

Varsity match  
preview: profiling the  
players and weighing  
up our odds for  
Twickenham



As the first decade of the new millenium draws  
to a close, we look over the cultural triumphs of  
the naughty years



Britain’s finest  
stage actor Simon  
Russell Beale on  
‘chutzpah’ and the  
need to be directed

Varsity

Friday November 27th 2009

The Independent Student Newspaper since 1947

Issue no 708 | varsity.co.uk

# New VC nominated

» Top medical scientist set to be 345th Vice-Chancellor

Emma Mustich  
News Editor

Professor Sir Leszek Borysiewicz has been nominated to replace Alison Richard as Vice-Chancellor of the University.

If his nomination is approved by Regent House, Professor Borysiewicz will step into the University’s top role on October 1st 2010, when Professor Richard’s seven-year term ends. He will be the University’s 345th Vice-Chancellor.

Professor Borysiewicz is currently Chief Executive of the Medical Research Council (MRC), and holds, among other posts, a Fellowship at the Academy of Medical Sciences, of which he was a founder. Before taking his job at the MRC, he served as Deputy Rector of Imperial College London, where he was in charge of



the College’s academic and scientific development, focusing especially on fostering interdisciplinary research between medicine and other science subjects.

Born in Wales, Borysiewicz has previously worked as Head of the Department of Medicine at the University of Wales, and was Lecturer in Medicine at Cambridge from 1988 to 1991. He is an Honorary Fellow of Wolfson College.

He was awarded his knighthood in the 2001 New Year’s Honours List, in recognition of work that led to a vaccine which stops the growth of cervical cancer.

Of his nomination, Professor Borysiewicz commented: “I am excited by the opportunity to build on Cambridge’s strong tradition of academic excellence in both teaching and research. I will be sad to leave the Medical Research Council but I am proud to have helped the MRC write the next chapter in its long and successful history of improving human health through the impact of its excellent research.”

Professor Alison Richard has held the post of Vice-Chancellor since 2003, when she became the first woman to hold the full-time role. She came to the job from her former post as Yale University Provost.

Of Professor Borysiewicz’s nomination, she said: “Professor Borysiewicz is an outstanding scholar with an impressive record of achievement and leadership at the highest level. I wish him the very best in the role and will hand over the Vice-Chancellorship next October confident that Cambridge can look forward to continued success as he leads it into the future.”

Speaking to *Varsity* last year, Richard said of leaving her post as Vice-Chancellor: “I don’t think about legacies. I focus my attention on the institution, not on how I’m thought of.” She also expressed the hope that she would leave Cambridge with “its ambitions high, its confidence intact, [and] its flags flying.”



BEATRICE RAMSAY

## Trinity steps in to save popular post office

Jenny Morgan  
Associate Editor

Trinity Street Post Office has been saved from closure this Christmas after a last-minute intervention from Trinity College.

The historic post office had announced that it would be shutting the shop side of the business on December 11th, with the post office to follow suit on Christmas Eve. Leaseholder James McNaughton had blamed the expected closure on the £20,000 a year rent charged by owners Trinity College.

However, as part of a wider commitment to the support of small businesses in the area, Trinity College have stepped in to save the post office.

Senior Bursar Rory Landman said that the College had been “disappointed” at the news of the projected closure: “it is an important facility for this part of the City and we make extensive use of it ourselves.”

The post office will remain open for the next few months under temporary management. In the meantime a number of alternative properties in the vicinity are being considered as possible sites for long term relocation.

A more comprehensive statement of the measures Trinity plans to take is expected to be released soon.

## Dallaglio: “They will go well”

World cup-winning England rugby Number 8 Lawrence Dallaglio visited The Eagle pub on Wednesday night to promote next year’s ‘Dallaglio cycle slam’, a 2877km charity bike ride from Rome to Edinburgh. He stayed late into the evening to chat rugby, sign autographs and have pictures taken with fans. Dallaglio also asked fellow pub-goers to read about his charity efforts at [dallaglio.foundation.com](http://dallaglio.foundation.com). Regarding the upcoming Varsity match, he predicted that Blues captain Dan Vickerman’s “huge experience could prove crucial”, and that “Cambridge, as the underdogs looking to regain the MMC trophy, may have that edge. They will go well”. RAMESH NADARAJAH See p30-31 for full preview.

## Charlotte Runcie

Guardian student  
columnist of  
the year on  
Twilight and  
tweens



p10

7  
Maximum length, in years, of a Vice-Chancellor’s term of office

1412  
Year the University’s first Vice-Chancellor was appointed



In Brief

Finances: only the prudent survive?

The recipe for the perfect financial trader has been revealed by research from the University of Cambridge. Several years of experience, combined with profit sharing incentives and the right hormonal levels create the best most profitable traders, according to the study. Aggressive risk-taking, however, may not be as central to successful trading as has been thought. The males who took bigger risks were exposed to bigger losses, according to the study, and therefore were less effective in the long term than their more prudent counterparts.

Antarctic Twittermania

Researchers at the University of Cambridge's Scott Polar Research Institute have started blogging and tweeting Captain Robert Falcon Scott's diary entries, written exactly 99 years ago. Started yesterday, the entries will follow Scott's ill-fated final expedition across Antarctica and are timed to coincide with the centenary of the trip. The idea is to allow modern readers to relate more easily with what the group were going through. Captain Scott and his team died on the journey back from the South Pole in 1912.

For sale: a little piece of horsey history

A lock of mane from Copenhagen, the horse that the Duke of Wellington rode into battle at Waterloo, was on sale at a fine arts auction in Cambridge yesterday. Copenhagen not only carried the Duke to victory against Napoleon in 1815, but was also ridden to the door of 10 Downing Street when Wellington became Prime Minister in 1828. Far from cuddly however, he reportedly tried to kick Wellington in the head as he gave him a post-battle pat. When he died at the grand age of 29 he was given a funeral with full military honours.

Varsity scoops six prizes at the Guardian Student Media Awards

Varsity News

Varsity celebrated six prizes and two further nominations at the Guardian Student Media Awards on Wednesday night.

Winners were Ben Riley-Smith (Best Sports Writer), Zing Tsjeng (Best Feature Writer), Charlotte Runcie (Best Columnist), Robert Peal (Runner-up Columnist), Mikey Stothard (Best Reporter), and Patrick Kingsley, who was named Student Journalist of the Year.

Decca Muldowney and Andrew Spyrou were also nominated, for Best Feature Writer and Best Music Critic respectively.

The judging panel included Jon Snow, Evan Davis, Polly Toynbee, and Guardian editor Alan Rusbridger.

Varsity was the most successful newspaper at this year's Awards, and Patrick Kingsley is the first Cambridge student to win the coveted award for best Student Journalist since the category was established in 2001.



Hero of the hour Patrick Kingsley mobbed by Varsity team

Jessica King Reporter

Yesterday, anti-fee protestors 'took over' Cambridge. A demonstration, overseen by Anglia Ruskin students, circulated the town with balloons, signs, and megaphones.

The event was part of a nationwide series of 'Town Takeovers' organised by the NUS in aid of the 'Funding our Future' campaign. Other 'Takeovers' have been held in Liverpool, Bristol, and Newcastle.

The Cambridge demonstrators performing a number of publicity stunts throughout Cambridge. Their route ran from East Road to Parkers Piece, via St Andrews, Sidney Street, Green Street, Trinity Street, Kings Parade, Queens' Lane, Silver Street, and Queens' Green.

In addition to the 'Takeover', a debate with local political leaders on the issue was held in the evening at the Law Faculty.

In London, the campaign has gathered increasing support from Westminster; 60 MPs from diverse political parties were persuaded

to sign a pledge promising to vote against a hike in top up fees and to pressure the Government to find an alternative.

On Sunday, a YouGov poll revealed that just 12 per cent think the review should even consider raising fees.



'Town Takeover' on Queens' Green

Name Xchange for Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race

» 156-year-old Varsity competition is latest victim of Oxbridge commercialisation

Matthew Symington Senior Reporter

The Varsity Boat Race will now be known as 'The Xchanging Boat Race' after the business processing company which has sponsored the event for five years.

The sporting event, which began in 1829, will take place in April next year for the 156th time, with Xchanging branding featuring prominently on the new event logo and along the Tideway course from Putney to Mortlake.

Xchanging announced the renaming in a press statement released on November 19th. David Andrews, founder and CEO of the company, said: "We are pleased and honoured to assume title sponsorship of an event that typifies the best of sportsmanship and competitive intensity... Xchanging draws strength and inspiration from the determined example of the Oxford and Cambridge crews."

However, the news was greeted

with mixed responses from Cambridge's rowing community. Many feel that the renaming undermines the integrity of one of Britain's oldest and most iconic sporting events.

Nick Gates, Men's Captain of Queens' College Boat Club, said: "I'm personally not a big fan of it, and I doubt many others are. It has always been called 'The Boat Race', I'm not sure why that had to change."

The renaming comes at a time of worry over the commercial influence on Cambridge's academic institutions. Protests were voiced two weeks ago after it emerged that the opportunity to rename the University Library was to be sold to the highest bidder. And last week music students expressed their concern over the Music Faculty's decision to rent the West Road Concert Hall to Kingsgate Community Evangelical Church, a move which would restrict the availability of the hall for Cambridge University musicians.

It is thought that the decision to allow the Boat Race to be renamed was made due to financial difficulties.

Last year ITV decided not to renew their contract with the Boat Race Company Ltd.

Speaking to Varsity, 2009 Blues rower and current trialist Hardy Cubasch spoke of the "true honour" it was to row in the "historic and iconic event".

He continued: "In modern times though, the resources required throughout the season and on Boat Race day are extensive. It is only through partnerships that both the CUBC and OUBC have been able to support their students to the levels we are so fortunate to enjoy.

"In an ideal world, with the passionate and close knit student and alumni community that both our clubs share, perhaps it would be possible that one day we ourselves, through our own resources, could find a way to preserve and nurture an event we treasure so much.

"However, until that day, finding partners that respect the heritage of the Boat Race is our next best option and will allow the event to go forward as a highlight on the University and international sporting calendar."



The 1870 Boat Race

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# KCL students spotted swimming naked in Cam

» Members of KCL Boat Club cause disruption on ‘Spy Who Ginned Me’ tour

**Stephanie Howard-Smith**  
Reporter

Naked students from King’s College London (KCL) caused serious disruption at the Anchor pub and along the Cam near Scudamore’s this past Sunday afternoon.

A group of approximately 30 rowers from the King’s College London Boat Club (KCLBC), all of whom were reportedly intoxicated, were visiting the city on a weekend-long mini-tour titled ‘The Spy Who Ginned Me’.

The climax of the tour featured an

initiation during which the fresher rowers, of both sexes, were instructed to strip naked and swim in the River Cam in the early afternoon in front of onlookers, including families on punting trips.

Older club members on the trip then, according to the barman at the Mill Pub, ran off with their discarded clothes while the newest members were still in the river.

After their refreshing dip in the Cam, the swimmers decamped to the Anchor pub, some of them still naked. Staff there reported that a large group took over the entire establishment, leaving their large kit bags covering all the seating, allegedly making it impossible to take in customers for two hours.

According to one member of staff, the rowers became increasingly “rowdy” despite the manager’s best attempts to avoid conflict. Eventually, it was made clear to the group that they would “not be welcome again”, at which point they were invited to leave, and eventually vacated the premises.



Members of KCLBC take a dip in the Cam near the Anchor

The King’s College London Boat Club (which also incorporates members of Guys, King’s and St Thomas’ Hospitals) describes itself as “a friendly and dynamic club” formed in 1997. It is “one of the largest and most successful sports clubs at King’s and each year [invites] oarsmen and women of all abilities to join our

traditions of success and socials.”

The Club’s annual Cambridge mini-tour is considered a highlight of the year, serving as “a chance for the squad to bond”, and includes first years, other members, and some alumni, known as the “Junipers”.

Freshers were instructed by the Club’s “Fresher Captains” to “bring

a bottle of gin with you. this [sic] is the most important. Doesn’t matter which type but bare [sic] in mind you will probably be drinking it.”

The weekend was, according to the KCLBC’s message boards, a riotous success, with one of the touring party, posting as “Juniper Girl”, lauding the “great banter” on the part of the freshers, their willingness to participate and praising “A great weekend all round!”.

On Tuesday night, KCLBC Captain Tom Webb posted the following to KCLBC’s website: “Clearly, some of our number were spotted by the Spy Who Ginned Me.

“Although I was not in Cambridge on Sunday, I haven’t heard of any complaints during the tour, whether on the water or at the Anchor.

“I would hope that any misdeemeanours be taken in good humour and that any transgressions of good grace be put in perspective.

“We hope to be back next year in finer fettle than ever. Needless to say, I apologise for any offence taken. None was intended.”

## Mandelson’s “sinister” new proposal to diversify top universities

**Claire Gatzen**  
Senior Reporter

Government plans to force Oxbridge to accept more working-class pupils have been attacked by CUSU and the heads of leading state and private schools.

Earlier this month, Business, Innovation and Skills Secretary Peter Mandelson proposed reforms to the way in which ‘elite universities’ such as Cambridge select candidates.

But Andrew Grant, chairman of the Headmasters’ and Headmistresses’ Conference of 250 elite private schools, called the proposal “sinister”.

He said: “There is a danger that, if Lord Mandelson exerts political and financial pressure to bring about these changes, he will subvert the excellence of our universities. We are all in favour of discovering talent, but the talent has to be there.”

The new Framework for Higher Education rests on the policy that A-level results alone should not determine entry to university. Lord Mandelson has ordered “remedial action” to widen access to Cambridge, whereby admissions tutors must make greater use of “contextual data” to ensure that pupils from underperforming schools are not excluded.

This “contextual data” includes information concerning the student’s social background, parental education and overall potential.

Lord Mandelson also encouraged admissions tutors to lower the entry requirements for working-class pupils by a minimum of two A-level grades, arguing that “simple assessment based on A-level results might

exclude them”.

However, CUSU said it did not support the plans. Joe Farish, CUSU’s Access Officer, said: “The admissions process is fair and transparent and looks at potential as well as ability. I don’t think that this proposal is the way forward.”

The University gave a more measured response. A spokesman told *Varsity*: “Cambridge already has processes in place to take into account the type of contextual data which would inform about impediments to a student’s exam results



Mandelson: more proposals

– such as an underperforming school – through the Cambridge Special Application Scheme.

“Cambridge makes strenuous efforts to attract the most promising students, whatever their background, and we are constantly exploring new and better ways in which to do this.”

Martin Stephen, High Master of the independent St Paul’s School, pointed out that the plans risked “punishing children who have done well”. He added, “This is potentially one of the most dangerous pronouncements I have heard – ever.”

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## Cambridge student attacked in Russia

» Irish student Christopher Connolly hit three times on head with hammer

**James Wilson**  
Reporter

A 20-year-old Cambridge University student was taken to hospital on Saturday following an assault in the south Russian city of Krasnodar.

The student, Christopher Connolly, originally from Ireland, said in a police statement that he was hit on the head three times with a hammer by a local resident.

An Interior Ministry press official told *The Irish Times* on Tuesday that, “according to a statement provided by the victim, who is currently in hospital, there was an altercation between him and the accused on Saturday in a garage in the Yubilee region of the city.”

Police have said that “the reason for the altercation is not yet clear.”

According to *Yuga.ru*, a local Russian internet news portal, a 21-year-old local resident, Daniel Korotchenko, is now in custody. He has been charged with ‘deliberate infliction of grievous bodily harm’

but has pleaded not guilty.

Mr Connolly had been in the city, the administrative centre of the Krasnodar Krai region located on the Kuban River, to improve his language skills and give private English lessons.

Although employees at the Irish Embassy in Moscow were on strike



Red Street, Krasnodar

on this week in support of up to 250,000 Irish public sector workers protesting over government pay cuts, they confirmed that the Irish Ambassador was investigating the situation.

The incident comes following fears in recent years of attacks specifically against tourists and foreign

nationals within Russia. The British Foreign & Commonwealth Office advises that “although the great majority of visitors experience no difficulties, there has been a substantial increase in the number of attacks on foreign nationals, especially in large urban areas.”

Krasnodar saw an escalation in violent racially-motivated hate crime in 2004, when 34 people were assaulted. However, this number had fallen to 2 by 2008. The Mayor, Vladimir Evlanov, proposed in January 2009 the creation of an interdepartmental commission for crime prevention “in order to reduce crime, ensure citizens’ safety” and promote the “effectiveness of local government”.

Russia has been plagued by high crime rates for a number of years. Between 1988 and 1994 the homicide rate more than tripled, placing it amongst the highest in the world.

Last week, Bill Browder, once the leading foreign investor in Russia, stated that he believed the country had now turned into what was “essentially a criminal state”.

## College Chefs’ Competition: winners announced

**Tim Waters**  
Reporter

Thursday 26th saw the prize giving of the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Culinary Competition, where the university catering staff put their cooking to the test in a fierce contest. Sidney Sussex staff carried the day as Best in Show, with Emmanuel, Girton, Christ’s and Pembroke also giving strong showings.

Particularly impressive were the multiple awards racked up by – among others – Oliver Prince and Matthew Carter of Emmanuel, who won recognition in four and three categories respectively; Matthew Carter also led Emmanuel’s winning team in 2006.

Other notable results included that of Paul Davis, the Head Butler of Christ’s, who walked away bedecked with prizes including first place in the front-of-house contest.

The annual competition, which was re-formed four years ago, is growing in popularity. A record 16 kitchens around Cambridge took part this year, with 72 chefs and nine front-of-house staff entering, compared to 47 chefs from 15 kitchens at its conception in 2006. Davis commented that the competition was “going from strength to strength”, although he expressed regret that many Colleges still held back from entering, generally on the grounds of being “too busy”.

This year’s 800th Anniversary was a helpful boost for publicity as the competition’s popularity reached a record high.

“We moved the competition venue to the Guildhall to fit more,” said Robert Lee, one of the committee members for the event, who sees the 800th Anniversary as a “platform” for the future; the boosted entry for this year should carry over to the next.

The momentum for the competition to develop is particularly



Queens’ wins ‘Live Cookery’ category

important: its predecessor, the Stewards’ Cup, collapsed 20 years ago partly because of its insularity. Fellows would judge their college catering staff based on their personal satisfaction with the food rather than a professional culinary judging.

In contrast to this the new event aims to diversify, with new live cooking competitions and a petite fours competition introduced for 2009, and sponsors promoting more esoteric categories.

“It’s good fun. It definitely makes your cooking improve,” said Davis of the competition’s diversity.

## Shit hits the fan in ARU housing dispute

**Darragh Connell**  
Reporter

A bitter row between Cambridge residents and Anglia Ruskin (ARU) students culminated this week in the sending of a package of excrement to a member of Anglia Ruskin’s housing staff.

The dispute concerns The Forum, an accommodation complex on Tiverton Way on the outskirts of Cambridge. The Forum had for a long time been used as sheltered accommodation for the elderly. But recently, Anglia Ruskin students began renting the accommodation from a private landlord. There are now 109 students in the flat complex.

Local residents are complaining of general anti-social behaviour, disruption in the early hours of the morning, and increased traffic in the area. It is also alleged that food waste was dumped in an elderly resident’s garden after she complained about excessive noise.

No Cambridge University students are involved in the dispute. Indeed, a local resident, Ellis Hall, commented: “If this was happening to Cambridge University they would be down on it like a ton of bricks but

ARU doesn’t seem to care.”

Speaking to *Varsity* this week, Steve Bennett, Anglia Ruskin’s Secretary and Director of Estates and Facilities Services, explained that given the private landlord-tenant relationship subsisting on Tiverton Way, the University can do little to intervene.

While the Tiverton Estate Action Group is meeting to discuss the issues fully in the coming days, it is clear that there has been an unseemly escalation in the dispute.

A package of excrement was recently posted through the letterbox of a member of Anglia Ruskin’s Housing Staff on account of the Tiverton Way debacle. Threats to the member of staff’s children were also made.

Mr. Bennett confirmed that two Anglia Ruskin students had allegedly brought the University into disrepute on account of the housing row, and said that those students would go through “the proper University disciplinary process.”

Mr. Bennett commented that the member of staff who received the mailed excrement and child threats “had been considerably shaken up” by the threats. The matter has been reported to the Cambridgeshire Police, who were unable to comment.

## Be part of journalism’s future

The next decade heralds a new dawn. Print’s out; web and broadcast are in, and hackery faces its biggest makeover since Caxton invented type. And you – yes, you – can be a part of the revolution right here at the award-winning Varsity. That’s right: our fledgling new media arms – VarsiTV and Varsity Online – are looking for new talent.

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News Feature

# The curse of the drinking classes

» Rise in booze-related violence threatens swapping culture

## Varsity News

Cambridge's swapping culture has been marred by a series of unusual and violent episodes in the last term.

Several incidents, which include plate-throwing, punch-ups and vandalism, have resulted in police involvement and hospitalisation. College authorities have responded to the events by curtailing student privileges, whilst members have risen to the defence of Drinking Societies.

In the most recent incident, on Tuesday, a punch-up at Cindies lead to one student being knocked unconscious, when a verbal altercation between the "Clare Cunts" and another party was followed with a violent confrontation.

One witness blamed the incident partly on swaps. "Intercollegiate violence is accentuated by the culture of drinking societies in Cambridge," he said.

The incident follows an assault on two female swappers during a week four swap at Gardies. The attacker, a PhD student in The Alverton's sporting society, was angered by an dispute over table bookings and has since been expelled from the drinking society, who were described by eye witnesses as "lovely".

The police attended the incident, but left when no party decided to press charges. Spokesperson Emma Harding said drinking society violence was not usually a concern.

"In the main the majority of drinking activity is on a Friday or Saturday night," she said.

At the drinking-society staple the Mahal, however, other students have been injured as a result of alcohol-fuelled indiscretions. Several female students were hurt after being hit by plates and platters, which were thrown across the room. In one incident, a girl required medical attention after being hit, and the

One society member was similarly unimpressed. "It's an environment which allows you to act like a child so it's not surprising that boundaries are crossed," he said.

"Once one drinking society does one thing, the other feels they have to up the. I just think this Big-Dick culture needs to stop and people



ALASTAIR APPLETON

male drinker, who threw the plate, faced disciplinary action from his college.

"People from drinking societies are really good customers, very gentle, until they start drinking" the owners of the Mahal said.

"Everyone knows what happens: shouting, throwing food which ends up on the ceilings and the walls, sometimes even jumping on the tables. We can become angry as we try and keep everything calm, but because they are drunk, drinking societies are definitely more rowdy than other customers".

need to concentrate on just having fun on swaps," another added.

Similar problems have hit colleges. In week three, a drunken race in Caius old courts was halted when a fresher from a visiting society smashed a vestry window, interrupting a choir audition and forcing him to Addenbrookes for treatment. A second incident, in which an unnamed Johnian urinated on the college bar, resulted in both Caius drinking societies being banned from swapping in Hall.

At John's the ban on bringing wine into the college's hall has effectively

ended the swapping culture there.

The increase in such incidents is worrying for Drinking Society members.

"I enjoy going out, and meeting different people, and for me swaps are about a group of friends having fun," said Alice Beardmore-Gray, president of the Caius Cupids. I don't think that rude or violent behaviour is normally a problem, and when it is, it is largely due to a few individuals who would no doubt cause trouble whether they were on a swap or not" she said.

"As a medic I managed to make (nearly) all my 9am lectures last year without missing a Cindies, as well as getting involved in other areas of Cambridge life".

For many college authorities, however, an association between drinking societies and misbehaviour has led to the prohibition of swaps and, in some cases, the total proscription of drinking societies.

Misbehaviour following swaps, including damaged property, prolific vomiting and rudeness to staff, lead to the closure of Pembroke's bar three weeks ago, and a ban on all swaps in Formal Hall was imposed this week. Disciplinary measures against individuals were also taken.

Corpus Christi saw a similar

**"This big-dick culture needs to stop and people need to concentrate on just having fun on swaps"**

Drinking Society member

spate of carnage after a swap-heavy Sunday, which resulted in two large chunks of stone disappearing from

Old Court, the Oldest Court in the University. The incident, which occurred last week, followed warning from the JCR and Dean over the "disgusting" state of the bar and the extensive presence of vomit in bedrooms and communal areas. After no group claimed responsibility, the college responded by banning student access to the bar after serving hours.

At Magdalene, official policy states that "gatherings of drinking societies (sometimes euphemistically referred to as 'dining' societies) are not permitted anywhere on College property". As well as penny-pinching, it is forbidden to make "speeches or toasts, to bang tables or to sing" in Hall. Rulebreakers, the policy says, "shall be punished with appropriate severity."

"The particular society styling itself the Wyverns has, since midway through last year, been banned from conducting initiation ceremonies anywhere at all, i.e. including off college premises," added Dr Roger O'Keefe, the college Dean.

Corpus' Head Porter, however, said his "experience has been very good. We know the drinking society, we know they drink a lot and sometimes do silly things, but they've got a good angle on it," he said.

"We can speak to them and monitor the situation. I know the police think we shouldn't allow it, but if we did that it would still go on, only underground. Academic issues are dealt with by the tutorial system."

CUSU welfare officer Amiya Bhatia stressed that "colleges should work with JCR/MCRs to devise proactive measures to encourage responsible drinking, in order to balance discipline with support."

## From the Archives: Drinking and thinking



"Fools rush in": absolute lad in the '60s

was seen sitting in the flowerbeds, eating the master's wife's prize tulips." The night ends, for one member, with a dousing from a fire extinguisher, and a £300 fine from an unimpressed Dean.

By the '90s sporting societies are established enough to merit a commentary. What, writes Ruth Musgrove in Michaelmas '96, can persuade "these young men who look so dashing in lycra, and so handsome wielding hockey sticks, to abandon all sense and reason and subject themselves to a night of forced drunkenness, gruesome acts and ridicule?". Her conclusion is aided by the poetic abilities of one member of the Catz Kittens –

"We drink beer in amounts that other men fear  
And women think sex when a kitten comes near"

In 1951, it seems, student boozing was limited to staff parties. One Varsity writer describes turning "green with envy" at the sight of "a dozen crates of beer, four five gallon barrels and assorted bottles of rum, gin and sherry standing in the main hall of the biochemistry laboratories. Is this a sign of decadence?" they asked; inquires, however, proved the remains to be evidence "of an excellent staff party held on twelfth night." The writers gleefully avow to head back to term "earlier next year."

Our sixties counterparts were far too concerned with race, gender and class equality, to worry about the Mahal's fancy-dress code. The scandalous aftermath of one 1963 party at Girton, however, included a broken washbasin. In a front-page appeal for the responsible party, organiser Beth Shaw said "there were 200 guests and about 30 gatecrashers" at her event, where "the basin was discovered, with its bottom knocked out, just as they were going home about ten-past eleven."

Things get rowdier in the eighties, with the Selwyn Sports Society dinner and its accompanying 'banter'. The society is reported to have "decimated the dining room, leaving a sticky mixture of crème caramel and red wine trodden into the carpet. Next, to the bar, where there cacophonous boorish chanting deafened everyone else; so much beer was spilt that the bar had to be closed for two days to be cleaned. Further carnage ensued; one member



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## Politico



### Cambridge University Green Association

This is a difficult time for those who would choose Green as the principle that underlies their political identity. With virtually every traditional environmental villain borrowing the robes of an eco warrior, from the Conservative Party to British Petroleum, it is only natural to think that without something more to say, the Cambridge University Green Association is simply preaching to the choir.

Within Cambridge there are numerous groups campaigning to make the University more sustainable; CUSU ethical affairs and most JCRs work tirelessly to change attitudes and implement reforms on a large scale, whilst groups like Cambridge University Environmental Consulting Society advise on more niche issues, such as the environmental impact of May Balls.

CUGA is happy to work with these groups but making Cambridge greener is not their main aim. They are looking to influence national policies in much the same way that the three major political societies currently do. What they will do once they make it is still unclear but we can expect their activity to resemble most student political groups; running campaigns and raising awareness.

Loosely affiliated to the Green Party, CUGA supports their policies and intends to campaign for their parliamentary candidate Tony Juniper, without this allegiance morphing into mere puppetry.

They describe themselves as being a fusion of old Labour politics and green activism. Social justice issues, such as a 'living wage' and social housing are given the same weighting as areas in which change is needed.

For those whose environmental concerns cannot be divorced from a commitment to left wing politics, CUGA will ideally fill the gap that currently exists between Labour and the Liberal Democrats.

As a step towards getting involved, go along to hear Tony Juniper talk at Fitzwilliam College this Monday.

JAMES COUNSELL

## Varsity Profile: "The Geeks"

*Sidney Sussex's Joel Winton, Alex Campsie and Nim Sukumar enter the DropZone*

For a group of friends seeking to counter the social stereotype associated with Cambridge on prime time national television, "The Geeks" was perhaps not the most subtle or appropriate choice of team name.

Joel Winton, Alex Campsie and Nim Sukumar, aka "The Geeks", are one of eight teams of three who took part in the BBC's new primetime adventure game-show, *Dropzone*. The format of the show, they explain, is "a 48 hour race which sees teams battle it out in a range of mental and physical challenges. Each week one team gets eliminated, with the other teams progressing to the next location." Produced by Gary Hunter, the brains behind *Top Gear* and *Last Man Standing*, and presented by Steve Jones, the production sees contestants compete in a variety of different locations across the globe, beginning in Scotland and finishing with a final in Vietnam.

Filmed over the summer and due to air in January, the team's TV debut was apparently the product of Alex and Joel messing around on the internet in the absence of first year History exams. Skipping Fizz on the evening of the BBC's application deadline, the duo filled in a form online with their characteristic irony and "whimsical" humour. They explain, "that was probably our best moment, from there it was all downhill really."

There were one or two bent truths they admit. As well as exaggerating interests and hobbies, the trio played on "Nim's somewhat contrived, deprived inner-city kid image. We

tried to play up to what we thought was the BBC's diversity policy." In fact, he went to Manchester Grammar School (which had three fewer entrants to Cambridge than Eton last year) and lives on the same road as Wayne Rooney, or so he says. "Actually, trying to be diverse probably just made us look a bit weird, in the end we came to the conclusion that the BBC just wanted us to fulfil the stereotypical Cambridge student role."

Despite the boys' best efforts, they fear that they ended up fulfilling the stereotype in every way. "We overanalysed every task on the show. We spent far too long unpacking the questions and trying to second guess what was required of us in the challenges."

Each episode will follow the teams for their 48-hours of 'challenges', the essence of the competition. But the two-day sessions proved difficult, requiring constant filming with few opportunities for retakes. There were limits to what more the team could tell me about the show itself. "We irrevocably waived all moral rights when we signed the contracts, to the point where if we'd come up with some genius idea during filming, the BBC would have owned it." "You'll have to watch and see mate, but seriously though, it's all about *Dropzone*", gleams Nim. It is clear that the trio had a lot of fun filming.

All three elements of "The Geeks" are now keen on careers in television, or at the least in the public eye. Joel is keen to launch a Louis Theroux-style career in investigative journalism off



"The Geeks" in the zone this summer

the back of the programme. So far, he acknowledges that he has failed. He explains, "I'm too funny for Saturday night telly really. I'm probably too funny for The Footlights". He has also used the programme as a catalyst "for beginning a reclusive lifestyle" which, according to Nim, means that there is now "only a thin line between him and the Sidney Mathmos". And Nim should know.

Nim, on the other hand, has used *Dropzone* "as a platform" for his JCR presidency campaign, modelling himself as "the Obama of Sidney". Less than 24 hours after deciding to run for the position he had already been called in by the Senior Tutor for his "tactics", bending and probably breaking every JCR election campaign rule in existence. But, he tries to convince me that this expertise is a result of the "nuanced impression of the media" that has resulted from this summer's adventures. Should this not work out he continues, "one of the female contestants on the show also said I could be an eye model, so that is definitely something I am going to look into." His enthusiasm is hard to argue with.

Alex, as a self proclaimed "maverick", claims that he's not going to watch the programme as he suspects he will come across badly as a result of his angry outbursts during filming. Asked to expand on this he clarifies, "I may have told the presenter to go fuck himself at one point", before breaking off into laughter. Whilst he admits there were low points, he is keen to draw attention to an episode, in which he was told by a local girl (in broken English), "you are very very handsome." He will, along with the others, use the programme to justify making "t-shirts with the group's faces printed on them" to wear to Cindies.

They will also, they tell me enthusiastically, get a Wikipedia entry and fan page set up. Here, I am unsure whether the trio quite understand the idea that a fan page deteriorates into pure narcissism if not founded by someone outside of the group itself. Luckily for them, in the editing of this article, a fan was born to the trio, a fan more than happy to set up any form of 'page', supportive, congratulatory or even adulatory.

ANNA HARPER

## Hi! Society: English Language Studies for Tibetans

*A charity sending volunteers to teach exiled Tibetans in South East Asia - "a phenomenal experience"*

MICHAEL MONTEIRO

ELST is a Cambridge-based charity that aims to help Tibetan exiled communities in India and other areas of the Himalayas.

The charity's work is twofold. Firstly, ELST arranges for a small number of 3 month scholarships to Cambridge for those in exile to partake in intensive language courses. They also send volunteers to areas in Nepal, Mongolia and India to help the Tibetan community learn English. It is the provision of these volunteers which forms the main



purpose of the Cambridge University ELST Society.

People are often sceptical about travelling with charities or organisations, fearing a scam, but reading the testimonials of past volunteers on the ELST website makes it clear that this organisation is different - "this is not a program but a charity". ELST focuses upon the individual traveller creating their own trip.

Students are selected through application forms and interviews and are simply provided with contacts in their host country so they can each formulate their own unique experience. ELST also provide travel grants to volunteers and help with raising of funds. One ELST volunteer said, "there are so many travel grants available in Cambridge that it is just a question of knowing about them. Equally, by volunteering with

ELST you put a reputable charity on the application form which increases your chance of receiving funding."

She described her experience of teaching in Bylakuppe, Karnataka: "Mornings were spent teaching the lay community and in the afternoon I taught at the Sera Jey monastery nearby. It's not just English you can teach too. My students were really keen to do some debating, drama and art so we spent some time on that, and CVs and interview skills as well. Working in a community of 6,000 male monks was a phenomenal experience and Tibetans are truly the most gentle and generous people I have ever met, offering to show us around the monastery, organising special lessons on Buddhism for us and even inviting us to their yoga classes at daybreak."

The period of teaching undertaken



This summer's ELST volunteers in Bylakuppe and their students

by volunteers must span a minimum of six weeks and volunteers are encouraged to travel before or after the teaching programme, as well as using weekends to discover the surrounding area.

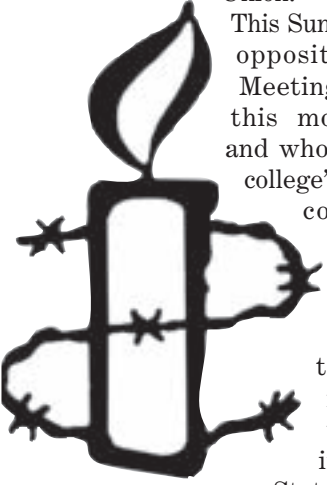
Applications are open to all Cambridge undergraduates until midnight on Saturday January 16th 2010. See [www.elstcam.org](http://www.elstcam.org) for more details. TILLY BROWNE





## Gonville and Caius

Two weeks ago, the JCR of Caius created outcry by controversially proposing to end funding to religious, political or charitable societies. This would have included organisations such as Amnesty International and the Christian Union.



This Sunday, after heated opposition, an Open Meeting was held and this motion retracted and wholly revised. The college's JCR Secretary commented: "I think the Open Meeting was a big success – we had a good turn-out...The result was that we will be amending our Mission Statement to make it

clearer how society budgets are allocated and that students are welcome to see the details of the budget allocation process. We will also be holding a referendum next week on the proposed changes to the Constitution: chief among them is a proposal to separate 'recognition' of a society from our funding of a society". The revised motion has met with positive feedback from students.

# College Watch



## Sidney Sussex

Students of the College have been asked to "refrain from climbing over locked gates on College property", in an email from Acting Dean Robert Busch. This follows significant injuries to offending students this term. Sidney students have been assured that the porters would prefer to be telephoned to let them in rather than having to deal with offenders both in terms of reproof and first aid assistance. It has been threatened that the matter will transcend the boundary from being a matter of safety to one of discipline.



## Pembroke

A ban has been imposed on all swaps in the college's Formal Hall until the end of Michaelmas Term.

The College Proctor made the decision to refuse swap teams attendance to Hall (pictured right) following an increasing number of alcohol-fuelled incidents which have involved damage to College property, rudeness to staff, and vomiting "here, there and everywhere".

An email from Pembroke's Proctor was sent to all students of the College, urging them to "put pressure on the small minority of students who are creating difficulties to behave more responsibly". He added that "individuals have been identified and fined". With three formals this week already sold out, students await an announcement regarding the refunding of tickets. The ban on follows the three-day closure of Pembroke's bar two weeks ago. CLAIRE GATZEN



# Cambridge Spies



## Triple X

We'd like to begin this here story, with precursory apology for detail gorey.

One femme fatale, this Tuesday night, was perhaps more than just a little tight.

Completing her swap with a dancefloor kiss, going back to his room wasn't a chance she'd miss.

With a sexual favour, just one or two, from the member of her victim, blood she drew.

But her violent love-making did not end here, as she began groping her target, up from the rear.

The damage to his manhood did thus continue, until his love-muscle lost a sinew.

Then as the intoxication melted away, our protagonist was far too sheepish to stay.

But not to her own College did she go, instead upstairs to his neighbour – two in a row.

## The Big Friendly Get-Off

One genius lad, out on the lash, devised the perfect formula for scoring some gash.

Rather than the usual lines and drinks, an unconventional technique, used this saucy lynx.

Spotting female friends by the bar, the red light flashed on his Pulling-Radar.

Over he went and used the guise, of a "Friendly Pull" to win his prize.

Just a one-off ploy you seem to think? Oh no – four female chums in three nights, did this cad hoodwink.

## Ménage à trois

Waiting outside a supervision door, is a pastime we all know and abhor.

Annoyance, however, reaches new heights, when the door opens to unwelcome sights.

After almost half an hour's wait, one lass entered upon the remains of a date.

Her teacher dressed in post-coital costume, accompanied by a lady, his temptress I presume...

## York University

Saturday saw a memorial service to celebrate the life of Tom Eleftheriades, a second year student at York University. Although Eleftheriades, who was a member of Vanbrugh College, died suddenly during the university's Freshers' Week, the memorial service was not held until last weekend pending results of an inquest into the student's death. Eleftheriades, who was studying linguistics and was said to be committed, talented and enthusiastic in all aspects of life, died at his house in Frances Street, York. Since the beginning of term, York University has also been hit by another death: that of first year Chris Woodhead who died of natural causes in York Hospital.

## London Met. University

The governors of London Metropolitan University have been given six days to "consider their positions" in light of a report which found the institution has misused public money. The institution must now repay the £36.5 million debt as the inquiry found the university had received tens of millions of pounds in overpayments from the Higher Education Funding Council for England because it submitted inaccurate student data to the council. The report, which will be published this week alongside a second inquiry by Deloitte, attributes the situation to a combination of false reporting by the university and the institution's failure to address high rates of incompleteness.

# University Watch

## University of Liege

Coma specialists at the university are pioneering new ways to understand and treat coma victims after they discovered that 46-year-old Rom Houben, presumed comatose for 23 years, had been fully conscious. Houben was unable to communicate due to paralysis from a car accident in 1983 which left him in what doctors thought was a persistent vegetative state, but remained aware of his surroundings as hope for his reawakening dwindled. It is three years since Dr Steven Laureys used new scanning techniques to find that Houben's brain was still active, but it was not until last week that Laureys published a paper on a study he conducted. This study draws attention to the fact that there are certainly other misdiagnosed patients who are conscious but locked in paralysis and capable of feeling pain.



## Oxford University

The JCR of Magdalen College Oxford has passed a motion to rename itself 'Gryffindor' and will henceforth be referred to as such in official documents. Successful amendments to the motion include purchase of a 'Sorting Hat'. Less successful, was the suggestion of a letter to the college President asking that he change his name to Albus Dumbledore. The JCRC President also has a mandate to contact his peers at Christ Church, St Hugh's and Merton to propose renaming their own combination rooms Slytherin, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw.

With the blasphemous prospect of the UL becoming 'The Deloitte Library', *Varsity* suggest we jump on the Rowling bandwagon with 'The Azkaban Library' to start, John's as Slytherin and Christ's as Hufflepuff, of course.

## University of East Anglia

Hundreds of emails and documents hacked from a computer server at the University of East Anglia are being used by skeptics against the idea that humans have a lasting impact on climate change. These global warming skeptics claim the emails, attributed to prominent American and British climate researchers, show that scientists conspired to over-exaggerate the anthropogenic causes of climate change by discussing whether or not to release certain data, withholding it and deciding collectively how best to combat the arguments of skeptics. The university has brought in police to investigate the security breach. ESMENICHOLSON

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Jacob Bronowski, University of Cambridge 1927-1933

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## THE ESSAY: Misunderstanding Sex

A healthy appreciation of our sexuality is essential to happiness, says ALBAN McCOY. But popular culture cuts off the groin from the heart – and nowhere is the resulting alienation more obvious than in the universities



The deluge of advice concerning sex that greets freshers, much of it depressingly grim and notably humourless, and the discovery that many a College laundry room may lack an iron but never fails to have one or even two condom machines, prompts one to wonder whether we haven't, somewhere along the line, lost the plot.

No one can or should deny that a healthy appreciation of our sexuality is essential to a balanced, integrated and flourishing life – essential, that is, to happiness – and an unhealthy view of sexuality has the opposite effect. But it surely doesn't follow from this that you can't be happy without having sex – and lots of it. That sex and happiness automatically belong together is nothing but wishful thinking, which would be risible if it wasn't so damaging. Sadly, many people coming up to Cambridge fall victim to the prejudice that sex is proof of social success and a non-negotiable 'must' if you're normal or, at least, acceptable among your peers. This failure to distinguish sexuality and sex reduces sex to nothing more than genital plumbing and cuts off the groin from the heart and both from the head.

Sexuality pervades every aspect of our lives, including the spiritual. It is an immensely powerful drive, a formidable force for life and love. But, misunderstood or badly managed, it can be the cause of unimaginable unhappiness.

There are many ways of misunderstanding both sexuality and sex, but two stand out. The first is prudery and prudishness, often attributed specifically to Catholics: on this view, sex is far too messy to be regarded as an important part of our lives, and certainly has nothing to do with the spiritual life. Admittedly, this has been the view of many religious sects in history, some of them Christian heresies, but it is a view that leads, at worst, to neurosis, hypocrisy and hardness of heart and, at best, to missed opportunities for human flourishing.

Whatever individual Christians may have thought and taught, Christianity as such does not deny the intrinsic goodness of our sexuality. Christian mystics have freely

and famously used the language of erotic love and sexual metaphor to describe the communion with God to which Christians believe all human beings are called. And theologians of unquestioned stature have taught the goodness of our sexuality. St Thomas Aquinas, for instance, unambiguously asserts that it is, in itself, good (*Summa Theologiae 2a2ae 23.1 ad 1*) and that lack of due delight in our senses is a serious failing (*ST 2a2ae 142.1*). According to Aquinas, God has given us our senses so that we might delight in his creation.

If the first misunderstanding fails to register the importance of sexuality, the second makes of it an idol. Our age is undeniably genitally-fixated and the conflation of sexuality and having sex is one of the causes. The confusion is a failure of imagination that has led to thinly concealed boredom, instead of mutual delight and life-giving intimacy. The everything for nothing of the 'one-night-stand' leads to nothing for anybody. In an oddly paradoxical twist, permissiveness and prudishness arrive at the same impoverishment.

A flourishing and shared life

of friendship and love depends on much more than our sleeping arrangements. One can have lots of sex and yet miss out entirely on love and friendship. And nor does having sex necessarily ease loneliness: indeed, empty physical intimacy can make it much worse. You're never more alone than when you're not alone in a loveless and empty show of false intimacy. And there's no lonelier place than a loveless marital bed.

Our sexuality is intrinsic to our natures as human beings and it follows that sex can never be insignificant, no matter how casually we may treat it: it will always either build us up or pull us down; either enhance life or diminish it. In a committed, exclusive and permanent relationship, it can be life-giving in every sense, leading to lifelong trust and love. Conversely, casual or 'recreational' sex trivialises trust and alienates us from one another.

Popular culture, of course, protests that this is to accord too much importance to sex, which doesn't or needn't carry such significance. Sex, on this view, is no more psychologically significant than any

other mutually satisfying pastime.

But anybody who holds this view must surely be struck by our growing awareness of the socially and personally destructive impact of sex misused. We're more conscious than ever before of the tide of human suffering caused by sexual abuse of all kinds. And it's not just violent, non-consensual sex that damages and destroys: casual, impersonal, uncommitted sex has equally damaging consequences. Sex never happens without some consequence, at the time or in due course.

Sex is safest (in the fullest sense and not just from an hygienic point of view) and therefore most positively significant, in the context of a permanent, exclusive and committed relationship, open to the possibility of new life, in which the free gift of shared intimacy is not inhibited by a desire to avoid the consequences of commitment in both biological and psychological terms.

By its very nature, sex is a unique bodily language expressing trust and mutual commitment through time. It is a gift of self in the most vulnerable of all human situations. Where these qualities

are not present, there is inevitably a damaging dissonance between our deeds and our intentions. Sex in the absence of these conditions is a pretence, a charade, an empty and meaningless gesture, going nowhere and conveying nothing: "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame".

A final point about the much-misunderstood and unfashionable virtue of chastity. Chastity doesn't mean not having sex: the virtue of chastity is as much at home in marriage as anywhere else. Nor does chastity mean being a prude: being prudish offends against chastity as much as being prurient and promiscuous. In fact, chastity isn't primarily concerned with sex at all. Chastity has to do with all our relationships, including our relationship with ourselves. It primarily concerns reverence and respect for ourselves and others.

To be chaste is to relate to others freely, respectfully and with integrity, without manipulating or invading their freedom to be themselves. It is to relate, in other words, within appropriate personal, emotional and physical boundaries: within the boundaries, that is, set by another person and the truths that inform and shape their lives. It is to treat other people as ends and never means, relating to them in themselves and for themselves. Of course, chastity is particularly important in the area of sex because, more easily than many of our other appetites, it can lead us to offend against another's or our own good by crossing boundaries.

To fear and dislike sex is as much a negation of chastity as to abuse it for selfish gratification. Chastity protects and enhances the significance of our sexuality, challenging prudery as much as promiscuity. Instead of either escaping or exploiting our sexuality, we should rejoice in it and be grateful for our bodily natures, living our lives lustily but never lustfully.

---

Father Alban McCoy has been the Catholic Chaplain to the University since 1998. He lives at the chaplaincy, which is at Fisher House, next to the Cow pub. Before coming to Cambridge, he taught philosophy. His latest book is An Intelligent Person's Guide to Christian Ethics.

## Overrated

Week 8: Leonardo da Vinci



The Louvre is a strange place. The most visited museum in the world, it houses over 35,000 objects across 652,300

square feet. It is a museum so big that its less visited galleries are opened on a rotating basis. Yet, when you're there you might believe that this behemoth of a building had been raised for the sole purpose of housing one small dun brown portrait.

Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* is the inescapable beating heart of the museum. La Joconde, La Gioconda, Die Mona Lisa, she is everywhere. Should you find yourself lost in a gallery of Cycladic art, at many wings' remove from Leonardo's bullet-proof heroine, there will be a helpful sign with a Mona Lisa

and an arrow returning you to the rightful path. There's one at every cross-road of the Louvre's corridors. On one Baroque staircase stands a Gioconda with an arrow pointing left and right. All roads lead ultimately to the same destination.

Get within three rooms of the Joconde and you can't avoid her. The tide of tourists carries you willingly or unwillingly, as they cram ten-deep into the room, cameras aloft. And Lord, what a disappointment she is! A browning postage stamp of a queen, plump and moon-faced. But who wants to admit it when you've queued for hours

outside Mitterrand's glass pyramid?

It's the same syndrome that affects the *Last Supper* in Milan. And that painting has lost 75% of its original paint. What you're looking at is a quarter of a masterpiece: the 25% that didn't flake off. It's like reading only one in every four words of *Hamlet*. That's a soliloquy that reads: 'To...to...the...nobler...to, etc.' Hard to make judgements of genius based on fragments.

Postage stamps and flaky frescoes aside, Leonardo's 'genius' is often attributed to his inventions. He invented a helicopter, a scuba suit, a hang-glider and the

solar panel. Only snag is, they didn't work. Anyone can be a failed inventor. Leonardo just drew his failures more fetchingly than most.

But a great artist is more than two paintings and some Branestawm experiments. What of the rest of Leonardo's oeuvre? Well, it's very brown. 'Sfumato' to art historians. At least Titian and Raphael did colour.

The cult of Leonardo is a venerable one. But an enigmatic smile, a quarter of a masterpiece, and flights that never got airborne do not a Renaissance man make. LAURA FREEMAN



# VARSITY

Established in 1947

Issue No 708

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## A term marred by corporate intrusions

From now on, thousands of Oxbridge students past and present will congregate each Easter on the banks of the Thames to catch up with friends, cheer on their alma mater and enjoy that time honoured crown jewel of British sport: The Xchanging Boat Race. This sad news is the latest in a line of events which have made corporate intrusion into university life the theme of this term. Whether it is companies advertising on the pavements outside King's, the UL selling its name to the highest bidder or the CBI advising the Government on university policy, Cambridge seems to have lost any idea of its autonomous reason for existing and is becoming merely a precursor to professional life.

Some may say that a name is irrelevant, or a small price to pay for the money it brings in, but this is clearly not the case. The name of an event is important and that is precisely why Xchanging are willing to pay money to have it usurped. It implies that the culture and purpose of university life is merely to process youngsters into aspirant go-getters armed with transferable skills and ready to storm the battlements of Canary Wharf. Love of learning, the virtue of teaching and intellectual enrichment are now by the by, merely the means to a six figure salaried end.

The University of Cambridge's nomenclature used to reflect a reverence for learning. In 1897 the University's History library was renamed in honour of the historian Sir John Seeley, and when fifty years later a new site was developed in part to hold the Seeley library it was named after the philosopher Henry Sidgwick. The buildings and institutions of Cambridge reflect a history and heritage of intellectual endeavour, but from now on they threaten to reflect a sad subordination to business and material concerns.

The deal with Xchanging may be financially lucrative, but in spirit it is cheap. The fact that their CEO can, with a straight face, clam that "Xchanging draws strength and inspiration" from Oxbridge rowers shows how far we have fallen in tolerating executive speak. This term has also seen the absurdly named 'Research Excellence Framework' established to decide upon university funding, and as Cambridge's Stefan Collini has argued in the TLS its "menu" of "impact indicators" shows the Government's dispiriting lack of understanding of why the humanities in particular should be studied. However it would appear that our universities are equally incapable of justifying their existence and standing up to big businesses.

There is a reason why universities exist aside from churning out employable students. However, the renaming of the boat race is just the latest in a long line of filthy lucre-minded events which suggest that our University has lost sight of this reason and is willingly sacrificing its academic identity to the Gospel of Mammon.



Charlotte Runcie  
Student Columnist of the Year

I confess: I went to see *Twilight: New Moon* on the day it came out, and I loved it. It's one long, drawn out moment of sexual tension, helped along by plenty of rock-hard abs. (Team Jacob!) What's not to love? But it doesn't stop at eye candy. There's a scene in this latest instalment of Stephanie Meyer's sparkly vampiric restraint-epic where everything goes a bit meta. It's about a third of the way through when lip-biting necrophiliac Bella Swan goes to see a zombie movie with her friend Jessica (who looks and acts like a refugee from *High School Musical*). As they leave the cinema we're treated to Jessica's opinions on the film, which mainly consist of her bemoaning its lack of 'hot guys' and showing derision for its supposed status as a metaphor for capitalism. Twilight, of course, is nothing but hot guys. Zombies... Vampires... D'you get it?

You'll forgive me for paraphrasing; I couldn't take detailed notes in the screening, as a Moleskine at a festival of fantasy lust is terribly gauche. Anyway, unexpected Wes Craven moment dealt with, *New Moon* soon gets back to the important business of finding spurious reasons for impossibly attractive men to remove their shirts, and it becomes clear where the film's priorities lie. But is *Twilight* really an economic metaphor, too? Or is it just a festival of all things pop-tween, nothing more than what the *Times* critic Kevin Maher called "the cinematic equivalent of a Jonas Brothers concert"? With all that sexual tension flying around, it's hard to think otherwise.

But it's old news that Sci-Fi and Fantasy are vehicles for commentary on the real world. Everyone's familiar with the ulterior motives of Narnia, so it's not exactly

## Twilight shows how Disney lost its childhood innocence: thanks to capitalism, the tween is dead

groundbreaking to suggest that the most recent fantasy sensation has overtones beyond bloodsucking and hormonal angst. Hell, vampire stories come with their own illustrious history of allegory; since Bram Stoker's seminal 1897 novel, the vampire has meant desire, depravity, and promiscuity. These qualities are knowingly subverted in *Twilight*, with the vampire heroes instead opting for monogamy and chastity. Twilight reclaims a well-worn tale of sexual desire and makes it palatable to the Bible Belt. The message is clear: abstinence is sexy.



You know all this. And yet the theme doesn't quite work, not least because telling the tween (for the tween is absolutely the target for these films and books) not to have sex will only make them think about it more. *South Park's* Jonas Brothers episode is a much more adept critique of the JoBro/abstinence phenomenon than I could manage, and I recommend you check it out. But there's more to be said; there's something darker afoot in *Twilight*.

For an economy dependent on using sex to sell products, the virgin tween market has always been a challenge. But now Disney seems to have cracked it; to appeal to a demographic poised on the brink of sexual oblivion, all you

have to do is push them over the edge. Forget about ponies and sleepovers; the innocent tween must die. Surround them with sex, tell them not to do it, and make everything glittery to ease the transition.

Evidence that this strategy is working, and that the process of growing up is becoming an overnight switchover from childhood to libidinous adolescence, can be found in the diminishing market for anything squeaky clean. Disney tween queen Miley Cyrus was photographed in a provocative pose for *Vanity Fair* at age 15 and, still underage in America, she pole-danced at the 2009 Teen Choice Awards. Her estimated worth is around \$1 billion, making her the world's richest teen. And it's difficult to defend her as child-friendly.

It's happened in the US, and it's happening here. Take Jedward: people were surprised by the length of time that they managed to cling on in *X Factor*, but not Louis Walsh. He assumed that the twins' market was tweens, and that kids would vote for someone fun, someone like them. He was wrong; the tweens vote for Lloyd, a similar age to Jedward but more of the boyfriend type than the mischievous classmate. The people keeping Jedward in were twentysomethings with a sense of irony and anyone wanting to annoy Simon Cowell, and both of these camps have far less tenacity than the tween stuck at home with their parents every Saturday night.

Jedward's departure proved that the tween is dead. Non-threatening is over; 11-13 year olds are demanding something darker, and the promise of more to come with every hint of burgeoning sexuality. The relentless drive of capitalism has led us further towards the sexualisation of children, and big corporations like Disney are happy to keep it that way. Maybe *Twilight* isn't a metaphor for capitalism, but it certainly embodies its darker side.

## Letters to the Editor

I have been giving some thought to the vexed question of the University Library's new sponsor



which is such a source of anxiety in some quarters. Tesco evidently gives offence; Sainsbury's is not interested; BAE Weapons Systems is probably unsuitable; but surely no one could object to naming the UL after a publisher. So I suggest 'The Oxford University Press

Cambridge University Library'. No-one could take offence at that.  
**Stephen Halliday**  
**Ex-Pembroke**

*Varsity* claims to be 'The Independent Student Newspaper', but I notice not one but two flattering reviews of the 'Cambridge boyband' Blueprint in last week's issue. Is something going on here? Do Blueprint really deserve a five-star review when they have already been described as 'soooo amazing' (Rafael Meruna, My Week)? It is difficult to imagine that Blueprint could really be as good as you say.

I hope there will be no more references to Blueprint in this week's 'Independent' *Varsity*.

**Dom Pelemun**  
**Jesus**

Contrary to reports in last week's *Varsity*, Sidney's is not the "only remaining student-run bar in Cambridge". Clare Cellars is also completely student run, with a dedicated team of 7 undergraduates doing everything from ordering stock to cashing up the till, all with minimal interference from College authorities.

We believe student-run bars are important not only for creating a relaxed and friendly environment, but also for equipping student managers with valuable business experience. But perhaps most

importantly, many of the Clare students we employ tell us they depend on the small additional income they earn each week working behind the bar. It could therefore be argued that any attempt by a College to take over an autonomous bar would create serious financial issues for some students.

**Marcus Buck**  
**Clare Cellars Publicity Officer**

Newnham College bar turned student-run in Michaelmas of 2008, and has been successfully running under student management since then. The bar, which boasts a plasma screen TV, a pool table and some of the cheapest prices in Cambridge, is staffed and run by the students of Newnham.

That said, the bar committee would like to register our support of Sidney's efforts to retain their student run status. The Sidney bar team were tremendous when helping to set our bar up and we can vouch for their undeniable hard work and ability. It would be a great shame if this privilege was removed, especially given that it does not reflect a lack of talent or ability on the Sidney bar team, only the poor behaviour of a few drunken outsiders.

**Anna Montgomery**  
**Bar Manager, Newnham**

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





Tom Chigbo

## The main parties don't want to talk about tuition fees. It's up to students to fight for a fairer system

the effects of variable fees, and should play a key role in setting the agenda for universities over the next decade, if not longer. The terms of reference are broad enough to consider alternatives to the current system of top-up fees and ever-increasing student debt.

However, the review has also conspired to silence the student voice. Despite commitments to hearing a student perspective, NUS representatives were not even allowed on the panel unless they agreed not to speak to the media and represent us. Five of the review's seven members have

the ground for a fees increase and further marketisation of higher education.

Worse still, politicians and candidates who claim to represent us seem content to sit back and watch students get stitched up with a fee increase. Given the potential impact of the current review, the fact that any increase in fees will have to be voted on by MPs and the knowledge that a general election will be called within months, it is shocking that they are still getting away with dodging the issue. There may not be a simple answer, but this is no excuse for what amounts to a coalition of silence between the main parties, denying students a say on this most crucial of issues.

Students will not stand for this and throughout the coming debate we will be fighting our corner. CUSU will be doing everything possible to pin down local candidates, forcing them to come clean and give students the opportunity to make an informed choice at the ballot box. In the last month we have already seen creative campaigns in Cambridge and elsewhere, ranging from lobbying of MPs and public demonstrations to high-profile stunts and direct action. This activity must increase and intensify all the way up to the general election and beyond.

The fact is that not only students, but parents, graduates, employers and others in society are concerned

about the cost of university education. Higher education funding remains as emotive among voters as it was in 2004. A recent YouGov poll shows that only 12% of the public think that the government should even consider raising fees. Lifting the cap on fees would not only increase the amount that individuals pay, but also have dire effects for access and social inequality. A higher education marketplace where some universities are able to charge huge fees, would see students from poorer backgrounds deterred from or priced out of access to many prestigious institutions, including Cambridge. Students' unions need to stand shoulder to shoulder with families and communities, making the case for widening participation, in order to have the biggest impact. CUSU's Town Takeover events have focused on just that.

With a general election looming and public opinion still opposed to increasing fees, the student movement has an exciting opportunity to make its mark. We cannot let this moment pass us by and sleepwalk into higher fees and crippling debt. The battle lines have been drawn. Now we must fight for a fairer funding system and defend the right of all students to not be priced out of the education they deserve.

*Tom Chigbo is President of CUSU.*

It's early 2004 and the Labour Party is divided. Prime Minister Tony Blair has put his reputation on the line and the fate of the government lies in the hands of a few backbench MPs. His plans are facing opposition from groups across society. Ministers stand accused of betraying manifesto pledges. There have been protests around the country, a mass demonstration in London and even the occupation of a government department building. The issue causing so much contention is not privatisation, civil liberties or even the Iraq War. It is student tuition fees.

Plans to introduce variable tuition fees provoked a bigger backbench rebellion than any other issue in the early years of Blair's government, including Iraq. Faced with fierce opposition from students and families, a combination of last-minute concessions and fear of losing face just before the publication of the Hutton Inquiry squeezed out just enough votes to get the proposals through Parliament. The government was only three votes away from defeat.

Five years on, an independent review into higher education funding has begun. This is an important opportunity to examine

## Not-Sci



### Let's be sensible about stem cell research

‘Today it's baby murder. Tomorrow you'll be cloning Jonathan Ross' is often the gist of the argument by pro-life campaigners against stem cell research. But recent advances in stem cell research make the 'baby murder' argument irrelevant. And more pertinently, who would ever want to clone Jonathan Ross?

This week, Professor Anthony Hollander visited Cambridge to talk about how he harvested cells from a woman's bone marrow and used them to grow a windpipe which was then transplanted back into the same woman. The patient, who was a wheezing invalid after contracting tuberculosis, is now fit and healthy. No embryos were used.

Anti-cloning arguments range from the optimistic to the absurd. In their hypothetical fantasy world of the future 'anti-cloners' want you to believe that a strand of your hair will be sinisterly plucked from your head at the bus stop and your carbon copy, will be ready by lunchtime, before being mass-produced to take over the world.

Let's be sensible and unbiased about this. Let's assume that cloning humans is possible and common in the way 'test tube babies' are common. Is it acceptable for a couple to conceive a child for the sole purpose of being a donor match of an existing one? What about cloning one? Twins, triplets and so on already exist in nature. How are triplets produced by cloning different to triplets produced by IVF? The only difference is the route, the technical science, used to achieve the final result. They both involve human intervention and they are both equally easy to abuse. The only difference at this point in time is that cloning is not as technically easy as IVF.

Unlike other controversial science – the MMR vaccine causing autism, say, or the validity of vitamin pills – opposition to stem cell research is not a matter of disputing factual data or of horror stories about the results. The real worry seems to be about the intentions behind the science. SITA DINANAUTH





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by Charles van Valkenburg - Student

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# the mays

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We are looking for students to help us select submissions for the *mays xviii*. If you would like to be on the prose, poetry or visual arts committees, please apply by January 24<sup>th</sup>, 2010.

We are also looking for people to help organise workshops, readings and masterclasses throughout the year. Please apply by January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2010.

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## Guardian Student Journalist of the year Patrick Kingsley on Cambridge theatre

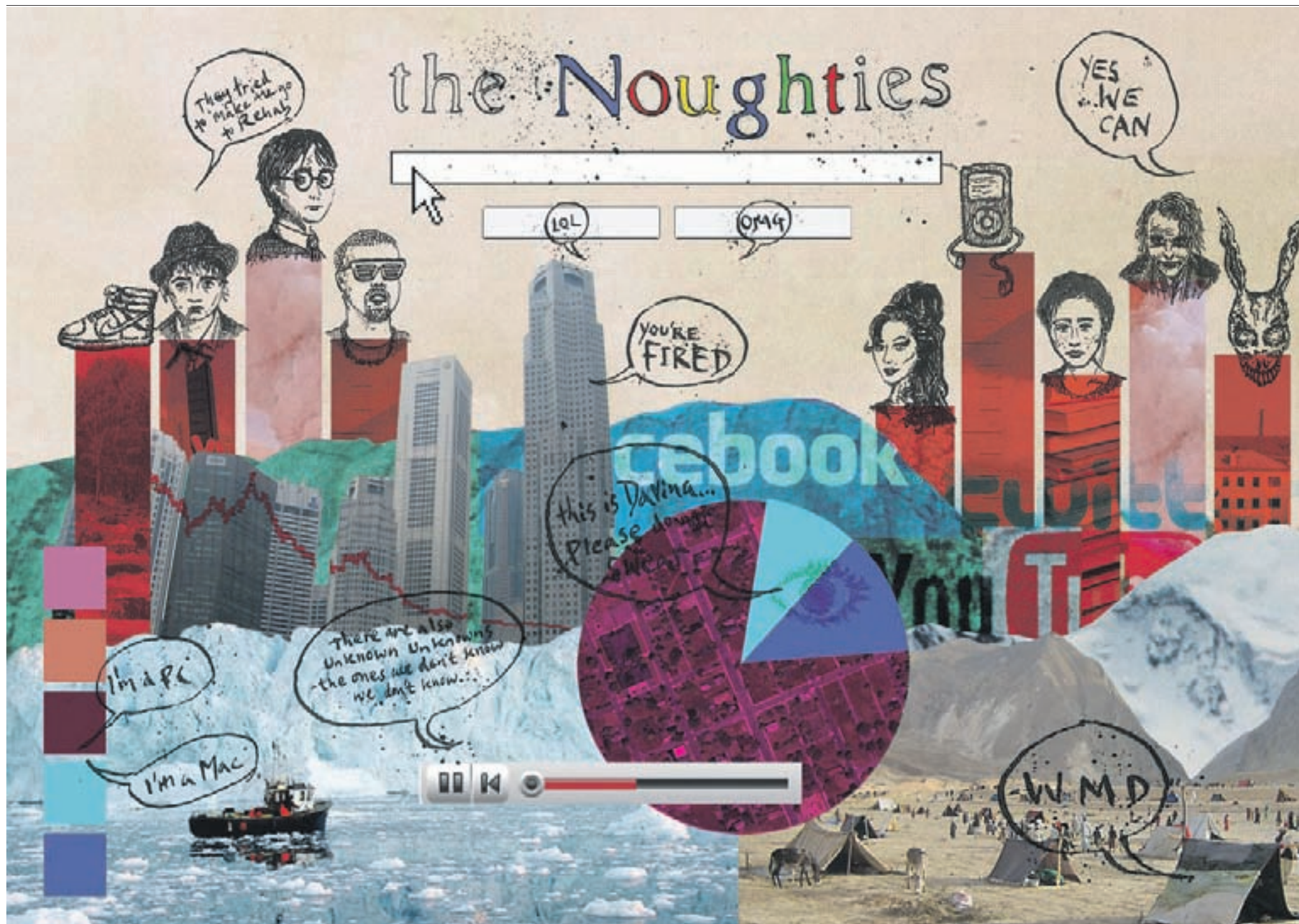
## Varsity

# Vulture

Arts, Features, Reviews



## Interview with the founder of Meat magazine on how to do it for yourself



LUCY NIERNBERG &amp; ANNA TRENG

# That Was The Decade That Was

We get nostalgic for the Noughties and round up the best of the last ten years of arts.

**F**rom the Arctic Monkeys to Facebook, from reality TV to WAGs, the decade from 2000 to 2009 will be one to remember.

There's been the fall from grace of Labour, with Blair vilified and Brown even more so, the rise and demise of the Bush administration and the Obama-mania that followed. However, the War on Terror has been the

defining feature of the decade's politics: 9/11 shook the confidence of the Western world and kick-started the invasion of Afghanistan and the Iraq War, and continues to dominate today's papers.

Jostling for headline space was the credit crunch, which saw the bankruptcy of firms like Lehman Brothers, and the shrinking of many a fat banker's wallet. The decade has

also seen climate change become a major concern on the world's agenda, with continuing pressure from environmental protesters met only by hazy promises from politicians.

The Noughties have also heralded the arrival of the 'Information Age', with the globe linked up by the internet, mobile communications and social networking sites, creating a world where everyone is plugged

in and switched on, 24/7.

To celebrate the sun going down on the first decade of the new millennium, we've sought out the decade's best TV, music, fashion, books, film and art. It was a difficult task and there had to be some exclusions (sorry Crazy Frog), but if it shows one thing, it's that the Noughties have been a brilliant decade for culture. Bring on the next ten.



# The Noughties: Reviewed

It's been a good decade for the old idiot-box. Despite the ever-burgeoning proliferation of crap, the noughties also saw a lot of truly great TV, headed – inevitably, overwhelmingly – by *The Wire*. Enough ink has been spilt over this show to prevent us adding anything new here; suffice to say, those who haven't yet immersed themselves in the Baltimore underworld are denying themselves one of the decade's cultural peaks, in any medium. It was joined by a number of other high-quality American dramas, mostly from upmarket channels HBO and AMC: *The Sopranos* and *Six Feet Under* earlier in the decade, as well as the sumptuous, intelligent *Mad Men*.

British programming, on the other hand, found itself reduced to big-budget dramatisations of Victorian novels and quasi-historical romps (*Rome*, *Desperate Romantics*). Reality TV was where the money was. *The X Factor*, *Britain's Got Talent* and *I'm a Celebrity... have been keeping ITV afloat for years. Channel 4 gave us *Big Brother* complete with 24/7 coverage on E4, and *The Apprentice* gave us noughties catchphrase: "You're fired!" What we excelled in was deadpan, often excruciating alternative comedy. Chris Morris and Steve Coogan paved the way in*

## TV

**THE AMERICAN DRAMA**  
THE WIRE, THE SOPRANOS...

**REALITY TV**  
THE X FACTOR, THE APPRENTICE...

**UK COMEDY**  
PEEP SHOW, THE OFFICE...

**TRASH TV**  
THE O.C., DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES...

the 90s, but the genre was blown open by 2001's *The Office*. Ricky Gervais and Steve Merchant established a template of subtle, character-based brilliance which would never be bettered – although *Peep Show* and *The Thick of It* have tried their best. Towards the odder end of the scale we find *The Mighty Boosh*, a show that sends you slightly insane if you watch it too often, and Garth Marenghi's *Darkplace*, a pitch-perfect horror spoof. The US also got in on the act with *Arrested Development*, a densely knitted family saga.

However, all these high points may come to nought when we come to consider the TV that's defined our generation. Here we turn to glossy Yankee trash and home-grown daytime toss. In the former category we find *The O.C.*, *24*, *Lost*, *Desperate Housewives* and *Sex and the City*; in the latter category *Countdown*, *Richard & Judy*, and above all *Deal or No Deal*, the programme which tried to turn box-opening into an art form. True, there were some half-decent cartoons – *Futurama*, *Family Guy*, even late-period *Simpsons* – but ultimately our young lives were occupied by a

string of programmes which set themselves low targets, and even then didn't always achieve them. It was fun at the time  
HUGO GYE

## STYLE

**THE WAG SQUAD**  
VICTORIA, COLEEN, CHERYL...

**RISE OF THE HIGH STREET**  
PRIMARK, TOPSHOP...

**MUST-HAVES**  
IT BAGS, SKINNY JEANS...

Almost every decade of fashion turned up: 20s fringing, 70s boho... As 'oh-it's-vintage' replaced 'someone-died-in-that' as the catchphrase for attic-chic, raiding the last century for your outfit became *de rigueur*. But when the next crop of Cambridge kids are

heading to the Mahal for a 'Noughties Swap', what will they remember about this century's debut?

Bling probably captures the pre-cession cheer: remember how for around eight of the ten years, we all had more money than we knew what to do with (or at least, banks did)? WAGs exhibited appropriate excessiveness: orange skin? Check. Implausibly spherical breasts? Check. Interchangeable, overpriced outfits with matching shoes and bag? Check.

The high street helpfully churned out catwalk imitations for those without a Premier League lifestyle. Primark and Topshop became the new stomping grounds for those looking for a quick fashion fix, and high street and high fashion collided with collabs like Christopher Kane for Topshop. Who could lose, besides your bank balance?

On the edgier side of things, club culture made a reappearance, and Agnès Byn happened to step into the limelight just as the nu-rave zeitgeist needed a face. In housemate Henry Holland's irreverently garish t-shirts ("I'll show you who's boss, Kate Moss") and a bleached crop that became the 'Rachel' for our decade, Deyn dominated fashion.

Fashion crazes included the ridiculous It Bag mania: Chloe's coveted chunky Paddington bag weighed several kilos even when empty. Hightop trainers and skinny jeans have yet to loosen their viper grip on our ankles, which is pretty great as far as we're concerned – much cheaper than a Chloe bag. CHARLOTTE WU & ZING TSJENG



Back in 2001, the sound of indie was that of 1979, where the guitars were spindly and the jeans skinny. The forefathers of the revival? The Strokes. Their marriage of scruffy looks and garage band sound to Julian Casablancas' Upper East Side drawl on *Is This It?* produced such noughties classics like 'Someday' and 'Last Nite'. Elsewhere, the debut of Canada's Arcade Fire, *Funeral*, was a beautiful collection of folk-tinged anthems from the ten-plus strong collective. Despite the grief-stricken title, the frenetic urgency of 'Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)' and 'Rebellion (Lies)' shine through, making the album feel anything but funereal. And given Jack White's penchant for side-projects, it's almost possible to forget where he started. On 2003's *Elephant*, the White Stripes found themselves fine-tuning their formula; anthemic blues, stripped down and amped up.

On this side of the Atlantic, this decade's answer to Morrissey and Marr, Pete Doherty and Carl Barat, took their cues from The Strokes and added some English whimsy, amateurism and a fair dabble of crack to produce The Libertines' seminal classic *Up the Bracket*.

Jay-Z may have had 99 problems but producing brilliant albums wasn't one, with 2001's *The Black Album* and *The Black Album* in 2003. And remember Kanye West before he started interrupting country starlets? He had a career

as a brilliant producer-cum-rapper; his inventive use of samples, dab hand at beat construction and lyrical ingenuity, not to mention his enormous ego, are all over his 'College' albums, though his first, *The College Dropout*, is perhaps the best example.

Radiohead's best may have been 1997's *OK Computer*, but the noughties found them pushing the envelope further: reflecting the rise of online availability of music, the band's *In Rainbows* was initially sold only via their website, to mass success and acclaim. Another band of epic proportions produced their best album yet: Sigur Ros's exquisite *Takk...*, featuring the Attenborough-friendly 'Hoppipolla', saw their cinematic soundscapes and 'Hopelandic' lyrics meet with universal love.

And lest we forget the pop of the decade: Beyoncé, Justin Timberlake and Lady Gaga all struck a chord in the 00s, though no-one quite captured the public imagination as much as Amy Winehouse. Before the drink, the drugs, the rehab, there was the music, and *Back to Black* still stands as Winehouse's greatest moment, defining the 60s revivalist soul, imitated but never-bettered by so many.

There are so many more to mention: Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Kings of Leon, Daft Punk... the list goes on. So dust down your record collection and relive the best moments of the noughties; they've been a brilliant ten years. LAURIE TUFFREY

## MUSIC

**INDIE ROCK**  
THE STROKES, ARCADE FIRE, THE LIBERTINES...

**RAP**  
JAY-Z, KANYE WEST...

**EXPERIMENTAL**  
RADIOHEAD, SIGUR ROS...

**POP**  
AMY WINEHOUSE, BEYONCÉ, LADY GAGA...





The noughties was the decade that saw the golden promise of the 90s YBAs quite literally go up in smoke. In 2004 the Momart warehouse fire destroyed works by Tracey Emin, Michael Craig Martin and the Chapman Brothers - the bonfire to end all vanities.

For Damien Hirst it was the skull what did it. After two decades as the Emperor of Britart, in 2007 Hirst was finally exposed as having no clothes. The £50million diamond-encrusted skull entitled *Beyond Belief* debuted just as the Credit Crunch dawned.

The start of the noughties saw auction houses blissfully reporting record-breaking sales. In 2006, a Jackson Pollock sold for \$140m, the highest sum ever paid for a painting. By 2009, the good times were going, going gone. Credit-crunched Christie's fired a quarter of its London staff, and Sotheby's lost \$28.2million on a single auction.

But it wasn't all bad. The Tate Modern opened in 2000 and, along with the Gherkin, transformed London's skyline. By 2006, the former power station turned art gallery was London's most visited tourist attraction. The Turbine Hall became the country's most exciting venue for large scale art installations. Olafur Eliasson's *The Weather Project* (the floating sun) and Anish Kapoor's *Marsyas* (the giant trumpet) were triumphs. Over at Tate Britain, Chris Ofili embroiled himself in an insider trading scandal, undermining what was possibly the most beautiful installation of the decade: *The Upper Room*.

Other rotating installation spaces fared less well. The annual Serpentine Gallery Pavilion was reliably ugly and always, always leaked when it rained. The Fourth Plinth was predictably politically correct: Marc Quinn's *Alison*

*Lapper Pregnant*, Ian Walters' *Nelson Mandela*, but occasionally they got it right. Rachel Whiteread's inverted plinth in perspex was a witty play on the plinth problem and Antony Gormley bowed the decade out with his epic *One & Other*.

Gormley's Hayward exhibition was a virtuoso exercise in the sinister manipulation of space and the famous *Blind Light* inspired one of the decade's most memorable political cartoons: Peter Brookes' image of Gordon Brown stumbling hopelessly inside Gormley's claustrophobic glass prison.

Japanese artist Takashi Murakami's collaboration with Louis Vuitton made him one of the most recognisable artists of the decade and by way of Chinese counterfeiting, the most imitated. Also widely copied was illustrator David Shrigley whose influential fat black marker drawings spawned a thousand greeting card copyists. Grayson Perry was the decade's Turner Prize hero. Dubbed the transvestite potter, his frocks and pots garnered interest in equal measure, and

his long-running *Times* column offered the decade's most intelligent and sensitive commentary on the art world.

The noughties was the decade of big bucks followed by big bust. Corporate sponsorship made the Royal Academy blockbusters possible, Unilever bankrolled the Turbine Hall and auction prices skyrocketed. Recessions are traditionally bad news for art. As for the next decade? My money's on art schools. London's broke. LAURA FREEMAN

# ART

**DEATH OF YBAS**  
TRACEY EMIN, DAMIEN HIRST...

**MONEY MONEY MONEY**  
AUCTION FEVER, RECESSION BLUES...

**LONDON HIGHRISE**  
TATE MODERN, THE GHERKIN...

**ART STARS**  
GORMLEY, MURAKAMI, SHRIGLEY...



The jury's still out on *Twilight*, but the noughties more than made up for sparkly vampires with a mixed bag of notables and masterpieces. Sacha Baron Cohen took on the mantle of gross-out humour, with *Borat* and *Bruno* doing in real-life what *South Park* only dared to do in cartoons. Meanwhile, Judd Apatow churned out hits like *Superbad* and *Knocked Up*, featuring slobby protagonists and giving hope to geeks everywhere that social awkwardness and an addiction to weed could land you a beautiful girl (e.g. Katherine Heigl).

The action film evolved from steroid-addled Arnie vehicles into a sleeker, more morally ambiguous beast in the form of the *Bourne* trilogy and the rebooted *Bond* and *Batman* films. Punching people very hard won't cut it anymore; protagonists have to plumb the depths of personal tragedy too. With the darker tone came a new way to film action, too - jerky cameras leapt across roofs and tumbled down stairwells with their heroes, and fights were intense, knock-out scenes edited for maximum brutality and speed.

Movies like *The Lord of the Rings* were characterised by sweeping visuals, grand scores and human (and hobbit) tragedy on an epic scale. Faithfully adapted by Peter Jackson, *LoTR* brought fanboy culture into the mainstream: no longer did fantasy or comic book geeks have to hide in the shadows (of the Internet). By the time *Iron Man* rolled around, Hollywood had finally realised the power of the geek, wooing them with special screenings and freebies - all the while stripmining the fantasy and comic

book genres for new material, with questionable success (see: *Fantastic 4*).

More than anything else, our generation will be defined by the breakout indie movies of the decade. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, *Lost in Translation*, *Donnie Darko* (and most of Wes Anderson) all shared the same lo-fi aesthetic, with impeccable indie soundtracks, deadpan humour, and quirky visual surrealism - who can forget the Tenenbaums' uniforms? And most important: a very 21st century *ennui*, best experienced through the eyes of teenagers or young adults yearning for something the world has yet to offer.

The noughties also saw the rise of the docu-drama. From healthcare in *Sicko* to climate change in *An Inconvenient Truth*, Michael Moore's *Bowling for Columbine* created a new thirst for creative agit-prop film-making that took on the big issues with urgency and occasional self-righteousness (we're looking at you, Al Gore).

*Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* became a surprise hit, smashing conventional wisdom that Western audiences

were incapable of simultaneously reading subtitles and watching the screen. From *City of God* to *Spirited Away*, the decade finally saw the mainstream recognition of world cinema, and yielded several fruitful artistic collaborations between lesser-known international film directors and Hollywood - just think of Brad Pitt in Alejandro González Iñárritu's *Babel*, or Ang Lee directing Heath Ledger in *Brokeback Mountain*. ZING TSJENG

# FILM

**THE NEW ACTION STAR**  
THE BOURNE TRILOGY, JAMES BOND...

**REVENGE OF THE GEEK**  
THE LORD OF THE RINGS, IRON MAN...

**INDIE UNDERGROUND**  
LOST IN TRANSLATION, DONNIE DARKO...

**ROUND THE WORLD**  
CITY OF GOD, SPIRITED AWAY...



# BOOKS

**THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE**  
HARRY POTTER, DAN BROWN...

**CELEBRITY BIOS**  
JADE GOODY, JORDAN...

**GOLD STARS**  
IAN MCEWAN, LIONEL SHRIVER...

When asked about contemporary fiction, writer Philip Roth said crankily, "I don't think in 20 or 25 years people will read these things at all...there are just other things for people to do," and his despair at modern life

animates some of the decade's most memorable books.

The decade's most illustrious books were J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter* series; whatever your reservations about the adverb-heavy prose, her stories provided an escapism craved by children and adults alike. Similarly sensationalist was Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*, where the typical detective story was taken to the furthest extreme.

Readers unsatisfied with Potter could look back to Philip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* for more imaginative pleasures. *The Amber Spyglass* (2002) brought the trilogy to its climax, threading a coming of age narrative through moral and theological discussion. But what was so uplifting in Pullman's rationalist vision would infect one of the decade's most notable pieces of non-fiction: Richard Dawkins's *The God Delusion*. Although nobody would doubt Dawkins's skills as a scientist, he wound up causing more problems than he solved in his work. Writing with all the zeal of the evangelists he describes, Dawkins won 8.5 million readers by refusing to analyse religion on its own terms.

Less intellectually stimulating was the craze for celebrity memoirs, ghost-written by jobbing fashion or entertainment journalists. Victoria Beckham, Jade Goody, Jordan *et al.* all shared their life story with the book-buying public.

Ian McEwan's *Atonement* and Lionel Shriver's *We Need to Talk About Kevin* excelled ethically and aesthetically, lighting up modern concerns about childhood through dilemmas of authorship and what it means to play out a fictional role. Better still were the exuberant, modernist debuts from Zadie Smith and Jonathan Safran Foer, whose novels *White Teeth* and *Everything is Illuminated* poignantly elaborate the nuances of ethnic identity. Indeed, on the evidence of such writing it is less likely that Roth's prophecy will prove true than that, in 25 years' time, Smith and Foer's novels will be acknowledged as modern classics. ELIOT D'SILVA





*All*





*I want for Christmas is you...*  
*Bow by Johnny loves Rosie*



# Two Heavenly Virtues of Cambridge

## Week 8: Generosity

“I always thought you were an only child.” “Why?” “Well, you just seem like you’ve never had to share anything. Ever.” So said Dreamy Architect Housemate as we sat in the college library, with me hissing at anyone who tried to work at the same table as us.

It’s true, I can be a mite selfish at times – I resent anyone sitting in the same train carriage as me, I hoard library books unnecessarily (whatever subject you do, I have that book you need) and I once killed a man for a purse of gold coins and a slug of whiskey. Actually, that last one is a line from the Irish folk songs which Dissolute Would Be Novelist Housemate has been playing incessantly in the kitchen since he rediscovered his Celtic heritage this week, mainly through boozing. But the point stands that I am a miserly, beautiful, self-centred witch and perhaps I should learn how to Give in time for December 25th, and the annual Beale family screening of *It’s A Wonderful Life*, when Mother eats her one chocolate of the year and

Father weeps like a baby leprechaun. After all, if I don’t improve, no one will buy me classy gifts next Yuletide, as I can’t get away with “I.O.U. One Half Hour of Quality Time (Terms and Conditions Apply, Subject to Availability)” vouchers again.

I decide to consult Dreamy Architect Housemate on why he is such an unnecessarily Good Person, and how I can become one too. He muses on the question, and decides his unnatural level of friendliness is down to a childhood of mild beatings, a constant feeling of Guilt, taking drugs like candy, and mainlining tea. He also cites his relatively low stress levels as an aid in his freakish niceness. While he does have to model 3-D abattoir designs on the computer until six in the morning, he has to make few



decisions which affect other people, unlike others we know who are college Presidents, directors or conductors, and use up all their humanity and kindness in meetings, rehearsals and concerts. “And all you really do is eat toasties” he concludes, “so you could be a lot less evil than you are.” “But I have to make decisions which affect others” I protest. He makes tea sceptically. “I have to decide whether to update my blog, and how often to feed my Tamagotchi (age: seven years, eight months, six days and counting). He shakes his head sadly, like a wise old handsome owl. I am in awe of his chiselled intelligence, like the Dalai Lama in Ashton Kutcher’s body. I touch his thigh hopefully. He sighs, shuffles his chair away, and says, “Hands above the table. Don’t make me get the librarian again.” But enough. All this term I have wrestled with my sins on the pages of this publication

– I have tried to be less slothful, lustful and wrathful (amongst other things). While I may not have fully succeeded in my quest for betterment (I enjoy sleepy, angry lust too much) I refuse to feel guilty about a little selfishness. I may be a jealous brat. I may be able to inhale three boxes of Maryland chocolate chip cookies without pause. I may fool myself into thinking I’m Mrs Robinson and shamelessly attempt to corrupt one of my best and oldest friend’s unwitting seventeen-year-old brother. I can happily sleep until three on a Sunday afternoon, eat a sustaining bowl of Shreddies, then retire back to bed to watch *Belleville Rendezvous* on my laptop and snooze until bedtime.

And I may just be quite defiantly proud of all of these things. But I am essentially alright. I have chosen the ten or so people I like in this world and I’m alright to them, and will be loyal for life. To everyone else I say a very Merry Christmas, but don’t expect a card, and stay out of my corner of the library. VICTORIA BEALE

### HOT



**CHRISTMAS** Alright, it’s still November and Christmas gets earlier every year, but Advent calendars, mince pies and drunkenness loom on the horizon. Merry Christmas!

**VARSITY** Big congratulations to our eight nominees and prize winners at the Guardian Student



Media Awards this week.

**PENGUIN** 100 postcards, 100 vintage book covers. One more way to spend £££.

**TAXIDERMY** The latest thing according to the *Sunday Times*. Interior design the Sarah Palin way.

**CALVIN HARRIS** How best to stick it to the evil *X-Factor*? Oh yes, by putting a pineapple on your head. Just wait and watch Cowell’s empire fall.

**U2 AT GLASTO** With or without them? Erm, without them please.

**KATE MOSS** ‘Nothing tastes as good as skinny

feels’. We say nothing tastes as good as *Death by Chocolate* for dessert.

**THE SEASON** Perky gap years with Val d’Isere tans frolic in the snow for the BBC cameras. Sickening. Won’t someone give these people an essay or twelve? That’ll cure their youthful optimism.

**NOT**



### Shadow Puppet Guide



Week 8: The Rabbit

## My week by Keith Higgins, aging panto actor\*

**Sunday**  
Only five days to go before the first night. It’s nice to have my name back up in lights. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, starring Lil’ Chris as Jack, Kate Thornton as Jack’s mother and, of course, me, reprising my greatest role. Olivier had Hamlet, Brando had Kowalski, and I’d like to think that I’ll be remembered as making the part of Buttons my very own.

**Monday**  
Strolled around Cambridge today, bit of free time in-between the ‘dress’ rehearsal as we call it in the trade. Beautiful little town. Got recognised in M&S. Well, sort of. A woman came over to me as I was admiring the ties. “Are you?” she said. Oh, you’ve got me, I thought. I reached into my jacket pocket for a signed photo. “Yes, I thought it was you. Barbara, come here, it’s Les Dennis.” How bloody ignorant.

I signed an autograph anyway. Les wouldn’t mind, we go way back. *Aladdin* in ’94, I think it was. Or, as I like to call them, the good old days. Few problems in rehearsal. Kate broke down in tears when someone mentioned *X Factor*. “Simon... was... just... so cruel,” she sobbed. I knew how she felt. It was like that time I was dropped from appearing on *Richard and Judy* because Chico was available instead. Well, who’s laughing now, eh? It wasn’t Chico time when I last checked my watch.

**Wednesday**  
Talked to Peter Andre today. Good friends, Pete and me, worked together on *SM:TV* a few years back, before he got the big break. Terrible time with his wife, but he’ll bounce back. You can’t stop a man who came up with a classic like ‘Hysteria’, no sir. Such a lovely guy as well, always looking out

for others. He asked if I was up to anything. Ha, I can’t believe he didn’t know. “Well,” I chuckled, “have you heard of a little place called the Cambridge Arts Theatre?” He hadn’t. Probably hasn’t been in the game long enough.

**Thursday**  
Shit. Norwich has got John and Edward as Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee. The bastards, we can’t compete with that. They’re lil’ler than Chris and more ITV than Kate. I saw their version of ‘Ghostbusters’, that’s dynamite stuff. The kind of things the kids are looking at on FaceSpace. Might have to step up my act. Hmm, I think I can still juggle. Plus, saw in the papers that Chico’s re-releasing ‘Chico Time’ with a guest rap from Nappy from N-Dubz or some such. Wonder if I can sneak ‘it’s Higgins time’ into the script?

**Friday**  
IT WAS BRILLIANT! Darlings, the audience loved me. How they laughed when I fell over, how they cheered when I couldn’t find Jack, how they howled when I couldn’t remember the words. I actually couldn’t, but, you know, I went with it. Professional, you see. “He’s behind you!” they shouted. He’s *always* been behind me!

**Saturday**  
And the reviews are in. “Lots of laughs for the children” says one. Well, I’ll say. “Good song and dance routine”. I’ll make a note to get in touch with the *Strictly* people. “Just more of the same”. Ha, more of the same comedy gold, I imagine. Just have to wait by the phone for the West End to start



calling. I knew I was back in the limelight when I spoke to my agent. What was it she said? Oh yes, ‘don’t call us, we’ll call you’. It’ll be any day now.

\* As told to Ray Fule-Tiefur



# 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... Deck the halls with wine and sex toys, tra la la la laa la la la la.

It arrived at the porters' lodge in a long phallic package. "That's either the biggest dildo Ann Summers has ever dispatched," Charlie said, "or a bottle of wine." We name our porters after the seven dwarfs. Bashful didn't know quite where to look.

"You'll never know. Enjoy the mental images, though."  
"If it's wine," he called after me, "you should share it."  
"And if it's not?"

Romance is always tactical, and nothing helps those tactics more than Christmas. Big fires and lots of warm, thick alcohol. Tacky lights on John Lewis. The only time of year when you can sing 'You scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy faggot' in a lover's face with heartfelt adoration. The Christmas Bop incorporates all such festivities. Kris came last year, and she wore a Mrs

Santa suit with removable crotch. A porter found her on the College roof at 3am seeking a chimney. This year Charlie knocked on my door late in the evening with a 'Santa's Coming' hat on and a tinselled crotch.

"You're not going to go?" he looked aghast. Then amused. "I thought we'd be spending the night together. End of term tradition, and all that."

I thought of King's Affair. Tinsel would be even harder to remove from my sheets than the glitter had been. "Not this time," I said. "You look like a pornographic Blueprint reject." I waited a while before calling on Anna, relieved that this wasn't the evening for her integration into a sweaty hovel of fancy dress and Apple VKs. She was sitting at her desk watching *Trinity*. "How very Scroogeish of you," I said. The great crushing silence of female irritation.

"So I bought you something," I said. "It's not much," all the time thinking, pretty fucking pricy, but we'll roll with this. She took the bottle and turned it over. "A replacement."

"And this isn't just a sudden attempt to join the Fuck A Fresher club?"

"I'm long enrolled."  
"You know," she said, "I think the reason you wouldn't before was because, well, it's pretty conventional, isn't it? Boy meets girl. Not exactly what you're used to. Scared?"

I took the corkscrew from the shelf. "We could be wearing Santa hats and dancing to Mariah Carey," I said. "It could be worse." She put the needle down on *Abbey Road*. We could start with The Beatles and sex. It seemed as good a place as any.

# Food and Drink

The high street's Christmassy culinary delights are here. Tanya Iqbal finds the best of the batch.



What's red, white and only comes out at Christmas? No, not Santa, a Starbucks cup, obviously.

If Christmas and food were both people, they would be best friends. Their friendship would be one of warmth and tenderness – they would enjoy walks in the park and trips to the cinema and they would probably go bowling on Sundays.

The wholesome nature of this festive friendship is becoming more and more apparent in the gastronomic nuances that are taking place at this time of year. Starbucks has brought back the red cups for take-away beverages, restaurants are all encouraging their customers to 'take a look' at their Christmas menus and high-street chains have introduced new versions of quotidian food gone all Christmassy.

Pret is offering a beast of a sandwich that is a microcosmic Christmas dinner squashed between two fragile slices of bread, effectively trivialising the most important meal of the year; Eat now stocks a delightfully festive "spiced pear and stilton" sandwich which, though slightly out of place alongside a Diet Coke and a banana, supposedly epitomises the ultimate marriage between sweet and savoury; Marks and Sparks have gone completely mental – their colossal range of Christmas foods adapted for the humble packed-lunch format looks as if it has been designed by a Father Christmas who has been hit hard by the

munchies. "Merry Mushroom Medley" for a sandwich? The ternary alliteration isn't really selling it but the proceeds from this range do go towards Shelter so cut them some slack. Sainsbury's attempt to jump on the Christmas culinary bandwagon involves excruciating background music as well as having a small section of their shelving devoted entirely to a variety of stuffing 'mix', helping bring some bona fide Betty Crocker vibes to the Christmas table.

In terms of having a sit-down meal, however, to mark the start of the so-called "party season", a destination of unrivalled excellence is The Punter, the most amazing gastropub in all of Albion. The food, though pricy (about £20 per head for three courses), is worth every last dreg of student loan. Baby G says "they serve British food at its best, including lots of game. I definitely rate their scallops with black pudding and baby turnips." Other dishes include roast lamb, seabass and asparagus risotto. Everything here is cooked to perfection; the choice of food is impeccable and the pub itself is cosy and relaxed. Food-wise there probably is no better way to celebrate the end of Michaelmas – in fact if Carlsberg did a pub dinner, it would probably be at The Punter.

## Recipe: Gingerbread Men

This Christmas classic does not taste better in liquidised form from Starbucks. Stop lying to yourself.

Ingredients:  
350g / 12oz plain flour  
175g / 6oz light soft brown sugar  
100g / 4oz butter  
1 medium egg  
4 tablespoons of golden syrup  
1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda  
½ teaspoon of ground ginger

Method:  
1. Mix flour, butter, ginger, bicarbonate of soda in mixing bowl until crumbly. Add sugar, syrup, egg, mix until it forms a firm pastry mix.  
2. Pre-heat the oven to 180°C / 350°F / Gas Mark 4  
3. Roll pastry to about 5mm thick. Cut out shapes with pastry cutter.  
4. Place shapes on greased or non-stick baking tray.  
5. Put baking trays in the pre-heated oven. Remove after 15 minutes (check after 10 minutes).

# BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

For some people, Peep Show sums up our generation. That may be true for the sarky, Cambridge-educated side of us. But there is another show that speaks to our hearts. X Factor epitomises our credit-crunched, desperate search for escapism; our need to be drowned in so much glitter we forget how much less glossy we are than those inside our screens.

What this year's star-studded competition has brought is an onslaught of light. It is like a blinding air-brushing of dreams. The more light we're blinded with the more these aspirations look reachable. And it's that irony that makes it so sickeningly fun. Take Jedward's meteoric rise of infamy: they've had a riot.

On Sunday we waved goodbye to these rhythmless mosquitoes. It's about time, because according to a friend who keeps up to date with *Reveal* magazine, they were finding the pressures of the spotlight a little too much to bear. It's a shame, but it would be naive to suppose that their success would have been a triumph for X Factor cynics. What

X Factor 2009 has taught us more than anything is that its CEOs are no more than spineless money-minded villains who sit backstage wanking over newspaper inches. But you knew that already. So, on this crossroads of the show, as we pause before embarking on the final leg when the power transfers solely to YOU with no interference from Cheryl's glistening eyes, Louis's senile giggle, Danni's dimness, and Simon's ego, let's look back at the journey so far.

It's been an emotional couple of months. This is what it must be like to have children. You watch them show off, make fools of themselves and become sexualised through the influence of the media. You feel a gush of pride when they do well and you urge them on. But there the metaphor ends, because when an X Factor contestant fails you forget about them. Can you name all those who have gone? No, nor can I.

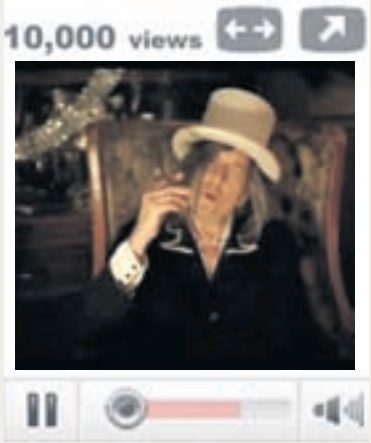
It doesn't matter, because everyone knows that the best thing about X Factor is Cheryl Cole. Look at those dimples. Look at that fake hair. She's not the face of L'Oreal for nothing. Coming a close second is Stacey. Essex born and bred, nineteen-year-old single mum Stacey has a charming overbite and a beautiful voice (when she sings). She's the winner. As the judges constantly remind us, it's all about the likeability factor. Now, imagine a night on the town with Stacey and Cheryl. It would be like drinking in glitter. ROSE CHENEVIX

X Factor is on Saturday at 8pm on ITV1 and is available on ITV Player.



Our Tube

Search:  
bob+dylan+must+be+santa



What's coming down your chimney? Bob Dylan, looking like the Tim Burton version of Frank from *Shameless*, backed up by an accordian. He's behind you, kids!



# Cataracts, hurricanoes and... chutzpah?

Despite a celebrated career as one of the nation's greatest Shakespearean thespis, **Simon Russell Beale** tells **Lauren Cooney** that acting wasn't always his strong point.

Simon Russell Beale tells me that his trouble is that he is "rather passive". Fair play, given that we are both settled comfy in armchairs, smoking cigarettes and drinking tea. He wins superficial brownie points for being über relaxed. But this 'passive' doesn't really stick. Not least because we are sitting in his rather slick Pimlico flat (which he apologises for, bemoaning his lack of a Hollywood salary), but mainly because he uses the word 'chutzpah' in relation to his career so many times, I keep expecting my cup of tea to be topped up with chicken soup.

Beale knows what he wants and knows what he likes, he is expressive and hilarious. In his career so far he has avoided film because he is constantly offered parts for "gay, overweight, Oxford-educated, middle-class boys", and convincingly argues, "I can do that or I can play Richard III." He muses that Philip Seymour Hoffman has a monopoly over the roles he'd have liked to have played, and enthuses that perhaps one day long-time friend Sam Mendes will make a film that isn't set in suburban America. In the meantime, he will stick with his lengthy résumé of Shakespearean and Chekhovian protagonists; unless someone offers him a delicious piece of New Writing ("well-God-yes-please").

He is now a household name in contemporary British theatre; my supervisor holds him up as our finest working actor. However, his plethora of impressive parts actually sprang from a more inauspicious background. He attended Gonville and Caius during the same era that Stephen Fry and co. were making waves, but definitely was not part of their Footlights crowd. He remembers being rejected from an audition by Hugh Laurie, but took it all

in his stride: "I realised I was crap. I was a very bad actor." Instead he sang in Trinity chamber choir and was a choral scholar at Caius. Nightly evensong commitments do not exactly sit well with Cambridge's intensive rehearsal schedules. After his degree Beale went to Guildhall to train as an opera singer.

Perhaps his portly frame and sturdy vocal chords would have lent themselves to belting out operas forevermore had his 'chutzpah' not intervened. "Halfway through the year at Guildhall, I asked whether they would audition me for the acting course... it was unheard of." He believes that his audacity won him the place. His audition speeches were "rather terrible". Not content with training at one of London's top drama schools, when an old Cambridge friend and director, Steve Unwin offered him a part at Edinburgh's Traverse Theatre, he upped and left once more. He claims that his big break occurred later by telling a director "this role is me" in an audition. Cue fag break, sip of tea, and chortle of "yes, chutzpah again".

Unusually for his time, Beale stayed with the Royal Shakespeare Company (RSC) for eight years. The company kept him interested, offering him a succession of meaty roles. This didn't stop him being wary of accepting when new hotshot Mendes asked him to play Thersites in his debut RSC production of *Troilus and Cressida*, not wishing to play another Shakespearean clown. Luckily he was won over and he rates his working relationship with Mendes as one of his most valued. He still thinks of *Troilus and Cressida* as one of Mendes' most successful productions: "it was soooo cool - all pale colours, cynical and sophisticated. There was no waving to mummy".

Beale is aware of the directors that have inspired him, and of those directors and writers he would like to work with in the future. "Most actors I know want

to be directed. It's about wanting to learn something new... the most terrifying thing would be to be considered a big stage star and not to be directed". As an actor he places great importance on directors being able to reassure him about the work, and admits to recently calling up Nick Hytner and making him promise that their upcoming show together will be funny. Having toured with Mendes' Anglo-American Bridge Project, performing *The Winter's Tale* and *The Cherry Orchard* in repertory, he found little discrepancy between the English and American actors' training and ability, except

**"The most terrifying thing would be to be considered a big stage star and not to be directed."**

that American actors are more private about the development of their characters. British actors will "ask other people, 'Well, why did you do that?'"

This questioning stems from Beale's desire to learn. He marks that his unsuccessful career in Cambridge drama was because "nobody taught me what it was about, how to do it really". He is grateful to Steve Unwin who took him in hand, and did "just absolute clarity, simplicity, and listening". Considering how many emotionally charged roles he has played, he has developed a technique for understanding characters that stems from Unwin's teachings: "don't worry at all about the emotional state of the character, until you have worked out exactly what they are saying, then you'll find an emotional state that you don't expect or preconceive". Beale's method takes him straight to the text. He uses his interpretation of Cassius in *Julius Caesar* to explain: when preparing for the role he found that Cassius threatens to commit suicide in every scene that he is in. This turns the preconceived image of Cassius as a "cool, cold, calculating, political operator" into a "passionate man - if you play it so that he really means [suicide] every time". Looking out for such repetitions and ideas has helped prevent him from "washing a character with what you know".

Then the doorbell rings, and his brother - an opera singer turned wine-seller - comes to have dinner with him. Chivalrously, he walks me back to the tube station, and we briefly discuss what he might do next. He yearns to do something site-specific but his 'passive' tendencies have so far intervened. Unexpectedly, the Shakespeare part that he currently hankers for most is Cleopatra. Aside from that, he tells me that (after firm assurance that he will be right for it) he is going to be playing *King Lear* at the National, directed by Mendes in 2012. And just as I was thinking that he was getting predictable, he follows this up with "well, we'll be bombed anyway": looks like his chutzpah hasn't left him just yet.

## A Decade of Theatre



Gone are the proscenium arches, the black boxes, and the comfy seats where you can fall asleep. Well, maybe not entirely gone, but certainly challenged: the last decade has asked us to question exactly what theatre is.

Mainstream but unconventional companies like Punchdrunk and Frantic Assembly have put the text aside, and brought devising downstage. At a Punchdrunk show the audience can expect to wander around fully immersed in the action, deciding what to watch. At a Frantic Assembly production you might not know whether you are watching dance choreography or a music gig. Companies such as Kneehigh and Complicite have incorporated mass media, with video recordings and projection featuring heavily. Kneehigh's *Brief Encounter* originally took place at the cinema on the Haymarket, and the action flitted between live play and film excerpts - actors in 1940s garb sold cucumber sandwiches during the interval.

The Edinburgh festival increasingly encapsulates the sense of 'anywhere and everywhere' theatre, with shows popping up in schools, train-station and disused trailers - directors are continually demanding we re-think our staid and passive preconceptions. The Globe Theatre, barely a decade old, is a great way to feel like an active audience member. Stand in the pit as actors pass through the crowd, or bop along with your friends at the end of show jig. And good old Nick Hytner at the helm of The National (above) has supported this re-shuffle with £10 Traveler tickets that yell 'grey hairs out, hoodies in'. Theatre is trying to appeal to the masses again.

That's not to say that everything is kooky and youth-orientated. If you fancy some Shakespearean heavyweight then barely a season goes by without Ian McKellen or Patrick Stewart headlining the RSC. The Donmar Warehouse has also entered into a ridiculous period of household names flouncing themselves only metres from your face. Recent big hits include Jude Law's Hamlet, Rachel Weisz in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and Kenneth Branagh in Chekhov's *Ivanov*. Kevin Spacey's turn as Artistic Director of The Old Vic proves that Hollywood yearns to be on the stage, enforced by Sam Mendes Bridge Project, which brought an Anglo-American cast (including Ethan Hawke, Simon Russell Beale, Sinéad Cusack, and Rebecca Hall) to The Old Vic last summer.

Finally, courses such as The Soho Theatre and The Royal Court Young Writers' Programme show that new writing is also flourishing. This is not just about education and access, but also offers sustainable, exciting careers in an industry that is crying out for fresh blood. Check out Polly Stenham (*That Face*) and Michael Wynne (*My Summer of Love*) for cold, hard evidence. As my mum said to me only last weekend, 'theatre at the moment is really rather good'.



Russell Beale: won't play the 'gay, overweight, Oxford-educated, middle-class' boy.



# He Who Dares Wins

David Pegg challenges Andy Tompkins, Andrew Sheerin and Tom Morgan-Jones masterminds behind controversial board game *War on Terror* to a round in the firing line

A few days prior to March 20, 2003, Andy Tompkins and Andrew Sheerin were sat on a sofa, dejectedly watching Newsnight. Dubya had issued his 'leave Iraq' ultimatum to Saddam. Invasion was pretty much inevitable. Frustrated, angry, and slightly drunk, that was the moment that they hit upon their plan for the ultimate act of subversion, the perfect satire, a slap in the face to the powers that be. "By the end of the night, we pretty much knew it would be called *'War on Terror: The Boardgame'* and that it would have an Axis of Evil spinner," recalls Andrew.

Such was the beginning of TerrorBull Games. The two Andys, web designers and friends since childhood, began brainstorming rules and mechanics, and recruited Tom Morgan-Jones, an illustrator and satirist, to design the game's artwork. They had no previous experience of boardgames (other than the occasional bout of Christmas Risk) or design, but they perceived this as an advantage, describing their debut as "the sort of game that would never get made if we knew anything about board games". And they've enjoyed plenty of hassle for their troubles.

*War on Terror: The Boardgame* requires its players to "wage war on the most dangerous abstract noun known to man", encouraging them to fight for "truth, justice and a decent slice of oil-rich land". Wielding banknotes from the "World Bank of Capitalism", each empire attempts to 'liberate' the nations of their rivals. All the while they funnel money to terrorists, who are extremely useful for destabilising opponents, until it emerges that other empires can fund and control your little partisans. The whole

setup is out-and-proud leftie, and behind its black comedy, the guys rage with pent-up anti-establishment anger. "It's the insanity, the stupidity, the absurdity of it all," replies Andy when I ask about their motivations. "We wanted to touch that nerve and get people around a table talking."

And touch a nerve they did. Andrew Lansley MP sternly intoned that "someone has gone too far". *The Cambridge News* ran a front page story, and *the Sun* denounced the game's gleeful, messy imagery as "sick". From there the ball began rolling. UK tabloids exploded with predictably outraged denunciations of the game, decrying it as 'exploitative' and 'insensitive', before phoning up survivors of terrorist attacks to tell them about it and ask them what they thought. Jacqui Putnam, a prominent 7/7 survivor, told *the Daily Mail* that it was "inappropriate", and Rachel North took the time to write to the makers to describe her fury. But the TerrorBull boys faced more than just angry individuals. Their website features a 'Coalition of the Unwilling' page, chronicling their history of back-and-forth with nervous stockists and furious toy fairs.

national media would cherry-pick quotes to suit their preferred controversy. The penny dropped after a tense BBC segment, in which Andy was going to be interviewed with a 7/7 survivor. At the last minute, the producer informed him that the man actually liked some of the points that their game raised, but that this didn't really suit the 'shock' angle that the Beeb was seeking.

Controversy aside, TerrorBull has enjoyed as much praise as it has condemnation. Numerous outlets, the BBC included, have now reversed course applauding their bleak satire. Most pleasingly for the boys, some of their heroes have stepped forward to commend them. Journalist John Pilger described the game as

'trust' in order to shore up the value of their crumbling banks and secure the biggest bail-out/retirement fund possible. Naturally, cheating in all its forms is compulsory.

A smaller, cheaper card game, it has courted considerably less controversy than its predecessor. This, Andy quips, is "largely due to the size of the box." The boys are as sceptical about economic recovery as



'SOMEBODY HAS GONE TOO FAR'  
ANDREW LANSLEY CBE CONSERVATIVE MP  
WAR ON TERROR BOARDGAME BRANDED CRIMINAL BY POLICE  
BANNED FROM INTERNATIONAL TOY FAIRS SINCE 2006  
IT GOES BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF SATIRICAL  
- DOMINIQUE MCELREATH, EDITOR OF SATIRICAL  
EVENING  
WITHDRAWN FROM JAVVI SHELVES AFTER JUST 6 HRS. JAVVI SAID  
WE DON'T CENSOR OUR PRODUCTS THE GAME JUST WASN'T SELLING  
'SICK'  
Sun



Borders Cambridge was amongst the stores who reneged on pledges to stock the game, (but have since changed course, and, according to the TerrorBull boys, are now enjoying decent sales).

It's a reaction that wasn't entirely unanticipated. When I ask if they ever wondered about whether or not it's legitimate to criticise their game as tasteless, Andy admits that from the start, "We knew there'd be a 'you can't do that' element, but if we were dead boring and not having fun, people wouldn't be asking that question." Andrew concurs. "Those who are offended are genuine, but context and intention are everything. We wanted people to take another look at the whole thing." The trio look back on themselves as having been slightly naive now, confessing that they never realised that

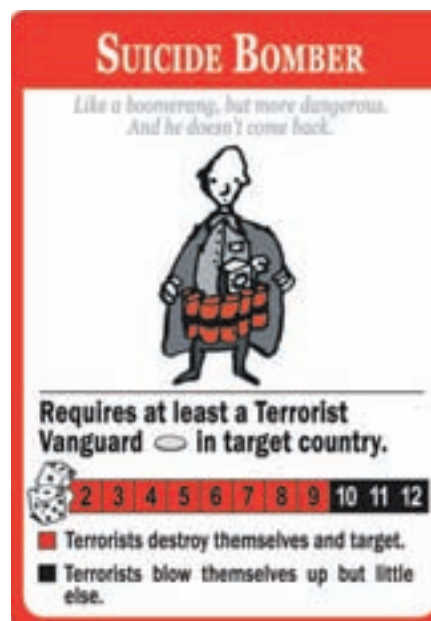
truth  
"through the fog of an often collusive and compliant media". The Oslo Peace Museum and Amnesty International do a roaring trade on their websites. One Amazon review reports that "the first time I played this game I laughed so hard I soiled myself". Noam Chomsky's grandson likes playing with the Axis Balaclava, with 'EVIL' stitched into the forehead. The positive reactions made for a welcome relief. "Being called 'sick' solidly for two weeks does get you down a bit", muses Andrew.

Reinvigorated after the head-rush of two weeks' solid controversy, the TerrorBull boys prepared to invest their experience and refreshed zeal into whichever unspeakable controversy should next raise its head. Come summer, their second game 'Crunch: The Game for Utter Bankers' was in stores. As finance CEOs, players must cultivate

'THE TIP OF THE SHARP TONGUE OF SATIRE'  
BBC  
'A SATIRICAL BRILLIANT AGAINST THE HYPOCRISY OF A BOARD GAME WITH ANTIPODE EXCELLENCE', 5 STARS  
NewInternationalist  
ONE OF THE MOST THOUGHT PROVOKING GAMES WE'VE SEEN IN YEARS  
PLAYBOY  
'STUNNING SATIRE'  
The Guardian  
THROUGH THE FOG OF AN OFTEN COLLUSIVE AND COMPLIANT MEDIA COMES THIS SATIRICAL BOARD GAME ABOUT THE PERNICIOUS WAR ON TERROR  
IT'S OWN TRUTH  
'SUBVERSIVE'  
Courier-Mail  
'GENIUS SATIRE'  
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

they are about neo-con foreign policy, and they're not too keen on the financial system at all. "What just happened in the last 12 months, you don't just come out of," insists Tom. "It's not just a few bad apples. A system that rewards greed with profit will just get out of control on those terms."

When I ask about their next project, the boys are tight-lipped, referring to it only as 'the difficult third album', but they assure me that "whatever we choose, it'll be unique." Will they be seeking to touch that tender nerve again? Probably. On balance, *War on Terror* was a gamble that paid off, and TerrorBull still can't quite believe the range of reactions that it elicited. Tom recounts a trip to the German Historical Museum in Berlin. "We're used to having it out on the table and messing about with it. Inside the museum it was glassed off, and people were staring at it really seriously." Andrew smiles. "After everything that's happened, I look at what this game has done, and I think to myself 'that's fucking nuts.'"





# Meating of Minds

Google ‘**Meat Magazine**’ and you get two results. One is a trade journal for butchers. The other is a hub of creativity and a typography geek’s dream. **Roisin Kiberd** meets co-founder **James Pallister**.

The joke goes that on the internet no one knows you’re a dog. In publishing, likewise, no one knows you’ve no office and a minimal budget. Many magazines like to give the impression of being a bigger operation than they really are, but *Meat* takes this to a new level. The whole thing is run out of one desk in a rented house in Kilburn. The desk belongs to James Pallister, co-founder of *Meat*, recent Cambridge graduate and self-taught graphic designer and publisher. The desk is cluttered with sketches and printed submissions, scrap books documenting the first mock-up issues, and on the wall, thumb-tacked samples of the gorgeous, varied illustrations that will make it into future editions. Pallister skims through a scrapbook of plans and layouts for the first issue. “We wanted a four or five-letter word for the name, something one-syllable and memorable. ‘*Baby*’ was one we played around with. And it was called ‘*ARSE*’ for ages.”

Before they had even settled on a name and image, Pallister and co-founder Nick Hayes took their project to the pavements on the Sidgwick Site, handing out fliers and looking for submissions, in revolt against what they saw as a dearth of creative writing in Cambridge. “There wasn’t any business plan as such, we hadn’t even thought that far ahead. A lot of the stuff I just learned as we went along.” With the first issue assembled by the following term, Pallister and Hayes threw a launch party and set about selling it to their friends. The next step, naturally, was to sell their student magazine in Borders. “As long as there’s proof that people actually buy it, then stockists will take it. We’d sold out all our issues and ended up printing a further hundred due to demand. You just have to

persevere and be pushy.” After this came two *Guardian* student media awards: Small Budget Publication of the Year and runner up in Design, for which they had to whip up a third, retrospectively-assembled ‘pilot issue’ to fulfil the competition conditions.

With so much achieved after only two issues, the project had too much potential to

## “I don’t want it to be some poncey art magazine”

abandon after leaving Cambridge. “I moved down to London, and the two of us decided we would give ourselves a year to get the project off the ground. We had to do shitty jobs to support ourselves, we tried to get Arts Council funding but didn’t have much luck. Essentially we were trying to launch a start-up business, and it’s quite a hard thing to do.”

Through their Borders connections Pallister and Hayes slowly began to break into a scene of upcoming writers and artists in London. “There was this network of independent magazines in the city, I think it was a very good time for independent media.” Pallister describes himself as having been an outsider at Cambridge; did he not find himself up against a yet more pretentious art-media clique on arriving in the city? “I suppose that at some point you have to embrace what you’ve become part of, and not be quick to disparage things you’re intimidated by. From the get-go we’ve always tried not to take ourselves too seriously. I don’t want it to be some poncey art magazine.

They’re shite, I’m not interested in that!”

Rather than live up to the detractors’ views of a pretentious ex-Oxbridge magazine (“there are people who’ll think you’re just a bunch of stuck up little pricks, even if that just isn’t true”), *Meat* stuck to its founding aims of promoting new creative writing and art. “One of the original ideas behind *Meat* was that it would serve as a springboard for young artists”, says Pallister. “Many of our illustrators are only just out of college; I go around the country looking for new work at Grad shows.”

I ask Pallister if he worries about the future, or if the fall in commercial publishing might actually bring about a rise in hand-crafted zines and indie media?

“We definitely do have our own niche audience, and niche magazine sales are still doing well by comparison. They’re a bit more bespoke and handcrafted, and there’ll always be a market for this’. There is something endearingly lo-fi and collectable about *Meat*, with its unusual print-size, wood-block graphics and grainy brown paper. For a recent launch party, held in a friend’s gallery, Pallister even gift-wrapped 200 copies and tied them up with twine.

Issue Four of *Meat* took ‘Publish or Perish’ as its motto, but it’s hard for a small-scale publication to keep going to press without a few concessions to commercial printing. Pallister is under no illusions about the realities of keeping his dream alive. He explains “it already is commercial, really, in that we have a distributor who takes fifty percent of our costs. We’re not scared of making money. But because of the way it’s set up, as a sideline, there’s no time to do ad sales.” He’d like to work towards a similar project, but slightly more commercially viable. “Right now I’m researching different business models. I’d like to be able to make a living out of this, maybe not with *Meat*, but with something like it.”

I ask what his advice would be for aspiring writers and illustrators, whether they should put their time into web-based projects, or try to keep print media alive. “We’re keen to get new blood into the magazine. Ideally I’d like our website to work as a community hub, but still keep this really beautifully produced print edition to go with it.” He’s sceptical of forming false friendships at university for the sake of networking, but is adamant that everyone should pursue their creative interests. “One thing I took from Cambridge was that there were loads of creative people

who were motivated to do side projects. If you can get involved with them, they’re the kind of people who, provided they don’t get jobs in the City, will continue to do creative things. Find something specific that you’re interested in, and just WRITE, keep at it and persevere!” Enthusiasm and dedication can amount to something great, and Pallister’s own story serves as proof. ‘Publish or perish’. And for any aspiring magazine publishers, the name ‘Arse’ remains untaken.





## National Rail Disco

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 2ND, KAMBAR 22.00 (£10)

Fed up with the drinking ban on the train? It's your one way ticket

**Pick of the week** to a truly epic night out before the end of term. Public **Clubs** transport has never been so fit.



# The Varsity Week



## Cambridge On Ice

PARKERS PIECE, UNTIL JANUARY 3RD, 9.00-21.00 (£4-8.95 BOOK ONLINE)

There's no better way to spend your last week of term than watching your mates do their best **Pick of the week** *Dancing On Ice* impression. And failing.

## Film

### Glorious 39

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, FRI/SAT/MON/THURS: 11.40 (NOT SAT), 15.30, 16.10 (NOT MON), 20.50, SUN: 15.45, 18.20, 20.50, MON: 18.20, TUE: 11.40, 16.30, 21.10, WEDS: 15.30, 20.50

When a British film has a weak script they throw in Christopher Lee as a wizened support or Bill Nighy as Bill Nighy. Stars Bill Nighy and Christopher Lee.



### Twilight: New Moon

THE VUE: SEE WEBSITE FOR DETAILS

New Moon, New Moon, you saw me sitting in Vue, without a spare seat in sight, without a braincell in gear...

### A Serious Man

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE: DAILY (NOT SUN): 14.00, 14.20, 16.40, 21.00, SUN: 11.00, 13.20, 15.40, 18.00

The trailer is punctuated by the sound of a man having his head repeatedly smashed against a blackboard. The film is painful. Can't say they didn't warn you.

### 2012

THE VUE: SEE WEBSITE FOR DETAILS

Budgetary constraints nearly derailed this project, which was originally titled 4012.

### The White Ribbon

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE: FRI: 12.30, 15.40, SAT: 12.30, SUN: 13.00, MON: 12.30, 20.30, TUE: 11.45, 20.50, WED: 13.30, 20.50, THU: 20.50

I just caught a glimpse of the advertising poster and I now have clinical depression. Thanks Austria.

### The Informant!

THE VUE: SEE WEBSITE FOR DETAILS

Film producers often try to make dull films seem more exciting by adding an exclamation mark. But surely not here! It's Matt Damon as an industrial whistleblower!! Great!!!

### Up

NEW COURT THEATRE, CHRIST'S, SUNDAY 29TH 19.30 (£2.50)

Wildly popular Pixar animation and unofficial sequel to Downfall.

## Music & Nightlife

### Friday November 27th Dr Feelgood and Nine Below Zero

THE JUNCTION, 19.00 (£17.50 ADV)

Got your milk and alcohol? Get down to the Junction for some more Dad rock.

### Saturday November 28th CUMS

ELY CATHEDRAL, 19.30 (£5-30)

Taste goes out the window as Mahler's stentorian, overwrought 'Symphony of a Thousand' gets an outing at Ely.

### Sunday November 29th Oasis @ Fez

FEZ, 22.00-03.00 (£4)

It's the last Oasis of term. Your Christmas vacation will be dry without it.

### Sunday November 29th Hip-Bones & Spare Bed Trio

CLARE CELLARS, CLARE COLLEGE 21.00-23.45 (£4)

Take a trip down the cellars on Sunday for incongruously hip sounding jazz and funk.

### Wednesday December 2nd 3 Daft Monkeys

THE JUNCTION, J2, 20.00 (£10 ADV)

If you prefer folk to dance and monkeys to punks, this is the gig for you.

### Thursday December 3rd Alison Moyet

THE CORN EXCHANGE, 19.30 (£27 ADV)

One of the biggest stars of the 80s, the former Yazoo singer comes to Cambridge. Bring your mum.



### Friday December 4th Mick Hutton Group

CAMBRIDGE MODERN JAZZ CLUB, KETTLE'S YARD, 19.00 (£8-16)

Special jazz concert at Kettle's Yard from one of Europe's finest bass players. Second only to Basshunter.

## Theatre

### Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

ADC THEATRE, TUES-SAT 19.45, SAT MAT 14.30 (£6/9)

Yoo hoo, it's behind you. Bring your mum, bring your nan, bring the kid you baby sit. Bring your chortle-bellies.

### Going Short

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)

Stock up on Investment Banking knowledge in time for having a big chat about your future with your dad.

### The Blue Room

ADC THEATRE, WEDS-SAT 23.00 (£4-6)

Rumour has it that this production will be following the mode set by Nicole Kidman when she was in the show, and that you will get to see both a Woo Woo and a Noo Noo on stage.

### God

BATEMAN AUDITORIUM, CAIUS, FRI-SAT 20.30 (£3.50)

It's 500BC – you got Athens, you got Socrates, you got Blanche Du Bois, and it is by Woody Allen (below).



### The Lesson

CORPUS PLAYROOM, FRI-SAT 20.00 (£4-6)

Nice bit of surrealist Ionesco for ya in the morning. Contains a Chinese burn and Butler.

### 24hr Plays

ADC THEATRE, MON 23.00 (£5/6)

Take Kevin Spacey's ingenious idea at The Old Vic and throw it onto a Cambridge stage. One night only. Book to witness the Drowned and the Saved.

### Rosencratz and Guildenstern are Dead

PEMBROKE NEW CELLARS, FRI-SAT 19.30 (£4-6)

The little known modern play about little known men from a little known Renaissance Tragedy.

## Arts

### Ongoing Exhibitions Fitzwilliam Museum (Free)

Special Display: Matthew Boulton and the Industrial Revolution (until March 21st). Sculpture promenade (until January 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.

### Courtyard Installation: '100 Questions'

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNTIL NOVEMBER 29TH. (FREE)

A series of pertinent questions written by Nobel Laureates relating to the Earth's sustainability.

### Anji Jackson-Main: paintings

MURRAY EDWARDS COLLEGE, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 22NS- SATURDAY DECEMBER 19TH. (FREE)

Resident artist at the Cambridge School of Art, Anji Jackson Main's paintings explore the dynamic possibilities that arise from the use of the body in making marks on canvas.

### Roger Hilton: late works and the night letters

KETTLE'S YARD, SATURDAY NOV 21ST- SUNDAY JANUARY 20TH, 11:30-5PM. (FREE)

A sequel to last year's exhibition, focusing on Roger Hilton's contribution to 1960s Abstract Art, this latest instalment examines Hilton's late works in poster paints, a material appropriated from his son, and goaches as well as his revealing letters written to his wife, Rose, in his tragic final years.

### Ayreen Anastas and Rene Gabri: M\* of Bethlehem and other films

KETTLE'S YARD, UNTIL JANUARY 10TH, 11:30-5PM. (FREE)

Running alongside the new Roger Hilton exhibition (Late works and Night Letters) is this selection of films by contemporary, New York-based artists, Anastas and Gabri, whose work examines aspects of language and places, including a video map which compares contemporary Bethlehem with a map of the city in 1973.

## Talks & Events

### Friday November 27th Terry Alderton

THE JUNCTION, J2, 20.00, (£10)

Bald comedian tells jokes at the Junction. Big jokes, small jokes. Just jokes. Punchlines aplenty.

### Friday November 27th Ann Summers Party

THE UNION, 20.00, (PRE-BOOKING ESSENTIAL)

Are you posh? Are you a member of the Union? Why not get posh sex toys at the Union? No lads allowed.

### Saturday November 28th Sponsored Sleep-out

PARKER'S PIECE, 21.00 (REGISTER ONLINE)

Would like to receive money for what poor people do for free? Remember, all proceeds go to charity.

### Monday November 30th Reflections on re-treading Darwin's 'gigantic blunder' in Glen Roy

SEMINAR ROOM 1, DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE, 13:00-14:15. (FREE)

Find out about Darwin's Gigantic Blunder. Nothing to do with the Darwin football heads now on sale. Obviously the perfect Christmas prezzie.



### Thursday December 3rd Predicting Biological Functions At Different Spatial Scales: From Molecules To Ecosystems

SMALL PUBLIC LECTURE ROOM, MICROSOFT RESEARCH LTD, 7 J. J. THOMSON AVENUE (OFF MADINGLEY ROAD), 14.00-15.00 (FREE)

End your term in style with an engaging Scientific talk with the incredibly named Dr Chris Bork. Have a very Happy Christmas, listings readers.



MUSIC



Play your cards right and maybe one day you too can look as handsome as Lemmy.

**Motörhead**  
THE CORN EXCHANGE, MONDAY NOVEMBER 23RD  
★★★★★

My Dad saw Motorhead in 1978 aged 16 and in the interests of self-preservation, enjoyed the concert from the safety of the foyer. Three decades on, Lemmy, the legendary lead singer and bassist for the band, is eligible for a bus pass and judging from those in attendance, most of their fans are well into a sedate if grizzled middle age. However, there was no evidence in the performance that the band has mellowed. They blasted away noughties’ health and safety sound regulations with ninety punishingly loud minutes of no frills heavy metal – as Lemmy growled in his introduction: “We are Motorhead, and we play rock and roll”.

The leg shaking noise of the first few songs was initially overwhelming but Lemmy’s growl soon cut through the texture, inserting nihilistic menace into ‘Metropolis’. After the opening barrage, the structure of the songs started to loosen up. The turbo charged speed metal of ‘In The Name Of Tragedy’ ended with a breathtakingly virtuosic five minute drum solo from Mikkey Dee. Making full use of his twin kick drums, he pummelled the kit until it felt like a helicopter was landing in The Corn Exchange. Phil Campbell’s guitar solos combined the technically assured fiddle of Led Zeppelin era heavy rock with Motorhead’s brand of shrieking noise to formidable effect. At one point a wailing pinched harmonic was drowned under an unintentional squark of feedback which he imitated, deftly turning it into a chord of feedback. The slower tempo and single

throbbing chords meant that ‘Just ‘Cos You Got the Power’ stood out as one of the most powerful songs of the set. Lemmy’s strangled vocals: “Just ‘cos you got the power, doesn’t mean you got the right” were repeated as Campbell wove increasingly complex guitar lines around the hypnotic pounding of the rest of the band. The demented ode to gambling, ‘Ace of Spades’ was the inevitable encore. The offbeat palpitations of the kick drum leant added fervency to the audience favourite. Lemmy, legs apart, a black Stetson jammed on his head and an iron cross on his chest had the unknowable aura of an old fashioned, no nonsense rockstar. While younger metallers like Ozzy Osbourne have fallen from grace, Lemmy is far from having any reason to give up rocking and collect his government pension. TOM KEANE

**Cambridge Psalms - Caius College Choir**  
ST JOHN’S CHAPEL, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 22ND  
★★★★★

Six Cambridge composers were commissioned to write new Psalm settings for this concert. The problem with writing for an English church choir is that such a task requires real skill and imagination not to lapse into either staid hymnody or grave cerebral-ity. For the most part, these settings fell into the latter, dryly and uningratiatingly chromatic, lacking colour or contrast, and in the end sounding curiously old fashioned and inhibited. None of these settings were particularly religious in tone and there was a general pall of unease and joylessness to the new works. The whole dreary affair could be

seen as a reflection of the malaise felt by the composers in being cast as ‘British Choral Composers’. As the Anglican church arguably becomes less relevant to British society, the efforts of the composers to recapture any sense of ecclesiastical usefulness or even just genuine religious sentiment



Caius College Choir: The key to a happy Christmas?

were synthetic and stilted. The fact that most of these composers are atheists and agnostics is not necessarily an issue. Howells, Finzi, Vaughan Williams and Britten, for instance, all produced magnificent ecclesiastical works. Cambridge Psalm’s indifference to the message of the Scriptures was the problem, the touchstone of the word setting here. Sensitivity to the text was largely absent, in both detail and overall mood. The notable exception was Cheryl Frances-Hoad’s eclectic and beautiful setting of Psalm 1, imaginatively written in its disavowal of any one particular harmonic scheme, its use of light and shade and extraordinary final organ chord glissandoed into the heights and depths of the instrument’s range, as if the entire building was exhaling a final breath. Perhaps it was. GUIDO MARTIN-BRANDIS

Christmas Releases

**Bob Dylan**  
CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART  
★★★★★

Dylan has always been contrary: going electric in 1965, the born-again evangelism of the late 1970s, and his present refusal to play old classics in recognisable forms. Being typical, rather than anomalous, features throughout his lengthy career. That said, *Christmas In The Heart* is unexpected by any estimation. A modern-day scrooge, Dylan’s general misanthropy of recent years has been transformed, the limited edition version of this release even including Christmas cards. The culmination of a love affair with the Bing Crosby era, this album delivers seasonal standards without the slightest hint of irony. Dylan’s cracked voice struggling to do justice to kitsch favourites is a rare moment of vulnerable humility. Descending his prophet’s pedestal to raise money for homeless charities, this could just be his most original and exciting album of the last decade. TOM KEANE

**The Gentlemen of St Johns**  
A GENTLE CHRISTMAS  
★★★★★

*A Gentle Christmas* is a collection of festive pieces encompassing Renaissance polyphony, traditional carols and witty arrangements of festive pop hits. The ensemble display their flexible musicality by convincing in all genres without compromising their distinct sound. Victoria’s ‘O Magnum Mysterium’ opens the record, the alto lines climbing above the hushed polyphony of the lower parts creating a sound of incandescent purity. The sparse medieval textures and hypnotic repetition on ‘Coventry Carol’ are emphasised by a three voice rendition. The best tracks are arrangements that make even the most overplayed of Christmas songs surprise. Former organ scholar Leon Charles’ delicately mournful arrangement of ‘Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas’ gives the track an emotional weight which does not exist in the original. This is a sophisticated Christmas record. EDWARD HENDERSON

**Sufjan Stevens**  
SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS  
★★★★★

*Songs For Christmas* proves that seasonal music can be more than just the tinsel of department store tracks and alcohol-hazy sing-alongs. On the five EPs in this box set Sufjan Stevens wanders through the whole thematic wonderland of Christmas and (thank baby Jesus) gives the holiday back its properly joyous sound. Terrific originals and skilfully arranged standards abound on each of the EPs, although Vol III: Ding! Dong!, with tracks like ‘That Was The Worst Christmas Ever!’, is where the collection really takes off. Vols. III-IV showcase original pieces strong enough to be on Stevens’ regular LPs, and it is these songs that make the box set such a pleasurable listen. Whether or not you’ve experienced his chamber-folk sound, this is the place to escape the numbing bluster of uninspiring holiday standards and hear what Christmas sounds like when it has some actual life. PETER MORELLI

**Naxos**  
IN TERRA PAX  
★★★★★

There has always been a large gap between English carols and Bach’s *Christmas Oratorio* in terms of quality and scope in trying to capture the Christmas story in music. This recording tries to bridge that gap. Everything here is a rarity. Vaughan Williams’ oft sung *Fantasia on Christmas Carols* is studiously avoided in favour of more obscure repertoire. While many of the newer numbers are slight, the settings by Howells, Warlock and Leighton are well worth hearing. The major item here is Finzi’s *In Terra Pax*, simply one of the most moving choral works of 20th century. A beautiful pastoral retelling of the Christmas story, this may be his single most perfect work. The singing from the City of London Choir is full, clear and committed throughout, and soloist Roderick Williams is magnificent in the Finzi. GUIDO MARTIN-BRANDIS



## FILM AND ARTS

### Roger Hilton: Late Works and Night Letters

KETTLE'S YARD, UNTIL JANUARY 11TH

★★★★★

Marking the publication of a new edition of the 'Night Letters', the Roger Hilton exhibition at Kettle's Yard is a poignant sequel to last year's first instalment of Hilton's works at the gallery. Whilst last year's exhibition, 'Swinging Out Into The Void', celebrated Hilton's contribution to the abstract painting of the 1950s and 60s, this latest show examines the artist's tragic descent, encumbered by peripheral neuritis, into senility and helplessness through the documentary evidence of his late gouaches and night letters to his wife, Rose.

Together these sources form a visual and literary requiem. Written from his sick-bed, Hilton's letters to his wife, here arranged separately from the paintings under glass cases, offer the viewer an insight into his addictions, particularly his debilitating alcoholism, and insecurities. In one letter entitled 'Bollocks and the same to you', Hilton includes a drawing, a kind of spider diagram showing the 'House' as the physical and metaphorical epicentre of his neuroses; the words 'She', a reference to his wife, and 'He' are separated by such loaded phrases as 'self-loathing', and other more banal references to his daily activities, such as 'painting'.

Hilton's wife, Rose, is a central figure in his late oeuvre, predominant in his figurative sketches, where the female form appears in

numerous guises – as the monumental nude, at the helm of a ship, and sitting sensuously cross-legged next to a dining table, her breasts and the curvature of her leg lovingly highlighted. Hilton's sketches of women pertain to a number of styles and show a long-lasting understanding and full absorption by the artist of the numerous aesthetic movements that he had encountered in his lifetime. Some of his female figures are seen from behind, drawn with a Degas-esque lucidity and perspective, whilst in his other drawings the nude is reduced to its sexual signifiers, perhaps a nod to his Abstract beginnings.

Aside from the female figure, the other main recurring motif in Hilton's work is the bird, a preoccupation which could be read as a

symbol of freedom through flight. However, the final picture in the exhibition depicts a starkly opaque kestrel-like form descending from the white sky into a muddy brown abyss; a strikingly emblematic image that conveys instantly the tragedy of Hilton's own fall into decrepitude.

Whilst there is a decidedly strong element of pathos in this exhibition (unsurprisingly given the context), Hilton's use of colour in his infantile poster paint sketches is joyous, especially in his vivid depictions of Antibes. A moving combination of rationality and guilelessness, this exhibition is a beautifully orchestrated paean to an artist who, despite his afflictions, never neglected his craft.

FLORENCE SHARP



Roger Hilton: winner of the Art Attack painting competition with this elephant.

### A Christmas Carol

THE VUE

★★★★★

The last time Jim Carrey did a Christmas film we got *The Grinch*. This is better. Indeed, it is slightly better than better. Director and screenwriter Robert Zemeckis has given us a remarkably faithful retelling of the Charles Dickens classic. Zemeckis even keeps aspects of Dickens' social commentary, representing the callousness of Victorian London as well as the famous

humbuggery of its protagonist. Is this the first film version of *A Christmas Carol* not to shy away from the denunciations of the original author?

In this way, Zemeckis' interpretation is more satisfying than the versions that have preceded it. But it doesn't make a very jolly film. This is a *A Christmas Carol* for adults. While the first half-hour is a slow and ponderous affair, overall this is a stunning piece visually. Performance-capture animation and 3D may not be the future of cinema, but Zemeckis is a savant of the genre. More importantly, the

visuals work perfectly. The book is populated with grotesques, and the Dickensian London Zemeckis has created would not look anywhere near as gloomy or threatening in live action.

When it comes to acting, there are good turns from Gary Oldman and Colin Firth among others. However, it is the performance of Jim Carrey that looms large. Playing both Scrooge and each ghost, he occasionally misses the spot, particularly as the Ghost of Christmas Past. Cast as Scrooge though, he curls his vowels with malicious delight. Ultimately, however, one does question the wisdom of using such an expressive actor like Jim Carrey in performance-capture. If nothing else, it's a waste.

OK, this film is classic Hollywood: utterly commercial, cashing in on the Christmas pound complete with tedious tomfoolery, only present to keep the kids entertained. But Zemeckis has still managed to give us a film that's well-crafted and detailed. More amazingly, however, it doesn't have a saccharine Christmas spirit. It refuses to uplift the audience in the way that a festive film should. It's too joyless, but maybe that's the point. JAMES SHARPE



Nothing says 'Happy Holidays' like another Jim Carrey film.

## Arts Comment

### Amateur Decision Making. The limited ambition of Cambridge theatre

Patrick Kingsley



In my spare-time, I make theatre posters. Usually, it's quite a simple process. A friend asks me to put some publicity together; I draw something; I fiddle around on Photoshop. And then the poster gets emailed to the printers and appears several days later at a location near you. Happy days. My most recent project, though, didn't go so swimmingly. The director liked it – sure. So too did the producer. But the theatre – one of the bigger ones in Cambridge – kicked up a right rumpus. My baby, they initially argued, just didn't 'look like a theatre poster.' I was flabbergasted. Quite a knock to the ego, you can imagine. "The bastards don't get it," I railed to all who would listen, "simply because their idea of a good theatre poster involves some boring headshot of the latest jumped-up starlet." What a diva, you're probably thinking. And you'd probably be right.

But, diva-like though my reaction was, I'd also argue that the theatre's attitude towards the poster is a worrying part of a wider homogeneity affecting Cambridge drama. It's part of a conservative myopia that says plays in Cambridge must make money; that they must look good on their directors' resumes; they must be from the literary canon; must be reviewed well in *Varsity*; must make their actors into big names. All of which makes Cambridge drama totally irrelevant. Plays here rarely say anything politically pertinent to our times, and theatrically seldom do anything particularly original. Good drama either scrutinises the contemporary or, if it must involve canonical texts, at least tries to radically reinvent them with revolutionary stagecraft. Cambridge drama, however, does little of this. Politically, it's flaccid; there's little new writing – and practically none from

undergraduates. And in pure theatrical terms, productions are staid; physical or devised pieces, for example, are virtually unheard of.

Just look at the stats: of the fifty-odd plays performed in Cambridge this term, only two were devised pieces, and only eight were written in the last ten years. And of those eight, just five were written by students, and barely three of those strayed beyond comedy. Such is the paucity of new writing that the admirable Miscellaneous Festival – originally merely intended for the performance of unfinished cast-offs – has now become the flagship event for Cambridge playwrights. Such is the suspicion of devised theatre that Cambridge theatrical companies, directors tell me, give incredibly short shrift to applications involving unscripted work. And such is the monotonous reliance on Shakespeare that the University's main three touring companies – CAST, ETG and the PPJT – and the Marlowe Society – a group which nominally exists to combat homogeneity in drama – never look beyond him for their annual productions.

Don't get me wrong: it is an honour to be surrounded by so many talented actors and directors. And we're lucky to be at a university which offers so many opportunities to watch, and to perform in, drama. I just wish, though, that more of those actors, and more of these dramatic opportunities, were concerned with saying something new and relevant, either politically or theatrically. At its best, theatre either explores fresh theatrical ideas or provides relevant analysis of modern society. Too often at Cambridge, however, it is just seen as a shortcut to celebrity, or a quick way of making money. Or a fast-track to having your face on a poster.



'Film Night' one of the few devised plays in Cambridge this year



View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

The time is nigh, the day has dawned, the sun has set on our time together. Don't shed a tear, I'll think on ye, and on the time we spent forever. You never read the News, you skipped fashion in your Jimmy Choos, didn't care for the clues in the Cambridge spies – it made you snooze. Instead, you flicked to the theatre spread. Congrats, your life has been enriched, so much you think you're going to switch, to do an MA, in Theatrical Criticism, when you leave here some day.

But don't fret-well, at least not yet. Though I'll be gone, and you'll be re-reading old issues to prolong, the devastating realisation that this is my swan-song – Cambridge drama won't let you down: so you turn that frown, upside down. So that it makes a Smile. There is still Plenty more Panto to stuff down your gullet: you could just buy a return, and go and queue (at least one person a night will be sick with Swine Flu).

If you email thehostiswaiting@gmail.com you can book a place in an immersive space to see *Tripped*. But like good old Panto, it's a return only fare. So you might as well seem indigent and say you don't care.

One night of love, nothing more nothing less – the *24hr plays* will sure be a mess. They done it at The Old Vic, now it's happening here. This is the premise (in case it's not clear): '24 hours to write (worst all-nighter ever), workshop (cue mahooosive arguments!), rehearse, perfect and put on a play' – that's what organizer Tadhgh Barwell O'Connor has to say. The audience votes, as they bloody well should, on the plays they think are really good. Monday at the ABCD theatre,

The lateshow is looking pretty tonk. Or large, depending if you like the donk. Director, Patrick Garety, (whose name almost rhymes with 'nudity'), says *The Blue Room* will "make you moist in your seat", which seems to me, a good way to complete, this rhyming-ish roundup of the week. LAUREN COONEY

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

ADC MAINSHOW  
★★★★★

Just what is the point of reviewing the Footlights' Panto? I mean, really; I could fling a whole bucket of dog shit over the bloody thing and it wouldn't matter one jot. This is because, as always, every single ticket for this year's show got snapped up within the first ten seconds of them going on sale. Very few people are going to burn their tickets just because some jumped-up little windbag wrote that it's no good. But for what it's worth – if you're sitting there, lighter in one hand, ticket in the other, just WAITING for the verdict – well. Well indeed. This jumped-up little windbag thought it was good; bloody brilliant, in fact.

Despite plenty of pressure from an unscrupulous and quite frankly unprofessional editor, We were never going to give this one star. Anything that (according to director Matt Bulmer's cheerfully rambling programme notes) has been SEVEN MONTHS in the making deserves respect. Anything that covers both the inadequacy of the Topic bar within a Celebrations box and the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics will almost certainly have earned it.

Ali Baba's story doesn't spring to mind as traditional panto-fodder, but it had all the elements one would expect: cross-dressing, sweets, audience participation,

more cross-dressing, knob gags and camels. Oh no it didn't? Oh yes it flipping did. OK, it's not perfect, but that doesn't really matter. The revolving set is just OUTSTANDING, despite the fact that it stopped revolving once or twice. Oh, and the singing was lost in the mix a bit too regularly to go unnoticed. But who cares? They'll fix it. The jokes, most importantly, were genuinely excellent, and delivered with gusto by a range of satisfyingly vivid characters.

Ali is played to gender-confused perfection by Mel Heslop; his/her love interest Morgiana is played by the particularly fine-voiced Ellie Ross; their mate Cassim is the hilarious – though perhaps not so vocally gifted – Keith Akushie. Man that guy's funny though; just thinking about him makes me smile a little bit.

Anyway, red-handed show stealers came in the shape of Ben Kavanagh and James Walker, who played the aptly-named Jeanie and the evil Nalu respectively. Kavanagh's Jean-genie was a draggy triumph. I'd previously seen him in *Waiting for Godot*; the programme says he's directed Sarah Kane. Thankfully there was precious little Beckett (though maybe a tiny bit of suicidal madwoman) in his performance, which channeled some of the all-time classic drag acts but didn't feel the need to shrilly shriek the audience into compliance. Crackling pins, too. James Walker's Nalu (Boo! Booooohisss!) looked just like Jafar from Aladdin and worked the

THEATRE

room with seasoned aplomb. Poised and extremely funny, he was great, actually, along with every member of a consistently strong supporting cast.

It would take a stony-hearted bastard of Alan Sugar-esque proportions not to come out of this filled with the joys of Christmas (whatever they may be – a point deliberated upon in the show's final

resounding number). I liked everyone in it and I liked practically everything about it. The "humble director" (his words, not mine) and everyone involved should be very, very happy. Seven months well spent. If you have a ticket – well, congratulations. If not, mug someone that does. It is Christmas, after all. NATHAN BROOKER AND GEORGE REYNOLDS



JAMES GRAVESTON

Smoker

ADC THEATRE  
★★★★★

Hold back the tears: today the last issue of term falls crisply off the presses, rendering anything in week eight borderline obsolete. In much the same way, sketches from this week's Smoker will echo around the ADC, before crumbling into the dust, never to be seen again. So the question is, why are you even bothering to read this, when you could flick over to Cambridge Spies and learn about the Wyverns' sexual deviancies?

The answer, in the very wise words of Michael Jackson, is that it's all about the kids. Whilst the ever-dependable Keith Akushie featured as a hapless UN translator ('c'est entrepreneur'), it was the stoically deadpan second-year Phil Wang, an engineer 'by default', who opened the show with his pathological – and hilarious – hatred of James Cordon. Equally successful were one half of the many-headed Good.Clean.Men., in a neat and subversive altercation with a nightclub bouncer.

This is not to say that the old guard were unfunny. Lucien

Young recurred throughout, his best offering coming as a hapless Egyptian-cum-Justin Lee Collins. Oh, and he must be commended for the ability to keep a straight face when informed that George Lazenby was 'the Iain Duncan Smith of Bonds'. But at times, the needless desire for him to carry the show felt unnecessary. Compared with the freshness of Tamara Astor's bizarre and original 'sit down' comedy, Young at times looked a little laboured.

The same cannot be said for Dannish Babar, arguably one of Cambridge's most promising comedians. After combining with Wang in a series of fragmented sketches ('Dan's stopped referring to himself in the third person'), his anecdote about "masturbating so furiously that an independent observer could only conclude that you were interrogating your genitals" was a perfectly crude conclusion to the evening. The pick of what was always going to be a mixed night however, was a mincing, lisping Ian McKellen, prancing round the stage "luuuuuuubricating his dick-tion", and complete with pink thong. I think I forgot to note the impressionist's name. But you don't care, remember?ALASDAIR PAL

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead

PEMBROKE NEW CELLARS  
★★★★★

Shows should get brownie points for performing in the Pembroke Cellars. It is as atmospheric as a multi-storey car park, and every production seems more adept at lighting the audience than the stage. Focussing on the minor characters from Hamlet as they realise their own insignificance, staging the play is a tough call, with most of the entertainment coming from riffs around syllogisms and plays on idiom. A little bit dreary, the script feels like it would be better off read than performed. Someone had obviously misunderstood the idea of 'quick wit'.

Lawrence Dunn's magnificent rendering of the Player was beautifully stylised, and foppishly charismatic: he and his merry band of actors carried the show along, in a rare example of great ensemble acting. Darragh Connell's Hamlet was swashbuckling in his ironic self-indulgence.

This contrasted nicely with the more nuanced and crafted performances from the protagonists, although Peter Skidmore as Rosencrantz sometimes seemed like he was according to the title description a little too much ... Harry Baker's Guildenstern was better at conveying the ennui of living without engendering the same emotion in the audience. While some of the bouts of word sparring got a little flat, the actors coped brilliantly with the change of mood at the end. I won't spoil the final surprise (clue: it's in the title), but it was surprisingly affecting, and cleverly drawn.

The production team are to be commended for their ambitious attempts to level this (potentially tedious) play in that shady, stuffy basement. It might have some visible fault lines, and have one of the most bizarrely understated sets, but the show hints towards what is best about fringe theatre. Outside of the bright lights and stage paint of the ADC, this is a show which relies on the finesse of the acting, rather than masking it with elaborate designs. Energetic, challenging and habitually funny, there are many worse ways (if not worse places – unless corporate dungeon is your thing) to spend an evening. JONATHAN FRANKLIN

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ Camel toe ★★★★★ Camel cigarettes ★★★★★ Even-toed ungulate (Camel) ★★★★★ Schrodinger's Camel  
★★★★★ Mr Camel, the flying Camel



# THEATRE

## Going Short

ADC LATESHOW

★★★★★

There's nothing cooler on screen or on stage than cold-hearted suits in the midst of a crisis. They swear at their laptops and each other; they face minor moral dilemmas; they slam down phones and neglect their children. Nestling nicely between *The Day That Lehman Died* and any one of Armando Iannucci's babies, it's not difficult to see why *Going Short* took the RSC/Marlowe Other Prize for new writing. Issy McCann's script does the topical thing with nice insight, but its office blows inspire a smile rather than a guffaw, and despite some neat direction, this take on the Northern Rock crisis never quite hits the jugular.

Polly is the ball-crushing hedge fund manager behind the shorting of Northern Rock shares, high on insider trading and the prospect of a new pair of Louboutins. Her underling, Stephen (James Frecknall), harbours some dubious trading morals and that old corporate dream of leaving it all behind to stand before a blackboard and wipe children's noses. The Bank's collapse and consequent nationalisation is the challenge to their platonic professional love story, despite the holes in Stephen's disapproval. Suspected of fraud and fond of pocketing a little company profit

for himself, his sudden redemption doesn't reflect a rediscovered modesty in the City, just an unlikely turn of character. It's all meant to be catalysed by Martin, an old socialist friend who rolls occasionally onto stage as third wheel to clash with Polly in Serious Socialist Warfare.

Still, Deli Segal enhances the encounters, all sarcasm and dismissive pleasantries. Her Polly is marvellously stoic; even Stephen grows incredulous at the absence of emotion: "Your poor daughters." She ignores his

comment until the end of the scene, with a piece of cool, unruffled advice: "Don't ever insult my mothering skills again." It's strange, then, that she too must undergo a little Hollywood softening, juggling phones in a panic at the realisation that Northern Rock's collapse is imminent. The 2D Bitch is overrated, but so too is the sheepish villain.

Jones directs with great pace, really getting the sense of the City. Blasts of money-themed music added spark to the scene changes, a welcome explosion to the tension of plummeting shares. The claustrophobic emptiness of the office was well captured by the stage's stark furniture. "Do you know how dry this office feels?" Stephen ponders. And we do.

The presence of day and time projected above the stage could have been a great technical touch, were it not done upon an OHP which looked like a reject from Grange Hill's prop department. To tackle this brutal business world is to heighten expectations for satire and wit. This might be slick, but it's not quite special enough to survive. ABIGAIL DEAN



MAGGIE BROWN

## Valued Friends

CORPUS PLAYROOM

★★★★★

*Valued Friends*, by Stephen Jeffreys, is a play set in the 1980s property boom. It satirizes the idea that the boom can last for ever. We are currently coming through an economic recession. It's relevant! Thank God. Now we can move on.

These 'valued friends', struggling to hold their friendships and dreams together, are Leftist academic Howard, music journalist Paul and his girlfriend Marion, and down and out aspiring comedienne named Sherry.

The play avoids many of the pitfalls of political writing: its characters have real interest. Matt Kilroy's Howard is touching, and his understated delivery leaves room for the bursts of emotion that seem to take the character by surprise, especially when he is embraced by Sherry. Giulia Galastro's Sherry is eccentric and permanently wired, a changeling exuding manic energy. Galastro seems to have been made for the part, though the quiet delivery doesn't always carry the

full intensity of the emotion that she needs to convey. Whilst her costume makes her look more like a modern indie eco-terrorist than a 1980s wastrel, it is nevertheless a testament to the flair and attention to detail which characterises costume in this production as a whole: Talissa Dewhurst should be applauded. The same is true of the set.

Oliver Marsh is believable as Paul, responding acutely to the actors around him, though his delivery is unduly domineering at times. Victoria Ball portrays the glamorous Marion with confidence, and her character is perhaps the most roundly realised of all. Her accent is well judged, but Ball seems uncertain in moments that demand emotional poignancy. When she crumples a receipt in her hand at the very end of the play, she does so in a huff which is hardly an expression of despair or desperation.

The space available in the Corpus Playroom

is used skilfully, with characters blurring the boundary between onstage and offstage space as they wrestle with Christmas trees and bins of rubble. A weaker show might have been overwhelmed by the 80s pop music between scenes, but this serves to finesse an already lively production. Olivia Crellin directs a fluid, even fluent rendering of Jeffreys' play. CHRIS KERR



PATRICK GARETY

## 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 8: Centos

#### Winner: The Triumph of Light

by Christina Woodger

But then it was rainy weather, and I, sad.  
Poetry, oh my love, here I am, alone in your game,  
With silence where hope was; the silence  
Of things we can't see. 'I come, I come! Oh, where am I going?'  
Love came and ransacked the house. I fell back from there.

Now only the maiden is sorrowing.  
Blind voice, an ethereal adolescent form, moon-faced beloved,  
You, who grope in the darkness of memory –  
'Who will kiss my cold and wrinkled lips and set my dreaming spirit free?'

'Mad heart!' The nightingale calls to me,  
The ice-feathered sea-eagle beats me with his wings of watered silk,  
Admit your beauty, angel of white lead!  
These fall, the hearts – oh, our arrows,  
These fall, the hearts – oh our arrows.  
Here is separation and there is connection.

#### Runner Up: A Vision of the Titans, Keats Cento

by Kieran Corcoran

Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see,  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Many a fallen old Divinity?  
Flush'd were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene.  
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well  
That first in beauty should be first in might.  
So let me be thy choir and make a moan,  
Ay, in the very temple of Delight,  
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone  
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain,  
And bid old Saturn take his throne again.



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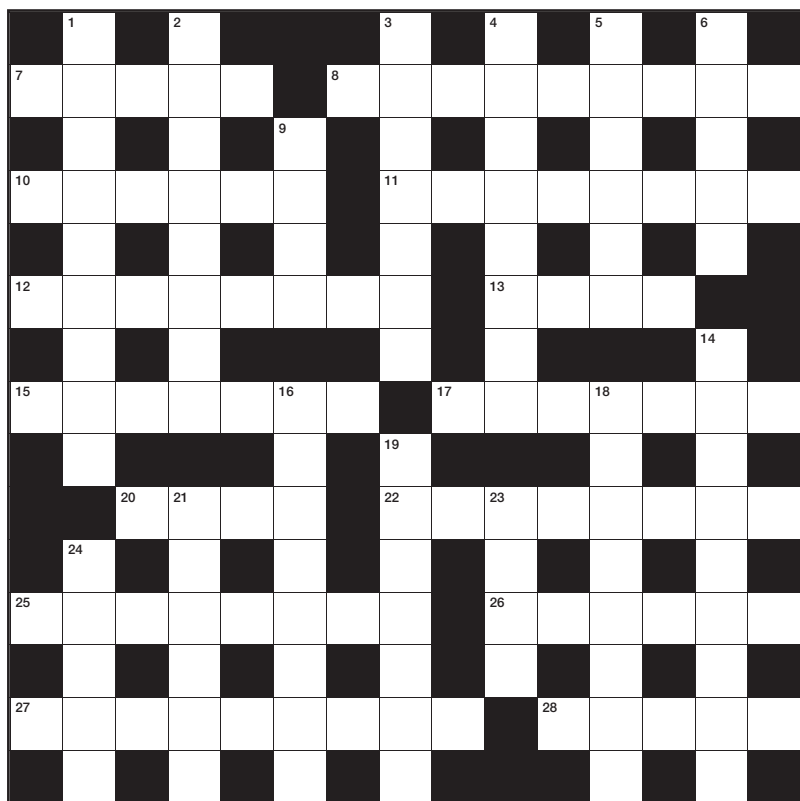
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# Games & puzzles

## Varsity Crossword

no. 516



### Across

- 7 Implore alien to procreate (5)  
8 Apparently, this can be truly deep (9)  
10 Agree with current line (6)  
11 Coming back, yet taking a part in social event (3,5)  
12 Guess I'm escorted into the

- grounds (8)  
13 Point no-one returned: they carry a charge (4)  
15 Purcell is told to expel a player (7)  
17 Images made by instrumental noise? (7)  
20 Ancient drinking vessel might be French (4)  
22 Lazy, fashionable party at time of

restraint (8)

- 25 Infectious alcohol put in, pure (8)  
26 Rough, like 13 and 31 perhaps? (6)  
27 Poaching nice moose to save money (9)  
28 One falling in love shortly turned back: a big fiddle (5)

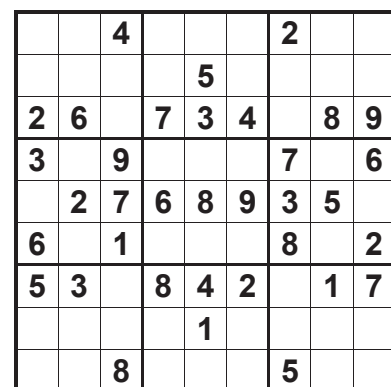
### Down

- 1 Quiet: drunken seducers made a noise (9)  
2 Immoral and irrational number involved in canonising (8)  
3 Very lightweight accomplishment by his sister? (7)  
4 Rapped, or the settlement might be balls (8)  
5 German transport with no right to reserve (6)  
6 Thin glass made by loud, antiquated instrument (5)  
9 Thought I would hear only its filling (4)  
14 Bank invested in crooked supply (9)  
16 Those which mean the same as the great and the good can be examples (8)  
18 Moving 14, mention getting up after dance (8)  
19 Balls, having been aimed, might be rambling? (7)  
21 Arson disaster inhaled gas parts (6)  
23 Vat murderer hauled up halfway? (4)  
24 Slag of... company at party (5)

Set by **Hisashi**

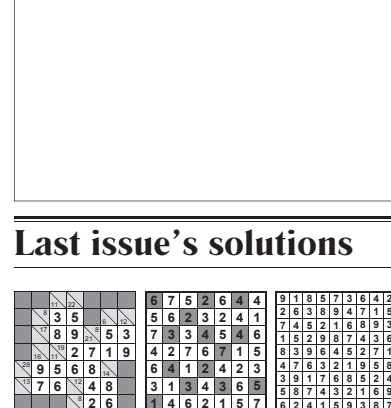
## Sudoku

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.



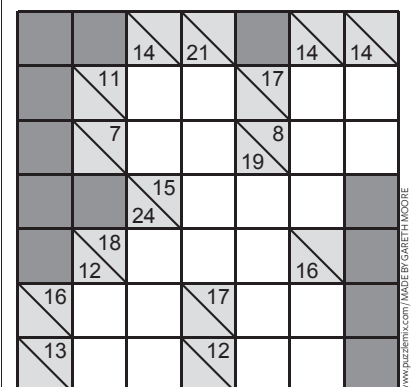
### The Varsity Scribblepad

### Last issue's solutions



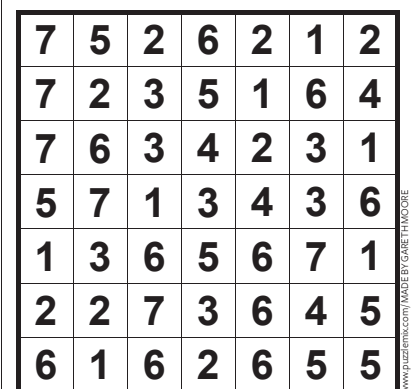
## Kakuro

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



## 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.



Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 515)

**Across:** 8 Smooth, 9 Ado, 10 Real, 11 Invincible, 12 Wall, 13 Efface, 15 Criminal, 16 History, 18 Boogie, 22 Thriller, 25 Moscow, 27 Ammo, 28 Billie Jean, 31 Mere, 32 A B C, 33 Athena. **Down:** 1 G-man, 2 Godiva, 3 Thick ear, 4 Iambics, 5 Do-re-mi, 6 Browning, 7 Paella, 14 F B I, 17 Tailored, 19 Ohm, 20 Ego, 21 Armlock, 23 Hamlet, 24 Labial, 26 St John, 29 Imam, 30 Aene.



# Blues girls edged out of league cup

» Tenacious rivals come back in 2nd half to knock Cambridge out of regional cup

 CAMBRIDGE	2
 HARINGEY	3

Tom Woolford  
Sports Reporter

Last year’s beaten finalists squandered a two goal lead to crash out of the league cup to Haringey in the last sixteen.

It was the depleted Cambridge side, lacking four first-team starters, that dominated the first half as defensive pressure and a densely-populated midfield prevented any real threats from either side. Then, 25 minutes in, a ball from Leesa Haydock found Kate Robinson, who rounded the Haringey keeper and calmly slotted the ball in to open the scoring. Cambridge’s pace up front now caused Haringey all sorts of problems. Robinson was clean through on goal but was flagged for a dubious offside. Another ball over the top of the visitors’ back line saw her round the defence and set up

first Mandy Wainwright and then Helen Bellfield whose half-volley slid agonisingly wide. Cambridge’s lead was finally doubled on the half-hour mark, Victoria Clarkson lifting the ball over a defender and finishing in the bottom left corner. Cambridge were good value for their 2-0 lead, and deserved to go in to the break with it intact, but Haringey fluked a goal when an attempted clearance out of the Cambridge box ricocheted off a Haringey forward and bobbled into the Cambridge goal.

As the second half got underway, Haringey’s striker Mary Anne Sheena made her dribbling skills count, taking the ball past several defenders and slotting home from a tight angle. Cambridge seemed to have lost their foothold, but a shot from range almost beat the Haringey keeper , with Cambridge just failing to net the rebound. The Blues were losing some of their pace: Robinson and Bellfield were kept quiet and the attack was carried instead by the strong and energetic Wainwright. A pair of excellent saves from Sara Heinz kept Cambridge in the game, but Haringey took the lead after seventy minutes when Aishia Dalaji

suddenly came alive inside the right edge of the penalty area to chip inside the near post. Cambridge surged forward towards the end of the match and made some attacking substitutions, but could not create any real chances and were forced to take a chance on shots from the edge of the area, their tired strikers and midfield ultimately failing to produce the finish that was required.

The Blues’ coach Lee McGill



was disappointed that they had thrown away a 2-0 lead but attributed the Cambridge defeat to the visitors’ speedy attack in the second half. Cambridge paid dearly for failing to take a bigger lead in the first half, and missed their sidelined key players, particularly in central defence. Their return looks essential for the success of the rest of the season.

# Tennis Grasshoppers take on Oxford

» Fiery encounter ends in a draw leaving league victory undecided

 CAMBRIDGE	5
 OXFORD	5

Varsity Sport

With spirits running high after a down-to-the-wire victory over Oxford Brookes 1st IV last week, the Cambridge 2nd team, the Grasshoppers, arrived in Oxford for a clash which would all but decide the BUCS league champions, with a spot in division Conference 1a at stake.

Three members of the 1sts squad (Rob Legg, Greg Caterer

and Michele Gavin-Rizzuto) were recruited in an effort to help stamp some Tab authority over the other place, and the start was certainly a positive one.

Playing in disgraceful conditions at Oxford’s Iffley Road ground, on gravel-strewn hard courts and driving wind and rain, the doubles matches were split. Legg and Gavin-Rizzuto fought bravely, and with exhibitions of blinding flair frequently coming off Legg’s racket at the most key moments of the match. However, they eventually went down 8-6 to a very talented Oxford 1st pair, containing an established Oxford Blue. On the next court, Caterer and Captain Alex Moynihan managed to grind out a 9-7 victory,

often having to employ all the tactics at their disposal to twice come from a break down, along with some gritty passing shots from Moynihan and solid serving from both. At 1-1, it was on to the singles: Legg, playing at number 1, played some scintillating tennis in terrible conditions to out-think and out-hit his Blues opponent, crushing him 6-3, 6-1.

At number 2, Caterer’s wrist injury started to take its toll as he tamely succumbed to an opponent against whom, at full fitness, the match would probably have proved a very different story. Gavin-Rizzuto, playing at 3, ground out a grueling 3-set win against an opponent who seemed mentally unbreakable, eventually storming to a 6-2, 3-6,

6-0 victory with some very powerful groundstrokes eventually proving too strong for Oxford. Alex Moynihan, playing at the 4th singles spot, lost a very tight 3-set match on probably the worst court out of the four available, the harshness of the conditions leading Captain Moynihan to comment that “in every match, I seem to hit at least 5 shots that Federer would be proud of – and at least 10 that a 5-year-old would be disappointed with”.

The Cambridge team returned satisfied but not elated, with a decent 5-5 draw. This means that the league victory will now be decided on respective scores in the remaining matches played by both Cambridge and Oxford.

## The Anorak

### Men’s Hockey

Division 1:  
Robinson 9-0 Old Leysians  
Emmanuel 3-3 Jesus  
Downing 5-1 Churchill

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
ROBINSON	4	3	1	0	24	7	17	10
DOWNING	5	3	1	1	15	15	0	10
OLD LEYSIANS	4	3	0	1	25	11	14	9
EMMANUEL	3	1	1	1	7	7	0	4
ST JOHN’S	4	1	1	2	7	10	-3	4
JESUS	3	0	1	2	6	12	-6	1
CHURCHILL	5	0	1	4	4	26	-22	1

Cuppers catch-up (round 1):  
Clare 0-15 St Catharine’s  
Girton 4-0 Homerton  
Fitzwilliam 5-2 Churchill  
Emmanuel 4-3 Corpus Christi  
Sidney Sussex 0-13 Downing  
Queens’ 13-2 Pembroke

### Ladies’ Hockey

Division 1:  
St Catharine’s 0-6 Pembroke  
Downing 0-2 Murray Edwards  
St John’s 4-0 Fitzwilliam

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
ST CATHARINE’S	4	3	0	1	13	8	5	9
ST JOHN’S	4	2	2	0	8	2	6	8
MURRAY EDWARDS	3	2	0	1	7	3	4	6
PEMBROKE	2	1	1	0	7	1	6	4
DOWNING	4	1	1	2	1	3	-2	4
JESUS	3	1	1	1	1	7	-6	4
EMMANUEL	3	0	1	2	1	3	0	1
CHURCHILL	1	0	0	1	1	4	-3	0
FITZWILLIAM	2	0	0	2	0	8	-8	0

Cuppers catch-up (round 1):  
Jesus 0-1 Emmanuel  
Trinity 5-0 St Catharine’s II  
Robinson 3-5 Selwyn  
Fitzwilliam 0-7 Murray Edwards  
Trinity Hall 5-3 Queens’

### Football

League Division 1:  
Downing 2-1 Girton  
St John’s 6-2 Pembroke  
Emmanuel 3-1 Fitzwilliam  
Trinity 2-0 St Catharine’s

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	5	5	0	0	12	5	7	15
TRINITY	5	4	0	1	12	5	7	12
GIRTON	4	3	0	1	8	6	2	9
JESUS	3	2	0	1	9	4	5	6
FITZWILLIAM	4	2	0	2	9	6	3	6
EMMA	5	2	0	3	10	11	-1	6
CHRIST’S	3	1	0	2	6	7	-1	3
ST JOHN’S	4	1	0	3	10	14	-4	3
PEMBROKE	5	1	0	4	9	14	-5	3
ST CATHARINE’S	4	0	0	4	6	19	-13	0

### Rugby Union

Division 1:  
Jesus 46-0 St Catharine’s  
Trinity 7-17 Downing  
Girton P-P St John’s

	P	W	D	L	F	A	D	Pts
ST JOHN’S	6	6	0	0	270	18	252	24
DOWNING	6	4	0	2	100	63	37	18
JESUS	5	4	0	1	193	60	133	17
TRINITY	6	3	0	3	109	100	9	15
GIRTON	6	1	0	5	92	181	-89	9
ST CATHARINE’S	7	0	0	7	22	318	-296	6

Your weekly guide to College sport

## Sport in Brief

### Men’s Football

The Blues drew 0-0 against title rivals Bedford (Bedford) on Wednesday in the toughest league fixture they will have this season. Not used to the boggy pitch, windy conditions, or the opposition’s 4-2-4 formation, the Blues struggled in the first half against Bedford’s very direct football. In the second half, Cambridge got closer and tighter all over the pitch and the defensive line was pushed higher as the Blues came into the game more. Yet there was a lack of a penetration and both sides had to settle for a draw which satisfied captain Michael Johnson.

### Men’s Hockey

In the first of the weekend’s two matches, a pair of penalty corner strikes from flicker Dave Madden bagged the Blues a narrow 2-1 win away against bitter rivals Havering. On Sunday, however, National League outfit Sevenoaks proved slightly too strong for the Blues as they slipped to a 3-1 defeat in the cup despite a credible performance. Cambridge’s next challenge will be against Ipswich on Saturday.

### Absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge

In the all important penultimate group game of the Intramural Football League of the University of Leicester, the GMS Panthers crushed The Loaded Cog 6-2 in a result which shook the city to the core. The Panthers are unbeaten all season – a remarkable position for a team whose year was disrupted as a full-scale riot broke out at their match with the Greek-Cypriot Society.

Since narrowly beating Modern Language 17-1 early in the season, the Panthers have been on an upward turn and now find themselves on the verge of qualifying for the quarter-finals.

Much of their success has been put down to manger Mike Bevan, who at 19 is one of the youngest in the top-flight. “Managing the Panthers is a bit like organising a gay pride march - a lot of pink and no support from the right wing”, he remarked making reference to the feminised strip his troops sport.

Real Santander manager Johan Meza made the trip from Colombia to the hallowed Stoughton Road after reports leaked across the pond of centre-half cum centre-forward Will Metcalfe, who has 11 goals in 5 games. Defender Andy Pierino Occidentale impressed him most, but no contract was offered due to growing (literally) concerns over the Anglo-Italian’s beer belly.



# A tale of two cities

An analysis of this year's encounter

Varsity Sport

In the CURUFC clubhouse they have been counting down the days for nearly twelve months and now the anticipation is building all over the University. Captain Dan Vickerman traveled to Oxford last week to officially challenge his dark blue opposite number Dan Rosen. The 128th Nomura Varsity match is under two weeks away; Thursday December 10th is the day when the success or failure of the entire Blues season will be decided in just eighty minutes of play.

Last year Oxford won 33-29 in a nail-biting encounter which issued an impressive reply to critics of the fixture and marked the highest scoring Varsity match in history. It has been a season of change for the Light Blues as less than half of 2008's team remains. A combination of last year's defeat and this season's difficulties will most likely leave them as second favourites with the bookies.

Yet some things never change and the Varsity match is notoriously difficult to call. By the time the teams step out at Twickenham every ounce of their collective strength will be aimed at the opposition with nothing held back to remember what the betting shops were saying.

It is thought only a few of the starting XV is nailed on. As injuries and inconsistency have hampered preparations, the Cambridge coaches and captain are giving nothing away.

With only three of last year's starting forwards available eyes will be on the forwards to prove themselves against an Oxford pack shorn of New Zealand hooker Anton Oliver. Among the changes Will Jones, who has moved into the second row, has come of age

this season and will need to have a big game. He leaves space in the back-row where Joe Wheeler and undergraduate Ed White are vying to fill the gaps.

Yet the onus is heavily on Vickerman. It cannot be overstated how much Cambridge's chances will depend on him. As captain and talisman, he will provide stability at the set-piece, something noticeably lacked when he is absent. He calls the shots in the Light Blue camp, the team look to him for inspiration, and he will have to bring the rest up to his level.

Traditionally Oxford are stronger in the backs than the pack, as seen last year, despite their physical inferiority. It looks the same again this time round, with lots of attacking options for the Dark Blues. Tim Catling, on a high having been recently named Oxford University Sportsman of the Year, will be dangerous having scored a hat trick last year and run rings around James Greenwood on the wing. Greenwood will feel this pressure, but could also be the match-winner; if he rises to the occasion he is Cambridge's most potent attacking threat.

Elsewhere in the backs, a lot will depend on Ross Broadfoot and Sandy Reid. Stand-off Broadfoot returns having missed last year's game with injury, and both players will be required to do a lot of kicking as well as providing the link to the speedsters outside them. The centre pairing has been juggled throughout the season, and Reid has missed a chunk of the preparations due to a foot injury. If he recovers well enough, he and his partner, possibly Freddie Shepherd, will need to hit the ground running or they could be torn apart by the dangerous Oxford centres.

Let battle commence.

## View from Oxford

The low-down from The Other Place

Oxford's story this term reads similarly to that of Cambridge. After some impressive wins over Premiership A sides, the Dark Blues were well beaten by Northampton before losing in the last minute to Saracens. Last week they registered a convincing win against Major Stanley's, Oxford's answer to Steele-Bodgers' invitational side. Echoes of the *Varsity* back page?

Comparisons don't stop there. Oxford too are in possession of a talismanic captain: Dan Rosen may not be an Australian ex-international, but he has been involved in Oxford rugby for eight years, and this is his fifth Blues campaign. With more undergrads in the squad than ever before, his experience will be invaluable at Twickenham.

The Oxford back line also boasts some impressive figures. With three top class wingers battling it out to make the final XV, the Dark Blues are spoilt for choice when it comes to pace: Tim

Catling scored three tries in last year's Varsity match, Will Brown has notched up twelve in nine games this term, and Sean Morris is also on top form. That said, the importance of the pack cannot be underestimated, says Steve Hill, Oxford's director of rugby: "Unless we secure good first phase ball we won't get these wingers into the game. The forward battle will be key in deciding who wins".

Cambridge captain Dan Vickerman is not the only international player to sport a blue shirt this year: within the scrum he will encounter Stan McKeen, Oxford's openside flanker, who has won several caps representing his Canadian homeland. Together with hooker and captain Dan Rosen, he will be leading the fight for possession against the Cambridge pack.

With such well matched squads, it is difficult to predict the outcome of this year's encounter. "I've been involved when the score has been 9-6 and when it has been 29-3," says Hill. "In the last 10 minutes, the score will be close; it's a question of which side has the stamina to take it home." WILL CAIGER-SMITH



# All eyes are turne

On Thursday 10th December, the capital will be hit by hor as Oxford. *Varsity* introduces the University's potential he



### 1. Prop: Niall Conlon

Age: 26 Height: 6'1" Weight: 17st 9lbs  
St Edmund's, Land Economy

Despite being plagued by injury this year, a key figure. His scrummaging and ball carrying will be crucial.

### 2. Hooker: Pat Crossley

Age: 23 Height: 5'11" Weight: 16st 3lbs  
Homerton, Religious Administration

Accurate in the line-out and good in the loose, he will need to provide Cambridge with a steady base at the set-piece.

### 3. Prop: Andy Daniel

Age: 23 Height: 6'1" Weight: 17st 13lbs  
St edmunds, Land economy

Andy's aggression in the contact area makes him crucial in defence. Strong in the scrum.

### 4. Lock: Dan Vickerman

Age: 30 Height: 6'8" Weight: 18st 13lbs  
Hughes Hall, Land economy

An inspirational figure as captain, Vickerman will need to lead from the front and dominate the line-out.

### 5. Lock: Will Jones

Age: 23 Height: 6'4" Weight: 16st 7lbs  
St Edmund's, Land Economy

Ever-present in the team this season, his tackling and ball-carrying have been a vital part of the side.

### 6. Flanker: Ed White

Age: 22 Height: 6'2" Weight: 15st 10lbs  
Jesus, Management

Has stepped up well after playing with the u21s last season. Mobile in attack and strong in defence.

### 7. Flanker: Joey Wheeler

Age: 24 Height: 5'11" Weight: 14st 13lbs  
St Edmund's, Arch and Anth

Another who is key in the line-out, his work at the breakdown will be vital in slowing down the ball.

### Number 8: Ben Maidment

Age: 21 Height: 6'4" Weight: 18st 6lbs  
St Edmund's, Land Economy

Strong and versatile, Ben has made a big impact on the side whenever he has played.

PROFILES BY FRANKIE BROWN



# d to Twickenham

des of fans from Cambridge and that other place known  
roes with a possible starting XV.



PHOTOS BY TIM JOHNS, DRAWN BY JIM BAXTER IN 1950



## From the Archives

*'Light Blues Rugby Side Are Ready To Do Battle', Varsity 2 December 1950*

The rugby team selected to play against Oxford next Tuesday represents the climax of a term of intense anxiety for Glyn Davies. The extraordinary misfortunes that have dogged the University in the form of injuries may be emphasised by the fact that the team, as it stands, has never played together before. This fact, together with the much publicised, star-studded, composition of the Oxford side, has served to label the "Dark Blues" as firm favourites.

However, pessimists and so-called "realists" have tended to voice their opinions without due consideration of the assets the Cambridge side undoubtedly possess. Man for man and as a whole the Cambridge pack have shown extraordinary stamina. In the inter-Varsity match such a quality is of paramount importance, since the last twenty minutes are often the most vital to the result. Such weakness as the forwards may have lies in their covering both in defence and attack. This is easily remedied, and probably has been, in training.

Our back division is potentially as strong as that of Oxford as an attacking combination. Their defence, however has not proved to be by any means adequate in the past.

## Form Guide

### Cambridge

26/9 vs Old Boys XV 33-19

29/9 vs L'borough University 34-13

7/10 vs Blackheath 25-12

12/10 vs Northampton 14-73

19/10 vs Saracens 24-35

4/11 vs Crawshays XV 19-19

9/11 vs London Scottish 20-38

10/9 vs Steele-Bodgers XV 48-24

### Oxford

15/9 vs Chinnor 70-0

23/9 vs Gael Force 20-27

28/9 vs N'castle Falcons 15-10

12/10 vs London Scottish 17-12

19/10 vs Northampton 0-50

26/10 vs Esher 30-22

2/11 vs Saracens 28-39

9/11 vs Sale Sharks 31-31

18/11 vs Major Stanley's 51-5

22/11 vs Trinity College,

Dublin 40-7

Look out for the match report and photos on the day at [www.varsity.co.uk](http://www.varsity.co.uk)



## 9. Scrum half: Jamie Hood

Age: 23 Height: 5'9" Weight: 13st 5lbs  
Hughes Hall, PGCE

Coming back from injury, his distribution and awareness at nine will be crucial in order to unleash the backs.

## 10. Fly half: Ross Broadfoot

Age: 24 Height: 6' Weight: 14st 13lbs  
Hughes Hall, Natural Sciences

Has handled the pressure well this season. His distribution and kicking will be vital to a Cambridge success.

## 11. Winger: James Greenwood

Age: 24 Height: 6'1" Weight: 14st 11lbs  
Hughes Hall, Economics

The most dangerous attacking threat, his running can tear the opposition to shreds, but will need to be strong in defence.

## 12. Centre: Sandy Reid

Age: 21 Height: 5'10" Weight: 14st  
St John's, Land Economy

Has moved seamlessly back to centre this season. A vital player in both attack and defence.

## 13. Centre: Freddie Shepherd

Age: 23 Height: 6'3" Weight: 16st 7lbs  
St Edmund's, Real Estate Finance

A powerful runner in attack, his strength in the contact area makes him a constant threat to opposition defences.

## 14. Winger: Dave Riley

Age: 23 Height: 5' 10" Weight: 13st  
Hughes Hall, Real Estate finance

Another strong and quick runner, he will need to offer a cutting edge on the wing to complement Greenwood on the other.

## 15. Full back: Jimmy Richards

Age: 26 Height: 5'9" Weight: 12st 13lbs  
St John's, Classics

His searing pace will be a valuable asset to the Cambridge backs. His kicking is also useful.

## Waiting in the wings

Alex Cheetham (prop), Jamie Gilbert (hooker), Ben Martin (lock), Tom Stanton (flanker), Haden Henderson (back row), Doug Rowe (scrum half), Fred Burdon (centre), Ilia Cherezhov (wing), Will Bal-four (full back), Marc Rosenberg (wing).

# The Sporting World

## Week 8: France

It's very tempting to walk through Paris wearing imaginary glasses (Chanel) that filter out anything that doesn't fit in with a preconceived image of the city. I stalk people who I feel are likely to make a charming comment about how great strikes are, or lunch, or black lace. "Ha!" I cry to myself, committing the Bastille-worthy sin of smiling in the public space, "I can tell mum about that on Skype tonight!" (Perhaps I'm not making the most of my year abroad...)

The main problem with this strategy is that one becomes some sort of ambulant fascist censor. One of the figures that I always censor from my mental photograph is the Parisian jogger. Reputed abroad to be a rare breed, within the city he is often believed to be the American-in-Paris jogger who, misleadingly, treads the same turf as the Parisian jogger and is only distinguishable by his immense height and superior quality of running shoes.

It turns out, however, that most of the joggers in Paris are actually French. I know this because I have stopped them and asked them, and they were very rude to me, so they must have been French. (This isn't actually true, but as a Year Abroad student I feel a sort of responsibility to perpetuate clichés.)

Confronting the Parisians with the 'widely-held Anglo-Saxon belief' that the French don't do any sport at all, are naturally slim just by walking in high heels and making love vigorously (femmes) or skinny and weedy and too petulant for team sports (hommes), I was frequently crushed. "There is a great sporting culture in France", said Laurent, a 27-year-old fireman. "Lots of Parisians jog, but they get up very early so you don't see them". I leapt on this, remembering an acquaintance of mine who takes the metro to a park far away from her quartier to go jogging so that nobody she knows will see her. "That's because French social codes say it is shameful to take exercise in public, isn't it?" I said to Laurent, excitedly. "No, it is because the streets get very busy and it is less practical". Damn.

Later that day I set off to the Cimetière du Père-Lachaise (the only green splotch on the map I could get to and from in my lunch hour), hoping at least to see some tourists jogging between the graves of Jim Morrison and Oscar Wilde, but was disappointed. "I have noticed", I said to a man building a tomb, "that there is nobody jogging today. This is surely because the French are a nation of cyclists". "Non, mademoiselle", he replied, "it is because in France it is forbidden to jog in places of worship."

I persevered: "Would you say that the French are particularly fond of cycling because one can sit down?" I suggested wittily. "Non, I would say that it is because France, with its great variety of terrain, is an ideal landscape for cyclists." You can't really argue with that. I was starting to panic that I wouldn't have anything to put in my article, so I sold out and asked a St Germain-des-Près waiter and later a Montmartre portrait painter, who both replied that Parisians didn't do sport because all they care about is "les femmes, et la bouffe!" Inverting the responses of these people who are paid to spout bullshit to tourists is a sure way to find out the Truth: Parisians take exercise, just like everyone else. JOANNA BEAUFOY



Varsity Match 2009. All the analysis and player profiles before the most anticipated date in the sporting calendar.

Preview **p30**



# SPORT



Womens' Blues squander a 2-0 lead in league cup exit

Football **p31**

## Resurgent Blues show their steel

» Impressive display gives good reason for optimism in the run up to the Varsity match

 CAMBRIDGE	48
STEELE-BODGERS	26

Ed Thornton  
Sports Reporter

On Wednesday afternoon the Blues showed their strength in front of a packed Grange Road with an important late season win against the invitational Steele-Bodgers. With the drinks flowing and the brass band in full swing hundreds of Cambridge supporters were treated to not only a party atmosphere but also an impressive Blues performance across the park.

After a two week rest the Blues looked both refreshed and composed and their first half performance was immaculate. The forwards performed their job at the breakdown proficiently; winning their own rucks and even snatching a few turnovers. On top of this they repeatedly ran crash balls in both the scrum half and fly half channels to test the Bodgers' tackling. This test proved too much for the away side when first

Andy Daniels and then Pat Crossley blasted over the line to give the Blues an early fourteen point lead. Cambridge were playing well as a team and the Bodgers, whose players have never played together before, could not organise themselves to cope with the pressure. Even with Sandy Reid out due to injury the backline also looked threatening every time they had possession. This was epitomised by the work of the centre partnership who tore the Bodgers' defence open when Freddie Shepherd broke the line and was supported by Fred Burdon to beat the visitors' full back in a classic two on one.

The Steele-Bodgers looked frustrated after the first half-hour as their lack of unity didn't let their individual talents show. Frequent knock-ons and poor organisation in defence let them down and even when chances came they were squandered. Cambridge on the other hand were playing like a team possessed and managed to fit in two more tries before half time. The first of these came when fullback Jimmy Richards broke through at pace and offloaded to Joe Wheeler who used his strength to



Scrum-half Jamie Hood feeds the ball out at Grange Road

fend off three defenders and touch the ball down under the posts. The second showed off some of second row Will Jones' flair as he dummied a pass to his winger but instead gave a lovely inside pass to Richards for a stunning try. This set the score at 33-0 at half time with four of Cambridge's five tries converted.

The games running up to the Varsity match, on December 10th, are the perfect place for the Blues to fine-tune their squad and make any last minute adjustments. Perhaps for this reason, and also to steer well clear of any injuries, the Blues used all of their substitutions throughout the second half and the team who finished the match was very different to the starting line-up. This inevitably weakened the side and for the

rest of the match the two teams were very even. The two teams nabbed three tries a piece and both possession and territory were relatively equal. Cambridge captain Dan Vickerman shrugged off the suggestion that this change in play showed lack of depth in the team saying "We are a squad and I'm confident in every one of my players." It seems like the downturn in the second half was merely a reflection of how the Bodgers started to regroup against a team who had spent forty minutes sitting on the bench. Coach Tony Rogers seemed equally calm about the situation commenting "It gets a bit disjointed, that's just the way it happens sometimes."

With only one match to go before the chosen team steps out at

Twickenham there are still a few small things for the squad to concentrate on. Both Vickerman and hooker Jamie Gilbert recognised that there is room for improvement on the set piece, a Cambridge strong point in the recent past: Gilbert noted, "We didn't dominate the line or the scrum today". However, the significance of Wednesday was that the Blues scored tries and lots of them. Richards, who racked up two tries, said, "It was our highest scoring match so far this season with over forty points and that's important." It is the self-confidence to go out, score well worked tries and dictate a match that will be most important come December 10th and this week the Blues proved that they have that confidence.

