

## Fashionp16-17

Oxford vs. Cambridge: forget the rugby, it's all about the attire of the spires in the Varsity fashion face-off. Who wins? Blates us.



## Artsp13-15

Antony Gormley discusses the Fourth Plinth, anthropology, and the power of doing nothing. To celebrate Cambridge's First Plinth, we showcase the exhibitionists who did something.



## Sportp30

Hedging your bets: we check out the horsies at Newmarket, the home of British racing.

# Varsity

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## Economics Faculty crunched

» Faculty, short on staff, turns to group teaching for finalists



Economics Faculty have trouble balancing the books: Rupert Harrison, a third-year Economist at Sidney, was told he could not be supervised

**Beth Staton**  
News Editor

An emergency meeting was called in the Economics faculty yesterday, after 20 students were left without supervisors for a final year paper.

Of 100 students who subscribed to the Part IIB Public Economics paper, 55 were not allocated supervisions by their College, resulting in random lottery to choose which 35 would receive teaching. Those students whose names were not “picked out of a hat” were told to try their best to secure a supervisor with their Director of Studies.

After protest from College officials, however, the Faculty decided it would provide classes for all 55 economists who had not had supervisions arranged. These will be taught in classes of ten or more students,

whilst those provided supervisions by their College will be taught in groups of three to five for the paper.

The crisis was the result of huge oversubscription, which made it almost impossible to provide enough teaching for students. Although always a popular choice, the Public Economics paper usually attracts 65 students compared to this year's 100.

Rupert Harrison, a third-year Economist from Sidney, was one of those told he could not be supervised. He spent this week emailing his college and the Faculty in pursuit of teaching for the paper.

“I feel like we've been really screwed over in the past few years,” he said. “One supervisor, for example, taught us the wrong thing for a year.

“For Cambridge University not to have the facilities to give students supervisions just isn't on.”

In a statement yesterday, a University spokesperson said that,

for the last 6 years, Faculty PhD supervisors had been provided for undergraduates whose colleges could not arrange teaching for optional papers. This year, however, “an unexpectedly large number of students chose to take the Part IIB course

## 100

Number of students who signed up for the Part IIB Public Economics paper

## 55

Number of students who were unable to arrange supervisions through their Colleges

in Public Economics causing excess demand for supervisions from the one available PhD supervisor.

“To accommodate the large increase, the Faculty has stepped in to provide classes for the students who were left

without a college or PhD supervisor.”

According to Economics Lecturer Hamish Low, however, a shortage of funds may have exacerbated the difficulty in finding supervisors for students.

Low, who is currently on leave from Trinity, said that the Economics Faculty had warned Directors of Studies of potential cuts as early as last year.

“Over the last five years or so there's been an increase in the amount of supervision organised within the Faculty, by teaching fellows or PhD students,” he said.

“For these supervisions, as well as the £20 or so paid by the college, the Faculty provided a supplement; when this was no longer available neither were the teachers needed to supervise extra students, whom College arrangements couldn't accommodate.”

*Continued on page 3*

## Arctic Sea ice could melt “within 20 years”

**Colm Flanagan**

The Arctic could be devoid of ice in summertime within a decade, according to analysis carried out by a Cambridge academic.

Peter Wadhams, Professor of Ocean Physics in the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics, used data obtained from the Catlin Arctic Survey to reach his conclusions.

Wadhams said the data “supports the new consensus view – based on seasonal variation of ice extent and thickness, changes in temperatures, winds and especially ice composition – that the Arctic will be ice-free in summer within about 20 years, and that much of the decrease will be happening within ten years.

“That means you'll be able to treat the Arctic as if it were essentially an open sea in the summer.”

This great melt will increase capabilities and speed for shipping, and provide easier access to coal and oil reserves. These short-term benefits, however, are dwarfed by related predictions of accelerated global warming.

The perilous Catlin Arctic Survey expedition was led by polar explorer Pen Hadow. During its course, technical problems led three of the team to stray 300 miles from their intended destination.

**Stefan Collini**  
English faculty star on the mercenary tone at Cambridge set by the Government

p9





# In Brief

## Never Mind Kamar

Stand-up comedian and former presenter of BBC2's Never Mind the Buzzcocks was spotted at the Cambridge club Kamar last night. Having performed at the Corn Exchange earlier in the evening, Amstell is reported to have gone on to the favoured haunt of student trendsters. One Emmanuel third year had a conversation with him. "He was really friendly" she said, "but quite awkward in real life". She adds "pointy shoed ADC guys were swarming around him." In a strange mix of fiction and reality, Amstell was joined by Raj from the ITV series Trinity which is based in the imaginary Bridgeford University.

## Scientists' slippery slope

Three zoology researchers at the University of Cambridge have developed a non-toxic insect repellent designed to make insects slip on any surface. The plastic-like coating reduces the grip of the insects and has the effect of "someone with wet feet in the shower". It is claimed that the new substance is cheap, durable, environmentally safe and doesn't harm the insects. Scientists believe it will have many uses, ranging from crop protection to pest-proof ventilation pipes, furniture and wellington boots, as well as insect-repellent food containers and baby bottles.

## Sidney Vespers make choral history

This Wednesday saw the historic restoration of a service which has been out of use since the time of Henry VIII. The evening office of Latin Choral Vespers was sung by the Choir of Sidney Sussex College. It will go on to be sung at 6.45pm every Wednesday to provide a contrast to the usual evensongs sung on Friday and Sunday elsewhere in Cambridge. The candlelit service comprises of psalms and an office hymn set to Gregorian chant, as well as polyphonic settings of the Magnificat and a Motet.



Where the streets are paved with corporate intrusions. A technique known as 'Reverse Graffiti' in which an advert is 'cleaned' into the pavement has been used to recruit Cambridge undergraduates. In a week which saw the Bank of America Merrill Lynch hand out free mints to passers by, these ever more cunning means of gaining publicity are striking controversy among the student body.

# Pink Floyd guitarist to receive honorary degree from ARU

Emma Mustich  
News Editor

Anglia Ruskin University (ARU) has released a list of 21 leading cultural and political figures who are set to receive honorary degrees at a ceremony this November. The list includes former Pink Floyd guitarist David Gilmour, as well as popular comedian Lee Evans and former Head of the British Army General Sir Richard Dannatt.

Gilmour, 63, who was a student at ARU (then called Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology) in the 1960s, went on to join internationally renowned psychedelic rock group Pink Floyd, with fellow ARU graduate Syd Barrett, who lived in Cambridge for much of his life.

Gilmour now performs mainly as a soloist, although he reunited with former Pink Floyd bandmates to play at Live Aid in 2005.

He receives the award in recognition of his "outstanding contribution to music as a writer, performer and

innovator." He will accept the honour on November 11 in a ceremony at the Cambridge Corn Exchange.

Fellow honouree Lee Evans is an actor and comedian famous for roles in films such as *There's Something about Mary* and *MouseHunt*. In the past decade, Evans has also held memorable roles in successful West End shows, including *The Producers*, which also starred Broadway musical star Nathan Lane.

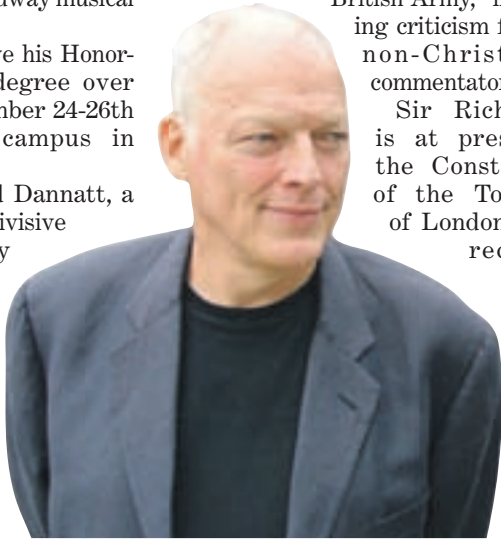
Evans, 45, will receive his Honorary Doctor of Arts degree over the weekend of November 24-26th on ARU's second campus in Chelmsford.

General Sir Richard Dannatt, a further honouree, is a divisive figure in contemporary politics. Head of the British Army from 2006 until 2009, Dannatt, 58, has been involved in several controversies over the past few years.

In an interview with the *Daily Mail* in 2006, Dannatt claimed

that the British military presence in Iraq was "exacerbating... security problems" for the UK, revealing a lack of confidence in the Government's war strategy. In the same interview, he mourned what he called the British "moral and spiritual vacuum" and claimed that "the... Judeo-Christian tradition has underpinned British Society [and] underpins the British Army," inviting criticism from non-Christian commentators.

Sir Richard is at present the Constable of the Tower of London. In recent



weeks, rumours have swirled about his possible elevation to the Government as a Minister or junior Minister under the Conservatives.

He will receive his Honorary Doctor of Technology degree at alongside Lee Evans at the second degree ceremony in Chelmsford.

Alison Balsom, another honouree, was named Female Artist of the Year at the 2009 Classical BRIT Awards. Balsom, 30, plays first trumpet for the London Chamber Orchestra, and performed at the Last Night of The Proms this year to critical acclaim.

Further degree recipients include Essex gardener Beth Chatto, who has written extensively on gardening technique and was awarded an OBE in 2002. Chatto's acclaimed exhibitions at the annual Chelsea Flower Show won her ten Gold Medals between 1977 and 1987.

ARU Vice-Chancellor Professor Michael Thorne said, of the University's graduating class of 2,200, "We ... hope they will be inspired by the stories of our distinguished honorary graduates to go on to achieve great things in life."

## Get involved

If you would like to find out how to write for Varsity, come to one of our weekly meetings at the Maypole Pub (20A Portugal Place).

News: Monday 4pm

Magazine: Wednesday 5.30pm

Alternatively, email the relevant section editor (right) with your ideas.

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

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# Savage dismissal from the Union

» Angry backlash from supporters of American shock jock as Union rescinds invitation

**Helen Mackreath**  
Senior Reporter

The Cambridge Union Society is under fire this week after cancelling its invitation to controversial US radio host, Michael Savage, less than a week before he was due to speak at the in a debate.

The Union approached Savage over the summer, asking him to speak against the motion "This House Believes Political Correctness is Sane and Necessary" in a debate scheduled for October 15th.

The Union announced the cancellation of Savage via their website and an email circulated to all members, citing "a variety of technical, legal and financial issues". The Anglo-American media has reacted negatively to the Union's decision.

Savage is officially banned from entering the UK, and for this reason the Union's initial decision to invite him to speak in Cambridge attracted considerable attention. The Union planned to set up a video link between Cambridge and Savage's base in San Francisco, so that the radio host could speak live.

There is slight confusion as to the exact reasons for the cancellation of Savage's appearance. Julien Domercq, Cambridge Union President, said in a statement, "We made the highly reluctant decision to cancel

Dr Michael Savage's appearance at the Union mainly for technical and financial reasons.

"We do not think that the several thousand pounds of money that this debate would have cost [quoted as £5,000 on the Union's website] would have been a valuable use of members' money." Domercq went on to indicate that the high cost was the result of Savage's demands, remarking that Savage was "simply not willing to find a solution that would have worked for both sides".

*Varsity* was unable to contact Dr Savage for comment. However, in a statement made to *the Telegraph* by Savage's producer, it was claimed that Savage's team "were working with the Union to assemble a scheme which would... be more affordable to [the Union] than what [Savage's people] proposed".

Savage's team has also raised doubts about the "legal issues" cited by the Union among their reasons for cancelling the debate, and questioned whether the Union "were pressured by any outside source to cancel the debate."

Speaking on his radio program in response to the cancellation, Savage himself expressed the belief that the British government was behind it, asking, "What did the socialist Brown regime fear I might say during the debate?"

When asked whether the Union came under any external pressure



Savage's most recent book

9m

Number of listeners Savage's show gets on an average day

£5,000

Amount the Union claims hosting Dr Savage via video-link would have cost

with regard to cancelling the banned radio host's appearance, Jon Laurence, Union President-Elect, made clear that "we did not receive any communication from any outside body except for e-mails from mad Americans". He went on to point out that "with an event like this there would always an element of risk. If you combine that with the fact that Savage's demands would have meant us spending the equivalent of a term's speaker budget... the event becomes regrettably unworkable."

According to Laurence, the Union has received "hundreds" of abusive e-mail messages since the decision to cancel Savage's appearance was made. One message, signed "N. Malher, A citizen of a now-failing-because-we-are-so-politically-correct-U.S.," read, "Muslims will eat you all in the end, and you will only have yourselves to blame. We won't be able to save you this time around. Doesn't look like we'll be able to save ourselves, either."

Prior to news of the cancellation, Savage said he had hoped, during the debate, to "appeal to the British people and the incoming conservative leadership to remove my name from their list of murderers and terrorists."

The Union's decision to withdraw Savage from the debate has gained media attention in both Britain and the US. *The Telegraph* printed an article entitled, "How pathetically

useless of Cambridge Union to ban Michael Savage", while media sources in the US have speculated that the British government was behind the cancellation due to the controversial nature of the speaker. Such scrutiny has brought Savage's official ban from the UK into the spotlight again.

Savage was officially banned from entering the United Kingdom in May of this year after he was accused of "abus[ing] our standards and values to undermine our way of life". His arch-conservative nationalist views, which include strong opposition to illegal immigration to the US and support for the English-only movement, are broadcast on his radio program, "The Savage Nation", which receives regular audiences of between 8 and 10 million listeners and is the third most popular radio show in the US.

The cancellation of Savage's appearance is the latest in a line of high-profile cancellations that have plagued the Society over the past several years. In Michaelmas 2008, Union officials were met with frustration when they announced the cancellation of an advertised talk by Jude Law.

However, the Society are keen to assure members that their other high profile guest speaker events this term, including talks by Jo Brand, Dara O'Briain, John Howard and John Bolton, will be going ahead.

## Queen and Prince Philip to visit Cambridge in November

**Jenny Morgan**  
Associate Editor

Her Majesty The Queen is to visit Cambridge as part of the ongoing celebrations for the University's 800th Anniversary, the Vice-Chancellor announced on Tuesday.

The Queen, accompanied by His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, will attend and take part in a ceremony at Senate House on the afternoon of Thursday November 19th.

The ceremony will begin with a musical performance for the monarch and an address. During the ceremony, she will be invited to seal the final box of 800 'Letters to the Future', which have been written by Cambridge University members, Vice Chancellors of partner universities, and by local school children.

The event will be a ticket only affair, with members of the University being invited to apply in advance for admission.

The Queen last visited Cambridge in February 2007 to open the Cancer Research UK Cambridge Research Institute at Addenbrooke's Hospital.

## Economics finalists face supervisor shortage

*Continued from page 1*

The situation was disappointing even for students who were initially picked out of the ballot, and who will now be taught in classes rather than supervisions. Som Saran, another Sidney Economist, was disappointed at the larger groups he was to be taught in, saying the situation was "obviously detrimental to the whole supervision idea".

"Ten people is clearly very different to the four or five we'd usually get." He said. "It might feel weird having to speak in front of so many people."

Other students were sympathetic to the situation. One third-year sitting the paper said the ballot was "probably the fairest way of allocating places", calling the situation "impossible". At the time *Varsity* went to press, the news that all students would be taught in classes had not yet been announced publicly.

Whilst the incident, as the University has stressed, was primarily caused by an unprecedented surge in applications, it raises concerns about wider funding problems. Last year a similar situation occurred and students also had to be taught in large classes.

Speaking exclusively to *Varsity*, Dr Low held the larger issue to be a "smaller allocation of resources for

Social Sciences departments that has left several faculties, including Economics, facing substantial deficits.

"The Faculties need to make up for these deficits in various ways, such as in cutting the subsidy for extra supervisors which has resulted in the shortfall of supervisors that we have seen," he said.

"We need a debate about whether the deficits driving these cuts are real or whether they are generated by the particular prices used for allocations.

"At the end of the day, this is really a College issue: if we want the supervision system to carry on, Colleges need to invest in the system, and by this I mean be willing – and able – to pay the necessary rate for the supervisions needed by the students they admit" he said.

Dr Toke Aidt, the Public Economics course co-ordinator, said Colleges had enough money to pay for supervisions, and that a real shortage was the problem.

"It is more a case of supply and demand," he said. "PhD students get paid £70 for teaching an MPhil student, but for an undergraduate only about £40. If they're going to teach undergrads it's preferable to teach first-year groups simple subjects which don't need much

preparation, rather than finalists which require more work to teach."

Other Social Sciences faculties have not reported similar difficulties. The Law Faculty told *Varsity*, "The organisation of law supervisions is a matter for Directors of Studies and colleges. We are not aware of any particular difficulties this year."

Teaching Committee Chairman Ken Coutts described the situation as "a very difficult decision to take."

What we are trying to do is help Colleges to secure teaching in various ways, through making more supervisors available and providing more information," he said.

Further details for the classes will be announced on Monday.



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# Cambridge collects two more Nobel prizes

**Matthew Symington**  
Senior Reporter

Two more scientists have joined the long list of Cambridge affiliates to be awarded the Nobel Prize after they were announced as winners last Wednesday.

Dr Elizabeth Blackburn and Dr Venki Ramakrishnan won the Nobel Prizes for Medicine or Physiology and for Chemistry respectively.

Dr Blackburn, born in 1948 in Tasmania, Australia, was awarded the Nobel Prize for the discovery of how chromosomes are protected by telomeres and the enzyme telomerase.

Following undergraduate study at the University of Melbourne, Blackburn studied at Darwin College, Cambridge, for three years to obtain her Ph.D. in 1975. In 1978 joined the Department of Molecular Biology at the University of California, Berkeley. She is currently the Morris Herzstein Professor of Biology and Physiology at the University of California at San Francisco, as well as a fellow of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in La Jolla, California. She is also President-Elect of the American Association for Cancer Research.

Dr Blackburn will share the \$1.4m (£862k) prize with Carol Greider of

Johns Hopkins University and Jack Szostak of the Howard Hughes Medical Institute and Massachusetts General Hospital. Her research in this field explains how chromosomes can be copied in a complete way during cell divisions and how they are protected against degradation by the enzyme telomerase.

Speaking to Adam Smith, Editor-In-Chief of Nobelprize.org, Dr



Biologist Dr Elizabeth Blackburn

Blackburn said that despite press speculation the news of her award was “a very great surprise”. On the subject of her research into telomeres, she said, “the science of it is endlessly fascinating... everytime we looked [at the telomeres] we would find something ever more complicated and clever that the cell did.”

In last Tuesday's issue of *The Wall Street Journal*, Dr Blackburn's contribution to American intellectual achievement was celebrated and harnessed in aid of the argument against those who are opposed to the immigration of foreigners to the States.

Dr Venki Ramakrishnan, of Trinity College, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry for his studies of the structure and function of the ribosome.

Dr Ramakrishnan was born in Tamil Nadu, India, and studied at the Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda. He obtained his Ph.D. from Ohio University and following research at the University of California, Yale, and the University of Utah took up his position at the Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Cambridge in 1999.

Dr Ramakrishnan will share the Chemistry prize with Thomas Steitz of Yale University and Ada Yonath, the first Israeli woman to win a Nobel Prize, of the Weizmann Institute of

Science. Of winning the award he said, “I have to say that I am deeply indebted to all of the brilliant associates, students and post docs who worked in my lab as science is a highly collaborative enterprise. The idea of supporting long term basic research like that at LMB does lead to breakthroughs, the ribosome is already starting to show its medical importance.”



Chemist Dr Venki Ramakrishnan

Dr Ramakrishnan spoke out last week about government funding for basic scientific research, attacking the government's policy of diverting funds to those research projects which are expected to provide a quick financial pay-off. He told *The Guardian*, “There is a lot of focus now on trying to get very quick pay-offs in research. It is a huge mistake. Basic science has paid off far more than any directed research.

“If you don't invest properly in fundamental science, then you won't have the foundations to develop the technologies and applications of tomorrow. Ten years down the line, your technology will be based on obsolete foundations.”

Dr Ramakrishnan is the 14th LMB scientist to be honoured with a Nobel Prize. Previous winners include Francis Crick and James Watson, who discovered the double-helix structure of DNA; César Milstein and Georges Köhler, who revolutionised medicine with research on monoclonal antibodies; and Fred Sanger, who won the prize twice for his work on insulin and genetic sequencing.

The two new Nobel awards bring the total number of Nobel prizes won by affiliates of the University to 85. Ramakrishnan's award is the 32nd for Trinity College, which is the most decorated College in the University.

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# ‘King of all witches’ invites Bishop to opening bash

» Magus Lynius Shadee hopes to open centre for the occult on Christmas Eve

**Matthew Symington**  
Senior Reporter

Magus Lynius Shadee, the self-proclaimed ‘King of All Witches’, is attempting to start an occult centre in Cambridge, to the dismay of religious leaders throughout the city. This week he invited local religious leaders, including Dr Anthony Russell, Bishop of Ely, to the centre’s launch party.

Shadee announced his intentions to open the centre on Christmas Eve. The Frenchman already runs similar organisations in Normandy and

attempted to open an occult centre in Lampeter, Wales, last year.

Commenting on the controversial invitations, he told the *Cambridge Evening News*, “The Bishop of Ely will be invited and any and all important church peoples.

“I don’t think they will come, they won’t come. They may fear that they will become occultists themselves.”

Mr Shadee refused to say where the centre would be, but said: “The ideal date [to open] would be December 24, however if our lease is delayed then a freehold purchase will be obtained, through a separate agent, then we would open on that date.”

“I do not preach,” continued the occultist, “I can prove it and any sceptic is more than welcome to join me, then they too will have a new born life.”

However the arrival of Mr Shadee has not gone down well with the city’s religious leaders, particularly following his claim to have unleashed a demon in a local Roman Catholic Church.

The occultist claimed to have performed a ritual at the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, on Hills Road, to summon a demon and ‘cleanse’ the church.

He said: “It’s an element, a hunter that will attach itself to an individual, then try to take the person, either send them insane and make them depressed, and the worst is to cause them to take their physical life.

“I did not speak to the priest, just performed a visual ritual format, an incantation, to bring in an element to dwell within the building.”

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Mr Shadee chose to conduct the ritual away from the glare of the public: “When I perform, unless it’s within the confines of a ritual room, most of my work is on my own with associates observing.”

Fr Dick Healey, of the Hills Road Church, described the witch as “twisted”, saying, “We will not be performing an exorcism, but I will consider reporting him to the police.”

Along with other spiritual leaders, Fr Healey believes Mr Shadee to have come to Cambridge in order to target vulnerable University students.

Fr David Paul of St Laurence’s Roman Catholic Church on Milton Road said: “It will be a shockingly bad thing for Cambridge. Whilst it is obviously a load of nonsense it will appeal to people who are in distress or are vulnerable. It really is manipulation of people’s fears and a complete fraud. People who go to these things often end up with mental problems.”

He continued: “A lot of Cambridge University students come to the city and can be very vulnerable. This sort of thing may seem interesting but it is actually very seedy.”

Yet it is not just among Christian leaders that Mr Shadee has stirred resentment. Some of ‘King’ Shadee’s alleged ‘subjects’ have also been angered by his antics.

Commenting on a story in the *Cambridge News* online, one reader wrote, “I wonder if large numbers of letters could be sent to the editors of newspapers local to this bozo, asking the people not to judge us by people like him. And pointing out that Witches have no king.”

A commenter called Derek Wood added, “As Cambridge Regional Coordinator for the Pagan Federation I state for the record that Lynius Shadee is in no way affiliated with us and that I regard his so



Magus Lynius Shadee

called summoning of demons in the Catholic Church to be at worst an example of divisive religious fundamentalism, and at least an example of self-deluded egoism.” A further comment stated, “PLEASE DON’T JUDGE US ALL BY THIS IDIOT! I’m a witch, but this guy doesn’t speak for me. I send blessings and light to this church. This guy is just an attention monger. Ignore him, and hopefully he’ll just go away.”



Shadee’s occult centre in Normandy

## Trinity College close £24m deal for London’s O2 arena

**Gemma Oke**  
Senior Reporter

Trinity College has bought the lease for the site of The O2 arena in South East London, at an estimated cost of £24 million.

Under the agreement, former owners Meridian Delta Dome Limited (MDDL) sold Trinity the 999 year lease for the music venue formerly known as the Millennium Dome.

The Government still owns the freehold for the site, but the College will be in receipt of rental income from entertainment promoters AEG (the company that owns and operates The O2), which could total approximately £1.5 million per year.

The purchase of MDDL by Trinity does not affect AEG’s lease or their operation of The O2, which has the highest ticket sales of any venue in the world.

Rory Landman, Senior Bursar at Trinity, spoke of the long-term benefits to the College and University brought by the purchase. He said, “The College is very pleased to have had the opportunity to make an investment in the site of The O2 with its position in London’s largest regeneration project.

“The purchase of the site fits

well with the long-term investment strategy of the College. The long-term income stream from this and Trinity’s other property investments helps secure the future of world-class education and research at Trinity College and in the University of Cambridge.”

He also confirmed that it would be “business as usual” for The O2 arena, with AEG continuing to run events and facilities at the site.

Trinity is the University’s wealthiest College; much of its revenue is derived from rental income from commercial properties, with an overall estimated independent endowment of £621 million.

The College is a significant financial contributor to the Cambridge Bursary Scheme, which offers additional financial support for all undergraduates in receipt of a Government higher education maintenance grant.

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East London. Plans for the Peninsula’s regeneration include the creation of new commercial, academic, retail and residential buildings.

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He commented, “AEG Europe has worked hard for the last two years to turn The O2 into a London landmark and world-renowned entertainment venue. We look forward to welcoming Trinity College, Cambridge as our new landlord and the use of the funds released by the disposal to further the regeneration of the Peninsula.”

A spokeswoman for AEG confirmed that Trinity’s rental income would be linked to ticket sales, but refused to disclose by what proportion, saying, “There is a basic amount of rental income set and a proportion is added from the ticket sales.”

The O2 arena attracts around 8 million visitors a year to see the biggest names in sport and music. Michael Jackson was due to perform 50 sell-out dates at the Arena, which has a capacity of 20,000. Forthcoming acts at the venue are set to include performances by American rock group Green Day and soul singer Whitney Houston.





# 'King of all witches' invites Bishop to opening bash

» Magus Lynius Shadee hopes to open centre for the occult on Christmas Eve

**Matthew Symington**  
Senior Reporter

Magus Lynius Shadee, the self-proclaimed 'King of All Witches', is attempting to start an occult centre in Cambridge, to the dismay of religious leaders throughout the city. This week he invited local religious leaders, including Dr Anthony Russell, Bishop of Ely, to the centre's launch party.

Shadee announced his intentions to open the centre on Christmas Eve. The Frenchman already runs similar organisations in Normandy and

attempted to open an occult centre in Lampeter, Wales, last year.

Commenting on the controversial invitations, he told the *Cambridge Evening News*, "The Bishop of Ely will be invited and any and all important church peoples.

"I don't think they will come, they won't come. They may fear that they will become occultists themselves."

Mr Shadee refused to say where the centre would be, but said: "The ideal date [to open] would be December 24, however if our lease is delayed then a freehold purchase will be obtained, through a separate agent, then we would open on that date."

"I do not preach," continued the occultist, "I can prove it and any sceptic is more than welcome to join me, then they too will have a new born life."

However the arrival of Mr Shadee has not gone down well with the city's religious leaders, particularly following his claim to have unleashed a demon in a local Roman Catholic Church.

The occultist claimed to have performed a ritual at the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, on Hills Road, to summon a demon and 'cleanse' the church.

He said: "It's an element, a hunter that will attach itself to an individual, then try to take the person, either send them insane and make them depressed, and the worst is to cause them to take their physical life.

"I did not speak to the priest, just performed a visual ritual format, an incantation, to bring in an element to dwell within the building."

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Mr Shadee chose to conduct the ritual away from the glare of the public: "When I perform, unless it's within the confines of a ritual room, most of my work is on my own with associates observing."

Fr Dick Healey, of the Hills Road Church, described the witch as "twisted", saying, "We will not be performing an exorcism, but I will consider reporting him to the police."

Along with other spiritual leaders, Fr Healey believes Mr Shadee to have come to Cambridge in order to target vulnerable University students.

Fr David Paul of St Laurence's Roman Catholic Church on Milton Road said: "It will be a shockingly bad thing for Cambridge. Whilst it is obviously a load of nonsense it will appeal to people who are in distress or are vulnerable. It really is manipulation of people's fears and a complete fraud. People who go to these things often end up with mental problems."

He continued: "A lot of Cambridge University students come to the city and can be very vulnerable. This sort of thing may seem interesting but it is actually very seedy."

Yet it is not just among Christian leaders that Mr Shadee has stirred resentment. Some of 'King' Shadee's alleged 'subjects' have also been angered by his antics.

Commenting on a story in the *Cambridge News* online, one reader wrote, "I wonder if large numbers of letters could be sent to the editors of newspapers local to this bozo, asking the people not to judge us by people like him. And pointing out that Witches have no king."

A commenter called Derek Wood added, "As Cambridge Regional Coordinator for the Pagan Federation I state for the record that Lynius Shadee is in no way affiliated with us and that I regard his so



Magus Lynius Shadee

called summoning of demons in the Catholic Church to be at worst an example of divisive religious fundamentalism, and at least an example of self-deluded egoism." A further comment stated, "PLEASE DON'T JUDGE US ALL BY THIS IDIOT! I'm a witch, but this guy doesn't speak for me. I send blessings and light to this church. This guy is just an attention monger. Ignore him, and hopefully he'll just go away."



Shadee's occult centre in Normandy

## Trinity College close £24m deal for London's O2 arena

**Gemma Oke**  
Senior Reporter

Trinity College has bought the lease for the site of The O2 arena in South East London, at an estimated cost of £24 million.

Under the agreement, former owners Meridian Delta Dome Limited (MDDL) sold Trinity the 999 year lease for the music venue formerly known as the Millennium Dome.

The Government still owns the freehold for the site, but the College will be in receipt of rental income from entertainment promoters AEG (the company that owns and operates The O2), which could total approximately £1.5 million per year.

The purchase of MDDL by Trinity does not affect AEG's lease or their operation of The O2, which has the highest ticket sales of any venue in the world.

Rory Landman, Senior Bursar at Trinity, spoke of the long-term benefits to the College and University brought by the purchase. He said, "The College is very pleased to have had the opportunity to make an investment in the site of The O2 with its position in London's largest regeneration project.

"The purchase of the site fits

well with the long-term investment strategy of the College. The long-term income stream from this and Trinity's other property investments helps secure the future of world-class education and research at Trinity College and in the University of Cambridge."

He also confirmed that it would be "business as usual" for The O2 arena, with AEG continuing to run events and facilities at the site.

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## Politico



### Cambridge University Conservative Association

Last year the Oxford University Conservative Association became merely the Conservative Association, after their two-signet-fingered salute to political correctness – what most people might term racism – resulted in University disaffiliation. But what of their Cambridge counterparts?

CUCA long ago seceded from the Conservative Party but retains an impressive status in student politics. This is thanks in part to their eminent alumni: Michael Howard, Norman Lamont, Michael Portillo, Douglas Hurd, Ken Clarke, Geoffrey Howe, Leon Brittan and, of course, Nick Clegg; that's an EU commissioner, a couple of foreign and home secretaries, a few chancellors and two party leaders (one, admittedly, for the Lib Dems).

In its 88 year history, the "Cambridge Mafia" of the 60s represents the society's zenith. Ken Clarke, Norman Lamont, Sir Leon Brittan, Sir Norman Fowler and Michael Howard were members at this time, which in true CUCA style was marred by controversy. Ken Clarke's invitation to Oswald Mosley, former leader of the British Union of Fascists, to speak for the second year running, caused Michael Howard to resign. This cocktail of principled and strategic politics would continue throughout their careers with many of the "Mafia" competing ruthlessly; it may be that the darker political arts were learnt at CUCA.

This is certainly the reputation the Association has now – a sinister but impressive melange of radical ideologues and ambitious Machiavellians. This term Andrew Lansley, shadow Health Secretary, is perhaps the most famous speaker on an impressive term card and anyone who hears a floor speech at the Union this year will be struck by the passion of CUCA's members. Yet, a feeling remains that one's ability to drink port, eat cheese and tie a bowtie remain the skills that the Association most cherish. Given the nature of student politics, perhaps no bad thing.

SIMON GLASSON

# Varsity Profile: Alex Stobbs

Subject of Channel 4's recent documentary –  
"A Boy Called Alex"

Alex Stobbs (right) has an increasingly familiar face. His story is well versed. The second-year choral scholar and cystic fibrosis sufferer is the protagonist of two of Channel Four's Cutting Edge documentaries and the author of *A Passion for Living*, a diary telling the story of his preparation for A-Levels and for a three hour performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* in London's Cadogan Hall.

Stobbs first came here as a chorister at the age of nine. He attended Eton as a music scholar and returned to King's with a choral scholarship in 2008. In his diary, recently serialised in the *Daily Mail*, he describes singing as 'an incredible form of physiotherapy because you use every muscle'. Cystic fibrosis is a lung-wasting condition. Breathing difficulties and weight loss are typical.

When we meet, Alex has just woken and takes a moment to catch his breath. He tells me he's at his worst in the mornings. His breathing is uneasy. A cluster of girls mob him as we sit in the King's JCR. "Oi oi Stobbsy", one calls whilst another greets him with a kiss on the cheek. I ask if he gets that a lot. He replies demurely, "Yeah, sort of". There were four requests for marriage, yet those for Facebook friendship are of greater concern. "There have been requests from lots of attractive girls". Sounding less coy, he reveals how he trawled through pictures of "loads and loads of girls" who were trying their luck after reading in the Sunday Times that he only kept the finest of faces on his books. Some, he adds, appeared in bikinis.

The plan to make a documentary about Alex was born on a plane somewhere between London and Los Angeles when Ralph Allwood, Director of Music at Eton, took a seat next to a director of short films and told him of the schoolboy preparing to conduct Bach's *Magnificat* for chorus and orchestra. Film crews turned up at his school. The story of *A Boy Called Alex* was told. There was a BAFTA nomination. There was Richard and Judy- "I don't actually like Richard that much. I preferred Philip Schofield and Holly Willoughby, mostly because of Holly Willoughby".

The second documentary, *A Passion for Life*, required its maker to live in Cambridge whilst rehearsals took place for the performance of *The Matthew Passion*. Alex explains how the director followed him around "waiting for good stuff to happen". Citing a shared obsession with cricket, he claims, "fortunately we got on very well and it wasn't too much having to entertain him". Footage of the chorister forgetting how to make a cup of tea for his guest leaves me dubious.

Culinary cock-ups feature heavily in Alex's record at Cambridge- "three times in my first term I set off the fire alarm...all the third years had to go out in the cold and rain because I'd burnt a lamb chop". Alex revels in his own mischief. "In Lent term I did one better and a fire truck pitched up by the porters lodge." He bounces the worn tennis ball he is famed for carrying and continues to banter about his cooking. "I know how to cook meat but it just involves lots of smoke."



Alex Stobbs, staying cool in the face of four marriage proposals

I ask him about the independence he has found in Cambridge and how conscious of his health he is. The bouncing stops. "I suppose I just try and do as much as I can. Lots of people ask if that's me trying to put CF to one side. I'm never consciously doing that. But I suppose it might be a subconscious thing. My health is better than it was at Eton. I find that when I'm doing more I've got focus, which is good for me."

I ask him about any other grand plans. "My next project is my degree. I need to get back to work on that." I'm not entirely convinced. Will we see a third documentary? "In the next two or three years I want to form my own orchestra performing early Baroque music. Not necessarily for me to conduct, but I want to get together some guys who love playing music. I want them to come

because they appreciate that I have the right mindset to direct. Not because of the cystic fibrosis."

I ask him if he gets tired of talking about his illness. "Yeah I do. It does get annoying but the reason I did the first film was because all the stories about CF were of people dying. I don't think there'd been one positive documentary. The response it got was exactly the response I wanted."

"Inspiration" is a word used by many of Stobbs's fans on Facebook. A 39 year old with cystic fibrosis writes, "Alex you're as mad as a sack of badgers and I see so much of myself in you." For his music and for the hope offers, he is keen to keep people listening. "My brother says I'm drunk on life" he tells me, "though I've never come across a badger". JAMIE POLLOCK

## Hi! Society: Bobbin Lace-Making

Cambridge Union Bobbin Lace-Making Society – "somewhat outmoded but pleasingly quaint"

Ask someone what they see when they picture lace-making: their response will probably include bonneted spinsters in a Jane Austen novel discussing the arrival of the latest bachelor to their provincial community. Bobbin lace-making doesn't sound like the trendiest pastime for a Cambridge student but for those willing to ignore its fusty reputation and give this ancient craft the benefit of the doubt, the Cambridge Union Bobbin Lace-Making Society (CUBLMS) runs weekly classes at Christ's College. The two-hour sessions alternate between Saturdays and Sundays and cost only £2 per session, which pays for the equipment needed.

The Society welcomes beginners and seasoned spinners alike, aiming to teach members of all abilities how to create their own lace. The technique involves attaching threads

to bobbins (wooden implements shaped like a cigar with a small ball attached to one end) and then crossing and twisting the threads together. These are then pinned into place on a lace pillow following a "pricking pattern" to form a design.

President Amanda Foan told *Varsity* that "classes are done so you can work at your own pace. If you have never made lace before you will be taught what to do by more advanced members and those who are already working on designs come along for a chat and to get help if they need it. You don't have to come every week or stay for the whole session, just as long as you want to. It is a nice, calm, relaxing environment". Having got to grips with simple designs, you'll be taught how to make a panoply of lace products. CUBLMS even suggests making your own lacy knickers, adding a

touch of individuality to your underwear drawer.

As you might expect, CUBLMS's membership is predominantly female but Foan assures *Varsity* that dexterous men are encouraged to join. "Lots of different people join from all years and subjects and we even have some male members", she told us. The society holds formals and other social events throughout the year, with current weavers keen to spread their knowledge and skills. CUBLMS has been running for ten years and has been involved in outreach work in the wider community to local groups such as Brownies. The society is keen to attract interest for more events like this in the future.

The Cambridge Union Bobbin Lace-Making Society may prove to be an undiscovered haven for students to get away from the pressures

of academic life and indulge in a somewhat outmoded but pleasingly-quaint and enjoyable hobby over tea and biscuits. Foan leaves us with this reassuring thought: "Just to say that although most people's first reaction to seeing it is that it looks very complicated, it really isn't that difficult, honest!" CLAIRE GATZEN



The "bobbins" – equipment used in the lace-making



## Trinity

Last Wednesday, Gail Trimble was made a fellow of Trinity College, along with 8 others, for her work in Classics. Trimble was labelled “the cleverest contestant ever” on University Challenge after she led a team from Corpus



Gail Trimble

Christi College Oxford to victory this February, beating Manchester University with 275 points to their 190. During the competition, the postgraduate Latin literature student single-handedly won more points for the team than the other 3 members combined, leaving even Paxman awe-struck. And yet she humbly recounts how she actually failed to win a place on the college’s team several times before. After her win, the exceptional academic was even approached by a men’s magazine interested in featuring her in one of their photoshoots.

# College Watch



## Christ’s

Sunday saw the first in a series of sermons at Christ’s College Chapel aimed at reconciling science and faith. The Chaplain sees the aim of these sermons as being “to heal what might be considered a fractured relationship between the two disciplines” as well as celebrating 200 years since the birth of alumnus Charles Darwin. First on the agenda was John Cornwell, author of Darwin’s Angels, whose sermon was entitled “Cardinal Newman on God and Darwin”. Six more speakers are scheduled for this Michaelmas term.

## Queens’

A new internet pricing policy at Queens’ College has been welcomed by most students despite it being implemented without consultation with the college JCR. This new system will see a £5 increase in termly internet charges, raising them to £25. This comes with a rolling quota for users of 5Gb a month – equivalent to just under four hours of high definition iPlayer. Charges for exceeding the quota of 5Gb will be 10p per Gigabyte. This is the same price that the University of Cambridge charge the College for their internet service.

The system replaces the old internet pricing policy which saw the 20 students who had used the greatest bandwidth for three consecutive days face a large fine.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Queens’ JCR President Emil Hewage described the new internet pricing policy as, “a fairer system that makes more sense, especially given that people’s use of the internet is much heavier than when the old system was introduced. The people who don’t appreciate the new system are predominantly those who weren’t being affected by the massive charges previously.”

It is thought that much of the impetus for reform of the internet charges came from graduate students, many of whom faced enormous and frequent charges under the old policy during the Long Vacation due to the small numbers of students living in College during that period. MATTHEW SYMINGTON

# Cambridge Spies



## Four legs good, two legs bad

One initiate, out with a bunch of green ogres this weekend arrived, with no instigation whatever, clad in a sole garment of the unmentionable variety. He deemed it but prudent to make his entrance into one of the town’s most revered curry-house on all fours. Whether out of humbled deference or the coordination-thieving effect of the night’s drink we do not know. This displeased the establishment’s management who swiftly placed the rabble-rouser in a Hogan-inspired headlock. Did this deleterious debacle suffice for the irksome debauchee? Oh no. On returning (or rather being returned) to College, as a final *beau geste*, our dear fellow chose a rather bizarre choice of libation – a litre of shower gel.

## Lapping it up

As Austen famously wrote; it is a truth universally acknowledged that any Fresher man in possession of a large chutzpah is in want of some provocative entertainment... give or take. That said, one Johnian received more than any frustrated, pubescent chimera could promise, summoned by a boozing bevy residing on the floor above, to sample a lapdance from each of their rank and rate their talents. Some ladies know how to string fellows along.

## Lady of the Night

A rugby team from the Other Place were ecstatic on receiving invitations to a bop at a college exclusively for the fairer sex. One nymphette received a more personal expression of approval later that fateful eve but once her prey ceased to amuse, escorted him into the night – trouserless but with his standing ovation going strong and inspiring the same in onlookers. Now, our overzealous beauty had forgotten her introductions and so proceeded to order a taxi via one censorious porter with no more detailed description of the passenger-to-be than “the chap in the rugby kit”.

## Harvard University

After 44 years at Harvard, Professor Harvey Cox celebrated his retirement by exercising his right as Hollis Professor Emeritus of Divinity to graze a cow on Harvard Yard. Cox actually borrowed a specimen from The Farm School in Massachusetts. The Hollis chair, having first been awarded in 1722, corresponds with the requirements of an 18th century Professor. Indeed, Reverend Peter Gomes tells Religion and Ethics Newsweekly that: “Pasturing cows in those days was equivalent to parking privileges today.” According to an interview conducted by *Religion and Ethics Newsweekly*, Cox was concerned by the discovery that the name of the cow was Pride. He was apparently comforted when told by a fellow professor: “At Harvard we do not consider pride to be a sin.”

## Yale

On September 17th, police arrested a 24-year-old lab technician in connection with the murder of graduate student Annie Lee. Her body had been found the previous week in the wall duct of a laboratory building after a six day search following her disappearance. The spokeswoman for the medical examiner, Wayne Carver II, told the *New York Times* that coronary evidence suggested Lee had been strangled, claiming that it seemed she died from “traumatic asphyxia” caused by “neck compression”. According to CNN reports, Clark appeared in court without entering a plea.

# University Watch



## Oxford University

Nathan Roberts has claimed to have been told by the Tutorial Review Committee of Queen’s College Oxford that he will be expelled from the University if he does not resign from his position as JCR President after receiving a 2:2 in his Prelims. This action came after a number of chances given to him to improve his performance whilst retaining the extracurricular activity. However, Roberts tells *The Oxford Student* that according to the “Procedures for Unsatisfactory Work and Academic Discipline”: “The only actions that the TRC can make that are mentioned are ones relating to Collections. There are no references to forcing students to resign or to taking any other action.”

## Leeds University

Student proposals for a pole dancing society were rejected by the Leeds University Union (LUU) Activities Assembly, deciding to ignore a previous student poll which voted 600 to 50 votes in favour of the society. This comes after reports that numerous hard-up students have been seeking employment in local pole-dancing and lap-dancing clubs. Barry McGuire, Activities Assembly Chair, concluded that “the committee seem to be inappropriate role models for running a society”. Emma Hooson, President of the proposed society, told Leeds Student she felt “they didn’t take into account the demand for the society” that the student poll displayed. She adds that: “It would be strictly for exercise” and kept “in a safe environment”. The committee are appealing the decision.

## City University

On Thursday, City University offered free alcohol to students taking chlamydia tests as part of a nationwide scheme promoted by the National Union of Students to increase participation in sexual health checks. Birmingham and Manchester Universities have both already participated in such schemes. However, a Department of Health spokeswoman said: “We do not support offering alcohol as an incentive to test for STIs.” Conservative MP Ann Widdecombe agrees, telling the *Daily Mail* she believes them “unsuitable as we are trying to curb binge drinking not promote it”. JOSIE FILMER



# Varsity squash

TODAY!

## Interested in journalism?

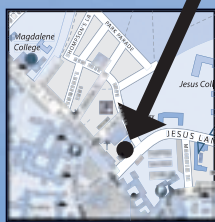
Come to the Varsity Squash and find out how to get involved with Cambridge's oldest student newspaper.

Meet the editors and their team, discuss ideas, pitch articles and find out how the paper works from 7–9pm at the Cambridge Union Bar. Cut price drinks will be on offer.

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**7–9pm**

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**Yessy Sell Out**  
wednesday 25th november



# THE ESSAY: Unhealthy Aspirations

The Government's mercenary attitude to the universities shows how little it cares about fairness, says STEFAN COLLINI. Education should be an alternative to mainstream culture, not another way to get ahead



MICHAEL LOVETT

You probably know this already, but what you are really supposed to be doing here is 'aspiring'. If you need to ask 'What should I be aspiring to?', then you're not made of the right stuff (perhaps you were an admissions mistake). 'Aspiration' means trying to get a Top Job and becoming rich. Turning out people who can do that successfully is, as you should know, what educational battery-farms such as Cambridge are for.

This summer (while you were perhaps aspiring in other ways), we have all had some helpful official guidance on the matter. A report was published by the Panel on Fair Access to the Professions, chaired by the former Health Minister, Alan Milburn. It was entitled Unleashing Aspiration. I admit I hadn't previously thought of 'aspiration' as some inner Fido, panting and straining, only held back by the collar of traditional social attitudes. But it seems that we would have a 'fairer society' if more people, from different backgrounds, competed for the Top Jobs. The report seems all in favour of Top Jobs (with top salaries), and in favour of a fangs-out scramble for them, and not very interested in what happens to the vast majority of people who necessarily can't have one. So, aspire, and don't give a damn about anyone else. You're not against a 'fair society', are you?

During the summer we also received some guidance about how to address, or rather avoid, any troubling questions about 'value'. In this case the guidance came from the Director-General of the Confederation of British Industry. You may remember this organisation for, among other things, its opposition to the introduction of a minimum wage on the grounds that this prescribed pittance would unduly curb employers' rights to sack their present employees and replace them with even more desperate people who could be had for less than subsistence wages (if asked in job interviews, you should refer to this as 'having a flexible labour market'). This spokesman for big companies did not approve of any impudent questioning of the 'value' of the commercial and financial activities

he is paid to champion. 'In a free society, it's not the job of a politician – or, for that matter, of a regulator – to argue that a particular form of social activity is or is not of social value.' (You can try reading that sentence again, but you were right the first time). So shut up and make money. You're not against a 'free society', are you?

Of course, I'd like to assume that, as a Cambridge student, you want to do something to help make the world a slightly better place. But in case you're still a little perplexed about the best way to do this, let me spell out the premises underlying the approved recipe.

First, the three basic principles:

1. Individuals are free to choose what they want; whatever results from this free choice is right.
2. Remember that you are the owner of your talents; you don't owe their development to anyone else.
3. The main aim in life is to get as much money as possible.

Second, here's a useful glossary of a few key phrases:

1. Fairness means 'a level-playing field'. You and a few similar

individuals are at one end: you are large, healthy, fit, well-trained, well-nourished, and know the rules. At the other end are a lot of small, unhealthy, malnourished, frightened people who weren't told that there are rules. The whistle goes and you trample all over them. What could be fairer than that?

2. A university education gives you 'transferable skills'. What you learn is not part of any deeper understanding of human activity, and not tied to any particular cultural sources. So, when later in life you have to sack thousands of workers and ruin their and their families' lives, you'll find you're good at writing the press release which announces how this exciting new restructuring of the core business of the company will contribute to prosperity for the whole population. Doing those late-night essays will have been good for something after all.

3. Arguing that some things are more worthwhile than others is 'elitist'. What people think is just their view. No-one can tell anyone else what they ought to think.

And here are a couple of other tips:

1. Using clichés and slack, meaningless phrases is a good way to keep your mind off uncomfortable truths. Before you go to bed each night, try saying: 'In a knowledge-based economy we need to encourage aspiration to enable talented individuals to contribute to wealth-creation', and then you won't have any upsetting nightmares about the savage consequences of social injustice.

2. Take your view of the world from the mainstream media. Most of the media are owned by large corporations, so they tend to give a fair and balanced picture of the role of large corporations. They also show us that celebrity culture is intrinsically important and valuable; that all action by the state is intrinsically stupid and self-defeating; and that foreigners are intrinsically a threat.

Incidentally, you probably feel you're a bit young to be thinking about children, but in fact this is where the benefits of the whole thing really kick in. Do not make the mistake of thinking that if the

world as a whole were better in the future, then everyone's children would benefit. The important thing is to make sure your children benefit at the expense of other people's children. This is a normal and admirable human instinct. The good news is that they are already very likely to do much, much better than most other children, even though they haven't been born yet. If you are, nonetheless, at all worried about their chances of beating others in the competition of life, then accumulate wealth, buy them advantages, avoid inheritance tax, bequeath them a small fortune, and then admire how they've always stood on their own two feet.

Oh, and one last thing. The stuff you read in your courses is fine in its way, but do remember that it has nothing to do with the 'real world'. It's mostly from Olden Times anyway, when people didn't yet know how to aspire properly. I mean this sort of stuff by Sir Philip Sidney:

*And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;  
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.*  
Or this by John Milton:  
*Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of Eternity.*

Or, even worse, this, by the Cambridge literary critic William Empson, discussing ideas of 'pastoral' in literature: 'They assume that it is sometimes a good thing to stand apart from your society so far as you can. They assume that some people are more delicate and complex than others, and that if such people can keep this distinction from doing harm it is a good thing, though a small thing by comparison with our common humanity.'

*Stefan Collini is Professor of Intellectual History and English Literature in the English Faculty; his Common Reading: Critics, Historians, Publics has just appeared in paperback from OUP.*

## Underrated

Week 2: A.E. Housman



*They say my verse is sad: no wonder;  
Its narrow measure spans  
Tears of eternity, and sorrow,  
Not mine, but man's.  
This is for all ill-treated fellows  
Unborn and unbegot,  
For them to read when they're in*

*trouble  
And I am not.*

The above is perhaps a perfect example of the poetry of A.E. Housman (1859-1936). It is apparently ragingly pessimistic, lamenting the lot of humankind on not merely a personal but a universal level. However, as so often in Housman's work there is a sort of Stoic sense of acceptance which gives the lines a curiously celebratory note. The effect is not depressing, but comforting.

Housman is currently rather out of fashion: his uncomplicated diction and structure were

overtaken during his own lifetime by the Modernist movement. Yet it is none the less powerful for that. *A Shropshire Lad*, his first and most celebrated volume, is a store of finely crafted pastoral meditations on loss, longing and the inexorable advance of fate. In it, and in Housman's subsequent volumes, he paints a world which is seductive despite its sadness.

Yet it is not only Housman's poetry which marks him as such a notable figure. Despite failing his Classics finals at Oxford, he was Kennedy Professor of Latin here at Cambridge. By the time of his death he was one of the most renowned classical scholars in the

world, having just completed what he considered to be his life's work, an edition of the *Astronomica* by Manilius, an obscure Roman poet. Housman's scholarship was notoriously vituperative, as he had utter contempt for lesser minds, those who, as he put it, 'use manuscripts as drunkards use lamp-posts – not to light them on their way but to dissimulate their instability.'

Despite his double success, however, Housman's life was an unhappy one. He was secretly homosexual, and was in love with Moses Jackson, a friend from Oxford, for perhaps his whole life. It is only the poems published after his death which address this

subject directly, but much of his poetic work, such as a piece which rails against 'the laws of God, the laws of man', clearly drew inspiration from this well of unrequited desire. Poetry was an impulse which Housman did little to encourage in himself, once describing it as a 'morbid secretion', but it was one which he could never suppress.

A.E. Housman would, one suspects, wish to be remembered for his brilliant scholarship, rather than for his poetry or trenchant wit. In fact, we should remember him in admiration for all three – just as long as we do remember him. HUGO GYE



# VARSITY

Established in 1947

Issue No 702

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## Tolerating Intolerance

Should we tolerate intolerant people? Events such as Michael Savage's invitation to the Union spark a curious case of ideological shadow boxing. Many of those who criticise him being banned from the UK employ the language of progressive values to defend giving a platform to an ultra-right wing demagogue. The flawless principle of Freedom of Speech is held up to defend listening to a man who claims women should be denied the vote, Al-Qaeda members should be converted to Christianity and racist stereotypes are necessary. Those who defend silencing him are portrayed as censorious and conservative.

The logic behind this seems to be that human beings, when confronted with the absurd bile of a man such as Savage, are sufficiently rational not to take it seriously. This is a very easy assumption to make for middle class, enlightened liberals but as the 9 million stateside listeners to Savage's show attest many people are willing to take him without the slightest pinch of salt.

In even the most progressive countries, there is nothing absolute about the Freedom of Speech. In Britain the BNP leader Nick Griffin is not allowed to appear on Newsnight, Abu Hamza is charged for inciting racial hatred and hard core pornography is not shown on prime time TV. Most people will agree that in these cases overriding the Freedom of Speech is a good thing.

This goes to show that wedding ourselves to Principles, with a capital P, wilfully ignores the immense complexity and human detail of political issues. By banning him from Britain, Savage may be having his Universal Freedoms of movement and speech curtailed, but taking into account the interests of women, homosexuals, Catholics, Muslims and ethnic minorities it is the right thing to do. For us western liberals, dogmatic adherence to our principles can be our own worst enemy.

## Final Let Down

At Oxbridge we are privileged with exceptional teaching methods. It is not only the quality of lecturers, research and resources that ensures these universities are head and shoulders above the rest, but the fact that we are given the sort of contact other university students could only dream of. We work hard, and we do extremely well, because we are treated as individuals with individual minds. The supervision system allows us to be guided, pushed and challenged.

To take those essential supervisions away, to replace them with classes of ten people or more, makes a mockery of what makes Cambridge so outstanding. Economics students are right to be outraged. We all deserve to be taught properly. Colleges must now stand up and do all they can to make sure these finalists are not at an unfair disadvantage. It is their responsibility to ensure these students get what they worked so hard for.



Marcus Buck

Three weeks ago, Nick Clegg's Liberal Democrats became the last major political party to turn their back on the dream of free higher education for all. Sure, they insisted they hadn't lost their 'heart', but let's be clear: Clegg admitted that abolishing tuition fees during the worst recession in living memory is 'unrealistic'. I would have said impossible, but never mind. What he and I both agree on is that squeezed taxpayers won't vote for a party which proposes to let lazy students watch *Loose Women* and drink their weight in cider for free (yes, I hate stereotypes too).

But Clegg's realism in Bournemouth last month highlighted yet again that the UK's higher education system is broken. Universities are shutting departments, students are struggling to pay rent, and employers complain about graduates who can't spell apostrophe, let alone use one. Regrettably, various organisations such as the NUS and Education Not for Sale usually attempt to polarise the debate on rigid ideological grounds, and end up scoring points off each other rather than getting anywhere. I would hope that everyone is in favour of widening access to university. But ironically New Labour's idea of 'getting' 50% of young people 'into' Higher Education has had a disproportionately negative impact on working class students. It has also devalued degrees in general (ask any economist what happens to a commodity's value when the supply dramatically increases). A close friend of mine illustrates the point perfectly – let's call her Jayne.

Jayne's background did not point to university, but her parents encouraged her to apply in a burst of 'we're-all-middle-class-now' euphoria. Neither Jayne's parents

## The universities are failing their students. We need major reforms to help the worse-off

nor her school had much experience with the UCAS system, so she was offered little guidance in choosing a course or institution. To her, JMU meant as much as LSE – everyone gets photographed in a gown at the end anyway. Thus Jayne graduated from the University of Sunderland four years ago with a 2:1 in Administration Studies and returned home looking for the graduate job both Tony Blair and Sunderland's glossy prospectus had promised her.

It didn't exist, and she is now working in a call centre earning £13,000 per annum. This is where, fresh out of school and ready to save the world on my gap year, I met Jayne and we became friends. The difference between us of course was that Jayne had a degree and I did not, yet we earned the same salary. Consequently she is trapped: she cannot move out from her parents' house and is massively in debt for a degree literally not worth the paper it is written on. At first I felt embarrassed, and then I felt sorry for her. But now I am angry that a government elected to further the prospects of the underprivileged has in fact cruelly tricked them into thinking you can buy a passport to a fast track career. Just attending any university isn't what matters: the quality of teaching, resources on offer and

reputation of the institution amongst employers are crucial.

If you're reading this and scoffing at Jayne's foolishness in effectively studying secretarial skills for three years in Sunderland and paying for the privilege, please remember that not everyone receives Oxbridge coaching as part of their sixth form timetable. Nor are all seventeen-year-olds super-motivated enough to spend their weekends researching universities and paying to travel to them on open days. Many are, like Jayne, seduced by the ubiquity of student culture and a university's funky logo before realising – too late – that they would have been better off taking a different path in life.

So that is why I think we should positively expand the tuition fee model and allow universities to set their own levels. Fees confer a value on higher education and encourage potential students (armed with proper advice from their schools) to carefully evaluate whether they will be getting value for money from a university. But because markets don't have morals, the state should provide a fully comprehensive package of grants to fund less well-off (and even moderately well-off) students through their studies. Simultaneously, the number of places ought to be cut to free up more money to support fewer students. In a stroke we could remove real financial barriers to aspiration and put the less illustrious 'universities' out of their misery. And let's replace them with properly funded apprenticeship colleges and vocational training centres – valuable alternatives to the university route into employment.

We Cambridge students – and alumni such as Nick Clegg – have the luxury of wringing our hands over the higher education system while knowing we're in a better situation than most. People like Jayne do not. It's about time we stopped behaving like stereotypical students and injected some common sense into the debate.



## Letters to the Editor

Briefly, I thought Ben Slingo had opened out the horizon of language. I could see a place where confetti could 'festoon', where flowers weren't only decked but 'bedecked',



where a phrase like 'the conjugal state is now less uniformly abject' was easy on the eye. Then I moved on from the first paragraph and found further eyesores – 'corner-stone', 'moral fabric', 'moral edifice', 'had no truck' – and realised it was

only careless writing after all. Ben should marry himself to a more faithful style, one that isn't alternately loose and frigid. As someone who used to have the same problem I would be happy to officiate.

**Robert Stagg**  
**Emmanuel**

I have read the article by Mr Hitchens, and the only thing I can agree with is that he knows nothing about economics. His statement about economy as being simply a study of movement of goods and services misses the point, as characterising medical research as bunch of guys

doing autopsies.

**Daniel Manca**  
**Fitzwilliam**

In his vision of a stagnant, 'know-your-place' society, Dan Hitchens creates a false parallel between the vapidness of consumerist aspirations and the aims of those concerned with social justice. The 'ideals' inspired by *Heat* magazine are insipid, but to equate these to, say, a desire for universal healthcare or free university education is nonsensical.

**Patrick Kingsley**  
**Emmanuel**

We have to take strong exception to the description of Union debaters as 'a cabal of snivelling

dweebs' who conduct emergency debates in which 'the only people laughing are themselves'. While meant jokingly, comments like these perpetuate hurtful and unhelpful prejudices. All our debaters are committed to opening up what used to be an elitist activity, and give their time to conduct outreach work.

Furthermore, students who speak in emergency debates need a lot more courage than those who spout spiteful clichés.

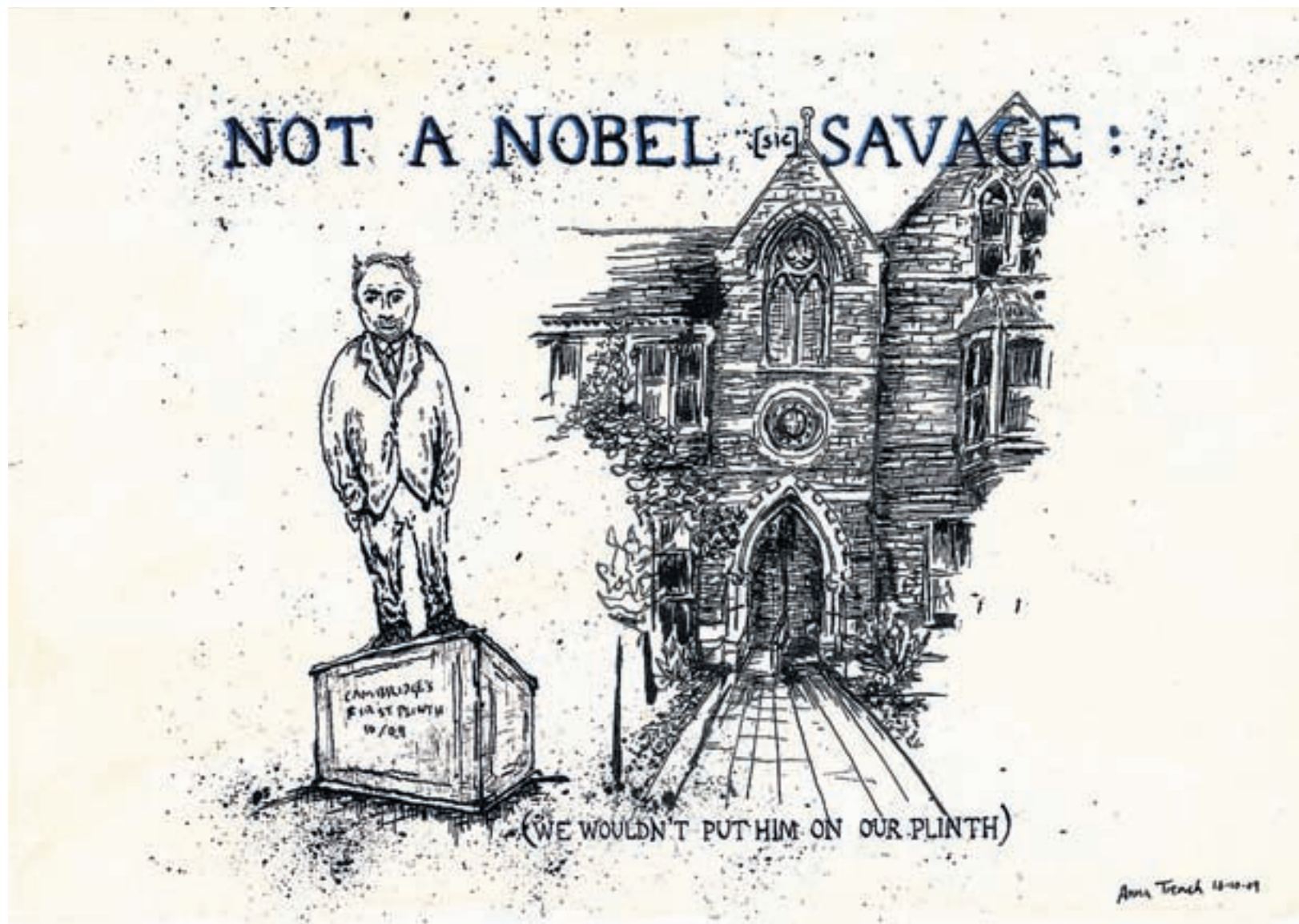
**Jonathan Laurence**  
**President-Elect, Cambridge Union**

Email [letters@varsity.co.uk](mailto:letters@varsity.co.uk) by Wednesday lunchtime for the chance to win a bottle from the Cambridge Wine Merchants. Letters may be edited.

## Corrections and Clarifications

Last week [issue 701, October 9th], Varsity Profile mistakenly implied that Professor Brian D. Josephson was interested in the paranormal as an undergraduate. Infact, Josephson did not begin his work on mysticism until much later, and *Consciousness and the Physical World* was not published until 1979.





James Sharpe

## If we want a truly responsible Parliament, proportional representation is not the answer

Who could be opposed to proportional representation? Can it really be right that my Conservative vote will do nothing to unseat a Labour MP if I live in a Labour safe seat? Well, no, of course not. But that does not mean that proportional representation is a worthy replacement for representative democracy.

Ultimately, proportional representation only works if one denies the existence of a localised consciousness and denies that someone living in a particular region of Britain has fundamentally different concerns from someone living elsewhere. Furthermore, it is ultimately alien to the idea of a nation state. Those who support proportional representation might as well call for the complete surrendering of any and all power from Westminster to Brussels (and assumedly from there to New York) and declare Britain to be defunct.

Proportional representation is based upon the simplistic idea that one's voting preference in a given election reflects an absolute. Namely, if someone votes for a particular party, they agree with everything that that party says. People's opinions are unique to them. Anyone who agrees with

everything someone else says completely is obviously unthinking. Supporters of proportional representation appreciate this. But their system implies that legislation should only be passed if a majority of the country is behind it. If the absolute (proportional) will of the people is paramount in the make-up of Parliament, then the will of the people should also be paramount in the execution of legislation. It is only in this way that people's individual beliefs can be represented fairly. National referenda should be held regularly as a matter of policy; not just for selective legis-

### “PR would entrench the dominant parties by excluding deviant voices”

lation, but for everything. But that kind of system would be absurd.

More importantly, proportional representation fails to take into account that MPs represent constituents from a particular area instead of the country as a whole. Britain has a national consciousness of itself such that we have a national parliament. But we also have a local consciousness. When people

go to the voting booth, they not only think about the party running the country, but the MP that will specifically represent them. The Liberal Democrats may double their number of MPs under proportional representation based upon how the country as a whole votes. But, with constituencies, an individual MP is elected with his own majority.

An MP's main job is to serve his constituents. Direct accountability is paramount. This can only be secured through the representative democratic voting system based as it is upon the constituency. If you have a problem which requires the help of an MP, whatever your political persuasion, he or she is the person to whom you go.

Through proportional representation, national problems override local concerns. The concerns of someone in Cumbria are very different from a resident of Cornwall; and candidates campaign on the issues relevant to people based on the economic and social situation unique to where individual voters live. Proportional representation is predicated on the assumption that such deviations do not exist. It is all based on the party that is voted for; not the candidate on the ballot paper.

More worryingly, proportional representation leads the way to docile MPs. It is ironic that a voting system that seeks to undermine the dominant political parties will

actually entrench the power of such parties. At the moment, the major political parties are full of deviants like Frank Field, Douglas Carswell, Phillip Davies, and Bob Marshall-Andrews. Under proportional representation, MPs have no need to work for their constituents. They merely need to please their Leader so that they can get top billing on the closed list.

With the elimination of the constituency, it could follow that there should be no nation state. In the same way that the constituency works within British system of government, so too does Britain as a country works within the EU, and the EU as an international organisation works within the world. As we are all citizens of the world, the world should be run by a parliament that constitutes the proportional voting preferences of everyone. Britain's national concerns be damned.

Representative democracy is not necessarily anti-democratic. It just appreciates that voters have layered preferences when making their decision. After all, it is quite possible that an individual voter will vote for a candidate from a different party to the one that they would support for national government because that individual is a good constituency MP. This is why majority voting in the constituency must always count more than majority voting nationally.

## Not-Sci



### Smart pills for the token Harvard kid

Yes, it is a bra which doubles as a gas mask, and yes, ducks can be homosexual necrophiliacs too; but inaccurate news coverage of this is unlikely to have serious widespread consequences unless you're a homosexual duck. Some pieces of science journalism should be taken more seriously than others.

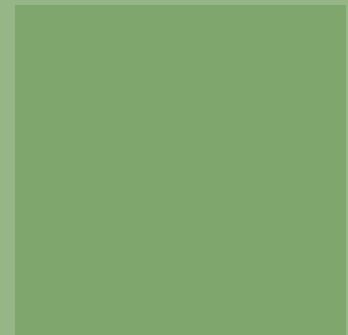
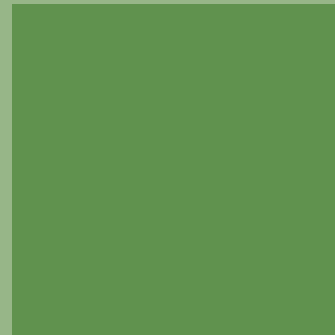
Science media coverage of 'smart pills' in recent months has been disappointing. And this is exactly where debate is crucial. Students can buy these drugs online.

Aside from the ethical debate, there are two main arguments against the use of smart pills in academia: they give the users an unfair advantage and we are still unsure of their long-term side-effects.

Barbara Sahakian, Professor of Clinical Neuropsychology at the University of Cambridge, told *The Independent*: “We don't know the effects of long-term use of drugs like Modafinil.” Correct. Then why are GPs prescribing them to children, whose brains are undoubtedly still developing, and not to grown academics for the purpose of enhancing concentration? What does Barbara say about that? *The Independent* doesn't elaborate. Instead, they pad the story out with an anecdote from 'Steve' the student and a token pill-popping professor, plus a brief list of known side-effects. Anecdotes from the token Harvard kid have become a common theme in this kind of piece. No disrespect to Steve, but he is not really the main point here.

These are the big questions which recent articles in *The Observer*, *The Independent* and BBC News have not addressed: How are smart pills more 'unfair' than private education, expensive study aids and having access to better nutrition? Do they really differ from current, regularly prescribed drugs with unknown long-term effects? Do the answers to these questions lead to a strong case against the use of cognitive enhancers? Or is the fact they haven't been answered by the media a sign that maybe a strong case doesn't exist? SITA DINANAUTH





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## Arts p20

On the eve of a new production of *Endgame*, Mark Rylance discusses playing, standing and waiting.

# Varsity Vulture

## Arts, Features, Reviews



## Arts p15

When Cambridge's First Plinth hit King's Parade there were balloons, apples, tambourines and fisticuffs.



# Another Level

As the final plinther takes their bow this week, **Antony Gormley** looks back over three months of *One & Other* on the Fourth Plinth in Trafalgar Square and asks what Pericles, Heidegger and Gombrich would have thought of it all. **Laura Freeman** tries to keep up.

Antony Gormley's London studio is a 15 minute uphill walk from King's Cross, with sweeping views of, on your left, the barren tundra of the backs of the railway lines, and on your right, the outer fringes of a sprawling brick council estate. Past the Camden Bus Depot and a mile of portakabins, entering Gormley's studio through sliding steel gates is like stepping onto a film set, the backdrop to some science fiction fantasy; the glittering sterility of *Gattaca*, or the calm industry of a *Brave New World*.

Inside Gormley's cavernous warehouse, a twenty-strong team, dressed in uniform grey, labour over piecemeal sculptures, securing rivets or assembling intricate metal matrixes to the thrumming of industrial files. Reminders of Gormley's past projects litter the space. Human figures in iron are trussed from the rafters, while others stand three deep in a back room mummified in packing tape. In a damp light-well behind the main warehouse, a phalanx of Gormley's iron golems assemble like a latter-day terracotta

army. A series of densely interlocked steel mobiles hang from gantries. In this bleached and monochrome world, the only flash of colour is a can of Coke left on top of a tool box.

Gormley presides over this muted, metallic empire like a benign Big Brother. He enters the courtyard by an exterior steel staircase dressed in a grey jumper and trousers. His studio is a high-beamed loft above the main warehouse. A faint settling of chalky dust lies on the desk and chairs. Otherwise, all is order and light.

Gormley's mind is like his studio: organised, methodical and intellectually steely. He is nothing if not cerebral. He opens with musings on Periclean Athens and concludes with the uncertain legacy of Modernism by way of Duchamp, Heidegger, Gombrich and early nineteenth-century ethnography. He is staggeringly articulate, but when faced with a question he falls into silent contemplation of the chalky surface of his desk before giving an answer.

(continued overleaf)



He is not, however, an artist of the ivory tower disposition. His years at Cambridge studying first Archaeology and Anthropology and then History of Art convinced him that “Art is not a separate specialisation, but simply the way life expresses itself.” He asserts that “Anthropology, in many ways, is still that most powerful reference point for what I do.” He is troubled by the inheritance of Modernism and observes that the “Huge utopic ambition of somebody like Mondrian, to make a work that was literally for everyone” came to nothing. The famous *Broadway Boogie Woogie* which claimed to celebrate “the

jazz of everyday life’ became what it set out to challenge: “the icon in a temple.”

Gormley observes that his own enduring interest in the human body, evinced by those calm, eyeless figures standing or suspended in the warehouse below, arose out of a need to rediscover “Some notion of self.” He shrugs. “Whatever that means.”

“I was interested in finding a new bridge between the self and the world. The particular and the general. The subjective and the universal.” He seems embarrassed for a moment and concludes: “this sounds either sentimental or mystical and it’s not supposed to.”

## 'The plinth is public exposure similar to the stocks. You can't go up there and say: "I'm terribly sorry I want a wee"'

Did the volunteers who enjoyed their 60 minutes of fame atop the Fourth Plinth in Trafalgar Square or who stumbled ghoulishly in the mist of Gormley’s *Blind Light* at the Hayward in 2007 realise that they were a conduit between the subjective and the universal? Gormley is suspicious of those branches of Modernist art and literature which revel in references that are only “pickuppable” by those that are prior informed.” He is adamant that “I wanted very, very much for that not to be the case.”

While Gormley has been distracted and abstract while meandering over Anthropology and Modernism his owl face comes alive when talking about *One and Other*, his four month occupation of the Fourth Plinth. Since the inauguration of the project on 6th of

July, 2,400 volunteers have topped the plinth, for an hour each, 24 hours a day.

It was Gormley’s wish that “the work would become an instrument through which the viewer could become a co-author in an experience using the space and time offered by the work to reconsider his or her own position in the world.” He concedes that many plinthers have viewed their hour as an extended audition for *Britain’s Got Talent* or a radio phone-in opportunity to say hello to everyone they know. Others discovered that their carefully rehearsed shtick lasted ten minutes leaving them floundering for fifty. Gormley wryly observes that the plinth “is public exposure similar to the stocks. You can’t go up there and say: ‘I’m terribly sorry I want a wee, or, I’m not feeling so well. Let me down.’”

Gormley is more intrigued by those who engaged with their audience and the space, not by throwing sweets to the crowd or telling jokes through a megaphone, but by paying tribute to the square and its history. He is particularly drawn to those who did nothing at all: “These things are incredibly subtle. There’s nothing wrong with doing nothing but how you do it is very critical.” Gormley asserts that he is “interested in art that is about being and not about doing. After all, the intrinsic qualities of sculpture are silence and stillness.”

Silence, stillness, purity. These are Gormley’s watchwords. He admits that he would have liked to “keep it very, very pure. I would have just liked the plinth to be the plinth and to have had a wooden ladder.” But that was before Health and Safety got their hands on the project. From the vantage point of three months of *One and Other*, Gormley observes that “the institutionalisation of risk added a certain grit to the project.” He likens the safety net to ‘the perimeter fence of Guantanamo bay’ and observes that the paraphernalia associated with the Sky Arts live stream transformed ‘this mid-nineteenth-century piece of street furniture into an

interrogation space with its bright lights and probing microphones.’

When asked what he would have done with an hour under the plinth’s bright lights, Gormley is evasive: “Ah, I’m not going to say. I had lots of ideas.” However, he adds that he has just had his “fourth and final rejection.” Another artist might have claimed his spot on the plinth, perhaps as a symbolic first or last occupant. That he didn’t commandeer a space on the plinth is testament to Gormley’s humility as an artist and his uncompromising belief that art really is for everyone.

### The Way Life Expresses Itself

- 1950** Born in London
- 1969** Studied Archaeology, Anthropology and History of Art at Trinity
- 1981** First solo exhibition
- 1994** Wins Turner Prize
- 1998** *Angel of The North*
- 2007** *Blind Light* at The Hayward Gallery
- 2009** *One & Other*



# Plinth Warfare

Dressed in a paper crown and wielding a cardboard sword, **Tom de Freston** was the 435th plinther to take part in *One & Other*. He interviews his alter ego **Napoleon Bonaparte**.

**Tom de Freston (TdF):** This outfit of socks and boxers? It seems to be a parody, aimed to strip yourself of heroism. Add to this the golden paper crown, the wooden sword and the odd white mask, is this all an attempt to make a mockery of power and masculinity?

**Napoleon Bonaparte (NB):** There is nothing funny about the attack. This is serious. This is war.

**TdF:** At the start of the performance you crowned yourself with a paper hat. Were we supposed to laugh, because the public’s reaction was one of derision?

**NB:** Laugh? This was an event of iconic and historic importance. You were supposed to pray and worship me.

**TdF:** Through your megaphone you screamed the command: “Turn hellhound, turn” at Nelson’s Column. The obvious lack of response, being a statue and all, to your increasingly loud and frustrated demands seems to sit your performance in the realm of tragic comedy.

**NB:** Nelson’s refusal to turn

confused me. Initially I saw him as a coward, refusing to confront me. Then it began to dawn on me that perhaps he was the ultimate stoic hero, refusing to bow under the weight of my verbal onslaught.

**TdF:** You were very loud and very animated. It seemed to get the late night revellers interested. You could say you were causing a public disturbance?

**NB:** A public disturbance? This was a war. Wars are loud by nature; the apathy of the public to the plight sickened me.

**TdF:** One of the ‘attacks’ involved you shooting water from a tiny plastic pistol in the general direction of Nelson’s Column. It can’t have travelled further than one metre of a 100 metre gap?

**NB:** You clearly have no understanding of modern warfare. The pistol contained liquid birdseed aimed at Nelson. I then planned to attach a series of grenades to pigeons.

**TdF:** The aim being for them to fly into Nelson’s column and blow it up?

**NB:** Exactly.

**TdF:** A large audience will have watched this performance over the internet. Were you conscious of this during the performance?

**NB:** Like all great leaders I evolve. Obama used the internet to help him get to office. My director of communications believed that a live stream would be the best way to get an extensive army together.

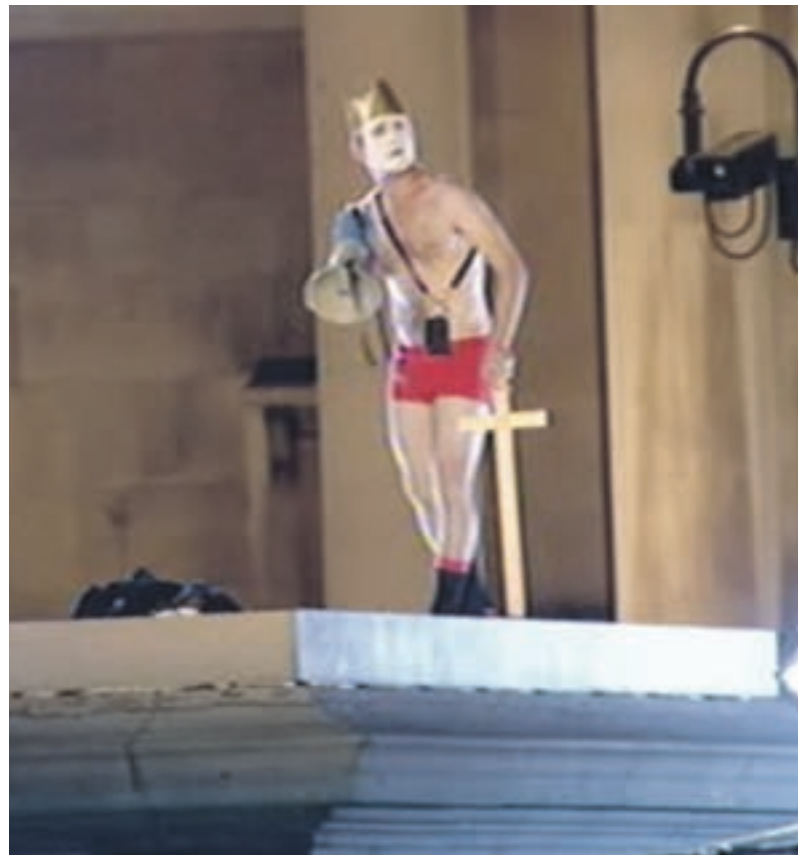
**TdF:** The last fifteen minutes of your performance were spent playing dead with your head flopping over the edge of the plinth. Were you bored, tired, cold?

**NB:** I was dead you fool. A fallen Icarus, a dead Marat, a dying Gaul, Capa’s soldier, Goya’s victims, a suicide bomber, Christ on the cross, the beheaded John the Baptist, a flayed Marsyas, a St. Sebastian. I was the omnipresent Martyr.

**TdF:** So you didn’t appreciate the lad shouting: “If you get up I’ll buy you a McFlurry?”

**NB:** I couldn’t hear him, I was dead.

**TdF:** The recurrent motif in this performance was the contrast between your noisy activity and Nelson’s stillness, between



Former Christ’s artist-in-residence Tom de Freston dressed as Napoleon challenges Nelson to a duel.

his statuesque regality and the ludicrous image of your red socks and boxers. Was the dialogue between these oppositions your central focus?

**NB:** The focus was revenge for the Battle of Trafalgar and a call for the French to rule the English. This was war.

**TdF:** But Napoleon was not even at the first battle of Trafalgar, and this was fought in a square not out at sea. This all feels a bit incongruous.

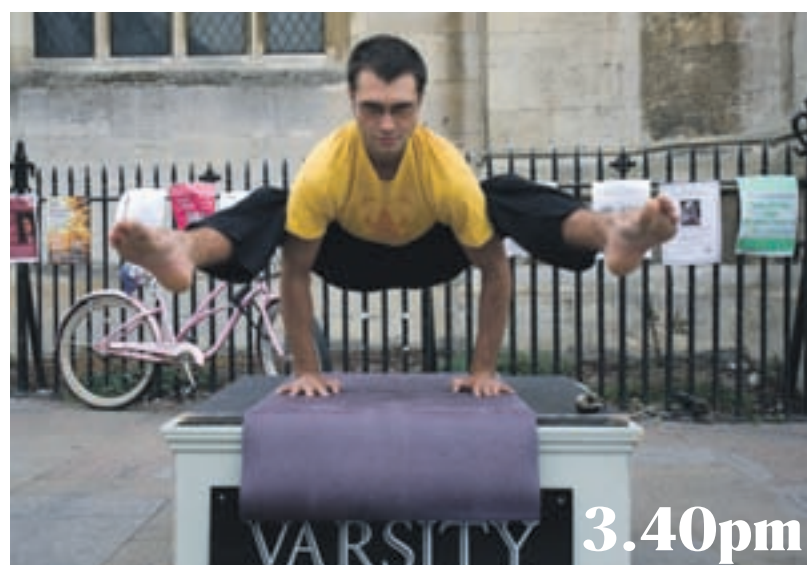
**NB:** Mere historical minutiae. The pendant has no place in war, save the gallows.

**TdF:** I’ll start tying the noose.



# Another One and Other

Inspired by Antony Gormley's *One & Other*, Varsity launched Cambridge's First Plinth on King's Parade. Laura Freeman gives a blow by blow account.



Clockwise from top left: a mad English King, the howling blues, the Amazing Typing Man, a vintage cider press, the Bad News Bride and a Cambridge yogi

In an interview with *The Telegraph* in February, months before the first volunteer was fork-lifted onto the Fourth Plinth, Antony Gormley made a prediction: 'It could be tragic but it could also be funny.' Lying anxiously awake the night before the inauguration of *Varsity's* First Plinth, I couldn't have put it better myself.

Statistically, I had less at stake than Gormley. His tenure on the Fourth Plinth was set at a hundred days lasting from July into October. I was masterminding a project set to take place from two till four on a Monday afternoon. Gormley needed 2,400 living sculptures to keep his plinth occupied. I needed twelve. Gormley, with celebrity and the press on his side, received 34,480 applicants. I received, precisely, twelve.

It wasn't tragic, it was occasionally comic, and even at 0.5% of the scale of the original, the Varsity plinth held its own for sheer drama. In its brief two hours, the plinth was host to a fight, faced closure by the police and earned a spot on the front page of the rival paper. Here's how it happened.

**2:00pm** – Our first plinther takes the stage. Shamelessly promoting *The Madness of George III* (ADC Week 2 Mainshow Tuesday October 20th – Saturday 24th) James Sharpe, embarks on a booming

history of the unfortunate monarch and his unique urinary complaints. Sharpe delivers a rousing conclusion with five minutes to go. From the ground, the producer suggests he start from the beginning.

**2:10pm** – Musician Pete Morelli, running precipitously late, sprints the length of King's Parade and settles on the edge of the plinth for ten minutes of glorious blues.

**2:20pm** – Following a last minute drop-out Will Seymour heroically takes to the plinth with nothing prepared. He takes off his shoes. He rolls up his sleeves. He makes as if to speak. He falls silent. The audience are on tenterhooks. The spell is broken when he launches into a speech from *Henry V*. The silence had been mesmerising. Gormley would have been proud.

**2:30pm** – Paul Hartley, dressed as a gorilla, campaigns for The Teenage Cancer Trust. I am approached by a policewoman who informs me that the project is "unlawful". There's been no nudity, no obvious breach of the peace. It transpires that my gorilla, collecting money in an "open bucket", is "in breach of the law."

**2:40pm** – Bucket covered and police appeased, Duncan Stibbard Hawkes live blogs from the plinth: "With a burst of adrenaline I mount the plinth. People are taking photos. This is torture, certainly not

helped by the rather uncomfortable pose I've struck which restricts me to only typing with one hand... 'How long have I got left?' I yell desperately. Two minutes. And, thank goodness, I'm saved! A camera crew have appeared. People turn away from me and wander towards them. 'The people on the plinth are here to entertain the crowds' they explain. The air is so thick with irony that you can almost taste it..."

**2:50pm** – Ben Ashenden and Jamie Pollock, promoting their show *Good. Clean. Men.* with only five flyers, hit upon a neat conceit. They call to passersby, proffer a flyer and then refuse to hand it over. The public are bemused, irritated, and hurt. It is brilliantly funny and bodes well for the show they failed to advertise (Corpus Playroom November 3rd-7th, since you didn't get a flyer.)

**3:00pm** – Merlin Sheldrake arrives with a vintage cider press, two assistants, three crates of

apples and a fiddler. It is endearingly bucolic and the apple juice is a hit with the tourists.

**3:10pm** – Evelyn Brockman showcases her phenomenal skill for remembering vast tracts of German by reciting reams of *Faust*.

**3:20pm** – Framed by the gates of Great St Mary's, Zing Tsjeng as the Bad News Bride releases a stream of red balloons bearing doom-laden predictions such as: 'she doesn't love you anymore' and 'they're not your real friends'.

**3:30pm** – Dan Grabiner, lead singer of The Joker & The Thief, gets the biggest crowd of the day. Mid-way through *The Mess Around*, a bearded man in a mackintosh forces his way through the crowd hurling abuse at Grabiner: "Fuck you. That's not singing, that's shouting." Grabiner, all 6ft 4" of him, squares up to the man and, still singing, herds him off. The intruder, after a couple of ineffectual swings with his satchel, beats a hasty retreat. To the delight of

everyone, Grabiner turns the fight into a song.

**3:40pm** – The calm after the storm. Ed Macdonald ties himself into an extraordinary series of yogic knots.

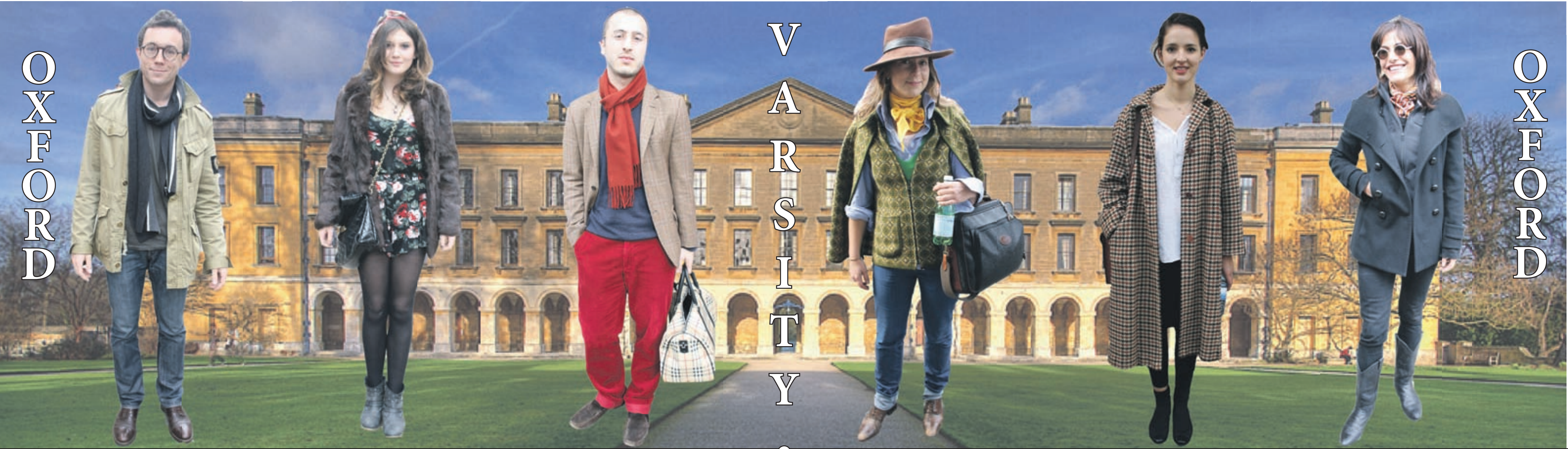
**3:50pm** – Magic Circle alumnus Chris McGeever plays us out with a triumphant finale of spectacular card tricks.

So, we broke the *One & Other* rules. We had more than one person on the plinth at a time. At 45cm to the Trafalgar Square plinth's 8m, we were operating on a drastically reduced stage. What we lost in scale we gained in intimacy. The enduring problem of *One & Other* was the distance of the plinther from his audience. Our plinthers made the audience part of the act: dispensing marital advice, teasing them, pouring drinks, asking them to pick a card any card and, when necessary, fighting for their small corner of plinth.

*With thanks to Andrew Featherstone who designed and built the Plinth*









# Seven Deadly Sins of Cambridge

## Week 2: Gluttony

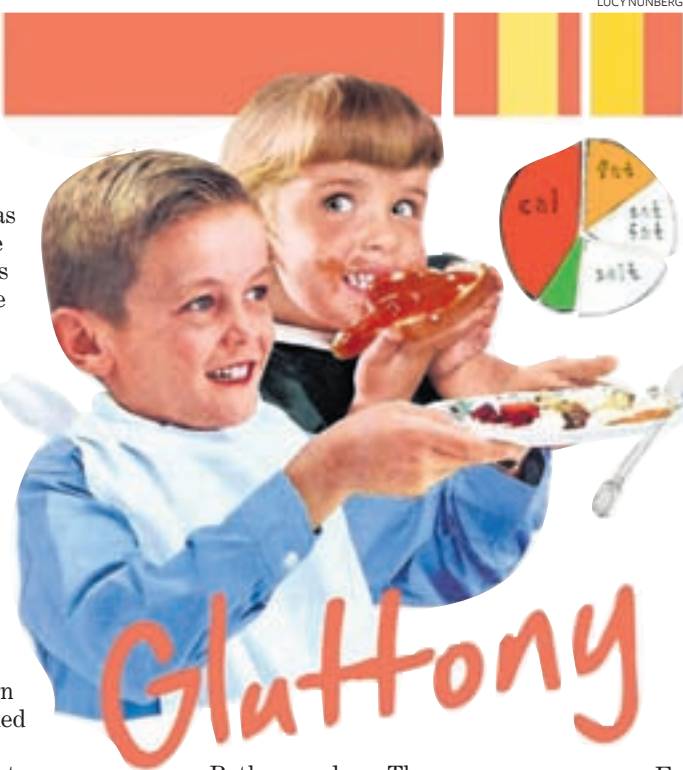
Monday. Breakfast: cupcake. Lunch: Ricicles (free toy). Dinner: pizza (slightly clammy). Tuesday. Breakfast: tickly cough medicine (blackcurrant flavour). Lunch: Pret Very Berry Breakfast Pot. Dinner: cider. And so my meal plan goes – a nutritional litany to make any mother wince. Especially my mother, who subsists entirely on multivitamins, green tea and the carb-y goodness of her own self-satisfaction. She considers cashew nuts a fatty, indulgent treat for special occasions. When we were little, other parents were warned not to give me and my sister party bags, in case we went all trippy on our first taste of contraband liquorice.

Predictably enough, I reacted against this puritanism. But occasionally, as I eat my sixth cheese toastie of the day, I feel the stabbing guilt over my slatternly, rickets-inducing eating habits. I think it is this residual maternal influence that has made me hyper-attuned to the food foibles of others – and I think they just

might fall into convenient paragraph length types.

There are two distinct subsets of student diner for whom money is the determining culinary characteristic. One extreme are those who see all meals as a budgetary trial, who choke back each curl of their Basics pasta with tomato substitute and garlic paste, bitterly regretting the pennies they are spendthriftily tossing away with every mouthful.

At the other end of the spectrum is the student whose healthy bank balance, bohemian childhood and predominantly absent but indulgently generous parents leave them gleefully unaware of economic reality. They return from the shops, ruddy cheeked with real world accomplishment, bearings bags of delicatessen meats, artichoke hearts, and eight varieties of pâté.



after living on oatmeal and free Fudge Kitchen samples for five weeks. The extravagant spender will tire your patience when they tell you of their attempt to economise by breeding lobsters in a tank in their room.

Another distinct form of food neurosis is one that I typify, and that I share with many unfortunates. It is a combination of laziness, greed and the desire never again have a boyfriend say ‘You’re the one for me, Fatty.’

Essentially, every day I wake with the determination to eat nothing but cress and ice-cubes, but

usually I do something like have ten Pop Tarts and feel overwhelmed with self-loathing, so only consume plums and small cubes of cheese for forty eight hours. All this nutritional schizophrenia is a bore, and it makes me feel as shallow as an emaciated Valley Girl living on acacia berries and prescription drugs.

So, when it comes to breaking the boring cycle of gluttony and deprivation I think we should all be more like my friend Will, a much rarer student type, that of gourmet child genius. He makes home baked bread and his room is filled with preserves. He knows about twenty organic varieties of any fruit in season, and can cook a dinner party that would make Heston Blumenthal hiss with jealousy like a fat duck. While rustling up three course meals for roomfuls of people is sadly still a long way off, in my continuing efforts to be a Grown Up I pledge this term to learn how to cook more than microwaveable chocolate pudding as I inch closer to graduation, and to Life. VICTORIA BEALE

### HOT



**LADY GAGA** Debuted new song on the Alexander McQueen runway show, played for Obama at the annual Human Rights Campaign dinner. She's taking over the world. Praise Gaga.

**TWILIGHT** Soundtrack for the upcoming film features new songs by Thom Yorke, Lykke Li,

Bon Iver and Death Cab For Cutie. Who knew vampires were into indie music?

**LIBRARY FLIRTING** Whether it's a cheeky wink between the book shelves or a knowing glance at the water cooler, who would have thought that the faculty library was the place for flourishing young love?

**DRINKING SOCIETY INITIATIONS** Girls throwing up on themselves, boys eating live fish...and you thought you came to Cambridge to learn.

**MICHAEL SAVAGE** Uninvited by the Union. Unwanted by everybody.

**DANNII MINOGUE** Roflcopter? Think not.

**BEING ILL** Aching limbs? Fuzzy head? Hacking up your lungs? Still need to go for your nine AM lecture? Welcome to university.

### NOT



### Shadow Puppet Guide



Week 2: The Elk



**Sunday**  
Wake up on the floor of my room after the college bop with a dry mouth and an aftertaste of fear and WKD. Am wearing a hoody that says 'ST MARY'S BOYS

LEAVERS 2009'. Oh god, what have I done?

**Monday**  
Convene with dutiful college husband Joe. "I was with our daughter, the last time I saw you, you were with Gavin." I didn't...? "I don't know." I did. The last thing I remember was dancing with my son to *Womanizer* (that song does things to me). My BFF Jeanette was busy hitting on all the first-year boys with the line "so, how much do you bench-press?", unaware that she had already been given the nickname 'Cougartown'. As in, "are you going to Cougartown tonight?"

Receive a text from Gavin. 'Hey mummy, free 4 lunch?' I ignore it. I am tormented by a mix of revulsion, guilt and lust. This is how the

## My week by Helen Racine, College Mum\*

Greeks must have felt like all the time.

**Tuesday**  
Cindies tonight. Jeannette has advised me to drown my sorrows in a cheese-filled ocean of desperate fresher boys. Everybody seems so... young. I stand by the bar, feeling increasingly decrepit. Two girls in the toilet chat about their A-level Politics exam. I almost stab myself in the eye with my mascara wand out of despair. I settle for stepping on one of their nubile feet as I exit.

**Wednesday**  
Joe tells me that Gavin knocked on his door at two in the morning last night. "It's wrong, isn't it?" Gavin had said. "But mummy's such a MILF. You understand. You married her." He then fell over and mumbled, while face-down onto the floor, "she has such great breasts." Joe disapproves, of course: "Taking advantage of fresher children...

that's pretty low."

**Thursday**  
Keep having flashbacks to our college parent initiation talk. The Senior Tutor sternly lectured us on how vulnerable and scared freshers are, and were we not once the same? Were we not once deposited at the plodge with suitcases and a desperate need to please? Did our college parents not take care of us and tenderly soothe the (non-sexual) sweat from our brow?

I meet Helen to find out how she's getting on with her college son. "Honey, I tried to sleep with him on the first night. On the second night, I found out he was gay." What did you do? "I told him to try his luck with Daddy."

I am surrounded by degenerates. I stink of incest and deceit.

**Friday**  
I'm drunk in the bar with Helen when I run into Joe, who looks

distinctly smug. What have you been up to? He immediately starts being evasive. "Uh, nothing much." What's on your neck? "I fell on something." Helen shrieks, "Did you trip and fall on your daughter's face?" "Now I know why they call you Harpy Face," Joe hisses. Helen shuts up.

"You hypocrite," I shout. "It's all well and good if some father decides to get some, then he's a stud," Helen is kicking my foot, "but if a mother so much as pecks her son on the cheek, it's cries of incest all round! It's double standards!"

Somebody taps me on the shoulder. It's Gavin. "I'd like my hoody back, please," he says.

**Saturday (morning)**  
Walk back to mine wearing a polo that says 'GAZZA, LADS ON TOUR ZANTE 2009'. Helen has just texted me with the message: 'Don't worry – incest is best.'

\* As told to David Delaney



# Come Together



Boys who are girls who like boys to be girls who do girls like they're boys who do boys like they're girls... Seducing vestal virgins and deflowering freshers.

My father definitely isn't the world's greatest wit, but he has a certain phrase for rain on a Golf Day, or those moments my mother calls the office when New Secretary No. 17 is spread-eagled on the desk, pencil skirt around neck: "There's only one god, and his name is Sod."

Sod dumped Anna, of unnerving confidence and exceptional vinyl, just down my hallway. The guy in the room next to her had thrown up in his sink and passed out with the taps left on. Five rooms evacuated, five freshers relocated. "His vomit was thick enough to clog the plughole," Charlie said, over the formal table. "Got to give the kid credit." The girl next to us choked on her ratatouille.

So the college flood leaves Anna watching the modest weekly parades of shame to my door and

leaves us vulnerable to ghastly conversations in the kitchen waiting for the microwave to ping. If I drank coffee sweet, I could, technically, ask her for sugar.

College flood leaves Anna knocking on my door at three am on Monday morning. When people ask me the advantages of fucking men as well as women, this is what I say: drunk guys hit each other or sit in a corner growing depressed and furious. Drunk girls expect conversation. Copious amounts of conversation.

"So," she said. "Let's talk about how we didn't sleep together."

"Wow. I imagine I could have this discussion with many people."

"Not that many, surely."

"Touché." One of my few contributions to my college room is a leather desk chair. There's nothing like the dramatic swivel to face

people at the door. "Sometimes," my father had said, standing in the Ikea queue, "I believe you actually are my son." Anna was holding an empty bottle of rum and that same full bottle of red wine. *Déjà vu*.

"Guess why I brought it to Cambridge," she said. "Guess."

She was swaying.

"I'm saving it," she said, "for the night I lose my virginity."

"Then you should find somebody who likes you better."

She swayed onto the bed. I swivelled back to *The West Wing*. "You sleep with everybody else," she said, seconds from sleep. "Why not me?"

I had promised Charlie an evening of gin and HBO. She would be OK; people generally are. I left her with a note and a glass of water: *Stay here until morning. Don't throw up in my sink.*

# Food and Drink

Tanya Iqbal finds the best places to get your caffeine fix in the city and offers a winter warmer recipe.



CB1 on Mill Road - 'cosy little thing' and marginally better than Starbucks

Cambridge thrives on its café culture. This guide, exploring the bad, better and best of Cambridge cafes, shows that venturing further afield can be worthwhile...

**BAD**  
*Café at the Graduate Union, Mill Lane*  
The atmosphere is stuffy and the coffee here is watery, over-priced and quite frankly dismal. A strong contender for the worst café in Cambridge.

be enjoyed in an atmosphere that is relaxed and pleasantly boho. There is one unavoidable drawback: Indigo Café is m-i-n-i-s-c-u-l-e. However, if you can get past the inconvenience of very little leg room (upstairs is slightly better), then Indigo can be a very enjoyable experience indeed.

**BEST** (though I am reluctant to tell you about these cafes, because then you will go and then they won't be as good...)

**BETTER**  
*Trockel, Ulmann & Freunde, Pembroke Street*  
Soak up some German vibes with a Kaffee and a Kuchen in the centre of town. This independent café serves an impressive range of straight-out-the-oven cakes: choose from flavours such as apple, plum (a personal favourite) and cherry. You will not be disappointed.

*The Café Project, Jesus Lane*  
If politically correct cafés float your boat and you yearn to feel part of 'an inclusive, welcoming space' then the Café Project is the café for you. With decent coffee and homemade cakes, there are regular events and exhibitions by this volunteer-run café, which is also open in the evenings.

*Indigo Coffee House, St Edwards Passage*  
The bagels here are moreish and there's good coffee; both can

*CB2, Norfolk Street*  
A 15 minute walk from the centre of town takes you to an undiscovered side of Cambridge. This café is arty and homely with a menu that boldly claims "rustic global cuisine". The food is delicious (sample the home-made hummus), and the drinks menu is extensive - you can customise hot and cold beverages with a variety of different syrups. In the day, CB2 is a relaxing workspace where free wireless internet is provided.

*CB1, Mill Road*  
CB1 (pictured above) is a cosy little thing that is also about 15-20 minutes walk from the centre of town. This quaint café is full of interesting clutter; obscure books litter the shelves and if you rummage around you will come across chess sets and a fine selection of the most nostalgic board games. The toasted sandwiches here are a prize comfort food and hot drinks are pleasingly served in an assortment of different mugs.

## Recipe: Ultimate Hot Chocolate

There is something inescapably nostalgic about a well-made hot chocolate. As the days of Michaelmas term get shorter and the numbing Siberian winds transform Cambridge into an arctic tundra, take some time to make a well-earned and deliciously sweet hot beverage.

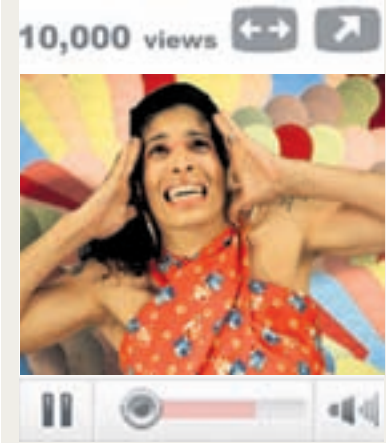
Ingredients:  
10ml cold milk  
10ml whipping cream  
30g good quality chocolate (but not too bitter)

220ml hot milk with foam

Method:  
Bring the cold milk and the cream to the boil in a small saucepan. Place the chocolate in another saucepan or heatproof bowl. Pour the milk and cream mixture on top and mix well. Add the hot milk with foam, such as that which has been frothed up with a coffee machine or a whisk. Stir gently and serve with whipped cream covered with a sprinkling of chopped almonds.



Search:  
Major+Lazer+pon+floor



DJs Diplo and Switch debut their music video for *Pon de Floor*, featuring Jamaican dancehall style daggering. Like doing shrooms in a brothel in Wonderland. NSFW, or for life, probably.

# BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

The immortal words "I can't perform miracles, I'm not Jesus" bring us into another episode of the BBC Three series *Don't Tell the Bride*. Series three sees another round of couples wishing to have the wedding of their dreams paid for with a budget of £12,000. The icing on the wedding cake is that the groom has to plan the wedding alone in just three weeks, agreed by the pair of them in the presence of a lawyer. The characters signed up to the show will be guaranteed every week to utter the fatal words, "I'll divorce him if he gets this wrong" and the tantrums don't stop there: with everything to plan, what could go wrong for the hapless groom?

As each show unfolds it becomes clear that the groom is ill-equipped to be making any decisions, let alone planning the whole thing in 21 days. While the groom runs around town trying to get it right, we follow the bride as she walks us through what her dream day would be. The bride inevitably demands that there be every attention to detail. When finally allowed to see her wedding

dress, Lucy from Bristol exclaims "Where are the sparkles? Everyone knows I am all about the sparkles" while her poor mother tries desperately to talk her down from a rising hissy fit over her groom's choice.

In many cases you beg the question whether the groom knows his bride at all - did they not discuss in some detail what they might want *before* signing up to the show? When Gemma lets Luke loose on their big day he takes his passion for Aston Villa one too far and themes the day around his favourite football team, much to his bride's upset. While she is picking out pink fairytale gowns, he is organising the referees around the altar. In this case, and in so many others as the series unfolds, it is clear that they haven't discussed a thing and you become desperate to see how this week's bride will take the news that no, she is not getting married on a country estate and yes, it will be above a pub on the high street.

But it is almost always a dream come true for these lads and ladettes as they walk down the aisle to their favourite Whitney Houston song and few feel the need for a Decree Nisi (at least until the cameras have stopped rolling). Watch this programme for car-crash TV at its best. Just be careful you don't get blinded by the white. CHARLOTTE YATES

*Don't Tell the Bride is every Thursday on BBC3 and is available on BBC iPlayer.*





From left: Rylance as Olivia in *Twelfth Night*; as Robert in *Boeing Boeing*; as Johnny Byron in *Jerusalem*; as Hamm in *Endgame*; and as Sir Thomas Boleyn in *The Other Boleyn Girl*.

# A life lived in drama

Once branded as ‘nutty as a fruitcake’ by the Telegraph, **Lauren Cooney** meets **Mark Rylance**, the thoughtful eccentric lauded as one of the finest stage actors of our generation.

When you go to the theatre, it's better to get the clichés over and done. You can then be wowed by the play's imagination and spontaneity. The opening of *Jerusalem*, this summer's sell-out show at the Royal Court Theatre, London, did just that. A small girl dressed like an angel with wings satisfied the obvious image of the holy land/green and pleasant land – especially when she patriotically belted out our alternative national anthem.

Safety screen yanked up, audience bolt upright, cue ferocious party in a caravan park, fat boys dancing with older women grabbing their bums - then blackout and lights up on

bleary-eyed council-workers surveying the aftermath. This contemporary vision of merry England was epitomised by Mark Rylance, starring as charismatic charlatan and anti-authoritarian drug-dealer Johnny ‘Rooster’ Byron. His tornado turn as Byron has earned him luvvie accolades as the

next Laurence Olivier, and the playwright Jez Butterworth has cemented his characterisation as superlative.

I was apprehensive about meeting the man whom I had only ever seen before diving upside down into a trough of water. I wasn't completely expecting him to be cutting up lines of A-class drugs with a Trivial Pursuit card over lunch, but as the first and found-

ing Artistic Director of the Globe

Theatre, there was still much for me to fret over. Soft-spoken, and delicately gesticulatory, Rylance worked hard to melt my preconceptions.

We run through the rain from the Courtyard Theatre in Old Street, where he has just begun rehearsals for Complicite's *Endgame*, to a small Thai restaurant. He asks about my life, my course, the suicide rates in Cambridge, and intermittently throughout the lunch diverts the conversation to my own interests in drama and literature. He is attentive. He thinks hard about how to respond, often pausing for a length of time that suggests I should rephrase and repeat more clearly.

Rylance was born in Kent in 1960 but grew up in Wisconsin. He assumed he would “go to university in America - Yale, or someplace like that, then someone suggested [he] apply for drama school”. He had a lonely time at RADA, feeling shy and displaced. He admits to being envious of the immediate success some of his peers received on graduating. He understands now that by standing “just outside of the glaring limelight” he had the space to continue playing, making mistakes, and growing as an actor.

Rylance loves “playing”. Films are boring because “actors only ‘play’ for a minute or so each day”. In a show like *Jerusalem*, comprising three 50 minutes acts Rylance relishes 50 minutes non-stop of ‘play’. That's not to say he doesn't enjoy film, citing the

Coen

brothers and Shane Meadows as his favourites. He even wrote admiringly to Meadows, saying, “I know I am a Southerner Shakespearean actor, and so I know that I am coming to you across a huge gulf, but I admire your work.” He slyly offers a smile when he reveals

His openly-held view that there was ‘no Shakespeare’ didn't exactly compliment his role as the figure-head for London's replica theatre either. He tells me tentatively but simply that “Shakespeare the Stratford hero didn't exist.” We laugh. “Probably. We obsessively

**“Watch the world. Watch everything. Directors, actors, writers... they're all storytellers.”**

that Meadows never responded.

Rylance is humble. If he were not an actor he would be a street-cleaner. “You have your cart, and your broom – it seems a peaceful life.” He doesn't rate fame-seekers, and wonders why people need fame to validate themselves. When asked what advice he'd offer a young actor or practitioner, he reluctantly replies, “Watch the world. Watch everything. Directors, actors, writers... they're all storytellers.” It's about the story, not the man facilitating it.

Rylance watches everything to get into character, taking his inspiration from the people that he sees around him. His first role out of RADA was the part of Grusha's baby in Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. He read lots of books about babies' first noises, and informs me that they make “guttural sounds”. He takes a tape recorder out when preparing a role, sometimes capturing conversations surreptitiously. If he is able to, he interacts with his inspirations: prior to rehearsing *Jerusalem* he went to prison to speak with the man Johnny Byron was based on. Rylance interpreted Byron's magic as a natural one: he understands human nature, “which is how he got through to people, he knew how they worked”.

Rylance understands how he himself works. He is certainly kind, but just like Johnny Byron, seems stubborn about compromising his opinions for the sake of others.

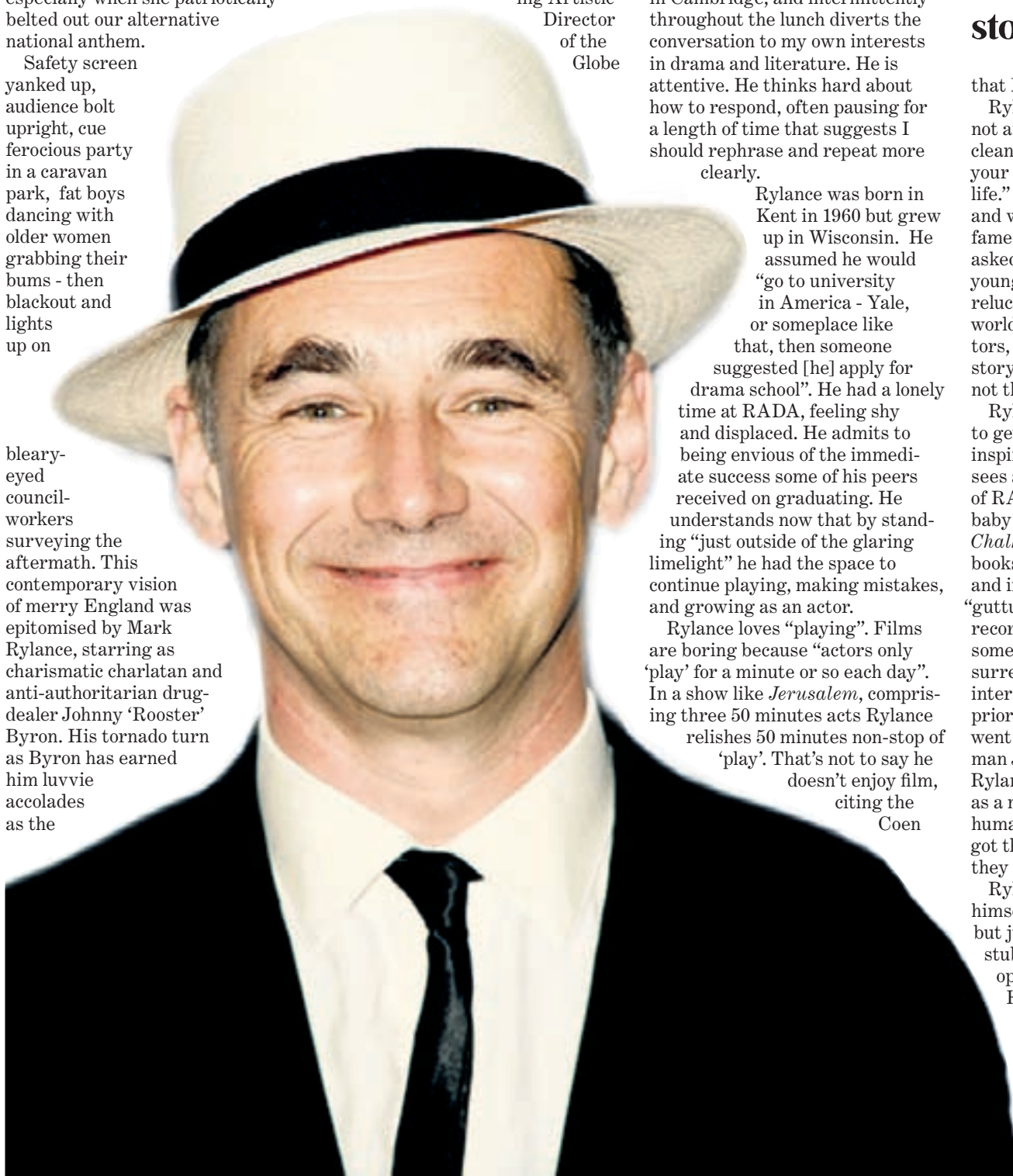
His ten-year stint at The Globe, from its inception in 1995 to 2005, was terminated because of his controversial opinions. Rylance had a suspicion that people feared he would release his opposition to the Iraq war on stage.

clinging to the figure because he was said to be a common man with no special education.” Although it is miraculous and impressive that the Bard was ‘a common man’, this is the reason why Rylance doubts the hype. “It just doesn't seem likely.”

Opinions like these have earned Rylance the reputation of an eccentric. He doesn't seem to care. He recited a poem by Louis Jenkins as an acceptance speech when he won a Tony Award for his 2007 performance in *Boeing Boeing* (sample line: ‘when you join a revolution, wear an armband and carry a home-made flag tied to a broom handle’) and played Olivia in *Twelfth Night* and Cleopatra of *Antony and Cleopatra* in all-female productions. He knows what he likes and what he enjoys. He eats a tofu pad thai for lunch. He aspires to play Antony to work out how the other half feels, and to write a new and exciting piece of drama.

I leave the lunch giggly and excited. Rylance is the future of theatre: he is about new writing, new interpretations, and new attitudes. He dreams of a space where people can eat and drink and not worry about the sound made by their crinkling crisp packet. As we stand to leave, he tells me that audiences should stand. After all, “The stalls are etymologically to do with standing: there is a connection you have with the earth when you are standing that you don't have when you sit”. Earlier, I had told him that the caravan party scene of *Jerusalem* was the most exciting opening scene I had ever watched, and that I wanted to jump out of my seat and dance with them. Now he predicts that one day I can.

*Mark Rylance is in Endgame at the Duchess Theatre, London.*





# Work No. 123,123: The Martin Creed Waltz

**Flo Sharp** talks to Turner Prize winner **Martin Creed** about Work No. 1020, his collaboration with Sadler's Wells Ballet for Frieze Music 2009 and how to deconstruct a pas de bourrée.

“When I was growing up, when I was learning about art, I always just thought that artists did things, I thought Picasso and Matisse did things with ballet, and dances and set designs, and I just always thought that artists did things with music,” says Turner Prize winning artist Martin Creed, whose latest venture is a collaboration with Sadler's Wells Ballet, as part of an event for Frieze Music 2009.

Creed is best known for his *Work No. 227: The lights going on and off*, which sparked a furore when it won the 2001 Turner Prize (Madonna, who was presenting the prize fuelled the media frenzy with a live four-letter outburst.)

Since then Creed has been treading new ground; he has been deeply involved in his band OWADA and has set up the new, eponymous Martin Creed Band. More recently he produced the music for an 18 piece orchestra which played at the opening of his exhibition at the Hauser and Wirth Gallery in 2007, and has since written an orchestral piece, *Work no. 995*, for The City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.

His current commission from Frieze and Sadler's Wells to create several dances set to music, to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Ballets Russes at Sadler's Wells, is a natural progression.

Creed's cross-pollination of artistic genres is only part of his fulfilment in his role as an 'artist', in the mould of Picasso and Matisse. That Creed places himself alongside these two men may be met with incredulity, especially when Creed openly declares “I wouldn't call what I do art...see, I don't know what art is.”

Regardless of his insecurities over the fundamentals, Creed's work has an inimitable style. Like his Turner Prize-winning piece, his composition for the 18 piece orchestra was marked by extreme simplicity. The orchestra was positioned in single file arranged in order of the pitch of their instrument, highest to lowest. The piece was simply a musical scale starting with the lowest note and ending on the highest, followed by a pause of equal time to the duration of the scale, and then a reversal from highest to lowest.

His dance choreography is

governed by the same will to deconstruct and ‘to strip it back.’ It is Creed's reductive approach to his own life – “If I ask of myself what have I done/what did I do, then one true answer is that I move, or I have moved” – that provides the clues to understanding his art. Just as he reduced a musical composition to the simple idea of a scale of pitches, so his starting premise with the ballet was ‘to try and make a dance in which all of the positions of the body are treated equally.’ Creed

explains one of these dances: “One idea is a walk across a stage, and there's five dancers, and basically there's five walks and the first one is making a walk, kind of a foot at a time and then the other extreme of that on the other end is a walk involving doing the splits so you're going from basically vertical legs to horizontal legs and the various increments in between.”

One wonders how Creed's ideas are met by the dancers themselves, whose day-to-day practise is pulled apart and re-examined in

scrupulous detail by the artist. “Working with dancers has been brilliant,” Creed explains, “You know, my work is always a collaboration. Everything I do, I do because of other people, because I want to be loved,” he says reiterating a statement he has made before, “I think what I do is try to make my life better... and my life is better with other people.” This event will be only the first of his experiments with ballet. Ballet companies across the world will have to decide if their life is better with Martin Creed.



Martin Creed in rehearsal with the dancers of Sadler's Wells Ballet, and the man himself. Photos: Ben Dowden.



## Dragging his feet on the dancefloor

**Tilly Wilding Coulson** talks to Welsh drag artist **Iestyn Edwards** about dancing for latecomers in the Royal Opera House and performing for the Queen on a warship.

Picture the scene: an empty office, a lone worker struggling over the last bit of paperwork before heading home. Suddenly, a blast of classical music. He rises, throws his work into the air and breaks into a *fouetté en tournant* as the papers descend around him. After two more *rond de jambes* and a pirouette, we see that this is no ordinary office

worker... This is the video for a National Film and Television School shoot, and the office worker in question is performer Iestyn Edwards, who pirouettes and plies with the best of them.

Edwards spends a large proportion of his time on stage as his alter-ego Madame Galina, the Prima Ballerina. Performing at the Edinburgh Fringe, *The Scotsman*

awarded him the slightly double-edged compliment of having ‘the body movements of Natalia Makarova [and] the body type of Johnny Vegas’.

Born to a country and western singer, Edwards was familiar with the performance world from a young age. He became infatuated with the world of the stage and ‘got hooked’ on ballet. The

younger Edwards worked at the Royal Opera House distributing programs, causing an unexpected stir in the foyer as he performed ballet routines to entertain latecomers waiting for the second act. His tomfoolery was caught by a reviewer who described the ‘*fouetté* competition between ushers in the foyer’ as the highlight of his evening. Thus Madame Galina, which he describes as a “burlesque, drag thing” was born.

As a student at Guildhall School of Music and Drama in the same year as Welsh opera star Bryn Terfel, Edwards remembers finding himself frustratingly overshadowed. Madame Galina was “an idea gone bonkers” that got him noticed in an intensely competitive industry. He began with private parties and variety evenings, dancing an original interpretation of *Swan Lake* in a handmade head-dress of feathers and Pritt stick. Word of mouth got him more bookings and encouraged him to start writing material for more formal sketches.

Following his 2005 success at the T200 Trafalgar Square celebrations, he was singing privately for the Queen on the HMS Victory. By 2006, he found himself in Iraq. After auditioning for what he thought was a

performance at the Officer's Mess in London, he discovered he had actually inadvertently signed up to tour the army bases alongside four stand-up comedians. Edwards was warned that it would be a tough crowd, yet he proudly remembers that within minutes of his arrival on stage “they were howling” with laughter.

Nothing quite prepares anybody for the sight of a 15-stone man in a tutu. By shocking the squaddies out of the expectations they had of a comic act, morale doubled and audience members were vying to participate. He was even able to amuse the lower ranks by humiliating their seniors onstage with comments such as “Colonel, you were gymnastic with that wet wipe this afternoon...”

After days of eating, sleeping and travelling with the men, Edwards has had rare first-hand experience of the war from a civilian perspective, and formed a strong bond with his troops. Edwards tells me that conditions are “horrendous” and that he is proud to have helped ease the daily weight of expectation that bears down on the men. After all, he says, “you have to keep a smile on their faces”. It's probably something Madame Galina is more than happy to help with.



Iestyn Edwards in Madame Galina's full majesty, and entertaining soldiers in the mess hall. Photos: Joe Cornes.





# Kendal's Best Beasts

Hailing from the musical hinterland of the Lake District, Wild Beasts' tales of smalltown gang fights and teenage lust are finding fans and critical success. Co-frontman **Hayden Thorpe** talks to **Laurie Tuffrey** and **Paul Smith**

“You can reflect outward or inward basically,” explains Hayden Thorpe, co-frontman of Wild Beasts, “and we chose to reflect inward.” For a band whose songs name check “bovver boots”, “Shipley” and “Roedean”, there’s no sense that Wild Beasts have stopped reflecting their rural roots.

Having formed in the Cumbrian town Kendal in 2002 under the name ‘Fauve’ (French for ‘wild beast’), Thorpe and his bandmates developed their unique sound with a fierce DIY ethic and no classical training, “through arrogance and slight stupidity” Thorpe laughs. After signing to Domino Records, and recording their bold, almost carnivalesque debut *Limbo, Panto* in 2008, the band released the follow-up, *Two Dancers*, just a year later. The record’s refined sound, with glacial, shimmering guitars, tribal rhythms and Thorpe and co-vocalist Tom Fleming’s distinctive falsetto set centre stage, has received almost universal critical approval and looks set to reserve its spot in album of the year lists. Eagle-eyed Cambridge students may have caught them at Jesus May Ball earlier this year, a set which the singer describes simply as “amazing”.

Thorpe, in person enthusiastic and thoughtful, with his accent a faint reminder of the band’s rural origins, has a sure-footed conviction about his band’s music: “You need to make music which has depth, but you can’t ram it down people’s throats”. Such aggressive tactics for gaining fans wouldn’t really be the band’s style, Thorpe going for a much more gentle analogy: “I see it as almost like speed dating, you decide you love it or you decide this isn’t going to work, and once you’ve won someone, you can say, ‘this is what we’ve got behind this front’”. And behind that front is a band who, despite having relocated to Leeds, retain a special relationship with their hometown.

When we ask if Cumbria has a music scene, Thorpe is quick to respond in the negative, “No, not at all, not at all!” He goes on, “My experience of Kendal was being a world that was a cross-section of a city. There was only really one or two of each kind of person, working-class kids, middle-class kids, rich kids...” Wild Beasts are not the first band to put the Lakes on the musical map, though. Cult rockers and nature lovers British Sea Power have become friends with the band, having gone from playing the working men’s club at the end of Thorpe’s road to considerable commercial success and critical recognition with their third album, last year’s *Do You Like*

*Rock Music?*. Thorpe recalls seeing the band supporting The Strokes, a seminal event for the young Wild Beasts: “it sort of provided a light at the end of the tunnel... it was as if someone was starting to drop breadcrumbs and you could actually start to follow them.”

Having been brought up in a remote place, the band choose to retain that isolation for their recording; *Limbo, Panto* saw the band cutting their tracks in a lonely part of Sweden, with only the corner shop for company – “we spent hundreds and hundreds of pounds on things like flatbread...” – while *Two Dancers* was recorded in a rural Norfolk farm. Thorpe considers the sense of space afforded by this isolation to be crucial. “You have to give yourself the space to go mad,” he reflects, “I think [recording] requires a level of obsession... almost a dangerous level of obsession is needed to give the songs justice”.

This cut-off from the outside world has given the album a complete-sounding feel, suggesting a band with a firm sense of purpose; indeed, Thorpe cites such disparate classics as Marvin Gaye’s *What’s Goin’ On* and The Beatles’ *White Album* as models for the LP. Working up to 20 hours a day, the band members became highly aware of the minutiae of their

environment, with even the room in which they recorded becoming an “influencing factor”. Though, admittedly, the room has some history: “It was a big library,” he recalls, “famously it belonged to The Darkness. They bought it as a party house, so there was this huge big room that was going to be a swimming pool.” He pauses, then adds, “The control room was going to be a sauna!”

Away from the excesses of Justin Hawkins’ own band of wild beasts, *Two Dancers* is a thing of minimalist beauty. From the martial drumming and “birthing machines” of single ‘All The King’s Men’ to the hazy sounds and woozy call for “supper” and “lips to pucker” of ‘When I’m Sleepy...’, the album is also a development lyrically, in the witty and poetic lineage of The Smiths. The words are essential for Thorpe, with Kendal’s small town mentality leaving an indelible imprint on the singer. The song ‘Hooting and Howling’, in particular, is concerned with the violent reproach the band promise to make on any rival who goes for their girl, leaving their opponents “bereft of all coffin bearers”; “in a small town, the only way you can defend your space is by ringfencing [your rivals] and saying ‘she’s mine’ with your fists!” Thorpe explains.

However, this violence is matched

by an equal preoccupation with the “universal fascination”: *Two Dancers* is more erotically charged than their debut, as much a reaction to what Thorpe calls the “sexiness which is completely non-sexual” of much modern pop, as a growing songwriting maturity. “They open themselves up, and that can be very endearing,” Thorpe says of his lyrical influences Morrissey and Leonard Cohen, “you make yourself more vulnerable, and because of that people are more likely to rally round you”.

Later that evening Thorpe and the band play to a packed Relentless Garage in Highbury. Drawing a crowd comprising bespectacled east-London types and loved-up couples earnestly singing to each other (as well as a celebrity spot in the form of Keith Murray from We Are Scientists), they effortlessly recreate the magic of *Two Dancers* live. The sound is mature and assured, retaining the record’s propulsive groove with Thorpe’s arresting falsetto note-perfect. It’s a show full of promise and extreme potential from a band with a clear sense of direction and a sound unlike their peers. Give them a few years, and things could be truly wild for the Beasts.

*Wild Beasts support White Lies at Brixton Academy on November*



## Where The Wild Things Are

Forget Brooklyn, you can keep Shoreditch, Wild Beasts aren’t the only band to come from the outskirts, as this selection of bands from further afield proves.



### British Sea Power

The band that run their own ‘cottage industry’ according to Wild Beasts are also from the Lakes, and have made a point of playing in unusual places: past gigs have taken place in Grasmere village hall and the Carnglaze Caverns in Cornwall.



### Sigur Ros

While Her Pixieness, Björk, is probably the island’s most famous musician, Sigur Ros’s epic post-rock perhaps best reflects the mountains and glaciers of their homeland.



### Bon Iver

Frontman Justin Vernon recorded the band’s masterpiece *For Emma, Forever Ago...* over three months in an isolated cabin in the northwoods of Wisconsin.



### Nick Drake

Okay, so we’re not exactly off the beaten track, but Cambridge’s poor record for producing bands puts it firmly in the musical backwaters. The University’s biggest contribution is the legendary Nick Drake, who studied English at Fitzwilliam in 1967.



## Deadmau5

TUESDAY 20TH OCTOBER, THE JUNCTION, 19:00  
(£15 ADV.)

**Pick  
of the  
week  
Music**

Deadmau5 is not dead. He's very much alive. So alive, he's had 5,000,000 listens on his Myspace. But will he be able to squeeze each listener into the Junction on Tuesday?



# The Varsity Week



## Varsity Squash

FRIDAY 16TH OCTOBER, CAMBRIDGE UNION  
BAR, 19.00-21.00

Want to write for us? Of course you do. Meet the team, talk journalism and enjoy some fine alcohol at wallet-friendly prices. Who knows? Maybe someday you could find yourself editing this listings section.

**Pick  
of the  
year  
Events**

## Film

### The Fantastic Mr Fox

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, THURS 16.00, 19.00

Special preview of the latest big screen Roald Dahl adaptation. With a foxy cameo from Jarvis Cocker.



### Creation

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, FRI/SAT/MON/TUES  
14.45, 18.45, SAT/TUES 11.00, SUN/WED 18.45,  
THURS 11.00, 14.30

Darwin biopic. A sequel which focuses on Darwin's little known ultimate frisbee career is already in production. Its working title is *Recreation*.

### The Imaginarium of Dr Parnassus

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 13.30, 16.00,  
18.30, 21.00

You're never going to see her in Sainsbury's, lectures or about town. So catch Lily Cole with her travelling theatre company at The Arts Picturehouse.

### Love Happens

THE VUE, 12.30, FRI/SAT/WED 22.30  
So do shit films.

### Birdwatchers

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, TUES 11.00, 16.00, WED  
16.00, THURS, 11.00

Sadly without anorak-clad RSPB twitchers in Norfolk. Instead, a mystical culture conflict.

### (500) Days of Summer

THE VUE, FRI/SAT/WED 23.50

A love story for the commitment phobe in you. Zooey Deschanel's Summer is fashionable and lovely, yet hateable to pitiable Tom (Joseph Gordon-Levitt). Go see.

### Saturday 17th October Milk

QUEEN'S BUILDING LECTURE THEATRE, EMMAN-  
UEL, 20.00 (FREE)

Calcium and democracy with Sean Penn.

### Thursday 22nd October Sunshine Cleaning

FISHER BUILDING, ST JOHN'S, 21.00

Death brings sisters together in this black comedy from the makers of *Little Miss Sunshine*.

## Music & Nightlife

### Friday 16th October Thomas Truax

THE PORTLAND ARMS, 20.00 (£6 ADV)

He's a strange man. He makes his own instruments. Approach with caution.

### Friday 16th October Cambridge Modern Jazz Club

KETTLE'S YARD 19.30 (£8.00-16.00 ADV)

All that jazz from Keith and Julie Tippet.

### Sunday 18th October Oasis @ Fez

FEZ, 22.00-03.00 (£4)

No Wonderwalls, but banging tunes and DJ sets, dirtydance-halls and dreams of naughtiness. Standard.

### Sunday 18th October Riot Jazz

CLARE CELLARS, 21.00 (£4)

Expect big hairy ginger men with shiny horns down in the cellar.

### Monday 19th October Ben Taylor

THE JUNCTION, 20.00 (£9 ADV)

His Mum and Dad are James Taylor and Carly Simon.

### Tuesday 20th October Bowling for Soup

CORN EXCHANGE, 19.30 (£19.50 ADV)

Their current single is called 'My Wena'. The tour is called 'The Party in Your Pants'. The band is Bowling for Soup and they're unashamedly sexual.



### Wednesday 21st October Fightstar

THE JUNCTION, 19:00 (£12.50 ADV). MOVED  
FROM THE CORN EXCHANGE

Of course *Varsity* would never condone any attempts to remind Charlie of his past life by requesting 'Year 3000'. But it would be funny.

## Theatre

### Struts & Frets

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)

CU Amateur Dramatic Club presents the story of a failing actor, lover and liver.

### The Madness of King George II

ADC THEATRE, TUES-SAT 19.45 (£6/9)

There is a mad King, he is mad and Kingly, and this mad King play has been written by one of our national treasures, Alan Bennett.

### Impossible Steps

MUMFORD THEATRE, SAT ONLY 19.30 (£8-10)

Deemed a 'cleverly wrought psychological drama' (pictured below) by the *Harrow Times* and featuring Hildegard Neil and Rosalind Blessed (daughter of Brian).



### Red Demon

ADC THEATRE, WED-SAT 22.30, (£4-6)

Something Japanese and more evocative than a moment's breeze, on a hot night, on the beach, on some magical island. Come see this play to be transported. Note the start time of 22.30. 22.30. What? 22.30.

### Six Characters in Search of an Author

ARTS THEATRE, TUES-SAT 19.45, SAT 14.30,  
(£10-£27)

Great opportunity to see fabby play directed by big phat up-and-coming, maybe future Artistic Director of the RSC, otherwise just general big dog, Rupert Goold. Get on it.

### Electra

ADC THEATRE, FRI + SAT 19.45, SAT 14.30. (£6-9)

An electrifying theatrical experience. Almost definitely better than putting your hand in an electrical socket...

### Naked Stage

ADC THEATRE, SUN, 19.00. (£4-5)

Cambridge Scripwriting Forum presents its annual series of staged readings of new plays. No nudity.

## Arts

### Ongoing Exhibitions Fitzwilliam Museum (Free)

Lumière - Lithographs by Odilon Redon (until January 10th). Special Display: Matthew Boulton and the Industrial Revolution (until March 21st). Sculpture promenade (until Januray 31st).

### People's Portraits

GIRTON COLLEGE, UNTIL DECEMBER 1ST, (FREE) Millennial Royal Society of Portrait Painters' collection on long-term loan to Girton, depicting ordinary people from all walks of life.

### 36 views of King's College Chapel

KING'S COLLEGE, SAT 17TH UNTIL 29TH, 17.00-  
20.30 (FREE)

An exhibition of photographs and haiku poems by Tony Eva and Graham High of King's College Chapel to mark the 500th anniversary of King Henry VII's bequest, which enabled the completion of the chapel.

### Sarah Lightman: In Memoriam

MURRAY EDWARDS COLLEGE, SUN 18TH UNTIL  
NOVEMBER 14TH, 10.00-18.00 (FREE)

Manuscripts and natural history documents from the UL's huge Darwin archive.

### Recent acquisitions of drawings and prints

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, TUES 20TH UNTIL JAN  
24TH (FREE)

A display of the recent additions to the Fitz's collection of drawings and prints including important works that are being put on public display for the first time at the museum. Work by Guercino, Salvatore Rosa, Goya and Picasso, just to name a few.

### Saturday 17th October City of Cambridge Concert Orchestra

WEST ROAD, CONCERT HALL 19.30, (£8-16)

Playing Wagner, Rachmaninov and Dvorak.

### Thursday 22nd October Britten Sinfonia with Christopher Hogwood

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL 20:00 (£5-29)

Music from Purcell and Handel.

## Talks & Events

### Friday 16th October Life Drawing

THE SHOP, XVIII JESUS LANE, 14.00-16.00  
(FREE)

Get a life. Get drawing.

### Saturday 17th October Lee Mack: Going Out

THE JUNCTION, J2, 20.00, (£10)

An exclusive warm-up show from the BAFTA award-winning comedian.

### Tuesday 20th October Civil Disobedience to Reform the Voting System

EMMANUEL, HARROD'S ROOM, 19.30-20.30,  
(FREE + FREE WINE)

Activist Peter Tatchell and Labour MP Daniel Zeichner join The Forum to discuss unfair voting.

### Tuesday 20th October Cambridge Contemporary Dance

ADC THEATRE, 22.30, (£4-5)

A new contemporary dance suite premiered for one night only. Featuring a guest performance from critically acclaimed hip-hop dance theatre company SIN Cru Theatre.

### Monday 19th October What Are The Odds?

CENTRE FOR MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES,  
CLARKSON ROAD, 14.00-15.00, (FREE)

A talk on risk from Mathematician Nadia Barker.

### Tuesday 20th October Simon Bird presents an Experimental Game Show

THE JUNCTION, J2, 17.30-19.15 AND 20.00  
(£10-12)

He was in Footlights. Then *The Inbetweeners*. Now he brings his revolutionary and very funny Experimental Game Show to Cambridge. Sure to be a hoot.





MUSIC



Fixed up, looking sharp: some people think he's bonkers, we just think he sold out the Corn Exchange

**Dizzee Rascal**  
CORN EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 9TH  
★★★★★

Thanks to those cheeky appearances on Newsnight and Shooting Stars, Dizzee Rascal now has an almost cuddly public persona. Similarly, the live band that supported him on 'Later...' and Radio 1 markedly softened the abrasive clatter of his early recordings with backing singers and a Spanish guitar. Symptomatic of Dizzee Rascal's unapologetic populism which has resulted in three number one singles in the past 12 months, last Friday at the Corn Exchange, he had a packed out room full of people ready to hear them. Somewhat surprisingly, Rascal chose not to bring the band on tour, instead reverting to the traditional grime triad of DJ, hype man and himself. The opening salvo of songs, which included new tracks 'Bad Behaviour' and 'Road Rage',

were a word-dense, sonic assault. Confronted with this, a stunned audience who had been dancing to a pumping warm-up mix, lowered their hands and became less jubilant. Rascal's enormous musical and lyrical talents were evident on assured renditions of his earlier singles. The crashing cymbals and urban menace of 'Sirens' obliterated the sopiness of the preceding ballad: 'Chillin' Wiv da Man Dem'. 'Fix Up, Look Sharp', nothing but a tauntingly slow drum beat, retained its stark power seven years after its recording. However, at this point the Corn Exchange was less responsive than desired. When a feeble response met the hype man bellowing: "Who wants to get Old Skool?", Dizzee mused "they look a bit young, maybe they don't want to get Old Skool..." he seemed momentarily disappointed that the perfect execution of his back catalogue did not ignite the room. It was only when Rascal played

his last three number ones: 'Dance Wiv Me', 'Holiday' and 'Bonkers', back to back, that the crowd danced as much as they did to 'Boom Boom Pow', played before he came on stage. This is to do with the audience not having done their homework but mainly it is because only the pumping synth of 'Holiday' and the head splitting digital bass of 'Bonkers' filled the cavernous Corn Exchange. The claustrophobic early songs, perhaps more suited to tiny clubs, failed to. Dizzee's show highlighted the disparity between the comparable inoffensiveness of his current press demeanour and musical output and the provocative noise of his earlier material. Although the clarity of the new songs created Ibiza-like scenes, the concert served as a strong reminder of the innovative and original nature of his older records. Some of the younger boys and girls may have been a bit shocked by songs they had not heard before, but hopefully he's not ready to give them up. EDWARD HENDERSON

**Endellion Quartet**  
WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, OCTOBER 7TH  
★★★★★

The concert opened with Haydn's magnificent and joyous 55th quartet op.71 no.2 with Haydn's often piquant and witty writing being tossed off with panache and style by the quartet. The occasional moments of suspect intonation hardly seemed to matter when the performance was otherwise so compelling. The opening of Judith Weirs'

Three Studies for String Quartet was exceptionally beautiful, possessing a gossamer delicacy and textural refinement. Then followed the world premiere performance of Robin Holloway's Quartettino no.6. The piece sat somewhere between the honeyed lushness of Korngold's quartets and astringent hard-edged dissonance of Crawford-Seeger's quartet, whilst sharing also something of the finely wrought textures of the preceding Weir. The closeness of the string writing often hauntingly conjured up the sound of a zither, and the

opening recalled the gorgeous slow sections of the Rite of Spring. The second half was a great disappointment after the first. It comprised a single work which is always a risky business and was compounded by the fact that it was Brahms' extraordinarily difficult third quartet, which requires a truly stellar performance to pull off convincingly. In the opening movement the players seemed lost, unsure as to what to make of Brahms' counterpoint, with true dynamic and timbral contrast lacking throughout but noticeably absent even in the terraced dynamics of the opening. After the muddy and insecure first movement, the players never quite recovered, though there were occasional moments of clarity and beauty in both of the central movements. A frustrating end to what should have been a great evening of music. GUIDO MARTIN-BRANDIS



Life of leisure for those who pull strings

New Releases

**Mountain Goats**  
THE LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME  
★★★★★



With every Mountain Goats release there's an unshakable fear that this could be the long overdue "difficult third". Their seventeenth full-length, a concept album loosely based around the books of the Bible, is anything but, maintaining their wonderfully strong track record. Frontman John Darnielle evokes sincerity and dashed optimism on this solid, if slightly slow burning record. There's almost a hint of sarcasm in 'Romans 10:9' as he echoes the words of St. Paul: "if you believe in your heart and confess with your lips, surely you will be saved one day..." His implied "...yeah right" is effectively left unsung. Although *The Life...* is beautifully crafted, it lacks the urgency of *Heretic Heart* or the tenderness of *The Sunset Tree*. It does, however, avoid the major pitfall of the concept album- the tracks are good enough to stand up against Darnielle's best songwriting. Is this the best Mountain Goats album? No, but it does make the top five. ANDY TINDALL

**Mumford & Sons**  
SIGH NO MORE  
★★★★★



Perhaps Mr Marcus Mumford is unaware of the hypocrisy in his band's album title, *Sigh No More*. Unoriginally subscribing to last year's folk-y-mopey trend, this album almost topples over with the plaintive sighs and strenuous nostalgia of his strangely Americanised vocals. Throughout Mumford wails "I am sorry" with all the melancholy that he can muster, while referencing the "void" in his soul and the "burning of bridges" in 'Roll Away Your Stone'. The exhausting allusions to the sorry state of his heart throughout point to *Sigh No More* being nothing but another underwhelming break-up record. Like the harmonised dirges of Fleet Foxes, this is a grim misinterpretation of folk music. For a genre that derives its timeless wisdoms from accumulative human experience, this record is pettily insular, buying into a fleeting woodsy trend, obsessed with its own heartache. THOMAS KEANE

**Lethal Bizzle**  
GO HARD  
★★★★★



*Go Hard* is an unexpectedly amiable record. The beats, despite occasional help from Mark Ronson, have a flimsy, bedroom made feel which compliment Bizzle's intimate delivery and discursive style. The overall tone of the record is contemplative while not losing the demented energy heard on his most famous track, 'Pow!'. The album is full of endearingly mundane Britishness. On 'Money, Power, Respect, Fame', he essentially says that he does not want to get too famous because he will be recognised in Nandos and his chicken will get cold. 'Skullz on your Hoodie' sees him self-aggrandising by saying he is Lewis Hamilton, Jordan and a Power Ranger. And 'So Addictive' finds Bizzle sweetly respectful as he expresses love for his girlfriend without mentioning any of her physical features. On *Go Hard*, Lethal Bizzle demonstrates his wry sense of humour and his ear for a dance tune. EDWARD HENDERSON

**Karen O And The Kids**  
WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE OST  
★★★★★



A collection of short little mood inducers, this soundtrack is sure to delight, although it probably won't make it into your top five records of all time list. That's largely because the record isn't searching for best new music acclaim, but rather to capture the wistful, occasionally joyous, dark forest mood of Maurice Sendak's famous children's story, now also a film by director Spike Jonze. Yeah Yeah Yeahs' Karen O succeeds admirably in delivering a musical picture book here; giving us the type of cinematic, bright morning music you want to ride your bicycle around town to, as well as more melancholy, reflective tunes that are better suited to evening wanders through the woods in autumn. When the soundtrack is backing up the film come December, Karen O And The Kids will be even more charming and full of life than they are already on this imaginative, playful album. PETER MORELLI



## FILM AND ARTS

### Simon Amstell

CORN EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 14TH  
★★★★★

There are two Simon Amstells. One is the acidic ex-host of *Never-mind the Buzzcocks*, a razor-sharp, fearless deflator of showbiz egos. The other Simon Amstell is a

lonely, self-described “anxious Jew who needs love”, obsessed with mortality and Jared Leto look-alikes. Judging from the straight, laddish guys who packed out the Corn Exchange, the former Amstell was expected. A lesser comic might have been tempted to indulge the audience with celeb stories – having interviewed

Britney Spears and pissed off Amy Winehouse, Amstell has more than enough material. It’s to his credit that Amstell never stoops that low. Instead, he turns the acerbic wit on himself and delivers an engaging set combining personal tragedy and relentless self-analysis into an hour of smart, self-aware comedy.

As opening act Arnab Chanda found, the awkward loveless man-boy schtick can wear thin pretty fast (you know it’s bad when you’re forced to resort to *Home Alone* impressions). Amstell manages to avoid whiny self-obsession by sheer dint of his brutal honesty – gags about his inability to talk to attractive boys are played for laughs just as much as they’re displayed as an uncomfortable reflection of his own neuroses. Even the type of guy he fancies (skinny, vulnerable-looking) isn’t safe from his own scrutiny: “I like the idea that I could go out on a date with them and it could be their last.” It’s hard not to warm to someone that willing to skewer themselves for your benefit. Amstell whizzes through stories of crying into a spare sink, mooning his grandmother, and ineffectually hitting on actors, pulling them together into a much bigger philosophical narrative about his inability to live in the present.

Amstell’s set is more gently funny than savagely hilarious. In part, this is due to the fact Amstell is admirably trying to avoid gratuitous punchlines. It’s also partly because Amstell’s comedic persona here is much more reflective and thoughtful than on *Buzzcocks*. Still, Amstell displays a huge amount of promise, and you get the feeling he’s still working out how to balance his philosophical concerns with audience-friendly stories of romantic failure. It’s not a laugh-a-minute show, but it’s intelligent, dry comedy that hints at even better things to come. ZINGTSJENG



Never mind that he’s left the Buzzcocks: the real Simon Amstell stands up.

### Le Donk and Scor-Zay-Zee

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE  
★★★★★

After five minutes watching Shane Meadows’ new film *Le Donk and Scor-zay-zee*, you can be forgiven for thinking that he is making fun of the medium of rap music. But it seems that this Scor-zay-zee chap, a plump fellow who only wants to make his mum proud and sports the baseball cap, “Give kids hugs, not drugs” – is actually a real-life rapper called Paul Palinczuk. Obviously rappers do talk about helicopter blades and other utterly incomprehensible things.

Anyway, despite the rapping, this is back-to-basics British film making at its best. Filmed in five days for less than £50,000 with only two cameras and almost completely improvised. Even the editor has a part.

The plot is simple enough. Through sheer dumb luck the father-to-be roadie Le Donk secures a slot for his formerly famous rap artiste at

Manchester’s Old Trafford before a concert by the Article Monkeys. Or rather, Nicholas (as he is otherwise known), takes credit for securing his fat protégé a slot and then muscling into the emceeing.

Paddy Considine turns out a touching and utterly hilarious performance as the self-deluded Le Donk. He also manages to come up with all the best lines. When describing fatherhood to his heavily pregnant ex-girlfriend (played by Olivia Coleman), he declares, “I can watch him growing up via the web, like having a cyber-pet.” The is the first time in five years that Considine and Meadows have teamed up, and it’s been five years too long.

Of course, some of it is certainly juvenile. But, all the same, I’m afraid watching a man reminisce about getting intimate with a hermaphrodite in New York while suffering from chronic piles is hilarious. Especially in front of the horrified members of Gordon Brown’s favourite band.

Okay, so the film is crying out for a bigger budget; but if Meadows can make films like this on a shoestring, long may he remain an impoverished auteur. JAMES SHARPE



## Arts Comment

### Bookie’s Favourite. The odd task of judging

Eliot D’Silva



Writing in his otherwise unabashed 1994 tract *The Western Canon*, a somewhat fanciful survey of the Western world’s greatest literature, Harold Bloom admits that “Cultural prophecy is always a mug’s game”. Nowhere in British intellectual culture is Bloom’s claim better evinced than the annual nominations for the Man Booker Prize, which climaxed quietly last Tuesday when Hilary Mantel’s *Wolf Hall* scooped top honours. As both an English student and avid reader, I feel content when reflecting upon some of the Booker’s previous winners (Iris Murdoch’s *The Sea*, *The Sea* and Alan Hollinghurst’s *The Line of Beauty* are personal favourites), but also angry and perplexed by its prestigious reputation.

Now in its 41st year, the prize’s task of promoting “the finest in fiction by rewarding the very best book of the year” is not only ambitious but implicates a welter of questions about how best to measure artistic merit, a project which has historically proved rather hopeless. A cursory scan of this year’s website reveals a link to Robert McCrum’s favourable *Guardian* review which brands the Booker as an “indispensable literary thermometer”. However much of an overstatement his remark may be, by settling on the word thermometer McCrum is perhaps more correct than he knows. He implies not so much the transparency and precision of the Booker’s selection process than its true role as an indicator of cultural sickness, and just how hot and bothered we can become about our books. I’m sure there are worse ways of wasting a cool £50,000 per year than on literary prize winnings, but even spent on helping aspiring talents to write full-time such an amount remains excessive. The sales and publicity which result from victory nurture the myth that passing through the Booker’s screening process is somehow an

index of quality. Whatever this award may be capable of doing, it cannot change how intrinsically perfect or patchy a given work happens to be. Win or lose, they’re the same books before and after being nominated.

And what a screening process! Instead of following the Pulitzer Prize’s winning formula by assembling a board of judges to decide who triumphs, the Booker brings forward a new panel every year. Although this strategy spares us from suffering a yearly update on the same jaded opinions it also side-steps any notion of consistency. Consistent? No. But still dully predictable. Functioning less as an investigation into modern literature than a vague sort of ‘national treasure’, the Booker Prize offers us a dry alternative to the political correctness of the Nobel. It has more in common with The Richard & Judy Book Club or Costa Book Awards. I was less than surprised to find, browsing iTunes last week, that the past five winners’ novels are now available as audiobooks; something to buy for parents at Christmas.

Back to the judging. This year the mugs employed to referee Bloom’s game were a familiar group of middle-aged, white, middle-class BBC stalwarts; an “an eclectic line-up”, as the Booker’s December press release had it. For each credible panelist there is another more quirky counterpoint. One pair was John Mullan and Sue Perkins. The former is Professor of English at UCL and the latter a comedian who “stars in the second series of the critically acclaimed BBC2 show *The Supersizers Go...*, in which she eats offal and cow brains in restrictive corsetry.” As preferable as her antics may sound to ploughing through Mantel’s 672 page hunk of historical fiction, it appears that Perkins is about as close to being a serious literary critic as the Booker is to being an award or institution worth caring about.



‘Our decision was based on the sheer bigness of the book’ says judging panel chairman Jim Naughtie on Hilary Mantel’s Booker Prize-winning ‘*Wolf Hall*’



View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Egg on your face! You didn't make it to the theatre last week. You might as well stay with the day job, as your cultural understanding will never progress beyond the size of a bear's. You bear.

Ping. Phew- lucky you, I've just been informed of more theatre in the incoming week. We gat a whole lotta plays in a whole lotta locations for ya: *Impossible Steps* at the Mumford theatre, only this Saturday. It is a psychological battle between the sexes, but this time, only one will win. It's at the Mumford Theatre so you had better take your mum. *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, directed by Rupert (bear) Goold is opening this week at the Arts, which almost definitely probably has the potential to be something like life changing, or slightly interesting. Also, we gat two plays that look well good at the ADC.

The lateshow this week is called *Red Demon*, and as director Cait Crosse informs me, there is a demon in it 'WHO ISN'T EVEN RED'. Well, how's that for confusing advertising. At least it assures me that it's a good place to go on a cheap date, without having to 'go through the rigmarole of conversation'. And it's on at 10.30, which isn't even my bedtime. Tap Dat. Do it. Go on. You must.

The ADC mainshow is *The Madness of George III*. It's clear you'd be stark raving loony off your teets MAD not to go. Director Patrick Garety informed me 'you'd be better off trying the Feminist Society once a month...if you're looking for a stuffy period drama', so burn your bras, or your corsets, or your girlfriend's bra and check out a play that saucily wishes to 'test every element of your emotional spectrum'. There was a film made of the same name that won Oscars. I can safely assure that this play will not have anything like that amount of success, BUT exciting nonetheless. Not as exciting as nuclear war, but still exciting.

See ya at the Mumford, guys. LAUREN COONEY

Electra

TOP GOAT, ADC MAINSHOW  
★★★★★

I'm not one to judge books by covers, but the poster for this promised "DESPAIR SACRIFICE MURDER BETRAYAL DEVOTION BLOOD REVENGE SOPHOCLES' ELECTRA." Gosh. Exciting. Plenty to cram into seventy minutes, especially when you consider the summaries of most hours in my life (TEA; FACEBOOK; DESPAIR).

Yet cover-judgers have received vindication for their historically maligned art with this show, because the cheerfully haphazard attitude taken towards parts of speech in *Electra's* publicity carries over into the production – it's nothing if not inconsistent.

Example: the play's eerily lit, sensitively soundtracked opening offers an enchanting dumb-show of the events that precede the action. All is going wonderfully well, until the chorus spoil the atmosphere with a series of leaden, ill-timed movements that take them out of Mycenae and into an audition for *The X-Factor*. It's a TV moment only bettered by the staging of *Electra's* confrontation with the chorus, which placed her in the middle of a semi-circle of thigh-flashing honeys (who never quite fulfil the promise that they'll stop moaning about Agamemnon and just lezz off together). I'm sure it's supposed to hark back to Hegel and demonstrate the intractability of

their ethical claims (or something), but at the end of the day it just looks like the latter stages of *The Weakest Link*.

No one encapsulated the unevenness of the show better than its lead: Ellie Massey ranged from impressive pathos to scary intensity via flat-footed stiltedness, reinforcing how unnatural Greek tragedy can be to perform as well as watch. Her directness was at times her great strength – her scenes of lamentation were undeniably harrowing – and at times a bit of a let-down, as she sacrificed the delicate changes in *Electra's* character in favour of making her hysterical and actually a tiny bit mental.

She could do with taking some lessons from Greer Dale-Foulkes, whose fluid portrayal of *Electra's* sister Chrysothemis was undoubtedly the best thing in the show, breathing life into every phrase. Her arguments with Massey were a highlight, freeing Frank McGuinness' supple translation from the stilted pace of the early exchanges between *Electra* and the chorus.

Realistically, it's neither the odd technical hitches nor the occasional weakness of the supporting cast that stop this from being a five-star show. Instead, it's that I just can't see what this offers anyone in search of a fresh reading of an old play. It's contemporary (minimalist set; monochrome palette) and it nods in the right places to its past (obligatory music nicked from the *Gladiator* soundtrack;

out-of-synch bodypopping chorus members symbolising ritualistic original performances). But really it'd be nice to see someone do something truly vibrant with a Greek tragedy – taking, perhaps, the honesty of Massey's acting and the deftness of a performance like Dale-Foulkes', and combining

them with rituals and settings we recognise as distinctly ours (sweatily Nietzschean rock concert, potentially violent football crowd). But directors won't, and don't, and the devotees of the genre in the English Faculty remain and will remain unsatisfied. Now isn't that tragic? Discuss. GEORGE REYNOLDS



JOHN LINFORD

Tickle The Bishop

SELWYN BAR  
★★★★★

Now, am I being completely thick or is tickling the bishop a euphemism for something? Sounds kind of French, no? What is certain is that *Tickle the Bishop* is a new, free smokery-type night hosted in the Selwyn bar and, actually, long may it continue.

The Compere, one Freddie Vonberg, was excellent. A strange approach, he sort of stuttered and faltered his way through several dead-end stories and awful jokes – supplied, in this instance, by his rather fruity grandmother. Somewhat perplexingly then, he managed to be quite utterly hilarious; a hoot, in fact.

Made up of some newcomers and some old-handers, the performances, as you can imagine, were a little uneven. Philip Wang got things going in earnest with a pithy set of one-liners. Some kind of priceless, others groaningly cheap, he put in a fairly solid performance overall. Emerald Paston and her guitar were up next. Short and sweet, Paston pulled out a couple of charming ditties, including a rather

witty and beautifully sung ode to drug addiction (purely hypothetical, I'm sure). Other skits were provided by Greg Dickens, Will Letton Andrew Chapman, James A.E.W. Sharpe and Joshua Gwilym Pugh Ginn. I suppose the most notable performances came from Lucien Young and Dannish Babar, who both seemed to have what can only be described as a mental breakdown on stage –the latter of which ended his set by tearing off through the audience to see if his soulmate, Harry Potter star Rupert Grint, was in the house.

Footlights man Liam Williams closed the show and, well, he brought the flipping house down. Arguably the holder of the best material, I don't need to tell you he was a scream, plain and simple.

Okay, I strongly advise that you check this night out. It's free, the atmosphere was fantastic and the comedy was often kind of sparkly and great.

If I had one criticism, I would say that the fairly put-upon bar staff were a little, well, unhurried. They did seem completely lovely though so they got away with it. Sort of charmingly lackadaisical, I suppose.

NATHAN BROOKER

Nunsense

HOMERTON AUDITORIUM  
★★★★★

A musical comedy... complete with nuns: by the time we had been given our 'safety briefing,' warning those of a nervous disposition that yes, there would be tap dancing nuns present, I did feel as if I had stepped into a school theatre to see a jazzed up version of *The Sound of Music*. This, however, turned out to be the point.

*Nunsense* is set in a school auditorium, where five nuns are raising money to bury four of their Little Sisters of Hoboken, who are among 52 nuns to be poisoned by a fatal vichyssoise. Are you following at the back? Well you don't have much time to mull this over, as the nuns begin their repertoire of rambunctious song and dance. Not one for gratuitous cheese, I braced myself. It is hard not to laugh at Jessica Ford's Sister Amnesia, whose farcical quizzing of the audience is mostly drowned out by her infectious giggling; Victoria Rigby is deliciously zany and narcissistic as Sister Robert Anne, who finally gets her longed-for moment in the spotlight, milking it with all the jazz

hands she can muster.

The scenes stutter from one to another, but there are special moments: Holly Cracknell's interpretive dance, portraying "The Dying Nun", is hilarious, and the cameo role of a sixth nun, who just happens to be a puppet, makes for an outrageous but effective one-woman duet by Jessica Ford. The band, under Raphael Hetherington's careful eye, is an appropriate accompaniment to the various shenanigans on stage, and the rather erratic lighting only adds to the deliberately shambolic atmosphere. It is a shame that some of the words in the chorus numbers are lost in transmission, a problem that is not helped by slightly dodgy microphones.

Dan Goggin's script is littered with sinful puns (sorry, it slipped out), punctuated by frequent knee-slapping and elbow-nudging; Blessed Virgin Mothers are abbreviated to 'BVMs,' and over-ambitious nuns are chided with songs like "The Biggest ain't the Best." I agree, actually, and this rather sweet production certainly ain't the biggest, or indeed the slickest, but it's good, clean, habit-forming fun.

JEMIMA MIDDLETON

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ Dead Mum   ★★★★★ Kinda Tragic   ★★★★★ Sometimes being right is wrong   ★★★★★ Well worth the wait  
★★★★★ Electrafying



# THEATRE

## Struts and Frets

ADC CLUB, ADC LATESHOW  
★★★★★

Just before they enter the stage, the director of the shambolic production of *Macbeth* at the heart of *Struts and Frets* gives his actors encouragement: “Let’s get out there,” he says, “and fuck their faces – with theatre.” Whether this slice of comedy fulfils that ambition isn’t for me to say, but I can say that *Struts*

and *Frets* is a great piece of new writing, flawlessly acted, and very, very funny.

Patrick Walshe McBride’s Keith twitches through a stagnant existence as the barely-has-been actor, desperate to pursue a serious career at a safe distance from the highlight of his early years, *Maidenhead Revisited*. The snippets of this dire soap we’re offered make me wish that it had really been on television. Keith’s dreams lie with his new role as Banquo, but his sleazy director and

JAMES LEWIS



a self-indulgent *Macbeth* are going to make any chances of redemption difficult.

A great deal of a production’s success depends on how the constraints of theatre are broken. Cutting five roles between two actors who don’t leave the stage isn’t the easiest of tasks, and yet Hannah Blaikie and Tamara Astor barely needed their subtle changes of costume. Blaikie in particular sprang between characters to converse with herself, and at one point hurled a martini in her own face. Still, the laughs were for the script, rather than the transition.

There are opportunities for delicious bitchiness in setting any play amidst the theatrical world, and writer Simon Haines doesn’t let them slip. Keith has his ‘Actor’s Voice’ and an appalling beret. “It makes me look like an actor,” he claims, McBride fantastic at his pompous defiance. His mother is adamant, “It makes you look like a twat.” In such observations the comedy shines; it’s only when it descends to slapstick that it quivers. Keith’s spasms of theatrical passion went a little bit too far, particularly when his character would prove to hold such poignancy. I challenge an audience to breathe as he finally steps from the background to snatch *Macbeth*’s most famous soliloquy.

Haines shows he can control the laughs with a flick of his pen, and Joe Pitt-Rashid’s bravery in plucking out such silences is testament to his perception as director. Beneath Keith’s theatrics lurk careful shots of a sad and weary world, which amidst the farce guarantee that you won’t just enjoy *Struts and Frets* – you’ll remember it. ABIGAIL DEAN

## Wolfson Howler

WOLFSON BAR  
★★★★★

Humour: what separates us from the grown-ups? It’s a problem with the *Wolfson*



*Howler*, that by the time the veteran headliner does his round, so much student-centred humour has preceded him that his routine looks a little out of place. Monday’s show was a case in point, a torrent of puerile but nonetheless inspired comedy followed by a polished but incongruous rant from professional Greg Davies, themed around the ravages of age.

A strong line-up of seasoned Footlights faces drew the crowds to out-of-the-way, almost-suburban Wolfson, in addition to the star pull of Davies, aka that guy from *The Inbetweeners* (what is it with Cambridge and this show? Between half the cast appearing at Emma May Ball and Simon Bird at the Junction next week, the Channel 4 nerds seem to have found a spiritual home in this city of light-deprived NatScis).

‘Potato King’, Ahir Shah kicked the night off to a rambling, charming start with his attack on Union toffs, and student pretensions stayed firmly the firing line with Keith Akushie, whose recipe for humour is as potent as ‘sexy jerk chicken’. Compère Ed Gamble was self-effacing and informative; without him we might never have known that ‘Apricot’ is an anagram of ‘I Rat

Cop’.

It remains horribly obvious that the male-dominated Cambridge scene needs to get past their standard knob gags and paedophile jokes, but while subject matter rarely strayed from the expected sexual failings, irrational hatreds, ethnicity – be that Chinese, Indian or Leeds – it was fascinating to see the direction each individual could take this in.

Davies’ finale might have used a bit of editing, but he excelled at bringing out the sinister in everyday life, with a taste for the surreal and fairytale-strange; it was only in the second half of his routine, hung up on the horrors of the ageing process, that the *We Are Klang* comedian ran out of steam.

Still his mobile eyebrows and his ludicrous height added to a general aura of an irate and obscene teacher, and the prospect of some not-so-distant breakdown had us perched on the edge of our seats. At his height Davies doesn’t need much help raising the roof, but his routine was matched by the well-edited succession of student talent. Dodgy journalistic puns aside, this term the *Wolfson Howler* seems to have reached an all-time high. ROISIN KIBERD

## Creative Writing Competition



Each week we set a different creative writing exercise. The people who submit the running-up and winning pieces have their work printed in the next week’s *Varsity*, and the winner is rewarded with two free tickets to an ADC Theatre show.

### Week 2: Ballad

**Winner: ‘Ballad’**  
by Jamie Patton

O Ballad! O you merry thing!  
A sturdy form of poetry!  
A reg’lar rhyme to read or sing  
That o’er brim’th with jollity!

No matter that this world is all  
Uprooted now, a turbid time:  
This ballad form can’t help but call  
Unto idylls when all verse rhymed.

Alright: that is a load of shite;  
The world will - and has always - sucked.  
But let the ballad form take flight  
So we don’t realise we’re fucked.

**Runner-up: Break The Line**

by Argyro Nicolaou

Destruct a rhyme and put it down  
On plain white paper rough.  
Pull down the buildings of a town  
And use the bricks to cuff

The ordinary.  
Stuff.

Let’s talk of love and sex and truth,  
Clichés of stupid times.  
Some black suit waiting in a booth  
To reprimand our lives –

Our so called  
“Deadly Crimes.”

What meter is the word we seek?  
To offer discontent  
The freedom’s small I cannot sneak  
Into your double bed,

& the wonders  
Of your head.

I hear a ballad has to tell  
Of flutter, hearts, delight.  
I’m using this to let you know  
It doesn’t matter that  
I break the rhyme; you broke it too  
And more, but I don’t care.

Except the time I tried to stare  
And saw you with some mice  
The only thoughts I mustered were  
“My God the weather’s nice.”

**Next week’s competition:**

Haiku. Autumn is upon us, and Haikus tend to contain a ‘kigo’ or seasonal reference. Haikus typically have three lines, written through a 5/7/5 syllabic pattern. Haiku is a minute, quiet and punchy form, so do submit multiple poems this week. Good luck! Send submissions to Eliot D’Silva at [literary@varsity.co.uk](mailto:literary@varsity.co.uk) no later than 9 am on Monday, October 12th for the chance to win two tickets to the following week’s ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.

adc theatre



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Artist-in-residence,  
Christ's College.

For more information please  
email  
ik254@cam.ac.uk

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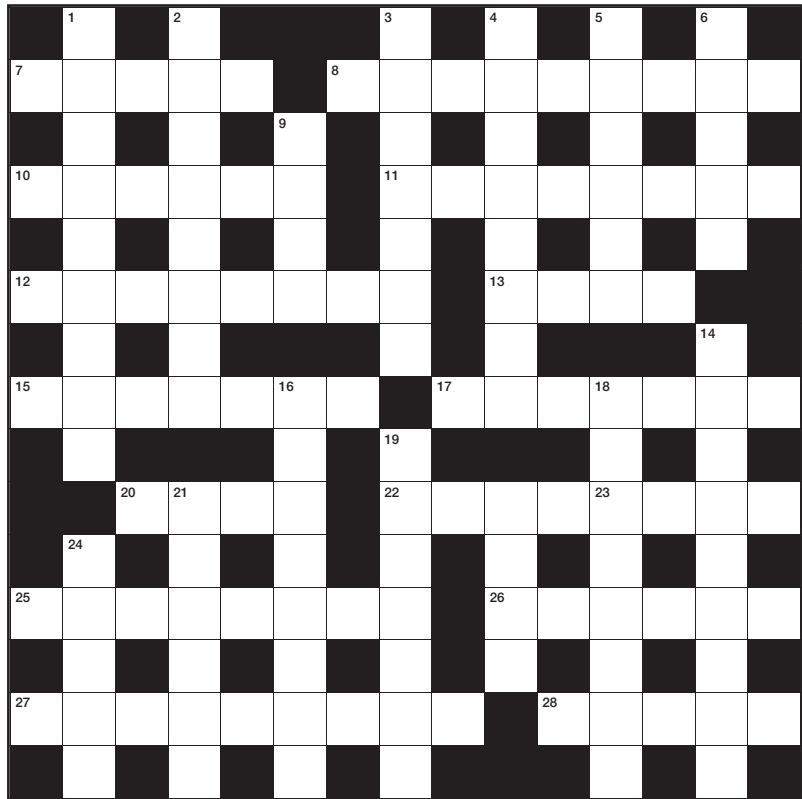
# MAYS

Applications are invited to edit the 2010 Mays Anthology, the collection of the best student writing and artwork from Cambridge and Oxford. Interested candidates should email [president@varsity.co.uk](mailto:president@varsity.co.uk) by Sunday, November 1st.

# Games & puzzles

## Varsity Crossword

no. 510



### Across

- 7 Far-out mythological cow has no wires (5)  
8 Drawn from across the spectrum? (9)  
10 Current measure of morning exercise is close to concerning (6)  
11 Nervous, mean and sounding

frustrated (8)

- 12 Vouch for current type of crunch, currently (8)  
13 Abandon sex-object, topless? (4)  
15 Swift grants entrance to London university: most incorrect (7)  
17 Chose to delete a hundred in error (7)  
20 Convent our wards look around (4)

- 22 Magnitude of rivalry surrounding unending source (8)  
25 Ripped it out of nerd, tied up with bate (8)  
26 With more volume, whereof French entering both sides? (6)  
27 Massacre implements church; a sin was committed (9)  
28 To start to inflict gin on someone? (5)

### Down

- 1 Fatal dictum Mark and I dissipated on pointed toe? (6,3)  
2 These include painting delicate desserts with no topping (4,4)  
3 Take part in web ending with short apostle (7)  
4 Toy for girls to eat or be pressed on arrival (8)  
5 Asian land UN implicated in brie scandal (6)  
6 'One of the 2 must shortly come first,' I interjected (5)  
9 Take charge of about four-fifths of one's senses? (4)  
14 Pain-relieving drug knocked out an artistic mindset (9)  
16 Shock on taking in French? (8)  
18 Duck - politician captivated by more attractive machine (8)  
19 Disappoint daughter in the French dwelling (3,4)  
21 Get in after getting up at smell (6)  
23 Slow-moving birds (4)  
24 Sam clambers about the short subject (5)

Set by Hisashi

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 509)  
Across: 1 Stand-up comic, 10 Elbowed, 11 Emperor, 12 Ailed, 13 Upbraids, 15 Dirty movie, 16 Iffy, 18 Toss, 20 Ameliorate, 22 Chastity, 24 Maori, 26 Obscure, 27 Reunion, 28 Apostrophise. Down: Tabular, 3 Nowadays, 4 Undo, 5 Caerphilly, 6 Moper, 7 Cardiff, 8 Metal detector, 9 Presbyterians, 14 Commitment, 17 Monmouth, 19 Swansea, 21 Agonies, 23 Truro, 25 Trio.

## 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.

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

### The Varsity Scribblepad

### Last issue's solutions

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

## Kakuro

Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

						3	10
					9		
4		6			14		
3				11			
				20			
22						13	3
				16			
4		12					
9					9		
10							

## Hitori

Shade in the squares so that no number occurs more than once per row or column. Shaded squares may not be horizontally or vertically adjacent. Unshaded squares must form a single area.

2	2	5	6	4	1	3
6	7	4	3	7	5	7
5	7	2	5	6	1	7
6	5	6	7	3	2	4
1	2	4	5	3	6	3
7	1	3	1	2	2	5
3	4	4	2	5	7	6



# Hockey blues show promise in defeat

» Impressive team display from women's Firsts fails to unhinge Maidstone



## Varsity Sport

After three consecutive defeats Cambridge Ladies Blues were keen to make their mark on the East Premier League. Taking on Maidstone 1st XI, recently demoted from the National league and fielding a number of exceptionally strong players, the University's relatively inexperienced selection stepped up to the challenge from the off.

In a fast-paced game, with strong connecting play linking the defence to the front line, only the finish was lacking.

Cambridge pressed their opposition with determination, pressurizing the opposing D and demonstrating their characteristic tenacity and grit. Jess Hume and Rachel Quick in particular looked dangerous throughout, and it was only the inability to convert possession into penalty shots and goals that prevented the Blues from capitalising on their territorial domination.

As the game progressed, however, Maidstone became increasingly confident, and as they found their stride they began to threaten the Cambridge defence with piercing drives up the wing and penetrating passes

that found their way behind the back line, testing fresher goalkeeper Vicky Evans.

The Blues were determined to keep out the Maidstone attack, vice-captain Eleanor Wiseman keeping the tackles low, and Mel Addy picking up stray balls to distribute back to the front three, who kept their counterparts busy with searing runs out to the wing and onto goal.

In one notable attacking phase Scottish-capped Kirsty Elder found Bec Langton on the wing with a dynamite pass, and only a last ditch diving tackle from Rachel Quick's opposite number prevented the centre forward from taking Cambridge into the lead.

It was against the run of play that close to the half time break

Maidstone took an unlikely lead with a well placed penalty corner strike.

The home side constantly threatened to level, Ruth Graham's dizzying skills left defenders lying in her wake as she drove at goal, while Sarah Baggs' cameo offered a burst of strength up front.

Nevertheless, while Cambridge demonstrated their ability with their best performance of the season, they were unable to convert and were punished for a lapse of concentration with a second goal, effectively sealing their defeat. Although yet to win points, the Blues look increasingly strong as a unit, and as new coach Daniel Griggs settles into his role and the team begins to gel, the score lines may begin to look more positive.

# Close college football season predicted

» The less professional players of the beautiful game are dusting off their boots

## Olly West Sports Editor

After a tight finish last year, in which Downing saw off Jesus in the title-decider and St Catz rediscovered past glories, excitement and expectation is high. Furthermore, this season should be characterised by a larger proliferation of Blues donning college colours as University captain Michael Johnson is keen for higher participation. Blues not playing the following Wednesday will be encouraged to play for College. *Varsity* takes a look at the chances of some of the footballing forces in the city where the sport's rules were formed.

### Downing

Last year's champions surprised everyone in their first season back in the top division. Despite losing six first-teamers from the side that brought back the glory days of the mid-90s, when they accrued two league and one cuppers title in five seasons, a solid fresher intake in the right areas means the squad remains confident. An impartial observer would say they will do well to repeat last year's success, but former Uni player Sam Isaacs believes they have "a great chance of retaining the title".

### St Catz

Catz were well off the pace in the 2008 league campaign, but they shone in Cuppers, where victory was achieved despite the absence of striker Matt Stock. Stock, who scored four goals in the 2008 Varsity Match, returns this season after a year plying his trade in Brest in France. He joins a side hoping to kick off with a victory in 'Supercuppers' against St John's of Oxford. Senior squad member Charlie Laderman told *Varsity* that with a more united

league team and new recruits from as far as Argentina, success is on the way.

### Girton

After a satisfactory 4th in their first season back in top flight football, Girton aim to challenge for the title with several promising recruits. To do this, they will have to make the most of their legendary home advantage; the long journey to the wilderness is often too stressful for visiting teams to perform to the best of their ability. They will also be reliant on centre-back Benjamin 'Titus' Lacey and Robbie 'partyboy' Myerson not living up to their nicknames if success is to come. Captain Andy Stone affirmed "confidence in the camp is high".

### Christ's

2008 Cuppers champions Christ's were unable to emulate the previous season's efforts in 2009, but by winning two of their last three fixtures, they stayed in the top division. Christ's footballing history puts them with the greats, having won nine out of ten cuppers between 1956 and 1966. Add to this former QPR stalwart Steve Palmer and ex-Torquay striker Maurice Cox, Christ's alumni, and the only two Cambridge graduates to have made it as professional footballers in the modern era, and Dom St George's men have a lot to live up to. The fate of an inexperienced midfield and injury-ravaged defence may make or break their year.

### Emmanuel

Two years ago, Emma were languishing in the depths of College Division 3. A deal of team bonding and two doses of enthusiastic freshers later, and glory awaits Tom Perez' men, in the top division for the first time since the 1980s. A

5-1 victory over arch-rivals Christ's in pre-season is certainly a promising sign. Captain Perez, however, is cautious. "We're excited to mix with the Division 1 stalwarts, but we'll take each game as it comes and our objective is survival. The team spirit is immense and our pride is the envy of many a college team."

### Jesus

Having lost out on the league on the final day two seasons in row, 2009-2010 represents a tough challenge for Jesus. The opportunity to recover early on has been hit by a less than ideal pre-season, as getting players together for training and friendlies has proved difficult. Yet if we know anything about Jesus, it's that he will always rise again, and you'd have to be both brave and stupid to rule this College out with the proliferation of University players in their ranks. If the like of Blues captain Michael Johnson appear regularly, Jesus will be a force to be reckoned with in Cuppers too.

### Fitzwilliam

Traditional footballing force Fitz had a disappointing last season. In fact they only stayed up in the top flight thanks to a tense victory over Girton on the last day of

the season. Even so, the football was, as ever at Oxford Road, picturesque, and the recruitment of semi-pro star Danny Kerrigan (see back page) should solve the perennial Fitz problem of inconsistent finishing. However, captain James Gillingham admitted league success may still be out of reach for this sleeping giant, but with Blues Paul Hartley and Eddie Burrows forming the spine of the Cuppers side, the Clarets must be one of the favourites. Gillingham added: "Luckily Mike Shiel is on the treatment table, so we might have a chance of scoring some goals."

### Trinity

A disappointing year for Trinity saw their hopes of defending their 2008 title dashed by the fourth game of the season when they were crushed 4-0 by newly promoted Downing. With only 11 points accrued over the year, a bottom-half finish was all that could be managed. However, captain Richard Falder has high hopes: "A mass influx of enthusiastic freshers has completely reinvigorated the squad. Stalwarts Hans Boyde, Dany Gammall and Ghanaian powerhouse Ozzie Akushie will still be the main men, and with the rub of the green in important matches, there's no reason why we shouldn't be aiming for the double."



Emmanuel beat King's last season to seal promotion

## Sport in Brief

### Football

Last week, *Varsity* reported on the University football club's financial problems following the loss of their previous sponsor. Salvation came from Cantab Capital Partners LLP, a quantitative "black box" hedge fund manager based in Cambridge, who, according to captain Michael Johnson, "literally saved our bacon" with a £4000 cash injection. Johnson expressed his gratitude, adding "we were in grave danger of seeing three years of substantial progress go to waste".

### Lacrosse

Women's Blues stormed to an 8-5 victory in a hard-fought match against fellow title-favourites Bristol. Despite the scores being level at half-time, the Cambridge team's class showed in the second period as they stretched ahead to grab the victory. Club President Adeline Drabble described it as a "fantastic start to the season". Next up is Cardiff, on Wednesday at 1.30pm at Queens' Playing Fields.

### Hockey

The Hockey boys beat City of Peterborough 4-1 at the weekend thanks to two goals from Dan Quarshie and one each from Constantin Boye and Chris Lee, despite losing an early lead due to a blunder in defence. Fitness and quality told in the end as a much more convincing performance than in recent weeks saw the Blues move into second place in the East Prem A table.

## Absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge

Midi Cricket Club, from St Pons de Mauchiens, France, had an impressive victory over the weekend in ideal conditions. Notable performances from Frenchmen Captain Dom, Steve Field and Paul Rodgers in the Midi-Pyrénées Division of the National League gave the four-year-old team success against the Gauls from Red Square Lions.

Meanwhile, *Varsity's* dedicated coverage of Colombian second division football has provoked a mixed reaction in the region's press. Respected crime journalist Diana Durán expressed suspicion at the editors' motives, volunteering herself for an investigation, whilst befuddled sports hack Mario Peñaloza commented: "I hear English has beautiful countryside".

Finally, Ilala Kadimova is celebrating reaching the top of the Martinique Chess League after nine rounds of competition. The veteran, from 'Le club d'Echecs de la Trinité', is closely followed by Dominique Chancerel.



# A day at the Races

**Rob Peal, wide boys and Bahraini ambassadors mingle at Newmarket, the home of British racing**

“When I was an undergraduate at Queens’ (about 1808-11) it would have been counted a disgrace to the college if any man had been present in hall on a Newmarket day.” So wrote an outraged father to his son’s tutor in a letter complaining of the University’s present Victorian dourness.

It is astonishing to think that, whilst most undergraduates are nowadays only vaguely aware that the home of British racing lies twenty minutes away, two hundred years ago it would have been a faux pas not to attend Newmarket on a regular basis. The snobbery of such a culture obviously should not be mourned, but on reading this letter I could not help but mourn its indulgent attitude. It is sad that something as languorous as a day at the races is now a complete anathema to the clockwork culture of Cambridge students. So, in the spirit of our Regency forbearers, a group of us (all equally ignorant of races) headed out to Newmarket on Saturday afternoon to attend the famous Cambridgeshire meet.

Looking out over the racecourse, the flat East Anglian landscape treats you to an enormous open sky with the horizon stretching out miles in every direction. Accordingly, the famous Rowley Mile course has no jumps or dips, and consists of just one dead straight, mile long gallop.

On arrival we were unexpectedly handed complimentary passes to the Premier Enclosure. Evidently, the publicity officer who organised our visit had overestimated the grandeur of student journalism. We sheepishly showed our passes to the doorman and hoped our scruffy student clothing would comply with

the dress code of “no unduly casual or extreme attire”.

We needn’t have worried. Away from its aristocratic origins as the seat of the exclusive and tremendously snobby Jockey Club, Newmarket now attracts such a great variety of society that there is no dominant uniform. Within the Premier Enclosure the residual upper crust of red cords, flat caps and Barbour jackets brushed shoulders with Essex wideboys in brash pinstripe, gaggles of young ladies on a hen do and international businessmen in tailored suits. In fact, instead of being defined by the snobbery of old, the races now smell purely of money. As the racing historian Laura Thompson writes, our “marketing-managerial era” has turned the sport into “a series of open air theme parks with, for those who feel the chill, hermetically sealed hospitality capsules lined with television screens.”

Having set aside £10 for a couple of flutters, we felt distinctly wimpish compared with the bets being laid by the big players surrounding us in the Enclosure. So we headed down to the stalls where we could place our bets and not be laughed at. Having neglected to even buy a Racing Post we were going on whim alone. As with all novice betters the name of the horse was going to be the decisive factor. The populist tenor of today’s races is on fine display with the choices for racehorse names. We could choose between pop culture references (Fight Club, Dockofthebay), silly puns (Race of Clubs) or a mixture of both (Stevie Thunder). An enthusiastic gambler friend of mine has always defended his habit by claiming, “I am willing to lose the money I pay, because I am paying for the excitement of possibly

winning”. Watching the race I could understand his logic. The Rowley Mile is one long sprint, over in under two minutes and exhilarating to watch. My horse Palio did not even get a place, but maybe the buzz I got from watching him compete was worth the £6 bet? Unsure, I decided to spend my remaining four pounds on a burger and chips.

Course of History

1605

James I ‘discovers’ the heath on a hunting trip

1622

Lord Buckingham wins £100 in the first ever race

1750

The Jockey Club, which oversaw English horseracing, founded in Newmarket

1939

Newmarket is the only British Racecourse to stage racing during the War

2000

State-of-the-art Millennium Grandstand opens

At the winner’s enclosure the owner and jockey were presented with their trophies by two Bahraini ambassadors. The races have become such a magnate of the super rich that Newmarket has taken on a markedly international feel, without being at all cosmopolitan.

We piled back into our car to make the journey back to Cambridge. As we drove off, a helicopter took off in front of us and two businessmen got into their private jets. Cambridge students no longer attend Newmarket en masse, and as our journey showed us they have been comprehensively replaced by those who are far more flash, and with far more cash.



‘International, without being at all cosmopolitan.’ The Bahraini Ambassadors

## The Sporting World Week 2: Peru

The barren highlands of the Peruvian Andes, exposed to potent sun during the day, frozen by the open sky at night and lashed by frequent and torrential thunderstorms, are not a friendly place for sports lovers to visit, as the Argentine national football team discovered recently in neighbouring Bolivia (where they received a 6-1 pasting). When you have just undertaken a lengthy journey, are spending your nights fending off interest from the cuddly

local spiders, and are incubating the early stages of pneumonia, the conditions make this landscape downright nasty. Of course the locals are football-mad (literally - this is Latin America, after all), and since foreigners are sighted rarely enough in this region that they elicit long stares and calls of ‘gringo’, the first demand a visitor usually experiences is a demonstration of their ball skills, at least if they are male. Cue a procession down to the local

school, whose hard pitch (along with basketball nets and painted lines) serves as the only facility approximating a leisure centre in a region classified as one of the poorest in the country, and where an average family’s annual income is less than US\$1000, often shared between half a dozen or more. The entire village seems to be present, the ageless Andean faces of the farmers and shepherds, hardened into raisin-coloured and -textured husks by the harsh sun, belying their youth and vigour. Your correspondent, by contrast, resembles one of their Northern American brethren, gasping, har-rumphing and spluttering while

attempting an imitation of the Peruvian national flag – red, white and red. The thin air (combined with the imminent viral onslaught) causes even the simple task of chasing after a lost ball appeal about as much as climbing Machu Picchu from base to summit in less than an hour – a feat later successfully accomplished, with a little help from the local flora. It would be a lie to say that the Peruvian style of play is elegant, weaving and graceful like that of their rivals across the continent. (The national team was described by the Guardian on Saturday as “utter filth”, and they duly confirmed last place in their world cup

qualifying group.) Yet the villagers of Pampachiri play like they work their fields (and, one would suspect, how they make love); with a determined look on their face, clumsy hacking motions and plenty of rough tackles. Passing is not so much used to create open spaces and free up play as it is to shift the culpability onto another as opposition players charge headlong to retrieve the ball, at whatever cost. Referees (when present) tend to take a relaxed view regarding the rules, and so long as a clear touch is achieved they usually ignore any ensuing rough-and-tumble, provided both players can stand afterwards. JOSHUA BLANCHARD LEWIS





Will Caiger-Smith

Cambridge has been associated with the noble art of boxing ever since a decree was issued in 1842 threatening students with “rustication or expulsion” if they were caught practicing it. It is hard to imagine the same sanctions being put into place to punish fans of chess, a ‘sport’ which has

## A sport we can all appreciate. And it could just save your life.

probably seen less bloodshed than tiddlywinks.

The emergence of a new sporting phenomenon, however, prompts me to suggest that maybe we should give the University’s disciplinary officers some real work to do. Let’s be honest: their job is a probably fairly dull; there’s only so many times you can tell someone off for drunkenly setting off a fire extinguisher or streaking across a college lawn before the novelty wears off and its starts getting really annoying, a bit like freshers’ week.

But imagine this: in a dark Cambridge basement, far away from the prying eyes of the porters (King’s Cellars, anyone?), a thrilling spectacle unfolds. A bloodthirsty crowd heaves around the edges of the ring. The tension is palpable; the air thick with sweat: the fighters lock heads as they stare each other out. The crowd falls silent in expectation as the two opponents grit their teeth and assume their positions sitting down in front of a chessboard.

Yes, that’s right. Chessboxing is the latest addition to the sporting

calendar. Originally conceived by cartoonist Enki Bilal, the idea was brought to life by the Dutch artist Lepe Rubingh. He decided, however, that the method of play described in Bilal’s book (a full boxing match followed by a chess match) was impractical, and so today, an official chessboxing fixture consists of up to eleven alternating rounds of chess and boxing, starting with chess and including a pause of one minute between each round. The winner is the first to knock out or check mate his opponent.

With a fan base stretching as far as Wu-Tang Clan’s RZA (who in August last year spoke to the UN about the sport’s potential to teach

children about conflict resolution), is it not time we brought chessboxing to Cambridge? This is a sport brimming with possibilities; the ultimate test of both brain and brawn. Picture a Varsity chess champion desperately trying to outwit his boxing counterpart in four minutes before being beaten to a pulp. What’s not to like? Finally we can give the University’s disciplinary bodies a real challenge, and see whether those Land Economists from Hughes Hall really have what it takes. And who knows, maybe proposing a gentlemanly match of chessboxing could spare you a savage, unprovoked beating in St Edwards Passage on a Saturday night.

# Blues annihilated by Northampton

» The Saints show no mercy as they take the wind out of Cambridge’s sails in a masterly display

CAMBRIDGE 14

NORTHAMPTON 73

Ed Thornton  
Sports Reporter

Before the Blues had even arrived for their match against Northampton Saints on Monday night, Doug Rowe forecast “the toughest game of the season so far”, and how right he was. After three wins on the trot the Blues were coasting through the first half of the season until the Saints came marching in and trampled them in an eleven try massacre.

The only solace coach Tony Rodgers and his team can take from the thrashing is that they never had a chance. The Saints were a professional outfit combining strength, speed and skill in equal measure and it all proved too much for a weary looking Cambridge squad. Their kicks were longer, their hits were harder and their handling exquisite. It is often said that the forwards decide who win the match and the backs decide by how much: in this

case the Saints pack made the decision early on and their back line were aiming high as their head Coach Jim Mallinder watched from the stands.

The Northampton pack towered over the Blues, with captain Dan Vickerman the notable exception, and you could see them relish the opportunity to constantly crash it up into a drained Cambridge defensive line. Time after time it would take two or even three defenders to floor the powerful Saints. After a few phases of fun they would spread the ball wide and exploit a gap in the Cambridge defence no matter how small, with each try just like the last: after a slipped tackle in the midfield a couple clever offloads and a switch or two would be enough for the away team to touch down under the posts and silence the home fans. Cambridge full back Will Balfour understood the problem when he stated “we need to hit the tackles in midfield”, but knowing what to do did not equal doing it well.

Northampton’s Joe Ansbro, an ex-Cambridge Blue and current Scotland A centre, was obviously enjoying being back at Grange Road as he took advantage of the weak tackling to claim a hat-trick and set up a couple more. After leaving the field Joe grinned and remarked “the

Cambridge boys will learn a lot of lessons from that game”. The atmosphere in the home changing room was far more subdued as some of the players refused to comment on the match altogether.

The CURUFC website claimed that “this is a squad of strong resolve and there is no doubt that

they will come back stronger, more committed and more together from this experience.” One hopes this isn’t just blind faith as the Blues host Saracens next week, whose first team are currently topping the Guinness Premiership whilst their second team have won all three of

way, the Saracens game is massive; it could hail a return to form for the Blues or plunge them back into last season’s disappointing groove of always being one step behind the rest of the pack.

### Line-up

#### Cambridge:

1: Andy Daniel (St. Edmund’s) [Alex Cheetham (St. John’s)] 2: Patrick Crossley (Homerton) 3: Tom Harris (Churchill) 4: Will Jones (St. Edmund’s) 5: Dan Vickerman (Hughes Hall) 6: Tom Stanton (St. John’s) 7: Ed White (Jesus) 8: Ben Maidment (St. Edmunds) 9: Doug Rowe (Hughes Hall) 10: Jamie Hood (Hughes Hall) 11: James Greenwood (Hughes Hall) 12: Ross Broadfoot (Hughes Hall) [Freddie Shepherd (St. Edmund’s)] 13: Fred Burdon (St. John’s) 14: Ilia Cherezov (St. John’s) [Marc Rosenberg (Hughes Hall)] 15: Will Balfour (Queens’) [Jimmy Richards (Hughes Hall)]

## Captain Vickerman not jumping ship

their opening games against Gloucester, Harlequins and Bath. Either When a player of Dan Vickerman’s standard leaves his position in a top international team to play University rugby there is always the chance he won’t stay for long. Perhaps he will find it all too tedious and yearn to be back on the international stage or perhaps he will quit after one year with an MPhil under his belt to move to the city. Dan has already played in one Varsity match and he is on his way to captaining his second but there is always a doubt in some people’s minds that it is all too good to be true.

Lately the rumour has been that former Australian international Vickerman is on his way to play for the Blues’ most recent opposition, the Northampton Saints, and the tale is so ingrained it seems that everyone is talking about it. Sandy Reid, one of Vickerman’s team mates in the Blues, said “he is going in January, but it won’t be in term time” which suggested that it was a done deal, whilst Tony Rodgers, the Blues Coach, simply said “we will have to wait and see.” From the Northampton side it looked like a certainty too with the Northampton selectors watching the match and the club’s communications manager stating that Dan “will not be available for the Saints until at least after the Varsity Match in December.” Forums on the Northampton Official Website said: “The back five in the scrum offers Saints an embarrassment of riches, even before Dan Vickerman becomes available later in the year.” and Wikipedia even pokes its nose



in when it says of Dan “He played for Cambridge in the 2008 Varsity Match, and is combining his studies with his renewed professional career at Northampton.”

However, now the confusion can be cleared up once and for all as the big man himself tells *Varsity* the score. In an email on Tuesday morning he told *Varsity* “I am playing for Cambridge and studying so no I will not be going to Northampton post Christmas as it affects my studies.” Well, there you have it: a multiplicity of rumours shot down with one quick statement from the horse’s mouth. Dan Vickerman is staying put. ED THORNTON



JAMES GRAVESTON



## Rugbyp31



## Featurep30

# SPORT

» Cambridge hope to lift Varsity trophy once more as new squad policy and training regime bear fruit



JAMES GRAVESTO

