

Lecturer uses student's work under own name

Land Economy lecturer fails to credit student in journal article

JOEL MASSEY & NATASHA PESARAN

The University of Cambridge finds itself under pressure to clarify further its guidelines on plagiarism after a senior lecturer in the Department of Land Economy was found to have published without permission material from a student's dissertation.

Varsity has discovered that Dr Nicola Morrison included unattributed material from the work of a final year Land Economy undergraduate in an article published under her name in the *Journal of the Town and Country Planning Association* in April.

The University's recently tightened rules on plagiarism are now under fresh scrutiny amid strenuous denials that Dr Morrison's actions had constituted any breach.

A University spokesman said: "A University Lecturer made a mistake in submitting an opinion piece to a trade journal, on a very short deadline, without properly attributing some of the source material. This was swiftly rectified, the Lecturer has apologised to the student concerned, who does not wish to take the matter further, and the matter is closed."

The University's rules on plagiarism define it as: "submitting as one's own work that which derives in part

or in its entirety from the work of others without due acknowledgement." The guidelines also state that plagiarism is "both poor scholarship and a breach of academic integrity."

The same University spokesman confirmed that some material and ideas from the student's dissertation were quoted verbatim without attribution by Dr Morrison. The University's statement on plagiarism says that examples of plagiarism include "quoting verbatim another person's work without due acknowledgement of the source" as well as "using ideas taken from someone else without reference to the originator". However, the spokesman denied that plagiarism had taken place.

CUSU Education Officer Sam Wakeford urged the University to learn lessons from the Morrison case: "This obviously looks bad, but it draws attention to the fact that mistakes can be made by academics as well as students; plagiarism is a very complex issue," said Wakeford. "Work that has been produced in a collaborative environment – such as between a student and their supervisor – can be a particularly grey area."

"Intentional or otherwise, however, it is extremely serious, and the University must take the teaching of proper proper referencing techniques seriously," he continued.

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Oh! What a swell party that was

May Week was in full swing all over Cambridge yesterday as students saw out the week of post-exam celebrations. These party-goers from Churchill embraced the theme of last night's King's Affair, 'British Youth Culture in the Last Fifty Years,' disguised as a monopoly board. Elsewhere, Balls were held at Sidney Sussex and St Catharine's, while Trinity Hall held its June Event. Sidney Sussex students could for one night experience life as a college on the river, thanks to a canal which filled an entire court. Trinity Hall's June Event was more like a May Ball, with its tasteful decorations and fun-filled entertainment. During the day, students spent time relaxing and recovering from the festivities out in the sunshine on the backs and punting along the river.

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Paul Smith talks to The National about leaving New York



Wednesday's Ballsp5

St Catharine's May Ball, Trinity Hall June Event and King's Affair reviewed inside



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Emma Mustich on why Sarah Palin is no match for Thatcher

Varsity's going on its summer holidays - see you in October!

PAWEL JASNOS



Fireworks! They never get old

MICHAEL DERRINGER



Varsity fashionistas enjoy the cupcake chairs at St John's

ELIZABETH BENNETT



Ducks don't do anything special for May Week. Awww

MICHAEL DERRINGER

VARSLITY PHOTOS



Guests marvel after they punt past Sidney Porters' Lodge



Reading Varsity the morning after Trinity Ball

VARSLITY PHOTOS



Banana boats: not a very mellow kind of yellow

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EDITORS Joel Massey & David Pegg editor@varsity.co.uk **DIGITAL EDITOR** Nathan Brooker digital@varsity.co.uk **NEWS EDITOR** Charlotte Runcie news@varsity.co.uk
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR Natasha Pesaran news@varsity.co.uk **COMMENT EDITOR** Rhys Jones comment@varsity.co.uk **SPORT EDITOR** Joshua Games sport@varsity.co.uk
FEATURES EDITOR Lara Prendergast features@varsity.co.uk **THEATRE EDITOR** Augustina Dias theatre@varsity.co.uk **REVIEWS & LISTINGS EDITOR** Jessica Jennings reviews@varsity.co.uk
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR Julia Carolyn Lichnova games@varsity.co.uk

SENIOR REPORTERS Fiona Vickerstaff, Richard Moore, Anna Herber & James Wilson seniorreporter@varsity.co.uk **EDITORS-AT-LARGE** Helen Mackreath & Emma Mustich large@varsity.co.uk
VARSLITY PRODUCER Philippa Garner vtv@varsity.co.uk **VARSLITY EDITORS** Richard Rothschild-Pearson & Fred Rowson vtv@varsity.co.uk **DEPUTY VARSLITY EDITOR** Alan Young vtv@varsity.co.uk
CHIEF SUB-EDITORS Lauren Arthur & Angela Scarsbrook subeditor@varsity.co.uk **DESIGNER** Dylan Spencer-Davidson designer@varsity.co.uk **DESIGN CONSULTANT** Michael Derringer

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



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VARSLITY

onpaper



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William Clement on the delights of cooking with summer flowers

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Secret Diary of a Ballcrasher

What's the best way to crash a ball? Tonight's mission: free canapés

onTV



Fix up look Sharpe...

James Sharpe! He knows his way around a cummerbund.



May Balls

Lauren Cooney: she's still inside that darned May Ball. With owls.



Correction

In Issue 721, our article 'All The Pretty Fraudsters' contained errors in naming. Where the article read 'Megan McCafferty' it should have read 'Kaavya Viswanathan', and where the article read 'Meg Cabot' it should have read 'Megan McCafferty'. Varsity apologises unreservedly for these mistakes.

Trinity pull band off stage in row over noise levels

Committee panic as main stage act Dancing Pigeons provoke complaints at May Ball

ANNA HERBER & NATASHA PESARAN

A live act was thrown off stage at Trinity May Ball as organisers took action against excessive sound levels.

German electro-pop band, Dancing Pigeons, were asked to leave the stage three songs into their performance, with committee members saying that maximum decibel levels were exceeded.

Officers first expressed concerns about the sound level, which was fifteen decibels over the acceptable limit, ten minutes into the band's performance, when they discovered they were unable to reduce sound levels through the speakers.

After a call from the City Council, who had received complaints from residents about noise levels, committee members asked the drummer to play more quietly.

The drummer announced to the crowd that they were being told to stop playing. Amid chants of "Let them play! Let them play!" from the crowd, the band attempted to resume their set. Security was then called onto the stage to remove the performers.

The band had arrived in Cambridge on the afternoon of the ball to attend a sound check, but the late arrival of another band meant that the scheduled run-through never occurred.

Trinity May Ball Technical and Security Officer, Ben Seovic, told *Varsity*, "We tried to reach a compromise with the act to play more quietly as we couldn't turn them down on the speakers. They refused to oblige and

escalated the situation by continuing to play, at which point we had no choice but to remove them from the stage.

"Frankly, it is in the committee's interest to ensure that the Ball continues. We had to draw the line somewhere. We had received complaints from the City Council which we had to take seriously."

Third-year student, Korlin Bruhn, who had originally suggested to the May Ball committee that the Dancing Pigeons play at the Ball, is furious at the committee's handling of the international act.

She told *Varsity*, "After leaving Germany a day early to attend a sound check which never happened, the band was shut down for being too loud when it should have been up to the organisers to ensure they were fine to play.

"It seems unfair to pull the band's performance straight away instead of trying to get the volume down to within the accepted levels."

One committee member described the band as "uncooperative and aggressive." There have also been reports that the band were intoxicated during their set and that they trashed their green room following their performance.

The committee was likely to have been concerned about possible repercussions of exceeding the sound limit, given the shutdown of live acts at Jesus May Ball last year and after celebrations at Hughes Hall attracted complaints from residents.

John Osbourn, environment



Guests make their way home from the world famous Trinity May Ball

protection team leader for the City Council, has been positive about the actions taken by May Ball committees to deal with complaints and ensure noise levels remain within acceptable limits. He said, "We had just one complaint at 3am on Tuesday and that

matter was already being dealt with by the college concerned.

"Jesus, who had a problem last year and had to finish early, really stepped up to the mark. They brought forward their band start by an hour and there was no problem at all."

CONTINUED FROM FRONT

Dr Morrison dismissed the story's reportage as "tittle-tattle", stressing that she considered the matter to have been "dealt with officially and properly". She claimed the issue had been fully resolved with the student concerned, who she said was "fine". The student has declined to comment.

Once the matter was brought to the student's attention, he reported the issue and it was swiftly agreed that he would be credited for his work. The article concerned has since been adjusted with acknowledgement of his contribution.

Entitled 'A Landmark Case', Morrison's essay discussed recent Cambridge housing and building developments during the recession. It included material from the student's unpublished dissertation.

The University repeatedly declined requests to disclose full details of the handling of the matter. However, *Varsity* understands that Morrison's position within the University is not under threat.

Richard Partington, Senior Tutor of Churchill College, emphasised his own clear-cut conception of plagiarism, saying: "I can't comment on a specific case of which I am ignorant, but, in general, quoting someone else's work without proper attribution is plagiarism and it is not within the accepted norms of academic discourse. Plagiarism is plagiarism."

"Any academic who presents somebody else's ideas as their own without proper attribution has crossed a line which they should not cross," he continued.

The University issued new guidelines after a *Varsity* investigation carried out in Michaelmas 2008 found that as many as half of all Cambridge students had been guilty of plagiarism as defined within the University's then loose definitions.

Collaboration between students and supervisors is not uncommon. Richard, a third-year English student said, "After a really interesting Shakespeare supervision, my supervisor asked if he could use a point I had contributed to in a book he was writing, properly cited. I didn't mind at all, it was nice to know that he respected my ideas and found them helpful."

Many students have spoken positively of their experiences with Morrison. One said: "She's a really good supervisor. I came away from her supervisions really feeling like I'd gotten something out of it. Her lectures were always interesting too, with connections to real examples and different authors and views tied in."

Further reporting on this story was carried out by the Varsity Investigations Team

DNA: Greatest discovery

RICHARD MOORE

In an online poll of 432 researchers, the discovery of the structure of DNA has been voted the most important contribution to science made by researchers at UK universities.

The discovery of the double-helix model of DNA was made by Cambridge University researchers James Watson and Francis Crick in 1953. A plaque outside the Eagle, a public house in Bene't Street, commemorates the discoverers of the double helix: Crick and Watson often frequented the pub after work. The technology is crucial to modern

forensic science: DNA was first used to secure a murder conviction in 1988.

The existence of DNA was suggested by the Swiss scientist Friedrich Miescher in 1869, but the structure of the acid's molecules was first deduced by Crick and Watson.

Other scientific discoveries in the running included quantum-well lasers, which are the technology behind CDs and DVDs. These were discovered by researchers at the University of Surrey, and placed fifth.

The contraceptive pill, which was discovered by a researcher at the University of Manchester in 1961, placed fourth in the survey.



News in Brief

Giant containers on Parker's Piece

Parker's Piece is to play host to two large shipping containers as part of a new Cambridge arts show.

In 3rd Ring Out, a drama that aims to "highlight the dangers of climate change and the impact of humanity on the environment," the metal containers will serve as "mobile command centres." "It will be a combination of drama, video and an interactive computer system," said Jonathan Goodacre, a spokesman for Cambridge-based arts group Metis Arts. The performances will be set in 2033, in a world where Cambridge is confronted with several disasters.

In each 20ft-long container, actors and audience will interact to tackle the crisis.

The project has been in development for two years. Tickets are available from The Junction.

TK Maxx opens

The new TK Maxx store has opened in the old Borders store at 12-13 Market Street. Despite planning a full opening on June 19th, yesterday the shop was open for browsing.

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. Borders UK went into administration last year, after losses of over £25 million.

Oxford top of tables

The University of Oxford has topped the tables in three domestic University rankings. The tables, produced in *The Times*, *The Guardian* and *The Independent*, all place Oxford in the top spot. However, Cambridge maintained its dominance in the individual subject rankings, according to *The Times*.

FITZBILLIES

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Cambridge CB2 1RG

FREE CHELSEA BUN

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OR

FREE MORNING

COFFEE/TEA

(9am-12pm)

With any cake or pastry in the restaurant

on presentation of this voucher
and proof of student status

Cambridge Spies



Starter for TMI

As always, the initiate is asked
To cast her thoughts to the
past,
To think of a tale, a little story,
In which she comes off dutty,
gory.
Now one lil' gal made the
mistake,
Of going overboard for atten-
tion's sake.
She told of the time, not long
ago,
That she pleased her boyfriend
a dozen times in a row.
How he kept it coming, we'll
never know.
But guess what happened to our
lil' ho?
Off to the loo she popped,
And it came as a surprise when
she saw what dropped.
White liquid came forth all in
a gush.
Kinda wish she'd kept this all on
the hush.

River Romp

It's everyone's favourite part of
May Balls:
The punting ride as darkness
falls.
They just take you for a brief,
brief punt,
Unless, that is, you've got a...
boobs.
An attractive chick, I have to
admit,
Got far more than the usual
Scudamore remit.
Rather suspect, this lone 4am
ride,
And the pair returned with
tongues tied.
Boat spotted under cover of one
willow tree,
Rocking, swaying - the guests
did see.

Prose Bonus

Which two chaps decided to
celebrate the joys of June yester-
day the way nature intended?
So pleased were they with their
carefree gambolling around
Cambridge's most royal of
courts, they even got a mate to
video it for posterity. It didn't
seem to faze the porters, who
either didn't see it or were pretty
chilled about the whole thing.

Sidney Sussex: finally a college on the river

After years of planning, an artificial canal brings La Serenissima to Cambridge



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Construction of the canal began last Thursday and finished at 2am yesterday. The canal itself was made of metal scaffolding and damp-proof membrane. It rises to a height of three feet and extends around the college. Seven punts carried ball-goers throughout the night. As one of the few large colleges without access to the River Cam, the idea to construct an artificial river for the Sidney May Ball has been floated for years. However, this year's committee, which included two Engineering students, was the first to pull it off. Committee member Jack Scannell said, "The Sidney May Ball committee is very excited to have been the first committee to achieve this. We're thrilled by the buzz that it's caused around Cambridge."

Students to patent their design of safer syringe

VARSAITY NEWS

Three Cambridge Engineering students have applied for a patent for a new type of syringe they have designed.

Adrian Wallis, Harry Simpson and Luke Jesson say their design could help save hundreds of thousands of lives in the developing world. Their design, which they have named SharpSure, ensures that syringes are single-use and easily disposable.

The team said: "Our solution involves separating the 'sharps' or needles from the less dangerous plastic syringe body at the point of use, thus reducing the volume of critical waste produced. This makes appropriate incineration and transport to incineration facilities

BILL COLLINS



The syringe will help prevent infections

feasible where it has before not been an option.

"We have re-designed the syringe itself to make the separation action and the equipment as cheap, simple and safe as possible."

They say an estimated 1.3 million early deaths worldwide are caused by the reuse of unsterilised syringes.

The students are now engaged in talks with Cambridge Enterprise about the possibility of patenting their product.

The new syringe is one of nine items on display at the University Institute for Manufacturing's annual Design Show.

Other products include 'Ascend', an integrated foot and ankle prosthetic which aims to give a "livelier response" to the user and grant greater flexibility, and the 'FloDrive Turbine', an easy-to-install hydro-power generator.

The FloDrive Turbine, designed by Deniz Erkan, Ned Stuart-Smith, and Li Jiang, can be installed in less than a day, requiring no specialist equipment. The electricity generated could complement available grid power in homes.

The Design Show provides an opportunity for students to demonstrate their ideas to an invited audience of local industrialists and designers.

Students put together displays to explain the technical and business ideas behind the products, together with design details and prototype models of the products themselves.

Mary Beard defends "charming" May Balls

RICHARD MOORE

Blogging Classics lecturer Professor Mary Beard has spoken out in defence of the hedonism of the University's May Week celebrations.

Addressing criticism in the local press, Professor Beard called middle-aged complainants "curmudgeonly" and claimed that, for most of the year, students at the University of Cambridge were "pretty quiet". Professor Beard claimed that five days of noise a year is "getting off lightly if you live in a university town."

Varsity reported on Monday that noise levels at Hughes Hall May Ball had caused local residents to complain to the council. Fellow academic Professor David Ganz, who made headlines earlier this year when his palaeography department at King's College London was scheduled for closure, and who lives in Cambridge, asked for an apology from the committee of the Hughes Hall May Ball. He also suggested that May Balls be compelled to finish at 1am in future in order to minimise the disturbance

caused to city residents.

He also suggested that the College was "negligent" for leaving responsibility for the planning of the event solely in the hands of students.

Professor Beard, however, defended the post-exam festivities, saying that after "months and months" of hard work, the celebrations were justified, and that, far from being an unjustifiable excess, they represented no more than "clever young people in the aftermath of some deserved hair-letting-down."

She even expressed her satisfaction at seeing "dozy drunken couples" in formal clothes roaming the streets on the morning after a May Ball, calling the spectacle "rather charming".

Professor Beard is a prolific commentator on University life. On her blog, she has given readers an academic's perspective upon such diverse topics as the process of marking University examinations, the uncertainties surrounding plagiarism, and the spelling mistake on the new doors of the Faculty of Classics on Sidgwick Avenue.



Ball Reviews



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Don't stop believin'

1500

Number of bottles of bubbly

90

Number of clocks used to decorate the ball

6

Number of DJs

1200

Number of canapes served

5

Number of ents stages

Make Believe

ST. CATHARINE'S MAY BALL

★★★★★

As May Week revelries draw to a close, the generic May Ball review has been well and truly had. We've heard all about the myriad beauties in frosted yellow frocks, frolicking amongst champagne streams that lap at the feet of mountains of caviar or of gold nuggets or of any other symbol of utter ostentation.

Reflecting upon this picture that all reviewers seem to paint, I realise that every male featuring in their merry tableau is painted with the same face – they all seem to be Pierce Brosnan – whilst the women formed an eerily serene, terracotta army of Nicole Kidmans. The only grub on the banquet table is suckling pig. It's an effigy of mass-consumption, of utter ostentation, of the glorious and the magnificent and the lovely.

But then I recall the May Balls that I have had the pleasure of attending first hand, and this lavish phoenix of a vision shrivels into a heap of broken images, a puddle of cigarette ash and ProPlus wrappers. It transforms into the scene found at 5pm after the Coast summer sale

– heaps of garishly shimmering satin, trodden on and embellished with poorly-defined shoe prints, a plethora of plastic glasses and piles of paper plates. It's all champagne flutes on pristine white tablecloths, with a cardboard box poking out from underneath it.

Faced with sky-high standards of fairytale perfection, you'd expect this biannual Ball at a small college to fall flat, weighed down by previous disappointments and hangovers. Yet the atmosphere at Catz really did seem to hit the nail on the head this time, and despite the demand for imagination in the ball's title, a seemingly impossible fiction became reality before guests' eyes for a night.

The lighting was perfect and the food and drink on offer left me floundering with indecisiveness. Truly Medley Deeply on the agenda and a milkshake stand satisfied every female at the door, whilst the Ball committee offered guests more than mere show.

Yet the night was not without its problems. The one-way system proved a rookie error – less glam and more cattle market, with one too many 'no entry' signs and far too many poor chaps positioned about

asking to see my wristband.

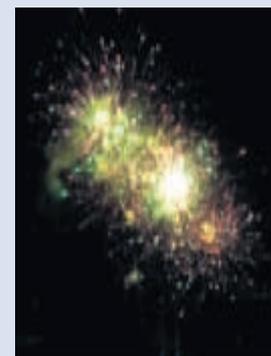
Essentially, what I have realised is that a good May Ball isn't made by three different types of meat in five various sorts of bun. It's not even about big-name headliners you catch a glimpse of between sweaty pits and massaged toes. It's about the little touches and attention to detail that feel luxurious rather than theme-park-happy.

And it's here that Catz really won me over. With a theme like 'Make Believe', the committee's vision of the magical was ideal from the start. I overheard a fellow ball-goer call it a 'boutique ball'.

There is one question plaguing your mind as your hand signs away two hundred and forty precious pounds for an evening four months in the future. What could possibly justify a term of eating nowhere but the Buttery and two terms never wearing new outfits without the price tag grating at the nape of your neck, a relentless reminder of your acute unease?

The answer lies in that cheesy feeling, of 'make believe': of Christmas morning for a 4 year-old and 'the morning after' for a 40 year-old. And this is what Catz truly made us believe again. AVANTIKA CHILKOTI

Balls in Brief



King's Affair

★★★★★

The motley queue which formed outside King's reflected the bold theme of their unique June Event. Abrasive chavs, punks and darling Lady Gaga were all in line for this British youth culture bonanza.

Spilling out of the chapel, the crowd were greeted with a lawn packed with funfair attractions and stalls dishing out the best British cuisine. Indoors, anyone familiar with King's Mingle would have been at home with the circuit of rooms dedicated to house, R&B and dubstep.

Within an hour of opening the doors, the cellar, posing as the London Underground for the night, was operating on a one-in, one-out basis. Excitement was palpable for big name Joy Orbision, though the exotically named Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs was another hot ticket.

Whilst the music-focused bill did come at the expense of other attractions, the breadth of the music styles on offer illustrated the dedication of the organisers. Once again, King's proved to be the perfect alternative to bow ties and ball gowns. LAURIE TUFFREY

Trinity Hall June Event

★★★★★

Amid giant mushrooms and enormous gingerbread creations, guests at Trinity Hall found themselves in a fairytale wonderland, masterfully transformed into a night of 'twisted tales' by the committee.

Swing boats, shisha and silent discos enchanted spellbound revellers, yet the real stars of the show were the artists, including *Guillemots* and *The Pipettes*. Magical treats were bountiful in the Hansel and Gretel Forest, and for the thirsty, vodka luges and themed cocktails ('Sex in the Forest', anyone?) could be found throughout this magical realm.

Whilst the night could not promise a 'happily ever after', the hard work of the organisers made this June Event a bewitching evening. ANNA HARPER

Letters to the Editor

I was amused to see that restrictions had been placed on the pouring of alcohol directly into a person's mouth (Elizabeth Briggs' cover article, Friday May 14th). As alternative routes of alcohol entry into the body seem somewhat impractical, does the editor have any suggestions as to how alcohol can be legally consumed?

Charlotte Saunders
Fitzwilliam

Sona Urbancikova's piece on Barack Obama was misinformed and poorly written (Wednesday June 16th). I failed to follow Ms Urbancikova's argument (apparently that the US President is "overrated" – but not too much, and only in some ways, and not really) on more than one occasion.

His autobiography is an



"almost idiomatic tale"? What does that mean exactly? And Obama is overrated because he rates himself? Or because he does so in undefined "mission-like" rhetoric?

Surely it is excellent for someone in such high office to possess self-confidence and inspire citizens to believe in the possibility of change. I don't see why Ms Urbancikova feels the need to write a piece which, in essence, argues: "Obama's well up himself, yeah, but that's fair enough" – only in less elegant language.

Claire Thurncote
Queens'

I can honestly claim to have been refreshed by a frank review of Thursday's performance of 'These Things Happen'. Critique is a noble and valuable thing. But long strings of insulting comments, oblivious to the purpose of what they are attempting to describe, just ain't. And begging people to "avoid at all costs" a self-funded student show is something to be thoroughly ashamed of. I am delighted that I will leave the University having experienced the challenge of putting on a show of my own; just as I hope that Miss Jennings is delighted that she will leave the University having written unpleasant things about other people's work.

Also, I didn't make the wine myself.

Jonathan Pease

Comment

"Thatcher was a savvy politician who stood firm. Sarah Palin couldn't even handle one term as Governor of Alaska."

EMMA MUSTICH

Public Enemies

Politicians may be crooks and journalists may be hacks, but the public are just plain stupid. So do we really have to listen to their every whine and moan?



RHYS JONES

Lemmings do not, in fact, commit mass suicide by following each other over cliff tops. You'd be forgiven for thinking it, but it's a popular and rather amusing myth. The rodent has, despite its fabled sacrifice, nevertheless given our language a deliciously apt term for herd mentality; for those who move in this or that direction because everyone else is.

The notion that one's opinions must surely be right because they are shared by the safe and secure majority is one as fatuous as it is false. So too is the assumption, made by the political and journalistic class, that majority opinion is always to be respected, always to

be fawned over. You seem to have grasped my point now that there is something idiotic about those who believe that the public (to give the hydra-headed monster just one of its names) is always right.

Why do I use the term idiotic in a derogatory sense? Well, actually, I don't. The derivation of the phrase suggests that an idiot is any person who is indifferent to, or illiterate in, public affairs. And with each passing day, news-cycle, and writhe-making edition of *Question Time* I become more convinced that the term applies – now almost poetically – to the British public.

This is, in part, due to the hypocrisy and changeability of witless mass opinion. The politics of division – as if politics were not divisive by definition – has for some time been popularly denounced as 'corrupt' and 'self-interested', practised by infantile men who refuse to work together for the national good. But then along comes the politics of compromise and coalition government, and the entire enterprise is berated as 'artificial' and 'power-grabbing'. When Nick Clegg began talks with both the Conservatives and Labour there was uproar at such an act of political harlotry – might he merely have been investigating every

avenue, attempting to maintain the balancing act within his own party? Try telling that to a baying electorate.

Incidentally, I assume we are still discussing the same public of which 3 million more tuned in to watch the final of *Britain's Got Talent* than the final electoral debate? Oh, we are. Well, in that case, maybe we ought to assess that most fashionable political phrase, the gushing and inaccurate: 'the public are much smarter than we think'. Am I to assume that this public, just 65% of whom bothered to turn out in the recent and most critical election for 40 years, have somehow been underestimated? One needn't be an expert psephologist to notice the dissonance between the severity of the electoral situation and the paucity of the electorate's response. The public has multiple personalities, all of them equally excruciating.

The problem is that the public like to be involved in political discussion when there is something, anything, to moan

about. The strawman of the politician is only of entertainment to them when set alight. Take the scandal of MPs' expense claims. Indeed, the idle accusation that all politicians are the same and all somehow in it for themselves has gone into overdrive as a result.

But let's turn the allegation upon those who so contemptuously make it. What would the public person have done in the politicians' position? Faced with an extravagant, poorly regulated expense system they would, presumably, have abstained from charging 68p for a tin of Jaffa Cakes or £300 to house their favourite duck? They would?



Really? I had no idea there were so many saints sitting amongst us. Maybe more of them should get involved in politics, instead of complaining about it.

Politicians may have become an insipid bunch but that's only because of their fear of the bipolar nature of public opinion. The truth is that in Britain we don't need better politicians, nor do we need a better civil service. We could, however, do with a better electorate.

The Iron Lady and the tramp

Why Sarah Palin doesn't deserve an official meeting with Lady Thatcher



EMMA MUSTICH

The *Daily Mail* reported this Sunday that, on an upcoming visit to the UK, Sarah Palin hopes to have a meeting with Margaret Thatcher. I'm sure this cringeworthy moment was a political inevitability – but I did cherish the hope that, by some miracle, it would never quite come about.

Sarah Palin is exactly the kind of politician, perpetually underprepared and incapable of intelligent debate, that Margaret

Thatcher always seemed to hate. Over the two years since her rise to national and international prominence, Palin has displayed a worrying ignorance of nearly all major topics, from the economy to foreign policy; furthermore, her femininity – unlike Thatcher's – has sometimes been paraded unflatteringly before the public (for instance, when the Republican National Committee spent \$150,000 of its campaign funds on designer clothes for her and her family – an act that would have driven Thatcher, a notorious recycler of clothes, mad).

Thatcher, on the other hand, did her homework meticulously for Cabinet meetings and international summits alike, often surprising (and annoying) interviewers with a spooky capacity to anticipate their questions and provide gushing, aggressively dogmatic answers. In this respect, the two politicians

could hardly be more different.

In fact, the only thing I can see that the two women have in common, apart from their sex, is that neither of them reads the newspapers. Thatcher didn't while she was in power, and Palin famously couldn't name any periodical she read during the 2008 election. Even here, though, there is a difference: Thatcher didn't read the news because she was too busy; Palin just couldn't be bothered.

Thatcher was a savvy politician with a passion for the political fray: she worked for long years to get into the House of Commons, making sacrifices of time, money, sleep, and leisure, even when she could easily have afforded to stay home and take care of her children without having a job of her own. She was thick-skinned and stood firm through some of the most vicious press coverage and popular bile ever directed at a British Prime

Minister. Palin couldn't even handle one term as Governor of Alaska.

The point is that all this Sarah Palin business has gone a bit too far. We put up with her for a little while during the Presidential campaign, a great many of us hoping that she would eventually disappear, but she hasn't – and now she seems to have been let loose on the wider world. If she is granted official meetings with some of the most respected former Western leaders, her presence on the political scene is immediately, and, in my opinion, inappropriately, legitimised.

Palin is weak and unschooled in comparison with the battle-tested, four-hours-of-sleep-per-night turbo-politician that was Thatcher in her prime. I hope that, if their meeting occurs, Thatcher has enough edge left in her to recognise Palin for what she is: not the real thing, but a very, very poor imitation.

Prohibition-lite

Proposed minimum alcohol pricing is an insult to our ability to 'know when we've had enough'. It's daft, demeaning, and yet another example of a nanny-state interfering in the minutiae of our lives



CHARLIE BELL

As May Week reaches its close, just one thing will be dominating (and impairing) the minds of Cambridge students: our mutual friend, alcohol. It seems also to have acquired a monopoly of press attention, and not the sort concerned with loutish behaviour, gobbing in the streets, and various other degradations of 'British values' that *The Daily Mail* so frequently decries.

No, the most recent argument has been over alcohol pricing and the increasing chorus of hectoring voices calling for a minimum pricing system. The usual suspects are involved: nanny-statists, busy-bodies; I've no doubt Mary Whitehouse has been contacted for her opinion via séance. Yet

surprisingly, even pub owners and Tesco managers have been extolling the virtues of such a move, which would help to "rid Britain's streets of the scourge of drunken yobs". Really? I think they may have had one too many...

British pubs have suffered hugely under the current trend of people drinking either at home or in other establishments. This is a huge shame, but absolutely not something we should be preventing by making the home option unattractive. In an economy like ours, services survive because of demand and, much like the local shops vanishing from our high streets, pubs may just no longer be the public's first choice.

One of the more ridiculous moments of recent broadcasting was the suggestion that big retailers were becoming more 'responsible' by agreeing to price alcohol above a certain level and that cheap drink deals were no longer acceptable. Anyone buying this faux-sincerity? None of these retailers could give a toss about the 'moral fibre' of Britain; they are far more interested in how many *Fruit and Fibre* boxes they can shift, and how much cash falls

into the tin. Big business leaders are not socially responsible beings, unless 'socially' involves improving their social lives. On which, of course, they have plenty of money to spend – including on alcohol.

The police are on board with hiking costs too; yet alcohol, at Cambridge at least, seems to be nothing short of their obsession. The fact that the local constabulary think it worth attempting to caution or arrest a Fellow of a College for attempting to prevent them access to what is, let us remember, private property, when there is a hint (a totally false one) of unlicensed activity during May Week, only suggests one thing: they must really have nothing else to do.

Attempting to bust squeaky clean May Balls shows a total disregard for the public purse. The first thing that should be preserved is our liberty to buy without government interference, and then a more sensible and intelligent probe into why we have these problems should be initiated. Perhaps the answer is in allowing children to drink younger, as is common in mainland Europe; better education in schools; better

alternatives; responsible parenting (wouldn't that be nice?) But the answer is most certainly not a knee-jerk, nonsense reaction that essentially results in a drink tax, and an affront to our right to choose. Smokers have thus far proved that if people want to do it

“Making alcohol more expensive in shops will not lead to the detoxing of the national liver. It will punish moderate drinkers.”

they will, at whatever price, and whether the state likes it or not. One cannot simply alter nearly five hundred years of national culture (and binge drinking is, alas, a British past-time) with

the imposition of a tariff on the national drug of choice.

Continental Europe does not suffer from similar problems. They have a quite different tradition of al fresco cafés, wine at lunch, wine at dinner, (sometimes wine at breakfast) but rarely 2 a.m. piss-ups along Croydon high street. The point is that putting up alcohol prices here won't change a thing, rather like extending opening hours didn't alter anything. Indeed, as far as I can tell, the only benefactors will be the operators of the Channel Tunnel and the cheap booze warehouses in Calais.

Making alcohol more expensive in shops will not lead to the detoxing of the national liver; instead, it will punish moderate drinkers, and simply cause those who want to drink excessively to spend more of their money (or the taxpayer's money as the case may be) on a poison which will eventually lead to there being a drain on the NHS. Prohibition led many to become desperate for drink in the US; minimum pricing in the UK would be a daft, nannying, demeaning, insulting, and unnecessary move. Surely Britain is better than that.

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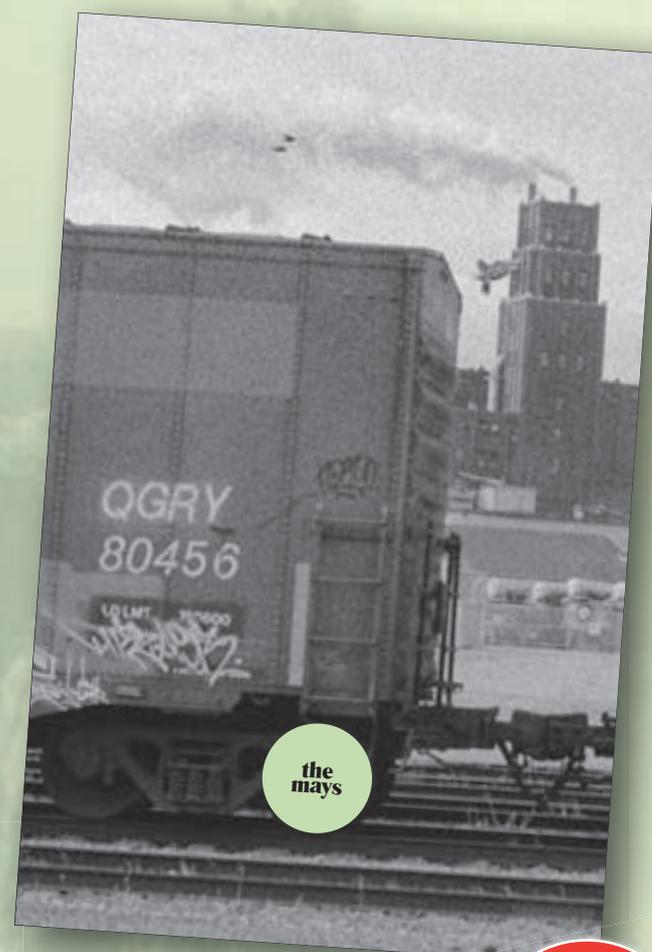
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Come to the launch party today, which will be held from 11am to 2pm in the Scholar's Garden of St John's College.

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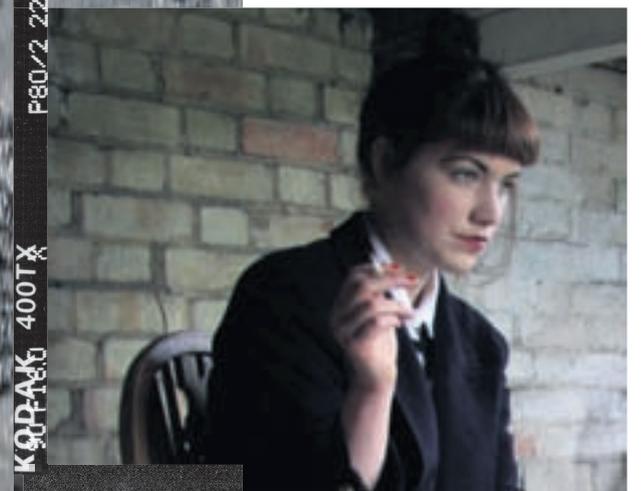
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TOGETHER APART

PHOTOGRAPHY Zing Tsjeng
STYLING Emma Harrison & Zing Tsjeng
SPECIAL THANKS Michael Derringer



EMMA wears bodysuit by TOPSHOP; shirt by PRIMARK; jacket by JAEGER ; necklace by TATTY DEVINE; wedges by TOPSHOP. LAURIE wears shirt H&M Divided; trousers by LEVI'S; jacket by CAROL CHRISTIAN POELL; boat shoes by MARINE POOL; glasses by MASUNAGA

University Challenge

So how in touch have you been with Cambridge news this year? Test your knowledge (at the same time as checking how much your memory has been affected by May Week) with our end of year quiz

1. Which school achieved the most amount of entries into Cambridge this year?

2. Who was named 'black student of the year'?

3. Which 'legal high' was made illegal earlier this year?



4. Which faculty left some of its students stranded with no supervisors?

5. Which former artist-in-residence made an appearance on Gormley's 'The Fourth Plinth'?

6. Which pub was brought to court over poor hygiene standards?

7. How many student burglaries did police predict were being made in Cambridge every day?

8. Who won the women's Varsity rugby match this year?

9. A bet made between a Downing student and a Sidney student was settled in November. What was the bet?

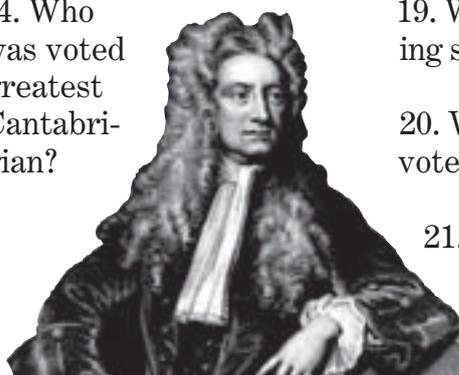
10. In which College does the famous 'triple set' room exist?

11. Which nationwide heart-throb led their team to victory in *University Challenge*?

12. Which colour is affiliated with the winning political candidate in the recent Cambridge election?

13. What did a Cambridge scientist claim aliens would look like?

14. Who was voted greatest Cantabrigian?



15. Why were Queens' Ents banned for four weeks?

16. What number did the Cambridge name come in the list of most prestigious brands?

17. What was saved by Trinity College from being closed?

18. From which College was the winning Jailbreak team and where did they get to?

19. Who invaded the Downing site in protest in April?

20. Which College was voted most hygienic?

21. What controversial sport was taken up by the Union this year?

22. Who won the Blues football match when it went down to penalties?

23. Who was crowned winner of the Athletics cuppers?

24. Which well-known singer performed a one-off gig at the Corn Exchange?

25. What "fruity" event was banned this year despite much protest?



Answers on opposite page

Cambridge Says...

Can you locate where these quotes are from?

"I'm actually a gymnast."

"LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE"

"Your eclectic mashup showcasing the best student and local djs"

"A quote which does have resonance is that behind every successful man is a very surprised woman"

"...ready to rock your socks, roll your shoes and fill your brain with laughter-juice"

"What other bike shop offers that?!"

"Our Casanova hoped to woo his lady with green fingers and dirty hands."



Cut out and keep: How to host a party on a punt

For when the May Balls come to an end, but you don't want the hedonism to finish

1 (If at John's or Trinity please move directly to Step 2)
Ignore all oddly dressed scouts and find yourself an attractive and/or accommodating John's or Trinity person to supply cheap punts. If desperate consider those at Queens'; I'm sure their students can be equally as accommodating.

2 Invite at least one of the following:

- Strong, attractive 6ft man – or at least one good at punting; crashing into tourists and spilling your drink is a waste of alcohol.
- A prankster, required for Step 6.
- A good singer to serenade your party, also useful for Step 6 when they get dull.
- Two rather loud girls: their abil-

ity to bicker and give conflicting advice on the correct way to manoeuvre punts out of John's Wharf will keep you amused for the entire trip, although you may not in fact leave John's Wharf.

3 Raid Sainsbury's for Pimm's; Champagne is a little bit too decadent for these occasions and should be left to be drunk in volume at Balls. Please note that Sainsbury's is yet to comprehend our ability to drink Pimm's in May Week, and so runs out quite early on. DO NOT make this fundamental mistake.

4 Food is not always necessary, but if provided should not exceed a 5:1 ratio of alcohol to food – this is approximately 1 bottle

of Pimm's for each 150g packet of cocktail sausages. Finger food that does not poison ducks or swans is also preferable.

5 After a peaceful punt eavesdropping on the naïvety of foreign tourists, entertain yourselves with a bit of punt racing; first one to Magdalene Bridge wins, award bonus points for each tourist punt narrowly avoided – the nearer the better.

6 No punt party is satisfactorily complete without somebody getting very wet; this is far more hilarious if it occurs by accident, but if required please make use of the prankster from step 2.

ERIN DALY



The National Pride

Ahead of the release of their new album, **Paul Smith** meets **Matt Berninger** and **Aaron Dessner** of **The National** to discuss lyrics, touring and why there's no leaving New York



It's a rainy Tuesday afternoon in March, and Matt Berninger and Aaron Dessner of The National are seated in the suite of a West End hotel. Mere days have passed since *High Violet*, their fifth studio record, was completed, mixed and mastered. A Dylan-esque perpetual tour fills their calendar for the year, with headline appearances at summer festivals and worldwide gigs until December. Approaching the end of an arduous day of interviews, a massage has been booked at the spa round the corridor to rid them of any weariness. But somehow, the pair remains enthusiastic, even infectiously so, as they discuss the new record with exuberance.

"We wanted it to sound like hot molten tar," says Berninger, singer of the New York-based band, "whatever that sounds like". Released last month to universal acclaim, *High Violet* is the sound of a victory lap of a band whose success has been the result of a subtle, decade-long crescendo into the consciousness of record-buyers.

Forming in 1999, the quintet comprising Berninger and two sets of brothers quit their day jobs around the release of *Alligator*, their 2005 breakthrough. *Bower*, released two years later, cemented their reputation as frontrunners of the American Indie scene. Its slow-burning appeal inspired a loyal fanbase and 'Fake Empire' was hand-picked by the Obama Campaign. "We are very happy with the record," beams Berninger. "We were able to do a lot of things with it that we hadn't planned to." Despite road-testing material across recent tours, Dessner (multi-instrumentalist and the band's musical mastermind along with his brother, Bryce) is adamant that their latest offering is the product of hours of grafting in their Brooklyn studio. "It's really hard to have any perspective on songs when you're playing them live", he says. "Finding the right tone, the subtleties and the nuances of a recording is like finding a needle in a haystack, and it takes a long time. The songs we learn to play live almost become too big and too muscular."

In person, Matt and Aaron are fixated with attempting to express these delicate subtleties that form a sound equally as brittle as it is brash, and as uplifting as it is devastating. Album opener 'Terrible Love', for all its boisterousness, retains fragility,

"Not to mention [leaving] New York would be like trying to write love songs while not thinking of the person you actually love."

boasting a nervous energy which persistently teeters on the brink of self-imploding chaos. Dessner describes a process of "catching that adolescent version the song, where it's not completely grown up". Rigorous thoughts like these govern The National's creativity.

Renowned for his pathos-ridden lyrics of anguish, turmoil and despair, sung in a distinct baritone, Berninger makes for a mesmerising, albeit downbeat, frontman. One brief glance at the album's tracklist reveals titles like 'Afraid of Everyone' and 'Sorrow'. "Fear and anxiety," he says, are "things we've always channelled into our songs from the very beginning". His expression of this personal melancholy imbues his songs with their tension, and the lucidity with which he discusses his poetry would, no doubt, impress in a Cambridge supervision. "There's a reason why water's a clichéd metaphor" he declares. "If you look up [its] abstract meanings, you will find almost everything. People use it to describe life, death, they use it as a metaphor for travel or loneliness. On this record, I use rivers, oceans, rain, lakes..." he lists. "I also use

birds, and furniture, and cake. I'll use cake for ten different reasons, meaning different things every time."

New York, the Ohio-born band's adopted home, also occupies an important space in their music. Manhattan's legendary venue, Radio City Music Hall is submerged by a flood in 'Little Faith', a standout track, with a refrain of "Stuck in New York / And the rain's coming down." It is one of many instances on *High Violet*, where the Big Apple is depicted in a seemingly derogatory light. "I love New York", insists Berninger. "Not to mention [leaving] New York would be like trying to write love songs while not think[ing] of the person you actually love. But on this record there was a need for more space." The sense of claustrophobia, he explains, arises from the small apartment he occupies with his wife and newborn child. The need for "wide open space" is most prominent on 'Bloodbuzz Ohio', a song about "leaving New York and trying to reconnect with the past. The ocean," he gestures, "that feeling of having your body on the waves, is like a wide, open panorama, as opposed to the cramped feeling of New York and the valleys of the dead."

Listen carefully behind the quivering guitars on 'Afraid of Everyone' and you'll hear a shrill falsetto. That's Sufjan Stevens. One of the many guest stars on the album including Justin Vernon of Bon Iver and Richard Reed Parry from The Arcade Fire, they are just three of the artists also to be involved in *Dark Was The Night*, a charity LP released last year, conspired by the Dessner brothers. Widely regarded as a contemporary 'Who's Who' of American indie, the triple disc extravaganza is the product of three years of haranguing acts for songs and features contributions from

David Byrne & Dirty Projectors, Yeasayer, and Feist. "There was never any discussion of what is the indie scene today", recalls Dessner. "Everyone we asked were people whose music we respected. It's a mix of covers and originals, with no real style or theme. The one cohesive thread is that we asked people with an attention to craft and detail, [those] who self-produce and make their own records." On course to raising a million dollars for Red Hot, an AIDS organisation, the project has been a overwhelming commercial and artistic triumph.

The zeal with which The National approach every aspect of their music translates into an emotionally-intense live show. At their sell-out Royal Albert Hall gig in May, for instance, Berninger finished up amongst the crowd, as he scaled the stalls of the historic venue. The intensity of performing songs so laden with pathos has its demands, and Berninger acknowledges this himself. "It is hard to do shows late at night", he agrees. "The pathos in our songs is a natural by-product of standing on stage under lights with people watching. It's a scary intense environment and it's hard for everybody. We do lose our minds a little bit after a while." The process of touring proves so draining, songwriting on the road is impossible, and even pre-show sightseeing is ambitious. "I can almost never go to after-parties", Berninger confesses.

"Not without a body guard", Dessner interjects.

"Or without a bag over my head", laughs Berninger.

"Usually I'm a little bit drunk and at my wits end, so socialising doesn't work so well. It's an awesome, amazing feeling, as it's unbelievably satisfying and cathartic...but [afterwards] I can't do much else."

QUIZ: 1. Westminster School 2. Tom Chigbo 3. Mephedrone 4. Economics 5. Tom de Freston 6. The Eagle 7. A day
8. Cambridge 9. That the first person to cycle down Trumpington Street on a penny farthing would win a pint from
the other 10. St John's 11. Alex Guenther 12. Yellow 13. Humans 14. Isaac Newton 15. Kitchen vandalism 16. Second 17. Trinity
Post Office 18. Fitzwilliam and Abu Dhabi 19. Animal rights protesters 20. Murray Edwards 21. Pole dancing 22. Oxford
23. Kings 24. Thom Yorke 25. Strawberry Fair. CAMBRIDGE SAYS: Varsity, Cindies Stores; back of Van of Life T-shirts;
Fez flyer; Andrew Chapman, President's thanks in The Termcard Easter 2010; Smoker promotion in ADC theatre
summer season booklet; The bikeman promotion leaflet; Cambridge Spies, Varsity.

Incoming



May Week and Beyond Servings and Suggestions

When the Tories brought down the spending axe upon our beloved Arts Council many asked the question 'Is austerity good for the arts?' In Cambridge, May Week delivers financial extremes: much free nourishment is gained from all the mint and strawberries put in garden-party Pimms, whilst at home many (at least two) students are reduced to the likes of tinned chicken. Dog meat if ever I ate it. Mmm, austerity. But Cambridge theatre...? Untouched! Hurrah.

University drama is the primary requisite for fun (and cultural?) nourishment on the end-of-term budget. Highlights include Oliver Soden in a dress in *The Importance of Being Earnest* at Caius, and for the cool kids, film/theatre fusion in *The Descent of Bot* at the Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio: Saturday and Monday...at midnight!

Okay, now it gets scarier and more exciting: beyond midnight, beyond term, Cambridge theatre continues. It migrates to America, Japan, and, most accessibly, the Edinburgh Fringe festival. The Footlights will be there, being fresh and genius and *Good For You*. Indulge in the least 'wanky' quarter of interactive theatre with some comic *Lock, Stock & Improv*, and that old cad *Dr. Faustus* will be sexy as ever in the CUADC production going up.

And then even more new writing is set to steal the Edinburgh scene: *When In Rome* promises 'Glee in togas', whilst recovery from this can be found in the ever-so-quiet-yet-equally-brilliant *Silent Canon Fire*. The ludicrous belly-laugh-o-rama Struts and Frets is going up, and the anarchic CUADC comedy *The Cure* will be around, demonstrating addiction, lust and on-stage paintballing.

Be warned, it's easy to see crap theatre at the Fringe because there's so much on and all those flyers in the face and so little time to investigate. So rip out this article now, photocopy it several hundred times, keep one copy in your diary and use all remaining to fashion a 'conversation piece' May Ball outfit. Eat outfit when hungry next week.
KAT GRIFFITHS

Measure for Measure

QUEENS' COLLEGE
★★★★★

The suitably Tudorbethan surroundings of Queens' college cloisters appear to have found their purpose. The wooden panelling, the gothic arches, the rose windows, the lot. It would of course be churlish of me to suggest that Queens' has been waiting five hundred and fifty years to stage one Shakespearean play, but the architecture and situation did seem somehow apt – even when a distinctly modern helicopter echoed above the courtyard.

Measure for Measure is described, by literary know-hows, as a 'problem play'. Can't say I noticed any problems sitting there on the grass, idly sunning myself (now I am being churlish), though what it perhaps more accurately means is that the genre of Shakespeare on display is beyond normal classification. This production leapt gracefully between the tragic and the comic, as when Mariana pleads with the Duke for the life of wayward husband Angelo, tearfully describing their intimate love, only for Lucio (a hilarious fop, but more of him later) to interject that the relationship must have been 'distinctly carnal'.

This sort of dissipation into a burst of mirth or bathos was managed with care, but executed all too infrequently. Indeed there were long, protracted moments throughout the latter stages of the first act where it seemed those on stage were more interested



in hurrying along the plot than performing it to par. Yet if this problem was momentary for the play, for Josh Stamp-Simon, playing the Duke, the issue was constant. His limp opening oratory

“I was happily exhausted by it all.”

did little justice to the majestic chamber and few favours for his subsequent players. At moments two-dimensional, the performance demanded deceitful and later robust delivery, not merely a regurgitation of remembered lines.

This was a shame, but it did not prevent others from providing some overshadowing

performances. Andrew Brock, as Lucio (you remember, that dandy I mentioned before), was well judged: he was humorously camp and extroverted without momentarily becoming Larry Grayson. His interplay with Isabella, played by Deli Segal, was particularly bravura, as indeed was Isabella throughout. There was none of that breathy, semi-laughing, semi-perturbed angst so commonly (and awfully) associated with the performance of worried soliloquies; where internal tragedy and bemusement meet like an emotional car-crash on stage. Rather, Isabella was depicted as a whinily virtuous soon-to-be nun. Segal, in fact, was pitch perfect.

Yet all this owed a great deal to direction. Never static and managing to span the vast open space of the cloister, the tension and momentum was allowed to flow

and to be diverted by the various sub-plots and conceits until finally, at the closing scene, to erupt. Angelo, played by Simon Haines, is to be executed. His removal is set to the backdrop of a vivid tableaux of each and every cast member. Lucio intermittently and humorously interrupts; Isabella and Mariana fall to their knees to beg for Angelo's forgiveness; the mysterious friar is finally unmasked as the conniving Duke. Quite the crescendo; I was happily exhausted by it all.

During the play, one striking phrase crystallised my thoughts: 'condemn the fault and not the actor of it?' At its high notes, the play was let down by very few, but prominent performances. Yet this could not be sufficient excuse to avoid praising an immensely polished and irresistible production. RHYS JONES

Canary, a play by Jonathan Harvey that follows the 50-year struggle of gay rights centred round one fraught family and their adjuncts, may be described as 'hysterical'. The word 'hysterical' - like the many characters and objects which are strewn through the play's time-liquid structure - takes on multiple meanings.

'Hysterical Realism' is a term designating fiction with sprawling narratives and intertwining, metropolitan plotlines. With its generational clashes and mnemonic set-pieces *Canary* can be viewed in this mould. The structure shows the disparate figures of 50s closeted police chief, Noughties stereotyped TV personality and 80s activist rubbing up against each other throughout the play's progression. Their stories are sometimes told synchronically, as when AIDS patient Micky suffers in his bed while his father struggles as a closeted young man on his wedding day. The staging is ingenious and grippingly establishes the painfully Newtonian motions of the narrative.

'Hysterical', however, may also be used pejoratively to describe

Canary
ARTS THEATRE
★★★★★

flashy, foppish, crazed or carnivalesque wig-outs. *Canary* also managed to produce moments like this, a

somewhat needlessly camp rendition of 'Can You Hear The People Sing' and a post-death wire-up levitation both example this. So much of the play opened up the dark and brutal treatment of gay men that these moments of supposed release did little to stir but rather comically off-set the strands of cruelty and victimisation tightly woven throughout.

Yet, we may also see the 'hysterical' as a kind of noir comedy and *Canary* managed these moments with care and subtlety. The opening drag-queen rendition of Mary Whitehouse (Philip Voss) alchemises camp protest, skilful gender-blurring and Carry On laughs to humorously de-sublimate the figure yet simultaneously throw up questions about our received notions of the connotations of 'camp'. This is indicative of a brave and intricate play which manages to complexly tie in the hyperbolic joys of gay culture while boldly illuminating its tortured past.

EDWARD HERRING

Henry IV Part One is the history play that doesn't feel like a history play—the comedic vitality of Falstaff and the Eastcheap gang, along with the impetuous movement of the plot, seem to throw history off of its accustomed rails. This production, set in the Clare College Fellows' Gardens, embraced this sense of carnivalesque confusion to the fullest: actors were dressed in everything from a sequined purple robe to shorts and a t-shirt; a band occasionally struck up from behind a tree; Falstaff's first entrance was from a dumpster. The effect consolidated the madcap revelry of the tavern scenes with the topsyturvy nature of Henry IV's reign: sitting atop a ladder hung with mismatched fabrics, this monarch bore hints of a temporary King of the Carnival.

The acting was, for the most part, a match for its setting in boldness and colour. Unfortunately several actors had problems with their lines in this opening performance, which slowed the play's momentum and at one point

Henry IV
CLARE COLLEGE
★★★★★

stopped it entirely; but in their better moments, these actors did justice to the odd specimens of humanity they

were portraying. Falstaff (Will Seaward), when he wasn't forgetting his lines, was as large—in stature, gesture, personality and volume—as he ought to be, rolling his eyes magnificently and drinking with appropriate bombast; Lawrence Dunn, dressed in black, was a somewhat introspective but nonetheless convincingly carried-away Hotspur; and Hal (Edwin Ashcroft) was a near-perfect performance.

Wearing sunglasses in his first scenes, Hal was the picture of inscrutability; his taunting of Falstaff was perfectly pitched between camaraderie and real disdain. The Henry beneath the Hal emerged as he removed these sunglasses, beginning his soliloquy, "I know you all" – it became clear in that moment how little we or Falstaff knew of him.

This production had its rough moments, but its moments of pure dramatic vitality made it a carnival worth attending. CAITLIN HAMILTON

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ WILL'S TURNING IN HIS GRAVE ★★★★★ A LEVEL SET TEXT ★★★★★ BARD-WORTHY ★★★★★ COMPARABLE TO A SUMMER'S DAY ★★★★★ KEEP THAT TICKET STUB TILL IT FOSSILISES

Jamie's Italian

RESTAURANT, WHEELER STREET

★★★★★

Gordon Ramsay for one might be sweating nightly over a stove at Hospital Road if it weren't for Patricia Llewellyn. The TV producer gave him a show and an image and he shot to global stardom. This year, with one thing and another, he'd been having a "shitty" time and fancied shaking the swears, no-nonsense gig. So he went to India on what was billed as a spiritual-culinary quest. Actually he just shouted a lot, swore a lot and berated some Indians for being religiously vegetarian.

Among Llewellyn's other ventures is The Two Fat Ladies. Here was the show that united Jennifer Paterson, former cookery writer for the Spectator, and former model/barrister and now obese alcoholic cook Clarissa Dickson-Wright in a Triumph Thunderbird. It was a sum of parts that could not, and did not, fail to be brilliant. In turn, The Italian Kitchen was a quietly informative exposition of the work of Rose Grey and Ruth Rogers at The River Cafe, Thames Wharf. The pair's commitment to excellent ingredients and Tuscan rusticity has been a pervasive force in the

cooking of the last two decades.

It was also, incidentally, at The River Cafe that Llewellyn chanced upon Jamie Oliver, deftly juggling sheets of gleaming yolk-rich pasta.

Dickson-Wright claims that Llewellyn simply gave Oliver a persona – a verve and pukka vocab which are quite inauthentic. I'm not sure about this (or its hypocrisy). But doubtlessly toned-down in maturity, and a better man than Gordon Ramsay, from his background Oliver has developed an effective personal and culinary style he is not about to relinquish.

This is apparent nowhere more than in the rollout of Jamie's Italian. Both the food and the location in the revamped Guildhall, a grade-II building on Wheeler Street now complete with "that cracking Jamie's Italian funky finish", are triumphs of the mid-range restaurant. The menu could do, maybe, with some judicious emendation. "My amazing chicken", "Good old grilled steak" and "Proper Panzanella salad" come just the wrong side of cutesy: when idiolect goes cringe. But it's forgivable.



ROBERT LEADBETTER

My "plank" of cured meats is balanced on two tins of tomatoes, but it looks sort of cool, and the bits of pig variously salted and dried are fabulous. Pleasing with it are some exquisitely fresh mozzarella and a little slaw spiked with mint. Calamari, garlic mayonnaise and a selection of breads are artfully done, though an arrabiata sauce with ravioli fritti is, I'm told, less than "angry". As for mains, some black truffles and tagliatelle fail to smack of requisite sexy earth. But the beef carpaccio is a delight. Lovely rounds of British beef, carmine red and marbled, are crowned with a mustard-heavy salad of bitter rocket, radicchio, beets and parmesan, which lends a pleasing salt tang. Spaghetti bolognese, not to be overlooked, has a rare, livery, winy depth.

A big domed and pillared hall, several individually styled little rooms, scrubbed wood, colourful and various furniture, stacked breads and whole hams make this, I give it to him, a totally funky, cracking place. We finished on a high of affogato and amaretto, fresh ricotta and honey and a glass of good, very cold Vin Santo.

Meal for five with wine (young but respectable Primitivo), several beers and other drinks, came to £150 with tip. WILLIAM CLEMENT

Cooking with Flowers



Ideas for summer

The nasturtium is one flowering plant that makes excellent summer salads. The leaves taste strongly of mustard and pepper, while the gentler petals contribute a contrast in flavour and texture, as well as brilliant strokes of crimson and saffron. A few other leaves, an olive oil and lemon dressing are all that's needed. Tiny courgettes are appearing now, occasionally with the flowers intact. I might serve a nasturtium salad with courgette flowers, stuffed, lightly battered and fried. The stuffing would consist of sliced courgettes reduced to a fragrant pulp in olive oil and garlic – or perhaps of pine nuts, mascarpone, parmesan and chervil as rich little fiori di zucchini ripieni.

Flowers have sadly disappeared from our cooking. We still crystallise the odd primrose at Easter and scent retro syllabubs with flower waters. Seventeenth century cooks delighted in all manner of floral confections. Gillyflower wines, candies of violets and cowslips, conserves of roses, vibrant petals (and the occasional gilding of gold-leaf) seriously blinged dessert. The eighteenth century retained a taste for floral scents, particularly in sweet dishes containing cream or almonds, but the petals themselves had largely disappeared.

If flowers dwindled into archaic use, elderflowers somehow endured – especially in northern Europe. Fanta in 2003 released cans of an elderflower drink onto the Swedish market ("Freaky Fläder"), though it was later withdrawn. The curd-like "sprays", now in mid-June tumbling from the trees, are for a brief period ready to pick. Gooseberry and elderflower make a classic pairing – infuse a few flowers in a simmering compote and serve with a swathe of cream.

A favourite this summer, though, is elderflower fritters. Prepare a light batter (100g flour, 175ml soda water, an egg white), coat the flowers, deep-fry and dredge with caster sugar. Hannah Glass's 1747 recipe for "Elder-Flower Wine very like Fontineac" registers the fragrant similarities of elderflower and the Muscat grape (Frantignac, Frantignan). With this in mind, serve the fritters with wedges of lemon and a glass of very cold Muscat de Beaugues de Venise.

WILLIAM CLEMENT



Chemical Brothers

FURTHER

★★★★★

When big beat became hopelessly unfashionable, the scene's

core acts went into freefall. Propellerheads all but disappeared. Fatboy Slim picked up Macy Gray, went all soulful for a bit, and then fell back to the comfort zone of colourful breakbeats and John Barry samples on the shamelessly nostalgic Palookaville album – one of the most culturally irrelevant records ever released.

Of all the big beat titans, The Chemical Brothers have survived most effectively, drifting from genre to genre. Old-school techno (on *Come With Us*) and grimy electro-hip-hop (*Push the Button*) allowed them to keep a grip on the mainstream, but there was always a sense of homelessness to these experiments. With *Further*, the duo seem to have finally carved themselves a new niche which is fresh and completely their own.

There's a real sense of internal cohesion here, despite wide-ranging influences. Tying together such diversities as the robotic electro-breaks of 'Swoon',

the psychedelia of 'Wonders of the Deep' and the pounding acid-techno of 'Horse Power' is a distinctive

Nintendo-esque bit-crushed synth drone, which washes the whole album in beautiful Shoegaze-y fuzz. The basic structure of 'Snow' sounds like the sort of melancholic indie that you find soundtracking a Spike Jonze movie, but this too is assimilated seamlessly into the album by the oddly beautiful modem distortion and 8-bit crackle which surfs on top of the mix like a broken Californian fax machine. With this technique, even the awkward spectre of big beat makes an appearance on the record without disrupting proceedings; 'Dissolve' is classic drum-compressing, funk-sampling, speaker-phasing big beat, but with some restrained tweaking of synthesizers it sounds almost contemporary and slips smoothly into the running order.

This isn't an earth-shattering album, but it does show a duo in complete control of their modern, still relevant and exciting sound.

RICHARD OSMOND

Barbara Kingsolver

THE LACUNA

★★★★★

Barbara Kingsolver's sixth novel adopts the same formula as that of her most

one, *The Poisonwood Bible* in 1998. Kingsolver wanders into a different place, this time 1930s Mexico, exploring cultural tensions, which occur here not only within Mexico but as the character, William Harrison Shepherd, whose diary entries are the main bulk of the text, travels between his homeland and the United States, encountering fascism, revolution and war as he searches for stability.

Kingsolver again weaves different narrative voices into her novel. Instead of the skilful ease with which she creates narrative in *The Poisonwood Bible*, here there is a clever, if slightly jarring, voice of Will's stenographer, acting as a narrator proper.

Although the stenographer's chapters distinguish *The Lacuna* from Kingsolver's previous works, they also contribute to the somewhat frustrating slowness with which this novel unravels.

As is typical of Kingsolver, it is

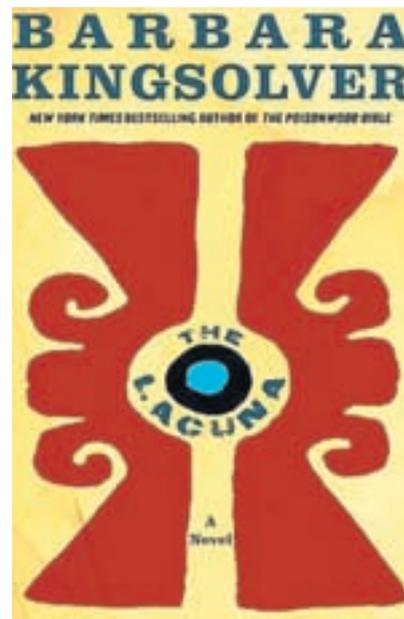
the relationship between parents and children that takes the foreground.

We are encouraged to receive Will's mother as a loathsome, selfish gold-digger, and to hate her as Will does, and as we, and the children, were supposed to hate the father in *The Poisonwood Bible*. Whilst this relationship is as tangibly tense as one expects from Kingsolver, it seems that it is given a little too much attention, considering how much interesting history and politics Kingsolver is ambitiously grappling with in *The Lacuna*.

As Will starts to work for Diego Rivera, and strikes up a friendship with his wife Frida Kahlo, it

becomes apparent that the strength of the atmosphere of the novel centres on pre-existing cultural ideas. Although *The Lacuna* has Kingsolver's able and captivating hand to it, and makes interesting and intelligent connections, it is the strong images of the revolution and its artistic figures, resounding in history, that unwittingly hold

this novel together. JESSICA JENNINGS



Varsity May Week Listings

Film

Recently released

Greenberg

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 11.00, 14.20, 18.50, 21.15

Pick of the day Film

Ben Stiller plays Robert Greenberg, a cantankerous and mentally unstable former musician turned carpenter, left alone in his brother's house while his brother holidays in Vietnam with his wife and children. This film has been described as director Noah Baumbach's funniest and saddest work. Expect self-indulgence and extreme narcissism.

Coming soon

Karate Kid

Jackie Chan and Jaden Smith star in this remake – out tomorrow.



Music & Nightlife

Tomorrow

Funky Justice at the Hidden Rooms

HIDDEN ROOMS, 20.00 (FREE)

Pick of the day Music

James Murphy (Solar Radio) DJs this Friday's Funky Justice. See the Facebook event page for more information on this entrance-fee-free Cambridge night.

Today

Kettle's Yard Ensemble

KETTLE'S YARD, 19.00 (£12.50)

With music from Dvorak, Judith Weir and Franck, this is the final concert of the Thursday Evening Subscription Series at Kettle's Yard.

Theatre

Today

Measure for Measure

QUEENS' CLOISTER COURT, WED-FRI 16.00, SAT 14.00

Pick of the day Theatre

BATS puts on their annual summer Shakespeare show in the beautiful Cloister Court at Queens'. This year it's the classic *Measure for Measure*, an engrossing, sinister tale of power and corruption, lies and deception, with moments of comedy and intrigue. A multi-faceted and interesting play that won't fail to entertain on an afternoon.

Coming soon

Thoroughly Modern Millie

TRINITY HALL LECTURE THEATRE, FRI AND SAT, 16.30 (£6)

Trinity Hall Preston Society presents their rendition of the multi-award-winning, corny 1920s musical extravaganza about making it big in New York City. There should be a lot of campy and fun in this comic pastiche.

Arts

Ongoing Exhibitions

Byard Art: Capturing Cambridge

ROBINSON WAY, 10.00-17.00 (FREE)

With a variety of photographic images, from digital to hand printed, this exhibition views Cambridge in exciting and diverse ways.

Rude Britannia

TATE BRITAIN, UNTIL 5TH SEPTEMBER (£8.50/£10)

Pick of the day Arts

Recently opened in London's Tate Britain, an exhibit of socially and politically satirical art. From Georgian satires to Spitting Image, looks at comic art as a timeless form of commentary.



Talks & Events

Tonight

Ellafunks at Soultree

SOULTREE, 21.30 (FREE/£3)

After playing at Robinson,

Trinity,

Newnham, John's and Wolfson May Balls, the Ellafunks play a set at Soultree with The Yapps.

Over the Weekend

Talking Night Climbers

SAT, 14.00, WYSING ARTS CENTRE, (FREE)

Ivor Stourton, former Cambridge student, reads from his novel, *Talking Night Climbers*, about Cambridge undergraduates in a tale of nightclimbing and serious fraud. Followed by an afternoon discussion, where you are invited to contribute.

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18

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Our Tube

SEARCH:
50+Cent+Thomas

10,000 views



Classic mash-up of 50 Cent's 'In Da Club' with the Thomas the Tank Engine theme tune to speed you on your way to the summer holidays.

Best YouTube comment

what are you talking about???. have you never seen thomas the tank engine. this is the real version.

Worst YouTube comment

I was replying to another guy... he wrote 'rapes' instead of raps by accident... it was a joke, don't worry.

Comedy Box

Some interesting opinions you might like to have

- "I love Ant but I honestly can't get into Dec."
- "I do think that there should be higher tax but I absolutely don't think that the money should go towards anything" - Why would somebody think THAT?
- "I actually preferred it as Choco Krispies - that's just me": this would be an interesting opinion for someone to have, wouldn't it?
- "Jack Dee's both brilliant and, I imagine, tremendous fun."
- "I think that Philosophy is...I just...I'm rambling..." - Sort of interesting if somebody considered this to be an opinion, really. I'd disagree, but respectfully.
- "I think nowadays the most racist thing you can do is just not to be racist. I honestly think that. Thanks very much, Tony Blair!" - What would they even *mean* by this?
- "Fish is basically just the poor man's fish fingers."
- "Lebanon - it's weird isn't it because it sort of sounds like 'Lemon On'. In a way, lots of places do."
- "I always prefer the book to the film."
- "Autumn is the best month."
- "Why does Matt Horne even need that James Corden guy? What's he even for?"
- "I do prefer showers to baths, but not if I'm in a rush" - Because this is exactly the opposite of what seems to make sense, isn't it? **DARAN JOHNSON**

HOT

HAVING TO DO THINGS You've had your break - now pack up your stuff and get out, bitches.

COLLEGE CHILDREN Have you written to yours yet? Do they study irrelevant subjects that you can't help with? **DO YOU FEEL OLD?**



ZOE FROM JUNIOR APPRENTICE
Sympathy love for Zoe, guys.

OWLS

No longer a hoot, except with die-hard indie kids.

JUMPSUITS Topshop still likes them. Gok Wan still likes them. We think they're out.



LADY GAGA
Alejandro, Alejandro, we get the bloody picture.

PIANOS IN PUNTS Well, it's just been done before.

FREEDOM Aren't you bored of it already?

NOT

Cocktail of the Day

Bloody Jose

With the festivities beginning to draw to an end, and the hangover about to kick in, this twist on the classic hair-of-the-dog cocktail is an absolute godsend. This should be drunk at around 11am, accompanied by the greasiest breakfast you can lay your hands on.



Recipe

- 1 or 2 shots of tequila,
- A couple of dashes each of Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco,
- Some celery salt,
- Tomato juice,
- To garnish, a celery stick or (if you're brave enough) chopped jalapeño pepper,

Chuck the tequila in a tall glass, add Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco to taste, and a sprinkle of celery salt. Top up with the tomato juice, and add the celery stick. For a fiery kick, sprinkle the jalapeño on top. Not only is this guaranteed to cure the worst hangover, but the number of vegetables in there should dispel any guilty feelings about last night.

TOM MICHAELIS



Mixtape

Animals

Jack White - Fly Farm Blues
Written on the spot and recorded straight to 2-track, this tasty, standard blues lick is hammered out in a raw backwoods style.

Big Mama Thornton - Hound Dog
The original 1952 version of the song, made famous by Elvis Presley. I love the insistent backbeat and Big Mama's attitude-filled delivery.

Flat Duo Jets - Frog Went A-Courtin'
450-year-old folk standard about a frog who asks a moose to marry him - but I bet you've never heard it like this.

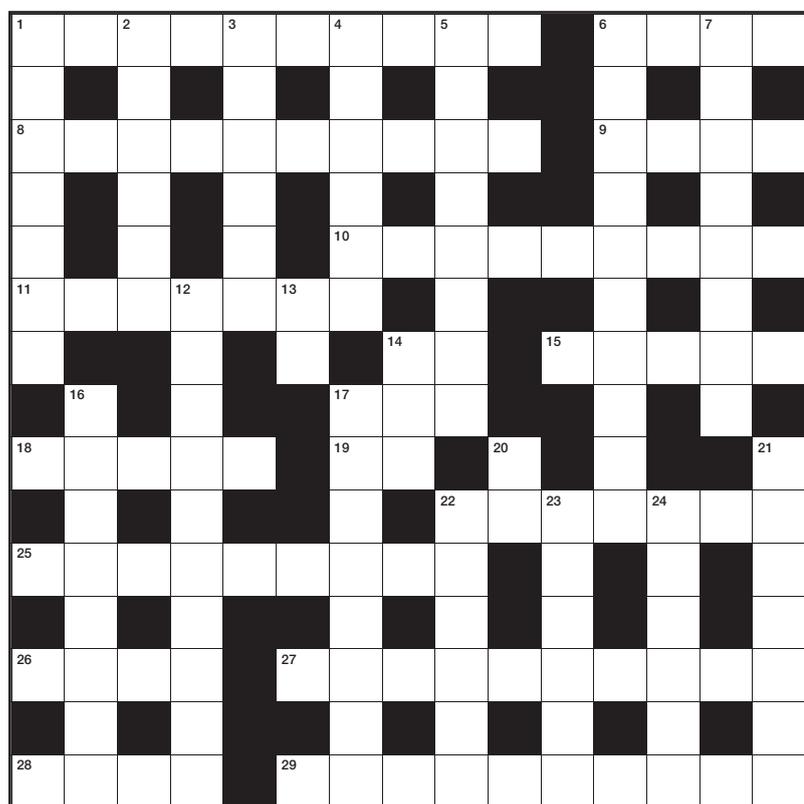
The Rats - The Rat's Revenge Part 2
This garage rock one-hit wonder is unrivalled as the perfect expression of a group of teenage boys working on something together and having a blast.

Tom Waits - Nighthawk Postcards
Tom does Lenny Bruce and Lord Buckley in this inebriational travelogue and jive-talk stand-up monologue. Great timing and immediacy in this live recording. **JOE TAYLOR**

Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

NO. 529



Across

1. In su1, 15, 7. Gone off the rails on cruise, a trilling drunk bibs without inhibition, making long-distance connection on the telephone without aid! (10, 5, 8)
6. Lawless youth needs doctor to be a giver of direction (4)

8. A fishmonger? Or is that cobblers? (4, 6)
- 9, 5. Card game choice made abruptly (4, 8)
10. Worthy of travelling through balmiest East (9)
11. Irony that surpasses toilet humour (7)
- 14, 19. Gallagher has something to celebrate in France? (4)
15. See 1 across.

17. Add up for a noun; down for a verb. Got its number? (3)
18. Put the lid on needle use, raging (5)
19. See 14 across.
22. On a hatstand? Let it stand, boy! (7)
25. Decide to discourage explosive device (9)
26. Ambience can almost be perceived through the ears (4)
27. Read edict no. 5: inscribe it again (10)
28. Paltry lake? (4)
- 29, 24. Looks to Thatcher for salvation? (8, 2, 6)

Down

1. Heart-warming behaviour of mixed-up ol' sis, we hear (7)
2. Bishop breeds headless hen to shoot? (6)
3. Scuttle with less speed to prepare dish (6)
4. Pictures Eliot's vagrant trio returning by the south-east (6)
5. See 9 across.
6. Almost take aunt to starred place? (10)
7. See 1 across.
12. Stamp out literature lacking the German original? O, Brecht first! (10)
- 13, 20. Leave old flame working with computers (4)
14. Score ecstasy off the back line (3)
16. Terminal illness reached position where little attention is necessary? (8)
17. North-eastern area in danger in sensitive region (8)
20. See 13.
21. Saved (money) on new matches (7)
22. Choose film location around lake in East Central (6)
23. Make money roll in, cheri! (6)
24. See 28.

Crossword set by Cerdinga.

Sudoku

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

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

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				
		5			15			
		20						
	17							13
4								
8			8					
6			6		12			
		19			3			
			4					

Hitori

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

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

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 528):

Across: 1 Courthouses, 7 Bar, 9 Union, 10 Dissolute, 11 Chocolate, 12 Cutie, 13 Imagery, 15 Twix, 18 Pomp, 20 Megaton, 23 Wispa, 24 Nostalgic, 26 Rectitude, 27 Flake, 28 Yes, 29 Controllers.
Down: 1 Crunchie, 2 Univocal, 3 Tango, 4 Old lady, 5 Suspect, 6 Slouching, 7 Bounty, 8 Reefer, 14 Egomania, 16 Stagnate, 17 Snickers, 19 Penguin, 20 Masseur, 21 Twirly, 22 Psychs, 25 Awful.

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:

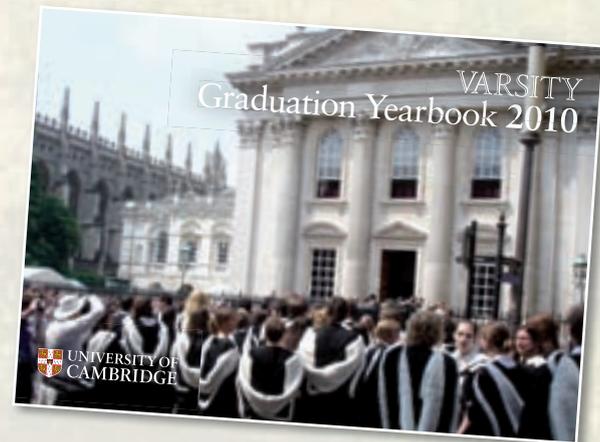
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