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Exams cancelled amid travel chaos

MML orals and mocks postponed after students and examiners left stranded

KATIE FORSTER

The start of the Easter term has been disrupted for many students and academics due to the flight chaos caused by the volcano eruption in Iceland.

Exams that were scheduled for this week were forced to be cancelled as many lecturers and students were unable to fly back to the UK from their homes or holiday destinations.

All first-year and some second-year MML students received an email last Friday from their faculty informing them that their oral exams, which were to take place this Monday and Tuesday, had been postponed to a later date.

The exams take the form of a short 15-minute discussion of an article in the foreign language studied. Some exams, such as Spanish orals, have been rescheduled for two weeks time in mid-May.

Shannon Rainey, a first-year MML student at Christ's College from Belfast, had been unable to return to Cambridge. She said that it was a "relief" that the orals had been cancelled as she would not have been able to make them.

"I had a flight booked for last Saturday but it was cancelled, so I booked another for Tuesday but that one was cancelled too. The ferries are full and it looks like I won't be back until this weekend at the earliest. I emailed my tutor and they were really nice about it, luckily."

Some students, however, have been very pleased about the postponing of the exams. Alice Kitcatt,

a student of French and Italian at St John's College, said: "I was stressing out about having an exam before the start of term and so I was absolutely elated when I heard that it had been postponed."

Other University-wide exams that were scheduled for this week include papers for Engineering part II, a paper for part III Physics, preliminary exams for History part I, and the exam for Master of Finance.

Students at St Catharine's College received an email from their Senior Tutor, reassuring those worried that the flight problems would not harm their academic performance this term.

Students were told: "Please do NOT worry about missing examinations, presentation deadlines or any other scheduled academic commitment," and, "you will not be penalized for delays outside your control."

St Edmund's College students similarly received a message from their Senior Tutor, reassuring them not to worry as alternative arrangements were being made.

In addition to University-wide exams, many students were also scheduled to write mock exams within their Colleges, which had to be rescheduled on a case-by-case basis.

The eruption of the volcano Eyjafjallajökull in Southern Iceland has caused widespread chaos in Europe, notably the cancellation of all UK flights, which were only fully resumed on Tuesday evening. It was estimated that a million people were left stranded abroad in the biggest disruption to air traffic since 9/11.



JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

Grand old Duke marches up hill

Students and staff at Fitzwilliam College were treated to a visit from the Chancellor of the University, HRH the Duke of Edinburgh, on Monday as part of the official opening ceremony for the New Library & IT Centre. The building, which cost £5 million, was designed by Edward Cullinan Architects. The library is expected to house 60,000 volumes, as well as spacious study space featuring stunning views of the College grounds. After a short ceremony, HRH went on a tour of the College and admired the new building. HRH has taken an active interest in the development of the College: he was also present at the opening of the Fitzwilliam Auditorium in 2002, as well as the College's recent 125th anniversary. ELLEN DAVIS-WALKER

Oxbridge state school pupil intake on the rise

NICOLA BARTLETT

Figures published last week by the Higher Education Statistics Agency have shown an increase in the number of state school pupils getting into Oxford and Cambridge.

In 2008-9, 54.7% of new pupils at Oxford and 59.3% of those at Cambridge came from state schools compared to 53.4% and 57% of the previous year's intake.

But despite the increase, both universities fell short of their target. For 2008-09 this was just under 70%.

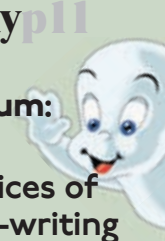
Oxbridge were not the only universities to fall short of their target. Other universities included Bristol, Durham, Exeter and Oxford Brookes.

The only Russell Group universities to exceed their targets were Sheffield, Cardiff, Glasgow, Liverpool, Southampton and Queen's University, Belfast.

A spokeswoman for University of Cambridge told the BBC: "The University welcomes the way in which this year's performance indicators reflect its efforts on widening participation, with state sector admissions reaching a high point of 59.3%, up more than two percentage points on the previous year's figure."

"Cambridge makes great efforts to ensure that bright students from all backgrounds are admitted to the University," she said, and Cambridge is "committed to maintaining those efforts in the future".

Essayp11
Mark McCrum:
The injustices of ghost-writing



On varsity.co.uk this week



COMMENT

Read Laura Freeman's reflections on two micro-memorials to troops who have died in the Middle East, and keep up with the local election in Cambridge with Jamie Pollock.



ENTERTAINMENT

Take a musical trip to the 1960s with Tom Rollins, and catch up on the past month of radio news with Alastair Beddow.



NEWS

Follow our continous news updates between now and May Week for all you need to know about what's going on in Cambridge.



VARSITY

Stay tuned to varsity.co.uk this exam term for more from Charlie Lyons and the Cindies Stories team!



Jesus College to auction off hand-crafted College oars used in the 1930s

Jesus College has decided to auction off five hand-crafted wooden oars that were used in College races in the 1930s. The oars, which are painted and inscribed with the names of College rowers, were made around 1938. They will go up for auction on April 27th at Christie's Interiors sale in South Kensington. Items on the auction lot include a George II Coffee Pot, an early-Victorian gavel, and early 19th century glass goblets.

According to Mark Stephen, Specialist in Objects at Christie's, "The oars are extremely unusual looking and are proving to be popular. It looks as if the oars have been passed around a few dealers over the years before coming to us. They're old but in nice condition and for people into the country-club look, will make the perfect addition." The oars are expected to fetch between £800 and £1,200.




Union pole dancing lessons attract national attention

The Cambridge Union's decision to offer pole dancing lessons has attracted national media attention, with renowned comedian and actor David Mitchell being the latest to criticize it. Writing in the *Guardian* last Sunday, Mitchell labelled the decision as "plain daft", arguing that if the lessons are not intended to be sexual, as the Union claims, "Why is it only for women? Shouldn't men get the chance to be empowered too?"

Juan de Francisco, Union Ents Officer, responded to Mitchell's claims, explaining, "The classes are womens-only because the instructor has advised us that it is easier to teach single-sex classes, and also because, while the classes aren't sexual, most prefer the privacy." The classes cost £2 for Union members. As of this week, the classes had completely sold out, prompting the Union to double capacity.

Protesters disrupt international conference at King's

Protesters attempted to disrupt International Monetary Fund (IMF) Managing Director Dominique Strauss-Kahn's talk at King's College this month. The talk was the keynote address for the Institute for New Economic Thinking's inaugural conference. The three-day conference, titled "The Economic Crisis and the Crisis in Economics", brought together over 150 business, academic, and government policy leaders. The conference hoped to investigate why prevalent economic theory was unable to predict the economic and financial crisis that emerged in 2007-2008. The protest involved the unfurling of a banner that read "IMF is part of the problem, not the solution."



Animal rights activists invade Downing Site as mark of protest

Protestation by Animal Rights Cambridge against "fundamentally immoral" animal testing

HELEN MACKREATH

The Downing Site was besieged by activists from Animal Rights Cambridge last Friday, who staged a vociferous protest in conjunction with the national University Vivisection Week of Action.

The group, which has been in operation since 1978, were protesting against research conducted at Cambridge University, which uses animals as human models for basic and applied brain research.

Brandishing signs and banners, the activists used loudspeakers to attract attention and handed out anti-animal experimentation flyers to passers-by. Their protest lasted several hours, before their eventual ejection by police after a stand-off with security guards.

A University of Cambridge spokesman said: "They were asked to leave as they were disrupting college business. Although it is not term time

there are research students working on the site.

"People have a right to peaceful protest but not when it disrupts the work at the university."

Campaigns follow on from a 10-month undercover investigation of the University by The British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (BUAV), which secretly filmed 400-500 marmoset monkeys imprisoned in small cages for the purpose of primate brain research.

According to the BUAV, the monkeys were deliberately brain damaged for a mixture of 'basic research', which aimed to find out about the primate brain, and 'applied research', which tried to develop a marmoset 'model' of human illnesses, such as stroke and Parkinson's disease.

Spokesman for the protest, Aran Mathai, argued that "These painful, cruel tests and barren sterile animal housing that cause animals to literally go mad with boredom belong firmly

in the past." He went on to urge Cambridge to divert all funds being "squandered" on animal research to funding for human-relevant testing such as micro-dosing, DNA chips and computer modelling.

One protestor, Joan Court, decried

the research as "cruel, unnecessary and fundamentally immoral". She equated it to being "just like the slave trade".

Another protestor, Sue Hughes, pointed out that a growing body of research is providing substantial

evidence that animals are "more and more like us in their needs and cognitive ability", which makes their use for clinical research "more and more inhumane".

In their statement, the group strongly emphasize their support for human-relevant medical research arguing that "being against animal research is about supporting research that related directly to human beings."

Meanwhile, a University spokeswoman said: "Good science and good animal welfare go hand in hand. The UK has the most rigorous animal welfare regulations in the world.

"The University of Cambridge has always adhered to these regulations and will continue to work to the highest possible standards of animal care.

"Without animal research, which is only used when there is no alternative; many treatments we take for granted today would not be possible."



Animal Rights Cambridge protestors outside the Downing Site last Friday

Get involved

To find out how to get involved with Varsity or VarsityTV in May Week or Michaelmas 2010, visit:

www.varsity.co.uk/jobs

Varsity returns

Look out for the mid-term edition of Varsity coming to a plodge near you on May 14th.

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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Students caught in volcano travel mayhem

As term begins, hundreds of students and academics are left stranded abroad

RICHARD MOORE

A large number of Cambridge students and staff have been caught up in the travel disruption caused by the cloud of volcanic ash floating over Europe.

The grounding of flights left students marooned in cities as far away as Helsinki, Istanbul and Prague, with no easy options for getting back to Cambridge. Sixty students from Homerton College have so far been unable to return, and 19 students from Downing are still stranded.

Many students have risen to the challenge of the disruption, devising sophisticated plans to return to Cambridge without the use of aeroplanes.

One student who was trapped in Northern Ireland is reported to have taken a ferry before hitching a cross-land ride to Glasgow with the Rangers F. C. fans' bus, then heading south on a train.

A student at Murray Edwards College, stuck in Hamburg, scoured the entire Channel coastline, from Esbjerg to Le Havre, in search of an available berth on a cross-channel ferry.

For a group of St Catharine's students, the ordeal of returning to Cambridge from Istanbul lasted for four days, and involved a frantic



Eyjafjallajökull volcano, students waiting in Istanbul, and Gare du Nord in Paris

trip across Europe, which included detours to Basel and Brussels. The group spent £400 each on their convoluted journey back, which more than doubled the cost of their short break in Turkey.

The University's Erasmus exchange students, many of whom spent the Easter vacation at home

with their families, have been particularly affected by the air traffic ban. Paula Zumalacárregui Martínez, who normally studies in Madrid, was due to fly back on Monday, but was told that she would not be able to fly until April 26th at the earliest. "I'm not going to be back in time [for the start of term]," said

Miss Zumalacárregui, "but there's nothing I can do about it".

Other students accepted the inconvenience with similar stoicism, and attempted to make the most of the situation by studying at home and sampling university facilities available in other countries. Olesya Kryshevich, a linguistics student from Austria, gave up on her flight and joined the queue to get into the university library in Vienna. "It's only been open for 10 minutes, and all the desks are occupied already. I'm ninth on the waiting list. I'll never complain about the UL again."

Academic staff have also been affected by the ash cloud. Four lecturers from the Department of German who were attending a workshop on Weimar at the University of California, Berkeley, were unable to return. Other academics are enjoying unexpectedly lengthy sojourns in such distant locations as Hyderabad, Dubai, Hong Kong, and Australia.

The disruption has affected the staff of Downing College particularly acutely: nine of its fellows were stuck overseas for extended periods of time.

The ash cloud was created by the eruption of a volcano under the Eyjafjallajökull glacier in Iceland. Geologists are unable to predict how long the volcano will continue to send ash into the atmosphere.

Charles Kennedy visits Cambridge to boost Lib Dems

TOM BLACKBURN

In the wake of the unexpected Liberal Democrat poll surge, Charles Kennedy arrived in Cambridge on Thursday morning for a whistle-stop rally. He was greeted with cheers and orange placards in the market square, and appeared in high spirits.

Speaking to the crowd, notably on foreign policy, he compared the Lib Dem stance on Trident to their opposition to the Iraq war. "Once again, Labour and the Tories are cosyng up, with the Lib Dems taking a stand. Our heart as well as our head is with the armed forces," he said.

After a walkabout and meet-and-greet in the market, Kennedy answered questions from reporters and the public. Speaking to *Varsity* at the end of the rally, he attacked Conservative claims that a vote for the Lib Dems will result in a hung parliament and allow Labour to retain power: "What a pathetic way to run a general election campaign. They're not saying vote for us because you believe in us...they're saying vote for us because with anyone else a plague will descend upon the nation. Frankly, they're in a state of panic."

Speaking to *Varsity*, Nick Hillman, Conservative parliamentary candidate for Cambridge, countered the accusations proffered by Kennedy, describing it as "a slur on our campaign that does not equate to the facts".

He argued that, "In Cambridge, and elsewhere, we are running a positive campaign, which shows we have the best proposals to fix our broken economy, our broken society and our broken politics."

Daniel Zeichner, Labour parliamentary candidate for Cambridge, was unavailable for comment.

Kennedy nevertheless sees an uphill struggle for the Lib Dems: "We're up against the vagaries of an election system that's being discredited for the absurdity that it is. It's risible that a party can come third in terms of votes and first in terms of seats."

Kennedy also confided his belief that this will be the last election conducted under first past the post, and so sees the position of the Lib Dems improving in the future.

Drastic reduction in job security on the cards for Dons

OSAMA SIDDIQUI

University of Cambridge staff are on the brink of a contentious debate with University authorities over questions of job security and terms of employment.

Regent House, the self-governing body of the University's nearly 4,000 academic and academic-related staff, began voting this week on two ballot measures that aim to reform Statute U—the set of guidelines that govern dismissal, disciplinary, and grievance procedures for University officers.

Current rules dictate that redundancies to academic staff can only be made following two separate votes in Regent House: the first to approve, in principle, that job cuts will be made, and the second to approve the specific list of staff to be sacked.

Under the new proposal, University authorities would only need a single vote to approve that redundancies are to be made. The list of positions to be cut would no longer be up for a vote.

Opponents fear that the new proposals could restrict academic freedom by making it easier to sack those who hold controversial views.

Professor Ross Anderson, Professor of Security Engineering, is a leading critic of the proposals. According to him, "For eight

hundred years, Cambridge academics have been responsible for disruptive innovations that have changed the world again and again. We have a long tradition of sheltering troublemakers, from Erasmus to Keynes and Turing.

"The University must not acquire the power to sack staff easily – that might tempt the authorities to ask us to lean on whoever's asking the embarrassing questions."

Professor Gillian Evans of the Faculty of History agreed. "There is huge and justified anger over this because it is seen as a power-grab by 'Human Resources' and an assault on old traditions of freedom to teach and think and write without being thrown out for your opinions."

Proponents of the changes, on the other hand, view them as necessary to modernize the University's employment conditions.

Professor William Brown, Master of Darwin College and Montague Burton Professor of Industrial Relations, leads the committee charged with reviewing Statute U. He explained that, "These reforms are basically about bringing the University's procedures for dealing with its academic staff more in line with what contemporary employment law expects."

He added, "There are no adverse consequences for either academic



Cambridge Dons in the Senate House

freedom or the democratic procedures of the University."

The proposed changes also seek to reform the ways in which staff grievances are adjudicated.

According to Professor Brown, "At present grievances and disciplinary processes are depressingly slow, and delay is demoralising for everyone. So I expect that a new right of appeal against decisions of heads of departments will alleviate the occasional blight that descends on departments when they have internal problems."

Critics, however, claim that the reform of grievance procedures is

an excuse to introduce more radical changes. The group Campaign for Cambridge Freedoms, which seeks to unify opposition to the proposals, saw the reform as an attempt to "push redundancies through on the coat-tails of dissatisfaction about the grievance procedures."

The debate over procedures concerning redundancies is especially relevant at a time when the government seems poised to make deep cuts in education budgets.

Voting on the proposals will take place via paper ballot. Ballots were sent out this week and are expected to be returned on May 7th.

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Andrew Hamilton

1988-2010



Third-year Jesus Historian Andrew Hamilton died on February 26th. His friends wrote the following tribute:

Well-known for his sharp wit and lucid intelligence – his academic skill was respected by peers and supervisors alike – Andrew was always a friendly presence around Jesus College and the History Faculty. An avid attendee of everything from lectures and History Society events to concerts, theatre performances, formals, dancing classes, and May Balls, he truly made the most of all that Cambridge has to offer.

Above all, Andrew was a gentle, kind and generous presence in the lives of all who knew him, and to his closest friends his loss is truly heart-breaking. The sorrow occasioned by his passing is a powerful testament to the joy, love and good humour he brought into our lives.

A memorial service for Andrew will be held in Jesus College Chapel on Wednesday April 28th, at 9pm.

Students aim to punt from Cambridge to Oxford

Twelve-day journey planned to help raise money for 'Help for Heroes'

JESSIE WALDMAN

Four Cambridge students are currently training hard for a heroic attempt to punt to Oxford.

Second year Engineering students Toby Dickens and Andy Marshall, and History student Karl Williams, all of St John's College, along with Queens' Natural Scientist Becky Kiff will be the first people ever to complete the 204 mile puntathon.

The expedition will take 12 days, crossing 113 locks along the way. It also involves venturing through a mile-long tunnel.

The route was calculated using Google Earth, and will take the students along the River Cam, the Great Ouse, the Middle Level Navigations, the River Nene, the Grand Union Canal, the Oxford Canal and the River Cherwell.

The crew plans to set off on June 19th and are hoping to arrive in Oxford by June 30th.

For maximum efficiency, the four-some will take turns to punt through the night. They plan to travel for at least 14 hours each day, sleeping on the punt, or on campsites along the route.

The ambitious quartet are currently challenging the rowers as the keenest sportsmen on the River Cam: "We've instituted a strict regime of our own. From now on there's early morning punt training for two hours, at 6.30am. We'll be doing this every weekday morning come rain or shine unless we don't want to."

In August 2004, three Oxford students successfully punted from Oxford to Cambridge in 14 days.

When asked whether the trip was an attempt to salve rivalry between the two towns, Andy replied: "We've heard some pretty wild stories about what they get up to at the Other Place – crazy things like using the wrong end of the boat and aluminum poles.

"We intend to put the record straight, and show the world that they're not so different from us, after all."

They will not, however, be succumbing to Oxford's strange punting techniques, and insist that they will be propelling the boat from 'the Cambridge end'.

According to them, the Cambridge technique "requires more skill and balance than standing in the boat, as Oxford would have you do it, but we value our punters and think they all deserve a pedestal to stand on."

The voyage is not just a test of upper arm strength and Pimms drinking capacity. The crew aims to raise £2,000 for 'Help for Heroes', a charity supporting injured servicemen from the British Armed Forces.

Between January 2006 and February 2010 more than 3,400 military and civilian personnel were admitted to UK field hospitals. The team's blog explains: "We wanted to do this to support all of the brave men and women in the forces who have been wounded in service because they rarely get the recognition they deserve."

The punters are excited by what Marshall describes as "turning the laziest pastime in Cambridge into an adventure". Asked to describe the journey in three words, he proffered: "making 'impossible' 'improbable'".



Toby Dickens, Andy Marshall, and Karl Williams punt past Trinity College

Student outrage at Labour candidate's Union gaffe

HELEN MACKREATH

A Facebook campaign calling for Daniel Zeichner to retract a statement linking the party of the Polish President to Fascism has been created by a Cambridge student.

Daniel Zeichner, Cambridge's Labour parliamentary candidate, made the comparison during a debate at the Cambridge Union in early March. He described the Polish Law and Justice Party, which, although not the governing party in Poland, counted recently deceased President Lech Kaczynski as a member, as "Fascists", and accompanied the remark with a Hitler moustache and Nazi salute imitation.

When prompted further, Zeichner went on to equate David Cameron's Conservative Party with the Nazis.

The comparison occurred in the Union election debate: "This House believes the Conservatives are ready to run the country again". Mr Zeichner criticized David Cameron for taking Conservative MEPs out of the federalist European People's Party (EPP group), which brings together centre pro-European political forces from the member states of the EU, and instead joining the European Conservatives and Reformists (ECR), which is a Eurosceptic group in the European Parliament.

Zeichner attacked Cameron for pulling out of an alliance with Angela Merkel and instead, "finding some people in the Polish Law and Order



Zeichner's Nazi imitation at the Union

Freedom Party – some people who think that the best thing to do on a Sunday morning is to go out and celebrate the achievements of the Waffen SS in the last war". He went on to propound: "it is shameful that a leader of a major British party in this country has got anything to do with these Fascists across Europe."

Gavin Rice's Facebook campaign, "Zeichner must apologise NOW" rebukes Zeichner not only for his "tasteless and scandalous" comments, but also for the confusion which led to him incorrectly referring to the Polish party as the "Law and Order Freedom Party", which is an amalgam of the Latvian "For Fatherland and Freedom Party" and the actual Polish Law and Justice Party.

Writing on the website, Rice calls for the Labour Party to "dissociate themselves from his remarks" and for Zeichner to "give an immediate public apology". Zeichner was unavailable for comment.

Emmanuel College win University Challenge

DAVID PEGG

Emmanuel College claimed victory in the final episode of the 2010 series of University Challenge tonight, steamrolling over the competing team from St John's College, Oxford.

The winning team, comprising Andy Hastings, Jenny Harris, Josh Scott and led by Alexander Guttenplan won 315-100, the highest score attained by any team in the finals for the past six years. The team was also the highest-scoring team of the entire season, with an average of 270 points per round.

Poet Laureate and Honorary Fellow of Homerton College, Carol Ann Duffy, presented the team with the trophy and praised their "comprehensive" victory. Their win is the first for Cambridge in 15 years.

St John's briefly seized the lead early in the game with a round on Mexican history, but Emmanuel soon returned to pole position after correctly answering questions on medieval French provinces, dialectic

street signs and linguistics.

Even the notoriously demanding host Jeremy Paxman was impressed by Emmanuel's performance, calling it "astonishing".

The first Oxbridge final in several years was heavily hyped by national media due to Guttenplan's encyclopaedic knowledge and Internet fame.

The 19-year-old became an unlikely Internet sensation and hit national headlines after a celebrated exchange between himself and Paxman. When Paxman told Guttenplan "good guess" after the student correctly answered a question on W.H. Auden, Guttenplan calmly replied, "It wasn't a guess."



The Emmanuel College team celebrate after winning University Challenge

University's investments called into question

CUSU call for withdrawal of University funds from BAE, Rio Tinto Group and Shell

RICHARD MOORE

Concerns have been raised by CUSU about the ethical record of some companies that receive investment funding from the University of Cambridge.

Late in March, CUSU's Socially Responsible Investment (SRI) campaign succeeded in releasing information from the University about the recipients of its investment funding.

For a long time, the University had refused to disclose this information to CUSU, claiming that its commercial interests would be prejudiced by doing so. The legality of this claim was challenged by CUSU earlier this year.

The data revealed that University funds are being used to support companies whose stances on ethical issues have been subject to doubt. Amongst others, the list of companies receiving investment from share indices supported by the University includes Rio Tinto Group, which has been criticized by a British charity for alleged human rights violations, Royal Dutch Shell, which Amnesty International UK accuses of committing human rights abuses in Nigeria, and BAE Systems, which has sold arms to the governments of Zimbabwe and Saudi Arabia.

Bryony Hopkinshaw, the CUSU SRI Officer, claims that students are uncomfortable with their

tuition fees being invested in companies whose commitment to human rights and the environment has been called into question. "My experience is that many students are very concerned about the University's investments," she said. "They are interested in the destination of their tuition fees, and are shocked that the University is allowed to invest in companies that commit human rights abuses."

More than 100 demonstrators

attended protests against unethical investment in March of last year, and an independent survey of students showed that more than 50% were in favour of divestment from arms companies. Campaigners have already been successful in persuading some Colleges to divest from companies that are linked to ethically questionable practices.

Both Murray Edwards and St Catharine's Colleges no longer support companies that help to support

the Sudanese government without benefiting the Sudanese population, and whose business practices may be contributing to the humanitarian crisis in Darfur. Pembroke College sold its shares in arms companies some years ago.

The University, however, has defended its investment policy, stating that, since investments are chiefly made through index funds, its input into the selection of specific securities is minimal.

A spokesman said: "The University holds much of its exposure to equity markets through index funds, index futures or exchange traded funds with the same purpose – funds invested to track the performance of the stock market indices by holding passively the securities in the index, in the same proportions as the index. Such index funds or futures are held to gain broad equity investment at minimal cost.

"Individual securities are not selected by the University or the index fund manager, but are determined by the constituents of the particular stock market index. Inevitably, the University has indirect exposure to those companies making up those stock market indices."

The University's official policy on ethical investing, which was introduced in July of last year, states that the prime objective of investments is to maximise returns in order to maintain the University's financial stability. It also notes, however, that ethical considerations may, in some cases, outweigh this.

CUSU's proposed solution to the issue is to invest solely in funds with ethical investment policies, such as the Jupiter Ecology Fund, which invests in ethical businesses and has recently enjoyed higher growth than standard indices without a specific ethics policy.

"Running [a university] is by no means incompatible with investing ethically," said CUSU's SRI Officer.



Protesters demonstrate against 'unethical' investment outside the Senate House

Leading historian of Russian Revolution embroiled in reviews scandal

OSAMA SIDDIQUI

An extraordinary academic controversy, involving top scholars from Cambridge, Oxford, and London came to a head this week amidst dramatic revelations.

Professor Orlando Figes of the Department of History, Classics, and Archaeology at Birbeck College, London, revealed that the anonymous online reviewer trashing the works of his rivals was, in fact, his wife, Dr Stephanie Palmer, herself a Senior Lecturer of Law at Cambridge.

According to Professor Figes' lawyer, the professor had no knowledge of his wife's involvement in the matter.

The startling saga began last week when renowned scholar of Russian history and culture Dr Rachel Polonsky noticed that an anonymous reviewer using the moniker 'Historian' had left scathing reviews of her new book, *Molotov's Magic Lantern*, on the Amazon UK website, calling it "dense", "pretentious", and the "sort of book that makes you wonder why it was ever published".

Upon further investigation, Dr Polonsky discovered that the same reviewer had been writing disparaging reviews for several years, some of them under a secondary moniker called 'Orlando-Birbeck'. The reviews have since then been deleted

from the website.

Among the other scholars who found themselves on the receiving end of Historian's scorching critiques was Robert Service, Professor of Russian History at Oxford, whose 2009 biography of Leon Trotsky was lambasted as being "rubbish" and "an awful book".

Dr Polonsky's suspicions grew further when she noticed that the same



Orlando Figes

reviewer had left highly favourable reviews of Professor Figes' works. Writing about his 2007 book, *The Whisperers: Private Life in Stalin's Russia*, Historian gushed that the work was "beautiful and necessary" with "superb story-telling".

Dr Polonsky decided to notify Professor Service, who sent an email to a number of influential academics and scholars around the country, denouncing the anonymous reviews as "unpleasant personal attacks in the old Soviet fashion".

He added, "Gorbachev banned anonimki from being used in the USSR as a way of tearing up someone's reputation. Now the grubby practice has sprouted up here."

As Professor Figes was included in the list of people who received the email, he immediately went to his own defence, denying that he had any connection to the anonymous attacks. Professor Figes also contacted Amazon, who confirmed that he was not behind the reviews.

Nevertheless, Dr Polonsky decided to seek legal representation to obtain a court order to reveal the identity of the reviewer.

The story came to a stunning conclusion last Friday when Professor Figes' lawyer released a statement saying, "My client's wife wrote the reviews. My client has only just found out about this, this evening. Both he and his wife are taking steps to make

the position clear."

None of the parties involved could be reached for comment. However, a first-year history student who found

the incident "fascinating" said, "It's very easy to get carried away online. We should be more forgiving; everyone makes mistakes."

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Hi! Society



Real Ale Society

True beer or not true beer? To get to the bottom of this pint-sized conundrum, the Cambridge University Real Ale Society meets every week in a different Cambridge pub.

The society of about 80 members was set up for the appreciation of real ale, a connoisseur's drink, helping them to discover new ales. For those not in the know, real ales are not your bog-standard lager. The fermentation process is different, producing a more natural and varied taste. CURAS is not another drinking society however; if you try to get drunk on ale you usually just fall asleep.

When I met up with the president of CURAS, Rob Bell, to hear more about the society it was, inevitably, over a pint of his favourite (Nelson's Revenge) in The Pickerel. Wearing the president's traditional, oversized beer-glass hat, Rob told me that the society aims to debunk the common view that real ale is an "old man's drink".

Admittedly dominated by male scientists, Rob said that the fast-growing society does have a female following of roughly 20-30% and is particularly popular with grad students and Americans who labour under the common misconception that their country doesn't have any real ale. A great society to take an interest in during exam term, the meets are informal and frequent. "It's not a late night out," Rob said, "but it gives you a chance to chill out and take a break."

The society also organises occasional trips to local breweries such as The Milton and their now annual all-you-can-drink garden party in May Week. Membership can also guarantee you free entry to local beer festivals set up by the Cambridge branch of CAMRA (Campaign for Real Ale).

The society wants to become more active in the future, however, with plans to host more trips, competitions and pub quizzes as well as unusual beer tastings and pub crawls. To find out more check out their website (<http://www.srcaf.ucam.org/realale>). OLIVIA CRELLIN

NEWS INTERVIEW

Europe's big green opportunity

Naomi O'Leary talks to Bo Diczfalussy, speaker at the EU's Sustainable Energy Week, about why Europe's great green gamble will pay dividends

Energy historian John Perlin sees the history of civilization as one long struggle over resources. Ask him about any contemporary issue, and he'll tell you it all happened before. "3000 years ago the Pharaoh came to Lebanon where all the trees grew and demanded to have his timber," the professor explains. "The prince laughed at him and said, 'It is you who need my timber, I don't need anything that you have.' This is the situation Europe is in with Russia and natural gas. What you are dependent on can always be stopped."

Perlin has a point. The interruption of natural gas supplies to 18 European countries in January 2009 due to a spat between Russia and the Ukraine was a chilly wakeup call to the reality of energy dependence. "According to all the forecasts there are, this dependence will increase," says Bo Diczfalussy, head of the International Energy Agency's (IEA) sustainable energy directorate. "If we don't do anything, more and more energy has to be imported from not the most stable political regions. This issue of security of supply is a political driver towards finding renewable solutions."

Diczfalussy can already envision a future of renewable energy for Europe. "When you and I speak ten or twenty years from now the

European energy system will look entirely different," he says. "Renewables will form a substantial part of it."

Diczfalussy was a speaker at the EU Sustainable Energy Week 2010, which took place in Brussels from March 22th-26th. Despite what might be expected given the outcome of Copenhagen, he reports that spirits at the event were high. "It was exciting to hear the optimism," he says. "A year ago the main policy message was green growth or green technology as a means to achieve Copenhagen. Now it's talked about as a means to bring about a meaningful economic recovery."

So far, Europe has had a head start in the renewables industry. In 2008, the world heralded China's symbolic entry onto the world stage with the

Beijing Olympics. In the background, German company Odersun was contracted to make the solar cells for the roofs of the Olympic Park. In 2009, Obama's stimulus package aimed to kick-start the home economy. But the lion's share of the total sum

"Renewable energy will need technological skill, good innovation systems; but also the cultural will, the consciousness of the consumers, the people and the politicians. This is Europe's chance."

allocated for wind power projects was whisked away by Spanish company Iberdola. A slightly smaller slice of the pie went to Horizon Wind Energy, owned by Portugal's EDP Renováveis.

Likewise, Italy's Enel Green Power was granted over 61 million USD for its Nevada-based geothermal plants. For the moment at least, European renewables are ahead of the game. "Of course there is an obvious risk for Europe that they will be bypassed in the coming years," says Diczfalussy. "In terms of volumes, China and the United States are impressive. But Europe is still the world leader in green technology."

Though eurosceptics tend to cite cacophonous disunity as the EU's main weakness, Diczfalussy sees such 'artistic differences' as Europe's strength: "Different parts of Europe have been champions in different sections. Denmark in wind energy, Spain in solar energy, Sweden in biomass," he explains. "This allowed a number of successful examples to grow and compete, rather than the centre of power trying to be a champion at everything. My hope is that these kinds of championships can be integrated."

Business ears have been pricked at the prospect of a green solution to get out of the red. This March, the formation of the 'Friends of the Supergrid' was announced as "a global opportunity for European companies

to export sustainable energy technology." This is a group of ten industry leaders who have pooled together their expertise and plan to turn up the pressure for the regulation required for a pan-European energy grid based on renewables.

Siemens is one of them. The problem to be addressed for the Supergrid to work, explains Siemens' Alfons Benzinger, is not a technological challenge, but one of cross-national integration. "At the moment it wouldn't be possible to bring the offshore energy produced in the UK to Germany," he explains. "The systems don't fit together. The problem we have to solve is to harmonise it. But from the technological side it's not a problem. We already have the technology to make it happen."

Siemens is also a founding member of German-lead Desertec, which has its headquarters in Berlin. Desertec, founded in 2008, hopes to harness the solar energy of the Sahara with wind power in a vast international grid for Europe, the Middle East and North Africa. Benzinger thinks Desertec and the Supergrid can be complimentary initiatives: "In the summer for example, you get higher solar energy but less wind," he says, "they could work very well together: one in the north and one in the south."

Diczfalussy is optimistic about what sustainable energy could mean for Europe. Renewable energy, he says, could be the way for Europe to keep up a strong presence on the world stage: "If not a superpower, a strong power," he says. "It's a promising avenue for keeping Europe as an important economic region of the world. We will certainly not be able to compete in mass production, unlike China and India. But the renewable energies market will need a lot of technology skill and good innovation systems; but also the cultural will, the consciousness of the consumers, the people and the politicians. This is Europe's chance."

John Perlin has read it all before on the pages of history: "Caesar thought that the forests of Central Europe were inexhaustible. We know today that that's not so. The Americans and the English thought that the forests of North America were inexhaustible, and we learned that they were not also. The mirage of inexhaustibility is the story of civilisation: the only solution is to develop renewable energy that has no end". Perhaps this time round, technology can provide a different ending to the story.



VARSITY PROFILE

Deaglan McEachern

CUBC President who turned the tide on a string of Cambridge defeats

Being given the task of breaking the two year stint of Dark Blue domination in the Boat Race, with a crew placed second in the betting shops, would strike doubt and crippling concern into the hearts of most rowers. This year's 6'5" fifteen stone CUBC president Deaglan McEachern, on the other hand, has that all-American ability to take stress and responsibility and turn it into determination.

This man exudes confidence, and when he tells me with a certain poise and sincerity, "I don't know what the bookies were doing, we never thought we were the underdogs", I can't fail to believe him.

The more I ask him about April 3rd the more blindingly obvious it becomes that for Deaglan the Boat Race was far more than just another chance to bolster his trophy cabinet (one which already boasts silverware from winning the double and quadruple sculls at the US nationals and bronze medals in the same events at the 2007 Pan American Games).

The simple win-or-lose format of the event makes it all the more testing, but subsequently the taste of victory is that much sweeter. As he explains, "I've never outright won something before... with competitions like the Pan American Games there are layers of victory but with the Boat Race there is no way you can justify losing."

Worried that I might be taken in by

the forceful Any Given Sunday style briefing and start a rowing career, I shift the conversation away from the boathouse. Off the water, aside from his possibly euphemistically named hobby of birdwatching, Deaglan is a self confessed "politics junkie" and when I'm told he worked on Obama's presidential campaign his earnest, composed style all makes sense.

The one president does not intentionally mimic the other and there are some important differences - "Obama is probably a lot cooler than I am" - however some similarity is admitted, "Obama is not really an inspirational leader but a quiet, moderate guy who knows how to get stuff done... I feel like we are both workers."

When it comes to British politics there is less of a connection; unimpressed by the first TV debate, McEachern dubs Cameron as "disingenuous", whilst Brown is simply "anaemic". He grudgingly states "I guess I would vote for Clegg."

Before I am allowed to stray too far from the sport of his life, conversation comes back to the water. Predicting Cambridge's future, Deaglan sees success; the system of returning Goldies is "what we do better than Oxford" and their win was all important. This is not a guess on his part but veritable fact wrapped in a pseudo-political sound bite: "Winning breeds winning, when you lose you only know how to lose."

ED THORNTON



GETTY IMAGES

Cambridge Spies



Ode to Double-Beds

You know you've heard this tale before - the drunken cad, the tipsy whore.

They made it to his room alright, slurring, swaying, clearly tight.

The kit came off, the lights turned low and what came next you surely know.

But then next morn, memory blurred, a funny, awkward thing occurred.

Off to the loo popped this hanging chick, thumping head - feeling sick.

Then on her way back to bed she knew not where that corridor led.

To her lover's room did she go back? Or to his lucky neighbour's sack?

Beneath the sheets, she felt fine. Morning loving's the very best kind.

So breakfast turned out somewhat odd. Her original man emerged on his tod.

Recognising his conquest from the night before, this gal's behaviour he did deplore.

So now we've seen the very worst of what results from alcohol thirst.

Ode to Men-Struation

This is the tale of a strange, strange boy, who had some trouble with his wee toy.

During a session of one-man game, he found it spout red when the moment came.

Stead of ringing the Doc to put this right, he went out on the town that very night.

Scoring lucky, as is his way, he brought a lady back to stay.

And only once safe in bed, did he recall the flow of red.

Afraid of how his lover'd react, he decided to make this a bit of an act.

So as she began to lend him a hand, he worried, thought, pondered and planned:

Shall I stop her and save the shame? Oh no, no, no - far too tame.

He decided the way to save face, was to play dead as she picked up pace.

Imagine the shock of this poor lass, screaming out loud, thinking she'd killed this ass.

UniversityWatch

Yale University

Yale Alumni Magazine has reported that sexual relations between students of the university and faculty members are now officially banned. Until now, affairs were only outlawed where the member of staff had "direct pedagogical or supervisory responsibilities" over the student and this qualification will still apply where the student is a graduate or professional. For 27 years now, Deputy Provost, Charles Long, has been insisting that many such relationships have proved destructive. He told the magazine: "I think we have a responsibility to protect students from behavior that is damaging to them and to the objectives for their being here."



James Madison University

Last Friday morning found the premises of *The Breeze*, the student newspaper of James Madison University, raided by police. On April 10th, an off-campus party near the Virginian campus turned into a riot of drunken, violent celebrators. Many were injured and arrested and cars and houses were damaged. After *The Breeze* published photographs of the atrocities, investigating police authorities contacted them for further, unpublished photographs. The student Editor-in-Chief, Katie Thisdell, told investigators of their policy to release only published shots. A police raid followed. Thisdell finally passed on copies of the unpublished prints after threats of seizing cameras, computers and documents from the offices. Legal counsel is now being sought on the grounds that the search was not properly conducted with insufficient time for response.



Princeton University

iPads have been outlawed on the Princeton campus. The regulation has come into play as the new tablet computers use an IP address that has caused the university's network to malfunction and interfered with other uses. By April 18th it was said to have affected 25 devices on campus out of 41. The interference can be solved by dis-

engaging the wireless network altogether or by turning it off totally between uses. A more permanent solution comes in the form of an amendment to the iPhone/ iMac operating system. Contrary to reports in *The Wall Street Journal*, Cornell will not be implementing a similar ban and has confirmed that no bandwidth overload problems are being experienced on their campus. The iPad was expected to assist students with access to

electronic textbooks via the iBooks application

AVANTIKA CHILKOTI

Christ's lawn recovers from beetle invasion

OSCAR WILLIAMS-GRUT

Christ's College was tentatively hopeful about the future of its college lawns today, following attempts earlier this year to eradicate a lawn-eating pest that had been plaguing the grounds.

The cockchafer beetle (Latin name *phyllopertha horticola*), which feeds on the roots of grass, has been decimating the lawns of the College, which was once home to the world-renowned naturalist Charles Darwin. However, following efforts earlier this year to eradicate the beetles, the lawn showed signs of recovery this week, as fresh grass began to emerge.

The hoards of cockchafer beetles, famous for their large numbers, appeared in the First Court lawns around two years ago, and the gardening staff at Christ's have been struggling with them ever since.

An attempt last year to eradicate them by introducing nematode worms, which feed on the cockchafer beetles, proved unsuccessful, and the famous circular lawn continued to suffer.

Lottie Collis, the Deputy Head Gardener at Christ's College, said: "The lawn was absolutely riddled with big brown patches. It looked awful and really upset everybody."

Following complaints from academics, a last ditch attempt was



The recovering lawn in Christ's First Court

made to rid the College once and for all of the half-inch pests, and in January this year gardeners dug the entire 1,740 square feet of the First Court lawn, leaving it bare for two months, in the hope that the combination of frost, birds and pesticides would finally kill off the cockchafers.

The beetles, also known as May beetles or Sprang beetles, live under the lawns and come up during the hotter months of summer to

feed on the roots of the lawns. They receded into near extinction across England following the introduction of pesticides in the 20th century, but stricter pesticide regulations, brought in during the 1980s, have led to an upsurge in their numbers in recent years.

Ms Collis described the cockchafer as horrible little things. "They are about an inch long and have little brown faces." Christ's, however, was hopeful that the

emergence of the fresh grass this week signalled the end to their beetle troubles.

However, even if the grass, which was reseeded in mid-March, does flourish in First Court this year, we still may not have seen the end of the cockchafer. Dr Geoffrey Ingham, Honorary Garden Steward at Christ's, noted that the "adult beetles lay eggs in grassland, which develop as grubs for up to four years, feeding on roots."

'King of all Witches' withdraws from election

ELIZABETH BRIGGS

Magus Lynius Shadee, an occultist who became notorious in Cambridge late last year, has backed down from his former bid to stand as an independent candidate for Cambridge at the General Election.

The 65-year-old Mr Shadee, self-proclaimed 'King Of Witches' and a specialist in witchcraft, exorcisms, and white and black magic, had previously described his potential candidacy as "an opportunity to change people's lives for the better".

His political manifesto proposed to tackle problems in education, health and crime, and included a freeze on council tax, incentives for students to pass their degrees in two years rather than three, and additionally proposed to "turn Britain into a truly secular society" by banning religious and faith schools and the teaching of religious education in the classroom.

Mr Shadee courted controversy last November when he claimed to have conjured a demon in a Cambridge church, and from his desire to open up an occult centre in Cambridge.

When previously asked about his chances of political success, Mr Shadee said that "I have the advantage of the paranormal, and it is time that David Cameron left, as he's been with Witney now since June 2001."

Mr Shadee is not local to Cambridge, coming from Normandy, France. However, he holds dual citizenship, and had expressed a wish to move to Witney. Despite the end of his political ambitions, he still wishes to work in the UK.

He has decided that his interests lie not in politics, but in setting up occult centres around the country, including one in Cambridge. This is an activity that he says provides "much more pleasure" than politics.

Local reactions to the news of his proposed centre, offering exorcisms, psychic research, communication with ghosts and witchcraft, have been varied.

Father David Paul of St Laurence's Roman Catholic Church described it as "a shockingly bad thing for Cambridge" and expressed concerns that "it will appeal to people who are in distress or are vulnerable. It really is manipulation of people's fears and a complete fraud. People who go to these things often end up with mental problems."

The Reverend Ian Church disagreed that it was a fraud, describing Shadee's occult centre in Normandy as "quite an experience". His own concern was that "if [Mr Shadee] is allowed to open an occult centre, there would be an epidemic of anti-faiths."

Rowers appeal to the Queen to remove "psycho" swan

Swan dubbed "Mr Asbo" for his violent attacks returns to the River Cam

MATTHEW SYMINGTON

Frightened rowers, terrorised by an aggressive swan nicknamed "Mr Asbo", have made a desperate bid this week in an attempt to have the swan removed from the River Cam.

The swan gained notoriety last year when he repeatedly attacked rowers as they made their way past Fen Ditton. One rower described the swan as "psychotic". Following a winter of respite, the swan has returned to the river about one and a half miles closer to the city centre, just outside the Green Dragon pub.

Already this year Mr Asbo has launched himself at a motorised pleasure bit, bitten the end of an eight crew's craft, and attacked a helpless father and daughter who were paddling along the river in a dingy.

Ashley Sparkes and his seven-year-old daughter Madison were paddling their inflatable dingy when Mr Asbo launched his attack. "Madison was really scared. We were attacked twice. The second time we were not even close to him,"

said Mr Sparkes. "We were about 200m away when he took off from the water and came at us, full speed, flapping his wings."

Despite the ordeal, Mr Sparkes does not support removing the swan: "It's his river after all. We'll just have to do our best to avoid him."

The President of the Cambridgeshire Rowing Association, Bill Key, yesterday called for the Queen to authorise the removal of the "offending bird" before it causes serious injury.

"The swan situation is most serious and someone is going to be badly injured or worse – indeed a number of injuries have already occurred.

"We have nearly 1,000 local rowers and 2,000 students who will be returning to the water this week. I hope that the appeal will be approved by the authorities who make these decisions."

The Conservators of the Cam have said that negotiations are underway regarding the future of the swan. Deputy Manager Jonathan Wakefield said: "The Queen has an

officer responsible for the swans. I don't believe that anybody can kill or remove a swan without permission from them. We are liaising with various governing bodies to see what the options are.

Swans are currently protected under the Wildlife and Countryside Act and the penalty for illegally

taking, injuring or killing a swan, or their eggs, carries a maximum penalty of six months in prison and a £5,000 fine.

Her Majesty's Swan Warden, Oxford academic Dr Christopher Perrins, said that any request to remove the swan would have to go through the monarch.



Mr Asbo attacks an unsuspecting kayaker on the Cam last year

Comment

“I was aghast to see Alex Reid describe Katie Price as an ‘author’ – with no hint, it seemed, of tongue-in-cheek.”

MARK McCURUM



KATIE TAYLOR

The election goes nuclear

Unilateral disarmament is both possible and necessary. In the upcoming General Election, British voters have a crucial role to play to make it happen

While we in Cambridge have been enjoying a hard-earned rest, many of the world's leaders have been very busy over the past few weeks. Barack Obama's diary has been particularly full: since *Varsity* closed for Easter, the US President has overseen the publication of the new Nuclear Posture Review, renewed the expired START treaty with Russia and hosted the leaders of 47 countries for the Nuclear Security Summit.

This reinvigoration of negotiations towards nuclear disarmament has been motivated in part by the impending Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons Treaty (NPT) Review Conference to commence on May 3rd. As a signatory to the NPT and a state in possession of nuclear weapons, the UK has a responsibility to negotiate in good faith toward the goal of nuclear disarmament. In the past decades, the UK's efforts have been wanting in this regard.

Failure to take the lead in disarmament negotiations is unacceptable, and not just because the UK's status as a signatory to the NPT obliges it to enter into such discussions. Polls have shown

that since the 1950s the majority of Britons have been in favour of multilateral disarmament. Bearing this in mind, the failure of successive governments to negotiate toward multilateral disarmament represents a shirking of representative responsibility.

The present situation represents an historic opportunity to have our voices heard. The changes we have seen in the last few weeks are the visible culmination of several months' work. Internationally, for the past two years, an organisation called Global Zero has been drawing together world leaders committed to the goal of a world without nuclear weapons. Over 200 leaders, as well as almost 350,000 citizens, have now signed the Global Zero declaration.

In the UK, last year saw the formation of the 16-strong Top Level Group of UK Parliamentarians for Multilateral Disarmament and Non Proliferation. This group consists of almost all the former

senior ministers of foreign affairs and defence of the last 2 decades and former chiefs of defence who served during the same period. Just last week, 40 former leaders of European countries signed an open letter to the *Guardian* promoting the cause of multilateral disarmament.

These developments show that change in attitude is possible on nuclear issues, even at the very highest levels. At the moment, though, this change is not filtering through to the level of those who hold most power: the current ministers making decisions on defence spending and policy. With election fever heating up, it is abundantly clear that these are the people who ought to be most alert to public opinion.

Many would not see nuclear disarmament as a voting issue on May 6th. Yet nuclear issues overlap with many of the concerns that the voting public has. Obviously, maintenance of the nuclear arsenal requires significant economic commitment. It is an oft-repeated

truth that renewing Trident will be expensive. In the face of the requisite post-election austerity, it is difficult to justify such an outlay. However, this kind of argument

“This is an historic opportunity to have our voices heard.”

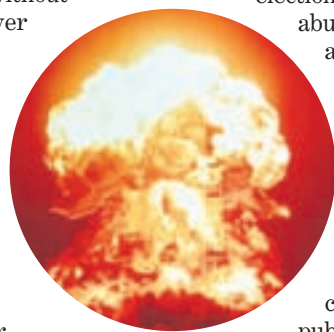
could be dangerous, since it may lend weight to the view of nuclear weapons as status symbols, available only to those that can afford them. This is an argument that we must move away from if we are to engage the whole international community. Focusing instead on the waning role of nuclear weapons in national and international security could be one way to do this.

Nuclear issues also relate closely to notions of openness within the democracy and equality beyond it. Calls for a referendum on the future of Trident have been largely ignored and the programme has been excluded from the Strategic

Defence Review to be carried out by the next government. On the global stage, the UK's efforts toward disarmament, and those of other nuclear powers, must seem disappointing at best to non-nuclear states who have consistently upheld their end of the NPT bargain. It is becoming increasingly difficult to justify our maintenance of a nuclear arsenal, even as we deny these weapons to other states.

Finally, failure to secure uranium and plutonium associated with nuclear power plants could lead to a nuclear event at the hands of terrorists. In addition to the immediate negative effects, this may set back efforts on the civil nuclear front. Whether or not we support nuclear energy, this would significantly limit our options in dealing with climate change.

Polls show that public opinion has been behind multilateral disarmament for decades. Those who are behind the cause should take advantage now of the historic opportunity afforded by high-level willingness to move forward on disarmament and non-proliferation. There is much left to be done, but coming together now could make a real difference.



JESSICA JENNINGS

Between a pole and a hard place

The Union's controversial pole dancing classes are an exercise in misogyny

The controversy over the Union's decision to offer pole dancing classes seems a bit misplaced. An institution boasting an Ann Summers evening amongst its few events for women ignores the protests of thoughtful feminists; why raise an eyebrow? Many Cambridge women have given up trying to change the Union: they're saddened that the classes were proposed by female students and continue to be supported by many women of the University. They know, as the Union does, that some of the most intelligent young women are tragically impressionable, and that these pole dancing classes will be well-attended.

The defences are that pole

dancing is good exercise and that it can be separated from sexual degradation. However, supporters reiterate that the classes will be strictly female-only. The acknowledgement that pole dancing must be hidden away from the peeping eyes of boys contradicts the Union's denial that it exploits sweaty amateurs clambering upon poles, sticky with desperation. In a culture where pornographic images of women bombard us from the moment we are old enough to switch on the TV or look up at the top shelf, the condition that men won't be able to watch the class is redundant.

Supporters are wrong in saying that they can divorce pole dancing classes from the sex industry, because it is being held in a culture that encourages pornographic ideology within women.

Supporters wrongly agree with one Women's Officer that the classes will neither insult nor marginalise those who choose not to attend, despite it being a statement of our university's complicity with a hypersexualised view of women.

Sadder than their naïveté is their use of the words of modern feminism without considering their implications. David Mitchell's recent article in the *Guardian* touched on this misuse, but didn't go far enough in emphasising its destructive nature. It is excruciating to hear intelligent women talk about their 'choices' without thought for the cultural drive behind them, and more so when these

women are part of the Women's Union. Using audacious words of empowerment, one Women's Officer asks how students who expressed distaste would feel if they were told that something they did was undermining the female population? Disconcerted, surely, as we neither strip for cash nor

pole dance. It's worrying that these women haven't considered the disturbing motives behind a modern desire to learn a degrading dance over going for a run, blissful in the quiet of intellectual integrity.

By far the saddest thing exposed in the debate is that some women still tell others that if they protest over something that offends their self-worth, they'll only make life

more difficult. We stopped having to smile through injustice in the 1950s, but now we tell others that rebelling against a hypersexualised image of women will marginalise us. The arguments of those supporting the classes reek of a pervasive fear of being excluded.

As it's impossible to reconcile society's image of what women should want to be with intellectual self-respect, for many intelligent women, the margin is the only option. But it's not as depressing as being stuck between a pole and a hard place. Many women are terrified that protesting will be marginalising, despite the tautology. Hopefully, they'll see that at least the margins are liberated from the consumerist sexism prevalent in society, to which the debate over pole dancing classes is testament.



VARSITY

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Issue No 717

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Splitting the poles

Bizarrely, in amongst the upcoming general election and the volcanically-delayed planes, one of the hot topics capturing the imagination of the public, and taking up the pages of the national press, is the establishment of pole-dancing classes for exercise at the Union. Even Cambridge alumnus and omnipresent TV personality David Mitchell commented on the news in his *Observer* column, stating that the institution has ‘confused being contrarian with forming a reasoned opinion’ and calling the possible participants ‘stupid or impressionable’. It is easy to understand why anyone might be feeling weary of the attention that this activity has generated.

On the ‘pro’ side of the argument is that pole-dancing, or the somewhat more innocuous-sounding ‘pole fitness’, as it has been named in the Union’s Termcard, is hugely beneficial from a physical exercise standpoint and requires a high degree of gymnastic skill. Furthermore, surely the classes do make some attempt at reclaiming the activity from the preserve of the seedy men’s-only nightclubs. On the other hand, as our comment writer Jessica Jennings has proposed, the classes, while attempting to portray the activity as an empowerment exercise for women, are actually complicit in the sexual objectification of women, naively presenting the activity as innocent and failing to acknowledge the underlying horrors of sex trafficking and exploitation linked to pole-dancing.

The very fact that some women may be put off from attending the pole-dancing classes on account of these associations with sleazy strip clubs is a sad indictment of today’s society. Juan de Francisco’s claims of the act being ‘empowering’ women in some sense stem from trying to counteract these notions, though by invoking a powerful, and possibly inappropriate, feminist term. If anything, we should try to extricate the actual activity from all of these connotations, and see the idea being proposed as it what it really is: simply exercise, no more, no less. If the Union wanted to court controversy with the classes, they’ve succeeded, though it would be a shame if that was their true motive; it seems time that we looked at the more positive potential effects of the activity and not remain entangled in its nastier associations.

What happened to the Varsity 100?

Those of you who have read *Varsity* in past years might have noticed the absence, this year, of the ‘Varsity 100’ - an annual pull-out section of the paper, printed each January, which claimed to profile ‘one hundred of the most talented, influential and hard-working students at Cambridge’.

As this term’s Editors, we are both opposed to the publication of this supplement, and accordingly decided to scrap it this year. There are far more than one hundred ‘talented, influential, and hard-working’ students here; making a random list of some of them seems divisive, unrepresentative and, ultimately, pretty pointless.



Letters to the Editor

Alesha Goddard’s narrow-minded response [to the campaign for a University sports centre] is one, I’m afraid, that is only shared with



certain members of the university hierarchy. Our closest rivals (Harvard, Yale... Oxford!) recognise the importance of sports facilities to match their reputation. And why can’t our great University? Incoherent thinking, stonewalling and incompetence. Attitude’s like Ms Goddard’s sadly reflect the odious view that “sport, exercise and competition = bad.” It is unfair that it is such a struggle to be a balanced, fit & healthy student at Cambridge. We need a sports centre, and I’m with Charlotte Roach on this one.

Patrick Crossley
Hawks’ Club President

Charlie Bell ought to remember that the British Government seemed happy to deport its own citizens resident on Diego Garcia, in the Chagos Archipelago (British Indian Ocean Territory), who number roughly the same as the Falklanders. Why? For America to build a large military base on the island. In addition, the High Court ruled in 2000 that the Chagossians’ deportation was unlawful – this decision has been overruled by the British Government first through two Orders-in-Council under Royal Prerogative, and subsequently in a ruling (2008) by the Law Lords. Bell should not be naïve about the British Government’s loyalty to its own citizens; the Falklands conflict is chiefly about oil, not people.

Lawrence Dunn
Corpus Christi

I really appreciated Rosie Corner’s ‘Happy Multi-Deity Easter’, and the sentiment of good will and taste which motivated it. However, the article contains two errors concerning the Jewish side of things. First, Purim is not always a springtime festival. Second, Heinz’s ketchup is kosher and consumed regularly (sometimes in extraordinary amounts!) by my Jewish colleagues

at JSOC. It is more accurate to say that not all ketchup, and for that matter not all Heinz ketchup, can be consumed on Passover. Despite these errors I thoroughly enjoyed the article. My only regret is that I was not present to savour the food!
Jonathan Gilmour
St John’s

I note that the Cambridge Union is planning to provide pole dancing classes for female students this term in order to ease exam stress. The Union is to be applauded for its concern for students’ welfare during this pressure-filled period. I do, however, feel some concern at the inequitable decision to provide an outlet for women’s stress without a counterpart for men. In the tradition of Martin Luther King and Emmeline Pankhurst, I argue that this discrimination is an outrage, and the Union should provide a similar stress-busting activity for men. Letting us watch the pole dancing should do the job.

Name withheld

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

Underrated

Week 1: Margaret Thatcher



Let me begin by saying that this is not a defence of Margaret Thatcher’s political or economic policies. Whatever your opinion on Thatcher’s politics, there is one thing everyone should

recognise: as an historical figure, Margaret Thatcher is underrated.

Nearly a third of a century has passed since this country – in considerable advance of the rest of the Western world – elected its first female leader. And yet, while Thatcher is frequently cited in the media (the past three years have seen the release of two BBC biopics and numerous documentaries about her), she has yet to be taken seriously by more than a handful of academic historians. As a student of history, I cannot help but be embarrassed.

Thatcher has immense potential as an historical character. She spoke her mind – often, of course, so forcefully that she blocked out the opinions of others – and

she was always honest: when she believed in something, she said so, and she did not turn back even when the stakes were high. You might not agree with the causes she stood for, and you might not even respect her obstinacy. But surely we can all recognise that, as a character trait, her force of personality should be tremendously compelling to the historian. It is something that very few modern world leaders possess.

If nothing else, talented historians should be fascinated by the paradoxes that frame her persona. She was lower-middle-class, the daughter of a grocer, and yet she became Tory Leader. She claimed not to notice that she was a woman (‘I regard myself as Prime

Minister’, she told the *Mirror*), yet she is described by many who knew her as eminently feminine. She was notorious for her lack of a sense of humour, but she told Monty Python’s dead parrot joke at the Tory Conference in 1990. (Look it up on YouTube - it has to be seen to be believed.) How can historians resist her?

Hers is a character on a grand, almost Tudor scale; indeed, she managed her staff at Downing Street as if she were the leader of an early modern European court. Many historians are doubtless put off writing about her because of a personal distaste for her politics. But new books about Hitler and Stalin are out nearly every year; surely the biographers of these

men are not sympathetic to their subjects. Why is it that Thatcher is not treated with the same attention? Amongst other things, she is the only one of the three not to have been accused of genocide.

Those historians who refuse to take on the vast subject of Thatcher’s character and its place in our past reveal nothing but a failure of imagination. Thatcher is already a cultural icon, her likeness surfacing over the past several decades in everything from *Tatler*’s Vivienne Westwood cover shoot (1989) to last week’s episode of ‘Ashes to Ashes’. Like her or not, we owe it to our sense of history to recognise that, as an historical character, she was simply larger than life. EMMA MUSTICH

THE ESSAY

The Spooker Prize

Is ghost writing the new rock and roll? Not quite. But certainly the profile of the craft has been raised recently. Roman Polanski's adaptation of Robert Harris's novel *The Ghost* has been screened to acclaim at the Berlin International Film Festival. In Paris another new movie highlights the role of August Maquet, a 19th century ghost who allegedly came up with both plots and characters of novels by Alexandre Dumas, including *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*. Meanwhile, the role of ghost writers in the contemporary world of letters is becoming more widely understood.

Look at the non-fiction bestseller list any week these days and you'll see those celebrity memoirs: chefs, sportsmen, actors, comedians, most of them off the telly. Do these busy people have the time to write their own books? The inclination? The skill? The answer is, generally, no. As the unnamed ghost in Harris's book explains, 'We are the unseen operatives who keep publishing going, like the unseen workers beneath Disney World.'

In the last few years this lucrative non-fiction jamboree has spilled over into fiction. Jordan, a successful memoirist once mainly famous for the size of her breasts, now 'writes' novels under her real name of Katie Price that outsell the entire Booker Prize list. Sharon Osbourne, another star in the biog

“Ghost-written books give celebrities the bogus credibility of authorship.”

section, has just launched into this genre with *Revenge*, out on March 4th. “She wrote it with help from a co-writer,” her publisher admits to Bookseller magazine, “but it's her story, her characters, her plot. It was all her own idea.”

At the same time, from over the Atlantic comes the growing realisation that several of the famous names that adorn the fiction bestseller lists have help. James Patterson now acknowledges with a by-line no fewer than five co-writers for his numerous works. Tom Clancy is another who admits to a collaborative element. The representatives of Robert Ludlum and Virginia Andrews, still regularly producing books some time after their deaths, have also fessed up to the obvious.

Is all this a bad thing? For someone like myself, who makes their living by helping celebs get their golden thoughts on paper, clearly not. For the celebs themselves, if they pitch their story



Full-time ghost writer **Mark McCrum** has written some of the best-selling books of the last few years. So how come lazy celebrities take all the credit?

right, their book can be a career-enhancer, as well as giving them the bogus credibility of authorship. Even I was slightly aghast, watching this year's Celebrity Big Brother, to see Jordan's new man, cage fighter Alex Reid, describe his wife-to-be as 'an author'. With no hint, it seemed, of tongue-in-cheek.

What about the rest of us? If the adoring fans of these icons yearn to know how they overcame poor school reports, shot to fame and faced down their first eating disorder, is there any harm in these books being published?

My immediate answer would be no. The market has a need and the need is being met. Isn't it pure intellectual snobbery to object to the piles of these tomes in supermarkets up and down the land? Maybe people who would not normally read will start with *I am Ozzy* or *Dreams Can Come True* and move on to *War and Peace*? In any case, why should they move on to *War on Peace*? Even if they just want to buy the book and stick it, unread, on top of the telly, isn't that their prerogative?

On reflection, though, I have to admit to a philosophical yes. The publishing world has few scruples. Whatever publishers may say in their cups about nurturing talent and supporting excellence, the bottom line is money. This has always been true, but in recent years, as the power of editors has waned, and that of marketing and sales people has risen, it has become truer. If Megathon Books have a sure-fire commercial proposition, which they can get behind with all the means at their disposal, they're far happier doing that than taking a chance on some new thing that may or may not do well (even if they know in their guilty hearts that it's of far higher quality).

Celebrity memoirs are rarely

about good writing. People don't pick up these books because they've been told by a friend that they take the literary imagination to a whole new place, that the dialogue sings, or even merely that they have powerful characters and a gripping plot. They pick them up because they have a burning curiosity to understand more about their favoured celeb. The medium of television has created such a brilliant illusion of intimacy that viewers start to believe they know the people they see so frequently on the other side of the lens.

I remember sitting in Waterstones, Piccadilly for the signing of a book I had written for the TV series *Castaway*, where thirty or so 'ordinary people' were marooned on a Scottish island for a year. The show had been a success and the queue stretched out of the front door and round the block. When the

“Works of imagination and quality are languishing on the back shelf.”

punters were let in, did they rush up to me, the author (even though I was on this occasion credited on the jacket)? Of course not. They made straight for the four stars of the show sitting beside me. “Oh hello, Ben, how's your dog?” “Hi Julie, were you really OK with the compost toilet?” They were talking to these newly-famous strangers as you might talk to an old friend.

Working subsequently with Bruce Parry from the TV programme *Tribes*, I got quite used

to such unreal interactions. People had watched Brucey's alarmed close-up as he tries, squashed in by his hosts, to sleep on the floor of a hut in Sudan – why shouldn't they want to say hello?

Many of the magazines on the news-stands feed similar addictive fantasies. Why should anyone care whether Peter Andre is unhappy about Katie Price marrying Alex Reid? Only because they have watched them on TV and know their mannerisms as well as someone they live with. Having watched Alex sitting in the diary room of Celebrity Big Brother wondering if he might turn to God, I almost feel I know him myself. In due course the fallout of this uninspiring love triangle will undoubtedly be documented within the covers of yet another heavily-promoted book.

As this literary bindweed crowds the garden of publishing, other, subtler blooms are strangled. As publishers pay bookshops to display their guaranteed success stories in the window, by the till and in other easy-to-purchase places, works of imagination and quality languish on the back shelf – if they make the bookshop at all. Writers of such books must accept feeble sales, and then not grumble when in due course they are quietly dropped. Further down the food chain, other talents never even make it to publication. Writers who might have entertained us in another age give up and become plumbers, taxi drivers, even ghosts. It's not an easy thing getting a novel accepted these days – unless you're Katie Price of course.

Mark McCrum is a writer and Cambridge alumnus. Books written by him include Robbie Williams' best-selling autobiography *Somebody Someday* and Bruce Parry's *Tribes*.

Not-Sci



Cameron's Cancer Stats

David Cameron is no doubt aware that the exclusion of certain information is necessary when attempting to discredit a political opponent with emotive verse on sensitive subjects.

“What Gordon Brown is not telling you about the situation with cancer, cancer drugs and cancer outcomes is, after all the things he's talked about, all the money that's gone in, our death rate from cancer is actually worse than Bulgaria's.” This was what he said during the first leaders' debate. But what Cameron didn't mention was what he himself was 'not telling you'.

The reference to cancer deaths in Bulgaria and the UK made by Cameron is actually correct (according to Eurostat figures, Bulgaria's death rate from cancer was 170 per 100,000 people in 2007, the UK's 178). What is unclear is why Cameron implies a direct correlation between these deaths and government money. I may have missed something but the reason there are masses of cancer researchers and institutes and still no cure for cancer or miracle drug is because it is a wildly complex disease which can not be simply extinguished by healthcare money or drugs.

Cameron should have added that cancer is affected by cigarette smoke, alcohol consumption, sun exposure, diet, exercise, the level of exposure to certain chemicals in the direct environment, genes and also that there are other potential but controversial causes such as pesticides, deodorants, acrylamide, artificial sweeteners and hair dyes. In addition to this, 'Cancer' is really a group of 200 diseases which are likely to require different treatments. This information is publicly available on the Cancer Research UK website. It is extremely difficult to define whether the higher UK death number can be attributed to one, a few, a combination or all of these.

But Cameron's insinuation that lower cancer deaths in Bulgaria mean they have better healthcare and therefore a better Government would be a little diluted if he took the trouble to mention all this in a debate. SITA DINANAUTH



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James Moore General Manager, DBA Tools Division

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VARSLITY

Edit this paper. Edit the website.



Applications are invited to edit Varsity in May Week or Michaelmas 2010, or to be a section editor, critic or reporter.

Application forms are available for download from varsity.co.uk/jobs

The deadline for all May Week positions and the Michaelmas editor is Monday April 26th.

The deadline for Michaelmas section editor applications is Friday May 28th.

If you have any questions, please e-mail the current editors, Emma Mustich & Laurie Tuffrey, at editor@varsity.co.uk

Positions include: Magazine Editor, Digital Editor, News Editor, Comment Editor, Sport Editor, Features Editor, Arts Editor, Theatre Editor, Reviews Editor, Fashion Editor, Science Editor, Food & Drink Editor, News Reporter, Arts Critic, Photographer, Illustrator, and more. See website for full details.

FRIDAY APRIL 23RD 2010



V2

The Varsity Magazine

FEATURES, ARTS, FASHION & REVIEWS

His Dark Materials

PHILIP PULLMAN

Plus Victoria Beale p14, photography competition p18-19 and food p22

Victoria Beale: Self-Help

Week I: Love is not enough: The Smart Person’s Guide to Money

“Why am I the only person I know,” ranted Responsible Chain-Smoking Northern Housemate, “whose parents taught them a job was what you did for money, not something you expected to enjoy? What you have to understand, you soy-muscled, coddled, hummus-fed freaks, is that you’re not supposed to be looking for an amusing hobby but a plausible way of making a living. And, for the ten thousandth time, you are *not* all going to end up working in the media.” Well, this was too much, so we stormed upstairs to furiously smoke artfully-rolled cigarettes, book our Bestival tickets (plus a 4 person VIP yurt) and tell each other he just didn’t know what he was talking about.

My current source of cash-flow

will be coming to an abrupt end this summer, when, after graduation, in an age old Beale tradition, my family will take all my possessions, cut my beautiful golden hair and leave me in the Nevada wilderness to make my fortune or perish at the mouths of ravening coyotes. My first instinct, as inspired by Lady Gaga’s ‘Telephone’ video was a life of glamorous, hyper-realist Sapphic crime sprees. I could cruise off into the sunset after committing massacres in hip diners and accompanied by a sass-mouth sidekick. The immediate problem with this strategy is my aversion to bloodshed, but more importantly my inability to carry off the Diet Coke cans-as-curlers look.

My second idea is to follow the advice of a money-lusting friend who occasionally sends me messages like this: “It’s a twelve million jackpot

tonight I just entered twice online if you enter twice online too we could make a deal to give each other £500,000 tell me how you feel about that, bye,” quickly followed by “I didn’t win but that’s ok I think its probs just letting it build up for me first so I’ll win seventeen million on Wednesday which will be nice.” A long shot, but I reckon the tacky unimaginable wealth of the lottery winner is the perfect starting place for an emotionally-volatile brat in her early twenties – I could buy houses full of hideous couture dresses that look like cocktail shrimp, before OD-ing on high grade modafinil in a fountain of absinthe.

For an English undergraduate scrabbling for cash there is always the option of getting your first novel commissioned from a few zeitgeist-humping paragraphs scribbled on

a tear-sodden handkerchief. Even if you only write one impossibly-hyped tome, you can then spend the rest of your life touring literary festivals with a tragic air while onlookers comment on your youthful promise and Will Self makes libidinous advances. However, I haven’t done any creative writing since I was heavily cautioned for a Jane Austen pastiche I wrote in sixth form. My only other ploy is to give *Lolita* a different title, send it off to a publisher and hope nobody notices the difference.

Why should any Arts student consider waiting tables when they could run a vintage stall out of a cart filled with flowers, careless whispers and dreams which they push round



KATHERINE SPENCE

festivals, complete with bubble machine and cupcake dispenser? Northern Housemate hacked up a family of scudding tar clouds when he saw me type that sentence, and insisted he find me a job as a dish washer at a filthy greasy spoon, where I could learn the virtues of employer harassment, bleach hands and the minimum wage. He can act the sensible one all he wants, but I know when he sings along to the *Simon & Garfunkel Live in Central Park* DVD that he too dreams of a crazy life out on the open highway, occasionally returning to his parents’ house to wash and steal socks.

HOT

MAY WEEK COUNTDOWN Only 51 days to go until another glorious Suicide Sunday. Believe, achieve.

LCD SOUNDSYSTEM What do you do when your album leaks, one month ahead of its release? Stream it online for the world to hear. It's quite good.

EXAM BEARD The new craze which is sweeping Cambridge. Don't shave till your exams finish. Girls can do legs.

BOAT RACE AND UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE VICTORY How smug was our Easter weekend? The eggs may have long since disappeared, but our glee is yet to fade.

MAY BALL LINEUP RUMOURS If gossip is to be believed, the xx, Joy Orbison and Delphic are on their way to Cambridge. Whoop.

POLE DANCING CONTROVERSY Cambridge proves itself to be a Medieval institution by refusing young women the chance

to EXERCISE. Scandal.

VOLCANIC ASH The reason why your international chums still aren't back.

KATE NASH We got sent her new album. 'I Hate Seagulls' encapsulates everything we hate about her in

three minutes.

BENTLEY THE GOAT Oxford in goat form. Our Bramble destroyed him in the Goat Race.

THE NEXT FIVE WEEKS Brace yourself, they aren't going to be fun. But check out Arts (p20-21) for some suitable distractions.

NOT

Street Profile

FRED
64 *PASTY POSTER BOY*

Which words do you most overuse?
Oh ar, mainly.

If you weren't in Cambridge, where would you like to be?
Back home in Cornwall.

What is Cambridge to you?
Boring, hell.

What's hot?
Pasties, I suppose.

What's not?
Pigeons. I hate them.

Best way to survive life in Cambridge?
Just stand still for a bit.

Who would play you in the film of your life?
Captain Birdseye.

Guiltiest Pleasure?
Looking down girls' tops.

Tell us a secret about yourself.
I used to work in McDonalds.

And finally, dogs or cats?
Big dogs.

Week I: Alex Guttenplan, We Salute You

Ian Dury & the Blockheads - 'There ain't half been some clever bastards'
What's that? University Challenge auditions this evening? The chance to be the next Gail Trimble? Looks like Sci-Fi Soc will have to wait.

Kings of Leon - 'Genius'
Fastforward a few months: you've just led your College to a victory in the semi-finals. Legion of screaming girls gather outside the studio.

Kate Bush - 'Wow'
Revising ancient chiropractors on Wikipedia, you get distracted by the sound of porters chasing the *Daily Mail* hacks gathering outside your window.

Cat Power - 'The Greatest'
It's the final. Before J-Pax can even ask the question you buzz in with the correct answer. His mouth falls open, and Oxford whimper.

Jay Z - 'Roc Boys (and the winner is)'
A strange poet dressed as a witch hands you the trophy. Snatching it off her you hold it aloft and scream "YES. I'M THE CAMBRIDGE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD."

OurTube

SEARCH:
University+challenge+spoof

We never thought the day would come, but on this star YouTube picking, the almighty Guttenplan gets a question wrong. Surely the apocalypse is nigh?

Overheard

“Dear Students,
After many happy years in the College Library I am leaving at Easter to spend more time sailing a 34 foot boat in the Mediterranean.”
(lpm, St Catharine’s)

Imaginative audacity

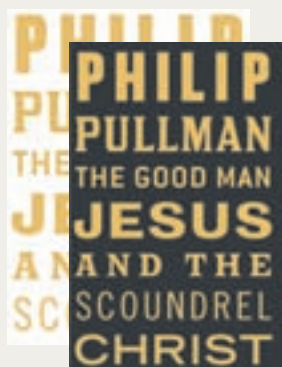
Jessica Lambert has tea with author Philip Pullman as they discuss his new novel, *The Good Man Jesus and The Scoundrel Christ*

“One of the best known atheists?” Pullman is looking bemused, “well I certainly don’t think of myself like that. I’m a storyteller. The atheism is something incidental. It would be a great pity if I was known mostly for my atheism and the storytelling was incidental.”

It definitely isn’t his religious point of view which has had him acclaimed as one of Britain’s greatest writers ever since the publication of *Northern Lights* in 1995, the first part of the *His Dark Materials* trilogy. Nor is it the reason why the opening words “Lyra and her daemon” evoke an entire world for anyone who has read it. And yet it is equally impossible to deny that there is something fascinating about having the imaginative audacity to kill God in one book and to turn Christ into a brother who betrays Jesus in another.

Time Line: Philip Pullman

- 1946 Born in Norwich.
- 1968 Graduates from Exeter College, Oxford, with a third in English.
- 1986 Leaves his teaching job following the publication of *The Ruby in the Smoke*, his second novel.
- 1995 *Northern Lights*, the first of the *His Dark Materials* trilogy is published, and wins the Carnegie Medal.
- 2000 *The Amber Spyglass*, the final instalment of the trilogy, is published to widespread acclaim.
- 2007 Voted among the 50 greatest British Writers since 1945 by *The Times*.
- 2010 Pullman receives hate mail from Christian Fundamentalists following the release of *The Good Man Jesus and the Scoundrel Christ*.



The most common misconception about Pullman is that he is anti-religion. He’s isn’t, he just happens not to believe in God. What he has a problem with is any person or organisation who dangerously abuses their power. In his new book, *The Good Man Jesus and the Scoundrel Christ*, Jesus is violently opposed to the idea of a church being created in his name, despite the arguments that his brother Christ puts to him. “[Christ] says several true things. He says the

which they kept to themselves. Those who worked against them were heretics and there was a whole state-sponsored organisation of denunciation and betrayal, trial, confession and execution – exactly as you had with Renaissance Italy and Spain.”

While he is extremely appreciative of living in a society where he can write and say what he likes, he despises the current Labour Government’s “Stalinist instinct to see what everyone’s doing and tell



church will do great good, it will help people, it will educate, it will look after the sick and dying. But at the same time there is a price to pay and the price is this: individuals will be tempted by the power that they have and the organisation itself will be tempted to decide what is true and what is false and who is a heretic and who is not. And once you have the idea of heretics you have the idea of punishment.”

He argues that the whole concept of heresy can only exist in a “totalitarian state”, though not necessarily one which revolves around God. “The perfect example of a theocracy was Soviet Russia, which was explicitly atheist. They had a holy book, which was the works of Marx. There was a priesthood, the Communist Party, which had privileges denied to the laity and secrets

them to stop it”. The Tories have said that they would roll back many of Labour’s more invasive data-collecting initiatives, but Pullman is sceptical.

“Give them a few years in power and let them see what the technology can do. The trouble is that it’s so tempting and you tell yourself that you’re only doing so that you can look after people and make sure they’re safe – and that they’re not going to get up to any trouble in the future.” He looks around the outdoor café we’re sitting in. “I have no doubt that we’re overlooked at this moment by a CCTV camera. This is a sad state to have got ourselves in where you can’t go about without knowing that somebody’s looking at you.”

Pullman has a habit of staring gravely at you while you talk,

giving serious consideration to each question before responding in a voice which combines gravitas with clarity so that there is a quiet intensity and conviction to everything that he says. You don’t want to stop listening, but it is a little intimidating.

On top of this there is the confusion of his voice being so familiar to anyone who ever listened to the award-winning audiobooks of *His Dark Materials*, which Pullman narrated. “I really, really enjoyed making that audiobook. It was hard work, but the craft of it is just wonderful to watch and the director assembled such a great cast of radio actors, and attended so closely to every little detail. If there’s a comma in a sentence, he wants to hear the comma, because it’s there for a purpose.”

When he talks about Jesus you can hear a similar admiration of craftsmanship, the respect that one storyteller has for another. “He was a man of profound imagination and the power of synthesising complicated moral points into simple brilliant images, which work however they are translated. He was unequalled in history, I think. And the great pity of it is that he was crucified before he had the chance to write a book.”

There’s something fascinating about having the imaginative audacity to kill god in one book and to turn Christ into a brother who betrays Jesus in another.

While Richard Dawkins argues that inculcating a child with a religious belief is tantamount to “child abuse”, Pullman speaks warmly about the fact that “every turn in my mind, every way I form thoughts was formed by listening to the stories from the Bible, the liturgy of the prayer books and singing the hymns in church every day when I was younger.” He believes that “if it is of comfort to a child then there is no reason for them not to believe what they want to believe” putting his trust in the “natural progression of scepticism and intellectual curiosity” which is likely to occur as they grow older.

“I think that Dawkins – for all his

On The Cover



The first publication of a 2006 painting by award-winning portraitist Emma Kennaway.

merits – does have a very slight tendency to be literal minded about fairy tales. He said once that he wonders what is the effect of parents teaching children that princes can become frogs and so on. But there’s no actual teaching going on. It’s the immense power of let’s pretend, once upon a time – which is such a wonderful thing in anybody’s life, especially in a child’s. And its effect on a child’s life who doesn’t have it is nowhere better described than in *Bleak House*, where Dickens talks about the money lender’s children who are brought up without any fairy tales and without any nursery rhymes – without any stories whatsoever. And the effect is that they don’t seem like children at all but like elderly monkeys with something depressing on their minds.”

He is as passionate discussing the ability to tell stories with pictures and on screen as he is discussing literature, and becomes particularly excited when I ask if he is interested in graphic novels. “Very! Hugely! Passionately!” he replies, “I love the medium. It’s magnificent and underappreciated.” He wrote a comic two years ago about the sea-bound adventures of a boy called John Blake and has now turned into a film script. “I’ve just signed a big contract for it. And all we need, really, is two hundred million dollars and a fourteen year old Burt Lancaster who will guarantee not to look any more than fourteen for the next ten years so we can do sequels.” Unlike *The Golden Compass*, this time he’ll be in control as one of the producers. And unless John Blake has a battle with Jonah’s whale, the storytelling, rather than the religious implications, will be all that anyone is discussing.





ON THE CAM

POOLSIDE HUNK WEARS TRUNKS FROM ARMANI, SUNGLASSES FROM VON ZIPPLER, KIRSTY WEARS BIKINI FROM ACCESSORIZE, SUNGLASSES FROM DIOR, WEDGES FROM TOPSHOP. PHOTOGRAPHY: MICHAEL DERRINGER



A



F



B

Photography Competition

We asked you to send us your scenes from Cambridge life. The Winning photo, 'Kobe, after the rain', was submitted by Adam Hines-Green who should be singled out for praise. There were, of course, lots of stroing submissions but we don't have space to show them all, so here is a selection of our favorites.

- A Adam Hines-Green (winner)
- B Dylan Spencer-Davidson
- C Aurora Horwood
- D Sarah Tucker
- E Dylan Spencer-Davidson
- F Katherine Waters



E



C



D



G



L

G Adam Hines-Green
H Katherine Waters
I Aurora Horwood
J Katy King
K Katy King
L Adam Hines-Green



K



H



I



J

A little light art relief

With library fatigue looming and the distinct possibility of repetitive strain injury from note-taking, *Varsity* writers give in to the temptations of summer and explore alternative ways to procrastinate



Drown exam woes with a drink and watch a play at the same time. The ADC bar might seem a conventional place to forget about exam stress but it's never been used quite like this. Early enough and short enough not to take up an evening, Jim Cartwright's *Two* whirls through a bustling pub, chronicling the various loves, laughs and losses of its clientele, with two actors performing all fourteen parts between them. Comfortably far away from any examined text and hysterically funny, with the odd tragic moment thrown in, this is an excitingly staged, unmissable, exam term escape.

Two by Jim Cartwright, April 27th – May 1st, ADC Bar, 5.30pm (£4-£6)

OLIVER SODEN

Cam*Era is the perfect place for student film buffs to break the ubiquitous bubble. It's the first ever explicitly international student film festival, and it's hitting the bridge at the latter end of May Week – a perfect chance to chill out in front of awesome new work showing across Cambridge from the globe's best. Sure, exams will be over by then anyway, but there are loads of events to head to in the meantime: either pop along to the Alumni Reception, come hear famous actor Tom Hollander talk, or get involved in the process itself...sure to make you the next Scorsese/Gondry/Mendes in no time. www.cam-era.org

Cambridge International Student Film Festival, June 18th-20th (various locations, including Corpus Christi College, Arts Picturehouse, McCrum Lecture Theatre

PATRICK GARETY

Sunday morning. Your whole week has been spent in the library, and now you fully deserve a day of rest. A day of rest preferably spent outside the constraints of your College. So head to Kettle's Yard, where every Sunday morning they are hosting a morning 'coffee concert'. With genres ranging from a 'hip harpsichordist' to an 'exploration of musical and poetic approaches to technology', these concerts will remind you of a world outside of the library. Plus there's coffee included – perfect for when you eventually decide to venture back to the library.

Sunday Coffee Concerts, all concerts begin at 12 noon with a short introduction. Coffee is served from 11.30am in the gallery. Concerts are about an hour long.

JONNY CANTER

Take to the streets for an evening of protest. 'Reclaim the Night' is a march through Cambridge, with participants demanding better street lighting in the city. Better street lighting means safer streets for both men and women, so if you want to have an impact on making your University city a safer place to live, then get on board. The actual march is somewhat controversially only open to women, but men can also get involved in a solidarity demonstration from 8.15pm outside Great St Mary's. An important protest against sexual violence, this is a very good reason to put your books down. You don't have to be an ardent feminist to want to feel safe at night. So exercise your right to free speech, and consider getting involved.

Reclaim the Night, 8th May, Parker's Piece, 8:30pm

LARA PRENDERGAST



If you can tear yourself away from the UL just once this term, make sure it's to visit the latest exhibition of one of British art's household names. The Fitzwilliam's latest feat, opening April 27th, promises to be the perfect antidote for exam stress by reminding you of the pointlessness of all this revision malarkey in comparison to the awesome power of nature. You're guaranteed to feel like a right wally for fretting about your oral exams when confronted by Hambling's arresting depictions of the sea's epic strength. You'll leave imbued with fresh perspective on the meaning of life...and get way more revision done with such a clear head.

Maggi Hambling: *The Wave at The Fitzwilliam from April 27th*

LOUISE LONG

David Mitchell doesn't like it. Feminists positively loathe it. Me? Despite my limbs being seemingly separate entities to my body, come Sunday at 6pm when the Union opens its Blue Room to the 'Pole Fitness' instructor, I'll be limbering up to transform into a supple seductress with skills that would give the Stringfellow's girls a run for their money. 'Empowering' the young Germaine Greers or reversing the results of those burnt bras, these no-boys-allowed classes are a bootylicious break from the clammy grips of the librarians. For Girl Power, buns of steel and the satisfaction of doing something you know your parents would hate: Jude, call me Alice.

Pole Fitness, Sundays 6-7pm, Blue Room at The Union (Union members £2, Non-members £6, booking advisable)

CLEMMIE HAIN-COLE



You've been staring out of the window for innumerable hours. You've read everything else you can think of aside from the books that matter. What to do? Continue your pursuit of alternative reading matter down an even more alternative path? The Libra Aries Bookshop, although unfortunately recently closed, is resurrecting itself for a tea party on the 2nd May and, get this, not only can you have a cup of tea and an opportunity to browse books such as 'The Geomancer's Guide to the Vastupurusa Mandala' but you also get to walk and build a Peace Labyrinth...

Libra Aries Tea Party, May 2nd at the Bharat Bhavan (old Mill Road library, by the railway bridge) from 1pm to 5pm

ALICE HANCOCK



With endless days in the library looming, the first thing to fly out the window is often your dress sense. If the tedium of stash and jeans is getting you down, then the King's College clothes swap is a revision break must. Simply bring your old clothes along, swap them with other's old stuff, and then return to College as a shiny new you. De-clutter your wardrobe at the same time as giving your cluttered mind a well deserved break. Then step back into the library in your new 'stash'. That's got to be good for your work ethic.

Clothes Swap, May 1st, Mumby Room, King's College, 12:20 - 4:20pm

CECILY BREARLEY



ZELJKA MAROSEVIC

Arts Comment

Sugar-coated women's writing is demeaning to the fairer sex

'Glamour' magazine has a favourite word: 'hot'. Everything is 'hot'. Stylish women are 'hot', denim is 'hot', accessories are 'hot'; spring style is 'super-hot'. 'Grazia' is fanatical about this word too; its pages are positively smoking with the adjective. Of course the word doesn't actually mean anything, and neither do the plethora of other empty adjectives which plague women's magazines (see also: 'totally cool', 'super-pretty', 'sooo fabulous').

However they are demonstrative of a certain type of language which infiltrates a whole spectrum of magazines, from the weekly throw-aways like 'Grazia', to supposedly highbrow offerings such as 'Vogue'. This is the linguistic domain of abbreviation, exaggeration and exclamation, where expression is unacceptable until exploded into hyperactive outbursts or saccharine digressions ('OMG!' - 'Grazia'; 'sugar coated jewels offer sweet pickings this summer' - 'Vogue')

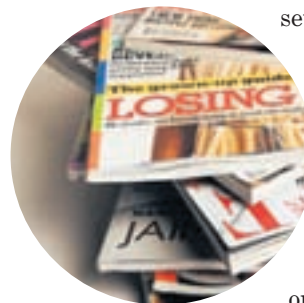
But the linguist Robin Lakoff, amongst others, long ago identified these characteristics as specific to language used by women. So surely these magazines are right to engage in 'women-speak', their readers' native language?

Except that most women don't communicate in this way, and to suggest that they do immediately assumes one type of identity for the modern woman, and a rather dangerous one. For a language formed by erratic and slippery signifiers suggests that the users of this language, too, have unstable identities which are only ever reactive and emotional. The superfluous use of exclamation marks is particularly humiliating, evoking an infantilised, hysterical female culture which communicates in high pitched squeals. But their usage also implies nervousness; they are the punctuation of an anxious, eager to please communicator, rather than an interlocutor who is confident in asserting her ideas and concerns.

Certainly this language isn't gendered; lads' mags also engage gleefully in their own form of sensationalised banter. But the big difference is that women's magazines are read and taken more seriously. Not confined to the top shelf in the newsagent, they attempt to combine their frivolity with sincere topics (an interview with the country's leading female politicians; an article following a woman's recovery from breast cancer) but when these pieces are surrounded by declarations such as, 'Like a Krispy Kreme binge, he's irresistible but makes you feel a bit sick afterwards', it's hard to break through the sugar coated language barrier. These concerns are important, and should be of interest to the whole of society, not just a female readership. Instead,

they are degraded by the language used to discuss them, as though they do not deserve to be addressed properly.

Histrionic taglines encourage a female readership to engage in this same demeaning mindset. These magazines are popular - 'Glamour' prides itself on being 'Britain's No. 1 Women's Magazine' - and have come to stand as representatives for modern womanhood. But this representation is not one with which we should feel comfortable; how can women be taken seriously when the language they appear to use is that of excitable adolescents rather than intelligent individuals? These publications should be a platform for exploring the varying and complex forms of the female identity; let's have women's magazines that converse in a language that articulates the ingenuity and intellect of their readers. Now that's something that would be worth exclaiming about.



Classics Revisited



Italo Calvino If on a winter's night a traveler (1979)

Sit back. Fold the newspaper so you can see it properly. Do you have enough light? Are you comfortable? Relax and imagine settling down to the crisp satisfaction of a new novel. Absorbed in a mystery of unexpected events at a deserted station, you turn the page to find that - wait - the page is blank. The sentence drifts off. You throw the book away in anger at the incapacities of the publishing industry. You return to the bookshop and demand an exchange. The owner, is of course sorry, Sir. He wraps another copy of it up for you. You return to your chair, light your cigarette and begin reading. But this is an entirely different book altogether... ALICE HANCOCK

FOOD & DRINK

A Medieval Feast

In her last food column, **Rosie Corner**, *Varsity's* Kitchen Maiden gets medieval on yo' ass

"After a five course banquet you'd want coffee and liqueurs wouldn't you? You wouldn't suddenly decide to round it all off with a bowl of pap, would you? Just so you could have an extra course?...I'm not saying you need to know when to stop... You need to know when to push away your plate and call for those liqueurs."

These words of wisdom come from the indomitable Armande in Joanne Harris's *Chocolat* - don't worry dear reader, I'm not about to kick the bucket just yet, but I am about to bow out of the *Varsity* food frontline and this will be my final culinary offering - so let's go out with a bang.

This week's feast is based on medieval banquets, where the appearance of food, a visceral display of wealth and pomp, was just as important as what the stuff actually tasted like. Hundreds of chefs would have slaved for weeks to produce such feasts; my particular favourite is a

record of a 1465 feast held for the enthronement of the Archbishop of York where the guests trooped through "one hundred and four oxen, one thousand muttons, three thousand piggs and one hundred and three pasties of venison cold". And that was just the entrée.

Time constraints and the lack of a noblewoman's purse restricted my

broccoli and bread huddled around around a seawater-mirror as if attending some sort of fishy trade union meet, followed by a crusades-inspired pork, chicken and turkey pie laced with vast amounts of turmeric and decorated with roses, freesias and a lilac

rabbit. Dessert would have been individual goldfish bowls: wineglasses containing a mango-fish suspended in prosecco jelly on a bed of gravel made from sour millions. Sadly, blue millions not only end up dying the 'water' a very murky green, they also prevent the gelatine from setting the jelly for at least three days. Oh, if only I had an R&D team like Heston

Blumenthal...

So, best of luck with the nasties, remember to eat and remember what George Bernard Shaw said: "There is no love sincerer than the love of food."



choice of dishes, but not my ambition to produce dishes which both looked and tasted quite spectacular. For starters an edible rockpool: fresh shellfish, seaweed,



Medieval banquet, Loch Fyne-style

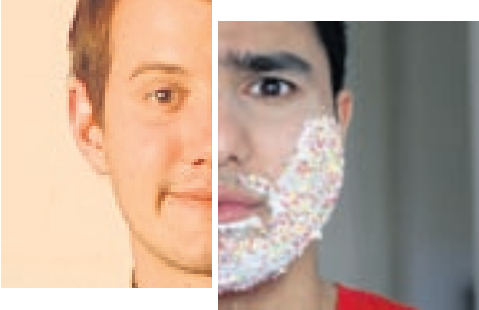
Varsity

Listings

Pick of the Week

Jonny Sweet and Nick Mohammed

ADC THEATRE, SAT 23.00 (£5/6)
Best Newcomer at the Edinburgh Comedy Awards 2009 + Man Behind Hit Radio 4 Comedy Series Quarters = Bloody Funny Hour of Your Life.



Film

The Ghost
VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 12.00, 14.50, 17.40, 20.40, (EXCEPT FRI, SAT, WED ALSO 23.30 AND SAT, SUN ALSO 9.20)
There are two major warning signs with this film. First, Pierce Brosnan as the (serious) lead. Second, McGregor's native Scots accent has been banished which usually spells a similar dismissal for any acting skills.



I Am Love
ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, SEE WEBSITE FOR DETAILS
If you can push past the cringe-worthy title, a melodrama about the Italian aristocracy lies in wait. Intriguing? Yes. Pretentious? Oh, probably.

Clash of the Titans
VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.40 (EXCEPT SAT, SUN, THURS 10.30 AND FRI, SAT, WED 23.20)
CGI demons and a man fighting against the ultimate force of evil with a heavy metal soundtrack. I love it when America does ancient mythology.

Repo Man
VUE CINEMAS, FRI, SAT, WED, THURS 23.30
Jude Law reclaims unpaid-for body parts in another Hollywood take on a medical dystopia. Though it seems they haven't opened up the market to hair transplants quite yet.

Kick Ass
VUE CINEMAS, DAILY 11.20, 13.50, 16.20, 18.50, 21.20 (EXCEPT SAT NO 11.20 AND FRI, WED, THURS ALSO 23.50)
Are you ready to KICK ASS? To be honest, I'm not sure I am or ever will be.

It's a Wonderful Afterlife
VUE CINEMAS, 12.40, 15.20, 17.50, 20.20 (EXCEPT SAT, SUN, THURS ALSO 10.30)

Pick of the week Film

An Indian mother uses her killer curry to exact revenge on potential suitors who have snubbed her doughtnut-loving daughter. With such gags as 'currying favour' it's hard to see how this can miss the mark.

Music & Nightlife

Friday April 23rd
Claudio Monteverdi: Vespers
GIRTON COLLEGE HALL, 20.00 (£4/10)
Choralists and instrumentalists from across the university join forces to perform Monteverdi's magnum opus. Booking ahead essential.

Sunday April 25th
Coffee Concert: Joby Burgess and the Southbank Gamelan Players
KETTLE'S YARD, 12.00 (£4/6)
Percussionist Joby Burgess and the Javanese Gamelan Ensemble perform an avant-garde improvisational program of East-West musical fusion. So globally aware you can already smell the FairTrade coffee.

Levellers
THE JUNCTION, 19.00 (£19.50)

Pick of the week Music

Anti-capitalist, anti-pollution, anti-fame: the Levellers pretty much hate everything. A 90s punk band largely ignored by the mainstream, they're bringing their unique brand of rage-fuelled anarchy to Cambridge. Go see the band from yesterdecade that you've never heard of.

Tuesday April 27th
Britten Sinfonia at Lunch
WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, 13.00 (£3/4/7)
Continuing the alarming trend of music associated with nourishment, the Britten Sinfonia comes with a sandwiches and drinks stall. There's also some music, if you're keen.

Thursday April 29th
La Roux
CORN EXCHANGE, 19.30 (£17)
The hit electropop duo, comprised of notoriously scowling redhead twentysomething Elly Jackson and the other one, take to the Cambridge stage for The Gold Tour. Better scour eBay if you're keen - it sold out weeks ago.



Theatre

Frimston and Rowett
ADC THEATRE, FRI 23.00 (£5/6)

Pick of the week Theatre

You just want to say "Laurel and Hardy", don't you? Thankfully, Frimston and Rowett are recent graduates and very much alive, despite having fought, loved and lost together. One hour of comedy shouldn't pose too much of a problem.

Riders to the Sea
CLARE CHAPEL, FRI 20.00
Vaughan Williams's 40 minute tragedy nestles into Clare Chapel. It's a beautiful setting. It's a beautiful piece. And it's short.

Kursk
THE JUNCTION, FRI 20.00 SAT 14.30, 20.00 (£6/12)
The Russian submarine disaster of August 2000 inspired Bryony Lavery's depiction of a British sub on patrol in the Arctic. Get on <http://www.soundandfury.org.uk/kursk/> and indulge in the trailer. Yep. There's a trailer.

Steel Magnolias
ADC THEATRE, TUE-THU 19.45 (£6/9)
Bring Kleenex. It's been a Broadway and cinema hit, and you will laugh and weep your cynicism away. Like *P.S. I Love You* meets *My Sister's Keeper*, with a little Type 1 Diabetes thrown in: you know you love it.

Two
ADC THEATRE BAR, TUE-SAT 17.30 (£4/6)
It's the second cheapest bar in Cambridge, and it's playing host to an acting duo who will perform fourteen miniature pub-based sketches. If Jim Cartwright's dour English spirit gets a little too much, mimic the art and hit the gin.

You Can't Stop the Beat
ADC THEATRE, TUE 23.00 (£5/6)
An evening of highlights spanning eighty years of musical theatre should provide an ideal anecdote to suicidal levels of The Fear.

Arts

Ongoing Exhibitions
Sculpture Promenade 2010
FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM LAWNS, UNTIL 25TH OCTOBER (FREE)

Pick of the week Arts

The celebrated Sculpture Promenade is returning to the grounds of the Fitzwilliam for a second year. It's a free installation of work by talented, contemporary sculptors from the Royal British Society. Set in the glorious weather, the North Lawn Café will also be open for hot drinks, cakes and light refreshments.

David Bennett Paintings
CAMBRIDGE CONTEMPORARY ART, UNTIL 26TH APRIL (FREE)
Bennett's work leads out of an interest in the English garden, reflecting upon it through mixtures of action painting and pattern-making. He is interested in the struggles between an unkempt nature and those who garden and control it. This exhibition showcases various Bennetts, which are also for sale from £450.

The Cambridge Street Project: an Ideas Exhibition
CAC GALLERY, CITY HALL ANNEX, UNTIL JUNE 11TH (FREE)
A diverse group of ten local artists have been selected as finalists for a Public Art Commission in Cambridge. Each artist has developed a site-specific proposal for the Cambridge Street Corridor – a one-mile stretch of Cambridge Street. Their proposals are on display in this exhibition.

Tim Head: Raw Material
KETTLE'S YARD, UNTIL 9TH MAY (FREE)
Having exhibited widely at such notable venues as MoMA, the ICA, and the Guggenheim Museum, Tim Head's digital projections can now be seen at Kettle's Yard. Head works with and through computer programs that speak directly to projectors and printers, revealing the underlying material elements of the digital medium.

Kingdom of Ife: Sculptures from West Africa
BRITISH MUSEUM, UNTIL JUNE 6TH (£7)
This is straight up Nigerian medievalism. The sculpture put before us portrays a wide cross-section of Ife society and include images of youth and old age, health and disease, suffering and serenity.

Talks & Events

Friday April 23rd
Myth and Meaning in the Law of Murder
MILL LANE LECTURE ROOMS, 14.00 (FREE)

Pick of the week Events

Professor Graham Virgo examines real cases and hypothetical scenarios to explore how we define murder in a legal context and how one might defend such a charge in court. Ambitious psychopaths welcome.

Sunday April 25th
Coton Countryside Reserve Natural History Walk and Survey
COTON COUNTRYSIDE RESERVE, 14.00
Face it: this is gonna be the worst term ever. You're going to be stressed and busy and then fail your exams. You know what you need? A nice long walk. Comes with a free survey.

Monday April 26th
The Evil Empire Strikes Back: The 2008 Financial Crisis from a Hedge Fund Manager's Perspective
N7, PEMBROKE COLLEGE, 18.00 (FREE)
Greedy scumbag Ewan Kirk, manager of \$1bn Cambridge-based hedge fund Camtab Capital Partners, tries to justify his efforts to single-handedly destroy our economy before a room of angry, shrieking students without prospects. Should be fun.

Tuesday April 27th
Devil's Advocate: Celebrities Have No Automatic Rights to a Private Life
JUDGE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 19.30 (FREE)
Columnist for *The Times* David Aaronovitch kicks off a new series of BBC Radio 4 debates forcing prominent thinkers to adopt ethically iffy positions. This round: should odious pointless *Hello*-dwelling non-entities enjoy the right to privacy? Watch the sparks fly.



TO HAVE SOMETHING LISTED ON THESE PAGES, E-MAIL DAVID PEGG AT LISTINGS@VARSITY.CO.UK BY NO LATER THAN MONDAY ON THE WEEK OF PUBLICATION.

Boxed In



Week 1: The Prisoner

Like an obsessive necromancer with too much time on his hands, ITV has reanimated yet another decaying telly corpse. This time it's 60s festival of mental illness *The Prisoner*, back from the ether for a six-episode miniseries.

Set in a seaside town isolated from the real world by endless mountains and oceans, the original series depicted the escape attempts of Number 6, a retired spy held captive in the comfortable surroundings of the Village by the ever-changing Number 2, who wants 6 to fess up and reveal why he resigned from the service. So far, so dystopian.

The series was so totally divorced from reality that lead male and creator Patrick McGoochan had to flee furious fans who congregated outside his home after it ended, demanding an explanation as to just what the hell actually happened. Although utterly impenetrable to anyone not on the same regimen of stimulants with which the show's writers seemed to be dosing themselves, the series was a landmark in TV, exploring previously untouched themes of identity, delusion and collectivism.

The remake sadly slips up in a number of ways. For the sake of a modern audience, whatever that is, the story has been 'updated' (read: castrated), and Jim Caviezel's endlessly moody and constantly screaming 6 is now beset by flashbacks of a life in New York. How this pays off is crucial to the show's final revelations, which, even by *Lost* standards, are just a little too 'out there'.

Worse still is the direction, which exceeds even the script in incoherence. The narrative swings around wildly, with characters disappearing and reappearing without warning and for no obvious reason. Ian McKellen is fantastic as 2, but crucial to the original's unnerving instability was 2's uncertain identity. By replacing the Everyman as villainous Village overseer, McKellen's 2 becomes naught more than a smirking conspirator with a top hat and cane, like a kind of jail warden Charlie Chaplin.

If this remake inspires a few more people with nothing better to do to check out its progenitor, then that's a positive of sorts. Otherwise, avoid. DAVID PEGG

MUSIC



Laying down the Laura

Laura Marling
CORN EXCHANGE

★★★★★

Laura Marling appears on the Corn Exchange stage to a clamorous round of applause. Next month, some of us will be sitting exams in the same venue. Although young enough to be an undergraduate, Marling leads a life far removed from late night cramming sessions in the library. As first lady of the 'Mumford and the Whale' folk scene, Britain's most illustrious musical collective since So Solid Crew, she's recently enjoyed top five album success.

Spending a Saturday evening in the company of any other 20-year old folk artist could have been a twee affair. Support act Alessi's Ark (another nipper, aged 19) wore her best Amish costume, but did assure that proceedings would improve upon her departure. Indeed, seconds into opener

'Devil's Spoke', Laura Marling dispelled any concerns regarding her precociousness. Seeing Marling play live, her youthfulness is irrelevant.

The meandering guitar lines and harmonies of 'Ghosts' were enhanced by the backing of a four-piece band. They soon scamper off, though, leaving Marling alone. Once a notoriously shy performer, her confidence and stage presence have blossomed. 'Night Terror' reveals her Grade Eight with distinction whistling capabilities, and she intersperses her songs with sharp anecdotes.

A solo segment of the show is used to preview a new song composed on this tour. It follows a similar convention to her current material: melancholic lyrics over an intricate finger-picked guitar line. 'What's it called?' comes a cry from the back. But there's no time to reply; another gig-goer has just professed his love for her. 'You too', Marling mumbles in reply, glancing awkwardly at the floor.

Interruptions aside, the hushed

theatrical environment grants her songs a hair-raising resonance, superior to that on record. Her voice shines on 'Failure,' immaculate in its range from low-pitched, breathy anguish to piercing wails. She fluffs the lyrics and briefly stops to apologise. But the spell had already been cast, and she resumes as vigorously as before.

With her band having returned, she confesses that she's 'never understood encores', so jokingly warns that the next song will be the penultimate. She ends with 'I Speak Because I Can', the title track from her new record. Its wistful lyrics, regretting never having rid her 'bike down to the sea / never finished that letter I was writing' make for a powerful, affecting ending.

Filing out past the merchandise, an intrepid fan asks if there's any chance of an after-gig signing? Merchandise Lady shakes her head, 'Laura's very shy'. She really needn't be. With a talent like that, Marling can be confident that a fruitful career lies ahead. PAUL SMITH

LCD Soundsystem

THIS IS HAPPENING

★★★★★



This album of tripped-out disco-epics and a cover that looks suspiciously like Bowie's *Lodger* is, as the title would have you believe, pretty happening. A good thing too, after James Murphy's inflated promises it would definitely be "better

than the other two." 'Drunk Girls' (a Blur-like remix) and 'Pow Pow' are punch-confident, and brilliantly bookend the barer, less lucid tracks in between. From an eerie influence-heavy 'All I Want' (Bowie's 'Boys Keep Swinging', anyone?) to 'Somebody's Calling Me', an ironic lovesong that glissandos away its sincerity on crushed piano chords, lethargic brass and shimmery strings, to 'I Can Change', with its kooky looping opening, LCD dish out flamboyance and variety. Settling on 'Home', a mellow echo of the tapdance hi-hat themes that open 'Dance Yourself Clean', *This Is Happening* resolves into gulping synth spins and trademark irregular cowbells; this putty-like electronica might be a (very) worthy successor to *Silver on Sound*. ELEANOR CARELESS

Plan B

THE DEFACTION OF STRICKLAND BANKS

★★★★★



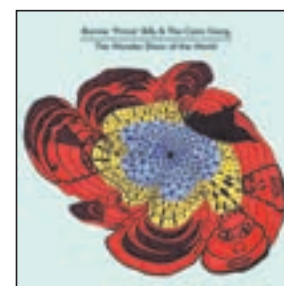
Plan B doesn't do subtlety. His largely impressive debut *Who Needs Actions...* was punctuated by colourful rapping about biros in eyeballs, sex with 14-year-old girls and crackhead step-dads.

Yet Ben Drew (aka Plan B) has

Bonnie "Prince" Billy & the Cairo Gang

THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD

★★★★★



BPB (aka Will Oldham) might be America's greatest living songwriter. Since 1993 he's been releasing music under a variety of names, sketching out a unique vision of American music that is influenced by folk traditions without being beholden to them.

This new set is spare folk, moving away from the overt country twang of last year's *Beware*; though there are many collaborators, they always remain secondary to Oldham. Harmony vocals, Emmett Kelly's muscular guitar solos, and the occasional touch of miscellaneous percussion add a campfire warmth to the songs while never distracting from BPB's unique, wavering voice. The slow pacing throughout, initially monotonous, proves to complement the spontaneity and naturalism of the music, as if the musicians are feeling around the songs as they play.

And those songs: excellent as ever, mixing a Southern Gothic seediness with a vulnerable sentimentality. 'The Sounds Are Always Begging' is a loping highlight, in which Oldham sings about teaching his kids to sing, and 'Go Folks, Go' has a chorus worthy of a power ballad. The excellent lyrics are printed on thick wax paper in the gorgeous packaging.

Despite the well-troddenness of folk forms, BPB can somehow still surprise you, whether with his unexpected chord changes or occasional weirdly sexual lyrics. An excellent modern folk album. SCOTT WHITAKER

changed tack with *The Defamation of Strickland Banks*, a mo-town inspired 'concept album' that tells the story of a man wrongly incarcerated. In fairness, dubbing it a 'concept album' does Drew no favours; the concept is neither original nor very interesting. 'Darkest Place', 'Traded in My Cigarettes' and 'Free' all offer levels of character development that make Guy Ritchie's work look nuanced. More of a problem is that, like other parts of the album, they're musically bland.

Drew's vocals are given their dues on the Smokey Robinson-inspired 'Prayin' and the melancholy yet brilliant 'Writings on the Wall'. 'Stay Too Long' and 'She Said', both featuring Drew's staccato rap, are standouts, full of energy and sharpness that's sadly fleeting. NATHANAEL ARNOTT-DAVIES

FILM

Racing to glory

Whip It
VUE
★★★★★

Whip It is a lady-empowering-alterna-sports movie that heaps on clichés, overuses tropes and follows a plotline more predictable than a chocolate chip Tracker bar. It will no doubt irritate anyone who considers themselves remotely edgy with its self-conscious, pseudo-hipster vibe and sound-track of indie bands designed to appeal to thirteen year old outcasts who’ve just discovered black nail varnish. But godammit if I wouldn’t go see it all over again. I bloody loved this film. I loved every twist in its well worn plot, I loved its obnoxious, catchy tunes and I loved its uncomplicated message; when life gets you down, strap on some kick-ass roller skates, pull up your fishnets, race around a tiny track in front of a baying crowd of beered-up locals, and smash other girls into walls until the buzzer sounds.

Our story follows the winsome Bliss Cavendar (Ellen Page), a kooky teen who just can’t wait to break free of the strictures of her hokey hometown, Bodeen, Texas. She resignedly complies with her mother’s insistence that she compete in the cluster of local beauty pageants, and finds her only solace in best friend Pash (Alia

Shawkat) with whom she works at local diner, ‘The Oink Joint.’ Salvation comes through her discovery of a roller derby league in nearby Austin, the metropolitan state capital. There she meets tattoo covered girls with nicknames like Smashley Simpson, Eva Destruction and (my personal favourite) Bloody Holly. Bliss joins the team ‘Hurl Scouts’ earning her own nickname, Babe Ruthless, and rapidly becomes the rising star of the derby universe, making an enemy in previous roller queen Iron Maven (Juliette Lewis).

This beautifully goofy film is too long, has some wooden performances and teeters between kitsch and plain tacky. The boy I saw it with described it as the worst film he’d ever seen. But I think this

is just his overdue experience of what it feels like for most women to watch your average bazooka-heavy action splatterfest, and that its femme-centred ethos was just too much for him. Just as boys are apt to forgive the worst excesses of the action movie because they get to watch cool motherfuckers say witty things and machete people, so I can gloss over the occasionally dragging second half of this film. Any lags in zippiness are more than made up for by the giant rollerskating food fights, underwater canoodling, or a scene where a screaming Drew Barrymore skates smack into a girl dressed as an air hostess pummelling her brutally into the ground while The Breeders’ ‘Bang On’ blasts in the background. VICTORIA BEALE



Lady-empowering alterna-sports? in spades.

Shutter Island
ARTS PICTUREHOUSE
★★★★★

Scorsese and DiCaprio are an intimidating double act and *Shutter Island* only reinforces that reputation. Now, when I say ‘reinforce’, I really mean it underlines it several times in big, black felt-tip pen. This is an old school thriller that relies on atmosphere rather than gore and steely acting instead of special effects to keep palms clammy and

attention paralysed.

Marooned on a small island housing the criminally insane, DiCaprio plays Teddy Daniels, a US marshal sent with his partner, Chuck (Mark Ruffalo) to investigate the disappearance of a patient. Quicker than a tense string solo and a power cut, it becomes clear that there is something a tad underhand going on here. As conspiracies go it perhaps isn’t the most original but that doesn’t seem to matter all that much when you’ve got DiCaprio and some creepy mental patients for

company.

The tiny, outcast island makes the perfect setting for a film whose peculiar brand of horror leaves you feeling more disturbed than outright scared. The increasingly inclement weather also does well to fortify Teddy’s loss of grip on reality as he is haunted by images of his dead wife.

Scorsese’s masterstroke here is taking in standard clichés and churning them out as more stylised, enigmatic versions of themselves, immediately putting the work of many a daytime makeover show to shame. One flagrant example of this is the horror-movie storm set piece. This is given a new lease of life by a host of eery outbuildings and well-pitched dialogue between Teddy and Chuck. The only time Scorsese steps out of line is in a rodent-based delusion of Teddy’s that seems pointlessly overdone in comparison with the rest of the film’s sparse sleekness.

As the crescendo hits we get a whopper of a twist that turns the whole thing upside down. What, at first, may look like a bit of a get-out progresses however to a clever conclusion which isn’t so much satisfying as fitting. A thriller that lives up to its sinister packaging. KATIE ANDERSON



The Intimidating Mr DiCaprio

Art & Literature

Tim Head: Raw Material
KETTLE’S YARD
★★★★★

If the worst artistic event in Cambridge this academic year was Max Barton’s pathetic ‘No Magic’, then Kettle’s Yard’s current exhibition comes a close second. Like Barton’s play, it appears angsty, frustrated and defensive about its own weaknesses, determined to ram those flaws down the viewer’s throat. These artworks, particularly when displayed in this setting, fail so strangely that it becomes hard to guess what they even wanted to communicate in the first place.

To be candid, it’s been too long since Kettle’s Yard put anything special before us. “Inside Me”, their Michaelmas exhibition of Helen Almeida’s hyperactive photography, was a bravura performance perfectly suited to the minimalist and open-plan setting. Now, however, the gallery has hit rock-bottom with a resounding whimper. The decision to display Tim Head’s cold, esoteric and abstract art is, to put it lovingly, grossly misguided. After all his last commission came from the Biochemistry department at Oxford. Working primarily with computer monitors and projector screens, Head literally crashes computers and passes them off as art. Whatever this might signify (postmodern alienation anybody?) it never manages to take boredom as a stylistic principle or lead out of it towards larger artistic concerns. Instead, many of the pieces are simply glorified screen-savers, moments of pixelated stasis occurring in the gaps between real ideas. Their images have all the clarity, precision and authenticity of a *Crime-watch* reconstruction video. They are so lacking in intensity and memorability that one begins to wonder whether Head might not actually be a pseudonym for Henman. Generally, they work in a similar way to The Tab: an electronic exercise in having nothing to say. Ultimately, there’s a lot of raw material in this exhibition; but there’s definitely not a lot that matters. ELIOT D’SILVA



Dust Flowers, 2006


Literary Roudup
THE WEB
★★★★★

So begins the term of procrastination. When Facebook proves itself to be nothing more than a momentary pleasure and friends’ statuses begin to read like suicide notes, it will be time to look for more compassionate offerings from the web. Don Paterson, reading ‘The Lover’ in his deep Dundee tones (poetryarchive.org) is such an offering. ‘Even sitting quiet in a locked room/ the perils are infinite and unforeseeable’, he purrs, making you believe that someone finally understands. This website, a catalogue of poets reading their work, is something of a gold mine. A particular feature, which allows you to browse by theme, seems to have been created with exam term in mind; themes encompass ‘fear’, ‘guilt’, ‘regret’, ‘apocalypse’.

On stackmagazines.com, you can browse the best of independent publications without leaving your desk-chair. It will lead you to sites such thedrawbridge.org.uk, a journal which invites writers to reflect creatively and critically on altering themes. Its thorough archive of past articles and subjects should carry you through to May Week (‘Trust’, ‘Freedom’, ‘Home’). If you like this sort of thing, nplusonemag.com abounds with comment, reviews and creative writing. I skipped the article on the homepage, ‘Failure’, and opted instead for an intriguing piece entitled ‘On Magic Feelism’.

There’s also plenty of visual stimulus to be found online: bookcoverarchive.com, a website wholly dedicated to book design, is a bibliophile’s dream while readerville.com/index.php/journal/ blogs on the most coveted covers. On these sites you can re-connect with the simple pleasures of books, without having to read a single one. ZELJKA MAROSEVIC

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Exam term is all around you, and so the feeling grows. There are ambulances parked outside the UL and everybody's taken up jogging and Omega-3. But there are easier ways through. Once a week, toddle down to the theatre of your choice and focus on something that isn't a 5kg textbook. After all, there's a play to cure pretty much every revision crisis.

Alcohol withdrawal: *Two* is set in the ADC bar, commencing next Tuesday. If you insist upon avoiding the temptation of a wall of beverages, there's always the chance you'll get drunk on the air. Besides, it's on at 17.30, which is pint o'clock, no doubt.

Self-pity: Yeah, so your friends at other universities sat two pre-released papers back in March, wrote a 600-word dissertation, and are now lying on pavements in random cities, surrounded by cans of Strongbow. But it could always be worse. Maurya, focus of Vaughan Williams' *Riders to the Sea*, has lost her husband, five sons and father in law, and she's still smiling. Well. Singing, at least. Either way, get down to Clare Chapel tonight, and get over yourself.

The Fear: *Tales of Terror* is, rather fabulously, hitting the ADC on 25th and 26th May. Mid-hell. These are 'gentle thrills and pleasing terrors', so you might not be able to scare yourself to that much-desired death, but hell, at least you'll be experiencing The Fear of a new variety.

Boredom: A common malady. Glossing *Troilus and Cressida* is potentially the one activity duller than watching bad paint dry. Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane* features murder, love triange, violence and comedy, and it's hitting the Corpus Playroom in Week 3. Good, good paint.

Short-sightedness: Oh, they will never end. But actually, they will. And when they do, you'd better have stuff to look forward to. The ADC Application deadline for Michaelmas Term is 4th May. That's almost as important as the election. Goodluck, and godspeed to May Week. Break a leg.

ABIGAIL DEAN

Kursk

THE JUNCTION
★★★★★

Of course, it is apt that this play about the UK submarine sent to monitor *Kursk*, the Russian nuclear cruise missile submarine that famously sank in August 2000, should be executed in an immersive production. Seated in the gallery of The Junction's theatre, and standing amongst the set, the audience prepares to be submerged in this remarkable theatrical production, while the characters are heard calling their loved ones for the last time before the submarine embarks on its mission.

Throughout the play, and through brilliant sound effects, the theatre company, Sound&Fury, thoroughly crafts the experience of being on a submarine. The whole theatre clunks, rattles and shakes with authenticity, and Tannoy communications between the characters create a buzz of anticipation from the start. Clever lighting exactly directs the audience's focus throughout, keeping heads turning to the scene of action.

Suspense is maintained by moments of infectious anxiety on the submarine, as seemingly minor details like a faint but inexplicable clicking sound send the characters into tangible despair. The audience remains on tenterhooks even when exposed to the jocular attitudes of the naval characters, presented by a capable cast that boasts impressive theatre and film credits.

We play the silent observer as

four seamen and their commander cope with separation from loved ones and the boredom of submarine life. Although the opening lines, delivered by 'New Dad' Mike (Tom Espiner), promise absurd laddish behaviour, the jokes are surprisingly tame. The inclusion of named Russian dolls, gentle teasing about masturbation and the occasional juvenile role-play are all that breaks up the professional atmosphere. The relationships between the characters are only fleetingly jestful and could seem a great deal more intimate if the production was braver in its humour. The company might achieve its aim to offer an authentic glimpse of life on the Cold War submarine, but the lacking banter exposes a problem in the play; it prevents the substance to make it more than a showcase of technical

brilliance.

This deficit becomes more frustrating with the somewhat sledge-hammered theme of poetry. As Donnie Black (Ian Ashpitel)

“The whole theatre clunks, rattles and shakes.”

becomes increasingly interested in haikus, in which “something big and meaningful is condensed into a small space”, this idea of compacted meaning becomes a motif, represented by a variety of symbols: the Russian dolls, Mike's baby, the characters' 'familygrams'

of forty words, read out over interspersed recordings, the submarine itself. It is no surprise that a play rooted in collaborations between the Arvon Foundation and devising theatre companies would hold poetry as an interest, and collaborative writer Bryony Lavery should be commended for avoiding pretentiousness whilst including poetic readings and monologues.

There is a number of small messages that can be taken from *Kursk*, but the presence of poetry would suggest that one deeper and wider meaning is to be found. Unfortunately, unless this message is as trite as an objection to nuclear armament, it is lost in the play's preoccupation with the superficial. *Kursk* is worth seeing for the experience, but expect little more than sonic stimulation.

JESSICA JENNINGS



KEITH PATTISON

Simon Russell Beale

ADC THEATRE
Q & A

Simon Russell Beale's ADC Q&A, intended as a prologue for the (disappointingly cancelled) Marlowe Society production of *The Alchemist*, was a whimsical and somewhat tenderly insightful talk. The 49-year-old actor is a rare angelic mongrel, a thespian with intellect, and his self-observed musings on Mammon, verse-deliverance and the word 'good' in *Hamlet* exemplified this duality.

The Jonson-centric discussions weighed opaque gobbets from Eliot and Coleridge with Beale's witty account of a botched Royal Shakespeare Company audition. When brow-beating his way through the necessities of "Jonson today", he chin-wagged a swift reference about Nicholas "Nick" Hytner's shady recollection of staging his production in modern dress. This uncanny

gift for accessible academic thought made one believe that he could boil down Aquinas's *Summa Theologia* into a curt, violent karaoke rendition.

Yet for a man once described as 'the greatest stage actor of his generation', he was humbly reluctant to flash about. While this is always a happily met quality, one felt that he never deeply excavated the struggles of acting tough fare. Another under-explicated issue was his time at Cambridge. While the inferno of note-taking student actors clearly wanted a few handy anecdotes to set them right to stardom, Beale gently spoke of his dry routine and "plodder" mentality while a student himself. Yet there were moments of genuine coalescence. Beale's brief exchange with Simon Haines threw engaging light on Cassius' suicide promises – and displayed more of his famous universal knack.

EDWARD HERRING



JESSICA LAMBERT

Riders to the Sea

CLARE CHAPEL
PREVIEW

Typical. You wait all year for a singing, mourning, black-veiled Irish peasant, and a whole chorus of them turns up at once. *Riders to the Sea*, Ralph Vaughan Williams's one-act opera based on the play by J.M. Synge, is a grief-laden piece with – at a running time of under forty minutes – probably more deaths per minute than the last act of *Hamlet*.

Opening with a sorrow-stricken scene in which Maurya, played by Grace Durham, has already lost her husband, father-in-law and five beloved sons to the sea, and ending with the similarly aquatic death of her remaining son, this opera often comes across as an isolated denouement, albeit in the much revered nautical horror genre, cut off from its dramatic moorings. Yet, in the hands of director Imogen Tedbury, this is no bad thing, focusing as she does on Maurya's cathartic final monologue in which the widow's grief evolves to acceptance, supported by Vaughan Williams's swelling score and simple, sensitive choreography.

In fact, the staging was, along

with the full orchestra and haunting, beautifully enunciated female vocals, one of this production's true strengths. The chorus, for example, spends the majority of the performance seated silently around Maurya and her daughters on the floor, their faces obscured by black hooded shrouds. This offered a potent and striking reminder, (if a little unhelpfully reminiscent of lilliputian Death Eaters) of a life permanently on the edge of pain and loss. When they do rise, their sorrowful melodies, steeped in the Irish tradition of vocal lament, combined with the music's dark, immersive tonality, seem to enhance the claustrophobia experienced by this woman. The threatening abyss that lies offstage, at the entrance to Clare Chapel, becomes increasingly hostile to Maurya, played by Durham with near-perfect shades of ferocity and dignity.

And this was the dress rehearsal. With minor gripes corrected, including an unhelpful invisible walking stick, and some incongruous glam rock-inspired make-up, *Riders to the Sea* is set to impress.

HAXIE MEYERS-BELKIN

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ THE TITANIC ★★★★★ THE MARY CELESTE ★★★★★ CRUISER ★★★★★ ADMIRAL ABRAMOVITCH'S £300 MILLION SPECIAL ★★★★★ THE ICEBERG

Sheeps

ADC LATESHOW
★★★★★

Sheeps is a bloody silly name for anything, if you ask me, let alone a three-man sketch show. Then again, I suppose because it's a grammatical error (nerds, I know, specifically it's a morphological error) it does have a sort of *je ne sais quoi* about it, doesn't it? Like those bloody government ads that kept me up half the night cause they told everyone to drive 'five miles less,' not 'five miles fewer'. Actually, now that I come to think about it, perhaps *Sheeps* isn't such a terrible name for the show after all, because that's exactly what is was like: kind of a balls-up, kind of silly, kind of frenzied and, to be honest, kind of, erm, hilarious.

The three performers used to be regulars at the ADC. Liam Williams, Daran Johnson and Alistair Roberts: three ex-Footlights regulars who have decided, after taking the show up and down the country, just to pop back to see how the place is getting

on without them. And, as every good choirboy can tell you, just as the prodigal son gets a pretty warm reception, so too were the audience last night rather welcoming. Enthusiastic, I'd say. Well, enthusiastic, bordering on generous, perhaps, because in the first three minutes the word 'vignettes' got a laugh, and that's not really the most hilarious word I can think of like, erm... what about flippidy-jizzbit? Or Hazel Blears?

That said, the boys soon lived up to expectations. Essentially, the

show consisted of 'the show' and all the bits that weren't good enough to get in 'the show,' which were performed before 'the show'. "Kind of like extras on a DVD", explained Roberts, "though they come before the main event and you haven't got any choice, you have to watch them."

On the whole, I thought the early sketches were pretty good, but their slapdash, kind of improvised delivery did make the guys look like just three mates having a laugh rather than putting on a

performance. That's not necessarily a bad thing, but sometimes it wasn't 'big laughs' funny. That is, of course, until they staged a medley of the new musical they're working on, based on Dickens's *Oliver Twist*. After spotting a gap in the market, the boys have composed a rip-roaring set of showtunes with lines like, "Please, sir, can I have seconds?" and "Selling! I'm selling this boy!"

The main event was a little more consistent and was very, very funny. Especially sparkly moments came with Liam Williams's disgruntled beach comber and the premier of Daran Johnson's musical *Fusspots and Worrypans*. Special mention should go to Alistair Roberts, who not only did a weirdly convincing mutant, but also did a hilarious bit as a nervous rapper pleading with his bitch not to divorce him. The latter of which may well be my favourite rap song ever.

Ultimately, its a sketch show and so it's bound to be a bit hit and miss every so often. However, when it did hit the mark, *Sheeps* was warm, playful and frankly bloody hysterical.

NATHAN BROOKER



KATY KING

This year (as you probably don't already know) marks the 42nd Cambridge

Drama Festival, part of the All England Theatre Festival, which showcases the best of the country's amateur dramatics. It seemed appropriate then that *We Make Babies*, a new piece by the young Sean Abbs, demonstrated several different approaches to theatre as its young couple argued about whether to have a child. The set adopted by the Estrella Theatre Company was simple, studiosque: two stools and a trunk like a child's dressing up box, from which all the props were produced. The sense that the couple (Kattreya Smith and Abbs himself) were the real children of the piece was reinforced by the actors' playful and polished use of physical theatre, mime,

Cambridge Drama Festival

MUMFORD THEATRE
★★★★★

and dolls to inject fantasy into their arguments. Smith was bolshy,

with an underlying vulnerability, and Abbs reminded the reviewer of Matt Smith's Timelord, all spindly nervosity and wonder. The acting wasn't expansive enough for the size of the venue, and the exuberant youth of the characters meant that parenthood was never entirely credible. To the play's credit, however, in the couple's final musings, directed at the audience, it became clear that this was precisely the point.

The Mumford Theatre hosted two plays on Tuesday evening: second up was the Settlement Players' take on Joe Orton's *The Ruffian on the Stair*, a tricky customer to tackle. The surface of his plays reads *1960s kitchen sink drama*, something which the set of this production faithfully reflected. His language and characters, however, go beyond the 'normal' to uncover something stranger. Here, there was Mike, a dubious businessman who also happened to have killed someone, and his put-upon, constantly shocked wife Joyce, who also happened to have been a prostitute. The problem with this production was that many of the absurd obscurities and non-sequiturs were played straight and glossed over. Alex Miles as Wilson, the bereaved gay hairdresser, was the saving grace, relishing the absurdities of his lines with a giggly menace. Through his performance, it was possible to glimpse the black comedy of his suicidal intrusion into the couple's life. The rest was sadly rather flat, and left the dark heart hidden below the 'period' surface.

PAUL MERCHANT



ROBERT EVANS

Come the election, I'm voting ash. Nick Clegg in all his borrowed glory could not

compete with the inexorable rise of the best thing ever to have come out of Iceland (Ikea was the other lot, right?) which culminated in a starring role for our favourite mass of jet-bothering carcinogens in the first Smoker of this term.

Like the ash, whose only downside is its habit of creating news footage of budget holidayers streaked with rivulets of cheap mascara, and ugly suitcases, this Smoker was pretty much all good. An early blip – some guy pretending to his girlfriend they were on holiday, or something – was followed by a set of middling quality by determined stand-upper Pierre Novellie, and it looked like we could be on something of a downer.

From then on in, however, it was pretty much all gold. Discount one aberration – a love poem to Shakespeare that was ghastly in its hand-wringing clever-clever

Smoker

ADC LATESHOW
★★★★★

Cambridge smugness – and there wasn't a single bum note.

We had good sketches, but

more impressively we had great stand-up. Adam Lawrence was a wonderful, natural presence at the mic, so much so that his previous incarnations as a gurning Tigger-for-hire seem a total waste of his undoubted talent. Jacob Shepard was equally assured, and equally excellent. Danish Babar delivered a set that, as smoke was sprayed through the auditorium, appropriately brought the house down.

I'm not sure how to categorise other highlights – chief among them Lucien Young's exquisite parody of the as-yet-unpublished Jordan novel *Topaz* – but the fact is that most of this stuff was fucking brilliant. And you probably missed it. Feel excluded? Welcome to the aftermath of the 2010 election, when you and your pinko fruitloop friends will be sitting around liberally, and I'll be toasting four more years of lash, gash, and ash. GEORGE REYNOLDS



DANIEL STRANGE

Incoming



Hitchcock Blonde

Today's world appears to provide an ever-growing number of attractions for the voyeur. While Google Maps provides the most readily available fix, there remain a number of more elaborate alternatives. The lobby of Hollywood's Standard Hotel houses a giant glass box, an installation that is typically inhabited by a beautiful woman. Closer to home, a wave of young architects are eager to satisfy a growing demand for glass houses – particularly popular, it appears, in densely populated urban areas. Even clean-cut commercial institutions have no qualms about indulging our fantasies. A recent GAP advertisement allows us to design a virtual person (of, I believe, either sex), before fulfilling its legend: Watch Me Change.

And yet somehow the theatre, the most inherently voyeuristic of institutions, does not seem to have cottoned on. There is rarely a real awareness of the guilty, greedy pleasure we get from peeping on the private lives of strangers. Having bought our way in, we are either included or ignored by the actors, but, in any event, always innocent. Not once have I left the theatre feeling even a little bit depraved. A blessing? Or a disappointment?

Alfred Hitchcock, on the other hand, had calculated depravity down to a fine art: think Norman Bates staring through his peephole at the semi-naked Marion Crane in *Psycho*, 'Scottie' Ferguson chasing a fantasy up the tower in *Vertigo*, and Jeff Jeffries following the course of his neighbours' lives in *Rear Window*. *Hitchcock Blonde* will be no different.

The play depicts the dark side of obsession, charting the relationships between those who watch and those who are watched: "I glance upwards and there, high up on the gantry, is a man. No one but me knows he's there. His gaze is our secret." *Hitchcock Blonde* will tempt the perverts and the Peeping Toms. And you may well decide that, for a night, you want to join them.

Binoculars will not be provided, and photography is not permitted.

EMMA VIOLET MAKINSON

Emma is co-directing *Hitchcock Blonde*, showing at the ADC Theatre, March 10th-12th.

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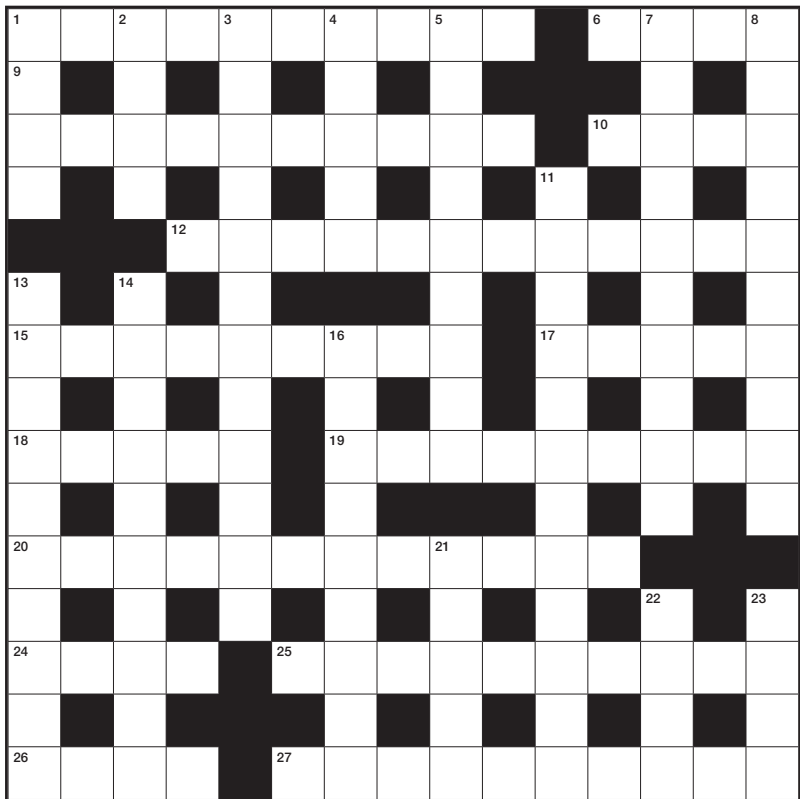
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Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

NO. 525



Across

1. Mitigate (10)
6. End of pashmina slips, revealing disfigurement (4)
9. Made law about support I criticised (10)
10. One who's against Tina Turner? (4)
12. Lost puppy punished by Eros

(6,2,4)

15. Bewildered, Cathi takes notes after Teletubby makes sausage (9)
17. Actor used ten times in a lifetime? (5)
18. Hypnotist takes time and energy over female organs (5)
19. Score I need to win this? (6-3)
20. Delight as batsman knocks out mid-

dle of display (12)

24. Scrape top off part of sleeve (4)
25. Racing around - no time when storm spreads in mountains (10)
26. Time with soap backed to wash this off? (4)
27. "Clear off", headless pseud reacts to Christ's blessings (10)

Down

1. Animal's leg muscle (4)
2. Encourage to destroy Oriental rug (4)
3. References to benefit matches (12)
4. Respond to shattered crate (5)
5. Car meek accountant destroyed for sticky treat (5,4)
7. Mixture firm sergeant, say, caught one with; no going back! (10)
8. I retreated, went round, and did it again (10)
11. Whim in considered fashion? (12)
13. Accepted untidy Parisian who accedes (10)
14. My arrows in collier's passages (10)
16. Eternal difficulty around at change-over (9)
21. Sailor books fortune-teller's cards (5)
22. Brought up to bartend oddly? (4)
23. A Goddess comes from within - this i see (4)

Crossword set by Mathmo.

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

The Varsity Scribblepad

Last issue's solutions

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

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).

			21	17	6			
		20						
	14					31		
19								19
11				6				
6				6		16		
					5			
	31							
			10					

Hitori

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

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

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 524):

Across: 1 No clue 2 Sorry 3 Pass 4 Your turn 5 I don't want to play anymore 6 I've got nothing 7 Nada 8 I've got nowt 9 Bleurgh 10 I'm not very good at this 11 I actually don't know Down: 1 I know, 2 I know, 3 I know, 5 I know, 6 I know, 7 I know, 8 I know, 14 I know, 16 I know, 17 I know, 19 I know, 20 I know, 21 I know, 22 I know, 25 I know.

COMMENT



ED THORNTON

Are Cambridge's top sportsmen Pros or Cons?

They might often be dubbed con men, but we should not judge our professional sporting friends from abroad on a whim of jealousy

Is Dan Vickerman the model student, who is able to keep up with his studies whilst also playing international standard rugby for the Blues, or is he just an impostor who has stolen a more deserving and academic student's place? Should we praise him as a professional or condemn him as a con man? The same question can be asked of a handful of athletes in Cambridge, including almost all of our victorious Boat Race squad.

“The presence of these monster-sized athletes has a huge impact on the University”

There can be no doubt that the presence of these monster-sized athletes has a huge impact on the University and, believe it or not, much of the impact is positive. Rowers like Rob Weitmeyer (a member of the Canadian national team) increase the standard of the Boat Race and maintain its status as a world-class event. In turn, this increases the viewing figures and the revenue generated from the race. Without such interest from the public, and from sponsors, the Boat Race would not be televised and Cambridge would lose one of its

best advertisements to the world. A decrease in funding would soon follow and the facilities at the Goldie Boathouse would be gone before we knew it. The same story could be told for the Varsity Rugby match. The fact is that the top players bring benefits for the sporting student body that we could not get from anywhere else.

But wait, I hear you scream, isn't this just the epitome of selling out? Are we turning away deserving applicants only to fill their places with professional degree-poachers just to make a cheap buck? OK, so the sizable group of postgrads and balding Land Economists can give us a pretty boathouse and supply the small amount of sports facilities that this University owns. We are, however, in danger of ignoring the central purpose of the University: namely to achieve academic excellence above all else. If we really are auctioning off degrees to the international bidders with the highest sporting achievements in order to bring in more money, and bastardizing our academic application credibility in the process, then we have something to be ashamed of.

If all this were true, sport and academia would be battling it out to destroy one another, and both would be damaged along the way. Academics would be fighting to cancel all sporting fixtures and the Blues in every sport would be constantly avoiding their supervisors and flunking their exams.

One look around will tell you that this just isn't the case. We do not have a war on our hands. There is no real conflict because the story I have told about underhand tactics and free places for professional sportsmen is a fabrication. In the past, Cambridge has offered places based on sporting ability but this is now long gone. Anyone who wants to come to Cambridge, regardless of their Olympian build, must go through the standard application process. Yes, those applying for postgraduate courses go through a different process to prospective undergrads and different faculties don't set the same application criteria, but two people applying for the same place must pass the same tests.

So, how have we ended up with this troupe of mammoth sportsmen in our midst? The answer is that the life of a professional sportsman does not take the same linear track that the rest of us expect. In order to compete at the top level of any sport, young people must make a decision to forgo a career, or even a university place, to concentrate on hitting their physical peak. This means that around the world there are hundreds, even thousands, of international sportsmen in different fields who missed their chance to follow the academic path open to them. When their career is winding down university can become a very appealing prospect. Oxbridge is unsurprisingly sought after by this group of mature students, who

see Cambridge as the perfect combination of academic and sporting excellence.

It is understandable that we should be wary of the few whose

“The life of a professional sportsman does not take the same linear track that the rest of us expect”

intentions are not sincere, like Thorsten Engelmann, who helped Cambridge to Boat Race success in 2007, but legged it before his exams came round. But we should have trust in our regulations to stop this minority ruining our privileged position. In the case of Engelmann, the system dealt with him by stripping him of his Blue. As long as we are prepared to deal with anomalous cases like this, then we are very lucky indeed. Our University has managed to use its academic reputation to attract those few highly intelligent, professional sportsmen around the world who want to go back into academia. These men may be pros, but they are certainly not cons.

GOAT RACING

Cambridge gloat with Goat Race victory

Bramble brings home a win for the Light Blues

ED THORNTON

Saturday April 3rd is an immensely important date in the Oxbridge sporting calendar; as well as some light build-up entertainment on the water, there is the prestigious, world-renowned, annual Goat Race. This year's race took place near Brick Lane, at Spitalfields City Farm in East London, where Cambridge's proud barn-yard athlete, named Bramble (right), outpaced and outwitted her competitor, Bentley, to bring home the silverware to his much-beloved Cambridge fans.

The race brought in 900 spectators and raised over £3000 from tickets and bets.

All proceeds from the race go to the farm, which is a registered charity, but the sprinters were so focused on the track that they hardly seemed to realise their charitable mission. Given that the two goats are siblings, however, it is no wonder they were both so intent on winning.

Before the race the event organisers hyped up this added element of tension, calling the race a “compelling psychodrama” – and they weren't wrong. The race was filled with the subtle underplay of family

tensions and sibling angst.

This year's emphatic win for the Light Blue goat brings the overall tally up to 2-0, making the 2011 race particularly important for the Oxford side, who must now fight to keep the battle tight. The goats will no doubt be replaced next year (as is tradition) and so this year's result gives no indication of what is to come.

As the selection of sprinters is random, Oxford were nothing but unlucky this year; their goat was not only the slower of the two but, according to the farm, he also “wees on his beard”.



Sport in Brief

Cricket

Cricket Cuppers began this week, before the start of full term, giving the college teams their only chance to earn some silverware.

At Oxford Road grounds on Sunday, Fitz took on Selwyn in the first round; the day ended with the home team crashing out with eight runs left to score.

With little sport on this term, Cricket Cuppers will be the competition to watch, especially as watching cricket requires little more than lying in the sun.

Football

The Cuppers competition struggled last term, due to a number of postponed games as a result of bad weather and league commitments.

The competition will continue this term starting with the one remaining semi-final featuring Downing and Homerton. The victors in this clash will then take on Trinity in an attempt to be crowned champions.

Given the controversy at the end of the First Divison League last term, college football is strangely making a foray into exam term.

Local Cricket

Foxton opened their season in style this week with an impressive win over Nassington.

The side were undoubtedly helped by their Australian batsman John Procajlo, who scored an important 107 runs. His opening partner Max Bowen also claimed 85, giving Foxton the start that Nassington could never catch.

Local Football

After a scandal involving the use of £40,000 worth of donations, Cambridge Fans United have called for Brian Attmore to stand down from his position on Cambridge United's board. The fans have not stopped there, claiming that Attmore, who is the associate director of the club, should resign from his role as trustee of the Abbey Stadium Redevelopment Trust (ASRT), too.

VARSlTY

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BOXING

Blues roll with the punches to take Varsity success

Compared to last year’s whitewash, Cambridge left this win very late indeed

**CAMBRIDGE****5**

**OXFORD****4**

VARSITY SPORT

Boxing matches are highly anticipated and, at times, unpredictable affairs. However, nobody, not even Hollywood’s finest, or Stallone, could have scripted this one – the epic 103rd Varsity Boxing Match on Tuesday March 9th.

After last year’s 9-0 whitewash, Oxford assembled an “unbeatable” squad. Indeed it looked that way after the opening lightweight bouts ended in defeat for Cambridge. Cambridge Featherweight Faisal Nasim lost to a fervent Melvin Chen. Despite inflicting heavy damage on his opponent, technically-gifted Lightweight Jason Blick was unfortunately stopped by a brutish Chris Pearson. After this, former Girton JCR President Brett Shanley went down to Oxford’s slick Light-Welterweight Leon Upton. It was now 3-0 and the Oxford crowd could taste sweet revenge.

Oxford’s Welterweight Josh Fields misread the script. How can anyone underestimate someone called Fergal McCool? Fields, a former Scottish junior, was showboating as if

in an episode of *Strictly Come Dancing*, making it easy for the textbook McCool to register a momentous first win for Cambridge.

Cue the University Captains for their clash at Light-Middleweight. With all the talk of “leading by example” and “returning the True-love Bowl to the cabinet”, it was as if Oxford’s Richard Pickering had stolen Cambridge Captain Chris Webb’s pre-match speech. Unfortunately, Pickering forgot to borrow Webb’s technical prowess and his physical superiority. The inspirational Webb won by unanimous decision in a peerless display, rejuvenating the traveling support and his team.

The jitters were beginning for Oxford as CUABC Vice

Captain Ed Chadwick stepped up against classy Oxford Middleweight Carl Walton. Their contrasting styles – Chadwick’s lead hooks against Walton’s straight punches – made for an explosive match of counter-punching. However, the true explosions occurred after Chadwick was announced the winner by unanimous decision. Oxford coach Dave Mace kicked the stool, left the ring and stormed into the changing room. Pure emotion had boiled over for the Oxford coaches and sweet revenge turned into sour pie.

The softly, softly approach was never on the menu for the second Middleweight bout. Cambridge’s Ssegawa-Ssekintu Kiwanuka and Oxford’s Borna Guevel had the crowd on its feet, as both boxers

looked to hang onto theirs as Guevel’s bruising flurries came up against Kiwanuka’s powerful jabs, – a pattern that repeated ruthlessly. However, a show of heart more than technique saw Kiwanuka win on points to put Cambridge in the lead for the first time.

Fresher Tom Burlton, the real ‘babyface’ of CUABC, came up against Ben Morris at Light-Heavyweight. Considering this was Burlton’s first match, and despite retiring after two rounds, he acquitted himself remarkably well against the ex-paratrooper.

With the scores level, a grandstand finale was set: the Heavyweight bout. Texan Light Blue Bart Dear faced the 6’4” Australian James ‘thunder from

down under’ Ogg. Unfortunately, lightning didn’t strike once, let alone twice, as Bart Dear put in an awesome display, impressing on-looking Olympic champion James DeGale. Credit to Ogg for having a chin as hard as Ayers Rock, however Dear scored a resounding unanimous victory to deliver CUABC, and new head coach Ben Blowes, Varsity Match glory and the first away victory in six years.



JAMIE GUNDRY

FOOTBALL

PWC Division 1 ends in controversy

A final fixture forfeit from Jesus hands Downing the title to Trinity’s disappointment

VINCE BENNICI

A few weeks before the end of last term the PWC Division 1 title looked to be a foregone conclusion. Downing were cruising towards the remarkable feat of winning the championship with nine straight victories, only St John’s and Jesus stood in their way. Meanwhile Trinity, the only other true title contenders, were making up ground fast after an opening day defeat at the hands of favourites Downing.

Then St John’s, a side who were eventually relegated, did the unthinkable, earning a draw against the



JAMES GRAVESTON

champions elect and blowing the title race wide open. Suddenly, with only one game left to play, Trinity were handed the hope of snatching the title, whilst Downing knew that only a win would guarantee them the crown.

Trinity overcame Christ’s 2-1, taking Trinity to 24 points and ensuring for certain that only a win for Downing would do. So Downing must beat Jesus, right?

Wrong. Jesus – a side that could boast up to six Blues players – forfeited the game, handing the title to a relieved Downing. Amidst the controversy Trinity fought to force Jesus to field a side against Downing. However, with football typically not being played this term, the league committee seems to have allowed the forfeiture to stand, gifting Downing three points and the title in the process.

Downing captain Tom Marsh commented that he was “slightly disappointed it came down to us winning the league after a forfeited game – we would have preferred to have

played and gained the three points”. He also went on to insist that Downing did all they could to get the game to go ahead.

Where does the blame fall then? Jesus struggled to fulfil a number of their fixtures, as other sides also do, but are they more responsible because of the importance of their game with Downing? Probably not, but the fact remains that their inability to fulfil fixtures has made a mockery of college football.

Undoubtedly some Trinity players might call for harsher measures against Jesus, perhaps even a points deduction starting next season. Jesus captain, Miceal Canavan was unavailable for comment.

Trinity captain, Richard Falder, certainly had a few things to say, describing his side as “disillusioned” with the outcome and explaining that, “I find it difficult to understand why the College Cup competition can be completed next term, and not this fixture which would decide the outcome of the First Division. The outcome as it is at the moment seems to totally undermine the integrity of the season as a whole.”

Falder seemed to place the blame at the door of the League and Jesus, highlighting the number of fixtures Jesus were unable to fulfil and questioning the League’s monitoring of the situation and inability to identify the problem at an earlier stage.

It is important to remember that the weather this year has majorly disrupted the sporting calendar, but with other sides managing to find a way to fulfil their fixtures, the excuse

loses some of its validity.

At the end of an enthralling season it seems to have been decided in rather unsatisfactory circumstances. However, whilst Trinity feel aggrieved, Downing are celebrating, perhaps deservedly having beaten Trinity after all. Marsh concluded by stating: “I feel over the course of the season our performances fully justify our league record and that we are deserved champions.”

The Final PWC Division I Standings:								
COLLEGE	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	GD	Pts
Downing	9	8	1	0	21	7	14	25
Trinity	9	8	0	1	26	8	18	24
Christ’s	8	5	0	3	21	14	7	15
Emma	9	5	0	4	23	17	6	15
Fitzwilliam	9	4	1	4	20	18	2	13
Girton	9	3	1	5	11	21	-10	10
St Catz	9	3	0	6	20	29	-9	9
Jesus	8	2	2	4	13	15	-2	8
St John’s	9	2	1	6	16	26	-10	7
Pembroke	9	1	0	8	13	29	-16	3

FOOTBALL

Blues aim to turn Cup Final hurt into Varsity victory

With the Varsity match only a week away the Blues want to end the year on a high

VARSITY SPORT

The Blues are in the process of preparing for their biggest game of the year, the Varsity clash with Oxford now confirmed for 7pm at Cambridge United's Abbey Stadium, on Market Road. One week from today Johnson's team will aim to correct last year's result and complete a remarkable trio of Varsity victories over Oxford.

Preparations for the big day were disrupted slightly by the postponement of the match last term. However, following a mixed bag of results for the Blues squad perhaps the additional time will prove to be a blessing in disguise. The Blues Second team had a great end to their season, not only overcoming their Oxford counterparts but also clinching promotion from their division in the final league game of the season. Ross Broadway, who, like many of the Falcons regulars, will be hoping to make the First team squad, was the man who made the difference in the Falcon's Varsity match, producing a thunderous strike from 20 yards to win the game 1-0 in

the dying moments of extra-time.

However, whilst the Falcons were celebrating the Blues narrowly missed out on crowning their domestic season with some silverware. After falling out of the promotion race due to a string of mediocre results, the Blues hoped to salvage some glory against Staffordshire in the BUCS Cup Final last month.

Cambridge settled on the sodden pitch the quicker of the two sides and spurned a number of clear cut chances in the early exchanges. Although Stock gave the Blues the lead, they were unable to maintain concentration and gifted Staffordshire two goals in the space of ten minutes.

After the break, Cambridge dominated possession and territory with the vast majority of the half played in the Staffordshire half of the pitch. The Cambridge forward line made a number of breakthroughs, all of which were thwarted by an inspired Staffordshire keeper. It proved to be a frustrating day for the Blues as they were unable to find a breakthrough, eventually going down 2-1.

Putting that result behind them Johnson's men are now aiming to

capitalise on their recuperation time and pick up a result that the squad undoubtedly deserves.

The squad selected by Johnson (below) may be an early indicator of the direction he plans to take when selecting his Varsity line-up.

The attention of Cambridge now turns to Abbey Stadium on Friday April 30th, the showcase of the CUAFC calendar certain to attract a decent crowd. Any proud Cantabrians hoping to bask in the Blues' glory should visit the CUAFC website, or alternatively buy tickets at the gate.



Johnson's younger brother, Mark, is also likely to start next Friday

ROWING

Goldie fight back to claim victory on the Thames

The Cambridge second boat came from behind to take an unlikely win from Isis

ALI MCLAREN

On Saturday April 3rd 2010 Goldie, the Cambridge University Boat Club seconds, recorded a two length victory over Isis, their Oxford equivalents, doing their bit to help the Light Blues to a double victory. Setting off half an hour before their first boat counterparts, along the same course, their race was to follow a similar pattern to that of the Blues.

Having lost the toss, Goldie were placed into the disfavoured Middlesex station by Isis, but this was not to affect the crew, even though 60% of victories have come from the Surrey station due to the early advantage that it grants. From the start, Isis looked stronger, though rating at 42 strokes per minute compared to Goldie's 45, they reached the black buoy with a 1/3 of a length advantage having settled into a rating of 36, whilst Goldie were rating at 39. Both crews were warned as the race continued through the bend and into Fulham, with Isis stretching their advantage to half a length of clear water between the crews, an advantage that crews rarely lose. They then had an advantage of 2 seconds going under Hammersmith Bridge in a time of 6:43. Cox Liz Box steered her crew to tuck them in behind the Oxford crew as they passed St Paul's, and at that point OUBC would have been confident of



The crew celebrate their well earned win just after crossing the finish line

the victory.

But Goldie stayed with Isis, and as they passed Chiswick Eyot the crew heard the umpire beginning to warn them, a sign that they were back with the leaders, giving them real momentum, and their push down the Eyot began to pull in the tiring leaders, who appeared to have nothing left in the tank with which to respond. From Chiswick steps, as conditions started to change to a

headwind, Isis began to look ragged and Goldie had gained the lead by the bandstand. Pushing out their advantage to one length by Barnes Bridge, the crew must have started to sense that the comeback victory may be theirs as the losing crew at that point can rarely catch up.

As conditions flattened out, suiting the Cambridge rowing style over Oxford's, Goldie continued to pull for the line, rating at a strong 37, with a

tired Isis only being able to muster 35. By the time they crossed the line at Chiswick Bridge in a time of 18:03 they were six seconds ahead of Isis and the victory was soon being relayed to the Cambridge crew waiting to race.

This victory brings the overall scores to 29-17 to Goldie, breaking a two-year stranglehold that Isis had upon the race, and continued the trend that the second team boat that

wins their race predicts the winner of the boat race itself. Delighted number seven Moritz Schramm described the feeling of victory as "a blur" and said it took a long time for the victory to sink in. Hopefully the strength in depth that Cambridge have undoubtedly shown this year will give them the confidence they need to build a consistent winning streak.

Cambridge claim yet another win in this farmyard dash

Goat Racep29



Close fights culminate in a Cambridge boxing triumph

Boxingp30

SPORT

ROWING

Double First: Success on the Thames

Both the Blue and Goldie boat snatched silverware for the Light Blues on race day

RICHARD HEATHCOTE/GETTY IMAGES



The Blues celebrate in the Thames after fulfilling the winning tradition of throwing their cox in the river.

ALI MCLAREN

If you were not one of the thousands of spectators lining the banks of the Thames, or one of the millions of viewers watching on television, then you certainly missed out.

In one of the most exciting races in recent years, which stayed remarkably close for most of the lengthy course, the Cambridge University Boat Club won an impressive victory in the 156th Xchanging Boat Race.

Recording a time of 17 minutes 35 seconds over the four mile and 374 yard course, CUBC came from behind to heroically beat Oxford University Boat Club by 1 1/3 lengths, in the first victory for Cambridge since 2007. What makes the win even more impressive is the fact that Oxford were favourites with the bookies due to their impressive physical stature and wealth of experience.

Much like the Goldie-Isis race

beforehand, Oxford started powerfully with the favoured Surrey station, managing to push past Fulham FC's Craven Cottage pitch a quarter of a length ahead and at 35 strokes a minute, whilst Cambridge strongly hung on, stroking at a rate of 36.

As they came into Hammersmith, Oxford were up by six seats, looking calmer and in control as Cambridge dropped further behind, so that Oxford stroke Charlie Burkitt was level with Cambridge bowman Rob Weitemeyer. Oxford went under Hammersmith bridge ten seconds off the record time for the course, in six minutes and 30 seconds, looking as though they would make their Surrey station advantage count.

But Cambridge hung on, narrowing the margin of the Oxford lead as the Dark Blues called a push past large crowds lining the banks at Furnival Gardens. At Chiswick Eyot Cambridge began to rope in the

tiring Oxford crew, who had failed to take advantage of their early lead. With the Middlesex advantage coming ahead, cox Ted Randolph will no doubt have been telling his crew that they could go on to win this one, as the crews passed level at Chiswick Steps. Cambridge began to pull ahead from then on, never looking like they would relinquish their lead.

The Light Blues' boat, named the '800' in honour of the University's celebrated anniversary, were ahead coming into Barnes Bridge, a situation from which only two crews have gone on to lose.

This year proved no exception to the rule as Cambridge passed under half a length clear and continued to move onwards, Randolph moving level with Oxford bowman Ben Myers. The stroke rate was maintained at 36 to Oxford's 34, as the Oxonians lost further ground. Cambridge responded to Oxford's final push, maintaining their margin

of a length, before crossing the line 1 1/3 lengths ahead.

The Cambridge crew looked exuberant in their celebrations, having pulled off the big win after months of intensive training and physical determination, their undoubted pain numbed by the adrenaline of victory. Taking to the winner's podium, the team were awarded their trophy by Olympic rowing champion Sir Steve Redgrave, who was immediately doused in winner's champagne. The celebrations continued with the traditional practice of throwing the winning cox in the river. Reflecting on the race, CUBC President Deaglan McEachern stated, "it wasn't fun, but it was good!"

As well as a fantastic double victory for Cambridge, the result also stopped Oxford from gaining a hat trick, and ups Cambridge's total victories to 80 over Oxford's 75, making it undoubtedly a proud day for the Light Blues.

The Crews

Cambridge:

- Bow: Rob Weitemeyer
- 2: Fred Gill
- 3: Code Sternal
- 4: Peter McClland
- 5: George Nash
- 6: Deaglan McEachern
- 7: Derek Rasmussen
- Stroke: Henry Pelly
- Cox: Ted Randolph

Oxford:

- Bow: Ben Myers
- 2: Martin Walsh
- 3: Tyler Winklevoss
- 4: Cameron Winklevoss
- 5: Sjoerd Hamburger
- 6: Matt Evans
- 7: Simon Gawlick
- Stroke: Charlie Burkitt
- Cox: Adam Barhamand