

VARSITY

Friday November 7 2008

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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Hugo Gye
Chief News Editor

A don convicted of downloading child pornography is set to resume work in April.

Nicholas Hammond, a Fellow of Caius and University Reader in the MML Faculty, was given a twelve-month suspended sentence after pleading guilty to possessing images of child pornography – including the most serious ‘Level Five’ images – in July.

The University has announced that Dr Hammond will resume his duties in teaching ‘Early Modern French thought and drama’ at the beginning of the Easter term, having been on leave since last Michaelmas. Tim Holt, Deputy Head of Communications, has stressed that the

don will work “under strict conditions”, although the details of his terms of employment have not yet been finalised.

According to the University, Dr Hammond will only teach those who consent to work with him, and will not be allowed any contact with anyone under the age of sixteen.

Cambridge has no official policy on employing people with criminal convictions. Each case is treated on its individual merits and, according to Mr Holt, the University is confident that Dr Hammond “does not pose a threat”, and that “rehabilitation” is appropriate for the don.

It has not yet been decided whether Dr Hammond will continue as a Fellow of Caius. All the College’s Fellows are due to meet today to discuss the issue.

Last week, a senior Fellow of Caius circulated a message to all his colleagues which was then leaked to *Varsity*. The leaked document warned against the influence of public pressure.

J.H. Prynne, a poet who is a Life Fellow of the College, dismissed the idea that they “should give consideration to questions of possible public interest and outside reactions, including those of the larger Caius community, parents and benefactors, Cambridge University at all levels, the academic profession and wider public opinion”.

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ZING TSJENG

Princes pay visit to Cambridge

Lizzy Tyler
News Reporter

Princes William and Harry visited Cambridge University last week for a two-day seminar on how to save the world.

The event, hosted by University of Cambridge Programme for Industry (CPI) looked at world issues such as social change, security, global warming and pandemics, and the role of science in these issues. The workshops were designed especially to aid the Princes in their preparations to take on a larger role in public life.

A spokesman from Clarence House commented that they “really enjoyed it, and found it very interesting and extremely informative”.

William and Harry attended both in their capacity as prominent members of the Royal family, and as patrons of various charities involved with such issues. The Princes were apparently keen to gain a wider insight in to the challenges discussed.

Polly Courtice of the CBI remarked that “it was impressive to see Princes William and Harry’s thoughtful and enthusiastic interest on an important range of issues”.

The Princes were treated to traditional Cambridge hospitality throughout the trip. They stayed in Trinity, where their father Prince Charles was a student, and were shown around the Cambridge landmarks. The Princes also found time to have a quick drink in one of Cambridge’s many pubs.

As part of the trip, the Princes visited the Scott Polar Institute, where they were met by Julian Dowdeswell, Director of the Institute and Fellow of Jesus.

Many senior members of the University were present to offer advice and discussion: these included Sir Richard Dearlove, Master of Pembroke, Bill Adams of the Department of Geography and Melissa Lane, Senior Lecturer in History.

Remember, remember: thousands celebrate Bonfire Night on Midsummer Common

Clare takes out unprecedented £15m loan to invest in stock market

Chris Robinson
Deputy News Editor

Clare College has borrowed £15 million to invest in the stock market. The unprecedented inflation-linked loan is due to be repaid in 2048 and the Col-

lege expects to make a profit of around £36 million.

Clare has already invested £3.5 million and aims to have invested the full amount within two months. Clare’s Bursar Donald Hearn said he hoped the market would have bottomed out

by then: “We think the market is going to go down a bit more, but may begin to recover once the FTSE drops below 3,250.

“We’re borrowing at an interest rate of 1% [over the base rate], and we’re reasonably confident of a useful profit.

The money will only be invested in funds which track stock market indices, and will be globally diversified including emerging markets,” he said.

This is the first time Clare has borrowed to invest in its 700-year history. Hearn acknowledged that it was a po-

tentially dangerous strategy, but said the forty-year time frame brought security.

“Most Colleges have a very long-term perspective, which gives them an advantage over city funds which often have a short term focus.

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VARSITY

Applications are invited to edit the 2009 Mays Anthology.
Interested candidates should contact business@varsity.co.uk.



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Yes we could

On Tuesday, we witnessed the most significant event of the post-9/11 world. Regardless of concerns over his woolly rhetoric and supposed inexperience, Barack Obama's election marks the positive conclusion of the American civil rights movement and drastically alters how America perceives itself and how the world perceives America: not since two planes flew into the Twin Towers has any event had such universal consequence.

Indeed, one only needed to look at hundreds of screaming faces at the Union all-nighter on Tuesday to realise just how much of an impact this election has had. Who, by contrast, stayed up to watch the last UK General Election? How many, in 2005, yelled in delight when Labour held Norwich South? Precious few, one suspects – which makes the excitement engendered by Obama's victory all the more remarkable. By sparking such frenzied worldwide interest in the election; by accruing more votes than any other presidential candidate in any election, anywhere in the world, ever; and, bluntly, by being the first black man to become president of the United States, Barack Obama has re-energised humanity.

Yet, as Obama himself admitted, "this victory alone is not the change we seek. It is only the chance for us to make that change." Whatever the massive symbolic impact of his election, the real work is yet to come: all this celebration will count for little if he fails to live up to his promise of change. He will find it hard: he inherits a country embroiled in two precarious and unwinnable wars; the worst financial crisis in a century; and a planet on the brink of environmental disaster.

His policies at least show great potential: his plans to regulate the financial sector are far more promising than McCain's ever were; his green cap-and-trade strategy may well help reduce carbon emissions by 80% by 2050; and his proposed withdrawal from Iraq will remould America's image in the Middle East for the better. But, with a national debt of nearly \$10 trillion, things will not come that easily. America – and the world – will need to be patient.

Varsity100 nominations open

Nominations are invited for the 2009 Varsity100

Any Cambridge student can be nominated in an online form at varsity.co.uk/100

Published annually, the Varsity100 is a subjective list of the 100 most talented students at the university

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 Hugh Burling of St John's College.

A survey of a survey

Sir,

I was dismayed upon reading the front page article on last week's edition ["1 in 2" admits to plagiarism", Issue 681] that despite only 1014 respondents, or "less than five percent of the student population", Mr Stothard consistently referred to "Cambridge students" in general as being represented by these results. Indeed, the admission that the survey was so unrepresentative lasted only half a sentence.

While the headline claimed that half of Cambridge students were plagiarists, Varsity only had evidence that one in two in twenty, or just under 2.5%, had committed an "act of plagiarism". Nor

can it be claimed that the results were representative as an iceberg's tip whose trends continued throughout all non-respondents.

The motives that lie behind responding to voluntary surveys must always be considered: if I had done something illicit or extraordinary I should certainly

ly choose to respond to a survey that allowed me to portray my actions as common and thus acceptable. If I had never considered plagiarism, I would consider it a non-issue and be less likely to bother responding. I did this time because I am aware of the biases of voluntary surveys and so try and offset it

by answering them when I can.

There is a more representative method that could have been used: allocate all students a number and take three or more smaller sets of randomly chosen students, and if one of these has a high respondent rate (say above eighty-five percent) then base an article on it. Alternatively, writers can stress the unreliability of their sources. The third option is to find another story altogether, hopefully based on reliable evidence. If surveys are 'just a bit of fun', please make this clear in the articles that follow them.

Yours faithfully,

Hugh Burling
St John's 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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SEAN JONES

In Brief

Fees protest in Cambridge

Students from Cambridge, UEA, ARU, and Sussex University joined together in protest of tuition fees on Wednesday. The 150 strong demonstration marched from Christ's Pieces, along King's Parade, through the centre of town and ended up on Queens' Backs. Students carried banners demanding "Free Education, Tax the Rich", and wore t-shirts bearing the slogan "Broke and Broken". NUS Vice President, Aaron Porter, spoke to the protesters, and Cambridge MP David Howarth commented that "the principle of free education is worth fighting for". Also on Wednesday a separate demonstration, named "E.ON F.OFF", took place at the University Centre on Mill Lane. The protest was aimed to increase student awareness about companies' involvement in the arms trade and was held by Cambridge Action Network and Cambridge People and Planet.

Research used for charity

A Cambridge researcher is using charity donations to boost her research. Postgraduate researcher, Susan Walker, came up with a solution to widen her sample size by announcing that for each questionnaire she received, she would donate £3 to the charity of the participant's choice. 188 people anonymously completed the questionnaire, which raised £500 for charities including the NSPCC, Oxfam, Help the Aged, Blue Cross, the Children's Fire and Burn Trust and Aspire. The survey looked at people's use of contraceptives in relation to their attitudes towards their own bodies. "There is low uptake with paper surveys, so any means we can use of persuading people should be used," Walker told *Varsity*. Walker is a PhD student in the department of Sociology. The research was conducted in association with the Cambridge Contraceptive and Sexual Health Service.

Caedmon Tunstall-Behrens

New exhibition at the Fitz

A new exhibition has started at the Fitzwilliam Museum. 'I turned it into a palace' showcases the directorship of Sydney Cockerell, the museum's director from 1908 to 1937. The centrepiece of the exhibition is the recently acquired Macclesfield Psalter, but there are also a number of pieces which came to the museum during Cockerell's time, including a Keats manuscript, paintings by Turner and Blake and ancient Greek pottery. 'I turned it into a palace' is running until March 17, and will be reviewed in *Varsity* next week.

Obama on the left, McCain on the right, we can talk politics all night...

The Union Chamber was packed on Tuesday night as hundreds of students assembled to watch Barack Obama win the American election. The result, while not a surprise, was greeted with joy by many students. The Union's event was co-hosted by Democrats Abroad UK, and the building, which was open until six o'clock on Wednesday morning, was accordingly festooned with Obama paraphernalia. Before the election got underway, the crowd was addressed by Stephen Burman of the University of Sussex, Jodi Williams, who worked on Obama's campaign, and Jordan Myers, the president of Democrats Abroad in Cambridge.

Union denies Oxford claims on speakers

» Oxford Union president "dishonest" in suggesting that Cambridge speakers would go to Oxford too

» Senior Officer: "He asked us for help in exchange for his help, but his help never came."

Martin McQuade
Deputy News Editor

A trio of cancelled speakers at the Oxford Union has sparked a heated argument with the Cambridge Union over its role in securing the world-renowned figures.

When it was pointed out that Jude Law, Victor Yushchenko and Valery Giscard d'Estaing were not scheduled to attend as advertised, Oxford Union Society president Josh Roche claimed, "We're liaising with the Cambridge Union... which is something the societies do on a regular basis."

Adam Bott, President of the Cambridge Union Society, points out that whilst help was offered in securing the speakers, most of whom were due to speak at Cambridge this term, none were ever confirmed to appear at the Oxford Union.

One of the speakers on the society's term card, American commentator Jonah Goldberg, hadn't even been contacted.

"It appears Josh has been quite dishonest about the whole situation," says Bott. "He suggested we work together on a few speakers, though on their end this never materialised."

Whilst Jude Law is still scheduled to speak in Cambridge in November, his agent claims he was never scheduled to speak at the Oxford Union: "This is com-

pletely unacceptable. We have never confirmed his attendance this term. This is a mistake on the Oxford Union's part and not a question of Jude pulling out of any arrangement."

Although previous speakers have included Ronald Reagan, Yasser Arafat and Jackie Chan, the Oxford Union has had trouble filling up its term card of late. Only two of the five listed speakers turned up to its second-week debate.

"Oxford simply wanted as many famous faces on their term card as possible," says Bott. "We would only ever include confirmed speakers on the Cambridge Union term card."

Cambridge Union Senior Officer Sebastian Ginet has said he will not be co-operating any further with the Oxford Union. He told Oxford's *Cherwell* newspaper: "He asked us for help in exchange for his help, but his help never came. I won't help someone that doesn't help me."

Roche has denied any wrongdoing on the part of his society, putting the mistaken advertising down to "innocent human administrative error".

Life membership at the Oxford Union comes in at £60 more than its Cambridge counterpart. The latest controversy has sparked a wave of complaints. One Cambridge student commented, "It looks as though Cambridge are well on their way to winning this particular debate."



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Union President
Adam Bott

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and proof of student status

In Brief

ARU seeks 24-hour licence

Residents have expressed concern after Anglia Ruskin applied for a 24-hour alcohol licence. "The aim of this application is to provide a more flexible framework under which the university can offer licensable activities and cater for a wide range of services," said an ARU spokeswoman. The changes, if approved, will not be applicable to the student-operated bar and club. Residents are nonetheless dismayed by the news. "I think it is a very bad example to set for students," said Mairin Lennon, who lives nearby on Bradmore Court. The application comes in the middle of a joint campaign by Cambridgeshire police, NHS Cambridgeshire, Cambridge University Students' Union, and Cambridge Businesses Against Crime to raise awareness about alcohol consumption and the dangers of drinking too much.

Cathy Bueker

Eco-friendly burials planned

A 'green' cemetery is to be built in Cambridge. The existing cemetery on Newmarket Road hopes to cater for a growing number of people who want to be interred on an eco-friendly burial site. Green burial sites are very different to conventional cemeteries. The coffins that are used are usually biodegradable and headstones are not placed by the graves. "People like to plant a tree or something like that to mark the spot," says Tracy Lawrence, who is in charge of cemeteries in Cambridge. Cambridge's Huntingdon Road cemetery has had a green burial site since 2003, although nobody has yet been interred there. "We've had lots of inquiries, but we haven't yet gone right through with one." The application process for the development is expected to take a number of months.

Andrew Bellis

Law firm's faulty freebie

A promotional gift given out by a law firm at a Cambridge careers event last week is potentially defective and could cause electric shocks, the Careers Service has warned. A firm gave students a free mains electricity travel adapter. The university says that if it is plugged into an extension lead, the adapter could dangerously expose metal parts that conduct electricity. Students who received one are advised not to use it and should dispose of it as soon as possible. It is not clear how many faulty adapters were distributed. "We are now awaiting further information from the suppliers of the adapters," David Ainscough, the Careers Service's deputy director, told Varsity.

Andrew Bellis

Durex donate 10,000 condoms

CUSU have received 10,000 condoms as a donation from the manufacturers Durex. The donation is in recognition of CUSU's response to the Union Society giving out condoms that were not Kitemark approved. Durex praised CUSU's commitment to offering Kitemarked condoms. All condoms donated are of the Pleasuremax variety. "We are extremely grateful that Durex has provided us with condoms to do this," commented a CUSU spokesperson.

Lucy Cavendish clinical medicine student dies

» Friends pay tribute to Hazel Sopp on Facebook

» University: Hazel's death "a great shock and sadness"

Craig Hogg

Deputy News Editor

A student of clinical medicine at Lucy Cavendish recently died unexpectedly.

Hazel Sopp, a finalist at the female mature students' College, passed away on Sunday October 12. The official cause of death is yet to be determined by the coroner.

Hazel had just entered her final year of a five-year Affiliate Student course in medicine, and was due to qualify in June 2009.

Prior to studying medicine, she had

gained a first in Natural Sciences and a PhD in Astronomy from Churchill, then worked in the computer industry for a number of years.

Diana Wood, Director of Medical Education and Clinical Dean of the University said: "Hazel's death was completely unexpected and a great shock and sadness to everyone who knew her, both in the Clinical School and her College."

Friends of Hazel have also been paying their respects on the social networking site Facebook, remembering good times shared with her whilst lamenting the loss of a valued friend and colleague.

"You were an important part of our community here at Lucy and in Medicine," wrote one friend posting on Hazel's virtual 'wall'.

"It is so hard to accept that you are gone," said another. "Your kindness, your compassion, your intelligence, your wisdom, the list goes on. [You're] an inspiration to us all."

Another friend wrote, "I hope you've found peace – such a loss". These words were echoed by a man who wrote "I am honoured to have been your friend".

A memorial service will be held at Lucy Cavendish on Saturday November 23 at 2pm.



Hazel Sopp

Cambridge breakthrough in child tumours

Timothy Leung

Science Correspondent

A Cambridge team has made a breakthrough in the treatment of childhood brain tumours.

A group led by Peter Collins, of the Department of Pathology, has discovered a genetic alteration that may underlie the development of pilocytic astrocytomas, the most common form of brain tumour amongst those aged five to nineteen.

It is hoped that this finding will provide a valuable diagnostic tool and potential therapeutic target for treatment

of this cancer, which affects more than 145 children each year in the UK. It is estimated that one quarter of these children are never successfully treated by surgical resection, chemotherapy and radiotherapy, and die as a result of the condition.

This study analysed DNA from samples of pilocytic astrocytomas extracted from 44 sufferers of the disease. It was discovered that in 29 of the 44 cases, there was a gain of approximately two million base pairs in a specific location on chromosome 7 of the genome.

The increase was due to the fusion of two genes, including one implicated in a variety of cancers, which stimulates

activity in a kinase enzyme. This reaction increases activity in a signalling pathway, a phenomenon that is known to signal cell proliferation and differentiation: the constitutive activation of the mechanism causes uncontrollable division of the sort seen in cancers.

This study is the first report of a common, genetic alteration that may initiate pilocytic astrocytomas. The frequency and specificity of the change in indicating the presence of this particular type of cancer underlies the importance of this finding for diagnostic purposes. The alteration was seen in pilocytic astrocytomas located in different regions of the brain

and in patients of various ages and, moreover, the rearrangement was absent in DNA from other types of brain tumours. This alteration therefore has the potential to act as a genetic marker specifically for pilocytic astrocytomas, a discovery that may herald earlier diagnosis and intervention.

These findings were published in Cancer Research, the journal of the American Association of Cancer Research, and was a collaboration between the Department of Pathology and the Karolinska Hospital in Sweden. The project was funded by Cancer Research UK and The Samantha Dickson Brain Tumour Trust.



Nicholas Hammond

Hammond keeps job

» Decision criticised by children's charity

» "The university has closed ranks," says Kidscape

Continued from front page

Mr Prynne concluded by saying, "We are a sovereign community of Fellows and we should act in the light of our individual conscience and judgement" in order to achieve "a just and fair decision." However, Sir Christopher Hum, Master of Caius, has said that "the meeting of Fellows on Friday will not take decisions, which are a matter for the Master, but will be an opportunity for Fellows to express their views."

Child protection charities have criticised the apparent readiness of the University to continue to employ Dr Hammond. Claude Knights, director

of Kidscape, said, "I'm disgusted. The punishment here does not fit the crime". She added: "The university has closed ranks – it's like when the Church goes behind closed doors. They cannot operate behind a veil of secrecy to cushion one of their own from a long fall. You can't help feel if this was unemployed Joe Bloggs who had this nasty habit he would not get the same treatment."

Some students have spoken out against Hammond. "I don't think we should take him back," argues second-year Caius Alex Walton. "It would present a bad image for the College and the University as a whole."

Clare borrows to invest

» College lends £10,000 for student investment

Continued from front page

"Borrowing to invest, though unsafe for the medium term, is much safer over longer periods due to the magic of compound interest rates," he said.

The College was advised to invest by alumni on its investment committee, including Norman Cumming, who runs hedge fund CR Global, and Martin Weale, head of the National Institute for Economic and Social Research. Hearn said these men were "absolutely crucial in convincing the College as a whole that this is a sensible way to go".

The investment is part of the College's long term financial plan, with which it hopes to safeguard bursaries and the supervision teaching system. Hearn said there was a "high chance" that the government would stop funding supervisions in the future.

"With a very long term view there is a probability that the supervision system might be one of those extra costs which is cut. We think it is extremely important.

The more that Colleges and the University can build up their own financial strength, the better," said Hearn.

Research undertaken by Clare's investment committee suggests that the worst return on stock market investment over any forty-year period was 2.5% in real terms, even in times of depression or war. The College expects a 4.1% real return, assuming inflation conforms to market expectations of 3% per year.

Hearn emphasised that the timing of this investment was essential, and that the College was exploiting what he thought was an anomaly in the markets. "Pension funds are screaming out for money, particularly index-linked assets. We have been able to take advantage of that enormous demand, which has forced down the rate of interest we are expected to pay considerably," he said.

Clare is also encouraging its students to dabble in the stock market: last year it lent £10,000 to a group of students who wanted to start an investment club.



University launches 800th anniversary book

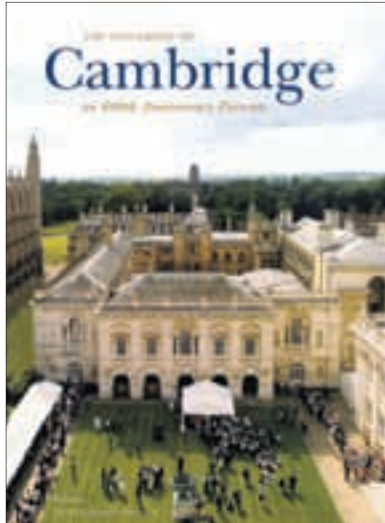
Karolina Saar
News Reporter

The University has kicked off the celebrations of its 800th anniversary by publishing a book. The 350-page volume is intended as an anthology of information about the institution and its members.

The University of Cambridge: An 800th Anniversary Portrait ranges from a list of the University's academic achievements to descriptions of the inspiring chaos of student life. One contributor analyses how Charles Darwin's Cambridge years shaped him as a scientist and how his University contacts sent him off on his voyage on the *Beagle*. Another former student recalls climbing the University Library tower in the middle of the night during May Week.

The book is also a compendium of information about the University's past and its Colleges and academic courses. "This is not a linear history of the whole 800 years, or an encyclopaedic guide to every part of Cambridge activity," says Peter Pagnamenta, editor of the volume. "As the subtitle suggests, we have tried to produce a wide-angled picture of the University coming up to the 800th anniversary in 2009, showing at least the range of teaching and research, and giving an impression of extracurricular life, using many voices."

Contributors include major names in British politics, media and literature.



Matthew Parris relives his memories of the spirit of '68 reaching Cambridge; Jeremy Paxman writes about his years as *Varsity* editor; Sebastian Faulks recalls the dying years of the "old" male Cambridge in the 70s. "With candidly mixed motives, we boys spent a good deal of our time agitating for co-residence, having 'emergency lunches' in Trinity parlour or marching with torches on St Catharine's," Faulks writes; "But like Moses granted a glimpse into the Promised Land, we did not live to enjoy it."

The anniversary celebrations start in earnest in January.

Shahana Ahmed
during her protest



Protest mum camps out in MFI

» Mother and daughter have nap on a display bed in furniture store

Aditi Rao
News Reporter

A mother-daughter team held a 'bed-in' at MFI last week. A woman took her young daughter to the furniture store on Newmarket Road last Friday, protesting against their four-month long wait for bedroom furniture.

Shahana Ahmad, who works at Cancer Research UK, claims to have been waiting since July for MFI to deliver the bed, matching wardrobes and mirror that she ordered. Having paid almost £800 for her furniture, Ms Ahmad had no reason to doubt the punctual arrival of the delivery.

She disposed of her old bed and wardrobe the day before the expected delivery, but only half of the expected furniture arrived. Since then, she says,

she has been sleeping on the floor.

Ms Ahmad, a mother of one, was left with 200kg of flat-pack furniture that she could not assemble: "I haven't got space in my house for 200kg of furniture... I have got a little toddler and she has nowhere to play."

Frustrated by months of pleading with the store and MFI's head office, she decided to take matters into her own hands by taking her three-year-old daughter Diya to the store for a nap on a display bed. She said, "We wanted to see what my daughter's pretty pink clothes looked like hanging up in a wardrobe and how it feels to sleep on a bed, which we haven't had for four months."

Ms Ahmad says MFI told her that the furniture she had ordered had been discontinued. They offered to deliver the remaining pieces when

they had been located, if she was happy to wait. Since then, they have offered her a refund, which Ms Ahmad says has come two months too late.

She has had to take several days of work to wait for deliveries to arrive. In response, a spokesman for MFI said: "MFI sincerely regrets the issues that Ms Ahmad has experienced with delivery of her bedroom furniture and we offer our full apologies for the inconvenience incurred. Ms Ahmad has ordered several items which were out of stock and have now been discontinued."

"The local showroom manager has been in contact with Ms Ahmad and is taking the necessary steps to ensure her complete satisfaction by offering a full refund of her order, or alternative items from our new ranges."

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We will be holding a presentation where you will be able to learn more about the work we do and life within the firm. You will also have the chance to meet Parthenon staff at all levels, from Partner to Associate, and ask any questions you have over drinks.

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Presentation: November 10, 2008 at 6:30PM in the Saltmarsh Rooms, King's College

Resumé Drop Deadline: November 14, 2008

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Careers Service event



The Careers in Economics Event 2008

The organisations attending this event are offering careers and internships in economics.

Recruitment for these organisations will be mainly from students reading economics or related disciplines, however, some organisations have wider entry criteria.

To find their requirements do read the entries in the programme via the Careers Service on-line diary at www.careers.cam.ac.uk.

Wednesday 12 November, 13.00 to 15.00
Marshall Library, Economics Faculty
Sidgwick Avenue CB3 9DD

Participating organisations include: Bank of England, Cambridge Economic Policy Associates, CRA International, Deloitte, Frontier Economics, Institute for Fiscal Studies, LECG, NERA Economic Consulting, Ofcom, Ofgem, Oxera, PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP, RBB Economics LLP.

All positions for which they are recruiting will be economics-related.

Entry is restricted to current University of Cambridge students (and recent alumni) – bring your University id card with you to this event

A cumulative, depersonalised attendance level from different years and courses allows us to improve our events in the future.

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Plagiarism
survey sparks
media uproar

Varsity News

The results of Varsity's plagiarism survey have sparked major international news coverage. The survey revealed that nearly one in two students had admitted to committing some form of plagiarism, as defined by the University.

Eighty-eight newspapers worldwide covered the story including the *USA Today*, *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Daily Mirror*, *The Daily Mail* and *The Independent*.

Additionally, ITV interviewed CUSU Academic Affairs Officer Ant Bagshawe and Varsity Chief News Editor Michael Stothard about the survey for the Six O'Clock News. Varsity Editor Patrick Kingsley spoke to the Nicky Campbell Breakfast Show on BBC Radio FiveLive. Both Stothard and Kingsley were interviewed on BBC Radio Cambridgeshire's Drive Time programme.

Reaction to Varsity's findings was mixed. *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Mirror* labelled Cambridge students as "cheats" whilst Iain Hollingshead of *The Daily Telegraph* was more sympathetic. Noting the heavy workload of the average Cambridge student, he suggested that "it's hardly surprising that many cut corners".

Tim Holt, Cambridge's Deputy Head of Communications, admitted that "the survey did spark interest" but also said that "the University is helping students to identify and avoid plagiarism".



Cambridge
Spies



Corpus Christi
The Cresta Run

Diners in a well-known pizza restaurant were surprised this week to see a 5'4" American in white-tie sliding down the stairs on a solid silver tray. With "geronimoooooooo" on his lips, and the toot of a bugle behind him, he hurtled into some diners quietly enjoying some dough balls and a reasonably priced bottle of house red. One table of Japanese tourists were delighted at having stumbled on the ancient tradition of 'white-tie bobsleigh'.

Queens'
"C***", says lawn

After a Wednesday night of spectacular genericness, a well-known banjo twanger and his mischievous accomplice returned to their college full of tedium and sticky beverages. Finding a pristine lawn and a mountain of scaffolding lying side by side, how could they not spell out the word "cunt" in twenty-foot letters? One insecure don was reported to have been "depressed and upset", believing the message was aimed at him. The shadow of pressed grass still haunts the sensitive academic.

Emmanuel
Rest in piss

A fellow journo, arising groggily after a heavy night researching pubs in Cambridge, found a suspect liquid soaking his laptop. He began to look earnestly for a laceration in the ceiling, or a leaky watering can, but none could be found. Then a flashback struck him with a mighty hammer blow. He remembered loping nakedly from his duvet, deciding against the sink for once, and urinating gleefully on all his most valued possessions.

Amateur journalism
Greer-ly embarrassing

When a celebrity feminist academic refused to talk to the press after her debate, a journalist from an esteemed student newspaper resorted to more clandestine means to get a quote, secretly recording her whole conversation at dinner. When he mentioned this in passing to our female eunuch, she made clear in strong terms that the hack would be hearing from her lawyers.

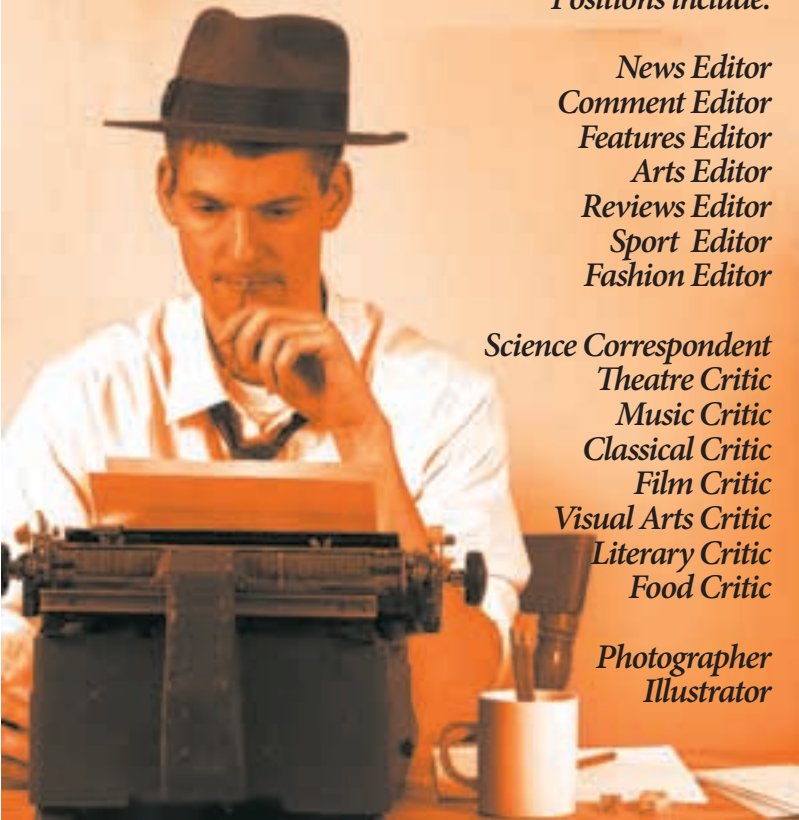
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Applications are invited to edit Varsity in Lent 2009
Application forms are available for download from
varsity.co.uk/jobs
The deadline for editorial applications is
Friday November 21



Edit a section

Applications are also invited to section edit Varsity
Application forms are available for download from
varsity.co.uk/jobs
The deadline for section editor applications is
Wednesday November 26



Positions include:

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Fashion Editor

Science Correspondent
Theatre Critic
Music Critic
Classical Critic
Film Critic
Visual Arts Critic
Literary Critic
Food Critic

Photographer
Illustrator

Careers Service event



The Careers for Mathematicians Event 2008

There is a growing interest in numerate professions amongst Cambridge students. Firms with posts which have mathematical or statistical content sufficiently challenging to attractable mathematicians, and where recruitment would normally be mainly from Mathematics or Physics will be on hand to discuss career opportunities.

Tuesday 11 November, 16.30 to 19.00
Centre for Mathematical Sciences
Wilberforce Road, CB3 0AW

Participating organisations include:

Aon, Bank of England, Barnett Waddingham, Cantab Capital Partners LLP, Capital One Bank, Data Connection Limited, Deloitte, Detica Limited, Ernst & Young, Government Communications Headquarters, Government Statistical Service, IBM United Kingdom Limited, Lane Clark & Peacock LLP, Mars & Co, Mercer, Met Office, MJC² Limited, Norwich Union Insurance Group, Oxford Asset Management, Tessella Support Services plc, UBS, Watson Wyatt Worldwide, Winton Capital Management.

For more information on these organisations look at Careers for Mathematicians on the Careers Service diary via www.careers.cam.ac.uk

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THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: JEFFREY ARCHER / CAMILLE / THE HOLD STEADY
LIBRARIES / POLISH CAMBRIDGE / LETTER FROM ABROAD / THE DAY THAT CHANGED MY WORLD



A Man of Letters

EZRA POUND PREDICTED THAT “THE ART OF LETTERS WOULD COME TO AN END BEFORE AD 2000” BUT, IN SPITE OF FACEBOOK, TEXT MESSAGES AND A MULTITUDE OF OTHER QUICK FIX COMMUNICATION, BETHANY WILLIAMS LOGS OFF AND CHECKS HER PIGEONHOLE TO SHOW THAT WE ARE PROVING HIM WRONG.

In this clockwork world of electronic progress it would be easy to dismiss the handwritten letter as a thing of the past. However, if we take a look around us, not everyone is texting and checking e-mail. Some people are stopping off at the Post Office on Trinity Street before going to supervisions, some are dropping into the Porters' Lodge with envelopes to place into friends' pigeon holes; it may not be widespread, but the art of letter writing is certainly back.

And what brought about this mini revolution? Perhaps it is part of the current fashion for all things kitsch, perhaps it has become another part of “The Cambridge Experience,” along with punting and tea parties, but personally I think it is due to a slight but noticeable downturn in the usage of online social networking sites. This began with little more than a whisper, somewhere back in the hazy days of Easter term, and grew louder with the implementation of “The New Facebook,” but noticeably people are turning away from the Internet and beginning to look for a little more privacy and sincerity in their communications. Enzo Mefsut of Clare College says, “I

took myself off Facebook because I wanted to find out who my real friends are... those who will take the time to contact me by other means”.

Most of my friends are inveterate e-mailers. We text, we phone, we Facebook each other. But a tradition has developed and it must be upheld.

“LETTER WRITING HAS A RENEWED BEAUTY, CHARM AND APPEAL PRECISELY BECAUSE WE DON'T NEED TO DO IT ALL THE TIME; IT IS BEING TREATED MORE AS AN ART FORM THAN EVER BEFORE”

It was a little slow to get off the ground (with one friend exclaiming “I’ve never written a letter in my life!”) but by mid-July those letters were coming thick and fast. Sophie Sawicka-Sykes of Magdalene College says, “I have a whole box of correspondence from over the summer”.

From Rupert Brooke writing a letter to his friend in his classics tripos examination to Wittgenstein writing to Russell and Keynes, letter writing has always been a part of Cambridge life, and there is something particularly se-

ductive about reclining on the banks of the Cam scribbling missives to a loved one. Yet this resurgence of the trend is not merely restricted to Cambridge. Over the summer the Royal Mail announced soaring sales of postcards: last year 135 million were sent, an increase of 30 million on five years

ago. I recently read about the opening of a cafe in Canada where, for the price of a coffee, one can commandeer an old typewriter for more authentic correspondence.

There was a time when letter writing was our only means of communicating over long distances. It will never again be an everyday practice but it has a renewed beauty, charm and appeal precisely because we don't need to do it all the time; it is being treated more as an art form than ever before. Matching paper and envelopes are a

must and the best formal swap invitations are now sealed with wax.

And what of the romance of letters? An e-mail will always exist, floating in the electronic ether, but we can't take it out of a box in fifty years time and take the same pleasure from remembrance; postmarks and return addresses redolent of times gone by, each envelope imbued with a little of our past. Letters are human, intimate; you know the other person has physically touched them. They are a tangible reminder of that person in their absence.

You may have already dismissed this as sappy nostalgia, you may feel that letter writing “simply isn't for you”, but it isn't a difficult habit to get into. A friend of mine wrote from the law faculty on a piece torn from his exercise book, stating: “this all feels very Austenesque”. We aren't all going to write pages of flowery prose detailing the minutiae of our lives and revealing our deepest feelings. But even if our letters are really just hastily scribbled notes that we believe will be of fleeting value, we must still send them. It is only by practicing this art that it will survive; it will die if we let it.

Hi! Society



Week 5: Left Tea Party

They say student radicalism is a thing of the past. The folks at the Left Tea Party beg to differ. The tea party is officially an informal discussion group where a bunch of left-wing students meet on Friday afternoons, drink tea, eat biscuits and talk politics. Unofficially, it is a social meeting place, an opportunity to announce any upcoming events, gigs or protests, and sometimes a support group for those in more ‘unfriendly’ colleges. Anyone can suggest a topic for discussion. For example, last year we talked about the rise of the Italian Far Right and Left, the arguments around No Platform for Fascists, the way forward for the Left at home and abroad and the stagnation of British politics. This term has seen discussion about the economic crisis and its consequences and the problem of reform versus revolution. Debates get quite heated, but tension can be defused with a digestive.

The Left Tea Party has produced more than just discarded tea bags. Last Michaelmas, groups of students travelled to Paris where 37 universities and hundreds of students were on strike supporting workers in direct action against President Sarkozy's offensive on health, pensions, asylum seekers, the right to strike and education. They came back inspired with stories of occupied universities, tube strikes, marches and an atmosphere so incredible that they did not want to leave. This term students involved in the Left Tea Party launched *Impropaganda*, a new magazine of radical politics.

The tea party is held in students' rooms and moves location every week. It is a great opportunity to visit colleges and meet like-minded people. More than anything however, it is proof that the Left in Cambridge is certainly not dead. It is just sitting down to tea.

Decca Muldowney

Find us on Facebook or email em364@cam.ac.uk to be added to the email list

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS HERE): ‘Come into my lodge, X’, says the email from your college porter. The X doesn't stand for an affectionate kiss, it stands for your name. You're definitely not on X terms with the porter. But maybe you could be. **»p10** Go into the lodge? **»p11** Stay in your room and complain about the new Facebook?

Peal's Meals



Week 5: The Greasy Pole

Inside the Polish House on Chesterton Road, there is a small restaurant. Moya, the author of the piece to which this is adjoined, promised a lunch which is as unusual as it is authentic and which I accepted. Housed in what was a residential home, dining here feels less like you are in a restaurant and more like a meal is being cooked for you in the dining room of your formal but very generous Polish friend.

Although it is unreasonable to not look past the vodka-swilling stereotypes of the Polish, it would equally be doing them a disservice not to recognise their passion for the hard stuff. If you ever feel like a novel bender, take a trip to the Polish House for a real vodka revolution. There are 15 pure vodkas on offer and 21 flavoured varieties including nut cordial and bitter herbs with honey. Given that I was there for a swift lunchtime break from the library, I passed up on the shots. However, a perusal of the extensive list of Polish beers was too hard to refuse. After abandoning my initial hopes of drinking the Dębowe Mocne whose alcohol volume comes in at a formidable 14%, I went for a very pleasant but standard Polish lager.

We ordered a main course each, and some buckwheat and beetroot as side dishes along with a serving of Chleb – homemade Polish bread. Moya went for a breaded white fish of an undisclosed variety which was wonderfully soft and accompanied by steamed vegetables. No one pickles food quite like the Eastern Europeans, so I thought it only right and proper to chose pork chops with mushrooms, pickled peppers and gherkin. The meal was certainly hearty, but authenticity is a double edged sword when it comes to national cuisines as it depends on the assumption that the native way of cooking is innately preferable. At the Polish House, dishes are served bathed in an 'authentic' amount of vegetable oil – something which was quite overwhelming to my delicate tastes.

However, this place came sailing back into my good books with the puddings. I ordered some fantastic blueberry dumplings which slipped around the plate in a puddle of custard and melted butter, whilst Moya had a heaping of apple pie topped with meringue and chocolate sauce. I had forgotten how fantastic good puddings are as an antidote to miserable weather, so these homemade delights sent me on my way with a significant spring in my step. If you are ever hankering for that eating abroad experience, where the anxiety of unfamiliar dishes is offset by the joy of discovering a gem, you should definitely pay a visit to the Polish House.

Where the Poles meet

THIS YEAR, THE POLISH COMMUNITY IN CAMBRIDGE CELEBRATES ITS SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY. MOYA SARNIER TAKES A TRIP TO DOM POLONIA TO EXPLORE THE IMPACT THAT POLISH IMMIGRANTS HAVE HAD ON THE CITY

This year, the Polish community in Cambridge celebrates its sixtieth anniversary, and thanks to the country's entry into the EU in 2004, its population in the city is thriving. According to a report published by the Cambridgeshire County Council Research Group in May 2008, most Eastern Europeans in Cambridge City are Poles: they win the prize for the most Eastern European migrant workers, weighing in at 61%, and constitute the largest group of Eastern European students enrolled in language courses. Not bad for a country that's not even actually in Eastern Europe (Poland is located, contrary to popular belief, in Central Europe).

A variety of international shops cater to the Polish ex-pats: for an extensive range of Central and Eastern European goods, head for Chesterton Road or Mill Lane, or peruse the more limited selection at Tesco, Morrisons and Asda. If it's a slap-up meal you're after, the restaurant at 'Dom Polonia' will set you up without setting you back, as this week's 'Peal's Meals' attests. And in most of these shops and restaurants, you'll find a notice board bursting with adverts for a wide range of services and activities, from Polish pastry chefs, piano tuners and beauticians, to classes in martial arts and the tango.

It all happens at 231 Chesterton Road: the Polish House. 'Dom Polonia', housing not only a restaurant but a social club, a library (complete with a Polish translation of Harry Potter), a chapel and a school, is a testament to the vitality of Cambridge's original Polish community and a sign of the cultural revival to come.

Sylwester Iwaniec, who runs the restaurant, speaks with pride of the club's heartening conception,

rooted in the fragmentation of war, and the reconstruction that follows resettlement. "After the Second World War, the veterans couldn't come back to our country because the Communists had taken over; they would have been put in prison, or killed. About 250 families stayed here, and the Polish community became very well established. They decided they needed a place to meet and socialise, so they collected money from all the Polish people living in the city, and bought this building in 1973. Every Pole in Cambridge owns this house."

Nostalgia haunts his explanation of the history of the club, which mirrors that of the Poles in Cambridge: "At the beginning, ours was a very lively community. The house became a theatre, a dance club, a sports club, many things. They also met with other Polish societies around England for competitions". But this cultural fecundity was not to last. "When those war veterans got older, their children weren't so interested in keeping the community together. It's only natural; they were English, some of them didn't even speak Polish. The house became a drinking club rather than a social club. It was an awful place. When it was in need of renovation, they almost sold it."

2004 changed everything, as Poland's entry into the EU revitalised the city's Polish population: 'Dom Polonia' was saved. "When we joined Europe, many people needed this place. It was renovated and now we have a Polish Saturday school with 66 pupils." For more evidence of this plentiful Polish

Poles Apart

Dom Polonia – 231 Chesterton Rd

Polish restaurant and social club

Continental Deli – 253 Hawthorn Way

Sells continental food

International Food Store – 96 Mill Rd

Sells international food

OLEM Catholic Church – Hills Rd

Polish Mass; Sundays at 12.15

population, one need go no further than the OLEM Catholic church on Chester Road. The Polish mass, one of four such services held in and around Cambridge, is regularly packed out. According to many of the congregants I spoke to, the robust reputation of Cambridge's Polish community is attracting many beyond the city walls: Agata Nejman, from Royston, is considering moving here for that reason.

So Polish culture in Cambridge is back and booming? It's not that simple, Sylwester explains: the original ethic of social cohesion has changed. "It's a very different kind of emigration today. After the war, people had difficulty integrating: the English didn't want them taking their jobs, and unlike today's immigrants they couldn't speak the language; the community was very tight-knit. Today, people like to come here to have a Polish meal, but if you suggest organising something like a theatre group, they're not interested. Now they just want to work and have a normal life. They're not so both-

ered about showing our culture to others. If you're holding down two jobs, there's no time to do anything for the Polish society."

But Sylwester has not given up; far from it. "I'm hopeful for the future of the Polish community. It will rise again." Anna Norman, the chairman of the Polish Community in Cambridge, agrees, "I am optimistic, because it's still early days. It takes time to settle down and get involved in voluntary activities. There is great potential, and I'm sure it's going to happen."

Indeed, things are already looking up. With his new project (funded by Cambridge City Council), Sylwester hopes to bridge the gap between the older generation of immigrants and the new arrivals. With a student from Anglia Ruskin University, he is filming interviews with Polish war veterans resident in Cambridge and plans to show the movie at the Polish House, then hold a discussion. "There are people who were arrested by the Russians and put in Soviet camps in Siberia, taken to Asia, East Asia, Africa, Italy, then here. You can't meet these people in our country, because they're all in England. It's an inter-generational project, to get the young and old communities together."

Other events are also in the pipeline. The club will hold parties to celebrate 'Andrzejki', St. Andrew's Day (November 29) and New Year's Eve. The university's Central European Society is inviting a speaker from the Polish Institute in London, and the New Europe society is showing Polish films in New Hall on the November 17. On Saturday May 9, REVI (Real and Enthusiastic Voice of Integration, the Polish community of Braintree's theatre company) is performing in Market Square as part of the first 'Polish Cultural Week'.

In an article such as this, must much inevitably be left unsaid. Fortunately, the Polish community also has a lot left to say, and as Sylwester suggests, is well on the way to rising again.

Translation of research material by Ewelina Glogowska.



Sylwester Iwaniec outside Dom Polonia



'Don't misquote me'

GRANTCHESTER RESIDENT JEFFREY ARCHER HAS HAD A FINGER IN MANY PIES, INCLUDING POLITICS, LITERATURE AND PERJURY. ROB STAGG TALKS TO HIM ABOUT MORALITY AND MANDELSON

Jeffrey Archer ambles swaggeringly into my room and spies some prints on my wall. "Cézanne, Velazquez, Warhol, Gilbert and George, Hobbema, Raphael," he drawls with impeccable accuracy. For Jeffrey Archer is a considerably brighter man than he likes to pretend. He calls himself "semi-educated" in a swipe at the attitudes of his critics, but he knows his art, he knows his literature, and he knows his politics. He also knows political strategy, and how to deploy it. Before his plunge from power, he managed by-elections for Margaret Thatcher. What, I wonder, does he make of the Conservative Party today? "It's in a very tricky stage," he carefully replies. "When you have so little influence in Scotland and Wales and not a great deal of influence in the north of England, you somehow become a party of the south." He loves to lionize the demographics: political contests are "fights," fail them and you "die." It is terribly, dangerously obvious to him; there's a whiff of the instinctual about his answers. "It doesn't take a big brain to work out" how to win an election, he suggests.

Doing Time

- 1969-74 MP for Louth
- 1976 Publication of his first novel, *Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less*
- 1987 Successfully sues *The Daily Star* for libel over claims that he had sex with a prostitute
- 1992 Made a life peer
- 2001 Found guilty of perjury and perverting the course of justice. He is sentenced to four years' imprisonment

Are the Conservatives up to the task? "The British people seem to think the right person for this crisis is Gordon Brown," he answers with the steadiness of someone not about to be battered off course, or battered into a relevant response. Nonetheless, Archer assumes the Conservatives will pull off a "very close" twenty to thirty seat majority. The American election? "I want [Obama] to win by a landslide." He is slightly disappointed in John McCain, resignedly noting that he appears diminished in capacity. This personal tone registers uneasily with the ebb and flow of our conversation. Archer is naturally comfortable discoursing on strategy, but does he not feel a pang seeing his party remodel itself in such a naked fashion? He hastily adds that all politicians should be wary of having "no morals at all" (more on that later) but if the public want green buses and you want red buses, green buses "realistically" have to win out.

Archer appears conflicted about how far he wants to stretch this argument. He proudly calls himself "elitist," mock-begging the American public to "give me an elitist in the White House." But Obama does seem awfully "pretentious." And he is witheringly concerned that "half of the [shadow] Cabinet seem to have gone to one school," which he sees as a "massive problem." I ask him what else bothers him about the current incarnation of the Conservatives, with their veneer of green foliage and tactility. He talks about how universities are "biased" against pupils from good schools. I suspect he didn't mishear me. He's too alert for that.

I pivot towards Peter Mandelson. Have all the Lord Sleaze headlines prompted a twang of recognition, and of empathy? "I don't think the public

give a damn. He'll ride this Lord Sleaze stuff." He offers a defence of Lord Hartlepool's yacht-hopping. His return to Cabinet is "brilliant"; Mandelson is a "formidable brain, a brilliant tactician". What about the Osborne controversy? Did he feel the Shadow Chancellor was bested? (Since we must talk tactics, we will.) "Oh brilliant. That was Mandy at his absolute best." A sparkle flashes into our conversation. "I could give you now, here, in this room, ten stories that would get you headlines in tomorrow's papers." Please do. He bellows back, half-amused, half-wary, "No way." Mess with Mandy, he cautions, and "he'll kill you." Osborne was "very stupid". Archer's brow creases ominously and he draws his conversation back in.

What about his other big "fight," his "battle" to be Mayor of London? What does he make of Boris Johnson? "Boris did very, very well. Don't misquote me. [I won't]. But frankly almost any Conservative was going to win." He acknowledges the series of "unfortunate" minor catastrophes at the beginning of Johnson's office, but thinks he's performing "very well". I inquire what Archer would have done had the perjury trial not interrupted his ambitions. He would, he confesses in an uproarious confrontation of humour and deviousness, have made all parking spaces the size of Minis and purged larger vehicles from the streets. "I was in favour of the congestion charge," he claims. He wasn't, but it doesn't matter much now.

It particularly doesn't matter since Archer got rather too participatory with a prostitute and, quite understandably, lied about it. Some of this untruthfulness occurred in a courtroom and two years in jail followed. He brusquely admits to having "made

a lot of mistakes" (he and a newspaper ruined a defenceless woman's life) but "you get up and fight on; you don't sit and cry". Archer is grizzled and looks it. But he's not bereft of the milk of human kindness. I ask him about his friend Margaret Thatcher's reported senility and he replies firmly – but not rudely – "I saw her two weeks ago. And I don't talk about it. She's an old friend." Nor is he dry as a biscuit. He cackles magically when I suggest Thatcher's funeral be privatised; he imagines Putin "giggling in the bath each morning" as the world collapses around him; he is "too past it" to hold high office.

He hopes, and is confident, that his novels will precede his reputation, or at least shape it. Does he feel struck by criticism? "I'm not interested. I'm not clever enough, I'm not well educated enough to join in the game of high literature. I tell a story. I don't want to win the Booker Prize. I'm not capable of winning it and I don't want to win it." Of his acclaimed *Writon Diaries*, he observes, "I couldn't write to save my life. And then suddenly, overnight, I became Dostoyevsky, George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde... and when the next book came out I couldn't write. They couldn't make their minds up." It's all said with the wry smile of a man confident of posterity.

Archer is supremely assured, and magnanimously charming with it. Everyone leaves his company with an improved opinion of him. He tells me off at several points in the interview – "Don't put words in my mouth. Don't you dare write anything down I didn't say" – in a wonderfully melting tone. After half an hour, the combative tone falls away. One senses Jeffrey Archer might be settling down. But you'd be damned guileless to count on it.

Time In

Watch some good old-fashioned television on the spanky newfangled web.



Stephen Fry in America, BBC iPlayer

Revel in the current American glow by watching everyone's favourite avuncular TV star drive around the states in a London black cab. What the show lacks in direction and analysis is made for by Fry's warmth and humour. As Louis Theroux found out before Fry, the boundlessly odd Americans are unsurpassable as fodder for Englishman abroad shows.

Barack Obama on the Daily Show, 4 On Demand

The story goes that Americans can't do irony, but as the Daily Show continuously demonstrates, they can do superlative current affairs humour. Watch a brief interview with Obama as John Stewart makes absolutely no effort to demonstrate impartiality, and instead gushes in admiration as he jokes with the Messiah to be.

Dispatches: Mum Loves Drugs, Not Me, 4 On Demand

A terrifying documentary about the 350,000 children in the UK whose parents have drug problems. Award-winning film-makers Brian Woods and Kate Blewett talk to some of the children affected and the grandparents who have to pick up the pieces.

Inside the Saudi Kingdom, BBC iPlayer

Lionel Mill's film has unique access to Prince Saud bin Abdul Mohsen, one of the rulers of the rich, powerful and secretive Saudi royal family. This documentary promises to be a fascinating and rare insight into the conflicts between tradition and modernity in one of the world's most conservative and autocratic countries.

Time Out

Week 5: University Discussions

For the habitual moaners amongst us, the opportunity to act upon our gripes with Cambridge does actually exist. After several sit-in demonstrations in the 70s, the right for students to voice their complaints in weekly discussions was won. Discussions are the forum in which all members of the University may comment publicly on University business in response to a Report published in the Reporter, or when a Discussion is called on a topic of concern to the University. They are held every week on Tuesdays at 2pm and usually take place in the Senate House. All remarks made on any Report are subsequently published verbatim in the Reporter. You can find out more at: <http://www.srcf.ucam.org/~an308/cambridge/discussions.htm>.

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): You're wrong. Not only is the new Facebook way better than the old one, apart from Facebook chat, but the porter was actually being mauled by a runaway tiger. Everyone asks why you didn't respond to his frantic emails. You explain about Facebook. They can't really see your point, because it is so much better than the old Facebook. **p10** Let's assume you did go into the Porters' Lodge.

LIBRARIES SPECIAL

A Cambridge Library Crawl

Everyone is familiar with Oxford's Bodleian. The British Library has a reputation of epic proportions. Even our own more retiring UL has hoards of literary gems hidden away beneath the prison-like exterior. However, moving away from these temples of bibliophily, one encounters hidden treasure troves scattered across Cambridge. The college libraries, though there are one or two which open to the public, generally shy away from the limelight: their virtues unsung, their sheer accessibility unnoticed, their volumes gathering dust on shelves as old as the colleges themselves. Some of the most important books in the country, never mind Cambridge, enjoy this peaceful existence – until **Lizzie Davis** decided to disturb their slumber.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE



Augustine Gospel

Corpus Christi Parker Library

Feeling suitably humbled and miserably mortal I moved on to Corpus Christi's Parker Library. Easily as impressive, in its own way, as Trinity's offering, the Parker library has the advantage of secrecy: although the collection includes some of the rarest books anywhere in the country, its contents and even its whereabouts remain a secret shared only by academics...and now you. The contents of the library were donated by a Master of the college who collected Anglo-Saxon manuscripts during the dissolution of the monasteries. Unsurprisingly, therefore, one

of the highlights of the collection is the oldest extant manuscript of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle – one of our only sources for the period between the Roman and Norman invasions – perhaps written for the court of King Alfred (849-899AD).

The Parker Library also holds the Augustine Gospel (above) from the sixth century, on which the Archbishop of Canterbury still swears his oath. This book was, allegedly, brought to England by St Augustine himself when he first introduced Christianity to this heathen country. Although a few pages were removed

centuries ago, to be passed on as relics, the manuscript still contains two of the original four portraits of the Evangelists.

Perhaps the most charming book on display here is the Peterborough Bestiary (right-hand page), a collection of animal fables (along the lines of Aesop) illustrated with colourful and fantastical illustrations of every animal from bears to bees, donkeys to dragons – even ants get a look in. A cornucopia of the magical and the mundane illustrate short moralistic tales – from the staunchly Christian to the simply practical.

ANDREW HOUSTON/CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE



Parker Library

Trinity Wren Library

Despite it being one of the top tourist destinations in this theme-park town, I'd never visited the Trinity Wren library. So I made this my first port of call. *Winnie-the-Pooh* sits next to Wittgenstein; Swift nestles up to Shakespeare's First Folio and the library also boasts one of the first editions of Newton's *Principia* with his own notes for emendations. Wittgenstein would, I suspect, be rather irritated at sharing a case with A.A.Milne.

Even more so by the fact that his own illegible scrawl is glossed over while Owl's adorable naivety is fawned over by parents and children alike. It is the room itself, however, which makes this library imposing: busts of Shakespeare, Spenser, Socrates, Democritus and Cicero gaze austere down at visitors as if perturbed by their presence. Byron reigns over the whole library from a decidedly immodest statue at the far end of the room.

BY PERMISSION OF THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE



Emmanuel Charter

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): The tiger lunges. First, you feel sheer terror. Then you feel Shere Khan, as the tiger tucks in, and eats you alive. After a few chews, you die, which means the tiger is now eating you dead. You would point this out, but you are dead. »p13 Turn back time, and imagine you did use the staple gun after all

St John's Library

The bookcases of the St John's Library are as old as the college itself and include lift-the-flap, built-in catalogues of the books in each case. I was shown an impressive and ostentatious Book of Hours, owned by the founder of the college, Lady Margaret, and a copy of Erasmus' *The Education of a Christian Prince*, once owned by Edward the VI and Elizabeth I which delightfully contained this note in pencil: "The prince this did write when he went to school." A little politer than graffiti in modern textbooks, and a wonderfully personal note to remind the reader that these books were not always delicate artefacts but practical objects of learning. Another superstar of the collection is a tiny Almanac (measuring approx. 1.5cm x 1cm), a



Postscript

This is by no means a comprehensive guide to the array of libraries in Cambridge. It can hardly even be called a representative sample. Magdalene College Library, which houses the famous diaries of Samuel Pepys, must be left to another time, not to mention countless other collections which lurk in the recesses of the town. Books are there to be read, and nowhere provides greater opportunities to follow Milton's advice – "read any books whatever come to thy hands" – than Cambridge.



Emmanuel Library

Away from these well publicised collections, the university also possesses a wealth of less well-known libraries, including that of Emmanuel College. Don't let the absence of tourists deceive you: Emmanuel has some beauties hidden away. Two fashion manuals (below) from the 1700s and 1800s provide fascinating reading, showing detailed illustrations of the attire of postmen, watchmen, aristocratic ladies (morning and afternoon dress, of course), dragoons and even serjeant-trumpeters. Easily the most stunning item, however, is not a book at all but the college charter (left-hand page) which has a portrait of Elizabeth I in the illustrated 'E' of her name and an enormous black seal bearing the royal arms. The rare books room is worth a visit for this alone.



From the Archives



Week 5: November 11 1950
Oaths on the Cam

Swearing has always been a popular pastime on the Cam – the coach swears at the cox, the cox swears at the crew, and the crew just swear. It all adds to the fun of rowing. Admittedly, some college boatmen tell scarring tales of pre-war coaches who so blistered the ears of their crews that some of the sensitive members laid down their oars and never rowed again.

But the milder, more picturesque, oaths have added a welcome, cavalier glow to the sport. Some of these still exist, and are peculiarly tinged with the traditional courtesy of the river: “Blast you, Sir, why row as if your left side is paralysed!” That is all very praiseworthy.

But obscenity, accompanied by loss of temper, is another matter. The time honoured request of “May I come by, please, Sir?” begins to ring rather false on “Get out of the way, you –s” The Cam is very crowded, and obstructions often occur, but let us observe the courtesies of oarsmanship.



November 8 1969
The Great Cheese Robbery

A Tech Art student, Ann Jones, was fined £10 by a City magistrates court last Thursday after pleading guilty to stealing a 2/1 piece of cheese from the Fine Fair supermarket in Mill Road. It was her first offence.

Ann said she “had been living on apples and cheese for three weeks,” because her £225 grant had not arrived. “I feel I have been treated harshly and I can’t afford to appeal,” she added.

Her solicitor said, “From what she told me, she had a strong plea of mitigation.”

Afterwards, Ann said, “When I paid back the 2/1, the Manager, Mr. Younger, said he was disappointed that the security officer had taken me to court. He expected me to get a conditional discharge.”



THE HOLD STEADY USED TO BE A LITTLE BAND THAT DEALT IN BIG RIFFS AND BIG THEMES. NOW THEY’RE WOWING GLASTONBURY AND SUPPORTING THE STONES. BEFORE THEIR DECEMBER TOUR OF THE UK, DANIEL COHEN TALKS TO GUITARIST TAD KUBLER ABOUT RELIGION, GUITAR SOLOS AND STAYING POSITIVE

The Hold Steady are a proper rock band. This has become a cliché – the spectre of Springsteen hovers over their reviews – but it’s crucial. The lyrics of their frontman, Craig Finn, reveal a love of classic rock and an understanding of its power, with references to “the drums on Lust for Life” and “Saint Joe Strummer”. Tad Kubler “grew up with rock ‘n’ roll music,” and learnt guitar by playing along to bands like Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath and AC/DC. This meant that when he and Finn founded the Hold Steady after the break-up of their previous band, the punkier Lifter Puller, that kind of music “was a real natural thing” for him to return to.

The band operates on the basis of “if it sounds good, it is good”, choosing to overlook trends of the moment. This would explain their tendency to borrow from the dodgier side of classic rock, as exemplified by the talkbox solo on ‘Joke About Jamaica,’ from *Stay Positive*, their new album. The band aren’t tongue-in-cheek revivalists: “it’s not done with any sort of irony”, Kubler insists. “It might not be cool with some of the other bands you talk to, but it’s certainly cool with us.” This earnestness comes across in their songs, and is a great part of their appeal. Kubler briefly goes on the offensive: if bands think that guitar solos are uncool, “it’s probably because they can’t play very well”, he says, laughing.

Hold on tight

- 2004 Release of debut album, *Almost Killed Me*
- 2005 Release of *Separation Sunday*
- 2006 *Boys and Girls in America* comes out. It is ranked #4 on the *Village Voice’s* annual critics’ poll
- 2008 *Stay Positive* is released. It enters the UK chart at #15

Yet this is only a brief diversion, as “it seems like a waste of time to talk about stuff that you dislike”. Even before the title of the new album was announced, it was easy to associate the Hold Steady with this kind of positive attitude. There is sympathy and warmth in their songs, as well as an over-riding optimism, and it’s heartening to hear their guitarist acknowledge that “music is such a powerful thing... what’s important is to celebrate the great things about it”.

Despite all this talk of music, however, the band is probably most closely associated with Finn’s lyrics. They’ve been lumped in with ‘literary’ American bands like Vampire Weekend and the Mountain Goats. Finn is surely one of the most ambitious lyricists around, having written a concept album, *Separation Sunday*, which weaved religious themes around three vividly portrayed characters. Much of the time, he sings – or even talks – about the great subjects of rock music (girls, being young, getting high) with unparalleled care.

I ask Kubler, who writes the songs, how they come together: “Generally I’ll come up with a few different ideas for one particular song, then we’ll sit down as a band and arrange things. Craig will go through some of the stuff that he’s written and come up with ideas that way – he’ll get a cadence down, and metre, timing, and then the lyrics come in.” With so many people judging the band on the lyrics, does he ever feel like he’s at Finn’s mercy? “I feel really lucky to be able to write music for somebody like Craig. There have been times when we’ll work on the music, and the vocals come later... you rehearse, rehearse, rehearse, then you go into the studio... And then Craig will start to put down the vocal track, and this whole story unfolds over this piece of music. It becomes a completely different thing, and it’s exciting again.” Are there really more

bands taking pride in their lyrics than in the early days of the Hold Steady? “I think that we’re in a fortunate time right now that there are a lot of smart rock bands. I don’t mean necessarily always the people in them, but I think that there’s a lot of music out there right now that, lyrically, might be a little more intellectual than in previous years.” With religious concerns figuring in so many of the band’s songs, I ask if he shares them with Finn. “This is kind of a joke that we have,” he chuckles. “Craig says he’s religious and not spiritual, and I say I’m spiritual but not religious.”

Although Kubler enjoys working in the studio, he believes that “the way to experience our band is live. It’s really inclusive. It’s sort of a celebration of music. We have so much fun playing, and I think that that becomes contagious with everyone else.” My memory of seeing the band at Glastonbury last year confirms this. Their crunching riffs and singalong choruses are ideally suited to a live setting, but what really stood out was the intensity of the audience’s adulation, which the band responded to with sheer joy. “That’s definitely one show that will stand out among a lot of others in all of our minds”, Kubler remembers. “I’ll never forget walking offstage at Glastonbury and hearing the noise that the audience was making, and I just walked back onstage and I looked at Craig and was like, ‘is this for us? Are you fucking kidding me?’” Is it possible to sustain that kind of connection when they’re touring non-stop? “Yeah, absolutely. That’s something we’ll need to really rise to over the course of continuing to grow as a band... We’ll always need to find that balance so we’re not just getting up and regurgitating this performance that we have.”

The band has got to this stage despite casual beginnings. “We’d just get together a couple of times a week

and play some music and write some songs, and hang out. We felt we were really done with touring, and done with actually trying to pursue any sort of career in music... it just kind of took off, got away from us, and before we knew it we were on tour 250 days a year.” On their earlier albums, they stood out as an alternative band aping stadium rock; they’re now at the stage where they’ve supported the Rolling Stones. Kubler describes this experience as “one of the most bizarre things that we’ve ever done. Just to say that you opened for the Rolling Stones? That’s cool. ‘Yeah, I opened for the Stones once.’ I hope that’s not my epitaph - I would like to go on to global domination ourselves - but it still sounds pretty good at a party”.

Their success feels like it’s been a long time coming, but they only released their debut four years ago. They’ve been touring and recording almost non-stop since then, releasing an album every year except 2007. Don’t they ever feel like having a break? “I don’t plan to take any time off... We enjoy doing this, and that’s why it’s happened so quickly. Now it’s like: alright, let’s have a big party, go on tour and continue to party through that, and then when we’re done let’s go back into the studio and make another record.” The Hold Steady play life-affirming music, and this is enhanced by knowing that they “really love what [they] do”.

I finish with an impossible question. Can he explain why the combination of words and music – particularly his band’s words and music – has such a powerful effect on people? He ponders this, more as a music lover than a musician, before admitting to having no answer. “I just thank God it’s happening, ‘cos it’s a lot of fun.”

The single ‘Stay Positive’ is released on December 22

Camille and you



EXPERIMENTAL FRENCH SINGER CAMILLE PLAYS WITH PERSPEX ON STAGE. FINN BEAMES MEETS HER AT THE ROUNDHOUSE AND DISCUSSES SINGING IN ENGLISH AND HIDING IN CHAIRS

You might not have heard of Camille, but once you hear what she does you'll probably be confused, amused and electrified. Her latest release, *Music Hole*, features such songs as 'Money Note', 'Katie's Tea' and 'Cats and Dogs'; she's thirty but looks twenty, with a defiant beauty; and when I interviewed her she said things like "I'd like to try a cock. But for your nose? Your face would be right in there".

Camille, who is *not* Camille O'Sullivan, but Camille Dalmats, started her career singing with Nouvelle Vague. She has recorded three solo albums and is currently touring the world. The first album was a collection of pretty straight-up songs in French, and the second; *Le Fil* (*The Thread*)

"I'D LIKE TO TRY A COCK. BUT FOR YOUR NOSE? YOUR FACE WOULD BE RIGHT IN THERE."

was more of an experiment, with a single note running as a drone throughout the entire album. She describes it as "a soundtrack" and says it was "not planned to be a success" – it is pretty weird, made up mostly of her own voice, and lyrics translate as things like "why do you call me triangle when I'm called trapeze?" Aside from the wack, though, it is an encapsulating and fully formed product of an ingenious musical mind – she manages to sew together joy and despair seamlessly all with her own voice. With *Music Hole*, she has not only cemented her abilities as unique, but retained her personality while moving in a hundred different directions.

In her own words, "it's less of an introspective and intimate and fragile album than the last one; it's more punchy and maybe aggressive in some ways, and more about energy and physicality". She draws on African and Latin-American rhythms, middle-Eastern singing techniques, gospel melodies and hip-hop beats while singing about deceitful pets. There's almost no point writing about it, because you just have to listen, and after that (even before, preferably) see her live. She played the Roundhouse on October 19. The only instruments on stage were a piano, a spring-drum and a couple of sheets of Perspex – everything else came from a band of two beatboxers and five singers who stamped, clapped, hit themselves and made animal noises, as directed by a statuesque yet wildly effusive Camille.

The biggest leap from *Le Fil* to *Music Hole* is from French to English. Obviously this move will attract more English and fewer French listeners, but it's surprising to hear what she has to say about her progression: "singing in English, I've realised – *c'est trop compliqué* – singing in English is controversial still. When you come from French chanson and you sing in English, when there's no

reason for it – my parents aren't English or anything – when you're 100% French, if you sing Spanish it's OK; if you sing English it's like you're trying to be commercial, or... there's something suspicious about it. It didn't help people to understand the album, the humour, the puns..." But the humour in the album, should the French decide to disengage with the connotations of singing in English, is possibly more for them than it is for us. The English reserve is under attack, as is our dependence on tea. The tracks encourage us to laugh at ourselves, but there is still something affectionate about it. Whatever Camille sings about, even if it is aggressive, it doesn't ever seem malicious. She says, "I know some real stuff and I know some clichés. I know Beatrix Potter and I know Lewis Carroll and all those things that cross over – I'm truly attached to them and I love those things. *Music Hole* is the way I see those things".

Our conversation shifts from stature ("if I was a quarter of my height, I'd be a more impressive singer, because if I was little I could go under there, hide in the chair and have a big sound coming out, but maybe I'd rather be tall for my pride") and hairstyles ("covered in hair or hairless? We're the weakest creatures on the planet. We've lost our hair and we've come out of the forest. We're too sensitive") to the credit crunch. Camille has some condemning opinions on the state of the music industry and sees the crunch as an opportunity for change. "I like this word 'crisis'. It scares people, but it's very good, it's like revolution; it wakes people up. What I say is that I think we're very spoilt and we sometimes forget reality and go 'woaw woaw woaw', and it's good, it brings you back to reality. I think we forget what richness is about – it's about being full of love and energy. And people talk about the music industry – and music is getting very abstract – EMI has merged with a financial investment firm, and the boss of that firm just doesn't know anything about music and it's very wrong." It's reassuring to hear that even a singer who is ascending rapidly can maintain such an idealistic view on her profession. And she spells out an exciting sort of destruction: "if the music industry is crashing, well thank God. There's too much money, too much fuss, too much star system around it; music is very simple, it's like, what's that? You know, it's just good for us, and they'd do better to merge with touring agencies and sell records at the end of concerts; maybe music will be smaller with less money, but it'll be more musical".

This desire for intimacy and honesty shines through all of Camille's music, and from the way she conducts herself and everything she says, you can tell she is a uniquely truthful artist. She also said, "I'll only come to your friend's birthday party if they're under seven".

Letter From Abroad



Week 5: St Petersburg, Russia

For my audition at the St Petersburg Conservatory, I played part of a Beethoven cello sonata to Nikitin Anatoliy Pavlovich, the 77-year-old cello maestro. After I finished playing the opening movement, he informed me that my rendition resembled a tired old man, whereas it should have conjured up the scene of a tranquil village. I endeavoured to lessen the disparity between these two very different images, and was, possibly, just starting to make some headway, when he abruptly stopped me mid-phrase to ask what pieces I wanted to learn during my time at number three, Theatre Square. I mentioned the Shostakovich sonata, and after a short pause, he nonchalantly said "Mozhno" ("You can").

The atmosphere in the Conservatory is extraordinary: the corridors resound with the expensive, polished polyphony of clarinets, violins, booming baritones and soaring sopranos. This Western cacophony is embellished by the more exotic sound of traditional Russian balalaikas and accordions, which imparts a seductive, Eastern flavour to this motley orchestra.

My first lesson with Nikitin was several weeks ago. After waiting in trepidation for a few moments outside the door, I made my way into the cello chamber. It hosted a brave Chinese student who was attempting to play Tchaikovsky's formidably difficult Rococo variations. It was cringe-making to hear Nikitin repeatedly ask "When will you play it in tune?", and the poor cellist's faltering response of "Next time...?" This plea for redemption was always denied, with the cry of "Next variation!" accompanied by a customary table-thwack. Fortunately, this harsh approach to musical tuition finds its counterpart in softly spoken words of advice, which stem from an inspirational love of music.

The German philosopher, Friedrich von Schelling wrote that "architecture in general is frozen music". This idea led me to ponder whether music is in general, melted architecture; in which case, the Conservatoire is probably responsible for the fact that half of the city is perpetually "v remont" (under repair) and would explain why the area around this institution is a construction site. Even the iconic facade of the Hermitage art museum is bandaged in the same gauze of scaffolding that seems to pervade every street in the city. It is with the thought that my cello and I will melt some more buildings that I now indulge in some more musical monument-destruction. *Sophie Rashbrook*

CamilleTime

- 1978 Camille Dalmats born in Paris
- 2002 Signed record contract with Virgin Records
- 2002 Debut album *Le Sac des Filles* released
- 2005 Wins Prix Constantin for second album, *Le Fil*.
- 2007 Contributed to soundtrack of Pixar's *Ratatouille*

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): 'I thought you'd never ask', says the Head Porter, sexily. Are you male or female? It doesn't matter. Russ is insatiable. 'I'm insatiable,' he says, before putting his hand on your face. 'Also, I love you. Your eyes are nice, or something. We'll have a long and happy marriage – touch wood,' he says, tapping his crotch. **p16 Carry on?** **p18 Cary Grant, and flee north by northwest?**

the VARSITY WEEK

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

Music

Friday 7th
Robert Mitchell Trio
Kettle's Yard: 7.30pm (£12)
Jazz - a classically influenced avant-garde with a lyrical, elegiac feel - varied influences.

Lewis Wright Quartet
Fisher Building, John's: 9pm (£4)
The popular East-Anglian group are gracing John's for one night only; cheap drinks.

Sunday 9th
Andy Bowie Jazz Quintet
The Cricketers: 8.30pm (Free)
Sax-led modern jazz from Ellington to Shorter from ever-expanding repertoire, in a new, larger venue.

Panic Steel Band
West Road Concert Hall: 5pm (£5)
The New Europe Society present "MUSIC FROM AROUND THE WORLD." Including traditional Caribbean Songs and European Classical.

Monday 10th
Noah and the Whale
Junction: 8pm (£8 adv/£10)
Energetic popsters from London who employ harmonies and elements of folk and bluegrass to good effect.

Feeder
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£22.50)
First proper tour in three years, their tour bus exploded into flames last week, unlike their music.

Tuesday 11th
Fleet Foxes
Junction: 8pm (£12 adv/£14)
Draw on a variety of influences from gospel, hymns, folk, motown, baroque pop to country-rock. To good effect.

Wednesday 12th
The Holloways
Junction: 7pm (£10 adv)
Another one of those generic indie-by-numbers 'the' bands with a fiddle sporadically thrown in.

Pifco, Three Vicars & United Snakes
Portland Arms: 8pm (£4)
Grunge, garage, blooze-punk. All at once. In one place.

Theatre

Friday 7th & Saturday 8th
Dead Woman Walking
Corpus Playroom: 5.50pm
Death. As comedy.

Enjoy (see pg 19)
Peter Pan (see pg 19)
Peepshow (see pg 19)
A Beast for Thee (see pg 18)

Sunday 9th
A Beast for Thee

Monday 10th
Love and Other Fairy Tales
Howard Building, Downing: 7.30pm
Chaucer's characters start talking back.

Tuesday 11th
Parade
ADC: 7.45pm (£7)
Cambridge University Musical Theatre Society present Leo Frank's quest for justice. See pg 20.

Footlights Smoker
ADC: 11pm (£5)
We all know what it's about. Book now. Yes, right now. Four seats left.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Corpus Playroom: 7pm
One of Shakespeare's most vibrant comedies.

Educating Rita
Corpus Playroom: 9.30pm (£4)
You've seen the film. And if you haven't: professor and uneducated mix, proves an education for both.

Wednesday 5th
Empty Portrait
ADC: 11pm (£4)
Claire Wells' play explores the relationship between an artist and a sitter. Thought-provoking depiction of self-definition.

Hay Fever
Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens': 7.45pm
Noel Coward at his best. Infamous comedy. Pick of the Week.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Parade
Educating Rita

Empty Portrait
The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Parade
Educating Rita
Hay Fever

Going Out

Friday 7th
Milton Jackson
Clare Cellars: 9pm (£5)
Student ID required
Jackson is a hotly-tipped Glaswegian producer of deep house with a techno bent.

Saturday 8th
Indie Thing
Kambar: 10pm (£3/£2)
A regular night of Indie Music playing new songs and old favourites.

Synchronize
The Junction: 10pm (£10 adv)
Once again, the Junction delivers a ridiculous line-up. This one focuses on liquid d 'n'b, and features legends like LTJ Bukem, Fabio and Marcus Intalex.

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

Talks and Events

Saturday 8th & Sunday 9th
Cambridge African Film Festival
Arts Picturehouse: Various Times
See pick of the week

Saturday 8th
Hoyle Day
St John's College Library: 11am - 4.30pm (Free)
Talk, tours and exhibition about cosmologist Sir Fred Hoyle (1915-2001), the man who coined the phrase "big bang".

Arsenic and Old Lace
Old Labs, Newnham Gardens: 8pm (free)
From the director of 'It's a Wonderful Life', we see Cary Grant starring as a drama critic who finds a streak of insanity in the family on his wedding day. Good acting and an engaging plot.

Monday 10th
What is the Baha'i Faith?
Latimer Rm, Clare: 8.30pm
The first event of this week's Baha'i Awareness events.

Tuesday 11th
Trinity Politics Society
Trinity College: 6.15pm
Dr Anatol Lievena, formerly a British journalist working mainly in the former Soviet Union and South Asia, talks on "Pakistan From 1986 to 1998".

Moral Sciences Club
Fisher Building, St. John's: 5.15pm
Paul Snowden from UCL will be discussing 'The 'What-it-is-like-ness' of Experience'. Phenomenology (good word), or 'what-it-is-likeness', is a fascinating topic for philosophers and non-philosophers alike.

Thursday 13th
The Varsity Debate
The Union Chamber: 7.30pm
Our heavy-weight debaters take on the other place on the topic of Sharia Law. With relations between the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies currently strained (see news section), this year's Varsity Debate promises to back an extra punch.

Mad Hatters Pub Crawl
Starts Magdalene Bar: 8pm
Come along to find out about Campus, a Cambridge run children's charity that takes kids from Liverpool social services on holiday over the summer. Prize for the best hat!

Sport

Saturday 8th
Arsenal v Manchester United
Sky Sports 1: 12 noon
Arsenal have faltered in the Premier League in recent weeks, succumbing to Stoke after their thrilling 4-4 draw with bitter rivals Tottenham. Manchester United have looked a great deal more convincing, and their mouthwatering front three of Berbatov, Rooney and Ronaldo will be looking to pile the misery on Wenger's men at the Emirates Stadium.

Monday 10th
Rugby Blues v Northampton Saints
Grange Road: 7.15pm
Jon Dawson's men have struggled in recent weeks against strong opposition, not helped by a spate of injuries that have seriously damaged their preparations for the Varsity match in December. With Ross Broadfoot ruled out with an ankle injury, John's second year Sandy Reid appears to have been given the nod to play fly-half on December 14.

Wednesday 12th
Basketball Blues v Oxford Brookes
Chesterton Sports Centre: 4pm
The Blues Basketballers take on Oxford Brookes. After a narrow defeat in last year's Varsity fixture, the Light Blues were disheartened at Oxford's acquisition of Stephen Danley, a top college basketballer from the US. They'll be looking to start strongly at home to Oxford Brookes.

Women's Football Blues v Bedfordshire
Fitz Sports Grounds: 2pm
The female footballers got off to the best possible start to the season, demolishing De Montfort 7-1 away before narrowly edging out Oxford 1-0 in the following game. They'll be looking to continue their strong form against a Bedfordshire side who were also emphatic opening day winners, beating Leicester 6-1.

Friday 14th
India v England
Sky Sports 1: 3.30pm
The first one-day international live from Rajkot. The England touring party arrived this week fresh from their disappointing defeat in the Stamford Super Series, missing out on a \$20m jackpot. Captain Kevin Pietersen will have to pick his troops up for this tour, which will include 7 one-day internationals and 2 test matches, with the squad flying back to England just before Christmas.

Art, Jazz & Classical

Ongoing Exhibitions
Fitzwilliam Museum:
• Sir Sydney Cockerell and The Fitz
• Japanese Pottery (booking necessary)
• Palaces in the Night - Whistler's Prints
• Chinese Imperial Jades
• Tomb Treasures of Ancient Georgia
• Greeks, 'Barbarians' and their Coins
• Picasso Prints - Dreams and Lies

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

Saturday 8th
Parry, Janáček
Our Lady and English Martyrs: 7.30pm (£10)
The Cambridge Philharmonic, conducted by Christopher Whitton, perform Parry's 'Songs of Farewell' with Janáček's Mladi.

Strauss, Beethoven, Sibelius
West Road: 8pm (£5)
Cambridge Graduate Orchestra under Carlos del Cueto; highlight is Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5, "Emperor", with Rick Uttley as the soloist.

Wagner, Finzi, Beethoven
Trinity Chapel: 8pm (£3)
An eclectic mix, presented by the newly formed Beethoven Ensemble. Finzi's Clarinet Concerto and They'll be looking to start strongly at home to Oxford Brookes.

Sunday 9th
Songs of Love and Loss
West Road: 7.30pm (£8)
Soprano Rachel Godsill is accompanied by Marie-Noelle Kendall in a tour through songs by Haydn, Wolf, Kodaly and Brahms.

Tuesday 11th
Debussy Piano Trio
Trinity Chapel: 1.15pm (Free)
This successful trio return to offer some lunchtime amusement and respite.

Thursday 13th
Corelli, Handel, Marcello, Bach, Buxtehude
West Road: 8pm (£3)
The Bach Consort, a top-notch group, present a feast. Watch out for extracts from the Matthew Passion.

Friday 14th
Verdi, Haydn, Vaughan Williams
West Road: 8pm (£4)
Does exactly what it says on the tin.

CUR1350 Radio

Saturday 8th
The Alice Jones Show
10-11am
Lively chit chat and special guests. Interesting facts about sea creatures and Kant. And piles of features, including 'who-to-know-in-Cambridge special guests'.

Sunday 9th
CUR1350 Leftstream
11-12pm
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!

Monday 10th
Performance
11-12pm
A special programme bringing you a concert of choral music by the sixteenth-century composer John Taverner. The concert was given in Trinity College Chapel by the Cambridge Clerkes, and the programme includes interviews with the group's musical director Chris Lowrey.

Tuesday 11th
Talk Scratchings
7-9pm
Christos & Micky return with their own unique brand of nothing, along with the best in new music, and a few old favourites.

Wednesday 12th
A Pinch of Salt
7-9pm
Now in its third year, Tobias, Sal and Amy continue their quest to provide a regular reminder of how to take life and what it means to be human. Featuring the music you just can't get out of your head and a liberal dose of classics.

Thursday 13th
Superconnected
11-12pm
Starting and ending with the same artist, Jason takes you along a chain of truly alternative songs, each song linked to the last with the help of some music trivia.

Friday 14th
The Alphabet Cassette
2-4pm
Revise the Latin alphabet through the miracle of indiepop and alternative music! Sing, clap and dance along as you learn!!!

Film

Quantum of Solace
Arts Picturehouse
All Days: 11:00 (only on Fri, Sat, Sun, Weds), 13:30, 16:00, 18:30, 21:00, 23:30 (late show only Fri, Sat)
Vue
All Days: 11:30, 12:30, 13:20, 14:20, 15:20, 16:10, 17:10, 18:10, 19:00, 20:00, 21:00, 21:40, 22:40, 23:40 (last two showings only on Fri, Sat, Weds)
See our review on pg 23.

Ghost Town
Vue
Sat, Sun: 10:20, 12:50, 15:10, 17:40, 20:30, 23:00 (Sat only)
All Other Days: 12:50, 15:10, 17:40, 20:30, 23:00 (late show only Fri, 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.

Burn After Reading
Arts Picturehouse
Fri, Sat: 23:15
Weds: 21:10
Thurs: 14:10
Vue
All Days: 21:10, 23:30 (late show only on Fri, Sat, Weds)
Utterly disappointing.

Easy Virtue (above)
Vue
All Days: 13:10, 15:30, 17:50, 20:15, 22:50 (late show only on Fri, Sat, Weds)
Loose adaptation of Noel Coward's 1920s comedy: an Englishman brings his American girlfriend home.

Let's Talk about the Rain
Arts Picturehouse
Fri: 12:30, 16:30, 21:15
Sat: 12:00, 14:15, 16:30, 21:15
Sun: 13:45, 16:30, 21:15
Mon: 12:30, 16:30, 18:45, 21:15
Tues: 12:00, 16:30, 21:15
Weds: 11:00, 13:15, 18:45, 21:15
Thurs: 12:30, 16:30, 18:50, 21:15
It's about feminism, politics and film-making. Of course it's in French.

Of Time and The City
Arts Picturehouse
Fri to Thur: 1:00, 5:15, 9:10 (except Tues: 12:00, 3:30, 9:10)
Terence Davies demonstrates the real grit of 1960's Liverpool: unmissable.

Pick of the Week

Hay Fever
Wednesday November 12 to Saturday November 15
Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' College: 7.45pm

Noel Coward's 1924 comedy is set in a country house and depicts the ensuing havoc when the Bliss family invite a guest each to stay. A constant favourite since its first performance in 1925, the play provides a sharp insight into the English upper-class whilst maintaining exceptional comedy. This performance by BATs, a Queens'-based company, promises to be a winner. Director Marieke Audsley struck gold with Henry V earlier this term, whilst producer Rachel Scrivener knows a thing or two about comedy having produced the Footlights' national tour.

Judi Dench in 'Hay Fever'

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

A scene from 'Twelve Disciples of Nelson'

African Film Festival Opening Weekend
Saturday November 8 & Sunday November 9
Arts Picturehouse: Various Times

Sat 8th 6.45pm: 'Twelve Disciples of Nelson Mandela' Based on the true story of twelve anti-apartheid activists attempting to take their struggle worldwide.

Sun 9th 4pm: 'That's My Face' & 'This Is My Africa' An attempt to trace African roots; and a film-documentary on how Africans living on the diaspora perceive the continent. Interviews with Jon Snow, among others; followed by q and a with the directors.

For more details visit the Arts Picturehouse website.

Wagner, Finzi, Beethoven
Saturday November 8
Trinity Chapel: 8pm (£3)

Dan Hill is one of the up-and-coming stars of student conducting, having worked his way through a plethora of musical institutions. And in his hands this concert will come alive. Finzi's Clarinet Concerto is a true delight: a leading light of the second wave of the 20th-century English musical renaissance, Finzi's music charms as much as it challenges. And accomplished soloist Alice Gledhill will surely do it justice. Beethoven's Eroica Symphony was intended to be dedicated to Napoleon (Eroica means 'hero'), and its grandeur is certainly fitting for this intention.

Alice Gledhill

An Amnesty Protest in February 2008

Deborah Haynes
Sunday November 9
Queen's Lecture Building, Emmanuel: 8.30pm

Cambridge University Amnesty International host a talk by Deborah Haynes, the Times Baghdad Correspondent and winner of the Amnesty journalism prize. This promises to be a fascinating insight for anyone interested in journalism, human rights or politics. She will be speaking about the challenges faced in her work and the impact made by her series of articles on Iraqi interpreters, which changed British policy. Visit www.cuamnesty.org.uk if you're interested in Amnesty International in Cambridge; the site has loads of options for getting involved.

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): It turns out that the HP really does love you. Yes, it's a bit weird, but nevertheless you marry him and live a life of bliss until he admits, twenty years later, that he set the tiger loose into the plodge as a romantic gesture. You can just about see where he's coming from, so you settle for a further twenty years of bliss before he runs off with a younger model.

View From
The Stage

Week 4: Daniel Garsin & Miri Gellert, *Parade*

What's it all about?

Parade is a true story about the 1913 trial of Jewish factory manager Leo Frank, who was accused of the rape and murder of 13 year old employee, Mary Phagan. Set in Georgia, southern America, the show follows the story of Leo Frank's trial as well as the subsequent love story between him and his wife Lucille. Musically, Jason Robert Brown's haunting and ingenious score contains influences from numerous genres and styles which were extant across the USA at that time.

Your role?

Frankie: young suitor of Mary Phagan; deeply affected by her death and seeking retribution. Lucille: Leo's wife - a southern Jewess who has great admiration and respect for her husband but is continually searching for the missing link in her marriage.

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

Well, *Parade* in itself is a rather unique piece of drama; rarely does one find a musical so poignant and hard-hitting in its dramatic and musical intensity. If we had to compare it to a previous show in Cambridge, *I See What I Wanna See* (Michaelmas musical 2006) comes to mind. It could also be compared to *Gershwin's Porgy and Bess*; both set in the deep south, they adopt musical styles from African-American culture and embody elements shared by both musical theatre and opera.

What's in it for me?

One of the largest casts to grace the ADC stage (the new one at least), aided by Tzo Zen Ang's contemporary choreography. The show is filled with epic numbers, of the show-stopping and heart wrenching variety, raw emotion and a relentless pace.

Little known fact...

A number of the testimonies to which we bear witness during the Trial Sequence of the show are taken word for word from original witness statements given in 1913. In addition, the founding of the Anti-Defamation League was partly the result of the Leo Frank case (known throughout southern America as 'The Trial of the Century').

Show Details:

Parade is on at the ADC from Tuesday 11th to Saturday 15th November at 7.45pm. And there's a matinee on Saturday at 2.30pm. Tickets start at £7 and are available from adctheatre.com. And there will be a first night review on varsity.co.uk/reviews.

THEATRE

***A Beast for Thee* by Freddy Syborn**

Corpus Playroom, November 5-8

Dir. Freddy Syborn; Pembroke Players

★★★★★

An actress and a journalist post-coitally argue about death and violation in an airless hotel room, and a brother and sister discuss sex and god in a bombed Islamic city.

The more complete a theatrical experience, the harder it is to dissect and criticise and, frankly, I really can't think of a better new play I've seen at Cambridge. As both writer and director of this forty-five minute piece, Freddy Syborn skillfully avoids all the usual over-earnest pitfalls of 'student writing' and instead constructs his own strong and impressive theatrical language. The voices of the protagonists interweave the naturalistic and the lyrical - a stilted, filthy joke about a paedophile raping a syphilitic nine-year-old is subverted and transformed into an elegy for a lost child: "the lilies went when she lay down in the earth".

Here images and words blend in patterns that are both strikingly beautiful and deeply unsettling.

One of the central conceits of the play is the unbearable, destructive tension between two ideas of the world. One finds joy in life as it is, where "the world rhymes with itself"; and the other the certainty that "pounding blood is running down the cracks of the world" and that the only route to joy and love is to break out and escape through death into a universe of perfectibility. I wasn't entirely convinced by Syborn's idea that "the celebrity commits suicide and the suicide bomber seeks celebrity", but perhaps this was because the play and the production is too rich, too nuanced and too alive with disturbing inferences to be wrestled into a glib summary. Instead, the play does 'rhyme' with

repeated and subverted gestures and images which simultaneously reflect, expose, darken one another.

This is a two man show and the performances by Giulia Galastro and Patrick Garety are both superb. Whilst the first scene could do with more variation of tone and speed during the longer speeches and faster, more charged movement, the pair are unselfconsciously convincing as a young Arab brother and sister. They also cope admirably with what must be a frightening level of exposure for actors - all of the action takes place on an illuminated white cube bed and within a few feet of the audience's gaze, and every blink, touch, and broken gaze is registered.

To say more would be to dissect too far. This play and production truly deserve to be seen. *Isabel Taylor*



PATRICK GARETY

***84 Charing Cross Road* by Helene Hanff**

Homerton College Small Studio, November 4-8

Dir. Marion Durand; Homerton Amateur Theatrical Society

★★★★★

First, a confession. I never really understood the enduring popularity of Helene Hanff's *84 Charing Cross Road*: a book based on letters never seemed to be a page turner, so to speak. And when the opening exchanges between Hanff and London bookseller Frank Doel appeared burdened by the clunky process of dating each letter - as well as by a raucous martial arts session on the floor below - I felt a certain sense of vindication.

For the most part though, Marion Durand's production completely proved me wrong, and karate-chopped any prejudices I once had. The intimate setting of Homerton College's Small Studio is the perfect location for a play as simple as this, and the decision to use dual stages proved truly inspired. The audience, sitting in the middle of Hanff and Doel, became part of the

correspondence, caught up in the happiness and frustration of collecting rare literature, as well as the hardships of the post-War era.

The acting could have easily resorted to Anglo-American stereotypes, and although they occasionally surface, they are for the most part left in the Hugh Grant movies where they belong. Nic Pollard's American drawl is very convincing, but it was Oliver Soden as Doel who really stood out: his rich, unamplified voice filled the room with the wondrous titles of Hanff's dreams; Catullus, Hazlitt, and Quilter Couch rolled off his tongue like butter.

And as a dialogue-driven play, this was absolutely crucial. There is little happening on stage, and it was quite possible to unwind and let the unfolding relationship wash over one's head. When the excellent Soden did stride towards

the front of his stage, in an act of defiance at the distance between the two, it was moving. When he shuffled off for the last time, it was even more so.

Technically, the play is executed with black-belt competency: lighting and sound is kept to a minimum, and although the pre-recorded letters are somewhat confusing, on the whole they add to the experience. But it is Pollard and Soden who really drive this play, and anything else seems like a distraction.

On the whole then, this production is certainly worth the cycle ride that will probably stop it becoming more successful than it deserves; for those who do venture out into the cold, it is certainly a very pleasant and relaxing way to spend an evening. Which is more than can be said, perhaps, for the Tae-Kwon-Do going on beneath. *Alasdair Pal*

MARION DURAND

***The ICE Chromosome***

ADC, Tuesday November 4

Improvised Comedy Ents

★★★★★

The set up of the *ICE Chromosome* sounded entertaining. Promising a comedy battle between the sexes, this improvised troupe guaranteed to finally determine who was funnier: men or women. As the teams assembled on their respective blue and pink sides of the stage our compere announced to the surprisingly vocal audience that the games were about to begin.

Improvisation is undeniably a talent that not everyone can master with great success. The teams, although enthusiastic, found themselves performing mundane scenes which prompted only a few titters from the audience. Take for example the 'supervisor and student' scenario in which they were meant to fall in love over the course of a minute; and instead fell short, only to perform

a brief discussion about an essay. I do admire their bravery at attempting the musical improvisations which were definitely their strong point, producing a humorous opera entitled "I'm sorry I burnt the toast in Paris again". There were a few gems of hilarity but on the whole the audience's suggestions provided more laughs than the entertainers.

The weakest link came in the form of the compere, who failed to create the charismatic and slick rapport with the audience fundamental to this job. He forgot information and confused his scenes; and the improvisers obviously shared the audience's frustration: they eventually mutinied against him and introduced the games themselves. The lights flickered between sketches, pre-

sumably to illuminate the audience and make them feel more included in the show; but this did more to annoy than to implicate me.

Overall, *ICE* failed to convince us of their scenes. They didn't fully commit to any of the wacky comedy situations which our suggestions put them in. By constantly breaking away from their acting to give sly and awkward looks of apology to the audience it meant I did empathise with anyone who couldn't muster a joke, but it didn't make me laugh. Coming away, I regrettably didn't find out which gender should hold the comedy crown, despite the compere annoyingly announcing that even though the games had provided us with a draw, because he was a man, the men won. There is comedic potential and the au-



dience warmed to the extremely likable cast: it's just a shame that I didn't get the opportunity to laugh more.

Rachel Scrivener

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

Peepshow

ADC, November 5-8

Dir. Lauren Cooney; Idle Productions

★★★★★

Peepshow was, at times, as racy as it sounds. Sitting alone in row three was frequently an uneasy experience as the couples onstage straddled, canoodled and showered together. I'm not sure that I've ever felt so much like a dirty old man. But even these moments were handled with a delicately balanced human awkwardness that saved them from being brash, and somehow even the word 'shagging' was just about bearable when the acting was so good.

Isabel Wright's play is a loosely assembled collage of relationships pushed together in one apartment building and a stifling summer. Ben and George argue constantly. Richard downstairs thinks Ben is shift, but we think that Richard is suspicious. Sarah toys with Kate, who seems oblivious to her shaded compliments, but dances instead with the nameless man who learns conversational

Polish alone in his apartment. The focus shifts restlessly from one couple to another, slowly unveiling hidden neuroses and imperfections. And, while no one's watching, the loner takes photos. Cue insightful comparison between audience and voyeur. The play runs on this idea of audience turned voyeur but at times it was too overstated. The direction was so driven by the metaphor that it became overly visible. By the end of the play, in what was in theory a rather obvious and predictable shift, the audience is shown that the loner who we at first dismiss as a sociopath is perhaps not so sinister, and that the other characters are no less dysfunctional. Lauren Cooney and James Walker's portrait of a disintegrating relationship was beautifully acted and well-observed. Watching other people bicker on stage, usually tedious to the extreme, became tolerable, even

evocative, when handled so skillfully by the cast. But it was the subtlety and humour of Finn Beames' tracksuit-wearing outsider that just saved this reversal from being flat. Repeating the comically awkward but tragically apt phrases of a substandard Polish conversation tape to himself, the acting lent the character a dimension that could easily have been missed for cliché.

Soosan Lolavar's score captured the restless summer confinement of Rear Window and added a vibrance and movement that was perhaps lacking in the plot. While the director made effective use of dynamic staging, a feeling of stagnation lingered throughout the play. Although this was key to the central conceit of fleeting snapshots rather than developed plot, it left the play feeling at times merely ornamental.

Alice Newell-Hanson



CHARLOTTE HUNCE

Analysis



Week 5: *Dreams and Lies* – Picasso's Prints at the Fitz

“The Spanish struggle is the fight of realism against the people, against freedom. My whole life as an artist has been nothing more than a continuous struggle against reaction and the death of art...in all my recent works of art, I clearly express my abhorrence of the military caste which has sunk Spain in an ocean of pain and death.” So said Picasso in May 1937, one month before *Guernica* was completed, and four months after *Sueño y mentira de Franco* (*Dream and Lie of Franco*) was executed. The former is arguably the greatest anti-war painting ever produced; the latter is the precursor to it.

Dream and Lie is a rare portfolio containing a pair of etchings and a Surrealist poem. The etchings are in a cartoon strip format but either through laziness or urgency Picasso did not bother to reverse them, so they must be read from right to left. They were sold in aid of the Spanish Republican cause at the International Exhibition in Paris where *Guernica* was first displayed. These scathingly satirical etchings ridicule Franco and condemn his oppressive regime. But they do more than act as a mouthpiece for political propaganda: they document Picasso's immediate, personal response to the atrocities of the Spanish Civil War.

Despite their apparently childish composition and bawdy humour, these eighteen scenes have more in common with Goya's *Disastres de la Guerra* than the *Beano*. A Surrealist-inspired polyp rides out to war on a caricatured horse wearing a crown, holding a sword and carrying a banner emblazoned with the Virgin Mary. Soon the horse becomes hairy testicles and the banner is held by a massive penis. The polyp then bashes a classical bust, turns into a woman, is attacked by a bull, becomes a bishop in whose face an altar explodes (provoking disgusting creatures to crawl out of his belly), before riding off on a winged horse and then on a pig. Each scene is stuffed with symbolism. And that's only the first plate.

The second plate continues in a similar, albeit more detailed, vein. But a radical change occurs in the fifth scene. The satire stops. Grotesque burlesque is replaced by desperate emotion. Naïve lines and unvaried aquatint are replaced by frantic scratches. *Guernica* had been bombed and half way through this plate Picasso responded to it. A contemporary critic proclaimed: “Goya is brought back to life in Picasso...Picasso has been reunited with his homeland.” He had indeed. Anna Trench

Dreams and Lies runs at the Fitzwilliam Museum until February, in the Shiba Gallery (Gallery 14)



Enjoy by Alan Bennett

Arts Theatre, November 3-8

Dir. Christopher Luscombe; Theatre Royal Bath

★★★★★

“Sweden?!” So begins Alan Bennett's *Enjoy*. An apt opening for what is one of his more baffling plays. Ironically, however, normality becomes a recurring theme as the characters of the play strive to attain this, without ever knowing what it requires of them. The play is set, as much of Bennett's work, in Leeds. The last back-to-backs are in the process of being demolished and in an effort to preserve and prolong the way of life of this community the council has sent someone in to observe the families there. The action is set in the living room of the Craven family.

As always with Bennett, the script is wonderfully written and Christopher Luscombe's production allows the words free rein. It is Connie Craven, played by Alison Steadman, who gets some of the best lines: “I'll just have a whip round with the ewbank.” Sing-

ing and calling out from the scullery, Connie is a cheerful and well-meaning woman though slightly 'doolally', as Alan Bennett himself puts it. Alison Steadman's characterisation is exquisitely nuanced: from the tongue which appears at the side of her mouth when Connie concentrates, to the squint as she reads a letter. Steadman presents her sympathetically without recourse to stereotype and as a result, the audience develop a genuine affection for the house-proud 'Mam'.

The foil to 'Mam' is 'Dad', or Wilfred Craven, played by David Troughton. His portrayal of the bored and irritable husband is accurate down to the last roll of the eyes. Wilf's love for Linda, the daughter, becomes the only thing of value to him, but even this is proved less than secure with the arrival on stage of Linda herself. Played by an exuberant

Josie Walker, Linda is a personal “secr-etary” [sic] in the sense that “seamstress” used to be used. She bursts into the tiny sitting room in an explosion of colour and noise and with a rather no-nonsense approach to “the past”.

The Craven's council worker, watching over all this is Ms Craig; overly feminine and yet evidently a man in drag. Though it is unclear whether the characters on stage realise this, only adding to the absurdity of the situation. Ms Craig and her colleagues in suits are here to pickle the past – but as Connie astutely says “I always thought I'd missed the past.” *Enjoy* is undoubtedly a bizarre affair but one which has something timelessly valid to say about sentimentalising hardship and the working classes. The production is here until 8 November: enjoy it while you can. Lizzie Davis



TIM JOHNS

Peter Pan by J. M. Barrie

ADC, November 4-8

Dir. Joanna Harries; CUADC

★★★★★

Who is this show for? The Half-Term audience, or the students attracted by the publicity screaming 'edgy'? The posters gnomically suggest “This isn't a bedtime story.” Ok, sure. Fine.

But it didn't deliver on that promise. It's hard for a Cambridge student to suspend disbelief: an abiding memory of this was a member of the audience forced onto the floor during the interval by laughter at the appalling flying scenes.

This is fast degenerating into the ghastrly impressionistic reviewing style. What was wrong with this; what was right enough for it to earn three stars?

Wrong: the set, some of the acting, all of the flying. The first is personal: call me a modernist, but I do feel that a painted backdrop lends a slightly schoolboy at-

mosphere to proceedings. Next, we have the acting. In a cast this large, there are bound to be some dud notes. There was something amiss, and it was disappointing that Kamal Hussain (Peter) was the most amiss of all

His physical work was outstanding: fluid, almost balletic. But his way of delivering his lines removed all their verve and energy. He wasn't as bad as the flying, though. I don't want to be petty, but this was really, really bad. Is there a way around this part of the plot that doesn't quite so blatantly put the “amateur” in ADC?

As to the good bits, there were plenty: the music was brilliant. Johan Munir was superb as Hook and Mr Darling; Richard Elliott provided consistently excellent comic relief as Smee. Some lighting

and staging was innovative, capturing the more fantastical elements of the story with a panache lacking elsewhere (the flying). Neha Pathak was fabulous as Slightly, and the elfin Hatti Whitman made me fancy twelve year-old boys all over again.

Peter Pan is a brilliant play, but this wasn't a brilliant production. That's not to say it didn't earn all the stars it's given above, and actually this review is irrelevant since it's sold out for the rest of the week (did I mention it was Half Term?).

I wish I could be more effusive in its praise, but I'd be lying if I pretended there was much in it for most students. There are all sorts of combination of “Pan” and “pants” that less charitable reviewers would employ. It would be a bit harsh, but only a bit. George Reynolds

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): The Head Porter also explains that it wasn't coke as in the old-fashioned name for coal, either. ‘I just meant that I have a can of coke on me. Would you like some?’ You refuse. ‘I said I was going to make you an offer you can't refuse,’ says Russ, suddenly smoking a cigar. ‘You literally can't refuse the offer. Now would you like some coke?’ »p22 Accept? »p23 Refuse?

Albums Every Right-Minded Person Should Own



Week 5: *Loveless* by My Bloody Valentine

I first became aware of My Bloody Valentine's *Loveless* after it was featured in a 'top five' of the loudest albums ever created, something which is undoubtedly true: they came to define the 'shoegazing' genre, known for its swirling, layered guitar rock, and were notorious for the crushing waves of feedback and distortion in their live performances.

Yet viewing My Bloody Valentine as nothing but 'loud' is to miss the point. *Loveless* is so much more. Their music seems to break genre; they harness something intangible, something floating out in the ether, in a space beyond that occupied by other music. The vocals of their leader Kevin Shields, and co-vocalist Bilinda Butcher are almost indistinguishable: they are neither masculine nor feminine, buried deep in the mix, below the ebb and flow of the discordant, liquid guitars.

The album starts with the closest MBV come to an anthem, 'Only Shallow'. Colm Ó Ciosóig's frenetic drumming, beginning with four hits on the snare, prefaces the visceral screaming of Shields' Fender Jazzmaster. From there, *Loveless* winds its way to the masterpiece that is 'To Here Knows When,' a track so far ahead of its time that nothing since has approached its transcendental beauty. The guitars remain in a state of flux throughout, melded together with Butcher's softy sung, barely audible intonations. From there, the album encompasses the perfect pop of 'When You Sleep' and the earth-shattering 'Come In Alone'. Before coming to 'Sometimes': a simple ballad, embellished with the underlying grind of electric guitars and the effervescent moment of calm at the album's heart. *Loveless* finishes with 'Soon,' the sample of hip-hop beats at the beginning colliding into whammy-bar'd guitar and featuring an almost infinite coda of vocal harmony, before the EQ kicks in, and the album is over.

I never thought I would see MBV perform: despite never splitting up, they had been almost silent for 16 years. When Shields announced plans for touring in 2008, the music press were both ecstatic and astonished. So, this summer, I stood in a tent in the middle of a field in County Laois, Ireland, ear plugs in hand, utterly content with the beautiful dissonance resonating from the speakers as Shields and co. took to the stage. It was then that they simply restated just how brilliant they are, and how perfect *Loveless* remains.
Laurie Tuffrey

LITERARY AND CLASSICAL

Poems of the Week

New Term

This afternoon I caught a falling leaf and kept it because they say it brings you luck. This dead red thing curving its spine and veins into my palm.

We begin again at the withering,
again begin to trace the same lines over paper
already purple with the bruise of wasted ink.

This afternoon I caught a falling leaf and kept it because they say it brings you luck. I nearly crashed my bike but pedalled on regardless into the darkness without a helmet or a light.

John Syfret

Academia

Underneath the heathgrey sky,
I lay down with a pint

And sixteen novels.

Here comes a piece
Of young born life,
Salted and cured in my eyes.

And onto each hard threshold thrust
The numbers of his life.
Could he lay down with sixteen pints,
And a novel as his wife?

With ample and with handsome hands,
I fell abreast in sin.
I wonder now how to best to count—
My fingers are worn thin.

Matthew Drage

Submit poems to
literary@varsity.co.uk



Dante Quartet's Giles Francis and Judith Busbridge

Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn

King's Hall: Saturday November 1

Dante Quartet, Guy Button, Rachel Stroud, Rosie Ventris, Sophie Gledhill

★★★★★

King's Hall, with its wood panelling, old portraits dotted around and a tapestry just on the wall behind the stage area, provides a suitably intimate space in which to hear chamber music. Like its much larger companion, the Chapel, it suffers acoustically from the stonemasonry above the woodwork, and more importantly the high, vaulted ceiling: unlike in the Chapel, however, detail is not obscured too badly.

Hearing this concert, entitled *Forever Young*, in that hall, was a superb tonic to the drizzle outside. The theme of youth was elaborated on not just through the less mature works of Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn, but also through poetry reading. As our compere for the evening pointed out, however, poetry written by the young tends not to be all that profound: what

we were treated to instead was a selection of reminiscences on youth, including those of Shakespeare and Yeats.

Even the words of those greats paled in comparison to the efforts of the evening's composers. The highlight was undoubtedly Mendelssohn's Octet, written when he was just sixteen and performed by the Dante quartet and four of the university's top string players.

The result was little short of magical. The opening movement, which often reminds me of the flight of a bumblebee, buzzed merrily along, as if darting from flower to flower in a contented search for nectar. If some of the inner contrapuntal lines were inevitably lost in the acoustical fog, the overall impression of uninhibited joy came across wonderfully, with tempo changes spot

on. The famous scherzo, a setting, according to the composer's sister, of the 'Walpurgis-night Dream' from Goethe's *Faust*, was despatched with just enough mystery, before the cellos launched into the finale, with its quotations from Handel's *Messiah*. It was an utterly exhilarating close, with biting violins particularly effective where necessary, giving a sense of adolescent turmoil.

The first half was dedicated to Haydn and Mozart, excised movements from both to being with, then Haydn's C major Op.20 quartet, written at the not so youthful age of 40. All were performed with the insight customary to one of this country's best string quartets. The following day, the quartet lead a deeply powerful performance of Fauré's Requiem in the Chapel. A successful weekend. *David Allen*

Vaughan-Williams, Radcliffe

Fitzwilliam Auditorium, Saturday November 1

Fitzwilliam String Quartet, Peter Wilman (tenor)

★★★★★

"Vaughan Williams was not just a pastoral composer" declared Alan George, FSQ's violist. George's comment epitomised the problems of much Vaughan-Williams criticism (telling us that what we'd just heard showed V-W's aptitude outside the "pastoral" genre assumed that the music wasn't itself able to demonstrate such flexibility). But at the same time he managed, ironically, to deftly sum up the interpretative frailty which, through this pigeonholing, ripped any vigour from the heart of this performance.

And so in V-W's *String Quartet No. 2* we moved from the moments which make this an "angry piece" (George's label) to its few "pastoral" moments without any sense of connection; markedly absent were the fluctuations of

wrath and regret, towering indignity and piteous fragility which the score demands. Perhaps the problem lay with the rather subdued performance by the second violin, a part demanding to be the driving force of V-W quartets; but no individual blame seems appropriate. General lethargy did the damage. Much the same, alas, can be said of the rendition of Radcliffe's *String Quartet in D major*.

Four Hymns and *On Wenlock Edge* (set for voice, piano and viola or string-quartet respectively) offered hope. Some much-needed charisma was provided by tenor Peter Wilman, who, whilst possessing a wonderful top range and an energy surpassing any of the evening's other performers, was often forced to comply with the somewhat plodding

accompaniment. The precision of the accompanying dynamics had an almost robotic feel against the comparative spontaneity of Wilman's delivery: the overall sense was of a collective faltering.

In *On Wenlock Edge*, things seemed to pick up: the string quartet became instantly more spirited (though never quite managing to escape that initial tendency to play the happy bits happy, the sad bits sad): Wilman's voice acquired a deeply affecting quality in the plaintive words of A. E. Housman's lad. Yet for all his spontaneity, there was always the sense that the accompaniment was simply revoking a tried and tested, and frankly inferior, interpretation of a well-loved English piece.

Georgia Williams and Toby Chadd



Fitzwilliam String Quartet

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): As an undercover cop, you disapprove of such illegality, and so you release the tiger from the rubbish bin. It eats the Head Porter, and spares your life in thanks. Now tame, the tiger proves to be a loyal companion, inspiring such admiration from all the fellows and staff that they insist you become the next Head Porter even though you really don't want to be.

FILM AND MUSIC

Quantum of Solace

Dir. Marc Foster

Starring: Daniel Craig, Olga Kurylenko, Mathieu Amalric

★★★★★

While it is tempting simply to label the latest James Bond film a “Quantum of Bollocks” and leave it at that, it wouldn’t come to four hundred words, and thus one will try to pinpoint just where *Quantum of Solace* went wrong. Marc Forster, director of *Monsters Ball* (and, more embarrassingly, *Stranger Than Fiction*) simply does not grasp the subtle interplay between drama and action needed in a film of this type.

It is, after all, a difficult balance – but one wonders why Forster was chosen for the project at all, after his string of character dramas. Often his eye wanders toward the peripheral characters caught up in Bond’s adventure: the man ironing his trousers by the road, the grumbling taxi driver, the woman whose tomato box is broken. Sitting in the cinema, it is hard to see the point

of these characters. Perhaps he is trying to make a grander point about the nature of Bond’s work – one man who secretly affects the lives of millions. Perhaps, too, he is trying to make a point about our cultural interest in violence, by intercutting two big action scenes with public spectacles – an opera and a horse race. All of this is done clumsily.

What is done less clumsily are the action sequences, directed with panache by the second unit, headed by Dan Bradley, stunt coordinator on the Bourne films. But this excellent heritage is wasted, when the aftermath of the crash-bang-whallop fight scenes (and there are a lot of these) is criminally neglected by Forster. Bond feels no pain – and not in a self-conscious, Die Hard-esque manner – and his actions have no consequences. The

plot is an insultingly simple tale of a corrupt environmentalist, told in a manner that might befit *Chinatown* rather than, say, *Commando*, a film with which it has more in common. The problem is not that it is hard to tell what is going on, but that it is, even when the film does become more lucid, hard to care.

On the plus side, Daniel Craig is as excellent as he was in *Casino Royale*, and there is no doubt that subsequent Bond adventures will be a vast improvement on this. The running time is also mercifully short (though it feels much longer than it is) and the production value is high and obviously well considered (apart from some gloriously self-indulgent location captions). As the title suggests, *Quantum of Solace* means, sadly, nothing.

Fred Rowson



PAUL SMITH

Hot Chip

Cambridge Corn Exchange

Thursday October 30

★★★★★

I have seen Hot Chip perform in all sorts of settings, from tiny rooms above pubs with only a portable Fischer-Price Pianola as their main instrument, to being fourth on the bill in a local auditorium.

But what was very pleasantly surprising was that their passion was still there. Their 1999 charity-shop keyboards clearly served as a good investment since they seem to have managed to exchange them, along with their battered acoustic guitars, for four slightly more reliable Korg synths, a full drum kit, and a couple of real-live band members. And this upgrade has certainly not meant that The Chip have lost the funk. Alexis Taylor was clad in a silver jumpsuit, no doubt referring to one of the band’s heaviest inspirations: the boilersuit-wearing-synth-boppers Devo. Taylor, whose diminutive size

may have at first given the impression of him being one of the manager’s sons who accidentally wandered onto the stage chasing after a dust-speckled bouncy-ball, soon discarded any misconceptions as he took his stance behind his gear and belted out his “falsetto” (erm, but that’s what his real voice sounds like) vocals, grabbing the mic to shout imperatives like “Do it” and urging the crowd and his fellow hip-hop-heads to “Shake a Fist”.

And the band’s enthusiasm did not wane, playing an almost continuous set, mixing together classics from all of their three albums, emphasising the techno influences of ‘Hold On’ with an extended version, and using some of their recently acquired, no doubt secretly developed equipment (such as the Bass Maximiser) to good effect on an extremely heavy version of

‘Over and Over’. But it wasn’t just the cutting-edge technology that did it for the crowd. Joe Goddard’s persistence on the Cow Bell with over-sized drumsticks, as well as his live rendition of a list of violent wrestling moves like “head-lock” and “belly-flop” – backwards – provided us with a cryptic list of even more offensive skills.

Hot Chip’s encore was one of their earliest singles, ‘Playboy’, which got the hardcore fans foaming with excitement, and gave the rest a history lesson. Coincidentally, the two thirds of the band who had been to Cambridge had actually taken History exams in the Corn Exchange themselves: this was an extremely emotional and passionate show, which for them, I’m sure, made up for any past Easter Term performances in the same building as students. Andrew Spyrou

Live: Hope at the Hideout

Mavis Staples

Epitaph; Out Now

★★★★★

As the now President-elect Obama cast his vote in Chicago, Illinois, I wonder if he cast his mind back to how different that city would have been in 1950. Mavis Staples sang for the first time there that year, as she performed with her family in black churches throughout the segregated city. With her father’s close friendship with Martin Luther King Jr., and as their gospel sound became more mainstream, the Staple Singers emerged to be one of the defining musical voices of the civil rights movement. And after a subsequent musical career that included collaborations with everyone from Bob Dylan to Prince in one of the best albums of last year, *We’ll Never Turn Back*, Staples revisited some of these early ‘protest’ songs.

Forget music that makes political statements. Forget the barrage of crass, twee moralising songs that are anti-Bush, anti-war, anti-anything. Music shouldn’t be about messages. But just one listen to ‘Down in Mississippi’ or ‘Eyes on the Prize’ and Staples’ rich, husky, contralto welling up from the depths of a lifetime of experiences that most of us could barely fathom, will blow you away. This is what the word *soul* was invented for. Here, captured live, she has more of it in one of her rasping growls than most people making new music today can manage in a lifetime.

Does it sound dated? The point of soul is that it draws you into the story, you don’t have time to step back and think about it, it’s meant to be felt. So

when she sings “I remember, I use to walk down that gravel road, walking with my grandma/Mississippi sun, beaming down”, you are there with her in Mississippi, traipsing down to the coloureds-only water fountain. And it’s not exactly a coincidence that the release of this live album coincides with the Presidential elections, because although in a sense this music has come full circle, it’s also still got a lot more to say.

At the beginning of this album, Staples says to her audience “we’ve come tonight to bring you some joy, some inspiration... we want to leave you with enough to last you six months”. And when it seems in her last few songs as though age is catching up with her, and her voice is finally giv-



ing out, it’s only because she’s already given so much. If there really is such a thing as change you can believe in, then this is music you can believe in as well. Henry Donati

Take Five

Sports(wo)men in Culture



Five of the Best

George Wagner

An accomplished wrestler, “Gorgeous George” retired to run a 195-acre turkey farm. His consummate style, long blond hair and flamboyant self-promotion inspired Mohammed Ali and James Brown and defined pop culture.

Anna Kournikova

The Russian tennis star appeared on Enrique Iglesias’ 2001 single ‘Escape’. One can only assume that it was her vocal talents which caught the Spaniard’s eye.

Vinnie Jones

Holds the record for the fastest red card - after 3 seconds; in 1998 he took his violence from the pitch to the screen, starring in Guy Ritchie’s *Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*.

World in Motion

New Order’s No 1 single was written to be England’s Official 1990 World Cup Song. John Barnes’ rap and Paul Gascoigne’s vocals are unmissable.

Lance Armstrong

Not content with being one of the greatest sportsmen, Armstrong appeared in a cameo role in *Dodgeball*, serving as the motivational guru for our hero.

Five of the Worst

Gordon Ramsay

Scouted at a young age by Celtic, Ramsay’s injuries alas forced him into the kitchen and our lives, rather than him being known as “the football player with a gammy knee.”

Brett Lee

A top cricketer, yes. But can’t sing. Or dance. Or act. Search “Brett Lee feat Asha” on Youtube and you’ll know exactly what I mean.

Sebastian Coe

He can run, no doubt, but can he run an Olympic budget? The current overspend of over £150 million tells its own story.

Jason Statham

He’s showed off his martial arts in many a geezer classic. Less well-known are his diving skills - he once finished 12th in the world championships.

Rio Ferdinand

His “World Cup Wind-Ups” had a second series planned. Until his Jeremy Beadle impression wore thin for both the public and his team-mates.

Competition ~~ad~~ theatre

Next week’s topic is *Adverts*: send one each of your worst and best to reviews@varsity.co.uk by midday on Monday 10th, and you could win a pair of first-night tickets to the ADC mainshow.

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): ‘Yes, some kid chucked stones at me when I was walking home last night. When I couldn’t defend myself, I realised that we could all benefit from self-defence practice. And what better opponent than a tiger?’ There are hundreds, but you daren’t list them because no one argues with the Head Porter. Life goes on, except for the unlucky people who get selected for the self-defence classes.

The Great Escape

Whether it be an urban adventure or country retreat, cure those Week 5 blues by breaking out of Cambridge with accessories designed for a quick getaway.

Bag, £15, Marks and Spencers; Boots, £79.99, TopShop; Bracelet, £7.99, River Island; Ring, stylist's own.

TIGER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): Little did you know that Russ had spiked the coke with a truth serum. You know it now though, because the drug is running through your veins like a little Usain Bolt. Under the influence of the serum, you admit that it was you who photocopied your supervisor's bottom at the Christmas party with the help of a photocopier carefully disguised as his favourite tutee. You are sent home.



Models Pearl & James, Photography by Zing, Styling by Ben & Jo

*Bag, £150; Shoes, £49.99 both from Marks and Spencers;
Cufflinks, £65, Ede & Ravenscroft; Scarf, stylist's own.*

Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#15: L' enlèvement by Cézanne

Fitzwilliam Museum

When Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808, initiating a campaign of plunder and barbarousness, Francisco Goya produced a horrific little etching. It featured the lithe torsos of civilians, hacked up and strewn about. Its title remains one of the most brilliant fragments of irony recovered from any war: *grande hazaña – con muertos* (What a feat! With dead men). It seems equally butchersome to hold forth on the brilliance of a painting like this one, pulsing with a kind of savage, penile energy. But Cézanne's *L' enlèvement* ('The Abduction') is best appreciated – wait for it – *classically*. You see, it all depends which story you pluck from Grecian legend. Is this Pluto, king of the underworld, stealing away Prosperine, goddess of spring? If so, where are the flowers she was gathering, and the sprightly youths with whom she was dallying? Or might this be Hercules having triumphantly rescued Alcestis from the infernal pit? A curious escape, then, and to a landscape in a similarly horrific key.

Politeness, as Elaine Showalter once remarked, compels us to begin with the woman. Politeness, however, cannot disguise the crudities of this particular female. Look at her dislocated shoulder and her long lumbering arm,

a screaming burlesque of Michelangelo's *David*. Her face is mauled, screwed in by a palette-knife. Her eye cavities brood downwards; her hair spirals to the floor indistinguishably. In the painting's background, Mont Sainte-Victoire – that proud focus of Cézanne's late landscapes – has been chopped down, its iridescent pride not allowed to intrude onto this morbid scene. The maidens, like those in the artist's *Bathers* (one of which can be seen in the National Gallery), are facelessly agonised. The trees on the right cut towards the central figures.

And what a central figure the god-man makes. A great orange hunk, booming with colour, pounding with muscle, he twists and bulges irregularly. His spindly legs are mesmerisingly hinged onto those clenched buttocks. He is, quite plainly, unforgettable. The rest of the painting is black for a reason – there's only one thing anyone looks at. The woman, with her pasty flesh draping around his expansive shoulders, is something of a prop. This is the kind of violent Romanticism Cézanne gave up in order to experiment with form, composition and perspective. The cool academia of these is nothing compared to the turgid power of his *Lenlèvement*. He gave it to his friend, Emile Zola, and never painted better again. *Robert Stagg*



The Day That Changed My World



Week 5: I found God

My parents raised me to be a Christian, but I turned my back on religion as soon as I had the chance. At eleven, I stopped going to church, and the older I got, the more frustration I felt at the way Christianity had been inflicted on me. At school I became a bit of a rebel; I wasn't doing too well academically, and focused my efforts on drinking as many Bacardi Breezers as possible. Just call me Mr Cool.

When I was fourteen, I started to realise how dissatisfying that way of life was; a very superficial place to be. I got in with a more mature group of friends, and their work ethic rubbed off on me. 'Thinking' was no longer stupid, and I read some books that challenged my assumptions about Christianity. Intellectually at least, the whole religion thing began to make a bit more sense.

During that summer came the moment that changed everything, when my emotions jumped on board. Every year I went on this Christian holiday camp. It was purely for the social aspect; I'd always let the theological bits wash over me, without taking anything in. That year, though, I listened. And in one particular talk, about the nature of the Holy Spirit, I felt the click.

My heart swung. I didn't cry – that would have been pretty uncool – but I was completely overwhelmed. Like when you climb a mountain and suddenly see the incredible view at the top: the kind of "wow" that is just staggering. What Jesus did for me completely ripped my mind apart.

After that, nothing was the same. One of the most significant changes is the security. Now I know that when I die, I'll be with Jesus, so the worst thing that could happen is paradoxically the best. That said, becoming a Christian is not a question of black and white, but black then shades of grey: that distinct moment was part of a gradual, ongoing process. Despite my best efforts, I'm failing at the whole forgiveness thing, and still have a hot temper – especially in sport. But I'm working on it.

I've still got a long way to go, but that experience marked a real turning-point on my journey from a defiant "no", through an explorative "maybe", to a very enthusiastic "yes"; from "nah" through "ooh..." to "ahh!". It was the day when I came out of spiritual death, to life.

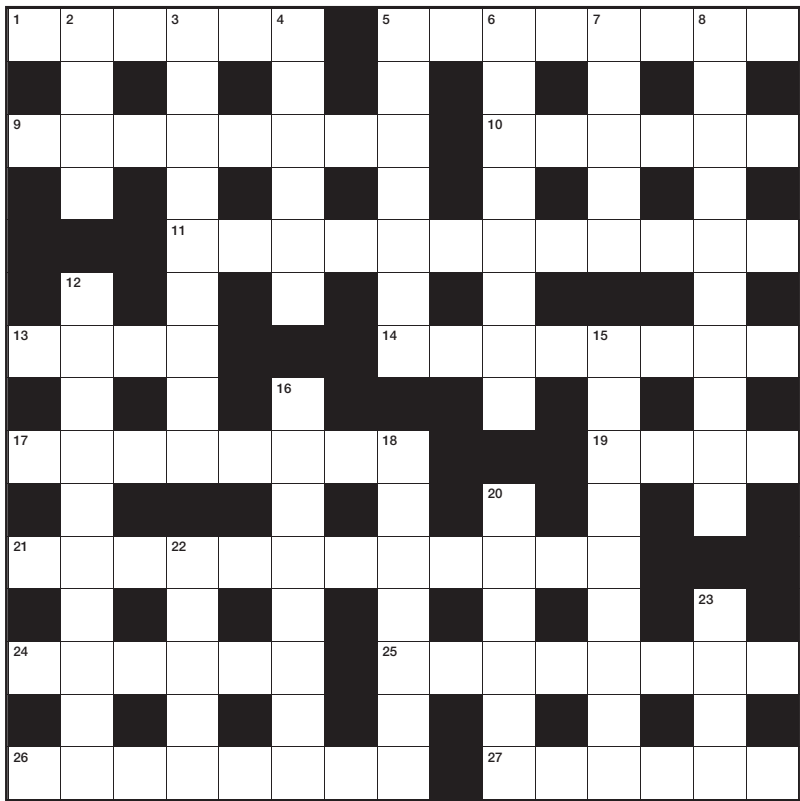
Contributor: **Jim Houghton**
Interview and article by **Moya Sarner**.

Would you like to be interviewed for this column? Please contact Moya Sarner (mts31)

Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

no. 491



Across

- 1/12 The verse of this, 5, 6, and 25 (6,10)
5 Cliff's vermin turns musical celebrity (4,4)
9 Naturally occurring life story strangely nice (8)
10 Crazed desire to live (6)
11 Though mothers take no side,

- looking back, this person was quite the fabricator (6,6)
13 Greeting cut short for eternal damnation (4)
14 Used to cut a doctor's sick part (5,3)
17 Les follows precipitous church tops (8)

- 19 Instrument needed for pool containing lad's head is a definite hint (4)
21 Quite unprofessionally, a mate sourishly heads off (12)
24 Model put you briefly in Iowa, perhaps, or Texas (6)
25 See 5 Down
26 Witty angle for indoor skiing (3,5)
27 Courtship routine not getting any younger (6)

Down

- 2 Similar to a relative (4)
3 French beauty embraces oven, for a mere trifle (9)
4 Singing mathematician? (6)
5/25 A tyrant hath 'mongst rich, red dirt dissolved (7,3,5)
6 Ordeal ninety-nine, mad Lear's girl (8)
7 Sutor's beginning to surround quiet Eastern dish (5)
8 See 22
12 See 1 Across
15 Fortunately injected with flukish success in pool (5,4)
16 Reference veto, not beginning to follow a dull uprising (6,2)
18 Knock over heartless tale following sketch (7)
20 Step around hot string (6)
22/8 Actions turn us, I'd suspect, into bloody tragedy (5,10)
23 I was in charge of this country (4)

Set by Hisashi

Answers to last week's crossword (no. 490)
Across: 1 Crossword puzzle, 9 Exclaim, 10 Numeric, 11 Tease, 12 Health spa, 13 Videotape, 15 Comma, 16 Waist, 18 Toscanini, 20 Infringed, 23 Stern, 24 Isabela, 25 Inertia, 26 Great white shark. Down: 1 Creative writing, 2 Orchard, 3 Spaced-out, 4 Oomph, 5 Dungarees, 6 Unmet, 7 Zero-sum, 8 Exclamation mark, 14 Autograph, 15 Classless, 17 Inflate, 19 Iced tea, 21 Inept, 22 Drift.

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.

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

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			
			5				15	
			20					
	17							13
4								
8				6			12	
6						3		
	19							
			4					

Last issue's solutions

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

The Varsity Debate



Should there be UN military intervention in Darfur?

In what would appear to be a trade off between national peace and international justice, the UN Security Council must decide what to do about Sudan's president Omar al-Bashir.

Yes

Lizzy
Tyler



Peace can only be achieved once justice has been served

The proposed indictment of Omar Al-Bashir has highlighted the plight of one of the most war-stricken countries of the past decade. Violence and suffering is a daily reality for the people of Sudan as attacks, rapes and kidnappings are perpetrated by the Janjaweed militia. The death toll currently stands at 300,000. Five million people have already been forced from their homes. Consequently, the proposed indictment of Omar Al-Bashir by the ICC (International Criminal Court) is a positive and vital step towards securing justice and stability in not only the Darfur region but Sudan as a whole.

One of the main defences of ICC intervention in Sudan is that it will "derail peace negotiations". Countries such as Russia and China, who also recently opposed humanitarian intervention in Burma to help victims of the devastating earthquake, are reluctant to support the indictment, perhaps out of fear that a dangerous precedent might be set. It is true that such an indictment would be the first against an active president in the ICC's history. But past conflicts in countries such as Bosnia, where action against Milosevic was delayed, suggest that it is about time this precedent was set. The claim that it would derail peace is erroneous. Sudanese human rights and civil society activists insist that there should be no trade off between justice and peace in Sudan: there can be no peace without justice they say, and, as many survivors feel they have nothing to lose and see little evidence of a peace-keeping force, this indictment cannot come too soon.

Al-Bashir came to power in 1989 through a military coup in which the democratically elected president was ousted from government. Since then he has presided over a shockingly violent civil war and the renewed conflict in the Darfur region. The alleged crimes which constitute his indictment, include masterminding a plan to destroy the three main ethnic groups, the Fur, Masalit and Zaghawa, through murder, rape and deportation. Anyone who has seen media footage of the victims must surely wish for retribution to be meted out to the perpetrators. Bashir has done little to distance himself from the Janjaweed militia who are responsible for the majority of these horrific crimes. In fact he is widely accepted to be their main financial and political backer. It is said that he remains "unflustered" by accusations, an interesting choice of word for someone accused of genocide. The callousness with which he has avoided any semblance of responsibility is representative of a man who obviously holds the

lives of his citizens in very low regard.

The ICC has failed to act swiftly in the past. Charles Taylor, the ex-president of Liberia has only recently come to trial for the atrocities he committed some 11 years ago - many of those who suffered under him may not even be alive to see him held to account. Article 16 gives the UN security council the right to defer an indictment for 12 months at a time. This is what some nations, namely the African Union and Arab League are pushing for with Bashir's case. What exactly would this delay achieve? The idea that an indictment would in some way derail peace seems laughable when those working on the ground have commented on the marked lack of a real peace-keeping force in the area. A delay would surely just confirm to Bashir and those like him that the ICC and the international community is simply incapable of making a decision and acting upon it to any effect, whereas implication

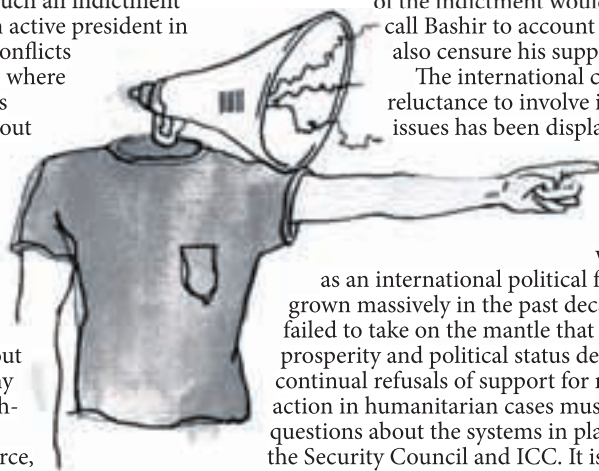
of the indictment would not only call Bashir to account but would also censure his supporters.

The international community's reluctance to involve itself in such issues has been displayed on

numerous occasions recently. China, whose status

as an international political force has grown massively in the past decade, has failed to take on the mantle that its economic prosperity and political status demand. Its continual refusals of support for multilateral action in humanitarian cases must surely raise questions about the systems in place within the Security Council and ICC. It is one of the main countries opposing the indictment; many have pointed to China's vested interests in oil and resource extraction in African counties as a factor in its reluctance to become involved in humanitarian action there.

Whilst an 'African Solution' would be better, as resolution would come from a more local quarter, such action seems very unlikely to occur in the near future. Surely the international community through the ICC owes it to the people of Darfur to punish those who have evaded justice for so long. The evidence against Bashir is striking. His crimes are outrageous and yet the violence still continues. It is time to put commercial and obtuse political interests aside in order to work towards justice for the displaced and abused people of Darfur. Once justice has been served and Bashir has been indicted they stand a much better chance of piecing together their previous lives and regaining a semblance of normality and peace, which every human being deserves.



Camilla
Greene



No

Lasting peace can only be achieved by peaceful means

Should the UN intervene militarily in Darfur? This question should be rephrased: 'can' the UN intervene militarily in Darfur, and the answer is probably, and unfortunately, no.

Secession or regime change would not be a solution. The intense factionalism within rebel groups themselves would make this impossible. It was only amid international threats of sanctions for those refusing to attend that many rebel groups briefly agreed to take part in preliminary talks with the government in Libya in October 2007, but their lack of commitment to cohesion, evidenced by their rapid departure, means that there would be little hope of stable leadership even if the Sudanese President Omar-al-Bashir was ousted.

There is no guarantee that this will be a Kosovo-like situation in which the mere threat of intervention precipitates about a peace deal. The international community might actually have to go through a long and lengthy war with Sudan. "In big and complicated wars - like Darfur - successful armed intervention is so unlikely that it is foolish even to make the threat," said military analyst Alex de Waal, speaking to the BBC. The size of Sudan, and especially of the area being contested (which is, itself, the size of France) would require a vast army to gain control over it. Some say that the UN peacekeeping force, boosted recently to 26,000, will still be insufficient. How many more men will you need in a war zone in which the death toll will be far higher? We are already "overextended on credit" says Gideon McLeish, a US commentator. And this is true. Can we really afford military action after the inflated costs first of the war in Afghanistan, then Iraq, and added to the strain on governments created by the global financial crisis?

Troops have already had their terms of deployment extended over an unpopular war in Iraq. The longer they are deployed, the more morale they will lose. Moreover, in order to achieve the numbers needed while still maintaining a safe number of troops in Iraq, we would have to introduce a draft in the USA - hardly a popular policy at a time when governments already have more than enough to answer for and far too much to deal with as regards the financial markets.

Then there's the need for the West to remain consistent. "Is it not true that the very people who are pressing for military action in Darfur were adamantly against the Iraqi war in which Kurds were gassed under Saddam Hussein?" asks McLeish. There is a danger of spreading the wrong message and giving real weight to the argument that lofty rhetoric, however well-intentioned is always

used to support the corrupt purposes of Western governments and industry. The claim levelled by Omar-al-Bashir in 2006 - that letting UN peacekeepers into the country would be like inviting "imperialism" - perhaps seemed excessive. In fact, the Black Agenda Report argues that "intervention has typically led to deterioration of humanitarian crises, not their amelioration". Moreover, it says, despite the well-meaning aims of the liberal interventionist campaigners, true goals are invariably shaped by the economic interests of the corporations and investment banks that dominate policy-making in Western countries; the cornerstone of the conflict is the ownership of the rich oil reserves in the region disputed by North and South. The report suggests that "political control through a strongman or puppet government allows great nations to protest and enlarge the investments of their corporations and banks and to open doors to their exports".

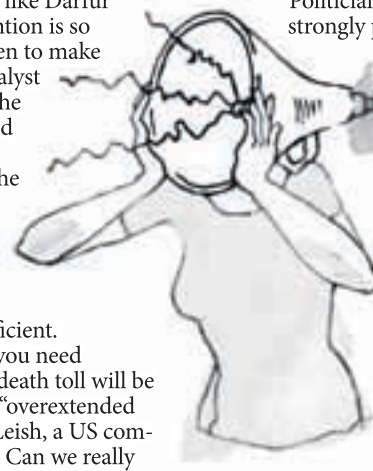
Politicians like David Miliband who have strongly publicised the new 'third way' liberal interventionism, have agendas.

Miliband was, after all, the most popular candidate deemed capable of taking over from Brown in the recent Labour coup. The suggestion that the movement is shadowed by an imperialist conspiracy is more convincing when one considers the state of other conflicts in Africa and worldwide, such as China's refusal to recognise Tibetan sovereignty and the abuses of the human rights taking place there. Why all this attention on Sudan, when China, Zimbabwe and the Congo are in as much, if not more, trouble? The objection that

the latter is too unstable for international forces to enter would be an argument against the same level of peacekeeping force in the Congo, but this would not be an obstacle to military intervention.

Finally, Sudan has long been plagued by civil war, stemming from as far back as 1955. Even if a peace was brokered, there would be much work to do to ensure the independence of state sovereignty and of religious and economic freedoms.

As Alex de Waal concludes, "Sudan's independent history has been dominated by chronic, exceptionally cruel warfare that has starkly divided the country on racial, religious, and regional grounds; displaced an estimated four million people... and killed an estimated two million". Although the estimated number of deaths as no less than 200,000 is horrifying, we must keep this in perspective with Sudan's socio-historic background, and continue to mount peaceful pressure on this corrupt regime through divestment and other campaigns. We must use peaceful means to achieve lasting peace in Africa and the Islamic world.



The Soapbox



Week 5:
Dave Isaacs on
consumer manipulation

"Your pizza will be ready in fourteen minutes". "Fourteen," I said, "that's specific!" "Yes," she said. "Yes it is." Yes it was. "We're not allowed to say fifteen, we get in trouble." Turns out that at Pizza Hut Express, pizzas never take fifteen minutes; fifteen minutes sounds like a very long time and fourteen doesn't. Saying fifteen would, of course, make any self-respecting, time-conscious customer exclaim in outrage. "Well fuck that," you'd say, "I'll go somewhere else. Bloody hell, fifteen minutes – this is a mickey-take. You are literally taking the mickey. Not, perhaps, literally, but – Jesus, fifteen minutes. One five. I can't believe that. I can't really process that information, I'm all a-flabber, verily gashed. Had you said fourteen that would have been a different story, a nicer story with a happy ending. Not like this horror story of a sales encounter. I'd have stayed if you'd said fourteen, and you'd have had my custom - happy custom, no less. A pizza in fourteen minutes would indeed be a speedy pizza. But fifteen, that's pandemonium. Pandemonium!" Doesn't happen like that, though, does it? If anything fourteen sounds longer than fifteen, to me. And it's probably a lie.

This made me think of the most blatant example of truth economy we see every day and are so numb to it we don't even consider fit for comment – pricing an object at x pounds and ninety-nine pence. *Ninety-nine pence!* (Italics justified). You'd think such obvious consumer manipulation would be illegal. It isn't. (In fact, at the last general election, the Monster Raving Loony Party proposed the introduction of 99p coins to the British economy; a fine idea.) Does pricing items with a penny missing really effect consumer psychology that much? What a sad fact if it does. "Wow, this lacquered nutcracker is nine-ninety-nine! What a bargain! Not even ten pounds, Mary, do you hear that, it's not even ten pounds! My very own lacquered nutcracker for under ten pounds. Well, Mary, let's have two. You want one, don't you. Nine-ninety-nine. Let's get a third, Mary, just in case, we could always do with a spare one. Not even ten pounds. What a bargain!"

But we all know it's crass marketing, and all the crass marketers know that we know it's crass marketing, and what a sad world it is, and how symbolic it is that people go along with it, as if there's nothing wrong with it. How telling, too, that we expect to be manipulated so much that we turn a consciously blind eye to it; and in turning that blind eye, we do exactly what they want us to do.

Faisal Nasim



Keeping the faith

Has the credit crunch cast the money lenders from the temple?

The so-called credit crunch seems to be dominating every aspect of our lives at the moment. Job losses mount as purse strings are tightened and we all seem to be getting sucked into the vacuum of this self-fulfilling prophecy of recession and disaster. The recent news that Cambridge University's own investments have been adversely affected even threatens to burst the bubble and force students, beyond those filling in those banking internship applications, to think about what is going on around us.

Despite its comically alliterative name, the credit crunch seems to have vindicated the views of a wide range of social groups. Religious organisations have been (predictably) at the forefront. The Archbishops of the two main primacies of the Church of England, Canterbury and York, were keen to criticise those responsible for the current situation, emerging with statements such as "the love of money is the root of all evil" whilst blaming "city robbers" for our current plight. This began to ring a little hollow when it was revealed that investments controlled by the Church itself had been lent to the prominent hedge fund Man Group, responsible for large-scale short-selling in the previous months. Although the blanket ban on usury was lifted by the papacy in the sixteenth century, Christianity still prohibits greed and the charging

of exorbitant interest. The Roman Catholic Father, Peter Harris, offered doubters an attractive and convenient spiritual alternative to their financial reality with the statement, "the essential economy of the Church is debt-free as Jesus has paid the debt."

In terms of vindication, one would think that Islam stands to gain the most from the current situation as it holds the strictest rules concerning trade and usury, which is completely prohibited. Furthermore, actions such

The attitude of Judaism is particularly interesting as, unlike other religions, it holds little objection to the accrual of wealth and the use of credit and interest. Rather than call for a complete overhaul of the system, it focuses on the need to inject a level of morality into the current one. The Chief Rabbi Jonathan Sachs criticises "financial greed at the cost of moral responsibility." Yet once again, one wonders how realistic this approach is. In the battle between money and

a little deeper on some of their more staunchly held beliefs. The number of visitors to Karl Marx's birthplace in Trier has risen dramatically this year, and last month the publisher Karl-Dietz stated that it had sold 1,500 copies of *Das Capital*, a significant improvement on the 200 it usually sells annually. The publisher's director did however note that he doubted many readers would read the whole work as "it's really arduous".

His curiously pessimistic statement highlights a deeper problem faced by all those who are attempting to utilise current events to their own advantage. Namely, despite all the present problems, very few people are willing to work actively to change the status quo. This is not necessarily a bad thing. With the rapid increase in financial regulation, one would hope that some of the graver errors will not be repeated. Furthermore, however much one criticises capitalism and economic liberalisation, it has undoubtedly been instrumental in lifting hundreds of millions of people out of poverty and offering them a better quality of life.

Global markets are inherently cyclical. It just so happens that the current trough is a little deeper than normal. In a few years, things will pick up again and you can be sure that a little financial prosperity will work wonders in helping people to erase the painful memory of the past.

"The credit crunch has vindicated the views of a wide range of social groups"

as short-selling and the trading of paper are also forbidden as the seller does not actually own the product. The proposition is attractive but it is so radically and fundamentally different from our current global economic system that one wonders how it could ever be put to work effectively. This problem is highlighted by recent attempts to integrate Islamic concepts into the current financial framework, leading to the creation, for example, of convoluted and confusing 'Islamic' mortgages which seem to differ very little from their conventional counterparts – except in price.

morality in Global Markets, there will only ever be one winner.

On a political level, socialists seem to be leading the charge. The volunteers at the *Socialist Worker* stand at this year's Freshers' Fair certainly seemed to have a lot to say for themselves. One particularly passionate gentleman subjected me to a ten minute tirade against the evils of capitalism, advocating full-scale strikes by public service workers as the only solution to our current problems.

The credit crunch is also seemingly making certain people reflect

James Sharpe



D'oh Bama

What Springfield says about the political climate in the US

There is a significant problem within the political discourse of America. Political views derived from the northern liberal tradition do not reach the upper echelons of power. Indeed, northern liberals are actively isolated within the political system. This is no more evident than in *The Simpsons*.

Using the American linguistic division of 'liberal' and 'conservative', *The Simpsons* seems to conform to George Orwell's judgement of academic socialists: liberal in ideal, but conservative in temperament. Over the years, there have been episodes in support of legalising gay marriage, tighter gun control, free immigration, and episodes strongly criticising the Iraq War, the evil of the Republican Party, and the ridiculousness of religion (despite almost everyone in Springfield going to church weekly). These views pander to the northern liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Indeed, whenever the Democratic Party is lampooned, it is clear that the writers are making fun of southern centrists like Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton.

Compare this, however, to their home town of Springfield, and for all the writers' liberal political views, it is obvious that the Simpson family inhabits a profoundly conservative world. Even a brief look at the demographic composition of Springfield demonstrates the series' social conservatism. For starters, most of the inhabitants are male. In most television

comedy shows, the male to female character ratio is 2:1; in Springfield it is 4:1. And almost all the female characters are homemakers, the family matriarch, Marge Simpson, being the prime example. Apart from a couple of exceptions, most of the other women are sad lonely spinsters like the Bouvier twins or Edna Krabappel. The portrayal of women reinforces the fact that Springfield is occupied almost solely by nuclear families.

Similarly, Springfield is almost completely yellow. Throughout the series, there are only three or four African-Americans characters (Judge Snyder's skin colour seems to fluctuate). Other ethnic minorities are dealt with only as clichés: the industrious Indian Apu, the mafia Italians, the aggressively competitive Cookie Kwan, and the foul-mouthed Scot Groundskeeper Willie.

Indeed, whenever liberal political views are expressed, almost always through the character of Lisa Simpson, they are undermined by Homer. It is interesting to speculate whether the character of Homer Simpson in such debates reflects what the writers believe to be the simple and misguided beliefs of ordinary American voters. After all, no northern liberal candidate from the Democratic Party has ever gone on to win the Presidency since John F. Kennedy.

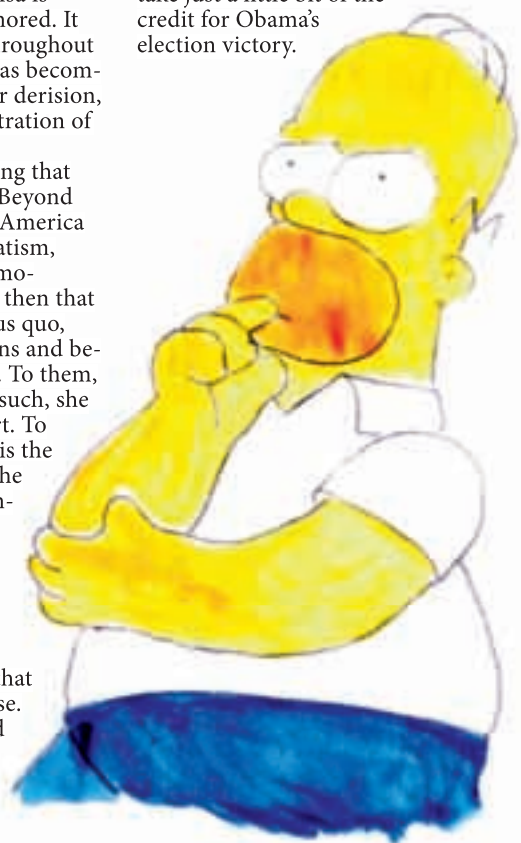
The Simpsons skilfully demonstrates the isolation of liberal intellectuals (encompassed in the character of

Lisa) within the political discourse of the United States (represented by the citizens of Springfield). It is not for nothing that at town meetings the citizens of Springfield are portrayed as collective dullards, and Lisa is consistently shown to be ignored. It should also be noted that throughout the series, Lisa is presented as becoming increasingly angry at her derision, no doubt reflecting the frustration of liberal intellectuals at large.

It is, therefore, unsurprising that Springfield is conservative. Beyond the liberals, for the writers, America remains a haven of conservatism, even within the 'liberal' Democratic Party. It is no wonder then that Springfield reflects this status quo, pandering to the assumptions and beliefs of ordinary Americans. To them, Lisa is a bleeding-heart. As such, she is treated as a bleeding-heart. To them, the American dream is the American family. As such, the Simpsons are the quintessential American family.

Of course, American society is not as bad as this. But that does not stop the fact that liberalism has never thrived within its political system. It is this fact that *The Simpsons* seeks to satirise. And, indeed, it has achieved this so well that Barack Obama was careful to distance himself from his ideological past, refusing

to comment on the Iraq War, whilst his taxation policy includes more cuts for middle to low earners than his Republican counterpart. The writers of *The Simpsons* may well be able to take just a little bit of the credit for Obama's election victory.





ANNA TRENCH

Sean
Jones



Ross needs a re-Brand

Why should Russell have to resign?

For anybody who has played college rugby, puerile antics will not be a new concept. Indeed, for anybody who is a boy, they simply can't be (it's the etymology, stupid). Engaging in immature, semi-organised activity is a cornerstone of the male bonding experience, along with building ramshackle forts and thinking that girls are icky. The Queens' rugby team now strip off with such regularity in the bar that it may be worth their while selling tickets to recoup the beer losses.

But then, that is the point. It wouldn't be worth their while. No-body wants to pay for puerility. Of course we all engage in voyeuristic fascination when we chance upon a fourth verse of "Father Abraham" stirringly sung by a chorus of the nude, but it never extends further than that.

So, when Russell Brand and Jonathan Ross perform the radio equivalent of Knock-and-Run, everyone listens to it on YouTube, while retaining the right to be annoyed that some fraction of a penny of their licence fee has paid for this. The eight-minute long segment on the Russell Brand show had the pair ringing actor Andrew Sachs to ask why he hadn't appeared on the show, and would have remained a fairly unmemorable piece of broadcasting had Jonathan Ross not, now infamously, mentioned that Brand "f**ed your granddaughter".

There is a distinction between the two players in this farce. Russell Brand is a professional comedian who happens to broadcast. Jonathan Ross is a professional broadcaster who desperately wants to be funny, and this moment couldn't have typified that better. While Brand, in his

usual shambolic style, tried to make light-hearted apologies (including a surprisingly adept, ad-libbed song), Jonathan Ross was reduced to making crass interjections and sniggering, boyishly gleeful about their prank.

The show was unfit for air, yet the response has been completely inappropriate and is indicative of a will by the press and public to see any well-publicised indiscretion followed closely by a resignation, or better the sack. The resignation of Brand and Lesley Douglas, the Controller of

Those in the public eye who have done wrong should be subject to exactly the same systems of removal as those who aren't, without those systems being pressured by analysis verging on the microscopic. The public affected must always be allowed to contribute to this process, but only that portion of the public. In Brand's case, massive media coverage (spear-headed, might I add, by the BBC itself) drew attention from millions of people who would never normally listen to his Saturday night show.

"Of the 20,000-plus complaints made to the BBC, the vast majority would be just as likely to complain about any show you care to pick from the past ten months"

Radio 2, as well as Ross' twelve-week suspension by the BBC are not aberrations, but startling normality.

Tony Blair, not unique amongst prime ministers, was hounded for most of his tenure. His namesake Sir Iain, the former Metropolitan Police Commissioner, was dealt a similar fate. Though neither deserved their job, both left office because sustained media pressure and the noisy minority among the public lost them the confidence of the cabinet and the Mayor of London respectively. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Rowan Williams, is barely able to speak without being told to quit his post. But he must be made to answer to the Anglican Communion, not Joe Plumber.

Of the 20,000-plus complaints made to the BBC, I feel I can safely predict the vast majority would be just as likely to complain about any show you care to pick from the past ten months. It is in the nature of personal taste to be offended by some material you wouldn't normally listen to, watch or read.

This is especially true of comedy, so it is a shame that Director-General Mark Thompson accepted Brand's resignation while deeming the affair a "gross lapse of taste". Especially given that the show was pre-recorded, so could have been pulled, and the production staff during the show allowed the repeated phone calls to take place. For a corporation so intimately as-

sociated with comedy, the BBC should know that comedians must skirt the limits of taboo to survive.

Brand, like a mischievous child, was given free rein to put drawing pins on somebody else's chair. The production team not only failed to stop him doing it, they gave Brand a whole pot of pins with which to work, recorded the whole thing and played it back for the class to laugh at.

Only the class didn't laugh. Two Canadian radio hosts prank-called Sarah Palin last week pretending to be Nicolas Sarkozy. Fully convinced, she invited the French President moose hunting, agreed with him that Hustler's "Nailin' Paylin" was a treat and perhaps most scarily responded to his calls for a Palin presidency with "maybe in eight years". It was tight, well-scripted and amusing. Brand and Ross were none of those, but neither were they truly offensive or even risqué.

Russell Brand should still be doing his show. Jonathan Ross should be unemployed. Not for "f**ed your granddaughter" – that just proves how unfunny he really is – but for the six million pound salary he draws per year, thirty times that of the prime minister who bizarrely demanded his suspension. Before the BBC makes more token concessions to a baying public, it should look within to curb its own excess.

As Chris Moyles proves every morning, puerile behaviour is not going away. It is all around us, something to be endured but not relished. So I urge you to go to the Queens' bar, by all means. But just don't call for the rugby Captain to resign when he shows you the regulation balls.

Spk yr brains

*Chatroom chinwag between
Wifi Wendies and Broadband Brians*



Week 5: *Jeremy Clarkson*

If Jeremy gets up the nose of the po-faced Mary Whitehouse brigade then power to his elbow.

Curbishly, Poole
posted Wed 12:43:26

Better beware, Jezza - people have long memories, and sly references to the Yorkshire Ripper and the Suffolk Strangler could be your Waterloo. Do yourself a big favour, and bear in mind what Dwossie just found out – 'no-one's bulletproof'.

Philippod, Shetland
posted Wed 13:50:03

Clarkson was abit silly saying that but he was just trying to be funny and he is 'Mr Flippant'. He was also demonstarting how difficult a Truck drivers job is, a job that many think is easy, but is not. He can say some silly things at times but I think he tries to balance it out at the end and he is an outspoken Yorkshireman. Jeremy: Try to hold it down abit you are good enough without these silly remarks.

Logan, Mersey
posted Wed 15:36:12

Another nail in the coffin for 'Geezer TV'. Perhaps he'll take that other Hammond idiot who drove at high speed and nearly killed himself with him. Tv's full of outrageous gays, mysoginistic daft silly blokes who read The Guardian, and 'geezers'. Where are all the normal blokes? Is this really a reflection of society? One thing they have in common is that there all attention-seeking show-offs

Janjaped, Crewe
posted Wed 16:05:34

But he's right isn't he? I thought the Yorkshire ripper was a truck driver. *Wingedsand, Fordingbridge,*
posted Wed 16:56:09

ROFLMAO! anyone whos offended is a prostitute and for that your a stupid whore. *DragonballME, Beaulieu*
Posted Wed 18:32:02

I thought people would complain about introducing the stig. "Others say he once had full phone sex with *whoever the guys*'s answer machine."

dogfach, Little Oakington
posted Wed 19:04:21

My whole family are lorry drivers, (me, dad, uncle and g dad, mum, step-mum, g-mum, sister, auntie, nanny Doris, and baby Siobhan) we were laughing the entire way thru. I agree with you mate. The complaints are totally ridiculous. Murdering prozzie scum is top jokes.

Chrisattack2, Firth
posted Wed 21:17:08



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REPORTS AND PREVIEWS

Jesus leave it late to shine

» *Magical Taylor free-kick sparks late comeback*



Gerrett was excellent throughout

Jamie Ptaszynski
Sport Reporter

Last week Varsity tipped this top-of-the-table clash to be a real thriller. 'Intriguing viewing' was apparently what we could expect. Intriguing it certainly was, in that it was quite hard to see what was going on in the rapidly thickening gloom. The visibility, however, was not as bad as the referee would have you believe. The match was unsurprisingly dominated by the bullying Catz team because of the man in the middle's dangerously lax attitude. But, somehow, when free kicks were given, he invariably made the wrong decision.

Charlie Laderman and Mick Finn tried to make this domination count, neither one of them afraid to test the keeper from distance in the increasingly slippery conditions. Jesus' captain and keeper Chris Ellis seemed more than equal to everything and produced a couple of eye-catching saves, which made it all the more surprising when

Jesus	3
St. Catharine's	1

he dropped the ball, from an apparently unthreatening corner, right at Catz captain Dave Clinton's feet for the first goal.

Some of the Jesus players had seemed less than happy with the club's policy of playing big matches the day after a big bop, and they made their feelings known in action, if not in word. Centre-half Miceal Canavan showed his displeasure by selling his captain horribly short on a back-pass. The width went unused while through the middle there was no direction to the play, with Jesus' strikers seeing almost none of the ball.

It would be easy to say that the goal was the catalyst Jesus needed, but it would be a lie. All twenty-two players looked increasingly disgruntled to be outside playing football in the rain, itself

increasingly heavy, rather than inside drinking Horlicks by the fire. It was not until James Taylor's glorious moment of magic that the game finally became watchable, with only three minutes remaining. Confidently, nay arrogantly placing the ball thirty-five yards from goal for a free kick, he ignored captain's orders to dink one into the box and instead curled an audaciously dipping shot into the top corner.

The second followed pretty soon afterwards when Matt Gerrett (who, to be fair, had been playing decent football for the whole ninety minutes) got the crucial touch on a low ball in from the right. Aki then put the cherry on the comeback cake, waltzing through the middle of the Catz defence before slotting home past the wandering Eubank. Resurrection satisfactorily completed, Jesus trundled home in the rain, leaving Catz to lick their wounded title chances.

Star Player: Matt Gerrett – a diamond in the gloom.

Football spoils shared at Fenners

» *Radchenko's stoppage-time goal salvages a point*

Varsity Sport

The Blues left it late on Wednesday to secure their fourth consecutive score-draw of the season. However, captain Mark Baxter and his troops must be wondering how they failed to get all three points after an encouraging display at Fenners.

Cambridge started brightly with Baxter's free-kick spilled by the Birmingham goalkeeper, whose blushes were spared by their alert central defender who got in first to clear. Striker Matt Amos had the best chance of an even first half, slipped through cleverly, but some good goalkeeping forced him

Cambridge	1
Birmingham	1

Scorer: Radchenko

wide.

The goalless stalemate at half-time was probably a fair reflection of the game, but the Blues would come out for the second half in better shape, forcing a string of corners and free-kicks in a genuine spell of domination. It was Birmingham, though, who took the lead on the counter-attack. A fluid break set midfielder Sean Castells one-on-one with goalkeeper Stu Ferguson and he

finished confidently to give the visitors an unlikely lead. The Blues responded well though and should have equalised soon after when Baxter's inswinging free-kick was converted deftly by James Dayonly only to be ruled out by a highly questionable late flag.

Cambridge were not to be denied though and they bundled in a deserved equaliser late into stoppage time. Substitute Dennis Radchenko fired home from close range to secure another draw for the Blues who will no doubt be struggling to come to terms with an offside decision that denied them the win.

Star Player: Michael Johnson – a lively performance up front.



Striker Matt Amos has now gone four games without a goal



Captain Harriet McGrath

Netballers finding form

» *Impressive performance brings first home win of the season*

Varsity Sport

The University netballers, who have been plagued by illness, injury and bad weather since the start of the season, secured their first home win of the campaign against some talented and tough opposition from Bedford. The Blues started strongly in a highly competitive match from the first centre pass. The Bedford centre court were particularly physical and some tight defence and good shooting from both ends set the scene for an engaging contest. Rowley and McKenzie's communication in the defensive circle was rewarded some critical interceptions and rebounds, which left Cambridge 9-7 up at quarter time.

The second quarter was equally hard-fought and the Cambridge defence once again stepped up to thwart Bedford's accurate GS on several occasions. Bedford dug deep, but Cambridge held strong,

Cambridge	41
Bedford	34

leaving the half-time score a tantalising 17-17. From the start of the third quarter, the Cambridge fire ignited. Shooters McGeorge and Nicholson had some fluid movement in the circle, finished off with some immaculate shooting. Bill, McGrath and Darke worked tirelessly to bring the ball through the centre court with precision and speed. The Cambridge team were rewarded with four unanswered goals, including some impressive long-range shooting from Nicholson. McGeorge, who remained cool and composed throughout, slotted a penalty home on the quarter-time whistle, giving the Blues a 33-26 advantage.

Cambridge appeared to be taking control, but the physicality of the match and quick turnover of ball allowed no

complacency. Bedford's frustrations were beginning to show; some great interceptions from McGrath and Bill at the start of the fourth quarter resulted in conversion. Despite being thrown to the floor on two occasions, captain McGrath still managed to dominate the proceedings from the centre of the court. Darke's speed and stamina remained impressive throughout, with some explosive drives to the top of the circle and pinpoint feeding into the shooters. Whilst Bedford finished strongly, with several quick goals, it proved too little too late, the final score reading 41-34 to the Blues.

Cambridge will take great encouragement from such a dynamic and disciplined performance. The squad is brimming with talent and potential, which this display highlighted; they can take away some firm positives on which to build in the coming matches.

Star player: Harriet McGrath – a real captain's performance from the centre.

College Catch-up

Queens' Ergs Special

Team of the Week

Anglia Ruskin Boat Club

On a night of drama and competition, Anglia Ruskin were in dominant form as they raced to a flurry of victories at Tuesday's UBS Queens' Ergs, the novice rowing season's annual curtain raiser. In an event where 1,600 rowers, coaches and spectators passed through Queens' College's Fitzpatrick Hall, it was Ruskin who stood out from the crowd. There was jubilation on East Road as Ruskin took home the prizes for both the fastest male and female boat, the most coveted awards. Indeed with ARBC's W2 boat topping the lower women's division, it was almost a Ruskin whitewash, an achievement denied by Jesus' M3 boat which won the lower men's division. All in all, winning three of the night's four top team prizes in such a furiously competitive event, Cambridge's other University has a lot to smile about.

Player of the Week

Alex Ross

A stunning performance from Gonville and Caius' novice rower Alex Ross lit up last Tuesday's Queens' Ergs competition. Cheered on by a vocal crowd, Ross completed the 500 metre sprint in a phenomenal 1 minute 22.54 seconds in the heats for the men's top division. To put his feat into context, the top Blues rowers are unlikely to be getting a time much under 1 minute 20 seconds for this distance. The fact that Ross, who by the very definition of the competition is a relatively inexperienced rower, produced a time within seconds of the university's top rowers will not have been lost on the Cambridge coaches and GB rowing talent scouts present. With such raw talent on display, Ross' rowing potential is huge. He is certainly one to keep your eye on for the future.

Ones to watch

Novice Rowing Races

The novice boating season is now well under way after Queens' lively erg competition. Crews will have to convert strength into style as the field of battle moves from the gym to the Cam for Emma Sprints on Sunday November 23. The first of three competitions in quick succession, it is up to the College Lower Boat Captains to adequately prepare their team for Emma's challenges. Rowing on the water is a completely different skill to the brute power needed to excel on an erg. It will be fascinating to see how Tuesday night's most successful teams, especially Anglia Ruskin, deal with the change of location.

Less than a week later, college novice boats are again in action in the Clare Novice Regatta being held from November 27-9. Finally Jesus College hold the Fairbairn Cup which ends the busy term's rowing schedule on December 4. If these competitions are anywhere near as energetic and exciting as the UBS Queens' Ergs then they are not to be missed.

Sport Feature: Varsity's Betting Face-off



WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL GAMBLER? VARSITY GIVES £20 TO FOUR TEAMS AND FINDS OUT WHICH OF THEIR DIFFERING METHODS WILL WIN THE DAY

The Stato

Mathmo and University Challenge contestant Tom Rex

I assumed the stat-tastic approach to gambling would be a dull affair: spend ages poring over the stats, back the favourite anyway, collect your winnings, repeat. If only!

First up was a loss – £2 on Wayne Rooney to score first against West Ham seemed a decent shout given he had bagged 9 goals in 7 games, but then Alex Ferguson dropped him to the bench. Still, I thought, at least one of my £5 bankers was safe, as Arsenal led Spurs 4-2 at the Emirates. So when Aaron Lennon tapped home a 94th minute equaliser I was gutted (admittedly less so than the Spurs fans who had just gone home early).

Come Saturday afternoon, I was another fiver down. Having collected one goal in six away games so far, the stats screamed that Barnsley would lose at Charlton. Naturally the Tykes were 3-0 up by half-time and held on. That evening brought success at last, as England's cricketers capitulated to the Stanford Superstars. Besides England's mediocre Twenty20 record, the key statistic here was career earnings – while KP and friends could conceivably milk the IPL for well over \$1million apiece, the impoverished state of West Indian cricket means many of the 'Superstars' saw this as a life-changing opportunity. I settled for a modest £4.60 after my £2 on England to have a better opening partnership went to waste.

Again adopting the 'Englishmen failing under pressure' principle, my final £2 was on Felipe Massa to steal the F1 title on Sunday. In fairness, his last two years at Interlagos had produced two poles and an impressive 18 points. As it was, I suffered another 'funny old game' moment as Lewis Hamilton passed the hapless Glock with moments to spare and condemned Massa to defeat. So, having lost £13.70, it is back to the Maths degree. I never liked Statistics anyway...

Final Earnings: -£13.70; Final Position: 2nd

The Jock

Double netball Blue and avid sports fan Jo Nicholson

Can I be called a 'jock'? Am I really the female version of one of those sports-mad lads who spend Saturday night pissing in pints and chanting at an unnecessarily volume? I suppose, having represented Cambridge in netball and occasionally golf, plus being currently embroiled in the Ospreys committee, I should have some sporting know-how.

Not according to my first bet, a three-ball match between Pettersson, Howell and Duval in the Volvo Masters which appears never to have happened. Bad start and £3 lost. Still, things picked up when I rightly backed talented youngster Tsonga to beat Andy Roddick and got my betting back on track.

Friday night saw some Rugby Union action and out went my common sense. Loyalty overcame rationality as I lost £4 backing my home team Sale to beat Leicester Tigers away. Next, competitiveness was my Achilles heel when the dazzling 16-1 odds made me bet on Cardiff Blues drawing with Bath. Naïve. How often do rugby matches ever end in draws?

And so come Saturday, very much in financial deficit, I turned to the Premiership. 'The pope is more likely to score than Portsmouth or Wigan,' I thought as I bet on a draw. Three goals later, I wasn't quite as smug. At this point only a miracle would save me from the red. Tottenham, quite like my betting, had potential but were in need of luck. Some questioned whether the Premiership's bottom club really could beat league leaders Liverpool. But if a jock knows anything, they know that a bit of team spirit, created by a hint of form (after drawing with rivals Arsenal) can result in upset. Ninety minutes later I had won £10 on the night, made £3.60 profit for the weekend and earned victory against my fellow gamblers. Sure, the money's small, but it's the bragging rights us jocks crave most.

Final Earnings: +£3.60; Final Position: 1st

The Gambler

Seasoned gambler and Varsity betting reporter Ed Peace

I'm not religious, but sometimes I wonder if there is a higher force that's determined that I should hate Tottenham Hotspur. I've tried to tell myself that, once you put aside a transfer policy that defies rational judgement and a start to the season that even Newcastle's faithful would have been embarrassed by, they're probably quite a decent side. But when Pavlyuchenko, who since August has been about as effective as Guy Ritchie and Madonna's marriage councillor, starts knocking in injury time winners to deprive me of a much needed payout, it's difficult to remain sympathetic.

Needless to say, the past week has been a punting catastrophe. For someone who has probably spent more time in Ladbrokes than lecture theatres over the past two years, fruitless runs like this are a familiar (and expensive) part of the game. It would be unfair to apportion all the blame to Spurs, however, since I was already staring into the abyss when 'Arry's men decided to rediscover their form on Saturday night.

Saturday's two big horse races had looked to provide plenty of value for the shrewd punter, but I certainly couldn't find it. 'Turko' and 'Listener' both just about made it to the finish, but the latter appeared so old and past it he wouldn't have looked out of place on the Republican presidential ticket. I was able to salvage some pride through Burnley's trouncing of Norwich (how do you like them apples, Delia?), but the outlook was still pretty bleak going into Sunday.

If I was to have any chance of breaking even, the goals would have to fly in between Man City and Villa, and then things would have to go my way in the NFL later that evening. With the luck I'd been having, I needn't have bothered looking at the results.

Final Earnings: -£14.59; Final Position: 3rd

The Placebo

Apathetic lotharios Clemmie Dowley and Olivia Sudjic

The only athletic activity either of us ever mastered is Twister; otherwise, we know almost nothing about sport. The scope of our back-page insight probably extends to regularly confusing Lewis Hamilton with Barack Obama and, at a stretch, a vague awareness of people like Mickey Rooney and Cristiano Renault. Consequently, in the absence of any sporting know-how, we were forced to make our bets based on linguistic preference.

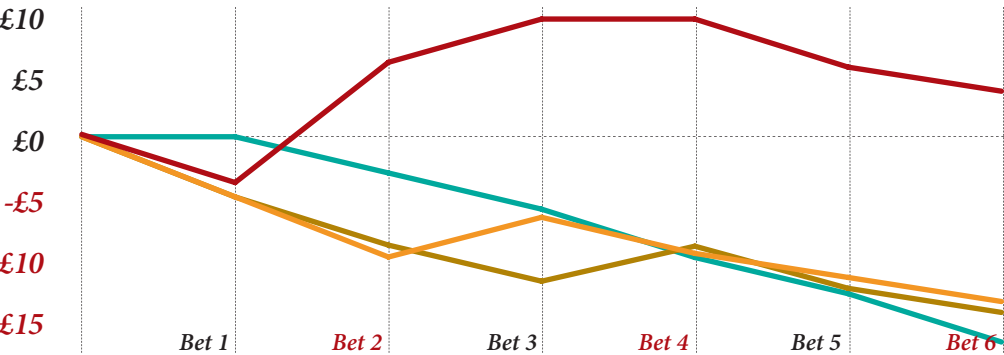
We're both English students and so we love a good rhyme – Clemmie especially. As a result, poetry played a key part in our decision to put £3 on a horse called 'Jake the Snake', who was racing at somewhere called Kempton. The lyricism in Jake's name was alluring. He may have lost – we weren't to know that he took the wooden spoon in 25 of his last 27 races – but we take pride in the thematic comparison between his serpentine epithet and the snake in *Paradise Lost*. We also liked the ambiguity in the name of another Kempton-bound charger: 'One Oi'. Which 'one' were we talking about here? One eye? One 'I'? Or just one generic salutation? Who knows... he still lost us three smackers.

One of our best friends is called Georgia Ward-Dyer. She's one of life's winners and so we thought a £3 flutter on another stallion called 'My Sweet Georgia' was a safe bet. It was safe enough – we didn't lose any money – but the race was cancelled so we didn't make anything either. We still love Georgia though.

Other bets, based on hazy predilections for famous Spanish towns and 90s electro-pop bands, saw us lose seven squid on Malaga CF and AS St Etienne. This left us hoping for a massive windfall from our last bet – £4 on a VTV De Graafschap win. They lost.

Final Earnings: -£17; Final Position: 4th

The Graph



Key

- The Stato (2nd)
- The Jock (1st)
- The Gambler (3rd)
- The Placebo (4th)

Thanks to Totesport for providing the odds



Ben
Riley-Smith

Sport Comment



Why the Stanford Series is cricket's saviour

According to most commentators, last week's Stanford Series is cricket's nemesis. The decision by US billionaire Sir Allen Stanford to host a string of cricket matches in the West Indies, culminating in a game where the winning players would each receive \$1 million, is apparently ruining cricket. Indeed, to some, the concept is so destructive that the man who got England involved in the debacle – ECB Chairman Giles Clarke – should lose his job.

These views, however, are archaic, short-sighted and ignorant. Furthermore, it is this very anachronistic notion of what 'real cricket' is that continues to hold back the sport, and which the Stanford Series is rightly trying to break.

There were, it should be said, legitimate criticisms of the Caribbean matches. The continual problems of poor visibility during night matches and unsuitable pitches are inexcusable. Similarly the hoo-ha over Sir Stanford's frolicking with England WAGs, while totally misrepresented by the media, was an unsavoury (albeit amusing) affair. I can even sympathise with those who feel uneasy leaving English cricket in the hands of such an una-

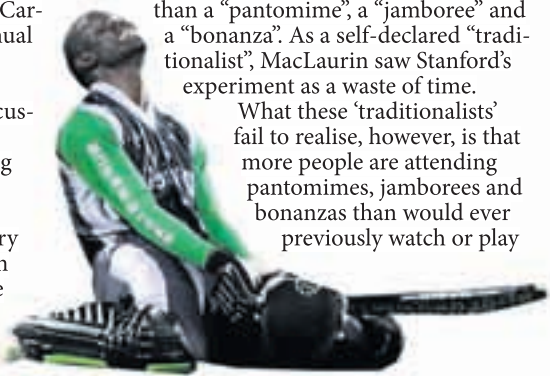
shamed American self-promoter.

What I can't agree with are the views of people like Lord MacLaurin, former chairman of the English Cricket Board, who publically pronounced his own disgruntlement over the whole affair. The money on offer was "stupid" and "obscene". Stanford was "burlesquing cricket". The event was nothing more

cricket. The sport has a fundamental popularity problem. If it remains unaddressed then cricket will continue its slide towards obscurity. The Stanford Series tried to remedy cricket's ails in two important ways.

Firstly, it tried to modernise cricket. Stanford's declaration that he saw his series as "like cricket, a birthday party

To most people the average cricket fan is elderly, short sighted, and in need of frequent loo breaks. When a sport's pinup boy is John Major you know its in trouble.



than a "pantomime", a "jamboree" and a "bonanza". As a self-declared "traditionalist", MacLaurin saw Stanford's experiment as a waste of time.

What these 'traditionalists' fail to realise, however, is that more people are attending pantomimes, jamborees and bonanzas than would ever previously watch or play

and New Year's Eve all wrapped up in one" might make some cringe, but his attempt to inject excitement into the game is valiant. For most people, the average cricket fan is elderly, short sighted, and in need of frequent loo breaks. When a sport's pin-up boy is John Major you know its in trouble. Yet in the Stanford Series, players wore Adidas tops, used black bats and were fighting for seriously big cash. It was also a twenty-over match, a format designed to squeeze cricket's best bits into an easily digestible sporting nugget. The attempt by

Stanford to make cricket more relevant and popular with today's fickle youth, whatever his motives, should be admired and encouraged, not trivialised by the grand old men of cricket.

Secondly, no one can doubt that the Stanford Series bought cricket the publicity it so desperately needs in this country. You would have to go back to the Ashes in 2005 to find the last time cricket was so dominant on the back pages of England's daily tabloids. The saying 'there's no such thing as bad publicity' rarely proves correct (just ask Messrs Brand and Ross) but in cricket's case there is certainly truth in the statement. Indeed it is no coincidence that as the eyes of the sporting media fell on the West Indies, there was a distinct lack of interest or coverage of Australia's Test series against India – two of the three best cricketing nations in the world. When put in direct competition people were more interested in Stanford's experiment than the traditionalist's 'real cricket'.

People can have their views about the relative merits of Twenty20 and test cricket, and can question whether cricket should give in to the temptation of big money. Ultimately, however, if Sir Allen Stanford's "burlesquing" of cricket gets people excited and interested in the game, then it can't be all that bad.

Blues humbled again

» Winless run continues for Hockey Girls

Charlie Pearson
Sport Reporter

The Women's Blues' shaky start to the season continued on Wednesday as four goals from Exeter compounded the difficulties of their league campaign. With only a single point from their first four games, Cambridge are struggling just one place above the bottom of the British Universities Premier Division (South).

The visiting team were the first to hit the backboard as a long and forceful dribble into the Cambridge D was slipped left and sweetly finished.

However, a lively Cambridge reply soon came as an accurate hit from the outside of the D found the stick of forward Jenny Stephens at the back post, who gratefully popped the equaliser into the corner.

The Blues continued to battle well and might have scored from a well positioned free hit, but their mounting pressure left them open to a speedy counter-attack from Exeter that released the lithe and galloping frame of

Cambridge	2
Exeter	4

their outstanding centre forward. Her unmanageable pace took her a full thirty yards without effective challenge before coolly converting past Cambridge keeper Fran Stubbins. Exeter extended their lead before the break when a useful cross was eventually slapped to the backboard through amassing defenders.

Struggling to contain the Exeter centre forward, it wasn't long before Cambridge allowed her to complete her hat-trick when rather insipid defending left time, space and alarmingly little obstruction to a well-struck reverse stick screamer that left Stubbins with no chance.

Exeter continued to command the lion's share of possession, with the Cambridge defence struggling to contain their speedy advances. Although now three goals the wrong side of par, the Blues' well organised hockey in at-



The Light Blues struggled to contain Exeter's pacey attack

tack did bring them a deserved second when, out of the mêlée that ensued from a short corner, a strong push from centre-midfielder Rosie Evans found the goal and kindled faint hopes of a fight-back.

There was, however, no exciting finish in store and the game disappoint-

ingly tailed off into a comfortable win for Exeter. Cambridge will need a win against bottom of the table Cardiff next week to avoid slipping to the foot of the table.

Star Player: Rosie Evans – dependable in the centre of midfield, constantly finding space to pull the strings.

Ptaszynski's Trials



Week 5: Golf

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

Last week I resolved to stay inside until I could protect myself properly. Since then I have picked up an injury to my right arm, making it impossible to learn any effective type of martial art. So stay inside I have. But that hasn't entirely prevented my sporting participation. I know what you're thinking but no, I didn't try one of those flippy-flappy-Old-English indoor sports like Eton fives or real tennis.

This evening I played an entire round of golf with an aspiring Blues club, inside the president's room! When they invited me along I was worried: not only have I never played a shot, but those silly trousers look quite expensive. Yet here I was about to take on the team over the full eighteen holes at Sawgrass. Magically, Tiger Woods and all his friends can now be shrunk and squeezed into a television, along with many of the top golf courses in the world and, perhaps most astonishingly, a functioning weather system.

The three members started some training drills but soon decided to move on to a match instead. 'Sod it,' agreed the captain and star player, 'we never use this manual draw stuff anyway.' Organisation of training sessions is fairly lax. Bearing in mind they are run by Tiger's own coach, Hank Haney, you'd have thought this youthful club would have a little more respect.

I watch while they easily dispatch Natalie Gulbis, the president himself claiming the 'glory hole' with some forceful drives. Apparently morale going into this match was quite low after a bad late-night loss to Jim Furyk on Friday, but you would not have guessed it from the attitude of the players.

Finally, and still reeling with disbelief, I get my hands on the club, which is actually all the clubs you need hidden inside one little white handle. After a 300-yard drive I just lose the first hole, under-hitting the putt. Not a bad first effort against the (self-proclaimed) best players the university has to offer. And it got even better: a great approach on the second saw me bring it back to all square, before an unexpected birdie on the third actually gave me a lead. Suddenly it was all silence and long faces.

In an attempt to bounce off a bridge I drove into a lake at the fourth and saw little but rough and bunkers for the rest of the match. By the seventh hole I had lost the lead. Bar a fifteen-metre putt at the eleventh, I was put off my game by a series of claxon bursts and unfortunate gusting winds, but primarily by the sheer expertise of this squad. Eventually they tore away for a victory of four up with three to play.

It's a lot more technical than it looks, but certainly enjoyable. The best thing about playing golf like this, though, is that you don't need those absurdly huge umbrellas.

The Week Ahead

University

Rugby

The Blues continue their Varsity preparations on Monday night against Northampton Saints. They have struggled against strong opposition in recent weeks and will be looking to buck the trend.
Grange Road, Monday November 10, KO 19:15

University

Basketball

After their scheduled game was cancelled with Oxford last week, the Blues basketballers will be looking to make a strong start to their home campaign against Oxford Brooks.
Chesterton Road, Wednesday November 12, KO 16:00

University

Women's Football

After a superb 7-1 opening week victory over De Montfort and a close fought 1-0 victory over Oxford, the Blues footballers continue their BUCS campaign against Bedfordshire.
Fitz Sport Pitches, Wednesday November 12, KO 14:00

National

Football

After dropping points against Stoke and Tottenham, Arsene Wenger's Arsenal face the daunting task of coping an in-form Manchester United in what promises to be an early-season six-pointer.
Watch it at The Avery, Saturday, November 8, KO 16:00

Sport



Betting face-off
»p30

A stato, a gambler, a placebo and a jock do battle at the bookies

TWICKENHAM COUNTDOWN: 34 DAYS TO GO // FORM TRACKER: CAMBRIDGE P8 W2 L6 ~ OXFORD P7 W7 L0 // BLUES FORM PLAYER: SANDY REID



The Blues struggled on another damp evening at Grange Road

Captain's Corner

Hugo Halferty-Drochon
Basketball



University Basketball doesn't get the attention it deserves, says Blues captain Hugo Halferty-Drochon. "It's simply a disgrace that Cambridge does not own a basketball court." This places severe financial and time constraints on the players and burdens a blossoming team. For they are fully focused on avenging last year's narrow defeat in the Varsity fixture: "I do wonder whether we wanted to win it sufficiently." A winning mentality has consequently been instilled into the players, who can feel confident that returning coach Neb Radic, with two Varsity titles under his belt, will help realise their potential. For the first time, undergraduates make up the majority of this year's challengers, which Halferty-Drochon hopes is something that "will continue in the future since they bring in a lot of athleticism and speed". Although "desperately missing height", this combination of youth and the experience of the more established members might just prove a success.

By training on court three times a week and improving fitness with hour-long runs, the Blues are giving themselves every possible chance. League games provide adequate practice every Wednesday, and that Oxford play in the same division adds more of an incentive to aim for the title, plus the chance to scout the enemy before Varsity. This year's grudge match will be the usual battle against "an Oxford team who are American-dominated"; the longer graduate courses offered by Oxford attract more students from the States. The two universities go head-to-head on February 21 2009, which, he adds, "is nice because it's a Saturday!" Therefore, there's no reason not to cheer the Blues on in person as they seek to avenge their defeat last time out.

Crawshays leave Blues craving form

» Time running out for Cambridge in run-up to Varsity

Jenny Morgan
Sports Reporter

'Remember remember the Fifth of November, for gunpowder, treason, and plot.' After all, few will remember this date for the quality of rugby played at Grange Road on Wednesday. On the 25th anniversary of the first Crawshay's - Blues encounter, Cambridge struggled to turn on the sparkle on another damp evening.

Both teams looked unsettled from the start. Inaccurate passing and poor footwork led to loose ball from both aerial and ground play, and a period of aimless kicking between the backs frustrated the crowd. Cambridge were the first to make the most of this mutual hesitancy, with a weaving run from number eight Charlie Rees finally taking the play into the Crawshay's half of the pitch. Engineering an overlap on the right, Cambridge were the first to put points on the board with a try from centre Mark Ranby. Then followed a sustained period of Crawshay possession, testing the Cambridge defence to the full. Eventually they found the hole

Cambridge	22
Crawshays	36

they were looking for, and, with a quick jinx inside, touched down to level the score.

A penalty for Cambridge put them into the lead once more, but it was to be for the last time. Soon the first of several soft tries was conceded after superior footballing skills from the Crawshay's winger outsmarted the scrappy-looking Blues. Cambridge had some good ideas in the run up to half time; Ranby and Rees flaunting their strength and speed and stand-in fly half Sandy Reid distributing the ball well, but they were unable to translate them into crucial points. The Welsh, on the other hand, looked hot every time they took possession. Soon some more fancy football pushed them more decisively ahead with a try out on the right; when the ensuing conversion coincided with the grand finale of the fireworks, it

seemed that everything was going the Crawshay's way.

Cambridge came out after the break 21-8 down, and soon conceded another. But the score line wasn't truly representative; Cambridge had looked dangerous on the attack at several points, but their erratic handling and poor offloading let them down every time. No player seemed happy to hang

CAMBRIDGE STRUGGLED TO TURN ON THE SPARKLE ON ANOTHER DAMP EVENING

onto the ball, and the 'hot potato' passing that took place as a result was a real weakness in their game. But with the backs' play therefore not coming off, tactics changed and the forwards really came into their own; after a sustained period of Cambridge attack, flanker

Tom Malaney pushed through to take his first try of the match. The strongest play was now between these two flankers and the number eight, with driving runs from all three eventually resulting in glory for Joe Wheeler. Consistent conversions from Jimmy Richards now brought the score to a more even 31-22 to Crawshay's Welsh with just over fifteen minutes left on the clock.

But unfortunately the Blues seemed to have peaked too soon. Their scrambled defence was no match for the visitors' speed of passing, and the resultant try stretched the score to a more difficult to salvage 36-22. The multiple replacements, whilst essential for squad development, could not provide enough impetus to recover the damage dealt. This fixture had provided a confidence booster in the run up to the Blues' Varsity victory in 2007; what they can salvage from it this year remains to be seen. And the truth is, they are fast running out of time to find that winning formula we all know they possess.

Star player: Flanker Joe Wheeler for his impressive territory-gaining play.



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