

Fashionp16-17

Fetch the garlic and don your crucifix; Cambridge's ghostly gents are out on the prowl, Twilight-style

Halloween Featuresp20-21

Musical ghouls and a window that must always remain open... ghostly goings on at our most creepy Colleges

Newsp4-5

Unemployed graduates: how the recession has affected University leavers



VARSlTY

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Gardies Attack

» Postdoc research associate hits two girls after swap

Emma Mustich
News Editor

What began as a night out at Gardies ended in violence last Wednesday when a postdoctoral research associate attacked two girls from a Girton drinking society.

Dr Jeff Wheeler, who works in the Department of Materials Science and Metallurgy, hit two members of the Girton society in the aftermath of an altercation about a table that had been double-booked.

Both societies had planned separate swaps for the Wednesday evening. Lara Frentrop, from the Girton group, told *Varsity* her society had called Gardies repeatedly to make sure their table was booked. They had offered to pay a deposit, but the Gardies staff had said no such payment was necessary.

The other drinking society, the Alverstones (an all-male society for athletes), had also booked the table and paid a £50 deposit. Dr Wheeler was a member of the Alverstones at the time, but has since been expelled from the society.

Frentrop reported that her group had arrived and sat down at their table half an hour before the Alverstones arrived with their dates.

"The boys were really rude," she said, claiming that one boy had called members of her group "fucking bitches." By appealing to the staff at Gardies, the boys forced the girls to get up from their table.

The girls and the male freshers on their swap waited in the basement of Gardies until just after 9:00, when the Alverstones vacated the table. Trouble began as the Alverstones left the table and descended to the ground floor.

Another Girton drinking society member, who wished to remain anonymous, told *Varsity*, "Angry words were exchanged and a friend retaliated by throwing water

over the head of the angriest boy [Wheeler].

"The boy then [left] the room, punching [Frentrop] in the stomach and winding her. She fell to the ground, and had to be tended to by several friends. Whilst this happened, three of us went downstairs to confront the boy, who then hit another girl across the face."

Frentrop said that she had not thrown any water or alcohol at Wheeler, and that his attack was entirely "unprovoked".

Wheeler's account of the event differs from that of the Girton source. He reports that after "wine" (not water) was thrown in his eyes, he "reacted out of shock". He does not say who threw the wine, and Frentrop and other eyewitnesses told *Varsity* it was not one of the girls he later injured.

Wheeler continues, "I then exited the building to remove myself from the situation ... but was followed by several of the girls who continued to assault me."

"I regrettably responded by slapping one of the girls once as a means of alleviating any further assaults on my person."

Alice Beardmore-Gray, one of the girls on the Alverstones swap, recalls leaving Gardies and looking behind her to see Wheeler. "His clothes were wet," she told *Varsity*.

She remembers Wheeler saying that he had just hit a girl, and recalls being surprised at his nonchalance.

She also confirms that members of the Girton group rushed downstairs to confront Wheeler. Wheeler "lashed out" and hit one of the girls "on the head". Beardmore-Gray says the girl, Natalie Coan, dropped to the pavement, while Wheeler "marched off".

She defends the other members of the Alverstones, who she says were "lovely" and "very apologetic".

The police attended to the incident, but left when no party decided to press charges.

Stephen Fry Exclusive Interviewp13-14



JOHN LINFORD

Friday's Fry day: Comedian gives ADC talk

Comedy heavy-weight and Footlights alumnus Stephen Fry spoke at the ADC theatre last Friday. He answered audience questions, speaking mostly on the progress of his career after he left Cambridge.

Nokia to occupy new building in West Cambridge

Colm Flanagan

Nokia UK has just announced that it will occupy a large building in the Hauser Forum development, a new site currently being planned in West Cambridge.

BusinessWeekly.co.uk called the move "the most significant letting in the region this year". It looks set to herald further collaboration between the University and technology industries.

The firm will occupy the Broers Building in West Cambridge, an area home to collaborations between the University and Microsoft and Hitachi, among others.

Close to the University's computer laboratory and major bases for electrical engineering, nanoscience and physics, the site is key in the strategy to put Cambridge at the forefront of research, teaching and industry.

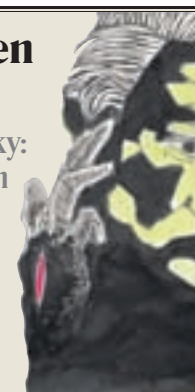
Ian Leslie, the pro-vice-chancellor for research, said Nokia's move strengthened its ties with the University.

"Our initial collaboration with Nokia in nanoscience is now broadening to other technologies," he said. "We are very pleased that, even during challenging economic times, industry sees the value of long-term research in collaboration with other leading universities."

Halloween Essay

Getting freaky: John Poynton on the power of the paranormal

p9



In Brief

Cambridge debaters win at Inter-varsity Competition

Two Cambridge students came out on top at the Inter-varsity Debating Competition held at SOAS last weekend. Trinity Hall finalist Sean Koh and second year Emmanuel affiliate student Doug Cochran fought off competition from 96 other teams to take the title. The duo defeated teams from Oxford, LSE and Trinity College Dublin with an impressive performance in the final, arguing for the proposition that those who neglect to give to charitable causes are morally responsible for the death of starving Africans. The two will be back in action next month when Cambridge host their own inter-varsity competition.

Science department to relocate

The Department of Materials Science and Metallurgy is set to move to a new location on the West Cambridge Site, joining several other scientific departments at the purpose-built site. The department is currently spread over five buildings at the New Museums Site but the facilities are not suitable for high level research projects. In particular the new building will be able to house sensitive electron microscopes. These benefits along with the proximity to other scientific departments ought to outweigh any loss of accessibility.

Student ‘Fire Prefects’ appointed

Cambridgeshire Fire and Rescue Service has launched a scheme to recruit university students as voluntary ‘fire prefects.’ A pilot scheme has already taken place at Anglia Ruskin where students worked alongside fire wardens to ensure compliance with fire safety regulations. The scheme is a response to more than 100 fire service call-outs to colleges last year and the identification of students as a high risk group.



Henry VIII is gout and about

Cambridge’s ivory towers were thrown open for this month’s ‘Festival of Ideas’, a town-meets-gown affair reaching out to the wider community. Events included a discussion of ‘Jordan’s knockers’ at gender debate ‘Becoming Barbie’ and a cheeky depiction of monarchical masculinity from David Starkey (who drew the sketch of Henry VIII above). Other attractions included Japanese Puppet making, a writing workshop with beloved author Michael Morpurgo, and a not-for-the-fainthearted bicentenary reading of Tennyson’s (almost) complete works.

NICOLA BARTLETT

Jessica King
Reporter

Recycling is set to become easier for Cambridge households thanks to the introduction of new, blue recycling bins. 3,600 will be distributed around the city this week, replacing the current system of separate blue and green boxes.

Although administrative complications mean Colleges will for now retain their current recycling system, those students who live

out will benefit from the scheme. Plans to extend the new system to the campus in around 18 months are also being considered once the project has been established in the community.

It is hoped that features of the new bins will make people more likely to recycle their waste, and enable Cambridge to meet their target of recycling or composting 45% of household rubbish by April 2010. The bins’ lids and large collection containers mean more material can be recycled, and cardboard and soup cartons can also be re-used as

University Press pulls textbook which “fuels anti-Semitism”

James Wilson
Reporter

A religious studies textbook for Australian high school students published by Cambridge University Press has been removed from bookshelves for containing alleged anti-Semitic slurs.

The book, *Cambridge Studies of Religion Stage 6*, was withdrawn on Tuesday after a complaint from the New South Wales Jewish Board of Deputies. Citing a number of “appalling statements”, they requested that a chapter on Judaism be rewritten and the book re-issued to all schools using it.

It was brought to their attention after concerns were raised by staff at a Jewish school where the book was in use.

Author Christopher Hartney, a lecturer at Sydney University, had written that “much modern conflict in the world is related to the reactions of other groups to the Jewish people.” The Board of Deputies stated that this had the potential to incite religious hatred, as it “blames Jews for the existence of much of the conflict in the world”.

In addition, the book states that polygamy is a common practice in Israel and that Passover involves the “slaughtering of lambs, smearing the lintel on the front door with blood and eating unleavened breads for seven days”.

Speaking to the *Sydney Morning Herald* on Tuesday, the board’s chief

executive Vic Alhadeff said one of the statements belonged “in the realm of racial vilification”.

He stated that the book’s claims “perpetuate myths and inaccurate stereotypes about Judaism” which could “fuel anti-Semitism”, adding that “thousands of students are being seriously misinformed”.

In response, Cambridge University Press announced it was withdrawing the book, available since 2008, immediately from sale.

Mark O’Neil, the Executive Director of the Press’s Australia and New Zealand branch, released a statement stating that he “recognised the concerns that have been expressed about interpretations in the book.” He said he would seek the advice of an “independent expert in Judaism” before deciding whether to re-issue the book, adding that the concerns are being treated “with the utmost seriousness” in order to ensure that “the highest standards of academic integrity” are reached.

The stated ethos of Cambridge University Press is to “produce publications that are accurate and of educational value.”

Cambridge University Press told *Varsity* that they “will do whatever is necessary in order to ensure facts are covered accurately in its publications”.

The New South Wales Jewish Board of Deputies has said that it “applauds” the move.

No stock of the book is currently held in the UK, nor has any copy been sold from the Press’s UK warehouse. No copies are currently on order.

Cambridge recyclers get the blues



well as glass, cans, paper, foil, tins and plastic bottles.

Victoria Kelso, the representative of Cambridge City Council’s Environmental Services, said the authorities were positive about the potential success of the scheme. “Most people are really pleased about the new bins,” she said, adding that the council hoped to exceed their recycling targets having observed the successes of schemes in other boroughs.

The bins will be emptied on the same day as green bins from November 16th.

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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Police: “one student burglary every second day”

» Unlocked doors and windows are prime targets for Cambridge crooks

Danae Mercer
Reporter

Cambridge students have suffered a spate of burglaries this month, according to statistics released by Cambridge Police.

Since the beginning of October, 12 thefts of student possessions have occurred, with the average victim losing property worth between £700 and £800.

Sue Loaker, crime reduction officer for Cambridge Police, said the thefts occurred when students left doors and windows unlocked, even for short periods of time.

“Laptops are the most commonly stolen item, but photographic equipment, mobile phones and cash – up to the value of thousands of pounds – has also been taken,” she said. “Students might leave their rooms for just a few minutes, and, when they return, their stuff is gone.”

Hugh Burling, a theologian at John’s, became a victim sometime after 2am on October 26th, when a thief entered his room whilst he was sleeping inside.

“I thought I was going out again, but I went to bed instead,” explained Burling, who had stopped home for a

glass of water. The thief stole a laptop, which has not been recovered.

According to Paul Doxey, head porter at John’s, central Colleges are particularly vulnerable.

“There were three thefts at Trinity, one at John’s and one at Sidney,” he said. Burglaries have also occurred at several off-campus hostels. On Sunday night, a laptop, CD and organiser were stolen from a ground-floor room on Chesterton Road. The thief, who gained access through a window open just six to eight inches, appeared to have been been watching and waiting for the student to vacate the room.

While student thefts at Cambridge seem to be on the rise, students themselves appear generally unconcerned. A study released this week by the National Union of Students revealed that 84% of freshers aren’t worried about crime.

“I feel pretty safe here. If I’m just going from my floor to another floor, I don’t really bother to lock my door,” said Owen Pyle, a student at Selwyn College. “The school is relatively far out. We don’t really have random people walking around.

“Last year, my friend’s door was opened by a random guy. He ran when he was seen. It was reported to the porters, but he was long gone by

then,” said Pyle.

Unlocked doors and windows left ajar are major facilitators of such robberies. “We all make mistakes and we all get sloppy,” said Doxey. “It’s just sad when someone else is there to prey on that vulnerability.”

Doxey explained that thieves were skilled at blending in. “They are usually younger persons. It’ll take them a minute, even less. These people have all sorts of excuses, and they’ll appear genuine.”

Many students, however, are more concerned for the vulnerability of more replaceable possessions in the face of thieves.

“To be fair, the only thing that really gets nicked is food, since our fridge is the closest to the back gate,” said Catherine Potterton, at Wolfson College.

“If you follow the basic rules, you’ll be fine. It’s about making yourself less attractive than the next person.”

Cambridge Police stressed that students take advantage of security facilities, including a property registry system which allows students to create a free private portfolio of all their property.

“If you see someone suspicious, contact the porters immediately” Doxey said. “We don’t mind if it turns out to be nothing. Honestly.”



ALASTAIR APPLETON

Green Belt building project to go ahead

» Site in north-west Cambridge will eventually provide accommodation for 2,000 students

Darragh Connell
Reporter

The University has been given the go-ahead to expand into Cambridge’s Green Belt.

After a lengthy consideration process, planning inspectors agreed that the University’s needs merit the removal of a significant parcel of land from the North Western Green Belt.

The 297-acre site on the city’s north-west edge will be used to provide accommodation for 2,000 students and homes for 1,500 university staff, as well as academic facilities, research and development space and a hotel. Although it is currently owned by the University, permission was needed to release the land for long-term development plans.

Plans to create up to three new Colleges on the site were put forward in 2004, but as yet remain unconfirmed.

Although the site is on Green Belt space, inspectors deemed that the economic, intellectual and educational needs of the project were “of greater weight than the substantial Green Belt functions of the land.”

Roger Taylor, Project director for North West Cambridge, stressed that any development on the site would go through the normal planning process.

“From the project’s start, the objective has been to provide the University with much-needed living and research accommodation that will allow it to grow and prosper,” he said. “This is a significant project for the University that we expect to be delivered over a 15 to 20-year period.

“Since the start, we have been committed to creating a successful and sustainable community that comprises homes for University staff, market housing as enabling development, academic facilities, research and development space, and community facilities such as a primary school and shops.

“The physical constraints of the city centre preclude expansion of the University there; the North West Cambridge site offers the space that the University requires in order to grow.”

Martin Baker, conservation manager at Cambridgeshire Wildlife Trust, is concerned about the impact of the development.

“It seems that development has expanded from what the council originally hoped for, which will squeeze the green space between residential area and the motorway” he said.

“The quantity of green space is narrow, and, as lower than the motorway, will be noisy. Aside from wildlife, this doesn’t seem like a great opportunity to create a quality space in which residents can interact with their wider environment.”

To counter environmental impact, the development will take measures to preserve the site’s “special scientific interest” status, working to promote biodiversity in the surrounding areas and retaining the Girton Gap, a green corridor separating Girton from the city. The City and District councils also claim policies underlying the development will “set world-leading standards in carbon and water reduction”, in line with government targets to make all new homes zero carbon from 2016.

The planned development was first incorporated, controversially, into the Cambridge North West Draft Area Action Plan (AAP) in 2008. The approval and emendation comes after a rigorous independent examination and prolonged period of public consultation in June of that year.

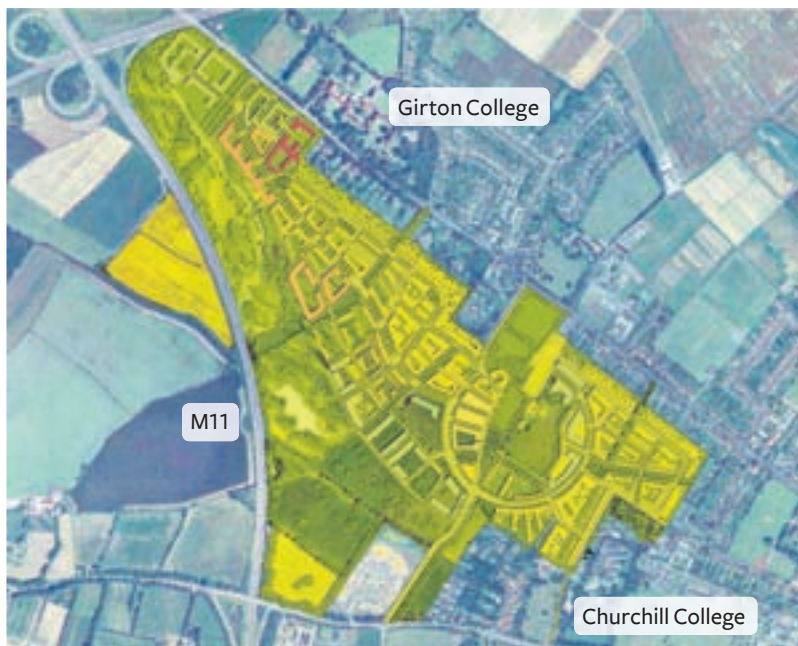
The plans were motivated by shortages in affordable postgraduate accommodation and the need to take advantage of the high density of technology companies in the city.

As well as en-suite study bedrooms for postgraduate students and a minimum 100,000 square metres of research space, the site will accommodate 1,500 private homes and community facilities.

Although the adoption of the Area Action Plan precipitates a lengthy planning application process, the City Council estimates that “the first homes could be built in 2011/12.”

“The next stage for the project is the start in November of a comprehensive consultation to engage all those individuals and groups who want to be involved in refining our Master Plan for the site,” said Taylor.

“We are determined that future proposals for the site meet not only the University’s needs but also have the support of the local community.”



The site of planned North West development

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News Feature

Land of Opportunity

» Cambridge graduates make it big stateside

Michael Stothard
Editor Emeritus

A dozen Wall Street men sat in a silent line staring only at their whiskeys. After another bad August day in the markets, this time blamed on collapsing stock prices in China, only one of the drinkers was talking. Jack Harper, 22-year-old Cambridge classics graduate and hedge fund analyst was in an almost champagne mood, happy to chat.

Unlike the older men, he was doing much better than he had expected. His New York hedge fund had cut back brutally almost as soon as he had joined in August last year. But he had been the cheapest employee on the books and after a few months was now the only New York analyst left. It had been hard work, he said: “but not bad for someone who has only just graduated with a Classics degree”.

In any time of turmoil there are winners and losers. John Paulson, president of the New York-based hedge fund Paulson & Co., made \$2 billion shorting the mortgage market in 2007 and banks in 2008. He was a big winner. New graduates like Jack Harper have needed to work out how to be some kind of winner too. In conversations in New York this summer, recent alumni recommended a range of ways to drive back the clouds of Cambridge gloom.

Keith Schnell graduated in 1997 with a economics degree and now manages investments for Praxis, a \$9bn industrial gasses company. He believes the smart choice is in Venture Capital firms, many of which now have a glut of money from years of having nowhere to put it. “At the first sign of recovery they will need people to help them invest again.”

One of the biggest, 3i, has not

made a single investment in seven months, the longest time in its history. Perhaps this spree is already starting to happen. The biggest venture capital firm BlackRock, after three consecutive years of falling investments, doubled its portfolio over the summer by acquiring Barclays Global Investors. “When the venture capitalists start buying like mad - which they will - they are going to be needing a lot of extra talent,” said Schnell.

Winning tactics go beyond simply choosing an industry. Jenifer Delaney left Cambridge for UBS in New York in 2003, and argued that a great job abroad could in certain circumstances be easier to get when times were hard. “If you read that a British bank is using the recession to expand overseas, find out where and show an interest in that country.” The cunning graduate, with a willingness to work anywhere and good intelligence in every sense, can secure a foreign posting “more easily than you might think”.

She cited the acquisition of Lehman Brothers in 2008 that allowed many young British Barclays employees to have a chance in America. “One man’s failure, another’s success. So you might like to look at RBS, who are trying to increase their presence enormously in America and HSBC who – as they were relatively sheltered from the recession – are vying to have a presence all over the world.”

To find success in a recession pains-taking research will not be enough. Cambridge graduates will also have to adjust their expectations, said Chesterman at the careers service: “We had a great job last year that just no one wanted. It had an impressive starting salary, great training on the job and loads of travel with expenses. The only problem was that it was for the world’s largest makers of toilet paper. No Cambridge graduate wanted to tell their friends they

made toilet paper.”

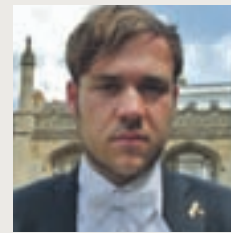
Prospects overall may not seem as bad as many fear. Last year there was a ten per cent yearly increase in the number of companies with vacancies for Cambridge graduates. This is perhaps unsurprising after the plunge in demand the year before. The increase is set to be even greater next year according to last week’s report by the Association of Graduate Recruiters.

One Cambridge graduate in New York recommended using the recession as an excuse to show flexibility that in boom times might have seemed an indulgence. Mary Dewhurst, who graduated with an economics degree in 2002, has just left her job at Morgan Stanley to join an NGO called Voluntary Service Overseas. “Use the recession as an opportunity to do something cool and interesting,” she advised. “If you don’t get a ‘high flying’ traditional job now it will be more understandable as there are fewer out there. Future employers will not think you are stupid. There are not the same signaling effects as before.”

Meanwhile for those like former classicist Jack Harper in his Wall Street Bar there is already cause for careful celebration, a little champagne beside all those Jack Daniels on the rocks. He feels very overworked and a little underpaid. But, with flexibility and luck now, he is getting invaluable experience for the future.

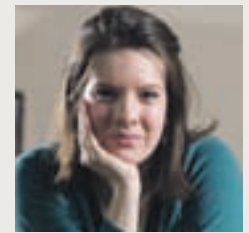
Any graduate who does get a job in bad times is significantly more likely to keep it. Those hired in boom times find themselves quickly among competitors with the same level of skill level and become more easily disposable. But for recession successes, as Delaney put it: “When the economy picks up in a few years time, you will be one of the few in your age group qualified to do the job and therefore much more likely to survive”.

In at the deep end: four graduates on post-Cambridge survival



Pablo Navarro MacLochlainn
History of Art, I, King’s

“I got a first, yet I remain inexplicably unemployed. Granted, I started at Cambridge resigned to the fact my degree was rather useless. But following the rejection of my application to be sales assistant at ‘Parchement’ greetings cards I begin to realise how little currency my degree holds in all but the most elite and impenetrable sectors. Of course, there are plenty of unpaid internships around, but those of us with rent to pay can’t afford to commit to one. The current climate, then, ultimately favours those who can live at home with parents who can hook them up.”



Olivia Potts
English, II.1, Corpus

“I’m currently studying for a law conversion. I’d wanted to do law for a long time, so it wasn’t a second choice borne out of the unemployment crisis. But, last summer, I started panicking about not being able to fund it, and frantically applied for jobs. I applied for at least 20, all of which I was pretty qualified for, and didn’t hear back from a single one. I felt like the unemployed version of Bridget Jones ringing her telephone to check it was still working. Thankfully, the law conversion focuses my job-seeking and – hopefully – makes me more employable.”



Sophie Firth
English, I, Murray Edwards

“Despite getting a good degree, I’ve been on the dole since July. After failing to get interviews for jobs for which I felt I was well qualified, and subsequently being unsuccessful in getting jobs for which I am overqualified, I realised that I’m in a Catch-22 situation: in order to get a job I need experience, but in order to gain that experience I need a job. Of course, an internship is an option, but since they’re largely unpaid and often require travel I can’t afford to take that route.”



Alice Edgerly
Architecture, II.1, Jesus

“A few months after graduating, I applied for an 18-month contract at the National Theatre. The application process took about 6 weeks with a possible job at the end. I got to the final round but didn’t get the job. But luckily I did get a month’s internship. The next step is architecture practice applications. I’ve sent off about 30. What’s great is that these projects don’t follow university time, workload and opportunities change throughout the year, so it’s flexible, and they’re more interesting than standard jobs.”



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Graduate Careers in the Crunch

» Phantom applications, the 'domino effect' and withdrawn offers haunt the lost generation

Patricia McKee
Reporter

Latest government figures show how tough the job market has been for graduates. While unemployment rises to its worst level in 14 years, the total of 16-24 years olds out of work is approaching the one million mark. The class of 2010 will have to compete with graduates who could not secure paid employment in the two previous years, a phenomenon dubbed the 'domino effect'. Anger seems to be building up as Youth Fight for Jobs prepare for a mass demonstration in London on November 28th.

Many businesses have introduced a graduate freeze, signifying a shortfall of entry-level jobs. A survey conducted by High Fliers Research established that vacancies for graduates have been cut by over a fifth since 2007. According to the 2009 Cambridge Careers Service Report, this is affecting graduate recruitment activity across all sectors. Of course those not immediately affected (such as accounting and law) are experiencing huge increases in graduate applications, and competition is getting fierce.

According to the report, some former Cambridge students have seen their offers of employment either delayed or withdrawn completely, meaning a number of those successful in the two previous recruitment rounds lost their jobs before they'd even started. Those who came back to the Careers Service to look for alternatives were disappointed, as later opportunities had already been filled up, six to eight months earlier than in previous years.

But perhaps the scariest prospect for students this Halloween will be filling in phantom applications. A shocking revelation explained in the Careers Report: "There is a tendency in recessionary times for employers to maintain a presence

'on campus' simply to keep the 'pilot light burning'. Students can waste hours applying for phantom jobs. Similarly, before our Internships Event, we asked every visiting organisation for their assurances that they were genuinely recruiting for summer interns."

Gordon Chesterman, Director of the Cambridge Careers Service, predicts a good future, with "green shoots of recovery...and a forest of good-looking graduate opportunities". He also told *Varsity* that "some students refuse to adjust their expectations and to accept near-neighbouring alternatives: last year, some held out for the £45,000 starting salaries, and failed, while some took too much notice of all the bad press and simply gave up."

Recruiters still seem to favour Cambridge students. The Careers Service Report writes that while "graduate-level opportunities [in these areas] advertised nationally have slumped by some 70%," the Careers Service's Vacancy Online listings for such jobs have only seen a ten per cent decrease.

But students are being cautioned to decide carefully on where to plant their roots before trying to blossom, and they are heeding the advice. The Careers Report indicated that student turn-outs to the Banking and Finance Event were down by 18% and those for the Property Event by 45%. Final-year Cambridge students seem to be directing their interest towards other alternatives, namely law, accountancy, and further education.

Generally, 40 to 45 per cent of first-degree Cambridge graduates go on to do postgraduate degrees. This year's Careers Service Report reveals that by January 2009, a 13 per cent increase in graduate applications had already been noted.

The two sectors that actually stepped up their graduate vacancies last year were the armed forces and the public sector. Indeed not

all news is bad: average graduate salaries have risen from £25,500 to £27,000 for 2009. The highest starting salary was offered by the German supermarket chain Aldi, with an impressive 40K plus an Audi A4. A Leeds metropolitan graduate with a 2:1 in business studies, Kate McGrath, was their successful candidate last year.

On 'Budget Day', October 14th, unemployment figures were shown to have stabilised, prompting the

"Some students refuse to adjust their expectations and to accept near-neighbouring alternatives."

Gordon Chesterman, Director of the Cambridge Careers Service

national press to herald the end of the recession. The Office of National Statistics (ONS) figures released October 23rd confounded widespread hope, as the economy unexpectedly continued to shrink for the sixth consecutive quarter between July and September, with a shock 0.4% drop in gross domestic product (GDP).

Youth unemployment is notably worse in America, exploding to 52.2 per cent among 16-24 year olds. In New York, angry graduate Trina Thompson sued her business-oriented Bronx school for \$70,000 in tuition fees, telling the New York Post: "They have not tried hard enough to help me".

In contrast, the Cambridge Careers Service came top in a survey undertaken at 260 universities across Europe, the UK and the US for student satisfaction. Mr Chesterman explains: "Lots of new kids on the block are recruiting at Cambridge for the first time and there are more overseas vacancies: we're working hard to hunt these down. Some firms are only recruiting at Cambridge - thanks to our ties with alumni passing us good-looking graduate jobs in their companies." The results explain the level of student satisfaction: "We were able to promote more vacancies to our student users last year compared to the year before - 5,135 compared to 4,666 (Oct to Sept)."

The government has introduced various measures, such as the Future Jobs Fund, to curb the rising state dependency of "the lost generation". The NEET, Not in Education, Employment or Training, are obviously the most affected group in this category. Whether measures taken to introduce a system of internships and encourage work experience for graduates abroad will help 'Generation Y' remains to be seen.

Business as usual?

» Who's recruiting and who's applying

As any finalist will attest, employment prospects are tough this year. Though companies are keen to stress the success of their recruitment targets, an enormous increase in applicants means graduates have cause to feel anxious.

As the UK's largest private sector employer, PricewaterhouseCoopers was enthusiastic to announce plans to recruit over 1000 students and graduates for work in 2010. Applications to the tax, assurance and advisory firm, however, increased 48% this year.

For some firms, such as KPMG, the economic climate has resulted in a decrease of recruitment targets. Like Deloitte, recruitment is first-come first-served for those who match the criteria, and candidates have been applying earlier than normal.

"Currently applications are some 20% up on this time last year" said Sara Reading, KPMG's graduate recruitment manager. "As we fill places through the year until we reach the required number, graduates who still wish to secure a place this autumn will be well advised to apply as soon as possible as some entry routes and locations are already full."

For seemingly omnipresent Deloitte, who have retained last year's recruitment targets, the increased quantity of applicants hasn't necessarily correlated with quality.

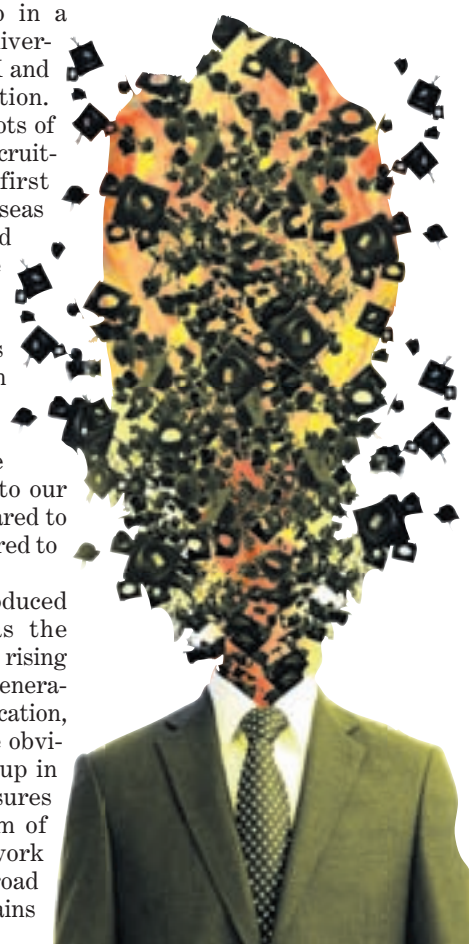
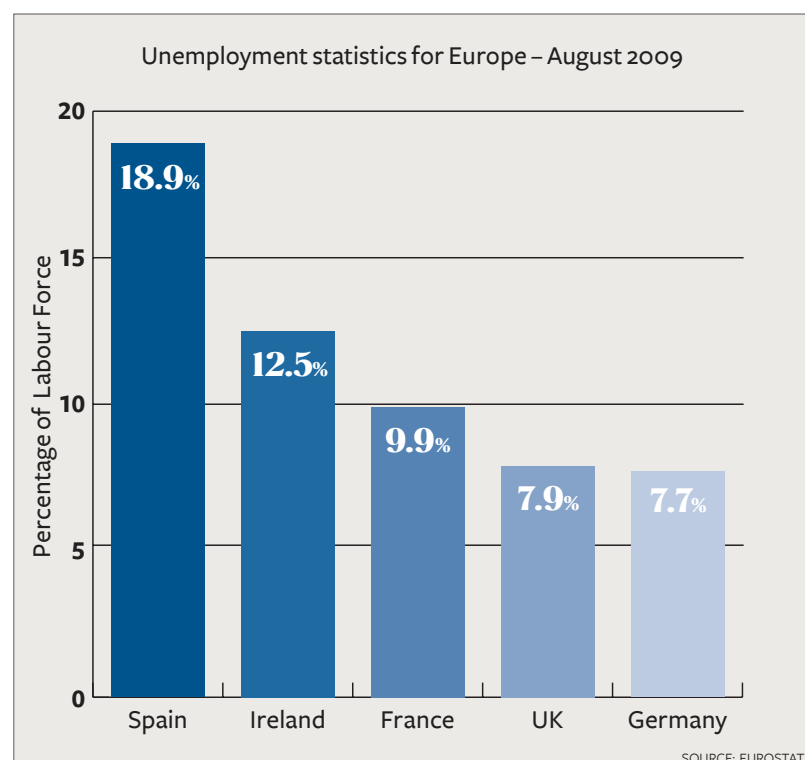
"We're getting some exceptional

candidates, but also many applications who aren't so strong," said recruitment manager Rob Fryer. "It seems many students are taking the 'spray and pray' approach - making lots of applications, but not investing so much time in each. It's noticeable when students have really thought about what companies appeal to them and put a lot of effort into their application."

With private sector jobs declining, more students are turning to alternatives - but these are far from easy options. Teach First, for example, has been able to increase the places they offer, but, with an astounding 65% application increase in 2009, competition is harder than ever.

The charity takes grads who wouldn't normally consider a career in teaching and puts them in challenging schools, where a third of pupils get free school meals, or fewer than 25% achieve 5 A-C GCSEs.

The programme is founded to address educational disadvantage, but its grads win out as well as the kids. On top of time in the classroom, grads complete a leadership development programme supported by over 50 employers; PWC and the civil service, among others, will defer a candidate's placement with them for their two years teaching. The scheme is as much about Canary Wharf as it is about the inner city. BETH STATON



65%

Increase in applications to Teach First as compared with this time last year

48%

Increase in applications to the PWC's tax, assurance and advisory firm

20%

Increase in applications to KPMG as compared with this time last year

13%

Increase in graduate applications already noted by the University of Cambridge by January 2009

45%

Decrease in the attendance at the Cambridge Careers Service Property Event this year

Politico



Cambridge University Labour Club

When eager-eyed freshers arrive for their first year the Cambridge University Conservative Association welcomes them with port, cheese and, depending on your abilities, the possibility of a cabinet position in a future Conservative government. In stark contrast, their political nemeses offers you “Freshers’ Beer and Sandwiches”, a “CULC campaigning workshop” and the opportunity to one day sit on a BBC sofa next to Michael Portillo, a job which Dianne Abbott MP certainly seems to enjoy.

If the Cambridge Conservatives offer an aspiring politician good manners, great dining and even better contacts, then the Cambridge Universities Labour Club seems to offer a crash course in grassroots campaigning. Within a little over a month of being at the University a young Labour activist can find themselves canvassing door to door with an “experienced campaign buddy”. No doubt Cambridge’s residents could think of nothing better than to receive a knock on the door from one spotty teenager, and one slightly less spotty teenager, explaining the subtle, yet important, differences between “third way progressivism, Fabian gradualism and Bennite socialism”.

Indeed, unlike their Conservative counterparts, CULC places a strong emphasis on its formal links with the party proper. So much so that the highlight of their term card, the visit of the Labour MP Jon Cruddas, will be held jointly with the local Labour party. This is not to say that the student body has been engulfed by the homogeneity of party politics, the organisation describes itself as a “broad church, unafraid to be constructively critical of the Labour Party”.

So if you want to become part of this broad church, and perhaps one day become Lord Chancellor, Secretary of State for Health, or a world famous investigative journalist, then do as Charles Falconer, Patricia Hewitt and Andrew Gilligan all did, and go and get yourself a beer and sandwich. SIMON GLASSON

Varsity Profile: Nathan Allen

Cambridge’s 19 year-old polar explorer

Nathan Allen appears to be a normal student, reading Natural Sciences at the smallest college in Cambridge, Peterhouse. Yet during the Easter vacation last year, whilst most students had their minds set on revision, he trekked to the North Pole, walking and skiing hundreds of kilometres in two weeks, effectively a marathon a day, hauling all his food and equipment in a sledge, in temperatures that plunged to -40°C; this was the lowest his thermometer could read, although with wind chill it was probably more like -70°C. When asked what drove him to such an extreme venture, he does not have a prepared response. He himself admits that he doesn’t have a “well crafted one liner”. He says that he rather wanted “to do something that showed what I am capable of. I have also always had a fascination with the North Pole; you are literally on top of the world.”

His expedition was twenty-two months in the making. “You can’t just pick an expedition like this out of a brochure.” As well as the planning, he wanted to “push new bits of technology, to start from scratch with much of the equipment, questioning why and how does this work and then coming up with some custom solutions to improve them”. “These new bits of technology then had to be custom built, custom tested, custom destroyed and then custom rebuilt to make sure it actually does work.” This whole process from making the necessary specialist equipment to actually transporting him to the North Pole was hugely expensive and his attempt to find sponsors during a time of economic hardship proved particularly difficult. This was exemplified by the fact that four months before he planned to leave, his main sponsor, who

were funding 80% of the trip, pulled out. At this stage, the expedition seemed doomed to failure yet seeing Nathan’s motivation, it is clear how he managed to find more sponsors at very short notice. Getting out onto the ice was the easy part.

8,000

The number of calories Allen had to consume per day during the expedition, the equivalent of eleven full meals

-75

The wind chill Allen experienced on his trek dropped to a staggering -75 degrees Celsius

On the April 2nd 2009 he was dropped on the Arctic ice cap, and trekked northwards for two weeks. To many people the biggest obstacle would have been the remoteness and although he claims that this was not really an issue, the fact that he named his equipment may suggest otherwise. For example he called his sledge Philip; when asked why, he remarks, “I realised that the Queen must spend a lot of time looking over her shoulder going ‘come along Phillip’ and I spent most of my time looking over my shoulder and that’s how the name came about.” But it seems the food proved the most difficult hurdle. “I had to consume between 6500 to 7000 calories a day (about 3 times as much as your average person), yet at the same time, I had to have the maximum number of calories for the smallest given weight.” Therefore his diet consisted of ghee (purified butter fat which is too illegally unhealthy to be sold as butter), Quaker porridge oats



Nathan Allen, chilling on top of the world

and Sainsbury’s Basics chocolate - he ate 6 bars a day - managing to get them soft enough, so as not to chip his teeth, proved a challenge in itself. As he says, “At minus 40 degrees Celsius chocolate is a perfectly viable construction material. I had so much, I could probably have built an igloo out of it and it would have been structurally sound.”

It is when he talks about the dangers he encountered everyday that you realise quite how brave this was. He had a constant fear of falling through the ice which varied in thickness from tens of metres to only a couple of millimetres. If you are to fall in “that is it, the experts reckon you have about 7 seconds to get out but that’s never realistically going to happen”. Polar bears are

also a constant worry since “they will eat anything moving, the bigger the better – so to them I was just lunch dressed in Gortex”. It is the rather haphazard jokey way in which he deals with these dangers that really shows how determination triumphs over fear. There is no doubt that Nathan has the former in truck loads. When I asked him the inevitable question of “what next” he replied, “I don’t want to become a competition adventurer. Most of the earth has been explored. If I had a choice I would go to Mars – scientists have recently discovered a glacier, it’s only a small glacier but my tent is not too big, so we’ll see what we can do”. And you know what, after meeting him, I wouldn’t be at all surprised if he does do it. TILLY BROWNE

Hi! Society: Linkline

Linkline: confidential and non-directive, “The nightline for Cambridge and ARU”

Modestly stuck on the inside of toilet doors across the University are stickers emblazoned with the Linkline logo, informing us all of the organisation’s telephone number. Indeed, when I mentioned the service to fellow students, the name was familiar to all. People were a little quieter, however, when it came to explaining exactly what purpose the organisation served.

Linkline was founded in 1973 and survives on university support and private donations.

We have all had low points when everything seems to be going wrong. With fifth week pending, the feeling will soon be all too familiar. For a lot of people, a phone call home, a

cheeky trip to the bakery aisle or a late night lament to a neighbour will get them back on track. Sometimes however, we don’t have this option. For around 30 to 50 people per week, “about five to six calls a night”, this is where Linkline comes in.

The dedicated team (“it’s hard to say how many are on the team – it’s always changing”) of trained listeners lend their ears to whoever needs to speak to them between 7am and 7pm every day.

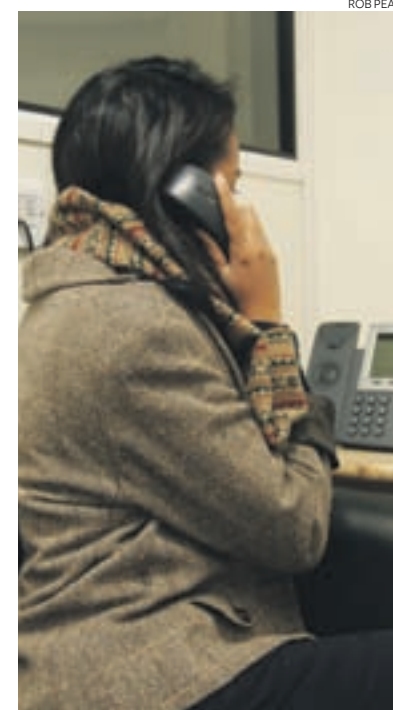
Linkline’s firm belief in confidentiality is evident in the operators never asking for callers’ names and in the fact that the hotline keeps their 1471 function disabled at all times.

They don’t claim to work miracles.

Rather, Linkline works on the tried and tested principle that “it’s better out than in”. “We won’t tell you what to do or give you advice but we will provide you with the time and space to talk things through in confidence”, they promise. And without any political or religious affiliation, this independent service can indeed be fair and unbiased.

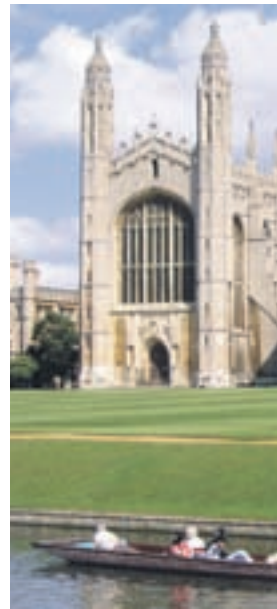
Linkline is always on the lookout for volunteers, who sign up with the organisation at the start of the academic year and receive all the necessary training and support.

If you would like to use the Linkline service, phone them directly on 01223 367575 or to volunteer visit www.linkline.org.uk. JACK SWAIT



King's

The world renowned chapel of King's College, which took over 100 years to build, is being celebrated in a photographic exhibition for its 500th Anniversary. Cambridge graduate, Tony Eva, captured "36 views of King's College chapel" that will be on display.



Exhibition at King's

The photos span from the reflection of the building in a puddle, to a shot of it setting the backdrop to a bustling street-scene. Eva based the exhibit on the 36 images of Mount Fuji by Japanese artists Katsushika Hokusai.

Poet Graham High has written haikus, a form of poetry peculiar to Japan, to accompany the photographs on display. As these poems traditionally have a seasonal dimension, the pictures of the chapel are set at different times of the year.

The exhibit, hosted by the King's College Art Centre, was free and ran between 11am and 5pm every day until October 29th.

College Watch



Robinson

With planning for May Week 2010 beginning, the President of last year's Robinson May Ball Committee, Jessica Brush and her Vice-President, Sam Oxley, were elected to lead preparations for the event again in 2010.

The appointment of the same students into these positions for two years running is surprising in itself and the fact that they are both in their third year adds to the rarity. Amongst the first and cheapest balls, Robinson's Phantasmagoria-themed event was popular last year and its organisers shared in this success.

Girton

The Lawrence Room, a small museum at Girton, has been refurbished and reopened, boasting cutting-edge display cases and three main exhibits – the Mediterranean, Egyptian and Anglo-Saxon.

Since 1934 the room has been used as a museum but interest in it has revived lately as it has been re-organised with a new catalogue, because exhibits are now open to the public for the first time with local Girtonians volunteering as curators. Also, the evidence from the Anglo-Saxon exhibit, unearthed from the college site in 1881, is being used to support grant applications for the excavation of the Farm site.

The pieces on display have been procured both from benefactors and supporters as well as the graveyard that was unearthed from the site of the college. Amongst the most interesting is the named mummy Hermione Grammatike (pictured).

Visitors are allowed into the museum between 2pm and 4pm on Thursdays and there is no charge on entrance.



Cambridge Spies



Exhaustion and Blues

A certain reputable sportsman, hardy on the water but apparently less so after a heavy night out, made quite a blunder last weekend. Having inveigled one lucky lady back to his less-than-humble abode, our practiced Romeo made his preparations with much aplomb. He littered his boudoir with twinkling candlelight mingled with rose petals and completed the tableau with a classic CD. Perhaps these efforts proved all too much, however, as by the time his patient partner was given the green flag to enter, our dear protagonist was to be found sprawled comatose atop his amorous bedstead. You snooze, you lose.

Oxford University

Tyler and Cameron Winklevoss, twins who sued the founder of Facebook, have been included in this year's Oxford Boat Race (below) squad of 26. In 2004, the pair claimed Mark Zuckerberg stole his idea from ConnectU, a social networking site they set up whilst at Harvard. A confidential settlement agreement was reached in February 2008.

After reaching the Olympic pairs final in Beijing, they have started an MBA course at the Saïd Business School at Oxford. The last twins to partake in the race were Hugh and Robert Clay in 1982, winning with Oxford.

Harvard University

Harvard have made public an incident which occurred on August 26th, concerning the poisoning of six medical researchers who used a coffee machine contaminated with sodium azide. Police are investigating and lab security is being toughened up as it is suspected that this was not an accident.

University Watch

Exeter University

Fifteen Exeter students have been left with permanent scars after taking part in a group challenge to brand themselves. They reshaped a metal coat hanger into the initial of the hall they had stayed at in the previous year.

After holding it on a hot stove for 30 seconds, they then held it against their bodies for a further 10 seconds in order to mark their skin. Three of the students were treated in hospital and given antibiotics to fight infections caused by this disastrous stunt.

The event took place at a house party and the participants have admitted to having drunk a lot of alcohol prior to the incident. Nonetheless, one of the students affirms that "it wasn't a spontaneous thing; we had talked about it before". However, another student told Exeter's student newspaper *Exepose* that: "it wouldn't have happened if we were all sober".

University of Connecticut

Jasper Howard's funeral took place on Monday. The student was stabbed outside a university authorized dance on the UConn campus last Sunday. The attack happened hours after the starting cornerback for the Huskies helped his team to win a homecoming game over Louisville.

A 21 year old man, Johnny Hood, has been arrested in connection with the fight but no one has been charged with his death. According to Fox news, UConn police are saying witnesses to the killing are being threatened with violence if they come forward with evidence. The Huskies paid respects to Howard at Saturday's game against West Virginia, holding hands and bowing their heads for a moment's silence. They then headed to Miami for Howards funeral.

Birmingham University

Paul Sadler was told in a hearing last week that he will face a jail sentence for an approximate £5 million stolen from the university. Sadler was managing director of Birmingham Research and Development Ltd, a subsidiary company of the university which sells rights to their "intellectual property". He admits he stole the money to feed his gambling habit. Sadler's book-keeper Christine Eggleton also admitted to involvement in the theft. Judge Goodier said because of the large amounts of money stolen they could expect to go to jail when sentenced next month. JOSIE FILMER

Marking their territory

Two boomeranging Cantabs left quite a mark on their alma mater. Schooled with the princes, the qualities of a gentleman apparently missed this rowdy pair. After a long night of tippie and tomfoolery, the obvious choice seemed to be a visit to the monstrous bibliotheca of this grand institution. For a final taste of the tearoom, you ask? Oh no, if only. This repugnant pair had decided to make the pilgrimage in order to defecate before the UL. Truly splendid.

A conservative exit

Satiated with port and bursting with cheese after a certain Righty assemblage, the hero of this here tale landed up with a chum in the hallowed halls of Trinity College. After the inevitable drunken diversions and duels had run their course, said carouser decided the time had come for him to make his way home. On finding the appropriate gate sealed and bolted, this booze-blurred brain could conceive but one expedient exit. A trip to the porters seemed all too strenuous, apparently. Instead, he plunged head-first into the icy moat of the college, flailing and gasping in his Sunday Best.



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HALLOWEEN ESSAY: Facing Down the Facts

Halloween has long associations with festivals of the dead and with occult practices. Also, it is associated with tricks and pranks. The two tend to go together in the popular mind: experience of visits by the dead and other occult phenomena are thought to be the result of deliberate trickery or of being tricked by one's senses. Despite this, people who have had direct experience of what may be called the paranormal do not find the idea of being tricked either by themselves or by others very convincing.

Whether the experience was direct mind-reading, prophetic dreams, or witnessing an apparition, it felt very much a true part of their reality. Identical twins will probably know what I am talking about, like a hospital worker who unaccountably felt sudden pains in her left leg and had bruises developing on the left side of her body. It turned out that her twin sister was involved in a car accident at the same time some 400 miles away, and was injured along her left side in the same places. This kind of happening has been carefully studied by G. L. Playfair in his 2002 book *Twin Telepathy*.

As people with such experiences generally seem good observers and of reasonably sound mind, their reports tend to be quite convincing even to others who have not had their own direct experience. The feeling may arise that serious attention should be given to the ostensible phenomena. Among groups of people having had this feeling was a small collection of scholars centred in Cambridge around the 1880s. A Society for Psychical Research (SPR) was launched in London under the presidency of Henry Sidgwick, then Praelector of Moral and Political Philosophy at Cambridge. Reviewing the new society's research agenda in 1883, which included thought-reading, clairvoyance and 'obscure phenomena commonly known as Spiritualistic', Sidgwick considered it a 'scandal' that there was a 'dispute as to the reality of these marvellous phenomena'. The Society's aim, he suggested, was to 'kill' the prevailing 'attitude of incredulity' by 'burying it alive

The vast evidence for the paranormal is highly sophisticated and has intriguing parallels with quantum theory, says JOHN POYNTON. Only an out-of-date bias can explain the hostility of the scientific establishment



MICHAEL LOVETT

under a heap of facts'. A sizeable heap rapidly began to accumulate, and continues to grow with increasingly greater sophistication. There are some eight universities in the UK where courses are currently given, usually under the term parapsychology, and the peer-reviewed research literature is huge. Yet the 'scandal' persists.

Why the persistence? Well, conventional thinking is not as readily killed by a heap of facts as Sidgwick hoped. A later president of the SPR pointed out that scientists are a priori theorists at heart; while psychical research continues to amass evidence, several standard ideas and theories are currently set against accepting the evidence. There is the background power of pervasive materialism, and a more proximate power of ideas such as from neuroscience, which, with the philosophical laxity prevalent in standard science, rules out the possibility of mental events operating independently of the brain. It is not difficult to show flaws in philosophical materialism and in neurological determinism or reductionism, but that is not really what matters. The reality is that materialism and reductionism form a set pattern of

thinking, or ruling paradigm, that will proof itself against all conflicting evidence and ideas, a paradigm that may be dislodged only by the kind of mental switch identified in Thomas Kuhn's study of the structure of scientific revolutions. Kuhn saw the history of science as a succession of tradition-bound periods punctuated by revolutions, each revolution replacing one set of theories and procedures by another. The revolutions tend to be messy and irrational, with people of one paradigm clinging to it regardless of facts for the sake of intellectual security and professional standing — and one might add, also for sentimentality, since the materialistic paradigm has been hard-won, emerging as it did from the revolution of the Enlightenment.

It is not often acknowledged — or even fully realised — that some basic notions of the Enlightenment were undermined early in the last century by the development of relativity and quantum theory. The materialistic view generated during the Enlightenment holds that reality subsists only in objects located precisely in the physical world; everything else is either imaginative or abstract and so lacking 'reality'.

Yet quantum theory showed that waves, or other structures controlling probability, are beyond the scope of physical observation, and cannot even be physically located. Against the standard view that 'reality' is an exclusive property of actualities in this world, the idea of potentiality developed by Heisenberg and others saw 'reality' to reside at least as much in causal structures and processes which are not contained in the same level as are the resulting actualisations. This does not fit the ruling one-level materialistic paradigm, yet the paradigm proves to be impervious to the full implications of quantum theory, and resolutely survives.

In its dealings with a multi-level ontology, quantum theory is highly relevant to attempts to make sense of paranormal phenomena, even if it cannot successfully be used to 'explain' these phenomena (although some say it can). Psychical research may be seen to continue undermining materialism in essentially the same direction as quantum theory by demonstrating the multi-level nature of what exists, non-physical as well as physical. Attempts to explain psychic phenomena in physical

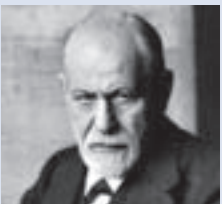
terms fail: how can one physically account for the experience of the hospital worker with a sore left side? At least something analogous to non-local interaction in quantum mechanics seems to be operating, some resonance that operates non-physically. Failure or refusal to see this continues to put psychical research beyond the conventional pale, and gives rise to the 'attitude of incredulity' that Sidgwick protested against. It is still very much with us despite the mountain of facts documented in a vast literature on psychical research.

Some idea of the scope and current activities within the field of psychical research may be found in the Society's website, www.spr.ac.uk. The term 'psychical research' has tended to be equated with 'parapsychology', but this now seems restrictive. If 'psychology' may be thought to include the study of claimed paranormal beliefs and experiences without making any presumptions about the existence of 'the paranormal', then 'parapsychology' could be thought to take a step further by considering whether these beliefs and experiences may be based on non-physical events and processes. The study of such occurrences could be separately identified and termed 'paraphysics', which is where thinking in terms of multi-level systems becomes necessary. Finally the term 'paracosmology' could refer to the broadest study of the manifestation of any world and its objects on any occasion of observation in a variety of states, such as recorded in out-of-body and near-death experiences. The latter involves the scientific study of non-physical worlds which several far-thinking authors have called for. Such is the scope of psychical research, seen from a twenty-first century perspective. And if something funny happens to you on Halloween, compose yourself with thoughts of multi-level ontology, and see if you can add something to the heap of facts.

John Poynton is an emeritus professor of biology, University of KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa, and a research associate of the Natural History Museum in London. He is a past president of the Society for Psychical Research.

Overrated

Week 4: Sigmund Freud



Freud is riding the crest of an academic wave, one that sees his ideas fashionably discussed and applied to every

discipline under the sun. His ideas may no longer be medically respected, but the Austrian is still welcome to a seat at any pseudo-intellectual dinner party in the land. This is no good thing.

Even in his own lifetime, Freud's diagnoses and research were considered somewhat questionable. He regularly misquoted or misrepresented case histories, compounded rather than cured his patients' neuroses, and was an enthusiastic advocate and user of cocaine. He prescribed it to his friend, the respected physician

Ernst von Fleischl-Marxow, causing severe cocaine psychosis and subsequent death.

He also gratuitously stole his ideas. The unconscious was not a new concept; it had been kicking about for an age in the writings of (proper) thinkers from Schopenhauer to Shakespeare. In 1898, two years before the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, the Russian Boris Sidis wrote *The Psychology of Suggestion: A Research into the Subconscious Nature of Man and Society*, a book that dealt extensively with ideas

now solely attributed to Freud's mythical genius. In fact, his major contribution was to provide order to a pre-existing impulse.

The precepts of Freudian thought are themselves deeply unpleasant. His obsession with phallocentricity is somewhat misogynist, and a fascination with child abuse and infant sexuality are not ideal character traits in a man whose ideas went on to shape so much of our thought on sex. Any theorist who tries to normalise the events of *Oedipus Rex* needs careful examination (though

probably by a better doctor with a more successful history of curing patients than Freud).

The unconscious, Freud's most famous stolen idea, is also his most objectionable. By claiming that some phantom 'childhood trauma' has 'disturbed' you, you can now get away with almost any bizarre enactment of psychosis. Freudianism actively encourages people into a cowardly abdication of any personal responsibility. Freud is responsible for more disorder in our society than any other philosopher. BRENDAN GILLOTT

VARSITY

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May the Market Forces be with you

For third years looking towards the leaky job market of 2010, the overwhelming feeling seems to be one of helplessness. Like flies to the gods of global market forces, we are left without a grip on our future. For the standard Cambridge control freak who has placed a big old tick in every box going since nursery school, it is rather gutting to have one's starting salary snatched away in a global recession triggered by unemployed Americans defaulting on their mortgages.

However, we should not let ourselves use this as an excuse. Even though job numbers are down and applicants are up, companies *are* still recruiting. There is no point throwing one's hands in the air and giving up before even having started, using the media doom-mongering as a convenient justification for post-graduation cold feet.

The main problem that leads to such behaviour is the fallacy of a perfect vocation. Of course, there are a smattering of precocious sportsmen and magical musicians for whom a career path is never in doubt. But for most of us, making the distinction between what you want to be (projected and ideal) and what you want to do on leaving university (immediate and practical) is vital. It would be lovely to leave Cambridge and land a job as a war correspondent, but away from our fantasies it is important to remember the tedious formality of a job ladder.

That is not to say the job ladder is for all. In fact, for many graduates now is the perfect time to start gigging with the band you started at school, or write that book you always meant to, or even go on another gap year. If you can afford it, or don't mind a quality of living somewhat below your City chums, then you might as well cut your luxury losses and do something for love not money.

Another reason why not to leap onto the first rung is to remain in education. More and more students are finishing their undergraduate degrees only to embark on MPhils, law conversions, or further BAs in other fields. If you can get funding, why not spend a few more years bolstering your brain in the library? Once you have left University, the charmed life of a (non-mature) student will remain forever unobtainable.

However, it is important not to let such options boil down to casual delaying tactics to postpone the fear. For many leaving Cambridge, the source of this fear maybe be having to revert back to the bottom of a well-placed but nonetheless sizable heap. Mitchell and Webb famously talk of their forlorn years in a Kilburn flat living on £13 a day, whilst Jeremy Paxman started at a distinctly unglamorous regional radio station before he was unleashed to lambast the great and the good. Perhaps the greatest fear of entering the job market is returning to rookie status.



Jamie Pollock

Before Nick Griffin's hour on the BBC's *Question Time*, the scheduled appearance was being compared by a number of commentators to that of Jean-Marie Le Pen in 1984 on France's *L'Heure de vérité*, a leading programme of political debate. That year was marked by a steep rise in membership to the Front National and the start of a series of notable electoral gains for Le Pen's far-right party, which was transformed from one of little electoral significance to a notable force, winning 11% of the vote at European elections that summer.

According to Dr Jim Shields, associate professor in French studies at Warwick University, the "single hour on prime-time television paid huge political dividends for Le Pen and the Front National". For Le Pen, whose success peaked in 2002 when he made it to the run-off round of voting in the French Presidential election, *L'Heure de vérité* (The Hour of Truth) was 'the hour that changed everything'.

A YouGov/*Telegraph* poll conducted after *Question Time*, which found that 22% of participants would 'seriously consider' voting BNP, might

Now we know what a lightweight Nick Griffin is. Time for a proper debate about immigration

suggest that Griffin's hour had changed something. The BNP leader, writing in a message to supporters, suggested that the broadcast would be "the key moment that propels the BNP into the big time...a milestone in the indomitable march of the British National Party towards saving our country".

Dr Shields saw Le Pen's appearance as 'a real milestone passed in political acceptability'. But to talk of milestones in Griffin's case would be premature. To talk of political acceptability would be ridiculous. The BNP leader, a former historian and law student at Downing who graduated with a 2:2 and a blue in boxing, is said to have taken up the sport after a brawl with an anti-fascist party member in Lewisham. Last week's appearance was a bout he lost.

What Le Pen did in 1984 on *L'Heure de vérité* was to present himself in a way which made him appear publicly acceptable. Making

use of the 1984 broadcast, he asserted himself and sought to establish some control over proceedings, even demanding a minute's silence for the victims of Stalin's gulags. Le Pen surprised people with a performance which displayed marked

preparation and calculation.

There was a definite difference between the displays of Le Pen and Griffin. Of course we can argue that bad publicity is better than no publicity, but on the basis that Griffin failed to come off the ropes for any serious length of time that night, we have little reason to expect anything close to the success experienced by Le Pen's National Front.

The cheap shots Griffin delivered, attacking Jack Straw for his father's pacifism in the Second World War, revealed a man who knew he would take a beating. If being given a seat on the *Question Time* panel was an early Christmas present for Nick Griffin, it was the equivalent of a pair of Crocs: embarrassing and ugly. It's difficult to take seriously a man who, having associated with the Ku Klux Klan, complains of having faced a 'lynch mob' - why shouldn't he face the anger of the vast majority of our population? He was on the wrong end of a relentless attack. What of it? You can't deal a fighter a knockout blow if they don't enter the ring.

Nazi-bashing is all too easy. What Griffin's hour of questioning really represented, of course, was current dissatisfaction with the political mainstream. There is no comparative figure to put into context the claim that 22% would 'seriously consider' voting BNP at the next election, but we can be sure that the failure of the major parties to properly address the immigration question has had an impact.

Of the 6,435-word speech made by Gordon Brown at last month's Labour Party conference, only 83 were about immigration. Cameron, in his equivalent, offered a mere 58. What a seriously disillusioned section of the British population really needs to see is a long, brutal and bloody fight between these two. If there are enough real heavyweights to fight, lightweights shouldn't need a beating.



Letters to the Editor

It was good to see the picture of the konik horses on the front page of last week's issue, and to hear that their home, Wicken Fen, is 'just two miles outside



of Cambridge city centre'. Last time I went there I followed what must have been a circuitous route through Bottisham and the Swaffhams. It was nice, but it took me an hour and a half to cycle and must have been about twenty miles, so now I feel a bit of an idiot. Do you

think you could publish the quick route for the benefit of navigationally challenged readers like myself?

David Carter King's

Rhys Jones' Diana-bashing seems a little extreme, (Overrated, 23rd October). I wonder what Diana has ever done to him? Maybe, in another life, on her way to help those less fortunate than us she pushed in front of him in the queue for a bus?

Jonny Aldridge Homerton College

Whatever Vanessa Neumann claims, the Mestizo culture is not a

'prime example of cultural assimilation', but a product of economic apartheid. The poor majority struggle to live. Their roots are in enslavement and genocide of the natives. Mestizos originate from the shadow of genocidal repression, a shadow that is still dark, and a policy of political persuasion. **Ignas Bednarczyk Cambridge**

The interview with Terry Eagleton was highly sympathetic, disregarding the realism that Eagleton himself preaches. There was more than a 'sniff' in response to the sweeping generalisations that were made about America, and the comparison of Gaza to a concentration camp was inappropriate and unnecessary in a talk advertised as being about faith.

The constant offer to go into more depth 'for a small fee' was the most irritating of all; head over to the Divinity faculty and you will discover many people with subtler and better defenses against Dawkins who might even explain Aquinas for free!

Laura Solomons Emmanuel

The debate concerning the relationship between Peterhouse and CUSU is more nuanced than *Varsity* admits (Front page story, last week). Tom Chigbo's visit was not received with hostility. Most students, Peterhouse Freshers, were extremely happy to see the CUSU President visiting the smallest College. Some students even spontaneously cheered when he mentioned CUSU's commitment to

a new Sports Centre.

Jan-Jonathan Bock Peterhouse

I thoroughly enjoyed your survey comparing academic success with extra-curricular activities. Too often people think academia is solely what we're here for. We're not! We should be finding out what floats all our boats. Some people like drinking, some like acting, some like getting muddy in a field. I personally quite enjoy writing. And why shouldn't we? Here's to a degree outside the box!

Ryland Alexander Trinity

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



Kate Mason

In the worst job market for thirty years, an English MPhil suddenly seems a lot more attractive

We've all seen them. Lurking at the edge of Cindies or the college bar, awkwardly clutching VKs and smiling vaguely at many, while speaking to few. Not Freshers, of course. No self-respecting Fresher would be seen dead reticently lingering when there are friends and conquests to be made. So who are these loiterers?

The clue lies in their ghostly demeanour; their wizened, faintly familiar faces. It is also to be found in their enthusiastically entitled new Facebook albums: 'Fourth Time Freshers' and 'Yet another Michaelmas!!!' Yes, these people are postgrads, and they're riding out the recession with the aid of their 10 per cent discount at Topshop.

I have a confession to make. I'm one too. Early in May I awoke to yet another radio news bulletin announcing that the 'Crunch generation' of 2009 graduates – my generation – was facing the worst job market in nearly thirty years. I was in the middle of my English finals and the hard facts of the *Today* programme seemed very far away. I had batted away all earnest parental enquiries about my plans for next year with stories of family-sponsored friends off

to find themselves in expensive European cities or else tearfully passive-aggressive outbursts about my revision schedule and having 'enough on my plate'. But I had secretly applied for some Masters courses and, listening to yet another radio presenter blithely wish this year's graduates well, from the comfort of her paid job, I determined to stick with what I knew and do an MPhil. It might, I reasoned, even improve my job prospects.

But will it? The Government seems to think so. The Department for Business, Innovation and Skills website encourages graduates to

the stockpile of unemployed graduates willing to fight it out over any sliver of employment deepens as I write.

And what exactly does my MPhil on Children's Literature show to the prospective employer? Certainly love for my subject and academic engagement with it. Certainly proficiency in writing essays and using a library. Possibly the ability to hit deadlines and manage my time, though that is open to debate. But life skills? Things that would be useful in a real office in the real world? I can't imagine that my ability to deconstruct Beatrix Potter is going to come in very useful working at McKinsey or BT or even Faber & Faber.

I fear that, noble though the pursuit of academic excellence undoubtedly is, to many employers my extra year might seem just a determined effort to put off the search for a job, while staying occupied. Martin Storey in the *Independent* last week warned graduates against making such a mistake: "It's all too easy to continue down the same path in order to put off thinking about a career or dealing with increasing competition for graduate jobs." Actually, continuing "down the same path" isn't as easy as he seems to think, but you can understand why employers might be cynical.

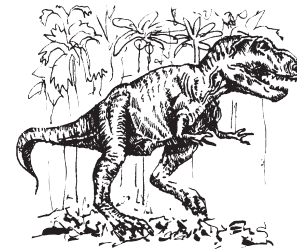
What's more, having spent yet another year haemorrhaging money,

I will be ill-equipped for the months of unpaid internships that are the norm for creatively-inclined graduates. Working for nothing is, at least, cheaper than an MPhil. One of my friends has been working at a national newspaper over the past three months (for free, obviously). I've mocked him about his enthusiasm for slavery, only for him to finally find his way onto the payroll last week. And the copy he's built up is an investment in itself.

Yet I refuse to despair. My plan is to pack my three (definitely) final university holidays to the brim with work experience and CV enhancement to make myself more marketable. Perhaps it's what comes with the extra year of study that is helpful, rather than the degree itself? Without the frenzy of finals, we lingerers are free to found a new society, endlessly audition for plays or even write for *Varsity*.

Will it be enough? The final word on this goes to the merciless vision of Elspeth Farrar from the Association of Graduate Careers Advisory Services: "It's been bad for those who graduated in 2008, it's going to be awful for those who graduate this year, but it's nothing compared to what the graduates of 2010 are going to face." Ah, excellent. What I should be doing, therefore, is not a measly MPhil, but the whole four-year PhD extravaganza. I defy there to be 'no jobs' by 2013.

Not-Sci



Message to all ghostly presences: man up

Lonely phantoms reading this column: you've no reason be scared of scientists. There is nothing frightening about several alert humans, also draped in white, who could record your ghostly disturbance with fancy machines and prove your existence. The 'most haunted' places are always castles, pubs, churches. One would expect Cambridge to have at least one haunted laboratory or science sighting, not just a bookshop.

Disembodied entities, note well: if scientists didn't believe in the invisible, Cambridge would not have produced so many revolutionary minds. Scientific genius is inextricably linked with calculating and predicting the behaviour of that invisible to human senses. Let's take three Cambridge Nobel laureates.

Trinity undergraduate and second Cavendish Professor of Physics Lord Rayleigh, through careful weight calculations, noticed the content of the air contained one percent of 'something else' in the early 1900s. This led to the discovery of chemical element argon. Paul Dirac, Lucasian Chair of Mathematics in 1932, is responsible for the Dirac equation, which can be applied to the behaviour of unbelievably small and elusive particles: electrons and protons. Even this year's winner of the chemistry Nobel and research fellow at Trinity, Venkatraman Ramakrishnan, was working with the atomic level structure of the ribosome.

With the exception of the occasional physicist I have met, the general consensus amongst the strictly scientific community is that all these share two things in common with each other but only one thing in common with trying to prove the existence of spirits. First, they have all involved researching that immeasurable to the human sense. Second, although not directly observable, effect on the environment was measurable and repeatable using scientific apparatus. It is hotly debated whether research on supernatural beings has demonstrated the latter. SITA DINANAUTH

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Reviews p24

Do you still remember? Let Bloc Party take you back to your teens.

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Arts p22

Feast your fangs in this, Darcy: Austen gets bloody butchered.

JOHNNY BOYLAN



“I was content to stay here: growing tweed in the corner of some college with hair growing out of my nostrils by the age of 30”: Stephen Fry on living the academic life

Full English Fry Up

Stephen Fry is nothing short of a national treasure. **Joel Massey** chairs an audience with the star of film, television and Twitter at the ADC. He hears about Hugh Laurie, cynicism and the ‘living salmon’ that is success

“I have been trying to remember when I was last here,” begins Stephen Fry as he strolls on to the ADC stage. “I think it was a Tudor, but it might have been a Plantagenet King.” This was the first in a very long string of witticisms that kept the audience on their toes all afternoon. “I thought I’d come back,” he continues, “to talk to you about my time here at Cambridge. Particularly with respect to Drama: that fickle goddess who we all serve with such passion, commitment and sacrifice.”

Stephen’s career got off to a rocketing start back in 1981. He, Hugh Laurie and Emma Thompson were all in the Footlights tour show, *The Cellar Tapes*, which went on to win the first ever Perrier Comedy Award and be televised by the BBC. I first wonder whether having Hugh, Emma and him all up in Edinburgh felt like an extraordinary concentration of talent at the time.

“I don’t think so,” he replies, “for Hugh and I it never occurred to us that we could have a profession in... this business we call

‘show.’ I was content to stay here: growing tweed in the corner of some college with hair growing out of my nostrils by the age of 30. Hugh had a stranger ambition. He wanted to join the Hong Kong police force. He liked the ironed white shorts, and he’d read somewhere – this is very Hugh – that they were corrupt. He fancied himself going in and being the incorruptible shining light of the Hong Kong police force.” Lucky for us, then, that neither pursued these dreams; surely a parallel universe containing

hairy-nostrilled-Fry and Hong-Konger-police-cadet-Laurie would be a somewhat impoverished version of our own.

“So no,” he goes on, “at the time it just doesn’t occur to you that you’re anything special. Because many of you grew up with us on your screens, we don’t seem like ordinary people. But, believe me, we are. Except,” he pauses mischievously, “I never go to the lavatory.”

(continued overleaf)

What do he and Laurie lend each other in their famous collaborations? “Yes, well, Emma introduced us. She said you’ve got to go and meet this Old Etonian chap Hugh. So she took me to his rooms at Selwyn, and he was there with a guitar in his hand. He said,

Fry Me to the Moon

- 1957** Born in Hampstead
- 1977** Studies English at Queens’ College
- 1986** First series of *A Bit of Fry and Laurie*
- 1993** His first novel, *The Liar*, published
- 2003** Begins presenting *QI*
- 2006** His first documentary, *The Secret Life of the Manic Depressive*, wins an Emmy

2008 Travels across all 50 US states in *Stephen Fry in America*

2010 Will be starring in Tim Burton’s adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland*



MJ/KIM

‘I’m writing this song, but I’m a bit stuck.’ We did some lyrics together, finished the song and then right away he said, ‘Now let’s write a sketch.’ And this was before I’d had a cup of tea or anything!” You get the sense Fry is still a little put out at this appalling affront. “That was our first meeting,” he continues, “and from then I was absorbed into the Footlights. After Cambridge we did *A Bit of Fry and Laurie*.”

“The real advantage of going to Oxbridge is that you never have to deal with not having gone”

The 1987-95 BBC sketch show is, along with *Jeeves and Wooster*, perhaps one of Fry and Laurie’s most renowned collaborations. “We’d set ourselves a hard task, because we felt that every sketch should be a new one. We hadn’t realised the cunning *Harry Enfield/Fast Show/Little Britain* technique of doing the same seven sketches every half hour. But,” he says, with just ever so slightly feigned sincerity, “that’s no criticism on these magnificent comedy enterprises.”

Was his background with Footlights a burden when he was first starting out? “It sort of was. People always say, ‘Footlights are shit this year, have you heard?’ ‘Oh yeah,

I heard they’re shit too.’ It’s the same every year. When we had our show in Edinburgh we could overhear people saying that in the street.”

Check out *The Cellar Tapes* on YouTube, and you can see for yourself that Footlights were anything but shit in 1981. “You feel hated,” he explains, “you feel hated because you’re at Oxbridge for a start. The real advantage of going to Oxbridge is that you never have to deal with not having gone. Being one of those people who say, ‘Yeeeah I thought of Oxford,’ ‘I’m sooo glad I never got in to Cambridge.’ Of course it’s meaningless: there are people here who are so stupid that you wonder, not just how they got in to Cambridge, but how they manage to sit the right way on the lavatory! So yes, there’s always a bit of that with Oxbridge and Footlights.”

At this point I invite the audience to jump in, and one of the members is immediately inquisitive: “You’ve said you have a need to please, but at Cambridge you did a huge number of shows: so how did you manage to please any of your supervisors?”

“Well,” Fry recounts, “fortunately doing English I didn’t have to go to any lectures. I was a master of going to the UL at the last minute and finding an essay on *Middlemarch* from some literary quarterly. My supervisor would say, ‘Such a profoundly good essay on *Middlemarch*,’ and there’d be a little voice inside me saying, ‘Ha ha, I haven’t read it!’ I didn’t do so well with dissertations, but I could swing through an exam like nobody’s business.”

Somebody then chirps up with: “Do you

ever want, instead of doing lots of things really well, to do one thing really brilliantly?” “That’s very tactful of you,” Stephen immediately ripostes, putting his famed razor sharp wit to use. The audience member explained that he was a student playwright himself, and asked: “How do you move from doing stuff here at a very small level, to doing stuff on a much larger scale?”

“Don’t be cynical,” Fry replies, “don’t think it’s about the world and corporate structures. Put your effort in to your friendships. Find your sense of humour, your political anger, or whatever you want to do. In a strange way, success is like,” here, Fry pauses, “a living salmon; the harder you hold on, the further it flies from your grasp.” Aside from fish-based analogies, Fry feels luck to have attended the University. “I’ve been very fortunate: and this place, this place within this place, this very Theatre, has had a lot to do with it. The friendships I forged here have continued to this day. So do focus on your lives and your friendships, because that’s where the answers lie, in my opinion.”

In a place that can often feel so stifflingly obsessed with success in the negative sense (which teams do you play for? How many plays have you been in? What grade did you get?), it was refreshing to hear one of Cambridge’s most illustrious alumni rubbish-ing such cynicism.

Stephen Fry’s visit to the ADC last week was part of Upstaged, the ADC Theatre and Committee’s new programme of workshops and events. To find out more go to www.adctheatre.com/upstaged.



Colin star Alex Kirton as the titular flesh-eater.

Making a movie on a 45 pound budget isn’t just difficult, it’s pretty much impossible. Yet, as Marc Price, Welsh-born director of what is probably the cheapest film to ever premiere at Cannes, cheerfully admits: “We spent most of it on very cheap tea and biscuits. But only on Sundays, because most people were hung-over and needed

sugar.” Sainsbury’s Basics? This is *Moviemaking Basics*, and it’s helped *Colin*, one of the first ever zombie films told from a zombie’s perspective, net an enormous amount of buzz.

Colin is an odd beast of a film: it follows its zombie protagonist as he shambles around Tooting, London, and records his interaction with his terrified victims and horrified,

45 Pounds Later

Colin, the latest zombie hair-raiser was made on an all-time low budget. Zing Tsjeng finds out how from director Marc Price

still-human family who try their best to ‘rescue’ their erstwhile son. It combines scenes of slapstick humour (Colin confusedly trying to escape a kitchen), extremely surreal tenderness (his aghast family weeping over their undead son) and incredible violence (achieved with a lot of golden syrup, red food colouring and hot water, according to the director). Critics have called it ‘oddly touching’. “We wanted *Colin* to have a lot of heart,” Price says. “We live in relatively enlightened times. Slapping a label on something as either bad or good doesn’t wash with audiences. We wanted to take a character that people would look at and say ‘bad’ and give him more emotional, complex layers.”

Price advertised for zombies on Facebook, looked for volunteer make-up artists on industry websites, ground pasta shells to imitate the sound of bones snapping, and taught himself sound design, all in between working for a London courier company. For the past year and a half, Price had been answering phones on the night shift while editing together the movie on an old version of Adobe Premiere. In fact, the judicious use of shakycam (as used in *The Blair Witch Project*), was intended to not only hide the poor quality of his dad’s ten-year-old Panasonic camcorder (“it had a lower resolution than a mobile phone”), but also to his friends’ “crappy acting”.

Hearing Price talk about *Colin* is not unlike hearing your best mate chat excitedly about a project conceived in the pub over too many beers.

Price, however, is reluctant to take credit for a movie he conceived and nursed to life: “the one thing I’m determined we shouldn’t have is ego. We’re making stuff to entertain”. The ‘we’ is Price’s production company, Nowhere Fast, made up of him and his friends, although there is no question that *Colin* is essentially Price’s unique creation. Price, however, demurs, saying he owes an enormous amount to the volunteers and friends kind enough to come along—although one suspects that getting to pretend to be a zombie and eat people’s brains was a very big factor in attracting people to turn up. Who doesn’t love a bit of brain food?

While Price had directed two short films before and has a design degree from Swansea Institute of Higher Education, he’s never come this close to the big time. *Colin* was first shown at Abbatoir, a Welsh horror film festival, which caught the eye of his current agent, Helen Grace. Grace admits that she cancelled the meeting she had the next day and instead stayed up all night watching it. It was also Grace who suggested going to the Cannes Film Festival this summer. Price himself spent the entire showing in a bar, drinking nervously: “I couldn’t stomach people walking

out.” A few months later distribution companies like Pathé were fighting over the “cheap little camcorder movie” the director expected only his friends and “a few horror bloggers” to watch. As we speak, he’s actually editing together extras for the DVD release and preparing for another horror film festival.

“It should always be about the content, the characters, the story – not the technical quality.” *Colin* isn’t just a triumph of British budget filmmaking at its best. Its construction also has an undeniable whiff of feel-good community spirit about it – who knew that zombies could bring so many people together, and for free?



Marc Price filming with the assorted undead, yesterday.

Music of the Night

As ticket sales mount for the opening of *Love Never Dies*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's sequel to *Phantom of the Opera*, **Jamie Ptaszynski** reports from the premiere and asks: has the West End become a ghost of its former self?

There is a saying in London that only two industries are completely recession-proof: prostitution and theatre. The record-breaking ticket sales of *Phantom II: Love Never Dies* (five million pounds in the first week) certainly attest to the robustness of the musical form. But is this robustness an uplifting sign of the health of British theatre, or is it the worrying result of a cynical series of celebrity-packed revivals and plentiful free advertising courtesy of license-fee-funded TV casting shows?

Connie Fisher shot to fame through the BBC's live casting of her as Maria in the *Sound of Music*. Lee Meade and Jodie Prenger followed shortly afterwards as flat-pack celebrities in *Joseph* and *Oliver!* There is no new material here: the marketing minds behind the musical industry have simply found a new way of drawing audiences to old shows. By guaranteeing the popularity of the star on television before tickets even go on sale, they can be sure that the tickets will actually sell.

This was taken a step further when Andrew Lloyd Webber appeared on *Hollyoaks* and 'talent-spotted' one of the characters with a view to ending her career as a hairdresser (or whatever *Hollyoaks* people do) and casting her in one of his shows. Lo and behold, when Connie Fisher finished her contract, said hairdresser was already standing in the wings wearing the blue habit.

And when the self-assembly star of the show is missing a bit of polish, you can just throw

in a few actual celebrities to whet the audience's appetite. Jodie Prenger starred as Nancy alongside comedian and film star Rowan Atkinson as Fagin. The latter has now been replaced by comedian and film star Omid Djalili, who is soon to be replaced by comedian and castle fanatic Griff Rhys Jones.

On the surface, then, it seems that Lloyd Webber's decision to release a sequel to the enormously popular *Phantom of the Opera* is another attempt to lure the punters into his auditoria with the bare minimum of effort, while carefully shutting the stage door on any original creative talent still waiting in the side alley.

Yet far from being stifled, new writers are blossoming: *Wicked*, *Avenue Q*, *Sister Act* and *Priscilla* have created sizeable fan bases in the past couple of years. Meanwhile, if any of you try to get a ticket to Jez Butterworth's *Jerusalem* (hailed as the best new play of the decade) or Lucy Prebble's *Enron*, you could hardly argue that Keira Knightley's second coming as a stage actress has stolen the attention of the playhouse audience.

The launch of *Love Never Dies* was a slick piece of theatre in

itself. Having treated a few hundred journalists and industry guests to a snippet of his new musical, including the leading song 'Til I Hear You Sing, Lloyd Webber was whisked off to be interviewed by various representatives of the world press. Within three hours, you could go on the official website and see the Lord himself cringing on stage at the number of superlatives about *Phantom* being smeared across the screen behind him. Twenty five thousand people did exactly that before the end of the day.

You could be forgiven for thinking that this event was all about the composer's reinvention as the camera-friendly face of the West End, the celebrity godfather of Shaftesbury Avenue. In fact, the climax of Ramon Remedios's rendition of the Phantom's pining love song had lungs tightening all around the auditorium. By midnight, the *Coney Island Waltz*, the musical backdrop to the Phantom's new home, had been downloaded nearly six thousand times. The success of this musical will be owed to the quality of Lloyd Webber's music, not to his celebrity status.

But if it were, this would not be a

new phenomenon. In the 18th century, the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was increased from a two thousand to a three thousand seat arena because of the celebrity cult of actor David Garrick. He who suggests that the Halcyon days of the West End have been lost in a quagmire of celebrity sell-outs and easy revivals is as pretentious as he is misguided. It is a typically Cantabrigian attitude that the theatre should be reserved for those who can sit through Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and Michael Frayn's *Copenhagen* without a hint of a yawn or droop of an eyelid. It is not a tragic sign of the times that it takes *The Wire*'s Detective Jimmy McNulty to draw viewers to the Donmar Warehouse, but a blessing that we have celebrity actors like Dominic West who are capable of bringing out the greatness in a near forgotten Spanish play.

Theatre is popular entertainment, and anything that makes it more popular should be seen as an achievement, whether it's Rowan Atkinson doing his best Mr Bean with a pair of opera glasses in *Oliver!*, Harry Potter baring all in *Equus*, or Lloyd Webber putting together a cast made up entirely of characters from *Eastenders*, *Corrie*, and *Home and Away*.

Far from being a ghost of its former self, London theatre is livelier than ever. With regards to *Love Never Dies*, I suggest that rather than turning up your nose at the idea of a musical sequel, you cross your fingers and hope that someone's already bought you a ticket. If not, you could be waiting some time.

Andrew and His Amazing Technicolor Career

Lloyd Webber wrote his first musical in 1965 at the age of 17. *The Likes of Us* was an all-singing, all-dancing life of Victorian philanthropist Dr Thomas Barnado.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat (1967)



Written at the request of the music master of Colet Court. Lloyd Webber toyed with James Bond before settling on Old Testament clothes-horse Joseph.

Evita (1974)



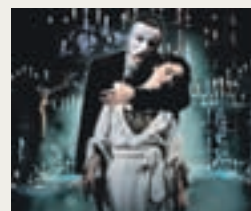
"Easily the most unpleasant character about whom I have written," says Lloyd Webber, "except perhaps Peron himself." (And maybe *Joseph's* Mrs Potiphar.)

Cats (1981)



Who'd have thought T.S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* would make it to Broadway? Expect *The Wasteland: The Musical* in 2014.

Phantom of the Opera (1986)



Adaptation of Gaston Leroux's novel. Cue divas, ballerinas, thousands of candles, a flooded stage and *that* chandelier crash. Oh, and Michael Ball in an Opera Cloak.



GOOD.
CLEAN.
MEN.

NEWNHAM
COLLEGE

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Seven Deadly Sins of Cambridge

Week 4: Lust

I have the moral compass of a flea. A bratty flea, with commitment and daddy issues. Since the age of five I have terrorised any young man who caught my wayward eye, like a baby Mae West. Poor jittery boys of Year R, whom I shocked with my invitations to join me behind the playhouse, or my innuendo-laden opening lines 'I can already do joined-up writing' and 'let's read *Where The Wild Things Are*'. Eventually my man-eating afternoon break times were curtailed when I had my heart broken by William Harrison, who remained coy despite my witty advances and my pelting him with pine cones.

He told on me to Miss Dauncy, who sighed and once more wrote a specialist-recommending letter to my amused mother. I realised that I had been wasting time on boys my age, who were more interested in making potato clocks and feeling guilty about their strange, exciting feelings for the pink Power Ranger. What I needed was a mature man – though to that point the only

examples of the type I knew of were Roald Dahl, who I fancied from my cassette of him reading *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, and Jafar in *Aladdin*.

It was only when I got to secondary school that I really found what I was looking for: nerdy, greying teachers in their late forties. When I was eleven my passions were neopets.com and silver foxes. This continued through adolescence. After all, what need had I for the clammy-palmed fumbblings of fifteen year olds, when I could pass the time watching Alan Rickman in *Truly, Madly, Deeply* and reading the *Times Literary Supplement*, so I'd have a better chance of picking up recently divorced men at my parents' dinner parties. Such habits, and the fact that, oddly, not that many fifteen year old boys were clamouring to inexpertly touch me,

gave me time to

develop the bookish know-how, eloquence, and mental health issues which got me to university. Higher education – the perfect opportunity to fulfil my daydreams of depravity. I presumed everyone would be genius dilettantes, looking at each other knowingly over candlelit formal dinners and making jokes about anal sex in Latin. So, have I achieved the aspirations which I didn't include in my personal statement? I've certainly encountered more well-read perverts than I thought could reasonably exist, sickly specimens who lull you by quoting Auden and then pounce. I've realised

that with a flowery mini dress, the right lighting, and a touch of sass, I have a fighting chance of charming at least the short-sighted. I've learned that a mutual love of Wes Anderson films does not (always) an earth-shattering romance make. I've also learned that, probably much to the dismay of my younger, affection-starved self, not everyone who allows you under their John Lewis Value duvet is necessarily worth the trouble, even if they do own enough Bob Dylan bootlegs to charm your drunken compatibility radar.

Essentially, I've been pretty boring over the past two years when it comes to taking advantage of all the rich and varied opportunities for self-corruption which a town full of youth, stress and 'Explicit Name' cocktails could provide. But, perhaps, because this is the one area of my life I make any concerted effort in, I can say that I'm a fraction less clueless than I was, though sadly still inclined to go weak at the knees for a well timed *Arrested Development* reference. VICTORIA BEALE



LUCY NURNBERG

HOT



THE THICK OF IT Strap yourself in for another season of *Malcolm Tucker's* cursefest. We wish real politics was this filthy.

HALLOWEEN Carving pumpkins? Check. Trick or treating? Check. Sense of maturity? Oh...

KAREN O Singing on the *Where the Wild Things Are* soundtrack, doing guest vocals on the new Flaming Lips album, wearing outfits made of tin foil... is there nothing this woman can't do?



DANNII MINOGUE... AGAIN What's that? Good news you say? Yup, Minogue's finally going to release her 'lost' album *The 1995 Sessions*. Scenes of Beatlesmania-style crowds waiting outside record stores not to be expected.

YOB ROCK Liam Gallagher has stated his intention to form a

new band in the new year. Is the world really ready for the post-Oasis musical shenanigans of Gallagher the Younger? In a word, no.

THE TEMPERATURE First there was swine flu, then there was freshers' flu and now there's plain vanilla winter flu. Big props to Lemsip and tissues.

NOT



Shadow Puppet Guide



Week 4: The Wolf

My week by Claire, Sainsbury's Cashier*

Sunday

Terence still very unhappy with my new working hours. "Let the Poles do the lates," he said. "Come home to Daddy." I explained that it's all about dedication. You don't get to be Dry Goods Department Manager by skipping home at 6pm every night. Maureen was all over these extra shifts. Gets everything her way since she gave Dan head in the 'Spoons toilet at that staff Christmas party. And she doesn't even ask customers if they have a Nectar card.

Monday

Dan lined us evening rookies up for a briefing. It all felt a little like going to war. "Do not assume that every customer is over eighteen years of age," he said. "Do not let them take an excess of plastic bags." A long silence, there. "Asphyxiation," he said.

There were no casualties, but we came close. They arrive in their

hordes. Alcohol accounts for 90% of purchases. And the costumes! One girl arrived painted green and wearing two bandannas. That was it. She had Raphael written on her stomach. "I need a plastic bag." I could see Dan watching as he patrolled the tills. Listening. "I'm afraid I can't give you that." She threw up all over the till, instead.

Tuesday

Strange evening. A boy in a loin cloth stood very patiently in the queue – lovely looking boy – and when he got to the front I realised he didn't have any items. None at all. "Cheesy chips," he said. "Cheesy chips with extra cheese." I directed him to frozen food and he spent a good five minutes studying the McCain selection. He had the strangest expression on his face. "This isn't Gardies," he said, "is it?"

Spent eleven to midnight at self-checkout. Sixty minutes of

unknown items in the bagging area. One girl just sat there, sat there on the bagging area whilst her friend bought seventeen limes. She saw me looking at her. "It's not like you can make a gin and tonic without one," she said. That wasn't the worst of it. Another young man scanned through two bottles of vodka and left the store. Just upped and left. I was all ready for store approval and like that – gone. Dan lost him at Fopp. I couldn't sleep after that. The shame of it. And that echo in my head, round and round, 'thank you for using Sainsbury's self-checkout...'

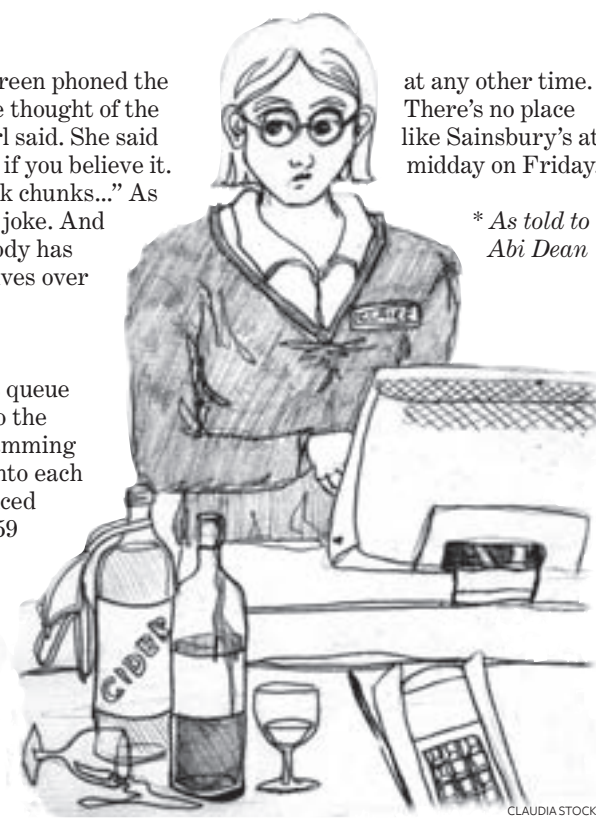
Thursday

Suspiciously quiet tonight. Modest clothing all around. Pleasant till. We were so close to closing. Then it happened. Maureen bounced past at the speed of light. "Copulation! Copulation at the deli!" It was horrific. Both of them all dressed up. The girl's great cheek-prints

on the glass. Maureen phoned the police. "It was the thought of the sausages," the girl said. She said that to the police, if you believe it. "Those great thick chunks..." As if it were all a big joke. And tomorrow somebody has to choose their olives over that counter.

Friday

The self-checkout queue stretching back to the wine. Students ramming wheelie baskets into each other at the Reduced stand to get a £1.59 chicken tikka masala that went off yesterday. Plenty of pleasant pensioners who could have done their shopping



at any other time. There's no place like Sainsbury's at midday on Friday.

* As told to Abi Dean

CLAUDIA STOCKER

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... Dead on the inside? Do the zombie shuffle with your BFF from home.

Even men have the friend they turn to in times of emotional anguish. The friend who will hold the phone as you weep down it; who will hold that line whilst you cry yourself to nasty, drunken, sweaty sleep having forgotten to remove your shoes or to brush your teeth or to close the curtains. The friend who will be waiting outside your door as the morning sun burns aching bloodshot eyes through which you were doing sambucca shots the night before. The Angst Perv friend. My cousin Kris is not that friend, and it's not like I'd ever forget to brush my teeth. But it's Kris whom I called.

She was in Fabric and I got 10 minutes of bass before a voice. "Traffic light party!" she screamed. "Guess which colour I'm wearing!"

"It wouldn't be green, now,

would it?"

"BLACK. It means the traffic light's BROKEN. It means CRASH."

"How very unique."

She said that she'd be in Cambridge in 48 hours. A little spontaneity. I knew that she would be. On Wednesday she was standing outside college like some disco refugee, all white hair and Paddington bear duffel. "On the phone you just sounded so miserable..."

We made our plans. Two steaks, good red wine and Sainsbury's Basic vodka. "Buy Absolut," Kris said, "and you risk remembering tonight tomorrow." Halloween week opens your options: hence, zombie pub stagger. Post-meal and memory, we left college looking like serious dead people. Anna, heading back in, dropped cigarette in horror. "You should join."

"But I feel so – alive."

I don't remember where we drank or what was confessed. Kris mounted the Jesus horse. Anna threw up purple into a punt near Magdalene Bridge. At four in the morning, we cycled home with Kris stuck in my basket and the buildings all one shade blacker than the sky. This is why you shouldn't call your Angst Perv friend when your heart's butchered all over your bedroom floor.

I sat with my cousin at brunch and felt like a twat for ever calling her. Charlie was around, of course, all Sunday tracksuit shuffle and flip-flops in October. Kris watched my eyes track him across the dining hall, and laughed. "Time to adjust the bi ratio," she said. "Girl from last night. Way hotter."

"She's a fresher," I said. Kris just kept laughing.

BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

Ray Mears is a serious man. He's the kind of man who could kill a squirrel, skin it and eat the insides, while using the fur to fashion little gloves to give him extra grip as he climbs the icy rock face of a mountain, only to get the top and use the tail to present as a gift for the leader of the tribe he finds living there. He and Bear Grylls could probably start a small colony out of killing squirrels alone.

But, to the programme. *Ray Mears' Northern Wilderness* sets out to impress with the glacial beauty and sweeping vistas of Canada's great outdoors. The first episode looks at the Boreal forest which covers most of the country's land mass. It begins seriously enough, with Mears telling us how cold it is and a slow motion shot of him snapping a twig on his knee, and, let's face it, once you've seen a slo-mo twig snap, you know you're in safe hands.

From there, *Northern Wilderness* becomes a mix of David Attenborough-style nature documentary and a how-to survival programme. We learn how to get wound-healing resin

out of a tree, how to beat forest disorientation and about the wonders of sphagnum moss. There's a brilliant moment when, after constructing a shelter from dead wood, Mears earnestly turns to the camera and simply states 'now psychology's on your side'. Despite fronting numerous TV series, Mears is not the greatest presenter, and occasionally looks a little nervous talking straight to camera. His enthusiasm (he calls his jacket the 'motherhip'), though, is infectious; I'm really not sure what I'm going to do with those notes I took on how to roast pine cones.

At points it's a little hard to know exactly who the programme's aimed at. While it's always embarrassing to admit how many times you've been lost in an Arctic circle forest without any high-visibility tracking tape, there can't be that many viewers watching and thanking their lucky stars Mears has provided them with a three-step guide on how to find the best location to pitch a tent in snowy weather.

However, that's missing the point, and *Northern Wilderness* combines the entertainment of the hardcore survivalist programme with the wondrous spectacle of the natural world. Plus, next week he said he was going to build a hut using only beaver skin and masking tape. Come on, that's got to be worth watching. LAURIE TUFFREY

Ray Mears' Northern Wilderness is on every Sunday on BBC One and is available on BBC iPlayer.

Food and Drink

Tanya Iqbal sorts out the best places to go to fill your noodle cravings in Cambridge.



Charlie Chan: the 'main man' for Chinese cuisine in Cambridge.

The craving for Chinese food is thankfully not one that escapes the inhabitants of Cambridge. Both Charlie Chan's and Yippee Noodle are prime destinations to sate this universal urge. The owners of Yippee really hit the nail on the head when they named their restaurant; there is a ring of the exclamatory euphoria that often accompanies the experience of enjoying oriental cuisine: noodle-eating becomes a cause for celebration and grown men are reduced to a juvenile state in their happiness.

The food served at Yippee is best described as pan-Asian, encompassing food from China, Japan and other Asian countries. The décor is reminiscent of Wagamama: substitute the sleek sterility of the latter for the slight grubbiness of the former and the result is a pseudo-authentic fast-food restaurant in China. The menu excels in its variations of rice and noodle dishes. I opted for the noodles with coriander, veg, shrimps and chicken. The friend who I dined with (who will hereon be referred to as Baby G, her self-inflicted pseudonym) ordered the same. Baby G took advantage of the numerous Asian beers to choose from and ordered the Japanese beer Asahi, owing to a fixation with Japan. Though I was enjoying the hearty medley of meat and vegetables with my noodles, I must admit that I was slightly unsettled by the experience of wiping my mouth to leave a residue of fluorescent yellow on my serviette. Baby G was also having a similar experience. This was adequately boz but, like

a trooper, I resolved to plough on anyway, hardly pausing to ruminate since the meal itself was a somewhat rushed affair (Baby G had orchestra rehearsal).

The culinary indulgence afforded by Charlie Chan's, however, is better enjoyed at a sustained leisurely pace. One would be in their right to state it a bozality-free zone. There are no neon yellow residue experiences to be had here. One can purchase an ample portion of sweet and sour chicken with a generous accompaniment of freshly boiled rice, all for a mere £6. Hardcore bargain. Price-wise, it is a rival for Yippee where meals tend to go over the £10 benchmark. Groups of at least six should be a prerequisite for an outing to Chazza since the food here is best enjoyed at one of the large round tables, where hoards of dishes piled onto the Lazy Susan to be shared among many effectively creates a banquet. The atmosphere is noticeably better on weekends when locals fill the tables. Chaz does a seriously bitchin' sesame prawn toast and the banana fritters, served in a caramelised sesame seed coating are nothing less than delectable.

If you can get over the use of bizarrely coloured additives and want a quick fix of oriental food then Yippee Noodles will happily suffice. Baby G recommends the extra long prawn crackers. Prices are expensive but not brutal and you can eat well for under £15. If, however, you want your dose of monosodium glutamate dressed in formal attire, then main man Charlie Chan delivers the goods.

Mister Connections

I overheard you talking about the whale on the New Museum Site. You had long black hair and blue eyes. Want to have a whale of a time with me?

We went to see the I.T. man at the same time to get our internet cables. I think your name is Phillipa. Want to link up?

L - you always have your iPod really loud in Clare library. Wouldn't you rather whisper with me?

Want to send in your missed connection? Email misterconnections@live.com. The best ones will be read out on VarsiTV.

VarsiTV goes live this weekend. Check out exclusive videos of the Varsity Plinth on varsity.co.uk/tv.



Our Tube

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Honesty and fairness aren't two qualities you'd associate with Nick Griffin. Here, though, (with a little help from Cassetteboy) he demonstrates both with a succinct, accurate self-description.

Graveyards and grey ladies: Girton

It was on the Taylor Knob staircase in Old Wing that the Grey Lady haunting was reported in the late 19th century. The Grey Lady, rumoured to be a certain Miss Taylor, was a young woman who died under mysterious circumstances before starting at Girton. What's more, in 1881 it emerged that Girton had been built on a purported sacred burial ground, when a large Anglo-Saxon cemetery was discovered on the College site. The ensuing excavation unearthed more than seventy skeletons and two second-century Roman graves. Such discoveries might help to explain the slightly bizarre rumour that the College was home to a Roman centurion when first built. Strangely, Girton does remain home to an Egyptian mummy: dating from the first century AD, the mummified woman was discovered in 1911 near Cairo by archaeologist William Flinders Petrie. Bearing the inscription 'Hermionê Grammatikê' – which can be translated as either 'Hermione the language teacher' or 'Hermione the literary lady' she was clearly distinguished for her learning and it was felt appropriate that she take up residence in a women's college. In fact, Hermione is an established member of College, remembered fondly by Classics students in the post-war years for paying silent audience to their language supervisions. ANISHA SHARMA

Cambridge: A Paranormal History

From poltergeists to panthers, from suicides to the sorcerers, find out if there's somethin' strange in your college neighbourhood.

Home of the spooks: Corpus

Reputedly the most haunted Oxbridge college, Corpus has been troubled by ghosts for centuries. The most terrifying of its residents is former University Vice-Chancellor Henry Butts, who committed suicide in a room above the kitchens in 1632. In the 1880s, Butts grew so angry (hopefully not from the food) that no cook dared enter the kitchens alone at night. Around this time, the Fellow Charles Walter Moule became so traumatised by sounds coming from Butts' room that he was reduced to crawling onto the roof on his hands and knees.

The other Corpus wraith is former Master's daughter Elizabeth Spencer. In 1667, she invited an admirer for tea when her father unexpectedly returned home early. Elizabeth used her initiative and quickly flung her tea-things, along with suitor James Betts, into a nearby cupboard. Being a perfect gentleman, Betts made no sign of protest and waited patiently in the cupboard for her to unlock it.

Regrettably, Elizabeth's initiative was superior to her memory, and she forgot about Betts for a fortnight. When she opened the cupboard door fourteen days later, she was so distraught by the spectacle she collapsed and died. It is said that on Christmas Eve the ghosts of the two young lovers run helplessly around Old Court, searching for each other, until they are reunited in a spectral embrace. ISOBEL GREENLEES

Dead frequencies: BBC Radio

It's not just the dreaming spires of the old Colleges that house spectral enigmas. BBC Radio Cambridgeshire's Studio 1A is rumoured to be haunted by an elderly ghost sitting in the presenter's chair. Shadowy figures in doorways and orbs of light flying across the room have also been sighted, and a visit from the Cambridge Paranormal Society in 2003 revealed some spooky home truths – sensing that someone had killed themselves in the building, the station was contacted a couple of nights afterwards by an anonymous caller to confirm that someone had hanged themselves on the site.

Not everyone at the station is so sure (the first person

Varsity asks about the spectre replies, "Oh, you mean the ghost that's an air-conditioning unit?"), though Sue Marchant, a presenter at the station, is convinced: "One morning I walked into the studio and there was this bloke sat there. Literally I thought I was seeing things, I was like 'aargh!'. Then he faded away, but I've still got him in my mind's eye – he was grey-haired with a slight beard, dressed in sort of pastel colours."

Intriguingly, paranormaldatabase.com describes the ghost as a womaniser (his presence more felt than seen, apparently), but this is unconfirmed. BBC Cambridgeshire is due to be moving soon anyway, leaving the present site, and any phantoms within, free. So, if you're interested, potential office space with one permanent resident on Hills Road should be on the market soon. LAURIE TUFFREY

King's and Queens'

Queens' College was opened for Margaret of Anjou, Queen to King's College's Henry VI. It turns out that simply having his 'n' her Colleges was not enough for these two lovers. So both Colleges are endowed with a "she and he" musical ghost.

Several sources report that, every seven weeks or so, a lady ghost may be heard faintly tinkling away at the piano in the music room of Queens' President's lodge. We are assured that she is perfectly friendly.

As for King's, if you're lucky enough to find the fabled secret tunnel built between the college and town of Grantchester (apparently constructed to secret away King's students should Cambridge become infected by the plague), you may also discover that you hear the eerie notes of a fiddle. Hundreds of years ago, after finding this hidden tunnel one man decided to follow it to see if it did lead to Grantchester. Playing his fiddle all the way, his pals reported hearing his music grow fainter and fainter until it disappeared altogether. He was never seen again. However, throughout the centuries there have been reports of people hearing unearthly music echoing out from where the tunnel is thought to lie... HELEN BRANNIGAN

COLLEGE PHOTOS BY TIM JOHNS, KAT WATERS
ILLUSTRATION BY ZING TSJENG



Murderers and mothers: Christ’s

Despite having passed away more than four hundred years ago, the College’s foundress Lady Margaret Beaufort is still said to walk the halls of First Court, pale faced and darkly gowned. Staff report of a spectral figure lurking in the Master’s Lodge, appearing from behind doors or kneeling at fireplaces, hands raised as if in prayer. The mother of Henry VII has also been spotted standing at the Oriel Window, looking down onto the Chapel, a place which in itself has led porters, usually the most unshakeable of men, to experience ‘shivery moments’.

Many students tell of a mysterious figure seen crossing the Fellow’s Garden by night, leaving behind a trail of footprints that inexplicably disappear with daybreak. The ghoul is said to be Christopher Round, an academic who was in love with the same girl as another student. When the two studied chloroform, a recent medical discovery, the other man became inebriated from the fumes and fell into the Fellow’s pool. Round, seeing his chance, let the man drown. He is now said to haunt the old mulberry tree in regret. EMMIE HODGES

Where the wild things are: John’s

1996 was famous for a number of things: The Spice Girls, Dolly the cloned sheep... but what the world, or at least Cambridge, should have been looking out for was the mysterious appearance of a panther on the St John’s playing fields. On 18th November, Mr Williams, the Head Groundsman saw this panther roaming the grounds. Although his first admission that he was ‘not drunk’ may not give the story a huge amount of weight, the authorities seemed to think otherwise. The army soon arrived to trap this cat by hanging chunks of meat from the trees. Children were forbidden from setting foot on the grounds, yet this was not the case for the John’s rugby team (it was assumed that the Red Boys were capable of taking on such an animal). The RSPCA were quoted in saying that such a sighting was ‘unlikely to be true but not impossible’ and this small possibility has allowed for a number of rumours as to the panther’s origins; such as a circus, a zoo or even having escaped from a particularly eccentric fellow’s garden.

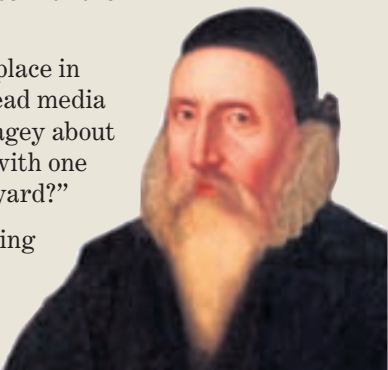
The John’s sighting is Cambridge’s contribution to the common urban legend of big cats roaming the British isles. However, as panthers are known to live up to twenty years, it may still be at large ready to return on its ‘unlucky’ thirteenth anniversary this November. CHLOE JAYNE

Skulduggery and suicide: Peterhouse

Rumour has it that Cambridge’s oldest College is home to an 18th century bursar, Frances Dawes, who oversaw the controversial election of Francis Barnes as Master of Peterhouse. Blaming himself for the dodgy election and unpopular result, Dawes hung himself from a bellrope in 1789.

On April 17th 1997, two of the College staff saw a white figure materialise by a fireplace in the Combination Room, accompanied by knocking and rattling, attracting widespread media attention. An exorcist was hired and since then, Peterhouse has been notoriously cagey about letting people into the room. Some members of staff still refuse to enter the room, with one kitchen worker commenting, “Well, what do you expect being right next to a graveyard?”

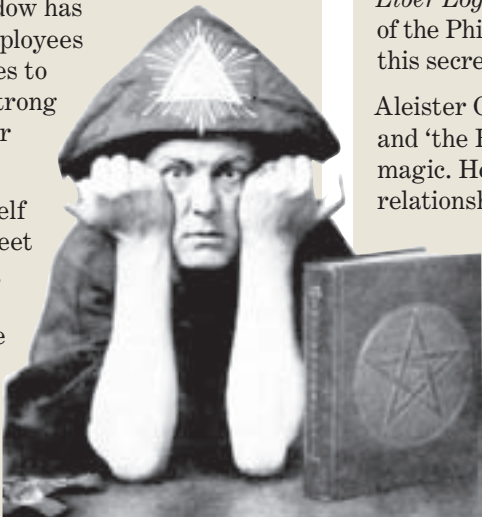
Peterhouse is no stranger to exorcisms. For decades, a dark figure was seen crouching on top of the stone gate by the cemetery wall. Ten students who witnessed it killed themselves soon after. In the 60s, the then Dean conducted an exorcism, and no more sightings have been reported since. CONNIE SCOZZARO AND ZING TSJENG



The Eagle on fire

These days, The Eagle pub’s story of how Crick and Watson announced their discovery of DNA within its walls often eclipses other tales from a far darker past. Sources say that some three hundred years ago, a fire ravaged the upstairs chambers of the public house. All were saved except for one young barmaid. Trapped in an upstairs bedroom and unable to open the window to escape, she burnt to death. From that day on, that very same window has remained open. Current employees say that if anybody ever tries to close it, they experience a strong feeling of suffocation in their chests.

So next time you find yourself wandering down Bene’t Street (on a cold and moonlit night, perhaps), walk in to the courtyard to the right of the pub. Then take a look at the little window on the first floor and check if it’s been left open... HELEN BRANNIGAN



Degrees in practical magic: John’s and Trinity

Not many know that two of England’s most famous occultists graduated from Cambridge. The towering figure of John Dee (above) is best-known for being an advisor to Queen Elizabeth I, but also arguably inspired the literary characters of Prospero in *The Tempest*. At 15, Dee was admitted to John’s and quickly built a reputation as mathematician, philosopher and astrologer. Dee also explored the worlds of magic, alchemy and divination. This included trying to commune with angels through a scryer (better known as a crystal ball), and culminated in the publication of the *Liber Logaeth*, a book that apparently contains the language of angels. Dee’s son claimed that Dee unlocked the secret of the Philosopher’s Stone (no, it’s not just for *Harry Potter*) and transmuted base metal into gold, although he took this secret to the grave. To this day, Dee’s scrying mirror can still be seen at the British Museum.

Aleister Crowley (left), described by the press as ‘the wickedest man in the world’, claimed to be a black magician and ‘the Beast 666’. In 1895, he started his degree in English at Trinity, where he began an interest in sexual magic. He details picking up prostitutes at local pubs and cigar shops for this purpose, but developed a lasting relationship with student Herbert Pollitt. Biographer Lawrence Sutin describes Crowley’s first homoerotic experience at Cambridge as one that brought ‘an encounter with an immanent deity’.

Upon leaving Cambridge, he was initiated into the Golden Dawn, an occult society, but grew disillusioned with their lack of ambition and delved into black magic. One ceremony (conducted in between intense sex sessions, of course) saw his then-wife possessed by a deity called Aiwass. Crowley’s transcription of Aiwass’ words form *The Book of Laws*, in which Crowley declares the death of Christianity and founds a new religion based on the doctrine ‘do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law’. Press hysteria about the cult’s depravity (where many members addicted to opium and cocaine) reached a head when one of his disciples died after drinking the blood of a cat. Crowley himself died a penniless heroin addict in 1947. ZING TSJENG



Bit-Chick Lit

Bored by Austen? Like *Dawn of the Dead*? *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* might just be the book for you. **Megan Paul-Lynch** asks what Lizzie Bennet is doing with petticoats six inches deep in blood?

Terror is a dish best served cold. Hard to swallow, but very sweet. Terror is the enchantment that has kept the Gothic alive for centuries. From the *Castle of Otranto*, to *Dracula* and Poe, to Stephen King, fear has been selling books for 250 years. The twenty-first century gothic novel is still in love with the idea of overpowering fears, unstoppable zombies and seductive vampires. It is a form of escapism that is too appealing ever to decay.

Fear is no longer pure, unadulterated, bitter-sweet; now it has manners. Recent years have seen a new incarnation of the gothic, which is set to spawn a slew of imitators. Ever heard of *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies*? Snapped up by American publishers Quirk, it's the darker, grittier side of Elizabeth Bennet's life. The bit that Austen didn't want us to see. This Elizabeth is re-imagined as a zombie-ass-kicking diva,

carefully navigating hordes of the undead in between tea parties, balls and marriage proposals. The new Regency Gothic genre is the invention of Los Angeles author, Seth Grahame-Smith who wanted to write a book exposing how "the people in Austen's books are kind of like zombies." Quirk swiftly followed with Ben Winters' *Sense and Sensibility and Sea Monsters*, in which the home of the young Miss Dashwood's is surrounded by deadly sea creatures and the persistent Colonel Brandon is turned into a tentacled fiend. Sourcebooks also staked their claim in the market with Amanda Grange's *Mr Darcy, Vampyre*.

Grahame-Smith likens the characters of Austen's novels to the undead because, "No matter what is going on around them in the world, they live in this bubble."

But surely he realises, you shriek, throwing your hands up, that Austen, the greatest

of wits, has done this for him already? The critique of polite, insular society was her forte. The gothic of Seth Grahame-Smith and Ben Winters, only offers a cruder lens through which to view Austen's satire.

It is easy to scoff at modern gothic for its wide appeal and cheap thrills. Easy to class the new gothic as a set of tired, lazy mash-ups which constitute nothing less than the blue-blooded murder of classic literature and qualify as mere chick-lit trash.

Pardon my impudence, madam, but I beg you, give me a moment to explain. In our post-modern, capitalist world we fear the attack of faceless evil: disease, terrorism, global warming, nuclear war. New hopefuls such as Grahame-Smith revert to a simpler time and impose on Regency mores "the large groups of faceless people in the world who mean to do us harm."

Look again at *Twilight*. It is condemned

and derided because it dramatises a fear of teenage sexual freedom, which we associate with preachy, Bible-Belt America. Written by a Mormon housewife, it trumpets the goodness of abstinence and the perils of temptation. In repressive Victorian society, the vampire bite was a crafty metaphor for forbidden sex. The omnipresence of sex in today's *Twilight* world means that idea of sex being out of reach is in itself titillating.

The Gothic always had the potential to be trash. Its high octane drama, shrill characters and sexual themes made it a sensationalist genre, which sold best in the form of "Penny Dreadfuls", cheap widespread magazines: the Victorian equivalent of *Heat*. Fear now strikes on a global scale, bigger and more powerful than ever. The gothic mash-up creates a world which is simpler and less threatening than our own, where fear can be fought face on.

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From 'Sense and Sensibility and Sea Monsters'

'At Bath, he had met young Eliza, had saved her from the attack of a giant octopus... And then he had left the girl whose youth and innocence he had seduced in a state of upmost distress, with no credible home, no help, no friends, ignorant of his address. He had buried her in the sand in a playful fashion as lovers do when sporting; and then, without digging her up, he had gone off, he said, to buy them lemonades; he never returned.'

"Thwack! A harpoon pierced the giant octopus's bulbous head, and it burst, raining blood and ooze into the brook and all over Marianne, who managed to lift her face from the water as the tentacle released its grip. As she lay gasping on the bank, soaked by the fetid water and the foul juices of the monster, spitting small bits of brain and gore from the corners of her mouth, a gentleman clad in a diving costume and helmet, and carrying a harpoon gun, ran to her assistance.....'

From 'Pride and Prejudice and Zombies'

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that a zombie in possession of brains must be in want of more brains."

"From the corner of the room, Mr Darcy watched Elizabeth and her sisters work their way outward, beheading zombie after zombie as they went. He knew of only one other woman in Great Britain who wielded a dagger with such skill, such grace, and deadly accuracy.

By the time the girls reached the walls of the assembly hall, the last of the unmentionables lay still. Apart from the attack, the evening altogether passed off pleasantly for the whole family. Mrs Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party."

Bonfire Night

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 5TH,
MIDSUMMER COMMON, 19:30 (FREE)

Remember, remember
to watch the unmissable

Pick of the week fireworks celebrating the foiling of Fantastic Mr Fawkes. It's hot. (Don't get singed.)



The Varsity Week



The Mummy at Girton

UNTIL JUNE 20TH, 2-4PM, THE LAWRENCE
ROOM, GIRTON COLLEGE (FREE)

Margaret Mountfound off The Apprentice isn't Girton's only treasure. They've just acquired a Mummy called Hermione. An eyebrow raising start to your Halloween.

Pick of the week Arts

Film

Michael Jackson: This is It

THE VUE, DAILY (9.30, 10.30 FRI-SUN ONLY)
12.00 13.00, 14.30, 15.30, 17.00, 18.00, 19.30,
20.30, 21.50, FRI/SAT/WED LATE 22.50, 00.10
Jacko beautification finally released after an eight year legal wrangle with The Strokes over the preferred choice of title, *Is This It?*



Fantastic Mr Fox

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 12.30 (NOT SUN, WED), 14.30, 16.30, 19.00 (NOT FRI, SAT), 21.00 (NOT SAT), FRI 18.30, SAT 18.30, 21.30

Wes Anderson becomes the latest big hitter to tackle Roald Dahl, following Tim Burton's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, Guillermo Del Toro's *el Enorme Cocodrilo* (The Enormous Crocodile) and Ingmar Bergman's *Revolution Rhymes*.

An Education

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 14.10, 16.30, 18.50, 21.10

Star-studded coming of age Brit-flick penned by Nick Hornby. Huge casting problems were solved when Orlando Bloom pulled out at late notice.

The Imaginarium of Dr Parnassus

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 11.45 (NOT SAT, SUN, WED), 16.00 (NOT SUN, MON, THURS), 21.00 (NOT FRI, SAT) FRI, SAT: 20.30, SUN, MON: 16.30, THURS: 14.30.

Terry Gilliam walks into a sweet shop. It sounds like the start of a joke. It is. And its punchbag is cinema audiences.

Love and Sex in Africa

WINSTANLEY LECTURE THEATRE, TRINITY COLLEGE, MONDAY NOVEMBER 2ND. (FREE)
Love sex? Love Africa? You're in luck with the Cambridge African Film Festival. It's free, too.

In the Loop

FISHER BUILDING, ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 1ST, 19.00, 22.00. (FREE)
Biting political satire about Simon Foster, a minor cabinet minister, who gets himself involved in UK/US negotiations about going to war. Expect big laughs and big ideas.

Music & Nightlife

Saturday October 31st Bill Wyman's Rhythm Kings

CORN EXCHANGE 19.30 (£24.50 ADV)
Pay £24.50 to see the former bassist of the Rolling Stones live in concert.

Sunday November 1st Jools Holland and his Rhythm and Blues Orchestra

THE CORN EXCHANGE, 19.30 (£31.50 ADV)
See the worst television presenter in BBC history boogie woogie all over a grand piano.

Sunday November 1st Oasis @ Fez

FEZ, 22.00-03.00 (£4)
We're half way through term. Why change your weekend routine now?

Monday November 2nd Alesha Dixon

THE JUNCTION, 19.30 (SOLD OUT)
Strictly young women only. No old people. Dixon's on the rampage. Let's hope she does the manly rapping that she used to do with Mis-Teeq.



Tuesday November 4th Alabama 3

THE JUNCTION, 19.00 (£16 ADV)
If you got yourself a gun when you woke up this morning, these are your people. Brilliantly fun live band.

Tuesday November 4th Seth Lakeman

THE JUNCTION, 19.00 (£16 ADV)
Get folked up with Seth and his fiddle.

Wednesday November 5th Indie Soc

PORTLAND ARMS, 22.00-5.00 (£5)
The Portland Arms will be awash with self-conscious boys and girls with too much hair and vintage cardigans. Get stuck in.

Theatre

A Streetcar Named Desire

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 19.45, SAT MAT 14.30 (£6/9)
Last chance to see Marlon Brando on the ADC stage, before he returns for his brief appearance in the Lent term musical...

R.U.R

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)
Opportunity to see a play that has quite literally been smashed up and reassembled by a group of robots flown in from Japan.

The House of Bernada Alba

ADC THEATRE, TUES-SAT 19.45 (£5/7)
Lorca's tale of Bernada Alba and her daughters, locked inside the house, mourning the death of their father. Expect a happy ending.

Chekhov Double Bill

ADC THEATRE, WED-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)
Not your normal Chekhov fare, because this contains no cherry orchards, no samovar, and no Kenneth Brannagh. Rumour has it that it does contain a Bear and an Anniversary, and it is funny.

Story of a Rabbit

ARTS THEATRE, WED-THURS 19.45 (£10-£20)
Hoi Polloi's latest offering combines comedy, music, one heck of imagination, and at least one dead rabbit (depending on how many times you see the play).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

FITZPATRICK HALL, TUES-SAT 19.30 (£4-7)
McMurphy vs Nurse Ratched: it's the final countdown de de de de, de de de de de.

Twelfth Night

PEMBROKE NEW CELLARS, TUES-SAT 19.30 (£4/5)
'Two households, both alike in dignity...' etc.

Good Clean Men

CORPUS PLAYROOM, TUES-SAT 21.30 (£4-7)
Not bad, not dirty, not women, not interested? Jokes!

That Face

CORPUS PLAYROOM, FRI-SAT 19.30 (£4-7)
Polly Stenham, aged 19, writes a play about her dysfunctional family, which receives rave reviews at the Royal Court. Catch it in Cambridge today and tomorrow.

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.

Knighton Hosking: Paintings

CHURCHILL COLLEGE, UNTIL SATURDAY NOVEMBER 14TH. (FREE)
Hosking's work evolves through a questioning of nature and the relevance of painting using the rural landscape surrounding his Midlands home as an inspiration.



Friday October 30th Stories and Landscapes: Nineteenth-Century Paintings in the Fitzwilliam Museum

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, SEMINAR ROOM, 13.15-13.45. (FREE)
As part of the Festival of Ideas, Nina Lubben from the Department of English, Communication and Film, Anglia Ruskin, delivers a talk on the 19th Century paintings in the Fitz.

Thursday November 5th Performance, self and memory in relation to Helena Almeida's work

KETTLE'S YARD, 13.15-13.40. (FREE)
Eleni Cologni, artist, delivers a lunchtime talk on the Helen Almeida exhibition on at Kettle's Yard.

Talks & Events

Friday October 30th Translating Novel into Film: The Case of Henry James's 'Washington Square'

FACULTY OF ENGLISH, WEST ROAD, 17:00 - 18:00, (FREE)
As part of the Cambridge Festival of Ideas, the talk explores what happens when novels are translated into films by examining the case of Henry James's celebrated *Washington Square*, and the two films it has inspired.

Friday October 30th Jason Cook's Fear

THE JUNCTION, J2, 20.00. (£10-12 ADV)
What's funny man Jason Cook so scared about? Find out tonight at the Junction.

Saturday October 31st Halloween

EVERYWHERE. (FREE)
Dress up, carve a pumpkin, go trick or treating round college and make a scary face.



Saturday October 31st Darwin and the Germans

LECTURE ROOM 2, WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, 17.00-18.00, (FREE)
Dr David Midgley will illustrate the different ways in which ideas about evolution were developed by German scientists. Clearly the ideal way to spend your weekend.

Sunday November 1st Press Power

CAMBRIDGE MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY, CHEDDARS LANE 11.00-17.00, (£3-5)
Explore the Cambridge Museum of Technology's working print shop. Discover letterpress. Meet the printers. And find the printer's devil, whatever that may be.

Tuesday November 3rd Reflections on "Reflections on Cambridge"

GATSBY ROOM, WOLFSON COLLEGE 18.00. (FREE)
Prof Alan Macfarlane reflects on Reflections on "Reflections on Cambridge" as part of the Wolfson Humanities Society.

MUSIC



Unlike eating grass, seeing Bloc Party live is quite a pleasurable experience.

Bloc Party
THE CORN EXCHANGE, TUESDAY OCTOBER 27TH
★★★★★

“Bloc Party: just a band” declares Scroobius Pip on ‘Thou Shalt Always Kill’. You could be forgiven in thinking this is today’s general consensus. Despite headlining Glastonbury’s Other Stage and soundtracking each indie disco across the country, the Party could be drawing to a close with their current ‘Bloctober’ tour.

Last year’s *Intimacy*, the band’s most disappointing release to date, foundered and the 90s piano-driven house of recent single ‘One More Chance’ marked another alarming stage in their creative demise. Rumours of a split in the band have been rife. Drummer Matt Tong was recently quoted as saying that he “wouldn’t mind

trying something else for a while” during the band’s imminent hiatus, casting doubt over the long term future of 2004’s “Next Big Thing”.

There were no such warning signs at Bloc Party’s sell out Cambridge gig on Tuesday, though. Transforming the cavernous Corn Exchange into an intensely sweaty indie club, the lads pulled off a blinder. An early journey by Kele Okereke into the front row during the wonderfully brash and dissonant ‘Mercury’ could have been fatal: one crazed fan exercised so tight a grasp on his t-shirt that security had to intervene.

The London quartet provoked a berserk response usually alien to conservative Cambridge gig-goers. As if having finally emerged from preservation in a cryogenic freezing chamber at the height of 2005’s *Silent Alarm* fervour, the kids demonically moshed, crowd surfed and even flung their clothes at

Okereke. “This tour,” he informs “has been brilliant for clothes. Someone threw a leather jacket last night.” Often shy and retiring in interviews, on stage he is an assured frontman and an emotive performer, casting a striking shadow against the pulsating lights. Yet Tong is perhaps the true star of the band. Manically drumming in the nude save for a pair of skimpy white shorts, his tight loops dominated the angular aggression of ‘Banquet’.

The offending new single did improve in a live setting, before the drum machine packed in midway and the lads were forced to resort to an engagingly dancey encore of ‘Flux’ and ‘Helicopter’. But just as the houselights came up, they ventured on again, embarrassingly begging “One More Chance” to complete unfinished business. Any doubters should grant them such mercy, as a live Bloc Party is an absolute riot. PAUL SMITH

Ian Shaw
THE RED ROOM, CAIUS COLLEGE, SUNDAY OCTOBER 25TH
★★★★★

Although only in its third gig, Caius jazz has already recruited an impressive array of performers. Musicians normally only seen in top London jazz clubs turn up to play at this unlikely venue.

This is no Ronnie Scott’s. With only a few seats, most of the audience sit tightly packed on the floor around the performers’ ankles. But what it lacks in comfort, it more than makes up for in intimacy.

Hailed by *JazzTimes* as “the single greatest male jazz vocalist Britain has to offer”, Shaw was supported by scene veteran Trevor Tomkins on drums, talented up-and-coming guitarist Dave Preston, and students from Cambridge and

the London conservatories. Shaw’s impeccable, soulful voice was easy on the ears, and his performance was



In awe of the Shaw: Ian sings at Caius.

full of spontaneous wit and charm. Even between songs Shaw was a natural entertainer, and obviously thrived in dealing with some rather strikingly ill-advised banter from the audience. For those not so rash (or full of port) to cross his self-effacing wit, however, the performance established Shaw firmly in the audience’s musical and personal affections.

The band played a wide variety of music, from jazz standards – often with amusing lyrical rewrites – to Joni Mitchell ballads, proving Shaw to be an able pianist. Preston provided some memorable solos, but 19 year old Guildhall undergraduate Miguel Gorodi provided a surprise highlight in crossing the audience/performer boundary. His light-hearted trumpet solo seemed to sum up Shaw’s performance and Caius Jazz itself; unexpected, musically smooth, and uniquely personal. BETH STATON

New Releases

Devendra Banhart
WHAT WILL WE BE
★★★★★



Devendra Banhart: fire dancer, acid eater, sexual deviator, cross-dressing flower child of California. Devendra Banhart: latest addition to Warner Bros. Records, the most evil business in operation since Sweeney Todd’s Hair and Beauty got shut down. How can this be?

Anyone fearing the prospect of him being morphed into a bland pop-wimp needn’t worry. Psychedelic show tunes are interspersed with creepily seductive wig outs and wonderfully whimsical ditties. Close your eyes and you can almost feel the acrid breeze of ‘Topanga Canyon’ on your skin. With the rapidly approaching Cambridge Ice Age, this is not a quality to be sneered at.

Although the aroma of fair-trade hashish on *What Will We Be* threatens to overpower, contemporaneous threads do occasionally break through. Whether he’s man of the moment or man out of time Banhart never fails to enchant. CHARLIE GILMOUR

Sub Focus
SUB FOCUS
★★★★★



Expectations for Nick Douwma’s (aka Sub Focus) debut album have had six years to mature since his first appearance back in 2003 but he does not disappoint. ‘Let the Story Begin’ is an apt opener as what follows can only be described as an anthemic dance narrative.

The album moves through drum and bass, techno, dance and dubstep with a high degree of technicality.

Obvious highlights come in the form of his most famous releases, ‘Rock It/Follow the Light’ and ‘Timewarp’. Most striking is his ability to seamlessly combine genres within a track, displayed in such crafted offerings as ‘Could This Be Real’ where pure dance beats are undercut with definitively dubstep basslines.

Sub Focus is incredibly versatile without feeling schizophrenic and serves as the official testament to the producing skills of Nick Douwma we’ve been waiting for. KATIE ANDERSON

Memory Tapes
SEEK MAGIC
★★★★★



Seek Magic opens with a sparse, airy number that leaves you in suspense as to where the album’s going to go. Then the track ‘Bicycle’ hits and makes it clear that *Seek Magic* is going to be blissfully dancy.

The album’s eight tracks are engaging, artful dance music. There’s no strictly functional sounding of drums here. Memory Tapes mastermind Dayve Hawk is a real musician and not just a dance technician: he’s got serious skill at evoking aching, mournful moods and melodies and evolving a song through any number of forms till he’s got you feeling exactly the way he wants. On *Seek Magic*, he wants you feeling raw and dying to dance. Huge beats drop superbly hard and sudden. They drag you into movement. When Hawk lets the songs go, the electricity crackles, the pulse is incessant.

Seek Magic is easily one of the most tasteful, intelligent dance records of 2009. PETER MORELLI

Sufjan Stevens
THE B.Q.E
★★★★★



Written as the musical accompaniment to Stevens’ original film inspired by New York’s Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, *The B.Q.E* borrows widely from a range of classical sources. From the soaring Romantic themes of Rachmaninov to the jerky street-wise licks of Gershwin, this is not Sufjan Stevens as you know him.

While this may be Stevens’ first foray into the classical world his references on the whole are more derivative than evolutionary. Furthermore, the descent into electronica during ‘Traffic Shock’ is a weak addition that arrives without warning. It is left undeveloped and succeeds only in punching a jarring hole into the middle of the record.

However, while classical aficionados will find plenty to criticize, this is an energetic record that possesses the lurid garishness of a comic strip, both accessible and wonderfully evocative of the urban chaos upon which it is based. TOM KEANE

FILM AND ARTS

New Cambridge Writers

JUDITH E. WILSON DRAMA STUDIO,
SATURDAY OCTOBER 24TH

★★★★★

We were sat there inside a big black cube which dominates the English Faculty basement. It was a Saturday night. This term's New Cambridge Writers event drew excitably towards its close. Putting a small, gifted and largely female group of student writers on view, the evening stood as further evidence that the Judith E. Wilson is a truly terrific venue. Situated directly beneath the library and lecture theatres on the ground

floor, the studio hosts and enables more informal and zany occasions for us to let off our literary steam. It's nice to imagine the disapproval of certain dons, their research interrupted by snatches of poetry and song echoing sporadically from the floor below.

Although attending New Cambridge Writers was, admittedly, a fairly civilised experience, its complimentary wine and biscuits were counterpointed by the gusto and immediacy of many readings. Poems from Richard Osmond and Laura Kilbride bookended the proceedings, and stood out as visceral, self-consciously performative pieces.

Osmond prefaced each poem with witty and inclusive anecdotes, rationalising his inspirations (Japanese food and a particularly extortionate type of coffee machine) before dramatising them with clarity and concentration.

The final poet to read, Kilbride voiced her work with an endearingly nervous energy. Her sequence of nine fourteen-line poems was performed using various hand gestures, along with decisive changes in tone which resolved themselves in something close to rapping. Kilbride threw words as though weapons at her audience, forcing us to press up against their meanings and sounds.

Yet the evening's quieter poets (Alice Malin, Julia Rampen, Annie Katchinska and erstwhile *Varsity* critic Colette Sensier) also held the audience's attention. Their writing shared an emphasis on personal memory, and exhibited a shy ambition to communicate painful truths. Amidst the more direct observations in Sensier's brief but memorable poem 'Holocaust', the line "hanging like half a story from your grandmother's sleeve" emerged. Deft and electric, lines like these would crop up throughout the evening, with the power to surprise.

But what was good about New Cambridge Writers also has its logical conclusion in a trickier question: why are such events so hard to come by? Whilst no one would deny that it takes guts to share and broadcast your writing, the evening demonstrated some of the pleasures in doing so.

When Trevor Joyce, this year's Judith E. Wilson poetry fellow, made a short speech he focused on 'organisation', and the need to make the most out of all things literary. Cambridge is a small town where word travels fast. So let's have more words, travelling faster and in interesting directions. ELIOT D'SILVA

CHARLOTTE RUNCIE



Julia Rampen: a shy ambition to communicate truths at New Cambridge Writers.

Fantastic Mr. Fox

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE

★★★★★

Roald Dahl got it long before the big kids' creations at *Dream-Works* and *Pixar* were out the womb. The best kids' creations have a few witty shots of adulthood – and not just to keep parents awake. Mix a children's tale with the ironic and the sinister, and it grows up with them. You keep coming back to dig deeper into the darkness.

The stop-motion world Wes Anderson creates is a vibrant Fauvist patchwork set alive by the odd passing train or lonely figure. Dahl's protagonist is the delightfully cocky Mr Fox (George Clooney's smooth tones), addicted to the thrill of chicken-capture despite his wife's protests. When the family move to a new tree near the three thriving farms of Boggis, Bunce and Bean, it isn't just the marital disputes that increase. Foxy kicks off a war of wills that will jeopardise the whole animal neighbourhood.

Anderson was never going to resist his chance for a little family drama, and Mr Fox's son twitches with teenage angst. Athletically and romantically challenged, Ash watches cousin Kristofferson stroll away with adored lab partner Agnes. Her protests of the platonic are met with deadpan brilliance: "No. You're disloyal."

Sure, Anderson's committing a little creative infidelity himself, but if the director's additional relationship woes grind, his other trademarks work. Each potential curse is replaced with the word 'cuss' to create a quirky dialogue both hilarious and absurd. The soundtracks of *Rushmore* and *The Royal Tenenbaums* were whimsical perfection. That of *Fantastic Mr Fox* is just cussing unforgettable. A children's chorus whisper Dahl's Boggis, Bunce and Bean rhyme, which refrains to a sinister shriek towards the finale. Stones and Beach Boys classics capture the youth for which Foxy can't help but crave. Pulp legend Jarvis Cocker even pops up as the banjo-

strumming Petey.

For kids delving into Dahl for the first time, it may all seem a little strange and backward. For you who've known the story for years and appreciate the hilarity of a "cluster-cuss", this is as good as it gets. ABIGAIL DEAN



For Fox sake: this film is cussing brilliant.

Arts Comment

Numb bums on seats. Why length and price drive students from the theatre

Emma Hogan



I'm not a very patient person. Standing in queues, working long hours without tea breaks, answering marketing campaign phone calls, watching cricket or football, waiting for trains, waiting for people, waiting for people to finish their sentences (as now) – all in all, I'd rather not do any of these things.

So it was odd when I found myself a couple of weeks ago watching a play in London that ran for nearly four hours, and I didn't even impatiently check the time. I was at the National Theatre production of *Mother Courage*, directed by Deborah Warner with Fiona Shaw as Courage – an apt name, perhaps, for such a long and difficult play. Typically, Charles Spencer in *The Telegraph* described the show as "three-and-a-quarter hours of hectoring lectures, unrepentant Marxism, tiresome alienation devices and a bucketful of condensed misery." And one anonymous blog commenter suggested that it could have been condensed into a 90 minute, punchy political satire not unlike the shorter plays frequently put on at the Royal Court. Yet, these two garrulous critics are missing the point: Brecht's play charts the Thirty Years War, showing the sheer boredom of it all, the way warfare degrades people painfully slowly, and so needs to be suitably long – epic even – to show this.

But what surprised me even more than sitting so contentedly for such a long time, was the fact that when the lights came up, I was one of the few people under 60 in the audience. Or, to be more precise – it surprised me, but only momentarily. How is it though, that men and women who are more inclined to have back problems, knee replacements, hearing aids and varifocals are, unlike the prime specimens of health students are supposed to

be, nearly always more willing to spend long hours in a rather cramped space, all just to see a play?

It made me wonder whether part of the problem could be due to the fact that our generation might live up to the stereotype of having reduced attention spans: wanting our news in bitesize RSS feed chunks, our food served ultra quickly at Wagamama's, charting out our lives by Twitter updates, sending text messages instead of letters, and, generally, being more used to a 90 minute film, or 30 minute television program – or even to the brilliantly neat Mainshow/Lateshow format of the ADC.

But going to the theatre should not be neat. Just as an audience should not be composed of one demographic. I can't quite believe it is entirely down to attention spans that 'younger people' don't go so often to the theatre, or to longer plays. No, what really makes a difference, and what no amount of limited free tickets will achieve, or £10 tickets snapped up, it seems, by those who would have paid double anyway, is the fact that not enough West End London theatres have a standard student price, and that even with some discounts, theatre tickets are still too high. Complicite's current production of *Endgame* is doing a limited special offer on tickets: they are £37.50. Even someone obsessed with Beckett might hesitate before spending so much on a play.

Going to the theatre should not be the preserve of the rich. And, in my opinion, an ideal world is one where when the lights go up and you look around at the other people sitting in the audience, and the only thing that surprises you would be the fact that you might catch a glimpse of similar wonderment, or fellow feeling, in a complete stranger – regardless of their age or wealth.



Six hours of Sophocles? On a stone seat? With no cushion? Modern theatre goers have it easy.

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

One of next week's shows has pre-emptively been hailed as 'seminal, fluid in the lovingly relentless vitriol of its easy-borrowed chauvinism and abject HORROR of the VULVA. As dead, or as fresh, as it ever has been, since 1608. Fully booked.' According to auteur creator, Jeremy Hardingham, *Unfolding King Lear* at the Judith E. Wilson 29th-31st can be WITNESSED by collecting returns at: <http://incarnatemundstuck.blogspot.com>.

If you can't face HORROR of the VULVA, then opt for the *Good. Clean. Men.* at Corpus. These hygienic lads promise 'punctuality' and 'high-octane comfort'. Chances are there won't be a VULVA in sight.

You might also wish to avoid *The House of Bernada Alba*, this week's mainshow at the ADC, which has an all-female cast, so you guessed it, that's a lot of... Still, you'd be missing out on a fine production of Lorca's classic: a sad and now sonorous tale of sexually repressed daughters locked in a house ("With only Franco and Olivia Newton John as a role model" says director Sam Pallis). *Muy Caliente!*

The lateshow is a Chekhov Double Bill: two short sharp farces, *The Bear* and *The Anniversary*. Don't go if you are looking for the sort of Chekhov play where everyone sits around waiting. You can also get your weekly Shakespeare fix at the Pembroke New Cellars to see *Twelfth Night*. Or head over to Queens' Fitzpatrick Theatre to watch *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; it's no Shakespeare, but it was made into a film starring Jack Nicholson, with the tagline, "If he's crazy, what does that make you?" Something for you to ponder.

Last but not least, if student drama is really getting you down to Chinatown, then pay the Arts Theatre a visit on Wednesday or Thursday to see Hoi Polloi's *Story of a Rabbit*.

Just make sure you see something, as the fabric of Cambridge theatre has never been so rich and textured as it is this coming week. LAUREN COONEY

A Streetcar Named Desire

ADC MAINSHOW
★★★★★

Staging anything by Tennessee Williams is a complete nightmare. Everyone has to swagger around all sweaty and say things like 'Night missy' and 'Howdy y'all'.

The people behind the production at the ADC must know all about the difficulties of staging *Streetcar*: all that poetry, all those blazing rows, all those confined spaces, that poxy, bloody southern drawl.

The play is about former southern belle Blanche DuBois (Helen Parker) who, having lost the family's cotton plantation under a mountain of debts, has come to stay with her sister Stella (Elizabeth Magness) and her husband Stanley Kowalski (Paul Syers). Problems arise when the rather dainty Blanche conflicts with the no-nonsense Stanley – oh, and Blanche might be going a touch mad as well.

Director Alexander Winterbotham's set is very naturalistic, and this ends up proving to be the stickiest part of the production actually. Divided in half to represent the Kowalskis' modest apartment, the place is furnished with drinks cabinets, a dining table, a sideboard, bottles of beer, bottles of whiskey, some ghastly pictures, a bed, a table with a radio on it, some windows, some mirrors: it's, well, a little cluttered.

So why is that a problem? Well, quoting from the stage direction, the *Streetcar* Facebook group reminds us that the play is set in New Orleans, where "the blue piano expresses the spirit of the life which goes on there". I think by that Williams meant that life there was hot and passionate and kind of unruly: you can't be all that hot and passionate and unruly if you have to do-si-do around the chintzy sideboard and tiptoe past the dining-room chairs every five minutes. It's supposed to be the New Orleans blues we're talking about here, not morris dancing.

Still, there were some beautiful set pieces. One moment, after

Stella and Stan have a fight, we see Blanche and Mitch talking when, behind the gauze curtain – well, let's just say Stanley and Stella are becoming rather passionately re-acquainted with one another. With the moonlight streaming in across the pair and catching on the gauze, in a second that old idea of the blue piano and the spirit of New Orleans seems perfectly recaptured.

Elizabeth Magness and Paul Syers make an excellent Stella and Stanley. Perfectly cast, it's Syers who makes this production for me. He's tough, kind of clumsy, there was a touch of theatrical sheen about him that could have

been scuffed up a little, but he was pretty impressive. Helen Parker's Blanche was also good, brandishing her frayed nerves with delicate and thought-out affectations. Still, I thought she rushed through her lines once or twice which kind of took the spark out Williams' drama somewhat.

The production did have some good ideas, I just thought that with a few too many lopsided accents, a wobbly set, some terrible sound effects, the doctor's ridiculous hat and need to carry a stethoscope, the production snagged itself a little too often on the mechanics of staging Williams' softly poetical masterpiece. NATHAN BROOKER



GEORGE WOODHAMS

The Frightful First World War

ARTS THEATRE
★★★★★

Hooyay, I got to be an eleven year old for an evening! WWI Survival Test and Brain Blitzer in hand, I snuggled down into the familiar half-term atmosphere complemented by repeats of 'it's a long way to Tipperary...'

Horrible Histories: The Frightful First World War may not be the obvious choice for a quiet night at the theatre. However, I have read those educational gems disguised as kid-friendly guides to the boring bits of history, and knew that if Mark Williams was loyal to Terry Deary's genius, then his stage adaptation would not disappoint. I was right.

This production brings you crashing into the First World War, as little Angelica is sucked into her laptop and planted in a 1914 trench on the Western Front. Immediately the German 'sausage-eating scoundrels' splutter their way into battle against the Allies, catalysed by a WWF fight featuring a valiant referee attempting to 'calm the chaps down'. It all

gets a bit chaotic, but who said war was all cute and cuddly?

I thought that after a rousing edition of Ready Steady Cook, World War I style, complete with audience participation (I chanted 'TURNIPS, TURNIPS' unabashedly) things couldn't possibly get any better, but oh how wrong I was – as the lights come up for the interval, a booming voice announced that 3D goggles were needed for the second half. I took down several small people as I fought my way to the door.

Amidst the desensitizing fake blood, fart jokes and showers of 3D debris and gunfire, there are familiar but nonetheless important undertones of the realities of war. The computerised backdrop of enlisting banners, intermittent ditties like 'We're here because we're here because...', and reminders that 'machines went to war and humans got in the way' all help to tell the story of the war that should never have happened. This gutsy cast of four manages to tell a gruesome and terrible story... without freaking the kids out too much. The plot is 'brave and batty,' and golly is it entertaining; I was sad to come back into adult world with a bump. JEMIMA MIDDLETON

Virgin Smoker

ADC THEATRE
★★★★★

Did you see it? If not, ignore this review. I didn't take the performers' names: there were loads of them. This is more like a TV clip show, where everyone who remembers the moment in question feels like they belong, and everyone who doesn't, doesn't. So piss off, dickhead.

I think all those present would agree on two things. One, it's lovely to see some new faces. And two, it's lovely that they're actually funny. One brief rendering of War and Peace – delivered by a cross between Stephen Fry, Alan Davies, and the BFG – was at once whimsier and better than most of the comedy churned out on such a laugh-destroying basis.

Another novelty was the scarcity of sketches. This was often a blessing: another hilarious pun on Charles Dick-ens' name, another minute of 'Ombudsman – the Superhero story', and I think I would have been trying to shit myself in search of less awkward, more sophisticated entertainment.

Such a dearth of sketchery did

at least mean that we got a lot of stand-up: good stand-up, too. Ahir Shah gave his full name, was very funny about it, and started proceedings off with real urbanity and flair. Subsequent jokes comparing pantomime audiences to Jesus' disciples, celebrating the confusing possibilities of the phrase 'Nacho cheese', and a song containing the sublime rhyme "plankton / wanked on", all deserve to make their creators globally famous.

Fortunately for us, tonight's mixed bag was of a frequently high standard, even if the booze wore off and the quality mysteriously wavered in the final third. My personal favourites were a sketch recasting The Four Yorkshiremen as gap year tragedies, a charmingly neurotic chap called Henry, the aforementioned BFG, and the show-stealer who advertised himself, through song, to all the chubby chasers out there. If you weren't there, you won't know what any of this means, and I don't really care. I haven't included names because I'm not really a journalist. But it's OK: I guarantee you'll be hearing quite a lot about quite a lot of them for some time to come. And then you can pretend you were there when it all started. GEORGE REYNOLDS

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ A gad-awful drawl ★★★★★ Rather undesirable ★★★★★ Just Yankee-doodle dandy ★★★★★ Southern Belle ★★★★★ Stellaaaaaaaah!!

THEATRE

R.U.R. ADC LATESHOW ★★★★★

It's about robots. That's been the pre-production *R.U.R.* insight. The Robot Play. But take a closer look at the distinctive orange flyers decorating your faculty. That robotic face has been composed with human quirk; it looks like a figure from an Audrey Niffenegger graphic novel. This might be The Robot Play, but it isn't robot theatre.

That *R.U.R.* is Rossum's *Universal Robots*, the robot-fuelled factory that Helena Glory has married into. With doe-eyed naivety and the ignorance of many a sci-fi classic, she decides that they need a little freedom. The *R.U.R.* Edward Kiely gives us is an exotic skeleton of Karel Capek's 1921 script. Gone are the heavy dialogues and the elaborate staging. In are an animated chorus and a mischievous humour.

At times it's closer to modern dance than acting. With only four actresses stuck upon the stage for the play's duration, Kiely avoids stagnation by constant motion. The robotic movements reach synchrony eerily often, and in the

opening summary of the robotic race's history, a whole legacy is captured in movement. The quartet spring between roles as human leads to stoic robots with exhaustive precision, but it's as the bashful chorus that they're best. They squirm with a strange childish anxiety as they narrate the robotic rebellion, half boundless enthusiasm, half squirming self-consciousness. "So... that's it", one mutters, at the finale, as they form a terrifically uncertain Ta-Da! still. An ending that might have succumbed to the bleak retains its comic charm.

With minimal dialogue, however, Kiely sacrifices much human emotion to directorial ingenuity. He programmes his humans as emptily as the robots they dictate. It's a cutting commentary for the conclusion of robotic inheritance, but a little sympathy wouldn't have gone amiss. When Emma (a great bundle of nerves elicited by Jessie Wyld) became the robot's first

victim, I admired the undertaking, but I hardly choked on my cider. Wyld was the standout, juggling Emma's dread with the slow domination of chief robot Radius. What begins as a hollow monotone acquires slithers of resentment; Kiely might abandon tragedy, but he holds onto dread. The stage is haunted by a subdued techno base which becomes ever more difficult to ignore, and having set alight the formula for a robot's creation, Helena leaves a vibrant red powder to stain centre stage, a nice bloody touch on the black set.

So *R.U.R.* isn't the most conventional of plays. It might, however, be the most unique show you'll catch this season. Much longer than forty five minutes and the bare stage and ever-mobile cast could have proved a little too claustrophobic. As it is, you can be dissecting it in the bar by 11.45. 'Challenging' is a word made for government targets and ghastly schoolchildren. We'll go for slick, and clever, and entirely original. ABIGAIL DEAN



That Face CORPUS PLAYROOM ★★★★★

Polly Stenham is the hottest new thing to hit the West End and this, her first play, written when she was 19, is a damn sight better than the tripe I passed off as essays in my first year.

Malign/misunderstood schoolgirl Mia (Eve Hederwick Turner) nearly gets expelled for some torture initiation that makes the Hawks' Club (that is a drinking society, right?) look senile. Her pederastic alchomum Martha (Jessica Lambert) can't cope, so Hong-Kong-expat-stockbroker-shyster-dad Hugh flies back; and he's useless too.

The whole team rose to the challenge of presenting familial self-destruct with commendable power and sincerity. Hedderwick Turner was splendid, bringing the callous teenage brat to life with nonchalant gum chewing. Her 'Hi' on seeing her mother again was the coldest one syllable word I've ever heard, with years of neglect packed into two little letters. Jess Lambert capably walked the tightrope of being simultaneously drunk, crazy and incestuous. Her conversation with the speaking clock was a brilliant monologue. Johan Munir

(the dad) captured his admittedly more two-dimensional character with aplomb, seeming every bit the kind of man "who folds away his pants".

Direction was slick on the whole. The usual first night technical errors were happily banished, and the hugely imaginative scene changes changed my life. Black-outs were replaced by bright multi-coloured lights, an eclectic soundtrack and a fast-forwarded montage of action. The lighting was so good lighting designer James Rickenbach almost stole the show.

That said, there's only so much tense family drama one can swallow, and an hour and fifty minutes without an interval is a large helping. At best, the

production took itself just a little bit too seriously. At worst, it was desperately earnest. This may be 'play not production' territory, but I think they could have sped up the direction (two or three moments had all the momentum of a sloth on Valium) and tried to squeeze a bit more humour out the script, because as it was, flashes of laughter were few and far between.

There was also some tension between strict naturalism, and moments of stylistic Drama Darling. The opening 'torture' scene oscillated between a gritty bullying documentary and the dénouement of a Bond film.

All said, this genuine and intimate production was impressive, and deserves to be seen. JOEL MASSEY

JOSH SEYMOUR



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 4: Monologue

Write a maximum 300 word prose monologue on a chosen topic, spoken by one person, for performance or otherwise. Your monologue could be interior or exterior: a brooding stream of consciousness or a grand speech made to a mass audience

Winner: Monologue

by Argyro Nicolaou

What! Just think of it. Just – think about it! [Flails her hands around in an expressive, Mediterranean manner]

There we all are, we're dancing and strobing and flashing and laughing and a circle, jumping up and down.

Smiles. He – she – everywhere – they, I mean even I, smile, too. They're grinding.

I'm not. I'm thinking. They are physical. I am mental. And I mean really, really out-of-my-brains kind of mental.

I'm thinking: these are the days, the best days, the days which I'll talk about in twenty years time, always prologue-ing my antic monologue with the same, dusty opening line: "When I was young..." etcetera, etcetera. Always, of course, tactfully omitting the really fun stuff. I mean - I'm sure my mum smoked up at some point in her life.

And I look at us, in this moment, when we in fact are young; and before it's even over I feel nostalgic.

Nostalgia. A hot mass in my stomach. A poem by Duffy. Pain for home. I feel it even though I haven't departed.

[Lapses into frantic mode again] What sort of a fucked up, existentialist freak am I? I don't want to do this to myself. Hell, I don't want to do this to the people around me who just look at me with their eyes and mouths wide open whenever I try to articulate even the most truncated version of my thoughts.

"You think too much for your age," they say.

Well, yeah I do. And I like it.

Ten steps ahead, that's me. Always rushing, always eager to be able to rewind. The reflection of today from some mirror river of tomorrow. That's my craft.

[Pauses; she slows down]

And today? On this dance floor? Now?

What of it.

It's not significant. We'll all be left with souvenirs of it anyway. I just make mine on the spot.

Runner-up: Imagination Test


by Corina Balaban

Next week's competition: Ghost or horror stories. It's halloween this week. So write a short story with the intention to scare, haunt or conjure. You might invoke the ghosts of lost loved ones, or send up the genre with a tale of ridiculous monsters, rampaging murderers and hapless, victimised humans. Good luck! Send submissions to Eliot D'Silva at literary@varsity.co.uk no later than 9am on Monday, November 2nd for the chance to win two tickets to the following week's ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.

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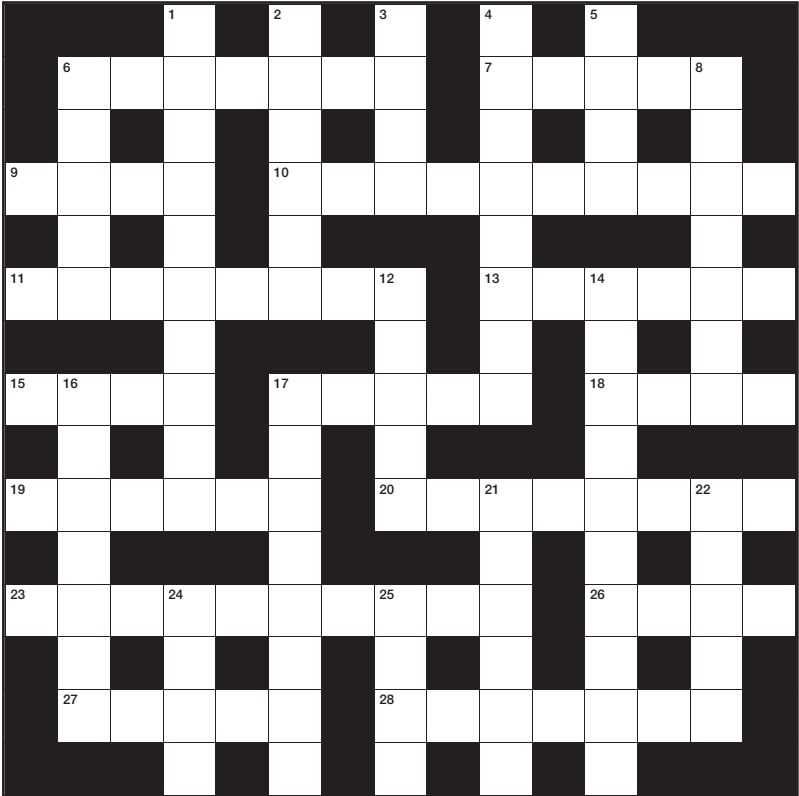
MAYS

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 by Sunday, November 1st.

Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

no. 512



- Across**
- 6 Footballer who might set a match on fire (7)
7 Proven somehow to conceal sources of heat (5)
9 Charts return of irrelevant email (4)
10 Sinks residue by degrees into gains (10)
- 11 Vehicle driven into a tardy choice of course (1,2,5)
13 Strapping one beatified to sin (powerless) (6)
15 Fraction of unknown quantity removed from group (4)
17 Marries, with a swelling abdomen, in clothes of mourning? (5)
18 Domesticated meat torn apart (4)

- 19 Knowledge of Norman? (6)
20 Unsubtle con after contact is thus (8)
23 Peripheral details I put in alarming a criminal (10)
26 Barker mentioned by Connery's trainer, for instance (4)
27 Touches down in the capitals of Lesotho and Swaziland (5)
28 Girl men mistook for troublemaker (7)

- Down**
- 1 Legally followed-up text injured journalist (10)
2 Kebab smells horrible, on the turn around start of week (6)
3 Weaponry ruined Mars (4)
4 Short, loose blouse pulled up around chest catches fire (8)
5 Seduces English detective after bad start (4)
6 Will passage to begin with strong opening (5)
8 Missing one point, my old meaningless word's turned forward to 6 across, perhaps (7)
12 Throw out imperfect goods - both ends have fallen off (5)
14 She'll try us, running amok without pity (10)
16 A large, even fat, ill girl (7)
17 Feminine desire includes nothing male (8)
21 Sounds like fellow's going to house of prayer (6)
22 Contempt for number of points (with final point moving anticlockwise) (5)
24 An entering into £2000 collection? (4)
25 Keeps track of mathematical operations (4)

Set by **Apisashi**


Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 510)
Across: 1 Nobel peace prize, 7 Oblongs, 9 Big bang, 10 Odeon, 11 River Kwai, 12 Susurur, 13 Starch, 15 Remedy, 17 Ballista, 20 Apartheid, 23 Venus, 24 Inertia, 25 Lesotho, 26 Entente cordiale.
Down: Neoconservative, 2 Bullets, 3 Leningrad, 4 Pager, 5 Iraq War, 6 Englishman's home, 8 Sir, 9 Bevy, 14 Televised, 16 Meanest, 18 Sinatra, 19 Regale, 21 Titan, 22 Dildo.

Sudoku

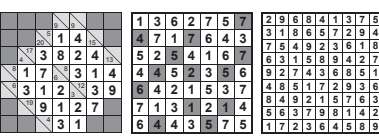
The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once.

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

The Varsity Scribblepad



Last issue's solutions



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).

	11	9			17	6		
12				3				
	5				10			
				19				
13							13	6
				13				
			4					
		7				7		
		11				4		



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.

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

Down-ing, but not out after defeat to John's

» Red Boys always in control but Downing show promise against leaders

 ST JOHN'S	22
 DOWNING	5

Ed Thornton
Sports Reporter

From the warm-up onwards it never looked like Downing would cause the upset of the season and beat John's, but there is more to any match than just a final score. Both Jesus and Downing fancy their chances this year and after the former braved the acid test of facing the favourites last week it was Downing's turn to step up to the plate. Like Jesus, Downing failed to match either St John's pedigree in the backs or their force in the forwards but they put in a fearless effort which showed real promise.

The Red Boys did not look too fazed by the occasion and ran in two tries per half. However, their rugby

was far from pretty. The Downing defence was disorganised but determined and despite the number of times John's broke the line, usually in the form of fly half Matt Thomas, there was always a Downing player covering to make the tackle. This pressure forced the John's back-line into making a huge number of knock-ons which came when the John's over-confident three quarters repeatedly refused to go to ground and chose to force offloads which proved to be too risky. After the match Andrew Barrett, the St John's captain on the day, congratulated his team on their win but sounded disappointed with their overall performance and specifically picked out knock-ons as an issue.

Downing came into the match as heavy underdogs but every member of the team played like they were proud to be in the shirt. What's more, they managed to uphold contested scrums for the entire match, which is extremely rare in College rugby. They were not going to walk away as victors but they were definitely

not going to leave the pitch hanging their heads. The team were spirited in the face of defeat and like their respective supporters Downing were a smaller side but full of life. After eighty minutes of play and with the visiting fans running out of things to chant about their determination finally paid off. Pushing for a fifth try the Red Boys were almost over the line when J.P. Westgate took an interception for Downing and didn't look back until he was ninety

metres down the pitch with the ball safely over the line. Downing's next league match is against Jesus and if their scores against John's are anything to go by it should be a close fought game. Downing player Ali McWhirter certainly fancies their chances as he simply said, "Bring on Jesus". John's were the winners this week but that was no surprise. The interesting clash will be the one for second place, which will take place in the coming week.

TIM JOHNS



Footballers through to second round of cup

» Blues too strong for Worcester's third string despite resting key players

 CAMBRIDGE	3
 WORCESTER 3rds	1

Vince Bennici
Sports Reporter

The Blues knew from the outset that this was a fixture they ought to win comfortably. Already brimming with confidence after two consecutive victories, a buoyant squad greeted the arrival of Worcester on Wednesday afternoon anticipating a continuation of their 100% record.

Cambridge used this outing as an opportunity to reshuffle the starting XI. The fine form of some of the Falcons was rewarded, as Ellis, Brown, Hylands, and Laakso were promoted to the 1st team. Yet the players coming in were far from inexperienced. Hylands, a product of the Watford youth academy, earned his starting position after a string of solid performances for the 2nds, while Laakso, double goal-scorer



EMILY MATTHEWS

Goalscorer Stock lays the ball off

last week, got his chance up front.

Things went to plan early on, Baxter finding space on the wing only to see his rebounded shot headed over by Johnson. It was not long before Baxter broke through again, calmly rounding the outrushing goalkeeper before beating two men on the line with an accurate finish. However, after their early dominance Cambridge struggled to get a foothold in the game and were punished when Maynard was dispossessed attempting to shepherd

the ball out. Worcester, with their first shot of the match, found the top corner from outside the area.

A number of the squad had turned up to support, demonstrating impressive unity and camaraderie. The twenty strong crowd – nineteen more than the usual attendance – witnessed the Blues kick off the second half hoping to rectify the poor spell which had seen them lose their lead. As it happened, Stock went down inside the box to win a penalty early on and the game looked to have been won. Baxter restored the lead, capping an outstanding performance by coolly sending the keeper the wrong way. The tiring Worcester side were now forced to surge forward in search of an equaliser, leaving themselves exposed and allowing Cambridge to overrun them for the remainder of the game. Stock's pace again stretched the Worcester defence as his superb finish put the game beyond the opposition.

The chances squandered by the Blues were the only frustrating factor. Michael Johnson's position 'in the hole' allowed him to carve open the defence. Baxter and Rutt on the flanks, and Mark Johnson

pushing on from full-back, all persistently posed problems to Worcester. Rutt and Stock were both unlucky to see efforts not creep just wide of the post. The final score did not do justice to the Blues' second-half performance.

On a different note, linesman duties again proved to be controversial. This week it was the turn of James Day to express, in no uncertain terms, his unhappiness at receiving 45 minutes of abuse from other Cambridge sportsmen. "I'm fooking seething", he remarked.

Cambridge University AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Baxter (2), Stock
Subs: Hartley (Hylands), Peacock (Maynard), Broadway (Laakso)



The Anorak

Football Division 1: (Week 2)

Emma 1-2 Christ's
Fitz 6-1 St John's
Girton 4-3 St Catharine's
Jesus 2-1 Pembroke
Trinity 1-3 Downing

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	2	2	0	0	7	4	3	6
GIRTON	2	2	0	0	5	3	2	6
FITZWILLIAM	1	1	0	0	6	1	5	3
EMMANUEL	2	1	0	1	5	4	1	3
CHRIST'S	2	1	0	1	5	5	0	3
TRINITY	2	1	0	1	3	3	0	3
JESUS	2	1	0	1	2	3	-1	3
ST CATHARINE'S	1	0	0	1	3	4	-1	0
PEMBROKE	2	0	0	2	1	3	-2	0
ST JOHN'S	2	0	0	2	3	10	-7	0

Men's Hockey

Division 1:
(Week 2)
Downing 3-1 St John's

Cuppers:
(Round 1)
Magdalene 0-13 Selwyn
Girton 4-0 Homerton

Rugby Union

Division 1:
(Week 3)
Johns 22-5 Downing
Trinity 27-10 Girton
Jesus 70-0 St Catharine's

	P	W	D	L	F	A	D	Pts
ST JOHN'S	3	3	0	0	106	8	98	12
JESUS	3	2	1	0	125	43	83	9
DOWNING	3	2	1	0	58	34	24	9
TRINITY	3	2	1	0	66	63	3	9
GIRTON	3	0	3	0	24	89	-65	3
ST CATHARINE'S	3	0	3	0	10	152	-142	3

Your weekly guide to college sport

Sport in Brief

Karate

A brave effort from CUKC saw them lose the three rounds of their contest against a formidable Northern Regions squad 7-2, 5-2, 6-3. Against a team consisting of various fighters likely to be in the GB Olympic squad, Cambridge's Francisco Martínez, former Venezuelan national champion began with a victory. The superior technique and power of the visiting team shone through in the end, but the Blues ended satisfied with their showing, as Paul Smith and Martínez won three out of three fights and there were various excellent performances in defeat against internationally-recognised fighters.

Cycling

Cambridge's 1st team came away with 2 silver medals in the first BUCS event of the 2009/2010 season, the Hill Climb Chamionships, last Saturday. Sidney Sussex's Andy Nichols secured an individual second place whilst the other podium finish came in the team event. Following the only meeting which failed to produce a medal last season, Cambridge will be delighted with how they started their search to claim top spot in the BUCS points table for the third consecutive year. The next event is the cyclo-cross championships, which will take place in January.

Absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge

England found sporting success with a victory in the Aussie Rules Football 2009 EU Cup in Samobor, Croatia. Having defeated the Czech Republic, Andorra, Finland and Spain on the way, the Dragonslayers faced The Flying Dutchmen. The final score was: England 12.9 (81) - The Netherlands 8.9 (57). It was the second time England have been crowned European Champions.

In the big news of the week, incomprehensibly unbearable desolation may be on the cards for Real Santander after they once again failed to convert chances into goals in their return match against Unión Magdalena. Billions watched on as Sergio Romero and Diego Herrera, among others, wastefully threw away the club's chances of making it to the big time in the Copa Mustang for the first time in their history, drawing 0-0.

Devastated at Real's probable elimination, 2006 World Fencing Champion, the Italian Margherita Granbassi, and the greatest handball player in the history of the universe ever Anja Andersen were both unavailable for comment. *Varsity* pledges not to let this minor setback prevent its dedicated coverage.



From left to right: Eton Fives aficionados get down to business at Magdalene's court; a day out with the windsurfing club on Grafham Water; accept no imitations at Grange Road's Real Tennis courts; A glider in action above Portmoak, Scotland.

Eton Fives

A pepper pot. A chapel. Padded gloves. Eton College. It's not the 'odd one out' round of 'Have I Got News For You'; in fact these comprise the historical components of one of Britain's most idiosyncratic sports.

'Eton Fives' was played by boys queuing for chapel at the school. The game consists of two pairs with gloved hands batting a two-inch diameter ball against the walls - it must bounce only once on the floor and must contact the back wall on or above a horizontal ledge about five feet from the floor.

The 'original' court comprised the edge of the chapel staircase, buttresses down two sides, a two-tiered surface and various sloping and horizontal architectural ledges. In Cambridge, the only surviving court is at Magdalene College. There is a select band of devotees who practice a couple of times a week and there is an annual Varsity match.

This minority sport is nevertheless distinguished in Cambridge's history. The club was founded in the 1920s, the Varsity match has been continually played since 1927, and it enjoys half-Blue status. There are hopes for a couple of new courts to be included in the proposed University Sports Centre which would secure the sport's future.

But forget the practicalities: what's it like to play? It's frenetic; it's random; it's tiring and it's bizarre. But the best aspect of the game is that it retains its playground charm. One needn't have gone to Eton to identify with its chaos and mock seriousness. The deliciously arbitrary rules and peculiar court smack of the nuances of yard football in secondary school. As its early historians Egerton and Armitage remarked in 1935, "To hit a ball against a wall with the hand or a convenient piece of wood is instinctive to boys - no less at Eton than anywhere else."

So to play is to regress, to be an energetic schoolboy playing an athletic and difficult game - a complex sport that takes us back to a simpler time.

The best of the rest

Football, rugby or rowing not your thing? Don't despair... **Tom Woolford** and **Will Caiger-Smith** shed some light on some of Cambridge's lesser-known sporting activities to let you know what's worth your blood, sweat, tears and precious time.

Rock climbing

Scaling a sheer cliff-face with only a rope and crampons for company is not everyone's cup of tea, but rock climbing doesn't have to be quite this intense, as a trip to Kelsey Kerridge proves. Whilst the University's climbing wall isn't exactly Everest, it is challenging, and its small size means that ropes are not necessary, giving the freedom to explore the wall without constraint. Thick crash mats provide ample cushioning if you take a tumble after missing a difficult reach, and the scarcity of easy holds means that you are forced to use your head to find your way to the top.

The top itself is not hard to reach; it is the way you get there that makes it interesting. Traversing (moving sideways around the wall) also offers a challenging alternative to the standard ascent, and is a great full-body workout without hours lifting weights in the gym. And, unlike the gym, there is plenty of fun to be had: nothing beats racing a friend up the wall and seeing the look on their face as they plummet back to earth.

The University's mountaineering club (as well as various college clubs) organises regular trips to the Kelsey Kerridge facility, as well as to the country's highest climbing wall in Mile End, London. Try it: it's addictive, and, unlike cigarettes, alcohol and the van, it's good for you.

Real tennis

Remember the 'Real IRA'? That was the Irish Republican terrorist group that wasn't the real IRA but claimed to represent what the IRA used to stand for. Similarly,

the name of 'real tennis' sounds a bit like it is trying too hard. But this game is the bona fide historical game of tennis, and its enthusiasts indeed call it 'tennis' and insist that the modern mainstream variant (at least 300 years younger) adopt the prefix 'lawn' for the sake of distinction.

Real tennis dates from the early sixteenth century; Henry VIII's Hampton Court Palace houses a court in continual use since 1528. The indoor court is asymmetric with sloping roofs and netted galleries. The play is somewhere between tennis and squash, with a net dividing the court into two but with walls and sides in play. The ball moves very fast and very low off the floor; the technique to return it is to mimic a slicing volley from tennis - something aided by the curved shape of the wooden racquets. But the handicap system that affects both points and rules ensures that once you know the rules, genuinely competitive matches can be played between beginners and experienced opponents.

Cambridge University's Real Tennis Club has two courts - a mark of some distinction as nearly all other clubs in the country have just the one. Perhaps that has contributed to Cambridge's dominance in the recent Varsity matches: Cambridge men have won six on the spin and the women three of the last four. It has also helped Cambridge to a list of notable players: Howard Angus (former World Champion), David Woodman (former Amateur Champion and still in Cambridge as a research fellow), Jamie Douglas (current Amateur Champion) and the world Number 2 and reigning

French Open ladies champion, current Catz student Karen Hird. Given its distinguished alumni, its half-Blue status for men and women, its handicap system and enviable facilities, the Real Tennis club deserves more than its 35 current student members. Perhaps you should hang up your 'lawn tennis' racquet and try the self-proclaimed 'sport of kings' this winter. Go to www.curtc.net for more information.

Windsurfing

We've all experienced this town's suffocating claustrophobia at one point or another. A walk to Grantchester and a pint in the Red Lion is a popular remedy, but it can still feel like an extension of Cambridge. There are other options though; what, for example, could feel less like Cambridge than being on the open sea with the wind in your hair, standing atop a surfboard attached to a sail?

Windsurfing is not an easy sport: it takes a while to pick up, and is physically quite demanding. However, it's worth it, says Katie, a member of the University windsurfing club: "Despite the frustration when you fall off, it's such an amazing feeling. There's no better cure for the Cambridge blues than a day on the water."

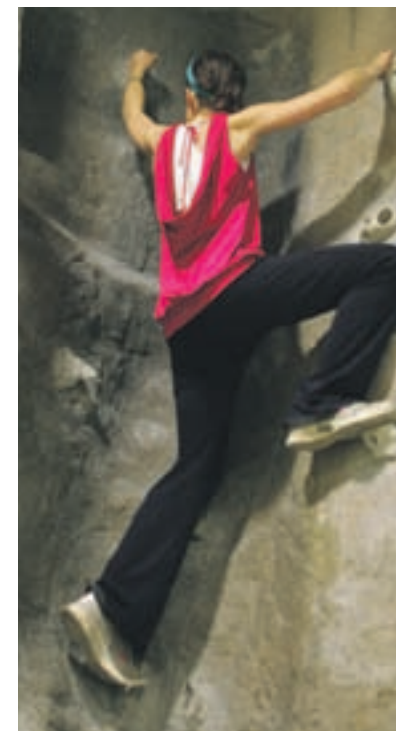
It's easy to get involved: the University's windsurfing club coordinates weekly outings to Grafham Water, a 25 minute drive from Cambridge, and occasionally to Huntstanton on the east coast. Don't worry if you're a beginner, either: the club is famously friendly and several members are experienced instructors, guaranteed to get you going in no time. Go to www.cuwc.org to find out more.

Gliding

To many, flying a plane is anything but a sport. Tell that to the 50-odd members of Cambridge's gliding club, some of whom receive a half-Blue every year in the Varsity gliding match, an aerial race whose course changes annually.

Possibly as close as it gets to being a bird, gliding is a truly liberating experience, says Kate Woods, the club's president: "There's no engine, so it's so quiet. You can see for miles around." The glider is towed into the air by another (with an engine) and from there, it's up to the pilot, just like a bird, to catch thermals (rising currents of air) to stay airborne. The Varsity match is the ultimate test of a pilot's skills, weaving through the air in search of these thermal boosts in order to gain the necessary speed to outclass their opponent.

Gliding is one of the best ways to learn how to fly, and once you have undertaken a trial flight and learned the ropes, you can use Gransden Lodge airfield (10 miles outside Cambridge) and their aircraft as often as you like. Trial flight bookings are now open: go to www.cugc.org.uk to get involved.



Scaling the heights at Kelsey Kerridge

Downing stamp authority on Trinity

» The reigning champions go top of the table early in the season after convincing victory



Ed Thornton
Sports Reporter

Just under twelve months ago, newly promoted Downing beat 2008 champions Trinity 4-0, in the process making a statement about the seriousness of their challenge as well as destroying any hopes the Trinitarians had of regaining their title.

The game set the pattern for the rest of the season, and so it was that as reigning champions Downing travelled to Trinity Old Fields to try to repeat the feat on their opposition's home turf. If their intention was to stake their claim as this year's favourites, they were successful.

Trinity had beaten many people's favourites Jesus 2-0 in their first fixture, but it was still a surprise to see ex-Blues captain Jamie Rutt on the bench for the kick off. Whatever the reasons, the lack of urgency that characterised their play early on was ultimately costly and by the time he came on, the damage had been done.

That said, Trinity looked calm on the ball and played some well controlled, attractive football. Yet they failed to really challenge Downing in front of goal and such lackadaisical attacking was not enough to break the strong visitors' defence. For their part, Downing could not have been more different. What they lacked in precision in some of their passing and a defence never confident enough to opt for anything but the 'get-rid' option, was compensated for by their powerful physical presence and route one tactics which

proved effective on the day.

James Corcutt opened the scoring for Downing with a free kick that somehow managed to slip through keeper Lars Boyde's wet gloves but the dynamic of the game didn't change. Downing kept the pressure up whilst their opponents were happy to just knock the ball about in their own half. A penalty should have given Trinity a chance to equalise before half time when some obvious shirt pulling stopped an almost certain goal but the referee failed to see the incident and it only



Ex-Blues captain Jamie Rutt, who began on the bench, jumps with Downing's Matt Ackers

served to frustrate the home side and Rutt, on the sideline, in particular as he protested in vain for the official to produce a red card.

After the break Downing looked even sharper than before, winning every fifty-fifty and playing fast-paced football. Substitute Tom Clare was the star of the second half and his domination in the midfield earned him two goals, the second of which from twenty metres out and still rising when it hit the roof of the net. On a high from their three goal lead Downing started to have some fun on the ball as Matt Ackers attempted some outrageously silky skills to embarrass the home team.

Perhaps Trinity realised that they were starting to look a bit silly. They finally mounted a successful attack which saw ex-captain Dan Gammal beat two defenders and chip the keeper to scrape a consolation goal. Current captain Richard Falder will be disappointed with his team's overall performance but if Downing continue to play with the same amount of dynamism it will take a brave man to bet against them staying on route to retaining their league title. Man of the match Clare was certainly in buoyant mood, stating: "We are probably the best team in the league".

Trinity College AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Gammal
Subs: Rutt (Bailey), Bussiere (Marchant)



Downing College AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Corcutt, Clare (2)
Subs: Clare (Isaacs), Owen (McEvoy)



The Sporting World Week 4: Madagascar



In Madagascar, they say you're not worth your salt unless you have at least one zebu to your name. Perhaps only normal then that the first glimpse I have of anything resembling sport here consists of grown men trying to embrace this humped bovine while struggling to avoid being trampled to death under its hooves. I'm told that in 'Savika', the aim is to hold your body against a zebu for as long as possible before being thrown off or impaled on its twelve inch horns.

The weekly contest begins with a prayer over the loudspeakers lest any of the competitors – mostly local farmers who were cuddling zebu before they could walk – be

harmed by one of the rampaging bulls. And if that didn't give them sufficient confidence to get up close and personal with the animals, all those taking part then take a few crucial swigs of toaka gasy, extra-strong home-brewed rum, to calm their nerves before climbing into the ring. Spectators have been drawn in from all the surrounding villages to watch the event and everyone is gathered round looking down into the gladiator-style pit. The ring itself has been constructed out of thick wooden beams with a gate built in to allow the change-over of zebu when one doesn't want to play anymore. It all seems solid enough until an enraged beast decides he's had

enough and stampedes one of the wooden fences, smashing through with ease and scattering spectators in a bid for freedom. This doesn't appear to fill the competitors with confidence.

The early stages of the contest are surprisingly subdued with the participants in the ring taunting each other and tentatively approaching the animals before running away again, too scared to attempt making contact. Eventually one brave soul bites the bullet and grabs one of the zebu, managing to keep hold for a full two seconds before being launched ten feet in the air and narrowly avoiding the fearsome horns on his way down. A huge cheer erupts from the excited crowd. This is evidently what we came here to see.

Not wanting to be outdone, the other participants follow in quick succession, spurred on by adrenalin, male pride and the alcohol seeping into their bloodstream. There are some impressive performances by some of the men who hold on for quite some time, seemingly by whispering sweet nothings into the ears of the beasts, before inevitably being thrown off like rag dolls.

After over an hour of competing, some very bruised and battered Malagasy leave the ring and the winner is crowned with a time of nearly fifteen seconds. There is a tangible sense of disappointment in the crowd that this time, no-one was mauled to death. Not even any serious blood wounds. But there's always next week. CHRIS PHILPOT

Hockey girls beaten

Continued from back page

Inevitably in the end, the floodgates opened there was little Cambridge could do to stem the tide. When half time arrived the Blues were glad to be given some respite from the deluge.

Four goals in the red, they returned for the second half determined to save face and to strive to claw back the deficit to earn a point. Intermittently, the Blues showed their ability to compete at their opposition's level, undoing their slow defensive line. Yet fatigue began to set in and four further goals were conceded – two of which came off blue sticks – as the desperate defence of the Cambridge players proved to be in vain.

The team was forced to spend most of the game defending, although the

concession of eight goals was not reflective of the defensive work, which showed promise, especially as right back Rachel Barraclough became increasingly involved in the game. Nevertheless with the first half of the season well under way the Light Blues will have to start registering points or will face real trouble as the season progresses.

Without a doubt, multiple injuries, the 'fifth week blues' as a three week pre-season begins to take its toll and the departure of key players have played their part in the ladies' slow start. Whatever the cause, things are not going to get any easier in the short term. Cambridge will have to regroup, and will be looking to turn the tables come Saturday and take some well-earned points off top of the league Dereham.



A losing battle: Cambridge forward Jess Hume is outnumbered by Canterbury defenders

Looking up: front-runners Trinity and Downing go head to head in College league

Football **p31**



SPORT



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Feature **p30**

Hockey boys bounce back

» Comprehensive victory as Blues recover from last week's defeat

 **CAMBRIDGE 4**

 **BEDFORD 0**

Bec Langton
Sports Reporter

An emphatic win against Bedford Town put the Men's Hockey Blues back into second place in the East Premier A division as they recovered from last weekend's disappointing defeat to Blueharts. From the off, it was clear that Cambridge were out to make amends, as the high tempo of their game immediately caused problems for the opposition.

Having enjoyed the majority of first-half possession, the failure to convert a string of chances – ultimately the Blues' downfall last week – the home side were eventually able to demonstrate the undoubted talent which exists in the ranks. They took the lead right on the stroke of half time thanks to an inspired piece of play from Simon Sampson and captain Stuart Jackson. Having dispossessed one Bedford forward, Sampson drove into the opposition half before releasing Jackson, who found Sampson's continued run for a far post tap-in and a debut goal for the centre back.

Motivated by the encouraging first-half, a sustained and energetic onslaught produced two more goals, both from the stick of the impressive Jackson, to seal the result early in the second half. While the free-flowing style of the Blues' play did offer the opposition the occasional



Chris Lee and Rob Mahen keep the pressure on Bedford

opening, these were few and far between, and any Bedford chances were snuffed out by the miserly home team's back line. As gathering cloud began to deliver the rain that had been threatening all afternoon, the storm was mirrored on the pitch as two Cambridge players became recipients of yellow cards following incidents involving players from both sides. Yet even with the Blues down to nine men, Bedford struggled to recover the ball as the Cambridge players linked up to create a dynamic and fast paced game that was simply too strong for Bedford to contend with. With Cambridge in obvious

control there was no way back for a sorry Bedford outfit, and there was still time for a fourth goal before the final whistle, as a smart turn and shot from Chris Lee rubbed salt in the wounds.

Based on this, last week will prove to be no more than a blip in the Blues' promotion campaign. It was a confident performance from a side improving with each game, and who will be glad to regain some momentum before this week's double header which sees them face Wisbech Town on Saturday, and National League outfit, Plymouth Marjon, on Sunday in the National 1st XI Cup.

Line-up

Cambridge:

Robinson (GK)

Madden (LB), Sampson (CB),
Saunders (CB), Gordon (RB)

Leerkotte (LM), Bell (CM),
Parkes (RM)

Quarshie (LF), Jackson (CF),
Boye (RF)

Subs: Mackenney, Mahen, Lee &
Salvesen

 **CAMBRIDGE 0**

 **CANTERBURY 8**

Dan Quarshie
Sports Reporter

While the Blues men go from strength to strength, the ladies have found it difficult to get a foothold in the East Premier Division so far this season, losing against sides a lot less able than themselves. This week saw the culmination of a series of disappointments for the Blues as the ladies imploded to allow Canterbury to take the game eight goals to nil, a series of possession turnovers and a lack of organisation proving costly.

From the first whistle Cambridge were on the back foot, with a strong Canterbury press containing the home side and preventing the fluid hockey which they are accustomed to playing. The Blues were able to hold out for the first fifteen minutes, but once they had conceded a well-worked penalty corner, a few heads went down and getting back into the match started to look like an uphill struggle.

That said, Cambridge consistently looked dangerous on the break, with a heavily built Canterbury defence no match for the pace of the front three. In the end, it was only an ever-evasive final pass which was missing and prevented the Blues inflicting damage on the opposition goal. Once again a lack of penetration haunted the team.

Continued on page 31



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