

VARSITY

Friday January 30th 2009

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Issue no 688 | varsity.co.uk

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Chakrabati of Liberty

Protesters forced out despite dons' support

» Law Faculty occupation 'starved out' after University threatens legal action
» Six-day demonstration ends with minor concessions made to protest's demands

Elliot Ross

Student protesters ended their six-day occupation of the Law Faculty yesterday, claiming they had been "starved out" by the University and following a threat of legal action against them. The group issued a statement saying: "We did not fail. We were failed by the University."

The University is facing accusations of "bullying" and "failed leadership" from academic staff and students over its handling of the Gaza protest. It "categorically denies" both bullying and underhand tactics.

The accusations came after Registrar Jonathan Nicholls issued a second ultimatum carrying the threat of legal action and refusing protesters the right to return to the building. Existing stocks of food were disposed of by University officials, who recorded protesters' names and photographed them. The University said last night that students would not be punished, even though their actions were in breach of matriculation requirements.

English don Chris Warnes called the University's response "a failure of leadership" and "a disgrace". He attacked "the cheapness and the way they bullied those students". Former UK Ambassador to Uzbekistan Craig Murray, who was refused access to the building to address the protesters one Tuesday evening, said: "I was

quite astonished to learn that Cambridge University had responded by attempting to starve the students out."

Andrew Chitty, a lecturer at the University of Sussex, has written to Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard to express his "dismay" at the University's "heavy-handed methods". Equivalent protests at Sussex ended amicably after an agreement was reached over their occupation's demands. Dr Chitty told Prof. Richard that Cambridge's response brought the University into "disrepute".

The protest has found support within the academic community in Cambridge. 35 Cambridge academics have expressed sympathy with the protest and its demands, including prominent poet J.H. Prynne, Raymond Geuss, Robert Macfarlane and Priyamvada Gopal.

An open letter to the Vice-Chancellor signed by 29 academics concludes: "We do not believe there is a substantial conflict of interest between the University, its staff and the students on these matters. These students are showing motivation, drive, commitment, perseverance, and principle in abundance – exactly the qualities we as teachers value most in our students. We would thus urge you and your negotiating team to respond sympathetically to the student proposals."

In his message of support to the demonstration, J.H. Prynne stressed the

importance of British engagement with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. "There are other crisis spots right now, too, but this one points a finger at us because we have done nothing real, for so long," he wrote. "Whichever way you look, it is just shameful. Intelligent human communities have a special duty to look for understanding and to make it work, not to sit pat on our useless hands."

But academic opinion has been far from unanimous on the issue. No equivalent condemnation of the demonstration has been issued, but Matthew Kramer, Professor of Legal and Political Philosophy, called the protest "a puerile act of collective masturbation in which the object is not really to improve any situation".

Mathematician Geoffrey Grimmett said "the University is a place of education and research, not politics. The act of occupation runs counter to the very qualities of Cambridge that attracted us here."

Though the University refused to accede to any of the occupation's six demands, its negotiators have indicated their willingness to endorse a statement made by Universities UK condemning the destruction of academic institutions in Gaza, and to notify faculties and Colleges of existing opportunities for humanitarian fundraising.

More details on page 4



Protesters outside the Law Faculty minutes after the occupation ended

ANDREW BELLIS



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VARSITY

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Get involved

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

News

Sunday, 4pm in the Maypole (Portugal Place)

Magazine

Wednesday, 5.30pm in the Maypole

OR

E-mail editor@varsity.co.uk to find out more.

Noble but futile

There is much to admire in the protesters who occupied the Law Faculty over the last week. Their strength of conviction contrasts sharply with the apathy prevalent in the student body as a whole, and some of them have shown remarkable resilience in keeping up the protest. During the occupation they created an ethos of consensual decision-making: it was organised, polite, and there was a sophisticated level of discussion. It was also exciting and passionate, far removed from the bureaucratic processes embraced by CUSU. Moreover, their cause – the humanitarian rescue of the Gazan people – is one supported by nearly all people in this University and in this country.

However, the protestors undermined their message with some of their methods. The demands issued to the University were in parts unrealistic, and gave an impression that the protesters were speaking on behalf of students as a whole, who have registered disquiet at the occupation's *modus operandi* and specific demands even while supporting their cause. The language used by the protesters, centred around the buzzword 'solidarity', was reminiscent of the Communist era and felt alienating to many students. Moreover, advertised leisure activities such as yoga and open-mic poetry, combined with frequent sightings of protestors taking a cigarette break or going to Sainsbury's, undermined the seriousness of the protest in the eyes of many.

The University was put in a difficult position, forced to engage with a tricky political situation which it had hoped to avoid, having to devote staff and resources to manage the process, and faced with the opposition of many of its most respected senior members who came out in support of the protest. At times it has been petty, at others overly heavy-handed; however, it clearly made some attempts to engage with the protest, and its final response was clear and conciliatory without compromising its academic integrity. It is right not to take legal action against the protesters.

No-one comes out of this especially well. The protesters endured the ill will of much of the student body, and the University was seen as lofty and conservative. Yet the conclusion to the affair is surely satisfactory to most of us, and the political debate engendered by the events is surely a good thing. The occupation marked an intriguing chapter in the 800 year history of this institution.

letters@varsity.co.uk

Submit your letter for the chance to win a bottle of wine from the Cambridge Wine Merchants.
All letters may be edited for space and style.

A culture of over-achievement

Dear Sirs,

Your Varsity 100 feature [*Issue 687, January 23rd*] shows the remarkable wealth of talent and activity that so many Cambridge students exhibit, and is quite the testament to the achievements of those selected. However, I ask whether



it is worth momentarily questioning the culture that creates such a list. In no way am I attempting to disregard or diminish any of those people's activities but in the light of last term's plagiarism feature and the continued debate on nine-week terms, it really does appear that stress (in all its forms and expressions) is a major issue that the University body as a whole needs to contend with. Proactivity is a wonderful blessing but it is hard to deny that Cambridge produces an atmosphere in which individuals are judged on what they have done rather than who they are. Whether this is useful is, in my opinion, questionable and

worth challenging by reassessing what we put our true values in. In this world, success is measured by the material; must this necessarily be the case?

Yours faithfully,

Dave Kinna
Emmanuel College

Mistaken identity

Dear Sirs,

Your article on the Cambridge University Conservative Association [*Issue 687, January 23rd*] appears to have been, er, made up. Perhaps your correspondent wasn't at the party, for no one wore a monocle, least of all the Earl of Onslow, who doesn't wear spectacles and wasn't there. Lord Onslow did visit CUCA earlier in Michaelmas term, but far from declaring that the country should be run "by him", he advocated the abolition of hereditary peers including himself.

Yours faithfully,

Hugo Hadlow
St John's College

Solidarity...

Sirs,

As an uninvolved third party, I would like to express dismay and embarrassment at the way the University has treated the student protestors. Whatever one's views on events in Gaza, and whatever one feels about how the protesters have expressed their demands, these students are brave people with good intentions. Their actions are borne out of selflessness and involve no little physical and emotional discomfort. They do not deserve the vitriol and lazy cynicism levelled at them.

Yours faithfully,

Patrick Kingsley
Emmanuel College

...or solid hilarity?

Sirs,

Viz. TCS: "They fought the Law Faculty..." and the Law Faculty won.

Alasdair Pearce
"On behalf of Law students"

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

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Christ's to unveil Darwin statue for his 200th birthday

» *New sculpture challenges traditional image*

» *Bronze statue will form centre of Darwin garden*

Tim Leung

A bronze statue of Charles Darwin is to be unveiled at Christ's on the bicentenary of the naturalist's birth.

The statue, to be unveiled on February 12th, was created by Anthony Smith, a former Christ's student. The sculpture will form the centrepiece of a new Darwin garden in the College.

"The reason that I applied to Christ's to read zoology in the first place was because I discovered a passion for natural history after reading *The Origin of Species* when I was sixteen," Smith told *Varsity*. "Things have worked out quite nicely!"

Contrary to most depictions of Darwin as what Smith dubs "an old man with a beard", the statue portrays Darwin as a young man in the summer of 1831.

Darwin was an undergraduate at the College between 1828 and 1831. The sculpture is of him in his final year as an undergraduate, a mere six months before he boarded *HMS Beagle* for the now famous journey to the Galapagos Islands. It was here that he made observations that later supported his theory of evolution.

Smith examined drawings of Darwin made in 1850 and 1853, as well as facial features of his descendents, in order to gauge how Darwin might have looked in his youth. "I would like people to think about Darwin afresh when they see the statue," Smith said.

"The public perception of him is as an old man with a beard, but by all

accounts he was in fact an energetic and life-loving student who did much of his great work in his early years.

"It was in Cambridge that many of his interests and fascinations, which eventually led to great discoveries, were nurtured."

Most of Darwin's work still resides in Cambridge, including extensive collections of specimens from his voyage on *The Beagle*, manuscripts, correspondences, working papers, notebooks and journals.

The unveiling of the statue will coincide with a festive fundraising dinner hosted by Professor Frank Kelly, Master of Christ's, and attended by the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir David Attenborough, the Vice-Chancellor, and two of Darwin's great great grandchildren.

The proceeds of the dinner will contribute to the establishment of an enduring research link between Christ's College and the Galapagos Islands.

The University is hosting a year-long programme of events to celebrate the bicentenary of Charles Darwin's birth.

This includes the Darwin 2009 Bicentenary Festival, which will take place in early July, and Endless Forms, an exhibition at the Fitzwilliam Museum from mid-June that will explore the influence of Darwin's discoveries on visual artists. Student reaction to the planned statue has been enthusiastic. "It's great to be able to put a face to the name," said one first-year natural scientist.



Charles Darwin as an undergraduate

Cambridge 'well placed' to escape worst of recession, says report

» *Think tank report says that 1,230 jobs are at risk, fewer than in similar cities*

» *Charity shops are latest victims of the economic downturn as three close on Mill Road*

Lizzy Tyler & Gemma Oke

Cambridge will avoid the worst of the recession but more than a thousand jobs will be lost in the city, according to a report published this week.

The news comes as three charity shops close their doors for the final time, joining dozens of other Cambridge retailers who have become casualties of the economic slump.

The Cities Outlook report, published by the Centre for Cities think tank, highlights Cambridge as "well placed" to see out the worst impact of the recession.

The city's highly-qualified workforce and knowledge-intensive industries will lessen the impact of the recession, which has so far notably affected the financial and retail sectors, the report predicts.

The relatively stable technological and research industries based around Cambridge are expected to lead an eventual economic recovery on both a local and national scale.

The study estimates that 1,230 jobs

could be lost, but this figure is small compared to other cities of a similar size.

The head of policy at Cambridge City Council, David Robb called the report "positive", but said that the council was not complacent. Robb identified the "existing prosperity of the town" as a cause for optimism, citing long-term strengths in public sector administration, education and healthcare.

"The report", he said, "provides evidence of how the country can face up to the coming recession." The relatively low number of employees who commute from Cambridge to London is also thought to have lessened the exposure of Cambridge to the effects of the recession.

"The report provides evidence of how the country can face up to the coming recession," he added.

But the report's optimistic forecast comes as three charity stores on Cambridge's Mill Road shut up shop for the last time this week. The shops, run by East Anglia Children's Hos-

pice (EACH), the RSPCA and Action for Children have been affected by falling consumer spending combined with consistently high rents.

The manager of the EACH store said: "Our lease was up for renewal next month and they've decided Mill Road is not busy enough for us to continue trading. It's a real shame."

"This is the only EACH shop in Cambridge and we are the main face of the charity in the city," Bunny Wilson said.

Other city centre closures in recent weeks have included First Class Teas on Peas Hill and Ringtons on Rose Crescent.

Will Cartwright-Hignett, the manager of First Class Teas, told *Varsity* that "the closure was due to circumstances and location, not poor business planning; it was utterly recession driven".

"It was the worst feeling in the world having to make people redundant. The comments we got from customers in the closing days were great, we want to stay loyal to them."

We're just interested in making people's lives happier with a nice cup of tea".

Although the future seems uncertain for First Class Tea's retail ambitions, Cartwright-Hignett will continue the wholesale business and selling tea online. Bene't's Café, with branches on Bene't Street and King's Parade, will also stock First Class Teas in the future.

Earlier this month Marks & Spencer announced the closure of its Simply Food store in the Grafton Centre, which employs 44 people, as part of nationwide cuts.

Ark's vintage clothes store on Norfolk Street has also closed, relocating to the top floor of the company's main shop just off Market Square.

The recession has also hit the Green Man pub in Grantchester, a popular rural retreat for academics and students alike. The 500-year-old public house has been closed since the Christmas holidays and its future seems bleak. Its owners were unavailable for comment.

In Brief

Plagues of Locusts

Scientists from Cambridge, Oxford and Sydney Universities believe they have discovered why locusts fly together to form destructive swarms. Significant amounts of the chemical serotonin were found in the locusts' nervous system, rendering them, it is thought, more social and mobile, and thus triggering their swarming instincts. The chemical is also believed to change the colour of the solitary locust to the 'gregarious' phase from green to orangey-brown. The creatures have been known to band together to cause millions of pounds of damage to farm crops and were said to be responsible for one of the ten plagues in ancient Egypt, according to the Old Testament. It is hoped the findings will help prevent plagues of locusts from occurring in the future.

Flasher warning

Cambridge students have been warned about a flasher in action around the Grange Road and Sidgwick Avenue area. There have been two incidents in the last fortnight of a male exposing himself to onlookers in College property. University Liaison Officer Carol Langton has asked that witnesses inform the police immediately should the incident recur. She has also warned students to take particular care in protecting their rooms from outsiders. The flashing incidents are thought to be carried out by the same individual whom Langton describes as "an older male and very fat, wearing an anorak-style jacket and a woolly hat".

Cambridge and BP join forces

The University of Cambridge and the energy giant BP have signed a formal agreement to continue to collaborate on research. The BP head of Research and Technology, David Eyton, met Cambridge Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard on Tuesday to sign a Memorandum of Understanding, in which it was agreed that the two bodies will work to "deepen and more fully integrate their research collaboration and continue to attract the best students to employment opportunities within BP, to the mutual benefit of both." BP has already invested £24 million in the University, which has been used for a BP institute for Multiphase Flow, for the Cambridge Centre for Energy Studies in Judge Business School and as a start-up sum for the Cambridge Centre for Indian Business. The firm is also among Cambridge's top graduate recruiters.

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LAW FACULTY OCCUPATION

Six days of sit-in: the story of an occupation



Senior Proctor Margaret Guite address the protesters on Friday night

Katy Lee & Elliot Ross

“There hasn’t been a student movement on this scale for at least a generation,” one protester claimed, still buoyant on the second day of the occupation.

There was some truth in this: the six-night takeover of the Law Faculty was the longest sit-in staged at Cambridge since the 60s. It was part of a wave of similar “occupations” which has seen students across the UK demanding that their universities dedicate resources to alleviating civilian suffering in Gaza.

The action has provoked debate and discussion about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. However, the unusual mode of protest employed by the Cambridge Gaza Solidarity occupation has divided opinion among both students and academics.

“More power to you,” declared English don Dr Priyamvada Gopal, addressing the protesters on Tuesday. “I am heartened by the thought that some of my colleagues have visited you over the last few days. It is the duty of an academic to foster values of freedom and justice. But this is a spirit that you and not academics are keeping alive. Academics have failed

spectacularly in this regard. I apologise on behalf of my profession.”

She refused to reject claims that the occupation has been disruptive. “Your occupation is problematic and you should back up the people who say so. They can’t get to their classes? Well, neither can students in Gaza.”

Other academics have vehemently attacked the protest. Matthew Kramer, Professor of Legal and Political Philosophy, claimed the protesters were simply “preening themselves” and dismissed their demands as “utterly fatuous - even if the university did issue a statement in accordance with the demands of these thugs, it wouldn’t achieve anything.”

Student opinion on the protest has also been polarised. *Varsity*’s snap poll of 210 students found 29 per cent supported the protest, 49 per cent opposed it, and 22 per cent did not know.

An online poll of over 2,500 students conducted by The Forum, a society based at Emmanuel, found opinion was fairly evenly split on most of the protesters’ proposals.

On only two issues did student opinion approach consensus: in opposition to the demand for scholarships for

Palestinian students (just 28 per cent agreed), and with a resounding 74 per cent backing the call for divestment from the arms trade.

Many students have expressed concern that the granting of scholarships exclusively for Palestinian students would have been unfair on other disadvantaged groups.

Tim Cribb, a world expert in African literature, has pointed out that such provisions already exist for South African students, as a result of student campaigns against apartheid in the 1970s.

The most sustained attacks on the protests have centred on the issue of their legitimacy. The demonstrators have found it hard to justify pressuring the University to comply with demands made by a small minority of students and the fact that they declined to use conventional routes to express their views.

The CU Jewish Society organised a brief counter-demonstration on Sunday. CUJS President Rachelle Waxman said it was “wrong to believe that 100 or so students can dictate the policy of a university in this way.”

Asked what he thought of the University’s negotiating with the protesters,

Mark Wolfson, of Emmanuel, who has been amongst the most vocal critics of the demonstration, told *Varsity*: “If you negotiate with people who are willing to move outside of the law and outside of democratic institutions, then that’s equivalent to negotiating with terrorists.”

Asked whether he believed a non-violent protest could ever constitute terrorism, Wolfson maintained that it could. He also claimed that Jewish students felt “intimidated” by the protests, but could not substantiate this view.

Beccy Talmy, one of the protesters, dismissed Wolfson’s terrorism analogy: “Civilians are not being targeted through violent means, so we are not terrorists. What we are is a group of peaceful protesters who have tried other channels but have been barred, and are now taking more extreme action.”

The group’s blog claims their requests that CUSU pass an urgent motion on this issue were “blocked for bureaucratic reasons”.

Ed Maltby, a fourth year linguist and veteran student activist, said the direct action was symptomatic of a frustration with official channels which, he claimed,

“move at glacial speed”, adding that it was “a time for impatience”.

The occupation’s first demand, for a statement condemning Israel’s action in Gaza has fuelled wider debate over whether Cambridge University is obliged to adopt a political stance on this conflict, and whether such action is appropriate for an educational institution holding charitable status.

Some students have joined mathematician Geoffrey Grimmett in arguing that the university must not adopt a political position.

“By forcing the hand of the university into taking a political stand you are setting a dangerous precedent, whereby Cambridge would be inclined to comment on other future issues,” commented undergraduate Charlie Mole.

“Would it not have been better to have lobbied an actual political institution which has the right and the mandate to speak out against such an event?” he added.

Dr Gopal attacked such arguments as naïve: “Of course the University is a political institution. Every time the University confers an honorary scholarship on a head of state, that’s a political gesture.”

Timeline

How the week’s events unfolded



Senior Proctor Margaret Guite

Friday

20.30 Occupation of the Law Faculty begins.

Saturday

00.35 Senior Proctor collects names and Colleges of 86 protesters.

01.05 A University Constable, requested by the Proctor, arrives.

02.26 List of six demands is published on the group’s blog.

Sunday

15.00 University representatives arrive

at the Law Faculty, requesting a meeting with a delegation of protesters. The protesters refuse, insisting that negotiation must happen in the presence of the whole group.

18.30 The University issue a written response to the six demands. It states that:

- The University cannot issue a statement that is not directly related to its “core educational mission”;
- The Registry can remind faculties

about existing opportunities to donate to areas affected by conflict;

- Students may organise a fundraising day for the DEC Gaza appeal;
- The University already has a Statement of Investment Responsibility;
- The protestors should leave the Law Faculty by midnight.

Monday

9.00 Law students return to the Faculty.

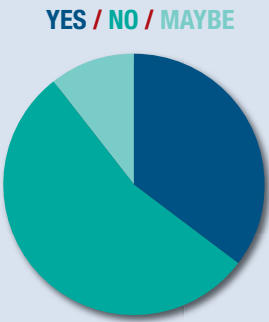
11.30 David Feldman, Chairman of

LAW FACULTY OCCUPATION

The protesters' demands

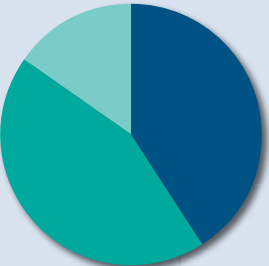
1. UNIVERSITY STATEMENT

What they wanted A statement from Cambridge University condemning Israel's action in Gaza, the Israeli blockade of Gaza and the continued Israeli presence in Gaza and the West Bank.
What they got An endorsement of a statement by Universities UK, which represents the higher education sector, calling for an end to the conflict in Gaza and reconfirming universities' commitment to the right to education.
What the students said 35% agree, 54% disagree, 11% don't know.



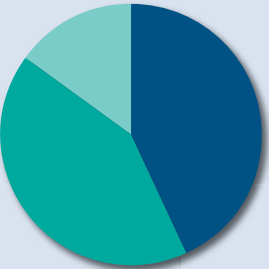
2. ACADEMIC AID

What they wanted Academic aid, especially books, computers and financial support, for universities in Gaza.
What they got A note circulated around faculties and Colleges reminding them about donation opportunities.
What the students said 41% agree, 44% disagree, 15% don't know.



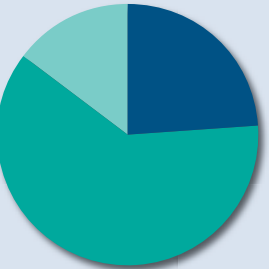
3. DAY OF FUNDRAISING

What they wanted Commitment from the University to a day of fundraising for humanitarian aid in Gaza.
What they got Permission for students to organize fundraising for the DEC Gaza appeal.
What the students said 43% agree, 42% disagree, 15% don't know.



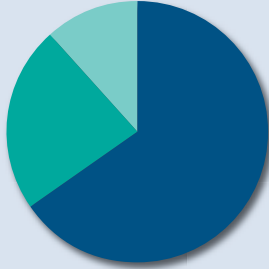
4. SCHOLARSHIPS

What they wanted A minimum of ten scholarships for Palestinian students every year.
What they got No guarantee of scholarships exclusively for Palestinians.
What the students said 24% agree, 61% disagree, 15% don't know.



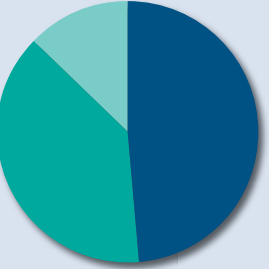
5. ARMS DIVESTMENT

What they wanted Divestment from the arms trade.
What they got A restatement of the existing Statement of Investment Responsibility.
What the students said 65% agree, 23% disagree, 12% don't know.



6. NO PUNISHMENT

What they wanted No repercussions for protest participants.
What they got Participants were repeatedly told that they were in breach of their matriculation requirements. Their names have been passed to their colleges. Proctors are "not minded to take action".
What the students said 49% agree, 38% disagree, 13% don't know.



the Law Faculty, tells protestors that the occupation is disrupting the work of the Faculty. Bringing food into the building will also now be forbidden, due to breaches of health and safety regulations.
Tuesday
09.00 Security guards continue to require University ID for all entrants to the Law Faculty, and check bags for food. Staff conduct polls on whether Law students wish the protestors to

stay or leave at the start of each lecture. A majority votes against the protestors in every case.
11.00 A delegation enters negotiations with University authorities. The authorities uphold the written response issued on Sunday.
14.00 The University agrees to endorse a statement by Universities UK, which calls for an end to the conflict in Gaza and confirms universities' commitment to the right to education.

Mixed results for student occupations around the country

Oxford
Over 80 students barricaded themselves in the Bodleian Library for six hours. The university agreed to publicly condemn civilian deaths in Gaza, offer five scholarships for Gazan students and to hold an investigation into allegations that it holds shares in the arms dealer BAE Systems. They did not agree to cancel the lecture series inaugurated by Israeli President Shimon Peres. They fined the participants of the occupation £20 each.

London School of Economics
Over 40 students occupied the Old Theatre lecture rooms until January 21st. After seven days, the LSE agreed to waiver application fees to publicise scholarships for students from the Palestinian Territories. They did not agree to instruct its fund managers to divest from BAE, but will consider a paper presented by the Student's Union on a divestment-based ethical investment policy.

SOAS
Students at the School of Oriental and African Studies occupied the Brunei Gallery at the London campus for one day between January 13th-14th. The institution refused to issue a statement condemning Israel's attacks on Gaza, but they agreed that there will be no military on campus prior to consultation with the Student Union.

Birmingham
Students occupied a room in the Arts Building for 12 hours on January 21st. They were forcibly removed from the room by an "exceptionally heavy handed approach taken by the university", involving security staff and police. Negotiations with the Vice-Chancellor will follow.

King's College London
The King's occupation is still ongoing after ten days. The college has met seven of the eight demands made by the protestors. It has condemned the violence of the Israel Defense Force causing extensive damage to academic institutions in Gaza; it has promised to send surplus computers and books to Gaza; to organise a fund-raising day specifically for Gaza; to break ties with all firms who sell arms; that students involved in the occupation will not be punished in any way; to provide five fully funded scholarships for Palestinian students and to establish links with affected universities. They have

set a meeting for a delegation to meet the Principal of King's to discuss their demand that Shimon Peres' honorary doctorate be immediately revoked by the college.

Warwick
Students have been occupying a lecture room on the campus since January 23rd. The university responded to the protestors on Wednesday night, but their blog claims the authorities "managed to miss most of the points we were making". The protestors are currently drafting a response to the university.

Sussex
An agreement was reached with university management on Tuesday night, ending negotiations and the occupation after one week at the Asa Briggs lecture theatre. The university agreed to review its ethical investment policy; they will work with the Students Union to extend scholarship opportunities to students from regions affected by conflict or catastrophe; they will help assist efforts to give surplus books, computers and other learning materials, meeting shipping costs where necessary and the university will not make any attempts to punish students.

Leeds
Students are occupying the Botany House building, near the Student's Union. The occupation is still ongoing.

Queen Mary's
Students are occupying the Frances Bancroft building. They began on January 27th and the occupation is still ongoing.

Manchester Metropolitan
The occupation ended at 5pm last Friday afternoon after 27 hours. There is no further information on the demands and whether these have been met by the university.

Nottingham
Students occupied a room in the Law and Social Sciences building at 8pm on Wednesday January 28th. Negotiations with the university have yet to begin.

Essex
The occupation at Essex University began on January 16th. It is unclear whether protestors are still occupying the lecture building.

the Israel-Palestine conflict. A second emergency motion to support the occupation of the Law Faculty fails.
21.00 Back at the occupation, Proctors begin photographing protestors and collecting their names. Security staff prevent any further entry to the Law Faculty.
Thursday
11.00 Remaining protestors leave the Law Faculty after they are threatened with a court injunction.

From the Archives



Week 3: February 5th 1972
Varsity's coverage of a student sit-in against planned changes in economics exams.

Old Schools was forcibly occupied by over 600 protesting students on Thursday afternoon. No disciplinary actions are to be taken – yet.
The sit-in followed a spontaneous decision of an Open Meeting called to discuss the General Board's rejection of the Economics Faculty's proposed examination reforms.
The Proctors made no attempt to disrupt the sit-in after an initial skirmish in which the Junior Proctor claimed he was "kicked and scratched". This has been strongly denied by the students involved.
An advance party of about 40 students tried to barricade the back entrance with a car, but were forced back by a squad of Proctors and special constables who were waiting for them. There was some violence at this confrontation and one student's glasses were broken.
Jim Pemberton, Chairman of the Economics Students' Committee, told them, "This sit-in is not for fun – we have serious demands. We must have well-defined aims and decide how long we are going to stay." But it was not until an hour later that the sit-in agreed to end itself in 24 hours at one o'clock on Friday afternoon.
Spasmodic attempts were made at discussion and it was decided not to allow drugs in the room.
In a proposal put through the Senior Proctor, the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Deer, said that he was willing to meet a deputation of three, but following the advice of Mike Grabiner the meeting voted to send no one until they had decided on their terms. Later, at 11pm, the deputation, including the Vice-President of the CSU, Cathy Prior, agreed with the Vice-Chancellor to sign a document saying that they would end the sit-in at 1pm the following day and accept responsibility for any damage.
After the pubs had shut there were many students milling about on the lawn outside Old Schools, singing 'Land of Hope and Glory' and 'We Shall Overcome'. The meeting voted not to allow them in while discussion was going on because they would "disrupt, not discuss".
This led to a group of over 60 right-wingers, some inebriated, pulling down banners and giving three cheers for the Proctors and the Queen.
At 1pm on Friday it was decided to continue the sit-in for a further 24 hours. Mike Grabiner, Cathy Prior and Dave Green who has signed the previous agreement with the Vice-Chancellor to leave at 1pm on Friday did in fact leave at that time. At 1.30pm there were 600 still sitting in.

In Brief

Hermione comes to Trinity

Emma Watson is believed to have accepted a place at Trinity College, Cambridge, to read English, starting in October. The 18-year-old actress who plays Hermione in the Harry Potter films was rumoured in Michaelmas 2008 to have already come up to Cambridge and to be studying Philosophy at Homerton. She is now said to be favouring Cambridge over American universities because of a reluctance to be too far from her Oxford home.

Report on Muslims in EU

A Cambridge study has revealed that Muslim women are proud to live in and belong to Europe, despite any prejudices they may risk facing on a daily basis. Dr Sara Silvestri, a Research Associate at Cambridge University's von Huegel Institute and at its Department of Politics and International Studies is running the research. The study, entitled 'Europe's Muslim women: potential aspirations and challenges', has revealed the increasing independence of an emerging generation which is taking advantage of its rights to a full education and career. None of the participating women claimed they wished to live under existing Sharia Law systems.

Streets star injured

The rapper Mike Skinner has been injured after crowd-surfing at a Cambridge gig. The star from the Streets claimed on his MySpace blog that fans at the Corn Exchange on Tuesday "tug me the f** about and punch me and twist me up". He referred to crowd-surfing as "Moses based activity". Skinner continued: "It's great fun at the time but kills after. Really. Pain like I have never experienced... tonight someone held onto my belt so hard that my hernia scar from many years ago opened up to a bright red colour. Looks like a wee organ might pop out of its purple red bloody gash. Nice." The Streets front man was treated by St John's Ambulance staff on site, but later called for paramedics.

Jailbreak out of Cambridge

RAG's annual Jailbreak event, raising money for charities such as the Cambridge Rape Crisis, the Cystic Fibrosis Trust and Wateraid, begins today. Starting out from Parker's Piece at nine o'clock this morning, pairs of student will race to travel as far from Cambridge as possible in 36 hours, without spending any of their own money or relying on pre-organised transport. The event is designed to raise money for the various charities sponsored by the student-run fundraising organisation. Pairs are sponsored by the mile, and most aim at least to cross the Channel and reach Europe, although some have set their sights higher: one competitor has expressed her intention to "get on a boat to Morocco". Enthusiasm for the event has been particularly high this year, with the number of participants doubling. All money raised will go to charity.

Friends' tribute to Corpus student David Thompson (1987-2009)

Corpus Christi undergraduate David Thompson died in Sussex last Thursday. Here, his friends pay tribute to him.

Dave originally joined Corpus in 2005 to study Natural Sciences, finally realising that Geology offered him the opportunity to achieve his dream of exploration. He spent his time out of term on field trips with the Department and his friends culminating in a two-month expedition last summer to South Africa mapping the uncharted Richtersveld desert.

He was a member of the Cambridge University Exploration Society Committee and was keen not only to organise his own trips, but to offer help to others who wished to plan theirs. He often talked of taking a car around the world once he graduated. He is summed up by his favourite quote: "I'm stuck in a city when I belong in a field."

He enthusiastically utilised gadgets and could constantly be relied upon to have documented anything you wanted or needed to know. He was never far from his Apple Mac, even at the top of mountains, giving him his nickname 'Data Dave'. Determined to ensure his classmates had a good time on field trips he instigated the ritual of the human pyramid. As long as there were at least three students present, a wobbly pyramid could be formed and a photo taken to record the event. Dave's pyramids will continue to be built in far-flung corners of the globe.

Dave was exceptionally good company and his ever-present optimism and cheery demeanour would always leave you feeling better for having talked to him. He was able to make any situation fun and would lighten the mood of any group he was in. He really did have everything: he was funny, intelligent and good-looking. He was easy to talk to and always interested, whether it be discussing his love of drum and base or drunken exploits at the Northern Ireland Society dinners.

Effortlessly charming to the ladies, with his winning smile and laugh, he was forever number one in the suit-



ability ranking of the male geologists by their female counterparts. In fact, it was noted by his friends who found themselves further down the rankings that girls seemed to flock to him wherever he went and they would often ponder the conundrum of how this was achieved. He became our "Mr Best", because, quite simply, he was.

Throughout his time at Corpus, David was a lynchpin of the college community. Whether as stroke for the men's second boat or as a key player in a new and emerging lacrosse team, he was always first to arrive and last to leave and his infectious enthusiasm kept everyone going in training, even in the coldest weather. He was a good friend and neighbour, from opening jars and lending screwdrivers to just encouraging people out on a Saturday for a curry.

We will really miss him: his jokes, his smiles, the funny little raised eyebrows that showed when he was surprised. Cambridge will never be the same without him. Memories of his friendship will be treasured and all truly wish that they had had more time to appreciate him.

A book of condolences is available in the Corpus Chapel to anyone from 4.30pm-10pm daily. All input, as creative as you like, is invited.

His funeral is on Tuesday in Londonderry. There will be a College memorial service at a future date to be announced.

Side street is 'like a third-world country'

Aditi Rao

A side street behind a Cambridge nightclub has been compared by local residents to something from a third-world country because of the rubbish that accumulates there.

Concerns have been raised about the cleanliness of Hobson's Passage, which connects Sidney Street to Hobson Street, and is situated just behind The Place nightclub.

Rubbish that overflows from the 1,100 litre bins, including broken bottles, old clothing, waste food, newspaper and cardboard can be found regularly strewn all over the passageway. Some pedestrians have even seen human faeces there in the past.

The serious health risk posed by the rubbish has horrified residents and visitors to the city, and has now been brought to the attention of Cllr Colin Rosenstiel, who is the Executive Councillor for Environmental and Waste Services. The council has taken action against the owners of the large, (unlocked) trade waste bins, as they are "supposed to be locked and secure at all times".

David Coventry, head of Street Scene, the company employed by the council to clean the passage, says the street is cleaned daily - "first thing in the morning". He believes that the problem stems from the unlocked waste bins that are found in the passageway, as passers-by are more tempted by the unsecured bins to throw litter.

City dims streetlights to fight climate change

» Lights to dim from midnight til 5am



Justin Woolf

Streetlights in Cambridge are to be dimmed at night to reduce carbon emissions and lower energy costs.

The plans for reduced lighting levels are the result of a £57 million scheme that will see the replacement of 44,000 streetlights across Cambridgeshire. The street lights will be dimmed from between midnight and 5am due to the national proposal for electricity to be charged on a meter.

The new lights, being introduced from 2010, will offer brighter light and greater energy-efficiency than the yellow sodium lamps that are currently used.

The technological advances built in

to the high-tech lamps will also bring about a reduction in carbon emissions and "a potential fall in energy costs", according to Mark Kemp, director of Highways and Access at Cambridgeshire County Council.

A spokesman for Cambridgeshire County Council concluded said: "The switch to white light will give better colour definition and brightness. Even when the lights are dimmed they will still be brighter than the current yellow sodium lights."

Other councils who have implemented the new lighting plans have seen residents complain about glare into nearby homes as well as birds singing at night after being confused by the lights.

Cambridge appoints first female librarian

» Jarvis is UL's first female boss in 650 years

Beth Staton

The University Library has appointed its first ever female head librarian, it was announced this week.

Anne Jarvis, who has held the post of deputy librarian since 2000, will become the first female in 650 years. She will replace Peter Fox, who steps down after 15 years as the Library's head.

Jarvis, 46, has previously worked at Dublin City University Library before holding the post of sub-librarian at Trinity College Dublin, her *alma mater*. She is a Fellow of Wolfson, and has served as vice-president there for two years.

"Cambridge is already one of the world's great research libraries," Ms Jarvis said. "I look forward both to building on this success and to an exciting future in which the University Library will play a leading role in providing innovative services in a rapidly changing information landscape."

As one of the UK's six legal deposit libraries, the Library is entitled to a free copy of

every book, music, map and journal published in Britain. Its treasures include a 1445 copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the earliest European book produced using movable type, as well as Charles Darwin's correspondence, archives of the Royal Greenwich Observatory and the library of the Royal Commonwealth Society.

Containing over eight million volumes, the library has over 100 miles of shelving and expands by two miles every year.



Campaigners call for re-opening of Oxbridge rail link

Richard Kirsch

Rail campaigners are pushing for the re-opening of the so-called Varsity line between Cambridge and Oxford.

The rail link, victim to the 'Beeching Axe' closures of the 1960s, would dramatically cut transport time between the two cities.

The plan involves the construction of a new line trains to run at 100mph from Cambridge through Bedford, Milton Keynes, Bicester and Oxford.

Peter Lawrence, president of Railfuture, a transport pressure group, is hopeful that the Oxford-Bedford section "will be ready by 2012". But construction of the rest of the line remains "in the melting pot".

Investigations in recent years suggest financial viability, with demand from students, commuters, and industry across this fast-growing area of the country.

Railfuture believe that the route would encourage inward investment

from industry and tourism, which they say are important during the UK's dire economic climate.

Opposition to the plan is primarily political, not financial: there is a lack of support from both Bedford town council and beleaguered National Rail.

Currently those wishing to travel from Cambridge to Oxford must take a three-and-a-half-hour journey on the X5 bus. Last week, Stagecoach, who operate the route, announced that it is investing £3.5m in upgrading its fleet.

Among the improvements will be free broadband access and leather seats.

Alternatively, rail travellers can pay upwards of £40 for a single train ticket, changing stations at London, still totalling over two and a half hours. A Varsity line could reduce this to 75 minutes, as well as cutting costs.

In 2006, flying an airship between the two cities was proposed, but estimates suggest the service would need 1,000 passengers a day to be profitable.

LED bulbs could cut bills by 75%

» Cambridge researchers unveil brighter bulbs that could last for 60 years

» New bulbs could be in the shops within two years

Caedmon Tunstall-Behrens

Cambridge University researchers have invented a bulb that will cut household lighting bills by 75 per cent.

The new LED bulbs, dubbed the "holy grail" by scientists, were unveiled on Wednesday. They could last up to 60 years and are considerably cheaper than conventional bulbs, if their lifespan is taken into account, and may be on sale within two years.

The bulbs are 12 times more efficient than conventional tungsten bulbs and three times more efficient than compact fluorescent "energy efficient" bulbs.

If the new bulbs were to be used in all UK homes and offices, the proportion of UK electricity used by lighting would fall from twenty per cent to five per cent.

The Cambridge University Centre for Gallium Nitride is leading the research into the technology. Professor Colin Humphreys, head of the centre, said: "We are very close to achieving highly efficient, low cost white LEDs that can take the place of both the tra-

ditional and currently available low energy light bulbs.

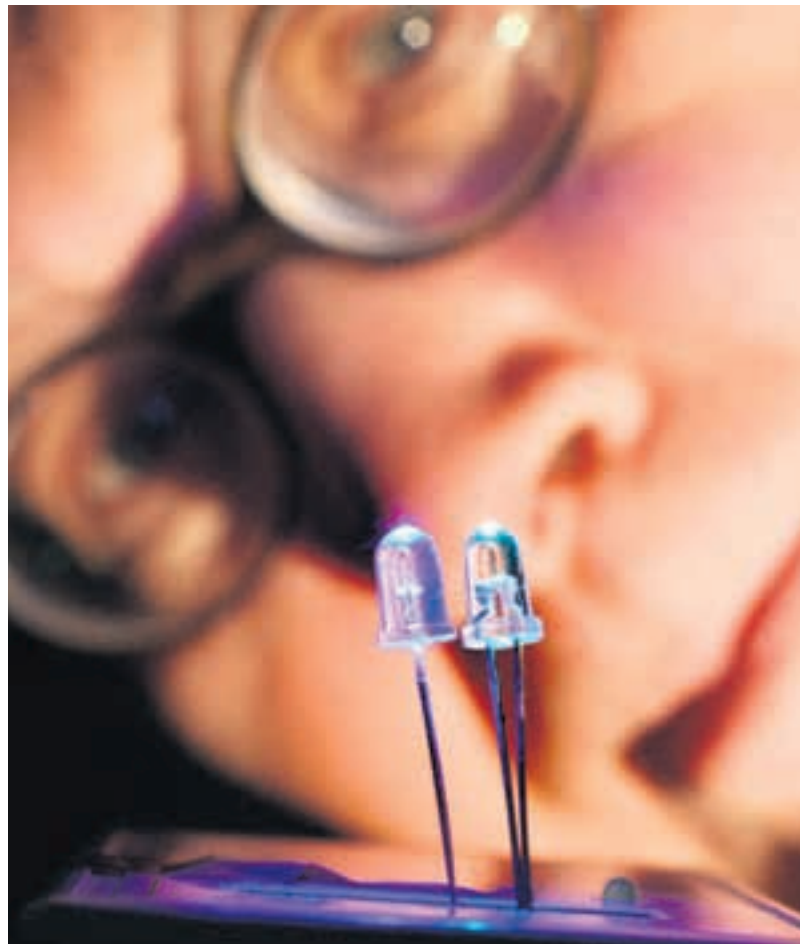
"That won't just be good news for the environment: it will also benefit consumers by cutting their electricity bills."

The main component of LEDs is Gallium Nitride, a man-made semiconductor, which can withstand a large heat capacity. It is currently used in bike lights, mobile phones and camera flashes, but until now has been too expensive for widespread use – a single light bulb would have cost £20.

A spokesman for Friends of the Earth said: "We urgently need to create a low-carbon economy if we are to avoid a climate change catastrophe."

"The world is facing huge economic and environmental challenges – but by tackling them together and investing in green technology we can create a clean, safe and prosperous future for all."

The bulbs are being manufactured by County Durham-based semiconductor firm RFMD and it is expected that they will hit shelves within two years if prototypes are successful.



MASONS NEWS SERVICE

Cambridge Spies



Jesus

What a banker?

A well known quasi-Roman drinking society had a characteristically austere annual dinner in Cafe Rouge abruptly curtailed by the arrival of her majesty's finest, summonsed after the management had taken unreasonable objection to 'roaring at fellow diners' and 'proliferation of penises'. After being gently prodded, one ambitious and legally-minded member felt the need to remind the good constables of their requirement to adhere to the 1984 Pace Act governing police conduct. Suffice it to say that the general lack of bonhomie was only partially relieved when one returning member inadvertently tipped the restaurant his PIN number. "Thank God I'm a banker" he cried the next morning. Well, quite.

King's

Sausage-fest

This year's Australia Day was celebrated in true hedonistic Aussie fashion. Boozing in full swing, one reveller suggested that 'Bruce' 'get some snags on the barbie'. Bruce did as she was told, giving the sausages a generous bath of oil, but saw that as her duty over. Noticing that smoke had begun to fill the kitchen, Bruce, horrified, began to fan it away – towards the smoke detector. The arrival of the fire services led to a full evacuation of the building. Seeking a souvenir, one lass set up a group photo in front of the fire engine, the firemen happily striking poses.

Mature education

Doctor Dominatrix

At a rather oiled-up hall this week, one undergraduate found discovered himself in the most compromising of situations. Having spent the last month off the sauce, our subject found the single malt more than effective and subsequently bundled a fellow up to her rooms for an extended tasting session. The bottle(s) consumed unfortunately hindered his performance and to his astonishment, the seemingly prim and proper don opened a cabinet to display an impressive collection of toys, jellies and lotions. Such a novel prospect leant our undergraduate renewed vigor and the evening culminated in a fashion satisfactory to all. It certainly is wonderful to see the academic staff of our esteemed university provide such an edifying and educational experience.

AUDITIONS

Queens' May Ball Committee are pleased to announce open auditions for acts to be held in the Bowett Room on Monday 9 February between 10:00 and 19:00 and Tuesday 10 February between 15:00 and 19:00

The theme of the ball is The Beautiful and Damned but we are welcoming auditions from all acts. For further information please contact the ents team on ents09@queensball.com

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Following the efforts of notorious director Julian Marsh as he attempts to mount a musical extravaganza during the height of the Great Depression, 42nd Street takes us from the first audition right up to the opening night, when Marsh gambles by sending out inexperienced chorus girl Peggy Sawyer in the leading role with those immortal words:

"you're going out there a youngster,
but you've GOT to come back a star!"

We are giving away a free pair of tickets every day at midday to the first personal caller to the box office who presents a copy of Varsity! On top of this, if you book in advance by phone or in person and quote "Cheap Feet", then you'll get 25% off the top price £10 tickets! BOTH OFFERS TERMINATE MIDDAY TUESDAY so be quick!

THURSDAY 5th - SATURDAY 7th FEBRUARY @ 7:30PM | SATURDAY 7th @ 2:30PM



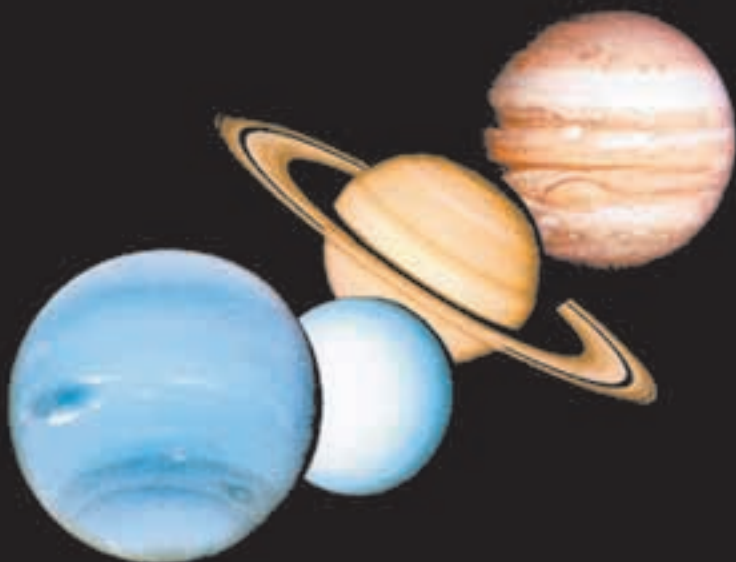
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BE CREATIVE WITH YOUR CAREER

The Essay



Rejecting Land Rover

Robert Macfarlane

Literary don Dr Macfarlane was offered a five-figure sum and an all-expenses-paid trip to the Caribbean by Land Rover. He said no. Here, he explains how the company shamelessly uses landscape and nature to sell its products.

Three years ago, I was approached by *OneLife*, the “lifestyle” magazine of Land Rover, which is sent out to Land Rover owners in more than 60 countries and is, according to its own modest marketing, “worthy of the world’s best coffee tables”.

OneLife had a writing commission in mind for me. I would be flown out to the Caicos Islands in the Caribbean for a three-day stay. There, I would conduct a “beach-based” interview with “the world-famous freediver Tanya Streeter”: the conceit being that I, as a mountaineer, and Streeter, as a diver, were both explorers of the vertical. I would stay in the best hotel on the islands. Naturally, all expenses would be covered and all transport pre-arranged. The fee for the subsequent 2,000-word article would run to a generous five-figure sum.

If only it had not been Land Rover making the offer. How ardently I wished for it not to have been Land Rover.

Transport is the fastest-growing source of carbon dioxide production in Britain: transport emissions increased by 50 per cent between 1990 and 2002. In the main, this is due to the unsustainable growth in air travel. It is also, however, down to the massively burgeoning 4x4 market. Sales of 4x4s grew by 12.8 per cent in this country last year, to 179,000 vehicles: more than double the number sold 10 years ago. Only 12 per cent of 4x4s are ever driven “off-road”, and 40 per cent never leave the city.

One cost of the 4x4 boom is long-term environmental. Big 4x4s in urban conditions manage thirteen miles to the gallon; the very biggest manage four. *Four miles to the gallon*. To drive a 4x4, given the disastrous rapidity of climate change, is to demonstrate the same reverse-denial of the lung cancer victim who continues to smoke cigarettes after diagnosis.

The other cost is short-term personal. If you are driving a small

car and collide with a 4x4, you are 12 times more likely to die than if the collision was with another small car. Redwood, the magazine company which produces *OneLife*, speaking proudly of its publication’s print quality, hails *OneLife*’s “full-bleed imagery”. Indeed.

My *OneLife* contact sent me two issues of the magazine. It was lavishly produced, and “landscape” was its glamour, its sales pitch. On every page, Land Rovers romped across

text boxes. Nature was being used to sell a product which embodies the principles by which nature must not be understood.

OneLife – what a happy holistic world the name evokes! – is of course only conforming to large-scale 4x4 advertising strategies. You will be familiar with them from billboards and television commercials: gleaming semi-militarised vehicles ploughing

summers’ necks.

4x4 advertising is dedicated to manipulating landscapes into generic forms. All that it requires of a landscape is that it evoke the idea of challenge: something resistant to be conquered, something natural to be tamed. A river is valued for its difficulty of fording. A mountain for its dramatic and nameless escarpments. No landscape can be only itself: it must represent an obstacle of some sort.

The hypocrisies of 4x4 marketing are dark, multiple and pernicious.

Everything about the product urges us to the wrong relationship with our environment. The vehicles themselves are the gargoyle of a rampant and acrid form of individualism: gated communities of one. They bespeak the urge to dominate and crush which is at the root of what Ivan Illich called “the 500-year war on sustainability”. They expound a vision of an unspoiled and untroubled land, even as they market the tools of its further wreckage.

The massive sales growth of the 4x4 is one dismaying example among many of the gap which currently exists between knowledge

and place. Each month, it seems, that gap widens. Apocryphal stories circulate: about the schoolchildren who do not know that milk comes from cows, or who cannot identify a cucumber from a line-up of vegetables. In April last year, the Woodland

Trust published research showing that 94 per cent of British children are unable to identify common native trees – beech, ash, birch, hazel – from their leaves, and that more than 40 per cent of seven to 10-year-olds have never visited a wood.

And as that gap widens, so the “line of predestined fall”, as Tim Robinson calls it, yawns at our feet. For the separation of knowledge and place moves us slowly towards a society in which it is increasingly unnecessary for us to be aware of where we live, beyond the house-keeping of our own private zones. Once this awareness has lapsed, then landscapes beyond those private precincts become easier to manipulate for ill. Once the networks of origin, cause and process which exist between environment and life are forgotten, then we are left with a diminished idea of how individual parts of landscapes are threatened, by pollution or mismanaged development. As Barry Lopez has put it:

“The more superficial a society’s knowledge of the real dimensions of the land it occupies becomes, the more vulnerable the land is to exploitation... for short-term gain. The land, virtually powerless before political and commercial entities, finds itself finally with no defenders. It finds itself bereft of intimates with indispensable, concrete knowledge.”

How, though, is it possible to regain such “concrete knowledge”? How is it possible to restore particularity to place, to provoke intimacy, or a sense of what is remarkable in a stretch of land? To come to know a place – its textures, its species, its interplay of scape and space, the archive of its weathers, the wind-history of its trees – is long work. Not all places can be known by all people in such a way.

Robert Macfarlane is a Fellow of Emmanuel College and a University Lecturer in the English Faculty. His books include *Mountains of the Mind: A History of a Fascination* (2003), and *The Wild Places* (2007).



winter hillsides, over desert dunes, along boulder-cobbled river-beds. There were glossy centrefold spreads of eco-porn: thrusting mountains, brothel-pink sunsets. Andy Goldsworthy-ish images of cracked mud patterns served as wallpaper between

through a swamp, or along a cliff-top, before slewing to a rakish halt at a view-point. The vehicles’ names – the “Touareg”, the “Bedouin” – are repellently shameless steals from aboriginal cultures, designed to raise atavistic hairs on the backs of con-

Foreign Correspondence

Cambridge goes all over the world in a riot of semi-imperialist journalism



Week 3: *Washington DC*

Washington DC, a city obsessed with history, saw it being made last Tuesday as Barack Obama became President Obama. Two million gathered in the freezing cold. Hundreds of millions more watched from the comfort of their own homes as Obama's rhetorical masterpiece swept over an expectant world.

Anywhere else in the world that speech would have been dismissed as archaic, superficial, a concession to style over substance. But not in America. Partly of course it is the man; Obama could have delivered the Nuremberg Laws and it would have met with adulation. However, there is also a psychological difference between Americans and the rest of the world, which is in many ways epitomised in their capital of Washington.

For a start, Washington should not be there at all. Only Americans would decide to build a city on swampland with sweltering mosquito-infested summers and bitterly cold winters. Its very existence evokes that American virtue of determination (or perhaps arrogance and stubborn inflexibility). There are many other 'American' features, but its most defining one is only really appreciated by strolling along the National Mall on a late summer's day. Other countries have memorial and celebratory parks, but none compare. Centre-pieced by the vast obelisk of Washington, the Mall stretches for over three miles, a massive boulevard for the celebration and remembrance of America's past heroes – "the men that shaped the nation". It gives one a unique insight into how Americans want to perceive themselves. Courageous? Yes. Free? Definitely. Proud? You better believe it.

For those who dismiss Obama's speech as old-fashioned, a walk along the National Mall would teach them much. Whether it is the majesty of the Lincoln Memorial – one of those rare occasions when the reality is more impressive than one's perception – or the discreet Vietnam War memorial, American pride is clear: proud of their presidents, proud of their war heroes, in short, proud of America. In this way, the National Mall defines Americans. From the cradle they are uniquely programmed to patriotism. Americans need to feel confident in their country to feel confident in themselves. Understand this and Obama's speech ceases to be overblown, and instead becomes a brilliant appeal to a country that wanted, indeed needed, to be reassured of its own magnificence.

Edward Hughes

Cambridge Gaza Solidarity Occupation

The occupation of the Cambridge Law Faculty has aimed to refocus popular attention on the humanitarian crisis in Gaza, and to press the University of Cambridge to engage in rebuilding the educational infrastructure of the region.

The crisis in Gaza is undeniably severe, having affected 1.5 million civilians and witnessed the destruction of the University of Gaza and UN Schools. It should be a matter of concern for academic institutions around the world that the safety and wellbeing of students and teachers has been compromised. Given this, and the University of Cambridge's stated ability to act on matters of educational import, it is difficult to comprehend where the occupation goes wrong in pushing the University to offer concrete contributions to the reconstruction of Gaza.

The demands issued by the occupation include that the University of Cambridge publicly condemn the Israeli bombardment of educational institutions in Gaza, mandate the staging of a University fundraising event alongside the donation of educational materials, create scholarships for Palestinian students, and disinvest from the arms trade. Though some object to the notion that the University adopt an overtly 'political' position on this or any matter, disrupting, as it would, a supposed and erroneous claim to 'impartiality', we affirm that Cambridge University is a political entity. Its record of awarding honorary

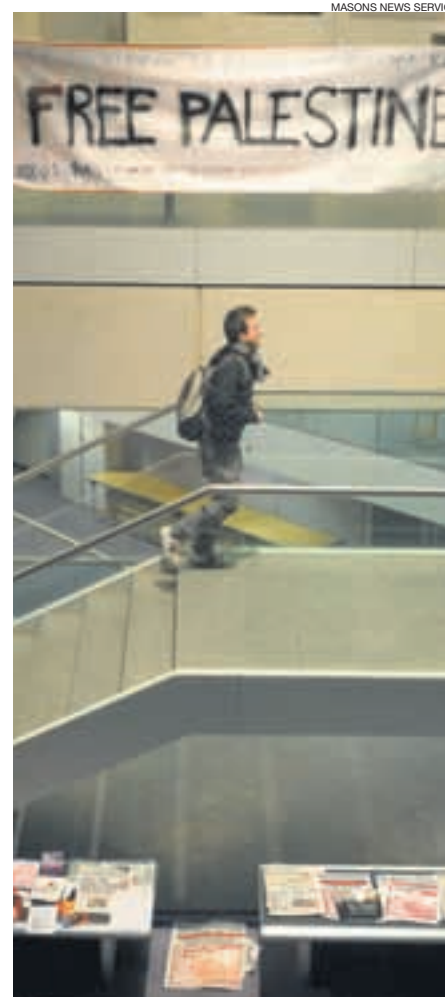
Making a stand

The Law Faculty protesters call for the University to stand by its principles

doctorates alone testifies to its readiness to adopt stances political and partial. To have met the demands of the students occupying the law faculty would have been fitting of Cambridge's status as a charitable organisation and would have brought tangible benefits to the lives and studies of Palestinian students and their communities.

What seems to have most frustrated some elements of the student body about the occupation has been its bypassing of normal channels and the appropriation of an educational space for political purposes. First, the glacially slow process of student politics, a supposedly representative system, is incapable of effecting the rapid change demanded by the severity of the situation in Gaza and similar crises. This ineffectual pace necessitated a direct form of protest. Second, it was our fullest intention to allow educational processes to continue at the Law Faculty. Our dispute was neither with law students nor their teachers. What is more, we maximised the opportunity for peer education on political questions by holding debates, showing films, and getting expert speakers to give lectures – some of whom were denied entry to the building to speak by the draconian conduct of certain University authorities.

There has been nothing intimidating about this occupation. From the beginning, it has only been about



student thinkers and activists speaking out about their concerns and making sure people hear what they have to say in a peaceful manner. This direct action, operating under the principles of inclusivity, direct democracy and peaceful protest, has fostered a level of political debate and participation not seen in Cambridge for decades. The occupation embodied the commitment to freedom of thought and speech upon which the University claims to base its 800 year history as an academic institution.

The University's response to the occupation constituted an unsuccessful attempt to silence the voices of its own junior members; its willingness to manipulate its position of power is a damning indictment of its claim to the liberal ideals of free speech and intellectual exchange. Any peaceful political action which holds the University to account for its own ideals needs no justification. Such protests are the exercise of a political right, a right which the University has obstructed and refused at every turn.

The situation in Gaza remains critical. We hope that the attention focused on the crisis by the occupation will ultimately bring real and immediate educational aid to Gaza. Whatever the occupation's final outcome, we are proud to have staged it; we are ashamed of our University for attempting to suppress it.

Mark Wolfson



Rah-Rah-Revolutionaries

The Law Faculty 'occupation' was an insulting farce

In 1968, student-led protests raged across Western cities, their universities simmering with discontent. An anti-war rally in London ended with 86 people injured and over 200 arrested. Rightly or wrongly, the British student movement had committed itself to their cause, regardless of consequence.

The 'occupation' of Cambridge University's Law Faculty, *our* Law Faculty, is an insulting farce. Despite invoking the 'glories' of 1968, these faux-revolutionaries have demanded immunity for their actions. They occupy a major academic centre of learning – an incredibly aggressive and confrontational act in itself, despite claims to peaceful protest – whilst expecting no repercussions. Their timetable reads like a comedy script: yoga, music workshops, poetry.

Indeed, the 'occupation' was nearly brought to its knees on Saturday night, when the somewhat oddly-chosen 'poetry and music' session proved unpopular. Yes, as had been feared, the launch party of the King's Affair was proving to be a temptation too far.

Many of us in Cambridge were left bewildered by the weekend's events. This is an action of a hardcore group of radicals, who quickly descended upon the bottom floor of the Norman Foster-designed building with aimless abandon, basking in the glow of self-importance (and the University-provided heating).

So what has caused such widespread resentment towards the 'occupiers'? They claim that they are exercising their right to peaceful protest and that they do not want to disrupt the lives of students or faculty members. They state that they wish to show solidarity with and gain aid for the people of Gaza. Yet, as is so often the case with actions of the Hard Left, the available institutional processes which would have allowed for inclusive discussion were ignored. In trespassing, they slipped into the realms of illegality, and the student body should demand

about the Palestinian cause, but instead is an opportunity for this mob of rah-revolutionaries to partake in an orgasm of anti-establishmentarianism. Let us be frank: this is a glorified sleepover. The fact that the decision to invade the Law Faculty was taken *before* they had compiled a list of demands says it all.

There is, however, a far more insidious aspect to the actions of this minority; they are usurping the student voice. The Hard Left is dictating what we, as students of this influential University, will say to the world. But in reality, they are a

though the University should of course be aiding international students from deprived areas, why should a Palestinian student get priority over a deprived Bolivian student? How exactly would ten scholarships aid the Palestinian – and wider peace – cause?

These demands challenge the division between the 'academic' and 'political' spheres. The University represents thousands of students and academics, all with contrasting and varying viewpoints. The Hard Left is seeking to silence dialogue and discussion, essential for progress and peace. If a government surrenders to terrorism, if a businessman succumbs to blackmail, if a ransom is paid for a kidnapping, the underlying problems will worsen, the demands will get bigger, and the paralysis of the victim will spread.

The day that our University concedes the demands of an aggressive fringe minority will be a devastating one for academia. This 'occupation' has revealed the true face of the Hard Left: rejecting of democratic institutions, unwilling to embrace dialogue, and unknowledgeable and blinkered on this conflict. They break the rules, yet demand immunity. They claim direct democracy in their decisions, yet undermine the voice of CUSU as student body representative. We should voice our disgust for these despicable tactics, and support our University in resisting this 'occupation'.

"Let us be frank: this is a glorified sleepover"

that the University take appropriate action against them, as it would against ordinary rule-breakers.

This 'occupation' is an insult to the student population of Cambridge. We have a Students' Union capable of lobbying the University, we have accessible Chancellors, and students who are willing to sign petitions and hold vigils. In a spurt of nostalgia, the Hard Left has resorted to the failed actions of its abortive past. "Rekindle coordinated mass student activism," one excitable occupation-blogger mused, highlighting their true focus: it has never *really* been

fringe, extreme minority who are willing to push the boundaries of legality to gain self-ingratiating column inches. I, for one, am outraged that they are making demands in my name as a student of this University.

As is reflected in these demands, few of the 'occupiers' have taken time to understand the complexities of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. The bias in their demands reflects a blame mentality, not a vision of peace; their silence on Hamas tantamount to an endorsement. The call for ten scholarships for Palestinian students smacks of stupidity:



ANNA TRENCH



Matilda
Bathurst

The Killer Question

Did you have a gap year?

In Freshers' Week (remember that?) there are, of course, the staple questions: name, College, favourite colour (although the latter is only to be used in desperate circumstances). And there's one other question, which is make or break.

It would either commit you to an hour-long conversation, or create a chasm-like awkward silence that seems to prove that you have nothing in common with the other person, and you might as well go talk to the guy in the knitted *gilet* with rampant acne. "Did you have a gap year?" The answer is apparent before the other person has said a word. Eyes lighting up at the prospect of (at least) ten minutes of shameless self-endorsement is the accepted sign that they did indeed. You will certainly be hearing about it until you can edge close enough to acne-boy to make a seamless switch in conversation partners.

On the other hand, a shrinking in stature and apologetic facial expression is typical of the non-gap-yearer. As this question is predominantly raised as an opportunity for the gap-yearer to reveal their otherwise hidden layers of cultivation and worldliness, the non-gap-yearer in the conversation automatically assigns themselves the position of eager listener/awe-struck admirer.

This implicit hierarchy (albeit only lasting as long as the listener's young, school-fresh concentration levels will abide) is based on the tacit misconception that having a year out makes you 'less' of a Fresher. But we all start as Freshers. It doesn't matter if you worked

in a brewery in Peru for six months and helped make flower-garlands in Rajasthan for the other six. *You're a Fresher.*

Scarily, the horror never ends. At every party, in every corner, even now, you will meet one of them. And you will hear their damn stories. But gap year snobbery is equally rampant, if not more so, between gap-yearers themselves. (You can still tell the signs, a

is only calmed by one gap-yearer succumbing, shutting up and letting the other talk.

I'm afraid I have never been one of these. I become a one-woman-show when talking about my gap year. I don't want to hear about how many books you wrote or orphans' lives you saved. I really *don't care*. I want to talk about MYSELF. I become entirely, unasham-



whole term into fresherdom.)

An initial conversation between two such enlightened persons will gradually grow into a chaos of adamant voices, as each story told reminds the other of a funnier or more interesting version that happened to them. Wide gesticulations elucidating the height of that wave they surfed on Bondi or the amount of plimsolls they donated to that orphanage threaten to collide, and the tension

edly egotistical. It's great. Maybe I'm an extreme example, a lost cause. But there's no doubt that a year out can be life changing, educating, character building, moralising, beautifying – but then again, stop me – I'm speaking as a gap year snob, still trying to wean myself off my intense self-admiration.

The snobbery lies in the assumption that you can judge a gap year's worth. There's the whistlestop worldwide trav-

elling gap year, the voluntary service gap year, the internship gap year, the Woolworths in Blackpool gap year... And which one is more productive? You can miss all the subtleties of a culture by whisking through East Asia at the rate it takes to get over each hangover, and you can learn loads about the general public by being a fly-on-the-wall as an employee in Woolworths. (You can learn a great deal about recessionary economics there, too.)

You can slough off the debris of fourteen years of schooling whilst travelling. You can make an orphanage so dependent on foreign volunteers that the locals get used to the situation and discard responsibility. There's no gauge of right or wrong, no such thing as an "impoverished gap year" (unfortunately, a direct quote). I'll never really be persuaded to be pragmatically mature about my gap year snobbery.

But I *do* know that there's absolutely no reason to indulge in a warm feeling of superiority over those who haven't had one. A free year can be beneficial, but not for everyone. Starting straight from school can even help; sitting on a beach for a year getting high isn't always conducive to a rigorously motivated, sparkling mind. Some people need a gap year. Some people are fine coming straight from school. Some of the latter group take a year out anyway.

So may I make a modest proposal? Gap yearers: contain yourselves. You've had a term and a bit in the conversational sun. Let's give the straight-out-of-schoolers a break. They'll be the ones who hit 40 a year later than us anyway.

Spk yr brains

The Wit and Wisdom of the World Wide Web



Week 3: Wikipedia

I once looked at the Wikipedia entry for Chris Moyles, and noticed it said "Partner: Dale Winton (2005-present)". So as far as I'm concerned it's perfect.

Alex Marshall

Wikipedia has always given me more education than my pathetic, overpaid university lecturers, who can't answer basic questions. UK universities are useless.

simon ritchie, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

I know exactly who goes on these sort of sites...its pedofiles, pure n simple. They know what thyre getting there - infomation, direct about childten. it sickens me to my stomach to read the sort of abuse of our nations children going on on these sites. Once I read an article avbout france that s was full of naked children. i couldnt take my eyes off the page it was so disgusting. bring back the empire and take thiks nonsense of our television screens./

tightteeny23

Political correctness gone mad. They'll come for Prince Harry next. Oh wait...

pcpilot London

Wikipedia is a great british institution. It sickens me to my stomach to hear people compaining about how its full of children in states of undress. I have been using wikipeda for uyears and i have yet to come across a child, naked or otherwise.. long live wikipedia, ur a national instityution./

honesttaxpayer, bedford

As someone who finds normal encyclopaedias terribly stuffy and boring (well they are, aren't they lol!!) it's a breath of fresh air to see something like Wikipedia taking to the airwaves. Or should that be webwaves LOL! As for this nonsense about children on there, I've seen none at all unless you type 'children' into wikipedia. THEY'RE THERE FOR A REASON YOU SILLY FOOL :-P I hate paedophiles as much as the next man (or in my case, woman) but that's no excuse for ruining people's enjoyment of tyhe internet.

Sally Roberts, aka BORIS FANlol

Darwin

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The Darwin Festival Team is looking for enthusiastic, reliable and committed volunteers to assist during the Festival week (5-10 July 2009) and also in the weeks prior. Benefits include access to sessions, complementary tickets to evening events and opportunities to meet the worlds leading Darwin experts.

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MAGAZINE



THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: LAURENCE SHORTER TRIES TO CHEER US UP WITH HIS VIEWS ON OPTIMISM
FOOD MAP FOR PEACE / BASHING BURNS / NICK MOHAMMED / OPERA REVIEWS / ONE NIGHT STANDS / PUZZLES

Photograph of the week by *Patrick Garety*



“I was walking back to Clare College via Trinity Lane with camera in hand. It was a cold, crisp day and very clear, the late-morning light ideal. The heavier neo-Gothic of the Old Schools on the left and the less adorned end of Clare Chapel opposite makes an interesting contrast, squaring up to each other across the narrow lane. In trying to accommodate the two in this shot a vapour trail in the sky provided the perfect compositional link, allowing the juxtaposition of the modern and the historic. Looking up to the sky with the two buildings towering over me, almost seeming to collapse inwards, the plane’s trail seemed a reminder that there is a world outside the Cambridge bubble even during the term.”

If you have a potential Photograph of the week, send it to features@varsity.co.uk



Friday

This evening got a text from Chloe, the fit left-wing girl with the asymmetrical haircut who thinks I read the Guardian. She asked me to come down and show some solidarity at the Law Faculty, so I charged up to my room, took off my suit, and got radically prepared. Went for Afghan scarf (obv), Thai fisherman’s trousers, wooden jewellery and an ethnic shirt I got on my gap year. Left my Marlboro Lights behind and brought some rollies. Pretty fucking subversive.

Arrived at the Law Faculty but couldn’t find Chloe. Tried to just get to

sleep but was too restless, so I found a fat bloke with some leaflets and black rimmed glasses, and asked him what he thought of the two-state solution. That did the trick: 10 minutes later I was sleeping like a baby.

Saturday

Woke up seriously excited. It was going to be like 1968 all over again. I felt not dissimilar to Che Guevara. Bloody good film by the way.

Tried my hands at some poster making but they refused to put up my efforts: “Death to the global Zionist conspiracy”. Squares. Decided it was time to learn a bit about what was going on with Gaza so I went to the open discussion; it seems that Israel were disproportionate, Hamas is a moot point and 1967 was a bad year all round. And the West Bank should not

be under Israeli State control, but nor should Northern Rock in my opinion.

Wasn’t having much luck with Chloe – it was time to take affirmative action. I made a pre-emptive strike by hiding her sleeping bag. Later she asked me if I had seen it, and said no, but chivalrously offered her space in mine. She told me to piss off. So much for solidarity. I thought we were here to make love, not war.

Sunday

Tried my hand at some consensus decision-making. To reflect our democratic convictions, we got bogged down in when we should agree on the proposals. We decided to postpone that decision for an hour, so ended up voting on when we should vote on when to vote. Socialists have good intentions, but sometimes they need

an iron fist in a knuckle duster to show them which way is up. Chloe started talking to me about Noam Chomsky and John Pilger – massive turn-off. I don’t think I fancy her any more.

Chilled out all afternoon smoking weed and playing guitar. Maybe we should send acoustic guitars to Israel; I really think if they new how to chill out like us, things could improve. Sung some Dylan. Oh Bob Dylan, is there anything you didn’t know? If only he was still alive to tell the Israelis where to stick it. What a waste – I can’t believe the CIA could get away with killing him.

Stayed up all night chatting round cups of tea, reading poetry, making friends. I only hope that people in Gaza know how much fun we are having due to the conflict, it might make it all seem a bit less unbearable.

Monday

Fucking pigs at the University high command still won’t agree with our proposals. Authorities are all the same; Israel, America, Cambridge, Bush, the Nazis. If only Obama was president, he’d sort it out. Later on the proctors invaded the Law Faculty - I can’t believe they could not notice the irony that it was JUST like Israel invading Palestine. We have a right to be here; I really felt solidarity with our Muslim brothers this morning.

After some solid protesting, it was time to go back to college. I don’t know what will happen in Gaza, but the important thing is that we demonstrated we are not apathetic, we have a right to show dissent and that protesting is really fun.

**As told to Rob Peal*

GODFATHER ADVENTURE (STARTS HERE): It’s the day of your daughter’s wedding and Vice-Chancellors Alice and Richard are asking you, Don Cambridge, for some help. They want a few Yen, as usual. Do you: **p14 Dismiss them out of hand. How dare they come to you on the day of your daughter’s wedding. »p15 Ask what the money’s for.**

Ed at large

EDITOR-AT-LARGE ED CUMMING JOINS THE SPIRIT OF STUDENT ACTIVISM WITH A CAMPAIGN TO RE-CHRISTEN THE MAYPOLE

What's in a name? When I was younger my friend Adolf and I used to lie awake at night and wonder what our lives might have been like had we been named differently. I was always drawn to 'Ulysses' and little Fuhro, as we called him, was rather taken with 'Rosie'.

What's important is not the names themselves, but rather their associations: Ulysses conjures images of great warriors and literature. Rosie, on the other hand, conjures images of being a girl and a puppet. As ever, one only need think of television: why else would a bank spend so much on an advert to announce "we're changing"? Because whilst 'Aviva' is a terrible name for a company, 'Norwich Union' sounds like a recipe for a kid with eleven toes and one leg shorter than the other, which is worse.

All of which leads us in a roundabout way (and for the aforementioned infant one imagines there are few alternatives) to this week's venue. I need hardly tell you that 'The Maypole', as a name, summons both images of springtime optimism and a long and distinguished association with sinister (roundabout) skipping. Yet as will become clear both of these are misleading. The 'Pole needs a new name.

In the first place it's an astonishing venue for a public house. If you simply go to the address, at the arse end of Portugal Place, you come across a 1970s red brick outhouse, which you are forgiven

for thinking is somehow associated with the multi-storey car-park next door, perhaps in some sort of rest-room or long-term storage capacity. Separating these two architectural features is an alleyway of the sort suitable for the murder of prostitutes and the purchasing of second-hand firearms.



With the help of a well-trained guide, you will eventually learn that this alley is in fact the 'outdoor heated seating area' and the outhouse is, in fact, the Maypole, a place unique in Europe and possibly the world for its ability to operate outside of all economic convention and yet retain business. It is the pub that the free market forgot, and to spend an afternoon there is to feel your

jaw gradually slacken as you pour your student-loan into the pockets of a team of men whose cheerful nonchalance belies hearts of steel. For as the plaque by the bar warns you, these men are the offspring of Mario.

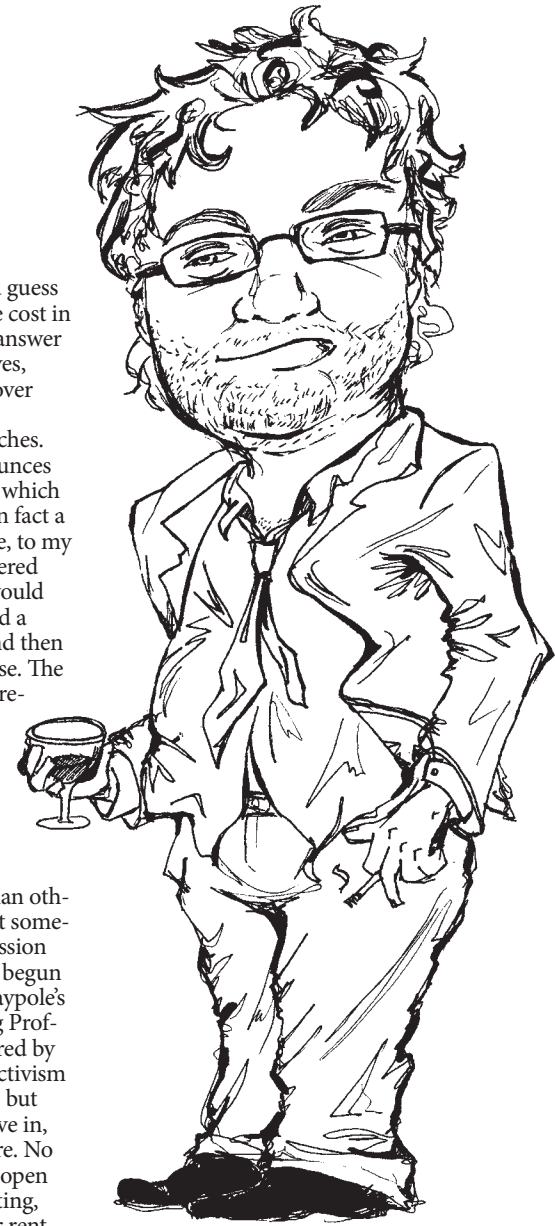
His name suggests bouncing plumb-ers and chuckling toadstools, but he

runs the business with the chuckling resolve of a man who has thought long and hard about various people's money and, after careful deliberation, concluded that his must take priority. Lasagne and chips? £8.50. A burger? £6. A pint – who knows? Rows of bank cards sit in little glasses behind the bar like Mayan heads on spikes. There's a fun game you can play when you order a round

literally anywhere else where you guess what the same round would have cost in the Maypole. The correct comic answer to this question is to shut your eyes, whimper like a kitten and hand over your wallet and car keys.

There are other humorous touches. A note on the wall proudly announces 'the best cocktails in Cambridge', which rather than an advertisement is in fact a hilarious self-referential gag since, to my knowledge, nobody has ever ordered one. Although if they did, they would be served with a hearty giggle and a thrusting of the PIN machine, and then order would return to the universe. The place is the Asterix village of the recession: a corner of Cambridge which is forever a mafiaesque Italian bank.

I should say that I write all this with a weary heart, as I know I'll be back there, probably tomorrow, as I am a creature of habits (some more destructive than others) and it shows the football. But something should be done. This aggression will not stand. To this end I have begun an online petition to have the Maypole's name changed to 'The Chuckling Profiteer'. For any others of you inspired by this week's resurgence in gypsy activism (have these people not degrees?), but looking for a cause you can believe in, this is the one. We will camp there. No doubt we will be welcomed with open arms. But there won't be any heating, and we'll probably be charged for rent.



No Peas with Houmous

IF THERE'S ANYTHING WHICH UNITES ISRAELIS AND PALESTINIANS, IT'S FOOD.

Although there are few acts which are less contentious than sitting-down, somehow the occupation of the Law Faculty has created a great furor.

The crowds are clucking with anxiety. Is it the right forum? Should the University be political? Is the law faculty the right shape for yoga? Yet with their emphasis on the Oslo Accords and the 1967 Borders, the protesters, amicable and well-intentioned as they may be, forgot the role of one ingredient. The chickpea.

Nothing has been more contentious in Israeli-Palestinian relations and no other legume has been quite so instrumental in creating discord. Not only in its pure form, the chickpea causes grief in its manifestations as falafel and humous. Before we go any further, I'd better say that working out how to anglicise these Semitic words is making me slither. And I'm not interested in starting a bagel/beigel debate. Discussing the fine-tuning of spelling in Eastern European breads is less exciting than watching them bake.

So to the definitive spelling of humous (like post-humous, which sounds like something you might find in a Critical Theory paper. Discuss the effects of one Post-Humous theorist on Lentilisation.), and with it an attempt to chart the Arab-Israeli conflict.

In the 1860s before the great Zionist

enterprise, no Eastern European Jew knew what a pulse was. A time of culinary witchcraft rather than wizardry, if it couldn't be cooked by a blind, 80 year old crone armed only with some stones and a cauldron, then it wasn't on the menu. No-one knew how to do boiled and bland better. The emergence of Israel changed all that. The Jew from



Latvia, previously used to six-day-old stew, suddenly found himself in an area with one of the most vibrant cuisines in the world. Markets which sold fresh spices, fruit, strong flavours, grains, pulses. No more scurvy.

Unsurprisingly, saturated pots of herring carcass were quickly forgotten

about and new dishes were developed. Fresh salads, chopped up into minuscule pieces, for no apparent reason, except to make more work. A delicious egg, onion and tomato dish, brought by North African immigrants. While some remnants of the Old World remained (fish balls and schnitzel), Israeli food became synonymous with the cuisine of the people who it was at war with. Humous, falafel, pita, labneh were all taken from Arab-Jewish immigrants and the Palestinian population.

Over time, the tourist board took this on and started to advertise using falafel (obviously, these days, they've stopped appealing to base instincts and started using nearly-naked women) with an Israeli flag, bearing the slogan "the taste of Israel". The Palestinian lobbies around the world quickly responded with counter-advertisement, depicting a bleeding falafel. This isn't the only incident of chickpea related confrontation. In October, a Lebanese union tried to sue Israel for appropriation of Arab foods. And the BBC, with their tactful understanding of the conflict offer training courses using humous as the model for the dispute (apparently there's two narratives of the dip). So, Law Faculty occupiers, there can only be one food which understands both sides of the conflict. And it isn't dal.



Humous

1 tin of chickpeas
1 garlic clove, crushed
juice of half a lemon
3tbsp tahini (sesame seed paste)
3tbsp extra virgin olive oil
a pinch of salt

1. Drain the chickpeas and rinse, reserving some of the water.
2. Put everything in a blender.
3. Blend, adding water where extra lubrication is necessary.
4. Serve with pitta, with parsley, with paprika sprinkled on top.

Shakshouka

1 lg. onion (finely chopped)
4 eggs
cooking oil
6 medium tomatoes (not canned)
salt and pepper to taste

In a large frying pan, saute onion until lightly browned. Grate tomatoes on largest holes of a grater. Mix grated tomatoes and onion, cover and cook over low heat for 25 minutes. Remove cover and break eggs over the surface. Stir gently to break yolks, cover and cook for about 3 or 4 minutes until eggs are set. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.



The Gardenia

It didn't seem right, Gardies at 8pm. We weren't nearly as shiny, or happy, or red in the face as the people on the wall. Then again, had we been drunk, we might not have appreciated all the little things that make 'The Gardenia Foodversity' so special. How many purveyors-of-kebab do you know that garnish their display plate of battered sausages with red AND yellow peppers?

As my dates marvelled at the idea of chicken tikka on a pizza (the Clare), I took the opportunity to reflect on the poem worn on the backs of the staff, "SUPERFOOD/ SUPERTASTE/ SUPERYOU". Feeling pretty super, I placed my order. The menu led me to expect "Spiced chick pea balls in pitta with tzike and humous...", but let me tell you, that ellipsis means a lot. Earthy falafel were lifted by a drizzle of lemon, shredded lettuce cleaned the humous from its inevitable roof-of-the-mouth position, and sliced onion (red AND white) offered a masochistically pleasurable punch. My polystyrene box was a textural treasure chest; crunchy breadcrumbs, yoghurt-soaked pitta, and the whole thing set off by a light sprinkling of dried herbs. Arab, Israeli, who cares? As the manager sagaciously informed me, "We are all people". And what sort of person doesn't love a good chickpea?

Burns Fight

GEORGE REYNOLDS PONDERES THE QUIRKS, FOIBLES AND POETRY OF OUR GAELIC SEMI-COUNTRYMEN

Did you have a massive Burns Night? Yeah, neither did I. It wasn't the fault of The Union, which gamely did its best with free whisky and a ceilyleedhgh - I think that's how you spell it. My rubbish evening wasn't even the fault of the person at the Union who decided that the ideal accompaniment to cheap raw alcohol and energetic dancing would be steaming, noisesome offal, although I suppose Scotland's to blame for that one too. No. It was dear old Rabbie Burns himself that I had a problem with, refusing as I do to celebrate mediocrity in all its guises.

I've tried thinking of an equivalent night for other nations, but it's just embarrassing. A nation's best poet whose greatest contributions to verse have been 'To a Louse' and 'To a Mouse' (the third and fourth parts of this Eliotic sequence, 'To a Spouse' and 'To Famous Grouse' remained unfinished) would be competing with, just to take a brief survey of nearby countries, Shakespeare Night, Yeats Night, and Dante Night. It's hardly the same, is it? An OK poet, sure. A good one even, possibly. But an all-time great? Come on! The man can't even spell.

And then there's Old Lang Zyne. How - HOW - have we allowed this to remain the official New Year's song? Granted, when sung in the Scottish original, the ludicrous words conven-

iently don't call for much more than drunken slurring. But there's nothing more to it. It's about friendship, and not forgetting each other... but so is 'Two Little Boys' by Rolf Harris, and no one cracks out the wobble-board when midnight approaches.

You may think, judging by this attack on such a figurehead of Scottish nationalism, that I don't like Scotland. This is not altogether true; it's just Burns night symbolises everything I don't like about the place. Ghastly food, deliberately antagonistic music, a defiant urge to do exactly the opposite to everyone else. Anyway, national days born out of religious hatred rather than poetic celebration are always more enjoyable. The English have a proper 'Burns' night, it's on November the fifth and involves an effigy.

But this isn't really a problem. Generally, Scotland is not too bad: there are parts and aspects of Scotland that I love - love more, even, than their English equivalents. The scenery is hands-down the most beautiful in the British Isles. Edinburgh may not really be 'the Athens of the North', but compared to what the rest of Britain has to offer the tag is probably justified. And, there are very few Scottish people of my acquaintance that I wholeheartedly dislike. So, like an accountant with a sexy wife, Scotland is a mixed blessing as a neighbour.



Maybe it's their status as 'a country which isn't really a country' which makes Scotland the chippiest, most bitter part of the world. For evidence, see Andy Murray describing himself as 'Scottish' not 'British', Andy Murray claiming he'd support Costa Rica not England in World Cup 2006 (Scotland did well in that one!), and Scottish universities stating that they'd prefer Scottish candidates over English ones. Can you imagine the stinking shitstorm that would arise if Cambridge adopted such a policy, and so transparently? "Sorry, you're just too dour."

I realise this piece is hardly going to be the Nobel Peace Prize-winning document that starts the reconciliation. But it was fun to write and maybe it will provide a sheep's stomach stuffed full of debate; is there still a Scotland/England split; have I created one; what are our national flaws? And so on. The one thing I would ask is that you keep your arguments as politically sensitive as mine, or at least on a par with 'Flower of Scotland' - the national anthem still sung today, celebrating a (lone?) military victory over the English. We wouldn't want things getting jingoistic now would we?



Competition ~~adc theatre~~

Each week we set a different creative writing exercise. The person who submits the winning entrance has their story printed in the next week's Varsity, and is rewarded with two free tickets to an ADC Theatre show.

Week 3: Take a piece of art as the starting point for a short story of about 600 words. Go to Kettle's Yard or the Fitzwilliam Museum, and find a picture or sculpture that fascinates you. Might its characters have a story which could be expressed in words, or does it evoke an atmosphere you'd like to recreate?

Winner:

Based on Giovanni Guerra's 'The naming of Castel Sant'Angelo' (Fitzwilliam Museum)

The bishops marched onwards, apparently impervious to the horror around them. With a wine sodden fatigue colouring their ruddy cheeks, the holy men's eyes remained fixed above the mausoleum. The stumbling procession was getting ever closer and yet no sign of deliverance had come. They went their way through the dead and the dying, some consciously clutching their gowns, hopelessly trying to stop them trailing through the filth. Behind the bishops, thousands of lesser clergy dutifully followed in black massed ranks, the occasional crucifix carried like a military standard. Still further back were the mass of people joining the grim march, many dragging themselves through the mud like diseased cattle. They marched unthinkingly, few understanding its purpose.

This was the vision that confronted Pope Gregory each time he was brave enough to turn around. In times of adversity comes unity he had told them. This was a time for the whole city to come together and give a collective plea for divine rescue. He knew, of course, that the word adversity was hollow, that it came nowhere to describing the chaos and misery of these Roman streets. The men did not march behind him in unity; they all selfishly sought an escape from the plague that was devouring the city. In the idle moments of the previous week, Gregory had imagined himself as a shepherd herding his golden flock to safety. In the final few hundred steps toward the mausoleum, however, he couldn't even bear to look behind anymore. In the fading light he became convinced that he could now only see thousands of skulls in the joyless pageant he was leading. That a sign would come above the monumental tomb now seemed a cruel joke. God was punishing him for his arrogance or, even worse, He simply didn't care. As tears slipped down his cheeks, those close to him shuddered in awe of his piety, unaware that they were borne from despair rather than love.

It was at this moment that a bright light cut through the darkness. Harsh and cold, it flooded the crowd's senses with tremulous white. The sick and the elderly collapsed from the shock, many crushed underfoot as the herd clambered over them. Gregory at first thought that death was pulling him apart with light, and as his vision returned he was almost disappointed to realise that he was still alive. With screams and gasps filling his ears he looked above the mausoleum to see a dark figure brandishing a sword. Even Gregory was too stunned to realise at first that this was Saint Michael. The angel curved above them, looking down with a pitying arrogance. The whole crowd dropped to their knees and threw up their hands for salvation. Saint Michael merely glanced at this grasping mass of humanity with repulsion, giving a final smirk before sheathing his sword. With this gesture the unforgiving light burst forth again. Upon fading the angel was gone. Standing up, Gregory, like so many of his throng, felt a faint trickle of water and realised he had urinated out of fear.

In a few short days the plague lifted and everyone praised the mercy of the angel. With celebration, the mausoleum was soon renamed the *Castel Sant'Angelo*. Gregory, however, could not share this joy. He was haunted by the angel's disdain, behind which lay the callous ease with which God had inflicted and then dispelled their suffering. Mainly though he could not shake away the brown, murky image of the deathly procession. When alone this was all he saw; a sickening frieze of humanity's feebleness before the almighty. *Robert Smith*

Next week's competition: Pantoums. Pantoums are poems that work in quartets; the second and fourth lines of each stanza are repeated as the first and third lines of the next. This sequence can go on as long as you want, but the last stanza's second and fourth lines should be the first and third lines of the first stanza. Feel free to let the form break in places, as long as the 'pantoun' spirit is retained. Send submissions to literary@varsity.co.uk by 9am on Monday 2nd February for the chance to win two tickets to the following week's ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.

THE CAMBRIDGE INVADER

MISSION: TO DELVE INTO CAMBRIDGE'S SECRET ORIFICES
WEEK 3: ANGLIA RUSKIN STUDENT UNION

Above Parker's Piece that night we beheld the cosmos and party smog blown up from London. The smog and the bottle of Xoriguer sent from P's senile and wealthy grandmother were telling us to turn and head back towards the spires. Whilst we could still walk and see. That's dignity, P said, being able to do the two at the same time. But our destination lay across the night and down East Road. Anglia Ruskin Student Union, shining beacon of modernity. We stood beneath the glass windows and smoked away the nerves.

"I've never heard of anybody venturing here before."

"Maybe they just never returned." P with shaky hands and last cigarette. I stamped it out and we were inside. To our great surprise it looked just as it had through the glass windows, a great expanse of plastic corridor and high ceiling.

"No porter. No guards. Do they let anybody in?"

I could hear music, and a door pulsed to its beat. This was where they housed the secrets of the universe, and I wanted to learn them. P dragged me onwards. "We're close," he said.

Finally, a warden. Five fingers emerged from beneath a neon jacket and beckoned for cash. An unmemorable sum, grubby note exchanged for a wristband which would decay around my arm in the days to come. The centre of the SU unfolded before us, desolate, faces distorted in neon. Only twenty of them, an emptiness that ensured each saw me stumble down the malicious dance floor step planted to expose the uninitiated.

P was halfway to the bar and a red skirt reclining there, close to sleep. I waited in a leather chair and surveyed The Twenty, sure that one would smell the fresh blood. When he approached he was wearing a Joy Division T-shirt and his fingers played invisible pianos in the smoke. His face was corpse-white and sailing on an ocean of pleasurable and unknown substances.

"Do you come here often?"
"Sometimes. Often. Quite often, sometimes."

The song stopped and forty hands applauded my deceit. Now Corpse Face played piano on my thigh. "I haven't seen you around here."

Really? Time to move. I crossed to the bar and lodged myself between

P and Red Skirt, tipping her head off his shoulder where it had nestled in a stupor. "Strongbow," P said, passing a pint. It was welcome, the taste of an old cheap friend.

"You guys should come for Flirt night," Red Skirt enthused. "It's jamming."

A strange invitation. P feigned excitement. In distraction I turned to the barman, who smiled with the omniscience of a god and handed me water. He knew who we were; he knew why we were here.

"Once we had Scouting For Girls," he said. "A long time past."

"There'll be others like them." I fumbled to comfort. "This band tonight, they're good."

"They're finishing now," he said. A great illumination of gaudy brightness. The overhead lights revealed soulless corners and our faces. In that moment I thought we were exposed. Red Skirt staggered towards an unpleasant appointment with a toilet floor. The end of the set. Just the end of the set.

"Can you still see?"
"Can you still walk?"

It was time to retreat. The road home was long.

GODFATHER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): "Why," exclaim Alice and Richard, "it's for the 800th anniversary of course. Eight hundred years of innovation. Eight hundred years of inspiration. Haven't you seen the banners daubed with randomly chosen numbers?" **p20** Er, no. **p21** You had, actually, but you feel that, as anniversaries go, 800 is pretty dull. You're not donating anything until 1000.



for
your
eyes
only



This page: mask designed for *Varsity* by Holly Briggs
Opposite: mask by Ellie Measham; necklace, Accessorize
Model: Flora Spens
Photography: Katy King
Styling: Kate Womersley & Alice Newell-Hanson

THE VARSITY WEEK

THE COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

Theatre

Friday 30th & Saturday 31st
Ongoing:
Orfeo
Breakfast at Night

Macbeth
Christ's New Court Theatre, Christ's College: 7.30pm (£3)
Christ's Shakespeare Company present a new production of Shakespeare's darkest masterpiece. Runs until Monday 2nd (no performance on Sunday 1st).

Churchill Amnesty Smoker
Churchill College Bar: Sat only, 8.30pm (free)
A policeman stops a vicar for drink driving. **Policeman:** What's that you're drinking father? **Vicar:** Only water officer. **Policeman:** Looks like wine to me vicar. **Vicar:** Christ, he's done it again. Expect similar corks at this one-off charity event.

Monday 2nd
Life and Beth
Arts Theatre: 7.45pm, Saturday matinee 2.30pm (£10-£27)
A deliciously spooky, new Alan Ayckbourn comedy. Runs until Saturday 7th.

Tuesday 3rd
Road
ADC: 7.45pm (£6-9)
Join Scullery for a wild ride through one night of alcohol-soaked, violence-fuelled, sex-driven stories on a single, unnamed ROAD. Runs until Saturday 7th.

NICK MOHAMMED is a character comedian
ADC: 11pm: (£4-£5)
This is a rare chance to see an accomplished Footlights alumnus return to the ADC. See our interview with Nick in this issue.

Wednesday 4th
Feelgood
ADC: 11pm (£4-6).
See POTW.

Music & Nightlife

Saturday 31st
Q-Bar DJ Night
Queens' Bar: 9pm (free)
A free night of electro at Queens' bar.

Sunday 1st
Synthesize
Soul Tree: 9pm (£4/£5)
Cambridge's best student dance music night. All genres of electronic music represented: D'n'B, Dubstep, Techno, Psytrance...

Tuesday 3rd
Max Tundra
Soul Tree: 8pm (£7.50 adv./£9 on the door)
Last seen in Cambridge opening for Hot Chip, the eclectic electronic pop master comes with support from Ben Tundra and Mouse Pad, UM and DJ Nochexxx.

Wednesday 4th
Get Rude! III
Kambar: 10pm-3am (£3 before 11/£4 after)
DJ Frankly Sick brings you some of the duttyst winning styles and pure bass heat in the 'Bridge.

Alkaline Trio
The Junction 1: 8pm (£16 adv.)
Start wearing black and feeling mildly depressed : Chicago emo punk band Alkaline Trio are in town in support of their latest album Agony & Irony.

Thursday 5th
Teddy Thompson
The Junction 1: 8pm (£13 adv.)
The New York-based singer songwriter (above) performs some of his bittersweet pop, continuing the lineage of his parents, folk-rock icons Richard and Linda Thompson.

Art & Classical

Ongoing Exhibitions
Fitzwilliam Museum (free):
• Sir Sydney Cockerell and the Fitz (until March 17th)
• Picasso Prints – Dreams and Lies (until February 8th)
• The Immortal Stone - Chinese jades (until May 31st)
Kettle's Yard (free):
• The Roundhouse Of International Spirits (until March 15th)
Scott Polar Research Institute (free):
• John Gale & Sons (until February 14th)
• British Antarctic (Nimrod) Expedition, 1907-9 (until April 4th)
Churchill College (free):
• 'Direct Observation': Chinese prints (until February 8th)

Friday 30th
CUMC - Cordelia Williams, Harry Winstanley and Kausikan Rajeshkumar
West Road Concert Hall: 8pm (£7/£5/£3)
Performances of Schubert, Chopin, Bach and Reinecke.

Saturday 31st
The Beethoven Ensemble: Beethoven and Bruch
Trinity College Chapel: 8pm (£10/£8/£3)
A chance to catch Rosie Ventris, feature of last week's Varsity 100, in action, conducted by Daniel Hill, a recent Cambridge graduate.

Archipelago
Clare Hall: 7pm
The opening night of Katherine Cooper's collection, inspired by her time spent living next to Stockholm's archipelago in the winter of 2006/7.

Sunday 1st Feb
An Evening Recital
The Old Combination Room, Trinity College: 8pm (£4/£2)
Trinity College Musical Society present pieces by Kreisler, Wieniawski and Franck.

Talks & Events

Saturday 31st
'Aspirations and Landscapes in the Middle Ages & the Renaissance'
Magdalene College, Cripps Court: 9.30am-5pm (£10, e-mail litfest@magd.cam.ac.uk)
A day-long series of talks as part of Magdalene's Festival of Landscape.

Sunday 1st
'What is Christianity?'
Guildhall: 8pm
Ian Hamilton launches the CICCUC Main Event.

Monday 2nd
'Enhancement in Sport - Faster, Higher, Stronger, Yet?'
McCrum Lecture Theatre, Bene't Street: 7.30pm
Sport is about pushing the human body as far as is physically possible, but how can scientific advancements surpass these limitations?

'Forensic Genetics: application to crime scene investigation and the identification of human remains'
Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, Tennis Court Road: 8pm
This talk will cover the sensitive issue of the national DNA database and the identification of human remains following mass disasters and conflict.

Tuesday 3rd
'Evolution: from malaria to manuscripts'
Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, Tennis Court Road: 8pm
The Science Society looks at what happens when inaccurate copying, during DNA replication or when scribes were copying manuscripts, throws up interesting relationships.

Wednesday 4th
'Sustainable Development - great green dream or impossible ambition?'
Lecture Theatre 0, Engineering Department: 6pm
The former Friends of the Earth exec Tony Juniper talks about the realistic possibilities of sustainable development.

Film

Beverley Hills Chihuahua
Vue: daily 5.30pm
Sat/Sun only: 10am, 12.20pm, 2.40pm
Surely Judgement Day is coming.

Frost/Nixon
Arts Picturehouse: daily 1pm, 6.20pm, 9.10pm
Frank Langella and Martin Sheen lock horns as Richard Nixon and David Frost in the famous 1977 interviews. See review on p.27.

Revolutionary Road
Arts Picturehouse: daily 1.30pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 9pm
ADC alumnus Sam Mendes directs Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet as a couple struggling with their dreary lives in the 1950s suburbs of Dullsville USA. Not exactly Rambo, but excellent performances help the film achieve more than its synopsis.

Underworld: Rise of the Lycans
Vue: daily 12.00 (Sun only), 2.30pm (not Tues), 5pm, 7.15pm, 9.45pm
Michael Sheen and Bill Nighy star in this prequel to the goth-pop Underworld series. Goes some way to answering the age-old question of who would win in a fight between a vampire who listens to My Chemical Romance and a werewolf wearing eye-shadow.

Valkyrie
Vue: Daily 1pm (not Sun), 3.45pm, 6.30pm (not Tues), 9.15pm
Tom Cruise leads a group of German army officers in a plot to assassinate Hitler. See review on p.27.



Feelgood
From Wed 4th to Sat 7th
ADC: 11pm (£4-6)
With rioters on the streets, the spin doctors are sweating over the Prime Minister's speech... it has to be perfect. At the same time, a journalist is cooking up a story that could put the party out of power for a generation. Award-winning comedy that takes a look at the tactics of 'feelgood' politics and features a cast of Cambridge's finest; this is a biting funny political satire.



The Roundhouse of International Spirits
Until 15 March
Kettle's Yard: Tues-Sun, 2-4pm
Check last week's Varsity for our five-star review: Kettle's Yard's new exhibition showcases the work of the artists' collective in Locarno in the 60s. Particular highlights include Hans Arp's collages, Mark Tobey's calligraphic tempera paintings and Felicitas Vogler's photographs documenting the period.



Talking Liberties

IN RECENT YEARS, SHAMI CHAKRABARTI HAS BECOME AN EVER-PRESENT VOICE ALERTING US TO THE REGRESSION OF CIVIL LIBERTIES IN BRITAIN. ORLANDO READE TALKS TO HER ABOUT TERROR, THE MEDIA AND REBEKAH WADE

Two things became clear to me when I listened to the recording of my interview with Shami Chakrabarti. Firstly the fact that on a dictaphone I sound like a knob, but more interestingly, the eloquence of a woman who has emerged as one of Britain's most important political commentators.

Shami Chakrabarti currently holds a host of honorary positions: she is the Chancellor of Oxford Brookes, a visiting fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford, Court of Governor of the LSE, Master of the Bench of Middle Temple and director of Liberty. These honours, accorded to a thirty-nine year old, are impressive, but it has been her articulate antithesis to New Labour's domestic policies which has been most remarkable. In spite of this, she has attracted much personal criticism, including allegations of sanctimony.

I spoke to her just before her debate at the Cambridge Union last term. We sat in the Union bar, the garrulous regulars. The proposition was 'This House Believes That The War on Terror Has Become An Assault on British Justice'. She was joined by Phillippe Sands QC and Hannah Perry, secretary of Amnesty International. Opposing her was Douglas Murray, author of *Neoconservatism: Why We Need It*, and two resident Union sophists. I imagine that had I attended the debate (I would first have had to join the Union) it would have staged an amusing ethical dilemma, inviting celebratory pacifists to pound an ostensibly unobjectionable motion home against an Etonian neoconservative. So, I attempted to provoke a pre-debate-debate. In the spirit of things I offered up some criticisms of Liberty.

Set up in 1934, Liberty (also known as the National Council for Civil Liberties) counted among its founding members prominent Labour figures Clement Attlee, Aneurin Bevan, J.B. Priestley and George Orwell. I wondered, did this strong Labour heritage not complicate Liberty's status as an apolitical organization?

She disagreed, adding that as governments are always the ones who have the greatest opportunity to do wicked things, Liberty has always been committed to cross-party campaigns, to draw people together from across the political spectrum. The forty-two days campaign attracted "very brave rebels" in the Labour party, including Frank Dobson and Diane Abbott, as well as "brilliant speeches" from Conservative politicians Damian Green and David Davis.

Liberty's human-rights website claims to be "the conscience of the nation". I ask her whether this was not dangerously subjective. "It's grandiose. We wouldn't claim that for anything other than our issues. We don't have direct power, so we have to prick conscience." It had become apparent that, without any effectively articulated opposition, no debate could take place. So I relented in my feeble provocations and she allowed me to pick her brains gently.

I ask her what is it about the war of terror that she objects to. On a most basic level, it is the name. "The war

to be much violence from me." Who is, then, the most dangerous woman in Britain? "I don't know. I haven't met her?" Rebekah Wade? "I have met her... no."

It must be awkward, I supposed, depending on the media to reach the widest audience and, at the same time, having to monitor it. "We need them to give us a voice and access to the public. But not at the expense of looking away from the disenfranchised." But such exposure to the media has attracted all kinds of criticisms, not to mention personal attacks. "Sticks and stones. You only encourage that if you do silly things like parade your children in the media. I'm not going out with a footballer."

One of Liberty's initial functions was to monitor the policing of protests, so I ask her how optimistic she feels about the ability to protest against the Labour government. "It's bizarre, the circularity of things. Increasingly we've had to do much of that. We didn't do it to be cute, it was proving necessary. Peaceful protesters were being hit by terror laws, and

"TONY BLAIR DID THINGS THAT I NEVER EXPECTED WOULD HAPPEN IN BRITAIN IN MY LIFETIME."

on terror is a brilliant Bush slogan... a devilish one. And it has led to a policy of permanent exception. Terrorism, terror, fear, has always been a factor in human existence. Threats change and you have to respond to them. But war is not usually permanent." She continues, "We are used to making certain sacrifices in wartime: rationing, ID cards, curfews... but a war on terror would have to be permanent." So, what would she have it be called? "It should be a struggle against terrorism, against political violence and its causes." Not quite so catchy.

"What's wrong is using the language of war in the context of something which is actually criminality. We abandon all rules of engagement. And it allows terrorists to call themselves soldiers. So we sacrifice our ideological antidote to whatever it is that al-Qaeda is. They are common criminals." So what is the effect of employing the rhetoric of a war against them? "It allows them the legitimacy, the imprimatur, they always want. You saw that in the troubles in Ireland: the paramilitaries on both sides wanted to be treated as prisoners of conscience. So the war on terror fails on bleeding-heart liberal grounds as well as on hawkish grounds."

She has been described by a commentator in *The Sun* as "the most dangerous woman in Britain". I added, perhaps a little sycophantically, that this seemed to me a little bit optimistic. "I'd be delighted if it were true, because it would make Britain a very safe place. What would I do? A witty riposte or a very boring speech. I'd bore them to death. There's not going

people were getting arrested for reading out the names of dead soldiers at the Cenotaph."

Failing to find a less inappropriate metaphor, I ask her whether it ever feels as if she's banging her head against a brick wall? "No. That's the nature of humanity, democracy. Each generation has to fight its own battles, has to discover why these things matter so much. Forgive me for quoting Martin Luther King: 'The arc of history is a long one, but it bends towards justice'. To some extent the British public has woken up." She continues "I was speaking to the German Ambassador recently, and in Germany they take every camera very seriously, they take their personal privacy very seriously. And that's because we haven't really been oppressed."

Apart from the Normans. "Apart from the Normans. But recently, it's been a really tough time. But out of it there'll be a reawakening. That's why I'm here. Tony Blair said that the rules of the game are changing. And they have. He did things that I never expected would happen in Britain in my lifetime. This is why we need media exposure. Because we've been saying things that other people weren't saying. Difficult things."

And maybe, that need for media exposure to enable unobjectionable ends justifies my lack of resistance, and my willful insertion of large chunks of direct speech. It seems that the lack of palpable grounds for objection, and the lack of evidence of any misdemeanors, is what people really have objected to. And that's just crazy.



Liberty X

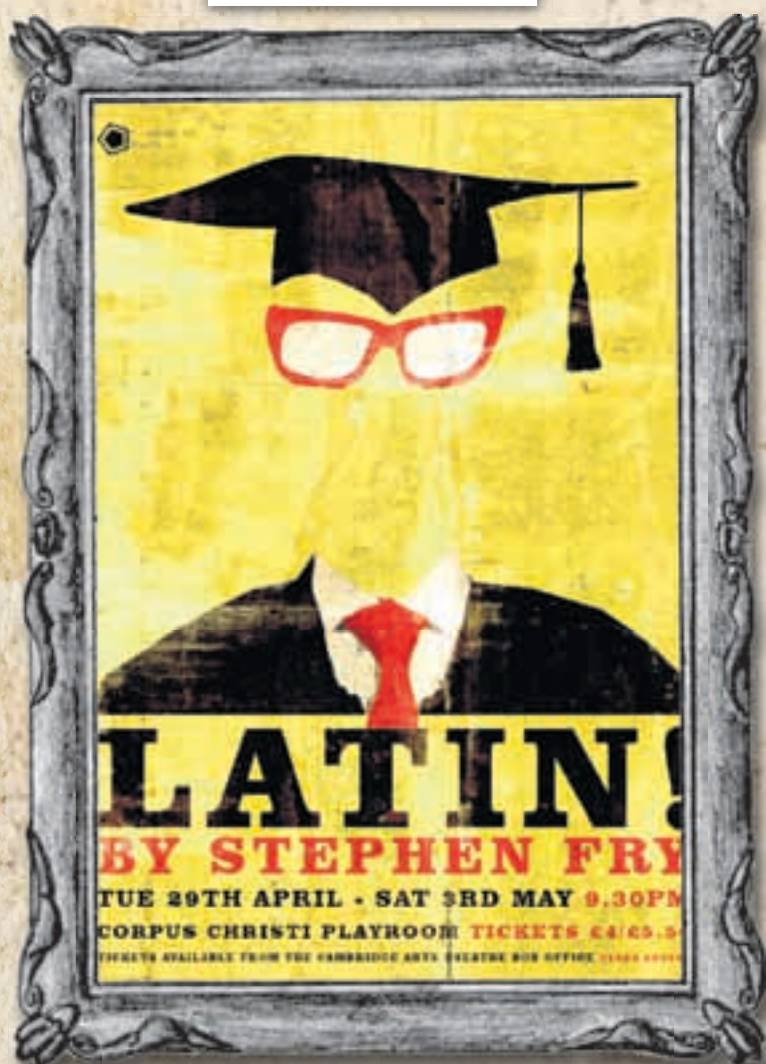
1996	Shami joins the Home Office as a barrister.
2001	Joins Liberty the day before 9/11.
2003	Becomes Director of Liberty
2006	Comes second to Jamie Oliver in Channel 4's 'Most Inspiring Political Figure' award.
2007	Awarded a CBE.
2008	Made Chancellor of Oxford Brookes University.

GODFATHER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): "Ah," say Alice and Richard. "you must be Professor Cambridge. In that case, we would like you to go and intimidate the young hoodlums down at the Law Fac." »p24 You agree, unconditionally. As a soulless twat, you'd love to smash that bunch of do-gooding idealists. »p25 You disagree – at least the protestors are doing something. Why don't Alice and Richard go themselves?

Designs of the Times

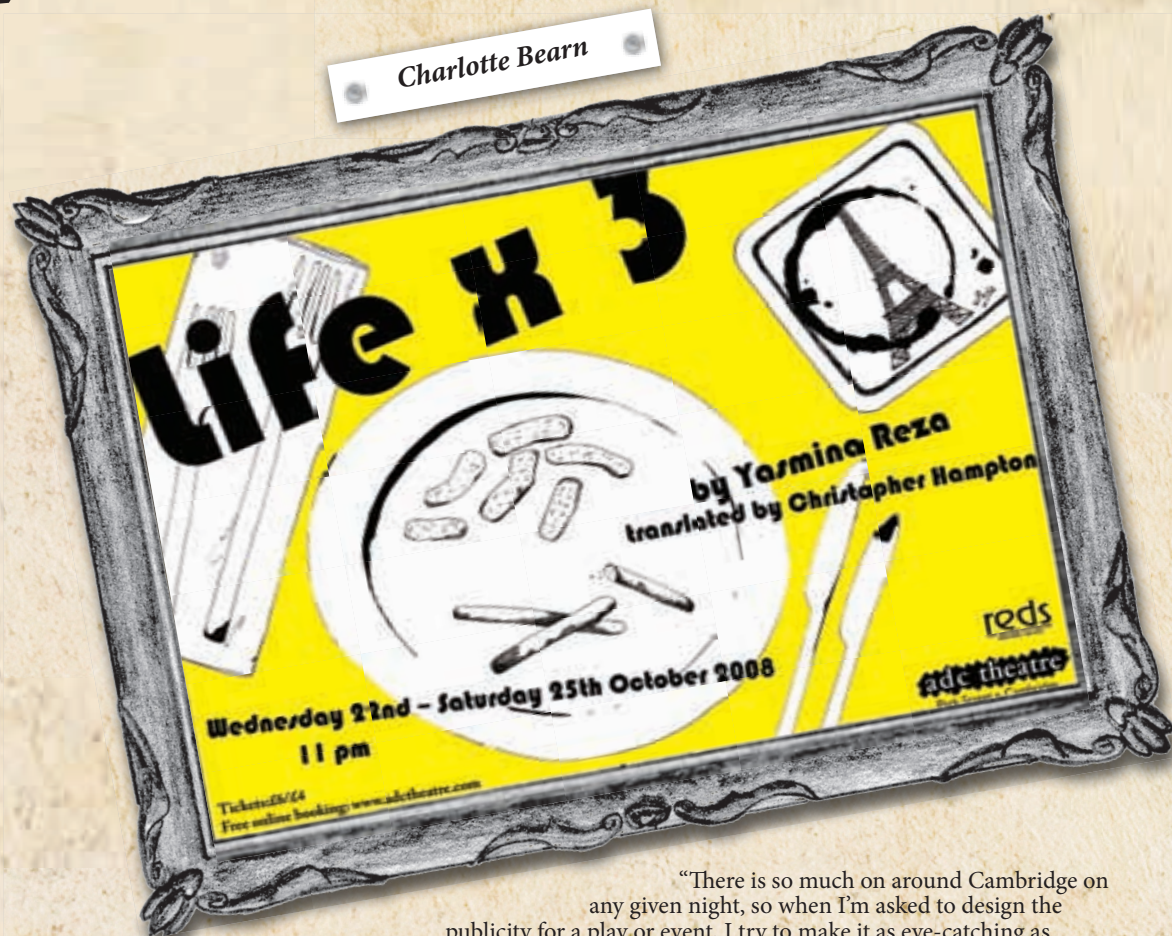
The unsung heroes of graphic design who enhance Cambridge's visual landscape share their thoughts on some of the best promotional material of recent years

Patrick Kingsley



"I'd wanted to do a kind of Buñuel-themed Wild West poster for quite some time, so when James Moran asked me if I wanted to design the poster for *Latin!*, a play by Stephen Fry, I thought: 'This is my chance!' I was quite pleased with it: Clarendon is one of my favourite fonts and I loved the scuzzy texture and the surreal face. Unfortunately James hated it, and so the finished article ended up looking completely different. He was probably right – thematically speaking, this poster doesn't have much to do with the brief I was given, which was 'paedophilic teachers' – but I'd still like to use it for something."

Charlotte Bearn



"There is so much on around Cambridge on any given night, so when I'm asked to design the publicity for a play or event, I try to make it as eye-catching as possible. I think these designs work well because they are bright and attention-grabbing, and playful too. This last bit is very important: from my experience, aside from well-known plays, Cambridge students are far more likely to go and see a play they don't know much about if they think it's funny, or a little bit rude. Light-hearted sells, and sells out; and I suppose that's why these designs are all quite illustrative in style. This design, for *Life x 3*, is lively and suggestive of a wine-fuelled evening in Paris."

Dylan Spencer-Davidson



"I hardly ever still like a flyer or poster a year after making it; this one is probably the only exception. I think it manages to convey quite a lot of what Rob was trying to do with the play. The concept is based around the perforation in the middle, which invites you to rip apart the two protagonists and break the red ampersand which is connecting their heads, lips and eyes. The flyer then works as two independent halves: you have a Romeo half and a Juliet half. The portraits show Romeo and Juliet as naked and vulnerable teenagers, staring into each other's eyes (you can make them kiss if you bend the flyer together). The title typography was written by Alastair (playing Romeo) and Lizzie (Juliet) respectively. The play sold out, even with added matinees, and the ADC referred to the publicity in its mailing list: 'This already promises to be one of the highlights of the theatrical year, and is creating a real buzz around Cambridge. Perhaps you too have already succumbed to the moreish pleasure of the production's serrated flyers...'"

“The publicity for *Follies* was unusual in that it developed from the image of the showgirl, which I submitted when applying for the post of publicist. The mirror and bulbs came a lot later. The idea behind the *Follies* publicity was to get a sense of past glamour that has now decayed. While the bulbs and mirror capture this most obviously, the idea of the girl looking over her shoulder was also a reference to looking back at the past. I think the bulbs turned out well after some computer trickery and, as with most posters that include a person's face, the girl's eyes catch our own. In general however I prefer posters that are more simple and crisp. I think my work for *Follies* was perhaps a little overworked, as a consequence of piecing together the different elements over time, rather than having a coherent design at the beginning.”



Catherine Nairn

“This piece is for the upcoming production of *Waiting for Godot*. For theatre posters I'll always try and incorporate some of the major symbols of the play/production whilst creating as visually interesting and unified image as possible. Thus in this production the tree and passing time are two of the core themes. It is important your design is sufficiently different to what's gone before whilst still including some of the imagery that people may already be familiar with or associate with the show. The most important thing I've learnt about graphic design at Cambridge is that the senior figure in whatever you are promoting will have their own ideas about how a poster should look and often your creative input is limited – it is more about doing something that you are not ashamed to put your name to but ultimately that the person on top is happy with.”

Ben King



Dmitriy Mylenikov



“After considering the need to be eye-catching and to communicate ideas about the show, I have to ensure that the poster works as a piece of art in order to give an impression that the show will be of a similar high artistically standard. I have been a portrait artist for a number of years; when I paint a portrait I like to break down a face into shapes with solid edges - I paint in strong brush strokes with very solid edges, and this has infiltrated my design work. The Cement Garden poster is one of my favourites because of the use of outlines against solid colour, which draw attention to the intricacy of the shapes in the woman's body. Outlines make us look at shapes in a new way; we are so used to seeing things in real life that we don't notice what shapes they are made up of.”

Rebecca Pitt



“This is a poster for *Hecuba* that was on at the Corpus Playroom last term around Halloween. Oscar Toeman, the director, wanted the publicity to capture the tragic and violent spirit of Euripides' text (it is one devastating play), without revealing much of the plot, or linking it to a specific historical context. So, after a huge amount of bouncing ideas, we settled on this abstract design with a bloody silhouette, simple colour scheme and neutral sans serif typefaces. Unfortunately, something went wrong at the printers, and the reds turned out much darker than it was intended, but I still think it worked well to match the production's gloomy aesthetic.”

Seismic with laughter

AS FORMER FOOTLIGHTS COMEDIAN NICK MOHAMMED PREPARES TO RETURN TO THE ADC ON TUESDAY, HE TALKS TO JOEL MASSEY ABOUT DURHAM, CHARACTER COMEDY, AND ... ER ... THAT UNFINISHED SEISMOLOGY PHD

NICK MOHAMMED likes to spell his name in block capitals. As if that wasn't enough, he also has a highly distinctive brand of character-based comedy and is one of the most promising recent Footlights exports. Oh, and he's on at the ADC this Tuesday.

I catch Nick on a break from filming. He's working on a revival of the classic 70's sitcom *The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin* to be broadcast on BBC Two later this year. The show documents the life of Reggie (played by Martin Clunes of *Men Behaving Badly* fame), a middle-aged businessman driven mad by the monotony of modern life. During the interview I hear some commotion and giggling from outside. "Sorry Joel, the cast are just taking the piss out of me for doing an interview." An interview with *Varsity*, a source of mockery, what an outlandish thought. Martin Clunes, how dare you.

Despite the interruption, I manage to get the conversation back on track. Nick is returning to Cambridge this Tuesday with his critically acclaimed Edinburgh show, 'NICK MOHAMMED is a character comedian'. Whereas most stand-ups masquerade as themselves on stage ("I'm so-and-so and last Tuesday I..."), Nick offers something quite different. "Essentially it's just me playing lots of different characters," he tells me. "I'm never

myself on stage, never not in character."

Nick's characters are not fictional; they are genuine impressions. However, he does not rely on the usual staples of impersonation, the likes of Blair and Bush. "I impersonate not famous people but just people I see on the train, my friends, teachers from school and even lecturers from when I was at Cambridge." Portraying a plethora of characters in a tight one-hour slot presents serious challenges. "I'd love to do it on TV, to get into proper make-up and costume. But as it's live I have to change characters instantly. I need to get the physicality and the voice exactly right."

I decide to press Nick on how against-the-grain his style of comedy is. "I wouldn't say it's unique. There are some famous character comedians, like Sacha Baron Cohen with Ali G and Borat. But there aren't many people doing it live. The London comedy circuit is dominated by the comedy club format, a guy with a mic, an informal atmosphere and a bar at the back. What I do is more theatrical."

Nick first nurtured his impersonating skills as far back as when he was at school. "It started with just messing around in class. One of my characters is a camp, Northern bloke who taught me when I was fourteen." When Nick arrived in Cambridge he developed his style further. "Two of the charac-

ters in my show, the weatherman and the conductor, were first performed in Footlights Smokers."

Nick arrived in Cambridge, having received a first degree at Durham, to tackle a PhD in Seismology. Before long he started to prefer comedy to earthquakes. "After doing some Smokers I was just hooked. In the end, Footlights made me quit my PhD." Was Footlights a better training ground than the Durham Revue? "Absolutely. Durham was so cliquey. They had one audition at the start of the academic year to determine who would be in it for the whole year, and if you weren't already friends with them you wouldn't get in. They also had only one show a term, so all their eggs were in one basket. I know all these clubs can become cliquey, but at Footlights, with Smokers, the Pantomime, the Spring Revue, the Harry Porter Prize and the Tour Show, there's just so much opportunity. The Smokers are key – there's no better way to improve than to write something every two weeks."

Nick is happy to wax lyrical about Footlights, but I want to know if he felt there were any disadvantages in coming from the club. "I don't think so. People say it's a double-edged sword, but it's not. I suppose when you're starting out you can get reviews saying 'you'd have thought the group behind Stephen Fry would have



VANESSA WHYTE

produced someone better'. People forget that even the likes of Stephen Fry weren't perfect at 19 or 20, everyone learns by writing and giggling more and more. It's not the name that

makes the people, but the other way round."

'NICK MOHAMMED is a character comedian' is on at the ADC Theatre this Tuesday at 11pm.

Franz find a new way

REPORTING FROM A PRESS CONFERENCE WITH THE BAND, PAUL SMITH SHARES SOME INSIGHTS ABOUT THE MAKING OF FRANZ FERDINAND'S LATEST, MOST 'MENACING' ALBUM

No animals were harmed in the making of Franz Ferdinand's new record, although a human skeleton was used for some percussive effects. "Just in a very small way, it didn't play a major role," Alex Kapranos reassures. "We found it in a box at an auction."

Drummer Paul Thompson excitedly interrupts: "We did an interview in Paris and the journalist asked if we went to a graveyard and dug it up."

Three and a half years since the release of their last record, the lads are back with *Tonight: Franz Ferdinand*, and are still finding inspiration from (literally) underground sources.

Fans expecting another anthem like 'Take Me Out' or a jaunty 'Do You Want To' may be disappointed, as their new release, while still firmly rooted on the dance floor, is darkly underpinned by dirty grooves and menacing synthesisers, which feature heavily, for example, on current single 'Ulysses'. Alex explains the song's classical inspiration: "You can read it now



two and a half thousand years later and empathise with this character who is lost and feels he is never going home. There are always times in life when you feel like that and certainly when you're in a band. But if you let that get you down it's a disaster. We treat it as an adventure and something to be embraced."

When they played with one of Damon Albarn's projects last year, rumours that Franz had 'turned afrobeat' were rife: "We tried to do as few interviews as possible when writing the album, but when we did, things all got blown out of proportion," notes Alex.

"We came off stage after Africa Express and did an interview with a guy who asked, 'Do you like African music?' We said, 'Of course we do!', and that series of Chinese whispers became 'Franz to make African album'."

Scrapped sessions with pop geniuses Xenomania also made headlines and provoked speculation of another

change in musical direction. When asked what they got out of the ill-fated sessions, Alex notes: "Xenomania have an amazing work ethic, and after spending a few days with them we went away and worked harder." This graft is highly noticeable on the record, which contains some of their most ambitious material to date.

'Lucid Dream', which was released as a download last summer, reappears, remixed, reworked and expanded into an eight-minute electronic monster: "When we were putting the record together we wanted to have the dynamic of a night out and 'Lucid Dreams' really had that climax."

Alex views the album as a full body of work. "It's patronising to think your audience doesn't have the stamina to listen to more than three minutes of music. You've got to have more respect for them than that. I do see it as being a complete album, as a lot of work goes into the arrangement of tracklistings. It's like making

a compilation for somebody: You can tell how much [they] love you by listening to how they've put it together."

Franz Ferdinand haven't just written a *tour de force* of electronic grooves, though, as certain songs see Alex exploring his more sensitive side: "Both 'Katherine Kiss Me' and 'No You Girls' are about kissing somebody for the first time and how we recall big emotional events in our lives in different ways. 'No You Girls' is sung like an anecdote to friends in the pub [when] you try and exaggerate something."

"When I tell friends' stories things become a lot more glamorous than they were, but that's human nature, whereas 'Katherine' is about recalling some event and you can remember how vulnerable you felt and how it wasn't as emotionally rewarding as it should have been."

Tonight, on the other hand, is as rewarding as expected, and 2009 looks set to be a momentous year for our favourite Glaswegian archdukes.

GODFATHER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): "Vice Chancellors Alice and Richard," you respond, "I hereby offer you 100g of my most-prized Stilton. In return, all I ask is that you rename Murray Edwards College after my local music emporium." Surprisingly, Alice and Richard agree – perhaps they just really love cheese – and from henceforth Murray Edwards College is known as Zavvi Records. They go bust shortly afterwards.

Reasons to be Cheerful

GAZA, THE RECESSION, JONATHAN ROSS BACK ON THE BBC. THERE ARE MANY REASONS NOT TO FEEL OPTIMISTIC RIGHT NOW. NOT SO FOR LAURENCE SHORTER. HIS NEW BOOK SHOWS HOW TO LOCATE THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE, AS MOYA SARNER DISCOVERS

Laurence Shorter has a cold. This is not good news; he's got to be in Canada next week to promote his new book, *The Optimist: One Man's Search for the Brighter Side of Life*. So he must feel mucus-ridden, miserable, and bitter, right? Wrong. "I'm a little under the weather," he tells me, "but that's just a consequence of it being winter time, you know?" That's what he calls optimism.

Shorter developed this outlook whilst researching and writing *The Optimist*. Three years ago, at the age of 35, he was going through a kind of mid-life crisis. He was in a funk; the news, his personal life, and his career as a freelance business consultant were getting him down, and he found himself asking the question, "Why should I get out of bed?" "I wanted the motivation, that energy and purpose that some people have and I didn't. How the hell does Richard Branson get up at 6am with a spring in his step? It's always baffled me... and somewhat annoyed me. Where do they get their optimism, their *joie de vivre*?" So he decided to travel the world, and embarked upon a "genuinely quixotic journey", punctuated with extraordinary adventures, "like a knight errant" on a quest for optimism, both in himself and in others.

Optimism is one of those words which, if you're a stickler for linguistic and philosophical precision, can really get your goat. It was originally coined by the philosopher Leibniz in the early eighteenth century in his work *Théodicée*, where he outlined his belief that this universe is the best it can be: optimism, from the Latin *optimus*. This definition was soon distorted; satirized by Voltaire in *Candide*, optimism later came to reflect nineteenth century society's preoccupation with progress: "it meant something about tomorrow; everything's going to be alright," Shorter explains. Soon, all caution and accuracy thrown to the wind, 'optimistic' became a catch-all adjective, referring to anyone who's generally bit perky. Shorter's conception

Ilbagiza, a survivor of the Rwandan genocide who, after spending three weeks hiding from the Hutu militia in a bathroom, then emerged more optimistic than before, "happy, light-hearted, and giggly". "At the beginning I wanted to talk to famous people, I was naturally attracted to them – and I wanted to sell my book," admits Shorter. "But I soon grew fascinated by real people who'd been through bad times; that's where the true optimism lies." Like the explorer whose helicopter crashed in the Antarctic Sea in the middle of the night, and who spent nine hours in freezing water, 1200 miles from the nearest human life. "It was his positive attitude that allowed him to survive; a mastery of the mind. Steve told me that during that nine-hour period, if he'd had one single negative thought it would have started a chain of anxiety and he wouldn't have made it; in that moment of danger and extremity there was no choice, he had to remain positive."

So can we all find that positive attitude, so as to grace the towering spires of Cambridge with the glimmer of light that can often seem all too lacking? Optimism is not the privilege of any particular class or religious bent, Shorter asserts; it is a deeply democratic concept, and available to anyone who decides to find it: "I've become much more of an optimist having made that decision. It's not a predisposition, nor is it genetically determined; we have the power to observe

not an optimist, you compound that pain with your own thoughts and negativity: 'Oh, this is miserable, this is really crap.'"

This is what we can learn from both Buddhism and cognitive therapy, Shorter argues. The 2500-year-old beliefs and the techniques of a psychological therapeutic practice that started in the 1960s both encourage the re-evaluation of our

Most of the time we walk myopically through life, "seeing it through the lens of our own thoughts and beliefs. Some people argue that that is all there is. But there is also the pure, undiluted, physical reality of life". It's what my friend Dan discovered in an epiphany on the bus: he called it 'PURE EXPERIENCE'. Therein lies the path to optimism.

However, beware, Shorter warns, of the fake optimists, the George W. Bushes of this world. They have fallen victim to a twisted Leibnizian perversion, and subscribe to a "pathetic, over-optimistic perspective, that everything is going to be great, the market's going to keep going up, we just need to keep buying – that's the wrong kind of optimism, that's gambling". Shorter hopes to herald a new return to an era of

"real optimism...one that is worthy of our respect"; like that of Obama. His is "based on a faith in human nature, the belief that human beings at their best can make it. Obama's got it, and Bush hasn't." The true optimist's approach to the new presidency, according to Shorter, is not one of blind faith that he will fulfil all our hopes: "He will let us down, of course, being a human being – that's not pessimistic. Accept that he's not going to live up to everything he says he'll do, but hope that he makes the most of what can be achieved." Yes We Can – to a certain extent.

So there you have it. Optimism, and consequently happiness, are within your grasp: "It's about being content with whatever is. There are things that make you ecstatic – hormones, drugs – but when you decide to be happy with a pain in your leg or when feeling utterly exhausted, then you've got it. Optimism is accepting that life is not always optimal, is feeling cool with life not being good; when you feel like a turd warmed over and it doesn't bother you, then you're a real optimist".

One last question: "Is everything going to be alright?" He says: "It's already alright. And it always will be."

"THERE'S A BITTER WIND BLOWING DOWN YOUR JACKET. IT'S A PAIN IN THE NECK – LITERALLY – BUT IF YOU'RE NOT AN OPTIMIST, YOU COMPOUND THAT PAIN WITH YOUR OWN THOUGHTS AND NEGATIVITY"

takes us back to those Leibnizian roots – with a bit of a twist. For him, "It's about this, who we are now, being the optimum. The understanding that the present moment is totally perfect in its own way, because it's real. Not for any foolish or mystical reason other than this is what is, and it could not be any other way."

On his journey he met optimists from Mick Jagger to Imaculée

and change our patterns of thought, how we interpret reality." Those who truly accept reality free themselves from the constant struggle against it – it is that struggle, not the reality itself, Shorter believes, that saps our energy and causes our stress. "Like when you're walking down Kings' Parade, and there's a bitter wind blowing down your jacket. It's a pain in the neck – literally – but if you're

mental habits for interpreting what happens to us. Clinical psychologists have found that even manic depressives, by closely observing their own thought patterns, can improve their chemical or genetic depression to a remarkable degree. "If you examine your own reactions to and beliefs about reality, you see how you compound and create suffering in your own mind: the simple solution is to be aware of it."



GILES SMITH

GODFATHER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): Yup, cheddar = dosh. You name it: bread, lolly, wonga, fric – Alice and Richard know their money-based slang. But enough of that: what are you going to offer them? »p28 Make them an offer they can't refuse. »p22 Make them an offer they can refuse.

Round Up



George Reynolds tells us what's what in theatrical week 2

Get this. Just fucking get this. I now have 420 words, pretty much uncensored, to say WHATEVER I WANT about the Cambridge drama scene, a thing I have learned to hate after countless joyless hours in minor theatres watching minor actors do minor parts in minor plays and wondering if the leading lady would give me a hand crank in exchange for that elusive sixth star. Oh and there's been Shakespeare. Lots and lots of Shakespeare.

Technically, this is a Round Up. So let's round up: *Orfeo* (yawn), *Breakfast at Night* (hahaha), the first *Footlights Smoker* (haha), a *Churchill Amnesty Smoker* (ha). *Cosi Fan Tutte* was apparently very good, but you'll know that already if you read the review (dumbass). And there was a *Jesus Smoker*, which must have been nice for them.

Honestly, though, do catch *Breakfast at Night*: it's written by some very funny people that I've never met but that I like a lot, for some reason. And Good Lord, it's got a huge cast full of all sorts of amusing Footlights-y types. And, irritatingly, Lucy Evans. Not because she irritates me, but just because I wanted to make a joke about this being the first week in living memory that she hasn't been on at the ADC. But she is. So I can't say that. Anyway: if "GRAPHIC HORROR" (note spoooooooooky capitals) is your thing, then go and see *Macbeth* at Christ's. Just remember - there's probably a reason he didn't get to put it on at the ADC.

Um um um - looking into my crystal ball(s) further ahead in term, *42nd Street* should provide a good night out, even for those who aren't gay or tap-dancers (very few tap-dancing gays, funnily enough - they're almost mutually exclusive). And despite some truly dodgy publicity, in which the Statue of Liberty looks like one of those RSPCA "Make Child Abuse STOP" kids, *Death of a Salesman* could be fun. Or total wank. It's up in the air, really. But my girlfriend's in both so go and see them and say nice things.

Gratuitous plugs aside, I'm left to enthuse about *The Spanish Tragedy*, in which a guy bites off his own tongue, and *Waiting For Godot*, in which monkeys take over the world (I'm just kidding. NOTHING happens). And that's my round-up rounded-up, actually. Which is a shame, because I didn't really get to talk about the many problems of Cambridge theatre. Next time, maybe, next time. Byeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

THEATRE

Orfeo by Claudio Monteverdi
ADC Theatre, January 27th-31st
Dir. Francis Knights; CU Baroque Ensemble & Fitzwilliam Chamber Opera
★★★★★

Opera, in the hands of its masters, is the greatest art form of them all. And it all dates back, so the legend goes, to Monteverdi and *Orfeo*. Though not quite the oldest, *Orfeo* remains one of the earliest operas of which we are aware. Two years ago, it celebrated its four-hundredth birthday. It isn't opera in the clichéd, cartoon sense. What we have instead is a piece of light entertainment, albeit one with a moral (self-restraint is a virtue to be cherished).

Typically for an early opera, it's based on Greek myth. Orfeo is in love with Eurydice, who then dies. He bravely traipses off to the underworld, and is given the chance to lead her out from Hell on the sole condition that she follows behind him, so that he can't look at her. Predictably, that's exactly what he does, so Eurydice vanishes. All that is left is for Apollo, the Sun God, to descend from the sky, console his grieving son, and drift up with him into the stars.

Unfortunately, this production rarely makes it to entertainment. The brass fanfare that opens the work lacked any sort of drama, and was out of tune. Indeed, the playing of the University Baroque Ensemble left a lot to be desired throughout the evening. There was little rhythmic bite, cadences were regularly mistimed, and the offstage brass in Act 3 petered into half-life, woefully flat, as if nobody had brought them in.

The opening brass are followed by a prologue, in which Music waxes lyrical on the wonders of her art. Unfortunately, her acting was so wooden that it brought across no inkling that she believed in the power of music. This wasn't helped by the two on-stage accompanists roughly trying to hide their copies of sheet music as they departed the stage.

Act 1 saw the first dance (more accurately described as lopsided group hopping), and with it the mistimed

choreography that plagued the performance, especially in the final, moralising chorus, in which hand movements seemed to appear at random. We also glimpsed our first set: a garden backcloth which looked like it had come straight out of a children's fairytale, coupled with a solitary and none too convincing rock.

Set design issues continued after the interval. When Orfeo attempts to get past the guardian of Hades through the charm of his music, he sings in front of a zebra-patterned screen, with Charon's boat intermittently surrounded by a fug of smoke, so liberally applied that it cascaded into the orchestra pit.

There were also serious costume problems. Charon looked perturbingly like a cat thanks to his smeared face paint (and he fell asleep as if he was having a heart attack). Act 4 featured such hellish demons as a pig and a winged frog, both of whom wore masks that would not be out of place in a cheap fancy dress shop. Hades had all the menace of afternoon tea, not helped by the costume that made Pluto look like a sorcerer. The final act saw Apollo descend from the sky incrementally, preceded by a Rapunzelesque plume of yellow fabric, attached to a balloon basket that looked oddly like Wedgwood pottery. Hope shot a knowing look offstage as she struggled with the sheets.

On the singing front, Orfeo and the Messenger were in a class of their own, the latter bringing genuine stage presence which showed what was missing from the rest of the cast, who generally lacked both vocal power and emotional pull.

It can't be denied that a great deal of effort must have been put into this production, but it looks and feels faintly amateurish, lacking in imagination, giving the impression that it's being put on in a rural town hall. *David Allen*



TIM JONES



KATY KING

Footlights Smoker
ADC Theatre, January 27th
★★★★★

Footlights Smoker is not an easy thing to review. It is a one-off, so I can't warn you of things to look out for, or recommend attendance. It is an evening of subjective comedy, where failure to laugh is more likely to be a result of your imperviousness to the joke than the joke not being funny. And most concerning of all, taking notes during the performance causes people to think I am stealing material. Which of course I wouldn't do. So conspicuously.

In my short time at Cambridge I have been audience at three Footlights Smokers; this was the best yet.

Funnyman Keith Akushie opened the show, with a hilarious set re-living some old jokes: millennium bugs and Berlin walls. Akushie has a timeless charm about him as these jokes went down in

history as some of the best of the night.

But there was also mention of more recent affairs, something deep in everyone's hearts in which we cannot help but feel we should be involved; no, not the Middle Eastern conflict (although that was brought up) but the social networking phenomenon that is Facebook. At my count, Zuckerberg's baby got four different mentions in an hour, including a funny scene of a Facebook-rape crime. One in particular was great, a quick-witted and cleverly delivered poem about a computer and pornography – and my editor, sitting behind me, remarked out loud during the show that it was fantastic, so I wouldn't dare write anything else!

Other notable sketches include: a boy who tells "absurd but very specific lies" and then meets a wolf (geddit?); Lewis

Hamilton falling out with a friend due to incessant bragging about his wins; a birthday present of a watch that can stop time but just turns out to be a year-long social experiment; a song on the guitar full of sexual innuendos and a crude scene at the gynaecologist, vulgar enough to make you feel bad about laughing, but funny enough that you laugh nonetheless (and loudly at that).

The Footlights Committee (Roberts, Evans, Mullarkey, Johnson, Williams & co) feature in several original and punchy sketches each with word play aplenty to keep the punters like me happy. Example: "a tabloid newspaper... a politician... your turn, think of something that lies." "Erm, a snake?" "Why a snake, are you thinking of the Garden of Eden?" "No, just it's got no legs". Groan. *Lauren Davidson*

CAN'T WAIT TILL FRIDAY? BE THE FIRST TO READ THE REVIEWS ONLINE AT VARSITY.CO.UK/REVIEWS

Breakfast at Night

ADC Theatre, January 28th-31st

Written & dir. by Mathew Bulmer, Daran Johnson & Liam Williams

★★★★★

“What do you look for in new student writing,” I ask. “Something off-the-wall and very funny,” you say. Good, then go and see *Breakfast at Night*.

The ADC has been transformed into a live recording studio for Channel YES. (“That’s ‘yes’ as in ‘yes madam, I do want to...’”). The station is piloting a new show, *Breakfast at Night*, “the morning show for people who are not awake in the morning... as in night workers and dead people”. We are the live studio audience, watching to see if our three presenters (hurdling silver medallist Michael Middle, celebrity shagger Lucky Dorigo, and ugly-version-of-Russell-Brand-lookalike Ryan Alright) with their motley assortment of guests can hold it together for this tense pilot.

Every night a different stand-up opens the show with a warm-up act. The audi-

ence were in guffaw-mode as soon as Tom Williams trotted out with a graph comparing the names of apples with Texan prostitutes. “Golden Delicious, Granny Smith steaming ahead, not so much Braeburn, sounds more like something you’d get from a Texan prostitute”.

Soon the on-air sign lights up and the show begins in earnest. We are bombarded from the off with a high-octane flurry of ludicrous gags. These come largely from the strange Channel YES guests. Characters like Arthur Author reading an extract from his pun-filled new book: “I looked at her and she returned my gaze, I missed those gays since lending them to her last week,” celebrity chef Siamese twins Hugo and Hugo spouting pearls of culinary wisdom: “people say breakfast is the most important meal of the day, but what if every meal was the most

important meal of the day”; and a dog psychiatrist: “Britain is a nation of animal lovers, just look inside our kennels and you’ll see they’re full of dogs.”

The show is not confined to a dialogue-based format. A live band and an enormous chorus lend a welcome musical edge. My favourite number was ‘Who Did the Credit Crunch?’, particularly as the question (I think) doesn’t even make sense.

The show is not flawless. It drags a little near the end. Perhaps it could have been an hour instead of ninety minutes. However, dwelling on quibbles feels wrong with a play that is just so intoxicatingly silly. Ultimately, this is a comedy that will make you laugh, a lot. Oh, and the rumoured nudity is true – wait for the song ‘Bath Time with Professor Bubbles’.
Joel Massey



TIM JOHNS

Context



Week 3: One Night Stands

To some they sound like a lot of energy for not much satisfaction. I, however, love a good one night stand. Every other Tuesday, sandwiched between the weeks of Footlights Smokers, in the ADC Theatre sits a curious phenomenon which the theatre-going student population often overlook. In past years this solitary one-off showing has seen fantastic performances, often outshining the longer-running plays of that week. This term there are sadly no plays in the one night slots, replaced by comedy events and musical recitals. I have no qualms with a few extra comedy events in Cambridge; the night clearly lends itself well to this format. And I’m looking forward to returning Footlight Nick Mohammed’s (pictured above) award-winning show next Tuesday. But I worry this reflects the lack of interest in one-off theatrical performances which have the potential to be so daring, fun and above all, risky. What happened to the one night stand?

You have to look back to Michaelmas 2006 to find the true glory days of the single show format. I’d just arrived in Cambridge and was thrilled to find the slot regularly filled by new writing and off-the-wall shows. *A State Affair*, on early that term, was a fantastic piece of drama based on real-life interviews and events, detailing the murder of playwright Andrea Burner who was beaten to death by her husband in 1990. There was something so powerful about this verbatim piece of theatre being performed only once – it made the interviews seem that much more powerful; that much more live; that much more real.

That term also saw a single performance of *Krapp’s Last Tape*, one of Samuel Beckett’s greatest plays in which a man tries to make sense of his life, past and present, by recording all of his memories and experiences. With the exception of the wonderful *Scaramouche Jones* in the Corpus Playroom last term, the tradition of the one-hander seems all but dead in Cambridge.

Of course the one-night slot should also be the place where new writing is premiered and tested. *What’s the Story Morning Glory* (Michaelmas 2006) and *Waiting for Guagua* (Lent 2007) are two fine examples of original student shows which have seen success in this format.

The one-night stand is something that should be celebrated. I challenge anyone who saw *Little Malcolm and his Struggle Against the Eunuchs* last year to disagree (no whining about the length please!). Next time you are struggling to find the humour in tedious, Tuesday night improvised comedy, remember these one-off theatrical gems. And if you have a crazy idea for a show which might work in the one-night format, consider applying to the ADC. Hey, I’ll try anything once. *Tim Checkley*

Così fan tutte by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Great St. Mary’s Church, January 22nd & 23rd

Dir. Jack Furness; & Shadwell Opera & Gonville & Caius Music Society

★★★★★

This new production of Mozart’s comic opera at Great Saint Mary’s Church is, in no uncertain terms, a triumph.

Two brightly-coloured and vaguely trippy screens stood in the nave and acted as a composite backdrop. One was of King’s College Chapel and the other of an old gnarly tree-trunk with lovers’ initials carved into the purple bark. Goodbye 18th-century Naples; hello swinging Cambridge.

Conductor Aidan Coburn glided elegantly down the centre-isle and struck up the impressive orchestra. Transitive and poised, the house lights were snapped off one by one and Mozart’s beautiful, soaring score lilted into view. Galloping and flighty, delicate trills skip from the violin and are echoed by the flutes and oboes. The orchestra was fantastic.

Enter Guglielmo, Ferrando and Don

Alfonso who are, thanks to a rather authentic and familiar-looking sign, having a few beers in, well, the Maypole. Young bucks Guglielmo and Ferrando are regaling each other with stories about how faithful their girlfriends are. However, when the more cynical Don Alfonso throws in his two pennies’ worth, a diabolical wager is proposed and the plot gets going.

Tenor Tom Cockett fills Ferrando’s slacks and is quite simply excellent. His voice is superb. Clear and heartfelt, the silliness of this farcical comedy is tenderly and intelligently cut through with his more pensive and serious arias. Praise must also go to Edward Ballard (Guglielmo) and Edward de Minckwitz (Don Alfonso) who were equally magnetic singers.

The girls, played by Jo Songi (Fiordil-

igi) and Lucy Roberts (Dorabella) easily match the boys for vocal ability. Songi’s voice has a clarity and roundness of tone that made her arias just patently beautiful. Roberts is also a hit. Her pretty smile and giggly tottering as the girls lay the picnic in the second scene captured Fiordiligi’s caricature in a handful of elegant and effortless brushstrokes.

Okay, so the set was rickety as hell, the costumes were simply appalling and there was a veritable ton of wobbles and scrapes that came bustling through the back-curtain and from the wings. All this did, however, was reinforce the production’s principal achievement: its irrefutable charm. Such was the wit and class of the piece (and the performers) that it didn’t need any delusions of appearing slick or polished.

Nathan Brooker



TIM JONES

Jesus Smoker

Coleridge Room, Jesus College, January 22nd

★★★★★

Stand-up nights always scare me a little. I worry for the comedians that they will be met by a sea of blank, bored faces. I worry for the audience that they will feel awkward during hideously unfunny moments. And I worry that I will be torn out of the idyllic anonymity of the back row. As soon as I heard that the evening’s compère had, at the eleventh hour, been changed to the unsuspecting Lucien Young (pictured right), I started to shift about uneasily.

Suddenly, Liam Williams appeared on the stage and, like a dose of Bach’s Rescue Remedy, propelled all anxiety far away. His buoyant resilience and unshakeable wit put me at ease instantly. He seemed to have a bottomless treasure chest of Cantabrigian jokes and gags that had the audience falling about in no time: only in

Cambridge, does a nightclub (Life) feel the need to masquerade as a bookshop (Waterstone’s) in order to entice punters in. His imitations of rugby lads on a night out and extreme, unswerving, yet much appreciated, flattery of *Varsity* critics, hit just the right note and set the evening off to a tremendous start.

Phil Wang and Keith Akushie were two more highlights of the evening. Trusting in their comic ability, the audience loosened up and settled down to enjoy their constant stream of fast paced humorous quips and tales. Like Williams, they seemed spontaneous yet perfectly at ease and well prepared. The other stand up comedians were also pretty good; their acts were not as slick or sharp but they were respectable student comics.

Those who ventured into the realms

of sketches and poems, on an evening so dominated by stand-up, did so bravely. Simon Haines and Mark Fiddaman’s off-the-wall seagull sketch was entertaining enough, but perhaps having separate events for stand-up and sketches would work better, to allow the audience time to appreciate the different styles and paces.

Comedy can be so hit and miss. In many respects the comfortably inebriated Cambridge student crowd is a very forgiving audience; they miss awkward moments and their high spirits keep them tittering throughout. On the other hand, they have paid and given up an evening to come, and they want to be damn well entertained. What an intimidating scene; I take my hat off to all the Cambridge comedians out there.
Victoria Ball



SEAN JONES

iWatch

Week 3: Explore, from Patagonia to the Pampas, Tuesday 9pm, available at iPlayer.



For a greedy guts like me, the buffet appears to be a wining dining style. Instead of making hard choices about which one thing you want a lot of, you can indulge in a little bit of everything. This logic seems flawless, until it transpires that each mini portion is more tantalising than satisfying, and you finish the meal wishing that you had instead concentrated your efforts into enjoying one particular dish.

This principle could have been well applied to the BBC's new travel programme, *Explore*. This week's miscellaneous hotchpotch covered Argentina by trying to fit eight potentially interesting documentaries into a single brain-dead one. We started with the trans Patagonia railway, before seeing some global warming in action at the glaciers, only to be abruptly whisked off to meet Argentina's biggest landowners. Then followed a wacky priest, a penguin fancier, a bit of history, a fashion designer, shanty towns, football, *Evita*, more history lessons, Boca Juniors, cowboys and last, but certainly not least, soy farming. This is travel television for the MTV generation; "here's something, here's another thing, getting bored? We'll just change the subject before you change the channel!". Increasingly, our TV programmes seem to be made by the same nine year old child with a sugar high and ADD.

Explore is brought to us by three highly presentable presenters who look young enough to have been given the job on their gap year. Second possibly to being a professional cake taster, this must be the most enjoyable job in the world. However, sitting in my student digs on a rainy English afternoon watching an irksome Christian Bale lookalike bounce around Argentina evokes the same pathetic envy as watching porn: it's as if the male lead is specifically taunting you "I'm in this country, are you in a country?"

A good reason for seeing out this mediocre episode is the last ten minutes, an all-too-short glimpse of the plight of the rural poor of the Pampas. Soy production for European cattle has sent vast swathes of the countryside into unemployment, and footage reminiscent of the American dust bowl served as a salutary reminder of the severity of globalisation. Seemingly harmless changes in European meat production have lead to desperate suffering in Argentine towns whose names we will never even know.

Rob Peal

MUSIC

Tonight: Franz Ferdinand
Franz Ferdinand
Domino, out now

★★★★★

I've never been a huge fan of Franz Ferdinand. It's a mystery: I like guitar bands, I like art-rock, I like a reasonable proportion of the people *NME* put on their front cover, and still Franz just don't do it for me. To be honest, I spent last week looking forward to Bruce Springsteen's new album. But that was last week. Because this week I've heard *Tonight*, and I think I get it now.

Tonight: Franz Ferdinand is a concept album which tells the story of a night out. And what better a metaphor to use on such a record than a Greek hero who spent ten years returning from the Trojan War. You have to hand it to them, Franz Ferdinand have a very special way



with words. 'Ulysses' is a brilliant opening number.

'Lucid Dreams' is absolutely lush,

and unrivalled on this album. When this was released a few months back it was a different beast (for starters the album version is more than twice as long as the original). It's been completely worked over for the album and I'm so pleased it has been. It was good before; now it's a gem.

'Katherine Kiss Me' is a little out of place at the end of this record, but it's there for a reason. Alex Kapranos described this song and 'No You Girls' as two different ways you can recall the same story depending on who you're telling it too. The concept becomes apparent after a few listens and once you've noticed it, it's brilliant. You feel like Kapranos has let you in on a little secret. Whilst everyone

else is getting the official party line (complete with spin), he's whispering in your ear how he really feels.

This album is more of a dance record than any Franz have released before. It's a welcome change for fans and for those who've never really warmed to them: these songs still sound like Franz Ferdinand, but they haven't let anything get stale. You can hear fresh influences in almost every track; this album sits comfortably amongst the releases from some of the most exciting, emerging acts of the past few months, in terms of both style and calibre. *Tonight* was not at all what I expected, but what good night out ever is?

Lucy Bryant

The Streets
The Junction 1
Tuesday January 27th

★★★★★

"You look like you're asleep!" roars Mike Skinner, pointing at an unfortunate spectator in the Corn Exchange balcony. "It's not Radiohead!"

The crowd laughs, but I cringe. Perhaps this is why I've never been a massive fan of the Streets. The geezer anthem 'Dry Your Eyes' drove me to despair, as did widespread belief Skinner was the saviour of British music, and I vividly remember making a hasty exit when he appeared at Radio One's Big Weekend in 2004.

Five years later, Skinner parades the stage in a Metallica T-shirt while Kevin Mark Trail provides vocal accompaniment to the title track of last year's album *Everything Is Borrowed*. An engaging 'Let's Push Things Forward' followed, climaxing in a mash up of the Prodigy's 'Out Of Space'. It made

for a rave-tastic opening, but any charm was quickly forfeited, with his tiresome attempts to rally the crowd with cries of "CAN YOU SEE ME? CAN YOU HEAR ME?" Like the Radiohead joke, his patronisingly slow voice, pronouncing every-single-syllable, (in the same tone you use giving tourists directions to the bus station) very quickly wore thin.

Luckily, crowd pleasers like 'Could Well Be In', 'Weak Become Heroes' and 'Has It Come To This' dominated the set, with the latter having a near-nostalgic effect. Can you believe it's nearly a decade since the release of *Original Pirate Material*? The only problem was the sound levels. A four piece band drowned out Skinner's storytelling, with his poetic references to KFC, JD Sports and the Artful Dodger strug-

gling to compete over the cacophony of bass, drums and synth. 'Never Went To Church' received one of the biggest reactions of the night, with Mark Trail tagging a solo rendition of Glasvegas's 'Daddy's Gone' onto the end.

'Blinded By The Lights' saw some eerie eyes projected on stage, before Skinner rather ingeniously invited the crowd to crouch down on the floor. Reaching a point where the infectiousness had won over even the toughest of reviewers, it was impossible to refuse in joining the mass squat. His attempt to strip Cambridge of its dignity even further, urging us to "Take your shirt off" during a thrilling encore of 'Fit But You Know It' was less enthusiastically received though. We're clearly more prudish than he reckoned.

Paul Smith



CUMC: Brahms and Beethoven
The Cappé Quartet, Clare Hennessey and Oskar McCarthy
Thursday January 22nd

★★★★★

The Cambridge University Music Club boasts Ralph Vaughan Williams and Sir David Willcocks amongst its former members, but one can only wonder what they would think of the audiences today. There were about thirty people dotted around the West Road Concert Hall last Thursday: sadly, chamber music has become a niche activity and would definitely only merit a half Blue, were viola players allowed to venture inside the Hawks' Club. The rest of you are missing out though: this was a stunning evening of Brahms's 'retro-1873' style and Beethoven's horny Sextet.

The Cappé Quartet immediately showed themselves to be an impressive ensemble and particularly pleasing was Adam Csenki's rare viola prominence in the musical texture. The rich chro-

maticism of the Andante moderato was finely tuned, and the dramatic tremolos heightened our expectation of what was to come. Charmingly poised, the Vivace of the third movement threw cascading arpeggios across the parts that were handled with technical fluency and musical grace. As was to be expected from four of the most talented male instrumentalists at the university, the first violin's heroic, if at times out of tune, melody was invigorated by the fizzing energy of the other players to provide a stirring climax to this quartet.

For the Beethoven, the boys were joined by Clare Hennessey and Oskar McCarthy in showing off the Old Master's horn-writing. The two bell-blowers filled the concert hall with a majestic sound and proved themselves



to more than match the string players. For the most part they flew through virtuosic semiquaver passages, although notes came to be muffled in places in the challenging lower

register. Overall, the players listened well and a noble balance between strings and horns was found. One of the most heavenly musical textures is a combination of French horns and cellos, and the subdued Adagio began in such a way. The beauty of this movement lay in what most music students would describe as 'fit' suspensions – as if Keira Knightley could remotely compare to a Beethovenian 9-8. The nimble NYO-ers romped to the end of the somewhat light-hearted sextet in style with booming hunting calls, skilfully accompanied by the quartet.

If you're looking for a jaw-dropping example of the finest music Cambridge has to offer then you could do worse than to head to a CUMC Chamber Music concert.

Andrew Browning

ART, FILM & LITERATURE



Valkyrie

Dir. Bryan Singer

Starring: Tom Cruise, Bill Nighy and Eddie Izzard

★★★★★

Basically *Ocean's Eleven* with swastikas, *Valkyrie* follows a group of German army officers in the Second World War, led by Cruise's Clauss von Stauffenberg, who attempted to assassinate Hitler and overthrow the Third Reich in 1944. Cruise is keen to call the film a 'suspense thriller', but really it's closer to a heist movie, albeit with more Nazis than you would typically expect. It follows the standard formula of plan/rehearse/execute/oh-dear, that will be familiar to pretty much everyone.

At some point, the director, Bryan Singer, would have been faced with the difficult prospect of casting a film full of Nazis. Should he go for German unknowns? Big Hollywood stars? Or perhaps just every available British classical actor, and, inexplicably, Eddie Izzard. Singer loves the English, so we end up with an ensemble cast of instantly rec-

ognisable acting royalty such as Terence Stamp, Kenneth Branagh, and the rest of the RSC. Although their performances are individually faultless, seeing so many famous faces on screen simultaneously can be a bit distracting, and it's easy to be pulled out of the action while wondering which *Pirates of the Caribbean* film you recognise General Olbricht from.

Having such a large cast also presents problems in terms of characterisation; with the exception of Stauffenberg, no-one is developed beyond a single-trait personality. There's the nervous one, the headstrong one, the clever one (in glasses), and that's about all we're given. No back-stories, no nuances, no motivations (other than just 'let's save Germany!'). Through all this, Cruise puts in a serviceable performance as the all-German hero Stauffenberg, and does a good job of looking both pouty and resolute while

wearing an eye-patch.

Singer makes the decision to let the actors use their normal voices, rather than putting on German accents or going all the way and using subtitles. While this prevents us from having to endure cringe-inducing impressions, it does produce slightly odd scenes of Hitler's war-cabinet sounding like a Senate House meeting. Singer also sensibly limits the roles of Goebbels, Himmler, and Hitler himself to small and unobtrusive cameos.

With Tom Cruise comes a big budget, and thankfully the sets, costumes and action sequences all benefit from a level of polish that makes *Valkyrie* a treat visually.

Overall, Singer gives us a solid and suspenseful film that is held back by an overly-large cast of poorly-drawn, but well shot, characters.

Tom Morris

Frost/Nixon

Dir. Ron Howard

Starring: Frank Langella, Michael Sheen and Kevin Bacon

★★★★★

Think back to a time before Obama. Think back to when the USA had a president so unscrupulous he enlisted a host of illegal tricks to get himself elected. Imagine, if you will, someone who waged dirty wars against his enemies at home and abroad in the cynical name of the national interest. And that the protection of his former office meant that he was never forced to admit.

You don't have to be Michael Moore to appreciate this film has a relevance that goes beyond the tiresome ubiquity of the suffix '-gate'. But *Frost/Nixon* is a film based on a play based on a thirty-year old TV interview in which an admission of guilt-by-facial-expression was claimed as the biggest victory. At this many degrees of removal from anything resembling

political scandal, you might yet wonder how this production has the temerity to demand two hours of your time. The film shares the same worries, although it pulls it off so smoothly as to hardly let on. Useful in importing a gravitas to the proceedings is the insertion of documentary-style conversations with the characters as themselves in later life. More forced are the attempts to symbolically entwine the fates of the snappy English talk-show host with those of the disgraced President, which has its final clunky culmination in the gift from Frost to Nixon of a pair of shoes. The adversarial structure of the film, pits them against each other with a tension so grave that by the time the hour of the interview is upon us, you expect a clash more

'Rumble in the Jungle' than Richard and Judy. But the lead performances stand up to this scrutiny. Martin Sheen channels Tony Blair to remind us of a simpler time when TV personalities and politicians were distinguishable in their sleaziness. He makes us believe that a man with the hairstyle of David Frost could once have claimed the status of playboy; attracted to a woman because she can afford to turn down free champagne. Frank Langella in his Oscar-nominated portrayal of Nixon oozes contempt through a voice that seems to emanate from his sheer size as an actor, and not from anything so unbecoming as effort. His performance just might convince the people where his on-screen avatar failed.

Izzy Finkel



The University of Cambridge: An 800th Anniversary Portrait

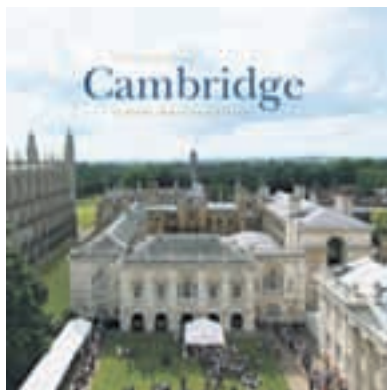
Ed. Peter Pagnamenta

Third Millennium Publishing, out now

★★★★★

The University's much-publicised 800th anniversary this year has spawned at least two celebratory volumes. One is CUSU's glorified graduate recruitment brochure (or doorstep, for the more practical), distributed to staff and students before Christmas; the other is this official 'commemorative' book, commissioned from Third Millennium Press by the University and edited by award-winning documentary-maker Peter Pagnamenta.

Chock-full of images and bursting with contributions from a veritable Who's Who of twentieth-century Cambridge alumni, Pagnamenta's book is entertaining, informative, and up-to-date. While it nods, with due reverence, to the past eight hundred years, it is not preoccupied with the events and traditions of the uni-



versity's past—to its credit, it is very much a portrait of the University as it exists today (even the photographs are extremely recent: look closely and you might spot yourself!).

I have read, with real curiosity, several books about the history of Cambridge, each time with the distinct feeling that I could only access the things I read about from a very great distance; even reading about the events and customs of university life over the course of the past century, I often can't help but feel as if I'm looking through a very narrow window into a place and a pattern with which I am completely unfamiliar. However, since this book focuses primarily on the University's modern face, it succeeds in portraying an institution and a population that any current student or other University figure will recognise immediately. Since the entity it describes is so familiar, this volume is truly a valuable souvenir of Cambridge in 2009; I am tempted (despite its high price)

to purchase it and store it away so that in fifty years' time I can enjoy immersion in a portrait of the place where I was educated.

With essays and other contributions by former students, current fellows, and everyone in between—to name a few, Peter Hall, Jonathan Miller, Jeremy Paxman, Sue Perkins, John Polkinghorne, Quentin Skinner and Simon Blackburn—this book is a thoughtful and studied attempt to conjure a sense of place at the turn of the University's new century. And if my review seems overly laudatory, it may be because the competition is so poor; CUSU's fiasco of a book, along with the University's surprisingly sparse programme of events for the coming year, give this volume ample space to shine.

Emma Mustich

Take V Scotland



Five of the Best

Edinburgh Fringe Festival

The world's largest arts festival has become a proving ground for the next-big-things of the comedy world, with David O'Doherty, Russell Howard and Cambridge's very own Mark Watson appearing in recent years.

Irn-Bru

Everyone's favourite metal-flavoured soft drink. Apparently it's made with real bits of iron... but is it? We'll never know... Actually, we do. It's not.

Mogwai

Their sprawling instrumental post-rock soundscapes may divide opinion, but there's no denying that there's a bleak Scottish beauty to tracks like 'Cody' and 'Stop Coming To My House'.

Local Hero

This little-known 1983 film, featuring Burt Lancaster as the owner of a huge American oil firm threatening to tear apart a small Scottish fishing community, is one of the best from Glaswegian director Bill Forsyth.

Scottish accent

There's a reason why that Scotch brogue is used for everything from Scottish Widows ads to the HSBC call centre.

Five of the Worst

Loch Ness monster

More hyped than Glasvegas, and with only a few blurry photographs and a Ted Danson movie as evidence, we're not holding our breath for an appearance from Nessie any time soon.

Deep Fried Mars bar

The NHS in Glasgow actually commissioned a survey recently to dispel rumours that this was an 'urban myth'. True story.

Scottish currency

Can anyone find anywhere that accepts a Scottish fiver south of Hadrian's Wall? No, thought not...

Scottish Premier League

Why not just make it two teams, and forget the other ten? I mean who cares where Dunfermline finish? "Hey, Dunfermline are in the First Division!" It was supposed to be rhetorical, because no one cares!

Gordon Ramsay

With a face like a relief map of the Grampians, when he's not swearing he's always moaning about his injury – who would have wanted to play for Rangers anyway (see above)?

Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#21: The Bridge of Sighs by Henry Hutchinson

St John's College

The Bridge of Sighs is Cambridge's most photogenic architectural feature, the area under its gently sunken elliptical arch playing host to countless punting collisions, and forming the idyllic backdrop to the daydreams of the river passengers, town or gown. Designed by Henry Hutchinson in 1831, St John's Bridge of Sighs bears many stylistic resemblances to the contemporaneous New Court, which it connects to the old College. The architect responsible for the Bridge was one half of the pair (the other half being Thomas Rickman), who designed New Court between 1825 and 31. The crenellations and pinnacles that run along the upper rim of the bridge, and the five unglazed Gothic ogee arches on either side, all echo forms that are present in the front ranges of New Court, and on Rickman's famous 'wedding cake' tower. The romantically wavering reflections of the lightly coloured purbeck stone in the water cast a veil over what are the original, thoroughly unromantic, origins of the Bridge itself. The Bridge of Sighs in Cambridge is based loosely on Venice's Bridge of Sighs, designed by Antoni Contino around 1600. The Venetian original vaults the Rio di Palazzo and connects the old prisons to the interrogation rooms in

the Doge's Palace. Prisoners from the gaol would pass through the enclosed bridge, with its grated windows and unfenestrated, thick white marble walls, shackled in chains, and sighing on their way to likely execution. Thus, the name 'Bridge of Sighs', or *Ponte dei Sospiri* (far more evocative in Italian), is not a reference to the dreamy exhalations of impressionable young undergraduates, but rather to the distraught wailings of lost souls. Admittedly, the Johnian Bridge was not designed to perform the same function as the Venetian bridge, which is incidentally very different in style to the Cambridge version, the latter being a prime example of the Gothic Revival style, and the former being a piece of theatrical high Baroque, with its rusticated pillars and swirling volutes. The impenetrable iron grates fixed over the openings in the Cambridge Bridge of Sighs were, however, originally built to serve a purpose: to prevent the aristocratic young students from escaping the College by means of the river. Nowadays, in this respect at least, the Bridge of Sighs has lost some of its original use; however, it still remains one of the most striking symbols, and memorable means of passage, in Cambridge.

Flo Sharp



DHANEESHA SENARATNE

Sex in the University City



Week 3: When sex imitates porn

Alice was a quiet girl, her skirts were not too short. One night in 2001 she had touched her clitoris for the first time. In 2003, watching Marissa and Ryan in *The OC*, she had felt her heart beating between her legs, she knew what she wanted. Yesterday, the first time, it had just felt strange, complicated, not like this... what was he doing? He moved towards her, he was crouching over her, all she could see was his penis, and then he ejaculated all over her face.

This was no *On Chesil Beach*-style accident, but a huge misunderstanding, and one entirely attributable to porn. "What you girls don't realise," intoned my brother, "is just how much porn the average boy has watched by the age of fourteen." Alice's boyfriend had simply performed what happens in almost every amateur porn film: the girl's face is adorned with a triumphant spurt of come, which is then licked off with a coy smile and massaged into the girl's nipples. He hadn't meant to upset her; for him this was what people do when they have sex.

This is not a naïve view of female sexuality: many girls have not been exposed to any pornographic material before they first have sex, whereas most boys have (speaking entirely from anecdotal evidence). It is not that girls are spun from sugar and float around in clouds of petals, blinking innocently, but most porn is made for men, by men, for the pleasure of men.

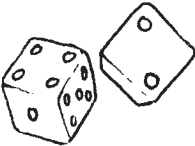
Being a woman, it is a horrible shock to realise that, rather than discovering your body and enjoying the excitement of new experiences, some part of your boyfriend's mind is replaying the tape that has gone round his head since he first pressed 'play' all those years ago.

The prevalence of pornography disturbs me purely for its inescapable intrusion into bed. In the final moments before coming, a girl can probably not control the sounds she makes, but the rest of the time, why does she make those particular sounds? When a girl says, "Come on my breasts", do you really think she has thought of it herself? Sexual narratives are no longer erotic, but pornographic. With the huge accessibility of Internet porn, sex is losing its authenticity, its intimacy and its charm.

The most special sex exists within its own images, its own sounds and its own sensations, and only then can sex be truly entwined with love.

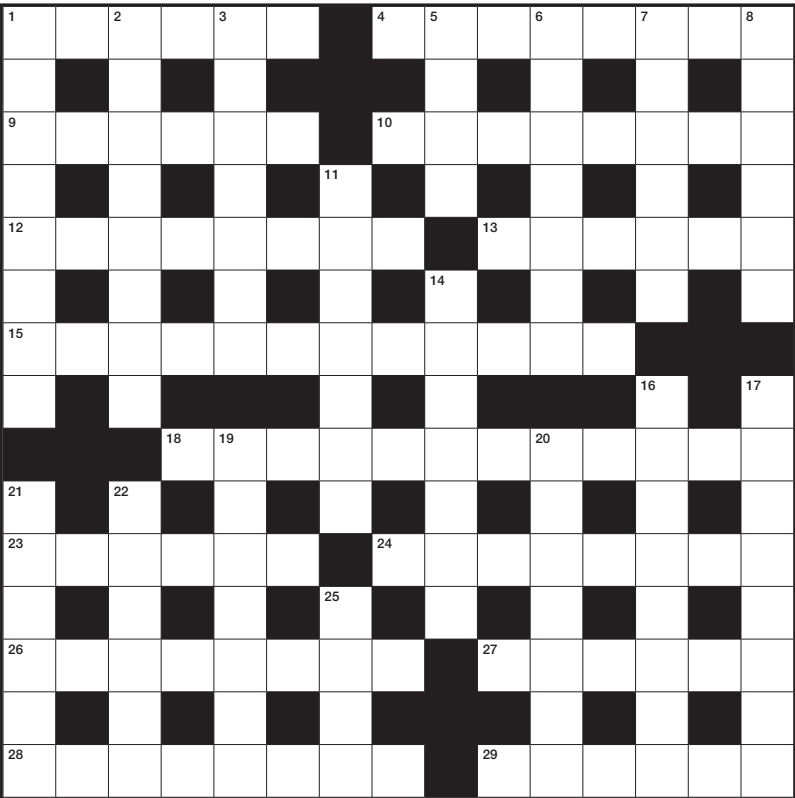
Maria Lavaux

Games & puzzles



Varsity Crossword

no. 497



- am highly provocative (8)
26 Collection of flowers given by perverted love god in front of small forest (4,4)
27/11 14 Walker approaching Ed? (6,7)
28 Renounced having eaten with pig (8)
29 Join together holy man and entirely singular apple (6)

Down

- 1 Lawyer is bolshy stereotype. (7)
1/4 A convulsing Delia fried up 14 (8,3,5)
2 Oratory choir right, somehow, about several members of Eton (8)
3 Check up on notice following six deliveries (7)
5 Badgers old horses (4)
6 Fake love-in gets Jack to marry (7)
7 Everything is an object's little helper (6)
8 14 is kind of to deny calumny (6)
11 See 27 Across
14 A (rather wooden) way to bow without negating English educational institution (7)
16 Used to conceal the present (4,4)
17 This writer's device, called 17, / is employed by some bards all the time (for instance) (3,5)
19 Sun god in knot, as Noah saw (7)
20 Pets Inuit not in clothing (7)
21 Loved wine after a party (6)
22 Snacks Christopher mentioned, by the way (6)
25 One point – the French must be completely surrounded by water (4)

Set by Hisashi

Across

- 1 14, young woman hides bottom but gains weight? (6)
4 See 1 Down
9 Pleasant time with Eastern relatives (6)
10 Anguished, a deity embraces online vice, the wrong way (8)
12 King Edmund to smooth out edge (8)
13 Keeper of goat almost a fake (6)
15 Hang about - latrine odour not what it seems (6,6)
18 Keenness for public relations ballot consumes princess (12)
23 Briefly radical revolution to succeed for 14 (6)
24 A good impressionist, I'm not - I

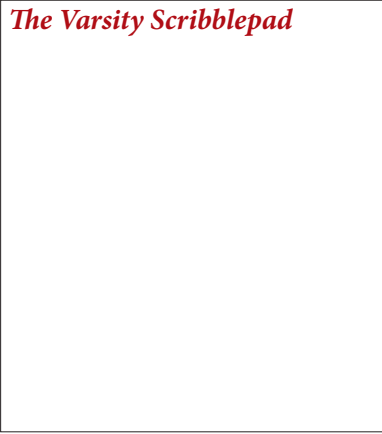
Answers to last week's crossword (no. 496)
Across: 7 Hydra, 8 Screwtop, 11 Speedometer, 12 Ill, 13 Ethernet, 15 Itself, 17 Allah, 19 Doodahs, 23 Barack, 24 Flamingo, 26 Stephen, 29 Tartlet, 30 Fellatio, 31 Selma. Down: 1 Shyster, 2 Edge, 3 Pander, 4 Ishmael, 5 Frets, 6 Notice, 9 Worsted, 10 Bluff, 14 Haler, 16 Coalition, 18 Alcohol, 20 Abyss, 21 Contra, 22 Morose, 25 Exec, 27 Nuts.

Sudoku

The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once.

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

The Varsity Scribblepad



Last week's solution

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

GODFATHER ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): Good move, Vito: you kidnap Alice and Richard's horse, chop its head off and leave it – still dripping with blood – under Richard's pillow. Surprisingly, it does the trick. A and R never liked Dobbin – that was its name – and so they're much indebted to you. You're never asked for a penny again.

REPORTS

Cambridge boys bash Bedford

» Short corner successes allow Cambridge to dominate

Charlie Pearson

Cambridge saw off Bedford at Wilberforce Road on Saturday in a businesslike league performance. Riding off the back of a veritable defecation on East Prem whipping boys Cambridge City last week, during which the University bullishly recorded a double-figure score, the Blues added another win to their early-season form with a series of three glorious tap ins from eight inches.

Cambridge might have considered themselves rather lucky, however, not to have gone a goal down within the first minute when Bedford opened the match with a salvo of commendable eagerness. Keeper Chris Robinson was called upon to prevent early embarrassment with an important and demanding pair of saves and Bedford came away from the opening skirmishes looking the stronger competitors.

The game took a while to settle into a decent spectacle and the Cambridge defence saw most of the ball while they stroked it around the back looking for

Cambridge	3
Bedford	1

a way through the tightly fought mid-field.

Cambridge had engineered only a few incursions into the Bedford D before they opened the scoring in the 18th minute following a useful short corner. Dave Madden's deflected drag flick hammered against the crossbar inducing rather chaotic and confused excitement in the D, and with possession gathered, a sensible pass found Nick Parks floating unmarked at the back post awaiting the tap in.

Following the first goal Cambridge began to exert more of a stranglehold on the game, stretching the Bedford midfield and opening up a bit of space to play in. The second goal arrived with another short corner, this time brilliantly worked by Madden at the top of the D, who mastered a well-disguised reverse slip to Stuart Jackson, whose vision and

accuracy picked out Chris Lee to gratefully tuck in the second.

Rupert Allison robbed a goal from Stuart Jackson at the start of the second half to make it 3-0, again the result of a short corner. Jackson's flick was blocked but fell straight back to him and his beautifully directed push back at goal managed to beat everyone except his own midfielder, who popped up grinning like the Cheshire Cat to poach the last of the Cambridge goals.

The home side were now clearly in control but although more good chances came their way, the only goal to come was a token score for Bedford on 55 minutes. Other than that, all the visitors had to offer in attack was a remarkable number of speculative aerial balls, as if groping all day for Emile Heskey up front like an England side of old when it had run out of ideas. To be fair, the high ball was dealt with brilliantly by the Cambridge defence who could quite easily have made a hash of it. As it was, no mistake was made and the Blues remain in the top three of the table.



Cardiff can't cope with Lacrosse Ladies

» Cambridge have an easy day in defence

Frankie Brown

On a damp and freezing afternoon, Cambridge trounced Cardiff 14-0 to continue their excellent season. In a game delayed by two hours, and then reduced to twenty minute halves, Cardiff arrived but showed little stomach for the fight, chasing shadows for much of the game, whilst their bored attackers chatted politely with the similarly inactive Cambridge defence.

The very first draw of the game saw Cambridge's Ellie Walshe glide down the field, evading the hapless defenders with ease, and the first goal shortly followed. Shortly afterwards, co-captain Gen Gotla tore through the middle of the defence to score Cambridge's second goal in the first five minutes. Two more goals in quick succession saw the shellshocked Cardiff call a time-out, as

Cambridge	14
Cardiff	0

they sought brief respite from what was already threatening to become an annihilation.

The captain may have issued a resounding cry of determination, and the players may have been inspired, but the onslaught continued. Tamara Astor and Georgie Hurt in particular consistently posed problems for the defence, running with speed and power to continually threaten the Cardiff goal. Shots continued to rain down upon the unfortunate Cardiff goalkeeper, who appeared reluctant or unable to intervene as balls whistled past her nose, and several more goals were scored. The half time whistle couldn't have come soon

enough for Cardiff, as Cambridge went into the break with the score an ominous 7-0.

The half time huddle for Cambridge saw the goalkeeper, clearly wanting to get involved having hardly been so at all in the previous twenty minutes, propose that the girls "impress me as a spectator", a fair reflection of the first half. "Pretend it's Oxford - slaughter them", was another idea, but the general message was one demanding clinical play in the face of an opposition offering little resistance.

The start to the half proved that Cambridge retained their thirst for goals, as they surged forward, wave upon wave of attackers flying towards their target, and admittedly they rarely missed. Astor and Walshe continued to dictate play, the former charging through and the latter sliding around the defenders

to keep Cardiff pinned in their own half, without possession or hope of a let-up from Cambridge's ruthless approach. Goals were shared around as Cardiff submitted meekly.

The final whistle must have come as a relief to the visitors, whilst Cambridge can be thoroughly satisfied with an impressively professional performance. If the opposition weren't poor, they were certainly made to look it as Cambridge gave them virtually no opportunity to touch the ball, never mind threaten their goal. The Cambridge goalkeeper became increasingly bored, and resorted to wandering aimlessly around her own area and mocking her fellow players, whilst the Cardiff keeper resorted to ducking as shots whizzed towards her skull, an apt encapsulation of the vast difference between the sides and a summary of the match as a whole.

McGrath's girls hold off Oxford

» Cambridge netballers hold Oxford to a high-scoring draw

Jenny Morgan

Snow put paid to the first attempt at this grudge match back in November, but on Saturday both teams were feeling the heat in a thrilling pre-Varsity encounter.

After a goal a piece within the first few minutes, Oxford then drew ahead to dominate in the first quarter. Moving quickly up the court with some perfectly timed passes, the imagination and variety of the Oxford attack caught Cambridge on the back foot. Switching between looping balls over the heads of the defence to quick bounce passes and nifty one-twos, Oxford looked confident and in control around the attacking circle. But an interception from Cambridge Wing Attack, Emma Darke, ended the period of Oxford possession and allowed Cambridge to pull back to leave the score 12-7 as the whistle went.

Cambridge	32
Oxford	32

After the break, Cambridge came back stronger and were the first to score. The new combination of Jess McGeorge and Rebecca Crawshaw in the attack worked well, getting the ball under the posts more often to increase their scoring potential. Oxford looked riled and a series of penalties against their captain at Goal Defence gave Cambridge the chance to draw level. Growing in confidence, the Cambridge attack looked more consistent as the second quarter came to an end, Oxford now just one goal ahead.

After a couple of changes to the Oxford team to meet the more aggressive play from their Light Blue counterparts, there was nothing to choose between

them in the final two quarters. Oxford were unable to make use of their arguably better shooting as the Cambridge defence increasingly intercepted, whilst the Cambridge attacking pair gave themselves more chances by fighting for the rebounds. Backed up by some great play in the centre of the court that had Oxford rushed and struggling to keep their heads, it was beginning to look like Cambridge might take the match. In the end, the clinical Oxford shooting that punished any Cambridge mistake ensured that, although the Light Blues dominated the possession, the scoreline ended up even with 32 goals a piece.

The Varsity match is now less than a month away, and with form like this, captain Harriet McGrath and her team have every reason to be feeling very confident.



Quick Catch-up

Mini Report

Men's Lacrosse

On Saturday Cambridge recorded an impressive win on the road against East Grinstead. Despite a tricky match played back in November, the Blues demolished the opposition this time around in a 13-5 victory.

Building upon an outstanding defensive record, with only 31 goals conceded all season, the team held out a determined attack, and maintained enough possession to construct their own game plan.

Midfielder Jeremy McCarron earned the Man of the Match accolade, taking four goals for himself and helping to set up a myriad of other opportunities. Other scorers included the points leader for this season, attackman Todd Nichols, with a hat-trick and two assists. The team were unsurprisingly thrilled with their performance.

Coach Tony Watson is quietly confident: "With a little luck, and a lot more hard work, I believe we can win this division." With the division title match looming, all will be hoping he is correct.

Mini Report

Blues Fencing

The Blues completed a perfect 8-0 campaign in the BUCS Southern Premiership by demolishing UCL 135-69 on Wednesday. They will now look to continue their unbeaten run into the Varsity match in February and onto the BUCS Championships in March.

League Round-Up

College Rugby

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ST JOHN'S	9	9	0	0	414	28	36
JESUS	10	8	0	2	336	77	34
TRINITY	9	4	0	5	67	271	20
DOWNING	9	3	0	6	57	170	18
TRINITY HALL	9	2	0	7	96	268	15
MAGDALENE	8	1	0	7	59	215	10

A predictable league season saw St John's claim the championship once again with an astonishing 414 points scored in the space of just nine matches.

At the bottom of the table, Trinity Hall will be returning straight to Division 2, with Magdalene joining them.

Jesus remains a stepping stone between St John's and the rest, and deserves credit for providing them with the only semblance of competition throughout the course of the season.

These two colleges have become increasingly isolated at the top of the table, with the extent of this gap further emphasised by Magdalene's controversial vote not to play against the Red Boys in the final round of matches.

Newly promoted Trinity was impressive at times and deserve to stay up, while Downing continue their run in the top flight.

Attention now turns to the Cuppers competition.

Sport Feature: Transfer Window

Transfer Window: A Summary of the Movers and Shakers

JOHN SAVAGE, ANDY RYAN, DAN QUARSHIE AND JAMIE PTASZYNSKI TALK YOU THROUGH THE MONTH OF MAYHEM

FRENCH WINDOWS

The wealthier clubs have tended to stay quiet, unless they're in a slightly precarious league position, such as Tottenham.

For in-form Manchester United, it's a case of why fix it when it ain't broke. Instead, a contract extension for Giggs has been the talk of late. That's not to mean that United haven't got rid of a bit of cash. An alleged £16.3 million has been doled out for Serbian pair Tosic and Ljajic. The latter is nicknamed "little Kaka". That's still more than City managed to get.

Previous big spenders Chelsea have turned rather miserly this transfer



Hughes: Straight-faced

window. Perennial bench-warmer Cudicini has moved to local rivals Spurs for nothing, and that's about it. Which is a shame because the only other story is the painful Drogba I'm-going-no-wait-I'm-staying saga.

Arsenal's ongoing attempt to sign temperamental Russian midfield maestro Andrei Arshavin could yet end in success. If so this would probably be the most exciting move by any of the 'top four'.

Harry Redknapp is desperately trying to buy back the Tottenham team that Ramos sold off. Defoe (£15 million) and Chimbona (undisclosed) are back and one wonders whether Robbie Keane will follow suit. Another big buy has been the £12 million Palacios from Wigan, but the inspired acquisition of Cudicini for not a single penny has the bank manager purring.

GROUND LEVEL WINDOWS

For most smaller clubs, it's either a loan deal or a no deal, unless you've got an England striker or a Honduran maestro to offload.

With not a sheikh in sight, Middlesbrough have to make do with Marlon King on loan, but it's not all bad news. In the process, they've shed the considerable weight of Mido from their ranks. They wanted Crystal Palace's Watson, too, but Wigan snuck in when they heard Boro's intentions. Southgate has said he'll remain quiet about all his other targets.

Expect something to happen late at the Riverside.

Wigan's transfer activity has been bolstered by Palacios' move to Spurs. They've also handed over prolific Heskey for £3 million, the burden of goals now falling to new £4.5 million Colombian Hugo Rodallega. Like Emile, he has a flare for missing the odd chance (YouTube the fantastic fluff: "Rodallega Perdona"). Mido rolls in on loan, while ageing Kilbane is sold.

Tony Adams at Portsmouth is sitting on a tidy £20 million pile from Diarra's move to Real Madrid, but turned first to the loaning system, bringing in old Arsenal team-mate Jermaine Pennant. Continuing the Gooner connection, he's also signalled an interest in Vieira. Whether it's reciprocated is unclear. The sale of Defoe has given him even more cash to splash, but so far there is no sign of a big money move. Mullins (from West Ham) and Pele (is he being conned?) are his latest headline-dodging deals. There could be a last-minute loan bid for Saviola in the pipeline.

Outspoken and in trouble, Joe Kinnear is doing his best at Newcastle, signing striker Peter Lovenkrands on loan and searching around in France for defenders. Toulouse's Ebondo is a target.

DOUBLE GLAZED CONSERVATORY WINDOWS WITH FANCY BLINDS

Manchester City obviously had tongues wagging and gossip

column writers positively salivating with a bid of (probably) billions of pounds for another world-class Brazilian. Poor Mark Hughes did his best to keep a straight face throughout the Kaka kerfuffle, while negotiating some potentially very smart deals elsewhere.

£10 million for out of favour Wayne Bridge may seem excessive, while £14 million for notorious nutter and casual club-hopper Bellamy is unlikely to prove a bargain, but both will offer them different options and a little more firepower. Newcastle keeper Shay Given has also revealed that he is willing to talk to the club.

The biggest signing, though, is that of 24-year-old Nigel de Jong from German club Hamburg for £18 million. Long sought-after by many top European clubs, De Jong may become the creative cog that sparks City's season into life.

PADDED ROOM

Liverpool went into the transfer window sitting confidently at the top of the table, so owners Gillett and Hicks decided that no money would be made available for Benitez to chuck around in January. They had no idea what the bearded Iberian had in store. As the transfer window opened he accused Alex Ferguson, in what was definitely not a rant, of "killing the referees". He has now dropped Robbie Keane in an attempt to make a point about

who's in control of the transfers at Anfield.

Remarkably the Americans still didn't want to give him any money so he contrived to manoeuvre them into one of those inexplicable arguments where everyone insists more and more angrily that nobody is angry and that all negotiations are going well.

Meanwhile, United have supplanted them at the top of the league, Keane is anxiously glancing back towards White Hart Lane and Benitez still has no cash. In the end he has succeeded only in singing his own goatee.



Benitez: Not ranting

A master of the Toffees and the theatre

JAMIE PTASZYNSKI CHATS WITH THE EVERTON CHAIRMAN ABOUT MANAGERIAL RELATIONSHIPS AND FOOTBALLING FINANCE

The January transfer window is a godsend for newspaper and on-line gossip columnists. The rolling drama of record-breaking deals and otherworldly wage negotiations provides them with endless room for speculation and sensationalism.

The only club that consistently avoids this furor is Everton. Ever since the arrival of David Moyes in 2002, the club has tended to operate below the radar when it comes to transfers.

Bill Kenwright is a very successful producer, running the country's largest independent theatre and film production company. This seems to clash with his alter ego as chairman of Everton FC and huge football fan. I spoke to him on his way up to Goodison Park to watch the match against Arsenal on Wednesday evening.

When he first met David Moyes, the first of many late-night meetings which they cram into their busy schedule, they outlined their strategic approach to the club: "to bring the age [of the players] down and to please the fans by making one important signing per season." Everton have never had a large transfer budget, but when they do make an

expensive foray into the market, it tends to pay off. Joseph Yobo, Andrew Johnson and Tim Cahill are examples of big money well spent, while Joleon Lescott is a tribute to the well-researched and frugal approach of the manager. Kenwright describes Moyes's autonomy as "total". "David is 24/7. He has a big scouting network and it's very rare that I suggest a player to him whom he hasn't already researched in full detail," he continues.

It is not often, particularly with the influx of impatient foreign owners to the Premiership, that managers get so much time and freedom to go about their business. This relationship between manager and board is crucial. In fact, in Kenwright's words, "it's everything". Rafael Benitez's relationship with his Liverpool bosses, for example, seems to be constantly at breaking point and it is hard to imagine that this does not affect the way the players go about their own business on the pitch. Merseyside underdogs Everton have successfully held Liverpool to two draws in recent weeks. "David Moyes has given us stability," says Kenwright, which seems to be a value chairmen and owners under-

rate at their peril. But while underlining the importance of consistency, he also admits that you need a bit of luck sometimes to see you through.

Everton will not be looking to make any major signings this month. Because of transfer policy

Timeline

1945	Born an Everton fan on Merseyside
1964	Finishes education at Liverpool Institute High School
1968	Plays Gordon Clegg in ITV drama <i>Coronation Street</i>
1989	Elected to the board of Everton FC
1993	<i>Blood Brothers</i> , Kenwright's first major theatrical success, nominated for Best Musical at the Tony Awards
2000	Awarded a CBE for services to film and theatre
2004	Becomes chairman of Everton FC

they may not seem so affected by the financial situation, but Kenwright says that in speaking to other clubs, which, of course, he does six or seven times a day, he has noted an added level of caution when it comes to financial matters. "We're all in the same boat," he says, before swiftly adding that there will always be someone who "causes the ripple on the pond." In this case he is referring to Manchester City, but the same has been true of Chelsea and West Ham in previous years. Indeed, apart from Man City, the trend this year is towards loan deals and low-profile transfers, but even they can be very expensive. Including salaries, agents fees and loan fees he assures me that "any good loan deal is going to cost a couple of million, even just to get you through the next fifteen or sixteen games."

I suggested that Everton's policy of treating the January window with less importance than the summer one might put Everton on the back foot in the second half of the season, but he dismissed my words. In a funny way he believes that the credit crunch has levelled the playing field somewhat. Asked whether he agreed with the existence of the window at all, he

took his time before replying simply "I don't know. You win some, you lose some." His theatrical roots have obviously not prevented him from picking up a few footballing clichés. Although he is confident that his strategy works, he admits that a cash injection would be welcome at the club. "You can't carry on punching above your weight," he says.

The excitement of the window, though, is undeniable. Kenwright and Moyes still intend to make a few more loan deals before the window shuts at the end of January, which are unlikely to cause a massive stir, but he vividly remembers the heart-stopping tension of trying to push through the Fellaini deal on the last day of September: "I was standing in a club watching the ticker on Sky Sports News while David was in a hotel room with the player, trying to fax through a signed contract on a particularly slow line, having flown out on a private jet at just twenty to ten to meet him." The £15 million transfer went through with exactly eighteen seconds left before the allotted transfer period ended. Even the most modest clubs can provide thrilling moments during the window.

Dan Quarshie



Sport
Comment

Windows Of All Sizes

The January transfer window is a thoroughly flawed concept. Surely a mid-season transfer period, which theoretically allows every single Premier League player to represent more than one club in the same league in the same season, undermines the very essence of that competition. It's labour mobility on crack. Frankly, I don't remember, and I dread to think, what it was like before the introduction of transfer windows in 2002.

Advocates of the January window will go on about buying cover for injured players, bringing in better ones or adding 'much needed depth' to the squad. In theory, sure – why not? But how often do you hear that old chestnut, "no money to spend in January" (ground-level windows)? Sorry, with Wuss-inho out for the season with his broken toenail, it looks like the mascot's going to have to slot in at left-back for a bit longer.

Or how about, "we're going to have to sell before we buy"? By offloading average players you don't want, you're going to raise enough money to replace them with – presumably better – players that you do? Unlikely, I might suggest. Unless, of

course, you get rid of a lot of bodies and only bring in a few. There goes your squad depth.

What if there is money to spend though? "The board will be making transfer funds available for the January window." Where have we heard that one? Underperformers loitering mid-table somewhere. And relegation shoe-ins. Inspired January transfers are the exception, rather than the rule; they often do more harm than good, upsetting established players,

cash in January (French windows), nowadays mostly aided by rich, foreign owners. They really can bolster their squads, adding to the already formidable talent within their ranks. Surely this just exaggerates the already colossal gap between the best and the rest? With time, rather than money being the object for the heavy hitters, January transfer fees are inevitably overinflated. Sometimes this is of no financial consequence to smaller clubs, and if it is they who

else jumps when they talk, and they talk with their wallets. The big-spenders pay far too much money for players they don't need (double-glazed conservatory windows with fancy blinds), others who really do need players either waste what money they do have on ones that can't fulfill those needs, or don't because they can't afford to (shop windows). Pointless, eh?

Actually, no. Flawed, but far from pointless. The concentrated nature of the January transfer period does have one saving grace – entertainment value. Transfers, and even just talk of them, recapture the public interest, ensuring that the second half of the season is as hyped-up as the first. More media attention, more fans in grounds, more money. Good for clubs, good for authorities – a godsend (stained-glass windows).

And you can't deny that it's all entertainment. Takeovers, tapping-up of potential signings, player-manager-chairman bust-ups, and exorbitant fees and wages; all manner of weird and wonderful things go on. No windows here: just a lot of white padding, a straightjacket and a metal bucket in the corner.

'Inspired January transfers are the exception rather than the rule.'

causing expensive contract feuds and soaking up valuable funds (broken windows). The statistics speak for themselves: if you're mid-table now, you're more than likely to be there in May; if you're at the bottom in January, save your pennies because they'll be much more potent in the division below next season.

Of course, the big guns have lots of

happen to be selling their prize assets it is temporarily beneficial. Other times, however, a minnow is unfortunate or naïve enough to enter into a bidding war, which can only ever end in disaster.

Regardless of the final results, the window gives the richest clubs yet another opportunity to exert their influence over poorer ones. Everyone

Gown outshined by Town

» Webb shines on a tough night in the ring

Jamie Ptaszynski

The billing for this event, held in the Chamber in the Union, was potentially quite incendiary. It was also fallacious, bearing in mind that many of Cambridge's opposition actually came from Portsmouth University and one from the Metropolitan Police (presumably to keep the peace once he had defeated James Gray in the first senior bout).

The first two fights were tentative, and Cambridge lost both unanimously. Gray started well but tired at the finish, while Dan Lanczi-Wilson of King's often got entangled with his Portsmouth opponent Koumouros. The bout was hard to call but in the end it was the Greek who landed more clean punches.

Eddie Hult, of St Edmund's, had the long range to give him an immediate advantage over his opposition. He worked a good left jab throughout, to which Williams had little defence. The fight was eventually stopped in

Cambridge	4
'Town'	6

the second round after another jab-uppercut combination left the already bloodied Portsmouth man dazed and confused. It was not the only stoppage we would see, nor was it the only blood. Light Blue Matt Erlich was very unlucky to be stopped after being caught off balance by Paul Mitchell. Both boxers seemed a little bemused by the decision. A friendly match between Dara Sandhu and James Philips left the latter with nose and eye injuries. By far the biggest hit of the night, though, came from Joe Corrigan of Fulbourn ABC, who managed an effective knock out within seconds against Jason Thomas in their lightweight bout.

Irfan Ahmed (Emma) lost by a majority to Neil Bentley in a closely fought but untidy scrap while Cam-

bridge captain Will Rees was out-boxed by Brad Chapman of St Ives. Will was incredibly quick on the defence, dodging punches and landing a couple of good counters with his left, but Chapman was equal to all of it. Having retaliated with force in the third round, he took the match unanimously.

Downing's Max Kirchhoff stopped the solid-looking Wesley Churchill in the first round, a well timed long-range jab proving too much for the Fulbourn fighter. Perhaps Ieuan Marsh's match ought to have ended the same way, but the referee let him continue his barrage of undefended punches right to the final bell.

By far the best fight of the night saw Emma's Chris Webb pitted against the considerably larger Dolan, of Fulbourn. Floored in the first round by a huge right hook, Webb fought back with unbelievably energy, dancing rings around his tiring opponent. The decision was unanimous and the big man left the ring bloodied and dizzy.



Neil Bently of Iceni ABC (in blue) takes on Irfan Ahmed of Emmanuel

The Week Ahead

International

Australian Open Tennis

The Australian Open draws to a close with the Men's final. OK so it won't be Murray, but it WILL be exciting.

Sunday Feb 1, BBC2 8.30am.

University

Men's Lacrosse

The Blues take on the only other undefeated team in this division title decider. Tense stuff.

Saturday Jan 31, Queens' Sports Ground, 2pm.

National

Premier League Football

Stoke City face Man City at the Britannia Stadium. Let's see how those new signings fare...

Saturday Jan 31, Sky Sports 1, coverage starts 12.30pm.

University

Blues Rugby

Vickerman's men take on international touring club Penguins RFC with some big name players.

Wednesday Feb 4, Grange Road, 7.15pm.

Cooney's Marathon



Lauren
Cooney

Week 3

In which Lauren suffers an early bout of the fifth-week blues.

Fifth-week Blues come early when you're a runner; around week two, and even then I'm being generous. Usually they're brought on by a build up of work; lethargy over the Cindies queue/emptiness of Kambar/bruising from a long-anticipated Soul Tree event; realising that you've forgotten to return a call from a dying nan; lament over faded tan or remnants of peeling skin; annoyance that the last tin of Waitrose seared yellow fin tuna you brought from home has been manged and you're onto Aldi's finest; the cold; the wet; the wind.

I particularly value these last three as vital components of my 'Second-Week Suffering'. Cambridge is marvellous as it rarely hits you with a double whammy of wet and wind; usually it is the latter – have you heard the one about Siberia? – and that's quite refreshing when you're sweating around Parker's Piece. This week has been terrible as it has rained particularly wet rain. I've admired the resolve of others, opening the front door exclaiming, "It's only bloody raining", and then shutting it, stuffing the library and sitting down to watch another episode of Derren Brown. I went out for my run. I got wet. I got pissed off, first with the fact that I was wet, and then because I wasn't showered with praise on my return. Such a bloody martyr.

Despite the rain we all made it out for a Friday night chav disco at 'Spoons, in honour of a friend's birthday. Absolutely unmissable, and highly recommended. This time I had resolved not to drink, as I'd planned an endurance run for the following day, which meant I enjoyed listening to 3 of a Kind's 'Babycakes' about eight million times, and watching the general mob regression, which involved pole dancing and, strangely enough, pole licking. I did get a huge amount of pleasure from tutting at people, especially when they went out for cigarettes, and I contented myself with chewing gum and passing round piss-coloured pints of Red Bull and vodka to my friends, who were by this point displaying admirable stamina. I hoped that I might prove equally determined on my run the following day.

Unfortunately, I overslept so the run was shortened considerably. But my intentions were good, which, I reminded myself, is half the battle. Such a bloody martyr. I'm picking my charity soon, so remember to suggest something you think is worthwhile on the Facebook group: 'Lauren Cooney London Marathon'.

Sport



**Bill Kenwright
talks transfers...**

...while we sum up the January signings so far.

VARSITY MATCH RUNNING TOTAL: CAMBRIDGE 0, OXFORD 2. NEXT UP: CANOEING VARSITY – 31/01/09



**Woman of the Match
Jenny Stevens on the ball**

View from the River

**Silas
Stafford**



At this stage in the season the trialists of CUBC begin to experience a shift of focus, from merely making the Blue Boat to winning the Boat Race. The Blue Boat lineup is by no means finalised, but most of the trialists have a good idea of whether they will race in the Blue Boat, in Goldie, or as spares.

The period of selection for boats is unhappy for both the selected and the unselected. The process of seat-racing is incredibly personal. Seat-racing is a large part of how individuals are selected for the Blue Boat. It involves racing two equal crews, switching an individual from each boat, and then racing again.

When you race against an opposing team, they are almost always strangers, and if you lose, you can just say "well, we had a bad race" or "they were just a better crew than we were". They are the enemy, and they are trying to take something away from you, which makes it easier to separate yourself from them emotionally. That said, losing a race is still absolutely dreadful; some of the most painful feelings in my life have come from hard losses in rowing.

Seat-racing, however, matches you up against your teammate, your friend, your brother in suffering. When you win, you've only beaten your mate, not a fierce rival. Added to this, you know you have to look him in the eye for the rest of the season. Losing is worse still, because you've proved yourself to be the inferior man. While in reality you may only be the inferior man on the water, or even only for that particular workout, it carries over to other parts of your life, where social status and ego are defined by rowing. I for one will be glad to face Oxford in the coming months, instead of my teammates.

Hockey girls wriggle out of relegation

Anna Stanley

Wednesday was judgement day in women's hockey. It was the final and all-deciding game of the BUCS South Premier Hockey League for the Blues, currently drifting dangerously just one place away from the bottom of the table. Losing would have meant definite relegation. Unsurprisingly, nerves were high, not helped by the delayed push back as Cardiff got stuck in heavy traffic. When the visitors arrived with just five minutes to spare, the stage was set for a dramatic showdown and some of the best hockey played by the Cambridge women so far this season.

Cardiff appeared rattled and struggled to get into the game from the start. Having had extra time to prepare on the other hand, the by this time highly-motivated Blues looked keen to finish the BUCS season on a high and went out hard from the first whistle.

Cambridge	4
Cardiff	0

Within minutes the first short corner was won, and an excellent rebound from a straight strike was tapped into the back of the net by Lisa Noble. Not resting on their laurels, the Blues continued to pile the pressure on a rather weak Cardiff defence, and good play by Jenny Stevens soon led to another short corner. Jess Hume deflected the strike, hitting a defender's foot on the line of the goal and a penalty flick was awarded.

The Cardiff keeper, however, somehow saved the flick, which seemed to provide the required motivation for Cardiff to begin stepping up their game. Hard hitting from their centre back in particular helped their team

gain much-needed ground and a short corner was eventually won as a result of a foul committed in the Cambridge D.

The Cambridge defence were now tested for the first time, but Kirsty Elder and Rosie Evans stayed calm and the goal opportunity was diverted. Some more chances for the Cambridge attack went wanting and a period of equal play in the run up to half time left the Blues 1-0 up as the whistle went.

The second half started much like the first with Cambridge dominating the attacking play. Using the width and feeding the ball well up to the right forward, Charlotte Brearley, the Blues soon engineered a chance in the D. Somehow in the *mêlée*, Emma Goater managed a cheeky steal to make the score 2-0.

As if a switch had been flicked, the Blues were on a roll now, outplaying their opponents at every opportunity. As the midfield marked Cardiff's best player, a Welsh international, out of the

game, the forwards were left free to engineer their own match strategy. Before long an excellent pass by Lisa Noble gave Emma Goater plenty of space on the right side of the D to calmly strike the ball and bury it in the bottom left corner of the Cardiff goal, just out of the keeper's reach.

But Cambridge weren't finished, and in the dying minutes a cross by Anna Stanley enabled Charlotte Brearley to finally claim the game for the Blues, scoring the fourth and final goal with a cool-headed strike. With their position in this top league next year now secured, the Blues will live to play another day.

Moreover, the outstanding confidence and commitment shown by this team justified their victory, and bodes well for their Varsity match now just around the corner.

Varsity Woman of the Match: Jenny Stevens for her determined, fighting play.

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