundation pre-dates Magna Carta by six years. Proponents of the ‘traditionalist’ line on University politics are not difficult to find.

But the weight of hundreds of years of self-governance is not in itself a valid reason to resist reform. That Cambridge has governed itself successfully for a substantial amount of time is hard to argue with. As the Wilson Report acknowledges, the “University is not an island” and to wish that the Cam will one day erode its way into encircling the town completely would be somewhat foolhardy. The last thing that needs to happen is for the academic draw-bridge to be raised completely.

That Oxford and Cambridge currently stand alone, and in many ways actively seek to continue to do so, is not something that can be justified purely on the basis of their distinguished pasts. Durham, London and St Andrews have apparently all managed to fall within government regulations without creating major controversy, although their histories are far from brief. Historical precedent is all that has seemingly enabled Oxford and Cambridge to retain their aloof status. Oxbridge should not earn an independent stance purely because of its history, each university has the right to its independent structures.

It is certainly desirable that the seventy three universities who will benefit from the Prime Minister’s announcement on funding yesterday should be run in a fair and at least reasonably transparent way. But a rigidly prescriptive set of standardised rules for university governance need not be a part of this. Unless serious defects can be unearthed in the way in which a university runs itself then the government should have no need to involve itself in the means by which higher education institutions reach their decisions. Gordon Brown’s keen interest in seeing Oxbridge governance reform has become something of a talking point in the pages of the national press. It is clear that Cambridge needs to take account of the changing world around it, but the nature of any reform is not something that either HEFCE or any other government body need have any part in determining. And if it were possible to persuade any other higher education institutions that they should govern according to their own circumstances then that would be enormously beneficial too.

Varsity

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Varsity has been Cambridge’s independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and ARU weekly. Varsity is proud to be the holder of numerous student media awards and a vast number of alumni now working in international media. Varsity also publishes BlueSci magazine, The Mays, and an online edition at www.varsity.co.uk.

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letters@varsity.co.uk

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Sir,

With sorrow and anger the Cambridge Mosque notes the publication, in the student newsletter *Clareification*, of material which deliberately insults the honour of the Blessed Prophet Muhammad (s.w.s.). Mindful of its duty before Almighty Allah and before humanity to defend the honour and good name of the Final Prophet, the Mosque condemns this provocation in

the stongest terms.

The University’s record of freedom of expression is a matter of record and of pride. However it is clear that incitement to religious and ethnic hatred is at all times immoral, and that its consequences for harmony between communities and nations can be grave. It is particularly important that the boundary between fair comment and hate speech be respected and understood at the present time, when misunderstanding and sometimes hatred directed against ethnic minorities of Muslim

faith living in the West is on the rise, a process often exploited by far-right and racist groups whose political and social vision is abhorrent to all decent people.

Hicham Kwieder
Chairman of the Mosque
Committee

Tell Varsity what’s on your mind - each week, the best letter will win a specially selected bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King’s Parade



Dear Sir,

Jamie Munk’s article today on why to take part in Blind Date certainly highlighted some important aspects of charitable giving that are often overlooked, including an awareness of where one’s money is going and who it’s going to benefit. While it is appreciated that students should think carefully about why and how they support charitable campaigns, Varsity’s article clearly suggests that students should on principle not give to RAG because the charities ballot has not yet been published.

Having raised one side of the argument perhaps you would be good enough to allow a response from RAG in your next issue, as surely an explanation of why the charities ballot works in the way it does and why people should still give generously towards untagged funds is exactly what this article demands.

RAG generated over £100,000 in tagged money last year, nearly 2/3 the RAG total, through charity-specific student street Raids. I’m sure our hard-working Raids team would be delighted to dig up some accurate figures for you.

Ben Ewan
President, Cambridge RAG

Dear Sir,

One of last week’s features, ‘Alternatives to Paper Aeroplanes’, commends the vandal acts of uncouth creatures upon a book that love’s own

self contains, The Faerie Queene, by Spenser.

It takes brains, no doubt, to fidge with fans in lecture halls; but sharper wits, and lovers versed in pains, would sooner tear their gizzards from their galls than one leaf from that tree where true love grows, and falls.

Andrew Zurcher
Fellow in English
Queens’ College

Dear Sir,

Your coverage of the Clare College Danish Cartoon scandal, although fair, seemed to ignore several major issues surrounding the case. The publication was unquestionably offensive, however issues raised by Varsity and subsequent media coverage have been purely concerned with its Islamaphobic content. The edition called “Crucifixion” contained equally provocative and offensive anti-Christian as well as racist remarks, yet this evaded any news coverage. It must be asked why the offense of Muslims is given priority coverage? Is it due to the fact that within this minority there is a militant core who are willing to use violence to express their discontent? As idiotic as the editor’s decision was to include one of the Danish cartoons, it is equally alarming to know the editor has now been re-housed in a secret location for his own safety. What a sad series of events this has been for freedom of speech in this country.

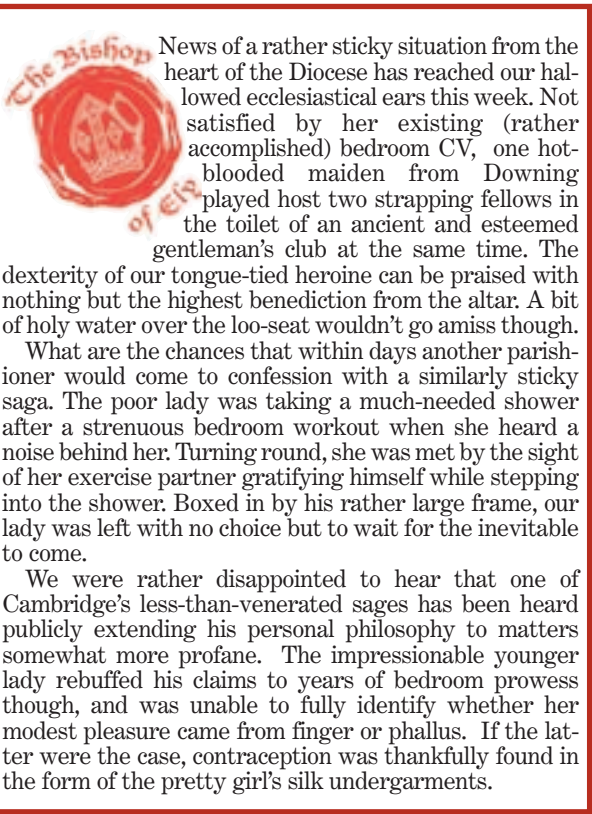
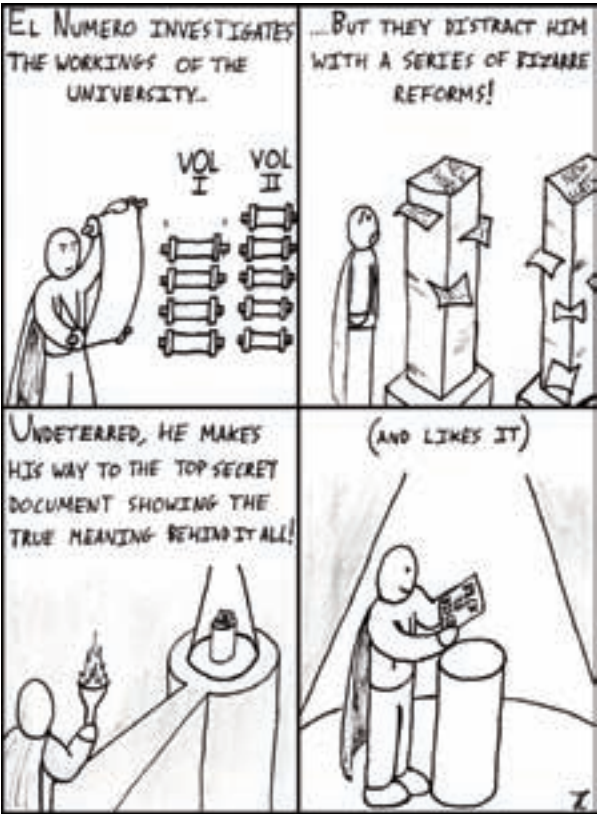
Will Haggard
Clare College

Dear Sir,

I would like to comment on the feature “Fifth time lucky for TCSU president”, which has been the focus of a huge amount of debate in and around the Trinity College bar, mail rooms and indeed the debating society magpie and stump. Many cannot believe the fallacies dreamed up in this feature, from the simple mistakes in describing Mr Coker’s course of study, to the ironic misspelling of the word “Nobel”, after a cutting attack on the apparent misspelling of “you” on Mr Coker’s presidential manifesto. In fact, many argue that this was a clever use of another presidential candidate’s Christian name “Yusuf”. Coker rightly said that the key to his election was “demonstrating that one, you are better than the other candidate, and two, that the other candidate is worse than you”. If Mr Donati had been at Hustings on the Tuesday evening prior to the elections then perhaps this would have been apparent to him. There have been no calls to re-open nominations, never mind a rejection by the committee. Furthermore, this year’s turnout was greater than the last, proving that Mr Coker’s leadership has already begun, as promised, to reduce apathy within the college.

Adam Blacklay
Trinity College

Letters may be edited for
space and style





Features & Arts



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Worth A Punt

With super-casinos dominating the headlines, **Joe Powell** and **Oscar Brodkin** explore the extent of Cambridge's betting culture

If you were to twin Las Vegas with an English town, Cambridge would certainly be near the bottom of the list. However, while the latter may be lacking anything on the scale of "Caesar's Palace", you would be surprised at the number of students for whom gambling is part of their daily lives. The explosion of internet betting sites has given rise to a new breed of gamblers, markedly different to those you would associate with your smoky high street bookie. Students have become a prime target, with companies like Absolute Poker running advertisements offering the chance to win a term's tuition fees. For most people, though, the purpose of gambling is as a source of adrenaline, adding excitement to sporting events on television, or as a social activity, with groups of friends playing poker an increasingly common sight around the colleges.

In the new era of 'super-casinos', betting exchanges and poker celebrities, it is easy to forget about the dangers of gambling. Research has found that students are inclined to take risks due to their lack of ties, having less to lose and the capacity to start again in the face of bankruptcy. Nevertheless, lost friendships, ruined degrees and a rock-bottom credit rating are not easily repaired. Perhaps it is positive, therefore, that the travelling Churchill Casino only run pretend money events at May Balls and the like. Max Lines, co-manager of the casino, has seen their popularity grow, but insists that "there is no culture of binge gambling in Cambridge". He does admit, however, that by giving people the opportunity to play for fun, it may build their confidence for the real thing. For most, this entails five or ten pound live poker games and occasional deposits online, with even the Hawks' Club getting in on the act with a new poker room. The most regular poker game can be found with the University's Poker Society that meets every Sunday for "no limit" Texas Hold 'em tournaments. Even this small-time gambling has not

sat well with some college authorities, with Homerton and Emmanuel banning poker sites, and others deterring students from using common rooms to play cards.

The one man who knows student betting habits better than anyone is Steve Wood, the manager of Ladbrokes in Market Square. Roughly 5 per cent of his customers are students, mainly coming in to bet on Premiership and Champions League action, often in the form of weekend accumulators. "There are no big student punters," he said, arguing instead that drink and not gambling is Cambridge's most prominent vice.

For Cambridge students gambling shouldn't just be about winning or losing. The skills employed when rationally assessing the chances of a bet succeeding are very similar to those needed in high flying city jobs, and whilst Nick Leeson may have got it very wrong, many gambling graduates settle in better than most. It may also surprise you to learn that students of academic repute have been involved in high-risk gambling scams. In 1979, a group of friends from MIT used

their mathematical knowledge to turn the odds of blackjack in their favour, through a sophisticated card-counting scheme, making them millions of dollars.

For most Cambridge students gambling is clearly not a way of life, but with increasing betting opportunities in our new 'risk society', there is every chance today's small-time punters will be the high rollers of tomorrow.





ILLUSTRATION BY JANE HALL

Need the bookies' odds always be stacked against you? **Henry Donati** finds a novel way to beat the system

Some of my slightly more hare-brained money-making schemes have included attempting to sell one of my kidneys on ebay, and trying to start a crack den in the University

Library. However, this time I thought I should avoid anything too controversial or illegal. So I've been gambling.

Unfortunately, since I started a week ago, I've become quite addicted; you know this is the case when you refuse to go out with your friends until you've found out the result of Nuneaton vs Stalybridge. Betting on big matches is boring - anyone can do that. But when Keiran Walmsley scuffs the ball into an empty goal in the last minute of play, that's when you get a real sense of existential fulfilment. This hasn't actually happened, but I'm banking on Kieran coming up with the goods tonight.

There are quite a few less common sports you can waste your money on - I've become quite attached to Handball (the Danish Haandboldligaen women's version, of course). The slightly amusingly named Slagelse DT are my tip for this season - Irina Poltoratskaya is a bit of a legend apparently.

Of course the problem is, that if you know jack-all about these sports, then you tend waste your dosh. I had been

'The exchange take commission, but you're guaranteed to come out with about £47, whatever the result'

resorting to that age-old, tried-and-tested method of eeny meeny miney mo. But then I discovered a way that guarantees that you make money. Stay with me here - I'm not advocating a pyramid scheme, though if people want to send me cheques that would be nice. What

actually happens with a lot of gambling sites is that to encourage new customers, they offer a free bet of anything up to £50 when you place a bet of that amount with them. Great, but you still might lose your original bet as well as your free one. This is where the clever bit comes in. As well as bookmakers, there are several companies called sporting exchanges. These differ because instead of placing bets, you can act as the bookmaker yourself - you can "lay" money against the occurrence of a certain outcome. Effectively, this means that you can bet on a certain outcome with your free £50 bet at the bookmaker, and then bet against that happening with another £50 at the exchange. The exchange take a small commission, but the end result is you're guaranteed to come out with about £97, whatever the result. Effectively you have made £47. Most bookmakers offer free bets for new customers, so all you need to do is open accounts with several of them, and see the cash rolling in. Unless you're a muppet like me, and end up betting on the wrong thing. Anyway, it's time to check the result of that grudge match - SK Aarhus v Slagelse DT.

Gianna Vaughan

Take me to Dinner



When people say the 'Cambridge' name will get you places, escort agencies are probably not what they had in mind. Nevertheless, an increasing number of students, are singing up to an upbeat 'Take Me To Dinner' website to boost their finances. Students choose where they'll go, when, and with whom. In addition to being extremely lucrative, it provides an incredible opportunity to experience a lifestyle most of us could not otherwise afford. I've had friends taken to the Opera, the Ballet, treated to top restaurants, and get paid anything from

'They think they're paying for more than dinner'

£5 to £200, for a few hours of their, clearly scintillating, conversation.

Seemingly, most people using the site are seeking a power trip by flashing cash at impoverished students, or the buzz of younger company. The separate Oxbridge/Ivy League section, suggests that many get a kick from dating a member of the student 'elite'. Ok, so you might have tolerate being thrilled by your dates' detailed knowledge of the bread importation industry, that's actually true, but surely this is a small price to pay?

Ambiguities within the site itself, however, could make it a more 'costly' experience. There is exceptionally little mention of money exchanged and a casual shelving of the fact that many clients are 'happily married'. Set rules seem totally absent. Instead, a system of virtual interactions, something akin to poking on facebook, offers 'strip teases', encouraging people to go as far as they like. One Cambridge student reportedly asked for £20 extra to invest in some underwear. As a result, clients often have very different expectations of their 'date'.

Bring up the issue of 'Take Me To Dinner' and it seems to polarise student opinion. People either think it's a fantastic idea, or they're appalled at the immorality. If you spend an enjoyable evening with someone who pays for your delicious dinner, is it right to ask for money? On the other hand, if that person knew they had to buy your time, is it different to any other kind of service provision? Perhaps we are all too quick to judge. I wouldn't get involved myself, partly because of the moral issue, but more because I think it takes guts I'm not sure I have.

Many students expect to be able to play off their 'Oxbridge' degree. We hope employers will see it as synonymous with bright, articulate, passionate things that most people say about themselves on their 'Take Me To Dinner' profiles. We are all, imminently going to prostitute ourselves to the working world. So if dating services are willing to pay us for the 'Cambridge' name, should we condemn those of us that would be willing to let them?

UNDER THE LABCOAT

MicoTatlovic

On brain diseases

The UK has had the misfortune of hosting mad cow disease and of seeing the rise and fall of the human form of the deadly variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (vCJD). Both diseases are thought to be caused by proteins called prions that are found in all mammals, but which can also misform into an infectious, self-replicating variety. With the relatively successful control of BSE and decreasing cases of vCJD, media attention has switched to SARS and, most recently, avian flu. If we were to base our judgement on the media coverage, we no longer need to worry about transmissible prion diseases, also known as prionoses or, more technically, "transmissible spongiform encephalopathies" (TSEs). But is this really so?

First of all, there is no cure for vCJD. Second, there is no way of detecting the disease before the symptoms kick in, after which death inevitably and rapidly follows. Third, the incubation period, the time needed for the infectious agent to multiply enough to cause symptoms, can be as long as forty years; this means that a single infected person may be infectious for a lengthy period. Finally, up to 40% of the population carries genes that make them susceptible to the infection. Reasons for the threat of a vCJD epidemic still very much exist and, it could be argued, just keep piling up. research attention that is focused on various aspects of prions has been increasing. Some scientists are worried that there is an undercover vCJD epidemic still waiting to hit us.

Prions can spread through blood, which means blood donations could have a disastrous effect. However, in the UK, donated blood gets leucodepleted, which means the leukocytes (which are able to harbour infectious prions) are removed. In many other countries this doesn't happen. Once in contact with surgical instruments, prions are difficult to remove and the instruments may remain infectious for a long time. We still lack methods to screen people for prion diseases and so there is a danger of prions spreading via surgical instruments. Studies of tonsils removed in UK hospitals have found infectious prions present in some tissues; the conclusion was that around 14,000 people may be carrying the disease without even realizing it yet. Others found that muscle tissues, like beef, may also harbour infectious prions and not only brain tissues, as previously thought. There is even the possibility that sheep may be susceptible to BSE, even though in sheep a similar form of the disease already exists, called scrapie, which is not infectious to humans. However, without tests to discriminate between the two forms of the disease we may be in danger of getting vCJD by eating lamb or mutton. Some countries even use sheep brains to produce the rabies vaccine, creating another possible route for the spread of vCJD in humans.

So there's a lot to worry about. Luckily, research into vaccines and medicines against vCJD is still ongoing. A method of detection of prions at an early stage of the infection is also being developed. Perhaps we can still avoid the epidemic, or at least work towards fighting it.



Cafe Culture

Forget the lecture theatre: **Sarah Lilian Stephen** meets **Dr Jordan Raff**, the man taking science to Starbucks

It is easy to imagine scientists as Einstein-esque individuals from the Olympian heights of wisdom. They don white lab coats and fiddle with test tubes in an underground cavern, whilst a green solution is merrily boiling on a round-bottomed flask. But Café Scientifique is aiming to take science out of its academic context; a forum for the discussion of scientific issues, meant to be both informal and accessible. The Cambridge branch held its latest meet-

'We just can't help using jargon and then it's completely incomprehensible to most of the audience'

ing at the Starbucks Café in Borders on the evening of January 29. People were invited to sit down, grab a cappuccino and listen as Dr Jordan Raff discussed his Cancer Research UK-funded project, something he told me was a "stimulating intellectual challenge."

When greeted at the Gurdon Institute by a laid back man in jeans and a fleece, I am left wondering whether this is really the eminent group leader at the Wellcome Trust/Cancer Research Institute of Cancer and Developmental Biology. He is one of the leaders in his field, has been published in reputed peer reviewed journals and is a Director of the Company of Biologists along with Sir Tim Hunt, winner of the 2001 Nobel Prize for Medicine. Dr Raff seems committed to extending the appeal of science. With pride he tells me how some former outreach students soon learned

that "some scientists are funny and have a good sense of humour. They're very normal and they mess around."

His interest in making science accessible to everyone meant that Café Scientifique was the ideal outlet. His work is ultimately aimed at revealing new ways of diagnosing and treating cancer in humans, and relies upon an analysis of the molecular structure of the centrosome, using fruit flies as a model system. He does admit that some of his experiments were "boring, time consuming and laborious."

Microphones are not used, so not to detract from the café atmosphere. Dr Raff suggested that steady hum of coffee drinkers in such a popular café isn't conducive to such a presentation, whilst the bright lights and pillars make viewing difficult for those who are just passing through. He has argued for a change of venue - "You would attract passing customers in the bookshop who'd think 'That's interesting, I wonder what he's talking about?' But that's why it didn't work: if you just wandered in, it was very difficult to get involved." It ends up that people who hear about it through the University's departments occupy the seating, whilst others are marginalised. How does this affect Café Scientifique's stated mantra of informality, and its ability to attract a diverse and non-specialist audience? This is a question we don't fully resolve, but one that clearly troubles Dr Raff.

There were forty people at the Café Scientifique talk; Dr Raff counted them himself. He quickly added that half of those were members of University and points out, "You are preaching to the converted. You don't get people who become curious on seeing a poster which

reads, "Fruit flies and cancer" and then think 'I'll go to that'". On the other hand he is impressed by the attendance of some A-level students, "Inevitably you simplify as a presenter, but those kids were smart enough to see that what I was saying". He does acknowledge, "We just can't help using jargon. I start off quite simply and then very quickly people ask questions, I go off on a tangent and then it's completely incomprehensible to most of the audience".

Despite the the obvious enjoyment of the participants and the undoubted success of his address, this seasoned veteran of outreach programmes advocated change in time for future events. He often earnestly reiterated, "I think we have to do a lot of work to get this format right."

Scientifique Stats

1989 - "Green Drinks" is founded in London, whereby environmentalists would meet informally in cafés. The movement has since become global, with branches in 22 countries.

1992 - Café Philosophique is started in France by philosopher Marc Sautet.

1998 - The first Café Scientifique event is held in Leeds wine bar, borrowing heavily from the French model. Duncan Dallas, the founder, is said to have been inspired reading the obituary of the French philosopher.

2003 - The first event occurs in Cambridge, on "Mad Cow Disease". The next event is in Starbucks, just just before exams begin, on May 31.

Put your spin
on science

science@varsity.co.uk

From job prospects to foreign policy and weblogs; in a series of interviews **Catherine Bosley** uncovers an intimate picture of Iranian student life

Iranian Erudition

With the row over the Iranian government's attempt to develop a nuclear program dominating news headlines, little attention has been paid to the people of Iran. However, "No Islamic country displays a greater disparity between those who run its government and those who live in its capital, Teheran," explains Parviz, an Iranian graduate of the University of Maryland in the U.S.

So, what is it like to be a student in Iran?

Today, roughly 70 per cent of Iran's population is under the age of thirty. Women constitute half of all university students. Consequently, Iran's institutions of higher education are overcrowded. Applications to

crackdown on internet use, students cannot consult western scientific resources. This lack of access, says Parviz, is probably students' greatest complaint.

For many years Iran's economic outlook has been dour. Now, prospects are worsening owing to the nuclear dispute which is diminishing foreign companies' willingness to do business in Iran. Science and engineering graduates have particularly felt the squeeze. So, when taking a taxi in Teheran it is not uncommon to discover that your driver has a doctorate in engineering.

The dark economic horizon has "deeply affected the minds of university students," says Ali, a 25-year-old engineering student. Many seek to emigrate. One mathematics post-doc, about to leave for Australia, said his monthly pay check amounted to no more than £340. He remarked, "If you pay peanuts, you get monkeys. The reasons for the brain drain are obvious."

In 1979, a significant proportion of students supported the Islamic Revolution. Today however, students have more complicated relations with the regime. How to account for this change? "We have seen that each revolution needs blood and it will take blood, our eyes have become more open," says Ali.

Among President Mahmoud Ahmedinejad's strongest opponents are students, who resent his muffling of opposition and his failure to address unemployment. Recently, the government raised the voting age, probably because young voters are more prone to opposing the current regime, and has restricted internet connections to a Neolithic 128kb. Students also disapprove of Ahmedinejad's abrasive foreign policy rhetoric. "Most ... want to have open relations with others, even with Israel," Ali explains.

Parviz explains that "from the very beginning students and Ahmedinejad were on a collision course." In December 2006, students at Teheran's Amir Kabir University burned pictures of Ahmedinejad and held up signs calling him a "Fascist president." Several students were arrested. Yet not all

students oppose Ahmedinejad. In cities such as Shiraz or Tabriz students tend to be hostile to the president, although not necessarily to the Islamic regime itself. In cities like Qom or Isfahan students generally support him. Moreover, especially among younger students, political apathy predominates. "Corruption, joblessness, restrictions, lack of freedom have made people tired," Mina contends. With the spectre of the 1979 Revolution and the Iran-Iraq war hanging over them, "people are hesitant about political change". Instead, "people want stability; that is all. No matter who gives them that."

Social life varies widely, and depends on income and religious views. North Teheran, where the affluent live, is infamous for illicit parties given in private homes. As an Iranian living in Austria joked, "There is more vodka than in Russia". Yet such events are far from the norm; many families are more traditional. Students, especially girls, are generally discouraged from study-

ing at a university not in their home town.

Blogging is a much-loved pastime for young Iranians. The blogs of political reformists, among them Abar Ganji, are popular, even though most are not primarily political. Instead they cover a wide range of topics, from poetry to sex. When asked why blogging has caught hold, Ali explained,

The dark economic horizon has deeply affected the minds of university students. The reasons for the brain drain are obvious

"You can tell about anything you want!" Even Ahmedinejad and Ali Khamenei, Iran's supreme leader, have blogs, although in subject-matter they are considerably more austere than those of the 30-and-under crowd.

What path will Iran take in the next ten years? "With such a large percentage of young people, in the future you're not going to have leaders who have any memories of the Shah or Khomeini," says Parviz. "Anything might happen."

When Mina was asked how young Iranians would describe themselves to students at Cambridge, which she dreams of attending someday, she replied "We are people like you with their dreams, love, and life".

'North Teheran is infamous for illicit parties. There is more vodka than in Russia!'

public ones, called *Dowlati*, for which students must take an entrance exam, far exceed available slots. Moreover, certain groups receive preferential treatment in the admissions process; among them members of the Basij, an Iranian paramilitary organization with 11 million members. As a result, many students are forced to attend Islamic Azad universities, founded post 1979, which charge tuition and are qualitatively less good.

"In Iran, studying humanities is a shame for talented students," explains Mina, currently a sociology postgrad in Teheran. Instead, gifted students enrol in medicine or engineering courses.

Theoretical instruction in such areas is good, almost on a par with the UK, says Parviz. However, as a result of the government's

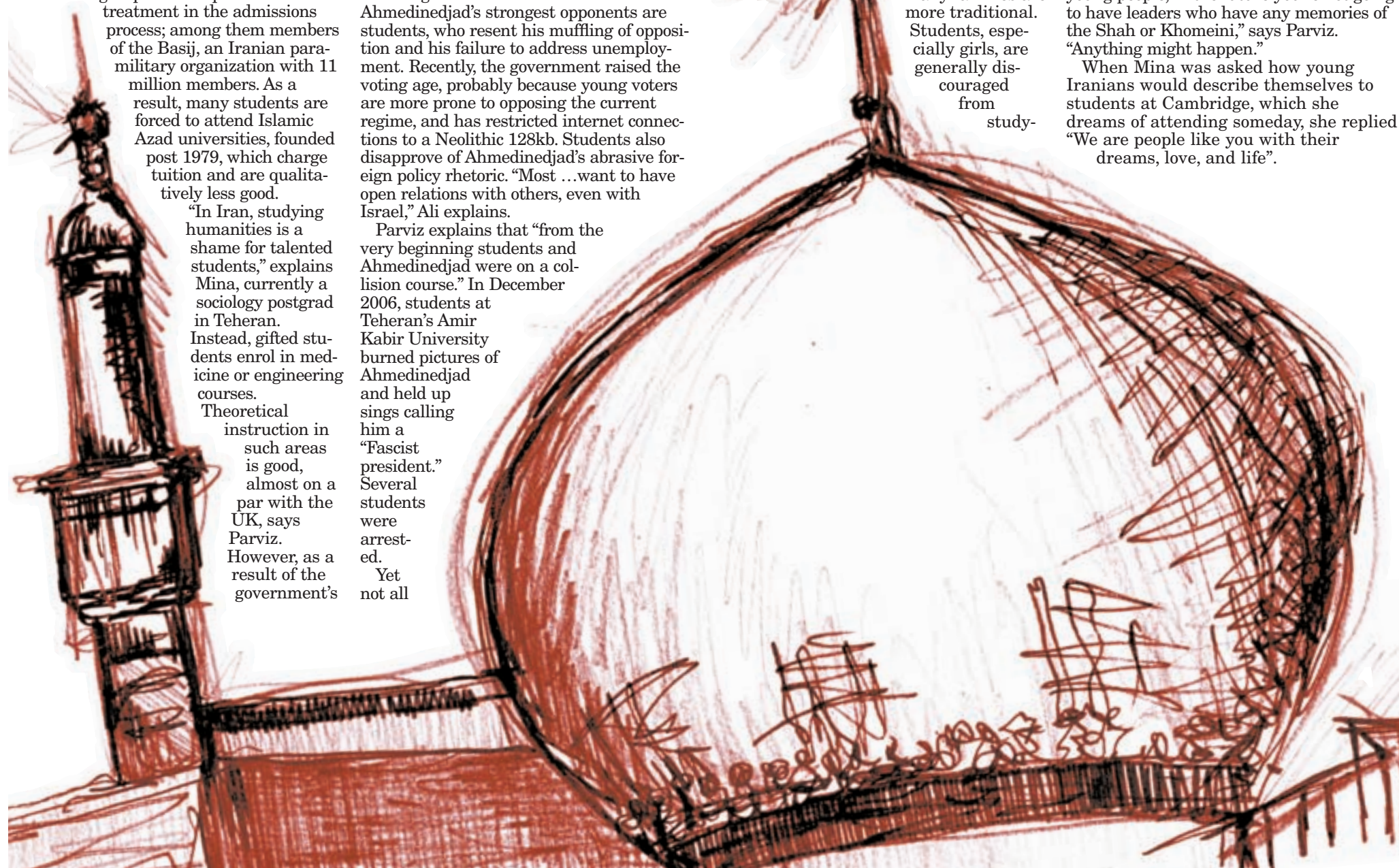


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLOTTE TYSON

STATE OF THE ART

Tom Stenhouse investigates contemporary college-funded projects in creative writing

Most people see the figure of the poet as one wafting through the Cambridge cloisters, musing on the beauties or the burden of life, jotting down their thoughts in a mole-skinned notebook as they go. When a musician puts in a virtuoso performance, you immediately think of the hours of practice that has gone into it, yet our view of poets rarely tends to focus on their literary 'practice'. Just as there is a difference between me singing in the shower and Pavarotti, so there is a chasm between differing qualities of poetry.

There can be no denying Cambridge's literary pedigree—names such as Marlowe, Milton, Byron and Wordsworth provide an impressive list of alumni. Both the University, and English literature, remain slightly bowed beneath the reputation of many of their shared past greats. Is this university a place able to foster poetic imagination, producing Tennysons and Ted Hughes as it goes? Or are these men of reputation anomalies in the relationship between study and creative success? While it would seem a little unreasonable to expect over-worked undergrads to punch out a modern *Paradise Lost* or *Don Juan* between the morning supervision and an evening formal, the creativity of its students is an important factor in any university, especially one so rich in the creative tradition.

What, then, is the University of Cambridge doing to support the would-be and actual poets in its ranks? Due to the collegiate structure of our place of study, it is in fact the individual colleges which undertake much of the burden. Jacob Polley is the Fellow Commoner in Creative Arts at Trinity College, and this appointment has given him "time and space, and this - if you ask most writers

- is what most writers feel they don't have." Trinity seems to be doing its bit, though some might argue that with the college's wealth comes such responsibility.

A common allegation is that a university education risks placing criticism ahead of creativity, stifling future bards in a paper storm of analysis. This is a false perception according to Leo Mellor, the New Hall DoS: "I think the creative/critical split is a false dichotomy. The pervading mushy consensus that somehow being 'creative' has nothing to do with rigorous thinking, reading other writers and examining why you're doing whatever you're doing is pretty morally bankrupt. This is why 'workshop' poems are, generally, so bloody terrible. I think this links to one of the main things wrong with poetry in Britain today: the profusion

'It seems unreasonable to expect over-worked undergrads to punch out a modern *Paradise Lost* or *Don Juan*'

of creative writing courses. It is so important that Cambridge doesn't go down this road (and I don't think it ever will)."

Literature must indeed be 'rigorous'. The names mentioned at the top of the article were, especially the latter trio, well-versed in the literature of their predecessors and contemporaries. Moreover, it is only in self-examination, conducted with an attentive integrity of intent, that poetry can flourish. An education that encourages you to examine other things with such

integrity can only be a good one. As Mr. Mellor points out, the University does reward creative writing and he cites "the numerous awards such as the Kinsella/Ryan prize (given by Churchill) and he one at Emma (Brewer Hall). There's also the whole 'original composition' possibility in the Tripos."

Mr. Mellor was also the holder of the Harper Wood Studentship offered by St. John's which exists to "encourage a project of creative writing by making it possible for the holder to engage in relevant, project-related travel and study." This enabled him to investigate Welsh traces in Argentina in a "month of travelling around Argentina, concentrating on the two Welsh areas: firstly Trelew, Dolavon and Gaiman, in the Chubut valley (Dyffryn Camwy in Welsh) - and then off to Cwm Hyfryd (Welsh for beautiful valley) in the Andes."

While some of Cambridge colleges are active in their support for those writing creatively, as is the English Faculty, they feel no need to integrate the discipline as part of the academic curriculum. The distance and adventure allowed by a travel bursary is perhaps a key factor in allowing budding writers space to distinguish between university demands, and the inclinations of creativity. Great poetry probably won't be helped by simply a wad of cash or a crude class on writing sonnets. It is as much about who you are as it is about what you know. And after all, Shakespeare, fulcrum of the entire English canon, never went to university.

Catherine Spencer talks visual arts with Bea Priest, student artist in residence at Christ's

Visual art seems to get short shrift in Cambridge University. King's had to ditch their artist-in-residence programme due to lack of funding, whilst Peterhouse are guilty of having razed some prime studio space (a rare commodity in this city) to the ground. The University-wide art exhibition has not been held for the past two years. The role-call of alumni associated with the literary/theatrical slices of the arts pie is overwhelmingly long and illustrious—visual artists produced by the university pales in comparison. Whilst sculptor Anthony Gormley, famed for his landscape

'Is it impossible for an institution with such emphasis on academia to nurture the creative capacities of its students?'

pieces such as Angel of the North, completed his BA in Archaeology, Anthropology and Art History at Cambridge, he is one of very few professional artists in the public eye to have emerged from the University.

This is hardly surprising, especially as Cambridge, unlike Oxford, has no department of Fine Art. It would appear to have little to offer the budding artist, and little means of providing adequate opportunity for those that do end up here. Is it impossible for an institution which places such a strong emphasis on academia to nurture the creative capacities of its students?

On closer inspection the

situation is not so completely disheartening. With a bit of perseverance, evidence of artistic activity can be detected across the University. Individual colleges such as King's and Pembroke have thriving art societies, with King's offering weekly life drawing to all members of the University, and Pembroke holding a bi-annual exhibition. Moreover, for the last nine years, Christ's college has been running a student artist-in-residence scheme, funded by the Levy-Plumb trust. Each residency lasts for a year, and any student of the University under the age of 25 who is eligible to apply. The current holder of the post, Bea Priest, emphasises the uniqueness of the position, which does not require prior professional training and endows the resident artist with their own studio space and materials for the year.

Whilst working towards an exhibition of her own material, Priest also organises weekly life-drawing classes at Christ's. The post is beneficial both for the individual artist, and for the student body, encouraging a creativity which the traditional structure of the University would not allow for. Previous holders of the position have gone on to hold independent exhibitions and begin fully fledged artistic careers, so that in its relatively brief run, the programme has demonstrated not only the potential for the university to involve the visual arts to a much greater extent, but also the existence of a strong artistic ambitions in the student body.

That there are problems with the practice of visual art in the University is undeniable. Whilst there is actually quite a lot going on, there is no centralised

body to lend coherence to the various initiatives. This is partly due to the essentially solitary nature of artistic activity—much depends on personal endeavour and dedication. It can also be difficult to access the space required for larger artistic endeavours, with many students having to work on pieces in their rooms. Perhaps the largest obstacle to the production of art in Cambridge, however, is time. Both Priest and second year artist Naomi Grant admit that the substantial amount of work required for a larger piece can only be done in the holidays. Grant, who combines her painting with a degree in English Literature, describes term time in Cambridge as 'thinking time'—the production takes a back seat whilst she studies.

Currently, the continued presence of the visual arts within the University depends on the attitudes of individual colleges, and the motivation of individuals within them. That this perseverance remains constant despite all hindrances suggests that the role of the visual arts in Cambridge has by no means attained its full potential.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN
Student's Artistic Space



The centre of Cambridge is a confusing mess. With its buildings nestling and jostling and practically falling on top of each other, punctuated by the vast green of college lawns (which you can't even walk on anyway), it seems as if not only the people but the buildings themselves are competing for space.

Like that ever-evasive supervision room somewhere at the back, up some stairs, round a corner and far away in God-knows-what-college-this-week, the artistic spaces of Cambridge seem equally hidden away, or at least pretty small.

Art rooms in particular seem increasingly under threat; or, given growing demands on space, in obscure or impractical places: the rather dingy Pembroke art room is unlikely to be much help to the next Rembrandt. In recent years, several college art rooms have been closed. The art room high amongst the rafters of King's, however, remains. It is creatively productive, well-located and well-lit. And perhaps more importantly, it provides a point of removal from the hustle of university life. Even if, in reality, you're only a few hundred yards away from the library-come-prison that's driving you to the brink of an aneurism.

The idea, I suppose, is one of escape. What, in our claustrophobic eight-week sprint, can provide this? Maybe we should learn to appreciate the diversion, as well as inspiration, all the little hidden-away spaces of Cambridge provide. Corpus Playroom is probably the most underrated dramatic space in Cambridge. Dwarfed by its big Arts Theatre uncle it may be, but the tight focus and confrontational intimacy of the Playroom has housed musicals, tragedies, recitals and more. Perhaps the modest dimensions serve to increase the intensity; it is the kind of place which, if explored fully, can offer, as Marlowe once wrote, "infinite riches in a little room".

At the same time, some of Cambridge's most loved poetic luminaries chose to actually escape the spires and cycles, rather than bury themselves inside and beneath them. Lord Byron, every time I imagine the large bear he kept in his Trinity Rooms got a little too much to handle, went on his own teddy bear's picnic to a little spot amongst the woods in Grantchester, now named Byron's Pool. I imagine he loved the spot for its tranquillity; the swans floating by; the pastoral delights of the surrounding countryside. Now, however, you have to put up with the picnic benches and pissy stench of the stagnating water.

Escape, or distance, as Edward Said wrote in *Orientalism*, is a condition which can free the creative mind, granting it release from the mundanities of everyday life. However, if you want some of that in contemporary Cambridge, you're going to have to look quite hard to find a room of your own: unless Caffè Nero will do.

Eliot Crabtree

Far page: Patagonia through the lens of Leo Mellor. This page: Bea Priest, far left; self portrait by Naomi Grant, and a Priest nude



Arts

VIEW FROM THE
GROUNDINGS

**Tom Yarrow
& Ed Rice**
On philosophy

Hang on Mr Bugson is a weird play. People came out of it, paused for dramatic effect, then went on: "That was really weird". When a play is so self-consciously up its own arse and winking at you from the intestines, how can you react? "Wanky pretentious shit", you may say. *Ahh*, but you missed the point! The truth was lost somewhere in the chain of 'existential Chinese whispers': this is meta-wanky pretentious shit. Which means ontological discharges were spewed out everywhichway, but the script pointed out its own cerebral incontinence and had a good laugh about it. There are, apparently, two types of people in this world: those who rescue dying fish and those who ruminate on the dead ones. I rescue. Now isn't that deep.

Talking of 'deep', it was heartening to find this week that the Corpus Playroom, resolutely refusing to be outdone for philosophical content by its tweed-wearing, pipe-smoking counterpart, the ADC, is attempting some musings of its own. *A Number* is a subtle and intelligent play by Caryl Churchill; a two-hander exploring the repercussions of human cloning. Despite tackling some weighty *ishoos*, the play wears its philosophical content lightly, successfully integrating it into a compelling emotional drama. I highly recommend it – just don't go expecting *Attack of the Clones*. You might feel cheated.

Unfortunately, this week's other offering at the Playroom, *The Collector*, was a distinctly less interesting affair. Dan Martin plays an obsessive whack job, who rather mistakenly decides that kidnapping an art-school student and imprisoning her in his cellar is a sure-fire way to make her love him. Predictably, it doesn't work. Packed with horribly cheesy lines, together with cringe-worthy amateur philosophy ("This is all there is... pain and darkness"), you have a fairly uncomfortable theatrical experience.

Thank goodness, then, for the Smoker, which was littered with the good, the bad, and the embarrassing. One item had me cringing so much that I don't want to talk about it. The stronger sketches included a Valentine's Day special from Mullarkey and Clatworthy, a ballad by Sharpe and a celebration of Rag Blind Dates by Williams.

So, philosophical cogitation would seem to be this week's theatrical *plat du jour*, and, if you're still on speaking terms with your blind date, you could do a lot worse than taking them to see *I'll Be Back Before Midnight* – it's probably quite scary but, with the prospect of ghoulish apparitions popping out of closets to a sound track of 80's dance-music, it seems likely to lower the cerebral tone for the week. Tut.

Hang on Mr Bugson

ADC

★★★★



Tom Sharpe wishes that reviewers would "just fuck off" and I'd rather fuck off than try to get 400 words out of his huge, confusing, awesome, awful, awe-full, messy and brilliant thing of the theatre. Sam Sword plays Dr Winter, a crazed Endgamed hero who appears to have absolute power over the people who are in his house because, conveniently, they are also all in his head. This schema is troubled when Pete (Harry Winstanley) arrives, a younger version of Winter who also decides the others' fate by writing their lives. It

does not seem coincidental that both anti-heroes have hair reminiscent of Sharpe's and that Sword's performance is sometimes marred by over-homage to the writer-director.

Inside of all these death-of-the-author japes emerge two powerful narratives of loss. Helen Cripps is a revelation in straight hair, bringing both humour and pathos to April, an uninspired taxi driver who loves Tommy. Tommy (Rob Frimston) is possibly the nastiest man in the world and doesn't love April in return, forcing her to declare her worth-

lessness. Cripps' desperate plea for love is beautiful, but her subsequent suicide pushes us into melodrama. The violent deaths that finish the play may say something about a writer's relationship with those he creates, or even about the *hors-de-texte*, but it dispels the notion of these characters as real people.

Also forced into the multi-level, technically proficient world of the play are the recently bereaved Peter and Lucy (Stephanie Bain). The death of a child smacks of ready-made, imported pathos, but this is complicated when we see Lucy imagining herself killing her son. This dark mini-scene could have turned into sub-Freudian nonsense, but Sharpe's direction is superb here, using the strobe to make a haunting ending to the first half as we also glimpse Mr Bugson dancing maniacally. This story gains from a brief appearance of Peter's Russian mother (Lowri Amies) where a subtle touch avoids stereotype, achieving real feeling.

Bugson (Iain Maitland) is the redeeming figure, explaining that love answers all paradoxes. The explanations and explorations of the final minutes are spoilt by a tendency to inaudibility. Similar, small faults make this play less successful than it could be, as various excellent individual performances struggle to find a common pitch. Nevertheless, this is grand and provoking theatre, with a brilliant musical interlude to boot. It may yet prove to be the early bloom of an electric talent.

Jeff James

I'll Be Back Before Midnight

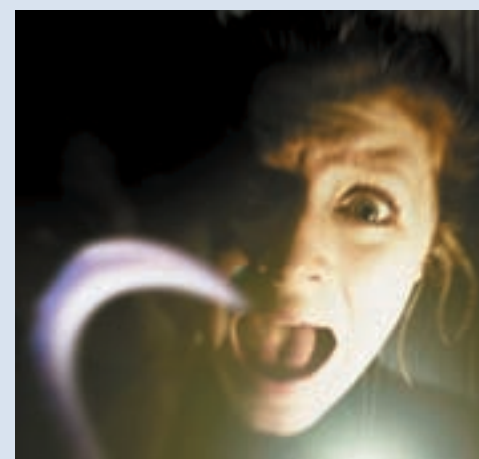
ADC

★★★★

The anticipation in the theatre last night was palpable as I took my seat for the first-ever ADC thriller. The lights went down and we were introduced to our comic narrator (Alastair Roberts) who gleefully tells us to "sit back in our seat and start feeling uncomfortable". Now I must admit – I wasn't that scared – but the people around me – they were bloody screaming their heads off. Tom Kingsley's show feels like you've jumped aboard a schizophrenic ghost train with a creepy soundtrack of whispering voices and bellowing cows. Set in the living room of The Manor Farmhouse, we are told the story of Gregg (Rory Mullarkey) and Jan (Alex Clatworthy) who have moved down to the country so that Jan can recover from a breakdown. The living room itself holds dark secrets of murder – told by a neighbouring farmer, George (Tom Williams). When Gregg's twisted-bitch-of-a-sister Laura (Betsy Vriend) comes to visit – Jan starts to feel uneasy in the house. As the story continues the lines are blurred between reality and fiction. Is Jan really seeing these apparitions? Or is she just

completely mental? All is revealed. Scarily.

All four actors give spectacular performances. Vriend as Laura the power-hungry-city-girl – is something of a fiend. Physically delicious with her slutty movement and the coldest of stares – she is the devil wearing prada and, by God, she wears it well. Mullarkey as the bumbling geologist Gregg is superb – always leaving the audience wondering whether to trust him or not. He also gives one of the best physical performances I have ever seen with a Mr-Motivator-style dance to an eighties classic re-mixed by Kingsley with gun-shot and explosion sound-effects. George, the farmer, is endearingly portrayed by Williams whose welly-clad-west-country demeanour and exceptional versatility brings a spellbinding comedy to the production. The audience were desperate for his flirtations with Jan to explode into a fully blown country-haystack romp. Sadly, this is never realised. It is Clatworthy as Jan who creates the sense of foreboding to utter perfection and steals the show. In Kingsley's absurd world of Lynch-



inspired insanity (there are some beautiful references to *Twin Peaks* that left me feeling quietly cultured), Clatworthy's naturalistic execution of her pivotal role is where the fear becomes tangible.

Electric, hilarious, spine-chilling and compelling this thriller is a rare beast with a massive twist that deserves not to be missed.

Osh Jones

Oklahoma! Cambridge Arts Theatre

★★★



CUMTS' production of *Oklahoma!* opened on Tuesday, proffering the saccharine delights of Rogers and Hammerstein's famous musical to a full house of pensioners and toddlers and the unlucky few aged in-between. The much-loved musical is set in the town

'Not even the dirt liberally applied to Curley's clothes and torso could conceal the hackneyed sentiments of the lyrics and dialogue'

of Claremont, in the early twentieth century, where young lovers face all the trials befitting a love story: rivals, unfaithful partners, knife-fights, barn-dances, and the difficult fact that they are constantly covered in dirt and yet apparently do no work whatsoever...

An overture of tired jollity was thankfully interrupted when Curley (Charlie Corn) first swaggered onto a stage decked out to resemble a breakfast cereal packet to produce a rendition of "Oh what a beautiful morning". Not even the dirt liberally applied to his clothes and torso could conceal the hackneyed sentiments of the lyrics and dialogue.

A gutsy performance in an essential comic subplot by credulous and idiotic Ado Annie (Alex Finlay) and Will Parker (Mark Stanford), whose consistently aggravating accent and marvellous crotch-less

trousers, helped to relieve the Disney-drudgery of the principal love-story. Polygamous Persian Pedlar, Ali Hakim (Henry Elliot) stole the show with superbly squirming stage presence and his ability to translate the generic musical humour into frequent instances of genuine hilarity. Love contender, Jud (Alistair Roberts), incorporated the darker side of the plot with conviction and excellent stage presence and songs such as "Poor Jud is Dead" and "Out of My Dreams" were similarly effective in their dissonant and dramatic deviation from the tedium of stereotype and idealism which oozed from songs such as "Surrey with the Fringe on Top".

Whilst the romantic plot was incurably badly scripted and mediocre, crowd scenes such as the entrance of Will Parker, a bar-brawl and wedding photograph were effected with gusto by the radiant female chorus, and the unswerving enthusiasm of Buck, Slim and the male chorus. Despite an inexcusably feeble conclusion, involving a sham court-scene and some seriously waning accents (oscillating, by this point, between Irish and Cockney), those on concessionary ticket lapped up every minute of it, and even I allowed myself several frugal laughs.

In the midst of the *denouement*, precisely during the most riveting moment, the small child (who will remain genderless) sitting behind me narrated helpfully, "he stucked himself", the devastated character sprawling all over the stage with a knife in his guts, to which the mother replied wearily: "Oh shut up".

Orlando Reade

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Neon Bible The Arcade Fire

★★★★★



Chris Martin famously called them “the greatest band in history”, but before you take to the streets and demand all copies of everything they have ever recorded are removed from the shelves of every record store in the country and ceremonially burnt on a huge bonfire fuelled solely by the incendiary power of their credibility going up in flames, bear in mind that the Arcade Fire are nothing, absolutely nothing, like Coldplay: they are the band Coldplay probably dreamed of being before they started

singing about birds flying from the underground and naming their children after the most uninspired fruit they could think of. Meanwhile, the Arcade Fire made *Funeral*, the best album of 2005 and probably of recent years. Next month they are set to release the follow-up, *Neon Bible*, a record currently receiving more hype than Barack Obama. Under these circumstances it would be hard not to disappoint, and indeed tracks like “Black Mirror” and “No Cars Go” come across as frustratingly mediocre

attempts to replicate the band’s previously winning formula of a cacophony of sound driven by insistent guitars and impassioned refrains towards an intense, cathartic climax. All is not lost, however. Recent single “Keep the Car Running” takes this formula and twists it into a good old fashioned pop song you want to get up and dance to. *Neon Bible* doesn’t always share the throbbing intensity of its predecessor, but that isn’t necessarily a bad thing. The title track, for example, is beautiful in its pared-down delicacy, before bursting into the kind of surging refrain of which this band are so fond - and which they are so good at. Win Butler’s unmistakable vocals, at once harsh and delicate, remain deeply affecting - his words still evoking both the unique and the strangely familiar. It is just that, occasionally, on songs like “Intervention” and “Neon Bible”, do the band succeed in creating that feeling that made *Funeral* such a special record; that feeling of nostalgia for something you never had. Yet it would be unfair to criticise them for not equalling what was a near-perfect debut. This record might not get to you like its predecessor did, nor does it have the same clarity or coherence as a piece of work, but what it does offer is a striking collection of songs: sometimes dark, often unique, and always under-ridden by the warmth and passion that characterises this band’s work.

Liz Bradshaw



Liz Bradshaw and Richard Braude

FFWD →

The Blood Arm. The Soul Tree, 18/2, £8.50. Since this year’s NME Shockwaves Tour is a) sold out and b) set to be even more embarrassingly bad than last year, go see The Blood Arm instead. California’s finest export since Sandy Cohen, this band won’t fail to get you dancing with their punchy indie-disco beats, catchy choruses and undeniable quirky sex appeal. Despite a flood of over-hyped bands swamping Cambridge, The Blood Arm can also claim the distinction of actually being underrated. Better than having a cup of piss thrown over your head by the 13-year-olds moshing to The Automatic.

The NME Indie Rave Tour, The Junction, 21/2, £13 Featuring The Klaxons, CSS, The Sunshine Underground, and New Young Pony Club. Cue clichéd instructions to ‘get out your glow sticks’ etc. The Klaxons will no doubt be on fine form after the success of debut album *Myths of the Near Future*; some people might think they sound a bit like the soundtrack to a gay porn film set in outer space, but actually they’re just really like, postmodern. New Young Pony Club are more understated but also a bit porno. And let’s face it, no one’s going to see the other two. Turn up wasted.

← RWD

Great Ball of Fire, King’s Bar, 7/2. The ADC musical, *Return To The Forbidden Planet* is presenting its band in various venues prior to the show. A sci-fi rock n roll musical loosely based on *The Tempest*, the band delved into Guns N Roses and *Grease* the Musical as well as true 50s and 60s numbers. The overall effect was one more of a pastiche than the real thing but a crowd pleaser nonetheless, and the constantly changing vocalists lent a certain variety and unpredictability.

Black Shabbat Kambar, 8/2. When organising a gig in aid of Amnesty International, how does one find a band mainstream enough for popular appeal but strange enough to keep the hipsters happy? The eclectic and certainly multicultural Black Shabbat, performing klezmer-inspired covers of Black Sabbath songs (among Yiddish favourites) were surely the only choice. These manic hipsters made multi-culturalism not only cool, but loud as well.

Burning Paris The Soul Tree

★★★

For any electro fan, the prospect of a heap of DJs from a city instrumental in the rise of all things electronique, this night should have been like a mouthwatering opportunity to listen to tasty beats and exercise a little Gallic cool. Theoretically, it was just that; but in practice, quite different. Burning Paris was the first in a string of nights planned for the Soul Tree, a project that intends to bring DJs from across the Channel to Cambridge; an attempt to inject the nightlife with a little cool from the continent..

Given this righteous intention, one would expect a packed club, but the turn-out was embarrassingly thin. Even so, the headliners managed to transcend this practical constraint and lift the vibe into something special and quirky. First, at the controls was Krazy Baldhead, signed to the prolific French label, Ed Banger Records. His set was a sophisticated foray into real-time music production, using a laptop to

feed various different frequencies of sound into a mixer, which he then tweaked and bleeped to form a coherent whole with a direction of its own. This fabric was laced with some fun old-school hip hop samples, and although it gestured towards a fuller and more embracing techiness, it lingered a little too long on the breaks end of the spectrum. However, this gap was filled when the Damage brothers took to the controls, shaking things up with some techy textures and a playful dose of glitchy glee. Overall, this project is a great idea. Unfortunately, the Soul Tree simply can’t kick it as a venue; it’s too cavernous and, contrary to its name, doesn’t seem to have a lot of soul. However, the enthusiasm and energy is evident in this new endeavour, and it’s encouraging to see Cambridge moving more and more towards this brave new soundscape.

Mike Misciewicz

Blood Red Shoes The Portland Arms

★★★★★

This two-piece are perpetually twitching. Luckily, tonight, it’s the brutal, primitive kind of twitch that reverberates – the vocal expression of which is Laura-Mary’s clipped scream of “I hate you!” on “Don’t Always Say Yes” rather than the arch booty-jerk and lobotomised synth-twiddles of callow new-ravesters.

The howls of “I’m so/I’m so/Distracted” on Blood Red Shoes’ nerve-shredding, tinnitus-inducing rendition of single “ADHD” are indicative: for all their being touted as hot tips for 2007, Blood Red Shoes seem to burn with an ambition - not to cavort with ice-cream on prime-time MTV2, but to blast wide open the low ceiling of the Malthusian-nightmare confines of the Portland Arms with the pounding impact of guitar and drums. Laura-Mary attacks her guitar like a bra-nuking riot-grrl taking on the drinking society all guns blazing, while Steven’s clawhammer drumming (he breaks the snare. After three songs) and stabbing yelps shatter fears that he’s only turned up in order to fade into

the background.

New single “You Bring Me Down” similarly quashes doubts that this raw racket can peacefully co-exist with pop, with the cruelty of a bullet to the head. Syncopated rhythms, harmonised vocals and horn-like guitar barely stop to catch breath before thrusting into a noisily cathartic chorus that feels like (heavily gendered) trains full of TNT crashing head-on.

The dynamic between Laura and Steven - swapping roles between emitting damaged yelps and cooing sanguinary yet sugary vocal harmonies, is electrifying, and lends everything here kinetic energy akin to that of an speeding train. I’d hesitate to call it chemistry – they sound less like they’re fucking, more like they’re clawing, frenzied, at their instruments and themselves. In a larger venue, this would have had the crowd flailing around like dyspraxics on K. As it is, locked into place, it felt like being on the receiving end of an airstrike. Incendiary.

Was Yaqoob

Hannibal Rising

Dlr: Peter Webber

In 1991 Anthony Hopkins informed Jodie Kidd of his culinary preferences for preparing fava beans, and a pop culture icon was born. Now, in 2007, Peter Webber's prequel is the latest in a series of films that drags this icon down

'As adolescent Hannibal unleashes cannibalistic vengeance, dodgy accents and killing sprees give us the cinematic love child of *Kill Bill* and *'Allo 'Allo!*'

to a franchise. During the Second World War, young Hannibal is traumatised after his family is massacred and his beloved younger sister is eaten by hungry looters. Flash forward to Hannibal's adolescence and he's tracking down the killers, unleashing cannibalistic vengeance on 1950's France, where dodgy accents and killing sprees give us the cinematic love child of *Kill Bill* and

'Allo 'Allo! The film's premise is promising and has all the visual lustre of Webber's *Girl With a Pearl Earring*, but neither the drama nor violence has enough emotional impact to make it a substantial thriller.

Unknown actor Gaspard Ulliel plays Lector with menace but he never rises above more than a parody of the ultimate villain, who this time around is desperately lacking a worthy adversary. If we must be denied the psychological interplay that existed in *Silence of the Lambs*, then some character exploration is essential. But Webber goes no further than to suggest that the victims of war crimes are susceptible to getting the munchies for people's faces. The threat of arrest and the guillotine for his crimes are absurd and this lack of suspense leaves us with a killer moving blindly from one gory story to the next, with none of the complexity that made Lector so watchable in the past. Lector becomes what is unforgivable in a cinematic psychopath, bland.

The rest of the cast admirably rage against the beigness of the plot, notably Rhys Ifans as the immoral thug, and Dominic West as the conflicted police inspector. Gong Li plays the aunt of Lector, and does her best, despite the



creepy erotic tension with her nephew and dialogue like: "memory is like a knife, it can hurt you", a line designed to push the case for sympathy with Hannibal. But, by this point, the audience are beyond caring and confused by simultaneous portrayal of trauma victim and boy-turned-monster.

To put it simply, it's sometimes much scarier not to understand what is scaring us. *Hannibal Rising* denies us this luxury and leaves us with a film that is as bewildering as the flimsy back-story designed to "excuse" a psychopathic murderer.

Sarah Woolley

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PICK OF THE WEEK

FILM

The Red Desert (Il Deserto Rosso) Arts Picturehouse
Tue 20 Feb, 17.00
A rare opportunity to see Antonioni's best. Monica Vitti plays an alienated wife aimlessly wandering the stark, lunar industrial landscape of Northern Italy, searching for solace in a blasted landscape that mirrors her own emotional aridity. Superior to his now so very dated 'Blow-Up', this is an intelligent, minimalist masterpiece. And will make you seem so very damn clever at your next dinner party, even though you are nothing

All films showing at Arts Picturehouse unless stated otherwise. Also not all films being shown are listed.

THEATRE

Staggered Spaces
Wed Feb 21 - Sat Feb 24, ADC, 23.00
Josie Long, Comedienne winner at the Edinburgh Fringe said "this is better than everything, including love and friendship". Her point (essentially), is that if your spouse says they will break up with you then put a fork through their heart, you should say something along these lines: "That does not bother me too much, because *Staggered Spaces*, an excellent play recommended by critic Daniel Kitson, is on at the ADC next week. Here is a broken heart, and I have left a relatively clean fork in the shared kitchenette". Do it, see it, done

MUSIC

Max Tundra
Portland Arms, 20.00, £5
Saturday, February 17
Cherished for his schizophrenically inventive brand of electronica, Max Tundra will be weaving impressionistic lyrics into kaleidoscopic home-spun melodies, spanning a bewildering number of genres, shaking up time signature, genre and instrumental conventions. So that might sound like so much asinine noodling, but his most recent album *Mastered by Guy at the Exchange* is an impressive melodic triumph. See his Myspace for a taster - including his Futureheads and Lily Allen remixes.
www.myspace.com/maxtundra

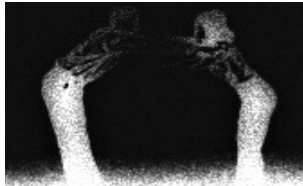
OTHER



No Straight Lines: Maggi Hambling 1963-2007
Fitzwilliam Museum, free
Exhibition of 20 drawings by the distinguished painter and sculptor. An excuse not to work

GOING OUT

Shut Up and Dance
Niche Bar, 21.00-04.00 £4
Tuesday 20th February



TWITCH

Priority DJs bring their electro-house-breakbeat-techno-disco styles to Twitch, the best student night in town. As usual, there will be alcohol in return for money, as justice demands

16 FRI	The Shining (Caius) 20.30 Climates 16.30 Shortbus 23.10 For Your Consideration 18.30 Notes on a Scandal 18.45, 21.00 The Science of Sleep 12.30, 14.45, 19.00, 21.15	The Collector Corpus Playroom, 19.00 No Exit Graham Storey Rm, Tit Hall, 19.30 Oklahoma! Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45 Hang on Mr. Bugson ADC, 19.45 Butterfly Lovers Fitz Hall, Queens, 19.45 Hang on Mr. Bugson ADC, 19.45 Hansel & Gretel W. Road Concert Hall, 20.00 I'll Be Back Before Midnight ADC, 22.30	Amputated + IHU + Defaced Man on the Moon, 20.00 £5 Grindcore, offensive death metal, they aim to kill you dead	SCINEMA: 'Sustainable Health' Graduate Union, 18.00-20.00, free. Three films; a 3D journey through human ears, personal account of Parkinsons, and medical students visiting villages	Shut Up And Dance Union, 21.00-01.00, £3 Generator (Indie) Kambar, 21.00-03.00, £3 Warning presents: Ping Pong w/Killa Kela 22.00-03.00, £10 beatbox hell
17 SAT	Climates 16.30 Shortbus 23.10 Notes on a Scandal 18.45, 21.00 The Science of Sleep 12.30, 14.45, 19.00, 21.15 For Your Consideration 18.30	The Collector Corpus Playroom, 19.00 No Exit Graham Storey Rm, Tit Hall, 19.30 Oklahoma! Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45 Hang on Mr. Bugson ADC, 19.45 Butterfly Lovers Fitz Hall, Queens, 19.45 A Number Corpus Playroom, 21.30 Hansel & Gretel W. Road Concert Hall, 20.00 I'll Be Back Before Midnight ADC, 22.30	Amy W(h)inehouse Corn Exchange, 19.30, SOLD OUT Bad Timing Portland Arms, 20.00-23.00, £6 Hyper-inventive pop, think Hot Chip on a budget	Scott's Last Letters Scott Polar Institution, Lensfield Road, 11.00-13.00 & 14.00-16.00 a moving exhibition of final correspondence between Captain Scott and his wife. voyeuristic	Nick Bridges Fez, 22.00-03.00, £6/8 electro house Shaun Keaveny Clare Cellars, 21.00-12.45, £3 indie/alt XFM DJ hack-man House & Garage Cellar Bar 8, 20.00-02.00, £3
18 SUN	Manderlay (Johns) 19.00, 22.00 An Inconvient Truth (Christ's) 20.00, 22.30 Snakes on a Plane (Robinson) 20.00 The Science of Sleep 12.30, 14.45, 19.00, 21.15	The Vagina Monologues The Junction, 19.45, £10 For V-Day Cambridge, a global campaign to stop violence against women and children. Proceeds go to Refuge, organisation providing shelter for victims of domestic violence. Hansel & Gretel W. Road Concert Hall, 14.30, 20.00	Blood Arm Soul Tree, 19.30, £4 Cited by Franz Ferdinand as their favourite band, infectious post-punk who pretend to revolutionise music with a fucking piano. uh-oh	Henri Gaudier-Brzeska Kettle's Yard, Tuesdays - Sundays, 11.30-17.00, free Despite the tragic brevity of his career, Gaudier contributed greatly to the development of modern sculpture. Go you knob	The Sunday Service Club Twenty-Two, 22.00-01.00, £3 a theodicy is an attempt to reconcile the existence of suffering in the world with that of a benevolent God
19 MON	Climates 16.30 The Science of Sleep 12.30, 14.45, 19.00, 21.15 Venus 20.45 Notes on a Scandal 18.45, 21.00 For Your Consideration 18.30	silent screaming	To My Boy + Bomb Factory + The Vichy Government Portland Arms, 20.00 £5.50 To My Boy play brilliant futurist pop with a guitar and computer - utopian visions to dance to	Biological Society Talk Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, 20.00. Prof Smith discusses stem cell biology - the hype and the reality. Having lived in a state of intellectual poverty for 4 years, was unaware of the hype	Fat Poppadaddys Fez, 21.00 - 03.00, £4 Pleasingly generic, like Chris Martin and M People dropping some sick beats in a building designed by joss-stick blowing hippies
20 TUE	Climates 16.30 The Science of Sleep 12.30, 14.45, 19.00, 21.15 Notes on a Scandal 18.45, 21.00 Last King of Scotland 16.20 The Red Desert (Il Deserto Rosso) 21.15	Midsummer Night's Dream ADC, 19.45 Waiting for Guagua ADC, 23.00	oh GOD	Fidel Castro: Cuba's Other Bun Shop, 19.30, free. Front Line Latin America presents a talk in words & pictures, free from hype from his supporters or enemies. And don't wear <i>that</i> fucking t-shirt to it	Precious* LGBT Night Club 22, 22.00-02.00, £3 pigeonholed Ebonics Fez, 22.00-03.30, £2 Kinki: Fetish Night Ballare, 21.00-02.00, £3. the vietnam war
21 WED	Climates 16.30 The Science of Sleep 12.30, 14.45, 19.00, 21.15 Notes on a Scandal 18.45, 21.00 Last King of Scotland 16.20 For Your Consideration 18.30	Midsummer Night's Dream ADC, 19.45 Alcock Improv Wolfson Hall, Churchill, 21.00 Staggered Spaces ADC, 23.00	NME Tour: Klaxons, CSS, Sunshine Underground, New Young Pony Club The Junction, 19.30 £17.50 SOLD OUT some pith	SOCDOCSOC: 'Going for the Kill' Umney Theatre, Robinson, 17.00-19.00. Luke Holland presents his thought-provoking film on the death of hunting. Time for a facile joke about CUCA? another day perhaps	Rumboogie is killing Cambridge 21.00-02.00, £3 Melamondo Fez, 22.00-03.30, £3/4 waive your bloodied flags
22 THU	Ballad Of A Soldier 17.00 Spirited Away (Johns) 21.00 The Rocky Horror Picture Show (Christs) 22.00 Kung-Fu Hustle (Robinson) 21.00 The Queen 17.00	Anja & Esther Newnham Old Labs, 19.30 Midsummer Night's Dream ADC, 19.45 Boston Marriage The Friends of Peterhouse Theatre, 20.00 Staggered Spaces ADC, 23.00	Green Mind 6th Birthday Party w/Steve Adams (Broken Family Band) + It Hugs Back The Loft, £6 the venerable gig promoters celebrate 6 years of gigs and beers with a gig and some beer	Treasures of Today Fitzwilliam Museum, free Goldsmith's collections of silver from the past two decades. This has notified many that the end is quietly nigh	Urbanite Club Twenty-Two, 21.00-02.30, £3 you are finished The Shills + Ambershift + Ben Lee Tyler The Loft, 20.00, £4 indie/no

GOING OUT



Hansel and Gretel
West Road Concert Hall, Fri 16 Feb - Sun 18 Feb, 20.00, £5/8/12
www.cuos.org.uk/hansel

Even if the thought of this sort of shit makes your eyes water with anger at the frivolity of the world, you should grin and bear it, because the world is awful and this looks amazing.

Hansel and Gretel is this year's Cambridge Opera Society production. The Humperdinck fairy-tale opera features a garish, technicolour story-book world, with

sumptuous costumes and set. Sung in English, and backed by a full orchestra, this promises to be excellent, even if its budget would probably be enough to end death worldwide or something.

Then again, CUOS is developing its commitment to music education, maintaining links with the local community and state maintained schools in particular, through the successor to the Figaro 2006 project - the Hansel and Gretel Education Project. So you can even feel like you're channeling your ticket fee into helping people and... stuff.



FILM OF THE WEEK
Ballad of a Soldier
Arts Picturehouse
Thu 22 Feb 17.00
NOT just a war film - Grigory Chukhraj's poetic odyssey of an accidental hero on a six-day pass is jarring - to see such a human and joyful presentation of Soviet society is challenging and alienating. But luckily it is also a deliriously romantic road movie that undeniably transcends its clunky Soviet ideological groundings.

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BRING





Alice: Boyd shirt, £65, Bowns, woollen tank top, £3, Sally Anne's, hot pants, £28, Topshop. Pooja: jacket, £4.50, Sally Anne's, t-shirt, £12, skirt, £40, both Topshop, hat by Betty Jackson, £49, Bowns. Photographed by Lewis Jones at Gala Bingo. Styled by Bea Wilford.

SELECTIVE INTERESTS

It is an old concept, especially to people at this university: geekiness can be sexy. It is the look for those who were happy to spend time alone at school, building up their reference-base of the obscure and filtering their obsessions through their wardrobe. It is not a look that can be achieved simply by a kooky t-shirt or the odd sexy look over the rim of your glasses, but by years of trawling charity shops, of putting together a look that is both exclusive and cool, even skimming the surface of the downright ugly.

First made mainstream by *Cheap Date*, a magazine organizing an International Fashion Strike (www.cheapdatemagazine.com), this look is resolutely anti-fashion, it revels in the achievements of the introvert and the outcast. Yet the great irony of this look is that fashion loves it. At New York this

week, women sailed down the runway in demure shirts and pinafores with pussy-bow collars, and trousers so manly they were almost shocking. Models at Jovovich-Hawk were photographed reading books, Philip Lim clothed his in spivvy little bow-ties, while DKNY's neat berets copied a look the thoughtful girl has been pursuing for decades.

The point is however, that it's not the designers who have got it right; but the geeky girl. These looks were sexy, not because of the Size 0's wearing them, but because of the quiet confidence which informed them. Alex Bimes may write in this month's *Vogue* that men are disappointingly simple in their desire for fleshy show, or a girlfriend who is impressively 'on-trend', but, however compelling a man's opinion may be, it's bravado is misplaced.

Good legs and an LBD are unavoidably attractive, but the simple self-assurance of a girl who is able to wear her heart on her sleeve, to wear things she has worked to find, or reference items she adores, has a far heavier visual impact. Think of Thora Birch in *Ghost World*, dominating every shot she and Scarlett Johansson shared together in spite of those lips; or Gwyneth Paltrow as Margot Tenenbaum, the sexiest she has ever looked on film, wearing a uniform of old Lacoste tennis dresses and heavy Kohl. It was never cool to be clever when you were growing up, but let the time you spent alone obsessing over comic strips pay off; stay away from the high street and you will be one step ahead of the design world.

Beatrice Wilford

HANDBAGS AT DAWN



On Urban Wellies

FOR

Throw off the Ugg, untie the Converse, banish the Mukluk, and embrace the only boot worth wearing this winter: the wellington. Once limited to the domain of the corn-munching country bumpkin, the wellington's bucolic connotations are being overhauled by those of us daring enough to sport them in the urban jungle. Leave the Labrador, flat cap and Barbour at home and wear these wonderful waders. Where others tentatively tiptoe, slosh and stomp through the be-puddled Market Square. Delight in the gumboot's nostalgic nature, reminding yourself of the carefree abandon of childhood, of Paddington Bear, and leaping through piles of Autumn leaves.

So revel in the Wellington's dual appeal: their retrospective wonder and their fashion-forwardness. Striped, spotted, swirled, the audacious high-street offerings allow you to colour-coordinate with the rest of your garb. For the more down-at-heel, the classic Hunters in navy or olive have shabby-chic appeal. Either way, wellingtons add a quirky touch to your outfit and should be incorporated into every urban sophisticate's toolbox. Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain...and sing in your wellies.

Olivia Johnson

AGAINST

Garish, gaudy and galumphing, the urban wellie is fashion suicide. The name alone defines the error: the fact that this footwear faux-pas has to be justified through its metropolitan climate stresses its awfulness. Wellingtons are for bounding through muddy fields in the Shires not for cruising Kings Parade.

Urban wellies have taken on a more daring style than their country cousins – Pucci patterned or Burberry checked - their wearer thinks such styles are the perfect way to brighten up a dull day. But why would you want to draw attention to these ugly objects? They super-size your feet and their plastic glory diminishes any kinky connotations that a knee-high boot might normally boast. Unlike the sheepskin Ugg, which appears to have now achieved its status as a fashion staple, the wellie does not even keep your feet warm. Your feet may be dry, but they'll also be cold and ashamed of the sartorial crime you've afflicted on them. Stay indoors, get a taxi or risk wet feet, but wear wellies at your peril...

Rosanna Falconer

THE
RESTAURANT
COLUMN

Tom Evans
Teri-Aki
★★★

“As a rule of thumb,” my guest told me my guest told me as we swam north up the River Cam towards Bridge Street Quayside, “it’s wise to stop after the main course in Asian restaurants.” His view is fairly widespread and, while victim to the colonially-minded whoopsy of reducing the cuisine of four billion people into a thumb, is not entirely unreasonable. In the UK at any rate, Asian restaurants often underperform at puddings. My guest and I agreed that this shouldn’t be, since Asia is the spiritual home of semolina, toffee apples, jelly and various sorts of fruitcake. The addition of ice-cream to this list is contentious and has resulted in a number of wars, including the 1991 Gulf War, so we left it out. This, we concluded, was unfortunate for Nero.

Despite the fact that emperor Nero is recorded as having eaten ice cream 892 years before it was eaten under the Song Dynasty in China, some critics would say that Emperor Nero ate ice rather than ice cream. When creamy ice was first concocted in England for Charles I, he liked it so much that he ordered his ice-cream maker never to divulge his recipe, in order that the consumption of ice-cream might become a royal prerogative. Charles I didn’t quite understand the concept of ice, however, and termed his new dish ‘frozen ice.’ No such imprecision from Teri-Aki in our first dish of the evening, the Gyuniku yasaimaki. Its char-grilled slices of sirloin beef and mixed vegetables were salty, smoky and well cooked. Unfortunately the deep-fried chicken pieces were less of a success, with the sort of slimy texture normally reserved for a below-par takeaway. It is sometimes the case with these restaurants in the vein of Wagamama that the grilled dishes are judged better than the fried ones, but with over 100 dishes on the menu Teri-Aki won’t leave you short of choice.

Moving on to the more sizeable options, a main of fried udon noodles was wholesome and well flavoured, with chunky king prawns; a similar dish with chicken was also tasty and above Dojo’s standard. For a whole meal in one dish, the salmon-steak bento box presented a well-rounded option: meaty salmon, rice and a colourful salad. Some of the dishes were a little dainty for their price, but instead of filling the gap by exploring the extensive sushi menu, we opted to return to our previous discourse and share a dessert of mild green tea and vanilla ice cream bound in stretchy, sweet rice dough - a fine palate-cleanser and welcome counterpoise to the soya-saltiness of the previous dishes. Needless to say my guest swallowed his pudding theories along with his frozen ice.

» With obesity levels rising, **Tom Smith** wonders why we no longer make culinary effort

The Creative Process

The most heartening cultural trend of recent years has been the enormous public backlash against what’s often termed ‘Big Food’ – fast food companies, vast supermarket chains and nebulous food-manufacturing corporations. Caring about the quality and provenance of food, which even five years ago was a minority interest, has suddenly become mainstream. But the trend doesn’t really seem to have fully reached Cambridge yet. Jamie Oliver showed the country what’s in a chicken nugget, but we still wolf them down at hall; Morgan Spurlock graphically demonstrated the dangers of a diet of fast foods, but we still queue up for Gardies or Dojo’s, or (worse) McDonald’s.

The horrors of modern industrial food production are well-known: the gristle and sinew blasted off carcasses and turned into ‘meat’; the filthy cramped conditions for livestock that lead, seemingly inevitably, to horrendous new epidemics; the enormous ‘green deserts’ of chemical-slued vegetables grown for looks alone; the colossal energy waste involved in sending fruit halfway round the world; the pitiful prices paid to poor farmers in poorer countries. How did we reach this point?

The rot really started sixty years ago. The Second World War took women out of the kitchen and put them into jobs; meanwhile fourteen years of rationing made proper cooking difficult. (Not, by the way, that I’m advocating that women should be kept in the kitchen) At the same time, a whole series of industrial processes were invented, which seemed revolutionary at the time but which have led inexorably to today’s food nightmare. A typical example is the Chorleywood Bread Process, invented in 1961: it slashed baking times and costs, and is now used to make eighty per cent of all bread worldwide. But the Process is energy- and additive-intensive; it has killed off local bakeries; and the bread it produces is spongy, tasteless and devoid of intrinsic nutrition. In other words, Hovis.

“It’s impossible, even in July, to buy a tomato which isn’t perfectly red, round, firm and completely tasteless”

At the same time we’ve turned into a nation of fussy eaters. Everyone knows that small children dislike unfamiliar foods; but very few people seem prepared to break this barrier and expand their children’s taste vocabulary. You can see the effect of this in your college buttery, or in any aisle of Sainsbury’s. Everyone I know complains that buttery food is stodgy, dull and flavourless. The reason for this is quite simple: it’s

lowest-common-denominator food. It has to be palatable to every single fussy eater in the college – which immediately rules out interesting ingredients, unusual flavours, proper seasoning, proper (as opposed to over-) cooking; and which is why, at my college, a chef with Michelin stars to his name routinely oversees the serving of industrial-

“The horrors of modern industrial food production are well-known: the filthy, cramped conditions for livestock that lead inevitably to horrendous new epidemics”

ly-made chicken kiev and potato croquettes.

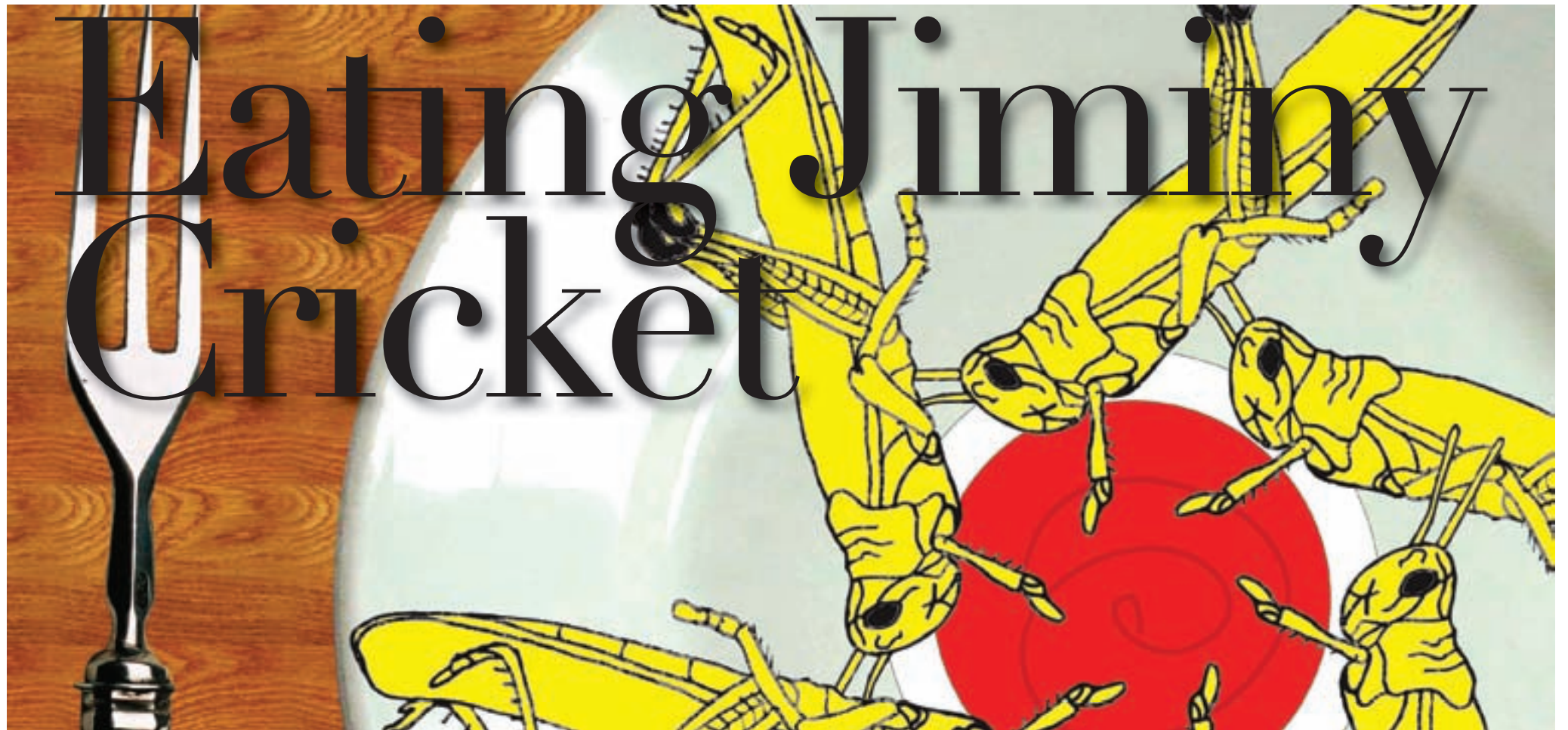
Meanwhile, it’s impossible even in July to buy a tomato in Sainsbury’s which isn’t perfectly red, perfectly round, perfectly firm and completely tasteless; or a bottle of wine that wasn’t made in a stainless steel swimming pool in Western Australia. Fifty years of processed food and prepared meals have also turned us into a nation of non-cooks. You can see this everywhere in college. Two thirds of students seem to live off little more than pasta with pesto, sausages, cereal and bought meals. But cooking isn’t hard! Cooking ability is made up of about equal parts bravery and experience – and a lack of experience can easily be made up for with a little extra bravery. Nor is it expensive – if anything, it’s a cheaper way to eat. The one big obstacle to cooking is time; there is a certain unavoidable level of time spent in shopping and preparation and, yes, washing up. But the return on your time investment is huge; there’s pleasure in making a good meal and eating it with friends (or by yourself as a self-indulgent treat) comparable only to, say, giving a brilliant piano recital or writing a really fine essay.

What can you do? It’s easy, really. Make the effort: buy proper food; cook it and eat it. Check that the bread you buy is made from flour, water, salt and yeast and not from sugar, bleach and mysterious processing aids. A local tip isto shop as much as you possibly can in the market: the bread, cheese and coffee stalls are top-class, and you’ll find a far wider and higher-quality choice of vegetables than in any supermarket. Go to the Wine Merchants and don’t let them talk you above your budget. Complain incessantly to your buttery rep about the food they’re responsible for. And go to Gardies and Dojo’s regularly – it’s no fun being puritan all the time.



Market Square is the place for seasonal vegetables in Cambridge

SVEN PALYS



MIKE YUE YIN

» **Adam Kessler** explores the gastronomic possibilities of the insect world, making a three-course meal with locusts as the main ingredient

The world would be a happier place if more people ate locusts. Tasty, nutritious, and conveniently snack-sized, their abundance in third-world countries makes the common taboo on eating them all the more unfortunate. Never one to bow to convention, I set out to prove the taboo irrational. I would cook a sophisticated, three course meal based entirely around locusts. Live locusts, normally intended for animal consumption, are easily obtainable on the internet. Once delivered, they should be cooled in a fridge, sending them into a state of semi-hibernation. Quickly immersing them in boiling water kills them before they can revive. For this grisly job I enlisted the help of Luke, a biologist who spends much of his working life up to his eyeballs in insect intestine. He ruthlessly plucked the twitching creatures from the bag and threw them into the kettle, while I watched from between my soft philosopher hands, whimpering quietly about animal rights. The recently culled

locusts were boiled, stuffed with peanuts, and then fried. Piping hot, the soft flesh of the locust perfectly complemented Sainsbury's basics monkey nuts, to form a veritable symphony of arthropodic flavour. They have a surprisingly juicy taste, like a prawn made out of chicken, which was only slightly spoilt by Luke telling me they were baby locusts, killed before they ever learnt to fly. Moral queasiness apart, the first course was an undoubted success.

Buoyed up by this achievement we decided to make a locust stir-fry. Pepper, honey, orange juice and noodles were chucked into the wok, and we went to procure more locusts. Unfortunately, the bag had warmed up during the last course and the locusts were moving far more than I'd have liked. Being a soft-hearted liberal devoid of all manly virtue, I like my food to be dead – or at least firmly asleep. Most of the locusts were still dozy, but one was watching us with energetic, and utterly justifiable, wari-

ness. As soon as he hit the boiling water he made a desperate bid for freedom, jumping out of the pot and onto the table. He looked round malevolently, aware of our genocidal intent, and launched himself with unerring accuracy at my throat. I threw myself backwards, gibbering slightly, and with one wild flail managed to sweep him away. Unfortunately he fell underneath the burning hob – out of the frying pan and into the fire, in a horrifically literal sense – where despite our best efforts we were unable to

“He ruthlessly plucked the twitching creatures from the bag while I watched from between my soft philosopher hands, whimpering quietly about animal rights”

retrieve him. Sobered by his unpleasant demise, and feeling guilty at our part in it, we solemnly dismembered the rest of the locusts and added them to the wok. The stir-fry was excellent, although as locusts are slightly flavourless they would have benefited from a stronger sauce. Nonetheless, we wiped our mouths, let out our belts, and with a guilty look at the charred corpse inside the cooker went to fetch more locusts.

“We shouldn't have many left,” I told Luke as he opened the fridge, “just pour the rest in.” Dutifully Luke picked up the bag, shook it slightly, and jumped back in alarm as a veritable plague of locusts cascaded out onto the floor. Twitching insects lay everywhere, covering textbooks, clothing, and cutlery. The floor was a seething mass of semi-conscious biological matter. “What the hell did you do?” I yelled, as the insectoid army uncurled their limbs and

started to swarm. “You said you only ordered fifty,” he bellowed back, as the more adventurous of the locusts started leaping onto my bed and devouring the bed-sheets. “GET THE BLOODY THINGS BACK IN THE BAG!” So we did, chasing frantically around the room until the locusts were all safely back in the fridge. Ten more were killed to make the last course – chocolate-covered locust. Simple and sweet, this course was a particular success, perhaps because the resultant delicacy looked and tasted nothing like locust.

The trial was over; the three course locust meal had been successfully cooked. By now, I trust, the awe-struck reader is desperate to try it out for himself. So I'll leave you with two questions. Firstly, is buying supermarket meat ethically superior to personally slaughtering animals? Secondly, would anyone like some locusts?

www.live-foods.co.uk



Menu à la Carte

Locust Stir-Fry (serves four)

20 extra large locusts
1 tsp. clear honey
3 chopped dried dates
Sesame seeds, toasted
Crushed ginger
2 spring onions
2 green peppers
Freshly squeezed orange juice
Wok-ready noodles

First add the ingredients that need the most cooking; the ginger and pepper. Then fry up the spring onions, dates and the locusts. After the locusts have softened, add the honey and orange juice; lastly, stir in the noodles, sprinkle on the sesame seeds and enjoy!



Locusts in a state of semi hibernation before cooking

ADAM KESSLER

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League boys edged out

SAM GLUCK

Cambridge	18
Loughborough	22

Cambridge closed out the last of their BUSA league fixtures in a hard-fought, physical encounter against a strong Loughborough side on a sodden Cambridge City RFC pitch.

Following three wins in as many matches the Cambridge side was confident, but failed to capitalise on their recent form for the first ten minutes, and allowed Loughborough to dominate these opening minutes. Poor ball retention saw Cambridge spend the majority of this time defending against a determined Loughborough attack and a lack of focus from the Blues' defence saw them leak two tries and a conversion and go ten points down. This shocked Cambridge into a response and they began to push the ball forward, and pin Loughborough back in defence.

The revival was led by the forwards, who imposed themselves physically on the opposition, with Eddie Phillips and James Shearman getting quick play and establishing a good offensive field position within which the backs could operate, whilst defensively James Bowness led the way, slowing down the attacking progress with big hits. Cambridge's first points came from Winger Indraneil Basu who touched down in the far corner. Cambridge



Despite a solid performance Cambridge succumbed to a stronger Loughborough side

SAM GLUCK

finished the first half strong, and, a yard or two away from the Loughborough goal line, Kelvin Donald jumped from dummy half to cross the whitewash, which, along with James Fowler's conversion, levelled the score.

Cambridge transferred dominance into the second half and a solid defence forced Loughborough errors, who were forced over their own goal

line in possession. However, Cambridge were guilty of playing loose and fast, producing simple handling errors. Nevertheless, sustained pressure resulted in tries for centre Matt Bray and captain Dave Bulley. A lapse in concentration saw Loughborough add a converted try with ten minutes to go, but Cambridge still held a two point lead with minutes to go. But by this

point Cambridge had lost any momentum they had, allowing Loughborough to secure a kick chase which finished under the posts inching them in front 22-18.

Despite a poor start, Cambridge dominated the match for over an hour. It seemed Loughborough had no way back in, but lapses in concentration saw the visitors edge out a close victory in the closing stages.

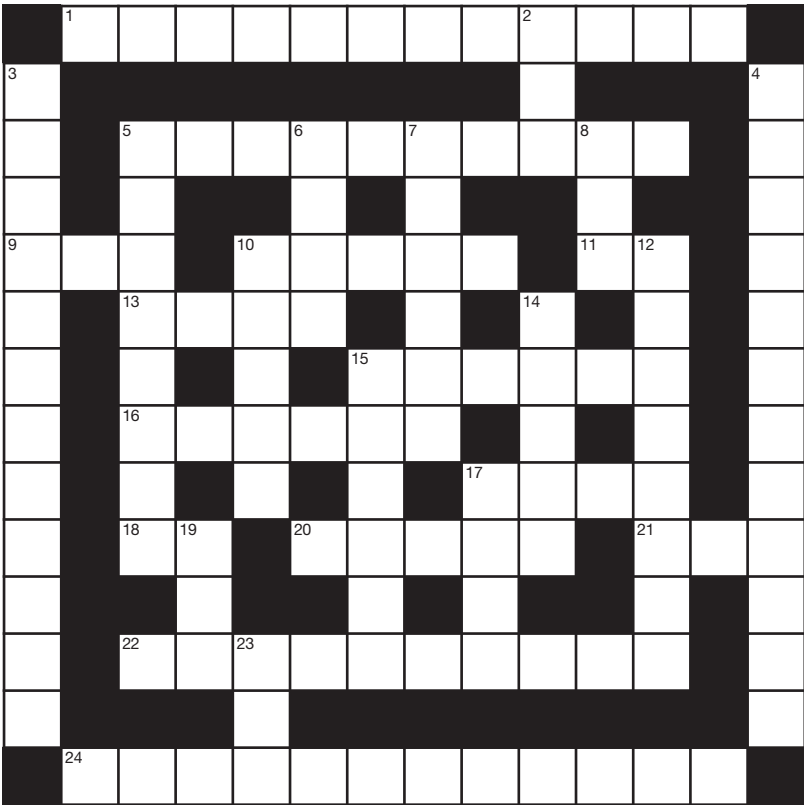
Varsity Vase

If I didn't have a manly image to protect, I would have broken down in tears over the weekend. My mental state was in the balance and I had hoped that watching Girton play St Catz in the Vase last weekend would set me right. But it was cancelled. And at 5pm on Sunday, Arsenal were 1-0 down to Wigan. I started to slip into a delirious haze. My mind began to wander. "Does football really matter? Is it the end of the world if Arsenal lose a game or two? Is anyone fussed about winning the Vase?" I spent most of the second half of the game convincing myself that football was just a game. Then Arsenal scored twice and I was able to stop feeding myself self-serving bullshit. Football might be a game, but for many men and women across the country, there is an inexplicable link between the sport and their emotions. For me, if Arsenal wins, I am always in a positive mood. If they lose I feel like crap. So football does matter and I ask you all to pray for better weather so that the Varsity Vase can continue on its merry way. It will make me happy and it will save you from this emotional drive.

Games and puzzles



Varsity crossword no. 463



ACROSS

1. As the first inhabitants, begin the alphabet as it was (12)

5. L. Che: the man about town (10)
9. Untruth in belief (3)
10. From another concealed Catholic (5)

11. To the same degree in which Asperger's Syndrome leads (2)
13. Smallest part of messy moat (4)
15. Mix-O-Meter falling from space (6)
16. Pristine Sun due explosion (6)
17. Rupture rate (4)
18. Dash endless record label (2)
20. Key sort of key (5)
21. Hostel in Finnish (3)
22. Spectacular stirred prim sieves (10)
24. Principles of flamed sun tan gone wrong (12)

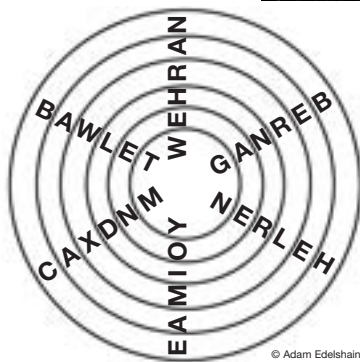
DOWN

2. Tree has been altered (3)
3. Secure cutters cross snails? I misconstrue (4,8)
4. Carbon copy of anniversary (12)
5. Animal confuses cute rear (8)
6. Approach Lady Margaret about license to kill (4)
7. Vera seductively hides what's wiped out (6)
8. Eureka! A headless wall! (3)
10. Missing backless shoe (5)
12. French over! Take fright! (8)
14. Needleworker removes waste (5)
15. Chaps one finds a threat (6)
17. Throw rubbish (4)
19. Mother, keep this to yourself! (3)
23. Dope without ecstasy, back in the packet (3)

rotations

COMPETITION

Win a pair of tickets to the Arts Picturehouse
Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk



© Adam Edelhain

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.

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

©Phrygian

accenture

High performance. Delivered.

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).

				13	8			
			12					
	17		27			15		
21								18
	7					4		
	17				24			
				4				
		31						
				3				

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

Blood, sweat and a few beers

» *Varsity* examines what really defines a sport as opposed to a game

PERSEPHONE BRIDGMAN BAKER

What makes a sport a sport? At what point does the childish 'game' mature into the more manly 'sport'? Confusingly, the powers-that-be have promoted ballroom dancing to the glory of a sport, whilst skateboarding is left lying amongst the discarded heap of games. At first examination, searching for a clear definition of a sport seemed almost entirely futile. 'Physicality', 'skill' and 'fitness' were three of the most common suggestions, but by this reckoning the subtle art of the pogo stick and the rollerblade could both claim their place somewhere between rugby and tennis in the sporting hall of fame. 'Rulebook' was another ambiguous imperative called at me from the dark

"a jog is simply exercise, running a race is a sport"

corners of the changing room as I ventured my query. In despair, I tried the font of all knowledge, AQA. I received a succinct answer two minutes and four beeps later: "A sport is mainly defined as a physical activity that is governed by a set of rules and customs and often engaged in competitively; an active pastime."

Perhaps there is a social side to sport, and that doesn't refer to the drunken celebrations after a successful match or race. Rather, that most acknowledged sports involve interaction between people. Sports don't necessarily have to be team-based, but in almost any sport, from boxing to horse-riding, people are interacting with each other; sporting fixtures are

social events where people meet and compete whether they are racing, playing or even fighting.

But this social side cannot be enough to justify sport on its own. A group of friends could go out jogging to maintain fitness. This example would seem to fit all the criteria: it involves physical ability, and no doubt contains a social element. At what point does the casual daily exercise routine transform into a sporting pursuit? Upon examination jogging is certainly not a sport as joggers do not compete. Going for a jog is simply exercise, running a race is a sport. Let us imagine the woman who turns up daily for her 7am gym work out, pristine in her velour tracksuit with her pink iPod nano at the ready. Is she participating in a sport? No. Yet she would certainly be considered a sportswoman if she was running a marathon. Or, are we going to suggest that Paula Radcliffe does not participate in a sport? Thus, I identified three criteria for defining a sport: a social element, a degree of competition and physical ability.

Defining physical ability can be trickier than first imagined. On June 3 2005, darts was recognised by all of the four UK Sports Councils as a sport, with all of the connotations such a definition evokes. But is a game of darts physical? Surely only if moving your right arm and using a small amount of wrist action are considered strenuous exercise. And active? Sloping to the dartboard to collect my darts after a round has never left me breathless, even if I have occasionally broken into a sweat with all the arithmetic darts seems to require. Yet a sport it is; those almighty powers-that-be, or, in this case, four councils, have spoken but I remain unconvinced.

Would the gilded status of darts be easier to accept if fitness was one of its requirements? Many have argued



Darts' position as a sport remains dubious despite the UK Sports Council position

for dance to earn a sporting status on this very point. Dancers have an impressive complement of skills and must maintain themselves at the peak of physical fitness in order to continue to perform. Certainly, the dancer is no stranger to competition but, as competition is not the ultimate aim of dance, it seems set to remain on the 'skills' bench for the foreseeable future.

To return to my initial sport/game dichotomy and conundrum, perhaps a game only becomes a sport when the physical capabilities of the competi-

tor are the sole or primary determinant of the outcome of the competition in conjunction with the social side. No lucky right arm, or impressive wrist-flick action alone, but rather a full-bodied display of skill, poise and fitness. Despite being shown on every Sky Sports channel most hours of the day and night, golf still has to be defended as a sport from scoffing rugby players and the like. Involving strength, skill and fitness, not to mention the four-hour marathon of nerves, golf has an intensely competitive element that renders the snob-

bery towards it ridiculous.

So, after a fairly wide-ranging debate, the definition of sport seems to have been precariously tied down. It depends on physical ability within a competitive environment with a degree of social interaction. Physical activity, despite what the UK Sports Council says, has to involve a level of perspiration. Even this interpretation leaves huge amounts of scope for interpretation, and sporting institutions are starting to recognise this: you can get a half-Blue for Korfbal. Ultimate Frisbee will be next.

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Women's Lacrosse



Claire Nance

How did you get into lacrosse?

I was lucky enough to begin playing aged eight at primary school and enjoyed it so much that I began to play at my local club. I've never looked back and have not missed a season since, including playing for a German club on my Gap year.

How often does the University squad train?

We have fitness training twice a week, stick skills and tactics sessions twice a week, matches, and

twice a term a coach comes to do a seven hour weekend training day. This ensures new tactics are fully integrated into our game and tests the fitness of the squad.

How have you been doing so far this season?

The Blues have just won their league after a very close season. This is the Southern Premiership BUSA League, consisting of the best teams in the south including Oxford and a combined team of the London universities. We beat Oxford and pushed them into second place, so this year's Varsity will obviously be a close and exciting match. In the division below, our second team, the Kingfishers, only lost to Loughborough.

Now the leagues are finished, what happens next?

There's still the BUSA knockout tournament and of course our Varsity matches.

When is Varsity and will you win?

Varsity is on March 3 on Parker's Piece. The Kingfishers are playing at 1.15pm and the Blues at 3pm. Both should be close matches but we have been training hard and the squads are bonding well, so I am confident that both the Blues and the Kingfishers will repeat last year's double victory.

Sport In Brief

Coe Fen Relays

On Sunday February 11, the penultimate race of the Chris Brasher College League took place. It was raced around a 3km loop in Coe Fen. The races were run with teams of four men and three women from each college in a relay format.

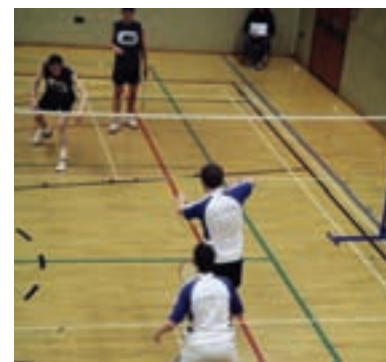
In the women's competition, Girton's Charlotte Forbes came home first with Polly Keen running in second for New Hall on a separate lap. However, it was Selwyn that emerged as winners of the race and league with a fine team effort including extremely strong running by Harriet Owles (4th), Jane Mackey (6th) and Alex Bell (11th).

Jesus' James Kelly easily picked up the fastest time followed closely by Owain Bristow from Churchill. Despite this, Girton won the men's race overall thanks mainly to Jimmy Appleton (4th), Andy Duncan (5th) and Si Rutherford (10th). Their rivalry with Jesus has been fierce this year and the two are currently tied for first place in the league. The final college league race in two weeks will determine the ultimate winner.

Blues Badminton

On Saturday, the Cambridge University Badminton team took on Oxford in their annual Varsity match. The Men's and Women's second teams started off winning 11-4 and 8-7 respectively.

Then the first teams faced some



strong Oxford opposition. The men's match started as a very close affair but Oxford stole the show in later games to win 11-4. The ladies did not have such trouble, winning 10-5 which made the Cambridge team the overall winners by 33-27.

BUSA Fencing

Cambridge fenced Oxford, UCL, Bath and Bristol at the weekend as part of the BUSA league.

The weekend started against a strong Oxford. However, the Cambridge foil team of Dom O'Mahony (captain), Rob Shaw and Dan Summerbell lost narrowly at 44-45. The sabre team of Alex O'Connell, Anthony Crutchett and Danny Ryan conquered 45-12, leaving the Épée team of Chris Greensides, Andy Culling and Shaw to clean up, defeating Oxford 45-31. Cambridge won overall 134-88.

Against Bristol, the Cambridge foil team triumphed 45-9, the Sabreurs won 45-14, and the épéeists won 45-31, bringing the total score to 135-54.

Next Cambridge faced UCL where the épéeists succeeded 45-35, the foil team won 45-35 and the Sabreurs prevailed 45-24 – Cambridge winning 135-94 overall.

Cambridge showed their experience in the final match against Bath when the Sabreurs dominated 45-11, the foil team won 45-27, and the épéeists kept Bath to only 31 hits, resulting in a 135-69 victory to Cambridge.

Jesus grind past Pembroke

»Speed to the breakdown and a strong Jesus defence break Pembroke

VARSITY SPORTS EDITOR

Jesus	17
Pembroke	5

Having had a couple of frustrating cancellations owing to waterlogged pitches, Pembroke and Jesus 1st XV Rugby teams finally met on Tuesday afternoon, this time in perfect rugby conditions. Both teams were fired up after the long anticipation and were keen to get their Cupper campaigns off to a good start: the winners would have a fairly open run in the draw. Although Jesus came out as favourites, being in second place in the 1st division, Pembroke have also had a strong season in the 2nd division, with prospects of promotion and they were fielding their Blue back-row player Nathan Johnson. The stage was set for a classic cuppers contest.

Straight from kick-off, Pembroke played some very positive rugby with breaks through the centres made by Jamie Shaw-Stewart, but although



Jesus' blitz defence succeeded in nullifying Pembroke's attacking potential

VICTORIA BRADLEY

"Jesus stole important ball at the breakdown"

they made much ground, they couldn't convert possession and territory into points. After this initial burst of Pembroke pressure, some good kicking for territory from the Jesus fly-half Mickey Barr allowed them to get back into the opposition half and start exerting pressure of their own. It was a very physical game with both sides receiving multiple injuries, resulting in play being a bit stop-start, which unfortunately slowed down the game.

After a missed penalty from

Pembroke's kicker Tom Richardson, Jesus finally converted territory into points with a dynamic run from their fly-half Mickey Barr who scored not far from Pembroke's posts; the try was duly converted. This blow didn't seem to take the wind out of Pembroke's sails, as they came straight back after the restart with some good forward mauling and successive scrums in the attacking twenty-two. Having defended several of these solidly, Jesus were eventually penalised for handling in the ruck and Pembroke's Blue (number eight) took the penalty quickly and drove over the line. A narrowly missed conversion put the score at 7-5 to Jesus going into the break.

Play resumed with an even division of possession with some fine kicking

from both fly-halves. Pembroke continued to look strong in the ruck but as both teams began to tire, Jesus' Blues flanker Richard Bartholomew started to turn over an important ball at the break down, giving Jesus the edge in possession terms, whilst also sabotaging Pembroke's attacking play. This notwithstanding, Pembroke continued to look strong in defence and it took a charged down kick by Bartholomew for Jesus to increase their lead. A conversion from Kouj Tambara put Jesus more than a converted try ahead of Pembroke and thus allowed a little breathing space.

With a lot of time still left arising from various injuries, both sides knew the final result was far from set in stone, so the game continued to be hard-fought. Pembroke still looked

threatening but they seemed unable to get past Jesus' twenty-two and thus into a really dangerous scoring position. They eventually lost possession to some strong rucking from the Jesus pack. Pembroke's realistic chances of getting back into the game were dulled with five minutes left when they conceded a penalty in a kickable position. Jesus' kicker duly scored to put his team 17-5 ahead. Despite this, Pembroke's heads didn't go down and they exerted a final five minutes of pressure on the Jesus back line deep within their half, but it was ultimately too late as the whistle blew for a Jesus victory. Perhaps the score line didn't reflect the close contention of the match but overall Jesus were the stronger side and deserved the win.

Sports Round Up

Upcoming Fixtures

February 17
Men's Lacrosse in flags semi-finals
Women's Hockey Blues v St Albans II, Home 2:00 Wilberforce
Women's Hockey II v Ipswich II, Away 11:30 Ipswich Sports Club
Women's Hockey III v March II, Away 4:00 Nealewade
Men's Hockey v Blueharts
Table Tennis - BUSA individual tournament
Rugby fives Past v Present, Bedford Modern.

February 18
Women's rugby Blues v Deeping home
Bowmen National Indoor Championships, Lilleshall.
Women's boat club - head of the Trent

February 21
Women's rugby v Nottingham, home

Upcoming Varsity Matches

February 17
Trampolining, 10:00-1:00 Leys school Sports Hall
Bowmen 1st VIII and Ladies IV Varsity, NSRA Bisley
Karate, Hills Road Sports Centre

February 18
Women's basketball, home.
Gymnastics, Marriot Gym, Stevenage
Women's netball, home, Haverhill Leisure Centre

Results

Badminton
Women's badminton Blues v Bath Lost 1-7
Men's Blues v Oxford I Lost 4-11
Men's II v Oxford II Won 8-7
Women's I v Oxford I Won 10-5
Women's II v oxford II Won 11-4
Fencing
Men's fencing blues v UCL Won 135-94
Men's fencing Blues v Oxford Won 134-88
Women's blues v Aberystwyth Won 135-64
Women's blues v Bath Won 128-126

Women's Football
Women's football v Northampton Won 7-3
Hockey
Women's Hockey v Birmingham II Lost 2-4
Men's Blues v Broxbourne Won 14-0
Women's II v Oxford II Won 4-1
Women's III v Oxford III Won 1-0
Men's II v Oxford II Won 5-3
Men's III v Oxford III Won 2-1
Jesus v Emmanuel, 5-0
Netball
Netball II v Staffordshire I Lost 39-49
Volleyball
Men's volleyball blues v Oxford Brookes I Won 3-0
Women's Volleyball Nottingham Won 3-0



Joe Powell and Oscar Brodtkin

Gamblers Unanimous

The infamous commentator's curse struck Gamblers Unanimous last week. After bragging about our recent tipping run, all three bets sank faster than the MSC Napoli off Branscombe Beach. There's no need to go scavenging just yet though, as the balance sheet remains at a healthy thirty-five pound profit.

Some of you will remember us stressing the importance of good information to the successful gambler. One can study the form of a horse's past races, interpret certain football statistics and brush up on poker strategies courtesy of the top professionals. The Racing Post is conveniently delivered to our college every Saturday and an hour of studying usually sees us right. There are over a hundred pages of form guides and tips in every betting market available, although if its winners you're after stick with us.

It'll be obvious by now that poker is very dear to our hearts, and very kind

to our pockets. Charles Lamb once famously said "cards are war, in the disguise of a sport". For any war you need months of preparation but most importantly a ruthless streak and a raw survival instinct. Poker is no different and there are a few ways of honing your skills that will make you money at the tables. Dan Harrington's two-volume masterpiece is recognised as the prime introduction to No Limit Texas Hold 'Em. Harrington has made several World Series of Poker final tables and he explains in a clear style the ins and outs of successful tournament poker. Another insight into the highest level of the game can be seen on 'High Stakes Poker', which is available on YouTube. This brings together the best professional players on the planet, buying in for a minimum of \$100,000. The biggest pot ever televised was seen on this show, when Daniel Negreanu lost a \$575,000 pot to Gus Hansen's quad fives. While the amounts may dwarf the common room

freezeouts, poker strategy varies less than you'd think and there is still much to be learnt from these pros.

We have a corker of a bet for the 'Bank Job' this week, as top of the Championship Derby County travel to Plymouth in the FA Cup fifth round on Saturday. Derby look Premiership material on current form and while Ian Holloway will have the 'Pilgrims' fired up for this match, odds of 2.62 (13/8) seem far too generous. The first £10 of the week goes on this.

The 'Long Shot' comes from Haydock on Saturday where we fancy 'Ossmoses' in the Red Sq Vodka Gold Cup. Last year's winner has been trained with this race in mind and should be able to overcome a big weight to defy odds of 8/1 (9 on Betfair). £2 should do nicely.

The Porters' have been avidly following ITV's 'Dancing on Ice' and they tell us Kay Burley is a cert to be eliminated this Saturday night. The news reporter has got two left

feet and is set for another disastrous performance. £8 goes on her to get the boot at odds of 1.86 (around 10/11).

Running total: £35.89

The Bank Job
Derby County to beat Plymouth
Stake: £10

The Long Shot
Ossmoses to win the Red Sq. Vodka Gold Cup at Haydock
Stake: £2

The Porters' Tip
Kay Burley to be eliminated from 'Dancing on Ice' on Saturday
Stake: £8

betfair.com

SPORT

Sport or Game?
Varsity tries to find a
sporting definition
Page 31

Rugby League
Blues face
Loughborough
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D-Day for Dark Blues as Cambridge wipe the board

»Cambridge Men's and Women's 2nds and 3rds clean up

LUCY STAPLETON
Hockey Correspondent

The morning of Monday February 12 saw Wilberforce Road play host to the seconds and thirds, men's and women's, hockey Varsity matches.

The Bedouins set the tone for an outstanding day for Cambridge's hockey teams with an assured victory against the Oxford Ho's. Brimming with confidence, midfielder Sara Litchfield provided the necessary attack through the Oxford defence before enabling teammate Helen Smyth to put the Bedouins ahead early on by putting the ball through keeper Iona Crawford's legs. Good work in defence by Ali Weetch and in midfield by Hannah Mansfield kept the Oxford attack at bay, but it was Beth Cash's outstanding performance in goal that saved the day. Making multiple Hollywood dives, with some elastic stretches, the captain managed to keep a clean sheet, secure a win, and gain the title of 'man' of the match.

The Squanders, Men's third team, match closely followed the Bedouins, going 1-0 down early on when Oxford capitalised on keeper Alex Smout's error. An attempted save from Smout resulted in him sliding over the ball to allow Oxford to poach an early lead. Sensing that Oxford were growing in confidence, Cambridge went back to basics and began to work their way back into the match. Their patience was justly rewarded when a well-worked move down the right led to a sharp finish from Nick Dale to equalize the score. Half time was 1-1, and a quick chat about the press left Oxford struggling to get the ball out of their half. Cambridge maintained excellent territorial dominance and gave away very few chances at the other end. With fifteen minutes to go, a weaving run from Owen Kemp forced a violent foul from the Oxford back line. The defender was duly yellow carded. Vice-captain Chris Cullen stepped up to take the penalty and slotted it home in the bottom right-hand corner to give Cambridge a 2-1 advantage. With time running out, Oxford threw everything they had at the Squanders, yet a solid defence ensured that Cambridge finished victorious at 2-1.

Fired up from the start, the Nomads, the ladies second team, were clearly eager to follow in the winning tradition of the day. Fuelled by an inspirational team talk from



Sticks clash as Cambridge and Oxford Mens' 2nds do battle, on a day of disappointment for the Dark Blues

SOPHIE PICKFORD

their new coach James Waters, the Nomads controlled the game from the start as Lisa Noble had an early chance on goal within the first 30 seconds. The Nomads' pressure led to Oxford giving away a penalty flick, which was expertly taken by Hannah Rickman. Under extreme duress, Rickman swept the goal into the right-hand corner, bemusing Oxford's keeper Jessica Hughes, a performance which, combined with her play on the pitch, earned her the title 'man' of the match. Another onslaught of Cambridge pressure saw Oxford begin to produce more errors as another flick was given. Keen to continue with her earlier success, Rickman stood up to the challenge and slipped the ball into the left-hand corner. 2-0 up, Cambridge seemed extraordinarily strong, and the score was soon improved further by a swift goal by Jen Stevens, set up by Alex

Workman with a jab around the Oxford keeper. Full of fighting spirit, Oxford stepped up their game and were rewarded with a penalty from a short corner. Their glory was short-lived, however, as Nomad Nic Gardener edged her way past her marker to bash a fourth goal in.

The second half challenged Cambridge more, but good team defence from Tanna and Close meant Cambridge stayed in the lead. After a number of short corners and a few saves by goalkeeper Stapleton, the whistle blew, resulting in the third victory of the day at 4-1. Captain Flick Hughes said "it was fantastic to see all the hard work we've put in all season rewarded by such a convincing victory. It is very promising for the rest of the season." This was reiterated by Blues captain Rosie Sherman who said "both teams have worked so hard this year and

fully deserve these results. On the day, both teams looked stronger both mentally and physically. The combination of a group of very skilful and committed girls left Oxford unable to do anything."

The Wanderers, the men's second team, completed Cambridge's clean sheet of victories with a hotly contested 5-3 win. Jack Yelland scored three goals, Nick Shipley one, and Chris Kurwie another; sweetly striking from a short corner. Having dominated most of the match, Cambridge were kept on their toes by frequent breaks from Oxford on which they failed to capitalise. Simon Harger's goalkeeping was on top form, allowing Cambridge to fight back, conceding only two more goals in closed play from a penalty flick and a short corner. A mixture of relief and elation came at the final whistle, after a more closely fought match than the score line suggests.

Results

Men's 2nds 5
Oxford 3

Women's 2nds 4
Oxford 1

Men's 3rds 2
Oxford 1

Women's 3rds 1
Oxford 0

Saw the game? Read the report? Think you could write it? sport@varsity.co.uk