China’s prime minister to deliver prestigious Cambridge lecture

Andrew Bellis
China’s prime minister, Wen Jiabao, is to deliver a lecture in Cambridge. Mr Wen will give the prestigious Rede Lecture on Monday February 2nd. The title has yet to be announced.

The lecture is open to all members of the University, but tickets will be allocated after an online application process. The lecture, which will take place in the West Road Concert Hall, is already heavily oversubscribed, although the deadline for applications is not until midday on Monday. All 350 tickets will be allocated after that time, with all applications being treated equally.

Mr Wen, 67, has been premier of the People’s Republic of China since 2003 and is third in the Communist Party’s hierarchy, behind the president, Hu Jintao, and the senior speaker in the country’s legislature.

Mr Wen’s lecture will coincide with a week-long visit to Europe, when he will visit Britain, Spain, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland.

The Sir Robert Rede’s Lectureship is named after a Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the sixteenth century who left an endowment to establish a lectureship at the University.

Since 1858, when the lecture was re-established, the Vice-Chancellor has appointed a speaker to deliver the annual lecture. Previous speakers have included the Duke of Edinburgh and John Betjeman.

To apply for a ticket, visit www.admin.cam.ac.uk/redelecture2009.

£112
Average weekly spending by respondents

£74k
Average earnings of respondents’ parents

Continued on page 5

Varisty survey reveals large disparity in wealth of Cambridge students, with spending budgets ranging from £20 to £400 a week

Caedmon Tunstall-Behrens
A Varsity survey has exposed the huge disparity in spending levels among Cambridge students. While some students are living a Brideshead-style existence, spending £400 a week, others are surviving on just £20.

The findings illustrate the radically different experiences rich and poor students have at Cambridge. While some drink Cindies dry of Bollinger, others are joining the ‘freegan’ movement, rummaging through supermarket bins for food to get by. Some students can only afford to spend £2.87 a day, according to the results.

Five and a half per cent of students said they lived on under £30 a week, according to Varsity’s online survey of 783 students. At the opposite end of the scale, twelve per cent of Cambridge students claimed to live on over £200 a week. These figures exclude rent, but include all other expenditure.

“I have noticed there is a significant social divide in Cambridge between those who are wealthy and the less well off – the gap formed early on as freshers,” said a third year English student at Caius.

History of Art students are the most spendthrift group, spending an average of £181 per week compared to the Cambridge average of £112 per week. Their parents have the highest income as well, earning an average of £17,500 a year. Management and Land Economy students were also amongst the highest rollers.

“There are some really rich people studying History of Art. It’s seems a very public school subject, possibly because not many state schools offer it at A-level,” said Megan Cooper, a first-year History of Art undergraduate at Churchill.

While some stereotypes were confirmed by the survey, others were dashed. The parents of students at St John’s earned considerably less than those at King’s. John’s parents earn an average of £64,000 a year, compared to those at King’s who earn £75,000.

62 per cent of students at King’s admitted they regularly received money from their parents, compared to 40 per cent at St John’s. “To be honest at King’s we’re not really bothered about money, there are more important things in life,” said a second-year English student at King’s.

A gender divide in spending levels was found to exist within the University. On average, men spend £126 per week compared to women who spend £99.

“In the end men have to spend money on women or they won’t pull,” suggest ed one undergraduate at Homerton as a possible explanation for this difference.

Continued on page 5
Us and them: the institutional divide

If you read the Report, the University’s official record of business, you will find a world far removed from the concerns of students. It is a world of Graces of the Regent House, of the endowment of Chairs, and of the appointment of Professors. On their own terms, and their own terms only, is not, however, the from which the central administration does not care about students; just that they are very bad at showing it.

However, there still seems to be a fundamental disconnection between the top of the University and the students who make up the bulk of its population. It is hard to see a way out of this confusion. The University is inherently fragmented: we all make our own Cambridge – from our College, our faculty, our leisure activities and our friends – and that is not a bad thing. However, all the members of the University feel united in a common purpose, and that seems at the moment not always to be the case.

The University’s ruling body would probably argue that everything they do benefits students indirectly in the long run. Yet if this is the case, why do they not tell students so? There seems to be little effort to make junior members feel a part of the University. It is not clear exactly how disputes in the Senate House may one day affect us. Is it not that the central administration does not care about students, just that they are very bad at showing it.

Count your blessings: the wealth divide

To many, it may come as little surprise to learn that there is a certain amount of wealth disparity among Cambridge students. However, the idea that some students can spend only £20 a week, while others have £40, is still faintly shocking, even while bearing in mind the usual caveats over the reliability of voluntary surveys. Further consideration of the fact that 63 per cent of students will emerge with over £20,000 of debt, while 20 per cent will have none at all, is further brought home how much variation there is between our wallets. There is no easy way out – mass redistribution of wealth is not the answer, and a plurality of us is (rightly) satisfied with the University’s financial provision – but the richer among us should bear in mind that not everyone is so lucky, even within Cambridge’s storied walls.

Letters

Dear Sirs,

In your editorial on January 16th [issue 686], you argued that cramming intense workloads into short terms ‘encourages the idea that Cambridge...[is] exceptional, and requires[es] a higher standard than other universities’. Frankly, we are in a sad place if Cambridge’s claim to superiority is focused on mere intensity of workload rather than advanced material and depth of thought. Varsity exalts the University’s research reputation, but we are committed to developing and hosting the best minds to tackle the most important scientific, political, philosophical, historical and cultural challenges, we should be more concerned with our ability to give demanding material full and deep consideration than our ability to run manically in the hamster wheel of an eight-week term. However, boasting about withstanding stress whilst doing arbitrarily large amounts of work in arbitrarily short amounts of time is an inappropriate priority if we think the purpose of an elite university is to churn out, factory-like, glorifying CVs for the financial sector and similar industries.

Yours faithfully,

Ben Trowe
Churchill College

Maltry’s magic ball

Sirs,

With the government in RBS set to rise to 70%, your columnist Ed Maltby’s call (at the time roundly ridiculed) for the nationalisation of the city in last January’s article [issue 686, January 18th 2008] now seems eminently prophetic.

Where do we go from here?

Yours faithfully,

Jack Gillett

Correction

Last week [issue 686, January 16th] we incorrectly reported the name of Homerton’s Principal as Kate Perry. It is in fact Kate Pretty. Kate Perry is a notorious pop singer. Apologies.

Get involved

Weekly meetings are held for anyone interested in writing for Varsity.

News

Sunday, 4pm in the Maypole (Portugal Place)

Comment

Monday, 1pm in the Maypole

Magazine

Wednesday, 5.30pm in the Maypole

Sport

Sunday, 7pm in the Baron of Beef (Bridge St.)
Vice-Chancellor: ‘I don’t feel removed from students’

» Alison Richard ’had no idea who the Vice-Chancellor was’ when she was an undergraduate

» She tells Varsity she is unconcerned about her legacy

Hugo Gye & Michael Stothard

The Vice-Chancellor is a busy woman. Varsity waited three months to carve out time from her schedule, and met with her just two days after her return from India, where she has been promoting the University’s 800th anniversary celebrations. She relates with pride how she convinced cathedrals in Calcutta, Delhi and Bangalore to ring their bells in Cambridge’s honour last Saturday, and how she swung a hand-bell before dinner in Mumbai that night, all part of the global event marked in Cambridge with a light-show on the Senate House (which she missed).

Alison Richard has been understandably preoccupied with the 800th, which will take her round the world in a series of trips this year. Much of her work is to do with soliciting donations from ‘alumni and friends of the University’, as well as ‘corporate giving’. However, she is adamant that students have a part to play in the celebrations as well. ‘We wanted students to be substantively involved’, she claims, saying that it is students’ ‘creativity and activities’ which are the key way to contribute to festivities, primarily through the 2009 Fund, which has paid out money to wide range of student societies (as the 2009 Fund, which has paid out money to a wide range of student societies (as well as Colleges and departments).

Yet despite describing studens as part of “the fabric of collegiate Cambridge”, it seems clear that most of the activities are not directed at the University’s junior members. Prof. Richard points instead to the presence of local residents at events such as the light-show as evidence that another of the anniversary’s aims, to ‘reaffirm the fact that we are a part of the city of Cambridge’, is working. She talks also of efforts to involve University staff in the celebrations, highlighting the staff garden party set to take place this summer.

Some might argue that this lack of emphasis on students is indicative of a certain disconnect between undergraduates and the central University administration, to the extent that many students do not even know the name of the Vice-Chancellor, and in a Varsity survey last year only 23 per cent of students could recognise her photograph. Prof. Richard appears unworried by this, admitting that when she was an undergraduate she “had no idea who the Vice-Channelor was”. Having spent much of her career teaching, she admits, “I miss seeing more of students, but I don’t feel removed from them.”

She thinks that “the collegiate system pushes the Vice-Chancellor further back from contact with the students”, although she believes that “it’s worth it, because it’s a great system”. Indeed, she says it is the Colleges which “provide a genre of scale, which is what lets Cambridge be this big place and this small place at the same time.”

Despite the strengths of the Cambridge’s relative decentralisation, Prof. Richard hopes that more students will come to appreciate the value of the central administration. “I would like to think that over time students will come to know the name of their Vice-Chancellor”, she says, “because I think there’s a leadership role for the Vice-Chancellor when I’m speaking I am on behalf of all of Cambridge... I would like the students to know that there is this person, this is who she is and this is what she does.” She seems to know that students feel separated from her, and her work, but despite wanting to remedy this, concludes “Do I lie awake worrying about it? No.”

The Vice-Chancellor leaves office next year, but she claims not to be fixated on how she is thought of. “Her only hope is that on her departure Cambridge will remain with “its ambitions high, its trust high, its confidence intact, its flags flying”, and “continuing to be recognised as one of the finest universities in the world”. Thus, with doubtless be fulfilled; whether students will feel part of this mission remains to be seen.

Alison Richard gives a speech in Delhi earlier this month

Downing turns to Cindies as ball sponsor

» Financial climate forces May Ball to look away from traditional City backing

Varsity News

Cambridge nightclub Ballare has been announced as a sponsor of Downing May Ball 2009.

The Downing May Ball Committee approached the club after the more usual corporate firms showed a lack of interest in providing financial support for its event.

Danuka Armitahalingam, in charge of obtaining sponsorship for the ball, said, “I’ve been in touch with over 120 law firms, but only one of them has agreed to provide funding.”

Downing May Ball president Chris Hughes blamed the reluctance of businesses to sponsor the ball on the recession. He said that the current economic situation had made securing corporate sponsorship a “challenge”.

A spokesperson for the club confirmed that Ballare would provide “free drinks” and a DJ for Downing’s event, as well as “a few other bits and pieces”. It will also host the ball’s launch party next week.

The club was keen to emphasise that it sponsors four or five balls a year. A spokesperson said that it was unfair to blame the recession for Colleges’ interest in its sponsorship.

“Downing did mention that they were having difficulty securing financial support this year, but we’ve done deals with them in the past and are planning to continue to do so in the future,” he said.

The spokesperson said that Ballare has provided several Colleges with sponsorship for their May Balls in recent years, including St John’s, Trinity, Magdalene, Peterhouse and Trinity Hall. So far Downing is the only College to have officially confirmed a deal for this year.

Hughes is keen to point out that the difficulties the committee has so far encountered in obtaining sponsor- ship will no in way be reflected in the May Ball itself. He said that the event’s funding is managed in such a way that the ball is not “dependent on sponsor- ship in order to produce a successful evening”.

The ball, which will be held on the evening of June 16th, will have “Never- Mind the Grumpy Old Men” as its theme. Its launch party flag- flying, “and continuing to be recog- nised as one of the finest universities in the world”. Thus, with doubtless be fulfilled; whether students will feel part of this mission remains to be seen.

In Brief

CUP cuts 133 jobs

Cambridge University Press has announced that it is cutting 133 jobs. The decision by CUP, the world’s oldest est printing business, comes despite revenues increasing by 40 per cent in six years. 80 per cent of the firm’s business takes place abroad, and the firm wants more of its printing to happen overseas. Chief executive Stephen Bourne said: “We know that this is an incredibly difficult time for those staff that are affected, and we will be doing all we can to support them through these changes. This has been a very hard decision to make but we believe it is the right one to safeguard the long-term future of our business, given the current economic and technological climate.”

LBGT night announced

CUSU Ents are introducing a new LBGT club night, just a week after pulling out of Thrust. The new night, Rendezvous, will be at Vodka Revolution on Tuesday. Last week CUSU announced that it was ending its relationship with the Thrust night at The Place, which will continue to take place on Tuesdays, after its relationship with Thrust Promotions, the event’s co-promoters, broke down irre- parably. Mat Morgan, CUSU’s Ents manager, said: “We are giving an providing an opportunity for a ‘clean break’. Rendezvous will launch next Tuesday during CUSU’s alumni awareness week, and will be provid- ing free alcohol. CUSU’s Welfare Officer confirms that the decision was “irresponsible”.

NUS backs radical reforms

Members of the National Union of Students voted in favour of radical organisational reform at its extraordinary conference in Wolverhampton on Tuesday. The proposals will prompt the introduction of a governing board comprised of students, officers and trustees with expertise in areas such as law and financial management. It will be overseen by a National Executive Council of student representatives, who will provide the political leadership of the NUS, debate policy and support regional offices, while a board would deal with the particulars of budget, staffing and liability. The move was controversial, however, when a group of pro-Palestinian pro- testers stormed the stage and refused to leave. NUS president Wes Streeting (ex-President of CUSU) allowed them to give a five-minute speech if they would leave afterwards. He later apologised for the protest, saying that he was informed that the NUS was not “inclusive for all.”

FREE CHELSEA BUN

With every purchase over £2.00 in the shop

FREE MORNING COFFEE/TEA

With any cake or pastry in the restaurant

3
In Brief

Grafton's £15m refurb

The Grafton shopping centre has announced plans for a £15 million pound refurbishment programme. The plan, if approved, aims to update the 25 year old look of the centre by providing a cosmetic revamp and supplying additional places for eating within the Grafton. While the size of the centre and the number of shops will remain largely the same there will be major changes to the main Fitzroy Street entrance. The current entrance will be completely replaced with a wall of glass rising two storeys and a new glass roof extending above the mall beyond the main entrance, “creating a welcoming, light and airy space for shoppers” while “opening up the shop front to a better view”, the centre says.

Laura Jones

Tesco to open new store

Cambridge City Council has given planning permission for Tesco to open a new store in Cambridge Leisure Park on Clifton Road, despite a 200-signature petition against the proposal. The supermarket was twice refused permission from the council for a new store on Mill Road last autumn following campaigning from residents concerned about the impact on independent traders and increased congestion in the area. However, the East Area Committee approved the latest application for the Tesco Express on January 15. Councillor Lewis Herbert said the two cases were “totally different” because there was a “lack of grocery provision” in the area compared with Mill Road.

Louise Thomson

Students say “go greener”

On the day Cambridge University began to celebrate its 800th birthday, students took to the streets to demand greater action from University authorities in the fight against climate change. Students stood on the King’s Parade wall spelling out the words: “We demand climate leadership from Cambridge University”. The protest was part of CUSU’s ‘Go Greener!’ campaign, launched in October 2007, which aims to make the University a model of low-carbon development and environmental responsibility” and to raise awareness amongst the student body. The protest attracted attention from the hundreds of tourists in Cambridge, many of whom had come to witness the 800th anniversary celebrations.

Plants don’t change climate

Cambridge scientists have shown that plants do not produce millions of tonnes of greenhouse gases, as had previously been thought. The study found that plants instead merely transport methane from the soil. These new findings contradict an earlier study which suggested that plants were producing significant quantities of methane and releasing it into the atmosphere. Methane is a potent greenhouse gas, and a major contributor to global warming. The discovery, which resides within researches, Ellen Nisbet described as “a relief”, may help scientists to accurately estimate methane production and so combat global warming.

WEALTH SURVEY

Supermarket sweep

These disparity between the daily food budgets of the richest and poorest Cambridge students, according to our survey, is illustrated by the shopping baskets to the left. A student living on £400 a week can spend £57.63 a day (top), compared to a student getting by with £20 a week, whose budget is only £2.85 a day (bottom). Our poorer student must stick firmly to Sainsbury’s basics range, buying only the cheapest items; our richer shopper can afford to splurge out with Taste the Difference and SO Organic products. The money-conscious buyer will be tucking into instant chicken noodles (only 10p), while our well-off student can push the boat out with a couple of £5 steaks and some £4 organic salmon. The big spender can afford a punnet of Taste the Difference raspberries (£3) and a £2 packet of Taste the Difference Camembert; our cheaper basket must stick to just savoury items. Whereas the only drink in our low-budget basket is a 45p pint of milk, our richer student’s smoothie (only 10p) costs more than the entire daily spend for the poorer student. And, with almost £60 a week to spend, our wealthy student can wash his meal down with a spot of bubbly – a nice Moët – a snap at just £26.

Survey in detail

Average amount of money a student spends per week in Cambridge £112
Average amount a male student spends per week £126
Average amount a female student spends per week £99
Percentage of respondents who receive both a tuition fee loan and a maintenance loan 62%
Percentage of respondents who receive no student loan 20%
Percentage of respondents who do paid work in their holidays 60%
Percentage of students who do paid work during term-time 10%
Percentage of respondents living in the EU whose parents earn more than £75,000 37%
Percentage of respondents living outside the EU whose parents earn more than £75,000 52%
Percentage of respondents who pay for their term-time accommodation themselves 56%
Percentage of respondents who think that financial support from the government and University is sufficient 44%
Percentage of respondents who think that the economic recession has affected their financial situation 34%
Percentage of respondents whose parents give them money regularly 66%
Average number of times respondents eat out per week 2
Average income of respondents’ parents £74k
Percentage of respondents’ parents earning less than £25,000 8%
WEALTH SURVEY

Large wealth disparities exposed

» Survey suggests little correlation between parents’ earnings and students’ expenditure
» Only 56% pay for their own accommodation as 66% regularly receive money from their parents
» 25% of students call for abolition of tuition fees, 32% want to see them lowered

Continued from front page

Ten per cent of students admitted undertaking paid employment during term time, with 60% working in the holidays. Although rules about working differ from college to college, normally colleges only allow students to work for four hours a week.

Most students responded that they wanted to either abolish or reduce university fees. Eighty per cent of students have a student loan.

The data reveals that Churchill students spend the most, with an average weekly expenditure of £179. Megan Cooper said, “Churchill is very sociable – people seem to go out more than other colleges.”

The thriftiest College was found to be Fitzwilliam, spending an average of £71 a week. “We’re far from town, the cash machine is far away, and we’re closer to Aldi than Sainsbury’s” said Ayo Awe, a first-year Law student. Another said: “We’re not a preppy college and so we’re more used to living on a budget.”

A first-year lawyer at Fitzwilliam said, “Compared to other Colleges like Trinity and St. John’s, we probably have poorer backgrounds, so we will need to spend less.”

There was no correlation between parental earnings and student expenditure. Despite spending an average of £180 a week, parents of Churchill students had a middle-ranking income of £72,500 per annum on average.

A second-year vet student from Robinson, which came second on the weekly spending table at £153, said: “Generally people at Robinson go out more, and don’t tend to come back in the daytime.” The third in the list was Girton at £149. These results suggest that those at Colleges further from the city centre spend more than if they lived closer to town. Murray Edwards was also relatively high on the list.

Among the ‘richer’ colleges, as determined by the amount students spend per person, a proportion of those receiving student loans was relatively high. At Churchill, 50 per cent took both available loans and 30 per cent were given bursaries by the government and the university. At Girton, 63 per cent of students signed up for both loans and 20 per cent claimed not to receive a loan at all.

Medics were relatively low on the table for weekly budgets at £86 per week, but ranked higher on the termly budget at £1,532. This could be attributed to the fact that they have to buy expensive text and anatomy books before coming up to Cambridge at the beginning of term.

One third-year medic at Magdalene said: “I bought most of my textbooks because the College libraries don’t have that many copies. I also pay a subscription fee to Medico and the British Medical Association, which is free for first-years, but I wouldn’t include that in my weekly expenditure.”

A CUSU spokesperson said: “If any students are worried about finances or budgeting then I strongly encourage them to speak to the students’ union or to their tutor. The worst scenario would be for students to suffer in silence, and there are often many sources of funding available that students aren’t aware of.”

£71, £179, £149

Wealth Survey

Between parental earnings and students’ expenditure, it is possible that students from wealthier backgrounds, who are more likely to have poorer backgrounds, so we

A sustainable lifestyle

Ellie, Clare, 2nd Year

“I am on a fairly tight budget and getting food from supermarket has really helped me. I keep down my weekly spending, as I don’t have to buy most of the food. I eat lots of pasta, soup, yoghurts and so on still in packaging, but meat is generally a rarity. Because supermarkets are so sensitive to sell-by dates and mark them well before you actually eat the products, everything you find there is edible, though I do play it by ear for some things. It has previ

A CUSU spokesperson said: “If any students are worried about finances or budgeting then I strongly encourage them to speak to the students’ union or to their tutor. The worst scenario would be for students to suffer in silence, and there are often many sources of funding available that students aren’t aware of.”

‘Use by’ date, or the packaging is a bit old. I avoid the food. “I try to eat healthy. I usually pay for my food with my student loan. I save money for my trip to Paris in the summer.”

“Money has been a perennial student worry. This can be our take on it during the rationing years.”

The probable living expenses of one student shown at the present time are officially out-lined to the freshers in the current “Students’ Handbook.” In round figures, they are placed at £220-245 a year, this sum being taken to include travel to and from Cambridge, board and lodgings, books, clothes and personal expenses, but not the fees levied by the University and College for teaching and administration. With these, the total expenditure is placed at £300 a year. An overseas student living in this country is advised to ensure for himself or herself an annual income of at least £500 to include lodging and a certain amount of travel in Britain during the vacations.

The expenses which a student is called upon to meet before first coming into residence vary widely, from £4 to £66 at Queen’s (for a foreign student), though much of the latter consists of caution money (£40) and compulsory advance payment of fees (£45). It must be remembered that these sums have to be paid before the student has received their first grants, and that that part of the money which is returnable is only in a few cases released before graduation, three years later.

Degree expenses vary with degrees and colleges. Degree fees are from the usual £3 for a B.A. to £10 for a graduate in medicine and £25 for any doctorate. College graduation fees rarely exceed £2.

Under a rule which holds for all colleges, winners of any awards are allowed to forfeit their financial benefits which they would otherwise receive, and so do so, the money being devoted to helping poor students. In this connection, most Colleges and also Fitzwilliam House operate gift funds to help “undergraduates in straitened circumstances.”

Two Colleges, Selwyn and Emmanuel, and also Fitzwilliam House, do not demand caution money on admission, though at Selwyn all fees are to be paid in advance, and £54.50 (varying with the rent of the rooms occupied) has to be paid towards the first term’s bill. The caution money varies from £12 at Trinity to £40 at Peterhouse, and at the former, as at five other colleges, the money is returned at the end of the first term. St. John’s and Trinity Hall demand advance payment of the University Matriculation Fee of five guineas. Fitzwilliam House and Selwyn are unique in that they have no Registration or Admission Fees (several colleges have both) though in both these cases fees are paid in advance. At some of the Colleges where, in theory, fees are paid at the end of each term or during the subsequent vacation, it is usual for the payment in fact to be demanded a term late.
Cambridge could triple in size by 2031, say planners

» Report names city as development hotspot

Gemma Oke & Aditi Rao

A new settlement study has caused alarm by suggesting that the population of Cambridge could treble by 2031.

The study, published by the East of England Regional Assembly (EERA) last week, highlights Cambridge as one of three cities in the region with high potential for population and economic growth. Development within the city itself is expected to be limited, but the proposals have caused surprise among residents and workers in Cambridge, with concerns for the possible impact of expansion upon infrastructure and the environment.

The chairman of the EERA Planning Panel, Cllr Derrick Ashley, says that the study published a projection of long term growth and development to be considered in conjunction with other evidence and a 12-week public consultation period. A spokesman for the assembly emphasised the provisional nature of the proposals: “the report does not mean that Cambridge should double in size,” Simon Meecham said.

“The study is one set of information for the EERA to consider, alongside reports from groups like the Forestry Commission and the Department for Environment, Food and Rural Affairs.”

Commenting on the potential environmental consequences of implementing the proposals, Meecham said: “Although development is not ever without any pain, new-build homes will make use of carbon negative technology to help reduce the effect of communities on the environment.”

The report recommends that new developments should be sustainable with a view to securing the long term economic stability of the region, capitalising on the “Cambridge phenomenon” that has seen knowledge-based and technological industries cluster around the wider Cambridgeshire region, in part due to the University of Cambridge’s reputation as a world-leading centre of academic research and teaching.

Opponents of the study’s suggestions cite underdeveloped infrastructure and the potential for overcrowding as “highly undesirable”.

Cllr Allan Crystal, the Liberal Democrat EERA Planning Panel leader, spoke of the danger of “pressurising existing towns” and the possible consequences of a lower standard of living for the residents and workers of Cambridge if healthcare, education and transport facilities are unable to be adequately expanded.

Cllr Crystal suggested that sustainability and regeneration could be better achieved by building designated eco-towns afresh that are inherently self-sufficient rather than creating “unsustainable pepper-pot developments” peripheral to a busy city centre.

Cambridge could triple by 2031, say planners

Hundreds protest against Israeli aggression in Gaza

A round 500 people took the streets of Cambridge on Saturday to protest against the Israeli occupation of Palestine. Shouting slogans such as ‘Occupation is a crime, Israel out of Palestine’, the demonstration, organised by the Stop the War Coalition, took place only hours before Hamas announced a week-long ceasefire in Gaza. The protesters collected signatures calling for the Israeli ambassador to be expelled from the UK and demanding an immediate halt to arms’ sales to Israel. The group marched through the city centre before returning to hear speeches from the Cambridge University Islamic Society, among others.

Varsity Profile

» Week 2: Christopher McGeever, magician and Trinity third-year

Chris McGeever has just retrieved my card, the ten of spades, from the middle of a deck of cards, just by clicking his fingers. He even bends the card before replacing it in the pack, and it still appears on the top; as soon as he clicks, the top card bends crisply in the middle. Close-up magic surely doesn’t get more impressive than this.

Except that the ten of spades, which I signed with a permanent marker so that it couldn’t be switched, is now scrunched up in the heel of his shoe. Chris smiles and signs the card too. “If I become famous one day,” he laughs, “you can sell it on eBay and make a fortune.”

Chris has been performing magic for 16 years. He started, aged four, with a cup-and-balls trick – “it’s the oldest magic trick in the world” – from a Paul Daniels’s magic set. It wasn’t until he was 15 that he joined the Young Magicians’ Club, the youth branch of the prestigious Magic Circle. At 18, the minimum age to join the Circle proper, Chris was accepted as a member. Most applicants are turned down, either after an initial interview or after their 15-minute audition in front of a panel of professionals.

At the end of Chris’ audition his application was unanimously approved. At 20 he is still one of the organisation’s youngest members.

“Playing around” to find new tricks, Chris says, is “playing around” to find new ways of making his tricks more impressive.

His “first love” was close-up magic – cards, coins and the like – with a small audience, but he’s now focussing more on stage magic. “There’s a lot more adrenaline pumping,” he says of his bigger performances, though he regrets the fact that you “lose a bit of impact” because the audience is less involved.

While in Cambridge, Chris performs about once a fortnight, squeezing his magic around the last year of his law degree at Trinity. Next month he is performing a big solo stage show for Cancer Research. But he really comes into his element during May Week: last year, he performed at a different ball each night.

After his finals this summer, he will take a year out, though he doesn’t know what he wants to do afterwards. “I don’t want magic to be a career,” he says. With just a hint of a smile, he continues: “But I think magic will probably be with me for the rest of my life.”

Andrew Bellis

Chris is performing a show in aid of Cancer Research UK on Friday, February 6th at Anglia Ruskin. Tickets on sale from the box office 0845 196 2320
St John’s offers students wine-tasting after Formal row

Nat Sokolova

St John’s has offered a series of concessions to students after complaints about its controversial restrictions on wine at Formal Hall. The move comes after a campaign to buy the most popular wines to offer in Hall. The move comes after a series of complaints about the quality of wine served.

The College has already let students choose between red and white wine, though it sometimes still runs out of red during a meal.

Some students don’t find this compromise satisfying. Stuart Moore, a postgraduate at the College, wrote an open letter to the Master, saying that he would not pay his Kitchen Fixed Charge while the restrictions continued. He asked the JCR to initiate another boycott, but was outvoted by students who are happy with St John’s purchasing and serving the wine and only demand the practical issues to be dealt with.

The JCR will suggest to the Master that two different menus are issued for each night, one with the wine option and without it, which the students will receive in exchange for their ticket upon entering Hall. This way, “stealing wine from peers,” as some students have called it, will be made more difficult.

The JCR President, Tom Chigbo, said that St John’s had studied similar changes made in other Colleges, particularly at Churchill, and were trying hard to avoid making the same mistakes. Chigbo suggested that the reforms at John’s could form a blueprint for changes to other Colleges’ Formals.

“If the changes in St John’s prove to be successful, other Colleges are very likely to follow,” he said.

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Why Darwin Matters
Jonathan Birch

Cambridge alumnus Charles Darwin is regularly regarded as the father of biology and one of the greatest scientists of all time. 2009 is the bicentenary of his birth, and Jonathan Birch questions whether his ideas are really the most important thing about him.

Historians don’t consider themselves in the business of hero-worship, but for Charles Darwin they almost make an exception. In the 150 years since the publication of the Origin of Species, academia’s ‘Darwin industry’ has spawned libraries full of biographical detail and textual interpretation. Darwin’s biography has reached the status of legend in the popular imagination: the Beagle voyage, the Galapagos finches, the 20-year wait before publishing the religious wrangling over the implications of his theory: if you aren’t tired of hearing the story yet, you will be by the end of the year, when Cambridge’s celebrations will have reached their apogee and Paul Bettany will be re-enacting Darwin’s life in cinemas. Darwin is the ‘father of biology’, the exemplary ‘great scientist’. But what did one man do to earn such epithets?

Individuals vary. Their traits are heritable. Some individuals reproduce more successfully than others, and the traits of these individuals are better represented in the next generation. Over millions of years, by means of ‘natural selection’, the species evolve. This is Charles Darwin’s big idea, but, increasingly, it is our idea too: in the hands of a century of popularisers from T.H. Huxley to Richard Dawkins, it has been held aloft as the crowning glory of the Western scientific enterprise, and our best explanation for why we exist.

Russian biologist Theodosius Dobzhansky’s slogan that “nothing in biology makes sense except in the light of evolution” has become a catchphrase for the contemporary study of life, and this shows how the impact of evolutionary theory extends outside the textbooks: it embodies an ideology of science, the belief that, through constructing mechanistic accounts of the causal history of living things, we shed light on the secrets of the world. In a culture in which the spirit of Enlightenment is tainted with the guilt over what followed, in which science is associated as much with atom bombs and CFCs as with human progress, Darwin’s theory is the case for the defence. But it would be misleading to think Darwin’s status derives entirely from his idea. Indeed, it’s arguably misleading to call evolutionary theory his idea, though his causal contribution to modern biology is not in doubt. Darwin grew up in a culture where evolution was, so to speak, in the air. In the early decades of the nineteenth century, Britain’s genteel community of wealthy scientific enthusiasts dedicated much time and ink to combating the radical French evolutionism of Lamarck and Geoffroy. In 1844, evolutionary controversy exploded in Britain with the anonymous publication of Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, an ambitious speculation telling of the progression of life up a chain of being from spontaneously generated simple organisms through to mankind.

The growing fossil evidence of extinct life forms needed an explanation, and such theories filled a niche. Darwin did for the study of life what Charles Lyell, his friend and inspiration, had done for geology. Lyell proposed the ‘uniformitarian principle’: that the geology we see today is best explained by small, currently-active forces acting over staggeringly long periods of time. When Darwin set off on the Beagle, filled with Romantic dreams of finding unifying laws of nature after reading Alexander von Humboldt’s travelogues, he took Lyell’s book along with him, and took his principle to heart.

Darwin’s theoretical innovation was not the idea of evolution but a new mechanism for its occurrence. A very speculative mechanism, of course, and scientific objections to his theory were warranted and widespread. Why should advantageous traits spread through the population? Wouldn’t they end up diluted, swamped by the prevailing disadvantageous traits? How did these traits arise at all? And could complex traits really develop like this? The twentieth century culture of laboratory testing and mathematical modelling expanded, quantified and reinforced Darwin’s ideas to answer such questions: it is largely through the work of 1930s scientists such as J.B.S. Haldane and R.A. Fisher that today’s ‘modern synthesis’ theory was born. Darwin is not the author of modern evolutionary theory, and to credit theories to the first person to contribute ‘significant’ work is a dubious practice. So is he really the ‘father of biology’? I think so - but not because of his idea.

Darwin was venerable long before the notion of natural selection had acquired the widespread acceptance it enjoys today. He was the ‘great scientist’ - though his causal contribution to science was not the origin of modern evolutionary theory. Darwin is portrayed as the icon of modern evolutionary theory, the one who gave up his inherited wealth necessary to avoid paid work, he filled his time with scientific research to earn such epithets.

Darwin’s work is a testament to the value of perseverance and painstaking effort. Lucky enough to have the inherited wishes necessary to avoid paid work, he filled his time with science. He was a careful and gifted writer, and his bewailing attention to detail in the study of barnacles, of botany, of domesticated animals, and of fancy pigeons in the groundwork for the Origin upheld his overt commitment to the ‘inductive method’. In the code of nineteenth century men of science, this amounted to the imperative that obsessive fact collection must come before speculative theorizing. In later life, he mentored countless botanists through correspondence. Down became the hub of an international network of botanical knowledge. Darwin’s enterprise was truly collective, and the many friends he made in scientific circles ensured his immaculate reputation. Darwin’s theory of evolution was the first deemed respectable by the genteel scientific community because the man behind it was respected. The virtues that earned him this status continue to impress and inspire his disciples today.

Jonathan Birch is a postgraduate researcher at the Department of History and Philosophy of Science, University of Cambridge.
I was eating salmon in Queen’s bistro when I heard about PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals)’s decision that fish need a name change.

According to their website, “when your pet fish is used as a verb that means driving a hook through your head, it’s time for a serious image makeover.” What do they suggest as a replacement? ‘Sea Kitten’. Because, apparently, “who could possibly want to put a hook through a sea kitten?”

The first time I read about this I thought that PETA had finally mastered irony. I thought they were saying that it doesn’t make sense to project emotions and characteristics onto some animals and not onto others, and that to use some animals as pets and others for eating is hypocritical. But this analysis collapses fast when you find out more about their campaign and realise that they don’t think an anthropomorphising house pet is bad. They just want you to do it to fish too. I should have known.

For years PETA has kept busy making itself look stupid and giving intelligence the lie. The most recent campaign really should be taken with a pinch of sea salt, given the fact that, apparently, PETA has memorably exhibited a naked pregnant woman in a cage to highlight the plight of farmed pigs. On first reading the logic in that one is a challenge in itself, but that’s nothing compared to the time they compared eating meat to the Holocaust.

PETA thinks in a different way from the rest of the world. They think that all animals, from the tiny ant to the elephant, are exactly the same as humans, with the same thoughts, processes, feelings, and aspirations. They think Bambi was a documentary. So, while these campaigns make perfect sense to PETA, the rest of us have a mental block that stops us being persuaded by this recurring line of argument.

Most of us think that animal welfare is secondary to human welfare, and realise that given half a chance a lot of animals would have us for breakfast. Calling a grizzly bear a ‘forest puppy’ wouldn’t make it any less likely to rip off your legs, just as calling a shark a ‘sea kitten’ won’t make it any safer to go back in the water.

PETA even has a little Flash game on their website where you can play with different kinds of Disney-style fish characters. But if those bangs we were hearing were fireworks, then what the hell were PETA doing trying to make you see them as cute and cuddly instead of slithery and weird? If you choose a type of fish and dress it up with dinky clothes and accessories, these include some generic items like a leather jacket, make-up, and a tiara, and there are more specific ones: whiskers, cat ears, a ball of wool, and a litter tray.

When I was playing this game, I noticed two things. Firstly, the more you try and make a fish look like a cat, the more of a freakish inter-species mutant you create, and the more you have the urge to put it out of its misery. Secondly, I noticed the cartoon sea kitty’s eyes followed my mouse around the screen in a way that bordered on the predatory. Before I’d even finished making my aqua pussy I had to close the browser window in case I got nightmares. PETA, you made fish-phobic.

Since I started researching those adorable sea kittens, I’ve learned that when fish aren’t an oral threat to your blood and dragging you out with the tide, they’re bullying, mutilating, and eating each other.

Of course, making fun of PETA is like shooting fish in a barrel (ha). They’ve lost a lot of sympathy for their ever more absurd and offensive campaigns, and I’m willing to bet that as a result of this latest one people are much more likely to go ‘sea kittening’ of a weekend than they ever were going angling. If PETA want to take someone seriously, they need to fire their PR guy. I reckon we should do them a favour and rebrand them ‘land sharks’. Maybe it’ll endow them with some pelagic brains.

Voices from Gaza

“But how do we hear them?”

“I am writing about a dead guy who has been proven wrong.”

The written word is a powerful thing. It’s how great ideas continue their journey through time to reach us. As a marine who’s spent a number of years for the International Herald Tribune in Beirut, it is in the experience of interviewing key Hamas leaders. It is in these interviews that you see a not inconceivable degree of schizophrenia.

Goldberg is an ex-Israeli Army prison officer, but he has had to talk to so many people bent on the destruction of a people that he identifies with. It must be very trying maintaining your professionalism with someone who does not hesitate to say to your face that he thinks you are being inefficient.

How can you remain objective when you disagree with your subject on such a fundamental level? It’s easy for me to complain about having to sift through Marx’s ongoing sentences, excited polemic and idiosyncratic understanding of economics in order to find the relevant bits in his thought so that I can suddenly recognise Israel’s right to exist just because they say please. He supports his argument with his previous experience of interviewing key Israeli leaders. In these interviews you see a not inconceivable degree of schizophrenia.

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How can you remain objective when you disagree with your subject on such a fundamental level? It’s easy for me to complain about having to sift through Marx’s ongoing sentences, excited...
Happy Birthday Cambridge! Now stop the celebrations – they’re a pointless embarrassment

Last week, the editors of this handsome organ bubbled over with the milk of human kindness. In their tribute to CUSU’s book celebrating the octocentennial of Cambridge University, they used words like ‘dignified’, ‘puffed’, ‘embarrassing’ and even the lacerating phrase “easy money”. Well, I’d rather like to take that ball on the fly and compose a variation on their theme. The University’s commemorative agenda is even worse. It used to be said of the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper’s reviewing style that he would so demolish a book that he left people wondering why anyone would write, publish or read it in the first place. Likewise, somebody is required here to say no more.

Actually, Octo might as well be the official representative of the University’s terribly excited and engaging campaign. Because, since all considerations of taste and intellect have been denatured, we might as well accept the loamy embrace of this admirably enumerated critter. Very little mention has been made of this University is an institution, and the enforced abolition of ‘scholastic philosophy’, for example, or the demolition of housing to make way for King’s College Chapel. Nevertheless, they’re all a little too complicated to appear in an official chronology, don’t you think? Today’s sterile and beige focus on examinations and stress and inclusiveness are made to seem cardinal and vibrant and interesting. The pocket-book endorsement of dubious business interests, including the arms trade, is left unsaid. Cambridge University has never been much good at celebrating itself. (In a strong field, William Wordsworth’s worst poem is ‘Ode on the Installation of HRH Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge’ – “Albert, in thy race we cherish/A nation’s strength that will not perish.”) This, by the way, is a good thing. For any University is an institution, and any institution that venerates its own intellectual headgear by the University. Indeed, its members, present and past. Its students could and would simply go elsewhere if necessary. It has not fair on anyone, particularly the children who will suffer as a result of the huge debt they will inherit.

Another world, who am I to say other than I dont care Capitalism is shit shaun, stoke on trent

There is one man capable and willing enough to take Britain through this recession and the timing is right for “Gordon Brown.”

We must not underestimate this highly complex task and his experience and intelligence to deal with the economic challenges we now face. Elloura Coupe, London

What is the old saying again?

In the land of the blind the one eyed man is king... or in this case PM Tony, Wirral

Can someone tell me if this is deflating all dressed up? Jeff, watford

Is it not for the government to use my stake rbs to advertise in sports especially F (william) than reducing the tightenley23

I heard an expression last Friday “four meals then a riot”. As much as I hate to say this, this govt had to go ahead with today’s plan of action. Because if it did not, can you imagine the mayhem. I know that... You do not build a house on sand. You need good solid foundations to build your house. Joan, UK

Robert Stagg
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A LITERARY ANTHOLOGY - NEW WRITING FROM STUDENTS IN CAMBRIDGE & OXFORD

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS
The Mays is seeking the best and most exciting new writing and visual art in Cambridge and Oxford. All types of prose, poetry and visual art submissions are welcome; so whether you compose and illustrate on paper, write your love poems and stories on beer mats, or graffiti your visions on bus windows, we want to hear from you, and see what you have to offer. Chances are your work will find a home in The Mays 17.

You can submit up to three pieces of previously unpublished work. Writing submissions should be no longer than three thousand words. Please email us at mays@varsity.co.uk with ‘submission’ in the subject line.

Whether you have been published before or not, this is your opportunity to see your work in print.

Go on then, show us what you’ve got.

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The Mays is also looking for students to join a committed editorial team of prose and poetry readers, copy editors and general support staff. We want an enthusiastic, imaginative team of editors who we can work closely with to select the best new writing and visual art from Cambridge and Oxford.

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Theatre Manager
The University Theatre Syndicate wish to appoint a full-time Theatre Manager for the ADC Theatre for the 2009-2010 academic year.

Potential applicants should contact the current post-holder, James Baggaley, on jame@adctheatre.com or 01223 359 547, for more information or to apply.

Deadline: 12pm, 9th February 2009

SHOW APPLICATIONS
Easter Term 2009
We would like to receive applications from individuals and drama groups: previous productions have been successfully staged by both college drama societies and University-wide drama groups. Previous experience is not necessary.

If you have any ideas you would like to discuss, or would like further information or an application form, please contact:
Claire Butcher, Production Manager
claire@adctheatre.com 01223 359 547

Deadline: 6pm, 18th February 2009

PARK STREET • CAMBRIDGE
Disaster, absolute bloody disaster. Reading my weekly copy of *Varsity* this morning, I found out that the clever little Born Again Christians at Nibirupedia have discovered my true identity. I followed up the story, and when no tourists were looking at me, whipped out my laptop, logged onto YouTube and typed in ‘Corpus Christi Chronophage – Mark of the Beast’. Sure enough, they have me pinned down. Nibirupedia are now aware that I am not a grasshopper, I am in fact a locust. But not any old locust, no. I am the winged locust of the book of Revelation, and also a UFO, here to send a message to all of the rich and all of the Freemasons that they are about to lose everything, as per the Book of Revelations. Not good news. People are going to start realising the end of the world is nigh. I'm in trouble.

Friday

Having slept on the bad news and had a good hard think about it, I decided the best thing to do would be to ignore it. A mass of gawping tourists still came and pointed their loathsome cameras at me, and blasé students walked past untroubled by my new-found apocalyptic status, so I figured it was no biggie.

Saturday

It’s been a stressful forty-eight hours. They ticked past so slowly it was like I was counting every second. I decided I needed to cut loose, so I had a couple of cheeky double vodkas and Red Bull. It was still too early to go out, so I sped up time a little to 11pm. By now, everyone in the centre of town was sufficiently pissed not to notice me go, so I hopped out my cage and bounced along to Soul Tree.

The night was going well, moving my wings on the dance floor, busting some shapes; I was buzzing. But then I came over a bit morose, and hopped back to my little cage. It’s just not fun being alone when you are a locust; we prefer to go out in swarms.

Monday

I think people are starting to catch on to the fact that I am a UFO locust, here to herald the second coming of Christ. In the morning, a little girl visiting Cambridge burst into hysterical tears at the sight of me. I don’t know whether it was my googly eyes, or my sharp teeth, or the fact that I have the seal of God on my head and am heralding the apocalypse, but something was not right. A bunch of Freemasons walked past doing a secret handshake, and scowling at me. I think they are aware that soon I shall round them up and send them packing to the eternal furnace of hell, presided over by my close friend Beelzebub. But they carried on walking.

Wednesday

People are catching on, this is a disaster. Everyone is running past me in terror. I give Beelzebub a call and tell him the apocalypse is now or never. He tells me he’ll send the fallen angels forthwith. Devilishly efficient bloke.

Little do the unsuspecting people of Cambridge know, they are entering their eleventh hour. I looked on at the silly students with a mixture of hatred and sorrow. As the bloke on YouTube says, they are sheep and I am a ravenous wolf in sheep’s clothing. It’s time to meet your maker: in your case God, in my case Dr John Taylor. I wonder how many of their fathers are Freemasons?

*As told to Rob Peal

What did the Hell’s Angel who reformed and became a born-again Christian after a near-fatal accident say to Barack Obama?

"I’m changed, weak an’ believin’.”
I am writing this very shortly after the recently resigned President Obama’s inauguration, and so am filled with ideas of renewal and regeneration, to not mention the thought that it’s only a very short, simple oath to become leader of the free world, (and as it turned out not one person, and not to become leader of beforehand, and that was only in front of the accompanist beforehand. I recall that even in my Grade 3 violin exam I had a very short, simple oath to become leader of the free world in front of an audience of two billion, I might make the time to learn the words off by heart. Or

Ed at large

Underneath the image of a new Titanic being launched in a manner which slightly conjures the image of a new Titan being launched with a gigantic drawing of an iceberg on its side. It is the restaurant which dares to say “whoops, we never learnt!”, and should be commended all the more for it.

But enough about d’Arry’s. In the olden days the Bun Shop was frequented by unpleasant old men and herd-like groups of slats and yobboes stumbling around under the inaccurate banner of normal sway, which despite their name offer little in the way of efficacious exchange but a significant amount of legitimised date and recheché miosity. It was a thoroughly unpleasant place, to my mind, and I can’t have been the only one to let out a little cheer every time I heard a student being thrown through its window by his society tie. Not being one to let prior incursions spoil my judgment, I decided to give the Bun Shop’s new incarnation the benefit of the doubt, and arranged to meet a friend for a drink.

I hoped this might lead to the doing of snogs on her, and it started brightly. I found a pleasantly looking single person, a token old bloke and a young couple engaged in sparkling, flirtatious conversation. The interior is a mishmash of modern efficiency and pleasing old pub touches: a bar billiards table, a swanseted floor and a jukebox all score highly in my pub aesthetic, handbook, although the jukebox was let down by the propensity of its users to select the recent Kings of Leon hit ‘Sex on Fire’, which for a man on a date somewhere whose sister business recently burned to a crisp sets an uncomfortably alarmant tone.

After a few minutes of taking in the ambiance, I searched for my floozy amongst the customers. She was sitting with the manager, a smooth young man named Jamie, who had already sorted her out for drinks and who, if I’m honest, seemed a bit put out by my arrival.

“I’m from ‘Varity’, I mentioned inordinately.

“Here’s the wine menu,” he offered immediately.

Then there was the sound of Merlot being let down and then it happened again, and then I was asked for my PIN number. I don’t recall much of what happened after that. But I do know I’ll go back there, and I would do it all again.

at least have a quick run-through with the accompanying beforehand. I recall even in my Grade 3 violin exam I had a quick run-through with my accompanying beforehand, and that was only in front of one person, and not to become leader of the free world, (and as it turned out not even to pass my Grade 3 violin exam). Anyway. Back to the piece. In life, as everyone involved. Take that, Halley’s Comet and May Week all spring to mind in this regard.

And as is so often the case, inner-Cambridge public houses are great reflections of life. So as it is with the phoenix and Keith Richards, so it is with the Bun Shop: it is back from the dead. That once-great dolmen of Cambridge

Supermarket Sweep

Is there life beyond Sainsbury’s? Students in the know share their tips for shopping outside of the ‘Big 4’, be it plush market stalls, aromatic Arab stores or rooting in the dustbins.

Ed at large

Despite having some of the most attractive staff in Cambridge, Sainsbury’s has its downsides. Boring selections, a monopoly on prices, and almost fetishistic delight in telling you what’s wrong with its produce. (Imagine if we all did this. Hook-nosed, but just as tasty.) Marks & Spencer is worse, charging the price of a small car for a packet of crisps and confusising shortness of breath with ‘sexy’ advertising. Having heard the numerous options for supermarket shopping Cambridge offers rubbish, where do we turn to? There’s no need to panic, concerned reader. This week we’re taking a lesson from Jamie O, before he sold out. Richard Dorell shows us the delights of Al-Amin supermarket on Mill Road, Matilda Bathurst and Mark Crawford go foraging for treats in Market Square, and our correspondent in the bins shows that food can be got for free by those in the know.

Al-Amin, Mill Rd
To shop Al-Amin is capriciously enlightening, damaging, erotic. It is an instinctive experience, and not well presented by print. You will therefore now walk over, article in hand, and navigate with me. Go! On the left, fruits and vegetables. The Stubbles of vermilion turmeric root, for a sharp coconut soup; robustly sweet spinach, yams and eddoes; fresh curry leaf for potatoes; fresh mangeoes, unadulterated. Chutneys. I recommend the gongura pickle, fermented Andhradi style. The rice ’n’ spice den, with packets of instant sambar that expand the sinuses, and the good (Keralan) black pepper; opposite, the addictive sour cherry jam. The rear contains a delicatessen and halal butchery; the other, asides, an ar-ray of Iranian, Malay, Ghananian food. On the way out, try some kulti compact organsams, sitting by the ice-cream. Your wallet will be lighter – prices hover between Sainsbury’s and M&S – but you will be smiling broadly, this article possibly left, absentlyminded, at the bottom of a shopping basket.

Market Square
Once a supermarket has provided you with the essentials, Market Square is the best place to go for a touch of local flavour. The prices for good quality fish, cheese and fresh bread are comparatively cheap, due to lower overheads for the stalls. There is also an advantage for eco-friendly shoppers, as the stalls use far less packaging.

Although you might prefer to buy staple ingredients at the market, such as fresh dates (£1.99, 1/2 pound), Peruvian asparagus (£3.50 for a bunch) and bags of hazelnuts (£2.50 a pound) are perfect additions to a meal. They also taste fresher than something sitting on the supermarket shelf for a week.

The Cheese Stall has more variety than any cheese fan could wish for. Pasta dishes are improved with the Glastonbury farm cheddar (£1.38, 100g) which is less bland than mass produced versions. For a more sophisticated option, the piquant and nut covered Gratt Dhar cream cheese (£1.78, 100g) are best eaten French-style with crusty bread, especially the crusty pain à l’anciennne (£3.95 a loaf) from the bread stall. What’s more, the proprietor of the Cheese Stall has offered a 10 per cent discount to anyone who comes to his stall with this article.

For a high effort, but high kudos meal, choose the sea bream (£13.11 a kilo) from the fish stall and cook with garlic, ginger and spring onions. Market Square should be a port of call for all Cambridge gourmands and those who want to gain respect from their more discriminating peers.

Dumpster diving
Feeling peckish but poor? Has your overdraft been eaten away, or are you ethically minded and disgusted by the idea of food shopping? Either way, there is an answer: check out your local bins. Recent hauls include fresh bread, ready meals, and even fruit and veg. On an average night a simple root through the bins can yield at least three days’ worth of food.

And in all seriousness, the surplus of the shops is phenomenal. There is enough in a couple of bins to feed all the homeless in Cambridge as well as any particularly adventurous students. Perhaps more needs to be done to distribute this huge amount of waste. Perhaps Freecycle is the creed of the future? For anyone particularly doing there are a couple of Marks and Sparks bins which require a rather epic climb (I myself have never had the guts). Otherwise, look out for fresh bread, coming soon to a dumpster near you.

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Feeling peckish but poor? Has your overdraft been eaten away, or are you ethically minded and disgusted by the idea of food shopping? Either way, there is an answer: check out your local bins. Recent hauls include fresh bread, ready meals, and even fruit and veg. On an average night a simple root through the bins can yield at least three days’ worth of food.

And in all seriousness, the surplus of the shops is phenomenal. There is enough in a couple of bins to feed all the homeless in Cambridge as well as any particularly adventurous students. Perhaps more needs to be done to distribute this huge amount of waste. Perhaps Freecycle is the creed of the future? For anyone particularly doing there are a couple of Marks and Sparks bins which require a rather epic climb (I myself have never had the guts). Otherwise, look out for fresh bread, coming soon to a dumpster near you.

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Shedding Spam in Cam

FOR THOSE OF YOU STILL FEELING AS BLUBBERY AS A YOUNG SEAL PUP, CLEMENTINE STOTT IS HERE TO HELP YOU SHED THOSE EXCESS FESTIVE POUNDS

Do go punting
Working that pole’s great for the quad, deltoids and abs, you know. Soon you’ll be doing it topless and immortalised in endless tourists’ photo albums.

Do cycle
Turn that daily cycle ride to the Sidgwick Site into a steady state resistance workout: whack the gears up as high as they’ll go, load your basket and panniers with heavy objects and power your way over organism Bridge. Repeat x10.

Do go to the library
Put those weighty volumes on your shelf to good use. Stack a selection of your heaviest volumes on the lower arm in order to perform impromptu bicep curls, building to sets of ten. Books: not just for brainiacs.

Do goodbye the homeless
Transform a gentle jog around Parker’s Piece into interval training. Find a good-humoured tramp on a nearby bench, nick his can of Special Brew and sprint 300 yards. Repeat x10.

Do be late
Set your alarm half an hour later in the morning. You’re really going to have to bust a gut getting to that supervi- sion on time.

Do Dance
Rev up your dull dance moves by cunningly incorporating a series of high-intensity squats and lunges into the repertoire. So Wednesday night at Cinders, a packed dance floor and you, ripping it up and sizzling that tush.

Don’t Snack
You will risk emerging from intense concentration to find desk and self liberally sprinkled with crisp crumbs and half-masticated jammy dodgers. Unpleasant.

Don’t wear full lyrca regalia
This applies even if you’re really, really hot. Especially if you’re really fit, in fact; no one likes a show-off.

Don’t believe the hype
Swimming is an overrated form of exercise. It’s pricey, there is nowhere to hide the unexercised body and children weep in that water, and probably worse.

Don’t forget the iPod
Listening to music whilst exercise- ing can drown out the low’er step’ voices in your head. For high impact exercise, anything with 135-165 beats per minute is ideal. Something called ‘Harda Flava’ by someone called Mud- blood is highly recommended by fitness experts, apparently.

Don’t panic
Consider the wisdom of Epictetus, who recommended "Conduct ourselves in life as at a feast". And Bernard Shaw: “There is no love sincerer than the love of food.” Temper with the sage advice of Miss Piggy, “never eat more than you can lift,” and you’ll be just fine.

Mission: to delve into Cambridge’s secret orifices.

Week 2: The Cambridge University Conservative Association

Not so long ago, I found myself censcensed in the bar of the Cam- bridge Union. As I embarked on my quest to fuck myself senseless through the ingestion of Bombay Sapphire, I awaited some unwirting companions. Not friends, not wits, but the drunken aftermaht of a Cambridge University Conservative Association dinner.

Why, you might ask? You would, it will later become apparent, be entirely wise to do so. Curiosity and a bet. Some friends of mine recently challenged my long held belief that the Young Tories could ever be anything but slimy Union hacks sliding their way up the greasiest pole to a uniquely but slimy Union hacks sliding their way up the greasiest pole to a uniquely...
FOLLOW SUIT

Charlie wears red trousers, model's own; waistcoat, Oxfam.
Alex wears shirt, Save the Children; trousers and vest, model's own.
Lara wears dress, 'See by Chloe' at Giulio; belt, 'Miu Miu' at Giulio; tights, Tabio; boots, model's own.
Isabel wears dress, 'Temperley' at Giulio; boots, model's own.

50% sale on now at Giulio.

Make-up by Natalie Castro and Ley Tsang using MAC. MAC will be available from March at Unit 23, St Andrew's St., Cambridge. For more information on MAC please visit www.maccosmetics.co.uk.

Alexandra wears trousers, Ark Vintage; jacket, loafers, both Topshop.

**The Varsity Week**

**The Comprehensive Guide to the Next Seven Days.**

**Theatre**

- **Friday 23rd & Saturday 24th**
  - **Ongoing Exhibitions**
    - Fitzwilliam Museum (free);
      - Sir Sydney Cockerell and The Fitz
        (until March 17th)
      - Picasso Prints – Dreams and Lies
        (until February 8th)
      - Kettle Yard (free);
        - The roundhouse of international
          spirits (until March 15th)
      - Scott Polar Research Institute (free);
        - John Galia & Sons (until February
          14th)
      - British Antarctic (Nimrod) Expedi-
        tion, 1907-9 (until April 4th)
  - **Saturday 24th**
    - Rachmaninov, Beethoven and Chopin
      (Friday 23rd)
    - Pianist Tatiana Dardykina comes to
      perform at Cambridge having just
      finished completed studying at the
      Birmingham Conservatoire’s highest
      level.
  - **Sunday 25th**
    - Fitzwilliam Chamber Series 1
      Fitzwilliam Auditorium 8pm daily
      (£4)
    - Fitzwilliam’s distinguished ensemble-
      in-residence present four quartets by
      Joseph Haydn, spanning his entire
      compositional career.

- **Saturday 24th**
  - Mansfield Park
  - The Place: 9.30pm (£17.50 adv.)
  - The Streets
    - Cow Exchange: 7.30pm (£17.50 adv.)
  - The Yorkston Thorne Tice Ensemble
    - The Place to be for Sunday night
      clubbing.

- **Wednesday 28th**
  - Remixology
    - Soul Tree: 10pm (£3 before 11/£4
      after)

- **Thursday 29th**
  - Buzzcocks
    - The Junction: 8pm (£1.50 adv.)
  - The Immortal Stone: Chinese jades
    from the Neolithic period to the twen-
    tieth century.

- **Friday 23rd**
  - The Bourne Identity
    - Vue: Fri/Sat only: 11.00pm
    - Arts Picturehouse:
      - Daily: 12.45pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm
  - Slumdog Millionaire
    - Contact Picturehouse: showings at
      various times daily, you won’t have
      to wait long.
  - Waltz With Bashir
    - Old Labs, Newtonham Gardens: 8pm
      (free)
    - Vue: Fri/Sat only: 11.00pm
  - Harvey Milk
    - Arts Picturehouse
      - Daily: 12.45pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm
    - Arts Picturehouse
      - Daily: 11pm (£4-£12)
      - See POTW.
  - Frost/Nixon
    - Arts Picturehouse
      - Daily: 12.45pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm
      - See POTW.

**Music & Nightlife**

- **Thursday 29th**
  - Footlights Smoker
    - ADC: 11pm (£5-£6)
  - With last term’s Smokers producing
    such crackers as “Why does Karl Marx
    drink green tea? Because proper tea
    is theft”, this is one not to miss: book
    hugely early to avoid huge disappointment.

- **Tuesday 27th**
  - Soul Tree
    - 10pm (£3 before 11/£4 after)
    - Borrowed
      - Expect UK hip hop
      anthems and geezerish banter.
  - Footlights Smoker
    - ADC: 11pm (£5-£6)
    - With last term’s Smokers producing
      such crackers as “Why does Karl Marx
      drink green tea? Because proper tea
      is theft”, this is one not to miss: book
      hugely early to avoid huge disappointment.

**Art & Classical**

- **Sunday 25th**
  - The Place: 9.30pm (£3 (£5 adv.)
  - The Place to be for Sunday night
    clubbing.
  - Tuesday 27th
    - The Streets
      - Cow Exchange: 7.30pm (£17.50 adv.)
  - Wednesday 28th
    - Remixology
      - Soul Tree: 10pm (£3 before 11/£4
        after)
  - Thursday 29th
    - Buzzcocks
      - The Junction: 8pm (£1.50 adv.)

**Talks & Events**

- **Friday 23rd**
  - ‘Darewe intellectual development’
    - Lady Mitchell Hall: 5.30pm (free)

**Film**

- **Friday 23rd**
  - *The Bourne Identity*
    - Vue: Fri/Sat only: 11.00pm
  - *Slumdog Millionaire*
    - Contact Picturehouse: showings at
      various times daily, you won’t have
      to wait long.

**Montevideo’s Orfeo**

- **Tuesday 27th**
  - ADC: 7.45pm, Saturday matinee
    2.30pm (£7-£12)
  - Written and directed by Angus
    Thongs and Fabulous Snogging
  - How many Surrealists does it take to change a lightbulb?
    - Cortonné monkeys.

- **Saturday 24th**
  - The Immortal Stone: Chinese jades
    from the Neolithic period to the twen-
    tieth century.

- **Sunday 25th**
  - Spanning a huge time period, the Fitz
    brings out its collection of Chinese
    jades, from Ming animal sculptures to
    contemporary art.
Coralie Bickford-Smith has two mottos. The first is “stop designing, start playing,” and the second is “make a big mess.” And a fine mess she has made too in the freshly painted Penguin offices overlooking the Thames. When I arrive, a mass of hardbacks and paperbacks are spread across the table, a fauxstis Treasure Island the colour of a Ladurée macaron, a dove grey Wuthering Heights with butterflies twinning across the cover, a pile of Gothic Horrors decked out in sinister shades of yellow, and a sumptuous three-volume set of The Arabian Nights that would make Sir Richard Burton weep. Coralie presides over this circus of colour like a proud ringmaster and is loath to pick a favourite. No sooner has she decided on The Man Who Was Thursday, than she transfers her affections to Crime and Punishment. No, The Spook House. No, wait, The Picture of Dorian Gray. With each new pick, the mound spreads, haphazard piles are assembled and dismantled, favourites are resurrected from the bottom of the heap and Coralie’s cyanotypes litter the table top. As messes go, it is a uniquely beautiful one.

In person, Coralie is quietly dressed in black, shy and hesitant, but get her onto the subject of books and she is transformed. One of life’s natural enthusiasts, she falls into paroxysms of delight over such seemingly dry subjects as typogra-

The books’ black-and-white illustrations are set against Technicolor backgrounds that don’t pander to any notion of a ‘stodgy’ colour scheme. There’s that macaron-pink Treasure Island, an Around the World in Eighty Days decked out in parachute silk turquoise, a little light reading. Fresh from her fairy-tale success, Coralie took the helm.

Between June 2007 and June 2008, Penguin published twelve paperbacks in the Boys’ Adventure Classics series, among them The 39 Steps, Tarzan, and Around the World in Eighty Days, swashbuckling tales all. The set was commissioned following the triumph of HarperCollins’ Dangerous Book for Boys, which dominated the 2006 bestseller lists. With the Boys’ Adventure Classics, Coralie’s task was immense: twelve books by ten different authors, set on half a dozen continents, featuring subjects as diverse as dinosaurs, pirates and First World War espionage. The challenge was to unite these disparate stories in a cohesive series, while giving each book a clear and immediate bookshop identity. Undaunted, Coralie commissioned four illustrators to produce black and white illustrations while she researched typefaces. She is particularly proud of the ‘disorientated Dada Futurist type on the cover of G.K. Chesterton’s The Man Who Was Thursday, which relates to the novel’s central theme of anarchy and the disruption of the social order. Coralie works closely with the text when presented with a series such as this, dutifully reading each book cover to cover. She admits that she had never read any of the Boys’ Own Classics before working on the Adventure Classics series, but she says she has since been converted. “This one’s brilliant,” she beams, picking up Anthony Hope’s The Prisoner of Zenda, “and this is fantastic,” she adds as she delves into a box to retrieve Rupert of Hentzau. “It’s the sequel!” The pile swells with every new favourite.

The Royal Mail has just named the Penguin paperback A British Design Classic. Laura Freeman meets award-winning Penguin designer Coralie Bickford-Smith to talk about knives, Robinson Crusoe and reinventing an icon.

Elements of Style
1974 Coralie born in Norfolk
1998 Graduates from Reading University with degree in typography
2002 Starts work at Penguin
2004 First edition of Hans Christian Andersen’s Fairy Tales
2007 Publication of first of the Boys’ Adventure Classics
2008 Publication of the Gothic Horrors, publication of the Waterstones’ Hardback Classics, Coralie wins award for Best Series at the British Book Design and Production Awards.

The success of the magenta and burgundy Andersen opened Penguin’s eyes to an apperently renewed desire for beautiful, cloth-bound books among the members of the reading public – books as covetable as the collection’s items rather than unremarkable vessels for a little light reading. Fresh from her fairy-tale success, Coralie took the helm.

Pick up a Penguin

The Royal Mail has just named the Penguin paperback A British Design Classic. Laura Freeman meets award-winning Penguin designer Coralie Bickford-Smith to talk about knives, Robinson Crusoe and reinventing an icon.
Prostitutes, Parties and Port...

...welcome to Victorian Cambridge

Charles Astor Bristed, the son of an American millionaire, matriculated to Trinity College in 1840. At a time when Anglo-American relations were suffering, he hoped to rebuild the rapport between these jilted lovers. However, he was shocked by the loose morals and heavy drinking of his cousins across the pond. But he did find time to admire the Cantabs’ thirst for learning and love of sport. For the first time in one hundred years, Bristed's memoirs of Cambridge have been published, and in a Varsity special, we print some choice extracts. Times change, people come and go, but it seems that student habits have been remarkably resilient over the passing centuries.

Cambridge Nightlife

Taken from a passage describing the daily routine of a student, Bristed offers a glimpse of Victorian Cambridge's nightlife. With Cindies yet to have opened, and bogs yet to have taken off, the evening hours were instead filled with wine parties, chapel, strolling and earnest reading.

During the quarter of an hour preceding four p.m., the students come flocking into their colleges and rooms to prepare for dinner. The academic cap and gown are resumed, and the hall crowded with hungry Undergraduates, who are not, however, admitted within the screen until the Fellows and Fellow Commoners have assembled. Then a Latin grace is read by two of the Dons, and forthwith the assembled. Then a Latin grace is read. Fellows and Fellow Commoners have banqueting on a dinner of three courses, with port and sherry, in addition to the malt liquor, and abundance of orderly and well-dressed waiters...

...After Hall is emphatically lounging time, it being the wise practice of Englishmen to attempt no hard exercise, physical or mental, immediately after a hearty meal. Some stroll in the grounds if the weather is fine, many betake themselves to the Union Society Reading-Room to glance over the newspapers and periodicals, and many assemble at wine parties to chat over a frugal dessert of oranges, biscuits, and cake, and sip a few glasses of not remarkably good wine. These wine parties are the most common entertainments, being rather the cheapest and very much the most convenient, for the preparations required for them are so slight as not to disturb the studies of the hardest reading man, and they take place at a time when no one pretends to do any work.

At six p.m., the chapel bell rings again. The attendance is more numerous now than it was in the morning. On Saturday evenings, Sundays, and Saints’ days the students wear surplices instead of their gowns, and very innocent and exemplary they look in them. It must be owned that their conduct in chapel is very orderly and proper; considering the great opportunities afforded for subdued conversation by the way in which they are crowded together when kneeling. After chapel the evening reading begins in earnest. Most of the Cantabs are late readers, so that supposing one of them to begin at seven, he will not leave off before half-past eleven, thus clearing more than four hours’ consecutive work, his only intermission being to take a cup or two of tea, sometimes, but not often, accompanied by a slice of bread and butter. One solid meal a-day is the rule; even when they go out to sup, as a reading-man does perhaps once a term and a rowing-man twice a week, they eat very moderately though their potations are sometimes of the deepest. Some students go to their private tutors in the evening; not unfrequently two or three meet in one another’s rooms alternately to read some classical author or talk problems together – a very sociable way of acquiring learning. Such is the reading-man’s day; as to how the rowing-man passes his I say nothing for the present. He is the abnormal development of the type, and the consideration of his pursuits need not now be dwelt upon.

How do you get two whales in a Mini? Along the M4 and across the Severn Bridge.
Cambridge Morals

In this candid passage, Brised con-
demns what he believes to be the moral failings of Cambridge students. His shocked reference to ‘Barnwell’ refers to where the Grafton Centre is now. It was shocked to its bristles, and was a popular nocturnal haunt for Cam-
bridge’s less upstanding students.

A young man passing as I did from An American College immediately to an English University, will certainly be astonished at some and shocked at many of the differences he notices in the habits of those about him from what he has been used to consider as the proper practice of students. That denizens and glasses should be among the articles directly recommended by the tutor’s servant who assists him in furnishing his room - without any objection, too, from the Evangelical friend who assists him in his purchases, that he should be able to order sconce for himself and friends out of the College kitchen, and his College tutor, so far from appearing as a bird of ill omen to mar the banquet, will perhaps play a good knife and fork at it himself - all this seems odd to him at first, but he readily comprehends that the system is one suited to the more advanced age of the students, and one which by refus-
ing to make decent remittance a malum prohibitum within the College walls, deprives them of excuse for frequenting external haunts of dissipation. By-and-by, however, as his experience increases, he finds that this liberty is often abused into the most shameful license. The reading men are obliged to be tolerably temper-
ate, but among the ‘rowing’ men there is a great deal of absolute drunkenness at dinner and supper parties. And, after making all allowance for the peculiar climate which admits of stronger and more copious potations than ours, the fact that an Englishman never drinks before dinner, still it must be allowed that there is a prevailing tendency to drink rather more than is altogether beneficial even among those who are never actually intoxicated. In a more physical point of view this is greatly to be regretted. If the temperate libations of our students could be superinduced upon the wholesome food, leisurely digestion, and regular exercise of the English, we might expect as the result astonishing specimens of health and strength.

And, even with the chances which they thus throw away, they are splendid instances of physical development; but unfortunately their animal passions seem to be developed almost in a correspond-
ing degree. The American graduate who has been accustomed to find even among ingenious men a tolerable standard of morality and an ingenuous shame in relation to certain subjects, is utterly confounded at the amount of open profligacy going on all around him at an English University; a profligacy not confined to the ‘rowing’ set, but including many of the reading men and not alto-
gether spearing those in authority. There is a careless and undiagnosed way of talking about gross vice, which shows that public sentiment does not strongly condemn it; it is habitually talked of and consid-
ered as a thing from which a man may abstain through extraordinary frigidity of temper or high religious scruple, or merely as a bit of training with reference to the physical consequences alone; but which is on the whole, natural, excusable, and perhaps to most men necessary. One of my first acquaintances at Cambridge, the Fellow Commoner next to whom I sat in Chapel, had not known me two days or spoken to me half a dozen times before he asked me to accompany him to Barnwell one evening after Hall, just as quietly as a compatriot might have asked me to take a drink, and though it would certainly be unfair to take this youth as a type of all Cambridge, yet, just as a foreigner on being invited by a Southern or Western gentleman to ‘liquor’ soon after or perhaps before breakfast, might conclude that to drink in the morning was not an uncommon thing for an American, and that a tolerably large class of persons were in the habit of doing so – the proposition made to me in so off-
hand and matter-of-course a way might justify the conclusion that the practice was sufficiently common – as indeed subsequent experience fully proved.

The Raucous Rower

During his account of a drunken Trin-

ity dinner party, Brised describes a notable College character. He seems to be a type not undistinguishable from our present-day Formal Halls and College bars. And his prediction of this character becoming a law lord one day was completely fulfilled; he is describ-
ing the future Lord Denham.

That escaped-civilizing look, next Speedling, is the Hon. G. Dutton, Captain of the first Trin-

ity. Though a peer’s son, he has come up as a pensioner, not an unusual step now, the expenses of a Fellow Commoner being so great. He is an Eristatic, like Horace, but with him it takes a more practical turn. There never is a gay boating supper party without George Dutton. The Barnwell girls know him well, and the Dons without George Dutton. The Barnwell never is a gay boating supper party it takes a more practical turn. There Eironiast, like Horace, but with him

Cambridge Slang

The Cambridge student’s love for need-
lessly inventing new words to replace perfectly functional existing ones unfor-
tunately seems to have a long pedigree. Here, Brised provides an glossary.

Of one of the first and most necessary things to be acquired by a resident in a new country is some knowledge of its language. Even in the few pages we have thus far gone through, terms have frequently occurred which required explanation, and without some insight into the Cambridge vocabulary, it would be impossible to describe Cambridge life intelligibly, or to understand a true description of it. I therefore subjoin a list of the principal cant terms and Phrases in use, translating them, when possible, into equivalent slang of our own.

Gowman: A student of the University.
Snob: A townswoman as opposed to a student, or a blackguard as opposed to a gentleman, a loafer generally.
Cad: A low fellow, nearly = snob.
Reading: Studying.
A reading man: A hard student.
A rowing man (ow as in cow): A hard student.
Reading man: A hard student.
A rowing man (ow as in cow): A hard student.
Fast: Nearly the French expensif. A foot man is not necessarily (like the London fast man) a rowing man, though the two attributes are often combined in the same person; he is one who dresses dashing, talks big, and spends, or affects to spend, money very freely.
Seedy: Not well, out of sorts, done up, the sort of feeling that a reading man has after an examination, or a rowing man after a dinner with the Beetleback Club.
Bumptious, Conceded, forward, pushing, Brick, A good fellow, what Americans sometimes call a clever fellow.
To keep in such a place: To live or have rooms there.
Hang-out: To treat, to live, to have or pos-
sess (a verb of all-work).
Like bricks, Like a brick or a bean, Like a house on fire.
Like a house on fire, To the nth, To the n + 1th:

A Modern Comparison

A random reign through Oxford. Cambridge wine parties were described as ‘thirty lads round a table…drinking bad wines’, and ‘banned from the Steely Dan banter’. Sounds familiar to a modern-day swap in Hall after about twenty minutes of heavy penning. But Bristed really should have gone to Cindies (maybe actually called Cindies in his day!). Like many of today’s drinking society initiatives, Bristed came across students play-
ing such die-hard drinking games (more along the lines of vingt-et-un than twenty-plus-ones) that several would often lose consciousness, and their faces would then be subject to “the eternal joke of being blacked with burnt cork by those who remained.” This was surely the precursor to Facebook rape, the consequences of which are less easy to wash off the morning after.

But there were other, more pleasant aspects to Trinity life, like the Classics reading parties. The annual Trinity Classics ‘reading week’ has indeed survived the test of time, continuing to the present day (this year’s being held on Monday). The Trinity College motto, ‘Semper Eadem’ means always the same! Would any of these be true for Cambridge today? Bristed would concur?

Nick Chapman, 2nd year Trinity Classicus.

Friday January 23rd 2009

How do you confuse an idiot? Bananas.

CREA A Modern Comparison

This is guaranteed throughout! Cambridge wine parties were described as ‘thirty lads round a table…drinking bad wines’, and ‘banned from the Steely Dan banter’. Sounds familiar to a modern-day swap in Hall after about twenty minutes of heavy penning. But Bristed really should have gone to Cindies (maybe actually called Cindies in his day!). Like many of today’s drinking society initiatives, Bristed came across students play-
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A Linear Sequence

1989 Completed DPhil. at All Souls College, Oxford
2001 Awarded the prestigious Berwick Prize by the London Mathematical Institute
2003 The Music of the Primes, a popular science book about prime numbers, is published
2005 Made an EPSRC Senior Media Fellow
2006 Presents the Royal Institution Summer Science Lectures. "The Number Mysteries"
2008 (October) Presents a four part documentary series, The Story of Maths, on BBC4
2008 (December) Nominated Richard Dawkins as the Charles Simonyi Professor for the Public Understanding of Science

"The things we love playing with, right through to the future of the planet, depend on science. That's why it matters. If the public aren't interested then we are going to fall behind, scientifically, in the world.

When asked whether he thinks that Richard Dawkins, his predecessor, alienated people with his controversial approach, Professor du Sautoy hesitates momentarily. "I think that's probably true," he reveals, "but controversy can generate interesting debate and that's important." Indeed, later he suggests that the media hype surrounding the Large Hadron Collider experiment in Geneva was a good thing because it got so many people actively talking about science.

"What I'm interested in doing," he expounds, "is talking about science: promoting science, and explaining science." He confesses, however, that "probably I share a lot in common with the way Dawkins views the world, I'm an atheist. For me, it doesn't make sense to talk about how the world works either than in a scientific way." But while Dawkins is absolutist in his opinions, Professor du Sautoy, "on the other six days of the week, is incredibly logical and... er... we talk mathematics."

A self-proclaimed non-expert in the science-religion debate, he feels that it is time to "steer the professorship" away from that discussion and concentrate instead on his own mathematical agenda. "Maths is the language of science... almost the polar opposite end of the sciences from evolutionary biology."

The track record of his media projects is impressive; including the recent and popular BBC4 documentary series entitled The Story of Maths. He is aware, however, that one man can do only so much as the ambassador for science, and that many more scientists need to engage with the public on their areas of expertise. There need to be "lots of mini-Marcuses," he laughs. "I can't be an expert on everything you know, if someone contacts me about stem cell research..." His sentence is cut short as a phone rings. Pulling an iPhone from the pocket of his purple jeans he mutters, "hmm... er... let's leave that...

Flippantly, we remark that it seems to have become more acceptable to be ignorant about mathematics and science than, say, literature and the cinema. "It's always been like that... and concentrate instead on his own mathematical agenda. "Maths is the language of science... almost the polar opposite end of the sciences from evolutionary biology."

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Friday January 23rd 2009

FOR TWO MORE MONTHS, THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS LOOKING EAST TO BYZANTIUM. ROB PEAL TALKS TO THE EXHIBITION CURATOR, ROBIN CORMACK, ABOUT LIFTING THE VEIL OF IGNORANCE AND MYTH WHICH HAS LONG DISTORTED OUR VIEW OF THIS MAGNIFICENT EMPIRE.

centuries, Western Europe has refused to see Byzantium as a European empire, but as a distant and dubious other: an incomprehensible and effeminate land ruled by duplicitous emperors, loose morals, a corrupt church and tyrannical rulers. However, Robin Cormack, the curator of the Byzantium exhibition in London, hopes to see this civilisation demystified and reappraised as part of Europe’s common history.

The exhibition is contributing to a significant change in the understanding of one of history’s most invoked but least understood civilisations. Voltaire famously condemned it as “a worthless collection of declamations and miracles, a disgrace for the human race”. Others, instead of insulting Byzantium chose to distance it, most famously Yeats who, in Sailing to Byzantium, depicted it as an Oriental land of “sensual music” and “gold mosaic”. Even ‘Byzantium’ is a misleading term, never used by the civilization itself, which continued to call itself the ‘Roman Empire’ up until the fifteenth century. London’s last Byzantine exhibition was in 1958, and Cormack claims that this exhibition aims are markedly different.

“As I see it, fifty years ago, what they emphasised was the difference from Europe, whereas I think this exhibition tries to show exactly the opposite: that it is actually quite familiar.”

Robin Cormack is a Professor of Art History at the Courtauld Institute, but lives in Cambridge with his wife, Mary Beard. Having spent five years putting this exhibition together, he clearly hopes it will have a big effect.

“The difference is in 1958 nowhere in the eastern Mediterranean was in the European Union,” he tells me, but “now we’re thinking of even including Turkey in the EU, so our whole perception of our past has changed.”

One salient reason for this is that Byzantium linked the achievements of the classical world with medieval Europe, making a vital contribution to the Renaissance. It was due to Byzantine scholars that Plato was rediscovered in sixteenth century Italy, and the cultural exchange between East and West was crucial in the development of Italian art. Byzantium’s cultural achievements are on full display at this exhibition. There are icons of such intricate painting that it looks as though golden thread has been woven through them, and the prized piece, an incense burner shaped like a domed church, has visitors entranced by its waxy creativity.

However, to see the most striking impression on the viewer, one incredibly rare piece they found. “Byzantium bureaucracy absolutely pales in comparison to Gordon Brown’s. It’s a term to mean irrational bureaucracy.”

One of the organisers has claimed that “a pretty good percentage of all that survive” of the Byzantine Empire is held in this exhibition. This is an extraordinary thought: an Empire that lasted for over one thousand years and spread from Egypt to Spain could leave so little that a significant portion of its remains can be housed in one moderately sized exhibition. You can see a beautiful collection of icons from the monastery of St Catherine in Sinai which were not even known about until the 1960s, but are now seen as the best of their type in the world. In Sinai they joke that where Moses said you should not have graven images, they’ve got the best. With so much more still to be discovered, Cormack confidently claims that “Byzantine is the fastest growing field in the history of art.”

With so much new material, curating an exhibition of Byzantium’s disparate artefacts is particularly testing. “Every day that you are doing an exhibition there is something that happens, there’s some kind of crisis,” Cormack tells me. “The Georgian war meant we didn’t get the Georgian objects... We got a phone call from a woman saying that she has found a Byzantine artefact of Byzantium, one has to visit Istanbul. Hagia Sophia was built in four years, but one thousand years after its completion it was still the largest domed cathedral in the world. In 1453 George Sphrantzes described it as “the handwork of God, a marvelous and worthy work, the delight of the whole earth.” It still stands today as a monumental feat of human ingenuity.

So why has it taken so long for us to take Byzantium seriously? According to Cormack, it has much to do with the myopia of the Enlightenment. “It is a faith culture,” he tells me, “and from the Enlightenment up to Richard Dawkins there are people who don’t like faith cultures.” In contemporary newspapers, ‘Byzantine’ is now used as a term to mean irrational bureaucracy. But as Cormack is quick to remind me, “Byzantine bureaucracy absolutely pales in comparison to Gordon Brown’s bureaucracy.”

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The exhibition is of such unusual importance that it has been extended for two more months. With around three thousand paying visitors each day, “a lot of people will have had a touch of Byzantium in their lives,” Cormack beams.

Western Europe has a selective memory. Many subjects are studied and forgotten, and the clamour of competing voices creates a disorientating din. However, in the case of Byzantium, there is a huge amount left to be said.
**Round Up**

**THEATRE**

**Beauty**

ADC Theatre, January 20th-24th

Dir. Alice Bell; CU Contemporary Dance Workshop

★★★★

Ten thirty in the morning, the deadline for this review to be in, passes me by. A couple of hours, three missed calls and a text message from my editor later, I sit down to write the review. Alas, that is what happens when you are near the end of week one and realise that you have already let your work pile up and that you have two essays overdue. It is beyond me why supervisors insist on giving us work to do, surely the point of university is that you work to GET here, but once you’re here it’s all about the extra-curricular - getting involved in sports, drama, Cindies... n’est-ce pas?

Well that’s a decent chunk of my review gone and no mention of the show yet. I guess I should rectify that. Beauty is this year’s annual ADC dance show, advertising itself in the words of Confucius: “Everything has its beauty, but not everyone sees it.” This could not be more true, as the theatre was less than half full on the opening night. However, I’m sure that the people who were there did not regret their venture. The evening captivated the audience with its “ad-dictive rhythm and elegant aesthetics,” charismatically delivered through twenty-one different dances in a range of styles.

The show did not get off to a great start. The first couple of dances were out of time; I felt a bit like I was watching my little sister’s school dance, which is annoying – so many years of avoiding big-sisterly duties, just to suffer watching someone else’s siblings. But then the show picked up, as a large crew of break-dancers, body-painters and hip-hoppers rode in and their way onto the stage and filled the ADC with pumping energy. This contrasted really effectively with the next piece, a contemporary dance to Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata (and the Nokia tune, courtesy of someone in row H). I liked this one, as I really felt that it was saying something, even though I did not have a very clear idea what it was.

Some other gems include a pretty sexy belly dance (although the girl who comes on at the end looked to me like an epileptic Christmas tree), a 1920s speakeasy (oh for the days of hats and sequined stockings) and ‘Movement for Four’, a combination of physical and musical movement based around the music of the cello.

I have two favourites, choosing between would be like deciding whether I love marmite or shopping more. The Rock’n’Roll team defied gravity with their energy, turns and lifts, even finishing their dance with the famous Dirty Dancing lift. Patrick Swayze, eat your heart out. Full points also go to the vivacious ‘Chrysalis’ dancers, a group of younger teenagers with krazy names like Rascal and Soopa Noodle, who made me fancy fourteen-year-olds all over again (especially the one who dropped his trousers on stage – call me). The whoops from the audience were, well, energetic, presumably coming from family members filled with pride, and rightly so.

The show contains a rich array of treats, including drummer DJ Darbuka, masked ladies and swing dancers dressed as sailors. Good work tech team, the innovative and encapsulating lighting design enhanced the show, put true talent to work by Alice Bell, dancer and CUCDW president.

The show is by no means flawless, but beauty rarely is. Drama in Cambridge tends to be a closed box, and it was refreshing to see new faces and a variety of abilities and styles. That’s what the stage is for. Unless you can’t bear dance, I would big-fish little-fish-cardboard-box it down to the ADC this week. Except for you, that couple who sat in seats D8 & E9 on the opening night. You should get a room. Lauren Davidson

**Portraits of Artemisia**

by Nigel Ward

Mumford Theatre, January 16th & 17th

Dir. Nigel Ward; Anglia Theatre Company

★★★★

The Mumford Theatre at ARU is a rather nice venue. Huge stage, large capacity, weird patterns on the wall, it’s a winner. The set too: giant wooden frames with stringed grids stretched in all directions, making one feel like a 21st century peasant girl. Anyway, the story gets going when a veritable football team of identically dressed Cinderellas march on one by one. Cinderella, which of these is Artemisia, I thought? All of them, and none of them; they are all versions, or portraits, of Artemisia. This kind of worked. Different characters paint different accounts of what happened. It was neat for five minutes, until it became so blindingly apparent that this was going to become the most stretched and over-used metaphor in the history of theatre.

Okay, scene one, the first Artemisia shuffles on to face interrogation and paints her picture. She, like the whole play, just couldn’t decide who or where she was. Half her lines were delivered all poity and sexed-up and the rest were accompanied by her groaning and rolling her eyes. Similarly, the script was all over the place. Uncomfortable shifts in regis-ter meant that half the time people were demurely saying things like “I no longer wish to pose for you, father,” and the rest of the time things like “it smells like a pig shit himself before the altar.”

Too long, repetitive, inconsistent, pretentious, kind of sexy and often just a bit silly: Portraits of Artemisia is clearly too oil painting. Full marks need to go to the cast who gallantly persevered all the way to the bitter, bitter end. Of course, the true heroes of the piece were the set builders and designers who constructed something that was both visually nu-anced and dramatic and yet managed to thoughtfully and intelligently reflect the themes of the story.

Nathan Brooker

There was once a young man from Peru, Whose limericks always end on line two.
I went to a comedy club once. It was in London (well, near London) and given that I was in the hostile, alien atmosphere of ‘The Big Smoke’, I think it was understandable that I was a bit overwhelmed by all those jokes. So the Wolfson Howler always had that ace up its sleeve; it was in little old Cambridge. So my friend and I strolled jauntily into Wolfson bar, ordered a pint apace (I saw them do this in London), and eagerly waited for the laughs to begin. And waited. And waited. A word to the wise, don’t get there on time. You’ll wait.

However, there are worse places to wait. Wolfson Howler had clearly done its publicity, for the place was packed and the atmosphere was buzzing. The compere, Ed Gamble, was a chirpy chappy and he managed the often difficult task of MC-ing with aplomb, which is easier said than done. All the supporting acts were good value. Keith Akuksha’s act was of a particularly high quality. Not only that, but he clearly had the audience eating from the palm of his hand. But undoubtedly the best performance of the night was reserved for Liam Williams. Boy, does this guy know how to entertain, knocking his lips around every syllable as if French kissing a vacuum cleaner. There was a confidence in the performance that marked a welcome change from the awkwardness of the earlier acts. This man knew his audience and worked them to consummate ease, littering his stand up with Wolfson jokes, and still having to resort to tired clichés. Unfortunately, the headliner, Richard Herring, was a tad underwhelming. In fairness to him, he was booked for too long, but he hadn’t prepared for that fact at all. There were lulls in his stand up where the laughter just petered out into silence. flashes of brilliance reminded the audience why Herring has been able to sustain a career in comedy for 21 years. But at times he showed his age; some of his cruder jokes felt vaguely antiquated, as if he was recycling gags from the 90’s. It was a shame to end on this, because the night deserved a better headliner. The Wolfson Howler is a far superior environment for comedy than the ADC, because it mirrors the intimate and relaxed atmosphere of a comedy club. One or two audience members even stopped their conversations to watch. The Wolfson Howler showed itself to be in rude health last night, and the next one comes highly recommended. Nick Beck

The next Wolfson Howler is on Monday 9th February in the Wolfson College Bar.
iWatch

**Week 2: Big Chef takes on Little Chef, 9pm Wednesday, available at 4xD**

During my childhood, Little Chef was a heavenly institution. Driving down the A303 making my biannual grandparental visit to the geriatric utopia of Devon, I would suddenly lay eyes on that jolly little fat man with a tray. All other concerns would desert me, and I would unleash every Hell onto my parents until they agreed that it was chef time. That jolly little fat man promised massive portions of greasy all day English breakfasts, washed down with an unfathomably synthetic strawberry milkshake, and I loved him for it.

So it was with both sadness and disbelief that I heard that Heston Blumenthal, the spotty kitchen nerd responsible for ‘molecular gastronomy’, was remodelling the menu of this roadside institution in a crisis. With logic shamelessly ripped off from Rammy’s Kitchen Nightmares, an insincere consultancy from a celebrity chef would be making entertaining TV and therefore good publicity, and against all odds save the company. Or so they thought.

This is the problem with reality TV of the ‘audacious challenges’ variety; you make a calculated risk that it will all work out. However, this whole criminal exercise was bound to fail from the start. Nonetheless, they forced the reality TV narrative arc down your throat with all the deftness of a jolly little fat man trying to get a reluctant lorry driver to eat bacon and egg ice-cream. Whilst Gordon Ramsay’s equivalent shows normally manage to fulfil the ‘fucking disaster, fucking disaster, no wait, fucking brilliant pattern’, this was ‘fucking disaster, fucking disaster, no wait, still a fucking disaster’.

Getting the ‘best chef in the world’ to rejig the menu at a motorway diner is like hiring Terrence Malik to relaunch the Carry On... film franchise. Watching Heston try to convince the new chief Executive of Little Chef that their new menu shamelessly ripped off a check in a red wine reduction priced at £18.50 was painfully ludicrous. Having meekly abandoned his high hopes of Fat Duck duck large across the roadsides of Britain, Heston puts creativity to one side and relaunches the Little Chef with chilli con carne and fish pie.

As Michael, the camp manager of the Popham branch observed at the start of the show, “I’m not sure people are ready for snail porridge in Little Chef; they weren’t even ready for muesli.”

**Frank Turner**

**The Junction Sunday January 19th**

It’s difficult to criticise Frank Turner’s tireless work ethic. A highlight of last year’s Cambridge Folk Festival, a staple on the touring circuit, and one of the last acts to play the London Astoria before its demolition, he has become something of a live phenomenon in three years. The former front man of Million Dead’s fusing of punk and folk has seen him gradually scale the Radio One playlist and, as he proudly tells us, one of his songs is soon to be featured on Blue Peter. Claims to fame don’t get much bigger.

Monday’s headline show at the Junction, the closing date of his current tour, began promisingly with a solo rendition of ‘The Ballad of Me and My Friends’. Its world’s to rejig the menu at a motorway diner and present his keyboardist with a miniature birthday cake he bought in a supermarket, impaled by a candle nicked from a restaurant. The atmospherically dark ‘Worse Things Happen At Sea’ was matched in volume by the excitable crowd. It was a special moment, before his four piece backing band appeared through a cloud of smoke, strumming some chords and pulling shapes across the stage. Watching session musicians attempt the splits whilst playing guitar arms-with-in-at-45˚ angles above their heads is a surprisingly engaging way to spend a Monday evening, and their exuberance certainly matched the panache of new track ‘Love Lost, Die Old’.

Turner’s onstage banter worked well throughout the fast paced show, drumming up a bit of Oxford/Cambridge rivalry and presenting his keyboardist with a miniature birthday cake he bought in a supermarket, impaled by a candle nicked from a restaurant. The atmospherically dark ‘Worse Things Happen At Sea’ was an effective downbeat contrast, with emphasis on his storytelling ability; yet the biggest crowd reaction was saved for ‘Long Live The Queen’, an earnest tribute to a friend who recently passed away.

An encore of ‘Photonsynthesis’ saw support acts Emily Barker and Chris T-T return to stage on banjo and keyboard, adding to the frivolities and dimming in an emphatic ‘And I won’t sit down/And I won’t shut up/And most of all I will not grow up’.

Like the rest of his material, it may not have redeemed the ‘singer-songwriter-with-ability-to-write-a-good-tune’ genre, but with Turner wading into the front row to engage in a final sing-along, its infectiousness made for a frankly entertaining end to the evening.

**Paul Smith**

**White Lies**

**To Lose My Life Polydor, out now**

Murder, funerals, and the end of records. A few/not a lot. ‘To Lose My Life’ is one of the darkest tracks you’ll hear this year. And it’s succinct; not a word is wasted. You might feel as if you’re seeing this all unfold for yourself.

While on first listen, you may think that it will all sounds a bit homogenous, such is the curse of a lead singer with a reasonably distinctive voice. But as you listen more the tracks begin to define themselves; ‘Nothing To Give’ emerges as the epic it is and the title track reveals the potential dance floor filler (high for quite a specific dance floor).

A 20-piece orchestra was enlisted to record this album. Organs, strings and heavy bass lines are everywhere. Intuitively it shouldn’t work; on another record it could easily be overkill but here it is all perfectly mediated. The band have distilled all the dramatics from these elements, and discarded the banality that so often attaches itself.

White Lies have managed what eludes so many other artists, sombre songs full of emotion which avoid sounding tacky and remain compelling. These are not vapid, I-loved-sounding tacky and remain compelling.

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**Lucy Bryant**

**Beethoven: Missa Solemnis**

**CUMS I; Choral Scholars of Magdalen, Queens’, Selwyn, Sidney Sussex and Trinity College Choirs; soloists; Christopher Robinson (conductor)**

**Saturday January 17th**

The Missa Solemnis, written just before the Ninth Symphony, was the musical culmination of Beethoven’s personal faith: it uses the traditional Latin mass text in a way that emphasises humanity, peace, and a merciful God. As the Ninth, the Missa also represents the pinnacle of Beethoven’s large-scale abandonment of the ‘fugue’ style his interest in the traditional Latin mass text in a way that emphasises humanity, peace, and a merciful God. As the Ninth, the Missa also represents the pinnacle of Beethoven’s large-scale abandonment of the ‘fugue’ style his interest in the traditional Latin mass text in a way that emphasises humanity, peace, and a merciful God. As the Ninth, the Missa also represents the pinnacle of Beethoven’s large-scale abandonment of the ‘fugue’ style his interest in the traditional Latin mass text in a way that emphasises humanity, peace, and a merciful. But as you listen more the tracks begin to define themselves; ‘Nothing To Give’ emerges as the epic it is and the title track reveals the potential dance floor filler (high for quite a specific dance floor).

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**Lucy Bryant**

**MUSIC**

Two muffins are in the oven. One says to the other, “Is it getting hot in here?”

The other says, “Fucking hell, a talking muffin!”
**ART, FILM & LITERATURE**

**The Roundhouse of International Spirits**

Arp, Benazzi, Bissier, Nicholson, Richter, Tobey and Valenti Kettlé's Yard, until March 15th

In the grand tradition of cultural capitals, Locarno is a relative unknown, wholly eclipsed by its favoured rivals Florence, Rome, Paris. Kettlé's Yard is attempting to redress this balance with a little show focusing on the art of the region.

In the first decade of the twentieth century, Locarno, on the banks of Lake Maggiore in the Italian Alps, established itself as a hub for a loose kith and kin of naturalists, anarchists, and spiritualists. By the 1960s, an artists’ collective of naturists, anarchists, and spiritualists including Felicitas Vogler, the third wife of the uxorious Ben Nicholson, documented the artists in a series of bleached photographs. She captures a sense of holiday spirit and plein-air joie de vivre in her portraits of the venerable artists. There’s a sprightly Hans Arp sporting two Panama hats, one atop the other, inviting the photographer to dance and Nicholson shivering beside the Lake. The colours of the exhibition stay with you: sun-faded, oxidized shades of blue, buttermilk and tawny browns that speak of nostalgic, fond-remembered summers.

Laura Freeman

**The Wrestler**  
Dir. Darren Aronofsky  
Starring: Mickey Rourke, Marisa Tomei and Ernest Miller

Walking in a post-match hot-tub of a grace once it premiered at last year’s Venice Film Festival, Darren Aronofsky’s The Wrestler, and particularly the central performance of Mickey Rourke (seemingly as himself), are now firm Oscar’s favourites. We follow Randy ‘The Ram’ Robinson, a washed up wrestling star from the 80s, as he stumbles through life as a weekend brawler in town hall fights before being given one last shot at the big time by a rematch with his old rival. If Darren Aronofsky had a business card it would say ‘D. Aronofsky – Auteur’, probably in a very small font, and perhaps with a picture of a small font, and perhaps with a picture of a bulldog, to the office, to his trailer, always from beneath his name and raise one eyebrow deciding who gets the barbed wire was both a heartache and a pleasure planning their dives and débacles, and... well, perhaps mix was a strong word. Even if the secondary characters are all stereotypes, from the ‘stripper with a heart’, to the ‘mean, short, balding boss’, they’re still entertaining. The plot ticks all the boxes, from a heartfelt reconciliation to setbacks after 80, 60 and 90 minutes. One of the few surprises is a running joke about a character named ‘Jill’. It is very much a ‘not-so-great when it’s a roomful of Trekkies at a sci-fi convention’ joke. Again, a line that has sparked a thousand imitations. Just about everyone says it: ‘No, it’s not so great when it’s a roomful of Trekkies at a sci-fi convention.’

Tom Morris

**Five of the Best**

"Why so serious?", The Dark Knight, (2008)

The Joker’s catchphrase seemed the best choice from last year’s Batman feature: eerily unnerving coming from Heath Ledger’s permanently-smiling villain.

"I wanna live again!", It’s A Wonderful Life (1946)

It would be a cold heart that doesn’t feel a spark of Christmas joy at the life-affirming conclusion to Frank Capra’s winter warmer of a film.

"I love the smell of napalm in the morning", Apocalypse Now (1979)

As well as “the horror, the horror” said by Martin Scorsese’s Colonel Kurtz, Francis Ford Coppola’s brought us this from the war-crazed Kígöre.

"Frankly, my dear, I don’t give a damn”, Gone With The Wind (1939)

It may come right at the end of this admittedly-epic golden oldie, but Rhett Butler’s devastating send-off to Scarlett O’Hara remains a timeless classic.

"You had me at hello”, Jerry Maguire (1996)

Oh, come on, it may be cheesy, but who doesn’t love a bit of cheese?

**Take V**

Film one-liners

Friday January 23rd 2009

** Jen Hadfield **

Nigh-No-Place

Bloodaxe, out now

Last week, literary history was made when Jen Hadfield, became the youngest-ever winner (who also happens to be female) of the T.S. Eliot Prize, for Nigh-No-Place, the thirty-year-old’s second collection. As well as reflecting the wild surroundings of the remote island of Shetland, where she lives and works, these poems, notably ‘Prenatal Polar Sun’ (which presumes he does), it would say ‘D. Aronofsky – Auteur’, probably in a very small font, and perhaps with a picture of a bulldog, to the office, to his trailer, always from beneath his name and raise one eyebrow deciding who gets the barbed wire was both a heartache and a pleasure planning their dives and débacles, and... well, perhaps mix was a strong word. Even if the secondary characters are all stereotypes, from the ‘stripper with a heart’, to the ‘mean, short, balding boss’, they’re still entertaining. The plot ticks all the boxes, from a heartfelt reconciliation to setbacks after 80, 60 and 90 minutes. One of the few surprises is a running joke about a character named ‘Jill’. It is very much a ‘not-so-great when it’s a roomful of Trekkies at a sci-fi convention.’

Again, a line that has sparked a thousand imitations. Just about everyone says it: ‘No, it’s not so great when it’s a roomful of Trekkies at a sci-fi convention.’

"Yippee ki-yay motherfucker!" Die Hard (1980)

Essentially a failure to produce any real words followed by an expletive, even Bruce Willis couldn’t make this sound good.

"I’m the king of the world!", Titanic (1997)

"You had me at hello", Jerry Maguire (1996)

Oh, come on, it may be cheesy, but who doesn’t love a bit of cheese?

"Is it still raining? I hadn’t noticed", Four Weddings and a Funeral (1994)

Is this really the best the writers could come up with? Apparently the producers hadn’t noticed.

"I wanna live again!", It’s A Wonderful Life (1946)

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"You had me at hello”, Jerry Maguire (1996)

Oh, come on, it may be cheesy, but who doesn’t love a bit of cheese?

"Last... I am your father", Star Wars: Empire Strikes Back (1980)

Again, a line that has sparked a thousand imitations. Just about passable when Darth Vader says it, not so great when it’s a roomful of Trekkies at a sci-fi convention.

"Yippee ki-yay motherfucker!" Die Hard (1980)

Essentially a failure to produce any real words followed by an expletive, even Bruce Willis couldn’t make this sound good.

"I’m the king of the world!", Titanic (1997)

Why, Kate, why? There was room for two on that raft! Any film contain-
Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#20: Interior with Figures by Jan Steen
Fitzwilliam Museum

I would be pointless to argue for Jan Steen’s pre-eminence as a painter based on the masterful wedding of paint, especially when Steen is in the company of other seventeenth-century Dutch masters such as Jan Vermeer and Pieter de Hoogh. Steen’s real mastery lies in his humour. The artist’s Catholic upbringing within the predominantly Protestant Dutch Republic is reflected in his moral comedies, such as this Interior with Figures, housed in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Paintings from everyday life, otherwise known as genre scenes, were prevalent in homes across the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. Today, his humour is refreshingly familiar and offers a level of moral admonition, though referred to as a ‘Jan Steen Household’, but this day, in Holland, a rowdy home is often far to describe the artist as a seventeenth-century Peter Kay, on the basis of his lewd and unorthodox nature.

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Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

Across
7. Shy dragon conceals panadol enthusiast. (5)
8. Gang in period of easier access. (8)
11. Revealing garment with american rhythm lets you know you’re going too fast. (11)
12. Most of this medicine causes one to be unwell. (3)
13. Device for holding in gas makes networking easier. (8)
15. This answer is a mythical creature. (6)
17. I hear it’s in the style of God. (5)
19. Reflection of shadow takes too much for President – what are they called? (7)
23. Bacon does well in battery it? It’s the future! (6)

Down
1. Lawyer is boldly stereotype. (7)
2. Move tentatively towards guitar. (4)
3. The Go-Between Is it black and white, I hear. (6)
4. Start of harassment in e-mails – call me. (7)
5. Worries about neck markings. (5)
6. Spot something to give your boss (6)
9. This newspaper is badly run – that’s quite a yarn. (7)
10. Cliff is good at poker. (5)
11. Asthma aid with top removed is quite a yarn. (7)
12. Costal noise is largely confused – we’re in it together. (9)
18. Sir cola and add a bit of hollyhock to form universal solution. (7)
20. Transport secretary gets entangled with pop star at island resort. (6)
21. Article by Nazi causes golf. (5)
22. Revolutionary against Latin. (6)
25. We need more with windows in – it’s making me sad. (6)
27. The unknown in this defunct group is a businessman. (4)
28. Confused, stunned, without a home, crazy (4)

Set by Hyltland

Week 2: Orgies

Orgies are a tricky business. It’s difficult to get an orgy quite right, seeing as most things about it are so very wrong. The first orgy we had worked, and this was because it entirely dispensed with etiquette. "George," he said, "we’re going to strip you naked." It was not a warning; it was a promise. It was the thrill of saying the words that charged our fingertips, darting over buttons and forcing zips. George’s body, tall and emaciated, was covered in a fuzz of downy hair. The hair was so thick that George’s true shape was indistinct, each buttock resembling a ramekin of apple charlotte dusted with icing-sugar.

Arms and legs entwined, it was difficult to tell how many made up the writhing mass. A boy’s hand reached for the member of a friend who was at that moment kissing a girl, his left hand furiously twiddling the nipple of another. The hand found said member ready for action. The boy shifted his hips and tugged at his belt, willing to be exploited in the anarcho context of the orgy.

There were no apologies, no explanations, only a warm bubble bath in the morning.

Orgies are a tricky business because once you have one, you just want more. You assess any subsequent social occasion in terms of its potential to become an orgy. A particularly heated discussion in Hall reminds you of the orgy, teetering between passion and hysteria. A supervision approaches an embarrassing climax as you gape blindly towards a conclusion that you had never intended; the orgy is recalled. You glance at your supervisor’s lap, he sees your glance, all is lost.

Once a group of students voluntarily surrenders their right to choose whether or not they want last term’s ADC. star’s penis probing perilously near to their anuses. ‘friends-with-benefits’ becomes tainted, often forever. A beautiful sense of release is the cinematic premise, but, with orchestrated bohemianism, touching each other becomes not a privilege, but an entitlement. Nobody can revoke this entitlement, for then the authenticity of this new bohemian life would be revealed.

All it took for our fantasies to be splintered was one, single moment. Fear of us, straight, bi-curious, bisexual and gay, splashed on the bed. We were all playing this game for reasons that we could no longer remember and, on cue, iTunes intervened with its miraculous shuffle function dispensed its next song and its sickly truth: the Lion King. Wendy Woe-Woo

Why did the monkey fall out of the tree? Because it was dead.
**Rugby: the big one**

**St John's victorious in College grade match**

**Cam slams Notts**

**Frankie Brown**

On Wednesday Cambridge battled their way to victory over Nottingham Trent, retaining their position at the top of division 1A of the women's rugby BUSA league. Although indiscipline and petty handling errors disguised at times their superiority in all facets of the game, they fought hard to score six tries, including two from scrum-half Andrea Turner.

The match began in a scrappy manner that continued throughout. Both sides were guilty of unforced errors as each fought to impose themselves upon the game. A period of concerted pressure from Cambridge saw captain Lucy 'Thompson break through the line, and following some patient recycling of the ball, Turner spotted a gap and coasted through for the try. Cometh the moment, cometh the (wo) boys' favour, both teams struggled to

**Quick Catch-up**

**Mini Report**

**Men's Blues Lacrosse**

A shortage in recent match play did not show as Cambridge Men's Lacrosse team stormed to a 14-5 victory over Exeter on Saturday.

With several key players sidelined by injury, this was a chance for some new-look faces to shine. Six goals for Todd Nicholls and five for Co-Captain Phil Hall ensured that the early lead never looked in danger of being lost. Man of the match Edward Cassels was also on hand to help keep up the aggressive and attacking style of play.

Looking for advancement to the Premiership and a win at Varsity, this result leaves the team confident and ready for more.

**Player of the week**

**Ben Osborne, Trinity**

Strong on the ball and powerful in the scrum, the Trinity hooker made life a lot harder than the Jesus pack would have liked in their build up to the John's match. In consecutive games he was amen- ace up front, winning quick ball at the set pieces and leading the break in the open field.

Ben has played in the Cambridge front row since his first year, watching the rise of the team from the 3rd to the 1st division. In his second year, he trained and played for the U20 and U21 squads, though never quite made the Varsity line up. Surprisingly, rugby has not always played such a major role in Ben's life. At school in King's Lynn there was little time for training or matches, so Cambridge was his first real chance to make waves on the rugby scene.

With the League and his engineer- ing degree all but over, Ben is hop- ing to continue to play rugby for an adult team next year. A brave decision for the front row: his experience of rugby at Trinity will no doubt stand him in good stead.

**Mini Report**

**Blues Tennis**

The Men's Blues Tennis Team crushed Edinburgh 10-0 in their final game of the BUCCS Northern Premier League season on Wednesday.

Phil Compeau (Churchill) and Rutger-Jan Lange (King's) got an interesting match win with the League and their engineer- ing degree all but over. The Game was quite made the Varsity line up. Surprisingly, rugby has not always played such a major role in Ben's life. At school in King's Lynn there was little time for training or matches, so Cambridge was his first real chance to make waves on the rugby scene.

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**Tennis girls come out on top**

**Women's Blues secure place in Premier Division**

**Varsity Sport**

The women's tennis Blues were on top form last Friday as they achieved a convincing and crucial victory over Exeter University to retain their place in the BUCS Premier Division with just one league fixture remaining.

Cometh the moment, cometh the (wo) man in the form of Captain 'aggressive' Ashbridge, Lea, who was on cruise control as she made light work of the doubles, scooping up points effortlessly. In a similar fashion against a 'golden retriever' temperament, she found her groove in the tight first set, she found her groove in the sound of applause from the balcony.

**Rugby: the big one**

**St John's victorious in College grade match**

**Jenny Morgan**

John's and Jesus have something really special. It's called hatred. Real genuine special. It's called hatred. Real genuine

**Reports**

**Surprise with some strong work through**

try line, which gifted Jesus a penalty try against Dom Macklin back on his own inside for a try under the posts. Aaron ten metres every time. Within a few minutes the ball was swept out to wing Esh-Choo-Chin Lin who sneaked back inside for a try under the posts. Aaron Sonnenfeld duly converted.

From hero to villain, Lin was then responsible for a questionably high tackle against Dom Macklin back on his own try line, which gifted Jesus a penalty try to equalise. Jesus had caught them by surprise with some strong work through the middle of the field by the slippery half Ian Childs. Some great kicking from his opposite man Sonnenfeld soon had Jesus on track and, when Jesus was caught holding up in front of the posts he was called upon to deliver three points to regain the lead.

The play bore only the Jesus half in the run up to half time, but John's made little ground in the face of a strong defensive line. Unable to formulate the game patterns they wanted, they were eventually forced to take solace in the fact that it was enough to go.
Stop Working and Grab a Broom

CAMBRIDGE ALREADY WEARING YOU DOWN? DON’T FRET: THE SEASON FOR WINTER MINIBREAKS IS UPON US AND BOREDOM EXPERT JAMIE PTASZYNSKI HAS SOME SUGGESTIONS

Ski Jumping

It’s a fairly simple sport, which starts with a long slide down a steep slope that curves upwards a few degrees at the bottom. When the slope ends (this happens quite abruptly, so be prepared) you leap off into thin air at roughly 100mph. There you remain for anything up to eight seconds, before landing on another, slightly less steep slope. Although you are supposed to land with a good ‘telemark’ style, I recommend you do whatever you think best to avoid breaking your legs/back/etc and try your hardest to come to a halt as soon as possible. Ski-jumping is probably not for everyone. If you’re afraid of heights or flying, or just don’t think you’d look great in a ski-tight all-in-one and eight foot skis, you really ought to think twice. Also beware that once you start down the slope, there’s no way to stop. For myself, I’d rather stick to the pistes, but if you’re seriously considering it I recommend you go on YouTube and watch a couple of jumps and maybe a couple of crashes too. The current world record was set by Bjørn Einar Romoeren at Planica in 2005 and stands at 230m, Tino Ahonen did go further at the same event but he failed to land it, which is quite a painful thought.

If you find all these speeds, distances and heights a little too daunting, I’m delighted to tell you that ski jumping is also a vastly underestimated spectator sport. At first it is intriguing in its stupidity, but soon you are mesmerised by the grace and athleticism of these absolute nutter. Being a nutter is one of the prerequisites for becoming a world-class ski-jumper. The other is having a ridiculous name. Roar Ljøkelessoy is a prime example of this; the undeniable coolness of his first name being entirely negated by the randomly selected jumble of letters that make up his surname. At the top of this year’s FIS World Cup leader board there sits a man called Ammann (it can be hard to tell in those outfits). Meanwhile at the bottom end of the rankings Andreas Wank’s career has failed to reach the exciting climax predicted.

If you want to try it: Check out www.uniskydiving.co.uk and go to ‘recreation and sports’ for details of their beginner course.

If you want to watch it: Tune in to Eurosport at 5.30pm on Saturday 24th for the Canadian leg of the World Cup tour.

Husky Sledding

Probably one of the most pleasant all-round experiences of my life and something I would recommend to everyone: the pines drifting past in the everlasting golden-pink Arctic sunset, the gentle susurration of the wooden sled rushing through the deep snow, the stench of six sweaty dogs all trying and failing to deferacate at the same time (honestly, they make even more of a theatre than Paula Radcliffe). But before you all lasso the family spaniel to the front of a toboggan, I ought to tell you a little more about it. We did it in Finland with a guy called Runi, who happens to be the former European Dog Sled Racing Open champion. Although we weren’t using top-of-the-range gear, a racing sledge like his could set you back a couple of thousand pounds. You can’t just use any old house pet either: running has to be in their blood and then the excitement to run must be at least strongly encouraged by the owner. Runti and his mates have the upper hand when it comes to super-canine ability to understand verbal instruction or human desire: In fact they’re arrogant and lazy: everyone just likes the way they look on the postcards. The best breed for racing is a cross between English and Irish setters, sturdy yet energetic. Beware, though, if you do try to, that even these highly-bred, perfectly trained animals are still just dogs. They haven’t developed any super-canine ability to understand verbal instruction or human desire: in the end if they prefer to spend an afternoon trying to eat snow or piss off into the woods occasionally, dragging you rapidly towards an uncomfortable looking Nordic fire, there’s not much you can do about it but bail out and hope for a soft landing.

If you want to give it a go: Book a few days at Hotel Iso-Syote in Finnish Lapland. It’s not cheap, but they also offer snowmobiling and rally driving for those who prefer an engine.

Curling

Curling was invented by Scottish lairds hundreds of years ago as part of a housewifery exam: one woman slowly slides a heavy rock (iron) as straight as possible, while the rest sweep as vigorously as they can. It takes more than that to get your adrenaline pumping then maybe you should go back to the bit on ski-jumping. It may also put you off to learn that there’s only one dedicated curling venue in England, near Tunbridge Wells. The fact that the curling world stage is dominated by Scots and Canadians is equally unlikely to whet your appetite. But don’t be too hasty. Curling is going to make a huge comeback in the next few years. In fact, I predict that by February 2009 curling will have overtaken ultimate frisbee as the pseudo-sport whose accelerating popularity most annoys university rugby players. My confidence is not as misguided as you think: firstly, the English Curling Association website agrees with me, and Stephen Hinds has been appointed as National Development Director to make sure of it. Who knows what such a man is capable of?

Secondly, global warming apparently means that we’re going to have colder winters, like the Victorians did when the Thames froze over, and they all loved curling (and skat- ing) on it. (I think this must have been before we caused global cooling, which made all the ice melt.) Thirdly, we’re in the middle of an economic crisis, which means that none of you will be able to get jobs when you graduate, so you’ll have to go straight into retirement. Suddenly curling seems a very attractive alternative to lawn bowling, the staple pastime of the lonely British pensioner. Finally, if you play your cards right, you might get an Olympic medal. At the last Winter Olympics the British men and women came fourth and fifth respectively, but by the tightest of margins. Bearing in mind three of the men lived on neighbouring farms near Lockerbie, which has a really small population, it can’t be the hardest of teams to break into.

If you think you could go straight to the top: Contact the Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

If you want to play casually: Go to Fenton’s Rink in Kent, ‘For A Cool Fun Day Out’.

One World Week

The Great Cambridge Jump

2009
More apres than ski

Blues see off Durham danger

» Refreshed Cambridge dismiss a defiant Durham

Cambridge 26

Durham 17

Richard Kirsch

E njoying the best snow conditions for many years, a record number of skiers and boarders, over 2100 students, spent the first week of their holidays in Val Thorens, France. Approaches to the trip varied, from the more militant who reached the first lift at 9.15 without fail, to those who nursed their hangovers till noon, only to strap on their boots, get the gondola car up, and enjoy a long lunch in the sun.

Evening entertainment was centred on the Malaysia nightclub, pulling eager party-hunters in with a potent combination of £10 drinks, and a thick, sweaty atmosphere from the club host a ‘silent disco’ party, which came as a welcome relief to those tired of hearing boozed Oxford voices.

Despite strict French laws on after-hours noise, bad behaviour was sadly prevalent. Shared hotel rooms often occupied by at least one snotty and unwell individual meant that promiscuous couples had to be inventive. Boot rooms and igloos were no-go areas after dark for all those with a sensitive stomach.

Varsity organisers laid on a hand-forward Cambridge defeat in the ‘ski matches’. A potent combination of £10 drinks and a thick, sweaty atmosphere

Cambridge United take on arch rivals Oxford United in Conference clash. At the Trade Recruitment Stadium on Newmarket Road.

The only thing that made this setback less irritating was the pride I felt when telling people I had a running injury, and the setback less irritating was the muscle grows too

Cooney’s Marathon

Week 2

In which Lauren doesn’t drink (much) and explains shin splints.

Week one of ‘training’, so my weekly Internet-sourced schedule calls it has run (ba dum bum) smoothly. Not least because I have really enjoyed being back at uni, and bounding into a myriad amused faces who taunt me with pub excursions and make a point of buying me soda and lime, or apple juice.

Things I have drunk this week: soda and lime, apple juice, milk, 3 coffees, vodka and orange (boo). Things I have not drunk this week: red wine, a leffe, and a lot more coffee. I have heard mixed reviews about how much one can ‘get away with’ when training for a marathon; the general consensus seems to be ABSTAIN, which is a horrible word.

Feedback has also included unprecedented concern. People seem to be worried that I actually might die. Waking up and recit- ing motivational mantras seem a little futile when faced with in-evitable, irrevocable, impending fatality. Hmm, let’s hope not... (to the tune of my flatmates’ favourite Joseph megamix): “Go go Lauren, you know what they say, go, go Lauren, you’ll make it some day...”

I’m sure that the uber-sporty types who actually read this column – I can see why my photograph would be misleading – on their way to putting themselves on their meaty backs whilst reading about their victory over the hares are scoffing at the first sentence of this article. “Pah! Week one of training! Pah! Pah!” But the reason why my schedule is so gloriously succinct is because of mid-Michaelmas shin splints, which had me first splitting angrily into my bas-tard overpriced Asics, and then ordered not to run for at least six weeks. The only thing that made this setback less irritating was the pride I felt when telling people I had a running injury, and the various explanations I heard about what shin splints are. A simplified definition would be: “the splitting of muscles that occur when you exercise too much, and the muscle grows too fast, a bit like stretch marks, and grows into your bone, and if you stroke your leg then you can actu- actually feel them, it’s really weird.”

Thankfully, the six week break paid off, and my poor splintered shins are doing OK, which means I can now sing my alternative Joseph megamix, go for a lovely moonlit run, and then head off to a pub where I may or may not drink apple juice. Remember to join the facebook group and support one of Varsity’s Lauren Cooney London Marathon.
Cambridge comeback hits Hethersett

Becca Langton

As an avid Chelsea fan for the full twenty years of my life, like my father and grandfather, I have always viewed women’s football with some suspicion. A token effort towards equality perhaps, but a much lesser version of the game I love. But having witnessed the women’s Blues’ extraordinary victory over Hethersett Athletic at the weekend, overturning an earlier 7-0 defeat and embarrassing a team sitting five places above them in the East Regional Premier Division, I have been forced to reconsider. Women’s football might be played at a slower, less intense pace, but it has the same excitement, passion and enthusiasm one would expect to find in any men’s team. By the final whistle the Blues had pulled out stunning goals, desperate sliding tackles and thrown in any men’s team. By the final whistle the Blues kept quiet as the orange-clad Hethersett were stretched to their limits.

The first goal came with undisputable flare as centre forward Amanda Wainwright placed a swerving shot from well outside the box into the opposite corner; the keeper was nowhere to be seen and Cambridge’s positive play was rewarded with the lead.

Standing strong at every challenge, the opposition attempted a fight back. Hethersett were not yet finished and a last ditch save off the line by stalwart defender Clare Ross following a lapse of concentration at the back suggested that Cambridge might still be vulnerable.

At half time, however, the score was a predictably even nil-nil. Whilst there was everything to play for, a few frustrated tears from the young Hethersett right wing suggested that Cambridge had the upper hand.

A period of early pressure following the break demonstrated the Blues’ new found resolve. Hethersett were stretched at the back and forced into desperate defence as a series of aggressive long balls found the opposition’s weakness in defence and exploited their inability to cope with the combined pace and strength of the Cambridge midfield. The first goal came with undisputable flare as centre forward Amanda Wainwright placed a swerving shot from well outside the box into the opposite corner; the keeper was nowhere to be seen and Cambridge’s positive play was rewarded with the lead.

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