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Cambridge in post-quake Haiti

Psychiatrist and charity aid relief effort

GEMMA OKE

A Cambridge academic and a locally-based children's charity have been drawn into the international relief effort for the victims of the Haiti earthquake.

Clinical psychiatrist Dr Lynne Jones, a senior mental health advisor for the International Medical Corps (IMC), flew to Haiti on Monday to co-ordinate psychological counselling for the earthquake's survivors. Dr Jones is an honorary research associate at the University of Cambridge, and has previously undertaken psychological relief work in Pakistan and Kosovo.

Before flying to the quake-ravaged country, Dr Jones warned of the grave consequences for the nation's future wellbeing if the physical destruction caused by the disaster was not dealt with in a psychologically sensitive way.

Dr Jones said, "Burning large numbers of bodies in mass graves is not good for long-term mental health. Mental health considerations need to be integrated into the other relief work that takes place. It's not just about counselling."

The IMC is a California-based non-political charity with volunteer doctors and nurses posted globally, which focuses on healthcare training, relief and development programs. It was one of the first international relief organisations to send medics to Haiti, and has set up a clinic in the Haitian capital

Port-au-Prince. The clinic has been treating hundreds of people, with priority given to those with physical injuries, despite suffering logistical problems in getting workers into Haiti.

IMC teams are expected to offer 'psychological first aid' to Haitians, which includes empathetic listening, paying attention to a person's particular needs and providing information. Dr Jones commented that in the long term, the presence of mental healthcare workers in Haiti may improve community services across the board, thus helping the reconstruction effort when it comes.

Priority for mental healthcare services in Haiti is expected to be given to those with pre-existing mental health problems, whose medical treatment has been interrupted by the collapse in physical and social infrastructure. Those with disorders brought on by acute stress will also be given priority in treatment.

Elsewhere, Cambridge based children's charity SOS Children's Villages has joined the international effort to rehome children orphaned by the earthquake. The organisation, which supports some 70,000 orphaned children in 124 countries, is working to reunite children with surviving family members, and to support orphaned children "through to independence".

The charity's chief executive in Cambridge, Andrew Cates,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Cambridge will recover easily from recession

CATHY BUEKER

According to a new report by the think-tank Centre for Cities, Cambridge is well-poised to recover from the recession, owing in part to its highly educated workforce.

Although the UK's economy is officially out of recession, growing by 0.1 per cent in the fourth quarter of 2009, recovery among many British cities will be slow and uneven. The cities that are likely to rebound more quickly are those that have a strong business base and a well-educated workforce, such as Brighton and Cambridge.

The Centre's study drew its data from an evaluation of 64 cities over the last two years. It concluded that areas that were already struggling before the recession were much less likely to make a strong improvement after it.

Cities, such as Doncaster and Newport, that had fewer start-up businesses and less-educated workforces prior to the recession, are expected to have even greater difficulty with recovery. They are also more likely to be crippled by cuts in public spending, says the think-tank.

Having a highly educated workforce has meant that cities like Cambridge have generally escaped huge levels of unemployment. Cambridge had the lowest percentage of people on job seeker's allowance, while Hull had the highest – a gap which almost doubled during the recession.

Classics revisited

After 18 months of work and £950,000 of investment, The Fitzwilliam Museum's new exhibition, 'Rediscovering Greece and Rome', will open this Saturday. The opening marks the first radical overhaul of the Greek and Roman Gallery since the 1960s. The gallery's renovation unearthed an unexpected find: a 'time capsule' placed within one of the gallery's false walls by the staff during the last renovation, and containing, amongst other things, a 1963 issue of *Cambridge News*. The renovated gallery boasts 450 noteworthy objects, including treasures from the palace of Emperor Hadrian at Tivoli and an example of graffiti more than 2,500 years old. AVANTIKA CHILKOTI

Essayp11

Vicki Moeller: Champagne at CERN



On varsity.co.uk this week



COMMENT

Laura Freeman bemoans the trend for overlapping at the theatre and Dan Hitchens responds to Alain de Botton's essay in last week's Varsity.



ENTERTAINMENT

Alastair Beddow scans the airwaves for the best radio offerings, as well as a round-up of the best fan-made music videos.



ARTS

This week, bid for Catarina Clifford's untitled photograph (left) on varsity.co.uk/arts. All proceeds go to charity.



SPORT

On Sport this week, two rugby Blues are selected for the England Student team and reports on Cambridge versus Oxford womens waterpolo and Blues rugby versus the Army.



Pembroke students launch effort to reduce food waste

Students at Pembroke College have launched a scheme that has cut food waste and supported local homeless charity, Jimmy's Night Shelter. The project was initiated at the end of Michaelmas term by first-year student Holly Maguire, who collected food items left unopened. With Junior Parlour Committee President, Claude Muhuza, and Green Officer, Oliver Jones (all pictured), Maguire delivered two boxes and a rucksack-full of food to the homeless shelter.



The students hope others will follow. Muhuza has already taken the scheme to the Presidents' and External Officers' committee, and Jones is to present it to fellow Green Officers. According to Jones, "The Green Officers were very keen when I was planning the collection at Pembroke, so hopefully it will take place at other colleges at the end of Lent term."

Cambridge researchers help fight the spread of superbugs

Latest research by University of Cambridge researchers at the Wellcome Trust Sanger Institute has revealed how MRSA and other superbugs evolve and spread. MRSA is a dangerous antibiotic-resistant strain of bacteria. Bacterial cells, like almost all living cells, contain DNA. In each generation of bacterial cells, DNA can undergo a mutation in which changes can be introduced to the DNA at single points within the code. By looking at these changes, scientists track generations and, therefore, the spread of the bacteria. Ultimately, the research will help hospitals to control infections more efficiently. According to Dr Stephen Bentley, senior author on the paper, "we want to be able to use the information to inform infection control strategies and to be able to assess how successful those strategies have been."

Aliens will look like humans, Cambridge scientist claims

Noted Cambridge evolutionary paleobiologist, Professor Simon Conway Morris, has argued that extra-terrestrial life is likely to resemble human beings, to the extent of thinking and acting in the way we do. Speaking at a conference at the Royal Society in London this week, Professor Morris explained that alien life would likely be composed of the same biochemical materials that make up humans and would undergo the same evolutionary processes that human beings have undergone. As a result, aliens would possess human traits like anger and greed, and would be likely to come to Earth in search of new resources. Professor Morris explained, "my view is that Darwinian evolution is really quite predictable, and when you have a biosphere and evolution takes over, then common themes emerge and the same is true for intelligence."



Campaigning begins for NUS affiliation referendum

NATASHA PESARAN

Following decisions taken in last Tuesday's CUSU Council, the Elections Committee have announced that two university-wide referenda will be called in February. Cambridge students will be given the chance to vote on two aspects on the way CUSU is run.

Students will decide whether CUSU should remain affiliated to the National Union of Students for this academic year, and will also vote on the replacement of the CUSU Welfare Officer and Graduates Officer with a joint CUSU and Graduate Union support officer and a full-time student advisor. Voting will take place online between Thursday February 4th and Tuesday February 9th.

Campaigning for and against these issues begins today and will be overseen by the Elections Committee. Both sides hope to engage students in debate and generate

enough interest to achieve the 2,000 votes required for the referenda to be valid.

In past years, CUSU's affiliation to the NUS has been decided by referendum. However, due to the general apathy amongst Cambridge students, referendums never achieved the quorum of 2,000 votes, and CUSU remained affiliated to the NUS by default year on year.

This year, the issue of NUS affiliation has proved to be more contentious than expected. Grayden Webb, ex-JCR President at Churchill, Ben Towse, External Officer for Churchill, and David Lowry, Jesus JCR President, have positioned themselves at the forefront the NO campaign and spoke out against affiliation at last week's CUSU Council.

Their Facebook group currently has over a hundred members, including four former sabbatical officers and last year's CUSU President Mark Fletcher.

Mark Fletcher, who was in office for two years, has commented, "The

NUS is ineffective, undemocratic, out of touch, financially incompetent and rife with infighting.

"Its elections are decided by shady backroom deals and the membership is treated with disdain. Cambridge students need more than a card (that they pay 'extra' for) from their national union."

At CUSU Council, Tom Chigbo argued in favour of affiliation, stating that the NUS remained the most effective and indeed the only way for Cambridge students to represent themselves on a national level.

Grayden Webb has described Chigbo's arguments in favour of NUS as "very weak" adding, "He just has to hope students are not engaged properly in the debate and vote for the status quo of staying affiliated."

The NO campaign has also suggested that Tom Chigbo's bias in favour of affiliation was a consequence of his plans to stand for election on the NUS National Executive Committee.

However, Chigbo has categorically



NO campaigners Michael Atkins and Grayden Webb

denied the validity of this rumour. When asked by *Varsity*, he stated, "I am not running for an NUS position and have never planned to do so. The invention of rumours of this sort is perhaps a sign of the NO campaign's lack of credible arguments."

The proposed changes to student support are the culmination of a long

series of negotiations between both student unions, CUSU and GU, and the University, and will mean that the new CUSU/GU Student Support Officer can coordinate welfare and student support across both unions, with the help of an expanded Welfare Team.

Tom Chigbo, CUSU President, told *Varsity*, "I'm confident that students will be excited by this opportunity to strengthen their students' union and improve the support that is given to students in Cambridge."

"Currently, Cambridge is the only University in the Russell Group that doesn't have a student advisor.

"After over a decade of campaigning, CUSU has received University funding to create a student advice service. This is our best opportunity to make a positive change to improve student support in Cambridge.

"If the referenda fails, CUSU will have to turn down the funding it has been offered and will be unable to improve the Student Support Service."

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.

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Psychiatrist and children's charity support Haiti relief effort



Dr Lynne Jones (inset) has flown to Haiti in order to help those affected by January 12's earthquake

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commented that SOS-CV was particularly well placed to respond to the aftermath of the earthquake, having a base in Haiti already. "Our children's village [in Santo, 16km from Port-au-Prince] is largely intact," he said.

"We have food, water and electricity, and the village playing field is now having an emergency hospital built on it because we are one of the very few places with a working

infrastructure there.

"The village itself is totally serviceable and is now being used as a hub, to help in particular the children and the orphaned children around Port-au-Prince. The role that we're given is to look after the unaccompanied children. We trace the families, we do trauma therapy and at the end of 18 months of trying to find a family - and the best solution for every child - we typically end up with 500 or 600

children who live in family-based care in our children's villages.

"We are orphan specialists. In Haiti we have trauma specialists who know how to deal with children who are traumatised."

The earthquake, which struck ten miles south of Port-au-Prince on January 12th, measured 7.0 on the Richter scale. Estimates predict at least 110,000 dead, and one million more displaced.

Director of Judge Business School to step down

MATTHEW SYMINGTON

Professor Arnoud De Meyer will step down from his tenure as head of University of Cambridge's Judge Business School in August 2010, it was announced last week.

Professor De Meyer, a management studies professor who was appointed as the director of the Judge Business School in September 2006, has accepted the position of president of Singapore Management University. He will be that university's fourth president.

The Judge Business School underwent an extraordinary period of expansion during Professor De Meyer's tenure. The School launched a Master's of Finance course and an Executive MBA degree. It also expanded its MBA programme to attract more diverse and outstanding applicants from around the world.

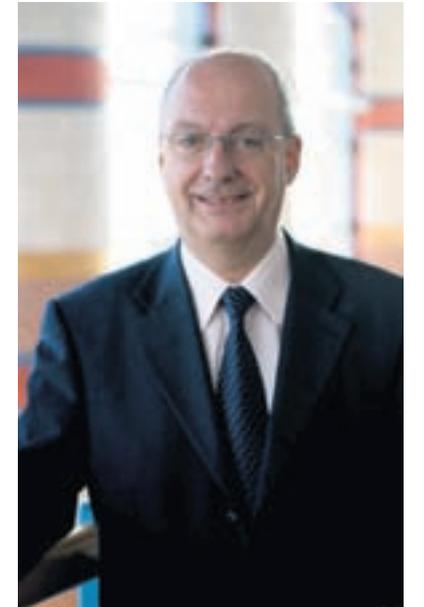
Previously, Professor De Meyer spent 23 years at the European Institute of Business Administration (INSEAD) as both an academic and an administrator. As member of the INSEAD faculty, he oversaw a Singapore campus extension and spent four years there from 1999 to 2002.

Upon announcing his resignation, Professor De Meyer wrote, "I have truly enjoyed my experience at Cambridge Judge Business

School and I am proud of the developments that it has achieved during my tenure."

He added, "I had the privilege of working with a strong and professional staff and was able to rely on a culture of collaboration, distinguished by the innovative, international and collaborative ethos that makes Cambridge such a unique and exciting place to discover and learn. It will be difficult to leave this behind."

The search for a new director is currently underway.



Professor Arnoud de Meyer

Concern after "vandalism" in run-up to LGBT Week

JANE ASHFORD-THOM

Concerns of disrespect have been raised following the alleged "vandalism" of LGBT Awareness Week publications this week.

It is understood that leaflets were taken out of student's pigeonholes and thrown onto the ground in both St Johns and Corpus Christi colleges.

Correspondence from within CUSU confirms that "Sadly, I've been advised that today racks of... flyers were pulled out of at pigeon holes at St John's and thrown on the floor, and also this has happened at Corpus, again thrown on the floor."

Raymond Li, CUSU's LGBT representative has commented that, "We are shocked by this act of vandalism. CUSU LGBT Awareness Week is about raising awareness of issues related to homophobia, sexuality and gender identity.

"We have been organising a lot of events this week including an Out in the Workplace talk this Saturday at Pembroke. It saddens us that this has happened. We only hope that the individual or group who did this has the decency to step forward so that we can get to the bottom of this."

However, Patrick Farmbrough, JCR President of Corpus Christi, commented that *Varsity's* request for comment was "the first I've heard of it", and Dawn Kelly, St John's JCR President, knew "nothing about this happening" in her College.

At the time of going to print, the identity and motives of the perpetrators remain unknown, and the way in which the matter will be investigated is unclear.

However, Corpus's JCR president is confident that "nobody at Corpus would remove leaflets from anyone else's pigeonhole", which suggests that the role of external visitors may be considered.

He added: "As far as the JCR is aware, there have been no reports of post being removed from pigeon holes, and as of this morning most pigeon holes still contained LGBT Awareness Week fliers. If any Corpus students believe their post is being tampered with, they should contact the JCR immediately."

LGBT Awareness Week, the main feature of the LGBT calendar in Cambridge, is set to include events ranging from speed dating, a march through Cambridge and talks by eminent figures such as Sarah Brown.

University's new bond campaign may be boosted by "prestigious" rating

MICHELLE GOMES

The University of Cambridge was recently rated one of the most prestigious brands in the UK, a distinction that may help to attract investors as the University embarks on an ambitious project to raise up to £300 million by issuing bonds.

Bonds from prestigious or well-established institutions are viewed as a safer investment, as they are less likely to default on loans. Cambridge's decision to issue bonds coincides with the results of research group Decision Technology's survey declaring the University to be the second-most prestigious brand in the UK.

However, speaking to *Varsity*, Andrew Reid, the University's finance director, stressed that the University cannot depend on its current reputation to ensure that investors view the bonds favourably. Instead, "the purchasers of our bonds will make the decision on sound financial grounds: does the University have the financial strength and capacity over the long term to service and reap its borrowings?"

It is hoped that Cambridge will

earn the highest possible AAA credit rating. Credit rating agency Standard & Poor currently rates four British universities, including King's College London and Lancaster University, both of which have issued bonds in recent years, and were rated AA and A respectively.

Whilst it is unusual for British universities to raise funds via bond issues, it is commonplace for Ivy League institutions such as Harvard to invest in the stock market.

As well as using Cambridge's celebrated reputation to ensure that the bonds are viewed favourably by investors, the University can also use the recent boom in the bond market to its advantage as companies and governments are currently issuing a record number of bonds.

According to one asset manager, "This is a rare opportunity for an institution such as Cambridge, as it can raise a lot of money very cheaply. Typically, the university would go to donors, but that is a long road - this way, they could get very competitive construction contracts today."

This view was echoed by Anshuman Jaswal, an analyst for global research firm Celent, who stated that Cambridge is "extremely

popular worldwide, and this should help them get access to cheaper or easier funds than otherwise."

The University recognizes that in order to maintain its prestigious brand, it will have to continue to focus on academic excellence. As Reid pointed out, "We have a prestigious brand only because our predecessors (staff and students) have over the centuries concentrated on and delivered excellence, and we must make sure that that continues."

In the study of brands in Britain, Design Technology rated Cambridge University in front of BMW, Audi and Apple.

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Tax hike put punts under pressure

JANE ASHFORD-THOM

A decision by Cam Conservators to hike registration fees for punts due to health and safety fears means that Cambridge punting companies face increasing pressures.

Under the new regulations, the cost of registering a conventional



Punt tax hike may hurt tourism

punt will rise from £403 to £564, and wider 'ferry' punts will be subject to an increase from £806 to £1064.

The proliferation of six foot wide 'ferry punts' has been particularly controversial recently, in light of claims that these larger boats cause increased congestion on the Cam.

The use of such punts can generate up to £150 an hour for punting

companies at the height of the tourist season.

The move to increase fees has caused outrage amongst punt hire companies. In a meeting with conservators, James Macnaughton, head of Scudamore's, argued, "it would cost Scudamore's £20,000 per year, and the other firms £40,000 in total. It amounts to a 45 per cent increase in one year, whereas other river users are just getting a 3.3 per cent increase.

"I believe this is unfair, and the logic behind it is flawed. Where's the consultation? There hasn't been one. These are people's livelihoods we are talking about. It's just wrong, people shouldn't be treated in this way."

The Granta Boat and Punting Company have expressed concerns about the effect that it will have on punt-renting prices, stating that the pressure will be such that "unfortunately we would have to pass the increase in registration costs onto the customer."

The company also questioned the motives behind the tax hike. "It is clear that the Conservators are increasing prices not to reduce congestion on the rivers, but for an increase in funds. This is shown in the huge price difference between registering a punt in Oxford and registering a punt in Cambridge. In Oxford it costs £30, whereas here it's over £400."

Running improves brain function, Cambridge don says

ANNA FAHY

A study at the University of Cambridge has shown that running regularly may increase brain's effectiveness.

The study was conducted by Professor Tim Bussey, Senior Lecturer at the Department of Experimental Psychology, in conjunction with the US National Institute on Ageing.

Results showed that aerobic exercise causes the brain to produce thousands of new cells, particularly in areas that deal with memory development and recall. This, in turn, leads to a more effective ability to remember information accurately, a skill which is crucial for the majority of cognitive tasks, particularly learning.

The study gave Bussey and his team an opportunity to use their recently developed behavioural testing methods, in which mice and rats are evaluated on their responses to stimuli presented on a computer screen. This is the same way in which human subjects are tested.

In order to decipher the effect of aerobic exercise on memory function, two groups of mice were placed in front of a computer screen showing two squares. If the mice nudged the left square, they were given a sugar pellet reward. If they nudged the right, they received nothing.



Regular running can increase brain's effectiveness

During the same period, one group of mice was given access to a running wheel. The mice were then tested on their memory. Points were awarded every time the left square was nudged, with the squares gradually getting closer together.

The study found that the group that had access to the running wheel were able to distinguish between the two squares at a considerably higher rate than the other group.

The running mice were also quicker to catch on when scientists changed the square that produced a

food reward around.

On examining the brain tissue of the mice after the experiment, it was discovered that the group with access to the running wheel had developed new grey matter.

It is still uncertain why aerobic exercise leads to this result. According to some scientists, it may be the result of increased hormone levels that coincide with physical activity.

Previous studies have shown that "neurogenesis" is limited in people with depression, but that their symptoms can improve if they exercise.

Sunday service for local sex shop

Chesterton shop's potential Sunday hours provoke outrage

AMY SINCLAIR

An application from a Cambridge sex shop for permission to open on Sundays has caused outrage amongst family campaign groups and members of the Christian community.

The Private Shop, on Chesterton Road, is hoping to be the first shop of its kind to persuade Cambridge City Council to extend its trading hours to Sundays.

The sex shop, whose website claims they are "the only place on the High Street where you can buy R18 strength hardcore sex films legally", has applied to the Council Licensing Committee for permission to open between 10am and 4pm on Sundays.

Local sex shops are currently prevented from trading on Sundays, Good Friday and Christmas Day, according to rules set by Cambridge City Council.

Before a decision is reached, The Private Shop, which is part of a chain which sells various pornographic items, must agree to a "process of consultation". This will involve the shop's owners, alongside the Council, consulting the locals likely to be affected by the change, to assess their feelings on the matter. The results will then be presented to the



The Private Shop

Council Licensing Committee for assessment.

There has been dissent expressed towards the proposed Sunday opening time. Some professed Christians have posted comments online to the effect that the potential Sunday opening of The Private Shop will cause

serious offence. Allegations about the exploitation of women by the sex industry have also been expressed in these comments. However, many people also remain ambivalent about the proposals.

'Keep Sunday Special', a campaign group based in Cambridge, has made its views on the application clear. Speaking to *Varsity*, Peter Lynas, a spokesperson for the group, said, "We oppose this application - we want to see less shopping on Sundays, not more, so that people can enjoy a shared day off with their families."

"'Keep Sunday Special' is about family and community relationships, rest and respecting faith. Increasing the opening hours of this shop won't help any of these."

"We hope the council will respect the views of the majority of people who do not want greater Sunday opening and reject this application."

The manager of The Private Shop itself declined to make any comment on the application.

A decision about The Private Shop's application will be made in the next few weeks. Applications for Sunday trading in sex shops have also been submitted to councils in Derby, Stockport, Cardiff, Bradford and Worcester, amongst other cities.

Cambridge named one of world's most beautiful cities

TABATHA LEGGETT

American media company Forbes has named Cambridge one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Forbes describes Cambridge as having, "tight streets, a famous university and glimpses of parks, commons and courtyards." The magazine praises Cambridge for having a unique mixture of old and modern buildings.

According to the report, Cambridge's best features include the River Cam, King's College Chapel, and the University's Centre for Mathematical Sciences.

The list of most beautiful cities was created after consulting numerous experts, including specialists in the fields of urban planning, architecture, and sustainable development. Other cities named to the list include: Tokyo, Paris, Vancouver, Sydney, Florence, Venice, Cape Town, San Francisco, Chicago, New York City, and London.

Emma Thornton, head of tourism and city centre management of Cambridge, told *Varsity* that she was "not surprised" to see Cambridge on the list.

Thornton explained, "One of the things that sets Cambridge apart

from other cities is its diversity. It's rich in heritage, has many open, green spaces and also has great retail on offer. To incorporate all these things in a compact city centre is exceptional."

She added, "Cambridge offers a cultural mix; it has the complete package and caters for everyone."

Tourism is a major industry for Cambridge, with around 4.6 million people visiting the city every year. As an industry, tourism generates around £351 million for the local economy each year, and employs about 6,500 people.



British universities face funding shortfall

Plans to cut up to £915 million in funding could leave universities scrambling for new revenue

CERI EVANS

Universities faced crisis this week as the government admitted that funds for higher education are set to be cut, and institutions would have to look for their own ways of raising revenue.

The total amount to be slashed could be as high as £915 million, as Lord Mandelson announced last month that on top of the £180 million in efficiency savings and £600 million in decreased funding – slated to go into effect from 2012 – the government also intends to cut university budgets by £135 million next year.

Institutions have also been warned not to rely on an increase in tuition fees to bridge funding shortfalls as the government have shown no signs of removing the current £3200 cap on fees.

With the general election coming up, neither Labour nor the Tories have confirmed their position on the tuition fee cap, leaving some uncertainty about whether increased tuition fees could generate new revenue for universities.

The Government's plans were immediately criticized for being contrary to their own desire to get more students into higher education.

Alex Gillham, a student from Queens' college, said that she agreed with Paul Marshall, executive director of the 1994 Group of Universities in saying that for money to "not be available for several years seems incompatible with the ambitions the government recently set out in its framework for higher education."

As a result of decreased funding, the chances are that thousands of prospective students could miss out on places.

Several universities in the prestigious Russell Group, such as Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and the London School of Economics, announced last month that they will cut or freeze the number of admissions for autumn this year.

Gillham added that she felt "it was very unfair on the people who are going to miss out".

In addition to this, other universities, such as Leeds, have raised the grade requirements for their conditional offers this year, which could further reduce the number of students being accepted.

Up to 160,000 students missed out on a place in last year's admissions cycle and this is only set to increase now that new financial worries have come to light.

David Lammy, Higher Education Minister, said that it would be "a short sighted route" for universities to simply cut costs and accept their fate.

Writing in *Policy Review* magazine, Lammy went on to suggest some ways in which universities could fight the crisis. Some of his ideas included a greater emphasis on distance learning and part-time degrees, as well as work-based

training in place of the traditional three year full-time degree.

Many students were sceptical of the effect these changes could have on students' university experience. "You can't get the same experience studying part-time that you do in a concentrated full-time programme," said one St Edmund's first-year student.

Others expressed concern about the repercussions of these ideas on students' career plans. According to Sophie Bell, a student at Homerton College, "by prolonging a degree by studying part-time, more students will be put off applying for fear of not getting onto the job market as quickly as their peers."

Bell also worried that the potential

rise in tuition fees would be "even more of a deterrent in applying".

It seems that universities will need to re-think ways to bring new sources of money into their institutions. Lammy has also suggested that universities should consider diversifying their sources of income and start campuses in developing countries, as well as look to the

private sector and to each other for income.

Regardless of whether these ideas are implemented or not, one thing is certain: young people, who, according to Shadow Universities Minister David Willets are "the biggest single victim of this recession", face a struggle ahead.

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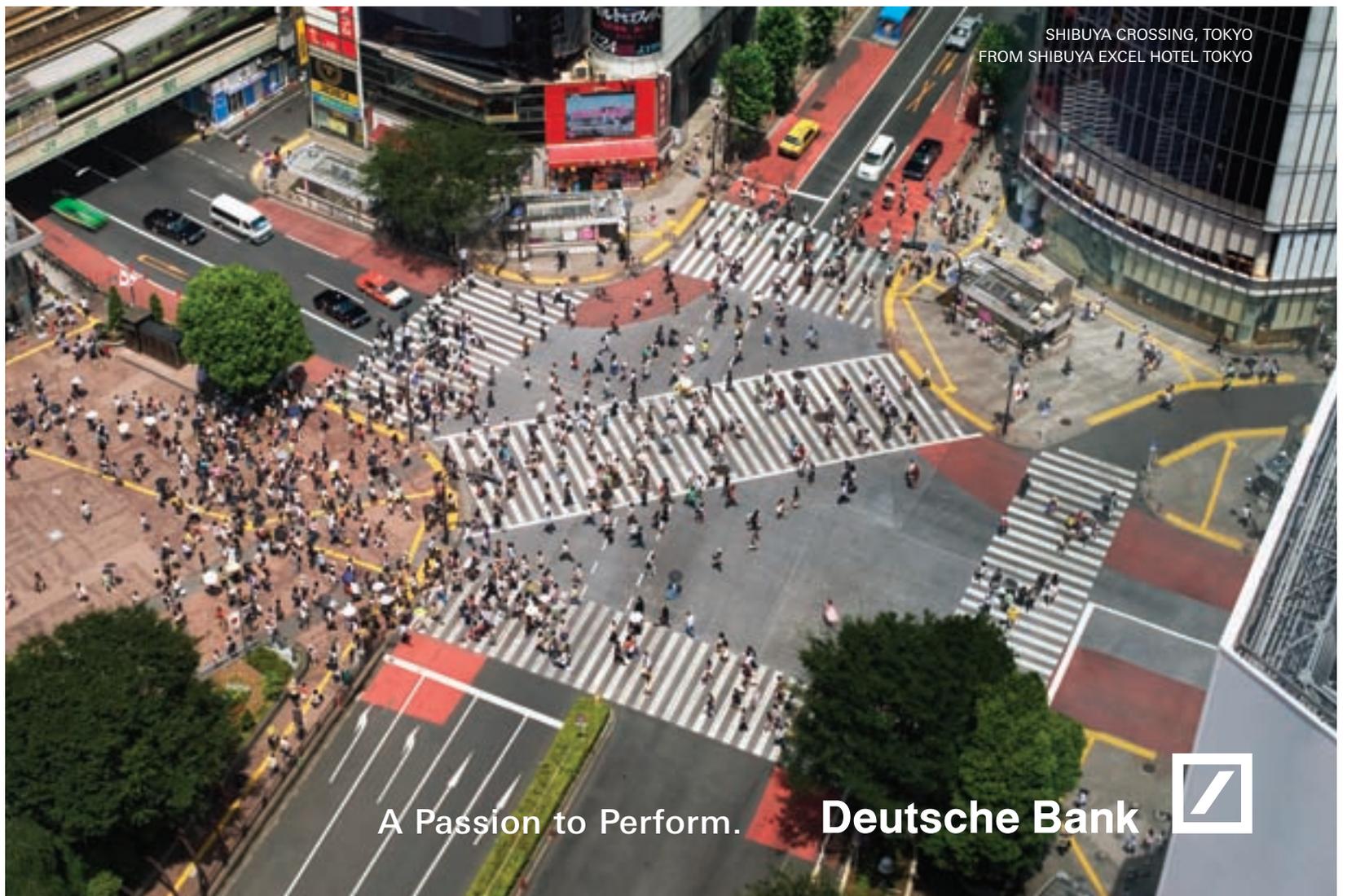
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Hi! Society



Cambridge University Caving Club

Are you hairy, muddy and familiar with the ins and outs of the Linux operating system? If you are, then caving might just be for you. Established in 1949, Cambridge University Caving Club currently boast a core of about 30 members and go on excursions around the UK every other weekend. Then, over Easter, the club decamp to France to enjoy a week of glorious sunshine, beautiful caves and cheap wine.

For the more hard core cavers, CUCC also organise a summer trip to the Austrian Alps. Journeying to the rather hilariously named 'Loser Plateau', the club explore virgin caves, which range from sharp little rabbit-holes to huge underground caverns – the vast majority of which are entirely unexplored. The highlight of the club calendar for 30 years, the Austrian Expo is your ticket to the last unmapped, unseen places on the planet.

It's not all harnesses and head torches though, the CUCC also enjoy a thriving network of social events. Hosting pub-meets every Tuesday at The Castle Inn, the CUCC hold an annual dinner weekend which frequently sees members both past and present partying through until Sunday brunch.

It's clear that caving is a passion for the members of the CUCC, so what better way to finish than to let their president Bela describe her favourite cave? It's called The Titan:

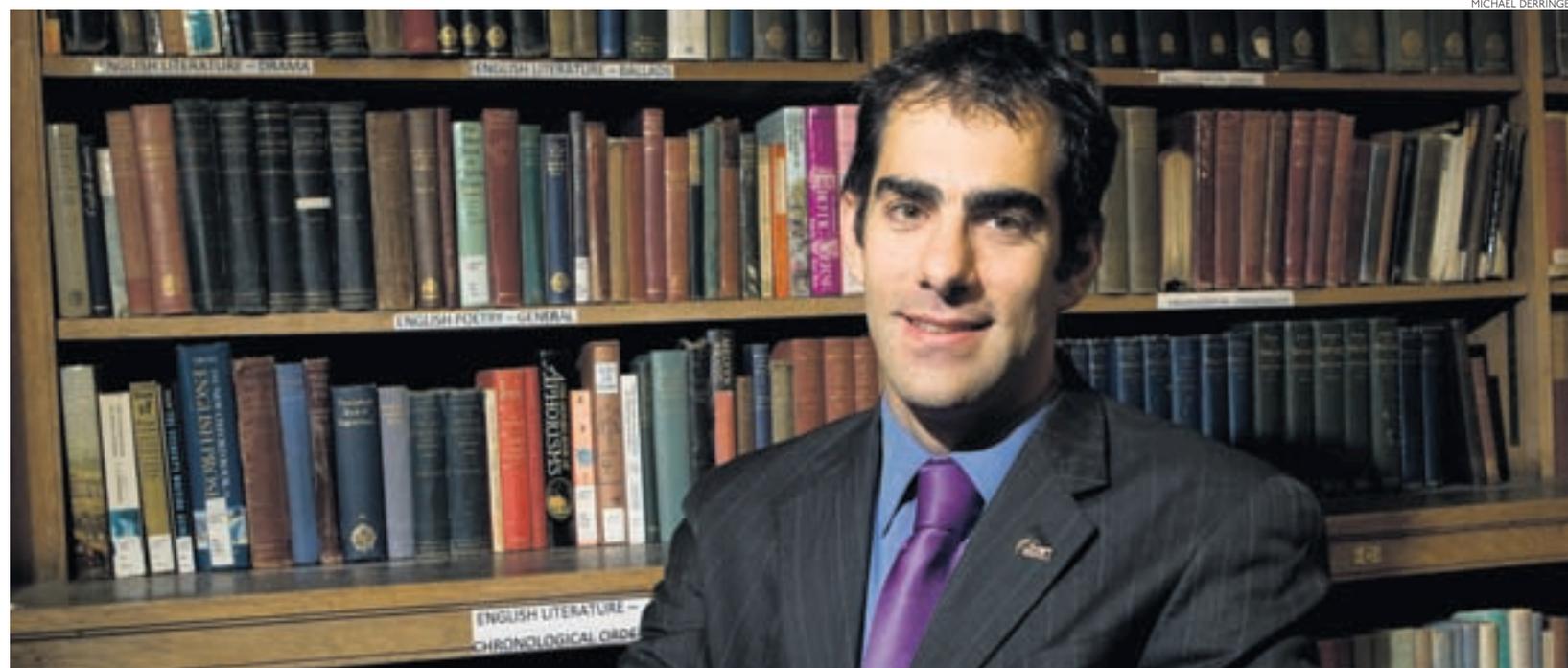
"It's Britain's deepest single pitch: 142m of gaping darkness. Then, as you abseil, your head torch illuminates beautiful flowstone walls all around you. The top entrance was only made in 1998, but the pitch links to a complex web of underground rivers and 18th century mines. You can still see the miners' writings on the walls, footsteps from clogs in the sand, as well as some gorgeous natural formations down the White River series."

NATHAN BROOKER

If you want to know more about the CUCC check out their website:
<http://www.srcf.ucam.org/caving/>

NEWS INTERVIEW

Those who can, teach



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Before Brett Wigdortz's speech at the Union this week, Matthew Symington talked to the Teach First CEO about the state of modern education

At Cambridge, you get used to feeling like you haven't done enough with your time; rubbing shoulders with students who spent their years out building wells for poor kids in places we haven't heard of is a regularity. If anything, I am even more irked than most by this sense of guilt, so I had to brace myself before meeting Brett Wigdortz.

A brief biography: after studying at Richmond and obtaining an MA from Hawaii, Wigdortz went on to work as a Programme Officer at the Asia Society in New York City, then as a journalist in Asia. He then had a stint as a researcher at the East-West Centre in Honolulu. After this, Wigdortz joined McKinsey & Co., working as a consultant in Indonesia, Singapore, Manila and London. Most importantly, Wigdortz founded Teach First.

My nerves are misplaced. Wigdortz is laid back and affable; not at all put out by the horrendously small and dull room I've managed to secure for our interview. I begin, compelled by envy for his résumé, by asking Wigdortz what motivated him back in 2002 to give up his consulting career and start Teach First. "When I was at McKinsey, I became involved with a project which was looking at how businesses could help education in London," he begins.

"And I quickly learnt two different things. The first was that in England the biggest determinant of a child's success at school is how rich their parents are – in fact, the correlation between those two factors is worse in England than any other OECD country. If you estimate the parental income of a kid here, you can usually estimate what their GCSE results are going to be.

"The second thing I learnt was that if you could get children from a poorer background excellent teaching and excellent school leadership then they would do just as well as children from wealthier backgrounds. I felt like this was something that could make a real impact – more than some of the other things I'd done in the past. So I left McKinsey permanently to pursue it."

This matter of fact account of events doesn't quite do justice to the scale of the achievement. Last year, Teach First placed 485 of the country's top graduates into 219 of the country's worst schools. This year they're aiming for 650 graduates, who will be trained for just six weeks before being sent into inner-city comprehensives.

Yet I noted potential problems in the Teach First philosophy. Teach First is largely financed by a group of corporate graduate employers who take a keen interest in the leadership skills graduates develop during their teaching. I ask Wigdortz if it's sound policy to incentivise graduates into teaching with opportunities in the corporate private sector.

"Our teachers work really hard for two years to raise the aspirations of the kids they're working with – if after that they want to move on to Proctor & Gamble that's fine. What we're trying to do is to create a 'mafia' whose focus is addressing educational disadvantage – we call these people ambassadors. We have about 50 working for Deloitte now, and almost all of them are doing things like mentoring kids, and acting as school governors."

From this I point out an irony in Teach First's philosophy, in that it recruits a 'mafia' of privileged

high-fliers to address social disadvantage. It's clear before I finish talking that Wigdortz doesn't agree. "I disagree with the term privileged – we have a lot of Teach First applicants who were taught by Teach First. Sure, they've been successful and went to good universities; but you want the best leaders to teach kids. Every organization in the country wants the best leaders; we think the best leaders should work with the kids from the poorest backgrounds."

Presumably, then, Teach First are in favour of David Cameron's recent announcement to make teaching a "brazenly elitist" profession? Cameron has pledged to cut

and seen enough kids to know that the British education system is failing some kids," Wigdortz asserts, "it's not a push to say that. Some of the saddest things I've seen were when I went to a school six or seven years ago and it was clear that not many good things were happening.

"Having gone back there now and seen the schools with a new head teacher and some other new teachers, they've completely changed, which is really exciting but also depressing. The kids haven't really changed from seven years ago, where they live hasn't changed: it's just the teachers that have changed."

Wigdortz's eyes dash to the clock on his iPhone so I know my time is almost up. As happens increasingly often these days, Lord Mandelson is brought into the conversation. What of his comments that elite universities aren't doing enough for the working-class? Taking some time to think, Wigdortz answers, "I almost always hear from Cambridge graduates at Teach First that they are teaching kids who are more intelligent than the people they went to Cambridge with.

"Over 50% of Cambridge's new intake this year were privately schooled, there is no way that half of the smartest people in this country went to private school. Lots of talented kids at comprehensives do really well in school but they don't know how to apply to university and they think it's too expensive. To them it's like people at Cambridge have three eyes and green skin."

Wigdortz's zeal is infectious, but it is his acute awareness which will make Teach First a formidable force in the future of education.

"If you estimate the parental income of a kid in England, you can usually estimate their GCSE results"

funding for teaching applicants with lower than a 2:2 degree. Again Wigdortz doesn't agree: "Teaching shouldn't be brazenly elitist in an academic sense. Those who get the best grades aren't the best teachers and we certainly don't look for that. Though in many ways if you rule out people with a third you're actually only cutting out about five or ten percent of graduates." Something of a futile gesture on Cameron's part, perhaps.

We move on to talk about Britain's education system as a whole. "I've been to enough schools

VARSITY PROFILE

Mohammad Razai

Creating a life in Cambridge after escaping war-torn Afghanistan

Stranded in a civil war, exiled, and persecuted politically — it sounds like the stuff of faraway headlines. But, in the case of Mohammad Razai, second-year Medicine student at St Edmunds, it is part of the harrowing and inspirational journey that brought him from Afghanistan to Cambridge.

Born in Kabul, in the Hazara and Shiite Muslim community of Afghanistan, Mohammad has seen almost unspeakable tragedies befall his family. “The Hazaras are ethnic minorities in Afghanistan,” he explains. “It’s a difficult life, and I was bullied a lot just for being Hazara.”

During the period of Soviet presence in Afghanistan, Mohammad’s parents were imprisoned. Eight months later, his father was executed. As the Taliban started to take over Afghan society in the mid-1990s, life for Mohammad’s family became ever more difficult. His step-brother was taken into questioning, and his uncle was killed.

At this point, his mother decided to send him away. “Sending me away was a really difficult decision for my mum,” he explains. “But she wouldn’t have done it if she didn’t have strong reasons to fear for my life.”

Undertaking a risky journey, Mohammad crossed the border into Pakistan, from where he flew to Austria and eventually came to England in 2001. He arrived not knowing a word of English, but now

speaks it fluently. “Knowing English was the first step towards doing anything, so I was forced to learn it very quickly,” he recalls.

Mohammad was initially placed in foster care, and slowly started to build a life in England. Between working at a pizza shop and doing a computer course, he found time for studies, eventually completing his A-levels.

His results allowed him to gain admission to UCL to study Anatomy & Developmental Biology, from where he graduated with honours. Encouraged by his success, he applied to Cambridge to read Medicine.

For someone who has achieved so much despite such challenges, Mohammad is surprisingly modest and has never harboured any grand ambitions. “I never had any ambitions. I didn’t even know what I would do in a few days, let alone in the long-term future,” he says.

It is perhaps this uncertainty that drives Mohammad to live each day to the fullest. He has thrown himself fully into life at Cambridge, taking part in everything from rowing to poetry to French, as well as inter-faith community work. During vacation periods, he has embarked on volunteer projects in India and China.

“Change has to come from the people,” he says. Does he envision himself as part of such a change? Ever modest, he adds, “I just want to be useful.” OSAMA SIDDIQUI



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

University Watch

University College London

The man who has become known worldwide as the ‘underwear bomber’ was a student of University College London. A review is set to begin into the time he spent at the institution. On Christmas Day, Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab boarded a commercial flight to Detroit with a bomb concealed in his underwear. The review, which is to be chaired by Dame Fiona Caldicott, the principal of Somerville College, Oxford, will meet for the first time next month and will examine whether Abdulmutallab, who studied for an engineering with business finance degree, was radicalised during his time at UCL. It will look into all aspects of his life there, including time he spent as president of the institution’s Islamic Society. The issue raises serious questions about whether or not institutions should ban freedom of speech in certain groups. In order to answer these worries, the review will need to determine how far Abdulmutallab’s time at UCL contributed to his radicalisation.



De Montfort University

Three rugby players at De Montfort University have been suspended from playing for 30 weeks each on charges of conduct prejudicial to the interests of the union. The three, who are students at the university, have been suspended due to a rugby initiation ceremony they conducted in November, in which new players were forced to strip naked and had eggs and flour thrown at them. The university is set to carry out its own investigation into the events of November 18th, which have culminated in the rugby team being ordered to raise £2,500 for charity on top of the suspension of the three players. The university is taking the incident seriously and would like



to make it clear to all students that such initiation ceremonies will not be tolerated.

Warwick University

At Warwick University, Peter Backus (pictured) has attempted to answer a question many men would like the answer to: “Why don’t I have a girlfriend?” Backus, who is a PhD candidate and teaching fellow in the Economics Department of the university, is not the first to have turned the Drake Equation, which is used to predict the possibility of intelligent life existing in the universe, toward a more mundane question.

Others to have done so include Tristan Miller in 1999 and Diego Trujillo who wrote a response to this question purporting to show why men will find girlfriends. Backus’ study, in which he aims to find the number of potential girlfriends for him across the UK, finds that, of the 30 million women in the UK, only 26 would make suitable girlfriends for him. However, it seems that Backus has defied the odds: he currently has a girlfriend of six months. ESMÉ NICHOLSON

Cambridge Spies



Liquidity Crisis

A late night trip to the cashpoint proved more draining than expected for the thrice-jilted hero of last week’s parable. Finding his overdraft more accommodating than his stomach, he was to be seen splashing his cash rather too literally, drenching it with an almighty display of peristaltic pyrotechnics and quite liberally filling the hole in the wall. His balance left less than healthy by his bibulous escapades, our sot then slumped into a pool of his own creation to bed down for the evening.

Bedder Bedded

Overcoming his pie-eyed disposition, one ardent boozier returned from a night out in the company of an equally sozzled inamorata to indulge in a spot of wine-fuelled whoopee. Arising early to find a familiar figure lurking in the shadows, our protagonist offered an exploratory hand to the posterior, sealing the deal with a kiss to the neck. Imagine his surprise when the lass turned around to reveal herself, not as the mysterious damsel of the previous night, who had rather sensibly made her escape under the cover of dawn, but as his very confused, very flustered bedmaker.

CanTab CockSlap

One less than distinguished alumnus boomeranged back to this hallowed turf last weekend, ignorant that his alma mater’s public face had changed somewhat in appearance; the distinctive, austere-faced Master of his time replaced by a less conventional, misleadingly youthful new Mistress. During a booze-fuelled formal hall, our protagonist proceeded to matriculate this new don in an altogether unsavoury fashion - she was introduced to this old member’s old member by means of a perfunctory blow to each cheek. Retiring to bed in blissful ignorance of his wrongdoing, this old boy was surprised to find himself less than welcome on college turf the following morning. Quelle surprise.

Physics professor wins Science and Technology award

CHRISTOPHER STANTON

Cambridge Experimental Physics Professor Athene Donald has recently been awarded a Science and Technology Award by Glamour magazine in recognition of her lifetime of achievements.

Professor Donald, who is the Deputy Head of the Department of Physics, beat out such candidates as scientist Baroness Susan Greenfield and internet entrepreneur Martha Lane Fox, to win the prize from the iconic women's lifestyle magazine.

In announcing the award in their latest edition, the magazine praised Professor Donald as a "great role model" who has "forged a real path for herself in the male-dominated world of physics".

Professor Donald was surprised by the honour. "I didn't know anything about the award until someone rang me up to congratulate me," she said. "I was delighted to see that a women's lifestyle magazine had picked up the importance of science and technology, identifying it as one of the six categories in which awards were made," she added.

The award gives Professor Donald a chance to bring attention to the under-representation of women in the fields of science and technology, an issue she has cared about for a long time. "I am very keen to get

the message across that science is okay for young girls; that you can be a mother and look like a normal person and not wear a white lab coat all day."

Although very pleased about the award, Professor Donald thinks that much more can be done to encourage the participation of young women in science.

"From my perspective, it would have been even better if the magazine had used the opportunity to showcase the excitement of science to those readers making decisions about subjects to study at A-levels."

"Certainly in my own field—physics—still far too few women study the subject at A-levels or beyond," she added. "The field would benefit from the skills of more bright young women."

Professor Donald is a fellow at Robinson College. She's also the Director of the University of Cambridge Women in Science, Engineering and Technology Initiative (WiSETI). This aims to address the imbalance between the sexes in the sciences by boosting the number of women in science at all levels, from undergraduate to professorial.

Professor Donald has worked at the Cavendish Laboratory for 27 years, since 1983, and was appointed as Professor there in 1998.

This is not the first time that she



Professor Athene Donald

has been recognised for her work and her career. Last year, she was awarded the prestigious L'Oreal UNESCO Laureate for Women in Science Award for her outstanding contribution to science.

Quoted in her award citation in Glamour as stating, "My philosophy is trying to use physics to solve problems that physicists traditionally have not solved," Professor Donald's work focuses on biological and soft systems, including the exploration of generic factors underlying neurodegenerative diseases, such as CJD and Alzheimer's.

Her research has applied microscopy, in particular Environmental Scanning Electron Microscopy, to the study of synthetic and biological systems.

LGBT night at The Place scrapped

TILLY WILDING-COULSON

Tuesday January 19th 2010 saw the finale of long-running LGBT night 'Allsorts' at The Place, aka Life. The event had previously been promoted on www.tick.it as "the biggest weekly LGBT Night in East Anglia".

Speaking to promoters, *Varsity* discovered that the management made the decision following several departures from the team. Previous promoter Paul Whitbread, who was with the night until last summer, explained that DJ Nick Shepherdson left last October, resulting in a dramatic drop in clientele. He also complained that the new DJ "played a completely different style of music, and alienated the regular customers".

During his time as promoter, the night was achieving "an average of 150 people each week peaking at 420, a mixture of students and local people." However, owing to the cheaper drinks and entry prices of alternative night, 'Rendezvous', 'Allsorts' attracted just 20 people on a night earlier this month.

Whitbread asserted that 'Allsorts' held a string of unpopular themed club nights, including "a porn party, and a sex night", adding that he feels "the people of Cambridge don't want those kind of nights!"

The Place's spokesperson confirmed that the night had become "an unprofitable session due to lack of interest" adding that owing to the closure of the last LGBT pub, The Bird in Hand, the night was increasingly difficult to promote to their "target market".

Speaking to *Varsity*, a student who regularly attended the 'Allsorts' night

complained that unlike the regular Sunday student night, half of the club space was closed off and booths were unavailable. He commented that the club was "as busy as a normal night, but half the size" yet still with a "buzzing atmosphere".

The Place's replacement event, 'Ladies Night' will be in direct competition with the Night formally known as Jelly Baby' at rival establishment Cindies. It will launch on Tuesday January 26th.



The Place nightclub

When questioned about the possible success of 'Ladies Night', he admitted that it "could mean a fuller club as it is not aimed at a minority" adding that "it's hard to cater for minorities in a small town."

A Facebook group now exists in commemoration of the 'Allsorts' night, claiming to "preserve the memory of this once fantastic club night" that had run since 2006.

Cambridge at the forefront of BBC world history project

Newton's journal among items contributed by University

DARRAGH CONNELL

The museums of the University of Cambridge are at the forefront of a new national project designed to showcase world history from local perspectives.

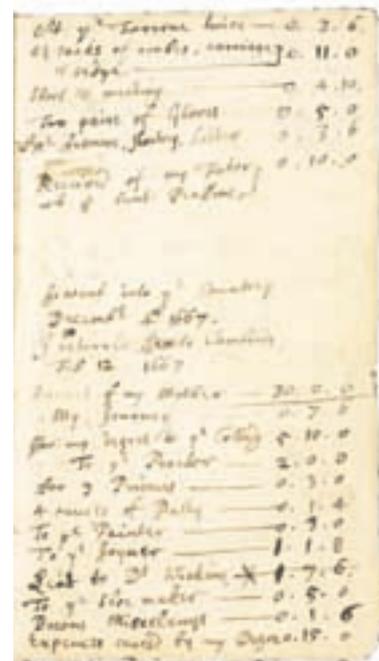
The project entitled "A History of the World" is the result of a collaboration between the BBC and the British Museum. As part of the project, local museums have chosen objects from their own collections that reflect world history from their region's perspective.

Inspired by the BBC Radio 4 series of the same name, the project has so far attracted considerable interest across the country. Some of the most notable items in the collection, however, come from the museums of Cambridge, including many of the University's Faculties.

"A History of the World" in Cambridgeshire brings together museums as diverse as the Fitzwilliam, the Imperial War Museum Duxford, and the Scott Polar Research Institute – institutions that are now working together to build up

a history of the region and its global connections.

The Director of the British Museum, Neil MacGregor, explained the rationale behind the project: "Most of us



Newton's Cambridge expenses

learn history from books, but I think that it is physical objects that most powerfully connect us to the past – things made by somebody with hands just like ours, for a purpose we can still hope to understand."

Descriptions of the various objects will be uploaded to the BBC website in the coming months. The most notable artifacts will also be featured in a series of national radio and TV programmes. Amongst the objects contributed by the University are a revealing journal kept by Isaac Newton and a collection of Charles Darwin's Beagle specimen notebooks – crucial to his ground-breaking theories of evolution – from the decade when he lived in Cambridge.

Many objects chosen have been dramatically excavated from Cambridgeshire soil. The University Museum of Archaeology & Anthropology contributed an Anglo-Saxon glass beaker that narrowly escaped a bulldozer's path during roadworks on the A14 highway. The Archaeological Unit also offered a remarkable medieval coin hoard discovered by workmen in a sewerage shaft in Cambridge city centre.



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“For my last birthday, all I really wanted was particle collisions.”

VICKI MOELLER



ROSIE TEGELAARS

Confessions of a Chr*sti*n

A lot of evangelical Christians are unbearable. But there are ones with social skills, and at least they stand up for their beliefs

My innocent Googling of ‘CICCU Main Event’ this week yielded an intriguing result. The Student Room forum proffers a thread with this question: “What’s so bad about CICCU?” (For those unfamiliar with this ominous-sounding acronym, it means ‘Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union’) A flood of responses follows. Top of my list has to be, “They are creepily aggressive in their evangelism... they quite often turn up at your door asking to come in and then stay for several hours.” I worried for the individual who had yet to learn the knack of drawing conversations to a close with the classic sigh and a firm, “Well, I’d better be getting on.” After a bit more amusement, however, I had seen enough truth in the negative things that were said to get me thinking about the issue of evangelism itself.

As a Christian coming up to Cambridge three years ago, I

didn’t get a great first impression of CICCU either. It seemed a juggernaut of an institution, efficient at churning out CICCU ‘types’. At times the formulaic conversations about God were stifling, and I got the impression they thought, “Doing things THIS way is doing things JESUS’s way – move aside all other forms of so-called Christianity!” Over time, though, as I undertook the basic task of actually getting to know people in CICCU and what they stood for, my perceptions changed somewhat. Just like a skeleton functions as the solid

framework around which the rest of the body – flesh, nerves, everything making up physical life – can be wrapped, so with CICCU, I had taken the framework of “make Jesus Christ known”, with all the events, administration and fixed forms, without catching sight of the real people who breathe it into life: people who live what they speak,

and speak what they truly believe and (mostly) can laugh at themselves in the process. Christianity’s message is meaningless unless manifested in actuality, and whilst I wonder if CICCU still allows the rigid skeleton to shine through too clearly, the manifestation is present.

One overriding view on The Student Room thread was the often articulated idea that faith, being a ‘private’ thing, should not be forced upon others. Except we have so inhaled postmodern thinking that we allow this to mutate to ‘should not be talked about with any conviction that it is true’. Or rather, if that conviction is there, it should never claim to mutually exclude another position. We need to get over our national allergy to someone suggesting we might be wrong, because our insecurity threatens to mould us into one homologous lump of opinion. Controversially, perhaps, I find it refreshing that CICCU does not contort its message to pamper people’s tastes, because that’s not the way truth works. They may need to work on not alienating or offending people in the way they convey their message, but if it’s

the message itself which you find antagonistic, ignore it, address it, but don’t drown it out. Tolerance and respect should rightfully be signs of our age, but they are not tautologous with the disallowance of truth claims, the only result of

“No-one is able to change your views by force.”

which will be the death of meaningful dialogue.

What of the ‘creepy’ evangelism, though? Let me give you my perspective. I, too, can’t stand having people’s views thrust at me when it is clear they don’t have the slightest interest in listening to what I think or have to say – and that includes Christian views. Yet from my very core, I am convinced that Jesus’s death and raised life has changed me, that the Bible’s claims are true, and that God is, for want of a less vernacular term, flipping immense. Frankly, it would be bizarre if I *didn’t* want to share that with people around me. I’m not

talking about wittering on to people at random, but about conversation in which there is proper engagement. Maybe we should chat less about ‘evangelism’ and more about ‘honesty’?

Different views, especially when they are deep convictions, make for incredibly interesting debate. Call me a theologian, but add to that the fact that these convictions are about the fundamental truths of the universe and surely you’re onto a winner. The trepidation that surrounds all this is unfounded: no-one is able to change your views by force, and trust me, Christians don’t have any voodoo to work on you when they speak about God. As CICCU’s week of talks and events entitled *Rescued?* approaches, why not consider letting your guard down against the feared beast of ‘evangelism’ and entering into the debate? And if someone approaches you with zero social skills and honed Bible-bashing technique, feel free to cut out and present this verse to them, which Peter wrote to the first Christians: “Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have. But do this with gentleness and respect.” Then, sigh, mutter something, and slip out the nearest door.



RHYS JONES

British snacks for British workers?

Kraft’s takeover will mean the great Cadbury name will spend life behind (chocolate) bars

I hope you’ve recovered from the pun in that title. I haven’t, give me a minute. There, let’s begin. Might I suggest we first concern ourselves with a short refresher course on the vital matter at hand? In abrupt terms, Cadbury, that estimably British chocolatier, is about to be bought by Kraft, a brash American business outfit keen to annex anything that moves. In terms of monopoly and market, I’m sure this is wrong on several levels, and I would like to bleat on in such a vein about such a scheme – or at least I would if I cared about business. No, there are far greater reasons, reasons of conscience, to deplore this dastardly act.

Kraft’s CEO, Irene Rosenfeld

– shoulder pads, power suit, testosterone –, claimed that her rapacious conglomerate and its actions would create a ‘global confectionary leader’. Which, presumably, would make her its ‘Sugar Daddy’, or at least an even more suspect version of Willy Wonka (which takes some doing, you understand). Are we to assume, in line with this unlovely, deeply shady take-over, that she may also consider attaching the missing letter ‘y’ to the end of her company’s title?

In case you were in any doubt, I am not attempting to find good news anywhere in this issue. Jobs will disappear, the insipid Americanisation of Britain will continue, the once great name of Cadbury

will (aptly) melt. Kraft has even announced its intention to continue manufacturing that dark devil of dairy confectionery, Bournville. Is there to be no reprieve?

Meanwhile, the Prime Minister decided he ought to wade into this take-over argument too. His intervention, about as welcome as the appearance of a body collector on your doorstep during the Plague, was not designed to admonish Irene. Of

course not. Gordon announced, without compunction, that the publicly-owned RBS would use public money to facilitate Kraft’s bid. Quite the kick in the teeth.

Maybe Kraft should consider mounting an aggressive bid to buy out the tooth fairy too, or at least give her some cavities. One last canter on my high horse, then – a beast I always keep tethered conveniently within reach.



Cadbury’s legacy depends on every one of us doing his or her duty to resist. Just as that butterfly, lazily flapping its gossamer wings in far-away Japan, can create a tiny zephyr that will one day become a mighty typhoon, so every chocolate consumer in the UK, by issuing Kraft with a defiant *non serviam*, can strike the key-note of a vast fight-back, which will eventually teach every butterfly in Japan who is boss in the confectionery market. This is not chocolate nationalism, I might add. It is much more serious than that.

Anyway, great fortunes, Balzac once remarked, are often conceived in sin. If all else fails, then Kraft are welcome to their fortune, but I for one will not be buying the tainted Cadbury brand again. That is unless, for medical purposes, I am required to induce vomiting.

VARSITY

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Issue No 711

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Haiti

It was at first unclear to us how a student newspaper could, or should, address an international disaster on the scale of the recent earthquake in Haiti. No kind of coverage we could think of seemed to honour the gravity and seriousness of such a horrendous tragedy halfway round the world.

This week, however, we are proud to be able to champion the cause of the Cambridge associates and residents – Dr Lynne Jones, of IMC, and the local charity SOS Children's Villages – who have dedicated themselves to support of the relief effort on the ground.

Deeply disturbed by news of the 1755 earthquake in Lisbon, Voltaire wrote:

*“What crime, what sin, had those young hearts conceived
That lie, bleeding and torn, on mother's breast?
Did fallen Lisbon deeper drink of vice
Than London, Paris, or sunlit Madrid?
In these men dance; at Lisbon yawns the abyss.”*

In the next weeks and months, keep up with news of the events in Haiti, and do anything you can to support victims of the natural disaster there. The Cambridge bubble may be a secure haven for friendship, study, “dance”, and celebration, but we cannot afford to let the adversity of others stray too far from our minds.

Close encounters

Speaking at the 350th anniversary celebrations of the Royal Society of Astronomy this week, Cambridge's Simon Conway Morris declared that our extraterrestrial friends may bear an uncanny resemblance to our own fair race. Tragic news, we know. Gone are those days when the stomach-bursting beast of *Alien* and the light-up finger of *ET*'s titular hero were viable options for our vision of alien aesthetics.

What the story has revealed is the wonderfully idiosyncratic culture of astronomy. Amongst the issues discussed at the conference, hot topics included concerns as to whether television commercials can be intercepted in the galaxy and which planets fall in the ‘Goldilocks zone’ (the part of the universe where conditions are right to sustain water). Ultimate kudos, though, have to go to Professor Albert Harrison, a social psychologist from the University of California. Concerned with the general consensus that aliens are our lovable and friendly outer space brethren, Harrison has said, “if you wake up one morning and an armada of extra-terrestrial spaceships are circling Earth, that prediction won't necessarily hold” – apparently confusing *Independence Day* with real life.

Whoever you believe, don't expect this to be the last we hear about aliens; one of the aims of the conference was to decide whether we should get more serious about making contact. So, what can we take from this? If Conway Morris is right, the truth is out there, and it's strictly mediocre.

Underrated

Week 3: Ronald Firbank



If you were asked to list the most glittering spectacles in modernist literature – Mrs Dalloway's party, Leopold Bloom's

circadian ramble, Rupert Birkin throwing stones at a reflected moon – there is one curiosity that would not get a mention: a cardinal christening a dog recently adopted by a sentimental duchess, only to expire, a short novel later, in nocturnal pursuit of a choir boy. This scenario, along with others of just that flamboyant exoticism, is the work of Ronald Firbank, our most underrated novelist, for whom even early death by consumption could not secure immortality.

Writing through the war and into the 1920s, a disciple of Wilde and inspiration to Waugh, Firbank was ignored even more completely by his contemporaries than he has been by later critics. The little regard he

enjoys is itself poisonous. His novels are acclaimed classics, but they are always *minor* classics. He may be labelled a *maître* but always a *petit maître*. Worse still, like the saints he often depicts, he is thought to occupy a niche. Because of their archly delicate prose, the decadent fantasia they survey and the aestheticism they are so steeped in, his works are dismissed as a minority taste, and an easily identifiable one – effete, homosexual. In a word, camp.

Yet Firbank is as bold, as brilliant, and as artistically substantial, as any of his contemporaries, and great literature is not addressed to cults or cliques. As Brigid Brophy, his most passionate resurrectrix and another

forgotten novelist, points out, it was Firbank who applied the aestheticism about which Wilde had theorised, but which he could never convert successfully into art. It was Firbank, moreover, who first, from 1915, escaped from the wreckage of Victorian narrative. His novels are candle-lit processions of images, each held reverentially aloft like a gilded icon, accompanied not by chanting but by the most extraordinary dialogue. Snatches of overheard conversation, gobbets of wit, are pieced together with those vivid fragments of description to create a sensibility, supported by none of the scaffolding that frames conventional novels.

Why then the sense of puniness? I suspect that, not uncommonly,

Firbank has been done in not by his detractors but by his greatest fans. For some, the minority to whom he is alleged to cater, Firbank's flourishes are enchanting in themselves, are so bewitching in fact, and so rare, that they come to overshadow the technical genius and aesthetic power that sustain them. We take such delight in jewelled pyjamas and drunken hallucinations about St Theresa that we forget, or at least forget to mention, the art these fancies serve. We admire Firbank, I fear, as Janeites in Regency costume admire Austen: for reasons ultimately superficial, and in doing so we put everyone else off. To be rated more highly, then, Firbank should perhaps be rated better.

BEN SLINGO



Letters to the Editor

I am not affiliated with Atheist Ireland, but I would like to respond to Patrick McKearney ('A slap in the faith', Issue 710).



McKearney is under the impression that the blasphemy law in s.36 of the Defamation Act 2009 will not punish discussion of religion. As a law student, my main objection to the statute is sloppy phrasing. There is no definition provided of “grossly insulting”, “sacred” or indeed “religion”. Until cases are brought before the courts to define these concepts, the offence is terrifyingly wide. Any matter at all can be held sacred by a religion, and under this statute there is no defence at all even if the “insulting” behaviour is motivated by perfectly normal moral objections. I contravene this law by writing right here and now that the Old Testament

is a disgusting collection of texts written by ignorant men because it contains passages advocating murder, rape and pillage of those the god objected to. I break it by writing that I despise the Koran for demanding that apostates be stoned to death, and despise any who defend that position.

Mr McKearney would tell me that such comments “serve no function other than to provoke unrest”, but this isn't the case. The function of the comments is to present my opinion about parts of these texts. The fact that they cause unrest is a side effect caused by the demands of extreme theists that all must show “respect” to them. If the law prevents people from objecting to things that are held “sacred”, it gives priority to religious opinion over any non-theist's opinion.

I agree with McKearney's conclusion that legislation is a step too far. But my reason is that the violation of free speech is not justified, and will do more harm than good.

Luke Bowyer
Selwyn

Alain de Botton has a very strange understanding of life ('Cambridge vs. The School of Life'). Ultimately, Mr de Botton seems to want

something that has never been, and never should be, part of the university. If he spent all his time getting a double starred first, it's his own silly fault for not experiencing the life outside of academia at Cambridge. No wonder he felt disappointed.

James Sharpe
Fitzwilliam

Scared as I am at the prospect of de Botton hate-mail, I do think his essay was the most extraordinary load of guff. Quarrying texts for nuggets of marital advice is as bonkers an idea as his claim that we harvest culture for the sake of passing exams. I study English because I enjoy it, perhaps even because I find literature beautiful, but certainly because instead of leaving things ‘hanging’, in studying literary texts there is a need to take in the bigger picture (and attendant bigger questions) that is every bit as rigorous as any form of scientific work.

George Reynolds
Corpus Christi

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

THE ESSAY

Champagne at the dawn of the Universe

Underneath a few quiet little towns on the French-Swiss border sits the Large Hadron Collider (LHC). It's here that we ask the biggest questions about the smallest and most fundamental things. The LHC is a machine designed to recreate the conditions of the Universe fractions of a second after the Big Bang, to look for answers to questions like "what is mass?" and "just how strong is gravity?" This is the first time in human history we have a machine powerful enough to test the amazingly precise Standard Model of physics at the mysterious TeV-scale, and I get to analyse the first LHC data for my PhD thesis. That's why, for my birthday last November, all I really wanted was LHC collisions.

We live in a cold Universe, which is getting colder all the time. The average temperature of outer space today, roughly 15 thousand million years after the Big Bang, is -270.4°C (2.75 K). At this temperature, we have the planets, stars and galaxies we have been looking up at for all of human history. According to Big Bang theory and the cosmological evidence supporting it, when the Universe was a little younger, around a thousand million years old or so, the average temperature was closer to -255.15°C (18 K), but it was still cold enough for atoms to come together to form stars and stars to come together and form galaxies. When the Universe was a mere 300,000 years old, the average temperature was closer to $5,726.85^{\circ}\text{C}$ (6000 K). This is where

"We recreate the conditions of the first seconds after the Big Bang."

it starts getting difficult to recognize the universe we call home. The Universe at this tender age is too hot for complex structures to form; heating up the matter in the Universe that much meant we would have very few stars, let alone galaxies. When the Universe was just three minutes old, the average temperature was 109 K. That's too hot for protons and neutrons to stay close enough to each other for long enough to make the atoms we know and love.

This is where things get interesting: when the Universe was just one second old, protons and neutrons were starting to form. Before that, between 10^{-32} seconds (less than a billionth of a billionth of a billionth of a second) and one second after the Big Bang, or between 1027 K and 1010 K, most of the universe was just a superhot plasma, or a soup of quarks and gluons. As we go up in temperature and back in time, we delve deeper



MICHAEL LOVETT

The Large Hadron Collider at CERN is the most exciting place in the Universe, writes **Vicki Moeller**. This is what it's like working on the biggest experiment ever built

into the understanding of the early Universe and its evolution to today.

In the LHC, proton beams are accelerated to 99.9999% of the speed of light and collide at an interaction point ten times smaller than the eye of a needle, recreating the extremely hot conditions in those first few fractions of a second after the Big Bang. Detectors the size of a cathedral nave, made up of hundreds of millions of individual readout channels, will see tens of millions of collisions per second and look for the most fundamental constituents of matter. Rooms full of sophisticated electronics reject 99% of those events, and a data acquisition system built to handle ultra-fast data transfer rates can read out all the hundreds of millions of channels once every 25×10^{-9} seconds. In other words, 14,000 collisions happened in one of the main LHC detectors the last time you blinked, and less than one interesting event was recorded. I work on one of the LHC detectors, ATLAS, and specifically on one of the ATLAS subdetectors, the SCT. The SCT is the second-closest subdetector to the LHC beam pipe. A six million channel semiconductor tracker made up of 4088 modules with 1536 strips of silicone per module, the SCT was built and tested in large part at Cambridge, and the Cambridge High Energy Physics (HEP) group still has a lot of effort invested in its smooth operation. The SCT measures the position of particles coming from LHC collisions to a precision on the order of 10^{-5} metres. Using this information, we can reconstruct the track of the particle from the beam pipe and through the other ATLAS detectors. From the curvature of the track, we know the particle's momentum. Once we combine the information from all the subdetectors and know how

much energy there is in all the final state particles from a collision, we can reconstruct the things that decayed early on, like the really exotic matter we are interested in finding: the infamous Higgs boson or, my favourite, semi-classical mini black holes.

In the week leading up to the 2009 restart in late November, I was at CERN. Months before, I had bet a bottle of whisky that I would have LHC first collisions for my birthday on the 25th of November. When I arrived at CERN on the 16th to be on-call for more data-taking with cosmic rays, it looked like I would lose my bet, but on Tuesday morning everything changed. The word from the accelerator division was that the beam injection tests were moving faster than expected.

Suddenly, the ATLAS control room was flooded with people who had been waiting and working most or all of their careers for this day. After three days of rumours and wild excitement, by Friday night, the 20th, the control room was full. No-one could risk leaving and missing the first beam shooting past ATLAS for over a year. I sat with the other SCT experts in

"After days of wild excitement, the control room was full."

the satellite control room, running back and forth to the main ATLAS control room and waiting for the beam to make its way around to us. When we saw the first splashes and got to wash down our takeaway pizza with Champagne in plastic glasses, I knew it was going to be

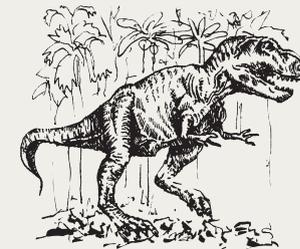
a good year, but it still seemed like I was going to lose that bottle of whisky; getting beams to collide in that tiny interaction point was going to take a while.

But two days later, something amazing happened. I stopped by the ATLAS control room on Sunday afternoon and the run controller told me that the accelerator division was ready to try collisions. I couldn't believe it, but by Monday night it was true; for the second time in three days the Champagne was flowing, the control room was full, and we had the biggest particle collider in the world working beyond our wildest expectations. On my birthday I sat in the basement of our favourite Italian restaurant near CERN and called three cheers for the first LHC collisions. I couldn't have asked for a better present.

At CERN, we are creating states of matter that haven't been around in any substantial amount for 15 thousand billion years and measuring fundamental constituents of the Universe that haven't been around to measure since the Universe began. J J Thomson needed 13 volts to free the electron from the atom. It took 100 million volts to split the atom into protons and neutrons. The LHC will be smashing protons together with 10 thousand billion volts this year. Thousands of scientists in hundreds of countries will be working together to search for new physics in the highest energy collisions in the biggest experiment ever built, and the HEP group at Cambridge will be right on the cutting edge. I can't wait to see what we'll be toasting next November.

Vicki Moeller is a physicist working with the Cambridge High Energy Physics Group on the ATLAS project at CERN.

Not-Sci



The fantasy that robs us blind

As a child I had a lot of unanswered questions about Santa Claus. Why didn't he make any noise? Why did he always ask my mother to write my cards when he had so many elfin helpers? Was he funded by taxpayers? I didn't want to discuss it in the playground, but Santa was a deeply suspicious man. He sparked a lifelong gut feeling of conspiracy.

Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, and, y'know, finding weapons of mass destruction are all cases where believable answers to intelligent, logical questions are elusive, and something doesn't quite add up. I'm starting to wonder if humans require different types of denial at different stages of their lives in order to feel stable.

Might homeopathy funded by the NHS be part of this? Twelve million pounds over a three year period, costing £151 for each outpatient treated and £3,066 for each inpatient, is a lot of money for an organisation as notoriously stretched as the NHS. We've all heard the "it's no better than a placebo in tests" rant, and when using public money the Government and the NHS have a duty to explain where it is going and why, in terms we can all understand. The NHS homeopathy 'issues' webpage announces that an "unusual effect that occurs at the sub-atomic level could explain how water could have a memory" and hints that "quantum entanglement" is involved. Confusingly, it then concludes "there is currently no proof that quantum entanglement is involved in homeopathy". The only source the discussion directly refers to is this: "The Lancet, in 2005, looked at over 100 clinical trials and could find no evidence that homeopathy worked any better than a placebo."

The NHS states on its own website that there is no scientific or clinical evidence to justify the spending on this luxury when medically proven drugs are deemed too expensive. At least parents choose to foot the bill for Santa, but the healthcare system was robbed of £12m between 2005 and 2008 to fund this particular mass illusion.

SITA DINANAUTH

MPhil in Multi-disciplinary Gender Studies

Applications are now invited for the 2010/11 entry to the MPhil in Multi-disciplinary Gender Studies at the University of Cambridge.

The MPhil introduces students from a wide variety of academic, business and policy backgrounds to the traditions, methods and front-line research that shape an advanced gender analysis of human society.

The MPhil is an 11 month course designed for those who wish to go on to do doctoral research or equally for those who simply want to enhance their understanding of gender analysis and attain a freestanding postgraduate degree in its own right.

Graduates from this MPhil will emerge as highly desirable candidates for NGO, governmental, policy, business, and academic careers.

Over 20 different departments within the University of Cambridge come together to address a range of topics including Conflict; Globalization; Labour Market Inequality; Social Policy; Culture; Bio-medical Advances, Human Rights and Justice.



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Centre for Gender Studies

Please visit our website for further details: <http://www.gender.cam.ac.uk/courses/>

adc theatre

PARK STREET • CAMBRIDGE

The ADC Theatre wishes to appoint the following full-time staff members for one year from 1st September 2010:

Production Manager

Responsible for organising show selection and for liaising with incoming shows (student, local amateur and professional) for all their publicity, production and technical requirements.

Marketing and Front-of-House Manager

Responsible for marketing the Theatre, maintaining the Theatre's front-of-house areas, and for management of the Theatre's bar and box office.

Technical Manager

Responsible for the maintenance, supervision and improvement of the Theatre's technical facilities and the fabric of the building.

Potential applicants should contact the Theatre Manager, Phil Norris, on phil@adctheatre.com or 01223 359 547 for more information or to apply.

**The deadline for applications is
12 noon on Friday 26 February 2010**
www.adctheatre.com

reading

monday 1st february
8pm at xviii jesus lane
the shop

The *mays* brings you a night of poetry, prose, and people reading things written by other people. Dramatic monologues, every-day eclogues, snippets and fragments and working-outs.

From the likes of:

Zeljka Marosevic, Eliot D'Silva, Decca Muldowney,
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Roisin Dunnnett, Edward Herring

workshops

with helen mort
fridays: 12.02, 19.02,
26.02, 05.03, 11.03

A weekly programme of poetry and script writing workshops for new writers, in collaboration with the *Marlowe Society*. For more information, visit <http://mays.varsity.co.uk/whats-on>. Applications close at midday on Monday 8th February.

the
mays

FRIDAY JANUARY 29TH 2010

V2

The Varsity Magazine
FEATURES, ARTS, FASHION & REVIEWS



Tattoo Taboo

BODY ART IN CAMBRIDGE

Plus Toby Young p15, weird and wonderful research in Cambridge p18-19 and Theatre p26-27

Victoria Beale: Self-Help

Week 3: The Rules

I don't think anyone, apart from me, will have read *The Rules* in their entirety. But you have almost certainly heard of them. They have sold 35 million copies, and, if you believe the spiel, are all you will ever need to know about male/female interaction. The perma-groomed Manhattanite authors of *The Rules*, Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider, have divided the world into two groups – women, who are needy harpies on a marriage rampage, and men, who are capricious bastards that can be trained and/or tricked into love, much like teaching a flighty monkey to play the accordion. So far, so eerily accurate. But what are these *Rules* I hear our female readership screech, ovaries a-trembling. They aren't difficult to summarize, so pay attention and you won't ever have to fork out ten dollars for this odious volume or any of its

cashing-in sequels. Never talk to a boy first, never call him, always end calls first, dump him if he doesn't buy you something shiny for your birthday, and so on and so on, with many more conditions and restrictions that basically all add up to Make Him Love You, Then Make Him Afraid.

I first encountered *The Rules* in Year 8, when my best friend's parents got divorced and her mum went on a Self-Actualization binge. First of all she bought up the I Don't Need No Man library, stuff like *The Feminine Mystique*, *The Second Sex* and similar, the kind of books with a Barbie in a noose on the front cover. Then came the Remarriage or Death phase, when she ordered in a crate with every dating book ever written i.e. *Why Men Love Bitches*, *Your Happiness is Secondary to Your Wish Not to Die Unloved* and, of course, *The Rules*. Eventually

she tired of these too, and when she moved on to sublimating her urges in BBC period dramas and fiercely intense feelings for Andrew Marr, our still forming adolescent minds were allowed to feast upon the most exploitative dating mythology dress the twentieth century could vomit up. I will never, ever, forget the principles I learned from *The Rules* aged 13. Even if/when I have been married for several years, a close relative is gravely ill and it is absolutely imperative that I call my hypothetical husband, I will no doubt pause before the phone and think 'You needy fool! Remember Rule Five!'

I'm not saying there aren't shreds of truthiness in the *The Rules* – you probably will appear more intriguing if you don't call a boy all the time. But that's just common sense. The part of the book that's really offensive is the idea that you should

spend the entirety of a relationship, even past marriage, even through old age and up to death, trying to hide most of yourself from your other half. The idea (and these are all suggested in *The Rules*) that you should try not to let your husband see you without make-up, that you should never be too honest about your thoughts/feelings/past, and that you must basically spend your life in a constant state of first date alertness, is sickening. My exposure to the book at an early age has meant I've developed an attitude where I either adhere so obediently to *The Rules* that whoever I'm involved with is left



KATHERINE SPENCE

puzzled at my chilly distance, or I rebel scornfully but excessively against them and completely lose decorum. At these times I'll pause a civil chat with a likely-seeming boy to say 'Okay, kiss me now.' My friend on the floor below says it makes me like a shy but predatory spider. My advice to myself (and to you, if you need it) is to break free from *The Rules*. Don't be an ice queen, or trap boys in your web – try having a normal, non-calculating conversation for once and see what happens.

The fourth installment of Self-Help will be online next Friday.

RADIOHEAD FOR HAITI The Oxford rockers raised more than £350,000 for Oxfam by

auctioning off tickets to a one-off gig (the highest sale was £1,230). Bless.

GREMLINS SEQUEL The cute

critters will once again invade screens – but this time, in 3-D. Just don't get them wet.

FEVER RAY The Swedish electro singer recently accepted an award by moaning through a mask that made her look like a burns victim. Fly the freak flag

high: tinyurl.com/yhcoxud
KEITH RICHARDS Has apparently given up all alcohol. That's it, hell has frozen over.

BRANGELINA BREAK-UP Apparently the Golden Couple are on the rocks. Remember, the first stage of grief is denial.

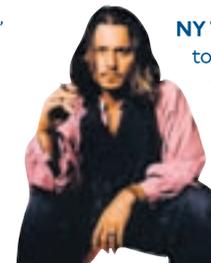
CYBER-BULLYING An American judge has ordered Google to turn over the details of an anonymous blogger who called a model a "skank" so the "victim" could sue. But the Internet runs on rudeness!

JOHNNY DEPP Don't worry, Captain Jack isn't actually dead. Remember, don't believe everything the Internet tells you. Unless it tells

you you're a skank, in which case you should sue.

NY TIMES Twitters to mock Michael C Hall's skullcap at the Golden Globes. Hall has cancer.

HOT



NOT

Street Profile



TOM COPSON
25, BUSKER BOY

Which words do you most overuse?
Cool.

What is Cambridge to you?

It's a musical home.

What's hot?
Busking instead of working in a warehouse. Even in the cold!

What's not?
At the moment for me, structure of any kind.

What is your guiltiest pleasure?
'MarioKart'. And also, when I'm down, tea with lots of sugar and a packet of biscuits.

What do you dream of?
I dream of writing songs that affect people in a positive way

And finally, dogs or cats?
Dogs.



Week 3: Soundtrack to a Jailbreak

Journey - 'Don't Stop Believin'
Michaelmas Term. Cindies. Journey comes on. You grab your nearest friend and scream, "JAILBREAK: LET'S DO IT. YES."

Marvin Gaye - 'Hitch Hike'
Fastforward three months, you're on a slip road by the M11 wearing an ill-fitting t-shirt with 'Charity' scrawled over it. The thirteenth car in a row has just slowed down, only to pump the horn and speed up again.

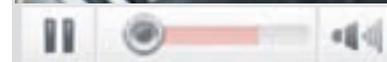
Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers - 'Roadrunner'
At last, a gap-toothed fellow behind the wheel of a Jaguar drives you to Luton, donating a mysterious wad of cash from his glove compartment.

Daft Punk - 'Around The World'
You've got enough money to get to Iceland! Touching down in Reykjavik you spend the rest of the weekend with Bjork and her Geysers.

Bruce Springsteen - 'Thunder Road'
Monday morning. Like a vision you dance across Parker's Piece and back to the library to finish that essay.

Our Tube

SEARCH:
keyboard+cat+aids



Oh no. First he saw dead people, but now Haley Joel Osment has AIDS! Don't worry, a cat in a blue t-shirt will play the keyboard and make you feel better.

Overheard

"I need to leave. There are only so many ridiculous haircuts I can take."

(12.30am, Nonsensevent)

How To Make Friends And Educate People

Toby Young: journalist, opportunist, relentless self-publicist, crasher of celebrity parties, and... reformer of education? **Laura Freeman** talks to him about his drastic change of career

Toby Young, writer, broadcaster and author of *How To Lose Friends and Alienate People* has forged a career from writing, broadcasting and publishing books about a lifetime of being obnoxious. The first volume of his autobiography *How To Lose Friends...* and its sequel *The Sound Of No Hands Clapping* are catalogues of social inadequacy, the ceaseless baiting of colleagues and bosses, and a career sabotaged at every opportunity by sheer bloody-mindedness. Bad manners and worse judgement have done little to dampen Young's success. Being socially inept and famously uncharismatic has seen Young through the halls of Oxford, Cambridge, *Vanity Fair*, most of the major British newspapers and Hollywood.

Everything I've read about Young has suggested that he will be graceless, difficult and wilfully argumentative. It's a surprise, then, to discover that the Young household is the very picture of domestic bliss. The kitchen is spotless. Young's three elder children are playing in the next room. The cat is sunning itself in the conservatory. Young's impossibly beautiful wife Caroline is playing with their toddler while negotiating a

time to take down the Christmas decorations. Young is busy finding a biscuit for his son. I'm only reassured that I've come to the right house when Young settles into his famous shed at the bottom of the garden, out of earshot of his wife and children, and starts swearing freely.

I'm here to talk to Young about, what? The time he hired a strippergram to come to the office on Take-Your-Daughter-to-Work-Day? His first day at *Vanity Fair* wearing a t-shirt emblazoned "Young, dumb and full of come"? Or his experience of being fired from *The Times*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Independent*, *The Mail on Sunday*, the *Evening Standard* and *The Guardian*? Today, Young is on best behaviour, talking about social mobility and his plans for the school he is trying to set up in Acton. The West London Free School will be a non-fee paying, academically rigorous school, which Young hopes will give Acton's teenagers the opportunities and education which will allow them to compete with students from the best of private schools.

I put it to Young that after 20 years of self-promotion, chasing celebrities, and gate-crashing parties, the foundation of the free school is a little out of character. Young is quick to quash any

suggestion that it's an entirely unselfish project. "It's not that altruistic when I've got four children myself that I'll probably want to educate at the school." When pressed he admits "yes, I suppose it is a bit of a shift. I've always done a lot of different things. I've always regretted not doing something more entrepreneurial."

What Young needs now – aside from money, a site, some teachers and a handful of pupils – is a Tory government. Under plans put forward by Shadow Education Secretary Michael Gove, parent groups, like the steering committee behind the West London Free School, will be able to set up their own schools, in a move away from "the idea of the one-size-fits-all comprehensive." "My life would be a bit easier," Young muses, "if the Tories were to win the next general election." As a potential spokesman with media credentials, "they'll want me to be seen to succeed."

Not everyone is wishing Young success. He's been put through the wringer by fellow journalists and local MP Steve Pound, who have accused him of attempting to create a 'Waitrose School' – a middle class oasis for

pushy parents unwilling to send their children to the local comp. He insists that in practice middle-class parents simply won't be able to monopolize places. Young has been round the houses with the School Admissions Policy. He starts to explain the labyrinthine workings of catchment areas and free school meals quotas – "It's a fucking complicated subject" – and concludes that "even if we did want the school to be middle class, there's nowhere

"We're not trying to start a little simulacrum of an independent school. That's fucking uncool."

in Acton you can put it that would make it so."

Young wants the school to be a "genuine comprehensive. We're not trying to start a little simulacrum of an independent school. That's fucking uncool." In fact The West London Free School sounds like something even less cool than an independent school. It sounds suspiciously like an old-fashioned grammar: "You set rigorously from Year Seven, you maintain a low-tolerance for disruptive behaviour, you set the emphasis on academic attainment, and you push the children as hard as you can. And you embrace an old-fashioned model of pastoral care: houses, house competition. That fairly boring model seems to work. The 'all-must-win-prizes ethos' is rubbish. We're not going to be wet about that, we're only going to give prizes to those who actually come first at something."

"Creating a high performing secondary school

doesn't involve reinventing the wheel. The template is already there." He hopes it will be "the Eton of the State Sector". Eton, or at any rate the private school system, preys on his mind. "The trend of the last 25 years has been away from social mobility." Worrying about social mobility and education is in the blood. Young's father, Lord Michael Young, wrote the satirical *Rise of the Meritocracy* and was one of the founders of the Open University.

Whatever claims may be made against Young's manners, his motives are genuine. He is genuinely troubled by the very real problem that when it comes to university admissions and job interviews, candidates from the state sector are disadvantaged: "You're not supposed to be marked down on how you eat an orange – it's not the foreign office – but of course these things do count."

Since we're on the topic of job interviews I ask Young what advice he would give to undergraduates hoping to follow him into a career in the media. "I would advise them to think about doing it as a hobby. It's not a good idea. It's fucking bleak. I would advise them to go into teaching. It's better paid than the fucking media." Education is the future. Or at any rate it's where the money is.

Toby Young: An Introduction

- 1963 Born in Buckinghamshire.
- 1986 Graduates from Oxford with a first.
- 1991 Founds and edits *The Modern Review*.
- 1998 *Vanity Fair* contract terminated.
- 2001 *How To Lose Friends And Alienate People* Published.
- 2008 Hollywood adaptation of his novel released.
- 2009 Announces plans to create a state-funded secondary school.





FASHION FACULTY



ENGLISH

Lie-in, learn more

Sleep – for some just an annoying habit that uses up valuable library hours, but for others, it's something else. The glorious delirium of the lie-in, the sublime majesty of the extra hour, the sublime excellence of the 'sleep' button proves irresistible for so many of us. Oh, if only t'were not for the shame, the melancholy penance, the creeping slimy guilt that wracks our souls when we wake up at two in the afternoon. Curse you alarm clock! And damn you all to hell, nine o'clock lectures! Will we ever be allowed to sleep a little but more?

Surprisingly enough, we might – research is going on that might just give us no more reason to mourn our slovenly ways. The study in question concerns a type of learning known as imprinting in domestic chicks. Imprinting, to be brief, involves the wide-eyed chicks learning, shortly after hatching, the characteristics of a visual stimulus (normally their doting

mother). Nerve impulse activity after imprinting has been tracked to a brain region believed to be involved in the storage of learned information. Researchers have found that nerve cells in this region come to respond specifically to the stimulus with which the chicks have been imprinted (i.e. that image of mummy). So far, so so.

However, this responsiveness and memory for mum is sensitive to how much sleep the chicks get at certain times after learning. The relevance of this to our sleeping patterns? Basically, the study indicates that sleeping at the right times might actually improve our memory. For the chicks, memory was most improved over 15 hours by sleep during the first seven and a half hours. So shake up your routine – drag yourself to lectures, learn lots and then climb right back into your bed and go to sleep, perchance to remember.

Secret music

In 1642, Civil War raged and Sidneyite Oliver Cromwell's army stormed round the country causing quite a fuss. Someone in Peterhouse was worried, not for the future of this fine nation, nor for their own safety, but for the security of the Peterhouse Partbooks – a series of manuscripts containing three sets of sixteenth and seventeenth century sacred music.

The cautious music fan hid the partbooks in a secret compartment behind the paneling in Peterhouse's Perne Library and there they stayed, safe and sound, for many a long year. But then, in 1926 a College servant by the name of George Witt discovered the precious partbooks. Cue celebration, congratulations and a peculiar absence of questions about what exactly Mr Witt was doing digging around the library panelling in the first place.

The books are still the subject of much examination by historians, musicians and the organ scholars of the Chapel Choir of Peterhouse. The Henrician set consists of books likely to have been produced in the early 1540s. Being a time of turmoil in the

embryonic Anglican Church, contemporary sacred music was very much affected by changing ideas of doctrine and liturgy. This makes these books hugely significant: their existence, yet lack of use, is testimony to the transitory nature of worship and belief at the time. There are also two Caroline sets which, as the name suggests, date from the seventeenth century.

A huge amount of the Tudor and Stuart music sung by top choirs in cathedrals, churches and chapels across the country has been transcribed from the partbooks – you can even catch the Peterhouse Chapel Choir doing the odd rendition. Perhaps most excitingly – or most frustratingly – some of the books are still missing. It is hoped by many that, somewhere in the College, the missing books are lurking, waiting to be found to complete and perform the set for the first time since the mid-seventeenth century.

In the Camb

Bird brain

As humans we're top of the food chain, the big kahunas, we've got "dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens and over the livestock and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth"... or so we thought.

A gang of researchers in Cambridge have discovered that the intelligence that sets us apart from the animal kingdom, that took us to the moon, that discovered gravity, created modern medicine, the computer, the iPhone and Furbies, might not be so unique.

So apes and dolphins are smart – we knew that. But hyenas? Your dog? Birds? Turns out all these critters have got pretty impressive smarts; in fact you might just describe them as intelligent.

Some big-brained birds such as corvids (crows etc.) and parrots have been discovered to have cognitive abilities thought to be uniquely human, such as recalling specific past events, planning

for the future, taking the visual perspective of other animals of the same species, co-operative problem solving and creating novel tools to solve problems.

This enthralling topic deals with questions about exactly what intelligence is and how we got so smart in the first place. For zoologists this case of convergent evolution via independent means is quite baffling – have crows and magpies been exposed to the same evolutionary pressures as the great apes or have they acquired similar skills differently? And most pressing, are they genuinely clever or does it just look that way?

We can bid farewell to *Planet of the Apes* – a day-glo world peopled by a ruling elite of highly intelligent macaques and their human slaves, who while away the centuries in the cracker-mines of central Africa to feed the great god Polly and her insatiable appetite for said crackers.

Psycho-poetic

Even today there's still a good deal of belief in and discussion over the famous arts/ science divide. Most students and academics are likely to associate with one perspective at the expense of the other, making use of different materials, questions, and vocabularies. Where the arts should stress culture, aesthetic pleasure and ingenuity, science must aim at problem solving and data accumulation. The arts also don't accelerate at the speed that the sciences and modern technology do; but they can expand and change, says Dr Raphael Lyne. A Fellow in English at Murray Edwards and specialist in Renaissance literature, Dr Lyne's research is now moving into the terrain of Cognitive Theory.

In 2006, the novelist A.S. Byatt dipped famously into this field, with her essay 'Feeling thought: Donne and the embodied mind'. She developed an idea about the pleasure of reading Donne's poetry, for which his readers feel a special awareness of the electrical and chemical impulses that connect

neurons in their brains. The meaning of a poem was almost a mental activity. This original and audacious approach allows us to realise more fully that, as Dr Lyne explains, "literature is full of valid, insightful, and ambitious questions and knowledge about how we actually think." To deal with some of these questions, Dr Lyne strayed beyond the confines of the Faculty of English, engaging with a course of lectures in Psychology and even "word-fragment-completion memory experiments". The rewards of these efforts can be many and varied, extending to reconsiderations of basic literary terms like 'metaphor' or our emotional responses to theatre itself through "neuroscientific accounts of empathy".

With this dynamic, less traditional research in mind the arts and the sciences might learn from one another, providing new ways to address difficult moments in both experimental poems and experimental psychology.

know: current ridge research

From zoology to music, here are some of the most exciting projects being conducted now

Thinking of you...

Get hold of some kids aged three to five years old. Show them a game of table football on a table that is too high for them to reach (cruel, yes but all in the name of progress). Then ask them how they think they might reach the table. There should probably be a box somewhere in the room (all will become clear).

Turns out that your three year olds will be stumped. They won't know what to do, will never be able to fulfil their dreams of table-football glory and will probably cry quite a lot until you give them a lolly when they'll shut up and forget it ever happened.

Five year olds, on the other hand, will know just what to do. They'll realise that in order to reach the table, they'll need to stand on that box we mentioned earlier. Table football becomes accessible – say hello to very strong wrists, a progression from this gateway game into hard core pinball and 20 years of regrets.

Four year olds, however, do something quite interesting (more interesting than table football you ask? Yes – and stop banging on about table football, it's entirely besides the point – this is science goddamit!). They don't find it too difficult to figure out what someone else might need to play the game (i.e. a box to stand on) but they find it harder to figure out what they themselves will need. Weird, no?

Here comes the science part – this result is due to the 'growth error' of over-applying newly-developed Level 2 perspective-taking skills (Flavell et al., 1981), which encourages the selection of non-functional items. The data are discussed in terms of perspective-taking abilities in children and of the neural correlates of episodic cognition, navigation, and theory of mind. Make sense? No worries – stick to Land Economy, you dolt.

Total Recall

I never had an imaginary friend. People always tell you about theirs with the same slightly self-congratulatory, expectant tone as the "I-had-the-craziest-dream-last-night" story. (As overheard in the queue for hall the other night: Girl 1: [tells dream]. Girl 2: Omg you're so weird. Girl 1: I KNOW.) But when you're such a wacky, fanciful person, how do you distinguish between dreams and waking, imaginary and real?

It seems pretty simple. My friend Lucy had a companion called Melon, who lived in the curtains, but also hangs out with me, Charlotte, who lives in a house, and doesn't get confused between us too often; although her mother apparently did and sent him an invite to her 6th birthday party.

However, recent research in Cambridge into the distinction between internally-generated thoughts and externally-derived perceptions, carried out by having volunteers conjure up one half of word-pairs such as 'bacon/ eggs' or 'Simon/ Garfunkel', found one in five to be either under the delusion that they had imagined the word they had been actually shown, or that they had been shown the word

which they had actually imagined.

The area of the brain at work while they tried to remember their thought process which lit up under the MRI neuro-scanner revealed itself to be the same as that which becomes distorted by diseases like schizophrenic hallucinations.

No single organic cause of such syndromes has yet been found, but these experiments point out that there must be a 'reality-check system' in place which stops the imagination from spilling from behind closed curtains into the lives which we consider to be real; in the absence of this biological as well as mental gate-keeper, the world would be a crazy and unending dream.

The 'possible link' the findings suggest between the healthy volunteers and sufferers of schizophrenia may unsettle our belief in the testimony of memory itself, memory of those people whose once-familiar faces gradually slip from you or the episode you can vividly remember even though you know you weren't there, or of the times you spent with your imaginary friend whose existence is no longer so easily dismissable.

Insectislide

Two PhD students in the Department of Zoology have invented an exciting new coating technology which is deemed to be "insect-proof".

During Michaelmas term, a team of student researchers took part in the Cambridge Enterprise 'I-teams' project, which analyses the potential of emergent technologies. Having conducted market research into the insect-proof surface, in which a diverse range of companies from across the world was contacted, the team reported an overwhelming interest in the invention. At a business presentation in December, which was attended by local business people (including Doug Richards, previously seen on Dragon's Den), excitement and support for the idea was only heightened. The culmination of the research project suggests that there is high demand for the invention, and that, given financial and industrial support, the invention could be available to consumers in ensuing years.

Aptly coined "insectislide" by its market research team, the coating uses a complicated physical mechanism which causes insects to 'slip'

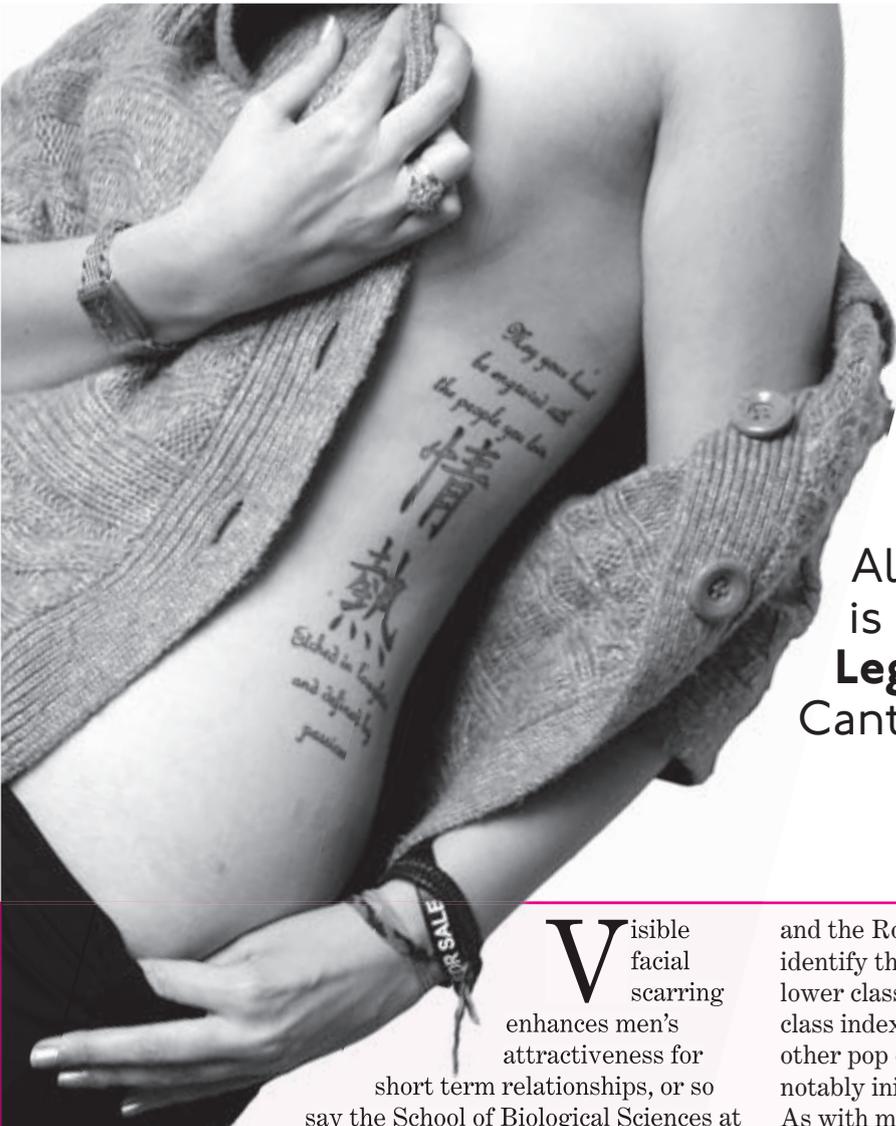
when they attempt to walk on it. This works in much the same way that a person would slip from wet feet in the shower.

The idea also comes at an opportune time: with the effects of global warming, insect problems are feared to intensify, costing the global economy billions of dollars each year.

Several applications for the technology have been suggested. These range from uses in commercial kitchens and air-conditioning ducts to the formulation of an "insect-proof tape" which would open an even broader range of possibilities.

It is likely that yet further uses will emerge as the invention is developed, such as combining it with paints and varnishes. At present, this research is still underway in the Department of Zoology, whilst Cambridge Enterprise is working with the inventors to seek future partnerships and funding.

If you are interested in the technology and want to know more, then get in touch with Amy Mokady from Cambridge Enterprise (am678).



Body Language

Allegedly, only seven percent of interaction is conducted through what we say. **Peter Leggatt** explores a different kind of Cantabrigian communication

Visible facial scarring enhances men's attractiveness for short term relationships, or so say the School of Biological Sciences at the University of Liverpool. Such marks are aesthetically pleasing (chicks do dig scars), but they may produce only a superficial level of appeal; they befit the adrenalized Ultimate Fighting Champion rather than the thoughtful aesthete. This superficiality is suggested no doubt, by the lack of deliberation a scar requires (and indicates). One chooses to get a tattoo; scars, at least in the majority of instances, are not deliberate modifications.

There is an important way in which this difference reflects our attitudes towards art. Much modern art that deliberately introduces randomness preys on a ubiquitous bourgeois anxiety as to whether something done by chance can have any creative worth. In fact, we reserve the terminology of aesthetic judgement labelling something as high or low art, for example, for deliberate creations. One would never call a sunset, much less a scar, "high art", but you might term a blue star tattoo on a wrist "low art". Some tattoos, indeed, are more deliberate and therefore more artistic than others; the heart you can't remember getting on your wrist after drinking that bottle of vodka behind the KFC in Swansea is accidental in comparison to a carefully thought out poem or symbolic schema.

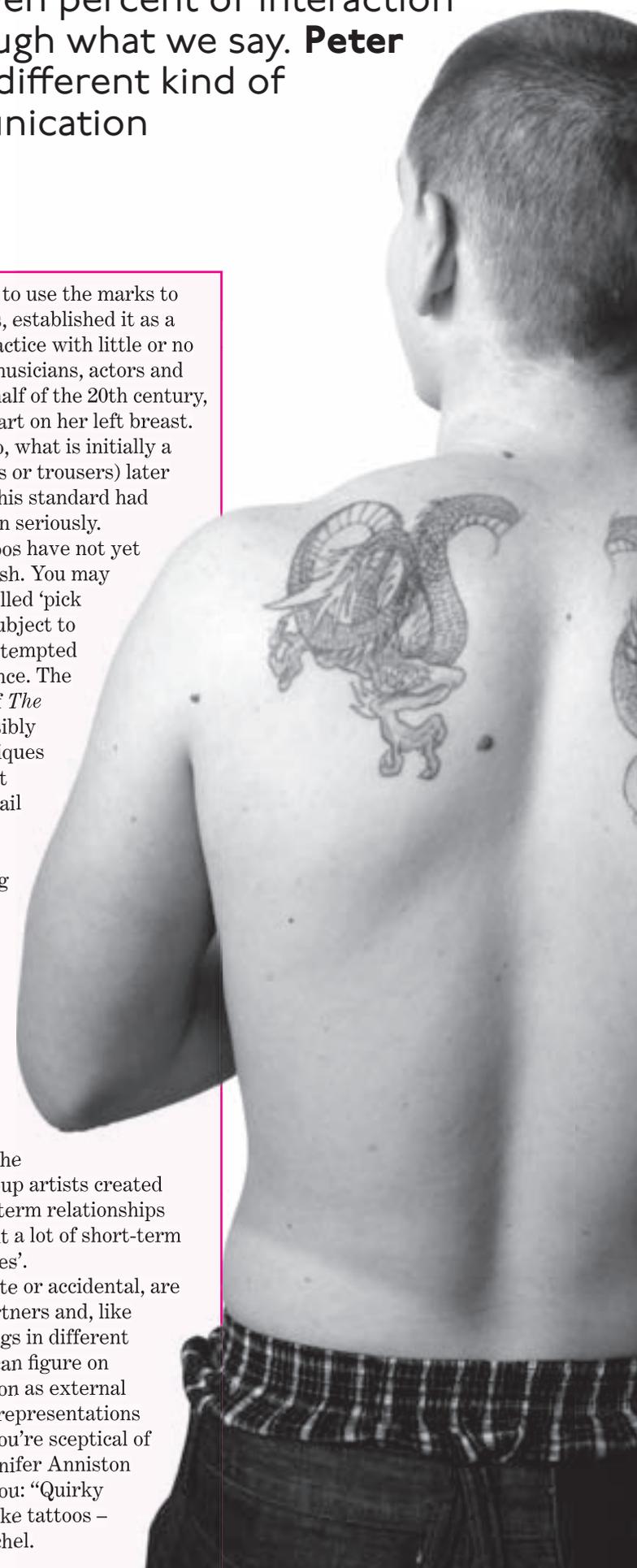
Furthermore, what attracts us sexually is often due to accident of looks, genes, etc whilst what we appreciate aesthetically is deliberate, and the rush of dopamine and serotonin stimulated by a sunset or a scar is neurologically distinct from the cooler intellectual appreciation of a painting. But this is not to say that painting cannot also be sexy, and herein lies the particular attraction of the Cambridge tattoo; the blend of deliberation and wilfulness which it implies. When you see a woman with a tattoo it is hard not to think, on one level, so, here's a girl who's capable of making a decision she'll regret in the future, but, on the flipside, many tattooed statements are designed to be taken on a far higher level. Some tattoos have elaborate artistic references, designs perhaps engaged to express creative companionship, tribute or influence; they are as flexible a medium as the art they sometimes replicate.

And tattoos haven't always been granted this secondary, higher status. Tattooing in the West today has its origins in Polynesia, and in the discovery of tatau by 18th century explorers. The Polynesian practice became popular among European sailors, before spreading to other areas of Western society, but the initial associations of the tattoo with working class seamen

and the Royal Navy, who did and continue to use the marks to identify the bodies of drowned companions, established it as a lower class activity. Its emergence as a practice with little or no class index is due to statements made by musicians, actors and other pop culture celebrities in the latter half of the 20th century, notably initiated by Janis Joplin's small heart on her left breast. As with many practices that are first taboo, what is initially a statement (ie women with short hair, skirts or trousers) later becomes an accepted standard. It is once this standard had been created that tattoos began to be taken seriously.

But despite this shift in perception, tattoos have not yet lost all of their ability to shock or distinguish. You may have encountered the ideology of the so-called 'pick up artists', a community of men recently subject to international media attention, who have attempted to turn hooking up with women into a science. The particular stars are Neil Strauss, author of *The Game*, and 'Mystery', who wrote *The* (sensibly named) *Mystery Method*. One of the techniques described in both texts is "peacocking" just as the male peacock spreads his colourful tail feathers to attract a mate (the bigger the tail the fitter the peahen?), so men should adorn themselves with bold and interesting items to gain female attention. The theory behind this is that, with his enormous fan, the male peacock demonstrates that he is genetically strong enough to survive despite the fact he has to lug around a vast and totally useless accoutrement attached to his behind – like, presumably, with men and tattoos. To wear ostentatious body art and survive socially is a demonstration of social as well as genetic value, and I imagine it works similarly to the facial scar (I somehow doubt that the pick-up artists created their plausible-sounding theory with long-term relationships in mind). Therefore, gentlemen, if you want a lot of short-term loving, scar your faces and get some 'sleeves'.

All body modifications, whether deliberate or accidental, are signs, often created to lure in potential partners and, like almost all signifiers, have different meanings in different contexts. Like pictorial mediums, tattoos can figure on the level of pornography or Picasso, function as external adornments such as jewellery or outward representations of a complex inner emotion of belief. But you're sceptical of any deeper psychological significance? Jennifer Anniston (as might be expected) puts it simply for you: "Quirky is sexy, like scars or chipped teeth. I also like tattoos – they're rebellious." Stick it to the man Rachel.



Opera's Pied Piper

Stuffy establishment fare or entertainment for all? Glyndebourne Festival's General Director, **David Pickard**, speaks to **David Shone** on widening opera's appeal

Despite choosing a quiet corner of London's Southbank Centre, it is less than five minutes before we are interrupted by an operatic outburst. Strange noises begin to creep from the auditorium door behind us and David briefly disappears before enthusiastically beckoning me in. Vladimir Jurowski, bright young thing and Musical Director of Glyndebourne, is in full flow rehearsing Schnittke's *Faustus* for its UK premiere the following day.

Not, perhaps, the sort of piece one would expect to see on stage at Glyndebourne, its well-appointed gardens a far cry from the leveling concrete of the Royal Festival Hall. Given that, for many, the Sussex opera house is as readily associated with images of toffs quaffing champagne as it is with its artistic output, I ask David how he views the festival. The gardens, the picnics and the champagne are important, he suggests and, for many, "half the pleasure of going there". He recalls his first visit. "I remember it being a really wonderful thing to walk out of an opera and not see traffic but to see beautiful countryside."

This is undeniably part of the Glyndebourne "experience," though David complains that it frequently gets "lumped together with a whole load of other summer events". What makes it "special," he suggests, are the unique conditions under which operas are produced. The generous rehearsal periods and attention to detail allowed by working under festival conditions, lure audiences and artists alike and mean that the opera house is able to hold its own against much larger outfits.

Recent productions of Handel's *Giulio Cesare* and Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* are a case in point, the bijou auditorium and period orchestra allowing Glyndebourne to stage the sort of baroque pieces that would be lost in a space like Covent Garden. David is proud of this, pointing to the latter piece as an example of what the festival does best. An assembly of opera and theatre, the production featured actors and singers alongside dancers and "bonking rabbits". As beautiful as it was eccentric, it proved to be last year's hot ticket. He talks with excitement at the prospect of its revival in 2012: "It will be on at the same time as the Olympics and I can't think of a better representation of loopy, Monty Pythonesque British culture."

The festival commands an almost reverential following amongst many opera fans; Jeanette Winterson recently wrote: "If life is about heightened moments and living well when we can, then Glyndebourne is an essential part of life." It is a sentiment that David agrees with and whilst he accepts that the festival is "quite a closed organisation" he is passionate about broadening access "geographically, socially and financially."

"We're very proud of what we do and we want as many people as possible to see it," he remarks, pointing to the progress he has made in his eight years as General Director. Glyndebourne Education holds "literally hundreds of workshops" across the country as part of Glyndebourne Touring Opera. On the night we meet, "one hundred secondary

school kids will all be going to see *Così Fan Tutte* for free in Norwich," something he complains people don't tend to write about.

This might well change, with the opera house about to be lavished the attention of a BBC Two documentary. Featuring choirmaster Gareth Malone (of *The Choir*), *Gareth Goes to Glyndebourne* will follow the progress of a piece commissioned by the opera house and composed by their first composer-in-residence, Julian Philips. Six professional singers will be joined by sixty young teenagers from the surrounding area to perform an operatic adaptation of Nicky Singer's novel *Knight Crew*. It's an "exciting" project, "drawing from all parts of our neighbourhood", including, he is at pains to point out, areas of "considerable social deprivation," representing "quite a mixed social crowd" for the opera house.

What of his own experiences? As a teenager, he remembers, "paying two pounds to sit on the floor of the stalls" at the Royal

Opera House. "Packed in like sardines," is how he saw his first *Ring Cycle*, "an incredibly uncomfortable experience" but one that first inspired his interest in opera. Glyndebourne's Under-30s programme has been developed to replicate this, offering thirty-

"We're very proud of what we do and we want as many people as possible to see it."

pound tickets in the stalls to anyone under the age of thirty, allowing them to sit in the best seats in the house for about a sixth of their regular price. "It's a frustration for us that we can't do more," he adds, pointing to the festival's reliance on private funding and lack of public subsidy as constraining factors.

The cost every time this scheme is offered is in excess of £50,000, but David suggests that the expense is worth it. Altruism aside, he is well aware of the necessity of bringing in fresh audiences to sustain the organisation economically.

Glyndebourne is, David passionately believes, a "jewel in the crown", a truly special place capable of competing with much larger opera houses. Beyond this, however, is a desire to remain current and relevant in today's society. The irreverent bonking bunnies and the festival's continued efforts to involve as many people as possible in opera, stand testament to this. Though understated, David's enthusiasm for his job is infectious; as we finish our conversation and return to the bustle of the South Bank, I ask him what next. "I'm really very happy at Glyndebourne," he replies, an answer which, though politic, seems entirely unembellished.

For Glyndebourne's Under-30s programme see www.glyndebourne.com/tickets/under30/





EDWARD HERRING

Arts Comment

How I learnt to stop worrying and read *Ulysses*

I finished James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) in the second week of the Christmas vacation. The final 'Yes' of the novel's close seemed to inadvertently express both an ecstasy of achievement and relief at having completed one of literature's "Big Guns". This relief was guilt-addled – what heresy for an English student to experience euphoria at a book's ending! – yet it is one I, and many others I'm sure, have felt before at the close of a long text. Though I was Ahab-happy to tackle Joyce's leviathan in my spare time many others whom I have spoken to of reading *Ulysses* express nought but terror at the prospect. All this begs the question: why do we relate reading big books with a kind of labour and why do we fear this supposed slog?

Whether it is *War and Peace*, Proust or the entire Mills and Boon back-catalogue, reading bulky material is chagrin for anyone. *Ulysses* is Joyce's 700 page modernist masterpiece which

charts Celtic everyman Leopold Bloom through a day in "dear, dirty Dublin" underpinning it with the structure of Homer's *Odyssey*. It is one example of the many epic-proportioned reads in the canon. Yet though there are issues that would prevent most ploughing through in a matter of months, it is my belief that doing so is easier than envisaged.

"My mind became focused on the minutiae of crumbs and toilet handles."

One obvious issue is time; most are too busy to wile away their days with a fireside read of biblical length. However, I read most of *Ulysses* during Michaelmas term, finding chinks of time to peruse

another section. As I am no prodigy it is puzzling why more do not try a similar routine.

Another cop-out is theorising on the modern attention span. We blame televisual immediacy and ready-made-meal culture for contemporary distaste of sustained engagement, yet all TV is not bite-sized. Our sets are saturated with lengthy dramas such as *Lost* and *The Wire*; reading in instalments and weekly viewing are more similar than most would believe.

There is the problem of understanding, of attempting to gauge some "meaning" from the book in hand. *Ulysses* is complex; there are innumerable critical appendages. The work itself abounds in Joycean coinages, stuttering interior monologues, literary puns and

formal pastiche. So misunderstood in its own time that it became the subject of pan-global bannings, the last being lifted in Ireland where it is set. Even Virginia Woolf hated it on first reading – what hope is there for us plebs?

I know nothing of what the book means and refuse to clog this hallowed rag with any sham dribblings about it. I can only describe how it altered my daily perception where, after a page or two, my mind became focused on the minutiae of crumbs and toilet handles that had before seemed insignificant. The book bridged the chasm between literary abstraction and the real world, highlighting the poetic meaning found in routine. This is the reason why if you plan to read any long book you should pick *Ulysses*. It should not become a means to an end, but I can unblushingly state that its effects permeate my thoughts most days. People should not be scared of reading it, but be terrified at the prospect of not having read it.



Classics Revisited



Guiseppe Tomasi de Lampedusa *The Leopard* (1958)

We are drawn into Sicilian society following the invasion of Garibaldi and the unification of Italy in 1860 in lyrical, sensuous prose. Feverish courtship, dry lunar landscape and the inky ocean beyond Palermo all evoke a sense of crisis. But in Sicily, a land of blazing heat and tempestuous flood, nothing can be done.

Following the collapse of the Berlin Wall and the end of a comprehensible bipolar world, in the wake of postmodernism, the folly of markets and the increasing threat of global warming, we seem just as adrift as Don Fabrizio. The difference is that we must act.

CAMERON JOHNSTON

FOOD & DRINK

Snacktime

This week, Varsity's hungry Queen of Cuisine **Rosie Corner** is inspired by the Barenaked Ladies

Waking from a meat-hangover sometime mid-week after cannibalistic excesses, I somehow found iTunes and soothed my poor colon with a collection of gastronomic songs for the under-tens; namely, *Snacktime* by Barenaked Ladies. For the uninitiated, here are some of the choice lyrics that inspired me to create my meat-free feast:

"A day without snacktime? That just isn't right. People, everywhere, in harmony, each one has their share – that's snacktime".

The *Canadian Snacktime Trilogy Part One* is a musical record of

the food-tastes of ordinary people, and, with over 20 separate food entries, obviously the perfect menu for a Sunday lunch with friends. In a scene resplendent of the Barenaked Ladies' 'Food Party' we ate macaroni cheese mopped up with white sourdough bread, chilli-marinated salmon, tricolore pasta salad, jelly beans, stilton and crackers and blueberry pie with clotted cream – a nutritional fiesta if there ever was one. Maybe it wasn't refined, and maybe we used the same plates for sweet and savoury, but still nothing beats snacktime on Staircase 44.



"Chickity China the Chinese chicken, you have a drumstick...". Come on, you know it.

Recipe of the Week



ALASTAIR APPLETON

Blueberry Pie Serves 10

350g plain flour
1 tsp salt
30g white granulated sugar
110g butter
110g shortening (Trex vegetable fat or a decent quality lard will do wonderfully)
Ice cold water
Butter for greasing
1 egg
Sugar for sprinkling
For the blueberry filling:
570g blueberries (equivalent of 4 punnets from Sainsbury's)
100g white granulated sugar
20g cornflour
2 tbsp lemon juice
1 tsp lemon zest

To serve:
Clotted cream, whipped cream, pouring cream, ice cream, custard, yoghurt. Endless possibilities.

Sieve the flour and salt into the largest bowl you can find. Chop your butter and shortening into cubes and 'rub in' to the flour. When the mixture looks

like fine breadcrumbs (which it never truly will, it's just a well-used cook's phrase), very, VERY slowly add some water, a tablespoon at a time and mix with a knife. Keep adding water until the mixture resembles, well, pastry. Finish shaping the pastry into a ball with your hands and wrap in cling-film or a damp teatowel and put in the fridge. Preheat your oven now to 200°C.

Now it's time to make the filling. Weigh out all of the ingredients into a saucepan over a low heat and cook, stirring occasionally until the sugar has dissolved, but the blueberries are still structurally sound.

Roll out your pastry into two circles for the base and lid of the pie (a wine bottle is the key thing here) and assemble. To stop too much juice oozing out of the lid during cooking it helps to paint a little beaten egg around the pie rim. Decorate the pie edge with a fork and go wild making little shapes out of pastry. Paint with beaten egg and sprinkle with sugar. Bake the pie for 20 minutes at 200°C (use a low oven shelf) then at 180°C for 35-45 minutes until it looks like a cartoon pie: golden and glorious.

Varsity Listings Pick of the Week



Armageddapocalypse 2: The Exploding

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23.00 (£4/6)
Jack Lang takes on Dr Apocalypse in the fastest-selling ADC lateshow of all time. Written by Lucien Young and James Moran, it guarantees to be half *Speed*, half *24* and half *Die Hard 2: Die Harder*. Sit on the front row and get exploded.

Film

44 inch Chest

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 21.10 (FRI, SAT, WED ALSO 23.35)

Pick of the week Film

A cuckolded Ray Winstone calls up the East End's finest to show Casanova a thing or two. Expect plenty of nifty one-liners on the road to ego restoration.

Edge of Darkness

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 12.50, 15.30, 18.20, 21.00 (FRI, SAT AND WED ALSO 23.40)

Typical cop out of his depth hijinks with a cockney edge. Plus side: Ray Winstone, down side: Mel Gibson.

Up in the Air

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 14.10, 16.30, 18.50, 21.10 (MON ALSO 12.00, NOT 16.30; TUES NOT 14.10; THURS ALSO 12.00)

George Clooney racks up some air miles as he reprises his standard role as suave silver fox. You could set your watch by it.

Brothers

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 13.20, 15.45, 16.10, 20.40 (WED ALSO 23.30)

Natalie Portman keeps it in the (disproportionately attractive) family as two brothers are after more than just her winning smile. Watch Tobey Maguire go insane with a crewcut.

Ninja Assassin

VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 20.50 (WED ALSO 23.20)

WANTED: secret clan to wreak bloody revenge on seedy assassin underworld. May involve knives



and long, moody sermons on the nature of honour.

The Sea Wall

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 11.30, 16.10 (EXCEPT FRI ONLY 16.00, SUN ONLY 16.10)

Dysfunctional family struggle to make ends meet in 1920s French Indo-China. The answer? Rouge up your sixteen-year-old daughter and use her as your meal ticket. Colonialism does sexual tension.

Music & Nightlife

Friday January 29th

Kyle Hall

CLARE CELLARS, 21.00-00.30 (£4 BEFORE 22.00, £5 AFTER)

Detroit's rising star Kyle Hall comes to the Cellars, having flown all the way from the US just for us. Expect deep, soulful house all the way.



Saturday January

30th

CUCO play Mendelssohn, Mozart and Brahms

WEST ROAD, 20.00 (£3)

A different sort of Saturday Night: listening to some of Cambridge's best instrumentalists beguile your aural sense with Mendelssohn's beautiful *Die Schöne Melusine* overture and two courtly concertos.

Sunday January 31st

Peeping Toms

11.00-12.00, CUR1350 (FREE)

Three of the best-looking guys in Cambridge. What more could you want in a radio show?

Fitz Swing vs. Selwyn Jazz!

CLARE CELLARS, 21.00-23.45 (£4)

The Battle of the Bands: they have an hour each to prove their worth – celebratory encore to follow. Witness approx. 40 musicians in the cellars!

Monday February 1st

An Evening with Bryn Terfel

KING'S CHAPEL, 19.30, £5 (BOOK VIA CORN EXCHANGE)

Pick of the week Music

For those who like big Welsh basses made even more thunderous by the acoustics of King's Chapel, this is for you.

Leading opera star Bryn Terfel is backed by King's Chapel Choir, CUMS Chorus and Philharmonia Orchestra.

Wednesday February 3rd

Evensong at Queens' College

QUEENS' COLLEGE CHAPEL, 18.30 (FREE)

Come and listen to the choir of Queens' College for a change, in the beautiful yet underrated surroundings of Queens' Chapel.

Theatre

House Party

SECRET LOCATION (MEET OUTSIDE ADC THEATRE), TUE-THU 19.30 (£5/6)

If you were invited to House Party on Facebook over the last few weeks, you were probably disappointed. Go see if you can forgive the team behind this enigma of experimental theatre.

The Wild Duck

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 19.45 (£7/9)

Isn't that where they make porridge ice cream? No. It's Hjalmar's attic, fraught with misery and familial strife. Quacks unlikely.

The Relapse

THE HOWARD THEATRE, DOWNING COLLEGE, TUE-THU (£5/6)

It has rainwater harvesting for flushing the toilets. It has ground-source heating. It has solar panels. It's opening with a cutting Restoration comedy which might even distract you from the fine Italian leather beneath your cheeks.



Yo, My Man

CORPUS PLAYROOM, FRI-SAT 19.00 (£5/6)

Misplaced characters, jazz soundtrack, chance encounters, quirky title. Wes Anderson doesn't direct plays at Cambridge, but if he did...

SVRSVM CORDA

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, FRI 20.00 (£6/10)

An operatic chance for the students of St Catz to discover their College heritage: visions, beheading and spiked wheel torture.

Over the Bridge

ADC THEATRE, TUE 23.00 (£5/6)

'Exciting, all-male a capella group'. Get excited. Expect flying knickers and hysterical shrieks.

Arts

Ongoing Exhibitions

Albert Irvin RA Exhibition

CHURCHILL COLLEGE, 18TH JAN - 9TH FEB (FREE)

Of Royal Academy fame, the endlessly fresh and exuberant output of Albert Irvin, a painter now approaching his 88th birthday, arrives in Churchill's Jock Colville Hall for private view this Wednesday. Colour jumps from large canvasses in these works, restlessly elaborating the pace and space of modern everyday life.

Life Drawing for All

BUCHAN STREET NEIGHBOURHOOD CENTRE, MONDAYS 9.30-12.15PM; FRIDAYS 7.00-9.30PM [£15]

Held in a "friendly and supportive atmosphere" and aimed at all abilities, these weekly classes introduce various aspects of life drawing with a view to a small exhibition of the pupils' very own work. But at 15 pounds a pop you might be better off surfing the internet.

Sculpture Promenade 2009

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNTIL JANUARY 30TH, (FREE)

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

Graham Pollard and the Study of the Medal

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNTIL JANUARY 30TH (FREE)

A display of over 70 medals accumulated by both the Fitzwilliam and its late curator, Graham Pollard, who dedicated his life and career to the museum. Many of the objects on display are invaluable rare and previously unexhibited.



Talks & Events

Friday January 29th

Very Old New Year Party

BLUE ROOM, CAMBRIDGE UNION BUILDING, 19.00 (£2/3)

CU Russian Society presents assorted snacks and drinks at low prices. Good times and cirrhosis guaranteed.

The Neural Basis of Decision Making Under Uncertainty

LADY MITCHELL HALL, 17.30-18.30

Comprehending decision-making processes gives us a greater understanding of artificial intelligence, neural diseases and systemics. So sayeth John O'Doherty, at least.



Saturday January 30th
What is CHaOS?

GRAD UNION, 11:00-15:00

Pick of the week Events

Cambridge Uni's science outreach project needs volunteers to make kids excited about science by freezing and alternately exploding stuff. Sound fun? Nibbles provided.

Monday February 1st
Charles Kane

LECTURE THEATRE ONE, JUDGE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 18.00-19.30

The President of One Laptop, One Child project speaks to the Global Student Education Forum about his work to bring information technology to children around the world.

Wednesday February 3rd
Vision Correction in the Developing World

TBC, 18.30-19.30

Atomic physicist Joshua Silver discusses research based on a new eyecare procedure (which he tested ON HIMSELF) and how it can be applied to those in the developing world.

Thursday February 4th
Religious Influences in the Founding of the Royal Society

GODWIN ROOM, CLARE COLLEGE, 19.30-20.30

Celebrating 350 years of the Royal Society, presented by Peter Harrison.

Boxed In



Week 3: Glee

Glee is a surprisingly complicated beast. Ostensibly, it's simply *High School Musical*. Yes, there is singing and there is high school and there is angst, but *Glee*'s relation to its tweeny predecessor is decidedly ambivalent. It's as if *Glee* was *HSM* a few years back, but has now grown up, realised girls have boobs, small quantities of weed are useful for blackmail and that singing isn't just about expression, it's about escape. *Glee* delivers all the same punches *HSM* always did, but this time, they come with an ironic, mildly self-deprecating smile.

This is not to say *Glee* is without flaws. The quality varies, and certain episodes can be almost painful to watch, but being a rough diamond is part of *Glee*'s charm. There's easily enough good, poignant and deliciously cheesy moments to outweigh an occasional bit of cringe.

But what makes *Glee* special is not so much the songs or the one-liners or the plotlines or even the 'fake sexy teenage cast', but instead the show's brazen loser-glorifying ethos. As one character puts it, the *Glee* kids slot into the high school hierarchy at sub-basement level, just below "the invisibles and the kids playing live-action druids and trolls in the forest". These dweebs, these nerds, these utter weirdos: they are our heroes. The publicity photos feature cast members, from uber-jock to boy soprano, each flashing an 'L' sign at us, and it isn't quite clear if the loser is supposed to be us or them. I suspect it's both.

And yet, *Glee* seems to have generated appeal amongst its least likely supporters: I am reliably informed that several members of both my college's inter-year drinking societies have become fans. Somehow, the show that was dedicated by its creator to "anybody and everybody who got a wedgie in high school" has found an audience among (I generalize broadly here) the wedgie-givers as well as the wedgie-receivers. I suppose it's not surprising. There's definitely enough comedy and catchy tunes to keep anyone interested, but if that's the only reason you're watching, then you're kinda missing the point. JOSHUA SIMON-STAMP

MUSIC



PAUL SMITH
An Essex boy with a soul? Who knew?

Realer than Reel?

No Distance Left to Run

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE

★★★★★

No *Distance Left to Run* opens with slowmo shots of one of Blur's comeback tour concerts, thousands of appreciative hands thrust into the air. The sweat-slicked silhouette of Damon Albarn raises its own arm into the air in a weary but triumphant salute. The camera-work is up-close and gritty, with some tremendous live shots, of then and now. This grittiness is a stylized aesthetic, but it's absolutely the right medium for the grizzled, emotional reunion of a band who are self-professedly "like brothers. We have that close but detached relationship that only brothers can have."

Having traversed the deserted stadiums of London where Blur once played, the camera settles in the studio where Blur are rehearsing, and a journalist begins

an interview in front of another camera. This meta-layering of the usual documentary tricks of interview, pan-out shots and zooming in to a pseudo-keyhole intimacy, seems again to be a stylized but nonetheless effective tribute to Blur's own youthful ground-level anarchy; their lyrical efforts to peel back the layers of social institutions. In interview, Blur admit that "we always needed something to kick against". Damon Albarn and Graham Coxon tell the story of their Essex upbringing in the "burgeoning Thatcher days", and their discomfort with the institutions in and around which they grew up. Individual narration is interspersed with wider frames of the whole band, gradually building up a bigger and very believable picture of the internal dynamics within the group. Such insights into the tricky relationship between Damon and Graham are outdone only by the rush of 90s nostalgia that the film induces.

The film work pieces together

slices of the past that corroborate the present very sleekly. "A band is a gang," says Graham. Back then, on their American tour, there was one point when they all had a black eye from each other. The camera stays in tandem throughout. From wild young things – when Graham went to pubs in search of painters and decorators (and booze), and the aggressive competition with Oasis – to the more mature musicians who wanted "to make music that scares people again": ballsy, visceral, straight-to-the-heart rock music. Then through their split – when Graham once spent an entire day hiding from Damon at London Zoo – to the reunion which was, more than anything, about "getting my friends back" (Graham). This is a highly polished, slightly evasive (there is no mention of Albarn's drug problems, or the support for Blair in his early days) but shrewd, engaging, even heart-warming story of reunion; not just of a band, but of fractured friendships.

ELEANOR CARELESS

Spoon

TRANSCERENCE

★★★★★



In the beginning, spooning was regarded as a comforting activity. Fifteen years, seven albums and one *Music From the O.C. Mix One* later, Spoon are still serving up their skewed brand of sparse indie-pop to the same comforting effect.

Not much changes in the Spoon

household: Britt Daniel's voice is still sharp and concentrated, the piano parts still repetitive yet somehow unhinged, and their mixture of sombre moods with lively grooves still makes for perfectly listenable television pop.

If anything is new about *Transference*, it's a baby step away from the commercial ring of *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga* towards that rock 'n' roll sound which they have always claimed to be making. A slightly meaner Daniel yelps "I'm writing this to you in reverse/ Someone better call a hearse" on the stand-out track 'Written in Reverse'.

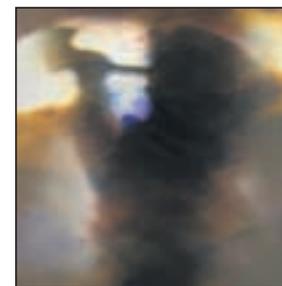
Spoon are content to become the elder statesmen of the genre in as serene a way as possible. Nothing too courageous, but *Transference* is trustworthy, comforting spooning, and you can't argue with that.

DAN GRABINER

Animal Collective

FALL BE KIND

★★★★★



This EP follow-up to the critically acclaimed *Merriweather Post Pavilion* shows an even more psychedelic sensibility, but with less of the pop cohesion that made the full-length cross over from the avant underground into the indie mainstream. 'Graze' opens with gorgeous

sampled strings but then sinks into gauzy ambience. As the miasma fades out, the long-awaited beat appears, but instead of exploding à la MPP's 'In The Flowers', A.C. inexplicably sample a panflute and let the song tailspin into a Renaissance re-enactment. Others don't unequivocally succeed either: the ominous 'On A Highway' never transcends its repetition, and 'Bleed' passes by almost unnoticed. The only real winner is 'What Would I Want? Sky': beginning with psychedelic swirls and thumping beats, the delightful tune emerges from hazy vocal loops and builds to a triumphant string swoon. It's sugar-sweet and totally beautiful. A.C.'s subversion of indie tropes is exciting in an oft-predictable musical atmosphere, but they still need a little more focus. SCOTT WHITTAKER

Library Tapes

CB2

★★★★★

Huddled on cushions in the fairylight glow of the CB2 basement – far below the clinking of beer bottles and milk steamers above – 30 pairs of eyes wait for Jonatan Nastesjö, a.k.a. Woodchucker, to assume the position.

Nastesjö leans over his controller, twists a pair of dials, strums his guitar, and a slow train of tiny digital sounds begins to writhe free from the tangle of pedals and wires. Gurgling and glitching about the space – something along the lines of somersaulting worms – the grains flicker, melt and disappear. As he slumps back, 20 minutes later, to hear his mangled appropriation of an orchestral overture draw to a close, there's something simple, beautiful and subtly humorous about his set. Highlight.

Given Library Tapes' recent Le Lendemain release with Manchester cellist Danny Norbury, and Wenngren's forthcoming *Slow Films in Low Light* contribution, the headline begins with a surprise. Eschewing the nostalgically reworked Romanticism of his latest work in favour of tried-and-tested ambient piano, Wenngren carves out a series of extremely focused melodies. Patiently repeated sounds slowly lose any tonal function, instead becoming delicate, static sound-objects. Though interesting, the results are often disappointing, and fail to convince live as well as on record. A disappointment, offset by a rewarding collection of tape pieces, climaxing with a sprawling wash of detuned cello harmonics...

It's midnight, it's freezing, and the combined prospect of late-night review writing and a 9 o'clock lecture is almost as attractive as rubbing dog shit in my eyes. For the best part of three hours, though, I forgot any of these things existed. At times pretentious, at others admirably uncompromising, but interesting throughout; theres houldb em oreg igsl iket his.

JOE SNAPE

FILM

The only way is up...

Up In The Air ARTS PICTUREHOUSE ★★★★★

There should be more films like *Up in the Air*, a bitter-sweet drama that subverts a traditional story. Its main character is Ryan Bingham (Clooney), a handsome, ageing outsider who flies around the United States firing people whose bosses are too gutless to talk to their employees themselves. Both he and his routine are slick and polished, and perhaps his only goal in life is to reach ten million air-miles. He is having a temporary fling with a businesswoman named Alex (Farmiga), who matches him for sass and stress. Nothing fazes Ryan in the people he deals with – not anger, not tears, not suicide threats. He has a schedule, a life set-up, and he sticks to it. Then Natalie (Kendrick) arrives at his office, a scarily self-assured, ambitious Ivy League grad. She gets every letter-goer in the team brought back to headquarters to witness her new direction for the company – iFiring – video link-ups to anywhere in the country and remote terminations of contract without ever leaving the room. Ryan reacts furiously to the news that his itinerant lifestyle will be destroyed, and so their boss (Bateman) sends both of them on one of the final scheduled

trips together in the interest of compromise.

Apologies for giving away so much of the initial plot, but the film is a difficult one to summarize. It's a snap-shot of a man midway through his life, with dead-ends, disappointments and, despite Ryan's slickness, no neat terminations. The joy with which all the middle-aged couples in the cinema chuckled at the Ryan/Alex relationship, as if the energetic coupling of two physically flawless high-flyers had anything to do with them, was actually nauseating.

One of the central themes of Reitman's film is the gradual drift into responsibilities, decisions and situations which you never expected, as when Ryan attends his sister's wedding and has to

counsel his brother-in-law out of his existential angst and resulting cold feet. You can maintain a distance as much as you like, you can even create a whole lifestyle which is about distance, but you cannot hide from life. As well as having an excellent script and flawless casting, the production value of *Up in the Air* is incredible, with even the most mundane sequence of Ryan's quotidian air travel made glossy, with soundtrack, aerial shots and Clooney's crooning voiceover. Perhaps for the purpose of easeful marketing Reitman compared this film to *Lost In Translation*, but it is a far cleverer, more mature examination of crisis and transition, and should receive as many awards as the cast can carry. VICTORIA BEALE



Clooney: a physically flawless high-flyer

The Sea Wall ARTS PICTUREHOUSE ★★★★★

The sea wall itself only makes a cameo appearance. Instead, we are left with the grating neuroses of a French family in 1920s colonial Indo-China. For all the faux artsy pretentiousness, we get the message that colonialism is, apparently, bad. Who would've guessed? The 'bulk' of the story concerns a widow and her two children who

manage to barely scrape a living off annually flooded land flogged to them by the French government. The mother (simply 'la mère') and Joseph, her son, try and navigate innocent little Suzanne into a marriage deal that could solve their looming financial meltdown.

One of problems is that the characters (and I use this word only loosely) seem to have no consistent motivation, preferring to alter their moods in tangent with scene changes. A greater level of interaction with the local villagers might have made this not

quite so glaringly obvious but, as it stands, the film hinges entirely on them and their relationships. Isabelle Huppert puts in a good turn as the marginally embittered and wily mother hen but when she morphs into a total bitch halfway through (and not an interesting bitch at that) I started to wonder why she couldn't just go to France and shut the hell up. The daughter, Suzanne, is Lolita with bi-polar. One minute she's dancing away like a competent hussy in-the-making with a rich businessman and the next she's whining at him to go away. There's also the playful bit of incestuous hand wandering between her and her brother, Joseph, which only adds to the plot.

The film meanders along, relying on lingering, moody looks into the distance and enthusiastic accompanying strings to keep the clock ticking over. However, it is shot well and the quality of the acting makes me feel guilty awarding it a single star rating. *The Sea Wall* isn't the worst film I've ever seen, but it is difficult to think of anyone who would enjoy it. Even those die-hard world cinema fans who would feel demeaned watching anything in their mother tongue should give this one a miss.

KATIE ANDERSON

Dreamy French girls abound in 1920s Indo-China.



Art & Literature

Tabard: Paintings and Works on Paper

JOCK COLVILLE HALL, CHURCHILL COLLEGE

★★★★★

Walking amongst these Irvin artworks at Churchill College this Sunday, I kept hearing Frank O'Hara's voice: "we never / smeared anything except to find out how it lived." These lines, from O'Hara's early poem 'Memorial Day 1950', stake the value of art on its physical, energetic qualities with which, as this thrilling exhibition makes clear, Irvin is also amply concerned.



Amity: Albert Irvin

Churchill have gathered Cambridge's small but generous store of Irvin's prolific output (the artist is now 87, yet continues to paint every day) to produce a smart and unpretentious show, for private view until early February. The paintings were largely created between the early 1980s and the present day, a period which spelled Irvin's first major retrospective and his anointment at the Royal Academy. But even if he's no longer waiting to be understood, there remains so much to find in the company of his painting.

Taking much of its impetus from the experience of place (the exhibition includes several pieces from the 'Ely Series'), Irvin's thick brushstrokes embody the tension between movement and stasis that typifies most journeys through our urban environments. Different narratives jump out from the faded cloth-like canvases, only to sink calmly back through the resistant acrylic textures of Irvin's wonderful paint, which encompasses a huge variety of shades. As such, there's really no pressure to figure out precisely what lesson is being taught by a given work; it's more a matter of emotional response. In every shockwave of colour, richly overpainted as they are, resides sadness, relief and often feverish excitement. Helpfully, the Jock Colville Hall at Churchill provides a tranquil setting in which to encounter such hyperactive art, the college's untidy tree-tops visible through small glass windows in the roof.

In this city, at this time of year, many of us are caught stressfully in the rush of things. If you want to see your stress made strangely beautiful, go and see how ecstatically these smearings live. ELIOT D'SILVA

How The Geeks Built Cities

VARIOUS

★★★★★

How the Geeks Built Cities appears overnight on the door of my flat-mate's room. The rest of us gather round to look at it. "What is it?" we ask in wonder. "A poster?" "A magazine?" "Art?" "There's a CD too," says possessor of The Marvel, "and photographs". It is enough to make us swoon, starved as we are on our diet of black print (to borrow an old phrase of Woolf's).

The black print here consists of poetry, prose and a curious scientific report, which offers the novel idea of converting the essence of Cambridge into 'simple numbers' and ratios. The other pieces appear anonymously and, combined with the collage of images with which they interweave across the poster/page, appear like snippets of musings and experiences collected from the places and spaces represented by the photographs. These poems and short prose play and interact with space too, in their subject matter and form, breaking up their lines into stanzas of differing lengths.

But is it sacrilegious to treat poetry as a facet of graphic design, or just another feature on a poster? Not if the interaction between word and image, music and film draws out the ideas explored in the writing as it does so remarkably here. When the piece 'Water Towers' reflects how the towers seen from afar "could look as if they were touching one another even though they were blocks away", it is a perfect description of this multimedia approach.

Leading off the page, the recordings and short films demand more attention than this word count can afford, but '1 to 1' possesses a quiet beauty that captures a life and a home, developing the writings' visions of how people occupy the spaces around them. *Geeks* has found a beloved place in our home; it deserves to occupy a space in yours too.

ZELJKA MAROSEVIC

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Location location location. There are some big players bouncing around next week, all secret destinations and grand openings. Their ticket sales bitch slap the January batch off stage. They're selling out, they're bundling you onto minibuses, they're putting the finest Italian leather beneath your arse.

The leather fetishists are over at Downing, where *The Relapse* is opening the Howard Theatre. Only in Restoration comedy will you find a reformed rogue named Loveless. Gloriously unsubtle; tightly corseted; buxomly buxom. If you're after something a little quieter, then ALL ABOARD FOR *HMS PINAFORE* over at Cambridge Arts Theatre. The Gilbert and Sullivan behemoth is taking a 20s twist, but you still get a saucy ship and a sailor called Dick Deadeye. That's some dark phallic imagery, right there.

House Party asks the crucial question 'who's shagging Lucy?', which is setting up to rival 'To be, or not to be'. There aren't many plays which promise to transport you to a secret location; I'm expecting a scene reminiscent of those early *Skins* trailers. The guest list's getting full: book it. Unless, perhaps, your name is Lucy.

Silence over at the ADC: The Late Show's protagonist has given up speaking. Anthony Minghella's *Cigarettes & Chocolate* began life as a radio play, a brave endeavour for a work questioning the value of words. It's set to break hearts, if not so many as *Over the Bridge*, taking the ADC stage for a one night stand on Tuesday February 2nd. Modern tragedy will always struggle against nine choral scholars singing S Club 7. A Blueprint source recently expressed concern. It's serious.

The ADC deadline for Easter, May Week and Edinburgh applications is rolling up on Friday February 5th, so put together a proposal with the kind of drama you fuelled into that last essay crisis. You've even got a cut-off of 18.00 hours to work with, which gives those mid-afternoon inspirations more breathing room than buxom widow Berinthia's corset. ABIGAIL DEAN

The Wild Duck

ADC MAINSHOW

★★★★★

As a student, James Joyce was so obsessed with the plays of Henrik Ibsen that he learnt Norwegian to achieve a more intimate understanding of his preferred scribbler. On viewing this week's ADC production of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* (1884), Joyce's hell-bent hero-worship seems nothing shy of a gauche lunacy-project. Ibsen's drama-colouring is a kind of uniform synaesthesia; he envisions worlds in a mass of beige. Though this is a purposeful attempt to convey the skull-numbing aridity of poverty-belt bleakness, this production went beyond the conveyance of boredom, and induced it in its audience.

The Wild Duck is the drama of pauper-photographer Hjalmar Ekdal and his family, whose lives are set on a tragic declivity toward separation and suicide. Hjalmar's chum Gregers discovers Hjalmar's wife was bedfellow of Greger's father Hakon. Gregers feels obliged to relate this soul-destroying morsel of information to his friend, beginning the strained crumbling of Hjalmar's familial illusion.

Much of the acting was as stale as the stuffed cushioning. Gregers could have made a thrilling neo-Hamlet, ambivalent in his self-justifications, yet Amrou-Al Khadi's attempt failed to achieve more than a fumble of histrionic gut-clenching and fey rambling; a

case of miscasting which wrecked an important element of ambiguity driving the narrative.

The physical staging of the actors was bland at best; at worst, it orchestrated a mindless dance of awkward table-chats, stilted anger (expressed through toppling chairs) and negligent back-turning. Rather than emphasise the characters' societal repressions with a fabricated set of preformed kneejerks, the lazily choreographed movement was simply a sample of the banal directorial thought-process.

The set was one of two bearable aspects of this dreary display. Drying photographs of bourgeois sitters hung about stage; figures peered from their embrowning frames like a multitude of 'life-lie' sufferers not dissimilar to Hjalmar.

“Beyond the conveyance of boredom, this induces it in the audience.”

The other was Patrick Garety's looming grandfather Ekdal, whose gluey baritone provided not only comic respite, but, in places, a tone of feebleness in perfect contrast to his towering frame.

For the most part, the performance appeared as a crude brushing between the given stencils of amateur drama; a paint-by-numbers approach which



MICHELLE PHILLIPS

did nothing but dull the power of Ibsen's naturalism. This was for non-existent hoards of slack-jawed theatre-goers. The fact that the auditorium was half empty seems less to do with it being a cold Tuesday than with the selection of a play which felt something of a purgatorial chore, trotted out in passionless repetition. Generically practised drama doesn't guarantee

a sold-out theatre; theatre-goers want entertainment, even at the cost of watching something less well known or 'safe'. *The Wild Duck* was proof that the flat adoption of a famous script doesn't entertain, nor move, its audience; like Hjalmar, this production relies on an illusionary fulcrum in dire need of being dismantled. EDWARD HERRING

For those who haven't heard of it, Clare Comedy is the newest and least-imaginatively-titled college comedy night on the circuit. Very much in the guise of the Howler, CC is a night of student comedy topped off with a famous headliner; this time that headliner was Nick Doody. I won't lie to you, I'd never heard of him. 'He's the new Dennis Leary,' say The Galway List. 'Great,' I thought, 'I've never heard of Dennis Leary ... or The Galway List.'

Last night's compere was ex-Clarite and Fringe-regular Matt Kirschen. Likeable enough, Kirschen was perfectly adequate in the role, but I'm not sure he ever worked the audience into any kind of serious lather.

First of the acts proper was James Syrett, and he made a jolly good fist of it. His bit on computer keyboards was great, and when he re-enacted the first time someone inadvertently presses the 'insert' key when writing an essay, the place positively exploded.

The night brightened up when Ahir Shah bounded on. He was very popular and did some nice

Clare Comedy

CLARE CELLARS

★★★★★

bits on smoking and Gary Glitter, though I thought his bit on The Bible was a touch adolescent. He was

aiming at being some sort of hilarious Richard Dawkins, but never really managed to be as hilarious as Dawkins' own hair cut.

So it's down to Doody, who had brought his whole Edinburgh set to CC lock, stock and jumbo A3 pad. His great big USP was that his set consisted of two mirrored halves, one on why Britain is terrible and one on why Britain is great. Rather nicely put together, he was good, I thought, if often a bit light on the old - whatchamacallums? - laughs. NATHAN BROOKER



OLD MAN MANAGEMENT

“I've had half a bottle of Champagne and a bowl of muesli – I'm going to laugh at everything!” declared the merry waif in front of me. If that isn't enough to put the critic on edge, I don't know what is. Still, it's impossible not to get swept up with the audience reaction to a Smoker. Working with that logic, last night's was a roaring success. Then again, I've the feeling that I was one of the few who had not attended a belated Burns Night formal, or spent the last four or so hours drinking steadily. It was a challenge to detach myself from the port-and-haggis-scented euphoria, and judge the performances in a deliberate and sober light.

Stand-ups were few, and those undertaking sets did so with mixed success. There were moments of genius, including a deconstruction of the wearing of a Topman/Oxfam combo, and a biting judgement of the Lego-Duplo-Playmobil hierarchy. Phil Wang must, once more, be singled out as a skilful and hilarious individual – long may his ukulele grace Smoker stages. Sketches reigned supreme, though not always wisely. All seemed to

Smoker

ADC THEATRE

★★★★★

encounter the same problem: wonderful concepts, dialogue and build-up... to a virtually non-existent

punchline. It got to the stage where it felt lazy. We might be in the age of slow-burning, clever comedy, but some of those sketches deserved a good old-fashioned killer finale. That said, particular note must go to Alex Owen, Mark Fiddaman and Ben Ashenden. Their sketches were assured, original and ridiculously funny, all of which bodes well for the Spring Revue, which the trio have co-written. Female presence was sparse, but Katy Bulmer's poem was a thing of beauty. Delightfully hysterical, she commented how she felt a little dry after her tirade. The urge to shout out 'I'm not!' was difficult to resist; with muesli and champagne, I might have succumbed.

The all-singing, handclapping finale was the most euphoric ending to a Smoker that I've witnessed, and it's always worth going to see one for yourself to discover why they always sell out. I just wish that the jokes would override the clever ideas which anticipate them. KIRAN MILLWOOD-HARGRAVE

Armageddocalypse 2: The Explosioning

ADC LATESHOW

★★★★★

Roses are red, violets are blue and secret agent Jack Lang doesn't give a damn. He's about to trample all over them – just because he can. 23.00 this Wednesday witnessed the birth of something so absurdly cataclysmic, so singularly multitudinous, its mother exploded nine months before its conception and the shockwaves jolted a sleeping Osama Bin-Laden out of his cave. He cried.

Co-written by Footlights veterans Lucien Young and James Moran, *Armageddocalypse II: The Explosioning* is the new production in town, based loosely on Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*. With its promises of armies of ninjas, "at least two fights per line of dialogue" and a billion dollar budget, at 22.59:59, expectations were high.

Suddenly, music blares, a projector turns on, and the show begins. In true cinematic style however, we are first treated to trailers of feature films Exploding Fist

Productions will be releasing later this year: *Sour Milk*, the story of a lactose-intolerant Northerner who has to give up work at the Milk Mine, *Dude, You Did Not Just Do That*, a side-splitting teen movie remake where *Road Trip* meets *American Pie*, and *Flushed with Success*, the epic story of Sir Joseph Bazalgette's struggle for London's first sewage system.

Teasers over, and the audience is catapulted into the world of *The Explosioning*. It's the world of action movie satire: unobservant minions, mafia bosses with severe

facial balding, remote-control helicopters and crates of cocaine specifically reserved for Pete Doherty. It's the kind of place where the question "How many guns can a man fire at once?" just can't be answered.

The plot is fantastically predictable. Maverick agent Jack Lang (James Moran) is racing to save the world from the dastardly plotting of scar-faced supervillain Dr Apocalypse (Lucien Young), whilst hitting on his seductive co-agent, Vanessa Wildfire (Mairin O'Hagan). Dr Apocalypse, who speaks in

that unplaceable European accent common to all arch-nemeses, is after the impossible: a bomb made entirely "out of quantum".

When Dr Apocalypse learns that Lang is on his tail, he reveals a secret weapon, and the play's secret gem: the "archduke of all absurdities"; namely, the Puzzler. Johan Munir gives a mesmerising performance, from the very moment his paper cage is torn open amidst acrid purple smoke: "Did somebody order mayhem?"

Casino Royale is also savaged, in an intense game of poker between Lang and Dr Apocalypse. In this topsy-turvy world, poker isn't played with cards. Lang and the Doctor compete by throwing darts on roulette wheels and hopscotching across the stage. It's an awesomely quirky mix of Footlights surrealism and Hollywood mockery. It works.

Expect pyrotechnics. After the promised battle with 4,000 ninjas, flames shoot into the theatre, and smoke fills the stage. Let's go for a Hollywood cliffhanger: can Lang stop Dr Apocalypse and save the world before it's too late? You have two more nights to find out – and you really should. NICK CHAPMAN



It's wise to carry a little notebook in the pocket when reviewing a play.

Partly for recording insightful commentary, which can later be used to write a thoughtful and informed piece of journalism. Mostly, of course, to look suave and professional. The desire to write meticulous notes only kicks in when the play is so irritating as to provoke the need for something - anything - else to do. Unfortunately *Yo, My Man* fits into this scribbling category. When one of the breathy opening lines is "I feel... alive", the notebook gets whipped out pretty sharpish. If you're looking for an explanation for the title, you'll struggle to find it here – a common theme for the entire play, which is lost entirely in its own notion that the whimsical is good; that plain, cutting theatre is dispensable.

The blurb for *Yo, My Man* reveals more about the play than the experience of the play itself: never a promising sign. A character, apparently called Beethoven, sleeps on a bench, waiting (for nothing? For Godot? I have no idea) with his wife's ashes. A collection of bizarre characters meet in this spot, and

Yo, My Man

CORPUS PLAYROOM

★★★★★

Semitic floozy with sore feet. My biggest problem with this play was the complete lack of energy from the cast: after some painful dialogue, reminiscent of the dullest of stoned conversations, Kathryn Griffiths' entrance provided much needed relief. Even she, however, seemed to deflate soon after arrival, as if suddenly realising the production she had stumbled into. Most lines were delivered with all the emotion of the deflated rubber ball which the characters insist on flinging around stage. As for the script itself: if you're going to emulate Beckett, you do need your Godot. Without one, it is difficult to care about any of the characters, or to accompany them in their anticipation. Time is left to puzzle at the weird set, odd lighting decisions, misleading costumes – and my little notebook. The performances of Adam McNally and Hannah Laurence veered towards the comedic at times, but that, and the brevity of the play, couldn't redeem this bewildering production. JEMIMA MIDDLETON

we are subjected to some very odd exchanges, ranging from the woes of a failed Bostonian gambler to an anti-

The review of a party is always slightly farcical, because, as we all know, the only thing by which it will actually be defined is whether you ended up locked in the toilets for the wrong reason, or going home with that boy you've been flirting with for months. But for those of you who weren't at *Nonsensevent*, or enjoyed it so much that the memory is just a fragmented blur, here's what you missed: a damn good evening.

Cambridge isn't that that great for parties. We do balls better than anyone in the country (oh Oxford you wish), but when it comes to regular Saturday night parties those universities with less ferocious deadlines and a delightful lack of porters leave us in the dust. So the fact that the ArcSoc parties are swiftly returning to the same high standing they once held is something to be celebrated. (When my mother was here in the 80s it was one of the year's big events. Of course, all she really remembers from it was seeing the boy she was infatuated with dancing with another girl...)

Somewhat appropriately, *Nonsensevent* benefited from being held in a building that seems designed for dancing and revelry (imagine going to a party anywhere on the Sidgwick Site. No, you don't want to, do you?). Half house and half modern architecture, with balconies, glass-fronted staircases and walls that swung round to become doors, it managed to combine the intimacy of a house party with the energy of a King's Mingle. It doesn't offer the wide variety of dance rooms that King's boasts, but at a third of the price I'd take the charmingly close-knit atmosphere of a smaller event

Nonsensevent

ARCHITECTURE FACULTY

★★★★★

any day.

The music that was playing was a little too quiet and obscure at the start but picked

up massively as the night went on, with everything from recent hits to 60s swing. Overhead a wonderfully constructed series of films



- including Byzantine-influenced cartoons of religious scenes - were beamed across the dance floor. Lacking a stage to perform on, the burlesque stripper was only seen by the twenty people at the front of the crowd, but the attempted nod towards decadence was nice.

Anyone who complains these events are only put on to remind us how 'cool' the architects are just doesn't know how to enjoy a good party. JESSICA LAMBERT

Incoming



I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change

Amongst the production team, we've had a lot of discussion about quite what the genre of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change* is. It's certainly a musical. Most of the show is sung, and it features four actors who take on a plethora of parts, juggling cues and set changes with quick-fire costume changes – often on stage. The songs, accompanied by boisterous piano and violin instrumental ensemble, provide the show with much of its energy and impetus, and the musical genres range from the tango to the ballad to 50s 'do-wop'.

But 'a musical' doesn't quite do the show justice. It isn't even the type of musical-comedy that you might associate with Cole Porter, or Rodgers and Hart. There's comedy involved, but it's less the gentle humour of Porter, more the gutty hilarity of a Spring Revue. Similarly, the show is structured without a continuous narrative. Each scene introduces the audience to different characters in a different moment. It's essentially a sketch comedy show with a lot of music.

Essentially? As the title of the show suggests, the genre is confused by the relationships at hand. Love, occasionally, but also sex, dating, marriage, singleness, and divorce. It isn't, however, your basic 'romantic-musical-comedy'. As the tag-line of the show suggests, this is a show that's perfect for 'romantics and cynics alike'. Not the least bit mawkish, it revels in the awkwardness of relationships, the difficulties of pleasing your parents' expectations, and the lack of datable guys. Act I sees various couples try and find the right partner to lead them into marriage; Act II explores what happens when the knot's tied, for better and for worse.

So, quite what is *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*? It's a romantic-musical-sketch-comedy. Its genre is as slippery - and suddenly deceptive - as its title. It's exciting, vibrant theatre with heart. It's landed in Cambridge from New York. You'll really have to decide its genre for yourself. DAVID WARD

David is Musical Director of "I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change" showing at the ADC Theatre from February 2-6th.



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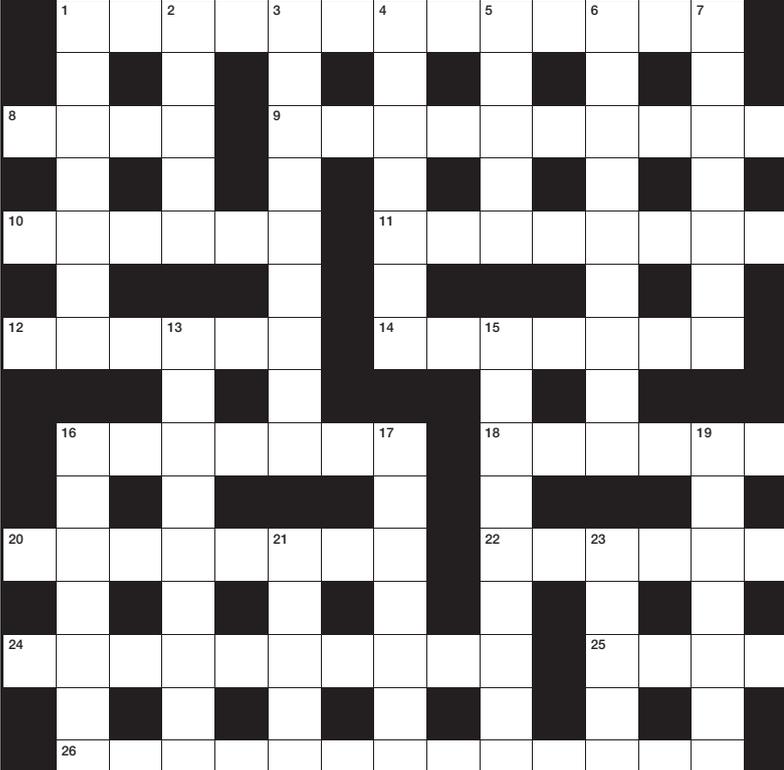
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Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

NO. 519



- Across**
- 1 Exploding citron cheaply resembling fireworks (13)
 - 8 A sentence of a biography (4)
 - 9 Defenders of general ideas following a sport (10)
 - 10 Poor Manx cat giving a cent up for debt collector (6)
 - 11 Raised half-evil, though happy on the outside (8)
 - 12 Man-friends the queen comes back to take in again (6)
 - 14 Pale, unknown surroundings for headless cry (7)
 - 16 Those who make crosswords and

- jams? (7)
- 18 Goddess taking drug in places (6)
- 20 Biased (6)
- 20 Twisting arm? (8)
- 22 What holds a cup of gravy, say, right? (6)
- 24 Manipulated, were he very unavoidable (10)
- 25 Applause in the middle of crash and bang (4)
- 26 A scripted failure, for instance? (8,5)

- Down**
- 1 Reserved footman (7)
 - 2 Discharge from territory, audibly (5)
 - 3 Mode of transport a cow might sound like, if willing to learn (9)
 - 4 Food preparation, like an Aga perhaps? (7)
 - 5 Nobody Eastern comes after mid-day (2-3)
 - 6 Quarter which serves up wan-ton and chi (9))
 - 7 River-dweller replaces centre of lucky chance (7)
 - 13 Dismissed rotten church to find a cheaper alternative (9)
 - 15 Obligatory bit of film where Eve's clone goes mad (4,5)
 - 16 Begins rally involving west winds (7)
 - 17 Operator taking time away from fish (7)
 - 19 One earl becomes a girl (7)
 - 21 Disavow 19's section as not consonant (5)
 - 23 Two pronouns make for an R&B star (5)

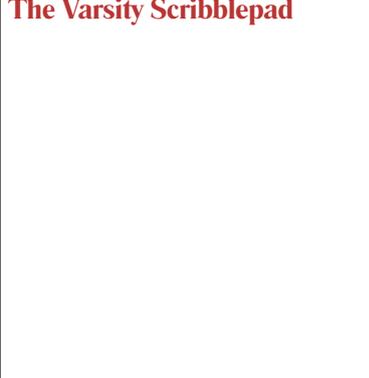
Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 517):
Across: 6 Plunder, 7 Roast, 9 Skat, 10 Baby boomer, 11 Progress, 13 Assets, 15 Spat, 17 Pride, 18 Aura, 19 Unfair, 20 Gin Rummy, 23 Forbidding, 26 Stop, 27 Nears, 28 Obtrude. Down: 1 Aunt Agatha, 2 Edible, 3 Grab, 4 Cribbage, 5 Faro, 6 Poker, 8 The Star, 12 Sting, 14 Statuesque, 16 Pontoon, 17 Paradise, 21 Negate, 22 Moose, 24 Brag, 25 Iron.

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

The Varsity Scribblepad

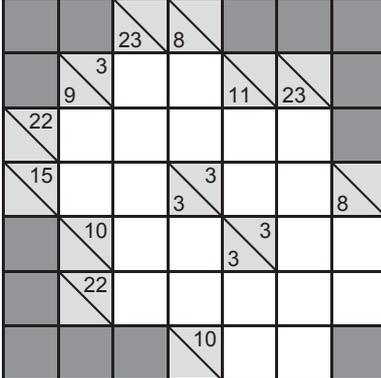


Last issue's solutions



Kakuro

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



Hitori

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

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

FOOTBALL

Fitz end Girton's hopes of catching Downing

Despite a second half onslaught Fitz survive to claim all three points



VARSIY SPORT

Considering the recent weather, the pitch at Oxford Road, Fitzwilliam's home ground, was in pretty good shape, the scars left from the previous day's match not affecting the possibility of good football. Both sides were without their influential Blues players, making this clash a real test of strength in depth. Injuries and absentees stripped Fitz's side even further, captain James Gillingham forced to hand debuts to post-grad Rich Bulmore and Fresher Dan Ayres. Arguably it was these two debutants that swung the game in Fitz's favour, ex-UCL full-back Bulmore slotting into the centre of midfield, whilst Ayres started in attack.

As well as being a story of two debuts this was a game of two very contrasting halves. The first-half witnessed a dominant Fitz moving the ball confidently, marshalling

the midfield, and possessing a cutting edge in attack. It was a very different case in the second period, a scrappy 20 minutes was followed by a neat finish which made the remainder of the game a nail-biting encounter. Fitz took an early lead when Shalabi's shot was only parried, winger Harry Gamsu beating the defender to slide the ball in at the back post. A competitive contest proceeded, neither side able to really test the opposition. Bulmore's energy and composure in the centre of the park restricted Bordell and San Antonio from prising open the Fitz backline. Fitz extended their lead before the break when a long ball from Bennici was latched onto by Ayres, the rapid Fresher gaining a yard on his marker before coolly dispatching his first clear opportunity past a despairing Blake.

The first half displayed the kind of form that saw Fitz pick up back-to-back wins at the start of Michaelmas, but the second showed why Girton are challenging Downing and Trinity for the Division 1 title. As the second half ebbed away Fitz started to look increasingly tired, Girton piling on the pressure and receiving larger

quantities of possession. Bordell eventually gave Girton a way back into the match after he was cleverly slipped in by Stone. With roughly half of the second period still left on the clock everything was set for an exciting finale. Placing Fitz's penalty area under siege, Girton desperately sought a goal that would at least earn them a point. Captain Andy Stone came closest when his glancing header looked destined for the top corner, only for his counterpart, Gillingham, to pull off an exceptional one-handed save. Girton threw everything at Fitz in the dying minutes, throwing more and more men into the Fitzwilliam half; a gamble which almost backfired when substitute Ed Evans caught Girton on the break only to squander two great opportunities, Blake denying him on both occasions.

Relief surged through the Fitzwilliam ranks as the final whistle signalled their hard earned three points, Girton doubtless disappointed that their efforts were not at least rewarded with a point. This result means that Fitz join Girton on nine points so far this season, leapfrogging them on the grounds of a superior goal difference.

Fitzwilliam College AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Gamsu, Ayers



Girton College AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Bordell



Debutant Rich Bulmore attempts to cap a fine display from an indirect free kick

Sport in Brief

Men's Football

After seeing off Bedford in the cup last week, the Blues faced a tricky home tie against Northampton I's on Wednesday afternoon. An impressive display from a virtually full-strength Blues side led to a comprehensive 5-0 victory. Matt Amos was reinstated to the First team after his goal-haul for the Falcons, and he capped his return with a fine goal. His strike partner, Kerrigan, continued his scoring form in the cup by also getting on the scoresheet. Midfielders Paul Hartley, Jack Hylands, and Mark Baxter also added goals to finish off the rout and progress to the quarter-finals.

Water Polo

On Sunday, the Cambridge Women's Water polo team played their final game against Oxford before this year's all-important Varsity match. Having started with the most experienced players in the water, the Blues quickly pulled ahead. Rebecca Vorhees, Jeanie Ward-Waller and Claire Martin were the linchpins of an intimidating attack that the Oxford defence was unable to restrain.

Strength across the entire team was demonstrated by Cambridge's 14 goals being scored by no less than five different players. Cambridge's impressive 14-3 win bodes well for when the sides meet again later this term.

Local Sport

Cambridge RUFC suffered their first home defeat of what has been an outstanding season at Wests Renault Park. Falling to a surprise 17-20 defeat at the hands of a travelling Tynedale.

Referee Llyl Apperaint Roberts was said to have received a barrage of complaints from Cambridge players at the final whistle, disappointed at a string of results that went against them. A particular grievance was the seemingly excessive ten minutes of stoppage time, a period that allowed Tynedale to score the decisive try.

One encouraging sign for the Cambridge faithful was the appearance of Ben Cooper, fit again after a lengthy spell on the sidelines.

The Anorak

Football

Division 1:
Christ's 5-3 Catz
Downing 3-1 Pembroke
John's 2-5 Trinity
Fitz 2-1 Girton
Emma P-P Jesus

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	6	6	0	0	15	6	9	18
TRINITY	6	5	0	1	17	7	10	15
FITZWILLIAM	5	3	0	2	11	7	4	9
GIRTON	5	3	0	2	9	8	1	9
JESUS	4	2	0	2	6	3	3	6
CHRISTS	4	2	0	2	11	10	1	6
EMMANUEL	5	2	0	3	10	11	-1	6
ST JOHN'S	6	2	0	4	14	19	-5	6
PEMBROKE	6	1	0	5	10	17	-7	3
ST CATHARINE'S	5	0	0	5	9	24	-15	0

Men's Hockey

Division 1:
Robinson 0-3 Catz
Emma 2-6 Old Leysians
Jesus 7-1 St John's

	P	W	D	L	F	A	D	Pts
JESUS	1	1	0	0	7	1	6	3
OLD LEYSIANS	1	1	0	0	6	2	5	3
ST CATHARINE'S	1	1	0	0	3	0	3	3
DOWNING	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
ROBINSON	1	0	0	1	0	3	-3	0
EMMANUEL	1	0	0	1	2	6	-4	0
ST JOHN'S	1	0	0	1	1	7	-6	0

Rugby Union

Division 1:
Girton 10-33 Downing

	P	W	D	L	F	A	D	Pts
ST JOHN'S	8	8	0	0	346	40	306	32
DOWNING	8	6	0	2	183	73	90	26
JESUS	6	4	0	2	215	86	129	18
TRINITY	7	3	0	4	121	129	-8	16
GIRTON	9	2	0	7	131	231	-100	15
ST CATHARINE'S	10	1	0	9	27	464	-437	11

Rugby Union

Division 2:
Magdalene 50-0 Selwyn
Fitz 30-5 Pembroke
Queens 17-0 Trinity Hall

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
QUEENS	9	8	0	1	228	80	148	33
MAGDALENE	9	7	0	2	269	78	191	30
TRINITY HALL	9	5	0	4	209	158	51	24
FITZWILLIAM	8	4	0	4	162	152	10	20
PEMBROKE	8	2	0	6	148	150	-2	14
SELWYN	9	0	0	9	7	405	-398	2

Your weekly guide to college sport

FOOTBALL

It's played six, won six for Downing

CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE

Indeed, they almost had an immediate reply, going close after a penalty area scramble from a floated corner. Pembroke's physicality, never excessive it must be said, did not manage to unsettle Downing, and the first half continued in the same, scrappy vein. Pembroke's 4-5-1 gave their defence plenty of protection, but it was at the cost of leaving their centre-forward Jones somewhat isolated: too many balls going over the top only to be swept up by the Downing keeper.

And then, what would prove to be the decisive goal of the match. Right on the stroke of half-time, Downing grabbed a second with a sublime piece of skill from Dan Sellman. The striker, who had scored a hat-trick on his debut earlier in the season, volleyed a loose ball on the edge of the box, over Bell in the Pembroke goal, to make it 2-0 to the home side. It was seemingly a goal out of nothing, but it was the undoubted highlight of the match, and the best teams often have players with the ability to turn a match in a moment.

Pembroke however, acutely aware of the need to pick something up from the match, did not surrender. They stuck with their game plan and were soon to be provided with a lifeline, being awarded a perhaps debatable penalty in the 56th minute. The Downing centre-back Josh McEvoy knew little of the ball that was seemingly flicked onto his hand, and, even despite the protesting, Pembroke were given the

chance to get back into the game. Goringe stepped up only to see his shot saved low to the keeper's right, but fortunately for Pembroke, left-winger Estorick somehow managed to bundle the ball into the back of the net to make it 2-1.

Pembroke rallied, with their supporters seeing parallels to last year's Plate semi-final, and desperately hoping for a repeat. It was not to be, however. Pembroke pushed forward, but were unable to find the killer pass. Meanwhile, the three Downing centre-backs held firm, winning the ball in the air and on the ground, closing out the match and never losing concentration. Pembroke came close in the 83rd minute, but the final goal of the game was to fall to Downing two minutes from time. After a magnificent piece of work on the wing from Isaacs, beating two men, before putting in an inviting cross to the back-post, it was Tom Clare who headed home from close-range to condemn Pembroke to another defeat, and to preserve Downing's 100% record.

Downing certainly didn't look imperious in this knotty and stilted match, but if a measure of a champion is getting results without the performance, they certainly proved a point. Captain Tom Marsh admitted that they had had to "grit it out", and Pembroke proved worthy opponents, Marsh again conceding that they had been "better than the result suggests". But facing a relegation battle, this will be little consolation.

Pembroke had better start praying

to a different god, because, in this match at least, they simply aren't having the rub of the green. The Cuppers competition which resumes this week will offer Pembroke an opportunity to redeem their season and Downing the chance of doing an unprecedented double of League and Cup.

Downing College AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Marsh, Sellman, ClarePembroke College AFC (4-5-1)
Goals: Estorick

JAMES GRAVESTON



Downing take the lead over Pembroke thanks to a back post header by captain Tom Marsh

RUGBY

Emma scrape four points despite some uninspiring rugby

With both teams undefeated so far, no-one would have predicted such a pedestrian affair

 EMMANUEL	10
 ROBINSON	3

ALEX KENNEDY

It seems as though the malaise of the modern game has filtered down even to the lower echelons of Cambridge college rugby. On a bitterly cold Tuesday afternoon Robinson and Emmanuel played out a turgid and uninspiring fixture in which kicking took over from passing and running as the mainstay of the game.

Robinson needed a win to seal promotion and had attracted a vocal rabble of support who easily out-shouted the one lonely Emma supporter running the far touchline. Yet it was Emmanuel who had the

better of the opening phases, pressing Robinson back into their own twenty-two with some aggressive ball carrying from the forwards. After a missed penalty early on, they eventually made the first impression on the scoreboard with a try in the 14th minute. The first time either side had dared to move the ball past the outside half resulted in some sharp interplay between the Emmanuel centres allowing full back Stamp to touch down in the corner.

In a game dominated by handling errors, imprecision and aimless kicking, the Emmanuel scrum was the one highlight, consistently putting the Robinson pack under increasing pressure. Eventually they succumbed and from the half-hour mark onwards the referee had to resort to uncontested scrums after complaints from the Robinson front row.



TIM SHERRINGTON

Emma's control of the game extended when they scored their second try on the stroke of half time. A quick tapped penalty found its way into the hands of the inside centre who beat two members of the languishing Robinson defence before giving the ball to his right-winger who crossed the try line. It was without a doubt the best moment of rugby in the half and gave a small slither of hope that the game would be slightly more entertaining after the break.

Such hope was ill-founded. If anything both teams seemed even more determined to kick any ball away with both fly-halves for some reason preferring to trust their boots to their backs.

The Robinson half-time team talk, which reverberated around Emma playing fields, did something to provide impetus and they played with much more purpose and aggression in

the opening exchanges of the second half. However, despite the efforts of the forward pack they were unable to penetrate the home side's defensive line, which was temporarily bolstered by the additional player who came on as a substitute without anyone coming off. Even the efforts of the Robinson fly-half, who for a while thought he was Carlos Spencer throwing passes between his legs and offloading out the back of his hand, could not liven up a dire second 40, in which there was plenty of effort but little quality.

Robinson's increased exertions could only yield them a penalty which they duly scored. The reality was they never looked like they would score the try they needed to have a chance of levelling the game, giving Emma a hard-earned victory. Commendable effort but almost comedic execution mean this one will certainly not live long in the memory.

VARSITY

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RUGBY

Cambridge girls demolish local rivals Shelford

The Blues triumphed at Oxford Road with an impressive nine try whitewash



ED THORNTON

In a top of the table clash the Blues demolished local rivals Shelford, scoring nine tries and keeping a clean sheet. The Blues play twice a week at the moment, in both the BUSA league and a local league, and this match showed that they can handle the pressure of a full schedule.

The girls dominated Shelford all over the park and were clearly stronger in both the backs and forwards. The scrum was executed with precision forcing the referee to ask the Cambridge pack to hold back, whilst in the back-line a host of moves, making the most of a strong centre pairing, continually tore the away team apart. Coach Andrew-Mark Hanrahan had introduced a range of new moves before the match focusing on link-up play across the field and no teething problems were visible as the Blues showed off their new artillery.

The Cambridge pack gave the team a brilliant platform and it was in the three quarters that the Blues

saw the results prompting No. 8 and captain, Talia Gershon, to say, "The backs were more clinical and cohesive than they ever have been before".

Fly-half Anne Venner played some positive rugby, always coming up fast and managing the dual discipline of taking on her opposite number whilst organising the rest of her backline. Inside centre Lauren "Daisy" Iredale scored four tries during the thrashing. It was her who opened the scoring too, going over the line twice in the first ten minutes. Daisy was outstanding throughout the match and her tries ranged from a well timed interception to simple strong running. Outside centre Laura Britton also managed a hat-trick and punished Shelford on many occasions for their weak defence. Despite having the larger side, Shelford's tackling was poor and when the Cambridge girls took them on they almost always found a way through. Shelford were not helped by their fullback, who seemed afraid of contact, and subsequently allowed a couple of tries that could otherwise have been stopped. The Shelford coach noticed this too and wasn't shy about expressing himself. The fact is that the Cambridge girls knew how to play hard, fast rugby and their opposition were not

equipped to deal with it.

In high scoring matches such as this, members of the tight five can either drift into the background or step up and contribute to the whipping; the Blues second row were definitely in the second group. With one try each, locks Lucy Chumas and Lou Anning made a significant impact on the pitch and gave

Cambridge options in tight as well as out wide. If they, and the forwards in general, could be faulted on anything it was their shaky lineouts. Whilst the home side managed to steal the Shelford ball on a number of occasions, quite a few of their own were either fumbled or penalised for wayward throwing.

It was an impressive spectacle

to see the Light Blue girls cause so much damage to a side who are supposed to be close rivals. The squad will be very happy with their result and captain Gershon summed it up when she said: "We're definitely coming together as a side, and it's really exciting to see." There is no doubt that she was right and it really was exciting to see.



The Blues camp out only five metres short of the Shelford line

Varsity Bio



Name: Dave Riley
Sport: Rugby
College: Hughes Hall
Height/Weight: 178cm/83kg

RESULTS:

Standing Jump: 228.8cm
Limbo: 100cm
Bag Throw: 386cm
100m: 12.11 secs
Bleep Test: Level 12.11

SuperSports Score: 28.898

Varsity SuperSports

7 Sports. 5 Events. 1 SuperSport.

The Events

Five events put our athletes through their paces, testing vital sporting attributes. We record the results for each athlete then send them to the mathmos at *Varsity* who work out an overall SuperSports score for each competitor. The standing Jump tests lower body strength. The Bag Throw

tests upper body strength, the athletes hurling a large cylindrical tackle pad as far as they can – awkward as well as heavy. 100m sprint is designed to discover speed, whilst the Bleep Test is all about endurance. Finally, Limbo tests flexibility – and is generally just quite amusing.

Leader Board

SPORT	SS SCORE
Rugby	6
Football	6

Week 2: Rugby

This is Week 2, Sport 2, of Varsity Sport's newest competition. Each week we're taking a male and a female competitor representing a major Blues sport and putting them to the test. Five events assess specific sporting attributes: speed, strength, stamina, and flexibility will all be measured.

Fresh from a starring role in the Blues' epic Varsity win, winger Dave Riley was selected to represent the men's team, whilst Anne Venner stepped up for the women as a last minute replacement.

Riley acquitted himself well across Varsity's 5 sporting challenges,

possessing a blend of attributes suited to the competition, he was able to narrowly surpass the scores set by Wolke last week. Riley excelled in the 100m sprint, posting a blistering time of 11.75 seconds. In the other dynamic strength tests he scored highly again, powerful leg muscles propelling him 2.28m from a standing jump, and the upper body strength required for rugby meant he threw the cumbersome bag a respectable 3.86 metres. Riley proved to be an all rounder by reaching level 12.11 in the Bleep Test, and getting low enough to limbo his way under 1 metre.

Representing the women, Venner

proved to be a more than adequate last minute replacement, her stand-out performance coming in the throwing event. Venner claims that rugby is the most physically demanding Blues sport because, unlike other ball sports, it is full contact, requiring quick feet and good endurance, as well strength. Her results seem to prove her point, decent scores in all 5 events showing that rugby could be the most demanding overall.

Rugby has overtaken football and staked an early claim for the SuperSports title, but will they be able to stay there? Find out this term in Varsity SuperSports.

Varsity Bio



Name: Anne Venner
Sport: Rugby
College: New Hall
Height/Weight: 158cm/54kg

RESULTS:

Standing Jump: 180cm
Limbo: 100cm
Bag Throw: 226cm
100m: 15.15 secs
Bleep Test: Level 11.2

SuperSports Score: 21.31



You can watch videos of this week's competitors by checking out: varsitytv.co.uk

The women's Blues thrash their local rivals in the league

Rugby 31



Fitz beat Girton in a nail-biting home victory

Football 29



SPORT

ROWING

Queens' and Trinity continue domination

JAMES GRAVESTON



Town and College crews alike hit the water this week to kick off a term on the river

ALI MCLAREN

Crews turned up in the freezing cold on Saturday in order to stamp their early authority, the City of Cambridge's Winter Head-2-Head providing the first race of term. 4km overall, crews raced from the railway bridge to the motorway bridge and back again, with the lowest cumulative time taking away the prize.

Town crews and those from outside Cambridge competed against the pick of the Colleges including the stand out men's crew from last

term, Queens' M1, and the First and Third Downing Crews. First and Third Women were looking to press on from their outstanding Fairbairn Cup win at the end of Michaelmas, whilst Emma were looking to take as much time from them as possible ahead of what will be a fascinating race for Women's Lent Headship.

This event was an ideal opportunity for crews to integrate the novices from last term into Senior rowing, adding to the experience of racing over longer distances.

Queens' M1 and FaT W1, picked up where they left off from Fairbairn as they both powered to victory in

the Winter Head to Head, despite strong competition from Downing college M1 and W1. Queens' M1 led the charge in the Men's division with a time of 13:04, with their upstream leg in particular being too hot for the other crews to handle. Downing (13:20) and LMBC (13:34) filled second and third places. In the women's division, FaT, as expected, comfortably held off Downing (15:44) and Christ's (15:55) with a time of 15:32. Emma, current holders of the Lent Headship, will be worried about their performance as they languished a full 46 seconds behind FaT in 4th.

Looking further down the divisions, Sidney Sussex M1 and Queens' M2 will fancy their chances of moving up the second division of Lent bumps after finishing first and second, whilst Selwyn W1 will be concerned about sliding down the bumps chart as Sidney Sussex W1 and Murray Edwards W1 posted faster times, despite being a division below.

Emma M2 provided a moment of hilarity for cold spectators as they managed to do the previously unthinkable and capsize an 8 outside the Pike and Eel, commonly known as the Penny Ferry. With the Cam

being particularly chilly this time of year the experience cannot have been pleasurable for the crew, but was undoubtedly enjoyable for their rivals.

Whilst the results of this race do not have too much bearing on Bumps, with four weeks improvement still in the crews, you have to fancy Queens' to climb up the men's first division, whilst Emma W1 will have to pull out all the stops to stop FaT regaining the headship they lost last year. Crews will have further chances to race at Newnham Short Course and Robinson Head before Pembroke Regatta next month.

FOOTBALL

Downing crush struggling Pembroke

 DOWNING	3
 PEMBROKE	1

MATT SUTTON

With Downing and Pembroke placed at opposite ends of the table, both sides knew that they needed a result

this weekend. Although currently engaged in a relegation battle, Pembroke kicked off as the last side to have beaten Downing, winning on penalties in last season's Plate semi-final, a fact that seemed to give the team hope of scoring an upset against the current league leaders. The Pembroke side certainly began brightly, starting the match in a 4-5-1 formation aimed at stifling the opposition. This tactic, of crowding Downing out on the smaller pitch,

combined with reminders from the sidelines to "get in their faces!" seemed effective as Pembroke had the better of the early exchanges, and Downing seemed unable to find space, or rhythm. Pembroke were winning most of the challenges, and were seemingly first to loose balls in what was a fractured and scrappy opening half.

As is so often the case however, when you're on a roll Lady Luck rides with you, and when you're

down she's just left town. So it was today. Despite having the better of the first quarter, Pembroke went a goal down in the 21st minute to a powerful header from Downing captain Tom Marsh. Downing had a noticeable height advantage in the penalty area, and their decision to practice corner kicks before the match similarly paid dividends, with a goal described as "training ground" by the Downing captain and goalscorer. It would be

worth pointing out, however, that Pembroke could be accused of a lack of concentration: the corner was preceded by a strange break in play when it emerged that Downing had in fact two players on the pitch with a No. 9 shirt. The opening goal was certainly a blow, but the Pembroke team did not let their energy levels drop, and continued to squeeze the match and deny Downing time on the ball the middle of the pitch.

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