

What will we see from the arts in the new decade? Our predictions for movies, books and more



The Lion, the Witch and the fur coat: we take a trip to Narnia, with magical results



Head of Sky News John Ryley on his most recent media crusades and the future of journalism



VARSlTY

FRIDAY JANUARY 15TH 2010

THE INDEPENDENT STUDENT NEWSPAPER SINCE 1947

ISSUE NO 709 | VARSITY.CO.UK

Queens' Ents suspended for four weeks



Punishment for kitchen vandalism includes banning of Halfway Hall

CLAIRE GATZEN

The first four Queens' College bops of Lent term have been suspended following a serious case of vandalism at the end of last term.

The Dean of Discipline, Dr Martin Dixon, imposed the ban as a form of collective punishment, effective on the entire student body until the culprits identify themselves. The suspension has been described by Queens' students as "disproportionate" and "a knee-jerk" reaction.

The vandalism is believed to have occurred between 6.40am and 7.00am on Friday December 4th, when a fire extinguisher was taken from a staircase in the Cripps Building and sprayed into fridges and over several kitchens.

Bottles of pasta sauce, soup and cornflakes were also spread across the walls and thrown onto floors and a student's shoes were filled with hot chocolate. Every staircase in

the building but one was affected, with the total cost of the damage estimated at over £1000.

In an email sent to Queens' students, Dr Dixon said that "all attempts to identify those responsible have drawn a blank", adding, "I have no confidence that this was an isolated incident and I cannot be certain that there will not be further incidents".

Consequently, the first four Queens' Ents and the MCR charity fundraising Ceilidh, a popular graduate event, will not take place. The Dean emphasized that the fire safety implications of the incident raised serious concerns about the College's responsibility for students' and visitors' welfare. Therefore, the banned events are those which involve large numbers of non-Queens' students coming into College.

However, the first-year dinner and the iconic Halfway Hall, which marks students' halfway point at the

University, have also been banned. Attempts by organisers to move the dates into the second half of term have been rejected. All further student requests for permission for non-academic related activities will also be refused.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Queens' JCR President Emil Hewage said: "There is widespread doubt as to whether any Queens' JCR members were involved in the acts of vandalism last December. Those who have taken the time to contact the JCR Committee have unanimously expressed their disapproval at what has taken place.

"The scale of the ban is unprecedented in nature, and is particularly surprising given that, on the whole, the JCR has been making increased efforts to be a constructive and supportive member of the college community."

The Dean has downplayed the severity of the punishment, stating

that Formal Halls will still be open as usual and assuring students that regular bookings for sports facilities and film nights will be unaffected.

But some students are reacting furiously to the punishment. Charlie Bell, Queens' Bar Representative, told *Varsity*: "Every student I have spoken to utterly condemns the vandalism that took place. The JCR and MCR Committees are working with the College authorities to find out who's responsible, and at the moment this is a priority.

"However, there is a general consensus amongst second years that the banning of Halfway Hall, a major landmark in the Queens' student experience, is disproportionate, and I am continuing to work with the Dean to find a resolution. I have promised the second years and I will deliver: there will be a Halfway Hall this year, in whatever form it has to take."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

Cambridge named second most prestigious UK brand

FIONA VICKERSTAFF

The University of Cambridge has been named one of the most prestigious brands in the UK, by a leading research group.

In their fifth annual survey, Decision Technology labelled the University as the second most prestigious brand, behind the car manufacturer Mercedes-Benz.

The body reviewed 120 brands using a unique procedure adopted from experimental psychology.

The survey measured the 'personality' of each brand by asking over 1,400 consumers to make ratings based on 45 differing adjectives, enabling researchers to establish the chief qualities of each brand from statistical models.

Design Technology spokesman Richard Lewis said, "People were asked how well adjectives such as 'luxury', 'prestigious' and 'expensive' were associated with Cambridge University. It was found to have a certain cache along with Mercedes-Benz and other high-end brands."

Other brands reviewed include tabloid newspaper *The Sun*, which was described by participants as both the least prestigious and one of the most dishonest companies. Microsoft and Tesco retained their positions as the UK's most "powerful" brands, while the Liberal Democrats were deemed the least powerful brand.

Essayp11

Allan Little:
France
and
America



On varsity.co.uk this week



COMMENT

Meet our new blogging team, former Editors Patrick Kingsley, Hugo Gye, and Rob Peal are joined by Jamie Pollock, Laura Freeman, James Counsell and Dan Hitchens, in bringing you Varsity Comment for the internet age.



ARTS

Introducing a new, weekly Arts feature on the web: the Varsity Silent Auction. This week, bid for Dan Strange's '26th October' (left). All proceeds go to charity.



SPORT

Keep in touch with Cambridge's sporting news this term by following up-to-the minute match reports and other exclusive online content.



FASHION

Get your fashion fix several times a week by keeping up with our Fashion Editors' blog.



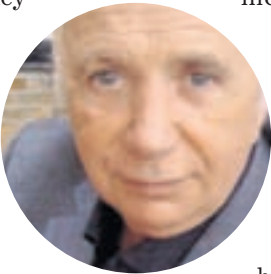
Varsity & The Tab to sponsor teams for RAG Jailbreak

This year, RAG Jailbreak will include an added twist as teams representing *Varsity* and *The Tab* are set to make the 36-hour journey to wherever. *TCS* has yet to announce a team. *Varsity* will be represented on Jailbreak 2010 by Associate Editor Paul Smith, from Robinson, and Literary Critic Zeljka Marosevic, from St Catharine's.

This year's competition kicks off at 9am on Friday January 29th from Parker's Piece. Last year, Jailbreak raised over £16,000 for charity and teams travelled as far afield as Detroit, New York, Athens and Budapest.

Paul and Zeljka will keep followers updated on their progress throughout the weekend with online updates from their travels.

Look out for coming issues when the *Varsity* team's game plan, review, and tips for future Jailbreakers will be featured.



'King of all Witches' to stand for Cambridge in general election

Magus Lynius Shadee, self-styled 'King of all Witches', has announced that he will stand as a parliamentary candidate for Cambridge in the upcoming general election.

Shadee cites the recent abuse of taxpayer's money as his reason for pursuing a political career, saying: "All MPs need a kick up the arse." He continued: "I am hoping to make the points that people are concerned about and to create a better political system and a better society."

Policies include taxing alcohol sold in supermarkets and the promotion of life sentences for offences involving sex, drugs, and terrorism. Shadee also advocates a rebate on university fees for students who finished their three-year courses in two years.

Shadee hopes to open an 'Occult Centre' in Cambridge this year.

Germaine Greer slams University Library bollards

Renowned scholar Germaine Greer has criticized the University Library's decision to construct bronze bollards outside the library entrance, calling it "humiliatingly naff". The bronze sculptures, which were completed last September by local sculptor Harry Gray, are built in the shape of stacks of books that can be rotated.

Her sentiments have received little sympathy among students, one of whom described the bollards as, "actually quite beautiful at night when they are all lit up."

Gray declined to comment on Greer's article, but stated that his aim in creating the sculptures was twofold. They were not only designed to be viewed as a "serious and interactive piece of art" but also to serve the purpose of preventing cars from being parked outside the library entrance. He welcomed the publicity for his artwork, adding, "If it didn't create debate, I'd be a bit concerned."



House which may have inspired children's classic faces demolition

KATIE FORSTER

Cambridge students and local residents are joining forces in a campaign to stop the demolition of the house that allegedly inspired the 1958 children's classic *Tom's Midnight Garden* by Philippa Pearce.

Number 13 Chesterton Road, situated opposite the Cam behind Magdalene College, has already been saved twice before by concerned locals.

The derelict Victorian house has been the subject of an ongoing feud between the Council, which wants to knock it down to build 12 modern apartments with car and cycle parking, and campaigners, who say that the proposals will destroy a part of Cambridge's heritage.

Petitions have been successful in saving the building in the past but a new application for its demolition was submitted in November.

On the Facebook group entitled 'Save Number 13 Chesterton Road',

set up by Magdalene students, activists have voiced their outrage and urge others to sign the petition. One member posted his objection to the Council in which he said the proposal would be "a catastrophic cultural loss for Cambridge and Britain", whilst another Cambridge resident says that she is "fed up with historic buildings being bulldozed to make way for characterless boxes".

The house was heavily damaged by an arson attack in 2008 and currently stands in a dilapidated condition. Overgrown plants and litter are strewn across the garden and graffiti can be seen on the top windows, suggesting the house has been targeted by vandals or squatters.

An engineers' report on the house states that there is "concern with regards to the long term stability of the structure" and it is for this reason that the Council wants to demolish the building in spite of protests from students and residents living nearby.

The link between the house and *Tom's Midnight Garden* has long

been rumoured but never definitively confirmed. Pearce grew up in Great Shelford, a village south of Cambridge, in a grand mill house that has also been cited as an inspiration for the story.

The house featured in the book also suffered from new housing expansion, as described here: "The house was crowded round with newer, smaller houses that beat up to its very confines in a broken sea of bay-windows and gable-ends and pinnacles. It was the only big house among them: oblong, plain, grave."

Pearce studied English and History at Girton College. Her book, regarded as a masterpiece of children's literature, tells the tale of a lonely boy staying at his aunt's house near Ely in 'Castleford', a pseudonym for Cambridge, and his adventures with a mysterious girl from the past.

The book won the prestigious Carnegie Medal in the year of its publication.

A decision will be made on the future of the house on January 21st.



"Oblong, plain, grave": Number 13 Chesterton Road

Get involved

If you would like to find out how to write for *Varsity*, come to one of our weekly meetings.

News: Monday 4pm, Queens' College Bar

Magazine: Wednesday 5.30pm, The Maypole (Portugal Place)

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

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


EDITORS Emma Mustich & Laurie Tuffrey editor@varsity.co.uk **ASSOCIATE EDITORS** Avantika Chilkoti associate@varsity.co.uk & Paul Smith magazine@varsity.co.uk **DIGITAL EDITOR** Zing Tsjeung digital@varsity.co.uk **NEWS EDITOR** Matthew Symington news@varsity.co.uk **DEPUTY NEWS EDITORS** Helen Mackreath & Osama Siddiqui news@varsity.co.uk **COMMENT EDITOR** Charlotte Runcie comment@varsity.co.uk **SPORT EDITORS** Vince Bennici & Ed Thornton sport@varsity.co.uk **FEATURES EDITOR** Joe Pitt-Rashid features@varsity.co.uk **ARTS EDITORS** Alice Hancock & Lara Prendergast arts@varsity.co.uk **THEATRE EDITOR** Abigail Dean theatre@varsity.co.uk **REVIEWS & LISTINGS EDITOR** David Pegg reviews@varsity.co.uk **FASHION EDITORS** Matilda Bathurst, Argyro Nicolaou & Charlotte Wu fashion@varsity.co.uk

SENIOR REPORTERS Claire Gatzten, Gemma Oke & James Wilson seniorreporter@varsity.co.uk **SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT** Sita Dinanauth science@varsity.co.uk **FOOD & DRINK EDITOR** Rosie Corner food@varsity.co.uk **THEATRE CRITICS** Nathan Brooker, Nick Chapman, Edward Herring, Jemima Middleton, Kiran Millwood-Hargrave, Lydia Onyett, George Reynolds & David Shone theatrecritic@varsity.co.uk **MUSIC CRITICS** Eleanor Careless, Dan Grabiner, Joe Snape & Scott Whittaker music@varsity.co.uk **FILM CRITICS** Katie Anderson & Victoria Beale film@varsity.co.uk **VISUAL ARTS CRITIC** Eliot D'Silva visualarts@varsity.co.uk **LITERARY CRITIC** Zeljka Marosevic literary@varsity.co.uk

VARISITV PRODUCER Phillippa Garner vtv@varsity.co.uk **VARISITV EDITORS** Richard Rothschild-Pearson & Fred Rowson vtv@varsity.co.uk **DEPUTY VARISITV EDITOR** Alan Young vtv@varsity.co.uk

PRODUCTION MANAGER Colm Flanagan production@varsity.co.uk **CHIEF SUB-EDITORS** Lauren Arthur & Angela Searsbrook subeditor@varsity.co.uk **SUB-EDITORS** Lydia Crudge, Mike Hornsey & Joe Perez subeditor@varsity.co.uk **DESIGNER** Dylan Spencer-Davidson designer@varsity.co.uk **DESIGN CONSULTANT** Michael Derringer

BUSINESS & ADVERTISING MANAGER Michael Derringer business@varsity.co.uk **BOARD OF DIRECTORS** Dr Michael Franklin (Chair), Prof. Peter Robinson, Dr Tim Harris, Mr Chris Wright, Mr Michael Derringer, Mr Elliot Ross, Mr Patrick Kingsley (VarSoc President), Miss Anna Trench, Mr Hugo Gye, Mr Michael Stothard, Miss Clementine Dowley, Mr Robert Peal, Mr Christopher Adriaanse, Miss Emma Mustich & Mr Laurie Tuffrey



Varsity, Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge CB2 3RF. Tel. 01223 337575. Fax 01223 760949. Varsity is published by Varsity Publications Ltd. Varsity Publications also publishes BlueSci and The Mays. ©2009 Varsity Publications Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without prior permission of the publisher. Printed at Iliffe Print Cambridge — Winship Road, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6PP on 48gsm UPM Matt Paper. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office. ISSN 1758-4442

Budget cuts for top Russell Group universities

Top universities foresee potentially disastrous consequences of proposed funding cuts

SARAH WATERS

Top universities have warned that they could be “brought to their knees” if the government goes ahead with its proposal to cut up to £2.5 billion in funding.

The cuts were announced last month by Alistair Darling in his pre-budget report, which unveiled plans to slash £600 million from university budgets by 2013. This is in addition to the £398 million in cuts projected for 2010-2011, in the form of “efficiency savings” and “budget reductions,” which were announced by Lord Mandelson last year.

The government also revealed plans to see more degrees completed over two years rather than three as a way of easing the funding crisis and to broaden education to a wider range of students.

The Russell Group, which represents 20 leading universities, has strongly criticized the government’s intentions. Wendy Piatt, the group’s director, and Michael Arthur, its chair, said in a joint statement that “it has taken more than 800 years to create one of the world’s greatest education systems, and it looks like it will take just six months to bring it

to its knees.”

Piatt and Arthur argue that the cuts will “not only have a devastating effect on students and staff, but will also jeopardize precious research and resources, which will impact both Britain’s national economy and ability to overcome the recession.”

Resistance to Labour’s plans for university funding has been particularly strong at Cambridge, as exemplified by more Cambridge students attending the national demonstration against top up fees in March 2009 than from any other institution.

CUSU has also spoken out against cuts in funding. In a recent report on Funding and Access, CUSU argued that Labour’s intentions “would damage the University’s commitment to seeking the best students regardless of background, greatly increase student debt levels, and represent a retrograde step in Higher Education provision.”

CUSU also believes that cuts would lower morale, cause difficulty in retaining staff, and endanger the university’s international competitiveness. According to recent rankings, Cambridge is second only to Harvard on a global scale. In all,

18 British universities are in the top 100.

Opponents of funding cuts are concerned that as the government has announced these plans, other nations are handsomely endowing their own institutions. Recent investments in higher education of €11bn (£9.8bn) in France, €18bn (£16bn) in Germany, and \$21bn (£13bn) in the United States threaten to jeopardize Britain’s current international status.

The Green Party has also echoed concerns about long-term competitiveness. According to Tony Juniper, the party’s parliamentary candidate from Cambridge, “The Green Party is sceptical about making such deep cuts to university funding at a time when we should be safeguarding our skills base for future challenges.”

However, George Owers, President of Cambridge University Labour Club, disagrees that Labour’s plans will have such a dramatic impact on UK universities. He contends that the Russell Group’s attack “bears little resemblance to reality,” stating that the government’s plans represent a reshuffle rather than dramatic cuts in funding.

According to Owers, “In order

to cope with the difficult position the public finances are in, the government has prioritized, indeed increased, spending on teaching and put on hold expensive capital projects.”

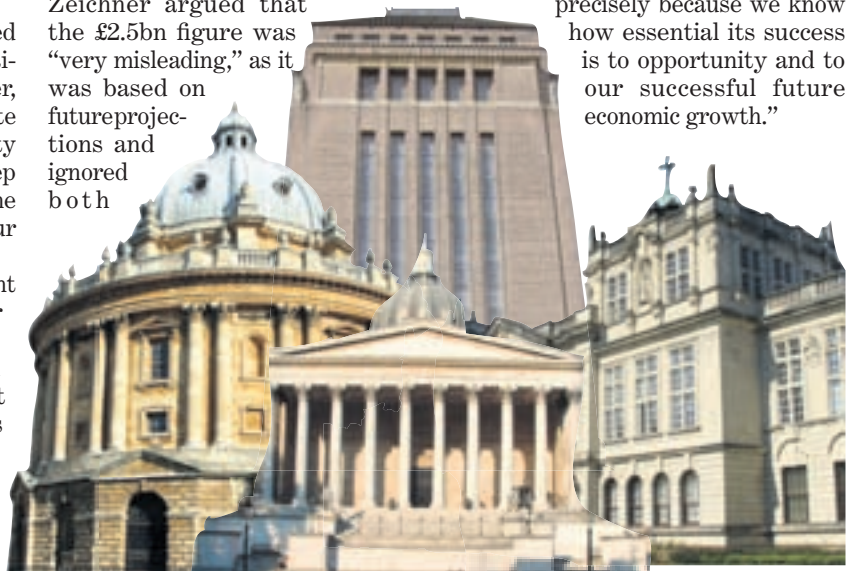
These views were echoed by David Zeichner, Labour parliamentary candidate from Cambridge, who discarded the Russell Group’s claim as a “massive misrepresentation of the facts.”

In a press release last week, Zeichner argued that the £2.5bn figure was “very misleading,” as it was based on future projections and ignored both

overall spending by universities and increased funding for teaching.

David Lammy, Britain’s higher education minister, concurred. He admitted “we are minimizing the effect on the frontline by making savings on capital budgets”, but emphasized that the changes “will not impact on teaching.”

Lammy went on to state, “we maintain our commitment to the importance of higher education precisely because we know how essential its success is to opportunity and to our successful future economic growth.”



Cambridge Union Bursar's comments draw attention to homelessness

OSAMA SIDDIQUI

Recent comments made by the Bursar of Cambridge Union, retired colonel Bill Bailey, about homeless people lingering outside the historic Round Church building and the Union building have stirred controversy and brought attention to a long-standing issue in Cambridge.

The Bursar, who heads the Union’s permanent staff, made the comments last month in a letter to the Cambridge City Council, in which he expressed support for plans to build a fence around the church. He wrote, “the additional security of a fence would allow [the church] to look after the grounds inside the gardens and make them more welcoming to the many tourists, and to our celebrity guest speakers visiting the Union.”

He continued, “The same would be true of the people of Cambridge, who have to put up with sights of vagrants daily contaminating the grounds of the most historic buildings in our city.”

The fence, which would have cost £45,000, was originally proposed by Christian Heritage, the organization responsible for the upkeep of the church. According to the proposal, railings would have been built on three sides of the church, including one that leads up to the entrance of the Union building. The proposal was rejected by councillors at the West and Central Committee

meeting last month.

Community members have expressed dismay at the Bursar’s comments, with one St. Edmunds first-year student calling them “unnecessarily harsh.” She went on



Entrance to the Union

to add, “We should be finding ways to help the homeless, rather than demonizing them. It’s not like they are there by choice.”

However, Jonathan Laurence, the President of the Union, has expressed support for the Bursar. Laurence emphasized that while he personally has no position on the issue, he has not distanced himself from the Bursar’s views. “While I wouldn’t have used the same language, ultimately, the Bursar is just doing his job, and the Union Committee are very grateful for his support.”

According to Laurence, the issue of homeless people around the Round Church building has been a long-standing one, and the Bursar has regularly had to clear drug stashes and excrement from the area. “The Bursar’s aim is only to provide a comfortable environment for Union members and guests.”

The issue has been of concern to Union members for some time. One student who frequently attends Union events said that “some of the debates and speaker events end quite late at night, and it can be a bit scary to walk through the area at that time.”

With the issue now receiving greater attention, further action on it may be possible. Laurence confirmed that the Bursar was willing to work with local partners, including students, charities, and councils on the issue.

Crackdown at Queens' after kitchen vandalism

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Bell also pointed out the potential knock-on effect of the suspension on the revenue and reputation of Queens’ Bar. Queens’ Ents, normally held every Friday, are hugely popular and frequently sell out. On these nights, the Bop Bar is opened in addition to the main bar, which greatly helps to increase the average daily revenue.

Other students have argued that the ban is unfairly punishing all students due to the actions of a small minority. The College does not yet have any evidence to suggest that the perpetrators were from Queens’.

One of the students whose kitchen was vandalised told *Varsity*: “I think the Dean’s reaction was a knee-jerk one – I can see why he would feel the need to do something about it because of the cost of the damages, but I don’t think that the whole College should be punished for the mistakes of what was probably only a few people, especially as it’s possible that those people weren’t even from Queens’.”

Some of the victims of the vandalism have explained that the incident has made them feel unsafe in college. They feel that having to endure punishment on top of this adds insult to injury.

The Senior Tutor refused to comment on students’ anger at the ban, but JCR President Hewage has said that a number of Fellows on the Governing Body sympathised

with the students’ point of view. He added that “identifying those responsible would be the quickest and most sure-fire way of being able to resolve this issue.”

The Dean has promised that if the vandals come forward, they will not be sent down. He explained that the likely course of action would involve excluding the guilty students from the college bar for a temporary period of time. They would also be expected to make an effort to recoup some of the cost of the damages incurred.

He was also keen to emphasise that the suspension on college entertainments will be lifted as soon as the students involved take responsibility for their actions, and says that the identity of any student coming forward to him would be kept in the strictest confidence.

FITZBILLIES

52 Trumpington Street
Cambridge CB2 1RG

FREE CHELSEA BUN

With every purchase over £2.00 in the shop

OR

**FREE MORNING
COFFEE/TEA**

(9am-12pm)

With any cake or pastry in the restaurant

on presentation of this voucher
and proof of student status

Snow is obstacle as students return to Cambridge

Winter weather hampers students' ability to return in time for exams and the start of term

JAMES WILSON
& ELLEN DAVIS-WALKER

The recent spate of extreme weather conditions in Cambridge and across the whole of the United Kingdom has left students desperate in their attempts to return to university.

Many have found it difficult or impossible to come back to university in time for the start of term, with some facing problems in arriving in time for exams. With heavy snowfall still predicted for some areas of the United Kingdom, the situation has the potential to worsen as the days wear on.

Those in the South of England were particularly hard-hit by the icy weather conditions. "It was terrible. I was stuck at home for two days," said one first-year student from Kent. "The snow stopped me from getting back to Cambridge to do my work and see my friends."

Others have expressed concerns about returning for exams and have had to rely on public transport to make their way back. "With my progress examinations imminent, I was extremely concerned about not getting back to Cambridge in time," commented a student of Sidney Sussex. "I was so relieved that the train services into Cambridge weren't disrupted, otherwise, I wouldn't have got back."

He added, however, "Revision has

been difficult as getting the train into Cambridge meant I had to leave my laptop and other work behind."

A large number of students, in a variety of subjects such as English, Maths and Natural Sciences, have been facing progress tests and preliminary examinations this week. The poor weather has meant that not only have many arrived at the last minute, but some have also been left unable to allocate sufficient time for revision.

In a statement released this week, Ben Whittaker, the National Union of Students Vice-President for Welfare, said: "Taking exams is always a stressful time for students and unfortunately it looks as if the winter weather is now going to add to that strain. If you've an exam the next day, think carefully about how best to travel and allow plenty of extra time as you simply won't want the panic of thinking you'll be late."

It is not just Cambridge University that has been having problems with potential student absences at the start of this new term. Liverpool John Moores University was compelled to cancel examinations for almost 1,000 students on January 6th due to "adverse weather", whilst exams at the University of Bournemouth were delayed from Monday through till Saturday.

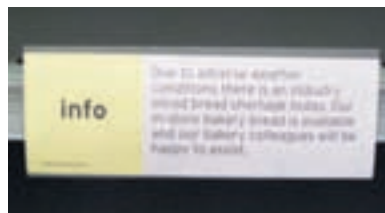
The picture is different for the University of Reading, however, where all the main roads into the university

have been gritted, with maintenance staff working around the clock to clear the paths. Emergency plans to support staff and students have also been drawn up, in the event that the situation deteriorates as term progresses.

Elsewhere in Cambridge, the adverse weather conditions have sparked fears of potential food shortages. The Sidney Street, Cambridge, branch of Sainsbury's was forced to put up signs warning their customers of a shortage in industry-sliced bread due to the adverse weather conditions.

When questioned, a spokesman from the Sidney Street Sainsbury's described how "the weather has led to a notable fall in the amount of 'fresh lines' such as vegetables, (in particular potatoes and cabbages) that were available for customers to purchase in store" because the frozen ground had made it almost impossible for many farmers to lift vegetables from the soil.

However, he went on to highlight that, despite the shortages that have been imposed by the weather,



Food shortages at Sainsbury's



Workmen take a break on an icy King's Parade

business had not been "too badly disrupted" and they have urged customers not to panic.

Icy conditions have also been causing problems for transport throughout the city of Cambridge. Pedestrians and cyclists have complained that the heavy snow turned pavements and footpaths into dangerous "ice rinks" owing to a lack of grit.

Police have also issued a warning to motorists in Cambridgeshire. This came following 26 crashes on the A14 and A11 in a period of just two and a half hours this Sunday morning.

Endsleigh, the specialist insurer for students, has advised that "extra

care" should be taken when driving to university, as "roads look set to be dangerous." Stuart Wartalski, a spokesperson for the company, said: "Students often own older vehicles so it is doubly important to make the necessary checks before setting off. These include checking for cracks in the windscreen, tire pressure, and oil and water levels."

Fortunately, the worst of the weather is now predicted to be over. According to a Met Office spokesman, while the "lion's share" of Britain was still covered in snow, most of the country will experience a slow thaw later this week. Until such time, students are advised to take care.

Cambridge Professor knighted in New Year's Honours

GEMMA OKE

Five Cambridge academics have received recognition in the Queen's New Years Honours List, including a knighthood for a Fellow at Corpus Christi College.

Professor Paul Mellars, the Professor of Prehistory and Human Evolution at the Department of Archaeology, received a knighthood for his services to scholarship. Speaking to *Varsity*, Prof Mellars said: "It came as a total shock and surprise when I received the slightly ominous looking brown envelope from the Cabinet Office a couple of months ago."

"I attribute a lot of the work I've done to the 30 years of stimulating contacts with the astonishingly gifted and keen students we have in Cambridge - as well as the support of my academic colleagues." He continued: "Teaching is a two-way process - you get out of it what you put into it."

Professor Mellars is an expert on the evolution and behaviour of early humans, and has published a wide variety of research papers and books on aspects of early human society. His recent research focuses on how Neanderthal populations were gradually replaced by modern



Professor Paul Mellars, who is to be knighted

Homo-sapiens.

After studying Archaeology at Fitzwilliam College, Prof Mellars was appointed as a lecturer in Archaeology at Sheffield University before returning to the Department of Archaeology at Cambridge in 1981, becoming a Fellow at Corpus in the same year. He is a Fellow of the British Academy, and won the Academy's Grahame Clark Medal in 2008.

Professor Mellars was among nearly 60 figures from higher education being recognised in the Honors List. Other academics include

Professor Robert James Mair, Master of Jesus College and Professor of Geotechnical Engineering (CBE for services to engineering); Dr Andrew Herbert, Fellow of Wolfson College and managing director of Microsoft Research in Cambridge (OBE for services to computer science); Dr Peter Clarkson, emeritus associate of the Scott Polar Research Institute (MBE for services to science); and Mr David Duke, principal technician at the Department of Materials Science and Metallurgy (MBE for services to science).

City centre regeneration project crumbles

HELEN MACKREATH

Extensive plans to create new shopping areas in Cambridge city centre have been partly abandoned after pressure from Cambridge colleges, architects and residents.

Under the proposed scheme, unveiled by Cambridge University and the City Council last year, the Mill Lane area was to undergo an ambitious renovation. This was to include the demolition of the University Sports and Social Centre, Mill Lane lecture theatres and university owned buildings between Silver Street and Mill Lane. In their place was planned a 21,000-square-metre complex of offices, flats, shops, cafés and a 75-room hotel.

Cambridge residents had been critical of the perceived "over-commercialisation" of the Mill Pond area, in particular the 2,500 square metres of retail space, which was to include the creation of a row of shops on the façade of the University Graduate Centre.

The decision to drop plans for the new shops was made by the University and City Council after discussions with preservation groups, colleges and city residents. In their place, a revised scheme will

be adopted by councillors at an environment scrutiny committee, due to be held on January 12th.

Opposition to the plans has come from all quarters. Some residents objected to the infringement upon the "haven" that Mill Lane provides from other busy retail areas in the centre. Others were critical of the destruction of the historic centre in the city. Further critics of the scheme cited the number of empty shops elsewhere in the city and the uncertain economic future as reasons to veto the retail proposals.

Independent Cambridge, an organization representing businesses in the city, have condemned the number of empty retail spaces in the Centre and advocate a long-term development plan for Cambridge which is sensitive to both the needs of local and county-wide residents and to the existing "magnificence" of the Colleges' architecture.

In response to the concerns, planning officers have agreed that "there should be no significant increase on the existing level of retail floorspace on the site." They have also decided to reduce the amount of office and commercial space from 6,500 square metres to 6,000 square metres, though there have been calls from colleges to limit this even further.

University to issue Ivy League-style bonds

Unprecedented step will be taken to raise capital for construction and redevelopment programmes

FIONA VICKERSTAFF

For the first time in its 800 year history, the University of Cambridge is planning to issue bonds in order to fund two residential and research development projects.

The University intends to revitalize its residential and academic facilities through the construction of a new housing development in the north-west of the city and the improvement of the New Museum and Old Press sites in the city centre. In order to finance the venture, a sum of £200-300 million is expected to be raised from the borrowing.

Cambridge's investment assets are currently valued at approximately £4 billion, yet Andrew Reid, the University's finance director, is certain that "the value of funding we anticipate needing, and the term we are looking at of 30 to 40 years, suggest that a bond issue is likely to be the best way forward".

Before deciding to issue bonds, which should occur within the next six to twelve months, financial advisors for the University claimed that alternative methods of generating capital for the projects were inadequate. Mr Reid stated that "cash flows from its regular operations will be insufficient for such major expenditure and external financing will be required".

The University will seek to capitalize on a recent boom in the bond market. While banks continue to limit the amount of money loaned following multimillion pound losses during the credit crunch, the market has seen an increase in the issuing of bonds by well-known companies and those with high credit ratings.

It is anticipated that Cambridge will earn the highest possible AAA credit rating. The University will also benefit from the estimated time gap between the issue of bonds and the payment of building contractors upon the projects' completion, predicted in three years time. This time gap will allow for a two to three year investment of the funds elsewhere.

The move follows the trend established by America's Ivy League universities, such as Harvard and

Yale, who frequently rely on endowment investments and the issuing of bonds to contribute considerably to their incomes. In the past, both Cambridge and Oxford have introduced American-style internal investment boards in order to reduce dependence on government funding.

Harvard plans to raise \$480 million through a bond offering to pay for an expansion of the law school

and other capital projects, as well as refinancing debt. However it disclosed this week that it is among several dozen colleges and Universities in America to be under audit from the Inland Revenue Service; these audits are part of a new effort by the government to better understand the tax-exempt community.

With cuts of £398 million in state funding expected, other British

universities have also resorted to increasing their debts in order to raise money. However, issuing bonds is not an entirely new tactic: in 1995, Lancaster University issued bonds in an attempt to generate a sum of £35 million and has since declared an £80 million refinancing of the debt, marking the endeavour as a complete success.

Individual Colleges within the

University have also benefited from independent investment opportunities. In October 2009, Trinity College increased their land and property investments after spending £24 million in order to buy the 999-year lease on the O2 arena. Last year Clare College invested money in stocks and shares which they expect to deliver a £36 million profit.

**Agile
minds
see
a hub of activity
enterprise
variety
potential
co-operation
Deutsche Bank
more**

Exclusive Opportunities available for Cambridge University First Year students

Look beyond the bustle of the world's busiest intersection and you'll find a complex system of supply and demand. Look closer and you'll see Deutsche Bank's place in it all.

To establish your place in the world of global finance you need to know where you are going. But how do you know where to start when you are only in your first year of study?

Deutsche Bank's Spring into Banking Program offers exclusive one-week placement opportunities for talented students during Spring 2010.

Deadline: 14 February 2010

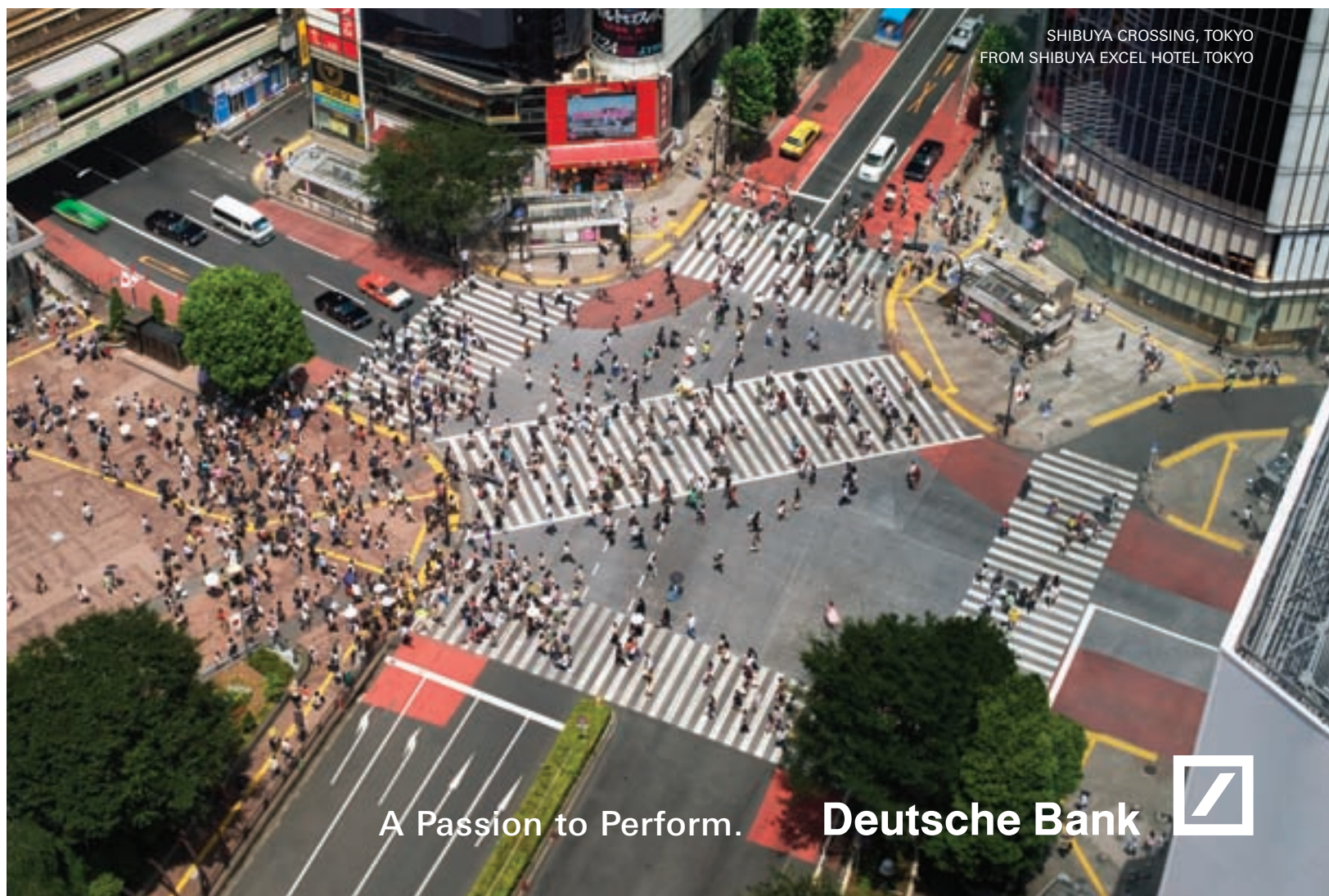
Deutsche Bank's Bursary Program offers substantial annual financial support, mentoring and a guaranteed final round interview for the Analyst Internship Program.

Deadline: 12 April 2010

"The Deutsche Bank Bursary Program is one of the only opportunities offered to students in their first year of study. The non-means tested Bursary allows students from the top universities to gain financial backing for projects, studies or interests."

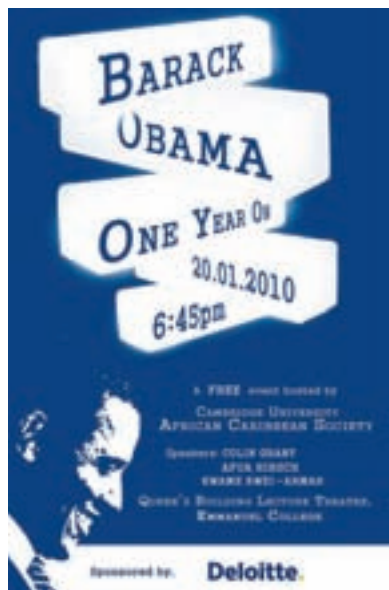
Harriet Welch, 2009 Cambridge University Deutsche Bank Bursary Recipient

For further information and to apply online, please see more at db.com/careers



SHIBUYA CROSSING, TOKYO
FROM SHIBUYA EXCEL HOTEL TOKYO

A Passion to Perform. **Deutsche Bank**



Hi! Society



The Skinner Society

'The Skinner Society'. 'History of Political Thought'. Explanation is needed for anyone who has not had the joy of studying these high-brow History, PPSIS or Philosophy papers.

For the rest of us, 'Political Thought' is almost the philosophy of politics. It means reading Machiavelli and trying to understand him in his context, understand why he thought like he did and who influenced him as opposed to simply learning his theories.

The founders of the society, Daniel Isenberg and Zami Majuwana, are keen to stress that this is different to any other academic society bringing in speakers a few times a term.

Registered as a university society only last summer, the launch party at the Union managed to attract 300 people. Impressive, but maybe understandable when you learn that this launch involved a four-person panel debate entitled 'Political Thought: The State of Play'.

This is where the 'Skinner' comes in. Quentin Skinner is one of the most pre-eminent scholars in the field of Political Thought. A former Regius Professor of Modern History here at Cambridge, he helped to found 'The Cambridge School'; an entirely new way of looking at Political Thought, which now acts as the framework through which the topic is studied. Oh yeah, and he's the patron of the society.

In the future, The Skinner Society plans to hold two panel debates per term, having interactive discussions between speakers and attendees. No confirmations yet, but Zami confesses they would love to have Shami Chakrabarti "because she's always in Cambridge anyway!"

Also lined up will be 'revision sessions' in Easter, to help students along when the reading gets too dense. The founders are keen to emphasise that The Skinner Society isn't just about abstract theories; they want to make things more interesting by using modern political issues to explain those theories. And they have a Facebook group; join it. LEONIE JAMES

NEWS INTERVIEW

Television's blue sky thinker



Head of Sky News John Ryley advocates putting cameras in courtrooms. Darragh Connell questions his ruthless promotion of media rights

It was Lord Northcliffe who observed that "News is what somebody, somewhere, wants to suppress; everything else is advertising." It is a mantra of which John Ryley, Head of Sky News, is acutely aware in his efforts to ensure that his channel continues to be "first for breaking news."

Ryley has presided over Sky News, the UK's first 24/7 news channel, for nearly 4 years. On first impressions, he oozes tenacity and ambition, both necessary characteristics for a man in what is arguably the most influential media position in modern Britain.

It was Ryley's passionate defence of the media's essential role in a functioning democracy that figured prominently in his address to the Cambridge Union on Tuesday. In a brief history of British journalism, Ryley spoke of the way in which, as he sees it, the media has slowly overcome a succession of barriers erected by the political elite. Predictably, he described Sky News, launched in 1989, as being at the vanguard of this "liberation of news" for both the public and journalists. The advent of 24/7 news coverage has been, in his words, "a force for democratic empowerment."

More recently, Sky News landed a coup by successfully campaigning for a highly anticipated televised debate between the leaders of all three major parties in advance of the upcoming general election. I ask Ryley the rationale for this campaign, and his response emphasizes the "disconnect between elected politicians and the electorate." He says that having a televised debate will "enable politicians to reconnect with the voters." He also rejects criticism that such a debate will lead to a more "presidential" style of British politics,

since "elections have for a long time focused on party leaders and very few of their henchmen."

As to the impact of Sky News and 24/7 broadcast journalism on British politics in general, Mr. Ryley is adamant that such developments have fundamentally "changed the way that politicians go about their business." Specifically, Ryley believes that constant television news "empowers the voter by putting politicians on their mark." Specifically, he points to an incident in the 2001 general election campaign where a member of the public, Sharon Storer, confronted Tony Blair, live on television, about the provision of cancer care at a Birmingham Hospital.

One story that has featured heavily in the media in the past week is the death of Rupert Hamer, a Sunday Mirror reporter, in Afghanistan. In this foreboding context, Ryley underscores his commitment to the principle that "no story is worth a journalist's life." However, he continues, it is "essential to send reporters to bring the news back. You've got to have eye-witness reporting [of these events]" and the key is trying "to take all precautions necessary before a reporter sets out and, when the reporter is on the case, to take all the precautions that they come to no harm."

Ryley also expressed reservations about the use of embedded journalists with military forces, noting that all reports filed from the field have been filtered through "military censorship." He agreed that reporting a conflict creates unique difficulties for broadcast journalism in striving to maintain impartiality, but advances in technology have made it "easier to know how different sides are thinking, what they're saying [as well as]

trying to understand both sides of the argument."

It is clear that Ryley believes that the media have been stifled by state regulators in their pursuit of breaking news: "I neither want nor need to be subjected to the controlling hand of a regulator armed with a set of codes and sanctions," he says. Rather, he suggests that "we should trust journalists to exercise editorial judgments and we should trust viewers to choose the news that they want to consume."

The obvious counterpoint here is that if viewers want partial, politicised news, which they can

"There remains one branch of our democratic system which broadcasting has still not properly penetrated – the courts."

arguably get from the British print media, then broadcasters like Sky would have an incentive to provide partisan news coverage. Faced with this suggestion, Ryley claimed to doubt the possibility of such a development since, in his view, Sky News was successful precisely because viewers valued its objectivity.

Equally, Ryley dismissed any suggestion that the BSkyB proprietor, Rupert Murdoch, influenced editorial decisions in Sky News. In doing so, he condemned Lord Mandelson's comments to that effect earlier in the year when

the Murdoch-controlled paper, *The Sun*, came out in support of the Conservative Party. "Lord Mandelson is smart enough and experienced enough to know that there is no such link [between *The Sun*'s editorial decisions and those of Sky News], but you can see why it might suit him to create a different impression."

As to the future of journalism, Ryley is optimistic. He sees the new "citizen journalism" of bloggers and camera phone users as "a tremendous opportunity" and "another example of news happening in real time." Though he acknowledges the need for highly trained journalists to sift through information and to decide what is relevant to be broadcasted.

After the success of Sky's campaign for a televised leader's debate, what is the next hurdle? "There remains one more branch of our democratic system which broadcasting has still not properly penetrated – the courts. If the legislature is to be subjected to far greater scrutiny than so too must the judiciary, so the public can fairly judge the balance of responsibility between them."

Sky News will stridently campaign to lift the ban on cameras in courts. When mentioned on Tuesday night, this proposal sparked hails of outrage from the Union's audience; a number of them cited issues of privacy for victims, particularly those of sexual assault. The question of whether or not filming court trials is in the interests of "impartial" British justice will need careful consideration in the coming months. However, Ryley claims that such a campaign is "precisely what you'd expect from a truly independent news organisation able to push boundaries and challenge the status quo."

VARSITY PROFILE

Professor Gillian Evans

Law, history, blackmail, and 14 years of battles with the University

Professor Gillian Evans had an unfortunate start to 2010. A broken ankle on New Year's Day has left her housebound "practising on crutches," but it will take a lot more than this "slight hitch" to slow down this fiery medievalist. Finally appointed Professor of Medieval Theology and Intellectual History in 2002 after 14 years of war with the University, she has transformed Cambridge's promotions procedure with her incessant challenges, proving that the best rewards really do come to those who wait.

Evans' career at Cambridge began three decades ago when she became a lecturer at Sidney Sussex college. In 1986, she was awarded a prestigious British Academy Readership, only six of which are distributed annually. "The Academy normally expects people to get a Readership pretty well straight away after they've had one of those. The University should recognise you." However, after eight years of teaching, there was no sign of a promotion for Evans.

At this stage, she says with a chuckle, "I got cross." She "began to feel a faint sense of injustice" watching colleagues of equal experience being promoted around her. Evans believes the College dons who took a dislike to her carried their anger into the Faculty: "I suspect that every time my name came up for promotion, they said 'We're not having her'. That's maybe how it began."

At the time, academics were unable

to apply for promotion, leading to a "favouritism-type of patronage," which Evans describes as "very dangerous." Having written to the vice-chancellor and appealed internally to no avail, she decided to apply for judicial review, taking the University of Cambridge to the High Court. Chuckling again, she says this was "a very rash thing to do." Following the judge's ruling, the University "sorted itself out," creating a transparent promotions procedure with clear-cut criteria and Evans was given a Professorship.

For her, the next issue was the artificial cap on promotion numbers. Evans knew that this cap had to be lifted to ensure promotions were based on merit. She achieved this after "a most entertaining episode of good, clean, honest blackmail" with the Treasury, in which the University was unable to sign any cheques for six months.

Now that she has retired, Evans intends to keep on writing. Her book, "The University of Cambridge: A New History" has just come out, shortly to be followed by companion books on the University of Oxford and a history of all British universities in the last 100 years.

As I wish her a speedy recovery, she shoots back a reply typical of her boundless energy. "I just want to get back to normal life. When the snow melts, I can get to the Bodleian in about 5 minutes even on crutches."

CLAIRE GATZEN



University Watch

Durham University

Following Lord Mandelson's announcement of sizeable cuts to university funding last month, in an interview with *Education Guardian*, the vice-chancellor of Durham University, Chris Higgins has caused quite a stir. The contentious element of Higgins's statement was his proposition that "the important thing to realise is that universities are not and should not all be the same." Here, his proposition was that the universities that best fulfill their particular function (whether that lies in boosting research or encouraging participation) should be allocated a greater proportion of government funding. He continued: "We will lose the excellence of the sector if we reduce quality to the lowest common denominator. If we spread our resources too thinly, we will end up educating a lot of people poorly." Inevitably, these statements have provoked heated responses including accusations of snobbery.



Leeds University

Thirty students of Leeds University's cross country club and one member of staff enjoyed a lengthy New Year's Eve celebration this year, on account of the recent snowfall. On the morning of January 3rd, the group was finally rescued from Tan Hill Inn by a snow plough and gritter after two days stranded at England's highest pub, surrounded by seven foot drifts. One student in the party told The Guardian, "It's been fun – like the ultimate lock-in" and the assistant manager of the inn reported: "Everyone's had a good time – people were peeling carrots and potatoes and helping to make dinner on an evening. It was a really nice atmosphere." Upbeat statements, despite the fact that supplies of draught beer at the inn had depleted leaving only the Yorkshire Ale, "Black Sheep Riggwelter."

University of Lynn

Twelve students and two members of staff from the University of Lynn had just arrived on a relief mission in Haiti this Tuesday when an earthquake struck. The party is yet to be confirmed as safe. Fears for the group's safety reached their zenith when the university received communications by text message from one student who was only able to account for the wellbeing of part of the group. Due back today, their first port of call was Hotel Montana, Port-au-Prince, where they arrived just one hour before the earthquake struck. Significant damage has been confirmed at the site of the hotel and communication in the area is severely impaired. At 11am on Wednesday, classes at the university were announced suspended as a consequence of this disaster.

AVANTIKA CHILKOTI



Cambridge Spies



Lizo Mzimba: An Apology

In the Cambridge Spies section of issue 701 of *Varsity* (October 9) we stated that BBC correspondent and former *Newsround* presenter Lizo Mzimba was gaffer taped to a wall, taunted by students and locked in a bathroom while visiting Emmanuel College bar and that his intention in visiting Cambridge was to seek dirt in order to smear the University and its students. We acknowledge that these allegations are untrue and would like to apologise to Lizo.

Nip-Slip Blip

Those queuing for this town's most popular Moroccan-themed watering hole this Sunday, enjoyed some unplanned entertainment. Stumbling down the stairs, one Swap-worn lass decided it but prudent to rid herself of those unwieldy stilettos. A sensible plan indeed, until in her efforts our protagonist hit the tiles, with her bosom bursting out her brassiere. Sufficient humiliation? If only this heroine hadn't then proceeded to parade both herself and her bare bust down the length of the street, blissfully unaware. Apologies in the extreme for finding pleasure in this poor gal's pain.

Penis Lickin' Good

On an illustrious trip to Mayrhofen this New Year, one gallant chap truly proved his valour during après-ski activities. Invited to perform the most shocking deed he dared, this supreme knave opted for an unprecedented feat. Not the traditional 15-second pint or fist-in-mouth gambol, oh no. This inebriated Queens' man implored a colleague to bare his genitalia and proceeded to tongue it with notable fervour. With apology sincere, it begs to be questioned whether the cover of a dare was simply exploited for a homosexual affair, a convenient alibi to this manfriend ensnare.

Churchill College preparing celebrations for fiftieth anniversary year

College to mark its golden jubilee with events in Britain and America

CATHY BUEKER

Churchill College, founded in 1960, is commemorating its fiftieth anniversary this year with a series of lectures, balls and alumni functions.

The College was founded by Sir Winston Churchill as a monument to his vision of how higher education can benefit society in the modern age; it is now the national and Commonwealth memorial to the former Prime Minister.

The College was established as a counterpart to Massachusetts Institute of Technology in America, with the particular aim of educating a new generation of technologists and scientists; as such, its statutes require that seventy percent of Churchill's student body studies science and technology.

The fiftieth anniversary commemorates the approval by the Queen of the Royal Charter and Statutes of the College, in August 1960. The first postgraduate students arrived in October 1960, and the first undergraduates a year later. Full College status was not received until 1966 and buildings not complete until 1968.

Though the College is relatively new, 24 of its members have won Nobel Prizes. They include Sir John

Cockroft, the first Master, who split the atom, Francis Crick, a founding Fellow, who unravelled 'the secret of life' in DNA, and postgraduate Roger Tsien, who developed a revolutionary method of tracking molecules in cells.

Perhaps most importantly the College was the first in Cambridge to admit men and women.

Fiftieth anniversary celebrations will be ongoing throughout the year and will be held in a number of locations, including Edinburgh, New York and Toronto. These events include a House of Lords Reception, special Garden Party, and special Valentine's Event for couples who met whilst at Churchill.

Several anniversary events also reflect the College's scientific focus. One such will be the Thirteenth Stephen Roskill Memorial Lecture, during which Ken Livingstone, former Mayor of London, will speak on the topic 'Cities of the Future'.

College students will also be commemorating the anniversary, with Churchill's annual Spring Ball centred around the celebration: 'A Hard Day's Night' is themed around the 1960s as a homage to the decade in which the College was created. Ball Presidents Chris Campbell and

Jasmine Baker told *Varsity* that they chose the theme in order to give Churchill and Cambridge students a chance to recognize their College's foundation.

As part of the anniversary celebrations, the College is undertaking a drive to construct a New Court, at an estimated cost of £8 million, to accommodate sixty more students. The new building will be architecturally similar to the distinctive existing Sheppard-designed courts and is aimed at providing extra accommodation for postgraduate and fourth year students. It is hoped that construction work will commence by the end of 2011.

Sir David Wallace, current Master of the College, has described how "the fiftieth Anniversary of the College provides a historic opportunity to build on our achievements".

The occasion of its fiftieth anniversary this year accentuates Churchill College's position as the seventh-newest college out of thirty-one at Cambridge. Four others – Darwin, Clare Hall, Lucy Cavendish and Wolfson – were also founded in the same decade. Churchill was only the second College, after Murray Edwards, to be founded in the twentieth century.



Bust of Churchill in Churchill College Buttery

Cambridge student banned from Israel for five years

MATTHEW SYMINGTON

A Chemistry PhD student from Darwin College and his brother have been denied entry into Israel until 2015 after a two-and-a-half month ordeal beginning with their detention in Ben Gurion airport, Tel Aviv.

Jameel Zayed and his brother, both British citizens from Cornwall, were held in a waiting room for nine hours upon arriving at the airport in September. Mr Zayed describes being repeatedly interrogated and strip-searched after which they were informed that their entry to Israel had been denied for reasons of "national security". The pair were then put on a plane back to Britain.

Jameel, who has travelled to Israel many times before, said that he is often detained for up to six hours of luggage checks and questioning. However this was the first time he was refused entry. During his "vitriolic" interrogation Mr Zayed claims that his interrogator assumed he was of Palestinian origin and grew suspicious of his study of Chemistry: "As soon as I said I was a chemist the interrogator said I was getting more interesting by the minute, and that she had been thinking of letting me

in but was now changing her mind," he reports.

Since the ordeal the brothers have been told that they cannot attempt to enter Israel again until 2015. When asked why they were denied entry in the first place Mr Zayed claims that the standard response from the Israeli authorities is: "Israel, as a sovereign country, reserves the right to deny entry of any persons it sees fit into their borders, and is not obliged to provide any justification."

The ban has denied Mr Zayed the chance to continue his current PhD studies, which he had planned to conduct with his supervisor in Israel next year.

He questions "how entire PhD projects, international collaborative efforts between top academic institutions in the world, and travel fluidity of scientists internationally, is being dictated by border control police who decide one day to flip and refuse entry to Israel's borders, seemingly without accountability. Is Israel on the path towards shutting itself off from the international academic community through such actions?"

Meanwhile the British embassy in Israel has been "powerless to do anything about it" according to Mr Zayed.

Cambridge V-C reaffirms partnership with India on third official visit

GEMMA OKE

The University's Vice-Chancellor is currently on tour in India to promote the development of a Cambridge-India partnership.

Professor Alison Richard is at the end of a nine day visit to the country, the third such visit in as many years. The visit, which includes appearances in Calcutta, New Delhi, Bangalore, Mumbai and Pune, has been billed as an opportunity for "strengthening and celebrating important relationships with leading institutions for teaching, research and policy".

The Vice-Chancellor's delegation includes Mr Michael O'Sullivan, Director of the Cambridge and Commonwealth Trust which provides financial assistance for overseas students at Cambridge, and Professor Dame Sandra Dawson, Deputy Vice-Chancellor, who chairs the Cambridge-India Partnership. Other academics participating in the visit are expected to visit important research centres, such as the National Centre for Radio Astrophysics in Pune, and to take part in workshops in Bangalore and Madras as part of a Cambridge-led Indo-European research partnership focused on

engineering and science.

Speaking at an event organised by the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, Prof Richard attributed a steady rise in the number of Indian students at Cambridge to greater access to scholarships and other sources of funding.

She said, "The number of postgraduate students from India has more than doubled over the last five years. There has also been a rapid increase in the number of Indian students studying management courses such as MBA from our university."

"We have scheduled meetings with the heads of educational institutions, government and political leaders and also with the well-placed alumni in order to expand our links."

Evidence of the "ever-deepening and widening Cambridge-India partnership" can be seen beyond the spheres of business, politics and academia. Statistics collated by the University show a steady rise in the number of Indian nationals taking up courses at Cambridge at undergraduate and postgraduate level. In 2008-9 a total of 236 students at the university were classified as being from the country, with many more students choosing to define themselves as being of a 'British Indian' nationality. The proportion

of Indian students at the University is the largest of any Commonwealth country, and outstrips the number of French students by nearly one-fifth.

Despite the visit's aim to consolidate the relationship between



Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard

Cambridge and India, the commitment of the University to cities in the country has been questioned by some in the national Indian press. *The Telegraph*, Calcutta, carried a news item which raised fears that the University's interest and involvement in the city is on the wane. The Vice-Chancellor commented that "this visit explores where there is a fit between Cambridge's needs and India's priorities".

Comment

“The tale that France told itself after the war was built around a lie.”

ALLAN LITTLE



AVANTIKA CHILKOTI

COP15 consciences aren't Snow White

Saving the planet is going to be expensive. But even if superpowers want to change, they shouldn't send developing nations the bill

Once upon a time, circa 2001, Snow White struck a deal with eight dwarves who shared the forename “G”. The troop had been so busy making their fortune that they had neglected the little cottage they called home. But now they promised to tidy up a tad. Poor Snow White, blameless for the sooty fireplace, the broken off-switch on the radiator and the overflow from the bathtub, did some chores of her own accord. But could her image as the innocent waif survive when she threw a tantrum, demanding payment and storming out of dinner when she didn't get her way? And could they ask her to work without wages to clean up their mess?

See where I'm going with this? I could place America as “Bully”, Russia as “Gassy” and Britain as “Wimpy”, but let's not get carried away. The moral of forgoing prosperity for environmental good still stands. Idealists insist that nations should all go green for the sake of the unborn, but despite reeking of unrealistic romanticism, the case for united action has watertight foundations. If the developing world

continues producing emissions unchecked, they will negate reductions elsewhere. But they are not avoiding responsibility altogether: between 1997 and 2000, China reduced its emissions by 17%, and every hour two wind turbines are installed in the nation. All they want is a sustainable approach that considers their need to develop. It's not destructive self-interest, it's the compromise missing from COP15 – compensating the clean-up efforts of the poor with financial support from the rich.

True, the accord agreed requires \$100 billion of transfers by 2020, but consider the \$153 billion the IMF extended to the industrialized world during the recent economic crisis and the insufficiency of this figure is obvious. And financial incentivizing is not just for the worse-off. A less publicised element

of the Green debate is the exploitation of the Kyoto mechanisms. Rather than simply creating market incentives, the Clean Development Mechanism is becoming, to the environmental market, what borrowing charges on misplaced room keys are to college Porters – a pointless money-making exercise that leaves victims bitter. Many private firms allegedly clean up operations in the developing world and claim carbon credits, making a cushy profit. The underlying concept I have no qualms with; in an economic downturn few will act without financial reward. But it is near impossible to prove that these carbon credits are deserved, and sometimes whether they do even reduce emissions.

It's not just private money-makers. The palm oil industry, synonymous with deforestation and waste, faces reputational pressures



so great that the world's largest consumer, Unilever, suspended a \$32 million contract with an Indonesian supplier last month for unsustainable practices. Yet the EU, promoting the use of biofuels, aimed for palm oil to constitute 10% of fuel sales in the region by 2010. Put simply, the EU are reducing consumption of fossil fuels and

“As the tentacles of the Climate Change monster touch our lives, we're forced to believe it exists.”

filling the void with an alternative fuel that destroys our environment too, just in its production rather than combustion. Ironic? Nonsensical? Or the perfect way to meet international emissions targets?

And, despite committing to “sustainable social and environmental practices”, the World Bank funded palm oil projects in some of

the world's most delicate ecosystems until an outraged letter from NGOs reached their inboxes last summer. How can one arm of the UN play referee in ‘Hopenhagen’ whilst their dubious sibling is off supporting one of the most environmentally unfriendly industries of modern time?

Then there's the second obstacle. Without Snow White's total and utter belief in the power of her Prince's kiss to cure her coma, the magic won't work. The human mind can not fabricate from scratch and conceive of things the eye has not witnessed, so even if we pronounce climate change an imminent reality, deep down we can't imagine our world obliterated by global warming. But we, the voters that steer our government, need whole-hearted fear of global warming.

Over 300,000 deaths in Africa are attributed to climate change annually. As the tentacles of the Climate Change monster touch our lives, we're forced to believe it exists. So, even if the £130 million spent on COP15 bought only a promise to “take note of” tired principles, and even if the detailed plans promised this month never materialize, the number and prestige of those present at Copenhagen clarify one thing: no one's buying what scepticism is selling.



BETH STATON

Wootton Bassett: no place like home

Islam4UK's march would have been insensitive to say the least, but don't let it turn my home town into a BNP stronghold

Islam4UK's plan to march through Wootton Bassett was met with outrage. On Sunday, rumours of the march's imminence filled the quiet Wiltshire town, now a symbol of British military commemoration, with activists vowing to defend it. The march has been cancelled and the group banned, but campaigners, many from the BNP and English Defence League, continue to rally around Wootton Bassett, and have adopted a logo bearing the town's name. Unfortunately, they haven't managed to spell it right.

Since they began marking repatriations, the people of Wootton Bassett have been highly respected for representing the British people

in dignified remembrance. They have been, according to Gordon Brown, “loyal and dedicated and patriotic in the way they have served this country”, and he has appealed to rid the town of politics so its population can do what they do best; stand in dignified silence as the coffins pass, a “quiet, pragmatic people” commemorating our fallen heroes.

To view the commemorations as gestures of the town's solidarity with the country is completely different from seeing them as a recognition of tragedy, but this is just how the town has been recreated in the media, and the fact that Bassett is a small, semi-rural market town seals the deal. According to the newspapers, the people

of Wootton Bassett are dignified, defiant and loyal, and most of all they are British.

So Anjem Choudary's march becomes an insult to Britain, and, for many, a symbol of an unstoppable Islamist takeover in which white Christian ‘natives’ have lost all voice and rights. Wootton Bassett is an offensive venue not just because to march through it ‘sullies the sacrifice’ of the soldiers themselves, but because the town has become symbolic of the British people's respect for their country and those who represent it. It's very easy for these kinds of sentiments to escalate into vitriol.

A march in Bassett would be crass and attention-seeking, but it doesn't have to be received with the

hostility of nationalistic xenophobia. The town's media profile has allowed this reaction to happen; ‘apolitical’ Wootton Bassett has become a tool wielded by reactionaries as a symbol of the nostalgic idea of Britain, under attack from



Wootton Bassett: a symbol of the British casualties of war.

those who ‘undermine’ its culture.

I've lived in Wootton Bassett for twenty years, and seen several repatriations. Many residents do not attend, but those that do might do so out of patriotism, in respect, or out of curiosity. I, and many of my peers, believe that Islam4UK members have the right to march regardless of how repulsive their ideas are. Preventing them from doing so does not take politics out of the town, but rather recognises its political symbolism. The town has reached the point where it cannot be removed from politics. Wootton Bassett is a typical English town; my home is a place of interesting people, dodgy politics, and tacky high streets, not a benign embodiment of little England. We cannot succumb to this lie; if it becomes entrenched in national consciousness, it threatens to breed a destructive and sinister hatred.

VARSLITY

Established in 1947
Issue No 708

Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge, CB2 3RF
Telephone: 01223 337575 Fax: 01223 760949

The Big (Financial) Freeze

It seems regrettable to open the new year with a complaint, but the announcement of huge potential budget cuts to education expenditure can only come as further bad news in the midst of our economic crisis.

Lord Mandelson's suggestion of almost £998 million being slashed from capital spending on education is not only a direct contradiction of what New Labour set out to do, but makes higher education an increasingly less worthwhile experience. Instead of university courses being an exercise in genuinely following a passion for your subject, they are becoming closer to fast-track vocational courses, designed to train us up to leap through the hoops of working life. Unless, of course, you are lucky enough to be able to afford the heavily-inflated tuition fees being suggested by Lord Browne; with them, of course, go any claims to fair access. Either way, the tuition fees that linger over graduated students will only increase if these plans are pushed through.

The Russell Group are right to be angry; while David Zeichner derides their "hysterical and seriously misleading" figures, any cuts at all indicate something of an attack on what can be a brilliant education system. Fewer students with poorer facilities does not make for a good prospect, but then neither do overcrowded lecture theatres and overworked staff, though these are two possible consequences of the plans.

We protest against the possibility of the UL becoming a nominal advert for Deloitte, but far worse, surely, to have our wonderful repository of all tomes big and beautiful slowly deteriorate through lack of funding. We can't let today's top-up fees become for future students what the grants and entitlements of the 70s are for us, a dream of the not-so-distant past. Saving money is one thing, Labour; scrimping on education is another.

Queens': a crisis of conscience

The acts of vandalism committed in kitchens at Queens' are revolting and reprehensible, and their perpetrators should certainly be punished. However, at the same time, it is clear that the people who committed these acts – whether or not they were from Queens' – were a small minority, and it is easy to understand why everyone else at the College might feel disappointed at the suspension of their favourite Entertainments.

The real villains here, if there are any, are the people who committed the acts of vandalism. Their actions – not just on the night in question, but also since – have been gross and irresponsible. However careless and expensive the damage they caused, more damaging to the tissue of the College community and the lives of their peers has been the lack of integrity they have shown in failing to come forward. Had they come forward to claim responsibility for their actions, this entire situation could have been avoided.



OLLY WATSON

Letters to the Editor

As a Queens' student, I'm appalled that the college is banning all new ents and



bops this term, particularly as the Dean of College has said he is only concerned for the vandalism's impact on 'visitors' rather than students. Welfare provision at the College this year has plummeted, with the authorities repeatedly placing the interests of visiting conference guests above the needs of the students, and selling out the health and wellbeing of the JCR to make a quick buck. Students are constantly being made aware of their position at the very bottom of the pecking order. This latest action just alienates the students further, and imposes double the punishment onto those students whose kitchens were vandalised. We were all shocked and angry

about the attack, and this heavy-handed response is doing nothing to soothe the atmosphere.

Amy Draper
Queens'

I was glad to hear that the plans for Mill Lane renovation have been abandoned. If complete, the project would have been an ugly behemoth that would destroy the historic character of the area. Plus some of my favourite pubs would have gone, and there just aren't enough places to get good ale in this town.

Jason Rose
Trinity

Having attended the Union's hosting of former Australian Prime Minister John Howard last term, I was appalled by the superfluity of undue respect afforded him by both the organisers and the flaccidly uncritical audience. Some students even prefaced their questions with embarrassing ingratiations such as 'Mr Prime Minister, your presence here is historic and generous' (sic) and 'However you look at it, your contribution to history has been remarkable'.

Now, Mr Howard is no endangered species in need of tender care, but rather well versed in

the rough and tumble of politics, having had his predecessor's parliamentary wit referred to as 'like being flogged with a warm lettuce', his Treasurer as 'all tip, and no iceberg', and his party as 'a conga line full of suck-holes'. Why, Mr Howard himself has been labelled in Parliament 'a mangy maggot' and even 'a dead carcass, swinging in the breeze'.

Such name-calling, though unnecessary, is amusing, and it would have at least added some spice to an otherwise tepid evening. By all means invite foreign dignitaries to Cambridge, but demand of them some critical reflections on the hard choices they made in power rather than lobbing fluffy pillows masquerading as hard-hitting questions in their direction and letting them waffle on about some nebulous topic for an hour (Mr Howard's was 'the challenges of the international community in the 21st century').

Wishing he'd thrown the shoe,
Jamie Miller
Jesus

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

Underrated Week 1: Lady Gaga

PAUL SMITH



Some say Lady Gaga is far too overrated, but let's look at it another way: we closed

out the noughties with James Blunt's album as the best-selling CD. The X-Factor single is a reliable number one. Mediocrity is celebrated, vanilla pop exalted. Commercial pop has eaten itself alive and its spat-out Übermensch is... the *High School Musical* crew. To say that pop needed a saviour was an understatement. But nobody would have guessed that it would take an ex-Catholic school-girl from New York to remind us that pop music can be as weird and visual as Bowie promised.

Most criticism about Gaga stems from the argument that her steroid-addled Euro-disco stompers can't keep up with her image. "Where will she be in 20 years?" moan the arbiters of good taste,

as if Gaga sneaked into public consciousness pretending to be the next Bjork. She hasn't, and while she doesn't exactly possess musical genius in Radiohead spades, that's not really the point. Few of our past pop princesses, hoiked onto a stage from the Disney Channel, have actually been able to sing, let alone pen, a tune (though Gaga does both – she was admitted into the prestigious NYU Tisch School of Arts at 17 based on her songs).

Anyway, who cares? Pop music, by its nature, is meant to be fun, populist, of-the-moment bubble-gum. Good pop music - music we remember - has everything to do with context and image: Britney in the schoolgirl skirt. Christina in the chaps. But lately, pop's backed

itself into a corner. Stars wriggle around poles and sing tired, 'risqué' lyrics (see: Katy Perry), or market themselves as squeaky-clean ingénues (Taylor Swift).

It's the combination of that out-there image and generic pop that makes Gaga interesting. She pushes the idea that you don't need to buy into blandly conventional sexiness or prettiness to be successful. In fact, the reverse is true – you can wear Kermit the frog jackets, dance like a *Thriller* zombie doing the twist, and people will lap it up. She could easily have scrubbed off the drag queen make-up and allowed herself to be marketed as Britney 2.0, but she's actively pushed against that; she's more innovative and challenging

than anything in pop right now. And if Grace Jones did it all before, well - Grace, bless her soul, has never been this huge.

Gaga is blasting away preconceptions of how women in mainstream pop are marketed and presented, and the fact that she makes ear-pleasing pop is all the more delicious because it's coming out of the mouth of somebody dressed like a latex Max Clifford nightmare/wet dream. She's the much-needed example that musicians – and female pop musicians in particular – don't need to cater to the lowest common denominator of market-approved sexiness. And for that, we must thank her. In other words: roma, roma-ma, ga ga, ooh la la.
ZING TSJENG

THE ESSAY

Finding America in Paris

Paris. New Year's Day brings a flurry of light snow as I wander nostalgically beneath the windows of the flat I used to live in, in the heart of the Latin Quarter. I love it that the streets round here are named after eighteenth century scientists – Buffon, Linné, Monge, Lacépède. It is a celebration of the greatness of France's intellectual heritage – its commitment to the power of ideas and the spirit of rational enquiry.

France's character – shaped by history – is written into the street names of its capital city. On my way to work, I used to pass through metro stations called Franklin Roosevelt and George V and walk up rue Washington, named not for the US Federal Capital but for General George Washington, scourge of the British Empire and, in his day, the most famous man alive. I would stroll past a statue of Winston Churchill, and a little scale model of the Statue of Liberty. Intriguing, that: that a nation so given to anti-Americanism should be so full of symbolic declarations of friendship.

I lived in France during the years of George Bush's presidency, the years of 'freedom fries' and 'cheese-eating surrender monkeys', of America's openly expressed disdain for all that France stood for. "How many Frenchmen does it take to defend Paris?" the joke went. "No-one knows. It's never been tried."

There is a story about a conversation between General de Gaulle, who, as president of the French Republic, telephoned his American

“For an anti-American nation, France is full of declarations of friendship.”

counterpart Lyndon B Johnson, to inform him that France had decided to withdraw from the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance. Since its foundation nearly two decades earlier, NATO had had its headquarters in France. Now NATO would have to move. Furthermore, de Gaulle added, it was his intention that all American service personnel should be removed from French soil.

"Does that include," Johnson is said to have replied, "those buried in it?"

Ouch.

But go to the cemeteries of Normandy and you see what an Anglo-Saxon business the D-Day landings – and the liberation of France – really were. The historian Andrew Roberts has calculated that of the 4,572 allied servicemen who died on that day on which, in retrospect, so much of human



France has always had a difficult relationship with America, says **Allan Little**. But their histories are intertwined – and now France is finally starting to appreciate its friends

history seems now to have pivoted, only nineteen were French. That's 0.4 per cent.

Thirty-seven Norwegians and one Belgian also died that day. The rest were all from the English speaking world: two New Zealanders, thirteen Australians, 359 Canadians, 1,641 Britons and, most decisively of all, 2,500 Americans.

After the disastrous Suez crisis in 1956, it fell to Harold MacMillan as British Prime Minister to move Britain from the Age of Empire to the Age of Europe. But his attempts to take the United Kingdom into what was then called the Common Market fell foul of General de Gaulle's famous vetoes. Twice *'Monsieur Non'* listened politely to Britain's plea, and twice he slammed the door. De Gaulle saw in British membership the Trojan Horse of American hegemony, and American imperialism, in Europe. After Algeria won its independence from France in the early sixties, de Gaulle was fond of saying that he had not granted freedom to one country only to sit by and watch France lose its independence to the Americans.

MacMillan, in old age, spoke ruefully of France's almost psychotic relationship with its Anglo-Saxon allies. France, he said, had made peace with Germany, had forgiven Germany for the brutality of invasion and the humiliation of four years of occupation, but it could never – never – forgive the British and Americans for liberating them.

French anti-Americanism has a long pedigree. The eighteenth century philosophers of the European Enlightenment believed the New World to be self-evidently inferior. They spoke, and wrote,

prolifically of the degeneration of plant and animal life in America. They hypothesized that America had emerged from the ocean millennia after the old continents; and that that accounted for the cultural inferiority of civilisations that tried to plant themselves there.

I was living in Paris when France celebrated the 60th anniversary of its liberation from Nazi occupation. I went to the beaches of Normandy on the 60th anniversary of D-Day and watched veterans assembling one last time: old men, heads held high, marching past blown up photographs of themselves as young liberators. France's ambivalence – the same neurosis that Harold MacMillan spoke of – was evident.

“France could never forgive the British and Americans for liberating them.”

Paris launched a series of events to mark the liberation in August 2004. The city's mayor had given the celebrations the title *Paris Se Libère!* – Paris Liberates Herself! One of the newspapers published a 48 page commemorative issue. There was no mention of the allies until page 18. An English friend of mine, in town that weekend, had remarked how abandoned Paris felt in August, the month the city empties out as its residents head for their annual sojourn in the countryside. "I see," he said, "that Paris was liberated in August. I

guess the Parisians didn't find out about it till September, when they came back."

Again – ouch. That caustic Anglo-Saxon wit stings.

It stings because the tale that France told itself after the war was built around a lie. *Paris se Libère*. The words were first spoken by de Gaulle himself at the Hôtel de Ville on the evening of August 25th 1944. Paris had been liberated by her own people, he declared, with the help of the armies of France, with the help and support of the whole of France, that is to say of fighting France, the true France, the eternal France.

France knew, in its heart, even in 1944, that that was not true. But it took until the 1980s for a new generation of historians properly to re-examine the darkest chapter of France's twentieth century history. When I was living in Paris, it struck me that Sarkozy – not yet president – had the potential to be France's first post-Gaullist leader. His enemies called him *"Sarkozy l'Américain"* in the hope that this would make him unelectable. It didn't work. Last year, he took his country back into the Atlanticist fold, and rejoined NATO. It seems to me another step in a long journey, in which France – in its mature, disputatious, entrenched democracy, the France that loves and thrives on and believes in the power of ideas and truth – is growing reconciled to its history, and falling out of love with its myths.

Allan Little is a Special Correspondent with the BBC. He has worked as a correspondent in Paris, Moscow, and Africa, and is currently reporting from Afghanistan.

Not-Sci



Why do the police want your hair?

Questioning what the police intend to do with your personal information is always a good idea. But while credit card numbers and flirty text messages are personal, nothing is more personal than your DNA. The most extreme witness protection-style identity overhaul can wipe out your former life completely, but nothing can separate you from the DNA in your hair, blood and saliva – the things you shed wherever you go.

The DNA database has generated a lot of recent media coverage, including 'grave concerns' of the Equality and Human Rights Commission, MPs who have been arrested without charge, and unsolved crimes. But there is a question yet to be answered. The database only holds a DNA profile, not to be confused with a sequence of our genome. As the National Policing Improvement Agency (NPIA) states on its website, "DNA profiling targets areas of the DNA that are known to differ widely between individuals. Apart from a gender test, these areas do not code for any physical characteristic or allow definitive determination of any medical condition."

Correct, but the original samples which can be used to decipher these characteristics are kept in a freezer or laboratory. I contacted the NPIA to ask first what these stored samples are for, and second, if they are ever used for 'research', by whom and under what criteria? They hadn't answered my questions by the copy deadline for this piece. This information is not available on their website, the Home Office website or any other official public source.

As genetic research is continuing to learn more about how our genomes relate to unique characteristics, if this intimate information is going to be stored we must be given a good reason for it. Since we may share genes with the convicted, whether or not we are related, the treatment of these samples affects all of our rights and should be transparently and technically addressed publicly. SITA DINANAUTH

the mays

The *Mays* is an anthology of the best new writing and artwork by students from Cambridge and Oxford. Previous guest editors include Ted Hughes, Zadie Smith, Nick Cave, Ali Smith, Sebastian Faulks, Seamus Heaney, Jeanette Winterson, Stephen Fry and Patti Smith. The deadline for this year's submissions is March 31st, 2010 - see our website for more details.

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 24th, 2010. Write to us at mays@varsity.co.uk with your contact information, and the position(s) you are interested in, and explain why you want to be involved and any relevant experience you have.

We will be running workshops, readings and masterclasses throughout the year. If you would like to be involved in these in any respect, get in touch with the editors.

<http://mays.varsity.co.uk>

Write for us.

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

Meet the Editors and their team, discuss ideas, pitch articles and find out how the paper works. We're always looking for new contributors, so come along to find out more.

Varsity Squash
Friday January 22nd, 7-9pm
The Maypole, Portugal Place



FRIDAY JANUARY 15TH 2010

V2

The Varsity Magazine

FEATURES, ARTS, FASHION & REVIEWS



Hot Chip

BEATS, RHYMES AND LIFE IN THE BUBBLE

Victoria Beale: Self-Help

Week 0: How To Win Friends and Alienate People

I have a few bad habits. For example, because I am often busy with Thinking I am loathe to venture the five chilly minutes to Sainsbury's, and as a result am steadily stealing probably zillions of pounds worth of milk, shampoo, coffee, gold bullion and other daily essentials from my housemates. I have an occasional fondness for the back catalogue of Jerry Lee Lewis, and have been known to blast 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' from the top floor when the mood strikes. But by far the worst and most pernicious of my habits is that whenever I'm seated next to a stranger on a long distance bus, train or plane journey I operate under the assumption that we will become friends. I still have the social nous of a dribbling five year old proffering a digestive biscuit and simpering, "Let's be fwends!" no matter how resistant my companion is to my amicable

advances, I persevere. Be they shy graduate zoologist trying to finish work on their laptop, or boy surreptitiously tapping out obscene texts, I push forward with my leading questions: "Would you say I'm the prettiest girl in the carriage, or the whole train?", "Can you read the article I'm writing?", "Do you think I'm cute or just adorable?"

Even in more promising social situations, i.e. not in moving vehicles, I tend to stymie my prospects of either Winning Friends or Influencing People. Dale Carnegie's book, from which this week's column takes its title, gives me such level-headed advice as 'Smile', 'Listen' or 'Talk about their interests.' Any of these approaches would be an improvement on my current openers: "You look a bit like Albert Speer", "I'm a complete slut by the way", "No, I won't have a drink thanks, not since last summer." Dale would have me

maintain a friendly amount of eye contact, open with a firm handshake and walk away with whomever I've just spoken to thinking, "Gee whizz, what a well-toned, mentally balanced individual." But at the moment I tend to open by staring intently at whichever patch of carpet most captures my attention at the time, hiding 78% of my face behind a fringe cut for the purpose and snuffling incoherently whenever someone cracks a joke. Or if I do get enthused and caught up in the flow of talk I fail to understand what's appropriate – someone will tell me about a bad day they had on a summer internship, and I'll respond with "Oh, that reminds of me when I was seven and I constructed a bamboo cage for myself and sat inside it reading *The Hobbit* and refusing to come out."

Another reason friend winning comes hard to me is that, as well as



being shyer than a lisping toddler, I am also a judgmental snob. I have an extremely low tolerance for anyone who ticks off even a slightly different list of cultural reference points than me – so your favourite Hitchcock film is different from mine? I'll choke derisively on my mouthful of Ribena (I like cartons) and blacklist you. Basically it's too late for me – I'm now too complex a web of foibles and wankery to be friends with anyone but those I already know. What I have now is a circle who, if nothing else, are teeth-wrenchingly honest, in the most loving way they know how. For example, this is a

recent exchange with Aspiring Lascivious Director. He says, while browsing Facebook, "It's really weird, this photo makes you look like a ten." "So?" "Well, you're probably a six." "Oh really? Well you look like an emo lion." "I lied. You're actually a four." At which point I throw his eight copies of *Hamlet* into the fireplace. I'll be very lucky to find the cruel but cuddly intimacy with which my current friendship group provides me again. But who needs friends, I say, when you can Make Frenemies and Proposition People.

More of the Self Help column online next Friday.

BEYONCE & JAY-Z Recently crowned the highest-earning couple in showbiz, earning a sweet \$122m between June 2008 and 2009. Beyonce outgunned Jay-Z by \$52m. Nice one, Bey.



IN THE LOOP BOX SET Did you get one for Christmas? So did we. Get the fuck in or fuck the fuck off... priceless.

UNDERSTANDRAP.COM Need to find out the true meaning of Soulja Boy? Keen to unlock the hidden depth of The Ying Yang Twins' opus? Get yo' ass on here, homey.



AVATAR MANIA Fans stateside are apparently suicidal after finding out that fictional planet Pandora is actually fictional. Get a grip.

THE G-SPOT According to scientists, it doesn't exist and women have, uh, been imagining it. Next up in the new Varsity sex survey...



SIMON COWELL X Factor America is scheduled for 2011. One man's pocket grows fatter, the brains of millions get smaller.

SNOW THAW No more excuses for being late for supervisions, missing deadlines or staying in bed. It's back to work we go.



CHRISTIANO RONALDO FOR ARMANI C-Ron does a questionable Zoolander and models for Armani underwear (left). For more sleazy Eurotrash beefcake, go to tinyurl.com/y9rxj86



Street Profile

PAM MATTHEWS
63, CAMBRIDGE



Which words do you most overuse?
Brilliant or excellent. I always use 'brilliant' on the phone to my mum.

Where would you most like to be right now?
Brighton - it's buzzy.


What's hot?
Well, it's a blue moon, which means this year's going to be a good one.

What's not?
Grumpy people.

What is Cambridge to you?
Cambridge is home. I strove to leave a few times but I couldn't. It's an excellent mix of old and young.

Who would play you in the film of your life?
Meryl Streep.

And finally, dogs or cats?
Oh, dogs, definitely!



Week 1: Cambridge Anthems

Vampire Weekend - 'Boston'
The Ivy League indie kids' homage to "ladies of [the other] Cambridge". This'll get you in the mood for their Corn Exchange show.

Lil' Wayne - 'Ice Cream Paint Job'
Lil' Weezy opines philosophically: "she gave me good brain like she studied at Cambridge." Yes girls, this is what you came here to learn.

Pink Floyd - 'Grantchester Meadows'
Go to Grantchester, sip tea at the Orchards, and listen to Pink Floyd. How civilised. Shrooms optional.

Cambridge University - 'Facebook'
Cambridge students pen song about their specialist subject.

Carl Sagan ft. Stephen Hawking - 'A Glorious Dawn'
Released on Jack White's infinitely cool Third Man label, Prof Hawking gets down with the kids to lend his vocals to this scientific sensation.

Our Tube

SEARCH:
i'm+yours+ukulele



Small Chinese boy brings pre-nursery intelligence and questionable ukulele skills to Jason Mraz's god-awful slice of laid-back surfer dude pap. Result? Massive improvement.

Overheard

"Like, imagine if you broke your elbow, like, trying to lick your elbow."

(11pm, Outside Cindies)

Chip off the old block

Cambridge-educated electro kings **Hot Chip** tell **Paul Smith** about *One Life Stands*, R Kelly wearing Devo hats and why life as an undergrad is not always chipper.

Confined to a London Bridge rehearsal studio, Hot Chip are frantically preparing for their imminent European and North American tour. Time is running out. "We haven't really played together for over a year," admits Felix Martin. "We have a whole new album of songs, and old ones to go over. Everyone plays different instruments, we're touring with a new drummer and it takes a while to figure out who exactly is playing what. It's fun; I just wish we had more time to do it."

Such conscientiousness is not surprising. Since their formation a decade ago, the Grammy-nominated London electro quintet have recorded four critically-acclaimed albums and conquered festivals across the world, while still finding time to remix acts as diverse as Amy Winehouse and Kraftwerk. Rarely does a night out pass without finding yourself doing the robot to 'Ready for the Floor' or dancing "like a monkey with a miniature symbol" to 'Over and Over'. Next month they release *One Life Stand*, their most assured offering to date. Once the product of Joe Goddard's bedroom, they have garnered an enviable reputation for raucous shows. You may remember hearing new track 'Alley Cats' at their Corn Exchange show in October 2008: "we played that everywhere we went" says Martin, "and it ended up developing and changing, going through dozens of different revisions before we found the version we felt was definitive. With this album it's been a more collaborative process, we've naturally worked together as a band more than before."

Their camaraderie is reflected on 'Brothers', surely the soundtrack to a future buddy movie with lyrics like "I will drink my fill with my brothers / And if one of us is ill / Then my brothers / Will watch over me." Was *One Life Stand* as frivolous to record as it is to listen to?

"It was stressful at times," he sighs. "We had lots of musicians come and play and it was a big project. In retrospect we had lots of fun sessions but there were times we felt like we were having a nervous breakdown putting it together."

Heightened ambition is at its most evident on 'I Feel Better', with its propulsive strings and Caribbean steel pans. It also features Joe's vocals undergoing some serious technological wizardry. Is this the Hot Chip take on Jay-Z's controversial 'Death of the Auto-tune' debate?

"You do hear it so much," says Martin, "But it wasn't necessarily made in reference to that. Joe wanted to use his voice in an unusual way, but it's quite different to the ten million other auto-tuned voices

out there."

Since their time on the cult Moshi Moshi label, the lads have maintained a striking aesthetic vision. Co-frontman Alexis Taylor's sartorial boiler suits and fluorescent green specs have become synonymous with their live act, and *One*

"For the first couple of years I wanted to be like the normal student, go out, take drugs and have a party, and I couldn't find anyone that wanted to do that."

Life Stand's sleeve is the latest in a trajectory of visually arresting artwork:

"Owen, our guitar and keyboard player, got interested in images of statues being lifted up into

the air using strapping, when they are taken off their plinths to be cleaned. Heavy, solid objects being suspended mid-air was the starting point."

A pronounced attention to artistic detail also extends to their merchandise. T-shirts featuring R. Kelly bearing a Devo helmet are on sale from their website. "It's quite strange" laughs Felix. "It's something a friend came up with quite a long time ago. Maybe that's a comment partly on some of our influences and our approach towards making music," he suggests. "It's putting two things together that are a little incongruous, but we've got time for both."

Hot Chip will be "getting around a bit" in the coming months, including a flurry of festival appearances lined up for summer. In North America, they'll be supported by The xx, fellow alumni of the Elliott School. Although Taylor and Joe Goddard's time at the creatively-inclined Putney comprehensive has been well documented, it comes as a surprise to many that three fifths of the members are Cantabrigians. Martin and Doyle read English at Sidney Sussex, while Taylor graduated with the same degree from Jesus. Felix

recalls how he met his bandmate as a student: "I used to go to this really weird record store along Mill Road, run by a big fat guy who was always talking about how he had loads of wicked records at home, but couldn't be bothered to bring them in in his car." Overheard asking about records, Felix was approached by Alexis in the hope that they had similar tastes. "We walked down Mill Road together and found we enjoyed the same things, and had the same attitude towards life in Cambridge."

This attitude, though, is not overly positive. Felix is unlikely to become a poster boy for Cambridge Access anytime soon: "I found it really difficult," he confesses. "For the first couple of years I wanted to be like the normal student, go out, take drugs and have a party, and I couldn't find anyone that wanted to do that. I felt there were so many people who were protected, having grown up in a bit of a bubble, and Cambridge in itself is quite a bubble. It's a very protective environment where you can act a bit like a child if you want to, and I found that really frustrating and wanted

people to have a dose of real world." Things improved, though, in his final year, when he began to focus on his English degree. "I found a tutor I enjoyed talking to and I started going to the library lots. I enjoyed it much more once I started to get into academic side of it."

Has there been a conscious endeavour to downplay their time here?

"It's not conscious at all, especially given the non-privileged backgrounds of people in the band. I'm proud I got into Cambridge, got a first and worked hard. I'm not ashamed of that at all." He's keen to point out that they are not a Cambridge band, despite Goddard and Taylor playing the odd gig as Hot Chip in the Portland before he joined. "I do look back fondly," he insists, "But I hope things have improved since then," he trails off.

Individual experience will determine whether or not this is the case. We no longer have that peculiar record shop, but we do have *One Life Stand* to blast in our rooms or dance to in Fez. With its humungous heart, the warmth of closer 'Take It In' is possibly Hot Chip's finest moment to date, the conclusion to the perfect record to ease you through another term in the bubble.



Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it now, say it, say it, say it, say it, say it, say it, say it, say it now: it's Hot Chip.



The best weekends start with jumping on your bicycle after your last Friday lecture and dashing straight to the station to catch a Eurostar from St Pancras. The thrill of waking up on Saturday morning in Paris and having the whole day ahead of you is unbeatable. However, Friday afternoon and evening Eurostars are heinously expensive and, even if you book quite a long way ahead, you'll be paying around £120 for a return ticket (beware, disorganised readers: if you book the week before you're looking at £500). Also, if you don't know the city, arriving in the dark and trying to find your apartment or hostel is a bit of a *galère*. So use Friday afternoon to get some of your work done so you don't have it hanging over you, and set your alarm for 5am on Saturday morning ...

5.45am: Train from Cambridge to King's Cross. Hop over the road to St Pancras. Do not buy a croissant. Patience.

7.22am: Eurostar from St Pancras to Paris (£49 return for under 26s – but you must book at the first opportunity).

10.56am: Two and a half hours and a half-finished essay later, you have arrived in Paris (remember you're one hour ahead). Get some euros out of the cashpoint at the Gare du Nord, go down into the metro and buy a *carnet* of ten tickets from the nice lady. Ask for a free metro map.

A day in Paris



the 'sub-lets and temporary' section on Paris craigslist. Don't pay 30 euros each to stay in a hostel dorm on the edge of the city (avoid the Peace and Love Hostel in particular). If you get an apartment you'll be paying between 20 and 80 euros, and you can fit as many people in it as you like as long as they hide round the corner while you pick up the keys from the *propriétaire*.

Good things to do on Saturday: get the metro to the Gare d'Austerlitz, then hop on a *vélib* and cycle along the banks of the Seine all the way to the Eiffel Tower. Your other destinations are on the way: the Musée d'Orsay, the Musée du Quai Branly and the surprisingly interesting sewers of Paris. Another fantastic museum is the Musée de Camondo, and, if you want to watch the haute bourgeoisie ostentatiously strolling around in nice clothes, head to the Parc Monceau just down the road. In the evening, get the metro to Parmentier and go to some bars in the area between Oberkampf and Belleville. Café Charbon is the best.

Sunday: Good places to stroll around include the Marais; the islands; Saint-Germain-des-Prés (go to the Jardin du Luxembourg and buy rose macarons from Ladurée) and the non-touristy Buttes Chaumont. Finish essay on afternoon Eurostar back home.

This is a peak time, too, so if you don't manage to find a cheap ticket consider getting up very early on Monday morning.

Bon week-end! JO BEAUFOY

Jesus Chapel Sessions

The Chapel Sessions are a consciously informal, intimate series of musical events that have been delighting a small number of those in the know since 2008. Nestle down amongst rugs and cushions or drift in and out of the candle-lit Jesus Chapel as you please whilst performers from Cambridge and beyond offer an innovative and diverse range of music.

Last year saw a variety of different musical genres: electronic music sampling Ashanti was programmed with Brahms; student compositions were performed alongside

Stravinsky. The Chapel Sessions seeks to avoid the artificial distinction between classical music and other genres that pervades musical culture.

Go to relax, gaze up at the chapel ceiling and soak up a musical atmosphere in semi-darkness. If you've been put off going to student concerts by high prices and musogeeks, then Jesus Chapel on Tuesday nights is the best place to hear high-quality music-making with no fuss and no charge.

This term's sessions begin on Tuesday January 19th with a programme of electronic student writing, Polish Music from the past century and an experiment in orchestral sound for 52 solo strings by Penderecki. GEORGIA WARD-DYER

Far from the madding crowd, nestled in a haze of greenery, lies the Institute of Astronomy, a venerable centre for advanced astronomical research. An altar of worship for the hardcore science types you would think. Surely not a spot that attracts students out for an evening of fun. And yet come Wednesday night the place is abuzz with everyone from children to students, all there for an evening of star-gazing!

The evening kicks off at 7.15pm with a half-hour public talk on topics ranging from 'A multicolour view of our universe' to 'The search for Martian life' given by professors, researchers or even the principal investigator of NASA's 2008 *Phoenix* mission to Mars. Fear not, the talks are accessible to a lay audience and require little prior knowledge of astronomy. In case you've had your dose of lectures for the day, you could easily give the talk a miss and just turn up at 7.45pm in time to succumb to the sheer magic of the universe. The ruby lights on the ground mark out a path to a clearing where the historic 150-year-old Northumberland and 146-year-old Thorowgood telescopes

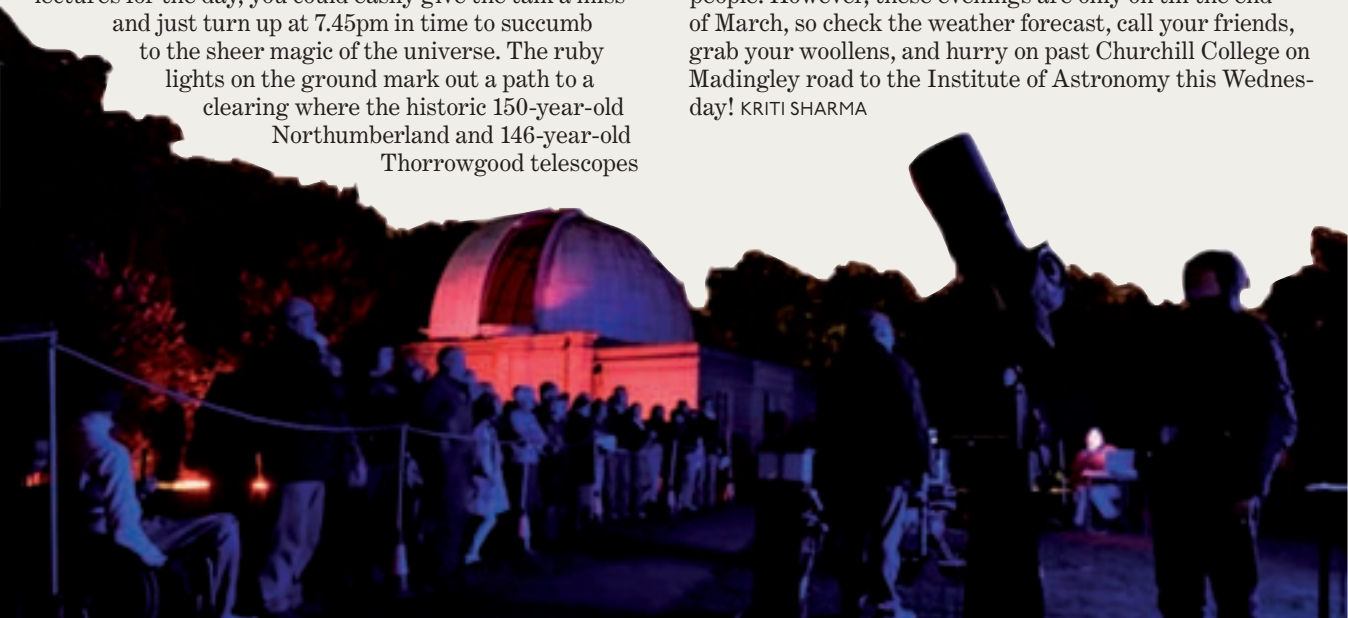
Star-gazing

reach out to the skies. What's more, the Cambridge Astronomical Association's modern

telescopes are set up to project close-up shots of the Moon's craters or Jupiter's Moons all accompanied by an expert commentary.

Your wait in line to have a peek at the star-studded sky through the telescopes will actually be fun as Astronomy PhD students mingle with the crowds pointing out the various celestial celebrities of the night. Excitement reaches its peak when you put your eye to the telescopes, shedding all taint of earth to gasp in wonder at the magnificent beauty and poetry of the heavens!

These public open evenings are a unique not-to-be-missed experience. The crowds are a testimony to the popularity of the event which attracts, on average, well over a hundred people. However, these evenings are only on till the end of March, so check the weather forecast, call your friends, grab your woollens, and hurry on past Churchill College on Madingley road to the Institute of Astronomy this Wednesday! KRITI SHARMA



New, Here:

Fed up of the Fitz? Petrified by punts? Try something different this Lent.



Ely and Ely Cathedral

Only a fifteen-minute journey away by train, there really is no excuse to stay away from this picturesque cathedral city.

Undoubtedly, the first stop on any visit should be the magnificent cathedral, known locally as the 'Ship of the Fens'. The present building dates back to 1083, and boasts the beautiful Octagon Lantern Tower in the centre of the cathedral's roof. This work of medieval engineering can be viewed up close during guided tours of the tower everyday.

One of the more unusual features of the cathedral is the Lady Chapel, which still bears battle scars from the Reformation, allowing visitors to see the damage done to the original architecture. In addition to the impressive architecture, Ely Cathedral is also renowned for its tradition of music: evensong remains a popular draw for many visitors.

Ely also boasts the home of sometime tyrant Oliver Cromwell. The building itself now houses the considerably less tyrannical Ely Tourist Centre alongside fully restored rooms.





KATHERINE SPENCE

Visitors looking to shop can visit the traditional market on Thursdays and Saturdays.

In addition, the city also has its own museum in the old Bishop's Gaol housing a varied collection including dinosaur fossils, prehistoric weapons and Roman pottery. The museum provides an account of Ely and the surrounding Fens, beginning with its formation right up the present day. One of the more sinister aspects is the preserved cells of the original gaol, where visitors can see the graffiti made by prisoners.

Aside from the cathedral, Ely boasts some quintessentially English tea rooms and pubs. One of the more popular eateries is the Cutter Inn, an award-winning riverside restaurant. The restaurant itself is beautifully decorated and serves hearty fare at reasonable prices.

With a population of around twelve thousand making it accessible for visitors, the city is perfect for exploring students on a day trip. If you get the chance to visit Ely this year, do. It is one of the jewels in the crown of Cambridgeshire.

EMMA J FITZSIMMONS



Still somehow a coveted secret in Cambridge after almost a year, Caius Jazz has afforded a privileged few intimate soirées with some of the hottest and most scintillating British jazz musicians alive on the scene.

By inviting established and renowned British players to appear with a backing-band of top students from esteemed London jazz colleges, student Jonny Coffey creates a frisson of experience-meets-fresh. The audience is wowed with perhaps the richest form of improvisation, that which arises when only chord sheets and tune titles are exchanged the day before the players meet for the first time. Numbers are reworked and conducted live in front of your eyes, solos flow and interweave and songs go in entertaining and sometimes surprising directions.

The offer of an intimate gig with young, fresh talent has attracted an already formidable list of names. Despite the relatively tiny wage Jonny is able to offer, BBC and British jazz award holders abound. Vocalists Christine Tobin and Ian Shaw have swooned the crowd and scattered their hearts out in joyous abandon. Instrumentalists have stood equally proud and gained just as much appreciation from the audience. Peter King, the legendary 'Charlie Parker of the British Isles', and Alan Skidmore, as enduring a tribute to Coltrane as any American tenor sax player, have both appeared and silenced the house with majestic renditions.

Caius Jazz

Despite their

accolades, the performers have never been those to indulge in the noodled, melody-light, note-frenzy of some contemporary jazz that tends to put-off all but the most stalwart audiences. A repeal of the smoking ban is perhaps the only way the already electric atmosphere could be improved.

So if it's that good why haven't more people been initiated into the cult of Caius jazz? Do Caians and the Cambridge jazz-musicati guard the nights jealously like some musicopian speak-easy? The answer is simply that it's a new venture. Jonny and his team have wisely been treading carefully with the Gonville & Caius authorities by not advertising widely, but that's not to say the doors aren't open to all. Up-and-coming events will be anonymous for the rest of the year, in order to sign big acts for diddly-squat while avoiding the wrath of their managers, but they are bound to be ace.

Turning to the reflection of Ralph Salmins, the funk-addict groovemaster drummer: 'I got paid peanuts but had the best time ever'. Reinterpreting for any music fan, you will pay peanuts and have the best time ever. For more information, join the Facebook group. HAL MUMBY



Botanical Gardens

Few Cambridge students might have considered escaping the trials and tribulations of student life for a spell in the surprisingly beautiful and tranquil Botanical Gardens on offer down Hills Road.

Free to those who brandish their University Card, its inconspicuous entrance sits quietly opposite Station Road (or you can enter via Trumpington), a little outside the city centre for most but an ambitious stone's throw for Homertonians.

Acquired by Charles Darwin's mentor, John Stevens Henslow, the Botanical Gardens first opened to the public in 1846 and boasts eight national collections of plants as well as one of the most renowned collections of trees in England. Upon entering, you'll at first find yourself down a slightly dubious narrow path, overlooking next door's construction site, only to find that it quickly opens out into a seemingly endless paradise of luscious gardens, flower-beds and shrubbery.

Designed to inspire awe throughout the seasons, you



will still find plenty to explore in the colder months, such as the fantastically designed Winter Garden, south-facing to take the best advantage of sunset rays bouncing off the vibrant orange, pink and yellow hues of the barks and leaves.

What is most astonishing about the Gardens is not just its sheer size but the diversity of nature on offer here, in the Limestone Rock Garden overlooking the Lake you will find plants originating from Asia, Australasia and South Africa to Europe and North America. However if you're not one to spend hours marvelling at the parallel evolutionary developments of water storage in the African Euphorbiaceae and the American Cactaceae, where the Gardens' potential lies is really as a wonderland to enjoy stolen picnics by water pools, play hide and seek in the more secretive gardens, and generally get lost amongst dense woodland or through 1.5 acres of labyrinthine flower beds. This year there are also brand new photography, printing and botanical illustration courses available as well as regular guided tours of the garden and its history. Simply in itself, you would be loathe to miss it, as an experience not only bound to delight minds of a scientific or artistic disposition, but also just as an excuse to get out of the bloody city centre for a change. LEONIE TAYLOR

New theatre

Tickets are selling faster than smack in a prison for Idle's latest promenade theatre piece.

House Party promises to be fast, exciting and interactive, with "music, movement and ferocious visuals". Cambridge theatre needs more shows like this, and hats and knickers should come off to the company for trying out something that is such a far cry away from your standard Shakespeare production or half-hearted new writing fare.

The idea seems a good one too. Everyone's had the uneasy feeling of turning up to a friend of a friend's party and finding out that your "friend" didn't actually know the host. All you can do is keep calm and get trolleyed. Maybe you'll make a new bezzie, or maybe you'll end up po-faced with your tail between your legs long after the party has fizzled out. In fact, getting trolleyed is a lot like the disorientating but exciting feeling of being in a truly interactive promenade play in a strange location. Sozzled and disorientated - that's a great deal!

House Party is, unsurprisingly, about a party. In a house. The website promises "an infamous night of boorish mayhem". That's all Idle are going to tell us. Fuck, that's all I need to know. These tight lipped theatrical enigmas won't even tell us where it's going to be. I don't know if I should bring my reading glasses and gin and tonic, or if I'd be better suited equipped with dancing

shoes and a stash of Nurofen. I'm predicting the

latter might be more suitable. Rumours abound, but the only way to find out is to join the party on the 2nd-6th of February at www.housepartyplay.co.uk.

Also on in the same week is the gala performance of *The Relapse* at Downing's brand-spanking new Howard Theatre. Dolled up to the nines with kit and boasting 160 comfy chairs the new kid on the block might just make the ADC look a little but grimy. What's more, the big-budget production of *The Relapse* or *Virtue in Restoration* comedy by John to do justice to its grand setting. PASCAL PORCHERON



Future perfect

Where will the arts take us in the next ten years? We consulted our crystal balls to find out where we're going and what you have to look forward to....



Western cinema at present appears trapped in the seasonal ritualism of “Summer Money-Making Blockbuster” and “Autumnal Adult-Fare” and both solstice genres seem predestined to be subject to public amnesia. Part of the problem may be diagnosed as laziness induced by unfettered financing; much of *Transformers* (2007) was a fireworks display of Paramount’s deep pockets. However, a period of economic austerity could alter this mainstream purgatory. The war-wearied 1940s and 50s had productions thriving from restrained budgets. American film noir was a movement named so for its lowly lit sets; the gloomy aesthetic of *Farewell My Lovely* (1944) is resultant from wartime energy cuts. In Britain, Ealing comedy *Hue and Cry* (1947) framed criminals in the rubble of post-Blitz London. Learning the benefits of thriftiness saved them being studio-mauled into obscurity; with hope this generation will have the similar sang-froid to produce independent and economically unburdened cinema of classic calibre. EDWARD HERRING

Cinema

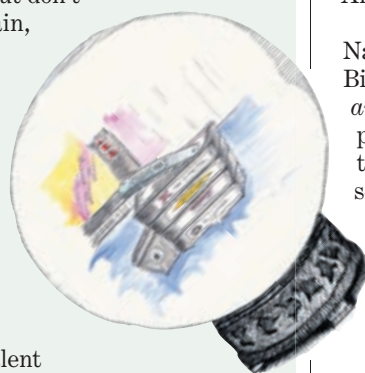
In their rush to bank upon audiences’ renewed fascination with CGI, forgetting the time and care put into *Avatar*, filmmakers will probably produce many visually interesting but otherwise redundant offerings. An opposing trend will be that towards realism in cinema, led by films such as *500 Days of Summer* and *District 9* which chose, respectively, genuine plotlines and leads over cinematic clichés. The horror genre should improve, with torture porn on its last (sadistically broken) legs and Sam Raimi and Oren Peli’s skilful films this year signalling the end of the genre’s recent self-indulgence. Progressing from what audience involvement we’ve seen in cinema, such as film fans scripting some of *Snakes on a Plane* (including the most quotable line) and the distribution of Peli’s *Paranormal Activity* being determined by an online demand system, it is sure that in the coming decade cinema will become far more of an interactive experience. CHLOE MASHITER

Amid the publicity salvo surrounding *Avatar*, the media sphere is abuzz with the question of whether 3D is the future of cinema. In truth, if you’re looking for the shape of film to come, it’s best to look elsewhere. The technique will remain restricted to costly blockbusters and cinemas are unlikely to invest £80,000 in digital projectors in today’s cash-strapped environment. Indeed, the next decade in film will be informed by the straitened circumstances of an industry shaken by recession, falling DVD sales and competition from other media. Hollywood will keep playing safe by mass-producing sequels; the 2010s will see further instalments of *Saw*, *Spider-Man*, *Transformers*, *Pirates of the Caribbean* and *Indiana Jones*, amongst others. The industry may also exploit the recent success of films with unknown actors, such as *District 9* and *The Hangover*; if star power is waning, then studios will have less need to yield to A-list actors’ exorbitant demands. DANIEL JANES



Television

In the past few years, the old idiot box has experienced a much-needed injection of credibility with the success of dramas like *The Wire* and *Six Feet Under*. Look forward to more thoughtful and complex TV drama in the new decade, but don’t wait for any to come from Britain, which is still stuck churning out paint-by-numbers period romps and low-grade skit shows. Meanwhile, reality TV will finally and mercifully creep out of our collective consciousness: *Big Brother* is set for its final season in June, and the debut episode of this year’s *Celebrity Big Brother* was trumped by, wait for it... *Antiques Roadshow*. Talent shows like *The X Factor*, though, will continue to excite, provoke, and create Facebook groups for aging metalheads and those who love them (or those who just really, really hate Simon Cowell). Just don’t expect to watch any of it on an actual TV set – online television will continue to expand, particularly with Hulu launching in the UK this year. The perfect news for cash-strapped, laptop-bound students. ZING TSJENG



There is more to the theatre than yet another production of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* or *The Crucible*. Yes, old Bill and modern classics are super.

But they are performed so regularly that much of England’s theatre heritage is neglected. What of the classic comedies of the Restoration, Jacobean and Victorian periods? What of Congreve, Sheridan, Vanbrugh, Goldsmith? As Guardian Theatre Critic Michael Billington lamented late last year: “the demise of classic comedy stagings denies theatres and audiences a very serious pleasure”. All change please.

Sir Nicholas Hytner, Director of the National Theatre, has acknowledged Billington’s plea. *London Assurance* by Dion Boucicault, the Irish playwright at the time of Dickens, tops the billing for the 2010 season, starring *Varsity* favourite Simon Russell Beale (alumnus of Gonville and Caius) as Sir Harcourt Courtly and Fiona Shaw as Lady Gay Spanker.

As the last decade has wended its disgraceful way, people have been exposed to less and less demanding media. Facebook, YouTube, *The X Factor*. Only through performing the classic comedies, with full belief in their unvarnished vitality, are we able to celebrate aspects of the human condition that we are in danger of losing in the modern world. These plays contain – if we will only trust them – as abundant and brilliant life as any written. ARTHUR LIPTON

Theatre



Theatre survived. The suspension of disbelief is rather welcome mid-recession, and it takes more than a financial apocalypse to topple the musical. The new decade opens with Andrew Lloyd Webber’s sequel to *Phantom of the Opera*: *Love Never Dies*. Surgically enhanced supercomposers, however, fall. *The Stage* magazine’s annual poll of power named Howard Panter and Rosemary Squire the most influential people in theatre. Pioneer of the Savoy’s latest smash, *Legally Blonde*, their Ambassador Theatre group is the UK’s largest. It’s the smaller studios who are going to struggle. 2012 sees them face another behemoth: together under the Department for Culture, Media and Sport, the Olympics and Theatre are competing for funding.

So the Tennessees belong to survivors: big, familiar names which look good in lights. They’ll be on stage, too. You can resent a public who flock to *The Misanthrope* just to find out whether Keira Knightley can act, but public blood-thirst for the star exposed is one Noughties hangover which isn’t going to be easily cured. ABIGAIL DEAN

Visual Arts

According to Michael Landy (one of the infamous YBAs) art in the new decade will go into the bin. His new installation, described by the artist as “a monument to creative failure”, consists of a 600-cubic-metre skip which will fill most of the South London Gallery early this year. People will be invited to come along and throw away works of art. The shocking news that Gary Hume plans to get rid of his *Untitled* conjures up nightmarish visions of the Queen popping into the SLG to chuck away some of her Titians. “My idea was we begin with nothing and then the bin fills up. But it doesn’t necessarily work like that.” After six weeks, it will all be destroyed. Landy has fantasized about building an even bigger skip to chuck his Art Bin into. But then there would have to be a skip after that, which would be, he admits, “erm, hmmm, ridiculous”.

It is reassuring though that there are less destructive pieces on show. The exhibition scene in London kicks off with Van Gogh coming into focus for the first time in Britain in more than 40 years through his famous letters. Van Gogh wrote as he painted, with exhilarating imagination and force. At the Royal Academy, a selection of his manuscripts accompanied by the art works to which they refer will go on display, offering visitors a vivid and often moving insight into the vigorous convictions and tortured passions of one of the world’s best-loved painters. Van Gogh painted to express, not to shock – perhaps this will set the tone for the decade to come. Landy’s *Art Bin* certainly shocks but how long-lasting is this sentiment of the Noughties? EVELYN BROCKMANN

We have all heard of the Renaissance, and each age is punctuated by a revival of some sort, the spirit of one age is defined by the spirit of another: the 1870s style of ‘historicism’ is a case in point as its name suggests. Art is now a fashion in some ways, a need to redefine itself for fear of becoming unoriginal. It is this fear of the ‘done’ and unoriginal that has forced art into facing that terrifying and unanswerable question ‘what is art?’. The question has been asked, answered and battered about for millennia, and now the question is not asked but actually made. Art can if it wants no longer exist as an object, but become a range of philosophical questions, a piece of text, an argument and even be the artist him/herself. However, the future of art seems to be looking cautiously at the past, art about, not originality of ideas, but of mediums, and old mediums at that: the pencil, burin and brush. A taste of the future may be in Damien Hirst, eponymous hero of the sale room, who in his recent *Blue Paintings* has created his famous skulls out of paint and not diamonds: memento mori of a past no longer dying and unfashionable but as precious as the diamonds it has replaced. YATES NORTON

As we enter 2010, Michael Landy’s project *Art Bin* begins. The idea is that artists’ works are judged and, if deemed good enough, thrown into the *Bin* to be destroyed. Landy claims this is “a monument to artistic failure”; yes, to his own failure perhaps, but certainly not to Richard Wright, the recent winner of the Turner Prize’s failure. Unusually for a Turner Prize winner, the one thing everyone who saw Wright’s golden fresco mentioned was its beauty; one critic even wondering if it was “woven out of sunbeams”.

The choice of Wright as winner has been called a “very surprising detour” in the history of the Turner Prize. Yet it seems to me inevitable that, with people still reeling from the economic crisis, it will be beautiful, hopeful art, not perplexing or cynical art, that emerges to replace those works discarded in Landy’s *Art Bin*. Even Damien Hirst has acknowledged the need for change, turning his hand to painting and, apparently, actually managing to produce a couple of “moments of undeniable beauty”. But I don’t think a brief spattering of beauty will be enough. To survive in this coming decade that promises to bin the brutality and celebrity of the last thirty years of art, artists (Hirst included) will need to search for beauty wherever they can find it because, in Wright’s words, “at certain times people decide that beauty is a necessity” and it seems to me that this decade will be one of those times. MORAN SHELEG

Music

The most substantial change for pop music in the next decade will be how the songs are sold to us. Recording artists will struggle to find markets nostalgic enough to buy physical manifestations of their music. The album, born out of the physical restrictions of records, cassettes and then CDs, will disintegrate into a range of different sized releases. Free streaming and illegal downloading will force groups back onto the touring circuit in order to earn money from a public desirous for genuine experience after a decade of anodyne Cowell karaoke.

The biggest earning acts of the last decade were the rock dinosaurs of the 1960s. In the next ten years, nature will weaken the groups’ doddering influence over the musical landscape and hopefully give space to a range of new acts.

The 90s will become retro, so expect the 80s electro regeneration to be swept away by the filthy locks of grunge-nouveau around 2011 before neo-Britpop pouts along around 2014. EDWARD HENDERSON

If ever a decade was going to change the face of the book, it will be this one. Probably. Maybe. Let Amazon, Sony and Apple fight it out. Meanwhile, Britain faces potential Tory takeover, and new America grapples with the consequences of promised change: the political sphere dictated much of the last decade’s writing, and will continue to do so. Climate change will form the basis for a batch of big, ambitious novels, and expect the next flavour in new writing to be Chinese. Twilight was Harry Potter’s sexier sister; tweens are holding their breath for what comes next.

Inevitably, though, technology will affect our reading habits. We’ll witness liberated writers self-publishing whatever they choose and readers navigating their way through the world’s collection of literature. As an antidote for bibliophiles, the book will reclaim its status as precious object as readers select fonts, paper and images to ‘build their own books’. The next literary decade will be dictated by you, and anything is possible. ZELJKA MAROSEVIC

Books

The book is dead. In its place is its technological counterpart, the e-book Reader. The first e-book, or e-reader, launched by Apple in 1993, allowed users to view and read text easily on its large, yet portable, screen. In 2009 the popularity of the e-reader exploded and, with the release of 20 new models onto the market within the past 12 months, it is probable that this new technology will replace the traditional book in the next decade. Whilst a novel or textbook in paper form can be cumbersome to transport, expensive and can often come with a certain social stigma when read in public, the e-reader enables users to cheaply download multiple e-books onto the device’s extensive hard drive. The instant availability and ease of reading texts will lead to the mass consumption and reinvention of literature and do for the novel what the iPod has already done for music. FIVICKERSTAFF



PAUL MERCHANT

Arts Comment

Taking a world view – why publishers need not fear getting lost in translation

When I walk into a bookshop on the Continent, several things stand out. Leaving aside the obvious fact that most of the books aren't in English, the most striking of these is usually the pervasive sense of foreignness. By that, I don't mean French books in a French bookshop. I mean Italian, Russian, Swedish, or Spanish books in translation, sitting alongside the latest novel by Amélie Nothomb. I can't claim to have a representative sample, but in my experience English bookshops are somewhat less multicultural. Translated books tend to appear after they have known huge success throughout the rest of Europe (like Stieg Larsson's Millennium trilogy – first published in Swedish), or if they are part of the established canon of 'classics' (*Madame Bovary*, *War and Peace*, etc.). It has taken decades, for example, for a new generation of Latin

American writers to emerge from the enormous shadow of García Márquez, Vargas Llosa et al. In musical terms, we get the hit singles, but very rarely the rest of the album.

Britain and North America have a rich literary tradition. Perhaps the people who make the decisions feel this means that other literatures can be relegated to a couple of shelves on the 3rd floor. This may be commercially understandable – after all, people are more likely to buy books by authors they have heard about elsewhere – but it does mean that the reading public ends up with a rather warped, Anglocentric view of world literature. I suspect that the number of Europeans who have heard of E.M. Forster, Philip Roth or Ian McEwan is far greater than that of British people, not to mention Americans, who have heard of many foreign equivalents.

Maybe we assume that translated work has less artistic value than the original; that the process

of translation 'dilutes' the essence of the text and makes it less worth reading. A translation is different, for sure. But it's rather narrow to assume that any process of alteration moves the work away from its one true 'meaning'. Take Ted Hughes' translation of Racine's *Phèdre*. Hughes takes the line 'C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée', and makes it 'Venus has fastened onto me like a tiger'. The two lines are similar, but also clearly have their own character – and, most importantly, Hughes' explicit tiger is no less valuable than Racine's implicit monster.

Translators are, above all, writers. A good knowledge of the source language is of course essential, but ultimately the key is how well the end product reads in

English. It is telling that translations of classic foreign literature can themselves become 'classics' – E.V. Rieu's translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being an obvious example. The 'wine-dark sea' and the 'rosy-fingered dawn' have a beauty which belongs to the translator as well as to Homer. It's not exactly a question of second-class writing.

The recession may not be the time to take risks, but it would be good if, one day, publishers and bookshops found a greater spirit of adventure. If the U.K. can produce exciting new writers, it's reasonable to assume that other countries are doing it too. I've focused on Europe here, but it would be even more exciting to dive a bit deeper into the 'New World' – China, India, Latin America. It would be at the very least a fascinating look at cultures in transition. It might even make a good read as well.



FOOD & DRINK

Aslan's Feast

This term, **Rosie Corner** looks at how eating habits have been influenced by the arts – starting with a suitably wintry Narnia-inspired dish.

So it's January – the traditional time for detoxing and diuretics after seasonal excess – yet, with snow lying all around and the ravages of a new term to face, I find myself yearning for a wholly different kind of food.

In *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, published in post-war rationed Britain, the Pevensie children are transported to a world of magic, adventure and perpetual winter- but also one containing the richest, most satisfying foods that a war time child could imagine.

In Narnia, a commonplace necessity such as food takes on another, more beautiful dimension. It is a solidifier for new friendships: when Mr. Tumnus invites Lucy for afternoon tea and serves up a feast of buttered toast, boiled eggs, sardines and a sugar-topped cake, her sweetness, and the companionship of sharing this meal, convinces the turncoat Tumnus to denounce his evil mistress the White Witch. Similarly, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver lay claim to the children's friendship with a meal of pre-war fantasy food: creamy milk, yellow butter, potatoes, fresh fish and, for children unlikely to have seen an orange

since 1939, a marmalade roll. A nostalgia for smells and flavours pervades Lewis' writing throughout the series: in *The Silver Chair* the dwarves treat Eustace and Jill to a panful of sausages: 'not wretched sausages half-full of bread and soya bean either, but real, meaty, spicy ones, fat and piping hot and burst and just the tiniest bit burnt' which could not be further from their wartime (or, dare



I say it, supermarket) equivalent. Dwarves, the perennial carnivorous gluttons of literature, apparently lay on quite a feast; 'great mugs of frothy hot chocolate, roast potatoes, roast chestnuts [...] baked apples with raisins stuck in where the cores had been [...] and ices just to freshen you up after all the hot things'.

But, as Lewis sagely warns us, 'there is nothing that spoils

the taste of ordinary food half so much as the memory of bad magic food.' Poor Edmund, while trying to enjoy good, worthy, fish in the Beaver's dam, feels his mind wander back to the wicked Turkish delight he's just tasted. This sentiment may reflect a reaction to the influx of new eating habits following armistice: British soldiers returning from France pining for pâtisserie, the American imports of hamburgers and tinned exotic fruits, a growing fondness for pasta... heady delights, but to be approached with caution.

In books full to brim with Christian teaching, it is inevitable that when enemies are vanquished and evil is defeated, the victors should celebrate with paradisaal food. In the great feast at Cair Paravel after the death of the White Witch there is 'revelry and dancing [where] gold flashed and wine flowed', and no doubt, a spread fit for heaven itself. But, better than any of this, food can mean salvation. In *The Magician's Nephew*, Digory presents his dying mother with an apple that saves her life – what more could we ask of the food we eat?

Recipe of the Week



Microwave-friendly Stuffed Apples Serves 6

So, sons of Adam and daughters of Eve, I now present to you, a highly palatable, easily recreatable and downright delectable recipe from Narnia to share with friends until Spring rolls round again (fawn and centaur guests optional).

6 Bramley apples
6 tbsp raisins
6 tbsp brown sugar (demerara, muscavado, palm – whatever)
Any little extras: brandy, chopped dates, a little orange juice – whatever's lurking in the cupboard

1. Core your apples with a sharp knife, and, if you have an apple peeler and slightly too much time on your hands, have a gay old time carving patterns into the skin – I did polka dots and helter-skelter stripes.
2. Mix the raisins with 4 tbsp of the brown sugar and any other fruit or booze you might have.
3. Stuff the cored apples with the raisin mixture, arrange on a large dinner plate and sprinkle on the

- remaining sugar. Cling film the whole plate.
4. Microwave on full power for 8-10 minutes, until the apples are soft but can still hold their shape.
 5. To make sauce, transfer the apples to another plate and tip any liquid they have exuded into a saucepan over a low heat. Cook gently as the excess liquid evaporates off to leave you with a fruity caramel sauce. You can stretch up the sauce by stirring in cream, butter or yoghurt at this stage, or even a bit more booze.
 6. Serve your apples drizzled liberally with sauce, preferably around a campfire in a woodland setting – or alternatively in a staircase kitchen, huddled around the stove.

Varsity

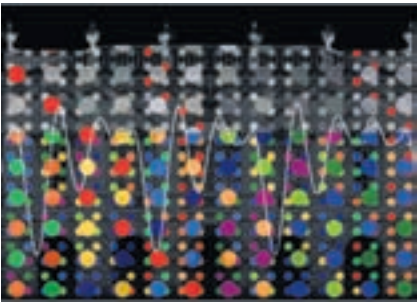
Listings

Pick of the Week

Transforming Tomorrow: 800th Anniversary Finale

SATURDAY JANUARY 16TH - MONDAY 18TH JANUARY , KING'S PARADE, 18.30 - 22.00

One year on from the start of the celebrations, a light show from Senate House to King's College by world-renowned artist Ross Ashton marks the climax of the Cambridge 800th Anniversary celebrations. Images will explore the University's hand in cutting-edge research, and probably won't contain those light effects they use at Gitmo to torture you with nausea. Viva la Cambridge.



Film

The Road

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 13.30, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00 (EXCEPT SAT 13.00, 15.30, 18.45, 21.15)

Pick of the week Film

The ultimate post-apocalyptic hell. Comes complete with cannibals.



Daybreakers

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 11.50, 14.10, 16.30, 18.50, 21.20, FRI/SAT/WED 23.30

Daybreakers (above) - cashing in on the Twilight-inspired vampire trend? Surely not?

Nowhere Boy

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 12.00, 19.00 (SAT ONLY 12.00, EXCEPT TUES 11.30)

Will Aaron Johnson (previous tweenie heartthrob) be able to get to grips with the legacy of Lennon? A girl can dream.

Avatar

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 12.10, 15.50, 19.30, FRI/SAT/WED 23.10

The most expensive film ever made but with such witty details as calling a rare fuel 'unobtainium' it can't possibly fail. On a course to sink Titanic as the highest-grossing film ever.

Welcome

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 14.30, 19.00 (SAT ONLY 19.00)

17-year-old Kurdish boy embarks on a training program so that he can swim the English channel and reach his girlfriend. Coming on too strong?

Nine

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 14.00, 16.30, 21.10 (EXCEPT SAT 16.20, TUES ONLY 16.30, 21.10)

Daniel Day-Lewis heads up an all-star cast in this remake of Fellini's classic about a lothario with writer's block.

It's Complicated

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 12.30, 15.10, 17.50, 20.30, SAT/SUN 10.00, FRI/SAT/WED 23.20

What do you do with your ex-husband? Have an affair with him, of course.

Music & Nightlife

Friday January 15th

The Fiver

THE JUNCTION, 18.30-22.30 (£5)

Six up-and-coming acts showcase their youthful approach to indie-pop and their dedication to the malnourished look. Satellite to Nowhere headline.

Gilad Atzmon + Strings

THE JUNCTION, 20.00 (£15 ADV)

Gilad Atzmon, accompanied by the Sigamos String Quartet, pays tribute to his hero Charlie Parker. Expect impassioned jazz and the occasional political rant.

Saturday January 16th

CUMS: Britten's War Requiem

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, 20.00 (£5/17/27/32)

Pick of the week Music

Part of the Great Conductor series, David Hill waves

frantically at the choirs of Christ's, Clare, Gonville & Caius, Jesus and Selwyn. Tickets from the Corn Exchange box office.

Sunday January 17th

Oasis @ Fez

FEZ, 22.00 - 03.00 (£4)

Unlike the band, still going strong. Everyone's favourite place to be on a Sunday night... go on, you know you'll be there.

Sunday January 17th

Promenade Concert

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, 13.15 - 14.00 (FREE)

Paul Ryder, Andrew Lawrie and Alex Reid play Brahms and Berkeley in Gallery 3.

Monday January 18th

Live Irish Music

THE WHITE SWAN, 20.30 (FREE)

Fiddles and foot-stomps on Mill Road. Expect a boozy evening of Irish polkas and jigs belted-out the old fashioned way.

Wednesday January 20th

Laura Veirs and the Hall of Flames

THE JUNCTION, 20.00 (£12 ADV)

Laura Veirs marks the release of her seventh album by bringing her round-the-campfire sound to The Junction.

Theatre



Theatre A Midsummer Night's Dream

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 19.45 (£6/9)

Pick of the week Theatre

It's been to Amsterdam. It's been to Paris. It's been to Cloppenburg. Catch it now you can, because it looks special. And because that's the best poster of 2010 yet.

Lock, Stock and Improv

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23.00 (£4/6)

Improv is a dish best served with a suit, a bullet and a whole load of self-reference. Like The Godfather, only funny.

Clockwork

ADC LARKUM STUDIO, FRI-SAT 19.00 (£5/6)

Dark fantasy adapted from Phillip Pullman, the J. K. Rowling of serious academics. Set in a studio so intimate that an actor might accidentally mount you.

Cheese Badger

ADC THEATRE, TUE 23.00 (£5/7)

Is it a cheese? Is it a badger? No. It's Sir Henry Cheese-Badger, who probably didn't have the easiest time at school.

Dick Whittington and His Cat

CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE, FRI-SAT 19.00, SUN 18.00, FRI-SUN MAT 14.00 (£10/£12.50)

The Ali Baba of January. Written, created and devised by Brad Fitt, who also stars. As if you needed any more reason to go.

Shakespeare 4 Kidz

CORN EXCHANGE, TUE 10.30, 13.30 (£16.50)

Check out that trendy Z! Check out that trendy 4! Shakespeare would have approved. Bound to be popular with English students, Macbeth is slaughtered by song, dance, and modern language.

Arts

Ongoing Exhibitions

Modern Times: Responding to Chaos

KETTLE'S YARD, 16TH JAN - 14TH MARCH (FREE)

The first in a series of exhibitions at Kettle's Yard this year, in Modern Times the German artist and impresario Lutz Becker brings forward various modern artworks which light up the topical controversies of today. Expect Pollock, Klee and de Kooning to name a few.

Hidden Depths: Sargent, Sickert & Spencer

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, 8TH DECEMBER - 5TH APRIL (FREE)

Not just three dead painters whose names alliterate; so much deeper. So deep you might fall down it, so hidden you may never be found. A truly impenetrable showcase of 19th and 20th century watercolour, paintings and drawings.

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.

Art Speak

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM (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.

Life Drawing for All

BUCHAN STREET NEIGHBOURHOOD CENTRE, MONDAYS 9.30-12.15PM; FRIDAYS 7.00-9.30PM (£15)

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 letters written to his wife, Rose, in his tragic final years.

Hermione the Mummy

GIRTON COLLEGE, EVERY THURSDAY 2-4PM (FREE)

Pick of the week Arts

An archeological mystery, some say that Girton's Hermione holds the embalmed remains of an ancient PhD student who, many centuries ago, made a research trip there and never came back.

Talks & Events

Friday January 15th

Risk: Trying To Quantify Our Uncertainty

LADY MITCHELL HALL, 17.30

Want to predict the future? David Spiegelhalter discusses the impact of risk and uncertainty on our understanding of the yet-to-be.

Beginners Dance Classes

ST COLUMBA'S HALL, DOWNING PLACE, 7.30PM-9PM (£15 TO JOIN, £3 PER CLASS)

Indispensable introductory classes for those still packing the Christmas turkey pounds. No dancing partners necessary, self-esteem disadvantageous, friendless misanthropes welcome.

Monday January 18th

Gravitational Lensing

WOLFSON LECTURE THEATRE, CHURCHILL LECTURE, 19.30

A must-attend how-to lecture for those seeking to locate Dark Matter. The fabric of space/time does not get any more exclusive or chic.

Wednesday January 20th

Open Evening at the Institute of Astronomy

INSTITUTE OF ASTRONOMY, MADINGLEY ROAD, 19.00-21.00

An introductory session for those interested in scouring the stars. Expect an observation session if skies are clear.



Thursday January 21st

14th CAMRA Winter Ale Festival

UNIVERSITY SOCIAL CLUB, MILL LANE, 17.00 (£2.50)

USC, CURA and CAMRA members get in free. Over 100 beers and ciders, with session beers to boot. Stella-drinking pussies need not attend.

Boxed In



Week 1: Heroes

If you have never watched *Heroes*, now may not be the best time to start. The show follows a group of ordinary people who discover they possess superhuman powers, and it's as silly and as cheesy as it sounds. Despite this, the first season managed to garner a healthy and dedicated audience by being truly entertaining and boasting some stunning cinematography.

Unfortunately, Season Two, like many shows which never planned to be around for long (I'm looking at you, *Lost*), suffered from a soporific and lumbering storyline which never properly matured. Season Three continued the merry decline; reacting badly to universally negative reviews, the writers contracted a prolonged bout of plot diarrhoea. The show became confusing and each character so diluted that they all became totally unlikely.

Heroes' fourth season, tentatively titled 'Redemption', promises to be a return to form. Many characters have been returned to where they started at the beginning of Season One, presumably with the hope that the audience will warm to them again, and best of all, the pontificating Mohinder Suresh is completely absent. The plot focuses on a mysterious travelling carnival whilst the old cast try to return to some semblance of normality. The show's new selling point and bad guy is Robert Knepper, who was the brilliant T-Bag in *Prison Break*. Capable of inspiring fear with the most innocent of acts, Knepper dominated the screen with his ghoulish charisma.

Realistically, however, *Heroes*' glory days are over. This season is unlikely to rectify the problems which have plagued the show from the beginning, and already there are rumours of cancellation. You may be better off just purchasing Season One on DVD and stopping there or, better still, giving the little-known *The 4400* a try. Developed by sci-fi legend Robert Hewitt Wolfe, it bears a similar premise but handles it in a much more intelligent, interesting and compelling manner. DEAN REILLY

MUSIC



Deep, thoughtful musician, 29, seeks allergy-free soulmate for long walks in rapeseed fields.

Fyfe me to the moon

Fyfe Dangerfield

FLY YELLOW MOON

★★★★★

According to the promotional spiel, *Fly Yellow Moon* was 'written over a 12-month period in snatched moments after sound checks and before nights out'. Much as I feel bad for saying it, this does explain a lot. Opening track 'When You Walk in the Room' conveniently captures both everything that's good about this album as well as everything that's not. The instrumentation is striking; the subsequent jangling piano chords joyful; Dangerfield's vocals tinged with the ecstatic confidence of a natural and expressive singer desperate to convey pent-up happiness. And then, inexplicably, the song just goes nowhere. At all. Instead, it procrastinates for three lifeless minutes, endlessly repeating the same riffs, decent though they are.

First single 'She Needs Me' is

the best the album has to offer, opening with a 'Billie Jean' drumbeat that gives way to a fantastic string-laden chorus, sounding halfway between the best of Robbie Williams' most upbeat blathering and an amalgamation of every Christmas No. 1 you've ever heard. 'Livewire' also deserves praise. Both laid- and stripped-back, it sounds akin to the best of Death Cab and best captures Dangerfield's easy and authentic sentimentality.

But considering the artist's pedigree, many of the songs are let-downs. Second track 'So Brand New' is, quite frankly, fucking turgid and sounds dispiritingly similar to the equally morose 'High on the Tide'. 'Firebird' is the most interesting track, with Dylan-esque chords becoming the vehicle for a brooding and melodic take on the nursery rhyme 'Daisy, Daisy'. It's a unique, solitary gem on an album otherwise adrift upon a sea of its own mediocrity, but – let's face it – 'Daisy, Daisy' wasn't

the most mind-blowing of nursery rhymes. And whilst it obviously won't bother many, it's worth noting that, without exception, all the songs sound like they could be Guillemots tracks. There's absolutely nothing to markedly differentiate them from anything that Fyfe's cohort have given us before, except perhaps that the worst culprits, all mentioned above, are too boring for the rest of the Guillemots to tolerate having to play.

Ultimately, these are ten songs that glimmer with promise and never deliver. Most of them sound like Guillemots B-Sides, replete with the Dangerfield's unswervingly positive poetry, but devoid of the spark that gave life to epics like 'Trains to Brazil'. What's worse is that *Fly Yellow Moon* is not actually all that bad – it may even be good – and that the strop tone of this review is mostly down to the sheer disappointment of the reviewer. But, really, we were expecting better from the man behind Guillemots. DAVID PEGG

Charlie Winston

HOBO

★★★★★



He's topped the charts across the Channel, but for Cornwall-born folkster Charlie Winston, stardom at home remains elusive. Perhaps his problem is the same as that which haunts his album, *Hobo*. Flashes of brilliance, but overall very dull.

Winston is at his best when at his most derivative. The Nina Simone-esque bridge on 'In Your Hands' is the highlight of the record, and Ben Edwards' blues-infused harmonica line on 'Like a Hobo' gives the single the rootsy edge it needs, whilst collaborative vocal lines on 'Soundtrack to Love' make for a gorgeously sentimental ending. Sadly, rather than defining the collection, these moments are happy blips in a boring hour, with simplistic production and endless repetition of clichéd chorus after clichéd chorus. Winston has a versatile voice with potential, and I'm desperate for him to belt out a heart-wrenching verse in a moment of passion, but it never happens. Perfectly charming and easy to listen to, but nothing much of any substance, and too dainty for its own good. DAN GRABINER

Japandroids

POST-NOTHING

★★★★★



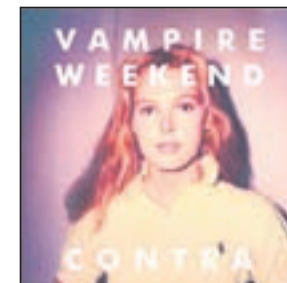
At last, the British release of Canadian guitar/drums duo's excellent debut. Japandroids play no-frills garage-rock, replete with fist-pumping riffs and joyously shouted vocals, that turns out to be deceptively complex.

The colossal texture of Brian

Vampire Weekend

CONTRA

★★★★★



For a quartet of Columbia-educated indie-kid white-boys, the Vampire Weekend debut sounded really African. "Primitive drums"? Synthesizers that "sound like the sun"? Bubbling with "joyous harmonies"? And I quote from some of the most read and respected reviewers on the Internet. It was a sad, sad time for African popular music.

Postcolonialist throwbacks aside, it was clear – even before the spread of 'A-Punk' through grotty clubs worldwide – that *Vampire Weekend* was a pretty lovely collection of songs. It assumed a position somewhere between the annual reminder of fake D.I.Y pop past, and the OC generation's preppily updated American Dream. Sure-to-be single 'Holiday' pops out as a solid piece of buttoned-up pop, with jutting guitars, rim-clicks and an elegantly dead-pan vocal delivery, whilst 'White Sky' is a synthed-up 'M79', complete with civilised chamber-ensemble sensibility.

Predictably, things sometimes go awry. 'California English' sounds like a hyperactive 13-year-old let loose on a vocoder. There's probably something clever going on, but quite what it is remains a mystery. 'Giving up the Gun', meanwhile, is a filthy flop. Chugging electro riffs weigh down Koenig's suddenly witless whine, and even the vaguely uplifting refrain can't make good the bad. Though tighter, punchier, and boasting a startlingly beautiful closing track, all the ingredients that made VW 2008's buzz-band are still here. JOE SNAPE

King's guitar hints at familiarity with shoegaze, and their songs seem shot through with the understanding that the teenage freedom they describe must end. To wit: the girls-obsessed lyrics and propulsive stomp of highlight 'Wet Hair' camouflage just how melancholy the song's guitar part becomes, while 'Sovereignty's' urgent croons are at once both exhilarating in their open-highway optimism and unabashedly yearning; King croons "it's raining in Vancouver / but I don't give a fuck / because I'm far from home tonight". But it's not all so intense, as the sublimely ridiculous 'Heart Sweats' drops non-sequitur put-downs over a cocky instrumental strut.

Post-Nothing, then, is an album that rocks hard but never harsh, and is simple but never simplistic. SCOTT WHITTAKER

FILM

Road to Nowhere

Nowhere Boy ARTS PICTUREHOUSE ★★★★★

I type this review through a cloud of desire – not my usual low-level lust, but passionate, Beatlesmania-style yearning for Aaron Johnson. It is as if he was cast not for his resemblance to Lennon, but rather his ability to induce the kind of giggling swoon that Elvis could in the fifties. We see John Junior realising the possibilities of being The Guy in the Band in an early scene in a cinema full of screaming teenage Liverpoolians, watching black and white footage of a thrusting Presley. However, Johnson is a fully realised rock and roll star merely by virtue of his cheekbones, rather than a drop-out kid with glasses who has yet to pick up a guitar.

The film follows the teenage Lennon seeking out his estranged Mother, who for various reasons gave him up when he was four, leaving him to live with his loving but puritanical Aunt Mimi. When he does find her, Julia almost too conveniently represents the lure of rock and roll, clicking on a jukebox and twirling John round to hits like ‘Shake, Rattle and Roll’. Reviewers have already commented on the Freudian relationship between John and Julia – at times she treats him more like a toyboy than a son, kissing him effusively and taking

him out dancing. Indeed Julia is depicted as John’s first love – he flirts arrogantly and artfully with girls his age, but the only ‘romantic’ scenes are with Julia, when she tells him to ‘Kiss Me Quick’ as they run down a Blackpool pier, or they lie on a sofa together listening to Screamin’ Jay Hawkins’ ‘I Put A Spell On You.’

Adoration aside, Johnson puts in an excellent turn as Lennon, capturing his wit, his repertoire of impressions, as well as his ability for cutting cruelty. The film is prettily shot, especially the Julia scenes, which are sped up into dizzying fast-motion or slowed down, reflecting their transient, dreamlike quality. I have an enduring love for Kristin Scott-Thomas, so even if playing the

self-contained, crisp-voweled Aunt Mimi isn’t much of a stretch for the queen of cut-glass repression, her performance is nonetheless excellent, and her solo scenes nervously waiting at home for an absent John are brutally affecting. Thomas Sangster (scrawny lovelorn Liam Neeson-spawn in *Love Actually*), puts in an incredibly weak and irritating performance as Paul McCartney. In scenes of high emotion, Sangster cannot begin to match Johnson’s acting abilities. Apart from minor criticisms, this more than competent film examines an interesting, generally unexplored period in Lennon’s life, and treats its subject with just enough irreverence that we see him as a human rather than an icon. VICTORIA BEALE



Deep, thoughtful musician, 19, seeks older woman for sudden marriage and spurious pregnancy.

Avatar VUE ★★★★★

There’s a layer of hype so thick surrounding *Avatar* it looks like you might have to wade through it. Make the effort and you’ll find a believable, intelligent and, as might be expected for the multi-million dollar price tag, a visually spellbinding film.

Superficially, the story of Jake Sully’s voyage onto alien planet Pandora to extract the very

valuable fuel ‘unobtainium’ that turns him from hostile foreigner into full-blown native sounds gratefully similar to other moralising narratives. You’ve heard of the kind I mean: they cast Westerners as the pinnacle of evil and greed, hell-bent on destroying the natural heritage of another ‘savage’ culture. And whilst there are those stereotypes floating around *Avatar*, Colonel Quaritch who heads up the American invading force being a prime example, they are just used as convenient devices

to explore the real essence of the story: the fascinating culture of the Na’vi.

Each intricate part of the planet and its inhabitants has been painstakingly thought-out to not only rapturous visual but also emotional effect. I cared far more about these tall, blue people than I was prepared for (even indulging in, I am ashamed to admit, fleeting moments of attraction). This intense attention to detail from the fantastical monsters that dominate the woods to the way the hair braids of the Na’vi link with the creatures they fly around on makes the world feel believable. The growing relationship between Jake Sully and the Na’vi princess, Neytiri, also plays out convincingly despite one cringe Hollywood <insert cliché here> speech where he declares his undying love for her (of course). It’s definitely worth seeing in 3D as well, since James Cameron doesn’t feel the need to fire rocks in your face to show you what technology he’s using but aims for a more subtle approach.

Granted, there is the odd slip-up but these are eminently forgivable in the light of quite how epic *Avatar* is: both in terms of technical breakthrough and narrative journey. KATIE ANDERSON



Meet Jake Sully’s alter-ego: hunky blue cat-person ‘Jake Sully’.

Art & Literature

Lumière: Lithographs by Odilon Redon FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

★★★★★



La Mort: “Rien n’est aussi bon que la maigreur”

The only thing to be regretted about the female nudes, shrieking demons and religious irony in Odilon Redon’s work is that they make it difficult simply to discuss these extraordinary lithographs; you almost have to defend them. Yet by defending them one also runs the risk of making them out to be less harrowing, less engrossing than they truly are. Indeed, as the Fitzwilliam’s dazzling current exhibition makes clear, this French Symbolist made a stylistic principle out of his ability to shock. His renderings of death and trauma are both too alive with pathos and too well crafted to feel gratuitous.

Most recognised for his use of pastels and oil, the marginal status of Redon’s drawing is celebrated by the small, wood panelled room in which they are now displayed. Here, set curiously off from the permanent collection, are fewer than thirty examples of Redon’s artistic vision and virtuosity. But in *Lumière* this economy of selection is not frustrating, because Redon is so visually rewarding; with virtually every lithograph there is simply an overwhelming amount to perceive on the paper.

This is indicated by the abstract, somewhat disorientating, titles Redon gave to each artwork: ‘Death: my irony surpasses all’ or ‘And the eyes without heads were floating like molluscs’. Although such statements may sound flatly undrawable, it’s great to see Redon’s, often successful, attempts at sketching them. When sketching Redon fixated upon the potential of light over and against darkness, working exclusively with black and white materials, with “a combination of luminous black lithograph ink and glowing paper” as the Fitz’s handlist puts it. In the especially striking ‘Isis’, for instance, a naked mother cradles a child, her bright features partly obscured by a wave of blank ink, darkening as it swirls from the picture plane. An intense gesture which points us outside of the work itself, Redon is always striving towards - before slipping past - shockingly luminous moments like this one, where his mind’s eye and those of the viewer are beautifully united. ELIOT D’SILVA

The Forward Book of Poetry 2010

FABER & FABER

★★★★★

In Meirion Jordan’s poem ‘Cry Wolf’, we learn that ‘long ago/ there were no poems only wolves’. But now such ferocious, tough poetry has disappeared and the poet-hunter instead delivers poor substitutes of ‘black dog skin, badly dyed.’ The irony, of course, is that Jordan’s poetry is nothing of the sort. His second poem in this anthology, ‘Calculus’, ebbs in and out like the ‘rhythms of the sea’ and reveals his stubborn determination to master the poetic craft, ‘Tonight/ I will be out late, then very late.’ Indeed, *The Forward Book of Poetry 2010* triumphs for compiling a collection which is serious about poetry, and the poetic voices of the moment.

The year’s shortlisted poems are printed first, but the book is generous in the room it affords the judges’ ‘Highly Commended Poems’, which are in themselves testament to the sheer expanse of the poetry terrain today. Some of this is insipid and makes modern poetry embarrassing to look upon. ‘You were a bird before we met’ begins Katharine Kilalea’s poem ‘You were a bird’. After the exhausting metaphor of two drunk lovers (drunk on love, we get it!), the last thing we want to do is hear about the birds again, yet there they are: ‘Now the letterbox is a bird/ and the telephone is made of birds...’

The poems in the shortlists are better. In Sharon Olds’ ‘Self Exam’, a woman examines her breasts, ‘sweeping/ For mines’. The description of this sensitive undertaking has an exactness which marks out all the finest poetry. When her hand feels ‘streambed gravel under walking feet’, we hear language and experience clicking into place. Winner of Best Collection, Don Paterson’s ‘The Lie’ unravels too calmly, too slowly, like all the best horror stories; the child’s voice whispering ‘Why do you call me The Lie?’ is terrifying. These poets have been out hunting, and they’ve brought back some wolves. ZELJKA MAROSEVIC

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Look out of your window. There is slush. There is grey. There is desperate need for Suspension of Disbelief, and thanks to fairies and Cheese Badgers and teenage pregnancy, you can get it. There are two evenings left to catch the show calling itself ‘THE BEST SHOW OF THE DECADE SO FAR’, which is far grander than a night of iPlayer and Sainsbury’s basics, let me tell you. It’s a big claim, but the cast of ETG’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* have bonded over Jacuzzi baths and many, many hours aboard coaches passing through anonymous European landscapes. Some people still talk about that *Hamlet* in hushed tones of awe and envy, so go see if the controversy of drug-laden fairies in leotards appeals to your Bard sensibilities. HOME RUN.

Come Tuesday, isn’t it time to find out where Kettle’s Yard actually is? *Dr. Faustus* is looking terrifying and spectacular, and it’s set in St. Peter’s Church, the kettle’s spout. As in, a church. You can probably get some God points while you watch. See *Incoming* to get the jist, our nifty new column offering some insight into an upcoming play. And that is why we call it *Incoming*.

Wolfson have pulled in a big name for your first Howler of the term. Chris Addison is the dork in *In the Loop* whose excuse for an affair with a White House junior is the prevention of conflict in the Middle East. Chris Addison is almost as funny as the guy who plays Malcolm. His national stand-up tour kicks off next month, so be all smug and see him in the hood before he starts writing autobiographies and advertising supermarkets. If brutal political comedy doesn’t melt your heart, then *Be My* be my little *Baby*. I’ll make you so proud of me... And all that swinging 60s jazz. Next week’s ADC late show is like the vintage *Juno*: pregnant teenage angst with twee indie soundtrack discarded for 60s legends. Weep and groove. Welcome to Lent. ABIGAIL DEAN

A Midsummer Night’s Dream

ADC MAINSHOW
★★★★★

Enter into an industrial, monochrome forest formed on the outskirts of a city under authoritarian rule. The invitation is salivatic; you dribble at the prospect of the gritty thrill ahead; a clash to some of the recent grey mainshows that the ADC has churned out. After sponging the viscid smear from your lapel, you might be shocked to discover that this is extracted from the Facebook event description of *A Midsummer’s Night Dream*, the ADC’s latest big event.

The expectation is dichotomized into thrill and confusion; Cambridge’s bastion auditorium has the plums to foist a seemingly incongruous (dark) reading upon one of our Will’s most seemingly harmless comedies?

This is what makes director Max Barton’s rendering such a chin-stroking watch, despite its faults. Most student productions succumb to formula, playing out an innocent amatory farce. For those who don’t know the story: a quartet of Athenian youths abandon metropolis for a mixed up romp in a forest while simultaneously a band of amateur actors (‘Mechanicals’) delve wood-deep for a rehearsal. Both groups are subjected to the japes of the resident fairies, and chaos ensues. In this take, the characters escape from a ruthless totalitarian state where

a child’s defiance means death and the Mechanicals are prisoners permitted day release. Theseus (Simon Haines) forces his chained Hippolyta (Antonia Ukland) into wedlock, bringing new potency to the line ‘I wooed thee with my sword’.

But the opening’s interpretative element was mild compared with what followed: the canopy-magic of fairy thicket became a steely underworld; strobe lighting forced the reading of fairies as drug addicts. These madcap scarefairies laughed maniacally, and swung sinisterly about, but the effect was overdone. The production’s failings stem from amongst other indulgent eggings of the ‘dark’ interpretation: the ocular dewing does not require accompanying substance fits to make it malevolent and it is not necessary to couple Helena’s request “spurn me, strike me” with masochistic arse-gesturing. What was once subtle became blatant, and the same applied to

“Strobe lighting forced the reading of fairies as drug addicts.”

the Mechanicals: their membership mentally impaired, a clever conceit grew tired in repetition.

The acting was, however, consistent, but for the nice exceptions of Joey Batey’s Bottom, who fruitfully reigned back on the time-old



REBECCA PITT

caricatured rendition, and Ellie Kendrick as Hermia, who was blissfully naturalistic, especially in the hilarious – and intricately staged – slapstick fugue. Haines, however, proved comparatively bland as Oberon; his tinman strut – fine when playing staid dictator – was disjunctive against the forest’s eye-watering gymnastics. This gait undermined his fairy-status and gave Oberon the walk of Robocop with haemorrhoids.

The set was astonishing, all giant monkey bars and detritus. The costuming of the Athenian state was well-tailored; the same cannot

be said for the leotard fairywear, which looked as if designers had plundered a skip brimming with the discarded garbs of *Labyrinth* – another signature of the overtly conceptualised aesthetic.

The problems were not with the outstanding technical features, but a tail-wagging enthusiasm for staging over script; this occluded some of the verse’s qualities, especially between Oberon and Titania. In taking the challenging angle to something ‘safe’, Barton overdid himself, rejoining that split expectation which was once so spittle-inducing. EDWARD HERRING

Frankly, the idea of getting up on stage with only the compliance of a late-show crowd, and your own quick wit for comfort makes me quake in my boots. With that in mind, I concede that what this show lacks in fluency and organisation, it certainly makes up for with guts.

It turns out that I, ultimate audience participation scrooge, was to be forced off my feet immediately. Luckily I was not alone: the bouncy yet cynical narrator had us demonstrating reactions to circumstances ranging from witnessing a friend being shot to being lobbed with a melon. Not a classic start, but a fine ice-breaker. Trying to describe the ensuing ‘storyline’ will sound like a surreal nightmare: cheerful narrator gets the audience to shout out words and phrases to form some kind of plot. Due to the beauty of improvisation, this will vary every night: I

Lock, Stock and Improv

ADC LATESHOW
★★★★★



PAUL SMITH

witnessed Pasqual the Teacup’s attempt to blow up Santa with a deadly cake bomb whilst smuggling illegal marshmallows into the country, hampered by the efforts of the Pope and a man impregnated by Zeus. See, told you.

The thing is, while I was impressed by the pluckiness of the cast, there are irritations. If you’re going to ask the audience for that many answers, then you’re going to forget them, and while this initially adds to the comedic value, increasingly it appears clumsy. Furthermore, relentless cheap gags don’t demonstrate improvisation skills (I don’t ever want to hear a man say the words “slipped,” “into” and “my stocking” to Father Christmas again), and after awhile are just cringeworthy. This cast is potentially hilarious and with the laughter of tonight’s audience ringing in their ears they can only get better, but improvisation finesse was a little lacking. JEMIMA MIDDLETON

What can you get away with in a dream play? As its writer, quite a bit. Tennessee Williams populated his strange, dusty dream town of *Camino Real* with a plethora of literary characters snatched from centuries past; he recast them as pitiful and desperate people; he provoked Walter Kerr to condemn the play as ‘the worst yet written by the best playwright of [his] generation’. Devoid of linearity and any obvious protagonist, it isn’t the easiest script to stage. And the director of the dream play can’t get away with quite so much as its writer – they’ve got an audience demanding coherence.

So coherence would have been nice. Amidst garbled Spanish accents – raised, far too often, to shrieks – it wasn’t such an easy fish to catch. Add in a guitar, perpetually strummed at the corner of the stage (how very Mexicana), and lines slipped away, taking the audience’s attention with them. Williams’ *Camino Real* is a prison-like limbo, presided over by smug hotel manager Gutman. Passports are stolen and occupants forced to confront their failures,

and yet the place’s sorrow never really prevailed: from music to bold costume, subtleties were swallowed by garish fervour.

The nightmarish quality of Williams’ vision did make it through the hysteria, nicely elicited by the actors out of the spotlight: they clustered at the side-lines on filthy bed linen and hung over the action with vague interest. Abdullah, Gutman’s sycophant, was a constant loathsome presence, cackling amidst angst and contorting in glee. David Lynch-like figures cluttered the stage’s extremities, eerie enough without their painted faces and erratic costumes. There’s rarely need for the donning of one Converse, and there was no need to camp up the terror. The most excruciating scene saw Marguerite (poached from Dumas’ *The Lady of the Camellias*) missing the single plane out of the place, her panic ever more profound as “lost” documents saw the single chance for freedom fly away. That’s how dreams convert themselves to theatre best: in turns helpless, confused and tender, they are fascinating not only for their surrealism, but for their psychology. ABIGAIL DEAN

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ Snow White molested by the Seven Dwarves ★★★★★ Hobgoblin nightmare ★★★★★ Comedown ★★★★★ Puck-A ★★★★★ Blinding

Clockwork

ADC LARKUM STUDIO

★★★★★

Welcome to Glockenheim, a town that runs by clockwork. It's the kind of place you'd expect to find in a Philip Pullman novel, its eponymous bell-tower casting a dark gothic shadow over the simple townfolk, and forcing them to huddle together around the generous warmth of the innkeeper's fire.

This is where you, the audience, come in to find the Larkum Studio transformed into a good ol' German Inn. The grog is flowing, regulars prop up the bar, and the innkeeper provides suitably garrulous conversation. Once this story is wound up, the programme warns, then there's no stopping it, and the cogs certainly seem to have been turned long before the audience arrives.

It is the night before Karl, the clock-maker's apprentice, is to reveal his "clockwork" for the

bell-tower, and an audience has gathered to witness it, entertained in the meantime by a storyteller's eerie yarns. This cosy scene is soon interrupted by the arrival of the sinister Dr. Kalmeneius, and the story can begin in earnest.

Pullman's novel is essentially a study in the uncanny, something captured effectively by Holly Race's new adaptation. She weaves together the various narrative stands skilfully and convincingly, whilst maintaining the gothic, fairy-tale vibe that permeates this story. There are moments

in which the action seems to have been transferred perhaps too literally from book to stage, with certain episodes lacking the immersive realism achieved by the performance as a whole. These, however, are mercifully few, and seem to have more to do with the practicalities of staging a complicated narrative piece in a space as compact as the Larkum Studio. Race has done

well to assemble a talented cast and crew from an apparently diverse theatrical background. One actor was even summoned from a bookshop on a remote Greek island to join the already rehearsing cast, a decision that clearly paid off, with Eleanor Buchan's performance as Gretl, the innkeeper's daughter, proving to be the most dynamic of the show. She gives an enchanting, playful rendition of Pullman's innocent heroine, whilst her Princess Mariposa provides an entertaining study into aristocratic haughtiness.

Matt Jamie's threatening reserve as Dr. Kalmeneius also stands out. He is, as demands, a well-primed mechanism, requiring only the slightest provocation to swing into violent action.

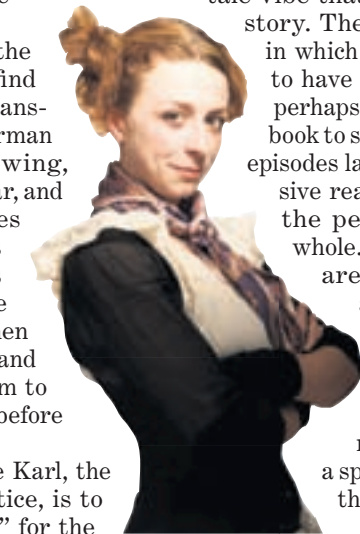
The tension his presence on stage creates is palpable, especially in his exchanges with the young Karl, ably played by Tom Crellen, who draws on his experience as a current undergraduate

to present an agitated sociopath suffering from extreme deadline anxiety.

The decision to design the production around the 'steampunk' genre added an interesting Jules Verne edge to the performance, with old clocks reassembled to provide an array of bizarre mechanical devices. Designers Gillian Bates and Laura Bakes use a difficult space well, whilst Alex Beckett's lighting and back-projections reinforce the oppressive presence that the clocktower comes to symbolize, with cogs and giant clock faces presiding over the action. Time is one commodity that this production, faithful to its theme, won't let you forget.

Though this production does suffer from its limitations, it's an interesting project from an ambitious young company and showcases some real talent. You could do worse on a winter's night than to join the citizens of Glockenheim for an evening of eerie entertainment.

DAVID SHONE



I might have been better off trundling along to *The Sound of Music* in the West End. Nobody can deny that the Théâtre du Châtelet looks good, but the odd moments of this production's brilliance didn't do that stage justice: this was not a satisfying production for either French or English-speaking audience members.

Daniel Bianco should be given special credit for an outstanding set design; a grand country-house in which walls were painted with mountain motifs and the carpet was a hill of bright green turf. Kevin Farrell's clever direction was also commendable, notably when actors dressed as Nazi guards appeared in the midst of the audience, rendering us collaborators witnessing the singing spectacle before Captain von Trapp's arrest. Yet there were clunks; even the most stellar songs were undermined by insipid scenes. The various European nationalities of the cast gave the production some nice international flavour, but unintelligible lines was a high price to pay. Add father-daughter

La Mélodie de Bonheur

THEATRE DU CHATELET, PARIS

★★★★★

duo Rod and Carin Gilfry's (Georg and Liesl von Trapp) Californian twangs into the mix, and the von Trapp family begins

to sound very strange indeed.

Sylvia Schwartz was a joyful and carefree Maria, but most fellow cast members failed to live up to her energetic example: only the quality of the musical numbers sustained anticipation.

The linguistic barrier was breached with prominent subtitle screens, yet a glance around the auditorium showed several perplexed faces. Even with my poor linguistic skills, I could see that some song lyrics had to be butchered in order to form coherent sense for a foreign audience – correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think 'doe' quite translates into 'a female deer' in French. You know a script's light-hearted verbal play is lost when left tittering alone at jokes in the midst of deathly silence. The standing ovation, when it came, seemed fitting for the experience, but not for the quality, which was more deserving of lukewarm applause. LYDIA ONYETT

A month before performing *The Waste Land* at Wilton's Music Hall, Fiona Shaw

had a rehearsal inside an MRI scanner. This process wouldn't be used to identify a tumour, but to see whether the actor's brain behaved abnormally when she read dramatically; to identify the distinctions from such drama to the clinical counting of a series of numbers. The results of Shaw's scan were instructive, revealing that when voicing *The Waste Land* part of the brain worked overtime to remember her lines and to visualise the roles she was performing. It's an intriguing phenomenon, and one with much relevance to T.S. Eliot's poetry, a poetry which plays on human psychology and its rattling neurosis.

Having first appeared there in 1997, Deborah Warner's bold and well-travelled production reproduces that neurosis to dazzling effect. Brought back to Wilton's Music Hall for the venue's 150th anniversary, this Warner/Shaw show should be grouped with Sophocles' *Electra* (2002) and Beckett's *Happy Days* (2008) as a literary piece of performance art, typifying the pair's exciting blend of bookish experimentalism. To advertise it as an occasion when 'Fiona Shaw reads *The Waste Land*' is, therefore, a little misleading. Warner's eye-catching direction means the audience receives something more limitless than ventriloquism: something original and human.

Emerging out of pitch darkness as the evening begun, Shaw cut a decidedly unassuming figure, wearing a sweater, scarf and jeans not unlike those sported by many in her audience. Her outfit would prove indicative of the production's

The Waste Land

WILTON'S MUSIC HALL, LONDON

★★★★★

communality, of its keenness to emphasise that the waste land space of the poem is also a space between people.

Packing an impressive mixture of song, dialect, dialogue and physical gesture into just 45 minutes, Warner and Shaw seemed intent upon bridging that space.

Although there were moments



MARILYN KINGWILL

when the texture of Eliot's writing went astray, what was lost in matters of rhyme was recovered in how skillfully Shaw acted her way around this most fragmentary modern poem. With the assistance of Jean Kalman's jittery lighting, which pulses suggestively at particular turning points, she captures the relationships between the poem's various differentiated, voices. Comedic, soulful and frighteningly empty, at its best this production made *The Waste Land*'s most renowned and enigmatic lines new. Contorting her body as though facing her own crucifixion, Shaw forced St. Augustine's words "O Lord Thou pluckest me out / burning" from her lips, providing a clever allusion of theatrical power. ELIOT D'SILVA

Incoming



Dr. Faustus

Theatre is a visual art form, and many have explored the borderlands it shares with other visual forms: dance, performance art, even sculpture. The common ground between painting and drama, however, is less well-trodden, because it's harder to find. So as we put together a play to form part of an exhibition, we had few precedents to plagiarise. Luckily, the paintings we're working with are intelligent, complex and, best of all, dramatic. For his exhibition, Tom de Freston has focussed on the religious iconography that has always influenced him. In one series, the supported bodies of Deposition painting become free-falling – or floating – figures, a stripping of context that performs our loss of continuity with religious and artistic tradition, inducing a similar vertigo.

With such paintings in mind, the choice of play was almost obvious: through Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* we could confront religion in our own art form. Marlowe was probably an atheist, at a time when to be so was to be outside the supporting framework that gave meaning to life, and to death. His Faustus is a powerful exploration of religious despair. Our Faustus is a Victorian anatomist, looking for spiritual answers, like Tom's art, in the material of the human body. The text does not decide whether Faustus really sees and learns all that Mephistopheles promises him, or whether the devil is a flamboyant stage manager, borrowing Marlowe's ornate language and the paraphernalia of the theatre to trap his victim in a series of flattering images, like a court painter dressing his dwarfish monarch in imperial robes. We've embraced the latter, to find an irony in Marlowe's play which chimes with both the humour and the gravity of Tom's painting: that although Mephistopheles brings Faustus to be lost to Heaven, in doing so he saves him from a despair that acknowledges neither Heaven nor Hell – the knowledge that what actually happens after you die is nothing. RORY ATWOOD. RORY IS PART OF THE MOVEMENT THEATRE COMPANY: DR. FAUSTUS IS SHOWING AT ST PETER'S CHURCH, KETTLE'S YARD, FROM TUES-SAT (SEE VARSITY WEEK).



CAMBRIDGE WINE MERCHANTS

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD WINE SCHEME DRINK THE BEST FOR LESS

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD COLLEGES GET TO BUY THE VERY BEST WINES AT THE LOWEST PRICES. THEY'RE BIG BUYERS – CAUTIOUS, INTELLIGENT, INFORMED. AS PRESTIGIOUS CUSTOMERS THEY GET SOUGHT-AFTER ALLOCATIONS OF THE BEST STUFF AND AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES FROM THE WINE TRADE.

CAMBRIDGE WINE MERCHANTS HAS BEEN A MAJOR PLAYER IN THIS SUPER-COMPETITIVE MARKET FOR 15 YEARS. WE REPRESENT MANY OF THE WORLD'S TOP WINERIES FOR SALES INTO OXBRIDGE COLLEGES AND ACT AS THE CONDUIT FOR DISCOUNTS AND SPONSORSHIP DEALS FROM MAJOR DRINKS BRAND OWNERS, CHAMPAGNE HOUSES ETC.

WE'RE OFFERING VARSITY READERS AND THEIR FAMILIES THE CHANCE TO BENEFIT FROM EXACTLY THE SAME HOT DEALS THAT COLLEGES GET ON WINE. THERE'S NO FEE, NO OBLIGATION TO BUY, AND A MINIMUM ORDER OF ONLY ONE DOZEN BOTTLES PER ORDER. WE'LL SEND YOU OUR LATEST COLLEGE OFFERS BY EMAIL EVERY FEW WEEKS, NO JUNK MAIL OR MARKETING CALLS. WE HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF FREE MEMBERSHIP PLACES AVAILABLE.

TO JOIN OR FOR MORE INFO EMAIL [BRETT@CAMBRIDGEWINE.COM](mailto:brett@cambridgewine.com)

Cambridge branches:

King's Parade - near the Mental Clock Bridge Street - by Magdalene Bridge
Mill Road - corner of Covent Garden

YES

you do need a haircut

heikemartinhairdressing.com

Now Open
7 Days A Week
21:00 - 05:00
Tel. 07540364192

BEERS2U

LATE NIGHT ALCOHOL DELIVERY

Full Details @ www.beers2u.net

10% Discount for all Students with **VALID** photo ID

Free Delivery in Cambridge With Orders Over £30

twenty4-7
Airport Transfer Specialist

Stansted from £45.00
Luton from £45.00
Heathrow from £79.00
Gatwick from £99.00

Call **07514141338**
Or visit
www.twenty4-7.co.uk

Want to advertise your event here?
advertising@varsity.co.uk
01223 337575

Varsity

T-SHIRTS · HOODIES · POLO SHIRTS · FITTED T'S · RUGBY SHIRTS
SPORTSWEAR · LONG SLEEVED T'S · SWEATSHIRTS · DRILL TOPS
FLEECEES · FITTED T'S · RUGBY SHIRTS · BASEBALL CAPS · TIES
LONG SLEEVED T'S · SWEATSHIRTS · BASEBALL CAPS · TRACKSUITS

TALKING T'S
www.talkingts.co.uk
est.1989

PRINTING & EMBROIDERY TO YOUR DESIGN

- all standard College and University crests plus many society logos already held
- all work carried out in our Cambridge workshop ensuring flexibility and quality
- free artwork and design service
- convenient collection or delivery options

- come and talk to us, try on samples and see colour swatches or phone or email for a quotation.

37 BRIDGE ST. CAMBRIDGE (opposite Quayside)
01223 302411 shop@t-shirts.co.uk

supplying college stuff for over twenty years

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY OFFICIALLY LICENSED

SMART SERVICES LTD
SMART BARBERSHOP & INTERNET CAFE
STUDENTS 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL OUR SERVICES

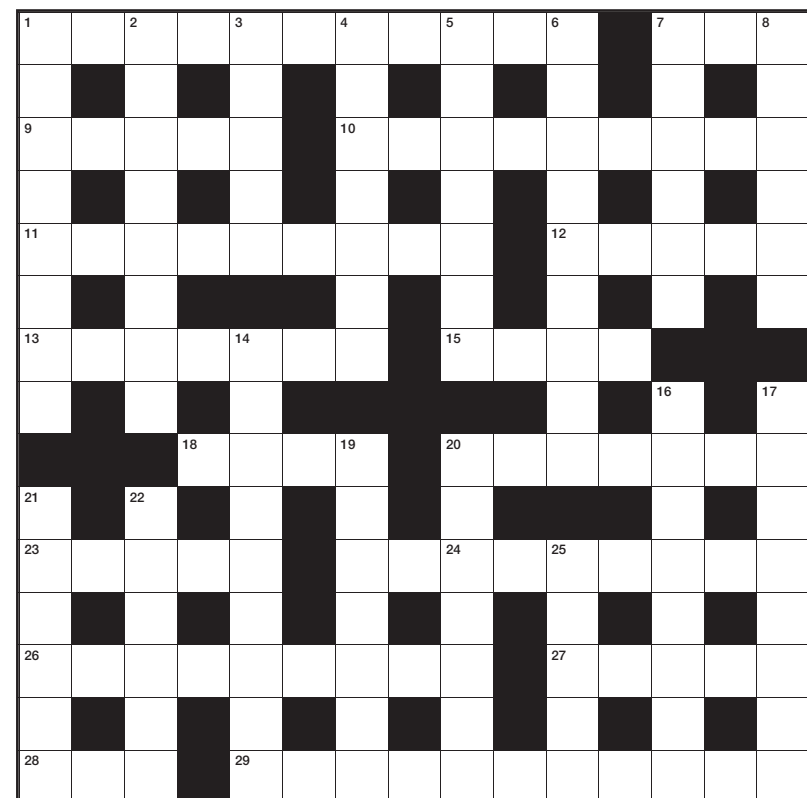
Smart Men Haircuts from £8.50
Laptops & PC Repairs
Phone Unlocking
Accessories
Instant Passport/ID Photos

Address/contact
79 Regent Street
Cambridge City Centre
CB2 1AW
Tel: 01223 324460
Website: www.smartservicesltd.co.uk

Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

NO. 517



Across

- 1 In such places one tries to uphold the law (11)
7 Stick to ban (3)
9 Coming together out of one noun (5)
10 Wanton assortment of duets and soli (9)
11 Sweet schoolteacher scandalously

- 12 stripped of hers (9)
12 Signal in which it comes back as a type of pie? (5)
13 Literary language of Germany, condensed into one month (7)
15 11 7a of which Jonathan Ross might mention a box? (4)
18 Circumstance goes with this back-handed afternoon operation (4)

- 20 Enormous quantity - hardly a jewel, on reflection (7)
23 11 7a sounds softly! (5)
24 At closing, sadly reminiscent (9)
26 Moral correctness? Destroyed it, you would say (9)
27 11 7a left in imposter (5)
28 Generally established to yield confirmation (3)
29 Rockers' partners follow trick junction for manipulators (11)

Down

- 1 11 7a - head of Catholic-controlled church, that is (8)
2 As one academic institution said ... (8)
3 ... A dance is not a great start in assembly (5)
4 Casual partner's aging boy? Unknown (3, 4)
5 Ingredients of tiramisu spectacularly doubtful (7)
6 Sprawling throw bringing in an expression of pain (9)
7 11 7a as reward (6)
8 Pot of credit saving energy (6)
14 Narcissus, perhaps: "Come again?" (9)
16 Type of party Nathan is to go off (8)
17 11 7a pants, heading off south instead (8)
19 11 7a, going up 9p, including gross underinflation at first (7)
20 Turning up, regrets Sam, is a potential source of comfort (7)
21 Circuitous nonsense worthily casting out contents of shop (6)
22 Dickens's Bill audibly freaks people out (6)
25 Not initially just bad (5)

Crossword set by Hisashi.

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 516):
Across: 7 Beget, 8 Reputedly, 10 Accord, 11 Tea party, 12 Estimate, 13 Ions, 15 Cellist, 17 Symbols, 20 Horn, 22 Indolent, 25 Virginal, 26 Uneven, 27 Economise, 28 Viola. Down: 1 Percussed, 2 Memorial, 3 Feather, 4 Audacity, 5 Detain, 6 Flute, 9 Idea, 14 Slenderly, 16 Synonyms, 18 Balletic, 19 Aimless, 21 Organs, 23 Drum, 24 Disco.

Sudoku

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

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

The Varsity Scribblepad

Last issue's solutions

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

Kakuro

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

		3		17			19		3		4
11					13						
8					9						
					24						
		12						6			
				9						8	
6			4								
15							6				
						5					

Hitori

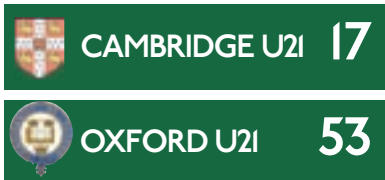
Shade in the squares so that no number occurs more than once per row or column. Shaded squares may not be horizontally or vertically adjacent. Unshaded squares must form a single area.

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

RUGBY

Oxford make it a day to forget for the U21s

An ominous start to the day as the U21s were battered by Oxford



ED THORNTON

With quick hands and flowing rugby the Oxford U21s outplayed their opposition and exploited the Light Blues' defensive inadequacies to find their way over the line. And this was all before Tom Stanton, the Cambridge captain, was red carded and his team were forced to play for 70 minutes with only 14 men.

Right from the start Cambridge were struggling and after only a few minutes of play it was obvious that it was going to be a one-sided affair. It is all too easy to blame the early sending off for everything and in reality Oxford were the stronger team all over the park (for an in-depth look at the incident with comments from Stanton's coach and teammates visit varsity.co.uk).

The Dark Blue scrum constantly trundled forward and their teammates out wide were relentless when it came to attacking hard, fast and with support. Despite some

characteristic Varsity Match big hits Cambridge failed to organise themselves in defence and after a few phases of play they always struggled to set up a solid line of tacklers. Oxford noticed this deficiency and each time a hole opened up there was a dark blue blur flying through it – no wonder Oxford managed four tries in each half.

There is no doubt that Cambridge put together a few sporadic sections of impressive attacking rugby, which resulted in three tries, but it was hard to get excited about given the speed and consistency at which Oxford were racking up points. For this reason it must have been a strange day for Cambridge winger Rob Stevens; he scored two impressive tries at Twickenham but his team took an undeniable pounding.

Coach Jim 'Ashpit' Ashworth made a host of substitutions throughout the match trying out both the Jesus halfback partnership of Cross and Childs and the John's configuration of Wilson and Thomas. It occasionally happens that a few sets of fresh legs on the pitch manage to outperform the starting line-up but this wasn't one of those days. The substitutes just drifted anonymously into a team that was always on the back foot and

ultimately tactical adjustments just weren't enough to reverse the flow of play. Oxford dominated all the way to the final whistle and whilst their captain Ed Boyes unimaginatively commented "I was pleased with our performance today" he also managed to praise his team for what they did best: their persistency from whistle to whistle and their continued pressure even when they

were leading by twenty points.

A defeat like this will not go unnoticed by CURUFC and it will be interesting to see what they can do in the year ahead to turn their luck around. This year was a huge disappointment for the Cambridge U21s but it will make next year's encounter all the more heated. Watch this space for some intense clashes in the future.



TIM JOHNS

SKIING

Varsity Ski

The Light Blues hit the slopes for a Varsity match in the snow

BETH STATON

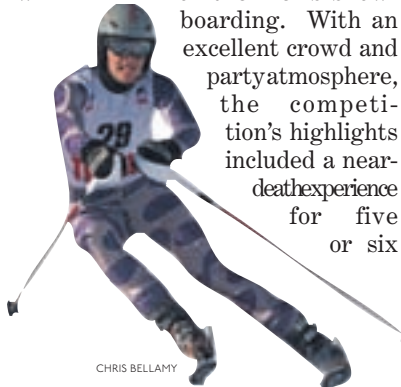
After two great years in Val Thorens, the 87th Varsity Ski Trip moved to Espace Killy resort of Tignes this year. For the 2,500 students who descended upon the town the trip was a week that couldn't fail to be fantastic.

The Espace Killy ski area proved large enough to keep the most adventurous skiers entertained all week, with an abundance of smooth, open runs, although a lack of snowfall on the lower slopes meant runs to Val d'Isere were often marred with ice and mud. Thick snowfalls in the middle of the week, though, paved the way for days of perfect blue skies and powder, with fresh tracks for those keen enough to venture off the beaten track. Highlights included perfect pistes on the Tignes glacier and some outstanding hidden

slopes leading down to le Lac, even if the smattering of rocks provided a little too much adrenaline for some.

Cambridge's competitive teams put on a good performance, with 23 super keen Cambridge racers, and at least twice as many pairs of skis, undergoing three days of intensive race training before the Varsity competition. After a raving night of ski-tuning with head torches the teams, captained by Ed 'Rupert' Gardner and Catherine Pelton, looked promising for the big day. Returning Blues Pete 'God' Calvert and Jim Poxon joined Ed 'Basil' Smith, Jamie Pleydell-Bourverie and Jeremy Hulse in celebrating the disappearance of Oxford nemesis Freddie Clough, whilst returning racers Katie Salter, Clair Brunner and Amy Till, along with fresh talent in the form of Ruth Blackshaw and Anna Harrison, ensured a solid performance against the women's Dark

Blues. Cambridge enjoyed victories in the men's firsts and thirds, with the women's firsts losing out despite a strong performance from Pelton, a win no small thanks to Oxford's international racer Anouk Dey, who easily matched the top men's scores. The freestyle competition saw Cambridge's Larissa Normanton ride to victory with a huge 360, whilst Vlad Paraoan's relaxed style secured a win for the men's snow-



CHRIS BELLAMY

spectators when an Oxford competitor overshot the barrel tap and charged into the crowd.

For those who weren't racing, midweek favourite Melting Pot provided an abundance of alternative entertainment including sets from Kissy Sell Out, Urban Knights, Chase & Status and Pendulum. The fun was marred only by a few organisational disasters; whilst cloakroom space and tap water ran out with alarming rapidity, the crowd apparently forced Kissy Sell Out to make MGMT's 'Kids' every seventh track of his set.

A heavy night didn't rob the slopes of their appeal for most, although the late nights did force some to an early retirement. After a great week the coach home was a welcome excuse for 24 hours of rest, perhaps the one thing completely lacking from the week in the snow.

Varsity SuperSports 7 Sports. 5 Teams. 1 SuperSport.

Which University sport is the toughest, most demanding, most challenging of them all? Well, this term *Varsity*, and *VarsiTV*, thought we would try and find out. We're going to pit representatives from seven of the Uni's biggest sports against each other in a series of events designed to test key sporting attributes. Will a Blues footballer be able to outrun a rower? Will the rower have better stamina than a rugby player? And what about strength, flexibility, or power, which sport possesses the greatest skills set?

Every week this term we'll put a male and female athlete from each discipline to the test, and post their results here, so watch this space.

The Contenders

The sports brave enough to accept the Varsity SuperSports challenge are:

Rugby, Football, Hockey, Lacrosse, Rowing, Boxing, and Modern Pentathlon.

Sport in Brief

Men's Football

Unlike most football sides in England, Michael Johnson's Blues squad have been unaffected by the recent weather, mainly because they spent last week in La Manga.

The tour, which allows the players to use professional quality sporting facilities, is an annual trip which acts as an ideal opportunity to prepare for the Varsity match at the end of term. As well as daily training sessions, the Blues played a local side, Iberos, winning 5-0, strikers Gotch and Stock picking up a brace each, while winger Wolke added a fifth.

Rowing

Two Cambridge boats took to the Thames this December for the annual Trial Eights. It is the only chance the squad will get to row the Boat Race course before the big day and it is always an important test for those pushing to be included in the final eight. Interestingly, the two Cambridge boats, which finished within seconds of each other at Fairbairns, were lengths apart as the Boat containing CUBC president Deaglan McEachern outperformed their team-mates.

The Oxford crew had an eventful time for a different reason as their on-board pump failed causing their boat to fill with water. The crew eventually had to give up near Hammersmith becoming the first crew not to finish their trial in over thirty years.

Local Sport

Cambridge United have just made a brilliant catch in signing 23 year old Aiden Palmer on a free transfer from Leyton Orient. Palmer is now set to help out our local side until the end of the season. This should be a fresh start for Palmer too, who is just coming off the back of a seven month jail sentence for violent disorder.

If nothing else, this signing will give the team and its fans something to talk about given that the weather has been disrupting play. The FA Trophy tie against Eastbourne has been postponed twice due to a frozen pitch. Just to make things worse the pipes have frozen up in the stadium leading to there being no operational toilets or tea making facilities.



Head to varsity.co.uk for more sport, including Ed Thornton commenting on the Catz rugby debacle..

Football
Division 1

The Season So Far

FIXTURE 1

The opening week of this year’s top division turned out to be full of tight matches, the winners able to build from a strong platform in succeeding weeks. The tie of the week looked

FIXTURE 2

Downing and Girton managed to maintain their 100% records in week two, Girton showing they have goals in their team, notching up 4 to defeat a resilient St Catz, three of those coming from Benjamin ‘Titus’ Lacey. In difficult conditions Downing managed to out-muscle Trinity, two errors from the usually reliable Lars Boyde gifting Downing the three points. A second consecutive narrow defeat was disheartening for Pembroke, victims of a resurgent Jesus. After a promising start to the season Emma succumbed to Christs at home, a result Emma would later correct in a thrashing in Cuppers. Fitz’s first game of the season sent out a warning sign to the other teams, thumping John’s 6-1, 5 of the goals coming from Blues pair Kerrigan and Wolke.

FIXTURE 3

Trinity eventually recovered from the previous week’s defeat to run out comfortable winners against Pembroke, thanks mainly to a spectacular penalty save from Lars Boyde in the first half and two excellent solo goals by Dany Gammall. Jesus continued their recovery by annihilating Catz 7-1, Aki Laakso the star performer. An edgy game between Fitz and Christ’s eventually went the way of

set to be the clash of the titans: Trinity and Jesus. As it turned out the home side ran out comfortable winners, their fluent passing style dissecting a below-par Jesus side and Max Little and Dan Gammall finding the decisive goals. There were also narrow victories for two sides who would go on to stake a claim for the league title: Downing came out



EMILY MATTHEWS

on the right end of a seven goal thriller away to Christ’s, while Girton narrowly defeated a well organised Pembroke side. Despite playing the last twenty minutes with only ten men, Downing came back from 3-1 down to end the game 4-3 winners, a classy hat-trick from Dan Sellan turning the game. It was an equally tense encounter between Pembroke

and Girton, Girton skipper Andy Stone acknowledging that they were lucky to finish the game as winners, his counterpart from Pembroke, Moji Neshat, concurring, disappointed that an unlucky own goal denied them at least a point in a very competitive match. Elsewhere, newly promoted Emma started the season with a win away to John’s, swift counter-attacking football punishing John’s.

COLLEGE	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	4	2	0	2	9	6	3	6
Fitzwilliam	4	2	0	2	9	6	3	6
Emmanuel	5	2	0	3	10	11	-1	6
St John’s	5	2	0	3	12	14	-2	6
Christ’s	3	1	0	2	6	7	-1	6
Pembroke	5	1	0	4	9	14	-5	3
St Catharine’s	4	0	0	4	6	19	-13	0

FIXTURE 4

The fourth round of fixtures saw two games cancelled, the rest battling against tumultuous conditions. The howling rain made football difficult between league leaders Downing and early title challengers Fitz, a rebounded shot cannoning in off Downing captain Tom Marsh separating the two sides. In the two other games of the week Trinity made it three wins on the trot with goals from Dany Gammall, Matt Smith, Richard Falder, and Ozzie Akushie; while a struggling Catz side were hammered 6-2 at the hands of a pumped-up Pembroke side. Despite being 2-1 down at half-time, Pembroke struck 5 in a second half that summed up why Catz are not finding this season easy. The John’s-Jesus fixture was rescheduled and John’s subsequently managed to cause an upset, taking the opportunity to defeat Jesus 2-0.

FIXTURE 5

At the mid-way point in the season some crucial games were scheduled, in particular the top of the table clash between Downing and Girton. Both sides possessed 100% records and in a classic six-pointer the game was tense, the two teams proving they were equally matched for most of the game. At the final whistle Girton were left bemoaning squandered chances as Downing edged a 2-1 victory to extend their lead at the top of the table, owing much to a fine display from veteran keeper Brett Griffiths. Elsewhere, John’s continued their recovery by demolishing Pembroke 6-2, and Fitz’s title aspirations were all but destroyed by an away defeat to Emma. Trinity maintained their consistent trailing of Downing with a 2-0 victory over the league’s worst defensive side, Catz.

Downing

Captain: Tom Marsh
Top Scorer: Dan Sellman
Player of the season: Tom Nutt
Form Guide: W, W, W, W, W

Trinity

Captain: Richard Falder
Top Scorer: O. Akushie/D.Gammall
Player of the season: Rick Totten
Form Guide: L, W, W, W, W

Girton

Captain: Andy Stone
Top Scorer: Benjamin Lacey
Player of the season: Robbie Myerson
Form Guide: W, W, W, PP, L

Jesus

Captain: Michael Canavan
Top Scorer: Aki Laakso
Player of the season: Andy Caines
Form Guide: L, W, W, PP, L

Fitzwilliam

Captain: James Gillingham
Top Scorer: Danny Kerrigan
Player of the season: Tom Johnson
Form Guide: PP, W, W, L, L

Emmanuel

Captain: Tom Rodriguez-Perez
Top Scorer: James Douglas
Player of the season: Dec Clancy
Form Guide: W, L, L, L, W

St John’s

Captain: Alex Rutt
Top Scorer: Jack Hambelton
Player of the season: Chris Tolley
Form Guide: L, L, W, L, W

Christ’s

Captain: Dom St George
Top Scorer:
Player of the season:
Form Guide: L, W, L, PP, PP

Pembroke

Captain: Moji Neshat
Top Scorer: Alexander Estorick
Player of the season: Matt Leggett
Form Guide: L, L, L, W, L

St Catharine’s

Captain: Max Perkis
Top Scorer: Matt Stock
Player of the season: George Hill
Form Guide: PP, L, L, L, L

Lent term decides the Division I Football and Rugby champions. Before a ball is kicked, we take a look back at the season’s major fixtures

WEEK 1

The main question at the start of the new season was whether anyone could stop John’s. The answer was alluded to in the first week, John’s starting their season with a comfortable 48-0 victory over Trinity. The real story of the week however, was that both Downing

and Jesus were going to be no pushover. Both sides recorded impressive wins, with Downing thumping Catz 43-5, and Jesus scoring 52 points over Girton’s single converted try. After week one it looked like it was panning out to be a league of two halves with John’s, Jesus and Downing in the running for the title and Trinity, Catz and Girton scrabbling to avoid relegation.

COLLEGE	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

WEEK 4

After Jesus and Downing had near identical starts to the season their mid-term clash was set to be a showdown to become second place favourites. Unfortunately the game was postponed and we are still waiting to find out the score. Catz still couldn’t manage a win and gave Trinity their third victory on the trot, winning 26 points to 5. Girton, on the other hand, travelled to John’s pitches and left humiliated but probably not too shocked when they let in 63 points without managing a single score.

WEEK 5

Trinity’s winning streak came to an end as Downing beat them 15-10 in front of a home crowd. Nobody could stop John’s momentum though as the two ends of the table met in an ugly affair. John’s beat Catz by nearly ninety points – no wonder they now have a positive points difference of over two hundred and fifty. The long trip out to Girton obviously tired Jesus out as they were nearly beaten by the home side. In the end Jesus held on for a 22-17 win.

WEEK 7

The term was starting to wind down and the weather was getting cold but that didn’t stop Jesus ending the term on a high. They faced Catz at home and claimed an impressive 46-0 win. Downing finished well too with a solid 17-7 win over Trinity, whose early season momentum had just about trickled out. As was becoming tradition another match was postponed and now we will have to wait until later this term to see if Girton’s home advantage will make any difference against John’s.

WEEK 8

The horrendous weather in the week eight-played havoc with the fixture list, with every game cancelled. No doubt the upcoming Varsity matches made selection tricky too. This only means that even more comes down to this term so keep your eyes on *Varsity*, and *Varsity Online*, to see how the league pans out.

Special Catz Update

After an incident in a Cambridge pub, the St Catharine’s dean has forced their College team to disband for the rest of the season.

For a closer look at the incident, with comments from Catz captain James Thorpe, visit varsity.co.uk/sport

WEEK 2

On October 20th the second round of matches kicked off and the game to watch was undoubtedly going to be John’s vs Jesus. Unfortunately for Jesus fans it wasn’t the giant killing affair they had hoped for as John’s showed their cool against a though



EMILY MATTHEWS

WEEK 3

The third week of fixtures saw one of the highest scores of the season when Jesus put 70 points past bottom of the table Catz. However the other two games of this week were far more important when it comes to the league. Trinity continued their climb up the table, playing away and beating Girton 27 points to 10. Downing followed in Jesus’ footsteps when they failed to topple the top of the league favourites as John’s continued their winning streak. The final score was 22-5.

WEEK 6

One tight match, one high scoring and one called off – week 6 had a bit of everything. Downing played their best rugby of the term and almost forced John’s to their first loss in recent memory. In a tense battle, in which the second half was completely scoreless, John’s just managed to clinch it 12-10. Girton, not happy with the previous week’s close loss, took no chances as they scored a half century, beating Catz 51-7. A second match cancelled for Jesus, this time against Trinity, which left them one game behind at the end of the season.

Fixtures to watch out for this term

Rugby

19/1 Trinity vs Girton
19/1 St Catz vs Downing
19/1 Jesus vs St Johns
TBC Jesus vs Downing
TBC Girton vs St Johns
2/2 Cuppers 1st Round
4/2 Cuppers 1st Round

Football


23/1 Trinity vs Fitz
23/1 Jesus vs Downing
6/2 Christ’s vs St Catz
6/2 Fitz vs Girton
20/2 Girton vs Trinity
20/2 St Catz vs Downing
6/3 Downing vs St Johns
6/3 Emma vs St Catz

St John’s




Captain: Andrew Barrett
Top Scorer: Aaron Sonenfeld
Player of the season: Chris Hall
Form Guide: W, W, W, W, W, W, PP

Jesus




Captain: Miles Daly
Top Scorer: Robert Stevens
Player of the season: Robert Stevens
Form Guide: W, L, W, PP, W, PP, W

Girton




Captain: Freddie Strachan
Top Scorer: A. Badcock, A. Russell
Player of the season: Sam Hunt
Form Guide: L, L, L, L, L, W, PP

Downing



Captain: Matt Halford
Top Scorer: Rhemayo Brooks
Player of the season: Keith Hagyard
Form Guide: W, W, L, PP, W, L, W

Trinity



Captain: Matt Libling
Top Scorer: James Burrows
Player of the season: Rick Totten
Form Guide: L, W, W, W, L, L, PP, L

St Catharine’s



Captain: James Thorpe
Top Scorer: Nige Parkes
Player of the season: Andrew Clegg
Form Guide: L, L, L, L, L, L, L

Cambridge U21s crushed by Oxford amid red card fury.



Rugby29

The Season So Far: a round-up of last term's College Sport.



Round-up30

SPORT

RUGBY

Cambridge clinch Varsity Match

In a nail-biting encounter, the Blues win the most exciting Varsity match of recent history

	CAMBRIDGE	31
	OXFORD	27

ED THORNTON

In a tight yet high scoring fixture Cambridge triumphed 31-27 over their historic rivals in the 2009 Nomura Varsity match on December 10th. The match was undoubtedly one of the most exciting in recent history and challenged the common knowledge about the two sides. Cambridge's strongest asset all season has been the strength of their pack, especially in set plays, yet it was in the scrum that the Light Blues struggled most. Meanwhile, Oxford's fast paced back line has been securing most of their tries but on the day they were shut out by a well-drilled Cambridge defence. This is the nature of the event and the annual Varsity match is just one of those occasions where the teams are so pumped up with anticipation that anything can happen when they take the field.

If anyone doubted the prestige or importance of this duel, they need only ask victorious captain Dan Vickerman, with 54 Australian caps, about the experience. He beamed: "That was great to see how much it means to the guys, and it means so much to me. To get up there and be holding the trophy is a pretty special experience. Games like this show the enjoyment of playing rugby."

With so much at stake it's no wonder that the nerves started to show in the first half hour as neither side managed to gain a foothold in the game. Every play ended with a knock-on as both the Light and Dark Blues struggled to retain possession for more than a couple of phases. Not even the big names like Cambridge captain Dan Vickerman and Oxford wonderboy Tim Catling were visible amongst the melee as the crowd of over 30,000 were given an eyeful of scrappy, uneasy rugby.



Dan Vickerman, victorious Cambridge captain, raises the trophy after the match

After 30 minutes both teams seemed to wake up and notice they were on the hallowed turf of Twickenham, playing in front of Sky cameras, with the scoreboard empty. The tempo was upped and Oxford took the initiative first. Camped out on the Cambridge line, the Dark Blues staged a relentless ten minute attack. First, they opted to maul the ball from a lineout and pushed to within inches of the paint. After three scrums in quick succession, in which Oxford's forward dominance showed as they kept trundling inches closer to the line, Oxford were finally awarded a penalty try.

Unhappy and trailing by seven points, the Light Blues came back with venom and a clear intent to even it up before the half time whistle. Jimmy Richards found some space in the middle of the

park to break away up the field, and if his pass had gone to a winger instead of second row Will Jones there could have been a try. As if to make amends Richards soon found space on the other side of the field and this time made sure his miss-pass went to Dave Riley who offloaded to fellow winger James Greenwood, who in turn opened Cambridge's scoring. The conversion went wide and the teams went in for half time with the score at 7-5 in Oxford's favour.

After the break the crowd were treated to more professional style of play. No doubt the team talks had centred on being more clinical as the knock-ons and turnovers that plagued the first half disappeared and the match opened up. Both teams found the confidence to attack out wide as well as around the

breakdown. After Cambridge's first seven points of the second half the teams took it in turn to put together well worked tries and coupled with some intelligent place kicking from Oxford fly half Ross Swanson the score line was always close. For a moment it looked like we might have our first draw since 2003. There were impressive tries from Will Jones, who stood out of a lineout to take a crash ball through the Oxford backline and under the posts and Richards, who skipped through the opposition tackles and fought hard to ground the ball. It was this individual try along with his first half running lines and measured kicking from full back that earned Richards the man of the match award.

A gap between the teams only really emerged when Jamie Hood picked the ball up from the back of

a ruck and produced a stunning solo run to increase the Cambridge lead to eleven points. It took Oxford until the eightieth minute to find their final try and they were never going to have enough time to claw back the match.

Despite the pressure the Blues overcame their nerves and produced a quality performance that makes the rest of the season, and even the disastrous U21 Varsity match, retreat into the back of the mind. Whilst Oxford Captain Dan Rosen could only describe his feeling as "gutted" Vickerman uttered the words only a victor can say: "Rugby is about winning, no matter what or where you play, and for me winning out there is unforgettable." This was the big one and Cambridge rose to the occasion for an historic win.