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VARSITY

FRIDAY MAY 14TH 2010

THE INDEPENDENT STUDENT NEWSPAPER SINCE 1947

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Suicide Sunday faces police clampdown

Authorities to restrict 'irresponsible'
drinks offers

ELIZABETH BRIGGS

Cambridge end-of-term drinking parties are facing a potential police clampdown after a series of drunken incidents last year.

Cambridge police have issued direct warnings to organisers of undergraduate drinking societies and other student events that they could risk breaking the law.

The warning comes on the eve of the Cambridge May Ball and Garden Party season, including the infamous 'Suicide Sunday', the Sunday immediately following the end of Full Term, when a large number of drinking events are planned.

The warning also comes amidst increasing alarm over post-exam student behaviour.

At the 2008 Wyverns Garden Party, an event run by Magdalene's drinking society the Wyverns, a student was cautioned for assault after allegedly punching a fellow student on the nose.

This year, police and local businesses are working together to deal proactively with binge drinking and anti-social behaviour.

New licensing rules have been in effect since April 6th, restricting certain drinking games and "irresponsible" drink promotions.

In particular, the police are aiming to target offers which, in their words, promise "all you can drink for so many pounds, discounted student nights, drink four pints and get a fifth pint free, and so on."

The new restrictions also prohibit pouring alcohol directly into

a person's mouth, thereby banning the popular drinking game known as 'dentist's chair', a traditional fixture at Suicide Sunday events all over Cambridge.

Peter Sinclair, Cambridgeshire Police's Licensing Officer, cautioned students to be practice responsible drinking and keep their personal safety in mind.

According to PC Sinclair, "Clearly this is a time of celebration for students and the chance to let their hair down." However, he added that "they need to be mindful of dangers of excessive consumption and the harm that can result."

Student reactions to the new licensing rules were mixed. According to one member of the Cheerleaders' Drinking Society, "I can understand that it's really irritating for the local people, but at the same time we behave really well all year, and Suicide Sunday is the one day of the year when we drink as much as they do at other universities."

A Queens' second-year felt that students were being targeted unfairly. "It just seems like students are always being blamed," she said.

A Trinity student was more sympathetic to the new restrictions: "Students have a bizarre attitude to alcohol. I would drink a whole bottle of wine at formal, but I realise that that's excessive drinking, which is essentially a socially acceptable form of self-harm."

"What we drink and what the government recommends is so far apart, and the police and the NHS have to deal with the consequences of alcohol, which isn't fair on them."



CAMBRIDGE HUMANITARIAN CENTRE

Huppert elected as Cambridge MP

Baroness Shirley Williams, a founder of the Social Democratic Party and leader of the Liberal Democrats in the House of Lords from 2001 to 2004, joined Julian Huppert for a visit to the Cambridge Humanitarian Centre on April 29th. Baroness Williams and Huppert are pictured above with Ian Steed (*right*), manager of the centre. A week later, Huppert was elected MP for Cambridge, retaining the seat for the Lib Dems with 39.1 per cent of the vote. Conservative candidate Nick Hillman came in second with 25.6 per cent, pushing Labour's Daniel Zeichner into a close third place with a 24.3 per cent of the vote. Huppert greeted his victory by saying, "It's a very great honour to be given the chance to represent Cambridge at Westminster." OSCAR WILLIAMS-GRUT

6 Tabs in Cameron's cabinet

OSAMA SIDDIQUI

Six out of 22 of David Cameron's new cabinet members are Cambridge alumni.

Nick Clegg, the Deputy Prime Minister, read Social Anthropology at Robinson. During his time at Cambridge, Clegg reportedly acted alongside Helena Bonham Carter and Sam Mendes.

Clegg is also said to have been a member of the Cambridge University Conservative Association (CUCA).

Also involved with CUCA during his time here was Ken Clarke, the Justice Secretary, who served as chairman of the society. Clarke read Law at Gonville & Caius, and was also elected president of the Cambridge Union.

On the other end of the political spectrum was Vince Cable, who was president-elect of the Cambridge University Liberal Club. Cable, the Business Secretary, read Natural Sciences and Economics at Fitzwilliam.

Other Cambridge alumni on the cabinet include David Laws, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, who read Economics at King's, Andrew Mitchell, Secretary of International Development, who read History at Jesus, and Francis Maude, the Cabinet Office Minister, who was at Corpus Christi.

In contrast, ten cabinet members attended Oxford.

Commentp6
Underrated:
Gordon
Brown



Breast cancer could be genetic, say Cam scientists

CATHY BUEKER

A team of University of Cambridge scientists, led by Dr Douglas Easton, has discovered five new genetic factors associated with one's risk of developing breast cancer.

The study, which was published in the journal *Nature Genetics*, is the largest of its kind to date and was funded by Cancer Research UK.

By scanning the entire genetic makeup of approximately 4,000 British patients with a family history of breast cancer, then studying the DNA of a further 24,000 thousand women with and without the disease, the researchers were able to identify five locations associated with a greater likelihood of breast cancer history in close relatives and within a family.

This brings to eighteen the number of identified 'spots' of common genome variations linked to a higher breast cancer risk.

According to Dr Easton, "We know for sure that these gene variations

are associated with risk. It is not the whole picture but it will contribute ultimately to genetic profiling of risk. It also contributes to our understanding of why the disease develops and will lead to a better understanding of the biology of the disease."

Women with a distinct family history of this cancer already undergo early screening for tumours, and are also currently eligible for genetic tests if one of their close family members has or has had breast cancer.

However, the eighteen genetic variations, including the newly identified five, are not currently screened for, and are considered accountable for roughly eight percent of all breast cancer cases.

Members of the breast cancer research community hailed the discovery as an important breakthrough. "This research takes us a step closer to developing a powerful genetic test for the disease," said Dr Helen George, head of science information at Cancer Research UK.

45,500 new cases of breast cancer are diagnosed every year.

Murray Edwards is most hygienic College

Murray Edwards College has been awarded the Five Star rating for Food Hygiene in Cambridge City Council's annual Scores on the Door campaign. The College also received a Five Star ranking last year.

The Five Star rating is the highest possible, and is awarded on the basis of three criteria: hygiene, structure, and confidence in management. Murray Edwards attained the highest level in all three categories.

The rating comes at a time when Colleges are about to enter conference season. With no shortage of venues in Cambridge catering to weddings and conferences, ratings such as this can provide a welcome boost. The College website had already advertised the rating on its website.

According to one Murray Edwards student, "This is great news. I'm so proud of my College, and it makes me want to go hall even more."



Corpus manuscript library goes digital

The entirety of Corpus Christi's Parker Library of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts has been digitised and made available to the public online for the first time. The collection, which dates from the sixth century to the sixteenth, was compiled by Matthew Parker, the Archbishop of Canterbury between 1559 and 1575, an alumnus and Fellow of the College.

The website, which was built by the College in conjunction with the University Library and Stanford University, hosts 200,000 individual pages from the manuscripts and books.

The collection of some 550 manuscripts represents some of the most important Anglo-Saxon texts in the world, and includes the St Augustine Gospels from the sixth century, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, and writings by the Venerable Bede.

Parker Library on the Web was launched on April 27th at <http://parkerweb.stanford.edu>.

Sainsbury's set to close tomorrow until Thursday

Regular patrons of Sainsbury's might find themselves at a loss for food options when the store closes tomorrow for a five-day renovation. The Sidney Street location, which is a regular haunt for hungry students all over Cambridge, has been undergoing renovation for the last several weeks. The process now seems to have entered its final stretch, with a planned closing on Saturday May 15th. The store's new look will be unveiled on Thursday May 20th. Several students expressed alarm at the closing. One first-year lamented, "I don't know what I'm going to do for five days! I practically live on Sainsbury's."



Caius JCR inches towards hall reform

Fellows agree to meet with students after email campaign

CHARLOTTE RUNCIE

Students at Gonville and Caius have made a breakthrough this week in their campaign to secure reform of the College's deeply unpopular hall system.

After three days of a targeted email campaign to Fellows, the Master of Caius, Sir Christopher Hum, has agreed to set up a meeting between fellows and students specifically to discuss reform.

The meeting will be attended by senior College staff including the Senior Tutor and Senior Bursar, along with two members of Caius JCR.

Gaurav Vohra, Vice President of GCSU, will be one of those attending. He told *Varsity* that news of the meeting was "a huge step in the right direction. Until now, members of College staff have only agreed to see us on an individual and informal basis."

"Now we've shown that our message is clear: students want change."

90 emails were sent to tutors in the 36 hours between the campaign's launch on Monday and a tutors' meeting on Wednesday. The current system at Caius requires students to eat in hall for at least 43 nights per term at £6.40 each, buying tickets in

advance at the start of each term. Last term Caius students voted overwhelmingly in favour of proposals to ensure a reduction in the number of compulsory dinner tickets to 30 and the introduction of a kitchen fixed charge.

Students opposing the current system have claimed they waste money if they choose to dine elsewhere or are unable to attend hall because of unforeseen circumstances.

A survey carried out by Caius JCR

in Michaelmas Term 2009 found that only 31 per cent of students used all their tickets. Students on average waste £150 per year in missed meals.

GCSU is also concerned that the College oversells dinner tickets. In the form email sent to tutors and seen by *Varsity*, the JCR claims that the College sells 2850 tickets in total to students each year, which exceeds the capacity of Caius hall.

Caius Fellows were unavailable for comment last night.



Gonville and Caius hall

BILL COLLINS

TK Maxx moves into Borders' old shop

BEN RICHARDSON

The former location of Borders book store, 12 - 13 Market Street, is due to be occupied by TK Maxx, a discount retailer, in the coming months

The new, three-storey store will become one of the largest in the area, alongside such retailers as Marks & Spencer, Monsoon, and Fat Face.

Among students, there is both residual disappointment at the closing of Borders and excitement at the prospect of a cheap clothes retailer in the centre of the city.

According to Matt Russell, an English student, "although I enjoyed taking a copy of Sartre up to Starbucks for the afternoon, it's good that some less expensive shops are opening in central Cambridge."

A second-year History student was more disappointed at the prospect of reduced space for reading and lounging. "This just means that there is one less place in the town centre where you can hang out and read a book. It seems that there are already too many clothing stores."

He added, "I was sad to see Borders go."

Some, however, are apathetic: "Times change", says James

Buckley, an engineering student.

The site is unusual in offering a relatively large degree of floor space in such a desirable area, with TK Maxx providing what Tim Hance, Head of In-Town Retail, describes as a "lively addition to a busy trading area".

Barry Robinson, Vice-Chairman of Cambridge Retail and Commercial Association agrees: "Every empty shop is dead space so anything that fills that gap is good."

According to Property Magazine International, TK Maxx has taken on a 15-year lease on the location, and expects to pay £650,000 per annum in rent.

Known for its "no frills" policy, TK Maxx specialises in buying up designer clothing, before selling it on at considerably lower prices. Customers are attracted to its low prices and wide variety.

The store will be the retailer's second in the city, supplementing an existing store at the Beehive centre. The new location is expected to provide fifty new jobs.

Borders UK went into administration last year, after losses of over £25 million, largely due to out-competition from high street rival Waterstone's and online retailers such as Amazon.

Get involved

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

www.varsity.co.uk/jobs

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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Women's Campaign blasts Union 'sexism'

CUSU campaign withdraws from debate due to Union apathy

ANNA HERBER

The CUSU Women's Campaign has decided to withdraw from a public discussion on institutional sexism and the Cambridge Union, accusing the Union of failing to take the event seriously.

The two groups had co-organised the event in response to criticism of the Union's events programme, which has recently come under fire within the University and in the national press for offering pole-dancing lessons.

Both parties had worked together to organise a debate at the Union to discuss the issue. However, failures in communication within the Union led the Women's Campaign to lose confidence in the event.

In an open letter to the Union, CUSU Women's Officer Natalie Szarek said: "The CUSU Women's Campaign voted to hold the discussion in conjunction with the Union on the understanding that it was willing to critically examine and discuss ways in which it could improve.

"However, the way that the Union participated in the organisation of the event suggests that the Union is unwilling to engage with these issues." Szarek went on to criticize the Union's failure to advertise the event on Facebook as specifically addressing sexism within the



JESSICA LAMBERT

CUSU Women's Campaign claims that the Union has too many male speakers

institution, as the event was instead billed as a discussion on "women, sexism and society".

According to Szarek: "Despite being willing to address institutional sexism in wider society and in Cambridge University (through the vastly popular 'Is Cambridge University institutionally sexist' debate last academic year), the Union is unwilling to subject its own practices to such scrutiny."

When asked about these publicity failures, Union representatives denied that there was any intentional attempt to sideline the event.

Head of Press Alex Küng said: "As this was an ad hoc event it was not possible to publicise the event on the termcard, and with a large team of incredibly busy students during exam term it is common for phrasing of event descriptions to be inexact."

After the dissolution of the original event, the debate entitled 'Is the Cambridge Union institutionally sexist?' was instead held at King's College on Wednesday.

Events Officer Juan Zober de Francisco said, "There was a disappointing breakdown in communication between the Union and

the Women's Campaign. However, myself and others within the Union are very much in support of addressing this important issue, and most of us will be attending the new forum."

The Union was also encouraged by the discussion at the forum. Press Officer Rebecca Bailey said: "the Union has accepted that some things have to change. However, many grounds for constructive action were discussed, and we are looking forward to taking some proactive steps to tackle institutional sexism within the Union".

Dons refuse to change employment statute



OSAMA SIDDIQUI

A controversial proposal that would have changed employment and dismissal rules for academic and academic-related staff was rejected last week by Regent House.

Regent House, which is the self-governing body of the University's nearly 4,000 staff, voted last week to reject two ballot measures that were aimed at reforming Statute U, the set of guidelines that govern dismissal, disciplinary, and grievance procedures for University officers.

The main proposal was rejected

by a vote of 988 to 625. A secondary proposal, which would have introduced different employment rules for teaching and administrative staff, was rejected by a vote of 1,119 to 491.

According to current rules, which will now remain in place, 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.

If the new proposal had passed, University authorities would have only needed a single vote to approve

that redundancies were to be made. The list of positions to be cut would no longer have been voted upon.

Opponents, who had feared that the new proposals would have restricted academic freedom, expressed relief at rejection of the proposals.

According to Ross Anderson, Professor of Security Engineering, and a leading critic of the proposals, "It's a good job that Cambridge remains a self-governing community of scholars; we had the chance to vote down this damaging and foolish measure, and we did so."

Professor Anderson explained further that the changes were an attempt to deal with funding cuts that the University expects to face.

He said, "The strategic question is this: Over the next two to three years, we might see a 10-20 per cent reduction in our government funding. I suspect the administration was planning the lazy response – closing a few departments. By rejecting the statute U reforms, we've made that harder."

Professor Anderson believes that the University needs to employ creative solutions and cost-cutting to deal with the funding cuts, rather than rely on redundancies.

He explained, "We need to raise more money by getting better at winning research grants and

contracts and by offering more MPhil courses; we have to stop the growth in central administrative staff; and we need to kill the North-West Cambridge project."

On the other hand, Professor William Brown, Master of Darwin College and Montague Burton Professor of Industrial Relations, who led the committee charged with reviewing Statute U, expressed disappointment at the rejection of the proposals.

According to Professor Brown, "Naturally those who have been working on these reforms are disappointed by their rejection by Regent House. But, in such dire economic circumstances nationally, it isn't surprising that any change to the status quo might be perceived as a threat to job security, even though in this case it definitely was not."

Nevertheless, Professor Brown is optimistic that a mutually-satisfactory agreement would be possible in the future. "It does not mean the reforms are blocked," he said.

"There is a large area of agreement. Cambridge's uniquely clunky process of decision-making is a poor way of making subtle policy. I am confident that we can negotiate a very satisfactory package embodying the many uncontroversial elements which Regent House will find acceptable."

Cambridge Spies



Nights at Newnham

In these dizzying modern times we live in, the must-have accessory for any girl about town is a gay best friend. But one of Cambridge's wannabe Carrie Bradshaws may well be rethinking the titles 'best' and 'friend' after inviting her own Stanford to sleep on her bedroom floor. But she was woken in the dead of night by some very suspicious sounds... In the darkness she slowly began to make out her GBF engaged in relations with another young man - right on the very carpet she had offered so generously. Shocked by the unexpected pornographic spectacle, she quickly fled the scene. But on returning an hour later, our Carrie was bemused to find the pair still caught in the throes of passion - only this time, their chosen location for the horizontal conga was between the sheets of her very own bed. *Fabulous, darling!*

Gift of the Gob

One kindhearted young fresher from Queens' was feeling particularly philanthropic one night. Paying a late visit to a male friend, she offered him her body to enjoy as he pleased, hoping to be ravished 'til dawn. Unfortunately, he was less than thrilled at the proposal. Instead he took pity and offered a very 2010 coalition-style compromise: she could do something else if she really wanted - just as long as he could keep his eyes closed. The deal was sealed with a kiss... but not on the lips.

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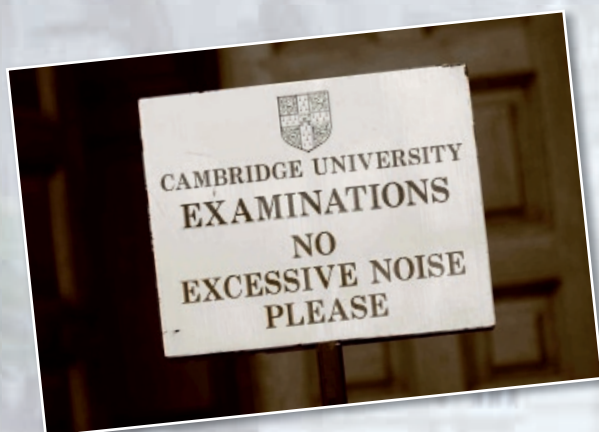
Life after exams

It can seem a little daunting to think about what's going to happen after you leave the familiar surroundings of the University, but panic not!

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Cantab.net

If you're graduating this year, don't forget to sign up for cantab.net, the University's alumni email service. You will soon lose your hermes email address, so make sure you can stay in touch with your friends and contacts, however often you change jobs, location or email addresses.



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Comment

“Brown’s real problem is the fact that he has been in charge of some spectacularly incompetent people.”

NATHAN BROOKER



JULIA RAMPEN

The case for Proportional Representation

Conversion to “the system that elected Hitler” would actually represent a nod to the long British tradition of electoral reform – and serve our diverse, modern nation well

Ever since the first televised debate, the hype about Nick Clegg had been growing. Real enthusiasm greeted him on the campaign trail, and even in America some of the journals were commenting on ‘Cleggism’. News flash: the Liberal Democrats were popular.

And indeed, in last week’s election, while Labour received 29 per cent of the vote, the Lib Dems came up close on 23 per cent. Yet, under our system of First Past the Post, Labour took over four times the amount of seats. The outside observer might venture that this was odd, unfair even. They might even suggest that electoral reform would be in order.

But no. Electoral reform, suggested Nile Gardiner in the *Telegraph* this week, is a “pernicious move that could end up destroying centuries of tradition and the very fabric of a great nation”. Gardiner’s verdict seems reserved next to that of Boris Johnson. Proportional Representation (PR) is “the system that elected Hitler”, according to the London mayor, who interestingly also insists that it would force out those “with any independence of spirit”. Even amongst the more

cool-headed members of the political establishment, no other issue has generated as many closed-door conferences in the last few days as that of Proportional Representation.

Gardiner touches upon a theme dear to the average British heart: tradition. But if our current voting system, where the winner takes all, is tradition, then so is electoral reform. The extension of the franchise, the introduction of a secret ballot, votes for women... you can take your pick. None of these reforms passed without opposition. None of these reforms have been regretted by posterity.

It is also important to remember that something old is not necessarily well thought out, or good.

Although we associate First Past the Post with a two-party system, the electoral system predated the latter by centuries. The parliaments that gave Henry VIII his Reformation and argued with

Charles I were made up of individuals, elected according to their local reputation and contacts. Only in the late seventeenth century, with the divide between the Whigs and, yes, the Tories, did the first glimmer of ‘party politics’ appear. An electoral system that makes perfect sense with regards to individuals is poorly designed for accommodating the party politics of the modern era.

The second contention commonly made about PR is that it lets in extremists. This argument is often followed by a reference to the Weimar Republic and 1930s Germany. OK, so we haven’t just been defeated in a world war; racial eugenics isn’t exactly popular, and we have an extremely long history of democracy. But you have been warned!

In fact, most working PR systems include safeguards against this kind of problem. A common innovation is to only allow representation to parties that win over five per cent of the vote: such a policy was key, for instance, to establishing stable government in Turkey.



PR also provides a timely mirror to our society. It forces us to confront the ugly voting traits as well as the beautiful – and to act accordingly. That any BNP

“Something old is not necessarily well thought out, or good.”

candidates became MEPs after the European elections last year is a national shame. Yet I would argue that the incident has had some productive consequences. It has taught mainstream parties not to take voters for granted. It has increased vigilance on the part of the anti-fascist majority. And it has highlighted how disenfranchised some people feel.

More important, however, are the unique strengths of PR. In a proportional system, there is no need to ‘vote tactically’, or mourn your quixotic ‘wasted’ vote: PR operates on the basis that people’s opinions count on a national as well as local

scale. This makes sense in a country like Britain, where the party system may be binary, but the society is not. Class divisions have blurred, regional and national cultures vary, and new forces, such as the Green movement, have emerged. Why, then, should we have to continue to vote unenthusiastically for parties we don’t like, just because we hate the other ones even more?

In the House of Commons, the benches face each other, ready for confrontation and the inevitable taunts of Prime Minister’s Questions. Step into the German Bundestag, or the youthful Scottish Parliament, and you will find something different. The seats form a semi-circle, prepared for dialogue. Yes, that might also involve some compromise, the delaying of some favourite scheme. But it could also result in policy that everyone can accept as legitimate. Under Proportional Representation, the number of politicians from each party corresponds with their share of the popular vote. And when politicians under PR do what normal people do in their every day lives, and work together, they are truly representing the nation.



KATE MASON

Putting the ‘College’ back in ‘collegiate’

Shouldn’t the University’s Colleges work in closer harmony?

this Mason girl? I must write in and recommend her a therapist.”

At times like these, you need an uplifting read. After you’ve finished *Varsity*, pick up a copy of the University of Cambridge prospectus and treat yourself to the single most ego-boosting experience you’ll enjoy this year. Even if you haven’t seen one recently, you must remember: the aura of self-confidence emitting from glossy pages riddled with glossy undergraduates; the clamourings of Selwyn or Emma to be recognised as ‘the friendly College’; the endless pictures of sun and/or snow and ducks. It’s enough to make you want to apply all over again.

Cambridge is built on competitiveness. Nowhere is this clearer than in the way the Colleges deal with one another. True, each

College has a host of alluring things to offer and an identity that makes it unique, but have you ever thought about the inefficiency of so many independent tribes jostling, Celt-like, for precedence?

Every College in Cambridge has its own Bursary, and each college is nominally run by a clan of (often) aged academics, with as many personal vendettas and unruly egos as might be expected of any middle-class clique. Not only is the efficacy of your supervisor often determined by which DoS gets on with whom, but your College is also in charge of how much your food is going to cost, and what facilities you are entitled to use.

If, like Pembroke, your College kitchen daily churns out delicious organic food at a reasonable price, then you’re probably not too bothered. But even Pembroke

could do this more cheaply. Economies of scale dictate that, were the Colleges to work together to order their food en masse, they could easily achieve better deals on food costs from their suppliers: savings they could then pass on to their students.

Similarly, while we still lack a University Sports Centre, the proper management of available College sports grounds is a necessity if both College and University teams are to be able to train. Yet, because each College stridently asserts its own independence rather than acting for the good of the University, University teams and those from other Colleges often have to pay vast sums for the privilege of using a particular College’s grounds. Such privileges can be withdrawn at the College’s whim. And think how many

College websites boast of their squash courts: Cambridge contains the greatest density of courts anywhere in the country – about forty-five. Only six are maintained to a decent standard.

This is not to say that I dislike the collegiate system itself. Rather, that infighting and general disregard for the University as an entity has led to institutional selfishness which short-changes Cambridge students. What the University should encourage is better relationships between College Bursars, and the pooling of general resources. For a model of such University spirit I refer you to Peterhouse: a College so community-minded that it regularly welcomes the University-wide Adonian Society to hold their dinners in its Hall. Match that, ‘friendly’ Selwyn.

We’re reaching that point in Exam Term when uncertainty really starts to take hold. When you discover that you only ever knew one thing about Milton after all, and you learnt that in sixth form. When the only look to be seen rocking is 90s Kate Moss: mad-eyed, unwashed and emaciated from meal-forgetting and nerves. (Incidentally – an aside: who are you, Peach Blazer, Perfect Eye Make-up UL Girl? Spending that much time getting dressed still? Surely you’ll fail?) When a treat involves running into town to grab more revision stationery. When reading this makes you think “Oh God, I’m not working hard enough,” instead of “Who is

VARSLITY

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Don't Cry 'Sexist!'

It is impossible to fault the intentions of the CUSU Women's Campaign. Its officers, fired up by decades of historical injustice and oppression of women, are passionate and committed to their cause. Nonetheless, their attacks on the Union Society for its supposed "institutional sexism" are misguided and, like so much activism, ultimately counter-productive.

Let us look at the facts. The Union has had a very impressive line-up of speakers over the last few terms, including female public figures such as Shami Chakrabati, Ulrika Jonsson and our own Vice-Chancellor, as well as the CUSU women's officer, Natalie Szarek. Nonetheless, the large majority of Union speakers are men, just as the last four Union presidents have been male. Women are clearly underrepresented at the Union.

However, to assume that the Union's gender imbalance is a result of sexism seems rash. Many of the society's key personnel are women, including the executive officer, secretary and director of publicity. Most recent presidents have been elected unopposed, and it is not the Union's fault that few women have put themselves forwards. Last term's debate on the question "Is Cambridge institutionally sexist?" shows that the society is willing to engage with feminist ideas.

There are many reasons for the lack of female speakers, but sexism seems unlikely to be one of them. Most of the Union's guests come from the worlds of journalism and politics, from whose higher echelons women are often absent; we may regret this inequality, but it is hardly the Union's fault. Besides, many Union speakers are themselves Cambridge alumni, and it is only in recent years that the University has educated equal numbers of men and women; this imbalance too is out of the society's control.

Yet the Women's Campaign wishes to dispute the Union Society's supposed sexism. It is to the society's credit that it agreed to debate the issue in a joint event, and perhaps understandable that the Union was not over-eager to promote an event in which it would be under attack. The Campaign's reaction to this supposed reluctance – pulling out and organising their own talk – seems calculated to promote not reasoned debate but the Women's Campaign itself.

Frankly, does all this even matter? The Union is not an official University body, it is a private society, and it is answerable only to its members; the Women's Campaign has no business interfering in its invitations policy. Surely they must have more important issues to address. Women are far less likely to get firsts than men, the faculties are very male-heavy and incidents of rape are unsettlingly frequent. Might not Ms Szarek's energies be better spent in tackling these ills, through initiatives such as the recent 'Reclaim the Night' event, than in directing unreasonable accusations at the Union?

Few Union members, male or female, will have considered that the society might be "institutionally sexist". The Women's Campaign will force them to do so; undoubtedly, nearly all will decide that it is not, and will curse that regressive institution for wasting their time and brainpower. Let us hear no more of this non-issue.



Letters to the Editor

In response to Magus Lynius Shadee's decision to set up an occult centre in Cambridge, you reported Father David Paul of St Laurence's Roman Catholic Church as having



expressed concern that "it will appeal to people who are in distress or are vulnerable. It really is a manipulation of people's fears and a complete fraud." This, I submit, is an admirably succinct summary of the function of his own Church.

Peter Yates
St Catharine's College

Whilst I find both sides of the debate over pole-dancing at the Union interesting, Jessica Jennings's recent Comment piece on the subject (April 23rd) was simply offensive. I plan on attending the classes yet am not, as her article suggested, a vacuous, impressionable bimbo who has been

brainwashed by society and therefore can't be trusted to make a responsible decision. I am happy to accept that some people are opposed to the classes, but I find Jessica's tactic of trying to invalidate any views antagonistic to hers by invoking the idea of misogynistic brainwashing highly objectionable. And I see no conflict between the Union having female-only classes and asserting their non-sexual nature: it is the avoidance of there being potential spectators that removes the sexual facet from the activity.

Chloe Mashiter
Pembroke College

Having examined in careful detail the crotch of your fashion page's poolside hunk, I was left disappointed. He was not parading Armani trunks, as was promised in the small print, but rather his lycra cladding was evidently from Adidas (as betrayed by the logo). This was not, I might mention, the only respect in which I found the subject of my examination to be lacking; however, since my second reason for complaint is rather a small one, I'll leave it be.

Name withheld

Katie Taylor writes very cogently on the need for nuclear disarmament (Comment, April 23rd). I believe that we do not need to have nuclear weapons and that the cost is too great – £100 billion over 25 years. I also believe that our moral authority to persuade other countries such as Iran not to develop such weapons is greater if we disarm ourselves. Otherwise we simply look hypocritical, arguing that we should be allowed weapons that others are not.

Julian Huppert
MP for Cambridge

Clarification:
The heading for Katie Taylor's Comment piece in the last issue of Varsity ('The election goes nuclear', April 23rd 2010) was misworded. It should have used the phrase 'multilateral disarmament' rather than 'unilateral disarmament'.

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

Underrated

Week 4: Gordon Brown



Like most great epics, Gordon Brown's closing address to the Party faithful at the Manchester conference flourished with a triumphant litany of past battles fought and won. The

minimum wage! Civil partnerships! Tripling overseas aid! "Come home," he crowed, "Come home to Labour." Ladies and gentlemen: the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* for our times.

Okay, hang on a minute. What about those huge shit-strewn pottyholes he managed to stumble his great leaden foot into time and again? Where were they? Where were the whole letter-writing debacle; the odd knife-in-the-back ousting plot; the massaged unemployment figures; the massaged defence budget figures; not to mention that minor beef he had with the economy? Erm, redacted?

So, what does it matter? Brown is toast. True, but what will the history books say? The heart-warmingly loyal Labour candidate

Manish Sood dubbed Brown "the worst Prime Minister we have had in this country" – which is a touch unfair, no? I predict historians will reveal that Brown's real problem has never been personal inadequacy. Rather, it is the fact that he has been in charge of some spectacularly incompetent people.

Consider, for instance, Bigot-gate: a charming vignette which involved the former PM meeting 66-year-old pensioner and life-long Labour supporter Gillian Duffy. Commander Gordon managed to be all nice and lop-sidedly smiley to her face and then called her a "bigoted woman" when he got back into his ministerial car.

So far, so Brown. But here's the rub: this wee story doesn't highlight what a terrible Prime

Minister Brown was (or wasn't); it highlights what an utter shower of dog shit the campaign architects managed to be. One, Sue (Nye), or whoever it was, *should never* have put Gordon in that position. And Two, who was it who failed to take Gordon's microphone off him before he got into the car? That is straight incompetence.

Similarly, if Gordon was a terrible PM, it's only because he fronted a terrible Cabinet.

Now, and this is where it gets serious: what part did Gordon play in the economic downturn? One might argue that any fiscal turds he found under the bed as PM he made for himself as Chancellor. Perhaps. But, then, perhaps – as William Rees-Mogg points out – Brown was not quite as good a Chancellor as

people thought? And perhaps he's not quite as bad a PM as people think either?

The crucial decisions that will cement Brown's legacy one way or the other will be the steps he took immediately after the markets hit the machine guns and razor wire. Paul Krugman of the *New York Times* certainly thought Brown did okay, hinting that the old PM might have "saved the world financial system".

Only time will tell how successful Brown's economic policy will be. If it turns out, as it just might, that he helped stem the global depression and led a fiscal approach that saved the world's banking infrastructure from ruin, then I think he might just be owed the odd, muted apology. Don't you? NATHAN BROOKER

Varsity Festival Guide

You'll never get a Glasto ticket, so don't even bother. Here are the summer festivals that Varsity writers are spending their student loans on. Time to break out the wellies.



PAUL SMITH

Latitude

>> Suffolk, 16-18 July

Big names: Belle and Sebastian, Vampire Weekend, Florence + The Machine, Grizzly Bear, Spoon

They dye the sheep different colours, there are poetry readings, and they put on Shakespearean plays in woods. In short, it's like a festival run by extremely genteel Cambridge students who spend a bit too much time at Jesus Lane. Also, they give out the *Guardian* every morning. Heaven if you can get past your sense of middle-class guilt. *£155 weekend camping*

Known for: Families who shop at Waitrose, a general pervasive atmosphere of civilised tweeness (see: Belle and Sebastian).

Do say: "Hurry, Simon Armitage is on in five minutes!"

Don't say: "Aren't those chemicals bad for sheep?"



Secret Garden Party

>> Cambridgeshire, 22-25 July

Big names: Gorillaz Sound System, Mercury Rev, Marina & The Diamonds, Mano de Dios

SGP isn't so much a music festival as a drugs-and-booze-fuelled party that culminates in the burning of a massive sculpture in the middle of a lake. The *Guardian* recently described SGP as having an "artistic temperament", which is journalistic shorthand for "everybody is on drugs and dressed like an escapee from an asylum". Not for the faint of heart, but it does reward the adventurous. *£142 weekend camping*

Known for: Hippies, freakish art installations, and people who go to festivals for "the atmosphere". You know what we mean.

Do say: "This morph suit is an expression of my inner artist. So is me not wearing an underwear."

Don't say: "So, when are Black Eyed Peas on?"

Green Man

>> Wales, 20-22 August

Big names: Billy Bragg, Doves, Flaming Lips, Beirut, Joanna Newsom

If you find Latitude is a little too well-mannered and SGP too anarchic, Green Man might just be your ideal compromise. It's ethically-conscious but not to the point of smugness and it consistently hauls in quality left-field talent and promising up-and-comers. This year, look out for Darwin Deez, Efterklang and Girls. *£104 student camping*

Known for: Freaky folksters and people who insist on buying records on vinyl because "the sound quality is sooo much better".

Do say: "Joanna Newsom is my ideal woman."

Don't say: "I prefer Lady Gaga."

Creamfields

>> Cheshire, 28-29 August

Big names: David Guetta, Deadmau5, Tiestö, Paul van Dyke

Creamfields has become a world-wide festival brand, with outposts in everywhere from Poland to Argentina. Its original British incarnation is half an hour from Liverpool and has exclusive festival performances by bigwigs like Guetta and van Dyke. If you enjoy all dance music all the time, and appreciate a rough and ready crowd that's up for raving till the sun comes up, this one is for you. *£100 weekend camping, £59 day*

Known for: Fluoro Kanye West sunglasses, sweaty dance tents, people who can't afford Ibiza

Do say: "Do you have any poppers?"

Don't say:

"Do you have any earplugs?"



Reading & Leeds

>> 27-29 August

Big names: Arcade Fire, Weezer, Guns N' Roses, Pendulum

Most people popped their festival cherry at either one of these summer behemoths. Then they mature and realise that getting pissed on Carling at 2 in the afternoon and listening to Lostprophets is a terrible way to spend a hundred quid. However, this year Reading and Leeds have magically engineered Libertines and Blink 182 reunions – it's enough to make anybody's inner teenybopper shed a tear. *£75 day ticket*

Known for: Spontaneous rioting, underage drinking, tent-burning on an epic scale and big crowd-pleasing headliners.

Do say: "I just finished my GCSEs!"

Don't say: "I've just finished my degree!"

Bestival

>> Isle of Wight, 9-12 September

Big names: The Prodigy, The xx, Chic, Dizzee Rascal, Roxy Music, Fever Ray, Jónsi (of Sigur Ros)

The final party of the summer kicks off with the theme of 'fantasy'. Isle of Wight Festival may have scored The Strokes and Jay-Z, but Bestival has probably the more diverse line-up. By this, we mean that Bestival actually attracts bands that don't entirely comprise of skinny white boys with guitars, and rapping onstage won't necessarily result in bottle abuse. So Dizzee should feel safe. *£150 weekend camping*

Known for: Extravagant costumes, fairground rides, a delightful lack of market stalls selling fluorescent legwarmers

Do say: "I'm dressed as an abstract representation of the solar system!"

Don't say: "I think fancy dress is a bit lame, really."

Non-camping

For those allergic to mud

Hop Farm (Kent, 2-3 July)

How much earnest acoustic guitar-based music can you take? Find out in this camping-optional festival that promises to take music festivals back to basics. Folk the world! *£65 weekend ticket*

Big names: Van Morrison, Bob Dylan, Ray Davies, Laura Marling

Lovebox (London, 16-18 July)

Impressive line-up that with big names and up-and-comers like Joy Orbison, as well as DJ sets from legendary London club nights like Trailer Trash. *£99 weekend, £45 day ticket*

Big names: Grace Jones, Empire of the Sun, Hot Chip, Crookers

Field Day (London, 31 July)

Victoria Park in Hackney turns into a village fête for East London hipsters, complete with ironic morris dancing events. If you wear your jeans skinny and your shirts plaid, you will probably enjoy this festival. *£40 day ticket*

Big names: Phoenix, Caibou, Silver Apples, The Fall, Simian Mobile Disco, Lightspeed Champion

1234 Shoreditch (London, 24 July)

Do you think Field Day was so 2 years ago and has, like, totally sold out (Last.fm as a sponsor – UGH)? 1234 Shoreditch is for you. We don't know most of the bands, but that's okay, because we hear they'll be totally big next year. Good after-parties, though. *£15 adv. ticket*

Big names: These New Puritans, Dum Dum Girls, Wavves, Comaneci



Stuck for a ticket? Try this

Alternative eBay

Punters who can't be bothered with exorbitant eBay fees will be trying their luck on sites like Gumtree and Scarlet Mist. If you're going to go down this route, make sure you get sellers to forward you their ticket confirmation email as verification. *gumtree.com, scarletmist.com*

Facebook

It never hurts to advertise for a ticket on your FB status. A Varsity section editor managed to get a ticket to see Radiohead play Reading from a RAG blind date. Sometimes charity does pay.

Break in

Smaller festivals like SGP tend to have lax security and won't check wristbands for entry into the main arena. If you're a dab hand at May Ball break-ins and can get into the camping site, you're home free.

Work

Who said manual labour was dead? Sign up fast, because the best shifts go quick. *oxfam.org.uk/stewards, hotboxevents.com, festivalvolunteer.com, workersbeer.co.uk, festaff.co.uk, stuartsecurity.co.uk*

Turn up on the day

Ignore the touts and make a beeline for the youngest, most miserable-looking punters with hand-drawn signs. Their friends have probably ditched them, leaving them with a spare ticket. You can also take advantage of their youthful naivete and bully them into selling cheap. ZING TSJENG



All mens' shirts, bowties and cravats from a selection at T.M.Lewin in the Grand Arcade.

Photography: Katy King

Creative Assistants:
Caedmon Tunstall-Behrens & Tobias Vernon

With thanks to Lara, Laurie, Laura, Alice, Phoebe, Caedmon, Tobias, Joe, Avantika, Charlie, Zing, Tristan, Lucas, Julien, Lizzie & Hugo



The Zeitgeist Tape

The fortnight's entertainment water-cooler gossip, digested for your pleasure



Perhaps the highlight of the BBC's coverage of last Thursday's election night was Andrew Neil's sporadic reports back from their celebrity boat party, a cavalcade of drunken celebs and verbal histrionics. In between Jeremy Vine playing Wii Election and some prime live telly – Paxman pulling his exasperated face through a failed live link-up with David Miliband – the lively Neil popped up with a selection of inebriated guests (the calibre of their celeb status and the timing of their appearance were in inverse ratio), asking for comments on the unfurling election situation. Now, Zeitgeist Tape would be the first to jump to defend the much-criticised BBC, though this was, admittedly, a mixture of the ridiculous and the ridiculous.

Our first dispatch from the glitzy pirate ship of screen time-filler saw Neil on deck with a respectable backdrop of Westminster: "I'm going to be talking to an eclectic mix of opinion-formers and celebrities," he explained, "and maybe, just maybe," pointing his finger at the camera in a move just short of a cheeky wink and a knee slap, "a few surprises." Was one of those surprises just how diabolically naff the 'Ship of Fools' (so named by the internet's very own opinion-formers) would be, Andrew? He may as well have cut the formalities and gone for something a little more fitting. "Ahoy election night mateys, an' welcome aboard Auntie Beeb's ship o' inane punditry!" would have fit the bill nicely. First up was Joan Collins. She eagerly eyed up the camera and

pouted as if *Dynasty* was still on primetime. With a face like cling-film stretched over yesterday's roast, and a smile like a PG Tips monkey, it wasn't long before Collins produced some humdingers of quotes. Why do you like David Cameron, Joan? "I think he's very serious but he has a sense of humour." Well, gee, we really hadn't thought of that. Do go on. "I think he's going to be very good for the family, which, for me is very important." The same David Cameron, Miss Collins, who is planning to skimp on child tax credits? Hmm, perhaps someone a little more informed could guide us through the election muddle. Surely only one man can stand up to the mark; yes, step forward Bruce Forsyth. Undoubtedly winner of the night's Most Vapid Comment

award, Brucey could barely wait for his turn. "Well, I'm uncomfortable, Andrew," he began. Here we go, a concise witticism from one of Britain's most beloved broadcasters? Or a golden memory from way back when, perhaps? Guess again... "because I never have my back to the audience!" Forsyth promptly turns around to a bewildered gaggle, only to get a whimpering response to his 'nice to see you...' catchphrase, but the moment is given a beautiful pathos by Ben Kingsley touching Forsyth's arm as if to say "now's not the time for that Bruce." Then comes the clincher: a question. What did Bruce make of the exit poll? "Well, I thought..." Panic, panic, what did he think? "I thought it was, as you said, high, and I think anything could happen." Phew, side-stepped it with

the ol' non-response. If only Neil had asked "can you express your feelings about the election in the form of a tap-dance?" then Brucey could have offered some true enlightenment. Had Henry Conway held his 'Elect Me!' party a night earlier, the BBC could have at least saved some money on ship rental costs. Plus, that way we'd get some astute, incisive analysis of quantitative easing from Britain's leading foppish-offspring-of-disgraced-Tory-MP-dressed-as-Maggie-Thatcher. And let's face it, if that's not a good, relevant interview, then what the hell is? LAURIE TUFFREY

Full archives of 'Victoria Beale: Self-Help' and 'The Zeitgeist Tape' are online at varsity.co.uk/features now.

HOT

GINGERS
The Soulless Ones are headlining festivals (Florence + the Machine for Latitude), time-travelling with the Doctor (Karen Gillen), and being shot in the head in M.I.A. videos. Welcome to the age of the ginger.

THERMOS FLASK
Do you like your library time to be hot and steamy? Then buy a Thermos flask. All of the caffeine with minimal outlay.

KNOWYOURMEME.COM
Can't tell a roflcopter from your lollerskates? Don't know what monorail cat is? Know Your Meme will explain all of the Internets for you. You win!

IRON MAN 2
Just scored the fifth biggest opening weekend in American history. Best line in the film? "Congratulations, you have created a new element."

JOHN LEWIS ADVERT
Lifestyle porn for the aspiring middle-class. That's all we have to say.

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Over the Rainbow: ALW in a throne staring at teenage girls in gingham dresses as they sing about the Yellow Brick Road. Suspicious.

JOHN TERRY'S INJURED FOOT
First Beckham's Achilles, then Gareth's ankle, then Wayne's groin, and now

this? We are already doomed.

REVISION JEALOUSY
"How's work?" "God, I've only done seven hours. I'm so screwed!" We hate people like you.

HUNG PARLIAMENT
Used to be interesting, now it is infuriating. Shall we address you Cleggeron, or Camerlegg?

NOT



My week by Lord Byron's Statue*

Friday
Today was much like every other day for the past hundred and fifty years since I was cast in stone and placed in the Wren Library. I watched in dismay as an array of Trinitarians filed in, fondling highlighters, caressing staplers and moaning about their exams. Dismal! What sorry fools. I spent the week before my finals at Newmarket Racecourse gambling away the money I made from pawning the college silver. When it came to the exam, I wrote an Ode to the Granta, got dragged out by debt collectors, but was still awarded a first for sheer bravado.

Monday
That afternoon, I overheard some simian in a rugby shirt recounting to his friend his activities on 'Caesarean Sunday'. Apparently, he had sex with his girlfriend's sister. "Banter", his friend replied. "Banter?" I ask. Absolute hogwash. When I was a buck, I bedded my own sister. Repeatedly. That, my friends, is 'banter'.
Tuesday
The most frustrating aspect of being cast in stone is the sculptor gets to decide your pose for you. Anyone who knew Byron when alive knew I always sat so to best show off my preposterously large appendage. To draw a modern comparison, it was somewhere between a beer can and a Pringles tube. Enormous! Large enough to scare away even Venice's most obliging concubines.
But I have for posterity been memorialised with a shawl drawn over my crotch so that passers by can appreciate the man, but not the legend. Damn shame. If I lived today I would have been a boaty. The sight of me in lycra would have been terrifying.
Wednesday
"See him, that's Lord Byron. He

kept a bear in his room," some pimply dweeb related to his equally unprepossessing friend. "Yes I did keep a bear in my room!" I wanted to shout back. "And it was an absolute bloody disaster. You know the saying 'Do bears shit in the woods?' well the answer is yes, and they also shit in your room. So until you have spent a year clearing up an unholy mound of bear shit each morning, I'd prefer it if you students stopped dining out on my whims!"
But I could not, as I am made out of stone.
Thursday
After 27 Red Bull-soaked hours in the library, a delirious student overcome by the sheer pressure turned to me and implored "Lord Byron, what would you do?"
Due to my state of stone, I could not reply. But, if my enquirer is reading now, here is your answer. Ignore your exams, rack up colossal debts, father half a dozen illegitimate children, get chased from Britain for sexual deviance (sodomy, since you ask), and die leading a revolutionary war. And write a couple of poems along the way.
* As told to Rob Peal



Week 1: Machiavellian Revision

Justice - 'Stress'
What do you do when your tightly-planned revision schedule stalls? Easy. Instil fear in your rivals: their stress is your means of success.

Malcolm Middleton - 'We're All Going to Die'
When you casually drop into conversation that you've been working 20 hour days, your mates' faces fall. They obviously haven't heard of Cambridge Fit Finder.

The Smiths - 'Girl Afraid'
Your feigned plaintive sighs in the UL reading room have a contagious effect. The girl beside you is visibly shaking and tearing out clumps of hair.

The National - 'Brainy'
Storming out of revision lectures early, muttering "I so knew all that already," you've become an academic force to be reckoned with.

Clap Yours Hands - 'The Skin of My Yellow Country Teeth'
10pm. Your five day batch of exams starts tomorrow. Yikes. OMG. The UL's closed. AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHH.

Come Together



Some would say that hours of revision make your sex drive pack up and leave, but stress relief, library love, and FitFinder mean these tests do not have to be testing.

Happiness is rarely a sweat-stained desk in the library, piled high with four books deboned for quotations and half a timed essay. Exam term is not perceived to be hot. But it should be. There's nothing like the frustration of hours of research, pent-up stress and competitive little glances between the faculty bookshelves. Abandon the timed essay; shove the books aside. That sweat does not need to be from your palms.

The big sexual proof for this is FitFinder, which is not a new lard-buster for the clinically obese, but the best procrastination device since Zuckerberg decided he needed to get some. This is the way to organise your liaisons. Dark-haired geek with the Ramones T-shirt, meet in the UL tea room in 5. Sex in the North Wing in 10. Those nooks are nicely dark. And most people don't know how to work the lights.

A lot of your fortune in exam term depends upon your work place of choice. Library tour. Mix things up. There is not a dark corner to be had in the Law library. Glass is not your friend. College libraries are incestuous highlighter-heavens, and there will always be one confused and pitiful being contemplating suicide by biro at 7am. The UL really is your finest option. The wings are quiet. The shelves are a very healthy height. And, bent over a wooden desk in one of the fronts, there are some very pleasant views to be had. If things from behind are flagging.

Public locations do not need to be promoted for the thrill of the catch alone. Frustration explodes in the strangest ways. You spend two terms living next to a quiet fresher who apologises profusely for playing Snow Patrol past 10pm. You are lying in bed, basking in the glory of

an early night. Thump. Newnham is not the only college with thin walls. Don't keep people awake in the next few weeks. The indignation that even LoserFresher is getting some just adds insult to sleep-deprivation injury. Besides – silent sex is a unique and experimental art, if you have the ego for it.

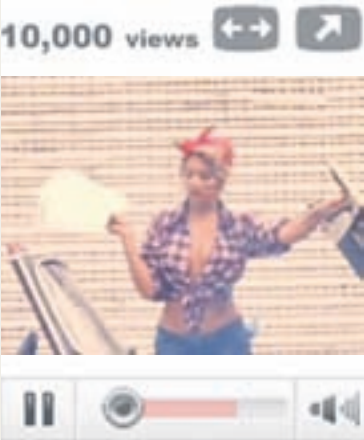
This is the term when there's no such thing as being used: when everybody is happily using somebody else. Your boyfriend is too tired and your girlfriend is crying over Cicero. It is not cheating. It is relief, as vital as caffeine and Ryman's stationery. This is the term when conversation is vastly overrated, and it is the term when happiness is fleeting at best. An old *Cherwell* survey found a small but significant correlation between an active sex life and a good degree. Do yourself a favour.



Our Tube

SEARCH:

Beyoncé+don't+love+me



Beyoncé is looking retro and gorgeous in this new video which moots the implausible idea that the beautiful and loaded singer is suffering from unrequited love. Shame about the song.

BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

Remember the time when everybody sneered at Matt Smith? Too young and inexperienced to be the Doctor, they said. Face like a root vegetable carved out of granite. Those were the days. Now your girlfriend is a bit in love with him, he's dating underwear model Daisy Lowe, and sales of Topman bow ties have shot up by 94%. Apparently owning a sonic screwdriver just isn't enough for some people.

It was always going to be difficult to pull off post-Tennant *Doctor Who* – Tennant, after all, was voted the best Doctor ever. Smith acquits himself well, but sometimes still falls prey to certain Tennant-ish affectations, like the hyperactive need to explain everything in one gulp of breath. He plays the mad, adolescent eccentric better than Tennant did, possibly because at 27, he's a far better embodiment of those traits than a 34-year-old in Converse trainers. There's something a little bit arch and removed about this Doctor: he gets overexcited about fish fingers and custard in the pilot, but seems relatively unfazed by condemning an entire race to extinction in

Vampires of Venice. If Tennant was on the verge of euthanizing a giant space whale, as Smith does in *The Beast Below*, you would have seen the pain and anger written all over his face in neon capital letters. Smith underplays it. Or maybe that's because he doesn't have any eyebrows. It's difficult to tell, but at least it's different. At times, Tennant's 'I'm The Last Of My Kind, With Great Power Comes Great Responsibility' schtick grated – here, the writers seem keener on downplaying it.

Instead, we get the mysterious cracks in space that are slightly ponderously set up to be a major plot device, and the new Companion's crush on the Doctor. It's written for laughs rather than angst, and Amy Pond declaring that she "really wasn't suggesting anything long term" as she pins the Doctor up against the wall is a welcome relief after the weighty are-they-aren't-they drama between Rose Tyler and the Doctor. Karen Gillen is ballsy, forward and charming enough, but it's likely her fixation on the Doctor at the expense of her adorably dorky fiancée might wear thin after a while. *Doctor Who* is at its best solving mysteries and fighting off terrible monsters, which is why episodes like *Flesh and Stone* (featuring the terrifying Weeping Angels) work so well. Any pathos that does come out of the series emerges as a by-product of a rollicking good alien-fighting time, and the writers would probably do well to remember that.

ZING TSJENG

Food and Drink

Rosie Corner offers a historical sweep to advise diligent workers on how to eat in adversity



Monkey meat. Would it feel like cannibalism?

As I am sure you are all now aware, Sainsbury's is about to close for four days. Scenes of starving students and bread riots in the Market Square are already being predicted, but fear not. People throughout the ages have learnt to manage, even to prosper, on the most limited resources.

Take the Siege of Paris. In 1870 the people of Paris barricaded themselves against the Germans, and as the supplies of fresh meat dwindled, Dobbins started to look like mighty fine eating. Before long everything from equine consommé to horsey charcuterie could be found the finest restaurants of the world's gastronomic hub. However, even the meatiest Percheron won't sustain Paris's population indefinitely. By mid-winter cats, dogs and rats joined the bill of fare, and once the municipal zoo was breached, no antelope, elephant or kangaroo was safe. Interestingly, the monkey-house remained out of bounds, since such articulate and intelligent animals were considered too akin to humans.

It is often the meals that we take in times of hardship that have the most profound effects on food memory. In the case of prison inmates on death row, food serves to reawaken precise memories

and offer catharsis and a sense of peace. The slightly sickening but also morbidly addictive website deadmaneating.com catalogues final meals of convicted criminals before they face the chair. On 26 June 2007 for example, John Washington ordered "four fried pork chops, collard greens with boiled okra and 'boiling meat', fried corn, fried fatback, fried green tomatoes, cornbread, lemonade, one pint of strawberry ice cream and three glazed donuts." Such a request for a final blow-out provides is a voyeuristically intriguing personal history of a Georgia-born boy who took a wrong turn.

Now, I'm not suggesting that sitting exams is like facing the charge for homicide, but one could potentially draw some parallels. My advice is simple: keep eating (but not in the library, you'll get caught), balance your intake of all the food groups (i.e. if you're going to have a life-affirming ice-cream sundae for lunch, try and have some pasta pesto during your ten-minute dinner break) and reward every half-hour of revision with a raw mushroom dipped in hummus. Those sun-filled hours spent sipping G&Ts in freshly mowed meadows are almost in sight. ROSIE CORNER

Recipe: On the Go...

Is the 80-hour week starting to burn? Fear not, for if anything is going to get you through, it's the *Varsity* ludicrously cheap no-cook, no-cutlery pick-me-up picnic.

You will need:

1 x tub of Sainsbury's Basics Smoked Fish Paté (I never though I'd say this, but with a dash of pepper it's actually highly appealing)
Jacob's Cream Crackers (like a flaky, creamy hug in a packet)
Fenland celery (local, leafy, takes a long time to eat, thus extending your lunch break exponentially)
1 x Philadelphia mini tub (for dipping your celery in.

Omnomnom.)
1 x Funsized banana (tiny fruit: highly unethical but strangely endearing)
1 x small packet of raisins (Sun Maid are particularly good- if you do go crazy through overwork you can always talk to the buxom grape harvester on the packet)
1 x Sainsbury's Basics Chocolate Mousse (I wonder if my plugging these will produce the same level of rioting as the Delia-Waitrose-rhubarb fiasco?)
4 x Ladies' fingers (to eat your mousse with; alternatively just coat a spoon with sugar)
1 x can of Relentless, 3 x Pro-Plus and 1 tsp of ground coffee. (You're set.)

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Easter Term. Two nightmare-inducing words that strike fear into the hearts of even the most stoic among us and transform the Cam into a swirling whirlpool of blood. Well, not really, but I do hear Christ's is on suicide watch. So, in preparation, you've all presumably taken drastic but responsible steps towards total lockdown. You've said a tearful goodbye to Cindies, grudgingly acknowledged the dusty, cobwebbed pile of books on your desk and blocked Facebook. And student theatre will soon curl up and hibernate until May Week – even more of an excuse, then, to catch the last of it this week.

The Odd Couple continues at the ADC: in brief, two completely different women (one a slob, the other mildly obsessive-compulsive) are forced to share a house and hilarity ensues. Yes, you've heard it before, but some gentle, light comedy might be just what the doctor ordered. And it's produced by the intriguingly-named John Lewis Drama Group – there might be free lipstick or pepper grinders. Or at least a discount voucher.

If instead it takes comedy as black as the clouds on the horizon to convince the extra-dedicated among you to leave your prime position in the library – next to the window, close enough to the coffee machine and far enough away from the guy sobbing in the corner – try *Entertaining Mr Sloane* at the Corpus Playroom.

Finally, if our beloved institution's recent successes over the enemy haven't filled you with quite enough team spirit, watch doppelgänger jazz orchestras CUJO and OUJO scat to the death at the ADC on Friday in the one-off *Varsity Big Band Battle*. Or if you're really intent on musical procrastination, I've heard rumours of a *Sing-Along-A-Sound-Of-Music* evening at the Corn Exchange. Good lord.

Take an evening off. You can leave the prison for two hours. And those black clouds? Not so intimidating. Not so apocalyptic. And, most importantly, due to break on the glorious morn of May Week. See you on the other side. LYDIA ONYETT

Hitchcock Blonde

ADC THEATRE
★★★★★

Ladies and gents, I'm sorry to do this, but I'm going to have to say something about *Hitchcock Blonde*, the ADC's latest production, that I never thought I'd say about anything or to anyone ever.

Here it is: I'm not angry that this play wasn't as good as I expected. I'm disappointed. Very disappointed. Much as I tried to leave my expectations at the auditorium door, the hype generated by a fortnight's worth of publicity packed with images of sexy blondes, hacked celluloid and nonchalantly half-finished drinks generated a tidal wave of excitement that, from the play's opening scenes, swiftly turned into nothing more than a small and rather underwhelming puddle of awkward lines and people gratuitously getting their tits out.

To be fair, though I'm unimpressed with the play as a whole, it did have some redeeming features. The mysterious film reel, whose plot is being unravelled throughout the play, is beautifully evocative of Hitchcock's work and contains some gorgeously arranged stills, which frankly I could have happily watched instead of the action on stage. That's not to say that all of the roles were badly put together: Simon Haines's performance as Alex, a semiotics professor in a mid-life crisis, was compellingly and brilliantly natural amongst a crowd of shrieking stereotypes. In fact, he looked like



MICHELLE PHILLIPS

a normal person who'd somehow wandered into the midst of a Hitchcock-based panto, complete with its very own desperate, self-importantly garrulous blonde and a whining, self-pitying media student who's out to 'find herself'. There was even a part when said student talked about herself as though she were two girls – the normal one and the off-the-rails one she was afraid Alex might not be able to love. Oh per-lease.

However, after sitting through an hour of this, what really began to grate was the way that characters constantly sustained two entirely different conversations at once. It was funny for all of about five seconds of any given scene. After this, my patience began to wear thin as the play became increasingly dull and disjointed. Hitchcock himself (Will Seaward)

was the guiltiest culprit, drivelling on about Dover sole, after about ten frustrating minutes of which, if anyone had so much as

“I’m disappointed. Very disappointed.”

mentioned fish to me again, my first reflex would either have been to weep uncontrollably or simply to punch them in the face. Matters were not helped along by the way that, in an attempt to inject some interest, some of the characters had nude scenes that I still cannot justify as having any coherence in

the context of the play as a whole, especially after Hitchcock's more interesting musings on how to capture nudity without showing someone explicitly naked.

It was the play's ending that disappointed me most. Long before it had properly finished, it felt as though it was drawing to a quiet and unassuming close, in which Hitchcock and Alex have an implausible conversation about his obsession with blondes, cut with whiny student's thoughts on life after the breakdown of her relationship with Alex. Short of beaming Hitchcock up off the stage, there was no way such an anti-climactic ending could be saved. The reason I'm so disappointed is that *Hitchcock Blonde* wasn't an entirely bad play: it's just that it could have been so much better. AUGUSTINA DIAS

Three long years have passed since I last saw a musical – *Lord of the Rings*, to be precise. It was a disconcertingly inspired choice of my mother's, who was, at the time, rather smitten with the idea of nimble-footed, top-B-belting Orcs. Yet the other night I ventured into the Cambridge Arts Theatre in search of more uplifting musical matter, and – despite the initial predictability of the lone, trilby-wearing figure on stage as we filed into the auditorium – this version of *Guys and Dolls* impressed.

It was a pleasure to see the original script's humour and dynamism take centre stage, yet the characters' deeper emotional complexities were far from neglected. Adelaide's (Jenni Maitland) claim that the absence of an anniversary present from her fiancé of fourteen years doesn't bother her because it “makes her feel like she's married” was the best example: it not only garnered a deserved laugh, but nicely straddled the line between comedy and poignancy. This speech gathered momentum with a self-diagnosed psychosomatic

Guys and Dolls

ARTS THEATRE
★★★★★

illness attributed directly to her unmarried status – delivered with a frustratingly catchy song – but also with the complete fabrication of five children, so desperate is she for a sequin-free world of “wallpaper and bookends”. Maitland's brilliantly played disheartened showgirl, by turns saccharine and vulnerable, is at the continual mercy of her “cheap bum” fiancé Nathan Detroit, played with a convincing swagger, yet a refreshing splash of self-doubt.

The most enjoyable scenes, however, involve the tambourine-toting ‘Save a Soul’ missionaries, whose eldest member in full regalia has more than a touch of Captain Birdseye about him. The mission's church forms the brilliantly incongruous setting for the exuberant, gospel-inspired ‘Sit Down You're Rockin' The Boat’, for which the choreography, unlike other rather hat-reliant routines, was witty and captivating. The brassy bliss of Loesser's eternally infectious score was well and truly honoured: Orcs ain't got nothing on these guys and dolls. HAXIE MEYERS-BELKIN

Funny story: my dad chose to cement his marriage proposal to my mum with a production of Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane*. Last night, I finally saw the method in his madness. In this excellent production the eponymous hero, an enigmatic young thug, exerts his hypnotic influence over both Kath, his sexually voracious yet mothering landlady, and her brother Ed, a besuited (and remarkably hirsute) manager battling his homosexual demons.

Orton's kitchen sink realism demands versatile, powerful acting and this is precisely where director George Johnston's interpretation thrives. The exceptionally talented Eleanor Hardy plays Kath with intelligent tones of pathos and cunning; the mock-modesty with which she takes up her knitting while wearing a nipple-flaunting nightdress and insisting that her new lodger call her ‘mama’ hints brilliantly at some sort of inverted Oedipus complex. As Mr Sloane, Stephen Bailey's cock-sure swagger convinced, but the psychological complexity this character requires

Entertaining Mr Sloane

CORPUS PLAYROOM
★★★★★

was sometimes absent, with a perplexing grimace filling the void. Oliver Marsh, however, perfectly manifested his character's struggle to control his sexual desires. His back-lit explosions of spittle in an impassioned rant in the second act were a spectacle, although his baffling choice incorrectly to conjugate verbs such as “you says” and “I kicks you” jarred with his otherwise cut-glass RP delivery.

Spot-on comic timing did justice to the plethora of wonderful double-entendres at the actors' disposal, deployed by Marsh with a suitable amount of lascivious hand-wringing, as did the inspired soundtrack that included that wilfully misheard and ever-amusing Hendrix lyric “Excuse me while I kiss the sky.” The true star of the show, however, was Mr Sloane's wardrobe, comprising a leather ensemble worthy of the Village People, and a dangerously thinning pair of white pants. All in all, the perfect play to conclude a marriage proposal delivered in a battered Toyota on the Seven Sisters Road, I'm sure you'll agree. HAXIE MEYERS-BELKIN

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ CHLORINE GREEN ★★★★★ DISHWATER BLONDE ★★★★★ CHEAP HIGHLIGHTS ★★★★★ PEROXIDE POWER ★★★★★ BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Two

ADC BAR

★★★★★

I must say, the blurb for *Two* made me pretty sceptical. There are two actors, fourteen roles, and it all takes place in the (relatively cramped) ADC bar. The words ‘weird’ and ‘avant-garde’ sprang to mind. I was expecting lots of shrieking and deep, meaningful lighting changes; perhaps some nonsensical but self-pitying drivel about the futility of life, after which I would be advantageously situated near enough to the bar to drown the sorrows of a wasted hour in white wine and Maltesers.

In fact, I was very pleasantly surprised. *Two*, a play by Jim Cartwright (of *Little Voice* fame) is funny, endearing and tragic in equal measure. It centres on a small Northern pub and the comings and goings of its regulars, all of whom are in some kind of dysfunctional yet inextricable relationship. What makes it all the more impressive is that only two actors, the eye-wateringly talented and versatile Oliver Soden and Lowri Amies are playing not only all the regulars, but also the owners, whom the play returns

to and focuses on in light of every other failed couple who wander in and out of the pub.

If *Two* had but one fault, it was its slow start. It was as though the actors were surprised at how stereotypically Northern they could be. You know what I mean: the landlord a middle-aged, oblivious husband shuffles in to the bar whilst his wife, realising she too could be from Yorkshire, irascibly waved a pint-glass in his face. Thankfully, down to what can

only be an improvement in direction, the following couples felt less stilted and the play’s overall oop-North-ness was far more subtle.

In *Two*’s defence, all of the other characters were crafted with a huge amount of attention to detail, and displayed superb comic timing. You also find, over the course of the play, that you end up picking your favourite couples, the ones that made you laugh out loud the most, or even cry. I loved the hapless

MICHELLE PHILLIPS



MICHELLE PHILLIPS

Steel Magnolias was originally a film starring

everyone ever famous in the 1980s. On my arrival, the auditorium was half full, and consisted primarily of women who looked like they’d probably remember Julia Roberts’ birth, let alone her role in the film – a fact that did nothing to allay my pre-show trepidation. Not that the older lady cannot be discerning, but the primary audience demographic suggested *Steel Magnolias* was going to be stuck in its dated mould. More fool me.

As Dolly Parton began to ring out over the speakers, and the curtain revealed a pink-and-cream beauty parlour complete with sashaying owner and pink sweatered employee, I confess I began to worry for the few men in the audience. The dialogue was fast, funny and frivolous, and the Louisiana accents were credible, but the play still took some getting used to. By the end of the first act, however I wanted to be friends with these women – hell, I even wanted their

Steel Magnolias

ADC THEATRE

★★★★★

hairstyles. Yet to leave it at such a shallow evaluation would be

wrong: these women can act.

Initial stereotypes expanded hugely as the play progressed, resulting in some of the best performances I’ve seen in Cambridge. The development of the relationship between Truvy (Hannah Blaikie) and her assistant (Alice Wainwright) was entirely believable. Jess Labhart as Clairee was both funny and caustic during her exchanges with Liane Grant, who showed impeccable comic timing as Ouiser. It was the relationship between Shelby (Charlotte Reid) and her mother M’Lynn (Phoebe Haines) that drew us closest to the characters – their beautifully pitched exchanges and Haines’ final speech were, quite honestly, perfect.

Gush over. This play is admittedly something of a chick flick, but most boys will probably, very secretly, enjoy it. See it – and wear waterproof mascara.

KIRAN MILLWOOD HARGRAVE

The Red Shoes

HOMERTON AUDITORIUM

★★★★★

Let’s engage in a tiny thought experiment. Imagine

you’ve stumbled upon the oldest, dustiest corner of the library, and from the top shelf you pluck the oldest, dustiest book. You open its tattered shell to find that the pictures inside are dancing; one agitated tableau after another. The moving marionettes make you smile, and like a Victorian music-box it’s somehow daintily mesmerising.

Imaginatively staged and brilliantly conceived, *The Red Shoes* looked and felt exactly like this; as though it were sketched upon crusting, brown paper. I’m not saying it was jaded or conventional – the cross-dresser at the piano would beg to differ – in fact, it artfully married nostalgia and innovation. Moments of stand-alone narrative were cleverly woven into a fast-paced overarching plot, which meant that moments of high emotional temperature were often abruptly dissolved in a burst of mirth or bathos: when the painful

and forced dancing of our red-hoofed protagonist is interrupted by

a quick tango with an elderly, near-blind woman, for example.

The story is essentially a redemptive one, based upon temptation, desire, and being careful of what you wish for. Of course, if what you wish for happens to be a simple pair of red tap shoes my suggestion would be to raise your sights a little. Hans Christian Andersen, on the other hand, issues a more sinister warning: you may soon find yourself dancing until you “are just skin and bones”, and nothing but “entrails”.

This may seem less than charming, but perhaps my description does little justice to the vivid tangibility of the production. Perhaps you have to see it to understand, and urge you to see it I would. You require more cajoling? Then I remind you that entry is free, and that Homerton isn’t that far away, honestly.

RHYS JONES



Outgoing



The Year at a Glance

All aboard flight ADC (Destination: Theatre) for a whistle-stop run-down of 2009-2010, beginning with three tours. CAST opened the year with a fun, solid production of Shakespeare’s mediocre *Two Gentleman of Verona*; Footlights offered a tourshow that had some nice moments but too few laughs; and ETG gave a *Dream* which was visually spectacular but lacked depth.

The Footlights’ *Spring Revue*, another big establishment production, was an innovative attempt to solve the structural problem of the mainshow sketchshow slot, but was also, like a Wagner opera or a Footlights Panto, overly long and thereby diluted its truly excellent moments with uncontrolled, samey quarter-of-an-hours.

Next stop, musicals. CUMTS’ *Wizard of Oz* was blighted by a poorly-chosen divaish director whose Big Concept resulted in incommunicable rubbish that nearly undermined some good performances and some inspired Munchkins; CUADC’s *Annie Get Your Gun* was paper-thin, but fun, with strong performances and stronger choreography.

The highlights of the journey, however, are non-establishment: the well-deserved opportunities for actresses and the stunning end sequence of *The House of Bernarda Alba*; the glorious silliness of *Armageddapocalypse*; excellent script, staging and acting in *The Blue Room*; opportunities, energy and accomplishment in *The 24-Hour Plays*; Josh Higgott’s very, very strong performance in *Skylight*; and, finally, the charming loveliness of *The Story of a Great Lady* (Tamara Astor onstage is an irresistible force of nature).

Gripe of the year? Scripts. A poor script is like a plane with passengers but no wings. But, of course, what also makes for crap theatre is the inevitable uninventive, unengaged re-hashing of a GCSE set-text ‘classic’. So this coming year, give us good plays that people are passionate about, labours of love. And I won’t care if the plane doesn’t fly, as long as the passengers flap their arms like Tamara Astor.

SIMON HAINES

Listings

Pick of the Term

The Beethoven Ensemble

TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL, MAY 29TH 20.00 (£3/8/12)

One of Cambridge's finest orchestras returns for its final concert of the year with an evening of "folk song, dance and merriment". They will be playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto and Sibelius' Third Symphony. Tickets are only £3 for students. This is a ruddy bargain.



Film

Out now

Robin Hood

My name is Robin of Loxley, commander in the crusader armies, loyal servant to the true king Richard the Lionheart, and I will have my forest, in this life or the next. We're hoping for a *Gladiator*, it'll probably be a *Kingdom of Heaven*.

Friday May 21st StreetDance 3D

**Pick
of the
term
Film**

In order to win the 'Street Dance Championships', a dance crew have to learn ballet.

Britain's Got Talent hits the big screen in this treasure trove of a film: N-Dubz do the soundtrack, Diversity and Flawless star, music by Cheryl Cole, and did we mention it's 3D?

Friday May 28th Tooth Fairy

The Rock implausibly teams up with Stephen Merchant (of Ricky Gervais fame) to make a bid for the worst film of all time. Minor League Hockey player becomes a tooth fairy after he robs a dollar from his girlfriend's daughter. Tagline: "The Tooth Hurts".

Sex and the City 2

After 94 episodes, 6 seasons, and 1 film, the HBO franchise which just won't die takes an oh-so-typical sojourn to Abu Dhabi. It was going to be filmed on location until authorities realised 'sex in the city' is precisely what they don't like. Filming took place in Morocco.

Prince of Persia: Sands of Time

Based on a video game, Jake Gyllenhaal plays a Persian street urchin in Disney's follow up to *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Gyllenhaal becomes heir to the throne, but has to rescue the Sands of Time (which control time) from Ben Kingsley's preposterously evil nobleman.

Friday July 2nd Shrek Forever After

Cunning, smooth-talking sneak Rumpelstiltskin tricks Shrek into entering an alternative version of Far Far Away. Donkey is a cart puller who has never met Shrek, Puss in Boots is fat and lazy, and Fiona can't stand Shrek. Did we mention it's 3D?

Music & Nightlife

Today

Mr Hudson

JUNCTION, 19.00 (£12.50)

You know him. He had a song about taking over, being a supernova, etc. He was friends with Kanye West. He was on *Buzzcocks*. YOU KNOW. Anyway, no unaccompanied under-14s allowed, so at least it won't be full of paedos.

Kettle's Yard Lunchtime Concert

KETTLE'S YARD, 13.10 (FREE)

Talented undergrads Jo Songi, Kate Whitley and Matt Fletcher perform music by Janacek, Messiaen and Britten. Musos don't like being told that their music is 'relaxing' – nonetheless, this sounds pretty relaxing.

Monday May 17th Dinosaur Jr

JUNCTION, 19.00 (£18)

For obvious reasons, Nirvana won't be playing in Cambridge any time soon; but you CAN go and see one of their most influential forerunners, Dinosaur Jr, somewhat legendary 80s grunge pioneers. Unfortunately, your decision may be affected by their delusion that they can still justify charging £18 for a ticket.

Thursday 10th June Blondie

CORN EXCHANGE, 19.30 (£35)

**Pick
of the
term
Music**

This band, on the other hand, can charge as much as they like for tickets. Because they're BLONDIE. The perfect lead-in to May Week, surely: one of the greatest bands of the 70s, playing "a combination of new music from their upcoming album and classic hits". You can go and get a drink during those new bits.

Every Tuesday TCMS Evening Recitals

TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL, 22.00 (FREE)

Trinity College Music Society presents a series of recitals at night to help us all escape from the horrifying reality of existence. Trinity's finest musicians are performing a variety of music, from jazz to romantic German songs (this is not an oxymoron).

Theatre

The Odd Couple

ADC THEATRE, FRI & SAT 19.45 (£7/10)

Is that the sound of the ADC barrel being scraped? The protagonists' names alone (Florence and Olive, now you ask) might put you off. But give it a chance – it'll probably beat revision.

Entertaining Mr Sloane

CORPUS PLAYROOM, FRI & SAT 19.30 (£5/6)

Joe Orton overload? This time Pembroke Players give the heavyweight playwright a go: this one centres on a con man, a landlady and a rather brutal-sounding murder. Intriguing. Check out the trailer at <http://tiny.cc/pndl3>

Varsity Big Band Battle

ADC THEATRE, FRI 23.00 (£5/6)

University Challenge, the Boat Race, the Goat Race...

No pressure on our jazz orchestra to beat the loathed enemy, then. Perhaps they'll use their trombones as weapons?

English Touring Opera

ARTS THEATRE, MAY 26TH-29TH 19.30 (£15-35)

A rare chance to catch three stellar operas: *Don Pasquale*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The programme promises "A Season of Happy Endings" – sounds like the perfect exam-stress antidote.

Witness for the Prosecution

ARTS THEATRE, MAY 31ST-JUNE 5TH 17.45 (£10-27)

For those of you wanting an easier problem to solve than that mind-boggling maths question, try an evening of Agatha Christie. Good kitsch fun.

Chess

ADC THEATRE, JUNE 1ST-5TH (£7/10)

The ADC plays host to a more thought-provoking musical, centring on the love-lives of two professional chess players. And if that's not enough, it was composed by those hairy guys from ABBA.

Arts

Today

Museums at Night

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, 18.00-20.30 (FREE)

**Pick
of the
term
Arts**

Part of a national initiative, this is a unique chance to wander round the Fitz at night, see Maggie Hambling's new exhibition (*below*) and take part in a variety of nautical-themed activities. The cafe's open too (sigh) but it should be a wonderfully civilised evening out.

Ongoing Exhibitions

Sculpture Promenade 2010

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM LAWNS, UNTIL OCTOBER 25TH (FREE)

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.

Agnes Martin

KETTLE'S YARD, UNTIL JULY 11TH (FREE)

Agnes Martin is the sort of artist who says things like "My interest is in experience that is wordless and silent, and in the fact that this experience can be expressed for me in art which is also wordless and silent." Nonetheless, her paintings are rather nice and colourful. Go for a genial revision break.



Maggie Hambling: The Wave

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNTIL AUGUST 8TH (FREE)

Grouchy artist Maggie Hambling (*above*) unveils a series of paintings based on the North Sea. They were inspired by the Suffolk coast, so might be a lazy alternative to visiting said coast. For a lazy alternative to visiting this exhibition, there's a video about it on the Fitz website.

Talks & Events

Wednesday May 19th

The world of espionage: the Cambridge connection

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, 17.30 (FREE/£3)

Peter Martland is giving a talk to link in with the current UL exhibition, 'Under Covers: Documenting Spies'. Given the notorious links between Cambridge alumni and the Secret Service, this should be both enlightening and entertaining. The talk is free for students.

Objects of History

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, 18.00 (£8/10)

Neil MacGregor, Director of the British Museum, delivers a special lecture on the role of physical objects

in understanding history. The talk is part of the ongoing 'History of the World in 100 Objects' project. Despite the hefty entrance fee, this is an unmissable opportunity to hear the views of one of Britain's most prominent public intellectuals.

Friday May 21st Devil's Advocate: The Fashion Industry Has Been Bad for Feminism

JUDGE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 19.30 (FREE)

The last in a series of Radio 4 programmes, presented by David Aaronovitch, in which public figures must argue positions which they do not hold. For free tickets to the recording at the business school, e-mail info@whistledown.net.

Monday May 24th 37th Cambridge Beer Festival

JESUS GREEN, MON: 17.30-22.30 (£3.50); TUES-FRI 12.00-15.00 (FREE) & 17.30-22.30 (£3.50); SAT 12.00-22.30 (£2.50)

For a less cerebral but equally edifying experience, head to Jesus Green for the latest CAMRA beer festival. An unbeatable selection of refreshing beverages and bearded middle-aged men.

Tuesday June 8th Innovation in India: A Threat to the West

CLARE HALL, 18.00 (FREE)

Professor Jaideep Prabhu, Jawaharlal Nehru Professor at the Judge Business School, talks as part of Clare Hall's India Week. Even if you have no interest in the world's future, there's a reception afterwards. Something for everyone, then.

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FOOTBALL

Blues lose Varsity Match on penalties

ED THORNTON



The Cambridge team just after losing the penalty shoot-out

	CAMBRIDGE	1
	OXFORD	1

JAMIE MORGAN-EVANS

Changing the location of the 126th Varsity Football Match from Craven Cottage to Cambridge United's Abbey Stadium may have returned the teams to the home city of modern association football, but it was Oxford who left victorious as their goalkeeper, Bahamian international Dwayne Whyly, saved miraculously from Mark Baxter's penalty in a shoot-out which had looked inevitable.

Springing horizontally to tip the penalty – destined for the top corner – onto the inside of the left hand post, Whyly's minor touch proved decisive in a game seldom blessed with creativity and stifled by major hype.

Ceremonious sporting occasions

often promise impressive performances but both teams failed to display their known quality throughout. As hundreds of Cambridge supporters arrived late to outnumber the mediocre support from Oxford they may have regretted missing one of Cambridge's better chances in the game, which saw centre-back Dan Gwynther striking over after 10 minutes.

Gwynther was one of few players who acclimatised to the jittery environment as the Cambridge midfield struggled to overcome Oxford's strong positional plan. Obstinate and compact, Oxford withstood increasing pressure from lofted passes into their box as Cambridge's midfielders looked to the sky in frustration.

Oxford's defensive intentions mirrored their attacking threat. Piling their 'big men' into the box at every possible opportunity resulted in tame headers bouncing wide. Despite their physical prowess, the Dark Blues were harmless and only a long throw proved troubling

after it pinballed its way to the goal line before being scrambled away by right back Michael Johnson, later substituted after sustaining an unfortunate injury. His replacement Chris Peacock wasted no time introducing himself to the final with enlivening ferocity.

Goalkeeper Stuart Ferguson was reduced to a kicking game but his clearance on the half hour was flicked on by striker Hylands for the rapid Matt Stock whose pace and trickery put Oxford left-back Squires in a trance, conceding a reckless penalty. Baxter made no mistake, sliding it past the keeper.

The crowd were ecstatic for at least a minute as hesitant chants reflected the diffident performance. Only after a couple of good saves from each keeper could both teams rethink their approach for the second half, which proved more eventful.

James Kelly, Oxford's technically gifted left midfielder, provided the outstanding moment with a twenty-five yard free kick flying beyond the

helpless Ferguson into the bottom-left-hand corner in the 88th minute.

From open-play Oxford threatened to equalise throughout the half, de Walden looping a thirty yard effort over the bar replicating the landing place of his previous headed attempt. As Oxford loosened their stranglehold on the game in search of the leveller, it was clear that more space for Cambridge's impressive Matt Stock would follow.

With overdue passes to his feet and with time to turn, Stock threatened to put the game beyond Oxford setting up Paul Hartley to strike a long range effort into the gloves of Whyly and forcing an opportunity for James Day who headed wide.

The energised Stock stood out as, after 75 minutes, players dropped simultaneously to the ground to stretchtiringlegs. Introducing Jamie Rutt and Danny Kerrigan to ease the strain, Cambridge tormented Oxford for a second goal. Kerrigan soon felt the brunt of two horrendous hacks from Oxford for which Premier League referee Lee Mason

issued the only yellow card of the game, though he denied Cambridge another penalty for the first of the two challenges.

However, Mason judged a wearisome push into the back of Oxford's striker, Alex Biggs, worthy of the free kick which Kelly dispatched emphatically. The quality of the goal was unarguable, in contrast to the disfigured performance from both teams. Bettering Kelly's technique was beyond even Stock's set-play ability as he dipped a free kick narrowly over the bar during extra time.

Ending the affair in live play was not to be as the final Oxford corner landed innocently on the top of the Cambridge net. If Cambridge appeared the more deserving they were left praising the hands of the Oxford goalkeeper who produced the finest moment of creativity in the game to accompany five faultless Oxford penalties.



Head to varsityTV.co.uk for full highlights of this year's Varsity Match.