

# ~ DAILY ~ VARSITY

TUESDAY

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## 'Vikings' return from war



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Celebration of troops' homecoming goes ahead despite station bomb scare and court arson attack

RICHARD MOORE

Against the backdrop of a steel-grey sky, a chill wind, cheering crowds and the ringing bells of Great St Mary's Church, the city of Cambridge played host yesterday to the homecoming march of the Royal Anglian Regiment, nicknamed the 'Vikings', which has recently returned to Britain after a six-month tour of duty in Afghanistan.

Two hundred soldiers from the Regiment marched through Cambridge yesterday evening, accompanied by a military band, exercising the Regiment's honorary freedom of the city. The march, which aims to celebrate the link between the Royal Anglian

Regiment and the city of Cambridge, was led by the Regiment's D Company, which recruits from Cambridgeshire. The procession of soldiers began at Shire Hall at 6pm, before continuing through the city centre towards King's Parade.

The commanding officer of the Regiment's 1st Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel James Woodham, described the public presence of the streets of Cambridge as "just extraordinary." "It means so much to myself and my soldiers," said Lieutenant Colonel Woodham. "It's very difficult not to smirk."

A salute was taken in front of King's College by dignitaries including the mayor of Cambridge, Councillor Sheila Stuart, University Vice-Chancellor Alison

Richard, and Prince Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Anglian Regiment. Afterwards, a civic reception was held for the returning soldiers in the Guildhall.

After inspecting the troops with the mayor of Cambridge, the Duke paid tribute to the Regiment's work in Helmand province, saying that they had "left Helmand a safer and more secure place."

As well as fighting insurgents, the Royal Anglian Regiment has spent the last six months in Afghanistan supporting the local government, and training the Afghan army and police force.

The Regiment's soldiers were "tough when required," said the Duke, "but compassionate towards

the Afghan people."

Although the British Armed Forces did not always receive the support which they deserved, the Duke continued, this was not the case in Cambridge.

The Duke also paid tribute to Lance Corporal Scott Hardy, Private James Grigg, Captain Martin Driver, Private Robert Hayes and Lance Corporal Adam Drane, five soldiers from the Regiment who did not return from Afghanistan.

He acknowledged that the Regiment had made many sacrifices in its commitment to the Afghan mission, including those made by the many more soldiers who were injured whilst carrying out their duties.

Only a handful of anti-war

protesters appeared at the march, carrying placards supporting a withdrawal of all British troops from Afghanistan. Lieutenant Colonel Woodham claimed not even to have noticed the demonstrators, saying that the support from the people of Cambridge was much more in evidence: "I think these sort of occasions bring the best out of society. All of my soldiers were just awestruck."

His appreciation of the public's support was echoed by Lance Corporal Hugh Murphy. "It's good to know your work's appreciated", he said, adding that the feeling amongst the troops was that the protesters had a right to their opinion, and that it did not diminish the happiness of returning home.

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Jessica King on why shopping is ruining her degree



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Trinity, Jesus and Clare May Balls reviewed inside



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Love's Labours Lost in Selwyn College Gardens

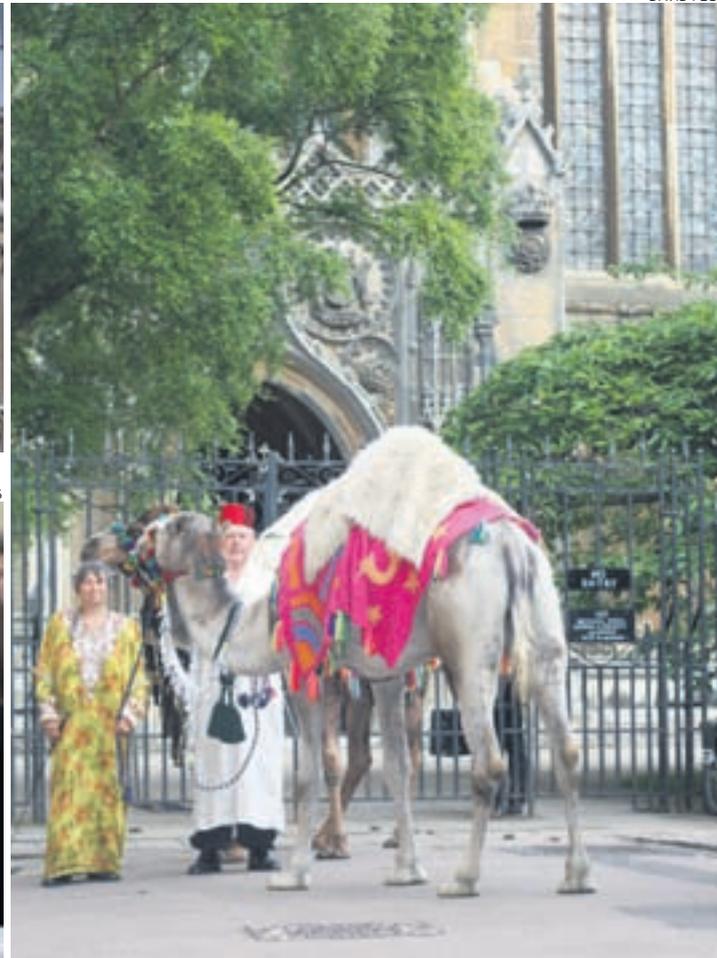
Got a good picture? Email it to editor@varsity.co.uk

VARSIITY PHOTOS

DAVID PEGG



Anti-war protesters in response to the homecoming march



Soldiers chatting outside King's

VARSIITY PHOTOS

MICHAEL DERRINGER



Guests drink champagne outside Trinity May Ball

MICHAEL DERRINGER



The headline act at Jesus: Mr Hudson

DAVID PEGG



An army trombonist at the Anglian Regiment homecoming march



Guests looking eager outside Clare. Must be the camels

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# VARSIITY

## onpaper



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Last night was the big three: Trinity, Jesus and Clare. Find out what our reporters made of them from the heart of the action.



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### Reviewsp13

Our reviewer is simply mad about the Sculpture Promenade at the Fitzwilliam Museum.



### Sportp16

Cricket Cuppers is all over. All the ins and outs of Jesus' triumph can be found on our back page.

## online



### Secret Diary of a Ballcrasher

Where Feste and Touchstone are in trouble... again.



### Soundtrack to a British Summer

Alastiar Beddow says we should forget iPods this summer and grab a good, old fashioned radio.

## onTV



### Hughes' Hall Ball

We unleashed Lauren Cooney in Hughes' Hall May Ball. She went on a ferris wheel.



### VarsiTV archives

The complete VarsiTV archives are available online. Missed the Cindies Stories finale?

# Controlled blasts at station on parade day

Protesters and arson attacks fail to dampen the spirits of army supporters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

"The food," said Lance Corporal Murphy, 20, when *Varsity* asked what he missed most about Britain whilst away on duty. "The rations are all right, but if you're eating the same thing day after day, [you start to think], 'same again'".

Lance Corporal Murphy believes that the role of British troops is generally appreciated by the Afghan population. "There was quite a lot of resistance where we were. But after we managed to quell the resistance, the town was transformed. We set up schools, mosques, and the people really appreciated what we'd done."

The return of the troops was overshadowed by a bomb scare and an attempted arson attack elsewhere in the city. A controlled explosion was carried out on a vehicle at Cambridge railway station, while an arson attack disrupted proceedings at Cambridge County Court.

It is not yet known whether the attacks were linked to the timing of the parade.

Passengers were held inside the station and trains were prevented from arriving while officers carried out three controlled explosions. Access to East Road was restricted by police.

*Varsity* writer Jessica Jennings was at the scene. She said: "The police are not saying anything other than that it's a bomb disposal



Anti-war protestors were present to object to the deployment of troops in Iraq and Afghanistan

operation. There have been three explosions."

A witness described how the police started cordoning off an area around a car at 12.30pm. At 2pm, they evacuated passengers to the platform, and shortly afterwards a robot was used to remove the doors from the vehicle.

Arrivals into the station resumed at around 2.45pm, but passengers were kept inside for some time afterwards. "Cambridge station was closed shortly before 14.30 hours today, Monday 14 June, whilst

Cambridgeshire Police were dealing with a suspect vehicle," a statement issued by the British Transport Police said. "A controlled explosion has been carried out." The station was fully reopened shortly before 4pm.

The bomb scare was linked to an arson attack at Cambridge County Court in East Road earlier in the day. Emergency services were called to the court at about noon to deal with a fire in a room on the second floor of the three-storey building.

Overall, though, the homecoming

march was a cheerful occasion, both for the soldiers of the Royal Anglian Regiment and for residents of Cambridge.

The printed placards being held in the anti-war protesters' enclosure looked undersized compared with the huge home-made banners being waved enthusiastically by cheering supporters on the other side of King's Parade. These bore a simple message: "Welcome Home".

Additional reporting by Helen Mackreath and Charlotte Runcie.

## News in Brief

### Union Election mix-up

Due to a fault in the election system, Union members failed to receive emails containing links to enable them to vote online in the elections for the 2011 Committee.

Members were supposed to receive their links by email at 8 o'clock this morning, but the emails only reached some people later on in the day.

Paper balloting at the union was extended until 9pm in order to rectify the error.

The candidates were happy with the solution that was arrived at by the Union Elections Committee.

### Competition for Uni places toughens

Public sector cuts mean that 200,000 students face being turned away from university this year.

It has emerged that demand for degree courses is already up by almost 15 per cent nationally, at a time when almost three-quarters of British universities are cutting or freezing places.

David Willetts, the Universities Minister, has admitted that there is "not the capacity to meet the surge in demand," despite having pledged an extra 100,000 places.

Competition will be extremely tough for places this year as universities prepare to tighten their entry criteria to deal with the surge in demand.

### Ox Watch

Oxford University Student Union has branded Oxford University's welfare provision 'unacceptable'.

Three of OUSU's six sabbatical officers have claimed some colleges have "confusing, exhausting and humiliating" welfare practices.

There are also claims that colleges have been illegally sharing information on individual cases of mental health with students' parents and friends.

# Future of Mr Asbo the Swan is uncertain



Mr Asbo has been causing problems for rowers in recent months. Swans can be aggressive when defending their young

ANNA HERBER

The presence of a notoriously aggressive swan known locally as 'Mr Asbo' has ignited tension on the River Cam between local boaters and Cambridge rowers.

The swan has previously attacked rowers, and the Conservators of the River Cam are seeking permission from Natural England to relocate the swan after first writing to the Queen.

The police are also looking into an allegation of common assault after the swan's staunchest defender Bob Middleton fought with rowers practising for the Cambridge University Bumps.

Middleton had cordoned off a 15 ft square area of the river to keep the swans safe during the crew's practice. However, after cygnets were hit during the crew's training session, Middleton manoeuvred his £300,000 barge to obstruct the rowers.

Police were then called to the scene of the altercation near the Plough Pub in Fen Ditton, where Middleton claims he was pushed into the river by Cambridge University rowers. The Cambridge University Combined Boat Club (CUCBC) spokeswoman confirmed there had been a "dispute."

Bill Key, president of the Cambridgeshire Rowing Association has asked the Conservators to "remove the offending bird."

Steve Austin, boat-owner and Fen Ditton resident, who witnessed the incident, said, "He was lucky not to be killed as his propeller was still working."

Austin also expressed anger with the river authority's attempts to remove the swan. "They are going to have this meeting but why don't they ask the people of Fen Ditton? It's our wildlife. I saw the swan being hit by rowers just last week. It is absolutely terrible."

However, Middleton (known as 'Battleship Bob' for the grey paint of his 72-foot barge) has vowed to prevent the eviction of the swan and his mate, which is sitting on six eggs: "They will have to drag them out of my cold, dead hands."

"When they attack these rowers they are only protecting their young. I have seen one of their cygnets killed by an oar last year. Only one survived."

"The others were taken by foxes and kids have been taunting the birds and killing cygnets."

"You can't blame them for attacking rowers. I've chased a few off myself."

Dr Philippa Noon, river manager for the Conservators of the River Cam, has said that the swan's removal will be up for discussion at a public meeting in the Guildhall, at 9:30am on July 8th.

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## Cambridge Spies



### Vile King's Home Brew Spew

One fellow spied Suicide Sunday's festivities as prime time for earning some cash. When a younger colleague decanted a pint's worth of finest into a glass, our hero claimed proudly that he would down this unusual home brew for a mere tenner. After consuming the full measure of this regurgitated delight, and producing more than a pitcher's worth of his own, the chunderer was rewarded for his efforts. Later in the day he doubled his fee for quaffing a pale ale of distinctly yellow hue from a distillery further south. Cheers indeed.

### Half-moon Platoon

Since the first mutinous Oxford fugitive lay the first brick over our dearest Cam, initiations have consisted of that delightful concoction: alcohol, filth and fear of the authorities. Toilet seat round the neck? Heaving in the hedges? Covered in egg yolk? Each of our tormented trio was a right sight, when who sauntered over but the Master himself, with the most generous gentleman the college had ever known. Courteous how-do-you-dos. Cursory introductions ensue. "Funny, that's the same name as the big court in the middle of college". And how did this esteemed pair respond to the fiasco? No fine-filled scolding, but best wishes for the contestants and compliments on their "how smart" attire. Phew.

### Table Man-Whores

A troop of lads from the other side really stained their name this Sunday eve. The boys' intentions were more than clear: no rooms booked to rest their heads. So sure were they of their chances, that one true gent couldn't keep his hands tied till pudding. Stroking his way up his neighbour's skirt, it came as quite a shock to be blocked before even halfway up her frock. A slap, a shriek and his Claret over his fine head. God knows how they do the other side of the M40.

# MP Julian Huppert vows to defend Strawberry Fair

## Change in legislation is sought to protect event from last-minute appeals

GREG HILL

Julian Huppert, newly elected MP for Cambridge, has joined the protest against the cancellation of the Cambridge Strawberry Fair.

The fair, which is a volunteer-run arts, crafts, music, and entertainments fair, has been held annually on Midsummer Common for 30 years. A City Council Survey in 2008 named the Strawberry Fair as Cambridge's favourite outdoor arts event and the level of protest at its cancellation is testament to this.

Mr Huppert has responded to community outrage by calling for a law change to protect the fair. Organisers chose to cancel the fair after police appealed the granting of the event's licence. This follows disruption at the 2009 fair during which the police made 400 arrests. The licence, which had already been approved by the City Council before the police appeal, was forced to undergo a lengthy review procedure meaning organisers could not guarantee the event for

June 5th.

The proposed law change would prevent such late appeals and would have saved this year's fair. Any change would affect the Licensing Act, which is already under review by the government. Mr Huppert has called for his request to be included in any changes to the Act. Huppert said on behalf of all such events that: "Organisers should not be left in this vulnerable position."

Support is great for any change to restore the fair. A Facebook campaign, 'Strawberry fair petition 2010', combated the cancellation by organising an unofficial fair on Midsummer Common on June 5th, when the Strawberry Fair would have been held. Their fair aimed to demonstrate to the police that such an event need not cause problems. 'Were [sic] NOT going to trash the place!!' the Facebook page promised.

On June 5th Chief Insp. Dave Sargen claimed that fewer people used the Common than on a normal Saturday. There was no large-scale unrest and only one arrest was made

for a public order offence.

The official Strawberry Fair organisers encouraged people not to take part in the unofficial event. They are fronting their own campaign under the slogan 'They've Nicked Our Strawberry, Fair?!', which aims to restore the fair legitimately for 2011. They are currently seeking donations

to support the fair's legal battle. Information about this campaign can be found on the Strawberry Fair's official website.

Hopes for the fair's restoration are strong and a Facebook page for the 2011 fair has already been started. Applications to volunteer at a Strawberry Fair also remain open.



Last year's Strawberry Fair

## They Might Be Giants to play at Science Festival

CHARLOTTE RUNCIE

American alternative rock band They Might Be Giants has been booked to play a one-off gig at the Cambridge Science Festival next week.

The band will perform a hybrid of family gig and science lesson on June 27th at The Charles Babbage Lecture Theatre. It is the first time in the University's history that a rock band will play in one of its lecture halls.

The band is most famous for the *Malcolm in the Middle* theme song, 'Boss of Me', and for their 1990 chart hit 'Birdhouse in your Soul'. Songs played at the event will include 'Photosynthesis', 'My Brother the Ape' and 'Computer Assisted Design'. The songs come from their 2009 children's album *Here Comes Science*. The album also includes tracks called 'Why Does the Sun Shine?' and 'Why Does the Sun Really Shine?'

Band manager Jamie Lincoln Kitman said: "They Might Be Giants

share the Cambridge Science Festival's passion for science, and communicating science to kids (and adults).

"The process of putting on a rock gig like this in a fabled lecture theatre is a brave new horizon for us.

"Luckily we've benefited from the legacy of Babbage's 'difference engine' to help get us to this moment in time."

Cambridge Science Festival organiser Shelley Bolderson commented: "We're always looking for innovative ways of inspiring kids to get into science. A live performance of *Here Comes Science* is the perfect way to do it."

*Here Comes Science* is the band's fourteenth studio album and fourth children's album. The band's writer and singer, John Flansburgh, admitted while working on the album in 2008 that he had hired a scientific consultant to advise because he was "a terrible science student in high school. My last memory of the periodic table was right before I lost consciousness."



They Might Be Giants

## Hughes Hall May Ball prompts noise complaints

HELEN MACKREATH

May Week festivities have been hit by early complaints from residents over "excessive" noise levels.

Hughes Hall May Ball, held on Saturday night, was the subject of resident complaints to Cambridge City Council, after noise levels kept some awake until 5am on Sunday morning.

Cambridge City Council explained that they "received a number of calls about excessive noise from the Ball at Hughes Hall and sound levels were reduced to an extent, though not sufficiently to prevent further calls".

Hughes Hall Ball President, Faisal Darras, told Varsity that the committee had tried their best to keep the sound under control by working closely with the Council, and "regretted if any residents were upset by it".

He explained that several calls had been received from annoyed residents throughout the night, and that a call made just before 5am led to the music being ended at that time; lounge music which had been planned to accompany breakfast was cancelled in order to prevent further antagonism.

Describing it as "unfortunate that neighbours were disturbed by the noise", Darras pointed out that the ball was taking place on a weekend night, which meant that most residents were "quite understanding".

He also mentioned the logistical challenges presented by the Hughes Hall site, with the single area in the college suitable for Ball use being bounded by residential housing.

Some local residents, in response to Saturday night, have called for future May balls to finish by 1am. Several residents make the point that GCSE and A level students



Hughes Hall

living in the Cambridge vicinity are disturbed during their exam period.

Comments made by residents include suggestions for Colleges to hold events every three years, or for the Corn Exchange to be used as an alternative venue.

However, Cambridge City Council are optimistic that other May balls taking place this week will "have their control measures and their monitoring regimes in place so that we do not see noise problems like these repeated".

Residential criticisms of May week festivities are a recurrent problem, with music at last year's Jesus May Ball being forced to end two hours before its allotted time in response to complaints.

# Ball Reviews



MICHAEL DERRINGER

## The greatest show on earth?

1

Number of lions at the Ball

5

Number of ents stages

120kg

Weight of the sweets ordered for the guests

300

Number of bottles of gin

40

Number of juggling balls

### A Night at the Circus

JESUS MAY BALL  
★★★★★

One of the conclusions I've drawn from my first year is that life at Cambridge is very much a circus. It's quite fitting, then, that my first May Ball here is *A Night at the Circus*, and what a night it shaped up to be. Friendly helpers offered us each an umbrella as we filed past, a rakishly inappropriate magician entertained us, and cupcakes were handed lovingly from the arms of their carriers. As we threw back the sambuca shots, we watched the world-famous Sharpe Brothers (who were almost as tasty as the sweets) perform diabolo and dodge the unicyclists moving past them. And that, ladies and gentlemen, was just the queue.

The smell of sirloin steak, hot dogs, falafel, fajitas, Eton mess, sushi, candy floss, popcorn and crêpes filled the air. In Cloister Court there were smoothies and strawberries, pasta and cheeses. In the orchard, a glistening elephant vodka luge lurked amongst the giant lollipops. In the midst of the

trees, someone placed a carpet with sofas (and a less helpful piano) down for when people started to "pass out," a fellow fresher knowingly told me.

And lo the alcohol! Starting with the obligatory champagne, you could easily drink yourself through the night without touching the same drink twice. The circular bar in Second Court served circus-themed cocktails and there were whiskey tasting sessions throughout the evening, as well as Pimm's, G&Ts and the other usual suspects. According to my friends, I must also single out the bountiful supply of ale for a special mention.

Obviously there was a bouncy castle and the other usual fairground attractions, but the best entertainment in Jesus wandered around. Men on stilts tottered around with a motley crew of clowns, a caricaturist sketched dubious portraits of people, and though I didn't locate the brilliant balloon twister, I saw wonderful balloon shapes floating around all night. The fire troupe, who took to the stage later, was outstanding.

Jesus will always be a brilliant college to throw a May Ball in because of its naturally stunning

grounds. Appropriately then, the decorations had a rather understated ambiance. A fourth year student commented to me that there was not as much variation in the décor as was usual, but overall the ball had an ambiance that hearkened back to bygone days. The lawns had been carpeted in bold colours and the trees bedecked with glittering lights. The famous Jesus horse, too, had been tarted up for the night, with a headdress and a kinky little purple saddle – I just wish they'd done the same for the dinosaurs.

Unfortunately, even approaching half eleven, the ents hadn't kicked off. *Minnaars* sounded good, but *Mr Hudson* was an impressive headliner to have in the bag, backed up by *Clean Bandit* and *Two Door Cinema Club*. One of the few complaints was that the music, particularly in the DJ tent, was too quiet, although this didn't hamper anyone's enjoyment of the festivities.

Although I'm easily impressed, the Ball was looking like a great one. It may not be the greatest show on Earth, but it's certainly the greatest show in Cambridge I've been to so far. REBECCA BAILEY

## Balls in Brief



### Clare May Ball

★★★★★

Building on the Forbidden City of last year, the Committee offered revellers *Scheherazade*, that legendary Persian queen, storyteller, and now Ball theme.

The College became the Sultan's Palace, complete with scarlet star lanterns, royal blue drapes and a gigantic, decadent, velvet bed (which the Daily Mail must not find out about). There was a wealth of food available to meet discriminating tastes, and bacon rolls later on for those past discrimination. The queues were less palatable, however, and as one guest in the queue for some North African food said, "I like Moroccan food as much as the next guy, but forty minutes is too long to wait."

Troubling rumours that attendees would be denied their customary complementary copy of the Financial Times were laid to one side when *Faithless* took to the stage in the Fellows' Garden.

The Ball was a credit to the Committee's imagination, hard work. After all, what better excuse for shisha? CHRIS KERR

### Trinity

★★★★★

After a somewhat disappointing Ball last year, the Trinity Ball Committee managed to impress even the most hard-to-please guests, providing a night of effortless elegance. Queuing took a mere fifteen minutes before entering the buoyant atmosphere which characterised the evening.

When it came to entertainment, the Ball did not disappoint, with an entire fairground and an astounding fireworks display to keep guests occupied between stage performances from *Alphabeat* and *Wheatus*. To keep hunger at bay, the Ball boasted a refreshing variety of Moroccan delights, yet the old favourites champagne and oysters also abounded.

Whilst a Ball as prestigious as Trinity could have easily rested upon its laurels, the Ball Committee excelled this year, truly creating a night to remember. GEMMA OKE

## Punch &amp; Judy



It's been a breathless month in Westminster – and not just because Eric Pickles was forced to climb the stairs after the lift broke in 10 Downing Street. We've got our first Coalition Government in 70 years, and our very first *Guess-Who* Cabinet in history. Do these names ring any bells: Andrew Mitchell, Danny Alexander, Philip Hammond? No, thought not.

It's a male, middle-aged Cabinet (indeed, William Hague, Iain Duncan Smith and Vince Cable look like the same man getting older), but the lack of women in this faceless cabinet was quickly remedied by the shock announcement of Theresa May as Home Secretary. The even greater shock was her appointment as Equalities Minister (was Jim Davidson not available?) Meanwhile, David Laws, the cyborg Lib Dem, was the first face to be flicked from the board in a tragic case of mistaken sexuality. In total it's been out with the old and in with the new: bye-bye Brown, hello Sam-Cam.

A scanty group of new MPs coalesced in the House last week to debate the Queens' Speech. They were sad that not many people would be tuned in without the bigwigs around, but glad that they had escaped the ritual baptism of media fire reserved for the incoming cabinet. They busily made their maiden ('virgin' is verboten as it gives them flashbacks about their loveless days doing PPE at Oxford) speeches.

Tory Mark Fields announced to the semi-comatose chamber the breaking news that stiff taxation would drive the "best and brightest" from our shores – presumably to go and join their already distant bank accounts. Caroline Lucas, with a rabble of nationalists, saw their review of Trident struck down ten to one. Meanwhile, outside the Commons, David Cameron dusted off his copy of *The Book of the Dead* and set about resurrecting Mrs Thatcher. *The Daily Mail* purred: "She last visited Downing Street in November to unveil her portrait – the first living politician to be hung in residence". Wait until Dave sees the books... CATHY BUEKER & RHYS JONES

# Comment

**"The greatest shock was Theresa May's appointment to Equalities Minister. Was Jim Davidson not available?"**

CATHY BUEKER AND RHYS JONES

## When Left is Right and right is wrong

The English Defence League and Unite Against Fascism are two sides of the same wicked coin. But bizarrely, the latter are fast acquiring all the ugly traits of the former



ROB MINNELL

You may have noticed, on building and on car, the sudden, sporadic appearance of English flags. You may also have noticed the presence of the Football World Cup. I needn't tell you that these two phenomena are linked.

But I get the feeling that sales of England merchandise will be significantly lower this year; I get the feeling that, like me, many more people will consciously sense the glare of onlookers as they purchase their flag; I get the feeling that the underlying bigotry so falsely associated with nationalism has now become malignant. The simple reason for this is that the BNP and the English Defence League have tainted what it means to support

one's country.

Indeed, chanting 'England 'til I die' has acquired such strong association with the marching mobs of the EDL that I would hardly be surprised if England supporters in South Africa, wary of being labelled triumphalist, nationalist, or worse, adopt the chant: 'England 'til it offends someone'. Should we be ashamed of having English pride? No, certainly not when football is concerned. But there is a stigma, and the stigma is beginning to stick.

The political far-left are quite happy with this settlement. During the past year we have seen demonstrations and counter-demonstrations of the EDL and Unite Against Fascism all across the country. I have little sympathy for either, but perhaps even less for Unite Against Fascism who have begun preaching fascist values themselves.

By way of illustration, let's imagine there are two groups demonstrating: one supposedly from the far-right, the other supposedly from the far-left. One group marches waving rainbow flags, the flags of different nationalities, attempting to make a conscious effort to highlight their own ethnic diversity. The other seeks to silence their right to free speech, to ban

public demonstrations by their opponent group, and to bring about violent counter-protests causing a 'breach of the peace'. You must now guess: which is Right, and which is Left?

Before you fall into my poorly laid trap, and before I am accused of being a 'fascist' – a label idly thrown around in general election leaflets by the student left – I would like to point out that there is little desirable about the English Defence League. Their methods are intimidating, they reach far beyond their stated ideology, and their racism is self-evident. Yet however wrong they may be, two wrongs – to use the appropriate cliché – do not make a right. Unite Against Fascism, in their methods, are in danger of fitting the fascist stereotype themselves. Their virulent dedication to silencing the bigots on the right is a foolish one. Their egg pelting of BNP leader Nick Griffin in the wake of his election to the European Parliament risked alienating that section of the electorate most misguided by, but also most sympathetic to, the

BNP message, and undermining their own belief in open democracy.

Moreover, one must question what it is the UAF protestors are against. Their opposition is based upon the EDL's dislike of extremist Islamism which EDL supporters view as a threat to national security. Alas, the majority of the EDL are unable to distinguish between Islam and militant Islamism and consequently often comment upon the entire religion with the sort of vitriol more readily aimed at the violent internal minority. So, by mutual misunderstanding, the UAF's opposition to the English



Defence League ideology becomes a support for extremist Islamism – a philosophy contrary to the beliefs of a free and liberal democracy.

Thus, without knowing it, the imposition of theocracy, of the totalitarian state, the suppression of free speech, in fact any type of freedom one can think of, have become common to their cause. Are these now the new set of western left-wing values? Perhaps not, but the UAF had better be careful.

## TK Maxx vs. My degree

The retail sector in Cambridge is proving incompatible with my work ethic



JESSICA KING

I am considering taking an anti-Topshop vow. I've reached the conclusion that, though it may masquerade as a benign hobby, spending time in the consumerist paradise of Lion's Yard has not only evaporated my bank balance but destroyed my degree as well.

Why was it decided to initiate such a large and ambitious retail

project in a student town where students are meant to be acting studiously? Why, for that matter, do so many retail establishments offer 'student discounts' when students clearly need no encouragement in spending their student 'loan'? (Or 'gift' as I prefer to think of it.)

Anyway, it's easy to forget when living in our bubble that, at some point, we are going to need to find a job and repay our debts. First, though, we need to pass our exams: easier said than done. Even then we're not guaranteed employment in today's competitive labour market. I can't even get part-time work waitressing. I tell myself I'm 'over-qualified'.

And despite statistics showing a rise in the number of students achieving top grades (Cambridge now demands an A\* at A level; so

glad I missed that boat), it saddens me that the belief in education for its own sake is declining in the face of less ambitious materialistic goals. It may, of course, just be that my grandparents are right and exams are getting easier, though 36 hours awake and 17 cups of coffee later and I would beg to differ.

Indeed, so gloomy is the picture I have painted that you may be mistaken in thinking that things could not get worse. Wrong: within the month Borders will be replaced in the centre of Cambridge by the budget-hunters' heaven, TK Maxx. It seems that even in what is purported to be one of the top educational establishments in the world, consumerism is winning out over intellectual inquiry. Is it any wonder we would rather

go shopping than revise? Or, indeed, to buy a book, let alone read one. Supply and demand, you might retort. Maybe. The retail industry may simply be responding to our selfish demands, as opposed to a global economic conspiracy against self-improvement. Somehow this is even more depressing. And as results time comes round, some of us (i.e. me) may be regretting that evening we spent at Topshop's (20 percent!) sale for students instead of the seminar on British economic decline.

Tempted to go out and buy myself a nice summer dress to fill the void in my soul and conscience, I recently surprised myself by buying what looks like a 1000-page textbook instead. I'm striking back against the global capitalist hegemony – one step at a time.

# The end is only the beginning...

Congratulations on finishing your exams! You can now revel in the joys of May Week and dedicate your time and energy to unwinding and relaxing.

If you're about to graduate, look out for the **Cambridge Alumni Relations Office (CARO)** team at General Admission. As you leave the Senate House, we will be there to greet you and give you your free copy of the 2010 Graduation Yearbook, containing your College matriculation photo and the year in news from Varsity.



**General Admission is just the start of it. The following will soon be available to you:**

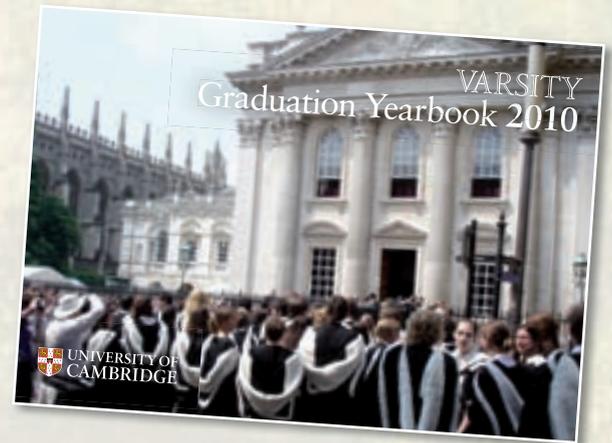
**1** **CAMCard**, giving you access to a wide range of discounts

**3** issues of **CAM**, the alumni magazine, dropping through your letterbox every year

**12** **e-bulletin updates** bringing you the latest news each month

**330** **network groups** connecting you with other alumni across the globe

**1600** pages (and counting) of news, events, information and links at [www.alumni.cam.ac.uk](http://www.alumni.cam.ac.uk)



## Don't forget

As you lose your hermes email address, sign up for the University's email for life service, cantab.net and keep in touch with your friends and contacts.

Check out our exciting new range of merchandise launched at General Admission and available afterwards from [www.camalumni.co.uk](http://www.camalumni.co.uk), for a perfect memento of your time at Cambridge.

## Keep in touch

 [www.facebook.com/cambridgealumni](http://www.facebook.com/cambridgealumni)

 [www.twitter.com/CARO1209](http://www.twitter.com/CARO1209)

 [www.flickr.com/photos/cambridge-alumni-relations](http://www.flickr.com/photos/cambridge-alumni-relations)

E-mail: [alumni@admin.cam.ac.uk](mailto:alumni@admin.cam.ac.uk) Website: [www.alumni.cam.ac.uk](http://www.alumni.cam.ac.uk) Tel: +44 (0) 1223 332288



Models from Left to Right: Adam wears: Second hand Vivienne Westwood suit, Westwood boots and a ruffle made by us Ed wears: Second hand Vivienne Westwood suit, with a cravat made by us Elsy wears: Second hand Vivienne Westwood trousers from suit, guess shirt, vintage lace cape and old dancing boots Background from cgtextures.com



# The Long Vacca



By the end of the week, the balls will be over, and a long summer awaits. **Alice Hancock** looks into travel options, both far afield and closer to home

Enjoying some post-exams time last week, conversation gradually drifted into the inevitable ream of questions concerning the ‘Grand Tour’ of summer plans. Mexico was mooted; a train through Russia to China (‘The Vodka Train’, naturally), Andalusia came up, as did New York and the Caribbean. Then it turned to me – and I suddenly realized the expanse of possibility. Try it: ponder the blank canvas of a lengthy four-month summer and you might find that the world suddenly seems very big, very big indeed. Where to start?

A recent article in a well known fashion magazine commented on the bad reputation of the ‘in-between’ stage. Usually, as the piece pointed out, ‘in-between’-ness does not have a great rep: ‘in-between’ jobs, stuck ‘in-between’ awkward situations, ‘in-between’ growing out your hair.

It seems that ‘in-between’ stages are not just underrated in the fashion world but also when it comes to travelling. With air travel so available, the romance has gone out of the journey: you book your flight, hop onto your plane and some hours of air-conditioned cabin time later you emerge into a different climate, culture and time-zone in a state of disorientation or at least, detachment, with no appreciation of distance travelled or landscapes crossed.

Some of the very best literature is about the

**“Try it: ponder the blank canvas of a lengthy four-month summer and you might find that the world suddenly seems very big, very big indeed. Where to start?”**

journey, not the destination; think Kerouac’s *On the Road*, think Paul Theroux’s *The Great Railway Bazaar*, even *The Motorcycle Diaries*. Not to mention that several of the more intriguing crimmies are all aboard some kind of transport – Agatha Christie’s novel would not have been half as thrilling had Ratchett been stabbed in an anonymous hotel room rather than on the Orient Express.

Interrailing is always a popular option (and a tad cheaper than the Orient Express). Once you have your ticket, you are ready to roll up to more or less any station in 30 European countries – a freedom which means that if you turn up in a city you decide you aren’t

keen on, all you need do is hop on the next train. The beauty of it is, and this should not be underestimated, that you are right in with the locals. After all, they are the ones who will know the best place for sangria, the most secluded coastlines, the cheapest bike rentals (or, as happened on one railway experience, they invite you back to their house and try to marry you off to their son). In fact, they are probably the best travel guides of all – although the Lonely Planet’s *Europe on a Shoestring* isn’t a bad place to start.

It’s worth establishing at this point, when it comes to travel the opportunities are as endless as the pennies in your purse. Some of the most gawp-worthy journeys (for want of a better phrase) can be done by train; you don’t just have to jump on the Interrail bandwagon although it can prove a starting point for further train exploration. There’s the Trans-Siberian railway, the bullet trains of Japan, El Nariz del Diablo in Ecuador... and those are just a few. There is something to be said for getting really local though: taking the sleeper class and speeding through the drowsy Indian heat of the Keralan backwaters has to be one of those rare Zen moments of feeling more than alive.

On the flip side, in these days of speed there is something to be said for slowing right on down and going by boat: not boats like the floating P&O palaces but boats that

dictate what it really means to go by boat. It’s possible to get on a cargo ship bound for almost any port in the world and it will give a pretty unique perspective of global travel and the shipping trade. There’s even the thrill of unpredictability for those who like some adventure; if the weather’s right you

**“When it comes to travel the opportunities are as endless as the pennies in your purse.”**

can be rung up and told to pack your bags days before you were actually expecting to leave. There’s also the slow sense of progress and plenty of time to embark on all the books that you’ve ‘just never got round to’. No excuse when all that surrounds you is the deep blue and a nonchalant horizon.

This all seems very well of course until you add into the equation the prospect of an extremely light post-May Week wallet. However, there’s no reason this should get in the way of itchy feet. If it’s really extreme, just take get into the jailbreak mentality and see how far you can get for nothing.

# tion



JOE PITT-RASHID

In our eco-conscious world the brownie points you get for cycling or walking can definitely add an extra smugness factor to your travelling tales. You wouldn't want your bike to rust up over the long vac and, quite literally, you can get right up close and personal with the travelling itself, taking 'I've set foot on (insert country name)'s soil' to new levels. Of course there are the limitations of having to travel light but the freedom of peeling back to basics, stepping from your back door and ending up who knows where; the backstreets of Rome, the foothills of the Alps, definitely has an aura of liberation.

Finally, none of us should forget what we have on our very doorsteps. Taking a camper-van to Cromer or your walking boots to the Scottish mountains is not something to be sneered at by the Byron's amongst us who really are taking the Grand Tour. You could slow down to three miles an hour and take a narrowboat down the Grand Union canal to London or wander along the lonely beaches of Northumberland. The UK might seem small (yes, and maybe a little rainy) but if you walk from side to side or top to bottom like the land artist Richard Long, you might find it's a whole lot bigger than you imagined.

There is something in the rhythm of a journey, be it footsteps or the rhythm of a train, that makes us stop inside ourselves for a moment. There is a feeling of progress and still a time to contemplate. The Cambridge machine is incessant so we should take a moment and appreciate the value of the 'in-between' stage. One tip on the money side – book the basics now: cheaper and it'll give you more time to get those travelling taste buds watering.

## Travel on a Shoestring: A few ways to make your currency go further

### Accommodation

Get an ISIC card from the STA ([statravel.co.uk](http://statravel.co.uk)). It often offers discounts on accommodation and some of the sights.

[couchsurfing.com](http://couchsurfing.com): free places to stay, easy ways to make friends.  
YHA Hostels might sound a bit 'boy scouts' but if you're looking for somewhere cheap in Britain it's definitely worth a go.

If you're going for more of a 'staycation' try house-sitting: [housesit-world.com](http://housesit-world.com)

Work for your supper: Help Exchange,

[helpx.net](http://helpx.net), offer all sorts of places on farms, ranches and hostels where you can be fed, watered and given a bed at the cost of a little sweat and toil.

Make a friend because buddying up can half accommodation costs. Choose your location wisely. Make sure you won't be vacationing in land mines, on toxic beaches, storm damaged areas, or in some vast wasteland touted as the next 'Riviera'.

### Transport

If you have fancy coming over a bit Jack Kerouac but can't afford the car rental try delivering

someone's car to them: [autodriveawaydc.com](http://autodriveawaydc.com)

Hitchhiking. Obviously play it safe when it comes to hitchhiking but you can find some gems (and that's not just places – people too).

### Eat well

Street stalls are the authentic and cheap way to go. Stories from street vendors can always provide some free entertainment with your lunch if you speak the language.

Find hostels with kitchens since food from a supermarket is always much cheaper and no tipping needed!

### Other useful websites

Interrailing: [interrailnet.com](http://interrailnet.com)

Travelling by cargo ship: [cargoshipvoyages.com](http://cargoshipvoyages.com), [strandtraveltd.co.uk](http://strandtraveltd.co.uk)

Cycling: [cyclingaroundtheworld.nl](http://cyclingaroundtheworld.nl)

Backpacking advice: [travelindependent.info](http://travelindependent.info)

## Quickfire Round



### May Week Theatre in Ten Words or Less

#### Doing Philosophy

Pantomime with a Cambridge twist – cobbled together but still enjoyable.

#### Into The Woods

Abbreviated but entertaining arboreal adventures.

#### I Heart Louie Sandys

Dodgy YouTube preview: excessive fake barfing and bald patches.

#### Footlights: Good For You

Not quite the Pythons, but good fun nonetheless.

#### Love's Labour's Lost

Young courtiers flirt until the real world dawns. Shakespeare's Suicide Sunday.

#### Comedy Baby

Hit and miss out-of-towners, but ultimately more hit than miss.

#### Henry IV

'Picnics and alcohol welcome': Falstaff would approve.

#### MAD Theatre Festival

Mad? Far from it. More forward-looking and organic.

#### She Stoops To Conquer

Potential hangover cure, but stooping/conquering queasily reminiscent of last night.

#### ADC Smoker

Honest opinion? Too much Footlights for one evening. Otherwise chuckleworthy.

#### These Things Happen

Essentially a ticket to see an extended tuning up session.

OLIVER CRAWFORD, CHARLOTTE FLEMING, CATHY BUEKER, AUGUSTINA DIAS, HELEN YOUNG, DEBBIE FARQUHAR, CAITLIN HAMILTON, LUKE MCCULLAN, ELLIE CHAN

## Love's Labour's Lost

SELWYN COLLEGE GARDENS  
★★★★★

Who can blame most productions of *Love's Labour's Lost* for taking some liberties with the original script? The play's myriad of pedantic puns and allusions originally designed for educated students of the Elizabethan Inns of Court can be no fun for a modern audience to sit through, particularly when recited by actors with as little clue as to their meaning as their onlookers have. Thankfully, this production avoids this: the play is sensibly edited into a tight, one hour and forty minute-long performance and remains faithful to the story whilst cutting out unnecessary and confusing excess.

The play follows four wealthy men falling in love with four wealthy women who, as soon as they stop lying to each other about the presence of their shared predicament, attempt to woo the coy creatures and eventually succeed – a victory to be followed by a bitter twist in the tale. The staging of this particular production knew its audience: the modern costume choices of sundresses, sunglasses and cricket sweaters slung over shoulders can't help but convey a nod towards May Week. Considering the frivolous then serious trajectory of the narrative, it's not an inappropriate association.

This rendering offers a strong ensemble cast. Berowne, played by John Haidar, in particular amused; George Johnston's king



and Hannah Crawford's princess, leaders of the lovers' set, are very watchable together. Crucially, actors could be heard over the wind rustling through the trees and the occasional plane flying overhead (except for one or two of the female-played characters, on occasion). Best of all the performances making up the play's sub-plots was Dull (played by James Swanton and his wonderfully twitchy, lugubrious face), a turn at first comedic but eventually ending the play in line with the final scene's sombre, guilt-ridden tone.

Various touches ensure the play's relevance. Appropriate to the intimate, sitting-on-the-grass setting, bunting pinned low to the ground the only separator between stage and seating, the audience and the setting feel in

on the action. Ostensibly set in 'Navarre Country Park', photographs of Selwyn College are pinned next to the board display-

### "This play can't help but convey a nod towards May Week."

ing this name. When hiding from his fellow suitors, Berowne is crouching in the audience, critiquing the action through his asides. The final lines of the play have been altered very effectively. Rather than a separation of the two groups of people with the anticipated "You that way: we this

way", there is further reference to the staging's surroundings and thus a further combining of audience and actors: Dull delivers an epilogue that assures the audience they must clap "as sure as May week is in June". This kind of staging admirably extends Shakespeare's exploration of the play-within-a-play theme, as well as his pastiche of contemporary poetic convention, yet in an accessible way.

Although possessing some flaws, this production of *Love's Labour's Lost* is an enjoyably pertinent and accomplished staging of a play that it can be difficult to ensure interesting, and I highly doubt there's more of an appropriate Shakespearean offering for May Week. Catch a performance of this short run if you possibly can.

HELEN YOUNG

## These Things Happen

HENRY'S WINE BAR  
★★★★★

The vivid advertisement beams:

"However depressing relationships are, things don't seem so bad when you're sat by a bar", setting this musical up for a massive fall. Promising the "musical highlight of the post-exam period" is somewhat misleading: at best, *These Things Happen* is a string of cheesy music in-jokes; at worst, it's enough to send anyone weakened by the exam period into a catatonic depression.

So you're sat in the stifling, sticky setting of Henry's bar, with wine that tasted distressingly like a bacon sandwich with bad B.O. and expected not to be pushed over the edge by Jonathan Pease's severe abuse of metre. If you haven't had sex in a very long time and/or are a babbling idiot, the opening splurge of words that rhyme with 'tit' might amuse you. If you really hate yourself, you might be able to kid yourself into tittering knowingly at the dishonest lampooning of human interaction.

But if you have any self-respect, avoid *These Things Happen* at all

costs. The music is quite cleverly composed, although the pastiches come

across as self-congratulatory and arrogant. The composition is predictable, making the finale, a descent into unrehearsed madness, even more horrifying.

I wonder how many of the audience members are still in spasms of embarrassment because of the truly disastrous Relationships Guidance Counsellor piece. I doubt if it would have been any better if the performers had known all their lines and been able to sing them: Raphael Hetherington and Verity Bramson's unmasked surprise every time a cue was missed became quite entertaining to watch.

Even the performers seemed shocked at how painful the experience was becoming, and the final movement left the audience wondering if the actors knew any better than they did what would follow. One redeeming feature was Emily Sherwin's beautiful lounge voice in the interludes. Otherwise, the whole thing was a waste of time. JESSICA JENNINGS

I don't like Sondheim – sorry – or this particular musical.

When you've heard a tremulous, "Oh, the prince?" for the fourteenth time, its hard not to shout, "Yes the fucking prince Cinders, of course the prince, was there another reason you're running shoeless into the woods into the woods into the woods?"

However, in this production there were a number of performances lighting the way through the forest of monorhyme. Jennifer Gould got everyone laughing in a sadly small role of Jack's mother. It would have been refreshing to see her more: she was possibly a casualty of the theatrical surgery that had been performed. For the cow wasn't the only thing to lose its head – nearly the entire second act went – which in my opinion, improved it. Not only did it better satisfy fans of happy endings, but reducing the running time also meant it tripped by at a reasonable length. And if we believe the Baker's wife: "if the end is right it justifies the beans." Whatever that means.

## Into The Woods

CAIUS HALL, GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE  
★★★★★

Mark Linford's initial stumbling gave way to a superb and moving second act. Oskar McCarthy and Ellie Brindle

were clearly in their element: McCarthy hilarious both as creepy predator and sinister old man; Brindle as the tracksuited and blinged-up Witch, whose more tedious talking-over-music bits were perked up in an inspired decision to rap her way through them. The typically creative costumes of the Wolf and the Witch were an unfortunate foil for audience's black tie. Such formality raised expectations rather a little too high, but at one night only, it needed to feel special. Even without bow ties, the two prince's hamming brilliantly through 'Agony' would ensure that it did.

Many of the funnier lines were lost beneath the band, which at least gave the opportunity to those really breathtaking singers, Anna Matthew to name but one, to impress us through the undergrowth and flutter her way out of the woods. When it could be heard this was great fun (despite Sondheim). CHARLOTTE FLEMING

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ NOT WORTH A GROAT ★★★★★ A SHAKESPEAREAN MEH ★★★★★ GROUNDINGS SEEM HAPPY ★★★★★ GLOBE SELL-OUT RUN ★★★★★ THE NEXT EFFING HAMLET

## Agora

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE  
★★★★★

Whoever came up with the screenplay handbook for *How The Ancients Must Have Talked* has a lot to answer for. Why must all characters in antiquity set films talk like stilted cod philosophical puppets, spouting lame aphorisms (classic *Agora* example “We are all brothers”) or wisecracks about how Rome just ain’t like it used to be? Obviously it’s difficult to write dialogue for the early A.D.s without being fanciful or hopelessly anachronistic, but surely there must be a better compromise than these lapses into A-Level drama filler speak. It’s a pernicky point, as *Agora* predominantly avoids many of the clichés of toga epic, producing a beautifully rendered vision of a collapsing civilization and the violence of the religious fundamentalist world-view.

Set in fourth century Alexandria, *Agora* follows the life of Hypatia (Rachel Weisz) the female mathematician and philosopher. Hypatia’s studying and teaching is set against a backdrop of religious turmoil and power struggle, as hard-line early Christians rail against the Roman polytheistic religion and the ‘pagan’ texts which fill the Library

of Alexandria. To the film’s credit, Hypatia’s intellectual journey is given as much screen time as the conflicts engulfing the city, and Alejandro Amenábar, *Agora*’s director and co-writer, admirably avoids the temptation of giving *Agora* a straightforward love interest. There are certainly men interested in Hypatia, and two characters in particular vie for her romantic attentions; Orestes (Oscar Isaac) and Davus (Rupert Evans). These men begin the film as Hypatia’s students in the Platonic school, and ultimately become key players in the warring factions which emerge in the city. Hypatia however,



despite their repeated advances, remains unswerving in her dedication to her philosophy, knowing the circumscription which marriage must inevitably bring. Hypatia’s ceaseless purpose is to ‘simplify the heavens’ and in this ambition at least she is happily rewarded; as a result of dedicated scholarship she becomes an early proponent of the heliocentric model of the universe, preceding Copernicus and Galileo.

Rachel Weisz, who I usually find frustratingly wide eyed and wholesome, like an intelligent but earnest Girl Scout, does turn in a good performance here, making the best of even the most wooden

lines. Evans as Davus, her slave and sometime pupil, is genuinely fearsome in his impotent rage, frustrated ambition and unrequited love. Oscar Isaac is an actor to watch; his performance was utterly brilliant, compelling and controlled.

The cinematography is also worthy of mention. Although much of the film is composed of unremarkable crowd shots of scrabbling merchants in a market place, or the echoey interior of Hypatia’s home, there are beautiful sweeping shots where the camera pulls out to show the swarming populous getting slowly smaller, as we are shown the entire city, then the country, then the globe, suspended in a never-ending sea of black. These contextualising shots place *Agora*’s bloodshed in a vast, empty, uncaring universe, but they also, by leaving the sounds of Alexandria’s slaughter still playing over the shots of space, insist on the importance of human suffering.

I would never normally have chosen to see *Agora* but it is an interesting film which eschews the traditions of the blockbuster, presenting a steadfastly intellectual female lead, a drama which relies more on ideas than chariot races, and does so without giving in (or hardly) to portentous worthiness.

VICTORIA BEALE

## Big Brother: Watching us...



...but should we be watching it?

It’s the beginning of the end. After scoring the highest rating figures, launching the rise of many a Z-list ‘celebrity’ and drawing in a record number of complaints, the king of reality shows will be put to rest after this year’s series. But it won’t go away quietly.

The launch show last Wednesday was more carnival-like than the booing audience pit from previous shows. The house now looks like ‘Boy George had designed it’, according to one housemate. The décor may look as eccentric as the singer but the circus theme may not be suited for his taste. The mad mix of colour and objects provides a Dali-esque vision clearly designed to make housemates question their own sanity.

*Big Brother* has provided characters who have ticked many boxes on the diversity form and this year’s contestants do not disappoint. There’s a legless ex-army man with an empty eye socket and a Beyoncé look-alike.

Shabby is a lesbian filmmaker who likes to squat in mansions in Mayfair and has even written the odd arts review for the Guardian. There’s even a medical student who woke up one morning and decided to be called ‘Sunshine.’ *Big Brother* should have won the Stonewall Diversity Award.

But who cares for diversity when good television is all that matters? Posh boy Ben Duncan is one to watch for catchy one-liners and interesting stories. Apparently he does everything to avoid the 9-5 life, even working as a broadcaster for last year’s Iranian elections. Very Gap Yah.

Cheeky frolics will come from Nathan Dunn, a Jack-the-Lad character whose six-and-a-half inch monobrow outgrows the Gallagher brothers in length and girth and Abercrombie jock, John James, will make girls and boys melt with his self-professed Beckham looks and his Aussie accent.

So if you’re looking to intellectually detoxify yourself after weeks of thrashing over equations and Foucault, *Big Brother* will act like a double-strength summer mojito to numb your tired mind.

RAYMOND LI

I visited Agnes Martin’s exhibition with an artist who studied History of Art following his Fine Art degree. He would tell you that most would describe Martin as a minimalist, but that she regarded herself as an abstract expressionist. I got this information from the catalogue and Wikipedia-d the terms. Some may argue that he was in a better position to write this review. I disagree.

Modern art is a touchy subject, with many criticising the ‘art-speak’ surrounding seemingly artless work. Martin is susceptible to such criticism. My companion stood me

## Agnes Martin

KETTLE’S YARD  
★★★★★

in front of a row of studies and proceeded to explain that their

significance lay in the fact that they do not try to portray anything significant. They were series of grids drawn in pencil on cream paper, similar to maths workbooks. I appreciated the blunt ends of the horizontals and the placement of the arrangement on the paper, but what was the point? Without knowing the history, I wasn’t sure. So I sat down and really looked. They were perfect grids, drawn by a human hand, with a flawless precision. Slowly, they became beautifully simple.

The paintings needed similar treatment – time and an acceptance that there were no grandiose flourishes or dramatics. Untitled #4 was the most expansive painting. The whole piece had a sense of movement and space. Some works were less successful. The pastels of her 1990s work jarred, and I never quite allowed myself to buy in to her approach. According to the art-friend, its endemic of most modern viewers – we want drama or softly-softly landscape. Art has been relegated to the decadence we find in galleries or the ‘wallpaper paintings’ we expect to do nothing but look pretty. I think I agree, and in Martin I found a challenge and an opportunity to really look.

In these seven days of debauchery that we call May Week, it would perhaps be wise to find time for an exhibition of artwork that focuses on the removal of excess.

KIRAN MILLWOOD HARGRAVE

## Walking past the Sculpture Promenade

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM  
★★★★★

Fitzwilliam Museum on Trumpington Street, there is a spectacle not usually seen amidst the beautifully ornate architecture, let alone situated on the manicured lawns. It is the second and largest annual Sculpture Promenade that the Fitzwilliam has hosted, organised by artist Helaine Blumenfeld.

It boasts 14 sculptures by members of the Royal British Society of Sculptors (RBS) and aims to broaden the contemporary art field in Cambridge. Each artist took full responsibility installing – a liberty which has been lost by the contemporary galleries.

The director, Dr Timothy Potts, says that the Promenade hopes to create a union between contemporary and traditional art, for which the Fitzwilliam is renowned. It aims to bring a younger crowd to the museum and prove that the Fitzwilliam is interested in the diversity of the creative world.

Following the trail around the outskirts of the building, you are intrigued by a dynamic array of sculptures which invite you to touch and explore. Rob Ward’s sculptures of large stainless steel balls

hint at a reflection of the building structure. Angela Connor’s

pieces allow the viewer take time to appreciate nature as the work moves gently in the wind. ‘Chief’ and ‘Venus’ (left) by Nick Turvey depict the

body’s voluptuous curves, whether for attraction or disgust.

The Promenade offers something different. The sculptures are made to be tactile, to involve and be taken out of the white cube gallery experience which hinders so much contemporary art.

JESS DOLBY



CHARLES R RUSHTON

# Varsity May Week Listings

## Film

### Out now The Killer Inside Me

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 14:20, 16:30, 21:00

**Pick of the day Film**

This film of the 1952 novel, directed by award-winning Michael Winterbottom, will be a dark and visually intense thriller, starring

Casey Affleck, Kate Hudson and Jessica Alba (below right).

It is already courting controversy with its depiction of graphic violence against women.

### Brooklyn's Finest

VUE, 11:50 14:45 17:40 20:40

With all of Richard Gere, Wesley Snipes, Ethan Hawke and Don Cheadle, acting talent runs high, but the film has received only mediocre reviews.



## Music & Nightlife

### Today The Calling at Kamar: DJ of Bath & Wells headline

KAMBAR (£3/£4)

Fortnightly Gothic/Industrial/EBM/80s evening with regular DJs and organisers DJ of Bath & Wells, Loki and Andy Merritt. Entrance is just £3 if you get there before 11pm and Kamar stays open until 2am.

### Every Tuesday International Tuesday at Life

THE PLACE, (£3)

If you aren't going to any balls, now's the time to get your "international" on again and add

some flavour to the end of this academic year.

**Pick of the day  
Nightlife**

## Theatre

### This week Footlights Tour Show: Good for You

ADC THEATRE, UNTIL 19TH JUNE, 19.45, AND SATURDAY MATINEES, 14.30 (£5)

The latest from our much-loved comedy power troupe. Featuring all-new material from the brilliant minds of Lucien Young, James Moran, Alex Owen, Ben Ashenden, Ellie Ross and Keith Akushie. Catch a bit of this comedic talent before it goes spreading the love to Edinburgh and around the USA for the summer.

### Today Love's Labour's Lost

SELWYN COLLEGE, 14.00 (£5)

Today's the last chance to see The Mighty Players put on this Shakespearean comedy in Selwyn's gardens.



## Arts

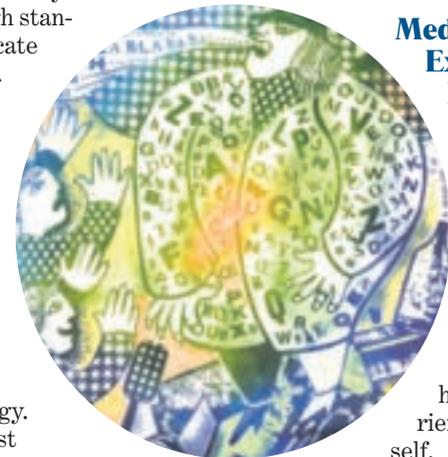
### Today 21st Century Engraved Glass

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, OCTAGON, GALLERY 10 (FREE)

**Pick of the day Arts**

Opening today, this exhibition collects the best contemporary glass engravings from the Guild of Glass

Engravers. Being so niche, craftsmanship and creativity is of an extremely high standard in this intricate modern art form. The Fitzwilliam exhibition showcases a number of different glass engraving techniques, drawing from methods which date back to classical antiquity and from modern technology. Runs until August 15th 2010.



## Talks & Events

### Today Yoga Drop-In Session

THE BUDDHIST CENTRE, 38 NEWMARKET ROAD, 19.30-21.00 (£7/£8)

Running every Tuesday until July 31st, these sessions, both morning (10.00-11.30) and evening (19.30-21.00), could help relieve the stress of having nothing to do for three months, at the same time as they give you something to do for three months.

### Meditation Experience: Inner Space workshop

6 KING'S PARADE, 18.00-19.00 (FREE)

If your free-time is now unmanageable, here's a beginner-friendly workshop to help you to experience your inner self.

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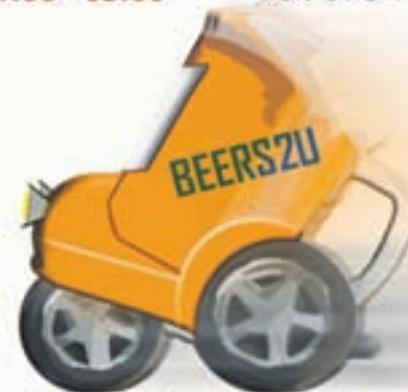
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Varsity

## Our Tube

SEARCH:  
FIFA + makeup

10,000 views



Some broad teaches you how to put excessive care into looking like you've got a black eye. FIFA-themed make up for other countries also available.

Best Youtube comment  
This is kind of strange, but I use your videos to help me fall asleep. I have horrible insomnia and your voice, accent, noises in the background, etc. are very soothing and warm.

Worst Youtube comment  
your face looks like a butt crack.. but your room is pretty too..

## Comedy Box

Some Incidents

BY DANNISH BABAR

Danielle awoke with a start. "Gosh," she thought, "I must have fallen asleep."

Theo sighed. Sighing wasn't going to get him anywhere, and he knew it. Lowell entered the internet café. "One internet, please." Lowell had misunderstood.

Frederick waited expectantly. Over the course of the afternoon, Frederick would come to appreciate that deodorant companies often make inflated claims for their products' potency.

"Daddy, daddy, tell us the one about how you were court-martialled for desertion." Martin, and not for the first time, walked away.

Bertram didn't much like the tone of her voice. "What's the magic word?" She hesitated, then: "Take my hand and I'll pull you to safety please."

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," thought Ashley, arrogantly.

Renee continued to observe the sheep. Such was the lot of the shepherd.

Leo resolved, "Today is going to be the first day of the rest of my life."

Not only had Leo just quit cocaine, he had also been born earlier that morning. His statement had both literal and figurative resonance.

Stepping into a space café, Max paid seven million space credits for a cup of space tea. Max was in space.

Lowell entered the workshop. "One work, please." Lowell had misunderstood.

## HOT

FREEDOM Still great.



OWLS What a hoot at Hughes May Ball. See VarsiTV for more information about the intelligence of owls.

CHARLIE BROOKER The man whose hate we love.

BOUNCY CASTLES Mounds of squishy drunken fun. Easy way to get to know someone, if a violent approach is more your thing.

SARAH JESSICA PARKER If you, along with the entire universe, want to stab SJP, why not check out sarahjessicaparkerlookslikeahorse.com, to calm your homicidal instincts.



THE DEFICIT  
No-one wants the deficit.

## NOT

## Cocktail of the Day

Ocean breeze

This cocktail is a great party drink – quick and easy to make, and more potent than it tastes. It's perfect for drinking with a barbecue on the backs, or at a garden party.



This drink comes with the warning that I remember nothing beyond 7pm on the night I discovered it.

### Recipe

- Dark rum
- Elderflower cordial
- Mango juice or pineapple juice
- Lots of ice.

Pack a tall glass nearly to the top with ice. Now fill it with a third rum, a third elderflower cordial, and a third juice. Stir (trying not to spill any!), and enjoy – simplicity at its finest.

TOM MICHAELIS



## Mixtape

"May Week"

The Divine Comedy – I've Been To A Marvellous Party

Wonderfully gentrified for the most part, with a bizarre punk rave thrown in for measure – just like a May Ball.

Journey – Don't Stop Believing

An awful, awful song; however, you're going to hear it without fail this May Week, so you'd better learn to like it.

LCD Soundsystem – All My Friends

You've shortened your lifespan by several years and may be temporarily insane in the eyes of the courts, but there's still time to party.

And So I Watch You From Afar – Don't Waste Time Doing Things You Hate

A bunch of eejits shouting "nanananaa" crop up at this time of year. Prep yourself with this.

Explosions in the Sky – With Tired Minds, Tired Eyes, Tired Souls We Slept

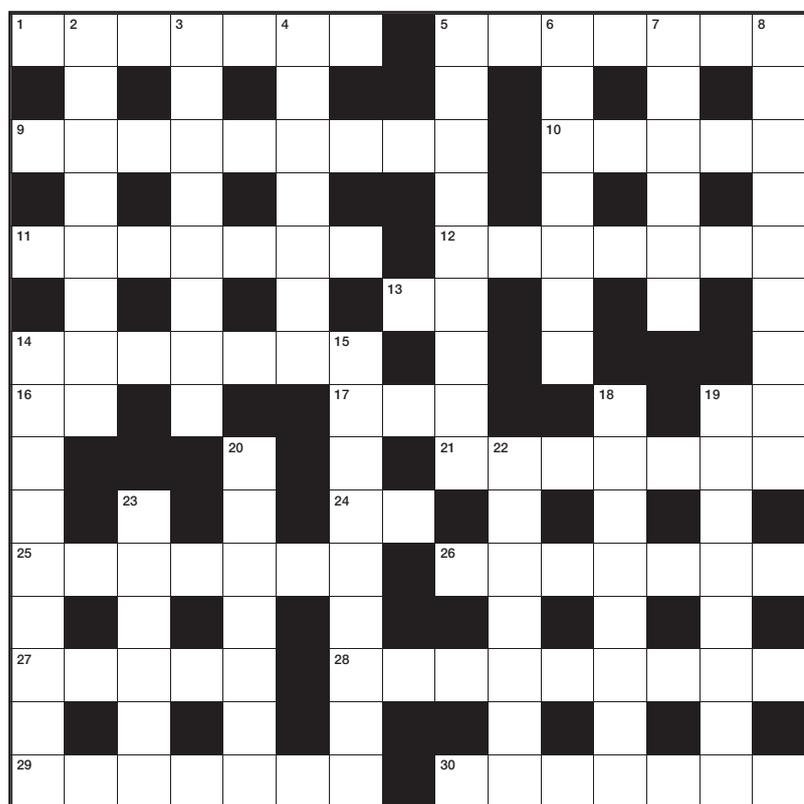
You're sobering up and having philosophical thoughts about the world. Or you've passed out. Both are terrifying.

PADDY KANE

## Games & puzzles

### Varsity Crossword

NO. 527



### Across

- Goat-like capering, wild and goddess (7)
- Sounding light-headed: press department on grass? (7)
- Miss letters on the second, make threats (9)
- Crab shuffles off first, without hesitating a bit (5)
- Observing intently a bird with one leg (7)

- Was at Torquay, got a bit lost and confused, took the eastern line around the world (7)
- See 24.
- Seek justice for a woman, we hear, like Grendel's mother (7)
- 17, 19 Jostled line setter lacking the north has organ for perceiving wild bells exist... when my light is low (2,3,2)

- Piles up in 6 down – smooth move, we hear! (7)
- 13, 23 down So we get the drinks! (4)
- Confused op/ed invites us in to do God's work? (4, 3)
- Expression of disgust on 6 down of surrounding filth (7)
- In a day, Spanish capture one of Britain's former 28 (5)
- Order to inferiors in sovereign territories (9)
- By lake, mangled rye hides North Carolinian Henry, killer outside the law (7)
- 23 down Rub feet and sob: the lot of a donkey, for example (5, 2, 6)

### Down

- Adept capture of middlemen by old four, indicating agent or source – in their language (8)
- Instrument of torture on lease makes high cost for tenants of Edgeworth's castle (4-4)
- Gnome (shorter than usual) gains inch with drug one proposed (7)
- Friends dipping into the Aegean and starting training in Greek wrestling school (9)
- Relative put two hundred and fifteen into this! (7)
- Proust slept days: at night wakes up? (6)
- Emo gets through vessels notwithstanding prohibitions (9)
- Morning brothers! Is fish I hear of heavenly food? (9)
- Came back to 'er in reply (9)
- Kid strums strangely on these! (4, 4)
- Bleat on, Carreras, in full rich voice! (3, 5)
- Thud, bam, easy to slip in this! (3-4)
- We hear rook's cry over the vine, like a crow? (7)
- See 30 across.

Crossword set by Cerdinga.

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 526):  
Across: 6 indecision, 8 pooh, 9 stratagem, 11 pubs, 12 boa, 13 bracelets, 16 rear, 17 pot shot, 18 muezzin, 20 eden, 21 gruelling, 23 tea, 24 code, 25 tabletops, 29 anus, 30 snapdragon  
Down: 1 onus, 2 near, 3 fist, 4 singlet, 5 forbearing, 7 numbskull, 9 paparazzi, 10 arc, 13 bloodhound, 14 absentees, 15 elongates, 19 bugbear, 22 let, 26 ends, 27 opal, 28 spot

### Sudoku

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

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

### The Varsity Scribblepad



### Last issue's solutions



### Kakuro

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

	9	9				7	11		
12					14				
				22					
4				9					
				17					
		19					15		
				16					
	17	7						11	
19						8			
							15		
9									

### Hitori

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

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

# SPORT

CRICKET CUPPERS

## Jesus crush Christ's in cuppers



The Jesus bowlers put Christ's on the defensive from the off

**JESUS** 177 / 9

**CHRIST'S** 39 all out

JOSHUA GAMES

Jesus College, helped by an inspired performance by Charlie Hopkins, cruised to victory at Fenner's on Friday to claim the cuppers final against a poor, if under strength, Christ's side.

The format, as has been the case for the last few years was Twenty20 although only 30 overs were eventually played.

Given Christ's bulldozing of Churchill in the semis and Jesus' close defeat of Gonville and Caius, a closer tie was expected by all, though, by this display, Jesus were never likely to be stopped.

Fears that the forecast rain might halt proceedings were soon forgotten as Jesus took little more than a couple of hours to settle the tie.

Christ's captain Harry Bardon may have felt that the overcast conditions would have spelt an early flurry of wickets when he chose to put Jesus into bat.

The early dismissal of Sam Grimshaw gave Christ's an early glimmer of hope but one which was soon to be dashed.

It was the partnership of Frankie Brown and Charlie Hopkins that proved to be the destructive one with some 63 runs coming off just 44 balls. Brown looked set for his fifty and was left distinctly unimpressed with his dismissal which he suggested after had come off the pad and not the bat.

Hopkins was in particularly fine fettle, hitting a fine 62 with a number of sublime strokes including a giant six in the thirteenth over which cleared the ground by some distance. Ed Pope helped him along with a nifty 20 though he was rightly annoyed at the manner of his dismissal, his leg stump bowled by the impressive Stephen Harrison.

As Hopkins continued to add to his tally the bottom order came but its tail failed to wag, with the bottom four going for a combined total of just seven runs.

The damage had already been done however and by the time Hopkins had gone, the score was already impressive and Jesus ended on 177 for 9.

Having lost just the one wicket

against Churchill in the semi final, Christ's top order was left astounded by the early Jesus attack led by Hopkins who was hardly given time to rest after his earlier innings.

By the third over Christ's were already two wickets down but even so they would not have been expecting what came next.

Hopkins, having dismissed

### 10

The number of overs it took for Jesus to dismiss Christ's.

### 44

The number of balls Hopkins and Brown faced for their 64 partnership.

Christ's Number Three, Bardon, for just the one run, followed up with two more in succession and a fourth before the over was out.

The quadruple wicket maiden put to bed any slim hopes that Christ's might have had of reaching the target.

Horns started to be sounded on the boundary (ready for the World

Cup no doubt) to liven up the otherwise dreary atmosphere and it took little more than ten overs to wrap things up with Stephen Harrison, Christ's best bowler, the only batsman to provide any resistance with a mature 18 not out.

Celebrations were, given the margin of victory, hardly melodramatic. This was a walk in the park and the treasurer of the University Cricket Club was on hand to point out that, as seen in the IPL, it is not in fact all that often that 20/20 matches involve exciting finishes.

Nevertheless it was a fantastic performance from Jesus.

The captain Duncan Allen, who led well from start to finish, was similarly full of praise for his side.

He said, "we were expecting a much closer tie to be honest, especially after the semi final against Caius. But the great depth of quality that we have in the team really helped us out today and although we would have liked to have hit a few more runs, our bowling was simply fantastic".

He was right, even if a few more stray balls might have made it a bit more of a spectacle. As it stood, Jesus ran out worthy winners and were the only team in the tie.

## World Cuppers



Another day and another constant blaring of horns disturbing my viewing. This time it's getting political. Fifa supremo, Sepp Blatter, has even said that it is South Africa's "historical right" to blow the vuvuzelas. Really Sepp? Oh, I give up.

Back to on the pitch concerns. They say that sport matters more when there's money on it and so, like a lot of people, I'll be having a punt on the tournament winner and top scorer.

Scouring the web for a decent bet, I noticed a leading bookmaker is offering odds of 350/1 for Emile Heskey to win the golden boot. That seems a bit short to me.

It's actually the Germans who've caught my eye. They bulldozed Australia and reduced poor old Tim Cahill to literal tears. So as a most unpatriotic act I've decided to stick a few pounds on the Germans.

That's me using my head not my heart. The Netherlands (you can't call them Holland apparently) started well against Denmark and are sure to improve and we've still yet to see Brazil, Portugal and Spain.

As much as I want to back England over the Germans, 7/1 is just poor value. The problems are there for all to see; no decent keeper, no genuine left winger and a starting striker who, according to the bookies, has less of a chance of scoring the most goals than the Honduras right back.

But as you weigh up your money making schemes, spare a thought for Rob Green. Logging on to facebook, I was offered the chance to join a new group entitled 'that awkward moment when Rob Green asks you to play catch'. So cruel I had no choice but to click 'like'.