

# VARSITY

Friday February 13th 2009

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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*Doing it by  
the book*



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Marr talks on Darwin*



## Emma scraps 'Empire' theme

» Ball renamed after accusations of poor taste  
» Committee 'unhappy' that theme caused offence

Andrew Bellis & Beth Staton

Emma's May Ball Committee yesterday bowed to pressure over its 'Empire' theme, rebranding its Ball in the style of the Victorian Commonwealth.

The committee had been under pressure from students and dons over the choice of the theme, which was described by one senior academic as "in very poor taste". Earlier this week articles about the Ball's theme were published by the national media, including the *Daily Mail* and the BBC.

In a statement released yesterday morning, the committee announced that the word 'Empire' would no longer be used in promoting the Ball.

"We have sought neither to excuse or dismiss any historical events, nor to support or challenge any interpretation now placed upon them," the statement said.

"It is clear, however, that some people have found our reference to the British Empire to be distasteful. We are unhappy that any offence should have been caused; that was certainly not our intention."

The Ball will instead be based on a celebration of the Victorian Commonwealth, urging students to "party like it's 1899".

Sir Christopher Bayly, Professor of Imperial and Naval History, said the theme had been "in very poor taste". Noting the academic debate on the nature of the British Empire, he stressed that "racism and economic exploitation" were significant elements.

More than 100 students joined a Facebook group to protest against the Ball's name. The group's creator, Joanna Beaufoy, yesterday welcomed the deci-

sion to rename the Ball. "I think it was because so many people made their views known, and so College and the committee saw that the theme didn't represent the wishes of the whole community. It's reassuring to know that everyone agrees that the Ball really does belong to the students," she wrote.

"They have obviously had a really tough time over the past few days, and I am sorry that making this group exacerbated it.

"I think it was important to have a very interesting, shocking, influential debate on the page, and the change it has contributed to has restored a lot of pride in the College."

On Monday, the Ball committee insisted that the 'Empire' theme would be going ahead despite the controversy it had caused. "The committee considered the implications of the theme thoroughly and ensured that we had the support of the College in making our decision," they said.

"Any historical theme will inevitably have positive and negative connotations, but we are neither advocating nor condoning any point of view associated with the late Victorian period.

"We firmly believe that our theme can be handled with the sensitivity and maturity that it demands."

The committee said the Ball had "taken inspiration from the fashion, style and architecture of Victorian Britain and the rich and diverse cultures that were, for better or for worse, united by the British Empire".

Tickets for the rebranded Ball, which will take place on Sunday June 14th, will go on sale on Sunday at 10pm.



SEAN JONES

*Chancellor celebrates Darwin's birthday:  
Duke of Edinburgh unveils statue and names  
Blues boat during Cambridge visit » p8*

## Mumps scare for John's students

Lizzy Tyler

Seven students at St John's have contracted suspected mumps.

Although the cases have not yet been positively confirmed as mumps, College authorities are expecting to receive confirmation from laboratory tests shortly. It is also believed that students at other Colleges have contracted the virus.

All St John's students have been advised to contact their GP if they are between 17 and 23 years old and have not had the MMR vaccination.

Students are warned that even if they have had the full two doses of vaccination they could still be at risk, as "immunisation is not 100 per cent effective". They are advised "not to mix with others once mumps is suspected" and to report any symptoms, which include swelling on the face, fever, headache, muscles ache, loss of appetite and tiredness, immediately to the college nurse or their GP.

Mumps is an extremely infectious airborne virus, infecting individuals from six days before to five days after salivary glands begin to swell, whilst symptoms take two to three weeks to develop. The disease can cause serious damage if contracted after puberty, when it can cause meningitis and permanent deafness.

Following a 40 per cent rise in cases in the South West and throughout the UK, the Health Protection Agency has taken precautions to limit further outbreaks.

The illness is linked to the controversy surrounding the MMR vaccine, which was claimed by Andrew Wakefield in 1998 to be linked to autism, a claim which has since been discredited. There is, however, mounting concern that the repercussions of a loss of confidence in the vaccine could lead to an outbreak of measles, mumps or rubella in the near future.

Students are advised to remain vigilant and take special notice of any symptoms related to the illness, reporting any serious worries to the relevant authorities.

## Shoe protester bailed after denying public order offence

Andrew Bellis

The Cambridge postgraduate who threw a shoe at the Chinese prime minister last week has denied committing a public order offence and will be tried next month.

The protester is Martin Jahnke, a

researcher in the Department of Pathology and a postgraduate at Darwin.

In a ten-minute hearing on Monday he spoke only to confirm his name and address, and to plead not guilty to the charge. Jahnke was dressed in a black suit and blue t-

shirt, and appeared to be nervous. He has declined to comment publicly about his conduct. "I would prefer not to speak to the press before the case is over," he said.

Jahnke has written an apology to the Chinese government over his protest last Monday, when he threw

a trainer at Wen Jiabao during a lecture in the West Road Concert Hall and called him a dictator. In his letter, Jahnke reportedly apologises for failing to show the respect and courtesy that the guest deserved.

Mr Wen has publicly urged Cambridge to be lenient towards Jahnke.

"Education is the best help for a young student. It is hoped that the University will give the student an opportunity to continue his studies at the University," he said in a statement released by China's foreign ministry.

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# VARSITY

*A special preview issue of Not Yet, a new independent zine, can be found inside the centrefold. It is the second in a series of magazine previews in Varsity.*

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## Emma Ball: well meaning but foolish

Once more, this week we have seen the unedifying spectacle of Cambridge students and even dons weighing in on a contentious political issue. In this case, the outcry has been over the Emmanuel May Ball committee's decision to use an 'Empire' theme for their event.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the British Empire, those on both sides should remember that there is an argument to be had; downright condemnation and accusations of neo-colonialism are simplistic and facile. As they have repeatedly emphasised, the committee did not mean to express any political view at all. The choice of theme was clearly an excuse for a 'multicultural' Ball, with different areas representing different countries, a common way of organising these parties. It is unfortunate that their hard work has been marred by the current controversy.

Some outside the University have greeted this story with glee. They have used it as evidence that Cambridge is 'archaic', stuck in the past or just 'a bunch of toffs'. This is not a cause for concern: there are many people around the country who instinctively dislike Oxbridge, and are delighted when they find another reason to kick us. Cambridge is capable of running its own affairs without listening to such people.

What is far more worrying, on the other hand, is the strong response the 'Empire' theme has aroused within Cambridge, and particularly inside Emmanuel itself. The Ball is run for the benefit of the College's students, and anything that mars their enjoyment is a genuine shame. The upshot of the scandal is that many Emmanuel students have now decided not to attend their own Ball, an event which should have been one of the year's highlights. Before selecting a theme which was bound to be at least somewhat controversial, the committee should really have put more effort into consulting students.

Hopefully, this sorry affair will now be closed. The committee made the correct choice in dropping the 'Empire' theme, and with any luck those students who opposed it will now realise that it was an honest mistake with no intention to offend, and will perhaps reconsider any decision to stay away. We wish the Ball the best of luck.

**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.

### Don't drag CUSU into it

Dear Sirs,

In response to the debate about CUSU in last week's edition [*Issue 689*]: CUSU is designed to protect the most vulnerable individuals in our University, not



to be a political forum. It provides an invaluable access scheme, academic and personal support, and helps coordinate university activities. This may not be glamorous, and does not make many headlines. Indeed, by definition, most of us will probably never have need to use these facilities. But that does not mean that CUSU is pointless. If CUSU were to divert more attention and resources away from these activities in order to create a political discussion forum, the most vulnerable and underprivileged in our university would suffer. Indeed, CUSU already concerns itself with such debates to an unfortunate extent.

There are a whole host of means within this University to engage with wider

political issues. To turn CUSU into the pre-eminent institution for such debate in Cambridge would simply make us even more insular. It is in Westminster that the change for which some students crave can happen, not in the Law Faculty and not in CUSU Council. We must start thinking about these bigger issues on the stage beyond Cambridge, and appreciate that here we already have battles to fight, like the fact that so many Cambridge students continue to come from a narrow ethnic, social, and geographical group. To complain that these battles are not interesting and not as important is to lay down our arms; and that would be the real end of student activism.

Yours faithfully,

**James Sharpe**  
Fitzwilliam College

### A blunt knife

Sirs,

Satire should be directed against the vices and ills of our society. That Laura Freeman prefers instead to direct her aggression towards College

librarians is a reflection of the narrowness of her journalistic interests. Surely the hypocrisy, corruption, and mismanagement at the heart of modern-day finance and politics are of wider, present concern to the public and your readership, and thus a more deserving target.

College librarians – contrary to Miss Freeman's uninventive stereotyping – perform their jobs with a conscientious professionalism essential to the functioning of this University. As most students and academics value this service, so I hope they will appreciate the jejune nature of Miss Freeman's attempt at satire. She should take heed of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's words:

"Satire should, like a polish'd Razor keen,  
Wound with a Touch, that's scarcely felt or seen.  
Thine is an Oyster-Knife, that hacks and hews;  
The Rage, but not the Talent of Abuse."

Yours faithfully,

**James Freeman**  
Trinity College Library

**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.**

**Editors** Hugo Gye & Michael Stothard *editor@varsity.co.uk* **Associate Editors** Clementine Dowley *associate@varsity.co.uk* & Robert Peal *magazine@varsity.co.uk* **News Editors** Andrew Bellis & Cædmon Tunstall-Behrens *news@varsity.co.uk* **Comment Editor** Robert Stagg *comment@varsity.co.uk* **Sport Editors** Jenny Morgan & Jimmy Pickles *sport@varsity.co.uk* **Features Editor** Joe Hunter *features@varsity.co.uk* **Arts Editor** Emma Mustich *arts@varsity.co.uk* **Theatre Editor** Joel Massey *theatre@varsity.co.uk* **Reviews & Listings Editor** Laurie Tuffrey *reviews@varsity.co.uk* **Fashion Editors** Kate Womersley, Alice Newell-Hanson & Katy King *fashion@varsity.co.uk*

**Senior Reporters** Christos Lavidas, Timothy Leung, Beth Staton & Lizzy Tyler *seniorreporter@varsity.co.uk* **Science Correspondents** Rose Powell-Tuck & Arthur Turrell *science@varsity.co.uk* **Food & Drink Editors** Jono Franklin & Amanda Palin *food@varsity.co.uk* **Theatre Critics** Victoria Ball, Nicholas Beck, Nathan Brooker, Lauren Davidson & George Reynolds *theatre@varsity.co.uk* **Music Critics** Lucy Bryant & Paul Smith *music@varsity.co.uk* **Film Critics** Isobel Finkel & Tom Morris *film@varsity.co.uk* **Visual Arts Critic** Laura Freeman *visualarts@varsity.co.uk* **Classical Music Critics** David Allen & Andrew Browning *classical@varsity.co.uk* **Literary Critic** Colette Sensier *literary@varsity.co.uk* **Editor-at-large** Ed Cumming *large@varsity.co.uk*

**Sub-editors** Colm Flanagan, Sheli Levenson, Isobel Palmer & Charlie Pearson *subeditor@varsity.co.uk* **Photographers** Patrick Garety, James Graveston, Tim Johns, Sean Jones, Tom Moriarty, Lizzie Robinson, Charlotte Runcie, Dhaneesha Senaratne & Zing Tsjeng *photos@varsity.co.uk* **Illustrators** Alice Edgerley, Sallie Godwin, Jane Hall, Giles Smith, Katherine Spence, Christiana Spens, Claudia Stocker, Anna Trench & Sarah Woolley *illustration@varsity.co.uk*

**Business & Advertising Manager** Michael Derringer *business@varsity.co.uk* **Board of Directors** Dr Michael Franklin (Chair), Prof. Peter Robinson, Dr Tim Harris, Mr Tom Walters, Mr Chris Wright, Mr Michael Derringer, Miss Lizzie Mitchell, Mr Elliot Ross (VarSoc President), Mr Thomas Bird, Mr George Grist, Mr Patrick Kingsley, Miss Natasha Lennard, Miss Anna Trench, Mr Hugo Gye & Mr Michael Stothard



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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](mailto:editor@varsity.co.uk) to find out more.



# Dons petition University over handling of Gaza occupation

» Academics write to Vice-Chancellor over 'refusal to engage in meaningful dialogue' with protesters

Beth Staton

Nearly 60 academics have expressed their support for the students involved in the Law Faculty occupation.

In a letter to Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard, the dons described the occupation as a "peaceful, dignified and humanitarian show of constructive solidarity with suffering civilians". They praised both the manner in which the action was conducted and its demands.

The 56 signatories expressed disquiet at the University's reaction to the occupation and criticised its threats of matriculation sanctions and food deprivation in response to peaceful protest.

The University's "refusal to engage in meaningful dialogue with its own students" about their demands, particularly in comparison with the actions of other universities, was also condemned.

The occupation, which lasted for six days, was conducted with the aim

that the University take positive action in regard to the Palestinian situation by providing academic aid, granting scholarships, and fundraising.

The signatories stated that the University could "make no more enlightened or humanitarian contribution to the appalling suffering created by this conflict". They also agreed with the protesters' demand for divestment from the arms trade, urging greater transparency in University investments and a constructive movement toward ethical investment.

The Cambridge-Gaza Solidarity group was "delighted" at the breadth of support the letter showed the occupation and its aims to have. "The event of the occupation is a rallying cry for students and academics alike to begin working together for change both within our institution and in the wider world," the group said.

Highlighting intellectual commu-

nities' "responsibility to lead humane debate and global transformation", the letter stressed that in failing to defend the exercise of intellectual freedom the University risked compromising its own "cherished, animating ideals".

The letter also urged the University to use the occupation as an opportunity to remind itself of its aims of encouraging freedom of thought and freedom from discrimination, and of "contributing to society through the pursuit of education, learning, and research at the highest international levels of excellence".

In response, Pro-Vice Chancellor John Rallison stressed that the University had taken "every step to permit the students involved in the protest to express their views," and maintained that the occupation was ended without the use of force after it proved disruptive to students' education.



Vice-Chancellor  
Alison Richard

MICHAEL DERRINGER

## In Brief

### Full steam ahead

Plans for a second train station in Cambridge linking the north of the city to other areas in the Cambridge-shire region at an estimated cost of £22 million have been met with enthusiasm. The new station is expected to enhance Cambridge's public transport system, ease congestion in the city, and, according to the Secretary of the Fen Line Users' Association Andy Tyler, raise employment levels. The proposal was one of several made for the improvement of public transport and major roads in Cambridgeshire over the next ten years by the East of England Regional Assembly, who hope that, overall, Government will contribute up to £1 billion to the project.

### Primark re-fitted

Work has begun on a £1 million re-fit of future site of Primark in Cambridge. Builders will be repairing the roof and facades of the Burleigh Street building, and altering its interior by removing the central staircase and replacing it with a new entrance and atrium as well as more escalators and lifts. Many hope that the refurbishment of Primark will give surrounding shops a much needed sales boost by attracting shoppers to the area. City mayor Mike Dixon said, "I hope Primark's arrival will be the start of a regeneration of the area. It's a difficult situation in the country for all shops. Many have been forced to close, so it's good to see a major retailer opening." The bargain retailer is expected will open this autumn.

### Blue-skies research 'at risk'

A Cambridge scientist is one of 20 notable academics protesting at government controls that they say will bring an end to so-called blue skies research. Peter Lawrence, a fellow of the Royal Society and a former head of a division of the Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Cambridge, has signed a letter calling for academics to rebel against reforms to research funding applications. Writing in *Times Higher Education*, the group of academics blames research councils for subjecting researchers to excessive regulation and warns that a new rule requiring scientists to write a two-page summary of the potential financial or social implications of their proposed research in funding applications is too restrictive. "In research worthy of the name, we are not aware of anyone who would be competent at foretelling specific future benefits and therefore in complying with the request," they wrote.

MICHAEL DERRINGER

# More gloom for class of 2009 after survey reveals falling vacancies

» Graduate recruitment tumbles by 28 per cent in financial services, as vacancies fall across the board

Varsity News

A poll of employers has revealed cuts of up to 28 per cent in graduate recruitment.

The survey of 250 companies, conducted by the Association of Graduate Recruiters, showed significant reductions in graduate recruitment across the board. Banking, accountancy, construction and IT industries were among those worse affected.

Last summer employers predicted an 11 per cent increase in graduate vacancies. But the actual figures have shown a 5.4 per cent decline across all sectors. 65 per cent of those companies forced to cut their graduate recruitment levels blamed the recession.

Students graduating this year will bear the brunt of the cuts, as they struggle to pay their top-up fees whilst struggling to enter the job market.

The President of the National Union of Students Wes Streeting, a former CUSU President, advised students to "do their research, apply early, and be prepared to be flexible with their plans."

"The current economic conditions will make it more difficult for this year's graduates to enter the job market. This will be a huge worry to students who are now racking up record levels of debt before they graduate," he added.

Lifting the cap on fees would "plunge a generation of students and graduates into even worse debt during a time of economic crisis," he said.

Employers recommended that graduate students consider temporary or even voluntary work as alternative options.

Carl Gilleard, the chief executive of the AGR, said, "You have to face the fact that this is going to be a difficult year. Almost any work is better than



Graduates line up in  
Senate House Passage

not working at all. If you graduate in 2009 and don't get your perfect job you might do better in 2010."

Gilleard also pointed out that some industries have not been so adversely affected. Graduate job vacancies in engineering, for example, increased by 8 per cent.

The Minister for Higher Education, David Lammy, was also optimistic. "There are still jobs out there for gradu-

ates. As the report points out, even this year there will be more vacancies in areas such as engineering, public services, and law," he said.

He also spoke in favour of a university education: "People considering applying to university should do so. A degree can help not only help you to get your first job, but also throughout a career that may span up to 45 years."

A second-year economics student

told *Varsity*: "I am quite worried actually, I wanted to get an internship this summer but most companies have already turned me down. I hope the market and recruitment levels pick up by the time I graduate or I would seem that I've wasted my time here."

In order to alleviate the problem, the government is planning a national internship scheme to help graduates gain work experience during the recession.

MICHAEL DERRINGER

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## In Brief

### University Challenge

St John's will take part in the semi-final of the TV quiz show University Challenge on Monday night. Cambridge's second largest college will face other semi-finalist Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in a showdown match on BBC2, refereed by Jeremy Paxman. The winning team of the semi-final will go on to meet Manchester University – who flattened Lincoln College, Oxford, by 345 points to 30 in their own semi-final, a result Paxman told the team was “fantastic” – in the final, due to be screened later this year.

### Homerton receives Grace

Homerton College has received the University's approval by Grace to seek a Royal Charter, required in order to make Homerton a full College of the University. Formerly a teacher-training college, Homerton has existed since 1894, but as an Approved Society it has been governed by Trustees. Now the College, the largest in Cambridge, will become self-governing and take its full place in the University. Dr Kate Pretty, Principal since 1991, said, “This is an exciting day for Homerton. Students have established a remarkable sense of community. It is a College to be proud of.”

### River flooding warnings

The Environment Agency has issued a flood warning for the River Cam. The river is considered most likely to break its banks and overflow the surrounding areas between Grantchester, through Cambridge, and Upware. Meanwhile other sections of the river have been given the all clear: areas between Great Chesterford and Hauxton are considered safe, as are those between Bury Brook, Kings Ripton and Ramsey. In the wider Cambridge-shire area, flood warnings have been issued for the River Great Ouse from Wyboston in Bedfordshire through St Neots and St Ives to Earith.

### Super-express trains

A new fleet of “super-express” 125mph trains will replace the 20-year-old models currently serving passengers between Cambridge and London. Network Rail's chief engineer, Professor Andrew McNoughton, said that the new trains could carry 21 per cent more passengers and would weigh 17 per cent less. “We have worked with the Department for Transport to optimise the design of both train and infrastructure to give the best capacity and passenger experience,” he said. The new trains, built by the British-led consortium Agility Trains, are expected to enter service in 2013, linking London with Leeds, Hull, York, Newcastle and Edinburgh. Transport secretary Geoff Hoon described the plan as the single biggest investment in intercity trains for a generation. “It is good news for the British economy that over 12,500 jobs will be created and safeguarded,” he said.

# Bring out the gladRAGs



Awkward? A couple out for drinks in town.

Cædmon Tunstall-Behrens

Cambridge was turned into a mass speed-dating venue on Tuesday when RAG staged its annual Blind Date night.

Over 900 couples met in bars, restaurants and cafés around town in the hope of finding that special person to spend with on Valentines day.

Forms to be filled in by interested parties were purchased from College RAG reps for £5. Questions included “when was your last kiss”, “cheesiest chat-up line”, “describe yourself in five words” and “you will recognise me because...”

On the female forms, the girls were asked to write where their blind date was to meet them and at what time. The males, alternatively, were asked to divulge their “standard Gardies order”.

*Varsity* sent reporters around town to catch up with the dates and the responses ranged in enthusiasm.

One dater, from St Catharine's, said “I didn't recognise him because he wasn't handsome enough.” Another said of her date, “it was really shit.”

Opening lines were alleged to have been “How is your womb?” and “Would you like to go for a shower, because I split rivers?”, the latter referring to the Jewish origin of that particular Casanova.

Elliot, who was on an LGBT swap said of his date, “He's nice, but very Essex”.

Many had looked up their prospective dates on Facebook having been pigeon-holed their forms earlier in the week. Lucy, a fresher, claimed she “saw a picture of Fred climbing and he had nice legs”.

Livvy, a Corpus student, said of her Christ's date, Simon, that she was “unsurprised having looked him up on Facebook”.

All was not so negative, however, with other comments including “big thumbs up”, “he's a charmer”, “it was initially awkward, but got better”, and “he's so funny, I'll definitely meet up

with him again”.

Lilly Hamilton, one of this year's RAG Blind Date organisers said there had been an excess of girls applying. “I had to run around Cambridge like a madman looking for extra guys, but in the end everybody got a date,” she said.

The event will raise between £9,000 and £10,000 for various charities which are picked by an annual ballot, although the proceeds have not been officially counted. This year the named charities include Cambridge Rape Crisis, UNICEF, Cystic Fibrosis Trust and Shelter.

*Additional reporting by Richard Kirsch and Olivia Seddon-Daines*

## Addenbrooke's worst for MRSA in East England

Varsity News

Addenbrooke's Hospital has one of the highest rates of superbug infections in the East of England.

Research conducted by the East of England Strategic Health Authority found the MRSA bloodstream infection in five patients per 10,000 admissions to Addenbrooke's, one of the highest rates amongst Cambridge-shire's 18 surveyed hospitals. Addenbrooke's also has the highest rate of Clostridium difficile infections: five cases in 1,000 admissions.

The hospital emphasised that its status as a specialist centre means that large numbers of patients who are admitted are already seriously ill.

Addenbrooke's also stressed that despite these figures, the hospital is currently outstripping its set targets for reducing the overall number of cases of superbug infection.

A spokesman for the hospital said: “Addenbrooke's is a specialist centre for the region's most challenging patients. In spite of that, our infection control measures have had a real impact – we saw a 49 per cent decrease in cases of MRSA between 2007 and 2008, and we are anticipating a further 29 per cent reduction between 2008 and 2009.

“This is significantly better than our planned reduction of 20 per cent, and confirms our commitment to reducing the number of healthcare associated infections to the lowest possible level.”

Hinchingbrooke Hospital was also implicated by the Health Authority's findings, with the fifth highest rate of MRSA infections in the area, and the second highest of Clostridium difficile.

The hospital declared a C. difficile outbreak in December and is currently behind its reduction targets for the

superbug with seven cases more than their target of 58.

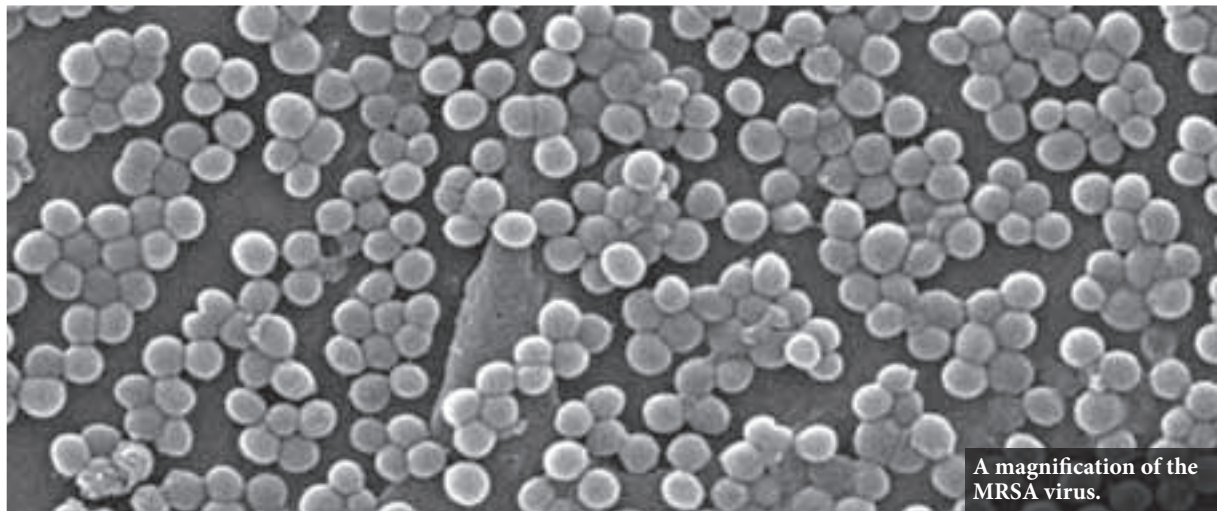
A spokesperson called these figures “disappointing” but drew attention to the hospital's dedication to deep cleaning processes and close monitoring by an infection control team.

She said that initial analysis had linked the cases to “patients receiving antibiotic treatment for their underlying conditions, or as prophylactic treatment ahead of surgery”.

Commenting on figures across the

East, a spokesperson for the Strategic Health Authority said: “We are continuing to make significant progress in controlling healthcare associated infections. Numbers of Clostridium difficile and MRSA cases seem to be becoming steady, at lower rates than last year.

“This is a considerable achievement in the winter months, traditionally the highest risk period. I hope we see this trend continuing and that we do not see a winter upturn.”



A magnification of the MRSA virus.



NEWS FEATURE

# Black students half as likely to get in to Cambridge

» New figures show black students half as likely to successfully apply to Cambridge as white students  
» Director of Admissions tells Varsity widening participation agenda will be relevant for a generation  
» Statistics show disparities between black students' applications to different Colleges

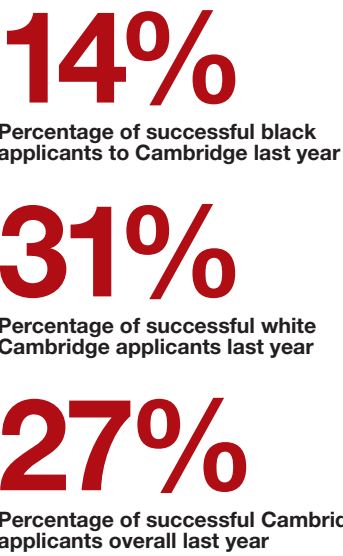
**Andrew Bellis**

Cambridge's Director of Admissions has warned that concerns over widening participation to the University will not be satisfied in his lifetime.

His comments come as figures published this week show that black students are half as likely to be accepted to Cambridge as white applicants.

The success rate in 2008 for the 202 black students who declared their ethnicity was 14 per cent. The success rate for white applicants was 31 per cent, and the overall success rate for applicants was 27 per cent.

Geoff Parks, the Director of Undergraduate Admissions, says that Cambridge is displaying a "serious commitment to try and get to the point when people stop talking about it", but conceded that concerns over the make-up of students at the University would not be fully resolved for many years. "I'm



not sure it will happen in my lifetime," he said, "but we could hope it would."

This week, the University published figures showing that a record number of ethnic minority students were admitted to Cambridge in 2008. But, speaking to *Varsity*, Dr Parks said that the University is not satisfied with the disproportionately small number of black students.

"There are a lot of success stories in the growing diversity of the whole body of Cambridge, but... there is this issue – and Cambridge I think reflects the national picture – that students from black backgrounds are not as represented as one would like them to be," he said.

Official figures for 2007, released under the Freedom of Information Act, reveal that more than a dozen Colleges didn't admit a single student who declared their ethnicity to be black. The figures also show a disparity between the number of self-defining black applicants who apply to different Colleges. Emmanuel had 16, whereas both Newnham and Selwyn only had one.

Dr Parks warns that care should be taken in drawing conclusions from the figures. "It's very hard to discern any meaningful correlations and patterns [in the data] – everything has very large error bars," he said. The figures do not include the four per cent of applicants who did not declare their ethnicity.

The chair of CUSU's Black Students' Campaign, which supports black undergraduates in Cambridge, says that the problem is primarily cultural and does not lie with the University itself.

Soban Khawaja attributes the low number of black applicants to low aspirations within some black communities. "There's a need to let people know in the sixth-form colleges: Cambridge is an option if you have

the grades," he says.

The differences between the College application numbers for black students may be due to the nature of Cambridge's widening participation programme. As part of efforts to encourage students from less privileged backgrounds to apply to the University, each College is assigned several areas of the country in which to promote a Cambridge education.

Research has shown that black students traditionally underperform at school, which explains the national trend of a disproportionately low level of applications to top universities.

The small number of black applicants may be related to simple preference over where students want to study. Some perceive Cambridge as "old-fashioned, rural, quiet, nightclubs [that] aren't particularly cutting edge – all these lifestyle-related issues play into a lot of young people's decisions about where to go to university," Parks says.

"I can totally understand why students might choose to go to other universities, which are nearly as good as Cambridge – I'm loth to say as good as Cambridge, of course – but there are many good universities in this country and the obsession with Oxford and Cambridge is helpful to nobody.

"What we have to do in widening participation is making clear that Cambridge isn't the same as going to a university in a major metropolitan area, but there are aspects about coming to Cambridge which compensate for the slightly less cutting-edge nightclubs or music scene or whatever, and that although it's not the same, Cambridge is a place where students from all sorts of backgrounds do flourish."

Tony Talburt, of the Black Boys Can Association, which works to raise the educational aspirations of black stu-

BLACK STUDENT APPLICATIONS BY COLLEGE, 2007

Emmanuel	16
Jesus	12
King's	11
Christ's	11
Murray Edwards	11
Trinity	10
Fitzwilliam	10
Sidney	9
Girton	9
Pembroke	8
Caius	7
St Catharine's	7
St Edmund's	7
Lucy Cavendish	7
Homerton	6
Trinity Hall	6
Peterhouse	6
Downing	5
Magdalene	5
Corpus	5
Churchill	4
Hughes	4
Queens'	3
Clare	3
St John's	3
Robinson	3
Wolfson	3
Newnham	1
Selwyn	1

dents, says that disadvantaged students often feel that Oxbridge is "not for them".

"There's a social class thing – the middle class and upper class are associated with Oxford and Cambridge – so people's perception of what these institutions are is sometimes hard to change," he said.

In a speech last week the Universities Minister, David Lammy, highlighted the problems that widening participation attempts still faced in schools.

"I've known of teachers who have said that they don't think a selective university was the right setting for their pupils. One school in Cambridge refused an outreach programme from Cambridge University because they didn't think it was relevant. That shouldn't be happening," Lammy told a higher education conference.

More evidently needs to be done to reduce the negative perception of Cambridge in some areas. But Parks maintains that the University is winning the fight. "I think we've had to battle these perceptions that Cambridge is less accessible."

"The difficulties we have in terms of access to students and getting messages across, and the nature of the messages we're giving out, are gradually changing, and some of the barriers which existed ten years ago have now more or less gone. But as David Lammy's speech indicated, it's not a solved problem. There are still pockets of resistance, you could say, and there are difficulties."

## University celebrates record number of ethnic minority students

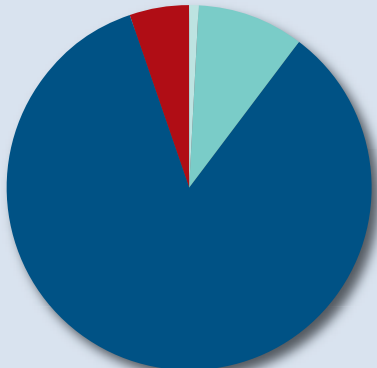
A record number of ethnic minority students were admitted to Cambridge last year, 20 years after the University's flagship programme to encourage applications from ethnic minorities was launched.

Figures published this week show that 448 ethnic minority students who declared their ethnicity were admitted in 2008, up from 428 from 2007.

"Our programmes to encourage more entrants from ethnic minorities are being very successful," Cambridge's director of admissions, Geoff Parks, said.

"The proportion of ethnic groups is now nearly treble what it was at the beginning of the 1990s."

In 1989, the University founded GEEMA, the Group for Encouraging Ethnic Minority Applications, whose



ACCEPTANCES BY ETHNICITY, 2008  
ALL STUDENTS FOR WHOM ETHNICITY IS KNOWN (90%)  
WHITE / ASIAN / OTHER / BLACK

20th birthday coincides with the University's 800th anniversary. Matthew Ryder, a law student in Cambridge in the 1980s who helped establish the group, said: "GEEMA arose out of Cambridge Black Students' Caucus in the mid-1980s. It was a unique project because it was the first time black British students were a visible entity at Cambridge.

"Our goal was to make the University more accessible and less intimidating to those coming behind us. The improvement in numbers shows why GEEMA is effective, but there's still work to do. Cambridge and other universities are always trying to attract the very best young minds, no matter what background they come from and GEEMA has an important part to play in doing that."

## In Brief

### £1.2bn pledged for A14 reconditioning

The A14 is set to be reconditioned as part of a £1.2 billion scheme to improve the nation's transport links. The plan will see highways in East Anglia resurfaced and improved over a two year period. This news comes in addition to the £272 million already set aside by the Treasury for general maintenance and repair. Specifically highlighted for redevelopment is the stretch of the A14 running between Ellington, to the west of Huntingdon, and Fen Ditton, to the northeast of Cambridge. Lord Adonis, the Transport Minister responsible for major road links, is reported to have given assurances that funding for the key project will be made available until completion. The plans are welcomed by both commuters and safety campaigners: the A14 is a notoriously busy route through East Anglia and has been associated with heavy congestion and traffic incidents.

Gemma Oke

### M&S to relocate Simply Food to avoid job cuts

In a bid to avoid making job cuts, Marks & Spencer has announced the relocation rather than closure of its outlet in Cambridge's Grafton centre. The company's new, larger Simply Food store, in the Beehive Centre off Coldham's Lane, will not only secure the jobs of all current staff but will also provide employment opportunities for many more. This news follows the firm's announcement of the closure of its Huntingdon and Letchworth branch, which will take place on March 12th of this year. Marks & Spencer's directors have yet to confirm how many more staff they will be recruiting to man the new store, but said that those made redundant as a result of the closure of the Huntingdon

### Project in Syd's memory

Plans have been unveiled for a new arts centre in Cambridge in memory of Cambridge-dwelling Pink Floyd frontman Syd Barrett. The musician's struggle with mental illness inspired the arts charity Escape Artists to set up the centre which will use art to help people suffering from mental health problems. Matthew Taylor, director of Escape Artists, said the project would be a fitting memorial to Syd, whose experimentation with hallucinatory drugs has been linked to the onset of his mental health problems. The problems are said to have led to increasingly bizarre behaviour, which saw him leave Pink Floyd in 1968, before returning to live as a virtual recluse in Cherry Hinton. Mr Taylor said: "The NHS is starting to prescribe art courses, rather than drugs, as it is very helpful for many people. Everyone has some kind of artistic streak in them and there is lots of research which details the positive effect of art on people's wellbeing."



# Bill and Melinda Gates to receive degrees

Andrew Bellis

Bill and Melinda Gates are to receive honorary Cambridge degrees, the University announced this week.

The Microsoft chairman and his wife will be awarded Doctorates of Law in a ceremony in June.

The Gates' charitable organisation, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, has donated \$210m to the University to promote access to foreign students.

The husband and wife will be a rare example of honorary degrees being conferred upon a couple. "They would not be the first couple to have received

honorary degrees from Cambridge, but it is certainly unusual," a University spokesman said.

Other famous couples to receive honorary degrees from Cambridge include jazz singer Cleo Laine and husband John Dankworth in 2004, and King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia of Spain in 1988.

Mr and Mrs Gates are two of the twelve people whose names have been submitted to the Regent House for the conferment of honorary degrees this summer.

Among this year's other recipients are: His Highness Prince Karim Al-Hassayni, the Aga Khan, an Islamic

spiritual leader; Baroness Williams of Crosby, a former Education Secretary and now a Liberal Democrat peer; Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Master of the Queen's Music; and Professor Amartya Sen, a former Master of Trinity and Nobel laureate in economics.

Four other academics who will receive honorary degrees are: Professor Elizabeth Blackburn, a biology professor at the University of California who was named in Time magazine's list of the 100 most influential people in 2007; Professor Wallace Broecker, a leading climate change scientist; Professor Sir Peter Crane, an ex-director of Kew Gardens; and Professor Wang

Gungwu, chairman of the East Asian Institute.

Two further nominations have been made for the honorary degree of Master of Arts, which will be conferred in July upon Allan Brigham, a local historian and blue badge tour guide; and Sir Miles Hunt-Davis, Private Secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh, the University's Chancellor.



RALPH ALSWANG

## Workers protest against CUP job cuts

» Union criticises outsourcing of work from Cambridge

Lizzy Tyler

Staff at Cambridge University Press are planning a protest this Saturday against the announced cut of 133 print jobs.

The workers have called for a public rally outside Guildhall this Saturday to "raise awareness of the redundancies, and fight the decimation of the oldest university printing house in the world".

Employees at the 425-year-old printing business were warned in October last year that there would be cuts in jobs in 2009, but the extent of the redundancies has caused outrage.

Not only will the 170-strong team at Cambridge Printing Services be cut down to 37, but 25 jobs will also go in the firm's UK education publishing business.

Cambridge University Press is said to be making the move in an effort to cut costs, whilst outsourcing its production of books for the foreign market – which makes up 80 per cent of its sales – to printing works abroad.

Many of the workers calling for the protest are members of the unions Unite, Amicus, and other affiliated trade bodies.

A group of the protestors have been in talks with the Cambridge MP David Howarth who commented that he was "very worried about the prospect of these jobs being lost in Cambridge, especially now, as a recession takes hold and finding new jobs will be difficult".

Howarth is in contact with both the employees' representatives and



Cambridge University Press in a bid to "see what can be done".

The prospect of being unable to find jobs in the current recession is a major fear for the workers, who are calling for support from MPs and members of the University at the protest on Saturday. There is also a Facebook group inviting students to get involved in the rally.

Tom Woodcock, secretary of the Cambridge Trades Council said that the CUP was "practically ending 425

years of continuous printing in Cambridge, outsourcing work away from Cambridge when it could be kept here and allowing a business with a unique history and heritage to be lost forever".

The future of the remaining jobs has also been questioned by Mr Woodcock who said that the firm was "ignoring the sacrifices that have been made by the staff over the last five years on the understanding that there would be job security".

## Tributes pour in after Clare fellow dies

» Renowned geneticist dies aged 54

Cædmon Tunstall-Behrens

Mike Majerus, a fellow at Clare, has died at the age of 54.

The world-renowned evolutionary geneticist and keen defender of Darwinian evolution, made particularly celebrated research into the evolutionary ecology of the moths and butterflies and ladybirds.

His research made a significant contribution to debate on evolution against intelligent design debate from his close study of the peppered moth. This resulted in him being invited to lecture at conferences worldwide.

A colleague and friend of Majerus, Remy Ware said: "Mike was my mentor, and one of my closest friends. [He] leaves a lasting legacy in his field, not only in terms of the valid scientific contributions he has made, but also in teaching and mentoring the evolutionary biologists of tomorrow."

Majerus' work on ladybirds revealed that female mating preferences could be genetically determined, a discovery that bolstered Darwin's theory of sexual selection by female choice.

It was said of Majerus that at times it was difficult to discern the boundaries between his life and his work because he was so enthusiastic about his research. This, twinned with his effective teaching skills and knowledge, made him an inspiring individual.

Working tirelessly for the furthering of science, Majerus' life was devoted to the Amateur Entomologists' Society, of which he was a member from the age of five and

President since 2005.

David Summers, Head of the Department of Genetics, said: "Mike Majerus was a traditional Cambridge scientist; a charismatic individual for whom the boundaries between life and work, and teaching and research, were very hard to discern. He was a world authority in his field, a tireless advocate of evolution and an enthusiastic educator of graduate and undergraduate students."

Majerus suffered from a short illness and passed away peacefully on January 27th.

William Foster said of his friend and colleague: "He was a wonderfully enthusiastic, doughty fighter for evolutionary biology. He really loved insects - moths, butterflies, ladybirds, you name it. Rather unusually for an academic, he was just as respected amongst amateur entomologists as amongst professional ones, and in fact would not have thought it worthwhile to make such a distinction: all were (or should be) consumed with the desire to find out more about insects."



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX HAHN WWW.MYSPACE.COM/AH\_CREATIVE\_TALENTS

## Vorderman counts down to festival

Aditi Rao

Carol Vorderman and the scientist behind Dolly the sheep are among the personalities lined up to promote this year's Cambridge Science Festival.

The festival will explore "Centuries of Science" to commemorate the 800 year anniversary of the University with a wide range of lectures and workshops.

Running from March 9-22, as part of National Science and Engineering Week, the annual event promises over 160 events with experts from a wide range of fields to captivate the imaginations of adults and children alike. It is the country's largest free science festival and is expected to attract approximately 30,000 visitors of all ages for two

weeks of hands-on science.

Nicola Buckley, co-ordinator of the festival since 2005, feels that the "main focus is to get children interested in science".

Buckley believes that giving current students and scientists the chance to share their enthusiasm with visitors by offering unique opportunities to visit the University's laboratories will "make science part of the nation's culture".

Other prominent figures include Chris Bishop, Microsoft's Chief Research Scientist, Channel 4's *Men in White* presenter Jem Stansfield and the students' favourite, Dr Pete Withers, whose lecture entitled 'Just Add Water' guarantees an interesting talk on the properties of water with explosive bangs.





## Varsity Profile

» Week 5: Ali Moeen Nazawish, the student with 23 A-levels

The shortest entry in this year's Varsity 100, Ali Moeen Nazawish has created a media storm with his record-breaking 23 A-levels, 21 of which were As. And yet, he says, the only books he ever really read were Harry Potter. "I know it goes against people's preconceptions, but I'm not a big fan of reading. I can't put myself through it, not even textbooks!"

Ali received As at A-level in Physics, Biology, Mathematics, Computing, Marine Sciences, Applied ICT, Travel and Tourism, Urdu Literature, Geography, Applied Geography, Human Biology, Pure Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Sociology, Psychology, Thinking Skills, Urdu Language, Business Studies and Critical Thinking. He also received two As at AS-level, in General Studies and English Language. Ali picked up a B in Chemistry and a C in General Further Mathematics.

Recent media attention, sparked by that short but sweet Varsity 100 entry, has been "crazy", from Facebook stalkers to bundles of fan mail from around the world. In the two hours following his BBC interview, he received over 700 friendship requests on Facebook, yet when I show Ali his Wikipedia entry and Facebook fan club, he is genuinely surprised. "That's amazing!"

His modesty is charming. When asked what his best personality trait is, he answers, "None... having friends who still treat you like shit is amazing, it keeps you grounded!" His greatest weakness and, he concedes, also his greatest strength, is "the ability to pro-

crastinate for infinite periods of time. And not being able to consistently stick at something. That helped with the A-levels, doing ten minute slots of work per subject and then switching."

On the subject of work, "Hell no!" he claims, "I'm not disciplined! I learned three of my A-level subjects from YouTube, and for General Studies I looked at the Prospective Immigrants booklet from the UK Home Office!"

His learning methods are unconventional, though evidently rather efficient, and include the consumption of extravagant quantities of energy drinks, working through the night, in the dark and, in addition, "Religion has played an important role in all this. Islam encourages us to learn, and as a Muslim, I consider my education to be obligatory."

When I arrived in his room at Trinity Hall approaching midnight – he had been finishing a Psychology essay – the window was wide open, despite sub-zero temperatures, wind and rain, and the light was off. "I like to work in a dark, cold room. It makes a change from the hot sun in Pakistan."

Aside from being on the committee of the University Pakistani Society, playing his guitar, and watching House, Heroes and Bollywood films, Ali is currently filling his time by creating an international A-level challenge website (www.thealevelchallenge.com). Details of this project are still secretively guarded, but are to be launched on the 21st February, Ali's birthday. He does reveal, however,

18

Ali's age

23

The number of A-level Ali achieved

21

The number of A grades he achieved in his A-level exams

that the project currently involves the top universities of the world and some 150 volunteers.

Grand ambitions aside, his aims for next term are simple – to pass his exams. He worries that high academic expectations have been placed on him from "this 15 minutes of fame", but appreciates the bright side to the recent barrage of attention: "Having done these subjects with only the goal of personal academic achievement in mind, it is amazing that I have inspired so many people – that I can help people, not just in Pakistan but all over."

Anna Harper



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## Burlesque dancers at King's formal

» Students and dons shocked after Moulin Rouge-themed Valentine's dinner

### Massi Steaker

Eight burlesque dancers performed at a King's Valentines Super-formal on Wednesday, much to the distaste of many students and dons.

The dancers, who were joined by an equal number of men for the final dance, were paid to perform at the Moulin Rouge-themed formal by the King's College Students Union. KCSU Ents Officer, Juan De Francisco, was called in to see the Lay Dean yesterday to explain his actions.

Three dances were performed, as well as a belly-dancing show, only one of which involved the men. "The first dance with the girls was fairly respectable and up on the balcony. Then they went and had a few drinks at the bar, and came back with, let's say, a tad more *joie de vivre*," said one King's student.

"They were simulating sexual acts with each other, writhing on the tables, flirting and generally being pretty full on. Some people, obviously, thought it was the best thing that had ever happened, but most just wanted to have a nice meal and thought it was pretty weird," continued the student.

"I can see why people would be angry," said another King's student, "as it's Valentine's day not prostitute day. What I would say though is that there were just as many people enjoying it as there were people disapproving of it."

It was reported that the some of the fellows left early because they felt the event to be in poor taste. Opinions, however, were mixed. One don went up to the dancers in the bar afterwards and congratulated them on their performance, asking when



they would be back again.

In the third dance, the eight girls were already on the tables and were lifted off by the male dancers. The girls then gave a lap dance to the men, who assumed a passive role. All the dancers then got up and began to interact with the audience.

"I was sitting there happily munching my pudding when one of the male dancers came over and started trying to tie me up. I was like, what are you doing? Leave me alone with my damn pudding."

One dancer reputedly wrapped her legs around a girl's face.

"It was kind of awful. Looking at everyone's faces around the room, they all looked disgusted and horrified by what

was going on," said a student.

Ents officer De Francisco said: "Obviously we got a wide range of opinions. Some liked it some did not. From my perspective, the theme was Moulin Rouge, and so we had Moulin Rouge dancers. In retrospect though, it was too risqué for a formal."

The KCSU women's officer Diane Doliveux said: "I understand that for a lot of people it would not have been an issue, but a significant number of people complained to me in their capacity as woman's officer and we have to take this seriously."

"It was not appropriate for a formal. It was not advertised and it went a bit far," she said.



## From the Archives

### concern over white Anti-Racism

**By Martin Edwards**  
The election of Nicola Tyler as the first white Anti-Racism Officer (ARO) of the Cambridge University Student Union (CUSU) has caused a stir among the black and Asian community. The election was held on 11th January and the results were announced on 12th. Tyler, a 21-year-old white female, was elected by a vote of 100 to 80. The election was held in the presence of a large number of students from the black and Asian community, who were concerned about the possibility of a white ARO. The election was held in the presence of a large number of students from the black and Asian community, who were concerned about the possibility of a white ARO.

### ADC on ITV

**By James Wilson**  
The Cambridge University Afro-Caribbean Society (ACS) has been elected to the position of Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC) on ITV. The ACS was elected by a vote of 100 to 80. The election was held in the presence of a large number of students from the black and Asian community, who were concerned about the possibility of a white ARO.

### Week 5: February 18th 1996

#### Varsity's account of a white girl being elected for the CUSU role of Anti-Racism Officer.

Cambridge University Afro-Caribbean week, which started on Monday, suffered an unexpected setback after several members of the CU Black and Asian Caucus (BAC) voiced their disapproval over recent election of a white Anti-Racism Officer. The appointment last term of Nicola Tyler from King's College sparked off the anger of certain BAC members who claimed that the elections were badly publicised, unrepresentative and ultimately unfair.

According to Martin Edwards, school liaison officer for the Group to Encourage Ethnic Minority Applications (GEEMA), the criticism stems from a "lack of communication and confusion over successionship". He said, "the electoral procedure needs to be modified. At present, CUSU posts are elected by two JCR members from each college. A campus vote should be introduced to give the wider public, especially members of the Asian and Black community, the opportunity to voice their opinions."

Sonika Nirwal, President of the BAC, shares her concerns. "Many of the JCR members who voted in the election did not even tell the other members of their colleges that the vote was taking place," she said. "The post is representative of a lot of students and it would be better if, in the future, the vote was opened up," she added.

When asked whether it was Miss Tyler's skin colour that angered the BAC members, Mr Edwards replied that this was not the issue. He said, "the key qualities of an anti-racist officer are creativity, new ideas and social awareness. Anyone who exercises these qualities can make an effective anti-racist officer."

Miss Nirwal, however, admitted that some members of the BAC were unsure about approaching Miss Tyler with any concerns or problems they might have because she is not a member of an ethnic minority herself. "If an anti-racism officer hasn't had experience of racial abuse they may find it difficult to relate to the problems of our members," she told Varsity.

Miss Tyler said she could "completely understand" such concerns. However, she believes she has "some comprehension of the issues at stake", even though she has not been the victim of racial abuse herself. Miss Tyler also agreed that the electoral procedure was not ideal, but explained that when the post was open last year, "no one else stood for it. Rather than see the post not filled I stood for it."

This term, Miss Tyler has been joined as Anti-Racism Officer by Sharmini Selvarajah, also from King's.



## Busy morning for Prince Phillip as he names boat and train

Prince Phillip, the Duke of Edinburgh and Chancellor of the University, was in Cambridge yesterday morning to take part in a series of events to celebrate Cambridge's 800th anniversary. He went to the Blues' boathouse to name the boat for this year's Boat Race. He then travelled to the railway station to name a train on the Cambridge-King's Cross line, in commemoration of the University's 800th anniversary. Following this, he unveiled a new statue of Charles Darwin at Christ's, commissioned to mark the 200th birthday of the naturalist yesterday. On Wednesday evening he watched a student production of *Iolanthe*.

## Christ's restore Darwin's room

» College opens naturalist's room to public in 200th year of his birth



### Timothy Leung

Rooms occupied by Charles Darwin during his undergraduate years have been restored to the state that the naturalist might have found them when he studied at Christ's.

Since no drawings or descriptions of the rooms in Darwin's time survive, the reproduction is based on research conducted by John van Wyhe, Director of Darwin Online and Bye-Fellow of Christ's, and Jo Poole. The pair consulted contemporary documents, recollections of Darwin's friends at Cambridge, descriptions of student life in the University at that time and

illustrations, including those by William Makepeace Thackeray, to inform their restoration.

Physical evidence in the rooms was also examined to determine the interior features. Analysis of paints remaining on the walls allowed identification of the pigments required to reproduce the colour scheme, while a serendipitous discovery revealed the fabric that might have been used for the soft furnishing. Poole found that under three layers of more modern seat covers, cushions were covered with a fabric contemporary to Darwin's period.

The restoration has brought together other objects that Darwin might have

kept in his rooms, including a percussion gun, insect-swooping net, gould microscope, beetle collection and bird skins.

Van Wyhe noted, "Never before has it been possible to experience such a sense of Darwin's time as a student at Christ's. His large, elegant rooms, richly furnished and complete with what may be his original beetle cabinet – as well as other scientific objects – give it a feel of a private natural history museum."

The rooms will be open to the public from February 21st as part of Christ's celebrations of the bicentenary of Darwin's birth.

## Chinese dissident supports protester

Continued from front page

"As a Chinese saying goes, it is more precious than gold for a young person to turn around to redress mistakes. It is hoped that this student will see his mistake and seek to understand a real and developing China," Mr Wen added.

The student also faces the possibility of internal University discipline when court proceedings against him have concluded. Potential penalties include being fined, suspended or rusticated. Cambridge's Advocate-General, law professor Christopher Forsyth, will conduct the hearing if Jahnke's conduct is deemed to be sufficiently serious.

Jahnke has been at Cambridge for several years, supervising undergraduates and leading seminars. He is involved in research into diseases such as diabetes, arthritis and multiple sclerosis.

In an open letter to the shoe-thrower, Shao Jiang, a survivor of the Tiananmen Square massacre, praised his actions, saying: "I want to let you know that what you have done has greatly encouraged people in China to fight for freedom, democracy and human rights."

He continued: "I firmly believe that when you threw the shoe at the Chinese dictator, you were exercising the freedom of expression on behalf of those who have never had the chance to express their despair. We cannot agree more when you made your famous speech: 'How can the University prostitute itself with this dictator? How can you listen to the lies he's telling!'"

At Cambridge Magistrates' Court Jahnke was bailed unconditionally and will appear in court again on March 10th.



# For gamblers, it's nearly winning that counts

» *Cambridge research reveals that near-misses keep gamblers betting*

Christos Lavidas

Cambridge research has discovered that a near-miss when gambling causes punters to keep betting.

A near-miss was described as an instance where the slot machine reel stops one position from the 'payline'. The resultant brain activity causes gamblers to keep betting, although no positive outcome has occurred.

The team was lead by Luke Clark of the MRC-Wellcome Trust Behavioural and Clinical Neuroscience Institute. He said, "Gamblers often interpret near-misses as special events, which encourage them to continue to gamble. Our findings show that the brain responds to near-misses as if a win has been delivered, even though the result is technically a loss."

"On games where there is some skill involved, like target practice, it makes sense to pay attention to near-misses. However, on gambling games where the wins are random, like slot machines or roulette, near-misses do not signal your future success."

"Importantly, our volunteers in this study were not regular or problem gamblers and so these findings suggest that the brain may naturally respond to near-misses in this way."

The study is detailed in a paper

named 'Gambling Near-Misses Enhance Motivation to Gamble and Recruit Win-Related Brain Circuitry'. It was published in the February 12th edition of *Neuron*.

The first experiment consisted of scientists scanning the brains of 15 people while they gambled on a computerized slot machine, delivering 50p when a win was achieved.

When humans win a bet the same areas of the brain respond as when they eat chocolate or consume drugs that are linked to abuse. The brain is excited and the chemical dopamine is stimulated.

When one of the participants in the study got an outcome consisting of two cherries and an orange but not the three cherries necessary for a win, they experienced the same levels of happiness as if they had won. Activity was discovered in the striatum and insula cortex of the brain.

In the second experiment participants described the near-miss events as unpleasant. However, they felt even more compelled to continue gambling after such an event occurred.

Furthermore, not all subjects showed the same level of responsiveness to near-misses. Participants that experienced a heightened level of activity after a near-miss also responded to a questionnaire

with answers that problem gamblers are most likely to give.

The study was funded by the Economic and Social Research Council and the Responsibility in Gambling Trust, and the Behavioural and Clinical Neuroscience Institute at the Department of Experimental Psychology.

The Economic and Social Research Council (ESRC) is the UK's largest funding agency for research and postgraduate training relating to social and economic issues. It supports independent, high-quality research relevant to business, the public sector and voluntary organisations.



## Cambridge Spies



Trinity

*It takes three to tango*

A group of shoe-making boys was having dinner with a troupe of feline females at everyone's favourite King St patisserie. The meal was drawing to its natural conclusion, when one enterprising chap started making the case for heading to Cambridge's premier 'exotic dancing' establishment. Other lads (and lasses) enthusiastically agreed, and before long they found themselves confronted with a mass of female flesh. One floppy-haired fellow, and a girl who really should have been doing her marathon training, found themselves lending a sympathetic ear to one dancer's life story; the night culminated in a performance from said buxom entertainer, who focussed her attentions on the girl. A jolly time, in sum, was had by all.

Peterhouse

*Kafkaesque?*

After a dinner last week aimed squarely at those who prefer to bat for the other side, two gents who had imbibed more than is strictly healthy found themselves at adjacent urinals. After that, what should be more natural than that they should start discussing business in the nearest cubicle? Sadly, that explanation failed to hold water when they were unexpectedly joined by one of the College's esteemed gatekeepers, who was unimpressed by their young love. He had them immediately hauled off to one of the establishment's BigDogs. Said official, however, was unable to punish the miscreants when the porter couldn't bring himself to reveal exactly what they'd done wrong.

Fitzwilliam

*Blowing in the wind*

Recent snowy weather led a fleet of Fitzbillys to evolve their daily activities, and it was suggested they sculpt various erections from the snow, one of which resembled an icehouse. Having met a fine specimen of the female species later one soiree, our protagonist swept her off her feet and into said refrigerated house. Little did he know that he was in for a night of fellatio-themed ecstasy. Despite all the blowing that went on, our little structure stayed standing, though it was visibly leaning to one side the next day...

# County demands more grit from government

» *Council says national shortage has prevented gritting of cycle paths*

Jennie Baker

Cambridgeshire County Council has blamed its failure to grit cycleways and footpaths on a national shortage.

The exceptional weather conditions have forced the council to send out its fleet of 36 gritters over sixty times already this year, costing over £1 million, double the number of last year's outings.

Two of the major grit suppliers now have no spare stocks. The council has said, however, that it has enough grit left to last until the end of the difficult weather.

But both Liberal Democrat and Green Party city councillors have accused the Conservative-run council of not doing enough to protect the public.

Sian Reid, a Liberal Democrat city councillor, called the council's procedure for the gritting of footpaths and cycleways "absolute madness", and claimed that the requirements for gritting "put people's safety at risk". Currently, temperatures must be below freezing until midday for five consecutive days before the gritting of cycleways and footpaths is undertaken.

Margaret Wright, a Green Party city councillor, has accused the Council of

blaming the national shortage for the lack of grit application instead of taking responsibility for their own failure to supply it.

Wright claims that although shortages have only become an issue in the last few days, paths have "barely been treated" since the cold weather began.

She reported that in Abbey Ward, local cyclists and walkers have notified her of "at least 40 accidents" which she believes could have been avoided had the paths been gritted.

While many students and one third of those commuting to Cambridge make their journeys by bicycle, Coun-

cillor Wright maintains that the county has a "culture of cycling" and that the council should "change its priorities" in Cambridge.

The County Council's cabinet member for transport, Matthew Bradney, spoke of the need to be "realistic". He said: "We cannot grit everywhere, and as it turns out, if we had we would have run out of grit." He said that the council's priorities had to remain with those roads where the risk of death is highest.

Bradney has since written to the Government demanding a national review of gritting procedure.

## Police told to smoke secretly

Helen Mackreath

Cambridgeshire police are now required to conceal their smoking habits.

In a move aimed at maintaining the "polished image" of the police force, Cambridgeshire police officers have been told to cover their uniforms when having a cigarette in public.

New guidelines imposed by police chiefs also include the requirement that smoking time be deducted from paid working hours.

These measures have been imposed to uphold the respectable image of the police force.

Like the general 2007 smoking ban, health concerns were a factor in the policy, but equally important was the fear that smoking policemen would display an image detrimental to the reputation of the force.

Criticism of the policy comes from FOREST, a Cambridge-based smokers' campaign, an acronym for Freedom Organisation for the Right to Enjoy Smoking Tobacco. Spokesman Simon

Clarke highlighted that it was "just another example of the nanny state" and that "policing is a very stressful job."

"In the real world many police officers choose to smoke and they shouldn't have to hide this fact from the public." He also stated that "tobacco is a legal product".

This criticism has been countered by the views of ASH (Action on Smoking and Health), a body which supports the policy.

A spokesman for ASH said: "This policy is in line with the approach of a number of organisations [such as health] and emanates from the fact that smoking does not project a good image."

"Some people might argue that it's a bit mean to dock time, but smoking breaks taken in a day add up during the course of a week and it is unfair to non-smokers for this disparity in work time to continue."

It is hoped that this move will limit time wasted on smoking breaks, and maintain the public reputation of the force.



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# The Essay



## Obama must learn from FDR

### Anthony J. Badger

*Barack Obama is entering an economic situation unprecedented since the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Master of Clare argues that he must learn from the successes and mistakes of his predecessor's first 100 days in office.*

Opening my email on Monday morning, November 17th, I found a message from CNN urgently requesting a live TV interview. I was told Barack Obama had mentioned reading a new book on FDR and his First Hundred Days the previous evening in his first major national TV interview. It was flattering that CNN assumed it was my book that he was talking about. CNN were undaunted by the fact that, as it turned out, Obama had been reading a different book, an earlier one by Jonathan Alter. Anxiety increased during the day as a high-tech CNN van tried to make it to Cambridge. Eventually I stood in the driving rain on the steps of Memorial Court telling American viewers about what their president-elect might be expected to learn from their own history.

Two weeks later British Prime Minister Gordon Brown recommended my book to readers of the Guardian newspaper as "a classic example of how a work of history can illuminate the issues we're dealing with today." Brown has cited Roosevelt and the New Deal as the model for his own recovery package in the UK. Media interest and requests for interview came from the US, the UK, Europe and Australia. By January 4th, the *Observer* asserted that the book was "top of the political class's reading list on both sides of the Atlantic at Christmas."

The book had, in fact, been out since June. It attracted virtually no attention until September 15th. The financial collapse then sparked some modest British press interest in it. Only after the election did the media take notice.

What had struck me about the 100 Days and what might Obama and Brown learn from it?

As in 2009, Roosevelt on March 4th 1933 had to handle an immediate banking crisis. The morning he took office, the governors of Illinois and New York had closed their banks. Effectively all the banks in the nation were closed. Yet Roosevelt was totally

unprepared to deal with this crisis which had been developing since his election four months earlier. Walter Wyatt, the holdover Federal Reserve official who drafted the legislation that re-opened the banks, remembered his astonishment that no one in the Brain Trust had given "any thought... or any real study to the problem created by this banking situation." "They had absolutely no plans," he recalled. But Roosevelt acted decisively to put in place the measures Wyatt and other officials had previously drafted, especially for the purchase of national preferred stock - the recapitalization of the banks. Even then it was a tremendous gamble to re-open the banks on March 13th given how little the government really knew about which banks were sound and which were not. Seldom has a presidential speech been more crucial than Roosevelt's first fireside chat of March 12th. Ordinary American depositors were persuaded by his careful explanation that it was safer to put the money in the banks than to keep it under a mattress. If they had, instead, gone on withdrawing their money the next day, the Roosevelt New Deal would have been over before it ever started.

Congress passed Roosevelt's banking legislation that Congress re-assembled. The House passed the bill in 43 minutes when there was only one copy of the bill available. The Senate took slightly longer but still passed the bill in seven hours.

Obama, who had planned his economic stimulus bill, expected his package to pass on Day One. As I write, it has still not passed.



Why has he found it so difficult?

In 1933 the United States was three and a half years into the worst depression in its history. Between a quarter and a third of the industrial

workforce was out of work. Agriculture (a third of the labour force) was in desperate straits. Homeowners were losing their property at the rate of a 1000 a day. There were none of the stabilizers that now protect ordinary Americans: no unemployment insurance and social security, no price supports for farmers, no federal insurance of bank deposits. There was no federal welfare system and private charity and local and state welfare resources were exhausted. As a result, congressmen of both parties heard desperate demands from their constituents for action. Republicans as much as Democrats heard their voters demand that they support a President who was willing to act. It is very different today. The Republican senator from South Carolina accused Obama of trying to scare the American people. In 1933 FDR did not have to scare anyone. Rather the reverse, what he had to persuade them was that the only thing they had to fear was fear itself.

Whatever Obama's efforts at bipartisanship, most Republicans in Congress do not feel under pressure from their partisan base to support the President. Centrist Democrats in the Senate elected from competitive districts are likewise fearful of supporting massive government spending. In addition, Congress has for the past thirty years lost the art of legislating, and mired as it has been in mean-spirited partisan division over hot-button, symbolic issues, Congressional Democratic leaders have also lost the art of governing with an executive of their own party. Democrats have controlled Congress and the Presidency for only six of the past forty years.

In 1933 Roosevelt took the op-

portunity of Congress having to deal with the banking crisis to pass 16 pieces of major legislation that regulated the prices and wages in American industry, paid farmers to cut back their production to raise prices, re-financed home and farm mortgages, launched a massive public works programme, brought in federal assistance for the unemployed, regulated the stock market and the banks and launched the TVA.

What can the intellectually gifted President Obama, himself a gifted communicator like FDR, learn from the 100 Days?

That there is no alternative to bailing out bankers and the major industries, however much it rankles. But that assistance has to be balanced by appropriate regulation and assistance to the unemployed and threatened homeowners. To create new jobs in the private sector a lot of money has to be spent, probably more than it is comfortable to contemplate. Infrastructure investment works - as the New Deal's public works programs showed. A president, even in crisis situations, cannot simply dictate to Congress. Obama will have to work with Congress on the nuts and bolts of legislation and to do so at a time when Congressmen will not hear the same powerful messages from their constituents to back the President at all costs that they heard in the even more desperate economic situation of 1933. He can try for reforms but some, like health insurance, may have to wait as social security did in 1933.

In the 1930s a textile worker from North Carolina said "Mr Roosevelt is the only man we ever had in the White House who would understand that my boss was a son-of-a-bitch." What President Obama also has to do is to persuade ordinary Americans who are victims of the credit crunch that he is on their side.

**Anthony J. Badger is Master of Clare College and Paul Mellon Professor of American History.**



## Foreign Correspondence

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



### Week 5: *Mumbai*

Mumbai, a city of dreams, hope and poverty, has come to the attention of the world's media due to the recent success of *Slumdog Millionaire*. But its problems remain.

On arrival at Chhatrapati Shivaji, Mumbai's international airport, the heavy monsoon heat is not the only surprise for the less-experienced summer traveller. Leaving the airport is a Herculean task when met with the army of aggressive tuk-tuk or taxi drivers, vying for foreign custom. And then to the airport's periphery, where clusters of silent, staring boys sit in gnarled trees, skinny limbs protruding from grubby white vests or sleeping in clusters, their poverty visible, bringing new meaning to the term 'ground floor'.

"In India, anything is possible", at least for the foreign visitor with a little money. And a little money goes a long way. It often goes the wrong way: the deep, dark eyes of a crippled girl are often part of gang-run, profit-making slum factories.

Slum tours, controversial for their use of poverty as a tourist attraction for Western visitors, teach how on arrival at the city's train station, young girls are spotted and pimped, while the boys are left to join gangs in order to survive. A gang leader teaches his new minions the ways of their world, from slashing pockets with blades attached to fingernails, to how to avoid the police, visible at countless Indian city train stations – Mumbai is no exception. Life is indeed hard. Yet the alternatives are often harder: alcoholism, violence, and poverty chase children from their homes and their families to India's great cities in the first place, and so to the slums. This is a tale told by many a tuk-tuk driver.

The disparity of income and wealth in India's cities is shocking. A single night in the Oberoi costs more than the average slum dweller's life would be valued at, let alone than their average incomes, employed as they are in litter-collecting, pick-pocketing, prostitution or working in a call centre. The poor of India face a myriad of further problems, from the corruption of officials to the lack of clearly defined property rights. Despite the awareness raised by the film, solutions to the ingrained problems of India's cities remain complicated and far from achieved.

**Anna Harper**

**Zoe Pelter**



## The Empire Strikes Back

*The Emma May Ball theme was a dangerous flirtation with history*

Yes, it's true – the theme of Emmanuel's May Ball this year really was 'Empire'. This can't have been thought through. If they had wanted to do a round-the-world theme, they could have done...umm...well... 'Round The World'. The Empire has a completely different connotation. Loosely translated, it could also be called 'Round the world... To Dominate, Loot and Destroy'. Just a suggestion.

In all fairness to the Emmanuel May Ball Committee (EMBC), the idea did give them a huge variety of options. For example, when depicting the Indian sub-continent under the 'British Raj', they could have had piles of colourful spices, graceful dancers and ancient culture. Waiters could have pretended to be indentured labourers, tossing fake rubies and diamonds to the queue. At midnight, they could have even recreated the 1919 Amritsar Massacre under a magical haze of fireworks. The world was their oyster. All too literally.

Enough sarcasm. You get the point – bad things happened under British imperial rule. However, there is a distinct difference between accepting the Empire as a historical fact and the overt celebration of the Empire's conquests.

So how did the committee plan to execute this theme? In what ways could such a theme have been sensitively portrayed in today's multicultural, multi-racial Britain, where millions of people – and many party-goers – originate from previously colonised regions? And how could it have been sensitive to the

many people whose sense of decency tells them not to celebrate a divisive, inhumane history?

How would the Ball have managed to avoid the obvious exploitative purposes of British colonial rule? How would the

The reality is that, as a party, this May Ball could have done nothing but glorify the days of British Empire. Unfortunately, West Indian plantation slaves and South African concentration camps appear to have killed the buzz. Positive



Ball have avoided the racist connotations of slavery when its guests were 'travelling' to the West Indies? How would the Ball have avoided showing the Empire's negative role in the opium-induced "hedonism of nineteenth-century Hong Kong", which the May Ball website so appealingly invited us to?

portrayal of the Empire would have been paramount to the success of the night, and logically so. However, having lived in several post-colonial countries, I would find it difficult to make merry while ignoring the inconvenient truth that the abundance of the British Empire was the result of terrible sacrifice.

Even if you have never left the country, modern Britain is the living legacy of the Empire and its people should be respected.

I also find it difficult to understand how the EMBC regarded the British Empire as fixed in history (and thus 'theme-worthy') when billions of people still live with the consequences of British dominion. One need only glance at the news to see the continuing Sri Lankan or Northern Irish conflicts to remember this. This article is not about blame. Rather, it is simply about remembering past errors as mistakes, not successes.

If the committee wished to join in the British theme of Peterhouse's Festival of Britain, they thought wrong. One hopes that there is little oppression to be recreated in the Liqueur Allsorts, Pimm's and Winnie the Pooh being promised by Peterhouse. There needs to be a clear delineation between the celebration of a nation and the celebration of a regime of oppression: it is comparable to throwing a Nazi party when trying to celebrate German culture. Why was this distinction not made by the committee?

Maybe the ticket cost was intended to include the price of blindfolds. These would have certainly been necessary in order to glorify the Empire in the face of its realities. The Ball's webpage stated: "They say that the sun never set on the British Empire... but at the Empire ball, you'll be wishing it never rises." Personally, I hope that the sun of those days has set permanently, but the Emmanuel Ball almost allowed it to rise once more.

**Joe Hunter**



## Angry Young Men

*Why do we get so mad?*

Watching *Gryff Rhys Jones on Anger* on BBC2 a few months ago was a revealing experience. The entire programme, with its soul-searching tone, seemed designed to induce inward reflection over incidents of excessive anger.

I was reminded of a specific occasion last year when I was involved in an incident of road rage. I was biking across a junction, and I suppose I must have obstructed the car following close behind. I felt aggrieved by the driver's unsympathetic behaviour, particularly as she seemed to think my confusion might be alleviated if she revved loudly, leant on the horn, encroached on the already limited space available to me and so on. I therefore decided (not wholly uncharacteristically I must admit) to give the car the finger when it at last was able to overtake me.

Not with venom, I should point out, but as a resigned and principled gesture. Having done so, I was met with a demonstration of shocking rage. The driver, a girl in her mid-twenties, and the passenger, also female, leant towards me as they drove past, shrieking obscenities through the open window with their middle fingers extended. Further unbri-dled aggression came from the rear seats. After the car had passed me,

I was treated to the sight of three men, all of my age, LIVID with rage and straining at the metaphorical leash through the back window. The ghastly image of those three faces in the glass, spitting and snarling with fury, mouthing who knows what manner of dire threats, pointing, gesticulating, and... well, they probably weren't actually shaking their fists at me, but you get the idea.

Although BBC2's nicely pitched

It was the remembrance of another incident – this time featuring myself as the enraged perpetrator – that the answer seemed to present itself. It took place at the smoking area outside the ADC bar and involved me shouting at a complete stranger to "FUCK OFF!" several times. It now seems to me that the anger I'd felt at that moment was an alien thing, of unknown origin. At the time, it felt good to embrace

*"The anger I'd felt was an alien thing, of unknown origin. It felt good to embrace it briefly."*

programme encouraged the mulling over of such events, it didn't offer any explanation as to *why* such outbursts occur when we, as civilised human beings in the twenty-first century, believe we are in control of the more animalistic elements of our natures. Aren't we? And if we're not, shouldn't anger serve some kind of meaningful purpose? Or at least occur in proportion to its stimulus? What about that car of furious chavs?

it briefly, but as soon as I regained control I was ashamed of giving way to it. These fits of rage, disproportionate to the immediate situation, are fundamentally a problem of articulation.

The three furious faces in the back of that car were in the throes of an animal emotion. It wasn't inspired by my inconsiderate cycling, it was caused by... shall we run through a few possibilities? Sexual frustration over some kind of convoluted

relationship with one or other of the girls in the front of the car, transformed into violent aggression towards a male who seemed to threaten the sanctity of that female target? Good old-fashioned excess of testosterone? Masculine insecurity due (again) to sexual frustration and goading the sufferer to prove they are The Man at every opportunity? Or even – although this makes me sound something of a snob – an innate hatred of Cambridge students brought on by feelings of inadequacy (financial, social, or intellectual: take your pick)? Or, perhaps more accurately, the sense that society considers them to be inferior, and therefore has less use for them?

This sort of pop psychology is easy when you yourself are not the target. But what about my own outburst? What well of discontent is bubbling up inside me, denied articulation? The train wreck that was my love-life at the time, perhaps, or something else writhing beneath the surface?

I don't know, and don't want to know. I take comfort in only one thing about that fit of rage: the touch-paper that set the thing off, however indirectly, was... John Keats. As an English student, I feel strangely proud of that.





Ben  
Slingo



## The Stripping of the Altars

Today's Tory Party has vandalised conservatism

David Cameron is economically illiterate. The policy he advocates is crude and sanctimonious. Despite his collection of an honours degree in PPE from the University of Oxford, the chief influence on his thought appears to be that least dazzling of economic miracle workers, Herbert Hoover.

These are bald statements, especially from one more than willing to sip CUCAs port and munch its cheese whenever they are lavished upon him. They might also seem rather superfluous ones.

The controversy surrounding the present economic crisis rages in newspapers even more exalted than this one, and the Keynesian critique of Mr Cameron's priggish strictures can be found in countless articles more eloquent than the one in front of you – even, for the reader with a strong stomach, in the speeches of Gordon Brown. Thus, if it is to have any purpose other than insulting the standard of economics instruction at the Other Place, a new tirade on the subject must add something more.

Thankfully, that something is crying out for discussion. For the Tories' fatuous response to the recession is not just a belated confirmation of John Stuart Mill's jibe about the "stupid party". It captures one of the most important and dispiriting trends of recent decades. This development is the perversion of conservatism, and it is exemplified by the Right's paralysis in the face of economic disaster.

Any sane treatment of our malaise must involve state interference in the form of public spending, subsidies to struggling industries and even the

exhumation of that most wormeaten of political corpses, *nationalisation*.

Mr Cameron's blustering refusal to countenance such measures, and his penchant for ranting about the country's (unusually low) public debt, may seem perplexing. Yet the corruption of conservatism makes them comprehensible. For nothing has been more central to this debasement than the Right's embrace of free-market capitalism and the ideology of freedom invoked to justify it.

Tories used to be defined by their suspicion of change and their decent respect for time-honoured institutions. Nowadays, like begrimed, trouser-clad barbarians rampaging through the smouldering streets of Rome, they wallow in what Schumpeter called the 'creative destruction' of capitalism.

They used to cherish ancient institutions. More recently, Margaret Thatcher beat her iron fist against just such hallowed edifices, including this University. They used to admire the State as the guardian of order in a world of primal violence and original sin. Talking to many Cambridge Tories today one could be forgiven for thinking it was the institutional embodiment of Satan.

Great Conservatives like Disraeli and Salisbury spent their lives resisting classical liberalism; sometimes Mrs T was simply Gladstone in a wig. Most of all, Tories used to be practical. They would cultivate a feline disdain, or at least a bluff distrust, for ideology and dogma. Now, as their newly adopted creed crashes about them, zeal for liberty and the market seems to pulse through their no longer blue-blooded veins.

Yet for all its horror, and all its lurid

irony, this transformation does not tell the whole story. When Mr. Cameron thunders against the profligacy of the Government, his tone is not the *blasé* intransigence of a libertarian.

There is a moralistic streak running through his fulminations, the same seam present in what Denis Healey described as "the economics of a petit-bourgeois housewife" as practised by the Iron Lady from Grantham. Hence the current Tory leader's pieties about "living within our means" and eschewing the temptation to "spend, spend, spend" rather than "save, save, save".

This sanctimonious outlook, more than a little tinged with paranoia, is the second disease with which modern conservatism has become infected. At its best Toryism was always sardonic, cynical, even rather mischievous: no one could accuse Disraeli, with his glittering sarcasm and his malicious delight in baiting a priggish Gladstone, of holier-than-thou self-righteousness. Still less the suave David Hume, who seemed to regard 'enthusiasm' as faintly unhygienic, not to mention rather dangerous. What

would this pillar of the Scottish enlightenment make of the banshee shrieks that emanate daily from the pages of the *Daily Mail*, the holy book of right-wing moral hysteria?

It is a question Tories would do well to ask themselves as they prepare for a return to government. Given the boundless unwisdom of the British electorate, their brand of ideological silliness and fire and brimstone morality is due to be rewarded at just the time it will be most embarrassing.

If to expect instant political *démarche* is a fraction ambitious, I would be satisfied with this: a tentative recognition that, just occasionally, there might be a query to which the correct answer does not culminate in the words "cut taxes" barked in the dulcet tones of Norman Tebbit, or "save, save, save" bellowed in the manner of an Alabaman Baptist preacher.



## Spk yr brains

The Wit and Wisdom of the World  
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### Week 5: Emma's Empire

So, we are re-writing history now, are we? When will the book burning commence?

Dave Pickup, Tarragona, Spain

Excellent, but it is just fiddling while Rome burns.

Ian Millard, Exeter, UK

Oh please!!!! It's History.....English history!!! Be proud of it! These pc correct people are now going too far!

Gerri, Lincolnshire

Joanne baufoy [Joanna Beaufoy, creator of the Facebook group 'Emma Against The Empire'] has no understanding of cultural integrity, and our culture WAS superior in many ways. And let us not forget the 100,000 southern english women and children dragged from their homes by the Moors and sold into slavery in North Africa. Didnt know that Joanne? Well get a book and at the same time some humility and a sense of humour

Jonny B, stortford, UK

It is about time that we celebrated the greatness of Empire. It is too sad to think that the labour party gave way all that our fore fathers worked so hard to establish. It is satisfying to know that our young intelligentsia have recognised that we need to keep alive the spirit of Empire when we, a small white nation ruled a quarter of the earths population with an iron fist and a kindly heart. The blacks understood who was master then. Our armies and navy ruled the land and sea and enabled us to become wealthy and strong. Our industries grew out of this and enabled our people to be fully employed and to expand our industry.

honesttaxpayer, bedford

The Empire was a fact of life, get used to it, shut up and get on with your sorry life.

George, London

Sounds like a good party - the fact it's been derided as being "white," the word presumably spat out with supposed connotations of being evil, nasty and horrible tells you all you need to know.

Steve Jacks, London



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# MAGAZINE



THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: ANDREW MARR USED TO BE A SOCIALIST / GILES COREN ON FOOD, SEX AND THE 1920S / ANTONIO CARLUCCIO / STUDENT WEBZINE POMEGRANATE / SEX COLUMN

## Photograph of the week by *Patrick Davies*



“This photo was taken on the path through King’s, close to Queen’s Road. The spring flowers are just budding through the previous day’s snow in the early morning sunlight, with the warm spring colours in the foreground contrasting with the blue-tinged snow and sky in a dramatic fashion. King’s College Chapel and Clare College can be seen in the background, with snow covering the lawns and meadows. The background of the image is out of focus, which makes the clarity of the flowers all the more startling”

If you have a potential Photograph of the week, send it (along with a brief description) to features@varsity.co.uk



SARAH WOOLLEY

### Wednesday

Tiny sandwiches on the trains here. They call it Cambridge station, but that walk to the hotel was the longest I’ve done since the jeep died in ‘99 and we were all out of mayo. Such a cute little town. All of the bikes and dorky kids everywhere! Ron went crazy over the hotel receptionist. I did the smile therapy Oprah recommended and we found Subway for lunch. Brendan needs his daily footlong. Spent all afternoon looking for Oxford College. We couldn’t find it anywhere, but we

## My week by Debbie, American tourist\*

did manage to get an Oxford sweater for Brendy at the market.

### Thursday

Up early and ready to go on the big college tour. I think the tour guy was a few beers short of a six pack. He said that Charles Darwin came here. That crazy screwball who talked about the gorillas. And I thought this was a brainiac university. We passed Queens’, where the queers go, and this cute little diner, The Eagle. They made the first DNA there. Brendan’s sweater got real hostile looks all day. There’s something wrong with the cops in this town. We were in the middle of the market place when two embracing

guys passed right by this one cop. He just gave them a smile and wished them good day. Two men holding hands! If only Ron had had his shotgun. Those British batons couldn’t break Bambi’s ass.

### Friday

Worst day of the trip so far. Brendy’s arm is broken in two places. He dodged one cyclist and crashed into another. These bikers should be outlawed; I might write to the Governor of Cambridge in protest. Cyclist still critical in E.R. But it’s like I told the paramedics: in Alabama the sidewalks belong to the pedestrian. We’d just got back to the hotel when a group of

Hogwarts students passed by. I knew I’d read that Harry Potter lived here! Father Willis was right, though: those wizards are the devil’s children. They were carrying a bottle of wine each, all wearing satanic cloaks and muttering curses. “Metallurgy.” No kidding, that’s what one of them said.

### Sunday

Time for a quiet meal. Went to a little Indian restaurant off-the-beaten-track, hoping for some romance. All started well at Bombay Brasserie, but then the strangest thing happened: a group of naval officers marched in. Ron was happy to see a healthy military

presence – always a nice reassurance in these Asian eateries – but then the female navy arrived. Oh God, the hell that descended. Screaming and singing and straddling each other before the poppadoms had arrived. I was just about ready to demand six free curries, but Ron stopped me. Kids, he said. I worry. I think he was just enjoying perky hooters in uniform.

### Sunday

Time to fly back to the ranch. Ron booked a cab to the station, thank the Lord. We never did find Oxford College.

\*As told to Abigail Dean



# Ed at large

AMIDST THE FURY AT EMMA'S EMPIRE, EDITOR-AT-LARGE ED CUMMING CASTS A TASTEFUL EYE AT CAMBRIDGE'S ORIENTAL SCENE

A friend of mine reading MML, who has a somewhat foxlike demeanour, believed until he was fourteen that Asian women had sideways vaginas. Before you get all uppity and in my face about it, certain things about this statement are obvious. In the first instance, the astute reader will have realised instantly that this is straight from the little book of kamikaze column openings, which given the circumstances one might consider a pretty risky description in itself.

This astute reader, and by now his slower friend too, is reading on either out of pity or a kind of engrossed horror, either of which are fine by me, and what's more, this two-pronged appeal to other humans' interests, an approach I have rather drolly christened the 'twin piques', has served me well in the dating arena so far.

The second obvious thing to say is that this opening begs far more questions than it answers. Why did he think this? And how did he find out it wasn't true after all, the cunning linguist? Did he hold racist presumptions about other peoples' anatomies? Does he still? But more than that, it suggests worrying things about one's own prejudices: what misapprehensions do I haul with me whenever I leave the room? I have used my poor friend's mishaps here as the beginning of a restaurant review, but what if, somewhere else, my own mistakes are being hung out to dry in public? There are some

things I'm aware of – for instance, for years I believed in the Captain Pugwash characters being secretly obscene thing, despite this being disproven by even the most fleeting of glances at one of the books.

And in other areas I'm convinced I'm correct in my factually unverified views, particularly when it comes to restaurants in Cambridge. By way of example, I'm convinced that

Edwinn's is either a front for drug dealers or an eatery for ghosts who come in the small hours. These are the only possible explanations for its eerie practise of leaving its lights on and its tables immaculately made up through the night. Who are they expecting would be disappointed by the alternative? The Queen passing through? Lynne Truss hoping for a midnight snack?

Onto this ill-informed pile I would also fling my general perception of Asian restaurants in Cambridge as specialising in piles of overpriced

glutinous gloop. Teri-Aki and Aki-Teri, so bad that they named them twice and hoped that nobody would notice the difference because they'd be so unhappy about paying £10 for a bowl of rice. The Ugly Duckling, where nobody (least of all me) has ever eaten thanks to its proximity to St. John's.

The Flying Wok is good, but then it doesn't physically exist except for when

you mysteriously order it, so it's kind of exempt from these other considerations.

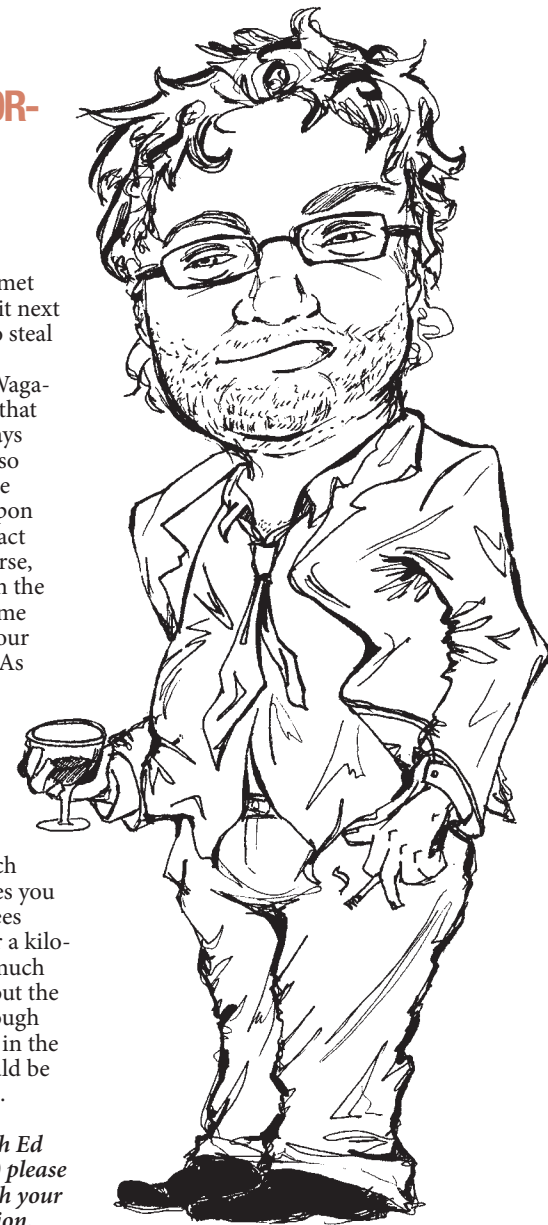
And a special word on Wagamama. I admire the comic intent in warning your customers that the service will be terrible, I really do. 'We bring our food in the order it's ready,'

being their own way of announcing the fact, some might say obvious to even the budding chef, that different foods cook at different speeds. But it takes the fortune cookie when they start to draw on your table, as if to remind you what you've ordered in case you try to lie about it later, or perhaps

in case the people you've never met but have been forced to pay to sit next to, like at the hairdressers, try to steal your chicken ramen, (£8).

You might well think, given Wagamama and Teri-Aki-Teri's lead, that all Asian restaurants had sideways seating plans. Indeed I thought so too until I sat inside Dojo for the first time the other day, whereupon I discovered that the design in fact requires you to rub up, arse to arse, with a complete stranger, who in the case of the poor girl sat behind me involves gradually submitting your lumbar to overwhelming force. As if to emphasise the (admittedly humorous) consequences of this arrangement, once you are seated (if the term is appropriate), the restaurant plays a terrible joke on you. First it leads you into a false sense of security by charging half as much as Wagamama, and then it serves you double the amount of food. It sees your legitimate student need for a kilogram of MSG and raises you a much more philosophical enquiry about the nature of hunger and value. Though off-key, it slots neatly into a gap in the Cambridge market, and we would be thinner, but less wise, without it.

If you fancy going 'At Large' with Ed (and maybe getting a free meal) please write to [large@varsity.co.uk](mailto:large@varsity.co.uk) with your name, College, year and suggestion.



## Seoul Food

OUR GLOBAL GOURMAND RICHARD DORRELL EXPLORES THE DELIGHTS AND SUPRISES OF KOREAN CUISINE

Korean cuisine combines force with finesse, using a small number of flavours – sesame, soy, chilli, garlic, brassica – to create something sweet, spicy, pungent and intense. Appropriate for these dark, sleeting times, it appeals to the remote, windswept regions of the mouth; wuthering heights of taste where one is not entirely certain of the ingredients. This is not consuming but feeling. Korean food strides boldly in where Wagamama fears to go, removing its hobnailed boots, hammering down a bivouac, and opening a jar of kimchi.

Kimchi is a hard sell to somebody who has not tried it before, so allow me to play salesman: 1.6 million tonnes of it are consumed per year in South Korea alone; it accompanied the first Korean astronaut to the International Space Station; less appealingly, several species of bacteria found in kimchi juice are completely unlike anything that has been isolated elsewhere. It is ubiquitous and unique, and central to experiencing Korean cuisine. The composition? For the first two thousand or so years of its recorded history (it's spawned more exegesis than the Bible), kimchi was just cabbage, salted water, and patience. Much like sauerkraut, the ingredients are compacted into an earthenware jar, communal to an entire village, and left to ferment. The arrival of chilli, one of the more immediate products of European contact (along with Christianity, Kit-Kats and Missy Elliott) served to spice the sauerkraut

up nicely, and an array of animals, vegetables and minerals can be used to in lieu of cabbage: white radish, beansprout, mustard leaf, various fish. However, the actual manipulation of the product is more changeable. Varying airflow, vessel, temperature and humidity, the fermentation process can



Korean Kimchi in a jar... grim

be subtly manipulated to produce an extraordinarily broad array of flavours. Speaking as both a gourmand and a microbiologist, I assure you that kimchi is sufficient to give one Aero-pants.

Kimchi is the star of a number of dishes classified as banchan, steamed, grilled and raw side dishes that constitute the leitmotif of the Korean meal. Typically, one takes a small portion of the main dish, whether it be

plain rice, noodles, a more elaborate chige (fermented bean stew), or even the fast-food favourite and Hanson chart-smasher, bibimbap (rice hotpot), and intersperses it with mouthfuls of different banchan, constantly challenging the palate. Alongside, one might find a number of other delicacies, such as ddeobokgi (pasta stir-fry) or even kimbap (sweet sushi), although these may equally be served on their own as an *amuse bouche*. For dessert, one would either have one of the multitude of fruits traditionally cultivated in Korea – there are records of pear farming extending to the first century – or one of the numerous sweet combinations of rice, red bean, fruit and sesame integral to East Asian patisserie.

So: where to go to experience this uncharted cuisine? There's no need to book a flight to North Korea, for the Korean community in Cambridge is rapidly growing, and there are accordingly a number of places to whet one's appetite. Two supermarkets on Mill Road stock Korean food: Cho Mee, the intimidatingly excellent pan-Asian at the far end, and the somewhat self-explanatory Seoul Plaza, one of a small chain in Britain and (intriguingly) Slovakia, which even has its own delicatessen, wherein one can stock up on chestnut sweets, kimchi, and red bean buns. If even that seems a little too much work, there is a small restaurant on the corner of Regent Street and Lensfield Road.



Bibimbap

Bibimbap means 'stirred rice': the ingredients are layered over rice, and the diner then mixes them together with a swirl of the chopsticks. Assemble the following:

Steamed rice: to steam rice, soak overnight in warm water, wrap in a clean handkerchief, leaving plenty of room to expand, and steam over a large saucepan for thirty minutes.

Namul: vegetables (e.g. carrot, cucumber, beansprout, white radish, broccoli) sliced into thin strips, steamed or stir-fried lightly if desired, and dressed with sesame oil and rice wine vinegar.

Eggs: fried, poached, raw, or even made into an omelette with grated ginger and garlic.

Fried garlic, ginger, peanuts, chilli. Tofu, meat, aduki beans, chestnuts, or other toppings of choice.

Kimchi and then the condiments, purchasable from your local Korean supermarket:

Gochujang (red chilli paste, although one can bastardise with red chillies mashed with garlic, sugar and soy).

Doenjang (fermented soy paste, for those with major chilli issues).

Distribute bowls of rice, and allow everybody to assemble their own preferred combination of toppings. Top with pastes, and mix through.



J-Restaurant

Maybe it's the emphasis on carbs or the enthusiastic service but 'J-Restaurant' offers enjoyable meals (the waiter's words, on checking back for the forty-eighth time). The music choice and decor looked like they might have been taken from a Cindies Oriental night. Yet the similarities end there for, instead of a scowling nod, we were adopted on entry. The manager, who reminded me of my mother, if my mother made sure that I publicised her 10 per cent student discounts, was interested in our sexual proclivities and our academic progression.

Under her maternal gaze, my companion and I guzzled our way through their set menu (brilliant value at £8.80 for three courses, and don't forget your 10 per cent student discount), enjoying green bean stir-fry tofu, passable vegetable spring rolls and well-cooked tempura. The ingredients tasted surprisingly fresh, and the portions were enormous, my companion happily providing a Hoovering service. We finished with the puzzlingly named 'smiling cookies', which were balls of half-cooked sesame dough. The chef obviously has a strange sense of humour. A Chinese takeaway won't be winning any Michelin stars, but as Mother reminds me, with 10 per cent off the five-course Valentine's Day Feast this weekend, it might be winning some hearts.



# Best in Show. Ever.

ADULATION FOR HBO'S *THE WIRE* JUST KEEPS GETTING LOUDER. FOR THOSE STILL UNCONVINCED, LUCIEN YOUNG SAYS YOU SHOULD BELIEVE THE HYPE

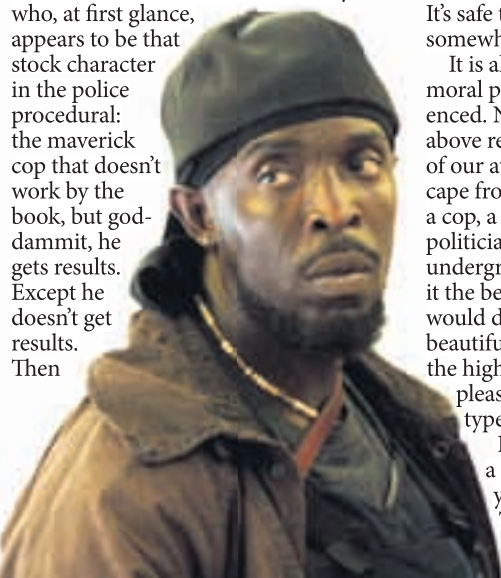
I know what you're thinking; "here's another tedious fuckwit bleating on about an American drama". First of all, watch your language. Secondly, I feel your pain. There are few things as galling as some televisual evangelical, trying to convert you to the Church of Six Feet Under, or make you join the cult of Sopranology. But, once in a lifetime, a show so special comes along that you have to proselytize. HBO's *The Wire* is that show. So I apologise in advance if this article ends up looking like an explosion at the superlative factory.

So what is *The Wire*? Well, it centres on the war on drugs carried out by the Baltimore Police Department, but to call it a cop show would be about as accurate as describing Hamlet as a shoot-'em-up. It eschews any easy designation of cops as heroes or dealers as villains, focussing instead on the similarities between the two institutions. As the lines between good and evil are blurred, and the hypocrisies which underlie society exposed, I guarantee that you'll be hooked.

I can also guarantee that, for the first three episodes, you'll be watching with a mixture of incomprehension and rage, like a cow trying to solve a Rubik's Cube. It is a show that makes so few allowances for its audience, it might as well be in Latin. And only shown on the summit of Everest.

In addition to *The Wire*'s panoply of gangsta slang and police jargon, it has a huge and diverse ensemble cast, who we must get to know before the show makes any semblance of sense. There are also few cliff-hangers, as each series unfolds with the stately pace of a novel.

If I'm making it sound as dry as Ancient Greek geometry, it's not. It's a programme full of action, suspense and humour. Above all, you will be enthralled by the characters, of whom I'll name but a few. There's McNulty, who, at first glance, appears to be that stock character in the police procedural: the maverick cop that doesn't work by the book, but god-dammit, he gets results. Except he doesn't get results. Then



there's the brooding, enigmatic drug-lord Stringer Bell, who attends night classes in Economics. But perhaps the most fascinating character is Omar Little (pictured), played by Michael K. Williams. Omar is a cold, passionate, violent, principled, homosexual stick-up artist, who prides himself in only ever robbing drug dealers. You may also have seen Williams in the R. Kelly Hip-Hopera *Trapped in the Closet*, playing a cop who discovers his wife has been having an affair with a midget. It's safe to say that his work on *The Wire* somewhat eclipses this.

It is also one of the most profoundly moral pieces of art I have ever experienced. No-one is beneath contempt or above reproach. No-one is undeserving of our attention. And no-one can escape from the bonds of society, be they a cop, a drug dealer, a heroin addict, a politician, a dock worker, or, indeed, an undergraduate at Cambridge. To call it the best television programme ever would do it a disservice: It is a bleak, beautiful masterpiece that ranks with the highest art ever produced. Please, please watch it – I am kneeling as I type this.

However, be warned: don't start a boxed set during term time, or your degree will pay the price. The show is about heroin, and is only marginally less addictive.

## THE CAMBRIDGE INVADER

MISSION: TO DELVE INTO CAMBRIDGE'S SECRET ORIFICES  
WEEK 5: NEWNHAM COLLEGE BAR

When Fenwick suggested we invade Newnham College Bar, I was suddenly astonished at my own lack of initiative. I'd spent two years here but had never yet ventured into this vaginal fortress. For a cool cat like me this was an omission, and I leapt at the opportunity to rectify it.

It promised to be big. I'd voyaged the asphalt seas of this great land of the wasted before now, and seen sights worthy of such a landscape; but here was an untouched civilisation, a completely alien culture – and if anyone could infiltrate its inner bowels, it was me. It wasn't all cool though: I noted a slight uneasiness in Fenwick's tone. There could be a lot of cute chicks behind those huge front gates, but also there might be tough defences, lines of man-hating, chastity-belt wearing, well-read feminists ready to hurl their copies of *The Female Eunuch* at me.

"Hey baby", I shouted to Longman, and his patent leather burgundy shoes; "You dig going to Newnham?" He dug it immediately. So there we were: me, Fenwick and Longman, slipping and sliding along the icy backs.

We arrived, and walked straight

in. A couple of pigeonholing chicks ignored us. I told Longman to keep it together, not to get complacent.

We reached the bar. No resistance yet, but its name sent shivers crawling over my skin: 'The Boilerhouse'. Innocent enough, perhaps; but what did they boil down here? Longman said he thought he heard the muffled cries of a dude. An uneasy, alien atmosphere hung over the room. I knew it would be different from any place I'd ever been, but nothing could have prepared us for this. No beer on tap, a pool table but no balls (a disturbing metaphor, I was sure), an unmarked dart board, walls decked in pink, a poster of Hendrix, again pink, two chicks underneath a blanket on an unstained couch watching a movie. What movie? I shuddered. *The Devil Wears Prada*. We wouldn't be able to go unnoticed for long.

But there were also a couple of hot chicks in there. Maybe we'd be welcomed with open, slender, long deserted arms? No chick on earth could fend off the collective charms of Fenwick, Longman, and myself. With this more encouraging thought in mind we strode in.

Fenwick ordered a couple of bottles.

The chick behind the bar didn't bat an eyelid. No flirtatious smile, no quick glance of desire, not an eyelid. Nothing from the girls on the couch either, or the four chicks huddled round a table in the corner. We sat along the side of the bar, maintaining our cool and immunity. It could still turn one way or the other.

Then a couple of dudes came in. One kissed the chick behind the bar, and the other, a dude I knew from college, plays the cello, greeted the chicks at the table with a degree of familiarity. Change for the vending machine, he said. Visiting a friend, he said.

My Invader persona came crashing to the floor, I put down my copy of Richard Farina's 'Been Down So Long It Seems Like Up To Me', and remembered that I was an anal, self-deprecating and awkward English finalist, who was about as cool as a lump of coal. I wasn't cut out for this invasion, and Newnham's hymen was far from intact. These girls had seen men before - they neither wanted to kill us nor make love to us.

We drank our San Miguels and left. I made a joke to the barmaid on the way out. I don't think she heard.



### 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 5: Love sonnets.** In honour of Valentine's day, compose a sonnet (or two!) on the pleasures or the pains of love. Shake-spearean, Spenserian, Petrarchan, or more free-form - it's up to you.

#### Winner:

##### Miss-Adventure

With your rough fingers grazing the soft skin  
Under jagged wool my bones are exposed  
You look at me with eyes pretty as sin  
But you're too close and we're too close to home-  
In company on threadbare velvet seats  
The clink of glasses muffles our glances  
The din and dim light heightens and retreats  
As our hands make their silent advances.  
We never walk together, going home  
I walk with others, talk of starry skies  
And even though we know everyone knows  
We savour opportunities to lie.

Tomorrow I will utter not a word  
Of kisses I've stolen, or heartbeats heard.  
*Shani Cadwallender*

#### Runners-up:

##### Sonnet

Although there is still only one of us,  
Although the day is as it was before,  
And although I walk the same Friday route,  
The air is lighter but I'm thinking that  
Your brown paper parcel in my bag now  
Makes it heavier, yes, it. gives. it. weight.  
And although it is not your presence,  
I think it is still the presence of you.  
Let them say all they want on computers  
And send as many emails as they like,  
But just that you held it and I do too  
Makes touching possible from a distance.

That's defence enough for postal service,  
Those magical portholes of transference.  
*Zeljka Marosevic*

##### Constellation

The heat of summer's rippling, soft caress  
Is nothing to the smoulder of your eyes;  
Your smile could make a dreamer acquiesce  
To paint our passion's bold strokes on the skies.  
Then love would make a constellation:  
From our first kiss, a sprinkling of stars,  
To lust's most wild embrace, the fiery sun –  
Commodities in heaven's weird bazaars.  
And after all the light had drained away  
From our bright romance, and we turned to dust,  
Our comfort would be drawn, not from the day,  
But from the jewels of night's eternal trust.

Then might your eyes' heat the world inflame,  
Our purest passion nightly to proclaim.  
*Anonymous*

**Next week's competition:** For this exercise, update a myth. Classical, Nordic, Aztec – it doesn't matter. Put your myth into a new time or place, or allow a different character's voice to predominate. Carol Ann Duffy has written an entire book (*The World's Wife*) in this style. Your myth can be poetry or short fiction, and should be no longer than 600 words. Send submissions to Colette Sensier at [literary@varsity.co.uk](mailto:literary@varsity.co.uk) by 9am on Monday February 16th for the chance to win two tickets to the following week's ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.





DOING IT BY THE BOOK

*Love in a Cold Climate*

Styling by Kate Womersley & Alice Newell-Hanson  
Photography by Katy King; shot on location at G. David bookshop  
Makeup by Bobbi Brown at John Lewis  
All clothes from Giulio





# NOT YET

## A ZINE

(an abbreviation of the word fanzine, or magazine; pronounced [zi:n], "zeen")

is most commonly a small circulation, non-commercial publication of original or appropriated texts and images.

- \* More broadly, the term encompasses any self-published work of minority interest usually reproduced via photocopier on a
- \* variety of colored paper stock.



A popular definition includes that circulation must be 5,000 or less, although in practice the significant majority are produced in editions of less than 100, and profit is not the primary intent of publication.

(Wikipedia)

\*\*\*\*\*

**BUT NOT YET** is a zine with a difference - yup, it's a standard black and white, A5 zine and 100% not for profit, and there's only 600 copies of each issue...

but minority interest...?



*Want to write  
about your favourite  
equation?  
your latest  
on itunes playlist  
or a trip to your  
grandma's?*



**NOT YET IS INCLUSIVE:**  
ANYONE CAN SUBMIT ANYTHING.  
NOTHING WILL BE REJECTED.  
THIS ISN'T ABOUT BEING COOL  
ENOUGH OR ARTY/ALTERNATIVE  
ENOUGH. THE ZINE WILL INCLUDE  
WHATEVER YOU'RE PASSIONATE  
ABOUT.

\*\*\*\*\*

a daydream, a poem, an article, an  
illustration, a fashion shoot, a  
review?

NOT YET is visually exciting: the zine promises to include anything and everything, but our aim is to use the many artistic talents in Cambridge to make it look incredible, bringing people together to collaborate to make each page beautiful and exciting.

check out pages from the first issue overleaf...

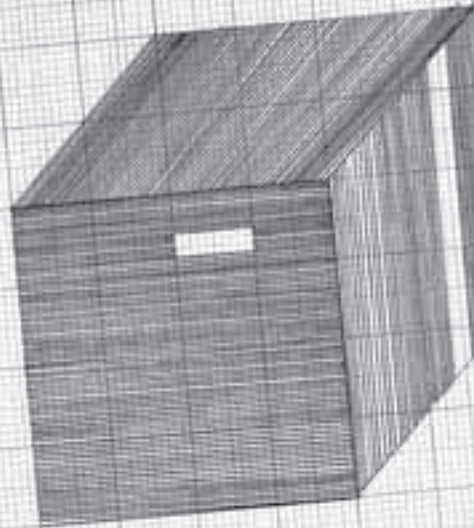




VIA AIR MAIL

ANDREW SPYROU

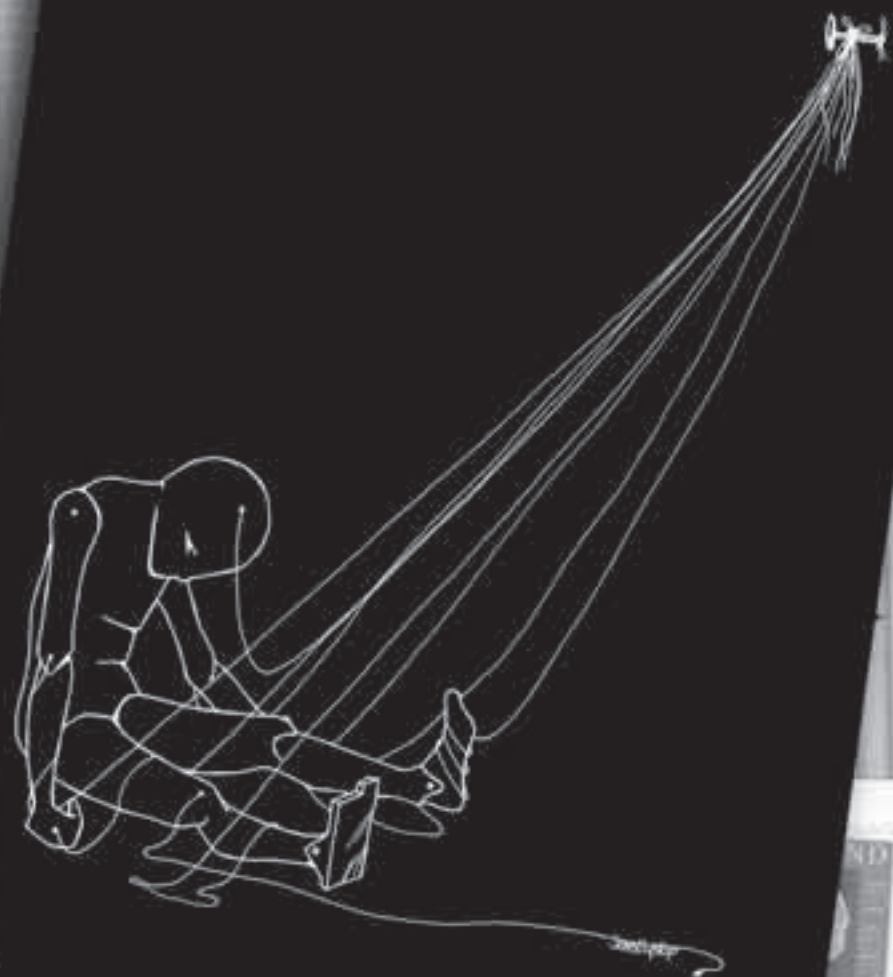
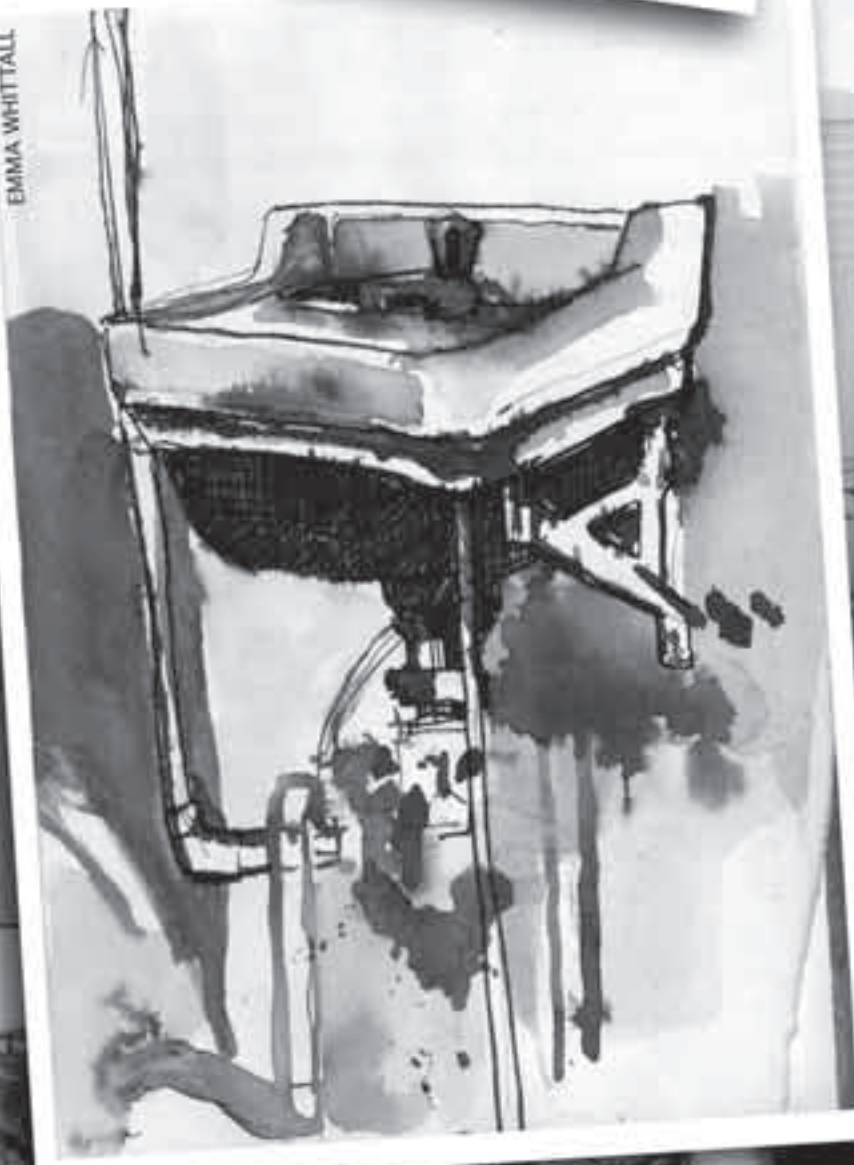
Drawing inspired by  
abandoned buildings  
in the immigrant  
ghettos of Athens



So I saw this squirrel  
when I was walking to the  
co-op. I was just minding my  
own BUSINESS and then I look  
up and it's right there, giving me  
the EYE. I wait for a mo-  
ment to see if it's  
going to stop but it  
doesn't, it's just looking  
at me funny. Looks kind  
of evil, like an evil glint  
in its eye, and it does  
even blink, probably  
HIGH on CONKERS. I keep  
looking at it, naturally  
I'm not going to be  
outglared by a SQUIRREL!  
But then I started  
thinkin, what if it's got  
some big plan, what if  
there's more of them, it's  
I won't notice the ambush.  
So I steal its fucking NUTS, and leave.



EMMA WHITTALL



RATING  
BUSINESS





KATHERINE WATERS



HOLLY CORFIELD-CARR



PHOTO BY JOHANNA MITTERHOFER



this week we are learning chinese, please memorise these for future use. (courtesy of longman contemporary chinese dictionary)







EDITH LAI



If you wish to submit something to next term's zine, please join NOT YET on facebook or email [crn26@cam.ac.uk](mailto:crn26@cam.ac.uk)

YOURS CREATIVELY,  
*Katie Nairne (Editor)*

COLLAGE BY GEORGIA DE GREY - BASED ON CLOUD AND RIPPLE PATTERNS ON NOOK BEACH



# THE VARSITY WEEK

## THE COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

### Theatre

#### Friday 13th & Saturday 14th

Ongoing:  
*Death of a Salesman*  
*Kiss of the Spiderwoman*  
*The Rivals*  
*Dodgy Alan's Alternative Dating Agency*  
*Iolanthe*  
*Sophrosyne*  
*Film Night*  
See p28-9 for reviews.

**The King's Jest**  
Keynes Hall, King's College: Friday only, 9.30pm (free)  
Two TV aerials get married, the wedding is dull, but the reception is excellent. Expect to hear MUCH BETTER jokes at the first ever King's Jest.

**Tuesday 17th**  
*Three Sisters*  
ADC: 7.45pm (£6-£9)  
See Pick Of The Week.

**Waiting for Godot**  
Corpus Playroom: 7pm (£4.50-£5-.50)  
See Pick Of The Week.

**RAG Stand-Up Comedy Competition 2009 Final**  
ADC: 11pm (£4-£5)  
Find out who will be crowned the 2009 champion at this annual charity event.

**Wednesday 18th**  
*Suits of Solemn Black*  
ADC Larkum Studio: 10pm (£4-£6)  
Exciting new writing from Adam Hollingworth. Runs until Sat 21st.

**The Big Book for Girls**  
ADC: 11pm (£4-£6)  
Joe Richards' cult pastiche of a '30's girls' boarding school. Runs until Sat 21st.

**Thursday 19th**  
*Eugene Onegin*  
West Road Concert Hall: 7.45pm (£6-£15)  
Tchaikovsky's best-known opera. Runs until Sat 21st.

### Music & Nightlife

#### Saturday 14th

**Moishe's Bagel**  
The Junction 2: 8pm (£12 adv.-£14)  
Scotland's Moishe's Bagel combine klezmer with Balkan dance music and Middle Eastern rhythms for a global mix of sounds combined with jazz improvisation.

**Sunday 15th**  
**Cambridge Ukulele Club**  
The Portland Arms: 2pm (free)  
Free ukulele action? Need we say more...

**Tuesday 17th**  
**Flower-Corsano Duo**  
The Portland Arms: 8pm (£6 adv.)  
A must-see: a collaboration between a kinetic drummer and a shaahi baaja (Japanese banjo) player, whose music "can rumble like a looming thunderstorm but contains exquisite raindrop touches".

**Thursday 19th**  
**The View**  
The Junction 1: 8pm (£13 adv.)  
In another week of Scottish music for the Junction, The View return to Cambridge in support of new album *Which Bitch?*. Hopefully no longer wearing the same jeans, definitely still as ugly.

**Ray LaMontagne**  
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£19.50 adv.)  
Gruff of voice and heavy of beard, the man who brought you *Trouble* has just released his third album. Don your checked shirt and head to the Corn Exchange for some melodic singer-songwriter melancholy.

**The Priory featuring Billy Nasty**  
Fez: 10pm (£6 before 11pm/£7 after)  
The infamous Billy Nasty comes to Fez to provide you with a tasty serving of no-nonsense techno/electro/minimal to keep you smiling and dancing through these cold winter months!

### Art & Classical

#### Ongoing Exhibitions

**Fitzwilliam Museum (free):**  
• 'I turned it into a palace': Sir Sydney Cockerell and the Fitz (until March 17th)  
• The Immortal Stone - Chinese jades (until May 31st) (see review, p31)  
• Changing faces: Anthony Van Dyck as an etcher (until May 31st)  
• Kachōfūgetsu - the natural world in Japanese prints  
**Kettle's Yard (free):**  
• The Roundhouse Of International Spirits (until March 15th)  
**Scott Polar Research Institute (free):**  
• John Gale & Sons (until Sat 14th)  
• British Antarctic (Nimrod) Expedition, 1907-9 (until April 4th)

**Friday 13th**  
**Messiaen, Dutilleux and Chopin**  
Kettle's Yard: 1.10pm (free)  
Lunchtime piano concert from James Sherlock, one of the rising musical stars of Cambridge.

**Saturday 14th**  
**Oxonium Cantabrigium**  
Trinity College Chapel: 8pm (£5/£8)  
The choirs of Girton and Queens', Oxford come together for one night at Trinity to perform Clemens, Bruckner, Tavener and more.

**Tuesday 17th**  
**Britten Sinfonia at Lunch 3**  
West Road Concert Hall: 1pm (£3/£7)  
Cedric Tiberghien performs Thomas Adès's 'Court Studies', as well as Debussy, Faur and new work from Richard Harrold.

**Thursday 19th**  
**Schubert and Brahms**  
Lubbock Theatre, Peterhouse: 8.30pm (£15)  
Christopher Maltman, former winner of the Lieder Prize at the Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, performs Schubert and Brahms as part of the Kohn Concerts.

### Talks & Events



The Immortal Stone

**Sunday 15th**  
**Clare Comedy**  
Clare Cellars: 8.45 (£3)  
Five-minute student acts, followed by a headline set from Andrew O'Neill. Matt Kirshen, star of *America's Last Comic Standing*, comperes.

**Monday 16th**  
**China: the Challenges of Development**  
Bateman Auditorium, Caius: 8pm (free)  
Sir Christopher Hum KCMG, Master of Caius, and previously Ambassador to China, explores the challenges facing China as it seeks to deal with its rapid economic growth.

**Setting The People Free: Innovations in Self Government**  
Emmanuel College: 7.30pm (free)  
Hosted by The Forum, Hilary Wainwright, prominent British feminist and socialist and editor of *Red Pepper*, and Tony Curzon Price, Editor-in-Chief of openDemocracy, discuss how to spread decision-making and political participation.

**Tuesday 17th**  
**The Politicisation of Irish Literature**  
Mill Lane lecture rooms: 5pm (free)  
As part of Trinity's prestigious Clark Lectures, Prof. Roy Foster begins his run of five talks on literature, nationalism and politics in nineteenth-century Ireland.

**Thursday 19th**  
**The Empire of Things: Furniture, Modernity, and the Early Bengali Novel**  
CRASSH, 17 Mill Lane: 5pm (free)  
An exploration of the way modern Bengali fiction responded to ideas of modernity and materialism.

### Film

**The Curious Case of Benjamin Button**  
Arts Picturehouse: daily 1.45pm (except Tues), 5pm, 8.15pm  
Brad Pitt and Cate Blanchett tick all the Oscar boxes in the story of a man who ages in reverse. See review on p31.

**Doubt**  
Vue: daily 6.40pm (until Tues)  
Meryl Streep and Philip Seymour Hoffman duke it out over allegations of child molestation at a Catholic school in '60s New York. The poster uses the same font as *There Will Be Blood*, so it must therefore be excellent. If you're feeling cash-strapped then the trailer is a film in itself.



**Revolutionary Road**  
Arts Picturehouse: Fri/Sat 1pm, 4.45pm, 9pm; Sun 3pm, 8.30pm; Mon 1pm, 9pm; Tues-Thurs 3.40pm, 9pm  
Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet shout at each other and make up, then shout at each other and make up. For two hours.

**Vicky Cristina Barcelona**  
Arts Picturehouse: daily 12.30pm (not Weds), 2.40pm, 7pm, 9.10pm; Tues-Weds 4.50pm  
Penelope Cruz (clutching a BAFTA), Scarlett Johansson and Javier Bardem star in Woody Allen's latest movie, set in Barcelona "because the government offered to pay for it".

**St. John's Films**  
Sunday 15th: 7pm and 10pm  
Pineapple Express

Thursday 19th: 9pm  
Withnail and I



**Waiting For Godot**  
Tuesday 17th-Saturday 21st  
Corpus Christi Playroom: 7pm (£4.50-£5.50)  
This is a great chance to catch an intelligent interpretation of Beckett's masterpiece, once described as a play in which "nothing happens, twice" (but don't confuse it with Chekhov - this one has humour). It's unlikely that you'll see the Playroom's L-shape better employed, so it's the perfect time to venture outside the ADC.



**Three Sisters**  
Tuesday 17th-Saturday 21st  
ADC: 7.45pm (£6-£9)  
Chekhov's play is about the titular sisters, Olga, Masha and Irina, who all want things, but are all talk and no action. This is the premiere of an invigorating translation by Footlights Vice President and award-winning playwright Rory Mullarkey, adding a fresh perspective to the playwright's masterpiece of boredom, existence and love.



**EMPIRE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 15):** Yes, you're planning a modern production of *King Lear* which you want to stage in Cambridge's premier indie nightclub. The launch party will be at The Soul Tree, Act I will be in the foyer, Act II on the stairs, Act III in the bar and Act V on the dancefloor itself. But where are you going to put Act IV? »p22 *The urinals.* »p23 *You're actually cutting Act IV.*



# Marr's Attack

TO MARK THE BICENTENARY OF THE FOURTH GREATEST BRITON, ROB PEAL TALKS TO ANDREW MARR ABOUT HIS HERO CHARLES DARWIN, DISCUSSING POLITICS, JOURNALISM AND THE PICKEREL INN ALONG THE WAY.

Andrew Marr is an example of that increasingly rare species – a great polymath. Although he studied English and went into political journalism via being a business reporter, he now writes history books which sell in the hundreds of thousands, and will shortly be presenting a BBC documentary about Darwin.

“I always felt as an adult slightly guilty and worried about my lack of understanding of science”, he tells me. Maybe that is the secret to being a polymath; where most people just feel indifferent towards subjects they do not know much about, the likes of Marr feel guilt. “I was lucky in the fact that there was a huge slew of great popular science books coming out over the last twenty or thirty years, and I educated myself... It became obvious that the big intellectual importance of our times is in science.”

One gets the impression that if it has words, Marr will read it. He is an avid bibliophile, something he believes was moulded whilst reading English at Trinity Hall. “We read pretty ferociously and I think it gave me what I have still got, which is an ability to read very fast and absorb information very fast.” In his career as the BBC’s chosen specialist in any given topic, this skill is clearly of use. “I’ve got the *Andrew Marr Show*, I’ve got *Start the Week* and I’ve got my films, so I could not survive doing what I’m doing, without the training I received at Cambridge.” With all this in mind, I should have realised it would not be wise to ask him what newspaper he takes; “It’s a very boring question because most of them is the answer.”

Seven years ago, Andrew Marr presented an episode on Charles Darwin for the BBC series *Greatest Britons*, and his advocacy secured the great naturalist forth place in the national poll (Princess Diana was third). For the two hundredth anniversary of Darwin’s birth, Marr will be returning to his hero for a three-part documentary on BBC2. “It’s going to be called, I think, *Darwin’s Dangerous Idea*.” The show will trace the impact that Darwin’s theories have had on modern history, something which has been both dismally destructive and hugely inspiring. “You can always argue that Darwinism misunderstood was one of the most disastrous ideas in politics during the twentieth century. But paradoxically now because of the environmental crisis we need more Darwinism in our politics not less, because of his other work on the web of life and so on.”

An abiding memory of the *Greatest Britons* series was seeing Marr, who normally stood at Downing Street with an umbrella and microphone, instead clam-boring over the Galapagos Islands, flailing his limbs with excitement at the sight of one of Darwin’s Finches. However, Marr will not be returning to the Islands for this series, and the reason is something which Darwin first made mankind

aware of; the fragility of natural habitats. “I’ve taken a personal decision that I will never go back, having seen them once and marvelled at them. I think as many people who have a strong interest in evolution and biology and nature should get a chance to see them, but once you’ve seen them you probably should not return; they are far too fragile.”

For those who have

given the time to understand Darwin’s ideas, the persistent refusal of some to at least acknowledge evolution is clearly frustrating; “I think David Attenborough said there is vastly more evidence for Darwinism than there is to believe that William the Conqueror won the battle of Hastings. The more you look at it, the more detail you go into, the truer it seems to be. I think of the great ideas of Victorian times, it’s the last one standing.” However, American schools still insist on teaching evolution as a ‘theory’ on a par with that other ‘theory’, Intelligent Design. This suggests evolution still has some way to go, and Marr agrees, “You look at last week’s papers and a poll claims that half the population of Britain believes in creationism. So this is not a done deal, it’s not a won argument yet.”

It is good to hear such honest outspokenness, but this is a habit of Marr’s which he has had to curtail in recent years. The crossover from news-pa-

per journalism to the BBC had strong implications; “working for the BBC you really can’t have or express any strong views or opinions about anything, and having spent most of my journalistic life expressing strong views to take that vow of silence was not particularly easy. There are plenty of issues and arguments that in the past I would have weighed into with great enthusiasm, and I just have to keep away from that.”

Marr’s own political stance is far less perceivable now than it was during his Cambridge days as ‘Red Andy’, the firebrand socialist. He stammers and explains this away with the tone of a criminal excusing his own previous con-

“lots of very happy times with all night parties and general wild behaviour, I wasn’t that studious I have to say. I spent a lot of time on student politics, relationships, drinking, and reading. I was lucky enough to get a first nonetheless.” Actually, that sounds like a particularly annoying friend to have.

On the subject of politics, Marr hopes that some of the importance and passion which has waned since his student days may return as a result of the recession. “A lot of people shrugged off politics during the long John Major and New Labour boom, we could laugh at politicians and we could get outraged at fundraising issues and scandals, and in

“THERE IS VASTLY MORE EVIDENCE FOR DARWINISM THAN THERE IS TO BELIEVE THAT WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WON THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS. THE MORE YOU LOOK AT IT, THE MORE DETAIL YOU GO INTO, THE TRUER IT SEEMS TO BE.”

viction. “You know, it was the late seventies, early eighties and politics seemed to be very, very exciting and critical and so on. It certainly engaged people emotionally in a way that seems unimaginable now.” As well as writing for *Stop Press* (a precursor to *Varsity*), Marr was a member of the Cambridge Labour Party, was elected to a body called the Broad Left, and reportedly sold the *Socialist Organiser*. “I think to be honest with you looking back it was as much social inadequacy as it was ideological fervour. I was quite young when I got to Cambridge, I was just eighteen, and I found dealing with the hyper-confident London day school kids, never mind the public school ones, very difficult. I probably spent far too much time drinking and hanging around with slightly seedy political types.”

Drinking clearly figured highly, and at this point the interview descends into a discussion of the best pubs in Cambridge. “I spent quite a lot of time in... is there one called the Perch, opposite Magdalene?”

“The Pickerel Inn?” I suggest.

“The Pickerel, the Pickerel!” Marr shouts with enthusiasm. “I spent quite a lot of time there, too much time there.”

He goes on to regale me with stories of the ritual King Street run, still going strong in his day. “I think there were 11 pubs on King Street and you had to have a pint in each one in under two hours.”

“Did you manage to complete it?” I ask.

“Oh absolutely”, comes the rather indignant reply, insulted I suppose with the suggestion that I would have thought otherwise. “I was a relatively tubby and enthusiastic drinker,” he reassures me; “William Hague with a red beard and different political views.”

One gets the impression that Marr would have been rather fun company as a student. He remembers his days as

a way it was not a serious as it feels now. I think most of my time as political editor for the BBC was spent standing outside Number 10 talking about the foxhunting ban, and you know we have rather more urgent matters about the country in front of us at the moment.”

And how urgent does he think these matters are? “I think if you look at what the City is saying, if you look at what the leaders of industry are saying, if you look at all of the medium range forecasts, we are in for one heck of a hard few years. I mean look at the scale of public debt and look at what it means for taxation, look at the really quite pressing danger despite what Obama says about protectionism. Never mind all these environmental challenges ahead; I think it’s going to be pretty rocky.”

However, Marr is no doom-monger. He tells me that journalism and politics have much to gain out of the crisis. The appetite for serious news will increase, and the best graduates will no longer be lured away from public service by the prospect of merchant banks and Christmas bonuses. With admirable optimism, he concludes that “the talent pool is a bit shallow at the moment, but those things can self-correct quite quickly; I think politics is going to get more serious, more interesting and certainly more important.”

Having reached the top of both print and television journalism, Marr has often voiced concerns about the future of newspapers, and their ability to keep both quality and sales high. I end the interview by asking him about this. Marr admits that now he personally reads more online than on paper, but remains reassuring. “I’m probably a withered old romantic about the these things, but something about being in a coffee bar with a steaming mug of coffee and a newspaper in front of me is enormously appealing... although I’m not allowed a cigarette anymore.”



GILES PARK, COURTESY OF THE BBC

## Life and Marr's

1981	Graduates in English from Cambridge and joins <i>The Scotsman</i> .
1995	Wins Columnist of the Year at the British Press Awards.
1996	Becomes Editor of the <i>Independent</i> .
2000	Becomes Political Editor of the BBC.
2002	Presents Charles Darwin as the 'Greatest Briton' for BBC poll.



# Period Living



**AS GILES COREN AND SUE PERKINS PREPARE FOR THE SECOND SEASON OF THEIR TIME-TRAVELLING TV SERIES, LAUREN DAVIDSON IS AMUSED BY SUE AND SEDUCED BY THE DEVILISHLY CHARMING GILES**

How far would you go to hang out with Giles Coren and Sue Perkins all day in a swanky flat in Highgate, London? If my answer was anything less than two and a half hours on a train, endless London Underground delays and a wade through several inches of snow up a very steep hill, then I would not be writing this article now. Despite the cries of anguish from station personnel that they could not guarantee my safe return to Cambridge due to adverse weather conditions, I elbowed my way through throngs of confused passengers and dived onto the 10.26 to Liverpool Street. It's even better if you imagine it in slow motion.

Coren, *Times* columnist and restaurant critic, and Perkins, comic media personality and ex-Footlights president, are filming the second series of their BBC2 TV show, *Supersizers Go...*, where they transform their lifestyles (hair, clothes and all) according to different periods in history and experience the diet of the time. The program was born in BBC's Edwardian Season around a year ago, when the pair spent a week living a century out of date and at the end of the week were tested to see how the diet and lifestyle affected their health. The last series saw the Supersizers go Wartime, Restoration, Victorian, Seventies, Elizabethan and Regency. When I turned up on Monday they were mid first day of filming for season two. Theme of the day: the 1920s.

Oxbridge alumni Perkins and Coren admitted to having difficulty succumbing to their roles. Some

periods are hard to differentiate; for example, the 20s are post-Edwardian and pre-War, so trying to find the element on which to focus can get confusing. As Coren explains to me, "it's all quite austere as we come out of World War One rationing, then it gets exciting with Bright Young Things, followed by the Depression."

The garrulous duo talk me through their highs and lows of filming. Due to his "abhorrence of processed food", Coren was not a fan of the Findus crispy pancake he was subjected to in the 70s, nor did he enjoy the sheep's eyes. Although, he adds as an afterthought, it was Sue who ate the sheep's eye. Perkins on the whole seemed to appreciate the weird and wonderful grub more than Coren, explaining that she has no right to be picky as she is tasting the food on the audience's behalf, providing a "window into history". She brags about pig's tail and nose, and takes great delight in describing the horrors of Coffin Pie from the Restoration period, a dish baked on a Monday and eaten throughout the week, complete with chicks' heads, gizzards, entrails, testicles, lung – in fact, anything and everything, just none of the nice bits. Gastronomically, this was no pleasure.

They are quick to ensure me that the show has been a blast though: they get on well and have a laugh together. The show is not scripted, says Coren, "Sue and I just burble at each other." He further describes their onscreen relationship as really good: full of flirting without that

"will they, won't they" sex element, "because, you know, they clearly won't." They keep each other in line: for example, each called the other during their time as Elizabethans to check that no caffeine (much loved by both) was being ingested, since, in the sixteenth century, it did not yet exist in England. Perkins is adamant that she remains "herself" while filming,

**"I ONLY DO THIS TO BE SEXY, THE ONLY REASON TO GO ON TV IS TO MAKE GIRLS WANT TO FUCK YOU"**

but she does try to live the lifestyle of the period as much as possible. Of course, she cannot remain healthy on a mere 500 calories a day, so she admits to modern snacking between historic meals. It seems apt that Perkins then pauses, and confesses "I've actually just got a little bit too deep into character, and now I'm drunk."

Perkins' favourite dish was snail soup in France; she would never have it again – "I mean, it's snails" – but she enjoyed it nonetheless. The 70s were special for her from a personal viewpoint, reinvestigating her childhood as an adult, but when asked what his favourite period was, Coren booms that he doesn't like any of them. "It makes you realise how lucky you are to be living in London in 2009; frankly any other date, any other town, any other country, and you're better off eating sandwiches."

Both presenters of the BBC2 documentary seem to enjoy the dressing up element almost more than the cuisine. Perkins bases her favourite pe-

riod, Versailles, on her exuberant and lavish Marie Antoinette outfit – "sexy clothes, sexy hair, sexy waist". It's all about the hair for Coren too, declaring that he would like it if they would structure the whole thing around his facial hair. He's gone Victorian handlebar moustache plus mutton chops, grown impressive sideburns for Regency and sported a flicky beard

just on the tip of his chin as a Tudor. However, he refused to go clean shaven for the 20s. As he explains, TV is a vanity medium. "I only do this to be sexy, the only reason to go on TV is to make girls want to fuck you," and so he gets grumpy when he has to wear ugly outfits. His most horrendous hairstyle was the Samuel Pepys style wig he had to wear for the French Revolution – "totally unsexual and very depressing". He thinks that the centre parting he wears as a man of the 20s will at least appeal to a segment of people. I nod enthusiastically, wondering if it would be appropriate to admit that centre parting, mutton chops or completely bald, I am unservedly in that segment.

Their venture is unique in that they are tasting and criticising food from ages past. I ask them what they think would be said about today's food if a similar program was made in the future. "You think there will be a world in a hundred years time? You won't make it!" admonishes Giles. He

also says that there won't be television by then, claiming that the telly would be the last thing you would reinvent after a nuclear Armageddon. Once we've established that the question is in every respect hypothetical, Coren muses that they would be amazed at how much meat we eat, alcohol would have gone the same way as cigarettes as people would have realised that giving yourself temporary brain damage and a headache the next morning is actually undesirable, and bottled water would be a thing of the past – future generations will laugh at the concept of spending an hour's wages on a bottle of water, seeing as it comes out the tap for free. Perkins agrees that our descendents will be appalled by today's diet, in particular our levels of imports and the fact that we can't grow and prepare our own food, depending too much on meat and fast food. No hope for *Gardies*, then.

So, what is there in the future of this historical program? Sue is concerned at how well she will be able to pull off the 'damsel in distress' act in the medieval era, as she's "far too lippy", but she's excited for the Ancient Rome episode where her and Giles will lounge around in togas interspersing their day with grapes and orgies. I have been invited to join, but I think it's best for Giles and I to distance ourselves before things go too far between us. I could hardly remain standing when Giles gave me a kiss goodbye at the end of the interview. Even the very thought of it... makes me... swoon.



# Bust a Move

**CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BREAKDANCE CLUB PRESIDENT MARI SHIBATA DISCUSSES MODERN MISREPRESENTATIONS OF HIP-HOP CULTURE WITH PAUL SADOT, URBAN CONTEMPORARY DANCE EXPERT AND ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF DANCE OFFENSIVE**

Never have I seen the sort of youthful energy that I witnessed last week when I saw *Pressure Drop*, a hip-hop dance production at the Junction. When the performance had finished, I was delighted at the chance to speak with Paul Sadot, the show's producer, about his sources of inspiration and work with Dance Offensive, a professional street dance organisation for young people based in Cambridge. They're certainly not the 'Young Offenders Dance Company', although that is the label once given them by government.

I was glad to discover that Paul and I share the same philosophy regarding hip-hop culture. "One should turn to music and dance for consolation through difficult times," he says. "I want Dance Offensive to be a platform for those who have experienced racial hostility due to their deprived backgrounds; it is the only way to solve social corruption. I keep the kids away

from current hip-hop, which seems to be all about money, guns, drugs and bitches nowadays. Old-skool is definitely the way forward."

So where did hip-hop originate?

Paul's collection of over 200 hip-hop video tapes suggest that it began with the break-jazzers who illustrated spontaneous physical movement while listening to bebop music, a genre which emerged in response to racial discrimination in the 1930s. Jazz-tap dance duo, the Nicholas Brothers,

translated the musical energy and fast improvisation of bebop into dance, influencing the future b-jazzers. Paul emphasizes, "These were the beginnings of urban contemporary dance. Not that contemporary dance that everyone thinks of nowadays, the one by Cunningham and Graham. Why be obsessed over precise placements of each shape? That doesn't help anyone to be free and discover their soul".

"What most people don't really know is the dark side behind the

humorous entertainment," Paul continues. "Racial differentiation meant that blacks were always working behind-the-scenes, arranging music, inventing a new dance culture; but the whites got credit. The only way for black dancers to gain recognition was to showcase on the streets of Harlem. If it weren't for the film *Stormy Weather* in 1943, the Nicholas Brothers would have spent the rest of their lives without jobs."

Many black hip-hop artists went unrecognised well into the 1960s. "As they could often not afford to buy records, they went to DJ Kool Herc's block-parties on 1520 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx, to hear the latest releases. Kool Herc would mess with vinyls to create breakdown effects. Everyone would respond by rocking on their feet, 'getting down' on the break and spinning super-fast to visually intensify the music. These people became known as the breakers. Naturally, gang leaders and drug dealers would want to join in the fun, but they had to get rid of the bad shit or they couldn't dance like the others. Breakin' is clearly therapeutic."

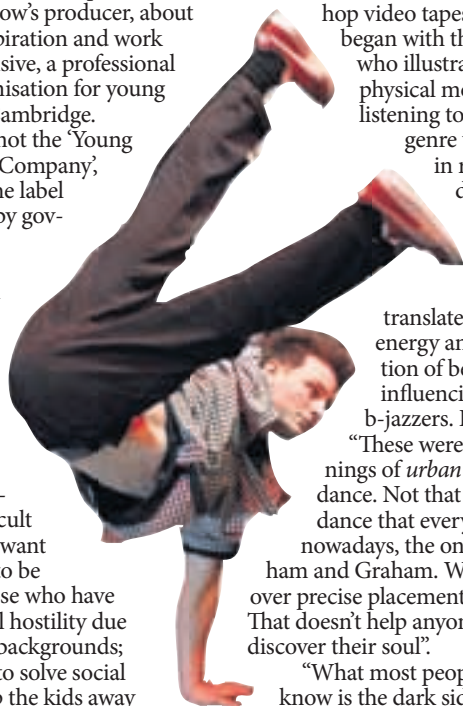
Despite the lack of media cover-

age in breakin' culture forty years ago, Paul notes a parallel movement in Britain: "Wigan Casino in Manchester became a place where miners and labourers spent their Friday nights digging for break-beats. It was here that the first British male 'got down', in 1968. Although men could meet women in their local towns, there was no other place to break."

escapism under Thatcherism, becoming submissive to drugs to overcome their devastation. Social models for the next generation became non-working drug-taking parents. Those who earned stardom as breakers had bitter attitudes, thus gaining the 'rude-boy' reputation. That's now developed into modern hip-hop culture, which shouldn't have happened".

Paul believes that the energy emerging out of this aggression can be transferred to acrobatic dance. "Elements of Capoeira, a Brazilian martial art dance, have been passed onto modern breakin' as 'power' moves, stimulating positive ambition for rude-boys. I rather see power in physical achievement than through blingin' images."

"I am lucky to be sponsored by the Arts Council and have support from Sadler's Wells in London, who are launching a three-year programme to protect the essence of hip-hop. The second-floor of Madame Jojo's in Soho is reserved for dancers providing free entry to accommodate them, and serves no alcoholic drinks. With Dance Offensive, I occasionally ask everyone to remove all accessories that define their social identity. Let's get back to where hip-hop originated from and forget this rude-boy attitude." That's exactly how I see it.



# Underground Livewires

**AS THE SUBWAYS GET BIGGER AND BETTER, THEIR LIVE SHOWS CONTINUE TO DRAW IMPRESSIVE CROWDS. LUCY BRYANT IS HOOKED, AND GETS BENEATH THE SURFACE TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THEIR SHOWS SO VERY SPECIAL**

Billy Lunn stands surveying the crowd gathered at Islington's tiny Lexington bar. He asks, "So who here's from London?" A cheer. "Who's from somewhere else?" A much louder cheer. A quick straw poll tells us that the furthest anyone has come is from Glasgow. I'd think these people were crazy, if I weren't secretly one of them.

You see, over the years, the Subways' live shows have gained a bit of a reputation. You'd need one to overflow the NME tent at Reading Festival. You'd definitely need one to do it when Kings of Leon are playing the main stage at the same time. The Subways' live shows have been described as incendiary, blistering and unforgettable. I'd go so far as to say they're addictive. They've produced something of a cult following. Their website's forum has members who've seen them live upwards of 40 times. In the past four years.

Touring is incredibly important to the Subways; brothers Billy Lunn and Josh Morgan and their childhood friend (as well as Billy's ex-fiancée) Charlotte Cooper see it as integral to the process of musical creativity. "I think we've always

felt our music sounds best when we're playing it live," they say. "It's when you get to understand more about a band." The ambitions they have for their shows are impressive, to say the least. "For us, it's about lifting people and escapism. We're all big fans of film; you escape for a few hours into the life of someone else, and we want our shows to be like that. People come and escape and hopefully they have a good time and just enjoying thinking about music, and leave all their worries at home."

After the release of their debut record, *Young for Eternity*, the Subways toured America, Japan, and numerous European countries, as well as Britain (multiple times). "With *Young for Eternity*, we toured for two-and-a-half years, and that became our identity as a band, always touring, always being on stage." They made a special effort to play shows in towns which are rarely visited on tours by other acts, much to the delight of their fan base.

When the time came for a second album, the Subways were not short of inspiration. There was Charlotte and Billy's break-up, and then Billy had had

to undergo surgery on his vocal chords that could have left him unable to speak, let alone sing. They'd also been playing shows in support of the likes of Taking Back Sunday and Foo Fighters, which provided them with some fresh influences. "We were quite young when we recorded *Young for Eternity*, and I think

we thought we knew loads about music and we knew loads of bands but we didn't really, and since then we've discovered so many new bands from playing with them and just our own research. We were a very young band, writing about things eighteen year olds write about, and for *All or Nothing* we were a

few years older with different experiences, different things to write." Produced by Butch Vig, who worked on such seminal records as *Nevermind* and *Siamese Dream*, *All or Nothing* was a resounding success and received praise from both critics and fans alike. Butch Vig helped the band create the sound they wanted. "We definitely wanted to capture the live energy... getting to bigger stages, that made us become a bigger band and a heavier band and we definitely wanted to reflect that on the record. We wanted it to sound big... because we felt like a bigger band."

Their *All or Nothing* tour was as successful as any tour they've been on to date. "We'd been away for such a long time, and we really appreciated the fact that a lot of our fans had been waiting around, and were so keen to hear the new record. Most bands, if they go away for a year, people just forget them, so we were really touched that we had such loyal fans."

In my eyes, the Subways had nothing to worry about. With a live show as good as theirs, we weren't going to forget them in a hurry.



**EMPIRE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 15):** Yup, you're actually cutting Act IV. Which is a nonsensical idea because Act IV is integral to the well-being of the Lear narrative. Reaction is therefore mixed: TCS gives the production five stars, while some wag at *Varsity* notes that it "puts the amateur back into the ADC". He's obviously good with words.





“My cutest Valentine’s Day was when I was only about seven or eight. Valentine’s Day fell on a school day, and during a period of young love. My boyfriend gave me a sweet hand-made card, signed inside with a heart drawn with kisses. At lunchtime, the school canteen served heart-shaped cookies for dessert, but as I always took a packed lunch, I couldn’t have one. While I wasn’t looking, though, my boyfriend put his cookie in the hood of my coat as a surprise. Why are boys nicest before they hit double figures?” *Elizabeth Taylor*

#### ‘Hold On’ by Giverny Tattersfield

She told herself that she wasn’t surprised, but she was. She twirled the skewered olive in her vodka martini trying to think of reasons that he hadn’t come, and why on earth she had stayed there in that depressing little out of the way bar, which was his suggestion incidentally, not hers. It had been slowly emptying of couples as the night went on, their lingering smiles and secret suggestive glances leading them back home.

She thought that tonight was the beginning of something, that they were actually going to have their chance, that they had finally stopped still long enough to grasp on to each other. Her hands released the glass, there was no point holding on anymore. She ran her fingers through her hair, looking to her handbag on the stool next to her.

A hand slid around the front of her waist and another pressed against her back and turned her around. The bar stool whined in protest. Before she had a chance to see who it was, he kissed her. And then, pulling away swept the hair from her face and whispered huskily in her ear, “Happy Valentine’s Day, love.”

He was leaning towards her, his hands placed either side of her on the bar. She leant around to look at the clock on the wall. “You’re late,” she said as she turned back to him, “It’s 12.04, you missed Valentine’s.” He smiled, “All the better, ‘cos now it’s just a day for us.”

She held his gaze, and he pushed himself away and held out his hand. “Come with me.” “Where?” she asked. He leant closer, “Does it really matter?” Slowly, she lifted her hand and put it on his, he clasped it tight and pulled her towards him. Laughing, she grabbed her handbag as he led her, kissing and running as they went, out of the door and into the night. It had just started to rain.

#### ‘First Date’

How can I start? It is all we have done.  
It was wonderful: uncomfortable  
Silences lining Pembroke Street. Headlong,  
Easily known, would not have done at all.  
Waiting to taste that ‘me too’ was the fun  
Part: watch you, cuter than Lent’s white weather,  
And softer, darker, (hotter!) and more strong  
Than both cups of coffee put together.  
Did I lunge? ‘moiselle, you speak the global tongue  
Of fencing judges, who tell us we’re ready.  
Had I hesitated? Heard avertisement wrong?  
Perhaps I tripped, over your lips, with worry,  
Grazed with my nail slow and sable long  
Curls, moved them gliding away from your warmth,  
Now in control, fingers crossed into one  
As we fell, this blissful, through each others’ arms.

*Hugh Burling*

#### ‘My Inner Freak’

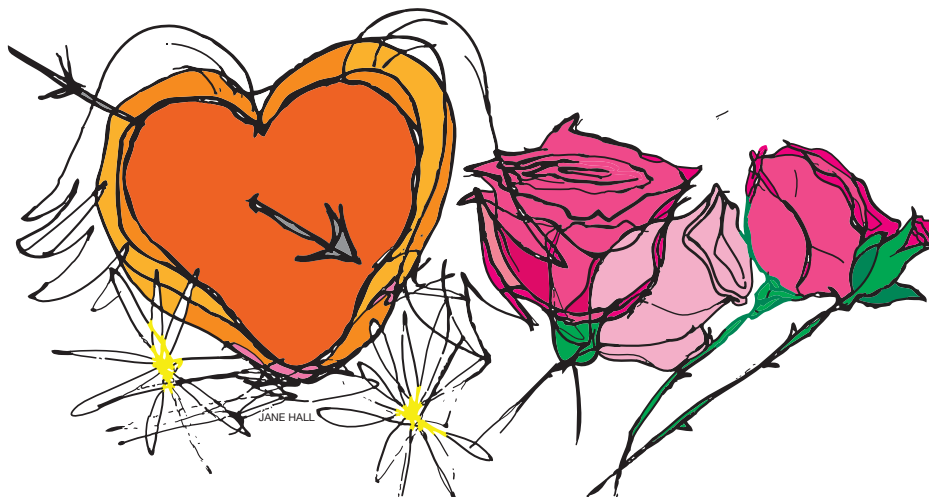
My Inner Freak runs naked  
Barefoot ‘cross vine twined leaves,  
She gibbers like a monkey  
And swings from tree to tree.  
She gorges on the gorgeous fruit  
And licks the luscious flowers  
Completely clean of dew drops,  
She dreams in nature’s bower.  
She catches snowflakes on her tongue,  
She grovels round for acorns,  
She pirouettes around arms flung  
Wide open, gleeful, careless.  
You eat the apple for me,  
Exhale pure mountain air,  
You bathe me in the limpid streams  
My fragile skin laid bare.  
My Inner Freak runs naked,  
But only if you’re there.

*Francesca Robbins*

#### Did you know...

... That Valentine’s Day is celebrated differently in regions across the UK? In Norfolk, for example, a strange mythical character known as ‘Jack Valentine’ scares the shit out of children by knocking on the door and leaving ‘treats’ behind in a ghostly fashion. My research into what kind of ‘treats’ he leaves for the kiddies was inconclusive – although unsubstantiated rumours have led me to believe that Norfolk branches of Anne Summers tend to sell out of a miniature (funsize?) variety of something called a ‘Rampant Rabbit’ around the middle of February. This strange ritual, however, is nothing compared to the annual farce that is Valentine’s Day in Japan. Aggressive marketing tactics by companies who benefit from the Western tradition has resulted in something called ‘giri-choko’, which translates pretty accurately as ‘chocolate-obligation’ and consists of a national requirement for EVERY WOMAN to give chocolate to ALL her male co-workers. It gladdens the heart, does it not? Unfortunately, further greedy marketing has begun to establish something called ‘White Day’ on March 14th, when men are expected to reciprocate. Sometimes I hate capitalism.

Elsewhere in Asia, the South Koreans have decided to establish three Valentine’s days to really fuck with everybody’s heads. As in Japan, February 14th is when women give chocolate to men – although unlike in Japan they are allowed to be a little more discerning about who receives their attentions. March 14th is when men are supposed to give gifts to women – but they have to be non-chocolate based, for some reason. Presumably the South Korean authorities fear for public safety in a nation where women have to wait an entire month for expected chocolate. Best of all though is something known as ‘Black Day’, which happens on April 14th. On this spectacularly embarrassing day, in a stroke of astounding genius, South Koreans have been convinced that if they have not received anything on either of the two Valentine’s Days in February and March they must go to a Chinese(?) restaurant and eat black noodles to mourn their singleton status. As if things weren’t bad enough. *Joe Hunter*





### 'A Discarded Chocolate Wrapper'

A discarded chocolate wrapper  
glistening red in the morning light  
is proof, solid proof,  
that you love me.

I was your valentine  
You were mine.  
It had been organised for us  
very conveniently.

We did what lovers are meant to do,  
We looked smug  
and held hands,  
fumbling with each other's moving fingers.

You bought me a romantic present  
(decreed by a shop)  
and said "I love you"  
more than usual.

It was very lovely, very nice, very good.  
But I always thought we were different,  
cocooned together in ourselves  
immune.

I want to whisper quietly in your ear  
an expression of closeness  
distinct from the soppy exclamations.

In the morning  
I fold your t-shirt,  
make you two boiled eggs,  
and smile as you dozily open an eye in greeting.

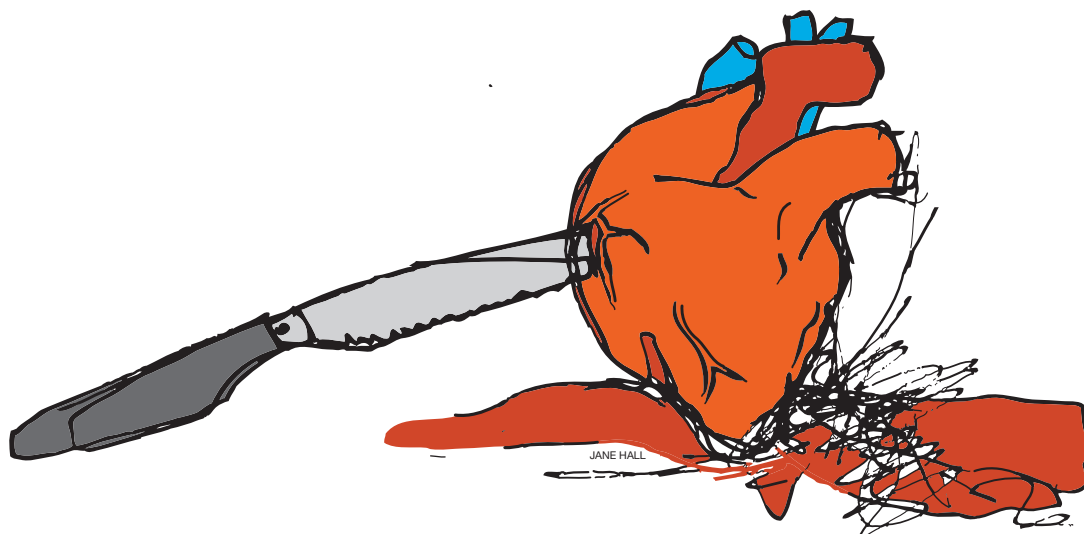
As you crack the shell  
I scrunch the chocolate wrapper  
and quietly file it away in my pocket.

Soumaya Keynes

### 'A Weird Kind of Green'

Oh, how our love is like a secret little promise,  
Like petals in the falling snow,  
My dear, how the fluttering stars call me to you  
Like no other girl, like no-one,  
like nothing I know.  
But I'm not sure how many times you've been in love,  
It could be what, fourteen or fifteen?  
Because I seem to have come out in a nasty little rash,  
And my wee's gone a weird kind of green.

N.C. Brooker



### 'There's No 'I' in Love' by Matt Child

"Excuse me for just a second, I need to go to the bathroom," she said plaintively, suppressing tears of frustration I guess. "Nice one, idiot. Now look what you've done!" was the sharp reprimand from 'best friend' sitting next to me. I caught my dad's stern look from across the table. His disappointed eyes seemed to say 'you're no son of mine, you're an abomination'. "Honestly, how can you tell your girlfriend the day before Valentine's that 'love is just a bunch of chemicals and hormones'?" Are you mentally retarded?" I decided to let the question retain its rhetorical dignity. I preferred it when he was silent. We were having a pre-Valentine's dinner at an upper class sushi restaurant in Cape Town. My dad was paying for the meal, so that was good. Though, had I known I'd be charged with a sizeable dollop of emotional guilt, I'd have gladly taken the real bill off my dad's hands. "Here she comes, now be cool," hissed my helpful friend. She had strawberry blonde hair (that's not a euphemism) and lovely hands. Among other things. I pretended to be absorbed by the indecipherable contents on the menu because I had to avoid her scowls at all costs, lest I burst out laughing and be damned as Satan for the rest of my Cape Town existence. My dad started telling a wholesome anecdote about our eccentric cat. It seemed to cheer her up somewhat as her iced-over face began to melt into a gentle smile. She warmed enough to ask me sarcastically, "So when are we going to get a puppy together?" I shrugged my shoulders and said "I don't see the point of pets. They're so inane and inglorious. And it's pathetic how they're just used as emotional crutches for the sad and lonely of this planet." My dad's upper lip curled slightly in disgust, my friend had buried his face in his hands. Great, dew-drop tears were running down her face. She threw her napkin at me and stormed off to the bathroom again. It appears I had said too much. "Dude, you're about to become part of the sad and lonely," observed my wise friend. And so I was.

"I share few qualities with 'Miss America' contestants. I am not delighted by the idea of a bikini and heels, and I really am indifferent to world peace. The one exception to this rule is perhaps my ideal Valentine's date. The man would be tall, intelligent and carrying a bottle of champagne in one hand, preferably half-finished. We would walk, barefoot, down a moonlit beach, conversation dancing between us with light, flirtatious giggles filling the air. I would have previously been treated to a candlelit dinner and the evening would stretch before us, full of possibility.

"Incredibly enough, I found myself in that very position just last year. The gentleman in question was a childhood crush, whom I had not seen for many years until we happened to run into each other, fortunately close to the 14th of February. This date was the culmination of five years' worth of teenage infatuation, so I was therefore slightly nervous. This lead, as it so often will, to an unwise level of alcohol consumption and subsequent slight inebriation. However, I felt that I was conducting myself admirably, under the circumstances, so when my date suggested the midnight stroll down the beach, I agreed. What I forgot to take into consideration, however, was that this beach was not in the warm, clean shores of the Mediterranean, but the north of England, Blackpool to be exact, the least glamorous location on the planet. Freezing cold, booze and most of all lust, effectively anaesthetised me, so the first indication I received of my injury was my date's finger extended in horror, pointing towards the footprints of blood just visible in the gloom. You don't know romance until you spend two hours with an antiseptic wipe, cleaning sand and bottle shards out of your own slashed foot, date nowhere in sight." Sarah Martin



"It sounded perfect: being wined and dined by a lovely man on the most romantic night of the year. His choice to take me for a curry was not, however, what I had quite expected. And it only went downhill from there. It was to be that February 14th that I discovered I have an allergy to red peppers. Our romantic night out ended with us in the middle of a packed Surrey pub: me doubled up in pain suffering from indigestion and rather embarrassing flatulence, whilst he tried (and failed) to console me. I was mortified...how could it have gone so wrong?! The man dumped me soon after, and I now avoid red peppers like the plague, fearful of a repeat performance..." Anonymous



# The Cook's Tale

**AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF WORKING WITH FOOD, ANTONIO CARLUCCIO, BRITAIN'S MOST CELEBRATED ITALIAN COOK, IS STILL IN LOVE WITH THE SIMPLE, BOLD TASTES OF HIS HOMELAND. EMMA MUSTICH LISTENS AS HE RECOUNTS HIS FLAVOURFUL HISTORY**

Antonio Carluccio is on fine form. Last week, the celebrated cook ("I'm not a chef", he insists), who has just marked fifty years of bringing Italy's diverse cuisine to UK tables, gave a live cooking demonstration on the floor of the Union Society's debating chamber, to some of the most enthusiastic applause that room has seen in months. Before his Union presentation, I sat down with Carluccio, and listened to a story that took me from his first forays into cooking, as a student in Vienna, to his most recent projects on television and in the world of books.

I grew up in a family – half Italian-American – where food was always an essential focus. When I tell Carluccio that, in my first few months at university, one of the things I missed most about home was the food, he signals his immediate understanding. He himself first realised his love for the food of his homeland when, in the 1950s, he left home to live abroad and study languages in Vienna.

"Although Viennese food was very good, and I could have got used to it," he says, "it was missing too much of the wonderful food that my mother used to prepare." Though he had never helped his mother with her actual cooking, he was used to helping with the shopping and the general preparation of meals. Working from memory in his Austrian kitchen, he tried to recreate the food of his youth.

Starting with a simple sauce, Carluccio got more and more ambitious, calling home whenever he needed directions. A new-found courage, born of experience, led to more confident experimentation. His friends and neighbours were his "guinea pigs", tasting the dishes that Carluccio prepared and offering their opinions.

Later on, Carluccio moved to London, where he worked as a wine merchant. Indeed, it was "by pure coincidence", he tells me, that he became a restaurateur. He was offered a place in a *Sunday Times* cooking competition, and he made it to the finals, but he didn't win. (Decades later, he was told by an insider that he had only lost because one of the judges "didn't like [his] face".)

## A Quick Bite

- 1937** Carluccio born in Vietri sul Mare, Salerno, Italy
- 1958** Starts cooking for himself as a student in Vienna
- 1975** Moves to London, where he works as a wine merchant
- 1981** Takes over London's Neal Street Restaurant
- 1983** First TV appearance, on BBC2
- 2007** Awarded honorary OBE



Although Carluccio had only entered the competition "for fun", his talent was quickly recognised and trumpeted by the English press, particularly such newspapers as the *Observer*.

Soon, his brother-in-law, Terence Conran, offered him a position as manager of London's Neal Street Restaurant. Carluccio says he had never previously sought work in the restaurant industry because he knew, from his experience as a wine merchant, how stressful it could be. Even when he accepted Conran's offer, Carluccio maintained the strict distinction between 'chef' and 'cook' that has continued to be important to him throughout his career; he was willing to cook for the restaurant's chefs, he tells me, in order to teach them about the techniques of real Italian cooking, but he did not want to be involved in the nightly mayhem of the restaurant kitchen.

It was not long, Carluccio continues, before "the BBC got hold of me," and his cookbooks—of which there are now fifteen—took off. Here, Carluccio passes on some hints about his newest book, due out this autumn; at first he says only that it is about "simple Italian food", but then he clarifies: "the other ones weren't

complicated. But this one is even simpler."

In the course of both our interview and his demonstration at the Union, Carluccio gets to talking about certain "Spanish chefs" who are popular at the moment for their "molecular" cuisine. His distaste for this type of food is obvious. Mentioning with disgust the fact that table bookings in restaurants serving such "molecular" food must often be made six months in advance, he laughs out loud: "How shall I know in six months' time that I'll want to eat there?" His devotion to simple, full flavours, is apparent in everything he says. "Good cooking is also economising," he adds, revealing another element of his food philosophy: the use of a variety of ingredients with a minimum of waste.

In the evening, Carluccio elaborates his philosophy of simple food before his Union audience, asking how many of the students present cook for themselves on a regular basis, and then – when the results do not impress – looking visibly incredulous. "It is an act of love to produce food," he says, with fervour. Love for yourself, love "for your body". Not cooking your own food "means you don't love yourself," he insists.

What, then, should students cook? The gnocchi that Carluccio cooks from scratch in an improvised kitchen in the debating chamber is one option. And the king of mushrooms' favourite meal – a risotto with porcini mushrooms ("if you add a little bit of truffle, it's not bad, but you have to have it", he says with a sly smile) – is uncomplicated and full of flavour. Discussion of the snow that has recently caused such a stir in the UK prompts Carluccio to offer a dessert recipe: for an ice-cold granita, he recommends, put some snow in a glass and douse it with espresso (or, if you want an extra punch, mint cordial).

Carluccio's Union demonstration is lively, punctuated by jokes (some more naughty than others) and anecdotes. As he adds ingredients to the tomato sauce he has simmering on the stove, he thinks aloud about the potential wonders of "making love on a bed of basil". He invites students to help him peel potatoes for the gnocchi he is making, and then, of course, to taste the finished product. The soft, fresh pasta is gobbled up in minutes by the crowd (suddenly hungry, though the event began just after dinnertime). In the

end, despite the inimitable style and humour of its author, the food speaks for itself: simple, fresh, flavourful, and delicious.

"I am not the type who wants to promote myself as me, but, literally, I want to show people what the food is about. That's all." Indeed, Carluccio's primary goal for most of the fifty years he has spent working with food has been epicurean education: he wants, more than anything, to teach us about the nature of genuine Italian food. He continues to pursue this goal in new ways, and, to that end, he is busy juggling several different projects at the moment. For example, he is finishing the cookbook mentioned above, and thinking about a book he wants to write, called *Signor Porcino and Madame Chanterelle* ("a pedagogical telling of what mushrooms are about, with funny sides"). He says he might also consider a new television series; "I would be delighted," he tells me with real enthusiasm, to do "the history of food. Really a subject that I enjoy." Although Carluccio has had a long and fulfilling career, he is not ready to slow down. He says as much himself, insisting, "My mind is twenty-five – I don't care about the rest."



# FRenEtiC GeNetiCS

IN APRIL 2003 A STREAM OF AS, TS, GS AND CS WAS PUBLISHED. THIS WAS THE HUMAN GENOME: THE CULMINATION OF 13 YEARS OF HARD-GRAFT BY SCIENTISTS WORLDWIDE. ROSIE POWELL-TUCK FILLS US IN ON THE DEVELOPMENTS



## New Year, New Baby

On January 9 2008, scientists from University College London announced the birth of the first baby ever to be genetically screened for breast cancer before her conception. The mother's embryos were screened for the BRCA1 gene which, when mutated, is thought to drastically increase the likelihood that its bearer will develop breast cancer. Researchers analysed a single cell from each of several embryos created by IVF at the 8-cell stage. An embryo that was found, by chance, not to contain the mutant form of BRCA1 was selected

and inseminated into the mother. Paul Serhal, the Medical Director of the Assisted Conception Unit at which much of the procedure occurred, commented, "the parents will have been spared the risk of inflicting this disease on their daughter".

## Are you Mad?

Parkinson's disease, multiple sclerosis, bipolar disorder, asthma, heart disease: all of these and many others are being addressed afresh using the genome sequence. A recent review in top science journal *Nature* reports that the "efforts in the genetics

of Schizophrenia are bearing fruit". Furthermore, key progress is being made in the fight against AIDS. It has been found, for instance, that people who lack a working gene encoding the 'CCR5' protein have innate protection against HIV. A new class of drugs is being developed based on this finding that might help to alleviate the suffering of millions of people.

## How to Make a Woolly Mammoth

Scientists have actually sequenced the Woolly Mammoth genome. But some have gone one step further. In June

2007 the alarmingly progressive Craig Venter Institute sought a patent for a new bacterium, a *Mycoplasma genitalium* that Venter's team had engineered to survive and replicate using a minimal number of genes (around 400). Venter hopes that similar synthetic organisms might one day be made to secrete biofuels or to absorb greenhouse gases. The application to patent what is a life form, albeit synthetic and unnatural, has caused quite a hullabaloo.

## New Day, You're Gay

What has homosexuality got to do with left-handedness? Answer: 'genes for' both traits have made newspaper headlines in the last year. Genes for this and that have been widely and often misleadingly reported in the aftermath of the Human Genome Project. The presence of a 'gay gene' is understandably controversial and provides a good example of a situation where the public needs to understand the basics of what these scientific studies really mean. No self-respecting scientist is likely to take literally the idea that there is one gene that determines a person's sexuality. So how do these genes get discovered?

## Genial Gene Hunting

Central to this process has been the high-budget 'HapMap' project. This effort has facilitated gene hunting. By sifting through the genomes of several individuals, locating single nucleotide differences (an A instead of

a G, for example) that occur commonly and then, by grouping these little genomic eccentricities into handy families or 'Haplotypes', the HapMap researchers have made it possible for scientists to compare the genomes of large groups of individuals. To find genes that might be involved in a disease scientists simply compare the haplotypes of a whole load of diseased individuals with lots of healthy people's haplotypes. Trouble, however, can arise amongst the statistics. Put simply, for a trial like this to be truly believable it must involve enormous numbers of people and be independently replicable. The public would be wise to take a leaf out of a cynical scientist's book: do not trust in every 'new gene' you see published under, or in, 'the Sun'.

## So What?

In the past decade genetics has made some remarkable and important advances. Where it goes next will depend, to an extent, on public opinion. We face some incredibly difficult scientific and moral questions: will genetic screening for breast cancer lead on to common-place baby-improvement? Will scientists be able to cure all these complex diseases? Should we allow the patenting of engineered life forms? What ever the right answers to these questions and other similar questions are, I for one, do not know. The story continues.

# Out On a Limb

COLETTE SENSIER TALKS POETRY WITH CHAR RUNCIE AND EMILY TESH, CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES WHO HELPED TO FOUND CREATIVE WRITING WEBZINE POMEGRANATE

In September 2007, a group of students, having met at an Arvon course for Foyle Young Poets winners, created a webzine called *Pomegranate*. Four of them – Queens' Char Runcie, Trinity's Emily Tesh, Pembroke's Annie Katchinska, and Emma's Dan Hitchens – are currently at Cambridge. A few weeks ago, I met with Char and Emily to find out what their project is all about.

*Pomegranate* publishes poetry, reviews and articles written by poets under thirty (in fact, a large proportion of their writers tend to be under twenty-one). It was created both to help the poets who had attended the Arvon course keep in touch – as Emily puts it, "we wanted to keep talking" – and to give "people in our situation, young poets who had work and wanted to keep working at it and do something with it" an opportunity to put their pieces in the public eye.

One of *Pomegranate's* primary goals is to contradict preconceptions about young people's writing. Both Char and Emily speak about what they see as the prejudice against young female

poets in particular. As Emily says, a common response is "Oh, you're a teenager, you're a girl – it must be easy stuff about your boyfriend". Clichés and triteness are discouraged at *Pomegranate*, which, Char says, wants "good, high-standard stuff – people shouldn't be able to get away with rubbish because that's not poetry".

Instead, she wants "outstanding, original poems, giving a new point of view, instead of millions about record players, unrequited love and cameras". *Pomegranate* serves to push forward the quality of young poetry, not just to provide it with a platform – Emily says, "we want poems that are different, and show work. Sometimes we get a submission and think, this could be good – but it's a first draft. And form usually impresses us."

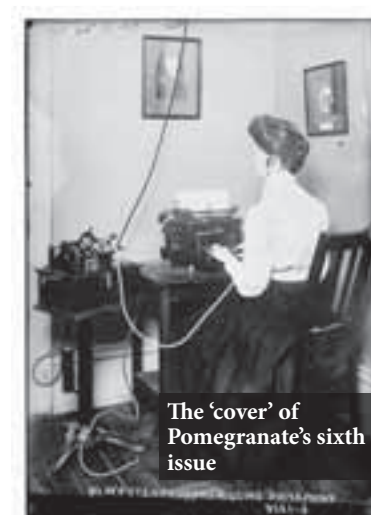
Both Char, a fresher, and Emily, in her second year, consider the Cambridge poetry scene "divided". Char thinks the academic scene is "very into its own poetry. They're obsessed with people like Prynne, but he's 75! Hardly up-and-coming". She also despairs of "1970s-inspired stuff" joking that if

you "throw off the shackles of space", you've got to put something in its place!

Emily, who worked with me on Cambridge University Poetry Scene (CUPS)'s poetry magazine last year, mentions that we got a lot of "sub-Eliot stuff", saying that "people have weird ideas of what counts as modern poetry". Char agrees that "you can't pick words from your essay and put them in a poem."

They also describe the Cambridge scene as "scattered". There is lots of college stuff happening – particularly, Emily notes, Trinity College Literary Society's readings – but not much Uni-wide activity, something we tried to counter when setting up CUPS last year. The community is also, of course, in a constant state of flux. Both Helen Mort and the Clare Poetry Queens, for instance, have graduated, although Helen is still actively involved in poetry in the city and the university.

*Pomegranate's* future looks bright – a proposal for an Arts Council grant is ongoing, and they've just set up a bank account. Char calls it "stepping into the



The 'cover' of *Pomegranate's* sixth issue

shadow of being a professional organisation". Emily's aims for the magazine are simple. "We just want *Pomegranate* to keep getting bigger and bigger, to be a place that's always worth looking at."

The future for young British poetry, they think, is similarly bright, "because

people keep writing", although, Char complains, "good poets do tend to get siphoned off into prose". As Emily says, "they want to put their talents into something bigger". However, they point out the growing community of good young poets – including Jen Hadfield, who at thirty has just become the youngest-ever winner of the T.S. Eliot Prize, and Clare Askew, Ahren Warner, and Luke Kennard, recent winner of the Forward prize – all of whom have been featured in *Pomegranate* at one point or another.

*Pomegranate's* name is obviously mythically inspired. As Emily says, "pomegranates are often used to represent youth, chance, daring, choices – like Persephone". Char emphasises the common figuring of poetry as fruit, and quotes Will Rogers: "Sometimes you've got to go out on a limb, because that's where the fruit is."

Issue Six of *Pomegranate* is out now at <http://pomegranate.me.uk>, and promises to be a thrilling read. Next issue's theme is 'March' (interpreted in any way you like), and submissions are encouraged.

EMPIRE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 15): Yes, you were on the shitter, and probably reading the Economist. I know I was. I'd just got to the Charlemagne column at the end of the European section when someone gave me a bell: "Rihanna [not my real name] – Heath's dead!" "Keith who?" "Heath Ledger! You know, the one from A Knight's Tale and, er, The Patriot." (This was before the Batman thing came out).



## View from the Groundlings



**James Moran tells us what's what in theatrical week 4**

The shit gets real in Cambridge theatre this week. It's all about to get very Russian. I, for one, am terrified. The ADC bar is about to be transformed into a solemn place filled with existential crises and musings upon death. Someone should probably put up some black drapes or change the lighting or something.

I'm very intrigued to see what the usually jovial-themed cocktail at the ADC bar is for *Three Sisters*. This is a seriously rich slice of top-notch drama from Chekhov, with an embarrassingly good cast (including a show-stealing walk-on part from yours truly). There's death, unrequited love, people who never tell each other of their love who then go off and get all dead and that, affairs etc etc. Not the sort of thing you could imagine Tom Cruise mixing along to in *Cocktail*.

The show that's got me actually violent with excitement is the Russian opera *Eugene Onegin*, on next week at the West Road Concert Hall. It's an amazing piece of literature turned into an incredible piece of music and performed by a cast so good you might throw-up in admiration. *Varsity* will give it five stars, because all worthy cultural productions get five stars in *Varsity*, but I really think this one will merit them.

But no amount of talent will stop these productions being blown out of the water by *Crystal Maze: The Musical*, at Robinson Auditorium (starting Wednesday 25th, showing at midnight, yes, midnight). For those who don't know, *Crystal Maze* was a low-budget 1990s quiz-adventure show in which contestants are lead around a series of challenges by Richard O'Brian. The stage adaptation was a long time coming. Buy tickets now, because I'm buying them up at a desperate rate myself.

It is a fact of modern science that at any one time in Cambridge there is a production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* being put on, and this week dastardly science proves itself right again. If you've never seen the play before, it might be worth going along. Ditto *Waiting For Godot* at the Playroom this week – I'm not going because I don't understand the thing. It'll just make me feel like a confused and frightened old man.

If you fancy something that won't make you seriously question everything you've ever thought, then there's the *Bar Smoker* and *The Big Book For Girls*, which both provide some much-needed laughter in a heavy week of drama.

# THEATRE

*Iolanthe* by Gilbert and Sullivan  
Arts Theatre, February 9th-14th  
Dir. Sabina Staziker; CU Gilbert and Sullivan Society  
★★★★★

I quite understand that a bit of Gilbert and Sullivan isn't everybody's cup of Marmite. I, however, am rather partial to a wee slice of the old G and S theatre flan, so, despite having distinct difficulty pronouncing it, I was rather looking forward to *Iolanthe*, *Iola*, *Eyeol* – whatever.

The curtain rose last night and we were treated to a sort of montage-prologue where the elfin fairy Iolanthe (Livia King) and a wandering human get married. Told in episodic snippets, this extended, overly choreographed mime was pretty excruciatingly awful. Stunted and a bit hammy, the handful of scenes were accompanied by rather flabby orchestration. Horns were loud and blustery and the strings slid all over the place like a couple of pissed baby giraffes: oh God, I thought, here we go.

However, I should put this down to

first-night nerves because, from these rather shaky beginnings, *Iolanthe* just got better and better and better.

A veritable football team of bright young fairies tottered on and, as soon as their voices shot over the top of the orchestra, things instantly perked up. Devastated by Iolanthe's banishment for marrying a mortal (this, as it turns out, is kind of a big no no in Fairyland), the wee sprites convince the Queen (Camilla Wehmeyer) to allow her back into the fold. It rather swiftly becomes apparent that, despite the prologue, Iolanthe herself was completely excellent. Livia King brought an effortlessness and a sense of calm to the role that made her totally endearing.

In fact, all the principal cast members were extremely strong. Charlotte Langley and Freddie Hutchins played the fairly ill-fated lovers Phyllis and Strephon.

Their infectious confidence caught the attitude of the production perfectly and they seemed to lift the entire cast. They were both excellent; Langley's expressive vibrato raised the vocal bar quite considerably and Hutchins, charged with excitement, squeezed every laugh from Gilbert's charming libretto.

Andrew-Mark Hanrahan played the incredibly difficult part of the Lord Chancellor with complete ease. His deep voice negotiating the tricky lyrics with remarkable diction and his "bed scene" in Act II was just a triumph.

There were a lot of problems with *Iolanthe*, certainly; some of the dancing was fairly heavily on the clunky side and some of the orchestration was a tad clumsy and rough. However, there was much more good here than bad – much more. *Nathan Brooker*



TIM JOHNS

*Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller  
ADC, February 10th-14th  
Dir. Alexander Winterbotham; Cambridge University Players  
★★★★★

Mind if I start with a rhetorical question? Do you know how hard it is to write a review of a dark play of disillusionment and despair, when you went to the Footlights Smoker immediately after the play?

*Death of a Salesman* follows the Loman family as father Willy heads towards mental deterioration and death (sorry to ruin the ending but, you know, it is in the title) leaving behind him a family full of false hopes.

Financial and business difficulties must be in the name (Loman brothers, Lehman Brothers, anyone?), and Miller's 1949 masterpiece on the American Dream works today in other ways too. A picture of Obama, complete with catchphrase "change", hangs on stage, and changes in script incorporate iPhones

and Wiis. I realise I'm getting off to a slow start with actually reviewing the play, but that's only fair, as the play itself was quite slow starting. And long. It was very long. Don't worry though, this review won't reflect the play in that aspect too. But I am writing in an American accent.

It is not an easy play to stage, with flashbacks merging into real time and characters appearing to some people and not others. They did a great job. The actors were exceedingly convincing in their roles; while some accents were better and more consistent than others, each contributed to the build up of tension and pent-up emotion on stage. I felt completely drawn into the drama after my fifteen minute nap at the beginning.

Particular mention must go to Tom Cane who was just brilliant as Willy

Loman, smoothly switching between hopeful young'un to shuffling older man, and to Elizabeth Donnelly for her heartfelt and moving final speech. Lighting and background music is used effectively throughout.

The play speaks dissertations about aspirations and perception, which is always relevant for a Cambridge student. It's enough to make anyone go that extra mile not to flunk maths, that being the original reason given for the downward spiral of events in the play. There's a reason that this play is studied by GCSE students nationwide: it's good and the concepts are not difficult to grasp. Go see it, feel empowered/despaired (delete as appropriate) and discuss the future of today in the ADC bar afterwards.

*Lauren Davidson*



SEAN JONES

*Kiss of the Spiderwoman* by John Kander & Fred Ebb  
ADC, February 11th-14th  
Dir. Maud Millar; CU Musical Theatre Society  
★★★★★

I didn't do my research on this one. I was expecting *Kiss of the Spiderwoman* to be some low budget Cambridge comedy about a feminist superhero. Instead I got a low-budget musical, tracing the developing relationship between a gay window dresser and a Marxist revolutionary who were sharing a cell in a Latin American prison.

This might have, then, explained the state of utter bemusement I felt whilst watching this musical. I've still no idea what the Spiderwoman had to do with anything, and this production certainly didn't clarify the proceedings.

The singing was, of course, excellent. The acting was, by contrast, sub-standard, but this was to be expected consid-

ering how willingly it was shunted aside in favour of another rousing chorus of 'Over the Wall'. Perhaps this excused the distinct lack of chemistry between the two male leads; but I was still completely taken aback by their declarations of love to each other, given their nonchalance when one was thought to be dying. This was in contrast to the sizzling performance of Aurora, also known as the 'Spiderwoman', who kept the audience entertained despite her utter irrelevancy to the plot.

It was an enjoyably ramshackle production. Characters were barely lit, beds were broken, and phones fell off walls at inappropriate moments. All technical faults I'll admit, but the bathos these

faults reminded the audience not to take this musical too seriously. Not that there was any possibility of this occurring. The whole thing was such an agreeably silly romp that the amateurish aspects of this production only served to enhance the pleasure the audience derived from the performance.

Reviewing *Kiss of the Spiderwoman* was a chore; it was far too easy to pick holes in both the musical and this production of it, but that meant I was missing out on most of the enjoyment. *Kiss of the Spider Woman* was farcical and amateurish, but it was also overwhelmingly fun. Immensely more entertaining than a night in with Tobey Maguire. *Nick Beck*



CHARLOTTE RUNGIE



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

### *Sophrosyne* by Freddy Syborn

Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' College, February 11th-14th

Dir. Freddy Syborn; BATS

★★★★★

Although his production does little to serve it, Freddy Syborn's new play is rather wonderful. Admittedly, it's a pretty conventional family drama. Yet what this proves is that there's nothing wrong with conventionality.

"Sophrosyne" is a Greek term indicating morality and self-control. In Syborn's play, this becomes merely an unattainable ideal. A single room, a family gathering overshadowed by a death: no reconciliation, no love, no Sophrosyne.

Syborn presents us with two scenes of startling coldness and dysfunction. Syborn writes that: "It is like a farce slowed down." Well, he certainly knows his farce from his elbow. This slow nature is part of the piece's success. It is a pleasure to watch something that plays itself gently out in its own time, allowing room for thought. Set on the 11th of Novem-

ber, the minutes silence is kept in full on stage and is riveting.

Yet while the play is beautifully relaxed, the pace of the production is wrong. Oxymoronic as it might sound, I commend the slowness in the writing, yet not in the performance. It is possible to achieve momentum without speed, and the pace is almost soporific at points. Characters stiltedly wait until others have finished speaking. Interruptions manage to sound scripted. It's all just too actorly for Syborn's writing to be believed.

Adam Lawrence turns the central character of Robert Mace into a caricature, without plumbing beneath the humorous surface to find the bitterness underneath. He focuses too much on straining his voice to a gravelly depth unnatural for him, rather than unpacking the disturbing monologue Syborn

provides him with at the end. Similarly disappointing is Susie Chrystal as Betty, his mother. The character is a subtle and moving portrait of mental instability manifesting itself in rudeness and apparent humour. Yet Chrystal is little more than a quivery caricature: "playing old."

The best performance of the evening comes from Will Hensher as Mace's gay lover. This might be the easiest character to ham up, yet Hensher provides us with something altogether more serious and sad – a beautiful performance. Many of these characters are playing roles as a way of getting through life. Yet we should be aware that it is the characters acting, rather than the actors themselves, something only Hensher achieves.

This deeply funny, deeply serious and unpretentious play just deserves a better production. *Oliver Soden*



SEAN JONES

### Context



#### Week 5: *Waiting for Godot*

When the National Theatre asked over eight hundred actors, directors, playwrights and critics to name the Best Modern Play in English, Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, which returns to the Corpus Playroom next week, came out top. Although originally written and first performed in French in 1953, Beckett then translated his work into English. Many argue that it is not simply a translation, but a reworking into English, with Beckett's distinctive Anglo-Irish lilt forever at the back of his mind. The result is dazzling, lyrical prose which captures a perfect blend of humour and tragic insight.

Although the plot may be summarised in a couple of sentences (or, as the Irish critic Vivien Merchant famously put it, "nothing happens, twice"), analysis of the play has provided the basis for countless PhDs. Beckett himself paid extremely strict attention to every word in his plays – there is no "slack", and subtle references to all sorts of sources abound. Many argue that Beckett changed the language of theatre, and his play is generally considered to be not only one of the best but also one of the most seminal works of twentieth century drama.

It is also a play which strives to avoid easy definition, though not through intellectual snobbery. Sir Peter Hall, the first director to put the play on in England, described it as having "humanity without sentimentality and a bleakness that coexisted with tenderness. It was also funny." The difficult yoking of these two elements of comedy and poignancy is widely agreed to have been nowhere better employed than in *Waiting for Godot*.

Beckett was infamously strict about performers altering the text of his plays, and, for someone who considered every word so carefully, you can understand why. But instead of limiting the scope of interpretation, this seems to encourage it. Attempts to place the two protagonists of *Godot* in various specific social and political situations have found varied success. One particularly interesting but flawed production set the play amid the tensions of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, using both Arabic and Hebrew dialogue. A more common allusion is that of two Irish tinkers being confronted by an imperialistic English Pozzo, and one could argue that Beckett's own Irishness goes to support this interpretation.

This coming week sees the play return to Cambridge in the interesting space of the Corpus Playroom. The production will tackle a difficult text in a challenging venue. Will they pull it off? Go and see, if only to pass the time. *Patrick Garety*

### *The Rivals* by Richard Sheridan

Corpus Playroom, February 10th-14th

Dir. Klara Kronbergs; Clare Actors & Fletcher Players

★★★★★

I was going to spend most of this character-bashing a famously dour former editor who cast various aspersions on how funny my articles are and, more personally, criticised my syntax. But I've found something that annoyed me more – I swear the following is a true story. Picture the scene. You're at a rehearsal for a Big Show, on later this term. You're "hotseating" – when you sit in front of the cast and have to answer questions in character. Once everyone finishes, the director stands up. "Guys, you can all go up there and perform", he says, "but when are you going to actually be?"

Now, I doubt Sheridan had such ghastly self-righteous wankery in mind when he wrote *The Rivals*. But in many ways, this show is a nice remedy to it: it's fun, it's unpretentious, and none of the

cast members are going to end up burnt out by thirty, offering jobbing directors head in an attempt to make a niche for themselves.

The only problem is it's a bit too far at the other extreme. There were some irritatingly niggly technical issues: scene changes took ages and lighting was all over the shop. It is perhaps symbolic of the effect such problems can have on a production that the cast's second bow was taken in total darkness.

And some of the acting, I'm sorry to say, just wasn't that good. Regional accents – always a potential mire – proved difficult for some, although the vigour displayed by Paul Coles in his charming butchery of assorted variations on a West Country theme at least turned a potential weakness into a strength –

when the wheels look like they might come off, there's no substitute for enough energy to convince the audience otherwise. Also good in this regard was David Harrap, who, despite enduring every audience member's worst nightmare – "Prompt?" – blustered and bumbled his way with charm.

Dominic Horsfall and Ed Granger turned in what were comfortably the evening's best performances, committing to their parts with gusto but also with a nuance maybe a bit thin on the ground elsewhere. If I'm being honest, I think I saw the show on a bad night – bad tech, and a few surprising aberrations from the cast. Do go, despite what I've given it: when it gets its feet on the ground I'm sure it will be worth it. *George Reynolds*



TIM JOHNS

### *Dodgy Alan's Alternative Dating Agency* by Mark Fiddaman

Corpus Playroom, February 10th-14th

Dir. Hannah Disselbeck; Fletcher Players

★★★★★

I suppose the title shouldn't have got my hopes up. As it turned out the play wasn't all that awful. It had the odd moment that made me laugh. A bit. In an audience of about six one felt obliged, really.

Of course, there's nothing worse than performing a comedy to a tiny audience. Gags can fall flat, punchlines stimulate two or three rather polite titters. Actually, on the opening night this wasn't really the case. A pair in the front laughed hysterically all the way through. This was very sweet of them, although I can't say the play entirely deserved it.

There are probably worse ways to spend an hour: Dodgy Alan escapes from prison and sets up a dating agency. Hilar-

ity ensues involving various members of the agency's clientele, a bank robbery, blackmail, and an undercover police job. I think.

If I'm honest it was pretty crappy. Accents were awry, jokes feeble, acting unsubtle. What just about made it OK was that everybody involved sort of knew it. It wasn't great theatre but it wasn't pretending to be. The odd corpsing cast member didn't seem to matter. Everybody had learned their lines well enough, the lights came on and off in all the right places. There were two very nice cameos from Edmund Howard as a drainage-obsessed civil servant, and Mark Fiddaman in a bizarre but funny interlude from the play's "sponsors".

I would say go and see it. Everything that's wrong with it you can forgive, just. Don't entirely get off your high horse, but at least sit back on the saddle and have a little bit of fun while you're there.

But not in the Corpus Playroom. Not for six pounds a ticket. I suppose it is a little perverse to say that the Corpus Christi freshers' show shouldn't be staged in the Corpus Playroom. Yet the current Cambridge dramatic "scene" seems to deem the Corpus Playrooms as second only to the ADC and this is the sort of show that a group of freshers put on for a laugh in the last week of term in their JCR. Not in the Corpus Playroom. Not for six pounds a ticket. Not on your life. *Oliver Soden*



TIM JOHNS

**EMPIRE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 15):** Indeed; you take advantage of the black tie dress code and furtively rename the event "Oscars-themed Ball". No one notices the difference. The highlight of the evening is a mock Oscars ceremony and it's just like the real thing: Slumdog and Heath Ledger sweep the awards. Speaking of which, where were you when Heath popped his todger? »p26 On the BBC website. »p27 On the bog.



iWatch

*Week 5: Killer in a small town, Sunday 9pm, available on 4oD.*



Two summers ago, I received a text from a work friend. It asked “Do you play rugby?” I replied that I did, to which my friend responded “Good, Ipswich are looking for a new hooker.” I don’t think I found the joke that funny at the time, and I certainly did not having watched this documentary. It explores the reaction in Ipswich to the killing of five young women in late 2006, all of whom were addicted to hard drugs and were working the streets to feed their habit. Police, social workers, prostitutes, friends, family and even punters contribute their recollections to form a chilling insight into the grim life of the underclass in small town Britain. One of the most interesting perspectives was from a social worker who remembered crack cocaine hitting Ipswich in the late nineties. Dealers from London were literally walking down the streets approaching teenagers and asking, “Have you ever tried crack cocaine?”. He recalls the shock and surprise of a small, rural market town descending into a destructive drug problem, claiming, “You’d laugh at the concept because we’re not South Central LA”. The social worker’s younger sister, Anneli, was the third girl to be killed in the spree. Watching family members trying to explain their disbelief at how these girl’s lives took a trajectory which met with such a dismal end, it was hard to know which death was the most tragic. Anneli, who turned to drugs after the death of her father perhaps. Gemma Adams, who worked in car insurance but was dragged down by her boyfriend’s drug habit. Or maybe Paula who had her two children taken for adoption, and increasingly relied on drugs to cure the pain her addiction was causing her. This is not a voyeuristic true crime documentary; the actual killings are not dwelt upon. Instead, and absolutely to the documentary’s merit, what one really comes away with is a view into an aspect of our society which is all too easy to otherwise accept and ignore. The social worker ends the documentary by commenting on the sad irony of the huge level of media interest that summer. “They pick at everything for the sake of vicarious thrills during the most devastating appalling thing that could happen. And nobody cared when they were alive... everyone wanted to be involved after it was too late.” Rob Peal

MUSIC

*Brakes  
Radar Club at The Junction  
Friday February 6th*  
★★★★★

What does the emo population of Cambridge do on a Friday night? Head down to the Junction’s Radar Club apparently. On arriving, it was like walking into a youth club, except one where the members are all teenagers with skinny jeans and floppy fringes. The band immediately before Brakes, Linda’s Nephew, had heroically continued their set despite an absent, snowed-in drummer, and their pop punk musings were received enthusiastically. So, when the Brighton indie rockers Brakes took to the stage, it seemed hard to judge what the response would be. Points were earned when leader Eamon Hamilton appeared wearing a tin-foil spacesuit emblazoned with the US flag .

But at the same time they felt faintly out of place, playing to this crowd of hyped-up teens, with their hardcore following sheepishly lining the sides of the venue. Their set, a mix of short, visceral blasts of punky powerchords, indie and country stomp, started well with the minute-and-a-half-long ‘Red Rag’, the discordant guitars and submerged shouting vocals sucker-punching the audience into paying attention. Moving into forthcoming single, ‘Hey Hey’, the band kept up the momentum with some good ol’ riffery and such lyrical gems as “I thought and I thought until I thought I had thought.” But after this starter course of noise, the band began to disappoint. Other material from their forthcoming album *Touchdown*, like ‘Don’t Take Me To Space

(Man)’ (that sartorial reference suddenly becomes clear) and a previous single ‘All Night Disco Party’, felt like played-by-numbers Britrock, the same clanging chords, the same thumping bassline. Maybe it was because the subtleties of their record got lost in the mix. The Junction at least knew how to turn up the volume control – no doubt icicles must have been shaking in Cherry Hinton. But the trade-off for such cochlea-chafing is that Hamilton’s distinctive timbre got buried beneath the wall-of-fuzz guitars, dropping one of the best weapons in Brakes’ arsenal. Having said that, the cult fans cheered avidly after every song, particularly the bitesize political commentary ‘Dick Cheney, Goodbye’ and the ode to gram-



mar, ‘Comma, comma, comma, full stop’. And by the end of the night, the Radar Club was still dancing. Maybe that spacesuit isn’t such a bad idea... Laurie Tuffrey

*It’s Not Me, It’s You  
Lily Allen  
Parlophone, out now*  
★★★★★

Lily Allen has returned with a new album, and apparently it’s not her, it’s us. Opening tracks ‘Everyone’s At It’ and ‘The Fear’ are both radio-friendly, reasonably catchy pop songs which deal with quite blunt themes and yet, on occasion, appear confused. The former is a song concerning the nation’s drug habit and the latter, a comment on the dangers and depravity of celebrity culture. It’s hard to tell whether this song is a subtle attempt at self-deprecation, or just a little rich coming from a singer who makes the headlines regularly. Allen gives Woodward and Bernstein a run for their money in ‘Fuck You’. The track’s quasi-political message is essentially that George W. Bush is a bit bad. Pop stars and social commentary



have a strained relationship at the best of times, but I’m afraid to say this number is a little more Razorlight’s ‘America’ than ‘The Times They Are

a-Changin’”. The song has got a nice Pipettes-style contrast between sugary melody and pointed lyrics, but Allen’s over-egged the irony pudding here. It sounds like it was written for a panto cast to sing. On top of this, Allen tries her hand at a bit of theology in ‘Him’. It’s actually painful. The better parts of this album appear when Allen tackles the more down-to-earth topics, such as bad boyfriends, useless lovers and take-aways. ‘Not Fair’ is pretty amusing and ‘I Could Say’ is really quite touching, as well as being one of the best crafted songs on the album. To her credit, Allen has certainly experimented with a healthy range of influences, but their placement within the record often feels as though they’ve

been tacked onto pre-composed songs, and it’s a little jarring at times. Breaking up via the medium of the ever-elegant accordion may be an original idea, but it’s not a good one. *It’s Not Me, It’s You* is really quite dull. We’ve become immune to Allen’s special brand of shocking lyrics, which leaves us with an album of melodies that wouldn’t feel out of place in the back catalogue of a generic 90s girl band. To me, these songs sound like the throw-away pop that’s been piped through our supermarkets and car radios for the last ten years, but with a few expletives. Her songs aren’t as thought-provoking or edgy as I suspect she hoped they were; *It’s Not Me, It’s You* is a valiant, but misguided, effort. Lucy Bryant

*Elgar, Mozart and Beethoven  
CUCO; piano: Tom Poster; director: Andrew Watkinson  
Saturday February 7th*  
★★★★★

A few months ago, I wrote on these pages that I did not expect to hear better student Beethoven than Daniel Hill’s performance of the Eroica. Happily, I have been proven very, very wrong. CUCO’s Seventh, directed from the violin by Andrew Watkinson, leader of the illustrious Endellion String Quartet, was quite simply breathtaking. It was gripping and technically polished, but above all it was played with a confidence and enjoyment rarely shown by orchestras in Cambridge. Tempi in the three quicker movements were daring; the finale was recklessly swift. Indeed, the concluding Allegro con brio saw exuberance come somewhat at the expense of string detail, but it was played with such visceral fizz that it mattered little in the end. CUCO’s strings

surpassed even the glorious highs of the end of last year, with a clean lyricism and sure articulation giving way to surprising grit when required. Working under such an accomplished leader as Watkinson, this was hardly a shock. Even they, however, gave way to the magnificent winds. Always beautifully phrased, there was wonderful communication between solo parts, especially the principal flute and oboe. Given the vigour of the outer movements, the Allegretto was surprisingly sedate. Nevertheless, it combined an almost architectural grandeur with tender gravity, though the fugal passages could have been more mysterious. This was, admittedly, by no means a perfect performance: pianissimos rarely lived up to their name, there was some ropey



horn playing, and the trumpets were often rather too prominent. But this was one of those occasions when exhilaration made up for any number of mistakes. Despairing beauty characterised

Elgar’s Serenade for Strings, particularly in a bewitchingly still account of the central Larghetto, with parts lavishly distinguished. Yet Mozart’s Piano Concerto No. 24 was a disappointment. CUCO themselves were as menacing as one could hope in the first movement, though the later movements were a little stodgy (if not in the winds). Tom Poster, however, never drew the audience in, and there was little considered voicing or depth to his playing. His cadenzas came as something of a shock, instantly introducing a completely different harmonic language, often closer to Chopin than Mozart. Instead of plumbing emotional depths, the slow movement was soporific. By the end of the Beethoven this mattered not a jot. David Allen



# ART, FILM & LITERATURE

## *The Immortal Stone – Chinese jades from the Neolithic period to the twentieth century* *The Fitzwilliam Museum* *Until May 31st*

★★★★★

It's February and I'm feeling a little jaded. Jaded by the dreary, damp dog-days of winter. Jaded because I am half-way through my degree and the routine of lectures, libraries, and essays has become stultifying, a relentless parade of monologuing supervisors, unilluminating footnotes and half-hearted efforts. Jaded by the claustrophobic, gossipy insularity of collegiate life; the same regurgitated banter, the predictable boorishness of the drinking society and the relentless churning of the small-college rumour mill.

What I need, you say, is a spot of inspiration. A tonic to tide me over till the spring. A little light culture, perhaps? A fresh perspective. Something pretty.

So it's off to the Fitz, in the week-old slurry, with the same iPod playlist on a loop, to stroll the well-trodden corridors in search of the museum's latest

exhibition 'The Immortal Stone – Chinese jades from the Neolithic period to the twentieth century'.

And what a dull little exhibition it is. Curated with fussy archaeological earnestness and gracelessly presented. Pieces from the 2nd century BC are unhelpfully sandwiched between jades from the 18th century when clear distinctions ought to be drawn. The dry text and unattractive lighting do a great disservice to the jades on display.

The appeal of jade lies in its subtlety, the delicate, glossy, translucent purity of the stone. In soft light, jade almost glows with that beckoning, alluring internal light of the floating man-of-war. Here, harsh down-lighting erodes the subtle variations of colour within each stone: silvery, fern grey to succulent crème de menthe. The delicacy of the carving is also diminished by this plane



lighting. A more sympathetic light scheme would showcase the intricacies of the shallow relief carving rather than reducing it to flat, tonal modularity.

The jades themselves are pretty

enough, but here's another curatorial gripe. The best jades in the Fitz's collection are not included in the exhibition but remain downstairs in the permanent galleries. A collection of beautifully calligraphic jade seals and a delightful brush washer carved with a scalloped floral design languish on the ground floor. One case in the exhibition is given over to small carved jade elephants, lions and horses like the collectibles in Tennessee Williams's *Glass Menagerie*. A jade boulder carved with a mountain scene was charming but, again, the lighting flattened the piece when the cave carved into the mountainside should have been enveloped in shadows.

So, I'm still thinking jaded thoughts, but not in the way the Fitzwilliam intended.

Laura Freeman

## *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* *Dir. David Fincher*

*Starring: Brad Pitt, Cate Blanchett and Taraji P. Henson*

★★★★★

Like Slumdog Millionaire, funded by the owners of the show it features, this flimsy film about a boy who is born with the body of an octogenarian and backwards will make a lot more sense if L'Oreal admit it's all a ploy for a new anti-ageing cream.

There's no denying the technical achievements of the film, but they seem to have supplanted any substance. The main character arc here is Pitt's emergence from the cocoon of his ageing makeup. This progression serves to betray that it's not the facial prosthetics or fictive arthritis holding him back from acting, and that he truly is determined to play the role with the emotional range of the gold statuette his performance is somehow contending for.

But blame rests more deservedly with

the anodyne script. Anyway it would be churlish to criticise Pitt, whose gawpy expressions are just a mild distraction from the fact that this movie is geared to make him grow steadily more attractive. (A responsibility he discharges with terrific application).

The montage of breezy hedonism (think pillow fights, sex on the beach) that makes up the years when he and Blanchett's character meet in the middle of their opposing trajectories is great fun, but has all the narrative complexity of a Davidoff advert; we know that they are free-spirited because the voice-over boasts that they had no need for furniture.

But when Benjamin's collagen is out of tune with the rest of the world's, his affliction invites little attention, and though the symmetry of being too old and too

young is stylish, it's hard to see the point.

This film churns out the surface detritus of a film with lots of meaning; ceaseless chaos theory symbolism, a Dawkins-derived 'blind watchmaker', and weighty ponderings about mortality, causality, fatality calamity ETC. It's just as well all of this never coheres around the framework of a message - there's so much of it floating around that that would be absurd.

The director knows that he's playing us; every time the film threatens to go too far, its fantastical episodes are undercut by the realism of a modern hospital scene. But is this film a knowing investigation into the stylistics of narrative? It's hard to know how it is commenting on clichés to which it so heavily subscribes.

Izzy Finkel



## *Perdika Press*

*Shirley Society, St Catharine's College*

*Wednesday February 4th*

★★★★★

St Catz's Shirley Society, founded and named for the Renaissance playwright John, is the oldest literary society in Cambridge. On Wednesday, they hosted a reading by one of the country's newest poetry presses, Perdika Press, which publishes experimental modern poetry and translations, with two of Perdika's founders, Peter Brennan and Mario Petrucci, and one of their poets, Jackie Rowe, reading from their work.

Mario Petrucci, a former physicist – Brennan introduced him as “a scientist and poet filling the same pair of shoes” – read from his translations of Sappho and Catullus. He works from transliterations, updating the poems to be “part Sappho and part me”. The resulting ‘renderings’ keep the essential spirit of Sappho's fragments, but are

brought into the modern world with appeals to “tower blocks”, “the smell of toast” and “Heaven's answerphone”. Petrucci brings from Catullus' Latin the best of what he calls “an indigenously, inherently smutty language”, with references to “buggered night-servants” and frank expressions of Catullus' appeals to Lesbia.

This type of loose translation is about half Perdika's output. Jackie Rowe read from hers, an upcoming ‘rendering’ of Guillaume Apollinaire's poems. Rowe is a fairly new poet, and when Petrucci introduces her he speaks of the pleasure in watching “a long-dead innovator possessing a still living innovator”. She wrote 70 poems over six weeks, depicting Apollinaire's “Hollywood view of himself” while fighting in WW1 and writing to girls

who “seem to exist merely to have love letters written to them”. As she says in one of the poems, “Nothing will grow old”, and in both her translations and Petrucci's there is a joy in seeing old language made vivid with images like “artillery wound in wire / my heart breaks out of”.

Brennan's poetry, from his collections *Didymoi* and *Torch of Venus*, deals partly with Frank O'Hara but is mostly original, and Petrucci read from his works *somewhere in january* and *Heavy Water* in addition to translations. Perdika Press is due to visit Cambridge again on April 28th, reading at Trinity, and will be worth hearing; Wednesday's reading finished



with each poet present reading from another Perdika collection, which displayed an interesting and innovative selection. Petrucci, a Selwyn alum, claims setting up the press has been “one of the great pleasures of the last fifteen years” – and advises “Bored with revision? Set up a press!”

Colette Sensier

## Take V *One hit wonders*



## *Five of the Best*

*Chesney Hawkes 'The One and Only' (1991)*

The song that seemed to encapsulate everything strictly mediocre about the '90s. Hawkes is rumoured to be coming to Cambridge: expect the kind of craze not seen since the return of S Club 3 last week.

*Survivor 'Eye of the Tiger' (1982)*

An inspirational rocker soundtrack-ing everyone's favourite Sylvester Stallone boxer movie, or everything that was wrong with softcore hair metal in four minutes? You decide.

*Deep Blue Something 'Breakfast At Tiffany's' (1996)*

Probably the best song ever based on a film based on a book. Well, at least in this week's paper... in the Reviews section... on p31... in this list.

*Sixpence None The Richer 'Kiss Me' (1999)*

This pop classic has been used for *She's All That* and *Dawson's Creek*, as well as during the BBC's broadcast of Prince Edward's wedding. No, really.

*Thunderclap Newman 'Something In The Air' (1969)*

Just type it into YouTube - you think you don't know it, but you do...

## *Five of the Worst*

*Mr. Oizo 'Flat Beat' (2000)*

Seriously, what was going on here? A song called Flat Beat performed by a man under the pseudonym Mr. Oizo fronted by a yellow puppet (see above) called Flat Eric, all made famous by... an advert for jeans.

*Los del Rio 'Macarena' (1993)*

Still making people do that dance in clubs across the country, this song finished second in *Rolling Stone's* 'Most Annoying Songs' poll, which leads us nicely on to...

*Baha Men 'Who Let The Dogs Out' (2000)*

...which finished third.

*Afroman 'Because I Got High' (2001)*

Why did Afroman's career bomb after this track? Because he got high, because he got high, because he got high?

*Vanilla Ice 'Ice Ice Baby' (1990)*

You could never accuse Vanilla Ice of living in the past: his 2008 album, *Vanilla Ice Is Back!*, featured four versions of this song. Only four?



# Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

## #23: Pamela and Mr. B in the Summer House

by Joseph Highmore; Fitzwilliam Museum

We moderns like to think we invented the publishing sensation: *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Harry Potter*, the fate of Little Nell. But the best-seller, with all its lucrative multi-media tie-ins, was in full flurry in 1740 when Samuel Richardson's *Pamela or Virtue Rewarded* first hit the bookshops. A fashionable book-worm-about-town could drink tea from Pamela cups, cool herself with a Pamela fan, queue to see heartthrob actor David Garrick in *Pamela, A Comedy*, and, when in Paris, enjoy an evening of *Pamela: L'Opéra*. When you were tired of Pamela, you were tired of life. The essential appointment in a Pamelamaniac's diary was a trip to see Joseph Highmore's twelve illustrations for the novel, now distributed between the Tate, the Fitzwilliam and the National Gallery of Victoria.

As with any craze, the parodists and puritans were not far behind. 1741 saw the publication of Henry Fielding's wicked *Shamela*, and a raft of other pieces denouncing Richardson's tale of virtue under assault. *Pamela Censured* hinted darkly at the pernicious purposes Pamela might inspire, warning that when Mr. B attempts to seduce Pamela, an impressionable daughter "privately may seek remedies which may drive her to the

most unnatural excesses".

But Pamela's virtue remains intact despite Mr. B's persistent efforts. Highmore's vision of Mr. B's attempted seduction in the summer-house is a curiously chaste affair. Here's Richardson's description:

"I struggled, and trembled, and was so benumbed with terror, that I sunk down, not in a fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his arms, quite void of strength; and he kissed me two or three times with frightful eagerness. At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer-house; but he held me back and shut the door."

Highmore's Mr. B is a meek would-be ravisher. He holds Pamela's hand and touches her neck almost tenderly, while she rebuffs him with a mild gesture and demure shake of the head. Her sewing lies abandoned on the chair; the cloth is in a state of disarray, but Pamela is immaculate. Perhaps, by 1744, when Highmore painted his series, the *Pamela Censured* brigade had cowed him into politesse. His illustration is too pretty, too refined, a vision of Mr. B's attempted rape; the thrill-seeking reader would have to return to Richardson's original text for the full picture.

Laura Freeman

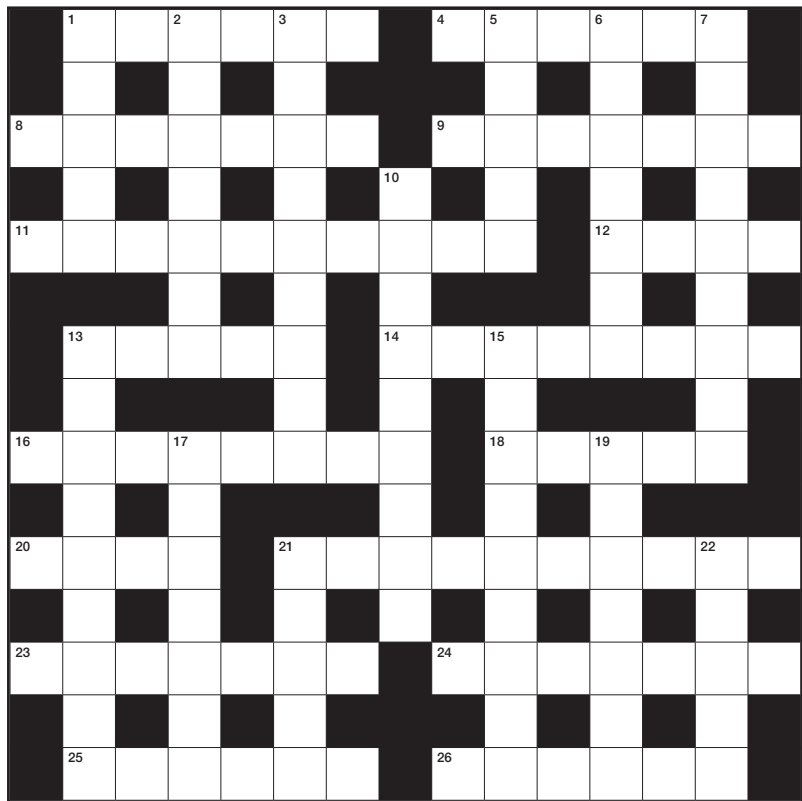


# Games & puzzles



## Varsity Crossword

no. 499



### Across

- 1/25 Large bus to knock down the Queen twice (6,6)  
4 Clear out after love, one divines (6)  
8 Tell colloquial idiot to play with glue (7)  
9 Whimsy about a bill (7)  
11 Pirate getup impresses without consent, note (10)

- 12 Austrian painter almost comes back for a drink (4)  
13 Nowhere near as good with headless racer (5)  
14 To be intimate with a policeman, a lute must be deployed (8)  
16 Courtly entertainer misusing Merlin's top hat (8)

- 18 Religious man living through others, free of debts (5)  
20 Heads back to point (4)  
21 New employee doesn't finish - step back with right views (10)  
23 Explosive advert in mushy pea colour (7)  
24 Emotional state very quiet in southern city concealing Greeks (7)  
25 See 1  
26 To sit on the grass with a sandwich is a walk in the park (6)

### Down

- 1 Titania, for instance, loses her head for donkey's creamy produce (5)  
2 Shylock, for instance, gains a penny for Richard the Third, for instance (7)  
3 Long distance turning Hitler gay (5-4)  
5 Tracks article in bars (5)  
6 Desert animal with a red head for sugary snack (7)  
7 It helps one climb a hill after laces untied (9)  
10 Church crazy to come back, having eaten a tasty snack (9)  
13 Reconstituted peers enter West, hidden briefly under their breath (9)  
15 Singer ruining partita with voice-over (9)  
17 Blake's mills are thus keeping a dark complexion (7)  
19 Comic moron with no title follows wagon (7)  
21 A musical genre, of which there are several Westerly ones? (5)  
22 Stop Iceland banking anything to speak of (5)

Set by Hisashi

Answers to last week's crossword (no. 498)  
Across: 1 Ambush, 5 Caps lock, 9 Vaudeville, 10 Xmas, 11 Nuclear reactor, 13 Senescence, 14 Vent, 15 Revere, 17 Palisade, 19 Senile dementia, 24 G-man, 26 Outpatient, 27 Godspeed, 28 Agency. Down: 2 Measure, 3 U S D, 4 Have a screw loose, 5 Caldron, 6 Prelate, 7 Laxatives, 8 Chagrined, 12 Liege, 16 E M S, 18 Lambada, 20 No-nos, 21 Dated, 22 Naive, 23 Ionic, 25 Moo.

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

### The Varsity Scribblepad

### Last week's solution

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

# Sex in the Univer-City



## Week 5: The Throwdown Factor

Barack has it, Gordon does not. House has it, Hugh Laurie does not. Healthcliff has it, Cliff Richard does not. Bogart had it, and he always will.

It's the throwdown factor. That something in a man that says "I'm gonna grab you and you're gonna like it", or, according to Urban Dictionary, "Uncommon passion when having sex, making out, or some other form of sexual contact. Usually involves groping or aggression, sometimes growling, and varying degrees of being on the edge of losing self-control." Grrr.

It's not about looks or build, or intelligence or humour, or charm or arrogance, or status or money. Charisma? Nearly, but not quite - Woody Allen has charisma, but he ain't got throwdown. It's indefinable, but not imprecise: you either have it or not. And before you start blathering on about rape fantasies, know this: it's not about violence either. We're talking lust, passion, and yes, to a certain extent, domination - losing control. But he who has real throwdown does not weaken his lover. Oh no. He empowers her with his wild desire, filling her with yet more hunger to bite back. Because generally speaking, if one half of the couple doesn't have it, then neither half does: it's a mutual thing. For throwdown feeds on throwdown, and cannot exist in a vacuum. Fact.

So although I wrote that it's "something in a man", it's something in a woman too. Writing as a straight woman, I'm no expert, but I can spot that foxy female throwdown a mile away. Sophia Loren yes, Kiera Knightley no. Michelle yes, Cherie no. CJ Craig yes, Donna Moss, no. Miss Teri D. Lights? Always had it, and I always will.

But I'm not condemning those without throwdown to a life of misery and sexless solitude. It is in no way vital for a successful long-term relationship, or even for a fulfilling fling. Other qualities work too - it's also cool to be cool, and sometimes if he's keen, that makes me keener - on it like a flannel, in fact. Indeed, some wo/men would prefer a lover with wit, intellect, or kindness, rather than The Throwdown Factor. But I think they don't know what they're missing. Because it sure as hell makes for great sex. Grrr.

If you've got throwdown and you'd like to share it, add me on Facebook - just search for...

Miss Teri D. Lights

EMPIRE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 15): Right-o: "As I look ahead, I am filled with foreboding. Like the roman, I seem to see 'the River Tiber foaming with much blood.' That tragic and intractable phenomenon which we watch with horror on the other side of the Atlantic but which there is interwoven with the history and existence of the States itself." What an idiot.



REPORTS

# Water polo win cheers crowd

» *Revenge for Cambridge men against old foe in the water*

Varsity Sport

After an exciting afternoon of Varsity swimming, the Cambridge men's water polo team took to the water for the 109th Varsity Match at Parkside Pools.

The game was sure to be a hotly-contested affair; last year saw Oxford equalise in the last second of the game, and the Dark Blues were on top again in a fierce BUCS Match two weeks ago. With four internationals on display, and two of the top eight sides in the country, expectations of a high quality game were higher than ever.

Once the walk in and line-ups had taken place, the game got underway to a huge roar from the 600-strong crowd. Oxford seized the early advantage, taking the lead via a man-up situation. Cambridge's response was swift; a lovely goal from Steve Cooke saw the scores level again.

Oxford then went two ahead from man-up situations, only to be pegged back again through goals from Henry Gomersall and a textbook backhand shot from Stefan Palzer. With 26 seconds left in the first quarter, New Zealand international Shaun Hotchkiss stole a yard to convert Oxford's final chance of the period to leave Cam-

Cambridge	15
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Oxford	11
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bridge trailing 4-3 at the break.

Now attacking the deep end, the Blues looked to make up for their sluggish start. However, it was Oxford again scoring first, before goals from Riccardo Di Pietro and Captain Nick McLoughlin saw the scores tied again. But the Dark Blues then put one more away to leave Cambridge trailing 6-5 at half time.

The response however turned the game on its head. After conceding two more, Steve Cooke then pulled one back from a superb shot into the top corner, James Hutchison scored low on a man-up and McLoughlin's hard work earned the Blues a penalty in the last second of the quarter, which Steve Smith duly dispatched.

From here, the writing was on the wall for the final quarter. With the team pumping and visibly energised from the huge efforts and noise produced by the crowd, momentum was finally with the Light Blues and their fitness and desire to win began to show.

Yet again, Oxford were first to score, taking the lead 9-8. This set back did not however upset the rhythm of the Light Blues and the momentum was still with them. Two goals from Gomersall and one from Andrea Cantone saw Cambridge take the lead for the first time in the match.

When George Lentaris rounded off the scoring with a superb counter-

attack goal, the celebrations began throughout the pool and building. The appreciative crowd had witnessed an utterly breathtaking game of water polo, and contributed hugely to the Cambridge fightback.

Spurred on by the cheers, the Cambridge team piled into the pool to celebrate a fantastic comeback, and the party continued long into the night.



Cambridge dominated possession

# Varsity victory for Cam korfball

» *Light Blues storm ahead in a thrilling weekend encounter*

Varsity Sport

Cambridge put in an impressive display of korfball last weekend to justify their status as favourites and retain the Varsity trophy. In a hard-fought contest, the Light Blues eventually turned the screw and five goals from George Marshall saw them to a comfortable victory over their oldest rivals.

Fielding their strongest team for many years, Cambridge came into the match boasting a combined 16 Varsity caps between their eight mixed players. When it became apparent that Oxford's two most influential players from previous encounters had finally become ineligible, Cambridge confidence was further bolstered.

However, as in all Varsity Matches, things were not quite that simple. Within a couple of minutes, Oxford rattled the Cambridge nerves by taking the lead with a long looping shot.

Cambridge	10
-----------	----

Oxford	6
--------	---

Quick to counter, an equally immaculate finish from Varsity debutant Sophie Harley-McKeown soon levelled the scores.

A couple of trademark drop-offs from Marshall and a Nic Buttinger long-shot appeared to have given Cambridge a cushion, but some more quality long distance shooting from Oxford saw the half-time total a slender 4-3 lead to the home side.

In the second period, after a bracing half time talk, Cambridge looked more comfortable from the restart. The experienced pairing of Angus Davidson and Sian Mawditt controlled their end effectively, and the appearance of Joe Bakes, substituted for Elgon Corner, soon reaped divi-

dends. Bakes took a chance and sunk a brilliant running-in shot to extend the lead, and ensure that all three debutant players marked the occasion with a goal.

Oxford continued to hang on, however, managing to scrape a score at crucial moments to make sure Cambridge never pulled too far ahead. But a further three goals from Marshall, combined with long-shots from Mawditt and Davidson, were enough to drive home an impressive victory.

The win went a long way to make up for a second team Varsity Match which was won by a strong and experienced Oxford team.

Cambridge firsts now look ahead to the BUCS National Championships at the end of term, hoping to cap a fantastic season of this wonderfully eccentric sport, including victories in the Southern Universities Championship and the Varsity Match with the Nationals title.



Laura Soul with the ball

Varsity Preview

## Squash

The ladies fell foul of the other place last ear, suffering a 4-1 drubbing. But they have been on top form in their BUCS matches and will be looking to get their revenge. The men on the other hand demolished a young Oxford team 5-0 last time around. An exciting prospect then for our Light Blue competitors.

Sat 14th, Royal Automobile Club, London.

Varsity Preview

## Pistol Shooting

This year the CURPC host Oxford in the annual pistol Varsity Match. The Light Blues will field an exciting and eager but relatively inexperienced team, hoping to defeat the same group of Dark Blue marksmen who beat them last year. It is sure to be a tense day of concentrated shooting at Elizabeth Way.

Sun 15th, 10am, Elizabeth Way shooting range



Varsity Preview

## Karate

Last year Cambridge came out convincing winners in the Men's A event and the Men's B event. Only the women left unsatisfied, having-split the winnings with the Oxford girls. After a long winter's training, all three teams will be looking forward to the match next week. Spectators are encouraged.

Sat 21st, 9am, Chesterton Sports Centre.

## Quick Catch-up

Varsity Report

### Women's Water Polo

The women's water polo team went into their match off the back of two great wins in the BUCS tournament and were duly confident. However, just seconds into the match they conceded a foul which led to the Dark Blues' first goal. For a minute it seemed like they were going to do themselves the injustice of losing to a worse team.

That was the last time Oxford would lead. Cambridge centre-forward Rebecca Voorhees pulled one back immediately; a taste of things to come. Two further goals in the period saw Cambridge go ahead 3-1 at the end of the first quarter. Oxford scored first after the break but the home side stayed focused and continued to move the ball well, despite intense pressure. Gradually the Cambridge game plan took shape. A tight passing lane defence rattled Oxford, while the Light Blues carried on scoring. The Dark Blues were limited to taking shots from further out and goalkeeper Rachael Mell effortlessly pulled them down to safety.

Oxford got a couple of goals back at the end of the third quarter and in a brief period of confusion Captain Jennifer Macleod broke a finger controlling a pass. But Cambridge regained control and eventually the pressure became too much. Oxford conceded a penalty early in the fourth quarter, which Voorhees easily put away, taking the score to 8-5. Cambridge slowed the game and even a final push from Oxford was not enough.

The 9-7 scoreline does not do justice to Cambridge's dominance. An embittered Oxford team declined the offer of a post-match curry!

University Catch-up

### Ladies Hockey

The Blues hockey ladies were one of the few regular teams in action this week, tackling top team Exeter away on Wednesday afternoon in a BUCS Trophy League knockout match.

Perhaps a result of the enormous journey, the team were a little slow to get going in the first half. Struggling to contain one Exeter forward in particular, the ladies soon found themselves a goal down after a well-worked short corner.

After half time, the girls played noticeably better and engineered some attacking phases of their own. Unfortunately unable to capitalise on a couple of short corner opportunities, the match finished a disappointing 6-0 to the opposition.

However, the Blues only got one round further last year, perhaps as a result of their focusing on the league matches earlier in the term and then turning their attention to Varsity, now in just a few weeks time. With a double header of matches this weekend, they have plenty to look forward to.



## Sport Feature: Six Nations Rugby Special

# Six Nations, One Winner: Who will it be?

JENNY MORGAN AND FRANKIE BROWN TALK YOU THROUGH THE TEAMS OF 2009

### THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

With the vintage O'Driscoll still at the helm and a brace of top class players to choose from, this Irish team look more than capable of steering their way to the final.

Finishing off France at the weekend, a team that have whooped them in twenty-three of the last twenty-six confrontations, it was clear to everyone watching that this lot mean business. Imbued with the spirit of a packed Croke Park, they were confident and full of flair, playing with the sort of passion that only the Irish can muster.

But it was not all plain sailing for the boys in green. Granted, O'Gara's kicking was comfortably consistent, but the tries took a good half hour of slightly nervous rugby to appear.

Coach Kidney remains confident though, and with no real injury problems to worry about ahead of this week's clash with the Italians, it looks like the Irish could be on for something special.

### ENGLAND'S ROSE FAILS TO FLOWER

Manager Martin Johnson has admitted "we need to improve" – he loves the rhetoric – and has predicted a "volatile and hostile" welcome at the Millennium Stadium on Saturday. Well yes, the Welsh aren't called the Dragons for nothing.

Coming into the tournament with NINE injuries, it appeared the squad had taken Jonny's example just a little too much to heart.

As a result, they have made two

changes to their side for this weekend: Tindall's recovery sees the one-dimensional Jamie Noon ousted from the centre, whilst Joe Worsley adds some muscle to a pack that struggled at times against the dogged Italians.

James Haskell impressed last Saturday, and will (along with Easter and Armitage) need to be at his best if England are to nullify the experienced Welsh back-row. The half-back partnership of Goode and Ellis will be crucial to ensuring England's performance does not become as stodgy and unimaginative as it appeared the last time out.

Undoubtedly the underdogs, Jonno's boys will have to dig deep. Go on, surprise us.

### WELSH DRAGONS FULL OF FIRE

A landslide victory over Scotland last weekend leaves tournament favourites Wales right on track.

Or does it? They failed to convert a single try and Shane Williams, Gavin Henson and Ryan Jones are all battling various niggles, forcing manager Warren Gatland to delay the naming of his starting line-up. Apparently even the Welsh are far from perfect (who knew?).

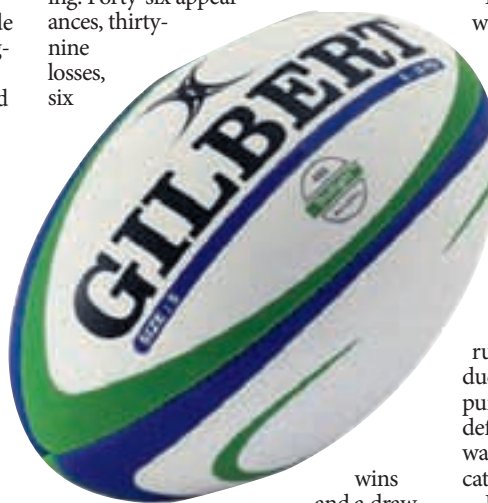
At the prospect of a huge battle upfront, the call to arms has been issued by Ian Gough, predicting "blood and guts" and citing the powerful England pack as the chief threat.

On the attack, expect Wales to take the play out wide, using their world-class runners to take on England's inexperienced and unsettled backs. With Wales

at 1.26 with Betfair, and at 4/1 for the Grand Slam, they should win this one with plenty to spare.

### MALLETT HAMMERS ITALY WITH BIZARRE TEAM SELECTION

The match stats for the beleaguered Azzurri make for uninspiring reading. Forty-six appearances, thirty-nine losses, six



wins and a draw. Hardly surprising then, that the boys in blue have come into the 2009 tournament as the underdogs yet again.

They handed an under-performing England side the victory at the weekend, gift-wrapped and all. With their star flanker stuffed in at scrum half, the team struggled to formulate any flowing game plan and were laughably error-prone in attack.

Laughable, that is, unless you've wacked on a rugby shirt and a silly wig and paid God knows how much to get yourself and your *compagni* into the home of English rugby. "We had our goalie at centre-forward", said a bemused fan after the game. For a footballing nation, the simile is uncanny and uncomfortable.

Languishing at the bottom of the table with a twenty-five point deficit and lining up against Ireland this weekend, this is indeed a dark hour for Italian rugby.

### LES BLEUES FEEL ZE HEAT

The French were harried all over the pitch by the Irish in their opening match and need to find their feet again against the Scots.

There were glimpses of classic Gallic rugby, with the experienced Harinor-duquy leading the charge up front and punching a whole through the Irish defence in the thirteenth minute. Beauxis was also in fine form, kicking two eye-catching drop goals.

France suffered last year from the loss of a few key players from the winning side of 2007. They are still struggling to build a new team and that showed on Saturday. They lack the flair of the former team, preferring the functional Beauxis to the more creative Michalak.

Elissalde is a recognisable face at scrum half and holds the team together, while Chabal will continue to provide the occasional threat we now know all too well.

Heymans will return on Saturday. He is a danger on the wing and has a good scoring record in this tournament, but suffered a disastrous match against the English in Paris last year.

Lievremont described the scrum last week as a load of crêpe (maybe not in so many words) and will bring in two new props and a lock. Victory against the Scots could not be described as a recovery, but it may leave Les Bleues feeling slightly less blues. *Tout est possible.*

### DOUR SCOTS LOOK DOUBTFUL

Comprehensively crushed in their recent Celtic confrontation, the Scots have even more reason than usual to look down in the mouth.

Team selection has proved difficult with not a small amount of controversy. The conspicuous absence of Magners League top scorer Thom Evans on the wing is little short of bizarre, whilst the decision to leave out Gloucester flanker Alisdair Strokosch caused more than a few raised eyebrows.

Sure, injury has taken its toll, and the absence of key forwards Euan Murray and Nathan Hines left the pack outmuscled by the fiery Welsh at the weekend. Team selection for this week was then delayed when it became apparent that no less than fourteen players were carrying niggles, many of them picked up in the bruising encounter with Wales.

But for a team promoting itself as a model of consistency, this will not do. Coming scarily close to the wooden spoon last year, Scots everywhere will be hoping for a turnaround in fortunes.

## View from the stands

### ENGLAND JUST NOT GOODE ENOUGH AGAINST THE AZZURRI...

As a 21st birthday present, tickets to England versus Italy ought to guarantee a winning day out at Twickenham. In this, England did not disappoint. In every other way imaginable, they did.

The spectacle started pretty much as it was to continue. Having been promised paratroopers abseiling in from the stadium roof in an adrenaline-packed abseiling bonanza, the rather slow lowering of eight skinny men and a flag accompanied by a school assembly-esque rendition of *Jerusalem* was something of a damp squib. Even the team emblems marched randomly around the pitch by a horde of camouflaged ants (well we were quite literally up in the gods) did little to rouse the passions. Thank goodness for the national anthem. God save our Olympic opening ceremony though, if this is the best English rugby can offer.

With the game underway we soon missed the paratroopers. Despite a fiery start, with late call-up Andy Goode using brain and brawn to barge through for the opening try, England soon fizzled out. Flat and unimaginative, they seemed to have two game plans: either to get the ball and run into contact, or to get the ball and kick it aimlessly into space, losing possession. Now I'm all for giving the Italians a chance, but this seemed a little excessive.

In fact, England could only score off the back of Italian errors. The first three

tries were all traceable to the mistakes of the tragic Mauro Bergamasco, the world-class flanker looking lost at scrum half in a selection nightmare: the first came from a lineup overthrow after an English foot booted it into touch as the forward forgot himself and dived into the familiar territory of the ruck; the second when Bergamasco was beaten to the ball, leaving Harry Ellis to scamper with it to the line; and the third after a missed pass over Garcia's head, giving Riki Flutey

the chance to take his first international points. A disaster for the Italians, but also something of a headache for English rugby. First half points from two late team replacements and a Kiwi? Not Martin Johnson & co's finest hour.

The second half saw the visitors playing a little more coherently, having decided that it might be a good idea to add an actual scrum half to the lineup. With fewer mistakes to capitalise upon, England's options dried up and a beauti-

fully crafted move across the field soon gave Italy (and the Bergamasco family) a consolatory try.

The crowd stopped Mexican waving just long enough to see man of the match Ellis hammer home his justification for selection, with his little legs going into overdrive as he charged half the pitch to take a second try. But he was brought off shortly after; his enforced ban after spear tackling Perpignan's Dan Carter in a cup match before Christmas appears to have

taken its toll on his fitness.

All that was left as the clock counted down was for the ever-consistent Mark Cueto to confirm the win with a touch down in the 78th minute. England emerged unmauled, but it was hardly a roaring performance.

So what was the problem? Around 80,000 people sat in the sun at Twickenham, drinking warm beer and watching their team storm to victory. The perfect English sporting event, you might say.

Well, no. The lethargy on the pitch had somehow transferred to those seated in the stands. There was no escaping it; England disappointed and the crowd lost interest. A classic example, winger Paul Sackey's hands spent more time on his hips than on the ball.

The awkward questions left hanging after the disastrous Autumn Internationals remain unanswered. Where were the improvements the coaching team promised? The technical innovations? The shape, the coherence, the drive? Why did we succumb to ill discipline yet again?

The English crowd had mostly left before the players could come back out to receive their applause. A warning, perhaps, that they will have to pull something very special out of the bag against favourites Wales next weekend to restore the faith in the squad.

England rugby has swung very low indeed.





Charlie Pearson

Sport  
Comment



# Umpires given the finger

I must say my knee-jerk reaction to the new referrals system being trialled in Jamaica was ‘Hell to the no!’ Who cares whether they’re a bit unfair? Dodgy decisions by bespectacled umpires are as much part of the sport as white flannel trousers and silly names for fielding positions.

Subjectivity, fallibility and rolling with the punches dealt by bad luck are enshrined in the very fabric of the game. Take the pitch: you wouldn’t catch the Americans playing a sport where the ball could hit the ground before it reached the batter, making its movement subject to the unpredictable conditions underfoot. That’s partly why cricket is so wonderful; by nature it is a jumble of charming idiosyncrasies. So if the pitch can create a few wickets by making the odd ball leap like a springbok at the batsman’s outside edge, or if the atmospheric conditions are allowed to send the ball swinging like Hugh Hefner towards the off stump, why can’t the umpires produce the odd shocker as well? It’s all part of the fun.

This is exactly the kind of irrational argument that a romantic reactionary like me would make to defend a hopeless position. It’s all very well accepting budget umpiring decisions when turning out for Shittingbourne against Little Boomingford on a summer Sunday ‘neath pale skies and Spitfires, but fourth innings against Australia at the Oval and

ments of delay and a bit of game-show histrionics if the correct decision is reached? Referrals might, alas, lead to a reduction of the status of an umpire, but so be it. An umpire, by definition, is there to adjudicate in the event of any disagreement between players. If agreement can be reached with the aid of technology and the minimum of fuss, where’s the problem?

a snick, but preposterous, I’m afraid, for LBW decisions, which really would be an assault on the umpire’s authority.

Given the option to refer upstairs for run-outs, look how often umpires ask for confirmation even if the batsman’s out by a country mile or in by a furlong. No umpire in the world would have the conviction to resist the temptation to request confirmation for every half-decent LBW shout, so imagine how much time we’d spend waiting around having a chat. David Lloyd would be having a cracking time, but it would be like watching American football. It would be under this kind of system that an on-field umpire would indeed be reduced to a sweater stand.

No, the ICC have it just right. They are even reducing the number of failed referrals to two per innings, quite sensibly to limit frivolous appeals further, and for LBWs, Hawkeye will only show the ball hitting the pad to leave just a little bit of guesswork. Cricket just got a lot more sensible by further embracing technology. We can only hope that football gets more sensible too.

## ‘International sport no longer has to embrace the spirit of amateurism’

I’d think everyone’s prepared to admit that, even if it is Ricky Ponting given out on 99 caught silly mid-on clean off his willy, both sides would be a little let down by the sporting gods.

International sport no longer has to embrace the spirit of amateurism. If we have the technology, surely we should use it wherever possible to bring a bit more fairness and objectivity into the sport. Who can begrudge a few mo-

The ECB chairman Giles Clarke recently objected to the proposed ICC referral system. The argument was that players actually preferred umpires deliberating among themselves and favoured the system employed in the Stanford series, whereby umpires themselves called in video assistance in the case of their own uncertainty. All fine for low catches, bump balls and run outs, perhaps even the odd case of

# Snow go for sport...

AS OUR SPORT SEIZES UP IN THE WEATHER, JENNY MORGAN WONDERS WHAT THEY DO ELSEWHERE

It’s no secret that England grinds to a halt in the snow. Quite literally in some areas. And sport, it would seem, goes the same way. As we’ve found out this week, if it’s not in a sports hall or a heated pool, it ain’t on.

Which got me thinking. What happens in those countries that manage to keep moving even under a dusting of the white stuff? Do their people keep moving as well? And more importantly for us, do they keep throwing /kicking things around?

Turns out some of them do...

**Snow Football:** Primarily found on the chillier US university campus, this cold weather combo of American football and touch rugby pretty much does what it says on the tin. Teams of eight follow very similar rules to the former sport, though without the extreme contact, and probably the jockish behaviour. Players can wear jackets and hats for the duration of the two twenty minute halves, so long as they can be ‘de-flagged’ easily to save the need for a tackle. Turns out they don’t like actually rolling around in the snow.

**Snow Rugby:** OK so it’s niche in the extreme, with only one official game in the world. But as you can see, we’re embracing niche this week, and



a rugby match played in the snowy mountains of New South Wales, Australia, seems pretty appropriate. Played under lights at a gruelling 1700m altitude, the Wallaby’s Mark Ella who

came up with the concept insists this is a LADS only area. And a popular one too - sponsors Land Rover have managed to get some big names to frolic in

ST MORITZ POLO AG

**Snow hockey:** Played in Lapland, snow hockey is just like ice hockey, but, well yes, you get the picture. Apparently just as exciting, this slightly girlier version is slower paced and less forceful, and won’t hurt as much when you fall over. Swapping the puck for a plastic ball keeps the game moving and negates the need for unsightly padding and helmet. And of course you can go and meet the real Father Christmas afterwards. Result.

**Snow Polo:** The Cartier Polo World Cup on Snow is one of the more bizarre upper class activities. Which says a lot. Four teams from around the world battle it out for the prestigious Cartier trophy on the frozen surface of Lake St Moritz. A logistical nightmare, carting ponies and players up a mountain for four days of polo, it is perhaps unsurprising to learn that the concept originated from a group of friends out for drinks back in 1983. Muchos drinks, one would imagine. Now one of the most elite and expensive sporting events, it just goes to snow what a few bevvies and some inclement weather can do for the sporting entrepreneur.

# The Week Ahead

<p><b>International</b></p> <p><b>Six Nations Rugby</b></p> <p>Tindall and Worsley return against Wales after a mistake-ridden performance against Italy. Welsh maestro Shane Williams may miss out. Ireland face Scotland, while France have a chance to recover from defeat against the Azzuri.</p> <p>Sat 14th - Sun 15th, BBC1.</p>	<p><b>University</b></p> <p><b>Blues Rugby</b></p> <p>It’s third time lucky for the Blues, hoping to get back onto their home turf to play the Royal Navy. The forces always provide strong opposition for the new Blues squad and this bunch of sailors will pose a serious threat.</p> <p>Weds 18th, Grange Road, KO 7.15pm.</p>	<p><b>International</b></p> <p><b>Test Cricket</b></p> <p>England’s tour of the Carribean beaches is interrupted by yet another cricket match. You may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the two teams before Strauss orders his men to collapse and return to their pina coladas.</p> <p>Fri 13th-Tues 17th, Sky Sports 1.</p>	<p><b>University</b></p> <p><b>Ladies’ Hockey</b></p> <p>The ladies have been enjoying a successful run recently, avoiding relegation with a stylish performance against Cardiff. The match against Holcombe will be an enjoyable wind-down after a gruelling season.</p> <p>Sat 14th, Wilberforce Rd, KO 2pm.</p>
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## Cooney’s Marathon



Lauren Cooney

Week 5

In which Lauren faces the music and chooses a charity

Music: “If music be the food of love, play on”; “Music is my girlfriend”; “Thank you for the music, the songs I’m singing”; “What would you do if I sang you a song?”

Firstly, I’d tell you to shut up. Music has become strictly a ‘running only’ activity. Since arriving back at Cambridge my speakers have remained unplugged on the floor, my iPod has adamantly not been updated, and my computer is only allowed to serve occasional YouTube blasts for sanity’s sake. This means that when I hit the streets, with any old beat, the rhythms sound so sweet, and I just gotta move my feet.

Yup. Be it some datty drum and bass that has me hurtling over ankles, a wankfest of MGMT or the Killers where I smile as I run and probably sing along, or some downloaded DJ set that never fails to surprise as it segues Wu-Tang Clan into Dolly Parton, I mean it, I just gotta move my feet. Starvation will have you eat anything, even a lemon.

The difficulty with listening to music is that you’re not really looking where you’re going. It’s the age old problem where the motorist hates the cyclist, the cyclist wants to hit the pedestrian, and the pedestrian thinks they are much slimmer/quicker than they are. If this foot peddler happens to be a runner (me) then everyone else on the road should really watch out, she’s a law unto herself. Though the runner might do well to remember that if they are zoned out and deaf to the world they are also vulnerable.

My mum reminded me of this during the holidays when there was talk of a four-foot paedophile stalking the area. I know I am not actually paedophile bait, but I haven’t grown since I was in year eight, and my hands look like paws, so I appreciated the concern. I displayed constant vigilance on appropriate runs and maintained one goal if I saw him: just jump over him.

Unfortunately, the same crafty tactic might not be so helpful when pumped with Dutch courage and stumbling across Queens’ Backs, which brings me to my charity. I decided it would be gratifying to support a local charity, and was recently made aware of Cambridge Rape Crisis Centre: a confidential telephone based service run by volunteers and in dire need of funds. The charity is so under-funded that they don’t as yet have a justgiving.com account, but I hope that this will be sorted soon. In the meantime take a look at the website, and prepare to dig deep: <http://www.cambridgerapecrisis.co.uk>



# Sport



## RBS Six Nations

*Jenny Morgan and Frankie Brown analyse the teams' chances...*

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**VARSITY MATCH RUNNING TOTAL: CAMBRIDGE 4, OXFORD 3. NEXT UP: SQUASH 14/02/09, PISTOL SHOOTING 15/02/09**



Natalie Moores comes up for air during the 200m freestyle

SOPHIE PICKFORD

## View from the River

Silas Stafford



Following the announcement that "We'll have a 5k ergometer test on Tuesday morning", all of the trialists' hearts filled with dread.

Erg tests are the exams of rowing. They are when we see how the hard training is paying off. The erg asks us, "Exactly how fit are you? How much suffering are you willing to endure?"

During an erg test, if you think about the test as a whole, despair is inexorable as the pain escalates. Instead, you must break the test into manageable chunks: think to yourself, "I'm going to pull this split for one minute", and pretend the remainder of the piece just doesn't exist.

For the final sprint, you stop thinking like a rational creature. The pain from your legs and lungs becomes so great that you stop caring, and become obsessed with going faster. You forget about any reality outside the erg. Suddenly, the test stops, and you are transported back to a reality of pain. Every tissue of your body screams in agony. I've had teammates report that their teeth hurt excruciatingly after an erg test. The pain does subside, but often lingers for hours. As I write this more than two hours after my test, I have a bad headache, and my right ear pops incessantly. All I want to do is lie down and take a nap.

I was fortunate because I pulled the split I was aiming for. Some of my team mates have to cope with the disappointment of performing below their expectations. For all of us, however those who triumphed and those who foundered, those who are a shooin to the blue boat and those who haven't got a shot, there is the pain. Thank God that it's over.

# Close Encounter at Parkside Pool

Jimmy Pickles

Saturday saw the return of the Varsity Swimming Match to the Parkside pool. Oxford won the men's event convincingly last year and, having lost a few good swimmers, this looked like a tough challenge for the Cambridge team.

But they were up for it and made a convincing start in the 200m. Tom Rootsey showed his credentials in the 100m backstroke, winning comfortably and breaking the University record in the process. Next up was man of the match Andy Corley, who had managed to borrow a 'LZR Racer' swimsuit for the occasion (the one that caused all the fuss during the Olympics). He put it to good use in the 200m freestyle and finished first in the second fastest time in Cambridge history. Rootsey and Corley then secured a Cambridge one-two in the 400m freestyle, Rootsey producing a personal best and Corley breaking the second record of the day. Captain Ho-On To, meanwhile, took an important win with a gutsy performance in the 100m breaststroke.

<b>Cambridge</b>	<b>89</b>
<b>Oxford</b>	<b>90</b>

In the most exciting race of the day, the 4 x 100m medley relay, Rootsey, To, Bajorek, and Corley were pushed all the way but finally managed to snatch victory at the death and break the seven-year-old team record. Eventually, though, it was the Oxford team who took the men's trophy.

The women lost for the first time in nine years last year and were keen to reclaim the cup. The 100m backstroke showed Oxford what they were up against with Emily Bottle and captain Heather Moore placing first and second, both a good six seconds ahead of the fastest Oxford swimmer. Jess Trelvellick and Natalie Moores then fought well in the 200m freestyle and the first part of the match was finished with Tess Thurston winning the 100m fly for the 6th year in a row, with Emily Darley not far behind.

The women's 400m freestyle has been introduced to reflect the emphasis that is now being placed on distance and open water swimming at international level. The two captains battled it out, with Moore just pulling ahead on the last two lengths to win. The 100m breaststroke was won convincingly by fresher Caroline Gordon in a new Cambridge record of 1:15.11. Kate Weber also swam a fantastic race - the turning point of the match. The last individual event was the 100m freestyle with De Rome and Bottle stepping up again and both swimming well to finish second and third respectively.

Finally the relay teams stepped up to the blocks, knowing that they were just one win away from the trophy. Bottle, Gordon, Thurston and De Rome went all out, beating the Oxford team by a length and setting a new University record at the same time. The atmosphere on poolside was electrifying.

*Varsity Man of the Match: Andy Corley. Looking good in his special suit, he produced two of the best swims of the day and set a new record while he was at it.*

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