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VARSLITY

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Choir’s planned Israel trip causing discord

» Prominent cultural figures protest Clare Choir’s scheduled Christmas tour

Helen Mackreath
Senior Reporter

Clare College Choir’s proposed tour to Israel and Palestine during the Christmas period has prompted angry protest letters from pro-Palestinian activists.

The College Choir plans to visit Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa and Karmiel, performing J.S. Bach’s *Christmas Oratorio*, during their tour, which will last from December 23rd to 29th. On Christmas Eve they will be singing in the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, followed by Midnight Mass in Jerusalem.

These plans have met with anger from pro-Palestinian activists, who claim that the proposed tour would signal acceptance of Israel’s political regime. Protest letters have been sent by seventeen members of the Palestine Solidarity Campaign, the co-directors of the Choir of London John Harte and Michael Stevens, and Karl Sabbagh, a British journalist of Palestinian descent.

Signatories of the Palestine Solidarity Campaign include several notable figures, including the historian William Dalrymple, playwright Caryl Churchill, Oxford academic Karma Nabulsi, and Garth Hewitt, Honorary Canon of the Cathedral Church of St George the Martyr in Jerusalem.

Concerns revolve around the tour’s potential political implications. Signatory Dr Raymond Deane, an Irish composer and political activist, told *Varsity*, “Those of us involved in culture can’t stand back and pretend that we inhabit some ethereal realm remote from the real world. Tours by artists such as the Choir of Clare College will be exploited by the lavishly funded

Israeli propaganda machine as proof of the ‘normality’ and ‘acceptability’ of the Israeli rogue state - which is neither normal nor acceptable.”

Betty Hunter, General Secretary of the Palestine Solidarity Campaign, highlights in her letter that December 27th, mid-tour, will be the anniversary of Israel’s military onslaught on the trapped population of the Gaza Strip, in which 1,400 Palestinian people were massacred.

Meanwhile John Harte and Michael Stevens point out that Karmiel, a town on the proposed itinerary, is an exclusively Jewish town built on territory confiscated from Palestinian villages after the war of 1948, and is now a symbol of the expropriation of land by Israel.

Tim Brown, Director of Music at Clare, told *Varsity* that the Clare College Council had approved the proposed tour, having discussed it over a number of weeks. He pointed out that this 2009 tour is a repeat of a previous visit to Israel by Clare Choir made in September 2000, and notes that the 2000 tour did not raise any objections.

He also indicated that the Palestine Solidarity Campaign website encourages “study tours” and “travel programmes” to Palestine, which the Choir is fulfilling through its visit to Bethlehem. Pro-Palestinian protesters argue that this Bethlehem visit is merely tokenism and under the auspices of the Israeli government.

Israel invaded the West Bank and Gaza Strip during the Six Day War (1967) and has continued a policy of military occupation in these territories ever since. Since 2006, Palestinian artists, academics and cultural organisations have been calling on the international community to cease working with Israeli organisations that accept funding from the state.



PAUL SMITH

Peterhouse votes to remain in CUSU

Gemma Oke
Senior Reporter

Peterhouse students have voted to remain affiliated to CUSU for the next academic year.

In an open meeting on Wednesday a motion was posed that the College remain affiliated to CUSU, rather than asking students to disaffiliate. The motion carried with 55 votes, no opposing votes and four abstentions.

Turnout to the open meeting, at which CUSU President Tom Chigbo was present, is believed to have been around 23%.

The meeting’s agenda noted that disaffiliation would mean using CUSU services, such as counselling and welfare, without contributing financially.

Difficulty in paying the CUSU subscription fee and suggestions that CUSU affiliation was poor value prompted the debate last year. Although monetary pressures have been resolved, President Joe Ruiz said the vote would go ahead as it is “a good idea for democracy in the College.”

CUSU President Tom Chigbo said the response demonstrated students’ faith in CUSU.

“Discussions made it clear that students identify with CUSU’s unique ability to support students,” he said.

“It was great to see so many students engaging with their JCR and expressing a desire to play an active role in CUSU’s activities.”

The Essay

Robert Grant on the threat ‘Theory’ poses to the humanities.



p9

Remember, remember: Midsummer Common

Yesterday evening, Cambridge students and residents celebrated Guy Fawkes night with fireworks and a fun fair on Midsummer Common. The Marshall and Cambridge Centenary Fireworks display began at 7:30 pm and was followed by a bonfire. The annual celebration normally draws around 25,000 spectators.

In Brief

Sassoon’s belongings to be preserved in Cambridge

The papers of Siegfried Sassoon, the WW1 soldier-poet, who read Law at Clare, will shortly be on their way to the UL. The University started a campaign in June to raise the £1.25 million necessary to buy the collection, and is now just £110,000 short of the total after a £550,000 grant from the National Heritage Memorial Fund. The archive includes Sassoon’s journals, pocket notebooks compiled on the Western Front, poetry books and photographs, love letters to his wife Hester, and letters sent to Sassoon by writers and other distinguished figures. The acquisition, combined with the library’s existing material, will make the collection the most significant in the world.

Cambridge scientist defends Nutt

A Cambridge University statistics professor has spoken in support of former drugs advisor David Nutt. Sheila Bird, of the MRC biostatistics unit, sits on the Advisory Council he previously chaired. According to Nutt she has written to say she was “unhappy” with the conduct of the Home Office. David Nutt was fired after he claimed that LSD, ecstasy and cannabis were more dangerous than alcohol.

Launch of Cambridge Consulting Society

The Cambridge University Consulting Society (CUCS) will be launching on Monday November 16th at the Judge Business School. The society aims to provide a welcoming environment for students to find out about what consulting offers as a career path. Professionals from a range of backgrounds such as environmental and public sector consultancy will deliver short talks, and Judge Business School academics will be offering short lectures on core skills such as accounting and basic economic analysis.



Tom Davenport (Sidney Sussex, pictured on cycle) and Alex Lass (Downing, in open doorway) made an unconventional bet last year: that the first to ride a penny-farthing to lectures would get a free pint. While posting on the internet was initially fruitless, Tom finally heard of a Cambridge Penny Farthing and secured a use of it by leaving a note for its owner, Charlotte Brearley (Pembroke). On Tuesday morning, Davenport lurked near the History of Art faculty while Lass ate breakfast in nearby Martin’s Café; as Lass emerged from the café, Davenport rode past in triumph. “I take this sort of thing very seriously,” Davenport commented.

King Street noodle bar could face £50,000 fine after immigration raid

Christine Murphy
Reporter

A raid by the UK Border Agency took place on Tuesday night at popular King Street eatery Yippee Noodle Bar.

The pan-Asian restaurant, now under threat of potential fines of up to £50,000, was visited by Border Agency officers shortly after the restaurant opened on Tuesday evening. Staff checks revealed that five members of staff were in the UK illegally, and did not have permission to work.

The five men, all Chinese and ranging in age from 23 to 38, are chefs at the restaurant.

The Home Office Border Agency said in a statement that three of the men were failed asylum seekers and two were illegal entrants into the UK.

While the Border Agency claims to be taking steps to remove four of the men from the country, the youngest has been arrested and remanded in custody under suspicion of ID offences.

However, a source from the restaurant, which was open on Wednesday night after having failed to open for afternoon trade, claimed that the group were, in fact, not allowed to leave Cambridge, nor to work, and had to report to the police station on a regular basis.

The restaurant also stated that some of the accused staff had been working there for nine years, since the noodle bar opened. They also claimed that although they had their asylum seeker papers, the change in the law last year, demanding a sponsor licence for non-European Union workers, meant that they were no longer allowed to work.

According to them, it is due to this change, and the incorporated

new civil penalty system, that Yippee may have to pay fines up to the sum of £50,000. The charges, brought in by the Border Agency during February 2008, some months before the new sponsorship legislation, target employers who fail to carry out proper checks on migrant workers, with fines of up to £10,000 per illegal worker.

The restaurant’s closure Wednesday at lunchtime was, Yippee claimed, due to a shortage of staff. However, yesterday a sign was stuck onto the window of the closed restaurant informing customers that, “Due to technical issues, Yippee will remain closed until further notice. Sorry for any inconvenience caused”.

This incident takes place only a month after a similar situation at popular Quayside Japanese restaurant Teri-Aki, when eight illegal migrant workers were found, causing the restaurant to face fines of £40,000.



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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Former Australian PM gets the boot at Union speaker meeting

» Australian student threw boot at John Howard, accusing him of racism

JUAN ZOBER DE FRANCISCO



Matthew Symington
Senior Reporter

John Howard, the former Prime Minister of Australia, found himself under attack at the Union on Friday night as an angry member of the audience heckled the political figure and then threw a boot at him.

The audience was left baffled by the bizarre incident. Australia's second-longest-serving Prime Minister had only just begun his speech on "Leadership in a New Century" when an Australian postgraduate student loudly called him a racist and told him to "go home". Mr Howard replied that he was not a racist and that he was going home on Tuesday, after which the student removed his boot and lobbed it at the speaker.

The boot was intercepted by Andrew Chapman, a third-year Robinson student studying SPS and an avid cricketer.

"I didn't want him to get a clear shot at Mr Howard so I stood up to put myself between him and the former Prime Minister and when he threw the shoe I caught it," Chapman commented.

The shoe-thrower, who wished to remain anonymous, is an Australian national who lived in Australia throughout Mr Howard's eleven-year

premiership. Speaking to *Varsity*, he cited his objections to Mr Howard's foreign policy and his treatment of asylum seekers in Australia as the reason behind his protest.

"The immigration detention system continued by the Howard government saw asylum seekers forcibly incarcerated in detention facilities located both in Australia and offshore.

"In 2004 over 2000 children had fallen victim to this harsh immigration policy. The Howard government's approach to people seeking asylum in Australia was condemned by the United Nations and I do not believe that it was a valid way to treat human beings."

Julian Domercq, President of the Cambridge Union, said in a statement, "We cannot condone this kind of behaviour, and hope that our members will not be discouraged from engaging in reasoned dialogue in future events. We are grateful to Mr Howard for kindly giving up his time to address our Society, and admire the good grace with which he handled the incident."

The throwing of shoes at political figures has been a popular method of protest in recent years, not least in Cambridge. This February, Darwin College postgraduate Martin Jahnke threw a shoe at Chinese Premier Wen Jiabao whilst the leader was

delivering a speech on the global economy at Cambridge University.

Jahnke was taken to court but cleared of all charges amongst claims of political interference.

Both Cambridge protestors seem to have taken inspiration from an incident last December in which an Iraqi journalist threw his shoe at American President George W. Bush during a news conference in Baghdad.

Mr Howard has attracted criticism for his close relations with President Bush and his support for the 'War on Terror'. However, the potency of the shoe-thrower's political statement may have been undermined after he asked a friend to retrieve the shoe he had thrown from the Union so that he could walk home.

Indeed, the fact that the shoe did not reach Mr Howard prompted the former premier him to bemoan the "pathetic throw". After the incident he jested with Union members that the student "would never be on my team".

The shoe-thrower told *Varsity*, "The act of throwing a shoe however unoriginal was intended as a harmless act of political protest.

"I wished to express my belief that the domestic and foreign policies implemented by John Howard's government in Australia were unacceptable."

Cambridge hopes to recover funds from Icelandic banks

James Wilson
Reporter

The University has revealed that it hopes to reclaim a "substantial" amount of the £11 million it invested in Icelandic bank accounts which were frozen in the financial crisis of autumn 2008.

The news comes after Cambridge City Council announced last week that it aims to have recovered more than £1 million of the £9 million it is owed by the end of this year.

Whilst a University spokesman, speaking Monday to the *Cambridge News*, could not confirm either how much money had been paid back to the University or how much was to be received, a spokesman told *Varsity* that "overall we are anticipating a substantial recovery in time."

Three per cent of the University's total investments were frozen in Icelandic banks last October. Heritable bank, a subsidiary of Landsbanki, was in possession of £8.5 million whilst Glitnir was holding £2.5 million.

The spokesman also stated, "there are no knock-on impacts on the University's spending plans." It is not known how the money would be spent or what it would contribute to.

By contrast, Cambridge City Council announced in October that it had already recovered £650,000 from

Heritable and is expecting a further £400,000 by the end of 2009. The bank has also promised the return of £2.9 million of the £4 million owed. Whilst the Council is still owed a further £5 million by Landsbanki, repayments are expected to begin in 2010.

The leader of the Council, Ian Nimmo-Smith, said, "This is good news. It shows that confident, patient and persistent work pays off."

In October, the Council raised car parking prices in Cambridge. Councilors insisted that the rise was "not to make up for the losses in investments in Icelandic banks".

The Council was one of many taken by surprise last year when Iceland's banks failed. The city's investments had been made at a time "when both banks were assessed as having good credit ratings".

The University told the *Cambridge News* in September 2008 that it had been working to reduce its investments in Iceland on the advice of financial advisers, in order to "diversify" any risk.

The University is not, however, in the worst position in the financial crisis. It was reported in October 2008 that Oxford University faced losses of up to £30 million in Icelandic banks, whilst the Higher Education Funding Council for England disclosed that the 12 English universities involved could lose £77 million in total following the crisis.

Government to slash funds for historical building upkeep

Lucy Hunter Johnston
Reporter

Looking to make total savings of £180m in 2010-11, the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) are proposing a scheme to scrap a budget that helps pay for the maintenance of historic buildings in many of the country's top universities.

The planned £40m cut of the Historic Buildings Targeted Allowance (HBTA) will hit Cambridge, Oxford and King's College London especially hard. These institutions are used to large payouts to subsidise the extremely heavy costs involved with the upkeep of their buildings.

This year Cambridge received £4.2 million from the HBTA to help maintain the huge number of listed and historically valuable buildings owned by the University. Oxford received £5.14m, while King's College London got a further £2.2m. Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, University College London and Newcastle each stand to lose more than a million pounds a year.

The HEFCE have already consulted with University officials about the proposed scrapping of the HBTA. Cambridge advised them of the huge impact it would have on the University, and are now awaiting a definitive response from the HEFCE as to the future of the fund.



ANNA TRENCH

However, Professor Steve Young, Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Planning and Resources) said that whatever the outcome of this specific cut, he is "expecting the next few years to be challenging" and that preparations are underway to "prepare the University accordingly".

HEFCE is also proposing to end a budget that provides £24m in additional payments to universities that offer two-year foundation degrees and a further £24m for spending on a premium for fast-tracked postgraduate courses in arts-based subjects.

HEFCE said the planned cuts come in response to the order by Lord Mandelson, the Secretary of State responsible for universities, to make savings. Mandelson is due to announce a plan for the future of higher education funding soon.

The plan to cut the HBTA is

expected to be passed in a matter of weeks, after which Cambridge will have no choice but to find new ways of funding the often extremely expensive and specialist care needed to maintain the standards of their celebrated buildings.

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Primark in Cambridge

Joe Pitt-Rashid & Charlie Lyons
Fashion Editors

Super-cheap clothing giant Primark opened its 192nd store this morning. The store is on Cambridge's Burleigh Street, near the Grafton Centre.

The store, which covers 54,000 square feet, boasts "the most exciting and distinctive new fashion collections for men, women and children", and will come as a great bonus to many of Cambridge's bargain-hungry students.

Although one might expect nearby clothing stores to feel threatened by Primark's opening, charity shops on Burleigh Street have welcomed the superstore's arrival and hope it will increase trade in the area. Since the opening of the Grand Arcade, shoppers have been increasingly absent.

"Obviously we have ethical concerns about Primark but we're mostly looking forward to seeing a bit more business on Burleigh Street. It's a bit of a ghost town down here – they're

expecting 1000 people tomorrow morning," said Rachael Middleton, manager of the Oxfam shop opposite Primark.

The Primark chain currently faces criticism from charities concerning its allegedly unethical production methods. War on Want have claimed that workers in three Bangladeshi factories toil for up to 80 hours a week, for as little as 7p an hour, leaving them well short of the £44.82 a month needed to escape hardship.

Human Resources Director Breege O'Donoghue told *Varsity*, "We share our factories with 98.3 per cent of our high street competitors. We work with the ETI. We're not doing anything different to anyone else. We're only being criticised because we're a big retailer and we sell particularly affordable clothing".

The chain claim to keep prices low by cutting costs in areas where their competitors splash out. They do not advertise or pursue endorsements, and don't even play music in their stores. They rely on volume of sales instead of giant mark-ups to generate profit.



JOE PITT-RASHID

University admissions overhaul planned as early applications rise by 12 per cent

Anna Harper
Senior Reporter

Top universities, including Cambridge, are to be subjected to a fresh review of their admissions policies, as ministers say they must do more to open their doors to students from underprivileged backgrounds.

Sir Martin Harris, head of the university admissions watchdog, will consider new targets for research-intensive universities, aimed at improving access for poorer students.

The move was announced by Lord Mandelson, the minister responsible for universities, as he presented the Government's ten-year plan for universities.

Lord Mandelson said that, while the quality of education provided by universities was generally good, it "needs to be higher".

Focus is likely to fall on the Russell Group of research-intensive universities in England, which includes Cambridge and Oxford. Universities will have to demonstrate that they are making a significant contribution to Britain's economy, prioritising courses that match skills gaps: predominantly science, technology, engineering and mathematics.

A spokesperson for the Russell Group said, "We warmly welcome the Government's commitment to support science and engineering courses, which are both vital to the UK economy and in high demand from employers. However, higher education must always be more than just training for a job and care must be taken in attempting to decide which courses give graduates the

greatest advantage in the labour market or predicting which skills will be most in demand in the future. A Russell Group degree is for life – not just for that first graduate job."

Lord Mandelson's proposals come with the news that applications to UK universities filed by October 15 are already up 12 per cent on last year. This figure factors in applications to Cambridge, Oxford, and Medicine, Dentistry and Veterinary degrees, and is thought to indicate that universities' efforts to encourage participation in higher education are working well.

According to the Russell Group, "evidence about the impact of fees is promising – there has been no adverse impact on recruitment. Applications to English universities have continued to increase from students of all social backgrounds."

Lord Mandelson made only passing reference to the separate forthcoming review of the cap on variable tuition fees, which have risen only in line with inflation from their original ceiling of £3,000.

Universities will be expected to become more "consumer-friendly" in the commitments and information they offer to students in the future, with the prospect of fee-hikes to what many academics believe should be between £5,000 and £7,000 a year.

The Government's aim that half of young people aged 18 to 30 should enter higher education will remain – 43 per cent do so at present – but the 50% figure originally to be reached by 2010 has been diluted from a "target" to a "goal", with increasing emphasis on those studying part-time for work-based foundation degrees, studying at home, and taking higher education level apprenticeships.

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CUSU Council Chair resigns

» Chris Lillycrop steps down over Graduate Union difficulties

Beth Staton
News Editor

Chris Lillycrop, former Chair of CUSU Council, resigned Wednesday afternoon after a controversial week for the Student Union's democratic setup.

The resignation was prompted by the "unusual activities of the past few days," which resulted in a CUSU Extraordinary Council taking place last night. Lillycrop also cited personal considerations in his resignation statement.

The Thursday meeting's motion, which passed by a comfortable margin, proposed a "more formalised relationship between CUSU and the Graduate Union", involving sabbatical representation for graduate students, and a full-time "caseworker", who would free the Welfare and Graduates sabbatical officer's time by dealing with welfare issues.

Concerns were raised, however, over the closed nature of discussions between sabbatical officers and the GU, and the lack of consultation given to the council and the Democracy and Development team which Lillycrop chaired.

Although CUSU sabbatical officers stressed that the motion was "not prescriptive" and merely grounds for continued democratic consultation, Lillycrop said aspects of it were examples of "fundamental dishonesty". He asserted that the Sabbaticals' opposition to dropping certain clauses, which concerned a change to CUSU's electorate, proved they "did not mean what they said" about wanting to hear

students' opinions.

The issue was an element, he said, of why he "had to resign as chair".

It seems that Lillycrop's decision was further motivated, however, by fears that personal relationships could affect his role.

"Due to a close personal relationship with one of the sabs, I no longer felt able to fully commit myself to defending the interests of Council," he said in a statement.

"This had not previously been problematic, but it became so when I was compelled to strongly advise the sabbatical officers at a time of heightened stress about the nature of their relationship with Council."

Although he initially declined to comment on his resignation, Lillycrop issued a statement after news that Tom Chigbo had given JCR Presidents misleading reasons for the resignation.

"Out of a desire to protect CUSU's reputation, it had been my intention to refrain from giving comment to the press on my resignation, but I was forced to abandon this position by the unfortunate fact that several JCR Presidents had an incorrect impression as to my reasons for resigning," Lillycrop said.

"I was disappointed to find out that Tom Chigbo had been telling JCR Presidents that my resignation was unconnected to the Extraordinary Council, although I trust Tom in his assurances that this was not a deliberate implication on his part."

As well as the reform of the relationship between CUSU and the GU, last night's Extraordinary Council motion took care to stress the importance of consultation with Council and the Democracy and Development team, of which Lillycrop was a

part. The motion resolved to "mandate the CUSU sabbatical officers to work with the Democracy and Development team in relation to possible constitutional changes and long-term development."

Despite the controversy, many of those present at Thursday night's meeting were pleased with the motion. "Despite many voices slowing things down, it was great to see some progress" said Gonville and Caius JCR External Officer, Hugo Hickson.

Who's Who at CUSU

The CUSU Executive exists to carry out the mandates of CUSU Council, the governing body of CUSU. It is divided into groups of representatives, each focusing on particular areas of activity, including Democracy and Development, Welfare, and Ethical Affairs. Most teams are headed by sabbatical officers, who attend weekly Coordination meetings to organise the Council-mandated campaigns. There are currently six sabbatical officers, who are elected annually to work full-time for the Student Union. Any student may propose a motion to the council, which comprises representatives from JCRs, Faculties, and autonomous campaigns, as well as the CUSU Executive. Of the sabbatical officers only the Women's Officer sits on the council.

The Graduate Union works separately from, but in complement to, CUSU, and is made of elected officers who each hold their posts for one year.

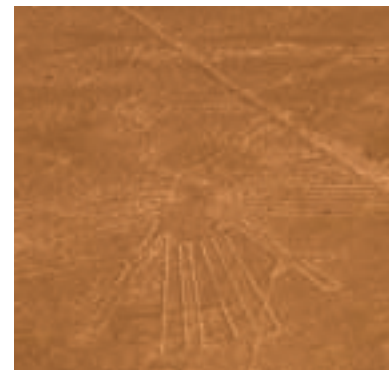
Freak weather and overuse of resources caused Nazca collapse

Beatrice Ramsay
Reporter

A Cambridge University-led team of archaeologists have solved the mystery surrounding the decline of the Nazca civilisation of Southern Peru.

Famous for the giant geoglyphs which they etched into the Peruvian desert, the Nazca met their fate through a combination of freak weather and their own destruction of the natural habitat.

The Nazca culture disappeared some 1,500 years ago, leaving us with evidence of a rich culture in the form of elaborate textiles and fine ceramics.



Nazca geoglyphs in the Peruvian desert

Through work in the lower Ica valley, Cambridge's Dr David Beresford-Jones and his team have found that the Nazca collapse was caused by the clearing of Huarango trees, which had maintained an ecological balance in the area.

Dr Beresford-Jones describes the Huarango as "a remarkable nitrogen-fixing tree" and an important source of food, timber and fuel for the people.

The tree is an "ecological keystone

species in the desert zone," which underpinned the floodplain with one of the deepest root systems of any tree. As the Nazca cleared these trees to make way for their crops, this vital protection was lost.

"In time, gradual woodland clearance crossed an ecological threshold – sharply defined in desert environments – exposing the landscape to the region's extraordinary desert winds and the effects of El Niño floods," Dr Beresford-Jones explains.

The team used the 1998 El Niño floods as a model, showing that, without Huarango trees to protect against wind and water erosion, a similar event finally destroyed the Nazca culture altogether.

But the history of Nazca holds lessons for today, and the team's discoveries hold huge relevance for present day settlers in the middle Ica Valley.

Here history is repeating itself as the Huarango trees, which take thousands of years to reach maturity, are being felled for charcoal production.

The time has come, Beresford-Jones argues, for us to stop sitting in our 'ivory towers' and educate the local people.

It is also believed that deforestation was crucial in the demise of both the Easter Island civilisation, and the fall of the Anasazi people of the south-western United States. The examples are also relevant to our present day struggles against global warming – a phenomenon partly caused by deforestation.

Dr Beresford-Jones stressed that, while history shows us humans are capable of bringing about their own destruction, a knowledge of history may help to prevent such disasters.

"By understanding past mistakes we can learn how to manage our present resources better," he said.

Eighth annual African Film Festival underway

Heidi Aho
Reporter

Cambridge is playing host to its 8th African Film Festival this week.

The annual festival, which will run until Sunday November 8th, aims to provide a platform for African filmmakers and "shatter stereotypes of an Africa dominated by disease, famine, and violence".

The festival features such films as *Princesa de Africa*, best documentary at this year's Tarifa African Film Festival, and the UK premiere of *Fahrenheit 2010*, which explores the 2010 World Cup and its effect on South African communities.

Screenings have attracted audiences from both universities, as well as Cambridge locals and fans from nearby cities such as Norwich and London. Founded in 2002 by a small group of Cambridge graduate students, it will show over 20 African films in 11 days. Festival director Lindiwe Dovey said CAFF's role was to "challenge negative and

essentialising media portrayals of the continent" by bringing diverse images of African people and cultures to UK audiences.

"Our focus this year on films which deal with Africans' perspectives on love and sex, and the vitality of sport cultures in Africa, are particularly challenging of stereotypes," she said.

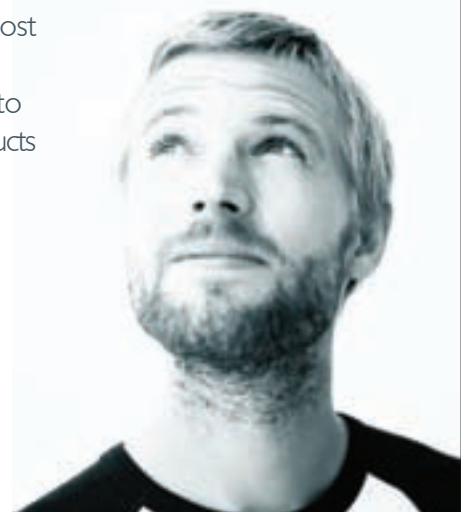


The festival has also welcomed renowned speakers such as Mark Ashurst, director of the Africa Research Institute, and many of the showings will be followed by Q&A sessions with the film's directors.

More information on the event can be found at www.facebook.com/cambridgeafricanfilmfestival

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Politico



Round-up: CUSU Council Meeting Monday 2nd November

An uncontroversial night in the CUSU Council chamber, without a single “against” vote recorded.

First off, the CUSU welfare team wished to print out “useful contacts cards” featuring support and guidance phone numbers. After such constructive debate as, “What do you think the Ethical affairs team think about the environmental impact of printing 7,000 contact cards?”, the expenditure was approved unanimously. The motion may seem trivial, but anything tangible from CUSU should be welcomed.

“Exploiting access” was another motion, countering the growing number of companies offering interview training and insider secrets to Oxbridge applicants, extorting money from nervous hopefuls and undermining the University’s work in advertising the applications process as simple and fair. Inevitably, the council agreed, so CUSU will now campaign against such operations.

One of the final motions called for support of the Alan Turing campaign, funding a statue of commemoration. The mathematics undergraduate and fellow of King’s College is credited with a key role in inventing modern computing and was invaluable in the code-breaking efforts of Bletchley Park during WWII. He was, however, tragically persecuted for his sexuality and committed suicide at 41. This uncontroversial motion exemplifies what CUSU Council is for, allowing students fast and effective means of gaining CUSU support.

A counterexample of just how badly the council can falter followed, when it took half an hour to elect four candidates to the five posts on the cross-campus elections committee. Credit where it’s due to those who volunteered for the thankless task, especially to the new face in the crowd of regulars. Perhaps this sums up the top end of CUSU quite well; an exclusive club, not by design but simply because precious few are interested. OLI MCFARLANE

The University of Cambridge 800th Anniversary Culinary Competition 2009

Eight food presentation classes, two front of house classes and one hungry news reporter – **Matthew Symington** reports from yesterday’s judging session at the Cambridge Guildhall

Let’s be honest, for most students College food is nothing to write home about. The word ‘buttery’ is ubiquitously associated with overcooked meat and a small helping of the same pudding that has been on offer for days. But then, as undergraduates, we rarely encounter the positively glamorous world of college hospitality – Formal Hall with Sainsbury’s finest rosé does not count. This side of College catering is what the University of Cambridge Culinary Competition is all about.

The standard is spectacular. Given that I attended the competition without having had lunch I may be given to hyperbole; yet I think it is fair to describe the food presented less as dishes than as art one would feel too guilty to dig a spoon into. In the cold sweets section I noticed a chocolate sculpture of a water-well, intricately carved to include a bucket not much bigger than a finger nail hanging from a rope (pictured).

This year’s contest has attracted a record number of entries with 72 chefs from 16 different Colleges participating. According to Bill Simonet, Catering Manager at Selwyn College and a co-ordinator of the event, the keenness of this year’s contest has paid dividends: “The standard of the competition this year has been fantastic,” he said, “probably even better than last year. Many things contributed to the record number of entries this year, if not the 800th anniversary then perhaps the location which is central and close to all the Colleges.”

The competition encompasses eight different classes; canapés, cold starters, hot main courses, hot



vegetarian main courses, the under-21s, cold sweets, afternoon tea cakes and petits fours. In addition to this, nine front of house staff have entered the competition to show off their waiting and table setting skills.

The judges include an MBE, Peter



Griffiths, and 15 other respected members of the food industry: chefs, catering managers and food hygiene specialists. These people are responsible for deciding who wins the award for Best in Show and Best Newcomer, as well as the

Steward’s Cup for the College team that wins the most points throughout the competition.

In this, Sidney Sussex College are the team to beat. Last year their small but dedicated team of seven chefs beat off stiff competition from Emmanuel and Queens’ to win the Cup; this year they form the biggest contingent in the competition with not only seven chefs but five front of house staff entered. Pembroke College and Emmanuel College have, however, the most entries by class.

Speaking to some of the competitors reveals just how much effort goes into the preparation of the dishes, Bill Simonet said: “Chefs will often have to make just one dish over a matter of days and entrants in the competition put their final touches on today’s entries in the early hours of this morning.” This is particularly impressive given that participating chefs must keep up with their regular catering duties during competition time.

However, according to Stephen Mather the effort is worth it: “On an individual level, apart from winning the actual awards, all of our winners are given recognition for their efforts in their personal development reports which in turn helps with their career progression.”

It is unlikely that students will reap much of the benefits of the Colleges’ latest haute cuisine. Still, the College Culinary Competition is a testament to the quality, range and creativity of food being concocted somewhere in the depths of our Colleges to be devoured by people more important than ourselves.

Hi! Society: The Cambridge Cougars

Cambridge University Cheerleading Society: “Brr, it’s cold in here. There must be some Cougars in the atmosphere”

In stark contrast to the bicycles and Gothic courts of this institution, stand the ever energetic, scantily clad girls (and boys) who make up the “Cambridge Cougars” Cheerleading Society.

To the bemused tourist, this lively and interesting group must look more like the cast of an American teen film than Cambridge students. Yet, the 45 or so members, of whom four are male, call Cambridge home. They are a lively bunch who enjoy outings to Thorpe Park and nights out in Cambridge. However, it’s not all fun and drink: although the majority of members have never done cheerleading before their first training session, members of the squad work their way up “quite a steep learning curve” according to Cally Humphrey, one of this year’s

coaches.

The squad was started three years ago by Alison Berner from Jesus College. From humble beginnings as a College society it became University-wide just a year later and has since flourished, with the squad crowned ICC British National Open Champion in Senior Co-Educational Cheer Division 2 this year. The squad also claimed third place in the BCA University Championships Co-Educational Cheer Division 2 and second place in the same competition’s Co-Educational Group Stunt, both in 2009.

However, the work doesn’t stop at the execution of routines, which must incorporate a variety of elements, including basket tosses and tumblers, but extends to choreography, which is entirely brought to



fruition by students too. According to Humphrey, “inspiration mostly comes from American teams but we try to be creative and original to stand out at competitions.”

The squad, clad in turquoise and white, boast a bevy of supporters who, irony aside, cheer them on at competitions and events. The squad’s Facebook group is a testament to its popularity. A constant hive of activity, it is awash with members posting such claims as, “Last night was INSANE! GO CAMBRIDGE!” Let’s just hope for competition’s sake that their days this year are as memorable as their nights.

Humphrey would urge all interested parties, “no matter what their year, gender or level of experience”, to come to training. It’s never too late to become enthusiastic, after all.



St John's

This Tuesday, the British Council revealed three winners of the Dr Manmohan Singh scholarships for 2010 to 2012. These scholarships, first awarded in 2007, are presented in honour of the

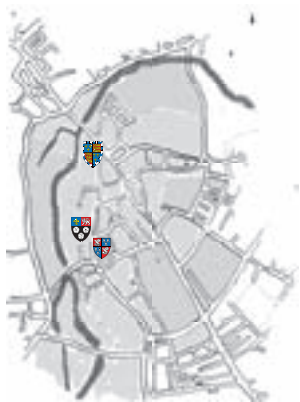


Dr Manmohan Singh

Indian Prime Minister who studied at St John's College and has been made an honorary fellow there. The scholarships are aimed at Indian nationals below the age of 35, who have never been exposed to the British education system or received funding from the UK government. Applicants are all fluent in English and looking to complete a PhD or M.Phil in the

fields of science and technology, economics or social sciences at St John's. The presentations are made after a careful shortlisting process and interviews in New Delhi. Worth around £35,000 each, the funds cover fees, airfare, monthly living costs and visa expenses.

College Watch



King's

King's College has sent out a notice in preparation for the Queen's visit on November 19th, when Her Majesty will dine at the College. Only members of the College and those who have previously notified the Head Porter will be allowed to enter; breakfast and lunch will not be served and "the SCR, Pantry, Hall, Cafeteria, Bar area and Coffee Shop...will not be accessible" between 8am and 4pm. However, the College's students have been dutifully assured that "disruption to the life of the College will be kept to a minimum".



Corpus Christi

Students at Corpus Christi College have been contacted on behalf of the College's Dean and Senior Tutor, regarding "a lot of vomiting recently" and the need to "chunder responsibly" "in a toilet" rather than leaving it for housekeeping to deal with.

The issue has arisen in other colleges too, with some JCRs put on "puke-patrol" after Bops and some enforcing a fine for mess created. The communication at Corpus went on to address problems regarding intimidation in the College bar, with threats of "restricting Bar service". One student commented, "I think it's quite funny that there is a need for the JCR President to tell us to not vomit in bed, you'd think there would be more important things...to worry about. I think potentially shutting the bar is taking it too far. It's where most people go to eat lunch or dinner rather than puke!"



Cambridge Spies



Trick or Beat?

Drunk like Freshers and dressed like budding Hasselhoffs on acid, two revellers vexed one another over an upset bottle this weekend. Rather than the usual apologies and pardons, one displeased scallywag thrust the smashed bottle in the face of his clumsy associate and, befuddled by the darkness, began lashing out at innocent bystanders. Fortuitously, a crew having a rollocking good time close by used their stern acumen to catch the offender mid-stroke, escorting him outside with the token unimpressed porter who features all too regularly in this column. Next spotted suited and booted at the Dean's door, the twin amateurs aren't to be expected at future festivities.

Stupor-vision

One innocent lass, with the smarts of a sage but the tolerance of a tenderfoot tweenager was offered champagne at a supervision this very Monday. The nervous scholar could but accept. However, a few sips left our protagonist light-headed and a few more tipped her over the edge, into the dark swarming depths of dipsomania. Slamming down her delicate crystal goblet with the unnecessary, self-evident exclamation, "I'm drunk" our lovely lady proceeded to giggle profusely before storming out prematurely.

Firemen and Hoes

A gaggle of infamous drinkers made their mid-week outing in the garbs of a "Blazing Squad", of sorts. All was well until one of said party got, arguably, excessively involved in the evening's theme, reeling out his own personal hose and taking a tinkle over the bar. This act failed to extinguish the fires of the barman's wrath, however, leaving the troop banned from the College's hall. It's true what they say - "He's always on the scene! Fireman Sam. And his engine's bright and clean...Sam is the hero next door".

Oxford University

Antonia Bruch, a first-year student at Regent's Park College, died last Tuesday after contracting bacterial meningitis. Principal Dr Robert Ellis says the college is deeply saddened. He asserts that although Bruch had only been at the college for a short time, she was a valued member. The college is receiving advice from the Thames Valley Health Protection Agency and students and staff have been informed about symptoms to look out for. These include a high fever, a stiff neck, drowsiness or confusion, severe headaches and red or purple bruise-like spots that do not fade under pressure. The Health Protection Agency is also giving precautionary antibiotic treatments to those who have been in close contact with Bruch.

University of Lincoln

University of Lincoln student, George McClelland, has been ordered to register as a sex offender by Lincoln Crown Court.

McClelland was prosecuted for using the social networking site Bebo to groom underage girls for sex, before travelling to meet with them. McClelland, who is 25 years old, told the court that he only wanted to talk to the youths as he was feeling lonely. However, he was found guilty by the jury. He faces three charges of meeting an underage child after sexual grooming. He has also pleaded guilty to the charge of possession of indecent photographs of children.

University Watch

Cardiff University

Bonfas Odinga, a 35-year-old Cardiff student, has been cleared of accusations made about him groping a fellow student. The woman claimed that he had grabbed her by the waistband of her jeans, put his hands down the back of them and then put his hands on her breasts and face. The incident was alleged to have occurred when she went to his flat in order to give him some magazines for a university project. She went on to claim special consideration in her work because of the trauma he had allegedly caused her; Odinga's lawyers accused her of constructing the story so she would be able to do so.



Zhejiang University

Dr Tu Xuxin, a senior academic, has committed suicide by jumping off one of the university buildings. He had only just joined the institution, having previously been studying in Northwestern University, USA. It is claimed, based on a six page note he left, that he committed suicide due to corruption in the university. Xuxin claimed that he had been lured back to Zhejiang with promises made about his position. However, having allegedly been led to expect a salary between £20,000 and £30,000, he was given only £5,000. He claims that he felt he had disappointed his family. On October 31st the replacement for resigning Education Minister Zhou Ji was announced, although no direct connection with Xuxin's death was made.

King's College London

The "No Cuts@King's" (see left) campaign organized a rally of over 70 students last Tuesday. The protest opposed cuts across all departments but many of the group were Engineering students, upset at the planned closure of the department. The group marched across Waterloo Bridge to the Principal's office and back, chanting "No ifs, no buts, no education cuts". Some students also walked out of lectures 10 minutes early to symbolize the 10% cuts proposed. A King's spokesperson told the London Student that "any cuts that might ensue are not intended to have an adverse impact on the student experience." JOSIE FILMER

News Feature

CUSU Black Students' Campaign

Camilla Greene
Reporter

What does the term "black" really stand for, and what meaningful role can the new CUSU Black Students' Campaign (BSC) play in a society that, its executive committee affirm, is already diverse and tolerant?

At the BSC Ethnic minorities fair, I spoke to Farah Jasat and Safian Younas, two of the four BSC executive members, whose dynamic efforts this term have already brought us three black history-related film screenings, and a careers fair attended by the likes of Google, the Civil Service, Deloitte, Teach First and Clifford Chance.

Safian tells me that the BSC exists in order to voice the concerns, address the issues, and cater to the needs of all students of ethnic-minority origin. To this end, they are forming permanent links with all JCR minorities officers, and are collaborating with the University cultural societies, such as the Afro-Caribbean and the Pakistan society, in order to reach as many students as possible.

But why the name 'Black Students' Campaign'? Neither Safian nor Farah are what would be racially termed as 'black', so I ask them about their definition, and the various problems it may cause.

According to the NUS national initiative, 'black' is a catch-all term that can be used to describe all non-white ethnic minorities. Is there a danger in trying to create links where the only tie is a shared minority status? Could such a grouping not only create internal divisions, but also alienate a Caucasian community that feels excluded from the business of the BSC?

Safian and Farah assure me that the committee is looking into a



name-change that will clarify this issue. Moreover, while they are sensitive to the fact that students of non-white origin are likely to have a different experience to their counterparts, they do not want to increase community segregation.

"While it's fantastic that we are now on an equal footing," Safian stresses, "the University is not as cohesive an environment as it could be." Part of the BSC's role will be to provide educational talks and film screenings, such as the recent trilogy shown during Black History Month, but it will also be a forum for social contact that goes beyond religious or cultural boundaries.

"University is your main chance to learn about communities beyond your field of reference," Safian argues, "and that should be encouraged."

With the upcoming annual NUS conference in London, issues of integration will run alongside those of academic performance. Statistics suggest that 18 per cent of male Muslims and 15 per cent of female Muslims remain unemployed within six months of leaving university. As graduates, 'black' people are three times as likely to be employed within six months. After five years, they can earn up to nine per cent less than

their Caucasian classmates.

This is, according to Ramin Hassan, a representative from the Civil Service, because people's perceptions of British institutions such as the law and the civil service need to start changing. "People are intimidated by what are seen as all-white institutions, and they don't realise that, in the space of ten to 15 years, they could be sitting in Parliament, advising on policy."

While ethnic minorities incentives exist, people aren't applying for them. Within Civil Service fast-stream, there is still under-representation.

A black-African student I spoke to at the fair was positive about the profile of CUSU BSC, and rejected my suggestion that the ethnic minorities fair was in danger of seeming patronising, and could actually deter minorities from coming. "If you feel so used to being a minority that you can't be comfortable in a room when you are in the majority, that says something about you," she returned.

"BNP mole" Ray Hill to speak at Union

Rob Mindell
Reporter

Ray Hill, advertised in the Union's term card as "the famous 'BNP mole'", is set to address Cambridge students about his experiences on the political far right.

Hill's Tuesday appearance at the Union, co-hosted by CUSU, is expected to illustrate the severity of BNP policy.

It closely follows 'Cambridge University Stands Up', a campaign against the "xenophobia, racism, sexism and homophobia we face in our community".

Hill became involved in far-right politics with Leicestershire's Racial Preservation Society in the 1960s, later occupying high-level positions in the South African National Front and the British Movement.

Returning to the UK he became involved with the BNP, but began acting as an informant for anti-fascist group Searchlight in 1979. In 1984 he revealed himself to be a 'mole' in a Channel 4 documentary.

Natalie Szarek and Amiya Bhatia, CUSU Women's and Welfare Officers, have been coordinating the CUSU diversity campaign of which Hill's appearance is a part.

"Issues of equality are exactly what a students' union should be campaigning on: all students have a right to a positive student experience, which includes living and studying in an inclusive and diverse university setting" Szarek said.

Tuesday's event is co-hosted by Cambridge University Jewish Society (JSOC). JSOC co-president Marc Wiseman told *Varsity* that the society was pleased to be hosting Ray Hill. "Among other things, the BNP stands for racist and anti-Semitic values," he said.

"Their Holocaust denial and endorsement of neo-Nazism is a concern for the Jewish community. We, like many other minorities in the UK, feel threatened by the re-emergence of the BNP."

"We hope that Tuesday's talk will educate Cambridge students about the threat that the BNP poses to minorities in the UK."

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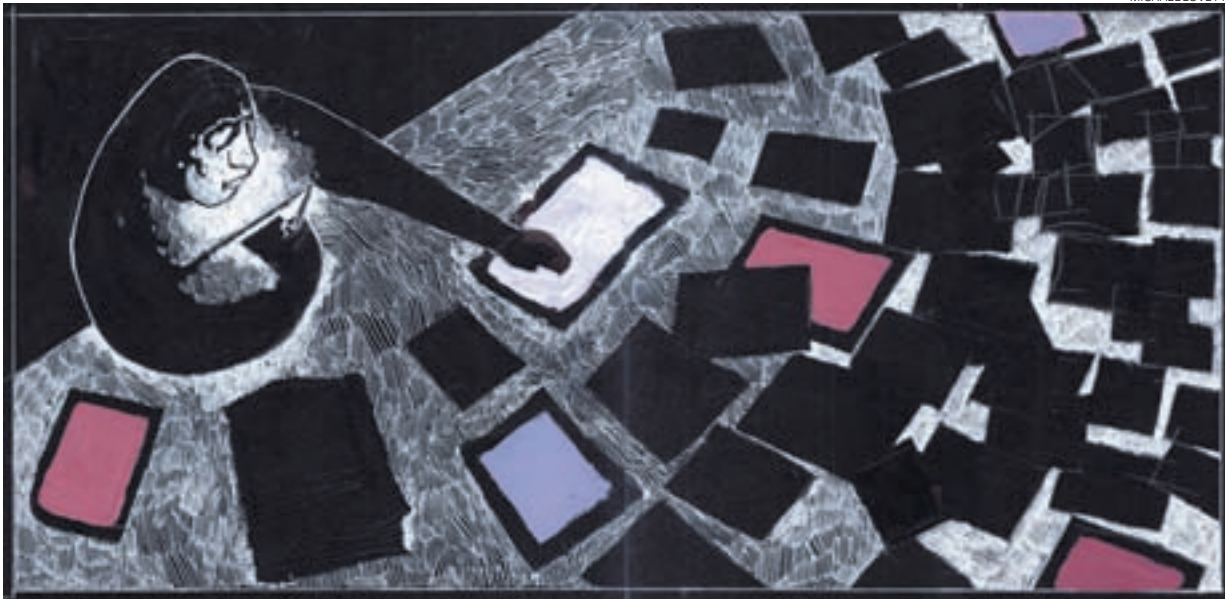
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Cambridge & Chelmsford

THE ESSAY: But Not In Practice

For the last forty years, so-called ‘Theory’ has tried to colonize the humanities, and students are its chief victims, says ROBERT GRANT. But art, literature, truth and our political future are all equally endangered



MICHAEL LOVETT

Anything in principle may be theorized, though not everything needs theory in order to be understood, or is equally amenable to theorization. Consequently, not all theories are alike. Some are mere generalizations from past experience, while others have, or acquire, genuine explanatory and predictive power. In many cases practical familiarity with the thing to be understood is enough. In others, it is not, because the said thing does not wear its explanation on its face.

We need no ‘deep’ theory to understand why Othello murders Desdemona. All we need, though these things demand more effort than many a theory, is a sensitivity to language (including Shakespeare’s), some knowledge of the human world (ditto), and a habit of grown-up reflection. On the other hand, only a theory can tell me that my solid-seeming desk is ‘really’ a lattice-work of atoms vibrating in empty space. Of course, to the joiner who made it, as to me who am using it, the desk actually is solid. The scientific and the practical views differ, but do not conflict. It is all a question of scale, and which view we adopt will depend upon our purposes.

For forty-odd years a movement called ‘Theory’ (mostly Paris ’68, by provenance) has attempted to colonize the humanities, particularly literature. Several things deserve note. First, literary theory proper is nothing new. Indeed, it continues to be fruitfully pursued, only in philosophy departments, which have overwhelmingly shown big-T Theory the door. Next, though Theory’s ambitions have latterly (and ludicrously) extended even to science, it is only in the ‘soft’ subjects, literature and sociology (where some of it originated), that Theory has found a haven, and occasionally even a crown. (Those disciplines are ‘soft’ in permitting maximum liberty of interpretation: in literature because its subject-matter, fiction, virtually requires it; in sociology because, despite its scientific pretensions, nobody is quite sure what constitutes

evidence, or what it is evidence for.)

Theory embraces two or three genuine (if largely discredited) theories, such as Marxism and psychoanalysis, but is otherwise a rag-bag of loosely related metaphorical ‘takes’ on the world. It sees itself, correctly, as a broadly left-wing phenomenon; and, less accurately, as one whose academic credentials are in no way compromised by its being politically affiliated. Its non-political sources, structuralism and formalism (both pre-war in origin) are almost extinct. Structuralism deliberately never turned its attention from signs to the things they signify, and thus threw no light on the ‘real’ world (which according to it was mostly derivative shadow-play, and in any case irrelevant). Formalism might interest the curious, but explained little. A formula for all fictions is like a grammar for all sentences: it may be true, but it tells you nothing about the content of any particular fiction or sentence, which is what you want to know.

Such introverted, purist approaches are clearly useless, at least in their original guises, for unmasking the iniquities of Western culture, capitalism, rationality and other bêtes noires of the Left. To be convincingly oppressive, those evils have to be objective realities, not mere linguistic precipitates. Now, Marx and Freud thought they were scientists, and were certainly metaphysical realists. As they saw it, they had discovered the truth beneath appearances, which was normally suppressed by various cultural or psychological mechanisms (ideology, false consciousness, repression, and so on).

Theory is permeated, perhaps even generated, by this conflict model, a paranoid discourse of power, hegemony, domination, concealment and resistance. Socialist, feminist, post-colonial and queer theory not only are, but even boast of being, the ‘academic arm’ of political movements agitating on behalf of ‘oppressed’ or ‘marginalized’ groups. Literature,

by or about such constituencies, is their supposed ‘voice’. (It is as though artistic representation were somehow equivalent to political.) The question is not whether the oppression is real, nor whether we should do anything about it. It is how far literature and criticism can relevantly be conscripted into the cause of ‘liberation’ (or anything else), and thus serve, and be judged by, an external end. A novel may be unexceptionably feminist, and thus as virtuous as you please, but still be a very bad novel. Does its content, of itself, give it a claim on our specifically literary attention, or constitute an alternative kind of literary merit, perhaps with its own matching ‘canon’? Or is there no such thing as specifically literary merit, or a literary sphere?

If not, then exit literature as an academic study, and eventually all the humanities, politics included. It might be thought that, though firmly in the Theory camp, deconstructionists, post-modernists and the like, being the wayward

progeny of structuralism and thus extreme anti-realists, were innocent bystanders, especially since some radicals criticize them as not far enough Left, and even as ‘conservative’ (Terry Eagleton). These are grave charges. But the accused can rest easy. Their ‘obscurantist terrorism’ (Foucault on Derrida, no less), their quasi-Dadaist denial of meaning, truth and reference, their refusal to engage in genuine dialogue, their substitution of sophisms for argument, are perhaps the ultimate in nihilist ‘subversion’. In them we see prefigured a world with no common discourse, no objective proof, no negotiation, no adjudication, no reconciliation of interests or anything else, but only naked power and will, and no settlement of differences except by force. I say prefigured, but we have been there before. What kind of deliverance from ‘bourgeois’ power can this be, that ends in the Gulag?

We may console ourselves with two things. First, none of this structuralist-descended Theory can be true, since it denies the possibility of truth (the Liar Paradox, to be shouted from the rooftops). Secondly, Theory as a whole is more or less confined to the universities, where it functions mostly as a promotional ladder for staff. It is just tough on honest students forced to simulate belief in it. You will search their prescribed reading in vain for any counter-arguments, though there are plenty, let alone for any mention of the De Man scandal or the sublime Sokal hoax.

Robert Grant is Professor of the History of Ideas at Glasgow University, where he has taught English Literature since 1974. He has held visiting posts in the USA and Portugal, and has lectured there, in Japan and in Central Europe, where, in Communist times, after a strenuous interview, he was officially awarded the title of Undesirable Person. He has published two books of essays and a pioneering study of Michael Oakeshott, whose authorized biography he is now writing.

Underrated Week 5: Hart Crane



Hart Crane committed suicide in 1932. It was reported that “a life boat was lowered; some claim they

saw an arm raised above the water.” All attempts at rescue failed, and Crane’s body was never retrieved. His name was inscribed onto his father’s gravestone a year later, appended with the words ‘Lost at Sea’. These tragic biographical details remind us of a poet who, in reading as in life, deserved more attention; a piece of sunken literary treasure.

The son of divorced parents, Crane stood out amongst the modernist scene of the 1920s as an autodidact, having abandoned school at age sixteen in order to travel to New York and begin writing. Add Crane’s homosexuality to his lack of a secure home and educational credentials, and

a remarkably marginal figure emerges. Yet throughout his short life Crane wrote poetry of thrilling lyricism and epic scope. He rejected the pessimism of T.S. Eliot, in favour of pursuing “spiritual events and possibilities as real and possible now as in the time of Blake”.

To grasp these possibilities Crane fell in love, with Emil Opffer and with the Brooklyn Bridge. Out of these relationships came ‘Voyages’ and ‘The Bridge’, a series of triumphant love lyrics and the visionary long poem to which he had always aspired. Taken together they represent the most challenging American poetry, blazing with rhetorical energy and

providing a rapturous alternative to ‘Prufrock’ and ‘The Waste Land’.

Written in a style not unfit for the Shakespearean stage, ‘Voyages’ invites us to share in the heartbreak and desire that inspired Crane. Better still is ‘The Bridge’, a sprawling and miscellaneous work which reads as a poetic picture book of American life. It fuses everyday speech, jazz and pop culture with Platonic myth, allusion and the most abstract, metaphorical verse. From his apartment building Crane could see Brooklyn Bridge, and came to view it as capable of uniting all his influences and ideas. Let me conclude by quoting his address to it:

*Again the traffic lights that skim
thy swift
Unfractioned idiom, immaculate
sigh of stars,
Beading thy path – condense
eternity:
And we have seen night lifted in
thine arms.*

A complete and ‘unfractioned’ symbol in which ‘eternity’ is condensed, Crane speaks beautifully to the bridge as though a friend. And yet his poem was met with scorn, reviewers deeming it the work of an immoral, gay artist. Now, we should forget such prejudices and take Crane’s flailing arm in ours. ELIOT D’SILVA

VARSITY

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Useless in Theory

It is particularly interesting to read this week's essay by Robert Grant in light of Lord Mandelson's proposals. Mandelson has claimed that universities should be restructured to obey the laws and serve the needs of the market. In his assault on 'Theory', Grant describes how this forty year old movement has colonized the humanities in Universities and brought with it a paranoid obsession with power, a reductionist approach to 'truth' and an academically irresponsible partiality. In both cases the true cause of education is being given over to a joyless sophistry.

As bastions of culture and civilisation, universities exist precisely to combat the potential philistinism and short sightedness of capitalism. Mandelson's comments are therefore the worst form of free market triumphalism: stretching capitalist values into areas meant to be kept free from such material concerns. 'Theory' may be a dubious perversion of the humanities, which through erecting a barrier to entry for anyone who cannot 'discourse' on the 'signifiers' and 'aestheticisation' does great damage to the regard of university pursuits. However, if Mandelson's CEOs invade our campuses armed with their calculators and the 'rigour' of Cost Benefit Analysis, it would herald an even more worrying university culture.

If the Shoe hits...

As the new opening of Primark reminds us, trends spread like wildfire and it's not always easy to see why. When we were in the playground it was yoyos, then tamagotchis. Fads and games that switched and shifted so fast it was impossible to keep track. And if you ever stopped for a moment to question the point you rarely found a satisfactory answer.

The new craze is show throwing. First Bush got a boot, then the Chinese premier Wen Jiabao got one here in Cambridge last Lent, and now the ex-Prime Minister of Australia gets one at Union. The prerequisite is simple: a sense of injustice. The rules are simple: throw an unattractive shoe at the target of your anger, and preferably miss. What many spectators are finding difficult to ascertain is the benefit of this excuse for a sport.

At Cambridge we pride ourselves on articulating ourselves. Sure, if there was no opportunity to speak, then it might be relevant to throw a shoe. But if there is a chance to have a battle of words with the target of your wrath, it would be more effective and surely more satisfying to get your violence out verbally. It may still fall short, but at least there's a chance of saying something intelligible.



Julia Rampen

A large bronze gate stands at the old entrance to Newnham College. Today, its elaborate design is kept in good condition. But in 1921, it was almost destroyed. Male students, celebrating the university's refusal to award women degrees, used a handcart to batter the bottom of it to pieces.

Historically at least then, the women's colleges stand out as a testament to hope and change. Yet in 2005, St. Mary's College in Durham finally opened its doors to men. The following year, the governing body of St. Hilda's, Oxford, voted to end its life as a single-sex institution. Such events lead us to ask: is there still a place for a women's college in Cambridge?

Many people – including residents of Newnham and Murray Edwards – will say no. In the country as a whole, the achievements of the women's movements are enshrined in law, and can never now be reversed. In Cambridge, the existence of separate colleges seems to hark back to an era of quite different social norms. Born out of the monastic tradition, Cambridge colleges opposed the presence of women as a matter of course. This preoccupation with chastity still shaped colleges in the 19th century – as any student who has to trek to Girton will know all too well. Religious women today may argue that only single-sex colleges can meet their needs. Yet ultimately, any college can arrange to reserve an accommodation block for women. And arguably, the place for a government-subsidised university is really the secular domain.

Nor do women face the same

Believe it or not, women's colleges have never been more relevant and necessary

obstacles as they did in the past. With the invention of the pill, amorous ladies and gentlemen no longer need to be kept apart until the B.A. is in the bag. Amongst their peers at least, female students are an accepted part of the community. With the exception of one or two Old Boys foaming at the mouth, most men advocate a woman's right to higher education. If I bring up the issue of women's colleges with my male friends, they often react in the same way: 'But why?



I'm not sexist!' Finally, however we construct our lives within the bubble of a university town, in the real world men and women have to learn to interact, whether it's solving problems in an office, or dividing up the household chores.

These are all powerful arguments against women's colleges, so far as college implies the place where students eat, sleep and socialise. Yet because of the piecemeal way in which Cambridge developed, colleges have other important functions as well. My college, Newnham, isn't just the longest corridor in Europe. It's a hub for women, hosting everything from the Feminist Shebang to pudding seminars where female students and academics present their work. It's a database of contacts for alumnae starting out on their careers – networking lunches are held regularly. And like all colleges,

it acts as a crucible for new ideas. On the one hand, it allows undergraduates to discuss women's issues without being sucked into the contentious feminist vs. male chauvinist debate. On the other, women's colleges are an important source of funding for female academics. A Times Higher Education study found that in 2000 only 9.8% of UK professorships were held by women. As of 2004-5, women had yet to make up even half of Cambridge post-graduate students. If change is happening, it's far from complete.

And that is precisely why we should hesitate to pass judgement on this issue. Such places naturally have a culture that is curious about women. And as academic institutions, they allow that curiosity to form the basis for research and analysis.

The controversy of debates concerning women – from the glass ceiling to the burka – suggests that although we have many questions, definitive answers have yet to be produced. And looking at women is relevant in a broader perspective as well. Muhammad Yunus, the pioneer of micro-credit, found that lending specifically to women was the best way to alleviate poverty. In an age where the global population is rapidly expanding, it is surely useful to investigate the link between a woman's education and the number of children she will have.

Separate colleges for women reflect the social mores of a bygone age. But they also represent important participants in today's greatest debates. As 21st century students, we inherit a rich legacy of academic research and discussion. 700 years of that, however, was written exclusively by men. Any academic space that focuses on women, however eccentrically organised, is relevant and valuable. At Europe's best university, it would be foolish to overlook that.

Letters to the Editor

I sympathise entirely with George Reynolds' sentiment of wanting to 'shit himself' 'in search of less awkward, more sophisticated entertainment' whilst watching light-hearted puns during the Virgin Smoker (review, Issue 704).



I sympathise since I felt the very same sensation when reading his very own attempt at 'sophisticated entertainment'. For a writer who employs such classic journalistic clichés such as 'So piss off you dickhead' and 'I would have been

trying to shit myself' to lament a lack of comic cultivation is, in itself, comedy gold – even if the irony might elude Reynolds' grasp. Though perhaps I'm being too harsh, for, as Reynolds himself professes, he's 'not really a journalist'.

George Ressayot
St John's

I hope the £30 fine I received for cycling in an apparently pedestrianised area might go towards a sign informing cyclists: No Cycling. The policeman who stopped me tried to indicate to the small 'no entry' signs on the traffic bollards – which I had assumed were for cars.

I suppose that's the disadvantage

of living in a safe city: the police have got nothing better to do.

Sam Freeman
Emmanuel

Somebody should tell John Poynton (The Essay: Facing Down the Facts, Issue 704) that quantum physics as a 'god of the gaps' explanation is to the psychical as Rohypnol is to date rape; it may work but that's not the point and such misappropriation is criminal. In any case, the reference to Heisenberg at the crux of the argument is fundamentally wrong. The cause of quantum uncertainty is physical interaction, not spooky action at a distance.

Is the 'evidence' significant? The last line, in which the writer redefines 'facts' as an anecdote about 'something funny [that] happens to you on Halloween' suggests not. I think the distinct lack of physical

reality to this essay suggests a new field of 'research'. Poynton should use the term 'paranonsense', although that is clearly a tautology.
David Baynard
Emmanuel

Congratulations on printing John Poynton's Halloween essay (The Essay: Facing Down the Facts Issue 704). Modern science is a lot stranger than most people realise, and Professor Poynton's arguments should be heard. It was fitting that the article appeared at Halloween, but there was more to it than sugar-filled, nocturnal excitement. It may well be that there is a naturalistic explanation for the paranormal effects he describes. But we should be wary of dismissing these questions as superstitious naivety. After all, we cringe at the mistaken assumptions made by the

scientists of centuries ago. What, we should ask ourselves, are the unjustified beliefs of our times?

Tash Dennich
Trinity

Corrections and Clarifications

The runner-up in the haiku Creative Writing competition (issue 703) was given as Rachel Dewhirst. The haiku was actually written by Ruth Dewhirst, her twin sister.

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



Charles Read

Over the years the middle classes have been an easy target for derision. From Margo Leadbetter in *The Good Life*, to Hyacinth Bucket (pronounced Bouquet, of course), in *Keeping Up Appearances*, people from all walks of life have joined in the laughter. But now the satire seems to have morphed into a lethal resentment.

In the latest round of middle income-bashing, the think tank Reform has produced a report which says that the middle class should lose all entitlement to benefits and welfare. They see the middle classes as a 'poisonous' breed who extract 'their fair share' of entitlement through 'universal benefits and near-free higher education', the last of which will make many students choke on their cornflakes, their latest overdue college bill pinned to their wall.

Reform is of the opinion that anyone who is middle class can look after themselves, and to them, this means earning over £15,000 a year. Yet this is sometimes not even enough to live on, particularly where living costs are high, such as in the South-East.

The welfare state was not intended to be like this. William

The middle classes are always an easy target. But going after them is just bad economic sense

Beveridge, in his famous 1942 report, stated that the 'first fundamental principle of social insurance' was that a 'flat rate of insurance benefits' should be paid 'irrespective of the amount of the earnings' the recipient enjoyed. Welfare arrangements should never 'discourage voluntary insurance or personal saving'.

Taking away benefits for those earning over £15,000 a year would be a massive disincentive to work harder or for the unemployed to find work. Already, under the current system, the marginal net rate of tax at this income level

branded as public enemies. The attack on the charitable status of private schools, whose £100 million of tax breaks saves the Treasury £3 billion in paying for children they would otherwise have to educate, appears perverse when all three political parties want to 'cut' public expenditure.

A background of stagnating middle-class real wages over the last few years, called 'median wage stagnation' in America, has not helped their situation either. Some see those between the super-rich and super-poor as being trapped in a 'hamster wheel', constantly having to pay off student loans, service mortgages and save for their retirement all at the same time whilst their income comes under constant pressure.

But why should we even care about those on middle incomes or whether Mrs Bouquet can afford to have Royal Doulton china?

Middle class-bashing does not make sense from an overall economic perspective. They have the highest propensity to save, but the failure to encourage this squirreling tendency has contributed to the depth of the recession. More saving means more investment that leads to more growth; at the moment when boom turned to bust, the household savings ratio was in negative territory for the first time in fifty years, partly due to stagnating real wages.

“People who pay their way without burdening the state are branded public enemies”

is over 60% as tax credits are withdrawn, and these proposals will just make it more unattractive to work harder or try to improve one's lot. Saving for the future will be a worthless exercise as they would disqualify you for most forms of assistance when times are tough.

But when people try to pay their own way without burdening the state's resources, they still get

Not-Sci



A dangerous misuse of drugs advisors

Want to be chief drugs advisor to the government? Be supposedly hired to give your transparent opinion both publicly and privately and then be sacked abruptly for it? Why not work for Alan Johnson, in an organisation where it seems having an advisory panel is more of a 'we're serious, look at our scientists' gesture than a genuine attempt to discuss evidence rationally.

No one denies that cannabis, the government message and its classification are very serious and complicated matters. What is shocking is the response to criticism from Professor David Nutt, former head of the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs, on the decision to reclassify cannabis to Class B from C. Johnson sacked Nutt, without any serious scientific debate. In Nutt's own words, 'Scientists should be challenging. But obviously he didn't feel like being challenged.' Johnson and those associated with his government are unwittingly sending the message that advice based on factual scientific evidence rather than political consideration can cost you your job.

A Home Office spokesman accused Nutt of not giving the public 'clear messages about the dangers of drugs'. Nutt said that illicit drugs should be classified according to the actual evidence of the harm they cause and also said that smoking cannabis created only a 'relatively small risk' of psychotic illness. That is clear enough to me. The Home Office have not responded by producing a clearer message about these dangers.

The following are incredibly unclear: if decisions about drug classification are not based on science, then what exactly are the other criteria? What is wrong with being criticised publically if you want the public to be completely transparent about how your scientific advisor's opinions affect policy? Labour seems to think it more important to show a deceitful united front than to have a credible and unbiased voice who disagrees if the science says so. SITA DINANAUTH



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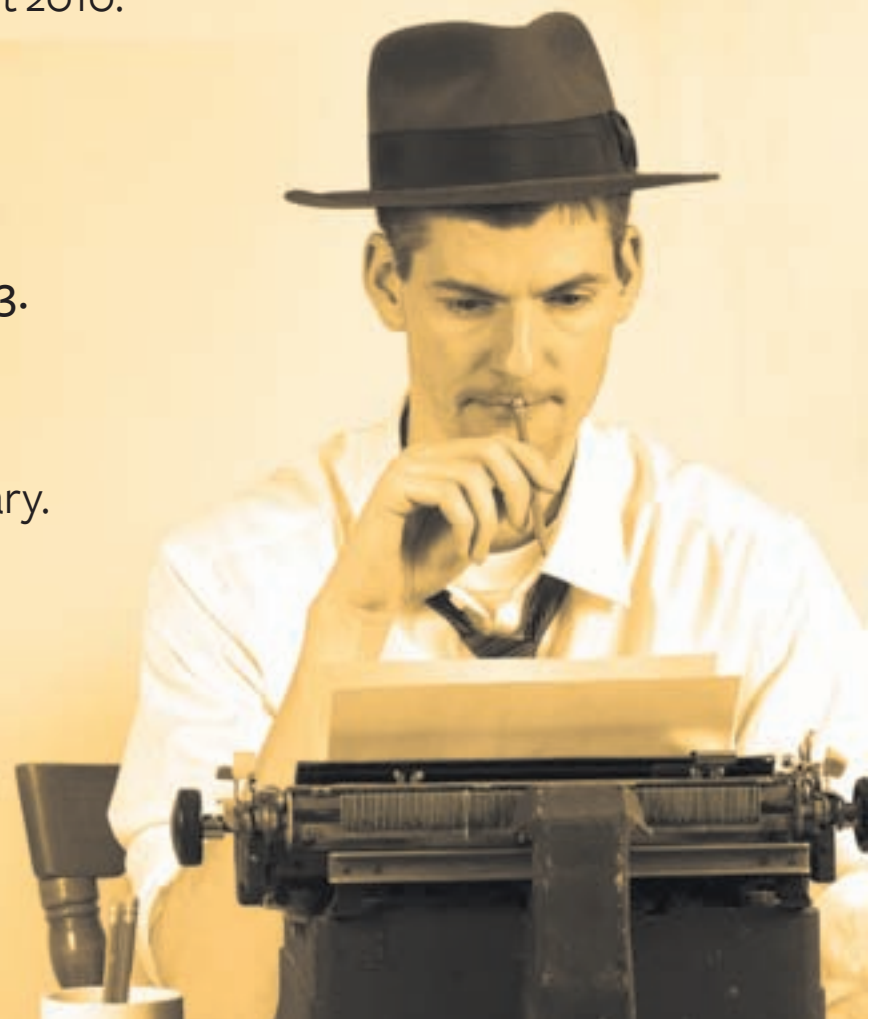
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Reviews **p24**

Little Boots at the Junction. Plus more music, film, art and theatre.

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Features **p18**

Seven Deadly Sins: read it and let your green eyes weep

RICHARD ANSETT/CHANNEL 4 TELEVISION



“Off the cuff remarks are really a little bit like a flat soufflé”: the eminently quotable David Starkey

Renaissance Man

David Starkey, blockbuster historian and popular broadcaster, talks to **Emma Mustich** about the power of the Tudors over our imagination, and the teaching of history in twenty-first century Britain

I have mixed feelings about the Tudors, and people who write about them. I spent the first two terms of my degree attempting to dissect the infuriatingly pedantic historiography of the Tudor period—a process from which I gained, paradoxically, both a very low threshold of frustration with academic history, and a genuine taste for the narrative and nuance of the early modern period. Mostly, however, I came to the conclusion that I had had enough of the Tudors for a while.

So when, last November, I read a piece by Andrew Marr in which he wrote, “If I never read another biography of bloody Henry VIII, it will be far too soon,” I was inclined to agree. When I present the quotation to David Starkey, however, he is unfazed.

“Obviously there is an overdone-ness about the Tudors as a whole. But equally, of course, that’s a reflection of the fact that the Tudors are the English Greek myths. No other period exercises that fascination or can hold people in the same way.

“I’d be very interested [if Andrew] could list the number of biographies, because there actually hasn’t been a biography of Henry VIII since Scarisbrick [1968].”

“Dear me,” he finishes, “friends and rivals, you know. Off the cuff remarks are really a little bit like a flat soufflé.”

Starkey, who is the premier popular historian of the Tudor period, studied History at Fitzwilliam College. After attaining a First, he stayed on to write a PhD in which he examined the culture of the Tudor court. He

then earned a Fellowship, and remained in Cambridge for several years, before taking off abruptly in 1972 for the more exciting realm of LSE. (“I used to say I knew exactly what an ingrowing toenail felt like,” he has famously commented of Cambridge.)

By the time he left LSE in 1998, Starkey had already embarked upon what has become a blockbuster career in broadcasting, television and the writing of popular non-fiction. He is now renowned for both

(continued overleaf)

his historical enterprise and his strident personal style (the *Daily Mail* once called him “the rudest man in Britain”). Episodes of his most recent television series, *Henry VIII: The Mind of a Tyrant*, he tells me, reached audiences of between 2.5 and 3 million.

Indeed, Starkey’s immense success is one of the most potent proofs of the Tudor court’s enduring appeal. If we take sex out of the equation – that means discounting the practically pornographic BBC series *The Tudors* and Philippa Gregory’s bodice-ripper novels – why are the Tudors so attractive to people in the twenty-first century?

“With Henry VIII, the sheer impress of the personality comes across over five centuries. Then there is the fact that Henry and

his daughter Elizabeth were very conscious stars. They’re interested in truly modern – well, truly ancient – ideas of fame. We respond to that.”

This idea is compelling. But Starkey goes on to make an even more striking judgment about why the Tudors retain a tight grip on our collective conscience.

“I think there is a genuine recognition, in spite of Andrew, that the 16th century is the central century in English history, and I choose my word ‘English’ quite deliberately. It is the moment at which we cease to be a pretty ordinary Catholic country, part of the broad mass of Christendom, and turn into something very, very different. Maybe obscurely people realise this.”

I still think it might have something to do with the racier passages of Philippa Gregory, but Starkey is insistent. “The twenty-first century looks like it will be the century when most of what Henry did will be reversed. If we really do finish off as part of post-Lisbon Treaty Europe, if the Church of England is re-absorbed into the Church of Rome, then the extraordinary changes of Henry VIII’s reign will largely have been reversed.

“I think England itself will essentially become a place of the mind, as it retreats into being a rather disgruntled province of Europe. And it will be the successor states, the offshoots of the various English and British empires, that will continue to fructify and create.”

This is beginning to sound a little too much like a paean to England, perhaps because I can recall something I’ve read in one of Starkey’s published speeches about the need to teach “celebratory” rather than “critical” history in schools.

In the speech, he said, “I think we have overdone the critical element of history. I think there is a very powerful place for the celebratory.... I do think that English history, in particular, has a fundamentally optimistic message.”

Can’t this lead us down a dangerous path? I ask. In Russia, even in the past two years, authors have effectively been banned from including criticisms of Stalin in school textbooks. What is to stop us from eventually trying to censor unsavoury, but essential, elements of our history, if we extol too fervently the virtues of the “celebratory”?

Starkey responds thoughtfully. “When I use the word ‘celebratory’, what I really mean is a recognition of the importance of national history, which implies, by definition, that you think there is something positive there.

“But what I’d be much happier with saying is that I want a history, particularly when it’s being taught at school and even at the undergraduate level, which recognises the importance of narrative. It really is about saying, ‘What actually happened?’ Which I think is so much more interesting than teaching people what historians squabble about.

“Historiography is just, and you are entitled to quote what I am about to say directly, fucking deadly. It is awful, it is boring, it is reductive. It is a totally second-tier activity. It’s scholastic, it’s the equivalent of the worst aspects of medieval philosophy. And to pretend that that is the most intellectually stimulating thing there is about the past seems to me to be a confession that practicing the subject has frankly lost any interest.

“*Something did happen.* There is evidence

of what happened. What drives me is wanting to *know* what happened.”

I am tempted to test Starkey’s theory. Since he dismisses historiography so easily, would he be disappointed if, in a century’s time, no one read his work?

“I wouldn’t be unhappy. I would hope that

“Historiography is just fucking deadly. It’s the equivalent of the worst aspects of medieval philosophy.”

what I write is not only good history but is readable.

“My view is that the only immortality is here. The only immortality is, if you like, the fame, or the continuing readability of your own work. That is the only reason that anybody will be remembered. Memory is immortality.”

Starkey has left me taken aback with his honesty. Everyone, not least the man himself, knows that Starkey can be flamboyant and outspoken, that he is obsessed with his own wealth (“you’ve got to earn your crust, which in my case is gilt gingerbread”), and that he is extremely proud of his accomplishments. What are only rarely revealed, however, are his intense introspection and his very real convictions. He is a man who believes that fame brings immortality, but – like any good creature of the sixteenth century – he is sensitive to the ephemerality of his appetites.

Stark Facts

- 1945** Born in Kendal
- 1970** Begins academic career at Fitzwilliam
- 1972** Starts teaching History at LSE and earns reputation as an abrasive talk-show host on BBC Radio 4
- 2004** Begins presenting *Monarchy*
- 2007** Appointed CBE
- 2009** Becomes Guest Curator at the British Library’s *Henry VIII: Man & Monarch* exhibition



Banging The Drum

David Pegg talks to Kim Duk Soo, founder of samul nori, the ‘Walkman of four-drum Korean performance art’

“Although times and generations move on, our cultural codes hide in our DNA.” Sounds faintly nebulous, but to give the man credit, Kim Duk Soo would probably know. In 1978, seeking to reinvigorate a largely unvaried musical tradition, he founded his four-man drumming troupe: Samul Nori. Today, he is not only a household name in South Korea (a friend from Seoul squeals hilariously at news of an interview), but widely recognised as one of its top cultural figures and a global ambassador for Korean performing arts, which, let’s face it, are probably a smidgeon underrepresented. Indeed, Samul Nori the group has given birth to *samul nori* the genre; it’s the Walkman of four-drum Korean musicianship.

Any victim of GCSE Music will recall the mind-numbingly turgid lessons on African drumming, delivered invariably by befuddled teachers utterly unfamiliar with anything musical east of Vienna. Barring a minority of enthusiasts, Brits tend to be uninterested in music originating from outside the Anglosphere. It’s these people Kim wants to reach when he performs in Cambridge next month for the 800th Anniversary celebrations.

He’s done a remarkable job reaching out to them so far. Since its

genesis, *samul nori* has gone global, with numerous hobby groups and societies around the world. It’s something Kim has inspired, and he’s proud of it. “Samul nori,” he informs me, “has sparked a renaissance in all kinds of Korean traditional performing arts”.

Samul nori performances, with their leaping dancers and spectacular streamer-hats, are as visually striking as they are percussive. Clapping an hourglass-shaped *jangu* between his legs, a seated Kim flails away furiously, hands blurring astonishingly at moments as they dart from left to right around the drum. He describes it as akin to a kind of trance, but it’s clear he’s aware enough to relish his music; his face frequently breaks into an ecstatic smile along with the rhythm’s ebb and flow. Either side of him, fellow troupers leap and twirl as they pound away at their own instruments, streamers spiralling about madly, heads jaunting from side to side.

The enthusiasm and talent come from a lifetime’s dedication. “From a very young age,” Kim recalls, “I was surrounded by Korean traditional performing artists.” At seven, he received the President’s Award at a National Folk Music Contest, earning him the pressure-loaded moniker of ‘Child Prodigy of the Drums’. Entering the Seoul

Traditional Music and Performing Arts School, he studied under a number of reputable masters, before founding Samul Nori.

Kim has earned a reputation as a moderniser of rural music, which he doesn’t dispute. “I felt the need to reorganize this music. Performance venues have changed and multiplied over the years and therefore increasingly *samul nori* was performed indoors”. The music itself is drawn from shaman rituals and steeped in elemental philosophy: the sounds of the different instruments embody different weather patterns, and the timbres of metal and leather instruments represent the heavens and the earth respectively. For Kim, his music’s roots are inescapably relevant, even as a recent genre. “*Samul nori* incorporates and represents our history, nature, life, and most importantly, it contains Korean spirituality.”

This isn’t his first gig in England; he’s performed at the Royal Albert Hall, and regularly appears at the Edinburgh Festival. And what about his upcoming Cambridge performance? “I hope that my performances will increase students’ curiosity and understanding.” His enthusiasm for *samul nori* seems to be exceeded only by his determination to witness others enjoy it.



Kim Duk Soo and SamulNori Hanullim will be performing at Robinson College on the November 7th and 8th. See www.clarehall.cam.ac.uk for details.

The New Classical

Charles Hazlewood tells **Jess Lambert** how moving the orchestra from the concert hall to the field is helping it lose a bad reputation and gain new fans

The conductor Charles Hazlewood is described by *The Daily Telegraph* as “the face of classical music for the BBC”. “How terrifying,” said one of my friends when I mentioned this. “I didn’t know classical music had a ‘face’.” But giving music, all music, a face is exactly what Hazlewood tries to do. He wants to remove the smoke-screen that art puts up between the spectators and the work.

Since his days at Oxford he has had a slightly controversial habit of giving introductions to the pieces he performs, allowing those who know the music backwards to see it with fresh eyes and giving the uninitiated “hooks to hang on to along the way, so that you can engage intellectually as well as emotionally with something that unfolds in front of you. It’s all about empowering people, about saying ‘Don’t worry, leave your insecurities and your sense of lack of qualification at the door.’”

This ability to perform what he describes as “a kind of open heart surgery on music” is what has led to Hazlewood not only conducting orchestras across the world, but presenting numerous TV and radio shows about everything from Mozart and Tchaikovsky, to what makes the perfect pop song. He is a slightly built, attractive man who manages to combine an intense and infectious passion for his subjects with a total lack of pomposity. In person he is as warm and unintimidating as he is on screen, laughing dirtily and rolling cigarettes as we talk. He’s about as far as you can get from the stereotypical elitist musician, something which “a hardcore of the classical music

establishment, certainly within the media and so on, really detest me for: ‘Oh, he’s that relentless populariser of music,’ they say, as if there’s something faintly cancerous about that.”

He thinks it’s sad that anyone should misguidedly want to keep classical music within a privileged club. “There was this journalist from *Time Out* who over the summer launched this very public invective against audiences, arguing that they should be taught things like when and how to clap”. How to clap?! “Yes. So a piece that ends slowly and softly, evaporating into a silence – that after that there shouldn’t be any vigorous clapping, that there should be a long and respectful pause and then maybe a slow warm ripple which then gradually builds. The very idea that people should be given masterclasses in how to respond only perpetuates the problem and makes it that much worse.” He can’t stand people who seem to consider audiences as “a necessary evil. It’s completely nonsensical because that’s who you are talking to. You can’t make music in a bubble. Well you can, you can play your guitar in your bedroom but that’s only ever a kind of...” Masturbation? “Yes. It is really. It’s certainly not the real thing.”

It was a desire to free both music and audiences from “all these terms and conditions” which inspired him to launch *Play The Field* this summer, a festival set in the grounds of his farm in Somerset. “By taking the orchestra out of the concert hall I could tear out the whole page of the programme on the ‘Dos and Don’ts’ of concert

etiquette. The reality is that orchestras make music that is visceral, red-blooded and intensely meaningful. So how about if you take this rarified beast, an orchestra, and put it in a field where it can blaze away and where there are no rules, where your toddlers can melt down, your teenagers can be pissed, everyone can be how they want to be and yet still absolutely be immersed in

“It’s all about empowering people, about saying ‘Don’t worry, leave your insecurities and your sense of lack of qualification at the door’”

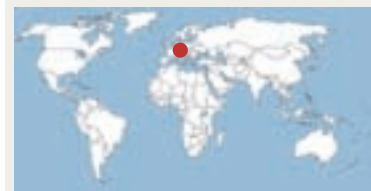
this extraordinary music.” There was also a radical scheme that anyone who lived within a certain mile radius of the farm paid what they want to pay for a ticket “so it was genuinely accessible, not just dumping a posh event in the middle of Somerset and saying, ‘Yeah well most of you tossers can’t come’.” What he is most excited about is that this meant that most of the people there had “never, ever seen an orchestra in the flesh before. And they talk about it now with an almost religious fanaticism – they’ve heard this big music and they’re never going back.”

In between the classical pieces he also had “a troupe which were made up of musicians from a totally broad musical spectrum: members of Goldfrapp, members of Portishead, jazz musicians, offering spontaneous responses, improvisations to what the orchestra had just played”. This is one of Hazlewood’s other passionate beliefs – that different worlds of music should be brought together; “not in some kind of weak, sappy fusion” but in a way that proves how absurd it is to “think of music in terms of mutually exclusive categories. There are only two sorts of music – there is great music and terrible music and it’s up to you to decide which is which. No one can prescribe – it’s absolutely absurd to think that you should.”

Even for someone as limited in their musical knowledge as me, it is impossible not to feel empowered by the rousing energy with which Hazlewood talks. He grew up watching his father, an Anglican vicar, bring communities together through faith and was, he says, inspired with “a parallel mission with music”.

Proof of music’s power to unite people happens all the time he says. A curious thing about British football fans, for instance, is that “of whatever team, they sing and sing and sing. I’ve got mates who are obsessive fans, and one of the things they love most about going to games every week is this immersive experience of losing themselves in this sea of sound, where their individual contribution is important, but it’s also about being buoyed up by this intense and enormous collective.” Like a modern day hymn? “Exactly.”

Letter from Abroad



Croatia

After a three-hour delay (seated next to an 8 year-old who threw up all over the departure lounge floor, giving us all swine-flu fears), we were welcomed on-board by a flight attendant who took obvious pleasure from the choreographed safety routine, tight easyJet uniform, and even my book, *Catcher In The Rye*, apparently one of her O-Level set works. “Oooh,” she squealed, “that takes me back!”

In any case, after the usual flight and airport hassles, we made our way to Dubrovnik. We were met by the owner of the hostel, the aptly named Villa Banana, and the rest of our group. After struggling up an enormous hill, we were rewarded by a “penthouse suite”. Perhaps this term was lost in translation, the villa being a fairly grimy youth hostel, but the panoramic views of coastal Dubrovnik were stunning nonetheless.

As for our sight-seeing and tourist ‘action’, on our first night out, and after a few (cunningly named) Fuck Buckets, one of our group partook in what came to be known as ‘Old-Towning’ getting to know the beautiful but slippery steps of Dubrovnik Old Town in a manner not discussed in the guidebooks. From Dubrovnik we travelled up the Dalmatian coast to Korcula. Here, we stayed in the Onelove Hostel, described in the *Lonely Planet* as having an entry policy prioritising “heavy lashers and fit girls”. After Korcula, we hit the supposed “Ibiza of Croatia”, Hvar. In fact, there were only two clubs – one in a castle, and one on an island 20 minutes boat-ride away. The Croatian girls, we learned, were all beautiful. By contrast, the pot-bellied men in Speedos literally gave weight to the argument for banning such swimwear.

From embarrassing novelty hats to island beach parties, overpriced ice-creams to Dalmatian ham, our trip to Croatia was more expensive (more like £20 than Thailand’s £5 per night in a hostel) and perhaps less edifying than anticipated. But its tourism industry is incredibly well-developed, especially for a country which only emerged from civil war in 1995. Our travels, as most tourism in Croatia seems to be, were very much beach-based, but it was beautiful and fun nonetheless. ANNA HARPER



Charles Hazlewood: removing the ‘smokescreen that art puts up between the spectators and the work’

CUT OUT AND KEEP.



White T-Shirt
Just a classic Gap white T-Shirt. What else?

Checked Shirt
This is quite new actually. Just got it the other day. It's from Ralph Lauren. Adds a bit of colour.

Velvet Slippers
From Foster & Son, these were a Christmas present from my dad a few years ago.

Jacket
Got this last winter from Dior. It's so hard to find warm coats that fit well, and this will last forever.

Trousers
I bought these cords in American Apparel and I wear them basically every day.

Shoes
I love these white Vans. My last pair just fell apart and look how dirty these are already.

Watch
By a Milanese company called Toy Watch. It's oversized and a bit irreverent, but I'm never late to lectures when it's on my wrist. An anti-luxury statement in a luxury obsessed culture

Red Leather Bag
This belonged to my grandmother and is seriously battered, but I love it. It reminds me of a bygone era, as well as of her.

Grey T-shirt
From James Perse. It's an absolute staple - I have a few and can wear them with anything. So easy

Leather Belt
Bought from the "the Rolls Royce of Vintage Fashion Fairs" - Hammersmith fair. It takes place every five weeks, and with hundreds of vintage stores, I always find something.

Flower print trousers
From the Topshop in Cambridge. They're high waisted and covered in roses. What more could a girl want?

Blazer
I bought this one last year in Whistles, but I have a few blazers in different colours. Looks equally as good over a dress or with an unzipped hoodie.

NOTES:
6th November 2009
Came up to Cambridge today, and met these two stylish undergrads. Sarah was from Downing College, and Harry was from Peterhouse. Unfortunately didn't get a chance to look around their colleges, as had a flight back to NY, but was very impressed by what Cambridge had to offer. Plenty of originality and an unnerving sense of style - I'm looking forward to putting them in this month's issue. Right up Anna's street. It's good to know I've got something she'll like. She's so tricky most of the time. It makes me laugh when I see that film 'Dracula wears Dior', or whatever it was called. Think it was something like that. Scarily accurate. Anyway, she'll be impressed and that's all that matters.

RECESSIONISTA

OPTIMISTA



Recessionista: Crocodile print jacket, Alexander Wang; T-shirt, James & Marilyn; Gathered velvet skirt, Chloé; Feather bag, Angel Jackson; Studded suede and patent ankle boots, DSquared2.
Optimista: Gold jacket, Stella McCartney; Cherry blossom jacquard silk dress, Marc by Marc Jacobs; Phillipe Ferrandis Necklace, Jenni Kayne; Bag, Angel Jackson; Plum heels, Charlotte Olympia Maxine.

Autumn - Winter 09: Utility or Fantasy?

Well, Autumn-Winter 09 is officially upon us and the fashion pack is divided in two: the recessionistas and the optimistas! So whether you prefer a sombre colour palette or are drawn to brights and jewel tones A/W 09 has something innovative to offer.

DSquared2, Alexander Wang et al. sent an army of moody, studded, black-clad models down the runway. Their silhouette was severe; their image powerful, even scary, but very recession-appropriate. Think power shoulders with a cinched waist in smoky-grey to black tones, gelled back hair and coal-toned eyes.

Tough, eighties body-con dresses had a strong presence at Christopher Kane and Alexander Wang but minimalism took centre stage as Wang playfully mixed an enormous oversized boyfriend shirt, with this season's must-have practical and uber-stylish shoe - the military boot. Check out Jean-Luc Godard's classic film *À bout de souffle* for inspiration for this look - Jean Seberg exudes androgynous utilitarian chic à la Nouvelle Vague. Keep last year's brogues. Charity-shop effeminate tailoring.

Beautiful, sensible collections without a doubt, but whimsical they were not. The man to give us our fantasy fix was none other than Marc Jacobs. The



A nod to better times at Stella McCartney

eighties still featured, but this time in all its spangly, crimped glory! Yes, crimping is back. Marc Jacobs has spoken. The aim of the collection was to put the fun back into getting dressed, and he does not disappoint. Neon hues, kitsch neckerchiefs and bold prints abound (electric-coloured paisley print? Who would have thought!) Source the look in vintage and

charity shops or have a peep at fabulous Spanish designer Gloria Ortiz if you want to invest a bit more in something luxurious..

Another optimista came in the form of Stella McCartney who injected a note of scandal into her collection with her unabashedly sensual lingerie-inspired dresses. Much as it pains me to promote Topshop in an Arcadia dominated Britain they have made the underwear-as-outerwear look their own this season.

Alber Elbaz summed up the sombre, post-recession mood for A/W 09 perfectly, this look is "about what women need from fashion." It's utility, puro y duro. What Jacobs and McCartney offer is the beauty and carefree spirit of optimism, a fantasy in the glum economic climate. So in the battle of reality versus fantasy, buy it all...or get ready to take sides!

Cambridge's Fashion Correspondant in Madrid.

Seven Deadly Sins of Cambridge

Week 5: Envy

My mother always told me 'If a boy doesn't like you, it is only because he is intimidated by your beauty.' She also said 'From some angles, you look like Ringo Starr' so my resultant self-esteem is muddled.

I vacillate between Fonz-like levels of self-belief, pausing in front of shop windows to say 'Looking fiine' in my head at my reflection, to shutting myself in the wardrobe with a sack of comfort marshmallows, quivering with indignation at the nasty business of being a functional human. What doesn't make the process of ricocheting madly between essay scrambles, boy entrapping and future ensuring any easier on my crumbly psyche is the presence of people who just Do It Better. Those mythical undergrads who walk among us, but are not like us.

Some students are Chosen Ones because of the genetic dice-throw which has blessed them with physical perfection. When they walk around the place, they make it look like the set of a hazily shot BBC adaptation – their cheekbones

flush delicately in the wintry air, their hair is dishevelled in a way that makes even serious-minded bluestockings like me giggle unreservedly and walk, lust-dazed, into lampposts.

Our attendance at a high-ranked university takes much of the sting out of accusations of superficiality as well – yes, you're tormented with desire for an ivory-skinned, raven-haired Swedish supermodel/goddess hybrid – but it's OK, even quite nobly motivated, because she's got a double first in SPS. You can talk to her about Karl Popper, so it's fine. Of course, you don't want to talk to her about anything, you just want to make sweet love to her in front of the chronophage, but the point is, you could. To be honest, I'm not that envious of the absurdly beautiful. Being advantaged by looks is so far out of the realm of my experience that I don't really mind when others are. No, I reserve my hatred for other breeds of student wunderkind.

My aims in life are to 1)

Not end the day passed out in the ground floor bathroom with that mysterious chin injury (again) and then 2) Is entirely dependent on circumstance. Sometimes it is to finish an essay, sometimes to write an e-mail to father which makes him simultaneously proud of me,

disinclined to come visit and likely to send a blank cheque. But essentially at the very most I look a week ahead, and I am continuously puzzled by those who seem to have had life plans handed out to them very early on and be following them with ease.

First there are those who excel academically – who manage their time, i.e. don't detour to

Topshop on the way to the English Faculty to look at a Christopher Kane dress, and who write first class essays tying Aeschylus, *The Sopranos* and Chaos Theory into a charmingly witty conclusion, while I'm still struggling to remember whether *Paradise Lost* has a happy ending.

The other variety of student prodigy are the ambitious bastards, the ones that edit the newspapers, write the late-shows, play in concerts and generally demonstrate that it is perfectly feasible to do a degree while retaining a life outside it. All in all it makes it much trickier for me (though I do manage every week) to insist that

I can't possibly finish my dissertation draft as I'm rushed off my feet with weeping gently into my Cath Kidston quilt. However, I acknowledge that human variety is essential to prevent collective insanity. I remember a teacher picking silent infant me from the class (though it could have been any pathologically shy child to make her point) and snapping 'Why can't you all behave a little bit more like Victoria?' Even at the age of four I knew she'd picked a losing horse. A class full of me would have been a room of hiccupping freaks with their hair in their eyes, hiding under bean bags in the quiet area to read Hilaire Belloc.

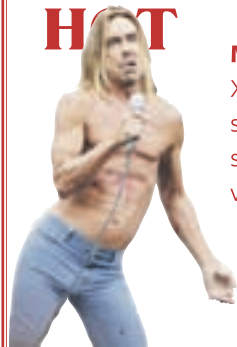
Roughly the same principle works here; I may find some university high-flyers arrogant and abrasive, but I acknowledge that people who actually have life aims, make substantial efforts and are driven by more than just the thought of their mid-afternoon pink wafer biscuit is important, and might even spur me on to think, I don't know, a fortnight ahead for once. VICTORIA BEALE



LUCY NURNBERG

IGGY POP The 62-year-old rocker recently announced a 2010 tour. We want some of what he's taking.

HOT



MISFITS Skins meets the X-Men with ASBOs. Coming soon to E4, promising sex and super-powered violence.

VELVET Seen in a billion permutations in Topshop. Not just for grannies anymore.

BONFIRE NIGHT We hope the pyromaniacs among you adhered to fire safety regulation rules. But then again, some things are better on fire. So say Kings of Leon.



THE RAKES Broke up last month. The world was a mess and the band was imperfect.

JEDWARD X-Factor's John & Edward are like two rhythmless blond gnats. What imbeciles vote for them and not for Miss Frank? The imbeciles who make up the majority of the British population, that's who.

NIGHTS DRAWING IN You get out of the library and it's pitch black. Some people call it atmospheric. We just call it shit. And cold.

PUMPKINS Now rotting in a corner of your room. We hope you like pumpkin soup.

NOT

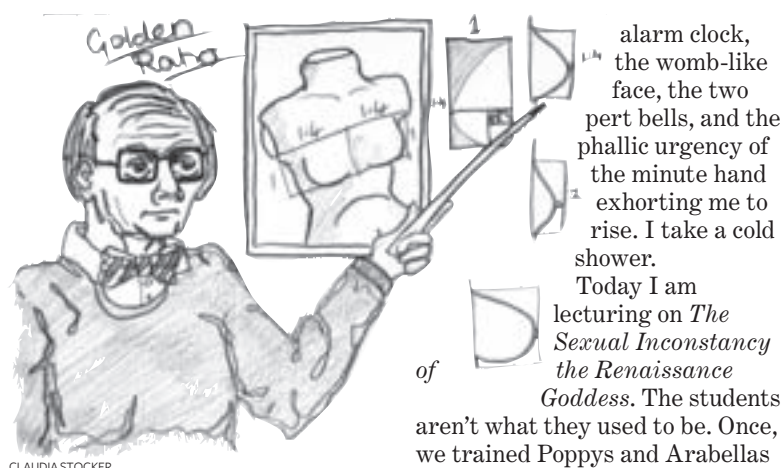


Shadow Puppet Guide



Week 5: The Bear

My week by Solomon Oldberg, Art History lecturer*



Monday

The alarm wakes me at eleven. Damn these early morning starts. Did Baudelaire rise before midday? Gericault? Delacroix? Perhaps I shall write a book about it. I'll call it *The Sleeping Artist*. Lying in bed, my eye is inescapably drawn to the feminine curves of the

alarm clock, the womb-like face, the two pert bells, and the phallic urgency of the minute hand exhorting me to rise. I take a cold shower.

Today I am lecturing on *The Sexual Inconstancy of the Renaissance Goddess*. The students aren't what they used to be. Once, we trained Poppys and Arabellas for the rigours of smiling from the reception desk at Sotheby's, now we admit earnest Griseldas who write dissertations on the use of the cornice in eighteenth-century town houses. There are definitely more boys these days too. Square-jawed Etonians and clever Wykehamists who read Plato and Hegel and do their essays on time. I

was an Apollo once. Now I'm more of an Impressionist painting; a bit sploidy round the edges and mostly admired by middle-aged ladies.

Wednesday

Had lunch at the Fitz with the lecturer in Feminist Approaches to Art History. She is writing a paper on the *Misogynist Overtures of Baroque Sculpture: The Rape of the Chisel* and wanted to pick my brains (I wrote my PhD on *The Heaving Bosom in Bernini's Sculpture*). She ordered a bagel and I a baguette. I pointed out how our choices reflected our sexual imperatives. She threw a glass of water in my face.

Thursday

Led a seminar this afternoon on the subject of *Moses' Staff in Venetian Altarpieces: Phallic Totem or Saintly Attribute?* Mid-way through the discussion I

noticed that my coffee cup had left two perfect spheres on my lecture notes, forcibly calling to mind the exaggerated breasts of a fertility idol. I was distracted for the rest of the session.

Sat next to the Master at High Table. He wanted to know if I had decided on a subject for my next book. He seems unimpressed by *The Sleeping Artist*. I tell him that the creative urge cannot be rushed. Did Michelangelo paint the Sistine Chapel in a term? Did Brunelleschi build his dome in the Easter Vac? 'Published or be damned,' he tells me. Bloody economist. What does he know of divine inspiration or the visitation of the muses?

Saturday

Went for a walk along the Backs to clear my mind. Must decide on a subject for my book. It's been ten years since *Borromini's Impotence* and I'm out of favour in College.

'Publish or be damned.' The exhortation rings in my ears. The Junior Fellows are already circling round my New Court rooms. All it would take is one earnest article by some thirty-something on the *Latin Inscriptions on the Tombs of Bamberg Cathedral* and I'll be packed off to Anglia Ruskin.

The Backs are beautiful at this time of year, though I think we've had the best of the Indian summer. The Met Office are forecasting floods. Still, I've always thought Cambridge was a poor man's Venice with its punts and its cod-Bridge of Sighs. A flood should complete the picture. I watch the weekend punts go by and then it hits me; a flash of artistic inspiration. I decide on the subject of my next book: *The Gondola: The Subliminal Phallus in Venetian Oil Painting*.

* As told to Rafael Meruna

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... Week 5: an awful cocktail of the blues and rejection... drink up!

Please don't deal with your Fifth Week Blues by heading home or sitting in the library, close to tears. This is the time when people throw themselves at anything breathing – at anything twitching. Smell that desperation and get out there. The freshers are getting misguidedly cocky, the work's getting so momentous that keeping up is a long-past dream, and your liver's grown tough.

I was sitting in Ta Bouche, three hours through Happy Hour, with the only Johnian I've ever slept with and wanted to see again. Matt and I met outside the Mahal, bored of girls throwing poppads at us. "I would like to fine anybody with a face like a slapped arse," he said. Fuck buddy at first sight.

"I thought I was in love last week," I was saying. "It was disturbing. Never again."

Sixth round came through. "To men!" Matt shouted. "And women. And stupidly named drinks. Certainly not to love." We sat. "Actually," he said. "I have news." He downed a good half of Long Island. "I am no longer single."

This was Matt who once passed out drunk with two girls in his bed. I once walked into Cindies with him only to be dragged 180 degrees off the dance floor and out into the Sweat Relief Region. "Two exes," he said. Not a big deal? "Together," he said. "Siblings."

"It's a boy!" he said. He looked worried. "We need another round."

I had no idea why I wasn't laughing. We drank with determined joylessness under the bitterness of a betrayal neither of us had made. "It doesn't mean that I'm getting boring," Matt said. "I'm happy for you," I said.

I left once the drinks returned to standard overprice. Charlie was swapping and Kris had caught a 75p flight to Amsterdam. I thought of my favourite fresher and I staggered past my room and onto Anna's. She was eating hummus. At eleven.

"Abbey Road?" she asked. It was then that I noticed the space on her shelf. She saw me looking, and she fumbled the record.

"So... it happened?"

"It – I mean, I've been here for what, for –"

"The infamous virginity wine has left the building –"

"You're wasted," she said. "Get out of here."

"I hope it was good," I said. "I hope it was spectacular."

I woke up wearing my own vomit. Sometimes, Week 5 will be just as bad as people say it is.

Food and Drink

Tanya Iqbal heads to Tatties, for some ultimate Scottish comfort food.



A tatty is what people really far up north call a potato.

Yesterday I spent four hours in Tatties. I'm not sure whether this says more about me or whether it is more revealing of the homely qualities of this Cambridge institution.

There are two Tatties: one on Sidney Street and the other, to which I refer, on Trinity Street. There is something generally quite comforting about Tatties. It's like visiting a friendly grandmother who is overly enthusiastic about jacket potatoes. It's like a big hug in the form of a restaurant-cum-café. It's somewhere where every day feels like a Sunday. (This may or may not have something to do with the fact that I have only ever been there on a Sunday.)

Tatties specialises in ultimate comfort food. For those of you who are unversed in the terms of Scottish gastronomy, the etymology of the title lies in the tradition of using potatoes in Scottish staples such as 'mince and tatties' which is a combination of minced beef and mashed potato or 'neeps and tatties' which is a mixture of potato and swede. A 'tattie', singular, refers most commonly to a jacket potato. But the menu of this little abode stretches far beyond the boundaries of the baked potato (which can be served here with any combination of various fillings); one can order fish and chips, scrambled eggs on toast, or even, as I discovered, surprisingly good quiche.

Tatties literally caters for every type of hunger: if you want a full-blown meal you can have a jacket potato or a burger; for tea time you could get baked beans on toast; for a sweet pick-me-up there are countless flapjacks,

croissants, scones and cakes and all the hot beverages you could ever want. In fact, there is something almost magical about the way in which Tatties never fails to really hit the spot. I almost ordered a jacket potato on default but when pausing to confront, very honestly, the specifics of my hunger, I became aware that it was not jacket potato that I was craving at all but something light and nutritious, substantial but not fundamentally carb-based. And what was staring me in the face from the counter but something to tick all those boxes - a spinach and cherry tomato quiche. I rarely crave quiche. Only Tatties could anticipate such a bizarrely uncharacteristic craving on my behalf.

The quiche arrived with some fresh salad on the side. Between my friends a whole variety of food was ordered to include a BLT sandwich, a veggie burger with chips and a lasagne. All of these foods risk being sickeningly stodgy but, somehow, the dishes at Tatties manage to elude this common characteristic of comfort food. None of the meals were overwhelming but rather sated the immediate pangs of hunger that are specific to that curious time of day which lies somewhere inbetween the late afternoon and early evening, labelled by a linguistically-minded friend of mine as the hour of "dunch".

It is without doubt that it is within this realm of dunch that Tatties really thrives. And what's more, all the food is served by the friendliest, most hospitable waitress in the world. There is quite literally nothing to complain about: Tatties symbolises comfort dining at its indisputable best.

BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

"All my son thinks about is pussy" seems to be a rather accurate, if blunt, assessment of the polygamous situation Heda and his four wives find themselves in. Polygamy seems to be used as the acceptable veneer behind which Heda can do what (and who) ever he likes. When the passion runs dry with his current wife he simply invites another surprise visitor for an impromptu tour of the house (a trick he performs at the end to make way for his fifth wife).

Whilst *Four Wives, One Man* is filmed in Iran, its location really has very little to do with it. It is decidedly apolitical and as such can get straight to the nitty gritty of such a complex family arrangement. The relationships and tensions between the four wives and their husband fluctuate tremendously over the course of a well-paced hour and a quarter to give us an eclectic mix of humour, sadness and fierce rows.

The coarse tongue of Heda's mother takes comic centre stage for much of the documentary. I had expected a sombre matriarch

but in her place we are given a grandmother whose comments would not sound out of place in the filthier sections of Cosmo. The flawless editing sets these hilarious moments against more subdued ones which gives us valuable breathing space, capturing the hypocrisies and fickleness present in any relationship, but amplified in this one according to head count: one minute Heda's second wife, Goli, is calling him "a son of a bitch", the next they are laughing together whilst his fourth wife, Ziba, looks on.

The film feels constantly insightful but never intrusive: you feel embroiled in the wives' gossips as they reveal their unhappiness with the well-practised laughter of acceptance: the second and third wives comparing Heda's obsession with his latest wife to the way someone might feel about a new jumper they'd just bought. It is this sense of camaraderie with the women that draws us to the centre of their world and, very often, their sadness as Ziba confesses her desperation and failure to have a child.

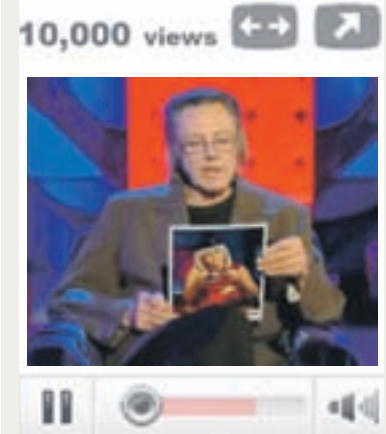
Four Wives, One Man allows us a fascinating glimpse into an alien family background. The motivations behind such a set-up are not always made clear but an old Iranian woman insisting her daughter-in-laws "dye [their] pubic hair too!" goes a long way in making up for that. KATIE ANDERSON

Four Wives, One Man is available on 4oD.



Our Tube

Search: walken+poker+face



Imagine Lady Gaga's 'Poker Face', except performed by an aging American actor and delivered with a murderous drawl. 'P-p-p-poker face, p-p-p-poker face' now sounds even creepier.

Mister Connections

I think I rode my bike into you on the corner of Trumpington St., near Pembroke. Please write, so I can get you a coffee/apology!

You're tall, with great round glasses, and curly hair. And you're

a boy. And I think you go to Emma. And I think I'm in love...

Hey blue eyes, this is green eyes. If I say Starbucks on Market Sq., you'll know who I am!

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



ROOMS WITH A VIEW

College rooms come and go, but envy is forever. Convinced you got the short end of the straw in the college ballot? Smug that you got what (you think) is the best room in Cambridge? Varsity takes you on a tour of the best and worst college accommodation has to offer.

Photography by Michael Derringer, Tim Johns, Michelle Phillips, Kat Waters



ST JOHN'S | The Triple Set

John's is luxurious, but you don't understand just how much until you step into its famed triple set. An old white door opens up onto a living room complete with arched windows, thick baroque curtains and baby-blue carvings. A flatscreen TV and X-box make their home in a boarded-up fireplace. This is the biggest room in John's, and rumour goes it has the highest square-foot per capita in Oxbridge.

The room takes up two floors and consists of a living room, kitchen, three bedrooms (one of which is especially massive), and a spacious bathroom. The three lucky 3rd years who got allocated the room have a hunch it had something to do with the first in their ballot group but this is mere speculation since the ballot system at John's is neither by ranking nor by chance. It remains mysteriously under the 'Dean's discretion'. The James Bond gone to the country-esque suaveness is epitomised by the mahogany bedroom on the top floor. Its view onto Trinity Master's Garden isn't too shabby either. Before you shrivel up in a ball of envy, here's some consolation: this Big Beauty would cost you £1111.09 per term. HEIDIAHO



RATINGS
Price: 5
Character: 10
Location: 8

CORPUS | The Literary One

Tucked away in a corner of Corpus's Old Court, room O0, as well as making some rather fine quarters, is distinguished by the plaque outside declaring two of its most feted previous occupants, the playwrights Christopher Marlowe and John Fletcher.

A corridor with a small pantry opens up to a huge living space, complete with an impressive (if boarded up) fireplace and attractive window seat. O0 is one of the college's prize rooms, belonging to third-year Nick Dobson, who cites its party-friendly size and 'waking up and having a nice view' of Cambridge's oldest enclosed court as two major benefits. Also, while most Old Court occupants have to brave the cold for a morning shower, the bathrooms are just across the corridor from O0.

However, being twenty metres away from St Mary's, the Sunday morning bells provide an unwelcomed morning call and the graveyard next door has given rise to a few rumours that the room may be haunted. Paranormal occupant or not, winning a prize room allows Nick to enjoy the literary heritage of O0 for the tidy, discounted sum of £910 per term. LAURIE TUFFREY



RATINGS
Price: 9
Character: 10
Location: 8



KING'S | The View



Situated at the top of a charmingly ramshackle spiral staircase several floors up from the College bar is the A14, acknowledged by all King's students as being the best room within. Tall ceilings dwarf any furniture in A14, and natural light streams in through the massive bay windows. And those windows are well deserved: A14, which faces the chapel, is the only room in the living quarters to overlook King's Front Court, and is one of the only rooms in King's with a view. One window has a thin but deep porch which is, according to one ex-resident, "perfect for chilling Prosecco".

A huge living room leads into a smaller bedroom, and with all that space for just one person, you're bound to get lonely – it's no wonder that A14 has played host to legendary parties that descend into general chaos (and rugby matches – it's that big). It's appropriate, considering that writer and member of the famed Bloomsbury Set, Rupert Brooke, is rumoured to have been a past inhabitant. Best of all, A14 doesn't command the highest rent in King's, as it doesn't have an ensuite or a sink. It's actually in the second tier of fees. But to be honest, that view more than makes up for it.

ZING TSJENG

RATINGS
Price: 10
Character: 9
Location: 8

CLARE | The Boho Option ★★★★★

Stepping into A4 (*left*) is a bit like wandering into the world of hobbits. Dried plants hang loosely from strands of thread around the room. Moroccan rugs and Indian tapestries cover the walls, chairs and tables. A white fur rug swallows part of the floor. Light, which pours nearly all day due to east and west facing windows, reflects on several empty glass bottles scattered about. A4 is definitely one of the best decorated rooms you'll enter: goodbye Cambridge, and hello Shire.

Friends Merlin Sheldrake and Stuart Sheppard were, in their own words, quite lucky to get A4. "It was just by chance," explained Sheppard. A high lottery number allowed both Sheldrake and Sheppard, now third-year Clare students, to pick something a little nicer.

They chose A4. The room spread is simple: two living rooms with a kitchen and bathroom between, and bedrooms on either side. Several floors up, the space offers grand views of both Clare and King's Colleges. Conveniently, the Clare bar is two floors down. As the Chapel's right next door, "you can sometimes hear the organ quietly through the walls," said Sheldrake – which is either annoying or atmospheric, depending on what you think. The kitchen, while rather small, has an impressive view of Clare's Old Court and a large, sunlight-filled window.

The only downside of the suite is a lack of shower. Yet at £990 per term, the boys couldn't be happier overall. "We were lucky," said Sheldrake. "We were so lucky to get it." DANAE MERCER

RATINGS

Price: 9

Character: 10

Location: 9



SELWYN | Dwarfish dwelling ★★★★★

Traversable in one medium-sized step, Room 7 on 38 Grange Road is the worst Selwyn has to offer. On paper it's 7.5 m²; in practice it's even smaller since diagonal ceilings make it impossible for most people to stand upright anywhere but the middle of the room. Amenities aren't too glamorous either - two toilets, one shower and a bath are shared by the house's 9 inhabitants.

The room's occupant, a 2nd year exchange student from MIT, told *Varsity* he knew little about housing options before arriving, and was unpleasantly surprised to find he'd been allocated the College's infamous 'A* price band' room. Selwyn's ballot is random, and he was unlucky enough to be exchanged with a student who'd been assigned the room last year.

But it's not all bad. The room's cheap (£54.59 a week), and light from its one window angles nicely onto the desk. HEIDI AHO

RATINGS

Price: 6

Character: 0

Location: 2

KING'S | The Grim One

Tennis Court Road (TCR) is known for some of the worst rooms in King's. Who doesn't want to live 15 minutes away from the actual

College, in a dead area of town, across from an Anglia Ruskin University hostel populated by people love playing loud music, smoking weed, and knocking on your windows to show you how much they dislike your university? The rooms are tiny (less than 10m²), in some of them there is no heating, and intricate mould has been known to appear on the ceiling corners. "Standing in the middle of my room, I could touch all four walls without moving," says an ex-resident.

Other perks include a grimy, post-industrial courtyard full of bikes (*below*) with views overlooking monkey skeletons from the Leverhulme Centre. However, the distance from College combined with the large common room means that there is a strange sense of (refugee) community. ARTHUR ASSERAF



FITZ | The Cubbyhole

For those who came to Cambridge with dreams of living in a medieval cloister, this ex-linen cupboard in an ugly 60s block a mile from the centre of town is a good example of dashed hopes.

The rectangular room of F25 with a scenic view over the car park will set you back £933 per term, and any visiting friends have to squash into the square of spare floor. One redeeming feature is a built in shower - but whilst all the other rooms on the corridor had theirs updated to a power shower weeks ago, this one was deemed too old and small to be changed. Rooms at Fitz are randomly allocated to freshers, and in the words of Maureen the bedder, "If they'd offered me this room, I'd have refused it". KATIE FORSTER

RATINGS

Price: 5

Character: 2

Location: 3



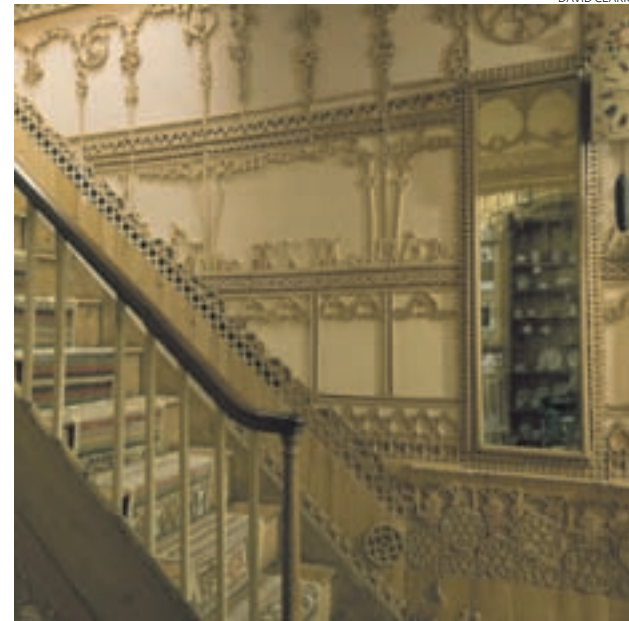
GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS:
★★★★ A room that is poo ★★★★★ Better luck next year ★★★★★ Cramped but cosy ★★★★★ Sweet pad, bro ★★★★★ Cribs, Cambridge style

Through The Keyhole

In the year that a house-turned-art installation is nominated for the Turner Prize, **Alice Newell-Hanson** examines the phenomenon of artists who really do live, eat and sleep art



The densely carved house of Kenyan poet Khadambi Asalache



DAVID CLARKE

The streets nestled around London's Spitalfields are some of the most highly sought-after in the capital. Once the famed hunting ground of Jack the Ripper, names such as Hanbury Street and Dorset Street live on in London's darker history. On Folgate Street, one house remains as a living portrait of the past. Dennis Severs' house, at number 18, was ranked by David Hockney among the world's five greatest opera experiences. The term "opera" is perhaps misleading but the house is a breed of performance art.

For over 30 years, the house was Severs' life work as he painstakingly converted it into a home for an imaginary family of nineteenth-century Huguenot silk weavers. Living in the house throughout this process, Severs created a twin mausoleum that engages the spectator in a strange and playful dialogue.

Walking through Spitalfields now, fighting through the flocks of Brick Lane bound art students, it is hard to imagine the East End of the late sixties, let alone the London Severs recreated in his house. Severs arrived in London as the Spitalfields Historic Buildings Trust was just beginning its fight for Tower Hamlets' historical buildings. At the same time, a growing number of artists and intellectuals were setting up house in the area (Gilbert and George lived on

nearby Fournier Street). At this conflux of art and history, Severs bought a dilapidated terraced house on Folgate Street and began to turn it into his own unique form of narrative art.

Today, visitors to the house are greeted by a strongly-worded advertisement warning against expectations of historical accuracy and passive observation: this is not a house for "visiting tourists or bored company directors' wives". Severs claimed that the house demands the "same style of concentration as does an Old Masters exhibition" and indeed much of the house resembles the dimly lit domestic scenes of familiar oil paintings. Walking up from the basement to the attic rooms, the years and furnishings advance, floor-by-floor, from 1724 through to 1914.

The first room is a coal store, dank and lit only by a smudge of natural light seeping in through a soot-caked window. Severs' kitchen is warmer, thawed by a heavy stove and littered with traces of family life: breakfast is still on the table and a hand-decorated gingerbread man sits on a shelf. The house plays a game of hide-and-seek leading the visitor on with vestiges of imagined life. At the top of the house though, Severs tells a different story. The artist shunned the eiderdowns and upholstery of the wealthier Victorian room below to live out his own fantasy of Dickensian squalor in the attic.

Until his death in 1999, Severs slept in this room, replete with cobwebs, peeling wallpaper and a chamber pot.

On the other side of London, just off Kensington High Street, 18 Stafford Terrace was home to another artist, Edward Linley Sambourne, the Punch cartoonist and self-styled bohemian, who lived at number 18 from 1874 until his death in 1910. The house is almost entirely unchanged; a tribute to late Victorian style. The house was sold in 1980 on the condition that it would be run as a museum. But, like Dennis Severs' house, it is so much more than that. If the Spitalfields house is "still-life drama", 18 Stafford Terrace is nigh-on theatre.

It is not the furnishings themselves that make the house intriguing but the family they evoke. The curiosities perched in glass cases – a butterfly, a lizard's foot – speak of a travelled couple with an eye for detail. In the drawing room the housekeeper directs your attention to a patch of wall without paper. Mr Sambourne had moved a picture, forgetful that the expensive print only ran to the edges of the picture frames to save costs. Such personal oddities, combined with accounts from Mrs Sambourne's diaries offer a unique through-the-keyhole look at Victorian life. So much so, that at times your presence feels like an intrusion, a rude interruption into a private house during an age of

privacy. Walking into Edward Sambourne's bathroom, you feel, was something not even his wife did. The walls are collaged with hundreds of cyanotype photographs, taken by Sambourne himself, of models for his cartoons. It begs the question: what was he drawing for Punch that required so many photos of naked women?

London is opening its doors this year. Roger Hiorn's council flat turned crystal installation is set to win the Turner Prize having been spared repeated threats of demolition and long-standing houses-cum-museums such as The Sir John Soane may soon be joined by Khadambi Asalache's house in Wandsworth. The Kenyan poet's house promises exquisitely carved and patterned interiors and a unique slice of London's cultural history. But the National Trust's own financial uncertainty means that the house may never receive the visitors it deserves. Fragile and in need of repair, the Khadambi Asalache house will require a further £2 million if it is to be saved.

At a time when the price of upkeep has become prohibitive, the very institution in place to protect England's houses is feeling its own pressures. What better time, then, to escape for a few hours into another England, into the forgotten London of numbers 18 Folgate Street and Stafford Terrace.



JAMES BRITAIN



GAELE LEBOLLECAULT



Dennis Severs' Spitalfields House as created for a family of Huguenot silk weavers

Speech Debelles

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 10TH, EXPOSURE
MUSIC AWARDS EAST, THE JUNCTION,
19.00 (£10)

She robbed Florence & the Machine, Bat For Lashes and Friendly Fires of the Mercury Music Prize. Now let Speech Debelles rob YOU of a tenner.



The Varsity Week



Purcell Anniversary Concert

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 10TH, TRINITY CHAPEL,
20.00 (FREE)

Rumour has it the Restoration Ensemble have sampled Speech Debelles in their Purcell remix. They might play that. Or they might just get down with Humfrey and Britten.

Pick of the week Music

Film

Jennifer's Body

THE VUE, DAILY (21.30 SAT/SUN ONLY) 11.40
14.00 16.20 18.40 21.00 FRI/SAT/WED LATE 23.20
Megan Fox stars. She could be called the Fantastic Mrs Fox. Except she isn't married, or talented, and hasn't invented a classic biscuit.



Michael Jackson: This is It

THE VUE, DAILY (10.30 SAT/SUN ONLY) (12.50
NOT SUN) 15.30 (18.00 NOT SUN/MON/TUES)
20.30 FRI/SAT/WED 23.00

Is this it? No, this is it. The King of Pop seemed an odd choice to present the bombastic Windows 7 introductory film but if you're box office, you're box office. Especially if you're dead.

Fantastic Mr Fox

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 12.00 (NOT TUE),
14.00, 16.00 (NOT SUN, THU, SUN) 18.30, THURS
19.00

First in a Wes Anderson trilogy about popular British biscuit tycoons. Magnificent Mr McVitie and Clever Mr Prince Charles will follow.

An Education

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY (NOT SAT, TUE,
WED) 12.00, 14.10, 16.30, 18.50, 21.10, SAT 12.30,
15.00, 21.45, TUS 11.30, 16.30, 18.50, 21.10, WED
14.40, 15.00, 19.10, 21.20

A thirty-something man has an inappropriate relationship with a child. Not to be confused with Michael Jackson: This is It. See review on page 25.

Bright Star

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY: 13.30, 16.00, 18.30,
21.00

John Keats is the protagonist in this 19th century sci-fi. I don't remember James Kirk's captain's log being quite so doleful.

Star Trek

FISHER BUILDING, ST JOHN'S COLLEGE,
SUNDAY NOVEMBER 1ST, 19.00, 22.00. (FREE)

When you think about it Star Trek is an absolutely bizarre title, isn't it? Especially considering they could have called it Celestial Safari.

Music & Nightlife

Friday November 6th

Straberry Fair Benefit Gig

THE JUNCTION, 19.00 (£4-5)
"Ethereal spaciness" which there frankly isn't enough of here.

Saturday November 7th

Stink Like Sock

THE JUNCTION 22.00-05.00 (£10)
A rare opportunity to stay up until 5am dancing, not in black tie. Seven hours of brain mulching dubstep – it'd be rude not to.

Sunday November 8th

Oasis @ Fez

FEZ 22.00-03.00 (£4)
The best club night named after headgear.

Sunday November 8th

Salsa Celtica

THE JUNCTION 19.00 (£15)
What do you get if you blend Latin Salsa with Celtic Traditional music? A bloody awful racket? No – Salsa Celtica, obviously.

Monday November 9th

Martin Simpson

THE JUNCTION 20.00 (£15)
There has never been a better week for live music. The winner of the Radio 2 Folk Musician of the Year award comes to Cambridge.



Wednesday November

11th

Good Shoes

THE PORTLAND ARMS, 20.00-23.00 (£8)
Had their first ever gig in Fitzwilliam College in 2005 so they're returning to the place where it all started. Cambridge that is, not Fitz – no one'd return there.

Wednesday November

11th

Jam

THE JUNCTION, 20.00 (£PAY WHAT YOU LIKE)
Enjoy scratching itches? Scratch and Sniff? Or Scratching records? This experimental scratch night is the night for you, then.

Theatre

The House of Bernada Alba

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 19.45 (£6/9)
An old Spanish tale from Lorca about lots of lasses in a house with only each other, and Olivia Newton John, for company. Bang.

Pride and Prejudice

ARTS THEATRE, MON-SAT 19.45 (£10-£20)
'A single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.' Anyone else get asked what the opening line was in their interview for Cambridge? Susan Hampshire stars.

The Wizard of Oz



ADC THEATRE, TUES-SAT 19.45 (£5/7)
'We're off to see the Wizard, tra la la la la la la' and 'Lion, and Tigers and Bears' yippy. If any of you have seen the posters for this about town then you should be afraid, be very afraid.

What's Wrong with Angry?

ADC THEATRE, WED-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)
Bloody good question. Erm, he's lost his dad's credit card, his hamster, his GSOH. He's run out of drugs. He was named Angry by cruel foster parents....

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

FITZPATRICK HALL, FRI-SAT 19.30 (£4-7)
Are you crazy? Are you crazy? Are you crazy? All work and no play makes you crazy? It makes him a crazy boy. Big tune.

Good. Clean. Men.

CORPUS PLAYROOM, FRI-SAT 21.30 (£4-7)
Some pretty fly comedy from some of the flyest guys in this here town. There are six of them and they're selling out fast.

Chekhov Double Bill

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)
Ch-ch-ch-eck out Ch-ch-ch-chekov, bec-c-c-ause this is well fu-fu-funny. Not a Samovar in sight.

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. Check out the review on Page 25.

A Hole Inverted, Sculpture Installation

THE SHOP, JESUS LANE, SATURDAY 7TH NOVEMBER- MONDAY 9TH NOVEMBER, 3PM -10PM
'A Hole Inverted' is a sculpture by Taren McCallan, made in collaboration with Loreto Valenzuela, the artist in residence at The Shop. The sculpture explores the use of space and its objects to create a momentary situation.

Speaking of Sculpture

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, SEMINAR ROOM (35)
TUESDAY 10TH NOVEMBER, 1:15- 1:45 PM, FREE
Fellow of the RSA and the Royal British Society for Sculptors, Charles Hadcock, whose work Caesura V is on show in the Sculpture Promenade of the Fitzwilliam, delivers a half-hour talk on his work and its display.

The Victorian Parlour

THE WHIPPLE MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE, FREE SCHOOL LANE, MONDAY-FRIDAY, 12:30 – 4:30 PM, FREE
Although the Whipple is currently promoting its new exhibition Darwin's Microscope, it is worth exploring the upper floors of the museum, and venturing into the Victorian Parlour. This mini-gallery is filled with scientific objects, fascinating to the eye.

Talks & Events

Friday October 30th Action Through Art

THE SHOP, JESUS LANE, 11.00-13.30, (FREE)
Enjoy world music and food, and find ways of celebrating diversity and opposing prejudice and discrimination through different forms of art and creativity as part of Cambridge University Stands Up.

Friday November 6th Jesterlaf Comedy Club

THE JUNCTION, J2, 20.30. (£11ADV)
Laugh like a Jester at the Junction with Perrier award nominee Simon Bligh.

Monday November 9th Enhancement in Sport - Faster, Higher, Stronger, Yet?

MCCRUM LECTURE THEATRE, BENE'T STREET, 19.30 (FREE)
Sport is about pushing the human body as far as is physically possible. Cambridge is about pushing the human mind as far as is physically possible. Combine the two and you're in for an amazing night.

Tuesday November 10th Ray Hill

UNION, 18.00 (FREE)
Hear the former BNP mole (below) talk about politics, racism and life digging underground.



Thursday November 12th Teach First Presentation

GONVILLE & CAIUS, 20.00-21.00, (FREE).
Teach First, helping naive posh graduates to live their *Dead Poets Society* dreams since 2002. Find out all about it.

Thursday November 12th Blogging Talk and Networking event

THE SHOP, JESUS LANE, 16.00-18.00, (£2-4).
Get networking lessons from one of the UK's top fashion bloggers, Audrey Rogers, the most important survival skill for Cambridge.

MUSIC



Little Boots getting handy at the Junction last Thursday.

Little Boots
THE JUNCTION, THURSDAY OCTOBER 29TH
★★★★★

Little Boots walked on stage in hot pants and a mirror covered jacket, carefully dressed as an electro vixen. But while it is possible to be turned into an English Lady Gaga with clever production in the recording studio and a stylist-chosen wardrobe, Little Boots struggled to sustain the persona when performing. She staggered around not knowing what to do with her arms and chatted to the audience more like a shop assistant than a pop star. Her undisguised Lancashire normality and evident discomfort within her outfit (she only relaxed when she changed into a dressing gown mid set) sat awkwardly with her constructed pop image.

Her musical delivery also exposed the separation between

Victoria Hesketh the person and Little Boots the singer. Live, her over-amplified voice pierced through the accompaniment leaving weaker songs exposed, bland melodies and inane lyrics starkly displayed. In retrospect, the breathy vocal throughout her song ‘Hands’ sounds more production effect than Hesketh, a fact perhaps reflective of the album as a whole.

Strong moments included the introduction to ‘New in Town’; the unexpected gaps between the notes of the clipped rising scale were exhilarating. The audience responded well to the strongest melody of the night, the chorus of ‘Tune Into My Heart’, which finally ditched the tunelessness in favour of Abba’s influence. There was even a flicker of sexuality in the opening verse of ‘Remedy’ as Hesketh prowled across the front of the stage. However, as the

set continued the songs started to merge into an indistinguishable stream of overproduced electronic pop, a symptom of the lack of musical substance in her material. Unfortunately, Little Boots demonstrated the extent to which her songs rest upon expensive production with a misjudged piano-only rendition of ‘Stuck On Repeat’. Hot Chip produced, it is one of the strongest tracks on the record but stripped of its beat, the performance was embarrassingly amateur with nothing identifiable as tune or lyrical meaning.

Little Boots could have put on a lively show with the amiable material on her album but was let down by a visible awkwardness within her own pop persona and a set that lacked any climactic development or shape as a whole. Playing the songs from the album and going home is not nearly engaging enough. EDWARD HENDERSON

Albums Every Right-Minded Person Should Own

Broken Social Scene emerged from the Canadian music scene in 2002 as a fifteen member indie orchestra with an album that was the direct product of all the experimental energy supercharging the musical times.

That album was *You Forgot It In People* and it hasn’t lost any of its edge or interest. It’s still consuming, slowly drawing you in till you’re trapped in its tender chaos. With relaxed, easy arrangements yet also (somehow) a precise crispness and proportion, each track is uniquely striking and every second of *You Forgot It In People* matters.

It’s partly the dynamic attitude of the album that makes it so successful: it can be endearingly



You Forgot It In People
BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE (2003)

innocent, but also decidedly experienced. ‘Anthems For A Seventeen-Year-Old Girl’ sees Metric’s Emily Haines asking all tomboy baddies with cut up

knees and sweet-sticky hands to return from the grown-up world of make-up and mobiles. Yet Kevin Drew, Broken Social Scene’s principal songwriter, is one of the most pleasantly rude musicians working today, and he displays it proudly on the record. His unflinching honesty makes the straight up sex in his songs the type of hot aestheticised goodness that might affront, but forces you to say right bloody on. It only takes one listen to realise that ‘Late Nineties Bedroom Rock For The Missionaries’, its partner ‘Shampoo Suicide’, ‘Lover’s Spit’ and ‘I’m Still Your Fag’ will never lose their heat.

Really, this entire album will never lose its smoulder. *You Forgot It In People* will always be the place to go to hear the carefully anarchic, orchestrated abandon that made Broken Social Scene great and other bands envious. PETER MORELLI

New Releases

Julian Casablancas
PHRAZES FOR THE YOUNG
★★★★★



Phrases For the Young could easily be seen as a stopgap record before the release of The Strokes’ fourth album, long promised, but as yet nowhere to be seen. Casablancas, however, has more ambitious aims for his solo outing, “attempting to capture the catchiness of modern music but while achieving the power and seriousness of classical music”.

However, classical influences on this album are hard to find within the large pool of contemporary influences expertly combined into a collage of beefy sound.

From the 80s synth-pop pastiche of ‘11th Dimension’, to the lues balladry of ‘Ludlow St.’ accompanied by brightly tripped claps and facetious banjo solo, this is a studio album in the purest sense. Yet with the sophisticated production often covering up the excessive simplicity of song construction, Casablancas makes you wonder whether he is just treading water before the Strokes return. TOM KEANE

Flight of the Conchords
I TOLD YOU I WAS FREAKY
★★★★★

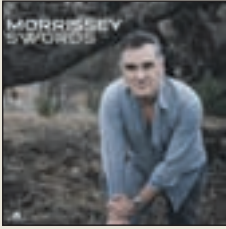


A little less acoustic guitar. A lot more synth. As we all know, you can never ever have too much synth. Still plenty of silly storytelling and ridiculous rhyming, *I Told You I Was Freaky* is Bret and Jemaine’s return to form.

This jingly mix of comedy songs, as you might expect (especially if you were lucky enough to catch the second TV series), is very funny. There maybe aren’t as many memorable tunes here as the first album, but the broad range of musical genres the pair parody keeps interest alive. They move with ease from gangster-rap in the hilarious *Hurt Feelings*, to folk and French *chanson*, to early-80s-Bowie-ness in *Fashion is Dead* and reggae beats in *You Don’t Have to be a Prostitute* (“No no no no, / You can say no to being a man ho”).

With this release and their increasing popularity in the states, 2009 could be the year the Conchords truly take flight. HELEN BRANNIGAN

Morrissey
SWORDS
★★★★★



Swords is proof of Morrissey’s unlimited self belief – expecting his fans to buy and then listen to 18 tracks of B-sides from his last three solo albums.

The highlights are exploratory songs freed from the constraints of an LP. On ‘Sweetie Pie’, swirling echo effects, radio static and gospel singers emphasise the beautiful fragility of Morrissey’s falsetto. ‘Munich Air Disaster 1958’, an ambiguous liturgy to the tragic football team, balances on the cusp between mourning their deaths and revelling in an event that symbolises the destruction of Northern macho culture.

Unfortunately, most are lumpen guitar indie, nothing but undeveloped ideas demoted to B-sides. Some simply have great names without a great song attached. The successful songs stand out as being sensitive and challenging because they demonstrate Morrissey’s unflinching self examination and refined musicality. EDWARD HENDERSON

Hudson Mohawke
HUDMO
★★★★★



The long-awaited debut LP from Glaswegian Hudson Mohawke is perhaps not the landmark wonky record many anticipated. Although bursting with energy and invention, *Hudmo*’s stuttering blend of hip-hop, dub and electro synth fails to consistently mould the barmy into the beautiful.

Tracks such as ‘Just Decided’ and ‘Trykk’ promise thick and experimental beats only to sound like Mario Kart in a blender; and an injection of soul on ‘Joy Fantastic’ is likewise spoilt by irritating samples.

Yet when *Hudmo* manages to harness experimentation with structure, the results are ludicrously good, particularly in the case of ‘FUSE’ which merges a funky beat with joyous keys and luscious synths.

A promising record then, but future albums should follow the more cohesive Polyfolk Dance EP which was released earlier this year. BENJAMIN HALFPENNY

FILM AND ARTS

Knighton Hosking

CHURCHILL COLLEGE, UNTIL SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 14TH

★★★★★

The new Knighton Hosking exhibition at Churchill College may be compact but the show delivers intensity and meaning through a brilliant and varied aesthetic display. In this multifarious show there are sculptures, Chinese ink drawings, art historical documents and oil paintings. Hosking was formally trained at London Central School of Art and Design in 1966, and participated in the ground-breaking 'New Generation' sculpture show of 1965, organised by Bryan Robertson, sometime director of the Whitechapel and Tate Gallery. The New Generation Show introduced a group of sculptors who broke the boundaries of artistic practise through their

ground-breaking use of technology and innovative acrylic paints, practices that are evident in the works by Hosking displayed in this exhibition.

Many of Hosking's works are loaded with personal historical value; the most poignant of which pay regard to the tragic period in the artist's life when his son died of a brain tumour. One work, *Poisoned Moon*, depicts a cast bronze cross that stands upright, starkly lit against an obscure background, wherein the faint outlines of headstones loom out from the shadows. The painting, full of signifiers of death, is set on the moors near the artist's home, a place dotted with crosses which became emblems for his son, just as the clouds themselves became similes for headstones.

Another painting, *Remembrance Of Things Lost*, a photo-realist depiction of a silvery grey wooden

shelf, with a heavily impasto painted bunch of flowers, alludes forcibly to the bleakness of grief and the pitiful ceremony of buying flowers as an offering of mourning. Despite the obviously morbid allusions contained in these works, the curator insists that Hosking does not see the creation of these works as a kind of therapy for grief or fears of death, but rather as "a means to raise questions about what it means to be – or not to be."

The striking application of paint in *Remembrance...* in which, by thickly applying the paint in the depiction of the bunch of flowers, the painter creates a kind of third dimension to the painting, links the artist to the masters whose practise he admires, namely Goya, Rembrandt and Grunewald, a fascinating panoply of Renaissance and Early Modern artists.

The artist explores the idea of creating new surfaces and depiction of space, an exploration that recurs in some of his more naturalistic works. *Separating the Eighth from the Ninth*, 2009, appears to be a kind of chemical attack on nature. Bright sulphurous spots obscure parts of tree trunks, which the viewer can vaguely observe through snowy gauze that is made high-octane through acidic tints. The effect of the stippled chemical-colour drops in the foreground of this picture, as well as in *Oasis*, give weight to Barry Phipps's comment that the artist is a kind of 'alchemist', but also vividly actualize the artist's intention to explore pictorial space, and more particularly to depict the space "that is as much in front of your nose as it is in the depth of perspectival space."

This exhibition is charged by a startling aesthetic which serves to amplify, rather than belie the inherent profundity and pathos of the works. FLORENCE SHARP



Knighton Hosking at Churchill College: striking application of paint.

An Education

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE

★★★★★

In 1962 a severe school desk is interrupted by No.5 parfum. It's a gift a schoolgirl presents her teacher, a trophy from a sojourn in Paris with her much older boyfriend, and a symbol of her attempts to reconcile her earnest home life with the exotic fancies he can offer. When her teacher refuses the gift we know she must choose one life or the other: this is the fulcrum of a well-told coming of age drama.

But this film is so much more than that. Jenny, our protagonist, is entranced by the impossible glamour of the world she glimpses with her unsuitable suitor. It feels impossible to her in comparison to post-war subtopia, that world of Stafford Cripps and walnut whips. To us it feels impossible because it no longer exists. Chanel No.5 has never been more affordable but it has also been reformulated to meet ethical standards, the nitro musks replaced by synthetics for the sake of a few deer. That je ne sais quoi

has gone. *An Education* spritzes those heady aldehydes of old for 95 glorious minutes.

Nick Hornby's adroit script bears plenty of laughs, which are never forced, emerging instead from wonderful characterizations, and aided by Lone Scherfig's witty direction. The cast is uniformly superb. Lead actress Carey Mulligan is a cine-nymphet par excellence and Peter Sarsgaard delivers a well-mixed concoction of attraction and repulsion as David, the older man. Supporting them are scene-stealing turns from Rosamund Pike as a ditzzy mondaine and Olivia Williams as a steadfast schoolmarm.

Jenny knows very well that David is not quite what he appears, and that shady dealings fund her sunny outings. Like David, the film is not perfect. Perhaps the pacing is a little languid, perhaps the finale a little abrupt. It simply isn't enough to detract from the enchantment. It's the enchantment of dining with suitors at members-only night-clubs, where the members only wear dinner suits; the enchantment

of cool martinis and hot jazz; of filtered coffee and unfiltered cigarettes.

Above all, it's the enchantment of Paris, 1962. While we'll always have Paris, we have nowhere that exciting to visit today. We do have *An Education*. JAMES GARNER



"We don't need no education". Actually, we do.

Arts Comment

Would you like fries with that Caravaggio? What hamburgers have to do with the Met

Elizabeth Dearnley



Free museums or free hamburgers? This was the choice apparently put to Boris Johnson during his September visit to New York by an American youngster who asked why London had the former and not the latter. At an event held at the V&A later that month to discuss the impact of the recession on the arts, Johnson called for a more stringent 'voluntary' donation system to be put in place for visitors to London's museums, remarking approvingly on the more rigorous methods employed by US institutions of Art. He also suggested that offering the nation's treasures to the world for free might devalue them in the eyes of the young: "The cynical young people who go to these museums and think they are seeing something that is not prized or valued at all can at least see the value that other people attach to it."

It was heartening then to see these comments immediately rejected by the directors of London's museums. Johnson himself stressed that he supported free museums and that the lack of admission charges were a "huge draw" for tourists. However, he said, "I offer that idea as times are tough and they're going to be tough for a while yet."

While London's museums seem safe for the present, Johnson's suggestions are alarming. Britain's free museums and galleries are a vital resource: free, walk-in schools of culture which can be enjoyed during a lunch break. A great number of people – students, families with young children, pensioners, or anyone with a low income – could well be deterred from visiting if they felt coerced into paying 'voluntary' admission charges. And even for those who can pay, a fee encourages visitors to cram everything into a single visit

to get their money's worth; the ability to return for an hour at a time is lost.

I experienced the New York donations system last year, and found it intimidating. To get in without paying you have to join the queue for a ticket, and then announce to the stern figure behind the desk that you do not wish to pay the 'suggested' entrance fee. I quailed and paid up, even though my slender student purse balked. The current British practice, where collecting boxes labelled with a suggested donation are placed discreetly at entrances, with extra charges reserved for special exhibitions, certainly seems fairer, and, for those with less disposable income, less fraught with the danger of being made to feel like a second-class museum-citizen before you've so much as seen a single Rembrandt.

David Scrase, an assistant director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, explained to me why he is "vehemently opposed" to admission charges: "There's a very good British tradition of free museums, a philanthropic one, and I think it shouldn't be discarded."

Johnson's argument that people, cynical and young or otherwise, will value something more if they pay for it is flawed to say the least. Surely people of all ages are more likely to feel disenfranchised, and consequently, defensive and contemptuous, if they are priced out of the game.

In a time of recession, it is particularly important that everyone be able to view beautiful paintings, or marvel at dinosaur bones, without having the additional stress of worrying how to pay for it. London has a vibrant array of free institutions available to all, from its parks to the British Library, even if it doesn't have free hamburgers. Museums should remain among them.



A Pre-McDonalds era diplodocus at London's Natural History Museum

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

The great big theatre god in the sky took a look down on Cambridge with all the sweet impish Cambridgites feverishly hobbling from theatre to riveting converted annex, from mainshow to lateshow to matinee, ruff ruffled, and sweat dripping from their elbows, and said ‘ARGH’.

And then the Lord said let there be peace, and for one brief moment, ay, there it was. Until the ADC lateshow came hurtling forward all hot and bothered, and made all the wee Cambridgites yell, ‘what’s wrong with angry?’ This not only demonstrated the lateshow’s flustered gait, but also illustrated their acute prophetic understanding: for this was both a question and an answer.

What’s Wrong with Angry? Is a jump, hop and skip back to the early nineties when life was more difficult for young gay men. Director Jacob Shephard informs us we can “expect to see a heartbreaking love story, with a great soundtrack and some dancing to rival anything one might see on a night out in Cindies.” If anyone has seen summer flick *Fish Tank* then they should be well excited—nothing like a bit of two-step to help the medicine go down.

In fact it’s two-step-akimbo all ears at the ADC with *The Wizard of Oz*: the film that boosted the careers of Oompas Lompas and the Incredible Hulk. The film starred Judy Garland, who spawned Liza Minelli, who briefly married David Gest, who spent a bizarre amount of time in Cambridge last year, not least in St Catz bar buying freshers shots of absinthe. There’s a chance these celebs will all be back to see how the Cam-Kids do it better, so you should book your tickets fast. Else you might end up sandwiched between The Incredible Hulk and David Gest (which one’s which? Hint: One is green).

If you fancy something more peaceful see *Pride and Prejudice* at the Arts. You get brownie points for literary interests and my friend Finn’s dad is in it. LAUREN COONEY

The House of Bernada Alba

ADC MAINSHOW
★★★★★

“This play is going to be about deflowering”, suggests Ed, my perceptive plus one, as we enter the ADC to a packed stage: a dirge is playing, and the entire cast kneel in prayer. Director Sam Pallis certainly knows how craft an arresting opening, but I have been here for about eight seconds, and I’m already bloody confused. *The House of Bernada Alba* is not set in a convent, but a house, where a bevy of beauties rush around in a fluster, spying on farmhands through bedroom windows, and coming out with gems such as, “there’s rivers of sweat running down my legs”. Charming.

But for those of you unversed in avant-garde Spanish theatre, there is an important reason for this haze of oestrogen: after the death of her second husband, the wicked witch – sorry, Bernada – imposes an eight year period of mourning on her lovely daughters, as has been traditional in her family. Federico Garcia Lorca’s masterpiece is blistering critique of Francoist dictatorship – trouble is, this production stuffs it down your throat with the unpleasant ferocity of rancid sangria.

Eleanor Massie is a brutal Bernada, prowling the stage in her sensible square shoes, and bringing her stick down with such force you

half expect the boards to splinter underneath her. And sure, it does make you twitch unpleasantly in your seat, but the performance tends towards pantomime rather than scheming megalomaniac. In particular, her desire to ‘keeeeeeep my daughters deeeeeeent’, has the feel of an indignant matron, or the more hilarious characters from the League of Gentlemen. Of course this is a difficult part to play, and in the more tense moments, her indignation is exactly right; I’m just not sure coronary-inducing rage is bearable for a whole two hours.

Overbearing though the matriarch is, others excel in the

Andalucía heat. Katherine Press’ servant girl brought calm to the house with a wry smile and crisp delivery. Mad Maria Josepha, the mother of Bernada, played perfectly by Alayshiya Gordes, produced the only genuinely touching moments of the play. Best of all, Eve Rosato as Poncia the maid held the squabbling cast together with minimum fuss.

In short, though well intentioned, there seems to be something missing, and I think I know why. Stepping into Bernada’s fun house requires total immersion in a scenario – total isolation and oppression – which is alien, you

would think, to all of us. It is about silence, heat, and repression: a place where you cannot speak and you definitely cannot do. The merits of the text request subtlety and stifling silence, not crazy lighting and ‘Hopelessly Devoted to You’ dubbed in Spanish.

So maybe I am being a little harsh; it certainly is a fantastic play on paper, which everyone should see at some stage. The climax in particular has great potential. ‘She will be buried a virgin’, says an in-denial Bernada of her daughter Adela. And, to my right, a huge grin cracks across Ed’s face. ALISDAIR PAL



JESSICA LAMBERT

Twelfth Night

PEMBROKE NEW CELLARS
★★★★★

If Ricky Gervais directed a production of *Twelfth Night*, it might have turned out a lot like Christabel Rose and Madeline Hammond’s rendering of Shakespeare’s comedy.

In the play, the puritanical steward Malvolio is tricked by Sir Toby (a drunkard), Sir Aguecheek, (an idiot), Maria (a bawd), and the Fool Feste (an enigma) into thinking his mistress, Olivia, has fallen for him. Meanwhile, when Viola is shipwrecked on Illyria, she dresses up as the male Cesario, enters the Duke Orsino’s court, and catches Olivia’s eye. Chaos and confusion ensue, but everyone ends up with the right partner in the end. Except Malvolio, of course.

Rosaline Hayes’ Viola/Cesario was edgy, knowing, even neurotic, but also endearing. However, her speech was sometimes so rapid it was nearly incomprehensible. Oliver Marsh played a deliciously obsequious Malvolio barbed with real menace. Annie Gilchrist as Maria delivered her lines in flawless estuary English and her stage

presence was matched only by Jason Forbes, playing an imperious Orsino. Early in the play Feste slapped Maria’s bottom and Gilchrist waited a good two seconds before shrieking and jumping; I lamented that *Carry On Illyria* never made it to our screens.

Jeff Carpenter’s ukulele playing Feste was energetic, but he delivered Feste’s witty lines with an ironic glance to the audience, making for a strain of awkward comedy worthy of *The Office*. Shakespeare’s jokes are found funny in theatres up and down the country, and the directors’ decision to laugh at them rather than with them was a touch patronising.

Rose and Hammond did allow the actors to pause occasionally, as though they were grasping for the right word. This made the line delivery refreshingly natural – audiences are too frequently subjected to a relentless stream of lines terrorized by iambic pentameter. Furthermore, Malvolio blindfolded and unable to move, crushed into a wooden crate in the prison scene, was truly distressing.

Having said all this, the offbeat delivery and pausing was all too often difficult to distinguish from first night nerves. CHRIS KERR

Chekhov Double Bill

ADC THEATRE
★★★★★

The Bear and The Anniversary are un-Chekhov-y Chekhov plays. Short and farcical, they force an audience to laugh at and then recognise themselves in ridiculous characters. In *The Bear*, a recently widowed Elena Ivanovna Popova’s self-inflicted martyrdom is interrupted by boorish Grigory Stepanovitch Smirnov, who falls in love with her during a ludicrous attempt at a duel. In *The Anniversary*, egoistic bank-owner Andrey Andreyevitch Shipuchin has his big day ruined by two women: his wife and a peasant woman claiming dubious compensation.

Katharine Jenkins’ production veers from the sublime to the silly, which is extremely effective at times and quite annoying at others. After a sluggish start to *The Bear*, credit must go to Alice Malin and Okey Nzelu, whose bitchy arguments and demonstrations of how to storm around looking dignified and aloof turned things around. Their barely restrained,

eye-popping fury is brilliant, and Okey’s facial expressions should be given their own place in the cast list. While these catfights speed the pace up, the odd monologue does the opposite, straying dangerously close to the realms of OTT.

After fiery first Farce-In-One-Act, the opening to the second is pretty dreary. Aside from Alice playing Merchutkina with a stoop and thick Brummie accent, there is not vast characterisation in the parts played by Okey and Niall Wilson. Helped by a flamboyant and coquettish Argyro Nicolaou, they do get it together towards the end of the play, and as poor old Shipuchin is rocking back and forth in a corner with stress, only to dissolve into complete despair as the Deputation walks in, there is a moment of brilliant comedy. Unfortunately, this moment isn’t maintained, yielding a flat ending.

The gardeners, shareholders and coachmen walking onto the stage with expressions of horror probably achieved the loudest laughs. That is not a snipe at the others: this production is entertaining despite my niggles, and you’ll even be out by midnight for a beverage or two, and a good mulling over of the best bits. JEMIMA MIDDLETON

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ Bernada Madoff ★★★★★ Bernada Manning ★★★★★ West Bromwich Alba-ion ★★★★★ Gregory House
★★★★★ Jessica Alba

THEATRE

Good. Clean. Men.

CORPUS PLAYROOM
★★★★★

This couldn't not be good. Some of Cambridge's best new comedians performing all-new material, in an intimate venue, late enough for the post-formal-swap crowd.

It didn't disappoint. Actually, to start with, it nearly did: a sluggish sketch dependent on Footlights-y word-abuse (yes, "quiche" could be described as "a moist torte", but it's still not funny). It was comfortably the night's low-spot, and didn't really prepare the audience for what was to come.

And what was to come? Energy, and a really extraordinary level of slickness, professionalism, and really, really amusing comedy. What was remarkable was not that it was consistently awe-inspiringly funny, but that it was so damn versatile. Each of the six *Good. Clean. Men.* performed a huge range of roles seamlessly: Simon Haines would hold the audience rapt with eyebrows alone only for, say, Ben Ashenden to steal the scene moments later. The comedy itself ranged gleefully from total silliness ("Have you heard?"; "Yes, quite a lot actually") to prodigiously clever digs at a whole range of lampoonable targets, to the bleakly absurdist bile of Chris Morris' best stuff – or even (whisper it really quite quietly) Beckett's.

Of course there were a few gripes. Given the scattering of ADC stalwarts (who really

should've left by now) in the audience, perhaps the biggest risk was self-congratulatory smugness. To be fair, some of the cast were worse in this regard than others – Alex Owen, for one, is so self-satisfied that when he shits he proba-bly high-fives the stench.



And yet he should be pleased – he's bloody good. You might also question odd moments where it felt derivative (Ricky Gervais should shoulder plenty of blame), but comedy itself is part of a tradition – and if these boys do invoke it, it's only to move away from it with brilliant insouciance the next moment.

The best thing is its sheer density. It's not just clever – it's richly, deeply patterned: with the exception of the first sketch, barely a word is wasted. I came out of it thinking that it wasn't just comedy – that it was almost literate. At its best, this was mind-bogglingly clever, technically proficient, acted with awesome skill, and fucking funny. At its worst, it was a bit smug, a bit derivative, and fucking funny. And they had Boards of Canada on the predictably excellent soundtrack. As my Review Buddy remarked, I couldn't not give it five stars.

GEORGE REYNOLDS

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEENS
★★★★★

"Have you been branded yet?" A biro scrawl on the hand isn't the standard theatrical ticket procedure, but we'll take it as a fitting prelude for the dehumanisation practised in Ken Kesey's renowned Oregon asylum. There's no need for straitjackets here, for Hoede-maker's production has enough flashes of brilliance to keep you enthralled: a house of cards quietly crafted by a patient out of the spotlight, the ghostly

white hospital light signifying each new day. All too often, however, the bigger, clumsier picture – The Combine, let's say – drowned out such particulars.

Psychiatric patients don't provide the easiest slippers to fill, and the group of Actors in Pyjamas did well to juggle their tragedy with their humour. Uriel Adiv's Harding was exceptional, half-camp intellect and half-cringing shame. It was an admirable ambition to run with the American accents, and these were good enough not to grind. That of the Native American Indian, however, proved harder to grasp, and Chief (Arthur Stril) came across part-eastern-European, part-android. Drowning his soliloquies with The Last of the Mohicans soundtrack and disco lighting did little to distract from the problem. The story is fine enough to elicit emotion without such cheap tricks:

the repetitive hurling of chairs did little to provoke the script's central debate: is the guy genuinely insane? Rather, James Murray went for the easy laughs, depriving his finale from any real impact.

Indeed, the production had a poor talent for converting the horrific to the hilarious. I haven't seen shock treatment administrated by large black headphones for awhile: was McMurphy shaking at electric volts or a refrain from the soundtrack of the Chief's soliloquies?

This *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was best when it was understated. Holly Olivia Braine maintained a continual icy simmer as Nurse Ratched; her sickly illusions of care created a chillingly believable agent of manipulation. She presided over the best of the scenes: the grotesque sessions of group therapy, where a fantastic pace and the tension of impending humiliation made for some gut-wrenching theatre.

In terms of set, sure, the barred windows looked a little flimsy, but the walls were decrepit white, and the chairs cheap. The blinding artificial lighting chilled to the bone. If only everything had been done with this delicate and downbeat touch. I'm not asking for total sincerity, just emotion a little more subtle. ABIGAIL DEAN



LUKE RAJAH

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: Ghost or Horror Stories

Winner: I Foreign Eye (an extract)

by D. Dsementzis

...I open my eyes: a blurry image of a sunny room and the outline of windows appears, but only on the left. The other eye seems to be bandaged and can't open.

A man holding a chair appears next to me. He places the chair close to the bed I seem to be lying on and sits down. 'You're awake,' he declares.

I mumble incoherently in assent.

'You've had a rough one, sport. You were pretty done up, when we got to ya. Pretty done up, I'll tell ya.' He leans forward. 'I hope you'll understand. We had to do what we did. It was a split-second thing, ya know? I had to make the call.'

'What?' I whisper as loud as I can.

'My wife, ya know, she's been like this for a long time. We never knew-well...when our son did what he did to her, ya know, I never thought we'd be able to fix it.'

He takes my hand in his. Things are beginning to come into focus. The hand looks familiar, and so does his shirt. I can't move my head enough to catch a glimpse of his face, but I recognize the tie he is wearing.

'You came along. We saved you, ya know, you were pretty hard done by. But we had to take them, we had to. You understand, right?' He squeezes my hand.

'Understand what?'

He puts his hands on my face and turns it around. A huge mirror stands on the side of the bed. A triangular piece is missing on the top-right corner. It takes me a while to figure out what I'm looking at. I can see a man with the whole right side of his face bandaged up and, by the looks of it, missing both his legs from the knee down. When I realize that I'm looking at myself a hot wave of fury and panic surges up my spine. My eye blurs. 'What happened to me?!' I demand in a strained, half-hearted scream.

'We saved you, ya know? We had to. For my wife.'

The door opens, followed by the sound of something rolling over the creaky floorboards. I see two full legs on a wheelchair reflected on the mirror. I turn my head back to the man. They're both there, next to each other, smiling gratefully: Sophie and myself, or the people we became.

Blonde Sophie comes closer. One of her ears is longer than the other and her eyes are a different color.

'Sophie?'

She turns back to her husband, and he shrugs.

'Who?'

'Where's Sophie?'

She takes my hand and her husband takes my other hand.

'Thank you,' she says. 'But she had to go. She had to go.'

'She had to go, ya know?'

She pulls out a bag from underneath her wheelchair and empties its contents next to me. Its Sophie's, my Sophie's, head. She's missing an eye and her body, but other than that she looks fine.

'Don't worry,' the woman assures me, 'it won't hurt a bit.'

Next week's competition: Free Verse. Try your hand at some modernist poetry. Be expressive, try different line lengths, rhyme schemes and metre. Good luck! Send submissions to Eliot D'Silva at literary@varsity.co.uk no later than 9am on Monday, November 9th for the chance to win two tickets to the following week's ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.

adc theatre

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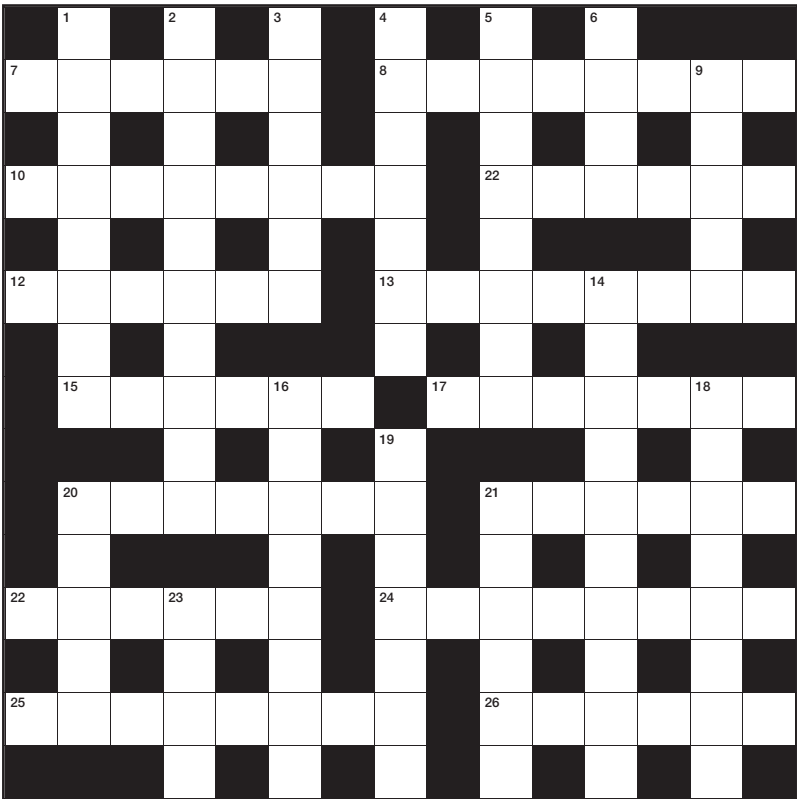
absurdism
MARCH 12TH 2018

FISH EVENTS

Launch Party at Oasis, Fez Club, this Sunday

Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword



Across

- 7 Dave gets turned around in an upside-down state. (6)
8 Town in 7 is messed up by addition of unit, though it's small and neutral. (8)
10 Reagan propaganda - it's a little negative. (8)

- 11 The French penny-weight: it's elementary! (6)
12 A little tit in a porno - messy, but a little bit positive. (6)
13 Fruit in underwater craft becomes gaseous. (8)
15 Hang around bird held upside down, losing head. (6)
17 A tiny bit can turn one around. (7)

- 20 Yesterday's health scare sounds like unsurprising news. (4,3)
21 Within her messenger is a god. (6)
22 Hitler beginning to follow German leader and greeting Indian leader. (6)
24 Nearly naked around plain nonsense-speaker - that's mine. (8)
25 Sounds like Hebrew, then I just get confused - it's an art. (8)
26 Gruesome sounds, like a bear. (6)

Down

- 1 A healthy staple food, I hear, is rightly brought up. (4-4)
2 Observe the castle, it observes you. (10)
3 Hard-on is confusing if made up of quarks. (6)
4 Method for removing hard-on is in collapsed mansion. (7)
5 Credulous bird has exam with the French. (8)
6 Chronic rapaciousness conceals rubbish. (4)
9 Nickel medal is 'all tears'. (5)
14 Work experience in bird vessel. (10)
16 I come between those canonised and the not right: liberals and communists. (8)
18 Kill Rove, messily, with excessive force. (8)
19 Question autumn disorder, only a tiny bit. (7)
20 Give hijab a wash, it's a bit oniony. (5)
21 Prostitute wizard gets respect. (6)
23 There's no news in the Dow Jones, where 25 is practiced. (4)

Set by **Hythloday**

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 512)
Across: 6 Striker, 7 Ovens, 9 Maps, 10 Washbasins, 11 À la carte, 13 Strong, 15 Part, 17 Weeds, 18 Tame, 19 Wisdom, 20 Tactless, 23 Marginalia, 26 Shoe, 27 Lands, 28 Gremlin. **Down:** 1 Prosecuted, 2 Skewer, 3 Arms, 4 Combusts, 5 Beds, 6 Shall, 8 Synonym, 12 Eject, 14 Ruthlessly, 16 Abigail, 17 Womanish, 21 Chapel, 22 Scorn, 24 Gang, 25 Logs.

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.

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

The Varsity Scribblepad

Last issue's solutions

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

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).

	14		21		4		7		
12									
14									
								24	14
3						7			
						16			
24							4		
							4		
						14			
						26			

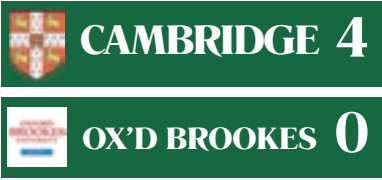
Hitori

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.

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

Blues boys bring down Brookes

» Cambridge give a lesson in the beautiful game against highly rated opponents



Vince Bennici
Sports Reporter

The much anticipated top of the table clash between Cambridge and Oxford Brookes was billed as one of the biggest tests of the season. For the Blues side, it was crucial to maintain their 100% record and keep their promotion bid on track. Skipper Michael Johnson made it clear that the team were looking for an improvement on last week's "sluggish performance". He also added that "against a very good side like Oxford Brookes I don't expect as many opportunities as recent weeks, so clearly our goal to chance ratio has to improve". So it came as somewhat of a surprise when the Oxford Brookes side that turned up proved to be far from what was expected.

Their reputation had preceded them; it was just incredibly inaccurate. In possibly their best performance of the year, the Blues tore into Brookes from the outset, Gwyther's ferocious long range effort underlining their intent. Within five minutes Cambridge looked to be on their way to a demolition of Brookes when Kerrigan's committed challenge fortuitously ricocheted into the path of the ever impressive Stock, who dutifully sped away from the pursuing defender and beat the keeper for Cambridge's first. Kerrigan should have added his name to the score sheet moments later, but failed to convert Johnson's parried shot which bounced awkwardly in front of him six yards from goal. The chances kept coming throughout the first half as some beautiful football was not complimented by the goals it deserved. Cambridge's dominance persisted after the break but the goal that would kill the game off remained elusive; the Blues' only weakness, their inability to be clinical once ahead, beginning to look like it would rear its ugly head once more. Former

captain Jamie Rutt brilliantly dispelled any such concerns with a thumping left foot from the edge of the area and the outstanding Stock was then involved in the final two goals, as the score line finally started to reflect the balance of play. Stock's second goal of the afternoon, a fine individual effort, was coupled with an earlier freak assist, the ball inadvertently hitting the back of his head and falling to Kerrigan who went on to earn a penalty which was dispatched by Johnson. In the scuffle that followed the decision, Kerrigan inexplicably picked up a yellow card, seemingly for being pushed and threatened by the opposing defender – he should really try to avoid that in future. The number of chances that went begging is a slight concern but the standard of football played was at times breathtaking; the finest move of the match was a series of one-touch passes that started with the combative Burrows and ended with Baxter flicking the ball onto the overlapping Hartley whose shot was blocked by the keeper. Ex-professional Che Wilson,

who has assumed coaching responsibilities this season, spoke of his satisfaction with the nature of the win, pleased with the "great tempo from the start, which we managed to maintain. We left them shell-shocked, I think". League promotion and a Varsity win are the clear priorities and if performances are maintained at the same level then both ambitions could very well become a reality.

Cambridge University AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Stock (2), Michael Johnson (pen), Rutt
Subs: Cook (Kerrigan), Burrows (Baxter), Hylands



Conditional Full Blue status for Women's cricket

» Decision caps a promising year for the improving Cambridge team



2009 captain Susan Little celebrates her Varsity half-century

Victoria Watson
Sports Reporter

Women's cricket in Cambridge received a substantial boost this week as conditional Full Blue status was accorded to the University ladies' cricket team. Whereas before a top four BUCS finish was needed for the cricket team to be awarded Full Blues, the requirement from 2010 will be the top six. The Blues committee made the decision last Monday and if the requirement is met it would remain in place for three years. Captain Ellie Fielding was delighted at the decision, remarking "it reflects the rapidly increasing popularity and improving standards

of the sport, especially given the success of the England Ladies' team this year". Loughborough and Leeds Metropolitan University have teams full of England internationals, while Durham possess the world's best female bowler, so a daunting task has been somewhat facilitated. Nevertheless, that the Blues' team is packed full of county players is sufficient testament to the quality of cricket they are playing. With an indoor tournament just a few weeks away, Fielding and her deputy, Danielle Lavender, are deep in preparation for competitive action. They will face Kent, Southampton, Bournemouth, Imperial College, London, and Brighton. If Cambridge win, they will have the chance to play at Lord's in February next year.

That would be a return to a happy stomping ground for the team which convincingly beat Oxford by ten wickets in the Varsity match last year. It was also an successful BUCS season, with promotion coming after a play-off victory by seven wickets against Bath. This summer around ten matches are scheduled, including friendlies against the Army and the MCC at Fenners. The core of the team remains, and there are reports of a strong set of newcomers arriving this year, something Lavender attributes both to CUWCC's success last year, and the Ashes-winning performance of the England ladies' cricket team. Hopes are high that the aim which has been set by the Blues committee is therefore achievable.

Absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge

This week the Belize Table Tennis Club had good reason to celebrate after the inauguration of a new training academy which aims to rear a new breed of ping-pong coach. According to the club's secretary, potential candidates must possess "good leadership, great interpersonal skills and a strong enough resolve to endure a tough ten-month training program", after which they will be recognised as fully qualified coaches. Ernesto "Brother" Rivero and Nelito "Nel" Ayuso, both top ranked and experienced Belize senior players and household names among the table tennis community, will oversee the project, which is the result of a recent surge in the number of table tennis players in Belize with professional aspirations. In other news, Real Santander have rebuffed all recent communications from this publication. According to an independent source, the squad have spent the past week on a remote island off the Caribbean coast in an attempt to escape the hounding of *Varsity's* 2nd division Colombian league correspondent, Deco. All ties with the club have been severed.

The Anorak

Football
Division 1:
(Week 3)
Trinity 3-0 Pembroke
Downing 2-0 Emma
John's 1-2 Girton
Fitz 2-1 Christ's
Catz P-P Jesus

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	3	3	0	0	9	4	5	9
GIRTON	3	3	0	0	7	4	3	9
FITZWILLIAM	2	2	0	0	8	2	6	6
TRINITY	3	2	0	1	6	3	3	6
CHRIST'S	3	1	0	2	6	7	-1	3
JESUS	2	1	0	1	2	3	-1	3
EMMANUEL	3	1	0	2	5	6	-2	3
ST CATHARINE'S	1	0	0	1	3	4	-1	0
PEMBROKE	3	0	0	3	1	6	-5	0
ST JOHN'S	3	0	0	3	4	12	-8	0

Men's Hockey
Division 1:
(Week 3)
Churchill 1-3 Emma
Downing 1-9 Old Leysians
Jesus 3-5 Robinson

	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

Cuppers:
(Round 1)
Caius 0-9 St John's
Girton 4-0 Homerton
Clare 0-15 Catz
Fitz 5-2 Churchill

Ladies' Hockey
Division 1:
(Week 2)
Catz 7-0 Jesus
Downing 1-0 Emma
John's 3-1 New Hall

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
ST CATHARINE'S	2	2	0	0	11	1	10	6
ST JOHN'S	2	1	1	0	3	1	2	4
DOWNING	2	1	1	0	1	0	1	4
MURRAY EDWARDS	2	1	0	1	5	3	2	3
EMMANUEL	2	0	1	1	0	1	-1	1
JESUS	2	0	1	1	0	7	-7	1
PEMBROKE	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
CHURCHILL	1	0	0	1	1	4	-3	0
FITZWILLIAM	1	0	0	1	0	4	-4	0

Rugby Union
Division 1:
(Week 3)
John's 63-0 Girton
Trinity 25-5 Catz
Jesus P-P Downing

	P	W	D	L	F	A	D	Pts
ST JOHN'S	4	4	0	0	169	8	161	16
TRINITY	4	3	0	1	92	68	24	13
JESUS	3	2	0	1	125	43	82	9
DOWNING	3	2	0	1	58	34	24	9
GIRTON	4	0	0	4	24	152	-128	4
ST CATHARINE'S	4	0	0	4	15	178	-163	4

Your weekly guide to college sport

Unsung, Unlikely... Unveiled

Not every sporting hero regularly graces the back page. **Ollie West** salutes some of Cambridge's lesser known but best-loved sporting icons.

Simon's story

Bumping into Simon Storey, chef in St Catharine's kitchens for the last 15 years and College footballer for the last ten, I ask him how the match he has just played went. "The ref was shocking, incredibly biased. It's a good job I had to leave early or he'd have sent me off. One of our players said it was all in my head but I don't believe him."

I get the feeling that many people have heard this before, and Storey sheepishly admits: "I've always caused a lot of controversy in my time, but mainly it's because students are too polite to say anything about dirty play. I know it doesn't usually help the situation but I can't help saying what I think." Later he tells me he has been



sent off four times for Catz, twice by Catz referees.

First team captain Max Pirkis had described 'Simmo', quite fairly, as "fat, slow but hugely skilled", and warned me that he was "one of the most offensive on-the-pitch players you will come across". Off the pitch, however, all I see is a love for his College, club, and sport.

Storey's relationship with Cambridge football began at a young age; he remembers regularly going to watch the Blues take on the likes of Spurs and Arsenal as a 10-year old. He started to play for Catz after his divorce, an event which, he says, "saved his

football career". Since then, he has played regularly for the second and third teams and, in Cuppers, for the first team, gaining legendary status for moments such as the 2007 Cuppers final when his "clinical left-foot finish" clinched the title. What's more, as he repeatedly reminds Blues star striker Matt Stock, he is the club's "all-time leading goalscorer".

Simmo has worked at five Colleges, but says Catz is the only one where the staff and students mix. It is something which helps to explain how the College regularly punches above its weight in sporting terms. At Storey's last Cuppers final he was playing in front a large student faithful, but also the Senior Bursar and large number of fellows.

His appreciation for this inclusive atmosphere is plain to see, and in Storey's opinion creates a healthy link between the University and city. It is no surprise the College takes to this passionate if unusual star of the football leagues.

Fit for Fitz

There is something most Fitzwilliam College Cricket Club débutants don't know when their groundsman comes out to bat at number 8 for visiting sides who turn up with nine players: when their opponent made his own debut on a rather bigger stage, his first challenge was to see off none other than Ian Botham.

Indeed, prior to entering the dark world of Old Boys' matches (and creating a character-building rite of passage for any aspiring Fitz bowler), Dave Norman was Cambridgeshire's number 5 for ten years. Before that (slightly less obvious as you watch the ball sail over your head yet again) is that Norman was one of the meanest opening bowlers around at a time when quicks were two-a-penny. With Surrey at 19, England's Trevor Jestey was among his scalps in a five match spell cut short only by a slippery pitch in Gloucestershire which resulted in a slipped disc.

Dave is very good at his job; a quick look at the Oxford Road playing fields on Google maps sufficiently demonstrates his artistry. At Fitz since 1997, and Queens' for 12 years before that, Norman keeps Fitz as one of the outstanding University grounds, hired by University teams as well as the cream of local football and cricket sides.

It certainly supports his theory that "the best groundsmen have played sport". Indeed, up there with Fitz as the best College playing surfaces are St Catharine's and Clare. Catz is maintained by Chris Tovey, former Cambridge City player-manager, who took the local side to the FA Cup first round for two consecutive years. Meanwhile Clare, widely recognised as the best wicket in Cambridge and home to Cambridge's biggest cricket side, Granta, is kept by Rob Nightingale, currently a City player himself.

Whilst the fight for a University Sport Centre rages on, it is reassuring to have access to such experience with the facilities that currently exist.



Above: Catz chef and striker Simon Storey with the 2009 cuppers trophy and in action for the second team



Above: College ref and Cambridge detective Tony Kennedy reprimands a John's rugby player

Discipline matters

As a scrum between John's and Girton desperately collapses five yards from the Girton line, the tension is quickly diffused with a chuckle: "you've both let me down there". The words are of Tony Kennedy, of the CID at Parkside Police Station, in his role as referee, something he has been doing for fifteen years.

Kennedy's personality shines through; this is no faceless authority. "You have to meet 30 people and understand that each one reacts differently. That said, the common denominator in a good referee is being able to say 'no', which explains the high number of policemen, schoolteachers and doctors officiating."

Whilst many a football substitute has found himself in the middle of a match trying to keep his mates and enemies happy staying out of the spotlight, the intricate rules of rugby require a referee who knows his job inside-out.

In Cambridge, it is David Allen, third-year historian, who organises officials for College rugby. It is a thankless but necessary task: drafting people in from several referee societies, sorting them by standard, fitness and form, considering their other commitments. College rugby referees are all volunteers, and Allen admits "we are lucky to have them. I won't hear a bad word said against them."

Allen himself referees local club games at weekends, and his coaches think he could reach the top; his own ambition is to reach the Premiership by the time he is 30.

Tony Kennedy is 54, "past his sell-by date", but his enthusiasm is in no danger of fading. "I think most people do not understand what refereeing can offer you. You can turn up to any new place saying you're a ref, and you'll have a game on Saturday and a lot of new people to meet. Just look at the opportunities to travel you have as an international referee." For now, Cambridge rugby players can be thankful he didn't abandon them.

Brawn over brain?

According to the Faculty of Neuroscience, Professor William Harris' principal interest is "Molecular Embryogenesis of the Visual System". The Cambridge University Ice Hockey Club beg to differ.

Christina Yek, women's captain and goalkeeper, exclaims: "Forget the limp. Bill on skates is eighteen years old and whacks zingers at my head whenever he's given the chance", while for Jennifer Rutter, vice-captain 2008-2009, he is "the crazy guy with no helmet who taught me to skate, cracking his head open in the process".

"The glue that has held the three Cambridge University ice hockey teams together for the past decade", Billy-o, or Billy Boy, is a stalwart in defence for the 'Eskimos', the staff/second string team, despite his 59 years. Club President Richard Trueman recalls a game against a big and fast Munich University team, before which his only words were "Dude, I'm gonna get killed!" However, Patrick von Heimendahl, team-mate since 2005, asserts that "his speed increases with age. He doesn't shy away from any hard

checks and he leaves a trail of blood."

Yet it is off the ice that the Bill's presence is most strongly felt. He has coached the men's and women's Blues, as well as the Eskimos, for ten Varsity matches, but his extraordinary list of achievements and contributions is endless.

Take Doris, his Land Rover, who for years shuttled players and kit all over the country and is now, in his words, "looking up at that big motorway in the sky, but missing carrying hockey players" after serious engine failure on the M11 whilst carrying five players. Or look in his garage, converted into team storage shed for piles of big and smelly kit.

Even more incredibly, the summer is not a chance for Bill to rest, but the opportunity to organise informal roller hockey sessions. In a car park. That is only while not competing in inline-skating marathons, of course, or writing poems about matches.

However, beyond the surreal image of a world-renowned neuroscientist cutting his lip whilst on skates in a car park, the value of people like Bill Harris cannot be fully stated. As Club President Richard Trueman says, "Bill has done so much to support the teams and has spread the love of

ice hockey far and wide with his infectious enthusiasm and incredible energy". He is a volunteer at the Parker's Piece temporary ice rink, campaigns for a permanent rink in Cambridge, and encourages links between the University and the Cambridge Inline Hockey Club, where he coaches the youth teams. Dedicating himself to the enjoyment of others, Harris has all the qualities of a true unsung hero.



Sport the difference: Neuroscientist Professor William Harris, Ice and Roller-Hockey maestro Billy-o

Cambridge challenged by Crawshays

» Blues boys go home somewhat unsatisfied after the visitors prove their worth at Grange Road



Frankie Brown
Chief Sports Reporter

A tense and thrilling encounter at Grange Road on Wednesday evening saw the Blues squeeze a 19-19 draw against an invitational Crawshays XV. Despite a number of infringements at the breakdown and problems at the set-piece, some fine individual performances saw them hang on for a hard-fought draw.

Cambridge began the game strongly, with the forwards scrapping hard at the breakdown to provide a solid platform from which to launch the backs. Several poorly executed kicks seemed to hand away the momentum at times, but the domination in the forwards saw sustained pressure in Crawshay's half.

Then stand-in captain Will Jones broke through a line-out deep in opposition territory, only to be tackled just short of the line. Patient recycling of the ball saw Jones pop up again, receiving a superb pass from

Broadfoot to score in the corner.

Crawshays however were undaunted, and hit back immediately through James Thomas, as Cambridge were caught napping by a perfectly executed chip in behind the defence. The blues again responded quickly, with a superb run by Greenwood and pass to Shepherd seeing the latter power over for the try.

Crawshays however seemed to be finding momentum, and were beginning to dominate at the breakdown. Repeatedly a frustrated Cambridge side were penalised for a lack of discipline. It took a piece of individual brilliance from Sandy Reid, starting in his own-half, to produce a score completely against the run of play. Half-time arrived with the Blues 12 points clear, despite the game appearing very much in the balance.

This proved to be the case, as a reinvigorated Crawshays emerged after the break and Cambridge seemed to have little answer. After a period of unrelenting pressure, there was little surprise when they broke through the back-line to bring them within touching distance of the Cambridge score. Despite dogged defence from the blues, the momentum was very much with the visitors. Increasingly the Cambridge line-out,



Scrumhalf Doug Rowe gathers up the ball after an aggressive ruck from the Cambridge forwards

devoid of the talismanic Vickerman, was pressurised, and it was through this that Crawshays eventually broke through to bring the scores level. Under severe pressure, the Cambridge defence held out to the end, and so both sides had to be content with a draw.

Despite some bright patches, most notably the attacking threat of Greenwood and Shepherd in the backs and the tenacity and work-rate of Jones and Daniel in the forwards, Cambridge will be disappointed with what was at times a scrappy performance. The defence in midfield was

repeatedly found wanting, and the absence of Vickerman at the set-piece proved too large a gap to fill. It was nevertheless an entertaining fixture, and there are plenty of reasons for the Blues to optimistic about their chances as Varsity draws nearer.

The Sporting World Week 5: Austria

Mountain conquest was the Third Reich's physical, mental and spiritual preparation for international conflict. After the failures of the first war, "empty hands grappled for the ice axe" according to Paul Bauer, a leading figure in the German Himalaya Foundation. The main siege was on the then largely unexplored great mountain ranges of the world. What we now call the Enlightenment era was a tripartite intellectual competition between France, Germany and Britain. The 20s and 30s saw the physical equivalent; it was the era of the race to the summits.

The Himalayas were the ultimate challenge, and each of the three countries had her objective. The French embarked on an expedition to survey the Karakoram range in 1936, and made an attempt on Gasherbrum I. George Mallory led the fateful party to Everest in 1924. There were two further attempts in 1933 and 1936. The Germans had Nanga Parbat in their sights, and launched the first of four pre-war attempts on the mountain in 1932.

In Germany, however, bellicose spirit turned into bellicose action. In a process of mutual appropriation, mountaineering became political, and politics became sporting. The years after the Great War were boom time for

mountaineering in Europe; until then, the sport had been mainly the preserve of Victorian gentlemen. The formation of Alpine Clubs, the construction of infrastructure – mountain huts and guest houses – to support mountaineers, and new tools for safety and expediency all contributed to this explosion of activity. Climbing satisfied a need for adventure, a spirit that counteracted the despondency of the aftermath of trench warfare.

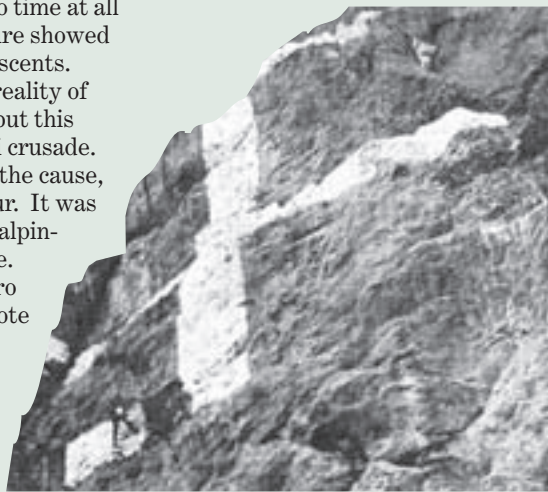
National Socialism advocated physical strength, the beauty of the athletic body and praised valorous pursuit. Mountains made bodies muscular and flexible and tested nerve.

The propagandists were quick on the uptake; it was no time at all before film and literature showed and recounted heroic ascents. They also showed the reality of the danger involved – but this was all part of the Nazi crusade. Death, martyrdom for the cause, was the ultimate honour. It was a sentiment shared by alpinists throughout Europe. The Revista del Centro Alpinistico Italiano wrote in 1932: 'A climber has fallen. Let a hundred others rise for the morrow.'

Student groups in Austria used mountains and

mountaineering clubs for activist purposes. Nazism was illegal in Austria until Anschluss, but, as ever it was, young people defied the already faltering authority of the Dollfuss government. They led the propaganda assault on Alpine areas, marking out swastikas wherever they could.

The mountaineers enjoyed the kudos. In 1938, two Germans and two Austrians won the ultimate accolade after making the maiden ascent of the North Face of the Eiger, a vertical face of rock and ice towering thousands of feet above the Grindelwald valley. They were heralded as Olympians. And of course, in the euphoria of the praise lavished upon them, climbers, if only inadvertently, became symbolic of the purist in Nazi doctrine. They were the Aryan exemplars. GUY KIDDEY



Students emblazon a swastika on the cliffs of Norkdette, 1934

Tennis team white-washed but not embarrassed

» A difficult day in Loughborough for Blues

Varsity Sport

It has been a hard start to the year for the Blues tennis team who find themselves in a very strong Northern Premier League. Loughborough, Leeds Met and Stirling have proved to be far superior to the division's other three teams, but after a first draw of the season against Manchester last week, Cambridge travelled up to unbeaten Loughborough on Wednesday in reasonable spirit.

Both Blues doubles pairs could, and perhaps should have, won their ties but despite some promising tennis John Western (Selwyn) and Kirill Zavodov (Magdalene) went down to the number two pair, while captain Rob Blythe (Emmanuel) and Cameron Johnston (Christ's) lost to the top two.

In the singles, the opposition's class began to show as Western and Johnston were defeated without too many problems by the Loughborough numbers 2 and 3. Yet for Zavodov and Blythe it was again a case of "what might have been" as chances came and went.

Blythe in particular will feel disappointed not to have claimed the scalp of Loughborough's number 1, currently ranked in the top 800 in the world. Despite only losing his

serve once in each set, returning well and having numerous break points, none were taken and eventually a 6-3, 6-4 victory was claimed by the ATP tour player. As an example of Loughborough's depth, their number 2 was also a former member of the ATP tour.

The team defeat was nothing but comprehensive in the end - to lose to love is often demoralising. However, considering last week's result against Manchester, and a general upturn in form since the beginning of the season, Blythe will be confident of maintaining the Blues squad in the top division despite the impressive array of high calibre players they will inevitably come across.

For their part, next week's opponents, Nottingham, look easily beatable having just lost to Manchester. Blythe obviously errs on the side of caution to avoid complacency, but nothing less than a victory should be accepted.

The captain himself is riding high since his dramatic 3-6, 7-5, 6-3 victory in the Manchester match against a Cypriot Davis Cup player. What's more, it is to be hoped that the superior quality of Cambridge's opponents throughout the year will leave the Cambridge side in good shape to defend yet another Varsity crown. Oxford, it has to be said, are competing in the significantly weaker Southern Premier League.

Blues put
end to losing
streak with
tense stalemate
against
Crawshays

Rugby **31**



SPORT



Raise a glass
to the unsung
and unlikely
heroes of
Cambridge
sport

Feature **30**

Bolshy Bedford battered by Blues

» Even the visitors' boxing skills fail to dent Cambridge's resolve in eight-try triumph

 **CAMBRIDGE 62**

 **BEDFORD 0**

Tom Woolford
Sports Reporter

Cambridge women's rugby team remain on course for a second successive perfect season in their Wednesday BUCS league after cruising to a 62-0 win over Bedford on Wednesday. Quicker, slicker, more dangerous and altogether more clinical in their approach, Cambridge dominated throughout.

The first try became a blueprint for the entire game: a limp Bedford kick was countered by a much stronger return; Cambridge's forward line pounced on the isolated Bedford receiver, turned the ball over and span it out to the left, presenting Captain Talia Gershon with an easy opening. The missed conversion that followed was another sign of things to come, as Cambridge only converted two of their eight tries.

Bedford's constant failure to clear their lines, coupled with their weak kicking and Cambridge's speed and efficiency allowed the Blues to run riot during the first half: wave after wave of confident overlaps along Cambridge's left flank battered the visitors' line and the tries mounted up. Scrum-half Graham scored in the tenth minute after a Bedford defensive kick failed to get over their 22. Thompson added a third three minutes later after tidily gathering up a botched Bedford kick. Helen



Cambridge's Laura Britton bursts through the Bedford line to score in the dying moments of the match

Bellfield added another five points to her 58-point haul by rounding off a nice overlap down the right to touch down mid-way through the first half.

Cambridge then converted their dominance in the scrum, a strong charge from Kate Robson setting Laura Britten up for her first try. Robson herself then got on the score sheet with a penalty before Britten added a second after a diagonal run through the gaps in the Bedford line to score under the posts. Robson finished off the first-half rout by being the beneficiary of a three-woman overlap down the right.

Back from the changing rooms, it took just eleven minutes before Venner slipped out from behind a

dominant Cambridge scrum to add a seventh team try. If Bedford were bad in defence, they were atrocious in possession. Their forwards were found wanting, frequently upended by a dominant Cambridge front-row, their backs were repeatedly blown up for handling errors, and despite improved scrummaging and some determined and powerful runs by a couple of their forwards their recycling – when successful – was so pedestrian that with each phase Bedford found themselves going backwards.

The statistics tell the tale: Cambridge were never under pressure. Bedford did not have attacking possession inside Cambridge territory until halfway

through the second half. Even when they did string some eight minutes of possession together, they never looked like scoring.

Cambridge were losing the ambition and aggression to add to their massive lead when the match was unexpectedly reignited: after a messy tackle and a blow of the whistle, a short tussle jumped up a notch as a well-timed punch from Bedford's inside centre connected with Robson's face. The incident, according to Blues coach Andrew-Mark Hanrahan, reflected both Bedford's increased aggression in the second half and the referee's poor grip on discipline throughout the match.

Somewhat reinvigorated by the

scuffle, Cambridge grabbed three more tries before the final whistle, Britten, Robson and Graham all touching down to wrap up a convincing 62-point victory.

But to win the BUCS Wednesday league unbeaten, perform well in the Sunday league to which they won promotion last season, and for a third consecutive Varsity victory, improvement is necessary. After applauding the team, especially woman of the match Laura Britten and flanker Lucy Hartwell, Coach Hanrahan quickly turned to Cambridge's shortcomings: "We need to work harder at the breakdown. We didn't really make any mistakes, but the rucking wasn't very aggressive and quick. We need to be better going forward."

So as Bedford took photos, joked together and swigged beer, Cambridge were marched into their changing-room for a dressing-down from their coaches. It was an impressive victory, but this is a team aiming at perfection.

Line-up

Cambridge:

1. Skylar Neil 2. Katie Pearcey
3. Hannah Wells 4. Rici Marshall
5. Emily Matthews 6. Viki McEvoy
7. Lucy Hartwell 8. Talia Gershon
9. Sammy Graham 10. Anne Venner
11. Sarah Binning 12. Laura Britton
13. Rachel Thompson
14. Helen Bellfield 15. Kate Robson

[16. Jenny McArdle 17. Polly Robinson
18. Julie Valade 19. Sarah Terry]



SUAD

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