

# VARSITY

Friday October 24 2008

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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& Fiona Shaw



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Cindie's vs Kambar:  
Fashion face-off



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Zephaniah:  
Don't bash Beijing

## Cancer funding 'slashed by £38m'

» Leaked documents reveal plan to cut spending at Cambridge Research Institute  
» Cuts blamed on "dramatic decline in the economy over the past 12 months"

Jonathan Laurence  
News Reporter

Cambridge-based cancer research faces heavy cuts in spending over the next five years, *Varsity* can reveal.

Confidential documents from Cancer Research UK recommend that the Cambridge Research Institute spend £38 million less than planned between next year and 2013/14. The Institute, which is a joint venture between the national charity and Cambridge University, had previously been allocated £130 million for research for the next five years.

The measures form part of a national package proposing cuts in spending from £2 billion to £1.625 billion over the same length of time, as the

### £38m

Proposed cuts between 2009 and 2013/14

### £6.5m

Further cuts proposed if economic climate worsens

economic downturn takes effect.

In a confidential report from the charity's strategy committee, it says that the cost-cutting initiatives are partly required because of "the dramatic decline in the economy and the outlook over the past 12 months which has led to a substantial reduction in our forecast income from fundraising over the next five years".

Professor Gordon McVie, senior consultant at the European Institute of Oncology in Milan and founder of the UK National Cancer Research Institute, said the outlook was bleak: "The future for researchers looks distinctly depressing: as the economic situation worsens people tighten their belts and more often than not the first things to go are charitable donations."

Before the downturn in the economy took hold, the Cambridge centre had budgeted for a series of expansions to its research provision. But the Cancer Research strategy committee says that the Cambridge Research Institute should "definitely" defer plans to open its third floor, and freeze initiatives to increase its number of research groups.

It also recommends the Addenbrooke's-based institute "definitely implement" cuts to its programmes investigating specific tumours to £400,000 per year, down from £1 million in

2008/09, and says that it should reduce its student numbers from 2009/10.

As well as these measures, which will bring in £28 million in savings, plans exist to save a further £10 million that will be implemented unless "income is higher than expected". The charity has identified a further £6.57 million of possible cuts from the Cambridge institute, as a "last resort" for if the economy tumbles further.

Harpal Kumar, Cancer Research UK's chief executive, told *Varsity*: "We have developed a bold five year science strategy that will deliver against our ambitious goals to beat cancer."

"As part of this there are ongoing discussions about our budget for the next few years and how we will maximise the charity's science spend to ensure improved cancer prevention, detection and treatment. These discussions have moved on significantly over the last month and the documents referred to are now historical and bear little resemblance to the actual plans that will be adopted."

"Like all organisations, we are closely monitoring the difficult economic environment and are continuously reviewing the impact this may have on us. The general economic decline further emboldens us in our constant efforts to make the best use of our supporters' generous donations."



PATRICK KINGSLEY

### Hot off the press

Cambridge Newspapers have unveiled a new £10m web printing press. The new machine will allow the company to print 70,000 papers an hour – twice as many as previously possible. According to Press Production Manager Alan Mee, it is currently one of the few presses in the country to use the "latest technology" available.

## Student anger as Anglia Ruskin ends cash bursaries for new students

Craig Hogg  
Deputy News Editor

Anglia Ruskin University will stop giving student bursaries in cash, and instead will give them credit that has to be spent at the bookshop John

Smith, *Varsity* has learnt. This has raised questions from the student body over why just one shop has been favoured, and whether this is in their best interests of ARU students.

"We surveyed over three hundred students and the overwhelming ma-

jority were against the plans," said ARU Students' Union President Nick Evangelista. "Many said they wanted the choice to spend the money as they saw fit, to help with finances on a day by day basis. It is felt that the new scheme simply won't allow for

this," he said.

"Limiting students to purchase books only through John Smith will cost the students more. This is an academic bookshop after all," he continued.

The only other publically-funded

institution that has a similar deal with John Smith bookshop is the University of East London, which was the previous employer of Anglia Ruskin's Vice-Chancellor Michael Thorne.

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# VARSLITY

**Applications are invited to edit the 2009 Mays Anthology.  
Interested candidates should contact [business@varsity.co.uk](mailto:business@varsity.co.uk).**



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## Misogynist? Moi?

Germaine Greer obviously excites people. Her imminent presence at The Union has sent crack debaters and Varsity journo's into a state of high agitation about inherent Cantabrigian misogyny. (See the Union's debate this Thursday and Varsity's own discussion on page 29).

What this week's debates are looking to establish is whether the university, at present, can be considered an innately sexist institution. Those who say it is cite some convincing figures: only about six per cent of Cambridge's professorships are held by women, for example; male students, on average, get more firsts; and there are no doubt a few members of the university harbouring defunct, sexist views. And, of course, the old punching bag, the Pitt Club, is dragged up. But if this tiny bunch of cretins is the last remaining bastion of institutionalised misogyny, then Cambridge is not doing too badly.

Indeed, those who deny that Cambridge is misogynistic have some pretty convincing facts of their own: our Vice-Chancellor is a woman and 49 per cent of undergraduates are female. Cambridge was the first institution in the world to allow women to take higher degrees and recently has admitted more women than men. Moreover, there are designated women's officers in CUSU and in all college JCRs; and, of course, there's Newnham and Murray Edwards, two colleges built specifically for female education.

However, as the saying goes, there's no smoke without fire. The very fact that we feel the need to employ women's officers, maintain women-only colleges, organise these debates (and write these editorials) is because there is enough latent sexism in the air to warrant attention.

It makes little sense to call this institution inherently misogynistic when its intentions are so transparently egalitarian. But until we no longer need designated women's reps, until we have more female professors and more women achieving firsts, can we really say there is parity between men and women at the university?

## The Varsity Plagiarism Survey 2008

*Varsity is conducting a survey about plagiarism at Cambridge.*

*We already have 800 responses but would like an even wider range of students.*

*To complete the survey, please go to [varsity.co.uk/plagiarism](http://varsity.co.uk/plagiarism).*

*It should take 60 seconds to complete.*

*All entries are completely anonymous.*

**letters@varsity.co.uk** Submit your letter for the chance to win a bottle of wine from the Cambridge Wine Merchants.  
This week's winner is Andrew Norman of Pembroke College.

### Sober Sainsbury's

Sir,

When recently purchasing some food and drink at Sainsbury's, the checkout assistant refused to accept my UniCard as proof that I was over 18, and I then had all of the bottles of port and wine confiscated from me like a naughty schoolchild. After explaining that the UniCard seemed to me perfectly acceptable proof that I was over 18, the deputy manager admitted that he believed I was in fact over 18, but national Sainsbury's policy dictates exactly which forms of ID are acceptable.

I have no intention of carrying my passport around with me and, since I only ever cycle in Cambridge, I don't carry a driving license either. A photographic ID, bearing my date of birth, and issued by a locally well-known and trusted institution is a reasonable and sufficient check on my age, as



any jury in the land would agree. Indeed, many other shops in the town accept a UniCard as proof of age. On the day in question, Cambridge Wine Merchants benefited from Sainsbury's inability so to do. Sainsbury's should change their policy at

Cambridge immediately and allow UniCards to be accepted. Moreover, I hope that they will also change national policy to give local store managers the responsibility to make decisions on a case-by-case basis, since many other stores might benefit from this change. I myself shall not be purchasing any further alcohol from Sainsbury's and I encourage other students to look to more reasonable shops in Cambridge until such a time as Sainsbury's change their inflexible policy.

**Yours faithfully,**

**Andrew Norman  
Pembroke College**

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

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# Bring-your-own-booze banned

» Curry King and Curry Mahal ban students from bringing in their own wine

Chris Robinson  
Deputy News Editor

Students can no longer bring wine into the Curry King or the Curry Mahal.

The managers of the two restaurants have decided that behaviour at dinner is too rowdy and if students want to drink they will now need to buy wine in the restaurants.

Giash Uddin, manager of the Bombay Brasserie (popularly known as the Mahal) said he was tired of students treating his restaurant like a nightclub, and hoped the new house rule on wine would help. "There is too much mess around, too much noise. I don't want students to ruin our restaurant anymore," he said.

He denied that there was any financial motivation behind the change of policy, which will see Sunday as the only bring-your-own-bottle day.

At the Curry King, prices have risen to £12.50 per person for the set menu, including one glass of wine or beer. It remains to be seen whether students will still attend the Curry King, given the generally short shrift they already receive in terms of customer service.

PPS student Sarah Beament said she was disappointed by her recent experience at the Curry King. "It's not the same. It used to be fun. The portions are small, the food is poor, napkins are not given to students as standard. The other night there weren't enough plates, chairs, glasses or cutlery,"

she said.

The banning of wine in the two curry houses follows on the heels of the closure of the Bun Shop, another restaurant popular with students. These developments are simultaneous with the new wine restrictions at St John's Formal Hall.

Sidney Sussex has also reputedly begun to crack down on wine in Hall. A second-year Sidney student, who wished to remain anonymous, said the new Dean had become more strict on alcohol consumption. "He's banned the 'Slags' drinking society and has started restricting students to one bottle of wine between two. These are sad times," he said.

Sidney's Dean, Bernhard Fulda said:

"At this moment in time there has been no change in policy, and the amount of wine remains at the discretion of the catering staff."

Other Colleges continue to take a more liberal approach to wine in Hall, with many having no formal limits on alcohol. Simon Hawkey, manciple at Jesus College, said the College wanted to offer guidance as opposed to rules. "We want to treat students like adults. It's one of those situations where you've just got to keep your eye on things. We hope not to find ourselves in a situation where we have to do what John's have done... but it's too early to say to be honest. At the end of the day it's your health, but we're responsible for creating a safe environment," he said.

# Festival of Ideas begins

» Festival will offer 200 events in two weeks

» Well-known figures to deliver talks

Lizzie Homersham  
News Reporter

Cambridge's Festival of Ideas has begun. It is offering a programme of over 200 events, running until November 2. The celebration marks the first time in Britain that the arts, humanities and social sciences will be brought together in one event.

Colleges and departments will be hosting exhibitions, talks, workshops and performances running from morning to evening. Events will be graced by an array of professors, politicians and entrepreneurs, include MP Michael Howard and Doug Richard of Dragons' Den.

Co-ordinator Nicola Buckley told *Varsity* that the event "has been two years in the planning". The new-born festival follows of the footsteps of the Cambridge Science Festival which has taken place every March since 1995. Buckley says that "the idea is that [the festival] builds over the years".

Publicity has been a priority, as local schools have seen the delivery of 40,000 programmes as part of the festival's outreach programme. However, attempts to attract publicity have been hampered by the economic atmosphere, and Buckley admits that "we don't have a very big budget".

She tips the talk entitled 'What's the point of economics?' to be the most popular event of all. This discussion, occurring on Monday, has been fully booked for some time. Evan Davis, from Radio 4's BBC Today, will outline five things everyone should know about economics.

Buckley says that it is "definitely one of the aims to open up the University to local residents". To that end, the festival will see intellectuals joining forces with figures from popular culture. At the Sidgwick Site this Saturday will be Louise Rennison, author of the best-selling *Confessions of Georgia Nicholson*, adapted in the recent film, *Angus, Thongs and Perfect Snogging*.

Other talks include one explaining how the Facebook phenomenon is changing our relationships, and the opportunity to see the most comprehensive collection ever of paintings and memorabilia of Pink Floyd's Syd Barrett in the exhibition 'The Other Room: Syd Barrett's Life and Art', running from October 23 until November 2. On October 30, New Regius Professor of History Richard J. Evans is giving a talk on the daily life of ordinary Germans during World War II.

Over 100 of the events are free, and programmes are available on the University's website.



Michael Howard



Syd Barrett



Doug Richard



Louise Rennison

## In Brief

### Hawking to quit professorship

Stephen Hawking is to give up his University Chair next year. Professor Hawking will retire as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics next October, having reached the University retirement age of 67. However, despite leaving the post he has held since 1979, the disabled physicist will continue to conduct research in Cambridge, and will still be a Fellow of Gonville and Caius. The University is advertising for a replacement as Lucasian Professor; it is looking for "persons working on mathematics applied to the physical world". The Lucasian Professorship was established in 1663, when Isaac Barrow was its first incumbent. His successors have included Isaac Newton, Charles Babbage and Paul Dirac.

### V-C gets ARU award

The Vice-Chancellor has accepted an honorary degree from Anglia Ruskin University. Alison Richard will receive the award at a ceremony on November 12. Anglia Ruskin describes her as "the refreshingly feminine face of the University". Dr Richard is the first female full-time Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. Her Honorary Doctorate of Science from Anglia Ruskin will add to her already impressive list of honorary degrees, including awards from Peking University, the University of Antananarivo in Madagascar, York University, the University of Toronto, the University of Edinburgh and Queen's University Belfast.

Christiana Spens

### Warning on early GCSEs

Cambridge's Director of Admissions has cautioned potential applicants against sitting GCSEs early. Geoff Parks said that some students "significantly underperform" because they have sat the qualification before the normal exam period. Parks told *Varsity* that "educationally it is not in a student's interests to put them in for a qualification so early that they significantly underperform in it, relative to how they would probably perform if the qualification was taken at the normal time. An A, rather than an A\*, in a GCSE taken early is not really problematic, but a B or C inevitably leads one to wonder whether the student really has developed a good understanding of that subject," he said. Earlier this year Parks called for A-levels to be completed by Easter to allow students to apply to university after receiving their results.

Andrew Bellis

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## MythBusters

What Scudamore's don't want you to know



**Week 3:** St John's killed a Trinity cox during the Bumps and was banned from rowing under its own name, leading to the formation of the Lady Margaret Boat Club

There is no evidence that any cox, from any College, has ever been gored to death during a Bumps race. After all, while rowing boats may be pointy, they are rarely equipped with bayonets, and such an offensive manoeuvre would be difficult.

The reason John's rowing club is called the Lady Margaret Boat Club is simply a historical accident. The club was founded in 1825 as the Johnian Boat Club, but soon became identified with the name of its boat, the 'Lady Margaret', named after the College's founder. At first, it was only one of many boat clubs in the College, but eventually the others folded, leaving LMBC as the last club standing by the 1870s. It has since been one of the most successful boat clubs in Cambridge.

This particular myth, in its various forms, has been one of Cambridge's most persistent, perhaps because it is one of the goriest. One version even holds that such a fatal incident explains why LMBC wears red, a detail which is as unlikely as it is morbid. The story's enduring success points to the perpetual bloodthirstiness of students, tour guides and tourists alike.

There seems to be a worrying trend in Cambridge myths. They started off gentle and pacifistic – royalty, DNA, Newton – but they're starting to get too violent for our tastes. What will Scudamore's say next? Will we learn that Byron hung himself from the Bridge of Sighs? Or that bullfighting was common in King's chapel? Was Hitler the President of the Union?

There seems to be no limit to the public thirst for blood. So Varsity intends to start a campaign for nicer myths. Why not tell tourists that 1000 kittens were released into Market Square as a prank? Or that Cambridge won 'Prettiest City in England' fifty years in a row in the 1800s? Or that bunny rabbits were invented in the Maypole? There must be a gentler way.

Hugo Gye

# Claire Tomalin delivers biennial lecture

» *Reiographer gives Senate House audience a preview of her forthcoming work on Dickens*

Julie Chan  
News Reporter

The 2008 Leslie Stephen lecture was delivered by award-winning biographer Claire Tomalin.

The Leslie Stephen lecture, first delivered in 1907, is usually a biennial event. It is given in memory of Sir Leslie Stephen who, despite his achievements in ethical philosophy, is primarily remembered as Virginia Woolf's father.

Speakers must lecture on "some literary subject, including therein criticism, biography and ethics". Dr Tomalin, who graduated from Newnham, lectured on her current work-in-progress, a biography of Charles Dickens. Her focus was on the relationship between Charles Dickens and his close friend John Forster.

Under the elaborate curling ceiling of Senate House, Dr Tomalin breathed life temporarily into two imposing figures of English literary history. Both men had a well-known partnership throughout their lives, but Dr Tomalin revealed intimate details that could change the way we see these two giants.

Forster, who left Cambridge after a year, calling its students "cloistered bookworms", maintained a close friendship through Dickens' life. He was the one to whom Dickens confessed his unhappiness in marriage, and later it was to Forster that Dickens recounted the doctor's numerous visits and the symptoms of his physical decline.

Forster and Dickens were opposites: Forster was a rugged athlete, while Dickens was more delicate. Yet both of them maintained a lively friendship with a great deal of banter. When Dickens' children taught him the polka for a birthday party, Dickens was so nervous about forgetting the steps that he got up in the middle of the night to practise. On recounting the story to Forster, he said, "Remember to put that in my biography".

As for Forster, who believed he would be the eternal bachelor, he became a well-placed civil servant in

the mid-1850s and married.

Most great men are treated kindly by the white lies of history, and Dickens was protected by the self-censorship of his friend. Forster omitted details about Dickens' affair with the actress Nell Turnan, and other unpleasant details in Dickens' personal life. That Dickens is remembered primarily for his literary genius and philanthropy was because of Forster's multi-volume book *The Life of Charles Dickens*.

When asked during an interview why she chose Dickens as a subject, her reply was, "it was mostly to do something different". Dr Tomalin has previously done biographies of eminent women in history, notably Jane Austen and Mary Wollstonecraft. Her aim then had been to re-tell history from the point of view of women. History, she said, was told by men and they often misrepresented women, or chose to gloss over what women found important.

During her research on Dora Jordan, she had access to Jordan's private letters. What struck her was how differently Dora Jordan had seen her life, as opposed to the official history written by male historians.

Her answer to the question of whether she considered herself a feminist biographer was that "all intelligent people, men and women, are all feminists". This wit peppered her lecture, and mirrored the cutting humour of her subjects, Austen and Dickens.

According to her, her career in biography had happened purely by chance. When she came up to Cambridge in 1951, she chose to read English over her first love, History, after being persuaded by her teacher. It was only later, after marriage, children and a job that she decided to return to history through becoming biographer first to Mary Wollstonecraft, and subsequently to other notable women.

Her best-known work is her biography of Pepys, *Samuel Pepys: The Unequalled Self*, which was awarded Whitbread Book of the Year in 2002.



Dr Tomalin is an Honorary Fellow of Newnham and Lucy Cavendish

Dr Tomalin came up to Cambridge at a time when the ratio of men to women in Cambridge was ten to one. Only Newnham and Girton admitted women, and many of the girls she studied with expected to get married immediately after Cambridge. As a result, she felt immensely privileged as a woman to be able to attend.

While her university life was full of

what she called "emotional and intellectual adventures," she also felt that some of the teaching that she experienced while here was rather mechanical. She made lifelong friendships at Cambridge, and her one regret was that she did not stay and pursue further study. This regret is characteristic of a woman who strikes others as deeply intellectual, sharp and witty.

## ARU SU criticises new bursaries plan

» *£550 to be credited to every student at on-campus John Smith bookshop*

» *Students' Union claims a lack of consultation on plans for popular government-funded scheme*

*Continued from front page*

It is unclear whether any other bookshops were invited to tender for the business, or to pitch alternative deals. "We were never made aware of any other competing interests at all when consulted," said Evangelista.

The new credit system, called 'Aspire', will be introduced for students starting at the university next September. It replaces the £3 million cash-based 'Anglia Ruskin Scholarship Award', which allowed students to shop around for books and learning materials.

An award of £500 a year will be paid to eligible students via the Anglia Ruskin Aspire Card, subject to good work and attendance. To encourage take-up, the university and the bookshop are offering £50 in bonus credit for the first year of study

plus a 'free books' promotional offer.

John Smith is setting up a book store in the ARU campus. "John Smith is setting up on site to allow shareholders to cream off the profits, not to help the students. It is a money-making venture, nothing more than that," said Evangelista.

Anglia Ruskin has hit back at this criticism. In a statement issued to Varsity it stressed the benefits the 'Aspire' scheme will bring to students.

"The amount of money on offer has increased from its current first year total of £500 to £550. As importantly, the money under the scheme is available to students much earlier, with £100 available to students to spend immediately on opening up an account and the full credit of £550

paid into the student account in February," said Andrea Hilliard, Corporate Communications Manager at the university.

The university reasserted that the scheme was a flexible one: "[Aspire] allows [students] to buy a whole range of items other than books, such as computer equipment and stationery items".

Further advantages of the new scheme, according to its advocates, include a revamped bookshop in Chelmsford and a campus-based store in Cambridge. Set to displace the Student Employment Bureau from its prime location on site, the on-site store is the first of its kind for the leading bookshop.

The popularity of the old ARSA Award will be hard to surpass. It was an instant hit with students and Uni-

versity staff alike when introduced at the University two years ago, improving key performance and attendance indicators. The Sunday Times University Guide 2008 described it as "a sensible approach given the problems the institution had with a high dropout rate".

John Smith was founded in Scotland in 1751. It now specialises in campus-based stores, with 28 bookshops at universities in three countries.

Students paying the full fee of £3,145 and based at either the Chelmsford or Cambridge ARU campuses will be eligible for the new grant. They will have the opportunity to choose between the two schemes this year before the new 'Aspire' scholarship is fully phased in next year.



# Varsity Profile

» Week 3: Richard Naisby, owner of the Milton Brewery

His beard speaks volumes a *Varsity* profile never could. With facial hair like that, could Richard Naisby have been anything other than a brewer? He could be the sinister old man at the corner of the pub drinking real ale, you say. But look at the way the beard splits into two prongs at the bottom. Has to be a brewer.

Which is why we are slightly surprised to learn that Richard, 35, has not always been in the beverage industry. He used to be an adrenaline-junkie travel writer, specialising in places most other journalists would not go, like Afghanistan, Haiti, the Russian Caucasus and Lebanon.

Born in Leeds, Richard went to St Edmund Hall, Oxford from 1991 to 1995, graduating with a degree in Metallurgy. In the shabby pubs of Oxford, he discovered the joys of a flat and unsettlingly tepid drink called ale, and a hatred for the lager of the masses. He became president of the Oxford University Beer Appreciation Society, which had over 300 members. He spent most of his time at Oxford "travelling around and drinking beer".

Richard tells an enlightening story about his university days. Once he was barred from a pub, not for drunkenness, but for knowing too much about beer. He made the mistake of correcting a local barman who said that all beer was made with hops, and was thrown out for his cheek. When the hapless barman told his manager about the incident, the manager fired him on the spot. "Do you know who that was? You just banned the

president of the Beer Appreciation society." When Richard returned to his room that same night, he had an apology note from the publican and a keg of beer waiting outside his room. "So I was banned for all of two hours, and got a free keg of beer, whey hey!" says Richard. In the Oxford pub scene, Richard Naisby was a big name.

Two years after Richard left Oxford, he did not have a beer-related job. He was researching a travel book and writing freelance travel pieces for the *Independent* and the *Times*. He was a travel writer from 1997 to 2000, and over this time there was a gradual realisation that brewing was what he wanted to do with his life and travel writing was not. "You tend to get shot at if you hang around in those kinds of countries for long enough. It's not something I recommend," he said.

In 1997, he met his future brewing partner in the Karakorum Mountains of Northern Pakistan, and two years later they set up the Milton Brewery, launching their first beer, Pegasus, to critical acclaim. The brewery has produced over 500 different beers since its launch, and has won many prizes. Their strong beer, Mammon, has just won the SIBA East Region Speciality Beer of the Year for the second year running. It is now in the National Finals. The beard was finally allowed to fulfil its destiny, by being on the face of a brewer. *Michael Stothard*

To read a report of the *Varsity* team's tour of the Milton Brewery, turn to page 11.

1

Times Richard has been barred from a pub

3

Pubs owned by the brewery

12

Number of colleges supplied by Richard's Milton Brewery

500

Number of beers brewed



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## In Brief

### John's Master meets students

The Master of St John's held an open meeting with students last week. Chris Dobson told Johnians that he agreed the decision to ban wine in Hall was "started too late under too tight a deadline, which hindered the consultation process". But, he argued, "it seems to me there are a lot more important issues facing you in the world and in the University." He reassured angry students that the Council would be discussing the Dean's secret Facebook account, under the assumed name Pedro Amigo, but said that he had been assured the Dean had never used the networking site in search of misdemeanours. Dobson said he thought the fact that students were thrown out of College between terms was "an absolute disgrace and I want to stop it. These are much more general issues which need to be dealt with if John's is going to remain the greatest place on earth".

### Cambridge plans e-paper

Last week, Cambridge scientists unveiled a pioneering electronic reader device. The Plastic Logic Electronic Reader allows users to browse e-books, digital newspapers and magazines all on one touch screen. It is the same size and weight as the average magazine, and can store hundreds of documents at once. Scientists working in the Cavendish Laboratory have spent ten years developing the new technology, which uses plastic rather than silicon chips. Scientists claim that the digitally viewed documents will have the same visual appeal as printed paper. The product hits shops next year, but the price will not be announced until January.

Lauren Smith

### Christmas lights go up

The Christmas decorations were put up in Cambridge this week. The decorative lights were put up on King's Parade, Bene't Street and Market Square on Wednesday. These Christmas lights will not be turned on for almost a month, however, to stop old men whining about how Christmas comes earlier every year. The official turning-on of the lights – and the start of Christmas on the streets of Cambridge – will take place on Sunday November 16.

### Lord Rees sounds warning

The Master of Trinity has said that unless young people become more inspired, the economy will suffer. In a piece written for the *Daily Telegraph*, Martin Rees, Baron Rees of Ludlow, said that most of the world seems too distracted to spend time on science and innovation. He highlighted the role of teachers, arguing that "we need to ensure that the natural interest that young children have in science (be it in space, dinosaurs or tadpoles) extends rather than atrophies". He pointed out that currently America's "power companies spend less on research than the pet food industry does". Lord Rees is President of the Royal Society, Astronomer Royal and Professor of Cosmology and Astrophysics in the University.

Kirsty Drath



Blues celebrate winning the 2007 Varsity Match

## Varsity Match finds new sponsor

» Nomura to take over Lehman Brothers' role as sponsor of Twickenham fixture

Martin McQuade  
Deputy News Editor

The Varsity Match has a new sponsor. The Japanese investment bank Nomura has replaced Lehman Brothers as title sponsor of the annual rugby match between Cambridge and Oxford.

Nomura, who have taken over Lehman's European and Asia Pacific investment banking operations, have agreed to sponsor the event for the next four years.

They will also sponsor the women's Varsity Match, to be held in March next year at Cambridge.

Although Nomura have declined to reveal the size of funds provided, it is thought to be well into six figures.

Whilst there was no doubt that the Twickenham match would go ahead, the sponsorship will ensure some degree of improved financial stability for Cambridge rugby.

Ian Minto, general manager of Cambridge's rugby club (CURUFC),

said, "We at Cambridge are really looking forward to the development of our association with Nomura and believe it will bring tremendous benefits to all concerned".

Blues captain Jon Dawson adds: "I'm absolutely delighted with the news and very grateful to Nomura for their sponsorship. I think that there are many synergies between Nomura and the Varsity Match."

Nomura have also expressed a desire to be involved with the event

long-term: "We're delighted to be building on our existing relationships with two of the world's top universities and look forward to continuing this in the future."

The 127th Varsity Match will be held on Thursday December 11, kicking off at 2pm. The Dark Blues have experienced defeat in the last three encounters, leaving Cambridge with an overall lead of 59 victories to 52.

Tickets are currently available for a discounted rate of £5 through CURUFC.

## Cambridge researchers criticise over-regulation

» Medical journal article attacks bureaucracy in medical trials

Arthur Turrell  
News Reporter

Academics have warned that the UK's effectiveness in clinical research is being strangled by over-regulation.

The researchers, from the Universities of Cambridge and Birmingham, published an article in the *British Medical Journal* attacking the "ever increasing bureaucracy" involved in undertaking medical trials.

The article has been prompted by the experiences of the authors, who have conducted over three decades of clinical research between them. They refer to an increase in bureaucracy, which has created delays of over twelve months in starting some drug trials, as the "single biggest threat" to clinical research in the UK.

In the current system of applying for funding and permission to conduct medical trials, approval has to be sought from a vast number of sources. These include ethics committees, the Medicines and Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (MHPR), insurance companies and clinical research facilities. The researchers describe the bureaucratic nightmare of dealing with each of these, claiming that decisions are wildly inconsistent, applications are

often lost or rejected for trivial reasons and some forms can take up to a week to fill in.

Many of the agencies involved in regulating clinical research are there to protect against tragedies such as at Northwick Park Hospital in London when test subjects given a new anti-inflammatory drug developed multiple organ failure and were critically ill.

The paper criticises the MHPR, which was formed after that incident, for not preventing this and goes on to list a four-point plan to cut down on bureaucracy.

The pharmaceutical industry spends around £3.2 billion on research and development in the UK annually, accounting for almost ten per cent of the global market. The authors warn that the UK has gone from being one of the most attractive to one of the least attractive places to conduct clinical trials, meaning that this money could soon be invested elsewhere.

Professor Morris Brown, Professor of Clinical Pharmacology at Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge and one of the authors of the article, commented: "Mindless regulation is halving the amount of research we can do and clearly works against the interest of the very patients it supposedly protects."



## Colleges 'failing to take green role seriously'

Varsity News

The University's annual energy bill is set to increase by around £3.5 million without any reduction in consumption, according to Pro-Vice-Chancellor Ian Leslie.

He told the CUSU Ethical Affairs team that rising energy costs are set to take effect on the University after its two-year contract for electricity has ended.

CUSU's Go Greener campaign has set out six steps that Colleges should take to reduce their energy input, starting with a meeting between the bursar and student environmental officers, and including signing up to the Cambridge Climate Change Charter introduced by the City Council. The last step is to implement "comprehensive plans" to fulfil "ambitious emissions reduction targets".


Downing and Sidney Sussex are the only Colleges to have reached the final stage. According to Go Greener, Emmanuel, Homerton, King's, Magdalene,

Murray Edwards and Peterhouse have fulfilled none of the recommended steps; nor have any of the mature-student Colleges.

However, these Colleges refute the idea that they are failing to reduce emissions. The Bursar of Emmanuel stressed that the College "is working hard to reduce energy consumption", while Peterhouse's Bursar said that "unsurprisingly, we are keen and able to reduce our emissions without the help of recommendations from CUSU". Magdalene's Bursar said he was "surprised" by Go Greener's allegations, which the Bursar of Darwin called "almost entirely wrong".

Emily Dunning, CUSU's Environment Officer, says that some Colleges are "failing to take their role seriously in reducing carbon emissions", although the University has "made massive progress in the last year". She has urged students to lobby their Colleges in order to "prevent the impact we will inevitably feel on our wallets if steps are not taken".





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## Cambridge Spies



### Corpus Christi

#### "We'll always have Paris"

In the small hours of the morning, a coy belle was refusing to bend to the lascivious desires of an opulent young cad. The prospect of the bashful beauty returning to bed alone was becoming increasingly tangible, and so to speed things up, he decided to play his trump card: "laying down the cheddar" as he affectionately calls it. Going straight for the nuclear option, he suggested that they break their fast together that morning in Paris. A taxi all the way to the Big Smoke ensued, which was well within his price range. Two last-minute trains across the channel, however, turned out to be a bit dear. So he returned to Cambridge in the cold light of day with his tail firmly between his own legs, and nowhere else.

### St John's

#### Peeping John's

With the World Wide Web temporarily disabled, and YouTube's nefarious younger brother therefore unavailable, a posse of chaps looked for an alternative way to get their licentious kicks. Hearing that the object of all their affections, the alpha female of their staircase, was about to soak like Bathsheba in the tub, they conspired to fulfil their voyeuristic yearnings in a more personal fashion than ever before. Jimmying the door with a credit card, they all piled in with cameras in hand, but were bitterly disappointed by the cantankerous reaction of said woman. Apparently the fleshy female, unlike the pixelated one, can say no.

### Lairy dons

#### Purse-strings at dawn

Credit crunch turned credit punch this week as the CEO of a well-known college was seen brawling with his Chief Cashier. Miffed at the loss of a few college pesos on the (stock) Market Square, our hero looked set to short-sell his purser's face, so to speak. "I'll nationalise you!" he bellowed, and only the shrill cries of his wife – "Not now, Rodney\*, not now!" – could dissuade him from giving the moneyman a pounding. Indeed, never has the proverb "in for a penny, in for a pound" seemed so apt.

\*Names have been changed.

# Cambridge scientists develop multiple sclerosis treatment

Natasha Lennard  
Deputy Editor

Cambridge scientists have made significant progress in stopping multiple sclerosis. A Cambridge-led drug trial has shown a multiple sclerosis treatment to stop, and even reverse effects of the disease in its early stages. Multiple sclerosis (MS) destroys the body's central nervous system and affects about 100,000 people in Britain.

The drug on trial, alemtuzumab, has

proven significantly more effective than the market-leading MS treatment, beta-interferon. After a three-year trial, involving 334 patients in the early stages of MS, some remarkable results have emerged: 74 of those on the drug were less likely to have a relapse of the disease; 71 per cent had a reduced risk of disability within the next three years; and patients exhibited fewer signs of disability than they had shown at the beginning of trial.

Alemtuzumab, an immunosuppressant, was developed thirty years ago as leukae-

mia treatment. Alasdair Coles of the Cambridge team commented: "We've shown definitely that treating people early on with this aggressive immunosuppression is a good thing, and we can say people's disability improves. That's never been seen before and goes counter to everything we thought"

Two major side-effects of the treatment have been noted. Nearly 25 per cent of patients experienced problems involving their immune systems attacking their thyroid glands. One patient died from an

immune disorder affecting platelets in the bloodstream. This latter disorder was present in nearly three per cent of patients in the trial. Both conditions are treatable, however, given fast enough diagnosis.

The clinical trial of the drug is now in phase three. All being well, the scientists expect to see alemtuzumab approved by licensing bodies in 2010. Although the drug has proven extremely successful for those in the early stages of multiple sclerosis, it is not thought that the treatment will be so efficacious for long term sufferers.

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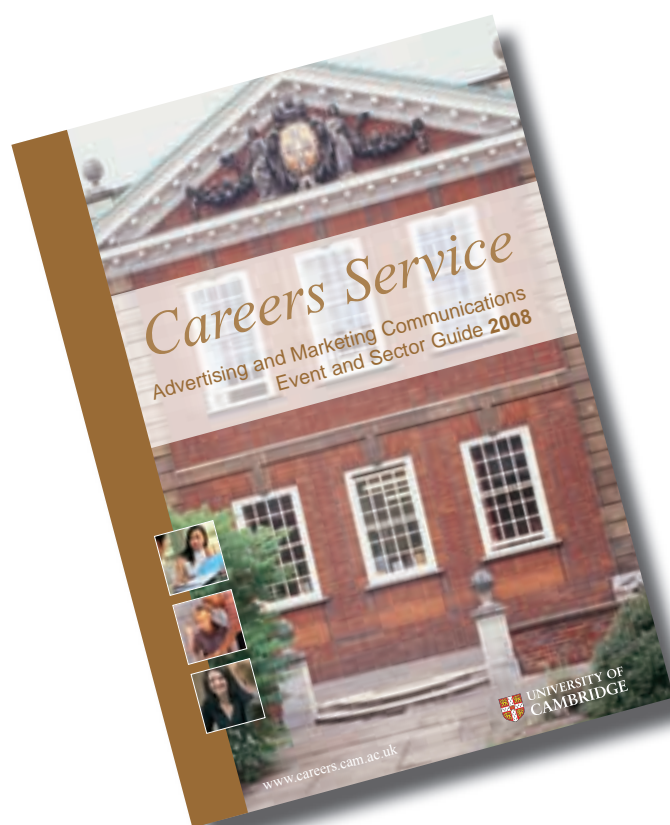
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# MAGAZINE



FEATURES, INTERVIEWS, REVIEWS & LISTINGS // ART, FILM, MUSIC, BOOKS, FASHION & SCIENCE  
THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH / EMANUEL UNGARO / MARK THOMAS  
NICK CLEGG ON TAX / FIONA SHAW / DEBORAH WARNER / SYD BARRETT RETROSPECTIVE

## Paradise Found

THE MILTON BREWERY SUPPLY A DOZEN OF OUR COLLEGES WITH THE FINEST BEER IN EAST ANGLIA AND HAVE BEEN BREWING ON THE EDGE OF CAMBRIDGE SINCE 1999. THE VARSITY TEAM GO ON A TOUR OF THEIR PREMISES TO GAIN AN EDUCATION IN HOP-FLAVOURED LIBATION. ROB PEAL REPORTS



PATRICK KINGSLEY

On the northern edge of Cambridge is a little village called Milton, and on the edge of Milton there is an industrial estate, and in this industrial estate lies the Milton Brewery. The brewery is run by the hop-smoking, yeast-beating Gimli look-alike Richard Naisby. Visiting it is quite an experience.

We walked in to a small concrete room covered in cobwebs and dust. At the back of the room was some brewing equipment: a mash tun, a large copper and three fermenting barrels. I asked how far the brewery stretched. "This is it," Richard replied; "It's a brewery, not a museum." Laid out for us were two kegs, each consisting of seventy-two pints. Split between eighteen people, this was a remarkably generous offering. We had the choice of either Sparta or Dionysus. Anyone who has had a pint of Nero at the Rad will know that this brewery has a strong penchant for classically-themed names. We grabbed our glasses, wolfed down a couple of complimentary scotch eggs and pork pies, and turned on the taps. I had done it, it had been achieved: no one could ever accuse me of being incapable of

organising a piss-up in a brewery again.

Richard has a love for beer that goes far beyond the practical concerns of inebriation. He speaks about it with obsessive knowledge and consuming passion. In the corner of the room is a bath tub. It may be used to clean equipment, but I have a suspicion that Richard uses it to bathe in his brew. Such is his love. As president of the Oxford University Real Ale Society, Richard was barred from the Woodstock Arms for outwitting a barman. The barman claimed there were no beers made without hops, so Richard reeled off the nine in the world that did.

The brewery owes its incarnation to the Karakorum Mountains of Northern Pakistan where Richard, then a travel writer, first met Tony Brooks, and the two of them decided to start a brewery. They put it together in two months, and launched their first beer in September 1999.

Once we were all feeling slightly squiffy, Richard showed us the brewing process. This timeless art of combining malt barley, hops, yeast and water to make happiness deserves to be under-

stood. It all starts with the grist mill, which turns the malted barley into grist. The grist mill is a formidable machine, weighing a third of a tonne and strapped onto the wall like a psychopath in a straight jacket. We are handed some malted barley to eat; it tastes a bit like Horlicks, and has a long way to go before it is beer. The grist is then mixed with boiling brewing water to make a starchy, sugary mixture. This porridgey substance is then poured into the Copper with the hops and 2,452 litres are boiled in one sitting. This mixture goes by the attractive name of 'wort'. Changing the types of hops or malt allows the Milton Brewery to produce an enormous variation of beers. Their most recent, an Oliver Cromwell-themed strong beer, went by the terrific punning name 'Worts and all' and won the Strong Beer prize at this year's Cambridge Beer Festival.

The wort is then crash cooled to room temperature and placed in fermentors so that yeast can be added. The yeast, in the words of Richard, "farts carbon dioxide and pisses out alcohol." After three to five days of such

behaviour, the yeast has given us beer.

A tour round the Milton Brewery is the most enjoyable education you could receive this term. In a world of workaday professionals who are dead inside, it is a joy to be shown the small industry of a man who loves his trade. Richard has a clear disdain for lager, something he conspiratorially claims was invented by Germans to compensate for their bad barley. "There is a lager-producing unit in the brewery," claims Richard. "It's called the toilet."

After the tour we made as much of a dent as we could into the two barrels before being whisked back to the centre of Cambridge. Standing pint in hand on the concrete floor, amongst the old kegs and brewing equipment, I understood how mediaeval pilgrims felt. We had travelled in reverence to the home of beer. And that is about all I have to report for the simple reason that a good brewery tour is like the 1960s: if you actually remember it, you weren't really there.

To organise a brewery tour, ring Richard on 01223 226198. Tours cost £15 per person

### From the Archives

#### Sidney want THAT machine



Week 3: Saturday Nov 22, 1969  
Sidney install condom machine

Sidney Sussex could become the first college to have a contraceptive machine installed if the college council accepts a recommendation to this effect passed at the JCR open meeting on Tuesday.

"We've got a new JCR and now we want to equip it properly," said John Cartledge who seconded the motion at the meeting.

"World population is a serious issue," he continued, "and one would hope that Cambridge students would face this in a serious and responsible way."

He proposed a second motion at the meeting that the profits from the machine should go to the International Parenthood Federation, of which Dr Malcolm Potts, a former fellow of the College, is now a director.

Cartledge sees this as "a fitting tribute from his students," but it is not known whether the College Council will think likewise. The Bursar, Mr R. C. Andrew, said this week that the matter "will come up before the College Council in the normal way." He was unwilling to comment on what their reaction will be.

### Man in drag scares girls

On Tuesday night, two students at New Hall were horrified at the sight of a semi-naked prowler in the grounds of the college.

Vanessa Neil described the incident. "We were just chatting when we heard a cough outside the window. We looked and saw this figure quite close and realized it was a youngish man, clad in just a short dark sweater, a suspender belt and stockings."

It appears the man began behaving rather obscenely. Miss Neil was so frightened that the two girls spent the rest of the night together.



## Letter From Abroad



## Week 3: Havana, Cuba

Travel guides had gone on about the many contradictions of Cuba, about queues, high prices and hunger, making her sound like a risky and frustrating investment. Safe to say, however, that no amount of caution could have prepared me for the reality of what I was about to live.

The country's economy and stringent censorship have left a historic and traditionally excellent institution in ruin and malcontent. Fixed universal wages mean that a paediatrician will earn no more than a nail technician, a lecturer no more than a waiter: there is a set wage of around £10 a month (a beer costs £1). This dissolves all sense of ambition and competition in people, leaving the people of Havana, at least, with a lot of free time to stare melancholically from its balconies for hours at a time. The city's students find scant motivation in the prospect of a life condemned to seemingly endless rationing, repression and persecution. A bitterly underground and brave gay movement sentenced to the streets exemplifies the determination of freedom in Havana to exist, though the monitoring of the population ultimately prevails.

The Castro brothers' obsessive and careful suffocation of freedom of speech leaves universities sulking in humiliating shadows. The exorbitant fees they surprised me with upon arrival, presumably to subsidise Cubans' free education, raised urgent questions about my future there.

My arrival during hurricane season, which runs from July to October, meant that my stay was dogged by Hurricanes Gustav and Ike. I won't ever forget the fear and anxiety of those weeks. A Category Five hurricane leaves a trail of death and destruction, and had it not been for the extraordinary good fortune that Havana had in finding itself in the eye of the storm, untold damage would have been done to this already crumbling city. Bleach-blonde, Vuitton-clad tourists sat sullen in reinforced hotel lobbies, squawking gormlessly about their ruined holidays, whilst whole rural villages of makeshift homes were torn up, leaving hundreds dead. The day after, the hurricanes moved on to taunt America. A surreal atmosphere suddenly descended. Cubans strutted down the avenues, gossiping and eating cheap state ice cream, chased by Europeans tactlessly pointing digital SLRs at them.

The fiftieth anniversary of the revolution looms on 1st January 2009. With this, I suspect, will eventually come real, timely and necessary change, as the fall of the dictatorship is ever more palpable, though sadly still fairly remote.

Michael Albert Brown



Deborah Warner

## For Shaw

OVER THE COURSE OF SEVERAL COLLABORATIONS, DIRECTOR DEBORAH WARNER AND ACTOR FIONA SHAW HAVE ESTABLISHED ONE OF THEATRE'S MOST CREATIVE PARTNERSHIPS. EMMA HOGAN TALKED TO THEM ABOUT CRITICS, VIOLENCE AND THEIR LATEST PRODUCTION, SAMUEL BECKETT'S *HAPPY DAYS*

"I loathe the term 'suspension of disbelief'. It suggests that theatre is essentially untrue, which is terrible. It is not, no more than any other art."

Director Deborah Warner's work is perhaps most clearly marked by this utter integrity and honesty in her approach to theatre. Similarly, the actor Fiona Shaw, who has long collaborated with Warner, feels that "when I'm acting I'm not trying to fool anyone. I am actually doing the real thing."

This search for capturing the essence of a play – not trying to explain it or entangle it in academia, but instead to release it from the bounds of definition and convention – has led to Warner and Shaw producing consistently striking and original work, as in their current production of Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*. Having toured with the piece for the past year and a half, even performing it as the first modern play in any language at Epidaurus, they have now brought it to the legendary Abbey Theatre as part of the Dublin Theatre Festival. Yet it was a play that Warner "never had an ambition to direct". It was also "the unhappiest and most distressing rehearsal period – almost impossible. For so many reasons". ("And so many weeks!" adds Shaw).

*Happy Days* is, in many respects, an incredibly difficult play: Winnie, the main (perhaps only) character talks in fits and starts. Half-snatches of conversation or song float in while she remains buried up to her waist, then neck, in the ground. Yet in their production Warner and Shaw have created such vitality of character that it seems as if the stage is full of people and movement, all through Shaw's solitary performance. Warner believes that as a play it is a "two-hander between Winnie and the audience. We did not find the play in rehearsal. What released it for me was the first preview at the National, the first outing with an audience". Shaw's Winnie is captivating and occasionally saddening. "She is, in a way, an actress," says Shaw, who thought that the part "initially sounded

like my mother. But then most characters I play are based on my mother; she is in that way my inadvertent guide. Yet you would be trapped if you made this play just about her."

Instead, Warner and Shaw have found that the production changes and evolves with every performance, and every audience, according to Warner's belief that "exciting theatre is really open, when audience members can enter it on multiple different levels and experience it very, very differently – and not be a grey or wishy-washy event because of that. But Beckett leaves the way open for that completely. He wants different experiences to occur within the night of it being watched. But I think the energy of good theatre lies in the possibility of not being told what it means. Theatre lets you look at what you want, unlike cinema."

For Warner and Shaw, theatre seems to be something that should not only be done with integrity, but also with a constant sense of questioning, pushing the definitions of what drama can be. In 1995 they collaborated on a piece performing T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*, questioning the "redundant" boundaries between theatre and performance art. Such a bold work is not unusual for both actor and director. Neither seems afraid of taking risks; indeed, they seem to relish a challenge for what it can do for theatre. Shaw has played Richard II, the child-murdering Medea and a host of other challenging, unconventional parts, while Warner gathered a one-hundred-strong cast for her production of *Julius Caesar* at the Barbican (with Shaw as Portia) and has directed both opera and what some would term 'installation art' with her Angels Project in London

## Time Warner

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 1987 | Warner-Shaw collaboration begins with seminal production of <i>Titus Andronicus</i>                              |
| 1994 | Several joint projects later, their version of Samuel Beckett's <i>Footfalls</i> is pulled by the Beckett estate |
| 1995 | Shaw plays the title role in Warner's controversial <i>Richard II</i>  |
| 2005 | Warner casts Shaw as Portia in acclaimed revision of <i>Julius Caesar</i>  |

and New York.

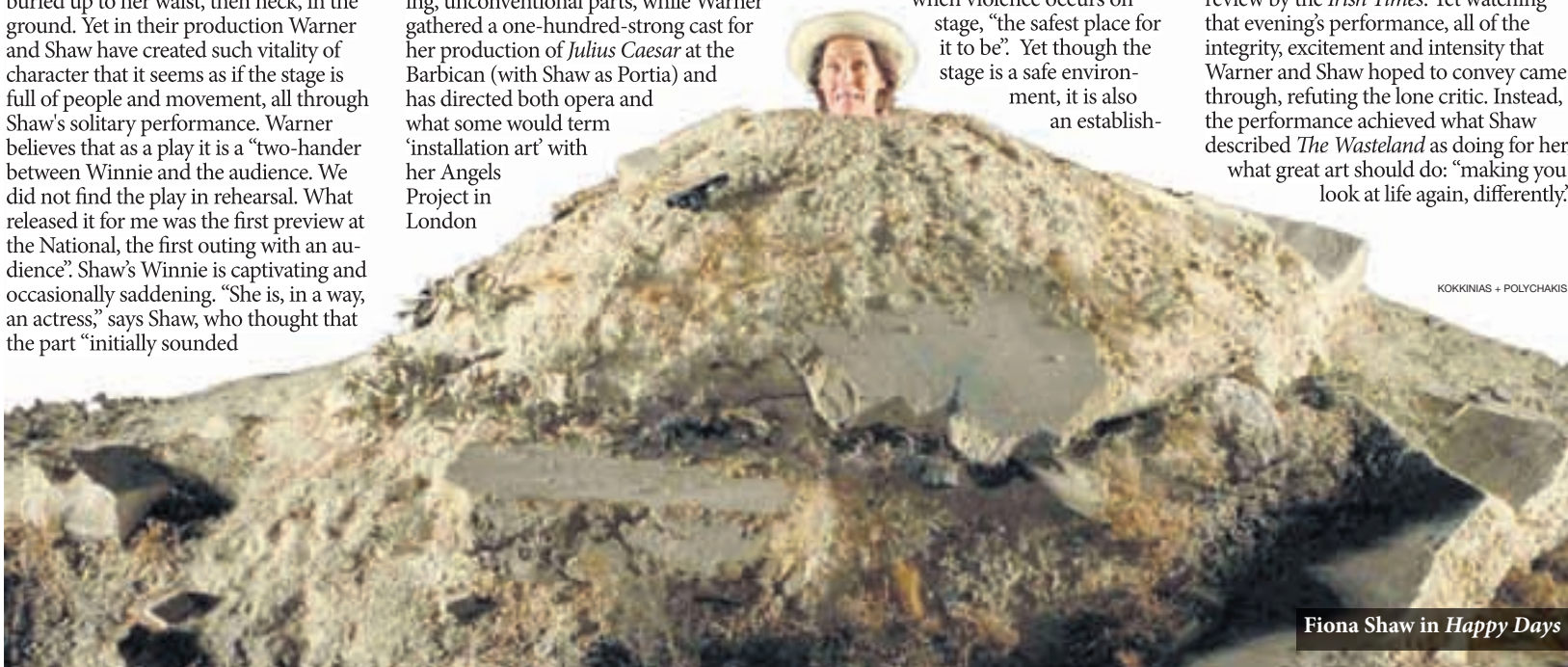
Such awe-inspiring careers were marked with equally stratospheric beginnings. After reading Philosophy at the University of Cork ("and as little as possible of it as I could"), Shaw went on to train at RADA under the legendary artistic director Hugh Crutwell. "It was a gorgeous place. There I knew what it was that I wanted to do, and I worked hard at it."

Warner, meanwhile, went on to study at Central School of Speech and Drama after sixth form, and formed her own production company KICK at the age of 21, running it from the telephone box outside her London flat. Aged 27, she joined the RSC, where she became known for her 1989 production of *Titus Andronicus*, which had audience members fainting on a nightly basis, some even before the violence had started.

Though raised a Quaker and pacifist, Warner is interested by what happens when violence occurs on stage, "the safest place for it to be". Yet though the stage is a safe environment, it is also an establish-

ment that Warner and Shaw manage to query and shake up. In doing so, they have not always met with favorable reviews, and Shaw sums up her experience fairly: "Theatre critics have potentially a very responsible job. I'm not sure it's a job they can fill easily if they feel that responsibility. But the generation of critics I have been exposed to is, like most people, worryingly variable. The mean-spirited, jealous person is far too prevalent. We have no right to reply, either. In that way it is an unhealthy relationship – the critic is claiming to be the voice of the audience but often is not at all." Warner similarly believes that critics "should be exercised regularly, moving from theatre reviews to film to visual arts. They are very intelligent people. But we are in a little bit of need of a leader right now who is excited by theatre, by the new".

Later that day, I found that *Happy Days* had come under a particularly petty review by the *Irish Times*. Yet watching that evening's performance, all of the integrity, excitement and intensity that Warner and Shaw hoped to convey came through, refuting the lone critic. Instead, the performance achieved what Shaw described *The Wasteland* as doing for her, what great art should do: "making you look at life again, differently."

Fiona Shaw in *Happy Days*



# Ropey and hungover

THE WORK OF NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT PATRICK HAMILTON WAS MUCH NEGLECTED WHEN HE DIED HALF A CENTURY AGO. THANKS TO RE-ISSUES AND A TV ADAPTATION, IT HAS RECENTLY EXPERIENCED A REVIVAL. FRED ROWSON CELEBRATES A MISANTHROPIC CHRONICLER OF CITY LIFE

Near the beginning of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Nietzsche writes that "Man is a rope, fastened between animal and Superman – a rope over an abyss". From this concept everyone from Hitler to Jean-Paul Sartre to David Bowie has taken a different meaning and moulded something new. Patrick Hamilton, characteristically, takes the quotation in a more obtuse direction. The rope for him becomes literal – it is the titular *Rope* of his play that is used to murder an innocent student, thus leading his murderers on a path towards becoming *Übermenschen*. Or so they think. Sadly for them, the same kind of rope is used to dispense justice upon them immediately following the play's conclusion. Hamilton does not, it seems, buy into the concept of a Superman. To read his work is to realise that his disdain for other people is matched only by his

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN READING ABOUT PATRICK HAMILTON'S LONDON AND, SAY, MARTIN AMIS' IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FINDING A QUIET THAMES-SIDE BENCH AND VISITING BIG BEN

own self-loathing. No character in the play is described or portrayed with total sympathy. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons that contemporary reviewers who weren't praising the play (for it was tremendously successful) were objecting to its moral content. It's fine to present us with darkness and despair, as long as there is a light at the end of the tunnel. This is something that Hamilton, as his career advanced, went to greater and greater pains to deny.

Born in 1904, Hamilton had published eleven novels and performed seven plays before his death at the age of 58. Of these, the most popular were and still are his so-called 'London Trilogy' *Twenty Thousand Streets Under the Sky* (comprised of three novels, written between 1929 and 1934), *Hangover Square* (written in 1941, when the Britain's prospects in the war seemed darkest), and his plays *Rope* (1929) and *Gas Light* (1938). The books were admired by Graham Greene and John Betjeman, and the plays were two of the most successful of their times, making Hamilton a rich man and leading to three Hollywood adaptations.

Despite this, Hamilton is a comparatively little known writer. The most obvious (and most common) question to ask, given his successes, is "why is he not more widely celebrated?" This is counter-productive. Because of his predilection for scorn and pessimism, it is more natural to wonder why he is liked at all. Hamilton's appeal lies in the fact that every aspect of him, from his reputation to his subject matter, is shrouded in solitude and dampened by a cloud of quiet, unassuming introspection. When one truly appreciates Hamilton, it becomes a relationship

in which the author speaks directly to the reader, taking her on a minutely detailed tour of inter-war London in all its insalubrious grit – the brush of the working girl's hand on a Soho backstreet, the smell of gin in a Belgravia pub, and the lilt of an Irving Berlin song wafting from a bedroom window, while inside a barmaid is silently weeping. The difference between reading about Patrick Hamilton's London and, say, Martin Amis' is the difference between finding a quiet Thames-side bench and observing your own city, and visiting Big Ben and being crushed by hordes of people, all of whom are sharing their own, identical, experiences. The worst thing that could happen to Hamilton, despite the 2005 TV adaptation and the recent production of *Gas Light* at the Old Vic, would be a full-blown populist revival.

*Hangover Square* expresses it best. Its protagonist, George Harvey Bone, is a schizophrenic who has aspirations to murder, when in the mood. He is teased constantly by a young actress – the love of his life – and sits silently in the pub, sipping his beer and eying her flirtatious advances towards Peter, an ex-convict and Nazi supporter (in later life, Hamilton became an ardent Communist). This is set in 1939, in the months before the war. From his position writing in 1941, Hamilton captured the ostensible bliss of peacetime, while portraying the dark clouds of conflict that shadowed everything. People chatter about politics in Earl's Court pubs, and debate furiously as to whether or not war is the right thing for Britain. For a generation that has grown up thinking that the Second World War was irrefutably courageous and just, Hamilton's portrayal of the ordinary man's opposition to war comes as a jolt. *Hangover Square* captures the zeitgeist of a London of Lyon's corner houses and forced smiles. That same London is seen in *Rope*, albeit to a much lesser degree, and it is explored in depth in *Twenty Thousand Streets Under the Sky*. It is a cruel, but quite obviously beautiful city which, in his London Trilogy, seems to be on the brink of a cataclysmic event. What this is exactly is never elaborated on but, with the War in full swing when he wrote *Hangover Square*, Hamilton found his apocalypse, and crafted the ultimate paean to the city he loved. This city is gone. In fact, it was gone before Hamilton drank himself to death in 1962. As his biographer, Sean French, put it, "his world was constricting".

It is strange to think that Hamilton, this man who represented all that was gristly and rough about the years that preceded the war, was alive in the year that The Beatles' 'Love Me Do' ushered in a new era of hedonism in British culture – one that is still going strong. However, if you're standing on the right street corner in Paddington or Fitzrovia, on the right kind of autumn evening, then you can still feel an ephemeral tinge of Hamilton's London. It's the sound of a drunkard laughing a little too loud, and the sight of a young man, walking briskly, and acting as if all the world is before him, even though he knows that it's not.

*Gas Light* will be on at the ADC from October 29 to November 1 at 11.00pm



## Hamming it up

- 1904 Born in Hassocks, Sussex
- 1929-32 Publication of the three novels that make up the *Twenty Thousand Streets Under the Sky* trilogy
- 1938 First performance of *Gas Light*
- 1941 Publication of *Hangover Square*
- 1948 Release of the Hitchcock adaptation of *Rope*
- 1952-55 Publication of the three novels that make up *The Gorse Trilogy*
- 1962 Dies of cirrhosis of the liver and kidney failure
- 2005 *Twenty Thousand Streets Under the Sky* is adapted for BBC2

## Hi! Society



### Week 3: The Moral Sciences Club

On Saturday October 19, 1878, nine Cambridge undergraduates gathered together to agree upon the constitution of a club for the presentation and discussion of philosophical papers. Their creation of the Moral Sciences Club became a critical element in the launch of modern analytical philosophy. Ahmed's *The Moral Sciences Club (A Short History)* says that, "if Bolzano was the St John the Baptist of this [philosophical] movement and Frege its Jesus Christ, then [Bertrand] Russell was its St Paul, Cambridge his Damascus, and what is now the M11 his road thereto. ... The concentration of great philosophers at Cambridge made the Club the forum at which a number of seminal papers received their first airing. One of the founding documents of analytical philosophy, Moore's 'Nature of Judgment', was given on 21 October 1898." Stretching on into the next century would be papers by Wittgenstein, Russell, Keynes, and many others. Almost every major philosopher since WWII has spoken at the club.

Perhaps the most famous incident is now the subject of a best-selling book *Wittgenstein's Poker: The Story of a 10-minute Argument Between Two Great Philosophers*. Wittgenstein maintained that there are no philosophical problems, only puzzles generated by language shackling thought; puzzles which require philosophical 'therapy' rather than solution. Karl Popper vigorously disagreed, reading in October 1946 a paper entitled 'Are There Philosophical Problems?' Wittgenstein is said to have brandished a poker from the fire and threatened Popper while Bertrand Russell looked on, ejecting witticisms.

The Secretaries of the Club are still drawn from the student body, and have complete control over the line up of visiting philosophers. There is at least one hour dedicated to questioning the speaker and students are encouraged to ask questions and join the debate. For better or worse, modern academic philosophy has become a professionalised subject, and the papers sometimes presuppose a large body of specialised knowledge to be fully understood. Nevertheless, it can still be exhilarating watching the back and forth of some of the quickest in the philosophical world, even if one stands agape in complete incomprehension.

Harry Adamson

The Moral Sciences Club meets every Tuesday at 5:15pm in the Dirac Room in St. John's College. Membership: £7 (annual), £1 (single meeting). For more information visit: [http://www.phil.cam.ac.uk/news\\_events/moral\\_sci.html](http://www.phil.cam.ac.uk/news_events/moral_sci.html).



## Time In

Our weekly suggestions for making the most of your spare time  
Week 3: Online radio

**Resonance FM (resonancefm.com)**  
Resonance is eclectic in the extreme. The music programming features shows from trusted brands like Rough Trade and The Wire, as well as music from the two Congos; other treats include 'The Bike Show' and 'Calling All Pensioners.'

**Rinse FM (rinsefm.com)**  
It's been said that, without Rinse, grime and dubstep might never have existed. It gave early exposure to Dizzee and Wiley, and remains the place to hear the freshest, bassiest sounds.

**National Public Radio (npr.org)**  
NPR is the closest thing America has to BBC Radio. The legendary 'All Things Considered' last year had Thom Yorke DJ a Valentine's Day special. The banter's also pretty good.

**Magic FM (magic.co.uk)**  
For when it all gets to be too much.

## Time Out

Week 3: The Whipple Museum

Forget school trips to science and technology museums: The Whipple is something else entirely. Founded in 1944 after Robert Whipple, of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, donated around 2000 antiques and books, the Whipple displays everything from logarithms to astrolabes, microscopes to navicula. A fabulous chocolate box cornucopia of a collection, even the names are a source of fascination: astrolabes nestle next to Orreries, Chladni plates compete with phrenological instruments, Stoboscopes with Geissler tubes. There are, of course, more recognisable objects – antique counting instruments, Victorian cameras, an Air Pump (made famous by Joseph Wright of Derby's painting) and a truly bewildering array of microscopes.

The museum has too much to display; much of their exhibits are kept in drawers, accompanied by a delightfully enthusiastic sign: 'Yes, you can open the drawers!' Do. Many of the most wonderful exhibits are encased here, including some rather gruesome medical instruments.

As these fascinating, forgotten objects draw you in, there is a soothing soundtrack of ticking and the occasional striking of a bell. The source of this is a mesmerising astronomical clock, a ¼ size reproduction of a 14th century original and a highlight of the collection. Walk around it, try to fathom it, admire the decorated facade and wish you could have seen the first version.

I am not a scientist. But the Whipple museum is so crammed with fascinating instruments, bizarre models, and wonderful ideas that it can bring out the Philomath in even the staunchest Arts student.  
*Lizzie Davis*

## Well Ung

FRENCH DESIGNER EMANUEL UNGARO'S CLOTHES COMBINE SENSUALITY WITH CRAFT. DURING HIS VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE, HE PHILOSOPHISED WITH JOANNA DELLA RAGIONE AND BEN MARGERESON

Fashionably late, small and sharply attired, Emanuel Ungaro arrives at XVIII Jesus Lane. He softly greets his waiting public; a man whose career



many can only dream of, his energy fills the silenced room. At twenty-five he was designing under Cristobal Balenciaga; three years later he helped Courrèges revolutionise fashion, before, at thirty-two, establishing his own house, which prospered for forty years until it was sold in 2005.

As he strolls around the room he seems disappointed. Evidently expecting ravishing designs, he is met with half-finished sketches, badly sewn garments and GCSE sketchbooks. "When you are a young designer," he says to one aspiring fashionista, "you always want to do exceptional things. The most important way to start is to make practical, simple things. You have to work, to practice, to produce."

He explains further using the example of a jacket more decorative than wearable. "You have to be able to eat, to embrace, to make love. If you make something beautiful but can't wear it then there's no point," though we can't help but wonder quite how often one makes love wearing a trench coat. This is the style of Emanuel Ungaro:

"sensuality and seduction." Yet it isn't achieved by cheap thrills – his father was a tailor who taught him to sew at the age of six. "Very few designers are capable, as well as sketching, of fitting and sewing, just Coco Chanel, Balenciaga and myself. You have to be able to do that otherwise you are a prisoner." Although Ungaro admits he is "obsessed with technique," he seems more of a philosopher than a tailor, frequently emphasising the importance of "freedom."

His talk at the Union is more melancholic, perhaps due to a cynicism with the fashion industry, or the fact that the Union's non-existent publicity campaign has only attracted a crowd of twenty or so. Softly in his Franco-Italian accent he pays tribute to "the master of masters," Cristobal Balenciaga. "He was a genius, an architect, a sculptor. He commanded respect. He is the reason I am here, to try and teach you what he taught me." He then talks more personally, "there is a great nobility in the fight with yourself to establish and formulate a vocabulary which belongs to you; a great adventure because you have to identify yourself, it can be very dangerous." He must therefore be upset to see Esteban Cortazar taking over his empire and name and receiving tepid reviews. "I'm

not interested at all. You know I did my part, I worked 40 years into the night...I made a very successful house with a beautiful name." Though this complete disinterest and distancing from his name may prove confusing to some, Ungaro has moved on – possibly tired of the constraints imposed by a financially successful brand. "The most important thing is to be able to keep your integrity and remain true to your spirit, art and life. This is not easy because there are very strong influences around us. People who do marketing, telling you what to do, and they are wrong normally. You must be stubborn. It is not enough to declare yourself a creator in order to become one." He later explains, "The creator? Never successful. Never the real creator – remember that." Perhaps it is his age, now seventy-five, that has exaggerated his disillusionment with the fashion industry and brought on his reflective, philosophical opinions. He must have been a shrewd businessman at one time to achieve such success in a highly competitive industry. We ask Emanuel how he is enjoying his retirement. "I never retired. I come here to work, I'm doing costumes for the opera [*Faust in Naples*], I am doing a lot of things. I never stop working. Never."

## Taxing times

LEADER OF THE LIBERAL DEMOCRATS NICK CLEGG WAS AT THE WILLIAM GATES BUILDING IN CAMBRIDGE LAST WEEK. ROB PEAL CAUGHT UP WITH HIM TO TALK ABOUT HIS PARTY'S SURPRISE NEW DIRECTION IN TAX POLICY

In many ways, Blair was the Elvis Presley of politics, not least because as soon as he left the building, the void was filled with endless impersonators. It would seem that in Westminster there are now compulsory cross-party classes in how to deliver lists of empty statements with emphatic sincerity. The latest of such impersonators, Nick Clegg, talked to me at the William Gates building during his recent visit to Cambridge. However, once one sees past the affected Blair-esque bonhomie, one appreciates that the Clegg's Liberal Democrats in fact propose the most original policy ideas in Westminster.

The Liberal Democrats surprised the political world last month by proposing tax cuts, a radical departure from their 2005 position as the mainstream party with the highest tax in their manifesto. When I ask Clegg where the corresponding spending cuts would be, he answers, "let me just spell out the issue before I tell you the solution." I let him.

"The wealthy have paid much less in tax from their incomes than people on low and middle incomes for many years now. This having been under Labour, which I think is a shameful comment on their commitment to social justice." These are not heartless neo-liberal tax cuts, but a 4% drop on

the base rate of tax and a corresponding tightening on tax evasion from the rich. "There are massive loopholes, I mean just take the tax exemptions or tax relief that's given to the 10% of the richest tax payers in this country on pension contribution, that's worth about seven billion pounds. I think the rich should enjoy the same tax relief as everybody else with their pension contributions."

At pains to spell out the socially responsible nature of his cuts, only now can Clegg approach my initial question. "We've outlined some of the ideas where we think that should happen: ID cards, classic example; ending tax credits given to above-average income families; ending baby bonds; getting rid of the Whitehall departments which don't really make much sense; scrapping the typhoon Euro-fighter defence project. At a time when people are having to tighten their own belts, why does government not have to tighten its belt too, so more people have more of their own money in their own pockets?"

If one was to choose a party in recent history whose proposals have consistently been vindicated by events, it would have to be the Liberal Democrats, and Nick Clegg knows it. "I think it is very significant that on Iraq the



Liberal Democrats were alone in identifying the risks, were alone in saying we shouldn't do it. And again on the financial crisis we were the only party, not just last month, not just last year, five years ago we were saying a credit and housing bubble is unsustainable and needs to be dealt with."

Clegg's party is setting the tone in Parliament as we speak. Policies which originate with Vince Cable miraculously appear in the mouths of the other two parties days later. "We've really distinguished ourselves in setting out new ideas on how we need to be proactive on monetary policy to get the economy going; our tax-cutting plans for lower middle incomes are exactly right for an economy heading into a recession."

It may be frustrating being Britain's third party, but the lack of voter preconceptions gives them a considerable dynamism. Where Labour and the Conservatives have to constantly second guess their policy proposals, the Liberal Democrats have the freedom to be farsighted. "I think we're nothing as a party if we're not always ahead of the game. On the environment, on civil liberty, on political reform, on national relations, and now on the economy." It is now just a question of getting the public to notice.



# The joke's on Coke

HAVING TAKEN ON THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT, NICHOLAS SOAMES AND THE ARMS TRADE, STAND-UP COMEDIAN AND POLITICAL CAMPAIGNER MARK THOMAS IS NOW CONFRONTING COCA-COLA. HE TELLS CAMILLA GREENE ABOUT THE TAX DODGING AND CORPORATE EXPLOITATION AT THE HEART OF EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE FIZZY DRINK

Everyone loves having a dig at global corporations, and Mark Thomas is certainly no exception. Indeed, according to Thomas, the multinationals deserve all they get. Best known for the Channel Four series *The Mark Thomas Project*, the campaigning comedian has recently released a book criticising the Coca-Cola corporation's treatment of its offshore workers. "No company the size of Coke, whose profits are £6.2 billion profit per year, has such a range of allegations levelled against them," he declared at the Cambridge Union last Friday. "To have someone killed actually under the Coca-Cola logo in your plant and not to investigate it for 12 years is unacceptable."

"The problem with Coca-Cola, is that if everyone stopped selling it, there'd be a few Jack Daniel's drinkers who'd be upset, but that would be about it." This seems incongruous, but he goes on to explain, "If you make something which is that worthless, and yet that profitable, you are reliant on advertising executives to create a permanent hype around the brand. This results in a corporate belief structure that treats problems not as issues of substance, but as issues of PR."

When asked whether he thinks Coca-

**"IF YOU EVER GET INTO AN ARGUMENT WITH A CEO, ASK HIM HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH PROFIT. THEY JUST IMplode. THERE IS NEVER ENOUGH PROFIT."**

Cola are top on the list of evil corporations, he responds, playfully, "I like the idea of a list of evil – that's very George Bush. The thing is, on paper, they're not in the Holy Trinity of bad boys. They're not an oil company, they're not an arms company, they just make syrup... within the company there is a sense that they can do no wrong and that the people who criticise them are either the usual suspects, or slightly odd and deranged."

However, far from being way out of left-field, Coca-Cola's critics extend even to include Martin Luther King, jr. Exposing Coca-Cola's institutional prejudice, in 1968, he declared "go forth and tell your brothers, do not buy Coca-Cola down in Memphis." In a grim twist of fate, 7,000 of Luther King's documents, are soon to be housed in the new Civil Rights Museum of Alaska, funded by the Coca-Cola corporation itself.

Whilst some argue that Thomas' subversive antics border on the immature, there's no denying that his practical jokes are meticulously planned and highly effective. Take the relish with which he undermined the legal requirement to apply six days in advance for the right to protest outside the Houses of Parliament, dominating police time with his gargantuan game for the entire period. He succeeded in encouraging 30,000 constituents to apply to conduct a lone protest, together,

and was instrumental in the change of the law that immediately followed.

Unlike many people in politics, Mark Thomas is not pompous. He describes his work – which includes a three-year campaign to prevent the construction of a hydroelectric dam which would have disadvantaged 270,000 Kurdish people living in a recovering war zone – as "adventures", his aim being simple: "to do observational comedy somewhere worth observing". Listening to him explain the finer detail of his projects and seeing the fervent and joyfully self-mocking commitment he has to preserving civil liberties, I realise I am in the company of someone with unusual clarity of judgement. His defence against accusations of being a "peaceful prankster" reflects his ability to train his coy wit on the enemy, delivering lethal condemnation between the lips of a detached, unjudgemental smile: "Coca-Cola have said that I lack balance, but, if you spend £2.5 billion on advertising, every year, I kind of think, well, I am the balance."

Going after multinationals may not end human rights abuses in the developing world, but it could put consumer pressure on Coca-Cola to set a better example to employers in Colombia, India, Mexico, Turkey and elsewhere. "I don't think for one minute that Coca-Cola is staffed by people with moustaches, twirling them, saying 'More Colombian dead. Hahaha!'" he assures me, but strongly advocates consumer questioning of the corporate arrogance that allows transnational companies like Coca-Cola to favour profit

## Thomas the Crank Engine

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| <b>1963</b> | Born in South London  |
| <b>1996</b> | First series of his Channel Four show <i>The Mark Thomas Comedy Project</i> .                                       |
| <b>2003</b> | Banned for life from all Mean Fiddler events and venues for a surprise confetti attack during the Reading Festival. |
| <b>2006</b> | Added to the Guinness Book of Records for holding the most demonstrations in one day.                               |
| <b>2006</b> | His exposé of the arms trade <i>As Used on the Famous Nelson Mandela</i> is released.                               |

growth over an internationally consistent workers' rights policy. "If you ever get into an argument with a CEO, ask him how much is enough profit. They just implode. There is never enough profit."

His views are controversial, but well thought through. "You can have as many corporate social responsibility policies as you like, but until the companies pay their tax, they are unethical." By being registered in Delaware, (which has the lowest corporation tax rates in the U.S.) and having subsidiaries in the Cayman islands and Ireland, Coca-

Cola corporation managed in 2006 to shave off £1 billion from the 35% corporation tax rate charged in mainland U.S., resulting in a 13.2% of profit margin which the U.S. government should – but does not – receive. Though some economists argue that multinationals should not be made to pay the highest rates of corporation tax if they are continuing to support the employment sector in their country of origin, Thomas sees this as another example of the way in which Coca-Cola commits technically legal – but unnecessarily unethical – action in a continual drive for profit which has got dangerously out of hand.

Other examples of this irresponsible behaviour include the level of pesticides in Indian Coca-Cola, (about 30-35 times more than would be allowed in the U.S. or EU), as well as incidents of factory waste disposal which destroyed, in 12 months, crops and soil which took years to recover. In both cases, Coca-Cola have "done nothing illegal, since no law exists, in India, to limit waste-disposal or chemical content in soft drinks". Mark Thomas raises, in his book and its accompanying tour of talks, serious questions about the concept of capitalism committed to the pursuit of capital at the detriment of moral concerns.

He attacks the tortuous self-justifications of an ineffectively self-regulated transnational corporation, with nothing but the instruments of his wit and well-sharpened political conscience.

Has he ever drunk Coke himself? He tells of his 'raver' nan who would take him out 'for a treat' involving a Coke and a sticky bun. "I was a child of the Coca-Cola corporate dream. Some of that £2.5 billion went on me. So, they came after me," he erupts into a grin of inspiration, "They started it!"

## Peal's Meals



Week 3: Around the world in 8 take-aways

As the brown leaves and sunny evenings of autumn subside to the sludge, rain and cold of winter, it is imperative that students keep their spirits high. An ideal solution would be a short sharp burst of winter sun in a foreign land, and this is not as unrealistic as it sounds. Although you may not actually be able to leave these shores, with a bit of imagination and epicurean inspiration, a worldwide, fast-food odyssey of Cambridge can take you most of the way there.

First, cross the channel for a romantic coffee at the Café de Paris on Mill Road. You can sit outside on the pavement seating, pretending your Marlboro Light is a Galois and slowly sink into a bohemian fantasy. From France, hop across the border into Germany. The Bratwurst stall on the Market Square serves nothing less than huge tasty German sausages in a roll. At £2.50, they are a steal, and Joel the owner will rustle up an authentic German sauce if you are feeling adventurous. This sauce seems to consist of ketchup, sweet chilli and curry powder; a surprisingly flavoursome – if not slightly confusing – cultural fusion.

From Germany, venture through Eastern Europe and down into Turkey. On King Street there is a small Turkish enclave, which includes First Choice kebabs. Rather perversely for a kebab shop, First Choice closes at 11pm which means they have to make food eligible for a reasonably sober crowd.

From Turkey, follow the silk route through Central Asia and all the way into Bangladesh. For the whole of my first year at Cambridge I was under the misguided impression that the only curry houses were rip-off establishments that catered solely for riotous drinking societies. So I was understandably elated to discover the little Asia on Castle Street. The best of the three is Café Naz, one of a chain of Bangladeshi restaurants that originated on Brick Lane. It does a 10% off student deal. From Bangladesh, it is just a little way east to China, in the form of the newly opened Tang Chinese just behind the Grafton Centre. For those who like their portions big, Tang do a takeaway service from their all-you-can-eat carousel for just £7.

Across the Pacific Ocean lies the Brazilian Café on Mill Road. Admittedly, aside from their token Brazilian pastries and emphasis on fruit, there is nothing particularly Brazilian about their menu. However, with its yellow walls and window display of ethnic jewellery, the atmosphere is pretty damn samba.

Travelling up through Central America, you reach Mannamexico on Regent Street. This TexMex may be a little pricey, but their Big Ass Burrito, full of salsa, guacamole and jalapeños, is arguably the best fast-food meal in Cambridge.

And, lastly, as the Atlantic Ocean washes you back onto the western coast of England, pop into the Cornish Pasty Shop on the edge of Market Square for a filling, solid and very English lunch.

**VOLCANO ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 11):** No. It's funny, because even though the volcano burst out through the ground just a moment ago, the street was already called Volcano Avenue. The man who named the street Volcano Avenue was mocked by his colleagues at the time, but now it appears his gamble has spectacularly paid off. **p21** Anyway, back to the volcano adventure. **p22** No no, this is interesting. Tell me more about this street-namer.



# El Syd

## AS A TRIBUTE TO SYD BARRETT HITS CAMBRIDGE, TOM HAMILTON INTRODUCES THE TOWN'S FINEST MUSICAL EXPORT

Over two years after his death, Cambridge is playing host to a series of events from October 22 to November 1 to pay tribute to the life of Syd Barrett, organised by the arts and mental health charity 'Escape Artists'.

The City Wakes will include exhibitions of Barrett's paintings and artwork by Storm Thorgesen, who designed most of the Pink Floyd sleeves; and also a sixties style 'Happening', a psychedelic multimedia show in Trinity College Chapel; a series of talks in Borders; and much besides.

There will even be a series of (expensive) guided tours of Barrett's Cambridge. Perhaps they will lead past Grantchester meadows where Barrett would take acid (forget about Byron and Rupert Brooke), or the Anchor pub where he saw countless jazz nights and got the nickname 'Syd'.

It is his period of tremendous creative activity in the late Sixties for which Barrett is best remembered, and which will be most celebrated in this tribute. It begins in 1966 with Pink Floyd's first single, 'Arnold Layne', which told the story a transvestite who stole clothes from washing lines. The follow-up album, *The Piper At the Gates of Dawn*, might be seen as the definitive statement of the London psychedelic scene, which Pink Floyd had pioneered with their sound and light jams at the UFO club on Tottenham Court Road.

Syd's lyrics inhabit the same world as the band's sound and light shows. His subjects include "a gnome called Grrrrimble Grrrrumble, who wore a scarlet tunic, a blue green hood," and "a mouse who hasn't got a house, I don't know why I call him Gerald". These songs aren't just whimsical – they give bright light and fitting imagery to the music.

His songs set out the limits of the tripped out mind. But in doing so they give a vision of everyday life through a new lens. "Alone in the clouds all blue, lying on an eiderdown. Screaming through the starlit sky, travelling by telephone." Generations of listeners travel with him, and will do so again this month in Cambridge.

*The Piper At the Gates of Dawn* was Syd's masterpiece, but his increasingly erratic behaviour forced the band to hire Dave Gilmour to cover his stage absences, and finally replace him permanently.

After distancing himself from Pink Floyd, Barrett recorded solo albums, of which *The Madcap Laughs* is perhaps the most significant, if only for his maintained presence in his own songs. 'Terrapin', 'Octopus', and 'Dark Globe', among others, show an artist almost at the edge of his wits, but the result is a mish-mash of novel and imaginative pop songs. His lyrics lie in the same imagination as before, although the backing music is significantly stripped

down. "The madcap laughed at the man on the border, hey ho, huff the Talbot, the winds they blew and the leaves did wag, they'll never put me in their bag."

Pink Floyd, of course, carried on without Syd. He became a part of the group's history, commemorated on the *Wish You Were Here* album – "When you were young, you shone like the sun, so shine on you crazy diamond!" – for which he popped into the studio, looking an overweight remnant of his former self.

Soon after the release of his final solo album, *Barrett*, he retired to Cambridge to live with his family, indulging in painting, the results of which can be seen in the forthcoming exhibition. A lethal cocktail of drugs and the demands of worldwide fame were of course the cause of his decline, but that should not detract from the ingenuity of his recordings.

Barrett opened 'Jugband Blues', commenting on his distance from the Floyd, by singing: "It's awfully considerate of you to think of me here". The City Wakes seems to be the best opportunity to think of Barrett here in Cambridge, and catch up on his fascinating and uneven world, which is now not so far away – the exhibition room at Anglia Ruskin, for the most part.

*The City Wakes: A Tribute to Syd Barrett* is on until November 1. For more information visit: <http://www.thecitywakes.org.uk/>



# Music for Matinee Idols



Kirsten Dunst in  
*The Virgin Suicides*

## WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING A GOOD FILM GREAT, NOTHING BEATS THE PERFECT SOUNDTRACK. VICTORIA BEAL LENDS HER EAR TO THE BEST

Cinema denies reality; it is escapism and wish fulfilment. It is a world populated predominantly by the impossibly beautiful, whether they are lawyers, artists, gladiators or schizophrenic mathematicians. The icons and mythology of film are celebrated in the capital in the coming weeks as part of the 52nd London Film Festival, which kicked off last Wednesday. Low budget British films vie with Italian arthouse and Bond premieres for column inches and critical accolades. The festival culminates on the 29th with the first UK showing of *Slumdog Millionaire*, the latest film from director Danny Boyle, of *Trainspotting* fame. Among the critics who have already seen showings of *Slumdog*, it is striking how many have commented on the brilliance of the soundtrack.

The right song choices can make a hit, as Danny Boyle acknowledges, and this illustrates a fundamental truth: cinema is life set to a soundtrack. This is simplification, but the matching of song to scene is

something we often take for granted in cinema. In a novel we wait for exposition when a character is introduced, but in film Al Pacino can smirk onto screen in a tailored suit to the beat of 'Sympathy for the Devil', and we immediately know he's a soulless, money-obsessed sociopath, and also that we should find him devilishly attractive. Music in film can be brash and stylised, or it can be as quietly revelatory as the hymn-singing scene in the Oscar nominated *Juno*. A soundtrack makes a film unique, and is the reason why emotions are so easily stirred by cinema, by the ideal combination of sound and image.

Sofia Coppola exemplifies the director who understands the power of beautiful cinematography coupled with the perfect pop song. From her earliest feature film, *The Virgin Suicides*, she has had what harsher critics have termed a music video approach to film making, seemingly deciding the tracklist of her soundtrack before fine tuning her screenplay. In *The Virgin Suicides*, it is the after-prom scene

where Kirsten Dunst's character, Lux, wakes up alone on the football field, the colour washed out, the camera panning out with a dark blue lens, while Air's dreamy, melancholic 'Playground Love' plays in the background. In *Lost in Translation* it is Scarlett Johansson in a pink wig singing along to a karaoke version of The Pretenders' 'Brass in Pocket' and sending Bill Murray's latent midlife crisis into overdrive. The beauty of these scenes remains clear, even if Coppola's latest effort, *Marie Antoinette*, descends into a mess of musical montages; an MTV generation fantasy of beautifully designed debauchery.

The effective use of music in film is not a constant onslaught of hits as a replacement for dialogue. The most successful songs-in-film moments are breaks in the action, interludes that both confirm what we already know of a character and also reveal more; music that shows rather than tells. It is Uma Thurman and John Travolta twisting to

Chuck Berry's 'You Never Can Tell' in *Pulp Fiction*. This undeniably stylish scene establishes the chemistry of the Thurman and Travolta characters while the dancing and the jukebox music humanise them, where they were before simply stereotypes of ingénue and gangster. Another modern director who shares Tarantino's innate ability to connect music and scene is Wes Anderson. One of the most memorable of Anderson's musical scenes is Gwyneth Paltrow as Margot Tenenbaum in *The Royal Tenenbaums*, stepping off the Green Line Bus in slow motion to Nico's 'These Days', an elegiac moment which reveals Paltrow as the object of unrequited love without a word of explanation.

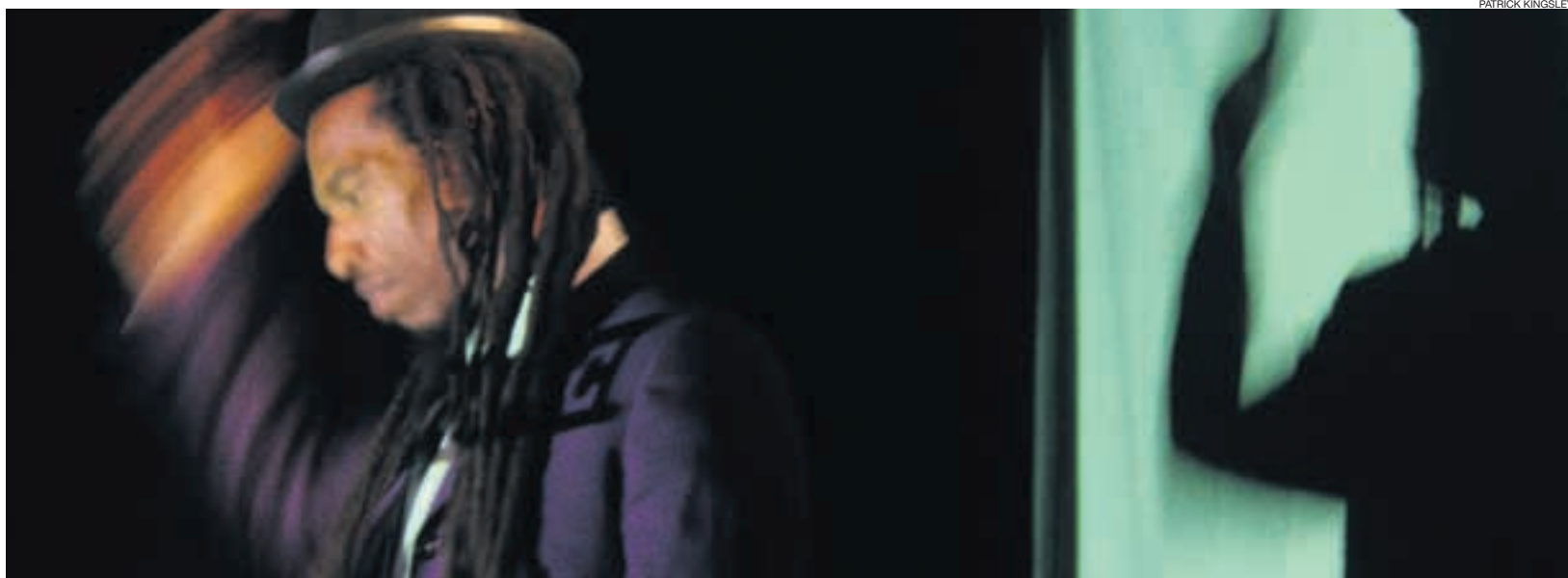
It is no coincidence that what are considered to be the best soundtracks almost always accompany otherwise near perfect films. Music cannot be a cover for a lacklustre screenplay or poor direction, but if used well it can make a good film better (i.e. *The Graduate*,

*Almost Famous*, *High Fidelity*). All of these films demonstrate the special importance of a suitable song to play out the film into the closing credits. In *Rushmore*, the last scene shows Max Fischer, the central character, at a school dance, making peace with the fact that he will never be with his idolised teacher, Miss Cross. At the very end they step out onto the dance floor together, acknowledging their relationship, however brief and unorthodox. They begin to dance as The Face's 'Ooh La La' starts up in the background, and, for the slightest of moments, Max's foolish adolescent dreams are realised, just as the curtain swings to a close. The incredible warmth of this scene is hard to convey, but it brings together all of the humour and sadness that the film has come to represent, capturing the poignancy of growing up with the first few bars of a Seventies pop song.

See page 23 for *Five of the Best and Five of the Worst* uses of music in films



## THE AMNESTY INTERVIEW



## Next Big Thing



### Week 3: Eddie Redmayne

It was while he was still at Trinity College that Eddie Redmayne got noticed by the acting world and scouted by a prestigious agent. Redmayne was permitted to take a term off by his History of Art DoS in order to play Viola in the 400th Anniversary production of Twelfth Night in Middle Temple. That term was an “idyllic” existence of working in the Courtauld by day and acting with Mark Rylance by night. It is just one example of the unusually stratospheric career of Redmayne, arguably one of the most striking and talented young British actors today.

He’s currently starring in Christopher Shinn’s play about American politics, *Now or Later*, as John Jnr, the son of the new Democratic President. He spends the play waiting in his hotel room, waiting for the results of the election, for a call from his ex-boyfriend, and for updates about how compromising images of him are spreading online. It’s a brilliant play, and Redmayne manages to convey the self-centeredness of jaded youth while evoking sympathy as a fragile, damaged man. John Jnr is trapped in the world of political spin: penned in the hotel room, surrounded by advisors, he reveals that his earliest memory is that of taking part in a campaign photo shoot. In preparation for the play, the cast spoke to one of Hillary Clinton’s advisors and to Cherie Blair, getting an insight into the complicated world of family, politics and power dynamics.

Hearing Redmayne speak, it sounds as if the two worlds – the political and the theatrical – are not that far apart: “The world of acting is complete madness. There is little method to it”. Redmayne considered going to drama school, and although he acknowledges that such institutions are amazing, he also believes that they are “incredibly competitive and cruel, and can do damage as well as good”. Film, instead, has been Redmayne’s “complete re-education,” and he can soon be seen in *Powder Blue*. If you don’t know him now, after his parts in controversial plays such as Edward Albee’s *The Goat*, or from the Burberry campaign where he frolics with Agness Deyn, you soon will. **Emma Hogan**

*Now or Later* is on at the Royal Court in London until November 1

# “They want to make love to me”

A POET, NOVELIST, MUSICIAN AND ACTIVIST, BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH HAS ALWAYS BEEN AT ODDS WITH ESTABLISHMENT THINKING. CATHERINE LOUGH FINDS HIM IN A TYPICALLY LEFT-FIELD MOOD

Benjamin Zephaniah spoke to me fresh off the plane from China. The coverage of the Beijing Olympics had peaked, as had criticism of China’s human rights abuses. Zephaniah, however, felt that outright condemnation of the regime was too simplistic. Whilst admitting that “the Chinese human rights record speaks for itself,” he noted that “as a black man, it’s easier walking through the streets of Shanghai than it is to walk in Britain...When I’m in China, people don’t want to arrest me; they want to make love to me. From ordinary people, the sense I get about the West is, ‘Why do they hate us so much? They abuse human rights. We made the change from communism, and now we’re doing capitalism better than them and they still want to punish us’.

He is also quick to discern the hypocrisy behind Western condemnations of repression. “For a long time China said that the War on Terror was nothing to do with them. Chinese Muslims would rather be there than in Britain. That’s hard for liberal British people to understand, but the truth is that if you are one of the Muslims and you come to Heathrow, you’re not welcome. The West criticises China for pollution, but most of the products made there are for us. We’ve moved our manufacturing bases there and then we complain about the air. It’s like telling you not to smoke and giving you cigarettes. Very few Chinese people own these products.” He also had mixed feelings about calls for a boycott of the opening ceremony. “I think if we boycott the Beijing Olympics then we should boycott the British Olympics; we are involved in two unjust wars, we’ve allowed our land to be used to send people to be tortured. Every government has its fingers in a lot of mucky pies.”

Zephaniah grew up in Jamaica and Birmingham. He developed his sense of

social justice early, and found this could lead him into confrontations at school (he left at 13). When his first collection, *Pen Rhythm* burst onto the scene in 1980, it revolutionised the idea of poetry and stirred people who had felt distanced

**“WE SHOULD BOYCOTT THE BRITISH OLYMPICS; WE ARE INVOLVED IN TWO UNJUST WARS, WE’VE ALLOWED OUR LAND TO BE USED TO SEND PEOPLE TO BE TORTURED”**

from a historical approach to poetry. Inspired by Jamaican oral tradition, this was poetry with passion that dared to tread on politicians’ toes. It reflected its author, who had never been afraid to confront establishment opinions. “Once I asked my mum about black people being slaves, and she told me not to worry; the reason we were slaves is that we’d gone against God, but that we didn’t have to fight it because we’d go to Heaven. I was really appalled by this. I said, ‘Well, even if there is a Heaven, I want justice here.’ I think she was taken aback by that; I was about nine years old. I started thinking about these things early; I was vegetarian at eleven, vegan at thirteen.” He describes how his family told him he would have to compromise when he had children and a mortgage. “But I haven’t changed, although then again I don’t have children or a mortgage.”

Zephaniah has confronted political and racial injustice throughout his career. In 1990, he published *Rasta Time in Palestine*, a collection inspired by his visit to Palestine. “I stayed with a Jewish family

in Israel and a Palestinian family in Gaza, and I couldn’t believe the appalling things I saw, that this was happening in the 20th century. I’ve been back three times, and every time I’ve taken someone with me. Every time that person has come back really wanting to change the situation. If you go from Gaza to Tel Aviv it’s like walking from a Third World country to a super modern country. The Israelis should be building trust and instead they’re taking the Palestinian water. The first thing I would do is put UN troops in there; Israel gets away with so much because it knows the Americans will veto any motions against them.”

Zephaniah has frequently performed his poetry in a vital and immediate way, and he notes that many performance poets faded through their lack of humour. He agrees poetry can have an intense power in promoting a message. “I had a friend who was almost a caricature of a feminist, and she went to a girls’ school to give a lecture. She told one girl who liked high heels that she was a slave to men, and the girls were really turned off by this. Then I performed ‘My Sister is a Beautiful Girl’ which is funny but has a serious message aimed at all beauty. The girls responded to that so much more than the heavy-handed lecture.”

Zephaniah’s wit and energy attracted the attention of the establishment, yet he famously rejected the offer of an OBE in 2003. Apparently his fierce criticism of the worst excesses of Empire had gone unheeded (“I’m a vegan and it’s like they offered me a steak”). Even today he feels the Empire is praised far more than it is blamed. “Some people actually call it the glory days of Empire. I am profoundly anti-Empire. When they offered me the OBE, Tony Blair and his cronies had clearly never read my poetry, because I wrote a poem about this two years before [‘Bought and Sold’]. It actually says, ‘Don’t take my word, go check the verse / ‘Cos every laureate gets worse’.

Zephaniah has also published acclaimed novels for young adults, such as *Refugee Boy* and *Face*. He did not hesitate to confront issues such as asylum or knife violence, and disagrees that youth literature should avoid challenging subjects. “It’s interesting because I have the same publisher and editor as the Harry Potter

books, so there’s room for everything. At that age I didn’t read novels so the first question I ask myself is, what would I want to read if I was 13? I can understand people wanting to escape, but I think I’d want something grittier.” *Refugee Boy* was inspired by living in East London, where a young boy who “wasn’t paying attention” at school watched him restore a classic car. “He was a refugee. One day soldiers barged into his home and made his mother and father strip naked at gunpoint; then they shot both of them. Then they put a gun to his head, and said, ‘We’re going to count to ten; if after that you’re still here, we’ll shoot.’ He was completely traumatised. My friend was his teacher. I said, ‘Do you know what he’s been through? Of course he isn’t concentrating’.

Zephaniah also drew inspiration from a stint at Michael Mansfield’s Chambers in 1999, observing the workings of the justice system. He describes how his poem ‘Appeal Dismissed’, in which a rape victim is refused asylum “almost comes from the judge. To say rape isn’t torture, the law just missed it in this case”. His cousin, Michael Powell, died in police custody, and he is highly critical of the lack of justice for victims of police brutality. However, there is a positivity which infuses his work, even when it addresses appalling social wrongs. He feels that “human rights is a broad term” and is interested in the complexity of language. He thinks Amnesty International does “an amazing job” yet acknowledges that the organisation is often only supported when convenient. “When Amnesty are saying something about a country I do business with, they’re getting in my nose. When it’s somewhere I want to invade, they get quoted.”

Zephaniah is currently working on the film of his novel *Teacher’s Dead*. He is also collaborating with a number of artists. One thing is certain; his poetry will continue to both shock and compel, to celebrate the beauty of a country while crying out against its oppression. This is a poet who will not be silenced.

Cambridge University Amnesty International is hosting a new comedy night called *The Secret Porter’s Ball* this Sunday at the Fitzpatrick Hall in Queens’.

## A Life of Poetical Protest

- 1958** Born in Birmingham.
- 1980** Publishes first collection of poetry, *Pen Rhythm*.
- 1983** Releases debut album, *Rasta*.
- 2001** Releases most successful book, *Refugee Boy*.
- 2003** Rejects an OBE.
- 2008** Listed in *The Times*’ top 50 post-war writers.

**VOLCANO ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 11):** You look up, and see a woman leaning out of a bathroom window. ‘Sorry for throwing pumice stones at you,’ she says. ‘I was trying to catch your attention. Also, we have too many pumice stones and I thought I might as well have a clear-out.’ The woman is trembling slightly. **»p22** Through fear? **»p23** Because the volcano vibrations are wobbling her.



the VARSITY WEEK

THE VARSITY WEEK: YOUR COMPLETELY COMPREHENSIVE PULL-OUT GUIDE TO THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS. STICK IT ON YOUR WALL.

Music

**Saturday 25th**  
**Tango Siempre**  
Junction: 8pm (£14/£12 adv)  
Breathing new life into Nuevo Tango, and featuring Paolo Russo, Siempre is one of the world's leading exponents of the bandoneon.

**Sunday 26th**  
**Seth Lakeman**  
Junction: 8pm (£18/£16 adv)  
The singer-songwriter from cider-country hits Cambridge as part of his largest headline tour to date.

**Monday 27th**  
**Martha Wainwright**  
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£16 adv)  
A sister of Rufus and the daughter of Loudon, Martha is a successful folk singer in her own right.



**Tuesday 28th**  
**Black Kids**  
Junction: 8pm (£10 adv)  
If you haven't heard of Black Kids, let alone their debut hit single 'I'm Not Gonna Teach Your Boyfriend How To Dance With You', you've probably been lost in the Rare Books room at the UL for the last decade.

**Wednesday 29th**  
**The Pipettes**  
Soul Tree: 8pm (£10 adv)  
The Pipettes are hard to miss: they'll be the ones wearing particularly striking polka-dot dresses. And their trademark number, 'We Are The Pipettes' is also a bit of a giveaway.

**Thursday 30th**  
**Hot Chip**  
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£16.50)  
With a newish critically-acclaimed album *Made In The Dark* and the Ivor Novello award for their single 'Over and Over', the quirky electro-pop band are now on tour in Cambridge.

Theatre

**Friday 24th**  
**Knights of the Round Table**  
Peterhouse: 7.30pm  
See pg 21 for details of the show and an analysis of Jean Cocteau, the playwright.

**The Hothouse** (see pg 20)  
**Life x 3** (see pg 21)  
**The Tiger Who Came to Tea**  
**Murder on Air** (see pg 20)

**Saturday 25th**  
**The Hothouse**  
**Knights of the Round Table**  
**Life x 3**  
**The Tiger Who Came to Tea**  
**Murder on Air**

**Tuesday 28th**  
**A Beast for Thee**  
Pembroke New Cellars: 10.00pm  
Dark play from Freddy Syborn, investigating what drives us in the modern world.

**The Pillowman**  
ADC: 7.45pm (£6)  
A writer is accused of being part of the recent child-murders due to the similarity of his short stories and their gruesome deaths.

**Hecuba**  
Corpus Playroom: 7.30pm (£4)  
Frank McGuinness' version of Euripides' tragedy. See pick of the week.

**Horrible Histories**  
Arts Theatre: 2/7pm (£15)

**Knights of the Round Table**

**Wednesday 29th**  
**Gaslight**  
ADC: 11pm (£4)  
The Pembroke Players present conspiracy in Victorian London.

**Little shop of Horrors**  
Robinson Theatre: 7.30pm (£8)  
Comedy based on 1950s sci-fi movies.

**A Beast for Thee**  
**The Pillowman**  
**Hecuba**  
**Horrible Histories**  
**Knights of the Round Table**

**Thursday 30th**  
**Jesus College Smokers**  
Above Jesus Bar: 10pm (£2)

**Gaslight**  
**A Beast for Thee**  
**The Pillowman**  
**Hecuba**  
**Horrible Histories**  
**Knights of the Round Table**

Going Out

**Friday 24th**  
**Queens' Ents**  
Queens' Bar: 9pm (£5)  
Student ID required  
A silent disco. Does exactly what it says on the tin, I presume.

**Dusty / Jazz & Milk**  
Clare Cellars: 9pm (£4)  
Mix of trip hop, jazz and breakbeat in the intimate Cellars. See myspace.com/dusty45 if you want more info on what to expect.

**Monday 27th**  
**Fatpoppadaddy's**  
Fez: 10pm (£4/3/2)  
This long-running night is a melting-pot of Indie, DnB, Hip-hop, reggae...



**Renacimiento**  
Soul Tree: 10pm (£3)  
International music night

**Wednesday 29th**  
**Joe Halligan: Fee Fi Fo Fum**  
Kambar: 10pm (£3)  
£1-a-bottle drinks complement the best old and new student djs, producing RocknRoll/2-Step/Italo/Grime - and there should be some ruffling Dubstep as well.

**Tuesday 30th**  
**Rotation**  
Fez: 10pm (£5/free)  
A new urban music night which looks remarkably similar to Ebonics, its predecessor. Hip Hop, Garage and R&B are on the menu. Laydeez get free entry before 11.30: make sure you claim it, otherwise you're hit by £6 after.

**Hot Chip (above)**  
Fez: 10pm (£5)  
After party, if you couldn't catch their gig at the Corn Exchange (see the music column on the left of this page).

Talks and Events

**Saturday 25th**  
**Make-Do-And-Made**  
The Shop: XVIII Jesus Lane: 12-4pm  
The Shop presents an afternoon of vintage fashion and clothes swapping. The Stitch Up girls will also be on hand to decorate clothes.

**Sunday 26th**  
**Naked Stage**  
B Bar: 7pm (£3 on the door)  
Become a member and you'll be able to submit pieces; otherwise go along to sit back and be entertained.

**The Secret Porter's Ball: Amnesty Smoker**  
Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens': Time TBC  
Enjoy quirky sketches and rollicking quips from all your favourite Footlighters.

**Monday 27th**  
**Federico García Lorca**  
Arts Picturehouse: 8.45pm  
Federico García Lorca was one of the most influential of all modern poets. This concert of Lorca's poetry set to music is performed by Keith James and Rick Foot, acclaimed for their successful 'The Songs of Nick Drake'.

**Tuesday 28th**  
**The Libertarian Party**  
The Old Music Room, First Court, St John's: 7pm  
CUCA present a members of the newly founded Libertarian Party, who will be offering a discussion of libertarianism and income tax.

**Wednesday 29th**  
**The Lady Margaret Lectures 2008**  
Mill Lane Lecture Rooms: 5.15pm  
Professor Geoffrey Hill will be giving a lecture on 'Milton as Muse', one of the Milton Quatercentenary lectures.

**Thursday 30th**  
**Is Cambridge Institutionally Sexist?**  
The Union Chamber: 8pm  
The panel includes feminist heavy weight Germaine Greer and Professor Simon Baron-Cohen, who wrote the book on the difference between male and female brains.

**Thursday 23rd to November 1st**  
**Scudamores Ghost Tours**  
The Halloween edition of Scudamores' Punting and Walking Ghost Tour. Expect myths and lies a-plenty, but this time with a spooky twist. There are seven tours per evening, leaving at 30 minute intervals between 6pm and 9pm.

Sport

**Saturday 25th**  
**Sunderland v Newcastle**  
Sky Sports 1: 12.45pm  
These two bitter north-east rivals face each other for the first time this season, as the Black cats look to kick Newcastle while they're down at the Stadium of Light (below).

**Sunday 26th**  
**Chelsea v Liverpool**  
Sky Sports 1: 1.30pm  
On equal points at the top of the Premier League makes this a fascinating encounter as Liverpool look to break Chelsea's phenomenal unbeaten league run at Stamford Bridge.

**Cyber Sunday WWE**  
Sky Sports 2: Midnight  
Starting as the clock strikes twelve, Sky Sports Two is showing three beautiful hours of grown up men fighting, over-acting, and wearing lycra.



**Monday 27th**  
**Philadelphia v Tampa Bay**  
NASN / Five: 12.10am  
For those up late on Sunday, crack open a Bud and settle down for some all American Baseball on Five.

**Paris Masters**  
Sky Sports Xtra: 10am  
Male tennis' top names head to Paris on the ATP tour to battle it out for this much coveted title.

**Tuesday 28th**  
**St Johns v Jesus,**  
John's Pitches (Grange Road): 2.20pm  
Cambridge's two biggest Rugby teams face each other in the biggest match of the college season. If Jesus can't stop a rampant Johns, can anyone?

**Wednesday 29th**  
**Blues v Saracens**  
Grange Road: 7.15pm  
After a disappointing thrashing at the hands of Wales' Ospreys, Cambridge will be looking to get their campaign back on track against the Saracens this coming Wednesday.

Art, Jazz & Classical

**Ongoing Exhibitions**  
**Fitzwilliam Museum:**  
• Japanese Pottery (booking necessary)  
• Palaces in the Night - Whistler's Prints  
• Chinese Imperial Jades  
• Tomb Treasures of Ancient Georgia  
• Greeks, 'Barbarans' and their Coins  
• Picasso Prints - Dreams and Lies  
• The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book and Lady Nevell's Book.

**Kettle's Yard (all free):**  
• Conversations  
• Paul Coldwell: 'I called when you were out' (2-4pm)

**Saturday 25th**  
**Soviet Organ Music**  
Jesus Chapel: 8pm (£6)  
Music by Mikael Tariverdiev, played by world-famous Ekaterina Melnikova.

**Sunday 26th**  
**London Community Gospel Choir**  
Arts Theatre: 7.45pm (£10)  
The choir began in 1982, and in 2006 recorded the Official World Cup Song with Embrace. Watch out for an invigorating performance.

**Stravinsky, Shostakovich**  
West Road: 8pm (£3)  
Howard Williams conducts the Cambridge University Chamber Orchestra in Stravinsky's Pulcinella Suite, and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 14.

**Andy Bowie Quartet**  
Cricketer: 8.30pm (Free)  
Sax-led modern jazz in a new, larger venue, playing anything from Ellington to Shorter.

**Monday 27th**  
**Walton, Holst**  
West Road: 8pm (£5 on the door)  
CUMS I present the effervescent Planets, by Gustav Holst, alongside Rosie Ventris' performance of William Walton's Viola Concerto.

**Wednesday 29th**  
**Haydn, Swayne, Janacek, Beethoven**  
West Road: 7.30pm (£10)  
The Endellion String Quartet, in residence at the university and fresh from recording their complete Beethoven cycle, begin their series of concerts at West Road with an eclectic mix of works. See pick of the week.

**Thursday 23rd**  
**Camberwell Composers Collective**  
Kettle's Yard: 8pm (£5)  
See page 20 for the low-down.

CUR1350 Radio

**Friday 24th**  
**CUR1350 Loves Fridays**  
7-9pm  
Join Simon "Ginge" Ruggles as CUR1350 Goes LIVE in the mix on a Friday Night, bringing you two hours of massive dance music, our Big In My Box Floorfiller and all those club listings and offers you need to know this week!

**Tape Modern**  
9-10pm  
No jazz, just music, Old and new, great and great.

**Saturday 25th**  
**The Bridge**  
11am-1pm  
The wrong way to start a weekend... We've got "Say What You See", "Duoduct" and "Operation 1350" with plenty of rock, dance and cheese, all brought to you in our "mimitable" style...

**Soul Food**  
7-9pm  
Soul Food returns for a new term of all things in black music - whether you love jazz, funk, motown, reggae or R'n'B, you are bound to find it on Soul Food.

**Seventy Loud Years**  
9-10pm  
An experimental exploration of the last three generations modestly following in the footsteps of Cage, Eno, DJ Spooky and others, Seventy Loud Years will present decadal chunks of noisy, absurd, dramatic, banal soundscapes tracing out the outlines of this exhilarating and horrifying epoch.

**Sunday 26th**  
**CUR1350 Leftstream**  
10-11pm  
In one of CUR1350's flagship shows, Libby and Jason present a show dedicated to providing the cutting edge in leftfield music, spanning all genres, both old and brand-spanking new. No stone will be left unturned!

**One Step Beyond**  
12-2pm  
An eclectic and in-depth jazz-based show, concentrating on the more experimental and avant-garde side of things: music that is 'one step beyond'.

Film

**Ghost Town**  
**Vue**  
All Days: 10:20 (except Fri) 13:00 15:30 18:00 20:30 23:00 (late show only on Fri, Sat, Weds)  
**Finally Gervais gets a Hollywood lead. He dies for seven minutes and ends up being charged with preventing a widow from marrying an idiot...by her deceased husband. It's a comedy, no surprises. Ok, it is about a dentist and some meddlesome ghosts, but it is Gervais. Go on.**

**Burn After Reading**  
**Arts Picturehouse**  
Fri, Weds: 13:15, 15:45, 18:15, 20:45  
Sat: 12:30, 16:00, 18:30, 21:00  
Sun: 15:45, 18:15, 20:45  
Mon, Tues: 14:00, 16:15, 18:45, 21:15  
Thurs: 14:00, 18:30, 21:15  
**Vue**  
Fri, Sat, Mon, Weds, Thurs: 13:30, 16:00, 18:30, 21:00, 23:20  
Sunday: 16:00 18:30 21:00  
Tuesday: 13:30 16:00 21:00  
See pg 22 for our review

**Gomorrah**  
**Arts Picturehouse**  
Fri, Sat, Sun, Mon: 16:00, 18:30  
Tues: 18:45  
Weds: 16:00, 18:30  
Thurs: 13:30  
**A hard-hitting drama about the Neapolitan Mafia. In Italian with subs.**

**Import/Export**  
**Arts Picturehouse**  
Fri, Sat: 15:00, 20:45  
Sun: 20:45  
Mon, Tues, Weds: 15:00 (Tues, Weds also 20:45)  
Thurs: 14:15, 20:30  
Nominee for the 2007 Cannes Golden Palm: a Ukrainian nurse heads West to seek her fortune, while an Austrian security guard goes eastwards to try and improve his life.

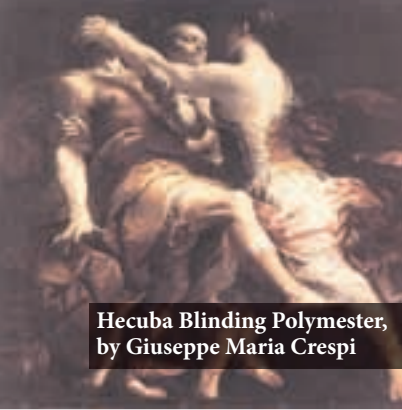
**High School Musical 3: Senior Year**  
**Vue**  
All Days: 09:30, 10:30, 12:00, 13:20, 14:40, 16:10, 17:20, 19:00, 20:00, 21:40, 22:35  
The third instalment of the epic Disney film series. Troy, Gabrielle and chums allay fears of separation at college by (surprise, surprise) staging a musical.

**Saw V**  
**Vue**  
All Days: 09:40 11:40 14:30 16:50 19:10 21:20 23:40 (late show only on Fri, Sat, Weds)  
Jigsaw's death does not mean the end of his traps in this fifth instalment of 'Saw'. New director, new thrills.

Pick of the Week

**Hecuba**  
Tuesday 28th October to Saturday 1st November  
Corpus Playroom: 7.30pm (£4)

The powers-that-be in the English Faculty make "Tragedy" a compulsory part of the final year. And it's plays like this which make their decision seem justified. Greek tragedy as a genre has held the highest critical acclaim for millennia, and Euripides' 'Hecuba', in my humble opinion, sits atop this reputation. Hecuba's position has fallen with the walls of Troy; already humbled, her grief turns into an uncontrollable wrath which, inevitably, ends none too well. Frank McGuinness' translation / interpretation keeps the tragic spirit of the original, whilst providing a fluent exposition of this masterpiece.





To win a pair of tickets to ADC's mainshow, turn to our competition on page 23

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View From  
The Stage

**Week 3: Christopher Mayo, Camberwell Composers Collective**

**What's it all about?**

We are kicking off a year-long association with Kettle's Yard by bringing Camberwell to Cambridge in an evening of visually exciting, informal and irreverent music by our five award-winning members. Expect everything from a wailing preacher dueling with an amplified cello to a high-energy remix of Scotland the Brave, all performed by four of the most amazing performers we could lay our hands on: Oliver Coates (cello), Neil Georgeson (piano), Natxo Molins (percussion) and Stuart King (clarinet).

**Tell us a tale.**

Funny things don't happen in our rehearsals. We don't have time for tomfoolery (or rehearsing).

**Your role?**

Technical/emotional support, a healthy dose of cynicism, fixing Sunday lunch and occasionally writing some music.

**If you like this, you'll like...**

That bit in the Last Night of the Proms where all the orchestras started playing at the same time (don't pretend you didn't watch it). Anna Meredith (above) is fresh off her much-loved explosive Proms debut, and 40 million flag-waving Englishmen in silly hats can't be wrong.

**What's in it for me?**

Brand-spanking-new music performed by four of the best performers you're ever going to see, live drawing and animation from Tony Comley and Eleanor Meredith, and possibly the only time you'll ever see a Henry Moore sculpture reduced to dust by the sound of amplified bagpipes.

**You'll be happy if the audience goes away...**

...feeling like they've just had the best night of their entire lives. We have very high standards.

**Little known fact...**

It's on my sister's birthday.

**Show Details:**

The Camberwell Composers Collective are playing at Kettle's Yard (at the top of Magdalene Street) on Wednesday 29th October, at 8pm, until about 10pm. Concession tickets are £5, all others £10.

## THEATRE

**The Hothouse by Harold Pinter**

ADC, October 21-25

Dir: Veronica Bennett & Joe Hytner; CUADC

★★★★★

Gosh this was good: pacy, scary, and funny. This wasn't what I expected, or wanted, to think: I found director Joe Hytner's Musings On Pinter in last week's Varsity enraging. The claim that "there's no need to intellectualise" modern things that we might find complicated really irritates me: as though intellectualising them somehow diminishes how much we'll enjoy them. Any imperative to "submit to its mystery and complexity" sounds, quite frankly, like a liaison in a Hampstead Heath loo.

But *The Hothouse* was fabulous precisely because it achieved a synthesis between intellectualisation and enjoyment. It raised questions about notions of bureaucracy, human relations, what it means to be in the hierarchies upon which we build our whole society. Who's in charge? The man (James Moran, brilliantly po-faced) who can tell his lover

he's not in the mood? Or the woman (the smouldering Heather Simons) who has all the men wrapped around her provocative little finger?

These are important questions, and the audience is forced to engage with them, otherwise the whole play falls apart. It becomes too remote through its anonymous location and eerily numbered patients and surnamed staff. The horrific psychological abuse meted upon Lamb becomes too purposeless; the play meanders into gratuitousness.

But at the same time it's funny - bloody funny. There is an element of really quite disturbing laughter in the dark here: Harry Adamson's Roote is quite clearly totally unhinged, subject to memory lapses and fits of shouting and crying. In terms of time onstage he's the play's protagonist, and it's to his credit that the audience continues to discover

newer, scarier depths to him. Similarly, Alex Winterbotham nearly steals the show as the catty, homicidal Lush; he is only usurped by a performance of staggering assurance and deadpan comic timing from Moran as Gibbs.

I could go on. This was brilliant: chock-full of suppressed violence and anger, exuding the blackest black comedy. It's sexy - see Simons smouldering, right - and it perpetually keeps the audience on its toes, thinking. I'm not giving it six stars, out of protest against a simply ridiculous system, but if you're given to ludicrous hyperbole then get out your biro and colour that last one in. It is one of the best shows you'll see at Cambridge, and everyone involved deserves boundless praise. Even Joe Hytner. He and co-director Veronica Bennett have created something special. *George Reynolds*



ZING TSENG

**Murder on Air**

Arts Theatre, October 20-25

Agatha Christie Theatre Company

★★★★★

Alright, I'll admit it. Agatha Christie is, for me, a guilty pleasure. All the glamour, complicated plots, period costumes: I defy anyone to watch or read a Poirot or Miss Marple and not be entertained for an hour or two. With this in mind, I went to see *Murder on Air* at the Cambridge Arts Theatre expecting the same warm glow of murderous fuzziness. It is then unsurprising that I was, unfortunately, disappointed.

*Murder on Air* is a production of three of Christie's radio plays by the official Agatha Christie Theatre Company. Radio plays, when they are done well, can be startlingly brilliant: you can see an actor standing on stage, speaking into a microphone, change character merely through the flash of inflection or accent, rather than through the encumbrance of costume, props and set. In many ways, it is a freeing, more

experimental medium: you watch the actors turn the pages of their scripts, or the sound-effects man scampering among his props - slamming a fake door, blowing a train whistle, or pouring water in to cups for the sound of tea. In this respect, *Murder on Air* was genuinely exciting, actors making the sounds of a steam train into their old-fashioned microphones or morphing from one character to the next, while the plays were interestingly interspersed with original 1930s BBC recordings.

However, even through such devices, the production just did not capture the world and the glamour it was attempting to portray. The brilliance of Christie perhaps relies too much on expensive TV stage-sets, or the imaginative distance of reading. The three plays, *Personal Call*, *Yellow Iris* and *Butter in a Lordly Dish* were entertaining to watch,

but fell all too easily into melodrama and poor acting, with all of Christie's stereotypes and clichés becoming glaringly obvious. *Yellow Iris* was particularly cringe-worthy, with a Poirot played by Nicky Henson (left) in an accent that seemed to amalgamate RP with American-Californian, the line 'Zer iz zomething ere very curious' delivered with a groan-inducing hamminess, that reminded me more of an episode of 'Allo 'Allo' than Christie's inimitable Belgian detective.

However, the audience, with a median age of about sixty, seemed to like it. Overall, *Murder on Air* took few risks, and reminded me instead of what they wanted to achieve: a rather boring Radio 4 play on a Saturday afternoon. However, unlike the real radio, you can't turn *Murder on Air* off.

*Emma Hogan*

**Found Magazine**

The Café Project, October 18

Davy and Peter Rothbart

★★★★★

"You can't write this stuff," says a nineteen-year-old American boy, reflecting on his upbringing, before he licks the blade and shoves a twenty-seven inch sword down his throat.

While his opening stunts were gratuitous (though nonetheless entertaining), and slightly irrelevant to the rest of the evening, he managed to sum up the whole experience in those few words. You can't write most of what the Rothbarts provide, because not even they do - they find, or are sent, notes, letters, faxes, post-its and cassette tapes which are then presented to an audience, essentially of voyeurs, who feast on the absurdity/hilarity/poignancy of the material. It sounds simple, and it is.

During this one-off Cambridge

show, even receipts served as triggers for hot bursts of laughter that warmed up the tiny room of the Café Project - 'chicken raamen noodles, chicken raamen noodles, chicken raamen noodles, chicken raamen noodles, twelve lubricated condoms' - an example which, while actually quite amusing, unfortunately does expose the ever so slightly weird jock culture of the *Found* project. Though not at the forefront by any means, an almost-trying percentage of the pieces focused on 'ass', 'mom' jokes or 'beer'. This might just be a cultural crossed wire or a misinterpretation, and had no real bearing on the reception of the Rothbarts' found items, but it did threaten to turn the brothers into a parody of themselves when one had

to fight back tears after reading out one of the more moving discoveries. But that's thinking about it too much.

Aside from some subtly aggressive merchandising, the whole thing really was genuinely, bizarrely enjoyable. Apart from Davy's (right) intelligently theatrical delivery of the reading matter, Peter's songs (based on *Found* items) were boy-band sweet and belly-laugh funny, and provided a sense of the project having some wider implications than just dossing around waiting to find stuff.

Though it wasn't really pushed, what *Found* actually does is to point out that we are all the authors of their sources - and the absurd, hilarious and poignant are all quite real, and happening to ordinary people. *Finn Beames*



CARLO ALLEGRI



## FIRST NIGHT THEATRE REVIEWS ARE PUBLISHED ONLINE AT VARSITY.CO.UK/REVIEWS

★ Company should be ashamed   ★★ Serviceable elements, but little overall success   ★★★ Very good show spoilt by a few weak moments  
★★★★ Level of success outweighs its few faults   ★★★★★ Among the highlights of the term   ★★★★★★ One of the best you'll see at Cambridge

### Romeo and Juliet

Leper Chapel, October 22 - November 1

Dir. Holly Race; Mutabilitie Productions

★★★★★

Churches can be incredibly atmospheric. Evoking 'marriage, and birth,/ And death, and thoughts of these,' as Larkin writes in his famous poem, 'Church Going'. Holly Race's decision to use the medieval leper chapel for her production of *Romeo and Juliet*, then, is at least understandable, if misguided.

The location was, presumably, chosen for the iconic final scene. However visually effective this may have been, this was not adequate reason to set the whole play in the chapel. Similarly, the production is advertised as 'promenade' but the audience were only asked to move once. This short jaunt did serve the purpose of getting some feeling back into our collective legs, however: because of another wrong-headed decision, there was no interval. Two and a half hours in tiny, hard seats would test even the most

devoted Shakespearean.

The production's principal problems sprung, firstly, from the physical setting. The audience sat on both sides: there was nowhere to hide and the acting of this production simply couldn't withstand this kind of scrutiny. The second problem arose from the time shift employed by Race. Deciding to set the play during the Blitz may have resulted in some visually delightful costumes and the chance to play Fred Astaire songs but it didn't make sense dramatically. Neighbours would, surely, not have been fighting to the death in Britain when the whole country was at war. Shakespeare is one of the most versatile of playwrights, but this particular shift did not work.

Rob D'Ath's Romeo would have benefited from a different setting: his weak characterisation would perhaps

have gone unnoticed were it not for the unforgiving staging. Holly Race's Juliet was the most nuanced and sympathetic performance of the night. Problems arose, however, as a result of her dual role as actor and director. Her final scene was far too drawn out: something a director should have picked up on immediately. As it was, the final scene, and indeed the play as a whole, smacked of self-indulgence.

The bottom line of this production is that the director had a vision which she stuck to unflinchingly, and to Hell with the practical consequences. Any faults I have pointed out would, perhaps, have gone unnoticed in a more suitable space and with more comfortable seating. As it was, the lovers' deaths were watched by a weary and alienated audience who were, frankly, eager to leave. *Lizzie Davis*



ALEX BECKETT

## Analysis



Week 3: Jean Cocteau (1889-1963)

Jean Cocteau was without doubt a highly versatile and prominent artistic presence in France and the world. Belittled by some as a superficial dilettante, his shaping influence on many of his contemporaries, on camp taste, and on the irony, ambiguity and eclecticism of postmodern culture is now widely recognised. And a major 2003 exhibition devoted to him at the Pompidou confirms that he is still, especially in France, a cultural icon.

Cocteau began, in the years before the First World War, to write poetry in the older but still prevailing post-Symbolist style, and later moved into more avant-garde areas. His ability to hop from style to style, from one point of view a sign of the flimsiest kind of artistic trendiness, in fact demonstrates a considerable skill at pastiche. Poetically he moved from the older school of figures such as Catulle Mendès to the new school of Apollinaire, who coined the term 'surreal' in a review of a piece of musical theatre entitled *Parade*, which was a collaboration between Cocteau, Satie and Picasso.

Cocteau was also involved with Diaghilev's *Ballets Russes*, and associated with Stravinsky, for whom he wrote the libretto to *Oedipus Rex*. He was peripherally implicated in the Dadaist movement; a friend of Proust, Modigliani and Edith Piaf; and mentor to Raymond Radiguet.

*The Knights of the Round Table* (*Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*) was first performed in October 1937. The English translation was completed by W. H. Auden for the BBC in 1951. In this play, which Cocteau subsequently interpreted as an unconsciously cast metaphor for his cure from opium addiction, a version of the domestic scenario of traditional Arthurian legend, centring on the adultery of Guinevere with Lancelot, is relocated into a timeless, bourgeois fantasy world in which the opium-like bewitchments of an evil Merlin leave Camelot in a state of unreality which only the poet-knight Galahad can dispel. The play can thus be said to be self-deconstructing. The fundamental conceit is of an 'invisible' character, Merlin's demon Giniifer, who impersonates the other characters.

He is played by no actor, but the actors playing Gawain, Guinevere and Galahad must portray their 'real' characters, and 'false' versions of themselves: Giniifer in disguise. This allows the false characters in the bewitched world to reveal libidinous secrets and home truths which may or may not lurk beneath the polite surface of their 'real' selves.

*The Knights of the Round Table* is on at the Friends of Peterhouse Theatre, behind the college, from Friday 24th to Sunday 26th at 7.30pm.



### Clare Comedy

Clare Cellars, October 19

Headliner: Bob Mills

★★★★★

Sunday night saw the reawakening of *Clare Comedy* after a sleep of some considerable length. Exam-term humour was conspicuous for its absence and so the prospect of a Clare Cellars once more echoing the carefree laughs of a refreshed student body filled me with a boyish sense of anticipation.

Sadly, the effects of the event's long period of absence seemed immediately to show, as the night got off to a clunky start. Left in the lurch by the failure of his hired comperes to attend, event manager Ed Cumming was forced to take the stage in a valiant, but uncomfortable, opening gambit. Edd Mustill's opening set got things moving with a self-deprecating comparison of his act to the dubious joys of first-time sex – awkward and lasting only five minutes before moving on to bigger and better things (an amusing irony given the unenviable circumstances

in which the night had begun).

His dour start was followed by the predictably surreal humour of Footlights' comedian Tom Evans. He dazzled – and dazed – the crowd with an impressive stream of consciousness, tackling everything from penguins to helicopter-flying lions, taking in mini milks and Callipos on the way. What I liked about his piece was not the high-pitched, strangely accented voice which he chose to use (just bizarre) but the way in which somehow it all seemed to make sense. Blending observational comedy with out-and-out silliness, he managed to create a well-judged set which avoided being too weird.

The undisputed highlight of the night, however, came in the form of seventeen-year-old Ahir Shar. Yet to apply to university, he consistently kept the audience thoroughly amused by mixing his boyish

charm with a comprehensive barrage of jokes. His wide scope allowed him to maintain a momentum without getting bogged down in routines which didn't seem to work – a fate which sometimes befell the previous act.

It is testament to the strength of the student acts that I have written so little about the professional headliner. What I like so much about *Clare Comedy* is its mix of student acts and trained comedians, and the frequent eclipsing of the latter by the former. For though Bob Mills (left) was undoubtedly slick and at times hilarious, just as often his jokes were painful and revealing of his age.

Indeed, the headline set mirrored the night – mixed. I left having occasionally laughed hard but wanting more. It seemed like a taste of what hopefully is to come, rather than a great night of comedy in itself. *Stuart Sheppard*

### Life x 3 by Yasmina Reza, trans. Christopher Hampton

ADC, October 22-25

Dir: Fran Whithum-Cooper; Revived Emmanuel Dramatic Society

★★★★★

*Life x 3* is a ghastly play about uninteresting people. Its premise is to present an awkward dinner party (the guests arrive a day too early, the hosts are forced to feed them on chocolate fingers) in triplicate. At each turn there are new revelations about the couples' interrelations (he's interfering with his promotion, she's poised for an affair with him, she's maybe an alcoholic...) whilst everyone swills Sancerre. As an added foil for these jaded thirty-somethings, the hosts' six year old is wide awake and emotionally blackmailing his parents from the next room. This is a good, detailed, production, outweighed by a profoundly vacuous and cynical play which manages to be both depressing and dull.

By essentially sticking three indifferent drafts of the same play into

one, Reza allows herself no space for the dynamics of the party to develop with any subtlety. There's no space for depth of character or the emergence of much back story. One way to make this play exciting would be to develop the potential for an absurdist, Groundhog Day nightmare of repetition, or to play up the comedy's dark underside. Fran Whithum-Cooper plays it disappointingly safe with the characters simply swapping seats between scenes.

Curled on the sofa but wracked by knowing grimaces (both public and private), Amy Watson (right, front) consummately captured the droll, frustrated hostess and mother. Lucy Evans (right) as the overdressed but under-loved wife who brays, '...she was an alcoholic AND a depressive!' whilst blurrily gesturing for

a top-up was similarly vivid. Adam Drew (right) as the big cheese in scientific publishing was an unfortunate caricature, drawling unconvincingly in chinos. Rob Craig's head-clutching, underdog scientist went too quickly from endearing to tiresome, giving the women little to play against. By the time we've seen the party three times over we're too weary to notice the many very funny one liners ('tell him I'm violently opposed to apple in bed') which the skilfully directed cast deliver with admirable timing.

Ultimately, the audience as well as the characters are rendered as emotionally empty as the black holes and haloes of the host's rejected physics paper. An analogy Reza is intent on hammering home with unpleasant pseudo-profundity. *Isabel Taylor*



PATRICK GARETY

**VOLCANO ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 11):** Suddenly, a little boy runs up to you. 'My name's Bobby Briggs,' he says breathlessly, because his lung has been punctured by a flying rock. 'My dog's trapped on the upper slopes of the volcano. Please help me save him!' »p18 Save the dog. »p20 Shoot it.



Albums Every  
Right-Minded  
Person Should Own**Mahler: Symphony No. 6 (1904)**  
*Berliner Philharmoniker*  
**Cond. Claudio Abbado (2004)**

Claudio Abbado (above), classical music's *eminence grise*, was forced to leave his post as music director of the BPO, the greatest orchestra in the world, in 2002, after being diagnosed with stomach cancer. After harrowing treatment, he returned to conduct his old band in 2004, with performances of Mahler's Sixth.

This disc records that moment. Instead of choosing an uplifting work for his return to the Philharmonie, Abbado chose the most tragic of all symphonies. Mahler, a man uncommonly haunted by death, outdid himself with his Sixth. The only one of his eleven symphonies to end in a minor key, it unrelentingly hurls us towards its unbearable conclusion, stopping only to take in the view with the Andante. In Bruno Walter's words, "existence is a burden; death is desirable and life hateful" might be its motto. For some, it has unique power in the post-9/11 world.

This, then, is not a disc to listen to if you're depressed. From the start of the opening movement what comes across, through real menace in the brass and rabid aggression in the strings, is the terrifying onward march of fate. The whole atmosphere is agonizingly doom-laden. Despite the utmost clarity in the BPO's textures, the air around them feels heavy and claustrophobic, as if fate is trying to escape his shackles and run rampant across the earth.

Yet the Andante is so tender, so delicate, that you think the strings are about to shatter into a thousand pieces. Like so many of Mahler's great slow movements, it shows him clinging to love and nature: unlike in the others (the Third and Ninth), this movement does not end the symphony in a bittersweet hymn to life. What follows instead contrasts a horrific drum-led scherzo with, in Mahler's words, "two little children, tottering in zigzags over the sand." Nobody, not even the composer's little daughters, can escape Fate.

And so Fate wins in the end, after the half-hour finale. Eruption after eruption of passion and anger is swept away by the agony of the conclusion, following three sledgehammer blows that prophesied Mahler's own life. The ending is desolate beyond words.

Yet what marks this Sixth apart is that Abbado never gets overly hysterical. His interpretation feels humanly possible, as if the tragedy is all too real, even if the BPO's playing belongs on another planet. Only a man who has faced death in the eye, and won, could direct a performance like this. **David Allen**

## LITERARY, FILM AND CLASSICAL

## Poems of the Week

## Greenwich

The two foot thick Navy walls  
are now attentive  
and the inexpensive carpet  
has grown soft  
from Brahms and Beethoven,  
where even the dust turns to listen.

And there we sat for years.

Channelling the world  
through harmony and metre  
we understood.

Tensions and releases,  
the twists of pain,  
chords left unresolved.

Edward Henderson

## Sandstone

Love lives like grains of sand,unalloyed  
amongst the burning desires of deserts  
entwined with the shores of tears and fears.  
its memorys blow with the bitter zepher, blowing  
when once they stood, roman boulders  
on the shoulders of giants with its heart in heaven  
under the stars of heavenly jerusalem,domed rock band.  
light descended like an indian monsoon  
ravishing like silk threads of vermilion.  
love lust,love sew'd love's lost.  
love lingers through golden fingers  
scattered petals,lav broken as the flower weeps  
when once it bloomed with ardent beauty.  
it lies.slit sideways as the heart stone crumbles  
mellifluously choked.  
sand flows like tears on the shore of fears  
drifts under the broken sky- the sea of sorrow  
cradles the drifting tears,drifting like empty air....

Kamal Hussain

## I Love(d) You

This time, the words aren't there,  
Aren't ripe for our plucking.  
Should have known the garden  
wouldn't  
Last, that fucking's not forever.  
Still, they held us fast, those words,  
Fast together -- until we said them.  
Then, when heard, they pinned us to  
Ourselves - the 'You' that wasn't us,  
the  
'I' that wasn't me (as far as I was  
Yours, unspokenly). See, the problem  
Here is knowledge, that perfect lie.  
'Cause nothing's fixed, skins are shed;  
The more we Know, the less we grow,  
So = apple-love will always die.

A.P.



## Burn After Reading

Dir: Ethan Coen & Joel Coen

Starring: John Malkovich, George Clooney, Tilda Swinton

★★★★★

"What the fuck?" followed by a more emphatic "What the Fuck?" is a recurring line in the new Coen Brothers film *Burn After Reading*. One wonders, sitting in the cinema, staring at one's shoes and, occasionally, glancing at one's watch, what precisely the Coens were trying to say. Could it be that they believe that the world is just one crazy barrel of farces, failures and frauds? Could it be that they believe that people will actually find it funny and engaging, rather than boring and irritating? If "What the Fuck?" is the best theme that they could come up with, then they produced the film that they deserved.

It's 1996. The Coens release *Fargo*, which is greeted with adulation. They follow it up with *The Big Lebowski*, which is, like *Burn After Reading*, a hodgepodge of baffling coincidences and misunder-

standings. The critics say "meh?", yet it goes on to become a phenomenal hit on DVD and is reappraised as a masterpiece. When the same thing happens to *Burn After Reading*, Beelzebub himself will be in Snow+Rock, asking for skiing equipment. Make no mistake, *Burn After Reading* is a poor, poor attempt at film-making. To say that the Coens are painting by numbers would be insulting to a proud and noble industry of colouring book purveyors. Every good character is wasted – (Brad Pitt, the lone star sitting atop, this review is for you) – key events go unseen, hastily explained (the retching sound you may hear is the cat of mediocrity, vomiting another hairball of exposition) and the overall mood is one not of confusion but boredom.

In *No Country For Old Men*, the Coens cruelly (and some would say

stupidly) did away with Josh Brolin's character off-screen, leaving the audience to see only the aftermath of his death. In *Burn After Reading*, plenty of characters die, get divorced, or disappear when not onscreen. And the response is not disappointment at the fact that we're sitting in the cinema and being told and not shown, but relief! Relief that this terrible, terrible film is going to end that little bit quicker (if there is one piece of faint praise with which I may damn, it is the editors decision to cut, like an overenthusiastic barber).

*Burn After Reading* is surprisingly disappointing. At this point, it might be tempting to say that this is because the Coens can do better. Sadly, *Burn After Reading* forces you to wonder whether they really can. "What the Fuck?" Fuck off. **Fred Rowson**

## Curington, Mozart, Beethoven

West Road Concert Hall, Thursday 16th October

Cond. Mark Austin; CUMC; Catherine Myerscough (violin)

★★★★★

Oboist David Curington's (right) *Conic* is a short piece for chamber ensemble, concocted so that graphs of dynamics or tessitura against time would look like a series of cones. The most affecting of the three movements was the central slow one, *Developed years later*, in which very tricky high woodwind parts move randomly in short, sharp stabs over pensive string chords, in an attempt to portray deterioration on old photographic film. This deserves to be heard again.

Catherine Myerscough was the soloist in Mozart's *Fifth Violin Concerto*, and though the performance started well and her cadenzas were effective, it all tended to lose its way. Tempo is so important in Mozart, and the slow movement in particular was just too soporific for my

taste. Indeed, the only point where the music really took wing was in the central section of the finale, given a glorious swagger by the orchestra.

Conductor Mark Austin's programme notes talked of vandalism, knife crime and gang shootings going hand in hand with the violence of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. This clearly applies to the opening movement. That opening (Fate knocking on the door, in Beethoven's rumoured words) was taken very quickly and without pausing on the fourth note: for me, it lost all sense of drama, especially as the string articulation in the second hearing of the motif unravelled at such pace. For others, it may have been refreshingly unmonumental. Austin's conception of the movement refused to linger, except, suddenly, in the solo

oboe pause about two-thirds of the way through, which dragged on too much.

The opening of the slow movement was marred by tuning in the understaffed cellos, but more so by Austin's long pauses, which tended to break up the flow of the music. It was saved, however, by some wonderful woodwind playing, as ever in CUMC/CUCO concerts. After the scherzo, the transition to the finale had some of the drama that the opening had lacked, but, like in the rest of this performance, there wasn't enough clarity in orchestral textures to hear all the details of Beethoven's score. The interpretation on the whole was just a little too nice. If this was Fate the yob, then he asked permission before gently punching his victim on the arm.

David Allen





# CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

## Droppin' Science Fiction

### The Mighty Underdogs

### Definitive Jux; Out Now

★★★★★

Of all the collaborations which have been made using the core crew of Hip-Hop heads up at Quannum Projects, the San Francisco Bay Area based record label which was spawned from the renowned Solesides Records, I think I am right in saying that the pairing of Lateef the Truthspeaker and Gift of the Gab is one of the only ones that has never come to fruition. Until now. And it's about time too.

With Lateef best known for being half of the brilliant Latyrx with the whip-tongued Lyrics Born, as well as his rather unexpected appearances on Fat Boy Slim's latest album, and Gab being half of the notorious Blackalicious, these fantastically-talented lyricists are in no way strangers to collaborations, and have invited a selection of Hip-Hop's finest to appear on their first album together, *Droppin' Science Fic-*

*tion*: from the other side of the States, MF Doom adds husky eloquence to Gunfight, while the legendary DJ Shadow, Solesides' co-founder and Bay Area resident, adds perfect signature cuts and scratches over the funky beats of UFC. The list of guests continues, including two Marley offspring, a fishy member of Jurassic 5 with the deepest voice in the game and many others, but while on some albums or mixtapes one can tire from constant shifts in vocal tone or flow, the consistently high quality of rapping here never fails to keep your attention as well as constantly keeping you guessing who may grab the mic for the next verse.

Turning our attention to the beats on this record, we notice that production is carried out by the relatively unknown SF producer Headnodic, whose beats certainly live up to his

name. Even though apparently culled from the left-overs of Lateef's forthcoming solo album, the beats are of the superior quality we have come to expect from the Quannum crew, with Headnodic fitting snugly into the family. From funk-soul riffs and samples of Brass sections to dirtier Californian Hyphy shit and futuristic bleep loops, all shapes and styles are covered, reflecting the diverse cinematic scenarios that each song seems to describe. A Chevy Chase style holiday movie, juxtaposed with a bout in a Rocky-like ring, blends into a battle in outer space like a mashed out night on the sofa.

Lateef and Gab admit that they made this album consciously moving away from the "more serious" albums of their past, but in doing so they have given nods to some of the classic albums of underground Hip-Hop's



history, like *Deltron 3030*. And if this unmissable album is anything like what The Mighty Underdogs saw in the crystal ball of Hip-Hop's future, then things are looking pretty damn fine.  
**Andrew Spyrou**

## Norma Winstone's Chamber Jazz Trio

### Kettle's Yard, Friday 17th October

Glauco Venier – piano; Klaus Gesing – soprano sax & bass clarinet;  
Norma Winstone MBE – vocals.

★★★★★

The elegant untempered 60's Modernism of Kettle's Yard, the preserved house of the Tate Gallery curator Jim Ede, serves as an ideal backdrop for sophisticated Jazz, with its beautiful baby grand piano and a number of paintings that wouldn't seem out of place on Blue Note LP sleeves.

The Norma Winstone trio started their set at 7.30 and played for 2 hours, with a half an hour interval during which concert goers were free to wander around the gallery space. The music was grounded in the early 20th century Classical tradition and mixed the sound of Scandinavian post-bop with European folk melodies. Some songs took the form of Jazz ballads, others were reworkings of folk songs and even Erik Satie.

The end product was lyrical, calm and contemplative, a tasteful convergence of a timelessly classic sound with certain progressive elements - Venier's piano string plucking/muting a nod to the likes of Cecil Taylor and Gesing's didgeridoo-like circular breathing bass clarinet tones and noisy valve clamping reminiscent of Eric Dolphy. Winstone's vocal effects are very much her own; she pushed her voice from rich sonorous lows to strained but taught high-pitched yelps and covered the spectrum in-between. The rhythm was mostly straight with lots of rubato, but at two moments the piano and sax momentarily joined together and swung strongly and ecstatically.

The musicians played unselfishly and as a unit; they never sat back or indulged in cliché and weren't afraid to

pause rather than get stale. This meant that the music contained a great deal of space and felt unhurried and considered. For the piano and voice duet on the ballad *The Heather on the Hill*, Venier adopted an Evansian approach, fluidly interspersing graceful melodic lines with rich and nuanced chord voicings. This created an ideal backing for Winstone's singing and allowed her to show why she has proved to be such an influential and recognized voice in the Jazz world.

Considering the quality of music and the unparalleled setting, the predominantly middle-aged audience was a shame. Hopefully there will be a few more young faces taking advantage of the student concession for the Roger Mitchell Trio at the Junction on November 7. **Jonathan Lifschutz**



## Roots Manuva

### Junction, Wednesday 22nd October

### Support: Jimmi Screech

★★★★★

Thick clouds of smoke and wailing sirens announce the arrival of Rodney Smith, aka Roots Manuva, to the stage of the Junction. As he emerges in sunglasses and pyjama check patterned shirt and shorts to the warbling, rolling beat of 'Again and Again' I quickly sense that the evening is going to be far beyond the familiarity that his stage management initially suggests.

Opening with three tracks from his fourth album *Slime and Reason*, the majority of the crowd don't seem educated enough in the beats of Sheffield's Toddla T to reap their rewards. Even for a man who has been heralded as the saviour of British Hip-hop it doesn't feel like this comes as any surprise though. Despite his innovative and truly unique catalogue over the last fifteen years,

Roots has never gained much chart success. Nevertheless he tirelessly interacts with the crowd, especially the girls who seem to dominate both the front row leaning over the barriers and the majority of those dancing: "Cambridge has some sexy ladies" he tells us before bouncing in to 'Buff Nuff'. It is the singles from his past albums, 'Too Cold' and 'Dreamy days' that get the biggest sing alongs. The crowd erupts as DJ Mk drops the infectious beat of 'Witness (I Hope)' before Roots steps in to chat with his Banana Klan co-host Rodney Ranking about the legality of whether they are allowed to play the song at all: "your aunt in Ealing is trying to drink her tea Rodney" Roots qualms. It didn't matter how many of the crowd knew where Ealing was, and I couldn't help

but join the surge towards the speakers, hoping that it would disturb her even if Ealing were in Peru. The interlude of a Jamaican instrumental calypso reminds us most prominently of the unique heritage of British MC-ing that mainstream American hip-hop lacks. And as we skank along to the reggae infused beats of Rodney's last couple of tracks I forget wondering why Roots Manuva is not more 'successful' and loose myself somewhere between adroit observational and self analytical rap. Finishing with a skit about Cambridge there is a reminder of the playfulness which runs throughout his work and has tonight kept the crowd enthralled. Roots Manuva should be cherished as an exclusively creative artist and tonight he proved why. **George Woodhams**



## Take Five Film Music



## Five of the Best

### *The Graduate* (1967)

Simon and Garfunkel's 'The Sounds of Silence' translates the curious stares of the bus-passengers into Ben and Elaine's enigmatic smiles.

### *Into the Wild* (2007)

Performed by Eddie Vedder, *Society* accompanies Chris McCandless' Alaskan transformation into Alex Supertramp.

### *Romeo and Juliet* (1996)

Radiohead's appropriately named 'Exit music (for a film)' tops off Baz Luhrman's production. After all, if we're going to go in for weepy Hollywood Shakespeare, we might as well finish it off in style...

### *Channel 4's Ashes DVD Boxset* (2005)

Possibly the greatest DVD ever (although not strictly a film), the flame sound-effects at the beginning of each day and the quirky tunes perfectly accompany Mark Nicholas' lyrical lilt.

### *Dr Strangelove* (1964)

As nuclear war erupts, Vera Lynn's 'We'll Meet Again' provides a poignant, bitter-sweet reflection on the atomic era.

## Five of the Worst

### *Bridget Jones's Diary* (2001)

I may well be wrong, but it always seemed to me that film music was supposed to be subtle, setting the mood. And so to have the lyrics "It's raining men" whilst it's raining and there are men tumbling about (like raindrops?) seems a little....well, crass.

### *I've Loved You So Long* (2008)

Fred Rowson, Varsity Film Critic, isn't given to overstatement. And so when he tells you that 'the music taints the whole experience', you should listen up.

### *Austin Powers - International Man of Mystery* (1997)

A little too close to the Bond style to be a pastiche, not quite quirky enough to stand by itself. And god does this theme tune stick in your head.

### *Titanic* (1997)

Three hours and fourteen minutes of cinematographic smooch; do we really deserve Céline Dion's 'My heart will go on' as well?

### *House by the Cemetery* (1981)

The music seems to consist, as far as I can see, of two chords arbitrarily placed throughout the film; combined with the general ineptitude of the sound effects team, this film's discordance is painful.

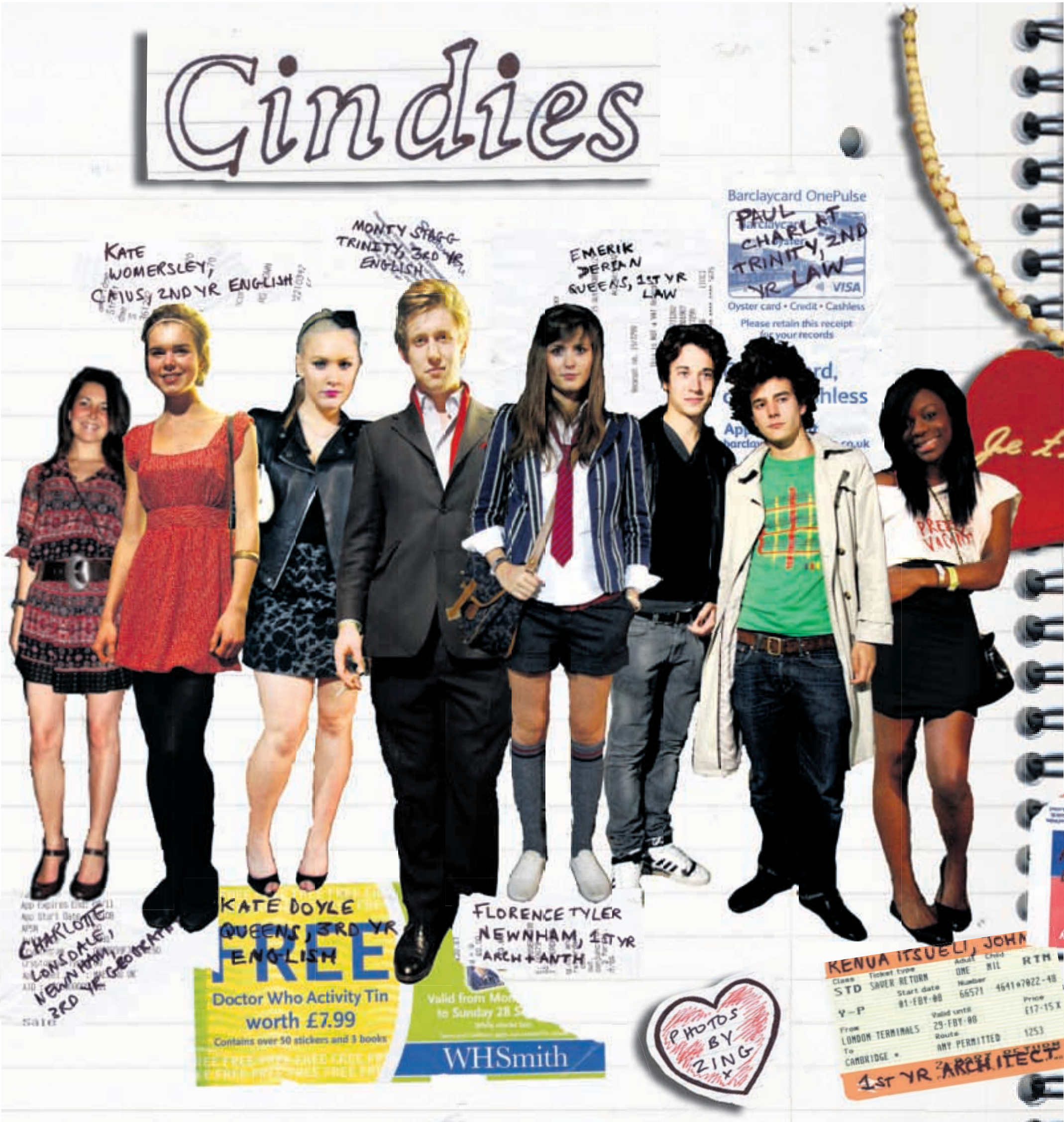
## Competition adc theatre

Next week's topic is *Scary Culture*: send your worst and best to reviews@varsity.co.uk by midday on Monday, and you could win a pair of first-night tickets to the ADC mainshow.

**VOLCANO ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 11):** Fear enough. She explains. 'My husband's been fried to a crisp and I don't know what to do.' Well there's nothing you can do, except wonder how he was fried.

»p24 By the volcano? »p25 By an unusual cooking accident involving Kettle Chips.





In the urban jungle that is Cambridge there was inevitably going to be a battle of the





VOLCANO ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 11): 'Kettle Chips won't let me discuss the details,' she says. 'But as it happens, I've locked all my Kettle Chips packets in the cellar and they won't hear me if I whisper.' The woman is mad, but you weren't listening to that bit – you just heard the word 'cellar', and realised you could shelter in there from the volcano. You do, and survive, but you never find out what happened with the Kettle Chips.



Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#13: After the Wedding  
Fitzwilliam Museum

L.S. Lowry's *After the Wedding* (1939) could not be further from the baroque extravagance of the Fitzwilliam Museum. After walking up the ornate marble steps in the main entrance, past busts and shadows of stuffy grandeur, turn in to the room on the right, and then right again. It will lead you to a painting that confronts you with another world; one that has been squeezed into a narrow frame where little stick-like figures walk hurriedly home from work with bowed heads and where tall skinny chimneys spew out smoke. Where children run and tiny dogs bark, and where the crux of the painting – a slither of a bride standing nervously beside her new husband in the doorway of a salmon pink church – is obscured by the mass of buildings and smog that loom in to the cracked white sky. A crowd gathers round the church entrance, caught in that moment of curiosity forever, craning their necks and huddling forward to catch a glimpse of confetti. Yet around them, life goes on: a pub with half drawn net curtains called The Corner House opens its doors for the

evening, mothers push perambulators, lamp posts glimmer, telephone masts crackle and the roar of traffic is never far away. It is a world of grey and brown and dusty red, thick black lines and white chalky streets, wooden fences and metal railings. It's a world just cusp on the edge of change and can be easily sentimentalized, as I have just shown. But somehow Lowry manages to balance this sense of longing for a lost past with the realities of the everyday: perhaps in the single pane of broken glass in a building on the left, or in the almost childlike depiction of this half-forgotten industrial world. He captures life in all its varying, transitory forms, just for one moment. His painted figures are frozen in their slumped anxiety, ambition, embarrassment – or, in the case of the newly-weds, in their tentative excitement. The oppression of poverty or niggling daily hardships are contrasted to the fact that life is made up of little illuminating moments – such as just watching people walk past – and becomes beautiful because of them. *Emma Hogan*



The Day That Changed My World

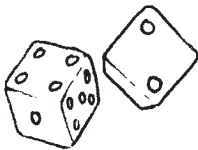


Week 3: I Caught the Wave

1989, Ulu Watu, Bali: a surfer's paradise. I was standing in a Buddhist temple perched atop a cliff, dressed in a sarong with a frangipane flower tucked behind my ear, utterly entranced by the bloody great waves unwinding in the sea below. They seemed 'unreal'; not only in the sense of the surfer's ultimate accolade, but like platonic waves or sine curves, perfectly formed. Then temptation turned to torment; I had to fulfil the dream; this was destiny calling. I ripped off the sarong – think I had some shorts on underneath – and propelled by a dreamlike momentum, asked this Australian bloke if I could borrow his board. Which is when I ran into the reality principle. When he found out I'd never surfed before, he informed me, with laconic understatement, that those 10 foot breakers crashing into the cliffs were "actually quite dangerous, mate?" Really? It looked straightforward to me: there was the wave, I just had to get on it. In my trance-like state, I assumed I was omnipotent and immortal, but to go out there as a totally naive ingénue would have been suicide. So that day was confined to watching. But as purely visual experiences go, it was right up there, number one, and provoked a radical metamorphosis. I was mesmerised, overwhelmed, and – once I'd caught my first wave the next day, in a somewhat safer location – addicted. I was a fellow in French at King's College at the time, theoretically on a lecture tour of Australia. A straight-laced, studious youth, I'd read all the books, written all the essays, passed all the exams. But my return to Cambridge revealed a fundamental shift: I was obsessed, and started seeing everything in terms of waves. I became surfing correspondent for The Times, and wrote books and articles engaging with the subject from a literary and anthropological perspective. It wasn't necessarily a great career move; there was a sentiment that I'd betrayed the academic community, by deviating into unorthodox realms. But you have to follow the argument where it leads, and for me, surfing was and remains a miraculous experience. I crowned myself the "best surfer in Cambridge" for a while, though when it turned out, rather unfortunately, to be untrue, I had to drop that prestigious title. Thankfully for me, it's not about the glory, or the sex-god, superhero image. It's all about the waves.

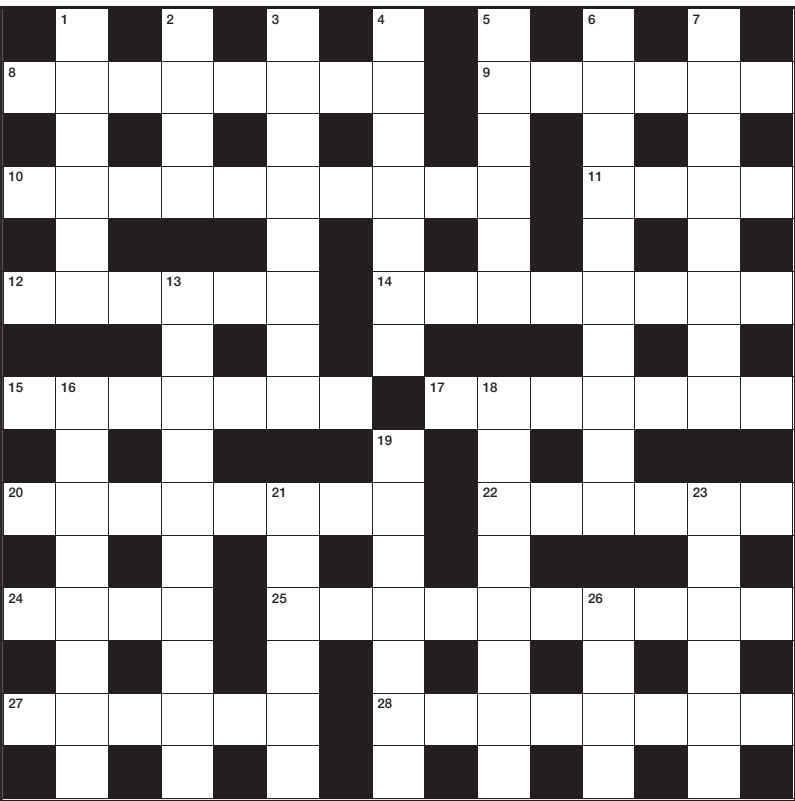
Dr Andy Martin is a University MML lecturer. Would you like to be interviewed for this column? Please contact Moya Sarner (mts31)

Games & puzzles



Varsity Crossword

no. 489



Across

- 8 A weapon, in itself, is a sign of togetherness (3-2-3)  
9 Foreign capital limitlessly upset (6)  
10/17 The hot-headed use of reconstructed events in 25's life (3,5,2,3,4)  
11 By the way, surrounding, in other

- words, baked dishes (4)  
12 Change the year of our Lord only (6)  
14 See scars turned into cuddles (8)  
15 Clothed hat loses its head, exhausted (7)  
17 See 10

- 20 Most muscular insect party never ends (8)  
22 Short break out by 24 hours? (3,3)  
24 Sad army conceals Jewish month (4)  
25 Creator of 27 doves to swirl around the atmosphere (10)  
27 Five enter Edmond's library content (6)  
28 X and y mostly sunk the present two points (8)

Down

- 1 Fantastic being concealed from flowering plant (6)  
2 Including humour, he begins (4)  
3 Get a tube turned into bread (8)  
4 I am soft fruit; get in the way (7)  
5 Quietly mention favour (6)  
6 Nosed, without starting to go inside provisions, apparently (10)  
7 A vole ear, applied, is an alternative medicine (4,4)  
13 Smartly dressed nobhead intrudes, stupid (10)  
16 25's not a fool (3,5)  
18 Fish shock Dad, cooking (8)  
19 A cold remedy is under discussion (2,5)  
21 Time to end the Spanish; the German is the most senior (6)  
23 Lying monarch after Fra Alberto's crowns (6)  
26 Disgusting-sounding musical instrument (4)

Set by Hisashi

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.

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

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).

	9	9				7	11	
12					14			
				9				
4				17				
		19				15		
			16					
17	7						11	
19					8			
9					15			

Last issue's solutions

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



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# The Varsity Debate



## Is Cambridge an inherently misogynistic institution?

Ahead of Germaine Greer's appearance next week at the Union and 139 years since the University began admitting women, we ask how much progress has been made in the name of sexual equality.

### Yes

Flo  
Sharp



Cambridge is a monument to male prowess

By its very nature Cambridge University is a misogynistic institution. Designed and conceived of as an academic sanctuary for men, it was and still is a principally male domain. Conceptually and aesthetically Cambridge is engineered to satisfy male requirements. The university is characterized by strong, impregnable masculine architecture. The fortified front gates of the oldest colleges, which were designed to protect the young male scholars within, are essentially statements of male potency and supremacy. It is not only the impressive Tudor architecture which speaks of male prowess, but also the modern architecture put up in the twentieth century, the sharp edged giant monolithic buildings put up in the sixties, such as Churchill College and the Cripps buildings, that appeal to the male psyche, the harsh functionality of these constructions completely indifferent to female sensitivity.

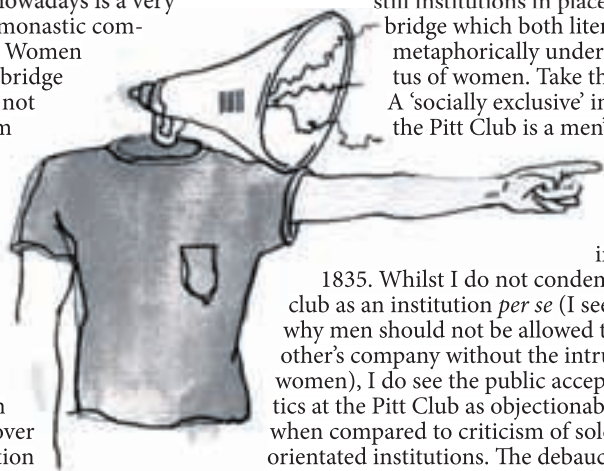
Of course, Cambridge nowadays is a very different place to the small monastic community of the Middle Ages. Women have been admitted to Cambridge since 1869 (although it was not until 1921 that women, from Girton and Newnham, were allowed to graduate with the same degree as men), and 49 per cent of the undergraduates that enter Cambridge are women. Women do flourish at Cambridge, academically and in an extracurricular capacity. Surprisingly, however, given the domination of women over men in the school examination league tables, far fewer women achieve first class degrees here than men (18 per cent of women, 26 per cent of men). The number of women who become academics and professors in Cambridge is significantly lower than the number of men, with only 6.2 per cent of the university's professorships taken up by women. With the posts of dons, deans and masters filled predominantly by men, the professional world of Cambridge University is riddled with male elitism, and is painfully lagging behind in the equality stakes. The History of Art department is a case in point. Typically thought of as a female-friendly subject, the number of male professors far surpasses the number of women academics. How odd given the fact that the women to men ratio in any given undergraduate year in the history of art department is about 3:1. Where do all these bright young women go? Admittedly, it is down to the life choices of women themselves, many of whom, as Germaine Greer put it in the seventies, 'shop for degrees' at university, and

then leave with the intention of settling down and getting married, leaving their academic certificates to gather dust in the attic. However, despite this, confidence plays a considerable part. The failure of women to pursue careers in the academic world is a symptom of a widespread lack of confidence among women at university, a fact that the Cambridge University statisticians themselves have identified as the main cause of female underachievement compared to that of men. Undoubtedly, the Cambridge statistics are representative of a broader, nationwide problem. However, it can be said that this state of mind is also in many ways fostered by the male-orientated systems that characterize the university. Cambridge is an institution steeped in traditions formed at a time when misogyny was the norm.

Cambridge's million and one clubs and societies amply provide for the needs of women. However, despite these opportunities there are still institutions in place in Cambridge which both literally and metaphorically undermine the status of women. Take the Pitt Club. A 'socially exclusive' institution, the Pitt Club is a men's club that

has enjoyed a prosperous career since its inception in

1835. Whilst I do not condemn the men's club as an institution *per se* (I see no reason why men should not be allowed to enjoy each other's company without the intrusion of women), I do see the public acceptance of antics at the Pitt Club as objectionable, especially when compared to criticism of solely female-orientated institutions. The debauchery of the Pitt Club and the gross behaviour of some of its members is treated as mere tomfoolery by the Cambridge bystander, as evidenced by the jovial mention of a recent member's antics in Cambridge Spies, whereas any collective action by the girls of New Hall – sorry, Murray Edwards (snigger) – for instance, is greeted with instant derision. The phenomenon of drinking societies – in many ways instigated by the establishment of the Pitt Club – is one that works against all previous aspirations by women to be received as equals to men. There is nothing unusual or condemnable about men getting drunk together: in fact, it is almost expected. However, when women decide to follow suit – which they do in the hope that they will gain the respect and admiration of their male counterparts, the results are highly embarrassing and, indeed, slightly shameful. No more elaboration on the subject is necessary; apart from to say that, if Virginia Woolf could have seen the performance of the Newnham Nuns in May Week, she would have rolled, weeping, in her grave.



Libby  
Silver



Women participate in all areas of Cambridge life

### No

For almost seven centuries no female presence disrupted the calm of the Cam. When Girton opened in 1869, it was granted only unreclaimed swamps 26 miles outside Cambridge. Newnham may have been deemed fit for an 'in-town' location, but this did not allow women to create ripples in the continuous flow of masculine authority. When the last all-male colleges finally opened their doors to women, many fellows spent the day heaving along a coffin in a wheel barrow, proudly sporting black arm-bands, symbolising the 'death' of the university, and in the mid 1980s, at the time of heated dispute over admission of women, *Varsity* ran the headline; "Magdalene to go co-ed: state school pupils to be admitted".

The Apostles' Society ruled the fens in the 1920s and 30s; not only were female minds sidelined, their bodies were too. Cambridge became a hotbed for more than 'higher sodomy': a nest of spies and seditious practices, home to crazed and nihilistic geniuses who dwelt hobbit-like within the confines of their sets, leaving little place for women in their minds, hearts or loins.

In 1928, Virginia Woolf addressed female students at Newnham and Girton, arguing that it would take a hundred years for women to attain anything like equality at Cambridge. This has happened sooner than she thought.

In 1948 women were elevated to full university status, eligible to sit for degrees at Senate House. In 1958 they were accorded equal rights to men. Now, in 2008, female students comprise 49 per cent of undergraduates at Cambridge: they are not only admitted to every once male-only college, but still have two of their own.

There are those sections of Cambridge society that still cling to their masculine roots. There remains a certain gentlemen's club, discreetly located above Pizza Express, where men can retreat for their notion of R&R. However, its members do invite women from time to time, to drink from their silver-plated jugs. The dress code for this year's garden party hosted by the Wyverns – a male drinking society – was blazers for men and bikinis for women. Though this summons may have caused offence to some, it was intended less as cheek than it was tongue-in-cheek. If women chose to expose both cheeks then it was their own fault.

There are indeed still all-male choirs at King's and St John's, but there is nothing inherently wrong with this. It is a mistake to assume that all-male enterprise is always a bad thing. Male

choirs exclude women only because they include only men. A blend of male voices is not qualitatively better or worse than the sound produced by a mixed choir: it is simply different; there are an abundance of choirs for women to choose from.

In fact, it is this abundance that now characterises Cambridge: women do participate in all areas of life here. Not only do we thrive within the university's art and music scene, but we are also paving our way through male-dominated fields. Women compete in over 41 sports, from rugby to fencing. Like The Hawks, we have our own sporting and social club, The Ospreys. The Cambridge Union – revered as a traditionally male bastion – actually has had 20 female presidents since 1967. Similar figures are found in CUSU, where currently three out of the six Sabbatical Officers are women, included a dedicated 'Women's Officer', whose role it is to ensure that the perspective of female students is always taken into account.

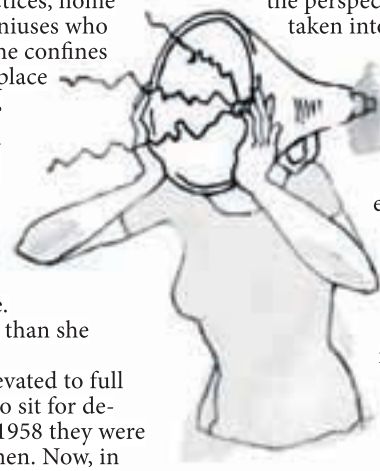
In any case, it is frankly embarrassing when elite institutions start introducing draconian measures to try to counter any remnants of past discrimination, and enforce equality; we'd rather win it on our own terms.

As Alan Ryan of New College, Oxford recently wrote regarding the endless criticism of Oxbridge for being too elitist: it is depressing. To be at Cambridge is not to attend a finishing school that teaches men to be gentlemen and women to be ladies. Nor is it a place that needs to kow-tow to the govern-

ment's obsession with political correctness and the avoidance of anything contentious.

'Equality' does not necessarily mean 'being the same as'. It is undeniable that women are under-represented in the Maths and Sciences, just as men are under-represented within certain areas of the Humanities. But this is not an issue of sexism, nor is it something that need be addressed by policy. There simply are fewer women aspiring to be mathematicians, and female talent can only be recognised where there are women willing to step up and offer it.

Cambridge is a historic university steeped in traditions, some of which grant men antiquated prerogatives. But, in the main, these privileges are both trivial and irrelevant. This 800-year-old university has taken an about-turn in the last 50 years: in the 1970s under 20 per cent of Cambridge's student population was female, now there is parity. Whatever women aspire to in Cambridge today, they can achieve. So let's hoist up our gowns and show we have balls.





## The Soapbox



**Week 3:**  
*Laurie Coldwell: it's not easy being green*

Superman doesn't have to put up with this. All he has to worry about is static build-up on that playschool-colour Lycra and the chafing from not learning to put his underwear on the inside. And even then you can hear Lois Lane come running – “what's that Superman? You need cream to be rubbed onto those super-super thighs of yours? I'll be gentle, I promise.”

I don't even get a costume, yet here I am saving the world every damn day. Where's my comic strip? Where's my theme tune? Where's my cream? You see, I'm my college's JCR Green Officer. I'm one of those terrible, awful people who tells you politely, if you please, to pick up your litter. Except, what with my charming, cultured Yorkshire sensibilities, it's usually some choice violent invective.

I spend my days in bins, writing about bins, turning off light switches, talking about bins, falling in love with Al Gore, arguing for more bins, hearing 'no' from the college authorities, dreaming of bins and being an all-round ethical good egg. You see, I don't mind all this. It gives purpose to a life around which a degree is quickly falling apart. I can't do it all, though. I've tried and I was fantastic for all of five minutes. Five minutes of Green Officer narcissism before I realised I needed some sidekicks.

There are 17,000 Cambridge students (I've counted). Imagine 17,000 sidekicks – no, you're better than that – 17,000 superheroes saving the world? Although, you wouldn't have to all wear costumes (there are some of you I can't stop).

It can often be hard to see the link between the little things in your day and those big, nasty global warming things that look like they're-going-to-kill-us-all-oh-my-God-we're-all-doomed-I'm-going-to-curl-into-a-ball-cause-that's-safest. But if you can't do big things, what's the use in small things?

Did you know that appliances left on standby use up to 85% of the electricity they use when switched on? If you turn your appliances off at the plug, this doesn't happen. What if 17,000 people (in Lycra or not) did that? That'd be a bit of a big thing, wouldn't it? But it wouldn't be a big thing for you to do.

The CUSU Go Greener Campaign is working hard to get the University, Faculties and Colleges moving forward, but for Cambridge to make a difference, we need you as well, switching lights off, reducing, reusing, recycling. A little bit every day, but all of you.

And then we can all stand tall and say: “I saved the world today. Now rub my thighs, lover.”

**Soumaya Keynes**



## The problem with polls

*Media hype is distorting the American election*

The hubbub of media speculation surrounding the current US presidential race has had many surprises: the selection of Sarah Palin, the quantities of dirt to be dished and the peaks and troughs in the approval ratings. But the two biggest surprises have come from the unlikely of places.

One has been the anticlimactic nature of the presidential debates. The television of these first occurred in 1960 with a debate between Nixon and Kennedy. Whilst radio listeners declared Nixon to be the victor, his five o'clock shadow and sweatiness cost him the debate in the minds of the viewers. Forty-eight years on, and the candidates are groomed to perfection, though unfortunately in areas beyond their appearance.

Those hoping for bitch fights have been disappointed. Instead they are met with ninety minutes of lame and predictable answers which could have been produced by amalgamating segments of previous interviews. In fact, rather than being taken as opportunities to discuss meaty issues in depth, at least the first two presidential debates turned out to be exercises in not cocking up.

Witnessing the earlier debates induced overwhelming feelings of boredom, despite the limited discussion time. Time restrictions made it far too easy for candidates to completely ignore the issues, as demonstrated by Palin's performance in the Vice-Presidential debate, during which she proudly notified viewers that she “may not answer the questions that

either the moderator or you want to hear”.

But then these debates are not about substantive issues, policy or governance capabilities. They are about perception and exposure of character traits. It is unfortunate that such importance should be attached to Obama appearing cool, collected and ‘presidential’ (whatever that means), and McCain seeming a little erratic and crabby. Why is the media so happy to persuade the public into believing that the debates give an adequate impression of the candidates?

McCain has shrewdly tried to turn the election into a referendum on the inexperienced and still rather mysterious Obama, and it's a shame that there is no stronger force moving the candidates away from the superficial personality politics they engage in for the majority of the race. Whereas all three debates should have been exciting potential turning points, for the most part they were of little value, providing nothing more than ninety minute summaries of the candidates' general campaigns.

The second unexpected feature of the campaign has been the role of opinion polls in the race. These appear to be hijacking any suspense that there might once have been by fuelling the widespread view that Obama has as good as won.

On the eve of the Kerry-Bush election, the polls were predicting a win for Kerry. Investigations revealed that the polls' inaccuracy had arisen from too many women being included in the group of those polled (women favoured Kerry),

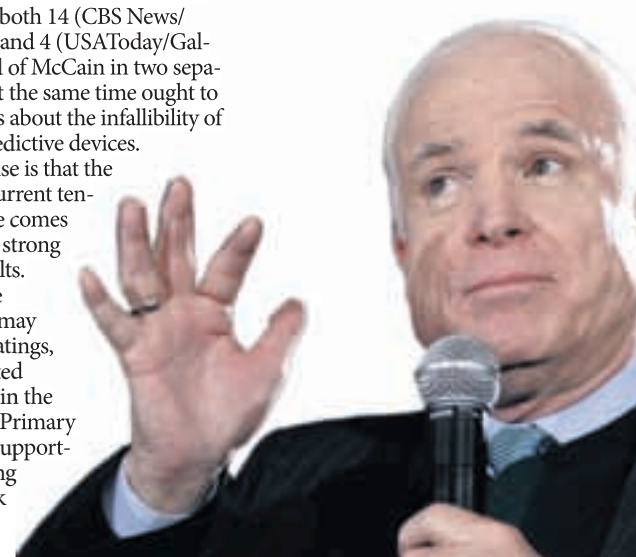
and the interviewers being too young (older voters were more likely to vote for Bush and less likely to respond to an infantile questioner). One blogger commenting on the accuracy of opinion polls gleefully revealed his intentions to vote for McCain, having deliberately misled a polling company about his preferences.

The process of polling has many of these inbuilt biases and distortions which do not necessarily cancel each other out. It must be remembered that a sample of people willing to partake in a poll is not representative of the population as a whole – polling companies cannot impose participation. The fact that Obama was shown to be both 14 (CBS News/NewYorkTimes) and 4 (USAToday/Gallup) points ahead of McCain in two separate polls taken at the same time ought to shatter any myths about the infallibility of these popular predictive devices.

The real surprise is that the main source of current tension in the debate comes directly from the strong opinion poll results. Obama's ultimate stumbling block may be his approval ratings, just as his predicted landslide victory in the New Hampshire Primary discouraged his supporters from bothering to vote. His shock loss in this state served as a

sharp reminder of the distorting effects of media hype, and it would be a bitter irony if complacency lost him the election now.

The news media is supposed to be reflective, though its influence in election outcomes is well-known. Whereas the presidential debates were meant to expose the candidates and present them truthfully to the electorate, they did no such thing. Whereas opinion polls are meant to accurately gauge voter opinion and nothing more, in reality they potentially play a much more significant role in the election outcome. We will have to wait until November 4 to see in what way and to what extent this effect will rear its head.



**Jono Franklin**



## Cooking up the Melting Pot

*In defence of sub-culture*

It is easy to pity those who have to tick that mistrusted and unfashionable White British box on Equal Opportunities forms. While every other ethnic identity seems to get its colourful parade, the White British are left with Morris Dancing, Cheese Rolling and scones. Similarly, the heterosexual male must look on in envy as Gay Prides pass by, leaving echoes of music and confetti in their wake. These independent sub-cultures are flourishing, while those unfortunates who don't have something to hyphenate their identity with stand by bewildered.

Some would have us forget all of our differences. However, integration is not, and should not, be this simple. Sub-cultures need a level of autonomy. Society isn't an internet chat-room, and we are lacking a clear moderator to issue guidelines on how to behave. We do have the vagaries of the English legal system, but it remains slightly cloudy on the issues of how to dress, talk, eat or socialise. That's the role of our sub-cultures. Individuals need freedom, but they also need social support and guidance.

It is especially important, then, that these communities feel free to govern themselves as they see fit. With widespread public apathy and a feeling of anomie in the central political system, ethnic, sexual and social groupings have more of a role

than ever before. These groups exist for their members and those who get involved can help define the internal workings. If those representing the community become estranged from the wishes of their constituents, the structure has to adapt or will collapse.

Their values may differ from ours, are well-placed to guide individuals in a way the state or the family isn't. The stereotypical gay culture may be brash, but in a country where heterosexuality is considered the norm, its visibility serves a wider social purpose as a reminder that some people

as the hegemony of bland Americanised culture shows, minorities are endangered species and need care in conservation.

Pride is an important part of this: communities should be able to advertise their successes and contributions. While ‘Pride’ may have become associated with the LGBT world, many minorities, such as the Irish on St. Patrick's Day or Afro-Caribbeans during Black History Month, have times to show off their wares.

Sub-cultures, almost by definition, are separatist, and although they may represent a wide spectrum of beliefs, practices and dress senses, it is impossible for this plethora to be represented to the outside world. Only a snapshot can be taken and, like a photo, it can be embarrassing to those inside it who feel they haven't been portrayed from the correct angle.

Community is about placing the individual in a wider structure and, while many may feel that the relevant organisations do not cater for them or their tastes, it is vital that they continue to exist and represent the diversity of culture. I hope I am preaching to the converted but a reminder might be necessary that maintaining independent sub-cultures is vital, as a way of keeping groups cohesive in an increasingly fragmented society. White British men will find their corner. Let's just hope it doesn't involve Morris Dancing.

*“With widespread public apathy, and a feeling of anomie in the central political system, ethnic, sexual and social groupings have more of a role than ever before”*

For example, for the past hundred years, there have been worries among certain members of the Jewish community that the current generation of Jews will be the last one. Hence, some philanthropic benefactors found the money to provide free alcohol at university events, spotting a niche which might encourage young Jews to stay involved. Equally, there was concern in the Irish community about alcoholism; so specific projects have been set up to prevent excessive drinking.

These communities, however loud they may be, and however much

aren't straight.

It is too easy to assume that a majority view exists on anything, and to ignore those on the fringes. Minority groups have to shout a little bit louder to get heard, but that is a valuable reminder of the diversity of human opinion. While integration may seem desirable, it is only the primary school teacher that requires everyone to get along. Like the over-enthusiastic toddler with the acrylic paints, if we mix everything too much, we lose a sense of the unique. Interaction is important, and fusion can lead to wonderful results, but





Mark  
Wolfson



## Singing the blues

*How progressive has the Tory Party become under Cameron?*

As British eyes swing stateside to our cousins across the Atlantic, some British politicians will be breathing a sigh of relief. Constant speculation about Senators Obama and McCain has moved the spotlight away from the catastrophe that is the current Labour government. There is, however, one leader who has certainly not relished the prospect of staged presidential debates, bawdy sex scandals and endless YouTube clips: David Cameron.

We have a government that is failing its people. The Prime Minister – incompetent, unaccountable and seemingly untouchable – claimed that the ‘boom and bust’ cycle had finished under Labour. We were promised an endless summer, not a long winter of discontent. It should have been the responsibility of the Opposition to highlight these flaws, to hold the government to account. Yet the Conservatives held back.

At the Party Conference last month, Mr Cameron offered the troubled Labour government bipartisan support to guide the country through the ever-deepening financial crisis. Rejecting the opportunity to score decisive political points, Cameron’s Conservatives demonstrated a desire for stability and recovery. But in the past week, with little headway being made and many headlines dominated by tumbling stock markets, bank collapses and unprecedented government bailouts,

Mr Cameron has shifted to the offensive.

So what exactly is this credible alternative? The unforgettable refrain, “it’s the economy, stupid”, has characterised recent Conservative policy. Mr Cameron has pledged to create an independent Office of Budget Responsibility to hold governments to account for fiscal policy. Furthermore, he has highlighted the importance of small businesses by offering a six-month VAT break to stimulate spending. He has also proposed a cut on national insurance contributions to help

them repay outstanding loans. Endemic high levels of debt will be monitored by widening the powers of the Bank of England. These policies do not destroy the bipartis-

anship of the past month, but demonstrate sensible policy formation.

Instead of decisive action, successive Labour governments prefer to remind the public of their achievements: it was with little surprise then that September saw £8.1bn of public sector borrowing. Congratulations Chancellor Darling, you just set a sparkling new record. Ironically, whilst Treasury secretary Yvette Cooper rants about the “risks and contradictions” in Tory economic policy, she presides over one of the darkest periods in our nation’s economic history.

After so many years of Labour unity, why has the Party chosen now to crumble, at this most crucial of moments? These days the only thing more turbulent than our economy seems to be the Cabinet. The ‘will he/won’t he?’ of July and August must have left Gordon Brown wishing that Foreign Secretary David Miliband was as easy to lose as the millions of people’s data lost this past year. Whilst the Labour front-bench splinters, the Tories appear more united than ever before in my political memory.

So how did Cameron, the Old Etonian, change the image of the Conservative Party so radically? Branded as the ‘nasty party’ by the Chief Consultant of spin-doctors Alastair Campbell, the Tories have been in the political wilderness since 1997, listless and out of touch. Upon Mr Cameron’s ascension to the top job however, the Conservatives overtook Labour in polling for the first time in a decade and this year have hardly surrendered their considerable lead. His suc-

cess has been in convincing voters that he is a politician of conviction. Whether intentionally or not, he has come to be seen as the natural heir to a younger Tony Blair. Brown has been left in the cold, caught unawares by crisis after crisis. If Thatcher is remembered as the Iron Lady, Brown may well go down as the Slate Chancellor: grey, flat and fragile when the big storm hits.

But how progressive has the Tory Party really become under Cameron? I have heard it said that there are almost as many Davids on the front bench as women. But he has moved to increase the number of women and ethnic minority candidates. Many accuse the front bench of being dominated by the most privileged. However, high-ranking Conservatives like William Hague were educated in state comprehensives. With high-ranking Labour ministers like Alistair Darling and Harriet Harman educated in elite institutions, the Labour front bench is hardly bereft of its own privileged clique.

The same tired accusations continue to be thrown against Mr Cameron’s leadership. He is accused of being faddish, inconsistent and hollow. Yet he took the reins of a thrice-beaten party and stabilised it. He reconnected with the membership, restored pragmatism and rebranded the Party: “Vote Blue, Go Green”, “Progressive ends by Conservative means”. This vision of social justice and responsible government is not mere lip service; it is backed by strong and coherent policies. Time alone will tell whether he becomes as dynamic and capable a Prime Minister as so many of us dare to hope.

## Spk yr brains

*Chatroom chinwag between  
Wifi Wendies and Broadband Brians*



### Week 3: Vladimir Putin

this Judo instruction video has everything to do with political issues. He’s building himself up as a leader through media and propaganda. With his control of media and his unstoppable propaganda machine, there’s no doubt Putin is leading Russia into a more Soviet-esque era that must be stopped. U-S-A!

*john\_milton, Chislehurst  
Posted Sun 14:14:21*

DOWN WITH THE NEW WORLD ORDER im originally from the United states of Israel sadly, and all i have to say is it shall be brave people such as Putin and the Proud Russians of the motherland, and anyone that desires freedom and true peace WE SHALL BE THE LAST BASTION OF HOPE for ALL Humankind, support him for soon he will have the whole world against him, and then against us, do unto the world what you know is right “Unthinking respect for authority is the greatest enemy of truth”

*buckabear777, Lyme  
Posted Sun 15:24:43*

OH and dont be ignorant John\_Milton, do your research McCain and Obama are appointed by the Bilderberg group, and its JEWISH advisors, JEWS from Israel who stole the holy land from the muslims, just how they steal your money, health, votes, and your lives, theyve perfected the art of mass control through media and money, and the art of making wars for mass casualties and prophets, the NEW WORLD ORDERS main goal is to depopulate the world by 90%, RESEARCH!

*buckabear777, Lyme  
Posted Sun 17:12:55*

PUTIN=HITLR LOL  
*misterpeaky, Child Okeford  
Posted Sun 22:45:33*

Buckabear stop bein an idiot. Putin’s a man no tto be mest wiv. id love to see him drop GWB like that. YEEE-HAA! Vlad tha man! You got tha skillZ!! Kick sum AsS!!

*mrrolimpicus, Fontmell Magna  
Posted Mon 09:37:10*

Putins interesting behavior: Kissing little boys on the belly. Wrestling and throwing down adolescent boys. This guy obviously has issues with his sexuality. Pedophile? Maybe. Probably!

*gordon\_the\_gopher, Motherwell  
Posted Mon 11:50:03*

Великий хуев дзюдоист  
Учись сынок учись.....  
*eski326, Москва  
Posted Mon 16:46:05*



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Mill Lane, Cambridge

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REPORTS AND PREVIEWS

# Jesus upset last year's champions

»Home side left to rue spurned opportunities and saved penalty



Trinity Captain Dany Gammall

John Savage  
Sport Reporter

After the final whistle, Trinity captain Dany Gammall likened the match to a battle rather than a game of football, and rightly so. Owing to the overgrown pitch, both sets of players struggled to deliver fluent football. Instead, a cagey and untidy fixture unfolded, with little to choose between last season's champions and the team that finished third.

Like most opening matches of the season, the first ten minutes saw a scrappy affair in which the ball rarely left the middle of the park. Jesus, sitting deep, invited Trinity front man Ozzie Akushi to exert his physical presence. Had it not been for a sublime last-ditch tackle from centre-back James Day, Akushi would have found himself with just the keeper to beat. The pace of Andy Garside and Gammall on the wings was a constant threat but their crosses were not capitalised on by the Trinity strike force.

Having been reduced to the odd counter attack, Jesus settled after twenty-five minutes, James Loxam coming close with a decent headed chance and Josh Phillips finding space in the box after a quickly

Jesus	0
Trinity	1

Scorer: Farrell

taken free kick, only to shoot weakly into the keeper's arms.

On the stroke of half-time, the deadlock was broken. Jesus sent a lofted ball into the penalty area, and Ruaidhri Farrell met the flick-on at the far post, before chesting it down and poking it into the net. Trinity had only themselves to blame for not taking advantage of their early dominance.

Eager to remind the visitors who the current champions were, Trinity exploded at the restart, Gammall making a splendid run from the right flank before squaring beautifully for Akushi, whose effort was smothered by the defender. The two linked a moment later in a delightful move on the edge of the box, but the forward's shot was tame.

Jesus relied heavily on Aki Laakso, their only real creative outlet. Although he stood up to the task on several occasions, sending curling crosses into the box and warming the keeper's hands with drilled

shots from the right, Jesus' lack of ideas was worrying.

At the other end, an instinctive save denied the troublesome Akushi from ten yards, but his follow up yielded a penalty, the defender rightly adjudged to have handled in the area. Epitomising Trinity's day of missed opportunities, the spot kick, low into the corner, was clawed away by a stretching Ellis.

As the minutes ticked down, Jesus retreated into their own half, preferring to stifle out the luckless Trinity side, rather than to seek the second goal. It worked, and they claimed the three points to the satisfaction of their captain. Ellis said, "It was a solid performance. We hung on a bit, but played some pleasing stuff in the first half", before adding, "the best is yet to come".

Gammall conceded that his team had "thrown everything at them" and promised that Trinity would "definitely bounce back from this".

Winning whilst playing badly is a sign of champions, and judged on this performance, Jesus will in the shake up.

**Star Player:** Dany Gammall – Although on the losing side, Trinity's captain led by on the right wing.

# Resounding defeat for Tennis Blues

» Highly talented Loughborough dispatch battling Cambridge with ease

Varsity Sport

High hopes were held by John Western and his team of Blues for the coming tennis season. Having produced a fine display in America over the summer to win back the prestigious Prentice Cup, the squad was brimming with optimism and raised expectations. On Wednesday afternoon they were brutally bought back down to earth.

Facing division favourites Loughborough in their first home match of the season, it was not long before Cambridge fell behind. Loughborough's former junior national champion was too good for Blues number one Robert Blythe of Emmanuel.

Cambridge	0
Loughborough	10

The first set saw Blythe battle valiantly with reasonable success, eventually losing his service game only once, allowing Loughborough's top man take a 6-3 lead. The second set was more swift as Blythe faded in the face of his opponent's serving superiority, with the Cambridge man picking up just one game.

The straight sets defeat of Blues' number one proved ominous. Emmanuel's James Ashton, Selwyn's John Western and King's Rutger-Jan Lange all came close but not

close enough as they were narrowly edged out by their Loughborough opponents. The doubles contests finished in similarly disappointing fashion. Rutger-Jan and Queens' Pavel Chichkanov were easily dispatched by Loughborough's second pair, while Blythe and Western threw away a 7-5 lead thanks to a string of loose volleys and eventually lost the match on a tie-break.

Outclassed by an impressive Loughborough side, Cambridge's battling spirit was not enough to stop a resounding ten to nothing defeat. Humbled and humiliated, John Western must now rally his disheartened troops for Wednesday 29th October's clash with Manchester if he is to get their season back on track.

**Star Player:** If only there was one.



Many of Cambridge's current players were part of last year's Varsity winning team

# All square in Northampton

» Footballers succumb to another late set-piece

Varsity Sport

On Wednesday the Blues travelled the relatively short distance to Northampton to play a side that had just been relegated from the division above. Playing conditions were less than ideal with the pitch in particularly bad shape, accompanied by a stray dog that followed the ball during the match.

Before they could play their free-flowing football, the Blues had to be prepared for a battle against the physically more imposing Northampton team. In a goalless first half, both sides had a few half chances without being able to take advantage. The best of these fell to Matt Amos but his right foot effort was well smothered by the opposition keeper.

Northampton	1
Cambridge	1

Scorer: Baxter

The second half saw the Blues play by far the better football, while Stu Ferguson in the Cambridge goal, ably assisted by the commanding central defensive partnership of Hakimi and Brown, did well to nullify any threat to the Blues' defence. A sustained period of early pressure led to Michael Stark being brought down on the edge of the area, and from the resulting free-kick, Mark Baxter stepped up and curled the ball low into the bottom corner.

After this, the Blues seemed to take

some sort of control of the game, settling down into a better rhythm. However, for the second week running, they were undone by a corner with around 15 minutes left on the clock, when a Northampton central defender powerfully headed past the helpless Ferguson.

Although there were several more half-chances to win the game, the Blues failed to create a clear-cut chance and the game ended in a 1-1 draw. The Blues will obviously be disappointed not to take all 3 points, however they must see this as a point gained rather than 2 points lost, and take confidence into their BUSA cup match next week against Bedfordshire University 3rd team.

**Star Player:** Stu Ferguson – very solid and unlucky not to keep a clean sheet

## College Catch-up

### Match of the Week

#### St John's 64 - Trinity 3

Can anyone stop John's? If so, it certainly won't be Trinity this season. Meeting for the first time since the 2007 Cuppers Final these two old foes toiled in the Tuesday sun, but only one side felt the heat. A push over try from their dominant scrum was the first in what would become many Johns points. After the break, with the advantages of the slope and the wind, the Redboys began to cut loose. A brace of tries for Rickard, Cheetham and captain Will Hall helped Johns put a massive 64 points on the scoreboard, with only a first half penalty to save Trinity's blushes. If anyone really can stop St Johns from securing their 5th consecutive league title they will struggle to take encouragement from this encounter.

### Player of the Week

#### Felix Schaaf

On his first ever javelin throw at this university, John's fresher Felix Schaaf made it into the All Time CUAC rankings. Propelling a javelin 47.03 meters with his first attempt in last weekend's college athletics Schaaf's throw was officially the 29th furthest distance ever achieved at Cambridge. "The interesting thing is that I basically haven't done any athletics in the last three years," he commented, suggesting it may come from "an innate ability of Germans rooting itself in throwing tree stumps at Roman legionaries".

Given his relative inexperience Schaaf has an exciting Athletic future. "As I only did a five step run-up on Saturday there is some room for improvement. My aim for this season is to throw 50 metres". Whatever the reason for his remarkable achievement, expect to see much more of Felix Schaaf in the future, both at college and university Athletics.

### Ones to watch next week

#### John's vs Jesus

St John's monopoly over college rugby's most sought-after titles has been phenomenal. They have won both the league and cuppers four times in a row – that's a quadruple double. In recent times, only Jesus have seriously challenged this sporting hegemony. They'll need to conjure up something divine to defeat a rampant Johns team. In short, this the match of the season. The match kicks off at 2.20pm on Johns pitches on Tuesday October 28.

#### Trinity vs Churchill

Reigning football Division One champions Trinity had a disappointing opening to this season losing 1-0 in a gritty tie with Jesus. Churchill, their next opponents, will certainly be no walkover, having been Division One regulars in recent years. If Trinity want to keep their title hopes alive they need points from this match. KO at 2pm Saturday October 25 at Trinity Old Fields.



Striker Matt Amos played a key part in Cambridge's effort



## Sport Feature: Bernard Laporte Interview



AGNES NORBURY

# Laporte report

AFTER GUIDING LES BLEUS TO FOUR SIX NATIONS CHAMPIONSHIPS, BERNARD LAPORTE IS CURRENTLY SETTLING INTO HIS NEW JOB AS THE FRENCH MINISTER FOR SPORT. HE TALKS RUGBY AND POLITICS TO GEORGE TOWERS

Delayed but not disappointing, last Friday Bernard Laporte, ex-coach of 'Les Bleus', the French National Rugby Team, and currently France's Minister for Sport spoke to a spartan yet enthusiastic Union chamber. An avid rugby fan, it was clear that despite his current position, the 'gentleman's game' remains his home turf, and he did not disappoint in his recollection of games won and lost, tactics employed and Chabal "le monster".

Transferable skills was one of the more dominant themes running through his talk and arising from the, arguably more interesting, question and answer session. From the outset, Laporte compared playing high level sport to high level education, both, he believed, focus on "fulfilling our dreams and achieving what we consider to be success... it is a commitment of a lifetime". Laporte was open about his educational ability, but what he may lack in academics, he certainly made up for as a top level player and then coach. He started his career as a scrum-half at Gaillac where he won the French U21 championship in 1983 and 1984 as captain. In 1991, he was again a championship-winning captain, this time at Begles-Bordeaux and the title was the national club championship. Continuing his winning streak, Laporte coached Stade Français to their 1998 championship win before taking over as the first professional coach of the French national side in 1999.

Laporte had a successful career as coach of the national side winning the Six Nations four times, grand slams in 2002 and 2004. However, Laporte is very clear that his overriding goal

was the Webb Ellis Trophy, something that repeatedly eluded him. Much to his annoyance, it was England who knocked out France at the semi-final stage of both the 2003 and 2007 Rugby World Cups. In 2007 the loss was particularly bitter given that France was the home nation, and the semi-final was held in the Stade de France, Stade Français's home ground.

# 65%

Laporte's win ratio in his 8 years in charge of Les Bleus

"Commitment is something more than a mere urge for victory and glory, I have never kept a single trophy that I have won because that is a way of being satisfied with oneself." Laporte has an insatiable appetite to push himself "beyond my limits". What drives Laporte is a self-professed "faith in people", something that transcends mere on-field success and is at the very heart of team sport. This understanding is what Laporte hopes to translate from rugby and into his new political career; "You need to be dedicated to the team if you want to have a chance to succeed".

Politics was never something that Laporte aspired to or saw coming. However, in retrospect he believes that it was the logical progression from a complete sporting career. For Laporte, sport is the means by which to improve the overall French quality of life. "My passion for sport has developed my taste for community, and my years with the French

team has reinforced my patriotism." Obviously, elite sport is something that Laporte will be spending a lot of his time on. He looked to the British Olympic performance improvement between Athens and Beijing (despite recent disdainful comments in the media that Britain focussed excessively on four main sports) as a great example of how high level sport can

# 4

Number of Six Nation Championships won by Laporte

be improved through initiatives and management. However, he also sees his role at a more grass-roots, social level. His dreams of social uplift come from his idea that translating sporting discipline into everyday life will resurrect the values of respect, hard work and cooperation.

A question on French immigration policy revealed Laporte's weakness on matters of pure politics. He is not someone who has risen up through the political ranks. Questions on matters mainly rugby were much more to his liking. Not too far removed from immigration, a question on the influx of foreign players into the French leagues prompted a much more informed and concrete response. His views on the modern game are definite: there need to be caps on foreign players from playing in France and denying native players opportunities to play domestically; the Experimental Law Variations are necessary as some elements of the

game had become boring and the All Blacks lose World Cups because they lack concentration.

What Laporte wants to see are more players like his pet "monster" Chabal. He waxed lyrical about Chabal's performances against the All Blacks, but this doesn't alter his belief that Dan Carter is the world's current greatest player.

At the core of Laporte's rugby philosophy was a simple idea. He denied any claims that France play a stylish game, often to their detriment, and that the English, under Woodward, played a 'win at all cost' strategy. Overall, he believes that it is a simple game: "...lose with the forwards and it is difficult to win the game." From Cambridge's point of view, these are promising words. Blues rugby over the last three years, and last year in particular, has been characterised by a strong pack that dominates the game and ultimately have created a spell of domination over Oxford. Under the captaincy of Jon Dawson, you would hope to see this trend continue. The ELVs, despite concerns, have not rendered the maul redundant; last year the driven over maul was a regular sight down at Grange Road, and that trend should hopefully continue.

Laporte, despite his high office, is a simple man. He's a rugby player first, politician second. His ideas are straightforward, typified by his overriding philosophy, "...if you all decided on one objective, you'll be difficult to stop". With a rugby season geared entirely towards one match, you'd think that victory would be easy. Last year the Blues had a hit-and-miss build-up, but produced, quite electrifyingly, when it mattered. If they can do that again, then we'll all be happy.



## Timeline

- 1964** Born in Rodez, Aviron.
- 1983** Wins French U21 Championship with UC Gaillac.
- 1995** Takes over Stade Français.
- 1998** After two successive promotions, Stade Français are crowned French champions.
- 1999** Becomes French National coach, leading Les Bleus to four Six Nations wins.
- 2007** Appointed French Secretary of State for Sport.



**Ramesh Nadarajah**

*Sport Comment*



## What makes sport addictive?

Sport is trivial. Fact. When put alongside death, disease, poverty, crime, warfare and the deepening economic crisis it is comparatively meaningless and will only ever be as important as we make it. But across the globe it still plays a massive part in peoples' lives and we allow it to do so for three reasons: partisanship, drama and 'greatness', of which the last, in my opinion, is the most compelling.

Sometimes sport seems driven by partisanship; by the extreme loyalty and identification that breeds the 'us against them' mentality. As followers we invest emotionally in certain individuals and teams to such an extent that we will experience absurd joy when 'we' win and crushing pain when 'we' lose. It can be wonderful, as I found when 'we' beat Germany 5-1 in Munich and 'we' regained the Ashes in 2005, and one can only imagine the elation when Bobby Moore held aloft the world cup at Wembley in 1966.

But this cannot be enough: you wouldn't pass up the chance to watch the finest footballers in Europe strut their stuff at Euro 2008 just because England weren't in it. Partisanship also has an insidious edge witnessed whenever there is hostility between rival fans and players. This antagonism lay behind the stabbing of two visiting Manchester United fans outside the Stadio Olimpico in Rome. They did nothing wrong, but were just unfortunate that their taxi

dropped them off at the stadium entrance where the home supporters convened.

Certainly drama is intrinsic to sport because sports rigorously examine the mental and physical merits of their participants, whilst the presence of chance adds a delicious sense of the unknown. However, drama alone is unsatisfying. Penalty shoot-outs, though always dramatic, have never struck me as representative of the core

ish defeat, and after four semi-finals, especially that rain-interrupted tragedy against Goran Ivanisevic, you realised that Henman, for all his undoubted qualities, was just not good enough.

So sport becomes the ultimate meritocracy. To get an accurate view of how well you have done, all you have to do is look at the scoreboard. One can argue frivolously about what might, could or should have

his swing to become a better player. He succeeded and has stretched his ascendancy so much that it appears only his fragile left knee can stop him. That's not pursuing success, that's pursuing perfection.

If we didn't appreciate greatness and beauty in sport then we would not have marvelled at Roger Federer's five successive Wimbledon triumphs. For the most part, those finals were notably lacking in drama and true competition, and also were largely devoid of partisanship among the spectators. Yet Federer was so brilliant that they were still a joy to behold. Perhaps even more impressively, he won the US Open last month with typical determination and style after losing his world number one ranking and cherished Wimbledon title to Rafael Nadal in a previously disappointing year. He showed great self-belief when everyone else doubted him, and thus the character of a champion – a true champion.

Sport may be trivial but you cannot deny greatness in extraordinary achievement. Greatness is completely out of reach for almost all of us, but it can capture our imaginations and change our perceptions of the world and what is possible. Partisanship can be ugly, drama unfulfilling, but for those of us who love sport's intoxicating mixture of fun, competition and the pursuit of excellence, greatness is pure, beautiful and inspirational.

*"Greatness is completely out of reach for almost all of us, but it can capture our imaginations and change our perceptions of the world and what is possible"*

values of football and make villains (Chris Waddle, Gareth Southgate and David Batty to name a few) where there deserves to be none.

Drama and partisanship dovetailed during any Tim Henman match at Wimbledon. The crowd and performer were symbiotic: their flag-waving, his restrained fist pumping, the combined tumultuous noise that greeted every point. The atmosphere was simultaneously glorious and terrible because of the mutual, suffocating desperation for triumph. Unfortunately these Wimbledons always ended in Brit-

happened but, in the end, sport draws a line between its winners and losers, its champions and also-rans, and ultimately, between the great and the merely very good.

True greatness requires a combination of immense ability and the remorseless drive to express that ability. Michael Phelps has 14 gold medals from two Olympic Games – the most of any Olympian – but he's still looking to add more at London 2012. Tiger Woods won eight majors from 1999 to 2002, but then accepted two years without major success while he changed

## Rugby Leaguers too strong for Lincoln

**John Savage**  
*Sport Reporter*

Having conceded an early try, Cambridge pulled together to come from behind and defeat Lincoln University in impressive fashion.

The two sides had never met before, but Cambridge were soon made fully aware of Lincoln's physical nature, and they gave away a try early on. Despite the initial setback, the Blues rallied together, setting up camp in Lincoln's half. The reward for their hard work came in the 34th minute, with George Sykes making a driving run over the line, a move originating from a penalty. The conversion was struck with precision, bringing the scores level.

The Blues left the field at half time with the knowledge that the game was theirs to be won, but that sloppy errors and committing cheap fouls were threatening to undermine this.

Cambridge began the second half in mixed form. They showed moments of real potential, with full-back Max Stechman and winger Will Brewster impressing with surging runs from deep. However, a

<b>Cambridge</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>Lincoln</b>	<b>20</b>

miscued kick and a knock on broke these promising moves down, leaving Cambridge with nothing to show for their energetic play.

The Blues then paid the price for sloppiness as Lincoln seized on a fumble to score their second try and carve a six point lead.

Cambridge responded well. In attack, Brewster's raw pace saw him surge past at least three opponents on more than one occasion and in defence, Freddie Humphries, Matt Bray and George Sykes were very solid.

With another speedy run through the centre, Brewster got the try he deserved, scrambling up from a last ditch tackle to reach the line. The celebrations did not last long, however, as Lincoln went ahead once more through a penalty kick.

Cambridge reacted well once again. Ali Glass finished off a good team move and Sykes converted competently. Max Stechman then terrorised the Lincoln right side



Captain Matt Bray

with a darting run down the wing and would have claimed Cambridge's fourth try had he not been cynically fouled by the last man, who duly received his marching orders. The foul was in vain, however, for Luke Tyson bundled the ball over the line from the subsequent penalty.

A drop goal from James Shearman consolidated Cambridge's advantage with Lincoln, beginning to show their fatigue.

They did manage a consolation try but the Blues ensured that they left on a high, Ali Glass going over on the left wing.

Coach John Evans praised the effort from his men: "They showed a great step-up in attitude and worked hard. We knew that Lincoln would tire and so worked and worked until it happened for us".

**Star Player:** Will Brewster – genuine pace and intelligent runs

## Ptaszynski's Trials



**Week 3: Mixed Lacrosse**

*Sporting layman Jamie Ptaszynski trains with a different Blues team each week*

There are three university lacrosse teams: men's, women's and mixed. I happen to have watched the women's team once before, so I know they're a bit too good for me. I know that men's lacrosse is quite violent because, in *American Pie*, that floppy haired guy with the girl's voice knocks a couple of people over while playing. I get knocked over enough in my social life so I plumped for the mixed version.

To play lacrosse you don't have to be particularly tall, you don't need vast amounts of stamina and, when playing mixed, you're not allowed to be particularly physical (to save the possible embarrassment of a guy being pushed over by a girl, I assume). So far so good. However, unlike most sports I'm well acquainted with (boules, petanques, canasta etc), lacrosse requires the use of quite a large weapon. It's a metal pole with a basket on the end, designed for throwing the ball and catching it further away from your body. Also, with the basket removed, it could double as a steel kendo stick. Dangerous, I think you'll agree. Let's hope I don't annoy anyone too much, or at least that, if I do, none of them are martial arts experts.

After a quick warm up, we started some simple exercises (passing and catching on the right, passing and catching on the left) and then some more complicated ones that I didn't understand which involved twisting and changing sides and stuff, but I didn't worry too much about them. I really enjoyed it and soon discovered that catching a ball with a net is a bit of a talent of mine. It didn't take long before I could even pass and move at the same time. The only other sport I can do that in is Pro Evo.

But then, using my journalistic skills of observation, I noted something rather curious: while running with the ball in their basket, some people appeared to be twisting the stick back and forth with their wrists, a bit like Ray Mears when, idiot that he is, he tries to set fire to a piece of kangaroo turd with a small stick. I checked around and noticed that all those more experienced than me were doing it. I realised, once I'd done some quick maths in my head, that this constituted everyone. Not wanting to leave under the impression that all these people are as imbecilic as Ray Mears, I decided to ask someone what on earth was going on. It turns out twiddling your basket around helps you keep control of the ball when on the move. This was duly proven when, while trying over and over again to run around a diminutive but nonetheless lovely girl, my balls kept flying out of my basket.

Generally, then, it was a much more successful outing than last week. Enjoyable, accessible and enlightening. Like a packet of liquorice all sorts, lacrosse is a mixed bag. Size certainly doesn't matter, but make sure you've got a good wrist action.

## The Week Ahead

### University

#### Rugby

The Blues follow up their resounding defeat at the hands of the Ospreys with a Wednesday-night fixture against Saracens. Captain Jon Dawson will be looking for improvement.

**Grange Road, Wednesday October 29, KO 19:15**

### University

#### Netball

The Netballers started their season with a home defeat against Nottingham before WHAT away to Nottingham Trent. Their second home fixture of the season is against against Oxford.

**The Perse School, Wednesday October 29, KO 14:30**

### University

#### Hockey

Rosie Evans' side lost out in their opening BUCS fixture against Oxford despite an encouraging performance. They take on Bath at home this Wednesday.

**Wilby, Wednesday October 29, KO 14:00**

### National

#### Football

Bitter North-East rivals Sunderland and Newcastle go head to head at the Stadium of Light. With all the recent turmoil on Tyneside, the Black Cats will be eager to worsen the Geordies' misery.

**Watch it at Quinns', Saturday October 25, 12:45**



# Sport



**Bernard Laporte**  
»p34

*French Sports Minister interviewed*



The Ospreys are an amalgamation of Neath and Swansea RFCs

## Captain's Corner

**Liam Gamble**  
*Polo*



To the layman, polo might appear as the epitome of elitist grandiosity; an exclusive medium for the pursuit of repose amidst the upper classes. Liam Gamble, CUPC captain, quickly dispels any such notions. "Our only prerequisite for joining is that you are a confident rider," he states.

The captain depicts an open and accessible club, keen to rid the sport of the stereotypes that it has acquired. The club heavily subsidises playing costs: training costs of £9 per 'chukka' – a seven-minute period of play – on top of a £50 termly fee may seem high, but when these expenses are compared to the £100+ per chukka paid by regular club players, the club's efforts become evident.

Polo is a mixed sport, which clearly promotes an integrated atmosphere within the club. Unity is a buzzword for CUPC – not just the players but also the ponies form "a very tight-knit club" according to Gamble. He boasts, "We are the only UK university club to own its own horses. We're proud to have a string of six handpicked Argentinian polo ponies. They are everything to the club and people form bonds with them".

The conception of polo as a leisurely pastime is also misfounded. "The idea that the horse does all the work is not quite true. After your first hour of polo you'll have aches in muscles you didn't know you had!"

"I'll definitely be playing for my remaining time here. It's hugely addictive," enthuses the fourth-year vet. He clearly feels a great fondness towards the club. "Polo has an unshakeable reputation of being an exclusive sport. However, if there's a place to play it, it's Cambridge."

# Blues drenched and defeated

» Cambridge struggle in the rain against a dominant Ospreys side

**Jenny Morgan**  
*Sports Reporter*

It was the match that nearly never was. As the Ospreys ground to a halt on the M4 and the rain lashed down, Cambridge waited with baited breath. Eventually it became clear that the visitors had managed to find an alternative route and would make it for a delayed kick off; oh how Cambridge would come to wish they hadn't. Since the team sheet was published last Friday, revealing an imposing mixture of junior internationals with some of the old guard there to provide direction, it was clear that the Welsh side were on the hunt for some early season pickings; Cambridge were always going to be hard pushed to prove their might against the predatory Ospreys.

The early speed of the game caught Cambridge on the back foot, the step up in quality of opposition after their opening games taking some adjusting to. Dominating the possession with strong passing and confident handling,

<b>Cambridge</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Ospreys</b>	<b>45</b>

the Ospreys ran riot in the midfield and took advantage of an early free kick to demonstrate their poised performance in the lineout. Soon the inevitable happened – the Ospreys engineering an overlap out on the right to take an easy early try. Fumbling play around the back from Cambridge, who were struggling with an increasingly slippery ball under pressure, was soon exploited by the opposition and, when the Blues were reduced to fourteen men with the sin binning of prop Niall Conlon, the opposition's second try quickly followed.

However, after this early bloodshed, play between the two teams then started to look more equal. Strength in the scrum and better set play in the field lent Cambridge a calmer, more positive air, and they were rewarded with three suc-

cessive penalties, of which Ross Broadfoot was able to put away a useful two. Meanwhile some piercing drives from number eight Trevor Boynton gained crucial territory, and Sandy Reid found space with a perfectly weighted cross-field kick. A looping pass out to James Greenwood moving at pace on the wing and Cambridge looked certain to score; a dangerously high tackle the only thing stopping the Blues from bringing the score to a more representative figure before the half time whistle. As it was, they would have to be content to head to the dressing room a fairly respectable 14-6 down.

The second half, however, was a different story. The Ospreys rediscovered their early speed and scored out on the left within the first two minutes. A relentless onslaught of points was to follow. Cambridge consistently failed to make the tackles, the Ospreys repeatedly stole lineout balls, and the lethal combination of a wide pass out left to make use of the scorching pace of Ospreys' regular, Lee Bevan, stretched the gap between

the teams to the extreme. Some suspiciously professional-looking fouls from the visitors put a stop to any breaks from Cambridge, in particular the late hit on fly-half Broadfoot which led to his being stretched off the pitch. But there was no doubting the sheer superiority of the Ospreys' classic play. The force of their physicality, and consistent conversions from their number 10 Matthew Jarvis, clocked up the points tally to a staggering 45-6.

Cambridge played some of their best rugby in the last five minutes, seeking a consolatory try for their night in the rain. But it was not to be. The Blues were beaten by a better team, but the evening's game was about so much more than just victory. What they take from this game will be crucial in defining the rest of their season and they will be hoping for a return to form against Saracens next week.

**Star Player:** Chris Lewis – impressive in the centre, making the tackles where others had missed and testing the Ospreys defence with some decisive breaks.

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